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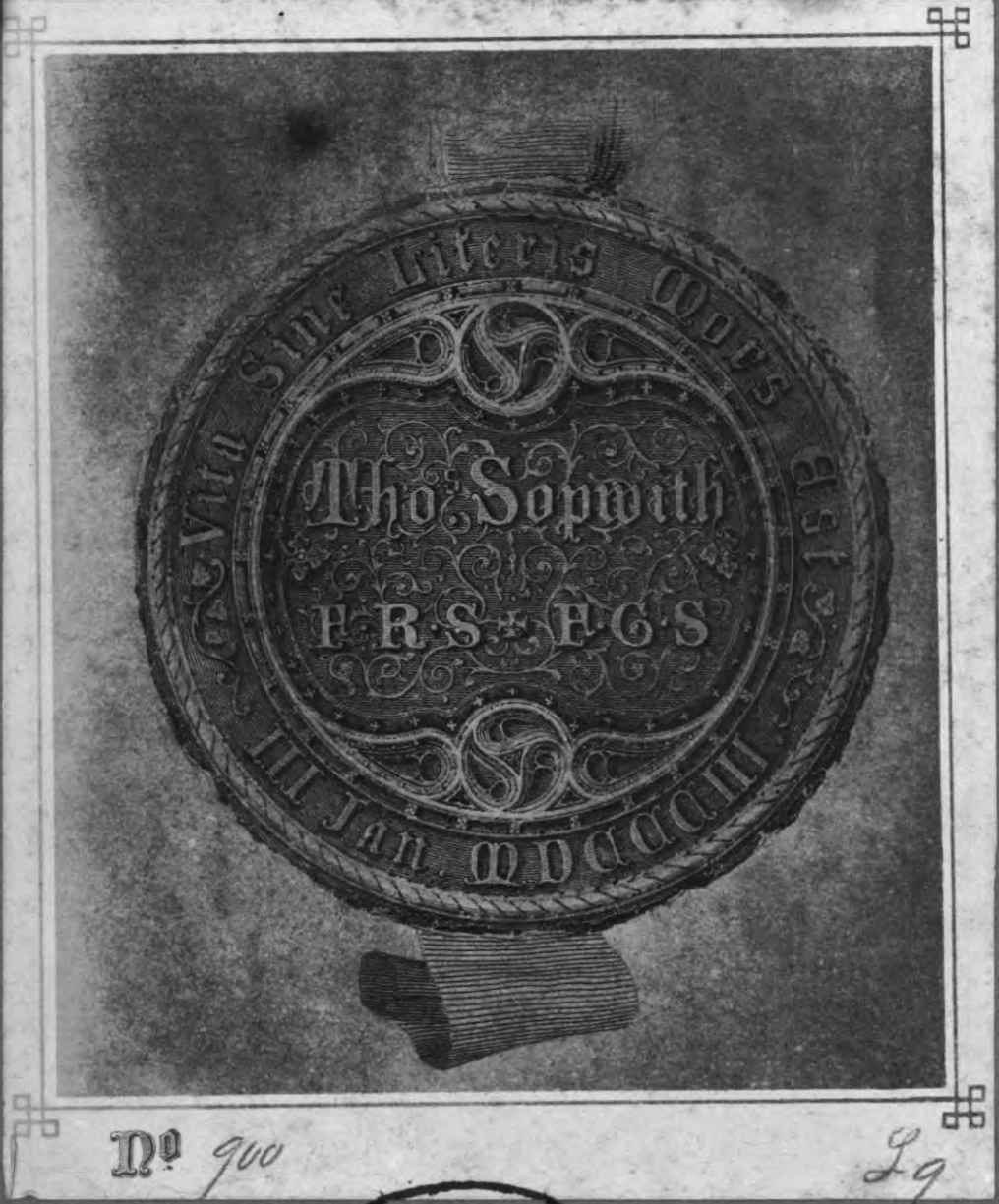
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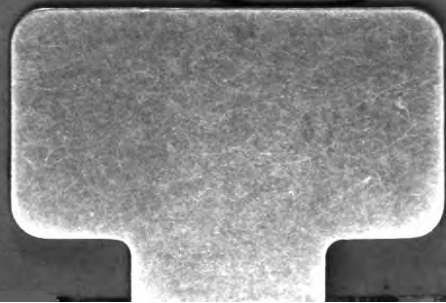




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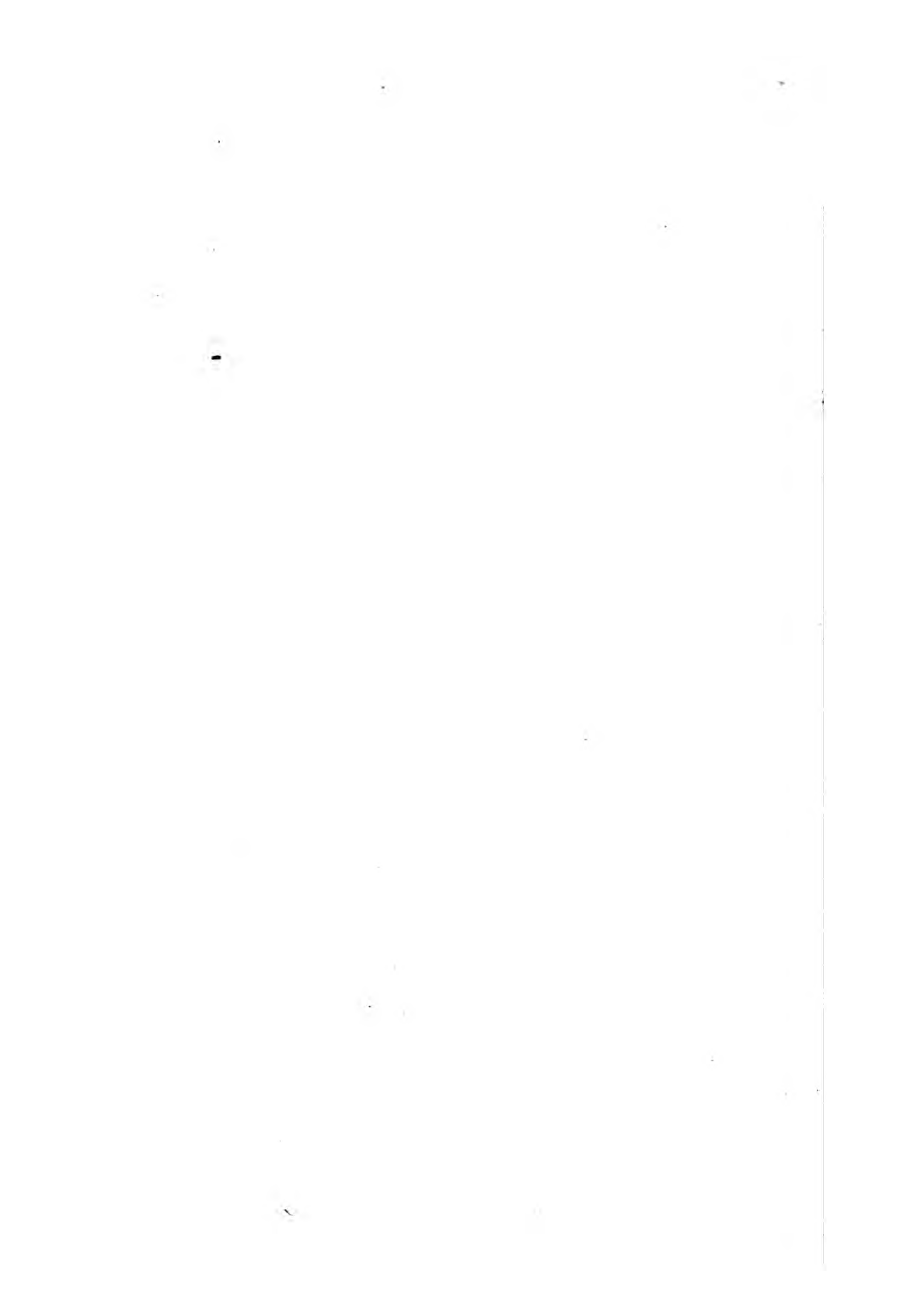
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Presented by
Professor Joseph Wright
July, 1914





Lord Mayors' Pageants:

BEING

COLLECTIONS TOWARDS A HISTORY OF
THESE ANNUAL CELEBRATIONS,

WITH

SPECIMENS OF THE DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLETS
PUBLISHED BY THE CITY POETS.

PART II.

Reprints of Lord Mayors' Pageants.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES,

BY

FREDERICK W. FAIRHOLT, ESQ.

"Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces."

POPE.



LONDON.

PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,

BY T. RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

M.DCCC.XLIV.

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The Percy Society.

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PREFACE.

WHEN I first commenced this contribution to the works of the Percy Society, I had no idea of writing more than a few sheets, by way of introduction to the reprints of half a dozen of the pamphlets descriptive of Mayoralty Pageants in London ; but the materials which presented themselves increased so much under my hands, that, notwithstanding the omission of much which I should have introduced but from a fear of increasing the bulk of the volume, the result has been the production of a book exceeding in extent any of the Society's Publications.

The civic Pageants which have been already reprinted (irrespective of the six contained in the present publication), are as follow :—

Peele's Pageants for 1585, and 1591 ; in the Rev. A. Dyce's edition of Peele's works, &c. See note, Part I, p. 26.

Munday's Pageants for 1605-15-16, in Nichols's Progresses of James I.

Middleton's Pageants for 1613-17-19-21-23-26. The entire series are printed in the Rev. A. Dyce's edition of Middleton's works ; the pageants for 1613-19-21,

having been previously reprinted in Nichols's Progresses of James I.

Squire's Pageant for 1620, in Nichols's Progresses of James I.

Webster's Pageant for 1624, in the appendix to the Rev. A. Dyce's edition of that author.

Jordan's Pageant for 1674. Privately printed (without editor's name, note, or comment.)

Having these materials, together with some miscellaneous notices on the subject, before me, I was led to conceive that a brief description of the entire series of Lord Mayors' Pageants might prove interesting, as the pamphlets descriptive of each are widely scattered, and difficult of access, from their rarity. In attempting to carry this idea into practice, I can only claim the merit of patient collection and condensation, and of endeavouring to bring as much information to bear upon the subject as my reading would enable me to do. The volume now describes fully, for the first time, twenty-eight of these annual shows, besides the fourteen above enumerated ; adding six to the list of those reprinted entire ; and whatever judgment may be passed upon its execution, I believe that it may fairly claim to be the first attempt at a *general history* of these annual celebrations ; for, excepting the above-mentioned reprints, and Mr. Nichols's Bibliographical List of the Titles of Lord Mayors' Pageants, the reader who may seek for information upon this peculiar subject in any works

which treat upon civic and popular antiquities, will find that "brief and meagre" are the only terms applicable to the information which they contain in relation to it.

The favour with which the first part of this volume has been received, has stimulated my endeavours to render it more complete; and I have been enabled to add some important particulars, and to correct some errors. My thanks are especially due to Mr. J. P. Collier, through whose kind intervention I obtained the loan of the unique pageants of 1611, and 1633, from the library of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, with that nobleman's liberal permission to make full extracts for publication. The pageant for 1629 was reprinted from Mr. Collier's copy, as well as the Representations before the Mayor and Sheriffs, by Thomas Jordan, in the Appendix.

To Mr. J. G. Nichols (to whose industry we are indebted for the first and only complete list of these rarities), I am also indebted for some valuable additions to my first part, as well as for pointing out to me various necessary corrections. The notes to pp. 14, 42, 49, 114, 116, are, with the exception of some slight additions, entirely derived from this gentleman.

Dr. Rimbault also kindly supplied me with the two curious MS. songs, one of which appears in the notes, the other in the additions.

It was originally my intention to append to this volume a collection of songs selected from Lord Mayors' Pageants, but as it has already extended to so unexpected a length, I have determined to reserve them for future publication.

TROIA-NOVA TRIUMPHANS.

INTRODUCTION.

BUT little is known of Thomas Dekker, the author of the following pageant, and of that for 1629. His life appears to have been a long struggle against penury, and his works to have been too often thrown off hurriedly for a mere subsistence. Nevertheless they contain much that is valuable in illustration of the manners of the interesting period at which he lived. His connexion with the city began in 1603, when he wrote the entertainment for King James the First, on his passage through it from the Tower, Thursday, March 15th, 1603.

The mayoralty pageant here reprinted, is one of the rarest of Dekker's works. Nichols, in his "Progresses, &c. of King James the First," vol. ii. p. 466, says, "the only copy of this pageant that I know to exist, is one which was sold at Mr. Garrick's sale, April 23rd, 1823. It was bound up with the city pageants of 1626, 1631, 1679, and 1691, and other tracts, and the volume was purchased for forty guineas by Mr. Thorpe, who has since parted with it to Mr. Heber." He adds, "I have not yet obtained a transcript, but if I am favoured with one in time, it shall appear in the appendix to this volume." At the sale of Heber's library, this copy formed

lot 1631 of part 4, and proved to be imperfect, which was no doubt the reason why Nichols was unable to reprint it according to promise. There is, however, a copy in the Bodleian Library, bound up in a volume of miscellaneous tracts, which is in the finest possible condition, and quite perfect, from which a transcript for the following reprint was made: there is another in the library of the Duke of Devonshire.

“ Upon this occasion the lord mayor’s banquet was honoured by the presence of Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine, then lately arrived to marry Elizabeth, the king’s only daughter. ‘The Palsgrave dyed in the Guildhall,’ as Howe’s Chronicle informs us, ‘accompanied with the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Bishop of London, and divers earls and barons, and during the whole dinner, the Palsgrave and the Lord Archbishop entertained the time with sundry discourses in Latine. To this great feast Prince Henry was also invited, and would have bin there, but he was sicke and could not come. After dinner, the lord mayor and his brethren, in the behalf of the cittie, and cittizens of London, for testimonie of hearty welcome and their love, presented the Palsgrave with a very large bason and eure of silver, richly gilded, and curiously wrought; and two great gilded livery pots.’ The present is described in the city records as:—‘a bason and ewer gilt, weighing 234oz. 3grs.; one pair of dansk potts, chast and cheseld, weighing 513½oz. ½gr., having the armes of the city and the wordes, ‘Civitas London,’ engraved thereon in divers places.

“ Mr. Chamberlain, in a letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, gives us a still better account of this entertainment, and adds some

very interesting particulars of the previous pageantry ; his words are : ‘ the Count Palatine and his company, after they had seen the shew in Cheapside, went to Guildhall, and were there feasted and welcomed by Sir John Swinnerton, the new-made lord mayor, and were presented toward the end of the dinner, in the name of the city, with a fair standing cup, a curious basin and ewer, with two large livery pots, weighing together 1200 ounces, to the value of almost £500. The Merchant Adventurers had sent him a present of wine the Saturday before, to the value of 100 marks. He behaved himself very courteously, and in very good fashion at the feast, and would needs go and salute the lady mayoress and her train where she sat. The shew was somewhat extraordinary, with four or five pageants, and other devices ; and the day was fair enough on land, but great winds on the water had like to have marred all ; for divers of the companies were in great danger and pain to run their barges on ground, and some to turn back, so that my lord mayor with much ado came almost alone to Westminster.’ ” — *Nichols's Progresses of James I.*

Sir John Swinnerton was a man of considerable note in his day. He was a merchant of great wealth, and when sheriff in 1603, went with the mayor and principal citizens to meet James on his journey from Theobalds to London, and was knighted with the other aldermen at Whitehall, in July following. In 1612 he accused the farmers of the customs of defrauding the king of more than 70,000 a year, “ but upon ripping up the matter they went away acquitted, and he commended for his good meaning to the king's service.” During

his mayoralty the jurisdiction over the Thames and Medway, as enjoyed by the mayor of London, was finally settled ; and on Michaelmas day 1613, he attended with Sir Thomas Middleton, that day elected mayor for the ensuing year, at the opening of the New River head, “ to see the great cistern, and first issuing of the strange river thereunto, which was then made free denizen of London.” (Delaune, *Present State of London*, 1681.)

Troia-Nova Triumphans.

LONDON TRIUMPHING,

OR

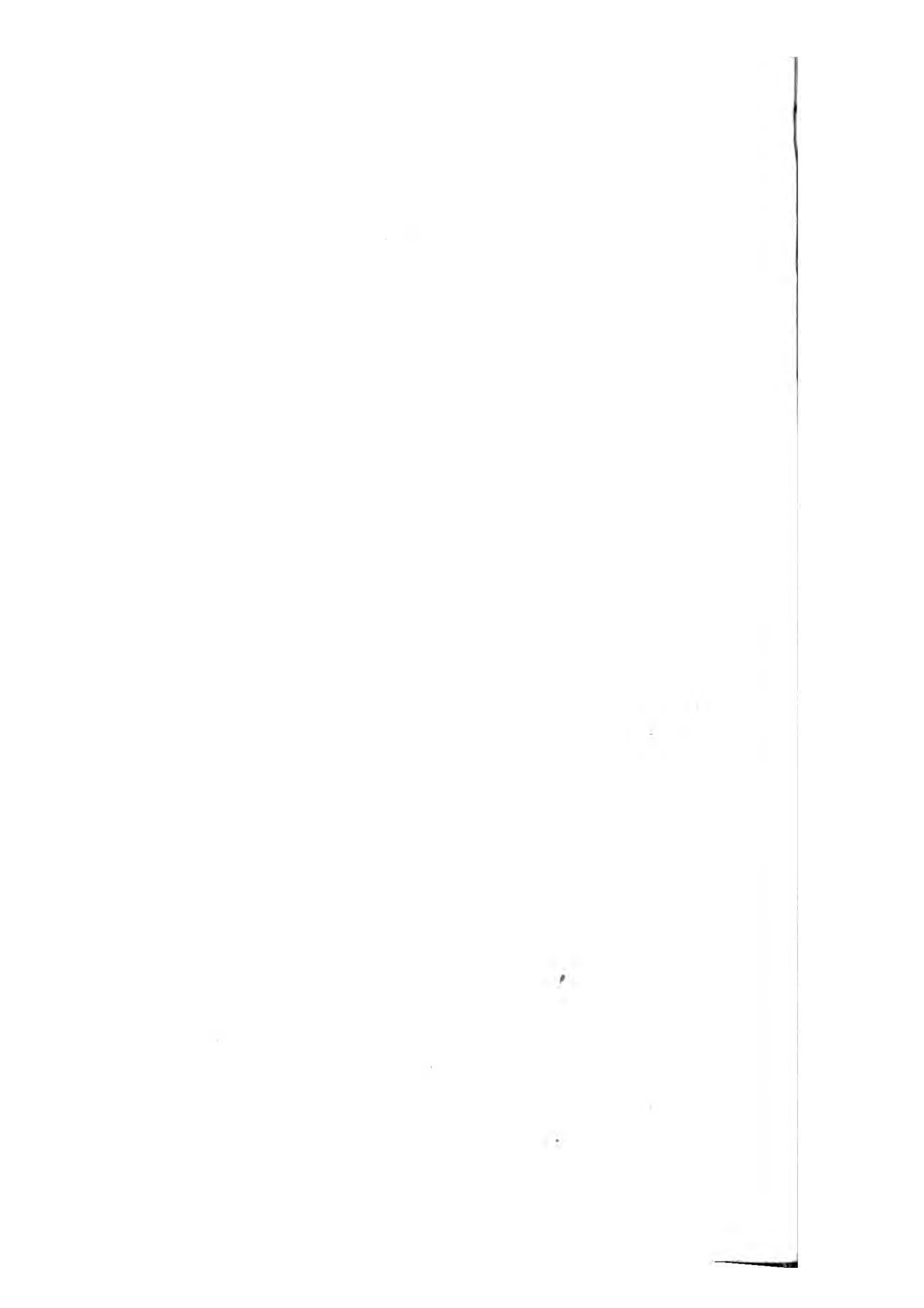
The Solemne, Magnificent, and Memorable Receiving of that
worthy Gentleman, Sir JOHN SWINNERTON, Knight,
into the City of London, after his returne from
taking the oath of Maioralty at Westminster,
on the Morrow next after Simon and
Jude's day, being the 29th of
October, 1612.

All the Showes, Pageants, Chariots of Triumph, with other
Devices (both on the Water and Land),
here fully expressed.

BY THOMAS DEKKER.

LONDON,
Printed for Nicholas Okes, and are to be sold by John Wright,
dwelling at Christ Church-gate.

1612.



TO THE DESERVER OF ALL THOSE HONORS,
WHICH THE CUSTOMARY RITES OF THIS DAY,
AND THE GENERAL LOVE OF THIS CITY BESTOW
UPON HIM, SIR JOHN SWINNERTON, KNIGHT,
LORD MAIOR OF THE RENOWNED CITY OF
LONDON.

HONOR (this day) takes you by the hand, and gives you welcomes into your new office of Pretorship. A dignity worthe the Cities bestowing, and most worthy your receiving. You have it with harts of many people, voices, and held-up hands ; they know it is a roabe fit for you, and therefore have clothed you in it. May the last-day of your wearing the same, yeeld to your selfe as much joy, as to others does this first-day of your putting it on. I swimme (for my own part) not onely in the maine full sea of the general praise and hopes of you ; but powre out also (for my particular) such a streame as my prayers can render, for a successe answerable to the on-set : for it is no Field, unlesse it be crowned with victory.

I present (Sir) unto you, these labours of my pen, as the first and newest congratulatory offrings tendered into your hands, which albeit I should not (of my selfe) deserve to see accepted, I know notwithstanding you

will give to them a generous and gratefull entertainment, in regard of that Noble Fellowship and Society, (of which you yesterday were a brother, and this day a father) who most freely have bestowed these their loves upon you. The colours of this peece are mine own; the cost theirs: to which nothing was wanting that could be had, and everything had that was required. To their lasting memory I set downe this; and to your noble disposition, this I dedicate. My wishes being (as ever they have bene) to meete with any object, whose reflexion may present to your eyes that love and duty, in which

I stand bounden

to your Lordship.

THOMAS DEKKER.

TROIA-NOVA TRIUMPHANS.

LONDON TRIUMPHING.

— —

TRiumPHS are the most choice and daintiest fruit that spring from peace and abundance ; Love begets them ; and much cost brings them forth. Expectation feeds upon them, but seldom to a surfeite ; for when she is most full, her longing wants something to be satisfied. So inticing a shape they carry, that princes themselves take pleasure to behold them ; they with delight ; common people with admiration. They are now and then the rich and glorious fires of bounty, state, and magnificence, giving light and beauty to the courts of kings : and now and then, it is but a debt paid to time and custome : and out of that depth come these. Ryot having no hand in laying out the expenses, and yet no hand in plucking back what is held decent to be bestowed. A sumptuous thriftinesse in these civill ceremonies managing all. For it were not laudable, in a city (so rarely governed and tempered) superfluously to exceed ; as contrariwise it is much honor to her (when the day of spending comes) not to be sparing in anything. For the chaires of

magistrates ought to be adorned, and to shine like the chariot which carries the sunne ; and beames (if it were possible) must be thought to be shot from the one as from the other : as well to dazle and amaze the common eye, as to make it learne that there is some excellent, and extraordinary arme from heaven thurst downe to exalt a superior man, that thereby the gazer may be drawne to more obedience and admiration.

In a happy houre therefore did your lordship take upon you this inseparable burden (of honor and cares) because your selfe being generous of mind, have met with men, and with a company equall to your self in spirit. And upon as fortunate a tree have they ingrafted their bounty ; the fruites whereof shoot forth and ripen, are gathered, and taste sweetly, in the mouthes not onely of this citty, but also of our best-to-be-beloved friends, the noblest strangers, upon whom though none but our soveraigne king can bestow royal welcomes ; yet shall it be a memorial of an exemplary love and duty (in those who are at the cost of these triumphs) to have added some heightning more to them then was intended at first, of purpose to do honor to their prince and countrey. And I make no doubt, but many worthy companies in this city could gladly be content to be partners in the disbursements, so they might be sharers in the glory. For to have bene leaden-winged now, what infamy could be greater? when all the streames of nobility and gentry, run with the tide hither. When all eares lye listning for no newes but of feasts and triumphs :

all eyes still open to behold them : and all harts and hands to applaud them : when the heape of our soveraigns kingdomes, are drawn in little ; and to be seene within the walles of this city. Then to have tied Bounty in too straight a girdle : *Proh scelus infandum !* No ; she hath worne her garments loose, her lippes have bene free in welcomes, her purse open, and her hands liberall. If you thinke I set a flattering glasse before you, do but so much as lanch into the river, and there the Thames itself shall shew you all the honors, which this day hath bestowed upon her : and that done, step againe upon the land, and Fame will with her owne trumpet proclaime what I speake ; and her I hope you cannot deny to beleve, having at least twenty thousand eyes about her, to wisse whether she be a true-tong'd Fame or a lying.

By this time the Lord Maior hath taken his oath, is seated in his barge againe ; a lowd thundring peale of chambers give him a fare-well as he passes by. And see ! how quickly we are in ken of the land ; as suddenly therefore let us leap on shore, and there observe what honorable entertainment the citty affords to their new prætor, and what joyfull salutations to her noble visitants.

THE FIRST TRIUMPH, ON THE LAND.

The Lord Mayor and companies being landed, the first device which is presented to him on the shore stands ready to receive him at the end of Pauls-Chayne (on the South side of the church), and this it is.

A sea-chariot, artificially made, proper for a god of the sea to sit in ; shippes dancing round about it, with dolphins and other great fishes playing, or lying at the foot of the same, is drawn by two sea-horses.

NEPTUNE.

In this chariot sits Neptune, his head circled with a coronet of silver scollup-shels, stucke with branches of corral, and hunge thicke with ropes of pearle ; because such things as these are the treasures of the deep, and are found in the shels of fishes. In his hand he holds a silver trident, or three-forked mace, by which some writers will have signified the three natural qualities proper to waters ; as those of fountaines to bee of a delitious taste, and christalline colour ; those of the sea to be saltish and unpleasant, and colour sullen, and greenish ; and lastly, those of standing lakes, neither sweet nor bitter, nor cleere, nor cloudy, but altogether unwholesome to the taste, and loathsome to the eye. His roabe and mantle, with other ornaments, are correspondent to the quality of his person ; buskins of pearle and cockle-shels being worne upon his legges. At the lower part of his chariot sit mer-maids, who for their excellency in beauty, above any other creatures belonging to the sea, are preferred to be still in the eye of Neptune.

At Neptune's foot sits Luna, (the moone), who being governess of the sea, and all petty fouds, as from whose influence they receive their ebbings and flowings, challenges to herself this honour, to have

rule and command of these horses that draw the chariot, and therefore she holds their reynes in her hands.

She is atired in light roabes fitting her state and condition, with a silver crescent on her head, expressing both her power and property.

The whole chariot figuring in itselſe that vast com-
passe which the sea makes about the body of the earth,
whose globicall rotundity is hieroglifically represented
by the wheele of the chariot.

Before this chariot ride foure trytons, who are
feyned by poets to bee trumpeters to Neptune, and for
that cause make way before him, holding strange
trumpets in their hands, which they sound as they
passe along, their habits being antike, and sea-like, and
sitting upon foure severall fishes, viz: two dolphins, and
two mer-maids, which are not (after the old procrea-
tion), begotten of painted cloath, and broune paper,
but are living beasts, so queintly disguised like the
natural fishes, of purpose to avoyd the trouble and
pestering of porters, who with much noyse and little
comliness, are every yeare most unnecessarily employed.

The time being ripe when the scope of this device
is to be delivered, Neptune's breath goeth forth in these
following speeches.

NEPTUNE'S SPEECHES.

Whence breaks this warlike thunder of lowd drummes,
(Clarions and trumpets) whose shrill echo comes
Up to our watery court, and calles from thence
Us and our Tritons? as if violence
Were to our silver-footed sister done
(Of floudes the queene) bright Thamesis, who does runne

Twice every day to our bosome,* and these tides { *Ebbe and*
 Her wealth, whose streame in liquid christall glides, { *Flow.*
 Guarded with troopes of swannes? what does beget
 These thronges? this confluence? why do voices beate
 The ayre with acclamations of applause,
 Good wishes, love, and praises? what is't drawes
 All faces this way? This way Rumor flyes,
 Clapping her infinite wings, whose noyse the skyes
 From earth receive, with musicall rebounding,
 And strike the seas with repercussive sounding.
 Oh! now I see the cause: vanish vaine feares,
 Isis* no danger feeles: for her head weares *Thamesis.*
 Crowns of rich triumphes, which this day puts on,
 And in thy honour all these rites are done.
 Whose name when Neptune heard, 'twas a strange spell,
 Thus farre-up into th' land to make him swell
 Beyond his bounds, and with his sea-troops wait
 Thy wisht arrivall to congratulate.
 Goe therefore on, goe boldly; thou must saile
 In rough seas (now) of rule: and every gale
 Will not perhaps befriend thee: but (howe blacke
 So ere the skye looke) dread not thou a wracke,
 For when Integrity and Innocence sit
 Steering the helme, no rock the ship can split.
 Nor care the whales (never so great) ther jawes
 Should stretch to swallow thee: every good man's cause
 Is in all stormes his pilot. He that's sound
 To himselfe (in conscience) nere can run a-ground.
 Which that thou mayst do, never looke on't still:
 For (spite of fowle gusts) calmer winds shall fill
 Thy sayles at last. And see! they home have brought
 A ship which Bacchus (god of wines) hath fraught
 With richest juice of grapes, which thy friends shall
 Drinke off in healths to this great festivall.
 If any at thy happinesse repine,
 They gnaw but their owne hearts, and touch not thine.

Let bats and skreech-owles murmure at bright day,
Whiles prayers of good men guid thee on the way.
Sound, old Oceanus' trumpeters, and lead on.

The trytons then sounding according to his command, Neptune in his chariot passeth along before the Lord Maior. The foure Windes (habilimented to their quality, and having both faces and limbes proportionable to their blustering and boisterous condition), drive forward that ship of which Neptune spake. And this concludes this first triumph on the land.

These two shewes passe on untill they come into Paul's Church-yard, where standes another chariot; the former chariot of Neptune, with the ship, beeing conveyed into Cheap-side, this other then takes the place, and this is the device.

THE SECOND LAND-TRIUMPH.

It is the throne of Vertue, gloriously adorned, and beautified with all things that are fit to expresse the seat of so noble and divine a person.

Upon the height, and most eminent place (as worthiest to be exalted), sits Arete (Vertue) herself, her temples shining with a diadem of starres, to shew that her descent is onely from heaven; her roabes are rich, her mantle white (figuring innocency), and powdered with starres of gold, as an embleme that she puts upon men the garments of eternity.

Beneath her, in distinct places, sit the seaven liberrall sciences, viz: grammer, rhetoricke, logicke, musicke, arithmeticke, geometry, astronomy.

Having these roomes allotted them, as being mothers to all trades, professions, mysteries and societies, and the readiest guide to vertue. Their habits are light roabes, and loose (for knowledge should be free). On their heads they weare garlands of roses, mixt with other flowers, whose sweet smels are arguments of their cleere and unspotted thoughts, not corrupted with vice. Every one carrying in her hand a symbole, or badge, of that learning which she professeth.

At the backe of this chariot sit foure cupids, to signifie that Vertue is most honored when she is followed by Love.

His throne, or chariot, is drawne by foure horses : upon the two foremost ride Time and Mercury: the first, the begetter and bringer forth of all things in the world, the second, the god of wisdom and eloquence. On the other two horses ride Desire and Industry ; it beeing intimated hereby, that Time gives wings to Wisdom, and sharpens it ; Wisdom sets Desire a burning, to attaine to Vertue, and that burning Desire begets Industry (earnestly to pursue her). And all these (together) make men in love with arts, trades, sciences and knowledge, which are the only staires and ascensions to the throne of vertue, and the onely glory and upholdings of cities. Time hath his wings, glasse, and sythe, which cuts down all.

Mercury hath his caduceus, or charming rod, his fethered hat, his wings, and other properties fitting his condition ; Desire caries a burning heart in her hand.

Industry is in the shape of an olde country-man, bearing on his shoulder a spade, as the embleme of labour.

Before this chariot, or throne (as guardians and protectors to vertue, to arts, and the rest, and as assistants to him who is chiefe within the citty for that yeare) are mounted upon horsebacke twelve persons (two by two) representing the twelve superior companyes, every one carrying upon his left arme a faire shield with the armes in it of one of the twelve companies, and in his right hand a launce with a light streamer or pendant on the top of it, and every horse led and attended by a footman.

The Lord Maior beeing approached to his throne, Vertue thus salutes him

THE SPEECH OF ARETE (VERTUE).

Haile, worthy Prætor, stay, and do me grace,
 (Who still have cald thee patron), in this place
 To take from me heap'd welcomes, who combine
 These people's hearts in one, to make them thine.
 Bright Vertue's name thou know'st and heav'nly birth,
 And therefore, spying thee, downe she leaped to earth
 Whence vicious men had driven her. On her throne
 The Liberall Arts waite : from whose brests do runne
 The milke of knowledge, on which sciences feed,
 Trades and professions : and by them the seed
 Of civill popular government is sowne,
 Which springing up, loe ! to what height is growne
 In thee and these* is seene. And, to maintaine *The Aldermen.*
 This greatnesse, twelve strong pillars it sustaine,
 Upon whose capital twelve societie*s stand *The Twelve Companies.*
 (Grave and well-ordred), bearing chiefe command

Within this city, and, with love, thus reare
 Thy fame, in free election, for this yeare.
 All arm'd to knit their nerves in one with thine,
 To guard this new Troy. And, that he may shine
 In thee, as thou in her, no miser's kay
 Has bar'd the gold up ; light flies from the day
 Not of more free gift, than from them their cost :
 For what's now spar'd, that only they count lost.
 As then their joyn'd hands lift thee to thy seate.
 (Changing thereby thy name for one more great*), *Lord Maior*
 And as this city, with her loud, full voice,
 (Drowning all spite that murmures at the choice,
 If at least such there be) does thee preferre,
 So art thou bound to love, both them and her.
 For know, thou art not like a pinnacle, plac'd
 Onely to stand aloft, and to be grac'd
 With won'dring eyes, or to have caps and knees
 Heape worship on thee : for that man does leeze
 Himselfe and his renowne, whose growth being hye
 In the weale publicke, like the cypres tree,
 Is neither good to build with nor beare fruit ;
 Thou must be now stirring and resolute.
 To be what thou art sworne, a waking eye,
 Afar off, like a beacon, to descry
 What stormes are comming, and being come, must then
 Shelter with spread armes the poor'st citizen.
 Sit Plenty at thy table, at thy gate
 Bounty and Hospitality : hee's most ingrate
 Into whose lap the publick-weale having pour'd
 Her golden showers, from her his wealth should hoord ;
 Be like those antient spirits, that, long agon,
 Could think no good deed sooner than 'twas don,
 Others to pleasure. Hold it thou more glory
 Than to be pleas'd thy selfe. And be not sory
 If any strive in best things to exceed thee ;
 But glad to helpe thy wrongers, if they need thee.

Nor feare the stings of Envy, nor the threates
 Of her invenomed arrowes, which at the seates
 Of those who best rule evermore are shot,
 But the aire blowes off their fethers, and they hit not.
 Come therefore on, nor dread her, nor her sprites,
 The poyson she spits up, on her own head lights.
 On, on, away.

This chariot or throne of Vertue is then set forward, and followes that of Neptune, this taking place just before the Lord Maior: and this concludes the second triumphant shew.

THE THIRD DEVICE.

The third device is a forlorne castle, built close to the little Conduit in Cheap-side, by which, as the throne of Vertue comes neerer and neerer, there appeare above (on the battlements) Envy, as chiefe commandresse of that infernall place, and every part of it guarded with persons representing all those that are fellows and followers of Envy: as Ignorance, Sloth, Oppression, Disdaine, &c. Envy herselfe being attired like a fury, her haire full of snakes, her countenance pallid, meagre, and leane, her body naked, in her hand a knot of snakes, crawling and writhen about her arme.

The rest of her litter are in as ugly shapes as the dam, every one of them beeing arm'd with black bowes and arrows, ready to bee shot at Vertue. At the gates of this fort of furies, stand Ryot and Calumny, in the shapes of gyants, with clubs, who offer to keep back

the chariot of Vertue, and to stop her passage. All the rest likewise on the battlements offering to discharge their blacke artillery at her: but she onely holding up her bright shield, dazzles them, and confounds them; they all on a sudden shrinking in their heads, untill the chariot be past, and then all of them appearing againe: their arrowes, which they shoote up into the aire, breake there out in fire-works, as having no power to do wrong to so sacred a deity as Vertue.

This cave of monsters stands fixed to the Conduit, in which Envie onely breathes out her poyson to this purpose.

THE SPEECH OF ENVY.

Envy. Adders shoote, hysse speckled snakes;
Sloth craule up, see Oppression wakes;
(Baine to Learning,) Ignorance,
Shake thy asses eares; Disdaine advance
Thy head Luciferan: Ryot split
Thy ribbes with curses; Calumny spit
Thy rancke-rotten gall up. See, see, see,
That witch, whose bottomlesse sorcery
Makes fooles runne mad for her, that hag
For whom your dam pines, hangs out her flag
Our den to ransacke: Vertue, that whoore,
See, see, how brave shee's, I am poore.

Vertue. On, on, the beames of Vertue are so bright,
They dazle Envy; on, the hag's put to flight.

Envy. Snakes, from your virulent spawne ingender
Dragons, that may peece-meale rend her:
Adders, shoote your stings like quills
Of porcupines (stiffe); hot Ætnean hils,
Vomit sulphure to confound her,
Fiendes and furies (that dwell under)

Lift hell gates from their hindges: come
 Yon cloven-footed broode of Barrathrum,
 Stop, stay her, fright her with your shreekes,
 And put fresh blood in Envy's cheekes.

Vertue. On, on, the beames of Vertue, are so bright,
 They dazzle Envy: the hag's put to flight.

Omnes. Shoote, shoote, &c. [All that are with Envy.]

Either during this speech, or else when it is done, certain rockets flye up in the aire; the throne of Vertue passing on still, never staying, but speaking still those her two last lines, albeit, shee bee out of the hearing of Envy; and the other of Envies faction crying still, shoote, shoote, but seeing they prevaile not, all retire in, and are not seene till the throne comes backe againe.

And this concludes this triumphant assault of Envy: her conquest is to come.

THE FOURTH DEVICE.

This throne of Vertue passeth along untill it comes to the Crosse in Cheape, where the presentation of another triumph attends to welcome the Lord Maior in his passage; the chariot of Vertue is drawne then along, this other that followes takes her place, the device bearing this argument.

Vertue having, by the helpe of her followers, conducted the Lord Maior safely, even, as it were, through the jaws of Envy and all her monsters: the next, and highest honour she can bring him to, is to make him arive at the house of Fame, and that is this pageant.

In the upper seat sits Fame, crowned in rich attire, a trumpet in her hand, &c. In other severall places sit kings, princes, and noble persons, who have bene free of the Marchant-tailors, a perticular roome being reserved for one that represents the person of Henry, the now prince of Wales.

The onely speaker here is Fame herselfe, whose words sound out these glad welcomes :

THE SPEECH OF FAME.

Welcome to Fame's high temple: here fix fast
 Thy footing ; for the wayes which thou hast past
 Will be forgot and worne out ; and no tract
 Of steps observ'd, but what thou *now* shalt act.
 The booke is shut of thy precedent deedes,
 And Fame unclasps another, whereof shee reades
 (Aloud) the chronikle of a dangerous yeare,
 For each eye will looke through thee, and each eare
 Way-lay thy wordes and workes. Th' hast yet but gon
 About a pyramid's foote ; the top 's not won,
 That's glasse ; who slides there, fals ; and once falne downe,
 Never more rises: no art cures renowne,
 The wound being sent to th' heart. 'Tis kept from thence
 By strong armor, Vertue's influence ;
 She guides thee, follow her. In this court of Fame
 None else but Vertue can enrole thy name.

Erecte thou then a serious eye, and looke
 What worthies fill up Fame's voluminous booke,
 That now (thine owne name read there) none may blot
 Thy leafe with foule inke, nor thy margent quoate
 With any act of thine, which may disgrace
 This cittie's choice, thy selfe, or this thy place :
 Or that which may dishonour the high merits
 Of thy renown'd society : royal spirits

Of princes holding it a grace to weare
 That crimson badge, which these about them beare,
 Yea, kings themselves 'mongst you have fellowes bene,
 Stil'd by the name of a free-citizen :
 For instance, see seven English kings there plac'd,
 Cloth'd in your livery, the first seat being grac'd
 By second Richard: next him *Bullingbrooke: *Henry IV.*
 Then that fift, thundring Henry, who all France shook :
 By him, his sonne, sixt Henry, by his side
 Fourth Edward, who the Roses did divide :
 Richard the Third next him: and then that king
 Who made both Roses in one branch to spring :
 A sprig of which branch (highest now but one)
 Is Henry Prince of Wales, folowed by none,
 Who of this brotherhood, last and best steps forth,
 Honouring your hall: to heighten more your worth.
 I can a register show of seventeene more
 (Princes and dukes all), entombed long before,
 Yet kept alive by Fame ; earles thirty-one,
 And barons sixty-six that path have gone:
 Of viscounts onely one your order tooke:
 Turne over one leafe more in oure vast booke,
 And you may read the names of prelates there,
 Of which one arch-bishop your cloth did weare.
 And byshops twenty-foure: of abbots seven,
 As many priors, to make the number even :
 Of forty church-men, I one sub-prior adde,
 You from all these, these from you honour had :
 Women of high bloud likewise laid aside
 Their greater state so to be dignified:
 Of whiche a queene the first was, then a paire
 Of dukes' wives : and, to leave the roll more faire,
 Five countesses and two ladies are the last,
 Whose birth and beauties have your order grac'd.
 But I too long spin out this thrid of gold ;
 Here breakes it off. Fame hath them all en-rol'd

On a large file (with others), and their story
 The world shall reade, to adde unto thy glory,
 Which I am loath to darken : thousand eyes
 Yet aking till they enjoy thee : win, then, that prise.
 Which Vertue holds up for thee, and (that done),
 Fame shall the end crowne, as she hath begun.
 Set forward.

Those princes and dukes (besides kings nominated before) are these.

John Duke of Lancaster.	}	In the time of Richard the Second.
Edmund Duke of Yorke.		
The Duke of Gloster.		
The Duke of Surrey.		
Humfrey Duke of Gloster.	}	In the time of Henry the Fifth.
Richard Duke of Yorke.		
George Duke of Clarence.	}	In the time of Edward the Fourth.
Duke of Suffolke.		
Iohn Duke of Norfolke.	}	In the time of Richard the Third.
George Duke of Bedford.		

Edward Duke of Buckingham, In the time of Henry the Seventh, with others whose roll is too long here to be opened.

The Queene spoken of, was Anne, wife to Richard the Second. Dukes wives these, viz :—

The Dutchesse of Gloster. In the time of Richard the Second.

Eleonor Dutchesse of Gloster. In the time of Henry the Fifth.

Now for Prelates I reckon onely these,
 The Prior of Saint Bartholmews.

And his Sub-Prior.

The Prior of Elsinge-spittle.

Thomas Arundell, Arch-bishop of Canterbury.

Henry Bewfort, Bishop of Winton.

The Abbot of Barmondsey.

The Abbot of Towrchill.

Philip Morgan, Bishop of Worster.

The Abbot of Tower-hill.

The Prior of St. Mary Cvery.

The Prior of Saint Trinity, in Cree-church.

The Abbot and Prior of Westminster.

Kemp, Bishop of London.

W. Wainfleete, Bishop of Winchester.

George Nevill, Bishop of Winchester, and Chauncelor
of England.

Iohn May, Abbot of Chertsay.

Laurence, Bishop of Durham.

Iohn Russell, Bishop of Rochester.

If I should lengthen this number, it were but to trouble you with a large index of names onely, which I am loath to do, knowing your expectation is to bee otherwise feasted.

The speech of Fame therefore being ended, as 'tis set downe before, this temple of her's takes place next before the Lord Maior, those of Neptune and Vertue marching in precedent order. And as this temple is carryed along, a song is heard, the musicke being queintly conveyed in a private roome, and not a person discovered.

To us bring,
 Whilst we sing
 In a chorus altogether,
 Welcome, welcome, welcome hither.

Goe on nobly, may thy name,
 Be as old and good as fame,
 Ever be remembred here,
 Whilst a blessing, or a teare
 Is in store,
 With the pore,
 So shall Swinnerton nere dye,
 But his vertues upward flye,
 And shall spring,
 Whilst we sing,
 In a chorus ceasing never,
 He is living, living ever.

And this concludes this fourth triumph, till his lordship's returne from Guildhall.

In returning backe from the Guildhall, to performe the ceremoniall customes in Paul's Church, these shewes march in the same order as before ; and comming with the throne of Vertue, Envy and her crue are as busie again, Envie uttering some three or foure lines toward the end of her speech onely, as thus:—

Envy. Fiends and furies, that dwell under,
 Lift hell-gates from their hindges: come,
 You cloven-footed brood of Barathrum,
 Stop, stay her, fright her with your shreekes,
 And put fresh blood in Envy's cheekes.

Vertue. On, on, the beames of Vertue are so bright,
 They dazzle Envy: on, the hag's put to flight.

This done, or as it is in doing, those twelve that ride armed, discharge their pistols, at which Envy and the rest vanish, and are seene no more.

When the Lord Maior is (with all the rest of their triumphs), brought home, Justice (for a fare-well) is mounted on some convenient scaffold close to his entrance at his gate, who thus salutes him:—

THE SPEECH OF JUSTICE.

My this-dayes-sworne-protector, welcome home,
 If Justice speake not now, be she ever dumbe :
 The world gives out shee's blinde ; but men shall see
 Her light is cleere, by influence drawne from thee.
 For one yeare, therefore, at these gates shee'l sit,
 To guid thee in and out : thou shalt commit
 (If shee stand by thee) not one touch of wrong :
 And though I knowe thy wisdome built up strong,
 Yet men, like great ships, being in storms, most neere
 To danger, when up their sailes they beare.
 And since all magistrates tread still on yce,
 From mine owne schoole I read thee this advice :

Do good for no man's sake (now) but thine owne,
 Take leave of friends and foes, both must be knowne
 But by one face : the rich and poore must lye
 In one even scale : all suitors, in thine eye,
 Welcome alike ; even he that seemes most base,
 Looke not upon his clothes, but on his case.
 Let not Oppression wash his hands i' th' teares
 Of widowes, or of orphans : widowes prayers
 Can pluck downe thunder, and pore orphans cries
 Are lawrels held in fire ; the violence flies
 Up to heaven-gates, and there the wrong does tell,
 Whilst innocence leaves behind it a sweet smell.

Thy conscience must be like that scarlet dye,
 One fowle spot staines it all: and the quick eye
 Of this prying world, will make that spot thy scorne.
 That collar (which about thy necke is worne)
 Of golden esses, bids thee so to knit
 Men's hearts in love, and make a chayne of it.
 That sword is seldome drawne, by which is meant,
 It should strike seldom: never th' innocent.
 'Tis held before thee by another's hand,
 But the point upwards (heaven must that command)
 Snatch it not then in wrath; it must be given
 But to cut none, till warranted by heaven.
 The head, the politicke body must advance
 For which thou hast the cap of maintenance,
 And since the most just magistrate often erres,
 Thou guarded art about with officers,
 Who knowing the pathes of others that are gone,
 Should teach thee what to do, what leave undone.
 Night's candles lighted are, and burne amaine,
 Cut therefore here off thy officious traine,
 Which love and custome lend thee; all delight
 Croune both this day and citty: a good night
 To thee, and these grave senators, to whom
 My last fare-wels in these glad wishes come,
 That thou and they, (whose strength the city beares),
 May be as old in goodnesse as in yeares.

The title-page of this booke makes promise of all
 the shewes by water, as of these on the land; but
 Apollo having no hand in them, I suffer them to dye
 by that which fed them; that is to say, powder and
 smoake. Their thunder (according to the old gally-
 foist-fashion), was too lowd for any of the Nine Muses
 to be bidden to it. I had deviz'd *one* altogether musi-
 call, but Time's glasse could spare no sand, nor lend

convenient howres for the performance of it. Night cuts off the glory of this day, and so consequently of these triumphes, whose brightnesse beeing eclipsed, my labours can yeeld no longer shadow. They are ended, but my love and duty to your Lordship shall never.

———— Non displicuisse meretur,
Festinat (Prætor) qui placuisse tibi.

FINIS.

LONDON'S TEMPE.



INTRODUCTION.

WHETHER Dekker contributed more than the two pageants which are here reprinted to the annual civic solemnities, cannot now be ascertained with strict certainty, as the list of these productions leaves many elisions which have never been filled, and for which no descriptive pamphlets have been found. Dekker is considered by Nichols "the most eminent of the series" of city poets, and "perhaps a grade above the employment now under contemplation;" but he was poor, and laboured through life with constant industry at play or pamphlet, and would no doubt have always been accessible to civic employment and hospitality.

The pageant this year produced by him is much inferior to that for 1612, which may justly be considered as one of the very best of these productions. The name bestowed upon it, and the fifth pageant, as is remarked by Malcolm (*Londinium Redivivum*, vol. 2), "is a quibble upon the name of the mayor, Campbell, reversed into the French words *le bell* or *beau-champ*, a beautiful field or country; to which were invited, and hither came, Titan, Flora, Ceres, Pomona, Ver, and Estas, from their blissful fields, to ride through the dirty streets, and a crowd who knew them not." From an examination of the books of the Ironmongers' Company, he adds, "the sum paid for these pageants, including every expense, was £180. The sea-lion and estridge were preserved, and placed in the hall, (of the company), and thirty-two trumpeters were employed."

In Strype's Stow we are told that Sir James Campbell was son of Sir Thomas Campbell, ironmonger, who was mayor in 1609, to whom Dekker alludes in the dedication to the pageant here reprinted, and who was himself "son to Robert Campbell, of Fulsam, in Norfolk."

A copy of this rare pageant, with two leaves in manuscript in the handwriting of Mr. Rhodes, was sold with the rest of his library, April 1825; this copy is now in the possession of Mr. J. P. Collier, who, in the most liberal manner, lent it to me, that I might include it among the series reprinted in this volume. A perfect copy is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, with which it has been collated.

It should be mentioned that two thirds of the original title-page is occupied by a large wood-cut of the ironmongers' arms, which have so encroached upon the usual space, that no imprint appears in either of the copies above alluded to of this very rare pageant.

London's Tempe,

OR

THE FEILD OF HAPPINES.

In which Feild are planted severall Trees of magnificence,
State and Bewty, to celebrate the Solemnity of the
Right Honorable James Campebell, at his
Inauguration into the honorable Office
of Prætorship or Maioralty of
London, on Thursday the
29th of October,
1629.

All the particular Inventions for the Pageants, Showes of
Triumph, both by Water and Land, being here
fully set downe. At the sole Cost, and
liberall Charges of the Right
worshipfull Society of
Ironmongers.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS DEKKER.

Quando magis dignos licuit spectare triumphos.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE JAMES CAMPEBELL,
LORD MAIOR OF THE MOST RENOUNED
CITY OF LONDON.

HONORABLE PRÆTOR.

The triumphes which these few leaves of paper present to your vew (albeit their glories are but short lived as glittering onely for a day), boldly shew their faces unto the eye of the world, as servants attending on your lordship onely to do you honor.

With much care, cost, and curiosity, are they brought forth; and with exceeding greatness of love, a free handed bounty of their purse, a noble and generous alacrity of spirit, have your worthy fraternity, and much to be honored brotherhood of Ironmongers bestowed them upon you.

It much winnes upon them to have such a cheife, and you cannot but be glad to have such a society: by a free election are you Londons Prætor; the suffrages of commoners call you to your seate. A succession to the place takes you by the hand, your industry hath met with blessings, those blessings given you ability, and that ability makes you fit for a magistrate.

Yet there is a musicke in your owne bosome whose

strings being touchd, yeilds as harmonius a sound to you as all theise, and that is to see your self heire to that patrician dignity with which your father was invested. It was an honor to him to wear that robe of scarlet; it is a double glory to you, in so short an age to have his sword borne before you.

You have the voyce of senators breathing out your welcome, a confluence of grave citizens, adding state to your state. The acclamations of people ushering you along. Whilst I (the least part of this triumphant day) spend such sand as I have, to help to fill up the hour glasse, my service ronning.

Attending on your Lordship,

THOMAS DEKKER.

LONDONS TEMPE.

WERE it possible for a man, in the compasse of a day, to behold (as the sunne does) all the citties in the world, as if he went with walking beames about him ; that man should never see in any part of the yeare, any citty so magnificently adorned with all sorts of tryumphes, variety of musicke, of bravery, of bewty, of feastings, of civill (yet rich) ceremonies, with gallant lords and ladies, and thronges of people, as London is enriched with, on the first day that her great lord (or Lord Maior, for 'tis all one) takes that office upon him.

In former ages, he was not encompassed with such glories; no such firmaments of starres were to be seene in Cheapside : Thames dranke no such costly healthes to London as hee does now. But as Troynovant spread in fame, so our English kings shined upon her with favours.

In those home-spun times, they had no collars of SS, no mace, sword, nor cap of maintenance ; these came by degrees, as *additamenta honoris*, additions or ensignes of more honour, conferrd by severall princes on this citty : for in the time of Edward Confessor,

the chiefe ruler of the citty was called Reeve, Greeve, or Portreeve. The next to him in authority ; Provost.

Then in the first of Richard I. two Bayliffes carried the sway : this continued till the ninth of King John, who by letters patents gave the citizens power yearly to choose themselves a lord maior, and two sheriffes.

Then, King Henry III made the first aldermen in London (yet the name of Ealdorman was knowne in the Saxons time, for Alwin in the reigne of Edgar was alderman of all England, that is to say chiefe justice :) and those aldermen of London had rule then (as now) over the wardes of the citty, but were everie year changed, as the shreiffes are in these dayes.

Then Edward I. ordained that the Lord Maior should, in the king's absence, sit in all places within London as chiefe justice ; and that every alderman that had bin Lord Mayor, should be a justice of peace for London and Middlesex all his life after.

Then in the reigne of Henry VII, Sr. John Shaw, goldsmith, being Lord Maior, caused the aldermen to ride from the Guildhall to the water side, when he went to take his oath at Westminster, (where before they rode by land thither); and at his returne to ride againe to the Guild-hall there to dine ; all the kitchens, and other offices there, being built by him : since which time the feast has there bin kept, for before it was either at Grocers Hall, or the Merchant Taylors.

Thus small rootes grow in time to cedars, shallow streames to rivers, and a hand of government to be

the strongest arme in a kingdome. Thus you see London in her meane attyre, then in robes maiestical ; and sitting in that pompe, cast your eye upon those alluring objects, which she her selfe beholds with admiration.

THE FIRST.

The first scæne is a water-worke, presented by Oceanus, king of the sea, (from whose name the universall maine sea is called the ocean) he, to celebrate the ceremonies and honors due to this great festivall, and to shew the world his marine chariot, sits triumphantly in the vast (but queint) shell of a silver scollup, reyning in the heads of two wild sea-horses proportioned to the life, their maynes falling about their neckes, shining with curles of gold.

On his head, which (as his beard) is knotted, long, carelesly spred, and white, is placed a diadem, whose bottome is a conceited coronet of gold ; the middle over that, is a coronet of silver scollops, and on the top a faire spreading branch of corral, interwoven thickly with pearle. In his right hand a golden trident, or three forked scepter.

His habit is antique, the stufte, watchet and silver ; a mantle crossing his body, with silver waves, bases and buskins cut likewise at the top into silver scollups, and in this language he congratulates his lordship.

OCEANUS HIS SPEECH.

Thus mounted, hither comes the king of waves,
Whos voyce charmes roughest billows into slaves,

Whose foote treades downe their necks with as much ease,
As in my shelly coach I reyne up these.

Lowd ecchoes cald me from my glittering throne,
To see the noble Thamesis,—a sonne
To this my queene and me (Tethys) whose eare
Ne're jeweld up such musick as sounds here :
For our unfaddomed world, roares out with none
But horrid sea-fights, navies overthrowne ;
Ilands halfe drowned in blood, pyrates pell mell,
Turkes slavish tugging oares, the Dunkerk's hell,
The Dutchman's thunder, and the Spaniards lightning,
To whom the sulphures breath gives heate and heightning,
O ! these are the dire tunes my consort sings.
But here! old Thames out-shines the beames of kings.

This citty addes new glories to Jove's court,
And to all you who to this hall resort,
This Lactea Via (as a path) is given,
Being paved with pearle, as that with starres in heaven.

I could (to swell my trayne) beckon the Rhine,
(But the wilde boare has tusked up his vine) ;
I could swift Volga call, whose curld head lies
On seaven rich pillowes (but, in merchandize
The Russian him imployes) ; I could to theis
Call Ganges, Nilus, long-haired Euphrates ;
Tagus, whose golden hands claspe Lisbone walles,
Him could I call too,—but what neede theis calles ?
Were they all here, they would weepe out their eyes,
Madde that new Troy's high towers on tiptoe rize
To hit heaven's roofe: madde to see Thames this day
(For all his age) in wanton windinges play
Before his new grave prætor, and before
Theis senators, best fathers of the poore,

That grand canale, where (stately) once a yeare
A fleete of bridall gondolets appeare,
To marry with a golden ring, (that's hurld
Into the sea) that minion of the world,

Venice, to Neptune,—a poor lantscip is
To these full braveries of Thamesis.

Goe therefore up to Cæsar's court, and clayme
What honours there are left to Campebel's name,
As by dissent ; whilst we tow up a tyde,
Which shall ronne sweating up by your barges side ;
That done, Time shall Oceanus' name inroll,
For guarding you to London's capitoll.

THE SECOND PRESENTATION.

The invention is a proud-swelling sea, on whose waves is borne up a sea lyon, as a proper and eminent body to marshall in the following triumphes ; in regard it is one of the supporters of the East Indian Company, of which his lordship is free, and a great adventurer. And these marine creatures, are the more fitly employed, in regard also, that his lordship is Maior of the Staple, Governour of the French Company, and free of the East-land Company.

On this lyon (wich is cut out of wood to the life) rides Tethys wife to Oceanus, and queene of the sea ; for why should the king of waves be in such a glorious progresse without his queene, or she without him ? They both therefore twin themselves together to heighten these solemnities.

Her haire is long, and dishevelled ; on her head an antique sea-tyre, encompast with a coronall of gold and pearle, her garments rich and proper to her quality, with a taffaty mantle fringed with silver crossing her body. Her right hand supporting a large streamer in which are the Lord Maiors armes.

On each side of this lyon, attend a mermaid and merman, holding two banners, with the armes of the two new shrieves, several fishes swimming as it were about the border. And these two having dispatched on the water, hasten to aduance themselves on land.

THE THIRD.

The third show is an estridge, cut out of timber to the life, biting a horse-shoe: on this bird rides an Indian boy, holding in one hand a long tobacco pipe, in the other a dart; his attire is proper to the country.

At the four angles of the square, where the estridge stands, are plac'd a Turke, and a Persian, a pikeman and a musketeere.

THE FOURTH.

The fourth presentation is called the Lemnian forge. In it are Vulcan, the Smith of Lemnos, with his servants (the Cyclopes), whose names are Pyracmon, Brontes and Sceropes, working at the anvile. Their habite are wastcoates and leather aprons: their hair blacke and shaggy, in knotted curles.

A fire is scene in the forge, bellowes blowing, some filing, some at other workes; thunder and lightning on occasion. As the smiths are at worke, they sing in praise of iron, the anvile and hammer: by the concordant stroakes and soundes of which, Tuballcayne became the first inventor of musicke.

THE SONG.

Brave iron! brave hammer! from your sound,
The art of musicke has her ground;

On the anvile thou keep'st time,
Thy knick-a-knock is a smithes best chyme.

Yet thwick-a-thwack,
Thwick, thwack-a-thwack, thwack,
Make our brawny sinewes crack,
Then pit-a-pat pat, pit-a-pat pat,
Till thickest barres be beaten flat.

We shooe the horses of the sunne,
Harnesse the dragons of the moone,
Forge Cupid's quiver, bow, and arrowes,
And our dame's coach that's drawn with sparrowes.
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Jove's roaring cannons, and his rammers
We beat out with our Lemnian hammers;
Mars his gauntlet, helme, and speare,
And Gorgon shield, are all made here.
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

The grate which (shut) the day out-barres,
Those golden studdes which naile the starres,
The globe's case, and the axletree,
Who can hammer these but wee?
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

A warming-panne to heate earth's bedde,
Lying i' th' frozen zone halfe dead;
Hob-nailes to serve the man i' th' moone,
And sparrowbils to cloute Pan's shoone,
Whose work but ours?
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Venus' kettles, pots, and pannes,
We make, or else she brawles and bannes;
Tonges, shovels, andirons have their places,
Else she scratches all our faces.
Till thwick-a-thwack, &c.

Cupid sits in one place of this forge, on his head a curld yellow haire, his eyes hid in lawne, a bow and quiver, his armour: wings at his backe; his body in light colours, a changeable silke mantle crossing it; golden and silver arrowes are ever and anone reached up to him, which hee shootes upward into the aire, and is still supplied with more from the forge.

On the top sits Jove, in a rich antique habite, a long white reverend hayre on his head, a beard long and curld: a mace of triple fire in his hand burning; who calling to Vulcan, this language passes betweene them.

Jove. Ho, Vulcan.

Vul. Stop your hammers: what ayles Jove?

We are making arrowes for my slip-string sonne.
Here, reach him those two dozen; I must now
A golden handle make for my wife's fann:
Worke, my fine Smugges.

Jove. First heare: you shall not play,
The Fates would scold should you keepe holiday.

Vul. What then?

Jove. Command thy brawny-fisted slaves to sweate
At th' anvile, and to dust their hammers beate,
To stuffe with thunder-bolts Jove's armories,
For vices (mountain-like) in black heapes rize.
My sinewes cracke to fell them. Ideot pride
Stalkes upon stilts; Ambition, by her side,
Climbing to catch starres, breakes her necke i' th' fall;
The gallant roares; roarers drinke oathes and gall;
The beggar curses; Avarice eates gold,
Yet ne're is fil'd; Learning's a wrangling scold;
Warre has a fatall hand; Peace, whorish eyes;
Shall not Jove beat downe such impieties?

Is't not high time? is't not true justice then,
Vulcan, for thee and thy tough hammer-men

To beate thy anvile, and blow fires to flames,
To burne these broodes, who kill even with their names?

Vul. Yes, Jove, 'tis more then time.

Jove. And what helpes this, but iron! O then, how high
Shall this great Troy, text up the memory
Of you her noble prætor, and all those
Your worthy brotherhood, through whose care goes
That rare rich prize of iron to the whole land,
Iron, farre more worth than Tagus' golden sand.

Iron! best of metals! pride of minerals!
Hart of the earth! hand of the world! which fals
Heavy when it strikes home. By iron's strong charmes
Ryots lye bound. Warre stops her rough allarmes.
Iron, earthquakes strikes in foes: knits friends in love;
Iron's that maine hinge on which the world doth move;
No kingdomes globe can turne, even, smooth, and round,
But that his axletree in iron is found:
For armies wanting iron are puffes of wind,
And but for iron, who, thrones of peace would mind?
Were there no gold nor silver in the land,
Yet navigation, (which on iron does stand),
Could fetch it in. Gold's, darling to the sunne,
But iron, his hardy boy, by whom is done
More than the t'other dare: the merchant's gates
By iron barre out theevish assassinated:
Iron is the shop-keeper's both locke and kay;
What are your courts of guard when iron's away?
How would the corne pricke up her golden eares,
But that iron plough-shares all the labour beares
In earth's strange midwiffry? Brave iron! what praise
Deserves it! more 'tis beate, more it obeyes;
The more it suffers, more it smoothes offence;
In drudgery it shines with patience.

This fellowship, was then, with judging eyes,
United to the twelve great companies:

It being farre more worthy than to fill
 A file inferiour. Yon's, the sunn's guilt hill,
 On too't, Love guardes you on : Cyclopes, a ring
 Make with your hammers, to whose musicke sing.

THE FIFT.

The fift presentation is called London's Tempe, or the Field of Happinesse ; thereby reflecting upon the name of Campe-bell or *Le Beu Champe*, a faire and glorious field. It is an arbor supported by four great termes : on the four angles, or corners over the termes, are placed four pendants with armes in them.

It is round about furnished with trees and flowers : the upper part with severall fruites, intimating that as London is the best stored garden in the kingdome for plants, herbes, flowers, rootes, and such like ; so, on this day it is the most glorious citty in the Christan world.

And therefore Tytan (one of the names of the sun) in all his splendor, with Flora, Ceres, Pomona, Ver, and Estas, are seated in this Tempe ; on the top of all stands a lyon's head, being the Lord Maiors crest.

Tytan being the speaker, does in this language court his lordship to attention.

TYTAN HIS SPEECH.

Welcome, great prætor : now heare Tytan speak,
 Whose beames to crowne this day, through clouds thus break.
 My coach of beaten gold is set aside,
 My horses to ambrosiall mangers tied ;
 Why is this done ? why leave I mine own sphere ?
 But here to circle you for a whole yeare.
 Embrace then Tytan's counsell :—now so guide

The chariot of your sway in a just pace,
 That all (to come hereafter) may with pride
 Say, None like you did noblier quit the place ;
 Lower than now you are in fame, never fall ;
 Note me (the Sunne) who in my noone careere
 Renders a shadow, short, or none at all ;
 And so, since Honor's zodiac is your sphere,
 A shrub to you must be the tallest pine ;
 On poor and rich you equally must shine.

This if you doe, my armes shall ever spread
 About those roomes you feast in ; from her head
 Flora her garlands pluck (being queene of flowers),
 To dress your parlors up like summer's bowers.
 Ceres lay golden sheaffes on your full boord ;
 With fruit, you from Pomona shall be stoard ;
 Whilst Ver and Estas (Spring and Summer), drive,
 From this your Tempe, Winter, till he dive
 I' th' frozen zone, and Tytan's radiant shield
 Guard Campbel's Beauchampe, London's fairest field.

THE SIXTH AND LAST PRESENTATION.

This is called Apollo's pallace, because seven persons representing the seven liberal sciences are richly inthroned in this city. Those seven are in loose roabes of several cullors, with mantles according, and holding in their hands escutcheons, with emblems in them proper to every one quality.

The body of this worke is supported by twelve silver columnes ; at the four angles of it, four pendants play with the wind ; on the top is erected a square tower supported by four golden columnes, in every square is presented the embos'd antique head of an emperour,

figuring the four monarches of the world, and in them pointing at foure kingdomes.

Apollo is the chiefe person, on his head a garland of bayes, in his hand a lute. Some hypercriticall censurer perhaps will aske, why having Tytan, I should bring in Apollo, sithence they both are names proper to the sunne. But the youngest novice in poetry can answer for me, that the sunne when he shines in heaven is called Tytan, but being on earth (as he is here) we call him Apollo. Thus therefore Apollo tunes his voyce.

APOLLOES SPEECH.

Apollo never stucke in admiration till now, my Delphos is removen hither, my oracles are spoken here; here the sages utter their wisdom, here the sybils their divine verses.

I see senators this day in scarlet riding to the capitoll, and to morrow the same men riding up and downe the field in armours, gowned citizens and warlike gownmen. The gunne here gives place, and the gowne takes the upper hand; the gowne and the gunne march in one file together.

Happy king that has such people, happy land in such a king! happy prætor so graced with honours! happy senators so obeyed by citizens, and happy citizens that can command such triumphes.

Go on in your full glories, whilst Apollo and these mistresses of the learned sciences waft you to that honorable shore whither Time bids you hasten to arrive.

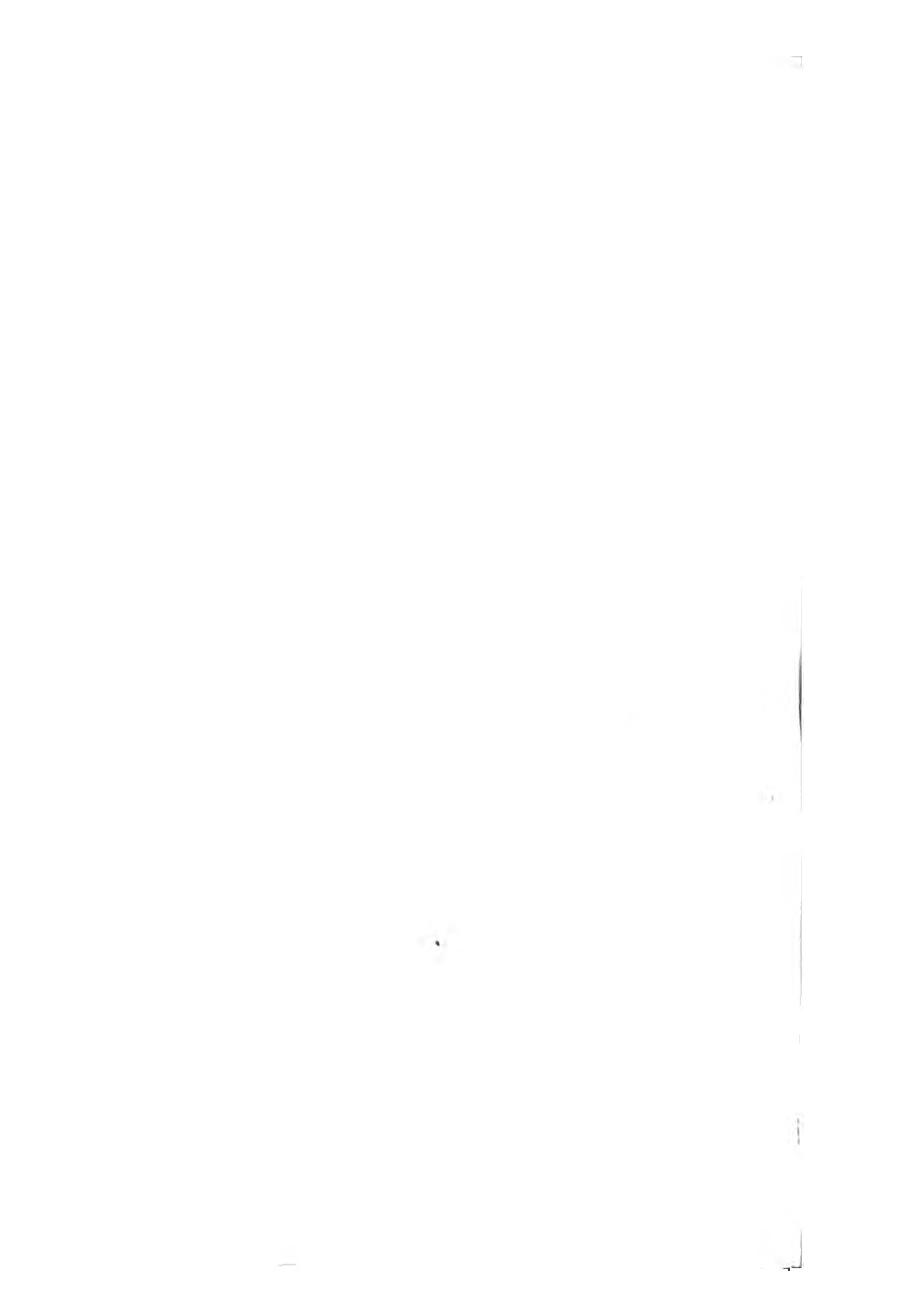
A SPEECH AT NIGHT, AT TAKING LEAVE OF HIS LORDSHIP
AT HIS GATE, BY OCEANUS.

After the glorious troubles of this day,
Night bids you welcome home; Night, who does lay
All pompe, all triumphs by, state now descends;
Here our officious trayne their service ends,

And yet not all, for see, the golden sunne,
Albeit he has his dayes worke fully done,
Sits up above his houre, and does his best
To keep the starres from lighting you to rest.
Him will I take along to lay his head
In Tethys lap, Peace therefore guard your bedde ;
In your yeares zodiacke may you fairely move,
Shin'd on by angels, blest with goodness, love.

Thus much his owne work cryes up the workman,
(M. Gerard Christmas) for his invention, that all the
pieces were exact, and set forth lively with much cost.
And this yeare gives one remarkable note to after times,
that all the barges followed one another (every company
in their degree,) in a stately and maiesticall order ; this
being the invention of a noble citizen, one of the
captaines of the city.

FINIS.



PORTA PIETATIS.



INTRODUCTION.

Mr. Collier having already furnished the members of the Percy Society with the best and fullest account of the author of the ensuing pageant, in his introduction to the *Marriage Triumph on the nuptials of the Prince Palatine and the Princess Elizabeth*, daughter of James the First; it becomes unnecessary for me to say much concerning this author, whose industry as a dramatist was so conspicuous, as to obtain for him the title of the English Lope de Vega; for upon his own declaration prefixed to his "*English Traveller*," printed in 1633, he declares that there then existed two hundred and twenty plays in which he had "either an entire hand, or at least a main finger." But few of them have reached our times; but those we possess bear traces of considerable talent.

Charles Lamb, no incompetent judge, declares, "if I were to be consulted as to a reprint of our old English dramatists, I should advise to begin with the collected plays of Heywood. He was a fellow-actor, and fellow-dramatist with Shakspeare. He possessed not the imagination of the latter, but in all those qualities which obtained for Shakspeare the attribute of *gentle*, he was not inferior to him. Generosity, courtesy, temperance in the depths of passion; sweetness, in a word, and gentleness; Christianity, and true hearty Anglicism of feelings, shaping that Christianity, shine throughout his beautiful writings, in a manner more conspicuous than in those of Shakspeare, but

only more conspicuous inasmuch as in Heywood these qualities are primary, in the other subordinate to poetry. I love them both equally, but Shakspeare has most of my wonder."

Heywood's connexion with the city appears to have commenced in 1631, and seven Pageants are in existence of his composition. The speeches delivered by the various characters in them, are rather turgid and bombastic, and are remarkably full of pedantic allusions; in fact, he does not by any means shine as a city poet with the brilliance he displays as a dramatist. Yet he was no doubt popular with the citizens, for he continued to supply them yearly with a pageant, until the civil wars stopped these displays. His drama of "The Four Prentices of London," enjoyed immense popularity; it was "a tearing tragedy, full of fights and skirmishes," always performed at holiday times for the edification of those turbulent spectators who demanded incessant action. To the London apprentices, who were then an influential and powerful body, who banded together for good or evil on all occasions, it was particularly gratifying, as it tended in no mean degree to their glorification, and is dedicated to "the honest and high-spirited prentises, the readers." It was printed in 1632, but was, as the author tells us, "written fifteen or sixteen years ago, when such plays were in fashion."

"Godfrey, of Bullen," is the principal character, who being deprived of his possessions in France, whilst serving under the Conqueror, is, at the opening of the play, supposed to be living in London as a citizen, with his four sons, who though

———"highborn,
Yet of the citty trades have they no scorn;"

so Godfrey, the eldest, is apprenticed to a mercer, and his brothers Guy, Charles, and Eustace, are each serving a goldsmith, haberdasher, and grocer. A proclamation for soldiers

to serve in the holy wars, induces a desire in their breasts "to try what London prentices can do," and off they start to Jerusalem. By the way they meet with many marvellous adventures, and among the rest get into much danger from outlaws in Italy; when Eustace exclaims,—

———— "Oh that I had with mee
As many good lads, honest prentises
From East-cheape, Gracious streete, and London stone,
To ende this battle, as could wish themselves
Under my conduct: if they saw me here,
The doubtfull daye's successe we need not feare."

And Charles, who becomes their Captain, afterwards cries,

"Oh for some Cheape-side boyes for Charles to lead,
They would stick to it, when these outlaws faile."

Arrived at the Holy Land, they perform some incredible feats of valour, each being distinguished by the arms of the London Company to which they were apprenticed emblazoned on their shields. Whole armies amount to nothing when they take the field, and the tone of their speeches may be guessed at by one specimen:

"Through the decurians, centurions and legions,
Captaines of thousands, and ten thousand guards,
We have ventured even upon the cannon's mouth,
And scal'd the bulwarks, where their ordnance plai'd:
The strength of armies triumphes in these armes,
We have surpriz'd the fortress and the hold."

They scale a tower where their father is confined, and Godfrey afterwards says:

"Oh I did see them
Cut down a wood of men upon the sudden!"

Soon after which they enter, one of them exclaiming

"My shield I have had cut peece-meale from mine arme.
But now you would have taken me for an archer,

So many arrows were stuck here and there
The Pagans thought to make a quiver of mee."

At the end of the play, Godfrey the eldest son chooses a monastic life ; Guy is made king of Jerusalem ; Eustace, king of Sicily ; and Charles, king of Cyprus,—to the eternal glory of all London prentices.

This was an early, perhaps the earliest, attempt of Heywood as a dramatic author : it has been reprinted in Dodsley's collection, and is a very curious example of what a popular play with the vulgar was, in the early days of the English drama.

All Heywood's city-pageants are rare ; the one selected for reprinting here is probably the rarest. Until the last few years it was comparatively unknown ; the only perfect copy is in the Guildhall Library, for which it was purchased of Mr. Thorpe the bookseller for £4. 14s. 6d. I have a copy in my own possession with the title-page and dedication imitated in manuscript, and I know of no others.

Porta Pietatis,

OR

The Port or Harbour of Piety,

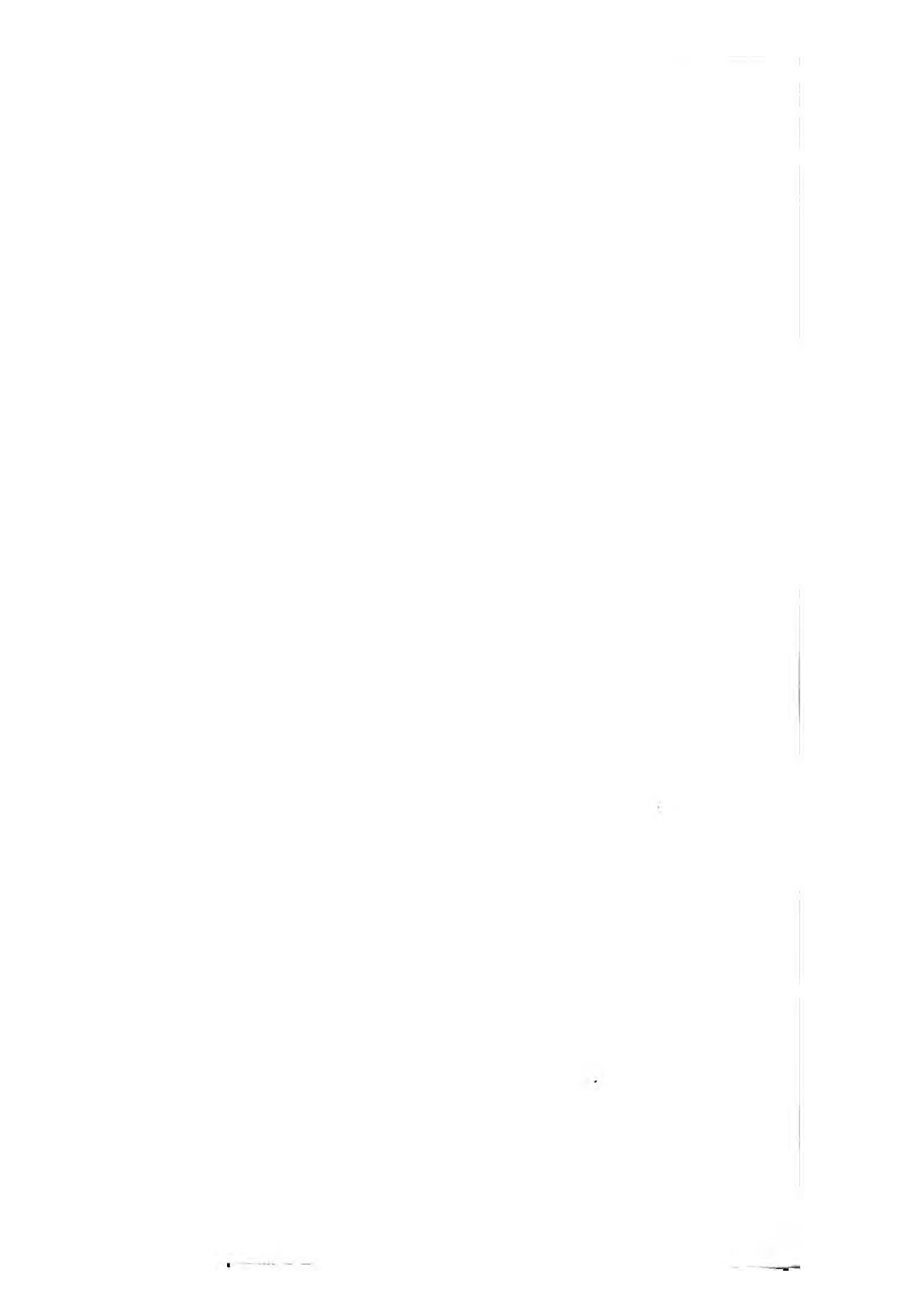
Express in sundry Triumphes, Pageants, and Showes, at the
Initiation of the Right Honourable Sir MAURICE ABBOT,
Knight, into the Majoralty of the famous and
farre renowned City London.

All the Charge and Expencc of the laborious Projects,
both by Water and Land, being the sole undertaking
of the Right Worshipfull Company of
the Drapers.

Written by Thomas Heywood.

—Redeunt Spectacula.—

Printed at *London* by I. Okes, 1638.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE SIR MAURICE ABBOTT,
KNIGHT, THE LORD MAIOR OF THIS
RENOWNED METROPOLIS,
LONDON.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

ANTIQUITY informes us, in the most flourishing state of Rome, of an order of the Candidati, so called because habited in white vesture betokning innocence, and those of the noblest citizens, who in that garbe walked the streets with humble lookes, and submisse gesture, therby to insinuate themselves into the grace of the people, being ambitious after honour and office. Great lord, it fareth not so with you, who though for inward candor and sincerity, you may compare with the best of them, yet have beene so far from affecting such popularity, that though you in your great modesty would willingly have evaded it; yet some places by importunity, and this your present prætorship hath by a generall suffrage, and the unanimous harmony of a free election, beene conferd upon you.

Neither can I omit the happinesse of your deceased father, remarkable in three most fortunate sonnes; the one, for many yeares together, Archbishop of Canter-

bury, and Metropolitane of all England; another a reverend father in God, Bishop of Salisbury, as memorable for his learned workes and writings, as the other for his episcopall government in the church, and counsell in state. And now lately your honour'd selfe the lord maior of this Metropolis, the famous city of London; in which, and of which, as you are now *maximus*, so it is expected you shall prove *optimus*. Grave Sir, it is a knowne maxime, that the honour which is acquired by vertue, hath a perpetuall assurance; nor blame my boldnesse if I presume to prompt your memory in what you have long studied. The life of a magistrate is the rule and square whereby inferior persons frame their carriage and deportment, who sooner assimilate themselves to their lives than their lawes, which laws if not executed are of no estimation. But I cease further to trouble your lordship, leaving you to your honourable charge, with that of the poet.

Qui sua metitur pondera ferre potest.

Your lordships, in all observance,

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

LONDINI PORTA PIETATIS :

LONDON'S GATE TO PIETY.

LONDON and Westminster are two twin-sister cities, as joynd by one street, so watered by one streame ; the first a breeder of grave magistrates, the second, the buriall-place of great monarchs ; both famous for their two cathedrals ; the one dedicated to the honour of Saint Paul, the other of Saint Peter. These I rather concatenate, because as in the one, the right honourable the lord maior receiveth his honour, so in the other he takes his oath ; yet London may be presumed to be the elder, and more excellent in birth, meanes, and issue ; in the first for her antiquity, in the second for her ability, in the third, for her numerous progeny ; she and her suburbs being decored with two severall burses or exchanges, and beautified with two eminent gardens of exercise, knowne by the names of artillery and military. I shall not need to insist much either upon her extension, or dimension, nor to compare her with other eminent cities that were, or are ; it having beene an argument treated of by authentic authors, and the laborious project of many learned pennes, and frequently celebrated upon the like dayes of solemnity.

And although by the space of tenne yeares last past, there hath not beene any lord major free of that company, yet was there within twelve years before that sixe lord majors of the same. And it shall not bee amisse to give you a briefe nomination of some honourable prætors, and those of prime remarke in that company; Sir Henry Fitz-Alwin, draper, was the first lord major of this citie, which place hee held for foure and twenty yeeres together, and upward; and in the first yeere of his majoralty, anno 1210, London bridge, which was before made of timber, was begun to be built of stone. Sir William Powltney was foure times lord major; 1337 he built a chappell in Pauls, where hee lyeth buried, and erected a colledge neere unto the church of St. Laurence Powltney, London: he moreover built the church of little Alhallows, in Thames Street, with other pious and devout acts. John Hind, draper, lord major 1405, built the church of St. Swithen, by London-stone, &c. Sir John Norman was the first that rowed in his barge to Westminster, when he went to take his oath. Sir Richard Hardell sate in the judicatory seate sixe yeares together. Simon Eyre, lord major, built Leaden Hall at his owne proper costs and charges. Sir Richard Pipe, George Monox, lord major 1515, and Sir John Milborne, were great erectors of almes-houses, hospitalls, &c., and left liberally to the poore. Sir Richard Campion perfected divers charitable workes, left unfinish't by Sir John Milborne, before named. Sir Thomas Hayes, 1615, Sir John Jolls, 1616, Sir Edward Barkham, Sir Mar-

tin Lumley, Sir Allan Cotten, Sir Cuthbert Hacket, &c. To speake of them all, I should but spend paper in a meere capitulation of their names, and neglect the project now in agitation.

THE FIRST SHOW BY WATER.

The first show by water is presented by Proteus in a beautiful sea-chariot, for the better ornament, decored with divers marine nymphs, and sea-goddesses, &c. He sitteth or rideth upon a moving tortois, which is reckoned amongst the *Amphibiæ, quod in ambobus elementis degant*: that is, one of those creatures that live in two elements, the water and the land; alluding to the trading of the right honourable the present lord major, who is a merchant, free of the Turkey, Italian, French, Spanish, Muscovy, and was late governour of the East Indy-Company. This Proteus, or *Πρωτος* that is, Primus, is held to be the first, or most ancient of the sea-gods, the sonne of Oceanus and Thetis, who could transhape himselfe into any figure whatsoever, and was skilfull in prediction. He was called *Vertumnus à vertendo*, because he indented, or turned the course of the river Tyber, which floweth up to Rome, as the Thames to London. He was a king, and reigned in the Carpathian Island, which, because it was full of boggs and marish places (as lying neere unto the maine ocean), he had that title conferr'd on him to be a marine god: when the Scithians thought to invade him, and by reason of the former impediments could no way damage his countrey, it therefore increased their super-

stitious opinion to have him deified. He was called also *pastor populi*, that is, a shepherd of the people; and is said also to feede Neptune's fishes, call'd Phocæ.

It was a custome amongst the Ægyptian kings to have their scepters insculpt with sundry hieroglyphicks or figures, as a lyon, a dragon, a tree, a flame of fire, &c., as their fancies lead them; for which that proverb was conferr'd on him, *Proteo mutabilior*, that is, more changeable than Proteus. This Proteus, or Vertumnus, or Vesores, reigned in Ægypt some foure yeeres before the Trojan warre, that is *anno mundi 2752*.

PROTEUS HIS SPEECH.

PROTEUS, of all the marine gods the prime,
 And held the noblest both for birth and time;
 From him who with his trident swayes the main,
 And ploughs the waves in curles, or makes them plaine:
 Neptune, both lord of ebbe and inundation,
 I come to greete your great inauguration.
 They call me *versi-pellis*, and 'tis true,
 No figure, forme, no shape to me is new;
 For I appeare what creature I desire,
 Sometimes a bull, a serpent, sometimes fire.
 The first denotes my strength; strong must he be,
 And powerfull, who aspire to your degree.
 You must be wise as serpents, to decide
 Such doubts as errour, or misprison hide.
 And next, like fire (of th' elements most pure),
 Whose nature can no sordid stuffe endure,
 As in calcining metalls we behold,
 It sunders and divides the drosse from gold.
 And such are the decorements that still waite
 Upon so grave, so great a magistrate.

This tortois, double-natur'd, doth imply
 (By the two elements of moist and dry),
 So much as gives the world to understand,
 Your noble trading both by sea and land.
 Of porposes the vast heards Proteus keeps,
 And I am styl'd the prophet of the deepes,
 Sent to predict good omen. May that fleete
 Which makes th' East Indies with our England meete,
 Prosper to all your hearts desires ; their sayles
 Be to and fro swell'd with auspicious gales ;
 May you (who of this city now take charge),
 With all the scarlet senate in your barge,
 The fame thereof so heighten, future story
 Above all other states may crowne her glory.
 To hinder what's more weighty, I am loath,
 Passe therefore freely on, to take your oath.

This show is after brought off from the water, to
 attend upon the rest by land, of which the first is,

THE FIRST SHOW BY LAND.

A shepheard, with his skrip and bottle, and his dog
 by him, a sheep-hooke in his hand ; round about him
 are his flocke, some feeding, others resting in severall
 postures, the plat-forme adorn'd with flowers, plants,
 and trees, bearing sundry fruits. And because this
 worshipfull society tradeth in cloth, it is pertinent
 that I should speake something of the sheepe, who is
 of all other foure-footed beasts the most harmlesse and
 gentle. Those that write of them report that in Ara-
 bia they have tayles three cubits in length ; in Chios
 they are the smallest, but their milke and cheese the
 sweetest, and best. The lambe from her yeaning

knoweth and acknowledgeth her damme: those are held to be most profitable for store, whose bodies are biggest, the fleece softest and thickest, and their legs shortest. Their age is reckoned at tenne yeeres, they breed at two, and cease at nine; the ewes goe with their young an hundred and fifty dayes. Pliny saith the best wooll Apulia and Italy yeelds, and next them, Milesium, Tarentum, Canusium, and Laodicea in Asia; their generall time of sheering is in July. The poet Laberius called the rammes of the flocke *reciproci-cornes*, and *lanicutes*, alluding to the writhing of their hornes, and their skinnes bearing wooll; the bell-weather, or captaine of the flocke, is call'd *vervex sectarius*, &c.

THE SHEPHEARD'S SPEECH.

By what rare frame, or in what curious verse,
 Can the rich profits of your trades' commerce
 Be to the full exprest? which to explaine,
 Lyes not in poet's pen, or artist's braine.
 What beast, or bird, for hyde, or feather rare,
 For man's use made, can with the sheepe compare?
 The horse of strength or swiftnesse may be proud,
 But yet his flesh is not for food allow'd.
 The heards yeeld milke, and meate (commodious both),
 Yet none of all their skins make wooll for cloth.
 The sheepe doth all; the parrot and the jay,
 The peacock, estridge, all in colours gay,
 Delight the eye; some with their notes, the eare;
 But what are these unto the cloth we weare?
 Search forrests, desarts, for beasts wilde or tame,
 The mountaines or the vales, search the vast frame
 Of the wide universe, the earth, and skie,
 Nor beast, nor bird, can with the sheepe comply.

No creature under heaven, bee't small or great,
 But some way usefull ; one affords us meate,
 Another ornament ; shee more than this,—
 Of patience, and of profit th' embleme is.
 In former ages by the heroes sought ;
 After, from Greece into Hesperia brought ;
 She's cloath'd in plenteous riches, and being shorne,
 Her fleece an order, and by emperours worne.
 All these are knowne, yet further understand,
 In twelve divide the profits of this land,
 As hydes, tinne, lead ; or what else you can name,
 Tenne of those twelve the fleece may justly claime ;
 Then how can that amongst the rest be mist,
 By which all states, all common weales subsist ?
 Great honour then belongs unto this trade,
 And you, great lord, for whom this triumph's made.

THE SECOND SHOW BY LAND.

The second show by land is an Indian beast called a
 Rinoceros, which being presented to the life, is for the
 rarenesse thereof, more fit to beautifie a triumph ; his
 head, necke, backe, buttockes, sides, and thighes, armed
 by nature with impenetrable skales ; his hide or skinne
 of the colour of the boxe tree ; in greatnesse equall
 with the elephant, but his legges are somewhat short-
 er ; an enemy to all beasts of rapine and prey, as the
 lyon, leopard, beare, wolfe, tiger, and the like ; but to
 others, as the horse, asse, oxe, sheep, &c., which feede
 not upon the life and blood of the weaker, but of the
 grasse and hearbage of the field, harmlesse and gentle,
 ready to succour them, when they be any way distressed.
 Hee hath a short horne growing from his nose, and

being in continuall enmity with the elephant, before hee encounter him, he sharpeneth it against a stone, and in the fight aimeth to wound him in the belly, being the softest place about him, and the soonest pierc'd. He is back'd by an Indian, the speaker.

THE INDIAN'S SPEECH.

The dignity of Merchants who can tell?
 Or how much they all Traders ante-cell?
 When others here at home securely sleepe,
 He plowes the bosome of each unknowne deepe,
 And in them sees heaven's wonders; for he can
 Take a full view of the Leviathan,
 Whose strength all marine monsters doth surpasse,
 His ribs as iron, his fins and skales as brasse.

His ship like to the feather'd fowle he wings,
 And from all coasts hee rich materialls brings,
 For ornament or profit; those by which
 Inferiour arts subsist, and become rich;
 By land he makes discovery of all nations,
 Their manners, and their countries' scituations,
 And with those savage natures so complies,
 That there's no rarity from thence can rise
 But he makes frequent with us, and yet these
 Not without danger, both on shores and seas;
 The land he pierceth, and the ocean skowers,
 To make them all by free transportage ours.

You (honour'd Sir) amongst the chiefe are nam'd,
 By whose commerce our nation hath beene fam'd.
 The Romans in their triumphes had before,
 Their chariots borne or lead (to grace the more
 The sumptuous show), the prime and choisest things,
 Which they had taken from the captive kings;
 What curious statue, what strange bird or beast
 That clime did yeeld (if rare above the rest),

Was there expos'd ; entring your civill state,
Whom better may we strive to imitate?

This huge Rinoceros (not 'mongst us seene,
Yet frequent where some factors oft have beene),
Is embleme of the prætorship you beare,
Who to all beastes of prey, who rend and teare,
The innocent heards and flocks, is foe profest,
But in all just defences armes his crest.
You of this wilderness are Lord ; so sway,
The weake may be upheld, the proud obey.

THE THIRD SHOW BY LAND.

The third show by land, is a ship fully accommodated with all her masts, sayles, cordage, tacklings, cables, anchors, ordnance, &c., in that small modell, figuring the greatest vessell ; but concerning ships and navigation, with the honour and benefits thence accrewing, I have lately delivered my selfe so amply in a booke published the last summer, of his majesties great shippe called the Sovereigne of the Seas, that to any who desire to be better certified concerning such things, I referre them to that tractate, from whence they may receive full and plenteous satisfaction : I come now to a yong sailor, the speaker.

THE SPEECH FROM THE SHIPPE.

SHIPPING to our first fathers was not knowne,
(Though now amongst all nations common growne),
Nor trade by sea ; we read the first choise peece
Was th' Argo, built to fetch the golden fleece ;
In which brave voyage sixty princes, all
Heroes, such as we *semones* call ;

In that new vessell to attaine the shore,
 Where such a prize was, each tugg'd at the oare.
 On one bench Hercules and Hilar sate,
 Beauty and strength; and siding just with that,
 Daunaus, and Lynceus, of so quicke a sight,
 No interposer, or large distance might
 Dull his cleare opticks; those that had the charge
 And the chiefe stearadge of that princely barge,
 Zethes, and Calais, whose judgements meet,
 Being said t'have feathers on their heads and feete;
 We spare the rest. Grave sir, the merchant's trade
 Is that for which all shipping first was made;
 And through an Hellespont who would but pull,
 Steere, and hoise saile, to bring home golden wooll?
 For wee by that are cloath'd. It the first place
 Sate strength and beauty; oh what a sweete grace
 Have those united! both now yours, great lord,
 Your beauty is your robe, your strength the sword.

You must have Lynceus' eyes, and further see
 Than either you before have done, or he
 Could ever; having now a true inspection
 Into each strife, each cause without affection
 To this or that party; some are sed
 To have had feathers on their feet and head,
 (As those whom I late nam'd); you must have more,
 And in your place be feather'd now all o'er;
 You must have feathers in your thoughts, your eyes,
 Your hands, your feete; for he that's truely wise
 Must still be of a winged apprehension,
 As well for execution, as prevention.

You know (right honourd sir), delayes and pauses,
 In judicature, dull, if not damp, good causes.

That we presume t' advise, we pardon crave,
 It being confest, all these, and more you have.

THE FOURTH SHOW BY LAND.

The fourth show by land beares the title *Porta Pietatis*, The Gate of Piety: which is the doore by which all zealous and devout men enter into the fruition of their long-hoped-for happinesse. It is a delicate and artificiall composed structure, built temple-fashion, as most genuine and proper to the persons therein presented. The speaker is Piety her selfe, her habit best suiting with her condition; upon her head are certaine beames or raies of gold, intimating a glory belonging to sanctity, in one hand an angelicall staffe, with a banner; on the other arme a crosse *gules* in a field *argent*; upon one hand sits a beautifull childe, representing Religion, upon whose shield are figured Time, with his daughter Truth; her motto *vincit veritas*. In another co-partment sitteth one representing the blessed Virgin, patronesse of this right worshipfull society, crowned, in one hand a fanne of starres, in the other a shield, in which are inscribed three crownes (*gradatim*), ascending, being the armes or escutchion of the company, and her motto that which belongeth unto it; *Deo soli honor et gloria*; that is, unto God onely be honour and glory. Next her sit the three theologicall graces, Faith, Hope, and Charity, with three escutchions; Faith's motto, *fidei ala, cæli scala*; the wings of Faith are the ladder by which we scale heaven. Hope's, *Solum spernit qui cælum sperat*; hee hates the earth, that hopes for heaven. Love's motto, *Ubi charitas, non est caritas*; who giveth willingly, shall never

want wretchedly. A sixth personateth Zeale, in whose escutchion is a burning hart; her word, *in tepida, frigida, flagrans*; neither luke-warme, nor key-cold, but ever burning. A seventh figureth Humility; hers; *in terra corpus, in cælo cor*; the body on earth, the heart in heaven. And last Constancie's, *metam tangenti corona*; a crowne belongeth to him who persevereth to the end. I come to the speech.

PIETY THE SPEAKER.

This structure is a citadell, or tower,
 Where piety, plac't in her heavenly bower,
 Poynts out the way to blisse, guirt with a ring
 Of all those graces that may glory bring.
 Here sits Religion firme (though elsewhere torne
 By schismaticks, and made the atheist's scorne).
 Shining in her pure truth, nor need she quake,
 Affrighted with the faggot and the stake;
 Shee's to you deare, you unto her are tender,
 Under the scepter of the faith's defender.

How am I extasi'de when I behold
 You build new temples, and repaire the old!
 There's not a stone that's laid in such foundation,
 But is a step degreeing to salvation;
 And not a scaffold rear'd to that intent,
 But mounts a soule above the firmament.
 Of merchants, we know magistrates are made,
 And they (of those), most happy that so trade.

Your Virgin saint sits next Religion, crown'd,
 With her owne hand-maids (see), inviron'd round,
 And these are they the learned schoole-men call
 The three Prime Vertues theologicall,
 Faith, Hope, and Love; Zeal all inflam'd with fire
 Of devout acts, doth a sixt place aspire.

The seventh Humility, and we commend
The eighth to Constancy, which crownes the end.

A triple crowne's th' emblazon of your crest,
But to gaine one, is to be ever blest.
Proceede in that faire course you have begun,
So when your annual glasse of state is run,
(Nay, that of life), ours, but the gate to blisse,
Shall let you in to yon Metropolis.

There now remaineth onely the last speech at night,
spoken by Proteus, which concludes the tryumph.

THE SPEECH AT NIGHT.

Now bright Hiperion hath unloos'd his teame,
And washt his coach-steeds in cold Ister's streame ;
Day doth to night give place, yet e're you sleepe,
Remember what the prophet of the deepe,
Proteus, foretold. All such as state aspire,
Must be as bulls, as serpents, and like fire.
The shepheard grazing of his flocks, displayes
The use and profit from the fleece we raise.
That Indian beast (had he a tongue to speake),
Would say, suppress the proud, support the weake.
That ship the merchant's honour loudly tells,
And how all other trades it antecells ;
But Piety doth point you to that starre,
By which good merchants steere. Too bold we are
To keepe you from your rest ; tomorrow's sunne
Will raise you to new cares, not yet begun.

I will not speake much concerning the two brothers,
Mr. John, and Mathias Christmas, the modellers and
composers of those severall peeces this day presented
to a mighty confluence (being the two succeeding

sonnes of that most ingenious artist, Mr. Gerard Christmas), to whom, and to whose workmanship I will onely conferre that character, which being long since, (upon the like occasion), conferr'd upon the father, I cannot but now meritedly bestow upon the sonnes; men, as they are excellent in their art, so they are faithfull in their performance.

FINIS.

THE ROYAL OAK.



INTRODUCTION.

KING Charles the Second's restoration diffused the utmost joy throughout the nation, and Tatham took the ready way to ensure popularity for the city pageant produced in that eventful year, by making the Royal Oak the subject of the principal show, and naming his descriptive pamphlet by such an attractive title.

This celebrated tree is pointed out in the curious plate by Hollar, inserted in the account of Charles's escape entitled "Boscobel." It was regarded with feelings of the utmost veneration after the restoration, and an anecdote is related of Charles revisiting it again, and bringing away some acorns, the growth of which he carefully attended to, watering the plants with his own hand. Dr. Stukeley, in his "Itinerarium Curiosum," 1724, describes the tree as it then existed: he says, "a bow-shot from Boscobel house, just by a horse-track passing through the wood, stood the royal oak, into which the king, and his companion, Colonel Carlos, climbed by means of the hen-roost ladder, when they judged it no longer safe to stay in the house, the family reaching them victuals with the nut-hook. The tree is now inclosed in with a brick wall, the inside whereof is covered with laurel, of which we may say, as Ovid did of that before the Augustan palace, 'mediamque tubere quercum.' Close by its side grows a young thriving

plant from one of its acorns. Over the door of the inclosure, I took this inscription in marble:—

“Felicissimam arborem quam in asyllum potentissimi Regis Caroli II. Deus O. M. per quem reges regnant hic crescere voluit, tam in perpetuam rei tantæ memoriam, quam specimen fermæ in regis fidei, muro cinctam posteris commendant Basilus et Jana Fitzherbert.”

‘*Quercus amica Jovi.*’”

Burgess in his “*Eidodendron*” speaking of this tree, says: “It succumbed at length to the reiterated attentions of its votaries; and a hugh bulk of timber, consisting of many loads, was taken away by handfulls. Several saplings were raised in different parts of the country from its acorns, one of which grew near St. James’s Palace, where Marlborough House now stands; and there was another in the Botanic Garden, Chelsea; the former has been long since felled, and of the latter, even the recollection seems almost to be lost.”

In the Bodleian library is preserved a piece of this tree, turned into the shape of a salver, or stand for a tankard, which the inscription upon its centre records to have been the gift of Mrs. Letitia Lane, the name of the family who aided Charles in his escape to France.

Mrs. Jane Lane was the lady before whom Charles rode on the same horse, in the character of a neighbouring farmer’s son. There is a very curious little print representing Lane on horseback, followed by his daughter and Charles: beneath are the lines,—

“Here maiestie is vail’d by splendancy
Of Mistris Lane, whose royal constancy
Did travell much, and undertake such paine
With her father, King Charles his life to gaine.”

Thomas Jordan, the city poet, in his “*Nursery of Novel-*

ties" (no date, but probably printed in 1662), has these lines on the same subject :

" ON THE KING AND MISTRIS LANE ON HORSEBACK.

Behold a lady, who had once the honour
Of having a great king to wait upon her ;
A matchless madam, pietie's restorer,
For in one man four kingdoms ride before her ;
The great defender (as true story saith)
Of him that is Defender of the Faith."

In the same collection, are also the following lines, in which Jordan supposes the king to have been concealed in the decayed trunk of the tree :

" ON A PICTURE OF THE KING'S ESCAPE IN THE OAKE.

Behold the king, to avoid danger's stroke,
Confines his royal body in an oake,
Which liv'd until his father's life was done,
Then dyed, to prove a safety for the son ;
And to us all this well-try'd truth imparts,
Better trust hollow trees than hollow hearts."

In Ogilby's account of the coronation of Charles II, "the first triumphal arch erected in Leadenhall Street, near Lime Street," is described as having in its centre a figure of Charles, royally attired, behind whom "in a large table, is deciphered the Royal Oak, bearing crowns and sceptres instead of acorns, amongst the leaves in a label,

——' *Miraturque novas
Frondes et non sua poma.*'

——' *Leaves unknown
Admiring, and strange apples not her own.*'

as designing its reward for the shelter offered his majesty after the fight of Worcester." Colonel William Carlis, (or Careless), who was the companion of Charles in the oak, and upon

whose knees Charles occasionally reposed during the day he passed in that celebrated tree, was honoured at the restoration by the change of his name to Carlos, at the king's express desire, that it might thus assimilate with his own; and the grant of "this very honourable coat of arms," invented in express remembrance of the Oak of Boscobel, which is thus described in the letters patent,—“he bears upon an oak *proper*, in a field *or*, a fess *gules*, charged with three regal crowns of the second, by the name of Carlos. And for his crest a civic crown, or oak garland, with a sword and scepter crossed through it saltier-wise.” (*Boscobel*, in which work is a woodcut of these arms.)

It was the intention of Charles to institute a new order, into which those only were to be admitted who were eminently distinguished for their loyalty: they were to be styled “Knights of the Royal Oak;” but these knights were soon abolished, “it being wisely judged,” says Noble, in his “Memoirs of the Cromwell family,” vol. i. p. 70, “that the order was calculated only to keep awake animosities, which it was the part of wisdom to lull to sleep.” He adds, that the names of the intended knights are to be seen in the baronetage published in 5 vols. 8vo. 1741, and that “Henry Cromwell, first cousin, one remove, to Oliver lord protector,” who was a zealous royalist, and had changed his name to the original name of his family—Williams,—was one of these knights.

Among the plate belonging to the Barber-Surgeons, is a silver-gilt cup, presented by Charles the Second to that company, which takes the shape of the royal oak, the trunk forming the handle; the body of the tree, from which hang gilt acorns, the top; and a large crown the lid: it is a curious and interesting relic.

The 29th of May received the appellation of “Royal Oak day,” and “Oak-apple day,” from the custom, once very gene-

ral, of wearing oak-leaves in the hat at that time ; and oak-apples gilded, with a few leaves surrounding them, were to be seen sold in the streets of London within the last twelvemonth. The statue of Charles the First, at Charing Cross, was also decorated with branches of oak on this day, until within the last few years.

Of John Tatham, who was regularly employed by the city in the invention of their pageantry from 1657 to 1664, nothing has been recorded. From a perusal of his plays, he appears to be chiefly remarkable for his loyalty, and his hatred of the Scotch. They consist of four pieces :—“ Love crowns the end ; a pastorall, presented by the schollers of Bingham, in the county of Nottingham, in the yeare 1632,” published in 12mo. 1640. “ The Distracted State ;” a tragedy, written in 1641, and printed ten years afterwards, in which he introduces a Scotch apothecary, who undertakes to poison the king of Sicily, and declares, “ au me countremen ha’ peyson’d three better kingdomes than this.” “ The Scots Figgaries: or a Knot of Knaves,” 1652, expresses the greatest detestation of the Scotch ; representing them as spreading disaffection in religion and government, and declaring “ they have done nought for England but ruin it.” This play does not appear to have been acted, which was not the case with his other equally violent production, entitled “ The Rump ; or the Mirror of the late Times, a comedy, acted with great applause at the private house in Dorset Court, 1661,” and which ran through two editions. In this play, the principal political characters of the latter years of the Protectorate are introduced in the most offensive manner. Lambert and Fleetwood are competitors for the Protectorship ; the other characters being Desborough, Hewson, &c. Ladies Fleetwood and Lambert, and Cromwell’s widow, are among the female characters ; the two latter are especially held up to ridicule, as models of vulgar-

ity and insolence. In their first scene, they quarrel violently, Mrs. Cromwell ending her tirade against Lady Lambert by calling her a "proud imperious slut;" to which she retorts, "the woman is surely come from Billingsgate;—Priss, ask how oysters goe there." The play ends with their downfall, and shifts for a living; "one ey'd Huson" calling "boots or shoes to mend," Desborough crying turnips, and Cromwell's widow entering with a tub, and the street cry of "what kitchen-stuffe have you, maids?" Whitelock concludes by soliciting work for himself as a poor lawyer, "be it good or bad" from the audience. The opinions that governed Tatham in his writings are well expressed in the prologue to this play, where he declares,

—— "he's sure the thing will please
The loyal-hearted party; and what then?
Why, truly he thinks them the wiser men."

The Royal Oake,

with

Other various and delightfull Scenes presented on the
Water and the Land, celebrated in Honour
of the deservedly honoured

SIR RICHARD BROWN, BART.

Lord Mayor

of the City of

London,

The 29th day of October, in the 12th Year of his Majesties
most happy Reign, An. Dom. 1660, and performed
at the Costs and Charges of the Right
Worshipfull Company of

Merchant Taylors,

Being twice as many Pageants and Speeches
as have formerly shoven,

BY JOHN TATHAM.

London, Printed by S. G. for R. B. 1660.

TO THE
 RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR RICHARD BROWN,
 KNIGHT AND BARRONET, LORD MAYOR
 OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

MY LORD,

It is said by the philosopher, that he merits more honour, who can maintain a city in peace, than he that defendeth it in warr, which is rather fear'd then belov'd; and Plutarch reports that Pyrrhus (though a mighty vaunter) confest, that Cyneas had won more citties by his wisdome, then he had conquered with his sword. Corona civica and corona ovalis, the one of the oake, the other of mirtle, were ever held more laudable by the Romans than their corona aurea, the golden crown, otherwise corona triumphalis. When the chariot wheelles swet blood, when a city is to be punisht with warr, sword, and flame, any hair-braind Phaeton will serve the turn; but to preserve it in peace and union, requires the management of a solid and wise magistrate.

My lord, it is your happiness in this days triumph to come with corona civica, the cities love, and (I may say and flatter not) the soberer and better part of the nations, the company of Merchant-Taylors, honoured

* Edw. the 3d. Rich. the 2d, and QueenAnn, the wife of Hen. the 4, Hen. the 5, Hen. the 6, Edw. the 4, Rich. the 3, Hen. the 7, 22 princes and dukes. 2 dutchesses, 1 archbishop, 3 ambassadors 42 earls, 5 countesses, 1 viscount, 73 barons and lords.

by the brotherhood of so many* kings and princes, receive no small joy that you were pleased to become a member thereof ; witness the readiness of the court of assistants, to promote the honour of the day, and in particular Mr. Mawrice Gethings, Mr. Thos. Nevil, and Mr. Joh. Smart, who took upon them the care of ordering, and manageing the whole buisness. My lord, vouchsafe the acceptance of this dedication, as the early tender of my serviceable affection, who am,

My Lord,

Your Honours

devoted Servant,

JOHN TATHAM.

TO THE WORTHILY HONOURED THE COMPANY
OF MERCHANT-TAYLORS.

GENTLEMEN,

Though I may appear to you a stranger, your goodness hath not been so to me ; it is not long since I received a relish thereof. Wines are tried at the first peircing, not by quantity but by taste, and by a little we may conclude the rest. My ambition is satisfied, in that this year I have had the happiness to serve you : if my endeavours fall short of your expectations, I shall blush that my abilities are not answerable to my will, and begg your pardon, assuring you that I have done as much as the short allowance of my time would permit : but if in the survey thereof anything meet with your liking, it will be honour enough to him, who is thereby licensed to subscribe himselfe,

Gentlemen,

The humblest of your Servants,

JOHN TATHAM.

TO THE READER.

READER,

I know thou dost expect something to be performed this day, more then hath been in ordinary triumphs heretofore, in regard it is celebrated in honour of a person of that superlative loyalty, and integrity, as the present lord mayor. Not to deceive thy curiosity herein, let thine own eyes satisfy thee, and to that end, repair to the water, where the first sceane will be presented against Whitehall, consisting of a rock and a ship floating rigg'd and man'd. On the rock is placed several figures: Oceanus, the Father of Rivers directs his speech to the lord mayor, and here double the number of pageants that formerly were, are seen on the land. I shall detain thee no longer, but referr thee to the shew it self, or to the manner thereof set down in the book.

FAREWELL.

THE ROYAL OAKE :

With other various and delightfull scæns presented on the water and the land, and celebrated in the honour of the deservedly honoured Sir RICHARD BROWN, Baronet; Lord Mayor of the City of London, the twenty-ninth October, in the twelfth year of his majesties most happy reigne. Anno Domini 1660.

And performed at the cost and charges of the right worshipfull company of Merchant-Taylors.

THE MORNINGS BUSINESSE.

THE whole body being met at Merchant-Taylors hall, that is to say :

First the master and wardens, in their gowns faced with foyns, and hoods; each of them having a page attending, habited with blue cassocks, white stockings, and flat caps; each page bearing a target with their arms in one hand, and a trunchion in the other.

2. The assistants in their gowns and hoods,
3. The livery in their gowns and hoods.
4. The foyns batchellors in gowns and hoods.
5. The budge batchellors in gowns and scarlet hoods.

6. Forty-eight gentlemen ushers in plush coats, with staves and gold chains.

7. Eight other gentlemen carrying banners, in plush coats, and sky-coloured scaffs about their shoulders.

8. Three gentlemen more, in buff coats, and sky-coloured scaffs about their middles.

9. The foot martiall, with a like coloured scaff about his shoulder, with six attendants, and each of them habited in a white fustian dublet, black breeches, blue stockings, a white hat, and blue hatband, and every one of them a trunchian in his hand.

10. The sergeant trumpeter, with a skye-coloured scaff about his shoulders, and eight other of his majesties trumpeters, together with his majesties kettle drums.

11. His majesties drum major, with a like coloured scaff about his waiste, with his majesties other drums.

12. Twenty other trumpeters divided and disposed of into eight pageants.

13. Seven other drums (whereof John Bibby, Drum Major to the city, is chief), habited either in buff coats or buff-coloured dublets, and blew scaffs about their wastes.

14. Francis Burgesse, Master of Defence, with his twelve attendants.

15. One hundred and twenty poore aged persons, free men of the company, in blew gowns with red sleeves, and red caps, each of them having a javelin in one hand, and an escochin in the other: six other poore people, also freemen of the said company, in blew

jackets and red caps, appointed to carry the silk-works, and twenty-foure poore men in disguises, commonly called green men.

Being so met and habited, as aforesaid, about eight a clock, the foot marshall ranks them out by two and two.

First the pentioners in blew gowns ; in the head of them is placed three drums, one fife, and the ensigne whereon the crest of the company is painted.

Secondly, the severall banners and streamers carried by the poore men in blew coats ; in the front of them foure drums and one fife.

Thirdly, the budge batchellors, in the front of them eight gentlemen ushers, the other two colours, and six trumpets.

Fourthly, the foyns batchellors, in the front of whom is placed ten gentlemen ushers, and two other gentlemen, the one carrying the companies, the other the cities banner, and six other trumpets in the head of them.

Fifth, the livery, in the front of them twelve gentlemen ushers, and two other of the said gentlemen, each of them carrying two banners, and foure of his majesties drums, with one fife.

Sixthly, the assistants in the front of whom is placed ten gentlemen ushers, two other of the said gentlemen, one carrying the lord mayor's, the other the cities banner, and eight other of the best trumpeters.

Seventhly, the master, and his four wardens, each of them having a page attending, habited as aforesaid,

carrying his coat of arms in the escochin; likewise ten other of the said gentlemen ushers, and two other of the former specified gentlemen, the one carrying his majesties, the other the Duke of Yorkes banner; his majesties serjeant trumpeter, and eight other trumpets, in the front of them.

Being thus rankt out, the foot marshall placeth himself in the heat of pentioners, and leads the way towards his lordships house; after them the banners and streamers, the master, wardens, and assistants and livery following next them; after them the wardens of the yeomandry, the foyns and budge batchellors.

The master and wardens being come to his lordships house, or meeting him by the way; the gentlemen ushers, colours, trumpets, drums, and fifes, remove their stations, and now place themselves in the head of the juniors, whereas they were placed in the head of the seniors before; and so lead on the accustomed way towards Three Crain Wharff, beginning with the pentioners and silk works, and the budge and foyns batchellors; the livery, assistants, and the master, and wardens march next the lord mayors attendants.

The pentioners, and silk works being come to Colledge-Hill, do open to the right and left, making a lane through which the drums, fifes, trumpets, colours, gentlemen ushers, and rich batchellors do passe to the place assigned to refresh themselves; and the livery, assistants, master, and wardens, and their gentlemen ushers, do pass to their barges laid at the stairs at the east end of the Three Crain Wharff.

The lord mayor, aldermen, and their attendants passe into their barge, laid at the accustomed place.

Their barges, and all the other companies, adorned with streamers and banners, and fitted with hoe-boys, cornets, drums, and trumpets, being on the water, move towards Westminster, and by the way his lordship is saluted with twenty pieces of ordnance, as peals of entertainment and joy ; against White-hall appears a large stage or fabrick, at the one end whereof is a ship, floating, rigg'd and man'd ; at the other end a rock with various figures ; one representing Oceanus, who is said to be God of Seas, and the Father of the Rivers ; he was son to Cœlum and Vesta : Archelous was his son, begat of Thetis ; and the syrens are said to be the daughters of Archelous and Calliope. To shew his majesty, he walks or treads upon his watery regiment, severall fishes are discovered to play at his feet, and Trytons sporting themselves ; four virgins cloathed in white loose garments, and their brows circled with sage, representing the nymphs that frequent rivers.

Upon his lordship's approach Oceanus addresseth, himself, in these words.

OCEANUS SPEECH.

I, Oceanus, of old Cœlum's race,
That like a ring doth circle and embrace
The spacious universe, God of the main,
And unto rivers lord and sovereign,
Am come to grace my daughter, silver Thames,
So much admired and lov'd by* royall James :

* Cambden. Causabon speaks King James to be a great lover of this river.

Whose peaceful reign did make her murmures sweet
 Not harsh, her tyde run with harmonious feet :
 'Tis peace that barbs the billows, scumbs the foam,
 Inviteth trade abroad, and brings it home :

My lord, you are a royall substitute,
 Your clear election, is without dispute :
 Employ your interest, trade may now encrease,
 And be envolv'd within the arm of peace.

Then shall my grand-girles* not betray, but sing
 And drink carouses to Great Britain's king.

* Syrens.
 Brittain is
 encompass-
 ed on the
 east by the
 German
 Ocean sea ;
 on the west
 by the Irish ;
 on the north
 the Scottish ;
 and on the
 south by a
 narrow sea
 divided
 from Gallia
 Belgica.

The speech ended, his lordship, and the aldermen,
 and companies, made for Westminster. His lordship
 being landed, and the accustomed ceremonies in the
 severall courts performed, they return to Baynard's
 Castle ; in the way, his lordship receives another peal
 of ordnance, as a token of joy ; and at Baynard's Castle
 his lordship and attendants are entertained by the first
 gentlemen budge and foyn batchellors, their severall
 attendants ; and being in like order as they marched
 from his lordship's house, the whole body move up
 Paul's Wharf Hill, towards the east end of St. Paul's,
 in the front of which the gentlemen of the artillery
 march, to shew their affection and loyalty, who are led
 by Sir John Robinson, the president of the said fra-
 ternity, and lieutenant of the Tower, in his scarlet
 gown and sword : after whom the pentioners and his
 lordship's company march, in the same manner and
 equipage as before. His lordship being come to the
 east end of Paul's, as aforesaid, is entertained by a
 pageant or scean, representing a pavillion or tent royal,
 flankt with two camels, the supporters of the companies

arms ; on the back of each camel a figure clothed in white, a banner in his hand ; and on the two stages nine figures are placed, five of them in livery gowns, representing the Mr. and Wardens of the company, and four representing persons of honour that have been free of the company : under the pavillion sits the figures of eight kings that have been free of the company. In the front whereof sits Hen. VII. holding in his hand their first charter or patent of Merchant-Taylors ; and on a lower seat is placed a grave person, representing a souldier and senator ; under his gown a white armour, holding in the one hand a gantlet, the property of a souldier, in the other a statute book, as a senator and maintainer of laws : all parts of this scæn is beautified and agreeable with their arms : his lordship drawing neer, the person under the pavillion entertains him in these words.

SENATOR'S SPEECH.

I, as a senator and souldier, doe
 (Relating to your triumphes) wait on you,
 You being both ; a double lawrell now
 Beset with stars wreaths your deserving brow ;
 Who but a senator can souldier be ?
 'Tis valour to be read in policy ;
 For when the martialist is at a stand,
 The wary statesmen takes him by the hand,
 And leads him through the way did dangerous seem.
 Nestor was more then Ajax in esteem ;
 Strength without wisdom, madly running on,
 Receives its own precipitation.
 The oracle being asked why Jupiter
 Was the chief God, Mars being the souldier ?

* K. J. descended lineally of the Britains by Cadwallo, of the Scots by Fargus, of the Picks by the daughter of Hungus, of the Saxons by the sister of Edger, of the Danes by the daughter of K. Christian, and that of the Normans by the death of Henry th, + 20 Edw. 4th, 1480. † Hen. 7th, 1501, and the 17th year of his reign.
 § Sir John Percival.
 Sir Steph. Jenning.
 Sir Hen. Hoberthron.
 Sir Tho. White. Sir Tho. Offley.
 Sir Wil. Harper. Sir Tho. Roe.
 Sir Robert Lee. Sir Leo Hollyday.
 Sir Wil. Craven. Sir John Swy-

Repli'd, he has what t'other wants, he's wise ;
 Can when he please with thunder clear the skyes :
 Implying that a govenour should be
 Endow'd with courage and philosophy,
 Reason's best ward to argue and dispute ;
 A watchfull eye, and a heart resolute !
 Great merits require great rewards, nor is
 There one more happy then yourself in this ;
 You have oblig'd your king, and countries love ;
 Your receiv'd honours will not barren prove,
 But multiply, since that the government
 Of our three states rest in one continent :
 For where all rule, no rule at all can be :
 Where dwells confusion but in anarchy ?
 Nor can society possibly exist
 Where every one will even what he list,
 When god-like monarchy does keep in awe
 Licentious freedome, by a penal law,
 Derivative from heaven ; he that did spring,
 From mighty ancestors, is now your king,
 By right succession ;* at the hands of heaven
 We begg'd him, and he was as freely given ;
 To rescue us from wolves, God, under whom
 He is *vice gerent*, safely sent him home,
 To rule his people, that we may express,
 By former griefs, our new-found happiness !
 Nor ought we to omit th' antiquity,
 Of the honour'd company, of which y'are free,
 By a new choise : *Edward* the fourth † first made,
 Them lynnenn armourers, a select trade,
 After incorporated by the name
 Of Merchant-Taylors, by that prince of fame. ‡
 And several kings and princes have thought good,
 To be admitted in this brotherhood.
 Fifteen lord mayor's§ from the royal stem,
 Have received knighthood, you the last of them ;

Yet in as great grace, with your sovereign,
 Who cannot of your loyalty complain.
 For through the thickest of your troubles you
 Have shew'd yourself to him a subject true.
 And Providence, that duty to requite,
 Hath now, at last, restor'd you to your right ;
 For which the company and city may
 Give hearty thanks for this so happy day.

nerton. Sir
 John Gore.
 Sir Robt.
 Ducey. Sir
 Abra. Rey-
 noldson. Sir
 Ric. Brown.

The speech ended, the sceanes quitt the place, and are conveyed into Cheapside, and make a halt about the cross till further order.

His lordship drawing near the Nagg's Head tavern, is received by another sceane, like a wood, in the midst whereof is seated a formal building, like a house, on the stage or vacant part whereof several persons, in the habit of wood-men and wood-nymphs, disport themselves, dancing about the Royal-Oake, never out of action.

UPON THE COMPANIES APPROACH, ONE OF THE WOODMEN
 CALLS TO THE REST OF HIS COMPANIONS,—

Mass, Goheard, mass Logred, zen, yee, zen, ye, what a warren a gay voke are yonder ; Zibb, Tibb, Trot, Zquot, Wab, Win, Nab, Gyn, what done o mean ! wullo beezen the vine zight ? ho, ho, what pestilent gay vellow's yon.

2. *Woodman.* 'Tis the lord mayor. Che vears en not, vor all that cham resolv'd to zay zomething till en.

A SPEECH TO THE LORD MAYOR IN A RUSTICK DYALECT.

A meezle take thee neame, cham glad to zee thee,
 Give me thyn hand, how don mine aunt, I prithee ?
 Had Iche but knowne o' this zame gaudy noone,
 Chad don'd én viner clothes and viner shoone.

Thone we but rusticks are, and woods done keep,
 Ich known there is vine woole 'elongs to sheep,
 And zome there are now wear the vinest thread,
 In zemple russet ha' bin zheltered.
 Wee woodmen ha' been honest chil zay that,
 And a vurt vort, cham sure that Iche known what.
 The sturdy oak ha bin a vrend to zome,
 It wud no bow ; no more a' that but mum,
 Iche hope your lordship takes all in good part,
 Cham sure Ich love a woodman wi' mine heart.
 " In down right English, sir, y'are welcome to
 That place of honour hath been long your due."

The speech ended, Mr. Dyamond and others tumble ;
 and after the sumerset is perform'd, the rusticks and
 the nymphs make a great shout ; at which noise (as
 from the wood) Sylvanus, the rural god, attyred like
 a huntsman, about his waist a girdle of leaves, his
 habit russet, on his breast a star to distinguish him,
 and in his hand a bugle horn, accosts the lord mayor
 in these words.

SYLVANUS'S SPEECH.

No more of noise, as you respect our care,
 Forsake your natures, and be still as ayr.*
 Ere Time had laid his iron coat aside,
 And Peace was rather ravisht then a bride ;
 Whil'st that the subtle eye of tyranny
 Greedily hunted after majesty.
 The close trunck of the oak† did entertain,
 And so secur'd, your royal sovereign ;
 Twice she receiv'd him in her happy womb,
 At his conveying hence, and coming home ;

* At which
 they all bow
 to the Lord
 Mayor.

+ Between
 Staff. and
 Salop

As though a greater knot had been t'unty,
 Then e're was twisted in the prophesy.
 The pendant leaves his head enshadow'd round,
 Not only to conceale, but to be crown'd;
 The barke that brought him, flew as though it meant
 To steale upon us without Time's consent.
 Thus does the oak draw a fresh breath from fame,
 By the instinctive vertue of his name ;
 And consecrated ought to be to Jove,
 Producing both th' effects of peace and love.
 The rusticks shall be civiliz'd, and now
 Imbrace what heretofore they'd not allow ;
 About the royal oak the nymphs shall sing,
 And dance a measure to their lord the king,
 The woodmen, so refus'd, shall on each tree
 Inscription make of their quit slavery,
 And for a girdle in a garter sense,
 'Bout th' oake write *hony soit qui maly pence*.

Which done, his lordship passeth towards the east end of Cheapside, where he is entertained by another sceane, being a chariot drawn by a lyon and a lamb ; in the chariot is placed three figures, Peace, Truth, and Plenty. The chariot is driven by Time, who salutes his lordship in these words.

TIME'S SPEECH.

MY LORD,

Time is the register of all men's acts,
 Or good or bad, their vertue and their facts.
 Although by violence he hath bin made
 A property unto the Taylor's trade ;
 Yet Time (that every secret brings to light),
 At last (you see), their treacheries requites,

Pays them in their own coyn, the bloody stamp,
 Dun hath turn'd surgeon, cur'd them of the cramp.
 Treason may flourish for a little space,
 But Time at length writes villane in its face.
 Whil'st Julius Cæsar's death revengeless past,
 Rome nere was free from sword, fire, plague, and waste.
 Till Time reveal'd the murderers, and then
 Their better genius did return agen ;
 And clos'd up Janus' temple. Though Time hath
 Bin curst by those had neither wit nor faith,
 But rashly did conclude hee'd never mend,
 And therefore in despair did wish his end ;
 Yet, he for every sore and malady
 Hath brought you home a *sovereign* remedy.
 Occasion is his foretop, which had some
 Long since ta'ne hold of, bad daies had not come.
 'Twas not Time's fault, but their's that let him go ;
 Hee's swift of foot, their courage was but slow ;
 You have been wise in this (sir), to your praise,
 Oretak'n Time, renew'd the alchion daies
 With such alacrity, that poreing on
 With serious eye, my enchyridion
 That monstrous murder that outfac'd the sun,
 Appears to me as yesterday but done ;
 So home hath justice follow'd them, their heels
 Are now tript up, each his own horror feels.
 This was Time's worke, though wisdom was the scout,
 Without Time nothing could be brought a bout.
 Peace is restor'd, Truth doth in tryumph ride,
 (Not long since scorn'd, forsaken and deny'd),
 Plenty, their hand-maid, follows to maintain
 The majesty of the heroic train.
 It is a maxime (traytor's bitter cup),
 Warrs maketh theives, but peace doth hang them up.
 Since Time hath done such cures by providence,
 Let him not be abus'd under pretence

Of this, or that, seeds of phanatick braines ;
 But while you govern, (sir), hold in the reynes ;
 And while the glorious starr-bestudded skye
 Retains a light, your fame shall never dy.

The speech ended, his lordship and the whole attendance pass down the Old Jury, through Catt-eaten Street and Ladd Lane, Mayden Lane, from which place to his lordship's house a gallery is made by the company of Merchant-Taylors, on the north ; and on the south by the gentlemen of the artillery and their attendants ; where another sceane, a rock, is placed, on the top whereof is seated a figure, representing Peace ; and upon his lordship's entering into his house, Peace salutes him from the top of the rock.

PEACE'S SPEECH.

After so many various sceanes of strife,
 Horror, and mischief, acted to the life,
 By those who seem'd to owne the shapes of men,
 But monsters rather were of Caucus' denn,
 Whose sulphurous nostrells breath'd intestine jarrs,
 Sword, fire, and famine, the effects of warrs ;
 Peace (that their hate and fury did exile),
 Is once again return'd unto this isle,
 And with her brought Truth to illuminate
 Your hearts, to nourish Love, and banish Hate.
 Truth is the center wherein all things meet,
 The chart by which Wisdome directs her feet,
 The ground of science, scale to charity.
 The unmov'd rock, tip of eternity.
 While Peace and Truth do flourish in the hand,
 Plenty shall wait on it with a full hand ;
 Ceres shall cram your barns, and Bacchus crown
 Your boles, no more of penury be known ;

Trade, long since dead, reviv'd shall be again,
 By th' vertual influence of your sovereign,
 Whose gracious beams, like to the sun doth shine
 Upon his subjects, by a power divine ;
 Whose immence majesty, and glory shall
 Outlast Time's age, and the world's funerall.
 Blest be the happy minute of his birth,
 That elevates our joys above the earth.
 Flora, the queen of May, shall honoured be
 By all th [e strains] of lyrick poesy :
 And you, my lord, whose prudent care hath bin
 Imploy'd in the great work to bring him in,
 Keep faction down, suppress sedition's seed ;
 The bag being broke did the imposthume breed,
 Let it not gather to a head again :
 Infectious matter dwells in a bad brain ;
 So shall your years and happiness encrease,
 Live in your countries love, and dye in peace.

The speech being ended, the companies hasten to their hall, the gentlemen of the artillery take by their severall vollies.

In the undertaking of this day's triumph were employed (by a person of approved judgment, who designed and modelled the severall fabricks and structures thereof), Capt. Andrew Dakers, paynter ; Mr. William Lightfoot, paynter ; Mr. Thomas Whiteing, joyner ; Mr. Richard Cleere, carver ; all of them being the cities artificers, and deserve in their severall qualities ample commendations.

FINIS.

LONDON'S RESURRECTION.



INTRODUCTION.

THOMAS JORDAN was originally an actor at the Red Bull Theatre, situate in St. John's Street, Clerkenwell: but when the theatres were closed by the Puritanical party, he appears to have depended on his pen for his subsistence, and to have undergone much of the embarrassments then incident to the life of an author. He was devotedly loyal, and consequently hostile to "preaching, praying, perjur'd Oliver," as he terms him in one of his poems; so that he had little claim upon that party when they were dominant, and he therefore hailed the Restoration as the greatest of events, and indulged in unmeasured panegyric on his "most sacred and inimitable majesty Charles the Second." It is hardly possible to conceive anything more fulsome than the speech composed to welcome that worst of kings, printed in this author's "Nursery of Novelties in Variety of Poetry," which commences thus:—

"Mirroure of majesty, bright rising sun,
The virtues of all kings compriz'd in one;
How shall I look on thee, great lord of light?
Lay by thy beams, or fortifie my sight:
Thou art so frequent at the throne of grace,
That God's reflective glory gilds thy face."

A similar feeling of devotion was exhibited much earlier by our author; for in one of his first literary attempts, entitled "Rules to know a royal King, from a disloyall Subject," a small 4to. pamphlet of four leaves, printed in 1642, he commences with "a king is our father which is on earth, in that he is the father of his countrey, and made God's vice-gerent on earth, by that all-giving power—our father which is in heaven," and ends with "the royalty of a king doth mightily consist in the

loyalty of a subject ; a prince's anger to a subject should be received as wool embraceth flint, or any ponderous substance cast upon it ; this is my fixt resolution, who loveth not truly a pious prince, and such a one is our most gracious sovereign lord, king Charles, I will scarce believe that he can love his Maker." He ends this tract with "an exact account of the jewels of the crown of England," which are "innocence, fortitude, patience, peace, love, royal anger, justice, and mercy."

He was the author of four plays, 1. "The Walks of Islington and Hogsden, with the Humours of Wood-street Compter," licensed for performance in 1641 ; a picture of low life and manners, that had considerable success upon the stage. 2. "Fancy's Festivals," 1657, a five-act masque, "privately presented by many civil persons of quality." 3. "Money is an Ass," printed in 1668, but probably written much earlier ; in which Jordan performed the principal character, Captain Penniless ; the only other character he is recorded to have appeared in, being that of Lepida, in Nat. Richards' tragedy of "Messalina the Roman Empresse," printed in 1640. 4. "Love hath found out his Eyes," this we are told, in the last edition of the *Biographia Dramatica*, was among the manuscripts destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant ; in Jordan's "Nursery of Novelties," is printed "a prologue to a play of mine, call'd Love hath found out his Eyes ; or Distractions."

The poetical works of Jordan are chiefly remarkable for their allusion to passing events and circumstances, and their quaint titles, such as "Wit in a Wilderness of Promise ;" *Jewels of Ingenuity set in a coronet of poetry ;* *A Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie ;* "A Rosary of rarities in a garden of Poetry ;" "A Nursery of Novelties ;" &c. They were, however, not entirely new, or different works ; the three latter named ones especially, are but variations of each other, with newly-named title-pages, and some few additions. They are all printed without

dates, and all have high-flown dedications prefixed to them ; that to the "Nursery of Noveltes" begins with "Much honoured sir, when you shall please to make a review of your own serene merits, and peruse with pausing curiosity these poetical imperfections, my fears are that you will condemn my confidence ; but my hopes are as great, that you will commend my prudence ; from whence I extract this presumption, that though all criticks should comply to cry down my wit in composing my poems, they shall applaud my judgment in the choice of my patron. Sir, your own deservings declare you to be no less than a palace of honour." All this praise, and much more, being directed "to the most liberal lover of sciential industry, and native ingenuity, the truly noble ——" a blank being left for the name. A note appended to No. 1297, in the fourth part of Heber's sale-catalogue, a copy of Jordan's "Piety and Poesie," informs us that "Jordan latterly lived very much upon dedications. His plan was to print a book, with the dedication in blank, and to fill in the name afterwards by a distinct operation of a small press, which probably he worked himself. Such has been the case with this copy, and it is not unusual to find the same book dedicated by Jordan to different patrons; from whom he hoped for, and probably received, money." And in another volume in the same collection, "Wit in a Wilderness," he had apparantly erased one name at the head of the dedication, and substituted another.

His poetical powers were not very great, yet his "Poeticall Varieties," printed in 1637, which he styles "the effects of his infant muse," are ushered in by the recommendations of Heywood, Brome, Nabbes, and May. As a song-writer, or composer of light rhymes, he takes no mean place among the poets of his day. He wasted much thought and time on acrostics, anagrams, "and such branches of learning." Two specimens of his proficiency this way, are here given from his "Nursery of Novelties." The first is a "four-fold Acrostick

on two pairs of inseparable friends, who were married in one day."

Jove **J**oyn these **P**airs, and **M**ay each blessed bride
Obtain **A** guard of **A**ngels for **A** guide.
Heaven, **N**ature, **V**ertue, **R**eason in communion,
Probilitate, **E**nrich, and **L**ove **Y**our union;
Grace, **F**aith, and **K**nowledge, **B**ind ye; may you be
Each **O**thers bliss, **N**o evil **I**njure ye.
Let nothing **R**e-divide; **E**ternal **R**est,
Love, **D**well and **L**ast in each **D**iviner brest."

The second he styles "a cross acrostick on two crost lovers

Though crost in our affections, still the flames
Of **H**onour shall secure our noble **N**ames;
Nor shall **O**ur fate divorce our faith, **O**r cause
The least **M**islike of love's **D**iviner lawes.
Crosses sometimes **A**re cures, **N**ow let us prove,
That no strength **S**hall **A**bate the power of love:
Honour, wit, beauty, **R**iches, wise men call
Frail fortune's **B**adges, **I**n true love lies all.
Therefore to him we **D**ield, our **V**owes shall be
Paid, — **R**ead, and written in **E**ternity:
That **A**ll may know when men grant no **R**edress.
Much love can sweeten the unhappines **S**.

The pageant of Jordan's here reprinted, and which is the first he composed for the citizens, receives its title from the circumstance of a six years' cessation of the usual mayoralty shows. He continued to supply the city with one yearly, until 1682, when the shows were discontinued, in consequence of the perturbed state of politics; but in 1684 he was again employed. In the "Biographia Dramatica," he is supposed to have died in 1685, which was probably the case, as the pageant for the end of that year was written by Taubman; and Jordan's name, so regularly seen before, never appears afterwards.

Copies of this Pageant are in the Guildhall and Bodleian libraries, and in that of the Duke of Devonshire. It is remarkable for the interlude, or musical dialogue it contains.

LONDON'S
R E S U R R E C T I O N

to

Joy and Triumph,

expressed in sundry

SHEWS, SHAPES, SCENES, SPEECHES,
AND SONGS IN PARTS;

celebrious to the much-meriting Magistrate

Sir George Waterman,

Knight,

L O R D M A Y O R

of the City of

L O N D O N,

At the peculiar and proper Expences of the

Worshipful Company of

SKINNERS.

Written by THO. JORDAN.

London, printed for Henry Brome, at the Gun in St. Paul's
Church-yard. 1671.



LONDON'S RESURRECTION

TO JOY AND TRIUMPH,

Expressed in sundry Shews, Scenes, Speeches, and Songs in Parts:
celebrious to the well-meriting Magistrate, SIR
GEORGE WATERMAN, KNT., &c.

THE MORNINGS PREPARATION.

THE citizens designed for the duty of the day, assemble about seven of the clock in the morning, at Skinners' Hall.

1. The master, wardens, and assistants, in gowns faced with foyns.

2. The livery, in gowns faced with budge, and hoods.

3. Divers foyns batchelors, in gowns and hoods.

4. Near upon thirty budge batchelors in gowns and scarlet hoods.

5. Thirty gentlemen-ushers in velvet coats, each of them a chain of gold about his shoulder, and a white staff in his hand.

6. Thirty other gentlemen, for bearing banners and colours, some in plush coats, and some in buff; they also wearing scarfs about their shoulders of the companies colours.

7. Several drums and fifes, with red scarfs, and the colours of the company in their hats, red and yellow.

8. The two city-marshals, riding each of them on horse-back ; with six servitors to attend them, with scarfs and colours of the companies.

9. The foot-marshals, and six attendants, with the like scarfs and colours.

10. The master of defence, with the same scarf and colours, having ten persons of his own quality to attend him.

11. Threescore pensioners, accommodated with gowns and caps, each of them employed in carrying of standards and banners.

12. Divers other pensioners, in blue gowns, white sleeves, and black caps, each of them carrying a javelin in the one hand, and a target in the other, wherein is painted the coat-armour of their benefactors

Being thus, in every punctilio accommodated,

They are by the foot-marshal divided into seven divisions, and ranked out two by two, beginning with the inferior part of the standard-bearers ; and in the head of them are placed two drums, one fife, and one gentleman bearing the companies ensign.

In the rere of them, two gentlemen bearing banners, being the arms of deceased benefactors.

After them march the aged pensioners in gowns, and in the center of them fall in two drums beating the Switzers' march.

In the rere of them fall in three drums, one fife,

and two gentlemen in plush coats, bearing two banners or ensigns : after them fall in six gentlemen-ushers ; and in the rere of them, the budge batchellors.

The next successively, following them, two other gentlemen bearing two other banners or ensigns ; after them fall in six gentlemen-ushers ; and after them the foyns batchellors.

In the rere of them fall in two drums and a fife ; then two gentlemen, the one bearing the lord mayor's, the other the city-banners : after them, twelve gentlemen-ushers ; and after them, the court of assistants.

In this equipage of two and two (till taking in his lordship and his attendants) the whole body march toward Guild-hall, and from thence through King's-street toward the Three-Crane Wharf and Vintree, and there they enter their several barges, his lordship at the stairs next Westminster, the company at another pair of stairs, and the gentlemen-ushers, and budge batchellors, and foyns batchellors to their place of refectiion.

His lordship being landed at Westminster, and performing the accustomed ceremony at each court, and come to the Exchequer-bar, the Lord Chief Baron makes a speech to him, which being ended, the lord mayor and his retinue marching round Westminster-Hall, repair to their several barges, and hasten to Baynards-Castle, where the batchelors are ready set in order by the foot-marshal, as in the morning, to attend him ; and both bodies conjoyned, do march up Paul's-Wharf-Hill, into the church-yard, and so into

Cheapside, where his lordship is entertained with the first pageant, which is thus described.

THE FIRST PAGEANT

Representeth a wilderness, consisting of variety of trees, bushes, shrubs, brambles, thickets, inhabited and haunted with divers wild beasts, and birds of various kinds and colours. In the front of this scene are two negro boys, properly habited, and mounted upon two panthers, bearing the banner of the lord mayor's and the companies arms. In the rere of these, in the same pageant, is erected a stately structure, formed in the figure of a pyramid, with four triumphal arches ; and in the front-arch sitteth a person who representeth Orpheus, habited in a silk robe striped with many colours, his shoulder adorned with a large scarf of cloth of gold, on his head a long and crispy hair, invested with a Cæsar's wreath of laurel, all the leaves tip'd with gold ; in his hands a lyre with strings of gold, on which he appears in the posture of playing : on his legs are buskins, laced with silver, after the Roman mode ; upon each wing of him a satyr properly habited, which together with the wild beasts are continually moving, dancing, curvetting, and tumbling to the musick of a satyr, which is playing on a ho-boy ; amongst the which an active bear takes hold of a rope (which is pendant from a very high rope extended cross the street) with his teeth and paws, shewing sundry tricks. In the rear of Orpheus is a beautiful woman, in a glorious and proper habit,

representing Amity, a long dishevel'd hair, on her head a coronet of gold, and in her right hand a javelin. Lastly, elevated on the highest part of the pyramid sits a female negra, richly and properly adorned with silver, gold, and jewels, representing Africa. Orpheus standing up to the person of the lord mayor, speaks this following.

SPEECH.

In the first age, when innocence began
 To spread her splendour in the soul of man,
 Union fill'd all the universe with free,
 Felicious, and seraphick harmony.
 All parts of the creation did consent,
 And the world was one well-tun'd instrument:
 Dog, bear, wolf, lamb, together did agree,
 Nature itself knew no antipathy.
 But when the peace was broke by man's transgression,
 Revenge, with rage and ruin took possession ;
 Disorder rioted, and (in conclusion)
 Old amity was turn'd into confusion.
 But Orpheus, whose person I present
 (The hieroglyphick of good government),
 By the sweet power of his harmonious hand,
 Reduc'd their salvage natures, made 'em stand,
 Listen, attend, and with their active paws
 Dance and conform their feet to musick's laws.
 Such is the power of concord and consent,
 The very soul of humane government.
 Then, my most honour'd lord, since 'tis your due,
 I do resign my instrument to you,
 That can play better to men's differing ears :
 The type must vanish when the truth appears.

This city (which my pageant doth express)
 May very well be call'd a wilderness ;
 A wood, where all the wild and brutish creatures
 Lie lurking in the dens of men's bad natures,
 Which if you can reduce, you will be fam'd
 For quelling more than ever Orpheus tam'd :
 No doubt but your endeavours will be shown,
 And you'll perform it, if it can be done.

Your wisdom, prudence, temperance, and fate,
 Have mark'd you for this city's magistrate ;
 This city which, inflam'd with its own guilt
 In seven years' time, was burnt ; and may be built,
 Thanks to your lordship, and those prudent powers
 Which joyn'd with you, the city senators.

My lord, it is your destiny to rise
 From one of the most ancient companies
 In this metropolis, we hope y' are one
 That will restore our long-lost union ;
 'Twill make us rich and righteous, and, please God,
 Firm to our friends, fierce to our foes abroad.
 Union breeds peace and plenty in a land ;
 But cities self-divided cannot stand,

The speech being concluded, his lordship and his retinue move through Cheapside, and by the way is represented to his view this second scene, or pageant following.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SECOND PAGEANT.

Is a most magnificent and imperial palace of pleasure, gloriously adorned, and exceedingly enriched with several shields of the citie's, the lord mayor's and the companies' respective arms, as also with many imbelishings and beautiful exornations from the base to the

extream altitude of the superstructure, in a pyramidical figure. In the front sit four female figures, rich and properly habited, representing Justice, Temperance, Peace, and Plenty; with four nymphs in different robes, sitting at their feet as attendants, bearing banners, with the emblems painted on them, intimating the nature, faculties, function, and quality of the precedent vertues whom they attend. And on the most high and eminent part of this structure, is elevated a person aptly attired, representing Fame; on her head a crown of gold, on her shoulders, wings of divers coloured feathers, and in her hand a trumpet, on which is hung his majestie's royal banner of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, whom God long preserve.

His lordship having sufficiently viewed this beautiful buiking and the figures, he, with his attendants, retire into the Guildhall to dinner, where the tables wait to supply their appetites, furnished with more plenty, and variety, cookery, and curiosity, then is to be had in any one place at any one time, amongst the most celebrious feasts in the Christian world; where his lordship, attended by the waits of the city, is accomodated with variety of excellent musick, both loud and soft, vocal and instrumental, amongst which this ensuing song, in parts, receives the regard of his attention.

A SONG, CONSISTING OF THREE DISTINCT VOICES, WITH A CHORUS TO EACH; PURPOSELY COMPOSED FOR MY LORD MAYOR'S TABLE.

1ST VOICE.

COME, let us concord
In a verse to my lord,

Whose tables do shine
 With viands and wine ;
 Whose welcome and wishes,
 Are free as his dishes :
 Good claret will warm ye,
 Here's nothing can harm ye,
 Canary doth make but a few sick :
 My lady invites ye,
 To all that delights ye,
 Whose spirit and words,
 Agree with my lord's ;
 Then taste the fat bounty,
 Of every county,
 Here is no misprision,
 All points of division
 Are banish'd but what's in the music.

CHORUS.

Let joy and health,
 With peace and wealth,
 Support his power who is
 The prop of London's fair Metropolis.

2ND VOICE.

Lord of the city, now the seat
 Of all that we call good and great ;
 Into whose lap is daily hurl'd
 The various treasures of the world ;
 Here is at all times to be had
 The best of good, and worst of bad ;
 Here men get wealth with switch and spur,
 And change their fustian into fur ;
 But, at the last, to crown their pains,
 Their wisest free-men are in chains.
 Here young sons of indulgent mothers,
 Grow richer than their elder brothers.

CHORUS.

Then let the citie's health go round,
 May it in treasure still abound,
 And be with peace and plenty crown'd.

3RD VOICE.

Here justice and mercy are very well mixt,
 The sword and the scabbard are faithfully fixt,
 Which are born[e] upright, not conceal'd like a hanger ;
 And truly some say it was ne'er drawn in anger :
 For fowlest offenders are better kept under,
 When justice and passion are farthest asunder.
 Dame London's secure, the king so hath kept her,
 Therefore let her sword submit to his scepter ;
 Then, who can the power of my lord mayor withstand,
 While he doth present the great lord of the land.

CHORUS OF ALL THREE.

Then, lady London, let thy beams
 [Outshine] that town where Tyber streames,
 Till all the world inrich the Thames.

This song being sung and applauded, a chearful and temperate cup of wine goes about ; in the meane time the consort of musick play two or three sutes of airs, which being ended, they make provision for a piece of drollery to be sung in parts, and shapes, by these three, viz.—

HOYDEN, *the Country-man of the West* ; FREEMAN, *the Citizen* ;
 BILLET, *the Souldier*.

Enter HOYDEN.

Hoyd. From how d'ye cal't town, in what call y'um zhere,
 To Lungean cham come, lord! what vine volks are here ;

Zure, thick is the place, Ich zpell the good cheer,
Chil knock at the gate then,—what ho ! God be here.

[*Knocks.*]

Enter the CITIZEN.

Free. What are you, sir ?

Hoyd. A West-country-mon, sir,—

Free. Good bumkin forbear,
Such hobnails as you are, do seldom come here.

Hoyd. Uds, zooks, here's a vellow would make a man zwear,—
Ich come to speak, sir, with Mr. Lord Mayor.

Free. What to do, sir ?

Hoyd. To see his vine doublet, his chain, and his ruff,
His beaver, his gown, and zuch vinical stuff.

Free. And what do you think of a kick or a cuff ?

Hoyd. If my whip will but hold, vaith chill give thee enough,
And well laid on. [*Whips him.*]

Free. Hold, hold, prethee, country-man, be not so hot.

Hoyd. Chave a great mind to lay a long lace on thy coat.

Free. Prethe tell me thy name, and the lord mayor shall
know't,

Hoyd. My name is Tom. Hoyden,—what zayst thou to that ?

Free. Tom. Hoyden !

(*The Tune alters.*)

Then Tom. Hoyden, pack hence to Croyden,
The country's fitter for thee.

Hoyd. Though you abhor us, and care not vor us,
Without us you can not be.

Free. We can live without you and your rural rout.

Hoyd. Did we not vittle your house,
My lady mayress, with all her fairies,
Would zhit as small as a mouse.

Free. We have money.

Hoyd. And we have honey.

Free. We have the silver and gold.

Hoyd. We have fuel.

- Free.* And we have jewel.
Hoyd. And we have zheep in the vold.
Free. We have silk enough.
Hoyd. We have milk enough.
Free. We have treasure untold,
 We have means and ease.
Hoyd. We have beans and pease,
 Bacon hold, belly hold.
Free. We have forces.
Hoyd. And we have horses.
Free. And we have powder and shot.
Hoyd. We have pullets.
Free. And we have bullets.
Hoyd. And we have spirits as whot.
Free. We have honours.
Hoyd. And we have mannors.
Free. And we are wall'd about.
Hoyd. And when we begin to keep our cattle in,
 Vaith you'l quickly come out.
Free. We have gallies.
Hoyd. And we have vallies.
Free. We have cannons of brass:
 We have feathers.
Hoyd. And we have wethers
 On mountains matted with grass.
Free. We have wine and spice, sugar, fruit, and rice.
Hoyd. We have good barley and wheat,
 And, were we put to 't, better can live without
 Money, than you without meat.

CHORUS OF BOTH VOICES,

- Both.* Then since 'tis so, that we cannot be
 Without one another, let us two agree ;
 Let the country prove fruitful, and city be free :
 No climat in Europe so happy as we.

[*They stand aside.*]

Enter BILLET the Souldier. The Tune changeth.

Bill. He that would be made by a souldier's trade,
Let him be encourag'd by me:
For never did any men gain by the blade,
As we have in forty-three.

Hoyd. What gallant is that?

Free. It seems a soldat.

Bill. Good morrow.

Hoyd. Good morrow to thee.

Bill. Why, how now, good friends, what all for your ends
Will you make up a peace without me?
You know, in a word, the power of the sword.

Free. A cannon can conquer a king.

Bill. A sharp sword will make a city to shake.

Hoyd. Vaith you have the world in a zling.

Bill. Compare the whole land to the parts of a man.

Hoyd. The countrey's the legs and the toes.

Free. And, without a riddle, the city's the middle.

Bill. The souldier's the head.

Hoyd. And the nose.

Bill. Though we now wear blades, we once were of trades,
And shall be whilst trading endures:
Our officers are, although men of war,
Some Goldsmiths, some Drapers——

Hoyd. And brewers.

Bill. They fortunate are, and valiant in war.

Free. They were so.

Hoyd. Che very well knew 'um.

Bill. Some of them were lords.

Hoyd. Some of 'em wore cords,
And went up to *hangum tuum*.

Bill. Do you get encrease, we'll guard you with peace,
The sword shall not come where the ax is:
We'll take off your cares, we'll take off your fears.

Hoyd. I, but when will you take off our taxes?

Bill. We keep nations from ye, that would overcome ye,
 Whilst you do plow, harrow, and thresh:
 The Frenchman's our own.

Hoyd. Faith, what's bred in the bone
 Will hardly get out of the flesh.

The Tune changeth.

Free. Then, sir, the city still shall fit ye
 With what you deserve.

Hoyd. The country cow-man, and the plow-man,
 Will not let thee starve.

Free. With buff and bever we will ever
 Bless thy back and head.

Hoyd. We'll give thee yearly wheat and barley,
 For thy beer and bread.

Free. I will give thee silver, and enough good ammunition.
 I seal to this condition.

Hoyd. And so do I, in troth.

Bill. And I will spend my blood, sir.

Free. And I will waste my treasure,

Hoyd. To do the soldier pleasure.

Bill. Why now I thank ye both.

CHORUS OF ALL THREE.

Let the city, the countrey, the camp, and the court,
 Be the places of pleasure, and royal resort:
 And let us observe, in the midst of our sport,
 That fidelity makes us as firm as a fort:
 A vnion well-grounded no malice can hurt.

[*Exeunt.*

At the conclusion of this droll, the second course comes in. In the meane time they sound a lesson on the ho-boys, cornets, and sackbuts, and after all the varieties are orderly marshall'd upon the table, the mu-

sick are prepared with another representation to salute his lordship, which consisteth of three parts, viz.—

A COUNTRYMAN, A CITIZEN, AND SEDITION, AN OLD INSTRUMENT
OF OLIVER'S FACTION.

Enter Countryman in a melancholy posture.

Waw's mee, that ere che did zee
Thick vamous vine zity,
Two yeer vrom Zummerzetz-zheer
Hath quite convounded me.

A zittizen in the cuntry did zay
To mee, Tom Hoyden, leave making hay ;
Go zell thy land away, take money vor't,
And buy thee a place a court ;
Leave off thy leather breech, brown bread and milk,
Go there, and be cloth'd in zilk.

2

One hundred pieces will there
Buy vower score pounds a yeer:
Thou zhalt be every day drest,
Quoth he, in tunick and vest ;
A dozen dishes, each day thou dost dine,
Zhall be zerv'd to thee with zongs and wine.
Thought I, if thic be tru, ch'll speedily
Zell all, and a courtnol bee:
Ich zold my corn away, cattle and cart,
And now cham not worth a vart.

3

No man was ever zo zarv'd ;
Ver ich am welly ztarv'd:
Gay gallantry neat and vine,
But neither meat nor wine.
The buttery hatch is vlownd aff o' the hooks,
And the deel's run away with the cooks ;

Not zo much zuet i'th' kitchen as can
 Zerve one for a zop i'th' pan.
 Thought I to zelf, if it be zo,
 Which way do the taxes go?

4.

Now ich am in London town come,
 'Chave zmelt out the dining-room,
 Rare meat and musick is got
 To play't in piping hot ;
 Although that gallants of honour may boast,
 I zee that zitizens rule the roast,
 And will be conquerours unto the deeth,
 If't come to be try'd by the teeth.
 That government's good, where a zurloin of beef
 Is made the commander in cheef.

5.

The tune changeth. Enter a Citizen gazing up and down.

Cit. London now beginneth to shew it self,
 And in splendour agen to appear.

Count. Ich know not where nor how to bestow myzelf, [*aside.*
 Though by chance cham gotten in here.

Cit. Rome was not in her high degree,
 More glorious than this will be ;
 Though in rubbish lately 'twas hurl'd,
 Twill be a sight for all the world.

Count. Of zight and zent chavé had my vill,
 But my gut is empty still.

6.

Zweet zur, kind zur.

Cit. What's your design with me?
 How came *you* here?

Count. In at the gate :
 Neat zur, vine zur, che come to dine with thee,
 Drink Zack,—

Cit. Butler, look to your plate ;

Since such whipsters amongst us are,
 'Tis reason we should beware:
 In the shapes of country elves
 Cheats do often hide themselves,

Count. Though chavé been chous'd by Londonous men,
 Chavé not yet learn'd to cheat agen.

7.

Chavé good report as any in London, mon,
 Where che was born, in Zummerzet-zheer;
 Twixt cart and court ich now am an undon mon,
 Wool'd and gull'd.

Cit. But how cam'st thou here?

Count. Zold my lond for a place at court;
 But now I chavé nothing vor't.
 It was by a zitizen's means
 Che vorzook my bacon and beans,
 Cow, and plow, aud harrow, and corn,
 Lond, and place, and gilt forlorn.

8.

Cit. Some forsaken dangerous high-way-man,
 And hast late committed some evil.

Count. Thou'rt mistaken, that ne're was my way, man.

Cit. Carter turn'd courtier may couzen the devil.

Count. But a zity-mons vaith and troth
 Is able to chouse them both.

Cit. Get thee gone to Zummerzet-zheer,
 Thou shalt stay no longer here.

Count. The countrey did not zerve ye zo
 In sixty-vive, six years ago.

9.

When the zity was in calamity
 By the vire, we zhew'd our true hearts,
 Love and pity, good will and amity.

Cit. So ye did, in your twenty-pound carts.

Count. Though one zity in vlamcs did smother,
Our waggons did zave another :

Cit. 'Tis confess'd the cash in the chest
Builds another Phenix nest.

Count. Zhall che feed now ?

Cit, Prithee go in ;
Ingratitude's a monstrous sin.

*(As they are going off, enter OLIVER FACTION. The Citizen and
Countryman stand by and observe. The tune changeth to
another air.*

10.

Oliver. Room for a lad that hath been a guest
At many an honourable, noble feast.

How comes it about

That I am now left out,

Who lately was so eminently in request ?

From a concealed committee I came,

Oliver Faction is my name ;

I love as life

To sow seeds of strife,

'Twixt father, mother, sister, brother, husband, and wife.

My nature, too, is like my name,

All peaceful minds abhor it ;

I put all nations in a flame,

And give them reasons for it :

I deal debate

In Church and State,

And bring all in combustion ;

With low and high

I can comply,

From scarlet robe to fustian.

Zealous factions I can spur,

With *Yea*, and *Nay*, and *Never stir* :

But at the court

It is my sport

To do as they would ha' me ;
 With souldiers there,
 I curse and swear
 The desperate word of *dam-me*.
 The Roundheads and the Cavaliers
 I filled with falsehood and with fears,
 A covenant I made
 To further my trade,
 And set them together by th' ears.

[*Walks up and down.*

11.

Count. What vellows thick that doth so ztare ?

Cit. I wonder how he came in here ?

Where're he goes
 Conspiracy he shows,
 Which commonly doth terminate in deadly blows.

Count. Let's kick'n out.

Cit. Awhile forbear.

Count. Chil whipp'n till he stinks for fear.

Cit. Let's stand aside, and hear his begging pride,
 He'l utter something now which he doth use to hide.

Oliver. It joys me much, to find it hot
 With brother against brother ;
 I laugh to see how close they plot
 To ruin one another.

Small trifles are
 The seeds of war,
 Copes, surplices, and rochets ;
 Formalities
 Will make men rise,
 Whose heads are full of crotchets.

Down with Dagon, cries the zealot,
 We will vanquish pope and prelate ;
 And then to work,
 Like Jew and Turk,
 Misguided by a pigeon.

The tother stares,
 And struts and swears
 He fights for his religion.

Then in come the bodkins and whistles,
 And roses do cov'nant with thistles.

They fight and they die,
 This is brave news, quoth I.

Count. Zee, zee, how he sets up his bristles.

12.

To another Tune.

Cit. What are you, sir, that come
 Into this peaceful room?
 Where amity attends
 Our loyal citizens.

Oliver. A juggler that can shew state tricks,
 Such as were done in forty-six.

13.

Then follow follow me
 All you that factious be;
 You that are discontent
 Against the government;
 I'll bring ye amongst valiant fellows
 That can lead ye——

Count. To the gallows.

14.

Oliver. If any man's ambition
 Dislikes his own condition,
 Provided he be wise,
 I'll teach him to rise;
 I'll make a brewer with his sling
 To sway the scepter of a king.

15.

A failing citizen
 I can make whole agen.

Cit. Go seek them out elsewhere,
There's no such persons here.

Count. If zuch a work thou canst go through,
Chil warrant thou'lt vind enough to do.

16.

Oliver. If any prentice wash
Away his master's cash,
In swaggering draughts of wine,
That fellow shall be mine;
At two years old I'le make him free.

Count. And vit'n for the triple tree.

17.

Tune changeth.

Cit. Renounce ill, and leave off the villany
You did in forty-six,
When writing and fighting did beggar and kill many;
But now we have found your tricks.
Your council, nor all the bad wit is in
Your scull, can turn the tide:
You sha' not, nor cannot, comply with a citizen,
That will support your pride.
Their hearts now with faith and reality
Are united so much unto loyalty,
Love, true religion, and royalty;
They to the sovereign power do fix;
Your new knacks will never prevail with us,
They did so frequently formerly fail with us.

Count. Therefore thou shalt to the jayl with us.

Oliver. Prethee forbear thy whips and kicks.

[*Count.* whips and kicks him out.

18

Tune changeth.

Oliver. Prethee let me go fair and free,
I did never do hurt to thee,

Count. Yes you did it in vorty-three.
 When your meazles did blunder me.
 And if cham not much mistaken,
 I cham very sure 'twas you
 That did vilch my beans and bacon:
 Cattle to battle were took from plow,
 Ye did leave me never a horse nor cow.

Oliver. Where was this?

Count. In Zummerzet-zheer.

Oliv. I do confess my men were there,
 But 'twas in the time of war,
 Where huddles and troubles were high and hot,
 And I hope that now it is quite forgot.

19

Cit. Get thee gone away from this place,

Count. Or thy tunick iche mean to lace,

Oliver. I will never injurious be
 To the city society.

Cit. If I should put trust in thee,
 I know that no man would trust me.

Oliver. Let me stay and thou shalt see
 I'll merrily, cheerily drink a free
 And a hearty cup to his majesty.

Cit. On these terms I'll let thee stay ;
 But yet before we drink wee'l pray
 That this ascending city may
 By fire or sword know no decay,
 Until the very latter day.

Chorus.

Oliver. Then in a chorus of prophetick spirits,
 Wee'll sing forth her fame, and her name, and her merits.

Cit. No cities that are shall ever compare
 With London fetch'd out of the flames.
 The city of Rome shall in pilgrimage come;

And Tyber shall bow down to Thames.

Oliver. No fabricks that be, are like this city
For structure and beautiful beams.

Omnes. Rome shall with her glory, so famous in story,
Make Tyber pay tribute to Thames. [Exeunt.]

In this honest, innocent, pleasant, and amicable recreation, the afternoon is wasted ; and dinner being concluded, the foot marshal doth rally all the scattered retinue of his lordship, and reduce them to their primitive order, as in the morning ; only the pensioners, instead of javelins and targets, carry torches for lighting his lordship, and aldermen, and the companies, in their return from Guildhall ; and both bodies being once more joynd together after dinner, march up King's-street, towards Skinners' Hall, where the pageant called the Wilderness, makes a stand, and the aforesaid Orpheus speaketh the second speech following :—

SPEECH.

MY LORD.

The company on whom I wait,
Command me to salute you at your gate,
With their fraternal hearty wishes ; may
Your joys exceed the glory of this day.
May never night approach them, never ill
Divert them, but be fair and rising still :
May you in traffick no disaster know,
Your riches never ebb, but ever flow,
Piety be your practice, and the poor
Never go empty-handed from your door.
May you grow up in honours seat, and prove
A subject for your king, and cities love.

May you live centuries of years, and see
Your self still young in your posterity.
And so your company bids (in your own right)
Good morrow to your glories, not good night.

Which ended, and his lordship entred his house, all depart in order, as the conveniency of night will permit; and the several persons appointed to attend the service of the day, take especial care to lodge the silk-works and triumphs in some secure place, till they can remove them to Skinners' Hall; in regard they are of some weight, and the burthen of the day was heavy to the undertakers.

POSTSCRIPT.

AFTER this copy, as I thought, was perfected by the committee, and the papers gone to the press, I was further advertised, that there would be another pageant, which is a forrest, properly accommodated with several animals, sylvans, satyrs, and wood-nymphs, sitting and stirring in very good order; the nymphs attired in various coloured robes; and in the front, are two negroes richly adorned with oriental pearls and jewels, mounted upon two panthers.

Near to the presence of the king, queen, duke, and other beams of the royal family, near Milk-street end, is a stage erected and fixed, where the much magnified Jacob Hall, and his company, express the height of their activity in tumbling, and the like.

FINIS.

THE TRIUMPHS OF LONDON.



INTRODUCTION.

THIS pageant has been selected because it gives a very full and clear account of the usual processions that accompanied the Mayor to Westminster and back at this period; and it also exhibits a fair specimen of Jordan's inventive genius, in peopling his pageants with characters proper to them, whose dress and appearance he usually details with an evident pleasure, that might excite the envy of a theatrical property man. Never was there a city poet who could give such good reasons, not only for the introduction of beings before unheard-of, but for the very colour of their clothes.

This pageant is further remarkable for the musical interlude it contains: such entertainments are only to be met with in the productions of this author, whose connexion with the theatre, and natural humour, gave the citizens a larger share of mirthful amusement than they had obtained from any preceding poet, or was ever offered by any who succeeded him.

It was not only as a writer of the annual pageants for the Lord Mayor that Jordan was known to the citizens: before the Restoration, he had written "An Eclogue, or Representation in parts," something after the fashion of a masque, for Sir Tho. Allen, who was mayor in 1659-60; and a comic interlude for the sheriffs of London; both of which will be found reprinted entire in this volume. He also composed:

"A Speech made to his Excellency Lord General Monck and the Council of State, at Skinners' Hall, on Wednesday, being the fourth of April, 1660, at which time he was nobly entertained by that honourable Company."

“ Another Speech (by a Sea-Captain) at Goldsmiths' Hall, to the General, April 9, 1660, after a Song concluding with a Chorus of Amity.”

“ A Speech spoken (by the Ghost of Massianello) to the General and Council, when he feasted at Fishmongers' Hall.”

These were originally printed as broadsides, but are to be found in this author's “ Nursery of Novelties.” He also composed :

“ A Dialogue betwixt Tom and Dick, the former a Country man, the other a Citizen, presented to his Excellency and the Council of State, at Drapers' Hall, in London, March 28, 1660.”

This is to be found at the end of the collection of Political Songs, entitled “ Ratts rhimed to death, or the Rump Parliament hang'd up in the Shambles,” 1660. It is there printed without a name ; but Mr. Collier possesses a broadside copy with Jordan's name as the author printed upon it.

There may probably be more of these occasional speeches and songs by this author, as it was not uncommon to engage the city poet to compile them on the occasion of a distinguished visit to the citizens. It was also usual to address verses to the mayors, many of which are to be seen in the King's Collection of Broad-sides in the British Museum.

THE
TRIUMPHS of LONDON

PERFORMED

On Tuesday, October XXIX, 1678,

FOR THE

ENTERTAINMENT

OF THE

Right Honourable and truly Noble Pattern of
Prudence and Loyalty,

SIR JAMES EDWARDS, KNIGHT,

LORD MAYOR OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

CONTAINING

A true description of the several Pageants, with the Speeches
spoken on each Pageant.

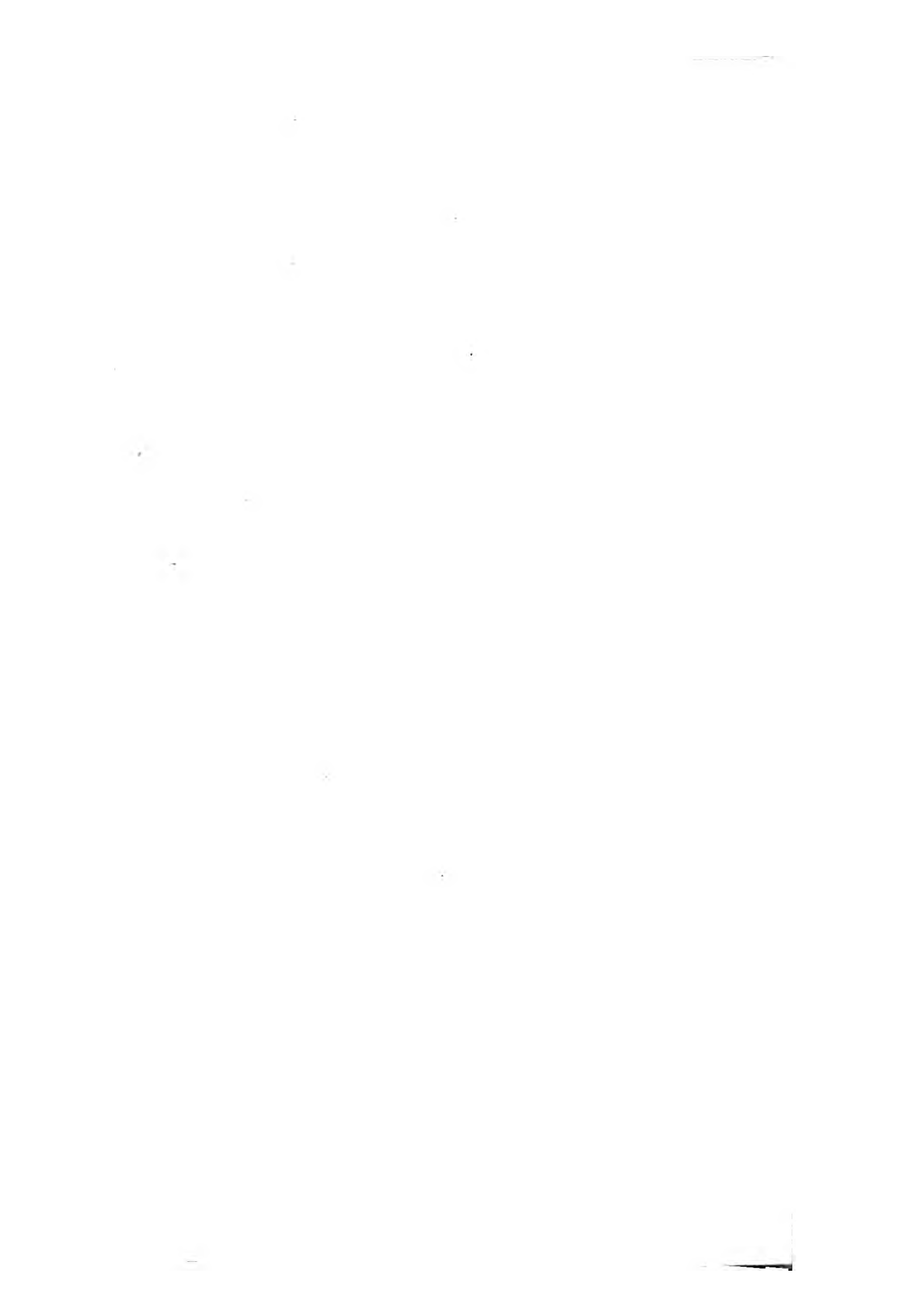
Together with the Songs sung in this solemnity.

All set forth at the proper Costs and Charges of the
worshipful Company of Grocers.

Designed and composed by THO. JORDAN, GENT.

Quando magis dignos licuit spectare triumphos ?

London, printed for John Playford, at the Temple Church,
1678.



TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR JAMES EDWARDS,
KNIGHT, LORD MAYOR OF THE
CITY OF LONDON.

IN all flourishing kingdoms throughout the universe (especially islands) honest merchants and useful merchandize have been ever had in a reverential esteem, their profession in all former ages highly magnified, and their persons honourably valued: in that by their cost, adventures, diligence, and vigilance, incognite countries have been discovered, royal amity introduced and confirmed with transmarine estates and princes: as also (by reason of their generous examples, and prevalent perswasions) very brutish nations, with barbarous natures, have been reduced to meekness, order, and civility. By merchants, all exotic commodities from every part of the world are made communicable in traffick with us, whose numerous varieties, pleasant rarities, and substantial necessaries, serve both for delight and profit to the crown and kingdom. They increase shipping, multiply navigators, and employ all handicrafts. Many of them have not only been the erectors of stately structures, but the founders of great and famous cities. What may be said of mer-

chants and their trafficks, their antiquity, dignity, magnanimity, generosity and urbanity, is fitter to fill a volume, than to be contracted in the narrow bondage of a compendious epistle.

Therefore since your lordship hath so ample an interest in this precedent character, it is an especial act of Almighty Providence, to indulge and dignifie this honourable city with such an accomplished magistrate, whose examples and precepts are both prudent and pious, and may justly provoke all persons under your government to be regular and obedient ; which although but for one year, yet is the epitome of a life-time : thorow which, that you may have the daily manuduction of that great Governour of heaven and earth (the only ruler of princes) shall be the assidual wishes and devout desires of,

My Lord,

Your heartily humble Servant,

THO. JORDAN.

TO THE WORTHY SOCIETY AND WORSHIPFUL
COMPANY OF GROCERS.

GENTLEMEN.

IN obedience to your commands, and punctual performance of my promise, I crave permission to salute you with a perfect copy of this year's triumphs, wherein I have not express'd such sterility of invention, as to reiterate or imitate any thing which I have formerly done myself, or any other authors that heretofore have performed this duty, either in designation of the whole, or composition and order of the parts, relating either to the figures, structures, or orations, those things only excepted which are the trophies of antiquity, and especial marks of distinction, in the frequent representation of the worshipful companies' crest and supporters, the camel and gryphons, with all their accomplishments and decoration. If in all, or

any thing, I have made my endeavours correspondent to your expectation, I shall humbly hope I may deservedly acquire the title of,

Gentlemen,

Your most humble and faithful Servant,

THO. JORDAN.

THE TRIUMPHS OF LONDON.

THE AGITATIONS OF THE MORNING.

THE generous citizens, selected for the order of this day's triumph (according to the dictates of ancient form and custom) assemble together at seven of the clock in the morning, at Grocers-Hall.

1. Threescore poor men accommodated with gowns and caps, each of them employed in bearing a standard or a banner.
2. Fifty gentlemen-ushers in velvet coats, each of them a chain of gold about his shoulder, and in his hand a white staff.
3. A certain number of budg-bachelors, in gowns and scarlet hoods.
4. The batchelors, a part thereof in gowns faced with foins, and their hoods.
5. The livery in their gowns faced with budg, and their hoods.
6. The masters, wardens, and assistants in gowns faced with foins and their hoods.
7. Twelve other gentlemen for bearing banners and colours, some in plush coats and some in buff, they also

wearing scarfs about their shoulders, of the companies colours.

8. Thirty-six trumpets ; the serjeant trumpet, with his scarf of his lordship's colours, and of a crimson about his shoulder, and a leading staff in his hand.

9. Fourteen drums ; the drum-major with a crimson scarf about his waste, his leading staff in his hand, and three fifes with banners.

10. Divers drums and fifes, with red scarfs, and the colours of the company.

11. The two city-marshals, each of them riding on horseback, with six servitors to attend them, with scarfs and colours of the company.

12. The foot-marshal, and six attendants with the like scarfs and colours.

13. The Master of Defence, with the same scarf and colours, having persons of his own science to attend him.

14. Divers other pensioners in red gowns, white sleeves, and flat caps, each of them carrying a javelin in one hand, and a target in the other, wherein is painted the coat-armour of their benefactors.

These persons are set apart for the duty of the day, who meeting at the time and place aforesaid, proceed as followeth.

The foot marshal ranks them out, two and two, beginning with the pensioners in gowns, and in the front of them placeth the companies ensigns, four drums, and one fife ; in the rere of them fall in the several pensioners in coats bearing several banners

and standards ; after them, six trumpets ; after them the gryphons and camel ensigns (the supporters and crest of the worshipful Company of Grocers), and six gentlemen ushers ; after them the budg-bachelors, who conclude this division.

In the rere of those, fall six trumpets ; after them two gentlemen bearing two banners, the one of the cities, the other of the companies ; after them follow two gentlemen-ushers, after them the foins-bachelors, concluding this division.

In the rere thereof, first fall in the king's drum major and four other of the king's drums and fifes ; after them, two gentlemen ushers bearing two banners, the one the king's, the other the cities ; after them, ten gentlemen-ushers, habited as is set down before ; and after them, the livery, which endeth that division.

In the rere of them fall others of the city trumpets, after them two gentlemen bearing the banners of the city and the Lord Mayor ; twelve gentlemen ushers appointed as aforesaid follow them, and after them the court of assistants put a period to that division.

In the rere of them falls the serjeant trumpet, after him sixteen other of the king's trumpets and kettle-drums ; after them three other gentlemen, bearing the king's, the Duke of York's, and St. George's banner ; after them fourteen gentlemen-ushers ; to follow them are appointed four pages ; and after them, the master and wardens, which terminate the first and chief division.

Thus accomplish'd, they march from their place of

meeting to Goldsmiths-Hall, beginning with the pensioners, until the marshal comes and makes a halt at the gate, till such time as his lordship and the aldermen are mounted.

Which being done, the whole body move to Guild-Hall, where the Lord Mayor elect joyneth with the old Lord Mayor and his retinue ; so all of them march through King-street down to Three-Crane-Wharf, where the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and their attendants take barge ; also the Grocers Company do likewise embarge, whilst the residue remain behind, viz. the gentlemen ushers. The budg-bachelors repair to places of refreshment.

His lordship, the aldermen, the Company of Grocers, and other companies, landing at Westminster, have a lane made them through which they pass to Westminster-Hall, and there having performed several ceremonial and customary duties and obligations, as an oath to be true and faithful to his majesty and government established, sealing of writs in the court there held ; and having taken leave of the lords and barons of the exchequer, &c. and doing some charitable offices to the poor of that place, return to their barges, a lane being made as before for their passage to the water-side, and there orderly embarge.

His lordship, with those attending him (the companies) land at Black Fryar-stairs, in order to their stands in Cheapside ; where he and they are saluted with three volleys by (the military glory of this nation) the company of artillery-men, they being all in their

martial ornaments of gallantry, some in buff with head-pieces, many of them massy silver. From Black Fryar-stairs they march before my Lord Mayor and aldermen through Cheapside to Guild-Hall. Those that went not to Westminster, viz. the pensioners and banners, being set in order, ready to march, the foot-marshal in the rere of the artillery-company, leads the way along by the channel up Ludgate-Hill, through Ludgate into St. Paul's church-yard, and so into Cheapside, where his lordship is entertained by the first scene or pageant.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE FIRST PAGEANT.

Upon a large stage, in the van, is exhibited the lively pourtraiture of a well-grown camel, so curiously carved and exquisitely gilded, that it appeareth like a live animal in a hide of massy gold, and is the crest upon the arms of the worshipful Company of Grocers. This camel is back'd by a young negro-boy, sitting betwixt two silver hampers plentifully stored with all sorts of fruits, and fragrant spices, and what ever else is pertinent to grocery ; which after the subsequent speech is delivered, the negro with a prodigal hand, scatereth abroad in the tumult, where you might see an hundred persons confusedly scrambling in the dirt for the frail atchievement of a bunch of raisins, or a handful of dates, almonds, nutmegs ; this negro-boy is habited in an Indian robe of divers colours, a wreath of various colour'd feathers on his black woolly head ; silver buskins laced and surfled

with gold, a bridle of white and red ribon (the companys colours); at each hand of him sitteth a virgin, one of them representing Industry, in a robe of russet colour'd silk, a green sarsnet mantle, a peruke of dark brown hair, about which is a wreath of flowers and fruits, watchet silk hose, gray buskins laced with crimson ribon; in one hand she beareth a silver pruning hook, in the other a banner of the companies. The other person is a beautiful young lady representing Fortune, in a yellow robe, a purple mantle, a long curl'd bright brown hair, a golden coronet upon her head, carnation silk hose, and yellow buskins, laced with silver ribon; in her left hand she beareth a green shield, charged with a ship under sail; and in her right hand a banner of my Lord Mayors.

And in the rere of this pageant is a fortress, properly called the Fortress of Government, founded upon a rock of Adamant, whose walls are of brass, in a quadrangular form, embattail'd, with several turrets and bulwarks, on which great brazen guns, mounted upon carriages, are planted; and within these walls (situate in the centre) is erected the grand golden tower royal, on which is displayed a very large banner of the Grocers:

1. FIDELITY, standing in front upon the battlement, is thus arrayed, in a vest of silver, on which is braced a golden breast-plate, a silver corslet about his neck, long brown curl'd hair on his head, and upon that a golden helmet, with a large plume of white feathers, tip'd with red, blew, yellow, and green; a scarf of

scarlet-colour'd-silk and gold ; a sword hanging in it, with a golden hilt ; purple silk hose ; gold buskins, laced and surflod with scarlet and silver ribon ; in his left hand he raiseth a lance of silver ; and in his right hand (which is armed with a golden elbow gantlet) he advanceth a silver truncheon : his associates, confederates, and attendants, are Loyalty, Vigilancy, Justice, Constancy, Wit, Concord, Religion, Union, and Truth, in these significant distinct habits.

1. LOYALTY, in a purple robe, *semined* with stars of gold, a golden scarf, cross from the right shoulder to the left side, scarlet-colour'd silk hose, silver buskins, laced and surflod with sky-colour and gold ribon ; a long curl'd bright brown peruque, and on it a silver coronet of golden hearts ; she beareth in her left hand, on a shield *gules*, the rose and crown, *or*, with this preceptive, divine, and moral motto about it,—

Deum timete, regem honorate.

Fear God, honour the king.

In the other hand a banner of the cities.

2. VIGILANCY, in a silver robe, a French green mantle, seeded with waking eyes ; a fair, long, bright, curling hair, a chaplet on her head of jesevine, mingled with mirtle, caprifolium, and eyebright ; in one hand she beareth a shield *argent*, charged with a peacock, his tail displayed ; in the other hand a banner of my lords.

3. JUSTICE, in a long crimson robe, and on it a golden mantle, fringed with silver ; on her head a long

dishevel'd hair of a flaxen colour, on which is a coronet of silver; in one hand she holdeth a sword, in the other hand a balance; her buskins are purple, sprinkled with gold stars, laced and surfl'd with gold and scarlet ribon; about her coronet is written this memento:—

Iniquitatem intermittite et justitiam facite.

Ezech. xlv. 9.

Remove violence and execute justice.

4. CONSTANCY, in a watchet robe, a silver mantle, silk hose, of Aurora-colour'd silk; silver buskins, laced and surfl'd with sky-colour and gold ribon; a long brown curl'd hair, and on her head a golden crown, having in front the figure of a seaman's compass, to express the constant verticity of the needle to the north pole; she beareth a shield *or*, charged with a rock of adamant, the four winds blowing against it, and the motto, *Immota triumphans*. In her right hand a banner of the kings.

5. WIT, in an Indian sarsnet robe, of divers colours, a lemon-colour'd mantle, fringed with gold; a bright brown hair, curiously curl'd, and tyed with sundry knots of small ribon of all colours, and on it a chaplet of bayes, intermingled with golden berries in clusters. In her right hand an escutcheon, *vert*, a reynard, *or*, with a goose neck in his mouth, and her body circumflexed over his back *argent*; in her left hand a banner of the cities.

6. CONCORD, a fair virgin in a scarlet-colour'd robe,

a sky-colour, and gold scarf, a fair bright hair, and about her head a garland of white and red roses, intimating the concord of York and Lancaster; white buskins, laced with watchet and gold ribon; in her left hand a shield, charged with a bower of mirtles, for such is the nature of those trees, that if they be planted a good space one from another, they will meet, and with twining, one embrace the other.

7. RELIGION, in a sable robe, a crimson mantle, a fair hair, on which is a coronet of golden stars, gold buskins, laced with black ribon, bearing a buckler in one hand, where (on a mount *vert*, planted with olives), is a crucifix, *proper*; in the other hand a banner on an angelical staff, bearing a cross *gules*, in a field, *argent*.

8. UNION, in a robe of green sarsnet, sprinkled with divers annulets of gold, a chain of gold thrice double about her neck, her legs and feet beautified with buskins of gold, surfled with watchet silk, and silver ribon, a wreath of green laurel, (about a long curl'd peruque of bright hair), on her head, bearing in one hand an escutcheon *vert*, charged with a triangle within a circle, *or*, in the other hand a banner of the grocers.

9. TRUTH, in a white sarsnet robe, a cloth of silver mantle, a fair bright crispy curl'd flaxen hair, a garland of white lillies, white silk hose, white buskins, laced with silver ribon; in one hand a large fan of stars, (with which she chaseth away error), in the other hand a banner of my lord mayors.

FIDELITY, arising up from her seat with an obedient

bow, addresseth to his lordship in this congratulation following:—

THE FIRST SPEECH SPOKEN BY FIDELITY.

Much honour'd lord, this structure you behold,
 Whose outward walls are brass, and tower gold,
 Arm'd in such martial manner, doth present |
 The faithful fortress of just government.
 The adamantine rock 'tis built upon
 Merits the name of true religion.
 The walls are made of Union, and well known
 To be intire; Truth is the corner-stone.
 The battlements are Concord; bulwarks be
 Built, man'd, and govern'd by integritie.
 The guns are laws of wholesome institution;
 The gunner puts them all in execution,
 When Justice gives command; this golden tower
 Is built by Policy, and held by Power,
 Which is in all and every degree
 The seat of government and soveraigntie:
 Loyalty, Vigilance, Fortitude, and Wit,
 With Constancy, and Concord, govern it;
 Who all, by turns, do take orders from me,
 That bear the title of Fidelitie.
 And though this fort, thus arm'd and top'd by Glory,
 Is but a model built by Allegory,
 The moral's pertinent, and pregnant too,
 It intimates your government and you:
 Without these virtues which are here set forth,
 A magistrate will want much of his worth.
 Rebellion, fraud, whoredom, and felonie,
 In a short time will grow greater then he.
 But you, my lord, are furnish'd with all these } *Pointing to*
 Virtues, and of this fort deserve the keyes; } *the Tower.*

'Tis for your company a storehouse made ;
This laden camel bears part of your trade, [*To the camel.*
Which, back'd by an Indian, sallies from the fort,
T' express their plenty, and to shew you sport :
All which, with every good that traffick brings,
This year desires the shelter of your wings.
Because you are with all the graces plum'd,
And 'tis by most wise vertuous men presum'd,
That with true justice, piety, and power,
You'l shew yourself a faithful governour.

This speech thus ended, and my lord expressing some signals of acceptance, his honour advanceth with his right worshipful fraternity (the sage senators of the city) further forward into Cheapside ; where he is again intercepted by two distinct stages, on which are eminently planted two great golden gryphons, the supporters to the coat armour of the Grocers Company, on which are vigorously mounted two active negros, in rich East-Indian vestments, with coronets of many-colour'd feathers, the one of them bears a large banner of his lordship's family coat ; and the other as large a banner of the Grocers' corporation coat, and at the corners of both these stages, sit four figures in the habits and ornaments as hereafter is described :—
1. Love ; 2. Honour ; 3. Courage ; 4. Courtezy.

1. LOVE, a handsome fair boy, with a curl'd flaxen peruke, a coronet round beset with bleeding hearts ; a silver robe, a carnation scarf, on which hangeth a golden quiver full of gold and silver arrows, golden wings upon his shoulders ; a silver bow in one hand, and a banner of the cities in the other.

2. HONOUR, in a purple robe poudred with stars of gold, a scarlet mantle fringed with gold, curl'd black hair, on it a royal diadem, watchet silk hose ; white buskins laced with gold ribon, bearing a banner of the kings.

3. COURAGE, a person of heroick visage, with short brown hair, on it a golden coronet, a flame-colour'd short robe, a sky-colour'd scarf fringed with silver, plush-colour'd hose, blew buskins, with carnation ribon ; in his hand a banner of my Lord Mayors.

4. COURTEZY, in a crimson robe fringed with gold, and silver scarf, bright brown hair ; a chaplet of red and white roses, in one hand she bears a shield charged with the figures of a salutation ; in the other, a banner of the companies.

And in the rere of these gryphons, on another stage is a scene of great splendour, designed for—

THE PAGEANT DESCRIBED.

A shrine, or Indian structure erected according to the Dorick order of architecture, adorned with lively pieces of imagerie round about, and, on the high extremity, is exalted a masculine lively person, richly vested in a silver robe ; a sky-colour'd mantle, a long bright hair, crowned with a coronet of pensils, of all colours, holding in his right hand a banner of the kings, and representeth the triumph of tranquillity, called *Ovatio*.

This temple-like fabrick in front stands so open, that with easy perspecuity every common eye may

discharge it's sight up to the high altar, on which [sits] an East-Indian deity, called Opulenta, a representative of all the intrinsic treasure in the Oriental Indies ; and is their tutelary goddess, before whose shrine the idolatrous natives (after the preparation of a long feast) with pagan piety, and diabolical devotion, prostrate themselves with all the adoration imaginable.

Her face and hair are black ; her ears are adorned with two rich pendants of great round oriental pearl ; her shoulders, breast and neck, are bare, on which is a necklace of diamonds ; she is crown'd with a coronet of sun-beams ; her robe is of all colours, richly interwoven with silk, gold, silver, and jewels ; a scarf of gold, silver buskins, laced with gold ribon ; in one hand she advanceth a golden sceptre, in the other she beareth a banner of the king's.

Beneath her sit three black Indian princes, viz. Animalia, Mineralia, Vegetabilia, who bear in their hands each of them a great golden key of eighteen inches long, as principal clavigers or key-keepers to all the treasuries of India, and generally to all human nature ; comprehending the diversities of traffick and several commodities, which our noble English merchants bring from India to England, by whom the druggests are furnished from thence, with barks, woods, roots, fruits and gums, ambergreece, with divers aromats ; which by the learned directions of the physician, wisdom of the chymist, and art of the apothecary, are extracted and compounded for curation and conservation. The grocers are supply'd and plentifully stor'd

with all sorts of spices, as pepper, cinamon, cloves, mace, nutmegs, also with rice, mastich, sanders of all sorts, with varietie of fruits, and other commodities too numerous for repetition.

In several conspicuous and convenient vicinitys about this shrine, sit the representatives of six eminent Indian cities, in several rich Indian habits ; with the figures of cities upon their heads, worn as crowns or coronets, and are distinguished by these well known appellations, viz. Fortam, Sarabain, Tuban, Matura, Surat, and Bantam, the last of which is the city of most traffique, frequented by Portugals, Dutch, and English, in which every day are three several markets. The habits of these three princes first mentioned, are thus properly distinguished.

1. ANIMALIA, in a robe painted with quadrupedes, volatiles, and reptiles, viz. beasts, birds, flyes, and crawling creatures or insects (as she representeth all animals that have life, and sense), an Indian silk scarf cross her shoulder, interwoven with silver ; black hair, a coronet of various-colour'd feathers, a rope of pearl about her neck ; and pendant jewels in her ears : bearing in one hand a golden key, in the other a banner of the citie's.

1. VEGETABILIA, in a painted robe of trees, flowers, herbs, and sundry plants, that have life and growth, but neither sense, nor voluntary motion ; a silver green and grey scarf, a dark brown peruke, a chaplet of flowers and fruits upon her head ; in her left hand, a golden

key, of like form and length with the other, and in her right hand a banner of my Lord Mayor's.

3. **MINERALIA**, in a rich robe, all imbroidered with gold, silver, and precious jewels ; a purple and silver scarf, on her head a black hair, crown'd with a diadem of precious stones, of divers colours and excellent lustre ; in one hand a golden key, set with diamonds, emeralds, saphirs, amethysts, and smaragds, as the principal conserver of all mines, and minerals ; in the other hand she waveth a banner of the companie's.

My Lord Mayor being attentively prepared, the goddess *Opulenta*, rising up from her seat, with a majestick behaviour, doth oblige his lordship's regard, to the delivery of a speech.

THE SECOND SPEECH, SPOKEN BY *OPULENTA*.

This clime is England sure: it doth present [*Look about her.*

So much of honour, union, government :

And this must needs be London, who in state,

As fame tells me, this day doth celebrate

Th' inauguration of their magistrate. }

This must be hee. I wish him good event ; } *Looks on the*

His presence doth presage good government. } *Lord Mayor.*

Then I address myself, much honour'd lord, [*Bows.*

To you, that bear the civil city sword.

And I have brought three princes with me: these } *Pointeth*

Are they that keep my oriental keys, } *to them.*

Vegetabilia, Animalia, and

Rich Mineralia, under whose command }

Are all the treasures of the Indian land.

Six cities do attend me too, but none

So bright and beautifull as is your own.

Here's Fortam, Sarabain, Tuban (that
 Yields spice), Matura, Bantam, and Surat. [*To the cities.*
 Cities, great sir, whose traffique hath been free
 T' your lordship and the Grocers' Company,
 Who do this day (mov'd by your high deserts)
 In triumphs pay the tribute of their hearts:
 Because their good Lord Mayor's power doth spring
 From honour's fountain, in my lord the king.
 The head of four great kingdoms, yet would be
 (Such was his candor and urbanity) }
 A member of the Grocers' Company.
 May you prove prosperous, and (when you please)
 You shall command my cities and my keys;
 My Deity itself: but I divine
 You do adore a power greater than mine;
 A God that doth all other Gods excell;
 Imitate him, and you will govern well.

His lordship, well pleased with the aptitude of this
 composition, and the promptitude of the emphatical
 speaker, expresseth some demonstrations of approba-
 tion, and moveth through the multitude, until a scene
 of delight doth invite him to a stand; which is an
 Indian plantation, with its governor, the speaker, with
 several labourers, planters, and drolls; both for utility,
 jucundity, profit and pleasure.

THE PLANTATION DELINEATED.

Under the declivity of a verdant hill, which the
 floriferous hand of nature had crown'd with a diverse
 colour'd diadem of flowers, inclining to that fertil
 point of the compass, which is the empire of Auster:
 on a rich vale is situate a copious plantation of spices,

as woods of cinamon, pleasant groves of nutmegs and cloves, orchards of lemons and oranges, surpassing those of Spain, representing a plantation in that part of East-India called the Island of Zelon, not far distant from the point of India called Cape Comerin, which for fertility may be compared to any country in the whole universe.

It abounds in odoriferous aromatical spices, with whole woods of the best cinamon that ever the sun saw ; also there are found the best smaragds, rubies, and ambergreece throughout all Asia. In this island, the place of greatest note is Colmucki, the seat-royal of the chief king of that island, situate on a capacious bay in the south-west of it, and of most trade in all this country ; many great ships laden with cinamon, gems, elephants, and other Indian commodities going yearly thence.

But in this representative plantation in that island, on an eminent conspicuous position, sitteth Aromatario, the governour of it, thus habited and accommodated : in a robe of scarlet-colour'd silk and gold ; a mantle of purple and silver ; a black curl'd peruke ; a coronet of gold, pointed with several sorts of Indian trees, which stand erect, as if growing about his head ; green buskins starrified with gold, and laced with silver and gold ribon ; in his hand a banner of the companie's. Beneath him sit four figures, representing Toyl, Traffick, Treasure, and Triumph, thus accoutred.

1. TOYL. In a gray silk robe ; an orange-colour'd mantle, edg'd and fring'd with silver ; a brownish curl'd

hair ; a wreath of leaves ; green nutmegs, cloves, and large mace ; gray silk hose ; sky-colour'd buskins, laced with yellow ribon : in one hand a shield, painted with mattock, spade, and graffing-knives ; in the other hand a banner of my lord's.

2. **TRAFFICK.** In a sand-colour'd robe of silk ; a sea-green mantle, fringed with silver and gold ; a fair curl'd peruke ; a coronet upon his head, bearing on the top the figure of a ship under sail : in one hand a shield, *argent*, charged with the four winds, *perflant* ; in the other hand a banner of the citie's.

3. **TREASURE.** In a cloth of gold robe ; a watchet silk and silver mantle ; a long brown curl'd peruke ; a coronet of gold, richly adorn'd with jewels ; crimson silk stockings ; gold buskins, with purple and silver ribon ; a banner of the companie's.

4. **TRIUMPH.** In a robe of carnation and silver ; a mantle of diverse-colour'd feathers, tip'd with gold and silver ; a black long curl'd peruke ; a ducal crown of gold, with a plume of feathers of several orient colours ; pearl-colour'd hose ; silver buskins, laced with pink-colour'd ribon : in one hand she beareth a target, *vert*, charged with the similitude of a triumphant chariot, *or* ; in the other hand a banner of the king's.

The front part of the stage is planted with variety of trees, bearing all sorts of spices and fruits, as oranges and lemons, citrons and pomegranates ; with several planters and labourers at work, some digging, some planting ; others pruning, dressing, and gathering ; with divers drolls, piping, dancing, tumbling ;

and sundry kinds of mimical gestures, antick motions, ingenious confusion, and studious disorder: but a general cessation, and silence being proclaim'd, Aromatario, their governour, standing up in the posture of an address, delivereth this following oration to his lordship.

THE THIRD SPEECH, SPOKEN BY AROMATORIO THE GOVERNOUR.

Illustrious lord, under whose wise commands
 The chiefest city in Great Britain stands,
 Aromatario, the governour
 Of this plantation, doth present his power
 And profits to your prætorship, whose wit
 And well-known worth can govern him and it.
 I do not to your honour's hands prefer
 The gifts of gold, of frankincense and myrrh:
 Nor can I offer up the golden fleece,
 But smaragds, rubies, pearls, and ambergreece,
 Gums, aromats, and spices of the best,
 More odoriferous than the Phœnix nest,
 Or her own flames, whose ashes on that hearth
 At once produce both funeral and birth.
 But you, my lord, in sweets excell that flame,
 Who have the precious ointment of good name.
 No aromats like his, that is indued
 With justice, prudence, temperance, fortitude:
 No brighter jewels in both Indies be
 Comparative to faith, hope, charity,
 Love, loyalty, sincerity and truth,
 (The honour of old age; glory of youth);
 These are those jewels, which, when just men have,
 They never dye, but bloom even in the grave.
 You being thus enrich'd, well may the voyce
 Of your electors triumph in their choyce,

And so do I, who wish you the best fate
That ever bless'd a happy magistrate.

My planting people now shall sing and play:
Fall to your sports, this is my Lord Mayor's day.

To the planters, they all shout.

The speech thus ended, and the acclamation over,
a stout planter, with a voice like a trumpet, distendeth
his copious chops, and holloweth out this sonnet ; and
all the rest of the workmen and drollists sing the
chorus, whilst the porters bear the burden.

A SONG.

With mattock, spade, pruning-hook, shovel, and sieve,
What a life of delight do we labourers live !
The bonny brisk planter (for delving design'd)
Hath health in his body, and peace in his mind.
Though this as a curse in the scripture we read,
In the sweat of thy brows thou shalt purchase thy bread,

Chorus. Yet by patience and labour, in digging and dressing,
Th' old curse is converted into a new blessing.

2.

With cinamon, cloves, mace, and all other spice,
We planters have planted a new paradise.
We feel no effects of the fault that was Adam's,
Here's pepper for gallants, and nutmegs for madams.
We work, and we sweat, yet are never the worse ;
At the most we have but a spice of the curse.

Chorus. But by patience and labour our treasure increasing,
Hath made a conversion on't into a blessing.

3.

For London's great grocers we labour and work,
No plots against princes in our heads do lurk :

We plant, set, and sow, likewise for the physician,

But plant no rebellion, and sow no sedition.

The grocers and merchants are men of renown,

They are just in their trading, and true to the crown.

Chor. And we faithful planters ; since all this is so, sirs,

Let's pray for king Charles, and his brethren the grocers.

The song being sung, they all fall to their drolleries, and the foot-marshal having placed the assistants, livery, and the companies on both sides of King-street, and their pensioners with their targets hung on the tops of the javelins ; in the rere of them the ensign-bearers, drums and fifes in the front ; and hasten the foyns and budg-bachelors, together with the gentlemen-ushers to Guild-Hall, where his lordship is again saluted by the artillery-men, with three volies more, which conclude their duty : his land attendants pass through the gallery or lane so made into Guild-Hall : after which the companies repair to their respective halls to dinner, and their silk-works and triumphs are likewise convey'd into Blackwell-hall, and the officers aforesaid, and the children that sit in the pageants, these refresh themselves, until his lordship hath dined at Guild-Hall.

His lordship and the guests being all seated, the city-musick, after a little consideration and consultation one with another, conclude to habit themselves for the performance of a song of three parts, *in stilo recitativo* ; or a musical interlude presented by three persons ; Crab, a west-countryman ; Swab, a seaman : and Self a citizen.

THE SCENE, THE ROYAL-EXCHANGE.

Enter CRAB, staring up and down.

Crab. Thic new-made zitty zeemeth ztrange,
 Zince last time chee did zee't ;
 Cham vinding out the Royal-Change,
 To try if che con meet
 Zome honest plain west-country-mon,
 That we may go and doin,
 And zit and chat and gulge a can,
 Vor that is wellafoin.

II.

Thic is th' Exchange that zhoins zo pure,
 Che ne're zaw building neater ;
 They burn'd it down on purpose zhowr
 To buildne up the better.
 Here all the zity mezles meet
 In vest and velvet rocket ;
 And here a woundy crafty cheat
 One day did pike my pocket.

III.

'Tis very yarly day it zeems,
 Vor there are vew men come ;
 Within thic hour they'l vlow in streams,
 A mon can get no rome. [*Enter SWAB, the Seaman.*
 But who comes here, that doth appear
 Rigg'd like a mon a war :
 'Tis a Black-wall-ey'd zea-mon, zhowre.
 [*The Tune changeth.*

1.

Swab. A sail ! a sail ! a sail !
 The sea-man's come to fight ;
 Whose starboard
 And larboard
 Hath been bruised in fight.

Crab. A flail, a flail, a flail,
 Iche tell the mon of zeas,
 Your sailors
 Are failors,
 Without pork and peas.

Swab. I have stood
 Bath'd in my blood,
 When a brazen broad-side roars;
 My men dying,
 No flying——

Crab. Zhips ha' no back doors.

Swab. Where so'ere
 Enemies were
 I would chase 'um like a flock:
 And fly at 'em——

Crab. From Chatham
 Up to Wapping dock.

II.

Swab. The dreadful name of Drake,
 In thundering eighty-eight,
 Whose courage
 Did forage
 For the Spaniards' plate.
 I have with art and ease
 And valour on the seas,
 Out-run him,
 Out-done him.

Crab. What pickl'd lies are these? [*Aside.*

Swab. I did once dive
 Down at Queen-hive,
 I did it all at one jirk,
 And under water,
 Two hours after,

Crab. Rose agen at Dunkirk.

Swab. Why, thou sheep-biter, how dar'st thou interrupt me?
 [*Speak.*

Crab. Why, thou zhip-zhiter, I did but make up rhime, vor in my conscience thou hadst almost zung thy reason out of breath. You zaid you were two hours under water, and I thought I would zet you azhore to dry your doublet.

Swab. What, at Dunkirk? amongst strangers?

Crab. Yes; why not? zhour the purchasers of that place may allow an English-mon to dry his doublet there; che believe they have bargain good enough on't.

<i>Swab.</i> My fame rings	}	<i>Sing on a repetition of the last strain of the tune.</i>
Abroad among kings,		
My valour is renown'd;		
In salt river		
I was never		

Crab. Born to be drown'd.

Swab. And what mean you by that, sir? [*Speak.*

Crab. Iche mean you'l have rope enough about you to devend you vrom drowning.

Swab. Sirrah! you have a saucie interpretation; and I could find in my heart to chastize you with my cane.

Crab. I am a whipster, sir; I carry my weapon in my hand; cham not avraid of a whole team of tarpaulins, vor I cham zure you ha'nt a broadzide of brass guns in your pocket.

Swab. Go, thou'rt a tarbox!

Crab. How, brother pitch-barrel? (*Enter SELF, the Citizen.*)
But who comes here?

Swab. By his venerable pace and posture, it should be one Mr. Self, a citizen.

Crab. Zelf? Iche think that be a great name in every town and country, especially amongst the Longeners. But I don't know'n.

Swab. Thou art a pretty comical fellow: what's thy name?

Crab. Why zur cham not azham'd of my name; my name is Crab.

Swab. Gaffer Crab? a land crab? I have seen a great many of your crawling kindred in the Indies, Gaffer Crab.

[*SWAB walks away.*

Crab. Gaffer Crab? crawling kindred? Doth the meazle take me vor a crablouse? Iche could vind in my heart——

[*Advanceth his whip.*

Swab. How now, what's the matter? [*and SWAB turns about.*

Crab. Faldera, laldera, laldera, leero.

[*CRAB sings a few notes of the Canarys and danceth to it.*

Swab. You are very actively merry, Mr. Crab.

Crab. Yes, I can Crab it away, I warrant ye, as well as any zea-crab o' ye all.

Another Tune.

Swab. O! the valiant strife
Of a seaman's life,
Whose fame is never fading.

Self. Though the Change be full,
Yet the city's dull,
And droops for want of trading;
It is to little purpose now, our weighty bills of lading,
Shop keepers know not what to do.

Crab. The contry mon doth plow and zow,
Harrow, weed, and reap and mow,
But yet is like to starve on't.

Swab. The greatest sort of business now
Is, ma'm, your humble servant.

II.

Self. What the reason is
That doth cause all this
I gladly would be guided:

Swab. Want of amity
Breeds calamity,
We are too much divided;
By atheistick persons too
Religion is derided.

Self. With arguments as light as air,

Swab. Opinions got in Reason's chair,
And would controul the great affair

Of man's eternal being.

Crab. The new-vound lights have spoil'd our zights,
And caus'd this disagreeing.

III.

Swab. Though the citizens,
With tongues and pens
Are new distresses faining,

Crab. They do veast their chopps
With zhugard zopps,
They have but little gaining.

Swab. They keep both town and country house.

Crab. They veed on capon, pig, and goose.

Swab. In sack and claret they carouse.
And spread their plumes in training:

Crab. And yet, as if not worth a lowse,
They'r every hour complaining.

IV.

Swab. Through the ocean curl'd,
We surround the world,
For merchandise to serve yee:

Crab. And the country cheap
Brings bread and meat,
That vamine may not ztarve yee.

Swab. You live at home in wealth and peace
Whilst we do rock and shelve it,
You wallow in delight and ease.

Crab. Wee zend you bacon, beef, and peas,
Whilst we do ditch and delve it,
And don zuch zimple clodes as dese,
When you weare zilk and velvet.

V.

Self. In your vain dispute of every thing,
Y'are very much misguided;
As it is the chamber of the king
It should be so provided;

Therefore let no dissention spring,
This argument's decided.

Swab. Your London tables do excell ;

Crab. Y'have vorty dishes at a meal ;

Swab. And yet ye neither buy nor sell,
But suffer diminution.

Crab. You veed on veasant, cock, and teal.
Yet cry out persecution.

[*The tune changeth.*]

I.

Swab. Though in dust and ashes it lately was hurl'd,
This city may vye with all parts of the world ;
For true uniformity, substance, and show,
These fabricks all buildings in Europe out-go.

Self. But if that no trading come into the town,
The city is up, but the citizen's down.

II.

Swab. In storms and in tempests, through waters and fires,
The seaman doth fetch what the city desires ;
From all points of the world we bring treasure untold,
Musk, ambergreece, silk, silver, jewels, and gold.
'Tis by the success of the sea-man's affairs,
The city's supply'd with Shreves and Lord Mayors.

III.

Through Europe, to Asia and Africk we fly,
In Russia we freeze, and in India we fry ;
Th' antartick and artick we visit by turn,
In one are we frozen, in t'other we burn.

We venture by dangerous seas, sands, and shelves,
To bring wares to the city——

Crab. And wealth to yourzelves.

IV.

Self. Our city's the market, to vend all our wares,
And money's the marrow of all our affairs.

Crab. We zarve ye with wheat and malt, wool, milk, and
honey,

Self. It is much for our love.

Crab. I, but more vor your money.

Swab. You'l sacrifice all the fat sheep in your fold,
To the beautiful idol of silver and gold.

v.

Self. Your sheep and your ships do replenish our stock,
And therefore God prosper the fleet and the flock :
The one in the winter-time keepeth us warm,
The t'other brings treasure, and guards us from harm.
If we want your traffick, and you want our coyn,
Like members, let's all in one body conjoyn.

CHORUS.

Since union and concord bring plenty and peace,
And amity is the kind cause of increase :
Let love from division our fancys release,
And all our dissentions ever shall cease. [*Exeunt.*

Dinner being ended, and night approaching, his lordship, being attended by a private retinue of his own company, takes coach, and is conducted to Goldsmiths-Hall (where for this year he doth intend to keep his mayoralty) without the night-ceremony which hath been formerly, when old St. Paul's was standing. When his lordship is housed, those that attend on him depart with order and convenience ; and the triumphs and silk-works are by the care of the masters-artificers lodged for the night in Blackwell-Hall 'till the next day following, and then they are convey'd to Grocers-Hall. To close up all, the artists and artificers (each of them deserving ample commendations) bid you all good night.

FINIS.

NOTES.



NOTES TO THE PAGEANTS.

TROIA NOVA TRUMPHANS.

Troia Nova or New Troy, the name given to London in the title of this pageant, is derived from the once-popular fable of Geoffry of Monmouth, who declares that Brute, a lineal descendant of Eneas, "the grandson of Jupiter, by his daughter Venus, builded this citie about the year of the world 2885," (or 1008 years before the nativity of Christ), and named it Troy-novant or Trinovantum. This tale "although it bee not of sufficient force to drawe the gayne-sayers," was once esteemed of such validity by the citizens, as to be transcribed into their "Liber Albus" and hence into the "Recordatorium Civitatis Speculum;" and so high was its credit, that in a memorial presented to Henry the Sixth, in the early part of his reign, and now preserved among the records in the Tower, it is advanced as evidence of the "great antiquity, precedency, and dignity of the City of London, even before Rome" (Brayley's *Londiniana*, vol. i. p. 2.)

Brayley also says that *Trinobantes* was the Roman name for the tribe, among whom were the early inhabitants of London, whose chieftain, Cassivellaunus, opposed Cæsar in his second invasion; these men would have been called *Tranovanti*, from whence the name so frequently applied to London would appear to originate.

The first printed "Chronycles of England," which came from the press of William Caxton in 1480, gives a description

of the first peopling of Britain, obtained from the older monkish writers, by no means flattering to national vanity. It is gravely related that the three-and-thirty daughters of the emperor Dioclesian, who had each cut her husband's throat because she would not be ruled by him, were banished for their deeds, by their father, and all sent to sea in a boat together, with half a year's provision. After long sailing, they reached an island, which was named Albion, by the eldest lady, after her own name of Albine. This island was then totally uninhabited; and these ladies found it so fertile and productive, that they settled here in great plenty and contentment, except that they longed exceedingly for husbands; which the devil (who appears never to have lost sight of them), perceiving, he created men of air, who became their spouses and the fathers of "horrible giants," who lived and ruled in the whole land, until Brute arrived and conquered them; calling the country Britain after his own name; and, in remembrance of Troy, from whence he came, styling the first city he founded here New Troy.

In the tragedy of "Lochrine," once attributed to Shakspeare, the same story is detailed, and "stately Troynovant" mentioned as the principal city, and the burial place of Brute or Brutus. The victory over the giants is also alluded to by him in the first scene, where he details his wanderings from Troy, until

—“ Upon the strands of Albion,
To Corus haven happily we came,
And quell'd the giants, come of Albion's race,
With Gogmagog, son to Samotheus,
The cursed captain of that damned crew.”

The author of the "Gigantick History" of the Guildhall giants, quoted by Hone in his "Ancient Mysteries Described," has the same story, also telling us that this Gog-magog, the largest and most turbulent of the original giants of Albion, who acted

as leader of the troop, was reserved for single combat with Corineus, and was conquered by him, receiving the land of Cornwall as a reward for his valour. And the author of this history supposes that as "Corineus and Gog-magog were two brave giants who nicely valued their honour, and exerted their whole strength and force in defence of their liberty and country; so the City of London, by placing these their representatives in their Guildhall, emblematically declare, that they will, like mighty giants, defend the honour of their country and liberties of this their city, which excels all others, as much as those huge giants exceed in stature the common bulk of mankind;" and in order that the reader might contrast them with ordinary mortals, the old historians (who always "lied like truth") carefully note the stature of Gog-magog, which was just twelve cubits.

By a reference to the first part of this work, page 30, the reader will find that Munday made use of the whole of this legend, in the construction of the principal pageant exhibited in 1605. The frequent introduction of New Troy or London, into these annual displays, from the first printed description in 1585 (see Part I, p. 26), throughout the entire series, need only be here alluded to.

P. 13, l. 18,—*Peale of Chambers.*] In Edward Sharpham's comedy "The Fleire" 1610, is the following allusion to these noisy salutations;—"He has taught my lady to make fire-works, they can deal in chambers already, as well as all the gunnes that make them fly off with a train at Lambeth, when the Mayor and Alderman land at Westminster."

P. 15, l. 17,—*Painted cloth and broune paper.*] This rather contemptuous notice of preceding pageants is curious. Paste-board was used in the construction of the giants and other figures in continental shows, as I have shown in the introduc-

tion to Part I, and the Chester giants that were made on the restoration of Charles the Second were formed of the same material ; but it would appear from the charges for deal-boards and nails in their construction, that a frame work of wood was used as a superstructure. There is an entry of one shilling and fourpence "for arsenic to put into the paste, to save the giants from being eaten by the rats."

How the "living beasts" who drew this pageant were "queintly disguised like dolphins and mermaids," we are not told, but on referring to the cut on p. xvii, of the introduction to Part I, we shall see that it would be very possible to "disguise" horses in a similar way, by hiding their bodies beneath similar figures, concealing the legs with hanging cloths. In 1298, horses disguised "like lucas of the sea," are mentioned in the civic pageant, on the victory over the Scots at Falkirk.

The objection to "the trouble and pestering of porters" urged by Dekker, seems to have been pretty generally felt by the City poets: several notices occur in their pamphlets of their attempts to rid themselves of the annoyance. Webster in his "Monuments of Honor," 1624, describes the principal pageant, "The Chariot of Honor," as drawn by four horses, "for porters would have made it move tottering and improperly." The porters, however, stood their ground well, for they are noticed by Jordan in his pageant for 1679, (see Part I, p. 92, note) and were hired still later.

P. 16, l. 3,—*Troopes of Swannes.*] The Thames was "much beautified" in the early times by myriads of swans, that principally belonged to the city companies; and it was the custom to go up the river annually, and mark these swans on the beak with the peculiar sign used by the company who claimed them. This ceremony was termed swan-upping, because it was the duty of the official visitors to take *up*, and mark the birds upon the beak, whence comes the modern name of swan-hopping given to the voyage as still performed. The

Vintners' and Dyers' companies are now the chief proprietors of the Thames swans, next to her Majesty. In Mr. Yarrell's "History of British Birds," the numbers of old and young swans belonging to her Majesty and the two companies in 1841 are thus given:—

	Old Swans.		Cygnets.		Together.
Her Majesty ..	185	..	47	..	232
The Vintners' Company	79	..	21	..	100
The Dyers' Company	91	..	14	..	105
	<hr/>		<hr/>		<hr/>
	355	..	82	..	437

In the same work is engraved the ancient swan-marks of these companies during the reign of Elizabeth, (from Kempe's Losely Manuscripts), and the modern marks as still used, along with many others; with some curious information on this head. Hone, in his "Every-day Book," vol. ii. p. 958, has printed entire the "Order for Swannes," a rare tract of 1570, which shows how highly they were then estimated, and how carefully they were protected. Leland, the antiquary, in one of his rarest works, "Cygnea Cantio, a Swan's Song," imagines a Thames swan sailing down the river from Oxford to Greenwich, describing, as she passes along, all the towns, castles, and other places of note within her view.

P. 21, last line,—*Ryot and Calumny in the shapes of giants.*] From this passage it appears that other gigantic figures than Gogmagog and Corineus appeared in the shows occasionally. The giants this year exhibited were not merely constructed for imposing effect, but were emblematic characters forming an important portion of the poet's invention.

P. 23, l. 2,—*Barrathrum.*] *i.e.* abyss, bottomless gulph; see note to Gifford's edition of Shirley, vol. i. p. 390.

P. 24, l. 6,—*Henry, Prince of Wales.*] There was, perhaps,

no heir-apparent to the English throne who ever enjoyed more universal popularity than this prince, or any one from whom the nation had fairer hopes of greatness to come. His early death was a source of general sorrow, and it is not easy to calculate the amount of anarchy and confusion his life might have saved this nation. His memory was affectionately cherished by the people. The company of Merchant-Tailors again remembered him with honour, when Sir John Gore, a member of that company, was mayor in 1624. Webster, who composed the pageant, expressly invented what he called a "Monument of Gratitude" to his memory, which the reader will find fully described in his own words, in the additions to Part I, printed at the end of this volume.

P. 24, l. 23,—*By strong armor.*] This should probably be, "by strongest armor," as the line wants a syllable.

P. 24, l. 29,—*thy margent quotate.*] An allusion to the general custom, at this time, of printing in the margins of books a brief note, guiding the reader to the fact written of in the body of the work, or else to the author quoted as an authority. The works of Prynne are remarkable specimens of this custom, and give much point to Milton's saying, "that he had ever his wits beside him in the margin, to be beside his wits in the text."

P. 29, l. 20,—*the ceremoniall customes in Paul's church.*] Concerning the old custom of attending divine service in St. Paul's after dinner, see Part I, pp. 24, 36, 44, &c., and for a notice of its discontinuance see p. 79.

P. 29, l. 28,—*stop, stay her.*] In the original it is, "stop, stony her," but as this is a repetition of the speech on p. 23, I have corrected it by that.

LONDON'S TEMPE.

I ought probably to have again stated in the Introduction, as I have done in Part I, p. 54, that this pageant was printed in the year 1629.

P. 42, l. 20,—*Sir John Shaw.*] Mayor in 1501.

P. 44, l. 20,—*the wilde boar has tusked up his vine.*] An allusion to the famous thirty years war at this time raging on the continent of Europe. It had commenced in 1619, when Frederick, the Elector Palatine, who married the daughter of James the First, accepted the crown of Bohemia. The war was considered as a religious one, a struggle between catholic and protestant interests, and was always warmly and favorably advocated in this country, many high-spirited young Englishmen going to fight at their own expense in the cause of the Elector and his wife, who was known as the "Queen of hearts," from her engaging manners.

Dekker's simile is obtained from Psalm lxxx., verses 8 and 13; the vine is the church, or the true faith; the wild boar its enemies.

P. 45, l. 17,—*The French Company.*] According to Lewis Robert's "Merchant's Map of Commerce," 1638, this company traded to France with cloths, kerseys, and bays of English manufacture, and galls, silks, and cottons, from Turkey; their imports being buckrams, canvas, cards, glass, grain, linens, salt, claret, and white wines, wood, oils, almonds, pepper, with some silk stuffs, and some other petty manufactures. It was an insignificant commercial intercourse, and the company does not appear to have been incorporated.

P. 45, l. 19,—*lyon cut out of wood.*] This notice, and that

on the following page, of the "estridge cut out of timber to the life," are the only ones I remember to have met with of wooden carved figures used in the pageants, but Gerard Christmas, who was employed in the construction of this year's pageants, was an adept in that art, and it is very likely that these figures frequently re-appeared in other years, as they were preserved for future use, the same company generally exhibiting some of the same pageants at the inauguration of the various mayors who were members of the body. Thus the Clothworkers always exhibited the shepherds and sheep, the Goldsmiths "the Orfery," the Ironmongers Vulcan's forge, &c., which were the *trade pageants* of the company. If the reader will turn to Part. I, p. 100, he will find that on the mayoralty of Sir Robert Gefferys in 1685, Taubman *invented* (?) the same pageants that Dekker this year exhibited, and the description of one pageant would do for the other with but slight variations. The estridge and horse-shoe are described in nearly the same words as those used by Dekker; and if it were not for the fire of London, one might almost conjecture it to have been Gerard Christmas's own workmanship.

Perhaps I have done Taubman an injustice by saying on the page last quoted, that his declaration of having no precedent for more than fifty years of any such equipage or pageantry as he was about to exhibit that year, was meant to undervalue all that had been displayed during that time, and so obtain more praise for himself than was his due. He probably meant that no member of that company had been mayor during all that period, which was the fact. Sir Christopher Clethrowe was the last mayor, in 1635, belonging to the company, but from the brief notice I was enabled to obtain for Part I, (p. 58), it would appear that he did not exhibit Vulcan's forge, one of their usual displays, and Taubman may have meant by "more than fifty years," not since the exhibition of Dekker's pageantry in 1629.

P. 46, l. 22,—*thunder and lightning.*] These words show that some attention to theatrical effects was occasionally indulged in.

P. 47, l. 26,—*sparrowbils to cloute Pan's shoone.*] The modern way of spelling the name still given to these nails is *sparables*. Dekker has here given us their true etymology, and their name appears to have been derived from their resemblance to the sharp bill of the sparrow.

P. 48, l. 16,—*a golden handle for my wife's fan.*] The ladies' feather fans at this period frequently had handles of the most costly kind. In the notes to the "Merry Wives of Windsor," in the variorum edition, will be found much information on this subject, and some few engravings of costly fan handles. Stevens says, "mention is made in the Sydney Papers of a fan presented to Queen Elizabeth, the handle of which was studded with diamonds."

P. 49, l. 17,—*found*, should most probably be *bound*.

P. 52, l. 23,—*Go on in your full glories.*] In the original it is "*Good* in your full glories," but this is evidently wrong.

P. 53, l. 10,—*Gerard Christmas.*] In Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting (Dallaway's edition), the best account of this artist occurs. Speaking of Bernard Jansen, who built the greater part of Northumberland house, he says, "before the portal of that palace was altered by the present Earl of Northumberland,* there was, in a freize near the top, in large capitals, C. Æ., an enigma long inexplicable to antiquaries.

* Sir Hugh Smithson, Bart., created Earl of Norfolk in 1759, who assumed the name of Percy, Duke of Northumberland, 1766.

Vertue found that at the period when the house was built lived Christmas, an architect and carver of reputation, who gave the design of Aldersgate, and cut the bas-relief on it of James the First on horseback, and thence concluded that those letters signified *Christmas ædificavit*. Jansen probably built the house, which was of brick, and the frontispiece, which was of stone, was finished by Christmas." In a note is added: "It may be presumed that Gerard Christmas was as much sculptor as architect, and like Nicholas Stone was equally employed in either art. The front of Northampton house, (as it was called when first built by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, in 1614), was profusely ornamented with rich scrolls of architectural carving, and with an open parapet, worked out with letters and other devices."

Brayley, (*Londiniana*, vol. ii. p. 277,) says, "the entrance gateway still exhibits the original work of Gerard Christmas, and is a curious example of his time."

He was very frequently employed by the city in the construction of their yearly pageants, and is always highly complimented by the poets who invented them. As he was undoubtedly a man of much ability, it is fair to infer that the city were indebted to him for great improvements in their shows, as is more particularly pointed out by Dekker this year. His sons succeeded him in his office, which he appears to have held until his death with all due honor. He died in 1635, as appears from Heywood's pamphlet describing the great ship built at Woolwich. (See the final note to "*Londini Porta Pietatis*.") The precise year of his death has not hitherto been recorded.

LONDINI PORTA PIETATIS.

P. 65, l. 15,—*her suburbs being decorated with two several burses or exchanges.*] This alludes to the exchanges in the

Strand, at Durham and Salisbury houses; the first, known originally as the New Exchange, and afterwards as Britain's Burse; the second termed the middle Exchange, as being nearest to London, between the Royal Exchange, and that at Durham house. Concerning the latter building some information may be obtained in the letter from Mr. Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton, dated July 8, 1608, and printed in Nichols' Progresses of King James the First. He writes, "the New Burse at Durham house, goes up apace; whereat the citizens, and specially the Exchange-men, begin to grumble, foreseeing that it will be very prejudicial, and mar their market; and thereupon have made a petition to the lord mayor to provide *ne quid detrimenti Respublica capiat*. This petition, with the reasons, being sent to his lordship, (the Earl of Salisbury, the proprietor and builder), doth nothing please him; but all the answer he makes yet is, that Westminster being where he was born, and of his abode, he sees not but that he may seek to benefit it by all the meanes he can."

A quotation from Howes, printed in the same work, gives us its full history:—"In the Strand, on the north side of Durham house, stood an olde, long stable, the outward wall whereof to the street side, was very old and ruinate, all which was taken doune, and a stately building sodainely erected in the place, by Robert, Earl of Salisbury, Lord High Treasurer of England. The first stone of this beautiful building was laid the 10th of June last past, and was finally finished in November following. And upon Tuesday, the 10th of April this yeare, (1609), many of the upper shoppes were richly furnished with wares, and the next day after that, the King, Queene, the Prince, the Ladie Elizabeth, and the Duke of Yorke, with many great lords and chiefe ladies, came thither, and were there entertayned with pleasant speeches, gifts, and ingenious devices; and then the king gave it a name, and

called it Britain's Bourse."* According to Hatton, in his *New View of London*, 1708, it was then called the New Exchange, and by some Salisbury Exchange. It was demolished in the year 1737.

The Middle Exchange adjoined Great Salisbury House. "It consisted of a long room, extending from the Strand to the Thames, lined on each side with shops; and at the end was a passage, with a handsome flight of steps leading to the river. It however obtained a bad name, from the class of frequenters who patronized it, and the estate again reverting to the Earl of Salisbury, he pulled down the Exchange, together with the whole of Great Salisbury House, and erected Cecil Street on its site, about the year 1696."—Brayley's "*Londiniana*," vol. ii. p. 234.

P. 68, l. 9,—*Proteus*.] Diodorus, i. 62, explains the fable of the varied shapes assumed by Proteus, as an allusion to a custom of the Egyptian kings; who adorned their heads with various figures and emblematic devices, intended to strike beholders with awe and reverence,—the king being with this ancient nation the chief priest, and a sort of human god.

P. 71, l. 8,—*Her fleece an order, and by emperours worne*.] Monstrelet, in his *Chronicles*, describes the institution of this order in these words: "In this year (1429) the Duke of Burgundy established, in honour of God and St. Andrew, whose cross he bore in his arms, an order or fraternity of twenty-four knights without reproach, and gentlemen from four generations, to each of whom he gave a collar of gold handsomely wrought

* I may here correct a mistake in the introduction to Part I, page ix, where I have said that the Royal Exchange before it received that name from Queen Elizabeth was named "Britain's Bourse;" it was known simply as "the Bourse."

with his device, viz. 'Du Fusil' (a steel striking sparks from a flint), to each of which collars were suspended in front, like as great ladies wear crosses, clasps, or diamonds; and in the centre thereof was a golden fleece, similar to what Jason conquered in old times, as is written in the history of Troy, and which no Christian prince had ever before made use of. The duke therefore called this order 'the order of the Golden Fleece.'—Chap. 79, Johnes' translation.

P. 72, l. 1,—*Rhinoceros in continuall enmity with the elephant.*] This is a very ancient fable, which as it long preceded, so it for many years survived the author of this pageant. Edward Topsel, chaplain of St. Botolph, Aldersgate, in his very curious book, "The History of four-footed Beasts," 1658, a thick folio of marvellous stories selected from Conrad Gesner, and others; tells us that when these animals "are to fight, they whet their horn upon a stone; and there is not only a discord betwixt these beasts and the elephant for their food, but a naturall dissention and enmity, for it is confidently affirmed, that when the rhinoceros which was at Lisbon was brought into the presence of an elephant, the elephant ran away from him." We are then told that he conquers "by fastening his horn in the elephant's belly," and that "he is taken by the same means that the unicorn is taken; for it is said by Albertus, Isidorus, and Alumnus, that above all other natures they love virgins, and that unto them they will come, be they never so wild, and fall asleep before them; so being asleep, they are easily taken and carried away." Much more to the same purpose has he of elephants; and the reader who would wish to know of "their reverence for kings," "their love of beautiful women," and even "the religion of elephants," will do well to consult Topsel's book.

P. 73, l. 19,—*the sovraigne of the seas.*] The pamphlet

to which our author alludes is intitled "A true Description of his Majesties Royall Ship, built this yeare, 1637, at Woolwich, in Kent. To the great glory of our English nation, and not paraleld in the whole Christian world. Lond. 1637," (forty-eight pages, small 4to., with a copper-plate engraving of the vessel.) Heywood, as he says here, does indeed "deliver himself amply" on the subject of ship-building, beginning with Noah's ark, and running through all the heathen authors, he brings his remarks down to his own time, and ends with a full description of this richly carved and decorated vessel, which is curious to those interested in early naval building.

P. 76, l. 21,—*You build new temples, and repair the old.*] The proper and necessary repairs of St. Paul's Cathedral at this time excited much interest. In Nichols's "Progresses of King James the First" will be found some curious particulars on this subject. That king and his court attended on Sunday 26th of March 1620, a sermon preached there, by Dr. John King, Bishop of London, from a text selected by his majesty from Psalm cii. 13, 14. The king's visit, and the whole argument of the sermon, were in furtherance of the one object, the reparation of the cathedral. There is a curious engraving in the same work, of King James's visit, and a very full account of all the ceremonies on that day. In Wilkinson's "Londina Illustrata" there is a copy of another curious painting on the same subject, which was done in anticipation of the event, as it is dated 1616. It was executed for one Henry Farley, whose exertions were incessant in endeavouring to obtain its thorough repair; and he became so enthusiastic and so troublesome, that he was for a time imprisoned. This picture, which is now in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries, is curious, as it shows that houses were built close to the sides of the cathedral, which covered it with smoke, and materially injured its appearance.

Dr. Rimbault is in possession of a very curious folio volume containing MS. songs and music of this period; and one of the songs in this volume is a humorous account of the king's visit, which I believe has never before been in print, and is therefore well deserving of a place here. The reader who will refer to Nichols's Progresses will see how completely it describes the real arrangements of the day.

God bless our noble kinge, was there ever such a thinge!
 In March, when the weather waxed could,
 He went from Whitehall to the church of St. Paul,
 Which oftyme hath been bought and sould.

When he came to Temple-barr, which you knowe it is not farr,
 The streetes were rayl'd on every side;
 There were many gay babies, and fair brave painted ladies,
 God blesse our noble king! they all cryed.

The Maior of the towne came in a velvet gowne,
 And with him never catchpoal or varlet,
 But jobbernolls there were plentie, aldermen almost twentie,
 And most of them were clad all in scarlett.

The Maior layd downe his mace, and cry'd, God save your grace,
 And keepe our king from all evill!
 With all my hart I then wist, the good mace had been in my fist,
 To ha' pawn'd it for supper at the Devill.*

The master Recorder, in verie seemely order,
 Made unto the kinge such a speech,
 In such milde and loveing sort, as most men doe report,
 It made their harts to fall into their breech.

It would have done your harts good, to ha'seene how the company stood,
 With their flaggs and their banners soe gay;
 Their wives they were not there, might a man not safely sweare
 There was many a cuckold made that day.

* The celebrated tavern in Fleet-street, the resort of the wits of the day, where Ben Jonson frequently visited.

Archie* came in gold most glorious to behold,
 Which made the people fall into a laughter;
 Some men that stood by, when the foole they did spie,
 Expected many lords to followe after.

When they miste the kinges cloak, it sore amaz'd the folke,
 To see him in his doublet and his hose;
 His horse had, before and behind, two featheres to keepe off the winde,
 Which was as good as you may well suppose.

But when he came to Paul's, God bless all Christian soules!
 Open flew the great west dore,
 And in the king did enter, was he not bould to venter,
 That never was in Paul's in's life before.

The preists in their coapes, like to soe many popes,
 Sung all to rejoycinge of the people;
 And as they all sung, the bells they should have runge,
 But i' faith there was but one in the steeple.

God bless our noble kinge, in winter and in springe,
 The prince and the lady† soe gay!
 God bless our lords and many more, the bishops, earles, and judges,
 Would ever rejoyce to see this day.

This visit of the king produced good results; but it was not until April 1633 that the citizens set about repairing St. Paul's in good earnest, and at much cost. The previous partial repair, of that, and of the Standard in Cheapside, had been alluded to by Middleton in his "Sun in Aries," 1621, (see part i. p. 49), in these words:

"Why, here's the city's goodness, shewn in either,
 To raise two worthy buildings both together;
 For when they made that lord's election free,
 I guess that time their charge did perfect me;
 Nay, note the city's bounty in both still;
 When they restore a ruin, 'tis their will

* Archee Armstrong, the court fool.

† Prince Henry and the Lady Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of Bohemia.

To be so noble in their cost and care,
 All blemish is forgot when they repair;
 For what has been re-edified a' late,
 But lifts its head up in more glorious state;
 'Tis grown a principle, ruins built agen
 Come better'd both in monuments and men;
 The instance is apparent."

P. 77, l. 29,—*John and Mathias Christmas.*] Heywood mentions these artists in his account of the "Sovereign of the Seas," already spoken of. He says "the master carvers (of the various ornaments upon it) are John and Mathias Christmas, the sonnes of that excellent workeman, Master Gerard Christmas, some two years since deceased, who as they succeed him in his place so they have striv'd to exceed him in his art." In Dallaway's edition of Walpole's Anecdotes, we are told "they were very able carvers, and were extensively employed in designing and finishing monuments. Very creditable specimens of their skill are the busts of Ralph Hawtrey and his wife (1638-47) on their tomb at Rise-lip, Middlesex, in white marble. *Lysons*. They also made a tomb at Ampton, in Suffolk, for Sir H. Calthorpe.—Gough, *Topogr.* vol. i. p. 579.

THE ROYAL OAKE.

P. 94, l. 4,—*sky-colour'd scaffs.*] This mode of spelling *scarfs* running through the entire pageant, I have not altered it.

P. 94, l. 26,—*one hundred and twenty poore aged persons, &c.*] Hone, writing in 1823, says, "all that remains of the Lord Mayor's show to remind the curiously-informed of its ancient character, is in the first part of the procession. These are the poor men of the company to which the Lord Mayor

belongs, habited in long gowns and close caps of the company's colour, bearing painted shields on their arms, but without javelins. So many of these head the show as there are years in the Lord Mayor's age. Their obsolete costume and hobbling walk are sport for the unsexate, who, from imperfect tradition, year after year, are accustomed to call them old batchelors." (*Ancient Mysteries described*, p. 262.) "The unsexate" have now no chance of venting their jokes, to the horror of antiquaries, as this part of the procession has been for some years omitted.

P. 95, l. 3,—*Green-men*.] "Have you any squibs, any green men in your shows?" asks one of the characters in Kirke's play, "The Seven Champions of Christendom," 1638. Strutt, who gives this quotation in his "Sports and Pastimes of the people of England," adds, that "they were men whimsically attired, and disguised with droll masks, having large staves or clubs, headed with cases of crackers;" and he engraves a representation of one from Bate's Book of Fireworks, 1635. They were employed as late as 1681, in mayoralty processions, see Part I.

P. 96, l. 23,—*petitioners*.] In the original this is misprinted petitioners. I may here notice that the pageant seems to have been carelessly printed throughout, which, added to Tatham's incompetency as a writer or grammarian, occasionally makes such havoc with the "King's English," that his meaning is sometimes obscured.

P. 99, l. 26,—*The wary statesman*.] In the original, this is "the *weary* statesman."

P. 99, l. 28,—*more then Ajax*.] *Then* for *than* is used throughout; but in this Tatham was not singular.

P. 100, l. 15,—*Nor can society possibly exist.*] The last word is in the original edition misprinted *I wist*.

P. 101, l. 12,—*The Nagg's Head Tavern.*] In that very curious view of Cheapside, engraved in La Serre's "Entrée Royale de la Reyne Mère du Roy," 1638, and which has been copied in Wilkinson's "Londina Illustrata," the Cross and Conduit, where so many civic pageants were displayed, is conspicuously seen; and the Nag's Head tavern forms the foreground at the right-hand corner of the print, a tasteful garland of flowers hanging from the sign. This tavern stood at the corner of Friday-street, and was the pretended scene of the consecration of the first Protestant archbishop,—Parker, of Canterbury,—in the reign of Elizabeth (1559). His confirmation took place at the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, nearly opposite; and the party prejudices of the Catholics altered the locality to the Nag's Head tavern, where they frequently asserted the meeting and consecration took place,—a fable which they often spread in print, but which is fully refuted in Strype's Life of that prelate.

P. 101, l. 23,—*beezen.*] *Lose* or *miss*, seems to be the sense in which the word is used here; but the whole of this "rustick dyalect" is little better than an ignorant attempt at rusticity.

P. 102, l. 13,—*Mr. Dyamond and others tumble.*] Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes," has collected a very curious series of notices of the popularity of this species of amusement, among the people, and even the princes, of England. I can find no other record of Mr. Dyamond, of whose performances "the summerset" appears to have been the grand climax. This was the portion of the day's exhibition more especially devoted to the mob, who were always charitably provided for with one pageant at least, by all the city poets.

P. 102, line 28,—*The close trunck of the oak did entertain,
And so secur'd, your royal sovereign.*]

By these lines, it would appear that Charles was concealed in the decayed hollow of the Oak of Boscobel. Thomas Jordan, in his lines on the king's escape (printed in the introduction to this pageant, p. 83), follows up the same idea, and ends with saying,—

“ Better trust *hollow trees* than hollow hearts.”

But, although both these writers lived in the days of Charles, it does not appear that either of them were correct in this instance. In the history of Charles's preservation, entitled “ Boscobel,” we are told that after the king had met Colonel Carlis, “ the colonel persuaded his Majesty to go back into the wood (supposing it safer than the house), where the colonel made choice of a thick-leaved oak, into which William and Richard Penderell helped them both up, and brought them such provision as they could get, with a cushion for his Majesty to sit on ; the colonel humbly desired his Majesty (who had taken little or no rest the two preceding nights) to seat himself as easily as he could in the tree, and rest his head on the colonel's lap, who was watchful that his Majesty might not fall. In this oak they continued most part of that day, and in that posture his Majesty slumber'd away some part of the time, and bore all these hardships and afflictions with incomparable patience.”

There is a curious advertisement in the *Gent.'s Mag.* for 1826, p. 208, copied from the “ Kingdom's Intelligencer,” 1661, which runs thus: “ By express command from his Majesty, we are to acquaint the reader that a little book named *Boscobel* (being a relation of his Majesty's happy and miraculous escape after the fight of Worcester) hath divers errors and mistakes in it, and therefore not to be admitted as a true and perfect narrative of his sacred Majesty's deliverance.”

But this advertisement (which is not generally known) does not affect the question in hand; for King Charles's own account of his escape, as dictated by him to Pepys, informs us, that on consulting Col. Carlis, "about what we should do the next day, he told me it would be very dangerous for me either to stay in that house (Penderell's), or to go into the wood (there being a great wood hard by Boscobel), and that he knew but one way how to pass the day, and that was, to get up into a great oak in a pretty plain place, where we might see round about us; for the enemy would certainly search all the wood, for people who had made their escape. Of which proposition I approving, we (that is to say, Carlis and I) went out of the house, taking with us some victuals for the whole day, viz., bread, cheese, small beer, and nothing else—and got up into the great oak in question, which had been lopped some three or four years before, and being grown out again very bushy and thick, could not be seen through."

By Charles's *own account*, it appears that he attended Mrs. Lane, "in a grey cloth suit, as a serving man," and went by the name of William Jackson, which differs from the "Boscobel" version, printed in the introduction. The account given of the oak in the latter work, may, however, be an interesting pendant to what has been already printed there: "The oak is now properly called the Royal Oak of Boscobel, nor will it lose that name while it continues a tree, nor that tree a memory whilst we have an inn left in England; since the Royal Oak is now become a frequent sign, both in London, and all the chief cities of this kingdom. And, since his Majesty's happy restoration, that these mysteries have been revealed, hundreds of people, for many miles round, have flock'd to see the famous Boscobel; which (as you have heard) had once the honour to be the palace of his sacred Majesty, but chiefly to behold the Royal Oak, which has been deprived of

all its young boughs by the numerous visitors to it, who keep them in memory of his Majesty's happy preservation; inso-much that Mr. Fitzherbert, the proprietor, has been forced, in due season of the year, to crop part of it, for its preservation; and has lately been at the charge to fence it about with a high pale, the better to transmit the happy memory of it to posterity."

P. 104, l. 20,—*alchion*.] Halcyon.

P. 105, l. 5 to 15.] From this paragraph, it would appear that there was no dinner in the Guildhall this day, and that the concluding speech at the mayor's door, took place early in the day; for after its delivery, we are told, "the companies hasten to their hall," to the cheer there provided for the members.

P. 106, l. 10,—*by all the [strains] of lyrick poesy*.] The letters within brackets are conjectural, as the portion of the last leaf on which they occur, is torn off in the only copy to which I had access—that in the Bodleian Library.

LONDON'S RESURRECTION.

P. 115, l. 8,—*seven of the clock in the morning*.] This exceedingly early hour for the commencement of the day's proceedings, will not fail to be noticed by the reader; it was the ordinary one about this period, and for many years afterwards; and in many of Jordan's pageants, where the description of the morning's business is given in rhyme, are the lines—

"Selected citizens i' th' morning all
At seven o'clock do meet in Grocers' Hall."—(See Pt. I. p. 99.)

P. 118, l. 25,—*an active bear*.] Bears tutored for the

amusement of the populace, were of very ancient origin. Strutt, in his "Sports," &c. has collected many curious particulars and representations of their performances, from the tenth century downwards. As this "wilderness" was the trade pageant of the company of drapers, there was no great impropriety in introducing a bear dancing to the music of a satyr, among the other "wild beasts," who, with Orpheus and the negroes were all jumbled together "to make spectators happy."

P. 120, l. 11,—*This city which, inflam'd with its own guilt,
In seven years' time, was burnt; and may be built.*]

There is evidently something wrong in these lines, which allude to the great fire; perhaps the sentence has been transposed, and should be read thus:—

"This city which, inflam'd with its own guilt,
Was burnt; and may in seven years time be built."

P. 121, l. 23,—*variety of excellent musick.*] This being the first pageant Jordan composed for the citizens, he seems to have constructed his entertainments in a different manner to any of his predecessors; he appears to have paid but little attention to the public shews, reserving all his powers of amusement for the after dinner festivities in Guildhall, in which his theatrical tastes are very conspicuous. None of the Lord Mayor's laureates before his time troubled themselves to write in this manner, though Taubman and Settle, his successors, occasionally concocted some dull songs.

P. 123, l. 18,—*That town where Tyber streams.*] This line is thus printed in the original, so that it wants two syllables to make it properly rhyme with the others; the absence of the word omitted, completely destroys the sense. We should, most probably, read "*outvie*, or

"*Outshine* that town where Tyber streams."

and I have accordingly introduced the latter word in brackets.

P. 124, l. 18,—*lay a long lace on thy coat.*] To lace the jacket is a very old phrase for a horsewhipping or caning.

P. 126, l. 5,—*in forty-three.*] 1643, the year of the memorable "Solemn League and Covenant," when the inhabitants of London began more earnestly to seek for military defence in London. May says, "The example of gentlemen of the best quality, knights and ladies, going out with drums beating, and spades and mattocks in their hands, to assist in the work, put life into the drooping people," and in an incredibly short space of time, entrenchments, twelve miles in circuit, were thrown up round London.

P. 126, l. 24,—*some goldsmiths, some drapers, and brewers.*] Sir John Barkstead, who was lieutenant of the Tower during the ascendancy of Cromwell, was originally a goldsmith. He was hung at Tyburn, April 19, 1662. Sir Christopher Pack was a draper, and was sheriff in 1649, and mayor in 1655. For the active part he took in the troubles of the time, he was displaced from the list of aldermen at the restoration. Sir Thos. Pride was first a drayman, and afterwards a brewer; and Oliver himself was said by the Cavaliers to have been also a brewer, though it does not appear that he ever carried on that business himself.

P. 128, l. 27,—*ich am welly starved.*] The use of the word *welly* for *well-nigh*, is still common in Derbyshire.

P. 129, l. 16,—*London now beginneth to shew itself.*] The entire speech of the citizen alludes to the ravages of the great fire of 1666, which had been manfully and enthusiastically recovered by the Londoners, aided by contributions from all quarters.

P. 130, l. 27,—*in sixty-five.*] 1665, the year of the great

plague, when the court left London for Oxford, and all persons who could manage to do so, retired into the country.

P. 130, l. 31,—*twenty pound carts.*] This taunt of the citizen, in return for the countryman's assertion of their good will during the fire, may receive apt illustration from the following extract, which occurs in "God's Terrible Judgments in the City, by Plague and Fire," by Thomas Vincent, a non-conforming minister, and eye-witness :—" Now carts, and drays, and coaches, and horses, as many as could have entrance into the city, were loaden, and any money is given for help; 5*l.*, 10*l.*, 20*l.*, 30*l.*, for a cart, to bear forth into the fields some choice things, which were ready to be consumed; and some of the carmen had the conscience to accept of the highest which the citizens did then offer in their extremity."

P. 133, l. 5,—*roses do cov'nant with thistles.*] An allusion to "the solemn league and covenant," and the aid obtained from the Scotch in the civil wars.

P. 133, l. 15,—*state tricks, such as were done in forty-six.*] The year in which Charles was sold by the Scots.

P. 133, l. 27,—*brewer.*] Cromwell is meant.

P. 138,—*postscript.*] The presence of the king in the city this year, led to the expansion of Jordan's pageantry. There are two editions of his descriptive pamphlet; the first edition is in the Bodleian Library, from which it has been here reprinted; the second edition is in the Guildhall Library, which contains the additions made for the king, and which, as the descriptive pamphlets were published some time before Lord Mayor's Day, were no doubt effected in a hurry; and it is rather curious to note what Jordan did, by way of entertaining his Majesty. The variations between the editions are these:—

In the title-page, after "skimmers," follows "the King, Queen, and Duke of York, and most of the nobility being present." On p. 118, l. 1, of our reprint, "*when his lordship is entertained with the first pageant,*" it continues, "*being a forest,*" &c., as in the postscript, ending at "*two panthers.*" The first pageant in our reprint is reckoned as the second, the description ending, not as it does on p. 119, but thus:— "*Orpheus, standing up, and directing himself first to his Majesty, speaks the following speech :*

"THE SPEECH TO THE KING.

"Pardon, not praise, great monarch ! we implore,
 For shewing you no better sights, nor more :
 The Greek and Roman wits (we must confess)
 Shew'd greater fancy, but their theams were less ;
 For we more excellence in you behold,
 Than they in all their emperours of old. ,
 We hope your majesty will not suppose
 You're with your Johnsons or your Inigoes ;
 And though you make a court, you're in the city,
 Whose vein is to be humble, though not witty.
 To help us you are opportunely come
 I' th' wedding day of your emporium.
 This day you show, as well as see, for you
 Are both our triumph and spectator too.
 Oh ! what a glorious sight 'tis to behold
 Your city in her loyal arms enfold
 This spouse, whom you to give her have thought fit,
 And to his rule (that's yours) meekly submit !
 To your indulgence we this blessing owe,
 Who to your subjects peace and joy bestow.
 May we your royal favours still improve,
 First to obey, and next rejoyce and love."

This speech is copied, verbatim, from one composed for Charles, when he visited the city, in 1664, by Tatham ; and it is printed in his "London's Triumphs," for Sir John Lawrence, who was mayor, (see part 1, p. 72.) It is followed by the speech to his lordship beginning, "In the first age," &c.

The second pageant on p. 120, is described as the third, and on p. 121, at the conclusion of the paragraph ending "God long preserve," is inserted the last paragraph of the postscript,—"Near to the presence," &c., and this postscript being thus disposed of in the body of the pamphlet, another description of the royal visit is given in these words:—

POSTSCRIPT.

The city being now by his majestie's special grace and favor recovered out of its late deplorable ruins, to a condition of greater beauty and splendour than before, presumed to offer their majesties an invitation to honour their feasts at the Guildhall, which their majesties received very graciously ; and accordingly their majesties were pleased to honour the city with their royal presence, first, at the shew in Cheapside, and afterward in the Guildhall at dinner; and his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and his Highness Prince Rupert; and attended by the principal lords and ladies of the court.

Their majesties, with the Duke of York, the Lady Mary, and the lady Anne, daughters to his Royal Highness Prince Rupert, and many of the great ladies, dined at a table raised upon the hustings at the east end of the hall, the foreign ambassadors, the lords of the council, and others of the peerage and nobility, at the two next tables raised on each side of the Hall.

The rest of the hall ordered as is usual on this solemnity; the aldermen dining at a table raised at the west end of the hall, and the citizens of the liveries at several tables, which filled the whole body of the hall; the Lords Chief Justices, Lord Chief Baron, Mr. Attorney, and Mr. Solicitor General, the rest of the Justices of both benches, the Barons of the Exchequer, and all the Serjeants-at-Law, habited in their scarlet gowns, in the Old Council Chamber; the aldermen's ladies, and other ladies and gentlewomen that were invited, at several

tables raised in the Mayor's Court, and the rest that could not have place there, at several other tables, upon a descent on each side in the same room. The rest of the rooms, (except those reserved for withdrawing), were filled with tables for knights, gentlemen, and other guests, and for the attendants of the nobility, &c.

His lordship beginning the several healths of his majesty, the queen, and his royal highness, the hall was filled with showts and acclamations at the naming of every health.

The whole service was managed with as good order and decency as the circumstances could possibly admit, nothing being omitted by the city that might express their duty to their majesties, and the humble sense they had particularly of his gracious condescension.

His majesty was likewise pleased to confer the honor of knighthood upon these well-deserving gentlemen, Jonathan Dawes, and Robert Clayton, Esquires, the present sheriffs; and in the evening returned to Whitehall, extremely pleased at the great respect with which the city received the honour of his presence, which was accompanied with the universal joy and acclamations of the people, who had on this occasion thronged the streets where their Majesties passed, in most incredible numbers.

P. 138, l. 14,—*Jacob Hall.*] For an account of this very celebrated rope-dancer, see "Grainger's Biographical History." He is frequently mentioned by contemporary writers, and in "The Humours of Bartholomew Fair," a catch, or round for three voices, set by Purcell, in the second part of Playford's "Pleasant Musical Companion," 1687. A supposititious portrait of Hall exists, but of course it cannot be relied on. Strutt tells us that "the open-hearted Duchess of Cleveland is said to have been so partial to this man, that he rivalled the king himself in her affections, and received a salary from her grace."

THE TRIUMPHS OF LONDON.

P. 154, l. 6,—*watchet*.] Blue, pale blue ; Todd's Johnson. " *Watchet eyes*," are mentioned in Dryden's *Juvenal*.

P. 155, l. 3,—*surfled*.] Properly *purfled*, from *pourfiler*, Fr., to ornament with trimmings, flounces, or embroidery. The sense in which the word is here used, to indicate pleated ribbon ; is precisely the same as in Spenser's " *Faerie Queene*."

" Purfled upon with many a folded plight."

P. 160, l. 18,—*The Pageant Described*.] This line, so awkwardly introduced in the midst of a sentence, could not be omitted, or placed elsewhere ; and this remark is merely made, to point out its position as being the same in the original copy.

P. 160, l. 24,—*pensils*.] Small pointed flags. See Part I, p. 12.

P. 168, l. 10,—*the porters bear the burden*.] This appears to be a pun upon the porters, who bore the pageant and the children who personated the various characters, on these occasions ; and this is not the only instance of a similar inflection.

P. 170, l. 16,—*velvet rocket*.] A close upper garment.

P. 172, l. 5,—*Dunkirk*.] The disgraceful sale of Dunkirk by Charles II, was universally unpopular, and with no class of men more so than the London merchants, in whose eyes it was as precious as Calais had before been to Queen Mary ; and they offered, through the mayor, any sum of money to the king, so that this conquest, won by Cromwell, might not be alienated. Spain, Holland, and France bid for it, and Charles sold it to Louis XIV, for five millions of livres, payable in three years, by bills of different dates, and which

money was squandered among the disreputables of his court. Clarendon, who sanctioned and aided the sale, came in for a full share of odium, and his gorgeous town-house was christened "Dunkirk House" by the people, who believed it to have been erected with some portion of the money.

P. 173, l. 6,—*the Canarys*.] An old lively dance, the notes of which may be found in Thoinett Arbeau, and Mersenne; it is mentioned by Shakspeare, in his "Love's Labour Lost," Act III. sc. 1: "Jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet." See notes to the variorum edition.

P. 174, l. 6,—*new distresses faining*.] The severity with which Jordan has satyriized the citizens in this little interlude, composed for, and sung at, the principal feast of the year, may be considered as a specimen of independent feeling, a little out of character in a writer, who was not scrupulous in making money by flattering dedications and new title-pages to old books. He, however, seems to have considered himself at liberty to tell the citizens of their faults to their faces, and speak out on political matters with perfect freedom, upon all public occasions, whenever his services were required. The reader will notice this, in his Entertainments for the Mayor and Sheriffs, reprinted as an appendix to this volume; and he will also observe another of his peculiarities, the introduction of a "Zummerzet-zheere man," as the type of countrymen in general.

APPENDIX.

REPRESENTATIONS IN PARTS, TO BE HABITED,
SUNG, AND ACTED, AS THEY HAVE BEEN OFTEN-
TIMES WITH GREAT APPLAUSE PERFORMED
BEFORE THE LORD MAYOR AND THE SHERIFFS
OF LONDON. BY THOMAS JORDAN.*

AN ECLOGUE,

OR REPRESENTATION IN FOUR PARTS, COMPOSED FOR
THE LORD MAYOR, SIR THOMAS ALLEN, AND SUNG
BY THE CITY MUSICK, DECEMBER 18th, 1659.

The Presenters,

LOVE, PLENTY, TRUTH, *and* COURAGE.

Love. My honour'd lord and lady,
May that great hand that made ye,
Supply this cheer
From year to year,
And may no strength degrade ye.

* Reprinted from "A Nursery of Novelties in variety of Poetry. Planted for the delightful Leisures of Nobility and Ingenuity." *No date.*

Truth. I am a bold intruder,
Which makes me seem the ruder ;
 But the city is
 Much us'd to this,
Since civil war subdu'd her.

Plenty. We are no lance-presadoes,
No basket-hilt bravadoes ;
 When you know our names,
 You'l love our fames ;
We deal not in granadoes.

Love. We come not to invade ye,
Or subt'ly to perswade ye.

Truth. I am Truth (in a word).

Plenty. I am Plenty, my lord.

Love. And I am Love, my lady.

Chorus.

1. Let buff-coat and feather,

2. Go drumming together,

All. We fear not the force of invasion.

3. The voice and the lute,

1. Makes a better dispute,

All. Love hath the best art of perswasion.

Plenty. But stay, methinks our melody is dull,
We want a voice to fill the Chorus full.

Love. Truth, where is Peace?

Truth. Her absence is no wonder,
For Peace and Truth have been long time
asunder :
Where is she gone? we'l hawl her in with
cables.

Love. Peace seldom goes where churches are made
stables.

Truth. Peace never comes amongst those sad disasters,
Into that land where servants beat their
masters.

Plenty. Peace seldom into such confusion comes,
Where city charters are made heads for drums.

Love. Peace loves good men, that profess what
they'l die for ;

Not such as make covenants stand for a cipher.

Truth. Peace ne're comes where brother doth fight
against brother,

Nor where protestations drive out one another.

Plenty. Peace knows that the sword-men will ne're
be true friends,
For collonels like coblers are awl for their ends ;
She never appears, (though she very much
pitty),

Where a bunch of bandoleers are the keyes
of a city.

Love. When wisdom's wanting,

Truth. And zeal is canting ;

Plenty. Then rage is ranting,

All. And Peace lyes panting.

Chorus Together.

Then blame not the words of our tongue, or our pen,
We shall ne're hold our peace, till we get her agen ;
For Love, Truth, and Plenty, must quickly decay,
As experience will teach us when Peace is away.

Love. But now Peace is gone,

And hath left us alone,
What other foundation can we build upon.

Truth. Let Courage come rule.

Plenty. I fear he's too cool.

Love. If he leave Love, and Plenty, and Truth,
hee's a fool.

Truth. Can fury out-brave him?
'Tis Truth that must save him;
Go call him.

Plenty. I cannot, the prentices have him.

Love. Go tell him our need,
Our liberties bleed,
And say that my lord doth command him
with speed.

Plenty. At that word he comes.

Enter Courage.

Courage. Boys beat up your drums,
Are sword-men abroad, and we picking of
crums?
Have we the bold valour, the wealth, and
the wit,
And shall we be shallowly cheated of it?
Truth, Plenty, and Love, you all are well met,
In honester causes ye ne're ventur'd yet;
We serve a brave master, who for publick good,
Will hazard his fortune, his fame, and his blood;
Let Love, Truth, and Courage, and Plenty
endeavour
To wait on his person, and serve him for ever.

Then let every voice, like a well skill'd musician,
Discover the progress of pride and ambition.

Courage.

The basest condition
Is pride and ambition,
It rifles and stifles,
True love and allegiance.
'Tis never contented
'Till time hath consented,
To take off, and shake off,
The bonds of obedience.

Truth.

It was a shrew'd weed in
The garden of Eden,
It drew out, and threw out,
Poor Eve and her Adam.
'Twas one of the strange ills
That cast down the angels,
So steep, and so deep,
That no measure can fathom.

Plenty.

It is but a sad sort of sinning,
And ends with a terrible taste ;
It shows like a saint in beginning,
But looks like a devil at last.

Love.

Ambition strikes every thing dumb,
That dams up the way of her hope,
It often doth aim at a kingdom,
And frequently ends in a rope.

Chorus.

All. Then since bold ambition doth work such
 disasters,
 Why should we be monsters in hope to be
 masters ;
 That city shall hold out in spite of all weather,
 When Conscience and Courage are coupled
 together.

THE CHEATERS CHEATED.

A Representation in four Parts, to be sung [by] *Nim*,
Filcher, *Wat*, and *Moll* ; made for the Sheriffs of
 London.

*Enter NIM, a Cheat, at one door ; and FILCHER, his
 fellow, at the other.*

Nim. Good morrow, fellow Filcher,
 What, do we sink, or swim ?
 Thou look'st so like a pilcher !

Filcher. Good morrow, fellow Nim,
 The devil's in our destiny,
 I cannot get a pluck.

Nim. No, surely if the devil were in't,
 We should have better luck.

Filcher. What star is my director,
 I am in such a state ?

Nim. Nay, prethee brother Hector
 Do not fall out with fate ;
 For we are Fortune's minions,
 And fight under her banner,
 'Tis she is queen of all the world.

Filcher. A mischief light upon her!

No money is reveal'd yet,
 I wonder where it lingers ?

Nim. The souldier hath conceal'd it,
 'Tis fast in iron fingers ;
 From whence if we could get it,
 By fury, or by fraud ;
 We had as good attempt to pick
 The pocket of a baud.

Filcher. Your roaring cavalier,
 Who, when he had the chink,
 Would bravely domineer,
 In diceing, drabs and drink ;
 Go ask him now for money,
 And he hath none at all ;
 But cries, 'tis in my compting-house
 In Haberdasher's Hall.*

Nim. Our sly trappanning trade,
 Maintain'd with so much fury,

* One of the places appointed for the reception of fines imposed on the king's partizans, during the Protectorate.

Is openly bewray'd,
 Both by the judge and jury ;
 For lawyers have so many quirks,
 And are such curious skanners,
 That they grow cunninger than we,
 And do trappan trappanners.

Filcher. Our dyceing trade is down too,
 For when we do begin
 By drilling wayes, to draw
 A younger brother in,
 The souldier falls upon us,
 And proves the best projector.

Nim. Faith, every red-coat now can make
 A puppy of a Hector.

Enter WAT, a West Countrey-man.

Filcher. Stay, prethee, who comes here ?

Nim. A gaping countrey clowne.

Filcher. Look ! how the slave doth stare ;

Nim. He's newly come to town.

Filcher. He gazeth in the air, as if
 The sky were full of rockets ;
 Let's fleece him.

Nim. But how shall we get
 His hands out of his pockets ?

Filcher. Let me alone for that,
 I lately bought a glass

Wherein all several colors may
 Be seen, that ever was ;
 If held up thus, with both hands.

Nim. A pretty new design,
 This trick will fetch his fingers out ;

Filcher. And hey, then in go mine.

[*Tune changeth.*

Wat. Our Taunton-den is a dungeon,
 And yvaith ch'am glad ch'am here,
 This vamous zitty of Lungeon,
 Is worth all Zomerset-zhere ;
 In wagons, in carts, and in coaches,
 Che never did yet zee more horse,
 The wenches do zhine like roches,
 And as proud as my fathers vore horse.

Che never zince che was able
 To keep my vathers voulds,
 Did ever zee such a stable
 As thick a thing called Powls ;*
 A mezle in a red jacket,
 Had like to have knack me down,
 Because che'd undertake it
 Held all the beast in the town.

* St. Paul's cathedral was used as a stable during one period of the civil wars; nor was this a solitary instance of such desecration.

Ch'am come to zee my Lord Mayor,
 And thick as do hang the theives,
 Ch'ave forget what vine neames they are,
 (A meazle on them) the Zhreeves ;
 They zay they wear chains and scarlets,
 And vollow'd by many guardiants ;
 Ch'ave lost the neams of the varlets,
 A mischief on them, the Serjeants.

And now ch'll walk my stations
 To every place in town,
 Che mean to buy new vashons,
 Iche have above fifty pound ;
 Che took't away from vather,
 When he was gon a vield ;
 Ch'am come away the rather,
 'Cause ch'ave got a wench with childe.

[*Tune changes, Filcher and Nim looking in the glass.*

Filcher. The rainbow never knew,
 Such colours as are here !

Nim. Here's purple, green, and blew,

Wat. Zooks! what have they got there ?

Good morrow, master what d'ye cal't ;

Filcher. Good morrow, good man clot.

Wat. Nay, vaith, vine gallant, there y'are out,
 My neame is honest Wat.

Filcher. I'le show thee such a sight that
 Thou ne're saw'st, honest Wat,

Neither by day nor night yet ;

Wat. Y'vaith ch'ud laugh at that.

Filcher. Here take this glass into thy hand,
And hold it to thy eyes,
Thou there wilt see more colours than
A dyar can devise.

Wat. I cannot zee a colour yet.

Nim. Thou dost not hold it high.

Wat. Che hav't, che hav't, ch'ave got it now,

Nim. I faith and so have I.

[*Picks his pocket.*

Wat. Here's black, and blew, and gray, and green.
And orange-tauny, white ;
And now ich have lost all agen.

Filcher. In troth y'are in the right.

[*Filcher picks t'other pocket.*

Now prethee tell me, honest Wat,
How do'st thou like my glass ?

Wat. It is the vittest veat, yvaith,
That e're was brought to pass,
And if that thou wilt spare it,
Ch'll give thee money down.

Filcher. I will have nothing for it ;

Wat. Ch'll give thee half a crown.

[*Feels in's pocket.*

Y' vaith cham very willing—

Nim. You shall not do it now.

Wat. To give thee vour shilling.

Filcher. Tis more than you can do. [*Aside.*]

Nim. Farewell, good Wat, thou shalt not pay.

Wat. Good morrow gentlemen ;
Ch'ill get me gone, vor vear that they
Should get my glass agen.

[*Exit Wat, Tune changes.*]

Filcher. Quick, let us share,
For fear of apprehension,

Nim. Gusman* could ne're
Compare with this invention ;

Filcher. That rustick clown
Hath brought a happy harvest.

Nim. Lay your money down.

Filcher. My purse is at your service,
Crown for crown.

Nim. Open the purse,
Our ship of fortune sails in't. [*Opens it.*]

Filcher. Oh ! heavy curse !
It hath nothing but nails in't !

Nim. Ne're men till now,
Were gull'd by such a costard !

Filcher. If we meet, I vow,
Wee'l bang the bacon bastard
Black and blew.

* Gusman d'Alfarache, the Spanish rogue, whose tricks in "the pursuit of his vocation" made an exceedingly popular book.

Unlock that font,
Let's enter by degrees in't.

[*Opens the other.*]

Nim. A curse upon't,
There's nought but bread and cheese in't.

Fil. Come, let's depart,
And drink a Saxon rumkin ;

Nim. I am vext at heart,
But if I spare the bumkin,
Hang me for't. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter MOLL MEDLAR sola, with a basket.

Tune changeth.

Souldiers fight, and hectors rant on,
Whilst poor wenches go to rack ;
Who would be a wicked wanton,
Onely for suppers, songs, and sack ?
To endure the alteration
Of these times, that are so dead ;
Thus to lead a long vacation,
Without money, beer, or bread ?

Farewell, Bloomsberry and Sodom,
Lukeners-lane and Turnbull-street,
Woe was me when first I trod 'em
With my wilde unwary feet ;
I was bred a gentlewoman,
But our family did fall,
When the gentry's coin grew common,
And the souldiers shar'd it all.

I was sure unto a hector,
 Who hath basely broke his vow,
 Would I had a good projector,
 That would well support me now.

Enter WAT.

Who comes here? what simple thumkin,
 Oh! I guess him by his coat,
 This is sure some countrey bumkin,
 Now 'tis time to change my note.
 [*Tune changeth, she singeth and danceth.*]

I can dance and I can sing,
 I am good at either,
 And I can do the t'other thing,
 When we get together.

I have lately lost my dear,
 'Twas a holy brother;
 If he do not meet me here,
 I' faith I'le get another.

I can nimbly come above,
 I can tumble under,
 And if I do but like my love.

Wat. What vary's that is yonder?

'Tis a dainty dancing girle,
 Zhee would make me gladder,
 Her vace doth zhyne like mother of pearl,
 Ch'ould chuse no more and ch'ad her.

Moll. A Dutch-man loves his pipe and can,
 A Jew doth like a Turk well,
 But I could hug a countrey-man.
 For he will do his work well.

Citizens are full of slight,
 They will cog and flatter ;
 But a countrey-man will do me right.

Wat. Che long now to be at her ;

Good morrow mistris trip-and-goe,
Moll. My countrey-man I take it,
 I love you, sir,

Wat. Ch'ill love thee too,
 And vayth ch'ill veze thy jacket.

Moll. What's thy name, come tell me that,
 Thou shalt be my jewel.

Wat. Why zome, vorzooth, do call me Wat,
 But my neame is Water-gruel.

Prethee zay, and ben't avray'd,
 Art not thou a pedlar ?

Moll. I live close by in Tickle yard,
 My name is Mary Medlar.

Wat. Then sweet Mol, come, buss thy Wat,
 Let us twain be merry ;

Moll. I could nimbly dance, but that
 My basket makes me weary.

Wat. Give it me, ch'ill dance a spring,

Che have no veaver Lurden ?

[*He takes her basket.*]

Moll. If thou wilt dance, then I will sing,
And thou shalt bear the burden.

Wat. A match, a match, it's well a vine,
We both zhall make some ztuff on't,
[*Both dance to their own singing.*]

Moll. Unless thy feet keep pace with mine,
Thou'lt quickly have ynough on't.

Wat. Well done, Moll !

Moll. 'Tis well done, Wat.

Wat. Ch'ill do it to a tittle,

Moll. But I have too much strain'd my throat,
I prethee sing a little.

[*She doth dance off.*]

Wat. Fa la la la liera lo,
This is pretty prancing,
We will go to Tickle yard,
When we have done dancing.

Now che think ch'ave vetcht it up,
Zing a little Mary,
We will gulge a merry zup,
Zhuggar and canary.

Thou dost dance and make no noise,
Zhall I turn and kiss thee ?

[*Turns about and misses her.*]

Prethee, let me hear thy voice.

Hoop! where the devil is she?

[*Turns about and misses her.*

Zhe hath left me all alone,
 Here to mum and mask it,
 But, y'vaith, if zhe be gon,
 Ich chill keep her basket.

Here's good vortune come to me
 In a merry minute,
 Now ch'll puttne down, and zee
 What zhee have gotten in it.

[*Tune changeth, he sets down the basket, and looks in it.*

Oh! wo, wo, what zhall chee do,
 Che con no know which way to go,
 With thick whore here, and her vyne zong,
 Che have a bore her burden too long;
 Che may curse the occasion that e're che came here,
 Would che were agen in Zomerzet-zhere.

[*Pulls a childe out of the basket.*

O Lungeon, Ich cham undone,
 Ch'ave a brungeon, a daughter or a zon,
 Thick a jewel hath me beguil'd,
Water Gruel must now veed the childe,
 Ich chud never be zorry, but vind it a place,
 If che had now but good store of larzhant;
 It looks tory rory, and zmells zo of mace,
 That a zure it was got by zome Zarzhant.

[*Hushes it, carries it to the men, then to the women.*

Goodman Zhreeve, ze, look on the vace,
 Vor a believe me, it may be your own case ;
 Honest vree men, Ich cham basely begeld,
 Good a woman hold but the cheld,
 Ch'ill but step here hard by, 'tis but home to Taunden,
 And ch'ill bring ye zom gold in a casket ;
 Thick all are hard hearted, both women and men,
 Che must march with my youth in a basket.
 [*Puts it in agen to the basket, and Exit. Tune changes.*]

Enter FILCHER and NIM.

Fil. We shall ne're have lucky minnit,
 None of our designs will hit ;

Nim. Some ill planet sure is in it,
 Fortune makes a fool of wit ;
 All our feats
 Are simple cheats,
 And destiny will have it so.

Fil. There's nothing hits,
 But with those wits
 That cheat *cum privilegio*.

Nim. The holy drum,
 And godly gun,
 Are now the only ensigns, that
 Make pimp and whore,
 And Hector poor,
 And wise men do they know not what.

Fil. All our joyful dayes do leave us,

Nim. Never were such times as these,

Fil. Every bumkin can deceive us—

Nim. With hob-nails—

Fil. And with bread and cheese.

Nim. Though we mist it,

He confest it,

That he brought up fifty pound ;

Nim. Where he did it,

How he hid it,

Is the plot that may be found.

Filch. If we meet him,

We will fit him.

Nim. Hark ! I hear one coming in ;

Very pleasant,

'Tis the peasant.

[*They retreat to several corners.*

Filch. Now let's to our guards agen.

[*Tune changeth.*

*Enter WAT with a little trunk, on a stick, hanging
at his back.*

Now farawel, Lungeon, Iche may zing,

Ch'll no more here until the next spring,

Ch'ave put in security vor the thing,

Which nobody can deny.

Che did a veat in Zomerzet-zhire,

Which vorst me at virst to zee vashons here,

Ich cham out of the vrying pan into the vere,

Che either must burn or vrye.

In plush and in zatten, a' vynely wrought,

Ich chave laid out forty pound every groat.

Fil. I want a silk wastcoat.

Nim. I lack a plush coat.

Wat. Ch'ave puttne all in a trunk.

Here's zilk and gold, and zilver strings,

Here's gloves, silk hosen, points, and rings.

Fil. (*Comes alone to Wat*). Stand!

Wat. What are you?

Fil. Lay down your things.

Wat. Why zure the meazle is drunk;

What would ye do to a poor countrey-man.

Nim. First lay down your trunk, you shall know
more anon.

Wat. And a very vine way to have my trunk gone.

Filch. Do so, or i'le knock thee down.

Wat. Nay vaith good man gentle, since ch'ave zeen it,
Chi'll lay it down there, and if che can win it,
Thou shalt have my trunk and all that is in it;
'Twill cost above vorty pound.

Fil. I'll have as much blood as thy heart can afford.
[*Filch draws and fights.*

Wat. Thou cowardly knave, wilt thou vight with a
zword?

But since 'tis but one, ich che care not a twoord.

Nim. And what do you think of another;

[*draws.*

This rapier I thorow thy body will run.

Wat. Ud zooks there's no vighting with two agen one,
Ich che rather will trust to my legs, and be gon.

[*Exit Wat.*

Fil. Why now gramercy brother.

Nim. The rascal already is run out of sight.

Fil. His hands are vile heavy.

Nim. His legs are as light ;
The plush for a jacket, I claim as my right.

Fil. Which really I deny ;
For was it not I that prov'd the projector?

Nim. But if this good sword had not been your
protector,
The clown would have made you a pitifull
hector,
And beaten you.

Fil. Sirra, ye lye ;
My force hath been try'd against castles and
towers ;
The prize as it lies is equally ours,
Let victory make it mine, or yours.

Nim. I grant it with all my heart.

[*They fight.*

Enter MOLL.

Moll. What madmen are these ! pray what do you
mean,
I never did see such a sorrowful scene ;
Nay, sweet Mr. Filcher.

Fil. Stand further, ye quean,
I'll make the proud rascal smart.

Moll. You alwayes were friends, what makes ye
fall out ?

Pray tell me true, what is the quarrell about?

Nim. This duel will suddenly end all the doubt ;

- Moll.* I'll suffer between your swords,
 [*They make passes, MOLL is between.*
 E're such a kind couple of hectors as yee,
 Shall squabble and quarrel for Paddington-tree.
 Jack Filcher, Tom Nim, be counsel'd by me,
 Deliver your cause in words ;
 You know that the law against duels is high.
- Nim.* That rodomontado there, gave me the lye.
- Moll.* Pray do but consider that Tyburn is nigh ;
- Nim.* That very word cools my wrath.
 For my own part I only would live by my trade.
- Fil.* The bargain betwixt us must end by the blade.
- Moll.* Pray let me but know the conditions ye made,
 I'll judge it between ye both.
- Fil.* I'll tell you then how the quarrell did rise :
 This fellow and I have took a rich prize ;
- Nim.* And now he denies me my share in't.
- Fil.* He lies !
 We agreed that the sword should decide it.
 This trunk is well furnished as e're it can hold,
 With silk and with velvet, with silver and gold.
- Moll.* Turn't all into money, and when it is sold,
 You equally may divide it.
 But first, what assurance have you when you
 win it,
 'Tis worth all this danger?
- Nim.* We have not yet seen it.
- Moll.* Why then let us open't and see what is in it,
 That ev'ry thing may be shown.
- Nim.* A match ! let her break the trunk open and see,

Moll. It may be by this means you'l sooner agree.

Fil. Faith open't or shut it, 'tis all one to me,
I vow I'le have all, or none.

[*Moll opens the trunk.*]

Moll. Then look on your bargain, you both are
beguil'd,
Pray tell me if this be the velvet three pil'd,
Is this figur'd satten ?

[*Moll takes out the childe.*]

Nim. I vow 'tis a childe.

You swore you'd have all or none ;

Fil. I'le stand to my bargain, for I will have none.

Nim. What ! can you so suddenly alter your tone ?

Moll. Come kiss it and love it, for faith 'tis your own ;
Remember when we were alone.

For this pretty babe I have shed many showers,
And suffer'd a thousand disconsolate hours,
As sure as 'tis mine, I'm certain 'tis yours,
I never knew man but you.

Fil. These projects to me are riddles and charms ;
How came the child hither ?

Moll. For fear of worse harms,
I left it even now in a countryman's arms,
A fellow that I never knew ;
'Twas left to be lost, though the plot would
not hit,
I never could see you to tell you of it,
A country-man brought it.

Fil. A curse on his wit !
I would I were rid of my life.

Moll. Before I knew Filcher I was a pure maid,
Pray do but remember the contract we made;
You said you would wed me, and live by
your trade.

Fil. I'le presently make thee my wife.

Moll. For all the world's wealth I will ne're be a whore;

Fil. I'le purchase new credit upon an old score.

Nim. I'le deal in these damnable courses no more.

All. We every one will mend.

Fil. I never will quarrell, or swagger, and roar.

Nim. Then make the poor simpletons pay all the score.

Moll. I never will do as I have done before ;

All. We every one will mend.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter WAT solus.

[*Tune changes.*

Ch'ave overcome my voes,
And Watty now is free ;
It is no zin to couzen those,
That would have cheated me.

Had che but met with one,
She had not been or'e-master'd ;
Ich che wonder what they thought upon,
When they did vind the bastard.

Did ever vellew vinde
Zuch zimple zots as these,
To leave my fifty pounds behinde,
And steal my bread and cheese.

Theise zitty theeves are fool'd,
 That meant to do me hurt,
 The meazles could not find my gold,
 Che knittne in my zhurt.

Ich cannot chuse but zmile,
 That men who can talk Latin,
 Zhould be zuch fools, to take a child,
 Vor velvet, zilk, and zatten.

But pride will have a vall,
 The proverb zaith as much ;
 Now how do you my measters all,
 Ich cham com to laugh a touch.

God bless my Lady Zhreeve,
 And all that noble pack ;
 Ch'am almost dead with grief,
 Che want a cup a zack.

God zave my measter too,
 And zend him to live long ;
 Vayth now ch'a nothing else to do,
 Ch'll zing a merry zong.

A Song on the Twelve Companies.

The other day among many papers,
 Che vound a vine zong of the Merchants and Drapers,
 The Grocers, the Goldsmiths, the Taylors, and Skinners,
 And many zuch vinical zinner.

1. *Mercers.*

The Mercer virst a vine dapper blade is,
He zells yee zoft zattin, and very well paid is ;
He makes his commodity cover the ladies,
Zo zoft and zweet his trade is.

2. *Grocers.*

The Grocer layes his zhuggeded baits,
He loves to have his zhip zail in the straits ;
He deals for sweet almonds, prunellos, and dates,
With ladies as light as his weights.

3. *Drapers.*

The Draper next in my fancy doth hover,
It is the best trade betwixt Barwick and Dover,
But when his zhort yard the women discover,
They will have a handful over.

4. *Fishmongers.*

And now have at the Fishmongers jacket,
It proves a good trade as the taverns do make it ;
But of all the vish in the zea, ch'ill undertake it,
He'd rather have a virgin naked.

5. *Goldsmiths.*

The Goldsmith's stall will make me to stop,
For Goldsmiths Hall hath been a great prop ;
Of all the rich mysteries this is the top,
The Tower was a Goldsmiths shop.

6. Merchant-Taylors.

The Merchant-Taylors may not be outed,
His calling hath been er'e zince Adam was routed ;
A zuit makes a gallant's wealth not to be doubted,
That is but a beggar without it.

7. Skinners.

The Skinners hate Ich che must not incur,
He covers the corps of your worshipful zur,
And cleaves to your Aldermans back like a bur,
Whose lining is voxes vur.

8. Haberdashers.

Your Haberdashers art che may call,
The onely fine trade that doth cover us all ;
But woe to the Cavalier that did vall,
Into Haberdashers Hall.

9. Salters.

The Zalters trade we zhall not omit,
The scholars zay zalt is an emblem of wit ;
But vaith I believe they love a vresh bit,
When mutton and capers meet.

10. Iron-mongers.

The fame of Iron-mongers do ring,
The strength of the mettle can conquer a king ;
The helmet, musket, and gauntlet can bring,
A sceptrę out of a sling.

11. *Vintners.*

The Vintners art but vew men do know,
Vor it is a zience too zuttle to zhow ;
The devil and he a conjuring go,
When both are a brewing below.

12. *Clothworkers.*

The Cloth-workers trade is a very vine thing,
And of all the trades may be counted the king ;
But yet he will merrily tipple and zing,
'Till his wits go a wool-gathering.

And now Ich che hope no tradesman will take,
Exzeptions at me vor my merriment zake ;
Their trades are all good, but the Vintner's the bonniest,
God bless them all, and make them all honest.

Ich che now will go home to Zummerzet-zheere,
And tell all the countrey what vine things are here ;
Ch'll jog to my jug, and zee what God hath zent her,
And ch'll come here agen next winter.

NOTES AND ADDITIONS
TO
PART THE FIRST.

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Lydgate, p. 6.

THIS author was employed by the citizens in 1432, to welcome Henry the Sixth from France, and also in 1445, when Margaret, his wife, went through the city as usual, to her coronation;—"The speeches in the pageants at the cominge of Quene Margaret, wyfe to Henry the Syxt, the 28th of Maye, anno 1445," are to be found in the hand-writing of the indefatigable John Stow among the Harleian MS. (No. 542). Stow's transcript is, however, incomplete; the first and last leaf only being preserved, and the intervening ones lost.

His muse was sometimes more immediately employed in doing honour to the civic dignitaries; Ritson in his "Bibliographia Poetica," p. 79, notes among the rest of his productions, "A disguising or mumming before the mayor of London, by the Mercers," and "Another by the Goldsmiths." These I should have reprinted in this volume, but all my attempts to obtain them have been unavailing, both Ritson and Tanner giving wrong references to the volume, or library, in which

they are to be found. Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas, in his illustrations to his "Chronicle of London," has printed the following ballad, addressed to the sheriffs of London by this author, the original of which is to be found in Ashmole's MS. No. 6943, vol. 59. 2. It is a very characteristic composition of its voluminous author.

"A BALADE MADE BY LYDEGATE, SENT BY A POURSYANT TO THE SHIRREVES OF LONDON, ACCOMPANYED WITH THEIRE BRETHERNE UPON MAYES DAYE, AT BUSSHOPES WOD, AT AN HONURABLE DYNER, ECHE OF THEM BRINGINGE HIS DYSSHE.

Mighty Flourra, goddes of freshe floures,
 Whiche clothed hast the soyle in lousty grene ;
 Made buddes springe with his swete showres,
 By influence of the sonnes so sheene,
 To do plesaunce of entent ful clene,
 Unto the states whiche that now sitte here ;
 Hath veere doune sent hir owen doughter dere,
 Making the vertue that dured in the roote,
 Called of clerkes, the vertue vegytable,
 For to trascend moste holsome and moste sweete,
 Into the crope this saysoun so greable.
 The bawmy lykour is so comendable,
 That it rejoythe with the fresshe moysture,
 Man, beeste, and foole, and every creature,
 Whiche hath repressed, swaged, and bore doune
 The grevous constreinte of the frostes heere ;
 And caused foolis for joye of this saysonne,
 To cheese their mates, thane by natures loore,
 With al gladnesse theire courage to restore,
 Sitting on bowes fresshly nowe to synge,
 Veere for to save at his home comynge ;
 Ful plainly meninge in theire ermonyne,
 Wynter is goone, whiche did hem gret peyne ;

And with their sweete sugre melodye,
 Thanking Nature, their goddesse sovereyne,
 That they nowe have no mater to compleyne,
 Hem for to proygne every morowneynge,
 With lousty gladnesse at Phebus' uprysinge ;
 And to declare ye hys magnifysence,
 Howe vere inbringethe al felicitye,
 After wynter's mighty prevolence,
 Avoydinge stormys of al adversytee.
 For shee hathe brought al prosperitee
 To alle the states of this regyoun,
 At his comynge to fore youre hye renoun,
 To the mighty prynces, the palme of their victorie ;
 And til knighthode nowe, she doth presente
 Noblesse in armes, laude, honnour, and glorie ;
 Pees to the people, in al her best entente,
 With grace and mercy fully to consente,
 That provydence of hys discessioun,
 Avoyde discorde and al derysyoun.
 Wynter shal passe of hevynesse and trouble ;
 Flowres shal springe of perfite charite ;
 In hertes there shal be no meninge double ;
 Buddes shal of trouthe and unytee ;
 Plenty for to exyle duplicytee ;
 Lordes to regne in their noble puissance ;
 The people obeye with feythful obeysaunce ;
 Of alle estates there shal bee oone ymage ;
 And princes first shal occupye the hede ;
 And prudent juges to correcte outrages,
 Shal trespassours consteynen under drede,
 That innosentes in their lowlyhede,
 As truwe comunes may bee their socour,
 Truwly contune in their faithful labour ;
 And by the grace of our Lorde Jhesu,
 That holly chirche may have parseveraunce,

Bee faythful founde in al pertinaunce,
 Mayre, provost, shirreff, eche in his substance,
 And aldremen, whiche have the governaunce
 Over the people, by vertue may abyde,
 That noone oppression bee done to the pourayle.
 Thus as the people of prudent pollycye,
 Prynces of the right shal governe;
 The chirche preye; the juges justefye;
 And knighthode, manly, and prudently discerne,
 Til light of trouthe so clerely the lanterne,
 That ryghtewysnesse throughe this regyoune,
 Represse the darknesse of al extorcyoun.
 Thes be the tythinges wheeche that wee have brought:
 Troubles exylinge of wynters rude derknesse;
 Wherefore rejoy yowe in hert, wille, and thought;
 Somer shal folowe to yowe, of al gladnesse;
 And sithen she is mynistrer of lustynesse,
 Let her be welcome to yowe at hir comyng;
 Sith she to yowe hathe brought so glad tythinge,
 The noble princesse of moste magnifisence,
 Qweene of al joye, of gladde suffisaunce,
 May I be nowe comen to youre hye excellence,
 Presenting yowe prosperous plesaunce,
 Of al welfare moste fousome haboundaunce;
 As shee that hathe under hir demayne,
 Of floures fresshe, moste holsome, and souveraine.

L'ENVOYE TO ALLE THE STATES PRESENT.

This princesse hathe, by favour of nature,
 Repared ageine that wynter hathe defade,
 And foolis loustely reviv
 Their lusty notes, and their ermenye glade;
 And under braunches, under plesant shade,
 Rejoyssing their with many swete odours,
 And Zepherus with many fresshe odours,

Copirted fayre, with motleye whyte and rede,
 All hilles, pleynes, and lusty bankes grene,
 And made hir bawme to fleete in every mede ;
 And fury Tytane shewe oute heer tresses sheene,
 And upon busshes, and hawthornes kene,
 The nightingale with plesant ermonyne,
 Colde wynter stormes nowe she dothe defye.
 On Parnoso, the lusty Muses nyene,
 Citheera with hir sone nowe dwellis,
 This sayson singe, and their notes tuwyne,
 Of poetrye, besyde the cristal wellis,
 Calyope the dytes of hem tellis ;
 And Orpheus with hees stringes sharpe,
 Syngethe a roundell with his temperd herpe,
 Wherfore to alle estates here present,
 This plesant tyme, moste of lustynesse,
 May, is nowe comen to fore yowe of entent,
 To bring yowe alle to joye and fressshnesse,
 Prosperitee, welfare, and al gladnesse ;
 And al that may youre hyenesse qweerne and please,
 In any parte or doone your hertes eese.

P. 8,—Sir John Norman.

The anecdote of this mayor, and the line of the song (which is incorrect in one word), is given on the authority of Fabyan's Chronicle, under the year 1453. In the edition by Sir Henry Ellis, p. 628, it runs thus :—" John Norman foresayd, vpon the morowe of Symonde and Judis daye, the accustomed daye when y^e newe mayer vsyd yerelye to ryde with great pompe vnto Westmynster to take his charge, this mayer, fyrste of all mayers, brake that auncient and old con-
 tynued custome, and was rowed thyther by water, for

y^e which y^e watermen made of hym a roundell or songe to his great prayse, the which began,—

Rowe *the bote*, Norman, rowe to thy lemman, and so forth, wt a longe processe.” The note appended, from Gough, concerning the drawing of his show on the river, in the Pepysian collection; was written more for the sake of ascertaining the correctness of his statement, and provoking inquiry, than for any certainty felt in the matter. It occurs in a rambling note to his notice of Peele’s pageant for Sir Wolstone Dixie, 1585, which runs thus:—“The first lord mayor that went by water was John Norman, 1453. There is a drawing of the show on the river in the Pepysian library. Sir Gilbert Heathcote was the last that rode on horseback in Queen Anne’s time,” &c, &c.

His account of the drawings of mayoralty shows in the Pepysian library is certainly not correct,—see note under 1697.

P. 12, l. 22,—“ deckes on the left hand.”

Dele on the left hand.

P. 14,—Malcolm’s Account of Pageants, 1566-7.

In the “Gentleman’s Magazine” for Oct. 1833, Mr. J. G. Nichols has given some earlier notices of the festivities of a Lord Mayor’s Day. They are copied from a diary in the Cottonian Collection, (Vitellius, F. 5), extending from the year 1550, to 1563. “The shows the writer has noticed are in all seven, being those of 1553-4-5-6-7, and 1561 and 2. The first description being the longest, I will (says Mr. N.) transcribe it at

length, and briefly append the slight variations of the others.

“The commencement of the story, which is lost in the manuscript, I may safely supply from the other years, by stating that on the 29th of October, the new lord mayor, (who, the reader will be interested to know was the very celebrated benefactor, Sir Thomas White), went to take his oath at Westminster, and proceeded by water, attended by all the aldermen in scarlet, and the crafts of London in their best liveries, with trumpets blowing, and the waits playing. A goodly foist trimmed with banners and guns, waited on my Lord Mayor’s barge, and all the crafts’ barges with streamers, and the banners of every craft. So to the Exchequer, and then homewards.” They landed at Baynard’s Castle; and in St. Paul’s Church-yard the procession was set in array. “First went two tall men bearing two great standards of the Merchant-taylor’s arms; then came a drum and a flute playing; and another with a great [fife?] all in blue silk; then two wild men of the wood, all in green, with great beards, great clubs, and burning squibs, and two targets on their backs; then came sixteen trumpeters, blowing; and then seventy men in [blue]* gowns, caps, and hose,

* “The word is gone; in 1554 ‘rossett,’ *russet*; in 1555-6, 1561, and 1562, blue. The number of men varied; in 1554, it was sixty-three; in 1555, sixty-six; in 1556, there were ‘iiij xx (fourscore) bachelers, and they dyd gyff iii jxx blue gownes, cape, dobe, and hosse to y^e iiij xx powre men;’ in 1557, sixty; and the same in 1562.”

and blue silk sleeves, every man having a target and a javelin; then came a devil; next the bachelors, all in a livery, and scarlet hoods; and then the pageant of St. John the Baptist,* gorgeously arrayed, with goodly speeches; then all the king's trumpeters blowing, each having scarlet caps; then the waits of the city playing, with caps and goodly banners; then the crafts; then my lord mayor's officers; and then my lord mayor, and two good henchmen;† and then all the aldermen and the sheriffs. So they went to dinner. After dinner, they repaired to St. Paul's, where all they that before bare targets carried staff-torches; and with all the trumpets and waits, passed round about the quire and the body of the church blowing, and so home to the lord mayor's house."

"In 1554, when the new lord mayor was Mr. Lyons, a grocer, his "goodly pageant" was "a griffin, with ain harness, and St. John the Baptist with a lion; together with two woods (wildmen), and a dulle, (devil), with squibs burning," as before. In the preceding year the place of the dinner was not named; and it might be supposed that it was not Guildhall,‡

* The patron saint of the company (see p. 20), on whose feast the election of fellows from Merchant-tailors' school to St. John's College, Oxford, still takes place.

† Since supplied by the sword-bearer and the common-crier, the latter carrying the mace.

‡ However the dinner was at Guildhall in 1557, and again in 1562, when "there dined many of the court and all the judges, and many noble men and women." In the other years no place is mentioned.

where it took place this year, "for there dined my Lord Chancellor, (Bishop Gardiner), and all the nobles and the Spaniards, and all the judges and learned men." The Spaniards were the courtiers who had accompanied King Philip to England.

"In 1555, the hour of nine is mentioned as that when "my new lord mayor, the sheriffs, and aldermen took barge at the Three Cranes,* with trumpets and shalmes, and the waits playing;" and in 1561, the barges had returned to Paul's Wharf at twelve.

"In 1556, the lord mayor was Mr. Hoffeley, or Offley, merchant-taylor, and Merchant of the Staple of Calais. His henchmen were attired in crimson velvet, embroidered with gold an ell broad.

"In 1561 the pageant was "gorgeously made with children, with divers instruments playing and singing." In the other years the pageant is not particularly described; but there appears never to have been more than one. In 1557 it attended the procession to the lord mayor's house at night."

In the "Gentlemen's Magazine" for November 1841, is printed a list of the officers of the crown, and nobility, present at the lord mayor's feast in 1529, from the city records. On this occasion, we are told, "was made in the maiers court a particion of tymber, and hanged with riche cloth of arres, and dyverse other clothes, and the place where the maiers courte is kepte,

* In the other years the place of embarkation is not mentioned.

bourded, and there a table sett, at whiche table dynd alle the lords and perys of the realme in effecte, whose names folowe. At ij. other syde tables, bitwene the Orphan's Courte, and the Maires Courte, dynd knyghts, baronetts, and other gentylnen." This document, earlier in date than any hitherto published, is interesting; as it shows the antiquity of the custom of entertaining the ministers of the crown, and the great peers and courtiers, as still annually practised.

P. 18,—Note on Peele.]

The conjecture I have thrown out in this note, I now believe is not correct. Not George Peele the dramatist, but Stephen Peele, was most probably the man. Mr. Collier informs me that "he has no doubt that the Mr. Peele of 1567, was a bookseller and poet of that day, who was the father of George Peele, and the person concerned with J. Tailer, at the date mentioned." The edition printed by John Charlewood, in 1577, of Bishop Bale's interlude, entitled "God's Promises," was "printed for Stephen Peele, in Roodelane." The members of the Percy Society already possess two specimens of his poetic powers in the first volume issued by the Society; the Old Ballads edited by Mr. Collier, who introduced the author, and these his "proper new ballads" for the first time to public notice.

P. 18, line 25.

For eight, *read* eighteen.

P. 21, line 21.

After "are ready," *insert* "in Cheapsyde before his comynge, standinge alonge the street."

P. 24, line 4.

For while, *read* *whiche*.

Pageants of 1610, p. 31.

Howes, in his Chronicle, informs us that on the 29th of October, "Christianus, Prince of Anhalt, arryved at Dover, and came to see the king, who entertayned him and all his trayne very royally. He survayed the city of London with great pleasure and admiration, and behelde the pleasant triumphs upon the water, and within the cittie, which at this time were extraordinary, in honor of the lord mayor and citizens; and that day this prince, with all his Germayne trayne, were entertained at the lord mayor's feast, in the Guildhall; where he manifested his former admiration, touching the greatnesse, situation, state, and wealth of the citte, and then he observed and admired the goodly uniforme, order, and rich habite of the cittizens; and sayd there was no state nor cittie in the world that did elect their magistrates with such magnificence, except the cittie of Venice, unto which the cittie of London commeth very neere, &c."

Nichols, who quotes the above passage in his "Progresses of King James I," adds in a note, "Sir William Craven, merchant taylor, was lord mayor. It would appear from what the chronicler says, that "*extraor-*

dinary" pageants took place on this occasion, but I can discover no printed account of them."

A side note in Strype's *Stow*, informs us that "the lord maiors' shews long left off, were now reviv'd again by order from the king."

Pageant for 1611, p. 32.

The full title of Munday's Pageant composed for this year's mayoralty, is "Chruso-thriambos: the triumphes of golde; at the inauguration of Sir James Pemberton, knight, in the dignity of Lord Maior of London: on Tuesday, the 29 of October 1611. Performed in the harty loue, and at the charges of the Right Worshipfull, Worthy, and Ancient Company of Golde-smithes. Devised and written by A. M. Cittizen and Draper of London. Imprinted by William Iaggard, Printer to the Honourable Citty of London. 1611."

After a few preliminary remarks, in which Munday declares the annual civic pageants to have been instituted in imitation of "the ancient Romaines, who were the first creators of consuls and senators for public rule and honourable government, who used yearlie triumphall shewes and devises to grace their severall inaugurations,"—he thus commences his description of the day's pageantry:—"First then, concerning the services performed on the water, when he (the mayor) tooke barge, with all the other companies, towards Westminster; supposition must needs give some gracefull help to invention; and bee as ready in

apprehension as the other in action. Imagine then, that from the rich and golden Indian mines, sundry ships, frigots, and gallies, are returned home ; in one of which, Chiorison the golden king, with Tumanama his peerlesse queene, are (at their owne entreatie) brought into England, with no meane quantity of Indian golde, to behold the countries beauty, and the immediate day of sollemne tryumph. Divers sea-fights and skirmishes are actively performed, both in the passage on to Westminster, and backe againe ; each gallant having his Indian page attending on him, laden with ingots of golde and silver, and those instruments that delved them out of the earth. In which manner they march along by land likewise, the Indian king and his queene beeing mounted on two golden leoparden, that draw a goodly triumphal chariot.

“No sooner landeth the Lord Mayor at Baynards Castle, but there he is saluted by Leofstane* a goldsmith, the first provost that bare authoritie in London, who likewise is guarded by ten halberdiers, to expresse the martiall government then in use.” He addresses the mayor in a prose speech, in which he tells him that he has left his “grave at Bermondsey” to congratulate him as governor of the city in a more peaceful age than he lived in; “those dayes of disturbance and rough combustion, (after foure severall conquests of the whole land, and unsettled assurance

* Better known as Fitz-Alwin. In another part of the pageant, Munday call him “Henrie Fitz-Alwine, Fitz-Leofstane.”

in the very last) required a stearner straine of awfull rule, than now these sweeter singing times are able to endure;" and he then enters into a brief recapitulation of the then civic government.

" His speech being ended, hee conducteth the Lord Maior and his worthy train on, till he comes to an ancient toombe or monument, standing in apt place appointed for it: and by it is ordered the triumphall chariot, to performe the services therto appointed. In the chariot we suppose the shapes of King Richard the first, sirnamed Cordelion, and King John his brother, that succeeded him in the kingdome, and each hath his severall attending vertue. Richard was the first that gave London the dignity of a Lord Mayor, reducing it from the rule of Portgreves, Provosts, and Bayliffes, to that more high and honorable title: yet with this restriction, that the election of the maior consisted then in the king himself, as it did all King Richards life time, and so continued till the fifteenth yeare of King John; who then (most graciously) gave the cittizens of London absolute power, to elect a Lord Mayor amongst themselves, in which worthy condition it hath ever since continued." It will be perceived, that Munday depended greatly on his antiquarian reminiscences, in the invention of this year's pageantry.

Having reached this tomb, Time addresses Leofstane, who heads the progress, with—" I charge thee, stay !" an abrupt request to which, after some demur, he accedes. Then Time in a long poetical speech explains the whole pageant, giving a detailed history of the

early government of the city, and the first foundation of the mayoralty. He ends with:—

How many Goldsmiths have enjoyed the place,
 Were needlesse to recount. Yet heere sleepes one,
 Whom in this urging and important case,
 (He being Gold-smith too, and long since gone
 Out of this world, old Nicholas Faringdon,
 Foure times Lord Maior*), I may not wel omit,
 Because I thinke him for this triumph fit.
 These gates he built,† this ward of him took name,
 And three and fiftie yeares he did survive,
 After his first being maior. What plentie came
 To greeete his daies, with former times did strive,
 And nere the like as when he was alive.‡
 Arise, arise, I say, good Faringdon,
 For in this triumph thou must needes make one.

[*Time striketh the tombe with his silver wand, and
 then Faringdon ariseth.*

Faringdon. Astonishment and frightful wonder,
 Shakes and splits my soule in sunder.
 Cannot graves containe their dead,
 Where they have lien buried,
 But to triumphes, sports, and showes
 They must be raised? Alacke! God knowes,
 They count their quiet slumber blest,
 Free from disturbance, and unrest.

* In 1308-13-20-23. His name is still preserved to us in one of the great city thoroughfares, Farringdon-street, where Fleet Market formerly stood; as well as in that of the ward.

† Ludgate.

‡ As a specimen, he quotes in the margin "a bushell of wheate, ten pence, sold for ten shillings before,—a fat stalled oxe, 24s.; two chickens, a peny; 24 egges, a peny," &c.

Time. I know it well, good man. Yet looke about,
And re-collect thy spirits free from feare,
Note what thou seest.

Faringdon. How? whence? or where,
May I suppose myselfe? Well, I wot,
(If Faringdon mistake it not)
That ancient famous Cathedrall,
Hight the church of blessed Paul.
And that this ward well witnesse can,
Once therof I was Alderman,
And gaue it mine owne proper name;
I built these gates, the verie same.
But when I note this goodly traine,
(Yclad in scarlet) I should sayen,
(And soothly too) that these are they,
Who watch for London night and day,
Grave magistrates; of which faire band,
When second Edward sway'd this land,
Foure severall times the chiefe was I,
And lord of London's maioralty.
As by the bearing of that sword,
It seemes that yee are London's lord:
To whom becomes me loute full lowe,
Old dutie yet (methinkes) I know.
Turne now thy glasse to instant day,
And let old Faringdon thee pray,
Good Time, resolve him, what is he,
Grac'd with this day of dignity?

To which Time answers, "a brother of the goldsmith's company," who also rejoice in a sheriff "of the same society" that year elected. He ends his explanation with—

"How can thy ghost then, but reioyce to see,
This honour of thine owne society?"

To which Faringdon gaily responds—

“ Joy and gladsome jovissance,
 Doth old Faringdon intrance,
 To heare the tale that Time hath told ;
 Since those reverend daies of old,
 Unto this great solemnity :
 For brethren of my company,
 Glad and golden be your daies,
 Live in prince and people’s praise ;
 Honour London with your care,
 Study still for her welfare ;
 And as Gold-smiths both you are,
 Such good and golden deedes prepare,
 That may renowne our mystery,
 To times of utmost memory.
 My minute cals, and ghosts must go,
 Yet loath I am to leave ye so,
 For I could well spend out this day,
 And doe what service else I may ;
 Were Time but pleasde that I might stay.

Leofstane. Time that in this daies honour raisde us both,
 Meanes not (I trust) so soone to sunder us ;
 To see that separation I am loath,
 Be then to both so kind and gracious,
 That we may waite upon this worthy man,
 And do him yet, what service else we can.

Time. You have your owne desires. Goe, Faringdon,
 There, in that chariot is thy place preparte ;
 Heere, I (as coach-man) meane to guide yee on,
 So long as well your respit may be sparde.
 On then, away, for we have held ye long,
 And done (I doubt) your worthy guests great wrong.”

The trade pageant of the company is the next in order—“the Orferie”—displaying all the processes of

their business. "On the top, or height" of this pageant, sits Vesta, "the breeding and teeming mother of all golde, silver, mineral, and other metals ;—on her right hand sits Chrusos, *gold*, her eldest daughter ; and Argurion, *silver*, the youngest ; richlie suted according to their severall natures and qualities. These are linked to her chair of state with a golden chaine, least the insatiable world should rob her againe of her two precious daughters. On them also doe attend two beautifull ladies, Philoponia and Mncœmicæ, Antiquity and Memory, who make discovery of Empeiria, or grave Experience, in the Golde-smithes auncient profession, by imagined carracter of learned Dunstane, who beeing Byshop of Worcester, London, and Arch-Byshop of Canterbury, had no little delight in the arte of golde-smithery, and shewes himselfe now (as then) acting that profession."

"The emblems going before this orfery, a mare-man, and a mare-maid (each quartered with a golden unicorn), do figure the long continued love and amity, which (time out of minde) hath helde betweene the Gold-smiths and Fishmongers, as Time (in his speech for that purpose) more at large declareth." Leofstane, in a prose speech, having previously described the Orfery, Faringdon ends with—

Now, as custom wils it so,
 On to Paules church must ye goe,
 To blesse God for this bounteous day ;
 'Till you returne, heere will we stay,
 And usher then a gladsome guiding,
 Home to the place of your abiding,

For such is your kind Bretheren's will,
And Time hath tied us thereuntill.

“At night at my lord's gate” Leofstane addresses him in a curious prose speech as follows ;—

“Thus (Honoured Lord) have wee dutiously attended ye, till Time appointeth our departing, who hath tutourd Leofstane's tongue how to take his leave, with some remarkable observations not altogether unfitting your attention. First, the day of your election, falling out in such strange manner as it did, exceeded the memory of man to speake the like. And yet, notwithstanding so great a snowe, sleete, and rough winde ; at the very instant of your choyce, the sunne did as readily thrust forth his golden beames to guilde the instant of your inauguration, as harts and hands did cheerefully applaud it, with free and full confirmation. Next, three names, all of equal sillables and sound, to happen in the immediate choice, is a matter deserving regard, and (from the maioralties first beginning) neuer was the like. Pemberton, Swynnerton, and Middleton : names of three most worthy gentlemen, but of much greater worth in sense and significancie, as your own (my lord, for brevitie) may yeilde an instance. Pemberton derives itselife from the auncient Britnish, Saxon, and eldest English, each sillable suted with his apt meaning. *Pem* implyeth the head, cheefe, or most eminent part of any thing : *Bert*, beareth the charracter of bright, shining, and radiant splendour : and *Ton* hath continued the long knowne word for any towne or citty, as most shires in England (to this day)

doth deliver the expression of their townes ; as London, sometime tearmed Ludstan, or Luds-towne, may serve as an example. A bright head of this famous citty, interpreting it selfe in the name of Pemberton, and he being enstaulled in the government, to bee her bright-shining head under the soveraigne, Leofstane's desire is ;

“ Since Pemberton doth beare so bright a name,
 And that from Golde, and Goldsmiths, grew his fame,
 His deedes may prove to be like burnisht golde,
 By no dim darknesse any way controulde.”

Time also agrees in the same good wish, telling the mayor—

— “ that such a goodly name
 Requires bright actions.”

And exhorting him after the usual fashion to good government. Faringdon concluding with good wishes, and advice,—

“ To minde God's blessing and his grace
 That brought yee to so high a place.

 You are a Gold-smith, golden be
 Your daily deedes of charitie ;
 Golden your hearing poore men's cases,
 Free from partiall bribes' embraces.
 And let no rich or mighty man
 Injure the poore, if help you can ;
 The world well wots, your former care,
 Forbids ye now to pinch or spare,
 But to be liberall, francke and free,
 And keepe good hospitality,

Such as beseemes a maioraltie,
 Yet far from prodigality.
 To bee too lavish, is like crime
 As being too frugall in this time.
 I say no more; but God defend ye,
 Many daies of comfort send yee,
 To whom (with all these) I commend ye.*

P. 42, Drawing of the pageant of 1616.

Mr. J. G. Nichols, who has been recently engaged upon a descriptive account of the ancient pageants of the Fishmongers' Company, to accompany the publication of a facsimile series of engravings from this curious drawing, has there printed some very interesting extracts from the ledger book of the company, relative to this day's display, from which the following interesting notice of Anthony Munday is obtained:—

“Court, 9 Dec. 1616, *Anthony Monday, the poett gratified.* At this court Anthony Monday did exhibitt his petition, to have some gratification gyven him for c.c. books of the late shewes and speeches at the presentment of the Lord Maior, more than he agreed to delyver them, and for lynks and spoyling the silk cotes which the halberdiers did weare, losing their badges, and other things, mentioned in a bill exhibited by him, for which he seith he doth deserve to have

* For Munday's curious epitaph on Sir James Pemberton, who died in 1613, see Brayley's *Londiniana*, vol. iv. p. 91. Sir James bequeathed on his death £200 to the Goldsmiths' Company. On the proclamation of James I when he was sheriff, he entertained nearly forty Earls and Barons at his own house.

x^{li}. in recompence. And upon consideration had of the particulers of his bill, it is agreed that he shall have v^{li}. xv^s. gyven unto him, which he is content thankfully to accept in full satisfaction of all his demaunds.”

Previous to lord mayor's day, at a court held on the 26th of August, “Richard Bull, and John Gare desiered that, where the company were in hand to compound with Anthonye Monday for the making of a fishing-busse, one parte of the shewes, that they might prefer one Cley, a carver and a shipwright, (who Monday must ymploy to make the same, as they say), to do it for the companye, and Cley being called in, is wished to drawe a plott of the same, and bring it to Mr. Warden Angell, and then they will further confer with him.”

“The Master of the Kings Majesties barges” is paid “for the making of the galley-foiste and the galley, xxxiiij^{li}., for the barge on my lord maior's day v^{li}., and for his two barges to lead the mermen and mermaydes on the water, vi^{li}.” besides other gratuities to “content watermen for there dyett.”

“Kemby a painter, who paynted dyvers streamers and other thinges for the companye,” received “lxxv^{li}. viij^s for his whole bill,” and Christopher Harman, “with v. or vi. trumpeters,” who attended on Lord Mayor's day, received thirty shillings.*

* At a court held November 4th, in consideration that “the Companye have not paid anything towards the trymming of his

1618, *P.* 45.

“The time of Sir Walter Raleigh’s execution,” observes Aubrey, “was contrived to be on my Lord Mayor’s day, that the pageants and fine shows might avocate and draw away the people from beholding the tragedie of the gallantest worthie that England ever bred.” (Aubrey’s MS. in Ashmolean Museum.) Sir Sebastian Harvey, ironmonger, was this year sworn lord mayor, but no printed account of his pageants has been discovered.” (Nichol’s *Progresses of James I.*)

P. 46, *John Squire.*

“Of whom nothing is known, unless he be the same with a vicar of Shoreditch, who published several sermons about the same time, and of whom a memoir will be found in Ellis’s history of that parish ;” says Nichols, in the introduction to his “*Bibliographical List of Lord Mayors’ Pageants,*” which forms the second part of a book entitled “*London Pageants;*” the previous part

(the Mayor’s) house ; and it being also considered that the tyme is deare for victualls, and upon hope that his lordship may do good to the Companye hereafter dyvers ways, it is agreed that he shall be gratified (albeit the Companies occasions have been of late, and yett, as his lordship well knoweth, are very great to use moneys) with the some c^{ts} ; and that he shall also have the use of the Companies plate and pewter, making it good at the yeres end.

“And it is agreed that the Company shall go dyne with my Lord Maior on monday next, and then carry unto him the gratification gyven him by the house, with there particuler benevolences” (*i.e.* their private presents).

describing sixty royal processions and entertainments in the city. I consider this work indispensable to all interested in civic antiquities; the list of lord mayors' pageants gives the title of every one in full, with accounts of their rarity and value, and also where copies are preserved, or in what works they are to be found reprinted. As I have, in justice to the labours of Mr. Nichols, avoided doing this in my own book, it will be the more necessary as an accompaniment to all who may possess it, the more particularly as the work is unique of its kind.

P. 48, 1621?

Dr. Rimbault's very curious folio MS. of Songs and Music, from whence I obtained the song on the visit of James the First to St. Paul's, March 1620, also contains the following burlesque description of the lord mayor's annual pageantry: it is one of the earliest pieces of humour on this subject I have met with, and would appear to have preceded Shirley's prose of 1633, as printed in Part I, p. 56, *note*. It does not appear to have been directed at any particular pageant, but to have been levelled at all.

I.

Late as I walked through Cheapside,
 To mine eyes was there presented,
 As brave a sight as ever I saw;
 Which much mine eyes contented.
 First my Lord Maior and his steed,
 With gay trappings brave indeed;

Something that was more than need.

[Was for his state invented.]*

II.

'Twas next day after Simon and Jude,
 As I did looke about mee,
 Many a blazinge committ I view'd,
 Which made mee for to doubt mee ;
 Fearinge some prodigious sight,
 Should appeare mee to affright,
 And as I gwest it fell outright ;
 But I hope noe man will flought mee.

III.

A crew of wild men ; wild indeed !
 To be soe ill employed there ;
 Which put y^e peeple in such a feare,
 That some their hose anoy'd there ;
 With such smell, and with such smoak,
 That I was very like to choake,
 Many a wild fire cracker broake,
 Much powder was distroy'd thaire.

IV.

All the Companies in aray
 Most trimley were atyred,
 In their acooterments most gay,
 But some of them were tyred ;
 Whiflers with whight staves and chaines,
 And marshals men that tooke greate paines,
 They swore thay'd beatt out poore mens braines,
 That were with durt bemyred.

* This line does not occur in the original MS. but one has evidently been omitted, which can now only be supplied by conjecture.

V.

Next y^e Shrieffs and Aldermen gay,
 Upon their slow-pas't horses,
 Did ride in equipadge most gay,
 But some wisht them in their purses ;
 All their chaines they there had on,
 Gould did horse and man adorne,
 Thare was noe difference but y^e horne,
 They tooke such equall coorses.

VI.

In sundrey places y^e players boyes
 Unto y^e Lord Maior made speeches,
 Butt I could hear nothinge for y^e noyse,
 The weemen made such screeches ;
 Butt one that heard tould mee a word,
 That one of them desierd my lord,
 That hee next day after would afford
 Y^e blew coat boyes new breeches.

VII.

Girls and boyes in antick shape,
 Sett upon y^e padgeants gallantly,
 The one represented a Jack-an-apes,
 And y^e other was like a Ladie ;
 Sure y^e porters backs were stronge,
 For they did bare them through y^e thronge ;
 And thus they marched all alonge,
 In as gallant sort as may bee.

VIII.

Thus all my delights when I had seene,
 More than my mind can utter,
 Out of y^e thronge I faine would have binn,
 I was soe dagled in y^e gutter ;

Butt as I strove I lost my purse,
 Which caused mee to ban and curse,
 I bid a plague take maior and horse,
 And I hied mee home to supper.

P. 49, Note.

This note is not strictly correct, as the pageant had been described in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for November 1832, previous to the appearance of the Rev. A. Dyce's edition of Middleton's works.

P. 51. Webster's Monuments of Honor, 1624.

The Duke of Devonshire, who at present possesses this unique pageant, permitted the Rev. A. Dyce to transcribe and print it, as an appendix to his edition of the works of that author; it forms one octavo sheet, and was printed in 1838, after the completion of the work.

In the dedication, Webster speaks of himself as one "born free of the company," and expresses his gratification at the favourable way in which his inventions have been received; in his attempt to do the mayor honor, "and the city service, in the quality of a scholar, assuring your lordship I shall never, either to your ear or table, press unmannerly or impertinently."

He does not commence his description of the pageants so modestly when he says, "I could in this my preface, by as great light of learning as any formerly employed in this service can attain to, deliver to you the original and cause of all triumphs;" but time and space he declares allow it not; so after a little preliminary discourse, he relates the day's display on the water in the

words—"I fashioned for the more amplifying the shew upon the water, two eminent spectacles in manner of a sea-triumph. The first furnished with four persons; in the front, Oceanus and Thetis; behind them, Thamesis and Medway, the two rivers on whom the lord mayor extends his power, as far as from Stains to Rochester. The other shew is of a fair terrestrial globe, circled about in convenient seats, with seven of our most famous navigators; as Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Hawkins, Sir Martin Frobisher, Sir Humfrey Gilbert, Captain Thomas Cavendish, Captain Christopher Carlisle, and Captain John Davis. The conceit of this device to be, that in regard the two rivers pay due tribute of waters to the seas, Oceanus, in grateful recompense, returns the memory of these seven worthy captains, who have made England so famous in remotest parts of the world." Oceanus and Thetis, "after a peal of sea-thunder from the other side of the water," explain all this in a poetical dialogue to the mayor.

"After my lord mayor's landing, and coming past Paul's Chain, there first attends for his honour, in Paul's Church-yard, a beautiful spectacle called the temple of Honour, the pillars of which are bound about with roses and other beautiful flowers, which shoot up to the adorning of the King's Majesty's arms on the top of the temple.

"In the highest seat, a person representing Troynovant, or the city, enthroned in rich habiliments; beneath her, as admiring her peace and felicity, sit five eminent cities, as Antwerp, Paris, Rome, Venice, and

Constantinople; under these, sit five famous scholars and poets of this our kingdom, as Sir Geoffry Chaucer, the learned Gower, the excellent John Lidgate, the sharp-witted Sir Thomas More, and last, as worthy both soldier and scholar, Sir Philip Sidney; these being celebrators of honour, and the preservers both of the names of men, and memories of cities above, to posterity.

“I present, riding afore this temple, Henry de Royal, the first pilgrim, or gatherer of quartridge for this company, and John of Yeacksley, king Edward the Third’s pavilion-maker, who purchased our hall in the sixth year of the aforesaid king’s government.” Troynovant delivers the first speech, Sir Philip Sidney the second, which runs as follows:—

“To honour by our writings worthy men,
Flows as a duty from a judging pen;
And when we are employ’d in such sweet praise,
Bees swarm and leave their honey on our bays;
Ever more musically verses run,
When the loath’d vein of flattery they shun.
Survey, most noble Pretor, what succeeds,
Virtue low-bred aspiring to high deeds.”

The latter words are an allusion to the next impersonation—Sir John Hawkwood,—who appears on horseback in complete armour, and addresses the mayor in a short speech, concerning his own life and actions.

“After him follows a triumphant chariot, with the arms of the Merchant-Taylors coloured and gilt, in several places of it; and over it there is supported for

a canopy, a rich and very spacious pavilion, coloured crimson, with a lion *passant*; this is drawn with four horses, for porters would have made it move tottering and improperly. In the chariot I place, for the honor of the company, of which records remain in the hall, eight famous kings of this land, that have been free of this worshipful company." They are Edward III, Richard II, Henry IV, V, and VI, Edward IV, Richard III, and Henry VII. The speaker is Edward III, who says—

"View whence the Merchant-tailors honour springs
From this most royal conventicle of kings;
Eight, that successively wore England's crown,
Held it a special honour and renown,
(The society was so worthy and so good),
T' unite themselves into their brotherhood.
Thus time and industry attain the prize,
As seas from brooks, as brooks from hillocks rise;
Let all good men this sentence oft repeat,
By unity the smallest things grow great."

Which last line is repeated in chorus by all the kings, "and this repetition," says Webster, "was proper, for it is the company's motto, *Concordia parvæ res crescunt.*"

"After this pageant, rides Queen Anne, wife to Richard the Second, free likewise of this company;" and because the company are styled brethren of the fraternity of Saint John the Baptist, "I present, therefore, two of the worthiest brothers of this society I can find out in history, the first, Amade le Grand, by whose aid Rhodes was recovered from the Turks, and the

order of Annuntiade, or Salutation, instituted; and the other, Monsieur Jean Valet, who defended Malta from the Turks' invasion, and expelled them from that impregnable key of Christendom."

"Next I bring our two sea-triumphs, and after that, the ship called the Holy Lamb, which brings hanging in her shrouds the Golden Fleece; the conceit of this being, that God is the guide and protector of all prosperous ventures."

"To second this, follow two beasts, the lion and camel, proper to the arms of the company; on the camel rides a Turk, such as used to travel with caravans, and on the lion, a Moor, or wild Numidian."

"The fourth eminent pageant I call the Monument of Charity and Learning; this is fashioned like a beautiful garden, with all kinds of flowers; at the four corners, four artificial bird-cages, with variety of birds in them." In the midst of this garden, under an elm-tree, sits Sir Thomas White, mayor, who founded St. John's College, Oxford, upon a spot "where two bodies of an elm sprang from one root," according to a dream that so directed him, and which occasioned him to visit Cambridge, where he could find no such tree; and make a mistake at Oxford, where he thought he found it in Gloster Hall-garden, and immediately set to work to enlarge and endow that college, but discovering the very tree "out at the north gate at Oxford," as he rode there one day, on that spot he founded St. John's College. "This I have heard," says Webster, "fellows of the house, of approved credit, and no way superstitiously given, affirm to have been delivered from

man to man, since the first building of it;" and "to this day the elm grows in the garden carefully preserved."

On one side of Sir Thomas sits Charity with a pelican on her head; on the other, Learning, with a book in one hand, and a laurel wreath in the other; behind is a model of St. John's College, "and round about the pageant sit twelve of the four-and-twenty cities to which this worthy gentleman hath been a benefactor." Two cornets play, and Learning addresses the mayor.

"The last I call the Monument of Gratitude, which thus dilates itself:—

"Upon an artificial rock, set with mother-of-pearl, and other precious stones, as are found in quarries, are placed four pyramids, charged with the prince's arms,—the three feathers,—which by day yield a glorious show, and by night a more goodly, for they have lights in them, that at such time as my lord mayor returns from Paul's, shall make certain ovals and squares resembling precious stones. The rock expresses the riches of the kingdom Prince Henry was born heir to; the pyramids, which are monuments for the dead, that he is deceased. On the top of this, rests half a celestial globe, in the midst of this hangs the holy lamb in the sun-beams; on either side of these, an angel. Upon a pedestal of gold, stands the figure of Prince Henry, with his coronet, George, and garter; in his left hand he holds a circlet of crimson velvet, charged with four holy lambs, such as our company choose

masters with. In several cants* beneath, sit, first, Magistracy, tending a bee-hive; to express his gravity in youth, and forward industry to have proved an absolute† governor; next, Liberality, by her a dromedary, shewing his speed and alacrity in gratifying his followers; Navigation, with a Jacob's staff and compass, expressing his desire that his reading that way might in time grow to the practick, and building to that purpose one of the goodliest ships that was ever launched in the river; in the next, Unanimity, with a chaplet of lilies, in her lap a sheaf of arrows, shewing he loved nobility and commonalty with an entire heart; next, Industry, on a hill where ants are hoarding up corn; expressing his forward inclination to all noble exercise; next, Chastity, by her a unicorn, showing it is guide to all other virtues, and clears the fountain-head from all poison; Justice, with her properties; then Obedience, by her an elephant, the strongest beast, but most observant to man of any creature; then Peace sleeping upon a cannon; alluding to the eternal peace he now possesses; Fortitude, a pillar in one hand, a serpent wreathed about the other, to express his height of mind, and the expectation of an undaunted resolution. These twelve thus seated, I figure Loyalty, as well sworn servant to this city as to this company; and at my lord mayor's coming from Paul's and going down Wood-street, Amade le Grand delivers this speech unto him:—

* Niches.

† Perfect.

THE SPEECH OF AMADE LE GRAND.

"Of all the triumphs which your eye has view'd,
 This, the fair monument of Gratitude,
 This, chiefly should your eye and ear employ,
 That was of all your brotherhood the joy ;
 Worthy Prince Henry, fame's best president,
 Call'd to a higher court of parliament.
 In his full strength of youth and height of blood,
 And, which crown'd all, when he was truly good ;
 On virtue and on worth he still was throwing
 Most beauteous showers, where'er he found them growing ;
 He never did disguise his ways by art,
 But suited his intents unto his heart ;
 And lov'd to do good more for goodness sake,
 Than any retribution man could make.
 Such was this prince ; such are the noble hearts,
 Who, when they die, yet die not in all parts,
 But from the integrity of a brave mind
 Leave a most clear and eminent fame behind :
 Thus hath this jewel not quite lost his ray,
 Only cas'd up 'gainst a more glorious day.
 And be't remember'd that our Company,
 Have not forgot him who ought ne'er to die ;
 Yet wherefore should our sorrow give him dead,
 When a new Phœnix* springs up in his stead ;
 That, as he seconds him in every grace,
 May second him in brotherhood and place.
 Good rest, my lord ; Integrity, that keeps
 The safest watch, and breeds the soundest sleeps,
 Make the last day of this your holding seat
 Joyful as this, or rather, more complete!"

Webster now concludes by saying—"I could a more curious and elaborate way have expressed myself in

* Prince Charles.

these my endeavours; but to have been rather too tedious in my speeches, or too weighty, might have troubled my noble lord, and puzzled the understanding of the common people; suffice it, I hope 'tis well, and if it please his lordship, and my worthy employers, I am amply satisfied."

Pageant for 1633, p. 57.

I was not enabled to consult this very rare pageant for Part I, and the title has been briefly and incorrectly given, in the way it usually occurs in print; the correct one runs thus:—"Londini Emporia, or London's Mercatura: exprest in sundry triumphs, pageants, and showes, at the inauguration of the Right Honorable Ralph Freeman into the Maioralty of the famous and farre-renowned citty London. All the charge and expense of the laborious proiects, both by water and land being the sole undertaking of the Right Worshipfull Company of the Cloath-workers. Written by Thomas Heywood. *Redeunt Spectacula*. Printed at London by Nicholas Okes. 1633."

The pamphlet opens with the praise of merchantmen, detailing "the eight offices of piety in a merchant required," as follows:—1. Rectitude of conscience; 2. Absence of equivocation; 3. Honesty in bargaining; 4. Justice; 5. Humility; 6. Charity to the poor; 7. Absence of avarice; 8. A renunciation of "all care and trouble of mind, which may hinder divine contemplation." Of course—"all these things desireable being knowne to be eminent in your lordship," Hey-

wood tells us, "was the maine inducement to entitle this present show by this apt denomination *Londini Emporia.*"

The first pageant is exhibited on the water ; "which is a sea-chariot, beautified and adorned with shel-fishes of sundry fashion and splendour." It is drawn by two griffins ; upon them are seated two figures bearing pendants, "upon which are portrayed the armes of the two sheriffes now in place." Thames rides in the chariot, surrounded by water nymphs, and appears to arouse from a sleep, as the mayor's barge approaches. He addresses him in a speech, which contains an allusion to the "clensing of the river at this time by sundry water engines," in these strange words ;—

"Can Thamesis himself so far forget?
 But 'tis long since Tame and Isis met,
 That 'tis not rare ; for we two are groune old,
 And being rivers, subiect to take cold ;
 Forc't with extremity of paine to grone,
 As troubled with the gravell and the stone,
 (Whole shelves are in our raines) but (Fates so please)
 By artists' helpe wee late have got some ease.
 Thanks to our patriots!"—

After explaining the pageant and its mystic allusions, he ends :

"But why should I, though best of Neptune's sons,
 (Whose streame almost by your permission runnes)
 Instruct him who can teach? since the last yeare,
 Till this day, never ran my tides so cleare
 As now they doe, were never so become
 With barges, ensignes, trumpets, fyfe and drum,

Methinkes you make mee young againe to view,
Old customes kept, and (in them) all things new."

The first show by land is placed in St. Paul's Churchyard. It is the trade-pageant of the company,—The shepherd and sheep, with his dog guarding them from the ever-watchful wolf. He sits "upon a dyall, to which his sheepe-hooke is the gnomon," and he explains this, in his speech to the mayor.—

"As I, so you must on a dyall sit,
Which hath no gnomon but my staffe to it,
And such your sword is now, your wakefull eye
Must still be ope, to watch where you can spy
The ravenous wolfe, to presse, and blocke the way,
Least hee on any of youre flocke should prey.
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And that your charge so carefully be borne,
That they be neuer *but in season* shorne."

The second pageant "is a ship, most proper to the trade of merchant-adventurers," with Mercury as pilot, who addresses the mayor in a speech alluding to his own large mercantile occupation, and its consequent beneficial effects to the country.

"The third show by land, is a modell devised to humour the throng, who come rather to see than to heare: and without some such intruded anti-maske, many who carry their ears in their eyes, will not sticke to say, *I will not give a pinne for the show*. Since therefore it consists only in motion, agitation, and action, and these (expressed to the life) being apparently visible to all, in vaine should I imploy a speaker,

where I presuppose all his words would be drown'd in noyse and laughter. I therefore passe to the fourth and last."

"Which is a curious and neatly framed architect, beautified with many proper and becoming ornaments: bearing the title of the Bower of Blisse; an embleme of that future happinesse which not onely all just and upright magistrates, but every good man, of what condition or quality soever, in the course of his life especially aimeth at." Herein are seated Prudence, Temperance, Justice and Fortitude, and "the three theologicall vertues, Faith, Hope and Charity, as hand-maides attending to conduct all such pious and religious magistrates the way to the celestially bower of blisse." Prudence describes and descants upon all in a moral speech, in which she declares it

"Aptly may be titled *Freeman's bower*."

"The speech at night" alludes "to the twelve celestially signes, which may aptly be applied unto the twelve moneths during the lord mayor's government." The entire speech runs thus:—

"Sleepe may you soundly sir, to morrow prest
 To a yeares trouble, for this one nights rest,
 In which may starres and planets all conspire,
 To warme you so by their celestially fire;
Aries whose Gold Fleece Greece doth so renoune,
 May both inrich you, and this glorious toune,
 That *Taurus* in your strength may so appeare,
 You this great weight may on your shoulders beare;

That the two *Twins*, the mother's blest increase,
 May in this citty still continue peace.
 That *Cancer* who incites to hate and spleene,
 May not in your faire government be seene,
 That *Leo* waiting on your iudgement seate,
 May moderate his rage and scorching heate ;
 That the celestial *Maide* may you aduice,
 Virgins and orphans still to patronize ;
 And rather then your justice heere should faile,
Libra no more be seene with golden scale ;
 And that the *Scorpions* sting may be so charm'd,
 The poore may not be wrong'd nor innocent harm'd.
 That *Chiron's* bent bow so may guide your will,
 You may still aime, but neuer shoote to kill ;
 And *Capricorne* though all things said to dare,
 Though he have power, yet may have will to spare ;
 That as *Aquarius* doth his water power,
 You may your goodness on this city shower :
Pisces, the last of twelve, the feet they guide,
 From head to foot, O may you so provide.

It ends with praise of " Mr. Gerald Christmas, " who constructed the pageant. Heywood having previously returned thanks to the wardens and committee of the Clothworkers company, " for their affability and courtesie, especially unto myselfe, being at that time to them all a meere stranger, who when I send my then unperfect papers, were as able to judge of them, as attentively to heare them ; and rather judicially considering all things, then nicely carping at any thing. "

Pageant for 1656, p. 64.

Mr. George Daniel in his " Merrie England in the Olden Time, " has given the title of the descriptive

pamphlet of this year's show, thus,—“London's Triumph; or the solemn and magnificent reception of that honourable gentleman, Robert Titchburn, lord maior, after his return from taking his oath at Westminster, the morrow after Simon and Jude day, being October 29, 1656, with the speeches spoken at Foster-lane-end, and Soper-lane-end.”

Mr. Daniel then adds the following extracts:—“In the first place,” says the city poet, T. B., “the loving members of the honourable societie exercising arms in Cripplegate-ground, being drawn up together, march'd in a military order to the house of my lord maior, where they attended on him, and from thence march'd before him to the Three-Crane Wharfe, where part of them, under the red colours embarqued themselves in three severall barges; and another part took water at Stone Staires, being under greene colours, as enemies to the other, and thence wafting to the other side of the water, there began an encounter between each party, which continued all the way to Westminster; a third body, consisting of pikes and musquets, march'd to Bâinard's Castle, and there from the battlements of the castle gave thundering echoes to the volleys of those that pass'd along the streame. Part before, and part behind, went the severall barges, with drums beating, and trumpets sounding, and varietie of other musick to take the eare, while the flags and silver pendants made a pleasant sight delectable to the beholders.

* * * * *

“After these came severall gentleman-ushers adorn'd

with gold chaines ; behind them certaine rich batchelours, wearing gownes furr'd with foynes, and upon them sattin hoods; and lastly, after them, followed the worshipfull Company of Skinners itself, whereof the lord maior is a member. Next these, the city officers passing on before, rode the lord maior, with the sword, mace, and cap of maintenance before him, being attended by the recorder, and all the aldermen in scarlet gowns, on horseback. Thus attended, he rode from Bainard's Castle into Cheapside, the companies standing on both sides of the way, as far as the upper end of the Old Jewry, ready to receive him. When he was come right against the Old Change, a pageant seem'd to meet him. On the pageant stood two leopards, bestrid by two Moors, attir'd in the habit of their country; at the foure corners sate foure virgins arraid in cloth of silver, with their hair dishriveld, and coronets on their heads. This seem'd to be an embleme of a city pensive and forlorn, for want of a zealous governor; the Moors and leopards, like evill customs tyrannizing over the weake virginitie of undefended virtue; which made an aged man, who sate at the fore part of the pageant, mantled in a black garment, with a dejected countenance, seem to bewaile the condition of his native city; but thus he remain'd not long, for at the approach of the lord maior, as if now he had espy'd the safety of his country, he threw off his mourning weeds, and with the following speech made known the joy he had for the election of so happy and just a magistrate.—

* * * * *

“ The speech being spoken, the first pageant past on before the lord maior, as far as Mercer’s chapel; a gyant, being twelve foot in height, going before the pageant for the delight of the people. Over against Soper-lane-end stood another pageant also; upon this were plac’d severall sorts of beasts, as lyons, tygers, bears, leopards, foxes, apes, monkeys, in a great wilderness; at the forepart whereof sate Pan, with a pipe in his hand; in the middle was a canopie, at the portal wherof sate Orpheus in an antique attire, playing on his harp, while all the beasts seem’d to dance at the sound of his melody. Under the canopie sate four satyrs playing on pipes. The embleme of this pageant seem’d proper to the company out of which the lord maior was elected; putting the spectators in mind how much they ought to esteem such a calling, as clad the judges in their garments of honour, and princes in their robes of majestie, and makes the wealthy ladies covet winter, to appear clad in their sable furr. A second signification of this emblem may be this;—that as Orpheus tam’d the wild beasts by the alluring sound of his melody, so doth a just and upright governor tame and govern the wild affections of men, by good and wholesome lawes, causing a general joy and peace in the place where he commands. Which made Orpheus, being well experienced in this truth, to address himself to the lord maior in these following lines.—

* * * * *

“ The speech being ended, the lord maior rode forward to his house in Silver Street, the military bands still going before him. When he was in his house,

they saluted him with two volleys of shot, and so marching again to their ground in Cripple-gate Church-yard, they lodg'd their colours; and as they began, so concluded this dayes triumph."

When the barges wherein the souldiers were, came right against Whitehall, they saluted the Lord Protector and his Council with several rounds of musketry, which the Lord Protector answered with "signal testimonies of his grace and courtesie." And returning to Whitehall, after the lord mayor had taken the oath of office before the barons of the exchequer, they saluted the Lord Protector with "another volley."

The reader will perceive, on referring to Part I, p. 65, that the ballad supposed to have been written by Matthew Taubman, entitled the "Citie's New Poet's Mock Show," was in reality written in ridicule of the pageant of 1656, and not of that for the following year. The date written upon the original copy in the British Museum, is 1659, which, from internal evidence, is wrong, the only line that could fix the date, (independently of consulting the descriptive pamphlets of the show, as published by the city-poet, and which I could not do), was that one which tells us—

"Of the Skinners' Hall was this man of might."

Sir Richard Chiverton was the member of that company elected to the mayoralty nearest to the year to which the ballad had been ascribed, but Sir Robert Titchburn, also a skinner, was elected the year previous, and to his pageantry the shafts of Taubman's ridicule were directed. The initials of the author should

be T. B., and *not* J. B. as I have printed them. I have no doubt that the author was Thomas Brewer, the dramatist, who generally signed his works with his initials in the title-page only. He was popularly known as the author of the prose "Life and Death of the Merry Deuill of Edmonton," 1631. In his "Weeping Ladie, or London like Ninivie in Sackcloth," 1625, a poem lamenting the ravages of the plague, will be found some lines on the cessation of the city pageants, during that period.

P. 90, Sir Robert Clayton's mayoralty, 1679.

This gentleman's mayoralty was remarkable for its state and munificence. Evelyn notes in his Diary some visits paid to this "prodigious rich scrivener," when sheriff, and afterwards when mayor; in both instances his liberality was conspicuous. On November 18th, 1679, he writes,—“I din'd at my lord maior's, being desir'd by the Countesse of Sunderland to carry her thither on a solemn day, that she might see the pomp and ceremonial of this prince of citizens, there never having been any, who for the statelinese of his palace, prodigious feasting, and magnificence, exceeded him.” Three days after, Evelyn again dined with Sir Robert, in company with the Earl of Ossory; “it was on Friday, a private day,” he says, “but the feast and entertainment might have become a king.”

P. 95, Note on Sir John Moore's election.

In Mr. Mackay's "Songs of the London Prentices," published by the Percy Society, is printed the song "On

the Instalment of Sir John Moore;" that on the confirmation of North and Rich as sheriffs, and another "On the Instalment of Sir William Pritchard," mayor for the ensuing year; all these are prefaced by a concise account of the political dissensions that attended each event. Two songs on the loss of the city charter, will also be found there. The abuse lavished on the citizens by the court party, was now at its height, and Edward Ravenscroft, a dramatist of mean ability, produced his comedy of "The London Cuckolds," in 1692, which abounded in the grossest and most offensive ridicule. This play met with great success, and was, till the year 1752, frequently presented on our stages, *particularly on Lord Mayor's day*, in contempt, and to the disgrace of the city. It is, perhaps, the coarsest and most indelicate play ever performed on a stage, having no redeeming qualities of the slightest kind; Garrick set the example of decorum by omitting to perform it on the 9th of November 1752, although it was acted at Covent Garden in that, and the following year; but on the 9th of November 1754, the king commanded "The Provoked Husband," at Covent Garden; which, we believe, gave the death-blow to this obscenity.—(*Biographia Dramatica.*) Crown's play of "City Politiques," 1683, may be cited as another example of stage licence at this period.

P. 114.—*Sir Humphry Edwin's mayoralty*, 1679.

Gough's account of the drawing of this show, and of that for 1692, in his "British Topographer," vol. i. p. 681, runs thus:—"There is a drawing of this proces-

sion (Sir John Fleet's, 1692) in the Pepysian Library, and of Sir Humphry Edwin's, 1698." But Sir Humphrey Edwin's mayoralty commenced in 1697, and it is evident he had no pageant, from the title of that in the following year, when Sir Francis Child was mayor: (to whose show the Pepysian drawing perhaps belongs). Sir Humphry Edwin omitted the pageantry, from his puritanical principles in religion; but he rode to a conventicle in his formalities, with the insignia of his office, as described by Swift in his "Tale of a Tub;" and his procession on that occasion is the subject of a print in Swift's works, of which there are two versions, the second being somewhat modernized from the first by J. S. Müller, and it occurs in the first volume of Dr. Hawkesworth's edition. Sir Humphry rides on horseback eating a custard, which we are told in a note "is a famous dish at a lord mayor's feast." He is preceded by the sword-bearer with all the insignia of his office, who walks before him; and the aldermen follow, also on foot. The scene is Ludgate Hill, shewing the gate, with St. Paul's in the back-ground. Penkethman, in his comedy of "Love without interest," 1699, alludes to his partiality to the nonconformists in these words: "If you'll compound for a catch, i'll sing you one of my lord mayors going to Pin-makers Hall, to hear a sniveling non-con seperatist divine, divide and subdivide into the two and thirty points of the compass." The same play contains an allusion to "my lord mayor's musick," who are styled "gentlemen fiddlers," and play a sonata for the entertainment of the company assembled at the house of a citizen. There is a very curious

notice of these men and their ability, in Thomas Morley's "First Booke of Consort Lessons," 1595, which has been pointed out to me by my friend Dr. Rimbault, who possesses a copy of this rare work. It is dedicated to Sir Stephen Some, the mayor, and the aldermen of the city; in which dedication we are told, "the auncient custome of this most honourable and renowned citie, hath beene euer to retaine and maintaine excellent and expert musitians, to adorne your honour's favours, feasts, and solemne meetings; to those your lordships Wayts, after the commending these my labours to your honourable patronage, I recommend the same to your servants carefull and skilfull handling, that the wants of exquisite harmony, apparent, being left unsupplied, for brevitie of proportions, may be excused by their melodious additions, purposing hereafter to give them more testimonie of my loue towards them." These consort lessons were composed for six instruments, "the treble lute, the pandora, the citterne, the base-violl, the flute, and the treble-violl," which formed a complete band, as used by the City Waits.

P. 114. Pageant for 1698, printed in folio with engravings.

Only *two* of the series of pamphlets descriptive of the annual lord mayor's pageants are illustrated with engravings; certainly only two are described in their title-pages as "containing the description (*and also the sculptures*) of the pageants." These are the pamphlets of 1698 and 1708.

Of the former, only one copy is known, which passed from Mr. Bindley's collection into that of Mr. Jolley.

This I have never seen, but Mr. Nichols has obliged me with the following list of the "sculptures" contained in it, taken some time since by Mr. Jolley's permission:—1. Amphitheatre of Union. 2. St. Dunstan, with a back-ground of a goldsmith's shop. 3. The Chariot of Justice (a folding plate). 4. The Temple of Honour.

Of the pamphlet of 1708, copies are in the library of the city of London, and in the Bodleian Library, but the former wants the plates. When I saw the copy in the latter library, I neglected to notice it very particularly, as I had noted the Guildhall copy for use, as it was in fact most accessible to me—a resident in London. But on my return, when it became necessary to consult the latter copy, I found it deficient in plates, and I described them *from memory* as they occurred in the perfect copy. I now find that I have not described them correctly; the three engravings are:—1. The Temple of Apollo. 2. St. Dunstan with a goldsmith's work-shop in the back-ground; and 3. The Chariot of Justice. The two former are of the size of the pamphlet, a foolscap folio; the last a folding plate, twice that size.

The plates were not new in 1708, but whether engraved for Sir Francis Child's pageant, in 1698, it may be difficult to ascertain; but it is evident, on looking back, that the pageants themselves were not only "second-hand," but stock-pieces with the Goldsmiths'

Company. The first pageant, the triumphant chariot of gold, is first described in Munday's pageant for 1611, and also in Jordan's "Goldsmith's Jubile," 1674; which latter exactly answers to the plate in the pamphlet of 1708 at the Bodleian Library. Again, in 1687, we find the same gilt chariot described. "The Orfery," a Goldsmith's forge, &c. presided over by St. Dunstan, was the usual "Trade-pageant" of the company. It figured in Munday's pageant for 1611, and was always exhibited among the pageants when a Goldsmith happened to be mayor. The first pageant in 1674 was a Temple of Apollo; in 1687 this same "property" was formed into a Temple of Janus; in 1698 it was a Temple of Honour; and in 1708, it again figured as a Temple of Apollo.

P. 114, l. 14 for 1808 read 1818.

P. 116, Pageant for 1700.

Mr. J. G. Nichols, in his recent account of the Fishmongers' pageants, before mentioned, has printed the expenses this day incurred, from the ledger of the Fishmongers' Company, by which it appears that the usual mer-man and mer-maid formed part of the shows. "George Holmes, Pageant-maker" (who had been employed in 1691, see p. 111,) received £195 for the construction of the pageants. Mr. Walker and the other trumpeters, £9. The city musick, £2. There was also "paid for the armour had out of the Tower, and for horses, and to the riders thereon, to represent the valour of Sir William Walworth in suppressing a

rebellion, the summe of £6. 6s." "Mr. Johnson, herauld painter, for painting shields and for divers escutcheons" had £46. 10s. There was "paid to Mr. Settle, the poet, for composeing the shew on that day, the summe of £10 ;" a less sum than was paid for "two gownes for the staffe men to goe before this company," which cost £13. 19s.! The entire cost of the day's display being £737. 2s.

Sir Thomas Abney will be remembred as the friend and patron of Dr. Isaac Watts; and his house at Stoke Newington was the residence of that excellent man for very many years, until his death.

P. 116, line 26, note, for 1703 read 1708.

Appendix No. 1.

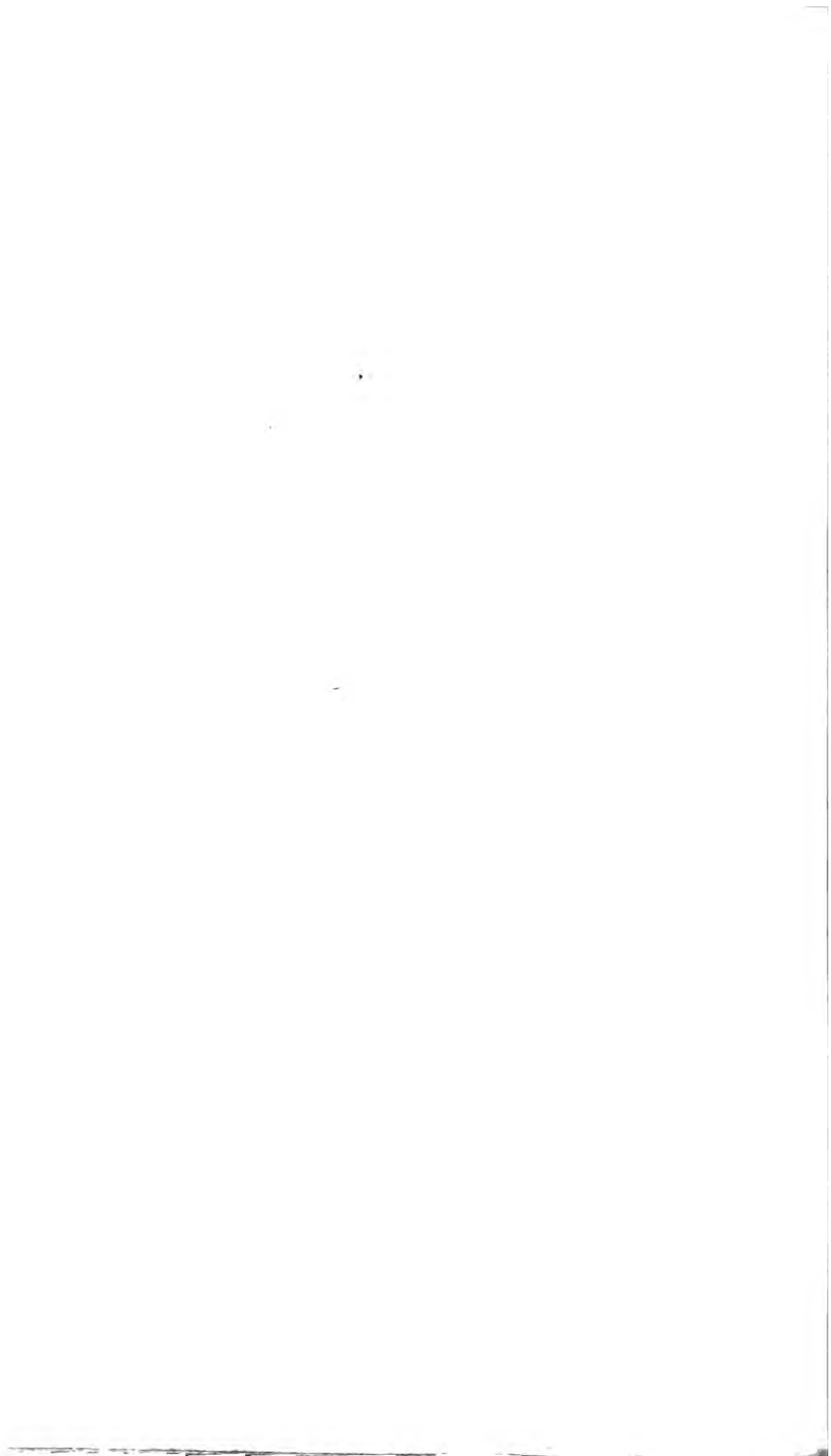
The expenses of the pageant of 1617 have been printed from Heath's account of the Grocers' Company, exactly as they there occur; but three corrections suggest themselves, which I believe to be errors in the original transcript, they are the following:—

P. 162, l. 15, and P. 169, l. 8, for "saunder-beaters," read standard-bearers.

P. 164, l. 7, for "Robert Bevis Connor," read Robert Bevis, gonner (gunner.)

THE END.





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