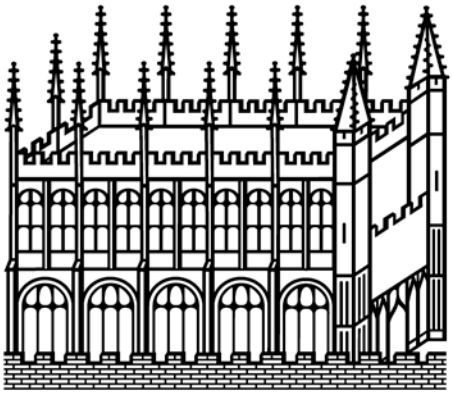

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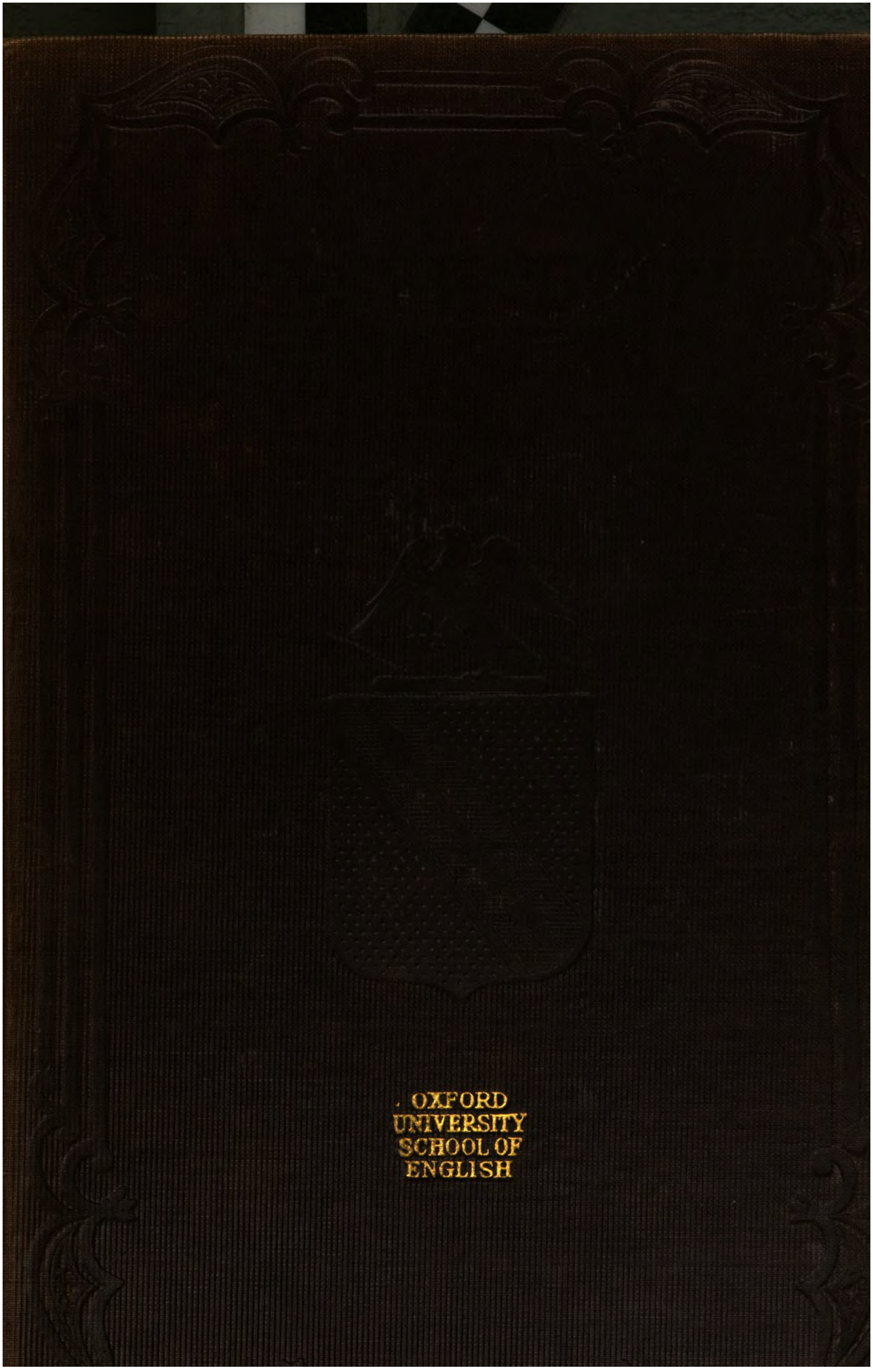
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Specimen of the Hand-writing of Anthony Munday. – see p. 37.

Iorge.

Good Iorge vnfoorm, graue Iorge vnbound a little,
vnmuzle thy drayle, loose the hand draw to parle.
vnbuckle Saddowe and you doone all this,
nunc Gualter runtimo Sad it beene Spine orone.
Ah yet Egon doost but vse me to beste,
Good Gonosot Egon, Cot me bepolde Ger beste.
Gergaps Tegne vbon thee hath boldly vaunte,
and lay me bee vnto thy ablende of skill,
vogrod bolne orone being insupribus.
May make bee feare to dealb vnto Iorge a Rowb.

Lumbar.

Lordes and fayre Ladyes, god dispoube your blude,
about the boalbes and gandols of this Castell.
And for thou vouvist to gaze of the beste,
within this pauer Iorge Gid nbebabide there,
in hand orone Spade vpon his Castell ground,
vogrod I vold dashe thee, and but pour there too,
in vopbosoene Iorge a Rowb ran doo.

Iorge

Griffin.

Iorge.

I tube the vooend, Ladyes to you alound,
vnto I all good, but to Gheadges, none.
vnto Good Iorge, vogod Shall Abyde of nou.
nou and vod vould bee Egon Gid vod vere before.

thee distend.

JOHN A KENT AND JOHN A CUMBER;

A COMEDY,

BY ANTHONY MUNDAY.

PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT,

THE PROPERTY OF E. M. L. MOSTYN, ESQ., M.P.

WITH OTHER TRACTS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

THE INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ.

LONDON:
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INTRODUCTION.

For the use of the highly valuable and remarkable manuscript, printed in the first half of the ensuing volume, we are indebted to E. M. L. Mostyn, Esq., M.P. Some of the papers of that ancient family falling under the notice of Sir Frederick Madden, (Principal Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum) he found among them a theatrical relic, under the title of "The Book of John a Kent and John a Cumber," and procured the ready consent of the proprietor to the publication of it by the Shakespeare Society. It is fitting, therefore, that our obligations to both those gentlemen should, in the first instance, be emphatically expressed; and most of our Members are aware that the latter has always taken a warm interest in our proceedings, as well as in every thing calculated to illustrate the history of our early drama, poetry, and general literature.

How the play of "John a Kent and John a Cumber" came into the hands of the Mostyns, after the lapse of more than two centuries and a half we are unable to determine. We entertain little doubt that it was written originally for representation at one of

the public theatres of the Metropolis; and it is possible that, having been in some respects well adapted to private performance, the author subsequently prepared it for the purpose, and transmitted his manuscript to North Wales, where it may have been exhibited by the retainers of some powerful house as a Christmas entertainment. On the other hand, it seems more likely that it was acted by a company of professional performers during their progress through North Wales and South Lancashire; and it is to be observed that the author was at one time engaged as a writer for a body calling themselves the theatrical servants of Lord Strange.[1] They may have left their "book" behind them in the country, and in this way it may have been deposited among domestic muniments. It is, however, needless to speculate upon this point: we have good reason to rejoice that the MS. has been preserved, and that we have now an opportunity of presenting it to our subscribers.

There is no doubt respecting the authorship of the work, since it is signed by that celebrated dramatist, Anthony Munday, or Mundy, at the conclusion, in the following form:

"Finis.
"Anthony Mundy.
"Decembris, 1595."

The whole body of the work is in Munday's hand-

[1] The earliest account in "Henslowe's Diary" is thus headed: "In the name of God, Amen, 1591, beginning the 19 of February, my Lord Strange's men, as followeth." See p. 20 of our impression of this valuable manuscript, made in 1845 by the liberal permission of the Master, Warden, and Fellows, of Dulwich College.

writing, and, by permission of Mr. Mostyn, we have had a facsimile made of a portion of it, which precedes the title-page of our volume.

The size of the original manuscript is foolscap-folio, and it is in all parts quite as closely written as our specimen; but, unfortunately, damp and other causes have worn away some of the margins, especially at the tops and bottoms of the pages, so that in various places the sense can only be filled up by conjecture. We have usually indicated these defects by asterisks; and if here and there we have ventured to supply a word or two, regarding which we could not be mistaken, we have never omitted to place our insertions between brackets, in order that the reader might not be misguided as to the real state of the original. What we have left undone, in the way of completing the writer's meaning, a little ingenuity would often have accomplished; but we preferred trusting the matter to the speculation of others, even though the mode we have pursued has disfigured our text more than otherwise might have been necessary. It will be seen that our last two pages exhibit a grievous deficiency of this kind; for the final leaf of the MS. has been diagonally torn, and nearly one half of it is entirely wanting: luckily, however, the name of the author is left, with the date of the month and year when, perhaps, he finished his composition. We ought to state, however, that "Decembris, 1595," is not Munday's autograph, although in a handwriting of the time. The tearing of the MS. has had the lament-

able effect of annihilating the beginnings or ends of from twenty to thirty lines.

Notwithstanding this apparent ill-usage of the manuscript, and the farther injury it has sustained from damp or accident, the whole story of the piece can be perfectly made out, and nothing has been lost, as far as we can judge, which was important to the explanation of the incidents, or to the delineation of the characters. The latter are drawn with sufficient distinctness; but Munday's wish seems to have been, not so much to write a play in which what were of old called "humours," or individual peculiarities, were portrayed, as a piece with much variety of detail, and with the attractive admixture of natural and preternatural agencies. He has combined with these the "merriments" of grotesque clowns and ignorant rustics, with more skill and effect than, we apprehend, are to be found in any poet of his time—of course, with the exception of Shakespeare. One of these scenes will strongly remind those who happen to be acquainted with it, of "Kemp's applauded merriments" on receiving King Edgar into Gotham, in the comedy of the "Knack to know a Knave," 1594;[1] but Munday has employed his materials with greater judgment, and, above all, he has ingeniously contrived that they shall contribute to the progress and unwinding of the story. In the "Knack to know a Knave," (which was printed only

[1] This "merry Comedy," with four other early dramas, like it of a peculiar and intermediate character, has recently been re-printed by the Roxburghe Club.

the year before "John a Kent and John a Cumber" bears date) the scene between the Miller, the Cobbler, the Smith, &c., is mere blundering buffoonery, intended only to raise a laugh, without aiding at all in the advancement of the plot; but Munday has not only heightened the drollery of the dialogue, but has made it, and the persons engaged in it, subsidiary to the main objects he had in view, and to the circumstances in which his chief characters are placed.

In fact, it is a performance in which the plot has been treated as the matter of highest importance; and while it is not needlessly involved, it is full of unexpected changes, and the reader is often kept in uncertainty as to the way in which the persons will escape from the positions in which they find themselves. It was the ability evinced by Munday in this department of the duty of a dramatist, that obtained for him the character of the "best plotter" our stage possessed in 1598;[1] and

[1] This character was given to him by Francis Meres, in his "*Palladis Tamia.* Wit's Treasury." 12mo. 1598: on fo. 283 we read as follows:—

"The best Poets for Comedy among the Greeks are these: Menander, Aristophanes, Eupolis Atheniensis, Alexis Terius, Nicostratus, Amipsias Atheniensis, Anaxandrides Rhodius, Aristonymus, Archippus Atheniensis, and Callias Atheniensis; and among the Latines, Plautus, Terence, Nævius, Sext. Turpilius, Licinius Imbrex, and Virgilius Romanus: so the best for Comedy amongst us bee, Edward Earle of Oxforde, Doctor Gager of Oxforde, Maister Rowley once a rare Scholler of learned Pembrooke Hall in Cambridge, Maister Edwardes one of her Majesties Chappell, eloquent and witty John Lilly, Lodge, Gascoyne, Greene, Shakespeare, Thomas Nash, Thomas Heywood, Anthony Mundye our best plotter, Chapman, Porter, Wilson, Hathway, and Henry Chettle."

Ben Jonson is not even mentioned here among "the best for comedy," while Munday is singled out as the "best plotter."

although this praise, by no incompetent judge, is to be taken with grains of allowance, there is no doubt that in this respect Munday had advantages over not a few of his contemporaries. He seems to have been as decidedly superior to Ben Jonson, (of whose hostility to Munday we shall have more to say hereafter, in reference to the very expression we have quoted) in the construction of the story of a play, as he was inferior to him in the delineation of characters, and their idiosyncrasies.

Few of Munday's dramatic productions have come down to us, and we shall hereafter insert a list of such as are extant, in our enumeration of all his known works, dramatic and undramatic; but such of his plays as exist support, though not to its full extent, the applause to which we have just adverted. His earliest dramatic attempt seems to have been a comedy called "The Two Italian Gentlemen," which was entered at Stationers' Hall for publication in November, 1584,[1] and was no doubt printed in that year, although both the extant copies want title-pages.

[1] The memorandum in the Registers is in the following form, showing that the running title of "The two Italian Gentlemen" was preceded, on the title-page, by the names of the heroes, viz., Fidele and Fortun[atus.]

"12 Novembr.

"Tho. Hackett. Rd of him, for printinge a booke, entituled *fidele* and *fortun.* The deceipts in love discoursed in a Comedie of ij Italyan gent, translated into Englishe."

Extracts from the Stationers' Registers, ii., 193.

The authorship of Munday, as far as translation is concerned, is ascertained by the circumstance that the dedication of one of the two remaining copies is subscribed with his initials: it may be seen in "Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," iii., 242.

This was a mere translation, and whatever merit the plot may possess belongs to the original author; but such is not the case with Munday's "Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntington," which he probably wrote alone, nor with his "Death of Robert Earl of Huntington," in which he was assisted by Henry Chettle. Both of these were first printed in 1601,[1] but they were written some years earlier, and are indisputably favourable specimens of his talents and ingenuity.

As a dramatic poet, independently of the formation of his fable, (which is so important a portion of the art required in theatrical composition) Munday is seen to greater advantage in the two plays relating to Robert Earl of Huntington, or Robin Hood, than in the drama of "John a Kent and John a Cumber;" because, although the versification in the latter in general runs smoothly, like that of a practised writer, it has no claim to be ranked in the higher order of our stage-performances: the lines are usually unambitious of any greater excellence than that of conveying the writer's meaning distinctly, at the same time falling agreeably upon the

[1] They are reprinted in the Supplemental Volume to "Dodsley's Old Plays," which was prepared by the Editor of the present publication in 1828. "The Widow's Charm," which some have supposed to be the same play as "The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling Street," 1607, has been imputed to Munday by Malone, on the authority of "Henslowe's Diary;" but in the two entries relating to it he is only called "Anthony the poet." There was another Anthony in Henslowe's employment and pay—Anthony Wadeson—and he may have been the writer of "The Widow's Charm." See "Henslowe's Diary," printed by the Shakespeare Society, pp. 225, 226.

ear of the auditor. Therefore, if any reader shall expect to meet with bold and lofty flights of fancy, with new and poetical images, and with any thing approaching the wealth, force, and variety of expression, as well as the depth and originality of thought, to which he has been accustomed in Shakespeare, he will be disappointed. All that Munday proposed to himself seems to have been to compose a comedy, which for two or three hours should amuse by the novelty and diversity of its incidents, and satisfy by the plain, and appropriate language put into the mouths of the characters interested in the progress and result of the story.

Here we may, perhaps, be permitted to remark that the extravagant, though most just, admiration with which we invariably turn to the dramas of Shakespeare, has led many persons to fix too high a standard for estimating the qualifications and excellences of his contemporaries. We will venture, nevertheless, to assert, after the devotion of a tolerably long life to the study of early dramatic literature, that even if the plays of Shakespeare be entirely left out of consideration, his contemporaries, such as Marlow, Greene, Jonson, Heywood, Chapman, Webster, Marston, Dekker, Munday, and many others, have left behind them productions of the same description, which will not only compete with, but, in most respects, exceed, the efforts of the dramatists of any other country of the world since the revival of letters. The recent and very able volumes of Mr. Ticknor[1] have tended much to place

[1] The History of Spanish Literature. 3 vols. 8vo. 1850.

upon a proper level the elder dramatists of Spain, and thereby (while freely admitting the excellence of others) to establish the superiority of our own. We are prepared to maintain that, in all the great essentials of stage-composition, any comparison between the great literary ornaments of the respective theatres of Spain and England must terminate in favour of the latter. The parallel is the more fair, because the principles upon which the poets of the two countries wrote were extremely similar, and, as far as we know, without the slightest concert or communication.

It will now be necessary to enter with a little more particularity into the fable, conduct, and characters, of "John a Kent and John a Cumber;" but as the play, in such entireness as it possesses in the manuscript, is now before our readers, we may avoid prolixity in noticing the story which Munday either borrowed or invented.

At this time of day, and in the present state of our information, we need hardly advert to the manner in which our early dramatists resorted, in the construction of their plays, to any known history or popular fiction. We more than strongly suspect, for we are thoroughly convinced, that such was the origin of the comedy in our hands. Munday found John a Kent and John a Cumber persons whose existence, as accomplished and powerful magicians, was fixed in popular belief; and he took advantage of that belief very much in the same way his contemporary, Robert Greene, took advantage of it, when he wrote

his play founded upon the preternatural powers attributed to Friars Bacon and Bongay.[1] The novel forming the foundation of Greene's production has been preserved to our day, though in an edition much later than the date of the drama; but, in the case before us, although we have no early printed account of the exploits of John a Kent or of his competitor, we feel satisfied that a work of the kind must formerly have been current, and that the very circumstance of its extreme popularity has led to the destruction of every copy, so as to leave John a Kent and his performances merely a matter of vague tradition. His story, and the remarkable incidents and achievements with which he was connected, must have been narrated in chap-books and ballads, numerously printed and widely circulated, but they have all perished; and we believe that the only record of what he attempted or accomplished is found in the comedy before us. It has happened with these chap-books and ballads, as with many other specimens of our old national literature, that having been printed in the cheapest form, they became such favourites with the lower orders, and were so much read and so carelessly treated, that every edition has disappeared. The very circumstance that they assumed so unpretending a shape, and addressed themselves to the vulgar and the ignorant, kept them out of the libraries and depo-

[1] See vol. viii. of the last edition of "Dodsley's Old Plays," in which "The honorable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bongay," 1594, was inserted for the first time.

sitories of the wealthy and the learned; and in comparatively modern times they have only now and then been accidentally detected in obscure corners, or in the collections of individuals of peculiar habits and propensities,[1] who were probably themselves hardly aware of the value of such productions, in connexion with the history of the progress of human intellect.

To establish this fact, we have only to direct attention to the many ancient ballads, broadsides, penny-histories, and other ephemeral productions, recorded in our volumes of "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," compared with the few indeed that are now known.

We have stated that the comedy of "John a Kent and John a Cumber" contains proof of the popularity, at least, of the former as a magician or wizard, whose existence and abilities were fixed in belief by the composition of tracts, printed and circulated of old, relating to his achievements. To these we find Sidanen, the heroine of the play, referring very

[1] Such, for instance, as Samuel Pepys, whose curious accumulations of this kind are preserved in Magdalene College, Cambridge, where the kindness of the Hon. the Dean of Windsor renders them as accessible as the terms of the bequest will permit. The prudence of the restrictions imposed by Pepys cannot be doubted, although they may now and then be found inconvenient to such as have occasion to make extensive or lengthened examinations of the mass of popular relics he left behind him, which would assuredly not have been preserved to this day, but for the stringent regulations established by the testator.

The Editor may here, perhaps, be permitted to state that he has long been preparing a history of ballads, chap-books, and early popular literature, especially in relation to the annals of our country.

distinctly, on p. 50, where she tells John a Kent that she

> ———" will entreat all Britain's poets
> To write large volumes of thy learned skill:"

and she said so because, in fact, such narratives were well known at the time Munday wrote. Again, on p. 58, when Lord Powis and Prince Griffin are expressing their gratitude to John a Kent for what he had accomplished in their favour, the former exclaims—

> " Ah, peerless John! with love, with life, and lands,
> Will we requite this kindness at thy hands:"

and Prince Griffin adds—

> " And sing sweet Sonnets in thy endless praise,
> While our fair loves and we enjoy our days:"

clearly showing that such "sweet Sonnets" in praise of John a Kent were then in circulation.[1]

We may also refer to pp. 40, 41, for abundant evidence that the peasantry were well acquainted not only with his being, but with his powers, and held him in sufficient awe and veneration. "A man" (says Hugh, the Sexton) "were better deal with the best man in the country than with master John a Kent: he never goes abroad without a bushel of devils about him, that if one speak but an ill word of

[1] On p. 29, John a Cumber refers to the high reputation his competitor had acquired:

> "Now, John a Kent, much have I heard of thee:
> Auncient thy fame" * * *

but the injury of the MS. at this place renders it impossible to read farther, and we are tantalized by the certainty that what followed must have been important with reference to the exploits of John a Kent, which we now learn only by tradition.

him, he knows it by and by, and it is no more but send out one of these devils, and where's the man then?" To this the leader of the clowns adds—"Indeed, sir, master John hath dealt but even so so with me, in times past: hark ye, sir, I never besorted or played the good fellow, as sometimes ye know flesh and blood will be frail, but my wife hath known on it ere I came home, and it could not be but by some of his flying devils." It is therefore needless to dwell longer upon this point.

With regard to his character, as we collect it from his words and actions in the drama, it will be seen that, although no higher nature is given to him than that of a human being with magical power and authority, he plays the part, in some respects, of a sort of merry goblin, or Robin Goodfellow, "a magician most profound in his art, and yet not damnable," in aiding certain persons, who ingratiate themselves with him, to accomplish their reasonable desires, which without his help they could hardly hope to attain. These parties are Prince Griffin (of South Wales) and the Earl of Powis; one of whom is in love with Sidanen, the daughter of Prince Llwellen, (of North Wales) and the other with Marian, the daughter of the Earl of Chester.

John a Cumber is the competitor of John a Kent in supernatural power and magical delusion, and all we know of him is that he is represented as a native of Scotland,[1] and a wizard, who is called in by

[1] Mr. T. Stephens, of Merthyr Tydfil, in a letter in "Notes and Queries," of August 16, suggests that "John a Cumber is probably John

the Earl of Morton, a peer of that country, and by the Earl of Pembroke, to assist them in their designs upon Sidanen and Marian. These designs are perfectly honourable, and are zealously seconded by the fathers of the ladies; but in the end they and their coadjutor are outwitted and defeated: the weapons employed by John a Cumber are turned against himself, and he becomes, through the instrumentality of John a Kent, an object of contempt and ridicule with the very persons who expected to profit by his success. There is a great deal of genuine comedy both in the situations and dialogue, where insults of the most provoking kind are heaped upon the unfortunate John a Cumber, who at length, at the moment when he is most looking for a favourable issue to his schemes and contrivances, is mortified by being clothed in motley, and compelled to act as the Fool in a rustic morris-dance.

It would be a waste of time, to enter into any detailed account of the plot: neither would it be very easy to make our narrative perfectly intelligible, in consequence of the numerous and amusing changes of situation and circumstances in the progress of the performance, which in all probability rendered it popular. It will be observed that the manuscript is furnished with no list of the *Dramatis Personæ*, and perhaps it may be as well here to supply the deficiency, in order that our readers may become acquainted with the names of

y Kymro, or John the Cambrian;" but this is hardly consistent with the statement in the play that he was from Scotland.

the different characters before they commence the perusal of the drama.

Llwellen, Prince of North Wales.
Ranulph, Earl of Chester.
Sir Griffin Meriddock, Prince of South Wales.
Geoffrey, Earl of Powis.
Sir Gosselen Denville. } their friends.
Sir Evan Griffin. }
Earl of Pembroke.
Earl of Morton, a Scottish Lord.
Abbot of Chester.
John a Kent. } Magicians.
John a Cumber. }
Oswen, son to the Earl of Chester.
Lord Amery, his friend.
Lord Mortaigue.
Shrimp, John a Kent's Boy.
Turnip. } Clowns and rustics.
Hugh Sexton. }
Tom Taberer. }
Spurling and Boy. }
Countess of Chester, Mother of Marian.
Sidanen, Daughter of Llwellen.
Marian, Daughter of the Earl and Countess of Chester.
Servant to the Earl of Chester. Antics, Peasants, &c.

We are not aware that we are called upon to say more than we have already stated regarding these characters, with the exception, perhaps, of Sidanen, who seems to have been a Welsh heroine of considerable beauty and celebrity, in praise of whom, according to this play, poems had been written; for she herself in one place (p. 42) exclaims—

"Ay, poor Sidanen! let no more sweet song
Be made by Poet for Sidanen sake;"

and among the entries in the Stationers' Registers for the year 1579 we read the following, under date of 13th August:

"Rd of him (Richard Jones) for printing a ballad of British Sidanen, applied by a Courtier to the praise of the Queen."

The meaning appears to be, that some courtier had applied to Elizabeth a ballad which had been written in praise of Sidanen, as if she were a known subject of English verse at that period.[1]

The scene is laid throughout in and near the city of Chester, but in what way some of the principal persons engaged in the action of the piece are brought there, we have no distinct information: it is, however, to be borne in mind that Munday was addressing himself to an audience previously well acquainted with the names of most of the characters he introduces, and with the principal incidents he employs. Thus, when we are first brought acquainted with John a Kent (p. 5), he enters with Sir Gosselen Denville, and addresses Prince Griffin and the Earl of Powis (whose interests are similar) rather in the language of a highwayman than of a magician:—

"Be not offended at my salutations,
That bade ye stand before I say God speed;
For, in plain terms, speed what your speed may be,
Such coin you have both must and shall with me."

It deserves remark, also, in connexion with these expressions, that John a Kent calls Sir Gosselen

[1] We again refer our readers with much pleasure to the communication from Mr. T. Stephens, in "Notes and Queries," for some curious and interesting particulars regarding Sidanen, or Senena, whom he states to have been the daughter-in-law, and not the daughter, of Prince Llwellen.

Denville his "master;" and that in Captain C. Johnson's "Lives of the Highwaymen," (copied from Captain A. Smith's previous work of the same kind, published in 1714 and again in 1720) fol. 1734, p. 15, is inserted the Life of a Sir Gosselen Denville, who was accustomed to rob travellers, and who is said to have flourished in the reign of Edward II:[1] Munday may have transferred the scene of this hero's adventures to North Wales, though it does not at all appear in the course of the piece that Sir Gosselen was concerned in predatory transactions: on the contrary, he lives like a nobleman, in a castle, where passes much that is important to the plot.

Our earliest acquaintance with John a Cumber is even more abrupt, and very possibly for the same reason; namely, that the Author relied upon the recollection of his hearers, to whom particulars of the story were known that have not reached our time. On p. 22, (Act II., for the drama is divided into acts, though the scenes are not marked) John a Kent mentions his rival, and expresses a wish for his presence, in order that he (John a Kent) might be compelled to try the utmost of his magical skill, and display "the glory of his art," in defeating him; and on p. 26, John a Cumber introduces himself, and (having previously become acquainted with the relative position of the parties) immediately adopts the cause of

[1] In his "Watchword for England," 1584, Munday introduces the name of Sir Goceline Deynvile (Sign. B iii. *b*.) as one of the rebels under the Earl of Lancaster, in the reign of Edward II; and adds that he was drawn and quartered at York.

the Earls of Morton and Pembroke in their suit to Sidanen and Marian. How or why he had come from Scotland, excepting that his aid was required by Morton in his emergency, is not explained. Compared with John a Kent, John a Cumber cuts but a sorry figure as a conjuror, considering the high character he had received.

As to the name of John a Kent, we are not to suppose that it has any connexion with the county of Kent; because it is distinctly stated that he is a Welshman, and various traditions are current in Herefordshire respecting the exercise of his profession, and the display of his abilities. There is a village called Kentchurch, not far from Hereford, and it was in that part of the kingdom that our magician acquired most celebrity: it is possible, therefore, that the name of John a Kent may in some way have relation to Kentchurch,[1] but the editor has no local knowledge upon the point, and he has not succeeded in procuring from others the necessary information. It is certain, however, that the neighbourhood of Kentchurch was the chief scene of his exploits; and

[1] A correspondent of "Notes and Queries," (August 16, 1851) under the signature of Seleucus (Silurius?), has favoured us with information regarding John a Kent, which shows that he was a Welsh Bard in the beginning of the 15th century, and that some of his poems are published in the "Iolo MSS." In a note to those poems it is stated that the author was "a priest of Kentchurch in Herefordshire," and "is said to have lived in the time of Wicliffe, and to have been of his party." What was most needed, for the purpose of illustrating the play in our hands, was tidings (if they could have been procured) of some early published and popular history of John a Kent and his achievements; but these we can hardly hope to obtain.

upon this subject and the current traditions respecting him, an intelligent and learned friend, who resides at no great distance, has obligingly forwarded the subsequent memoranda.

"I have great pleasure in telling you all the little that I know about the mysterious being, John a Kent, who, I am inclined to think, must have been some personage of note in his time. His fame as a wizard, though not so extensive, is somewhat like that of Doctor Faustus. There is hardly any one in this southern part of Herefordshire, particularly among the peasantry, who has not some marvellous traditionary story to relate concerning him. Most of these tales, however, are resolvable into one or two exploits in travelling for or with his master, in something like the railway speed of a single night, from Grosmont or Kentchurch to London, and of his outwitting in some way or other the arch-enemy of mankind. But with regard to time they are so confused—as traditions are apt to be—that there is no arriving at any point from which a conjecture may be formed as to the period of his, or of his prototype's existence.

"A countryman whom I once met with in the neighbourhood of Grosmont, and questioned as to what he had ever heard of the state of the country during the civil war between Charles the First and the Parliament, and the plundering of the county by the Scots, during the siege of Hereford—of which there were formerly many traditions—immediately pounced upon John a Kent as an actor in those affairs. He told me that, when the Scots came to plunder in the neighbourhood of Kentchurch and Grosmont, this magician went into a field of corn, and with one blast of his horn called forth such a host of warriors, as immediately compelled the intruders to retire. But I am sure that the origin of John a Kent ascends much higher. Coxe, in his History (or Account) of Monmouthshire, gives, as far as I can recollect, most of the particulars that I ever heard related of him, and offers an ingenious conjecture as to his reality."

There can be no doubt, as the writer of the preceding note speculates, that John a Kent exercised his vocation at a period much anterior to the Civil Wars; and the play before us furnishes evidence that his reputation was so great at the close of the reign of Elizabeth, that a popular dramatist availed himself

of it for the purpose of stage-representation. For the following particulars we are indebted to a correspondent of "The Athenæum;" (26th July, 1851) and it will be found that they accord very much with the information above quoted.

"There are yet many legends current about John o' Kent in the vicinity of Kentchurch, twelve miles from Hereford, and twelve from Abergavenny. There is a barn, still called John o' Kent's Barn, in which he is said to have confined all the crows which infested a certain field which, when a boy, he was desired to watch—the barn having then no roof. There is an aged oak in Kentchurch Park, belonging to Colonel Scudamore, called John o' Kent's Oak, to which he is said to have fastened his dogs. He is supposed to have sold his soul to the Evil Spirit—the covenant being, that John o' Kent should not be buried inside a church, whence the Enemy could not have taken him. This he eluded by being buried under the church wall, half inside and half outside of the building, at Grosemont, the adjoining parish to Kentchurch, in Monmouthshire. I believe that there is something about him in Coxe's "Monmouthshire," but I have not the book. The old people about Kentchurch have some more tales about the feats of John of Kent. I have heard it conjectured that, under this name, in the character of a wizard, Owen Glendower lurked in this neighbourhood for many years; and that here two of his daughters were married, one to an ancestor of Colonel Scudamore, and another to a Monnington, of the village so called, where a tomb, supposed to be his, is still shown. I know not what authority there is for this conjecture. Kentchurch is a very ancient property of the family of Scudamore, who have been settled there some centuries. The present owner is abroad now, but habitually resides there. He has a portrait said to be of John a Kent."

As both the writers of the preceding communications refer to Coxe's "Historical Tour in Monmouthshire," and as it comprises some particulars and speculations not hitherto noticed, we venture to subjoin, with a little abridgment, what is there said of John a Kent (p 336, &c).

"Grosmont rings with the achievements of John a Kent. Like Dr. Faustus, he is said to have made a compact with the devil, but, more successful than the Doctor, he evaded the conditions of his covenant, and outwitted the prince of darkness, both in his life and at his death. Among the early specimens of his magical skill, while a farmer's boy in the vicinity, he confined a number of crows, which he was ordered to keep from the corn, in an old barn without a roof, that he might visit Grosmont fair. Kentchurch house, the neighbouring seat of the Scudamore family, by whom he was hired as a servant, became afterwards the scene of his marvellous exploits. The feat of all others which most endears his memory to the inhabitants of Grosmont was the construction of the bridge over the Monnow, leading to Kentchurch: it is still called John of Kent's bridge, and is said to have been built in one night by one of his familiar spirits. An old tombstone in the churchyard, close to the east wall of the chancel, is said to cover his body; and the legend reports that he was interred under the wall to evade the condition of his compact, which stipulated, that if buried either within the church, or out of the church, he should become the property of Satan.

"Various opinions have been entertained concerning this mysterious personage. According to some, he was the John of Kent, Gwent, or Went, a Franciscan, thus mentioned by Leland: 'He was bred in Wales, and so ardently followed the most celebrated schools of the Franciscans at Oxford, and made such improvements in profound learning, that he was the wonder of his religious bretheren.' Baker in his chronicle mentions another John of Kent among the men of learning in the reign of Henry III. According to others, he was the bard of Owen Glendower, and became domesticated in the family on the defeat of his chieftain, whose daughter married a Scudamore. A tradition, however, still prevails that an old wizard, disguised in a shepherd's habit, once roamed about in the neighbourhood of Grosmont, frequented Kentchurch house, and was buried privately under a stone in the churchyard below the east window of the chancel, which is called John of Kent's tombstone. It has been conjectured that this wizard was Owen Glendower himself, who, when proscribed, wandered about in a shepherd's habit, and took refuge with one of his daughters."

In the play, now for the first time printed, John a Kent evinces his masterdom over supernatural agents in a way not indicated in the preceding quota-

tions; for he raises no fewer than four different preternatural agents, or Antics, for the purpose of misleading his adversary, John a Cumber, and those who trusted in him. These Antics sing four songs; and John a Kent's boy, Shrimp, who is a very useful coadjutor, possesses the faculty of becoming invisible, and, like Ariel in "The Tempest," by his magical music induces persons to follow him, until they lose their way, and lie down to sleep from weariness. In any other particulars we would not for an instant be supposed to institute a comparison between the most beautiful and delicate creation our poetry can boast, and the coarse and comparatively vulgar invention of a great, but far inferior dramatist.[1]

[1] Since the above was in type, the Editor has to acknowledge the receipt of a very obliging letter from the Rev. R. P. Llewelyn, who resides near Bridgend, Glamorganshire, referring to several works which mention John a Kent and Sidanen. He states, among other points, that the late Taliesin Williams gained a prize offered for a History of the former; and that an air named after the latter is to be found in Parry's "Welsh Harper," i., 94.

MEMOIR OF ANTHONY MUNDAY.

We now proceed to give such an account as we are able to furnish of the life and writings of Anthony Munday. The materials have been collected from all sources, including what he says of himself in his own works, a means of knowledge hitherto almost entirely disregarded.[1]

It has been long known, upon his own authority, that Munday was intended for a stationer, (as booksellers and publishers were then called) and Vol. IV. of "The Shakespeare Society's Papers" contains the very entry in the Registers of the Stationers' Company relating to his engagement with John Allde, or Aldee, to serve him as an apprentice in that trade. It is among the records belonging to October, 1576, and, as it is very short, we may be excused for quoting it here, for the sake of completeness.

"Anthonie Mondaie, sonne of Christopher mondaye, late of London, draper, deceased, hath put himself apprentice to John Aldee, stationer, for Eighte yeres, begynnynge at Bartholometide laste past."

We have here as many facts as lines, and among other points we learn the Christian name and trade of Anthony Munday's father,[2] and that he was dead

[1] As long ago as 1828 the Editor drew up a sketch of Munday's life from such imperfect materials as he then possessed; but he has since been able to correct various errors and to make many additions. It precedes "The downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington," reprinted in the Supplementary Volume to "Dodsley's Old Plays."

[2] It would probably be quite in vain to attempt to trace back his family, especially as we have no hint as to the part of the kingdom from which it originally came to settle in London: we may remark, however,

at the date when his son was bound to John Allde: Allde, as may be seen in our two volumes of "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," was principally engaged in the publication of ballads and small popular works. Some of these he either wrote, compiled, or translated himself, and perhaps he encouraged those under him also to exercise their literary talents; for in November, 1577, (just a year and a month after Munday became bound) was entered "The Defence of Poverty against the Desire of Wordly Riches, dialoguewise, collected by Anthony Mundaye;" and although this non-extant tract, or broadside, was not licensed at Stationers' Hall to Allde, but to John Charlwood, it is most likely that the former had an interest in its publication. It seems to have frequently happened, that two or more stationers having the copyright (such as that right then existed) in a work, it was licensed to only one of them: on the other hand, it is, of course, very possible that Allde had no concern with the earliest known production by his full-grown apprentice; but we shall hear presently what Munday himself says upon the question.

He could not have been much less than twenty-three years old when he bound himself to Allde, an age when, according to the custom of the trade in our day, a young man has usually finished his apprenticeship. He was born in 1553, because we shall show,

that Munday was not an uncommon name in the midland counties, and especially in Warwickshire, from whence unquestionably so many of our old dramatists and actors arrived in the metropolis with the Shakespeares, the Burbadges, &c.

at the close of the present memoir, that he was eighty at the time of his death in 1633. It seems very probable, if it be not quite certain, that he had tried his talents on the stage before he bound himself in 1576; and a considerable impulse had been given to theatrical affairs, about the year preceding, by the construction of three regular playhouses, two in Shoreditch, and a third in the precinct of the Blackfriars.[1] Here it will be necessary for us to anticipate a little by a quotation from a tract published in the very beginning of 1582, written in vindication of the Jesuit Edmond Campion, and of others executed with him on 1st December, 1581, which contains an attack upon Munday, who had been one of the witnesses against them. It is there asserted positively, that he had been a stage-player before he became Allde's apprentice. The work to which we refer is called "A true reporte of the death and martyrdome of M. Campion, Jesuite and preiste, and M. Sherwin and M. Bryan, preistes, at Tiborne, the first of December, 1581. Observed and written by a Catholike preist which was present therat," &c.

According to this authority, (not very impartial, it must be admitted) Munday "was *first* a stage-player, (no doubt a calling of some creditt) *after* an apprentise, which time he wel served with deceaving of his master; then, wandring towardes Italy, by his own report became a coosener in his journey. Comming

[1] The Theatre and Curtain, in the parish of St. Leonard, and the Blackfriars Theatre, in the parish of St. Anne. An account of these may be found in the "Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," iii., 263, 268, and 273. Some particulars, since discovered, are contained in Vol. IV. of "The Shakespeare Society's Papers," p. 63.

to Rome, in his short abode there was charitably relieved, but never admitted in the Seminary, as he pleseth to lye in the title of his booke;[1] and, being wery of well doing, returned home to his first vomite againe. I omite to declare howe this scholler, new come out of Italy, did play extempore: those gentlemen and others whiche were present can best give witnes of his dexterity, who, being wery of his folly, hissed him from his stage. Then, being thereby discouraged, he set forth a balet against playes, but yet (O constant youth!) he now beginnes againe to ruffle upon the stage. I omit, among other places, his behavior in Barbican with his good mistres and mother, from whence our superintendent might fetch him to his court, were it not for love (I woulde saye slaunder) to their gospel. Yet I thinke it not amiss to remember thee of this boyes infelicitie."[2]

Making all due allowance for exaggeration on the part of this Roman Catholic priest, who could have no friendly feeling towards Munday, in consequence of his recently avowed hostility and the imputed treachery of which the friends of Campion complained, we need not doubt that there are points

[1] Alluding to "A Discoverie of Edmund Campion and his Confederates," &c. "Published by A. M., sometime the Popes scholler, allowed in the Seminarie at Rome amongst them." This tract must have been published before the execution of Campion, Sherwin, and Bryan; and the "True Reporte," by the Catholic priest, was a reply to it, but, of course, issued after the 1st of December, 1581.

[2] This passage is most incorrectly and incompletely quoted by Chalmers, in his Biogr. Dict., xxii., 513. It is accurately given in the Bridgewater Catalogue, compiled by the Editor, and privately printed for the Earl of Ellesmere in 1837, p. 45.

of truth in the preceding attack. We may take it for granted, because Munday never contradicts it while answering another part of the accusation, that he had been on the stage before the Autumn of 1576, when he became apprentice—that he then repaired to Rome, (for what purpose is not stated, but his enemies asserted that his object was first to spy into the conduct of the English Seminary there, and afterwards to betray it[1]) and that leaving that city, after a short residence, he returned to England and to the stage, where he endeavoured to play extempore. Between his two histrionic attempts he became Allde's apprentice; and, were we to trust what is said by the writer of the tract above quoted, "deceived his master;" but this accusation was not long afterwards distinctly met by Munday, who, in his "Breefe Aunswer made unto two Seditious Pamphlets," 1582, inserted the ensuing certificate from John Allde:—

"This is to let all men understand that Anthony Munday, for the tyme he was my Servaunt, dyd his duetie in all respectes, as much as I could desire, without fraude, covin, or deceyte: if otherwise I should report of him, I should but say untrueth.

"By me, JOHN ALLDE."

[1] Sledd and Munday were two of the witnesses against Campion and others; and among some stanzas at the end of the "True Report" of the death, &c., of Campion, we read the following:—

"The witnesse false, Sledd, Munday, and the rest,
Which had your slanders noted in your booke,
Confesse your fault beforehand, it were best,
Lest God do find it written, when he doth looke
In dreadfull doome upon the soules of men:
It will be late, alas, to mend it then."

This, therefore, must be taken as a satisfactory exculpation of Munday from the charge of having "deceived his master." As we have said, he does not deny that he had been on the stage before his apprenticeship, and that fact may be considered established. It is certain, also, that he was not in Allde's service in 1582, nor even in 1578, as we shall show presently: so that, although he bound himself, in his indentures, for "eight years," he must have served but a short time. As his master and he appear to have continued on good terms, we may, perhaps, conclude that the engagement was ended by mutual consent, and that Allde returned his apprentice the articles he had signed in October, 1576.

We can only speculate what is meant by the last part of the charge against Munday, where his "behaviour in Barbican with his good mistress and mother" is mentioned; but we may add that he dates his "Breefe Aunswer" "from Barbican this 22 of March, 1582;" so that he was not ashamed of his residence there, and he continued in the same neighbourhood afterwards.

In this tract Munday tells us (Sig. D 3) that his master, John Allde, printed his first work; but we have already seen that his "Defence of Poverty" was licensed to Charlwood, though it may have been printed and published by Allde. In September, 1578, Richard Jones entered for publication "a booke intitled the payne of pleasure," which in the Registers of the Stationers' Company is said to have been "compiled by N. Britten," or Nicholas Breton. This

last statement, we apprehend, is a mistake, and that Munday was the real author of the work; for Dr. Farmer was in possession of a tract, dated 1580, and called "The Pain of Pleasure," which had unquestionably Munday's name upon the title-page, if the accurate Herbert may be trusted.[1] When, however, Munday informs us that his master, John Allde, printed his first work, he refers, we believe, to his "Mirror of Mutability," (a production of considerable pretension and labour, and an avowed imitation of "The Mirror for Magistrates") which was entered by Allde on 10th October, 1579,[2] and which was published with that date at the bottom of the title-page: he might not consider the "Defence of Poverty," the "Pain of Pleasure," and a translation from the French, to be noticed presently, of sufficient importance to deserve the name of "works."

[1] Herbert's "Ames," iii., 1337.

[2] "Extracts from Stationers' Registers," ii., 100. Robert Greene subsequently employed the same alliterative expression in his "History of Arbasto," which must have been written and printed before 1592, although the earliest known copies of it are dated as late as 1617: the passage is curious on another account, since it speaks of "The Cradle of Security," which was the title of an early popular dramatic entertainment: see "Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," ii., 272. Greene's words are—"Fickle Fortune having now hoysed us up to the top of her inconstant wheele, seeing how careless I slumbred in *the cradle of securitie*, thought to make me a very *mirrour of her mutabilitie*, for she began afresh to turne my typpet on this wise." As the Rev. Mr. Dyce had not seen the earliest extant impression of the "History of Arbasto," when he published his "Dramatic Works of Robert Greene," in 1831, we subjoin the imprint—"Printed by I. B. for Roger Jackson, and are to be sold at his shop, neere Fleet Conduit. 1617." All the rest of the title-page of the edition of 1617 is the same as that of 1626, with the exception of a single letter.

When speaking, of his early life, in the preliminary matter to his "Mirror of Mutability,"[1] 1579, Munday is silent as to any previous attempt he had made on the stage, whether successful or otherwise; but as he was then one of the theatrical servants of the Earl of Oxford, (to whom he dedicates the work) it might be generally known, and certainly within the cognizance of his patron. He speaks of himself in the character of an author, and mentions his translation of "Galien of France" as having been already presented to the Earl, a circumstance altogether new in the biography of Munday. He also there communicates some personal information, which is also quite new, for he tells us that, as his "wild oats required to be furrowed in a foreign ground," he had travelled with a friend to France, and had been robbed and stripped by soldiers between Boulogne and Abbeville. Munday and his companion, however,

[1] Among the various commendatory poems which introduce Munday's early work is one by E. K., as he is called at the commencement, and Ed. Knight, as he subscribes his name at the end. May not this be the E. K. who addresses Gabriel Harvey in an epistle before Spencer's "Shepherd's Calendar?" The date of E. K.'s postscript is 1579, the year of the publication of Munday's "Mirror of Mutability." The Editor may here mention that he is in possession of a copy of "The Faerie Queene," 4to., 1591, and 1596, with the autograph of John Marston on the front of the title-page; and of a copy of the whole of Spencer's Works, fo. 1611, with the autograph of "Mi. Drayton, 1613," at the back of the title-page. The latter he procured at an auction in the country, where it was sold in a lot with from ten to fifteen other books of no value. The former he obtained at a sale in London, where the circumstance escaped observation, perhaps from the faintness of the ink, and slight injury by friction. These, in consequence of the celebrity of the names, are interesting relics.

made their way to Paris, and by the aid of subscriptions from some Englishmen continued their journey to Venice, Padua, Naples, and Rome: at the latter he had been received into the English Seminary as "the Pope's scholar." All this must have occupied a comparatively brief period, for he returned to England in or before 1579, and superintended the printing of his "Mirror of Mutability." In the address to the reader of it, he asserts that this was "the third time he had presumed upon his clemency;" but if the Stationers' Registers, and other authorities, are to be relied upon, the "Mirror of Mutability" was Munday's fourth production: 1, his "Defence of Poverty; 2, his "Pain of Pleasure; 3, his translation called "Galien of France;" and 4, his "Mirror of Mutability." It is, therefore, just possible that "The Pain of Pleasure" was by Breton, and not by Munday, in spite of the assertion on the title-page.

Munday was unquestionably in Rome in or before 1578, because he informs us, in his "Breefe Aunswer," that he had seen Captain Stukeley there; and that adventurer perished in the battle of Alcazar, which was fought on 4th August in that year.[1] This brings the period of Munday's servitude with John Allde to a

[1] In Hakluyt's Voyages, 1589, are "Verses written by A. M. to the courteous readers, who was present at Rome when John Fox received his letters of the Pope." Ritson also says ("Bibl. Poet.," 282) that lines by A. M. are prefixed to "News from the North," 1579, and conjectures that they were the initials of Anthony Munday: the question is set at rest by the edition of that work in 1585, which of course Ritson had not seen, for there the verses are subscribed at length. See the Bridgewater Catalogue, 4to., 1837, p. 217, where reasons are given for thinking that

narrow compass, for he must have "wandered towards Italy" soon after he entered into his articles, and came back before the printing of his "Mirror of Mutability." On his return, if we are to believe his enemies, (and there is, probably, no reason to discredit them on any other account than that they were his enemies) he again resorted to the quality of a stage-player, and made some attempts at extemporaneous performance, similar to those he must, in all probability, have witnessed south of the Alps.[1] The author of the "True Report" asserts that Munday was not successful, and was finally "hissed from his stage."

Three productions, either still extant, or which were so within the last century, bearing Munday's name or initials, appeared in 1580, besides the "Pain of Pleasure," already mentioned. As we have inserted the full titles, where it was possible to procure them, in due series at the end of the present memoir, it is not necessary here to go into any such details: we shall only quote so much of each as will enable our readers to identify them. A fourth was licensed at Stationers' Hall, and that merely a ballad, and for the same publisher who had entered the earliest production by our author of which we have

this very amusing work, "News from the North," was written by Francis Thynne. We may take this opportunity of stating that A. M. has a sonnet "to his loving and approoved good Friend, M. John Bodenham," before "Belvedere, or the Garden of the Muses," 1600.

[1] In what were called in Italy *Commedie al improviso;* respecting which, and certain early English imitations of them, see "Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," iii., 398.

any record: it is entitled in the Register (for the piece itself has not come down to us) "a ballad made by Anthony Monday of the encouragement of an English Soldier to his fellow mates;" and it was licensed on 8th March, 1580.[1] The object of it (independently of pecuniary advantage) was most likely to rouse the spirits of the troops about that time despatched, under Sir Walter Raleigh and others, into Ireland, to serve with Lord Grey.

Two other publications by Munday belonging to the year 1580 were "Zelauto: the Fountaine of Fame," (which Ritson strangely inserts twice over on the same page; once as "The fountayne of Fame, erected in an orcharde of amorous adventures," and secondly, as "Zelauto, the fountaine of Fame"[2]) and a tract, which we believe to be unique, and which we have reprinted near the end of our volume, entitled "A View of sundry Examples." As we have never had an opportunity of seeing "Zelauto," as there is no entry of it in the Stationers' Registers, and as the authorities in favour of its existence do not give the imprint, we know not by what Stationer it was published; but the "View of sundry Examples" was not put forth by Allde, nor by Charlwood, but by William Wright, who was also the publisher of another tract by Munday, relating to Campion and his unfortunate associates.

With the accusation and trial of these persons in 1581 Munday became intimately, and not very

[1] "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," ii., 109.

[2] "Bibliographia Poetica," p. 282.

enviably, connected, and we have already seen that he was an important witness against them: he was afterwards brought forward by the Sheriffs in a remarkable manner, to confront and contradict some other Roman Catholics (the accomplices of Campion) at the foot of the gallows; and of this circumstance curious and authentic evidence is contained in the second tract which we have re-printed, relating to executions of seven other adherents to Popery, on 28th and 30th March, 1582.[1]

Munday's "View of Sundry Examples" is not mentioned by any of his biographers. We never met with, nor heard of, more than one exemplar of it; yet, from its very nature, it must have been highly popular, and no doubt the copies originally issued were numerous. It relates to the murders, strange incidents, and prodigies, that had occurred between about 1570 and 1580, when the pamphlet came out, including a

[1] In order to render the series of publications on this event more complete, we have subjoined to the above a tract, of only a few leaves, which exists in the library at Lambeth, and possibly was never published. It should seem, that pamphlets of a questionable character were sometimes forwarded to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and if his Grace did not approve of their publication, they were, as a matter of course, suppressed, the original copy, however, being retained in the archeopiscopal library. Such was possibly the fact with the "Advertisement and Defence for Truth against her Backbiters," in connexion with the case of Campion, which we have placed at the end of our volume. It a singular specimen of authorship, consisting of only two long, rambling, incoherent, and, in some places, almost unintelligible sentences. The object of the writer was to vindicate the execution of justice upon Campion and his associates, and it is very possible that Archbishop Grindal thought the case stronger without, than with, this uncouth species of advocacy, and therefore directed that the tract should not be published.

brief notice of the great earthquake on 6th April, 1580, which produced such terror and dismay in London. The inquiry before the Coroner into one of the cases of murder included by Munday, that of Abel Bourne, was actually not finished at the time of publication: there also we find, in considerable detail, the circumstances attending the murder of George Sanders, a merchant of London, (which soon afterwards formed the subject of one of our best early dramas,[1]) and for committing which no fewer than six persons lost

[1] We cannot refrain from quoting, in a note, a small part of an admirable scene in this tragedy, (not printed till 1599) in which Munday may have had a hand, (as the earliest narrator of the story) although what follows seems to be in some respects above the reach of his muse. The dialogue is between Browne, the murderer, Anne Sanders, the repentant wife of the murdered man, and Mrs. Drewry, an accomplice.

"*Mrs. Drewry.* See where Master Browne is: in him take comfort,
And learn to temper your excessive grief.

"*Anne.* Ah! bid me feed on poison and be fat,
Or look upon the basilisk and live,
Or surfeit daily and be still in health,
Or leap into the sea and not be drowned.
All those are even as possible as this,
That I should be re-comforted by him
That is the author of my whole lament.

"*Browne.* Why, mistress Anne, I love you [very] dearly,
And but for your incomparable beauty,
My soul had never dream'd of Sanders' death.
Then, give me that which now I do deserve,
Yourself, your love; and I will be to you
A husband so devote, as none more just,
Or more affectionate, shall tread the earth.

"*Anne.* If you can crave it of me with a tongue
That hath not been profan'd with wicked vows;
Or think it in a heart did never harbour
Pretence of murder; or put forth a hand

their lives, including the wife and her paramour. As we have adverted more particularly to these matters in the notes appended to the tract, it is not necessary now to dwell upon them.

A fact connected with Munday's personal history is established by the preliminary portion of the "View of Sundry Examples," namely, that at the time it was written the author was still one of the players of the Earl of Oxford, for he subscribes an address to his readers—"servant to the right honourable the Earl of Oxenford."[1] Such was what we may call the technical designation constantly given to actors who performed under the sanction and protection of noblemen; and there is no doubt, therefore, that in 1580 Munday had reverted to the profession to which he had belonged before he became apprentice to John Allde, in 1576.

However, not long after 1580, by the favour of

As not contaminate with shedding blood,
Then will I willingly grant your request.
But oh! your hand, your heart, your tongue and eye,
Are all presenters of my misery."

We do not pretend that the whole is as good as this specimen, and several inferior dramatists may have had a share in preparing a play on a temporary subject, and clearly composed in haste. See also "Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," iii., 52 and 53, for passages which will, at least, remind the reader of Shakespeare.

[1] His Lordship's company of players, we learn from the Registers of the Privy Council, was acting publicly in 1575. The Earl himself was a dramatic poet, and Puttenham, in 1589, ("Art of English Poesie," p. 51) and Meres, in 1598, (*Palladis Tamia*, fo. 283 b) speak of him as meriting high commendation for "comedy and interlude." As a general poet he also obtained considerable praise from Webbe, in his "Discourse of English Poetrie," 1586.

the Court, and perhaps in consequence of his instrumentality in exposing the Seminary at Rome, and in arresting and convicting Campion and his associates, Munday was enabled to add to his name, on his title-pages, the words, "one of the Messengers of her Majesty's Chamber;" and we may infer that he quitted the stage in consequence.[1] We certainly find no trace of him after 1582 in connexion with theatres, excepting as an author; and he appears, subsequently to that date, to have applied his ready and various pen to the increase of such means of subsistence as he derived from his not very lucrative or important office about the Queen.

We have necessarily adverted to several, but the present may not be an unfit opportunity for briefly noticing, in succession, all the tracts by Munday which relate to the capture, trial, and hanging of Campion, and of those who suffered with him. The earliest is his "Brief Discourse of the taking of Edm. Campion and divers other Papists in Berkshire," 1581: in this Munday seems to have claimed the credit of more instrumentality than really belonged to him; for immediately after its appearance, a person of the name of George Elliot published what he called "A very true Report" of the capture, adding, that it contained "a controlment of a most untrue former book set out by one A. M.,

[1] He called himself, in 1588, "Servant to the Queen's most excellent Majesty," but in the same year he reverted to his more particular designation as "one of the messengers of her Majesty's chamber." See the list of his works at the close of the present memoir.

alias Anthony Munday, concerning the same." Munday made no direct answer to this imputation, but early in 1582[1] he printed his "Discoverie of Edmund Campion and his Confederates," on the title-page of which, as we have seen, he styled himself "some time the Popes Scholler, allowed in the Seminary at Rome:" it was followed by his "Brief answer to two seditious Pamphlets, &c., containing a Defence of Edmund Campion;"[2] and that by his "Brief and true Report of the Execution" of Ford, Shert, Johnson, Filbie, Kirbie, Richardson, and Cottom, which comes third in our present volume, and which we have placed there, both on account of its rarity and the singularity of its contents. It was entered to William Wright on 31st May, 1582, the very day after the four last of the parties suffered.[3]

This tract was evidently written at speed, not merely to gratify public curiosity, but to induce a popular belief that the unhappy criminals were guilty of treason, and had, besides, died obstinate Roman Catholics. Munday's "English Roman Life, discovering the Lives of Englishmen at Rome, the orders of the English Seminary," &c., was a work of greater bulk and of more pretension, but it was entered as early as 19th June, 1582, by Nicholas

[1] It was entered on 12th March, 1582. See "Extracts from Stat. Registers," ii., 162.

[2] It was licensed on the same day and to the same stationer, Edward White: see "Extracts from Stationers' Registers," ii., 161. Some copies have Charlwood's imprint: see Bridgewater Catalogue, p. 202.

[3] "Extracts from the Stationers' Registers," ii., 164.

Lyng, no doubt for himself and John Charlwood, who printed it. This seems to have been the last of Munday's pieces which had special reference to such designs as were entertained by Campion and his friends; for the "Watchword to England," which appeared in 1584, was of a more general character, and offered a wider warning against the designs of the religious enemies of the public peace.

After the subsidence of the excitement occasioned by the prosecution and punishment of the Jesuits and priests, our author appears to have turned the current of his thoughts into an entirely different direction; and on 19th August, 1584, we meet in the Registers of the Stationers' Company with an entry by Charlwood of a work by Munday, the title of which we are compelled to take from those very valuable records, because no copy of it exists. It is there called "The sweet Sobs and amorous Complaints of Shepherds and Nymphs, in a Fancy."[1] It was evidently of a pastoral and lyrical character; and, as it obtained for the author a considerable reputation for poetry of that description, the entire loss of it is much to be lamented. That it was published, as well as entered, there is no doubt, for Webbe introduces its author's name, in consequence of it, with great applause in his "Discourse of English Poetrie," 1586: his words are—"With him I will joyne Anthony Munday, an earnest traveller in this arte, and in whose name I have seene very excellent workes, among which,

[1] "Extracts from Stat. Registers," ii., 182. After the title of the work comes the statement that it was "composed by An. Munday."

surely, the most exquisite vaine of a witty, poeticall head, is shewed in *the sweete sobs of Sheepheardes and Nymphes*, a worke well worthy to be viewed, and to be esteemed as very rare poetrie."

Munday's next production was of a dramatic kind—"Fidele and Fortunio." We have before spoken of it briefly, (p. x.) and it does not possess sufficient merit to entitle it to any lengthened notice, although it would be easy to enlarge upon its plot, characters, and poetry, because two copies have of late years been recovered. Both of these are without title-page, and one of them also wants the dedication, from which the authorship is ascertained, the letters A. M. being at the end of it: the Registers of the Stationers' Company do not state, in this instance, by whom the translation (for it has no higher pretensions) was made; but there is no doubt that the initials are those of our author.

We have said perhaps as much as is necessary respecting his "Watchword to England," 1584; and two years having elapsed before Munday next appeared in print, he seems then to have made another new experiment. The writer of "The True Report" of the death of Campion asserts that Munday, at one time repenting his theatrical propensities, wrote "a ballad against plays:" this has not survived, but of course it must have been anterior to 1582; and in 1586 (according to Maunsell's Catalogue, which was published in 1595) came out a very devout work, called "Anthony Munday's Godly Exercise for Christian families," containing

morning, evening, and occasional prayers, &c.[1] His "Banquet of Dainty Conceits" followed, after another interval of two years: it consists of songs and ditties to tunes then well known; and when we meet, among the latter, with "Munday's Toy" and "Munday's galliard," we are not to understand that they were composed by Anthony Munday, but probably by a person of the name of John Munday, who some years afterwards was a Bachelor of Music and one of the organists of the Queen's Chapel at Windsor, probably related to our author.[2] Anthony Munday avows that he was not acquainted with a note of music, although he was the writer of words to airs then popular. On the title-page of his "Banquet of Dainty Conceits" he calls himself "Servant to the Queen's most excellent Majesty," instead of "one of the Messengers of her Chamber;" and we might suppose that he had changed and improved his situation, if we did not perceive that in another of his works,

[1] We find no entry of any such work in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, and we have never heard of its existence. Andrew Maunsell was a bookseller who printed a list, in folio, of works for sale in the trade: it consists of two parts, the first part, printed by John Windet, relating to works of divinity, original or translated; and the second part, printed by James Roberts, consisting of the titles of works of science. The third part, which would have included general literature, poetry, plays, &c., it seems, never appeared.

[2] Herbert's "Ames," ii., 1019, contains a notice of John Munday's works in this form:

"Contratenor. Songs and Psalmes composed into 3, 4, and 5 parts, for the use and delight of all such as either love or learne Musicke: By John Mundy, Gent., bachiler of Musicke, and one of the Organest of hir Majesties free Chappell of Windsor. Dedicated 'To — Robert Devorax—Earle of Essex,' &c. W. H.

"Also several books of musick by him, Bird, Morley, and Watson."

of the same date, he was still designated by his old addition.

We allude to his translation, from the French of Claude Colet, of the "History of Paladine of England," which was printed in 1588 by Edward Allde, the son of his old master, John Allde, who about this time, or soon afterwards, retired from business.[1] It seems that, before Munday translated "Paladine of England," he had rendered into English two parts of "Palmerin d'Oliva," also printed in 1588. His "History of Palmendos," son to Palmerin d'Oliva, was published in the next year, having been promised in a postscript to his "Paladine of England."

A political production called "The Masque of the League," a translation from the French, dated 1592, has been imputed to Anthony Munday.[2] We have

[1] Herbert ("Ames," ii., 892) mentions three books, with dates, printed after 1588, by or for John Allde; but we may doubt whether they were not in fact issued by his son. There is an interval between 1580 and 1591, during which John Allde's name is not found appended to any book. Edward Allde had a license from Stationers' Hall, in 1587, to print "Histoire Palladine, &c., per Claude Collet," translated into English, but it is not stated by whom the translation was made.

[2] See Lowndes' Bibliographer's Manual, ii., 1309, where the work is entered as follows:

"The Masqve of the League and the Spanyard discouered. Faythfully translated out of the French Copie: Printed at Toures by Iamet Mettayer. London for Richard Smyth, 1592." 4to., twenty-two leaves. At the end I. M. It was published with a new title in 1605.

It was entered at Stationers' Hall on 5th June, 1591, in this form:

"Quinto Junij.

"John Wolf. Entred for his copie The Masque of the league and of the Spanyarde discovered, &c., to be printed in English."

Here we find no translator's initials, but those above given by Lowndes are clearly erroneous, and ought to be A. M.

never seen it; but we have little doubt that it was his, because one of his mottoes, *Patere aut abstine*, is on the title-page, and his initials at the end.[1] Herbert assigns to Munday another work, which he probably possessed, but which has never fallen in our way, (although we have sought for it in many public and private libraries) under the title of "The Defence of Contraries," in the form of "declamations."[2] The date given to it is 1593, and we strongly suspect that it is an earlier impression of a work called, when it was re-issued and perhaps enlarged, in 1596, "The Orator:" it was written in French by Alexander Silvayn, and purports to have been translated into English by Lazarus Piot, a name assumed by Munday, probably because his own had been so often before the public, especially in connexion with "The Defence of Contraries." It is in "The Orator" that we find the two "Declamations" of "a Jew who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian," and of "the Christian's Answer."

Munday put the same *nom de plume* to his version of "Amadis de Gaule," the first and second books of which came out in 1595:[3] both are stated to have been translated by Lazarus Piot; but that Lazarus

[1] See Herbert's "Ames," ii., 1102, where the full title is given, from a copy belonging to the compiler of that work.

[2] Herbert's "Ames," ii., 1222. It professes to be "translated out of French by A. M.;" and it was printed by J. Windet for S. Waterson.

[3] "The first 4 books of Amadis de Gaule, to be translated," were entered at Stationers' Hall to Edward Allde as early as 1588, and it is very likely that they were then published, although no edition of that date seems now to be known. See also "Notes and Queries," vol. iv., p. 85.

Piot was Anthony Munday we have this proof, among others, that when he republished "Amadis de Gaule," in 1619, he inserted his name at length upon the title-page. Malone printed Piot *Pilot*,[1] and was corrected by Ritson, who added, that it meant Anthony Munday, a fact of which Malone does not seem to have been aware.

"Fidele and Fortunio," 1584, if it were ever acted, was ill adapted to representation. Whether Munday attempted anything dramatic in the long interval between that year and 1595, when he wrote "John a Kent and John a Cumber," we have no means of knowing; but in 1597, and afterwards, we meet with his name in Henslowe's "Diary" not unfrequently. He was commonly associated with other dramatists, and between 22nd December, 1597, and the 2nd December, 1602, he appears to have been concerned, more or less, in at least thirteen plays. We have enumerated them all hereafter, and out of the list there are only two or three which he wrote alone, and it is doubtful if he had not coadjutors even in those, although the old Manager does not state who they were. The drama in which Munday had a hand which has attracted most attention of late years, is "The Life of Sir John Oldcastle," 1600: it was long imputed to Shakespeare, but we now know that it was the joint work of Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Hathway.[2] The two parts of

[1] Shakespeare by Boswell, v., 163.

[2] Some of the old printed copies have the name of our great dramatist on the title-page, while others are anonymous. It was only "the first part" that was printed; but from Henslowe's "Diary" we learn that a

"Robin Hood," (otherwise called the "Downfal" and "Death" of Robert Earl of Huntington) the first by Munday, and the last by him and Chettle, were printed in 1601.

It was in 1598, as already shown, that Munday obtained from Meres the character of the "best plotter" of all those (including our great dramatist) who were at that time writers for the different theatres of London. This preference seems to have excited the ire, if not the envy, of Ben Jonson, supposing "The Case is altered" to be, as we believe it is, mainly his composition.[1] Our Author is introduced into it as Antonio Balladino, a name given to him in derision, from the number of ballads and slight temporary productions that had come from his pen in the course of the twenty years preceding.

In the first scene of the first act is a dialogue between Peter Onion and Antonio Balladino, in which the latter censures those that introduce "nothing but humours" into their plays:—"True, sir," (adds Antonio) "they would have me make such plays; but, as I tell them, an they'll give me twenty pounds a play, I'll not raise my vein."—"No;" (observes Onion) "it were a vain thing if you should, sir;"

second part was written by the same authors, which has never come to light. See pp. 158, 162, 166, 236, 237, 239. Thomas Dekker made "additions" to the second part.

[1] The chief reason for doubting it is the fact, that Ben Jonson's name is not upon the title-page of a copy of the edition of 1609, in which year it first came from the press. It was written, perhaps, eight or ten years earlier. The Duke of Devonshire has the copy, the title-page of which does not assign it to any author. It is most probable that Ben Jonson had coadjutors in the undertaking.

to which Antonio replies, "Tut, give me the penny, give me the penny: I care not for the gentlemen, I; let me have a good ground, no matter for the pen, the plot shall carry it."—"Indeed, that's right;" (says Onion) "you are in print already for *the best plotter*;"[1] which are precisely the words Meres had employed in his *Palladis Tamia*. There is no room for doubt, therefore, that by Antonio Balladino Anthony Munday was intended.

Whether this ridicule had any effect upon our author is uncertain, but his next printed work was a mere prose performance, upon the fate, and supposed re-appearance, of Don Sebastian after the battle of Alcazar in 1578, under the title of "The strangest Adventure that ever happened:" it came out in 1601.

A version of "Palmerin of England" was registered at Stationers' Hall as early as 1581, but we have no evidence there that it was by Munday, beyond the fact that it was entered by John Charlwood.[2] An edition (possibly only a reprint) under Munday's name was issued in 1602.

In 1605 we arrive at his Pageant on the inauguration of the Lord Mayor of that year: it is the earliest known production of the kind from his pen; but, as Ben Jonson had some years before termed him "Antonio Balladino, *pageant poet*," and had laughed at him, on account of his employment in that capacity by

[1] Gifford's "Ben Jonson's Works," vi., 327. He was most decisively of opinion that "The Case is altered" was the production of Ben Jonson; and, indeed, the internal evidence alone is sufficient proof that he wrote the greater, and the better, part of it.

[2] See "Extracts from Stat. Registers," ii., 138.

the corporation of London, we may, perhaps, conclude that Munday had previously written some descriptive ceremonials of the same sort, which (like many others) have not been recovered.[1] That of 1605 was called "The Triumphs of re-united Britania," on the election of Sir Leonard Holiday; and upon the title-page the author is described as "A. Munday, Citizen and *Draper*." The fact is that, as he did not nearly serve out his time with John Allde, he was not entitled to be free of the Stationers' Company; and his father, Christopher Munday, having belonged to the Drapers' Company, the son must have obtained his privileges as a member of it by patrimony. This circumstance will account for what we find stated near the close of Thomas Middleton's "Triumphs of Truth," which was a Pageant written to celebrate the Mayoralty of

[1] The Rev. Alexander Dyce supposes that Munday was struck at by Kemp, in his "Nine-days' Wonder," 1600, in the following words: "I was let to wit that another Lord of litle wit, one whose imployment for the Pageant was utterly spent, he being knowne to be Elderton's immediate heyre, was vehemently suspected; but after due inquisition was made, he was at that time knowne to live like a man in a mist, having quite given over the mistery." (Repr. by the Camden Society, p. 21.) This description, however, is general, and might be applied to other writers of the time with equal appropriateness. Gifford (Ben Jonson's Works, vi., 328) was of opinion that Munday wrote all the Lord Mayors' Pageants from 1591 to the end of the reign of Elizabeth; but of course it was only a conjecture. As to Munday being "Elderton's immediate heir," as a *ballad* writer, none of his productions of this kind, as far as we know, have come down to our day; and the only one distinctly imputed to him (excepting by some entries in the Stationers' Registers) is the "ballad of Untruss" mentioned by Thomas Nash in his letter to Sir Robert Cotton, written about 1597, and printed in "Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," i., 305.

1613.[1] We are there told that "Anthony Munday, gentleman," furnished "the apparel and porters" for it; and we take it, that his being free of the Drapers' Company gave him advantages or facilities for the purpose: the "apparel" speaks for itself, and the "porters" were, no doubt, men who carried some of the cumbrous ornaments of the procession.

It has been supposed that Middleton, in the introduction to his "Triumphs of Truth," intended our author by the words, "looking like the picture of Black Monday;" but we apprehend that this was a mere phrase, and that neither it, nor other terms, such as "impudent common writer," can allude to an individual who was associated with Middleton in the production. It is true, that Munday penned the Pageants of 1605 and 1611, (those of the intervening years are missing) but Thomas Dekker was the writer of that of 1612,[2] immediately preceding the "Triumphs of Truth;" and it is certain that Middleton did not drive Munday out of the field, for he was employed

[1] Middleton's Works, edited by the Rev. A. Dyce, v., 215.

[2] As the title of this rare Pageant is not given at length by Mr. J. G. Nichols, in his "London Pageants," 8vo., 1831, nor in the "Biographia Dramatica," nor in any other authority, it may be added here, from a copy in the library of the Duke of Devonshire:—

"Troja-Nova Triumphans. London Triumphing, or the Solemne, Magnificent, and memorable Receiving of that worthy gentleman, Sir John Swinerton, Knight, into the Citty of London after his Returne from taking the Oath of Maioralty at Westminster on the morrow next after Simon and Judes day, being the 29 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 by Nicholas Okes, &c. 1612." 4to.

by the corporation in the very next year, (1614) as well as in the years 1615 and 1616. It seems, therefore, more likely that Middleton's allusion, if any were intended, should have been to Dekker than to Munday. Munday's Pageants for 1611, 1614, 1615, and 1616, were "Chryso-thriambos, the Triumphs of Gold"—"The Triumphs of Old Drapery"—"Metropolis Coronata"—and "Chrysanaleia, the Golden Fishing." The full titles of these pieces are appended to the present memoir.

Munday's "Brief Chronicle of the Success of Times," the name of which sufficiently explains the nature of the production, came out in 1611. It possesses no original feature.

He must have been acquainted with Stow, who several times in his *Annales* refers to him as his authority for particular facts; and who, before his death, in 1605, seems to have put some of his papers and collections into Munday's hands, especially such as related to the city and liberties of London. To what extent Stow entrusted them to him, and for what precise purpose, we have no means of deciding, but the latter appears to have made considerable use of them in an edition of Stow's "Survey" which he published in 1618. The original compiler had then been dead about thirteen years, and during twelve of them Munday professes to have employed himself in accumulating materials, and making additions and corrections. The result is not remarkable for industry or accuracy, points which Stow always justly considered of paramount importance in a work of the

kind; and as the two earlier impressions of 1598[1] and 1603 were out of print in 1618, the undertaking of that year may have been somewhat of a bookseller's speculation. Munday continued the list of the Mayors and Sheriffs, and inserted various additional epitaphs and inscriptions, so as to add much to the bulk of the volume.

His initials (in conjunction with those of another unnamed individual) were continued upon the title-page, when the "Survey" was again printed in 1633; but this was the year of Munday's death; and it is remarkable that he had reached the same age as Stow. He was buried on the 10th August, in the Church of St. Stephen, Coleman Street, and the following inscription was placed upon his monument, which, together with that edifice, was destroyed by the great fire of 1666:—

"To the memory
Of that ancient Servant to the City,
with his Pen, in divers imployments,
especially the *Survay of London*,
Master *Anthony Munday*,
Citizen and Draper
of *London*.

He that hath many an ancient Tombstone read,
(Ith labour seeming, more among the *dead*
To live, than with the *living*) that survaid
Obstruse Antiquities, and ore them laid
Such vive and beauteous colours with his Pen,
(That spite of time) those old are new agen,
Vnder this Marble lies inter'd: His Tombe,
Clayming (as worthily it may) this roome,

[1] This seems to be the year of its earliest publication, but some copies of the first edition have 1599 on the title-page.

Among those many Monuments his Quill
Has so reviv'd, helping now to fill
A place (with those) in his *Survay:* in which
He has a Monument, more faire, more rich,
Than polisht Stones could make him, where he lies
Though dead, still living, and in That, nere dyes.
Obiit Anno Ætatis suæ 80. *Domini* 1633.
Augusti 10."

We derive the preceding from "The Survey of London, by Stow, A. M., H. D., &c." 1633, folio, p. 869;[1] so that not only was the subject of it dead, but his monument had probably been put up, and inscribed, before that edition of the work was published.

Of Munday's private life, when he married, (if, indeed, he married at all) or how many children he left behind him, we know nothing; and it is remarkable, considering his celebrity, and the number of works he published, how rarely he is mentioned by his contemporaries.

[1] The Editor is indebted for it to his accurate and learned friend, Mr. Bolton Corney, who has also enabled him to append to the present Introduction some important and well-digested information respecting the impressions of Stow's "Survey" in 1618 and 1633.

LIST OF ANTHONY MUNDAY'S WORKS.

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO DATES.

I. The Defence of Povertie against the Desire of worldly Riches, dialogue-wise: collected by Anthonie Mundaye.

[Only known from the Registers of the Company of Stationers, where it was licensed, precisely in this form, to John Charlwood on 18th November, 1577. See "Extracts," ii., 49.]

II. Galien of France.

[Mentioned in the preliminary matter to the "Mirror of Mutability," 1579, as having been already printed, and dedicated by Munday to the Earl of Oxford. Not entered at Stationers' Hall, but probably printed by John Allde, or John Charlwood.]

III. The Mirrour of Mutabilitie, or principall part of the Mirrour for Magistrates. Describing the fall of divers famous Princes, and other memorable Personages. Selected out of the Sacred Scriptures by Antony Munday, and dedicated to the Right Honourable the Earle of Oxenford. Imprinted at London by J. Allde, and are to be solde by Richard Ballard, at Saint Magnus Corner. 1579. 4to.

[Licensed 10th October, 1579: see "Extracts Stat. Reg.," ii., 100. Only two copies seem to have been preserved.]

IV. The pain of Pleasure. In Verse. By Ant. Munday. The Rev. Dr. Farmer, Master of Emanuel Coll., Camb. 1580. 4to.

[This title is from Herbert's "Ames," iii., 1337, as the first work printed by Henry Car, or Carre. Entered in the Stationers' Registers

on 9th September, 1578, as "compiled by N. Britten:" see "Extracts," ii., 67. Herbert must have seen Dr. Farmer's copy.]

V. Zelauto. The Fountaine of Fame erected in an orcharde of amorous adventures, by Ant. Munday. 1580. 4to.

[From Ritson, ("Bibl. Poet.," p. 282) where it is again inserted, under the title of "Zelauto. The fountaine of Fame. 1580." It was not entered in the Stationers' Registers; but no doubt Ritson had good authority for his statement.]

VI. A ballat made by Anthony Munday, of thencouragement of an English soldior to his fellowe mates. 1580.

[Thus licensed in the Stationers' Registers to John Charlwood, on 8th March, 1579-80: "Extracts," ii., 109. No copy, in print or in MS., is known, but it was doubtless a broadside.]

VII. A view of sundry Examples. Reporting many straunge murthers, sundry persons perjured, Signes and tokens of Gods anger towards us. What straunge and monstrous Children have of late beene borne:—And all memorable murthers since the murther of maister Saunders by George Browne, to this present and bloody murther of Abell Bourne, Hosyer, who dwelled in Newgate Market. 1580. Also a short discourse of the late Earthquake, the sixt of Aprill. Gathered by A. M.—Imprinted at London for William Wright, and are to be sold at the long shop, adjoyning vnto S. Mildreds Church in the Poultrie. 4to.

[Not hitherto known, nor inserted in any list of Anthony Munday's productions. It was not entered in the Stationers' Registers. The murder of Abel Bourne occurred in 1580.]

VIII. A breefe discourse of the taking of Edm. Campion and divers other Papists in Barkeshire. Gathered by A. M. Imprinted at London for William Wright, and are to be solde at his shoppe in the Poultrie: the middle shoppe in the rowe, adjoyning to Saint Mildreds Church. 1581. 8vo.

[Not entered in the Stationers' Registers; but several copies of it are extant. Its statements were disputed by George Elliot.]

IX. A Discoverie of Edmund Campion and his Confederates, their most horrible and traiterous practises, against her Majesties most royall person, and the Realme. Wherein may be seene, how thorowe the whole course of their Araignement: they were notably convicted in every cause. Whereto is added, the Execution of Edmund Campion, Raphe Sherwin, and Alexander Brian, executed at Tiborne the 1 of December. Published by A. M., sometime the Popes Scholler, allowed in the Seminarie at Roome amongst them, &c. Seene and allowed. Imprinted at London for Edwarde White, dwelling at the little North doore of Paules, at the signe of the Gunne, the 29 of Janua., 1582. 8vo.

[Entered in the Stationers' Registers to Edward White, on 12th March, 1582, although dated on the title-page six weeks earlier. "Extracts," ii., 162.]

X. A breefe and true reporte of the Execution of certaine Traytours at Tiborne, the xxviii and xxx dayes of Maye. 1582. Gathered by A. M., who was there present. *Honos alit Artes*, &c. Imprinted at London, for William Wright, and are to be solde at

his shop, adjoyning unto S. Mildreds Church in the Poultrie, the middle shop in the rowe. 1582. 4to.

[Entered in the Stationers' Registers on 31st May, 1582, where Anthony Munday's name is inserted at length, as the author of it. "Extracts," ii., 164.]

XI. The English Romayne Lyfe: Discovering the Lives of the Englishmen at Roome, the orders of the English Seminarie, the dissention betweene the Englishmen and the Welshmen, the banishing of the Englishmen out of Roome, the Popes sending for them againe: a reporte of many of the paltrie Reliques in Roome, their Vautes under the grounde, their holy Pilgrimages, &c. Written by A. M., sometime the Popes Scholler in the Seminarie among them. *Honos alit Artes.*—Seene and allowed. Imprinted at London by John Charlwood for Nicholas Ling, &c. 1582. 4to.

[Entered in the Stationers' Registers to J. Charlewoode and N. Lynge, on 19th June, 1582: "Extracts," ii., 168. One of the least rare of Munday's productions.]

XII. A breefe Aunswer made unto two seditious Pamphlets, the one printed in French, and the other in English. Contayning a defence of Edmund Campion and his complices, their most horrible and unnaturall Treasons against her Majestie and the Realme. By A. M. *Honos alit artes.* Imprinted at London for Edward White, dwelling at the little North doore of Paules, at the signe of the Gunne. 1582. 8vo.

[Some copies purport to have been "Imprinted at London by John Charlwood:" see Bridgewater Catalogue, 4to., 1837, p. 202. Entered in

the Stationers' Registers to Edward White on 12th March, 1582; but Charlwood no doubt had an interest in it. "Extracts," ii., 161.]

XIII. The sweete Sobbes and amorous Complaints of Sheppardes and Nymphes, in a fancye composed by An. Munday. 1583.

[Entered in the Stationers' Registers to John Charlwood, on 19th August, 1583, but not known to exist. "Extracts," ii., 182.]

XIV. Fidele and Fortun[io]. The deceipts in love discoursed in a Comedie of two Italyan gent[lemen], translated into English. 4to.

[Two copies only known, one with a dedication subscribed A. M., but the title-pages wanting in both. Entered in the Stationers' Registers to Thomas Hackett, on 12th November, 1584: "Extracts," ii., 193. The heroes of this drama have sometimes, by mistake, been called Fidele and Fortun*atus*.]

XV. A Watch-woord to Englande to beware of traytors and tretcherous practises, which have beene the overthrowe of many famous kingdomes and common weales. Written by a faithfull affected freend to his country, who desireth God to blesse it from Traytours and their secret conspiracyes. Seene and allowed, &c.—London, Printed for Tho. Hacket, and are to be solde at his shop in Lumbard streete, under the signe of the Popes head. 1584. 4to.

[Dedicated by A. M. to Queen Elizabeth; but not entered at Stationers' Hall. This work is well known.]

XVI. Ant. Monday, his godly Exercise for Christian Families, containing an order of Praiers for Morning and Evening, with a little Catechism betweene the Man and his Wife. London. 1586. 8vo.

[This title is derived from Andrew Maunsell's Catalogue, 1595: the

work is not now extant, nor does it appear to have been entered in the Registers of the Stationers' Company.]

XVII. A Banquet of Daintie Conceits. Furnished with verie delicate and choyse inventions, to delight their mindes who take pleasure in Musique, and therewithall to sing sweete Ditties, either to the Lute, Bandora, Virginalles, or anie other instrument, &c. Written by A. M., Servaunt to the Queenes most excellent Majestie. *Honos alit artes.* At London. Printed by I. C. for Edwarde White, and are to be sold at the signe of the Gunne, at the little North doore of Paules. Anno 1588. 4to.

[The dedication is signed, Anthony Monday. Entered in the Stationers' Registers to Thomas Hacket, on 6th July, 1584, and perhaps there was an earlier edition than any now known. See "Extracts," ii., 187; and "British Bibliographer," ii., 137.]

XVIII. Palmerin d'Oliva. Translated by A. M. John Charlwood. 1588. 4to.

[Bridgewater Catalogue, p. 204. On the 10th March, 1595, William Leake entered "The third book of Palmerin of England, to be printed in English:" see the Stationers' Registers. Two parts of "Palmerin of England" were entered by Tho. Creede, assigned to him by W. Wright, on 9th August, 1597.]

XIX. The famous, pleasant, and variable Historie of Palladine of England. Discoursing of honorable Adventures of Knightly deedes of Armes and Chivalrie: enterlaced likewise with the love of sundrie noble personages, &c. Translated out of French by A. M., one of the messengers of her Majesties Chamber. *Patere aut abstine.* At London, Printed by Edward Allde for John Perin, &c. 1588. 4to.

[See the Bridgewater Catalogue, 4to., 1837, p. 203, for a notice of a

copy of this edition. An intended reprint was entered at Stationers' Hall on 12th November, 1596, by Valentine Syms, as "The history of Palladine of England," provided that no other Stationer had a right to it "by former entrance."]

XX. The famous History of Palmendos, son to the most Renowned Palmerin d'Oliva, Emperour of Constantinople, and the Heroick Queen of Tharsus, &c. John Charlwood. 1589. 4to.

[This work is promised in a postscript to Munday's "Palladine of England," 1588: see Bridgewater Catalogue, p. 204. It was entered at Stationers' Hall on 9th January, 1588-9, in the following manner:—

"John Charlwood. Entred for his copie The honorable histories of Palmendos and primaleon of Grece, sonnes to the famous emperor Palmerin d'Olive of Constantinople, devided into vij several bookes or partes."]

XXI. The defence of Contraries. Paradoxes against common opinion, debated in forme of declamations, in place of public censure: only to exercise yong wittes in difficult matters. Wherein is no offence to Gods honour, the estate of Princes, or private mens honest actions: but pleasant recreation to beguile the iniquity of time. Translated out of French by A. M., one of the messengers of her Majesties chamber. *Patere aut abstine.* Imprinted —by John Windet for him. 1593. 4to.

[From Herbert's "Ames," ii., 1222. See No. xxv. in this list.]

XXII. Amadis de Gaule, the first booke translated by Anthony Munday. 1595. 4to.

[The late Mr. Rodd had an imperfect copy of this impression. It was entered at Stationers' Hall as follows, under date of 15th January, 1588-9, and probably then printed, though no edition so early seems to be known:—

"Edw. Aldee. Entred unto him, the first foure bookes of Amadis de Gaule. To be translated into English."

The second, third, fourth, and fifth books, were entered by John Wolf, on 10th April, 1592; but nothing is said of the first book. The twelve books were entered by Adam Islip and William Morynge, on the 26th October, 1594.]

XXIII. The Second Booke of Amadis de Gaule, containing the description, wonders, and conquest of the Firme-Island. The triumphs and troubles of Amadis, his manifold victories obtained, and sundry services done for King Lisuart: the Kinges ingratitude, and first occasion of those broiles and mortall wars that no small time continued between him and Amadis. Englished by L. P. London, Printed for C. Burbie, and are to be sold at his shop at the Royal Exchange. 1595. 4to.

[L. P. is Lazarus Piot, a name assumed by Anthony Munday, who in 1619 reprinted the translation in his own name. Mr. Rodd had an imperfect copy of this book: see also "Notes and Queries," iv., p. 85, where the preceding title is given, though not with literal accuracy, and a question put, which we have endeavoured to answer.]

XXIV. The Book of John a Kent and John a Cumber. A Comedy.

[Now first printed from the original MS., dated December, 1595.]

XXV. The Orator: Handling a hundred severall Discourses, in forme of Declamations: Some of the Arguments being drawne from Titus Livius and other ancient Writers, the rest of the Authors owne invention: Part of which are of matters happened in our Age. Written in French by Alexander Silvayn, and Englished by L. P. London Printed by Adam Islip. 1596. 4to.

[The dedication is signed, Lazarus Piot. Possibly this is only a reprint, or, more probably, an enlargement of a former work by Anthony

Munday: see No. XXI. The following is an entry in the Stationers' Registers of what appears to be another, and an earlier, translation of the same work, by E. A., (*i.e.*, Edward Aggas) one of the booksellers who sent it for license: the date is 25th August, 1590:—

"Edward Aggas.

"John Wolf. Allowed for their copie, &c., certen Tragicall cases, conteyninge LV histories, with their severall declamations, both accusative and defensive, written by Alexander Vandenbush, alias Sylven, translated into Englishe by E. A."

Edward Aggas translated other books from the French. The preceding may possibly be the entry of No. XXI.; and Munday's version, in 1596, consists of a hundred Declamations and Answers.]

XXVI. Mother Redcap, a play, by Anthony Munday and Michael Drayton.

[Philip Henslowe, in his "Diary," p. 106, mentions this drama under the dates of 22nd December, 1597, and 3rd January, 1598. On 10th March, 1595, Tho. Creede entered at Stationers' Hall "a book intitled Mother Redd Capp, her last will and Testament." Perhaps the play was founded upon this "book," or it might be the play itself.]

XXVII. The first part of Robin Hood, a play, by Anthony Munday.

[So called by Henslowe, in his "Diary," p. 118, under date 15th February, 1598. It was printed in 1601, under the title of "The Downfall of Robert Earle of Huntington," &c.: see the Supplementary Volume to "Dodsley's Old Plays." "A pastorall plesant Comedie of Robin Hood and Little John" was licensed at Stationers' Hall to Edward White, on 14th May, 1594; but it may have been merely a re-publication of "The playe of Robyn Hode," printed by Copland.]

XXVIII. The second part of Robin Hood, by Anthony Munday and Henry Chettle.

[See Henslowe's "Diary," p. 119, where it is inserted under date 28th February, 1598, and imputed to Chettle as well as Munday. It is reprinted from the edition of 1601, in the Supplementary Volume to "Dodsley's Old Plays."]

XXIX. The Funeral of Richard Cordelion, a play

by Anthony Munday, Henry Chettle, Robert Wilson, and Michael Drayton.

[In Henslowe's "Diary," p. 124, this play is mentioned under date of 13th June, 1598.]

XXX. Valentine and Orson, a play, by Anthony Munday and Richard Hathway.

[See Henslowe's "Diary," p. 128, where this drama is introduced under date of 19th July, 1598. A play (called in the entry "an enterlude") with this title was licensed at Stationers' Hall on 23rd May, 1596, as having been performed "by her Majesty's players." It may have been produced on the stage while the company under Henslowe was acting in conjunction with the Queen's actors.]

XXXI. Chance Medley, a play, by Anthony Munday, Robert Wilson, and Thomas Dekker.

[Mentioned in Henslowe's "Diary," p. 132, under date of 19th August, 1598.]

XXXII. The first part of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, a play, by Anthony Munday, Michael Drayton, Robert Wilson, and Richard Hathway.

[Printed in 1600, some copies being with, and some without, the name of Shakespeare on the title-page, without the mention of any other authors. It is assigned to the true writers in Henslowe's "Diary," pp. 158 and 235, under date of 16th October, 1599.]

XXXIII. Owen Tudor, a play, by Anthony Munday, Michael Drayton, Richard Hathway, and Robert Wilson.

[Henslowe, in his "Diary," p. 163, attributes it to the above authors, under date of 10th January, 1599.]

XXXIV. Fair Constance of Rome, a play, by Anthony Munday, Richard Hathway, Robert Wilson, and Michael Drayton.

[Assigned to them by Henslowe's "Diary," p. 171, under date of 14th June, 1600.]

XXXV. The Rising of Cardinal Wolsey, a play, by Anthony Munday, Michael Drayton, Henry Chettle, and Wentworth Smith.

[See Henslowe's "Diary," p. 202, under date of 10th October, 1601.]

XXXVI. The strangest Adventure that ever happened: either in the ages passed or present. Containing a discourse concerning the successe of the King of Portugall, Dom Sebastian, from the time of his voyage into Affricke, when he was lost in the battell against the infidels in the yeare 1578, unto the sixt of January this present 1601. All first done in Spanish, then in French, and now lastly translated into English, &c.—London, Printed for Frances Henson, dwelling in the Black-Friers. 1601.

[Anthony Munday puts his initials at the end of the dedication to the Lord Mayor, (Rider) &c., of London. On 3rd February, 1598, John Wolf had a license at Stationers' Hall for "a booke called Straunge Newes of the Retourne of Don Sebastian, Kinge of Portugall, &c., together with a terrible deluge in Rome at their Christmas last." It was doubtless a different work on the same supposed event.]

XXXVII. Palmerin of England. Translated by Anthony Munday. 1602.

[This translation was entered as early as 13th February, 1581, (see "Extr. from Stat. Registers," ii., 138) and perhaps then printed, but no edition earlier than 1602 appears to be now known. The history was in three parts, and the full title of "the third and last part" may be seen in the Bridgewater Catalogue, p. 205.]

XXXVIII. The two Harpes, [Harpies?] a play, by Anthony Munday, Thomas Dekker, Thomas Midleton, John Webster, and Michael Drayton.

[Henslowe's "Diary," p. 222, assigns this play to the above authors, under date of 29th May, 1602.]

XXXIX. The Widow's Charm, a play, by "Anthony the poet."

[Henslowe gives no surname to the author; and another Anthony, viz., Anthony Wadeson, was a dramatist in his employment: see "Diary," p. 224. Malone (Shakespeare by Boswell, iii., 327) supposed that "The Widow's Charm" might be the same play as "The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling Street," which was printed in 1607, with the initials W. S. (Wentworth Smith) on the title-page.]

XL. The Set at Tennis, a play, by Anthony Munday.

[Mentioned by Henslowe as Munday's work, under date of 2nd December, 1602. See "Diary," p. 228.]

XLI. The Triumphs of reunited Britania. Performed at the Cost and Charges of the Rt. Worshipfull Company of the Merchant Taylors, in Honour of Sir Leonard Holiday, Knt, to solemnise his Entrance as Lorde Mayor of the Citty of London, on Tuesday the 29th of October, 1605. Devised and written by A. Mundy, Cittizen and Draper of London. Printed at London by W. Jaggard.

[The title-page of this Pageant, the first extant composed by Anthony Munday, is no where given with accuracy. We transcribe it from a copy belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. In the prefatory matter to his edition of Stow's "Survey," printed in 1618, Munday states that he had been "six and twenty years in sundry employements for the City's service".]

XLII. A briefe Chronicle of the successe of Times, from the Creation of the World to this instant. London, W. Jaggard, 1611.

[A mere compilation, of sufficiently common occurrence. Munday alludes to it in his edition of Stow's "Survey," 1618.]

XLIII. Chryso-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 Love, and at the Charges of the Right Worshipfull, worthy, and ancient Company of Goldesmithes. Devised and written by A. M., Cittizen and Draper of London. Printed by William Jaggard, Printer to the City.

[The note that William Jaggard was "printer to the City," seems new. A copy of the above Pageant is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire.]

XLIV. The Triumphs of Old Drapery, or the Rich Cloathing of England. At the charge of the Right Worshipfull Company of Drapers, at the Installation of Thomas Hayes. By A. Munday. 1614. 4to.

[We have not been able to meet with a copy of this Pageant, and the title, as given by Mr. J. G. Nichols, in his "London Pageants," p. 102, and in other authorities, reads as if it might possibly be the same piece as that next mentioned.]

XLV. Metropolis Coronata, the Triumphes of Ancient Drapery; or Rich Cloathing in England: in a Second Yeeres Performance. In honour of the advancement of Sir John Jolles, Knight, to the high office of Lord Maior of London, and taking his Oath for the same Authoritie on Monday, being the 30 day of October, 1615. Performed in heartie affection to him, and at the bountifull Charges of his worthie Brethren, the truely honourable Society of Drapers; the first that received such dignitie in this Cittie. Devised and written by A. M., Citizen and Draper of

London. — Printed at London by George Pursloe. 1615.

[This title is from the Duke of Devonshire's copy: it is one of the least common of Munday's Pageants. The words, "in a second years performance," may have reference to No. XLIV., which we have never had an opportunity of inspecting.]

XLVI. Chrysanaleia, the Golden Fishing; or the Honour of Fishmongers: applauding the Advancement of Mr. John Leman, Alderman, to the dignity of Lord Maior of London; taking his Oath in the same authority at Westminster on Tuesday, being the 29 day of October, 1616. Performed in hearty love to him, and at the charges of his worthy Brethren, the ancient and right worshippfull Company of Fishmongers. Devised and written by A. M., Citizen and Draper of London. Printed at London by George Pursloe. 1616.

[Four copies of this Pageant are known, and it is the last that came from the pen of Munday, as far as we are at present informed, although he was living seventeen years afterwards.]

[Mr. Bolton Corney has kindly furnished the following particulars respecting the editions of Stow's "Survey" in 1618 and 1633.]

XLVII. "The svrvay of London .... Written in the yeere 1598 by Iohn Stow, Citizen of London. Since then, continued, corrected and much enlarged, with many rare and worthy Notes, both of Venerable Antiquity, and later memorie; such as were neuer published before this present yeere 1618. London, printed by George Purslowe, 1618." 4to. pp. 12 + 980 + 4 = 996.

This volume was edited by Anthony Munday, under his initials only. It is inscribed as follows: "To the right honorable, George Bolles, Lord Maior of the Citie of London, Sir Anthony Benn, Knight, Recorder of London: and to all the Knights and Aldermen, Brethren-Senatours in the State of so Famous a Citie: all of them being my honorable and worthy Masters: A. M. wisheth the fruition of all temporall felicities in this life; and the neuer-failing fulnesse of blessednesse in the life to come."—The editor received the command of the corporation of London to proceed with this work as early as 1606. In the dedication, he calls Stow "the first painefull searcher into the reuerend antiquities concerning this famous citie," and gives various particulars of his own career, which his biographers have omitted to notice. He was assisted by Mr. Humphrey Dyson, a notary public, and by others. As to the additions made to "The Survey" at this time, it may be sufficient to state that the volume exceeds that of 1603 to the extent of four hundred pages.

"The survey of London .... Begunne first by the paines and industry of Iohn Stow, in the yeere 1598. Afterwards inlarged by the care and diligence of A. M. in the yeere 1618. And now completely finished by the study and labour of A. M. H. D. and others, this present yeere 1633. London, printed by Elizabeth Pvrslow—sold by Nicholas Bovrne, 1633." Folio. pp. 16 + 944 + 28=988.

A. M. denotes Anthony Munday, as before; H. D. denotes Humphrey Dyson, whose name appears in

the catalogue of authors consulted. The *Epistle dedicatorie*, which is in substance the same as that of the former edition, is addressed to the Right Honourable Ralph Freeman, Lord Mayor, and the other members of the corporation. Munday died abour four months before the volume was published, and the advertisement *To the Reader* is signed C. I.

This volume, independently of the labours of Stow, contains the only history of London for the thirty years preceding its publication. It was not reprinted till 1720. The additions made by Munday and his coadjutors to the edition of 1603, consist of two chapters on the Thames and its conservancy; accounts of the rebellion of Wat Tyler, the riots of the apprentices, and the fatal vesper; of the observances of the lord mayor and aldermen, and of the laws and customs of the city; of the charitable bequests of citizens; of the twelve livery companies; of the companies of merchants, and of the minor trade-companies; of the boundaries of parishes; of the repair of churches, with a *vast number of important monumental inscriptions;* of the Charter-House, Chelsea College, and Dulwich College; of the manors of Finsbury, Stepney, and Hackney; with a perambulation, or circuit-walk, four miles round London, and *rich in epitaphs*. The volume is embellished with more than three hundred and sixty woodcuts of the armorial bearings of the mayors, and of the livery and mercantile companies. It was almost three years in the press.

An epitaph on Sir James Pemberton, in the church

of St. John Zachary, Aldersgate, is signed A. M. We may safely consider it as the composition of Munday. It describes the various charitable deeds of the worthy knight, and concludes with fifty-six lines of encomiastic verse. Ob. 1613.

Of the identity of A. M., the dramatist, and A. M., the topographer, there can be no doubt. It is a remarkable circumstance, therefore, that our author should give no information on theatrical affairs, even when describing the *sports and pastimes* of the citizens—*the Bankside*—and *the Blackfriars!* Had he been more communicative on those subjects, he might have received the honours of quotation as often as Philip Henslowe.

THE BOOK

OF

JOHN A KENT

AND

JOHN A CUMBER.

JOHN A KENT AND JOHN A CUMBER.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter Sir GRIFFIN MERIDDOCK, *of South Wales, and* JEFFREY POWESSE.

S. Griffin. Powesse, in vayne perswadste thou patience;
In vayne thou dreamste of lykely remedies;
In vayne thou telst of this or that conceit;
Winde breathed woordes are vayner than the winde:
Only our weapons must effect our weale.

Powesse. As hitherto, my lord, I have entreated,
So for a whyle, I pray ye, be advisde.

S. Griffin. Advisde? Why, what advise can Powesse yeeld?
Is not Sidanen, with the Earle's consent
And Prince Llwellen's graunt, affyed to Moorton?

Powesse. Yea; so Pembrooke hathe their graunt for Marian. But——

S. Griffin. But what? Even while we thus stand wasting idle woordes,
Pembrook and Moorton shall possesse our looves.
Our looves exclaime against our cowardise;
Our cowardise, to our eternall shame,

In England, Wales, and Scotland, shall be sung
By every jygging mate our foes among.
Powesse. Nor English, Welshe, nor Scottish, shall reproove
Lord Jeffrey Powesse with base cowardise.
As much, Prince Griffin, as the proudest dare,
Dares Powesse for his Marian's libertie;
Yet not with rashnes, or unbrideled heat.
Discretion must be usde; the cause is great.
S. Griffin. Great cause, indeed, when fayre Sidanen's eyes
Dimde with the sourse of her continuall teares,
Mixing those teares amongst the mournefull ynck
That writ the cause of her lament and mine,
Seemes in this paper weeping to intreat;
And then no mervayle, though the cause be great.
[*He shewes a letter.*
Powesse. But greater cause, our countreyes cause I meane,
If we should manage armes, as you still urge,
And so by force from noble Chester's Courte,
Agaynst his will, fetche our well-willing looves,
We may be held as traytours to the King,
That durst invade his townes in time of peace.
S. Griffin. To see how Powesse casts beyond the moone!
As if the King would deale in these affayres;
Or if he did, is 't like his majestie
Would suffer fathers by compelling awe
To force their children from their soules affect!
Powesse. But if his highnesse subjects should be slayne,
As in rough rescue it must needes fall out,
He will not have the meanest guiltlesse dye,
But blood for blood shall duely be repayde.

S. Griffin. Then, Powesse, least such daunger should betyde,
You are content the Ladyes shall be lost?

Powesse. Not so, Prince Griffin: then, I would haue stayd,
And not have come so neere to Chester's Courte.

S. Griffin. Bir lady, sir, and we are much the neere.
We two, belyke, by your complotting wit
Shall front the Earle of Chester in his Court,
And, spight of Chester's strong inhabitants,
Thorow West Chester mekely in our handes
Lead my Sidanen and your Marian,
While bothe our rivalles, and their following traynes,
Sheeplyke stand shivering at our wrathfull lookes.
Beshrewe me, but you have a passing head!
All natrall are your reasons, full of sence.

Powesse. If we obtayne them, youle leave jesting then.

S. Griffin. Yea, that I will; but can ye tell me when?

Enter S^r^ GOSSELEN DENVYLE, S^r^ EVAN GRIFFIN, *and* JOHN.

Gosselen. What! * * * * *
* * * * * * * shall have company
* * * * trust will purge your melancholly.

John. Welcome, gentlemen; you seeme no lesse:
Be not offended at my salutations,
That bid ye stand before I say God speed;
For in playne tearmes, speed what your speed may be,
Such coyne you have bothe must and shall with me.

S. Griffin. How now, Lord Jeffrey! what companion have we heere?
He seemes some theefe.

John. No theefe, sir, but an honest bon companion.
Nere drawe your weapons; rather trust your feete.

And yet ye cannot hence, but at my pleasure.
What needes all this? Yeeld, if I bid ye yeeld.
Powesse. Thou shouldst be John a Kent, thou art so peremptorie;
For John a Kent is a bolde, merry knave.
John. 'Tis happie, then, he is no very knave.
I am the man: what say ye to John a Kent?
Powesse. I am Jeffrey Lord Powesse, thy maister's freend,
And this Sr Griffin Merriddock, Prince of South Wales.
John. Why, then, I knowe ye bothe and welcome bothe.
Mr., these are the guests you looke for, whom, had I not well gest,
They had for welcome got a cudgelling.
Gosselen. Welcome, my Lord; and welcome, noble Prince.
Powesse. Thankes, good Sr Gosselen Denvyle, and Sr Evan Griffin.
I trust the men you promisde me are readie.
Gosselen. For my parte, seven score bowemen, wight and tall,
Have I lodgde in the wood nere to the river Dee.
Evan. And I three score as strong, with hookes and billes,
That to three hundred will not turn their backs.
Powesse. But can ye tell us any newes from Chester?
John. Colde newes for you, my Lordes. There is at Chester
The Earle of Pembrooke and the Scottish Moorton:
The one shall have Llwellen's fayre Sidanen,
The other Marian, good olde Chester's daughter,
And bothe these weddinges finished to morrowe.
S. Griffin. No more of that, my freend; thou sleyst me with these newes.—

Hear'st thou this, Powesse? This did I foredoome:
Now all your wise devises come too late.

Gosselen. Content ye, good my Lord; no whit too late.

Heere is a lad on whom we doo relye
For slye conveyaunce of the Ladyes hither.
Full of conceit he is, and deepely seene
In secret artes to woorke for your avayle.

S. Griffin. Canst thou, my freend, from foorth the vaultes beneathe
Call up the ghostes of those long since deceast,
Or from the upper region of the ayre
Fetche swift wingde spirits to effect thy will?

John. Can you, my Lord, and you, and you, and you,
Goe to the venson for your suppers drest,
And afterward goe lay ye downe to rest?

Powesse. How then, sweet John? All this thou knowest we can,
And what thou canst we haue no doubt at all;
But what thou wilt, that gladly would we learne.

John. I will to morrow bring you Marian;
And you, Prince Griffin, your beloovde Sidanen.
Will this content ye?

S. Griffin. As all the world cannot content me more.

John. Why then, I pray ye, be content to goe
And frollick cheerely, for it shall be so.

Gosselen. I warrant ye, my Lords. Come, let us in.

[*Exeunt.*

John. So, they must banquet; I unto my busines.
But let me muse a little on this loove,
Full of [so] many feares, so sundry joyes;
Now peace, now plagued, diversly distract.

* * * * * *

But John a Kent won't leese them: * *
Rather minde thou the pleasing joyes of loove,

And since so good a subject they present,
Uppon these loovers practise thou thy wit.
Help, hinder, give, take back, turne, overturne,
Deceive, bestowe, breed pleasure, discontent,
Yet comickly conclude, like John a Kent. [*Exit.*

Enter at one doore RANULPHE, *Earle of* CHESTER, OSWEN, *his sonne, young* AMERY, *Lord* MORTAIGUE; *with them the Countesse, her daughter* MARIAN, *and fayre* SIDANEN. *At another doore enter the Earles of* PEMBROOKE, MOORTON, *and their trayne.*

Moorton. All health be to the noble Earle of Chester,
His Countesse, and these honorable Ladyes,
Whom one by one I humbly gratulate,
Wishing to them their happy hartes content.

Pemb. The lyke dooth Pembrook to this goodly trayne.

Chester. Earle Moorton, and my noble Lord of Pembrooke,
Whose presence brings contentment to my soule,
And adds true honor to your noble names,
For having kept your vowes inviolate,
How you are welcome, woordes shall not explaine,
But such as best beseemes your entertaine.—
Your father, madame, will be heere this night,
Or early in the morning, well I woot,
For such provision hath he sent before,
As shewes him selfe will not be farre behind.[1]—
And sith it is our auncient Englishe guyse,
The bridegroomes should uppon the wedding day
Come from some distant place to fetche their brydes,
My house at Plessye is for you preparde.

[1] This and the three preceding lines, addressed to Sidanen, are inserted in the margin, with an asterisk.

Thence to the Castell shall you walke along,
And at St. John's shall be sollemnized
The nuptialles of your honors and these virgens;
For to that Churche Edgar, once England's king,
Was by eight kinges, conquerd by him in warres,
Rowed roylly on St. John Baptist day.
In memory of which pompe, the earles our auncestours
Have to that Churche beene noble benefactours.

Moorton. Eight kings rowe one? That was great pompe, indeed!

Pemb. One of them was of Scotland, as I read;
The Irishe and the Dane two more besyde,
And five of Brittayne, all subdued by him.
To see that Church will greatly joy my minde,
Because I there a greater joy shall fynde.

Moorton. Why lookes Sidanen sad? Why sighes she so?

Sidanen. Pardon, my lord; such thinges you may not knowe.

Moorton. She not mislykes her choyse, I hope, of me?

Sidanen. No, God forbid. Although you are not he.
[*Asyde.*

Moorton. Why, then, looke cheerly, as Sidanen should.

Sidanen. I doo, my Lord. And better if I could.
[*Asyde.*

Pemb. Madame, the Scottish Lord hath got a gracious looke;
But Pembrooke is not halfe so happy yet.

Oswen. Sister, you wrong the noble Earle with frownes.

Amery. My Lord, content ye: women fayne dislyke,
Where their affections beare the highest regard.

Marian. You are too young, my Lord, to judge so soundly.

Amery. I finde it writ by them that judgde profoundly.

Marian. Bookes may beguyle ye.
Oswen. My Lord, that cut came roundly.
Pemb. Your sadnes tell, if I may knowe the cause.
Marian. Me thinkes, my Lord, the custom is too hard,
When loovers meet so suddenly to parte.
Pemb. To morrowes joy will end that bitter smart.
Marian. To see ye no more, how would it ease my hart! [*Asyde.*
Chester. Well, noble Lordes, for this time break we off.
Sonne, and Lord Amery, you will be their guyde.
Oswen. Yea, my good Lord. Then, goe we, gentlemen.
[*Exeunt. Manent* SIDANEN, *&c.*
Countesse. [My gentle] Cossen, now we are alone,
Let me entreat to know the secret cause
That mooves these passions more then over pensive,
Which were not wont in you to woorke such chaunge?
If in my power to councell or prevent
There rest a meane, let me but knowe your mindes,
And what I may shall surely be effected,
To either of your longing harts content.
Sydanen. Madame, your tender care and kinde affect
Assures Sidanen of your honor's faith.
In breefe, my noble Aunte, this is the cause
Why poore Sydanen is disconsolate;
That she must leave her countrey and her kinne,
And passe to Scotland with the Earle of Moorton.
Countesse. Cossen, his kindnesse soone will calme this greefe,
And, therefore, cast these cares behinde thy back.
But what olde man is this comes toward us?

Enter JOHN A KENT, *like an aged Hermit.*

John. Ladyes, if crooked age and homely weedes
Breed not contempte, vouchsafe, I humbly pray,

Your charitable comfort, to sustayne
A little longer these spent, withred limbes,
That, numbde through chilnesse of my frost-bit blood,
Which six score winters hath resisted stormes,
And just so many times the summer's heate,
Now quaking lyke the winde-blowen bough for strength,
Witnesse that all thinges yeeld to time at length.

Countesse. How much I greeve, that these thy silver hayres
Should in extreamest age feele taste of want,
And this thy furrowed face with tears distaynd,
Shall well appeare, for thou shalt in with us.
These feeble limbes, with age so overworne,
Shall fynde repose, and not be left forlorne.

Marian. Father, receive this little gyft of me.

Sydanen. And heere, olde man, take this to comfort thee. [*Give him some mony.*

John. As many blessings light uppon you three,
As cares and crosses have befalne to me.
But much I feare, if arte may judge aright,
Some ill is toward these twayne this present night.

Sydanen. What sayst thou, father? art thou a man of skill?

John. Lady, in youth I studyed hidden artes,
And proffited in Chiromancie much.
If sight be not obscurde, through nature's weaknesse,
I can, for once I could discourse, by favour
And rules of palmestrie, ensuing chaunces.

Marian. Good father, tell my fortune, if thou canst.

Sydanen. Nay, mine, I pray thee, first: I askte thee first.

John. Strive not, fayre ladyes; shewe me bothe your handes,
For your complexions seeme to be alyke.
[*He sees their handes.*

Nay, let me see: bothe your affections are alyke.
Blush not, but tell me, are ye not bothe betrothde
To two great Lordes, without your parents knowledge?

Countesse. They are betrothde, indeed; but with their parents knowledge,
And bothe to morrow must be maryed.

John. Now, God forbid! Woes me to thinke theron.

Countesse. Why, father? I pray thee, speake.

John. Good madame, pardon me: let me be gon,
And leave the God of heaven to woorke his will.

[*He offers to depart.*

Sydanen. Nay, stay, good father. I pray thee, tell the wourst.

Marian. My hart dooth throb.—Sweet father, then resolve us.

John. Sith you compell me, Ladyes, I will speak;
And what I say, beleeve it on your lives.
If ere thou * * sorrowe cheere the harts
* * * * *
You washe not at Saint Winifredes fayre spring
Your lilly handes, and list the holy voyce,
Which will resolve ye of your loove's sweet choyse,
I may not say what shall ye bothe betyde;
But harder fortune nere befell fayre Bryde.

Countesse. Alas! the spring is three myles hence, at least,
And now thou seest the night approcheth on.

John. Let not the distaunce hinder them to goe,
Least they and you wishe that ye had doone so.

Countesse. Father, I have some reason to beleeve thee,
By what I must keep secret to my selfe;
And but my Lord condemnes these auncient rules,
Religiously observed in these partes,
I would crave leave for them to travell thither;
For many have misdoone that did it not.

Sydanen. Rather then hard mishap should us befall,
Twere good we were acquainted therewithall.

Marian. Good mother, this fayre evening let us goe:
Weele come agayne before my father knowe.

Countesse. Well, goe ye shall, and I along with ye,
Had we some trusty freend to be our guyde.

John. Ladyes, although my limbes be not so strong,
My bones neere marrowlesse, bloodlesse my veynes,
Yet use hath made me perfect in the way,
And if your honors deigne so olde a guyde,
So speed my soule as shall to you betyde.

Countesse. None better. But what houre of night is best?

John. When twise two houres the daughters of the night
Have driven their ebon chariot thorow the ayre,
And with their duskie winges breathde calmie rest
Uppon the eye liddes of eche living thing,
The silver shyning horned lamp dooth rise,
By whose cleere light we may discerne the pathe,
Wherin, though lamely now I seeme to plod,
Yet will I guyde ye safely to the spring,
And for your comming at the back gate wayte.
Till when God's benison protect ye all.

Countesse. Well, father, we will come, uppon mine honor.

Sydanen. The houre is one, at midnight. Fayle us not. [*Exeunt.*

John. Fayle ye? In faith, that were a sillie jest:
Our sporte would fayle, if I should fayle mine houre.
[*He pulles* [*off*] *his beard.*
But husht! Heere comes my hotspurre, and Lord Powesse.

Enter S^r GRIFFIN *and Lord* POWESSE.

S. Griffin. Lord Powesse, heer's John a Kent, dect in a Pilgrimes weede.

Powesse. Why, how now, John! Turnd greene to Fryer's gray?

John. What madnes makes ye come so farre this way?

The town's beset, our purpose is descride,
And now I see your comming made all spyde.

S. Griffin. Help us to scape unto thy maister's cave.
Yet, ere we goe, tell me, sawest thou Sydanen?

John. I sawe her; but you shall never see her more.

S. Griffin. Why so, sweet John? What! is Sydanen dead?

John. No.

S. Griffin. Is she fled?

John. No.

S. Griffin. Is Moorton and Sydanen maryed?

John. Neither.

S. Griffin. Wherefore, then, shall not I agayne beholde her?

John. Because your honor is too full of heate,
And by your rashnes will discover all.
Wherefore, shift as ye can, for I will leave ye.

Powesse. Nay, I pray thee, John, tell us the trueth of all.

John. The troth is, if ye meane to have the ladyes,
Be bolde, and goe along where I shall leade ye;
And as I shall appoynt, so followe my directions.

S. Griffin. But will they come?

John. They will, if you will goe.

S. Griffin. But how?

John. Why, on their feet: I know no other way.

S. Griffin. But when?

John. Nay, then, we shall be troubled. When, how, where?

Powesse. I pray thee tell us, John, without delay.

John. Content ye, Lordes; Ile tell ye on the way. Come, let us goe.

S. Griffin. John, Ile renowne thee, if it fall out so.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter TURNOP, *with his crewe of Clownes, and a Minstrell.*

Turnop. Nay, never talke of it. Hugh the Sexten stutters: let him read the first lyne, or see if he can say the speeche that Dawes, our Churchwarden, made in prayse of his mill horsse.

Hugh. It makes no matter. I think my selfe the wisest because I am Sexten, and being Sexten, I will say the speeche I made my selfe.

Tom Tabrer. Heare ye, Hugh. Be not so forward: take a little vise of your minstrell.

Omnes. And well sayd, Thomas Tabrer: you haue scression; speak on.

Tom. One of the wisest of us must speak, and either he must be Hugh, or Turnop. Now, Hugh is Sexten, an office of retoritie, I tell ye.

Turnop. Yea; that's when he is in the belfrie, not else.

Omnes. Hugh! Hugh! Hugh shall speak the speache to the Lordes.

Tom. But Turnop being my Lordes man, his hog-heard, his familiaritie servaunt, he in my minde is not only fit, but also accessary for the ration making. Then, Turnop say I.

Omnes. Turnop! Turnop! Wele have none but Turnop!

Turnop. Well, for your wisedomes in chusing me, I rest quoniam dygnitatis vestrum primarion, as the Poet

Pediculus sayth; and the next vestrie bound to deferre ye to severall locall places.

Spurling. How now, Hugh? are ye put downe, in faith?

Hugh. That's because he has a little more learning, and has borrowed the ushers olde coat to grace him selfe withall.

Tom. O! take heed of learning while ye live: it is a goodly matter.

Turnop. Frater meum amantissime, Hugo the Belringer; the hebrew epitheton Barra cans, as much as to say, no man can barre him. Chaunce perswadeth you to remit, or submit, or admit your selfe to the crye of your bretheren. How say ye, then, fellow men in armes, in this our showe who shalbe the speaker?

Omnes. Turnop! Turnop! Weele have none but Turnop!

Turnop. Then, let us set forward, for now it is uppon the Lordes comming. Thomas, firk it with your fiddle. Spurling, you play the Moore, vaunce up your Tun; and Robert, holde your porrenger right, least you spill the conceit, for heere they come.

Enter PEMBROOK, MOORTON, OSWEN, AMERY: *to them this crewe marching; one drest like a Moore, with a Tun painted with yellow oker; another with a porrenger full of water, and a pen in it.* TURNOP *speaketh the oration.*

Lyke to the Cedar in the loftie sea,
Or milke white mast uppon the humble mount,
So, hearing that your honors came this way,
Of our rare wittes we came to give account.
For when as princes passe through pettie townes,
They must be welcomd, least they tearme us clownes.
Our presentes precious; first the golden Tunne,

Borne by that monstrous murrian black-a-moore,
Mortonus Earlus, in thy prayse is doone.
This flowing brook, hemd in with this tierce shoare,
That hath * * * * * * * * *
Is peerelesse Pembrook, that I have not * *
As for the two last rymes, right woorshipfull and not other-wise, by the error of the Authour ouerslipped, is thus by Timothie Turnop, the oratour, newly corrected, to wit,
This princely pen up prauncing by the sydes,
And so we wishe ye bothe two blessed brydes.

Oswen. My Lordes, my father's tennants, after their homely guyse,
Welcome ye with their countrey merriment:
How bad so ere, yet must ye needes accept it.

Pemb. Else, Oswen, were we very much to blame.—
Thankes, gentle freendes: here, drinke this for my sake.

Moorton. And this for me; commending your great paynes,
Which in more liberall sorte we will requite.

Amery. May it please ye, Lordes, to walk into the Castell,
And there at full weele see their other sportes.

Pemb. With all my hart. Goe; we will followe ye.
[*Exeunt Lordes.*

Turnop. Before you goe, in name of all this trayne,
Turnop accepts your golde, and thankes you for your payne.—
Thomas, lead the vawward with your easement: you, with our hiperbolicall devises, marche in the middest.
And if the Lordes will see us make them merry,
Ere we will want devise, weele make them weary.
Marche on! [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter at one doore JOHN A KENT, *hermit-lyke, as before: at another, enter the Countesse,* SYDANEN, *and* MARIAN.

John. Promise is kept: the ladyes are come foorth;
The ambush readie that shall soone surprise them.—
See, madame, I am readie to attend ye.
Countesse. Gramercyes, father. Lead thou on the way,
And give good councell to my sweet young Cossen.
John. Madame, I warrant ye, sheele take none bad.
[SYDANEN *and he conferre.*
Marian. Or good or bad, she taketh all from me.
Madame, would you vouchsafe me so much favour
As she, so I would gladly talke with him.
Countesse. Let them alone: ye shall have time enough.
Sydanen. Nay, forward, father; let me heare the rest.
John. Then, Madame, to omit all ambages,
I knowe it, for mine Arte assureth me,
You are contracted to the Southwales Prince,
And wronging him, you wrong your selfe much more.
Sydanen. For God's sake, softly, least the Countesse heare.
True hast thou sayd; but by my father's graunt
The Earle of Moorton must Sydanen wed.
John. That's as Sydanen will, as I suppose.
Sydanen. Will I, or nill I, all is one to him:
He is a Prince, and he hath promisde it.
John. You are a Princesse, and have promisde no.
Sydanen. Earle Moorton with my father is in favour,
And hath his woord that I shalbe his wife.
John. But hath he yours?
Sydanen. Never, in all my life.
John. I knowe not, lady, how the world is chaungde:

When I was young, they wooed the daughter first,
And then the father, when they had her graunt;
Which could they get, why so; if not, why, then
Her woord was woorth the meeting, where and when.

Countesse. Why, how now, daughter! why drawe you so neere?

Marian. She talkes too long, and somewhat would I heare.

Countesse. Byde you with me, till she have made an end.

Marian. Pray God, this talke to our desyre may tend.

John. But would you goe with him, if he were heere?

Sydanen. Would I desyre to be accompted chaste?
Reverenst for vertue, as for naturall giftes?
Would I aske strength for these my feeble limbes,
If some fierce tiger had me in pursuite?
Would I shun feare? would I require content,
Or wishe the endlesse happines of heaven?
If these I would, then, that as much I would.
For what is fame, health, joy, or ought to me,
Except with him that gives them all to me.

John. Madame, enough. Is Marian of your minde?

Sydanen. Yea, father. She to Powesse, I to Prince Griffin writ;
But when no answere either could receive,
Resolvedly thus we set downe our rest.
To morrow, when the nuptiall feast is past,
And that the Bridegroomes doo expect their Brydes,
A strong confection bothe we have preparde,
Of deadly Aconite with them to drinke;
Besydes a letter drawen, to shewe the cause
Why so revendgefully we sought their deathes,
And so despairingly lost our owne lives.
This made us both holde thee in such regarde,
When thou foretoldste of daungers to ensue.

John. This resolution dooth renowne ye bothe;
But your fayre starres affoordes ye better fortune.
And for my woordes may yield but dallying hope,
See what is doone in twinckling of an eye.
[*Windeth horn.*

Enter DENVYLE, GRIFF., POWESSE, EVAN *and trayne.*

Those Lordes, for whom you twayne would loose your lives,
Come boldly heere to challendge their faire wives.—
Madame, dismay not; heere no harme is meant:
Bothe they and you welcome to John a Kent.
[*He puts of his disguyse.*

Countesse. Vilde sorcerer! hast thou betrayde us thus,
Hyding thy treason with so good pretence?—
Prince Griffin and Lord Powesse, be assurde
If otherwise then nobly you intreate
My princely cossen and my noble childe,
It will be wreakte on your presuming heades.

John. You wrong them, madame, if you misconceite
That you or they shall be unnobly usde.
You are brought hither to no other end
But that their haviour you might all commend.
Aske but the ladyes if they will departe,
Ile bring ye where I had ye; yea, with all my hart.

Countesse. Then goe, sweete cossen: daughter, let us hence,
For feare wursse happen on this foule offence.

S. Griffin. The wurst is past: let happen now what shall,
Ile keep Sidanen, or loose life and all.

Sydanen. And if Sydanen willingly departe
From her Prince Griffin, joy nere have her hart.

Powesse. I hope my Marian is of selfe-same minde.

Marian. Else were thy loove requited too unkinde.—
Now, mother, would you were at home agayne!
We both are where we wisht our selves full fayne.
Countesse. Then, questionlesse, this hapt by your consent;
And well I wot these noble gentlemen
Are honor'd in your hartes before the other.
Sith your endeavours, then, so happy proove,
Never let me be hinderer of true loove.
John. Madame, now speake ye lyke a looving mother,
And lyke Sydanen's honorable Aunte.
Oppose this question, and be judge your selfe:
Say you were troth plight where you lyke best,
Could you, infaith, so great a wrong digest,
As, but for me, had happened to these ladyes?
In to the Castell, then, and frollique there;
And what should have beene doone to these sweetes sorrowe
Shall to their joy be finishte heere to morrowe.
Gosselen. Come, madame, favour me to be your guyde:
You shall finde all thinges heere to your content;
And though my Lord, the Earle, holde off aloofe,
And may dislyke what we doo for his honor,
Be you but pleasde, weele never seek no other.
For though we want [the sire,] we have the mother.
Sydanen. Let it be so, good aunte, and I shall praye
For this good walke you may live many a day.
John. These speeches are in vayne: I pray ye be gon,
And entertaine them as their kindnes merits.
Leave me awhyle, to gratulate your feast
With some rare merriment or pleasing jest.
Will you be gon? Ye doo the ladyes wrong,
Heere in the ayre to chat with them so long.

S. Griffin. Come, sweet Sydanen, I will be thy guyde.
Moorton shall looke him now an other bryde.

Powesse. And so shall Pembrooke, now I am possest
Of Marian, whom I ever looved best.

[*Exeunt. Manet* JOHN.

John. Heers loove and loove: Good Lord! was nere the lyke!
But must these joyes so quickly be concluded?
Must the first Scene make absolute a Play?
No crosse, no chaunge? What! no varietie?
One brunt is past. Alas! what's that, in loove?
Where firme affection is most truely knit,
The loove is sweetest that moste tryes the wit.
And, by my troth, to sport my selfe awhyle,
The disappoynted brydegroomes, these possest,
The fathers, freendes, and other more besyde,
That may be usde to furnishe up conceite,
Ile set on woorke in such an amorous warre,
As they shall wunder whence ensues this jarre.
O! that I had some other lyke my selfe,
To drive me to sound pollicyes indeed.
There's one in Scotland, tearmed John a Cumber,
That overwatchte the Devill by his skill,
And Moorton brought him to haue sped his loove:
I would have tryde which should the maister proove.
But since my selfe must pastime with my selfe,
Ile anger them, bee't but to please my selfe.—
Sirra! Shrimpe!

Enter SHRIMP, *a boy.*

Shrimp. Anon, sir. What is your will with me?

John. Thus, sirra. To Chester get you gon.

[*Round in his eare.*

They are yet asleep that shall be wakte anon.

Shrimp. I goe, sir. [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter TURNOP, HUGH, TOM TABRER, WILL *the boy, and* SPURLING, *with their consort.*

Tom. Nay, either let it be as Mr. Turnop will have, or, by my troth, faire and softly, I will goe no further. Either let us haue credit, or no credit.

Hugh. You haue sayd as much as [can] be sayd, neighbour Thomas, and that not learnedly, but loovingly, withall. Maister Turnop, the Lordes were so pontiffically pleased with your roration, that the ladyes p[ersons] to morrow remayneth altogether at your dispositation.

Turnop. Why, then, thus my muse hath magestically, or minstricallically, written in prayse of fayre Sydanen; and shee beeing appointed to be maryed this [day], she ought to have the maydenhead of my muse before she loose the benefit abselutidico; as much [as] to say, in Welsh or English, as her rosemary braunche.

Spurling. But has Will learned it perfectly? I tell you, she is a lady of some scression, and lookes that the song of Sydanen should be well performed.

Turnop. Goodman Spurling, though you be purblinde, and thereby are favoured for the grosse errours committed in your vocation, yet, I pray ye, commit your selfe to your musique: as for the song, let it passe uppon my prerogastride, with this addition, He mihi quod domino non licet ire tuo.

Tom. When then, tune all; for it drawes toward day, and if we wake not the bryde, why, then it is woorth nothing. [*They play: the boy sings the Welsh song.*

Turnop. To add one good morrowe to your bed sydes,
Timothie Turnop bids good morrow [to] bothe the brydes.
Now to the brydegroomes, and then, my harts, looke for a largesse.

Enter SHRIMPE, *the Boy.*

Shrimpe. Why, now is Shrimpe in the height of his bravery,
That he may execute some parte of his maister's knavery.
Sound foorth your musique to the brydegroomes sorrowe,
For I will sing them but a sower good morrowe.
[*Song of the Brydes loss.*

[*They play, and the boy singes, whearat the Bridegroomes come foorth in their night-gownes, and breeches on their heades. To them* OSWEN [*and*] AMERY, *making them selves ready.*

Moorton. What song is this, to flout me to my face?
Is fayre Sydanen gon, and left me in disgrace?

Pemb. Peasants, what mean ye, to delude us so?
Is Marian and Sydanen gon? Say yea, or no.

Shrimpe. Are ye so hot? chafe ye so suddenly?
Nay, pause awhyle; Ile fetche ye company. [*Exit.*

Turnop. Why, my Lordes, do ye aske if the Ladyes be gon or no?
If they be not in their beddes, it is more then we knowe.
* * * theyr rest, thou sungst a song of sorrowe.

Turnop. My Lord, you lye: we playd ye but a good morrowe;
And seeing for our good willes ye do us this wrong,
Let's to the Brydes, to have mony for our song.

Heere enter AMERY *and* OSWEN *rubing.*

Oswen. How now, my Lords! what sudden noyse is this?
Is fayre Sydanen and my sister fled?

Pemb. These wretches, that so sung, doo now deny it.

Turnop. Let's talke a woord or two: awhyle I pray ye be quiet.
Did ye not yesternight disturb your head
With winum vinum, ere ye went to bed?
That makes ye in your sleep to rise and walke,
Or at the least thus idiot-lyke to talke.

Enter the Earle of CHESTER, *in his night-gowne, and* SHRIMPE *following aloofe of: some servaunts with him.*

Chester. Can their departure be to all unknowne?
Villaines, why speake ye not? Did no one see them?
1 *Servaunt.* Not any one, my Lord, that we can heere of.
Belyke they went foorth at the garden gate:
We found it open; therefore, we suspect it.
Oswen. My Lord and father, are you up so soone?
Where is my sister? where is fayre Sydanen?
Chester. Nay, where's thy mother, boy? aske that withall,
For she, thy sister, and my loovely niece,
This night are gon, and no one can tell whether.
As I lay slumbring, well neere halfe awake,
Under my window did I heare a voyce,
Saying, rise, Chester, for this wedding day
Is disappointed now another way.
Moorton. And in a song the lyke was tolde to us
By these base slaves, that now deny the same.
But yet, my Lord, I hope it is not so.
Chester. That they are gone, my Lordes, tis true, I knowe.—
But came these newes from you? Why speake ye not?
Hugh. Thomas, you are the auncient'st man: I pray ye, make answer for us.
Thomas. My Lord, I hope it is not unknowen to your woorshipps, that I have liv'd a poore professer of musique

in this parish this forty year, and no man could ever burden me with the valewe of two pence: that ye should now lay three wenches at once to my charge, I will not say howe much it greeves me, but betweene God and your conscience be it.

Turnop. Nay, but heare ye, my Lord. Doo ye, as it were, seeme, in good sober sadnesse, to tell us for a certaintie that the brydes are gon, and that we, as it were, should have some occasion to knowe thereof?

Chester. So say these Lordes: they lay it to your charge.

Turnop. Why, then, my Lordes, both great and small,
Knowe that ye wrong, not one, but all.
Which way so ere they haue betooke them,
If they be gon, you may goe looke them;
And if they be not to be found,
You have lost your wives, Ile holde ye a pound.

Chester. Away, then, villaynes! rayse up all my men;
Bid them take horsse and post foorth every way.
By some foule treason are they led from hence;
My wife else would not with this faulte dispence.
Away, I say, and trouble me no longer.

[*Exeunt clownes and servaunts.*

Shrimp. Why, now this geere doth cotton in righte kinde.
These newes, I wot, will please my maister's mynde.

[*Exit boy.*

Enter LLWELLEN, *his trayne, and* JOHN A CUMBER *a loofe of.*

Moorton. But heere comes one whom this concernes so neere,
That he will searche the depth of this bolde wrong.
Princely Llwellen and my noble freend,
Hither thou commest, by loyall promise bound

To sollemnize thy daughter's nuptiall rightes;
But fayre Sydanen and Earle Chester's daughter
Are, with the aged Countesse, parted hence,
Whether or how as yet we cannot learne.

Llwellen. Why, then, my freend, thy tydings are too true.— [*To* JOHN A CUMBER.

Unhappy man! is this thy welcome hither?

Pemb. My Lord, can he say any thinge of their departure?

Speak, gentle freend, and ease our doubtfull mindes.

Cumber. Ease them I cannot, but disease them more:

They are where you shall never see them more.

Moorton. How meanste thou, freend? Dally not, I beseeche thee.

Cumber. Prince Griffin of Southewales hath got Sydanen;

Lord Powesse hath your daughter Marian;
And at Sr. Gosselen Denvyle's Castell, not farre hence,
Before your Countesse, who went with them thither,
This day their mariage must be consumate.

Chester. What say'st thou? Hath my Countesse wrong'd me so?

And is this trecherie by her consent?

Cumber. No, my good Lord. Knowe ye one John a Kent,

A man whom all this Brittishe Isle admires
For his rare knowledge in the deepest artes?
By pollicye he traynd them from this place,
They simply thinking no such hidden guyle:
But at Saint Winifrides fayre hallowed spring,
To pay last tribute of their mayden vowes,
Went with the Countesse and that subtill guyde.
So eache of you may now goe looke his bryde.

Llwellen. Let us to horsse, and gather able troopes,

That may engirt the Castell round about.
Proud Griffin, Powesse, and the rest, shall knowe
I will not pocket this injurious wrong,
Which I will rate at price of their best blood,
And his that hath so overreachte us all.
Cumber. Fye, my good Lord! nay, now ye growe too hot.
Talke ye of horsse, of men, and multitudes,
When rayse the very powerfulst strength ye can,
Yet all's too weak to deale with that one man.
Had ye a freend could equall him in Arte,
Controll his cunning, which he boasts so on,
Then were there hope of their recoverie:
What else ye doo will help but slenderly.
Moorton. Ile poste to Scotland for brave John a Cumber,
The only man renownde for magick skill.
Oft have I heard he once beguylde the Devill,
And in his Arte could never finde his matche.
Come he with me, I dare say John a Kent,
And all the rest shall this foule fact repent.
Cumber. Were he heere now, my Lord, it would doo well;
But if he come when every thing is doone,
No credit by the matter can be wun.
Chester. My Lord, goe you and fetch that famous man.
The Prince and I will foorthwith to the Castell,
Where, calling them to parle on the walles,
Wee'le promise that they shall enjoy the Ladyes,
With our consent, if but a sennight space
They will adjorne the day of mariage.
Sound reasons wee'le alleadge, to urge them to it;
Then, you returnd with him that never faylde,
You have your wishe, and John in cunning graylde.

Pemb. Be it so, my Lord. Ile beare ye company,
Not doubting but to speed successefully.
Cumber. Ile save my Lord that labour. Heer's John a Cumber,
Entiste to England by the wundrous fame
That every where is spread of John a Kent.
And seeing occasion falleth out so well,
I may doo service to my Lord heerby,
I make him my protectour in this case.
What he hath doone for many dayes together
By Arte I knowe, as you have seene some proofe.
Ile make no bragges, but we two Johns together
Will tug for maistrie: therfore came I hither.
Moorton. The welcomste man that ever came to me;
[*All embrace him.*
And this kinde loove will Moorton well requite.
For God's sake, let us loose no time in vayne:
Tis broad day light. Sweet John, bestirre thee now,
For nere thy help could come in greater need.
Cumber. All you to horsse: Ile meet ye on the way.
My Lord, some of those merry lads gave you good morrowe
Comaund to followe ye: I must imploy them.
So, get ye gon, and leave me to my selfe.
Chester. We goe, John.—Come, gentlemen, away!
[*Exeunt: manet* CUMBER.
Cumber. Now, John a Kent, much have I heard of thee:
Auncient thy fame * * * *
What art thou doinge? Very seriously
[*Look in his glasse.*
Plotting downe pastimes to delight the Ladyes.
Then, have amongst ye: you, sir, have begun,
My turne is next before your spoortes be doone.
[*Exit.*

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Enter S^r GRIFFIN, POWESSE, GOSSELEN, *and* EVAN.

Gosselen. I cannot blame ye, Lordes, to stirre so early,
Considering what occasions are in hand:
Love's long pursuit at length to be requited
With the due guerdon to continued hope.
And such, by meanes of freendly John a Kent,
Shall yeeld you bothe your severall harts content.
Evan. Yea, but the Countesse and the other Ladyes,
I doubt, were wearied with so late a walke,
For, as it seemes, they are not stirring yet,
And little kindnesse were it to disease them
Before them selves think best to leave their chamber.
But say, Prince Griffin, wheron doo ye muse?
You not mislyke Sydanen is so neere;
Nor you that Marian beares her company?
S. Griffin. Sir Evan, Ile be playne, and tell ye what I thought.
I deeply did conceit within my selfe
Lord Moorton's passions he will act this morning,
When newes is brought him that his bryde is gon.
Think ye he will not cursse the fatall houre
Began so sweete, and now falles out so sower?
Powesse. Nay, let my rivall beare him company,
And good olde Chester, for his forwardnes
In seeking to deceive me of my wife.
But what will he imagine of his Countesse?
Shee's gon from Courte, and no man can tell whether,
And colde their sute, should they pursue them hether.
Powesse. Therof you may be bolde. But much I muse
Where John a Kent bestowes him, all this whyle.
He is so carefull of his coy conceites,

To sute this sollemne day, as it should be,
That for your sakes I knowe it shall excell.
At least, he labours all thinges may be well.

Enter JOHN A CUMBER, *lyke* JOHN A KENT.

S. Griffin. See where he comes, deep pondering with him selfe
Important matters. We must not disturb him,
But give him leave till his owne leysure [serve] him.
[*Musique.*
Silence! me thinkes I heare sweet melodie;
And see, he sets the Castell gate wide ope.
[*Musique whyle he opens the door.*
Stand we aloofe, and note what followeth.

From one end of the Stage enter an antique, queintly disguysed, and coming dauncing before them, singes.

1 *Antique.* When wanton loove had walkte astray,
Then good regard began to chide,
And meeting her uppon the way,
Says, wanton lasse, thou must abide.
For I have seene in many yeares
That sudden loove breedes sullen feares.

Shall I never, while I live, keep my girle at schoole.
She hath wandred to and fro,
Furder then a mayde should goe.
Shall she never, while she lives, make me more a foole.
[*Into the Castell: a ducking curtesy. Exit.*

Cumber. You little thinke who it is that sung this song.
S. Griffin. No, John. I pray thee, tell us who it is.

Cumber. Why, Prince Llwellen, come to his daughter's wedding.
Is he her father, and not woorth the bidding?

S. Griffin. Thou doost but jest, John. I hope it is not so.

Cumber. I say it is. Heere comes another: let's see if him I knowe.

From the other end of the Stage enter another antique as the first.

2 *Antique.* In a silent shade, as I sate a sunning,
There I heard a mayd greevously complayne.
May mones she sayde, amongst her sithes still comming,
All was * * * * * *

Then her aged father counceld her the rather
To consent where he had plaste his mynde;
But her peevish mother brought her to another,
Though it was agaynste bothe course and kynde.

Then like a father will I come to check my filly,
For her gadding foorth without my leave;
And if she repent it, I am well contented
Home agayne my darling to receive.
[*Exit into the Castell.*

Cumber. Lord Powesse, you may guesse by the song who this is.

Powesse. If thother was Llwellen, as thou saydst,
I doubt, then, this [was] Ranulphe Earle of Chester,
Or some devise figurd by thee for them,
To fright us when we are in surest safetie.

Cumber. Content ye, Lordes, the fathers beeing by,
You may be sure nothing shall goe awry.
Heere comes another: listen what he is.

From under the Stage, the third antique.

3 *Antique.* You that seek to sunder loove,
Learne a lesson ere you goe;
And as others paynes doo proove,
So abyde your selves lyke woe.
For I fynde, and you shall feele
Selfe same turne of Fortunes wheele:
Then if wrong be repayde,
Say deserved mends it made.
[*Exit into the Castell.*

Cumber. What say ye to Earle Moorton, Prince Griffin? lyke ye his company or no?

S. Griffin. Come, John, thou loov'st to jest. I perswade me it is not so.

Gosselen. Tush! no such matter: this antique disguise
Is but to give the Brydes a good morrow so soone as they rise.

Evan. And to make you despaire in the course of his arte,
He gives these names to every severall parte.

Cumber. What! another yet? Who should this be?

The fourth out of a tree, if possible it may be.

4 *Antique.* You stole my loove; fye uppon ye, fye.
You stole my love, fye, fye a.
Guest you but what a paine it is to proove,
You for your loove would dye a;
And hencefoorth never longer
Be such a craftie wronger:
But when deceit takes such a fall,
Then farewell sly devise and all.
You stole my loove; fye uppon ye, fye.
You stole my loove, fye, fye a.
[*Exit into the Castell.*

Cumber. My Lord of Pembrooke! may it be possible?
By my faith, we lookte for no such guests. Nay,
then, Ile in to make up the messe.

[*Exit into the Castell, and makes fast the dore.*

Evan. What meaneth John by this mad merrie humour?
He namde the Prince Llwellen and the Earle of Chester,
The Earles of Moorton and of Pembrook, bothe your rivalles.
It seemes he would entise us to beleeve
That in these antique shewes of quaint devise
They severally are entred in the Castell.
Tis hard for us to judge of his intent.

Enter JOHN A KENT, *talking with his boy.*

S. Griffin. Heere now he comes agayne; but not from foorth the Castell!
Ile be so bolde as break his serious talke,
For these devises make me much misdoubt
Further then I as yet will seeme to speak on.—
Now, gentle John, shall we intreat to knowe
The meaning of your merrie antique showe?

John. What showe, my Lord? what meaning should I tell?

Powesse. Why, John, those antiques went into the Castell.
Foure was there of them, and eche severally
Bothe dauncste and sung heere very pleasantly.
The first thou toldst us was the Prince Llwellen;
The second, noble Ranulphe Earle of Chester,
Whom thou hadst brought to grace this day withall.
Moorton and Pembrook were the other twayne;
In all which, John, I knowe thou didst but fayne.
Then now at large * * * *

* * * * * * my Lordes, I pray ye say,
[Un]till this instant sawe ye me to day?
Gosselen. Sawe thee, sweet John! I pray thee leave this jesting.
Thy feyned straungenes makes these Lordes amazde.
Didst thou not first set ope the Castell gate,
And then from sundry places issued foorth
The skipping antiques, singing severall songs,
As loovers use that have endurde some wrongs?
And when they all were entred at the gate,
Thou followedst, seeming then to barre it fast.
Whence now thou comste, to make us more admyre,
I cannot guesse: tell us, I thee desyre.
John. Maister, Ile credit ye, because you speak it;
But, on my faith, all this is straunge to me.
My boy and I have for these two houres space
Beene greatly busyed in another place,
To tell you trueth, against the Brydes should rise,
To sporte them with some pleasing vanities.
S. Griffin. Then, John, let's in, for feare of tretcherie.
My hart misgives there is some villainie.
John. The gate is fast, my Lordes, bound with such charmes, [*He tryes the dore.*
As very easily will not be undoone.
I hope the learned Owen Glenderwellin
Is not come hither, as in the Lordes behalfe
That are your rivalles, and at this advauntage
Hath overreachte me when I least misdoubted.
Is it not he, I cannot guesse the man.

Enter JOHN A CUMBER *on the walles, lyke* JOHN A KENT.

Powesse. My Lordes, see one appeareth on the walles.
Tis John a Kent! How? John a Kent is heere.

Some sly magitian hath usurpte thy shape,
And this day made us all unfortunate.
John. What ere thou be, I charge thee tell thy name.
Cumber. My name is John: what sayst thou to the same?
John. I would thou wert the John that I could wishe!
Cumber. If John a Cumber, then, the same it is.
In thy proud thoughtes, John, did I heare thee say
Thou wantedst one to thwart thy deep desseignes,
Layd cunningly to countercheck this loove,
Because it should not take successe so soone;
And me thou namdste, freendly or how, I care not:
Heere am I now; and what those Lordes have tolde thee
Is very true: thine eyes shall witness it.—
Sound musique, while I shewe to John a Kent
[*Musique.*
Those hither come, for whom he never sent.

Whyle the musique playes, enters on the walles LLWELLEN, CHESTER *with his Countesse*, MOORTON *with* SYDANEN, PEMB. *with* MARIAN; OSWEN, AMERYE.

S. Griffin. Ah, John! if these be not illusions,
But the same partyes, all our hope is dashte.
Llwellen, Ranulphe, and our hatefull foes!
Help, John, or now afreshe beginnes our woes.
Llwellen. And are ye taken tardy in your shames,
Proude Southwales Prince and overdaring Powesse?
See, now, the issue of your enterprise
Requites ye with your well deserving merits;
And my Sydanen, thus restord agayne,
Shall with Earle Moorton safely now remayne.
Chester. Madame, I judgde you guiltie in this wrong,
Till John a Cumber heere resolvde the doubt.
Now, Powesse, brag of thy late gotten conquest:

Let John a Kent, with all the witte he hath,
Restore thee Marian, if he can, from me.—
Heere, Earle of Pembrook; take her, she is thine,
And thank kinde John, whose cunning is divine.
Pemb. Thankes unto him, and you, most noble Lord,
And shame to them such as their deedes deserve,
That would have severd me from my sweet choyse.
I hope heeres one hath met with John a Kent,
To teache him how true love he dooth prevent.
Moorton. Was there no way to yeeld your love succesee,
But by that fellowes sillie practises?
Let him heerafter meddle with his mates:
Heeres one hath given me Marian back agayne;
Let him attempt to fetche her, if he dare.
Sydanen. Was never lady wronged thus before!
Marian, thou knowest my minde; I say no more.
Marian. Sweet Cossen, what we may not now impart,
Heere let us bury it, closely in our hart.
Countesse. This sudden chaunge hath altred quite your hope.
What was at first concluded now must be:
Cossen and daughter, help none else ye see.
Cumber. Now, John without, listen to John within.
The mariage thou appoynted for those Lordes
Shall be effected now with these two Lordes;
And for they would not let us be their guests,
They nor thy selfe gets any of our feastes.[1]
In mockerie wishe for me another day.
So, fare ye well: we have no more to say.
John. Good John within, heare John without a little.
Winners may bragge, loosers have leave to speak.
Under my shaddowe have you doone all this:
Much greater cunning had it beene thine owne.

[1] This and the preceding line are struck out in the MS.

As yet thou doost but rob me of my selfe.
Good, honest Jhon, let me beholde thy selfe:
Perhaps my shape makes thee thus boldly vaunte,
And armes thee with this ablenes of skill,
Wheras thine owne, beeing insufficient,
May make thee feare to deale with John a Kent.
Cumber. Lordes and fayre Ladyes, goe, disporte your selves
About the walkes and gardens of this Castell.
And for thou ween'st so gayly of thy selfe,
Within this hower, John, Ile meete with thee,
In mine owne shape, uppon this Castell greene,
Where I will dare thee, and out dare thee too,
In what soever John a Kent can doo.
John. I take thy woord.—Ladyes, to you alone
Wish I all good, but to the others none. [*They discend.*
S. Griffin. Why, say, sweet John, what shall betyde us now?
Now are we wursse than ere we were before.
John. Sirra, get ye to the back gate of the Castell,
And through the key hole nimbly wring thee in.
Marke well, and bring me woord what stratageme
This cumbring John meanes next to enterprise,
For I am sure he will not leave me so,
At least, I meane not him. Away then! goe.
Shrimp. I fly, sir; and am there alreadie. [*Exit boy.*
Powesse. No comfort, John? What! standst thou all amort?
Tis only we that have the greatest cause.
Thou canst, I knowe, cope with this John a Cumber,
And maister him, maugre his utmoste skill,
If thou wilt searche into thy deepe conceites.
Gosselen. John, I myselfe have oft times heard thee wishe
That thou mightst buckle with this John a Cumber.

Come is he now, to all our deep disgrace,
Except thou help it ere he scape this place.
John. Maister, what! he that went beyond the Devill,
And made him serve him seaven yeares prentiship?
Ist possible for me to conquer him?
Tis better take this foyle, and so to end.
S. Griffin. Why, then, our Ladyes this day shall be wed,
If or thou canst, or wilt not, stand us now in sted.
John. Nay, there's no wedding toward, that I can see,
And when tis doone, yet heere it must not be.
Content your selves, and walke the woodes about:
Heere is no getting in, we are fayre lockt out.
I cannot tell, but if I hit aright,
For walking heere all day, I make some walke all night.
Be gon, I pray ye; youre but * *

[*Exeunt, prœter* JOHN.]

Enter SHRIMPE, *skipping.*

Come on, sirra; tell me, now, what newes?
Shrimpe. Sir, yonders great preparation for a play,
Which by the shaddowes of the Lordes and Ladyes
Heere, on the greene, shall foorthwith be enacted;
And John a Cumbers whole intent heerein
Is that your selfe shall see before your face
His arte made currant, to your deep disgrace.
John. But where's the Countesse, Marian, and Sydanen?
They are not in the Castell; that I knowe.
Shrimpe. Earle Chesters sonne and young Lord Amerye
Are merily conducting them to Chester;
And thither will the Lordes them selves this night,
When they have seene this play in your dispight.
John. Be gon, and bring the Ladyes back agayne,
With them, likewise, are sent to be their guydes.

Stay with them at the Chesenut tree hard by,
Till I come for them.—Now bestirre thee, John,
[*Exit boy.*
For in thy play I purpose to make one. [*Exit.*

Enter JOHN A CUMBER *in his owne habit; with him* TURNOP, HUGH, *and* THOMAS *the Tabrer.*

Turnop. Doo ye heare, sir? We can be content, as it were, to furnish ye with our facilitie in your play or enterlude. Marie, where ye would us to flout, scoff, and scorne at John a Kent, for my part, let Hugh Sexten and Thomas Tabrer doo as they see occasion, I am not to mock him, that is able to make a man a munkey in lesse then halfe a minute of an houre.

Hugh. Ile tell ye what, sir. If it be true that is spoken, marie, I will not stand to it: a man were better deale with the best man in the countrey then with maister John a Kent. He never goes abroad without a bushell of devilles about him, that if one speak but an ill woord of him, he knowes it by and by, and it is no more but send out one of these devilles, and wheres the man then? Nay, God blesse me from him.

Thomas. Harkeye, sir: you are a gentleman, and weele doo as much for my Lord the Earle, as poore men may doo, if it be to doo or say any thing agaynst him selfe or any other, weele doo it. Marie, Thomas Tabrer will never meddle with M^{r}. John; no, not I.

Cumber. Why, sillie soules, Ile be your warrantise:
John shall not touch ye, doo the best he can.
Ile make ye scorne him to his very face,
And let him venge it how he will or dare.

Turnop. By my troth, sir, ye seeme an honest man, and so, faith, could ye be as good as your woord, there be that, perhaps, would come somewhat roundly to ye. Indeed, sir, maister John hath dealt but even so so with

me in times past. Harke ye, sir, I never besorted or played the good fellowe, as sometimes ye knowe fleshe and blood will be frayle, but my wife hath knowen on it, ere I came home, and it could not be but by some of his flying devilles.

Cumber. Nay, I could tell ye other thinges besyde,
What dayly wronges he dooth unto ye all;
Which, for they aske some leysure to reporte,
Ile urge no more but that ye joyne with me
In such an action as I have in hand,
When you shall see him so disabled,
Not daring to offend the wurst of you,
As hencefoorth will he hyde his head for shame,
Weele make him such a scoffing, jesting game.[1]

Hugh. But shall he neither send his devilles to pinche us, nor doo any more harme, if wee doo as you bid us?

Cumber. Harke me. Ile make him fret him selfe to death
With very anger that he cannot touche ye.
Bob, buffet him, doo him what wrong ye will,
And feare not, Ile defend ye by my skill.

Thomas. Well, sir, Ile stand by and give aime; and if I see them speed well, Ile bring ye such a crewe of wenches, on whom his devilles have told lyes and tales, that your hart would burst to heare how they will use him.

Cumber. Why, this is excellent! you fit me now.
Come in with me, Ile give you apt instructions,
According to the purpose I entend,
That John a Kent was nere so courst before.
Our time is short; come, lette us in about it.

* * * * * * [*Exeunt.*

John. Poore John a Kent! Heeres making roddes [for] you:

[1] This speech is struck out with a pen, in the MS.

Many have doone the lyke to whip them selves.
But John a Cumber is more wise then so;
He will doo nothing but shall take successe.
This walke I made to see this wundrous man:
Now, having seene him, I am satisfyed.
I know not what this play of his will proove,
But his intent, to deale with shaddowes only,
I meane to alter; weele have the substaunce:
And least he should want Actors in his play,
Prince Griffin, Lord Powesse, and my merrie maister,
Ile introduce as I shall finde due cause.
And if it chaunce as some of us doo looke,
One of us Johns must play besyde the booke. [*Exit.*

ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA PRIMA.

Enter SHRIMPE, *playing on some instrument, a prettie way before the Countesse,* SYDANEN, MARIAN, OSWEN, *and* AMERYE.

Oswen. Madame, this sound is of some instrument:
For two houres space it still hath haunted us;
[*The boy playes round about them.*
Now heere, now there, on eche syde, round about us;
And, questionlesse, either we followe it,
Or it guydes us, least we mistake our way.

Amerye. It may be that this famous man of Arte,
Doubting least John a Kent should crosse our journey,
And seeke revendge for his receivde disgrace,
He by this musique dooth direct our course,
More redyly to hit the way to Chester.

Countesse. What ere it be, I would we were at Chester.
My loovely niece, I see, is malcontent,
So is my Marian; but what remedye,
When thinges, you see, fall out so contrary?

Sydanen. Ay, poore Sydanen! let no more sweet song

Be made by Poet for Sydanen sake.
Her fine trim day is turn[d] to black cole night,
And she hath lost her sweetest loove[s] delight.
Shrimp. But let Sydanen cast away this care;
Comfort is neerer her then shee's aware.
[*To her, asyde.*
Sydanen. What say you, Cossen? did you speak to me?
Marian. Not I, Sydanen: I with you complayne
On fortunes spight and over deep disdayne.
Shrimp. But Marian with Sydanen may rejoyse,
For time will let them have their owne harts choyse.
[*They look about.*
Sydanen. Pray God, amen. O, cossen! did you heare?
A voyce still buzzeth comfort in mine eare.
Marian. And so in mine; but I no shape can see.
Tis John a Cumber mocks bothe you and me.
Sydanen. Cursse on his heart, for cumber[ing] true loove so,
Which else had made full end of all our woe.

Enter S^r GOSSELEN, GRIFFIN, POWESSE, *and* EVAN.

Gosselen. How say ye, Lordes? now credit John a Kent.
See where they are, and at the selfe same tree
Where he assurde us all of them would be.
S. Griffin. Sweetest Sydanen, how thy happie syght
Makes me forget all former sorrowe quyte!
Powesse. The lyke dooth Marians presence yeeld to me:
For all greefes past assurde felicitie! [*Musique chimes.*
Evan. Listen, my Lordes! me thinkes I heare the chyme, [*A dayn[ty fit] of musique.*
Which John did promise ere you should presume
To venture for recoverie of the Ladyes.

Gosselen. The very same. Stay till the power therof
Have layd the sleepie charge on bothe their eyes,
That should have guyded them from hence to Chester.

[*The boy trips round about* OSWEN *and* AMERY, *sing*[*ing in*] *chyme, and they, the one after the other, lay them* [*down*] *using very sluggish gestures: the Ladyes amazedly* [*looke*] *about them.*

[*Sing to the musique within.*

Sleep, sweetly, sleep sweetly, sweetly take rest,
Till eche goe with her choyse, where she likes best.
Ladyes, cheere up your despayring mindes,
For your freendes are neere,
That will answer true loove in due kinde,
Then never more feare.

Shrimp. Lordes, take advauntage, for they bothe are fast.
Bid John a Cumber mend this cunning cast.

Gosselen. Feare not, good madame, for you must with me,
To one that joyes these loovers love to see.

[*The chyme playes, and* GOSSELEN *with the Countesse goes turning out.*

S. Griffin. And fayre Sydanen, I dare boldly say,
Rather with me will goe, then heere to stay.

[*The chyme agayne, and they turne out in lyke manner.*

Powesse. I not misdoubt but Marian beares lyke mynde.
This is the way our sweet content to fynde.

[*The chyme agayne, and so they.*

[*Exeunt.*

Shrimp. Sir Evan, follow you the way they take,
For now I must these sleepie Lordes awake.

[*Exit* EVAN.

Fye, gentlemen! what means this slothfulnes?

You sleep securely, while the subtill foe
[*They start up.*
Hath got your charge, and bred a greater woe.
Oswen. Lord Amerye, how fell we thus asleep?
My mother, sister, and Sydanen's gon!
Amery. Canst thou, my boy, tell which way they have tane,
Or by what meanes they are thus gon from hence?
Shrimp. When as my maister, John a Cumber, sawe
How carelessly you did respect your charge,
And lay asleep, while as Sr Gosselen Denvyle,
Prince Griffin, Powesse, and another Knight,
Bare hence the Ladyes toward proud John a Kent,
He sent me posting thorow the duskye ayre,
To wake ye, and to cause ye followe me,
To fetche them back ere they have got too farre.
If then, youle speed, follow me presently.
Oswen. Thankes to thy maister: we will followe thee,
To make amends for our fond negligence.
Shrimp. And I will lead ye such a merrie walke,
As you therof shall at more leysure talke.
Come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Enter JOHN A KENT, *lyke* JOHN A CUMBER: *with him* LLWELLEN, CHESTER, MOORTON, *and* PEMBROOK, *foorth of the Castell.*

John. Lordes, take your places as you are appoynted.
Though once I minded but to use your shaddowes,
Pardon me, now I may imploy your persons,
Because that your delight shall be the greater,
And his disgrace the more to you apparant,
That durst attempt so bolde an enterprise.
Now shall ye see, if famous John a Kent
Be able to avoyde disparagement.

Llwellen. But shall Sydanen and Earle Chester's daughter
Be here in person lykewise, as we are?

John. No, my good Lord; their figures shall suffise,
Because you see they are disconsolate,
And, to speak trueth, beare more affection
To Griffin of Southwales and the Lord Powesse,
Then to Earle Moorton and the Earle of Pembrooke;
Whose shaddowes when those other Lordes shall see
So farre estraunged from their former course,
How it will quayle their hope your selves shall judge,
And make poor John a Kent mad to beholde it.

Chester. But long ere this I hope they are at Chester,
And bothe their guydes in safetie at my house.

John. I warrant ye, my Lord, they'r safe enough
From John, and all the utmoste he can doo.—
See, my good Lord, what I doo for your sake,
[*To* MOORETON.
Who only may dispose of me and mine.

Moorton. I knowe it, John; and should I not confesse
Thy kyndnes to exceed in my behalfe,
And guerdon it, I greatly were to blame.

Pemb. The lyke say I, wherof * * care * *
My thankfulnes shall more at large assure thee.

John. Needlesse, my Lordes, are all these ceremonyes;
For as I furder you in looves affayres,
So I expect some credit by mine Arte.
Now, silence, Lordes, for all the sportes begin:
And see where John a Kent is first come in.

Enter JOHN A CUMBER, *lyke* JOHN A KENT.

Cumber. As he that with unsatiate thirst of fame
Pursues an action of some high applause,
To conquer his usurping enemye,
And add renowne for ever to his deedes,

So John a Cumber followes his intent
To conquer. Sit, and laugh at John a Kent.

Llwellen. What sayes he? Will he laugh him selfe to scorne?

John. My Lord, you little thinke the scope of his intent.

He dooth imagine he hath tane my shape,
And you shall heare him speak as he were John a Cumber.
Note all his actions, and let it suffise,
Heele proove him selfe a foole before your eyes.

Chester. And yet imagine that he scorneth thee?

John. Why, that is all. For God's sake, sit and see.

Cumber. Alreadie are my shaddowes set in order,
For Prince Llwellen, Chester, Pembrooke, Moorton.
[*He poyntes to them.*
And see, poore John a Kent is walking by
As one, that cannot yeeld a reason why.

Moorton. He poyntes to thee, and tearmes thee John a Kent.

Let him heerafter brag with John a Cumber.

Pemb. When men of Arte thus strive in merriment,
It needes must rayse in meaner wittes some wunder.

John. Begin your scene; and if he be not vext,
I doubt not but he shalbe with the next.

Llwellen. Fye, John a Kent! what injurie is this
[*He riseth and goeth to* JOHN A CUMBER.
That thou hast offered to this noble man?
Sydanen, my fayre daughter, whom I loove,
Wouldst thou have wedded to the Southwales Prince,
And broughtst her hither to thy maisters Castell,
From whence she was recovered, to thy shame.
Fye, John a Kent! for this most sillie parte,
Heerafter tearme thy selfe no man of Arte.

Chester. Thy subtill wandring in an Hermit's weede,
[*Suddenly starting to him, after the other hath done.*
Wherby thou didst seduce my aged wife
To let her daughter, and my loovely niece,
Walke with her to Saint Winifrydes fayre spring,
To offer up theyr latest mayden vowes,
And thou, like to an hippocrite, their guyde,
Say, foollish man, what hast thou wun heerby,
But such dishonor as will never dye?

Moorton. John, John, call thou to minde the antiques
That in thy absence got into the Castell, [*He suddenly.*
And ore the walles returnd unto thy face,
The only argument of thy disgrace.
Alas! good John, account it then no wunder,
Such is thy luck to deale with John a Cumber.

Pemb. Well, John a Kent, wilt thou be rulde by me?
[*He suddenly.*
Leave Wales, leave England, and be seene no more.
This monstrous blemish, graven uppon thy browe,
Will be but greefe to us, thy countrey men.
Then, seeing that so tardy thou art catcht,
Yeeld him the bucklers that thee overmatcht.

Cumber. How now! What's this? My shaddowes taught to speak
That to my face they should unto my foe?

Llwellen. Shaddowes proove substaunce. John, thou art too weak;
Then, like a sillie fellowe, pack and goe.

Cumber. Speak heere to John a Kent. Speak ye to me?

Chester. We speak to John the foole, and thou art he.

Cumber. Spirits, Ile to [punish] ye for this abuse.

Moorton. Fret not thy selfe * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * appoynted ye?

Pemb. Alas! poore sillie soule, thou mayst appoynt,
And all thy poynting is not woorth a poynt.

Cumber. Whence am I crost? may it be John a Kent
Hath overwatchte me in myne owne devise?
The more I strive to knowe, the further off
I am from compassing what fayne I would.
Ile sit awhyle and meditate heeron. [*He sits downe.*

John. What! in a study? Nay, I must awake him;
With other thinges more angry yet must make him.

Enter S^r GOSSELEN DENVYLE, GRIFFIN, POWESSE, *the Countesse,* SYDANEN, *and* MARIAN.

Gosselen. Alas, alas! why droupeth John a Kent?
[*To* CUMBER.
Looke cheerely, man; for see, Earle Chester's wife,
Through power of thine incomparable skill,
Is back returnd from devillish John a Cumber,
And no man hath the shame but he alone.
[JOHN A CUMBER *stamps about.*

S. Griffin. I knowe this sadnes is but thy conceite,
Because he crost thee ere thou wast aware;
But may not this cheere up thy minde agayne,
That thou hast brought me sweet Sydanen backe?

Powesse. And heere is Marian, too, my soules delight,
Who, but for thee, had beene Earle Pembrookes bryde.
Let John a Cumber's foyle, then, be of force,
Sithe we enjoy what we can moste desyre,
To make thee leave this discontented humour.

Cumber. Sleep I, or wake I? dreame I, or doo I dote?
Looke, what I poynted all these shapes to doo
Agaynst the man that I doo envye moste,
They doo it to me; and he sits laughing by,
As if there were no John a Kent but I.

Countesse. Why, frollique, John: thy arte prooves excellent.

Let not one simple foyle make thee dismay;
Thou art revendge unto thine none content:
Let John a Cumber doo the wurst he may.
Sydanen. And will sweet John a Kent not look so sad,
Sydanen will intreat all Brittain's Poets
To write large volume of thy learned skill
For bringing her where she desyre[s] to be,
And from that John a Cumber set her free.
Marian. Look, what my cossen sayth, the lyke doo I,
And will extoll thy fame continually.
Evan. Into the Castell, then, and frollique there.
I knowe that John will not stay long behinde,
Since your successe dooth answere thus his mynde.
[*Exeunt into the Castell.*
John. How say ye now, my Lord? Did not these shaddowes
Make him halfe thinke they were the same indeed?
Llwellen. What ere they did in him, beleeve me, freend,
But that I more relye uppon thine arte
Then the opinion this hath raysde in me,
I should have sworne that that was my Sydanen.
Moorton. In sooth, my Lord, I jump with your conceite.
And trust me, I was not a little moovde,
Prince Griffin's shape so led her by the hand,
But that I credit arte more then mine eye.
Powesse. Will ye beleeve me, but that John is by,
And dooth all this to plague yon John a Kent,
These semblaunces would make me much misdeeme.—
Pardon me, John, for loove is full of feare,
And such illusions neither please eye nor eare.[1]
Chester. Then well fare me, that differ from you all.
Should I have tooke that shaddowe for my Countesse,

[1] This speech is struck out in the MS.

Or else the other for my daughter Marian?
Nay, what he did already so resolves me,
That I am dreadlesse now of John a Kent.

John. I thanke ye, good my Lord: so holde ye still,
For John's no John, I see, without good skill.
There's one fit more of merriment behinde,
That if't hit right will serve him in his kinde.

Enter TURNOP *and his trayne.*

Turnop. A pause, maisters, a pause. We are not come only * * * * to doo somewhat else besyde, for we are of the Qu * * * * nick nock John a Kent, if the honest gentleman [be as good as his] woord.

Thomas. As good as his woord? Why, looke ye yonder, where he standes * * * honors woorship, even as he sayd he would, he noddes his head * * * as one would say, maisters, fall to your busines, or doo that ye come for.

Hugh. Good Lord! looke you how John a Kent sits in a browne study, as it were. Who shall begin now? Come, lets knowe that.

Turnop. Who shall begin? what a question is that! Let mayde Marian have the first flurt at him, to set an edge on our stomacks, and let me alone, in faith, to jerke it after her.

Spurling. Now, by my troth, well advisde, good neighbour Turnop. Ile turne her to him, if he were a farre better man then is.—Too him, too him, touch him roundly.

Boy. What! think ye I am afrayde of him? In faith, sir, no.—Precise, John, or rather peevish, peeld, paltrie John; doost thou remember how many injuries from time to time thou hast doone me? First in sending thy devilles to tell lyes and tales of me; then, making my dame to cudgell me; and after to pinche me

black and blewe, when I never offended thee: for which I defye thee to thy face, and dare thee to meete me in any place.

Turnop. Heare, ye sir. You, sir, as one would say, good man; you sir, because brevitie is best in such a queazie action, it is concluded or conditioned among us that have some authoritie in this case, that because our Morris lackes a foole, and we knowe none fitter for it then you, Mr. John, heeres a coat, spick and span new: it never came on any man's back since it was made. Therfore, for your further credit, we will give you haunsell of it; and where we took you for a wise man before, we are contented to account of ye as our foole for ever heerafter.

Hugh. In witnesse wherof, we, the youthes of the parishe, put it on ye with our owne handes.

[*Put it on him.*

Nay, never strive or wunder, for thus we are appoynted by great John a Cumber.

Turnop. At it now, Thomas, lustily; and let us jerk it over the greene, seeing we have got such a goodly foole as Mr. John a Kent.

Chester. Why, this will make poore John a Kent stark mad;
And, questionlesse, heele nere more shewe his face
To be reprooved with this deep disgrace.

John. Lordes, sit ye still: Ile come agayne anon.—
I am prettely revengde on Cumbring John. [*Exit.*

Enter SHRIMPE, *leading* OSWEN *and* AMERY *about the tree.*

Oswen. Were never men thus led about a tree;
Still circling it, and never getting thence!
My braynes doo ake, and I am growen so faynt,
That I must needes lye downe, on meere constraynt.

[*He lyes downe.*

Amery. This villayne boy is, out of doubt, some spirit.
Still he cryes follow, but we get no further
Then in a ring to daunce about this tree.
In all my life I never was so wearie:
Follow that list, for I can goe no longer.
[*He lyes downe.*
Shrimp. There lye and rest ye, for I think your walke
Hath not beene altogether to your ease.—
Now I must hence: I heare my maister's call.
It standes uppon the push of opening all. [*Exit boy.*
Oswen. Lord Amery, is not yon my father,
The Prince Llwellen, Moorton, and Earle Pembrook?
Amery. 'Tis they, indeed. O! let us call to them,
To trye if they can get us from this tree.—
Help, Prince of Wales! ah! help us, Earle of Chester,
Or else thy sonne and I are lyke to perishe!
Chester. Oswen, my sonne? and young Lord Amery?—
Shaddowes they be not, for tis they, indeed.
[*They* [*go to*] *them.*
Tell me, ah! tell me, wherfore lye ye heere?
Where are the Ladyes that you had in charge?
Llwellen. Ah, speak, young Lordes! my hart dooth
dread some ill,
Ye looke so gastly, and so full of feare.
Oswen. Lend us your ayde, to rayse us on our feete,
That we may get from this accursed tree.
[*They help them.*
* * * * * * * * the unhappy newes.
No ill to my Sydanen, then I can not.
[*Powesse.*] Be Marian well, be what it may besyde.
Oswen. Where is the villayne boy that thus misled us?
Boy was he not, but questionlesse some fiend,
That hath tormented us as nere was lyke.
Llwellen. Aske for no boyes, aske for no fiends or
furyes,

But tell me quickly where is my Sydanen?
Living or dead, or how is she bereft ye?

Oswen. Breefely to answere all of ye together,
Nor of my mother, Marian, or Sydanen,
Lyes it in us to tell ye what's become;
Other than this, as it was tolde to us,
That Griffin, Powesse, and S^r^ Gosselen Denvyle
Reskewed them from us: how or when we knowe not.
So sayd a devill, or boy, sent to us from John a Cumber.

Enter JOHN A CUMBER, *pulling of his foole*[*s*] *coat, lyke* KENT *still.*

Cumber. From me, young Lordes? alas! you were
deceiv'd,
As you, likewise, and all have beene together.—
Looke not so straunge, Lordes; deeme not me John a
Kent,
That in his sted have beene so much misusde:
Scorned by you, then flouted by the Ladyes;
Last made a foole heere in a morris daunce,
And all, preparde gaynst him, turnd on my selfe.
In breefe, then, to abridge all further wunder,
Yonder is John a Kent, heere John a Cumber.

[*Enter*] JOHN A KENT *in his owne habit,* DENVYLE, GRIFFIN, POWESSE, *Countesse,* SYDANEN, MARIAN, *and* SHRIMP, *on the walles.*

John. Now John within may speak to John without,
And, Lordes, to you that frumped him so finely.
Once you were heere, and shut us out of doore;
You had these Ladyes, but ye could not keep them.
Where are those twayne that daunc'st about the tree?
Look on your minstrell heere, sirs: this was he.—
[*To* SHRIMP.
But as for you, John, that usurpte my shape,

And promisde you would meet me on the greene,
O! you were busyed too much with your play;
But you knowe best who went the foole away.
That I am quit with thee thou wilt confesse.
Cumber. I doo, John, for twere shame to yeeld thee lesse;
But I may live to meet with thee heerafter.
I pray thee, John, shall we have one cast more?
John. So thoult deale wyser then thou didst before.
Promise me one thing, Lordes, and you shall see
Ile offer him more oddes then he dare me.
Llwellen. Lets heare it, John; and as we like weele answere.
John. It is so reasonable, you cannot deny me.
Fayne would ye that your daughters were combinde
In sacred wedlock with those noble Lordes:
Promise me that it shall be doone this day,
Without more dallying, Ile deliver them [*The Ladyes.*
To John a Cumber, so he will bestowe
His very deepest skill to make it sure.
But if he fayle, and be my luck to speed,
To ceasse contention, and confesse him foyld,
As I will doo the lyke if he prevayle.
Llwellen. I am agreed: what sayes my Lord of Chester?
Chester. The motion is so good that I consent.
Cumber. Lordes and fayre Ladyes, you likewise agree
To take your fortune, how so ere it be?
Omnes. We doo.
John. Then, not so churle-like as when you were Lordes
Of this our Castell, to allow no favour,
But even to hunger starve us at the doore,
Enter all freely, and take parte with us
[In our] good cheere, for some of you have need.

The * * * * * * * * * * *
And afterward are right welcome to try
Who shall have conquest, either he or I.
Cumber. Bravely resolvde, John; I must needes commend thee.
Thoult have the wurst, if fortune but befriend me.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter the Abbot of Chester, reading a letter, and one of [*the Earl of Chester's Servants.*]

Abbot. My honest freend, this letter from thy Lord
Shewes that the mariages, so long deferd,
Betweene the Ladyes and their severall suters,
Must now at length be finished this day;
And at this Abbey is the place appoynted.
Further he sayth, that all the Abbey gates
Not only must be fast, but strongly mand
With his owne guard, appoynted for the purpose,
That none may issue foorth, or enter in,
But such as first must by him selfe be seene.
What! is there daunger of prevention,
Or that resistaunce will be offered?
Servaunt. Daunger there is, but what, in sooth, I knowe not.
Lord Abbot, I have performde my charge to you;
I must goe warne his guarde in readines,
And then returne to certefye my Lord.
Abbot. Assure his honor what he hath referd
Unto my trustie care and secrecie
In every poynt shall answere his content.
Our Lord forbid, but he should heere commaund,
That is our patrone, and so good an Earle.
Servaunt. His honor will be thankfull for this kindnes,
Which Ile not fayle at full to let him knowe.
[*Exit Servaunt.*

Abbot. Farewell, my freend.—Ile bout my busines strayte,
And gaynst his comming give my due attendaunce.
[*Exit Abbot.*

Enter JOHN A KENT, DENVYLE, GRIFFIN, *and* POWESSE.

S. Griffin. Would any man but you have beene so fond,
To yeeld the Ladyes, when we might have kept them?
Poore soules, with what unwillingnes they went!
Pray God this rashnes all we not repent.

Powesse. What though that once you proovde too harde for him,
Still are ye certaine of the like successe?
Remember how he crost us at [the] first;
Once warnde dooth make a man to dread the wurst.

Denvyle. I will suspend my judgement in this case,
And rather hope then feare what may befall.
Once this I knowe, it will goe wundrous hard
Ere John a Kent be in his purpose bard.

John. Feare you; hope you: for my parte, Ile doo neither,
But track his steppes that treades the way before,
To doo the thing he can undoo no more.
These weddings, then, must be at Chester Abbey,
The gates wherof moste strongly will be mand:
Entraunce there is allowed at none but one,
And John a Cumber there must be the porter.
Tis very lyke, then, none of you get in;
And yet, in faith, it would be very prettie
To proove his eye sight, whether he doo knowe
The men that should be let in, yea or no.
Would not you laugh to see him let you in,
And keep them out that should his wager winne?

S. Griffin. Oh! that were excellent, might it be so;
And if thou list, doubtlesse it shall be so.
John. Lord Powesse, what think you?
Powesse. Even as Prince Griffin, so, sweet John, say I.
Thou art the man mayst make us live or dye.
Denvyle. If it should fall out so successfully,
Besyde the endless [fame] that thou shalt wynne,
Proud John a Cumbers foyle will be therin.
* * * * * * * * it shall be so,
Though John a Cumber, even him selfe, say no.
[*Griffin.*] But how can we disguyse our selves so soone,
In every poynt lyke Moorton and Earl Pembrook?
For otherwise we must, of force, be knowen.
[*John.*] Tush! wele no shapes, nor none of these disguysings:
They heertofore servde bothe his turne and myne.
As now ye are so shall ye passe the gate;
And for the blame shall not relye alone
On poore John Cumber, when the faulte is spyed,
Albeit his skill will be the lesse therby,
The Prince Llwellen and the Earle of Chester
Shall bothe be by, and graunt as much he:
Nay, more, them selves shall bring ye to the Chappell,
And at their handes shall you receive your Brydes.
If this I doo not, ere two houres be spent,
Never let me be called more John a Kent.
Powesse. Ah, peerelesse John! with loove, with life, and landes,
Will we requyte this kindnes at thy handes.
S. Griffin. And sing sweet Sonnets in thy endlesse prayse,
While our fayre looves and we enjoy our dayes.
John. Let us away: it is uppon their comming,

For they think long untill the deed be doone,
Wherby John hopes his credit will be wun.[1]

[*Exeunt.*

Enter LLWELLEN, CHESTER, *Countesse*, SYDANEN, MARIAN, OSWEN, AMERY, JOHN A CUMBER, *and Abbot.*

Chester. Feare not, my Lordes: my selfe have beene about,
And seene the gates mand as they ought to be,
With spyes besyde that shall regard the walles;
And with the Abbot have I tane this order,
Only this gate shall serve for enteraunce.

Llwellen. But, by your leave, my Lord, we will entreat
That John a Cumber, till it be dispatchte,
Will sit as porter: then we may be sure,
That practise John a Kent what ere he dare,
While he is there the lesse need be our care.

Cumber. Alas! my Lordes, I see what he intends:
To come in person like this reverend Abbot,
Therby to get in Griffin and Lord Powesse;
But therin Ile prevent him, feare ye not.—
Father, take you the Ladyes to your charge,
And with the Countesse lead them to the Chappell.—
You twayne will stay untill the Brydegroomes come,
Then, afterward, let all the charge be mine.

Countesse. Come, loovely niece, and Marian, wend with me.
This day will end the greefes wherin you be.

Sydanen. But may it proove as poore Sidanen wish,
Else her hart cares will farre surmount her blisse.

[1] The three last speeches are struck out in the MS.

Marian. Now, John a Kent, if ever thou shewedst skill,
Doo it this instant, and our joyes fulfill.[1]

[*Exeunt Count.*, SYDANEN, *&c.*

Llwellen. I wunder that these Lordes doo stay so long.
So soone as we they sayd they would be heere.

Enter JOHN A KENT *a loof off;* GRIFFIN *and Lord* POWESSE.

John. Goe on, and feare not. Now, John, we shall see
If ye can help your eyes infirmitie.

Chester. O! heere they be.—Fye, Lordes! why stay ye so?
The others would have made more haste, I knowe.

Cumber. Be you their guyde.—Goe, quickly make an end,
And then let John a Kent my skill commend.

[*Exeunt.*

[*John.*] O, rare magitian! that hast not the power
To beat asyde a sillie dazeling mist,
Which a meere abce scholler in the arte
Can doo it with the least facilitie.
But I will ease them when the other come,
To see how then he will bestirre him selfe!

Enter MOORTON *and* PEMBROOKE.

* * * doe my Lord that there * * *
* * * me * * they * be * * *
I had not parted with them but * * *
By thy leave, John, say are the * * *

Cumber. Alas, alas! hath cunning John * *

[1] The three last speeches are struck out in the MS.

No wiser way than this to find * * *
Goe aske of him whether the * * *
And he will say they are wed. * * *
Moorton. Wedded? to whom? I hope * * *
Cumber. To them whose counterfeite * * *
To noble Earle of Pembrook * * *
Pemb. Are not we they? what! a * * *
Cumber. How ere I am, no passage w * * *
For you or him, although he d * * *
John. Why, gentlemen, can ye thus * * *
Is this the man whose know * * *
To face ye downe ye be not * * *

Enter CHESTER, LLW. * * *

Cumber. Why, how now, Lordes! joy * * *
Llwellen. At that which now is to * * *
Prince Griffin and * * *
Unto our daughter * * *
We tooke them * * *
Chester. Heere you my Lord * * *
While you ha * * *
You come to * * *
Moorton. Oswen sp * * *
Oswen. Jest th * * *
Earle * * *
You w * * *
for * * *

E.

Amery. * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

* * * * me or you * * *
* * * had beene to haue wrongde them.
* * * doo the lyke confesse,

* * * nd Sydanen nere the lesse.
* * * ld as toward me you mean.
* * * thanke thee, John a Kent
* * * must yeelde her towards the
* * * you had so much to doo.
* * * make ye waste the time in vayne,
* * * as this day requires
* * * ter be not thou displeasde,
* * * feast these amourous cares hath easde.
* * * so disgraste by thee,
* * * bothe of mine and me.
* * * des and ever more heerafter
* * * vow continuall loove.
* * * fortune was not evill
* * * overmatchde the Devill.

[*Exeunt.*

[FIN]IS

ANTHONY MUNDY.

* * Decembris, 1595.

NOTES

TO

JOHN A KENT AND JOHN A CUMBER.

Page 5, line 11, Thorow *West* Chester.] Chester was formerly commonly called West Chester. See various instances in a note to Dyce's *Webster's Works*, iii., 140.

Page 6, line 21, *Wight* and *tall.*] *Active* (sometimes *strong*) and *able*, words of frequent occurrence in these senses. "Hooks and bills," in the next line but one, are the weapons with which Sir Evan Griffin has armed his three hundred men.

Page 7, line 34, But John a Kent won't *leese* them.] Will not *lose* them. In many parts of England, gleaning is called *leesing;* perhaps collecting what the men employed in cutting the corn *lose*.

Page 9, line 21, No, God forbid; although you are not he.] This is marked in the MS. as spoken by Sydanen "asyde," a direction seldom found in other manuscript, or printed, copies of old plays.

Page 10, line 13, *Exeunt. Manent Sidanen, &c.*] The Lords go out, and leave Sydanen, Marian, and the Countess, on the stage. The names of the two last may have been originally inserted, but have been obliterated in the MS.

Page 10, line 31, But what olde man is this comes toward us?] The MS. shows by a line with the pen and the word "Enter," in the margin, that John a Kent was, in fact, to make his appearance to the ladies just as the Countess had said, "And, therefore, cast these cares behind thy back." The regular direction, "Enter John a Kent, like an aged Hermit," is inserted exactly where we have placed it.

Page 13, line 33, But husht! Heere comes my hotspurre, and Lord Powesse.] Meaning Sir Griffin, who had counselled such precipitate measures of open hostility to the Earl of Chester.

Page 14, line 5, Turnd greene to Fryers gray.] Showing that John

a Kent had worn a green dress before he assumed the disguise of a grey Hermit, or, as he is here called, in the text, a Pilgrim.

Page 17, line 1, Borne by that monstrous *murrian* black-a-moore.] *i.e.*, monstrous *morian*, or *moorish* black-a-moor.] The Moors are often called Morians by Fairfax, in his translation of Tasso.

Page 21, line 12, *Oppose* this question.] So the MS., for *Appose*, or put this question.

Page 22, line 32, *Round* in his eare.] *Whisper* in his ear.

Page 23, line 17, As her rosemary braunche.] It is not easy, nor perhaps was it intended, to make much sense out of this nonsense. Rosemary was used at weddings.

Page 23, line 27, *When* then, tune all.] So the MS.; but perhaps "when" was miswritten for *Well.*

Page 24, line 8, Song of the Brydes loss.] This and "the Welsh song" are both wanting in the MS. Perhaps they had been written and composed separately for the singers, and it was considered not necessary to insert them here.

Page 24, line 12, Making them selves ready.] *i.e.*, *dressing* themselves. Oswen and Amery, though here mentioned, do not, in fact, come in until afterwards.

Page 24, line 29, Heere enter Amery and Oswen rubing.] *Rubbing* their eyes, we may suppose, as just awake; but the MS. leaves the stage-direction imperfect.

Page 25, line 11, 1 Servaunt.] This speech is struck through with a pen in the MS., perhaps as unnecessary.

Page 26, line 24, Why, now *this geere doth cotton* in righte kinde.] A very common proverbial expression, indicating agreement and success.

Page 28, line 35, And John in cunning *graylde.*] *Gravelled*, from *graile*, which is used by old writers for gravel.

Page 29, line 31, *Look in his glasse.*] His perspective glass, common to magicians, by which they saw whatever was passing, at any distance.

Page 30, line 1, Actus Tertius.] This division (without any note of the Scene) is only marked in the margin of the MS.

Page 33, line 22, The fourth out of a tree, if possible it may be.] *i.e.*, if the properties belonging to the theatre would allow the use of such a contrivance. We are not told what was to be done, if it were not possible for the fourth Antique to come out of a tree.

Page 38, line 27, What! standst thou *all amort.*] An expression—meaning dispirited, or dead and heavy—found in Shakespeare, and in nearly all our old dramatists.

Page 39, line 15, *Exeunt.*] A stage-direction, wanting, and probably once existing, in the MS., but worn away at the bottom of the page. "Enter Shrimpe" is in the margin, three lines anterior to where his formal entrance is noted: he, no doubt, was intended to be seen "skipping" about, before John a Kent had finished his speech.

Page 39, line 33, With them, likewise, are sent to be their guydes.] *i.e.*, with them, likewise, *who* are sent to be their guides; viz., Oswen and Amery.

Page 41, line 22, Ile stand by and *give aime.*] To *give aim* generally means to direct, and to *cry aim* to encourage: both phrases occur in Shakespeare: see vol. i., 167, 224; iv., 24; and vi., 361, Edit. Collier. The expression was very frequently employed by writers of that period.

Page 41, line 33, *John.* Poore John a Kent.] Perhaps John a Kent here re-entered, but the MS. is so worn away, that no such stage-direction can be read. When he made his *exit*, on the preceding page, possibly he only withdrew to listen.

Page 42, line 13, One of us Johns must play besyde the booke.] "The book" refers to the prompter's book;" and to "play beside the book" must mean to play some part, or passage not found in the prompter's book.

Page 43, line 18, For *cumber* true loove so.] Sic in MS.; but, probably, we ought to read *cumbering*, or *cumb'ring*.

Page 43, line 32, A dayn[ty fit] of musique.] We presume that what we have placed between brackets is what has been here worn away from the margin of the MS. The same circumstance has rendered the next stage-direction and part of the text imperfect, though it is still intelligible.

Page 44, line 20, To one *that* joyes.] "To one *the* joyes," in the MS.; a mere clerical error.

Page 44, line 22, goes turning out.] *i.e.*, turning or dancing to the music, as Sir Gosselen and the Countess leave the stage.

Page 48, line 22, *Yeeld him the bucklers* that thee overmatcht.] An expression signifying the abandonment of a contest, in consequence of defeat. So Benedick, in "Much Ado about Nothing," act v., sc. 2, says to Margaret—"I give thee the bucklers."

Page 51, line 8, Enter Turnop and his trayne.] Perhaps in the MS., as it originally stood, the names of Hugh, Thomas Tabrer, &c., were given; but, owing partly to the corner of the leaf having rotted away, they are not now legible: what they say is also imperfect, as our asterisks denote. It is very clear that they are dressed like morris-dancers, and that a boy played Maid Marian in the performance.

Page 53, line 19, They [go to] them.] "They * * them" is all that can be read in the MS.

Page 53, line 28, * * * the unhappy newes.] This imperfect speech evidently belongs to Prince Griffin, but his name has disappeared from the MS. The next speech has been assigned to Powesse, and the sense informs us that it can only be his.

Page 56, line 10, [the Earl of Chester's servants.] These are clearly the words wanting, and we have ventured to supply them between brackets.

Page 58, line 8, Besyde the endless [fame] that thou shalt wynne.] In the MS., by a clerical error, *fame*, or some equivalent word of one syllable, is omitted.

Page 58, line 15, We must, *of force*, be knowen.] "Of force" was often used by our old writers for *of necessity*, or *of course*. Instances are needless.

Page 60, line 19, [*John*.] O, rare magitian, &c.] The margin of the MS. having been torn away, the name of "John" has been supplied conjecturally. There can be no doubt that the speech belongs to him.

Page 60, line 21, Which a meere *abce* scholler in the arte.] *i.e.*, a mere A B C scholar, or beginner, in the art.

Page 61, line 28, *Amery*.] What he says, and all that follows, down to the bottom of the page in the MS., is unfortunately wanting, the paper having been torn away. The letter E is visible just above Amery, and, no doubt, was part of the stage-direction for his entrance. It will be observed that the ends of many preceding lines are deficient, and hereafter, on turning over the leaf of the MS., we are without the commencements of any of the speeches.

A VIEW OF SUNDRY EXAMPLES.

BY

ANTONY MUNDAY.

A VIEVV

of sundry Examples.

Reporting many straunge *murthers, sundry persons periu-*red, Signes and tokens of Gods anger towards vs. What straunge and monstrous Children haue of late beene borne.

And all memorable murthers since the murther of Maister *Saunders* by *George Browne*, to this present and bloody murther of *Abell Bourne*, Hosyer, who dwelled in Newgate Market. 1580.

Also a short discourse of the late Earthquake, the sixt of Aprill. Gathered by A. M.

Honos alit Artes.

Imprinted at London for William Wright, and are to be sold at the long shop, adioyning vnto S. Mildreds Church in the Poultrie.

To the worshipfull Maister William Waters, and Maister George Baker, Gentlemen, attendaunt on the Right Honourable, his singuler good Lord and Maister, the Earle of Oxenford, A.M., wisheth what happines in this life is to be gained, and in the life to come, an immortall Crowne of glorie.

The Souldier having once ventured and tryed the favour of Fortune in bloody fight among his enemies, (speeding well) hazardeth his hap the bolder the second time. The Merchaunt making one lucky voyage, presumeth on the next with greater affection. So I (worshipfull and my approved freendes) having once found freendly entertainement to my booke received, am the more encouraged to present this also, referring the good meaning and freendly affection of the Author to your discretions, construed at leysure. I know that in gathering these reports I shall offend the curious eares of some daintie devisers; and I consider againe that the wise will allowe my labours to good end; so that, pleasing your Woorships and the mindes of well disposed persons, I shall thinke my labours well bestowed, and my time not ill spent. Cicero, I remember, reporteth how there appeared unto Hercules two Maidens, the one attired base and simple, the other decked in sundry sutes of very gorgious and gallant apparell, promising, eche of them, such rewards as their habilitie might suffer them to bestowe, if according to their mindes he made his choyse. Fyrst quoth she so simply attired:—

Cicero, l. i., Officio.

A proper discourse of the choyse of Hercules.

The simple maiden, named Vertue.

If thou choose me, consider what may fall:
thou in this life shalt be of wretched state,
And of account thou shalt be very small,
But last of all thou shalt proove fortunate.
Eternall ioy so much shall vauntage thee,
That thy good fame then honoured shalbe.

The other gallant Girle, shining like the Sunne, glistering in her golde, sweating in her silkes, brave in her beautye, comely in complexion, finely featured according to fancy, every lim gallantly joynted, and pounsed up in her perfuming and odiferous smels, sayde—

The brave Maiden named, Vayne Pleasure.

Loe here the golden promises that Vaine Pleasure maketh to such as are easy to be intised.

If thou like me, and wilt make me thy wife,
So long as life within me dooth remaine
All wordly pompe with thee shalbe so rife,
That none but thou the golden daies shall gaine.
Thy riches shall aboundantlie exceede;
All thy desires shall graunted be with speede.

Thou in this world shalt be of rare renowne,
And Glorie shall attendaunt on thee stand:
No labour shal once seeme to pul thee downe,
But thou shalt live at ease upon the Land.
How saist thou now? consider what these be;
Then goe to her, or els come unto me.

Hercules hearing the fine forged eloquence of this delicate Dame, and how her offers were so good that he cared not for them, ran and embrased the simplest, which he found most to his contentation. Heereby (woorshipfull) what is meant? I knowe you are not ignorant: the simplenesse

Hercules reposed greater creadit in the simpler then in the braver, and therefore

he chose her; and therefore we may heereby see that all is not golde that glistereth, nor all are not freends that avouche freendship.

of my capacitie, the meanesse of my learning, with the lack of eloquence, causeth my booke to sound nothing pleasaunt to the daintie eare. But as the newest Vessels holde not the sweetest wine, the tallest tree not the pleasantest fruite, nor the biggest Vine the best grapes, so perhaps the largest labour containes not so much methode of matter, as a small volume may sufficiently unfolde, nor the most learned Preacher edifie not so much as one that professeth lesse learning.

Even so, some tymes may bee couched more promptnesse of wit, and more cunning conveyaunces under a plaine countrey cap, then perhaps under a hat of velvet. I speake not this that your affection should bee ever the more mooved to this simple gift, or that you should refuse larger proffers to prefer so meane a trifle; but this I may (under correction) boldely say, and also sufficiently discharge, that the quantitie and quallitie of good wyll may aswell be manifested in a sheete of paper, as in a booke of greater estimation. For surely, if his affection be not to that man, or on whom so ever he bestoweth so small a present, hee will not (you may be sure) commend to him the greater.

Munera sunt estimanda non pretio suo, sed animo donantis.

So that by this you will judge that I make as much account of my sheete of paper, as other do of a larger volume: I aunswer, that if I loove my freend a little, and loove him long, it is better then loove him a great deale at the first, and never a whit after.

Love me little, and love me long.

Thinke not hereby (woorshipfull) that I envye any way gainst writers of large and auncient volumes, for thereby I should condemne my selfe of meere folly, and displease a number that have delight therin. Only this is my meaning, that this small pamphlet I offer with as free good will, as if I could present you with a bigger booke, and that in this little

labour is contained as much affection, and as liberally bestowed, as any hee whatsoever that offreth a greater gift. The poore Widdowes mite pleased Christe better then the riches that the other offred; and the cup of water presented to Zerxes was as princely received as a greater present. Then am not I in doubt but that I shall like you with this little, and please you with this poore pamphlet: if so it may chaunce, I have my choise; and if it like you wel, I have my will. Thus hazarding on your courtesyes, and trusting to your clemencies, with the *Baso les manos*, I bid you farewell hartely.

Luke, 2, 1.

Yours to commaund, in greater affaires then he mindes to make his boast,

ANTONY MUNDAY.

To the courteous company of Gentlemen,
whose good will and freendly affection
is my wished desire to
obteyne, Greeting.

But that my want of learning and eloquence, to beautifye my stile withall, is so great a blemish to my bolde attempt, I should (courteous Gentlemen) thinke that this my booke would be gratefully accepted. But finding my self nothing acquainted with the one, and farre unlike to gaine the other, I perswade my self that I were better to shrowde in silence my simplicitie, then to let it passe, beeing nothing woorthy. Yet finding my selfe so greatly bound in duty to your courtesyes so liberally bestowed, I thought (though I were unhable to requite with the very uttermoste of my power) yet your courtesyes would accept of my good wil, sygnifyed any way; and that though I am the simplest (yet since mightie and puissant Emperours haue vouchsaved to heare the meane stile of unlearned Oratours) Gentillitie adorned with clemencye, (though they are usually frequented with the woorks of famous and worthy writers) they would (if it were but for pleasures sake) attend the homely note of a countrey Coridon, and among the rest be content to heare so rude a Chaos as I. Thus leaving at large your courtesyes to conster my good intent, and to rewarde as shall like you best, praying for your continuall prosperitie, to God

I commend ye.

Your affectioned freend,

A. Munday, servaunt to the right Honorable the Earle of Oxenford.

¶ *To the Reader.*

Good Reader, suffise thee
with this my good will,
Till I may devise thee
things woorthy of skill.

If thou doo content thee
with this my poore wish,
Ere long shalbe sent thee
a delicate dish:

Where thou shalt have plentye
fine toyes for thy pleasure:
Then, seeme not too daintie,
but judge this with measure.

A view of Examples, meete to be perused of all faythfull Christians.

Iob 14.

Man that is borne of a Woman hath but a short tyme to lyve, and is full of miserie: he commeth up, and is cut downe like a flower; he flyeth as it were a shadowe.

Whereas we see (by perfect experience) that man is subjecte to many misfortunes, multitudes of myseries, yea, many and sundrie mischaunces; so that in this terrestriall vale of myserie, he beeing so fiercely assaulted by the mischevous motions and sharpe assaultes of his olde and auncient enimie, no succour is lefte him, nor no comfort to cure him, but onely in hart and minde to flye to his sweete Saviour and redeemer, Jesus Christe, to annimate him with continuall constancie, to uphold him by his grace and mercie, and to arme him bodily with pure and sincere fayth, which is able to confound al his usurping enimies. For fayth is the victorie of this world, as witnesseth John, saying, *And this is the victorie that overcommeth the world, even our fayth: who is it that overcommeth the world, but he which beleeveth that Jesus Christe is the sonne of God.* Then, since our fayth is the onelie weapon wherewith we may wholy vanquish and subdue all the enormities of this lyfe, all the troubles, vexations, temptations,

Man subject to many and sundry miseries.

His only hope in Christ Jesus, which confoundeth all his foes.

I. John. 5, 4, 5.

Faith the onely weapon

to vanquishe al the cares and troubles of this world.

illusions, and all enemies whatsoever, let us imbolden our selves uppon our Captaine Christe; let us cast all our care on him, and hee wyll goe to feelde with us; he wyll sheelde us from our enimies; his mightie arme shall so dyrect us, that all our fooes shall runne on theyr owne confusion. *It is God that gyrdeth us with strength of warre, and maketh our wayes perfect.*

Psa., 18, 32.

Then, mortall man, never boast so much of thy terrestriall strength, which is but a shadowe, *But cast up thine eyes to heaven, from whence commeth thy helpe:* the helpe that is alway forceable, and wyll strike all thy enimies downe to the ground.

Psa., 131, 1.

Beholde how the world is given to wickednesse; for one disdayneth that his neyghbour should thrive by him; another coveteth his neyghbours goodes unjustly; some one is bent to this vice, some to that. Some care not so they lyve in their jollitie and pleasure, who goeth to wracke, whome they murder, whome they spoyle; the proofe whereof is evident.

The world bent to all kinde of wickednes.

Example of George Browne, who murthered maister George Saunders.

Not long since, one George Browne, a man of stature goodly and excellent, if lyfe and deedes thereto had beene equivalent; but as the auncient adage is, goodly is he that goodly dooth, and comely is he that behaveth him selfe comely, so may it be witnessed in this man, who more respected a vaine pride and prodigall pleasure, which remayned in his person, then commendation and good report that followeth a godlie and vertuous life.

But nowe a dayes everie courageous cutter, euerie Sim Swashbuckler, and everie desperate Dick, that can stand to his tackling lustely, and behave him selfe so quarrelously that he is ashamed of all

A view to vaine vaunters.

good and honest company, he is a gallant fellowe, a goodly man of his handes, and one, I promise you, that as soone comes to Tyburne as ever a one of them all. This is a vaine-glorious vertue, (which some tearme it) but it can be called no vertue, because it dependeth not uppon any goodnesse.

A fellowe worthy of commendation.

This George Browne, (before named) addicted to the voluptuousnesse of this vaine world, to unlawfull lyking, to runne at his libertie in all kinde of lewde behaviour, murdred cruelly maister George Saunders, an honest, vertuous, and godly Cittizen, well knowne, of good name and fame; among his neighbours well thought of; abroade and every where well esteemed; of wealth well stored; of credit well allowed; of lyving Christianly disposed; and of those that knewe him well beloved.

A report of maister Saunders.

This man being met by this George Browne, (who by the consent of maister Saunders wife was appoynted to kyll him) after he perceived what was his intent, and howe he sought to bathe his handes in his guyltles blood, fell to entreataunce, that pittie might take place in his bloody brest.

George Browne meeting him by S. Mary Cray.

But he, a wretch, more desirous of his death then wylling his welfare, more mindfull of murther then savegard of his soule, so bent to blindnesse, that he expected not the light, strooke the stroke that returned his shame, dyd the deede that drove him to destiny, and fulfilled the fact, that in the end he found folly.

His develish intent and perverse practises.

O, minde most monstrous! O, heart most hard! O, intent so yrksome! whome neyther preferment might perswade, rytches move to regard, affection cause to respect, former freendship force to fancie, nor no vertue of the minde seeme to satisfie. Where was the bonds of loyaltie? where was the regard of honestie? where was the feare of the Almightie?

A hard heart that could doo so cruell a deede.

All feare of God cleane layde aside.

where was the care of Christianitie? or where was the hope of eternall felicitie? and last, where was thy duty to God, thy Prince, and countrey? Alas! each of these seemed cleane vanquished in thee: they were smally regarded; yea, little or none accoumpt made of. It is yet evidently seene in that common crew that give them selves to boasting and bravery, to swearing, fighting, quarrelling, and all such divelish practises. But what sayth Esai? *Shall the axe boast it self against him that heweth therwith, or shall the sawe make any bragging against him that ruleth it? That were even lyke as if the rod did exalt it self against him that beareth it, or as though the staffe should magnify it self, (as who should say) it were no wood.*

Esai, 10, 15.

And Solomon sayth: *Make not thy boast of to morrowe, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.*

Prov., 17, 1.

The Prophet David lykewise sayth: *How long shall all the wicked dooers speake so disdaynfully and make such proude boasting? They smite downe thy people, O Lord, and trouble thine heritage. They murder the widdow and the straunger, and put the fatherlesse to death.*

Psa., xc., 4, 5, 6.

With many places more that I might alleadge of the Scripture, of such as brag in their braverie, and boast in their owne strength. But this example passed may seeme somewhat to terrifie our stony hearts to consider through the misbehauiour of one man six lost theyr lyves, as is evidently knowen to all men; for in Smithfeeld they payed the price of their lyves for consenting to that odious fact.

Through the lewde life of one man six lost theyr lyues.

It shall not be amisse in this place to call to minde the wylfull perjurie of certayne persons, whose wycked lyves at their death were perfectly wytnessed.

Examples of perjury.

Example of widdowe Barnes, in Cornhyll, in London. 1574.

Let us remember the widdow Barnes, beeing an auncient woman, and dwelling in Cornhyll, in London, who frequented much swearing, and neither freendly rebuking, good instructions, nor divine perswasions, could turne her heart from this wicked and detestable exercise, but thereby laboured to defeat an Orphant of her right: the Divell, who urged her to such cruell abuse, caused her to cast her selfe out at her window into the streete, and there brake her neck.

She threw her self into the streete and brake her neck.

Example of Arthur Myller, at Hackney, in 1573.

One Arthur Miller lykewise, dwelling at Hackney, a very lewde talker, a common blasphemer and swearer, in the tyme of his sicknesse, casting all Christianlike care from him and all feare of God and his lawes, vehemently cryed out, the Divell! the Divell! yet felt he the omnipotency of Gods power, as he himself confessed; but for grace he could not pray, the cause whereof was known to him self, but he would not utter it to any. And so kissing oftentymes his hand, wherein he sayd he held the Divell, and calling only for helpe to the Divell, this wretched lyfe he ended most miserably.

Example of one Berry, who cut his owne throate in the Counter, in the Poultry. 1575.

In the Counter, in the Poultry in London, also, there was one Berry, who in some one cause had wilfully perjured him selfe, and beeing brought therefore to the prison to sustayne what punishment thereto was due, he, despayring of Gods mercie, and giving him selfe to the Divells temptations, cruellie cut his owne throte.

Example of Anne Averies, that bought the Towe. 1575. *Febru.* 11.

Anne Averies, likewise a widdowe who dwelled in Ducke Lane, without Aldersgate, comming to the house of one Richard Williamson in Woodstreete, whose wife used to dresse flax and towe, she tooke up there six pound of towe, and departed without paying therefore, when she was required eyther to send the towe agayne, or to pay money therfore: by and by she rapt out two or three terrible oathes, that she had payd for it, and beeing come back to the shoppe, she desired vengeance at Gods handes, that she might presently sinck where she stoode, if she payde not the money before she went out of the shoppe. Gods judgement so just, seeing her unjust dealing, presently accorded thereunto, and before the face of all the standers by, she was immediately stroke to the earth, not able to rise without help, nor yet to blaspheme the name of God as she had done, but holding out her hand, wherein she held thirteene pence, which she should before have payed for the towe withall; and her mouth beeing put to such a vyle office, that from thence issued that which should have discended at the lower partes. So was she carried from thence, where she was fayne to lye in a stynking stable, and few dayes after yeelded her life.

Gods iust judgement fell on this wicked person.

A notable and straunge example to terrify all wicked and cruell blasphemers.

Example of Father Lea. 1577.

Father Lea, a man almost of foure score yeares, in Foster Lane, in London, meeting with the party against whome he had perjured him selfe, held up his hands, desiring him to forgive him, for that he had falsly forsworn himself against him. The man replyed that the offence against him might be easily forgiven; but the offence against God was ten

tymes more. So after a whyle this Father Lea, with a rusty knife, rypped his owne belly, and griped his guts with his owne handes, and so ended his life the xxi of January, 1577.

He ripped his owne belly.

Loe! deere Christians, what examples we can fetch of our selves, what neede we to looke after other countryes? these we know to be true, and we cannot deny it: but alas! how long shall we remaine in this wickednes, when we heare God himself say

If a soule sinne and trespasse against the Lord, and deny unto his neighbour that which was taken him to keepe, or that was put in his handes, or dooth violent robbery or wrong unto his neighbour;

Levit., 6, 2.

Or if he have found that which was lost, and denieth it, and sweareth falsely upon whatsoever thing it be that a man dooth, and sinneth therein:

3.

If he so sinned and trespassed, he shall restore againe that he tooke violently away, or the wrong which he did, or that which was delivered him to keep, or the lost thing which he found.

4.

And all that about which he hath sworne falsely, he shall restore it again in the whole sum, and shall adde the fift part more therto, and give it unto him to whom it appertayneth, the same day that he offreth for his trespasse.

5.

Thou shalt not sweare by my name, neither shalt thou defile the name of thy God: I am the Lord.

Levi., 19, 12.

The wise and famous Solomon lykewyse sayth. *Let not thy mouth be accustomed with swearing, for in it are many falles: let not the naming of God be continually in thy mouth.*

Eccl. 29, 9.

For like as a servaunt that is much beaten cannot be without some sore, even so whatsoeuer he be that sweareth and nameth God, shall not be cleane purged from sinne.

10.

A man that useth much swearing, shalbe filled with wickednes,

11. *and the plague shal never go from his house: if he beguyle his brother, his faulte shalbe upon him: if he knowledge not his sinne, he maketh a double offence; and if he sweare in vaine, he shall not be found righteous, for his house shalbe full of plagues.*

12. *The words of the swearer bringeth death, (God graunt that it be not found in the house of Jacob) but they that feare God will eschew all such, and lye not weltring in sin.*

13. *Use not thy mouth to unhonest and filthy talking, for in it is the word of sinne.*

15. *The man that is accustomed with the words of blasphemy wyl never be reformed all the dayes of his lyfe.*

Zacharias the Prophet also sayth. *Behold a flying book of*

Zach., 5, 2. *twenty cubits long and ten cubits broade.*

3. *This is the curse that goeth forth over the whole earth, for al theeves shalbe judged according to this book.*

4. *And I will bring it forth, (sayth the Lord of hostes) so that it shall enter into the house of the theefe, and into the house of him that falsly sweareth by my name, and shal remayne in the middest of his house and consume it, with the timber and stones therof.*

And further list what God sayth. *And thou shalt speake*

Levi., 24, 15. *unto thy children of Israel, saying, Whosoever curseth his God shall beare his sinne.*

16. *And he that blasphemeth the name of the Lord, let him be slayne, and all the multitude shall stone him to death; whether he be borne in the land of the straunger, when he blasphemeth the name of the Lord let him be slayne.*

Thus, deerely beloved, are we warned by the sacred Scripture to take heede and to be circumspect in our dealyngs, not for every tryfling thing to rappe out oathes; for therein we hyghlie offend the Majestie of God.

Example of Paule Green, that slew Maister Temple.

Hee returneth to his former matter.

Now I will return to my former matter again, as touching murder, which is a hainous and abhominable offence in the sight of God and man. I must not forget the committed crime of Paule Green, who desperatly slew Maister Thomas Temple neer the Royal Exchaunge, in London, the which Maister Temple was a sober, wise, and discreet Gentleman, one of goodly living, and taking a house to save him self from the unsatiable malice of this Paul Green, could not so appease his ire, for he thrust over the stall at him, and at length gave him that he long looked for. But what became therof? Hee for his paines, condemned by law and justice, end[ed] his desperat dayes at Tiburn.

Paul Green hanged at Tiburn.

Example of the two Sheriffes that hung themselves at Glocester. 1579.

It is commonly reported, and is in every mans mouth, how this last yeere at Glocester two men, in yeers ancient, supposed to be very goodly livers, and were called to the bearing authoritie in the Citie, as to wit bothe of them hath been Sheriffes, yet, for want of firme and faithful trust in God, they bothe hanged them selves.

Example of John Morgan, who slew Maister Turbervile in Somersetshire. 1580.

Likewise in Somersetshire, one John Morgan, by common report a lewd and wicked liver, and given to swearing, roysting, and all wickednes abounding in him, slew his brother in law, Maister Turbervile, a gentleman of godly life, very sober, wise, and discreet, whose wife lying in childebed, yet arose and went to have law and justice pronounced on that

cruel malefactor. So, at Chard, before the Lord Chief Justice, hee was condemned and suffered death for his offence. 1580.

Example of Richard Tod, that murdered Mistresse Skinner at Saint Katherins. 1580.

Then, let us rehearse the bloody parte of Richard Tod, who murdered and cruelly massacred an auncient and honest woman dwelling at Saint Katherins, named Mistres Skinner, a woman of godly disposition, of life inferiour to few, for freendly neighbourhood belooved of all, in yeeres wel passed, of credit wel accounted, and of mony and riches sufficiently instored; to whome this bloody Butcher came with his entrenching knife, and for the minde hee bare to her money, more then good will to her welth, caused her to forsake this earthly life.

Hee first led to the place, then brought back and executed at Tibourn.

Hee beeing apprehended for the same, condemned by the law, and judged to dye, was led to the place where he committed this murderous offence, which beeing found not so convenient, was reducted back, and in the after noone was executed at Tibourn, the xxix of March.

Example of Marmeduke Glover, who slew Sergeant Grace. 1580.

And should I seem to be oblivious of the great and greevous offence of Marmeduke Glover, who beeing arrested by Sergeant Grace, drew out his weapon, and there presently murdered him: nay, sure his crime is to be accounted a moste vile and hainous offence, in that hee resisted where of duty he should have obeyed; and more better had it been for him, for then had he saved both his life and his owne. But following his owne will and cruel intent, made her become a

widowe, who might els have lived longer in joy with her mate and husband. So likewise (as blood requireth blood) hee was executed in publique view in Cheapside on a Jibbit, the xxviij of March. 1580.

Glouer executed in Cheapside.

Example of a Maid that buried her Childe quick.

A maid, also, who had abused her body with unchaste living, and beeing delivered of a sweet and tender infant, casting all motherly and naturall affection from her, buryed the same alive. What hardned hart had shee, to play so vile a parte to the frute of her owne body! Alas! it causeth to relent eche Christian hart that heareth therof, first to consider how wickedly shee violated the commaundements of our God, wheras by his owne mouth he hath pronounced, *Thou shalt not commit Adultrie:* then, what wicked wretches are wee, which abuse our bodies with voluptuous pleasures, with carnall delights, with wicked inventions, and with sin out of measure, yet not contented therwith, but to dispoyle the frute of our owne bodyes, to hide our sin to the world, to run hedlong to the Devil; yet can wee not so hide our sinne but God seeth it, and no wilful murther will hee suffer unrevealed, though we collour it for a time, though wee think it cleane out of remembrance, and that the brunt is gon and past: yet wil hee cause the very fowles of the aire to bewray it; our owne consciences shall cause us to open it, our lookes wil bewray us, our deeds wil deceive us, so that wee shall need no more evidences then our owne selves.

Exod., 20.

God wil not suffer wilful murder to be conceled.

Acts, 15, 20. (*Saint Paule saith*) *wee write unto them that they abstayne them selves from fornication; every sinne that a man dooth is without his body, but hee that committeth* I. Cor., 6, 18. *fornication sinneth against his owne body: Let every Christian be mindefull that his body is the*

Temple of the Lord, and ought not to be defiled, but be kept pure and holy, even that our bodies may be a quick sacrifice to GOD.

An Example of the Gentlewoman that kild her maid at S. Giles in the feeld.

At Saint Giles in the feeld, also, dwelt a gentle woman named Mistres Amy Harrison, (alias) Midleton, who was a very wicked liver, an unjust dealer, a bewrayer of fortunes, and one who was wholely inclined to vice, abandoning vertue. This woman had a godchilde of hers in the house with her, whom shee kept to doo such necessary busines about the house as was commaunded her by her Mistres, or as her yeers might sufficiently reach unto, but sometime was constrained to more; so that often her inhabilitie caused her to be whipt, beaten, tirannically tormented, and very Jewishly intreated, sometime with big cudgels, sometime with a girth; so that, from the crown of the hed to the soles of the feet, was left no member unmartired. At length the Girle dyed by such excess of correction, and shee therfore suffered death against her owne house, for an example to all Mistresses and Dames, how they misuse their servants in such unmerciful manner.

A woman void of all reason.

These Examples, witnessed apparent in our eyes, may warne us how wee lead such careles lives, for feare of displeasing the Almightie, to hasten his anger upon us, and so utterly to reject us.

Examples of blasing Starres and other Accidents.

Wee have had manyfold motions, sundrye signes, yea, and exceeding examples of his wrath and displeasure, by commets and blasing stares, as lately hath been seen over this Citie of London, as also great flames and flashing of fire issuing out of the North parts in the Ellement.

Two great Tides.

Straunge Flyes.

Likewise two great tides in one houre, contrary to Nature. Besides this there hath been seen straunge flyes, which on their wings bare the Example of Gods justice.

Example of the Childe in Gelderland.

And furthermore, what monsterous shapes! what straunge births! and what alteration of Nature have wee seen! In Gelderland a childe borne of proportion very ongly, with a long bil and the belly like a swan, feet with clawes, and as soone as it was borne ran under the bed.

Example of a Childe in Italy.

In Italy, also, of an ancient woman was borne a deformed creature, the which spake many words, as the book in print dooth witnes, which was printed by Thomas East.

Example of the Childe in Dutchland at Lutsolof.

Likewise at Lutsolof, in Dutchland, was a straunge and monsterous childe borne, which in one hand had a rod, in the other a swoord, which demaunded if the warres of men were not as yet fully finished, and cryed to make peace, and that the time should come that one should say to another, Oh, Brother! why art thou not dead? with other woords moste straunge, as the printed booke dooth witnes.

The other childe with two heds.

Also with the same childe there was an other who had two heds, the one side of the body all black, and wept abundantly, bothe borne of one woman, the fathers name Baltus Maler, and the mother, Katherin Peeters.

A childe borne at Manchester.

Then look heer into England, at Manchester, a childe borne without ever a hed, yet soone after was the mother delivered of a goodly and sweet infant.

A childe borne at Aberwick, in North.

At Aberwick, also, in Northumberland, a child was borne having two heds in perfect proportion, and the eares like a horsse.

A monsterous childe now in London.

At this present in London is to be seen a man childe very monsterous: all these are examples now of late dayes.

Example at Praga, in Bohemia.

Wee hear also of the fearfull tempest that was at Praga, in Bohemia, wheras on the twenty five of January, 1579, at two of the clock in the after noone, that the people durst not shew themselves in the streets. Three steeples of churches were blowen down, brusing about nineteen houses, and six persons slain therby. At evening again there was a marvelous thunder, wherin fel hail stones that weighed the quantity of 3 quarters of a pound, and therafter fel such an earthquake, during for the space of half an hower, that the houses did shake very wunderfully.

Example of an Earthquake.

Signes in the Element.

At twelve a clock at night was perfectly viewed a black cloude, wherin were plainely escried a mans two armes and hands naturally, the right hand holding a swoord, the other a bowle which poured foorth blood: therby was perceived a peece of ground with corne standing theron, and therby lay a sickle, and a great voice was heard, but nothing seen, which said, *Wo, wo, to the earth and to the inhabitants therof! for hee commeth that is to come, and all the people shall see him.* This voice caused great terror through al the town, that the infants shriked sucking at their mothers brests, and women were then delivered of children.

An other signe.

A voice heard, but nothing seen.

Great feare through all the Citie.

A Woman of lix yeers delivered of three Children.

Aboove the rest, a woman of lix yeeres olde, named Margaret, her husband called John Bobroth, the Clark of the

town. This woman for the space of xxv weeks was diseased, and no help could be had; but through this present accident she was delivered of three Children, their mouthes replenished with teeth, as children of three yeeres olde. The first borne spake, saying—

A woman of lix yeers delivered of children.

The day appointed which no man can shun.

The woords of the first, the second, and the third.

The second said, *Where shall we finde living to bury the dead?*

The third said, *Where shall we finde corne to satisfie the hungrie?*

Example of one in Worcestershire, who slew his Brother, and buryed him under the hearth of his chimney.

He returneth to murder.

I am sure that it is not yet out of remembraunce, nor men are not so forgetful to let slip so soone the murder committed in Worcester, where as one unnaturally killed his owne Brother; and when he had doon, to cover his fact withall, buried the dead corps under the hearth of his chimney; a moste monsterous and bloody parte, far passing the committed offence of Cain, who slew his brother Abel.

Example of Thomas Hil, at Feversam, who kild his owne Mother.

At Feversam there dwelled one Thomas Hil, who in the house with him had his owne Mother, an olde woman, whom hee regarded but very small, and used her like an ungrateful childe, which made her to seeke meanes to departe thence, and to goe to her other sonne, who dwelled at Canterbury; which when hee perceived, thought to defeat her of her purpose, and one night in bed murdered her, sending woord to his brother that she was dead, and so buried her before he came. This man beeing one who looved her deerly, and

come to his brothers, his hart throbbed, and desired, for to satisfie his minde, that the dead corps might be taken up: when it was taken up, they saw nothing wherof shee dyed, neither her flesh abated with sicknes, nor any sore wherby they should say it was the plague.

The dead corps taken up and serched, and he brought before it, it presently bled.

So this murderer was brought before her, and presently, in the sight of all the standers by, it presently bled both at the nose and at the mouth; wherupon hee was accused, and hee did presently confesse it.

He hung him self with v points.

Then was he presently sent to prison, wherin hee, dispairing of Gods mercy, and giving him self wholely to the Devils temptations, with v points of his hose hung him self on an olde hedlesse naile in the prison.

Example of Quernby, who kild his Mother.

Wee have to remember how Edward Quernbie, in Nottingham shire, playd the like butcherly parte; for hee, for the goodwil he had to his Mothers riches, cruelly and unnaturally murdered her.

Margaret Dorington, who killed Alice Fox.

Likewise at Westminster, how Margaret Dorrington, a woman of a wicked and naughty life, murdered Alice Fox, thrusting a knife up under her clothes; wherfore shee suffered death not long after.

Example of one hanged in chaines at Miles end.

There was one also who in the gardens at Miles end had murdered a man, who therefore suffered death there, and was afterward hanged up in chains.

Example of a Woman that kild her 2 Children.

At Kilborne, also, neer London, there was a woman who with a peece of a billet brayned her two children, the summe wherof is at large described in a book imprinted. The woman dyed in Newgate.

The murder of Abel Bourn, Hosier, beeing found by the Brick killes slain, the xv of April last.

A Virginal maker that came to look Ravens quils found the man slain.

A man, whose facultie in profession is a maker of Virginalls, going to the Brick kiles at the upper end of Golding lane, to seek Ravens fethers, which he putteth to some use in his handy craft, by chaunce espyed there lying in a deep trench, or gutter, a man murdered; which when hee saw, fearing least some suspition should be taken of him, went and bewrayed it presently. So the Cunstable, with other men wel appointed there, watched the dead corps all that night. On the next day, (beeing Saturday) among the egresse and regresse of people that came to see him were many that were wel acquainted with him, as a yung woman to whome hee should have been maryed the Tuesday following, his kinsman, his apprentice, and other toward the evening.

The Coroner came thither and impaneled a quest of inquiry.

When the Coroner had paneled his inquest of inquiry, to serch and seek the causes of this mans death, whether hee murdered him self wilfully, or slain by some chaunce, or els murdered by meer villany,

Three evidence that were present there.

There came before him three that gave evidence, the one his apprentise, the other a very freend of his, dwelling in Bridewel, and the third one Sadler, that dwelleth in Theames street.

The Coroner, willing to finde out this matter, so sud-

dainly chaunced, desired them to say what they could of the matter.

First (quoth hee) who dwelled in Bridewel, named Davis,

Davis first telleth what hee knoweth of the matter.

My freend Abel Bourn, who is slain, was acquainted with one Hodgesses wife, whose husband dwelled at the end of Saint Nicholas shambles, a hosier by occupation, now lying in the hole in the Counter in Woodstreet; a very naughty woman in living, whose company hee unhonestly used, both in his prentiship, and til the time that hee was slain, the more to his greater grief: having thus long used her company, and now drawing to honest living, to match him self with an honest maiden, which he should have doon on Tuesday next, at Christmas last he gave to this Hogges wife ten angels to leave his company, and not to frequent him any more; but

Hodgesse wifes woords and Abels.

neverthelesse shee did stil, (saying thus) thou wilt now be maried, wilt thou? Yea, answered Bourn, I mean so, God willing. Wilt thou so, indeed? truely, shee that maryeth thee shall have but little joy of thee; for look in what estate I have had thee all this while, so wil I have thee stil; for I will have thy purse and body at my commaundement and plesure. Abel hearing this

Abel fetcheth from the tailors her apparel.

on the Sunday before he was slain, hee went to a Tailers where certain apparel of this Hodges wife was at making, and brought it away with him, comming to her where shee lay in the same morning, bidding her to come and fetch her apparel; and so shee went with him, and hee, entring into a house with her, caused the Cunstable to serve a warrant on her,

Hodgesse his wife sent to Bridewel.

and so sent her to Bridewel; where shee said, if ever I come foorth again, I wil have him hewed as small as flesh to the pot. This hee said to this Davis, even as hee told before the quest.

Her woords in Bridewel.

Sadler saith what he knowes.

Then Sadler hee began, and said: Abel Bourne thus told mee, that he, walking by the mount at the upper end of Aldersgate-street,

One met Abel at the mount, and threatned him.

was met by one who said unto him, if thou seeme to use Hodges wife in this order, and doo not set her free, the next time I meet thee, I wil kil thee. This hee tolde him even as hee said before the quest.

Cranes wife comming by, suspected: she entred into the Garden.

While they were thus in talking, at last came a Woman by who was suspected of the matter, and information given to the Coroner, presently sent after her to bring her back again; shee having taken a garden, and they fain to climbe over the pale, so at last brought her out, and led her to the Coroner. Her wench beeing by, said, I tolde my Dame of this before, that shee should beware: so the wench was taken also.

Her wenches woords.

When shee was come before the Coroner, hee examined her if shee knew the said Abel? shee answered that shee knew him wel, and shee saw him not since Tuesday, on which day there was a fray in the feelds, and shee ran to see it, where shee chaunced to see Abel with swoord and dagger under his arme: shee demaunded of him why hee went so weaponed? hee answered, that hee was threatened to be slain: (quoth shee) then you were best to keep your house, and not to go so abrode. At the length hee went home with her to her house, which was in Toys rents, and there he poured out on the table about thirtie pound in golde, and at last sent for a pot of beer and drank with her, but hee had no great lust to drink, and so shee said he went his way.

Shee saw Abel in the feeld on Sunday.

Abel goes to her house with her.

Then afterward they led her to see the corps of the dead man, where she seemed to be very sorrowful for his death in their sight. But her house beeing serched, there was found

what I knowe not; and the wench saith, that shee fetcht a great deale of water and washt the rushes, and so strawed fresh rushes on them. So shee and her husband, and other more in Newgate: and on Wednesday after they were brought to Finsbury, and there was one Wood examined, beeing greatly suspected of the matter, and as it is judged, he wil be found the dooer of the deed; for the same day as the man is said to be slain, hee can make no direct answere how he spent that day, nor where he lay that night; for the Coroner demaunded of him what he professed? and hee answered, that hee had a trade, a thing wherby he lived. What is that? (quoth the Coroner.) Sir, (quoth hee) I am a servingman, and I professe to be a Faulkoner. I ment to go oversea to buy Hawkes for divers gentlemen. Whome doo you serve? quoth the Coroner. I did serve such a one (quoth hee) at Christmas last: my father is wel knowen to be an honest man; he dwelleth heerby at Newington green. So to divers questions that were put unto him hee answered very evil favouredly, and was sent to prison again til Weddensday next. Thus have you heard as much as yet may be gathered: when I understand more, I wil make you partakers therof (God willing). I pray God trueth may come to light.

One Wood examined at Finsbury.

Wood answereth to the Coroner of what trade hee was.

The manner how the said Abel Bourne was found slain in a trench by the Brick killes.

This man, thus cruelly murdered, had his owne cloke lying under him: straight was he laid on his back, the one of his legges straight out, the other bending up a little, bare headed, in a lether jerkin, his hose and doublet, his owne dagger thrust through his left jaw, comming out at the crown of his hed; six other wounds beside, all in his neck, the very least of them his mortall wound. And in this order was hee there found.

Example of an Earthquake at London, the 6 of April.

Lastly, call to minde the greevous and suddain Earthquake hapning heer in London the 6 of April, at 6 of the clock at night, which caused such a mazement through the whole Citie, that it is wunderful to be tolde.

The great Bel of Westminster tolled of it self, Whitehall shook: the gentlemen of the Temple came running foorth with their knives in their hands, beeing then at supper; a peece of the Temple Church fel down; stones fel of from Paules Church; and at Christes Church, in the Sermon while, a stone fell, and brayned Thomas Gray, apprentise to one Iohn Spurling, shoomaker, dwelling without Aldersgate: an other stone also stroke Mabel Everite, his fellow servant in the same house, and she lived four daies after, and then dyed. Divers Chimnies in the Citie parte of them fel down. At the Play houses, the people came running foorth, surprised with great astonishment.

A peece of Sutton Church, in Kent, fel down, the Earthquake beeing there, in those partes, heard and felt three severall times. A piece of Dover Castel fel down, and parte of the Castel wall fel into the sea.

The ships quaked and trembled as the houses on the drye land, and the waters were greatly out of temper. Out of England it was also felt: at Callis, also, it was so vehement, that parte of the Staple house fel down, and likewise some of the law or town house was overthrowen.

These Examples are for our sins.

In Brabant, as Antwerp, Zeland, Middleborough, Flushing, S. Thomas in Artois, Deep, Flaunders, Dunkerk, Barborough, Gravelin, Bridges, and Gaunt, it was felt also very forcible. No doubt, deer Bretheren, this was a token of the indignation of our God against our wicked living, wherin so highly wee offend his divine Maiestie. Let us remember three of the fairest Cities in Asia, sunk for sinne.

Many places for sinne have been greevously punished, as Sodom and Gomorra, Jerusalem, Ninivie, and many other places. Let us remember that it shalbe better for *Corazaine and Bethzaida, at the dredful day of Judgement, then for Tire and Sidon.*

Mathew, 11, 21.

Let us lift up our hearts cheerfully unto God of our salvation, be sory for our former offences, and from the very bottome of our harts inwardly lament them.

Let us turn to the Father of all mercy, saying,

Luke, xv. *O, Father! wee have sinned against heaven and against thee: we are no more woorthy to be called thy children.* So wil the Lord of his fatherly mercy forgive our sinnes, and make us partakers of his kingdome, which God graunt for his sonnes sake. *Amen.*

NOTES

TO

MUNDAY'S VIEW OF SUNDRY EXAMPLES.

Page 69, line 16, The sixt of Aprill.] *i.e.*, 6th April, 1580, soon after which incident it is evident that this tract was published, although there is no date at the bottom of the title-page. The murder of Abel Bourne also took place, as we see, on 15th April, 1580.

Page 71, line 2, Attendaunt on the Right Honourable, his singuler good Lord and Maister, the Earle of Oxenford.] Waters and Baker were, no doubt, personal servants to Lord Oxford: Munday was, at this period, one of the Earl's players, a company of actors whom Lord Oxford allowed to perform under the protection of his name.

Page 73, line 27, That I loove my freend a little, and loove him long.] This and the note in the margin clearly refer to the title of the old ballad, "Love me little and love me long," for which see "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," i., 213, where it is published.

Page 74, line 11, *Baso les manos.*] So misprinted for *Beso las manos*, a Spanish expression then much in use.

Page 75, line 28, Servaunt to the right Honorable the Earle of Oxenford.] *i.e.*, theatrical servant, or one of Lord Oxford's company of players, as stated above.

Page 78, line 21, Example of George Browne.] This murder happened in 1573, and it was made the foundation of a fine tragedy, under the title of "A Warning for Fair Women," which was printed in 1599. See an account of it in "History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," iii., 52. The whole of the circumstances are detailed in Stow's *Annales*, p. 1141, edit. 1615, and are worth subjoining:—

"The 25 of March, being Wednesday in Easter weeke, and the feast of the Annunciation of our Lady, George Browne cruelly murdered two honest men neare unto Shooters hill in Kent: the one of them was a

wealthy marchant of London, named George Sanders, the other John Beane, of Woolwich: which murder was committed in manner as followeth.

"On Tuesday in Easter weeke, (the foure and twentieth of March) the sayd George Browne receiving secret intelligence by letter from mistres Anne Drewry, that maister Sanders should lodge the same night at the house of one maister Barnes, in Woolwich, and from thence goe on foote to Saint Mary Cray the next morning, lay in waite for him by the way, a little from Shooters hill, and there slue both him and John Beane, servant to maister Barnes. But John Beane, having ten or eleven wounds, and being left for dead, by Gods providence revived againe, and creeping away on all foure, was found by an old man and his maiden, and conveyed to Woolwich, where he gave evident markes of the murtherer.

"Immediatly upon the deed doing, Browne sent mistres Drewry word thereof by Roger Clement (among them called trusty Roger): he himselfe repaired forthwith to the Court at Greenwich, and anon after him came thither the report of the murther also. Then, departed he thence to London, and came to the house of mistres Drewry, where, though he spake not personally with her, after conference had with her servant, trusty Roger, she provided him twenty pounds that same day, for which she layd certaine plate of her owne and of mistresse Sanders to gage. On the next morrow, being Thursday, (having intelligence that Browne was sought for) they sent him sixe pounds more by the same Roger, warning him to shift for himselfe by flight, which thing he foreslowed not to do. Neverthelesse, the Lords of the Queene's Magisties Counsel caused so speedy and narrow search to be made for him, that upon the eight and twentieth of the same moneth he was apprehended in a mans house of his owne name at Rochester, and being brought back againe to the Court, was examined by the Counsell, to whom he confessed the deed, as you have heard, and that he had oftentimes pretended and sought to do the same, by the instigation of the said mistresse Drewry, who had promised to make a mariage betweene him and mistresse Sanders (whom he seemed to love excessively): neverthelesse, he protested (though untruly) that mistres Sanders was not privy nor consenting thereunto.

"Upon his confession he was arraigned at the Kings Bench, in Westminster Hall, the eighteenth of Aprill, where he acknowledged himselfe guilty, and was condemned as principall of the murder, according to which sentence he had judgement, and was executed in Smithfield on Monday the 20 of Aprill, at which time, also untruly, (as she herselfe confessed afterward) he laboured by all meanes to cleare mistres Sanders

of committing evill of her body with him, as also of procuring or consenting to the murther of her husband; and then beginning to sing a Psalme, 'O Lord, turne not away thy face,' &c., he flung himselfe besides the ladder, and so shortned his owne life. He was after hanged up in chaines neare unto the place where he had done the fact.

"In the meane time, mistresse Drewrie and her man being examined, as well by her owne confessions as by falling out of the matter, (and also by Brownes appeachment thought culpable) were committed to ward. And after mistresse Sanders being delivered of child, and churched, (for at the time of her husbands death she looked presently to lye downe) was, upon mistresse Drewries mans confession, and other great likelihoods, likewise committed to the Tower; and on Wednesday, the sixt of May, arraigned with mistresse Drewrie at the Guild hall, the effect of whose inditement was, that they, by a letter written, had been procurers of the sayd murther, and, knowing the murther done, had by money and otherwise releeved the murderer. Whereunto they pleaded not guilty: howbeit, they were both condemned as accessaries to maister Sanders death, and executed in Smithfield the thirteenth of May, being Wednesday in Whitsun weeke, at which time they both confessed themselves guiltie of the fact. Trustie Roger, mistresse Drewries man, was arraigned on Friday the eight of May, and being there condemned as accessary, was executed with his mistresse at the time and place aforesayd. Not long after, Anthony Browne, brother to the forenamed George Browne, was for notable felonies conveyed from Newgate to Yorke, and there hanged."

Page 82, line 1, Example of Anne Averies.] Stow thus briefly adverts to the case, in his *Annales*, p. 1152, edit. 1615:—

"The 11 of February, [1576-7] Anne Averies, widow, forswearing her selfe for a little money that she should have paid for sixe pound of towe, at a shop in Woodstreete of London, fell immediatly downe speechlesse, casting up at her mouth in great abundance, and with horrible stinke, the same matter which by natures course should have bene voided downewards, till she died: a terrible example of Gods just judgement upon such as make no conscience of falsly swearing against their brother."

Page 85, line 23, Example of John Morgan, who slew Maister Turbervile.] It has been supposed that this was George Turbervile, the poet, author of "Tragical Tales," the translator of Ovid's Epistles, and one of our earliest writers of undramatic blank verse; but this seems, from the circumstances, to be unlikely, and Turbervile was not an uncommon name in the West of England. See "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," ii, 109.

Page 86, line 22, Example of Marmeduke Glover, who slew Sergeant Grace.] For some account of various ballads, &c., issued upon this event in 1580, see "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," vol. ii., pp. 110, 111. In one of them it is spoken of only as "a grievous mischance;" but Munday calls it "a most vile and heinous offence."

Page 87, line 6, Example of a Maid that buried her Childe quick.] This event was also the subject of a ballad, or broadside, which was licensed to William Wright, 31 March, 1580, as "a doleful Discourse of a maid that suffered at Westminster for buryinge her child quick." See "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," ii., 110.

Page 87, line 25, Yet wil hee cause the very fowles of the aire to bewray it.] Compare "Macbeth," act iii., scene 4.

Page 89, line 13, As the book in print dooth witnes, which was printed by Thomas East.] We do not find any trace of this "book" among those from East's press. In 1579, he had printed "Of two woonderfull Popish Monsters, to wyt, of a Popish Asse, which was found in Rome, in the river Tyber, (1496) and of a Moonkish Calfe, calved at Friberge, in Misne, (1528) which are the very foreshewings and tokens of Gods wrath against the blind, obstinate, and monstrous Papistes. Witnessed and declared, the one by P. Melancthon, the other by M. Luther. Translated out of French into English by John Brooke, of Ashe." 4to. It was to a now unknown production of a somewhat similar kind that Munday seems to allude.

Page 89, line 21, As the printed booke dooth witnes.] On June 6th, 1580, William Wright, the publisher of the tract before us, had a license to print, "by way of tolleration, Three sundry wonders that chaunced of late:" ("Extr. Stat. Reg.," ii., 117) and Stow (*Annales*, 1164) tells us that "this year were many monstrous births, and strange sights to be seen."

Page 90, line 2, All these are examples now of late dayes.] We have little doubt that Munday was himself the writer of some of the pieces (now lost) which came out on these occasions. On the 8th March, 1580, a ballad by him was entered by Charlwood; and although it was of a different character, it shows that he was then an author of some popularity: he had commenced in 1577. See the Introduction.

Page 92, line 21, Margaret Dorington, who killed Alice Fox.] On the 23rd June, 1578, Thomas East had licensed to him "A lamentable confession of margaret Dorington, wief to Roberte Dorington, of Westmynster, who was executed in the pallace of Westmynster for murdering

Alice Foxe." ("Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," ii., 58.) Another entry on 25th June refers to the same subject.

Page 93, line 1, Example of a Woman that kild her 2 Children.] A "pamphlet" (so called in the entry) was published upon this subject, and licensed to William Bartlet, on 18th August, 1579. ("Extr. from Stat. Reg.," ii., 65.) This is, no doubt, "the book imprinted" mentioned by Munday.

Page 94, line 32, This *hee* said to this Davis.] *i.e.*, the Constable told it to Davis, as having been threatened by Hodges's wife, when she was arrested and sent to Bridewell. The narrative is not very clearly worded. The proceedings before the Coroner, in this case of Abel Bourne, were not concluded at the time Munday published his tract.

Page 97, line 1, Example of an Earthquake at London, the 6 of April.] It occurred on 6th April, 1580, and caused the utmost consternation in London. Many publications regarding it are recorded in vol. ii. of "Extracts from the Stationers' Registers:" see the Index, under "Earthquake." On p. 111 of that work is inserted a remarkable ballad, containing many circumstances connected with the event. For other particulars see Stow's *Annales*, p. 1163, edit. 1615.

REPORT

OF

THE EXECUTION OF TRAITORS.

BY

ANTONY MUNDAY.

A breefe and true reporte of the *Execution of certaine Traytours at* Tiborne, the xxviii and xxx dayes *of Maye.* 1582.

Gathered by A. M., *who was* there present.

Honos alit Artes.

The names of them executed on Monday the xxviii of Maye.

Thomas Foord.
Iohn Shert.
Robert Iohnson.

The names of them executed on Wednesday, the xxx of Maye.

William Filbie.
Luke Kirbie.
Lawrance Richardson.
Thomas Cottom.

Imprinted at London, for *William Wright*, and are to be solde at his shop, adioyning vnto S. Mildreds Church in the Poultrie, the middle shop in the rowe. 1582.

To the godly and woorshipfull *Maister* Richard Martin, *Sherife*, and one of the woorshipfull Aldermen of *this Cittie of London*, A. M. wisheth all earthlie happines, and after this life a place among the chosen in the celestiall Paradise.

When I had gathered together (woorshipfull Sir) this little pamphlet, reporting the end of certaine lewde and disloyall Traitors, who, under the habite of hurtlesse sheepe, sought in the church of God to playe the part of ravening woolves; and that I my selfe having spent some time in Roome and other places among them, where through I grew into such acquaintaunce with their traiterous intents and dispositions, as before some of their faces I stoode as witnesse against them to their reproofe, I thought good to present the same to your woorship, for that your selfe hath beene an eye witnesse how I was there challenged, and how, through the grace of God, and the trueth of so good a cause as I delt in, I defended my self. To avoyde, therfore, the speeches of people, who now a dayes will judge lightly and condemne quickly, because I was there called foorth, somewhat in woords touched, and yet, I thanke God, nothing disproved, I esteemed it a pointe of wisdome to laye their obstinate endes open to the view of all, not sparing my selfe in the woords that were used against me, which will cause the godly and vertuous to account them as they were, and me as I am.

This, breefely compacted together, I present to your woorships perusing, as my defence against slaunderous tongues, in that I have reported nothing therein but the meere truthe. Thus desiring God to blesse your woorship with all yours: in all humilitie I remaine,

Yours to commaund,

A. MUNDAY.

The Execution at Tiborne on Monday,

being the twenty and eyght of May.

1582.

On Munday, beinge the twentye and eight of May. Thomas Forde, John Sherte, and Robart Johnsonne, Priestes, having beene before indited, arraigned, and as wel by their owne testimonie, as also sufficient witnesses produced to theyr faces, found guilty and condemned for high treason, intended, practised, and appointed, against her Majesties most royall person, as also for the utter ruine, overthrowe, and subversion, of her peaceable and well governed Realme, themselves being sent as instrumentes to deale for and in the behalfe of the Pope in this disloyall and trayterous cause, according as Justice had before determined, were drawen upon hurdels from the Tower of London to the place appointed for execution. Having been so long time spared by her Majesties most royall and princely regarde of mercy, to try if eyther the feare of God would take place in them, consideration and respecte of theyr owne duties moove them, or the meere loove and accustomed clemencie of her Majestie might winne them to acknowledge her to be theyr lawfull Soveraigne, and them selves her subjectes, bound to serve her, notwithstanding any pretence or authority to the contrary, and not for matter of their Popish superstition. All this notwithstandinge, they remained given over to theyr owne wickednes, and swallowed up in the gulfe of theyr undutifull affection, which causeth Justice to step before Mercye, committing

them to the rewarde of theyre leude and unnaturall dealing. All the way as they were drawen, they were accompanied with divers zealous and godly men, who in mylde and loving speeches made knowen unto them how justly God repayeth the reprobate, how fatherly againe he receiveth the obedient, how he overthroweth the ungodlye in their owne devises, and protecteth his chosen in all stormes and afflictions: in remembrance of all these to bethinke themselves of their wickednes passed, and to shew such harty and zealous repentaunce for the same, that all be it they had so greevously trespassed, yet in contrite and humble sorrowing they might be gratiously received into his heavenly favour, whom they had mooved and styrred by their unreverent regarde to smite and chasten with the rod of his fury. Among which godly perswasions Maister Sherife himselfe both learnedly and earnestly laboured unto them, mooving al good occasions he might devise to chaunge the obstinacie he perceived in them into a Christian like humility and repentaunce; but these good endevours tooke no wished effect: their owne evil disposition so blinded them, that there was no way for grace to enter.

When they were come beyond S. Giles in the feeld, there approched unto the hurdell one of their owne secte, and a Priest, as himselfe hath confessed, who in this maner spake unto the prisoners. O, gentlemen, be joyfull in the blood of Jesus Christe, for this is the day of your triumph and joye. Being asked why he used such words, he said unto the prisoners againe, I pronounce a pardon unto you; yea, I pronounce a full remission and pardon unto your soules. Using these and other trayterous speeches, holde was layde on him. When as M. Sherife demaunded what he was, he aunswered, he was the voice of a crier in the wildernesse, and that he was sent to prepare the Lords way. And notwithstanding such means of resistaunce as himselfe used, he was delivered unto M. Thomas Norris, Pursuvante, who brought him unto Newgate, wher he confessed unto him that

he was a priest, and that hee had so long dissembled, as he would now leave off, and doo so no moore.

Being come to the place of execution, Thomas Forde was first brought up into the Carte, when he began in this maner. Wheras I am come hither to die for matters layde unto my charge of treason, which should be conspired against the Queene within these two yeares or somewhat more, I give you to understande that of any such matter I am innocent and free, for that I can proove my comming into England to be five yeeres since. Where upon Maister Sherife spake unto him and sayde: Forde, have minde on God; aske him and her Majestie hartily forgivenesse, whom thou hast so highly offended: thou doost but delude the people, for it is manifestly known how thou art guilty of the matters layde to thy charge: here is thine owne aunswers to show, affirmed under thine owne hand, and other witnesses to reproove thee. Where upon I my selfe was called foorth, who justified the causes to his face that at hys araignement was layd to his charge, and he evidently and plainly found guiltye thereof. Then were his aunswers, whereto he had subscribed, read unto him, which is in the booke lately sette foorth by authoritye; where upon he tooke occasion to tell a long sircumstaunce of a certaine question mooved at Oxenforde, as concerning taking armes against her Majestie, which horrible treason he seemed to approove thereby. Then Maister Sherife willed him to aske her Majestie forgivenes, offering him to stande his freende in attayning her Graces mercy, yf he would chaunge his former traitorous minde to become a true and faithfull subject, acknowledging her to bee his lawfull soveraigne Lady, notwithstanding any thing that any Pope could say or doo to the contrarye. Wherunto he aunswered: I have not offended her Majestie, but if I have, I aske her forgivenes and all the world, and in no other treason have I offended then my religion, which is the Catholique faith, wherin I will live and dye. And as for the Queenes Majestie,

I doo acknowledge her supremacy in all thinges temporall, but as conserning Ecclesiastical causes I deny her: that onely belongeth to the Vicar of Christ, the Pope. In breefe, he graunted to nothing, but shewed himselfe an impious and obstinate Traytour, and so he remayned to the death, refusing to pray in the English tongue, mumbling a few Latine prayers, desiring those that were *ex domo Dei* to pray with him, and so ended his lyfe.

In the meane time that he hanged, which was till hee was dead, so great is the mercye of our gratious Princesse, John Sherte was brought from off the hurdell to the gallowes, where seeing Forde hanging, he began with holding uppe his handes, as the Papistes are wont to do before theyr images, O sweete Tom, O happy Tom, O blessed Tom! Then being stayed, Forde was cut downe and caryed to the place where his body should be quartered. In which time Sherte was brought up into the carte, where looking toward the dead bodye of Forde, hee fell downe on his knees and held up his hands to it, (saying againe) O happy Tom, O blessed Tom, thy sweete soule pray for me: O deere Tom, thy blessed soule pray for me. For which woords being rebuked, the Executioner lifted him up on feete, when as he prepared him to his confession, (saying) I am brought hither to this place to dye a death whych is both shamefull and ignominious, for which I thanke thee, my Lord God, who framing me to thine owne similitude and likenes, hath blessed me to this good ende. There being stayed, because he seemed to prolong the time to small purpose, the Sherife willed him to remember hymselfe for what cause he was come thither; how he had offended the Queenes Majestie, and that he was now to aske her forgivenes. Beside, he might receive her princely mercy: wherto, with an hipocriticall outward boldnesse, but an inward faynting feare, (as afterwarde every one playnly beheld) he gave this aunswere. What, mayster Sherife, shall I save this frayle and vile carcase, and damne mine owne

soule? No, no; I am a Catholique; in that faith I was borne, in that faith will I dye, and heere shall my blood seale it. Then Maister Sherife spake unto him, (saying) by the way as we came you swore an oath, for which you willed me to beare witnesse that you were hartily sorie. Now, I pray you, let me be a witnesse that you are as hartilie sorie for offending the Queenes Majestie. Why, sir, (quoth he) I have not offended her, without it be in my religion, and if I have offended her, then I aske her forgivenesse. Maister Sherife upon this sayde unto him, Is this the fruites of your religion, to kneele to the dead bodie of thy fellowe, and to desire his soule to pray for thee? Alas, what can it eyther profite thee, or hinder thee? praye thou to God, and hee will helpe thee. Maister Sherife, (quoth Sherte) this is the true Catholique religion, and whatsoever is not of it is dampned. I desire his soule to pray for me, the most glorious Virgin to pray for me, and all the holy company of heaven to pray for me.

At which woords the people cryed, Away with the traytor, hang him, hang him! O Shert, (quoth Maister Sherife) forsake the whore of Roome, that wicked Antichriste, with all his abhominable blasphemies and trecheries, and put thy whole confidence in Jesus Christ: wherto he aunswered, O, M. Sherife, you little remember the day when as you and I shall stand bothe at one bar, and I come as witnesse against you, that you called that holie and blessed Viccar of Christ the whoore of Rome: at which words the people cried again, Hang him, hang him, Away with him! Then he began his *Pater noster* in Latine, and before he had ended two petitions of it, he fell into the Latine Creede, and then into the *Pater noster* againe: afterwarde he sayde the *Ave Maria,* which done, knocking him selfe on the brest, saying *Jesus, esto mihi, Jesus,* the carte was drawne away, and he committed to the mercie of God. But then, to manifest that his former boldnesse was but meere dissembling and hypocrisie, he lyfted up

his handes and caught holde on the halter, so that everie one perceyved his faire outwarde shewe, and his fowle inward disfigured nature; also how lothe he was and unwilling to die.

Robert Johnson being brought up into the carte, Maister Sherife, according as he had before, both declared unto him her Majesties mercy, if he would repent, and also willed him to be sory for his offences against her, wherof he seemed to make small estimation, denying the treasons according as the others had done, and appealinge likewise upon his religion. Then was I called forth againe, when as I gave him to understand how notably he was approved guilty at his araignement, and every matter sufficiently handled, how according as the reste were he was confounded to his face, whereto he would make no other aunswer, but sayd, Well, Munday, God forgive thee. Then were hys aunswers read unto him, as they had before unto the other twain, hee not yeelding deniall, but sayd he spake them, and would doo it againe. Then was Athanasius Creede mooved unto hym, which he graunted to be Catholique fayth, whereof the Pope was Viccar, and that there was no other Catholique fayth, but onely his. Why, quoth the Preacher, the Pope is not named in it. I knowe not that, (quoth he againe) I have not read it. Then Maister Sherife desired hym to say his prayers in English, and he with all the company woulde pray with him: which he refusing to doo, in his Latine prayers the carte was drawen away, and he committed to Gods mercye.

The Execution at Tiborne, on Wednesday, being the thirtye of Maye. 1582.

On the Wednesday following, which was the thirtye daye of May, in the same manner as I have before expressed, Luke Kirbie, William Filbie, Thomas Cottom, and Lauraunce Rychardson, were committed from the Tower of London to the place of Execution; and as the other were, on the Mundaye before, associated and accompanied with divers learned and godlye Preachers, even so were these; as to say, Maister Charke, Maister Herne, and divers others, who all the waye applyed such godly and Christian perswasions unto them, (as had not the Child of perdition so mervailouslye blinded them) were of force to have wonne them into grace and mercye. The speeches they used to them by the way were needelesse here to set downe, for that they did especially concerne causes to roote out that wicked opinion in them, and to establish a sound and perfect fayth in place thereof; but even as it was in the other, so it did agree in them.

But Luke Kirbie seemed to chalenge me, as concerning I was able to approove nothing against him, which he did because he supposed I was not there present; but what passed betweene him and me you shall heare hereafter.

They being come to the place of execution, William Filbie was brought up into the carte, where conforming himselfe unto the death, his wicked treasons were mooved unto him, which obstinately and impudently he denied. Then was he

demaunded if hee would acknowledge the Queenes Majestie his soveraigne Princesse, and supreme head under Christ of the Churche of England?

No, (quoth he) I will acknowledge no other head of the Church than the Pope onelie. Wherupon his aunsweres were reade unto him, and he not denying them in any point, even as they were wicked and impious, even so he remayned in them, still appealing that it was for his religion that he died, and not for any treason. But the contrarie was prooved unto his face, as well by sufficient proofes, as also by the trayterous aunswers whereto hee had subscribed with his owne hande. At last, as he was desired, he prayed for the Queenes Majestie, that God might blesse her, and incline her heart to mercie towards the Catholiques, of which societie he was one. Then they, opening his bosome, founde there two Crosses, which beeing taken from him, were helde up and shewen to all the people; beside, his crowne was shaven. So, after a few silent Latine prayers to himselfe, the carte was drawne away.

The next was Luke Kirbie, who, being brought up into the carte, offered long circumstance of speeche, as concerning that he was come thither to dye, hoping to be saved by the blood of Christe, and much matter which were needelesse here to rehearse. Afterwarde he beganne to say, that there were none could approove him to be a traytour; neither had he at any time attempted any thing prejudiciall to her Majestie, and that his adversaries, Sled nor Munday, could not upbraide him with any thinge. Wherupon Maister Sherife tolde him that Munday was there, and asked him if he would have him called to him. I see him (quoth he) yonder, and let him say what he can against mee.

Then was I commaunded to come some what neere him, when as he began in this manner to mee. O Munday! consider with thy selfe, howe untruly thou has charged mee with that which I never sayd nor thought. Besides, thou knowest

that when thou camest to the Tower to me, before maister Lieutenaunt and other who was there present, then, thou wast demaunded what thou couldest say against mee? when as thou madest aunswer, thou knewest no harme of mee, neither couldest thou at any tyme saye otherwise of mee then well: whereupon thou wast asked, wherefore thou reportedst otherwise at my araignement? Then the Sherife sayde unto him, who can beare thee witnesse of this? (Quoth hee againe) he spake it before maister Lieuetenaunt, and an other was by then. Then was he demaunded what other he was that was present? which (after a long trifling) he sayde was a Keeper, and named him; whereto I made aunswere as followeth.

Maister Kirbie, I wishe and desire you, in the feare of God, to remember your selfe, for this is not a place to report an untrueth, neither to slaunder any man otherwise then you are able to proove. When as I came unto the Tower, and made knowen to maister Lieuetenant for what cause I was sent to speake with you, you were brought into a chamber by your Keeper; and what I mooved unto you, you yourselfe very well knoweth, as concerning my allowaunce, beeing the Pope's Scholler: where what aunswere you made I have truelie, and according as you aunswered, already set downe in print. Maister Lieuetenant neither mooved any such woordes to mee, as heere you reported, and I call God to my witnesse, that not a motion of any such matter was once offered to mee by Maister Lieuetenant, or by your Keeper. Your selfe then uttered, that at sundrie times, in the Seminarie, there was diverse leude woords spoken, which might better have beene spared, and denied that you were not in my chamber, when as I, lying sicke in my bed, the trayterous speeches were mooved by them which were then present, whereof your selfe was one, with diverse other matters which you spake unto me, which Maister Lieuetenant him selfe heard, and your Keeper being present.

But if this be true which you say, that it may be prooved there was eyther such woordes mooved unto mee, or any such aunswere made by mee, I offer to sustaine what punishment the lawe shall affoorde mee. Then falling to an other matter, for that this redounded to his owne confusion, (as Maister Lieuetenant can well witnesse) he beganne to talke of my being at Roome, what freendship he had shewed unto mee, and had done the lyke unto a number of English men whome he well knew not to be of that religion, bothe out of his owne purse, as also by freending them to some of the Popes Chamber, he made conveyaunce for them thence, some tyme going fortie miles with them; when (quoth he) had my dealings beene knowne, I should hardlie have beene well thought off: and I knewe well enough that you were never bent to that religion, albeit they thought the contrarie. Yea, I knewe well enough, when you departed thence, that your disposition was contrarie to ours, and concealed it to my selfe.

O, Kirbie, (quoth Maister Sherife) this is very unlyke, that you could affoord such favour to any, who were contrarie to that religion that you professed: no, no; if you knewe any such there, you would rather helpe to persecute them, then to pittie them, as it is the nature of you all.

Maister Kirbie, (quoth I) it is very unlike that you had any such secrete knowledge of mee, eyther of my religion, or howe I was secretlie bent, as you seeme heere to professe; for had I beene such a one as you would perswade these heere you knewe mee to be, would you have delyvered mee those pictures halowed by the Pope, which you did, and moreover make knowne to mee sundry of your freends heere in England, to whome I should convey them. O, Munday! (quoth he) I confesse I delivered to thee pictures in deede, but thou knowest I gave thee two Julyes to goe buie them with: I dyd it because I knewe thee to be such a one, and therefore I dyd misdoubt thee, for I woulde not credite thee

with any hallowed pictures. Maister Kirbie, (quoth I) to deny your owne dooinges is mervailous impudencie: dyd not you in your chamber delyver to me certayne silke pictures, which you tolde me, at Stukelyes beeing there, were hallowed by the Pope, and what Indulgencies were allowed them? One of them, which was a Crucifixe, you gave me; the other you willed me deliver to your freends at Rheimes and in Englande: and because they were so fewe, (as in deede I thinke they were no more but five) you gave me two Julyes to goe into the Cittie to buie more, which I dyd; and having brought them to you, three or foure of the fayrest you tooke from me, promising to gette them hallowed at the next Benediction: the other in deede you gave me, and I tooke them with me.

Howe say you nowe, Kirbie, (quoth Maister Sherife) would you have credited him with such matters, had you not supposed him to be one of your owne secte. Maister Sherife, (quoth he) what I have sayde, I knewe verie well. And after he was gone from Rome I sent fifteene shyllinges to Rheimes, to be delyvered to him, but he was departed thence towarde Englande before it came.

Then Maister Sherife sayde to him againe, you stand upon these pointes verie much, which there is none that are heere but will judge to be untrue: thou hearest what he hath sayde to thee, and we have heard that thou deniedst everie thing. What sayest thou to thy treasons, wherfore thou art come hyther to dye? wylt thou be sorie for them? aske God and her Majestie forgivenesse, for shee is mercifull, and we wyll carrie thee backe againe, if we shall perceyve in thee any such motion, that thou wylte forsake thy former wickednesse, and become a good and faithfull subject.

At these woordes the people among them selves almost generallie sayde: O, exceeding mercie and favour! what a gratious Princesse have wee, who affoordeth such mercie to those that have so yll deserved!

Then Maister Feeld, the preacher, in the booke read his aunsweres to him, where he had subscribed with his owne hande, whether the Pope might lawfullie depose her Majestie, or had any aucthoritie to take the tytle of her crowne and dignitie away from her? wherto Kirbie aunswered: This is a matter disputable in Schooles, and therefore I maye not judge of it: I think this with my selfe, that if any Prince fal by infidelity into Turscisme, Atheisme, Paganisme, or any such lyke, that the Pope hath aucthoritie to depose such a Prince. And beeing asked, if her Majesty were in any such? he sayd, he knew his owne conscience. Another Preacher beeing by, sayd unto him, that the Prince received his aucthority from God, and that he was to be suppressed by none, but only by God: again, that Solomon sayd, *By me* (meaning by God) *Kinges raigne and Princes decree justice. By me Princes rule, and the nobles and all the Judges of the earth.* Pro. 8, 15, 16. Againe, S. Paule sayth, *Let every soule be subject to the higher powers, for there is no power but of God, and the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinaunce of God, and they that resist shall receyve to them selves judgement. For Princes are not to be feared for good works, but for evill: wilt thou then be without feare of the power, doo well, so shalt thou purchase praise of the same; for he is the minister of God for thy wealth: But if thou doo evill, feare, for he beareth not a swoord for naught, for he is the minister of God to take vengeaunce on him that dooth evill.* Roma., 13, 1, 2, 3, 4. If, then, the Pope be a soule, hee is to be obedient to the higher powers: and being a subject to God, as all other Princes be, hee must not take upon him what belongeth to God. As for the aucthoritie that her Majestie hath, shee hath receyved it from God; neither is the Pope, or any earthlie Prince, to deprive her therof, but onelie God. Againe, when Jesus was brought before Pilate, Pilate sayde to him, *Knowest thou not that I have power to crucifie thee, and have power to*

John, 19, 10, 11. *loose thee?* To which Jesus aunswered: *Thou couldest have no power at all against mee, except it were given thee from above.* Thus maye you see, that what Prince soever ruleth upon the earth has his power and aucthority only from God, and not that any mortall man can use the aucthoritie of a Prince at his pleasure. How say you to this? Whereto he would make no aunswere; but seemed to demaunde of them if they would deny, that if a Prince were in Paganisme, Atheisme, or governed by infidelitie, that such a Prince might not lawfullie be deposed. Which the learned Preachers aunswered in learned sort, approoving that as the power was of God, so Princes were not to be deposed of any, but onelie by God.

No; (quoth Kirbie againe) hath it not beene disputed in Schooles for these five hundred yeeres, and will you deny it? O, Maister Crowley, Maister Crowley! and there pawsed, as though that Maister Crowley had agreede with him in such a monstrous error. But Maister Crowley him selfe gave me to understand, that at such time as hee conferred with the sayde Kirbie in the Tower about the same argument, that his aunswer was unto him, If any Prince fell into any such kinde of error, that Prince were corrigible; but of whom? not of any earthly Prince, but of that heavenlie Prince, who gave him his aucthority, and seeing him abusing it any way, correcteth him, in his justice. For by attributing to the Pope this aucthority, he witnessed him to be Antichrist, in that he wil depose Princes at his pleasure, and exalt him self above all that is called God, and forgive men their sinnes at his pleasure likewise. All this was not sufficient to mollifie the obstinate minde of Kirbie, but he would persist styl in this devillish imagination. Maister Sherife and the Preachers seeing him wavering, and not able to yeeld any reason for his arrogant opinion, laboured as much as in them laye to chaunge it; and when all would not serve, they desired him in hartie and humble manner to pray to God, to aske her Majestie

forgivenesse for the treasons wherein he had offended her. Whereto he aunswered, that he had not offended in any treason, to his knowledge: whereupon they showed him his treasons, which were adjudged by the people woorthy of greater punishment then he was at that time to suffer; yet would not he acknowledge them, but prayed to God for her Majestie, that shee might long rule in her authoritie to confound all her enimies, and that his hart was free from any treason to her Majestie. Then preparing himself to his prayers, the Preachers desired him to pray in English with them, and to say a prayer after them, wherein if he could finde any fault he should be resolved thereof. O, (quoth he againe) you and I were not one in faith, therefore I thinke I should offend God, if I should pray with you. At which woordes the people began to crie, Away with him! so he, saying his *Pater noster* in Latin, ended his life.

Then was Laurence Richardson brought up into the carte, and to him Thomas Cottom, to be executed togeather; but Cottom seemed to utter such woords as though there had been hope he would have forsaken his wickednesse, so that the halter was untyed, and he brought downe out of the carte againe. In which time Lawrence Richardson prepared him to death, confessing him selfe a Catholique, and that he would beleeve in all things as the Catholique Church of Roome did; unto the Pope he allowed the onelie supremacie. In which traiterous opinion, after certain Latine prayers, he was committed to God.

Then was Cottom brought up to the carte againe, and the good opinion, had of him before, chaunged into that obstinate nature that was in them all, saying to Maister Sherife, that before he came into Englande he was armed for India, and thyther if he might be suffered he would passe with as much convenient speede as might be. Then looking to the body of Laurence Richardson, wheron the Executioner was using his office, he lyfted up his handes and sayd: O, blessed Lau-

rence, pray for mee; thy blessed soule, Laurence, pray for mee! for which woordes both the Preachers and the people rebuked him, telling him that he ought to pray to none but to God onely, all helpe of man was but in vaine. Wherto he aunswered, he was assured that he could pray for him. In breefe, his treasons beeing mooved to him, he denied all, albeit his owne hand writing was there to affirme it. He prayed for her Majestie, and sayde his *Pater noster* and *Ave Maria;* and as the carte was drawing away he sayd, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum;* and so he ended his lyfe. Thus in breefe have I set downe the Execution of these traytors, desiring God that the leude life of them, and this lamentable spectacle wytnessed to our eyes, may be a warning to us all how by our disobedience we provoke our Lord God to anger against us, and by our slacknesse in duetie to our gracious soveraigne Princesse, next under God our only supreame governesse, enforce her mercifull hand to take up the swoord of Justice against us. God long preserve her Majestie and honourable Counsayle: confound Antichriste and his practises, and give all faithfull subjectes grace to beare true and loyall mindes to God, their Prince, and Countrey.

Let this suffice thee (gentle Reader) at this time; and if thou desirest to be more acquainted with their Romish and Sathanicall juglinges, reade my *English Romaine lyfe,* which, so soone as it can be printed, shall be set foorth. And thus committing thee to the God of all Trueth, who give us his grace to cleave to the Trueth, I byd thee hartelie farewell.

God save the Queene.

NOTES TO MUNDAY'S

REPORT OF THE EXECUTION OF TRAITORS.

Page 107, line 1, A breefe and true reporte, &c.] Stow, in his *Annales*, p. 1170, edit. 1615, thus shortly mentions this remarkable execution:—

"On the 28 day of May, Thomas Ford, John Shert, and Robert Johnson, priests, having beene before indicted, arraigned, and condemned, for high treason intended, as ye have heard of Campion and other, were drawne from the Tower to Tiburne, and there hanged, bowelled, and quartered.

"And on the thirtieth of May, Luke Kirby, William Filby, Thomas Cottam, and Lawrance Richardson, were, for the like treason, in the same place likewise executed."

He quotes "Ant. Monday" in the margin, as the person from whom the information had been derived; no doubt, referring to the tract before us.

Page 113, line 21, Which is in the booke lately sette foorth by authoritye.] Viz., to "A particular Declaration or Testimony of the undutiful and traitorous Affection borne against her Majesty by Edmond Campion, Jesuit, and other condemned Priests, witnessed by their own Confessions." 4to. London. 1582.

Page 120, line 33, I gave thee two *Julyes* to goe buie them.] A *giulio* was a piece of money current in Rome, of about the value of sixpence.

Page 121, line 4, At Stukelyes beeing there.] *i.e.*, the notorious Captain Stukely, who was killed in the battle of Alcazar. He figured in at least two plays of the age of Shakespeare: *vide* the Rev. A. Dyce's "Peele's Works," ii., 82 *et seq.*

Page 122, line 1, Then Maister Feeld, the Preacher.] This was the Rev. John Field, the puritanical minister, who was the father of Nathaniel Field, the actor in several of Shakespeare's plays, and of Theophilus Field, who first became Bishop of Llandaff, and afterwards of Hereford.

With this last fact the Editor was not acquainted, when he printed "Memoirs of the principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare," for our Society, in 1846. See p. 207 of that work, for the registration of the baptism of Theophilus Field, on 22nd January, 1574: he was a poet, and in 1600 edited and contributed to a collection of Verses on the death of Sir Horatio Pallavicino. For an account of them, see "The Gentleman's Magazine" for March, 1851.

Page 123, line 16, O, Maister Crowley, Maister Crowley!] This was Robert Crowley, who had commenced life as a printer, and ended it as a preacher. He was a very zealous and able man, of puritanical principles, and he wrote many works to support his own views, and to extend generally the spirit of religion. He died in 1588, and was buried at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, of which parish he had been vicar.

Page 125, line 24, Reade my *English Romaine lyfe.*] It came out soon afterwards, in 4to., with the date of 1582. It is reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany.

AN

ADVERTISEMENT AND DEFENCE

AGAINST CAMPION.

A aduertisement

and defence for Trueth against her

Backbiters, and specially against

the whispring Fauourers, and

Colourers of Campions,

and the rest of his con-

federats treasons.

1581.

God saue the Queene.

An advertisement and defence for Trueth against her Backbiters, and specially against the whispring Favourers, and Colourers of Campions, and the rest of his confederats, treasons.

Although at the late arraignments at Westminster of Edmonde Campion, and other his complices, condemned there of sundry high treasons, it was manifestly declared, and fully proved how they all, under the pretence of the names of Jesuites, Seminarie Priests, and other persons of like condition, had secretly come into this Realme, by the sending of sundrie persons authorized by the Pope, to move the people by their secret perswasions to change their professions in the matter of religion, of long time quietly established in this Realme, and to be reconciled to the obedience of the Pope, and withdrawen from their naturall allegeance due to the Queenes Majestie; and by these meanes to be readie in their heartes and mindes, and otherwise provided, to joyne their forces, aswell with such as their Heads and superiours which sent them, intended speedily to procure to be sent into this Realme, as with other rebellious subjectes by them to be thereto also excited, of purpose to deprive her Majesty of her life, crowne, and dignitie, in like maner as lately hath bene notoriously attempted and put in execution by D. Sanders, an errant and detestable traitour, and whilest hee lived one of the saide Campions companions, and by other English

and Irish Jesuites and traitours in Ireland, where they had first, by their like secret meanes and perswasions, entised a great multitude of people of that land, first to change their profession of religion and to acknowledge the Popes authoritie, and to renounce the just authoritie of her Majestie; and so departing from their allegeance upon the arrivall of forreine forces, they did enter into a manifest Rebellion, against the which Almightie God, the just avenger of Rebels, by his goodnesse hath given her Majestie (through her good ministers) power to the vanquishing, not onely of those forreine forces, but also of a great number of the Rebels there: Yet it is maliciously, falsly, and traiterously, by some of the secret favourers of the said Campion, and other the said condemned Traitours, whispered in corners that the offences of these traitours were but for their secret attemptings as Jesuites, by exhorting and teaching, with Shriving, Massing, and such like actes, to move people to change their religion, and to yelde their obedience to the Pope, as Christes vicar, (although the same are of themselves offences very hainous, and seedes of sedicion not allowable by the lawes of the Realme) whereas, in very trueth, neverthelesse it did manifestly appeare, upon their Inditements and at their arraignements, by sundrie confessions of some of theire owne companions, and many good proofes and witnesses produced and sworne before their faces, that their factes, whereof they were arraigned and condemned, were such as were in trueth high Treasons committed against her Majesties most Royall person and against the ancient Lawes and Statutes of this Realme, which many hundred yeeres past were in force against like Traytours, and not for factes of doctrine or religion, nor yet for offences against any late or newe Statutes; the same being many conspiracies at sundry times beyond the Seas, at Rome in Italie, and other places, and lastly at Rheims in France, where there are nourished by the Popes authoritie, in Seminaries, multitudes of English Jesuites, Seminarie Priestes, and Fugitives, whereof

their Heads and Governours use continually, in their Sermons and in their Bookes publiquely printed, as Traitours to declare their traiterous mindes, as farre foorth as they can, to the deprivation of the Queenes Majestie of her life and crowne, to which endes the said Campion and his said companions, by procurement of their said Heads, came secretly into this Realme to move the Subjects to renounce their naturall obedience, and according to a Bull of the last Pope, Pius, published, to perswade all sortes, with whom they durst secretly deale, that her Majestye, by the sayd Popes excommunication, was not the lawfull Queene of this Realme, nor that the Subjects were bounde to obey any of her lawes or Ministers, but that they were all free and discharged of their obedience and allegeance, and that they might lawfully, yea, that when time might serve, they ought to take armes against her Majestie, as in the late rebellion in the North was manifestly by like meanes put in execution, and as nowe also lately was notoriously attempted in Ireland, by stirring up the people in the Popes name, and under his standerd, to an open general rebellion; and to have brought these thinges to passe in this Realme, was the comming into this Realme of the said Campion and his complices most manifestly tried and proved, as if by Gods goodnesse, by their apprehensions after their secret wanderings and disguisings of them selves in a great part of the Shires of the Realme, these Traitours had not bene now stayed, and by just punishments ordered to be executed, there would have appeared such mischiefe as is lamentable to be thought of, to the danger of her Majesties person and to the hazard and ruine of the whole Realme by invasion of the same with forreine enemies, and by raising of inward warre within the Realme, the ende and event whereof, as of all warre civil, can not be without great griefe mentioned or imagined.

And to the further reproofe and condemnation of the saide Campion and other the Traitours now condemned, they being

all severally and earnestly required at the place of their arraignement to declare what they thought of the saide Popes Bull, (by which her Majestie was in the Popes intention deprived of the Crowne) and of Doctor Sanders, and of Bristowes traiterous writings in maintenance of the saide Bull and allowance of the Rebellion in the North, and of Saunders traiterous actions in Irelande, and being likewise demaunded what they did thinke if the present Pope should publish the like Bull, none of them all, but one onely named Rushton, could be perswaded by any their answeres to show in any part their mislykings eyther of the former Bull, or of D. Sanders, or Bristowes traiterous writings or actions, or of the Pope that nowe is, if he shoulde nowe publish the like Bull against her Majestie, so as they did apparantly shew their traiterous hearts stil fixed to persist in their devilish mindes against their naturall allegeance: whereof God give all good subjects, being true Englishmen borne, grace to beware, and in no sort to give eare or succour to such pernicious Traitours, howsoever they shall be covered with hipocrisie, and false and fained holines of Rome.

God save the Queene, long to
reigne to his honour.

NOTES

TO

THE ADVERTISEMENT AGAINST CAMPION, ETC.

Page 131, line 5, Colourers of Campions, and the rest of his confederats treasons.] Edmund Campion was born in London, in 1540, but where has not been ascertained. He was executed December 1, 1581; so that he was then only in his forty-first year. He bore a high reputation among the Roman Catholics for learning and piety, and during the latter part of his career he was one of the provincials of the Jesuits in this country. He was educated first at Christ's Hospital, and afterwards at St. John's College, Oxford, and, according to Anthony Wood, (i., 473, edit. Bliss) took his Master's degree in 1564. He began his clerical duties as a Protestant, and seems to have imbibed Popish principles while in Ireland: soon after 1571 he escaped to the Continent, and for some time took up his abode at Douay, Rheims, Rome, and Prague. He was sent by the Pope into England in 1580, and, being accused of high treason, was taken in disguise in Berkshire.

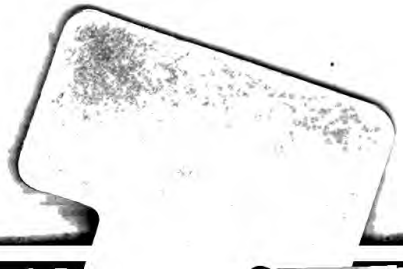
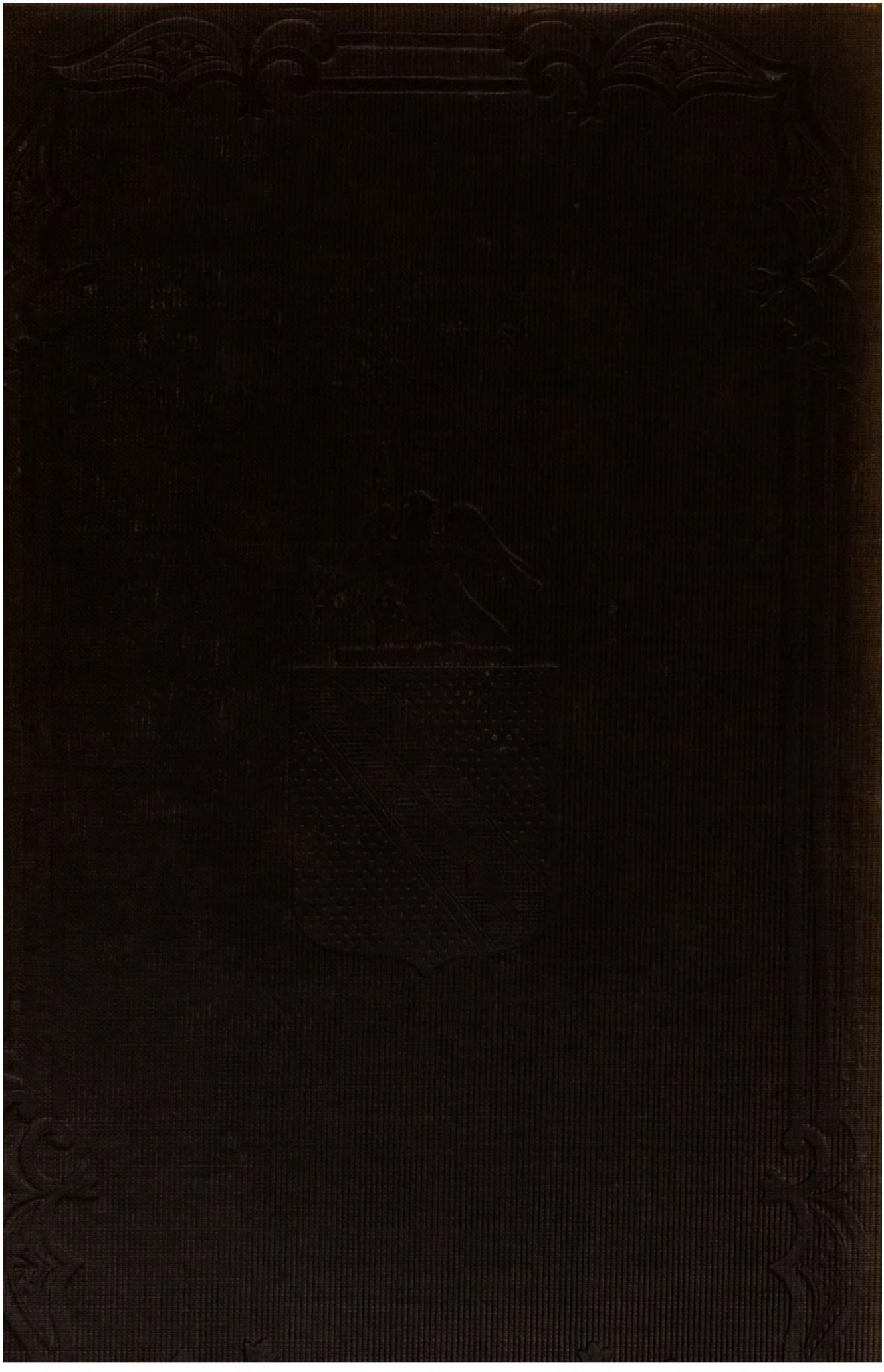
Page 135, line 16, The late rebellion in the North.] Viz., the rebellion of 1569. See vol. ii. of "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company, for an account of an *unique* poem upon the subject, written and printed by William Seres, who, until the Editor discovered the tract, was known only as a typographer.

Page 135, line 17, And as nowe also lately was notoriously attempted in Ireland.] Referring to the invasion by the Spaniards and Italians, favoured by the Earl of Desmond, defeated and put to the sword by Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton. This event took place in November, 1581.

Page 136, line 4, Doctor Sanders.] An English priest who had stirred

up Fitzmorris to rebellion in Ireland in 1579, and afterwards died most miserably. For some account of him, see Camden's Annals, (Edit. Kennett) pp. 464, 494, &c.

Page 136, line 9, But one onely named Rushton.] Who therefore did not suffer with Campion, Sherwin, and Bryan, on 1st December, 1581.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