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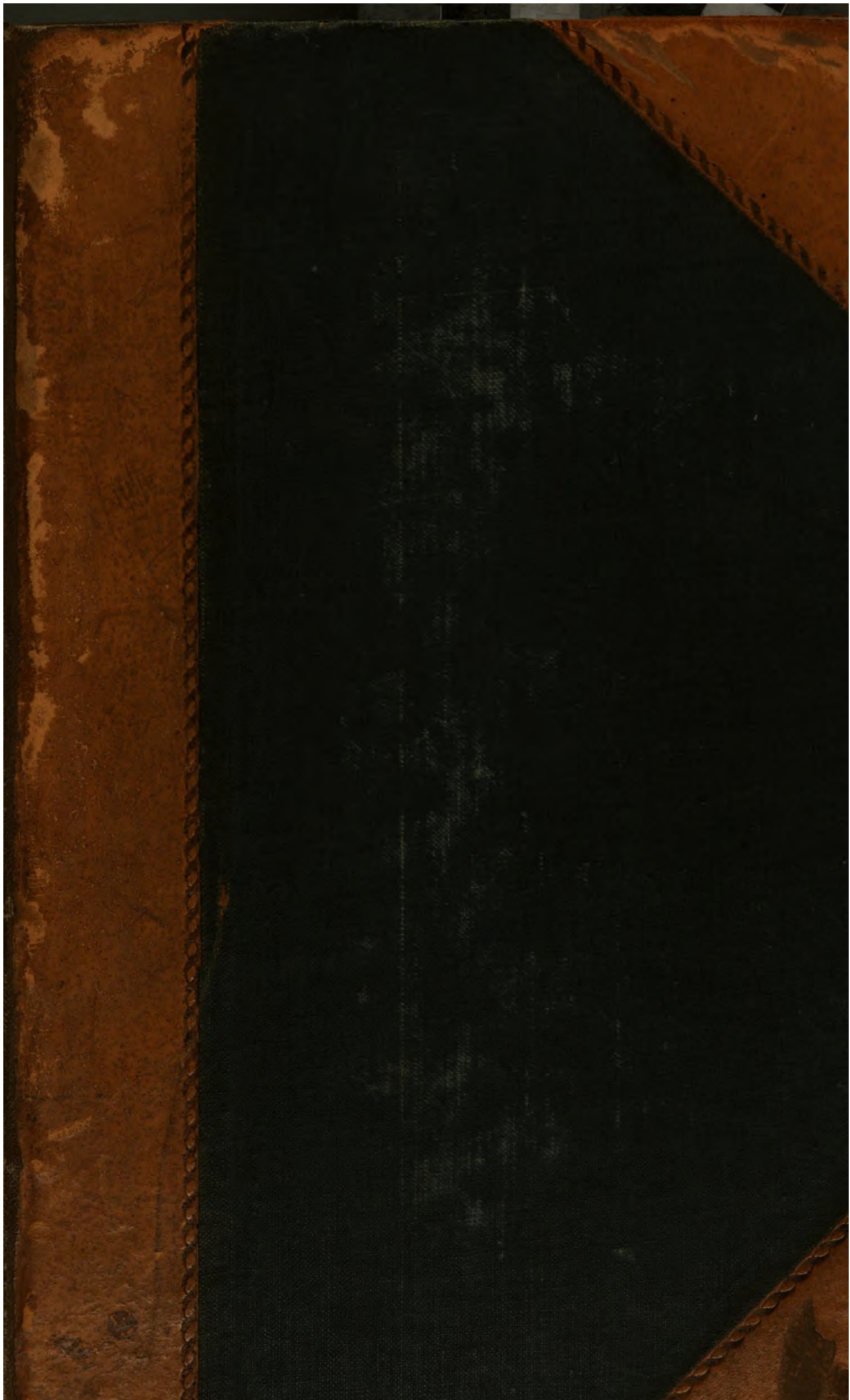
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# NUGÆ ANTIQUÆ.

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VOL. II.

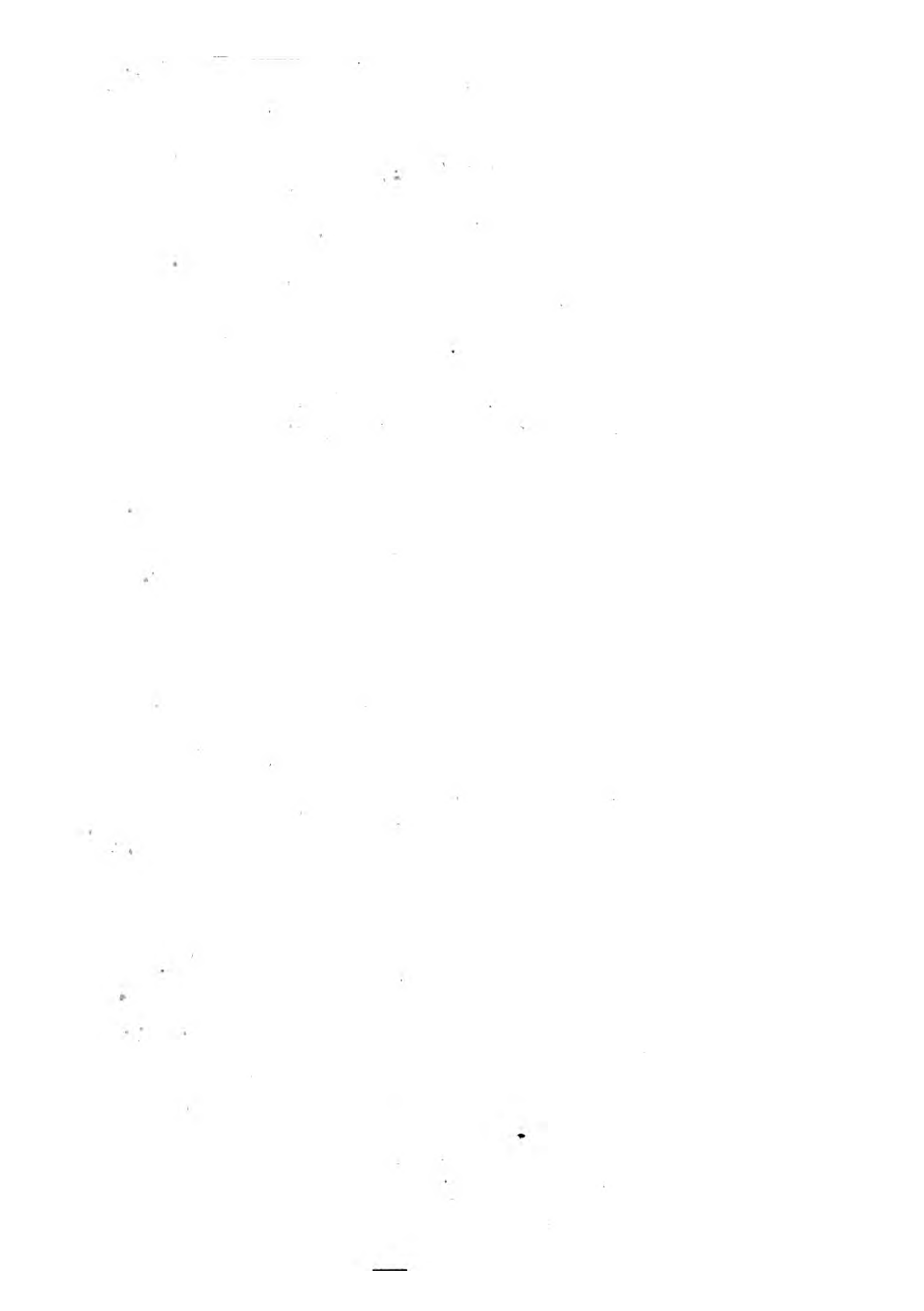
CONTAINING

AN ADDITION TO GODWIN'S CATALOGUE OF BISHOPS;

A DISCOURSE CONCERNING ELIAS;

SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF JOHN, LORD HARING-  
TON; AND

POEMS BY VARIOUS AUTHORS, WRITTEN BETWEEN  
1540 AND 1612.



# NUGÆ ANTIQUÆ:

BEING A

MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION

OF

*ORIGINAL PAPERS,*

IN PROSE AND VERSE;

WRITTEN

DURING THE REIGNS OF HENRY VIII. EDWARD VI. QUEEN MARY,  
ELIZABETH, AND KING JAMES:

BY

SIR JOHN HARINGTON, KNT.

*And by others who lived in those Times.*

---

SELECTED FROM AUTHENTIC REMAINS

BY THE LATE HENRY HARINGTON, M. A.

AND NEWLY ARRANGED,

*WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES,*

BY

THOMAS PARK, F. S. A.

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VOL. II.

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We ought to judge of the editions of books as we judge of men;---none are perfect, and the best are good only by comparison. *Church.*

---

LONDON:

*Printed by J. Wright, Denmark-Court, Strand,*

FOR VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY, AND CUTHELL AND  
MARTIN, MIDDLE ROW, HOLBORN.

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1804.

8<sup>o</sup>. O. 252. B. ✓,





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A  
SUPPLIE OR ADDICION  
TO THE  
CATALOGUE OF BISHOPS,  
TO THE YEAR 1608.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> This Addition to Bishop Godwin's Catalogue, was printed, in 1653, with the following title prefixed by Dr. Chetwind, the maternal grandson of Sir J. Harington.

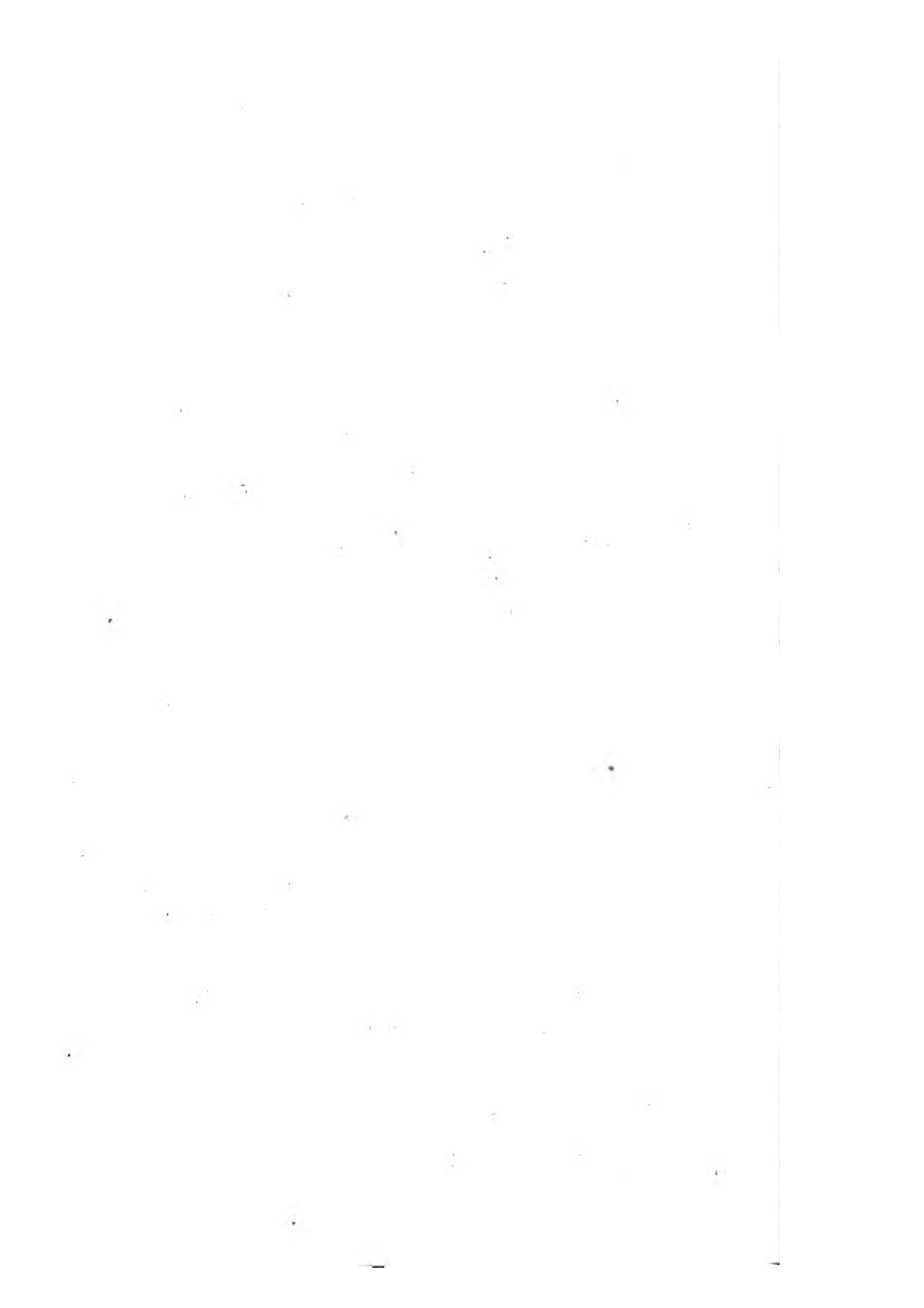
“ A  
BRIEFE VIEW  
of the *State of the Church*  
of ENGLAND,  
as it stood in Q. ELIZABETHS  
and King JAMES his Reigne,  
To the Yeere 1608.  
Being a *Character and History* of  
the BISHOPS of those Times. And  
may serve as an additionall Supply  
to DOCTOR GODWIN'S  
*Catalogue of Bishops.*

WRITTEN

For the private use of Prince *Henry*, upon  
occasion of that Proverb,

*Henry the Eighth pull'd down Monks and their Cells,  
Henry the Ninth should pull down Bishops and their Bells.*

By Sir JOHN HARINGTON,  
Of *Kelston*, neer *Bath*, Knight.”



*The Occasion<sup>3</sup> why this Worke was taken  
in hand.*

[BY SIR JOHN HARINGTON.]

ABOUT the monthe of August last past, [A. D. 1606] his Majestie then being at Windsor, a Londoner of honest credit told me how a preacher in the citty had, with more zeale than discretion, (reprehending the spoylers of the Church, and such as gape for such spoys) told withall how some lewd<sup>4</sup> person had scatterd in divers places this ryme :

*Henry the 8. pulld down abbeys and cells,  
But Henry the 9. shall pull down Bishops and bells.*

This most reasonles ryme, borne away by the vulgar auditors better perhaps than any part of the text or sermon, hath bred since amongst divers men dyvers cogitations. The worst sort

<sup>3</sup> Not printed in the editions of Dr. Chetwind and Mr. Harington ; though subjoined as a postscript to the MS. copy of this production in the British Museum, marked Bibl. Reg. 17 B. xxii. It is here brought forward as a preface, in lieu of Dr. Chetwind's dedicatory epistle, on the recommendation of Mr. Malone.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. ignorant, unlearned.



of papists, that have not yet digested the dissolution of abbeys, (and may perhaps in a factious pollicie broach such a bruite<sup>5</sup>) fill men with feare that all tends to impietie and atheism, as though no man can serve God that is not a Romane. The guiddy puritan, that is most suspected of the making and meaning of it, is well pleasd when he hears yt, hoping their presbitery would rise by the fall of Bishops; their charitie being to quench the fyre raisd by this schisme, *non aqua, sed ruina, not with water but with rewine*, as Tully saith in his oration *pro Murena*. The malcontent rejoyces to heare of spoyle, that he whom no chaunce can lightly<sup>6</sup> make worse, some chaunge may possiblie make the better.— But the trew christian, that fears God and honors the king, doth neither dispise such lewd practises and preparatives to mischeife, nor any whit deject his hart and his hope, either to beleeve them or give way to them; but rather bestirrs himselfe the more couragiously, to discover the frawd and resist the mallice of the enemy. For this is no new practice of Sathan, nor the first of this kynde in theis latter times in which he sheweth this cunning; that mixing

<sup>5</sup> i. e. report.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. commonly :—as in Shakspeare's K. Richard III.

“ Short summers *lightly* have a forward spring.”

falshood with probabillities, and forespeaking<sup>7</sup> some mischeifes he would effect, as well as foretelling some blessings he could not hinder; he getteth his disciples such credit as Agrippa attributes to astrologers, who roving<sup>8</sup> somtimes at some truthe, win fooles to give faith to much falshood.

But to shew how stale this goodly prediction is of the rewin of Bishops, though some ill poet hath given it a new coate, the old vestiment made by Peirce Ploughman<sup>9</sup> being belike worne out of fashion, yt is well knowne to many yet lyving how Sr. Roger Manhood,<sup>2</sup> a man nothing superstitious, and concerning all sooth-

<sup>7</sup> i. e. predicting.

<sup>8</sup> A term in archery for shooting unequal lengths.

<sup>9</sup> The following passage appears to be here alluded to, in this ancient alliterative satire.

——“ then shall come a King and confesse you religious,  
And beat you, as the byble telleth, for breking of your rule,  
And amend monials, monkes, and chanons,  
And put hem to her penaunce ; *ad pristinum statum ire.*”

Passus X. fol. 50, edit 1550.

<sup>2</sup> Probably Sir Roger Manwood, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

sayers and witches almost incredulous, yet out of some straunge speculation seemd to prognosticate two great matters, the one of which being allready falsified, makes me no lesse confident that the other shall prove as untrew.

His *first* prognostication (as I call it) was of the great civill warrs that would rise by the uncertainty of succession immediatlie after Q. Elizabeth's death, for which cause I have heard he conveyd his land so, as no state of inheritance should remayne in any of his heysr till 5 yeares after the Queene's death, which was his time lymitted for ending this great warr, which war lasted not five minutes, for neither man nor mouse once peeped against her indubitat *heyre*, and therefore, now his heyre may possess his more doubtfull inheritance.

His *second* speculation asketh a more longer time to disprove ; but thus it was. In his lifetime he made a tombe of good valew, for matter as well as workmanship, and shewing the same, among others, to a knight of his contry, (Sir Ed. Hobby<sup>3</sup>) both for witt, learning, and ally-

<sup>3</sup> One of the gentlemen of the privy-chamber to K. James, a patron of the learned Camden, and a person, says Wood, much noted for his eminent endowments of mind and body.

ance, of great reputacion ; he was asked by the said knight, where it should stand, whether in Pouls, or Westminster, or Canterbury ; he told him, verie seriously, he had given order to set it in a mean parrish church : and being asked the reason, he answerd—“ because, forsooth, he would be glad to have his bones ly quiet, as long as he might, but (saith hee) you see the abby churches are already pulld down, and our wy-sards tell that cathedrall churches shall be next ; the pore parrish churches will stand longest, and therefore there would I ly.”—And there you may ly, and be found a lyar in this poynt even at the day of judgement, and God deale then as mercifully with you and your man Luker, as our late Sovereigne did, when she told you the story of Cambyses,<sup>4</sup> and threattend to make you such an example, for some *peccadilios* of yours ; and your peremptory wryting to the Lords of the Councell.

*Omnes qui sunt malè agentes,  
Semper currunt ad potentes,  
Vivat Rex, currat Lex.*

Adew my Lords.

<sup>4</sup> The story of Cambyses, as told by Herodotus and dramatized by Tho. Preston, is marked by the following catastrophe. “ As he in saddle would have leapt, his sword from sheath did go, Goring him up into the side ;—his life was ended so.”

After all which, she forgave all this; and sent you doune your circuite, not only with safetie but with solace.

But now I returne to our new prophecies, one of which I have here expressed, (beeing afore so famous) the others I will not recyte, least I may seeme to committ the fault I reprove; but the prophets themselves have ill success, to hazard both their liberties and lyves with their lyes. This trayterous and malicious prediction of Henry the 9th (whom I wishe no longer to hold the crowne then he can be content to expect it) comes out of the same forge with the former, and is now newly furbusht by some malcontent (as Sir Thomas Chaloner,<sup>5</sup> when I first told him of it, did as probably as prudently conjecture) that wishing evill to the present goverment, in his false heart, would also, as far as in him lyeth, poyson the hope of our children and posteritie; a treason so much more odious to all good minds, by how much the future time is ever more carefully respected than the present; every good spirit being readie to undergoe hazard, travaile, and cost, to leave his posteritie

<sup>5</sup> Tutor and afterwards Chamberlain to Prince Henry.

in good estate when he dyes, and to dy himself in peace, as Horace doth very well expresse,

*Senes ut in otia tuta recedant.*

But when I consider with my selfe that no lesse pious then wise and princely maxim of his Majestie, our Sollomon; *No bishops, no king*: to which I dare be bold to ad this; *No king, no nobillitie or gentry*:—I conceive, with extreame detestation, what a horrible confusion they entend to bring upon us, that now breathe out to us their prophecies of pulling down bishops.

This made me bold first to recommend to the noble Prince, (with the privitie of his discreet and virtuous tutor, Mr. Newton, Deane of Dirham,<sup>6</sup>) this well approved worke<sup>7</sup> of Dr. Fraunces Godwin, now Bishop of Landaffe; a worke so well esteemed by our late Sovereaigne, as in

<sup>6</sup> Afterwards made a Baronet. Vide Athen. Oxon. I. 420.

<sup>7</sup> "A Catalogue of the Bishops of England, since the first planting of Christian religion in this island, together with a briefe History of their lives and memorable actions, so neere as can be gathered out of antiquity. By F. G. Sub-deane of Exceter." 1601. 4to.

rewarde thereof she made himself a bishop. Then, with small entreatie, I undertooke to adde this SUPPLY unto it of the late times, with as much fidellitie and perspicuitie, and as little partiallity, as possiblie I could; which thoughe I thinke fitt to be seene of few, yet I wish it may be perused by his Highnes; and hope, in some respects, it wil be thought not unworthy of his reading. For, in reading of both, he shall playnly see, that Christian religion was first planted by bishops, that it hath beene preserved and continued with bishops, and that it will fall and decay without bishops; as in some other tretis I will, God willing, more speacially prove.

But now if any one should aske, why such a man as I should busie my selfe so earnestly in a cause that concerns so manie and so learned men; all much better able to defend themselves, and all more properly or at least more deeply interested in the same?—I answer, that the lesse I am interested in it, the better I may be credited. As I have observed sometime how in a campe, when for lack of pay, or some other distresse, the souldiers are ready to mutinie against their captayns, or the generall himself; a corporall, or a gentleman of a band, doth prevaile more many times to pacifie their mynd,

then the captaines themselves, against whom they be chieflie exasperate: so in this spirituall mutiny against bishops, by many inferior soldiers of the militant church, that having glutted themselves with *manna*, murmur against Moyses and Aron; it may be my perswasion (though neither so eloquent nor vehement as some of them could use in their own cause) may prevaile more with those of my sort, and be less suspected of passion or partialitie, esteeming my self for this purpose, as Tully said of himself, *non electus ex multis qui maximo iudicio, sed relictus ex omnibus qui minimo periculo possim dicere: not as a choyce man among the best, that can speak with most judgment, but as one left among the meanest, which may discourse with least daunger.* In which kynde, if I use more freedome of speache then ordinary, either of the dead or of the lyving, let me not be deemd either malicious or audacious; having learned of the same author, *Qui verè et liberè loquitur, hunc malè non loqui: a trew and free speaker is no evill speaker.* And if any finde fault that my relacions fall short in many places of their merits of whom I speake, and in some poynts may seeme but uncertaine; I must be borne with therein, as they that report battells fought, at which themselves were present:



who though they could not from any one place see all the feats of aims, and defeats, that they write of; yet telling part of that he saw and felt, as Æneas doth, *quorum pars una fui*; and gathering part by the sequell, and some by other mens report, or the enemies confession, is supposed to write a trew history.

Lastly, for all such as seeme daunted and dismayd with these fond<sup>8</sup> predictions, I wishe them to be of good comfort, and to assure themselves that it is impossible a Prince descended of such auncestors, so vertuously brought up, so devoutly and sweetly inclyned, by nature and nurture; whose father with incomparable wisdom and pietie hath new erected 14 bishoppricks decayed, and (which is an *augurium* against this wicked prediction) turned a broken cannon in Scotland to a bell, should so straungely degenerate in England, to pull down 24 bishoppricks so long since and so firmly established; and to prophane bells, ordaynd for the sounde of joy, and honour of Christian peace, to make of them cannons, the thunderers of rewins and horror of Turkish warrs.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. weak, foolish.

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A  
SUPPLIE OR ADDICION  
TO THE  
CATALOGUE OF BISHOPS,  
TO THE YEARE 1608.

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[OF THE  
*ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY;*]  
AND FIRST OF  
DR. PARKER.<sup>9</sup>

WHEN I consider with myselfe the hard beginning, though more prosperous success of the reformed Church of England, meethinks it may be compared to a battaile foughten, in which

<sup>9</sup> Matthew Parker was made Abp. of C. in 1559. Ob. 1575. Æt. 72. The industrious biographer, John Strype, published a circumstantial memoir of him in 1711. Granger says, it should be remembered to his honour that he was the founder of the society of Antiquaries in England. He published the "Bishops Bible;" and translated "The whole Psalter into English metre." This work was printed in quarto by John Day, and is pointed out by Warton as a book of uncommon rarity. The copies are thought to have been presented to several of the nobility by the wife of the Archbishop, Margaret Parker, of whom Fuller has given a high character in his Church-history.

some captayns and souldiers, that gave the first charge, either dyed in the feild, or came bleeding home ; but such as followed, putting their enemies to flight, remayned quiet and victorious. Or I may more fitly (without offence) liken it to the successe of them of the primitive church, wherein the apostles and their immediat successors, were one while honoured and magnified by their followers the christians ; as St. Peeter, at whose feet the beleevers layd all their goods ; and St. Paule, who was received as an angell of God ; another while tormented, and persecuted, by Jewes and Heathen ; as the same apostles, whipped by Jews ; hanged and headed by the Romans ; sometimes, I say, a centurion, a lieutenant, a proconsull, favouring them ; straight a priest, a scribe, and a lawyer, promoting against them : a few of Cæsar's household willing well unto them, and beleiving them ; but the Cæsars themselves for three hundred yeeres (except a verie few) detesting and suppressing them. For in such sort Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, Hooper, Rogers, Coverdal, and many others, induring great conflicts in those variable tymes of Henry the Eight, King Edward, and Queene Mary, suffering by fyre, by imprisonment, banishment, losse and deprivation, with many fights, many flights, and ma-

nie frights, for their conscience sake ; those that died, had the glory of valiant soldiers, and wor-thie martirs ; such as survived, have since in a longe and happy peace, enjoyed the comfort of the victorie, and are like still to hold it, if some mutinous souldiers of their own campe, do not by disturbing the peace at home, give heart to the enemy abroad. Among the survivors of these first leaders, that past so many pykes, the first in tyme, and the highest in place, was Dr. Matthew Parker, who, (as by this <sup>2</sup>author is noted) having lost all his lyvings for his mary-adge,<sup>3</sup> now being made Archbishop of Canterbury, dissembled not his mariadge, as Craumer in King Henry the Eighthis time, was forced to doe ; which, because some have taken occasion to note with too black inke, to exclude him from the reputation of a rubricated martyr ; and have cyted the testimony of his sonn's widdow, yet living, that she was carryed in a trunke, and by misfortune almost styfled, by being set

<sup>2</sup> Bishop Godwin.

<sup>3</sup> This happened in the second Year of Q. Mary's reign, if we are to credit " *Historiola, a litle Storye of the Actes and Life of Mathew, Archbishoppe of Canterb.*" dated 1574, a very scarce tract of a libellous tendency, in the possession of my friend Mr. Todd.

by an ignorant porter with her head downward ; (which talke goes very currant among Papists) I can truly affirme that this is a meer fiction, for I have examined the gentlewoman her self (being of kin to my wife, and a Rogers by name) and she hath sworne to me, she never reported, nor ever her self heard, of anie such misfortune.

But now though this Archbishop (Parker) dissembled not his mariadge, yet Q. Elizabeth would not dissemble her dislike of it. For wheareas it pleasd her often to come to his house, in respect of her favour to him that had beene her mothers chaplayn, being once above the rest greatlie feasted ; at her parting from thence, the archbishop and his wife being together, she gave him very speciall thanks, with gracious and honorable tearms, and then looking on his wife ; “and you, (saith she) *Madam* I may not call you, and *Mistris* I am ashamed to call you, so I know not what to call you, but yet I do thanke you.”

It is true, she misliked mariadge in bishops, and was not very forward to allow it in some of the layity ; for I knew one of good place about her, that had contracted himself to a riche widow, yet would not adventure to marry her, till he

had gotten the Queene to wryte for that which he had obtained before, to the intent that the Queene, reputed it as her benefitt, might not dislike with her owne act. But for cleargiemen, *cæteris paribus*, (and sometime *imparibus* too,) she preferred the single man afore the married.

VOL. II.

B

OF ARCHB. EDMOND GRYNDAL.<sup>4</sup>

OF MR. Edmond Grindhall, whereas my author wrytes he was blynde, I have heard by those that knew somewhat in those days, that he kept his house upon a straunge occasion, the secret whereof is known to few, and the certainty is not easie to find out; but thus I was told it.

There was an Italian Doctor (as I take it, of Physicke) that having a known wife alyve, yet bearing himself on the countenance of some great <sup>s</sup>lord, did marry another gentlewoman, (which to doe now, is by his Ma<sup>ties</sup>. most godly lawes made felony.) This good archbishop, (not winking at so publique a scandall,) convented him for it, and proceeded by ecclesiasticall censures against him. Letters were pre-

<sup>4</sup> Made Abp. of C. 1573. Died in 1583. Æt. 63. This learned reformer was, in the reign of Mary, one of the exiles for religion in Germany, but returning to England on the accession of Elizabeth, he was appointed one of the public disputants against popery. The *Algrind* of Spenser is said to be the name of *Grindal* anagrammatized. See Upton's Preface to the Faerie Queene.

<sup>5</sup> Lord Leicester.

sently written from this great lord to the archbishop, to stay the proceeding, to tolerate, to dispence, or to mitigate the censure; but the bishop remayned still unmoved and unmoveable. When no subjects intreaty could be found to prevaile, they intreat the soveraign to write in the doctors behalfe; but this John Baptist not only persisted in his *non licet habere eam*, but also in a reverent fashion, requyred an account of her Majesties faith, in that she would seeme to wryte in a matter that (if she were truly informed) was expressly against the word of God. The Queene in a gracious disposition was purposed to have yeilded an account in wryting; but the great lord not onely disswaded her from it, as too great an indignity, but incensed her exceedingly against him; whereupon, he was privately commaunded to keepe his house; where bycause he was sometime troubled with sore eyes, his frends gave out he was blynd. But if he were blynde, it was like to the southsayer Tiresias that foresaw and foretold Pentheus ruine, as Ovid wrytes,

*Et veniet,<sup>6</sup> (nec enim dignabere numen honore :)  
Meq; sub his tenebris nimum vidisse quereris.*

<sup>6</sup> *Evenient : neque, &c.* Met. lib. iii. Delph. edit.



For that lord, that so persecuted this prelate about his phisitians two wyves, dying twenty yeares since, left two <sup>7</sup>wyves behind him, that can hardly be yet agreed which was his lawfull wife. And so much for Archbishop Grindall.

<sup>7</sup> Lady Sheffield, and Lady Essex.

DOCTOR [JOHN] WHITEGIFT.<sup>7</sup>

UPON the decease of Archbishop Grindall, (the state desirous to have a learned and discreet person, in so eminent a place, and the Queen resolved to admit none but a single man;) choyce was made of Doctor Whitegift, then Bishop of Worster, a man in many respects very happy, and in the best judgements very worthie. He was noted for a man of great learning in Cambridge, and he was grown to his full ripeness of reading and judgement, even then, when those that they called Puritans (and some merely define to be *Protestants skar'd out of their witts*) did begin [not<sup>8</sup>] by the plott of some great ones, but by the pen of Mr. Cartwright,<sup>9</sup> to defend their new discipline: their endeavor (as was pretended) was to reduce all, in show at least, to

<sup>7</sup> Ld. President of Ludlow Castle; made Abp. of C. 1585, and died in 1603, aged 72. There is a printed epitaph upon him in the Museum, which consists chiefly of acrostics on his name and titles. Some of his original letters occur in the cathedral library, Canterbury.

<sup>8</sup> Printed copy.

<sup>9</sup> A Puritan divine, of considerable eminence, whose life has been given in the new edition of Biog. Britannica, Vol. iii.

the purity, but indeed to the poverty, of the primitive church.

These bookes of Mr. Cartwright, not unlearnedly written, were more learnedly answered by Doctor Whitegift. Both had their reward: for Mr. Cartwright, was by private favour placed about Coventry, where he grew rich, and had great maintenance to live on, and honord as a Patriarcke, by manie of that profession. Doctor Whitegift was made Bishop of Worcester, and theare having a great good report of houskeeping, and governing the marches of Walles, he was (as my authour<sup>9</sup> hath told,) called unto Canterbury.

While he was Bishop of Worcester, though the revenew of it be not verie great, yet his custom was to come to the Parliament very well attended, which was a fashion the Queen liked exceeding well. It happened one day, Bishop Elmer, of London, meeting this Bishop with such an orderly troope of *Tawny Coats*,<sup>2</sup> de-

<sup>9</sup> Bishop Godwin.

<sup>2</sup> *Tawny coats* would seem to have been the livery given by bishops. Hence, in Shakspeare's Henry the Sixth, Part I. Winchester enters, attended by a train of servants in *tawny coats*.

maunded of him, "How he could keepe so many men?" he answered, "It was by reason, he kept so few women."

Being made Archbishop of Canterbury, and of the pryvie councell, he caried him self in that mylde and charitable course, that he was not only greatly approved by all the cleargie of England, but even by some of those, whom with his penn he might seeme to have wounded; I meane the Puritans, of whom he won divers, by sweete perswasions to conformitie.

In the Starre Chamber, he used to deliver his sentence in a good fashion, ever leaning to the mylder censure as best became his calling.

He was a great stay in court and councell, to all oppressions of the church, though that current was sometime so violent, as one mans force could not stop it.

He founded an hospitall in or nygh Croyden, and placed poore men therein, in his own life tyme, and being growne to a full age, that he might say with St. Paule, *bonum certamen certavi, cursum confeci*, &c. he was so happie, as

to give to his soveraigne and preferrer, the last spirituall comfort she tooke in this world, (I hope to her eternall comfort.) And after that, he not only joyned with the other lords, for the proclaiming of King James, but on Saint James day following, did set the crowne on his head, and anoynted him with the holy oyle. And so having first seene the church settled under a religious king, and the crowne established in a hopefull succession, he fell into a palsie, (to which he had bene formerly subject,) and with no long or paynful sickness, he yeildeth to nature, deserving well this epitaph, written by a younge scholler of Oxford that was with me at the wryting thereof.

*Candida dona tibi Whitegift, sunt nomen et  
omen,*

*Candidiora tuis munera nemo dedit :*

*Nomen habes niveo inscriptum nunc ergo lapillo,  
Aut stola, pro meritis redditur alba tuis.*

DOCTOR RICHARD BANCROFT.<sup>3</sup>

UPON the death of Arch-bishop Whitgift, divers worthie men were named in the vacancy. His Majestie, not (after the manner of some princes,) seeking to keepe it vacant, but rather hasting to fill it. The Bishops of Durham and Winchester were, as it were, *voce populi*, made competitors with the bishop of London, rather by their eminency of merit and learning, then by any known desyre, or endeavor of them or their frends. Wherein methinks, by the way, envy it self cannot but gratulate the church of England, that is so furnished with learned bishops, that if choyce had bene to be made, not by a judicious prince, but by the fortune of a lott among those three, and many more beside, it could not have fallen amisse.

But his Majestie had long since understanding of his wryting against the *genevising* and *scotising* ministers; and though some imagined he had therein given the king some distaste, yet finding him, in the disputacions at Hampton

<sup>3</sup> Bp. of London, 1597. Abp. of C. 1604. Ob. 1610. Æt. 67.

Court, both learned and stowt, hee did more and more increase his lyking to him. So that although in the common rumour, Thoby Mathew then bishop of Durham, was lykest to have caryed it; so learned a man, and so assiduous a preacher, *qui in concionibus dominatur*, as his emulous and enemy wrate of him; yet his Majestie, in his learning, knowing, and in his wisdom, weighing, that this same [strict charge *pasce oves meos*<sup>4</sup>] *feed my sheepe*, requyres as well a pastorall courage of dryving in the stray sheep, and dryving out the infectious, as of feeding the sounde, made speciall choyse of the bishop of London, as a man more exercised in affayres of the state. I will add also mine owne conjecture out of some of his Majesties own speaches, that in respect he was a single man, he supposed him the fitter, according to Queene Elizabeths principles of state; upon whose wise foundacions, his Majestie doth daylie erect more glorious buildings.

But I lose labour to repeat these things, to your Highness<sup>5</sup> better known then to myself. I should only speake of the former tymes.

<sup>4</sup> Wanting in the Brit. Mus. MS.

<sup>5</sup> *Prince Henry*, to whom this work was addressed.

Of his beginning, therefore, and rying, I will boldly say that, which I would I might as truly of all that follow in this treatise, *viz.* that he came to all his preferments very clearly, without prejudice or spoyle of his churches.

He was tutor in Cambridge, to the Lo: Cromwell, who had cause to wish, and (as I have heard) hath wisht, he had stayd with him longer, though he were sharpe and austere. My Lo: Chauncellor Hatton made speciall choyse of him, to be his examiner.

*Est aliquid, de tot Graiorum millibus, unum  
A Diomede legi.*

By his means Queene Elizabeth came to take knowledge of his wisdom and sufficiency. He both wrote, as I touched before, and laboured earnestly by all good means, for the suppressing of the fantastical novelists, after the strange and frantike attempt of Hacket<sup>6</sup> and his fellows.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> For an account of Hacket's impieties and tumultuary proceedings, see Weever's Discourse of Funeral Monuments, and Parsons's third Part of a Treatise of three Conversions of England, 1603.

<sup>7</sup> Arthington, Coppinger, &c.



Which practise, though the braunches thereof were easily cut off, yet was it thought to have a more daungerous and secret root.

But for these his travails, as the Queene and state favord him, so these "seditious sectaries," (to use Judge Popham's<sup>8</sup> word, that would not have them called puritans) they, I say, no lesse maligned him in lybells and rymes, for they were voyd of reasons, laying the imputacion of papistry unto him; and some of theis were punished in the Star-chamber; namely, one *Darling*, the last Starre-chamber day in Queene Elizabeth's tyme, was sharply censured. And it is no wonder, if they lov'd him not, for indeed he had stowtly opposed their chiefest *dearlings*.

As for the imputation of papistrie, which they lay on all men that crosse their designs, he is so free from it, that I can truly affirme, the greatest blow the papists receaved in all Q: Elizabeths time, came from his hand, or at least from his head: for having wisely observed the emulacion, and ambition, and envy, that lurked in the minds

<sup>8</sup> Sir John Popham, according to Camden, was Lord Chief Justice of the *King's Bench*, but according to Dugdale, of the *Common Pleas*. Ob. 1607.

of their secular priests, and the Jesuits, one against another, he found the means, by the same policy, and with the like spirit, that St. Paule set the Pharisees against the Sadducees, to set the priests against the Jesuits, Watson<sup>9</sup> against Parsons, (*impar congressus*) but yet thereby he so devided their languages, as skantly they can understand one another as yet.

<sup>9</sup> Watson was a secular priest, and published a quarto volume, entitled "A Decacordon of ten Quodlibetical Questions, concerning Religion and State; wherein the authour, framing himselfe a Quilibet to every Quodlibet, decides an hundred crosse interrogatorie Doubts, about the generall Contentions betwixt the seminarie Priests and Jesuits," 1600.

Watson affirms that the Pope's excommunication exposed Q. Elizabeth to be warrantably destroyed, and that there were many endeavours used by the jesuited papist (Parsons) first to excommunicate, and then to shorten the life of K. James. But, as honest Izaak Walton observes, Watson was an angry adversary, and his affirmations are to be received with caution. Life of Sir. H. Wotton, in Reliq. Wottonianæ.

Among the MSS. of the royal library in the British Museum, is "a Petition discoursory" from Henoch Clapham to Henry Pr. of Wales, whence it appears that the petitioner had been imprisoned on a warrant from the Bp. of London, for certain allegations of improper conduct as a minister during the plague, but really, as he asserts, on account of a dislike which the bishop had taken, because Clapham had preached against the "Watsonicall policy of a Quodlibeticall Saint, who, for his treason since, came to be canonized at the gallowes."

These things acted, before the King your fathers happie entry, I thought good to touch, though more sparingly than my perticular affection and his just deserts do give me occasion.— Of his late employments, of his great care in setting forward and setting forth all his Majesties godly proceedings, though I know much, yet if I should say all I know, perhaps it is less then your Highnes knowes; therefore I will conclude with that, which the truth rather than my kindness enforceth me to say,—that no bishop, since I can remember, hath bene counted more vigilant in looking to his chardge, *ne quid Ecclesia detrimenti capiat.*

OF THE  
*BISHOPS OF LONDON;*  
 AND FIRST OF  
 BISHOP ELMER.<sup>1</sup>

MY purpose in this worke from the beginning, and my promise to your Highnes, being to add to this author,<sup>2</sup> a supplie of some matters that he purposely omitted wryting in the latter yeares of Q. Elizabeth; and my resolution being to wryte playnly, without feare or favor of those I do write, I will proceed confidently, as I have begun; in which, I perswade myself I have some advauntage of the author himself, for freedom of speach, both in the tyme, and many other circumstances:—for he was no foole that gave that rule,

———*Mitissima sors est*  
*Regnorum, sub rege novo.* Lucan.

<sup>1</sup> Or *Aylmer*. Made Bp. of L. in 1576. Ob. 1594. Æt. 73.

<sup>2</sup> Bishop Godwin.

Againe, I being a lay-man, am not so obnoxious to their reprehensions, that may be offended with that I shall say, as he was, being a churchman.

Thirdly, I livd in the place, where I might know many things without enquiry, which had bene scarce safe for him, in that tyme to enquire after.

Lastly, he writes to the world publicquely, and I but privately to your Highnes. Therefore I will proceed *quoad sciam, poteroque*.

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THE first bishop is Mr. John Elmer, of whom my author hath spoken too little, and I, perhaps, shall seeme to say too much. Yet once I thought to have sayd somewhat of Bonner, because I may remember him living in the late Queens tyme unbishopped, and went sometime abroade; but I was so younge then, as I could judge nothing; and he was so hated, that every ill-favord fat fellow that went in the streete, they would say, it was Bonner. But me thinks now, by that I have heard of him, I could lyken him to Dionisius the tyrant of Syracuse,

who being crewell and peremptory in prosperitie, was both pacient and pleasant in adversitie. For example, that tyrant being expelled his realme, and lyving a poore pedant, was one day with men of meane sort, drinking in a tavern ; some Diogenes espying him, came to him with reverence, opening, and shaking his upper garment, (for so they used in those days, that came into the Kings chamber, to show they had no weapons.) Dionisius perceiving the scorn, was nothing troubled, but bad him come and drinke with him, and shake his clothes at the going out, that his host might see he caryed nothing with him. So Bonner, having twice lost his bishopruck, walking with his tippet<sup>4</sup> in the strete, one begg'd it of him in scoffe, to lyne a coate ; “ No, (sayth he) but thou shalt have a fooles head, to lyne thy cap.” And to another, that bad him “ good morrow bishop *quondam* ;” he straight replyed, “ Farewell, knave

<sup>4</sup> An academic badge worn by the proctors, or their deputies ; who are described by Mr. Maurice, in his “ Oxonian,” as

“ a tribe of sages

Dreadful with *Tippet*, source of dire dismay

To Freshmen, and the whole unbearded race.”

Poems, Epistolary, Lyric, and Elegiacal.

*semper.*"<sup>5</sup> I have bene told also, that one shewed him his own picture in the Booke of Martyrs, in the first edicion, of purpose to vex him; at which he laught, saying, "a vengeance of the foole, how could he get my picture drawne so right?" And when one askt him if he were not ashamed to whip a man with a beard? he laught, and told him, "his beard was grown since; but (saith he) if thou hadst bene in his case, thou wouldst have thought it a good commutacion of penance, to have thy bumme beaten, to save thy bodie from burning:"—but this is too much of this sloven.

I come now to Bishop Elmer, whom in mine own perticular I loved very well, and yet performing truly the taske I have undertaken, I shall shew perhaps no great signe of it.

He was a man but meane of stature, yet in his youth verie valient, which he forgat not in his age. When he first became a preacher, following the popular phrase and fashion of the younger devines of those tymes, which was to envay against the superfluties of churchmen, he

<sup>5</sup> Sir John Harington has versified these quaint retorts, in his "most elegant and witty epigrams," printed in 1615, 1618, 1625, and 1634.

is remembered, namely to have used these words in a sermon, before a great auditory, “Wherefore away with your thousandes, you bishops, and come down to your hunderds, &c.” But this was but a heat of the spirit; of which not long after, by reading and conference, he was thorowly cured; in so much, as being asked by one of his own ranke, after he was Bishop of London, what he meant to preach of the braynsick fashion, he answered with the words of St. Paule, *cum essem parvulus, loquebar ut parvulus, sapiebam ut parvulus.*

But certain it is, no bishop was more persecuted and taunted by the Puritans of all sorts then he was, by lybells, by scoffs, by open rayling, and privie backbiting.

It is vulgar, yet a passage not unworthy remembering, that past betweene one Maister Madox and him: for when the bishop had reproved him about some matter concerning Puritanism, and he had answered the bishop somewhat untowardly and over thwartly; the bishop (as he was ingenious ever) said unto him,—“Thy very name expresseth thy nature, for *Mad-ox* is thy name, and thou art as mad a beast as ever I



talked with." The other, not long to seeke of an answer;—"By your favor, Sir, (said he) your deedes answer your name righter then myne: for your name is *Elmar*, and you have *mard* all the *Elms* in Fulham, by lopping them." He used for recreation to bowle in a garden; and Martin Marprelat thence takes this taunting scoffe, that the bishop would cry, "Rub,<sup>6</sup> rub, rub," to his bowle, and when it was gone too far, say, "The divell goe with it;" and then, sayth he, the bishop would follow. Thus they rub'd one another, till they were all gall'd somtimes; and the bishop was so weary of the place, that he would gladly have removed to Ely, and made great suite for it, and was put in some hope of it. I have seene a letter or two of his to his friend, subscribed thus, "Yours in love, but not in<sup>7</sup> London." Yet would he not take it with those hard conditions that were proposed, least Mr. Madocks, and his like, might call him *Eelemar*.<sup>8</sup> So as it was noted as an ill fortune of his, to have dyed Bishop of

<sup>6</sup> This appears to have been a cant phrase of the bowling-green. Freeman, in 1614, entitled the second part of his collection of epigrams, "*Rub*, and a great cast, the second *bowle*."

<sup>7</sup> with. Printed copy.

<sup>8</sup> Ely-mar. Ibid.

London, which eight before him in one hundred yeaer had not done, but bene either preferred, or deprived. He was dilligent in preaching at his cure, where he was first beneficed; and when his auditorie grew dull, and unattentive, he wold with some pretty and unexpected conceyt, move them to attention. One among the rest was this :—He read a long text in Hebrew, whereupon all seemd to listen what would come after such straunge words, as if they had taken it for some conjuration. Then he shewed their folly, that when he spake English, whereby they might be instructed and edefied, they neglected, and hearkened not unto it; and now he reade Hebrew, which they understood no worde of, they would seeme so carefull and attentive. When there was talke of daungers, and rumors of war, and invasions, then he was commonly chosen to preach in the court, and he would doe it in so chearfull a fashion, as not only shewed he had courage, but would put courage into others. “Here is much doubt, saith he, of *malum ab Aquilone*, and our <sup>7</sup>coleprophets have prophesied that *in exaltatione*

<sup>7</sup> False, lying prophets. See Tyrwhitt’s Chaucer III. 292.

Conjuring witches and coleprophets are coupled together, in the Actes and Life of Abp. Parker, noticed at p. 15.

*Lunæ Leo jungetur Leænæ.* The astronomers tell of a watry trigon; that great inundations of waters forshow insurrexions of people, and dounfal of princes: but as long as *Virgo is the ascendent with us*, we need fear of nothing; *Deus nobiscum, quis contra nos?*—and for this, the Queene would much commend him, yet would she not remove him. But though he were stoute, and wise, and rich, yet had he beside his conflicts with the Puritans; also some domesticall crosses. He had a daughter, a modest gentlewoman, and very well brought up, whom he gave in mariadge to one Mr. Adam Squyre,<sup>8</sup> a minister and preacher, and learned, but a very fantastick man, as appeared partly the first day; for as I have heard, he would needes preach at his own mariadge, upon this text; “It is not good for *Adam* to be alone.” This text he so pursued, after he had bene some years married, that though his wife were away, yet Adam would not be *alone*. This course bred jelsie, jarrs and complaynts, and the bishop (as he had good cause) reprehended his sonne in law. He, thinking to defend or at least revenge himself by recrimination, accused her to have received a love letter from a knight,

<sup>8</sup> Master of Baliol College, Oxford, and Archdeacon of Middlesex.

(but the *squyre* himself had indyted it) and this was so cunningly handled by him, and with such probabillity, that her fault was as suspitious as his was manifest. Falshood will out at last: the bishop (that feared never a knight nor lord in England) sends for the knight, (contrary to the squyres expectation) bowlts out the whole matter, finds there were treacherous tricks put on his daughter, but no *meretrix*,<sup>9</sup> and being too wise to publish his own disgrace, and too stowt to endure it; I have credibly heard (and believe it to be trew) that with a good waster he so mortified this old Adam of his sonne-in-law, *Squyre*, that he needed no other pennance but this, which was according to the old cannon, *per disciplinam et verbera*.

In his sonns he was more fortunate, then many bishops in England have been thought to have bene; his eldest being a civill gentleman, and well left; another, an excellent preacher, that hath preached oft before the King, and namely, once of this text out of the 2. of the Canticles, v. 15. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that distroy our vines; for our vines

<sup>9</sup> Quasi, *merry-tricks*.

have small grapes :” which sermon so pleased his Majestie, that besides other approbations of it, he sayd to me, that if Mr. Ellmer had not had his fathers collections and notes against Puritans, he could never have made so good a sermon:—And so much of Bishop Elmer.

OF BISHOP FLETCHER.<sup>2</sup>

THERE succeeded in lesse than one years vacation, (as hath bene allready told) Mr. Richard Fletcher, a comly and courtly prelate; but I may say, as Tully said, when he had commended king Deiotarus<sup>3</sup> to Cæsar, by the name of *Rex frugi, a frugall or thrifty prince*, he straight addeth this parenthesis, *quanquam Reges hoc verbo laudari non solent*; although, saith he, *kings are not accustomed to be praised with this word thrifty*. So I might say, that comly and courtly are no fitt epithetons for the trew praise of a prelate. I remembred before, how Ely had been long vacant, almost 20 yeares, and Bristoll and Oxenford, though both new erected bishoppricks, (saved as it were out of the rewins and ashes of the abbeys) were thought in some daunger againe to be lost. For Bristoll was held *in commendam*, and Oxford not much

<sup>2</sup> Made Bp. of London in 1594. Ob. 1596-7. He was father to John, and uncle to Phineas and Giles Fletcher, the well-known dramatic and allegorical poets.

<sup>3</sup> Deiotarus was king of Galatia, and having been accused of attempts upon Cæsar's life, was ably defended by Cicero in the Roman senate.

to be commended ; wherefore about the year 88, that same *mirabilis annus*, some of the zealous courtiers, whose devotion did serve them more to pray on the church than in the church, har-kend out for fit supplies to these places, and sent their agents to finde out some men that had great minds, and small means or meritts, that would be glad to leave a small deanry to make a poore bishopprick, by new leasing out lands, that were now almost out of lease ; but to free him from the guilt of it, the poore bishop must have no part of the fine. There was then a deane, whom I may not name ; (but to give the storie more life, I will name his place for name sake of Coventrie,) a man of great learning, but of no great lyving. To him was sent one of these foxes, “ the little foxes that distroy our vines, and make small grapes,” with this favourable message, that his honorable lord had sent him to him, to let him know how much he respected his good guifts (in which word also, there might be some equivocation) and though it was hard in those tymes to pleasure men of his worth, according to their merit, yet my lord in favour of him, hath bethought him of this course ; that whereas Salisbury was then like to he voyd by a remove, if this dean would for the present take the bishopprick of Oxford, which was then

in a long vacation also, and make leases, &c. he should the next yeare be removed to Salsbury. The honest deane, that in his soul detested such sacriledge, made this mannerly and ingenuous answer:—“ Sir, I beseech you commend my humble service to his honorable lordship ; but I pray you tell his lordship, that in my conscience, Oxford is not my right way from Coventrie to Salisbury.” What became of Oxford I shall touch, and but touch, hereafter.

I come now to bishop Fletcher, that made not so much scruple to take Bristoll in his way from Peterborough to Worcester, though that were wide of the right way, upon the sinister or bow hand many myles ; as the carde of a good conscience will plainly discover. I fortun'd to be one day at the Savoy with Mr. Secretary Walsingham, where Mr. Fletcher was then upon his dispatch for Bristow ; a familiar friend of his meeting him there, bad “ God give him joy, my lord elect of Bristoll ;” which he (taking kyndly and courtlie upon him) answered, that “it had pleased indeed the higher powers so to dispose of him ;” but said his friend in his eare,—“ Do you not lease out *tot et tot* to such and such ?” He clapping his hand on his heart, in a good gracefull fashion, replyed with the words of Naman the Syrian,



“ *Herein the Lord be mercifull to me :*”—but there was not an Elizeus to bid him *goe in peace*. What shall I say for him? *Non erat hoc hominis vitium sed temporis*. I cannot say so; for your Highnes knows I have written otherwise in a booke of mine I gave you, *Lib. 3, num. 80*.

*Alass, a fault confest were half amended,  
But sin is doubled that is thus defended;  
I know a right wise man sayes and beleeves  
Where no receavers are, would be no theeves.*<sup>3</sup>

Wherefore at the most I can but say, *dividatur*. He was a well-spoken man, and one that the Queene gave good countenance to, and discovered her favour to him, even in her reprehensions, as Horace saith of Mecænas;

—————*rerum tutela mearum*  
*Cùm sis, et pravè sectum stomacheris ob un-*  
*guem :*

for she found fault with him once for cutting his beard too short: whereas good lady

<sup>3</sup> These lines occur in the Epigrams of Sir John Harington, Lib. iii. Num. 25, according to the printed editions, from which the MS. copy given to Prince Henry must have differed, at least, in arrangement.

(if she had known it) she should have found fault with him for cutting his bishoprick so short. He could preach well, and would speake boldly, and yet keepe *decorum*. He knew what would please the Queene, and would adventure on that, though it offended others. Once I remember there had bene two Councillers sworne, within compasse of one yeare, and neither of them had a gray hayre at that tyme, whereupon he glaunst in his sermon at it with a sentence of Seneca, agaynst *juvenile consilium, privatum commodum, investum odium*: which Mr. Daniel, upon a better occasion, did put into English vearse, in this sort,

*That we may truly say, these spoyl'd the state,  
Young councill, privat gaine, and partial hate.\**

The Queene, as I said, found no fault with his liberall speach, but the frends of these councillors taxing him for it, I have heard he had this pretty shift, to tell the frends of either of them *he meant it by the other*.

\* Sir John Harington has improved upon Daniel's metre, which ran thus—

That we may truly say this spoild the state,  
Youthful counsell, private gaine, partiall hate.

Civill Wars, Book I. St. 38.

Being bishop of London, and a widdower, he married a gallant lady and widdow, sister to Sir George Gifford, the pensioner, which the Q. seemed to be extreemly displeasd at, not for the bigamie of a bishop (for she was free of any such superstition) but out of her generall dislike of cleargiemens mariadge: this being a mariadge that was talked of at least nine dayes. Yet in a while he found meanes to pacifie her so well, as she promised to come, and I think came to a house he had at Chelsey. For there was a stayre and a doore made of purpose for her in a bay<sup>5</sup> window; of which, pleasant witts descanted diverselie: some said, it was for joy, to shew he would (as the proverb is) cast the house out of the window for her wellcome; some more bytingly called it the impresse, or emblem, of his entry into his first bishoppriek, *viz.* not at the dore, but at the window. But certaine it is, that the Queene being pacified, and he in great jollity, with his fayr lady, and her carpetts and cushions in his bed-chamber, died sodainly, taking tobacco in his chayre, saying to his man that stood by him, whom he lov'd very well, "*Oh boy, I die!*"—whereupon manie bowlts<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Forsan*, bow-window.

<sup>6</sup> Arrows.

were roved after him, and some spitefullie feather'd: which, both for charitie sake, as well as brevitie, I will omitt. But this blunt one, not knowing out of whose quiver it first came, but fitting a gray goose wing, I will produce as his most vulgar epitaph:

*Here lies the first prelate made Christendom*

*see*

*A bishop a husband unto a Lady'e ;*

*The cause of his death was secret and hid,*

*He cried out, " I dye !"—and ev'n so he did.*

He was buried in the church, the deane and chapter of Powls not being so scrupulous as they of Yorke were, the 9th of Henry the first, who bycause their archbishop dyed sodainly, buried him without the church-porche, notwithstanding he had bene their great benefactor<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>7</sup> Dr. Bancroft succeeded Fletcher in 1597, and continued Bp. of London till 1604, when he was translated to Canterbury. See p. 25.

BISHOP VAGHAN.<sup>8</sup>

MR. RICHARD VAGHAN is the next that I have to speake of, being the last man named in my authors book, and of him he hath but two lynes, only declaring him to have bene then Bishop of Chester.

Upon the remove of my Lord of Canterbury, that now is,<sup>9</sup> he succeeded him in London, as is not unknown to your Highnes.

His beginning of preferment was under my Lord Keeper Puckering,<sup>2</sup> being his examiner of such as sued for the benefices in my lords gift. In which, though some complaynd he was too precise, yet for my part I ascribe to it one of

<sup>8</sup> Successively Bp. of Bangor, Chester, and London: to the latter dignity he succeeded in 1604, and died in 1607.

<sup>9</sup> Dr. Bancroft.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Puckering, after having filled the situations of Queen's Sergeant, and Speaker in the House of Commons, was raised to the office of Lord Keeper in 1592, upon the death of Ld. Chancellor Hatton. He died in 1596.

his greatest prayes. For this I know, that a preacher, being a noblemans chaplayn, and therefore qualified for two benefices, came to him recommended in good sort, and brought with him a gentleman of both their acquaintance, that sometime had been an universitie man, to speake for his approbation. Maister Vaghan examined him of no very deep poynts, and found him but shallow, and not very ready in the Roman tongue, his frend having been fayn to help him up, in two or three fowle stumbles, both of language and matter. Whereupon he dismist him, without all hope of the benefice, and after told the gentleman seriously, that if he would have it himself, he would allow him sufficient, but the sutor by no means.

He was in those daies very prompt, and ready in speache, and withall facetious. He was an enemy to all supposed miracles, insomuch as one arguing with him in the closet at Greenwich, in defence of them, and alleadging the Queens healing of the eevil for an instance, asking him what he could say against it? He answered that he was loth to answer arguments taken from the *topik place* of the cloth of

estate ; but if they would urge him to answer, he sayd his opinion was, she did it by vertew of some pretious stone in the possession of the crowne of England, that had such a naturall quality. But had Queene Elizabeth bene told, that he had ascribed more vertew to her jewells (though she lov'd them well) then to her person, she would never have made him Bishop of Chester.

He grew heavy and corpulent of a sudden, not so much with too much ease, as with too little exercise. *Corpus quod corrumpitur aggravat animam.* Soone after his remove to London, he fell into that drowsie disease of which he after dyed, growing thereby unfit for that place, that requyres a *Vigilantius*, and not a *Dormitantius*.

He was held a milde man, and was well spoken of in the citty, which somtime happeneth not to them that deserve it best. To conclude ; being taken with an apoplexy, he may be properly said to have slept with his forefathers.

DOCTOR RAVIS.<sup>3</sup>

WITHIN a few months there succeeded him Doctor Ravis, Bishop of Gloucester, who is not formerly mentioned in this booke, bycause Mr. Gollsborrow his predecessor in Gloucester was then lyving. His preferment to Gloucester makes me remember a story that some record of Scipio, who being made generall of the Roman armie, was to name his questor or treasurer for the warrs, whom he thought fitt; being a place in those dayes as is in thease, of great importaunce. One that tooke himselfe to have a speaciall interest in Scipio's favour, was an earnest sutor for it, but by the delay, mistrusting he should have a denyall, he importuned him one day for an answer. "Thinke not unkindnes in me (said Scipio) that I delay you thus, for I have bene as earnest with a frend of mine to take it, and cannot yet prevaile with him:"—noting hereby, that offices of charge and conscience, are fittest for such as shunne them modestly,

<sup>3</sup> Made Bp. of London in 1607. Ob. 1609.



rather than soche as seek them greedily. And, even so, did my lords of the councell deale with Mr. Ravis, who being then Deane of Christ-Church, which lightly<sup>4</sup> is not held, but by some choyce man of the universitie, being a place of good valew and reputacion, was requested by them to take this bishopprick, when many that sued to have it, were put by. But as he was not willing to goe thither, so they of Glocester were more unwilling he should goe thence, he wan in a short space so great good lyking of all sorts. Insomuch as some that can scant well brooke the name of a bishop, yet can be content to give him a good report.

For my part, I have observed a great chaunge in Glocester, from that it seemd to me nine yeares since, about the Earle of Essex going into Ireland; for at that tyme neither their bishop seemed to care for them, (lying at a prebend in Worcester, which methought was very inconvenient;) nor they seemed to care much for themselves; all their buildings, both publique and private, looking old and ruinous: whereas of late yeares, their bishop keeping his house neere them, and being daylie with them,

<sup>4</sup> i. e. commonly. See p. 4.

they have built them a new market-place, and are now building a fayr hall for Justice; which commendable and comfortable disposition of people, there and elsewhere, though it be principally ascribed to the joy and comfort that all well affected persons tooke of his Majestie's happie entrance, and peaceable government, and of the succession established in his hopefull issew; yet is not least to be imputed to the discretion and dilligence of the pastors that waken and stir up their charitie, and make them more sensible of God's good blessings bestowed on them. And the rather by this good bishop's means, the Lord of Shrewsbury hath very noble, and like himself, contributed to this so great and necessary worke, giving a large portion of timber towards it.

Now, as I sayd, it hath pleased his majestie to place him in London, *magistratus indicabit virum*. This publique place (for I count the other was almost private to this.) will shew what is in the man. I neede not prognosticate, but I can wish and hope, that as he is for his person comparable to Mr. Fletcher, so he may equall Doctor Elmer in courage, Doctor

Bancroft in carefullnes, and Doctor Vaghan in his mylde demeanour, to win the love of the people; and thus much be sayd concerning the Bishops of London.

OF THE

*BISHOPS OF WINCHESTER.*

HAVING past Canterbury and London, both neighbors to the court, and within the verge ; I thought the greatest part of my taske passed over. Howbeit, Winchester I finde also will afford some varietie of matter ; and as it hath bene a place that hath had many learned men, and bred many learned, both devynes, and philosophers, and poets ; so I shall take occasion in speaking of some of these that ensew, to produce some poems both Latten and English ; some made *at* Winchester, some *of* Winchester, some *against* Winchester ; not digressing herein much from the method and manner of my author ; who (as your Highnes may see) produceth good old ryming verses of fryers, both in prayse and dispraise of some of the bishops. For my purpose from the beginning, though it were chiefly to informe your knowledge with a faithfull report of some things passed in Queene Elizabeths tyme, overpassed by my author ; yet was it also to sawce it in such sort, with some

varietie of matter, not impertinent, to cheere your spirit, least a dull relation of the acts of grave gray-beards to a young Prince might grow fastidious.

First, therefore, of the first bishop Wickham, whose life my author hath set out so amply and orderly, as I neede ad nothing thereto; only bycause a man that hath made so many good schollers deserves a better vearse then that on his tombe,

*Willelmus dictus Wickham jacet hic nece victus ;  
Jugiter oretis, tumulum quicumque videtis ;—*

and such like stuffe, which a Winchester scholar now would be scourged, if he made no better. I having this pretty poem of his whole life, made by Doctor <sup>s</sup>Johnson, thought I could never do it or him more honor then to present it to your princely view; for as Sir Phillip Sidney curseth all dispisers of poetry, with this poeticall *anathema*; first, that they may bee in love, and loose their love for lacke of a sonnett; next, that when they dy, their memory may dy for

<sup>s</sup> Christopher Johnson, M. D. an eminent Latin poet, and chief master of Winchester school. He died in 1597.

want of an epitaph;<sup>6</sup> so, I would wish such as wronge good poets, no worse punishment, then to have some vile vearse written of him, (whose reading, as Martiall saith, might make a mans physick worke the better with him :) such as for the most part those lazie friers were wont to wryte. For my part, though Wickhams epitaph bee but seaven or eight lynes, and this twenty times seavn, yet I must confess it were less tedious to me at this present to reade the seaven score then the seaven; and hoping it may seeme so to you, I have here annexed them.

<sup>6</sup> This passage from Sidney's "Apologie for Poetrie," 1595, is rather inaccurately quoted. Sir Philip said—"Thus much curse I must send *you*, [the *Momus* of poetry] in the behalfe of all poets, that while you live, you live in love, and never get favour, for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth, for want of an epitaph."

[ORTUS ET VITA

## GULIELMI DE WICKHAM

*olim Episcopi Wintoniensis, & conditoris istius Collegii.<sup>7</sup>*

**Q**UA capit australes comitatu Hamptona Britannos,  
 Wickhamia est vicus nec nisi parvus ager ;  
 Vixit Johannes illic cognomine Longus  
 Cui fuit in casti parte Sibilla tori.  
 Hanc habuit patriam Gulielmus & hosce parentes  
 Wickhamus, augurio nec tamen absque bono.  
 Namque loci ut nomen, sic vim matrisque patrisq ;  
 Haud dubie in vitam transtulit ille suam.  
 Longus enim ut longo duraret tempore, caute  
 Ut bene prospiceret cuncta, Sibilla dedit.  
 Ergo sub Edvardo natus regnante secundo,  
 Tunc ubi ter sceptri sexta cucurrit Hyems,  
 Viginti primos studiis & moribus annos  
 Wickhamiæ (patris cura ea summa) dedit.  
 Nec tamen hic omnes, nam partem temporis hujus  
 Venta & Edingdoni præsulis aula tulit :  
 Protinus Edvardi translatus tertii in aulam  
 Non fieri nullo cœpit & esse loco,  
 Namque bis octo annis recte & feliciter actis  
 Rem fidei plenam consiliique subit ;  
 Windesora fuit pagus celeberrimus, illic  
 Rex statuit castri mænia magna sui :

<sup>7</sup> Added in the printed copy.

Wickhamus huic operi præponitur, inde probatum est  
 Ingenio quantum polluit, arte, fide  
 Ergo fit Edvardo charus Custosque Sigilli.  
 Non ita post multos incipit esse dies.  
 Nec tamen optati meta hæc fuit ultima honoris,  
 Crevit adhuc regi charior usque suo :  
 Usque adeo ut sexto sit factus Episcopus anno,  
 Jussus Ventana pascere in urbe gregem.  
 Hic mihi vaniloqui minuenda est fabula vulgi,  
 Fabula de tanto non bene ficta viro,  
 Namque nec Estmeonam petiit fallaciter unquam,  
 Sed tulit auratum Rege sciente pedum  
 Nec fuit indoctus, doctos facturus, ut illum  
 Fama refert Regi verba dedisse suo.  
 Consule quæ in tanti gessit molimine regni  
 Prudentem dices palladiumque virum.  
 Consule quæ in sacri scribuntur calce statuti  
 An faceret doctos, addubitasse scies :  
 Adde quod (historici si pagina vera Frosarti <sup>s</sup>est)  
 Rex Intercessor præsul ut esset erat,  
 Missa igitur vulgi faciamus verba prophani,  
 Quærat et exactam nostra Thalia fidem :  
 Wickhamus ad summos evector præsul honores,  
 Edvardo inque dies charior inque dies,  
 Jam patriæ lumen, jam Cancellarius idem  
 Summus erat, Regi presidiumque suo.

<sup>s</sup> Mr. Hayley has recorded, with honourable distinction,

“ A faithful Chronieler in plain FROISSART ;  
 As rich in honesty as void of art.”

Essay on History.



Cum subito (sic magna ruunt summisque negatum est  
     Stare diu) ex tanto decidit ille gradu ;  
 Namque per invidiam Regi dilatus ab illo,  
     Pellitur e patria, missus ut exul, humo :  
 Hoc factum est potius regem stimulante Senatu,  
     Quam quod erat culpæ conscius ille malæ,  
 An tamen exiret Regno, non convenit, et sunt  
     Qui pænæ summam displicuisse putant.  
 Interea moritur Rex hic Edvardus, & ejus  
     Opportuna Nepos sceptrâ Richardus habet :  
 Hic jubet exilio revocetur præsul ab isto,  
     Utque locum rursus quem tulit ante ferat ;  
 Quin etiam census cereales reddit ad annos  
     Tres minus exilii quod puto tempus erat.  
 His opibus dives, mentemque per omnia versans  
     Non male quo servet tam bene parta modo ;  
 Sed quid agat virtute sua, quid præsule dignum,  
     Quidve Deo, tantas cui referebat opes.  
 Post alia Oxonii (quod longum duret in ævum  
     Possit et a memori posteritate coli,)  
 Constituit pulchros studiis Phœboque penates,  
     Atque sacram Musis ædificare domum ;  
 Septima crevit Hiems post fundamenta locata  
     Ingreditur Custos, et sua turba, larem ;  
 Turba (nec his pueros famulosque decemque ministros  
     Infero) quæ capiat, terque quaterque decem  
 His dedit et fundum curatoresque paravit.  
     Otia discentum, qui bene semper alant.  
 Magna quidem sunt hæc, tamen hæc tam magna placere  
     Lector, adhuc tanto, non potuere viro.

Namque opere exacto, hoc, vix proxima fluxerat æstas  
 Quum parat alterius tecta locare domûs  
 Quæ prope Ventanæ bene cæpta Palatia sedis  
 Crevit, et in sexto vere parata stetit.  
 Ergo illic totidem studiosos esse jubebat  
 Queis et rectores, pedonomosque dedit.  
 Qui simulac primos compleverint fortiter annos  
 Musarum in studiis, rhetoricisque tropis,  
 Altius inque novas deducta colonia terras,  
 Oxonium semper lecta juvenus eat:  
 Hæc duo Pieriis collegia condita mistis  
 Sunt in tutela, diva Maria, tua.  
 Idcirco nova dicta puto quod nulla vetustas  
 Nulla dies morsus tendat in illa suos.  
 Hic potuit credi, finem fecisse struendi  
 Wickhamus, et sumptus jam tenuisse suos.  
 Non tenuit divi nam quicquid in æde Swithini  
 Nolari occiduam spectat ab arce plagam;  
 Concio qua festis celebratur sacra diebus  
 Quaque suo in tumulto conditus ipse jacet.  
 Totum hoc, tam vastam molem, tantasque columnas  
 Impensis struxit restituitque suis;  
 Regis opes dicet propius qui spectat, et idem  
 Vix regum tantas esse putabit opes.  
 Forsitan et Gallis (nam sic est fama) Monastis  
 Quos rex a regno jussit abire suo.  
 Reddidit æquali prætio quæcunque recepit  
 Parisiis fundos, Parisiisque lares.  
 Nec tamen hoc sumptu, minor esse domestica cæpit  
 Cura viro famulos pavit ut ante suos,  
 Pavit, et illius testatur scripta sepulchro  
 Littera, gustavit dives inopsque cibum;

Huic ita viventi quum jam longæva senectus  
 Corporis effæti debilitasset onus ;  
 Grata quies venit, vitæ non discolor actæ,  
 Ultima curarum linea, grata quies.  
 Annus erat vitæ decies octavus, & illis  
 Henrici quarti scepra diebus erant ;  
 Jam testamentum quæris si fecerit ullum ?  
 Fecit ; si fuerat quod daret ille ? fuit.  
 Quod fuerit factis reliquum tot sumptibus ? Ohe !  
 Inveniet nullam pagina nostra fidem.  
 Et tamen hoc dicam, regales vincere gazas,  
 Quæ dedit in scriptis ultima dona suis,  
 Extat opus, Cræsumque putes scripsisse vel illum  
 Cujus facta hæres Roma superba fuit :  
 Vel cujus digitis mutatum fertur in aurum  
 Quicquid in aurifluas contigit ire manus ;  
 Nec tamen ignavos bona tanta reliquit in usus,  
 Successusque bonus, propositumque fuit.

Namque diocesan ditavit templa per omnem,  
 Multaque cognatis, pauperibusque dedit :  
 Multa quopue et regi, fidis non pauca ministris  
 Sed neque gymnasiis munera pauca suis.  
 Hæc sunt ergo viri monumenta perennia tanti,  
 Cujus, dum vixit, gloria tanta fuit.  
 Nec dubito, qui sic vixit, sic mortuus idem est,  
 Quin sit apud superos, nobilis umbra deos,  
 Sitque precor, nam si cælestis clauditur aula  
 Tot meritis, nobis illa patere queat ?  
 Hactenus ire libet ; tu major laudibus istis,  
 Suscipe conatus, Wickhame dive, meos.

*And hereby* your highnes may observe how vayne that foolish tradition is, which my author discreetly omitted, as not beleiving it, yet some will still maintaine that Wickham was unlearned, and onely a survayor of buildings, and by a kinde of frawd deceived King Edward 3, (no likely prince to be so deceived) begging the parsonage of Eastmean, to which (by like authority) they will have the bishopprick of Winchester annexed as unseparable as the Earledom of Arundell to Arundell-Castle; for who could think that such a king as Edw. 3 would make Sir John Lacklattin, first his secretarie, then privie-seale, then master of the wards, and threasorer of Fraunce, and lastlie, prelate of the garter, and chauncellor of England?—And so much of the first Wickham.

OF STEPHEN GARDINER.<sup>9</sup>

**B**ECAUSE I will not alwayes be praying, but sometimes, (where just cause is given,) reprehend mens demerits, as well as magnifie their merits; I will take occasion to speake somewhat of Stephen Gardiner, twice Bishop of Winchester; and therefore may challenge to be twice remembred, though for some things of him it were to be wisht they were ever forgotten. My author directs his reader to Mr. Foxe's "Booke of Martyrs," for a more full relation of his doings; but that is so full (though I doubt not, verie faithfull) that I feare your highnes will finde it over tedious to reade. My purpose is

<sup>9</sup> Made Bp. of W. in 1531; deprived, 1550; restored, and made Ld. Chancellor, 1553. Ob. 1555. Æt. 72. He was a great and not unpatriotic statesman, says that amusing historian Mr. Andrews, but perverse and pitiless. Stalbrydge calls him 'a shameless gentleman,' in his "Epistle exhortatorye, against pompouse Popyshe Byshoppes," 1544, written, and most probably printed, at Basil, in Switzerland; for its acrimonious personalities must have subjected an English printer to a Star-chamber inquisition, and have added another article to this compend of martyrology.

therefore but to note some important observations out of his story, and after, (as I did of Wickham in Latin,) so to add some English poetry written of him, and to him, which is not to be founde in Mr. Fox, though some of it helps to confirme something concerning him, affirmed by Mr. Fox, and called in question by others. Mr. Fox therefore greatly praiseth his naturall gifts of mynde, his sharpe witt, his excellent memorie, which is indeed the storehouse of all learning and knowledge, for *tantum scimus quantum meminimus*. But to these, he said, he had great vices, as pride, envie, and crueltie, flattering to his prince, submisse to his superious, envious to his equalls, (namely to Cromwell,) and haughtie to his inferiors: these or the like, are Mr. Foxe's words. It seemes furder, in relation of his life and death, he was a catholicque-protestant, or a protesting catholicke. For as he shews at large out of his bookes<sup>2</sup> and sermons, though he received the Popes authoritie in Queene Marie's tyme;

<sup>2</sup> Particularly in "An explication and assertion of the true catholique fayth, touching the moost blessed sacrament of the aulter, with confutation of a booke written agaynst the same." Anno 1551.

yet his opinion was, (as his wrytings before declared, and as the wyser sort, I thinke, do still hold of it,) that it is but a temporall constitution of men, and agreement of princes, to allow the same; which upon just occasions they may restrayne or exclude, as they shall find cause. But yet I observe this, that although it was necessary for Queene Mary, in respect of her birth to admit of the Pope's authoritie, as the contrary was as necessary for her sister; yet this so catholique Queene, and this so popish prelate, could keepe out the Pope's legate out of England by her royall prerogative, when he would have sent a legate hither not to her lyking. Againe, he was earnest against marrying of ministers, yet he confesseth frankly, that a maryed man maie be a minister. He defended the reall presence, yet he allowed the communion under both kyndes; he wrate in defence of images, yet he publikely approved their pulling down where they were supersticiously abused. Finally, he said at his death, that it would mar all, to teach the people that they are freely justified by the blood of Christ; and yet, even then, when he could not dissemble, he confessed it to be trew doctrine.

Lo how far this stowt prelate, *cedere nes-*

*cius*, (as Mr. Fox saith of him) did yeild in those mayne poynts of Popery. 1. The Supremacie. 2. The marriage of some ministers. 3. The sacrament in both kyndes. 4. Removing images. 5. Justification.

But now for his sharp persecuting or rather revenging himself on Cranmer and Ridley,<sup>3</sup> that had in King Edward's dayes deprived him, his too great crueltie cannot be excused.

Lastly, the plotts he layd to entrap the Lady Elizabeth, his terrible hard usage of all her followers ; I cannot yet scarce think of with charity, nor wryte of with patience.

My father, only for carrying of a letter to the Ladie Elizabeth, and professing to wish her well, he kept him in the Tower twelve months, and made him spend a thousand pownd ere he could be free of that trouble. My mother, that then servd the said Lady Elizabeth, he caused to be sequestred from her as an heretique, inso-much that her own father durst not take her

<sup>3</sup> Cranmer and Ridley suffered at Oxford, in 1555.



into his house, but she was glad to sojourn with one Mr. Topclife; so as I may say, in some sort, this bishop persecuted me before I was borne.

Yet, that I speake not all out of passion, I must confess I have heard some as parcially praise his clemencie and good conscience, and namely, that he was cause of restoring many honorable houses, overthrowen by King Henry the Eight, and in King Edward's minority. The Duke of Norfolke, though Mr. Fox sayth that Gardener made him stay long for his dinner one day, yet, both he, and those discended of him were beholding to him, with the house of Stanhop, and the Lord Arundell of Warder; and I have heard old Sir Mathew Arundell say, that Bonner<sup>4</sup> was more faultie then he, and that

<sup>4</sup> Bonner appears to have been deservedly held in greater dread and detestation than Gardiner, by whom he was occasionally employed as the agent of bigotted barbarity. In the tract by Stalbrydge, before cited, he is charged with having menaced a jury of citizens at Guildhall, in 1541, for acquitting a poor innocent lad, named Richard Mekyns; and, refusing to admit their verdict, chose out another false quest to suit his purpose, nor ceased till he had brought the victim to Smithfield, and offered him up as a sacrifice to Mulciber. His brutal exultation over the degraded, and meekly-suffering Cranmer, must have been regarded with utter abhorrence.

Gardener would rate him for it; and call him *Asse*, for using poore men so bloudily; and when I would maintaine the contrary, he would say, that my father was worthie to have layn a yeare longer in prison, for the sawcie Sonnet he wrat to him from out of the Tower; which sonnet, both bycause it was written in defence of Queene Elizabeth, and because (if I be not partiall,) it is no ill vearse, for those unrefyned tymes, and toucheth the matter I enforce, I do here sett down: presupposing that in the eleven months before, hee had sent him many letters, and petitions full of reason (that could not prevaile) for his liberty, the distressed prisoner wryteth this ryme.

We cannot wonder, therefore, when it could be done with impunity, that invective should have exhausted itself in vilifying this "firebrand of the realm;" and accordingly we find that an epitaph and a dirge were published after his death, which teemed with every expression of virulent abuse. See Harl. Miscell. and Ames apud John Allde. Preston, in his "lamentable tragedy of King Cambises," compares the Persian tyrant to the English prelate, and says,

"He was a kin to bishop *Bonner*, I think verily:  
For bothe their delights was to shed blood,  
But never intended to doo any good."

Sc. ult.

**AT** least withdraw your crewelty,  
 or force the tyme to worke your will ;  
**It** is too much extreamitie,  
 to keepe me pent in prison still.  
**Free** from all fault, voyde of all cause ;  
**Without** all right, against all lawes.  
     How can you do more crewell spight  
     Then proffer wrong, and promise right ?  
     Nor can accuse, nor will acquite.

## 2

Elev'n months past, and longer space,  
 I have abid your devilish drifts,  
**While** you have sought both man and place,  
 and set your snares with all your shifts ;  
**The** faultles foote to wrap in wyle,  
**With** anie guilt, by any guile ;  
     And now you see it will not bee,  
     How can you thus for shame agree  
     To keepe him bounde you ought set free ?

## 3

**Your** chaunce was once as mine is now,  
 to keepe this hold against your will,  
**And** then you sware, you know well how,  
 though now you swarve, I know how ill.  
**But** thus the world his course doth passe,  
**The** priest forgetts that clark he was ;

5 These verses are alluded to in a letter from Sir John Harrington to Prince Henry. See Vol. I.

And you that then cry'de " Justice" still,  
 And now have justice at your will,  
 Wrest justice wronge, against all skill.

## 4

But why do I thus coldlie playne,  
 as though it were my cause alone?  
 When cause doth each man so constraine,  
 as England through hath cause to mone,  
 To see your bloodie search of Such,  
 As all the earth can no way touch:  
 And better 'twere that all your kinde,  
 Like hownds in hell, with shame were shryn'd,  
 Then you had might unto your minde.

## 5

But as the stone that strikes the wall  
 sometimes rebounds on th' hurlers head,  
 Soe your fowle fetch to your fowle fall  
 may turne, and 'noy the breast i bred,  
 And then such measure as you gave  
 Of right and justice, looke to have;  
 If good or ill, if short or long;  
 If false or trew, if right or wrong:  
 And thus, till then, I end my song.

But to shew a patterne what partiallitie can  
 paynt in his prayse, and what ill will can per-  
 vert to reproche, I will ad an elegie in English

also, written by one Mr. Pridiaux, in commendacion, and the same answered in execration of the same bishop.

## 1

THE saints in Heav'n rejoyce,  
 this earth and we may wayle ;  
 Sith they have wonn and we have lost  
 the guide of our availe.

## 2

Though death have loosed life,  
 yet death could not deface  
 His worthie works, his stayed state,  
 nor yet his guifts of grace.

## 3

As Gardner was his name,  
 so gardned he his life  
 With justice, and with mercie both,  
 to stay the weedes of strife.

## 4

A Steeven in religion stott,  
 a bishop by his acts,  
 A faithfull man most free from frawd,  
 as witnes bee his facts.

73

5

A judge most just in judgement seat,  
of parties no regard ;  
An eye to see, an eare to heare,  
a hand that shun'd reward.

6

A hart to help, and not to harme ;  
his will was wisdoms law,  
A minde that mallice could not move,  
such was of God his aw.

7

A faith in frendship firme and fast,  
a mount the right to raise,  
A spirite not 'pal'd with slaunderous brutes,  
nor puft with pride by praise.

8

Not light of credit to reports,  
revenge he never sought ;  
But would forget, and did forgive  
the wrongs that were him wrought.

9

A truthe so tride in trust,  
as tongue could never taynt,  
Nor earst was heard, in guilefull wise,  
A lye with lipps to paint.

74

10

Though Natures childe by birth,  
yet vertues heire in right,  
Which held his height so modestly,  
as measure maistred might.

11

Ambitions clyming cliffe  
could never move his minde,  
Nor fortune with her fawning cheere,  
his heart did never blynde.

12

Nor miserie which most he felt,  
or prison might him palle,  
But bare his minde in levell so,  
as chaunge could be no fall.

13

In all theise turns of joy and woe,  
he turned to the best ;  
And held him to the tryed truthe,  
which now hath won him rest.

14

From foes deface, and envyes bell,  
his end hath made him free,  
And pluckt him from this wicked world,  
too worthy here to bee.

75

15

Who can give teares ynough to playne  
the losse and lack we have ;  
So rare a man, so soone bereft,  
when most we did him crave.

16

When age and yeares had made him ripe,  
and suretie had him set,  
To know himself and weild the world  
and right with mercie met.

17

And when of envie, and of hate,  
the conquest he had wonne,  
And falshood forst to flie his fort,  
and right his race to runne.

18

And when of glorie and of grace  
he wan the palme and price,  
And conquerd all affections force,  
with wisdoms good advice.

19

And in the office that he bare,  
and service of his Queene,  
So choice a man to serve her call,  
scarce anie where was seene.



76

20

Then death, that fatall foe,  
the lyne of life did lose,  
And in the belly of the earth  
as earth she did him close.

21

The Prince may plaine his death,  
the realme his lack may rew ;  
All men maie saie, O Winchester,  
most worthie wight, adew !

22

The poor may playne and pyne,  
whose lacks he did releeve ;  
His servants may lament their lord  
which lordlie did them give.

23

The bishops maie behold  
a bishop them bereft,  
A perfect priest, a sheild of faith,  
a mirror of them left.

24

His foes, if any were,  
that first did wish him gone,  
In length of time and lacke of like,  
too late his loss will mone.

77

25

O pastor past this pilgrims payne,  
in earth thine acts do live,  
In skies thy vertues written are,  
all pens thee praise shall give.

26

Which after all these heaps of haps  
a happie life hast lead,  
And, in the happiest hap of all,  
in fame and love art dead.

The same answered vearse for vearse by an ill-  
willer of the said bishop.

1

THE devils in Hell do daunce,  
this realme and we may joy,  
Since they have got and we forgon  
the cause of our annoy.

2

Though death hath wipt out life,  
yet death cannot outrace  
His wicked works, usurped state,  
nor faults of his deface.

## 3

A *Gardner*<sup>6</sup> such he was,  
 as spoyled so our plants,  
 That justice with'red, mercy dyde,  
 and we wrunge by their wants.

## 4

A Steeven in name, a fox in fact,  
 a bishop but in weedes,  
 A faithless man, full fraught with frawd,  
 as deeme him by his deeds.

## 5

A partiall judge in judgement seat,  
 of parties great respect,  
 A blynded eye, a closed eare,  
 a hand with bribe infect.

<sup>6</sup> The same punning use of Gardiner's name was made by *Willm. Gamage*, a linsey-woolsey poet, who published, among "Two Centuries of Epigrams," in 1621, the following tolerable verses.

" On Stephen the bloody persecutor.  
 Good Gardeners doe use for to supplant  
 Their bad grown weeds, their fruitful hearbes to save ;  
 But *Gard'ner* thou, the flowre of Troynovant  
 Didst thinke to weed, and burie in her grave :  
 To heaven's reapers far unlike wast thou,  
 To weed the wheat, and let the ever grow."

The "flower of Troynovant" was *Q. Elizabeth*, whom Gardiner is said to have advised her sister to destroy, lest she should revive Protestantism.

79

6

A hart to harme, and not to help,  
his lust was laid for law,  
A minde with mallice over-whelm'd,  
of God nor man no aw.

7

A fayned fickle frend and false,  
that right could never byde ;  
A courage ev'rie storme cast down,  
and praise puft up with pride.

8

Of fowle reports and slanderous brutes  
he nourisht up the brood ;  
His wrongs to pardon or to passe,  
revenge and rage withstood.

9

A tride untruth in trust,  
as tongues well tryde have told,  
A mouth that breath'd more odious lyes  
then I t' upbraid am bold.

10

Scant Nature's childe by birth,  
sure Satans sonne in right,  
Which rule maintain'd with sword and fire,  
and measur'd all by might.

80

11

Ambitious clyming cliffe  
had ravisht so his minde,  
As he was sotted drunke therein,  
And fortune made him blynde.

12

The smell of prisons miserie felt,  
his pride did greatly pall ;  
He bare his staffe so staggringly,  
as each change seem'd a fall.

13

In all theise turns of joy and woe  
he turned with the best,  
And never left the surer side  
till breath did leave his brest.

14

From widows curse and orphans crie  
his end him cannot save,  
Though that have rid him of his raigne  
unworthie rule to have.

15

Who can give thanks and joy ynough  
that we have scapt this syre,  
This monstrous man, this bloudie beast,  
when most we did desire.

81

16

When yeares had fram'd him fitt for Hell,  
and pryde so high had sett,  
As God nor man nor selfe he knew,  
and might with mischeif met.

17

And when the envie and the hate  
he wan of ev'rie wight,  
And falshood flourisht in his fort,  
and wrong had wrung out right ;

18

And when he gloried most in pompe,  
in honor and in health,  
And by affection conquerd all,  
and wallowd all in wealth ;

19

And in the office that he bare,  
to rule above the Queene,  
So crewel and so merciless  
scarce ever man was seene.

20

Then God, that most just judge,  
lifes lyne to part was pleasd,  
The earth his carrion corps hath caught,  
the Devil his soul hath seasd.

82

21

The Prince his death may please,  
this realme his life doth rew,  
All men may well his birth-day ban  
this cursed wretch that knew.

22

The poore maie plaine and pyne ;  
for none he would releive,  
His men maie joy his death was such  
his goods was his to give.

23

Good bishops maie beware  
this rav'ner them bereft,  
This popish-priest, this shield of wrong,  
a warning for them left.

24

His friends, if anie were,  
that wisht him longer raigne,  
With length of time might cause have caught  
too late his rule to playne.

25

O thou devourer of the good,  
thy wrongs in earth do dwell,  
Thy crewell thirst of guiltles blood  
now must thou quench in hell.

Which in the world of deadly hurts  
 most hurtfull life hast leadd,  
 And now with Englands common joy  
 in shame and hate art dead.

Which of theis wrat trewest I will not take  
 upon me to judge, least I should be thought  
 partiall; but that saying appeares trew: *scribit  
 in marmore læsus*. Therefore I will conclude  
 against all partiall poets, with two veares of  
 Horace.

*Falsus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret  
 Quem, nisi mendosum et mendacem?*



DOCTOR JOHN WHYTE.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>8</sup>[HE was born of a worshipfull house, and in the diocess of Winchester, and became after warden of Winchester, thence (for his great learning and vertuous life,) prefer'd to the bishoprick of Lincoln, and after, upon the death of Stephen Gardiner, made bishop of Winchester;<sup>9</sup> wherefore] of him I may say, that his fame mought have aunswered his *name*, saving for one *black sermon*<sup>2</sup> that he made. Yet for the coullor it

<sup>7</sup> Made Bp. of Winchester in 1556. Ob. 1560.

<sup>8</sup> This passage, between brackets, is not in the Museum MS.

<sup>9</sup> Upon some of these rises, says Wood, Dr. Chr. Johnson, one of his successors in the mastership of Winchester school, made this distich.

Me puero custos, ludi paulo ante Magister  
*Vitus*, et hâc demum præsul in urbe fuit.

Ath. Oxon. I. 131.

<sup>2</sup> This appears to contain a twofold allusion; viz. to the name of White, and to the Funeral sermon:—such sermons being frequently decorated with black borders, and sometimes rendered more sombre by black leaves.

may be said he kept *decorum*, because it was a funerall sermon of a great Queene, both by birth and marriadge: I mean Queene Maryie. But the offence taken against him was this. His text was out of Eccles. 4. 2. *Laudavi mortuos magis quam viventes et fœliciozem utroq; judicavi qui nec dum natus est.* And speaking of Queene Marie, her high parentage, her bountifull disposition, her great gravitie, her rare devotion, (praying so much, as he affirmed, that her knees were hard with kneeling,) her justice and clemency in restoring noble houses to her own private losse and hinderance; and lastlie her grievous yet pacient death: he fell into such an unfeyned weeping, that for a long space he could not speake. Then recovering himself, he said she had left a sister to succede her, a lady of great worth also, whom they were now bound to obay; for, saith he, "*melior est Canis vivus Leone mortuo*, and I hope she shall raigne well and prosperously over us, but I must say still with my text, *laudavi mortuos magis quam viventes*; for certain it is, *Maria optimam partem elegit.*"<sup>3</sup> Thus he: at which Queene Elizabeth

<sup>3</sup> Wood describes a MS. copy of this sermon to have been in the library of Richard Smith, Secondary of the Poultry Compter; whose catalogue of persons deceased from 1628 to 1675 is among the Sloan MSS. in the Museum.

taking just indignation, put him in prison, yet would proceede no further than to his deprivation, though some would have made that a more haynous matter.

He was a man of austere life, and much more mortified to the world, than his predecessor Gardiner, who was noted for ambitious, but yet to his Prince very obsequious. But if Dr. Whyte had had a trew propheticall spirit, he might have urged the second part of his text, *sed feliciorum utroque judicavi qui nec dum natus est*; for that may seem veriefied indeed in the King's Majestie that now is, who was then unborne, and hath since so happilie united theis kingdoms; yet least that which I would make in him a prophesie, others will take in me for a flattery; I will proceede to the next, or rather I should say to another, for of the two next I need ad nothing, my author having testified by both their epitaphs, that they lived and dyed well.

DOCTOR THOMAS COOPER.<sup>4</sup>

I INTEND therefore to speake next of Dr. Cooper, bycause of bishop Horne and bishop Watson,<sup>5</sup> I cannot add any thing upon sure ground ; for of the former times, I have other books of stories, or relacion of my father that lyved in those days ; but of these that lyved in the first twenty yeares of the Queenes raigne, when I was at schoole or at the university, I could heare little ; yet at my first comming to the court, I heard this pretty tale, that a bishop of Winchester one day in pleasant talke, comparing his renew with the arch-bishops of Canterburie, should say,—“ Your Graces will shew better in the racke, but mine will be found more in the maunger ;”—upon which a courtier of good place said, “ it might be so *in diebus illis* ; but, (saith he,) the rack stands so highe in sight, that it is fitt to keep it full, but it may be, since that

<sup>4</sup> Made Bp. of W. in 1584. Ob. 1595.

<sup>5</sup> Rob. Horne and Tho. Watson preceded Bp. Cooper in the see of Winchester.

tyme, some have, with a *provideatur*, swept some provender out of the maunger:" and because this metaphor comes from the stable, I suspect it was meant by the Mr. of the Horse.

To come then to bishoppe Cooper, of him I can say much, and I should do him great wronge, if I should say nothing; for he was indeed a reverent man, very well learned, exceeding industrious, and (which was in those days accompted a great prayse to him, and a chiefe cause of his preferment,) he wrate that great Dictionary<sup>6</sup> that yet beares his name. His life in Oxford was very commendable, and in some sort saint-lyke; for if it be saint-like to live unreproevable, to bear a crosse patientlie, to forgive great injuries freely; this man's example is sampleless in this age.

He maryed a wife in Oxford, for that speciall just cause (I had almost said, only cause) why clergiemmen should marry, *viz.* for avoyding of

<sup>6</sup> "Thesaurus Linguae Romanæ et Britannicæ," and "Dictionarium Historicum et Poeticum," 1565, fol. It was an enlarged edition of "Bibliotheca Eliotæ," printed in 1541. A volume of MSS. marked C. ii. in the church library, Canterbury, contains some original letters by Bp. Cooper.

sin; *melius est enim nubere quam uri*:<sup>7</sup> yet was it his verie hard hap that she proved too light for his gravitie many grains. At the first he winkt at it with a Socraticall and philosophicall patience; taking, or rather mistaking, the equivocating counsell of Erasmus his ecchoe. *Quid si mihi veniat usu, quod his qui incidunt in uxores parum pudicas parumq; frugiferas? feras.* At *qui cum talibus morte durior est vita?* *vita*: wherein I observe in the two ecchoes, how in the first *feras* signifies either the verbe, *suffer*, or the noun, *wild beasts*, or *shrows*. In the latter, *vita* signifieth the nowne *life*, or the verbe *shunne* or *eschew*: so he (good man) consterd *feras vita*, *suffer during life*, and I should take it *vita feras*, *shun shrows*. But this *fera*, whom his *feras* made *feram*, committed wickednes even with greedines, more than was in powre of flesh and bloud to beare. Wherewith being much afflicted, having warned his brother privately, and borne with him perhaps 70 times seaven times; in the end, taking him both in a place and fashion (not fitt to be named) that would have angerd a saint, he drave him thence, not much unlike as Tobias drave away the spirit Asmodius, for that

<sup>7</sup> I. Cor. vii. 9.

was done with a rost, and this with a spitt. It was high time now to follow the counsell *dic Ecclesiæ*; so (as all Oxford knows) her paramour was bound from her in a bond of a hundred pownd, but they should rather be bolts of an hunderd pound.

The whole universitie in reverence of the man and indignitie of the matter, offerd him to sepe-  
rate his wife from him by publike authoritie, and so to set him free, being the innocent partie. But he would by no means agree thereto, al-  
leadging, he knew his owne infirmitie, that he might not live unmarried; and to divorce and marrie againe, he would not charge his conscience with so great a skandall.

After he was bishop, mad Marten, or Marprelate, wrate his booke or rather lybel against bishops,<sup>8</sup> which some (playing with Martin at his own weopon) answered pleasantly both in

<sup>8</sup> The libel of *Martin Marprelate* is attributed, by Collier, to a junto of four persons, whose names were Penry, Throgmorton, Udal, and Fenner. Eccles. Hist. vol. II.

For an account of this polemic brawl, and of the numerous satirical tracts to which it gave birth, see Wood's *Athenæ*, under the article Penry; and Herbert's edition of Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, p. 1683, et seq.

rymes and prose, as perhaps your Highnes hath seen, or I wish you should see, for they are short and sharp. But this bishop with authoritie and gravitie confuted him soundlie;<sup>9</sup> whereupon Martin Madcap (for I thinke his cap and head had like portion of witt) replying, anabaptised his bastard booke by the name of *Worke for the Cooper* ;<sup>2</sup> and had not the wisdome of the state prevented him, I thinke he and his favourers would have made worke for the tinker : and so much of Bishop Cooper, though I could add a report, that a great lord dying in his tyme bequeathd him a great legacie, but because I have not seene his last testament, I cannot preciselie affirme it.

<sup>9</sup> In " An Admonition to the people of England," 1589.

<sup>2</sup> This tract was intended to ridicule Bp. Cooper's serious confutation, and had the following sneering title, which will sufficiently display the manner in which this unprofitable controversy was carried on.

" *Hay any Worke for Cooper* : or a briefe pistle directed by waye of an hublication to the reverende Byshopps, counselling them, if they will needs be barrelled up, for feare of smelling in the nostrrels of her Majestie and the state, that they would use the advise of reverend Martin, for the providing of their Cooper, &c. wherein worthy Martin quits himselfe like a man, I warrant you, in the modest defence of his selfe and his learned pistles, and makes the Coopers hoopes to flye off, and the bishops tubs to leake out of all crye."



## WILLIAM WICKHAM.

**T**HIS bishop my author professes to reverence for his name's sake, and his predecessors sake; and I much more for his own sake, and his vertues sake. About the yeare 1570, he was vice-provost of Eaton,<sup>9</sup> and (as the manner was in the schoolemaisters absence) would teache the schoole himselfe, and dyrect the boyes for their exercises, (of which my self was one) of whom he shewd as fatherly a care, as if he had bene a second tutor to me. He was reputed there a verie milde and good naturd man, and esteemed a verie good preacher, and free from that which St. Paule calleth idolatrie, I mean covetousnes; so that one may saie probablie, that as the first William Wickham was one of the richest prelates that had bene in Winchester in long time, and bestowed it well; so this was one of the poorest, and indured it well. He

<sup>9</sup> Afterward Canon of Windsor, and Bishop of Lincoln, whence he was translated to Winchester in 1595, and died in the same year. You may see his epitaph, says Wood, in Stow's Survey of London, and more of him in "Antimartinus, sive monitio cujusdam Londinensis."

preached before the Queene at a parlement, I thinke the last time that ever he preached before her; and indeed it was *cygnea vox*, a *swans song*, sweetest, being neerest his end, which if I could set down as he delivered, were well worth the remembring. But the effect was this; that the temporalities of bishoppricks, and lands of colledges, and such like, were from their beginning for the most part the graces, and gifts, and almes of princes, her Majesties progenitors, that for some excesses and abuses of some of them, they had bene and lawfully might be some quite taken away, some altered, some diminished; and that accordinglie they were now reduced to a good mediocritie; for though there were some far greater bishoppricks in Fraunce, Spayne, and Germanie, yet there were some also lesse, and meaner, even in Italy. But yet he most humblie besought her Majestie to make stay of them at least in this mediocrity; for if they should decay so fast in 30 yeare to come, as they had for 30 yeare past, there would hardlie be a cathedrall church found in good repaire within England; which inconvenience (he said) wold soone spred from the cleargie to the temporallitie, that would have cause with Hipocrates twins, to laugh and weepe together. This, as he spake

zealouslie, so the Q. gave eare to it graciouslie, and some good effect was supposed to follow it, for which they both now feele their reward: and thus much of Wickham.

WILLIAM DAY.<sup>3</sup>

IT was said that a pleasant courtier and servitor of King Henry the Eight, to whom the King had promist some good turne, came and prayd the King to bestow a lyving on him, that he had found out, worth 100 li. by the yeare more than ynough: "Why, saith the King, we have none such in England:"—"Yes Sir, said his man, the provostship of Eaton; for (said he) he is allowed his diet, his lodging, his horse-meat, his servants wages, his ryding charge, his apparrell, even to the poynts of his hose, at the colledge charge; and 100 li. by the yeare beside." How trew this is, I know not; but this I know, that Mr. Day having both this and the deanrie of Windsor, was perswaded to leave them both, to succede him that had bene once his vice-provost of Eaton, in the church of Winchester. He was a man of good nature, affable and curteous, and at his table, and in other conversation pleasant, yet allwayes sufficiently retaining his gravitie.

<sup>3</sup> Made Bp. of Winchester in 1596.

When he was first Deane of Winsor, there was a singing man in the quyre, one Wolner, a pleasant fellow, but famous for his eating rather than his singing; and for the swallow of his throat, rather than the sweetnes of his note. Mr. Deane sent a man to him to reprove him for not singing with his fellows; the messenger thought all weare worshipfull at least, that wore white surplyces; and told him, Mr. Deane would pray his worship to sing:—"Thanke Mr. Deane (quoth Wolner) and tell him, I am as merry as they that sing;"—which answer, though it would have offended some man, yet hearing him to be such as I have discribed, he was soone pacified.

He brake his leg with a fall from a horse, that started under him; whereupon some wag-gish schollers, of which I thinke my selfe was in the *quorum*, would say it was a just punishment, because the horse was given hym by a gentleman to place his sonne in Eaton, which at that tyme we thought had bene a kinde of sacriledge, but I may say, *cum eram parvulus, sapiebam ut parvulus*. He had, in those dayes, a good and familiar fashion of preaching, not minsing the word, as some doe, with three words to feede 3000 people, that goe away all

sometimes as emptie as they came; nor as other, that are *nodosi*, drawing their auditorie with them into deepe questions and daungerous passages, that howsoever they suppose they come of<sup>5</sup> themselves much *admired*, they leave their auditors many times more than *half-myred*<sup>6</sup>. But his was a good plaine fashion, apt to edifie, and easie to remember. I will repeat one lesson of many that I remember out of sermons of his, which I can imagin yet I heare him pronouncing, and it was concerning prayer: "It is not (saith he) a praying to God, but a tempting of God, to beg his blessings, without doing also our own endeavor; shall a scholler pray to God to make him learnd, and never goe to his booke? shall a husbandman pray for a good harvest, and let his plow stand still?—the Pagans, and Heathen people, would laughe at such devotion. In their fabulous legends they have a tale of Hercules, whom for his strength they counted a God; how a carter, forsooth, had overthrowne his cart, and sate downe in the way, crying, "helpe Hercules, helpe Hercules;"

<sup>5</sup> Frequently used, as here, for the adverb *off*.

<sup>6</sup> A contemptible pun, even for the time in which it was made.

—at last Hercules (or one in his likenes) came to him, and swadeled him thriftily with a good cudgell, and said, “thou varay lazie fellow, (so he used to pronounce) callest thou to me for help, and dost nothing thyself? Arise, set to thy shoulder, and heave thy part, and then pray to me to help thee, and I will doe the rest.” And thus much of our good old provost, who being made a new bishop, and of a register of the garter becomming now prelat of the garter, enjoying this dignity a very short time, turned his day into night, though no night can oppresse them that “dye in the Lord.”<sup>7</sup>

By the way, I thinke this worth the noting, that whereas in the yeare of our Lord 1486, being the first of King Henry the seaventh, it was found that three bishops successively had held this bishopprick six score yeares save one, namely, Wickham, Beaufort, and Wainfleet:— Now in Queene Elizabeth's raigne, there had bene seaven bishops in forty yeare, five in seventeen yeare, and three in fowr yeare.

<sup>7</sup> Rev. xiv. 13.

DOCTOR THOMAS BILSON.<sup>8</sup>

MY author, following his own resolution of forbearing to speake of men now living, or but lately dead; I holding my purpose to speak frankly, and truly, as farre as my understanding will serve me, both of dead and lyving; I am now come to speake of the present Bishop of Winchester, of whom I fynde in this booke but four lynes; and if I should give him his due in proportion to the rest, I should spend four leaves. Not that I neede make him better known to your highnes, being (as on just occasion I noted before) one of the most eminent of his ranke, and a man that carryes prelature in his verie aspect. His rying was meerly by his learning, as trew prelates should rise: *non modo labe mali, sed suspicione carentes; not only free from the spot, but from the speach of corruption.* He ascended by all degrees of schools: first, wherein to win knowledge himself; next, whereby to impart it to others, hav-

<sup>8</sup> Made Bp. of Winchester in 1597. Ob. 1616.



ing sometime taught the schoole that doth justly boast of the name of Winchester, where (if I mistake it not) he succeeded that excellent scholler and schoolmaister, Doctor Johnson, that wrate that forerecyted poem of Wickham; who having praised all his predecessors in pretty disticks, he wrat this as the last in modestie of himself.

*Ultimus hic ego sum, sed quam benè quam malè  
nolo  
Dicere, de me qui iudicet alter erit.*

And, accordinglie, his successor gave this judgement.

*Ultimus es ratione loci, re primus Johnson,  
Sed quis qui de te iudicet aptus erit.  
Tam benè quam nullus qui te præcesserit ante  
Tam malè posteritas ut tua pejus agat.*

Wherein Mr. Johnson became trulie fortunate, according to the saying, *laudari a laudato viro, laus est maxima;*

*Him fame doth raise,  
Whose praiser meritts praise.*

From schoolmaister of Winchester, he became warden, and having been infinitely studious and industrious in poetrie, in philosophie, in physick, and lastly, (which his genius chieflie call'd him to) in divinitie; he became so compleat, for skill in languages, for readines in the fathers, for judgement to make use of his readings, that he was found fit to be no longer a souldier, but a Commaunder in Chiefe, in our spirituall warfare, being first made bishop of Worcester, and after of Winchester. In the meane season, a crew of mutinous souldiers (a forlorn hope) undertooke to surprize one of the twelve fortresses of our faith, I mean one of the twelve articles of our creede; and ere men were aware, they had enterd by a posterne, corrupted a watchman or two, thrown down a battlement, and set up their coullors of white and blacke, (black and blew had been fitter for them) publishing a book in print, that "Christ discended not into hell."

<sup>9</sup> Harington says, in his "Metamorphosis of Ajax," the schoole master [*forsan* Alex. Hume] wrote a booke with this title,—"*That Christ descended not into hell:*" the verie sight of which title being flat contradictory to an article of the creed, I remember I said of the man, as Heywood saith in his "Proverbes," that hereafter

"He might be of my *pater noster* indeed,  
But sure he should never come into my *creed*."

The alarum was taken by manie faithfull servitors of the millitant church, but manie were not found fit for this enterprise, for it was whisperd, (nay rather publisht in the enemies campe,) that some cowardly soldiers of our side had made a motion to have this fort, or part thereof razed, bycause there was thought to be perill in defending of it; for so Campian wrytes confidently, that Cheyney, bishop of Gloucester, had affirmed to him, how it had bene moved in a convocation at London, *quemadmodum sine tumultu penitus eximatur de symbolo; how, without manie words, it might be taken out of the crede wholly*: but I leave Erasmus' eccho to answer it, *O lye*. Trew it is, there was a hott shott. One Mr. Broughton,<sup>2</sup> no cannonier, (for he loves no *canons*,) but that could skill of such fire-works as might seeme to put out hell-fire; this hot-brayne having with a petard or

<sup>2</sup> Hugh Broughton maintained the same doctrine with Hume, and Wood hints at another partizan, whose name he could not recollect, Ath. Oxon. I. 465. Sir Edward Peyton, in his virulent history of the Stuarts, says that Bp. Bilson held an opinion disavowed by all orthodox divines, and styles him *Sir Nullity Bilson*, for having devised a nullity in the marriage contract between Lord and Lady Essex, to palliate the adultery of Somerset.

two broken open some old dore, tooke upon him with like powder, out of some basiliske (as I think) to shoote Hades<sup>3</sup> quite beyond sunne and moone; such a powder-worke against all devinitie and philosophie, as was never heard of, alwaies excepting the *powder-treason*.

Then this learned bishop, like a worthy leader (that I maie proceed in this metaphor) with a resolute troupe, not of loose shott, but *gravis armaturæ*, *arm'd to prooffe*, (out of Christes armorie, the *old and new Testament*, fathers, doctors, schoolemen, linguists,) encounters these Lancepezzados, cast down their collors, repaysr up the ruins, bewtifies the battlements, rams up the mynes, and makes such ravelins and counterscarfs about this fort, that now none of the twelve may seeme more impregnable. Their great ingenere, before mentioned, upon grieffe of this repulse, is gone (as I heare) to teach the Jewes Hebrew; God send him to scape Hades

<sup>3</sup> *Hades*, as Broughton defined it, "is the place general where souls are before God's throne, divided there, far enough, by heaven and hell: so that in speech of the holy, *hades*, by difference of the person, is *heaven*, and in the wicked *hell*; which place is on high, out of this world." Address to the reader before "Two little works defensive," 1604.

in the end of his journie. Yet in the heat of these skirmishes, there happened an accident worthy to be remembred, and I think by the verie devise of the divell. This bishop preaching at Pauls Crosse, upon this article of the creede; and there proving by authoritie irrefragable, that hell is a place prepared for the devill and his angells; that it is beneath in *corde terræ*, and that Christ dycended into it. Satan, that knew all this to be trew, and was sorrie to remember it, and wisht that none of the auditory would believe it, raised a sodaine and causeles feare, by the frawd or folly of some one auditor. This feare so incredible possest not only the whole multitude, but the Lord Mayor and other Lords present, that they verilie beleevd that Pauls church was at that instant falling downe; whereby such a tumult was raised, as not only disturbed their devotion and attention, but did indeed put some of the gravest, wisest, and noblest of that assemblie into evident hazard of their lyves, as I have heard of some of their own mouths. The bishop, no so dismaied himselfe, as sympathysing in pittie rather then feare of their causelesse dismay, [after the tumult was a little pacified, finished his sermon.]<sup>4</sup> Upon which accident, some fa-

<sup>4</sup> Not in the MS.

vourers of that opinion make themselves merry with this story, that at least that which they could not confute, they might seeme to contemne.

OF [THE  
*BISHOPS OF] EELYE.*

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DOCTOR MARTIN HEATON.<sup>4</sup>

OF Eelye I have not much to saie, yet in a little I maie be thought by some to saie too much; which I will adventure rather than your Highnes shall blame me for saying nothing. I was among others at bishop Cox his funerall,<sup>5</sup> being then either Batcheler, or a verie young Mr. of Art; but some yeares after, we thought it would have proved the funerall of the bishoppricke, as well as of the bishop. Something there was that had distasted the Queene concerning bishop Cox, in his life-time; either his much retyrednes, or small hospitallitie, or the spoyle he was said to make of Woods and Parks, feeding his familie with powderd venison; all

<sup>4</sup> Made Bp. of Ely in 1599. Ob. 1609.

<sup>5</sup> Bp. Cox died in July 1581.

which (I know not how trulie) was suggested to her against him, in his life-time, and remembered after his death. For our opinion of him in Cambridge, we held him a good scholler, and a better poet then Doctor Haddon,<sup>6</sup> who called him Master; whether as having been his scholler or servant, I know not; but amonge his poems is extant a disticke written to Bp. Cox.

*Vix caput attollens è lecto scribere carmen,  
Qui velit, is voluit scribere plura, vale.*

Which vearse, being but even a sicke verse, he answered *ex tempore* (as they tell,) with this;

*Te magis optarem salvum, sine carmine fili,  
Quàm sine te salvo, carmina multa, vale.*

As for his church of Eelye, it seemes he had no great love there to have his monument defaced within twenty yeares (as this author wrytes) so as remembering his good beginning, one maie saie of him, *cæpisti melius quam desinis*.

<sup>6</sup> Walter Haddon, Pres. of Magd. Coll. Oxon. and LL. D. at Cambridge, was much esteemed for his eloquence and learning, and wrote orations, epistles, and poems in Latin, which procured him distinguished reputation. Ob. 1571.



But to let him rest, I must confesse that it was held for one of the blemishes of Queene Elizabeth's virgin raigne;—First to keep this sea of Eelye vacant so long after Bishop Coxe his death, and after to take away so large a portion from it, as is generallie spoken; yet that I may both speake my conscience, and shew my charitie as well to my deceased soveraigne, as to the reverent bishop yet lyving, I will saie this: First, I could wishe it had not bene so, and that the occasion of such a scandall between the crown and the myter had bene taken away. Secondlie, I do say for the Queene, she did no new thing; and it is held a principle of state, that whatsoever there is a president for, is lawfull for a prince. I consider further, that Eelye was a bishopprick of none of the first erections, but many yeares after the conquest; so as England stood christend without a bishop of Eelye from Augustin the monke above 500 yeare. It was a place also that the crown had bene jealous of for the strength of it, having sometime held out the Conqueror, as our writers affirme; and King Hen. 3. a wise and fortunate prince, said it was not fitt for a cloyster man. And of late yeares Moorton undertooke to hold it against Richard the third, for Hen. 7. Ad hereunto, that though it was vacant in name,

yet the profitts thereof may seeme to have bene perhaps more charitablie and honorablie imployd then before, to relieve the poore distressed King of Portugall, who was call'd by some schollers of Cambridge, Bishop of Eely, which is less scandalous then for Jeffrey Plantagenet to hold the bishoppriek of Lincolne 7 yeeres, without consecration, the sea being kept voyd 17 yeares; and for Ethelmar to hold Winchester in like manner nine yeare in Hen. 3 time; to omit how Stigand in the conqueror's time, and Wolsey in Hen. 8. time, both held Winchester *in commendam*. As for chaunging or abating the possessions of it, the lawes then in force allowed it, (though a most godlie law since hath restrayned the like) and I would all the bishopprieks in England were but so well left. Now to come to Doctor Eaton, he was compell'd in a sort so to take it (for *potentes cum rogant jubent*) and as long as there was not *quid dabis*, nor *hoc dabis*, but *hæc auferam*, the more publique it was, and by authoritie then lawfull, he may be thought the more free from blame. But were Eely as good as ever it was, it could not find the mouths bread that finde fault with his taking it in that order.

Before his Majestie's comming to Oxford, [in

1605] I was in Oxford librarie, and some of good qualitie of both the universities ; and one of their chief doctors said merrilie to a Cambridge man, that “ Oxford had formerlie had a good librarie, till such time as a Cambridge man became our chauncellour, and so cancell’d our catalogue and scatterd our bookes, (he meant Bishop Cox in King Edward’s time) as from that time to this we could never recover them.”<sup>7</sup> The other straight replyde, “ then are you now even with us ; for one of your Oxford men hath seal’d so manie deedes of our good bishoprick in Cambridgeshire, that till they be cancelld, it will never be so good as it should be.” By his christen <sup>8</sup>name also many take occasion to allude to this matter, which whether for brevitie sake he writ *Mar* or *Mart*, or at full length *Martin*, alwaies by adding *Eelye* to it, it sounds to the like sence, that either he did *Mar* it, or *Mart* it, or *Martin* it. But he is too wise to be troubled with these toys.

<sup>7</sup> Fuller cites this passage “ as *one* saith, but only *one* saith it ;” and adds, “ indeed I find another author [Strype] charging Bp. Cox therewith, but with this parenthesis (*tis said*) and my charity would fain believe Fame a false report therein, finding him, otherwise, a deserving person, very well qualified, &c.” Church Hist. Book VII. P. 392.

<sup>8</sup> *Martin*.

*Sapientis est nihil præstare præter culpam.*  
If any fare the worse for this now, tis himself.  
And as for his learning, and other good parts  
belonging to a bishop, he is inferior to few of  
his ranke, as your Highnes can tell, that have  
heard him preach before the King, and the last  
time I heard him, the Kings Majestie said of  
him, that "fatt men were wont to make lean  
sermons; but his were not leane, but larded  
with much good learning." And so much of  
the bishoppriek and Bishop of *Eelye*.

OF [THE  
*BISHOPS OF] LINCOLNE :*

AND OF

DOCTOR CHATTERTON.<sup>9</sup>

FOLLOWING mine author's method, I am next to speake of Lincolne, a very large diocess, yet not so great a bishopprick as it hath bene; which I suspect by the oft removes from it, as Bullenham, Cooper, and Wickham, in Queene Elizabeth's time; and White, in Queene Marie's time. I note also, that one of theise removed to Worcester, namelie Bullenham, of which I can ymagin no reason, except the largeness of the diocess make it more painfull, as indeed it would, if the decrees made in a synod held by Saint Cuthbert in England were dylie observed: of which the third (as Mr. Fox hath it) is, that every bishop once everie yeare, should goe

<sup>9</sup> Made Bp. of L. in 1594. Ob. 1608. To Dr. C. when Bishop of Chester, Peck has printed some commendatory letters from Ld. Burleigh, in *Desid. Curiosa*, Vol. I. lib. 3.

over all the parishes of his diocess; with which decree by what authority men dispence, I know not, but sure few do keepe it.

This Doctor William Chaterton, now Bishop of Lincolne, and before of Chester, I may remember in Cambridge, a learned and grave doctor; though for the gravitie he could lay it aside when it pleasd him, even in the pulpit. It will not be forgotten in Cambridge while he is remembred, how preaching one day in his younger yeares a wedding sermon, which should indeed be festivall, as the "Merchant Royall" was at my Lord Hey's marriadge, with which (being now in print)<sup>2</sup> many a good husband doth endeavour to edifie his wife. I say, Mr. Chaterton is reported to have made this prettie comparison, and to have given this frendlie ca-

<sup>2</sup> The "Merchant Royall," a sermon preached at Whitehall, by Robert Wilkinson, before James I. at the nuptials of Lord Hay and his Lady Honoria, upon the 6th of Jan. 1607, was twice printed; in 1607 and 1615. The edifying part of this discourse appears to consist in the comparison of a married woman to a merchant's ship, from whence the preacher takes occasion to recommend that the rigging of the female be in no respect superfluous, &c. To Mr. Bindley's storehouse of literary rarities, the editor has been indebted for a sight of this singular publication.

veat; that the choise of a wife was full of hazard, not unlike, as if one in a barrell full of serpents should grope for one fishe; “if (saith he) he scape harme of the snakes, and light on a fishe, he may be thought fortunate, yet let him not boast, for perhaps it may be but an eele,” &c. Howbeit, he married after himselfe, and, I doubt not, sped better than his comparison. He was beloved amonge the schollers, and the rather, for he did not affect any sowre and austere fashion, either in teaching or government, as some use to do; but well tempered both with courage and curtesie. Being made bishop of Chester, he was a verie great friend to the house of Darbie, preaching the funerall sermon of Henry Earle of Darby; for some passages whereof he had like to be calld in question, though perhaps himself knew not so much. I was present when one told a great lord that lovd not Ferdinando the last Earle of Derby, how this bishop having first magnified the dead earle for his fidelitie, justice, wisdom, and such vertues, as made him the best beloved man of his ranke, (which praise was not altogether undeserved) he after used this apostrophe to the earle present;—“And you (saith he) noble earle, that not onely enherit, but exceede your fathers vertues, learn to keepe the love of your

contrie, as your father did ; you give (saith he) in your arms, three legs ; know you what they signifie ? I tell you they signifie three shyres, Cheshyre, Darbyshyre, and Lancashyre ; stand you fast on theise three legs, and you shall neede feare none of their arms." At which this earle a little moved, said in some heate, not without an oth :—" This priest, I beleeve, hopes one day to make him three curtesies." But the two earles I trust are frends now, both being since departed this world, (though neither as I could have wist them) the one dying of a *yex*,<sup>3</sup> the other of an *axe*.<sup>4</sup>

The bishop was removed to Lincolne, where he now remayns, in verie good estate, having one only daughter married to a knight of good worship, though now, they lyving asunder, he may be thought to have had no great comfort of that matrimony, yet to her daughter he means to leave a great patrimonie ; so as one might not unfitly apply that epigram written of Pope

<sup>3</sup> i. e. a hiccough. Henry, fourth Earl of Derby, who died in 1592, seems to be the person meant.

<sup>4</sup> Ferdinando, fifth Earl of Derby, died in 1594, not of an axe, but of poison. See Collins's Peerage, vol. iii. p. 64.



Paulus and his daughter to this bishop and his grandchild.

*Cum sit filia, Paule, cum tibi aurum,  
Quantum pontifices habere raros :  
Vidit Roma prius, patrem non possum  
Sanctum dicere, sed possum beatum.*

Which I thus translated, when I thought not thus to apply it :

*Thou hast a daughter Paulus, I am told,  
And for this daughter store thou hast of gold:  
The daughter thou didst get, the gold didst gather,  
Make thee no holy, but an happie father.*

But if the bishop should fortune to heare that I applie this vearse thus sawcily, and should be offended with it, I would be glad in full satisfaction of this wrong, to give him my sonne for his daughter, which is a manifest token that I am in perfect charitie with him.

OF

[THE BISHOP

OF]

*COVENTRY AND LICHFEILD.*

---

DOCTOR WILLIAM OVERTON.<sup>5</sup>

OF this bishopricke may be observed, that which I thinke happened to no other in all Queene Elizabeths raigne, that from the first yeare of her entrance (what time she made them all new) she never after gave this bishopricke but once, and that was to Doctor William Overton, the 21 yeare of her reigne, he being then of good yeares; so as one may probablie conjecture, that he honoured his parents well, because he hath the blessing promised to such, viz. that his "dayes have bene long in the land." I can make no speaciall relacion concerning him, but the generall speach as I have travell'd through

<sup>5</sup> Made Bp. of Lichfield and Coventry. 1578. Ob. 1608.

the contrie, which is not to be contemned; for, *vox populi, vox Dei est.* Two speaciall things are commended in him, which verie few bishops are praised for in this age: one that he keepeth good hospitalitie for the poore; the other, that he keepeth his houses in good reparation. Both which I have seldom heard a married bishop commended for; and I wil be bold to add this further, that if they would do both theise, I thinke no man would take exceptions either for their mariadge or bigamie. The churches also are verie well kept; and for those of Coventrie, they are of parish churches the fairest I have seene; though (as I partlie noted before) they have had somtimes another kinde of superintendency, for the bishop keeps most at Lichfield.

The pavyment of Coventrie church is almost all tombstones, and some very auncient; but there came a zealous fellow with a counterfeit commission, that, for avoyding of superstition, hath not left one penny-worth, nor one penny-breadth of brasse upon the tombs, of all the inscriptions, which had been manie and costlie.

Further, I note this, that whereas in bishop Langton's time there were manie parks belonging

to this sea, in which the prince committed some disorder in the time of Edw. i. now it is much altered, for he hath not past two, the rest being perhaps turned to pastures, and the deere into tamer beasts.

H 4

OF [THE

## BISHOPS OF] SALISBURIE.

[BISHOP JOHN JEWELL.<sup>6</sup>]

OF how great accompt this bishoppicke had bene in former times, two things doe specially declare: one, that ever since the conquest, *ordinale secundum usum Sarum* was received over all England; another, that the clergie of Salisburie were able of their own chargde to erect such a goodlie church, and stone steeple, as that which now stands, which at this day a subsidie<sup>7</sup> were scant able to performe. To omit how Sherborne Castle, and the Devizes were both built by one bishop of Salisburie, and

<sup>6</sup> Made Bp. of Salisbury in 1559. Ob. 1571. Æt. 50. A life of Bishop Jewell, with a long defence of his doctrine, was published by Dr. Laurence Humfrey, in 1573; to which were annexed, "Carmina et Epitaphia," by Wilson, Wolley, Nowell, Bodley, Norton, Rainolds, Buchanan, and other eminent persons of that period.

<sup>7</sup> About £. 100,000.

in this state it continued untill the yeere 1539; what time Doctor Capon was translated from Bangor thither, a man for learning and witt worthie to be of Apollo's crew; but for his spoyle and havock he is said to have made of this church-land, more worthie to be Apollyon's crew; for he is noted to be one of the first that made a capon of his bishopprick, and so guelded it, that it will never be able to build either church or castle againe. The place being in this sort much impoverisht, bishop Jewell was prefer'd unto it, the first yeere of Queene Elizabeth; a jewel in deed, as in name, *re gemma fuit, nomine gemma fuit*. He, though he could not maintaine the port his predecessors did, fynding his houses decayd, and lands all leased out, yet kept verie good hospitalitie, and gave himself withall much to wryting bookes; of which dyvers are extant, in many mens hands, viz. his *Apologie of the Church of England*; his *Challenge*, answered by Harding; his *Replie to the said Answer*; all in English, and all in such estimation, even till this day, that as St. Osmond, in William the Conquerors time, gave the patterne for form of service to all the churches of England, so Mr. Jewells wrytings are a kinde of rule to all the reformed churches of England, and hardlie is there any contro-

versie of importance handled at this day, of which in his works is not to be founde some learned and probable resolution. One thing I will specially commend him for, (though I shall not be commended for it my self by some,) and that is, whereas he defended the marriadge of priests, no man better; yet he would never marry himself, saying, "Christe did not counsell in vayne, *qui potest capere, capiat.*" He had a verie reverent regard of the auncient fathers wrytings, and especiallie St. Augustin, out of whose bookes he found many authorities against some superstitions crept into the Roman Church. Why he had such a minde to lye by Bishop Wivill, I cannot guesse, except that perhaps of his name<sup>8</sup> he had taken a caveat, to keepe himself without a wife. For the whole course of his life from his childhood, of his towardliness from the beginning, and how he was urged to subscribe in Q. Maries time, and did so, being requyred to wryte his name, saying, they should see he could write, (which shewd it was not *ex animo*,) Doctor Humfrey<sup>9</sup> hath written a severall treatise.

<sup>8</sup> *Quasi*, Wive ill.

<sup>9</sup> Dean of Winchester. Ob. 1589. Æt. 63.

## DOCTOR JOHN COLDWELL,

*Doctor of Physick.*<sup>2</sup>

THOUGH Doctor Guest succeeded Bishop Jewell, and my author makes him a good wryter, yet he shall not be my *guest* in this discourse, having nothing to entertaine him with; or rather your Highnes with, in reading of him. But how his successor, Dr. Coldwell, of a physician became a bishop, I have heard by more than a good manie, (as they say) and I will brieflie handle it, and as tenderlie as I can, bearing my self equall between the lyving and the dead. I touched before how this church had surfeited of a Capon, which lying heavie in her stomacke, it maie be thought she had some neede of a physician. But this man proved no good church physician. Had she been sick of a pluries, too much abounding with blood as in ages past, then such bleeding physick perhaps might

<sup>2</sup> Dean of Rochester. Made Bp. of Salisbury in 1591. Ob. 1596. The see of Salisbury had been filled by Dr. Edmund Gheast, from 1571 to 1578; by Dr. John Piers, from 1578 to 1588; and remained three years vacant.



have done it no harme. Now inclyning rather to a consumption : to let it bleede afresh at so large a veine, was almost enough to draw out the verie life blood ; (your Highnesse will pardon my physick metaphors, because I have latelie look't over my *Schola Salerni.*)<sup>3</sup> I protest I am far from anie desire to deface the dead undeservedly, and as far from any fancie to insult on the misfortunes of the living uncivilly ; and in my perticular, the dead man I speake of never hurt me, and the lyving man I shall speak of hath done me some kindnes ; yet the manifest judgments of God on both of them I may not pass over with silence.

And to speak first of the Knight<sup>4</sup> that carried the *spolia opima* of this bishoppriek ; hav-

<sup>3</sup> This alludes to "The Englishmans Doctor, or the Schoole of Salerne ; or, physicall observations for the perfect preserving of the Body of Man in continuall health:" a small poetical piece, extracted from "Schola Salernitana," and twice printed, in 1609 and 1624, though now of rare occurrence. Mr. Bindley possesses the original MS. by Sir John Harington.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. Sir Walter Raleigh. In the Burleigh State Papers, published by Murdin, a severe complaint is made by Bp. Coldwell against the conduct of Raleigh, in a letter to Mr. Henry Brooke. April, 1594.

ing gotten Sherborne castle, parke, and parsonage; he was in those dayes in so great favour with the Queene, as I may boldly say, that with less suite than he was faine to make to her ere he could perfect this his purchase, and with lesse money then he bestowed in Sherborne, in building and buying out leases and in drawing the river through rocks into his garden, he mought have verie justly, and without offence of church or state, have compassed a much better purchase.

Also, if I have bene trulie informed, he had a presage before he first attempted it, that did foreshow it would turne to his ruine, and might have kept him from meddling with it, *si mens non læva fuisset*; for as he was ryding post betweene Plymouth and the court, as many times he did upon no small imployments, this castle being right in the way, he cast such an eye upon it as Achab did upon Naboths vyneyard; and once above the rest, being talking of it, of the commodiousness of the place, of the strength of the seate, and how easilie it might be got from the bishopprick; sodenly, over and over came his horse, that his very face, which was then thought a verie good face, plowd up the earth where he fell. This fall

was ominous, I make no question, as the like was observed in the Lord Hastings,<sup>5</sup> and before him in others; and himself was apt enough to construe it so; but his brother Adrian<sup>6</sup> would needs have him interpret it not as a courtier but as a conqueror, that it presaged the quiet possession of it. And accordingly for the present that fell out, he gat it with much labour, and travaile, and cost, and envy, and obloquie, to him and his heyres, *habendum et tenendum*, but e're it came fully to *gaudendum*, see what became of him.—In the publique joy and jubile of the whole realme, when favour and peace and pardon was offer'd even to offenders, he that in wit, and wealth, and courage was inferior to few, fell sodenly (I cannot tell how) into such a downfall of despayre as his greatest enemy could not have wisht him so much harme as he would have done himself. Can any man be so wilfull blind, as not to see and to say, *digitus Dei est hic*, that it is Gods doing, and his judgement; which appears yet also more playn by the sequell. For by St. Augustins

<sup>5</sup> Shakspeare notices this fatal prognostic in his tragedy of K. Richard III. See also More, Holinshed, and the old scho-liast on Spenser's Shepheard's Calendar.

<sup>6</sup> Adrian Gilbert, his uterine brother.

rule, when adversity breeds amendement, then it is a signe it is of Gods sending, who would not have our correction turne to our confusion. So happend it to this knight, being condemnd to dye, yet God (in whose hand is the hart of the king,) put into his mercifull minde against mans expectation to save his life; and since, by the suite of his faithfull wife, both to preserve his estate, and to ease his restraint in such sort, as many that are at libertie tast not greater comforts than he doth in prison, being not bard of those companions (I meane bookes) that he may and perhaps doth take more trew comfort of, then ever he tooke of his courtly companions in his chiefest bravery. Neither is he without hope, that upon his true repentance, God may yet add further, to incline his Majestie (ere 7 tymes goe over his head) to restore him to a full libertie.

Now to returne to the bishop that was the second partie delinquent in this petty larceny, or rather playn sacriledge. What was his purpose? To make himselfe rich by making his see poore? Attayn'd he his purpose herein? Nothing lesse: no bishop of Sarum since the conquest dyed so notoriouslie in debt: his friends glad to bury him suddenly and secretly, *sine Lux, sine Crux,*

*sine Clenco*, as the old by-word is, being, for hast be-like, clapt into Bishop Wyvills grave, that even at the resurrection, he may be ready to accuse him and say, "I recoverd Sherborne from a King, when it had been wrongfully de-tayned 200 yeare, and thou didst betray it to a knight, after it had bene quietly possest other 200 yeare." Some might imagin this a presage that Sherborne may one day revert againe to the bishopprick. But there is a signe in Hydromanty<sup>7</sup> against it. For in digging the grave (for all the hast was made) so great a spring brake into it, as fill'd it all with water, and quite wash't away the presage; so as the dead bishop was drownd before he could be buried, and according to his name laid in *cold well* before he was coverd with the cold earth.

<sup>7</sup> Or Hydromancy; the art of divination by water.

DOCTOR HENRY COTTON.<sup>3</sup>

THIS bishopprick being now reduced to a mediocrity more worthie of pittie then envy, her Majestie (as I have heard) made a speciall choyse of this her chaplayn, being a gentleman of a worshipfull house, and her god-sonn when she was Lady Elsabeth, whereupon it is reported that she said, “that she had blest many of her god-sonns, but now this god-sonne should blesse her.” Whether she were the better for his blessing I know not, but I am sure he was the better for her’s. The common voyce was, Sir Walter Rauleigh got the best blessing of him ; though (as I said before) I rather count it a curse to have his estate in Sherborne to be confirmed, that before was questionable. But it was his wisest way, rather then to have a potent enemie and a tedious suite. He maryed very younge ; for I was told some yeares since, he had 19 children by one woman, which is no ordinary blessing, and most of them sonns. A

<sup>3</sup> Prebend of Winchester, succeeded in 1598. Ob. 1614.

man that had three sonnes or more among the auncient Romans, enjoyd thereby no small priviledges,<sup>8</sup> though the latter Romans make it not a merit in a bishop. His wives name was Patience, the name of which I have heard in few wives, the qualitie in none. He hath one sonne blynde, (I know not if by birth, or accident,) but though his eyes be blynde, he hath an understanding so illuminate, as he is like to prove the best scholler of all his brethren. One speciall commendation I may not omit, how by this good bishop's means, and by the assistance of the learned Deane of Sarum; Doctor Gourden,<sup>9</sup> a seminarie<sup>2</sup> called Mr. Carpenter, a good scholler, and in degree a bachelor of divinitie, was converted, and testified his owne conversion publikly in a sermon upon this text, Acts 9. 18. "There fell as it were scales from his eyes;" saying, that three scales had bleared

<sup>8</sup> The Pappian law, or *jus trium liberorum*, spoken of by Pliny and others, not only entitled a Roman citizen to precedence in holding advantageous offices, but exempted him from those which were troublesome and unprofitable.

<sup>9</sup> Made Dean of Salisbury in 1604. Ob. 1619. He was celebrated as a Greek, Hebrew, and Oriental scholar.

<sup>2</sup> *Seminary-priests* were trained up in Popish countries, to propagate their doctrines among Protestants.

his sight, viz. antiquitie, universalitie, and consent; but now the scales being falne away, he saw plainly, their antiquity was novelty, their universalitie a babilonicall tyranny, and their consent a conspiracie. And thus much be said of my god-brother, and (be it said without presumption) your Highnes god-brother, Doctor Henry Cotton.



OF THE

*BISHOPS OF BATHE AND WELLS.*

AND FIRST OF

DOCTOR OLIVER KING.<sup>3</sup>

CONCERNING Bathe I have such plentie of matter to entertaine your Highnes with, (I meane varietie of discourse,) as I studie rather how to abbreviate it, then how to amplifie it.<sup>4</sup> I should have begun at Bishop Barlow, but I respect so much the very name of *King*, as I could not let him passe without some homage; and because the chiefe bath of which the towne

<sup>3</sup> Translated from Exeter to Bath and Wells in 1495.

<sup>4</sup> “Our author’s account of the Church of Bath, said the former editor of this publication, is the fullest and most particular history extant. From living in the neighbourhood, he was diligently attentive to procure every authentic circumstance that could possibly be obtained; and to him, probably, is owing the greater part of that information which might otherwise have sunk in oblivion.”

hath the name is calld the *King's bath*, I shall add somewhat also, either omitted, or but sleightly touched in the precedent booke, by mine author ; but somewhat more largely handled in the Laten treatise mentioned by him, page 307, in the life of Stillington, out of which I will cyte a passage or two as occasion shall serve.

First, therefore, for the city of Bath, to omit all the antiquities noted by Mr. Cambden and other good authors, as also seen by my selfe, I observe this, that among all our old traditions and legends thereof, it seemeth as it were purposely left in suspence, and not yet fully determined, whether the crowne or the myter have more clayme to the vertue that all men see and say to be in these waters. Some affirme that King Bladude, a learned King, brought up at Athens, long before Christes time, either by his cunning in magique did frame it, or rather by his search did finde it, or at least with his cost did first found it. Others believe that King Arthurs uncle St. David, a bishopp of Wales, that lyved longer with leekes then we doe now with larks and quayles, by his prayer procured this vertue to these springs. But this

is manifest by most credible histories, that King Offa, King of Mercia, built a goodly abbey there, where before had bene a temple of Minerva and Hercules, whom they fayned to be presidents of hot bathes. This monastery, builded by Offa 775, was distroyed by the Danes (being then no Christians) about the yeare 900. Then it was reedified by Elphegus a bishop of Canterbury, An. 1010, and continewd in great estimation for a place of holy and strickt life, but had not yet the tittle of a bishopprick, till John de Villula, a Frenchman borne and a physition by profession, being made Bishop of Wells,<sup>5</sup> which was in Latin, *de Fontibus*, admyring the vertues of these bathes, and the cures they wrought, for which it had bene long before by the Saxons surnamed Akman Chester, that is *sick-mans towne*. This Villula thinking this place *de Fontibus*, more honourable then the other call'd Wells, bought this city of King William Rufus, and translated his seat thither. And fynding that both the towne and abbey had bene late before defaced with fyre, he new built both about the yeare 1122, and was the first bishop that was buried there.

<sup>5</sup> In the year 1088, which see he translated to Bath in 1091, where he died Dec. 29, 1122. See Le Neve's *Fasti Eccl. Angl.* p. 31.

Then was it again burned in the yeare 1137, and repayred againe by Bishop Robert, and remayned still the bishops seate and inheritance, till that bankerout Bishop Savaricus, for covetousness of Glastenbury, *in mercedem hujus unionis*, (to use my authors worde) for recompence of this union of Glastenbury to Wells, gave Bathe againe to King Richard the First, and yet notwithstanding these two huge revenews, he spent so prodigally and unprövidently in his many journeys to the Emperor, that it is written he had a legion of creditors, and for his wandering humor he had this written for an epitaph, though not set to his tombe at Bathe :

*Hospes eras mundo,  
Per mundum semper eundo,  
Sic suprema dies  
Fit tibi prima quies.*

Thus Bathe againe after 100 yeares, became the king's, and ever may it be soe.

But the church was not so sufficiently repayred as it ought, in so much that in Henry 7. his tyme it was ready to fall, what time this worthy Oliver King, about 100 yeares since, built it againe with so goodlie a fabrick as the stone

worke stands yet firme, notwithstanding the injuries of men, and time, and tempests upon it.

Here I may by no meanes omitt, yet I can scant tell how to relate, the pretty tales that are told of this bishop King, by what visions, and predictions, he was encouraged and discouraged in the building of this churche, whether some cunning woman had foretold him of the spoyle that followd, (as Paulus Jovius wrytes<sup>s</sup> how a witch deceived his next successor Hadryan, bishop of Bathe,) or whether his own mynde running of it, gave him occasion, sleeping, to dreame of that he thought waking; but this goes for currant and confirmd with pretty probabilitie; —that lying at Bathe, and musing or meditating one night late, after his devotions and prayers for the prosperity of Henry 7th and his children, (who were then all or most part lyving,) to which king he was principal secretary, and by him preferred to his bishoprick; he saw, or supposed he saw, a vision of the holy Trynitie with angells ascending and descending by a ladder, neer to the foote of which there was a fayre olive tree supporting a crowne, and a voyce that

<sup>s</sup> In vitâ Hadriani sexti. De vit. Leo. dec. pont. max. Flor. 1551, p. 89.

said—" Let an *Olive* establish the crowne, and let a *King* restore the church." Of this dreame, or vision, he took exceeding great comfort, and told it divers of his frends, applying it to the king his master in parte, and some part to himselfe. To his master, because the olive being the emblem or hieroglifick of peace and plentie, seemed to him to allude to king Henry VIIth, who was worthely counted the wisest and most peaceable king in all Europe of that age. To himself, (for the wisest will flatter themselves sometime,) because he was not only a chiefe councellor to this king, and had bene his ambassador to conclude the most honourable peace with Charles the 8, who paid (as Hollinshed<sup>s</sup> wryteth) 745 thousand ducketts, beside a yearly tribute of 25000 crowns, but also he carried both the Olive and King in his own name; and therefore thought he was specially designed for this church-worke, to the advaancement of which he had an extraordinary inclynation. Thus though (as St. Thomas of Aquin well noteth) all dreames, be they never so sencible, will be found to hault in some part of their coherence; and so perhaps may this; yet most certaine it is, he was so trans-

<sup>s</sup> Vide Reign of Hen. VII.

ported with his dreame, for the tyme, that he presently set in hand with this church (the ruins whereof I rue to behold even in wryting theis lynes) and at the west end thereof he caused a representation to be graved of this his vision of the Trinitie, the angells, and the ladder, and on the north side the olive and crown, with certaine French wordes, which I could not reade, but in English is this vearse taken out of the booke of Judges, chap, 9.

*Trees going to chuse their king  
Said, be to us the Olive King.*

All which is so curiously cut and carved, as in the west part of England is no better worke then in the west end of this poore church ; and to make the credit of all this more authentique, he added this worde to it, *de sursum est, it is from on high.* Thus much the stones and walls (though dumb witnesses, yet credible,) doe playnly testifie But in midst of all this jollitie, having made so fair a beginning to his owne great content, and no lesse to the king's, who came into this contrie at that time, and lay at the Deane of Wells his house nine dayes ; I say, in all this joy and comfort, it hapned the kings *primogenitus*, the noble Prince Arthur (having

lately before maryed a great Infanta of Spayne,) to depart this life.<sup>7</sup> This so daunted the heart and hopes of this good bishop, that he doubted now his vision would prove but an illusion, that his *Oliva* would be but an *Oleaster*; which melancholly thoughts were increast in him by the predictions, as I touched before, of some wysards (to which kynde of men that age was much affected) concerning the new prince who was after Henry 8. of his infortunate marriadges, of the decay of his off-spring, that he should pull down what kings had builded, which no mervaile if the bishop, being by sirname King, mistrusted to pertaine also to his buildings. I heard by one Flowre of Phillips-Norton, who said he saw Henry 7th in this contrie, that this bishop would wishe he had paid above the price of it, so it might have been finisht, for if he ended it not, it would be pulld down ere it were perfected.

As for the latter predictions or rather post-fictions (since this bishops death) I willingly omit, concerning the successors of this bishop,

<sup>7</sup> Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry the Seventh, married the Infanta Catherine, Nov. 14, 1501, and died April 2, 1502.



as things worthier to be contemned then condemned, written by coal-prophets,<sup>8</sup> upon whyted walls, which the Italian calls, *the paper of fooles, muro bianco charta di matto*; of which sort many have bene made as well by our own contry men as others; but the best I remember was this, written by an English gentleman, since the 43d yeare of Queene Elizabeth, on the church wall with a charcoale.

*O Church! I waile thy wofull plight,  
Whom king nor card'nall, clerke nor knight  
Have yet restord to auncient right.*

Subscribed *Ignoto.*

Whereto a captaine of an other contrie wrate this for the comfort of this church; and I wish him to prove a true prophet, though perhaps he dyed rather a martir.

*Be blythe, fair kerk, when Hempe is past,  
Thine Olyve, that ill wynds did blast,  
Shall flourish green, for ay to last.*

Subscribed *Cassadore.*

But to proceede in this sad story, and leave this pleasant poetrie, to pursue truths and es-

<sup>8</sup> See p. 37, supra. This is a quibble upon the term.

chew fictions, to embrace reason and refuse ryme; it is most apparent that after the death of this Olyver King, his successors Cardinall Adrian, Cardinall Wolsey, Bishop Clerke, and Bishop Knight, all succeeded in 35 yeares, of which the first two were supposed to poyson themselves,<sup>9</sup> the third to be poysond by others, the last survived to see the death, or at least the deadly wounde of this church; for while the builders were readie to have finisht it, the destroyers came to demolish it. Yet, to give the Devill his right, (as the proverb is) it is said that the commissioners in reverence and compassion of the place, did so far strayne their commission, that they offerd to sell the whole church to the towne under 500 marks. But the townsmen fearing they might be thought to cosen the King, if they bought it so cheape, or that it might after (as many things were) be found conceal'd, utterly refused it. Whereupon certaine merchants bought all the glass, iron, bells, and lead, of which lead alone was ac-

<sup>9</sup> The supposition of Wolsey's having poisoned himself would seem to have arisen from an interpolation in the printed copy of Cavendish's *Life of the Cardinal*. No mention is made of such a circumstance in Harl. MS. 428, which contains an entire "Discourse of the Cardynallis Lyfe and Death."

compted for (as I have crediblie heard) 480 tunne, worth at this day 4800*l*. But what became of these spoyles and spoylers,

*Desit in hâc mihi parte fides, neque credite factum ;*  
*Aut, si creditis, facti quoque credite pœnam.*<sup>2</sup>

For I may well say, *non possum quin exclamem*. But in a word, soon after the sellers lost their heads, the buyers lost their goods, being laid up in the great treasorie of Antichrist, I mean drownd in the sea, from whence (as some wryte) by the Devills power, he shall recover all lost treasures, for the maintaining of his unmeasurable guifts.

Thus speedily it was pull'd down, but how slow it hath rysen again, I may blush to wryte. Collections have bene made over all England, with which the chauncell is covered with blew slate, and an alms-house built, *ex abundantia* ; but the whole body of the church stands bare, *ex humilitate*. The rest of the money never comming to the townsmens hands, is laid up (as I suppose) with the money collected for

<sup>2</sup> Ovid Met. X. 303.

Paul's steeple, which I leave to a *melius inquirendum*. And thus the church lies still, like the poore traveller mentioned in the 10. of Luke, spoiled and wounded by theeves. The priest goes by, the levites go by, but doe nothing: only a good Samaritan, honest Mr. Billet,<sup>3</sup> (worthy to be *billeted* in the new Jerusalem) hath powr'd some oyle in the wounds, and maintaind it in life. In so much as a wealthie cittizen of London, hath adventured to set his tombe there, whom I commend more worthily then the senate of Rome did thank Varro, at his return from Cannas, *quod de salute reipublicæ non desperasset*; for it seemes this honest citizen did not despaire of the reedifying this church, that gave order to be richly entombed therein;—and thus much be said of the first founder of this last church of Bathe.

<sup>3</sup> Secretary and executor to Ld. Burleigh. See Sir J. Harrington's letter to Mr. Sutton, in Vol. I.

BISHOP [WILLIAM] BARLOW.<sup>4</sup>

THE next I am to wryte of is Bishop Barlow, of whom my author in this booke saith little; in the Latin Treatise<sup>5</sup> there is somewhat more, and I will add a word to both. Bathe (as I have noted before) is but a tytle in this bishopprick, so as for many yeares Bathe had the name, but Wells had the game: but yet that one may know they be sisters, your Highnes shall understand that this game I speake of, which was one of the fairest of England, by certaine bootie play betweene a Protector and a Bishop, (I suppose it was at Tick-take<sup>6</sup>), was like to have been lost with a *why not?* and, to use rather another man's words then mine own to explain this riddle; thus saith the Latin relation of him:—"He was a man no less godly

<sup>4</sup> Prior of Bisham: made Bishop of St. Asaph in 1535, of St. David's in 1536, of Bath and Wells in 1549, and of Chichester in 1559. Ob. 1568.

<sup>5</sup> "De Præsulibus Angliæ commentarius," p. 387, edit. 1743.

<sup>6</sup> A game at tables, or backgammon.

“ then learned, but not so markable in any  
 “ thing as in his fortunate off-spring, for which  
 “ Niobe and Latona might envy him, happie  
 “ in his own children, more happie in their  
 “ matches. To let passe his sonns, (of whom  
 “ one is now Prebend in Wells, and esteemed  
 “ most worthie of such a father ;) he had five  
 “ daughters whom he bestowed on five most  
 “ worthie men, of which three are bishops at  
 “ this houre;<sup>7</sup> the other, for their merit, are  
 “ in mens expectation designed to the like dig-  
 “ nitie hereafter. Howbeit (saith he) in one  
 “ thing this prelate is to be deemd infortunate,  
 “ that while he was bishop his see receaved so  
 “ great a blow, losing, at one clap, all the rents  
 “ and revenews belonging to it.” Thus he ;  
 and soone after he tells, that for his marriadge  
 he was deprived, and lyved as a man ba-  
 nished in Germany. Here is his praise, here  
 is his dispraise. If he were deprived for a law-  
 full act, no mervaile if he be deprived for an  
 unlawfull. Sith then my author compares his  
 felicitie with that of Niobe, I will also compare  
 his misfortune with Peleus, making Ovids

<sup>7</sup> This was in 1598 ; but in 1608, all five had been made bishops.

vearse<sup>3</sup> to serve my turne, in changing but a worde or two.

*Fælix et Natis fælix et conjuge, Barlo,  
Et cui, si demas spoliati crimina templi  
Omnia contigerant; hoc tanto crimine sontem  
Accepit profugum patria Germanica tellus.*

But God would not suffer this morsell to be quite swallowed, but that it choked the feeders; to say nothing in this place, but how the protector was foretold by a poet, that he should loose his head.

*Æstatis sedes, qui sacras diruis ædes,  
Pro certo credes, quod Cephias perdere debes.*

I speake now only of the spoyle made under this bishop. Scarce were five yeares past after Bathes ruins, but as fast went the axes and hammers to work at Wells. The goodly hall covered with lead (because the rooffe might seeme too low for so large a roome) was uncovered, and now this rooffe reaches to the sky. The chappell of our Lady, late repayred by Stillington, a place of great reverence and antiquitie,

<sup>3</sup> In Metamorph. lib. xi. 266.

was likewise defaced, and such was their thirst after lead (I would they had drunke it scalding) that they tooke the dead bodies of bishops out of their leaden coffins, and cast abroad the carcases skarce throughly putrified. The statues of brasse, and all the auncient monuments of kings, benefactors to that goodly cathedrall church, went all the same way, sold (as my author wrytes) to an Alderman of London, who being then rich, and by this great bargaine, thinking to have increast it, found it like *aurum Tholosanum*; for he so decayd after, no man knew how, that he brake in his mayoraltie. The statues of kings were shipt from Bristoll, but disdayning to be banisht out of their own countrie, chose rather to lie in St. George his Channell, where the ship was drown'd. Let *atheists* laughe at such losses, and call them mischaunces; but all that trulie feare God will count them terrible judgements.

Theise things were, I will not say done, I will say, at least, suffered, by this bishop; but I doubt not but he repented hereof, and did pennance also in his banishment *in sacco et cinere*.



But some will say to me, why did he not sue to be restored to this bishoprick at his returne; finding it vacant, but rather accepted of Chichester? I have asked this question, and I have receavd this answer, by which I am halfe perswaded, that Wells also had their prophecies as well as Bathe, and that this bishop was premonstrated (that I may not say predestinate) to give this great wounde to this bishoprick. There remayne yet in the bodie of Wells church about 30 foote high, two eminent images of stone, set there (as is thought) by Bishop Burnell, that built the great hall there in the raigne of Ed. 1. but most certainly, long before the raigne of Hen. 8. One of theise images is of a king crowned, the other is of a bishop myterd. This king, in all proportions resembling Hen. 8. holdeth in his hand a childe falling, the bishop hath a woman and children about him. Now the old men of Wells had a tradition, that when there should be such a king, and such a bishop, then the church should be in daunger of ruine. This falling childe, they said, was King Edward, the fruitfull Bishop, they affirmed was Dr. Barlow, the first maryed bishop of Wells, and perhaps of England. This talke being rife in Wells in Queene Marye's

time, made him rather affect Chichester, at his return, then Wells, where not only the things that were ruind, but those that remaynd, serv'd for records and remembrances of his sacrilege.

K 3

OF BISHOP THOMAS GODDWIN.<sup>9</sup>

OF Bishop Gilbert Bourne<sup>2</sup> I can add nothing, and of the other Gilbert<sup>3</sup> but a worde, that he was a good justicer, (as saith the same author, *nisi quatenus homo uxorius conjugis importunitate impulsus a veri ac recti tramite aberravit,*) saving that somtimes being ruled by his wife, by her importunitie he swarved from the rule of justice and sinceritie, especially in persecuting the kindred of Bourne his predecessor. The fame went that he dyed very rich, but the same importunate woman caryed it all away, that neither church nor the poore were the better for it.

But for Doctor Godwin, of whom I am to speake, I must (with my authors leave) add a

<sup>9</sup> Dean of Canterbury. Made Bp. of Bath and Wells in 1584. Ob. 1590.

<sup>2</sup> See Godwin's Catalogue, p. 311. Ob. 1569.

<sup>3</sup> Gilbert Berkeley, made Bp. of Bath and Wells, 1559. Ob. 1581.

word of mine own knowledge. He came to the place as well qualified for a bishop as mought be, unreproveably without symonie, given to good hospitallity, quyete, kynde, affable, a widower, and in the Queenes very good opinion, *non minor est virtus quam quærere parta tueri*. If he had held on as cleare as he enterd, I should have as highly extold him: but see his misfortune, that first lost him the Queenes favor, and after forc't him to another mischeif.

Being, as I said, aged, and diseased, and lame of the gowt, he maryed (as some thought for opinion of wealth) a widow of London. A chief favourite<sup>4</sup> of that tyme (whom I am sorry to have occasion to name againe in this kinde) had labord to get the mannor of Banwell from this bishoprick, and disdayning the repulse, now hearing this intempestive <sup>5</sup>mariadge, tooke advantage thereof, causd it to be told to the Queene, (knowing how much she mislyked such matches) and instantly pursewd the bishop with letters and mandates for the manor

<sup>4</sup> Sir Walter Raleigh.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. unseasonable.

of Banwell for 100 yeares. The good bishop not expecting such a suddaine tempest, was greatly perplext, yet a while he held out, and indured many sharp messages from the Queene, of which my selfe caryed him one, deliverd me by my Lord of Leicester, who seemd to favor the bishop, and mislike with the knight for molesting him; but they were soon agreed, like Pilat and Herod to condemne Christ.

Never was harmlesse man so traduced to his Sovereigne, that he had maryed a girle of twenty yeare old, with a great portion, that he had convayd halfe the bishopprick to her, that (because he had the gowt) he could not stand to his mariadge; with such scoffs to make him ridiculous to the vulgar, and odious to the Queene.

The good Earle of Bedford happening to be present when these tales were told, and knowing the Londoners widow that the bishop had maryed, said, merily to the Queene, after his dry manner, "Madam, I know not how much the woman is above twenty, but I know a sonne of her's is but little under forty;" but this rather mar'd then mended the matter. One said, *majus peccatum habet*: another told of

three sorts of mariadge; of God's making, of man's making, and of the devill's making: of God's making, as when Adam and Eve, two younge folke, were coupled; of man's making, when one is old and the other younge, as Joseph's mariadge; and of the devill's making, when two old folks marry not for comfort, but for covetousness; and such they said was this. The conclusion to the premisses was this, that to pacesse his persecutors, and to save Banwell, he was faine to part with Wilscombe for 99 yeeres, (I would it had bene 100,) and so purchased his peace. Thus the bishoprick, as well as the bishop were punished, who wished in his heart he had never taken this preferment to foyle himselfe in his decrepit age, with that stayne that all his life he had abhorred, and to be made an instrument of another man's 'sacri-

<sup>6</sup> Mr. Bentham remarks, in extenuation of what Willis had termed 'sacrilegious alienations'—"had these alienations been the voluntary acts of the bishops, the censure had been justly laid: but, as the law then stood, the Queen had it wholly in her power to make those exchanges, and might, I conceive, have taken to herself, had she so pleased, all the estates of all the bishopricks in England, by way of exchange, without asking the consent of the bishops." See *Hist. &c. of the Church of Ely*, p. 196; in the appendix to which work, is a petition from Parker, Cox, and other prelates,

ledge, and used like a leaden conduite pipe to convey water to others, and drinke nothing but the dreggs and drosse and rust itself. Wherefore right honestly, and modestly, and no lesse learnedly, writes his owne sonne of him in the forenamed treatise, *O illum fœlicem, si fœlix manere maluisset, quam regiminis ecclesiastici labores tum suscipere, cum laboribus impar, fractus senio necessum illi fuerit aliorum uti auxilio, &c.* O happie he, if he would rather have remayned happy where he was, then to undergoe the labours of ecclesiasticall government, when he grew unable to travell, broken with age, constrained to use the help of others; who though their dutie required a care of so good natur'd an old man, yet they proving (as most do) negligent of others good, and too greedie of their owne, overthrew both.

For my part, though I lov'd him well, and some of his, yet in this case I can make no other apologie for him, nor use no other plea in his defence, but such as ill debtors doe, that when they are sued upon just occasions, plead

praying Q. Eliz. would forbear making the exchange of their manors and lands for tenths and impropriate rectories, &c.

*per minas*; or, rather, to liken him to a husbandman, that dwelling neer a judge that was a great builder, and comming one day amongst divers other neighbors with carriadges, some of stone, some of timber; the steward (as the manner of the countrie was,) provided two tables for their dinners; for those that came upon request,<sup>6</sup> powderd beefe<sup>7</sup> and perhaps venson; for those that came for hyre, pore<sup>8</sup> John and apple-pyes; and having invyted them to sit down in his lords name, telling them one bord was for them that came for love, the other for those that came for money; this husbandman and his hynd sat not down at either, which the steward imputing to simplicitie, repeated his former words againe, praying them to sit down accordingly; but he answered (for there is craft in the clowted shoe) he saw no table for him, for he came neither for love nor money, but for verie feare: and even so I dare answer for this bishop, he neither gave Wilscombe for love, nor sold it for money, but left it for feare.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. by invitation or intreaty—*a precario*.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. salted beef. See Lord Bacon's Nat. Hist. Cent. IV.

<sup>8</sup> Coarse fish, salted and dried. Nashe, in his "Supplication of Pierce Pennilesse," 1592, couples it with *haberdine*.



How straungely he was intrapt in that unfit mariadge, I know not ; if it may called a mariadge :

*Non Hymeneus adest illi, non gratia lecto.—*

Himself protested to me with teares in his eyes, "he tooke her but for a guide of his house, and for the rest (they were his own words) he lyved with her as Josephe did with Mary, our lady." Setting this one disgrace of his aside, he was a man very well esteemd in the countrie, beloved of all men for his great housekeeping; of the better sort, for his kinde entertainment and pleasing discourse at his table. His reading had bene much, his judgement and doctrine sound, his government mylde and not violent, his mynde charitable, and therefore I doubt not but when he lost this life, he wonne heaven according to his word, *win God, win all.*<sup>8</sup> This I say truly of him, which his sonne was not so fitt to say, for feare perhap of that foolish saying, (yet wise ynough if it be well understood) *nemo laudat patrem nisi improbus filius.*

<sup>8</sup> "The memory of Bishop Godwin, says a most learned and candid writer, will ever be respected. His own merit brought him into public notice; and when he rose in the church, he adorned it by his amiable qualities." Todd's Account of the Deans of Canterbury. P. 48.

DOCTOR JOHN STILL.<sup>9</sup>

**B**UT what style shall I use to set forth this Still, whom (well nygh 30 yeares since) my reverent<sup>2</sup> tutor in Cambridge styled by this name, "Divine Still;" who, when my selfe came to him to sue for my grace to be bachelor, first examind me strictly, and after answerd me kyndly, that "the grace he graunted me was not of grace, but of merit;" who was often content to grace my young exercises with his venerable presence; who, from that time to this, hath given me some helpes, more hopes, all encouragements in my best studies; to whom I never came, but I grew more religious; from whom I never went, but I parted better instructed. Of him therefore, my acquaintance, my frend, my instructor, and lastly my diocesan; if I speake much it were not to be marvelled; if I speake franklie, it is not to be blamed; and though I speake partiallie, it were to be pardoned. Yet to keep within my pro-

<sup>9</sup> Made Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1592. Ob. 1607. Æt. 64.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Fleming. MS.

portion, custome, and promise, in all theise; I must say this much of him; his breeding was from his childhood in good litterature, and partly in musique, which was counted in those dayes a preparative to divinitie, neither could any be admitted to *primam tonsuram*, except he could first *bene le, bene con, bene can*, (as they call it,) which is to reade well, to conster well, and to sing well; in which ~~last~~ he hath good judgement, and I have heard good music of voyces in his house.

In his full time, more full of learning, he became bachelor of divinitie, and after doctor, and so famous for a preacher, and speacially a disputer, that the learned'st were even affeard to dispute with him; and he finding his owne strength would not sticke to warne them in their arguments to take heede to their answers, like a perfect fencer that will tell aforehand in which button he will give the venew,<sup>3</sup> or like a cunning chest-player that will appoint aforehand with which pawn, and in what place, he will give the mate. And not to insist long in a matter so notorious, it may suffice that about 20 yeare since when the great dyet or meeting,

<sup>3</sup> A technical term for a hit in fencing.

should have bene in Germanie, for composing matters in religion; Doctor Still was chosen for Cambridge, and Doctor Humphrey<sup>4</sup> for Oxford, to oppose all commers for defence of the English church. For this, his knowne sufficiencie, he was not long unfurnish't of double 'honour. The puritans in Cambridge woed him, and would fayne have wonne him to their part; and seing they could not, they forbare not in the pulpit, after their fashion, to glaunce at him, among others, with their equivocations and epigrams. There was one Mr. Key that offended them, and one said in a sermon, that of all complexions the worst were such as were *key-cold*; and in the same sermon and like veine, he said that some could not be contented with a lyving worth 100*l.* a yeare, another worth six score, but *Still* will have more. But howsoever they snarl'd, this Still was counted well worthy of more, so as in the yeare 1592, being the 34th of the late Queene, he was preferrd to this see, after it had bene vacant well nygh 3 yeare. During the vacancy, I can well

<sup>4</sup> Laurence Humphrey, successively Dean of Gloucester and Winchester, a great and general scholar, says Wood, an able linguist, and a deep divine. Ath. Oxon. I. 242.

<sup>5</sup> Two benefices. MS.

remember, there was great enquiring who should have it; and, as if all bishops should now be sworne to follow *usum Sarum*, every man made reckoning that the manor-house and park of Banwell should be made a reward of some courtier. It increast also this suspicion that Thomas Henneage,<sup>6</sup> an old courtier, and zealous puritan, was said to have an oare in the matter, whose conscience, if it were such in the cleargie, as it was found in the duchy, might well have digested a better booty than Banwell. But when it was notified once who was named to it, I had better conceit, and straight I wrate to him, as of old Cambridge acquaintance, and in such rusty Latin as I had left, gave him warning of this rumor, which he tooke exceeding kyndly at my hands, though some other frownd on me for it, many months after. So that for his entry to it, I may boldly say *that* I said before of his predecessor, that he came clearly to it without any touch or scandall, that he brought a good report from the places where he had lyved, shewd himselfe well natured and courteous to the kindred of his predecessor, had a farre greater fame of learning and merit, and

<sup>5</sup> Vice-chamberlain to Q. Elizabeth, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Ob. 1595.

(which the Queene lyked best of all,) was single and a widower. Nay, I maye compare them yet furder, he maryed also soone after he was setled, and the Queene was nothing well pleased with his marriadge. Howbeit, in all indifferent censures this marriadge was much more justifiable then the other, for age, for use, for end; he being not too old, nor she too young, being daughter to a worshipfull knight of the same contry and a great house-keeper, and drawing with her a kynde of alliance with judge Popham, that swayd all the temporall government of the contrie. These respects, though I will not strive greatly to praise in a bishop, yet the common sort will allow no doubt for wise and provident; so as the Queenes displeasure, (the times being somewhat more propitious and favourable to bishoppicks since Bishop Wickhams sermon) was the easier pacified without so costly a sacrifice as a whole mannor, and she contented her selfe only to breake a jeast upon the name of the bishops wyfe, saying to Sir Henry Barkley, "it was a daungerous name for a bishop to match with a *'Horner.*" Since which time, he hath

<sup>7</sup> This lady may have been a daughter of Sir John Horner, of Mells Park, near Frome, in Somersetshire, who was

preached before her more then once, and hath received good testimonies of her good opinion, and God hath also blest him many wayes very greatly, to see his children well brought up, well bestowed, and to have an unexpected renew, out of the entrails of the earth (I mean the lead mines of Mendip) greater then his predecessor had above ground; so as this bishop seemes to be blest with Josephs blessing, *benedictionibus cæli sursum, benedictionibus abyssi jacentis deorsum, benedictionibus uberis et vulvæ*; Gen. 49, 25. *with blessings from heaven above, blessings from the deepe that lyeth beneath, blessings of the breasts and of the wombe.* Which fortunate increase of lyving happening to a provident man, that was ever *homo frugi*, it is supposed hath brought him to a great abilitie: insomuch, that his church of Bathe seemes to conceive some hope that he will have compassion of her ruins, at the least, (as Sir Arthur Hopton,<sup>8</sup> a good knight of the Bathe, was wont betweene ear-

knighted in 1574. Harl. MS. 983, and Cotton MS. Claud. C. III.

<sup>8</sup> Distinguished for mathematical learning &c. and author of "*Baculum Geodeticum sive Viaticum*," 1610, with "*Speculum Topographicum*," 1611.

nest and sport to motion unto him) “to give toward it but the lead to cover it, which would cost him nothing.” But he would reple againe, “Well said, gentle Sir Arthur, you will coffe me as you scoffe me ;” which is no great token that he liketh the motion. Yet at his being at Bathe he promised them very faire, which they are bold to remember him of sometime by their friends. One tryfling accident happend to his lordship there, that I have thought since of more consequence, and I tell him that I never knew him *non plus* in argument, but there. There was a crafts-man in Bathe, a recusant puritan, who condemning our church, our bishops, our sacraments, our prayers, was condemnnd himself to dye at the assises, but at my request Judge Anderson<sup>2</sup> reprieved him, and he was sufferd to remayn at Bathe upon bayle. The bishop confer’d with him, in hope to convert him ; and first, my lord alledged for the authority of the church, St. Augustin ! The shoemaker answerd, “Austin was but a man.”

<sup>2</sup> Sir Edmund Anderson, Knight, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who is reported by Camden to have checked some syllogistic cavil, on the trial of Henry Cuffe, with this rebuke—“ I sit here to judge of *law*, and not of *logic*.”



He [*Still*] produced, for antiquitie of bishops, the fathers of the councell of Nice. He answerd, "They were also but men, and might erre." "Why then, said the bishop, thou art but a man, and maist and doest erre." "No Sir, saith he, the spirit beares witness to my spirit, I am the chyld of God." "Alass, saith the bishop, thy blynde spirit will leade thee to the gallows." "If I die, saith he, in the Lords cause, I shall be a martyr." The bishop turning to me, stirr'd as much to pittie as impatience;—"This man, said he, is not a sheepe strayd from the fold, for such may be brought in againe on the sheapheards shoulders, but this is like a wylde bucke broken out of a parke, whose pale is thrown down, that flies the farder off, the more he is hunted." Yet this man, that stopt his eares like the adder to the charmes of the bishop, was after perswaded by a lay-man, and grew conformable. But to draw to an end: in one question this bishop, whom I count an oracle for learning, would never yet give me satisfaction, and that was, when I askt him his opinion of witches. He saith, "he knowes other mens opinions, both old and new wryters, but could never so digest them, to make them an opinion of his own." All I can get is this, "that the devill is the old

serpent, our enemy, that we pray to be deliverd from dailie ; as willing to have us thinke he can do too much, as to have us perswaded he doth nothing." To conclude of this bishop, without flatterie, I hold him a rare man for preaching, for arguing, for learning, for lyving ; I could only wish, that in all these he would make lesse use of logique, and more of rhetoricke.

[OF THE

*BISHOPS OF] EXCETER.*

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DOCTOR WILLIAM COTTON<sup>3</sup>.

WHEN I reflect my thought and eye upon that I have formerly written, and see that I am like to equall, or rather exceede my author in quantitie of volume, (taking the proportion of the longest Kings raigne to that of Queene Elizabeth,) I am the lesse troubled to thinke, that for lacke of sufficient intelligence, I shall be constrayned to do as he hath also done with dyvers of those former bishops, namely, to obscure and omit the good desarts of some, and to conceale and hide the demerits of others; which if I fortune to doe, yet will I neither crave pardon of the one, nor thanks of the

<sup>3</sup> He was consecrated 12 Nov. 1598, says Howes, in his abridged chronicle, and lived so long that he saw the change of bishops throughout all England. Ob. 1621.

other ; being to be excused of both by an invincible ignorance. Howbeit, if in these I have, or shall treat of, I have bene so playne and liberall, as thereby I may move the spleene of some bishop against me, to write as bishop Jovius did against Petro Aretino, whom notwithstanding some Italians call *unico & divino*, whose epitaph Paulus Jovius made thus, the man being long after alive,

*Qui giace l' Aretino, l' amoro Tosco,  
Che besthemia ogniuno fuor che Dio,  
Seusandoi, con il dire non lo cognosco.*<sup>4</sup>

Which one did put thus into English :

*Here lyeth Aretine, that poysonous toad,  
Whose spightfull tongue and pen (all saints  
beshrow him,)  
Did rayle on priest, and prince, and all but  
God,  
And said, (for his excuse,) I do not know him.*

<sup>4</sup> Moreri has given this inscription in Latin.

Condit *Aretini* cineres lapis ipse sepultos,  
Mortales atro qui sale perfricuit :  
Intactus Deus est illi, causamque rogatus  
Hanc dedit, " Ille, inquit, non mihi notus erat."

I say, if any should follow this humor of Jovius, yet shall he not thereby put me into the humor of Aretine, that answered him. For I reverence all their places, and manie of their persons. I know how high their calling is, that may say, *pro Christo legatione fungimur*: I know that next to kings, bishops are most sacred persons, and as it were Gods on earth; howbeit, also, some of them have the imperfections of men, and those not prejudicial to the acts of their office. For my part, I would I could speak much good of all, and no ill of any; and say (for mine excuse) *I do not know them*.

Accordinglie of the bishoprick and bishop of Exeter, I can say but little, namely, that it is since bishop Harmans<sup>4</sup> tyme (as my author noted, pag. 337,) reduced to a good mediocrity, from one of the best bishopricks of England; so as now it is rather worthie of pittie then envy, having but two manners left of 22. And I will add thus much to your Highnes,

<sup>4</sup> Bp. Harman, alias Veysey, died in 1555. His immediate successors in the see of Exeter, were Miles Coverdale, James Turvervile, William Atley, William Bradbridge, John Woolton, and Gervase Babington.

that as in publique respect I wish and hope you will favour all bishops, so, in a private respect, your Highnesse should specially favor this bishop, in whose diocess your duchie of Cornwall, and your stanneries are; so the duke may uphold the bishop, and the reverent bishop may bless the duke.

OF [THE  
**BISHOP OF] NORWICH.**

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DOCTOR GEGON.<sup>5</sup>

CONCERNING Norwich, whether it be the praise of the bishops, or the people, or both, I know not; or whether I have here a partiall relation; but by that I have heard, I should judge this city to be another Utopia. The people live all so orderly, the streets kept so cleanly, the trades-men, younge and old, so industrious; the better sort so provident, and withall so charitable; that it is as rare to meete a begger there, as it is common to see them in Westminster. For the 4 bishops<sup>6</sup> that were in Queene Elisabeth's tyme, I know nothing in perticular, but that they livd as bishops should do, *sine*

<sup>5</sup> Or Jegon, preferred from the deanery to the bishoprick of Norwich, in 1602. Ob. 1617.

<sup>6</sup> Bishops Parkhurst, Freke, Scambler, and Redman.

*querela*, and were not warriors, like bishop Spencer,<sup>7</sup> their predecessor, in Henry the fourth his tyme; nor had such store of gold and silver as he had, that could levie an armie. **But** for the present bishop, I knew him but four yeeres since vicechancellor of Cambridge; and I am sure he had as good Latin as any of his predecessors had, and [was] accounted there a verie perfect divine; in both which respects, he is to be thought verie fitt for that place, being a maritime town, and much frequented with straungers; very devoutly given in religion, and perhaps understand Latine as well as Englishe.

<sup>7</sup> Henry Spencer, surnamed the warlike, attained the mitre of Norwich in 1370.



[OF THE  
*BISHOPS OF] WORCESTER.*

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DOCTOR GERVASE BABINGTON.<sup>8</sup>

WORCESTER hath been fortunate in this last age to manie excellent bishops; of which but two in 100 yeares have died bishops thereof, the rest having bene removed. Also, in less then 14 yeare, it had one bishop became pope, another that was a protestant, namely, Clement the Seventh, and Hugh Latimer. Of the seaven therefore that were in Queene Elizabeth's tyme, I shall in this place speake but of one, and that is he now lyving, who by birth is a gentleman of a verie good house; for learning inferior to few of his ranke. He was sometime chaplen to the late Earle of Pembroke, whose noble Coun-

<sup>8</sup> Translated from Landaff to Exeter in 1594, and to Worcester in 1597. Ob. 1610. Æt. 60. His works were printed in 1615 and 1637.

tess used this her chaplaen's advise, I suppose, for the translation of <sup>9</sup> the psalms, (of which I have seen some); for it was more then a woman's skill to expresse the sence so right as she hath done in her vearse, and more then the English or Latin translation could give her.— They first were means to place him in Landaff, neere them at Caerdyff, where he would say, merily, his true title should be Aff, for the Land was gone.<sup>2</sup> Thence he came back over the sea to the sea of Exeter, and thence, on *terra firma*, to Worcester; a place where both the church and town are at this daye in very flourishing estate, and the church especially in verie good reparations, which I take ever for one good argument of a good bishop; for where the sheep be ragged, and the fold rotten, there I straight suppose is no very good shepheard. Yet, as everie generall rule hath commonly some ex-

<sup>9</sup> Several specimens of this version are given in the poetical portion of this volume.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Harington has introduced this witticism among his Epigrams, lib. ii.

A learned prelate, late dispos'd to laugh,  
Hearing me name the bishop of *Landaff*;  
'You should,' said he, advising well hereon,  
'Call him Lord *Aff*, for all the *Land* is gone.'

ception, so hath this in some places in England, and manie more in Wales, of which I shall, in their due place, note somewhat in the ensuing treatises. And thus much of Worcester.

[OF THE

*BISHOPS] OF HEREFORD.*

## JOHN SCORY.

OF this twise bishop,<sup>3</sup> Scory, I have heard but little, yet it hath bene my fortune to read somthing that will not be amisse to acquaint your Highnes with, that you maie see how Satan doth sift the lyves and doings of English bishops with the quills sometimes of straungers and foraigners. For whereas, this our English modest wryter only reports “how he, first bishop of Chichester, being but bachelor of divinitie, and deprived for no fault but that he continewed not a bachelor, whereupon he fled for religion (as the phrase was) till comming home in the yeere 1560, he was preferred to

<sup>3</sup> First of Rochester, 1551, next of Chichester, 1552, of which he was deprived by Q. Mary, and afterward preferred by Q. Eliz. to Hereford, 1559. Ob, 1585.

Hereford." The French wryter stayeth not there, but telleth "how that being setled there, though he professed to be a great enemy to idolatry, yet in another sence (according to St. Paule,) he became a worshipper of images; not saints but angells.<sup>4</sup> Belike he feared some future tempest, and therefore thought to provide better for himself then he had at Chichester; so as what with pulling down houses and selling the lead, and such loose endes; what with setting up good husbandries; what with leases to his tennants, with all manner of *viis et modis*, he heaped together a great masse of wealth." He that hath store of mettell must needs also have some drosse, and no mervaile if this bishop then, according to his name, had much *Scoria* with his treasure. A noble and honorable councillor, and then lord president of Wales, hearing so frequent complaints made of him for oppressions, extortions, symonies, and the like, caused a bill to be preferd into the star-chamber against him; in which bill was contayned such matter as was enough not onely to disgrace him, but to degrade him, if it had bene followed accordingly. His solliciter of his causes brings him a coppie of the bill, and, in reading

<sup>4</sup> A quibble upon the gold coin so denominated.

it with him, seemed not a little dismayd in his behalfe, much like to the servant of Elisha that came trembling to his master, and told him how they were beleagerd with a huge armie. But this bishop, though not indewd with the spirit of a *prophet*, yet having a spirit that could looke well into his *profit*, bids his sollicitor (who was his kinsman, perhaps his sisters brothers sonne) to be of good comfort; adding (it may be) the very words of Elisha, “for there are more of our side then against us.” But when his *Gehezi* (for the comparison sutes better to the man then to the master) could see, as yet, no comfortable vision; the good bishop did not open his eyes to let him see, as Elisha did, the charretts of fyre on the tops of the mountayns: but he opened his own baggs, and showd him some legions, or rather chiliads,<sup>4</sup> of angells, who entring all at once, not into a herd of swine, but into the hoard of a ladie, that then was potent with him, that was *dominus fac totum*, cast such a cloud into the star-chamber, that the bill was never openly heard of after. This, or the like, and much more to the like effect, wrytes this French author of the

<sup>4</sup> Thousands.

said bishop of Hereford ; though the treatise it selfe was not speacially meant against the bishop, but against a temporall lord of a higher ranck, that was not a little netled with the same. In so much, as many travelling gentlemen, and among other, this bishops sonne was calld in question for the publishing of this booke, belike because some particularities of this matter were discoverd that could come originallie from none but him.

But to come againe to this bishop, I hope it shall be no just scandall to other good bishops, trew successors of the apostles, that this man was a bishop. Judas will have successors as well as James, and Symon Magus as well as Symon Peter, and sometime perhaps both in one chayre. This man, indeed, had bene brought up in the age of the fryars that made much of themselves, and relinquisht their cells ; that read in the old testament, *lætare et fac*, but left out *bonum* ; for so he followed the text in the new testament, “ Make ye frendes of the wicked Mammon ;” but left out the part that should have brought him to “ everlasting tabernacles.” For if Gods mercie be not the greater, I feare his frend and he are met in no pleasant mansion, though too durable ; if the vision of Henry

Lord Hunsdon<sup>5</sup> were trew, as an honest gentleman hath often reported it. But all this, notwithstanding, his posteritie may doe well, for God himself forbids men to say, that “the fathers eat sower grapes, and the childrens teeth be on edge;” and if the worst be, the English proverb may comfort them, which, least it want reason, I will cyte in ryme,

*It is a saying common, more than civill,  
The sonne is blest, whose syre is with the devill.*

After his decease a great and long suite was held about his dilapidacions, which makes the former report to seeme the more probable.

<sup>5</sup> Lord Chamberlain to Q. Elizabeth. Ob. 1596. His custom of swearing, and his obscenity of discourse, are noticed by Sir Robert Naunton, in “Fragmenta Regalia,” 1642.



DOCTOR HERBERT WESTPHALING.<sup>6</sup>

THERE succeeded him a learned and famous doctor indeed, Dr. Westphaling, who after he had bene a bishop divers yeares, yet to shew that good bishops do not quite discontinew their studie, but rather increase their knowledge with their dignitie, came to Oxford at her Majesties last being there,<sup>7</sup> and made an eloquent and copious oration before her, for conclusion of the divinitie disputations: among which, one speciall question that bred much attention, was this, “Whether it be lawfull to dissemble in cause of religion?” And one argument more witty then pithie, produced by an opponent, was this, “It is lawfull to dispute of religion, therefore it is lawfull to dissemble,” and urging it further, he said thus, “I my selfe now do that which is lawfull, but I do now dissemble; *ergo*, it is lawfull to dissem-

<sup>6</sup> Canon of Windsor. Made Bp. of Hereford in 1585. Ob. 1601-2.

<sup>7</sup> In Sept. 1592. See that very curious and entertaining publication, “The Progresses &c. of Queen Elizabeth.” Vol. II.

ble:" at which her Majesty and all the auditorie were very merry. I could make a rehearsall of some of the bishops oration concerning this question, how he allowd a secrecie, but without simulation, a pollicie but not without piety, least men taking too much of the serpent, have too little of the dove; but I am sure in all his speach he allowd no equivocation. Howbeit, if I should insist long hereon, I might commit the same fault to your Highness that the Queen at that time founde in him, which was, that she thought him too tedious. For she had sent twice to him to cut short his oration, because her self meant to make a publique speech that evening. But he would not, or as some told her, could not, put himself out of a set methodicall speache, for fear he should have mard it all, and perhaps confounded his memorie. Wherefore she forbare her speach that day, and more privately the next morning sending for the heads of houses, and a few others, she spake to them in Latin, and among other she school'd Doctor Reynalds,<sup>8</sup> for his

<sup>8</sup> Probably John Reynolds, Pres. of C. C. C. Oxon, in 1598. to whom the following complimentary lines were addressed, in Bastard's "Chrestoleros," Lib. iv. Epig. 34.

" Doe I call judgement to my foolish rimes,  
And rarest art and reading them to viewe,

preciseness, willing him to follow her lawes, and not to run before them. But it seemd he had forgotten it when he came last to Hampton Court, so as there he received a better schooling. I may not forget how the Queene, in the midst of her oration, casting her eye aside, and seeing the old Lord Threasurer Burleigh standing on his lame feete for want of a stoole, she call'd in all hast for a stoole for him, nor would she proceede in her speach till she saw him provided of one; then fell she to it againe, as if there had bene no interruption; upon which one that might be so bold with her, told her after, that she did it of purpose to shew that she could interrupt her speech, and not be put out, although the bishop durst not adventure to do a lesse matter the daie before.

But this bishop was everie way a verie sufficient man, and for such esteemd while he was of Christ Church. Trifling accidents shew as good proof, oft times, of a mans spirit, and courage, and constancy, as the waightiest occasions. Such a one happend this doctor while

REYNOLDES ?—religion's oracle most true!  
 Mirrour of arte, and *Austen* of our times!  
 For love of these I call thee, which I pray  
 That thou, in reading these, would'st put away."

he was of the universitie, as a scholler of that tyme hath told me, and it was this:—There had been a very sharp frost, (such as have bene many this yeare,) and a sudden rayne or sleete falling with it from the south-east, had as it were candyed all that side of the steeple at Christ Church, with an ice mixed with snow, which with the warmth of the sunne soon after ten of the clock began to resolve, and Doctor Westphaling being in the middle of his sermon, it fell down altogether upon the leads of the church, with such a noyse, as if indeed it would have thrown down the whole church. The people (as in sudden terrors is usuall) fill'd all with tumult, and each man hasted to be gone so fast, that they hinderd one another. He first kneeling down, and recommending himself to God, (as in the apprehension of a sodaine danger,) straight rose againe, and with so cheerfull both voice and countenance incouraged them, as they all returned, and he quietlie finished his sermon.

But his chief praise I reserve for the last, which was this:—for all such benefices as either were in his owne guift, or fell into his hand by lapse, which were not few, and some of great

valew; he neither respected letters nor commendacions of lords or knights, nor wife, nor frends, in preferment of anie man, but only their sufficiencie and their good conversation; so as to sue for a benefice unto him, was rather a means to misse it then to attayn it.

DOCTOR [ROBERT] BENNET.<sup>9</sup>

THIS bishop was prefer'd to this place since my author wrate his catalogue, so as he is not therein specified ; yet must not I do him that wrong to omit him in this relacion. This is he (if your Highnes do remember it) of whom his Majesty said, “ if he were to chuse a bishop by the aspect, he would' chuse him of all the men he had seene, for a grave, reverent, and pleasing countenance ;” concurring herein, in a sort, though by contraries, with the judgement of Henry the fourth Emperor, who coming from hunting one daie, (as Malmsbury wryteth) went for devotion sake into a church, where a verie ill-favoured faced priest was at service.— The Emperor thinking his vertues suted his visage, said to himself, “ How can God like of so ugly a fellow's service ?” But it fortun'd at that instant, the priests boy was mumbling of that versicle in the hundred psalm, *ipse nos fecit, et non ipsi nos* ; and because he pronounced it

<sup>9</sup> Dean of Windsor : succeeded Dr. Westphaling as Bishop of Hereford in Feb. 1601-2.

not plainly, the priest reprov'd him, and repeated it againe alowd, *ipse nos fecit, et non ipsi nos*: which the Emperour applying to his own cogitacion, thought the priest to have some propheticall spirit, and from that tyme forward esteemed him greatly, and made him a bishop. Thus that bishop, though he could not sett so good a face of it, yet he gat perhaps as good a bishoprick.

But to come to our bishop, whom my self knew in Cambridge a Master of Art, and a proper active man, and playd well at tennis; and after that, when he came to be a Batcheler of Divinitie, he would tosse an argument in the schooles better than a ball in the tennis-court. A grave doctor yet lyving, and his auntient, alluding to his name in their disputation, called him *Erudite Benedicte*, and gave him, for his outward as well as inward ornaments, great commendacion. He became, after, chaplen to the Lord Threasurer Burleigh, who was verie curious, and no lesse fortunate in the choyce of his chaplens, and they no less happy in the choyce of their patron, as Mr. Day, after bishop of Winchester; the bishop I now speak of; Doctor Neale, now deane of Westminster; and dyvers others.

[OF THE

*BISHOPS OF] CHICHESTER.*

I FINDE in former ages many unlearned and unfit men, by favour recommended to bishoppricks, but of a man recommended by the king, and refused by the cleargie, only for his want of learning, I think there is but one example, and that was one Robert Paslew, in the tyme of Hen. 3. which Prince is no lesse to be commended for admitting the refusall, then they for refusing. But yet in speaking of learned bishops, this churche may say their last have bene their best. Doctor<sup>2</sup> Watson your Highnes can remember his Majestie's almoner, he was a verie good preacher, preferred by the Queene, first to the deanry of Bristow, where he was wel beloved; and after to Chichester, where he was more honoured, if not beloved, for the course of his life, and cause of his deathe. I

<sup>2</sup> Anthony Watson, Bishop of Chichester, from 1596 to 1605.



might in some sort compare him to bishop Vaghan,<sup>3</sup> late of London; he grew somewhat corpulent, and having been sicke, and but newly recovered, adventured to travaile to wayt in his place, and so by recydivation<sup>4</sup> he dyed.

<sup>3</sup> Richard Vaughan, Archdeacon of Middlesex, and successively Bishop of Bangor, Chester, and London.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. by a relapse.

DOCTOR ANDROS<sup>4</sup> [ANDREWS].

HIS Majestie having a great desire to prefer Dr. Andrews, then deane of Westminster, made speciall choyse of him to succede him, as well in the bishopprick as the amnership, and I suppose if Henry the third his chaplen had been so good a scholler, he had not bene refused for his learning. This bishop your Highnes knoweth so well, and have heard him so oft, as it may be you thinke it needlesse to hear more of him. But I will be bold to say your Highnes doth but halfe know him; for the vertues that are not seene in him, are more and greater then those that are seene. I will therefore play the blabb so far, that your Highnesse may know him better. He was [<sup>5</sup>born in London, and

<sup>4</sup> Launcelot Andrews, made Bishop of Chichester in 1605, of Ely in 1609, and of Winchester in 1618. He was one of the most eminent of our English prelates, and had a share in translating the pentateuch. He died in 1626, aged 71, and was honoured with a Latin elegy by Milton. See the valuable edition of his poetical works by Mr. Todd, vol. vi. p. 190.

<sup>5</sup> Wanting in the MS.

trained up in the school of that famous <sup>6</sup>Mulcaster,] and for the speciall towardnes was found in him in very younge yeeres, he was not only favoured, but had liberall exhibition given him by a great councellor of those times, as I shall note hereafter. The course of his study was not, as most mens are in these tymes, to get a little superficial sight in divinity, by reading two or three of the new wryters, and straight take orders, and up into the pulpet: of which kynde of men a reverent bishop, yet lyving, said, as properly as pleasantlie, when one told of a young man that preached twice everie Lords day, beside some exercising in the week dayes;—“ It maye be (saith he) he doth *talke* so often, but I doubt he doth not *preach*.” And to the like effect the late Queene said to the same bishop, when she had on the Fryday heard one of these *talking preachers* much commended to her by some bodie; and the Sondaie after heard a well labour'd sermon, which some disgraced as a bosom-sermon, that smelt of the candle;—“ I pray,” said she, “ let me have your *bosom-sermons*, rather than your

<sup>6</sup> Richard Mulcaster, a celebrated philologist, and first Master of Merchant Taylor's school. A copious account of him was printed in the *Gent. Mag.* for 1800.

*lip-sermons*; for when the preacher takes paynes, the auditor takes profit."

But to come to Dr. Andrews, that gathered before he did spend, reading both new wryters and old wryters, not as tasting but as digesting them, and fynding, according to our Saviours saying, Ο παλαιος χρησὸς ἱερος, the old to be more profitable; at last his sufficiency could be no longer conceal'd. But as an industrious merchant, that secretlie and diligentlie follows his trade with small shew, till his wealth being grown so great it can be no longer hidden, is then call'd on for subsidies and loans, and publique services; so did this mans excellency suddenly break forth. His patron (that studied projects of pollicy as much as precepts of pietie,) hearing of his fame, and meaning to make use thereof, sent for him (as I have credible heard) and dealt earnestlie with him, to hold up a side that was even then falling, and to maintaine certain State points of Puritanisme. But he that had too much of the *ανδρος* in him to be skar'd with a councellors frown, or blown aside with his breath, answered him playnly, they were not only against his learning, but his conscience. The cuncellor, seeing this man would be no fryer Pynky, (to be taught in a closet

what he should say at Pouls,) dismiss him with some disdain for the time; but afterward did the more reverence his integritie and honestie, and became no hinderer of his ensuing preferments. Of these one was a prebend in Pawls, belonging to him they call the confessor or confessioner, a place notoriouslie abused in time of poperie by their tyranny and superstition, but now of late, by a contrary extreame, too much forgotten and neglected. While he held this place, his manner was (especiallie in Lent time) to walke duly at certaine hours, in one of the iles of the church, that if any came to him for spirituall advise and comfort, (as some did, though not many,) he might impart it to them. This custom being agreable to the scripture, and fathers, expressed and required, in a sort, in the communion booke, not repugning the 39 articles, and no less approved by Calvin in his Institutions; yet was quarrel'd with by divers (upon occasion of some sermons of his) as a poynt of poperie. The like scandall was taken of some, though not given by him, for his reverent speaking of the highest mysterie of our faith, and heavenly food, the Lords Supper; which some are so stiffe in their knees, or rather in their hearts, that they hold it idolatrie to receive it kneeling. But whatso-

ever such barked at, he ever kept one tenure of life and doctrine, exemplar and unreprieveable.

Two special things I have observed in his preaching, that I may not omit to speak of: One, to raise a joynt reverence to GOD and the Prince, to the spirituall and civile magistrate, by uniting and not severing them; the other, to leade to amendment of life, and good works, the fruits of trew repentance. Of the first kynde, he made a sermon before the Queene long since, (which was most famous) of this text:—“*Thou ledest thy people like sheepe, by the handes of Moses and Aaron.*”<sup>8</sup> Which sermon, (though courtiers eares are commonly so open, as it goes in at one eare and out at the other) yet it left an *aculeus* behind in manie of all sorts. And Henry Noell,<sup>9</sup> one of the great gallants of those times sware “as he was a gentleman, he never heard man speak with such a spirit.”—And the like to this, was his sermon before the King, of two silver trumpetts to be made of one piece.

<sup>8</sup> Psalm lxxvii.

<sup>9</sup> On whom Q. Elizabeth made a rebus; which is given in Collins's Peerage, and in Walpole's Noble Authors. The

Of the second kinde I might saie all his sermons are, but I will mention but his last, that I heard the 5 of the last November, which sermon I could wish ever to read upon that day. "*When the Lord turned the captivitie of Sion,*" &c. And I never saw his Majesty more sweetlie affected with any sermon then with that.

But to conclude ;—I perswade my selfe that whensoever it shall please God to give the King means, with consent of his confederate Princes, to make that great peace which his blessed word *Beati Pacifici*<sup>2</sup> seemeth to promise, (I meane the ending of this great schism in the church of God, procured as much by ambition as by superstition ;) this reverent prelate wil

following lines, which occur among Weelkes's Madrigals, 1600, may have been intended to commemorate the same court gallant.

*Noell*, adew !—adew, thou court's delight,  
 Upon whose locks the graces sweetly play'd ;  
 Now thou art dead, our pleasure dies outright,  
 For who can joy, when thou in dust art laid ?  
 Bedew, my notes, his death-bed with your teares ;  
 Time helps some grief ; no time our grieffe outweares."

<sup>2</sup> This title, which was assumed by K. James, was made by Sir John Stradlyng in 1623, the theme of what he styled 'a divine poem.'

be found one of the ablest, not of England only, but of Europe, to set the course for composing the controversies ; which I speake not to add reputation to his sufficiency by my judgement, but rather to win credit to my judgement by his sufficiency. And whereas I know some that have not known him so long as I have, (yet have heard and beleieve no lesse of his learning than I speake,) finde fault that he is not so apt to deliver his resolution upon everie question moved, as they could wishe, who if they be not quickly resolved of that they aske, will quickly resolve not to care for it. I say this cunctation is the mean between precipitation and procrastination, and is speacially commended by the apostle St. James, as I have heard him alledge it, *Sit omnis homo βραδύς εις τό λαλῆσαι tardus ad loquendum, tardus ad iram.*



[OF THE  
*BISHOP OF] ROCHESTER.*

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DOCTOR [WILLIAM] BARLOW.<sup>3</sup>

THIS bishoprick having been noted in Henry the Third his time, to have bene one of the poorest of England, hath, I suppose, bene the less empoverished in the spoyling times: the graund spoylers being of the minde of some taylors, that when their allowance of stuffe was most scant, they would make the garment more larger. This cittie in theis last 100 yeare, hath had 14 bishops; of which one was cardinall, two were arch-bishops, and I take it but one hath dyed bishop, and that was the last before this, whose name was Younge,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Dean of Chester. Made Bp. of Rochester in 1605, and of Lincoln in 1608.

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Young. Vide infra, Abps. of York.

but lived to be verie old, and desired not to remove.

His successor, Doctor Barlow, is one of the youngest in age, but one of the rypest in learning, of all his predecessors, since Bishop Fisher, that had ill luck with his learning, to dye upon Tower-Hill.<sup>5</sup> There are so manie printed testimonies of his sufficiency, as I need say the lesse of it; but it is like he shall not abide there longe. Of all his sermons he preached afore Queene Elizabeth, (which were manie, and very good,) one that she liked exceedingly was of the plow; of which she said, "Barlows text might seeme taken from the *cart*, but his talke may teache you all in the *court*." He made a sermon, not long after that, at Powles, which manie (especially puritans,) did much mislike; and, for that cause, calld it (alluding to his name) "*The Barly Loafe*;" not marking, how much honor they give it in their scorne, by example both of the old testament and new. In the old testament, the barly loafe

<sup>5</sup> Bp. Fisher was beheaded, on a pretence of having been guilty of high treason, in 1535.

signified Gedeons sword, ordayned to distroy the wicked ; in the new, by the blessing of our Saviour, it fed more thousands of honest men then this offended.

OF [THE  
 BISHOPS OF] OXFORD.

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DOCTOR [JOHN] UNDERHILL.<sup>6</sup>

FROM Rochester I should goe a long pilgrimage to St. Davids in Wales, save I must bayt, a little out of my way, at foure new bishopricks, erected by King Hen. 8, of famous memorie; and therefore I hope not ordaind to be dissolved of a Henry the *Ninthe*, of future and fortunate expectation. I say I will but bayt, especially at Oxford, lest I be bayted if I stay too long, for I know this discourse is to some, as *unguis in ulcere*.

This bishoprick being but 66 yeare since

<sup>6</sup> Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Made Bp. of Oxford in 1589. Ob. 1592.

erected, had two bishops in 26 yeare, and then continewd void 21 yeare; what time, of pure devotion to the leases that would yield good fines, a great parson recommended Doctor Underhill to this place, perswading him to take it, as in the way to a better; but God knowes, it was out of his way, everie way. For ere his first fruits were paid, he dyed (as I heard, at Greenwich) in much discontent, and povertie. Yet his preferrer<sup>7</sup> (to seeme to doe some favour to the universitie of Oxford, for recompence of the spoyle done on the bishoprick of Oxford,) erected a new solemne lecture there at his own charge, which Doctor Reynolds did reade; at which lecture I happend once to be present with the founder, where we were taught *nihil et non*, as elsewhere I have at large shewd to your Highnes.<sup>8</sup> But though the manie-headed beast, the multitude, was bleared with this bountie; yet the schollers that were more *nasuti, oculati, et cordati, did smell, and see, and say*, “that this was but to steale a goose, and sticke a feather.” And, indeed, this was the true theorike and practick of puritanisme;

<sup>7</sup> Sir Francis Walsingham.

<sup>8</sup> Qu. in the account of Dr. Westphaling? See p. 181.

one, impugning the authoritie of bishops secretly, by such lectures ; the other, impoverishing their lyvings openly, by such leases.

After that Bishop *Underhill* was laid *under earthe*, I think the sea of Oxford would have been drownd in the sea of oblivion, if his Majesty, (whose soule abhors all sacriledge) had not supplied it with the good father that now holdeth it, Doctor John Bridges,<sup>9</sup> a man whose vollumes in prose and vearse give sufficient testimonie of his industrie ; though, for mine own part, I am grown an unfit praiser of poetrie, having taken such a surfeet of it in my youth, that I think now, a gray head and a vearse do not agree together, and much lesse a grave matter and a vearse. For the reputacion of poetrie is so altred by the iniquitie of the times, that whereas it was wont to make simple folke beleeve som things that were false, now it makes our great wise men to doubt of things that be trew. When the creed was first put in English vearse, as it is now sunge in the church,

<sup>9</sup> Made Bishop in 1603. Ob. 1619. His works were very numerous. Vid. Bibl. Bodl. " Being Dean of Sarum, (says Sir J. H.) hee wrate to Bishop J. Still, of Bath and Wells, and inscribed his letter thus—*Joannes de Pontibus Joanni de Fontibus.*" Marginal note in the MS. copy.

the discending of Christe into hell, was never questiond, but since it hath been sung 50 yeare or more,—

“ *His spirit did, after this, discend into the lower parts,*  
 “ *To them that long in darknes were, the true light of their hearts ;—*

the doubt<sup>2</sup> that was made of the latter of these two verses, hath caused the truth of the former to be calld in question. Wherefore, though I graunt the psalms and himns may and perhaps ought to be in verse, (as good linguists affirme Moses and Davids psalms to be originally,) yet I am almost of opinion, that one ought to abjure all Poetrie when he comes to Divinitie.<sup>3</sup> But not derogating herein from

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Douce suggests that this *doubt* has a probable allusion to Broughton's "Two little works defensive of our redemption, that our Lord went through the veile of his flesh into Heaven, to appeare before God for us: which journey a Talmudist would terme, a going up to Paradise ; but heathen Greeke, a going down to Hades ; and Latin, *descendere ad inferos.*"

<sup>3</sup> Such was the opinion adopted by Dr. Johnson, and enforced by him with peculiar strength of reasoning and felicity of language, in his celebrated critique on Waller. But a poet

the travails of my betters, and the judgment of mine elders, I proceede, or rather post, to my next stage.

has since arisen to baffle the logic of criticism, and to subvert the domination of opinion. "Cowper, as his able biographer observes, has dissipated the general prejudice, that held it hardly possible for a modern author to succeed in sacred poetry. He has proved, that verse and devotion are natural allies. He has shewn, that true poetical genius cannot be more honourably, or more delightfully employed, than in diffusing through the heart and mind of man a filial affection for his Maker. He has accomplished, as a poet, the sublimest object of poetical ambition!" Hayley's *Life of Cowper*, vol. ii. p. 287.



OF [THE

## BISHOP OF] GLOCESTER.

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DOCTOR [HENRY] PARRY.\*

AT Glocester I shall, at this time, make a very short bayt, the last bishop thereof being but lately removd to London, and the present bishop scant yet warme in his seat: yet this I must say, that I have hearde some students of good judgement, that knew him in Oxford, affirme, that in his very young yeares he gave a great hope and good presage of his future excellencie; having a rare gift *ex tempore* in all his schoole exercises, and such a happie witt to make use of all occurrents to his purpose, as if he had not taken the occasions as they fell out, by accident, but rather bespoken such prettie

\* Made Bp. of Glocester in 1607, and of Worcester in 1610. Ob. 1616. Dr. Chetwind, in his edit. of this work, had by some strange heedlessness, converted the name of Parry into that of Thomson, his successor.

accidents, to fall out to give him the occasions. I have often heard him before Queene Elizabeth, and it was not possible to deliver sounder matter, nor with better method; for which cause he was greatly respected and revered at the court. But for his Latten sermon before the two most magnificent Kings, your Highnes father and unkle, I cannot praise him; no, for I am a Cambridge man; but I can envie him, that in two judgements, *omni exceptione majoribus*, did carry the commendations of the pure Latten language (peculiar as I thought unto Cambridge) to her younger sister of Oxford.<sup>5</sup> And thus much for him, whose vertues no doubt will give matter for some furder relacion under some other title hereafter.

<sup>5</sup> The contention for ancestry between our universities, in the time of Harington, is thus adverted to, by a contemporary writer.

“ *Ad utramque Academiam.*

Why strive, ye sisters, for antiquitie;

Can not your present honour you suffice?

Why strive, ye sisters, for that vanitie

Which, if ye saw as 'twas, ye would despise?

You must make love,—love is the surest hold;

Others must honour you, and make you *olde*.

Bastard's Chrestoloros, 1598.

OF [THE

*BISHOP OF] PETERBOROUGH.<sup>6</sup>*DOCTOR THOMAS DOVE.<sup>7</sup>

I SHOULD do both this worthy prelate and my self much wronge, if I should not commend him for manie good parts; being one whom I have long known to have been greatlie respected and favoured by the late Queen, and no less liked and approved in the more learned judgement of his Majestie. Howbeit, the ground on which I would build his chiefe

<sup>6</sup> Harington has taken no notice of Edmund Scambler, who was translated from Peterborough to Norwich, in 1584, by Burleigh, on his alienating to him the best manor belonging to the former see. Mr. Malone, from whom this observation is derived, thinks that our author's partiality for the Cecils was the cause of this omission.

<sup>7</sup> Dean of Norwich. Made Bp. of Peterborough in 1600. Ob. 1630.

praise, to some of the *Aristarchi* and some censurers of these dayes, requyres first an apologie. For I remember, that even in Cambridge, about 25 yeares since, (and I am sure he remembers it too,) a question rose among the devines (scarce fit for the schooles, lesse fit for the pulpitt, yet was it both handled and determined in the pulpitt,) whether rhetoricall figures and tropes, and other artificiall ornaments of speach taken from prophane authors, as sentences, adages, and such like, might be used in sermons; and not rather the playn naked truthe, delivered out of the word of God. The precise sort, that would have the word and church and all goe naked, (saving for some aporne, perhaps of fig-leaves,) were not onlie earnest, but bitter, against the use of all such humane, or (as they calld them,) prophane helps; calling them paintings fitter for strumpetts, then for sober and chaste matrons. But the graver and more orthodox were of the other opinion; and namely, my learned tutor, Doctor Flemming, by appointment of the heads of the colledges, in an excellent sermon determind the controversie. "That seing now the extraordinarie guifts, first of tongues, next of miracles, was ceased; and that knowledge is not now *infusa*, but *acquisita*, we should

not dispise the helpe of any humane learning ; as neither St. Paule did, who used the sentences of poets, as well as of prophetts, and hath manie excellent tropes, with exaggerations and exclamations in his epistles : for chastity doth not abhorre all ornaments, and Judeth did attire her head as curiouslie as Jesabel," &c.

About 12 yeare after this, the verie same question in the same manner was canvased at Oxford, and determined in the pulpit by Dr. Howse, against Dr. Reinolds, who had held the other opinion : but upon occasion of this sermon, at which my brother, (that had been his scholler,) and my self, happend both to be present ; he retracted to us his opinion, or rather disclaymd it, as my Lord of Durham that now is (but then deane of Christ Church) doth well remember. This opinion then being sounde, that Eloquence may serve as a hand-mayd, and tropes and figures as jewells and ornaments, to this chaste matron, Divinitie ; I must say (as I began,) that his sermons are as well attended, and adorned in this kynde, and as plentifulle as any of his predecessors have bene, or his successours are like to be ; and that they were wont so to be long since,

sufficeth this testimonie, that her Majestie that last raignd, when she first heard him, said, “she thought the Holy Ghost was discended againe in this *Dove*.”

VOL. II.

O

OF [THE  
 BISHOP OF] BRISTOW.

---

DOCTOR JOHN THORNBURY.<sup>8</sup>

BRISTOW, being a bishoprick of the later erection, namely but 66 yeare since, no mervaile it never had anie bishop thereof canonized for a saint; yet it cannot be denyed since to have had one holy man;<sup>9</sup> and if copulation with a bishop might make them holy, it hath had also in this short time more than one holy woman. I spent a roving shaft on Doctor Fletchers second marriadge, I would I could as well pull out the *thorne* of Doctor Thornburies first marriadge, out of everie mans conscience that have taken a scandall of the second. For

<sup>8</sup> Or Thornborough; made Bp. of Bristol in 1603, and translated to Worcester in 1616.

<sup>9</sup> John Holyman, a Monk of Reading, was Bp. of Bristol from 1554 till the time of his death, in 1558.

my part, whatsoever I thinke in my private, it becomes us not to judge our judges; the customs and lawes of some contries differ from other, and somtimes are chaunged and mended in the same, as this case of divorce is most godlie reformed in ours, and as Vincentius Lyriensis saith well of St. Cyprian, who had before the councell of Carthage defended rebaptising, —“ The author of this error, saith he, is no doubt in heaven, the followers and practisers of it, now go to hell.” So I may saie of this bishop; his remarrying may be pardoned, *et in hoc sæculo, et in futuro*, but he that shall do so again, may be met with *in hoc sæculo*. But it was the bishop of Limrick in Ireland, and not the bishop of Bristow in England, that thus maryed. What? Doth this lessen the skandall?—I suppose it doth. For I dare affirme, that most of that diocese are so well catechised, as they thinke it as great a skandall for their bishop (yea, rather greater,) to have one wife, as to have two. And though for laymens marriadge, their priests tell them tis a holy sacrament in them, (which they count a sacrilege in a bishop,) and they conster to them out of St. Paule, τὸ μυστήριον τουτο μέγα ἐστίν, *this is a great sacrament*: yet their people, and some



of their peeres also, regard it as slightlie, and dissolve it more uncivilly, then if it were but a civile contract; for which not only they draw upon them by their bastardies and bygammies, manie apparant scourges of GOD, the heavenly Father, but also a peculiar pennance upon their nation, of one fasting day in a weeke extraordinarie, from their holy father the Pope.

But setting aside this misfortune rather then fault, which if God and the King pardon him for, who shall impute to him?—for other matters, I have reason to thinke him and his, in God and the Kings favor. He, and his whole familie almost, had a miraculous escape in Ireland, which I would all our bishops did know; that they might remember to keepe their houses in better reparations. Lying in an old castle in Ireland, in a large room particioned but with sheets or curtayns, his wife, children, and servants, in effect, a whole family; in the dead of the night, the floore over head being earth and plaster, as in many places is used, overchardged with weight, fell wholly down together; and crushing all to pieces that was above two foot hie, as cubbords, tables, forms, stooles,

rested at last upon certaine chests, (as God would have it,) and hurt no lyving creature.

He did manie good services in Ireland for our Q. and state, for which he was thought worthie of a better abode, then in that purgatorie. He hath very good understanding of that contrie, and if some others, who are since gone out of this world, had bene as willing as he to have reported to his Majestie the diseases of that contrie and the fittest cures; it maie be, it would not in long time have needed those desperate remedies of *secandum* and *urendum*, as sharpe to the surgeons oft times as the patient. But, to conclude of this bishop, whom I love more then I praise, he is not unfurnisht of learning, of wisdom, of courage, and other as well episcopall as temporall *panoplia*, or furniture, besecming both a gentleman, a deane, and a bishop.

OF

S T. D A V I D S,

AND THE PRESENT BISHOP,

DOCTOR ANTHONY RUDDE.<sup>2</sup>

OF this auncient bishopprick, or rather archbishopricke, of St. Davis, (as the old trew Brittons do call it,) in Laten called *Menevia*, and the bishop *Menevensis*, I was told of an old indulgence granted by Calixtus the 2, of a verie speciall note, ascribing thereby great holiness to this place, viz. that two pilgrimages to St. Davie should be equall in merit to one pilgrimage to Rome, expressed since for brevitie's sake by some fryer in a ryming vearse,

*Roma semel quantum,  
Bis dat Menevia tantum.*

This place hath yeilded manie excellent bi-

<sup>2</sup> Dean of Gloucester ; made Bp. of St. Davids in 1594. Ob. 1614.

shops, as well for learning as good life,<sup>3</sup> and for abstinence miraculous, if we beleve stories that 33 bishops successively eat no flesh. I can ad little of the bishops, save of him that now lives, whom, if I knew not, yet by his looke I should guesse to be a grave and austere man, even like St. Davie himselfe; but knowing him as I doe, he was in more possibilitie to have proved like to St. John Baptist, in my opinion. There is almost none that wayted in Queene Elizabeths court, and observed any thing, but can tell, that it pleased her much to seeme, and to be thought, and to be told, that shee looked younge.<sup>4</sup> The majestie and gravitie of a scepter, borne 44 yeare, could not alter that nature of a woman in her. This notwithstanding, this good bishop being appointed to preach before her in the Lent of the yeare 1596, the court lying then at Richmond, and wishing in a godlie

<sup>3</sup> *Good life* is used here, as it seems to have been used by Shakspeare, for a moral life; though such an acceptation was doubted by Mr. Steevens. Milton uses it in a similar sense: "Whereas the paths of honesty and *good life* appear now rugged and difficult; though they be indeed easy and pleasant," &c. Reason of Church Government, Book ii.

<sup>4</sup> See this foible fully illustrated in Lord Orford's Royal and Noble Authors, Art. Essex.

zeale, as well became him, that she would thinke some time of mortalitie, being then full 63 yeares of age; he tooke this text, fitt for that purpose, out of the Psalms, Ps. 90. ver 12. "O teache us to number our daies, that we may encline our hearts unto wisdom;" which text he handled so well, so learnedly, and so respectfully,<sup>5</sup> as I dare undertake he thought, and so should I, if I had not bene somewhat better acquainted with her humor, that it would have well pleasd her, or at least no waie offended her. But when he had spoken a while of some sacred and mysticall numbers, as 3 for the Trinitie, 3 times 3 for the heavenly Hierarchie, 7 for the Sabath, and 7 times 7 for a Jubilee; and lastly, (I do not deliver it so handsomly as he brought it in,) 7 times 9 for the grand climaticall yeare; she, perceaving wherto it tended, began to be troubled with it. The bishop discovering all was not well, (for the pulpit stands there *vis a vis* to the closet,) he fell to treat of some more plausible numbers, as of the number 666, making Latinus, with which (he said) he could prove the pope to be Antichrist; also, of the fatall number of 88, which being so long

<sup>5</sup> i. e. respectfully. So in Timon of Athens, Act iii. Sc. 1, "Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very *respectively* welcome, Sir."

before spoken of for a dangerous yeare, yet if had pleased God that yeare not only to preserve her, but to give her a famous victorie against the united forces of Rome and Spaine: and so (he said) “there was no doubt but she should passe this yeare also, and many more, if she would, in her meditations and soliloquies with God, as he doubted not she often did, and would say thus and thus.” So making indeed an excellent prayer, by waie of *prosopopeia*; in her Majesties person acknowledging Gods great graces and benefitts, and praying devoutly for the continuance of them, but withall enterlarding it with some passages of Scripture, that touche the infirmities of age; as that of Ecclesiastes, 12. “When the grinders shall be few in number, and they wax darke that looke out of the windowes, &c. and the daughters of singing<sup>s</sup> shall be abased;” and more to like purpose, he concluded his sermon. The Queene (as the manner was) opened the window, but she was so far from giving him thanks, or good countenance, that she said plainly, “he should have kept his arithmetick for himselfe; but I see (said she) the greatest clerks are not the wisest men;” and so went away for the time discontented,—

The Lord Keeper Puckering, though reverencing the man much in his perticular, yet for the present to asswage the Queenes displeasure, commaunded him to keepe his house for a time, which he did. But of a truthe, her Majesty shewd no ill nature in this, for within 3 dayes after she was not only displeasd at his restraint, but in my hearing rebuked a lady, yet living, for speaking skornfully of him and his sermon. Only, to shew how the good bishop was deceived in supposing she was so decayed in her limbs and senses, as himselfe, perhaps, and other of that age are wont to be; she said, “she thankt God that neither her stomache nor strength, nor her voyce for singing, nor fingering for instruments, nor lastly, her sight was any whit decayed;” and to prove the last before us all, she produced a little jewell that had an inscription of very small letters, and offered it first to my Lord of Worcester, and then to Sir James Crofts, to reade, and both protested *bonâ fide* they could not; yet the Queene her selfe did finde out the poesie, and made her selfe merry with the standers by upon it; and thus much for St. Davis.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> The story here told of Bishop Rudd, ‘because but defectively delivered,’ Fuller requests the reader’s patience to a longer relation of, in his Church History, Cent. XVII.

Yet I have bene told of a straunge stone, of huge waight and bigness, that hath a prettie qualitie; namely, that with one finger you maie stir it, yet twentie yoke of oxen cannot remove it; but I rather thinke it is mistaken; for the stone Mr. Cambden writes of, is neer Pensance, in your contrie of Cornwall, called Mamamber, (of which he writes page 136,) hath the verie like qualitie.



OF [THE  
**BISHOP OF] LANDAFF.**

DOCTOR FRANCIS GODWIN.<sup>7</sup>

IT is doubtless a wonderful antiquitie that my author produceth of Landaffe, that it professed christianitie, and had a church for christian religion in the yeare of our Lord 180. But alas, for a man to boast of great nobilitie, and goe in ragged clothes, and a church to be praised for great antiquitie, and make ruinous shewes, is in mine opinion, (according to the vulgar proverb,) *a great boast, and a small roast*. But by this authors relation, it appeares this roast was not so marrd by an ill Cooke, as by a worse Kitchen; for in the yeare 1545, being the 37

<sup>7</sup> Made Bishop of Landaff in 1601, and Hereford in 1617. Ob. 1633. Æt. 71.

of Hen. 8, Doctor Kitchen<sup>8</sup> being made of an idle abbot a busie bishop, and wading through these hazardous times that ensued till the first yeare of Queene Elizabeth, to save him self, was content to spoyle this bishoprick; Sathan having in those dayes more care to sift the bishopricks then the bishops. Else how was it possible for a man of that ranke to sing, *cantate Domino canticum novum*, four times in 14 yeares, and never sing out of tune, if he had not lov'd the *Kitchen* better then the *Church*. Howbeit, though he might seeme for name sake to favour the kitchen, yet in spoyle of that see he was as little frend to the kitchen as the rest, spoyling the woodes and good provisions that should have warm'd it; which gave occasion to Doctor Babington, now bishop of Worcester, to call it *Aph*, without *Land*,<sup>9</sup> and Doctor *Morgan* after, to remove to St. Asaphe from thence, not for name sake, but for his owne namesake, that is *Moregane*,<sup>2</sup> at what time the

<sup>8</sup> Doctor Anthony Kitchin was Bishop of Landaff from 1545 till his death in 1563. He is much blamed by Dr. Godwin for having impoverished the bishoprick by unreasonable demises.

<sup>9</sup> See p. 150, Sup.

<sup>2</sup> It can hardly be thought to deviate much from the plan of

present bishop I now speake of, being then subdeane of Exceter, Doctor Frauncis Godwin

this publication, if the following curious letter is inserted from MS. Harl. 7000. It was addressed by Theophilus Field, successively bishop of Landaff, St. Davids, and Hereford, to that "court-minion," Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

" My gracious good Lorde,

" In the great librarie of men that I have studied these many yeeres, your grace is the best booke, and most classick author that I have read: in whome I fynde so much goodnes, sweetnes, and noblenes of nature; such an heroick spirit, so boundlesse bounty, as I never did in any. I could instance in many, some of whome you have made Deanes, some Bishops, some Lords, and Privie Councillors. None that ever looked toward your Grace, did ever goe emptie away. I neede goe no further then myself, (a crumme of the earth,) whome some eight yeeres agoe, you raysed out of the dust, for raying but a thought so high, as to serve your Highnes. Since that I have not play'd the trewant, but more diligently studied you then ever before; and yet (dunce that I am) I stand at a stay, and am a non-proficient, the booke being the same, that ever it was, as may appear by the great proficiency of others.— This wonderfully poseth mee; and sure there is some guile, some coile, in some of my fellow-students, who hide my Booke from mee, or some parte of it. All the fault is not in my own blockishnes, that I thrive no better. I once feared this before, that some did me ill offices. Your Grace was pleased to protest *no man had*, and to assure mee *no man could*. My harte telles mee it hath beene allwayes upright, and is still most faithfull unto you. I have examined my actions, my words, and my very thoughts, and found all of them ever

having that yeare newlie publisht this worke, and the same being in great request, and highlie commended to the Queene for a godlie, learned,

since most sound unto your Grace. Give mee leave after so long patience, (for which vertue you were once pleased to commend mee to my old master King James, and I have not yet lost it,) now that for these twelve moneths almost, I have beene not onely upon the stage, but upon the rack of expectation, even distracted betwixt hope and fear, to comfort myself with recordation of your loving kindnesses of olde, when on that great feast day of your being inaugured our Chaucellor, my looke was your booke, wherein you read *sadnes*; to which I was bold to answeare, I trusted your Grace would give me no cause: you replied, *with losse of bloud rather*; that was your noble expression. But God forbid so precious an effusion; (I would empty all my veynes rather then you should bleed one droppe,) when as one blast of your breath is able to bring mee to the haven where I would bee.

My Lord, I am growne an olde man, and am like old howsehold-stuffe, apt to bee broken upon oft removing; I desire it therefore but once for all, bee it Elie, or Bath and Wells, and I will spend the remaynder of my daies in wryting an history of your good deeds to mee and others, wherby I may vindicate you from the envie and obloquy of this present wicked age, wherein wee live, and whilst I live in praying for your Grace.

Whose I am totally and finally,

THEOPHILUS LANDAVEN."

"To the Most Noble, my singular good Lorde, my Lorde Duke of Buckingham his Grace, humbly these." [1626.]

and necessary worke, she gave him presently this bishopricke, not full two months vacant, and would as willinglie have given him a much better in her owne disposition; as may well appeare in that she gave Doctor Cooper the bishoprick of Lincolne, only for making a dictionary, or rather but for mending that which Sir Thomas Eliot had made before<sup>7</sup>. Of this bishop therefore I may speake sparingly; yea, rather spare all speache, considering that everie leafe of his worthie worke, is a sufficient testimonie of his vertuous minde, unfatigable industrie, and infinite reading. For even as we see commonly, those gentlemen that are well descended, and better bred, are most carefull to preserve the true memories and pedigrews of their auncestors, which the base and ignorant, because they could not conserve, will seeme to contemne; so this worthie bishop, collecting so diligentlie, and relating so faithfullie, the succession and lives of so manie of our Christian most reverent bishops in former ages, doth prove himselfe (more by spirituall then carnall birth,) to come of those ancestors, of whom it was long before prophecied by the princely prophet, " Insteade of thy fathers, thou shalt have

<sup>7</sup> See p. 88, supra.

children, whom thou shalt make princes in all places."<sup>8</sup> Though the impietie of these latter times hath sought to make our fathers all but children, and younger brothers, as they say; and to disinherit them of theirs, or rather of Christes patrimonie. He deserveth then a pen much better then mine, and equall to his own, to do that for him he hath done for others.

Before his going to Exceter, I had some acquaintance with him, and have heard him preache more then once at our assises and els where; his manner was to be sharpe against the vices most abounding in that time, sacriledge, symonie, contempt of God in his ministers, and want of charitie. Amongst other of his sermons, preaching once of Dives and Lazarus, he said "That though the scripture had not expressed plainly who Dives was, yet by his clothes and his fare he might be bold to affirme he was, at the least, a justice of peace, and perhaps of Oyer and Terminer too." This speach was so ill taken by some guiltie conscience, that a great matter was enforc'd to be made of it, that it was a daungerous and sedi-

<sup>8</sup> Ps. xlv. 16.

tious speach. And why?—Forsooth, because it was a deare yeare. But see how a man's enemies somtimes do him as much good as his frends. Their fond accusation, and his discreet justification, made him both better known and more respected, by them that were able to doe him most good. Since this, he hath lived in so remote places from my occasions, first at Exceter, and then beyond sea in Wales; that I am become almost a straunger to his person; but yet I am grown better acquainted with his wrytings both in Laten and Englishe, and namely this his catalogue, which having read first with great contentment to my selfe, I have since for your Highnes pleasure perused againe, and presumed to add some notes, and a table, by waie of alphabet,<sup>9</sup> for the more readie finding of most memorable matters; beside a supplie of such as were in his edition wanting; of whom finding himselfe to be one, that coming in so worthilie was not worthie to be left out. I give him here in his due place his more due commendation; which if I should fortune upon some envie to have forborne, or upon judgement to have omitted, as a praise

<sup>9</sup> This was done in the presentation copy to Prince Henry, which is now in the British Museum.

needless where the whole work is his praise ; he might worthilie have said as much of me, as I wrate of a certaine poetaster some yeares past, who left me out of the bed-roll<sup>2</sup> of some ryming paper-blotters, that he call'd poets.

*Of poets Balbus reckning up a rabble,  
Doth boast he makes their names more honora-  
ble ;*

*And ne're vouchsafing me to name at all,  
He sayes, he knowes he greivd me to the gall.  
I galled? simple soule ; no, thou art gul-led,  
To think I prize the praise of such a dull-head.  
Whose verse is guiltie of some bodge or blame,  
Let them seeke testimonialls of their fame.*

*Then learne untaught, then learn, ye envious  
elves,*

*No bookes are prais'd, that do not praise  
themselves.*

And thus much be said for the province of

<sup>2</sup> This bead-roll Mr. Malone conjectures to have been "England's Helicon;" a miscellany first printed in 1600, and intended for republication, with some other similar collections, by the accomplished editor of "Specimens of early English Poetry."



Canterbury, and the bishops of the several diocesses thereof. There followes now to saie somewhat also of the province of Yorke, which I shall endeavour to accomlishe with like brevitye and fidelity.

OF THE  
*ARCH-BISHOPS OF YORKE.*

AND FIRST OF

DOCTOR THOMAS YOUNGE.<sup>3</sup>

**C**ONCERNING the arch-bishops of Yorke that have bene in the former ages, whose lyves are particularlie related by this author, it seemes to me a matter worthie some note, that there have bene of them, for devotion and pietie, as holie; for blood and nobilitie, as high; of wealthe and abilitie, as huge; as anie not only of England, but of Europe. Now that every age may have his excellencie, I will say of this our age, (I mean for some fifty yeares past,) in which there hath bene seaven arch-bishops of Yorke, that these have bene as excellent

<sup>3</sup> Translated from St. Davids to York, in 1560. Ob. 1568.

in courage, in learning, and eloquence. For Doctor Nicholas Heath, whom her late Majesty founde both archbishop and chauncellor,<sup>4</sup> (though she did take, or rather receave, both from him,) yet did she ever gratefullie acknowledge both his courage and fidellitie show'd in her cause, and used no man of his religion so graciouslie. Of Arch-bishop Grindall, I have spoken before,<sup>5</sup> and in his due place given him his deserved praise.

Now I am to add a worde or two of Arch-bishop Younge, that in the third yeare of Queene Elizabeth was made archbishop. He was first bishop of Saint Davids, and either next or very soone after Bishop Farrar, who among other articles that were alledged against him, had one that I thinke was never alleadged against cleargy-man or lay-man before, and that was for ryding on a Scottish saddell; but this bishop walked more warilie then that bishop did ride, so as this came to live in

<sup>4</sup> *Lord Chancellor*: from which office he was displaced by Q. Elizabeth, for refusing to assist at her coronation.

<sup>5</sup> See p. 18.

a state, when tother died at a stake.<sup>6</sup> But how great soever his honor was in being both arch-bishop and president,<sup>7</sup> he left one president that too manie are apt to follow, which was the pulling down of a goodly hall, only for greediness of the lead that coverd it. *Plumbi fæda fames*: a drossie desire and unworthie part, with which he staid the reputation of learning and religion, that was before ascribed to him; and, although by meanes of some great friend this was lesse spoken of in his life time then after, yet, if I have bene rightly informed, even by that he was made no great gainer. Trew it is, he purchased great things of the Earle of Arundell, and how his heires thrive with it I do not heare, but there is a perilous vearse, *de male quæsitis vix gaudet tertius hæres*. For my own part, I must confesse, that where I finde that same destroying and rewening spirit, that in the apocalyps is named (in Hebrew) *Abaddon*, and sounds in my English eare and heart, *a bad one*; I suspect there is little trew vertue or godliness harbor'd in that

<sup>6</sup> Bp. Farrar suffered at Carmarthen with incredible fortitude, in 1555. See Fox's Acts and Monuments, and Billingsly's Brachy-martyrologia.

<sup>7</sup> Lord President of the North.

breast. But if he were finely beguiled of all this lead by his great friend that would be bold with him, I imagine that none that hears it will much lament it. At a venture, I will tell your Highness the tale that I heard, from as good a man as I tell it of; only because he named not the parties, I cannot precisely affirm it was this man, but I dare affirm this man was as worthy of it. A great lord in the court in those daies, sent to a great prelate in the North to borrow 1000*li.* of him: the prelate protested on his faith (I think not a justifying faith) that he was not able to do it, but if he were, he would be verie willing; acknowledging great favors of the said Lord, and sending some present, enough perhaps to pay for the use<sup>3</sup> of 1000*li.* The nobleman that had good espiall both north and south, hearing of a certaine ship laden with lead, belonging to this prelate, that came to be sold at London, even as it came to land, sends for the prelates agent, shoves him his lords letter and protestation under his hand; proves the abilitie demonstrable by the lead; and so, by treaty or terror, or treachery of the servant, made him betray his master for 1000*li.*

<sup>3</sup> i. e. usance, interest.

DOCTOR EDWIN SANDS.<sup>9</sup>

As those that saile from Flaunders or Ireland to London or Bristow, being past the tempestuous and broken seas, and now in sight of the harbor, yet even there feare to miscarry, sometime by mistaking the Channell, and are oft so perplext, as one bids to set saile againe; another advises to cast anchor; so is it now with me, drawing toward the end of this my short and voluntarie voyage: I remember a ship of London once, that having passed the Godwin Sands verie safe, and sayling on this side Black-wall to come up to Ratcliff, strake on the black rocke at the point below Greenwich, and was almost cast away. I have (as your Highnesse sees) past already the *Godwins*, if I can as well passe over this *Edwin Sands*, I will goe roomer<sup>2</sup> of Greenwich rocke, not forgetting to

<sup>9</sup> Or Sandys: translated from the see of Worcester to London in 1570, and to York in 1575. Ob. 1588.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. wider.

vaile,<sup>3</sup> as becomes me, in passing by; and if the spring tide serve, come to anchor about Richmond. For I am entring now to write of an arch-bishop, who, though he dyed 20 yeares since, in that *anno mirabili* of 88, yet he lives still in his offspring, having a sonne<sup>4</sup> of his name, that both speakes and writes admirable, whose profession, though it be not of religion, as his father's was, yet never did his father's preaching shew better what to follow, then his writings shew what to shunne. If my pen therefore should wronge his father, his pen no lesse might wringe me. I must appeale, therefore, for my justification in this point, to the most indifferent censures,<sup>5</sup> and to yours especiallie, sweet Prince, for whose sake I write; for if I should let passe a matter so notorious as that of this arch-bishop of Yorke and Sir Ro: Stapleton, it were so wilfull an omission as everie one might accuse me of; and if I should speake of either, partially and against my owne conscience and knowledge, I should much more

<sup>3</sup> To strike sail, in token of respect or submission.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Edwin Sands, Knt. author of "Europæ Speculum," &c. and brother to the well-known traveller and poet, George Sandys.

<sup>5</sup> *Censure* is here used for judgment or opinion.

accuse my selfe. Here then is the Scylla and Charybdis that I sayle betweene, and if I faile of my right course, I shal be driven to say, as a silly preacher did upon an unlike occasion, and much lesse to his purpose, when he happend unwares to have a more learned auditorie than he expected,

*Incidi in ancillam cupiens vitare Caribdin.*

But the storie that I make this long introduction unto, is shortly this. About 25 yeares since, there was great kindness, and had long continewd, between Archb. Sands and Sir Robert Stapleton, a Knight of Yorkeshire,<sup>5</sup> whom your Highness hath often seene, who in those dayes, for a man well spoken, properlie seen in languages, a comlie and goodly personage, had scant an equall, and (except Sir Phillip Sidney) no superior in England: for which reasons, the arch-bishop, of all his neighbours and contry-men, did make especial account of him. About the yeere 83 also, he was high-sheriffe of Yorke-shire, and met the judges with seven score men

<sup>5</sup> And Sheriff, in the 23d of Eliz. See Fuller's Worthies. He was descended from Sir Miles, one of the first founders of the Garter; and allied to Sir Robert, the translator and dramatic writer.



in sutable lyveries, and being at this time likewise a widdower, he woed and wonne, and wedded soone after, one of the best reputed widows in the West of England. In this felicitie he sailed with full sailes, but somewhat too high, and no lesse the arch-bishop, in like prosperitie of wealth, and friends, and children, yet seeming above all to joy in the frendship of this knight, who answered in all good correspondence, not onlie of outward complement, but inward comfort; but well said the Spanish poet,<sup>6</sup>

*Nulli te facias nimis sodalem,  
Gaudebis minus, et minus dolebis.*

*Too much companion make yourselfe to none,  
Your joy will be the lesse, and lesse your mone.*

These two, so friendlie neighbors and consorts, swimming in this calme of content, at last happend to fall foule one of another by this occasion. The knight, in his great good fortunes, having as great designes, among other things had laid the foundation of a faire house, or rather palace, the modell whereof he had brought out of Italie, which house he intended to name Stapleton's Stay; and for that cause invited the

<sup>9</sup> Martial, lib. xii. Epig. 34.

arch-bishop in good kindness to see it, and requested him, for the more credit, and, as it were, blessing to the house, that his Grace would give it the foresaid name. But when the arch-bishop had fully beheld it, and in his judgement found it fitter for a Lord Treasurer of England than for a Knight of Yorkshire, he said to him ;—“ Would you have me call this intended house *Stapleton's Stay* ? Nay, rather let me say to you *stay Stapleton* ; for if you go forward to set up this house, it will pull you down.” How often a man loses a friend with a jest, and how grievous it is for a mans vanity to be crost in the humor ! This speach of my Lord's, that I should think intended friendly, uttered faithfully, and applied even fatherly unto him, he tooke in so deepe disdain and despite, that howsoever he smotherd it for the present, from that time forward he sought a mean to revenge it. And wanting neither witt to devise, nor courage to execute his designe, he found out, or at least he supposed he had found, a stratagem not only to wreake this scorne on the good bishop, that mistrusted nothing, but also to make the old mans purse pay for the finishing of the new house. He acquaints him with an officer in my Lord's house, some malcontent that had been denyed a lease.

These two devise, that when my lord should lie next at Doncaster, where the hostess of the house having been (formerlie I suppose) Mrs. Sands his maid, was bold sometimes to bring his lordship a cawdle to his beds side, (for in charitie I may surmise no worse,) Sir Robert should also by chance come and host at the same house. This bad wife and her good man, are made partakers and parties of this stratagem; her part was but a naked part, viz. to slip into my lord's bed in her smock; mine host must suddenlie be jealous, and sweare that he holds his reputation, though he be but a poore man, more deare than that he can indure such an indignitie; and thereupon calls Sir Robert Stapletonne, brings him to the bishop's chamber in his night-gown, takes them in bed together, with no small exclamation. The knight, that acted his part with most art and least suspition, takes great paines to pacify the hoast, conjures all that were admitted to secrecie and silence, and sending all to their lodgings without tumult, asketh of my lord how this came to passe. The bishop tells him with great protestation, that he was betrayd by his man and his host, little suspecting the knight to be of the *quorum*. The knight sooths him in all he said, condoles the great mischaunce, is sor-

rowfull for the daunger, and carefull for the honor of the bishop, and speciallie the church.

*Proh ſuperi, quantum mortalia pectora cæcæ  
Noctis habent? ipſo ſcleris molimine (miles)  
Creditur eſſe pius.*<sup>6</sup>

The diſtressed arch-biſhop, diſtrusting no frauld in him, aſketh his adviſe in this diſaſter, and following his counſel from time to time; gives the hoſt a piece of money, the falſe officer a farme, and the knight, for his travaile, manie friendlie recompences. But when he found, after all this ſmoothing and ſoothing, that he grew ſo bold at laſt to preſſ him beyond all good manner, for the good mannor of Southwell, then he founde that in *ſoothe* all was not *well*, and was even compell'd too late to that he might much better have done much ſooner, viz. to complain to the Lords of the Councell, and to his auncient and deare friend the Earle of Leiceſter, (for whoſe father he had almoſt loſt his life,) by whoſe help he got them called to the Starre-chamber, *ore tenus*; where they were, for this conſpiracie, convicted, fined, and impriſoned. The fame, or rather infamie,

<sup>6</sup> Ovid. Met. vi. 474.

of this matter, speciallie before their conviction, was farre and diverslie spread, according as the reporters favord or disfavord either : and the frends of each side had learnd their tale so perfect, that many long time after held the first impression they had received, notwithstanding the censure and sentence in the star-chamber ; part whereof being, that the knight should publicklye acknowledge how he had slanderd the arch-bishop, which he did in words conceaved to that purpose accordingly : yet his frends gave out, that all the while he carried a long whetston<sup>7</sup> hanging out of the pocket of his sleeve, so conspicuous, as men understood his meaning was to give him selfe the lye, which he would not in another matter have taken of anie man. But thus the bishop had a conquest which he had no great comfort of, and lived but few years after it, and the knight had a foyle that he would not seem

<sup>7</sup> A whetstone was anciently fastened to notorious liars. Hence, probably, the old phrase, *to lie for the whetstone*. In Field's "Admonition to the Parliament," 1572, "lying for the whetstone" is spoken of as a *game*. See Strutt's "Introduction to his Treatise on the Sports and Pastimes of England." Mr. Douce has pointed out other allusions, in Walsingham's *Hist. Angliæ*, and Bulleyn's *Dialogue against the Pestilence*.

much daunted with, and livd to have part of his fine releast by his Majesties clemencie ; but yet he tost up and downe all his life without anie great contentment, from Wiltshire into Wales, and thence to the Isle of Man, a while to Chelsey, but little to Yorkeshire, where his chieffest stay should have been ; so that of this storie I could collect manie documents, both for bishops and knights ; but that I shun prolixitie in a matter no way pleasing.

Howbeit, because one *P. R.* or *R. P.*<sup>8</sup> (for he can turne his name as a mountebanke turns his cap,) in his epistle before the “Resolution,” a booke much praised by Sir Edwin Sands, hath a scoffe, after his manner, at this hostess of Doncaster ; I would pray him but to peruse the life of St. Bernard, not that of their lying legend, but that which unworthily perhaps goeth among his most worthie workes, written by William Abbot in five bookes. There he shall finde, in the third chapter of his first booke, how that same maidenly saint was sub-

<sup>8</sup> Robert Parsons, the noted Jesuit, whose book of “Resolution,” says Wood, won him a great deal of praise, not only in the judgment of Roman Catholics, but of very learned Protestants. Athen. Oxon, i. 358.

ject to a like manner of scandall; first of a younge woman lying by him naked in bed halfe a night, when himself was not 30 yeare old, and yet we must beleewe he toucht her not; and next of his hostess also offering three tymes in one night to come to his bed, and he crying out each time, *Latrones, Latrones! Theeves, Theeves!* which our bishop had much more cause to have cryed, and had he but remembered it, as I doubt not but he had read it, he might peradventure have dissolved the pack with it. To utter mine own conceyt franckly, if Parsons conjecture were trew, that by humane frailtie this prelate had in his younger dayes bene too familiar with this woman, which is said to passe but as a veniall sin among those of his profession; yet was the knights practise very foul, and the lords censure very just that condemnd him: for I heard Judge Anderson, a learned and stowt judge, condemne one for a rape, upon the oath of a married woman, (notwithstanding the man affirmed, and the woman denyed not but shee had often in former times yielded her selfe to his lust,) because it seemed she had repented that course of life, in betaking her to a husband. So my lord, if he had once such a fault, (yet now that the fault had left him, as well as he the fault,) had

just cause to complaine, and the knights practise was blame-worthie, to seeke to entrap him thereby, to the spoile of the church and disgrace of his calling. And the arch-bishop did much noblier to hazard this oblique of some idle tongues, then to have incurred the greater scandall of betraying his church. To conclude therefore ; I wish all squyres and knights to be fuller of reverence toward bishops and arch-bishops, and not to oppose or contest with them. The play of chesse (a game not devised for or by fooles) may teach, that the bishops due place is neerest the King, and though some knight can leape better over the pawnes heads, yet oft-times he leaps short, where the bishops powre, if you crosse it, reacheth the length of the whole province.

Q 2



DOCTOR JOHN PIERS.<sup>9</sup>

OF this Doctor John Pierse, who lyved and dyed a most reverent prelate, I must (to give him the greater commendation) do like those, that when they will inforce them to leape their farthest, goe backe the contrary way some part of the ground, and by little and little mending their pace, at last over-leape the marke themselves had designed; so shall I looke backe into some part of his life, and show first, how unlikely he was to come to such high honour and place as he dyed in. For although he was a scholler towardly enough in his youth, of good wit, and not the meanest birth, having a gentleman of good sort to his brother: yet hasting to a competent stay of life, he accepted of a small benefice in the contrie, as I take it neare Oxford, and there was in great hazard to have drowned all those excellent guifts that came after to be so well

<sup>9</sup> Translated from Salisbury to York in 1588. He died in 1594; leaving behind him the character of a great and modest theologian. Athen. Oxon. i. 714.

esteemed and rewarded in him. There first he was inforced to keepe meane and rusticall companie, that company enticed him to the Germane fashion, even then grown too common in England, to sit whole nights in a tipling house at ale and cakes, as Ennius and Cato are noted; of the former of whom Horace saith,

*Ennius ipse pater nunquam nisi potus ad arma  
Prosiluit dicenda ;*

and of the latter Martiall saith,

*Quod nimio gaudes noctem producere vino  
Ignosco, vitium forte Catonis habes.*

Howbeit, this gentleman never met with such a disgrace by such companie as the parson<sup>2</sup> of Lymington had, whom our contryman Sir Amias Pawlet, about a drunken fray, set in the stocks; and yet he afterward proved both Arch-bishop of Yorke, and one of the greatest cardinals of Christendom. Neither

<sup>2</sup> Wolsey; who was presented to the rectory of Lymington, in Somersetshire, by the Marquis of Dorset, for having undertaken the charge of educating his sons.

do I bring these examples to lessen this fault, as if I were to leave some aspersion hereof upon him ; my purpose is nothing lesse ; for I am rather of that gentlemans mind, that having by fatherlie indulgence tollerated the humour of gaming and wenching in his sonne, disinherited him for drinking ; saying of the first, if he had wit he would not lose much by it ; of the second, that in time for his own ease he would leave it ; but of the third he said, he would prove the elder the vilder, and hardly ever amend it. Now therefore that I have showed you how this bishop was in daunger by this fault, let me also showe you how he was freed from it. Being once against Easter preparing, as well himselfe as others, for receaving the holy communion, and making choyce of a discreet confessor, before whom he might powr out his soul, (a custom as pittifully abused in those dayes, as disused in these,) he declared to him, by the way, this disposition of his to companie and drinking. The preacher, like a true spirituall father indeed, no lesse learnedly then zealously laying before him the enormity of such a custome, did earnestly dehort him from it, affirming to him, that though everie particular excesse in that kinde, did not reach to a habite, or height of mortall sinne, (as one

act of adultery, murder, or false witness doth,) yet if it should grow to a habite, it were not only an ugly scandall in that profession, but would draw also as bad sins as it selfe with it. Behold a comfortable example, how where nature is weake, grace can strengthen it. Upon this grave admonition, he left first the vice, and after the companie; and following his studie at the university more industriously then before, he ascended worthilie the degrees of doctor and deane, and bishop and arch-bishop, and lived all his life not only continent but abstinent. Of his continency, my author hath said sufficient; of his abstinencie this may be one prooffe, that being sicklie toward his end, he was so fearefull to drinke wine, though his stomacke required it, that his physitian being a pleasant man, and loving a cup of wine himselfe very well, was wont to say to him sometimes, "Now if your grace will call for a cup of wine and drink to me, I warrant it will never hurt you."

Q 4

## DOCTOR MATHEW HUTTON.\*

I NO sooner remember this famous and worthie prelate, but I thinke I see him in the chappell at White-hall, Queene Elizabeth at the window in the closet, all the lords of the parliament, spirituall and temporall, about them, and then (after his three coursies) that I heare him out of the pulpit thundering this text: "The kingdomes of the earth are mine, and I do give them to whom I will, and I have given them to Nebuchadonezer, and his sonne, and his sonnes sonne;" which text, when he had thus produced, taking the sense rather then words of the prophet, there followed first, so generall a murmur of one friend whispering to another; then, such an erected countenance in those that had none to speake to; lastlie, so quiet a silence and attention, in expectance of some straunge doctrine, where text it selfe gave away kingdomes and scepters, as I have never observed either before or since. But he, as if he had been a

\* Translated from Durham to York in 1594. Ob. 1605.  
Æt. 80.

Jeremiah himself, and not an expounder of him, shewd how there were two speciall causes of translating of kingdoms ; the fulness of time, and the ripeness of sinne ; that by either of these, and sometime by both, God in secret and just judgments transferred scepters from kindred to kindred, from nation to nation, at his good will and pleasure ; and running historically over the great monarchies of the world, as the kingdome of Egypt, and after of Israel, swallowd up by the Assirians, and the golden head of Nebuchadonezer, the same head cut off by the silver brest and arms of the Medes and Persians, Cyrus and Darius ; this silver consumed by the brazen bellie and thighes of the Græcians and Alexander, and the brasse stampd to powder by the iron leggs of the Romans and Cæsar. Then coming neerer home, he shewd how oft our nation had been a prey to forreiners, as first when we were all Brittons subdewd by these Romans ; then, (when the fulnesse of time and ripenesse of our sinne required it,) subdewd by the Saxons ; after this a long time persecuted and spoyled by the Danes ; finally, conquered and reduced to perfect subjection by the Normans ; whose posteritie continued in great prosperitie till the days of her Majestie, who, for peace, for plentie, for glorie,

for continuance, had exceeded them all; that had lived to change all her counsellors but one, all officers twice or thrice, some bishops fowre times; only the uncertaintie of succession gave hopes to forreiners to attempt fresh invasions, and breed feares in manie of her subjects, of a new conquest: "The only way then, (said he) that is in pollicie left to quaile those hopes, and to asswage these feares, were to establishe the succession." He noted that Nero was speciallie hated for wishing to have no successor; that even Augustus was the worse beloved for appointing an ill man to his successor, and at last, insinuating as farre as he durst the nearness of blood of our present soveraigne, he said plainly, that the expectations and presages of all wryters went northward, naming, without any circumlocution, Scotland! "which (said he) if it prove an error, it will be found a learned error."

When he had finished this sermon, there was no man that knew Queene Elizabeths disposition, but imagined that such a speach was as welcome as salt to the eyes, or, to use her own word, "to pin up her winding sheete before her face, so to point out her successor, and urge her to declare him:"—wherefore, we all ex-

pected that she would not only have been highly offended, but in some present speach have shewed her displeasure. It is a principle not to be despised, *qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare*. She considered, perhaps, the extraordinarie auditorie, she supposed manie of them were of his opinion, she might suspect some of them had perswaded him to this motion; finally, she ascribed so much to his yeares, to his place, to his learning, that when she opend the window, we found ourselves all deceived; for verie kindly and calmly, without shew of offence, (as if she had but waked out of some sleepe) she gave him thanks for his verie learned sermon. Yet when she had better considered the matter, and recollected her selfe in private, she sent two councellors to him with a sharpe message; to which he was glad to give a patient answer. But, in this time that the lords and knights of parliament and others were full of this sermon, a greate peere<sup>s</sup> of the realme, that was then newly recovered of an impediment in his hearing, (I would he did heare no worse now,) being in great liking of the archbishop for this sermon, prayd me to prove my credit with his Grace to get a coppie thereof,

<sup>s</sup> Probably, the Earl of Essex.



and to use his name if neede were, alledging that impediment which causd, though he were present, that he caried away little of it. I did so; and withall told, how my selfe had stood so incommodiously by meanes of the great presse,<sup>6</sup> as I heard it not well, but was faine to take much of it on trust on other mens report, who varyed so, as some (I was sure) did him wrong. The archbishop welcom'd me verie kindlie, and made me sit with him a pretty while in his lodging, but (in fine) told me plainly, he durst give no coppie, for that Sir John Fortescue<sup>7</sup> and Sir John Wolley<sup>8</sup> (as I remember) had bene with him from the Queene, with such a greeting as he scant knew if he were a prisoner or a freeman, and that the speach being alreadie ill taken, the writing might exasperate that which was alreadie exulcerate; so denyed my sute, but in so loving a fashion, as from that time to his end I did greatly honor him, and laid up in my heart manie good lessons I learnd of him: and it was not long ere the Queene was so well pacified, that he went down with

<sup>6</sup> i. e. crowd; as in St. Mark's Gospel, ii. 4.

<sup>7</sup> Chancellor of the Exchequer.

<sup>8</sup> Chancellor of the Order of the Garter.

the presidentship of Yorke, in the vacancie, (halfe against his will) committed to him; till afterward the Lord Burleigh (now Earle of Ex-ceter,<sup>9</sup>) of whose courage, fidellitie, and religious heart, the Queene had great assurance, was made the Lord President.

But to returne to this archbishop; as he was in place but second, so was he in learning, and specially in reading, not second to any in his time; insomuch, as in Cambridge, long since, he was one of the chosen disputers before the Queen; and a Jesuite, 26 yeares since, disgracing our English students, as neglecting and not reading the fathers, excepts this Mathew Hutton, and one famous Mathew<sup>2</sup> more; and of this Hutton he saith, *qui unus in paucis versares patres dicitur; who is one of those few that search the fathers.* For matters of the world I can saie but that that is known to the world; his eldest sonne is a knight of faire lyving, and now or lately Sheriff of Yorkeshire, and a man of very good reputation. One other sonne he had, that an ill life brought to a worse

<sup>9</sup> This earldom was granted by King James, in 1604.

<sup>2</sup> Probably Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury.

end; his name was Luke Hutton, so valiant that he feared not men nor lawes, and for a robbery done on St. Lukes day, for names sake, he dyed as bad a death,<sup>3</sup> I hope with a better minde, then the theefe of whom St. Luke wrytes, that he bad our Saviour, if he were Christe, to save himselfe and him. The arch-bishop show'd herein the constancie and severitie worthy of his place; for he would not endeavor to save him (as the world thought he easilie might) deserving herein the praise of justice, which Eli wanted, that was too indulgent of his sonnes vices; and having hereby no blott but such as may sort him with the great monarch of this last age, King Phillip, with two famous warriors of the old Romans, Manlius and Brutus, and with the highest priest, even Aaron. His own death was more happie then his life, to die *satur annorum, full of yeeres*, and to see and leave "peace upon Israell."

<sup>3</sup> Fuller, in his Church-History, says this was "a mistake, committed, not wilfully, but through false intelligence, by a pen otherwise more ingenuous, and professing respect to this worthy prelate." He proceeds to prove that *Luke* Hutton was not a son of the bishop, but of Dr. Hutton, prebendary of Durham. Cent. xvii. p. 39.

DOCTOR THOBIE MATTHEWS.<sup>4</sup>

THE praises of a friend are partiall or suspicious, of straungers uncertaine and not judicious, of courtly persons complementall and mannerly, of learned and wise men more pretious, of a Prince most cordiall and comfortable; but of an adversarie, though often dangerous, yet never undeserved. What exceptions then can be taken to his just praises, whom friends commend, straungers admire, nobles embrace, the learned affect and imitate, his sovereigns have advanced, and even his enemy and emulous cannot chuse but extoll and approve.— For Edmond Campion, (in his pamphlet of the *ten reasons*,<sup>5</sup> which the Catholiques count an epitome of all their doctrine,) labouring to prove that the fathers were all papists, to give the uttermost credit he can to his assertion,

<sup>4</sup> Translated from Durham to York in 1606. Ob. 1628. Æt. 82. Camden styles him *theologus præstantissimus*, and says that in him *doctrina cum pietate et ars cum natura certant*.

<sup>5</sup> “*Rationes decem oblatis certaminis in causa fidei*,” 1581.

saith, that Thoby Mathew confest to him so much, *Pertentavimus* (saith he) *aliquando familiariter Thobiam Matheum, qui nunc in concionibus dominatur, quem propter bonas artes et virtutum semina dileximus: We did once in familiar sort sound Thoby Mathews opinion, he that now domyneers in your pulpitts, whom, for his good learning and seedes of vertue, we esteemed, &c.* This then is the testimoniall of their champion, concerning his excellent gifts 27 yeares since. If this commendation were then due, as, indeed, except it had bene very due, that pen would never have given it, what may we thinke of him now, that for preaching may saye with St. Paul, "I have labored more then ye all:" for reading lets no booke passe, which, for author, matter, or witt, hath any fame; who hath so happie a memory that no occasion slips him, whether premeditate or sudden, either in publique or private, to make use of that he had not read. But it is worth the hearing, which he answers to this calumniation, as well as commendation, which answer being in a long and Latin sermon, *ad Clerum*, I will not wronge so much to abbreviate in this place, but only for that same point, *Qui in concionibus dominatur?* his sharp and modest return I could not let passe, being but a line,—*Neque*

*enim nostrum ministerium est dominatio, neque dominatio ministerium ; For neither is our ministrie anie lordly authoritie, nor your lordly commaunde a true ministry.* But his reading, learning, preacheing, is so well known to your Highness, as I do but loose labour in recounting either generall or perticular prayses thereof. I will discend now to some personall matters, which, though commonly they are more captious for the wryter, yet are they withall more pleasing and acceptable to the reader. He was borne of honest rather then honorable parents, in the cittie of Bristow, which cittie, standing in two counties, Sommerset and Gloucester, might move both contries hereafter to challenge him for their contriman, (as divers citties of Greece did Homer,) if sometime himselfe would not cleare it, by saying he is a Somersetshire man ; or to write it as he speaks it, sportingly, a Zomeretshyre man. Showing a towardliness in his verie infancie to learning, he was set very younge to schoole at Wells ; but over-running his schoolemasters doctrine with his docilitie, he went quickly to Oxford ; yet ere he went, he had a mervailous misfortune ; for even as if Sathan had foreseen that he should one daye prove some excellent instrument of his service that

must bruise the serpents head, he forgat not to attempt his part, *insidiari calcaneo*, procuring him, in a plaine easie way, so terrible a fall, as brake his foote and small of his legge and ankle almost all to pieces. But if the strong man procured this harme, a stronger granted the remedie; for he [was] soone after so soundly cured, as there remayned after no signe or skar, no effect or defect, either for sight or use, of this rupture. After his comming to Oxford, he tooke all his degrees, so ripe in learning, and so younge in age, as was half a miracle. There it seemes also the colledges strave for him, he removed so oft; till he rested in that for which he was ordaind a principall vessell,—Christ's Church. During his abode there, being deane of Christ-Church, it was hard to say, whether he was more respected for his great learning, eloquence, authoritie, countenance given him by the Queene, and the great ones; or beloved for his sweete conversation, frendly disposition, bountie, that even then showd itselfe, and above all, in cheerfull sharpness of witt, that so sawced all his words and behaviour, that well was he in the universitie that could be in the companie of Thoby Mathew; and this name grew so popular and plausible, that they thought it a derogation to their love, to add

any title of Doctor or Deane to it ; but if they spake of one of his men, (as he was ever verie well attended,) they would say Mr.... or Mr...., Thoby Mathews man ; yea even since he was bishop and archbishop, some cannot leave that custome yet. Among some speciall men that enjoyed and joyed most in his frendship and companie in Oxford, and in remembrance of it since they were sunderd, was Doctor Eedes, late deane of Worcester, one whose companie I loved, as well as he loved his Thoby Matthew. He, for their farewell upon his remove to Durham, intending first to go with him from Oxford but one dayes journey, was so betrayed by the sweetness of his companie and their old frendship, that he not only brought him to Durham, but, for a pleasant penance, wrate their whole journey in Latine vearse ; which poem himself gave to me, and told me so many pretty apothems of theirs in their younger yeares, as might make a booke almost by it selfe. And because I write only for your Highness pleasure, I will hazard my Lords displeasure, to repeat one or two of his, of one or two hundred that Doctor Eedes, when he lived, could remember. Being vice-chancellor in Oxford, some sleight matters and men comming before him, one was verie importunate to have them staye



for his counsell :—“ Who is of your counsell ?” saith the vice-chancellor. Saith he, “ Mr. *Leasted*.” “ Alas,” said the vice-chancellor, “ no man can stand you in *less stead*.” “ No remedy,” saith the other, “ necessitie hath no law.” “ Indeed,” quoth he, “ no more I thinke hath your counsellor.” In a like matter another was to be bounde in a bond verie like to be forfeited, and came in haste to offer it, saying, “ he would be bound, if he might be taken ;” —“ Yes,” saith he,<sup>6</sup> “ I think you will be taken ; what’s your name ?”—“ *Cox*,” saith the party ; (and so prest as the manner is to *come* into the Court.) “ Make him room there,” said he, “ let *Cox* come in.” Such facetious passages as these, that are as delightfull to the hearer as a fair course at tilt is to the beholders, where the staffe breaks both at the poynt and counter-buffe even to the hand : such, I say, a man might collect a volume of, not at the second hand but at the first, that had bene so much in his companie, and so oft at his boord, as I have been, but that I must keepe good manner ; remembring the Greeke proverb, *μισω μνήμονα συμποτην*, *odi memorem compotorem*. And if your Highness had a fancie to heare more of

<sup>6</sup> i. e. Toby Mathew.

them, Mr. Davie Dromond can as well relate them as my selfe, both of us having met in his Graces dishe somtimes, and tasted of this sawce.

Yet this kind of pleasantnes that I repeat as one of his prayses, himself will most seriously check in himself, sometime as his fault and infirmitie, which he confesses he is inforced to use; sometime as a recreation of his wearied spirits, after more painfull and serious studies. And though in these conceyts the wit might seem to labor as much as in the gravest, and had neede to carrie as it were a good bent to send them so smartlie as they come ordinarily from him; yet methinke it maie be fitly compared to a bow that will indure bending the contrary way, and thereby come to cast the better in his right bent; or, by a more homely comparison, to a trew and tough labourer in our contrie, that having sweat at hard labor all the week, asketh no better refreshing then to sweat as fast with dauncing about the May-pole, or running at base,<sup>7</sup> or wrestling, upon the holyday. Wherefore let himself call it his

<sup>7</sup> Prison-base, or prison-bars; a rustic pastime still in vogue. Shakspeare entitles it "the country base." Mr. Strutt has

fault, (as I have heard him oft,) and say that he knows such nugacitie becomes not his place, and lament that nature and custome have so fram'd him, that when he ceases to be pleasant at his meate, he must cease to bee. For my part, I speake frankly, I will love this fault in him if it be a fault, and be glad if I can follow it, having learnt an old rule of my mother<sup>s</sup> in law,

*At meate be glad,  
For sin be sad :*

and I will saye hereafter for my selfe,

*Haud metuam, si jam nequeo defendere crimen  
Cum tanto commune viro :<sup>9</sup>*

Or, as upon no unlike occasion, I wrate ten years since to Dr. Eedes.

*Though Momus love mens lynes and lives to  
skanne,  
He saith, he thinks me no dishonest man ;*

given a particular description of it in his "Sports, &c. of the People of England, and traces it, as a childish amusement, to the reign of Edward III.

<sup>8</sup> Lady Rogers; to whom the author addressed many of his epigrammatic levities.

<sup>9</sup> Ovid. Met. xiii. 304.

*Yet one great fault of mine he oft rehearses,  
Which is,—“ I am too full of toys and vearses :”  
True, Momus, true, that is my fault I graunt ;  
Yet when thou shalt thy greatest vertue vaunt,  
I know some worthy sprites one may entice  
To leave that greatest vertue for this vice.*

But if any will be so stoycall as to make this confession of my lords grace (which is indeed of grace) to serve them for an accusation, to give him thereby the nick-name of *Nugar*, given 500 yeeres past to Radulphus, arch-bishop of Canterbury, and successour of the great Anselme, (as is noted in the “Catalogue,” p. 38,) I should think them unjust and indiscreet to stir up new emulation between Canterbury and Yorke; but rather I might compare him with one of his own predecessors in Durham, Cuthbert Tunstall,<sup>2</sup> (p. 532 of the same booke,) well worthe the reading and remembering.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Tunstall was translated from London to Durham in 1530. Ob. 1559. Æt. 85.

<sup>3</sup> The commendation there cited from Bale, out of Sir Tho. More, is, “that as there was no man more adorned with knowledge and good literature, no man of greater integrity

In the meane time let me allay their censorious moode with this verse :

*Qui sic nugatur tractantem ut seria vincat,  
Hic tractaturus seria quantus erat.*

But to draw to an end ; I will tell one act of his of double pietie, done not long since. He made a journey, accompanied with a troope fit for his calling, to Bristow, to see his mother, who was then lyving, but not able to travaile to him. After much kindnesse shewed unto her, and much bountie to the cittie, he went to visit his other mother of Oxford, and coming neer the town with that troope of his retinew and friends to the water, it came into his minde how that time 40 yeare or more, he past the same water, as a younge poore scholler, going to Oxford ; and remembring Jacob's words, *In baculo meo transivi Jordanem istum, &c. With my staffe I passed over this Jordan*; and now I passe over again with these troops ; he was so moved therewith, that he alighted from his horse, and going apart, with devout tears of

for his life and manners, so there was no man a more sweete and pleasant companion." Godwin's Catalogue, &c.

joy and thankfulness, he kneeled down, and used some like words.

It may seeme pittie that a man of so sweet and milde disposition should have anie crosse, but he that sends them knowes what is best for his. He hath had one great domesticall crosse, though he beares it wisely ; not in his wife, for she is the best reported and reputed of her sort I thinke in England, and they live together by St. Paul's rule, *utentes hoc mundo tanquam non utentes* ; using the world as if they us'd it not<sup>4</sup> : but I mean such a crosse as David had in his sonne Absolon ; for though he gave both consent and commission to prosecute him, yet nature overcame displeasure, and forced him to cry, " Absolon, my sonne, my sonne, I would I might suffer for thee, or in thy stead, my sonne, my sonne." For indeed this sonne of his, whom he and his friends give over for lost, (yea worse then lost,) was likely for learning, for memorie, for sharpness of wit, and sweetness of behaviour to have proved another Thoby Mathew ; neither is his case so desperate, but that if he would belief Matthew better then

<sup>4</sup> Epist. to the Corinthians, I. vii. 31. This is the literal rendering of all the old English translations : but our present version reads—" they that use this world as not abusing it."

Thoby, I would<sup>4</sup> thinke yet there were hope to  
reclayme him.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Malone remarks, that the writers of Harington's age often used *would* for *should*, as in this place. Some Scottish authors are still inclined to do the same.

<sup>5</sup> Toby Matthew, the younger, became a Jesuit and a politician. He was knighted by James I. for the zeal he evinced in carrying on the Spanish match for Prince Charles; and is introduced by Suckling into his "Session of the Poets," as a court trifler, who "was whispering nothing in somebody's ear."

OF

*D U R H A M.*

AND THE

PRESENT BISHOP THEREOF,

DOCTOR [WILLIAM] JAMES.<sup>6</sup>

IT is noted of Dionysius of Sicilie, that he had no care of anye religion that was professed in his contrie, as neither had his father before him, making but a sport to rob their Gods; taking away Esculapius' beard of gold, because his father Apollo had no beard; and Jupiters golden cloke, saying it was too heavy for sommer and too cold for winter; yet used he to confer sometime with philosophers, and have the choysiest of them, and give them honorable entertainment; which humor at last bred him this commoditie, that losing his crowne he learned to beare povertie not only without dismay, but

<sup>6</sup> Dean of Durham; became Bp. in 1606. Ob. 1617.



with some disport. The like I may say of a late great earle<sup>7</sup> of this realm, sonne of a great duke, who though he made no great conscience to spoyle the church lyvings no more then did his father, yet for his reputation, or perhaps for his recreation, he would have some choyse and excellent men for his chaplayns of both universities; as Doctor Toby Matthew, now Arch-bishop of Yorke; Doctor John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells; and this prelate that I am now to speake of, Doctor James, then Deane of Christ-Church. And this hope of comfort came to his lordship thereby,\* that if it pleasd God to impart any mercy to him, (as his mercy indureth for ever!) it was by the speciall ministerie of this man, who was the last of his coate that was with him in his sicknes.

Concerning this bishopprick it is formerly

<sup>7</sup> Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester: son to John, Duke of Northumberland. Ob. 1588. Respecting this nobleman Lord Orford related the following witticism. As he was one day calculating the expence of forming a park about Cornbury, thinking to enclose it with posts and rails; a gentleman who stood by, told the earl that he did not go the cheapest way to work. "Why?" said Lord Leicester. "Because, replied the gentleman, if your Lordship will find *posts*, the country will find *railing*." Walpoliana, i. 10.

noted by mine author, (pag. 533,) that it was once dissolved by act of parliament in the minority of King Edward 6, what time the two new Dukes of Somerset and Northumberland (like the soldiers that cast lots for Christs garment) devided between them *Patrimonium Crucifixi*; namely, the two good bishopricks of Bath and Durham: one being designed as a seate for the westerne duke; the other for the northerne. And whereas by an old metamorphosis, the Bishop of Durham had bene made Earle of Northumberland; now, by a new apotheosis, the Duke of Northumberland would have bene Bishop of Durham: but *qui despexit de caelo deridebat eos*. That visible hand that wrate in the wall while Balthazar was quaffing in the holie vessels; that hand, though invisiblie, weighed these petty monarks in the ballance of Gods judgements, found them too light; and because they should not grow too long, they were both cut shorter by the head: the bishopricks restored to what they now are, by Queene Mary; one being in substance, the other by accident of leadden mynes, two of the best bishopricks of England, and as worthie bishops they have had, specially this. Two of them, namely two Mathews, are spoken of in the tytle of Yorke. There remayns now this

third, who having had yet scant a yeare and a day, as they say, I have the lesse to speake as of a bishop. But that examining by the infalible square set down by St. Paule to Timothie, chap. 3. for choise of a bishop, he will be found as worthyly chosen as any. For his learning it may be sufficient to saie he was Deane of Christ-Church; which, as I have said formerly, none attayns to but choise men, and there are sermons of his extant in print that testifie no less. For hospitallitie, which is a speціальl praise of a bishop, he showed in Oxford his disposition thereto in that lesse ability; and for both at once, at the comming of divers great states; and lastly, 15 yeares past of the Queene her selfe, before whom he preached, and to whom he gave so good intertainment, as her Majestie commended the order and manner of it long after: which commendation of well setting out and ordering a feast, I should have thought of the less moment, if I did not finde in Plutark, in the life of Paulus Emilius, (a great captaine and conqueror, and otherwise a man of much virtue and temperance,) the well ordering of a feast to be esteemed not one of his least commendacions.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> When the Greeks expressed their admiration to Paulus

But I will conclude with a greater and more worthie commendacion ; and which I could wishe, as it is exemplar, so it might be followed in all ensuing bishops. For whereas Durham house had been graunted to Queene Elizabeth only during her life, when few thought that such a house should have proved too little for her estate : it fortun'd, after she was Queene, this house to be neglected, according to the proverbe, (not unfit to be applyed to his learning that first built it,) *præstat esse caput asini quam cauda leonis*. Among other roomes the chappell was not only prophaned but even defased. This good bishop, the first thing he doth at his comming, repayrs this chappell, and furnisheth it within in comely and costly sort ; for which good minde and act, I doubt not but God will build him a house, toward which he shall ever have my best wishes.

Æmilius, of his management at a great feast, he told them it required the same genius to draw up an army, and to order an entertainment ; that the one might be most formidable to the enemy, and the other most agreeable to the company. Langhorne's Plutarch, vol. ii.

OF

## C A R L Y L E.

AND THE BISHOP,

DOCTOR HENRY ROBINSON.<sup>9</sup>

THIS bishoppriek, as my author hath touched, (pag. 540, and 543,) hath beene so fortunate to have yeilded two singuler examples of fidelitie and loyaltie of prelates to their soveraign: one of espetiall marke, worthie to be canonized with the patron of Venice, St. Marke, was also named Marks, commended here by my author, and no lesse worthilie extolled by Mr. Samuel Daniel, in his excellent poem of the civile warrs of Lancaster and Yorke.<sup>2</sup> The other was Bishop Oglethorp, who when all the bishops of England refused to crowne Queene Elizabeth because of her religion, yet he, being himself of

<sup>9</sup> Provost of Queen's College, Oxford: made Bp. of Carlisle in 1598. Ob. 1616. Æt. 63.

<sup>2</sup> Lib. ii.

a contrary religion, performed it. Neither of these received their reward in this world, that they were worthie : Marks being removed from Carlisle to Samos in Greece,<sup>3</sup> viz. out of Gods blessing into a warme sunne, as the saying is ; Oglethorp induring deprivation, because even at the coronation he would not omit the ceremonie of elevation. Howbeit, it is supposed if he had not so suddenlie after dyed of the griefe,<sup>4</sup> her Majestie would have made some speciall respect of him above all his fellows ; which I speake not upon meere conjecture, but upon some speach of her Majestie used to the present bishop that now is ; for when she received his homage, she gave many gracious words to him of her good opinion, for his learning, integritie, and sufficiency to the place ; concluding, that she must ever have a care to furnishe that place with a worthie man, “for his sake (said she) that set my crowne first on my head ;” and manye words to like effect, as the bishop himselfe hath partly told me. He seemes

<sup>3</sup> Vid. Godwin de præsulibus Angliæ, p. 767.

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Oglethorp was deprived of his bishoprick about Midsummer 1559, and died in the beginning of the following year.

a man of great gravitie, and temperance, verye milde in his speach, but not of so stronge a constitution of body as his countenance doth promise. But having seen his see never, and himselfe but seldome, I must content me of him with this short relation.

OF

## C H E S T E R.

AND THE

PRESENT BISHOP,

DOCTOR [GEORGE] FLOOD.<sup>5</sup>

OF this new bishoppicke, and new lord bishop also, I have very little to say; and I need say the lesse, because your Highness hath heard him preach often, and very well. I call him a *new* lord bishop, because though he were a bishop before, yet was he not thereby a lord of the parliament house; howbeit, his title before sounded to the vulgar eare more universall then either Rome or Constantinople, namely Bishop of *Man*. But from thence he

<sup>5</sup> Floyd, or Lloyd; translated from Sodor and Man to Chester in 1604. Ob. 1616.



was translated to Chester, the chiefe city of that shire, that some call chiefe of men ; which shire having a speciall temporall blessing to abounde, not with milke and honey, as the land of promise, but with milke and salt, a matter more necessary in sacrifice ; I wishe it maye also flow in spirituall blessings, and doubt not but that by the irrigation rather then inunction of this *Flood* they shall increase in them ; and as our Saviour commands to joyne peace with salt. And especially I wish that blessing to their neighbors beyond the salt water, I meane in Ireland ; who though they have milke, and are so weake in faith they cannot yet digest hard meat, yet for want of this salt and peace, they make manie go of pilgrimage to Westchester against their wills from both realms, some of whom the Bishop of Chester was wont to entertayn in kynde sort, as my self can testifie, and this bishop I heare doth herein succede also his worthy predecessor Doctor Vaghan.

FINIS.

18 *February*, 1607.

THUS have you, most highly esteemed and entirely beloved Prince, this unworthie *Supplye* of mine to the worthie work of a more worthy man. It is grown into greater lengthe then I expected, by reason I tooke some kinde of pleasure with the paine of wryting hereof; supposing I was all the while, as it were, telling a story in your Highness presence and hearing. Now if anie that favour not the persons I write of, nor the purpose I write for, happen to sport at this my fashion of wryting to your Highness, as Tigranes jested at Lucullus' army,<sup>5</sup> saying, if he came as an embassador his trayne was too great; if as a warrior, his troope was too small: so if they say, this treatise for an epistle is too long, for a history too little; I will also hope that this, whether long epistle or short relation, shall have like successe in your Highness approbation, as that contemptible army had, to conquer their contemners.

<sup>5</sup> Vid. Plutarch, in vit. Lucullus.

<sup>6</sup>In the mean time my soule shall joyne with all the good bishops I have written of, and other good subjects spirituall or temporall, to send up our continuall and devout prayers to Almighty God, that your Highnes may increase daylie in all good guifts and graces, and in favour with God and men: to answer the hope of those kingdomes that you are borne to, of so many godly, noble, and imperiall families, as you are descended from, so magnificent an uncle, so excellent a mother, and so admirable a father.

<sup>6</sup> This concluding paragraph was not inserted in the printed copies.

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A  
DISCOURSE

SHEWING

That Elyas must personally come

BEFORE THE

*Day of Judgment.*

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A

## DISCOURSE

SHEWING

*That Elyas must personally come before the  
Day of Judgment.*<sup>7</sup>

WRITTEN BY

SIR JOHN HARYNGTON.

THE most learned and right reverent father, Doctor Still, Byshop of Bath and Wells, propounded, one day at his one table, a question to certayne learned dyvines which wear

<sup>7</sup> In Harington's "Apologie" for his metamorphosed Ajax, he protests that he never defended any opinion of religion, either by way of argument or writing, that in any point gain-saith the communion booke. "Yes, Sir, (saith a zealous attorney) I heard *one*\* testifie vivâ voce in a pulpit, that you

\* A MS. note, by the author, in Mr. Reed's copy of the Apologie, says "this was one *Withers*." As the Apologie was printed in 1596, it is obvious that this "Discowrse" might have claimed a place in Vol. I. of the present miscellany, but it has been allowed to retain its former situation, from the agreement of its subject with the rest of the volume.

theare present ;—Whether the grace of God, or (as wee commonly now doe call it) whether justifying fayth, once had, may bee lost or noe? And to the entent men shold the boldlyer delyver theyr opinions, hee added, that this was no question of beleefe, nor a question between papists and protestants only, but even among protestants themselves, and those the most learned that are at this day in this realme. The lyke, yea, the verry same, I may trewly say of this question now in hand, of which many learned men wryte dowtfully in this age; some thinke hee was past longe since, some that hee came of late, some that his cominge is to bee understood by allegory, and some that he shall come indeed really and in person; of which opinions as I will not say but any may be defended, without breach of charytie, so I must confes I take the last to bee trewest, and the most probable, and that I will now goe about to prove these fowr ways.

had defended a popish opinion, of a *second coming of ELIAS.*”  
 “ He lyes like an asse, (replied Sir John) and so tell him; and, if I mistake him not much, his good living grows not so fast with his new benefice, as his good name *withers* with his ill behaviour.”

Fyrst, by the word and letter of the skryp-  
ture.

Secondly, by the naturall and ryght interpre-  
tation and meaning of the same, as others haue  
expounded it.

Thirdly, by a generall tradycion.

Fowerthly, by the opinions of the fathers,  
and the reason that lead them so to thinke ;  
and for the conclusion, I will set downe at  
some length St. Awstin's own words, owt of  
two severall and excellent tretyses of his to this  
purpose.

1. For the skriptures then I finde fower spe-  
ciall places that, withowt any wringing or  
wresting, doe affirme and imply as moche ; or  
to say as I thinke, withowt mucche strayinge  
and turninge, cannot otherwyse in the playn  
and naturall sence bee understood.

i. The fyrst is the fowrth of Malachy, in  
these words speaking vnto the Jews, Mal. iv.  
5. " Beholde I will sende to you Elyas the  
prophet, before the great and horrible day of  
the Lord (*dies magnus et horribilis*) shall



come; and hee shall turn the hart of the fathers to the children, and the harts of the children to the fathers, least haply when I come I should smyte the whole earth with a curse."

2. The second place is in the booke of Ecclesiasticus, Eccl. xlviii. 9. "Which was taken up in a whirlwynd of fyre, in a charret of fyery horses." *Qui inſcriptus es indiciis temporum lenire iracundiam Dei, etc.* for so it is in the Latten: *Thow that art wrytten of in the recordes of tymes to pacyfie the wrath of God,* "to reconcyle the harte of the father to the sonne, and to restore the trybes of Jacob;" though our common Englysh agreeth not fully with it. No more doth it with that of Enoke, which in the Latten text is playne, Eccl. xlv. 16. *Enoke placuit Deo et translatus est in Paradisum ut det gentibus pœnitentiam, or sapientiam;* that is, *Enoch pleased God, and was taken up to Paradyse to geeve penitence to the Gentiles:* our English sayth: "therefore was hee translated, for an example of repentence to the generations;" of which translacion (under reformacion) I see no good reason.

. The thirde place is in the xviith of Matthew, (which wee could not fynde last Sunday, when

wee sowght it so earnestly :) the words be thease ; owr Saviour sayth, “ Certainly Elyas must first come and restore all thinges ; but I say unto you, Elyas is come, etc.”

The fowerth place is in the xith of the Apocalipse, 3 v. “ I will geeve power to my two witnesses, and they shall prophecye 1260 dayes, clothed in sackclothe ; thease are two olyve trees,” etc.

The fyrst of these places, as the principall and uppon which all the rest seem to be grownded, Peeter Martir, in his Commonplaces, objects agaynst his own opinion, and then answers it ; but indeede so sleyghtly, as no man of indifferent judgment, and not blinded with prejudyce, but will soon satisfy himselfe in it. For hee sayth, that this “ great and horrible day of the Lord” is the day of his natyvytie or incarnacion, or the tyme of his being heer, which (sayth hee) to all infidells and unbelievers may bee sayd well to bee terrible, because it is the cawse of theyr greater damnation. Now, admitte this bee trew in some sort, yet (under favor of so great a clarke) I cannot beleve but those words of Malachy geve us to understande a far more dreddfull day. For

terror and horror is more in the shew and expectawnce, then in the prooffe and effecte of dawnger, as daylie experyence teacheth us, of many that are moch terryfyed and litle hurt, and many that were slayne and maymed and yet but litle terryfyed. Allso wee see somtymes a good penytent chrystian, heeringe some good sermon of the wrath of God, and paines of hell, goes from it with great terror and concussyon of spirit; when the carelesse chrystian, or the open atheyst (whose part is greatest thearin) goeth thence not only voyd of terror, but oft tymes full of skorne. Further, I say this tyme of the fyrst coming of owr Savyowr is so far, in the common phrase of the skripture, from being called *the great and horrible day*, that it hath contrary denominacions in all places theareof. Yea, it is called *the acceptable tyme, the tyme of safety, the peaseable tyme, the joyfull tyme, the glad tydinges*; nothing but sweet, mylde, humble, mercyfull; from his conceptyon, when his mother sayd, *Ecce ancilla Domini*; from his nativytie, when the angell told the sheppardes, *Ecce evangelizo vobis*; at what tyme they fownde the Saviour of the world layde in a mawnger; till his very passyon, when himselfe sayd, *Ecce homo!* and was after nayled on the crosse. I say, hee passed

all this time in all meeknes, in prayer, in peace, in pacience, in poverty; helping, healing, teaching, the lame, the needy, the ygnorant; of which tyme he was longe before prophecyed by Esayas: *non contendit neque clamabit. Arundinem quassatum non confringet, etc.* 'A brused reed shall hee not breake, and smoking flax shall hee not quench, till hee bring foorth judgment vnto victory.' Who then can say, or who will beleeeve them that will say, that his fyrst commynge cowld be ment in those wordes, *magnus dies et horribilis?* Beside, this phrase, *dies Domini*, is ever distinguyshed by the learned from all other dayes, to signify (*κατα ἐξοχην*) the speciall day of judgment. St. Paul sayth, *dies Domini declarabit, quia in igne revelabitur: the daye of the Lord shall declare (every mans work), for in the fyer it shall be revealed.* Thys daye and thys fyer, Peeter Martir, (who I am seure will admitte no purgatory fyer between this and the last day,) must needs confesse to be the daye of Judgment. Now, how properly that daye may bee called great and horrible, when the trumpets shall sownd, the earth quake and burne, the heavens vanysh, the sunne be darkned, the ded ryse to judgment, I trust I need not moche dylate, syth no christen that heers it but beleeves

it, and none can thinke of it but trembles at it ; of which it is said, *vix justus*: skarce the just can stand unterryfied at that dreadfull day. Let that day therefore be cownted and called worthily, trewly, properly, and only, *dies Domini magnus et horribilis*.

Yet thear remayns, in apperawnce rather then in substawnce, one small objection abowt this place of Malachy, becawse in the beginning of the same chapter he doth playnely prophecy of the comming of Christe, and of the raying of the Sonne of Justice, which is interpreted of the natyvitie ; and then that of Elyas folowing so immediately, may seem only to be promised and performed in Iohn Baptist. But the learned know that it is usuall in the holye skripture not only for one place to haue more meanings then one, but also for one prophecye to sygnifye more tymes than one ; so this, not excluding the fyrst comming of Chryst, as a mylde Savyor, with Iohn Baptist, his forerunner, yet doth most evydently and especially note the second comming of the same Chryst as a terrible judge with Elyas before him. We have many exawmples of the like, but lett one serve.—Chryst himselfe prophycieth of the destruccion of Jerusalem and of the end of the world, all in

one place, at one tyme, with one and the same wordes ; yet wee all know that one of thease is past 1400 yeer since, and the other is to come, God knoweth what hundreds of yeeres hence ; and so moch for this first and cheefe place of Mallachy.

The second place of Ecclesiastycus I shall not need stand long on, for I thinke no man will say thear canne bee any fygure in eyther of the places, but that needs hee must mean that Enoke that was taken up, (as Sa. Pawle also speaketh,) and that Elyas that was taken up in the charret, which must come to restore the tribes of Jacob ; who wear never yet restored, as themselves and all the world will confesse. If objection bee made against the booke, let those that haue awtorytie defyne whether it bee cannonycall ; a wise and a reverent booke it is, and thearefore I regard it.

The third place of the xviith of Matthew, as one way it seemes to make most playne for that by saying *Elyas shall indeed come*, so another way it seems to move all the dowbt by adding that he *is come allredy* ; thearefore this place wold aske to bee discreetly handled ; and both the wordes, the tyme, the place, and other

circumstances, wold bee well consydered. The wordes have been before recyted ; the tyme was vj dayes after his promise in the former chapter, that some thear *shold not taste death till they shall see the Sonne of Man coming in his kingdome*. The place was on the top of a hygh hill, playne and open ; the company was only 3 of the cheefe apostles, Peter, Iames, and Iohn. The syght they saw was so marvelows as they were so ravisht with it they knew not what they sayd ; the charge they had was to say nothinge of it before Christ's ascensyon ; then they asked this question upon it. Elyas they saw before ; (for no man maketh doubt but they saw very Elyas). *How is it that the Scribes say Elyas must first come ?* The awnswer is playn, *Elyas indeed shall come, and restore all thinges ;* and, for more playnness, the worde in the Greeke is ἐρχεται, which is not *must fyrst have come*, but as I said afore, and as Beza translates it, *veniet, shall come*, and more playn in the old Latten, *venturus est, is to come* ; this answer being made by the Trewth itselpe to his cheefe desciples to enstruct them, not further to entangle them, must without all exception bee most trewe. Now, whear ovr Savyor added, *But I say unto yow Elyas is allredy come, etc.* which the desciples understood of Iohn Baptist,

this is also trew ; but yet marke well the manner of speakinge, and then wee need not erre ; for of force one of thease two (as St. Awgustin noteth) must be understood in figure, the other in letter. And to make it short, thus it must bee understood : Elyas shall come indeed, that is, in person ; but if they looke for an Elyas allredy to bee come, let them think it to be Iohn Baptist. But lett us follow the rule of the new schoole-men, and expownd skripture only by skripture, the hard place by the easye. Lett this be the hard place, because of *veniet* and *venit*. Beholde an easye place to expound it by, in the first of Luke ; heere you shall finde whear to use the figure, heere you shall learne how to beleve the letter. Iohn Baptist, saith hee, *shall go before* οὐρ Σαβυοῦρ ἐν πνεύματι καὶ δυνάμει, *in the spirit and virtue of Elyas* ; then whear it is sayd hee *is come*, thear look for the spirit and virtew of Elyas ; but, when it is sayd *hee shall come*, then looke for Elyas himselfe. Marke also in the xi of Matthew, where Christ sayd that Iohn was Elyas, yet is it with this mitigation, *et si vultis recipere, if yee will so understand it* ; yet is it with this addycion, (whereby the learned have ever observed some mystery) *hee that hathe cares to heer, lett him heer*. Which understanding, that you may



know not to bee myne, that is, a young mans, ignorant and unskillfull, but St. Awgustins, a grave man, a learned byshop, and an excellent doctor; I will, as I promised, in the end hereof, set downe his owne wordes. But heer I might by the waye take just occasyon, havinge so playnly distinguisht theyr persons, I mean Iohn and Elyas, to compare together theyr spirits, the lykeness whearof hath caused, for lacke of good understanding, theyr persons to bee confounded; which I will runne over very briefely, to avoyd moch prolixitye. Fyrst, bothe of them were excellent prophets, bothe of them lyved lyke ermits in a desert, bothe ware a gerdle of skinne about their loyns, bothe of them used extraordinarye food, bothe of them reprov'd the wickednes of theyr Princes, both of them were persecuted by the same princes with all extremitye. Why should wee not then beleve, that bothe of them should serve one God; own Christe, as forerunners one of his first comminge, the other of his second comming; and why should wee then beleve that, that if one bee come in sperit, the other may not come in person? for sperit and person are two things; the sperit of Elyas rested double on Elyzeus (or, as our common Englishe well noteth, two partes of it on him,

dividinge it in three, which is more lyke) yet no man will say but they were distincte persons. But, to conclude this 3d prooffe by skriptures, I will add only this one testimony of Iohn Baptist himselfe, who is well to be beleevd; and hee beyng asked of the Jews, *Art thou Elyas?* (a questyon very apt to decyde this controversy) he sayd playnly, *I am not.*

The fowarth and last place of skripture, is that of the two witnesses in the 11th of the Apocalipse; which being understood of Elyas and Enocke, receaves a playne, a familyar, an easye, and a probable understanding; being taken otherwyse is subject to 100 cavells: of which place I wyll say more in the reason following.

2. The second reason I undertooke to proove this my posycion by, is the naturall and trew sence of the Skriptures as learned men understand them, who, as they are dewly to be respected in all tymes, yet those are most without exception that are most awncyent, and consequently furthest of from the wofull schismes of this tyme, and freest from all partiallityes. Lett us then breefly examine the meaning of

this last text of the Apocalipse, that hath been so often commented upon, and with indifferency weigh what the trew understanding thereof is, or, as neere as wee can judge, who have come neerest to it; whether they that say it shall bee Elyas and Enocke, or they that say otherwyse; for learned men write very diversly of it. St. Austen is browght of each syde.

*Magno se iudice quisque tuetur.*

But to begin with that I take to be most probable. Read well, I pray you, but the whole text, and you will soone I hope bee of my opinion. To bee *two witnesses* (the Greek word is μαρτυρες) eyther in teaching or suffering; *two candlesticks*, in carrying of lyght; *two olyve trees*, in bearyng good fruyt; *two prophets*, in preaching 3 yeer and half; then to bee clothed in sackloth; to kill theyr enymyes with fyer; to shut heaven, that it shall not rayn, (as Elyas did) to turn water into blood; to strike the earth with plagues; to bee slayn; to lye ded and unburyed 3 dayes and halfe; to ryse agayne to convert the Jewes, and so to assend up to heaven in the syght of theyr enymyes. All these thinges, I say, may suite with two soch great prophets; and so doth ovr cowntry man the

venerable Beda ; so doth Hyppolytus the martyr ; so doth Gregory understand this place. Whearas, on the other syde, indeed it pittiyeth mee to see how some of the late wryters weery themselves to strayn but some few of these to theyr fansyes, and (God wot) they goe not 3 steps but they are quite myred. One would have Luther to bee Elyas, and the other reformers to be Enocke ; as if a certayn number of two wear put for an uncertayn, as is somtyme used, by a fygure called [synecdoche]. But that is easily confuted. For neyther did Luther convert the Jewes, neyther did hee call fyre from heaven. Indeed hee excommunicated Pope Leo the Xth. (which myselfe have red in his works.) And he vowtsafed to confer with one Jew, after moche suit, rather for the witt of the man, then for the will hee had to convert him. Thus the tale is told : That the Jew sent to Luther (who had fyrst refused to talke with him) to aske him, whether was worse, a Jew or the devyll ? Luther sayd, the devyll. Then he askt who was better, Christe or Luther ? Hee awnswered, Christe. Then sayd the Jew, If that Christe vowtsafed to talke with the devyll, why not M. Luther with a Jew ? Upon which, as the talke goes, he was admitted.

As for the other later doctors, though I would bee glad to give them all theyr dew, yet I know one objection, that in the papistes opinion excludes them from this place, wich is, That they love sylke better than sackcloth; and indeed it is far the fyner wearing.

Owr honest and not suttle, but simple, *Fox*, (and, as one may say, the second Beda of England,) spends many leaves in his comment on the Revelation, to enforce, as hee takes it, a strong conjecture, that Iohn Hus and Jerom of Prague were those two witnesses; the three yeers and halfe, the tyme of the cownsell that condemned them; the place, the cytie of Constance. But how unprobable, yea, how impossible that is, is to to manyfeste. For thease wear so far from consuming theyr enemyes with heavenly fyer, that themselves, poor men, were woefully consumed with earthly fyer. They haue lyen ded, not 3 days and  $\frac{1}{2}$ , but allmoste 200 yeer; so far from being soch prophets and witnesses as should err in nothing, that they, by his confession, erred in divers thinges. No-body looke for theyr rysing till doomes-day.

Perhaps theyr ashes myght fly up into the

ayr, but no noyse was heard to call them up to heaven. No earthquake was felt in Constance at theyr death. Fynally, no man can imagine that cytie to bee the place whear owr Lord was crucyfied.

Now thear is a thyrd man, and that a very new wryter, that thinkes he goeth beyond all the world in expownding the Apocalypse, but in my opinion goeth moch farther beyond himselfe. Hee, having new furbusht up an old comment, supposed to bee St. Awstens, flyes in a hye pitch, lyke a falcon, with those fethers that if they wear pluckt, would proove him but a *woodcocke*;<sup>2</sup> and hee, forsooth, will have the two witnesses to bee the Old and New Testament. But how straungely he apparells, or rather disguyseth, them in sackcloth; how hee teacheth them to set fyer and make want of water; how one of them hath been ded longer than alyve, namely, 1260 yeers; how the great earthquake fell only in abbyes and monestaryes: Lastly, how Rome is come to bee the cytye whear owr Lord was crucyfied; (for I am sure

<sup>2</sup> A proverbial term for a *simpleton*. Hence "Springes for *Woodcocks*," was used as the title to a collection of epigrams published in 1613.

none of his pure stamp beleeve, that Christe sayd to Peter at Rome-gate, *Vado iterum crucifigi.*) All thease thinges, I saye, passe my capaceytie, and must admitt many tropes and allegoryes, ere they can be conceyved of, moch lesse consented unto.

To omit how St. Awgustin, in his noblest worke, *De civitate Dei*, seems to yeeld to that other opinion, that Elyas must convert the Jewes ; of which opinion hee sayth thus, as is more at large set down hereafter, *celeberrimum est in sermonibus cordibusque fidelium. A famous, a common, a known matter, in the mouths and harts of the faythfull.*

Now which sense is most probable, which men bee most credible, I leave to the unpartiall and unpassionate reader.

3. My third grownd is tradycion ; a weake piller if it stand alone, but a strong stay whear it is thus supported. Thear was an old tradycion, taken from some rabbyns of the Jewes, That the world shold last but 6000 yeer, 2000 before the law, 2000 in the law, and 2000 after the law :—Or else, that, as the world was created in six dayes, and the seaventh sancte-

fyed, so it should last for every day 1000 yeers, and the seaventh the eternall saboth. It is but a poor prooffe that men have of this in the skripture, becawse David sayth, in one of the psalmes, "1000 yeer is with God but as a day;" howbeyt, the wryters of all sydes reject not this tradycion.

Thear was a common tradycion of old tyme, that the world should bee burned; Ovid had receaved it, as appeares by his veareses that wee learned in Eaton :

*Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur, affore tempus :*

*Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cæli  
Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laboret.<sup>s</sup>*

This hee could not fynde in the *Old Testament*, and no part of the *New* was then wryten. Now, since the word hath approved this tradycion, what should I speake of the assumption of our Lady? of which I know no awtor but the almanac, or some old leases that appoynt mony to bee payd at the assumption; and yet to deny it would be cownted great

<sup>s</sup> Met. lib. i. 258.



presumtyon in St. Awgustin's opinion, who wrytes a pithye discowrse, thowgh short, to proove it owght to bee beleevd. For, as for the opinion of St. Iohn the Evangelyst, whome some affyrme to bee yet lyving, I will say no more then you shall fynde in Ariosto:<sup>6</sup>

*That holy Iohn, whome Christe did hold so  
deere*

*That the rest thought, hee deathe shoulde  
never see,*

*Thowgh in the skripture it apperes not cleer ;*

*But thus hee sayd, "What if it pleaseth mee,  
O Peter, that thy fellow tarry heere*

*Untill my comming, what is that to thee ?"*

*So, thowgh our Saviowr not directly spake it,  
Yet, sure it is, so every one did take it.*

These and such-lyke tradycions, though I will not say they bynd owr beleefe as infallible treweths, yet they lead it as strong prejudyces, and, as it is fondness to affyrme them to earnestly, so it is rashness to reject them to contentu-ouwsly.

Now, that this of a second comming of the

<sup>6</sup> Lib. xxxiv. 58.

prophet Elyas was a tradytion among the Jewes appears by the descyples question: *How is it that the Jewes say, Elyas must fyrst come?* And that it is an old tradycion of the Chrystians appears by the testimony of Arethus, an old wryter, who sayth, *Invariabiliter a tota ecclesia credi: it is beleevved unvaryably of the whole churche.* How great a presumtyon is it for one man to vary from that the whole churche hath held unvaryably? St. Awgustin, in the viiiith chapter of his 22d booke *De civitate Dei*, sayth, ‘That hee that will not beleeve those miraculows and prodigiows works to have been done, that all the world beleeves to have been done, is himself a prodygious monster and miracle. So mee thinke I may say, that he [who] rejects that opinion which the whole churche hath receaved, is hymselfe worthy to bee rejected.

4. The fowrth and last reason is the opinions of the fathers; which in the second reason I had cawse to towche, for the exposycion of the xjth of the Apocalipse, that hygh and mistycall booke; and it were half ridyculows for me to be curyous or copyous in cyting theyr awthortie whom skarce my yeers, and moch less my professyon, have giuen mee leysure to read; so,

as for them I doe read ; I must say as our Vedantius in Cambridge did, *ut ait Aristoteles, quemadmodum accepi ab aliis* : so I may say on other mens credyt, that St. Hillary, Orygen, Chrisostome, Hierom, and all that expownd St. Mathew's gospell, understand, and beleeve, and teach, that Elyas himselfe shall come ; that all that wryte on the epistle to the Ebrews, interpret the apostles speech in the xjth chapter litterally : that both Elyas and Enoke are yet lyving, is the opinion of Ireneus, Tertullyan, Jerom, and Epiphanius.

And the reason, that some wryters alleadge for theyr soch opinion, is this, that it is most probable that these two are so longe and so myraculowsly preserved in the fleshe, to do some soch worthy exployt as to confownd the great Antichrist, the man of sinne ; to convert the Jews, and make *ut sit unus pastor, unum ovile ; one shephard, one fold* ; and to conform the world to God, *ne Deus veniens percutiat terram anathemate, least the Lord at his coming shold strike the whole earth with a curse.*

But now, for a full conclusion of this question, and to doe as our Saviowr did, in so sober a banket as this, keep the best wyne for the

last, I will finish this discowrse with St. Augustins own words, owt of two his best and best-allowd treetyses ; whose only awthoryty (I know not by what speciall pryveledge) is held awthentyke of allsydes. Thus hee sayth, in his 29th chapter of the xxth booke, *De civitate Dei* : ‘ When he had warned them to remember the lawe of Moses, foreseeing that they of long tyme should not spiritually understand it as they ought, he added incontinently, “ Behold I will send unto you Elyas the Thesbite before the great and notable day of the Lord come, who shall turne the harte of the father to the sonne, and of a man to his neighbor, least hapely I comminge should destroy.”

Now it is a common and receaved opinyon in the hartes and mowthes of the faythfull, that the Jews shall beleeve in the trew Christe, that is, in our Christe, in the last day before the generall judgment, the lawe being expounded unto them by this great and wonderfull prophett Elyas ; for he himselfe not unworthely is expected to come before the comminge of our Savyour Christe, who now also not unworthely is thought to live : for the skripture dothe

<sup>7</sup> See Malachi, iv. 6.

playnly showe, that he was taken up in fyery charyott from the earth. When hee therefore shall come to expownd the lawe spiritually, with the Jews—*Desunt Cætera.*

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SKETCH  
OF  
*THE CHARACTER*  
OF  
JOHN, LORD HARINGTON,  
*BARON OF EXTON.*

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SKETCH  
OF  
*THE CHARACTER*  
OF  
JOHN, LORD HARINGTON,  
*BARON OF EXTON*<sup>2</sup>.

JOHN, Lord Harington, was the eldest son of the Lord and Lady Harington, to whose care and tuition King James committed the education of his daughter Elizabeth,<sup>3</sup> who was married afterwards to Frederick, Prince Elector Palatine. They were persons eminent for prudence and piety, who carefully educated this their son both in religion and learning; and this

<sup>2</sup> This Sketch is evidently compiled from "The Churches Lamentation for the losse of the Godly," a sermon delivered at the funeral of John Lord Harington, by Richard Stock, Pastor of Alhallows, Bread-street, London, and printed in 1614; but, as this sermon has the rarity of a manuscript, the biographical part of it is still retained in the present publication.

<sup>3</sup> A letter in the Talbot papers, from Sir Tho. Chaloner to the Earl of Shrewsbury, Oct. 18, 1603, says—"The lady Elizabeth is given in custody to the Lord Harington, who hath undertaken to defray her charges for £.1800 yearly." See Lodge's Illustrations of Brit. Hist. iii. 204.



honourable Lord, thankful for the care and honour received from them, returned honour to them again with advantage, being no less honourable than they were to him.

He was of an excellent wit, firm memory, sweet nature, and prompt to learning; so that in a short time he was able to read Greek authors, and to make use of them in their own language. He spake Latin well, wrote it in a pure and grave style; and was able to confer with any stranger, readily and laudably, in the French and Italian tongues; understood the authors which he read in Spanish; and, for arts, was well read in logic, philosophy, and the mathematics. He made a good progress in the theoretic part of the art military and navigation: so that he wanted nothing but practice to make him perfect in both. His understanding in heavenly matters, and the mysteries of salvation, was so admirable, that there was scarce any question could be propounded to him, about those matters, unto which he was not able to give an understanding and quick answer.<sup>3</sup>

Being well grounded in religion and learning,

<sup>3</sup> Fuller observes, with his characteristic quaintness, that this young nobleman "did not count himself privileged from

at home, his noble father sent him to travel abroad in France and Italy, that, by experience, he might ripen that knowledge which he had before gained; and, for a guide and tutor for him in his travels, he chose and sent over one Master Tovey, a grave and learned religious man, and formerly the head master of the free-school at Coventry. But how dangerous a thing it is for religious gentlemen to travel into these popish countries, may appear by the example of this nobleman and his tutor, whose sound religion, and heavenly zeal for the truth, being taken notice of by the Jesuits, they took their opportunity to administer a slow-working poison to them; that, seeing they had no hopes of corrupting their minds, they might destroy their bodies, and bring them to their graves.

Of this poison Mr. Tovey, being aged, and so less able to encounter with the strength of it, died presently after his return to England;

being good by being great; his timely piety rising early, did not soon after go to bed, but continued watchful during his life." *Worthies of Somerset.*

Gataker, in his "Discourse Apologetical," 1654, styles the young Lord Harington "a mirror of nobility;" and Dr. Birch has made honourable mention of Lord H. in his *Life of Prince Henry*, p. 118, et seq.

but the Lord Harington, being of a strong and able body, and in the prime of his age, bore it better, and conflicted with it longer ; yet the violence of it appeared in his face presently after his return, and, not long after, hastened his death.

He was eminent for sobriety and chastity ; his lips were never heard to utter any unchaste or unseemly speech ; which was the more admirable, considering that he was in the heat of youth, living in the court, and had been a traveller into those countries<sup>4</sup> which are schools of uncleanness, whence few return such as they went out ; but, if chaste, are made unchaste ; or, if unchaste before, are made seven-fold worse than they were. But this our nobleman was as fish, fresh in salt waters, and kept himself undefiled, as Lot in the midst of Sodom : and, indeed, he took the right way to preserve his chastity, by avoiding the incentives and provocations to lust. He spent not his time in courting of ladies, and amourosly contemplating the beauty of women : but he preferred his books before their beauty ; and, for his society, chose men of parts

<sup>4</sup> Italy, and the Venetian States.

and learning for arts and arms. Besides, he was very temperate in his diet; frequent in fasting; and hated idleness and much sleep, which are the two nurses of uncleanness. In the night when he lay awake, to prevent temptation, he exercised his thoughts with heavenly meditations.

His justice, so far as he had occasion to shew it, was very exemplary. He dealt honourably and honestly with every body he had to deal with; and whereas his father had contracted great debts by his prince-like housekeeping, and other public and private occasions, he was very solicitous for the discharge of the same, giving power to his executrix to sell part or all his land, if need were, therewith speedily to discharge the creditors; and being asked, when the writing was drawn up, whether he assented to it? he answered—"Yea, with all my heart, for my honour and my honesty are my nearest heirs."

But the splendor of his religion outshined all his moral and natural accomplishments. This was the temple that sanctified the gold, and the altar that sanctified the offering: this was that

which ennobled his sobriety, justice, and other virtues. And this appeared both by his private and public exercises of piety; which were rare in a young man, more rare in a young nobleman, and hardly found in such a measure in any man, of what age or condition soever. He usually rose every morning about four or five o'clock, seldom sleeping above five or six hours at a time. When he first waked, his constant care was to set his heart in order, and fit it for holiness all the day after, offering the first fruits of the day and of his thoughts unto God. Being up, he read a chapter out of the holy scriptures; then, with his servants in his chamber, he went to prayer; then did he spend about an hour in reading some holy treatise to enliven his affections and increase his knowledge. He read over Calvin's *Institutions*, and Rogers's *Treatise*,<sup>5</sup> which were his two last books. Before dinner and supper, he had a psalm, chapter, and prayer, in his family, and prayer after supper; and besides those public duties, he prayed privately every morning in his closet,

<sup>5</sup> "Of the Priviledges which belong to every true Christian;" wherein, says Culverwell, is fully laid out what speciall favours and benefites God hath provided for his children, both in this life, in all the severall estates thereof, and in the life to come. *Treatise of Faith*, 1622.

after which he betook himself to some serious study, for three or four hours together, except he was interrupted by some special business. The residue of the morning he spent in converse with his friends, riding the great horse, or some such other honest and noble recreation, till dinner-time. Thus avoided he idleness, and prevented temptations, which commonly ensue thereon. Presently after dinner, he retired into his study, to meditate on sermons he had lately heard; or, if he was disappointed of that opportunity, he neglected not to take the first that was offered to him; yea, many times, in his travels by land, or by water, he thus busied himself. The rest of the afternoon he spent in business, study of histories, the art of war, mathematics, and navigation; wherein he attained to a great measure of perfection. After supper, he prayed with his servants; then withdrew himself into his study, where he kept a diary or day-book,<sup>6</sup> wherein he recorded what he had done that day; how he had offended, or what good he had done; what temptations he

<sup>6</sup> He was one of the first, according to Fuller, who began the pious fashion of a diary, wherein he registered, not the injuries of others done to him, but his own failings and infirmities toward his divine Master. Worthies, ubi sup

met with, and how he had resisted them ; and, surveying his failings, he humbled himself to God for them ; and, for such failings as were fit to be known only to God and his own soul, he wrote them down in a private character, which none could read but himself, and then betook himself to his rest ; and to prevent evil thoughts before sleep, one that waited on him in his chamber, read a chapter or two to him out of the holy scripture, and this practice he continued for four years together before his death. And, that his public care, as well as private, to walk with his God, might the better appear, the use of his time in the means of God's worship bore sufficient testimony ; being a most religious observer of the Lord's-day, both in public and private duties, yet preferring the public before the private, so that though he had an houshold chaplain, yet he ever frequented the public assemblies twice a day ; yea, whilst he was a courtier : and, if his occasions cast him into a place where the word was not preached, he would ride to some other place, many miles, rather than want it. Immediately after sermon, he withdrew himself from company, for about half an hour, to meditate and apply what he had heard to his soul. After the evening sermon, two of his servants having written,

he caused them to repeat both the sermons in his family before supper; and such was his memory, that he could usually repeat more than they had written. Then wrote he them down in his book, and prayed himself with his family, wherein he had an excellent gift. And, by way of preparation to the Sabbath, every saturday night he used to call himself to a strict account how he had spent the whole week; and accordingly he humbled himself to God for his failings, and returned praise for mercies received from him. On the Sabbath morning, rising betimes, he used (as he was making himself ready) to repeat to his servants those sermons he had heard the Lord's day before. He used, monthly, to receive the sacrament of the Lord's supper; and to fit himself to feast at the Lord's table, he kept a private fast the day before; and then he looked over his books for his carriage that month, and spent the whole day in prayer and meditation and self-examination; observing how it was with him since his last receiving; what progress he had made in piety; how he had thrived in grace, and what more strength he had gotten over his corruptions. Thus he spent the whole day, not coming out of his study till about supper time. Also the morning before he re-



ceived, he read 1 Corinth. xi. wherein is contained the institution of the Lord's supper; and, to his servants that were to communicate with him, he read a little treatise to them, wherein the right manner of communicating was contained. Besides these monthly fasts, he kept many other days of afflicting his soul, upon sundry occasions. He was wondrous attentive in hearing the word of God preached or read; and carried himself wondrous and exceedingly reverent therein, knowing that he was in the presence of God; shewing thereby, that when he came to hear, not the words of man, but God, he willingly laid down his honour at Christ's feet. To avoid ostentation, or the appearance of it, in his private duties, he never admitted any one, either to his prayers, or repetition of his sermon, in and with his family, but only one friend, that was most intimate with him. And thus was this holy servant of Christ *blameless and pure*, and this child of God *without rebuke, in a naughty and crooked generation, amongst whom he shined as a light in the world, holding forth the words of life, that he might rejoice in the day of Christ's coming, that he had not run in vain, nor laboured without fruit.*

He further manifested the sincerity of his religion, by his love to all that were truly godly, especially to faithful and painful ministers; as also by his mercy and charity to the needy saints and poor members of Jesus Christ. After his return from his travels, by way of thankfulness to God, he gave yearly, by the hand of a private friend, twenty pounds to the poor: and, the second sabbath after his landing in England, (having spent the day before with his tutor, Mr. Tovey, in prayer, fasting, and thanksgiving) he heard the word, received the sacrament, and gave to the poor of that parish five pounds; and, beside, he gave forty pounds to be bestowed upon poor ministers, and other christians, for the relief of their necessities. Yea, such were his bowels of tender mercy, that he gave a tenth part of his yearly allowance, which was a thousand pounds, to pious and charitable uses; besides much that he gave occasionally, as he travelled, or walked abroad, &c. Also, all his other graces were beautified by the ornament of admirable humility; which is rarely found in persons so honourable, and honoured both of God and man.

From the first day of his last sickness, he strongly apprehended the approach of his death,

and therefore accordingly prepared himself for it. Besides his private meditations, he called often others to pray for him, and often prayed himself; made confession of his sins, and often confessed his faith, and an undoubted hope of salvation by Christ Jesus; professing with so much cheerfulness, that he feared not death, in what shape soever it came. He uttered many heavenly speeches, desiring to be dissolved, and to be at home with God his father, professing, not above two hours before his death, that he still felt the assured comforts and joys of his salvation by Christ; and, when death itself approached, he breathed forth these longing expressions: "O thou my joy! O my God! when shall I be with Thee!" and, in the midst of such desires, sweetly and quietly resigned up his spirit unto God.<sup>7</sup>

Anno Domini 1613, aged 22 years.

<sup>7</sup> "He lived out *all* his days," says Fuller, "in the appointment of Divine Providence, not *half* of them according to the course of nature, not *half a quarter* of them according to the hopes and desires of the lovers and honourers of virtue in this nation, especially of the society in Sidney Colledge, Cambridge, whereto he was a most bountifull benefactor."

Worthies of England, ubi sup.

"His estate," says Granger, "was inherited by his two sisters, Lucy, Countess of Bedford, and Anne, wife of Sir Robert Chichester." His portrait is in the *Heroologia*.

*The following Epitaph was printed with the  
“ Funeral Sermon” before mentioned, which  
is in the possession of Mr. Bindley.*

“ Here lies interred young Lord HARINGTON !  
Heire to his father’s worth and dignitie ;  
And now, by too too soone succession  
Of father’s fates, heire to eternitie !  
His body in his grand dame’s bosome is,  
His mind’s surviving vertues speake his bliss.

His noble birth to learned arts made way,  
His learned arts on vertue still attended,  
His vertue in true piety did stay,  
His piety hath him to God commended ;  
His birth, his arts, vertues, and pious grace,  
Allot him earth’s large praise, and heaven’s place.

The church tells what a patron now is gone,  
The common-weale did him a pillar deeme,  
He was his house’s hope, truth’s champion,  
The good man’s friend, indeed, as he did seeme :  
Their patron, pillar, champion, hope, and friend,  
They waile, and marke where misery will end.  
I. P. Cant. Coll. Syd. Suss.”

Other elegiac memorials occur in the same tract, by Fr.  
Hering, D. M. and Sir Thomas Roe, knight.

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**P O E M S**

***BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.***

**(Written between 1540 and 1612.)**



# P O E M S

*BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.*

(Written between 1540 and 1612.)

---

John Haryngton [the Elder] to his Mother,

1540.

THERE was a battaill fought of late,  
Yet was the slaughter small ;  
The stryfe was, whether I shulde wright,  
Or send no thing at all.

Of one syde were the Captaynes names  
Short Tyme and Lytle Skill ;  
One fought alone agaynst them bothe,  
Whose name was Great Good-will.

Short Tyme enforst me in a strayte,  
And bad me holde my hand ;  
Small Skill also withstoode desyre,  
My writing to withstand.

But Great Good-will, in shew though small,  
To wright encourag'de me,  
And to the battaile helde on still ;  
No common thinge to see.



Thus gan these busye warriours three,  
 Betwene themselves to fight  
 As valiauntlie as though they had  
 Bene of much greater might ;

Till Fortune, that unconstant dame,  
 Which rules soche thinges allwaye,  
 Did cause the weaker parte in fighte  
 To bear the greater swaye :

And then the victour caused me,  
 However was my skill,  
 To write these vearses unto you,  
 To shew my great *good-will*.

Verses made on Isabella Markhame, when I  
 firste thought her fayer, as she stood at the  
 Princess's Windowe in goodlye attyre, and  
 talkede to dyvers in the Courte-Yard.

(*From a MS. of John Haryngton, dated 1564.*<sup>2</sup>)

## I.

WHENCE comes my love? O hearte, disclose:—  
 'Twas from cheeks that shame the rose ;  
 From lips that spoyle the rubies prayse ;  
 From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.

<sup>2</sup> As Sir John Harington, the son of Isabella Markham, was

Whence comes my woe, as freely owne ;—  
 Ah me ! 'twas from a hearte lyke stone.

## II.

The blushynge cheek speakes modest mynde,  
 The lipps befitting wordes moste kynde ;  
 The eye does tempte to love's desyre,  
 And seems to say, 'tis Cupid's fire ;  
 Yet all so faire, but speake my moane,  
 Syth noughte dothe saye the hearte of stone.

## III.

Why thus, my love, so kynde bespeake  
 Sweet lyppe, sweet eye, sweet blushynge cheeke,  
 Yet not a hearte to save my paine ?—  
 O Venus ! take thy giftes again ;  
 Make not so faire to cause our moane,  
 Or make a hearte that's lyke our owne.

born in 1561, there is an anachronism in this date, which must be referred to the transcript, and not to the original copy, if the poem is rightly ascribed to the elder Harington. Perhaps the date should be 1546 or 9. At the same time, as is observed in Mr. Ellis's *Specimens of the early English Poets*, its author cannot be denied the singular merit of having united an elegance of taste with an artifice of style which far exceeded his contemporaries. 3d edit. vol. ii. p. 165.

## SONNET.

John Haryngton to sweete Isabella Markham.

MARVAYLOUS be thie matchles gyftes of mynde,  
 And, for thie shape, Ewrithnia<sup>3</sup> rightlie growen,  
 Reckless of prayse, a prayse rare in thie kynde;  
 Great in desert, small in desyre well knowen;  
 A mansion meete, where Chastitie doth dwell;  
 Rype in all good, of evell the seede unsowen:  
 Endued with thewse that do the rest excell,  
 Temp'raunce hath wonne and Constancye doth  
 holde;  
 Wisdome hath taughte that myldness mastreth might,  
 I am unskild the reste howe to unfolde:  
 Let envious eyes deeme that by e'xact sight  
 Of bewtie, hewe, and partes of pryce untolde:—  
 But yet I reede thye looke with reverent care;  
 Each wighte is wise that, warned, can beware.

John Haryngton to Isabella Markham, 1549.

## QUESTION.

ALAS! I love you overwell,  
 Myne owne sweete deere delygte!  
 Yet, for respects, I feare to tell  
 What moves my trobled spryghte:

<sup>3</sup> *Forsan* Eurythmia.

What workes my woe, what breedes my smarte,  
 What woundes myn harte and mynde ;  
 Reason restrayns me to emparte  
 Such perylls as I fynde. :

## ANSWER.

If present peryll reason fynde,  
 And hope for helpe doe haste :  
 Unfolde the secretts of yowr mynde,  
 Whyles hope of helpe may take :  
 And I will ease yowr payne and smarte,  
 As yf yt weare myne owne ;  
 Respects and perylls put aparte,  
 And let the truthe be knowne.

## QUESTION.

The wordes be sownde, the sownde ys sweete,  
 The sweete yeeldes bounty free ;  
 Noe wyghte hath worthe to yeelde meed meete  
 For grace of suche degree :  
 Now, sythe my playnte dothe pytie move,  
 Grawnt grace that I may taste  
 Suche joys as angells feele above,  
 That lovingly may last.

## ANSWER.

I yeeld, with harte and wylling mynde,  
 To doe all yow desyre ;  
 Doubtinge noe deale suche faythe to fynde  
 As suche truste dothe requier :

Now yow have wealthe at yowr owne will,  
 And lawe at yowr owne luste,  
 To make or mar, to save or spill ;—  
 Then be a Conquerour juste.

## ANSWER.

Fyrste shall the sunne in darknes dwell,  
 The moone and starrs lacke lyghte,  
 Before in thoughte I doe rebell  
 Agaynste my lyves delyghte :  
 Tryed is my truste, knowne ys my truthe,  
 Yn tyme, my sweete, provyde,  
 Whilste bewtie florishe in thine yowthe,  
 And breathe in me abyde.

JO. HAR.

Verses written by the Lord Admiral Seymour,  
 the week before he was beheaded, 1549.

FORGETTING God to love a Kynge  
 Hath been my rod, or else nothy'nge  
 In this frail lyfe, being but a blaste  
 Of care and stryfe, till yt be paste.  
 Yet God did call me in my pryde,  
 Leste I shulde fall, and from him slyde.  
 For whom he loves he muste correcte,  
 That they may be of his electe.  
 Then Death haste thee, thou shalt me gaine  
 Immortallie with God to raigne !

Lord! sende the Kinge like years as Noye,<sup>4</sup>  
 In governinge this realme in joye;  
 And, after thys frayl lyfe, such grace,  
 That in thy blisse he maie find place.<sup>5</sup>

This aspiring man is said to have been an excellent master to those knights and gentry who served under him. In Sir John's notes to the nineteenth book of his translation of "Orlando Furioso," mention is made of a copy of verses underneath a picture of this nobleman, presented to Queen Elizabeth by John Harington, and hung in Somerset-House: these are here added, from a copy in his own hand-writing, dated 1567.

#### Upon the Lord Admiral Seymour's Picture.

OF person rare, stronge lymbes and manly shape,  
 By nature fram'd to serve on sea or lande;  
 In friendship firme, in good state or ill happ,  
 In peace, headwise; in war, skill great, bolde hande.  
 On horse, on foote, in peryl, or in playe,  
 None coud excell, tho manie did assaie.  
 A subjecte true to Kynge, a servante great,  
 Friend to God's truth, and foe to Rome's deceit;

<sup>4</sup> Noah.

<sup>5</sup> These were not very unaptly styled "miserable verses," by the late Lord Orford, who archly added, "that the Muses seldom visit a man at his death, whom they neglected till that crisis." Royal and Noble Authors, p. 528, 4to edit.

Sumptuous abroad for honor of the lande,  
 Temp'rate at home, yet kept great state with staie,  
 And noble house that fed more mouthes with meat,  
 Than some advanc'd on higher steppes to stande ;  
 Yet, against nature, reason, and just lawes,  
 His blood was spilt, guiltless, without just cause.

J. H. 1567.<sup>6</sup>

### The Hospitable Oake.<sup>7</sup>

#### I.

ERST in Arcadia's londe much prais'd was found  
 A lustie tree, far rearing t'ward the skie,  
 Sacred to Jove, and placed on high grōunde,  
 Beneath whose shade did gladsome shepherds hie,  
 Met plenteous good, and oft were wont to shunne  
 Bleak winter's drizzle, summer's parching sunne.

<sup>6</sup> Mr. Andrews, in his continuation of Dr. Henry's History of Great Britain, has ascribed these lines to Sir John Harington ; but the date of 1567, makes them the property of his father. He truly adds, that they speak more in favour of the Admiral, than any other document, and seem to savour rather of blind amity than of real discernment. Hist. vol. i. p. 10.

<sup>7</sup> This allegorical poem is said to have been written on the Lord Admiral Seymour, after his being beheaded. The great state and magnificence of his table, justly entitled him to such a compliment. The quaint phraseology in the original copy occasioned some liberties to be taken with it (by the former

## II.

Outstretch'd in all the luxurie of ease,  
 They pluck'd rich misletoe, of virtue rare;  
 Their lippe was temptede by each kindlie breeze  
 That way'd the branch to proffer acorns fair;  
 While out the hollowd root, with sweets inlaide,  
 The murm'ring bee her daintie hoard betrayde.

## III.

The fearless bird safe bosom'd here its neste,  
 Its sturdie side did brave the nippinge winde,  
 Where many a creeping ewe mought gladlie reste;  
 Warme comforte here to all and ev'ry kinde;  
 Where hunge the leaf well sprint with honey dew,  
 Whence dropt their cups, the gamboling fairie knew.

## IV.

But, ah! in luckless day, what mischief 'gan  
 'Midst fell debate, and madd'ning revelrie,  
 When tipsie Bacchus had bewitched Pan,  
 For sober swains so thankless neer mought be;  
 Tho' passinge strange—twas bruided all arounde,  
 This goodlie tree did shadowe too much grounde.

## V.

With much despight they aim its overthrow,  
 And sorrie jstes its wonted giftes deride,—

Editor) which the candid reader is desired to excuse, as the present form is said to differ but little in sentiment from the original. The MS. is dated 1564, some years after his death, but was written probably about the time of his execution.



How 'snaring birdlimes made of misletoe ;  
 Nor trust their flocks to shelter neath its side ;  
 It drops chill venom on our ewes, they cry,  
 And subtle serpent at its root doth lie.

## VI.

Eftsoons the axe doth rear its deadlie blowe,  
 Arounde dothe eccho bear each labouringe stroke ;  
 Now to the grounde its loftie head doth bowe,  
 Then angry Jove aloud in thunder spoke,—  
 “ On high Olympus next mine tree I'll place,  
 Heav'n's still unscann'd by such ungrateful race.”

Elegy wrote in the Tower by John Haryngton,  
 confined with the Princess Elizabeth, 1554.

## I.

**T**HE lyfe is longe that lothsomely dothe last,  
 The doleful days draw slowly to their date,  
 The present pange, or painful plague, scarce past,  
 But some new greif, still green, doth marr our state,  
 In all we find 'midst this worlds storme and stryfe ;  
 Sure death is sweete that shortythe such a lyfe.

## II.

The pleasaunte years that some so swiftelye runne,  
 The merrie daies to end so faste that fleete,  
 The riot-night which day draws on so soone,  
 The happie hours which more do misse than meete,

Do all consume, lyke snow kyss'd by the sunne,  
And death soon ends all that vain lyfe begunne.

## III.

Death is a porte whereby we pass to joye ;  
Lyfe is a lake that drownethe all in payne ;  
Death is so dear, it killeth all annoye ;  
Lyfe is so lewd, that all it yields is vayne :  
For, as by lyfe to bondage man was broughte,  
Even so by deathe all freedom too was wroughte.

Another, wrote in the Tower, 1554.

## I.

WHEN I looke back, and in myself behold  
The wandring waies that youthe coud not descrie,  
And see the fearful course that youthe did holde,  
And meet in mynde eache steppe I stray'd awrye,  
My knees I bow, and from my harte I call,—  
My God ! forget youthe's fawlte and follies all.

## II.

The humble harte hath dawntede the proud mynde,  
Knowledge hath geven ignorance the fall,  
Wysdom hath taught what folly coud not find,  
And age hath youthe, his captive, brought in thrall :  
Wherefore I praye, O Lord of lyfe and truth !  
Cancel those crymes committed in my youthe.

## III.

Thou that didst grant the wise kynge his request,  
 Thou that of grace didst bring the blinde to sight,  
 Thou that forgav'st the wounding of thy brest,  
 Thou that in favour cam'st the worlde to lighte ;  
 Thou only good dispenser of all grace,  
 Wype out the guilte that grew in youthe's green race.

## IV.

But now, since hope by grace with doubtless mynde  
 Dothe presse to Thee by pray'r to' assuage thine ire,  
 And since, with truste to speede, I seeke to finde,  
 Waitinge, through faythe, to' attain this just desyre:  
 Lorde! mynde no more youthe's error nor unskill,  
 But able age to doe thyne holie wyll.

## Stanzas by J. Haryngton, 1554.

## I.

THE days were once, and very late,  
 My harte and I might leap at large,  
 Nor were we shutte within the gate  
 Of loves desyre, nor tooke no charge  
 Of what myghte greife, or did perteyne  
 To rack the mynde with ceasless payne.

## II.

I heeded not or taunte or toyes,  
 Nor pin'd to see them frown or smyle,

Their woes I mock'd and scorn'd their joyes,  
 I shunn'd their frawdcs, and cunning wyle ;  
 Then to myself I often smyl'd,  
 To think how love had such beguyl'd.

## III.

Thus, in the net of my conceite,  
 I masked forthe amonge the sorte  
 Of such as fedde upon the bayt  
 That Cupid layd for his disporte ;  
 And ever, as I sawe them caughte,  
 In wanton waye I thereat laught.

## IV.

Till at the last, when Cupid spy'd  
 My scornful will and spightfull use,  
 And saw I pass'd not those were tyed,  
 If so myself might live still loose ;  
 He sett himselfe to lye in waite,  
 And in my waye he caste a baite.

## V.

Such one as never Nature made  
 (I dare well say) but her alone ;  
 Suche one she was as mighte invade  
 An hearte more harde than marble stone ;  
 Such one she is, I know it right,  
 Nature her made to shew her myght

## VI.

Then, as a man in strange amaze  
 All use of reason far awaye,  
 Did I begin to stare and gaze,  
 Nor coud my folly brooke delaye;  
 For, ere I had the witt to looke,  
 I swallowd up bothe bayte and hooke.

An Exhortation to the Citizens of London.<sup>3</sup>  
 By Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

(Not printed with his Songs and Sonnets, 1557.)

*From one of the Harington MSS. (penes T. Park.)*

LONDON! hast thou accused me  
 Of breche of lawes, the roote of stryfe;  
 Within whose brest did boyle to see  
 (So fervent hotte) thy dissolute lief;  
 That even the hate of synnes that groo  
 Within thy wicked walls so rife,  
 For to breake forthe did convert soo  
 That terror colde it not repress,  
 The which by words syns prechers knoo  
 What hope is left for to redresse.  
 By unknowne meanes it liked me  
 My hydden burden to expresse,

<sup>3</sup> This title is taken from Warton's history of Eng. poetry.  
 See vol. iii. p. 26.

Wherby yt might appere to thee,  
 That secret synn hath secret spight ;  
 From justice' rodd no fault is free,  
 But that all such as wourks unright  
 In most quyete as next ill rest  
 In secret sylence of the night.  
 This made me with a reckles brest,  
 To make thy sluggards with my bowe  
 A fygure of the Lords behest,  
 Whose scourge for synn the scriptures shew,  
 That as the fearfull thonder clapp,  
 By soddayne flame at hand we knowe ;  
 Of peoble stones the sowndles rapp,  
 The dredful plague might mak the see,  
 Of Godds wrath that doth the enwrapp,  
 That pryde might know, from conscyence free,  
 How lofitye works may her defend,  
 And envye fynd, as he hath sought,  
 How other seke hym to offend ;  
 And wrath tast of eche crewell thought,  
 The just shapp hyer in the end,  
 And ydell slouthe that never wrought,  
 To Heven hys spirite list may begyn,  
 And gredye lucre lyve in drede ;  
 To see what hate ill-got goods wynn,  
 The lechers, ye that lusts do feed,  
 Perceve what secrecye is in synne,  
 And gluttons harts for sorow blede ;  
 Awaked, when their faulte they fynd  
 In lothsome vyce, eche dronken wight  
 To styrr to Godd, this was my mynd.

Thy wyndowes had don me no spight,  
 But prowde people that drede no fall,  
 Clothed with falshed and unright ;  
 Bred in the closures of thy wall,  
 But wrested to wrathe in fervent zeale,  
 Thou hast to strief my secret call,  
 Endured harts no warning feale.  
 Oh ! shameles hore is dred then you *gone?*  
 By suche thy foes as ment thy weale :  
 Oh ! membre of false Babylon,  
 The shopp of craft, the denne of ire,  
 Thy dredfull dome drawes fast uppon ;  
 Thy martyres blood by sword and fyre,  
 In heaven and earth for justice call ;  
 The Lord shall here their just desyre,  
 The flame of wrath shall on the fall,  
 With famyne and pest lamentable.  
 Stricken shalbe they lechers all,  
 Thy proud towers and turrets hye,  
 Enmyes to God beat stone from stone,  
 Thyne idolls burnt that wrought iniquitie,  
 When none thy ruyne shall bemone ;  
 But render unto the right wise Lord,  
 That so hath judged Babylon,  
 Immortal praise with one accord.

Fynis H. S.

From the same MS. By Lord Surrey.

YF he that erst the fourme so lively drewe,  
 Of Venus' face<sup>9</sup>, tryumphant in paynters arte;  
 Thy father then what glorye did ensew  
 By whose pencell a goddesse made thow arte.  
 Touched with flame, that figure made some rewe,  
 And with her love surprysed manye a hart;  
 There lackt yet *that* should cure their hoot desyer,  
 Thou canst enflame, and quench the kyndled fyre.

H. S.

Five Chapters from the "Ecclesiastes of Solomon:" paraphrastically versified.

BY HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.<sup>2</sup>

CAP. I.

I SALAMON, David's sonne,  
 King of Jerusalem,  
 Chossen by God to teache the Jewes,  
 And in his lawes to leade them,

<sup>9</sup> Faas. MS.

<sup>2</sup> "Lord Surrey," says our poetical historian, "wrote many English poems which were never published, and are now per-



Confesse, under the sunne  
 That everey thing is vayne ;  
 The world is false, man he is fraile,  
 And all his pleasures payne.  
 Alas ! what stable frute  
 May Adams childeren fynde,  
 In that they seke by sweate of browes  
 And travill of their mynde.  
 We that live on the earthe,  
 Drawe toward our decay,  
 Ower childeren fill our place a while,  
 And then they fade awaye,  
 Such chaunges maks the earthe  
 And dothe remove for none,  
 But sarves us for a place to play  
 Our tragedes uppon.  
 When that the restles sunne  
 Westwarde his course hathe ronne,  
 Towards the east he hasts as fast,  
 To ryse where he begonne,

haps entirely lost. He translated the *ECCLESIASTES* of Solomon into English verse. This piece is cited in the preface to the translation of the *PSALMS*, printed at London in 1567. He also translated a few of the *PSALMS* into metre." *Hist. Eng. Poetry*, iii. 26. A manuscript copy of these *Psalms*, and of the *Ecclesiastes*, (which extends only to five chapters,) being in the Editor's possession, they are now for the first time printed, as suitable accessions to *Harington's Nugæ Antiquæ*. For typographical convenience and uniformity the alexandrine couplet has been divided into the stanza measure.

When hoorrey Boreas  
 Hathe blowen his frosen blast,  
 Then Zephirus, with his gentill breathe,  
 Dissolves the ise as fast.  
 Fludds that drinke upp smale broks,  
 And swell by rage of rayne,  
 Discharge in sees, which them repulse  
 And swallowe strayte againe.  
 These worldly pleasures, Lord !  
 So swifte they ronne their race,  
 That skace our eyes may them discerne,  
 They byde so littell space.  
 What hathe bin but is now,  
 The like hereafter shall ;  
 What new device grounded so suer,  
 That dreadeth not the fall.  
 What may be called new,  
 But suche things in tymes past  
 As time buryed and dothe revive,  
 And tyme agayne shall waste.  
 Things past, right worthey fame,  
 Have now no brute at all,  
 Even so shall dye suche things as now  
 The simple wounders call.  
 I, that in Davides seate  
 Sit crowned and rejoyce ;  
 That with my septer rewle the Jewes,  
 And teache them with my voyce :  
 Have serchied long to knowe  
 All things under the sunne,  
 To see how in this mortall lyef,  
 A suerty might be wonne.

This kyndled will to knowe,  
 Straunge things for to desyer ;  
 (God hathe grafte in our gredye breasts  
 A torment for our hier :)  
 The end of eache travell  
 Furthwith I sought to knoo ;  
 I found them vaine, mixed with gall,  
 And burdend with mucche woo.  
 Defaults of natures worke  
 No man's hande may restore,  
 Whiche be in nomber like the sandes  
 Uppon the salte floods shore.  
 Then vaunting in my witte,  
 I gan call to my mynd  
 What rewles of wysdom I hadde taught,  
 That elders could not find.  
 And, as by contraries,  
 To treye most things we use,  
 Mens follies and ther errors eke,  
 I gan them all peruse ;  
 Therby with more delight  
 To knowledge for to clime,  
 But this I found an endles wourke  
 Of payne, and losse of tyme :  
 For he to wisdom's skoole  
 That doth applie his mynd,  
 The further that he wades therin,  
 The greater doubts shall find.  
 And such as enterprice  
 To put newe things in ure,  
 Of some that shall skorne their devise,  
 May well them selves assure.

## CAP. II.

FROM pensif fanzies then  
 I gan my hart revoke,  
 And gave me to suche sporting plaies  
 As laughter myght provoke.  
 But even suche vain delights,  
 When they moste blinded me,  
 Allwayes, me thought, with smiling grace  
 A king did yll agre.  
 Then sought I how to please  
 My belly with muche wine,  
 To feede me fatte with costely feasts  
 Of rare delights and fine ;  
 And other plesures eke  
 Too purchase me with rest,  
 In so great choise to finde the thing  
 That might content me best.  
 But, Lord, what care of mynde,  
 What suddaine stormes of ire,  
 What broken slepes enduryd I,  
 To compasse my desier.  
 To buylde my howses faier,  
 Then sett I all my cure,  
 By princely actes thus strave I still  
 To make my fame indure :  
 Delicius gardens eke  
 I made to please my sight,  
 And grafte therin all kindes of fruts  
 That might my mouthe delight.

Condit, by lively springs,  
 From their owld course I drewe,  
 For to refreshe the frutfull trees  
 That in my gardynes grewe.  
 Of catell great encrease  
 I bred in littell space,  
 Bondmen I bought, I gave them wives,  
 And sarv'd me with ther race.  
 Greate heapes of shining gold  
 By sparing, gan I save,  
 With things of price so furnyshed  
 As fitts a prince to have.  
 To heare faier women sing  
 Sometime I dyd rejoyce,  
 Ravyshed with ther pleasaunt tunes,  
 And swetnes of their voyce.  
 Lemans I had so faier  
 And of so lively hewe,  
 That whoso gased in their face  
 Myght well their bewtey rewe.  
 Never erste sat theyr king  
 So riche in Davyd's seate,  
 Yet still, me thought, for so smale gaine  
 The travaile was to great.  
 From my desirous eyes  
 I hyd no pleasaunt sight,  
 Nor from my hart no kind of myrth  
 That might geve them delyght :  
 Which was the only freute  
 I rept of all my payne,  
 To feade my eyes and to rejoyce  
 My hart with all my gaine.

But when I made my compte,  
     With howe great care of mynd  
 And herts unrest, that I had sought,  
     So wastfull frutt to fynde ;  
 Then was I streken strayte  
     With that abused fier,  
 To glorey in that goodly witte  
     That compast my desyer.  
 But freshe before myne eyes  
     Grace did my fawlt renewe ;  
 What gentill callings I hadd fledd,  
     My ruyne to pursue.  
 What raging pleasures past,  
     Perill and hard eskafe,  
 What fancis in my hed had wrought  
     The licor of the grape.  
 The erreure then I sawe  
     That their fraile harts dothe move,  
 Which strive in vaine for to compare  
     With Him that sitts above :  
 In whose most perfect worcks  
     Suche craft apperyth playne,  
 That to the least of them, their may  
     No mortall hand attayne.  
 And like as lighsome day  
     Dothe shine above the night,  
 So darke to me did folly seme,  
     And wysdomes beames as bright,  
 Whose eyes did seme so clere  
     Motes to discern and fynde ;  
 But will had closed follies eyes,  
     Which groped like the blynde.

Yet death and time consume  
     All witt and worldly fame,  
 And looke what ende that folly hath,  
     And wisdome hath the same.  
 Then said I thus—Oh, Lord!  
     May not thy wisdome cure  
 The wayfull wrongs and hard conflicts  
     That folly doth endure.  
 To sharpe my witt so fine  
     Then why toke I this payne?  
 Now find I well this noble serche  
     May eke be called vayne.  
 As slander's lothsome brute  
     Soundes follie's just rewarde,  
 Is put to silence all be time,  
     And brought in smale regarde:  
 Evn so doth tyme devoure  
     The noble blast of fame,  
 Which should resounde their glories great  
     That doo deserve the same.  
 Thus present changes chase  
     Away the wonders past,  
 Ne is the wise mans fattall thred  
     Yet lenger spunne to last.  
 Then in this wretched vale  
     Our lief I lothed playne,  
 When I beheld our frutles paynes  
     To compasse pleassurs vayne.  
 My travayll this availe  
     Hath me produced, loo!  
 An heire unknowen shall reape the frute  
     That I in sede did sowe.

But wherunto the Lord  
     His nature shall inclyne,  
 Who can foreknowe into whose handes  
     I must my goods resine.  
 But, Lord, how pleasaunt swete  
     Then seamd the idell lief  
 That never charged was with care,  
     Nor burdened with stryefe ;  
 And vile the gredye trade  
     Of them that toile so sore,  
 To leave to suche ther travells frute  
     That never swet therfore.  
 What is that pleasant gaine,  
     Which is that swete relief,  
 That should delay the bitter tast  
     That we fele of our grefe ?  
 The gladsome dayes we passe  
     To serche a simple gaine,  
 The quiete nights with broken slepes  
     To fead a resteles brayne.  
 What hope is left us then,  
     What comfort dothe remayne,  
 Our quiet herts for to rejoyce  
     With the frute of our payne ?  
 Yf that be trew, who may  
     Him selfe so happy call  
 As I, whose free and sumptius 'spence  
     Dothe shyne beyonde them all ?  
 Sewerly it is a gift  
     And favor of the Lorde,  
 Liberally to spende our goods,  
     The ground of all discorde :



And wretched herts have they  
 That let their tressurs mold,  
 And carrey the rodde that skorgeth them  
 That glorey in their gold ;  
 But I doo knowe, by prooffe,  
 Whose ryches beres suche brute,  
 What stable welthe may stand in wast,  
 Or heping of suche frute.

## CAP. III.

LIKE to the stereles boote  
 That swerves with every wynde,  
 The slipper topp of worldely welthe,  
 By crewell proof I finde.  
 Skace hathe the seade (whereof  
 That nature formethe man)  
 Recevid lief, when deathe him yeldes  
 To earth wher he began !  
 The grafted plants, with payn  
 Wherof wee hoped frute,  
 To roote them upp, with blossomes sprede,  
 Then is our cheif persute.  
 That erst we rered upp,  
 We undermyne againe ;  
 And shred the spraies whose grouthe some tyme  
 We laboured with paine.  
 Eache frowarde thretning chere  
 Of fortune, maiks us playne,  
 And every plesant showe revives  
 Our wofull herts againe.

Auncient walles tō race  
 Is our unstable guyse,  
 And, of their wether-beten stones,  
 To buylde some new devyse.  
 New fanzes dayly spring,  
 Which vaade returning moo,  
 And now we practyse to optaine  
 That strayt we must forgoo,  
 Some tyme we seke to spare  
 That afterward we wast,  
 And that we travelid sore to knitt,  
 For to unlose as fast.  
 In sober sylence now  
 Our quiet lipps we closse,  
 And with unbrydled toungs furthwith  
 Our secret herts disclosse,  
 Suche as in folded armes  
 We did embrace, we hate,  
 Whom strayte we reconsill againe,  
 And banishe all debate.  
 My sede, with labour sowne,  
 Suche frute produceth me,  
 To wast my lief in contraries  
 That never shall agre.  
 From God these hevy cares  
 Ar sent for our unrests,  
 And with suche burdens for our welth  
 He frauteth full our brests.  
 All that the Lord hathe wrought,  
 Hath bewtey and good grace,  
 And to eache thing assined is  
 The proper tyme and place.

And graunted eke to man,  
 Of all the worldes estate  
 And of eache thing wrought in the same,  
 To argue and debate.  
 Which arte though it approche  
 The hevenly knowlege moste,  
 To serche the naturall grounde of things ;—  
 Yet all is labor loste.  
 But then the wandering eyes  
 That long for suertey sought,  
 Founde, that by paine no certayne welth  
 Might in the world be bought.  
 Who liveth in delight  
 And seketh no greedy thryfte,  
 But frely spends his goods, may thinke  
 It is a secret gifte.  
 Fullfilled shall it be  
 What so the Lord intende,  
 Which no device of mans witt may  
 Advauce, nor yet defende.  
 Who made all thing of nought,  
 That Adams chyldren might  
 Lerne how to dread the Lord, that wrought  
 Suche wonders in their sight.  
 The gresly wonders past  
 Which tyme wears owt of mynde,  
 To be renewed in our dayes  
 The Lord hath so assynde.  
 Lo! thus his carfull skourge  
 Doth stele on us unware,  
 Which, when the fleshe hath clene forgott,  
 He dothe againe repaire.

When I in this vaine serche  
     Had wanderyd fore my witt,  
 I saw a rivall throne eke wher  
     As justice should have sitt,  
 In stede of whom I saw,  
     With fyerce and cruell mode,  
 Wher wrong was set, that bloody beast  
     That drounke the giltles blode :  
 Then thought I thus one day,—  
     The Lord shall sitt in dome,  
 To vewe his flock, and choose the pure ;  
     The spotted have no rome.  
 Yet be suche skourges sent,  
     That eache agrevid mynde  
 (Lyke the brute beasts that swell in rage  
     And fury by ther kynde)  
 His erreure may confesse,  
     When he hath wresteled longe,  
 And then with patience may him arme,  
     The sure defence of wronge.  
 For death, that of the beaste  
     The carion doth devoure,  
 Unto the noble kynde of man  
     Presents the fatall hower.  
 The perfitt forme that God  
     Hathe ether geven to man  
 Or other beast, dissolve it shall  
     To earth wher it began.  
 And who can tell yf that  
     The sowle of man ascende,  
 Or with the body if it dye,  
     And to the ground decende.

Wherfore eache gredy hart  
 That riches seks to gayne,  
 Gather may he that savery frute  
 That springeth of his payne.  
 A meane convenient welth  
 I meane to take in worth,  
 And with a hand of larges eke  
 In measure poure it forth.  
 For treasure spent in lyef  
 The bodye dothe sustayne,  
 The heire shall waste the whourded gold  
 Amassed with muche payne.  
 Ne may foresight of man  
 Suche order geve in lyef,  
 For to fore-know who shall rejoyce  
 Their gotten good with stryef.

## CAP. IV.

WHEN I bethought me well,  
 Under the restles soon  
 By folke of power what crewell wourks  
 Unchastyced were doon ;  
 I saw wher stode a heard  
 By power of suche opprest,  
 Oute of whose eyes ran floods of teares,  
 That bayned all ther brest,  
 Devoyde of comfort clene,  
 In terroure and distresse,  
 In whose defence none wolde aryse  
 Suche rigor to repress ;

Then thought I thus—oh Lord !  
 The dead, whose fatall hower  
 Is clene rounne owt, more happy ar  
 Whom that the wormes devoure :  
 And happiest is the sede  
 That never did conceive ;  
 That never felt the wayfull wrongs  
 That mortall folke receive.  
 And then I saw that welth  
 And every honest gayne,  
 By travill wounne and swet of browes,  
 Gan grow into disdayne ;  
 Throughe slouthe of carles folke,  
 Whom ease so fatt dothe feade,  
 Whose idell hands doo nought but waast  
 The frute of other seeade.  
 Which to them selves perswade—  
 That little gott with ease  
 More thankefull is, then kyndomes woon  
 By travayle and discease.  
 Another sort I saw  
 Without bothe frend or kynne,  
 Whose greddy wayes yet never sought  
 A faithfull frend to winne ;  
 Whose wretched corps no toile  
 Yet ever wery could,  
 Nor gluttet ever wer their eyne,  
 With heaps of shyning gould :  
 But yf it might appeare  
 To ther abused eyne,  
 To whose availe they travill so,  
 And for whose sake they pine ;

Then should they see what cause  
 They have for to repent,  
 The fruteles paynes and eke the tyme  
 That they in vayne have spent :  
 Then gan I thus resolve—  
 More pleasant is the lyef  
 Of faythefull frends that spend their goods  
 In commone, without stryef :  
 For as the tender frend  
 Appeasith every gryef,  
 So yf he fall that lives alone,  
 Who shalbe his relyef ?  
 The frendly feares ly warme  
 In armes embraced faste,  
 Who sleapes aloone, at every tourne  
 Dothe feale the winter blast.  
 What can he doo but yeld,  
 That must resist alone,  
 Yf ther be twaine, one may defend  
 The t'other over throwne :  
 The single twyned cordes  
 May no suche stresse indure  
 As cables brayded threfould may,  
 Together wrethed suer.  
 In better far estate  
 Stande children, poore and wyse,  
 Then aged kyngs, wedded to will,  
 That worke without advice.  
 In prison have I sene,  
 Or this, a wofull wyght  
 That never knewe what fredom ment,  
 Nor tasted of delyght.

With suche unhoped happ  
     In most despaier hath mete,  
 Within the hands that erst ware gives  
     To have a sepre sett.  
 And by conjures the seade  
     Of kings is thrust from staate,  
 Wheron a grevyd people worke  
     Ofteymes their hidden haat.  
 Other, without respect,  
     I saw a frend or foo  
 With feet worne bare in tracing such  
     Whearas the honours groo ;  
 And at deth of a prynce  
     Great rowtes revived strange,  
 Which faine, theare owlde yoke to discharg,  
     Rejoyced in the change.  
 But when I thought, to theise  
     As heavy even or more  
 Shalbe the burden of his raigne  
     As his that went before ;  
 And that a trayne like great  
     Upon the deade depend,—  
 I gan conclude, eache gredy gayne  
     Hath his uncertayne end.  
 In humble spritte is sett  
     The temple of the Lorde,  
 Wher yf thou enter, loke thy mouth  
     And consyence may accorde !  
 Whose churtche is buylte of love,  
     And decte with hote desyre,  
 And simple fayth, the yolden goost  
     His marcy doth requyre :



Wher perfectly for aye  
 He in his woord dothe rest,  
 With gentill eare to heare thy sute,  
 And graunt to thy request.  
 In boest of outwarde works  
 He taketh no delight,  
 Nor wast of wourds, suche sacryfice  
 Unsavereth in his sight.

## CAP. V.

WHEN that repentant teares  
 Hath clensyd clere from ill  
 The charged brest, and grace hath wrought  
 Therin, amending will ;  
 With bold demands then may  
 His mercy well assaile  
 The speche man fayth, withowt the which  
 Request may none prevaile.  
 More shall thy penytent sighes  
 His endles mercy please  
 Then their importune suits, which dreame  
 That words God's wrath appease ;  
 For hart, contrit of fault,  
 Is gladsome recompence,  
 And praier, fruict of faythe, wherby  
 God dothe with synne dispence.  
 As ferfull broken slepes  
 Spring from a restles hedde,  
 By chattering of unholly lippes  
 Is frutles prayer bredde.

In wast of wynde I rede—  
 Vowe nought unto the Lord,  
 Wherto thy hart, to bynd thy will,  
 Freely doth not accord ;  
 For humble vowes fullfilld,  
 By grace right swetely smoks,  
 But bold behests, broken by lusts,  
 The wrath of God provoks :  
 Yet bett with humble hert  
 Thy frayltye to confesse,  
 Then to bost of suche perfitnes,  
 Whose works suche fraud expresse.  
 With fayned words and othes  
 Contract with God no gyle ;  
 Suche craft returns to thyn own harme,  
 And doth thy self defile.  
 And thoughe the myst of sinne  
 Perswad such error light,  
 Therby yet ar thy owtward works  
 All dampned in his sight.  
 As sondry broken dreames  
 Us dyverslye abuse,  
 So ar his errors manifold  
 That many words dothe use.  
 With humble secret playnt,  
 Fewe wordes of hotte effect,  
 Honor thy Lord, allowance vaine  
 Of voyd desart neglect.  
 Thoughe wronge at tymes the right,  
 And welthe eke nede oppresse,  
 Thinke not the hand of justice slowe  
 To followe the redresse.

For suche unrightius folke  
 As rule withouten dred,  
 By some abuse our secret lust  
 He suffereth to be led.  
 The cheif blisse that in earth  
 To living man is lent,  
 Is moderat welth to nourishe lief,  
 Yf he can be content.  
 He that hath but one felde,  
 And gredely sekethe nought  
 To fence the tillers hand from nede,  
 Is king within his thought.  
 But suche as of ther golde  
 Ther only idoll make,  
 Noe treasure may the raven of  
 Theire hungry hands asslake.  
 For he that gapes for good,  
 And hordeth all his gayne,  
 Travells in vayne to hyde the sweet  
 That showld releve his payne.  
 Wher is gret welth, there showld  
 Be many a nedy wight  
 To spend the same, and that should be  
 The riche mans cheif delight.  
 The sweet and quiet slepes  
 That weryd limmes oppresse,  
 Begile the night in diet thynne,  
 And feasts of great excesse :  
 But wakerly the riche,  
 Whose lyvely heat with rest  
 Their charged boolks with change of meats  
 Cannot so sone dygest.

An other righteous dome  
 I sawe of gredy gayne,  
 With busye cares suche treasures oft  
 Preservyd to their bayne :  
 The plenteus howsses sackt,  
 The owners end with shame,  
 Their sparkelid goods, their nedy heyres,  
 That showld rejoyce the same ;  
 From welthe dyspoyled bare,  
 From whence they came they went,  
 Clad in the clothes of poverte,  
 As nature fyrst them sent.  
 Naked as from the wombe  
 We came yf we depart,  
 With toyle to seeke that wee must leve,  
 What boote to vexe the hart ?  
 What lyef leede testeye men,  
 They that consume their dayes  
 In inwarde freets, untempred hates,  
 At stryef with sum alwaies.  
 Then gan I prayce all those,  
 In suche a world of stryffe,  
 As take the profitt of ther goods,  
 That may be had in lyffe ;  
 For sure the liberall hand  
 That hath no hart to spare  
 This fading welthe, but powres it forthe,  
 It is a vertu rare :  
 That maks welthe slave to nede,  
 And gold becom his thrall,  
 Clings not his gutts with niggishe fare,  
 To heape his chest withall ;

But feeds the lusts of kynde  
 With costely meats and wyne,  
 And slacks the hunger and the thirst  
 Of nedy folke that pyne:  
 No gluttons feast I meane  
 In wast of 'spence to stryve,  
 But temprat mealles the dulled spryts  
 With joye thus to revive.  
 No care may perce where myrth  
 Hath tempred such a brest ;  
 The bitter gaul, seasond with swete,  
 Such wysdome may digest.

Finis.

Three Psalms versified by Lord Surrey<sup>3</sup>.

PROEM.

WHER recheles youthe in a unquiet brest,  
 Set on by wrath, revenge, and crueltye,  
 After long warr, pacyens had opprest,  
 And justice wrought by pryncelye equitie,  
 My devy then, myne errour depe imprest,  
 Began to worke dispaire of libertye ;  
 Had not David, the perfyt warriour, tought—  
 That of my fault thus pardon should be sought.

<sup>3</sup> As these Psalms follow Lord Surrey's version of Ecclesiastes in the same MS. they are presumed (from Mr. Warton's intimation at p. 340) to have been the production of his lordship, probably during his imprisonment in Windsor-Castle, when his *devy* or deviation from the king's religious injunctions, 'began to work despair of liberty.'

*Domine Deus salutis. Psal. lxxxviij.*

OH Lorde! uppon whose will  
 Dependeth my welfare,  
 To call uppon thy hollye name,  
 Syns day nor night I spare ;  
 Graunt that the just request  
 Of this repentaunt mynd,  
 So perce thyne eares, that in thy sight  
 Som favour it may fynd.  
 My sowle is fraughted full  
 With greif of follies past,  
 My restles bodye doth consume  
 And death approcheth fast ;  
 Lyke them whose fatall threde  
 Thy hand hath cut in twayne,  
 Of whome ther is no further brewte,  
 Which in their graves remayne.  
 Oh, Lorde ! thou hast cast me  
 Hedlong, to please my foee,  
 Into a pitt all botomeles,  
 Whear as I playne my wooe,  
 The burden of thy wrath  
 It doth me sore oppresse ;  
 And sundrye stormes thou hast me sent  
 Of terrour and distresse :  
 The faithfull frends ar fled  
 And bannyshed from my sight :  
 And such as I have held full dere,  
 Have sett my frendshipp light.

My duraunce doth perswade  
 Of fredom such dispaire,  
 That by the teares that bayne my brest,  
 Myne eye sight doth appaire :  
 Yet did I never cease  
 Thyne ayde for to desyre,  
 With humble hart and stretched hands,  
 For to appease thy yre.  
 Wherfore dost thou forbear  
 In the defence of thyne,  
 To shewe such tokens of thy power  
 In sight of Adams lyne ;  
 Wherby eche feble hart  
 With fayth might so be fedd,  
 That in the mouthe of thy elect  
 Thy mercyes might be spredd.  
 The fleshe that fedeth wormes  
 Can not thy love declare,  
 Nor suche sett forth thy faith as dwell  
 In the land of dispaire :  
 In blind endured herts  
 Light of thy lively name  
 Can not appeare, as can not judge  
 The brightnes of the same :  
 Nor blasted may thy name  
 Be by the mouth of those  
 Whome death hath shutt in sylence, so  
 As they may not disclose :  
 The lively voyce of them  
 That in thy word delight,  
 Must be the trumppe that must resound  
 The glorie of thy myght ;

Wherfore I shall not cease  
 In chief of my distresse,  
 To call on Thee till that the sleape  
 My weryd tymes oppresse ;  
 And in the morning eke  
 When that the slepe is fledd,  
 With floods of salt repentaunt teres  
 To washe my restles bedd.  
 Within this carefull mynd,  
 Bourdnyd with care and greif,  
 Why dost thou not appere, oh Lord,  
 That sholdest be his relief.  
 My wretched state beholde,  
 Whome death shall strait assaile,  
 Of one, from youth afflicted still,  
 That never did but waile ;  
 The dread, loo ! of thyne yre  
 Hath trod me under feet,  
 The scourgis of thyne angrye hand  
 Hath made deth seme full sweet.  
 Like to the roring waves  
 The sunken shipp surrounde,  
 Great heaps of care did swallow me,  
 And I no succour found ;  
 For they whome no myschaunce  
 Could from my love devyde,  
 Ar forced, for my greater greif,  
 From me their face to hyde.

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## PROEM.

The soudden stormes that heave me to and froo,  
 Had wel neare perced faith, my guyding saile,  
 For I, that on the noble voyage goo  
 To succhor treuthe and falshed to assaile,  
 Constrayned am to beare my sayles ful loo,  
 And never could attayne some pleasaunt gaile ;  
 For unto such the prosperous winds doo bloo  
 As ronne from porte to porte to seke availe :  
 This bred dispayre, whereof such doubts did groo,  
 That I gan faint and all my courage faile ;  
 But now, my blage, myne errour well I see,  
 Such goodlye light king David giveth me.

*Quam bonus Israel, Deus. Ps. lxxiii.*

THOUGHE, Lorde, to Israell  
 Thy graces plenteous be,  
 I meane to such, with pure intent  
 As fixe their trust in The ;  
 Yet whiles the faith did faynt  
 That shold have ben my guyde,  
 Lyke them that walk in slipper pathes  
 My feet began to slyde :  
 Whiles I did grudge at those  
 That glorey in ther golde,  
 Whose lothsom pryde rejoyseth welth  
 In quiet as they wolde.  
 To se by course of yeres  
 What nature doth appere,  
 The pallyces of princely fourme  
 Succede from heire to heire ;

From all such travailes free,  
     As 'longe to Adams sede,  
 Neither withdrawne from wicked works  
     By daunger nor by dread.  
 Wherof theie skornfull pryde,  
     And gloried with their eyes ;  
 As garments clothe the naked man,  
     Thus ar they clad in vyce:  
 Thus, as they wishe, succeeds  
     The mischief that they meane,  
 Whose glutton chekes slouth feads so fatt,  
     As scant their eyes be sene.  
 Unto whose crewel power  
     Most men for dred ar fayne  
 To bend and bow with loftye looks,  
     Whiles they vawnt in their rayne ;  
 And in their bloody hands  
     Whose creweltye that frame  
 The wailfull works that skourge the poore,  
     Without regard of blame,  
 To tempt the living God  
     They thinke it no offence,  
 And perce the symple with their tungs  
     That can make no defence.  
 Such proofes bifore the just,  
     To cawse the harts to waver,  
 Be sett, lyke cupps myngled with gall,  
     Of bitter tast and saver :  
 Then saye thy foes in skorne,  
     That tast no other foode,  
 But sucke the fleshe of thy elect  
     And bath them in their bloode,

Shold we beleve the Lorde  
     Doth know and suffer this?  
 Foled be he with fables vayne,  
     That so abused is.  
 In terrour of the just,  
     Thus raignes iniquitye,  
 Armed with power, laden with gold,  
     And dred for crueltye.  
 Then vayne the warr might seme,  
     That I by faythe mayntayne  
 Against the fleshe, whose false affects  
     My pure hart wold distayne.  
 For I am scourged still,  
     That no offence have doon,  
 By wrathes children, and from my byrth  
     My chastesing begoon.  
 When I beheld their pryde,  
     And slacknes of thy hand,  
 I gan bewaile the wofull state  
     Wherin thy chosen stand;  
 And as I sought wherof  
     Thy sufferance, Lord, shold groo,  
 I found no witt could perce so far,  
     Thy holye domes to knoo;  
 And that no mysteryes  
     Nor dought could be distrust,  
 Till I com to the holly place,  
     The mansion of the just;  
 Where I shall se what end  
     Thy justice shall prepare,  
 For such as buyld on worldly welth,  
     And dye ther colours faire,

Oh! how their ground is false,  
 And all their buylding vayne,  
 And they shall fall, their power shall faile  
 That did their pryde mayntayne,  
 As charged harts with care,  
 That dreme some pleasaunt tourne,  
 After their sleape fynd their abuse,  
 And to their plaint retourne :  
 So shall their glorye faade,  
 Thy sword of vengeaunce shall  
 Unto their dronken eyes in blood  
 Disclose their errours all.  
 And when their golden fleece  
 Is from their backe yshorne,  
 The spotts that under neth wer hidd,  
 Thy chosen shepe shall skorne :  
 And till that happye daye,  
 My hert shall swell in care,  
 My eyes yeld teares, my yeres consume,  
 Bitwene hope and dispayre.  
 Loo, how my sprits ar dull,  
 And all thy judgments darke,  
 No mortall hedd may skale so highe,  
 But wunder at thy warke.  
 Alas ! how oft my foes  
 Have framed my decaye,  
 But when I stode in drede to drenche,  
 Thy hands still did me stay.  
 And in eache voyage that  
 I tooke to conquer synne,  
 Thow wert my guyd, and gave me grace  
 To comfort me therin ;

And when my withered skyn  
 Unto my bones did cleve,  
 And fleshe did wast, thy grace did then  
 My simple sprits releve.  
 In other succour then,  
 Oh Lord! why should I trust;  
 But onely thyn, whom I have found  
 In thy behight so just:  
 And suche for drede or gayne  
 As shall thy name refuse,  
 Shall perishe with their golden godds  
 That did their harts seduce;  
 Where I, that in thy worde  
 Have set my trust and joye,  
 The highe reward that longs therto  
 Shall quietlye enjoye;  
 And my unworthye lypps,  
 Inspired with thy grace,  
 Shall thus forespeke thy secret works,  
 In sight of Adams race.

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*Exaudi, Deus, orationem meam. Ps. lv.*

GIVE eare to my suit, Lord!  
 Fromward hide not thy face,  
 Beholde, sinking in grief,  
 Lamenting, how I praye:  
 My foes they bray so lowde,  
 And eke threpe on so fast,

Buckeled to do me scathe,  
 So is their malice bent.  
 Care perceth my entrayles,  
 And traveyleth my spryte ;  
 The greslye feare of death  
 Envyroneth my brest.  
 A tremblynge cold of dred  
 Clene overwhelmeth my hert ;  
 O, thinke I, hadd I wings  
 Like to the symple dove,  
 This peryll myght I flye,  
 And seke some place of rest  
 In wylder woods, where I  
 Might dwell farr from these cares.  
 What speady way of wing  
 My playnts shold ther lay on,  
 To skape the stormye blast  
 That threatned is to me ;  
 Rayne those unbrydled tungs,  
 Breake that conjured league,  
 For I decyphred have  
 Amydd our towne the stryfe ;  
 Gyle and wrong do kepe the walles,  
 They ward both day and night :  
 And myscheif joynd with care  
 Doth kepe the market stede,  
 Whilst wickidnes with craft  
 In heaps swarme through the strete.  
 Ne my declared foo  
 Wrought me all this reproche,  
 By harme so loked for,  
 Yt wayeth halfe the lesse ;

For though myne enemyes happ  
     Had byn for to prevaile,  
 I cold not have hidd my face  
     From venym of his eye :  
 It was a frendly foo,  
     By shadow of good will,  
 Myne old fere and dere frende,  
     My guyde that trapped me.  
 Where I was wont to fetche  
     The cure of all my care,  
 And in his bosome hyde  
     My secreat zeale to God.  
 Such soden surprys quicke  
     May hym hell devoure,  
 Whilst I invoke the Lord,  
     Whose power shall me defend :  
 My prayer shall not cease,  
     From that the sunne discends  
 Till he his aulture wynn,  
     And hyde them in the see.  
 With words of hott effect,  
     That moveth from hert contryte,  
 Such humble sute, O Lord,  
     Doth perce thy pacyent eare.  
 It was the Lord that brake  
     The bloody compactts of those  
 That preloked on with yre,  
     To slaughter me and myne.  
 The everlasting God,  
     Whose kingdom hath no end  
 Whome by no tale to dred  
     He cold divert from synne,

The conscience unquiet

He strykes with hevy hand,  
And pruves their force in fayth,  
Whome he sware to defend.  
Butter fales not so soft.

As doth hys pacyence longe,  
And over passeth fine oyle  
Running not halfe so smothe ;  
But when his suffraunce fynds  
That brydled wrath provoks,  
He thretneith wrath, he whets more sharppe  
Than any toole can fyle.

Friour, whose harme and tounge  
Presents the wicked sort,  
Of those false wolves with cooles  
Which doo their ravin hyde ;  
That sweare to me by heaven,  
The fotestole of the Lord,  
Who though force had hurt my fame  
They did not touch my lyfe.

Such patching care I lothe,  
As feeds the welth with lies ;

But in the thother psalme  
Of David find I ease,

*Jacta curam tuam super dum*

*Et ipse te enutriet.*



HELEN TO PARIS.<sup>4</sup>

*Translated from Ovid's Epistolæ Heroidum; Ep. xviii.*

BY SIR THOMAS CHALONER, KNT.

Now that myn eyes, thy pistle red,  
 Alredy have suffred stayn,  
 Small prayse my pen shold wyn  
 From answer to refrayn.  
 Thou shamest nought (a straunger here)  
 All honest custom broke,  
 Agaynst her wedlocke vowe  
 Thyne hostes to provoke.  
 Was that the cause thy weried ship,  
 Long tost with wind and wether,  
 Of purpose (as thou saydest)  
 Her course dyrected hyther ?

<sup>4</sup> This version, with the metrical translations of Lord Surrey, &c. occur in a folio MS. purchased by the editor from the library of the Rev. W. Sayle, of Stowey, in 1800, and which, as Bishop Percy has inferred, upon examination, "was evidently part of the series of poetical MSS. collected by the Haringtons." A quarto volume of Latin poetry, by Sir T. Chaloner the elder, was printed in 1579, and included "De Rep. Anglorum instaurando," and "De illustrium quorundam encomiis, miscellanea cum epigrammatis," &c. but none of his English verses seem to have been made public; though Puttenham says, "for eclogue and pastoral poesie, Sir P. Sidney and Maister *Challemner* do deserve the highest

Or herefore did our palaice gates  
     Unfolded to the stand,  
 A gest unknowen to us,  
     Of unaquaynted land ;  
 To th' end that for our gentlenes  
     We shold be wronged so ;  
 Whan thou didest entre wyth this mynd  
     Was thow our frend or foe ?  
 It may be for my wryting thus,  
     Thow wilt me symple call,  
 As if I had no cause  
     To playn for this at all.  
 Ye, symple let me still remayn,  
     So not forgettyng shame,  
 As long as no new blot  
     My wonted chastnes blame.  
 Though in my face no fayned chere  
     Doth counterfeat the sad,  
 With frownyng browes to seem  
     As if no myrth I had ;

praise." Meres likewise numbers Master *Challener* among the best, in his time, for pastoral ; and Aubrey hence affirms, that Sir Thomas More, the elder Wiat, Henry Earl of Surrey, *Chaloner*, &c. were, for their times, admirable. See Oxford Cabinet, p. 20. The present translation becomes interesting to the poetical antiquary, as it must have been made anterior to that of Turberville, which was published in 1567, Sir T. Chaloner having died in 1565. Wood suggests that his son had written some matters pertaining to virtuosity, and others to pastoral, but whether extant he could not tell. Several prose translations, by the elder Chaloner, are registered in Herbert's edition of Ames.

Yet hetherto for deed or thought  
 My fame hath ben untouched,  
 Of none adulterer may  
 My spouse-breache well be vouched.  
 I muse the more what confydens  
 Impelleth the hereto,  
 Or what sign geves the hope  
 I newly shold mysdoo.  
 If Theseus dyd once afore  
 By force of rape possesse me,  
 Woldest thow, therefore, of right  
 The second tyme distresse me?  
 Myne wer the fault if willingly  
 I had agreed therto ;  
 But tane ageynst my will,  
 What could I therwyth doo ?  
 Yet gote he not for all his payn  
 The frute of me he sought,  
 (The fear I had except)  
 At hym I ayled nought.  
 A sory kisse or twayn, perhaps,  
 Wyth strugling he bereft me,  
 (Save that) a virgin pure  
 So as he found he left me.  
 Wold Paris wyth no further gayn  
 Have ben content as he,  
 God sheld me from all such,  
 He was not lyke to the.  
 A mayden to restore me home  
 It lessened half his cryme,  
 Youth playd his part, but yet  
 Repentaunce cam in tyme.

Did Theseus repent hym than  
 For Paris to succede,  
 That in the peples mouthes  
 My name agayn shold spread?—  
 But thinke not I am angry now,  
 For who wold not be loved,  
 In case the love thou shewest  
 Unfaynedly be moved.  
 Yet stand I halfe in doubt thereof,  
 Not for I nede to fear,  
 As yf I wyst not well  
 What shap and face I bear:  
 But seyng our credulytie  
 Us ladyes doth undoo,  
 So hardely may your wordes  
 Wyth othes be trusted to.  
 Yet others synne and matrones chast  
 Ben rare thou sayst to see,  
 What lettes among those rare  
 My name enrold to be?  
 For where thou thinkst my mothers dede  
 Myght serve me, as it were,  
 A president whereby  
 What I shold do to lear:  
 Mystaking was her giltes excuse,  
 Where Jove (his godhed hid)  
 In lykenes of a swan,  
 His pleasure on her dyd.  
 But if I synne, I can not say  
 Unwittingly to do it,  
 No errour in this case  
 Can serve for shadow to it.

Happy was she to synne so well,  
 Through th' autour of the same,  
 But where have I a Jove  
 To honor for my shame ?  
 Thou bostest eke thyne auncestry  
 Wyth royall names ysett.  
 As yf we dyd our house  
 From baser titles fett :  
 All Pelops lyne, with Tyndarus  
 And Jove to overpasse,  
 Thoughe to my husbandes syre  
 Gret graund father he was ;  
 My mother geaves me names ynough,  
 Jove's daughter that I am,  
 Who, under semblaunt fauls,  
 Transfourmed to her cam.  
 Now go, and boste thy Trojan stocke,  
 Of famous rote to growe,  
 With Priam take good heed,  
 Laomedon thou show ;  
 Whom I esteme but thus, thou seest,  
 That Jove at fifth degree  
 Suche glory to thy blode,  
 Is but the first from me.  
 I graunt the sceptres of thy Troy  
 Ben great as thou dost say,  
 Yet do I not suppose  
 These here for lesse than they.  
 Nombre of goodes and men, perchaunce,  
 Thy land hath more than myne,  
 Yet may I say, it is  
 Not barbarous as thyn.

Soche promyses of presentes great  
 Thy golden lynes do make me,  
 As well through them myght move  
 The goddesses to take the.  
 But sure and yf that any thing  
 Myght move me to relent,  
 Thyselfe sholdest be more cause  
 T' enforce me to consent.  
 Eyther I will preserve my name  
 Unspotted as it stode,  
 Or rather shall I yeld  
 To Paris, than his good ?  
 Yet do I not contempn thy gyftes  
 For gyfts ar had in store,  
 Suche as the gevers sake  
 Comendeth, twyse the more ;  
 But more do I commend thy love,  
 That am the same for whome  
 Thy travayled ship hath cut  
 The trustles salt see fome :  
 And though I fayn to marke it nought,  
 Yet do I marke right well,  
 At table when we sit,  
 Thy countenaunce every deal.  
 Somtyme thyn eyes behold me fast,  
 Wyth long attractyve looke  
 Whose stedfast Percyng rayes  
 Myn eyes can scarsly brooke.  
 Then doost thou sighe, or take the cup  
 Where I afore did sipp,  
 Forgetting nought whiche syde  
 I turned to my lypp.

How often have I marked eke  
     Signes wyth thy fingers made,  
 How often with thy browes,  
     Whiche well nere speking had  
 So farfurth as I feared least  
     My husband shuld help ye,  
 And blushed at som things  
     Not handled covertly.  
 Not ones or twyse then wordes I sayd,  
     Wyth murmor long or low,  
 Is he no whit ashamd!  
     Whyche nowe I prove ryght so :—  
 I noted eke about the borde  
     Where my name set above,  
 Thy finger dipt in wyne,  
     Subscribed had—*I love!*  
 Whiche natheles, I beheld with eyes  
     Renouncyng it was so,  
 But now, alas! suche signes  
     For wordes may serve I know :  
 Those dalyaunces, if ought could cause,  
     Shuld sonest cause my synne,  
 Those were the rediest traynes  
     To make me fall therein.  
 Thy face therto, I do confesse,  
     Is rare, and suche as may  
 Move any womans wisshe  
     Wyth such a lord to play ;  
 But rather let som others hap  
     Be happy, voyd of cryme,  
 Than I my wyfely trowth  
     In straungers love to lyme.

Lerne then, by me, these beauties fayr  
 To can want and refrayn,  
 A vertu it is from weal  
 Desyred to abstain.  
 That thou dost wyshe hath ben the wyshe  
 Of yongmen more then one,  
 What than, to judge aright  
 Hath Paris eies alone ?  
 Nay, sure thou seest no more than they,  
 But more thou rashly darest,  
 They know as moch as thou,  
 But lesse for shame thou sparest.  
 Then, lo ! I would wyth basted ship  
 Thou hyther haddest ben brought,  
 When me, a mayden yet,  
 A thousand woers sought ;  
 A thousand if I had yet seen  
 Had gon wythout thy gayn,  
 My husband shall in this  
 Forgeve my judgement playn.  
 But now to com for pleasures past  
 And joies enjoyed, I say  
 Thy hope was overslacke,  
 An other hath got thy pray ;  
 Nat so unleaf, that I shold wyshe  
 To be thy Trojan wyfe,  
 Wyth Menelay I lead  
 No such displeasent lyf.  
 Do way, therefore, wyth fawnyng wordes  
 My tendre hart to presse ;  
 And do not brew her hurt  
 Whose love thou dost professe.



But suffer me to broke at leest  
 In worth my fortunes will,  
 To shamefull were thy spoyles,  
 My shamefastnes to spill.  
 But Venus did behight it so,  
 When in the vales of Ide  
 Three goddesses by the  
 Ther naked beauties tryed :  
 So where the first dyd profer state,  
 The second knighthode gave,  
 The third, thou saiest, dyd plight  
 That Heleyn thou sholdst have ;—  
 It may well be, but sure I trow  
 Full hardly yet that they  
 From heavin down wold com  
 Thy judgement to obey :  
 That if they dyd the tother part  
 Is but thyn own devyse,  
 Where I of thyn award  
 Am sayd to be the pryse.  
 I do not thynke above the rest  
 My beaultie so moche worthe,  
 As it for greatest gifte  
 A goddes shuld set forth :  
 Sufficeth, that my sely fourme  
 Do mortall eyes detain,  
 But undre Venus prayse  
 I fear som secret trayn.  
 Yet do I not refuse the same,  
 For why shold I make coy,  
 With outward wordes to squaym  
 My inward thursted joye ?

Nor be thou wrath, wyth moch a doo,  
 That scant I do beleve the,  
 A weighty case as is,  
 Requyres slacke fayth to preve the.  
 My fourme therefore I dobled hold,  
 To Venus prayse referrd,  
 And likewsye, by thy choyse,  
 For gretest gift preferred:  
 That neyther Pallas profers large,  
 Nor Juno's hests might move  
 Thy mode (my name ones hard)  
 Ther parties to approve.  
 For my sake then, dyd Paris leave  
 Both prowes, state, and havyour?  
 What adamant could chose  
 So free an hart but favour.  
 I am not made of athamant,  
 Althoughe I ame not prone  
 To love hym that I scarce  
 Could thynke wold be myn owin.  
 Why shold I seke to plowe the sand  
 Whose print the flood replyeth,  
 Or geave myself suche hope  
 As place itself denyeth?  
 I can not skill on Venus stelthes,  
 And Jove my witnes be,  
 My husband never yet  
 Deceyved was by me.  
 Yea, wher I now to aunswer thyne,  
 This pystle undretake,  
 Thinke how it is the first  
 Whiche ever I dyd make.

Happy be they that knowe the trade,  
 But I, through practyse small,  
 Suppose the way right hard,  
 To syn and scape wythall.  
 The fear it self is ill ynough,  
 Alredy I geave place,  
 As if a worldes eies  
 Stode poring in my face:  
 Nor yet in vayn mysgeves my mynd,  
 I know what people say,  
 My damsel Ethra hard  
 Som backe tales yesterday.  
 So eyther thou must cloke thy love,  
 Or leave wyth love to mell,  
 But why shold love be left,  
 Which thou maist cloke so well?  
 Play, but beware, and thinke we have  
 More libertie nat most,  
 That Menelay is nowe  
 Departed from this coast:  
 He, for affaiers which touch'd hym nere,  
 Good man, the seas hath past ;  
 A great and lafull cause  
 His sodeyn gate dyd hast:  
 And partely I, where doubting yet  
 What best was to be done,  
 I bade hym go with spede  
 To spede hym home as sone.  
 Glad for the lucke my wordes hym gave,  
 He kyssed me, " and see  
 Thou loke well to our hous,  
 And chere our ghest,"—qd. he.

Skarse could I then my laughter kepe,  
 Wyth struglyng backe to call,  
 One word, I had not more,  
 For answer, but—" I shall ;"—  
 And so his sayles, wyth wynd at will,  
 To Creteward he unfolded :  
 But let not thy conceit  
 Be therefore to moche bolded.  
 His absence is not suche, but that  
 His spials present ar,  
 The proverbe sayth (thou knowest)  
 A kings hand stretcheth farr.  
 My fame also reputed fayr,  
 Shall now this combraunce do me,  
 The more I am belykid,  
 To cause hym loke more to me :  
 So that the prayse which set me fourth  
 Is now my setter backe.  
 Me lever were mens eyes  
 Had found in me som lacke.  
 Yet marvaill not, though parted hence  
 With Paris he durst leave me ;  
 My maners and good lyfe  
 Such credit maks hym geave me.  
 My face may cause hym stand in drede,  
 My lyfe hym self will swear  
 Is such as well what doubt  
 My beaultie moves, can clear.  
 But tyme, thou sayst, thus proferd us,  
 We shold not lose alday  
 His symplenes to take  
 For vauntage while we may :—

I wold, and yet I fear to will,  
 My mynd I wot nor how,  
 Half geaven to consent,  
 Half doth it disalow.  
 My husband is from home I wot,  
 And thou alone dost lye,  
 My beaultie perceth thyn,  
 Thyn perced hath myn eye;  
 These nyghtes ar long, and now in spech  
 We joyn, and wo is me;  
 So fayr thy wordes ar sett,  
 And both in one house be.  
 And never have I joye, unles  
 All things provoke me to it,  
 But ay this elvish drede  
 Revokes me to undo it.  
 O that thou hadst the pour to force  
 That ill thou dost perswade,  
 So, lo! a symple wight  
 More skillfull shold be made:  
 An injury sometime doth turne  
 Unto theyr bote that byd it,  
 So were I happy, loo!  
 To say—compeld I dyd it.  
 But rather let me leave this love  
 Ere further it encreseth;  
 A fyer but newly made  
 With little water ceaseth.  
 S' unstedfast is this straungers love,  
 It wandreth eft as they,  
 Whan moost we thinke it sure,  
 It sonest flyeth away.

Hipsiphile and Ariadne

Can hereof witness bear,  
 Both joynd to other beddes,  
 By whom betrayed they were;  
 And thou lykewyse, unfaythfull man,  
 Art sayd to have forsaken.  
 Enone, eke that so long  
 Was for thy mastres taken;  
 Nor yet thy self denyest it,  
 And thynke not but I know,  
 By depe enquiry made,  
 How all thy doyngees goo.  
 But yf thou woldest be fyrme in love,  
 How lyeth it in thy pour?  
 Thy maryners do loke  
 For passage every hour:  
 Whyles we do treat, or whiles the night  
 Long hopt for, hard at hand,  
 A thankeles wynd shall blow  
 Directly for thy land:  
 Then, as thy ship doth ronne her cou:  
 Thy new sought joyes and I  
 Here lefte behynd, our love  
 Into the wynd shall flye.  
 Or, shall I folow by thy reed,  
 Thy famous Troy to see,  
 There, nere unto the great  
 Laomedon to be.  
 Nay, yet I do not set so light  
 By brute of flyeng fame,  
 That she, the worldes cares  
 Shuld burden wyth my shame;

What will my toun of Spart than doo,  
 What may hole Grekland say ?  
 Wyll Asye, or Troy itself,  
 From blamyng of me stay ?  
 Will Priam, or king Priam's wyf,  
 Excuse my dede herein,  
 Thy brethern, or ther wyves,  
 With other of thy kyn ?  
 Wilt thou thy self hereafter hope  
 That faythfull I wold byde ?  
 Nat rather to suspect  
 Thyn own example tryed ?  
 What ever gest in foreyn ship  
 Troy haven then dyd entre,  
 Shuld cause thy jelous hart  
 To fear thyn own aventure.  
 Then, lo, at every lytle jarr,  
 Adulteres ! wilt thou say—  
 Forgetting of my cryme,  
 Thyn own to bere the brey ;  
 And so shall he that made me synne  
 Condep my synne also :—  
 Ere that day com, I wish  
 My carcas laid full lowe.  
 But goodes, thou sayst, with richer wede  
 Obteyn I shall at Troy,  
 There gyfts in dede above  
 Thy promes to enjoye.  
 Such purple robes, soch cloth of gold,  
 Soch jewells, plyeng to the,  
 Wyth treasour pyld in hourdes,  
 Presented shall I be.

Thy presentes suer forgeave it me,  
 I do not so allow,  
 To leave my natyve ground  
 More leef I wot nere how.  
 How, if in Troy I suffer wrong,  
 Whose succour shall me steed ?  
 Whence shall I claym my kynne,  
 Or brothers ayd, at nede ?  
 Medea was constraynid at last  
 From Esons hous to go,  
 How ever Jason false  
 Dyd promes her nat soo :  
 But where had she her father than,  
 Her mother, or her syster,  
 Dispysed so by him,  
 For refuge to assist her.  
 Now, as I fear no soch myshap  
 No more Medea dyd,  
 But often on good hope  
 Yll chaunces have betid.—  
 A ship that is amyds the seas  
 Turmented to and fro,  
 At setting from the port  
 Myght fynd the waves full low.  
 The fyerbrand eke wyth Hecuba  
 Before thy byrth dyd seme  
 All bloody to bryng fourth,  
 Moch make me to mysdeme :  
 And sore I drede the prophecy  
 Whyche commeth thus, they say,  
 That Ylion shall burne  
 Wyth Grekysh fyre one day :



And Iyke as Venus is thy frend,  
 Bycause she wan and welded  
 Two tryumphes at one tyme,  
 Whiche thyn award her yelded ;  
 So fear I, yf thy vaunt be true,  
 The tothers just dysdayn,  
 Who, standing to thy dome,  
 Dyd not theyr cause obtayn.  
 And sure I ame that followyng the,  
 Warr foloweth next at hand,  
 To tryall of the sworde  
 Our love, alas ! must stand.  
 For ravyshe Hippodame,  
 The beastly Centaures pray,  
 Betwene her frendes and them  
 How bloody was the fray.  
 Will Tyndarus or Menelay,  
 Wyth both my brethern than,  
 Forgeave the, and not seke  
 Revengement all they can ?  
 Now where thou doost thy manhood bost  
 For warly feates ached,ed,  
 That beaultie of thyn forbidde  
 Thy wordes to be belyved :  
 Those tendre lymmes, not made for Mars,  
 In Venus' camp shuld play,  
 Let warryoures fight ther fill,  
 Thou, Paris, love all day.  
 Byd Hector, whom thou praysest so,  
 Fyght for the if he will,  
 An other maner fight  
 Pertayneth to thy skill.

Conclude that yf I had the wyt  
 Or spryte therto I shuld  
 Thyn ample profers take,  
 As she, that wyse is, wold.  
 Or I perchaunce will take them to,  
 My shamfast fear upcast,  
 And yeld me to the tyme  
 That may me wyn at last :  
 Where thou desierst som secret place  
 To treat betwen us two,  
 I know thy trayn, and how  
 Our treaty than shold goo.  
 But soft a whyle, what nedes this hast,  
 Thy corn ys yet but grene,  
 Thy taryng all this whyle,  
 Perchaunce thy frend hath bene.  
 Thus hetherto my pen that put  
 My secret mynd in wryting,  
 Syns weried in my hand,  
 Shall cease now from endyting :  
 The rest hereof by Clemenee  
 And Ethra<sup>s</sup> thou shalt know,  
 My pryvy damsels both,  
 And counsayloures also.

Finis. q̄d T. CHALONER eques auratus, etc.

<sup>s</sup> Clymene and Æthra were the handmaids and confidantes of Helen. Vide de Art. Amand. lib. ii. and Iliad, lib. iii.

The prayse of six Gentle-Women attending of  
the Ladye Elizabeth her Grace at Hatfield.

## I.

THE great DIANA chaste  
In forest late I met,  
Who did commande, in haste,  
To Hatfield for to get ;  
And to you sixe a-row  
Her pleasure to declare,  
Thus meaning to bestow  
On each a gifte most rare.

## II.

First doth she give to *Grey*,  
The falcons curtesse kind,  
Her lord for to obey  
With most obedient mind :  
Fraught with such virtues rare  
His love aye to renew,  
With *Thysbe* to compare  
Or *Pyramus*, most true.

## III.

To worthie *Willoughbie*,  
As eagle in her flighte,  
So shall her peircinge eye  
Both wounde and heal each wight  
That shall upon her gaze,  
And soon perceive, I see,  
A *Laura* in her face,  
And not a *Willoughbie*.

## IV.

To *Markhams* modest mynde,  
 That phœnix bird most rare,  
 So have the gods assygnde  
 With *Gryfylde* to compare.  
 Oh! happie twyce is hee  
 Whom Jove shall do the grace  
 To lynke in unitie,  
 Such beautie to embrace.

## V.

To *Norwyche*, good and grave,  
 Such sapient cares we sende,  
 As prudent serpents have,  
 That charmer to defende ;  
 With knowledge in fore-syghte  
 Of suche thinge yet to come,  
 As had Cassandra bright,  
 Who told of Troye the dome.

## VI.

For *Saintloe* dothe she saye  
 So stable shall shee stand,  
 As rocke within the sea,  
 Or huge hill on the lande :  
 Die rather with the mace  
 From Hercules stout hande,  
 Than once her truth disgrace,  
 Yf shee therein do stande.

## VII.

If *Skypwith* shoud escape  
 Withoute her gyfte moste rare,  
 Diana woulde me hate,  
 And fill my lyfe with care ;

Since in her temple chaste,  
 Full high upon the wall  
 Her bowe there hangeth faste,  
 Unbroke and ever shall.

## VIII.

Thus have I shewed you all  
 This gracious Goddess' will,  
 Who hathe decreed you shall  
 As her own imppes live still;  
 Longe in suche favour'd sorte  
 Whereof dame Fame shall blowe  
 Such trompe of trew reporte,  
 As through the earthe shall goe.<sup>6</sup>

The prayse of eight Ladyes of Queen Elizabeth's  
 Court.

BY RICHARD EDWARDS.<sup>7</sup>

(*From Cotton MS. Titus A. xxiv.*)

MY fance fanned onne me  
 Somwhat of ye to say;  
 Good Ladyes all, accepte my will,  
 This thing I only pray.

<sup>6</sup> These verses were found in the hand-writing of John Harrington, Esq. who afterwards married Isabella Markham, one of the ladies herein mentioned.

<sup>7</sup> A gentleman of the Chapel Royal, a dramatic writer, and compiler of an early metrical miscellany, entitled "The Paradise of dainty Devises," which passed through seven editions.

## I.

*Hawarde* is not haughté,  
 But of suche smylinge cheare,  
 That wolde alure eche gentill harte  
 His love to holde full dere.

## II.

*Dacars* is not dawngerous,  
 Hir talke is nothinge coye,  
 Hir noble stature may compare  
 With Hector's wife of Troye.

## III.

*Baynam* is as bewtifull  
 As nature canne devyse ;  
 Stedfastenes possesse her harte,  
 And chastitie her eyes.

## IV.

*Arundell*<sup>s</sup> is aunciaunte  
 In these her tender yeares,  
 In harte, in voice, in talke, in deede,  
 A matron's wit apperes.

## V.

*Dormor* is a darlinge,  
 And of suche lively hewe,  
 That who so fedes his eyes on her  
 May sone her bewtie rue.

<sup>s</sup> Probably Mary, the daughter of Sir Thomas Arundel, who made several translations from the Greek and Latin, which are still extant. See Ballard's *Memoirs of eminent Ladies*.

## VI.

*Mancell* is a merye one,  
 And is righte worthie love,  
 Whom nature wrawghte so fetously,  
 Hir coning for to prove.

## VII.

*Coke*<sup>9</sup> is cumly, and thereto  
 In books settes all her care ;  
 In lerninge with the Romaine dames  
 Of ryghte she may compare.

## VIII.

*Bridges*<sup>2</sup> is a blessed wighte,  
 And praythe withe harte and voise,  
 Whiche from her cradele hathe bene taughte  
 In vertue to rejoyce.

## IX.

These eighte now serve one noble Quene ;—  
 But if powre were in me,  
 For bewtise, prayse, and vertues sake,  
 Eche one a *Quene* showld be.

Finis. R. E.

<sup>9</sup> The two daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, Mildred and Anne, were both celebrated for their learning, and were sought in marriage, as Camden relates, more for their natural and acquired endowments than for their portions. The former became the wife of Lord Burleigh ; the latter, of Sir Nicholas Bacon.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps the "fair Bridges," celebrated by Gascoigne, and afterward married to Lord Sandes. See *Reliques of English Poetry*, vol. ii.

## John Haryngton to his Wyfe, 1564.

Y<sup>F</sup> dutye, wyfe, lead thee to deeme  
 That trade moste fytt I hold most deere :—  
 Fyrst, God regard ; next, me esteeme ;  
 Our chyldren then respect thow neare.

Our house bothe sweete and cleanly see ;  
 Ordre our fare ; thy maydes kepe short ;  
 Thy mirth with mean well myxed be ;  
 Thy courtesse partes in chaste wyse sorte.

In sober weede thee cleanly dresse ;  
 When joyes me rayse, thy cares downe cast ;  
 When greifes me greive, thy solace ceace ;  
 Who so me frynds, frynd them as fast.

In peace geve place, what so I saye ;  
 A parte complayne, yf cawse thow fynde ;  
 Let lybrall lypps no trust bewray,  
 Nor jelous humour payne thye mynd.

If I thee wronge, thie greifes unfolde ;  
 Yf thow me vex, thine errour grawnt ;  
 To seeke straunge toyles be not too bold ;  
 The stryfelesse bedd no jarres may haunt.

Small sleape and early prayer intend ;  
 The idle lyfe, as poyson, hate ;  
 No credyte lyght nor moche speache spend ;  
 In open place no cawse debate.



No thwarts, no frownes, no grudge, no stryfe ;  
 Eschew the badd, embrace the best ;  
 To trothe of worde joyne honest lyfe,  
 And in my bosome buyld thye nest.

### A Description of Tyme.

*{The MS. volume in which this was found, bears date  
 1564.}*

#### I.

UPON the hill Olympiade  
 Where Hercules begonne  
 First myghtie theetres to be made,  
 Wheare noble deeds were done.

#### II.

Depayntede theare with pencil fine  
 At lardge about the same,  
 There saw I stande hymself, Syr TYME;  
 And at his back Dame FAME.

#### III.

In charret shynynge sonnyshe bright  
 Thys syre sat on throne,  
 Ydrawne with wylde harts fresh and whyght,  
 Well seeminge they had flowne.

#### IV.

On whiche thys winged gode he went  
 The whole worlde for to viewe,  
 Each creature how his tyme had spente,  
 A note to take anewe.

## V.

And with him, as I said before,  
 He brought tryumphante FAME,  
 For to rewarde RENOWNE the more  
 Whoso deservede the same.

## VI.

Thus hasting over holte and hyll,  
 Firste gan he them beholde  
 That toyl and travaile ever styll ;  
 To whom Syr TYME thus told :—

## VII.

“ In sweate of browes, you symple men,  
 Whyle lyfe in you remaynes,  
 Haste on, and your rewarde be, then,  
 Your travail for your pains.”

## VIII.

In princelie pallace prouldie pyght  
 Syr TYME a while gan stay ;  
 For theare Dame FAME would view aright  
 How each one spent the day.

## IX.

Theare fownde they prest a noble bande  
 In armour bright and brave,  
 On startlynge steedes with staves in hand,  
 Nought else but tyme they crave.

## X.

In lustie lystes at lardge they lay  
 On bold rebatant blowes ;  
 The knyght on courser 'gyns to swaye,  
 And to the grownde he goes.

## XI.

Hym to receave, then cometh faste  
 Another, to wynne prayse ;  
 Amonge the worthies to be placed,  
 He stryves at all assayes :

## XII.

To whom Dame FAME, with smyling grace,  
 Gave thanckes unto them then ;  
 And in their syght, before each face,  
 Their praysses did shee pen.

## XIII.

Then said Syr TYME,—“ beholde herebye  
 A nombre infinite  
 Of idle ones ; lo ! wheare they lye,  
 Lyving in foule delyght.”

## XIV.

“ Cut off their tyme,” FAME cryed then,  
 “ Who so consume their dayes ;  
 Suche slothfull race of sluggish men  
 Nought worthie are of prayse.”

## XV.

Then glyded forth thys great god TYME,  
 Till he approchede neare  
 A multitude of men divyne,  
 ’Twas heaven suche to heare !

## XVI.

For of each science callede seaven,  
 A nombre there were mett,  
 Wyth faces fixed up to heaven  
 Whose hartes wear firmlye sett.

## XVII.

In studie onlie tyme to spende,  
 Knowledge aye to increase ;  
 No envious cares gan them offende,  
 Ne sought they worldlie prayse.

## XVIII.

Among which blessyde people good,  
 Wyth heavenlie harp in hande ;  
 Sweet Orpheus, lo ! that glee-man stood,  
 Trew musycke thear he scan'd.

## XIX.

In tyme and tune, with notes aye new,  
 JEHOVA'S prayse he sange ;  
 So did the reste, with reason due,  
 Whearof the whole earth range.

## XX.

“ Of tyme well-spent,” said Syr TYME then  
 To ev'ry one by name,—  
 “ Receave you shall, you mortal men,  
 For this—immortal Fame !”

## XXI.

Then stretcht he out his golden plumes  
 Forthwith to take his flight ;  
 Both wynd and weather he consumes,  
 And soon fades out of sight.

## XXII.

Where I, and manie a mazed man,  
 Remayneth styll in place,  
 To see hereafter, yf we can,  
 And veiw TYME'S golden face.

By the Viscount Rocheford.<sup>3</sup>

(*MS. dated 1564.*)

I.

MY lewt, awake! performe the laste  
Labour that thow and I shall waste,  
And ende that I have nowe begunne;  
For, when this songe is sunge and past,  
My lewt be still, for I have done.

II.

As to be heard wheare eare is none;  
As lead to grave in marble stone;  
My songe may pearce her heart as sone:  
Shuld we then sighe, or singe, or mone?  
No, no, my lewte, for I have done.

III.

The rocks do not so cruellye  
Repulss the waves contynually,  
As she my sute and a'ffection:  
So that I am past remedie;  
Whearbye my lute and I have done.

<sup>3</sup> "The unfortunate brother of Anne Boleyn; raised by her greatness, and involved in her fall." See Catalogue of Noble Authors: in the additions to which, after commending this poem for its simplicity, harmony, and elegance, Lord Orford proceeds to show, that with some little alteration it might pass for the production of a more refined age. Those readers who coincide in his Lordship's critical opinion, will not be likely to think his modernised performance much improved.

## IV.

Vengeance shall fall on thie disdayne,  
 That makest but game on earnest payne ;  
 Thinck not alone vnder the sonne  
 Unquyte to cause thie lovers playne,  
 Althoughe my lute and I have done.

## V.

Perchance they lye withered and olde,  
 The winter nightes that are so colde,  
 Playninge in vayne unto the moone ;  
 Thie wishes then dare not be tolde ;  
 Care then whoe liste, for I have done.

## VI.

And then may chaunce thee to repent  
 The tyme that thow hast lost and spent,  
 To cawse thie lovers sighe and swone :  
 Then shalt thow know bewtie but lent,  
 And wishe and want as I have done.

## VII.

Now cease, my lewte ! this is the last  
 Labour that thow and I shall waste,  
 And endid is that we begunne ;  
 Now is this songe both sunge and past,—  
 My lewte be still, for I have done !

Thys verse was made in 1567, on a moste stonie hearted mayden, who did sorelie beguyle a noble knyghte, my true friende, and who did much grieve thereon, even to his deathe : on which dire myshappe she starvede her, and kepte hidden from every eye, till her owne deathe fell out some little space of tyme from the good knyghtes lamentable end.

*O maydens ! prove more kynde ;  
Who starve their love may starving finde.*

J. H. MS.

I.

WHY didst thou raise such woeful wayle,  
And waste in briny tears thyne dayes ;  
Cause shee, that wont to flout and rayl,  
At last gave proof of woman's waies ?—  
Shee did, in-soothe, display the hearte  
That mought have wroughte thee greater smarte.

II.

Why thanke her then, not weepe or mone,  
Let others garde their careless hearte,  
And praise the day that thus made knowne  
The faithless hold on woman's art ;  
Their lipps can gloze and gain such roote,  
That gentle youthe hathe hope of fruite:

## III.

But, ere the blossom faire dothe rise  
 To shoot its sweetness o'er the taste,  
 Creepeth disdayn in, canker-wise,  
 And chilling scorne the fruit dothe blaste :  
 There is no hope of all our toyl,  
 There is no fruite from suche a soil,

## IV.

Give o'er thy playnt, the danger's o'er,  
 Shee might have poyson'd all thyne lyfe ;  
 Such wayward mynde had bred thee more  
 Of sorrowe, had shee prov'd thy wife.  
 Leave her to meet all hopeless meed,  
 And bless thyself that so art freed.

## V.

No youthe shall sue such one to winne,  
 Unmark'd by all the shyning fair,  
 Save for her pride and scorn, such sinne  
 As heart of love can never bear :  
 Like leafless plant in blasted shade,  
 So lyveth shee—a barren mayde.

Psalmes putt into verse by Sir John Harington.

## PSAL. 24.

THIS earth is God's, with men and all their goods  
 That dwellers are in earthlie habitations,  
 Hee founded it on seas and in the floods,  
 The building firme, yet fleeting the foundations ;



But whoe shall mount unto that holy mount  
Of which our God doth make soe greate account ?

Ev'n he whose minde no pride doth vainly heave,  
Whose hurtles hand doth shew a harmeles hart,  
Whoe takes not oathes with purpose to deceave,  
To such our Lord his blessings shall impart :  
Theise, these are they that sew to see thie face,  
Undoubted heires of Jacobs reverent race.

Unbolt your barres, your leaves leave open wide,  
You brasen dores, you ever during gates,  
That through your ports triumphantly may ride  
This monarch greate, this glorious king of states :—  
What king is this, whose powr extends so farr ?  
Yt is the Lord of hosts, most strong in warr.

Unbolt your barres, your leaves leave open wide,  
You brasen dores, you ever-during gates,  
That through your ports triumphantly may ride  
This monarch greate, this glorious king of states :—  
What king is this, of whom we heare such boasts ?  
This glorious King is even the Lord of hosts.

PSAL. 112.

WHOE feare the Lord are trewly blest  
That dewly worke to doe his will,  
Great lands are by his seed possest,  
His howse, his heires, shall prosper still.

With plenty God shall blesse his store,  
 And stay his state that loveth right,  
 Yf darkenes come, yet evermore  
 The Lord shall lend him happy light.

His love, his mercie, hee bestowes  
 On him that saves the poore from wrong,  
 And gives and lends and kindnes showes,  
 Yet still discretly guides his tongue.

His memory shall ever bide,  
 Yea, though in grave his bones be layd,  
 His foote shall neaver fayle or slyde,  
 No news shall make his hart affrayd.

Hee putts in God assured trust,  
 And trusting so, hee doth suppose  
 They need not shrink whose cause is just,  
 He shall prevayle against his foes.

Hee doth in hast, but not in wast  
 His goods disperse to such as need ;  
 His righteousnes shall ever last,  
 His praise and honor shall exceed.

The wicked man when hee this seeth,  
 That God the good doth love and cherish,  
 Shall pyne for greife and gnash his teeth,  
 His wicked thoughts with him shall perish.

## PSAL. 137.

**B**y Babells brooks we sitt and weep,  
 O Sion! when on thee we think,  
 Our harps hangd upp doe sylence keep,  
 On trees along the rivers brink,  
 Yet they that thralle us thus by wrong,  
 Amid our sorrowes aske a song.

Come, sing us now a song, say they,  
 A Syon song, at anie hand,  
 Alasse! how can we sing or play  
 Jehovah's songs in strangers land?  
 Yet let my hand forgett all playes,  
 If Salem I forget to praise.

If Salem byde not firm in mynd,  
 Let to my roofe my tongue be glew'd,  
 If other joy then her I finde,  
 Lord! think on Edoms race so rude,  
 That thus that daie did whet this nation;  
 Root up, root up, her strong foundation.

\* \* \* \* \*

---

Psalmes translated by the Countess of Pembroke.

PSAL. CXXXVII.\*

I.

NYGH seated whear the Tyger was  
 That watereth Babells thankfull playne,  
 Which then our teares, in pearled rows,  
 Did help to water with their raine ;  
 The thought of Syon bred such woes,  
 That though owr harpes wee did retayne,  
 Yet, useless and untowched thear,  
 On willowes only hangd they wear.

II.

Now whilst owr harps wear hanged so,  
 The men, whose captives then wee lay,  
 Did on our greefs insulting grow,  
 And, more to greive us, then did say :—  
 You, that of musick make such show,  
 Come, singe us now a Syon lay.  
 O no, we have nor voyce, nor hand,  
 For such a song in such a land.

\* This Psalm, with a few slight variations from the present copy, was printed in No. 18 of "The Guardian," from a MS. by Sir Philip Sidney, which creates a doubt whether the version commonly attributed to Sir Philip was not the production of his sister, Lady Pembroke; or the joint labour of both.

## III.

Though farr I bee, sweet Syon hill,  
 In forraine soyle exilde from thee,  
 Yet lett my hand forgett her skill,  
 If ever thow forgotten bee ;  
 Yea, lett my tounge, fast glewed still  
 Unto my roofe, lye mute in mee,  
 If thy neglect in me doe springe,  
 Or ought I doe, but Salem sing.

## IV.

But thow, O Lorde, wilt not forgett  
 To quitt the paines of Edoms race,  
 Who causelessly, yet hottly, sett  
 Thy holy city to deface ;  
 Did thus the bloody victors whett,  
 What tyme they entred first the place :  
 • Downe, downe with it at any hand ;  
 Make all flatt, playne ; let nothing stand.'

## V.

And, Babilon, which didst us wast,  
 Thy selfe shalt one day wasted bee,  
 And happy hee, who what thow hast  
 To others done, shall doe to thee :  
 Lyke myseryes shall make thee tast,  
 Lyke woefull objects make thee see ;  
 Yea, blessed, who thy little ones  
 Shall take and dash against the stones.

---

## PSAL. CXII.

## I.

O ! in how blessed state hee standeth  
 Who so Jehovah feareth,  
 That in the things the Lord commandeth,  
 His most delight appeareth.

## II.

The branches from that body springing,  
 On the earth shall freshly flourish ;  
 Their pedigree, from good men bringing,  
 The Lord with bliss will nourish.

## III.

The happy house wherein he dwelleth,  
 Well stored shall persever ;  
 The treasures justly that he telleth,  
 Shall bide his owne for ever.

## IV.

For hee, when woe them overcloudeth,  
 The darkned hart enlighteth ;  
 His mildness them and mercy shrowdeth,  
 His justice for them fighteth.

## V.

Hee is both good, and goodness loveth,  
 Most liberall and lending ;  
 All businesses wherein he moveth  
 With sound advise attending.

## VI.

Hee firmly propt from ever falling,  
His name exempt from dying ;  
Can heare ill news, without appalling,  
His heart on God relying.

## VII.

His hart, I say, which strongly stayed,  
Is free from feare preserved,  
Till on his foes he view displayed  
The plagues by them deserved.

## VIII.

Hee gives where needs, nay, rather straweth,  
His justice never ending ;  
To honors hand him higher draweth,  
With glad applawse attending.

## IX.

Oh! good, I meane, for wicked wretches  
Shall seeing fume, and funing,  
Consume to nought, their fruteless fetches  
To nought with them consuming.

---

Verses by the Princess Elizabeth,<sup>†</sup> given to  
Lord Harington, of Exton, her preceptor.

## I.

THIS is joye, this is true pleasure,  
If we best things make our treasure,  
And enjoy them at full leasure,  
Evermore in richest measure.

## II.

God is only excellent,  
Let up to him our love be sent,  
Whose desires are set or bent  
On ought else, shall much repent.

## III.

Theirs is a most wretched case,  
Who themselves so far disgrace,  
That they their affections place  
Upon things nam'd vile and base.

## IV.

Let us love of heaven receive,  
These are joyes our harts will heave  
Higher then we can conceive,  
And shall us not fayle nor leave.

<sup>†</sup> Daughter of James I. married in 1613 to Frederic, Elector Palatine, a virtuous but ill-fated union. See Bromley's original royal letters.



## V.

Earthly things do fade, decay,  
 Constant to us not one day ;  
 Suddenly they pass away,  
 And we can not make them stay.

## VI.

All the vast world doth conteyne,  
 To content mans heart, are vayne,  
 That still justly will complayne,  
 And unsatisfyde remaine.

## VII.

God, most holy, high, and greate,  
 Our delight doth make compleate ;  
 When in us he takes his seate,  
 Only then we are repleat.

## VIII.

Why should vain joyes us transport,  
 Earthly pleasures are but shorte,  
 And are mingled in such sorte,  
 Greifs are greater then the sporte.

## IX.

And regard of this yet have,  
 Nothing can from death us save,  
 Then we must unto our grave,  
 When we most are pleasure's slave.

## X.

By long use our soules will cleave  
 To the earth: then it we leave;  
 Then will cruell death bereave,  
 All the joyes that we receive.

## XI.

Thence they goe to hellish flame,  
 Ever tortur'd in the same,  
 With perpetuall blott of name,  
 Flowt, reproach, and endless shame.

## XII.

Torment not to be exprest,  
 But, O then! how greatly blest,  
 Whose desires are whole adrest  
 To the heavenly thinges and best.

## XIII.

Thy affections shall increase,  
 Growing forward without cease,  
 Even untill thou dyest in peace,  
 And injoyest eternall ease.

## XIV.

When thy hart is fullest fraught  
 With heavens love, it shall be caught  
 To the place it loved and sought,  
 Which Christs precious bloud hath bought.

## XV.

Joyes of those which there shall dwell,  
 No hearte thinke, no tounge can tell;  
 Wonderfully they excell,  
 Those thy soule will fully swell.

## XVI.

Are these things indeed even soe?  
 Doe I certainly them know,  
 And am I so much my foe,  
 To remayne yett dull and slowe?

## XVII.

Doth not that surpassing joy;  
 Ever freed from all annoy,  
 Me inflame? and quite destroy  
 Love of every earthly toy.

## XVIII.

O how frozen is my heart!  
 O my soule, how dead thou art!  
 Thou, O God, we maye impart,  
 Vayne is humane strength and art.

## XIX.

O, my God, for Christ his sake,  
 Quite from me this dulness take;  
 Cause me earths love to forsake,  
 And of heaven my realm to make.

## XX.

If early thanks I render thee,  
 That thou hast enlightened me  
 With such knowledge that I see,  
 What things most behooful bee.

## XXI.

That I hereon meditate,  
 That desire, I finde (though late)  
 To prize heaven at higher rate,  
 And these pleasures vayne to hate.

## XXII.

O enlighten more my sight,  
 And dispell my darksome night,  
 Good Lord, by thy heavenly light,  
 And thy beams most pure and bright.

## XXIII.

Since in me such thoughts are scant,  
 Of thy grace repayre my want,  
 Often meditations grant,  
 And in me more deeply plant.

## XXIV.

Worke of wisdom more desire,  
 Grant I may with holy ire  
 Slight the world, and me inspire  
 With thy love to be on fire.

## XXV.

What care I for lofty place,  
 If the Lord grant me his grace,  
 Shewing me his pleasant face,  
 And with joy I end my race.

## XXVI.

This is only my desire,  
 This doth set my hart on fire,  
 That I might receive my hyre,  
 With the saints and angels quire.

## XXVII.

O my soule of heavenly birth,  
 Doe thou scorn this basest earth,  
 Place not here thy joy and mirth,  
 Where of bliss is greatest dearth.

## XXVIII.

From below thy mind remove,  
 And affect the things above :  
 Sett thy heart and fix thy love  
 Where thou truest joyes shalt prove.

## XXIX.

If I do love things on high,  
Doubtless them enjoy shall I,  
Earthly pleasures if I try,  
They pursued faster fly.

## XXX.

O Lord, glorious, yet most kind,  
Thou hast these thoughts put in my mind,  
Let me grace increasing find,  
Me to thee more firmly bind.

## XXXI.

To God glory, thanks, and praise,  
I will render all my dayes,  
Who hath blest me many wayes,  
Shedding on me gracious rayes.

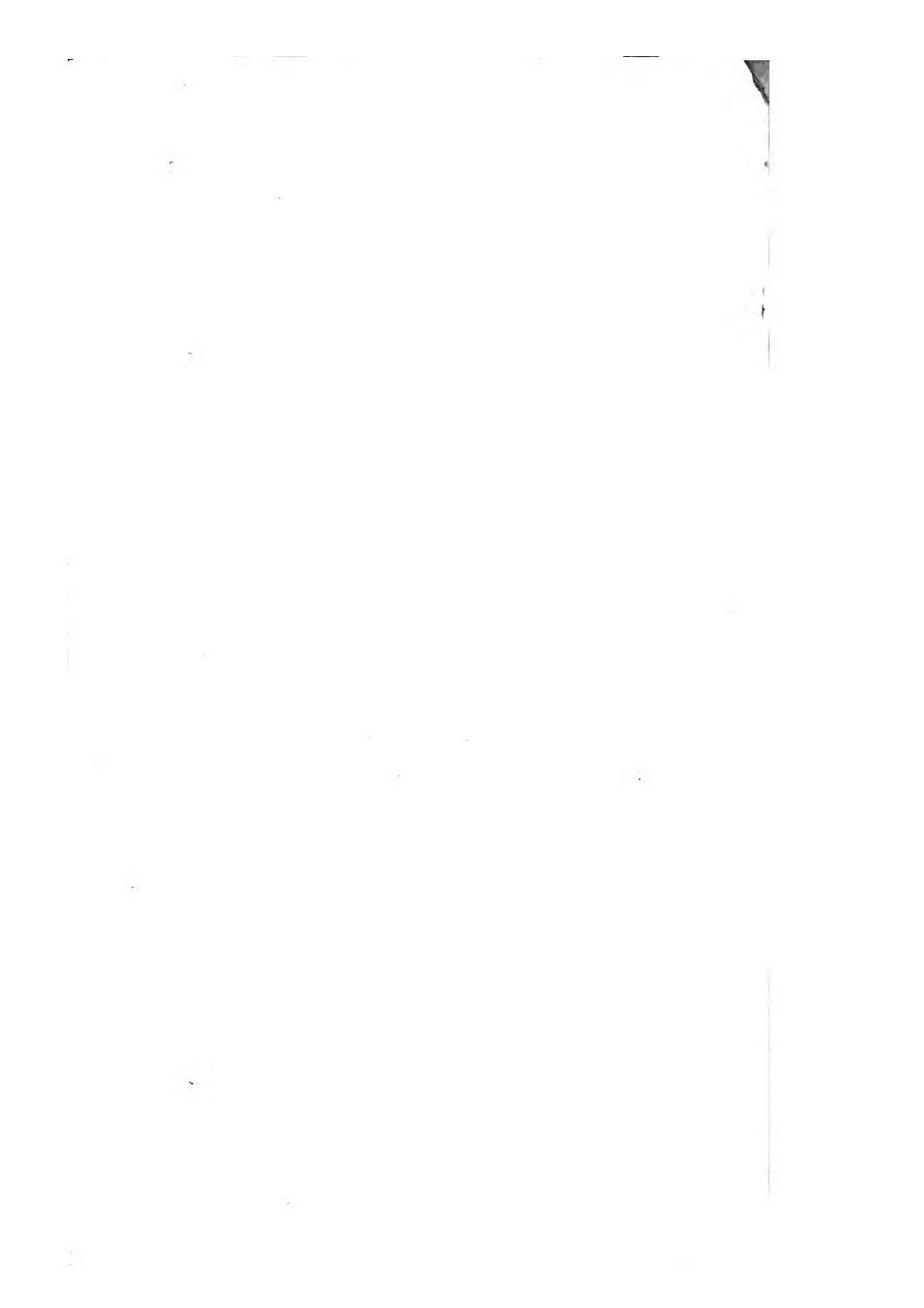
## XXXII.

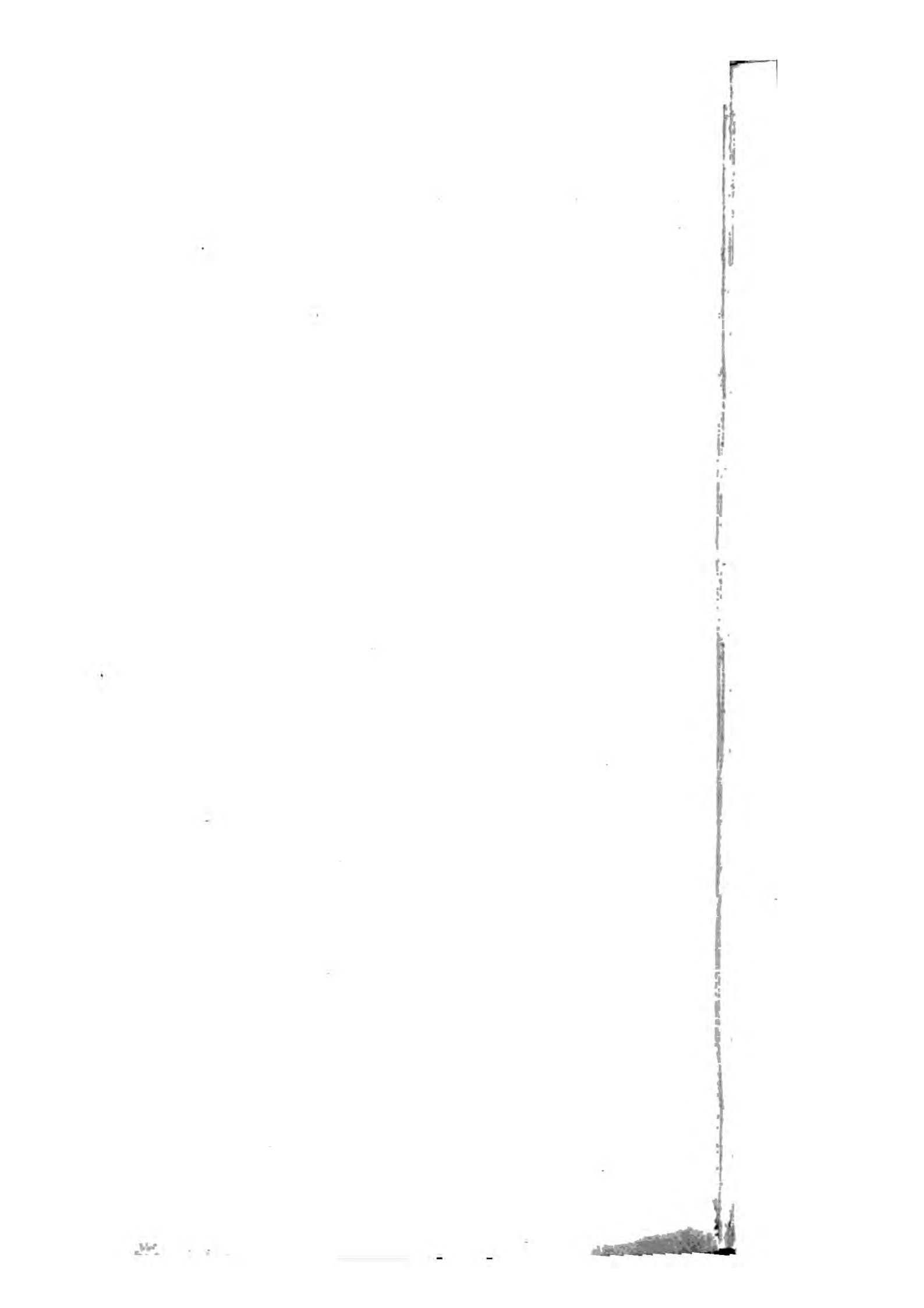
To me grace, O Father, send,  
On thee wholly to depend,  
That all may to thy glory tend;  
Soe let me live, soe let me end.

## XXXIII.

Now to the true Eternal King,  
Not seen with human eye,  
The' immortall, only wise, true God,  
Be praise perpetually!

FINIS.





H.C. 23. 500



