Nugæ Antiquæ

By

Sir John Harington

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Sir John Harington

**Frontispiece**

Portrait of Sir John Harington
CONTENTS
Frontispiece .................................................................................................................... 2
Title Page ....................................................................................................................... 7
ADVERTISEMENT Of the revised edition .................................................................. 8
SOME ACCOUNT OF SIR JOHN HARINGTON, of Kelston, Knight......................... 9
ORDERS FOR HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS; First devised by John Harington, in the
Year 1566, and renewed by John Harington, Son of the said John, in the Year 1592:
the said John, the Son, being then High Sheriff of the County of Somerset............. 13
BRIEF NOTES AND REMEMBRANCES, From Sir John Harington's papers ...... 15
JOHN HARINGTON TO THE LORD TREASURER BURLEIGH Giving a
humorous description of himself, and enclosing the Monks' Hymn to Saint Satan ..... 21
A TREATISE ON PLAY. By Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Harington. (c. 1597)......... 22
JOHN HARINGTON, ESQ. TO SIR HUGH PORTMAN, KNIGHT,
Describing an interview with his cousin, Sir John Harington of Exton, and the Lord Treasurer
Burleigh, who laboured under a mortal malady, which gave serious concern to the
Queen.................................................................................................................................. 36
In Ireland with Essex, 1599 ......................................................................................... 37
REPORT OF A JOURNEY INTO THE NORTH OF IRELAND Written to Justice
Carey, by Sir John Harington, 1599........................................................................... 38
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO MR. THOMAS COMBE, HIS CONFIDENTIAL
SERVANT, from Trim, in Ireland—a further report of military proceedings, 1599.. 40
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO SIR ANTHONY STANDEN, KNIGHT. From
Athlone, in Ireland, 1599. ........................................................................................... 44
SIR JOHN HARINGTON'S REPORT CONCERNING THE EARL OF ESSEX'S
JOURNEYS IN IRELAND from May 10 to July 3, 1599............................................. 46
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO SIR ANTHONY STANDEN, KNIGHT, 1600. Written
in his rural retreat at Kelston, whither he had retired from the danger and displeasure
which prevailed at court, on the failure of the Irish expedition......................... 53
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO SIR HUGH PORTMAN, KNIGHT Represents his visit
to court, and the alteration in Queen Elizabeth's manners and temper since the death
of Essex:—resolves not to leave his poor castle of Kelston again, lest he should find a
worse elsewhere. ........................................................................................................... 54
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO HIS LADY, 1602. Relates another interview with the
Queen, his royal godmother, whose increasing infirmities and pitiable state are
interestingly shown, and her speedy releasement from human pains and misery, truly
predicted. ....................................................................................................................... 55
SIR JOHN HARINGTON'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT TO KING JAMES A curious relic
of court-craft. .................................................................................................................. 57
KING JAMES TO SIR JOHN HARINGTON; in return for his New Year's gift. ..... 60
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO LORD THOMAS HOWARD, 1603 Persevering in his
endeavours to obtain courtly favour, with resolutions of studious labour and active
integrity, which ill accord with his pursuits................................................................. 61
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO BISHOP STILL, 1603 Lamenting that Tyrone was
brought to England, and treated courteously, after all he had unergone in assisting
to subdue him. Raleigh highly estimated, and the perils of a courtier's life forcibly set
forth.................................................................................................................................. 63
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY, Enclosing a rental
of his estate at Lenton, and beseeching the Earl to further his suit against Sir John
Skinner. .......................................................................................................................... 65
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO MR. SECRETARY BARLOW, Giving an account of the entertainment that King James had prepared for the King of Denmark, which failed, from the intemperance of the assistants and their royal auditor. .............................. 66
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO MR. ROBERT MARKHAM, Apologising for having shown the journal of the Irish expedition to queen Elizabeth, whom he delineates with masterly skill, and portrays with apparent fidelity. .............................................................. 68
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO PRINCE HENRY Enclosing a poetical character of Bishop Gardiner, and announcing his Brief View of the State of the Church. 1606. ................................. 71
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO SIR AMIAS PAWLET, Representing his interview and conversation with King James, in which the Monarch is drawn to life. 1606 ...... 72
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO MR. SUTTON, FOUNDER OF THE CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL. Expressing his anxiety about a rumour which had gone abroad, that Sir John had been often tampering with Mr. Sutton to make the Duke of York his heir, in order to procure the honour of a barony............................. 74
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO PRINCE HENRY, SON TO KING JAMES I, Detailing the merits and extraordinary sagacity of his dog Bungey. ........................................ 75
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO PRINCE HENRY, 1609, Communicating, from a book in his grandfather's handwriting, fragments of wit and poesy, by Henry the Sixth and Eighth, with a copy of his own Ariosto for which he humbly but earnestly solicits some special mark of his Highness' approbation............................................................. 77
A SUPPLEMENT OR ADDITION TO THE CATALOGUE OF BISHOPS, TO THE YEAR 1608, or A Brief View of the State of the Church of England ................................. 79
THE OCCASION WHY THIS WORK WAS TAKEN IN HAND. By Sir John Harington ...................................................................................................................................................... 80
ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY: Doctor Matthew Parker. ........................................ 83
ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY: Doctor Edmond Grindal. .................................. 85
ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY: Doctor John Whitegift. ........................................ 86
ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY: Doctor Richard Bancroft. .................................. 88
BISHOPS OF LONDON: Doctor John Elmer ................................................................. 90
BISHOPS OF LONDON: Doctor Richard Fletcher ...................................................... 93
BISHOPS OF LONDON: Richard Vaughan .................................................................. 95
BISHOPS OF LONDON: Dr Thomas Ravis ................................................................. 96
BISHOPS OF WINCHESTER: Doctor William Wykeham .......................................... 97
BISHOPS OF WINCHESTER: Doctor Stephen Gardiner .......................................... 103
BISHOPS OF WINCHESTER: Doctor John Whyte ................................................... 111
BISHOPS OF WINCHESTER: Doctor Thomas Cooper ............................................. 112
BISHOPS OF WINCHESTER: Doctor William Wickham ........................................ 114
BISHOPS OF WINCHESTER: Doctor William Day .................................................. 115
BISHOPS OF WINCHESTER: Doctor Thomas Bilson .............................................. 117
BISHOPS OF ELY: Doctor Martin Heaton ................................................................. 118
BISHOPS OF LINCOLN: Doctor William Chatterton ................................................ 121
BISHOP OF COVENTRY AND LICHFIELD: Doctor William Overton ................ 123
BISHOPS OF SALISBURY: Doctor John Jewell ........................................................ 124
BISHOPS OF SALISBURY: Doctor John Coldwell, Doctor of Physick .................... 125
BISHOPS OF SALISBURY: Doctor Henry Cotton ..................................................... 127
BISHOPS OF BATH AND WELLS: Doctor Oliver King .......................................... 128
BISHOPS OF BATH AND WELLS: Doctor William Barlow ................................ 132
BISHOPS OF BATH AND WELLS: Doctor Thomas Godwin ................................ 134
BISHOPS OF BATH AND WELLS: Doctor John Still ............................................. 136
BISHOPS OF EXETER: Doctor William Cotton ....................................................... 139
Nugæ Antiquæ

BISHOP OF NORWICH:  Doctor John Gegon. .................................................. 140
BISHOPS OF WORCESTER:  Doctor Gervase Babington. .................................. 141
BISHOPS OF HEREFORD:  Doctor John Scory .................................................. 142
BISHOPS OF HEREFORD:  Doctor Herbert Westphaling ............................... 144
BISHOPS OF HEREFORD:  Doctor Robert Bennet. .......................................... 146
BISHOPS OF CHICHESTER:  Dr Anthony Watson. .......................................... 147
BISHOPS OF CHICHESTER:  Doctor Lancelot Andrews .................................. 148
BISHOP OF ROCHESTER:  Doctor William Barlow ........................................ 150
BISHOPS OF OXFORD:  Doctor John Underhill ........................................... 151
BISHOPS OF OXFORD:  Doctor John Bridges ................................................ 152
BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER:  Doctor Henry Parry .......................................... 153
BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH:  Doctor Thomas Dove .................................... 154
BISHOP OF BRISTOL:  Doctor John Thornbury ............................................ 154
BISHOP OF ST. DAVID’S:  Doctor Anthony Rudde ....................................... 156
BISHOP OF LLANDAFF:  Doctor Francis Godwin .......................................... 158
ARCHBISHOPS OF YORK:  Doctor Thomas Young .......................................... 160
ARCHBISHOPS OF YORK:  Doctor Edwin Sands ........................................... 161
ARCHBISHOPS OF YORK:  Doctor John Piers .............................................. 164
ARCHBISHOPS OF YORK:  Doctor Matthew Hutton ................................. 166
ARCHBISHOPS OF YORK:  Doctor Toby Matthew ....................................... 168
BISHOP OF DURHAM:  Doctor William James ............................................. 172
BISHOP OF CARLISLE:  Doctor Henry Robinson .......................................... 174
BISHOP OF CHESTER:  Doctor George Flood, or Lloyd ............................... 175
CONCLUSION:  Of the Lives of Bishops ....................................................... 176
Notes ............................................................................................................ 177
Sir John Harington

Bibliographic and Editorial Note

Sir John Harington, courtier to Elizabeth I and author of *The Metamorphosis of Ajax*, a description of the first flush toilet, died in 1612. In 1769 his descendant Henry Harington, M.A. edited some of his papers, and published them under the title *Nugæ Antiquæ*. This includes letters and essays by Harington, and also work by other writers. A revised and expanded edition was published in 1804 by Thomas Park.

This Ex-Classics edition is based on the Park version. Only those items written by Harington himself have been included. Spelling and capitalization have been modernised. Additional notes and translations of Latin have been added. The translation of the Latin biography of Bishop William Wickham is by Quintus Holland.
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

VOL. I.

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. Wight, Denmark-Court, Strand,
FOR VERNOR AND ROOD, POULTRY, AND CUTHELL AND MARTIN, MIDDLE ROW, HOLBORN.
1804.
ADVERTISEMENT

Of the revised edition

Certains gems that pretend not to more than moderate intrinsic worth, are yet found to acquire additional estimation from diversity of setting: the contents of some books may be presumed to do the same, by an improved transposal of their several parts. Such adventitious value is here attempted to be given to these antiquated trifles, by a different display of the pieces formerly published by Mr. Henry Harington, from a collection of MSS. which descended from his literary ancestor to the present ingenious and well-known Dr. Harington of Bath. In prosecuting this attempt, I must express my personal obligations to Edmond Malone, Esq. for the readiness with which his corrected copy of these NUGÆ was imparted, and for various hints that served to facilitate the process of chronological arrangement. Nor ought the habitual kindnesses of those distinguished antiquaries James Bindley and Francis Douce, Esqrs. to deter me, on the present occasion, from acknowledging the friendly services afforded by their very valuable libraries. To the learned and liberal editor of Milton's poetical works I am indebted for some estimable observations; and my particular thanks are due to Professor Dalzel, to Dr. Leyden and Dr. Anderson of Edinburgh, for their united assistance in procuring an unpublished poem by Sir John Harington, from the library of King James's college. To Mr. Professor Porson of Cambridge, to Edmund Lodge, Esq. of the Heralds' college, and to John Cooper Walker, Esq. of St. Valeri, near Dublin, my respectful acknowledgments must also be made for very flattering attentions.

In reconducting this miscellany to the press, I have taken the liberty of rejecting several prose pieces, which had appeared in preceding editions, and of inserting others, that seemed to possess stronger claims for admission into a mélange suranné. Much of the former poetry is likewise omitted, from having proved on examination to be printed in Tottell's early assemblage of songs and sonnets; "a garland," says our elegant Warton, "in which it was the fashion for every flowery courtier to leave some of his blossoms." As this garland is again preparing for public exhibition by the accomplished hand of Bishop Percy, such omissions became more forcibly authorised.

The State of the Church, which is curious for its biographical and historical notices, has been amplified and revised, from collation with an original MS. copy in the British Museum, apparently presented by its author to Prince Henry Frederick, anno 1607.

The sketch of Sir John Harington's life has also received additions; and notes of personal or political illustration are interspersed throughout, for which the present editor is alone responsible, should they be deemed nugacious or supererogatory. The only candid excuse he can offer is—that he has endeavoured, in some slight degree, to render this such a publication as it would have given him pleasure to have found it.

T. PARK.
SOME ACCOUNT OF SIR JOHN HARINGTON,

of Kelston, Knight.

The once celebrated author of the principal papers here collected, was descended from a respectable family in Cumberland, whose ancestor, Sir James Harington, was attainted in the reign of Henry the Seventh, for bearing arms at the battle of Towton, and taking Henry the Sixth prisoner; his estates forfeited to the crown, amounting to five and twenty considerable manors in the north. Notwithstanding this attachment to the house of York, his succeeding generations were well received at the court of Henry the Eighth, where John Harington, of Stepney, the father of our author, held a considerable office, and united himself in marriage to a natural daughter of Henry; with whom the King gave, as dower, the forfeited church lands of Kelston, &c. upon which he is said to have built the largest house at that time in Somersethshire. In the reign of Queen Mary he was imprisoned eleven months in the Tower, with his second wife, Isabella Markham, for carrying a letter to the Princess Elizabeth. Their zealous attachment to this lady, during her confinement; established them so firmly in her favour, that she retained them in her service when Queen, and stood god-mother to their son, our author, as a mark of her friendly remembrance of their sufferings on her account.

It appears that Sir John was born at Kelston; near Bath, in 1561; that he was educated at Eton, and afterwards entered at Christ's College, in Cambridge, under the care of Doctor Still. For a short time he appears to have studied the law. This is deducible from his *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, where he describes himself as a puny [puisne] of Lincolns-Inn, though he confesses that "he studied Lyttleton but to the title of discontinuance." The advantages of a good education, and an excellent understanding, soon recommended him to the notice of the Queen, who encouraged him in his pursuit of learning. Fuller has celebrated his proficiency in literature and poesy; which, together with the Queen's regard for his parents, soon brought him to court. Here he distinguished himself by his wit and erudition, and gained the esteem of all ranks, and of both sexes. Being well versed in the Italian language, he translated a tale out of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, which was highly pleasing to the ladies; but the Queen, who was not unacquainted with what passed around her, soon got a sight of her god-son's poetry, and, thinking it proper to affect indignation at some indelicate passages, forbad our author the Court, till he had translated the entire work. This he accomplished, and dedicated to herself, in 1591.

Another literary production, which is now very scarce, made its appearance in 1596, and is entitled—*A new Discourse of a stale Subject, called the Metamorphosis of Ajax*; otherwise, a jakes. It was occasioned, as Mr. Harington reported, by the author's having invented a kind of water-closet for his house at Kelston. In this little work we find extensive reading and infinite humour, combined with the satiric grossness of Swift; but several of the persons alluded to, and intended to be satirised, are unknown to us at this time. It appears, however, to have contained certain sarcasms on men in high stations, and particularly to have levelled some inuendo against the Earl of Leicester; whence it called forth much apparent displeasure, even from the Queen; and Mr. Harington avers, that the author escaped Star-Chamber inquisition rather from the Queen's secret attachment to him, (which the courtiers well knew,) than from any favour or lenity in themselves. Several epigrams respecting this book, and the Queen's reconciliation to the author, are printed at the end of his translation of *Orlando Furioso*, 1634, and had three previous impressions.
The indulgence which Harington experienced from his Royal Mistress, contributed to the number of his productions, as well as to their poignancy. His reputation for a sarcastic species of writing, which in that age was not so common as it has been since, gained him both admiration and fear. We are told by Fuller, that, at an ordinary in Bath, where our author dined with a numerous company, the servant maid who attended was observed to be more attentive to him than to the other guests. This partiality occasioned an enquiry from Harington, why she was so particularly officious in waiting upon him? To which the damsel replied, "I understand you are a very witty man; and if I should displease you in anything, I fear you would make an epigram of me."

He married the daughter of Sir George Rogers, of Cannington, Somersetshire, by whom he appears to have had eight children. It is not surprising that a man of so volatile a disposition, and so gay a turn, amid the favours of a court, and the flattery of dependants, should be profuse in his expenses. Though his fortune, therefore, was considerable, (for Fuller tells us he was a poet in all things but in poverty,) yet his extravagance was still greater, and he was obliged to part with some of his estates, particularly one called Nyland. Soon after this happened, he was riding over the very spot, and, with his usual pleasantry, said to his man John,

"John, John, this Nyland, 
Alas! was once my land."

To which John as merrily and truly replied,

"If you had had more wit, Sir, 
It might have been yours yet, Sir."

Which answer (to use our author's own words) makes us feel, that there is often "craft in a clouted shoe."

The brilliancy of his talents, and the vivacity of his temper, did not, however, obliterate the virtues of his heart. A spirit of promoting laudable works was manifested' on many occasions. One instance deserves to be related: it respects the repairing the abbey church of Bath; to which Sir John was most zealously inclined, and is said to have effected by means of the following stratagem. Conversing one day with bishop Montague, near the abbey, it happened to rain, which afforded an opportunity of asking the bishop to shelter himself within the church. Especial care was taken, to convey the prelate into that aisle which had been spoiled of its lead, and was nearly roofless. As this situation was far from securing his lordship against the weather, he remarked to his merry companion that it did not shelter him from the rain. "Doth it not, my lord?" said Sir John, "then let me sue your bounty towards covering our poor church; for if it keep not us safe from the waters above, how shall it ever save others from the fire beneath? At which jest the bishop was so well pleased, that he became a liberal benefactor both of timber and lead; and this benefaction procured a complete roofing to the north aisle of the abbey church, after it had lain in ruins for many years.

The favour of the Queen, it may be presumed, was not solely grounded on her opinion of Sir John's abundant wit and pleasantry. It appears that his general character was such as obtained the esteem of his sovereign, and was the cause of his being employed on occasional services with the most distinguished characters of his time. On the appointment of the Earl of Essex to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1599, he was made a commander of horse, under Lord Southampton, in his service. The history of this expedition was found among his papers, with an account of each day's transaction, as delivered to the Queen.
and impolitic return of Lord Essex from Ireland, our author<sup>21</sup> was one of the few officers whom he chose to accompany him. History has fully informed us what an unfavourable reception was met with by the Earl; and it is not to be wondered at, if the Queen was displeased with those who followed him. By the private letters of our author, we are informed that this was his own case. Yet, at another audience, he speaks of what he felt at the Queen's reconcilement, and says, "he seemed to hear like St. Paul, when rapt up in the third heaven." There is a minute description, in Lord Essex's journal, of his negotiation with the Irish rebel Tyrone, at which Sir John was not present: and this might have proved to his advantage. After the return and disloyalty of Essex, the Queen was too much engaged in political embarrassments of various kinds, to take much delight in men of learning, or attend to any affairs which did not immediately concern the public welfare. Our author seems, at this period, to have retired to his seat at Kelston, where he was principally busied in cultivating his estates, and improving that fortune which had been considerably impaired by wearing so long at court.

On the accession of James, we find him again brought forth to view; his poetical talents were employed to panegyrise the new king, and he soon became a literary favourite with the monarch, who affected learning, and abounded in pedantry. By King James he was created a Knight of the Bath. A correspondence was commenced, and interviews passed between them.<sup>22</sup>

The Brief State of the Church, as it stood in King James's reign, was undertaken as a supplement to Doctor Godwin's Catalogue of Bishops, at a time when the church of England was beginning to be divided into sectaries: and being written by an author of respectability, who was well acquainted with many of the persons whose characters he has drawn, the authenticity of his representations may generally, perhaps, be relied on. He presented the MS. copy of this work to Prince Henry,<sup>23</sup> and intended it only for the private use of his Royal Highness; but, being published many years afterward, by his maternal grandson, Dr. Chetwind, it created much clamour, and made several of our clergy say, that the writer's conduct agreed with his doctrines; since he, together with Robert, Earl of Leicester, supported Raleigh, in his suit to Queen Elizabeth, for the manor of Banwell, (belonging to the bishopric of Bath and Wells,) on a presumption that the Right Reverend Incumbent had incurred a praemunire, by marrying a second wife.<sup>24</sup>

Our author's zeal for church government favoured this undertaking, and so great was his dislike to the favourers of Puritanism, that it is said he committed his son to the care of one of the most rigid observers of those tenets, from a full persuasion that nothing would be more effectual to make him detest their principles, than to be conversant with them. Whether this was the real case, cannot now, perhaps, be ascertained; but it is reported that the son was inclined to favour puritanical doctrines, and made a conspicuous figure in the parliaments of Charles and Oliver: so little did the father's care avail, in guardning the son from those errors he wished him to avoid. Indeed, the experiment was too dangerous to be adopted by a prudent or sensible parent, and requires more satisfactory evidence before it be admitted as a fact, than mere traditional rumour.

Fuller, Collier, Dryden, and others, have spoken with respect of our author's abilities as an English writer, considering the age he lived in: and in Stowe's Annals, he is enumerated among those excellent poets which worthyly flourish in their own works, and lived together in Queen Elizabeth's reign. He had formed a plan, it is said, for writing the history of his own times, but did not live to execute it. He died in
Sir John Harington

1612, aged fifty-one. Collinson records the following memorials, as placed within the communion rails of the church at Kelston.

"In memory of Sir John Harington, knight, 1612; and Lady Mary, wife of Sir John, daughter of Sir George Rogers, 1634."

His translation of Ariosto, with Apology of Poetry prefixed; his Ajax, Epigrams, and School of Salerne, with the State of the Church, are the only productions hitherto published. Many other manuscripts, both in prose and verse, were left behind him. Peck, in his Desiderata, (vi. 13.) speaks of Verses on the Death of Mary Queen of Scots, by Sir John Harington; MS. manu Fleming. His entire version of the Psalms is in the collection of Francis Douce, Esq. An unedited poem, entitled England's Poverty, occurs in the catalogue of the Ashmolean MSS. but in the catalogue only; and a poetical New Year's Gift to King James, is preserved in the college library, Edinburgh. His Succinct Collection of History, and his Compendious Observations on the Emperors' Lives, are spoken of in Ulysses upon Ajax, a feebly retort on Harington's Cloacinean satire: respecting which tract the ingenious Mrs. Cooper committed a laughable mistake, in supposing it to have been "meant for a court-amusement." That lady's laconic character of our knight is less inaccurate, and may therefore suitably close this brief account of his life.

"Sir John Harington appears to have been a gentleman of great pleasantness and humour; his fortune was easy, the court his element, and wit, not his business, but diversion."

Muses' Library, p. 297.
ORDERS FOR HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS;
First devised by John Harington, in the Year 1566, and renewed by John Harington, Son of the said John, in the Year 1592: the said John, the Son, being then High Sheriff of the County of Somerset.

Imprimis, That no servant be absent from prayer, at morning or evening, without a lawful excuse, to be alleged within one day after, upon pain to forfeit for every time 2d.

II. Item, That none swear any oath, upon pain for every oath 1d.

III. Item, That no man leave any door open that he findeth shut, without there be cause, upon pain for every time 1d.

IV. Item, That none of the men be in bed, from our Lady-day to Michaelmas after 6 of the clock in the morning; nor out of his bed after 10 of the clock at night; nor, from Michaelmas till our Lady-day, in bed after 7 in the morning; nor out after 9 at night, without reasonable cause, on pain of 2d.

V. That no man's bed be unmade, nor fire or candle-box unclean, after 8 of the clock in the morning, on pain of 1d.

VI. Item, That no man make water within either of the courts, upon pain of, every time it shall be proved, 1d.

VII. Item, That no man teach any of the children any unhonest speech, or bawdy word, or oath, on pain of 4d.

VIII. Item, That no man wait at the table, without a trencher in his hand, except it be upon some good cause, on pain of 1d.

IX. Item, That no man appointed to wait at my table, be absent that meal, without reasonable cause, on pain of 1d.

X. Item, If any man break a glass, he shall answer the price thereof out of his wages; and, if it be not known who break it, the butler shall pay for it, on pain of 12d.

XI. Item, The table must be covered, half an hour before 11 at dinner, and 6 at supper, or before, on pain of 2d.

XII. Item, That meat be ready at 11 or before at dinner, and 6 or before at supper, on pain of 6d.

XIII. Item, That none be absent, without leave or good cause, the whole day, or any part of it, on pain of 4d.

XIV. Item, That no man strike his fellow, on pain of loss of service; nor revile or threaten, or provoke another to strike, on pain of 12d.

XV. Item, That no man come to the kitchen without reasonable cause, on pain of 1d. and the cook likewise to forfeit 1d.

XVI. Item, That none toy with the maids, on pain of 4d.

XVII. Item, That no man wear a foul shirt on Sunday, nor broken hose or shoes, or doublet without buttons, on pain of 1d.

XVIII. Item, That when any stranger goeth hence, the chamber be dressed up again within 4 hours after, on pain of 1d.

XIX. Item, That the hall be made clean every day, by eight in the winter, and seven in the summer, on pain of him that should do it to forfeit 1d.
XX. That the court-gate be shut each meal, and not opened during dinner and supper, without just cause, on pain the porter to forfeit for every time 1d.

XXI. Item, That all stairs in the house, and other rooms that need shall require, be made clean on Friday after dinner, on pain of forfeiture of every one whom it shall belong unto, 3d.

All of which sums shall be duly paid each quarter-day out of their wages, and bestowed on the poor, or other godly use.
BRIEF NOTES AND REMEMBRANCES.

From Sir John Harington's papers.

April 4th, 1594.

It was bruited<sup>29</sup> at court that David Areskine, a Scottish man, had basely reviled the Queen's Majesty, by saying "she was cozened by the devil, and sold her faith for hypocrisy, in the matter of the Queen of Scotland's death"—It doth not behove us ordinary men to touch on extraordinary affairs. "God directeth princely councils," saith Sir William W—;<sup>30</sup> and yet, God wot, Sir William is a shallow wight.— Heaven defend mortal man from hypocrisy!

I came home to Kelstone, and found my Mall, my children, and my cattle, all well fed, well taught, and well beloved. "tis not so at court; ill breeding with ill feeding, and no love but that of the lusty god of gallantry, Asmodeus. I am to send good store of news from the country, for her Highness' entertainment. I shall not leave behind my neighbour Cotton's horn, for a plentiful horn it is—Her Highness loveth merry tales—My house at Bath I have promised to young Shelton, who may do me kindness with his Lord; and as for his Lady, I will do my kindness as I shall liken myself.—Must not talk more about Spanish grandeur, and well-shapen mustachios.

Sunday, June 14. The Queen's Majesty tasted my wife's comfits, and did much praise her cunning in the making.—Send no more: for other ladies' jealousy worketh against my Mall's comfits, and this will not comfort her.— I will write a damnable story, and put it in goodly verse, about Lord A—;<sup>31</sup> he hath done me some ill turns.—God keep us from lying and slander work.

The Queen stood up, and bade me reach forth my arm to rest her thereon. Oh, what sweet burden to my next song!—Petrarch shall eke out good matter for this business.

The sweet lady's suit to her Majesty I will forward.—would God I never had so many suits of mine own to forward with ladies as I have heretofore.—*Militavi non sine gloria.*<sup>32</sup> The Queen loveth to see me in my last frieze jerkin, and saith "tis well enough cut. I will have another made like to it. I do remember she spit on Sir Matthew's<sup>33</sup> fringed cloth, and said, the fool's wit was gone to rags.—Heaven spare me from such jibing.

I talked much to the Treasurer on sundry matters lately, which hath been reported.

Who liveth in courts, must mark what they say,
Who liveth for ease, had better live away.

In August I was much troubled at sundry grievances from divers men in high states; but envy doth haunt many, and breed jealousy. I will bid adieu to good company, and leave suing and seeking at court; for if I have no more friends nor better at Heaven's court than at this, I shall begin to think somewhat of brief damnation.
I have spent my time, my fortune, and almost my honesty, to buy false hope, false friends, and shallow praise;—and be it rememberd, that he who casteth up this reckoning of a courtly minion, will set his sum like a fool at the end, for not being a knave at the beginning. Oh, that I could boast with chanter David, \textit{In te speravi, Domine}.\textsuperscript{34}

I must turn my poor wits towards my suit for my lands in the north. Sir Ralph H—\textsuperscript{35} biddeth me move the Queen's Majesty in my behalf, and that stoutly; she loveth plain dealings, and I will not lie unto her. The Earl doth tell me one way, but I shall not abide thereby; I have seen those fail by such devices.—I must go in, an early hour, before her Highness hath special matters brought up to council on.—I must go before the breakfasting covers are placed, and stand uncovered as her Highness cometh forth her chamber;—then kneel and say, "God save your Majesty, I crave your ear at what hour may suit for your servant to meet your blessed countenance" Thus will I gain her favour to follow to the auditory.

Trust not a friend to do or say
In that yourself can sue or pray.

Yesterday I was near drunken, and today am near sick, and perchance tomorrow may be both sick and sorry; my cousin did chide me, and said, "I bade my man light his taper at the moon." It may be so, Horace saith

\textit{Caenum ipsum petimus stultitia}.\textsuperscript{36}

I see some men who love gaming, some men who love wenching, some men who love wine, and some who love trenchering:<\textsuperscript{37}>—These oft find an empty purse, running reins,<\textsuperscript{38}> an aching head, and grumbling guts. Now, what findeth he who loveth the "pride of life," the court's vanity, ambition's puffball? In sooth, no more than empty words, grinning scale, watching nights, and fawning days.—

\textit{Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum}.\textsuperscript{39}

One Sunday (April last) my Lord of London\textsuperscript{40} preached to the Queen's Majesty, and seemed to touch on the vanity of decking the body too finely.—Her Majesty told the ladies, that "If the bishop held more discourse on such matters, she would fit him for heaven, but he should walk thither without a staff, and leave his mantle behind him:" perchance the bishop hath never sought her Highness' wardrobe, or he would have chosen another text.

I hear I am marked out for the next year's Sheriff for the County of Somerset.<\textsuperscript{41}> I will not gibe at the judge, as my neighbour did, when he was appointed to that charge, and with more wit than good heed, told the judge, who complained of stony roads, and feared much the dangers of our western travelling; "In good sooth, Sir, it be but fair play, that you, who so oft make others fear for their necks, should in some sort begin to think of saving your own." Herewith Judge Minos was not well pleased, but said, "Good master Sheriff, leave alone my neck, and look to your own heels, for you may one day be laid by them." Nor did his anger here rest, for on very slight offence in court, he fined my witty neighbour five pounds: \textit{Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum}.\textsuperscript{39}.— So shall I (when in such company) make no account of the county ways, but look well to my own.
I must not forget to call on the Treasurer: he that doth not love the man, will have little favour with the mistress, and I am in good liking with both, praised be God.—My Lord of Essex is also my friend, and that not in bad sort. He bids me lay good hold on her Majesty's bounty, and ask freely. I will attend tomorrow, and leave this little poesy behind her cushion at my departing from her presence.

TO THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY.<42>

Forever dear, for ever dreaded Prince,
You read a verse of mine a little since,
And so pronounce each word, and every letter,
Your gracious reading graces my verse the better:
Sith<43> then your Highness doth, by gift exceeding,
Make what you read the better for your reading;
Let my poor muse your pains thus far importune,
Like as you read my verse, so—read my Fortune.

From your Highness' saucy godson.

Note here, how much will a man even benefit his enemy, provided he doth put him out of his own way? My Lord of Essex did lately want Sir George Carew<44> to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, rather than his own uncle, Sir William Knollys,<45> because he had given him some cause of offence, and by thus thrusting him into high office, he would remove him from court.

October [1598]. I this day went to the new Lord High Treasurer, Lord Buckhirst; I was not ill received, nor, in sooth, so well as I had been used to in the day of Lord Burleigh. When shall our realm see such a man, or when such a mistress have such a servant; well might one weep when the other died.<46> This choice doth well assure us that in the wit of the servant dwelleth the master's fortune, and that all states have thriven better or worse, as the government was given to such as were honest as well as able. If a king hath not discernment to choose a few wise heads, how shall he subdue the many foolish hearts; or how shall the leaves and blossom flourish when the sap is corrupted at the root of the plant? I could herewith cite many good authorities both Greek and Latin, to prove this mine opinion, but I do remember what Burleigh did once say, in my hearing, to Walsingham, who had been waiting to confer with him about many great matters, whereof I had borne some part, in bearing a message from the Queen to Hatton. When my Lord Treasurer did come in from prayers, Sir Francis Walsingham did in merry sort say, that "he wished himself so good a servant of God as Lord Burleigh, but that he had not been at church for a week past." Now my Lord Burleigh did gravely reply thus;—"I hold it meet for us to ask God's grace to keep us sound of heart, who have so much in our power, and to direct us to the well-doing of all the people, whom it is easy for us to injure and ruin; and herein, my good friends, the special blessing seemeth meet to be discreetly asked and wisely worn." I did not a little marvel at this good discourse, to see how a good man considereth his weighty charge, and striveth to keep out Satan from corrupting the heart in discharge of his duties. How few have such hearts or such heads; and therefore shall I note this for those that read hereafter.

It is worthy noting, when we find how little sure happiness is allotted even to the mighty on earth. Philip [II.] of Spain reigned forty-two years in troubles and disquietudes.<47> lost his provinces, whilst he was striving to enlarge his
possessions, and then in old age was eaten by lice when living; "God grant me no further ambition than to be eaten by worms when I am dead!" and this I said to the Queen.

The Queen seemed troubled today; Hatton came out from her presence with ill countenance, and pulled me aside by the girdle, and said, in secret way, "If you have any suit to day, I pray you put it aside, the sun doth not shine." "tis this accursed Spanish business; so will not I adventure her Highness' choler, lest she should collar me also.

News from the ambassadors to France:—Wilkes<48> died at Paris. God speed Cecil and Herbert, or we shall ill speed at home. It is a base matter in Henry of France, to make peace without his allies and friends: I coud wish her Highness could once round him in the ear about this matter; she seemeth in apt sort for such business, for she called him, in my hearing, "the Antichrist of ingratitude."

[1599.] The Irishry are much given to whoredom, as I saw at Munster, where the soldiers, without clothes on their backs or food in their bellies, were lying under hedges with marvelous ill favoured wenches, whom they would rather perish for, than fight for; and hereby were much injury to their cause, for nothing but stripes could bring them to their duty. They likewise are abusive in their discourse; and yet they do appear (in the upper sort) very kind and hospitable to all newcomers, as I did well experience in this country, even so much as (if my own lands were here) I would hazard my dwelling with them for life. I was often well entertained, and in some sort got ill will for speaking in praise of their civil usage among our own commanders, whom I often told that tho' I was sent out to fight with some, there did appear no reason for my not eating with others. I was well used, and therefore am in duty bound to speak well of the Irishry.

The Queen did once ask my wife in merry sort, "how she kept my good will and love, which I did always mantain to be truly good towards her and my children?" My Mall, in wise and discreet manner, told her Highness, "she had confidence in her husband's understanding and courage, well founded on her own steadfastness not to offend or thwart, but to cherish and obey; hereby did she persuade her husband of her own affection, and in so doing did command his." "Go to, go to, mistress," saith the Queen, "you are wisely bent I find; after such sort do I keep the good will of all my husbands, my good people; for if they did not rest assured of some special love toward them, they would not readily yield me such good obedience."—This deserveth noting, as being both wise and pleasant.

What perils have I escaped! I was entrusted by Essex, whom I did adventure to visit, with a message to the Queen's Majesty, setting forth his contrition and sore grievance for his many offences. I was right glad to hear such contrition, and laboured to effect this matter; but ere I could bear these tidings, (which I was well advised to do,) the Earl's petition reached her hand, and I fear her displeasure too, but herein I bore no part I was much encouraged to go through this friendly part on many sides, but I said,—"Charity did begin at home, and should always sail with a fair wind, or it was not likely to be a prosperous voyage." I had nearly been wrecked on the Essex coast in my last venture, as I told the Queen, had it not been for the sweet calm of her
special forgiveness. I have heard much on both hands, but the wiser he who reporteth nothing hereof. Did either know what I know either have said, it would not work much to contentment or good liking.

It resteth with me in opinion, that ambition thwarted in its career, doth speedily lead on to madness; herein I am strengthened by what I learn in my lord of Essex, who shifteth from sorrow and repentance to rage and rebellion so suddenly, as well proveth him devoid of good reason or right mind. In my last discourse, he uttered strange words bordering on such strange designs, that made me hasten forth and leave his presence. Thank heaven! I am safe at home, and if I go in such troubles again, I deserve the gallows for a meddling fool. His speeches of the Queen becometh no man who hath mens sana in corpore sano. He hath ill advisers, and much evil hath sprung from this source. The Queen well knoweth how to humble the haughty spirit; the haughty spirit knoweth not how to yield, and the man's soul seemeth tossed to and fro, like the waves of a troubled sea.

[Kelston.] 1603. Here now will I rest my troubled mind, and tend my sheep like an Arcadian swain, that hath lost his fair mistress; for in sooth, I have lost the best and fairest love that ever shepherd knew, even my gracious Queen; and sith my good mistress is gone, I shall not hastily put forth for a new master. I hear our new King hath hanged one man before he was tried; "tis strangely done: now if the wind bloweth thus, why may not a man be tried before he hath offended—I will keep company with none but my oves and boves, and go to Bath and drink sack, and wash away remembrances of past times in the streams of Lethe.

I hear much (by private means) of strange plots by Cobham, Grey, Raleigh, and others. I have no concerns of this sort, save that my man Ralph hath stolen two cheeses from my dairy-house;—I wish he were choked herewith! and yet the fellow hath five children; I will not sue him if he repenteth and amendeth.

Many letters from the court at Wilton, persuade me to come thereto, and some special notices from persons in high state.

My poor cousin, Sir Griffin Markham, prayeth my service in his behalf with the King, concerning his imprisonment.

I must write my news to my poor wife. The bishops came to the King about the petition of the puritans; I was by, and heard much discourse. The King talked much Latin, and disputed with Dr. Reynolds, at Hampton, but he rather used upbraidings than argument; and told the petitioners that they wanted to strip Christ again, and bid them away with their snivelling: moreover, he wished those who would take away the surplice, might want linen for their own breech. The bishops seemed much pleased, and said his Majesty spoke by the power of inspiration. I wist not what they mean; but the spirit was rather foul mouthed. I cannot be present at the next meeting, though the bishop of London said I might be in the antechamber: it seemeth the King will not change the religious observances.—There was much discourse about the ring in marriage, and the cross in baptism; but if I guess aright, the petitioners against one cross will find another.
I this day heard the King deliver his speech to the Commons and Lords, and noted one part thereof, wherein his Majesty called the devil a busy bishop, sparing neither labour nor pains. My Lord of London told me, "he thought his Majesty might have chosen another name."
JOHN HARINGTON TO THE LORD TREASURER BURLEIGH

Giving a humorous description of himself, and enclosing the Monks' Hymn to Saint Satan.

My Worthy Lord,

It affordeth me no small joy to hear by Mr. Bellot, whom good fortune did throw in my way at Bath, that your gouty disorder was growing to better humour. It is a plague, like the greedy parasite, the better fed the longer guest: but your lordship doth not invite the stay of such friends by rich wines, or strong spices; yet, like many others, it will come to your door, which shutteth against none.

Your message to me for my budget of wit, is ill-timed. I am very busy, yet very idle; very well, yet very ill; very merry, yet very sad. Busy with my workmen, yet idle myself; I write nought but long bills: well in my body, but sick in my purse: merry to think my house well nigh done, and sad to say "tis not well nigh paid for. In an old book of my father's I read a merry verse, which, for lack of my own, I send by Mr. Bellot, to divert your lordship; when (as you say) weighty pain and weightier matters will yield to quips and merriment. This verse is called the Black Sanctus, or monks' hymn to Saint Satan, made when King Henry had spoiled their singing. My father was wont to say, that King Henry was used, in pleasant mood, to sing this verse; and my father (who had his good countenance, and a goodly office in his court, and also his goodly Esther to wife) did sometime receive the honour of hearing his own song; for he made the tune which my man Combe hath sent herewith; having been much skilled in music, which was pleasing to the King, and which he learnt in the fellowship of good Master Tallis, when a young man. Bishop Gardiner would not have liked him the better, had he known he was guilty of such jibes; which, perhaps, he had heard of too.

Our work at the Bath doth go on haud passibus æquis:—we sometime gallop with good presents, and then as soon stand still, for lack of good spurring; but it seemeth more like a church than it has aforetime, when a man could not pray without danger of having good St. Stephen's death, by the stones tumbling about our ears, and it were vain to pray for such enemies. But now, to pray for our friends may not be ill taken on earth, or in heaven. So may God give your lordship all comfort, ease, and health of body, till he shall (O dies procul esto!) receive your soul. If I ever pray'd better for myself; I become a greater sinner by so much of a lie; for I never did, nor ever will. In all duty, I rest

Your humble well-wisher,

JOHN HARINGTON.

Kelston, 1595.
A TREATISE ON PLAY.
By Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Harington. (c. 1597)

It may seem strange, among so many grave and weighty matters, to present so idle and trifling a discourse as the title hereof seemeth to promise; and the writer may be thought to have been very gamesome in his humour, or very barren of other matter for so doing, if both our chronicles did not show us a precedent of a stout and politic King (I cannot say just and virtuous) that propounded as a serious matter, at a council-board, to have a fit and well chosen playfellow for his nephew; and if every man's own experience did not tell him that recreation after study, ease after pain, rest after labour, is very necessary.

Now though I know that holy and wise preachers may say, and say truely, that as a man may be merry without laughing, quell hunger and thirst without surfeiting, so he may refresh his spirits without dice or card-playing; yet I will not be so severe and stoical to pronounce that such play is unhonest, ungodly, unlawful, and by wise princes ought to be banished, not only out of their houses, but out of their dominions, as an infecter of manners, a spoiler of youth, a waster of wealth, yea, and of that which is not to be redeemed by wealth, our most precious time: for, if I should hold a paradox, I should have all our young lords, our fair ladies, our gallant gentlemen, and the flower of all England against me; yea, to say truly, I should have mine own fancy and custom, nay even my own opinion and judgment against me: because I do think it at the worst, tolerable; for the most part, indifferent; and in some sort, commendable: and therefore, at the first entrance hereto, I may shake hands and make truce with my good friend Mr. Groomporter, and assure him that this discourse of mine tends no way to his hindrance; but rather to establish an honour and order in that, which in wise men's opinions is now both dishonourably and disorderly abused, specially in that house whence the pattern and light of all honour and order should come.

I. First therefore, I will show you what the true use of play is.

II. Secondly, I will lay down briefly what vices it participateth.

III. Thirdly, I will declate my counsel for a remedy of such disease, for avoiding all or the most of the inconveniences that happen by the untemperate and immoderate use of the same.

PLAY, according to the ancient school-men, (who were the narrowest examiners and subtlest distinguishers of words,) is desined to be, LUDUS, id est, locutus vel operatio in quo nihil quæritur nisi delectatio animalis. [That is,] "A spending of the time either in speech or action, whose only end is a delight of the mind or spirit." And therefore they call it also a remedy against the overburdening and dulling of the spirits. It may be derived into three kinds.

First, of devotion, of which kind of recreation, although it be absolutely the best, I shall have cause to speak but little.

The second, of unseemly pleasures, provoking to wantonness; of which, because it is the worst, I must needs say somewhat.

The third, of all kind of games devised for pastime, which they comprehend, under the name of alearis and quasi alearis; in which either mere hazard prevails, as at dice; or chance with some use of wit, as in cards and tables; or chance with some sleight, strength, and agility of the body, as shooting, bowling, tennis, the most of which being adiaphora, things indifferent, and both to good and
bad uses in all the ages of a man, are consequently the principal ground and project of this my discourse.

Of the first and most excellent play or recreation (that I may not speak without authority) we find an example in the holy histories of David, 2 Kings, vi. cap. who said, *Ludam, et fiam vilior.* Holy virtuous pastimes be advised in the New Testament, "Singing psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs," as St. James counselleth those that are merry; walking abroad and meditating, as Isaac did, like a dove; recording some of the eloquent and excellent soliloquies of St. Augustine; or, if they be unlearned, singing one of David's divine psalms well translated into metre; of which myself have heard some profess to have had more pleasure, and their minds more lifted up to devotion, then with all the solemn church music of organs and voices: whether it were the matter, or the metre, or the maker, or the music, or all together that so ravished them; of which excellent work, I mean those psalms in metre, seing it is alredy prophesied those precious leaves (those hymns that she doth consecrate to Heaven) shall outlast Wilton walls<61>, methinks it is pity they are unpublished, but lie still enclosed within those walls like prisoners, though many have made great suit for their liberty. But of this kind of play I need say no more, not doubting but many noble-minded courtiers frequent often such virtuous exercises, and, if they would more often by my persuasion, I would be not a little glad of it.

Of the second sort of play, provoking only and chiefly to wantonness, (though some more, some less,) such have generally been esteemed interludes, tumblers, jesting fools, and scoffers, masking and dancing, and such like, in some of which there may sure be such temper, as to make them void of sin; yet commonly there is such temptation as is not without some shame; therefore, how so ever the beholders, if they give not as it were the bridle too much to loose and wanton desires, may be excused, yet the actors for the most part are esteemed illiberal, base, and ridiculous. One said merely that "interludes were the devil's sermons, and jesters the devil's confessors; these for the most part disgracing of virtue, and those not a little gracing of vices." But, for my part, I commend not such sour censurers, but I think in stage-plays may be much good, in well-penned comedies, and specially tragedies; and I remember, in Cambridge, howsoever the preciser sort have banished them, the wiser sort did, and still do maintain them.

True it is that St. Augustine doth reprove, and that very justly, the plays of the ancient Romans, such as those that were called *Bacchanalia;* and not only these drunken and wanton plays, but even their *Circenses* and *Seculares,* because these were for the most part full of blasphemous superstition, and even dedicated (as he most amply proveth) to the honour of their false gods, indeed, foul spirits and mere devils; but what prejudice need that to be to our interludes, which are no way intended to the dishonour of our own true Lord, nor honour of his enemy. Concerning this matter one wrote a pretty elegy, of wich I remember these four first verses:

*Non ego qui ludos spectant reor esse nocentes,*
*Non his omne tamen crimen abesse puto;*
*Grandior his ætas morum sine vulnere magno,*
*Forsan adesse potest, sed nisi forte potest.*

To see a play I call no heinous crime,
Yet say not I, all fault is absent thence;
Men, staid in years, may see the same sometime
Perhaps, (and but perhaps) without offence.
But now whence comes this offence, but from the ill penning of the plays by the writers, or by the wanton humour of this time, whom no mirth can please if it be not sauced with some bawdery? and the poet's care, as saith Terence, is, *Populo ut placenter quas fecissent fabulas.*

Nero, one of the worst emperors, was too much delighted in music, and all kind of poetry. Will any man conclude thereby, that music and poetry is abominable, because that abominable tyrant loved them? Nerva, one of the best of the good emperors, was much pleased with a buffoon or jesting fool that he had, yet it followed not that all that can play the fool are worthy to be favored by emperors; for even that jester was prettily jested at one day by the emperor. For, when the fool, having made him merry, begged somewhat of him and could not obtain it, he asked the Emperor "why he would not give him greater rewards, seeing he took such pleasure in his counterfeiting?" "Oh," said he, "if I paid for it, the pleasure were lessened:" meaning, belike, that half the sport was to see him play the fool for nothing; and sure it seems they are not well sorted in their state and quality, if they be not, as Horace calls me,

*Scurrus vagus, non qui certum præsepe teneret; Qælibet in quemvis approbria fingere sævus.*

Like wandering rogues that have no certain manger,
Press'd to rail and scoff at every stranger.

But that such kind of fellows as these be still hawking and hanging about princes' courts and noblemen's houses, is a custom so ancient, that it is lawful by prescription.

As for the rest of the sports of this second kind, being not the chief intent of my present treatise, I pass them over with this general caveat, either for practising or beholding of them, *ne quid nimis.* For, as to be pleasant conceited, to be active and musical, are courtly and liberal qualities; so, for noble personages to become jesters, tumblers, and pipers, is hateful, fond, and dishonourable.

III. The third sort of plays, which I called *aleares et quasi aleares,* comprehending in a manner all kind of games played at for wagers; being one of the most dangerous rocks, at which the youth of this island suffer voluntary shipwreck, both of fame and fortune, is the special kind of which I would now speak. For I have sometime, considering hereof, wondered at that strange disease of some men in this kind, who playing at cards or dice with, as ill fortune (commonly) be, and with such impatience, that in reason it must exclude all pleasure; that have not had the power to refrain from it, but have still pursued it either to the utter decay of their estates, or else driven with a kind of unnecessary necessity to descend to so base shifts, as when their wiser judgment hath after (by assistance of God's good grace), expelled that foolish fancy, they themselves have damned and detested, as most ignominious and reproachful. And therefore, seing so plainly this infection begin to grow so general, and myself having so hardly (and perhaps, scantfully) escaped it; though it were an honest and acceptable endeavour to find some remedy if I could, for the same.

First, therefore, I did search as physicians do, the true nature of the disease, and out of what humours it is specially fed; and I find (partly by unpartial examining mine own imperfections and follies, and partly by observing other men's customs) this excessive play to grow from one of these evil affections of the mind which the ancients (not unproperly) were wont to term "deadly sins," viz. pride, covetousness, and sloth: of which, sloth causeth the frequentation of it; pride, the greatness; and avarice, the greediness. And accordingly I direct my advice hereto as good physicians
do medicines, not quite to take away the humours, but only to restrain the dangerous overflowing thereof. Not but that I am fully persuaded, that if I should make such an anatomy, as might easily be done; of the foulness of these offences that arise out of great play; yea; if one of these gamesters might, with the eye of virtuous judgment, see but one saucer full of the corrupt blood that this pestilent disease hath bred in them, they would suffer themselves not only to be purged, but to be lanced, rather than any drop of such blood, or of so dangerous a humour, should be remaining in them; and, as for those that were yet never infected, they would follow the Italians' medicine for the plague:—

_Presto procul, tarde cede, recede redi._

Go away with the first, remove away farthest, return with the last.

But this season serves not for such kind of physic, I will neither purge, lance, nor let blood; my patients shall fare delicately, so they will feed moderately; finally, they shall never need either swear or sweat (though their disease make them often do both) if they will follow but the prescript that I will give them; and for their more assurance, I have taken it myself, and some of my good friends, and therefore I can say as my Ariosto saith:—

_Believe what here is shown for thy behoof,
Probatum est, I know, 'tis true by proof._

But, that I may yet a while continue this my physical metaphor, mark what I shall tell (I speak to all great players) of the origin of your maladies; and, if you find that I discover aright your diseases without feeling your pulses, think I can as well prescribe a medicine without casting your waters.

i. First, therefore, I say, the chief nurse of play is Idleness or Sloth. Not but that play is a kind of remedy also against sloth, but yet, when we are grown by too much eating and surfeiting, to a general indisposition to all business, then commonly we embrace play to avoid sleep. I will leave to the divines to tell you how dangerous a thing this fullness of flesh is counted, and what became of them that did "eat and drink, and rose up again to play." Let us but morally and civilly (as I may say) lay before us an example of some one, of which there is too great choice, that spends his whole life in play. As thus, for example; in the morning, perhaps, at chess, and after his belly is full, then at cards; and, when his spirits wax dull at that, then for some exercise of his arms at dice; and, being weary thereof, for a little motion of his body, to tennis; and having warmed him at that, then, to cool himself a little, play at tables; and, being disquieted in his patience for overseeing cinque and quater, or missing two or three foul blots, then to an interlude; and so (as one well compared it) like to a mill-horse, treading always in the same steps, be ever as far from a worthy and a wise man as the circle is from the centre. Would not one swear this were a marvellous idle fellow?

Sure idleness is a thing not only condemned of all men, and by some law-makers severely punished, but even hateful to nature itself, and therefore commonly it is the first suggester of all the foul and enormous sins that are committed.

_Quæritur Ægisthus quare sit factus adulter?
Impromptu ratio est, desidiosus erat._

What made Ægisthus first a lecher grow?
Sloth was the cause, as all the world doth know.

It is the broom that sweepeth clean all good thoughts out of the house of the mind, making it fit to receive the vii devils, that the man's end may be worse than the beginning. For, as contemplation raiseth the soul to the true love of God and
Sir John Harington

inflameth it with a desire of virtuous actions, so doth idleness depress the spirits, engenders a desire of unworthy things, and cooleth or rather quencheth all the sparks of virtue and honour. Wherefore, not to stand too long upon this point, which would (you may see) afford infinite matter; whosoever will not be noted with the foul infamy of idleness, let him not be a continual gamester; for, if he play very much, Demosthenes were not able to clear him if he were sued upon an action of idleness. I say very much: not but that I count a little play, as I said in the beginning, both tolerable and also commendable for worthy persons of either sex (specially attending in court) to recreate themselves at play; and methinks I have observed good use thereof. For it is (be it spoken under correction) an unfitting sight to see a presence-chamber empty more than half the day, and men cannot be always discoursing, nor women always pricking in clouts; and therefore, as I say, it is not amiss to play at some sociable game (at which more than ii may play) whereby the attendance may seem the less tedious to the players, and the rest that look on may in a sort entertain themselves with beholding it, as daily experience showeth us. Wherefore, I have been ever against the opinion of some elder servitors (that seem now to be better antiquaries than courtiers) who will maintain that till ii of the clock no gentleman should stand above the cupboard; that to lean in the presence-chamber is unseemly; to sit is unsufferable; that play came not in by licence, but crept in by licentiousness. These good gentlemen think that one of us may boast of the well spending of that day wherein they have told us how merry a world it was when the King went to Boulogne; whereas, thanks be to GOD and that noble King's most noble daughter, we think it as merry still; and to such reprovers I answer, new lords, new laws: her Majesty's commandment is sufficient law in her court, and if it please her Highness, she may have it so still, but sublata causa tollitur effectus; "effects remove with their causes." Good manners will teach every man when it is unseemly to lean or sit, and yet the noble nature of Princes is seen in these indulgences of ease (as I may so call them) to their servants and subjects. It hath been a favour (though now not common) to give a pardon of the cap, viz, to stand covered. It is a great honour of the Queen's court, that no prince's servants fare so well and so orderly, nor have more wholesome provision in all Europe: to be short, the stately palaces, goodly and many chambers, fair galleries, large gardens, sweet walks, that princes with magnificent cost do make, (the xxth part of which they use not themselves,) all show that they desire, and would have all men think they desire, the ease, content, and pleasure of their followers, as well as themselves. Which matter, though it be more proper to another discourse, yet I could not but touch it in this, against their error rather than austerity, that say play becomes not the presence, and that it would not as well become the state of the chamber to have easy quilted and lined forms and stools for the lords and ladies to sit on, (which fashion is now taken up in every merchant's hall,) as great plank forms that two yeomen can scant remove out of their places, and wainscot stools so hard, that, since great breeches were laid aside, men can scant endure to sit on. But, to end this first part of this tripartite discourse, you see how willing I am both to allow play, and all ease in your play, so the chief end of play, be that which should indeed be the true use of play;—to recreate the spirits for a short time, to enable them better to serious and weighty matters.

ii. The second cause of excess in play I noted to be pride; an ill cause of a worse effect, which because it loves to be glorious will seldom be seen alone, but attended on with wrath, riot, and blasphemy; and, (save that custom hath made it so familiar to us that we neither observe it in ourselves nor in others,) we should perceive that this proud humour that is fed by play, makes us oft swear more in one hour, than
otherwise a man could have occasion to do in a whole year. Now, that you may
plainly see it is pride chiefly that moves men to great play, (specially in court and in
public assemblies wheresoever,) mark, I say, the greatest and the most professed great
players, if they will not in private men's houses, or in their own, (if they have any,) 
play as small game as need be, whereas to play the same, nay, five times the same 
stoake in other places, they would count themselves disparaged for ever.

It is ever noted that the foulest vice that is, seeks to put on a mask and show of
some virtue; so this pride in gaming would fain be taken for a kind of magnanimity
and bountiful disposition; and therefore, as I said, the more public the place is, the
more honourable the presence, the deeper the play growtheth; and then, as though two
shilling and six pence had not as many syllables in it as one hundred pounds, you
shall hear them still talking of hundreds and thousands. And wherefore is all this,
forsooth?—because the beholders may extol their brave minds, and say one to
another, "Did you ever see gentlemen that cared so little for their money, so brave, so
bountiful, etc." and perhaps even herein they are deceived, and that instead herof,
some of the standers by tell how they heard, but 3 days past, a mercer importuning
some one of them for 10l. matter, and could get no other answer but—"God damn me,
if I pay you not the next money I receive:" and another had a poor widow following of
him, suing to buy a copyhold in which she had a widow's estate, and offered in a year
to pay fifty pound; and he protested "he had such present need of money he could not
stay so long," and sold it to another for 30l. in hand: and a third, perhaps, was hard
chaffing with the bailiff of his husbandry for giving viidi. a day this dear year<76> to
day劳动ers, saying, "he might. have had them for viid." Lo the bounty of these
magnifical<77> players! to omit how basely some of these big men will borrow, how
beggarly they will shift, when they will seem most bountifully to spend. Such scornful
grand miserable straits they are driven unto, that scorn to use a measurable proportion
in their play, according to their state and callings.

Neither would I conclude hereof, that great princes or nobles should play for
so little as were not worth the reckoning of, for know the saying; sine quæstu friget
lusus; "small stake makes cold play." And therefore, though it be hard to prescribe a
mean and rule of a thing so subject to extremities in so divers callings and abilities of
the players, yet I would deliver this as my opinion, and advise herein in general:—that
the wager in play should be as it were sauce, and not the substance of it; so as a man
should take at least equal contentment for winning the game as the money; and be less
grieved for losing the money than the game; that a man should venture no more to
play than he could be easily persuaded to give out of his superfluity to some well
deserving person that were in want; that if the quality of the persons be so different
(as oft it happens), that 10 shillings loss to one were more than 10l. loss to another;
then the greater persons should rather stoop somewhat below their custom, than the
meaneer man should step somewhat above his calling: For sure I am, if one of the
extremes must be fallen into, the little play has the less danger of fame, of fortune, of
fault, than the greater. Besides, if the greater persons in matter of game should not sort
themselves to the meaneer, how should princes in their dominions find playfellows?
For, if her Majesty, would play at primo<78> in that proportion of her estate as have
seen some of her mean subjects in their poor callings, she should play a dukedom at a
rest, and a barony stake, and then know none able to hold play with her: but if her
Highness can vouchsafe to play sometime with her servants according to their meaneer
abilities, I know not why we her servants, should scorn to play with our equals or
inferiors for competent wagers, as the loss may not be burdensome to them. And yet,
not to neglect the honourable show of the place, I would wish, that greater persons
should, according to their callings, play on a velvet carpet, handle nothing but gold; talk of nothing but pounds, and yet to venture no more than they may with their honours truly pay, and with their ease willingly spare.

As for the standers by, (who need not know whether every rial<81> passes current for 10s. or for 10d.) their eyes are as well entertained and their thoughts as well pleased, as if so much gold were truly won and lost, of which myself have seen double experience. For example; where lords and great men have been disposed to play deep play, and not having money about them, have cut cards instead of counters, with assurance (on their honours,) to pay for every piece of card so lost, a portague<79>; (a thing as some say common in Spain, and sometime done in this court,) I have observed that the beholders have taken small pleasure in beholding this play, though hundreds were really and indeed lost thereat. And even now this other day, when crastino animarum<80> was solemnly appointed for the payment of many matches won and lost at bowls, the country people, that saw no money walking, held themselves deluded, and thought they played but xiii. up xii. though I doubt some of their friends feel a greater rate for it ere long. And of the other side I have observed, when some of the better sort have by my persuasion (for putting in practice this counterfeit gaming) played good store of gold and silver, rating it for the present at the 10th or 12th penny, so as above a noble or a rial<81> was not in common account to be lost at a sitting; yet the vulgar beholders did hold it for the nobletest and royolest play they had seen; only marvelling to see such sober gentlemen play so much in an hour as they were not used to spend in a week. Now, if the irreverent doctor Faustus, or some such grave patron of great play; should protest this to be an intolerable cozenage and dishonourable abuse of the beholders, and with some Chester-like eloquence, deride the weakness of the conceit:—I answer him, that I no way compare with his rare and well studied inventions of stops, of cuts, of points, of marks, of slips, of lays, of sets, of odds in betting, of slurs, of high-men and low-men, of familiars, and suchlike; which I am half ashamed to name, because it shows I am not so ignorant of them as I ought to be: all which cunning, if great play were suppressed in our common ordinaries, would be as merely left and forgotten (though it be now studied and practised as an excellent mystery and science) as Demetrius' occupation of making silver shrines for Diana was hindered by the apostle's preaching of Christ.<82> But I say in defence of this honest or at least harmless dissimulation, in making the play seem greater than it is, that there is almost no part of our life in which we do not generally affect and effect more dangerous practices of dissimulation in matters of earnest and weight than this that I bring in, in matter only of sport and game. We go brave<83> in apparel that we may be taken for better men than we be; we use much bombastings and quiltings to seem better formed, better shouldered, smaller waisted, and fuller thighed, than we are; we barb and shave oft, to seem younger than we are; we use perfumes both inward and outward, to seem sweeter than we be; cork shoes to seem taller than we be; we use courteous salutations to seem kinder than we be; lowly obeisances to seem humbler than we be; and sometime grave and godly communication, to seem wiser or devoutier than we be. And infinite such things we may observe in ourselves, which are some of them commendable in this respect, that, by good and true endeavour to seem to be, we may obtain at last the habit and grace to become to be such indeed, according to the excellent counsel, Labour to be as you would be thought. Wherefore, if we allow in so many things seeming without being, why should we not be content, in this one thing, to be less bountiful, or, (to term it rightly) less prodigal, less wasteful, less mad, than we seem to be.
But, because examples are more effectual often than persuasions, and to praise
the dead is no flattery, I will allege one example, well known to many of us, and
therefore not unfit for this purpose. Who was more magnificent in matters of true
honour, more sumptuous in building, rich in furnishing, royal in entertaining, orderly
in maintaining his house than Sir Christopher Hatton, late Lord Chancellor? a man
taught virtue, framed to wisdom, raised to honour, by her Majesty's special grace and
choice; yet when some ambassadors lay at his house, (knowing the general humour of
the meaner sort to love to see great play) while he himself entertained the chiefest of
them with some grave discourse or some solemn music, he caused some of his friends
to play at cards with 1000l. in fair gold of his money, rating it at their own pleasures
at xii d. the pound, or as themselves agreed on, that the sums played might seem great,
the show bountiful, and the substance not unsupportable. Thus you see that, if men
will needs have a pride in a thing whereof they may rather be ashamed, yet in this
manner of play I recommend to you, both the idle man may have his pastime, and the
proud man his pomp.

Now remains only how we may allay the covetous humour of play, for satisfy
it we never can; being the very dropsy of the mind, whose thirst increaseth with
drinking; a wolf whose famine abates not with raving; a sea that augmenteth not his
waters with filling. Is there any hope to assuage the fury of this disease in a gamester?
Horace saith, there is in any man:

Fervet avaritia, miseroque cupidine pectus?
Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Passis, et magnum morbi deponere causam.
Boileth thy breast with lucre's base desire?
Precepts are found to quench this filthy fire,
And force this malady from thee retire.<84>

It hath been said, 'one strong poison will expel another,' which made me to
persuade myself that the pride men have in play might have been a sufficient restraint
of this base humour of cozenage, specially in a courtier; for I remember that he that
writes the most exact rules for a worthy courtier to follow, concerning these kind of
games, giveth these special rules; 1. That a gentleman labour not to be too cunning at
any of them, though the game savour of wit, as chess and the like. 2. That his play
never breed any unseemly or untemperate passions, but above all that it be void of
deceit and advantage. O! then, that gentlemen would be so proved to disdain these
baseminded shifts and cozenages, and to scorn that gain that is got with a pack of
cards and dice.

The ancient Romans, as appears by their own histories, were exceeding
ambitious, but yet, (as St. Augustine excellent well noteth) that ambition bridled in
them many greater and more enormous vices; for the pride of their conceit was such
as made them despise pleasures, riches, ease, or whatsoever they thought might
diminish their reputation with the people, or make them the less or the worse spoken
of. But, how far otherwise it is with the pride of great play, I partly noted before. It
begins with wantonness and riot, continues in cursing and blasphemy, and ends
commonly in quarrel and cozenage, which how unworthy it is of a noble and virtuous
spirit, any, that have read Tully's Offices, may imagine. For there it is said, Fraus
vulpecule, vis leonis, utrumque alienissimum ab homine, sed fraus odio digna
majore; "Fraud is fox-like, force is lion-like, both for a man most unseemly, but
fraud of the two more hateful." I will not here spend much time to answer some poor
apologies that some weak wits have devised, beguiling themselves while they would

-29-
fain prove it lawful to beguile others. But this I am most assured and can prove it by most evident reasons, that to use cozenage at play is a thing unnatural, unlawful, and, for the most part, to the party that useth it, unprofitable. For whether play were first devised as a sociable passing the time to recreate the spirits, or else (as some will have it) to beguile hunger in a time of great famine; for I will not discredit that same hungry history, having myself seen some, for eagerness to play, forbear eating, drinking, and sleeping, and other necessities of nature, a very long time. What can, I say, be more against the nature, institution, and use thereof, than to turn kindness to unkindness, mirth to melancholy, pleasure to pains; finally, the recreation of over-studied spirits to a most busy study of cozenage.

For, to omit their brabblings and blasphemies, (which would to God they could be omitted!) is it a small time, think you, that one of these cunning gamesters spends in practising to slur a die surely, to stop a card cleanly, to lay a pack cunningly? I have heard some (and those no novices in these mysteries) affirm, that the deviser of the set at the new cut, (that did cut so many ere the edge was fully discovered,) could not spend so little as a month's earnest study, beating his brains ere he could contrive it,—if it could be done. without help of the devil, for, indeed, whom the devil should the devil assist, but such as labour and study night and day in his service? Wherefore let them not call it their play, but their labour, their trade, their occupation, that play only for gain; for greediness breeds earnestness, and earnestness overthrows quite the very nature of all game:

Lusuri nuces animos quoque ponere debent,
Lusori cupidio gravis exitus instat;
Pone malas quoties ludendo vinceris inas,
Nemo potest semper felici ludere dextra.

Lay down your stake at play, lay down your passions;
A greedy gamester still hath some mishap;
To chafe for loss proceeds of foolish fashions,
No man throws still the dice in Fortune's lap.

These old verses (patched by me together out of I know not what old writers,) are sufficient testimony to prove, what temper the wiser have taught in times past, and what folly the foolish have committed at all times, concerning gaming; by which it appears most plainly, that not only to use deceit in play, but, (which is far less) to make gain the end of your play, quite perverteth the right use, quality, and nature thereof.

Now that it is unlawful is soon proved, by the common law, by the civil law, by God's law. By the common and civil law the phrase in both is to call cards and dice unlawful games, yea though played at without cozenage; and by the civil law money won of a ward or of a servant might have been recovered... years after as appears in the digest; though I am not ignorant that some civilians<86> oppose against such a recovery this maxim, In pari causa turpitudinis melior est conditio possidentis; "where both parties have like turpitude or dishonesty, the law favors the party in possession." But admit it be so for fair play, (though in my poor opinion that word turpitude hath relation not to the play used in dicing-houses, but in bawdy-houses,) yet for cozenage I hold it undoubtedly that money so won, if it may be proved, (for in law quod non probatur non est, "nothing is without proof," ) may be recovered of the keeper of the dicing-house, by the civil law, and by action of cozenage or conspiracy, at the common law. Neither doth the former maxim make aught against it, because the dishonesty is not equal, but all in the deceived. But now, for God's law, I must confess I find no commandment that says, "Thou shalt not play:"—neither in precise words,
neither yet by implication; and therefore I said at the first, it is in itself a thing indifferent, other than as it is restrained either by canons of the church, (of which many are still in force in this realm) or by other positive laws, such as eating fish in Lent, wearing such or such apparel, which our divines hold to bind a Christian in conscience, being not directly against the word of God. But, (I say) be it that play by scripture is a thing indifferent, (for sure I am my ghostly father never barred it me, neither by precept nor example,) what excuse is this for cozenage at play, that breaks at least half the commandments of the old and new law? The new law saith, "Love God above all, love thy neighbour as thyself." How well this gentleman loves his neighbour that lays baits and hooks to catch his money from him, every man may see. But I hope for all this he may love God better; I will believe it if he can answer this question of St. John, "How can one love God whom he hath not seen, that loves not his brother whom he hath seen?" But some will say, this is a law of a secret and rare perfection. The ten commandments are plain and open; doth the cunning gamester keep them? "Thou shall not covet;" is the last and least of them: let him be pardoned for breaking that. But if he be (as St. Paul calls it) an idolater with his covetousnes, if he swear and forswear, break sabbaths, dishonour parents and magistrates, murder with malice, steal from all he plays with, (for it is worse than theft,) witness falsehood with others, (all which all the world sees that the cozening gamesters daily do,) then it is too plain that they break nine of the commandments; and (if he be not an eunuch) I dare be sworn that he that breaks nine of them doth keep none of them.

Now let them devise what defences they can for this their cozenage, let them excuse it as a peccadillo, and say it is no robbery, because the party brings it to venture it, (for so tailors deny their stealing, by saying the stuff is brought them,) yet I think, if these seek their stolen stuff in hell, those will find theirs in hell also. For where law allows a recovery, and conscience binds to restitution, how can the gain be any way lawful?

Men are not passing good nor passing ill of a sudden, or all at once; but, as the good grow from faith to faith, so the lewd fall from filth to filth. At the first a man makes some scruple, and when he hath given himself leave to play false for a little, at last he taketh not only leave but pleasure; yea, sometime a pride to do it for more than a great deal. Wherefore, as Ovid saith,

*Obsta principiis; sero medicina paratur,*  
*Cum mala per longas invaluere florars.*

Stop the first breaches; medicine will not boot  
When, by delay, diseases take deep root.<89>

But yet to remember my purpose and promise in the beginning, which was that I would not quite purge any humour, but only allay it a little; so I will still yield to leave so much of this covetous humour in play as may serve for a sauce, (as I said) yea, and a hungry sauce, such as may move sufficient appetite, but withal I wish you to beware of a surfeit. Neither need I herein to give any other rules, but to refer you to those former advices that I gave, in weighing the divers callings and qualities of men.

There is a great show of popularity in playing small game, as we have heard of one that shall be nameless, (because he was not blameless) that with shooting seven up groats among yeomen, and going in plain apparel, had stolen so many hearts, (for I dare not say he came truly by them,) that he was accused of more than felony. But my noble godfather, William Earl of Pembroke, shall not be nameles, who (as I have heard a special servant near about him tell) lost two thousand pound in one night
Sir John Harington

(imitating Augustus Caesars' play, though I will be sworn for him he never read his life) still giving away all he won, and paying all he lost; and it is possible (for so said his servant to me) that, by this his ill luck at play, be saved as much as the man before meant, though not mentioned, did lose.

Thus I have named, or at least signified, an example of small game without baseness, of great play without folly, now I will add only two, not unpleasant tales; one of a witty deceit, not dishonest; another of a willing loss, not undiscreeet. Pope Julio (if I fail not in the name, and sure I am that there is a game of the cards after his name<90>) was a great and wary player, a great virtue in a man of his profession; but being a good companion, and as the phrase is, as merry as Pope Joan; it is said he played at primero with some great princes or cardinals that use to be popes' playfellows, and, after the play was grown warm and the rests great, it happened that two of them were encountered five and fiftye; much money being set up, and much more to set, the pope being the younger 55, though it were the greatest game of the cards, yet smelling the rat, for they be all nasuti<91>, and mistrusting, as it was indeed, that there was an elder game on the board, gave it over, swearing, if he had been but one more, he would have seen it; the other supposing, as the speech intended, that he had been at the most but four and fifty, allowed him the one more, and by judgment of the groom-porters there, lost it. Here was a kind of fraud, but not so full of fault as of wit, and the persons being such with whom 5000 crowns is but a reward to a courtesan for a night's lodging, it cannot in them seem covetousness or cozenage. Well you may call it a stratagem of wit at the cards, as they term stratagems of war in a camp; for though a heathen prince could say,

\[
\text{Ferro, non auro, vitam cernamus utrique,} \\
\text{Vos ne velit vel me regnare hora quidve ferat fors.}
\]

Try we, with glittering blade, not glistening gold,  
Which of us two the highest seat shall hold.<92>

Yet now his Holiness and his chief Catholic sons can say,

\[
\text{Dolus, an virtus, quis in hoste requirat?} \\
\text{Be it virtue, be it fraud,} \\
\text{Against a foe it merits laud.<93>}
\]

Christians! if you will not learn fair wars, and fair play, and honesty from Heaven, learn it from the heathen; and, if humility cannot teach you to shun some glorious sins, let pride move you to shame of so base sins.

The other tale I would tell of a willing and wise loss I have heard diversely told. Some tell it of King Philip, and a favorite of his; some of our worthy King Henry VIII and Domingo;<94> and I may call it a tale, because perhaps it is but a tale, but thus they tell it:— The king, 55 eldest hand, set up all rests, and discarded flush; Domingo or Dundego, (call him how you will,) held it upon 49, or some such game; when all rests were up and they had discarded, the King threw his 55 on the board open, with great laughter, supposing the game (as it was) in a manner sure. Domingo was at his last card encountered flush, as the standers-by saw, and told the day after; but seeing the King so merry, would not for a rest at primero, put him out of that pleasant conceit, and put up his cards quietly, yielding it lost. What shall we say, for it is disputable? Was it well or ill done? We must say as is oft said, "it was as it was taken;" and they say it was well taken. But I say, if the favorite did it with a clear mind, as I may say candid, to increase and preserve his master's pleasure, it was a worthy and a kind part; but if the fox had read the fable of the beasts hunting with the lion, how the prey there is wont to be divided, then it was a wrong to the King, and a
crafty fox-like part; and for my part, if my man should do so to me, I would think he mistrusted my patience: and I remember, four years since, a very near kinsman of mine, because I lost a game at chess somewhat too patiently unto him, whereby he mistrusted, as it was indeed, that I lost it voluntary, vowed he would never play with me at chess again; though he love the game, and, we meet often; neither can I hire him, with the best horse I have, to dispense with this foolish vow.

But to draw to an end, for I find in this idle discourse I am apt to fall into many idle digressions, I will now only show that the masters of this so seldom thrive by it, as if it were that alone it were enough to make them give it over; and then, for my conclusion, I will set down briefly the good uses may be made of this counterfeit great play.

We judge ordinarily those trades the best at which either some thrive exceedingly, or many thrive reasonably; and those the worst, at which many break bankrupts, and some wax wealthy. By this rule, a cozening gamester of all others should have a bad occupation; for, to omit his loss of Heaven, which perhaps he never thinks of; sure I am, following that course he can never hope of. For if a customer could not be a disciple till he first left his receipt of custom, much less can a cozener be a true Christian till he leave his deceit in cozenage. But I say, (omitting that great loss that will make them eternal bankrupts,) let them show me but an example among a million that ever rose by play. I have heard of many rich merchants and goldsmiths in Cheap, some came out of worshipful houses to come after them; who hath not heard of the hosier whom Dean Nowell, that good old father, was administrator unto; of a rich shoe-maker in Westminster; of hundreds I need not name, that by these honest painful trades, (how fondly soever some scorn them,) came to great wealth and substance? But what speak I of honest trades; courtesans have become rich, and after have been converts and remained honest. Pirates by sea, robbers by land, have become honest substantial men as we call them, and purchasers of more lawful purchase. But a cozener in a dicing-house that shall thrive by his occupation, and live well with that he hath got so ill, is as rare as a black swan, and no example to be showed of it in memory or history. Wherefore a dicing-house may not unfitly be likened to a barren unwholesome island standing in a tempestuous sea, (like to some of those of the West Indies) where no sustenance could be had, nor no man would live, save for the shipwreck happening thereabout, which helps them (though uncertainly, and not over-abundantly,) to so much as maintains life and soul. In such sort, with the ruin of infinite young gentlemen, the dicing-box maintains a hungry family.

Now for the cunning gamesters, who cannot often meet with a good market, but sometimes, when some good gull comes out of the country, and knows not how to grace himself in company but with play and good clothes; then do those gallants draw a good hand or two, but for the most part they spend more than they get, for though to a good use you shall seldom see them give, yet are they (for all that) exceeding prodigal in expense, specially on their back, and their belly, and beneath the belly, I mean in their fine silk stockings and Spanish leather shoes, French garters, and much French besides; the procuring whereof sometime, and sometime the curing, and after, the recuring, is exceeding chargeable; all which charges are not easily borne. Beside there is now so many of that association, as much hinders the gain of the fathers of that faculty: but if they get nothing, as most at home here be either so wise with their dear-bought wit, as they will play no more, or so poor with their now-felt folly, as they can play no more, so as now their chief hope is for our young captains to come
Sir John Harington

rich from the Indies; but, if they get, I say, no good booties, yet they must stick to it, and live by it, as the old wall stands by the help of that ivy that was the first cause of rotting and undercreeping the foundation thereof. So that I may boldly conclude, that though there will ever be some fools to be cozened, yet as long as there is such store of knaves that would cozen them, they will grow every day poor by this beggarly occupation; and God send me quickly fatherless son, if I had not rather one of my sons were a tankard-bearer, that wears sometimes his silk sleeves at the church on Sunday, than a cozener that wears his satin hose at an ordinary on Friday.

But now I come to the last part of this discourse, and will show some good uses of this kind of counterfeit play, which, by reasons, by exhortations, by similitudes, and by example, I do so earnestly labour to persuade.

1. First, therefore, I say, for those that have been used to great play, and therefore can take the less pleasure in small game; of the sudden, they shall with this fashion play, less offend their fancy, and less alter their custom, than suddenly to fall from pounds to shillings; as we see a child weaned from his teat by little and little, sometime with a sucking bottle, sometime with making bitter the nurse's nipples, then with other spoon-meat, till at last he makes no reckoning of childish milk, but falls to feed on more manly meat. Why should not a man be as well content to wean himself from unprofitable and unmanly customs? I have heard of one hath been so sick of melancholy, that he hath thought his head, or I think it was his nose, did fill all the chamber; (for many men's heads fill greater rooms than they are aware of). Now this man could not be cured by any reason to prove it was not like to be so, nor by demonstration to prove it was impossible to be so, nor by sense to feel it was not so; but a far different means was used to cure him, by persuading him it was so, and feeding awhile that strange humour of his so long till the same humour and the same weakness that first moved that imaginary malady, made him capable of that imaginary cure: for the physician, coming into the patient's chamber, at his very entry found fault that he could not come to the bed's side for the greatness of the nose that filled all the chamber; "yea, marry," said his patient, "it is too true; how should it be remedied?" Why," said he, "it must be cut till it be less, and then be seared; and, presently calling for a hatchet, he laid about him upon the stools and forms, and, having conveyed great gobbets of flesh into the chamber, bare him in hand they were cut from that superfluous nose; at last, when he came with his hot iron to sear it, lest it should bleed too much, the melancholy man no sooner felt a little singeing of the hot iron, but he found his nose restored to very good proportion; so ended his melancholy. But alas! they are sick of a worse melancholy, that think either great play pleasant, or false play lawful; and, though they be not easily cured, yet my medicine is as fit and like to cure them as that I last recited.

2. A second good use of this counterfeit play is, that if men were bound indeed strictly to use it, (as for example, by her Majesty's commandment in her house, or such-like,) it would quickly take away, by one reason, both the greatness and greediness in play, which I noted as two of the chiefest ills that play is subject unto; and by such a means did Lycurgus banish usury and all kind of covetousness out of his country. For he finding the cause why men hoarded up gold and silver was only because a little purse full of that would buy so many kind of necessaries both for use and pleasure; I say, he presently made such an embasement of money in so extreme a degree, as all the current money was only of iron, and that tempered in vinegar, to make it good for no other use; whereby it soon came to pass that no foreign nation brought them any newfangled toys, to carry away their money, nor no man coveted to

-34-
have great store of it, when it could not be kept secret, and if one would buy much, he
must have brought four or five sumpters laden with that coin to buy what four
or five sovereigns here would pay for. Now, if I do not much mistake it, this
practice of play I persuade, hath much affinity with that law of Lycurgus; for if,
during the time of play only, angels were embased to shillings, or shillings to pence, it
would be such a cumber to play deep play, that none would endure it. If a man would
have xl. in his rest, he must have 100l. sterling; if he won five pound at a cast at dice,
he must tell over fifty, which were a pain rather than a pleasure.

3. Thirdly, a kind of commodity, though I count it but a small one, were this,
that by using this play a man should play far more frankly and less impatiently, when
he should play for so much money indeed: as the Italian that emboldened himself so,
by using to stab a duke's picture, that in the end he stabbed the duke himself. And
methinks it so far unfitting for a gentleman to chafe at his ill luck, as many will do,
(whereas it is indeed the loss of the money, and not the game that makes them so
choleric,) that sometimes I blush in their behalf, that (specially in the presence) will
beat their fists on the board, fling the cards under table, which in smaller game you
shall never see them offer, and therefore to such specially I commend this play, as
most fit for them; wherein perhaps many will find their humour so well fitted, that
they will be content never to prove the greater play, but please themselves with this,
which is gentlemanly for show, little for loss, and pleasant for company and
recreation.
JOHN HARINGTON, ESQ. TO SIR HUGH PORTMAN, KNIGHT,

Describing an interview with his cousin, Sir John Harington of Exton, and the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, who laboured under a mortal malady, which gave serious concern to the Queen.

May or June, 1598.

My good Friend,

I have been to visit at the house which my Lord Treasurer doth occupy at the Bath, and found him and another cripple together, my cousin Sir John Harington, of Exton; when it grieved me to see so much discretion, wisdom; and learning in peril of death. My lord doth seem dead on one side, and my cousin on the other, though both in their health were ever on one side. It gave me some comfort to hear their religious discourse, and how each did despise his own malady and hold death in derision, because both did not despair of life eternal.

The Treasurer asked me if I had any ailment, and smiled to see me look gravely at their serious talk. I wished them all benefit, and that the waters might wash away all their deadness, save that to iniquity, which would still hold them both unto death. My cousin said, "you are not dead to good works, for even now this church doth witness of your labour to restore it to its ancient beauty." In good sooth, we want good men who build unto the Lord to forward this work; and many indeed have passed assurance of such help. Her Highness doth much lament her good servant's malady; my Lady Arundel came with earnest suit from court; touching the treasurer's state, and did bring an excellent cordial for his stomach, which the Queen did give her in charge; and said, "that she did entreat Heaven daily for his longer life:—else would her people, nay herself, stand in need of cordials too." If I may venture thus much, it seemeth as though this good man had little else to do on earth than die.

I have not got what you do so much covet from me, nor can I hitherto obtain an audience from the bishop on such account; but you shall hear further in good time, as my own business doth yet stand unmoved, and giveth me matter of disquiet. The Lord Treasurer's distemper doth marvellously trouble the Queen, who saith, "that her comfort hath been in her people's happiness, and their happiness in his discretion:" neither can we find, in ancient record, such wisdom, in a Prince to discern a servant's ability, nor such integrity to reward and honour a Prince's choice—Quando ullum inveniat parem? I rest in good hope of seeing your lady, and such branches of olive as may adorn your table, before Christmas next; and may they bring you more peace than the branches which adorn your neighbour Hatton's brows; but—levius fit patientia, et conjugem corrigere est nefas.

JOHN HARINGTON.

What other news doth happen I will bear with me at my coming.
In Ireland with Essex, 1599
REPORT OF A JOURNEY INTO THE NORTH OF IRELAND

Written to Justice Carey, by Sir John Harington, 1599.

Having expected shipping till the 8th of this month, [April], and meeting with none convenient, (in respect that all were taken up with sick soldiers, or with my Lord Lieutenant's horses,) I was desirous to make some use of the time that I should stay here, and therefore was easily persuaded to go with Sir William Warren, my kind friend, with whom I had been formerly acquainted in England, and to see some part of the realm northward, and the arch-rebel himself, with whom Sir William was to treat.

But staying at Dundalk till the 15th of this month, and no news certain of the Earl's coming, I went to see the Newry, and from thence to Carlingford by the Narrow Water, and was hindered by waters that I could not come back to Sir William Warren before his first meeting with the Earl Tyrone, which was on the 17th day; [at] what time how far they proceeded I know not, but it appeared that the Earl was left in good disposition, because he kept his hour so well, the next morning: and, as I found after, Sir William had told him of me, and given such a report of me above my desert, that next day, when I came, the Earl used far greater respect to me than I expected; and began debasing his own manner of hard life, comparing himself to wolves, that fill their bellies sometime, and fast as long for it; then excused himself to me that he could no better call to mind myself, and some of my friends that had done him some courtesy in England; and been oft in his company at my Lord of Ormond's; saying, these troubles had made him forget almost all his friends.

After this he fell to private communication with Sir William, to the effecting of the matters begun the day before; to which I thought it not fit to intrude myself; but took occasion the while to entertain his two sons, by posing them in their learning, and their tutors, which were one Friar Nangle, a Franciscan; and a younger scholar, whose name I know not; and finding the two children of good towardly spirit, their age between thirteen and fifteen, in English cloths like a nobleman's sons; with velvet jerkins and gold lace; of a good cheerful aspect, freckle-faced, not tall of stature, but strong, and well set; both of them [learning] the English tongue; I gave them (not without the advice of Sir William Warren) my English translation of "Ariosto," which I got at Dublin; which their teachers took very thankfully, and soon after showed it the Earl, who called to see it openly, and would needs hear some part of it read. I turned (as it had been by chance) to the beginning of the 45th canto, and some other passages of the book, which he seemed to like so well, that he solemnly swore his boys should read all the book over to him.

Then they fell to communication again, and, (calling me to him) the Earl said, that I should witness, and tell my Lord Lieutenant, how, against all his confederates' wills, Sir William had drawn him to a longer cessation, which he would never have agreed to, but in confidence of my lord's honourable dealing with him; for, saith he, "now is my harvest time, now have my men their six weeks pay afore-hand, that they have nothing to do but fight; and if I omit this opportunity, and you shall prepare to invade me the meantime, I may be condemned for a fool."

Also one pretty thing I noted, that the paper being drawn for him to sign, and his signing it with O'Neal, Sir William (though with very great difficulty) made him to new write it, and subscribe, Hugh Tyrone. Then we broke our fasts with him, and at his meat he was very merry, and it was my hap to thwart one of his priests in an
argument to which he gave reasonable good ear, and some approbation. He drank to
my lord's health, and bade me tell him he loved him, and acknowledged this
cessation had been very honourably kept. He made likewise a solemn protestation that
he was not ambitious, but sought only safety of his life, and freedom of his
conscience, without which he would not live, though the Queen would give him
Ireland.

Then he asked of Sir Henry Harington, and said he heard he had much
wrong, to have an imputation of want of courage, for the last defeat at Arklow,
protesting, that himself had known Sir Henry serve as valiantly as ever any man did,
naming the time, place, and persons, all known to Sir William Warren.

Other pleasant and idle tales were needless and impertinent, or to describe his
fern table and fern forms, spread, under the stately canopy of heaven. His guard, for
the most part, were beardless boys without shirts; who, in the frost, wade as familiarly
through rivers as water-spaniels. With what charm such a master makes them love
him I know not, but if he bid come, they come, if go they do go; if he say do this, they
do it. He makes apparent show to be inclinable to peace; and some of his nearest
followers have it buzzed amongst them, that some league of England, with Spain or
Scotland, or I know not where, may endanger them. But himself, no doubt, waits only
to hear what my Lord Lieutenant intends, and according to that will bend his course.

Friar Nangle swears all oaths, that he will do all the good he can, and that he is
guilty of the heinous crimes he is indicted of; for, if he had his pardon, perhaps
there might be made good use of him.

This is all I remember any way worthy the writing to you, not doubting but Sir
William Warren, that had the sole charge, of this business, will give you much better
account, of the weightier affairs than I, that only went to see their manner of parting.

I remain, in much duty,
JOHN HARINGTON.
Good Thomas,

I have received sundry letters from you, and namely the last dated August 24th, which came not to my hands till the xxxth of September, whereby it seems the messenger made slow speed, and who it was I know not; and therefore, as I have directed others, so I wish you to name in your letters, if you may, by whom you send them, that they may receive thanks or blame, according to their care and speed. In sundry of your letters, I have received good advertisement and honest counsels, and great good wishes, all which I take in good part; to satisfy you in part of my being here, and what I have seen, and how I have sped (for I find you hear variable reports) you shall understand, that, since my Lord Lieutenant came into Ireland, the forces being divided as occasion required; some into Munster, some to Lesly, many into the North, and a few into Connaught; it was partly my hap, and partly my choice, for Sir Griffin Markham's sake, and three Markhams more, to go into Connaught; where I spent some, weeks about Athlone, Ballinasloe, Clanrickard, Galway, and lastly, Roscommon, the place then appointed for garrison. This while I saw many things, and some well worth the observing, both for war and peace; and notwithstanding all the dangerous passages through paves (as they call those woods, which are full of rebels), and through divers fords, which are likewise places of great disadvantage, yet we passed through all with small loss; notwithstanding, I say, the attempts and ambushes of fiery MacHugh, of Connor Roe, of the O'Briens, of some of the Bourkes, and other the rebels, such as the Joyces, and O'Maddens, and many mad knaves beside. And this while my Lord Lieutenant went through Munster as far as Askeaton, and was sometimes fought with upon places of advantage, but without any great loss on either side. Neither in all that journey was anything done greatly worth speaking of but the taking of Cahir, and one or two castles beside.

After this, the next journey was to Offaly, where Sir Conyers Clifford, the Governor of Connaught, met my Lord Essex, and Sir Griffin Markham, and six of the best gentlemen of his troop came with him and served bravely on foot; for no horse could pass the way they came. They burned and spoiled a country called Ferrallie, and won a castle of Tyrell's, one of the shrewdest rebels of Ireland, and his companies did no less; so that all the country was on fire at once, and our coming was so unlook'd for, that in the towns where we came, the rebels had not leisure to carry away their young children, much less their corn and other stuff. In all this journey I was comrade to the Earl of Kildare, and slept both on one pillow every night for the most part; here, at the parting, my Lord gave Sir Griffin Markham great commendations, and made him colonel and commander of all the horse in Connaught; and gave me and some others the honour of knighthood in the field: and so, my honest Thomas, with honour, conquest, and content, we returned again into Connaught. But see the changes and chances of war.—The Governor would needs undertake a journey to Sligo, with twenty-one weak companies, that were not 1400 strong; and a less proportion of horse than had been requisite for such a purpose; and yet, out of his too much haste and courage, after two long days' march, with small rest, and less repast, he would needs draw his men to set upon the enemy in a place of great disadvantage, called the Curlews; where, though the enemy was at first repulsed, yet at last
their numbers increasing, and our ammunition failing, or some secret cause, that we
know not, dismaying the footmen, they fell all in rout: the Governor and Sir
Alexander Radcliffe were slain ere they could come to their rescue. Some of our horse
gave a desperate charge upon the hill, among rocks and bogs, where never horse was
seen to charge before; it is verily thought they had all been cut in pieces, at least lost
all their colours; so that, if reputation were to be challenged when so great loss
accompanied it, we might take upon us to have won some honour; having, as Sir
Henry Davers<115> did pleasantly write to Sir Griffin Markham, "not Roman
citizens, but rascal soldiers, who, so their commanders had been saved, had been
worthy to have been half hanged for their rascal cowardliness." Neither was this good
service of ours unpaid for:—beside the loss of two or three good horses, and better
men, Sir Griffin Markham was shot through the arm with a musket; and though he
bore the hurt admirable well, for a day or two, and especially at the instant, yet ever
since he hath kept his bed of it; and hath been in danger of his arm by the hurt, and of
his life by an ague: but now he is, I hope, out of danger of both, and safe at Dublin.
Myself (after I had conducted him in a horse-litter safe beyond danger of the rebels,
within eight miles of Dublin,) went to Trim, the place appointed for our garrison; and
from thence have visited Navan and Arbrachan, where my Lord Lieutenant lay
yesterday, and the day before, and meant to go from thence to the Brennys; but most
men think, by means the weather falls out so monstrous wet as the like hath not been
seen, that he will not go far north.

I lie here at Mr. Robert Hammon's house, who is this year port-reeve of Trim,
as much in effect as mayor. He shows the greatest gratitude to me, and to all my
friends for my sake that to my remembrance I can say that no man hath done more.
Yet was he not beholden to my father for one foot of his living, but only for his
breeding. I recommend this example the rather unto you, because I would have you
follow it, as far as your ability and opportunity will give leave.

Now you see by the course of this letter, that I have reason to thank God very
greatly, that among so many as have been hurt and slain, where I have been, and some
shot even in the very same ranks I was of, I have escaped all this while without bodily
hurt. I protest there is much rather great cause to thank God, who hath kept me so long
in bodily health at Roscommon, where not so few as sixty died within the walls of the
castle, in which we lay; and some as lusty men as any came out of England. In the
camp, where drinking water, and milk, and vinegar, and aqua vita, and eating raw beef
at midnight, and lying upon wet green corn oft-times, and lying in boots, with heats
and colds, made many sick; yet myself (in a good hour be it spoken and a better
heard) was never sick; neither in the camp nor the castle, at sea or on land. Besides all
this, to vaunt myself at large, to you; I have informed myself reasonably well of the
whole state of the country, by observations and conference; so that I count the
knowledge I have gotten here worth more than half the three hundred pounds this
journey hath cost me: and as to war, joining the practice to the theory, and reading the
book you so praised, and other books of Sir Griffin Markham's, with his conference
and instructions, I hope at my coming home to talk of counterscarpes, and
cazamats,<116> with any of our captains.

The Irish lords, gentry, yea, and citizens, where I come, I have found so apt to
offer me kindness so desirous of my acquaintance, that my friends think it a presage
of a fortune I might rise to in this kingdom; though myself do little affect it, and much
less hope to effect it. My "Ariosto" has been entertained into Galway, before I came.
When I got thither, a great lady, a young lady and a fair lady, read herself asleep, nay
dead, with a tale of it; the verse, I think, so lively figured her fortune: for, as Olympia
was forsaken by the ungrateful Byreno, so had this lady been left by her unkind Sir
Calisthenes; whose hard dealing with her cannot be excused, no not by Demosthenes.

Lastly, (which perhaps will seem strange to you, and was very grateful to me,) three sons of my cousin Robert Markham of Cottam, whom you know the world
mistook to have been wronged by me, and consequently deeply offended at me, have
in their several kinds and places offered me such courtesies, kindnesses, nay, such
services, as if they held me for one of their best friends in Ireland.

Thus, gentle Thomas, I have, in recompense of your long letters, enlarged the
discourse of my Irish affairs, but I must not forget nor cease to tell her Majesty's good,
wise and gracious providings for us, her captains, and our soldiers, in summer heats
and winter colds, in hunger and thirst, for our backs and our bellies: that is to say,
every captain of an hundred footmen doth receive weekly, upon every Saturday, his
full entertainment of twenty-eight shillings. In like case, every lieutenant fourteen
shillings; an ensign, seven shillings; our sergeant, surgeon, drum, and fife, five
shillings pay, by way of imprest; and every common soldier, three shillings; delivered
to all by the pole weekly. To the four last lower officers, two shillings weekly; and for
every common soldier, twenty pence weekly, is to be answered to the full value
thereof, in good apparel of different kinds, part for winter, and part for summer, which
is ordered of good quality and stuff for the prices; patterns whereof must be sent to the
Lord Deputy to be compared and prepared as followeth.

Apparel for an officer in winter.
A cassock of broad cloth with bays, and trimmed with silk lace, 27 shillings
and 7 pence.
A doublet of canvas with silk buttons, and lined with white linen, 14 shillings and 5
pence.
Two shirts and two bands, 9 shillings and 6 pence.
Three pair of kersey stockings, at 2 shillings and 4 pence a pair, 7 shillings.
Three pair of shoes of neat's leather, at 2 shillings and 4 pence per pair, 7 shillings.
One pair of Venetians, of broad Kentish cloth, with silver lace, 15 shillings and
4 pence.

In Summer.
Two shirts and bands, 9 shillings 6 pence.
Two pair of shoes, 4 shillings 8 pence.
One pair of stockings, 2 shillings 8 pence.
A felt hat and band, 5 shillings 5 pence.

Apparel for a common soldier in winter.
A cassock of Kentish broad cloth, lined with cotton, and trimmed with buttons and
loops, 17 shillings 6 pence
A doublet of canvas with white linen lining, 12 shillings 6 pence.
A hat cap coloured, seven shillings.
Two shirts of Osnabruck holland and bands, 8 shillings.
Three pair of neat's leather shoes, 2 shillings 4 pence each, 7 shillings.
Three pair kersey stockings, 8 shillings.
One pair Venetians, of Kentish broad cloth, with buttons, loops, and lining of linen,
thirteen shillings 4 pence.

In Summer.
Two shirts of Osnabruck and 2 falling Holland bands, 7 shillings.
Two pair neat's leather shoes, 4 shillings 8 pence.
One pair of stockings, 2 shillings 8 pence.
A hat cap coloured, 3 shillings.

Thus, friend Thomas, her Majesty, with wonted grace hath graced our bodies, and may heaven's grace clothe her in everlasting robes of righteousness, and "on earth peace" to her who always showeth "good will toward all men."

So resteth thy loving Master,
JOHN HARINGTON.
Sir John Harington

SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO SIR ANTHONY STANDEN, KNIGHT.

From Athlone, in Ireland, 1599.

On Sunday last the governor marched with one and twenty companies, or colours, (for indeed some of them were but mere colours of companies, having sixty for a hundred and fifty,) from Tulsk, eight miles beyond Roscommon, to the abbey of Boyle, some fourteen miles; and hearing belike that the enemy was but weak in the Curlews, and that they expected not his coming; (because captain Cosby the very day before came from Boyle towards Roscommon:) on this account the governor, God bless him, resolved to possess the Pare that night, being two miles from the abbey. This was against the minds of most of the captains: the soldiers being weary and fasting, insomuch that they spake for meat ere they went up, but the governor promised them they should have beef enough at night, and so drew them on: but many, God wot, lost their stomachs before supper. The order was this:—Captain Lister led the forlorn hope; Sir Alexander Ratcliff and his regiment had the vanguard; my Lord of Dublin led the battle; Sir Arthur Savage, the rear; the horse were appointed to stand in a little pasture at the foot of the hill, to the intent that, when the Pare had been cleared, they might have come up. After our men had gone up the hill and entered part of the Pare, the rebels began to play upon them from a barricade that they had made; but our men soon beat them from it, and Sir Alexander Radcliff very bravely beat them out of a thin wood into a bog on the left side of the Pare; and we who stood at the foot of the hill might see them, and all men thought the Pare had been ours. But after the skirmish had lasted an hour and half very hot, and our shot had expended all our powder; the vanguard wheeled about in such a fashion, that, what with that, and some strange and causeless fear, that fell upon our men, the vanguard fell into the battle; and in conclusion all fell in rout, and no man could stay them. The governor himself, labouring to turn them, lost his breath, his voice, his strength, and last of all, his life; or, which is worse, in the rebels' hands, and none could force him off. How it can be answered at home by such as it concerned most I know not, but so vile and base a part I think was never played among so many men, that have been thought of some desert. But now, the horse standing at the foot of the hill, and seeing through the woods and glades some disorder, though not suspecting so ill as it was, charged up the hill another way that lay on the left: if it may be called a way, that had stones in it six or seven feet broad, lying above ground, and plashes of bogs between them. But with this charge we made the enemy retire; whereby all the foot and colours came off; but we bought this small reputation (if so it will be taken) very dearly, for our own commander of the horse had his arm broken with a shot, and had another shot through his clothes, and some seven or eight horse more killed and several proper men. Captain [John] Jephson was next to Sir Griffith Markham in the head of Lord Southampton's troops, and charged very gallantly. I would not for all the land I have, but I had been well horsed. I verily think the idle faith which possesses the Irishry, concerning magic and witchcraft, seized our men and lost the victory. For when my cousin Sir H. Harington, in a treacherous parley with Rory Og, a notable rebel, was taken and conveyed to his habitation a prisoner; his friends not complying with the terms offered for his ransom, sent a large band to his rescue, which the rebel seeing to surround his house, rose in his shirt, and
Nugæ Antiquæ

gave Sir Henry fourteen grievous wounds, then made his way through the whole band and escaped, notwithstanding his walls were only mud.<124> Such was their panic, as verily thinking he effected all by dint of witchery, and had by magic compelled them not to touch him. And this belief doth much daunt our soldiers when they come to deal with the Irishry, as I can well perceive from their discourse. You will hear more from other captains of further advances:

So I rest, to all command,

JOHN HARINGTON.
SIR JOHN HARINGTON'S REPORT CONCERNING THE EARL OF ESSEX'S JOURNEYS IN IRELAND from May 10 to July 3, 1599.

After the Lord Lieutenant-general and Governor of Ireland had rested certain days at Dublin, for establishing the state of the kingdom, and for making his necessary provision for the war, (which I can but conjecture) his Lordship departed thence (May 10) toward the champion fields between the villages Kilrush and Castlemartin: in which place (on the 12th) he appointed to meet him 17 ensigns of foot and 300 horse; which his Lordship divided into regiments, appointing the same to be commanded by colonels. The day following, the rebels showed themselves in small numbers, delivering some few shot out of woods and ditches upon our vant-couriers, but without any hurt. This night the army lodged by Athy, which hath been a great market, but brought by these wars into the state of a poor village. It is divided in two parts by the river Barrow, over the which lieth a stone bridge, and over that a castle, occupied by James Fitz Dean (a gent. of the family of the Geraldines,) who yielded himself to the mercy of the Lord Lieutenant; as did also, the same day, the Lord Viscount Mountgarret and the Lord of Cahir (both Butlers) who were presented to his Lord by the Earl of Ormond, who in that place joined his forces to our army. His Lord having put a guard in the castle of Athy, passed his forces over the Barrow by the bridge of the castle; whose river being not otherways fordable but with difficulty, and the bridge thereof the only way which leadeth into the Queen's County, the importance of this enterprise must appear to the most dull and ignorant sense. At Woodstock (a village situate upon Barrow) his Lord expected victuals a day or two for the relief of Maryborough, (a fort of much importance, but of contemptible strength,) in the Queen's County; to which his Lord now hasted, not permitting other stay in his journey, than necessity gave cause. During the time the army encamped (May 14) by Woodstock, the rebels attempted the stealing of some of our horses; which being perceived by Sir Christopher St. Lawrence (son to the Lord of Howth) he passed by the Barrow naked, and, followed by his men, rescued the prey, and returned with the head of a rebel. About the same time, the rebel presented himself about 200 strong, in the sight of the Castle Reban, (a house of Capt. Leas, a mile from the army,) which, upon sight of the Earl of Southampton, who hasted towards them in most soldierlike order, with a small troop of horse and foot, retired themselves to their bogs, and from thence to their woods. There the Lord Grey, being carried nearer to the rebel by heat of valour (natural to such years and nobility) than was reasonable, and contrary to the commandment of the Earl of Southampton, was, for his contempte punished by the Lord Lieutenant with a night's imprisonment.<126> So soon as his Lord was provided of victuals, he marched with his army towards the fort Maryborough, in the Queen's County. In the way, the rebel showed himself by a passage called Blackford; through which my Lord marched in such excellent order, that it terrified him not to attempt upon any part of the army, but to approach near unto the same. His Lord having victualled the fort, (where he knighted Sir Fra. Rushe, the general lately of the province of Leinster, and increased the garrison,) lodged that night (May 17) at the foot of a very high hill, called Croshy Juffe, where the rebel once in Rory O'More showed himself, with about 500 foot and 40 horse, 2 miles from our camp, renewing that night, and continuing the next morning, a challenge, which he had made a few days before, to fight (some of his with some of ours) with swords and targets;<127> which was consented unto by his Lordship, but the rebel never came to perform it. His Lordship having, from the top of Croshy Juffe, viewed the
country round about, and particularly the way of that day's journey, led the army towards Cashel, half a mile from that night's quarter. The nature of the passage is such:— through a thick wood, half of a mile long, leadeth a high way, in most places 10 going paces broad, which, in the midst, was traversed with a trench, and the wood plashed on both sides; from behind which, the enemy might with facility gall our men in their passage. To the other two sides of the wood are adjoined two bogs, which serve the rebel for a very sure retreat from all force of our army: but upon an elevated piece of ground between the wood and bog, on the left hand, was a village, from behind which the rebel might fall in, and return to his strength. His Lordship to make his way secure through this passage, ordered his army in this sort:—The whole army was divided into seven battalions; before the vanguard marched the forlorn hope, consisting of 40 shot and 20 short weapons, with order that the shot should not be discharged till they presented their pieces to the rebels' breasts in their trenches; and that suddenly the short weapons should enter the trenches pell-mell. Upon either side of the vanguard (which was observed in the battle and rearguard) marched wings of shot, interlined with pikes, to which were sent seconds, with as much care and diligence as occasion required. The baggage and a part of the horse marched before the battle; the rest of the horse fell in before the rearguard, except 30, which, under the conduct of Sir Henry Davers, made the retreat of the whole army. These going to the release of Capt. Morrisham, who was engaged by the rebel, they repelled him without any other loss, than that Sir Alexander Ratcliffe had his horse shot in the head of the troop. The vanguard, followed by the other parts of the army, having by provident march gained the end of the passage (where discovered itself a large champion) was commanded to make halt, until the horse, and whatsoever was unprofitable in the strait, were advanced to the plain. This was the order (as I have heard) appointed by the Lord Lieutenant; which being not observed in all parts of the army with like diligence, there were lost by folly Capt. Gardner and Capt. Boswell, with some 3 private men. His Lp. was that day in no place, (that is, in every place) flying like lightning from one part of the army to another, leading, directing, and following the vanguard, battle, and rearguard. The deaths of our captains were revenged by our quartermen and scoutmen, who accompanied with divers gentlemen, slew 7 of the rebels, which essayed to force the quarter; of which were Alexander Donnell, a gentleman, and Donal Knogger, of base birth, but for the proof of his daring and skill, of especial esteem with Tyrone. In this conflict, Edmond Bushell, gent. usher to his Lp. received a hurt in the breast with a pike. The day following (May 19) the Lord Lieutenant, observing the former order of march, led his men through the passage called Ballyragget, where we found the rebels so few in number, and so timorous in attempting, as their behaviour (on the 20th) proved, that the order of the other day's march was terrible unto them. These passages thus overcome, to the no small terror of the rebel, and admiration to the soldiers, his Lord came to Kilkenny, where he was received with as much joy of the citizens as could be expressed, either by lively orations, or silent strewing of the streets with herbs and rushes. To Clonmel (on the 24th) his Lp. was well welcomed, to the like joy of the people, and with a Latin oration, or rather a dialogue, wherein the author had adjured his Lp. concerning the establishing of peace in Ireland; which, being delivered in unfit terms, his Lord reproved, protesting his antipathy concerning matters of justice; to moderate which, her sacred Majesty had given him both sword and power. The day after (the 25th) the castle Darenclare, which had long time offended the citizens of Clonmel in their traffic by the river of Suir to Waterford, yielded to his Lps. mercy. In the midst of the river of Suir lieth an island, the same a natural rock, and upon it a
castle, which, although it be not built with any great art, yet is the site such by nature, that it may be said to be inexpugnable. Of this castle, which is called Cahir, is the Lord of Cahir entitled Baron; which being held by James Butler, his younger brother, the Lord Lieutenant sent the Lord of Cahir to parley with him; and with him Sir Henry Davers, whom he adjured, during the parley, to understand as much as he might the nature of the place: who, returning with the Lord of Cahir, (well satisfied that his brother would not yield up the castle) related the site and strength of the castle to be such as is mentioned. This night his Lordship reviewed the place himself in person, and caused the same to be done by the Lord Marshal and Serjeant Major, commanding that after a diligent review, the approaches, (taking the advantage by way of old ditches and walls,) should that night be removed to the wall of the counterscarp. One day being intermitted, without doing anything, for want of the artillery, which could not arrive in short, the same being only drawn by the force of men: there passed a day or two, before the battery was commenced. The same night that the battery was planted (May 28) his Lordship sent the Lord Marshal and Serjeant Major, with 300 men, to occupy a garden which adjoined to the castle, upon the southwest part. Although the passages to this garden were such, that a very small number might have made front to an army, yet, did these beasts first quit that place, and presently after, they abandoned the castle, except 8 persons; to the relief of which were sent, early in the morning, 100 kern by the White Knight. In the beginning of the night, (May 29) Sir Christopher St. Lawrence was sent, with 300 kern men, to possess an island which lieth from the castle north-east (not more than harquebus shot) and to break up two bridges; one of which leadeth from the island to the main, and the other from the same island to the castle. The rebels (on the 30th) seeing themselves, in the morning, secluded from that relief which they hourly expected from Desmond, and from the White Knight, at night they conveyed themselves (with much stillness) out of the castle, which yet being perceived by our guards, they fell presently to execution, and entered as well the castle without resistance as direction; by which accident was repossessed for her Majesty, with the slaughter of 80 rebels, one of the strongest places by nature that is in Ireland, or that can be imagined elsewhere. During this siege, Capt. Brett was shot in the body with a harquebus, as was also Capt. George Cary, through both cheeks and through the body, the bullet entering above the left shoulder, and passing through the opposite arm hole; which hurts were more than miraculous, for that there were only 3 shot made, and his body in all other parts covered with an armor of musket proof. These 2 worthy captains, having in this siege, as in many other places, made honourable proofs of their virtue, left, within a few days, the example thereof to be admired of all, but to be imitated of few, and they themselves departed to a happier life. His Lordship having (May 31) repaired the breaches of the castle, and left such a garrison in the same as must annoy the frontering rebel, (his sick men being sent to Clonmel,) he arrived by easy journeys at Limerick, where he was entertained with two English orations; in which I know not which was more to be discommended, their particular excellencies in barbarism, harshness, and rustic both pronouncing and action. The army, which had endured much, as well by foul ways as by unseasonable weather, being well refreshed by the release it received from Limerick, was conducted by his Lordship to Adare, a ruined abbey; in which village his Lordship lodged a regiment of foot. Passing the same day (June 4) over the river Adare, over a narrow bridge, which was well perceived by the rebels Desmond and Lacy; who never made a show to prohibit the passage, although they had (not much more than musket shot from the same) about 12 foot under 5 ensigns and 2 cornets of horse, either appearing at least to be a 100. They
were trained in sight of our army, (divided from it by an unfordable river and a bog) but in such disorder, that it rather seemed a morris dance, by their tripping after their bagpipes, than any soldier-like exercise; they conveying themselves (after a while) in a ringdance into the wood which they had close at their backs, and from which they have not departed farther at any time, since our army entered Munster, than an old hunted hare doth from her covert for relief. Early in the morning the army passed the river, and marched towards a passage, half a mile from Adare, which had on either side a wood, but under that on the right hand a bog, by the head of which extended itself the wood on the left hand; the passage lay over the bog, which was very deficient both for main natural strength which we found in the same, and for pillages made that morning by the rebel. At the entrance into the passage between the woods, the dexter wings being not so far advanced as the forlorn hopes; his Lordship (being in the head of his troops to direct them) had delivered upon close at hand, a volley of at least 100 shot; which were instantly repelled by some troops which his Lordship caused to be drawn forth of the vanguard, commanded that day by the Earl of Thomond. His lordship, having with the loss of more than an 100 without any loss of his own, put the rebel to retreat on that part, possessed himself of the passage, placing on either side a regiment to assure the same; and, that done, returned to give order to the rearguard, where he was in like danger as before in the vanguard, overcoming the same with the like order, but not altogether with so much slaughter. The rebel thus repelled, by the prudence of his Lordship, the whole troops marched through the passage, not alone without loss, but without any difficulty. On the left hand of the passage was Plunkett lodged, who with 300 rebels (making show that day, and with apt echo in the wood, with the report of 30 or 40 shot) was constrained the next day to give pledges to for th'assurance of his faith. From the passage his lordship conducted his army to the Castle Askeaton, which was then something distressed by the rebel, who intercepted the passage in such sort, as until the time it could not conveniently receive any relief from Limerick, from whence it was now victualled by his lordship, the rebel neither hindering his lordship to pass nor repass his army over the river of Deel, upon which Askeaton is situate, where a small number might have made head to a copious troop; nor endeavoring any notable offence, in any place where they might have proved their force with much advantage. His Lordship (as I conjecture, to give the rebel an inexcusable provocation) diverted his journey towards the Castle Conon in county of Cork, Desmond's chief house.

In the way, passing between woods, (hard by Pheinter's town) which flanked the army on either side within musket shot, his Lordship, peradventure to let the rebel know the virtue of his men, and their weakness, entertained skirmish with them in their own strength; forcing them to abandon the same, without other loss, than that Sir Henry Norris, presenting a charge with his troop of horse, had his leg broken with a shot; the which, to prevent the last evil, or rather the first, [on] entrance into guard, was cut off, a few days after, at Kilmallock. He endured the same with extraordinary patience. His Lordship, according to his custom, finding himself in every place of action, was this day in as much danger as any private man. So was likewise the Earl of Southampton in much danger, expecting perpetually in the head of the troop (all the time of the skirmish) opportunity to charge the rebel. The Lord Grey, having that day the vanguard of horse, gave charge, with 12 of his horse, to as many of the rebels; forcing them into the woods to their foot. There died of the rebel clan, Donnell, and one of the Burghes, both commanders; only of ours, Capt. Jennings, Sir Henry Norris being, by report, certainly recovered, as is also Fra. Markham, a gent. of known valour, who had his right cheek pierced with a bullet.

-49-
(June 16.) The same day that the army passed by Castle Connor, was the same entertained in skirmish from the skirt of a road called Banno Coulaghe by Mac Carthy's men, where Sir Henry Davers (endeavouring to save certain stragglers that indiscreetly had engaged themselves) was shot in the face, the bullet passing to the root of his left ear, where it still resteth, but without any annoyance, he being already perfectly recovered. Desmond, instead of defending his castle, razed the same; by which, through his whole country, the army marched without any offence, although he might have presented himself in our way in places of exceeding advantage; so that, without any impeachment of the rebel, his Lordship arrived, on the 22nd (notwithstanding great brags by Desmond) unfought withal, at Waterford, where his Lordship was received with two Latin orations, and with as much joyful concourse of people as any other town of Ireland. During his Lordship's abode in Waterford, the importance of the plan requiring the same, on the 23rd, he reviewed with careful diligence the harbour, as also the fort Duncannon, which guard the same; the site and fabricature of which declare Sir John Norris<134> (by whose approbation that was chosen, and then allowed) as judicial an engineer, as his other arts have ennobled him for a worthy soldier. For the site, it is so overtopped by an imminent height, not distant from it more than 150 paces, that no man can stand firm in the piazza of the fort; and as for any art of fortification, whereof the fort should participate, and whereby skilful engineers are accustomed to render places more defensible, I should think the same (submitting yet my censure to the controlment of more experienced judgments) an insufficient entrenchment, and consequently a most defective fortress; whose shelter affordeth firm lodging under it to an enemy, covering him from all offences of the strata cooperta;<135> whose ditches are low and narrow and shallow; whose rampart and parapet are low and slender; whose defences are a forbici and in barba; and, that which is worse, there correspondence hindered by the casemates in the ditch, whose piazza is narrow, affording no place for retreat, when that rampart which is, shall either be beaten or topped; all which misfortunes are found in that part of the fort which regardeth the navy.<136> The part of the fort towards the water, although it hath not so many defects as the former, yet hath it as gross errors as any are mentioned. The two platforms being both of them so scant that they are not alone capable of such a number of pieces as might serve to command the water, but that they which are there have not sufficient place for their recoil: the defects of which platforms are suited with answerable parapets, which being slender and of stone, they promise (instead of security) death, to as many as shall, in time of necessity, present themselves to defence.

From Waterford to Dublin (whither his Lordship was now (June 25) in return with his army) leadeth a double way; the one through the glens, which denieth passage to horse and carriages; the other along the sea shore, by which his Lordship reviewed his army, as well, peradventure, for the convenience of the passage, as to visit in his way the garrisons of Enniscorthy, Arklow, Wicklow, and Newcastle. Until the army had passed Enniscorthy, the rebel never showed himself; for all the former day's march was through a plain. champion,<129> where he never trusteth himself; but before the army was advanced the midway from Enniscorthy towards Arklow, the rebel, (aided with the opportunity of woods and bogs,) presented himself in our way, for the destroying of certain villages; all which (and only which) his Lordship caused, in despite of him, to be consumed with fire, on June 30. About three miles from Arklow, the army was to pass a ford, where the enemy presented himself in our way, with opinion, as may be conjectured, if not to prohibit, yet to trouble the army in the
passage. The skirmish was for one half hour hotly maintained, either part contending the forme; the other, by fresh seconds, borrowed from their gross<sup>139</sup> which they had at hand. The Lord Lieutenant, thinking to inclose the rebel between his horse and foot, commanded the Lord of Southampton (who was now passing the ford) to take the first opportunity to charge; but the rebel (whose dread of our horse causeth them to observe diligently all their motions) perceiving the Earl of Southampton to advance with his troops, retired himself into his strength, a part of them casting away their arms for lightness, which yet escaped not altogether the execution of the Lord Lieutenant, who directed the foot in that part. The rebel was to pass in his strength through two small fields enclosed; through the end of the second of which lay a horse way unto a neighbour wood. His Lordship, invited by the opportunity of the place, commanded [Lieut. Bussshell, <sup>137</sup>] an Irish commander of horse, to charge, who committed a double error: the one, that he sent out 20 or 30 of his troop before the rest, which might have broken the rebels, and have received his first volley; the other, that, for about 12 shot that were delivered upon his troop, he turned head, when his trumpet sounded a charge; giving life to more than 200 rebels that stood at his mercy. In the meanwhile, while these things were in hand, the whole troops were passed the sands, and his Lordship began to continue his march towards Arklow; laying in a village upon the way an ambuscade of about 40 horse, which might cut off the rebel, &c. (which his Lordship most judiciously supposed he should approach to offend the rear: but the rebel (who is not easily surprised by ambuscade) either perceiving or suspecting deceit, made an halt with his two troops, which appeared to be about 800 foot and 50 horse, (a number which, howsoever it seem contemptible, yet is it sufficient to fight, in the strengths of the country, with 50 such armies as ours.) His Lordship, perceiving the rebels stay, rallied his horse to their place; and, the country being (to appearance) plain and firm champion, the whole army seemed to promise to itself security, and the rebel not presuming, every man attended only to hasten to the quarters in a speedy march, whereby the army was distracted into an excessive length, and brought thereby (although into no disorder) yet into some unreadiness. While the army marched, his Lordship, nothing being more familiar unto him than to observe the order of his own troops in their march, ascended for this purpose the top of a hill, whose height discovereth the whole plain; and perceiving from thence that the rebel prepared to give upon the rear of the sinister wing of the vanguard, led by Marmaduke Constable, Ensign to Capt. Ellis Jones, he commanded the Lord of Southampton (to whom gathered suddenly a few straggling horse) to haste to their succour. In the meantime, while the Lord of Southampton was occupied in the assuring of the feat, and endeavouring to draw the rebel (which held him in his strength) upon firm ground, the Lord Lieutenant, not attended upon by more than 6 or 7 horse,<sup>138</sup> presented a charge to the rebels' gross<sup>139</sup> of horse and foot, which was now making towards the Earl of Southampton, whom they saw to be engaged and to be upon a ground disadvantageous for horse; but, perceiving the resolution of the Lord Lieutenant, who constantly expected them upon the side of a bog which lay between him and them, they made a halt; about which time, the Lord Southampton, having increased the number of his horse to about 24, seeing it lost time to endeavour to draw the vermin from their strength, resolved to charge them at all disadvantage; which was performed with that suddenness and resolution, that the enemy, which before was dispersed in skirmish, had not time given him to put himself in order; so that, by the opportunity of occasion taken by the Earl, and virtue of them that were with him, (which were almost all noble) there was made a notable slaughter of the rebels. Such as escaped from their gross were intercepted from their gross (to which they laboured
to retire) by our foot, sent thither by the Lord Lieutenant in relief of the horse; many of which, by the too much forwardness of the riders, were there embogged; by whose enfortunate death, Capt. Cayen, whose industry had adorned him with much both science and language, died in the plain; and Capt. Constable, after a double wound, saved himself by his own virtue. That which the foot did in this part was not less glorious than that of the horse, their being a stand made by Sir Henry Poor, Capt. Courtney, and Ensign Constable, with 100 against (at least) 400 rebels. But that which hindered the coming down of the rebels was the presence of the Lord Lieutenant, who stood in a place fit to offend both by direction and number, having a little before joined unto him the rearward of foot and horse. The rebels, Donogh Hispanagh, and Phelim MacFeagh, moved either with the slaughter of theirs, whereof died more than a 100, (five of which were commanders;) or terrified with the order, readiness, and virtue of our men, which drew their route, desired Sir Thomas Davers, who that day commanded the rearguard of horse, to come out unto his Lordship, upon pretexts which his Lordship denied, as a course unfit for rebels, refusing to receive them upon other terms than upon submission to her Majesty's mercy. The next day following (July 1) his Lordship viewed the place, where (some weeks before) Phelim MacFeagh, with 400 foot and 150 horse (on a plain of unspeakable advantage to our men) had overthrown Sir Hen. Harington, Knight, who had with him 450 foot and 60 horse. They which escaped by flight, or by base hiding of themselves from the force of the rebels' sword, were by a martial court condemned (on the 3rd) to be hanged on the gallows; which sentence was mitigated by his Lordship's mercy, by which every 10th man was sentenced only to die; the rest appointed to serve in the army for pioneers.

Thus is my discourse, guided by the footsteps of victorious and successful journeys, returned as it were (in a circular revolution) to Dublin, his first period, where the Lord Lieutenant now remaineth, meditating, as it is thought, a second journey.

If in this relation I have omitted any thing of note, or noted any thing superfluous, either error is ignorance, neither judgment; my purpose being to discourse briefly the journey, without either amplifying small accidents, or detracting from well-deserving persons, which, for their satisfaction, as many as know me will believe; and, as for the rest, I desire not to know them.
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO SIR ANTHONY STANDEN, KNIGHT, 1600.

Written in his rural retreat at Kelston, whither he had retired from the danger and displeasure which prevailed at court, on the failure of the Irish expedition.

Sir,

It is not a lake of Lethe, that makes us forget our friends, but it is the lack of good messengers; for who will write, when his letters shall be opened by the way, and construed at pleasure, or rather displeasure?—Some used this in Ireland, that perhaps have repented it since in England. I came to court in the very heat and height of all displeasures: after I had been there but an hour, I was threatened with the Fleet; I answered poetically, "that coming so late from the land-service, I hoped that I should not be pressed to serve in her Majesty's fleet in Fleet-street." After three days every man wondered to see me at liberty; but though, in conscience, there was neither rhyme nor reason to punish me for going to see Tyrone; yet if my rhyme had not been better liked of than my reason, (I mean when I gave the young Baron of Dungannon an Ariosto,) I think I had lain by the heels for it. But I had this good fortune, that, after four or five days, the Queen had talked of me, and twice talked to me, though very briefly. At last she gave me a full and gracious audience in the withdrawing chamber at Whitehall, where herself being accuser, judge, and witness, I was cleared, and graciously dismissed. What should I say! I seemed to myself, for the time, like St. Paul, rapt up in the third heaven, where he heard words not to be uttered by men; for neither must I utter what I then heard: until I come to heaven, I shall never come before a statelier judge again, nor one that can temper majesty, wisdom, learning, choler, and favour, better than her Highness did at that time. In the discourse you were not unspoken of her. You shall hear ere long, but not by writing, for I will send a man. Thus much I adventure to write by this boy; but I trust him with no messages. I omitted no opportunity of mentioning and gracing, the best I could, all my friends while I stayed at London. In December I came hither, but since, I hear little and do nothing but sit by a good fire, and feed my lean horses, and hearken for good news, but hear none, save the certain expectation of peace with Spain.

My Lord Keeper<sup>141</sup> is a widower. Doctor Eaton<sup>142</sup> hath eaten the bishopric of Ely; all the clergy wish him choked with it. Mr. Edmondes<sup>143</sup> hath been with the Duchess of Burgundy, and well used; and she speaketh much honour of the Queen, which moves great hope of a league. You wonder I write nothing of one: <sup>144</sup>—believe me I hear nothing; but he is where he was, and I think must be, till these great businesses be concluded. Let this suffice from a private country knight, that lives among clouted shoes, in his frieze jacket and galoshes. and who envies not the great commanders of Ireland, but hereby commends himself to them.

Your true friend,

JOHN HARINGTON.

Kelston, near Bath,
Feb. 20, 1600.
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO SIR HUGH PORTMAN, KNIGHT

Represents his visit to court, and the alteration in Queen Elizabeth's manners and temper since the death of Essex:—resolves not to leave his poor castle of Kelston again, lest he should find a worse elsewhere.

My honoured Friend,

I humbly thank you for that venison I did not eat, but my wife did it much commendation. For six weeks I left my oxen and sheep, and ventur'd to court, where I find many lean-kindred beasts, and some not unhorned. Much was my comfort in being well received, notwithstanding it is an ill hour for seeing the Queen. The madcaps are all in riot, and much evil threatened. In good sooth I feared her Majesty more than the rebel Tyrone, and wished I had never received my Lord of Essex's honour of knighthood. She is quite disfavoured, and unattired, and these troubles waste her much. She disregardeth every costly cover that cometh to the table, and taketh little but manchet and succory potage. Every new message from the city doth disturb her, and she frowns on all the ladies. I had a sharp message from her brought by my Lord Buckhurst, namely thus, "Go tell that witty fellow, my godson, to get home; it is no season now to fool it here." I liked this little as she doth my knighthood, so took to my boots and returned to the plow in bad weather. I must not say much, even by this trusty and sure messenger; but the many evil plots and designs have overcome all her Highness' sweet temper. She walks much in her privy chamber, and stamps with her feet at news, and thrusts her rusty sword at times into the arras in great rage. My Lord Buckhurst is much with her, and few else since the city business; but the dangers are over, and yet she always keeps a sword by her table. I obtained a short audience at my first coming to court, when her Highness told me, "If ill counsel had brought me so far from home, she wished Heaven might mar that fortune which she had mended." I made my peace in this point, and will not leave my poor castle of Kelston, for fear of finding a worse elsewhere, as others have done. I will eat Aldborne rabbits, and get fish (as you recommend) from the man at Curry-Rival; and get partridge and hares when I can, and my venison where I can; and leave all great matters to those that like them better than myself. Commend me to your Lady and all other ladies that ever heard of me. Your books are safe, and I am in liking to get Erasmus for your entertainment.

JOHN HARINGTON.

From Kelston, Oct. 9. 1601.

I could not move in any suit to serve your neighbour B., such was the face of things; and so disordered is all order, that her Highness hath worn but one change of raiment for many days, and swears much at those that cause her griefs in such wise, to the no small discomfiture of all about her, more especially our sweet Lady Arundel, that Venus plus quam venusta.
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO HIS LADY, 1602.

Relates another interview with the Queen, his royal godmother, whose increasing infirmities and pitiable state are interestingly shown, and her speedy releasement from human pains and misery, truly predicted.

Sweet Mall,

Herewith I send thee, what I would God none did know, some ill bodings of the realm and its welfare. Our dear Queen, my royal godmother, and this state's natural mother, doth now bear show of human infirmity, too fast for that evil which we shall get by her death, and too slow for that good which she shall get by her releasement from pains and misery.

Dear Mall, how shall I speak what I have seen, or what I have felt?—Thy good silence in these matters, emboldens my pen. For, thanks to the sweet god of silence! thy lips, do not wanton out of discretion's path, like the many gossiping dames we could name, who lose their husband's fast hold in good friends, rather than hold fast their own tongues. Now I will trust thee with great assurance, and whilst thou dost brood over thy young ones in the chamber, thou shalt read the doings of thy grieving mate in the court.

I find some less mindful of what they are soon to lose, than of what they may perchance hereafter get. Now, on my own part, I cannot blot from my memory's table, the goodness of our Sovereign Lady to me, even (I will say) before borne; her affections to my mother who waited in privy chamber, her bettering the state of my father's fortune, (which I have, alas! so much worsted,) her watchings over my youth, her liking to my free speech, and admiration of my little learning and poesy, which I did so much cultivate on her command, have rooted such love, such dutiful remembrance of her princely virtues, that to turn askance from her condition with tearless eyes, would stain and foul the spring and fount of gratitude.

It was not many days since I was bidden to her presence. I blessed the happy moment; and found her in most pitiable state. She bade the archbishop ask me if I had seen Tyrone? I replied, with reverence, that "I had seen him with the Lord Deputy." She looked up, with much choler and grief in her countenance, and said, "Oh, now it mindeth me that you was one who saw this man elsewhere:"—and hereat, she dropped a tear, and smote her bosom. She held in her hand a golden cup, which she often put to her lips; but, in sooth, her heart seemeth too full to lack more filling. This sight moved me to think on what passed in Ireland; and I trust she did not less think on some who were busier there than myself. She gave me a message to the Lord Deputy, and bade me come to the chamber at seven o'clock. Hereat some who were about her did marvel, as I do not hold so high place as those she did not choose to do her commands. Dear Mall, if I get no profit, I shall get some envy, and this business may turn to some account with the Lord Deputy. Her Majesty enquired of some matters which I had written; and as she was pleased to note my fanciful brain, I was not unheedful to feed her humour, and read some verses, whereat she smiled once, and was pleased to say;—"When thou dost feel creeping time at thy gate, these fooleries will please thee less; I am past my relish for such matters: thou seest my bodily meat doth not suit me well; I have eaten but one ill-tasted cake since yesternight." She rated most grievously, at noon, at some who minded not to bring up certain matters of account. Several men have been sent to, and when ready at hand, her Highness hath
Sir John Harington

dismissed in anger; but who, dearest Mall, shall say, that "your Highness hath forgotten."

I was honoured at dinner with the archbishop and several of the church pastors, where I did find more corporeal than spiritual refreshment, and though our ill state at court may, in some sort, overcast the countenance of these apostolical messengers; yet were some of them well anointed with the oil of gladness on Tuesday last. Hereof thou shalt in some sort partake. My Lord of Salisbury had seized his tenants corn and hay, with sundry husbandry matters, for matters of money due to his lordship's estate: hereat the aggrieved man made suit to the bishop, and requested longer time and restitution of his goods:—"Go, go, (saith the bishop) I hear ill report of thy living, and thou canst not crave mercy; thou comest not to church service, and hast not received confirmation; I command thee to attend my ordinance and be confirmed in thy faith at Easter next coming."—"I crave your lordship's forgiveness, (quoth the man,) in good sooth I durst not come there, for as your lordship hath lain your hand on all my goods, I think it full meet to take care of my head!"—Such was part of our discourse at dinner. So thou seest, sweet Mall, although the bishops hand was heavy, our peasant's head was not weak, and his lordship said he would forego his payment.

Next month I will see thy sweet face, and kiss my boys and maids, which I pray thee not to omit on my account. Send me up, by my man Combe, my Petrarch. Adeiu, sweet Mall.

I am thine ever loving

JOHN HARINGTON.

Dec. 27th, 1602.
SIR JOHN HARINGTON'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT TO KING JAMES

A curious relic of court-craft.

1. A dark lantern, made of four metals, gold, silver, brass, and iron.
2. The top of it was a crown of pure gold, which also did serve to cover a perfume pan.
3. There was within it a shield of silver embossed, to give a reflection to the light, on one side of which
   4. Was the sun, the moon, and vii stars.
4. On the other side, the story of the birth and passion of Christ, as it is found graved by a King of Scots that was prisoner in Nottingham, in a vault called to this day the King of Scots' prison.<152>
5. The word was that of the good thief
   "Lord, remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom."
   Domine, memento mei cum veneris in regnum.
   And a little beneath,
   Post crucem, lucem.<153>
6. The wax candle, to be removed at pleasure to the top, and so to make a candlestick, stood in a foot of brass.
7. The snuffers, and all the outside of the lantern, of iron and steel plate.
8. The perfume in a little silver globe, filled with musk and amber, of all which and their applications, these ensuing verses were written.

VERSES OF THE LANTERN.

WHEN that wise counterfeit to Phoebus went,
And would a gift of price to him present;
Hiding a jewel rich in hollow cane,
No gift was seen, a great gift yet was ta'en:
And thus, divinely taught, he got his wishes,
Giving to mother earth well hastened kisses.
Excellent prince! and our Apollo rising,
Accept a present sent in like disguising:<154>
And though it come in feigned name unknown,
Yet love unfeigned may therein be shown.
Silver is closed in steel, in darkness light,
Only the crown apparent stands in sight.
In argent shield are sacred stories shown,
Stories to your great ancestor well known,
Who shut in Nottingham and kept apart,
Grav'd there this godly monument of art.
This story at his fingers' ends he knew,
For with his fingers' ends the same he drew.
Eke<155> other fancies lurk in this our present,
The use and sense whereof is not unpleasant.
Four metals ages four resemble do,
Of which the golden age God send to you!
Of steel, I wish small use and little lasting,
Of brass, gold, silver, plenty never wasting.
The sun, moon, stars, and those celestial fires
Foretell the heavens shall prosper your desires:
And as the snuffers quench the light and snuff,
So may you quench those take your acts in snuff.
The candle, the emblem of a virtuous king,
Doth waste his life to others light to bring.
To your fair queen, and sweet babes I presume
To liken the sweet savor and perfume.
She, send sweet breathed love into your breast,
She, blest with fruitful issue, make you blest.
Lastly, let heavenly crowns these crowns succeed,
Sent sure to both, to neither sent with speed.

OF THE PICTURE.
The blessed virgin's picture first hath place,
To whom thus Gabriel saith, hail full of grace!
Next, she her cousin visits, at whose voice
The babe unborn did sensibly rejoice.
Thirdly, is Christ born of a maid unstained,
And mother true a virgin true remained.
Fourthly, he's circumcised by Jews' decree,
Those laws that no man ere fulfilled but he.
Moses, Elias, met him, after that
Which sight made Peter speak he knew not what.
Then followeth th' agony and bloody sweat;
Feeling the burden of our sins so great.
Seventhly, for spite of clothes he was bestripped,
And, loving us, for us he then was whipped.
Then put they on his head a crown of thorns,
Themselves much fitter subjects for such scorns.
They forced him, in sight of lewd beholders,
To carry his own cross on his own shoulders:
They hanged him on each side a malefactor,
But he to th' one did prove a benefactor:
At three days' end he brought to full subjection.
Both hell and death, and taught us resurrection.
Then plain in sight he did to heaven ascend,
And will return a judge this age to end.
Then was the comforter to come discerned,
And men spake with the tongues they never learned.
And after all these things, it is presumed
The blessed virgin was to heaven assumed.
God grant me, when my life hath run the race,
To say to her, with saints, *Hail full of grace!*

THE FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE.
SWEET wanton Muse, that, in my greatest grief,
Wast wont to bring me solace and relief.
Wonted by sea and land to make me sport,
Whether to camp or court I did resort:
That at the plough hast been my welcome guest,
Yea to my wedlock bed hast boldly pressed;
At Eton now (where first we met) I leave thee,
Here shall my son and heir of me receive thee.
Now to more serious thoughts my soul aspires,
This age, this mind, a Muse austere requires.
Now for those feigned joys true joys do spring,
When I salute my sovereign lord and king,
Now we may tell plain truth to all that ask,
Our love may walk bare-faced without a mask.
My future age to realm and king I vow,
I may no time for wanton toys allow.
Ever I wish, and only, him to serve,
Only his love ever I would deserve.
If he be pleased war to proclaim with Spain,
With such a prince I'll follow wars again.
If his great wisdom th' ancient peace renews,
How fain of peace, would I report the news.
List he give laws to th' Irish, now well tamed,
I could give sound advices, and unblamed.
To build some stately house is his intention,
Ah, in this kind I had too much invention!
Will he suppress those that the land oppress,
A foe to them, myself I still profess.
List he to write or study sacred writ;
To hear, read, learn, my breeding made me fit.
What he commands, I'll act without excuse,
That's full resolved: farewell, sweet wanton Muse!

THE WELCOME TO THE KING.

COME triumph, enter church, court, city, town,
Here James the sixth, now James the first, proclaimed,
See how all hearts are healed, that erst were maimed,
The peer is pleased, the knight, the clerk, the clown.<156>
The mark at which the malcontent had aimed,
Is missed; succession 'stablished in the crown,
Joy protestant, papist be now reclaimed.
Leave, puritan, your supercilious frown,
Join voice, heart, hand, all discord be disclaimed.
Be all one flock, by one great shepherd guided:
No foreign wolf can force a fold so fenced,
God for his house a Steward hath provided
Right to dispose what erst was wrong dispensed,
But with a loyal love and long prepensed,
With all, yet more than all, rejoice do I,
To construe I am—es primus et non vi.<157>

(Authentic Copy<158> from the original in the University Library, Edinburgh, March 26, 1802, J. LEYDEN.)
KING JAMES TO SIR JOHN HARINGTON;
in return for his New Year's gift.
To our trusty and well-beloved
John Harington, Knight.
Right trusty and well-beloved friend, we greet you heartily well. We have received your lantern, with the poesy you send us by our servant William Hunter, giving you hearty thanks; as likewise for your last letter, when we perceive the continuance of your loyal affection to us and your service: we shall not be unmindful to extend our princely favour hereafter to you and your particulars, at all good occasions. We commit you to God.
JAMES R.
From our court at Holyrood House,
April the third, 1603.
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO LORD THOMAS HOWARD, 1603

Persevering in his endeavours to obtain courtly favour, with resolutions of studious labour and active integrity, which ill accord with his pursuits.

My Lord,<159>

Touching our matters here, and what hath fallen out since you departed, may perchance not be unpleasant to you to hear. Many have been the madcaps rejoicing at our new King's coming, and who (in good troth) dared not have set forth their good affection to him a month or two ago: but, alas! what availeth truth, when profit is in quest? You were true and leige bondsman to her late Highness, and felt her sweet bounties in full force and good favour. Nor did I my poor self unexperience her love and kindness on many occasions; but I cannot forbear remembering my dread at her frowns in the Irish affair, when I followed my general (and what should a captain do better?) to England a little before his time. If Essex had met his "appointed time" (as David saith) to die, it had fared better, than to meet his folly and his fate too.

But enough of old tales; a new King will have new soldiers, and God knoweth what men they will be. One saith he will serve him by day, another by night; the women (who love to talk as they like) are for serving him both day and night. It pleaseth me to think I am not under their command, who offer so bountifully what perchance they would be glad to receive at others' hands: but I am a cripple, and not made for sports in new courts. Sir Robert Cary<160> was prime in his Scottish intelligence of the Queen's death. Some will say that bad tidings travel fast; but I may call Sir Robert's no ill burden to Edinburgh.—St. Paul hath said, that "the race is not alway given to the swift:"—I doubt Sir Robert will give the Saint the lie, for he is like to get both race and prize, and (as fame goeth) creepeth not a little into favour.

I am now setting forth for the country, where I will read Petrarch, Ariosto, Horace, and such wise ones. I will make verses on the maidens, and give my wine to the masters; but it shall be such as I do love, and do love me. I do much delight to meet my good friends, and discourse of getting rid of our foes. Each night do I spend, or much better part thereof, in council with the ancient examples of learning; I con over their histories, their poetry, their instructions, and thence glean my own proper conduct in matters both of merriment or discretion; otherwise, my good Lord, I ne'er had overcome the rugged paths of Ariosto, nor won the high palm of glory, which you brought unto me, (I venture to say it) namely, our late Queen's approbation, esteem, and reward. How my poetry may be relished in time to come, I will not hazard to say. Thus much I have lived to see, and (in good sooth) feel too, that honest prose will never better a man's purse at court; and, had not my fortune been in terra firma, I might, even for my verses, have danced barefoot with Clio and her school-fellows until I did sweat, and then have gotten nothing, to slake my thirst, but a pitcher of Helicon's well. E'en let the beardless god Apollo dip his own chin in such drink; a hair of my face shall have better entertainment.

I have made some friends to further my suit of favour with the King, and hope you will not be slack in forwarding my being noticed in proper season: but, my good Lord, I will walk fair, though a cripple; I will copy no man's steps so close as to tread on his heel; if I go at all, it shall be verily uprightly, and shall better myself in thus saying, Sequar—sed passibus æquis.<161>—Now, my Lord, farewell and trust his
word who ventureth to honour himself in the name of
   Your friend,
   JOHN HARINGTON.

   When you can fairly get occasion, I entreat a word touching your doings at
Court. I will point out to you a special conveyance, for, in these times, discretion must
stand at our doors, and even at our lips too. Good caution never cometh better, than
when a man is climbing; it is a pitiful thing to set a wrong foot, and, instead of raising
one's head, to fall to the ground and show one's baser parts.
Lamenting that Tyrone was brought to England, and treated courteously, after all he had unergone in assisting to subdue him. Raleigh highly estimated, and the perils of a courtier's life forcibly set forth.

My Worthy Lord.<162>

I have lived to see that damnable rebel Tyrone brought to England, courteously favoured, honoured, and well liked. Oh! my Lord, what is there which doth not prove the inconstancy of worldly matters! How did I labour after that knave's destruction! I was called from my home by her Majesty's command, adventured perils by sea and land, endured toil, was near starving, eat horse-flesh at Munster; and all to quell that man, who now smileth in peace at those that did hazard their lives to destroy him. Essex took me to Ireland; I had scant time to put on my boots; I followed with good will, and did return with the Lord Lieutenant to meet ill will; I did bear the frowns of her that sent me; and, were it not for her good liking, rather than my good deservings, I had been sore discountenanced indeed. I obeyed in going with the Earl to Ireland, and I obeyed in coming with him to England. But what did I encounter thereon? Not his wrath, but my gracious Sovereign's ill humour. What did I advantage? Why, truly, a knighthood; which had been better bestowed by her that sent me, and better spared by him that gave it. I shall never put out of remembrance her Majesty's displeasure:—I entered her chamber, but she frowned and said, "What, did the fool bring you too? Go back to your business." In sooth, these words did sore hurt him who never heard such before; but heaven gave me more comfort in a day or two after; her Majesty did please to ask me concerning our northern journeys, and I did so well quit me of the account, that she favoured me with such discourse that the Earl himself had been well glad of. And now doth Tyrone dare us old commanders with his presence and protection.

I doubt not but some state business is well nigh begun, or to be made out; but these matters pertain not to me now. I much fear for my good Lord Grey and Raleigh. I hear the plot was well nigh accomplished to disturb our peace and favour Arabella Stuart, the Prince's cousin. The Spaniards bear no good will to Raleigh, and I doubt if some of the English have much better affection toward him; God deliver me from these designs. I have spoken with Carew concerning the matter; he thinkth ill of certain people whom I know, and wisheth he could gain knowledge and further inspection hereof, touching those who betrayed this business. Cecil doth bear no love to Raleigh, as you well understand in the matter of Essex. I wist not that he hath evil design, in point of faith or religion. As he hath oft discoursed to me with much learning, wisdom, and freedom, I know he doth somewhat differ in opinion from some others; but I think also his heart is well fixed in every honest thing, as far as I can look into him. He seemeth wonderously fitted, both by art and nature, to serve the state, especially as he is versed in foreign matters, his skill therein being always estimable and praiseworthy. In religion, he hath shown (in private talk) great depth and good reading, as I once experienced at his own house, before many learned men. In good troth, I pity his state, and doubt the dice not fairly thrown, if his life be the losing stake: but hereof enough, as it becometh not a poor country knight to look from the plough-handle into policy and privacy. I thank Heaven, I have been well nigh driven heretofore into narrow straits, amongst state rocks and sightless dangers; but if I have gained little profit and not much honour, I have not adventured so far as to be
quite sunken herein. I will leave you all now to sink or swim, as seemeth best to your own liking; I only swim now in our baths, wherein I feel some benefit and more delight. My lameness is bettered hereby, and I will shortly set forward to see what goeth on in the city, and pry safely among those that trust not me, neither will I trust to them: new princes beget new laws, and I am too well stricken in years and infirmities to enter on new courses. God commend and defend your Lordship in all your undertakings. He that thriveth in a court must put half his honesty under his bonnet; and many do we know that never part that commodity at all, and sleep with it all in a bag. I rest your lordship's true friend,

JOHN HARINGTON.
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY,

Enclosing a rental of his estate at Lenton, and beseeching the Earl to further his suit against Sir John Skinner.

My very good Lord,<164>

I have sent your Lordship the particular rates of Lenton, if your Lordship will do me the favour to recomend to a good chapman, it would be a means of my speedy delivery out of this thraldom.<165>

I hope Sr. Griffin Markham and I shall agree friendly, and that he will learn to know and use his friends.

Now I am to desire your Lordship if ever service and love of any Markham was acceptable to you; if my long professed duty may presume to challenge it, to favor us in our bill against Sir John Skinner, whose fraud, wastefulness, and willfulness, hath been the first concussion, and is like to be the final ruin of the Markhams' credit.

Your Lordship promised me to move my Lord Treasurer and my Lord of Northampton and my Lord Cecil on this behalf. I pray your Lordship let me add my Lord Chancellor; who may strike the greatest stroke therein. And so, praying your Lordship's favor that I may speak with your Lordship if you pass by, I take leave, this xxxjth of March, 1604.

Your Lordship's at command,
JOHN HARINGTON.
Sir John Harington

SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO MR. SECRETARY BARLOW,

Giving an account of the entertainment that King James had prepared for the King of Denmark, which failed, from the intemperance of the assistants and their royal auditor.

My good Friend,

In compliance with your asking, now shall you accept my poor account of rich doings. I came here a day or two before the Danish King came, and from the day he did come until this hour, I have been well-nigh overwhelmed with carousal and sports of all kinds. The sports began each day in such manner and such sort, as well nigh persuaded me of Mahomet's paradise. We had women, and indeed wine too, of such plenty, as would have astonished each sober beholder. Our feasts were magnificent, and the two royal guests did most lovingly embrace each other at table. I think the Dane hath strangely wrought on our good English nobles; for those, whom I never could get to taste good liquor, now follow the fashion, and wallow in beastly delights. The ladies abandon their sobriety, and are seen to roll about in intoxication. In good sooth, the parliament did kindly to provide his Majesty so seasonably with money, for there hath been no lack of good living; shows, sights, and banquetings, from morn to eve.

One day, a great feast was held, and, after dinner, the representation of Solomon his Temple and the coming of the Queen of Sheba was made, or (as I may better say) was meant to have been made, before their Majesties, by device of the Earl of Salisbury and others.—But, alas! as all earthly things do fail to poor mortals in enjoyment, so did prove our presentment hereof. The Lady who did play the Queen's part, did carry most precious gifts to both their Majesties; but, forgetting the steps arising to the canopy, overset her caskets into his Danish Majesty's lap, and fell at his feet, though I rather think it was in his face. Much was the hurry and confusion; cloths and napkins were at hand, to make all clean. His Majesty then got up and would dance with the Queen of Sheba; but he fell down and humbled himself before her, and was carried to an inner chamber and laid on a bed of state; which was not a little defiled with the presents of the Queen which had been bestowed on his garments; such as wine, cream, jelly, beverage, cakes, spices, and other good matters. The entertainment and show went forward, and most of the presenters went backward, or fell down; wine did so occupy their upper chambers. Now did appear, in rich dress, Hope, Faith, and Charity: Hope did assay to speak, but wine rendered her endeavours so feeble that she withdrew, and hoped the King would excuse her brevity: Faith was then all alone, for I am certain she was not joined with good works, and left the court in a staggering condition: Charity came to the King's feet, and seemed to cover the multitude of sins her sisters had committed; in some sort she made obeisance and brought gifts, but said she would return home again, as there was no gift which heaven had not already given his Majesty. She then returned to Hope and Faith, who were both sick and spewing in the lower hall. Next came Victory, in bright armour, and presented a rich sword to the King, who did not accept it, but put it by with his hand; and, by a strange medley of versification, did endeavour to make suit to the King. But Victory did not triumph long; for, after much lamentable utterance, she was led away like a silly captive, and laid to sleep in the outer steps of the antechamber. Now did Peace make entry, and strive to get foremost to the King; but I grieve to tell how great wrath she did discover
unto those of her attendants; and, much contrary to her semblance, most rudely made war with her olive branch, and laid on the pates of those who did oppose her coming.

I have much marvailed at these strange pageantrees, and they do bring to my remembrance what passed of this sort in our Queen's days; of which I was sometime an humble presenter and assistant: but I ne'er did see such lack of good order, discretion, and sobriety, as I have now done. I have passed much time in seeing the royal sports of hunting and hawking, where the manners were such as made me devise the beasts were pursuing the sober creation, and not man in quest of exercise or food. I will now, in good sooth, declare to you, who will not blab, that the gunpowder fright is got out of all our heads, and we are going on, hereabouts, as if the devil was contriving every man should blow up himself, by wild riot, excess, and devastation of time and temperance. The great ladies do go well-masked, and indeed it be the only show of their modesty, to conceal their countenance; but, alack, they meet with such countenance to uphold their strange doings, that I marvel not at aught that happens. The Lord of the mansion is overwhelmed in preparations at Theobald's, and doth marvelously please both Kings, with good meat, good drink, and good speeches. I do often say (but not aloud.) that the Danes have again conquered the Britons, for I see no man, or woman either, that can now command himself or herself. I wish I was at home:—O rus, quando te aspiciam?—And I will; before the Prince Vaudemont cometh.

I hear the uniting the kingdoms is now at hand; when the Parliament is held more will be done in this matter. Bacon is to manage all the affair, as who can better do these state-jobs.

My cousin, Lord Harington of Exton, doth much fatigue himself with the royal charge of the princess Elizabeth; and, midst all the foolery of these times, hath much labour to preserve his own wisdom and sobriety. If you would wish to see how folly doth grow, come up quickly; otherwise, stay where you are, and meditate on the future mischiefs of those our posterity, who shall learn the good lessons and examples held forth in these days. I hope to see you at the Bath, and see the gambols you can perform in the hot waters, very speedily; and shall rest your assured friend in all quiet enjoyments and hearty good affections.

JOHN HARINGTON.

[1606]
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO MR. ROBERT MARKHAM,

Apologising for having shown the journal of the Irish expedition to queen Elizabeth, whom he delineates with masterly skill, and portrays with apparent fidelity.

My good cousin,

Herewith you will have my journal with our history, during our march against the Irish rebels. I did not intend any eyes should have seen this discourse, but my own children's; yet, alas! it happened otherwise: for the Queen did so ask, and, I may say, demand my account, that I could not withhold showing it; and I, even now, almost tremble to rehearse her Highness' displeasure hereat. She swore, "by God's Son, we were all idle knaves, and the Lord Deputy worse, for wasting our time and her commands, in such wise as my Journal doth write of." I could have told her Highness of such difficulties, straits, and annoyance, as did not appear therein to her eyes; nor, I found, could not be brought to her ear; for her choler did outrun all reason, though I did meet it at a second hand. For what show she gave at first to my Lord Deputy, at his return, was far more grievous, as will appear in good time. I marvel to think what strange humours do conspire to patch up the natures of some minds. The elements do seem to strive which shall conquer and rise above the other. In good sooth, our late Queen did enfold them all together. I bless her memory, for all her goodness to me and my family; and now will I show you what strange temperament she did sometime put forth. Her mind was oft-time like the gentle air that cometh from the westerly point in a summer's morn; 'twas sweet and refreshing to all around her. Her speech did win all affections, and her subjects did try to show all love to her commands; for she would say, "her state did require her to command, what she knew her people would willingly do from their own love to her." Herein did she show her wisdom fully: for who did choose to lose her confidence; or who would withhold a show of love and obedience, when their Sovereign said it was their own choice, and not her compulsion? Surely she did play well her tables to gain obedience thus without constraint: again, she could put forth such alterations, when obedience was lacking, as left no doubtings whose daughter she was. I say this was plain on the Lord Deputy's coming home, when I did come into her presence; she chaffed much, walked fastly to and fro, looked with discomposure in her visage; and, I remember, she caught my girdle when I kneeled to her, and swore, "By God's son I am no Queen; that man is above me—Who gave him command to come here so soon? I did send him on other business." It was long before more gracious discourse did fall to my hearing; but I was then put out of my trouble, and bid "Go home." I did not stay to be bidden twice; if all the Irish rebels had been at my heels, I should not have had better speed, for I did now flee from one whom I both loved and feared too.

Her Highness was wont to soothe her ruffled temper with reading every morning, when she had been stirred to passion at the council, or other matters had overthrown her gracious disposition. She did much admire Seneca's wholesome advisings, when the soul's quiet was flown away; and I saw much of her translating thereof. By art and nature together so blended, it was difficult to find her right humour at any time. Her wisest men and best counsellors were oft sore troubled to know her will in matters of state: so covertly did she pass her judgement, as seemed to leave all to their discreet management; and, when the business did turn to better advantage, she did most cunningly commit the good issue to her own honour and understanding; but, when aught fell out contrary to her will and intent, the council were in great strait to
defend their own acting and not blemish the Queen's good judgment. Herein her wise men did oft lack more wisdom; and the Lord Treasurer would oft shed a plenty of tears on any miscarriage, well knowing the difficult part was not so much to mend the matter itself, as his mistress's humour: and yet he did most share her favour and good will; and to his opinion she would oft-time submit her own pleasure in great matters. She did keep him till late at night, in discoursing alone, and then call out another at his departure, and try the depth of all around her sometime. Walsingham had his turn, and each displayed their wit in private.

On the morrow, every one did come forth in her presence and discourse at large; and, if any had dissembled with her, or stood not well to her advisings before, she did not let it go unheeded, and sometimes not unpunished. Sir Christopher Hatton was wont to say, "The Queen did fish for men's souls, and had so sweet a bait, that no one could escape her network." In truth, I am sure her speech was such, as none could refuse to take delight in, when frowardness did not stand in the way. I have seen her smile, sooth with great semblance of good liking to all around, and cause every one to open his most inward thought to her; when, on a sudden, she would ponder in private on what had passed, write down all their opinions, draw them out as occasion required, and sometime disprove to their faces what had been delivered a month before. Hence she knew every one's part, and by thus fishing, as Hatton said, she caught many poor fish, who little knew what snare was laid for them.

I will now tell you more of her Majesty's discretion and wonder-working to those about her, touching their minds and opinions. She did oft ask the ladies around her chamber, If they loved to think of marriage? And the wise ones did conceal well their liking hereto; as knowing the Queen's judgment in this matter. Sir Matthew Arundel's fair cousin, not knowing so deeply as her fellows, was asked one day hereof, and simply said—"she had thought much about marriage, if her father did consent to the man she loved."—"You seem honest, i'faith, said the Queen; I will sue for you to your father."—The damsel was not displeased hereat; and, when Sir Robert came to court, the Queen asked him hereon, and pressed his consenting, if the match was discreet. Sir Robert, much astonied at this news, said—"he never heard his daughter had liking to any man, and wanted to gain knowledge of her affection; but would give free consent to what was most pleasing to her Highness' will and advice."—"Then I will do the rest," saith the Queen. The Lady was called in, and the Queen told her father had given his free consent. "Then," replied the lady, "I shall be happy, and please your Grace."—"So thou shalt; but not to be a fool and marry. I have his consent given to me, and I vow thou shalt never get it into thy possession: so, go to thy business. I see thou art a bold one, to own thy foolishness so readily."

I could relate many pleasant tales of her Majesty's outwitting the wittiest ones; for few knew how to aim their shaft against her cunning. We did all love her, for she said she loved us, and much wisdom she showed in this matter. She did well temper herself towards all at home, and put at variance those abroad; by which means she had more quiet than her neighbours. I need not praise her frugality; but I will tell a story that fell out when I was a boy. She did love rich clothing, but often chid those that bought more finery than became their state. It happened that Lady M. Howard was possessed of a rich border, powdered with gold and pearl, and a velvet suit belonging thereto, which moved many to envy; nor did it please the Queen, who thought it exceeded her own. One day the Queen did send privately, and got the lady's rich vesture, which she put on herself, and came forth the chamber among the ladies; the kirtle and border was far too short for her Majesty's height; and she asked every
one, "how they liked her new-fancied suit?" At length, she asked the owner herself, "If it was not made too short and ill-becoming?" which the poor lady did presently consent to. "Why then, if it become not me, as being too short, I am minded it shall never become thee, as being too fine; so it fitteth neither well." This sharp rebuke abashed the Lady, and she never adorned her herewith any more. I believe the vestment was laid up till after the Queen's death.

As I did bear so much love toward her Majesty, I know not well how to stop my tales of her virtues, and sometimes her faults, for nemo nascitur sine —, saith the poet; but even her errors did seem great marks of surprising endowments.— When she smiled, it was a pure sunshine, that every one did choose to bask in, if they could; but anon came a storm from a sudden gathering of clouds, and the thunder fell in wonderous manner on all alike. I never did find greater show of understanding and learning, than she was blessed with; and whoever liveth longer than I can, will look back and become laudator temporis acti. Yet too, will I praise the present times, or I should be unmindful of many favours received from many hands.

Now will I try to stop, and give your patience a breathing-time from my history; but the subject of the letter will excuse my tedious reciting. I write from wonder and affection. I have now passed my storms, and wish for a quiet harbour to lay up my bark; for I grow old and infirm. I see few friends, and hope I have no enemies. So now adieu, good cousin, and read my tale which I penned of our marches, ambuscades, culverins, and such-like matters, which if it give you no more pleasure in the reading than it did me in the enduring, I must think it a sorry tale truly.

I rest your loving cousin,

JOHN HARINGTON.

Send me Petrarch by my man, at his return.
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO PRINCE HENRY

Enclosing a poetical character of Bishop Gardiner, and
announcing his Brief View of the State of the Church. 1606.

Most noble and honored Sir,

I here send by my servant such matter as your Highness did covet to see, in regard to Bishop Gardiner of Winchester, which I shall sometime more largely treat of, and lay at your feet. I may truly say, this prelate did persecute me before I was born; for my father was by his command imprisoned in the Tower for eleven months, for only carrying a letter to the Princess Elizabeth; and my mother was taken from her presence, and obliged to dwell with Mr. Topelift as an heretic. My poor father did send many petitions to the Bishop, but in vain, as he expended one thousand pounds to get his liberty. Nor had they any comfort but their consciences to beguile this affliction, and the sweet words and sweeter deeds of their mistress and fellow prisoner. But, not to rail only, I will inform your Highness what old Sir Matthew Arundel was wont to say, touching these times—"that Bonner was more to blame than Gardiner, who used to call him ass, and other scurvy names, for dealing so cruelly by honest men." I was moved to say so much against this judgment, that Sir Matthew said, my father ought to have lain in prison much longer, for sending such a saucy sonnet to Gardiner: in truth it was not over-civil, but after fair words ill taken, such deeds are not foul; and, considering those unrefined times, the poetry is not badly conceived; as your Highness may judge in due season, when I bring it before you, and here have sent no ill written letter to beg mercy of the Bishop; of which my father gave me copies, with many others in his own justification. In humble consideration of your Highness favour and countenance,

I remain, to all command,

JOHN HARINGTON.
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO SIR AMIAS PAWLET,
Representing his interview and conversation with King James,
in which the Monarch is drawn to life. 1606

My loving cousin,

It behoveth me now to recite my journal, respecting my gracious command of my Sovereign Prince, to come to his closet; which matter as you so well and urgently desire to hear of, I shall, in suchwise as suiteth mine best ability, relate unto you, and is as followeth.—When I came to the presence-chamber, and had gotten good place to see the lordly attendants, and bowed my knee to the Prince; I was ordered by a special messenger, and that in secret sort, to wait a while in an outward chamber, whence, in near an hour waiting, the same knave led me up a passage and so to a small room, where was good order of paper, ink, and pens, put on a board for the Prince's use. Soon upon this, His Highness did enter, and in much good humour asked, "If I was cousin to Lord Harington of Exton?" I humbly replied,—"His Majesty did me some honour in enquiring my kin to one whom he had so late honoured and made a baron;" and moreover did add, "we were both branches of the same tree." Then he enquired much of learning, and showed me his own in such sort, as made me remember my examiner at Cambridge aforetime. He sought much to know my advances in philosophy, and uttered profound sentences of Aristotle, and such-like writers, which I had never read, and which some are bold enough to say, others do not understand: but this I must pass by.

The Prince did now press my reading to him part of a canto in Ariosto; praised my utterance, and said he had been informed of many, as to my learning, in the time of the Queen. He asked me "what I thought pure wit was made of; and whom it did best become? Whether a King should not be, the best clerk in his own country; and, if this land did not entertain good opinion of his learning and good wisdom?" His Majesty did much press for my opinion touching the power of Satan in matter of witchcraft; and asked me, with much gravity,—"If I did truly understand, why the devil did work more with ancient women than others?". I did not refrain from a scurvy jest, and even said (notwithstanding to whom it was said) that—"we were taught hereof in scripture, where it is told, that the devil walketh in dry places." His Majesty, moreover, was pleased to say much, and favourably, of my good report for mirth and good conceit: to which I did covertly answer; as not willing a subject should be wiser than his Prince, nor even appear so.

More serious discourse did next ensue, wherein I wanted room to continue, and sometime room to escape; for the Queen his mother was not forgotten, nor Davison neither. His Highness told me her death was visible in Scotland before it did really happen, being, as he said, "spoken of in secret by those whose power of sight presented to them a bloody head dancing in the air." He then did remark much on this gift, and said he had sought out of certain books a sure way to attain knowledge of future chances. Hereat, he named many books, which I did not know, nor by whom written; but advised me not to consult some authors which would lead me to evil consultations. I told his Majesty, "the power of Satan had, I much feared, damaged my bodily frame; but I had not farther will to court his friendship, for my soul's hurt."—We next discoursed somewhat on religion, when at length he said: "Now, Sir, you have seen my wisdom in some sort, and I have pried into yours. I pray you, do me justice in your report, and in good season, I will not fail to add to your understanding, in such points as I may find you lack amendment." I made courtesy
hereat, and withdrew down the passage, and out at the gate, amidst the many varlets
and lordly servants who stood around.

Thus, you have the history of your neighbour's high chance and entertainment
at court; more of which matter, when I come home to my own dwelling, and talk these
affairs in a corner. I must press to silence hereon, as otherwise all is undone. I did
forget to tell, that his Majesty much asked concerning my opinion of the new weed
tobacco, and said "it would, by its use, infuse ill qualities on the brain, and that no
learned man ought to taste it, and wished it forbidden." I will now forbear further
exercise of your time, as Sir Robert's man waiteth for my letter to bear to you, from
Your old neighbour,
friend, and cousin,
JOHN HARINGTON.
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO MR. SUTTON, FOUNDER
OF THE CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.

Expressing his anxiety about a rumour which had gone
abroad, that Sir John had been often tampering with Mr.
Sutton to make the Duke of York his heir, in order to procure
the honour of a barony.

Sir,<187>

Your strange message, first by my man, after by my son, now seconded with
your speech to myself, did greatly trouble me. That I have undone you, overthrown
your estate, disturbed your designs: that no man dare buy any land of you, be your
feoffee, nor take any trust from you; so as that which you had ordained to good uses,
and to redeem your sins, was now so encumbered, as you were scant master of your
own; and all by means of a bruit<188> among your friends, raised as you supposed by
me, "That you have made Duke Charles your heir, and the King your executor."

Far be it from me to abuse, or misreport either so princely and pious an
intention as I know his Majesty hath to further all good works; or so godly a purpose,
as you intend to do some; but "God cannot be mocked," though we may dissemble
with men. The letter is still extant which was my warrant. I have spoken nothing but
within compass of that, and that very sparingly to your private friends; in which letter
seeing you yourself would needs in your sense read a caveat to refuse honour because
of age; which, in my construction, was an encouragement to take the honour due to
your abilities and years; I have been since, and will be silent about it.—For the
suit<189> you would make to his Majesty, (which I will not so much as guess at,) I
will say what I think: you will make no suit; but such as will find favour and
expedition; and, seeing you suppose I wronged you before, I would be glad to make
you amends now by any endeavour of mine. Only, my old friend, you may not forget
to be a benefactor to Bath church in your lifetime; for alms, in one's life, is like a light
borne before one, whereas alms after death is like a candle carried behind one.

Do somewhat for this church; you promised to have seen it ere this;
whenever you will go to Bath, my lodgings shall be at your commandment: the
baths would strengthen your sinews, the alms would comfort your soul.

The tower, the choir, and two aisles, are all ready finished by Mr.
Billett,<190> executor to the worthy Lord Treasurer Burleigh: the walls are up ready
for covering.

The lead is promised by our bountiful bishop, Dr. Montague; timber is
promised by the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Earl of Hartford, the Lord Say, Mr. Robert
Hopton, and others.

There lacks but money for workmanship, which if you would give, you should
have many good prayers in the church now in your lifetime, when they may indeed do
you good, and when the time is to "make friends of the mammon of iniquity, (as
Christ bids us,) that we may be received into everlasting tabernacles;" to which God
send us, to whose protection I leave you, &c.

JOHN HARINGTON,
From Greenwich this
13th of June, 1608.
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO PRINCE HENRY, SON TO KING JAMES I,

Detailing the merits and extraordinary sagacity of his dog Bungey.

May it please your Highness to accept in as good sort what I now offer, as hath been done aforetime; and I may say, *i pede fausto:* but, having good reason to think your Highness had good will and liking to read what others have told of my rare dog, I will even give a brief history of his good deeds and strange feats; and herein will I not play the cur myself, but in good sooth relate what is no more nor less than bare verity. Although I mean not to disparage the deeds of Alexander's horse,*<192> will match my dog against him for good carriage, for, if he did not bear a great Prince on his back, I am bold to say he did often bear the sweet words of a greater Princess on his neck.

I did once relate to your Highness after what sort his tackling was wherewith he did sojourn from my house at the Bath to Greenwich Palace, and deliver up to the court there such matters as were entrusted to his care. This he hath often done, and came safe to the Bath, or my house here at Kelston, with goodly returns from such nobility as were pleased to employ him; nor was it ever told our Lady Queen, that this messenger did ever blab aught concerning his high trust, as others have done in more special matters. Neither must it be forgotten, as how he once was sent with two charges of sack wine from the Bath to my house, by my man Combe; and on his way the cordage did slacken; but my trusty bearer did now bear himself so wisely as to covertly hide one flask in the rushes, and take the other in his teeth to the house; after which he went forth, and returned with the other part of his burden to dinner. Hereat your Highness may perchance marvel and doubt; but we have living testimony of those who wrought in the fields, and espied his work, and now live to tell they did much long to play the dog, and give stowage to the wine themselves; but they did refrain, and watched the passing of this whole business,

I nced not say how much I did once grieve at missing this dog; for, on my journey towards London, some idle pastimers did divert themselves with hunting mallards in a pond, and conveyed him to the Spanish ambassadors, where (in a happy hour) after six weeks I did hear of him; but such was the court he did pay to the Don, that he was no less in good liking there than at home. Nor did the household listen to my claim, or challenge, till I rested my suit on the dog's own proofs, and made him perform such feats before the nobles assembled, as put it past doubt that I was his master. I did send him to the hall in the time of dinner, and made him bring thence a pheasant out of the dish, which created much mirth; but much more, when he returned at my commandment to the table, and put it again in the same cover. I could dwell more on this matter, but *jubes renovare dolorem:* I will now say in what manner he died. As we traveled towards the Bath, he leaped on my horse's neck, and was more earnest in fawning and courting my notice, than what I had observed for time back; and, after my chiding his disturbing my passing forwades, he gave me some glances of such affection as moved me to cajole him; but, alas! he crept suddenly into a thorny brake, and died in a short time.

Thus I have strove to rehearse such of his deeds as may suggest much more to your Highness' thought of this dog. But, having said so much of him in prose, I will say somewhat too in verse, as you may find hereafter at the close of this history. Now
let Ulysses praise his dog Argus, or Tobit be led by that dog whose name doth not appear; yet could I say such things of my Bungey, (for so was he styled,) as might shame them both, either for good faith, clear wit, or wonderful deeds; to say no more than I have said, of his bearing letters to London and Greenwich, more than an hundred miles. As I doubt not but your Highness would love my dog, if not myself; I have been thus tedious in his story; and again say, that of all the dogs near your father's court not one hath more love, more diligence to please, or less pay for pleasing, than him I write of; for verily a bone would content my servant, when some expect greater matters, or will knavishly find out a bone of contention.

I now rest your Highness' friend, in all service that may suit him,
JOHN HARINGTON.

P. S. The verses above spoken of, are in my book of Epigrams in praise of my dog Bungey to Momus. And I have an excellent picture, curiously limned, to remain in my posterity.
Kelstone, June 14, 1608.
SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO PRINCE HENRY, 1609,

Communicating, from a book in his grandfather's handwriting, fragments of wit and poesy, by Henry the Sixth and Eighth, with a copy of his own Ariosto for which he humbly but earnestly solicits some special mark of his Highness' approbation.

Most Noble Prince,

It was sometime since your will, that I should send unto you such scraps and fragments of wit and poesy as I might, from my poor brain; but as respect is due to crowned heads, and as such should be honored before clownish heads, I have here sent to your Highness a pretty verse, made by that unfortunate, and yet in his godliness I wist, most fortunate King; Henry the Sixth; it hath often caused much grief to think on the perilous state of that good King, not forgetting to remark how he framed his life to meet his death. I met with this verse in a book of my grandfather's writing, whose father was so much in the troubles and wars of York and Lancaster, as to lose all his lands for being a commander on the wrong side, and among the traitors, if so I may say; and yet thus saith a poet:<198>

Treason doth never prosper;—What's the reason?
Why;—if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

But this is not King Henry's verse. My ancestor Sir James Harington did once take prisoner, with his party, this poor Prince; for which the House of York did grant him a parcel of lands in the northern counties, and which he was fool enough to lose again, after the battle of Bosworth, when King Henry the Seventh came to the crown; and methinks I feel his folly to this time, for, on forfeiture of twenty-five rich manors, it was time for our house to travel to southward, where, if they brought no lands, they found some, from the goodness of Henry the Eighth.

The verse I did mean to present your Highness with, is as doth now follow, and well suiteth the temper and condition of him who made it:

"Kingdoms are but cares;
State is devoid of stay;
Riches are ready snares,
And hasten to decay.
Pleasure is a privy prick
Which vice doth still provoke;
Pomp, unprompt; and fame, a flame;
Power, a smouldering smoke.
Who meaneth to remove the rock
Out of the slimy mud,
Shall mire himself, and hardly 'scape
The swelling of the flood."

So much for poor King Henry's verse; and now take (if your Highness will excuse it) some of his prose: for I find written under this, in the same hand, the following sentences; and no doubt they were not given as his without good credit and grounds:

"Patience is the armour and conquest of the godly: this meriteth mercy, when causeless is suffered sorrow."

"Naught else is war but fury and madness, wherein is not advice but rashness;
Sir John Harington

not right but rage, ruleth and reigneth."
HENRY."

And none so truly could speak thus as our poor author, under his piteous
imprisonment, his bloody kingdom, his distressed kindred; from all which God hath
now most marvelously freed and delivered these realms.

As I have thus given your Highness a short example of royal poetry, I will not
in haste forsake the matter and descend from high to low; but will now venture to
send to your reading a special verse of King Henry the Eighth, when he conceived
love for Anne Boleyn. And hereof I entertain no doubt of the author; for, if I had no
better reason than the rhyme, it were sufficient to think that no other than such a Kig
could write such a sonnet; but of this my father oft gave me good assurance, who was
in his household.<199> This sonnet was sung to the lady, at his commandment, and
here followeth:—

The eagle's force subdues each bird that flies
What metal can resist the flaming fire?
Doth not the sun dazzle the clearest eyes?
And melt the ice, and make the frost retire?
The hardest stones are pierced through with tools;
The wisest are, with Princes, made but fools.

Thus have I given your Highness another example of royal poetry; nor, if time
did serve, or your time, would permit, should I omit some prettier verses of our late
princess, of blessed remembrance; but enow at this time.

I have complied with your request, and sent my Ariosto for your Highness'entertainment, humbly suing for some special mark of your approbation in return from
the hand and head of that Prince who claimeth the dutiful obeisance and unequalled
estimation of

His honoured servant,
JOHN HARINGTON.
A SUPPLEMENT OR ADDITION TO THE CATALOGUE OF BISHOPS, TO THE YEAR 1608, or
A Brief View of the State of the Church of England

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 Reign,
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, near Bath, Knight."
THE OCCASION WHY THIS WORK WAS TAKEN IN HAND.

By Sir John Harington

<200>About the month of August last past, [A. D. 1606] his Majesty then being at Windsor, a Londoner of honest credit told me how a preacher in the city had, with more zeal than discretion, (reprehending the spoilers of the Church, and such as gape for such spoils) told withal how some lewd<201> person had scattered in divers places this rhyme:

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

This most reasonless rhyme, borne away by the vulgar auditors better perhaps than any part of the text or sermon, hath bred since amongst divers men divers cogitations. The worst sort of papists, that have not yet digested the dissolution of abbeys, (and may perhaps in a factious policy broach such a bruit<202>) fill men with fear that all tends to impiety and atheism, as though no man can serve God that is not a Roman. The giddy puritan, that is most suspected of the making and meaning of it, is well pleased when he hears it, hoping their presbytery would rise by the fall of Bishops; their charity being to quench the fire raised by this schism, *non aqua, sed ruina*, "not with water but with ruin," as Tully saith in his oration *pro Murena*. The malcontent rejoices to hear of spoil, that he whom no chance can lightly<203> make worse, some change may possibly make the better.— But the true Christian, that fears God and honours the King, doth neither despise such lewd practises and preparatives to mischief, nor any whit deject his heart and his hope, either to believe them or give way to them; but rather bestirs himself the more courageously, to discover the fraud and resist the malice of the enemy. For this is no new practice of Satan, nor the first of this kind in these latter times in which he showeth this cunning; that mixing falsehood with probabilities, and forespeaking some mischiefs 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<204> sometimes at some truth, win fools to give faith to much falsehood.

But to show how stale this goodly prediction is of the ruin of bishops, though some ill poet hath given it a new coat, the old vestment made by Piers Plowman<205> being belike worn out of fashion, it is well known to many yet living how Sir Roger Manhood,<206> a man nothing superstitious, and concerning all soothsayers and witches almost incredulous, yet out of some strange speculation seemed to prognosticate two great matters, the one of which being allready falsified, makes me no less confident that the other shall prove as untrue.

His first prognostication (as I call it) was of the great civil wars that would rise by the uncertainty of succession immediately after Q. Elizabeth's death, for which cause I have heard he conveyed his land so as no state of inheritance should remain in any of his heirs till 5 years after the Queen's death, which was his time limited for ending this great war, which war lasted not five minutes, for neither man nor mouse once peeped against her indubitable heir, and therefore, now his heir may possess his more doubtful inheritance.

His second speculation asketh a more longer time to disprove; but thus it was. In his lifetime he made a tomb of good value, for matter as well as workmanship, and showing the same, among others, to a knight of his country, (Sir Ed. Hobby;<207>) both for wit, learning, and alliance, of great reputation; he was asked by the said
knights, where it should stand, whether in Paul's, or Westminster, or Canterbury; he told him, very seriously, he had given order to set it in a mean parish church: and being asked the reason, he answered—"because, forsooth, he would be glad to have his bones lie quiet, as long as he might, but (saith he) you see the abbey churches are already pulled down, and our wizards tell that cathedral churches shall be next; the poor parish churches will stand longest, and therefore there would I lie."—And there you may lie, and be found a liar in this point even at the day of judgement, and God deal then as mercifully with you and your man Luker, as our late Sovereign did, when she told you the story of Cambyses,<208> and threatened to make you such an example, for some peccadillos of yours; and your peremptory writing to the Lords of the Council.

Omnes qui sunt male agentes,
Semper currunt ad potentes,
Vivat Rex, currat Lex.<209>

Adieu my Lords.

After all which, she forgave all this; and sent you down your circuit, not only with safety but with solace.

But now I return to our new prophecies, one of which I have here expressed, (being afore so famous) the others I will not recite, lest I may seem to commit the fault I reprove; but the prophets themselves have ill success, to hazard both their liberties and lives with their lies. This traitorous and malicious prediction of Henry the 9th (whom I wish no longer to hold the crown than he can be content to expect it) comes out of the same forge with the former, and is now newly furbished by some malcontent (as Sir Thomas Chaloner,<210> when I first told him of it, did as probably as prudently conjecture) that wishing evil to the present government, in his false heart, would also, as far as in him lieth, poison the hope of our children and posterity; 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 ready to undergo hazard, travail, and cost, to leave his posterity in good estate when he dies, and to die himself in peace, as Horace doth very well express,

Senes ut in otia tuta recedant.<211>

But when I consider with myself that no less pious than wise and princely maxim of his Majesty, our Solomon; No bishops, no king: to I dare be bold to ad, this; No king, no nobility or gentry:—I conceive, with extreme detestation, what a horrible confusion they intend 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 privity of his discreet and virtuous tutor, Mr. Newton, Dean of Durham,<212>) this well approved work<213> of Dr. Francis Godwin, now Bishop of Llandaff; a work so well esteemed by our late Sovereign, as in reward thereof she made himself a bishop. Then, with small entreaty, I undertook to add this SUPPLEMENT unto it of the late times, with as much fidelity and perspicuity, and as little partiality, as possibly I could; which though I think fit to be seen of few, yet I wish it may be perused by his Highness; and hope, in some respects, it will be thought not unworthy of his reading. For, in reading of both, he shall plainly see, that Christian religion was first planted by bishops, that it hath been preserved and continued with bishops, and that it will fall and decay without bishops; as in some other treatise I will, God willing, more prove.

But now if any one should ask, why such a man as I should busy myself so earnestly in a cause that concerns so many 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 less I am interested in it, the better I may be credited. As I have observed sometime how in a camp, when for lack of pay, or some other distress, the soldiers are ready to mutiny against their captains, or the general himself; a corporal, or a gentleman of a band, doth prevail more many times to pacify their minds, than the captains themselves, against whom they be chiefly exasperate: so in this spiritual mutiny against bishops, by many inferior soldiers of the militant church, that having glutted themselves with manna, murmur against Moses and Aron; it may be my persuasion (though neither so eloquent nor vehement as some of them could use in their own cause) may prevail more with those of my sort, and be less suspected of passion or partiality, esteeming myself for this purpose, as Tully said of himself, non electus ex multis qui maximo judicio, sed relictus ex omnibus qui minimo periculo possim dicere: "not as a choice man among the best, that can speak with most judgment, but as one left among the meanest, which may discourse with least danger." In which kind, if I use more freedom of speech than ordinary, either of the dead or of the living, let me not be deemed either malicious or audacious; having learned of the same author, Qui vere et libere loquitur, hunc male non loqui: "a true and free speaker is no evil speaker." And if any find fault that my relations fall short in many places of their merits of whom I speak, and in some points may seem but uncertain; I must be borne with therein, as they that report battles fought, at which themselves were present: who though they could not from any one place see all the feats of arms, and defeats, that they write of; yet telling part of that he saw and felt, as Æneas doth, quorum pars una fui:<214> and gathering part by the sequel, and some by other men's report, or the enemies' confession, is supposed to write a true history.

Lastly, for all such as seem daunted and dismayed with these fond predictions, I wish them to be of good comfort, and to assure themselves that it is impossible a Prince descended of such ancestors, so virtuously brought up, so devoutly and sweetly inclined, by nature and nurture; whose father with incomparable wisdom and piety hath new erected 14 bishoprics decayed, and (which is an augurium<216> against this wicked prediction) turned a broken cannon in Scotland to a bell, should so strangely degenerate in England, to pull down 24 bishoprics so long since and so firmly established; and to profane bells, ordained for the sound of joy, and honour of Christian peace, to make of them cannons, the thunderers of ruins and horror of Turkish wars.
ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY:

Doctor Matthew Parker.

<217>When I consider with myself the hard beginning, though more prosperous success of the reformed Church of England, methinks it may be compared to a battle fought, in which some captains and soldiers, that gave the first charge, either died in the field, or came bleeding home; but such as followed, putting their enemies to flight, remained quiet and victorious. Or I may more fitly (without offence) liken it to the success of them of the primitive church, wherein the apostles and their immediate successors, were one while honoured and magnified by their followers the Christians; as St. Peter, at whose feet the believers laid all their goods; and St. Paul, who was received as an angel of God; another while tormented, and persecuted, by Jews and Heathen; as the same apostles, whipped by Jews; hanged and headed by the Romans; sometimes, I say, a centurion, a lieutenant, a proconsul, favouring them; straight a priest, a scribe, and a lawyer, promoting against them: a few of Cæsar's household willing well unto them, and believing them; but the Cæsars themselves for three hundred years (except a very few) detesting and suppressing them. For in such sort Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, Hooper, Rogers, Coverdale, and many others, induring great conflicts in those variable times of Henry the Eighth, King Edward, and Queen Mary, suffering by fire, by imprisonment, banishment, loss and deprivation, with many fights, many flights, and many fights, for their conscience' sake; those that died, had the glory of valiant soldiers, and worthy martyrs; such as survived, have since in a long and happy peace, enjoyed the comfort of the victory, and are like still to hold it, if some mutinous soldiers of their own camp, do not by disturbing the peace at home, give heart to the enemy abroad. Among the survivors of these first leaders, that passed so many pikes, the first in time, and the highest in place, was Dr. Matthew Parker, who, (as by this <218> author is noted) having lost all his livings for his marriage, now being made Archbishop of Canterbury, dissembled not his marriage, as Crammer in King Henry the Eighth's time, was forced to do; which, because some have taken occasion to note with too black ink, to exclude him from the reputation of a rubricated martyr; and have cited the testimony of his son's widow, yet living, that she was carried in a trunk, and by misfortune almost stifled, by being set by an ignorant porter with her head downward; (which talk goes very current among Papists) I can truly affirm that this is a mere fiction, for I have examined the gentlewoman herself (being of kin to my wife, and a Rogers by name) and she hath sworn to me, she never reported, nor ever herself heard, of any such misfortune.

But now though this Archbishop (Parker) dissembled not his marriage, yet Q. Elizabeth would not dissemble her dislike of it. For whereas it pleased her often to come to his house, in respect of her favour to him that had been her mother's chaplain, being once above the rest greatly feasted; at her parting from thence, the archbishop and his wife being together, she gave him very special thanks, with gratious and honourable tearms, and then looking on his wife; "and you, (saith she) Madam I may not call you, and Mistress I am ashamed to call you, so I know not what to call you, but yet I do thank you."

It is true, she disliked marriage in bishops, and was not very forward to allow it in some of the laity; for I knew one of good place about her, that had contracted himself to a rich widow, yet would not adventure to marry her, till he had gotten the Queen to write for that which he had obtained before, to the intent that the Queen, repecting it as her benefit, might not dislike with her own act. But for clergymen,
ceteris paribus,<220> (and sometime imparibus too,) she preferred the single man afore the married.
ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY:

Doctor Edmond Grindal.

Of Mr. Edmond Grindal, whereas my author writes he was blind, I have heard by those that knew somewhat in those days, that he kept his house upon a strange occasion, the secret whereof is known to few, and the certainty is not easy to find out; but thus I was told it.

There was an Italian Doctor (as I take it, of Physic) that having a known wife alive, yet bearing himself on the countenance of some great lord, did marry another gentlewoman, (which to do now, is by his Majesty's most godly laws made felony,) This good archbishop, (not winking at so public a scandal,) convented him for it, and proceeded by ecclesiastical censures against him. Letters were presently written from this great lord to the archbishop, to stay the proceeding, to tolerate, to dispense, or to mitigate the censure; but the bishop remained still unmoved and unmoveable. When no subject's entreaty could be found to prevail, they entreat the sovereign to write in the doctor's behalf; but this John Baptist not only persisted in his non licet habere eam, but also in a reverent fashion, required an account of her Majesty's faith, in that she would seem to write in a matter that (if she were truly informed) was expressly against the word of God. The Queen in a gracious disposition was purposed to have yielded an account in writing; but the great lord not only dissuaded her from it, as too great an indignity, but incensed her exceedingly against him; whereupon, he was privately commanded to keep his house; where bycause he was sometime troubled with sore eyes, his friends gave out he was blind. But if he were blind, it was like to the soothsayer Tiresias that foresaw and foretold Pentheus' ruin, as Ovid writes,

Eveniet, (neque enim dignabere numen honore:)
Meque sub his tenebris nimium vidisse quereris.<224>

For that lord, that so persecuted this prelate about his physician's two wives, dying twenty years since, left two wives behind him, that can hardly be yet agreed which was his lawful wife. And so much for Archbishop Grindal.
ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY:

Doctor John Whitegift.

Upon the decease of Archbishop Grindal, (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;) choice was made of Doctor Whitegift, then Bishop of Worcester, a man in many respects very happy, and in the best judgements very worthy. 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 scared out of their wits) did begin, not by the plot of some great ones, but by the pen of Mr. Cartwright, to defend their new discipline: their endeavour (as was pretended) was to reduce all, in show at least, to the purity, but indeed to the poverty, of the primitive church.

These books 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 honoured as a patriarch, by many of that profession. Doctor Whitegift was made Bishop of Worcester, and there having a great good report of housetaking, and governing the marches of Wales, he was (as my author hath told,) called unto Canterbury.

While he was Bishop of Worcester, though the revenue of it be not very 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 troop of Tawny Coats, demanded of him, "How he could keep so many men?" he answered, "It was by reason, he kept so few women."

Being made Archbishop of Canterbury, and of the Privy Council, he carried himself in that mild and charitable course, that he was not only greatly approved by all the clergy of England, but even by some of those, whom with his pen he might seem to have wounded; I mean the Puritans, of whom he won divers, by sweet persuasions to conformity.

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

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

He founded an hospital in or nigh Croydon, and placed poor men therein, in his own lifetime, and being grown to a full age, that he might say with St. Paul, bonum certamen certavi, cursum confeci, &c. he was so happy, as to give to his sovereign and preferrer, the last spiritual comfort she took in this world, (I hope to her eternal comfort.) And after that, he not only joined with the other lords, for the proclaiming of King James, but on Saint James' day following, did set the crown on his head, and anointed him with the holy oil. And so having first seen the church setled under a religious king, and the crown established in a hopeful succession, he fell into a palsy, (to which he had been formerly subject,) and with no long or painful sickness, he yieldeth to nature, deserving well this epitaph, written by a young scholar of Oxford that was with me at the writing thereof.

Candida dona tibi Whitegift, sunt nomen et omen,
Candidiora tuis munera nemo dedit:
Nugæ Antiquæ

Nomen habes niveo inscriptum nuncs ergo lapillo,
Aut stola, pro merits redditur alba tuis.<230>
ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY:

Doctor Richard Bancroft.

<231>Upon the death of Archbishop Whitegift, divers worthy men were named in the vacancy. His Majesty, not (after the manner of some princes,) seeking to keep it vacant, but rather lusting to fill it. The Bishops of Durham and Winchester were, as it were, voce populi,<232> made competitors with the bishop of London, rather by their eminency of merit and learning, than by any known desire, or endeavour of them or their friends. Wherein methinks, by the way, envy itself cannot but gratulate the Church of England, that is so furnished with learned bishops, that if choice had been to be made, not by a judicious prince, but by the fortune of a lot among those three, and many more beside, it could not have fallen amiss.

But his Majesty had long since understanding of his writing against the genevising and scotising<233> ministers; and though some imagined he had therein given the King some distaste, yet finding him, in the disputations at Hampton Court, both learned and stout, he did more and more increase his liking to him. So that although in the common rumour, Toby Matthew then bishop of Durham, was likest to have carried it; so learned a man, and so assiduous a preacher, qui in conceptionis dominatur;<234> as his emulous and enemy wrote of him; yet his Majesty, in his learning, knowing, and in his wisdom, weighing, that this same strict charge pasce oves meos "feed my sheep," requires as well a pastoral courage of driving in the stray sheep, and driving out the infectious, as of feeding the sound, made special choice of the bishop of London, as a man more exercised in affairs of the state. I will add also mine own conjecture out of some of his Majesty's own speeches, that in respect he was a single man, he supposed him the fitter, according to Queen Elizabeth's principles of state; upon whose wise foundations, his Majesty doth daily erect more glorious buildings.

But I lose labour to repeat these things, to your Highness<235> better known than to myself. I should only speak of the former times.

Of his beginning, therefore, and rising, 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 spoil of his churches.

He was tutor in Cambridge, to the Lord Cromwell,<236> who had cause to wish, and (as I have heard) hath wished, he had stayed with him longer, though he were sharp and austere. My Lord Chancellor Hatton made special choice of him, to be his examiner.

Est aliquid, de tot Graiorum millibus, unum
A Diomede legi.<237>

By his means Queen 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,<238> after the strange and frantic attempt of Hacket and his fellows.<239>

Which practice, though the branches thereof were easily cut off, yet was it thought to have a more dangerous and secret root.

But for these his travails, as the Queen and state favored him, so these "seditious sectaries," (to use Judge Popham's<240> word, that would not have them called puritans) they, I say, no lease malignad him in libels and rhymes, for they were void of reasons, laying the imputation of papistry unto him; and some of these were punished in the Star-chamber; namely, one Darling, the last Star-chamber day in
Queen Elizabeth's time, was sharply censured. And it is no wonder, if they loved him not, for indeed he had stoutly opposed their chiepest darling.

As for the imputation of papistry, which they lay on all men that cross their designs, he is so free from it, that I can truly affirm, the greatest blow the papists received in all Q. Elizabeth's time, came from his hand, or at least from his head: for having wisely observed the emulation, and ambition, and envy, that lurked in the minds 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. Paul set the Pharisees against the Sadducees, to set the priests against the Jesuits, Watson<241> against Parsons, (impar congressus)<242> but yet thereby he so divided their languages, as scanty they can understand one another as yet.

These things acted, before the King your father's happy entry, I thought good to touch, though more sparingly than my particular 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 Majesty's godly proceedings, though I know much, yet if I should say all I know, perhaps it is less than your Highness knows; therefore I will conclude with that, which the truth rather than my kindeness enforceth me to say,—that no bishop, since I can remember, hath been counted more vigilant in looking to his charge, ne quid Ecclesia detrimenti capiat.<243>
BISHOPS OF LONDON:

Doctor John Elmer.

<244>My purpose in this work from the beginning, and my promise to your Highness, being to add to this author,<218> a supplement of some matters that he purposely omitted writing in the latter years of Q. Elizabeth; and my resolution being to write plainly, without fear or favor of those I do write, I will proceed confidently, as I have begun; in which, I persuade myself I have some advantage of the author himself, for freedom of speech, both in the time, and many other circumstances:—for he was no fool that gave that rule,

—Mitissima sors est
Regnorum, sub rege novo.
Lucan.<245>

Again, I being a layman, am not so obnoxious to their reprehensions, that may be offended with that I shall say, as he was, being a churchman.

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

Lastly, he writes to the world publicly, and I but privately to your Highness. Therefore I will proceed quoad sciam, poteroque.<246>

THE first bishop is Mr. John Elmer, of whom my author hath spoken too little, and I, perhaps, shall seem to say too much. Yet once I thought to have said somewhat of Bonner, because I may remember him living in the late Queen's time unbishoped, and went sometime abroad; but I was so young then, as I could judge nothing; and he was so hated, that every ill-favored fat fellow that went in the street, they would say, it was Bonner. But methinks now, by that I have heard of him, I could liken him to Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, who being cruel and peremptory in prosperity, was both patient and pleasant in adversity. For example, that tyrant being expelled his realm, and living a poor pedant, was one day with men of mean 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 King's chamber, to show they had no weapons.) Dionysius perceiving the scorn, was nothing troubled, but bade him come and drink with him, and shake his clothes at the going out, that his host might see he caried nothing with him. So Bonner, having twice lost his bishopric, walking with his tippet<247> in the street, one begg'd it of him in scoff, to line a coat; "No, (saith he) but thou shalt have a fool's head, to line thy cap." And to another, that bade him "Good morrow, bishop quondam;" he straight replied, "Farewell, knave semper."<248> I have been told also, that one showed him his own picture in the Book of Martyrs, in the first edition, of purpose to vex him; at which he laughed, saying, "a vengeance of the fool, how could he get my picture drawn so right?" And when one asked him if he were not ashamed to whip a man with a beard? he laughed, and told him, "his beard was grown since; but (saith he) if thou hadst been in his case, thou wouldst have thought it a good commutation of penance, to have thy bum beaten, to save thy body from burning."—but this is too much of this sloven.

I come now to Bishop Elmer, whom in mine own particular I loved very well, and yet performing truly the task I have undertaken, I shall show perhaps no great sign of it.

He was a man but mean of stature, yet in his youth very valiant, which he forgot not in his age. When he first became a preacher, following the popular phrase
and fashion of the younger divines of those times, which was to inveigh against the superfluities of churchmen, he is remembered, namely to have used these words in a sermon, before a great auditory, "Wherefore away with your thousands, you bishops, and come down to your hundreds, &c." But this was but a heat of the spirit; of which not long after, by reading and conference, he was thoroughly cured; in so much, as being asked by one of his own rank, after he was Bishop of London, what he meant to preach of the brainsick fashion, he answered with the words of St. Paul, *cum essum parvulus, loquebar ut parvulus, sapiebam ut parvulus.*<249>

But certain it is, no bishop was more persecuted and taunted by the Puritans of all sorts than he was, by libels, by scoffs, by open railing, and privy backbiting.

It is vulgar, yet a passage not unworthy remembering, that passed between one Master 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 seek of an answer,—"By your favor, Sir, (said he) your deeds answer your name righter than mine: for your name is Elmar, and you have marred all the elms in Fulham, by lopping them."

He used for recreation to bowl in a garden; and Martin Marprelate<250> thence takes this taunting scoff, that the bishop would cry, "Rub, rub, rub,"<251> to his bowl, and when it was gone too far, say, "The devil go with it;" and then, saith he, the bishop would follow. Thus they rubbed one another, till they were all galled sometimes; and the bishop was so weary of the place, that he would gladly have removed to Ely, and made great suit for it, and was put in some hope of it. I have seen a letter or two of his to his friend, subscribed thus, "Yours in love, but not in London." Yet would he not take it with those hard conditions that were proposed, lest Mr. Madox, and his like, might call him Eel-mar.<252> So as it was noted as an ill fortune of his, to have died Bishop of London, which eight before him in one hundred year had not done, but been either preferred, or deprived. He was diligent in preaching at his cure, where he was first beneficed; and when his auditors grew dull, and unattentive, he would with some pretty and unexpected conceit, move them to attention. One among the rest was this:—He read a long text in Hebrew, whereupon all seemed to listen what would come after such strange words, as if they had taken it for some conjuration. Then he showed their folly, that when he spake English, whereby they might be instructed and edified, they neglected, and hearkened not unto it; and now he read Hebrew, which they understood no word of, they would seem so careful and attentive. When there was talk of dangers, and rumours of war, and invasions, then he was commonly chosen to preach in the court, and he would do it in so cheerful a fashion, as not only showed he had courage, but would put courage into others. "Here is much doubt, saith he, of malum ab Aquilone,<253> and our cole-prophets<254> have prophesied that in exaltatio Lunæ Leo jungetur Leonæ.<255> The astronomers tell of a watery trigon; that great inundations of waters foreshow insurrections of people, and downfall of princes: but as long as Virgo is the ascendent with us, we need fear of nothing; Deus nobiscum, quis contra nos?<256>—and for this, the Queen would much commend him, yet would she not remove him. But though he were stout, and wise, and rich, yet had he beside his conflicts with the Puritans; also some domestical crosses. He had a daughter, a modest gentlewoman, and very well brought up, whom he gave in marriage to one Mr. Adam Squire<257> a minister and preacher, and learned, but a very fantastical man, as appeared partly the
Sir John Harington

first day; for as I have heard, he would needs preach at his own marriage, upon this
text; "It is not good for Adam to be alone." This text he so pursued, after he had been
some years married, that though his wife were away, yet Adam would not be alone.
This course bred jealousy, jars and complaints, and the bishop (as he had good cause)
reprehended his son-in-law. He, thinking to defend or at least revenge himself by
recrimination, accused her to have received a love letter from a knight, (but the squire
himself had indited it) and this was so cunningly handled by him, and with such
probability, that her fault was as suspicious as his was manifest. Falsehood will out at
last: the bishop (that feared never a knight nor lord in England) sends for the knight,
(contrary to the squire's expectation) bolts out the whole matter, finds there were
treacherous tricks put on his daughter, but no meretrix,<sup>258</sup> and being too wise to
publish his own disgrace, and too stout to endure it; I have credibly heard (and believe
it to be true) that with a good waster<sup>259</sup> he so mortified this old Adam of his son-
in-law, Squire, that he needed no other penance but this, which was according to the
old canon, per disciplinam et verbera.<sup>260</sup>

In his sons he was more fortunate, than many bishops in England have been
thought to have been; his eldest being a civil 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
destroy our vines; for our vines have small grapes:" which sermon so pleased his
Majesty, that besides other approbations of it, he said to me, that if Mr. Elmer had not
had his father's collections and notes against Puritans, he could never have made so
good a sermon:—And so much of Bishop Elmer.
There succeeded in less than one year's vacation, (as hath been already told) Mr. Richard Fletcher, a comely and courtly prelate; but I may say, as Tully said, when he had commended King Deiotarus to Caesar, by the name of Rex frugi, a frugal 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 comely and courtly are no fit epithets for the true praise of a prelate. I remembered before, how Ely had been long vacant, almost 20 years, and Bristol and Oxford, though both new erected bishoprics, (saved as it were out of the ruins and ashes of the abbeys) were thought in some danger again to be lost. For Bristol was held in commendam, and Oxford not much to be commended; wherefore about the year [15]88, that same mirabilis annus, some of the zealous courtiers, whose devotion did serve them more to prey on the church than pray in the church, harkened out for fit supplies to these places, and sent their agents to find out some men that had great minds, and small means or merits, that would be glad to leave a small deanship to make a poor bishopric, by new leasing out lands, that were now almost out of lease; but to free him from the guilt of it, the poor bishop must have no part of the fine. There was then a dean, whom I may not name; (but to give the stork more life, I will name his place for name sake of Coventry,) a man of great learning, but of no great living. To him was sent one of these foxes, "the little foxes that destroy our vines, and make small grapes," with this favourable message, that his honourable lord had sent him to him, to let him know how much he respected his good gifts (in which word also, there might be some equivocation) and though it was hard in those times 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 be void by a remove, if this dean would for the present take the bishopric of Oxford, which was then in a long vacation also, and make leases, &c. he should the next year be removed to Salisbury. The honest dean, that in his soul detested such sacrilege, made this mannerly and ingenuous answer:—"Sir, I beseech you commend my humble service to his honourable lordship; but I pray you tell his lordship, that in my conscience, Oxford is not my right way from Coventry 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 Bristol in his way from Peterborough to Worcester, though that were wide of the right way, upon the sinister or bow hand many miles; as the card of a good conscience will plainly discover. I fortuned to be one day at the Savoy with Mr. Secretary Walsingham, where Mr. Fletcher was then upon his dispatch for Bristol; a familiar friend of his meeting him there, bad "God give him joy, my lord elect of Bristol;" which he (taking kindly and courteously upon him) answered, that "it had pleased indeed the higher powers so to dispose of him;" but said his friend in his ear,—" Do you not lease out tot et tot to such and such?" He clapping his hand on his heart, in a good graceful fashion, replied with the words of Naman the Syrian, "Herein the Lord be merciful to me:"—but there was not an Elizeus to bid him "go in peace." What shall I say for him? Non erat hoc hominis vitium sed temporis. I cannot say so; for your Highness knows I have written otherwise in a book of mine I gave you, Lib. 3, num. 80.
Sir John Harington

Alas, a fault confessed were half amended,
But sin is doubled that is thus defended;
I know a right wise man says and believes
Where no receivers are, would be no thieves.<266>

Wherefore at the most I can but say, dividatur. He was a well-spoken man, and
one that the Queen gave good countenance to, and dis-covered her favour to him,
even in her reprehensions, as Horace saith of Mecænas;
—rerum tutela mearum
Cum sis, et prave sectum stomacheris ob unguem<267>

for she found fault with him once for cutting his beard too short: whereas [the] good
lady (if she had known it) she should have found fault with him for cutting his
bishopric so short. He could preach well, and would speak boldly, and yet keep
decorum. He knew what would please the Queen, and would adventure on that,
though it offended others. Once I remember there had been two Councillors sworn,
within compass of one year, and neither of them had a gray hair at that time,
whereupn he glanced in his sermon at it with a sentence of Seneca, against juvenile
consilium, privatum commodum, investum odium: which Mr. Daniel, upon a better
occasion, did put into English verse, in this sort,

That we may truly say, these spoil'd the state,
Young counsel, private gain, and partial hate<268>

The Queen, as I said, found no fault with his liberal speech, but the friends of
these councillors taxing him for it, I have heard he had this pretty shift, to tell the
friends of either of them he meant it by the other.

Being bishop of London, and a widower, he married a gallant lady and widow,
sister to Sir George Gifford, the pensioner, which the Q. seemed to be extremely
displeased at, not for the bigamy of a bishop (for she was free of any such
superstition) but out of her general dislike of clergymen's marriage: this being a
marriage that was talked of at least nine days. Yet in a while he found means to pacify
her so well, as she promised to come, and I think came to a house he had at Chelsea.
For there was a stair and a door made of purpose for her in a bay-window; of which,
pleasant wits descanted diversely: some said, it was for joy, to-how he would (as the
proverb is) cast the house out of the window for her welcome; some more bitingly
called it the impress, or emblem, of his entry into his first bishopric, viz. not at the
door, but at the window. But certain it is, that the Queen being pacified, and he in
great jollity, with his fair lady, and her carpets and cushions in his bed-chamber, died
suddenly, taking tobacco in his chair, saying to his man that stood by him, whom he
loved very well, "Oh boy, I die!"—whereupon many bolts<268> were roved after
him, and some spitefully feathered: which, both for charity sake, as well as brevity, I
will omit. 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;
The cause of his death was secret and hid,
He cried out, "I die!"—and e'en so he did.

He was buried in the church, the dean and chapter of Paul's not being so
scrupulous as they of York were, the 9th of Henry the first, who because their
archbishop died suddenly, buried him without the church-porch, notwithstanding he
had been their great benefactor.<269>
BISHOPS OF LONDON:

Richard Vaughan.

Mr. Richard Vaughan is the next that I have to speak of, being the last man named in my author's book, and of him he hath but two lines, only declaring him to have been then Bishop of Chester.

Upon the remove of my Lord of Canterbury, that now is, he succeeded him in London, as is not unknown to your Highness.

His beginning of preferment was under my Lord Keeper Puckering, being his examiner of such as sued for the benefices in my Lord's gift. In which, though some complained he was too precise, yet for my part I ascribe to it one of his greatest praises. For this I know, that a preacher, being a nobleman's chaplain, 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 university man, to speak for his approbation. Master Vaughan examined him of no very deep points, and found him but shallow, and not very ready in the Roman tongue, his friend having been fain to help him up, in two or three foul stumbles, both of language and matter. Whereupon he dismissed 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 suitor by no means.

He was in those days very prompt, and ready in speech, and withal 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 alleging the Queen's healing of the evil for an instance, asking him what he could say against it? He answered that he was loth to answer arguments taken from the topic place of the cloth of estate; but if they would urge him to answer, he said his opinion was, she did it by virtue of some precious stone in the possession of the crown of England, that had such a natural quality. But had Queen Elizabeth been told, that he had ascribed more virtue to her jewels (though she loved them well) than 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. Soon after his remove to London, he fell into that drowsy disease of which he after died, growing thereby unfit for that place, that requires a Vigilantius, and not a Dormitantius.

He was held a mild man, and was well spoken of in the city, which sometime 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.
Within a few months there succeeded him Doctor Ravis, Bishop of Gloucester, who is not formerly mentioned in this book, because Mr. Gollsborough his predecessor in Gloucester was then living. His preferment to Gloucester makes me remember a story that some record of Scipio, who being made general of the Roman army, was to name his quaestor or treasurer for the wars, whom he thought fit; being a place in those days as is in these, of great importance. One that took himself to have a special interest in Scipio's favour, was an earnest suitor for it, but by the delay, mistrusting he should have a denial, he importuned him one day for an answer. "Think not unkindness in me (said Scipio) that I delay you thus, for I have been as earnest with a friend of mine to take it, and cannot yet prevail with him:"—noting hereby, that offices of charge and conscience, are fittest for such as shun them modestly, rather than such as seek them greedily. And, even so, did my lords of the council deal with Mr. Ravis, who being then Dean of Christ Church, which lightly is not held, but by some choice man of the university, being a place of good value and reputation, was requested by them to take this bishopric, when many that sued to have it, were put by. But as he was not willing to go thither, so they of Gloucester were more unwilling he should go thence, he won in a short space so great good liking of all sorts. Insomuch as some that can scant well brook the name of a bishop, yet can be content to give him a good report.

For my part, I have observed a great change in Gloucester, from that it seemed to me nine years since, about the Earl of Essex going into Ireland; for at that time 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 public and private, looking old and ruinous: whereas of late years, their bishop keeping his house near them, and being daily with them, they have built them a new market-place, and are now building a fair 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 took of his Majesty's happy entrance, and peaceable government, and of the succession established in his hopeful issue; yet is not least to be imputed to the discretion and diligence of the pastors that waken and stir up their charity, 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 nobly, and like himself, contributed to this so great and necessary work, giving a large portion of timber towards it.

Now, as I said, it hath pleased his Majesty to place him in London, magistratus indicabit virum. This public place (for I count the other was almost private to this,) will show what is in the man. I need not prognosticate, but I can wish and hope, that as he is for his person comparable to Mr. Fletcher, so he may equal Doctor Elmer in courage, Doctor Bancroft in carefulness, and Doctor Vaughan in his mild demeanour, to win the love of the people; and thus much be said concerning the Bishops of London.
BISHOPS OF WINCHESTER:

Doctor William Wykeham.

Having passed Canterbury and London, both neighbours to the court, and within the verge; I thought the greatest part of my task passed over. Howbeit, Winchester I find also will afford some variety of matter; and as it hath been a place that hath had many learned men, and bred many learned, both divines, and philosophers, and poets; so I shall take occasion in speaking of some of these that ensue, to produce some poems both Latin 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 Highness may see) produceth good old rhyming verses of friars, both in praise and dispraise of some of the bishops. For my purpose from the beginning, though it were chiefly to inform your knowledge with a faithful report of some things passed in Queen Elizabeth's time, overpassed by my author; yet was it also to sauce it in such sort, with some variety of matter, not impertinent, to cheer your spirit, lest a dull relation of the acts of grave gray-beards to a young Prince might grow fastidious.

First, therefore, of the first bishop Wykeham, whose life my author hath set out so amply and orderly, as I need add nothing thereto; only because a man that hath made so many good scholars deserves a better verse than that on his tomb

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

and such like stuff, 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 Johnson,<277> thought I could never do it or him more honour than to present it to your princely view; for as Sir Philip Sidney curseth all despisers of poetry, with this poetical anathema; first, that they may be in love, and loose their love for lack of a sonnet; next, that when they die, their memory may die for want of an epitaph;<278> So, I would wish such as wrong good poets, no worse punishment, than to have some vile verse written of him, (whose reading, as Martial saith, might make a man's physic work the better with him:) such as for the most part those lazy friars were wont to write. For my part, though Wykeham's epitaph be but seven or eight lines, and this twenty times seven, yet I must confess it were less tedious to me at this present to read the seven score than the seven; and hoping it may seem so to you, I have here annexed them.

ORTUS ET VITA
GULIELMI DE WICKHAM
olim Episcopi Wintoniensis, & conditoris istius Collegii.

Qua capit australis 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 patrisque;
Haud dubie in vitam transtulit ille suam.
Longus enim ut longo duratet tempore, caute
Ut bene prospiceret cuncta, Sibilla dedit.
Ergo sub Edvardo natus regnante secundo,
Tunc ubi ter sceptri sexta cecurrit Hyems,
Sir John Harington

Viginti primos studiis & moribus annos
Wickhamiæ (patris cura ea summa) dedit.
Nec tamen hic omnes, nam partem temporis hujus
Venta & Edingdoni praesulis aula tulit:
Protinus Edvardi translatus tertii in aulam
Non fieri nullo ceperit & 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:
Wickhamus huic operi praeponitur, 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 hac fuit ultima honoris,
Crevit adhuc regi charior usque suo:
Usque adeo ut sexto sit factus Episcopus anno,
Jussus Ventana pascere in urbe gregem.
Hic mini vaniloqui minuenda est fabula vulgi,
Fabula de tanto non bene ficta viro,
Namque nec Estmoneam petit fallaciter unquam,
Sed tulit auratum Rege sciente pedum
Nec fuit inductus, doctos facturus, ut ilium
Fama referit Rege verba dedisse suo.
Consule quæ in tanti gesit molimine regni
Prudentem dices palladiumque virum.
Consule quæ in sacri scribuntur calce statuti
An faceret doctos, addubitasce scies:
Adde quod (historici si pagina vera Frosarti est)
Rex Intercessor præsul ut esset erat,
Missa igitur vulgi faciamus verba prophani,
Querat et exactam nostra Thalia fidem:
Wickhamus ad summos erectus præsul honores,
Edvardo inque dies charior inque dies,
Jam patriæ lumen, jam Cancellarius idem
Summus erat, Regi presidiumque suo.
Cum subito (sic magua ruinunt summisque negatum est
Stare diu) ex tanto decedit ille gradu;
Namque per invidiam Regi dilatus ab illo,
Pellit e patria, missus ut exul, humo:
Hoc factum est potius regem stimulante Senatu,
Quam quod erat culpæ conscius ille mala,
An tamen exiret Regno, non convenit, et sunt
Qui paenæ summam, displicuisse putant:
Interea moritur Rex hic Edvards, & ejus
Opportuna Nepos sceptra 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 parte modo;
Sed quid atag virtute sua, quid præsul 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 sacrum Musis ædificare domum;
Septima crevit Hiems post fundamenta locata
Ingreditur Custos, et sua tarba, larem;
Turba (nec his pueros famulosque decemque ministros
Infero) quæ capiat, terque quaterque decem
His dedit et fundum curatoresque paravit.
Oitia discentum, qui bene semper alant.
Magna quidem sunt hæc, tamen hæc tam magna placere
Lector, adhuc tante, non potuere viro.
Namque opere exacto, hoc, vix proxima fluxerat æstas
Quam parat alterius tecta locare domus
Quæ prope Ventanæ bene cæpta Palatia sedis
Crevit, et in sexto vere parata stetit.
Ergo illic totidem studiosos esse jubebat
Quibus et rectores, pedonomosque dedit.
Qui simulac primos complerint fortiter annos
Musarum in studiis, rhetoricisque tropis,
Altius inque novas deducta colonia terras,
Oxonium semper lecta juventus eat:
Hæc duo Pieris collegia condita mistis
Sunt in tutela, diva Maria, tua.
Idcirco nova dicta puto quod nulla vetustas
Nulla dies morsus tendat in illa suos.
Hec 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 tumulo 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 Gallia (nam sic est forma) Monastis
Quos rex a regno jussit abire suo.
Reddidit æquali praetio quæcunque receipt
Parisiis fundos, Parisiisque lares.
Nec tamen hoc sumptu, minor esse domestica cœpit
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, vitae non discolor actæ,
Ultima curarum linea, grata quies.
Annus erat vitae decies octavus, & illis
Henrici quarti sceptra diebus erant;
Jam testamentum queris si fecerit ullum?
Fecit; si fuerat quod dare 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,
Where Hampshire affords space within its county for the southern Britons, there is situated the village of Wickham and a little land, and there lived John, surnamed 'Long', who shared his chaste bed with his wife Sibyl. Such was the native land of William Wykeham and his parents, and the auspices they conferred were favourable, for without doubt William carried the name of the place and the influence of his mother and father across into his own life, for his father bestowed upon him a long life, and Sibyl was responsible for the prudence and success with which he planned carefully all his schemes.

He was born, then, in the reign of Edward II, when the king's reign had already passed though its eighteenth winter, and he devoted his first twenty years to studies and character-building in Wickham (this was his father's overriding concern), but not for the entire time, for Winchester and the court of Bishop Edingdom claimed him for part of this time. Immediately afterwards he was moved to the court of Edward III, and began to make his presence felt in all places, for after sixteen righteous and successful years he undertook a task which fully revealed his loyalty and intelligence: Windor was a most celebrated village, and there the king established the great walls of his castle. Wykeham was set in charge of this work, and thus it was proven how capable he was in intelligence, skill, and trust. Therefore he was beloved by Edward, and not many days later was appointed Guardian of the Privy Seal. Yet this was not the ultimate limit of the distinction he desired, and he grew still dearer to his king, to the point where in the sixth year he was made bishop, and bidden to feed the flock of Winchester. At this point I must discourage a story put about by the empty gossip of the common people, a story dishonorably made up about so great a man, for he on no occasion sought East Meon [a residence of the bishops of Winchester] by deception, but won the gilded crozier with the king's knowledge, and was not an uneducated man claiming to educate others, as rumour has it to the effect that he deceived his king. Add to this the fact that (if the writings of the historian Froissart are true) it was the king who interceded to have him made bishop. Let us therefore dismiss the words of the profane common folk, and let our Muse seek the precise truth. When Wykeham was made bishop he was elevated to the highest distinctions and became dearer to Edward every day. Now he was the guiding light of
his native land, now he was also supreme Chancellor, and a tower of strength to his
king, when suddenly (such is the collapse of great edifices, for it is denied even to the
highest to stand for long) he fell from so elevated a position. For a report, born of
envy, was made against him to the king, and he was sent by him as an exile and
driven from his native soil. This happened more because parliament was inciting the
king than because the king was actually aware of any guilty misbehaviour. There is
no agreement as to whether he actually left the realm, and some think that the king
refused to inflict this most serious punishment. Meanwhile this king Edward died, and
his grandson Richard took possession of the opportunely available throne. He ordered
the bishop to be recalled from exile, and to resume the position he had previously
held. Indeed he made a return on his crops for three years less than one would expect,
which I think was the period of his exile. Enriched by this wealth he explored every
possibility, not to see how he might keep what he had successfully acquired for the
wrong reasons, but to see what he might achieve that would be worthy of his virtue
and a bishop, or indeed of God, on whom he depended for such great wealth. After
other considerations he decided to build a fine home in Oxford for study and the arts
(which I pray may endure for a long time and be revered by mindful future
generations), and a house sacred to the Muses. As the seventh winter advanced after
laying the foundations he entered the dwelling as Guardian with his followers. These
numbered seventy, (and I do not include his young lads and servants and ten
assistants) and he gave them the house to live in, and acquired a farm and overseers,
to watch thoroughly and unceasingly over the leisure time of his students. These are
great achievements, but however great, dear Reader, they could still not satisfy so
great a man.

For, after completing this work, the next summer had only just passed when
he prepared to have the premises of a second dwelling built, which after an auspicious
start, developed near the bishop's palace in Winchester. And so he bade an equal
number of students to assemble there, to whom he assigned teachers and supervisors.
As soon as they had successfully completed their first years in the study of the liberal
arts and the tropes of rhetoric, and their community had been taken more deeply into
new academic areas, these chosen young men were invariably to go to Oxford. These
two colleges, founded on a combination of all the arts, are under your guardianship,
Holy Mary. For that reason I believe that no passage of time, and no day, will ever
gnaw away at this 'New' College.

At this point it could well be believed that Wickham put an end to building
and reined in his spending. For he showed no restraint on anything in the church of
St. Swithin that looks westward from the hill crowned by a bell-tower,<279> which is
where the Mass is celebrated on feast-days and where he himself lies buried in his
tomb. He built and restored all of this, such a huge building, with such great columns,
at his own expense. Anyone who looks at it more closely will say that such great
wealth could scarcely belong even to kings, or perhaps to some French monastics (for
such is the story), whom the king banished from his realm. He also restored at their
original value all the estates and houses he had received in Paris. And yet his care for
his household was no less than this expense, and he supported his servants as he had
done previously. Yes, supported them, and as the inscription on his tomb testifies,
both rich and poor enjoyed his food. When, after a long life lived in this way, a
lengthy old age had weakened the burden of his now enfeebled body, a pleasing calm
came, which was of a piece with the life he had spent, the final limit of his cares, a
truly pleasing calm. It was the eightieth year of his life, and in the days of the reign of
Henry IV. Do you now enquire whether he made any will? He did. And whether there
was anything left after such great expenditure? There was. Forsooth! Our page has
met with no belief. And yet I shall say this, that the last gifts in written instructions
which he gave surpassed the treasure of kings. There survives a work, and you would
think that it was Croesus who wrote the bequest or the man whose heir was named as
Sir John Harington

haughty Rome, or that man in whose fingers it is said that whatever found its way into his gold-charged hands actually turned into gold. Yet he did not leave such great wealth for base employments, and his intentions met with fair success.

For he enriched churches throughout the entire diocese, and gave much to his relatives, and to the poor, and much also to the king, and no small amount to his loyal servants, along with no few gifts to his colleges. These then are the immortal monuments of so great a man, whose glory was so great while he lived. I have no doubt that one who lived in this manner and died in like manner is now a noble shade among the gods, and I pray that he may indeed be such, for if the court of heaven is shut against so many acts of merit, how could it lie open to us? Thus far I will go; but may you, saintly Wykeham, being greater than my praises, give support to my attempts.

And hereby your highness may observe how vain that foolish tradition is, which my author discreetly omitted, as not believing it, yet some will still maintain that Wykeham was unlearned, and only a surveyor of buildings, and by a kind of fraud 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 bishopric of Winchester annexed as unseparably as the Earldom of Arundell to Arundell Castle; for who could think that such a King as Edw. 3 would make Sir John Lacklattin, first his secretary, then privy-seal, then master of the wards, and treasurer of France, and lastly, prelate of the garter, and chancellor of England? And so much of the first Wykeham.
BISHOPS OF WINCHESTER:

Doctor Stephen Gardiner.

Because I will not always be praising, but sometimes, (where just cause is given,) reprehend men's demerits, as well as magnify their merits; I will take occasion to speak somewhat of Stephen Gardiner, twice Bishop of Winchester; and therefore may challenge to be twice remembered, though for some things of him it were to be wished they were ever forgotten. My author directs his reader to Mr. Foxe's Book of Martyrs, for a more full relation of his doings; but that is so full (though I doubt not, very faithful) that I fear your Highness will find it over-tedious to read. My purpose is therefore but to note some important observations out of his story, and after, (as I did of Wykeham in Latin,) so to add some English poetry written of him, and to him, which is not to be found in Mr. Foxe, though some of it helps to confirm something concerning him, affirmed by Mr. Foxe, and called in question by others. Mr. Foxe therefore greatly praiseth his natural gifts of mind, his sharp wit, his excellent memory, 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, envy, and cruelty, flattering to his prince, submissive to his superius, envious to his equals, (namely to Cromwell,) and haughty to his inferiors: these or the like, are Mr. Foxe's words. It seems farther, in relation of his life and death, he was a catholic-protestant, or a protesting catholic. For as he shows at large out of his books and sermons, though he received the Pope's authority in Queen Mary's time; yet his opinion was, (as his writings before declared, and as the wiser sort, I think, do still hold of it,) that it is but a temporal constitution of men, and agreement of princes, to allow the same; which upon just occasions they may restrain or exclude, as they shall find cause. But yet I observe this, that although it was necessary for Queen Mary, in respect of her birth to admit of the Pope's authority, as the contrary was as necessary for her sister; yet this so catholic Queen, and this so popish prelate, could keep out the Pope's legate out of England by her royal prerogative, when he would have sent a legate hither not to her liking. Again, he was earnest against marrying of ministers, yet he confesseth frankly, that a married man may be a minister. He defended the real presence, yet he allowed the communion under both kinds; he wrote in defence of images, yet he publicly approved their pulling down where they were superstitiously 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 true doctrine.

Lo how far this stout prelate, cedere nescius, (as Mr. Foxe saith of him) did yield in those main points of Popery. 1. The Supremacy. 2. The marriage of some ministers. 3. The sacrament in both kinds. 4. Removing images. 5. Justification.

But now for his sharp persecuting or rather revenging himself on Cranmer and Ridley, that had in King Edward's days deprived him, his too great cruelty cannot be excused.

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

My father, only for carrying of a letter to the Lady Elizabeth, and professing to wish her well, he kept him in the Tower twelve months, and made him spend a thousand pound ere he could be free of that trouble. My mother, that then served the said Lady Elizabeth, he caused to be sequestered from her as an heretic insomuch that her own father durst not take her into his house, but she was glad to sojourn with one.
Mr. Topcliff; so as I may say, in some sort, this bishop persecuted me before I was
born.

Yet, that I speak not all out of passion, I must confess I have heard some as
partially praise his clemency and good conscience; and namely, that he was cause of
restoring many honourable houses, overthrown by King Henry the Eighth, and in
King Edward's minority. The Duke of Norfolk, though Mr. Foxe saith that Gardiner
made him stay long for his dinner one day, yet, both he, and those descended of him
were beholding to him, with the house of Stanhope, and the Lord Arundel of Warder;
and I have heard old Sir Matthew Arundel say, that Bonner was more faulty
than he, and that Gardiner would rate him for it; and call him Ass, for using poor men
so bloodily; and when I would maintain the contrary, he would say, that my father
was worthy to have lain a year longer in prison, for the saucy sonnet he wrote to him
from out of the Tower; which sonnet, both because it was written in defence of Queen
Elizabeth, and because (if I be not partial,) it is no ill verse, for those unrefined times,
and toucheth the matter I enforce, I do here set down: presuming that in the eleven
months before, he had sent him many letters, and petitions full of reason (that could
not prevails) for his liberty, the distressed prisoner writeth this rhyme.

1

AT least withdraw your cruelty,
or force the time to work your will;
It is too much extremity,
to keep me pent in prison still.
Free from all fault, void of all cause;
Without all right, against all laws.
  How can you do more cruel spite
  Than 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 faultless foot to wrap in wile,
With any guilt, by any guile;
  And now you see it will not be,
How can you thus for shame agree
To keep him bound you ought set free?

3

Your chance was once as mine is now,
to keep this hold against your will,
And then you swore, you know well how,
though now you swerve, I know how ill.
But thus the world his course doth pass,
The priest forgets that clerk he was;
  And you that then cried "Justice" still,
  And now have justice at your will,
Wrest justice wrong, against all skill.

4

But why do I thus coldly plain,
as though it were any cause alone?
When cause doth each man so constrain,
as England through hath cause to moan,
To see your bloody search of such,
As all the earth can no way touch:
    And better 'twere that all your kind,
    Like hounds in hell, with shame were shrined,
    Than you had might unto your mind.

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

But to show a pattern what partiality can paint in his praise, and what ill will
can pervert to reproach, I will add an elegy in English also, written by one Mr.
Pridiaux, in commendation, and the same answered in execration of the same bishop.

1
THE saints in Heaven rejoice,
    this earth and we may wail;
Sith they have won and we have lost
    the guide of our avail.

2
Though death have loosed life,
    yet death could not deface
His worthy works, his staid state,
    nor yet his gifts of grace.

3
As Gardiner was his name,
    so gardened he his life
With justice, and with mercy both,
    to stay the weeds of strife.

4
A Steven in religion stout,
    a bishop by his acts,
A faithful man most free from fraud
    as witness be his facts.

5
A judge most just in judgement seat,
    of parties no regard;
An eye to see, an ear to hear,
    a hand that shunned reward.

6
A heart to help, and not to harm;
    his will was wisdom's law,
A mind that malice could not move,
    such was of God his awe.

7
A faith in friendship firm and fast,
a mount the right to raise,
A spirit not 'palled with slanderous brutes,
nor puffed 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 truth so tried in trust,
as tongue could never taint,
Nor erst was heard, in guileful wise,
A lie with lips to paint.

10
Though Nature's child by birth,
yet virtue's heir in right,
Which held his height so modestly,
as measure mastered might.

11
Ambition's climbing cliff
could never move his mind,
Nor fortune with her fawning cheer,<286>
his heart did never blind.

12
Nor misery which most he felt,
or prison might him 'pall,
But bore his mind in level so,
as change could be no fall.

13
In all these turns of joy and woe,
he turned to the best;
And held him to the tried truth,
which now hath won him rest.

14
From foes deface, and envy's bell,
his end hath made him free,
And plucked him from this wicked world,
too worthy here to be.

15
Who can give tears enough to plain
the loss and lack we have
So rare a man, so soon bereft,
when most we did him crave.

16
When age and years had made him ripe,
and surety had him set,
To know himself and wield the world
and right with mercy met.
And when of envy, and of hate,
the conquest he had won,
And falsehood forced to fly his fort,
and right his race to run,

And when of glory and of grace.
he won the palm and price,
And conquered all affection's force,
with wisdom's good advice.

And in the office that he bore,
and service of his Queen,
So choice a man to serve her call,
scarce anywhere was seen.

Then death, that fatal foe,
the line of life did loose,
And in the belly of the earth
as earth she did him close.

The Prince may plain his death,
the realm his lack may rue;
All men may say, O Winchester,
most worthy wight, adieu!

The poor may plain and pine,
whose lacks he did relieve
His servants may lament their lord
which lordly did them give.

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

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

O pastor past this pilgrim's pain,
in earth thine acts do live,
In skies thy virtues written are,
all pens thee praise shall give.

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

_The same answered verse for verse by an ill-willer of the said bishop._
THE devils in Hell do dance,
this realm and we may joy,
Since they have got and we forgone
the cause of our annoy.

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

A Gardiner<287> such he was,
as spoiled so our plants,
That justice withered, mercy died,
and we wrung by their wants.

A Steven in name, a fox in fact,
a bishop but in weeds,
A faithless man, full fraught with frauds,
as deem him by his deeds.

A partial judge in judgement seat,
of parties great respect,
A blinded eye, a closed ear,
a hand with bribe infect.

A heart to harm, and not to help,
his lust was laid for law,
A mind with malice overwhelmed,
of God nor man no awe.

A feigned fickle friend and false,
that right could never bide;
A courage every storm cast down,
and praise puffed up with pride.

Of foul reports and slanderous bruits
he nourished up the brood;
His wrongs to pardon or to pass,
revenge and rage withstood.

A tried untruth in trust,
as tongues well tried have told,
A mouth that breathed more odious lies
than I t'upbraid am bold.

Scant Nature's child by birth,
sure Satan's son in right,
Which rule maintained with sword and fire,
and measured all by might.
Ambitious climbing cliff
    had ravished so his mind,
As he was sotted drunk therein,
    And fortune made him blind.

The smell of prison's misery felt,
    his pride did greatly 'pall;
He bore his staff so stagg'ringly,
    as each change seemed a fall.

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

From widow's curse and orphan's cry
    his end him cannot save,
Though that have rid him of his reign
    unworthy rule to have.

Who can give thanks and joy enough
    that we have 'scaped this sire,
This monstrous man, this bloody beast,
    when most we did desire.

When years had framed him fit for Hell,
    and pride so high had set,
As God nor man nor self he knew,
    and might with mischief met,

And when the envy and the hate
    he won of every wight,
And falsehood flourished in his fort,
    and wrong had wrung out right;

And when he gloried most in pomp,
    in honour and in health,
And by affection conquered all,
    and wallowed all in wealth;

And in the office that he bore,
    to rule above the Queen,
So cruel end so merciless
    scarce ever man was seen.

Then God, that most just judge,
    life's line to part was pleased,
The earth his carrion corpse hath caught,
    the Devil his soul hath seized.
The Prince his death may please,
this realm his life doth rue,
All men may well his birth-day ban
this cursed wretch that knew.

The poor may plain and pine;
for none he would relieve,
His men may joy his death was such
his goods was his to give.

Good bishops may beware
this ravener them bereft,
This popish priest, this shield of wrong,
a warning for them left.

His friends, if any were,
that wished him longer reign,
With length of time might cause have caught
too late his rule to plain.

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

Which in the world of deadly hurts
most hurtful life hast led,
And now with England's common joy
in shame and hate art dead.

Which of these wrote truest I will not take upon me to judge, lest I should be thought partial; but that saying appears true: *scribit in marmore læsus.*
Therefore I will conclude against all partial poets, with two verses of Horace.

*Falsus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret*
*Quem, nisi mendosum et mendacem?*
BISHOPS OF WINCHESTER:

Doctor John Whyte.

He was born of a worshipful house, and in the diocese of Winchester, and became after warden of Winchester, thence (for his great learning and virtuous life,) preferred to the bishopric of Lincoln, and after, upon the death of Stephen Gardiner, made bishop of Winchester; wherefore of him I may say, that his fame might have answered his name, saving for one black sermon that he made. Yet for the colour it may be said he kept decorum, because it was a funeral sermon of a great Queen, both by birth and marriage: I mean Queen Mary. But the offence taken against him was this. His text was out of Eccles. 4. 2. Laudavi mortuos magis quam viventes et feliciorem utroque judicavi qui nec dum natus est. And speaking of Queen Mary, her high parentage, her bountiful disposition, her great gravity, 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 loss and hindrance; and lastly her grievous yet patient death: he fell into such an unfeigned weeping, that for a long space he could not speak. Then recovering himself, he said she had left a sister to succeed her, a lady of great worth also, whom they were now bound to obey; for, saith he, "melior est canis vivus quam leone mortuo," and I hope she shall reign 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." Thus he: at which Queen Elizabeth taking just indignation, put him in prison, yet would proceed no further than to his deprivation, though some would have made that a more heinous 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 true prophetical spirit, he might have urged the second part of his text, sed feliciorem utroque judicavi qui nec dum natus est; for that may seem verified indeed in the King's Majesty that now is, who was then unborn, and hath since so happily united these kingdoms; yet lest that which I would make in him a prophecy, others will take in me for a flattery; I will proceed 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 died well.
I intend therefore to speak next of Dr. Cooper, because of bishop Horne and bishop Watson. I cannot add anything upon sure ground; for of the former times, I have other books of stories, or relation of my father that lived in those days; but of these that lived in the first twenty years of the Queen's reign, when I was at school or at the university, I could hear little; yet at my first coming to the court, I heard this pretty tale, that a bishop of Winchester one day in pleasant talk, comparing his revenue with the archbishops of Canterbury, should say,—"Your Graces will show better in the rack, but mine will be found more in the manger;"—upon which a courtier of good place said, "it might be so in diebus illis; but, (saith he,) the rack stands so high in sight, that it is fit to keep it full, but it may be, since that time, some have, with a provideatur, swept some provender out of the manger:" and because this metaphor comes from the stable, I suspect it was meant by the Master of the Horse.

To come then to bishop Cooper, of him I can say much, and I should do him great wrong, if I should say nothing; for he was indeed a reverent man, very well learned; exceeding industrious, and (which was in those days accounted a great praise to him, and a chief came of his preferment,) he wrote that great Dictionary that yet bears his name. His life in Oxford was very commendable, and in some sort saint-like; for if it be saint-like to live unreprovable, to bear a cross patiently, to forgive great injuries freely; this man's example is sampleless in this age.

He married a wife in Oxford, for that special just cause (I had almost said, only cause) why clergymen should marry, viz. for avoiding of sin; melius est enim nubere quam uri: yet was it his very hard hap that she proved too light for his gravity many grains. At the first he winked at it with a Socratical and philosophical patience; taking, or rather mistaking, the equivocating counsel of Erasmus his echo. Quid si mihi veniat usu, quod his qui incidunt in uxores parum pudicas parumque frugiferas? feras; At qui cum talibus morte durior est vita? vita: wherein I observe in the two echoes, how in the first, feras signifies either the verb, suffer, or the noun, wild beasts, or shrews. In the latter, vita signifieth the noun life, or the verbs shun or eschew: so he (good man) construed feras vite, suffer during life, and I should take it vita feras, shun shrews. But this fera, whom his feras made feram, committed wickedness even with greediness, more than was in power of flesh and blood to bear. Wherewith being much afflicted, having warned his brother privately; and borne with him perhaps 70 times seven times; in the end, taking him both in a place and fashion (not fit to be named) that would have angered a saint, he drove him thence, not much unlike as Tobias drove away the spirit Asmodeus, for that was done with a roast, and this with a spit. It was high time now to follow the counsel dic Ecclesiæ; so (as all Oxford knows) her paramour was bound from her in a bond of a hundred pound, but they should rather be bolts of an hundred pound.

The whole university in reverence of the man and indignity of the matter, offered him to separate his wife from him by public authority, and so to set him free, being the innocent party. But he would by no means agree thereto, alleging, he knew his own infirmity, that he might not live unmarried; and to divorce and marry again, he would not charge his conscience with so great a scandal.

After he was bishop, mad Martin, or Marprelate, wrote his book or rather libel against bishops, which some (playing with Martin at his own weapon)
answered pleasantly both in rhymes and prose, as perhaps your Highness hath seen, or I wish you should see, for they are short and sharp, But this bishop with authority and gravity confuted him soundly; whereupon Martin Madcap (for I think his cap and head had like portion of wit) replying, anabaptised his bastard book by the name of *Work for the Cooper*; and had not the wisdom of the state prevented him, I think he and his favourers would have made work for the tinker: and so much of Bishop Cooper, though I could add a report, that a great lord dying in his time bequeathed him a great legacy, but because I have not seen his last testament, I cannot precisely affirm it.
This bishop my author professes to reverence for his name's sake, and his predecessor's sake; and I much more for his own sake, and his virtues' sake. About the year 1570, he was vice-provost of Eton, and (as the manner was in the schoolmaster's absence) would teach the school himself, and direct the boys for their exercises, (of which myself was one) of whom he showed as fatherly a care, as if he had been a second tutor to me. He was reputed there a very mild and good natured man, and esteemed a very good preacher, and free from that which St. Paul calleth idolatry, I mean covetousness; so that one may say probably, that as the first William Wykeham was one of the richest prelates that had been in Winchester in long time, and bestowed it well; so this was one of the poorest, and endured it well. He preached before the Queen at a parliament, I think the last time that ever he preached before her; and indeed it was cygnea vox, a "swan's song," sweetest, being nearest his end, which if I could set down as he delivered, were well worth the remembering. But the effect was this; that the temporalities of bishoprics, and lands of colleges, and such like, were from their beginning for the most part the graces, and gifts, and alms of princes, her Majesty's progenitors, that for some excesses and abuses of some of them, they had been and lawfully might be, some quite taken away, some altered, some diminished; and that accordingly they were now reduced to a good mediocrity; for though there were some far greater bishoprics in France, Spain, and Germany, yet there were some also less, and meander, even in Italy. But yet he most humbly besought her Majesty to make stay of them at least in this mediocrity; for if they should decay so fast in 30 year to come, as they had for 30 year past, there would hardly be a cathedral church found in good repair within England; which inconvenience (he said) would soon spread from the clergy to the temporality, that would have cause with Hippocrates' twins, to laugh and weep together. This, as he spoke zealously, so the Q. gave ear to it graciously; and some good effect was supposed to follow it, for which they both now feel their reward: and thus much of Wickham.
Nugæ Antiquæ

BISHOPS OF WINCHESTER:

Doctor William Day.

<308>It was said that a pleasant courtier and servitor of King Henry the Eighth, to whom the King had promised some good turn, came and prayed the King to bestow a living on him, that he had found out, worth 100 li. by the year more than enough: "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 riding charge, his apparel, even to the points of his hose, at the college charge; and 100 li. by the year beside." How true this is, I know not; but this I know, that Mr. Day having both this and the deanery of Windsor, was persuaded to leave them both, to succeed him that had been once his vice-provost of Eton, in the church of Winchester. He was a man of good nature, affable and courteous, and at his table, and in other conversation pleasant, yet always sufficiently retaining his gravity.

When he was first Dean of Windsor, there was a singing man in the choir, one Wolner, a pleasant fellow, but famous for his eating rather than his singing; and for the swallow of his throat, rather than the sweetness of his note. Mr. Dean sent a man to him to reprove him for not singing with his fellows; the messenger thought all were worshipful at least, that wore white surplices; and told him, Mr. Dean would pray his worship to sing:—" Thankee, Mr. Dean (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 described, he was soon pacified.

He broke his leg with a fall from a horse, that started under him; whereupon some waggish scholars, of which I think myself was in the quorum, would say it was a just punishment, because the horse was given him by a gentleman to place his son in Eton, which at that time we thought had been a kind of sacrilege, but I may say, cum eram parvulus, sapiebam ut parvulus.<249> He had, in those days, a good and familiar fashion of preaching, not mincing the word, as some do, with three words to feed 3000 people, that go away all sometimes as empty as they came; nor as other, that are nodosi,<309> drawing their auditory with them into deep questions and dangerous passages, that howsoever they suppose they come off themselves much admired, they leave their auditors many times more than half-mired.<310> But his was a good plain fashion, apt to edify, and easy remember: I will repeat one lesson of many that I remember out of sermons of his, which I can imagine yet I hear 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 endeavour; shall a scholar pray to God to make him learned, and never go to his book? shall a husbandman pray for a good harvest, and let his plow stand still?—the Pagans, and Heathen people, would laugh 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 overthrown his cart, and sat down in the way, crying,- "help Hercules, help Hercules;"—at last Hercules (or one in his likeness) came to him, and swaddled him thriftily with a good cudgel, and said, "thou varay lazy 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 do the rest." And thus much of our good old provost, who being made a new bishop, and of a register of the garter becoming now prelate of the garter, enjoying this dignity a very short time, turned his day into night, though no night can oppress them that "die in the Lord."<311>
By the way, I think this worth the noting, that whereas in the year of our Lord 1486, being the first of King Henry the Seventh, it was found that three bishops successively had held this bishopric six score years save one, namely, Wykeham, Beaufort, and Wainfleet:—Now in Queen Elizabeth's reign, there had been seven bishops in forty years, five in seventeen years, and three in four years.
Nugæ Antiquæ

BISHOPS OF WINCHESTER:

Doctor Thomas Bilson.

<312>My author, following his own resolution of forbearing to speak of men
own living, or but lately dead; I holding my purpose to speak frankly, and truly, as far
as my understanding will serve me both of dead and living; I am now come to speak
of the present Bishop of Winchester, of whom I find in this book but four lines; and if
I should give him his due in proportion to the rest, I should spend four leaves. Not that
I need make him better known to your Highness, being (as on just occasion I noted
before) one of the most eminent of his rank, and a man that carries prelature in every
aspect. His rising was meetly by his learning, as true prelates should rise: non modo
labe mali, sed suspicione carentes; "not only free from the spot, but from the speech
of corruption." He ascended by all degrees of schools: first, wherein to win
knowledge himself; next, whereby to impart it to others, having sometime taught the
school that doth justly boast of the name of Winchester, where (if I mistake it not) he
succeeded that excellent scholar and schoolmaster, Doctor Johnson; that wrote that
forerected poem of Wykeham; who having praised all his predecessors in pretty
distichs, he wrote this as the last in modesty of himself.

Ultimus hic ego sum, sed quam bene quam male nolo
Dicere, de me qui judicet alter erit.<313>
And, accordingly, his successor gave this judgement.

Ultimus es ratione loci, re primus Johnson,
Sed quis de te judicet aptus erit.
Tam bene quam nullus qui te præcesserit ante
Tam male posteritas ut tua pejus agat.

Wherein Mr. Johnson became truly fortunate, according to the saying, laudari
a laudato viro, laus est maxima;
"Him fame doth raise,
Whose praiser merits praise."

From schoolmaster of Winchester, he became warden, and having been
infinitely studious and industrious in poetry, in philosophy; in. physic, and lastly,
(which his genius chiefly called him to) in divinity; he became so complete, for skill
in languages, for readiness in the fathers, for judgement to make use of his readings,
that he was found fit to be no longer a soldier, but a Commander-in-Chief, in our
spiritual warfare, being first made bishop of Worcester, and after of Winchester. In
the mean season, a crew of mutinous soldiers (a forlorn hope) undertook to surprise
one of the twelve fortresses of our faith, I mean one of the twelve articles of our
creed; and ere men were aware, they had entered by a postern, corrupted a watchman
or two, thrown down a battlement, and set up their colours of white and black, (black
and blue had been fitter for them) publishing a book in print, that "Christ descended
not into hell."<314>

The alarm was taken by many faithful servitors of the militant church, but
many were not found fit for this enterprise, for it was whispered (nay rather published
in the enemies' camp,) that some cowardly soldiers of our side had made a motion to
have this fort, or part thereof razed, because there was thought to be peril in defending
of it; for so Campion writes confidently, that Cheyney, bishop of Gloucester, had
affirmed to him, how it had been moved in a concovation at London, quemadmodum
sine tumultu penitus eximatur de symbolo "how, without many words, it might be
taken out of the creed wholly:" but I leave Erasmus' echo to answer it, O lie. True it is,
there was a hot shot. One Mr. Broughton, no cannoneer, but that could skill of such fireworks as might seem to put out hell-fire; this hot-brain having with a petard or two broken open some old door, took upon him with like powder, out of some basilisk (as I think) to shoot Hades quite beyond sunne and moon; such a powder-work against all divinity and philosophy, as was never heard of, always excepting the powder-treason.

Then this learned bishop, like a worthy leader (that I may proceed in this metaphor) with a resolute troop, not of loose shot, but gravis armaturæ, "armed to proof," (out of Christ's armory, the Old and New Testament, fathers, doctors, schoolmen, linguists,) encounters these lancepezados, cast down their colours, repairs up the ruins, beautifies the battlements, rams up the mines, and makes such ravelins and counterscarps about this fort, that now none of the twelve may seem more impregnable. Their great engineer, before mentioned, upon grief of this repulse, is gone (as I hear) to teach the Jews Hebrew; God send him to 'scape Hades in the end of his journey. Yet in the heat of these skirmishes, there happened an accident worthy to be remembered, and I think by the very device of the devil. This bishop preaching at Paul's Cross, upon this article of the creed; and there proving by authority irrefragable, that hell is a place prepared for the devil and his angels; that it is beneath in corde terræ, and that Christ descended into it. Satan, that knew all this to be true, and was sorry to remember it, and wished that none of the auditory would believe it, raised a sudden and causeless fear, by the fraud or folly of some one auditor. This fear so incredibly possessed not only the whole multitude, but the Lord Mayor and other Lords present, that they verily believed that Paul's church was at that instant falling down; 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 assembly into evident hazard of their lives, as I have heard of some of their own mouths. The bishop, not so dismayed himself, as sympathising in pity rather than fear of their causeless dismay, after the tumult was a little pacified, finished his sermon. Upon which accident, some favourers of that opinion make themselves merry with this story, that at least that which they could not confute, they might seem to contemn.

$BISHOPS OF ELY:

Doctor Martin Heaton.

Of Ely I have not much to say, yet in a little I may be thought by some to say too much; which I will adventure rather than your Highness shall blame me for saying nothing. I was among others at Bishop Cox his funeral, being then either Bachelor, or a very young Master of Art; but some years after, we thought it would have proved the funeral of the bishopric, as well as of the bishop. Something there was that had distasted the Queen concerning Bishop Cox, in his life-time; either his much retirednes, or small hospitality, or the spoil he was said to make of woods and parks, feeding his family with powdered venison; all which (I know not how truly) was suggested to her against him, in his lifetime, and remembered after his death. For our opinion of him in Cambridge, we held him a good scholar, and a better poet than Doctor Haddon, who called him Master; whether as having been his scholar or servant, I know not; but among his poems is extant a distich written to Bp. Cox.

Vix caput attollens lecto scribere carmen,
Qui velit, is voluit scribere plura, vale.
Which verse, being but even a sick verse, he answered extempore (as they tell,) with this;

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

As for his church of Ely, it seems he had no great love there to have his monument defaced within twenty years (as this author writes) so as remembering his good beginning, one may say of him, capisti melius quam desinis.<326>

But to let him rest, I must confess that it was held for one of the blemishes of Queen Elizabeth's virgin reign;—First to keep this see of Ely vacant so long after Bishop Cox his death, and after to take away so large a portion from it, as is generally spoken; yet that I may both speak my conscience, and show my charity as well to my deceased sovereign, as to the reverent bishop yet living, I will say this: First, I could wish it had not been so, and that the occasion of such a scandal between the crown and the mitre had been taken away. Secondly, I do say for the Queen, she did no new thing; and it is held a principle of state, that whatsoever there is a precedent for, is lawful for a prince. I consider further, that Ely was a bishopric of none of the first erections, but many years after the conquest; so as England stood Christened without a bishop of Ely from Augustine the monk above 500 year. It was a place also that the crown had been jealous of for the strength of it, having sometime held out the Conqueror, as our writers affirm; and King Hen. 3. a wise and fortunate prince, said it was not fit for a cloister man. And of late years Morton undertook to hold it against Richard the third, for Hen. 7. Add hereunto, that though it was vacant in name, yet the profits thereof may seem to have been perhaps more charitably and honourably employed than before, to relieve the poor distressed King of Portugal, who was called by some scholars of Cambridge, Bishop of Ely, which is less scandalous than for Jeffrey Plantagenet to hold the bishopric of Lincoln 7 years, without consecration, the sea being kept void 17 years; and for Ethelmar to hold Winchester in like manner nine year in Hen. 3 time; to omit how Stigand in the conqueror's time, and Wolsey in Hen. 8. time, both held Winchester in commendam.<263> As for changing or abating the possessions of it, the laws then in force allowed it, (though a most godly law since hath restrained the like), and I would all the bishoprics in England were but so well left. Now to come to Doctor Heaton, he was compelled in a sort so to take it (for potentes cum rogant jubent)<327> and as long as there was not quid dabis, nor hoc dabis, but haec auferam,<328> the more public it was, and by authority then lawful, he may be thought the more free from blame. But were Ely as good as ever it was, it could not find the mouth's bread that find fault with his taking it in that order.

Before his Majesty's coming to Oxford, in 1605 I was in Oxford library, and some of good quality of both the universities; and one of their chief doctors said merrily to a Cambridge man, that "Oxford had formerly had good library, till such time as a Cambridge man became our chancellor, and so cancelled our catalogue and scattered our books, (he meant Bishop Cox in King Edward's time) as from that time to this we could never recover them."<329> The other straight replied, "then are you now even with us; for one of your Oxford men hath sealed so many deeds of our good bishopric in Cambridgeshire, that till they be cancelled, it will never be so good as it should be." By his Christian name<330> also many take occasion to allude to this matter, which whether for brevity sake he writ Mar or Mart, or at full length Martin, always by adding Ely to it, it sounds to the like sense, that either he did Mar it, or Mart it, or Martin it. But he is too wise to be troubled with these toys.
Sir John Harington

*Sapientis est nihil præstare præter culpam.*<331> 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 rank, as your Highness can tell, that heard him preach before the King, and the last time I heard him, the Kings Majesty said of him, that "fat men were wont to make lean sermons; but his were not lean, but larded with much good learning." And so much of the bishopric and Bishop of Ely.
BISHOPS OF LINCOLN:
Doctor William Chatterton.

Following mine author's method, I am next to speak of Lincoln, a very large diocese, yet not so great a bishopric as it hath been; which I suspect by the oft removes from it, as Bullingham, Cooper, and Wickham, in Queen Elizabeth's time; and White, in Queen Mary's time. I note also, that one of these removed to Worcester, namely Bullingham, of which I can imagine no reason, except the largeness of the diocese make it more painful, as indeed it would, if the decrees made in a synod held by Saint Cuthbert in England were duly observed: of which the third (as Mr. Foxe hath it) is, that every bishop once every year, should go over all the parishes of his diocese; with which decree by what authority men dispense, I know not, but sure few do keep it.

This Doctor William Chatterton, now Bishop of Lincoln, and before of Chester, I may remember in Cambridge, a learned and grave doctor; though for the gravity he could lay it aside when it pleased him, even in the pulpit. It will not be forgotten in Cambridge while he is remembered, how preaching one day in his younger years a wedding sermon, which should indeed be festival, as the Merchant Royal was at my Lord Hey's marriage, with which (being now in print) many a good husband doth endeavour to edify his wife. I say, Mr. Chatterton is reported to have made this pretty comparison, and to have given this friendly caveat; that the choice of a wife was full of hazard, not unlike, as if one in a barrel full of serpents should grope for one fish; "if (saith he) he 'scape harm of the snakes, and light on a fish, he may be thought fortunate, yet let him not boast, for perhaps it may be but an eel," &c. Howbeit, he married after himself; and, I doubt not, sped better than his comparison. He was beloved among the scholars; and the rather, for he did not affect any sour and austere fashion, either in teaching or government; as some use to do; but well tempered both with courage and courtesy. Being made bishop of Chester, he was a very great friend to the house of Derby, preaching the funeral sermon of Henry Earl of Derby; for some passages whereof he had like to be called in question, though perhaps himself knew not so much. I was present when one told a great lord that loved not Ferdinando the last Earl of Derby, how this bishop having first magnified the dead Earl for his fidelity, justice, wisdom, and such virtues, as made him the best beloved man of his rank, (which praise was not altogether undeserved) he after used this apostrophe to the Earl present;—"And you (saith he) noble Earl, that not only inherit, but exceed your father's virtues, learn to keep the love of your country, as your father did; you give (saith he) in your arms, three legs; know you what they signify? I tell you they signify three shires, Cheshire, Derbyshire, and Lancashire; Stand you fast on these three legs, and you shall need fear none of their arms." At which this Earl a little moved, said in some heat, not without an oath:—"his priest, I believe, hopes one day to make him three curtsies." But the two earls I trust are friends now, both being since departed this world, (though neither as I could have wished them) the one dying of a yex; the other of an axe.

The bishop was removed to Lincoln, where he now remains, in very good estate, having one only daughter married to a knight of good worship, though now, they living asunder, he may be thought to have had no great comfort of that matrimony, yet to her daughter he means to leave a great patrimony; so as one might not unfitly apply that epigram written of Pope Paulus and his daughter to this bishop and his grandchild.
Sir John Harington

_Cum sit filia, Paule, cum tibi aurum,_  
_Quantum pontifices habere raros_  
_Vidit Roma prius, patrem non possum_  
_Sanctum dicere, sed possum beatum._<336>

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 happy father.

But if the bishop should fortune to hear that I apply this verse thus saucily, and should be offended with it, I would be glad in full satisfaction of this wrong, to give him my son for his daughter, which is a manifest token that I am in perfect charity with him.
BISHOP OF COVENTRY AND LICHFIELD:

Doctor William Overton.

Of this bishopric may be observed that which I think happened to no other in all Queen Elizabeth's reign, that from the first year of her entrance (what time she made them all new) she never after gave this bishopric but once, and that was to Doctor William Overton, the 21st year of her reign, he being then of good years; so as one may probably conjecture, that he honoured his parents well, because he hath the blessing promised to such, viz. that his "days have been long in the land." I can make no special relation concerning him, but the general speech as I have travelled through the country, which is not to be contemned; for, vox populi, vox Dei est. Two special things are commended in him, which very few bishops are praised for in this age: one that he keepeth good hospitality for the poor; the other, that he keepeth his houses in good reparation. Both which I have seldom heard a married bishop commended for; and I will be bold to add this further, that if they would do both these, I think no man would take exceptions either for their marriage or bigamy. The churches also are very well kept; and for those of Coventry, they are of parish churches the fairest I have seen; though (as I partly noted before) they have had sometimes another kind of superintendency, for the bishop keeps most at Lichfield.

The pavement of Coventry church is almost all tombstones, and some very ancient; but there came a zealous fellow with a counterfeit commission, that, for avoiding of superstition, hath not left one penny-worth, nor one penny-breadth of brass upon the tombs, of all the inscriptions, which had been many and costly.

Further, I note this, that whereas in bishop Langton's time there were many parks belonging to this see, 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 deer into tamer beasts.
Sir John Harington

BISHOPS OF SALISBURY:

Doctor John Jewell.

Of how great account this bishopric had been in former times, two things do specially declare: one, that ever since the conquest, ordinale secundum usum Sarum was received over all England; another, that the clergy of Salisbury were able of their own charge to erect such a goodly church, and stone steeple, as that which now stands, which at this day a subsidy were scant able to perform. To omit how Sherborne Castle, and the Devizes were both built by one bishop of Salisbury, and in this state it continued until the year 1539; what time Doctor Capon was translated from Bangor thither, a man for learning and wit worthy to be of Apollo's crew; but for his spoil and havoc he is said to have made of this church land, more worthy to be Apollyon's crew; for he is noted to be one of the first that made a capon of his bishopric, and so gelded it, that it will never be able to build either church or castle again. The place being in this sort much impoverished, bishop Jewell was preferred unto it, the first year of Queen Elisabeth; re gemma fuit, nomine gemma fuit; "a jewel in deed, as in name". He, though he could not maintain the port his predecessors did, finding his houses decayed, and lands all leased out, yet kept very good hospitality, and gave himself withal much to writing books, of which divers are extant, in many men's hands, viz. his Apology of the Church of England; his Challenge, answered by Harding; his Reply to the said Answer; all in English, and all in such estimation, even till this day, that as St. Osmond, in William the Conqueror's time, gave the pattern for form of service to all the churches of England, so Mr. Jewell's writings are a kind of rule to all the reformed churches of England, and hardly is there any controversy of importance handled at this day, of which in his works is not to be found some learned and probable resolution. One thing I will specially commend him for, (though I shall not be commended for it myself by some,) and that is, whereas he defended the marriage of priests, no man better; yet he would never marry himself saying, "Christ did not counsel in vain, qui potest capere, capiat." He had a very reverent regard of the ancient fathers' writings, and especially St. Augustine, out of whose books he found many authorities against some superstitions crept into the Roman Church. Why he had such a mind to lie by Bishop Wivill, I cannot guess, except that perhaps of his name he had taken a caveat, to keep 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. Mary's time, and did so, being required to write his name, saying, they should see he could write, (which showed it was not ex animo) Doctor Humfrey hath written a several treatise.
BISHOPS OF SALISBURY:

Doctor John Coldwell, Doctor of Physick.

Though Doctor Guest succeeded Bishop Jewell, and my author makes him a good writer, yet he shall not be my guest in this discourse, having nothing to entertain him with, or rather your Highness 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 many, (as they say) and I will briefly handle it, and as tenderly as I can, bearing myself equal between the living and the dead. I touched before how this church had surfeited of a capon, which lying heavy in her stomach, it may be thought she had some need of a physician. But this man proved no good church physician. Had she been sick of a pleurisy, too much abounding with blood as in ages past, then such bleeding physic perhaps might have done it no harm. Now inclining rather to a consumption: to let it bleed afresh at so large a vein, was almost enough to draw out the very life-blood; (your Highness will pardon my physic metaphors, because I have lately looked over my Schola Salerni. I protest I am far from any desire to deface the dead undeservedly, and as far from any fancy to insult on the misfortunes of the living uncivilly; and in my particular, the dead man I speak of never hurt me, and the living man I shall speak of hath done me some kindness; yet the manifest judgments of God on both of them I may not pass over with silence.

And to speak first of the Knight that carried the spolia opima of this bishopric; having gotten Sherborne castle, park, and parsonage; he was in those days in so great favour with the Queen, as I may boldly say, that with less suit than he was fain to make to her ere he could perfect this his purchase, and with less money than he bestowed in Sherborne, in building and buying out leases and in drawing the river through rocks into his garden, he might have very justly, and without offence, of church or state, have compassed a much better purchase. Also, if I have been truly informed, he had a presage before he first attempted it, that did foreshow it would turn to his ruin, and might have kept him from meddling with it, si mens non læva fuisset; for as he was riding post between Plymouth and the court, as many times he did upon no small employments, this castle being right in the way, he cast such an eye upon it as Ahab did upon Naboth's vineyard; and once above the rest, being talking of it, of the commodiousness of the place, of the strength of the seat, and how easily it might be got from the bishopric; suddenly, over and over came his horse, that his very face, which was then thought a very good face, plowed up the earth where he fell. This fall was ominous; I make no question, as the like was observed in the Lord Hastings, and before him in others; and himself was apt enough to construe it so; but his brother Adrian 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 got it with much labour; and travail, and cost, and envy, and obloquies to him and his heirs, habendum et tenendum, but ere it came fully to gaudendum, see what became of him.—In the public joy and jubile of the whole realm, when favour and peace and pardon was offered even to offenders, he that in wit, and wealth, and courage was inferior to few, fell suddenly. (I cannot tell how) into such a downfall of despair as his greatest enemy could not have wished him so much harm as he would have done himself. Can any man he so wilful 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 plain by the sequel. For by St. Augustine's rule, when adversity breeds amendment, then it is a sign it is of God's sending, who would not have our correction turn to our confusion: So happened it to
this knight, being condemned to die, yet God (in whose hand is the heart of the king,) put into his merciful mind against man's expectation to save his life; and since, by the suit of his faithful wife, both to preserve his estate, and to ease his restraint in such sort, as many that are at liberty taste not greater comforts than he doth in prison, being not barred of those companions (I mean books) that he may and perhaps doth take more true comfort of, than ever he took 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 Majesty (ere 7 times go over his head) to restore him to a full liberty.

Now to return to the bishop that was the second party delinquent, in this petty larceny, or rather plain sacrilege. What was his purpose? To make himself rich by making his see poor? Attained he his purpose herein? Nothing less: no bishop of Sarum since the conquest died so notoriously 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 haste belike, clapped into Bishop Wivill's grave, that even at the resurrection, he may be ready to accuse him and say, "I recovered Sherborne from a King, when it had been wrongfully detained 200 year, and thou didst betray it to a knight, after it had been quietly possessed other 200 year." Some might imagine this a presage that Sherborne may one day revert again to the bishopric. But there is a sign in hydromancy<355> against it. For in digging the grave (for all the haste was made) so great a spring broke into it, as filled it all with water, and quite washed away the presage; so as the dead bishop was drowned before he could be buried, and according to his name laid in cold well before he was covered with the cold earth.
BISHOPS OF SALISBURY:  

Doctor Henry Cotton.

This bishopric being now reduced to a mediocrity more worthy of pity than envy, her Majesty (as I have heard) made a special choice of this her chaplain, being a gentleman of a worshipful house, and her godson when she was Lady Elizabeth, whereupon it is reported that she said, "that she had blessed many of her godsons, but now this godson should bless her." Whether she were the better for his blessing I know not, but I am sure he was the better for hers. The common voice was, Sir Walter Raleigh 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 than to have a potent enemy and a tedious suit. He married very young; for I was told some years since, he had 19 children by one woman, which is no ordinary blessing, and most of them sons. A man that had three sons or more among the ancient Romans, enjoyed thereby no small privileges, though the latter Romans make it not a merit in a bishop. His wife's name was Patience, the name of which I have heard in few wives, the quality in none. He hath one son blind, (I know not if by birth, or accident,) but though his eyes be blind, he hath an understanding so illuminate, as he is like to prove the best scholar of all his brethren. One special commendation I may not omit, how by this good bishop's means, and by the assistance of the learned Dean of Sarum, Doctor Gourden, a seminary called Mr. Carpenter, a good scholar, and in degree a bachelor of divinity, was converted, and testified his own conversion publicly in a sermon upon this text, Acts 9:18 "There fell as it were scales from his eyes;" saying, that three scales had bleared his sight, viz. antiquity, universality, and consent; but now the scales being fallen away, he saw plainly, their antiquity was novelty, their universality a babylonical tyranny, and their consent a conspiracy. And thus much be said of my god-brother, and (be it said without presumption) your Highness' god-brother, Doctor Henry Cotton.
BISHOPS OF BATH AND WELLS:

Doctor Oliver King.

Concerning Bath I have such plenty of matter to entertain your Highness with, (I mean variety of discourse,) as I study rather how to abbreviate it, than how to amplify it.<360> I should have begun at Bishop Barlow, but I respect so much the very name of King,<361> as I could not let him pass without some homage; and because the chief bath of which the town hath the name is called the King's bath, I shall add somewhat also, either omitted, or but slightly touched in the precedent book, by mine author; but somewhat more largely handled in the Latin treatise mentioned by him, page 307, in the Life of Stillington, out of which I will cite a passage or two as occasion shall serve.

First, therefore, for the city of Bath, to omit all the antiquities noted by Mr. Camden and other good authors, as also seen by myself, I observe this, that among all our old traditions and legends thereof, it seemeth as it were purposely left in suspense, and not yet fully determined, whether the crown or the mitre have more claim to the virtue that all men see and say to be in these waters. Some affirm that King Bladud, a learned King, brought up at Athens, long before Christ's time, either by his cunning in magic did frame it, or rather by his search did find it, or at least with his cost did first found it. Others believe that King Arthur's uncle St. David, a bishop of Wales, that lived longer with leeks than we do now with larks and quails, by his prayer procured this virtue 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 been a temple of Minerva and Hercules, whom they feigned to be presidents of hot baths. This monastery, builded by Offa 775, was destroyed by the Danes (being then no Christians) about the year 900. Then it was re-edified by Elphegus a bishop of Canterbury, An. 1010, and continued in great estimation for a place of holy and strict life, but had not yet the title of a bishopric, till John de Villula, a Frenchman born and a physician by profession, being made Bishop of Wells,<362> which was in Latin, de Fontibus, admiring the virtues of these baths, and the cures they wrought, for which it had been long before by the Saxons surnamed Akman Chester, that is sick-man's town. This Villula thinking this place de Fontibus, more honourable than the other called Wells, bought this city of King William Rufus, and translated his seat thither. And finding that both the town and abbey had been late before defaced with fire, he new built both about the year 1122, and was the first bishop that was buried there.

Then was it again burned in the year 1157, and repaired again by Bishop Robert, and remained still the bishop's seat and inheritance, till that bankrupt Bishop Savaricus, for covetousness of Glastonbury, in mercedem hujus unionis, (to use my author's word) "for recompense of this union" of Glastonbury to Wells, gave Bath again to King Richard the First, and yet notwithstanding these two huge revenues, he spent so prodigally and unprovidently in his many journeys to the Emperor, that it is written he had a legion of creditors, and for his wandering humour he had this written for an epitaph, though not set to his tomb at Bath:

Hospes eras mundo,
Per mundum semper eundo,
Sic suprema dies
Fit tibi prima quies.<363>

Thus Bath again after 100 years, became the King's, and ever may it be so.
But the church was not so sufficiently repaired as it ought, in so much that in Henry 7. his time it was ready to fall, what time this worthy Oliver King, about 100 years since, built it again with so goodly a fabric as the stonework stands yet firm, notwithstanding the injuries of men, and time, and tempests upon it.

Here I may by no means omit, 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 church, whether some cunning woman had foretold him of the spoil that followed, (as Paulus Jovius writes<364> how a witch deceived his next successor Hadrian, bishop of Bath,) or whether his own mind running of it, gave him occasion, sleeping, to dream of that he thought waking; but this goes for current and confirmed with pretty probabillities;—that lying at Bath, 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 living,) to which king he was principal secretary, and by him preferred to his bishopric; he saw, or supposed he saw, a vision of the holy Trinity with angels ascending and descending by a ladder, near to the foot of which there was a fair olive tree supporting a crown, and a voice that said "Let an Olive establish the crown; and let a King restore the church." Of this dream, or vision, he took exceeding great comfort, and told it divers of his friends, applying it to the King his master in part, and some part to himself. To his master, because the olive being the emblem or hieroglyphic of peace and plenty, seemed to him to allude to King Henry VIIth, who was worthily 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 chief councillor to this king, and had been his ambassador to conclude the most honourable peace with Charles the 8, who paid (as Hollinshed writeth) 745 thousand ducats, 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-work, to the advancement of which he had an extraordinary inclination. Thus though (as St. Thomas Aquinas well noteth) all dreams, be they never so sensible, will be found to halt in some part of their coherence; and so perhaps may this; yet most certain it is, he was so transported with his dream, for the time, that he presently set in hand with this church (the ruins whereof I rue to behold even in writing these lines) and at the west end thereof he caused a representation to be graved of this his vision of the Trinity, the angels, and the ladder, and on the north side the olive and crown, with certain French words, which I could not read, but in English is this verse taken out of the book of Judges, chap. 9.

Trees going to choose 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 work than in the west end of this poor church; and to make the credit of all this more authentic, he added this word to it, de sursum est, "it is from on high." Thus much the stones and walls (though dumb witnesses, yet credible,) do plainly testify. But in midst of all this jollity, having made so fair a beginning to his own great content, and no less to the king's, who came into this country at that time, and lay at the Dean of Wells his house nine days; I say, in all this joy and comfort, it happened the kings primogenitus, the noble Prince Arthur (having lately before married a great Infanta of Spain,) to depart this life.<365> 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 melancholy thoughts were increased in him by the predictions, as I touched before, of some wizards (to which kind of men that age...
was much affected) concerning the new prince who was after Henry 8, of his unfortunate marriages, of the decay of his offspring, that he should pull down what kings had builded, which no marvel if the bishop, being by surname King, mistrusted to pertain also to his buildings. I heard by one Flower of Phillip's-Norton, who said he saw Henry 7th in this country, that this bishop would wish he had paid above the price of it, so it might have been finished, for if he ended it not, it would be pulled down ere it were perfected.

As for the latter predictions or rather post-fictions (since this bishop's death) I willingly omit, concerning the successors of this bishop, as things worthier to be contemned than condemned, written by cole-prophets, upon whitened walls, which the Italian calls, "the paper of fools," muro bianco charta di matto; of which sort many have been made as well by our own countrymen as others; but the best I remember was this, written by an English gentleman, since the 43d year of Queen Elizabeth, on the church wall with a charcoal.

O Church! I wail thy woeful plight,
Whom king nor cardinal, clerk nor knight
Have yet restored to ancient right.
—Subscribed Ignoto.

Whereto a captain of another country wrote this for the comfort of this church; and I wish him to prove a true prophet, though perhaps he died rather a martyr.

Be blithe, fair kerk, when hemp is past,
Thine Olive, that ill winds did blast,
Shall flourish green, for ay to last.
—Subscribed Cassadore.

But to proceed in this sad story, and leave this pleasant poetry, to pursue truths and eschew fictions, to embrace reason and refuse rhyme; it is most apparent that after the death of this Oliver King, his successors Cardinal Adrian, Cardinal Wolsey, Bishop Clerk, and Bishop Knight, all succeeded in 35 years, of which the first two were supposed to poison themselves, the third to be poisoned by others, the last survived to see the death, or at least the deadly wound of this church; for while the builders were ready to have finished it, the destroyers came to demolish it. Yet, to give the Devil his right, (as the proverb is) it is said that the commissioners in reverence and compassion of the place, did so far strain their commission, that they offered to sell the whole church to the town under 500 marks. But the townsmen fearing they might be thought to cozen the King, if they bought it so cheap, or that it might after (as many things were) be found concealed, utterly refused it. Whereupon certain merchants bought all the glass, iron, bells, and lead, of which lead alone was accounted for (as I have credibly heard) 490 ton, worth at this day 4800L. But what became of these spoils and spoilers,

Desit in hac mihi parte fides, neque credite factum;
Aut, si creditis, facti quoque credite pœnam.<367>

For I may well say, non possum quin exclamem.<368> But in a word, soon after the sellers lost their heads, the buyers lost their goods, being laid up in the great treasury of Antichrist, I mean drowned in the sea, from whence (as some write) by the Devil's power, he shall recover all lost treasures, for the maintaining of his unmeasurable gifts.

Thus speedily it was pulled down, but how slow it hath risen again, I may blush to write. Collections have been made over all England, with which the chancel is covered with blue slate, and an alms-house built, ex abundancia;<369> but the
whole body of the church stands bare, *ex humilitate.*<370> The rest of the money never coming to the townsmen's hands, is laid up (as I suppose) with the money collected for Paul's steeple, which I leave to a *melius inquirendum.*<371> And thus the church lies still, like the poor traveller mentioned in the 10. of Luke, spoiled and wounded by thieves. The priest goes by, the levites go by, but do nothing: only a good Samaritan, honest Mr. Billet,<190> (worthy to be billeted in the new Jerusalem) hath poured some oil in the wounds, and maintained it in life. Insomuch as a wealthy citizen of London, hath adventured to set his tomb there, whom I commend more worthily than the senate of Rome did thank Varro, at his return from Canae, *quod de salute reipublicae non desperasset;*<372> for it seems this honest citizen did not despair of the re-edifying this church, that gave order to be richly entombed therein;— and thus much be said of the first founder of this last church of Bath.
BISHOPS OF BATH AND WELLS:

Doctor William Barlow.

The next I am to write of is Bishop Barlow, of whom my author in this book saith little; in the Latin Treatise there is somewhat more, and I will add a word to both. Bath (as I have noted before) is but a title in this bishopric, so as for many years Bath had the name, but Wells had the game: but yet that one may know they be sisters, your Highness shall understand that this game I speak of which was one of the fairest of England, by certain booty play between a protector and a bishop, (I suppose it was at tick-tack), was like to have been lost with a why not? and, to use rather another man's words than mine own to explain this riddle; thus saith the Latin relation of him:—"He was a man no less godly than learned, but not so remarkable in any thing as in his fortunate offspring, for which Niobe and Latona might envy him, happy in his own children, more happy in their matches. To let pass his sons, (of whom one is now Prebend in Wells, and esteemed most worthy of such a father;) he had five daughters whom he bestowed on five most worthy men, of which three are bishops at this hour; the other, for their merit, are in men's expectation designed to the like dignity hereafter. Howbeit (saith he) in one thing this prelate is to be deemed unfortunate, that while he was bishop his see received so great a blow, losing, at one clap, all the rents and revenues belonging to it." Thus he; and soon after he tells, that for his marriage he was deprived, and lived as a man banished in Germany. Here is his praise, here is his dispraise. If he were deprived for a lawful act, no marvel if he be deprived for an unlawful. Sith then my author compares his felicity with that of Niobe, I will also compare his misfortune with Peleus, making Ovid's verse to serve my turn, in changing but a word or two.

Felix et natis, felix et conjuge, Barlo,
Et cui, si demas spoliati crimina templi
Omnia contigerant; hoc tanto crimine santonem
Accepit profugum patria Germanica tellus.<377>

But God would not suffer this morsel 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 lose his head.

Æstatis sedes, qui sacras diruis ædes;
Pro certo credes, quod Cephas perdere debes.<378>

I speak now only of the spoil made under this bishop. Scarce were five years past after Bath's ruins; but as fast went the axes and hammers to work at Wells. The goodly hall covered with lead (because the roof might seem too low for so large a room) was uncovered, and now this roof reaches to the sky. The chapel of our Lady, late repaired by Stillington, a place of great reverence and antiquity, was likewise defaced, and such was their thirst after lead (I would they had drunk it scalding) that they took the dead bodies of bishops out of their leaden coffins, and cast abroad the carcases scarce thoroughly putrefied. The statues of brass, and all the ancient monuments of kings, benefactors to that goodly cathedral church, went all the same way, sold (as my author writes) to an Alderman of London, who being then rich, and by this great bargain, thinking to have increased it, found it like aurum Tholosanum; for he so decayed after, no man knew how, that he broke in his mayoralty. The statues of kings were shipped from Bristol, but disdaining to be banished out of their own country, chose rather to lie in St. George his Channel where the ship was drown'd. Let atheists laugh at such losses, and call them mischances; but all that truly fear God will count them terrible judgements.
These things were I will not say done, I wilt say, at least, suffered, by this bishop; but I doubt not but he repented hereof, and did, penance also in his banishment in sacco et cinere.<380>

But some will say to me, why did he not sue to be restored to this bishopric at his return, finding it vacant, but rather accepted of Chichester? I have asked this question, and I have received this answer, by which I am half persuaded, that Wells also had their prophecies as well as Bath, and that this bishop was premonstrated (that I may not say predestinate) to give this great wound to this bishopric. There remain yet in the body of Wells church about 30 foot high, two eminent images of stone, set there (as is thought) by Bishop Burnell, that built the great hall there in the reign of Ed. 1. but most certainly, long before the reign of Hen. 8. One of these images is of a king crowned, the other is of a bishop mitred. This king, in all proportions resembling Hen. 8. holdeth in his hand a child 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 danger of ruin. This falling child, they said, was King Edward, the fruitful Bishop, they affirmed was Dr. Barlow, the first married bishop of Wells, and perhaps of England. This talk being rife in Wells in Queen Mary's time, made him rather affect Chichester, at his return, than Wells, where not only the things that were ruined, but those that remained, served for records and remembrances of his sacrilege.
BISHOPS OF BATH AND WELLS:

Doctor Thomas Godwin.

Of Bishop Gilbert Bourne I can add nothing, and of the other Gilbert but a word, that he was a good justicer, as saith the same author, nisi quatenus homo uxoris conjugis importunitate impulsus a veri ac recti tramite aberravit, "saving that sometimes being ruled by his wife, by her importunity he swerved from the rule of justice and sincerity," especially in persecuting the kindred of Bourne his predecessor. The fame went that he died very rich, but the same importunate woman carried it all away, that neither church nor the poor were the better for it.

But for Doctor Godwin, of whom I am to speak, I must (with my authors leave) add a word of mine own knowledge. He came to the place as well qualified for a bishop as might be, unproreably without simony, given to good hospitality, quiet, kind, affable, a widower, and in the Queen's very good opinion, non minor est virtus quam quærere parte tueri. If he had held on as clear as he entered, I should have as highly extolled him: but see his misfortune, that first lost him the Queen's favor, and after forced him to another mischief.

Being, as I said, aged, and diseased, and lame of the gout, he married (as some thought for opinion of wealth) a widow of London. A chief favourite of that time. (whom I am sorry to have occasion to name again in this kind) had laboured to get the manor of Banwell from this bishopric, and disdaining the repulse, nowearing this intempestive marriage, took advantage thereof, caused it to be told to the Queen, (knowing how much she misliked such matches) and instantly pursued the bishop with letters and mandates for the manor of Banwell for 100 years. The, good bishop not expecting such a sudden tempest, was greatly perplexed, yet a while he held out, and endured many sharp messages from the Queen, of which myself caried him one, delivered me by my Lord of Leicester, who seemed to favor the bishop, and mislike with the knight for molesting him; but they were soon agreed, like Pilate and Herod to condemn Christ.

Never was harmless man so traduced to his Sovereign, that he had married a girl of twenty year old, with a great portion, that he had conveyed half the bishopric to her, that (because he had the gout) he could not stand to his marriage; with such scoffs to make him ridiculous to the vulgar, and odious to the Queen.

The good Earl of Bedford happening to be present when these tales were told, and knowing the Londoner's widow that the bishop had married, said, merily to the Queen, after his dry manner, "Madam, I know not how much the woman is above twenty, but I know a son of hers is but little under forty;" but this rather marred than mended the matter. One said, majus peccatum habet: another told of three sorts of Marriage; of God's making, of man's making, and of the Devil's making: of God's making; as when Adam and Eve; two young folk, were coupled; of man's making; When one is old and the other young, as Joseph's marriage; and of the devil's making, when two old folk marry not for comfort, but for covetousness: and such they said was this. The conclusion to the premises was this; that to pacify his persecutors, and to save Banwell, he was fain to part with Wilscombe for 99 years (I would it had been 100,) and so purchased his peace. Thus the bishopric, as well as the bishop were punished, who wished in his heart he had never taken this preferment to foil himself in his decrepit age, with that stain that all his life he had abhorred; and to be made an instrument of another man's sacrilege, and used like a leaden conduit pipe to
Nugæ Antiquæ

convey water to others, and drink nothing but the dregs and dross and rust itself. Wherefore right honestly, and modestly, and no less learnedly, writes his own son 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 happy he, if he would rather have remained happy where he was, than to undergo the labours of ecclesiastical government; when he grew unable to travel, broken with age, constrained to use the help of others; who though their duty required a care of so good-natured an old man, yet they proving (as most do) negligent of others' good, and too greedy of their own, overthrew both."

For my part, though I loved him well, and some of his, yet in this case I can make no other apology for him, nor use no other plea in his defence, but such as ill debtors do, that when they are sued upon just occasions, plead *per minas*; or, rather, to liken him to a husbandman, that dwelling near a judge that was a great builder, and coming one day amongst divers other neighbors with carriages, some of stone, some of timber; the steward (as the manner of the country was,) provided two tables for their dinners; for those that came upon request, powdered beef and perhaps venison; Those that came for hire, poor John and apple-pies; and having invited them to sit down in his lord's name, telling them one board was for them that came for love, the other for those that came for money; this husbandman and his hind sat not down at either, which the steward imputing to simplicity, repeated his former words again, praying them sit down accordingly; but he answered (for there is craft in the clouted shoe) he saw no table for him, for he came neither for love nor money, but for very fear: and even so I dare answer for this bishop, he neither gave Wilscombe for love, nor sold it for money, but left it for fear.

How strangely he was entrapped in that unfit marriage, I know not; if it may called a marriage:

*Non Hymeneus adest illi, non Gratia lecto.*

Himself protested to me with tears in his eyes, "he took her but for a guide of his house, and for the rest (they were his own words) he lived with her as Joseph did with Mary, our lady." Setting this one disgrace of his aside, he was a man very well esteemed in the country, beloved of all men for his great housekeeping; of the better sort, for his kind entertainment and pleasing discourse at his table. His reading had been much, his judgement and doctrine sound, his government mild and not violent, his mind charitable, and therefore I doubt not but when he lost this life, he won heaven according to his word, *win God, win all.* This I say truly of him, which his son was not so fit to say, for fear perhaps of that foolish saying, (yet wise enough if it be well understood) *nemo laudat patrem nisi improbus filius.*
BISHOPS OF BATH AND WELLS:

Doctor John Still.

But what style shall I use to set forth this Still,<397> whom (well nigh 30 years since) my reverend tutor<398> in Cambridge styled by this name, "Divine Still;" who, when myself came to him to sue for my grace to be bachelor, first examined me strictly, and after answered me, kindly, that "the grace he granted 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 helps, 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 friend, my instructor, and lastly my diocesan; if I speak much it were not to be marvelled; if I speak frankly, it is not to be blamed; and though I speak partialy, it were to be pardoned. Yet to keep within my proportion, custom, and promise, in all these; I must say this much of him; his breeding was from his childhood in good literature, and partly in music, which was counted in those days a preparative to divinity, neither could any be admitted to primam tonsuram,<399> except he could first bene le, bene con, bene can, (as they call it,) which is "to read well, to construe well, and to sing well;" in which last he hath good judgement, and I have heard good music of voices in his house.

In his full time, more full of learning, he became bachelor of divinity, and after doctor, and so famous for a preacher, and specially a disputer, that the learnedest were even affearied to dispute with him; and he finding his own strength would not stick to warn them in their arguments to take heed to their answers; like a perfect fencer that will tell aforehand in which button he will give the venue,<400> or like a cunning chess-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 year since when the great diet or meeting, should have been in Germany, for composing matters in religion; Doctor Still was chosen for Cambridge, and Doctor Humphrey<401> for Oxford, to oppose all comers for defence of the English church. For this, his known sufficiency, he was not long unfurnished of double honour.<402> The puritans in Cambridge wooded him, and would fain have won him to their part; and seeing they could not, they forbore not in the pulpit, after their fashion, to glance 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 vein, he said that some could not be contented with a living worth 100 l. a year, another worth six score, but Still will have more. But howsoever they snarled, this Still was counted well worthy of more, so as in the year 1592, being the 34th of the late Queen, he was preferred to this see, after it had been vacant well nigh 3 year. During the vacancy, I can well remember, there was great enquiring who should have it; and, as if all bishops should now be sworn to follow usum Sarum,<340> every man made reckoning that the manor-house and park of Banwell should be made a reward of some courtier. It increased also this suspicion that Thomas Henneage,<403> an old courtier, and zealous puritan, was said to have an oar in the matter, whose conscience, if it were such in the clergy, 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 wrote to him, as of old Cambridge acquaintance, and in such rusty Latin as I had left, gave him warning of this rumour, which he took exceeding kindly at my hands, though some other frowned 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 scandal, that he brought a good report from the places where he had lived, showed himself well natured and courteous to the kindred of his predecessor, had a far greater fame of learning and merit, and (which the Queen liked best of all;) was single and a widower. Nay, I may compare them yet further, he married also soon after he was settled, and the Queen was nothing well pleased with his marriage: Howbeit, in all indifferent censures this marriage was much more justifiable than the other, for age, for use, for end; he being not too old, nor she too young, being daughter to a worshipful knight of the same country and a great houskeeper, and drawing with her a kind of alliance with judge Popham, that swayed all the temporal government of the country. 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 Queen's displeasure, (the times being somewhat more propitious and favourable to bishoprics since Bishop Wickham's sermon) was the easier pacified without so costly a sacrifice as a whole manor, and she contented herself only to break a jest upon the name of the bishop's wife, saying to Sir Henry Barkley, "it was a dangerous name for a bishop to match with a Horner." Since which time, he hath preached before her more than once, and hath received good testimonies of her good opinion, and God hath also blessed him many ways very greatly, to see his children well brought up, well bestowed, and to have an unexpected revenue, out of the entrails of the earth (I mean the lead mines of Mendip) greater than his predecessor had above ground; so as this bishop seems to be blessed with Joseph's blessing, benedictionibus caeli sursum, benedictionibus abyssi jacentis deorsum, benedictionibus ubeis et vulvae; Gen. 49:25. "with blessings from heaven above, blessings from the deep that lieth beneath, blessings of the breasts and of the womb." Which fortunate increase of living happening to a provident man, that was ever homo frugi, it is supposed hath brought him to a great ability: insomuch, that this church of Bath seemes to conceive some hope that he will have compassion of her ruins, at the least; (as Sir Arthur Hopton, a good knight of the Bath, was wont between earnest and sport to motion unto him) "to give toward it but the lead to cover it, which would cost him nothing." But he would. reply again, "Well said, gentle Sir Arthur, you will coff me as you scoff me." which is no great token that he liked the motion. Yet at his being at Bath he promised them very fair, which they were bold to remember him of sometime by their friends. One trifling accident happened to his lordship there, that I have thought since of more consequence, and I tell him that I never knew him nonplussed in argument, but there. There was a craftsman in Bath, a recusant puritan, who condemning our church, our bishops, our sacraments, our prayers, was condemned himself to die at the assizes, but at my request Judge Anderson reprieved him, and he was suffered to remain at Bath upon bail. The bishop conferred with him, in hope to convert him; and first, my lord alleged for the authority of the church, St. Augustine. The shoemaker answered, "Austin was but a man." He [Still] produced, for antiquity of bishops, the fathers of the council of Nice. He answered, "They were also but men, and might err." "Why, then, said the bishop; thou art but a man; and mayest and dost err." "No Sir, saith he, the Spirit bears witness to my spirit, I am the child of God." "Alas, said the bishop, thy blind spirit will lead thee to the gallows." "If I die," saith he, "in the Lord's cause, I shall be a martyr." The bishop turning to me, stirred as much to pity as impatience;—"This man, said he, "is not a sheep strayed from the fold, for such may be brought in again on the shepherd's shoulders, but this is like a wilde buck broken out of a park, whose pale is thrown down, that flies the farther off, the more he is hunted." Yet this man, that
stopped his ears like the adder to the charms of the bishop, was after persuaded by a layman, 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 asked him his opinion of witches. He saith, "he knows other men's opinions, both old and new writers, but could never so digest them, to make them an opinion of his own." All I can get is this, "that the devil is the old serpent, our enemy, that we pray to be delivered from daily; as willing to have us think he can do too much, as to have us persuaded he doth nothing." To conclude of this bishop, without flattery, I hold him a rare man for preaching, for arguing, for learning, for living; I could only wish, that in these he would make less use of logic, and more of rhetoric.
BISHOPS OF EXETER:

*Doctor William Cotton.*

<409>When I reflect my thought and eye upon that I have formerly written, and see that I am like to equal, or rather exceed my author in quantity of volume, (taking the proportion of the longest king's reign to that of Queen Elizabeth,) I am the less troubled to think, that for lack of sufficient intelligence, I shall be constrained to do as he hath also done with divers of those former bishops, namely, to obscure and omit the good deserts of some, and to conceal and hide the demerits of others; which if I fortune to do, yet will I neither crave pardon of the one, nor thanks of the other; being to be excused of both by an invincible ignorance. Howbeit, if in these I have, or shall treat of, I have been so plain and liberal, as thereby I may move the spleen of some bishop against me, to write as Bishop Jovius did against Pietro 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 bestemia ogniuno fuor che Dio,*

*Seusandoi, con il dire non lo cognosco.*

Which one did put thus into English:

Here lieth Aretine, that poisonous toad,
Whose spiteful tongue and pen (all saints beshrew him,)
Did rail on priest, and prince, and all but God
And said, (for his excuse,) I do not know him.

I say, if any should follow this humour of Jovius, yet shall he not thereby put me into the humour of Aretine, that answered him. For I reverence all their places, and many of their persons. I know how high their calling is, that may say, *pro Christo legatione fungimur:* 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.

Accordingly of the bishopric and bishop of Exeter, I can say but little, namely, that it is since bishop Harman's time (as my author noted, pag. 337,) reduced to a good mediocrity, from one of the best bishoprics of England; so as now it is rather worthy of pity than envy, having but two manors left of 22. And I will add thus much to your Highness, that as in public respect I wish and hope you will favour all bishops, so, in a private respect, your Highness should specially favor this bishop, in whose diocese your duchy of Cornwall, and your stannaries are; so the duke may uphold the bishop, and the reverent bishop may bless the duke.
Concerning Norwich, whether it be the praise of the bishops, or the people, or both, I know not; or whether I have here a partial 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 tradesmen, young and old, so industrious; the better sort so provident, and withal so charitable; that it is as rare to meet a beggar there, as it is common to see them in Westminster. For the 4 bishops that were in Queen Elsabeth's time, I know nothing in particular, but that they lived as bishops should do, sine querela, and were not warriors, like bishop Spencer, their predecessor, in Henry the fourth his time; nor had such store of gold and silver as he had, that could levy an army. But for the present bishop, I knew him but four years since vice-chancellor of Cambridge; and I am sure he had as good Latin as any of his predecessors had, and was accounted there a very perfect divine; in both which respects, he is to be thought very fit for that place, being a maritime town, and much frequented with strangers; very devoutly given in religion, and perhaps understand Latin as well as English.

BISHOP OF NORWICH: 
Doctor John Gegen.

Sir John Harington
BISHOPS OF WORCESTER:

Doctor Gervase Babington.

Worcester hath been fortunate in this last age to many excellent bishops; of which but two in 100 years have died bishops thereof, the rest having been removed. Also, in less then 14 year, it had one bishop became pope, another that was a protestant, namely, Clement the Seventh, and Hugh Latimer. Of the seven therefore that were in Queen Elizabeth's time, I shall in this place speak but of one, and that is he now living,<419> who by birth is a gentleman of a very good house; for learning inferior to few of his rank. He was sometime chaplain to the late Earl of Pembroke, whose noble Countess used this her chaplain's advice, I suppose; for the translation of the psalms, (of which I have seem some); for it was more than a woman's skill to express the sense so right as she hath done in her verse, and more than the English or Latin translation could give her.—They first were means to place him in Llandaff, near them at Cardiff, where he would say, merrily, his true title should be Aff, for the Land was gone.<420> Thence he came back over the sea to the see of Exeter, and thence, on terra firma, to Worcester; a place where both the church and town are at this day in very flourishing estate, and the church especially in very 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 shepherd. Yet, as every general rule hath commonly some exception, so hath this in some places in England, and many more in Wales, of which I shall, in their due place, note somewhat in the ensuing treatises. And thus much of Worcester.
Of this twice bishop, Scory, I have heard but little, yet it hath been my fortune to read something that will not be amiss to acquaint your Highness with, that you may see how Satan doth sift the lives and doings of English bishops with the quills sometimes of strangers and foreigners. For whereas, this our English modest writer only reports "how he, first bishop of Chichester, being but bachelor of divinity, and deprived for no fault but that he continued not a bachelor, whereupon he fled for religion (as the phrase was) till coming home in the year 1560, he was preferred to Hereford." The French writer stayeth not there, but telleth "how that being settled there, though he professed to be a great enemy to idolatry, yet in another sense (according to St. Paul,) he became a worshipper of images; not saints but angels. Belike he feared some future tempest, and therefore thought to provide better for himself than he had at Chichester; so as what with pulling down houses and selling the lead, and such loose ends; what with setting up good husbandries; what with leases to his tenants, with all manner of viis et modis, he heaped together a great mass of wealth." He that hath store of metal must needs also have some dross, and no marvel if this bishop then, according to his name, had much scoria with his treasure. A noble and honourable councillor, and then lord president of Wales, hearing so frequent complaints made of him for oppressions, extortions, simonies, and the like, caused a bill to be preferred into the star-chamber against him; in which bill was contained such matter as was enough not only to disgrace him, but to degrade him, if it had been followed accordingly. His solicitor of his causes brings him a copy of the bill, and, in reading it with him, seemed not a little dismayed in his behalf, much like to the servant of Elisha that came trembling to his master, and told him how they were beleaguered with a huge army. But this bishop, though not indued with the spirit of a prophet, yet having a spirit that could look well into his profit, bids his solicitor (who was his kinsman, perhaps his sister's brother's son) to be of good comfort; adding (it may be) the very words of Elisha, "for there are more of our side than against us." But when his Gehzei (for the comparison suits better to the man than 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 chariots of fire on the tops of the mountains: but he opened his own bags, and showd him some legions, or rather, chiliads, of angels, who entering all at once, not into a herd of swine, but into the hoard of a Lady, 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, writes this French author of the said bishop of Hereford; though the treatise itself was not specially meant against the bishop, but against a temporal lord of a higher rank, that was not a little nettled with the same. In so much, as many travelling gentlemen, and among other, this bishop's son was called in question for the publishing of this book, belike because some particularities of this matter were discovered that could come originally from none but him.

But to come again to this bishop, I hope it shall be no just scandal to other good bishops, true successors of the apostles, that this man was a bishop. Judas will have successors as well as James, and Simon Magus as well as Simon Peter, and sometime perhaps both in one chair. This man, indeed, had been brought up in the age of the friars that made much of themselves, and relinquished their cells; that read in the old testament, letare et fac, but left out bonum; for so he followed the text in the new testament, "Make ye friends of the wicked Mammon," but left out the part
that should have brought him to "everlasting tabernacles." For if God's mercy be not
the greater, I fear his friend and he are met in no pleasant mansion, though too
durable; if the vision of Henry Lord Hunsdon<428> were true, as an honest gentleman
hath often reported it. But all this, notwithstanding, his posterity may do well, for God
himself forbids men to say, that "the fathers eat sour grapes, and the children's teeth
be on edge;" and if the worst be, the English proverb may comfort them, which, lest it
want reason, I will cite in rhyme,

    It is a saying common, more than civil,
    The son is blest, whose sire is with the devil.

    After his decease a great and long suit was held about his dilapidations, which
makes the former report to seem the more probable.
There succeeded him [John Scory] a learned and famous doctor indeed, Dr. Westphaling, who after he had been a bishop divers years, yet to show that good bishops do not quite discontinue their study, but rather increase their knowledge with their dignity, came to Oxford, at her Majesty's last being there, and made an eloquent and copious oration before her, for conclusion of the divinity disputations: among which, one special question that bred much attention, was this, "Whether it be lawful to dissemble in cause of religion?" And one argument more witty than pithy, produced by an opponent, was this, "It is lawful to dispute of religion, therefore it is lawful to dissemble," and urging it further, he said thus, "I myself now do that which is lawful, but I do now dissemble; ergo, it is lawful to dissemble:" at which her Majesty and all the auditory were very merry. I could make a rehearsal of some of the bishop's oration concerning this question, how he allowed a secrecy, but without simulation, a policy but not without piety, lest men taking too much of the serpent, have too little of the dove; but I am sure in all his speech he allowed no equivocation. Howbeit, if I should insist long hereon, I might commit the same fault to your Highness that the Queen at that time found in him, which was, that she thought him too tedious. For she had sent twice to him to cut short his oration, because herself meant to make a public speech that evening. But he would not, or as some told her, could not, put himself out of a set methodical speech, for fear he should have marred it all, and perhaps confused his memory. Wherefore she forbore her speech 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 schooled Doctor Reynolds, for his preciseness, willing him to follow her laws, and not to run before them. But it seemed 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 Queen, in the midst of her oration, casting her eye aside, and seeing the old Lord Treasurer Burleigh standing on his lame feet for want of a stool, she call'd in all haste for a stool for him, nor would she proceed in her speech till she saw him provided of one; then fell she to it again, as if there had been no interruption; upon which one that might be so bold with her, told her after, that she did it of purpose to show that she could interrupt her speech, and not be put out, although the bishop durst not adventure to do a less matter the day before.

But this bishop was every way a very sufficient man, and for such esteemed while he was of Christ Church. Trifling accidents show as good proof, oft times, of a man's spirit, and courage, and constancy, as the weightiest occasions. Such a one happen this doctor while he was of the university, as a scholar of that time hath told me, and it was this:—There had been a very sharp frost, (such as have been many this year,) and a sudden rain or sleet falling with it from the south-east, had as it were candied all that side of the steeple at Christ Church, with an ice mixed with snow, which with the warmth of the sun 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 noise, as if indeed it would have thrown down the whole church. The people (as in sudden terrors is usall) filled all with tumult, and each man hasted to be gone so fast, that they hindered one another. He first kneeling down, and recommending himself to God, (as in the apprehension of a sudden danger,) straight rose again, and with so cheerful both voice and countenance encouraged them, as they all returned, and he quietly finished his sermon.
But his chief praise I reserve for the last, which was this:—for all such benefices as either were in his own gift, or fell into his hand by lapse, which were not few, and some of great value; he neither respected letters nor commendations of lords or knights, nor wife, nor friends, in preferment of any man, but only their sufficiency and their good conversation; so as to sue for a benefice unto him, was rather a means to miss it than to attain it.
BISHOPS OF HEREFORD:

Doctor Robert Bennet.

This bishop was preferred to this place since my author wrote his catalogue, so as he is not therein specified; yet must not I do him that wrong to omit him in this relation. This is he (if your Highness do remember it) of whom his Majesty said, "if he were to choose a bishop by the aspect, he would choose him of all the men he had seen, 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 day, (as Malmsbury writeth) went for devotion sake into a church, where a very ill-favoured faced priest was at service.—The Emperor thinking his virtues suted his visage, said to himself, "How can God like of so ugly a fellow's service?" But it fortuned at that instant, the priests boy was mumbling of that versicle in the hundredth psalm, *ipse nos fecit, et non ipsi nos*; and because he pronounced it not plainly, the priest reproved him, and repeated it again aloud, *ipse nos fecit, et non ipsi nos*: which the Emperor applying to his own cogitation, thought the priest to have some prophetical spirit, and from that time forward esteemed him greatly, and made him a bishop. Thus that bishop, though he could not set so good a face of it, yet he got perhaps as good a bishopric.

But to come to our bishop, whom myself knew in Cambridge a Master of Art, and a proper active man, and played well at tennis; and after that, when he came to be a Bachelor of Divinity, he would toss an argument in the schools better than a ball in the tennis-court. A grave doctor yet living, and his ancient, alluding to his name in their disputation, called him *Erudite Benedicte*; and gave him, for his outward as well as inward ornaments, great commendation. He became, after, chaplain to the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, who was very curious, and no less fortunate in the choice of his chaplains, and they no less happy in the choice of their patron, as Mr. Day, after bishop of Winchester; the bishop I now speak of; Doctor Neale, now dean of Westminster; and divers others.
BISHOPS OF CHICHESTER:

Dr Anthony Watson.

I find in former ages many unlearned and unfit men, by favour recommended to bishoprics, but of a man recommended by the king, and refused by the clergy, only for his want of learning, I think there is but one example, and that was one Robert Paslew, in the time of Hen. 3., which Prince is no less to be commended for admitting the refusal, than they for refusing: But yet in speaking of learned bishops, this church may say their last have been their best. Doctor Watson your Highness can remember his Majesty's almoner, he was a very good preacher, preferred by the Queen, first to the deanery of Bristol, where he was well beloved; and after to Chichester, where he was more honoured, if not beloved, for the course of his life, and cause of his death. I might in some sort compare him to bishop Vaughan, late of London; he grew somewhat corpulent, and having been sick, and but newly recovered, adventured to travel to wait in his place, and so by recidivation he died.
BISHOPS OF CHICHESTER:
Doctor Lancelot Andrews.

His Majesty having a great desire to prefer Dr. Andrews,<438> then dean of Westminster, made special choice of him to succeed him, as well in the bishopric as the almonership, and I suppose if Henry the third his chaplain had been so good a scholar, he had not been refused for his learning. This bishop your Highness knoweth so well, and have heard him so oft, as it may be you think it needless to hear more of him. But I will be bold to say your Highness doth but half know him; for the virtues that are not seen in him, are more and greater than those that are seen. I will therefore play the blab so far, that your Highness may know him better. He was born in London, and trained up in the school of that famous Mulcaster,<439> and for the special towardness was found in him in very young years, he was not only favour'd, but had liberal exhibition given him by a great councillor of those times, as I shall note hereafter. The course of his study was not, as most men's are in these times, to get a little superficial sight in divinity, by reading two or three of the new writers, and straight take orders, and up into the pulpit: of which kind of men a reverent bishop, yet living, said, as properly as pleasantly, when one told of a young man that preached twice every Lord's day, beside some exercising in the weekdays;—"It may be (saith he) he doth talk so often, but I doubt he doth not preach." And to the like effect the late Queen said to the same bishop, when she had on the Friday heard one of these talking preachers much commended to her by somebody; and the Sunday after heard a well labour'd sermon, which some disgraced as a bosom-sermon,<440> that smelt of the candle;—"I pray," said she, "let me have your bosom-sermons, rather than your lip-sermons; for when the preacher takes pains, the auditor takes profit."

But to come to Dr. Andrews, that gathered before he did spend, reading both new writers and old writers, not as tasting but as digesting, them, and finding, according to our Saviour's saying, the old to be more profitable;<441> at last his sufficiency could be no longer concealed. But as an industrious merchant, that secretly and diligently follows his trade with small show, till his wealth being grown so great it can be no longer hidden, is then, called on for subsidies and loans, and public services; so did this man's excellency suddenly break forth. His patron (that studied projects of policy as much as precepts of piety,) hearing of his fame, and meaning to make use thereof, sent for him (as I have credibly heard) and dealt earnestly with him, to hold up a side that was even then falling, and to maintain certain state points of puritanism. But he that had too much of the andros<442> in him to be scared with a councillor's frown, or blown aside with his breath, answered him plainly, they were not only against his learning, but his conscience. The councillor, seeing this man would be no friar Pinkney,<443> (to be taught in a closet what he should say at Paul's,) dismissed him with some disdain for the time; but afterward did the more reverence his integrity and honesty, and became no hinderer of his ensuing preferments. Of these one was a prebend in Paul's, belonging to him they call the confessor or confessioner, a place notoriously abused in time of popery by their tyranny and superstition, but now of late, by a contrary extreme, too much forgotten and neglected. While he held this place, his manner was (especially in Lent time) to walk duly at certain hours, in one of the aisles of the church, that if any came to him for spiritual advice and comfort; (as some did, though not many,) he might impart it to them. This custom being agreeable to the scripture, and fathers, expressed and required, in a sort, in the communion book, not repugning the 39 articles, and no less approved by Calvin in his Institutions; yet was quarreled with by divers (upon
occasion of some sermons of his) as a point of popery. The like scandal was taken of some, though not given by him, for his reverent speaking of the highest mystery of our faith, and heavenly food, the Lord's Supper; which some are so stiff in their knees, or rather in their hearts, that they hold it idolatry to receive it kneeling. But whatsoever such barked at, he ever kept one tenure of life and doctrine, exemplar and unproveable.

Two special things I have observed in his preaching, that I may not omit to speak of: One, to raise a joint reverence to GOD and the Prince, to the spiritual and civil magistrate, by uniting and not severing them; the other, to lead to amendment of life, and good works, the fruits of true repentance. Of the first kind, he made a sermon before the Queen long since, (which was most famous) of this text "Thou leadest thy people like sheep, by the hands of Moses and Aaron." Which sermon, (though courtiers ears are commonly so open, as it goes in at one ear and out at the other) yet it left an aculeus behind in many of all sorts. And Henry Noell, one of the great gallants of those times swore "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 trumpets to be made of one piece.

Of the second kind I might say 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 captivity of Sion," &c. And I never saw his Majesty more sweetly affected with any sermon than with that.

But to conclude;—I persuade myself 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 seemeth to promise, (I mean the ending of this great schism in the church of God, procured as much by ambition as by superstition;) this reverent prelate will be found one of the ablest, not of England only, but of Europe, to set the course for composing the controversies; which I speak 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 believe no less of his learning than I speak,) find fault that he is not so apt to deliver his resolution upon every question moved, as they could wish, who if they be not quickly resolved of that they ask, will quickly resolve not to care for it. I say this cunctation is the mean between precipitation and procrastination, and is specially commended by the apostle St. James, as I have heard him allege it, Sit omnis homo tardus ad iram, tardus ad loquendum.
BISHOP OF ROCHESTER:

Doctor William Barlow.

This bishopric having been noted in Henry the Third his time, to have been one of the poorest of England, hath, I suppose, been the less impoverished in the spoiling times: the grand spoilers being of the mind of some tailors, that when their allowance of stuffs was most scant, they would make the garment more larger. This city in these last 100 year, hath had 14 bishops; of which one was cardinal, two were archbishops, and I take it but one hath died bishop, and that was the last before this, whose name was Young,<451> but lived to be very old, and desired not to remove.

His successor, Doctor Barlow,<452> is one of the youngest in age, but one of the ripest in learning, of all his predecessors, since Bishop Fisher, that had ill luck with his learning, to die upon Tower Hill.<453> There are so many printed testimonies of his sufficiency, as I need say the less of it; but it is like he shall not abide there long. Of all his sermons he preached afore Queen Elizabeth, (which were many, and very good,) one that she liked exceedingly was of the plough; of which she said, "Barlow's text might seem taken from the cart, but his talk may teach you all in the court." He made a sermon, not long after that, at Paul's, which many (especially puritans,) did much dislike; and, for that cause, called it (alluding to his name) "The Barley Loaf:" not marking, how much honour they give it in their scorn, by example both of the Old Testament and New. In the Old Testament, the barley loaf signified Gideon's sword, ordained to destroy the wicked; in the New, by the blessing of our Saviour, it fed more thousands of honest men than this offended.<454>
BISHOPS OF OXFORD.

Doctor John Underhill.

From Rochester I should go a long pilgrimage to St. David's in Wales, save I must bait, a little out of my way, at four new bishoprics, erected by King Hen. 8, of famous memory; and therefore I hope not ordained to be dissolved of a Henry the Ninth, of future and fortunate expectation. I say I will but bait, especially at Oxford, lest I be baited if I stay too long, for I know this discourse is to some, as unguis in ulcere.<455>

This bishopric being but 66 year since erected, had two bishops in 26 year, and then continued void 21 year; what time, of pure devotion to the leases that would yield good fines, a great parson recommended Doctor Underhill<456> to this place, persuading him to take it, as in the way to a better; but God knows, it was out of his way, every way. For ere his first fruits were paid, he died (as I heard, at Greenwich) in much discontent, and poverty. Yet his preferrer<457> (to seem to do some favour to the university of Oxford, for recompense of the spoil done on the bishopric of Oxford,) erected a new solemn lecture there at his own charge, which Doctor Reynolds did make; at which lecture I happened once to be present with the founder, where we were taught nihil et non,<458> as elsewhere I have at large showed to your Highness. But though the many-headed beast, the multitude, was bleared with this bounty; yet the scholars that were more nasuti, oculati, et cordati, ["sharp-smelling, keen-sighted, and wise"[TN] did smell, and see, and say, "that this was but to steal a goose, and stick a feather." And, indeed, this was the true theory and practice of puritanism; one, impugning the authority of bishops secretly, by such lectures; the other, impoverishing their livings openly, by such leases.
BISHOPS OF OXFORD:

Doctor John Bridges.

After that Bishop Underhill was laid under earth, I think the see of Oxford would have been drowned in the sea of oblivion, if his Majesty, (whose soul abhors all sacrilege) had not supplied it with the good father that now holdeth it, Doctor John Bridges, a man whose volumes in prose and verse give sufficient testimony of his industry; though, for mine own part, I am grown an unfit praiser of poetry, having taken such a surfeit of it in my youth, that I think now, a gray head and a verse do not agree together, and much less a grave matter and a verse. For the reputation of poetry is so altered by the iniquity of the times, that whereas it was wont to make simple folk believe some things that were false, now it makes our great wise men to doubt of things that be true. When the creed was first put in English verse, as it is now sung in the church, the descending of Christ into hell, was never questioned, but since it hath been sung 50 year or more,—

"His spirit did, after this, distend into the lower parts,
To them that long in darkness were, the true light of their hearts;—"

the doubt that was made of the latter of these two verses, hath caused the truth of the former to be called in question. Wherefore, though I grant the psalms and hymns may and perhaps ought to be in verse, (as good linguists affirm Moses' and David's psalms to be originally,) yet I am almost of opinion, that one ought to abjure all poetry when he comes to divinity. But not derogating herein from the travails of my betters, and the judgment of mine elders, I proceed, or rather post, to my next stage.
BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER: 

   Doctor Henry Parry.

At Gloucester I shall, at this time, make a very short bait, the last bishop thereof being but lately removed to London, and the present bishop scant yet warm in his seat: yet this I must say, that I have heard some students of good judgement, that knew him in Oxford, affirm, that in his very young years he gave a great hope and good presage of his future excellency; having a rare gift ex tempore in all his school exercises, and such a happy wit 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 pretty accidents, to fall out to give him the occasions. I have often heard him before Queen Elizabeth, and it was not possible to deliver sounder matter, nor with better method; for which cause he was greatly respected and reverenced at the court. But for his Latin sermon before the two most magnificent Kings, your Highness' father and uncle, I cannot praise him; no, for I am a Cambridge man; but I can envy him, that in two judgements, *omni exceptione majoribus*, did carry the commendations of the pure Latin language (peculiar as I thought unto Cambridge) to her younger sister of Oxford. And thus much for him, whose virtues no doubt will give matter for some further relation under, some other title hereafter.
BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH

Doctor Thomas Dove.

I should do both this worthy prelate and myself much wrong, if I should not commend him for many good parts; being one whom I have long known to have been greatly respected and favoured by the late Queen, and no less liked and approved in the more learned judgement of his Majesty. Howbeit, the ground on which I would build his chief praise, to some of the Aristarchi and sour censurers of these days, requires first an apology. For I remember, that even in Cambridge, about 25 years since, (and I am sure he remembers it too,) a question rose among the divines (scarce fit for the schools, less fit for the pulpit, yet was it both handled and determined in the pulpit,) whether rhetorical figures and tropes, and other artificial ornaments of speech taken from profane authors, as sentences, adages, and such like, might be used in sermons; and not rather the plain naked truth, delivered out of the word of God. The precise sort, that would have the word and church and all go naked, (saving for some apron, perhaps of fig-leaves,) were not only earnest, but bitter, against the use of all such human, or (as they called them,) profane helps; calling them paintings fitter for strumpets, than 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 controversy. "That seing now the extraordinary gifts, first of tongues, next of miracles, was ceased; and that knowledge is not now infusa, but acquisita, we should not despise the help of any human learning; as neither St. Paul did, who used the sentences of poets, as well as of prophets, and hath many excellent tropes, with exaggerations and exclamations in his epistles: for chastity doth not abhor all ornaments, and Judith did attire her head as curiously as Jezebel," &c.

About 12 year after this, the very same question in the same manner was canvassed at Oxford, and determined in the pulpit by Dr. House, against Dr. Reynolds, who had held the other opinion: but upon occasion of this sermon, at which my brother, (that had been his scholar,) and myself, happened both to be present; he retracted to us his opinion, or rather disclaimed it, as my Lord of Durham that now is (but then dean of Christ Church) doth well remember. This opinion then being sound, that eloquence may serve as a handmaid, and tropes and figures as jewels and ornaments, to this chaste matron, Divinity; I must say (as I began,) that his sermons are as well attended, and adorned in this kind, and as plentifully as any of his predecessors have been, or his successors are like to be; and that they were wont so to be long since, sufficeth this testimony, that her Majesty that last reigned, when she first heard him, said, "she thought the Holy Ghost was descended again in this Dove."$

BISHOP OF BRISTOL:

Doctor John Thornbury.

Bristol, being a bishopric of the later erection, namely but 66 year since, no marvel it never had any bishop thereof canonized for a saint; yet it cannot be denied since to have had one holy man; 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 Fletcher's second marriage, I would I could as well pull out the thorn of Doctor Thornbury's first marriage, out of every man's conscience that have taken a scandal of the second. For my part, whatsoever I think in my private, it becomes us not to judge our judges; the customs and laws of some countries differ
from other, and sometimes are changed and mended in the same, as this case of
divorce is most godly reformed in ours, and as Vincentius Lyrinensis saith well of St.
Cyprian, who had before the council of Carthage defended rebaptising,—"The author
of this error, saith he, is no doubt in heaven, the followers and practicers of it, now go
to hell." So I may say of this bishop; his remarrying may be pardoned, et in hoc
saeculo, et in futuro;<470> but he that shall do so again, may be met with in hoc
saeculo. But it was the bishop of Limerick in Ireland, and not the bishop of Bristol in
England, that thus married. What? Doth this lessen the scandal?—I suppose it doth.
For I dare affirm, that most of that diocese are so well catechised, as they think it as
great a scandal for their bishop (yea, rather greater,) to have one wife, as to have two.
And though for laymen's marriage, their priests tell them "tis a holy sacrament in
them, (which they count a sacrilege in a bishop,) and they construe to them out of St.
Paul, το μυστήριον τούτο μεγά εἶναι,[to mysterion touto mega esin] this is a great
sacrament:<471> yet, their people, and some of their peers also, regard it as slightly,
and dissolve it more uncivilly, than if it were but a civil contract; for which not only
they draw upon them by their bastardies and bigamies, many apparent scourges of
GOD, the heavenly Father, but also a peculiar penance upon their nation, of one
fasting day in a week extraordinary, from their holy father the Pope.

But setting aside this misfortune rather than fault, which if God and the King
pardon him for, who shall impute to him?—for other matters, I have reason to think
him and his, is God and the King's favor. He, and his whole family almost, had a
miraculous escape in Ireland, which I would all our bishops did know that they might
remember to keep their boasts in better reparations. Lying in an old castle in Ireland,
in a large room partitioned but with sheets or curtains, his wife, children, and servants,
in effect, a whole family; in the dead of the night, the floor overhead being earth and
plaster, as in many places is used, overcharged with weight, fell wholly down
together; and crushing all to pieces that was above two foot high, as cupboards, tables,
forms, stools, rested at last upon certain chests, (as God would have it,) and hurt no
living creature.

He did many good services in Ireland for our Q. and state, for which he was
thought worthy of a better abode, than in that purgatory. He hath very good
understanding of that country, and if some others, who are since gone out of this
world, had been as willing as he to have reported to his Majesty the diseases of that
country and the fittest cures; it may be, it would not in long time have needed those
desperate remedies of secundum and urendum,<472> as sharp to the surgeons oft
times as the patient But, to conclude of this bishop, whom I love more than I praise,
he is not unfurnished of learning, of wisdom, of courage, and other as well episcopal
as temporal panoplies or furnituee; beseeming both a gentleman, a dean and a bishop.
BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S:
Doctor Anthony Rudde.

Of this ancient bishopric, or rather archbishopric, of St. Davis, (as the old true Britons do call it,) in Latin called Menevia, and the bishop Menevensis, I was told of an old indulgence granted by Calixtus the 2, of a very special note, ascribing thereby great holiness to this place, viz. that two pilgrimages to St. Davy should be equal in merit to one pilgrimage to Rome, expressed since for brevity's sake by some friar in a rhyming verse,

*Roma semel quantum,
Bis dat Minevia tantum.*

This place hath yielded many excellent bishops, as well for learning as good life; and for abstinence miraculous, if we believe stories that 33 bishops successively eat no flesh. I can add little of the bishops, save of him that now lives, whom, if I knew not, yet by his look I should guess to be a grave and austere man, even like St. David himself; but knowing him as I do, he was in more possibility to have proved like to St. John Baptist, in my opinion. There is almost none that waited in Queen Elizabeth's court, and observed anything, but can tell, that it pleased her much to seem, and to be thought, and to be told, that she looked young. The Majesty and gravity of a sceptre, borne 44 year, 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 year 1596, the court lying then at Richmond, and wishing in a godly zeal, as well became him, that she would think some time of mortality, being then full 63 years of age; he took this text, fit for that purpose, out of the *Psalms*, Ps. 90. Ver. 12. "O teach us to number our days, that we may incline our hearts unto wisdom;" which text he handled so well, so learnedly, and so respectively, as I dare undertake he thought, and so should I, if I had not been somewhat better acquainted with her humour, that it would have well pleased her, or at least no way offended her. But when he had spoken a while of some sacred and mystical numbers, as 3 for the Trinity, 3 times 3 for the heavenly Hierarchy, 7 for the Sabbath, and 7 times 7 for a Jubilee; and lastly, (I do not deliver it so handsomely as he brought it in,) 7 times 9 for the grand climatrical year; she, perceiving whereto 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 fatal number of 88, which being so long before spoken of for a dangerous year, yet it had pleased God that year not only to preserve her, but to give her a famous victory against the united forces of Rome and Spain: and so (he said) "there was no doubt but she should pass this year 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 way of *prosopopeia*; in her Majesty's person acknowledging God's great graces and benefits, and praying devoutly for the continuance of them, but withal interlarding it with some passages of Scripture, that touch the infirmities of age; as that of *Ecclesiastes*, 12. "When the grinders shall be few in number, and they wax dark that look out of the windows, &c. and the daughters of singings shall be abased;" and more to like purpose, he concluded his sermon. The Queen (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 arithmetic for himself; 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 particular, yet for the present to assuage the Queen's displeasure, commanded him to keep his house for a time, which he did. But of a truth, her Majesty showed no ill nature in this, for within days after she was not only displeased at his restraint, but in my hearing rebuked a lady, yet living, for speaking scornfully of him and his sermon. Only, to show how the good bishop was deceived in supposing she was so decayed in her limbs and senses, as himself, perhaps, and other of that age are wont to be; she said, "she thanked God that neither her stomach nor strength, nor her voice 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 jewel that had an inscription of very small letters, and offered it first to my Lord of Worcester, and then to Sir James Crofts, to read, and both protested bona fide they could not; yet the Queen herself did find out the poesy, and made herself merry with the standers-by upon it; and thus much for St. David's.<479>.

Yet I have been told of a strange stone, of huge weight and bigness, that hath a pretty quality; namely, that with one finger you may stir it, yet twenty yoke of oxen cannot remove it; but I rather think it is mistaken; for the stone Mr. Camden writes of, is near Penzance, in your country of Cornwall, called Mamamber, (of which he writes page 136) hath the very like quality.
BISHOP OF LLANDAFF

Doctor Francis Godwin.

It is doubtless a wonderful antiquity that my author produced of Llandaff, that it professed Christianity, and had a church for Christian religion in the year of our Lord 180. But alas, for a man to boast of great nobility, and go in ragged clothes, and a church to be praised for great antiquity, and make ruinous shows, is in mine opinion, (according to the vulgar proverb,) a great boast, and a small roast. But by this author's relation, it appears this roast was not so marred by an ill cook, as by a worse kitchen; for in the year 1545, being the 37 of Hen. 8, Doctor Kitchin being made of an idle abbot a busy bishop, and wading through these hazardous times that ensued till the first year of Queen Elizabeth, to save himself, was content to spoil this bishopric; Satan having in those days more care to sift the bishoprics than the bishops. Else how was it possible for a man of that rank to sing, *cantate Domino canticum novum*, four times in 14 years, and never sing out of tune, if he had not loved the Kitchen better than the Church. Howbeit, though he might seem for name sake to favour the kitchen, yet in spoil of that see he was as little friend to the kitchen as the rest, spoiling the woods and good provisions that should have warmed it; which gave occasion to Doctor Babington, now bishop of Worcester, to call it Aph, without Land, and Doctor Morgan after, to remove to St. Asaph from thence, not for name sake, but for his own namesake, that is Moregane, at what time the present bishop I now speak of, being then subdean of Exeter, Doctor Francis Godwin having that year newly published this work, and the same being in great request, and highly commended to the Queen for a godly, learned, and necessary work, she gave him presently this bishopric, not full two months vacant, and would as willingly have given him a much better in her own disposition; as may well appear in that she gave Doctor Cooper the bishopric of Lincoln, only for making a dictionary, or rather but for mending that which Sir Thomas Eliot had made before. Of this bishop therefore I may speak sparingly; yea, rather spare all speech, considering that every leaf of his worthy work, is a sufficient testimony of his virtuous mind, undefatigable industry, and infinite reading. For even as we see commonly, those gentlemen that are well descended, and better bred, are most careful to preserve the true memories and pedigrees of their ancestors, which the base and ignorant; because they could not conserve, will seem to contemn; so this worthy bishop, collecting so diligently, and relating so faithfully, the succession and lives of so many of our Christian most reverent bishops in former ages, doth prove himself (more by spiritual then carnal birth,) to come of those ancestors, of whom it was long before prophesied by the princely prophet, "Instead of thy fathers, thou shalt have children, whom thou shalt make princes in all places." Though the impiety 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 Christ's patrimony. He deserveth then a pen much better than mine, and equal to his own, to do that for him he hath done for others.

Before his going to Exeter, I had some acquaintance with him, and have heard him preach more than once at our assizes and elsewhere; his manner was to be sharp against the vices most abounding in that time, sacrilege, simony, contempt of God in his ministers, and want of charity. 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 affirm he was, at the least, a justice of peace, and perhaps of Oyer and Terminer too." This speech was so
ill taken by some guilty conscience, that a great matter was enforc'd to be made of it, that it was a dangerous and seditious speech. And why?—Forsooth, because it was a dear year. But see how a man's enemies sometimes do him as much good as his friends. Their fond accusation, and his discreet justification, made him both better known and more respected, by them that were able to do him most good. Since this, he hath lived in so remote places from my occasions, first at Exeter, and then beyond sea in Wales; that I am become almost a stranger to his person; but yet I am grown better acquainted with his writings both in Latin and English, and namely this his catalogue, which having read first with great contentment to myself, I have since for your Highness' pleasure perused again, and presumed to add some notes, and a table, by way of alphabet, for the more ready finding of most memorable matters; beside a supplement of such as were in his edition wanting; of whom finding himself to be one, that coming in so worthily was not worthy to be left out. I give him here in his due place his more due commendation; which if I should fortune upon some envy to have forborne, or upon judgement to have omitted, as a praise needless where the whole work is his praise; he might worthily have said as much of me, as I wrote of a certain poetaster some years past; who left me out of the bead-roll of some rhyming paper-blotters, that he call'd poets.

Of poets Balbus reckoning up a rabble,
Doth boast he makes their names more honourable;
And ne'er vouchsafing me to name at all,
He says, he knows he grieved me to the gall.
I galled? simple soul; no, thou art gullèd,
To think I prize the praise of such a dull-head.
Whose verse is guilty of some bodge or blame,
Let them seek testimonials of their fame.
Then learn untaught, then learn, ye envious elves,
No books are praised, that do not praise themselves.

And thus much be said for the province of Canterbury, and the bishops of the several dioceases thereof. There follows now to say somewhat also of the province of York, which I shall endeavour to accomplish with like brevity and fidelity.
Concerning the archbishops of York that have been in the former ages, whose lives are particularly related by this author, it seems to me a matter worthy some note, that there have been of them, for devotion and piety, as holy; for blood and nobilities as high; of wealth and ability, as huge; as any not only in England, but of Europe. Now that every age may have his excellency, I will say of this our age, (I mean for some fifty years past,) in which there hath been seven archbishops of York, that these have been as excellent in courage, in learning, and eloquence. For Doctor Nicholas Heath, whom her late Majesty found both archbishop and chancellor, (though she did take, or rather receive, both from him,) yet did she ever gratefully acknowledge both his courage and fidelity showed in her cause, and used no man of his religion so graciously. Of Archbishop Grindal, I have spoken before and in his due place given him his deserved praise.

Now I am to add a word or two of Archbishop Young, that in the third year of Queen Elizabeth was made archbishop. He was first bishop of Saint David's, and either next or very soon after Bishop Farrar, who among other articles that were alleged against him, had one that I think was never alleged against clergyman or layman before, and that was for riding on a Scottish saddle; but this bishop walked more warily than that bishop did ride, so as this came to live in state, when t'other died at a stake. But how great soever his honour was in being both archbishop and president, he left one precedent that too many are apt to follow, which was the pulling down of a goodly hall, only for greediness of the lead that covered it. Plumbi fœda fames: a drossy desire and unworthy part, with which he stained the reputation of learning and religion, that was before ascribed to him; and, although by means of some great friend this was less spoken of in his life time than after, yet, if I have been rightly informed, even by that he was made no great gainer. True it is, he purchased great things of the Earl of Arundel, and how his heirs thrive with it I do not hear, but there is a perilous verse, de male quæsitis vix gaudet tertius hæres. For my own part, I must confess, that where I find that same destroying and ruining spirit, that in the apocalypse is named (in Hebrew) Abaddon, and sounds in my English ear and heart, a bad one; I suspect there is little true virtue or godliness harboured in that 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 days, sent to a great prelate in the North to borrow 1000li. 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 very willing; acknowledging great favors of the said Lord, and sending some present, enough perhaps to pay for the use of 1000li. The nobleman that had good espial both north and south, hearing of a certain ship laden with lead, belonging to this prelate, that came to be sold at London, even as it came to land, sends for the prelate's agent, shows him his lord's letter and protestation under his hand; proves the ability demonstrable by the lead; and so, by treaty or terror, or treachery of the servant, made him betray his master for 1000li.
ARCHBISHOPS OF YORK:

Doctor Edwin Sands.

As those that sail from Flanders or Ireland to London or Bristol, being past the tempestuous and broken seas, and now in sight of the harbor, yet even there fear to miscarry, sometime by mistaking the channel, and are oft so perplexed, as one bids to set sail again; another advises to cast anchor; so is it now with me, drawing toward the end of this my short and voluntary voyage: I remember a ship of London once, that having passed the Godwin Sands very safe, and sailing on this side Blackwall to come up to Ratcliff, struck on the black rock at the point below Greenwich, and was almost cast away. I have (as your Highness sees) past already the Godwins, if I can as well pass over this Edwin Sands, I will go roomer of Greenwich rock, not forgetting to vail as becomes me, in passing by; and if the spring tide serve, come to anchor about Richmond. For I am entering now to write of an archbishop, who, though he died 20 years since, in that anno mirabili of 88, yet he lives still in his offspring, having a son of his name, that both speaks and writes admirably, whose profession, though it be not of religion, as his father was, yet never did his father's preaching show better what to follow, than his writings show what to shun. If my pen therefore should wrong his father, his pen no less might wring me. I must appeal, therefore, for my justification in this point, to the most indifferent censures, and to yours especially, sweet Prince, for whose sake I write; for if I should let pass a matter so notorious as that of this archbishop of York and Sir Ro. Stapleton, it were so wilful an omission as every one might accuse me of; and if I should speak of either, partially and against my own conscience and knowledge, I should much more accuse myself. Here then is the Scylla and Charybdis that I sail between, and if I fail of my right course, I shall be driven to say, as a silly preacher did upon an unlike occasion, and much less to his purpose, when he happened unawares to have a more learned auditory than he expected,

*Incidi in ancillam cupiens vitare Caribdin.*

But the story that I make this long introduction unto, is shortly this. About 25 years since, there was great kindness, and had long continued, between Archb. Sands and Sir Robert Stapleton, a knight of Yorkshire, whom your Highness hath often seen, who in those days, for a man well spoken, properly seen in languages, a comely and goodly personage, had scant an equal, and (except Sir Phillip Sidney) no superior in England: for which reasons, the archbishop, of all his neighbours and countrymen, did make especial account of him. About the year 83 also, he was high-sheriff of Yorkshire, and met the judges with seven score men in suitable liveries, and being at this time likewise a widower, he wooed and won, and wedded soon after, one of the best reputed widows in the West of England. In this felicity he sailed with full sails, but somewhat too high, and no less the archbishop, in like prosperity of wealth, and friends, and children, yet seeming above all to joy in the friendship of this knight, who answered in all good correspondence, not only of outward compliment, but inward comfort; but well said the Spanish poet,

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

Too much companion make yourself to none,
Your joy will be the less, and less your moan.<500>

These two, so friendly neighbors and consorts, swimming in this calm of content, at last happened to fall foul one of another by this occasion. The knight, in his great good fortunes, having as great designs, among other things had laid the
foundation of a fair house, or rather palace, the model whereof he had brought out of Italy, which house he intended to name Stapleton's Stay; and for that cause invited the archbishop 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 archbishop 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 man's vanity to be crossed in the humour! This speech of my Lord's, that I should think intended friendly, uttered faithfully, and applied even fatherly unto him, he took in so deep disdain and despite, that howsoever he smothered it for the present, from that time forward he sought a mean to revenge it. And wanting neither wit to devise, nor courage to execute his design, he found out, or at least he supposed he had found, a stratagem not only to wreak this scorn on the good bishop, that mistrusted nothing, but also to make the old man's 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 denied a lease. These two devise, that when my lord should lie next at Doncaster, where the hostess of the house having been (formerly I suppose) Mrs. Sands her maid, was bold sometimes to bring his lordship a caudle to his bedside, (for in charity 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, via to slip into my lord's bed in her smock; mine host must suddenly be jealous, and swear that he holds his reputation, though he be but a poor man, more dear than that he can endure such an indignity; and thereupon calls Sir Robert Stapleton, 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 suspicion, takes great pains to pacify the host, conjures all that were admitted to secrecy and silence, and sending all to their lodgings without tumult, asketh of my lord how this came to pass. The bishop tells him with great protestation, that he was betrayed by his man and his host, little suspecting the knight to be of the quorum. The knight soothes him in all he said, condoles the great mischance, is sorrowful for the danger, and careful for the honour of the bishop, and specially the church.

Pro superi, quantum mortalia pectora cæcæ
Noctis habent? ipso sceleris molimine (miles)
Creditur esse plus.<501>

The distressed archbishop, distrusting no fraud in him, asketh his advice in this disaster, and following his counsel from time to time; gives the host a piece of money, the false officer a farm, and the knight, for his travail, many friendly 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 manor of Southwell, then he found that in sooth all was not well, and was even compelled too late to do that he might much better have done much sooner, viz, to complain to the Lords of the Council, and to his ancient and dear friend the Earl of Leicester, (for whose father he had almost lost his life,) by whose help he got them called to the Star-chamber, ore tenus;<502> where they were, for this conspiracy, convicted, fined, and imprisoned. The fame, or rather infamy, of this matter, specially before their conviction, was far and diversely spread, according as the reporters favored or disfavored either: and the friends of each side had learned 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 publicly acknowledge how he had slandered the archbishop, which he did in words conceived to that purpose accordingly: yet his friends gave out, that all the while he carried a long whetstone hanging out of the pocket of his sleeve, so conspicuous, as men understood his meaning was to give himself the lie, which he would not in another matter have taken of any 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 foil that he would not seem much daunted with, and lived to have part of his fine released by his Majesty's clemency; but yet he tossed up and down all his life without any great contentment, from Wiltshire into Wales, and thence to the Isle of Man, a while to Chelsea but little to Yorkshire, where his chiefest stay should have been; so that of this story I could collect many documents, both for bishops and knights; but that I shun prolixity in a matter no way pleasing.

Howbeit, because one P. R. or R. P. (for he can turn his name as a mountebank turns his cap,) in his epistle before the Resolution, a book much praised by Sir Edwin Sands, hath a scoff, 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 worthy works, written by William Abbot in five books. There he shall find, in the third chapter of his first book, how that same maidenly saint was subject to a like manner of scandal; first of a young woman lying by him naked in bed half a night, when himself was not 30 year old, and yet we must believe he touched her not; and next of his hostess also offering three times in one night to come to his bed, and he crying out each time, "Thieves, Thieves!" which our bishop had much more cause to have cried, and had he but remembred it, as I doubt not but he had read it, he might peradventure have dissolved the pack with it. To utter mine own conceit frankly, if Parson's conjecture were true, that by human frailty this prelate had in his younger days been too familiar with this woman, which is said to pass but as a venial sin among those of his profession; yet was the knight's practice very foul, and the lords' censure very just that condemned him: for I heard Judge Anderson, a learned and stout judge, condemn one for a rape, upon the oath of a married woman, (notwithstanding the man affirmed, and the woman denied not but she had often in former times yielded herself 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 complain, and the knight's practise was blameworthy, to seek to entrap him thereby, to the spoil of the church and disgrace of his calling. And the archbishop did much nobler to hazard this obloquy of some idle tongues, than to have incurred the greater scandal of betraying his church. To conclude therefore; I wish all squires and knights to be fuller of reverence toward bishops and archbishops, and not to oppose or contest with them. The play of chess (a game not devised for or by fools) may teach, that the bishops due place is nearest the King, and though some knight can leap better over the pawn's heads, yet oft-times he leaps short, where the bishop's power, if you cross it, reacheth the length of the whole province.
ARCHBISHOPS OF YORK:

Doctor John Piers.

Of this Doctor John Piers, who lived and died a most reverent prelate, I must (to give him the greater commendation) do like those, that when they will enforce them to leap their farthest, go back the contrary way some part of the ground, and by little and little mending their pace, at last over-leap the mark themselves had designed; so shall I look back into some part of his life, and show first, how unlikely he was to come to such high honour and place as he died in. For although he was a scholar towards 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 country, as I take it near Oxford, and there was in great hazard to have drowned all those excellent gifts that came after to be so well esteemed and rewarded in him. There first he was enforced to keep mean and rustical company, that company enticed him to the German fashion, even then grown too common in England, to sit whole nights in a tippling 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;<507>

and of the latter Martial saith;

> Quod nimio gaudes noctem producere vino
> Ignosco, vitium forte Catonis habes.<508>

Howbeit, this gentleman never met with such a disgrace by such company as the parson of Lymington had, whom our countryman Sir Amias Pawlet, about a drunken fray, set in the stocks; and yet he afterward proved both Archbishop of York, and one of the greatest cardinals of Christendom. Neither do I bring these examples to lessen this fault, as if I were to leave some aspersion hereof upon him; my purpose is nothing less; for I am rather of that gentleman's mind, that having by fatherly indulgence tolerated the humour of gaming and wenching in his son, 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 viler, and hardly ever amend it. Now therefore that I have showed you how this bishop was in danger by this fault, let me also show you how he was freed from it. Being once against Easter preparing, as well himself as others, for receiving the holy communion, and making choice of a discreet confessor, before whom he might pour out his soul, (a custom as pitifully abused in those days, as disused in these,) he declared to him, by the way, this disposition of his to company and drinking. The preacher, like a true spiritual father indeed, no less learnedly than zealously laying before him the enormity of such a custom; did earnestly dehort him from it, affirming to him, that though every particular excess in that kind, did not reach to a habit, or height of mortal sin, (as one act of adultery, murder, or false witness doth,) yet if it should grow to a habit, it were not only an ugly scandal in that profession, but would draw also as bad sins as itself with it. Behold a comfortable example, how where nature is weakest grace can strengthen it. Upon this grave admonition, he left first the vice, and after the company; and following his study at the university more industriously than before, he ascended worthily the degrees of doctor and dean, and bishop and archbishop, and lived all his life not only continent but abstinent. Of his continency, my author hath said sufficient; of his abstinence this may be one proof, that being sickly toward his end, he was so feareful to drink wine, though his stomach required it, that his physician being a pleasant man, and loving a
cup of wine himself 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."
ARCHBISHOPS OF YORK:  

Doctor Matthew Hutton.

I no sooner remember this famous and worthy prelate, but I think I see him in the chapel at Whitehall, Queen Elizabeth at the window in the closet, all the lords of the parliament, spiritual and temporal, about them, and then (after his three curtsies) that I hear him out of the pulpit thundering this text: "The kingdoms of the earth are mine, and I do give them to whom I will, and I have given them to Nebuchadnezzar, and his son, and his son's son;" which text, when he had thus produced, taking the sense rather than words of the prophet, there followed first, so general a murmur of one friend whispering to another; then, such an erected countenance in those that had none to speak to; lastly, so quiet a silence and attention, in expectance of some strange doctrine, where text itself gave away kingdoms and sceptres, as I have never observed either before or since. But he, as if he had been a Jeremiah himself, and not an expounder of him, showed how there were two special causes of translating of kingdoms; the fullness of time, and the ripeness of sin; that by either of these, and sometime by both, God in secret and just judgments transferred sceptres 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 kingdom of Egypt, and after of Israel, swallowed up by the Assyrians, and the golden head of Nebuchadnezzar, the same head cut off by the silver breast and arms of the Medes and Persians, Cyrus and Darius; this silver consumed by the brazen belly and thighs of the Grecians and Alexander, and the brasse stamped to powder by the iron legs of the Romans and Caesar. Then coming nearer home, he showed how oft our nation had been a prey to foreigners, as first when we were all Britons subdued by these Romans; then, (when the fulness of time and ripeness of our sin required it,) subdued by the Saxons; after this a long time persecuted and spoiled by the Danes; finally, conquered and reduced to perfect subjection by the Normans; whose posterity continued in great prosperity till the days of her Majesty, who, for peace, for plenty, for glory, for continuance, had exceeded them all; that had lived to change all her counsellors but one, all officers twice or thrice, some bishops four times; only the uncertainty of succession gave hopes to foreigners to attempt fresh invasions, and breed fears in many of her subjects, of a new conquest: "The only way then, (said he) that is in policy left to quell those hopes, and to assuage these fears, were to establish the succession." He noted that Nero was specially 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 far as he durst the nearness of blood of our present sovereign, he said plainly, that the expectations and presages of all writers 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 Queen Elizabeth's disposition, but imagined that such a speech was as welcome as salt to the eyes, or, to use her own word, "to pin up her winding sheet before her face, so to point out her successor, and urge her to declare him:"—wherefore, we all expected that she would not only have been highly offended, but in some present speech have showed her displeasure. It is a principle not to be despised, qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare.<512> She considered, perhaps, the extraordinary auditory, she supposed many of them were of his opinion, she might suspect some of them had persuaded him to this motion; finally, she ascribed so much to his years, to his place, to his learning, that when she opened the window, we found ourselves all deceived; for very
kindly and calmly, without show of offence (as if she had but waked out of some sleep) she gave him thanks for his very learned sermon. Yet when she had better considered the matter; and recollected herself in private, she sent two councillors to him with a sharp 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 great peer of the realm, that was then newly recovered of an impediment in his hearing, (I would he did hear no worse now,) being in great liking of the archbishop for this sermon, prayed me to prove my credit with his Grace to get a copy thereof, and to use his name if need were, alleging that impediment which caused, though he were present, that he carried away little of it. I did so; and withal told, how myself had stood so incommodiously by means of the great press as I heard it not well, but was fain to take much of it on trust on other men's report, who varied so, as some (I was sure) did him wrong. The archbishop welcomed me very kindly, and made me sit with him a pretty while in his lodging, but (in fine) told me plainly, he durst give no copy, for that Sir John Fortescue and Sir John Wolley (as I remember) had been with him from the Queen, with such a greeting as he scant knew if he were a prisoner or a free man, and that the speech being already ill taken, the writing might exasperate that which was already exulcerate; so denied my suit, but in so loving a fashion, as from that time to his end I did greatly honour him, and laid up in my heart many good lessons I learned of him: and it was not long ere the Queen was so well pacified, that he went down with the presidentship of York, in the vacancies (half against his will) committed to him; till afterward the Lord Burleigh (now Earl of Exeter,) of whose courage, fidelity, and religious heart, the Queen had great assurance, was made the Lord President.

But to return 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 Jesuit, 26 years since, disgracing our English students, as neglecting and not reading the fathers, excepts this Matthew Hutton, and one famous Matthew 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 say but that that is known to the world; his eldest son is a knight of fair living, and now or lately Sheriff of Yorkshire, and a man of very good reputation. One other son he had, that an ill life brought to a worse end; his name was Luke Hutton, so valiant that he feared not men nor laws, and for a robbery done on St. Luke's day, for name's sake, he died as bad a death, I hope with a better mind, than the thief of whom St. Luke writes, that he had our Saviour, if he were Christ, to save himself and him. The archbishop showed herein the constancy and severity worthy of his place; for he would not endeavour to save him (as the world thought he easily might) deserving herein the praise of justice, which Eli wanted, that was too indulgent of his son's vices; and having hereby no blot 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 happy than his life, to die satur annorum, "full of years," and to see and leave "peace upon Israel."
Sir John Harington

ARCHBISHOPS OF YORK:

Doctor Toby Matthew.

The praises of a friend are partial or suspicious, of strangers uncertain and not judicious, of courtly persons complementary and mannerly, of learned and wise men more precious, of a prince most cordial and comfortable; but of an adversary, though often dangerous, yet never undeserved. What exceptions then can be taken to his just praises, whom friends commend, strangers admire, nobles embrace, the learned affect and imitate, his sovereigns have advanced, and even his enemy and emulous cannot choose but extol and approve. For Edmund Campion, (in his pamphlet of the ten reasons, which the Catholics 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, saith, that Toby Matthews confessed to him so much, Pertentavimus (saith he) aliquando familiariter Tobiam Matheum, qui nunc in concionibus dominatur, quem propter bonas artes et virtutum semina dileximus: "We did once in familiar sort sound Toby Matthew's opinion, he that now domineers in your pulpits, whom, for his good learning and seeds of virtue, we esteemed," &c. This then is the testimonial of their champion, concerning his excellent gifts 27 years since. If this commendation were then due, as, indeed, except it had been very due, that pen would never have given it, what may we think of him now, that for preaching may say with St. Paul, "I have laboured more than ye all:" for reading lets no book pass, which, for author, matter, or wit, hath any fame; who hath so happy a memory that no occasion slips him, whether premeditate or sudden, either in public 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 wrong so much to abbrevrate in this place, but only for that same point, Qui in concionibus dominatur? his sharp and modest return I could not let pass, being but a line, neque enim nostrum ministerium est dominatio, neque dominatio ministerium; "For neither is our ministry any lordly authority, nor your lordly command a true ministry." But his reading, learning, preaching, is so well known to your Highness, as I do but lose labour in recounting either general or particular praises thereof. I will descend now to some personal matters, which though commonly they are more captious for the writer, yet are they withal more pleasing and acceptable to the reader. He was born of honest rather than honourable parents; in the city of Bristol, which city, standing in two counties, Somerset and Gloucester, might move both countries hereafter to challenge him for their countryman, (as divers cities of Greece did Homer,) if sometime himself would not clear it, by saying he is a Somersetshire man; or to write it as he speaks it, sportingly, a Zomerethyre man. Showing a towardliness in his very infancy to learning, he was set very young to school at Wells; but over-running his schoolmasters' doctrine with his docility, went quickly to Oxford; yet ere he went, he had a marvellous misfortune; for even as if Satan had foreseen that he should one day 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 plain easy way, so terrible a fall, as broke his foot and small of his leg and ankle almost all to pieces. But if the strong man procured this harm, a stronger granted the remedy; for he was soon after so soundly cured, as there remained after no sign or scar, no effect or defect, either for sight or use, of this rupture. After his coming to Oxford, he took all his degrees, so ripe in learning, and so young in age, as was half a miracle. There it seems also the colleges strove for him, he removed so oft; till he rested in that for which he was ordained a principal vessel, —
Christ Church. During his abode there, being dean of Christ Church, it was hard to say, whether he was more respected for his great learning, eloquence, authority, countenance given him by the Queen, and the great ones; or beloved for his sweet conversation, friendly disposition, bounty, that even then showed itself, and above all, in cheerful sharpness of wit, that so sauced all his words and behaviour, that well was he in the university that could be in the company of Toby Matthew; and this name grew so popular and plausible, that they thought it a derogation to their love, to add any title of Doctor or Dean to it; but if they spake of one of his men, (as he was ever very well attended,) they would say Mr... or Mr..., Toby Matthew's man; yea even since he was bishop and archbishop, some cannot leave that custom yet. Among some special men that enjoyed and joyed most in his friendship and company in Oxford, and in remembrance of it since they were sundered, was Doctor Eades, late dean of Worcester, one whose company I loved, as well as he loved his Toby Matthew. He, for their farewell upon his remove to Durham, intending first to go with him from Oxford but one day's journey, was so betrayed by the sweetness of his company and their old friendship, that he not only brought him to Durham, but, for a pleasant penance, wrote their whole journey in Latin verse; which poem himself gave to me, and told me so many pretty apothegms of theirs in their younger years, as might make a book almost by itself. And because I write only for your Highness' pleasure, I will hazard my Lord's 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 slight matters and men coming before him, one was very importunate to have them stay for his council:—"Who is of your council?" 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, "necessity hath no law." "Indeed," quoth he, "no more I think hath your councillor." In a like matter another was to be bound in a bond very like to be forfeited, and came in haste to offer it, saying, "he would be bound, if he might be taken;"—"Yes," saith he, (Toby Matthew) "I think you will be taken; what's your name?"—"Cox," saith the party; (and so pressed 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 delightful to the hearer as a fair course at tilt is to the beholders, where the staff breaks both at the point and counterbuff 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 been so much in his company, and so oft at his board, as I have been, but that I must keep good manner; remembering the Greek proverb, μισω μνημονα συμποτην [Greek: Miso mnemona sympoten] odí memoren compotorem.<523> And if your Highness had a fancy to hear more of them, Mr. Davy Dromond can as well relate them as myself, both of us having met in his Grace's dish sometimes, and tasted of this sauce.

Yet this kind of pleasantness that I repeat as one of his praises, himself will most seriously check in himself, sometime as his fault and infirmity, which he confesses he is enforced to use; sometime as a recreation of his wearied spirits, after more painful<97> and serious studies. And though in these conceits the wit might seem to labour as much as in the gravest, and had need to carry as it were a good bent to send them so smartly as they come ordinarily from him; yet methink it may be fitly compared to a bow that will endure bending the contrary way, and thereby come to cast the better in his right bent; or, by a more homely comparison, to a true and tough labourer in our country, that having sweat at hard labour all the week, asketh no better refreshing than to sweat as fast with dancing about the Maypole, or running at base,<524> or wrestling, upon the holyday. Wherefore let himself call it his fault, (as
I have heard him oft,) and say that he knows such nugacity becomes not his place, and lament that nature and custom have so fram'd him, that when he ceases to be pleasant at his meat, he must cease to be. For my part, I speak 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-in-law,<525>

\[ \text{At meat be glad,} \]
\[ \text{For sin be sad:} \]

and I will say hereafter for myself,

\[ \text{Haud metuam, si jam nequeo defendere crimen} \]
\[ \text{Cum tanto commune viro:<526>} \]

Or, as upon no unlike occasion, I wrote ten years since to Dr. Eades.

Though Momus love men's lines and lives to scan,
He saith, he thinks me no dishonest man;
Yet one great fault of mine he oft rehearses,
Which is,—" I am too full of toys and verses;"
True, Momus, true, that is my fault I grant;
Yet when thou shalt thy greatest virtue vaunt,
I know some worthy sprites one may entice
To leave that greatest virtue, for this vice.

But if any will be so stoical as to make this confession of my lord's grace (which is indeed of grace) to serve them for an accusation, to give him thereby the nick-name of Nugax,<527> given 500 years past to Radulphus, archbishop of Canterbury, and successor of the great Anselm, (as is noted in the Catalogue, p. 38,) I should think them unjust and undiscreet to stir up new emulation between Canterbury and York; but rather I might compare him with one of his own predecessors in Durham, Cuthbert Tunstall,<528> (p. 532 of the same book,) well worth the reading and remembering.<529>

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

\[ \text{Qui sic nugatur tractantem ut seria vincat,} \]
\[ \text{Hic tractaturus seria quantus erat.} \]

But to draw to an end; I will tell one act of his of double piety, done not long since. He made a journey, accompanied with a troop fit for his calling, to Bristol, to see his mother, who was then living, but not able to travel to him. After much kindness showed unto her, and much bounty to the city, he went to visit his other mother of Oxford, and coming near the town with that troop of his retinue and friends to the water, it came into his mind how that time 40 year or more, he passed the same water, as a young poor scholar, going to Oxford; and remembering Jacob's words, \textit{In baculo meo transivi Jordanem istum, &c.} "With my staff I passed over this Jordan";<530> and now I pass over again with these troops; he was so moved therewith, that he alighted from his horse, and going apart, with devout tears of joy and thankfulness, he kneeled down, and used some like words.

It may seem pity that a man of so sweet and mild disposition should have any cross, but he that sends them knows what is best for his. He hath had one great domestical cross, though he bears it wisely; not in his wife, for she is the best reported and reputed of her sort I think in England, and they live together by St. Paul's rule, \textit{utentes hoc mundo tanquam non utentes}; "using the world as if they used it not:"<531> but I mean such a cross as David had in his son Absolom; for though he gave both consent and commission to prosecute him, yet nature overcame displeasure, and forced him to cry, "Absolom, my son, my son, I would I might suffer for thee, or
in thy stead, my son, my son."<532> For indeed this son of his, whom he and his friends give over for lost, (yea worse than lost,) was likely for learning, for memory, for sharpness of wit, and sweetness of behaviour to have proved another Toby Matthew; neither is his case so desperate, but that if he would believe Matthew better than Toby, I would think yet there were hope to reclaim him.<533>
BISHOP OF DURHAM:

Doctor William James.

It is noted of Dionysius of Sicily, that he had no care of any religion that was professed in his country, 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 Jupiter's golden cloak, saying it was too heavy for summer and too cold for winter; yet used he to confer sometime with philosophers, and have the choicest of them, and give them honourable entertainment; which humour at last bred him this commodity, that losing his crown he learned to bear poverty not only without dismay, but with some disjoint. The like I may say of a late great Earl of this realm, son of a great duke, who though he made no great conscience to spoil the church livings no more than did his father, yet for his reputation, or perhaps for his recreation, he would have some choice and excellent men for his chaplains of both universities; as Doctor Toby Matthew, now Archbishop of York; Doctor John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells; and this prelate that I am now to speak of, Doctor James, then Dean of Christ Church. And this hope of comfort came to his lordship thereby, that if it pleased God to impart any mercy to him, (as his mercy indureth for ever!) it was by the special ministry of this man, who was the last of his coat that was with him in his sickness.

Concerning this bishopric it is formerly 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 Christ's garment) divided between them patrimonium crucifixi; namely, the two good bishoprics of Bath and Durham: one being designed as a seat for the western duke; the other for the northern. And whereas by an old metamorphosis, the Bishop of Durham had been made Earl of Northumberland; now, by a new apotheosis, the Duke of Northumberland would have been Bishop of Durham: but qui despixit de coelo deridebat eos. That visible hand that wrote in the wall while Balthazar was quaffing in the holy vessels; that hand, though invisibly, weighed these petty monarchs in the balance of God's judgements, found them too light; and because they should not grow too long, they were both cut shorter by the head: the bishoprics restored to what they now are, by Queen Mary; one being in substance, the other by accident of leaden mines, two of the best bishoprics of England, and as worthy bishops they have had, specially this. Two of them, namely two Matthews, are spoken of in the title of York. There remains now this third, who having had yet scant a year and a day, as they say, I have the less to speak as of a bishop. But that examining by the infallible square set down by St. Paul to Timothy, chap. 3, for choice of a bishop, he will be found as worthily chosen as any. For his learning it may be sufficient to say he was Dean of Christ Church; which, as I have said formerly, none attains to but choice men, and there are sermons of his extant in print that testify no less. For hospitality, which is a special praise of a bishop, he showed in Oxford his disposition thereto in that less ability; and for both at once, at the coming of divers great states; and lastly, 15 years past of the Queen herself, before whom he preached, and to whom he gave so good entertainment, as her Majesty 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 find in Plutarch, in the life of Paulus Emilius, (a great captain 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 commendations.
But I will conclude with a greater and more worthy commendation; and which I could wish, as it is exemplar, so it might be followed in all ensuing bishops. For whereas Durham house had been granted to Queen Elizabeth only during her life, when few thought that such a house should have proved too little for her estate: it fortuned, after she was Queen, this house to be neglected, according to the proverb, (not unfit to be applied to his learning that first built it,) præstat esse caput asini quam cauda leonis. Among other rooms the chapel was not only profaned but even defaced. This good bishop, the first thing he doth at his coming, repairs this chapel, and furnisheth it within in comely and costly sort; for which good mind and act, I doubt not but God will build him a house, toward which he shall ever have my best wishes.
This bishopric, as my author hath touched, (pag. 540, and 543,) hath been so fortunate to have yielded two singular examples of fidelity and loyalty of prelates to their sovereign: one of especial mark, worthy to be canonized with the patron of Venice, St. Mark, was also named Marks, commended here by my author, and no less worthily extolled by Mr. Samuel Daniel, in his excellent poem of the civil wars of Lancaster and York. The other was Bishop Oglethorp, who when all the bishops of England refused to crown Queen Elizabeth because of her religion, yet he, being himself of a contrary religion, performed it. Neither of these received their reward in this world, that they were worthy: Marks being removed from Carlisle to Samos in Greece, viz. out of God's blessing into a warm sun, as the saying is; Oglethorp enduring deprivation, because even at the coronation he would not omit the ceremony of elevation. Howbeit, it is supposed if he had not so suddenly after died of the grief, her Majesty would have made some special respect of him above all his fellows; which I speak not upon mere conjecture, but upon some speech of her Majesty 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, integrity, and sufficiency to the place; concluding, that she must ever have a care to furnish that place with a worthy man, "for his sake (said she) that set my crown first on my head;" and many words to like effect, as the bishop himself hath partly told me. He seems a man of great gravity, and temperance, very mild in his speech, but not of so strong a constitution of body as his countenance. doth promise. But having seen his see never, and himself but seldom, I must content me of him with this short relation.
BISHOP OF CHESTER:  
Doctor George Flood, or Lloyd.

Of this new bishopric, and new lord bishop also, I have very little to say; and I need say the less, 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 ear more universal than either Rome or Constantinople, namely Bishop of Man. But from thence he was translated to Chester, the chief city of that shire, that some call chief of men; which shire having a special temporal blessing to abound, not with milk and honey, as the land of promise, but with milk and salt, a matter more necessary in sacrifice; I wish it may also flow in spiritual blessings, and doubt not but that by the irrigation rather than inundation of this Flood they shall increase in them; and as our Saviour commands to join peace with salt. And especially I wish that blessing to their neighbours beyond the salt water, I mean in Ireland; who though they have milk, and are so weak in faith they cannot yet digest hard meat, yet for want of this salt and peace, they make many go of pilgrimage to Westchester against their wills from both realms, some of whom the Bishop of Chester was wont to entertain in kind sort, as myself can testify, and this bishop I hear doth herein succeed also his worthy predecessor Doctor Vaughan.
Sir John Harington

CONCLUSION
Of the Lives of Bishops

Thus have you, most highly esteemed and entirely beloved Prince, this unworthy Supplement of mine to the worthy work of a more worthy man. It is grown into greater length than I expected, by reason I took some kind of pleasure with the pain of writing hereof; supposing I was all the while, as it were, telling a story in your Highness' presence and hearing. Now if any that favour not the persons I write of, nor the purpose I write for, happen to sport at this my fashion of writing to your Highness, as Tigranes jested at Lucullus' army, saying, if he came as an ambassador his train was too great; if as a warrior, his troop was too small: <544> 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 success in your Highness approbation, as that contemptible army had, to conquer their contemners.

In the meantime my soul shall join with all the good bishops I have written of, and other good subjects spiritual or temporal, to send up our continual and devout prayers to Almighty God, that your Highness may increase daily in all good gifts and graces, and in favour with God and men: to answer the hope of those kingdoms that you are born to, of so many godly, noble, and imperial families, as you are descended from, so magnificent an uncle, so excellent a mother, and so admirable a father.

18 February, 1607.

FINIS.
Nugæ Antiquæ

Notes

Many of these notes come from the source edition. Those added by the transcriber are indicated by (TN). Additions to source notes are indicated by [TN]

1. Mélange surannée: "A mixture of old things." (TN)

2. Nugacious or supererogatory: Unimportant or superfluous. (TN)

3. Sir Robert is the person said to be attainted at Leicester, i. Hen. VII. in Harl. MS. 1549; but Holinshed speaks of Robert and James as both attainted. They originally derived their name from a place called Haverington, in the county of Cumberland, and continued barons thereof for many generations. See Dugdale's Baronage, tom. ii. p. 99.

4. Which John (according to Wood) was the son of Alexander, descended from a younger brother of the Haringtons of Brierley, in Yorkshire. Athen. Oxon. i. 582; also Harl. MS. ut sup.

5. "After the dissolution of religious houses, King Henry VIII. in the thirty-eighth year of his reign, granted this manor, with those of Bath-Easton and Katherine, and the capital messuage* called Katherine's Court, to John Malte and Ethelred Malte, alias Dyngle, the king's natural daughter, by Joanna Dyngle, alias Dobson; which Ethelred was committed to the care of the said Malte, who was the King's tailor, for education: and the king, having special love and regard for her, granted these estates for her use and benefit; but she always passed for Malte's natural daughter. She was shortly after married to John Harington, Esq. a confidential servant of the king, who thus obtained the several estates abovementioned," and settled at Kelston about 1546. Collinson's Somersetshire, i. 128. Another branch was possessed of very considerable estates in Rutland and Lincolnshire, from which were descended John Lord Harington, of Exton, and James Harington, author of Oceana; respecting which work a ridiculous blunder occurs in the Public Characters for 1799-1800, under the article of Dr. Harington, where the "OCEANA," a folio volume, is said to be "inserted in the PREFACE of the Hugo Antiques," (meaning Nugæ Antiquæ,) which consisted of five octavo pages!! [* Messuage: A house and the surrounding property specifically belonging to the house, i.e. outbuildings, garden etc., but not including a farm or estate. Capital messuage: The one occupied by the owner of several messuages. [TN]

6. See State of the Church, under the head of Winchester.

7. See Collision's Somersetshire, ubi sup."[as referred to above][TN]

8. See his New Year's Gift to King James.

9. The respect and gratitude which Sir John testified for Bishop Still, are extremely pleasing; and the high character given of him in the State of the Church, is equally creditable to the giver and receiver.

10. This, I am informed by Mr. Walker, was the story of Gioconda in Book xxviii, which was handed about, anonymously, in the court of Elizabeth. Happening to fall into the hands of the Queen, she enquired the name of the translator. On hearing the version was the production of Harington, she sent immediately for him, and severely reprimanded him for endangering the morals of her maids of honour, by putting into their hands so indecorous a tale; and, as a punishment, ordered him to retire to his country-seat, and not appear again in her presence till he could produce a complete version of the whole poem. This anecdote was imparted to Mr. Walker by the late Earl of Charlemont. Such a mode of punishment, however, was increasing the nature of the
Sir John Harington

offence: It was somewhat like making a man commit burglary, in order to screen himself from the penalties of petty larceny.

11. Fuller has erroneously inscribed it to the Princess Elizabeth, afterward Queen of Bohemia. Mr. Ellis, an excellent judge, terms the version 'inaccurate and feeble.' Francis Harington, the younger brother of Sir John, furnished the first fifty stanzas of Book xxxii. The wife of this gentleman, and the wife of Sir John, were two of the female train who followed the mourners at Lord Burleigh's funeral. Vid. Harl. MS. 2358.

12. Mr. Steevens has observed, in his edition of Shakspeare, 1793, (vol. 5, p. 354,) that "a licence was refused for printing this book, and the author was forbid the court for writing it.' Notwithstanding these inhibitions, the tract was actually thrice printed in the course of one year; and two of the editions bear the name of the publisher.


14. Ordinary: A meal provided at a set time for a fixed price at an inn or tavern. (TN)

15. The son of Sir Edward Rogers, who fled into France to avoid the persecution in the reign of Queen Mary, but returning on the accession of Elizabeth, was appointed comptroller of the household. See Mr. Lodge's valuable Illustrations of British History, i. 307.

16. This is shown by an epigram addressed "to his wife, after they had been married fourteen year".

17. To the truth of this observation, which proceeded from the former editor of this work, (whose family partiality therefore may be pardoned,) a very serious objection must be made by those who trace the conduct of our author in his dealings with Mr. Sutton, and who have patience to read the following charges against him, collected from the Talbot papers in the Heralds' College:

"Notes of a suit in the Star chamber, between Edward Rogers, Esquire, son and heir-at-law of Lady Rogers, and Sir John Harington, Knight, son-in-law to Lady Rogers, and others, defendants;" who, being informed that the lady was not likely to live many days, went to Cannington, (without the consent of Lady Rogers) entered the mansion in the company of one Backwaye, the Lady Rogers' man, and several others, armed; rifled the house, broke open trunks, chests, and desks, to the number of 40 or 50, took from thence plate, gold, silver, and other things, sent them to his own house, and continued this plundering violence, or "ryott," (as the document expresses it) for three days. Lady Rogers was much enraged when she knew of these proceedings, gave Sir John ill words, and said "he should repent:"—nay, she was irritated, according to one part of the report, to strike him. On the 18th of January, 1601, her ladyship died; upon which all her servants were locked in a chamber for four days, that they might not give notice of her death: no bells were rung or tolled, no neighbour was informed of her decease, but every precaution was taken to cut off all intelligence, and Sir John procured a warrant to apprehend one Middleton, whom he suspected would communicate the report of this event. At length, Sir John is represented to have entered the house in the night, with weapons, and to have sent the Lady Rogers's servants from thence:—but he then affirmed she was still alive, refused to deliver the possession of the place to her son, (the lawful heir) again rifled the house, burned writings, &c. Sir John being demanded the cause of such proceedings, by Henry Stone, answered—"I should have nothing from thence, and now I came to let
Sir John's defence ran thus:
— That Lady Rogers ever purposed that Edward Rogers should have neither
lands nor goods of hers.
— That, on the 13th of January, 1601, Sir John had the keys delivered to him
by Lady Rogers, and her man Backway appointed to attend him to
Cannington.
— That the Lady Rogers did not dislike with his going there, but her disquiet
arose the next day, from the arrival of Middleton, her son's man.
— That Sir John behaved himself quietly on his second visit, and sustained
much wrong by Mr. Edward Rogers, (the plaintiff,) of which he had
complained in the court of Star-chamber, where he had a bill depending:
neither was there anything proved of defacing evidences, &c. Vol. M. fol. 249.

18. Mr. Malone remarks that "Sir John Harington was, by the unanimous consent of
his own age, considered as a man of extraordinary wit; though his writings would not
at this day gain him so high a reputation. They prove however, decisively, that what
Dryden would call clenches, was then considered as sterling wit." Life of Dryden, i.
244.

19. On this occasion he wrote the following lines "to his wife, from Chester."

"When I from thee, my dear, last day departed,
Summon'd by Honour to this Irish action,
Thy tender eyes shed tears; but I, hard-hearted,
Took from those tears a joy and satisfaction.
Such for her spouse (thought I) was Lucrece' sadness,
Whom to his ruin tyrant Tarquin tempted:
So mourned she,* whose husband feigned madness,
Thereby from Trojan wars to stand exempted.
Thus, then, I do rejoice in that thou grievest,
And yet, sweet fool, I love thee thou believest."
* Penelope.


21. He had been knighted in the field by Lord Essex, which gave much offence to the
Queen, who was a great economist in such honours, or at least was inclined to bestow
them with her own hand., Vid. Camden, &c.

22. The conversation which took place during one of these visits is detailed by Sir
John in A letter to Sir Amias Pawlett.

23. This copy is now reposited in the British Museum, and has enabled the present
editor to supply many defects, and to correct many hallucinations, in Mr. Harington's
reprint of Dr. Chetwind's faulty text.


25. He was visited at Kelston, on the 18th of May, 1612. by Robert, Earl of
Salisbury, who found him "sick of a dead palsy." See Bowles's Diary, in Desid. Cur.
vi. 13. But he did not die till the December following.

26. A MS. copy is in the public library, Cambridge, and contains nine or ten epigrams
which had not appeared in print, till they were inserted by Mr. Reed in the European
Magazine for Jan. 1789. A transcript of them was obligingly made by Mr. Professor
Porson, for the present work, before this circumstance was known to the editor. That
the epigrams of Harington were popular in their day, is attested by the successive
impressions they underwent; but they have little now to recommend them, unless for
the purpose of contemporary illustration. By friendship or flattery, however, a poetical
longevity was decreed to them in the following lines:—

Still lives the Muses' Apollonean son,
The Phoenix of his age, rare HARINGTON!
Whose Epigrams, when time shall be no more
May die, perhaps, but never can before,"

Beedome's Poems, 1641.

Other encomiastic verses to the honour of our facetious knight, may be seen in the
epigrams of Fitzgeffrey, Stradling, Owen, Hayman, Sheppard, Davies of Hereford,
&c.

27. Allege: To offer as a justification or evidence (TN)
28. Lady-day: 25th March, the feast of the Annunciation. Michaelmas: 29th
September, the feast of St. Michael the Archangel. (TN)
29. Bruited: i.e. reported. So Churchill—"Let it be bruited all about the town."
30. Sir William W—:

Wood, a clerk of the council, says Mr. Malone.
32. Militavi non sine gloria: "I have soldiered, not without glory" (TN)
33. Sir Mathew: Forsan ["perhaps" [TN] Sir Mathew Arundel?]
34. In te speravi, Domine. ["In thee O Lord I put my trust." [TN] Psalm. 71. Much in
unison with the pathetic aspiration of Wolsey, at the close of his courtly career, when
the tide of royal favour was turned against him.
35. Sir Ralph H—:

Forsan ["perhaps" [TN] Horsey?
36. Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitia: "In our foolishness, we try to reach heaven itself."
Horace, Odes. Bk. I Od. 3 l. 38. (TN)
37. Trenchering: i.e. eating: trenchers [wooden platters [TN]] being then used instead
of plates. See Orders for Household Servants.
38. Reins: Kidneys (TN)
39. Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum: Happy are they who can learn caution
from the danger of others (TN)
40. My Lord of London: Qy. Bishop Elmer, or Bancroft?
41. He served this office, according to Fuller, in 1591: sed quære 1592? See the prefix
to Orders for Household Servants. In two of the Harleian MSS. he is described as a
justice of peace for Somersethshire, A. D. 1601.
42. Printed in his Epigrams, Lib. iv. Ep. 13, and entitled, The author to Queen
Elizabeth, in praise of her reading.
43. Sith: Since (TN)
44. Sir George Carew: Lieutenant of the Ordnance.
46. See the letters of Mr. ROb. Markham and Sir ROb. Sidney.
47. Philip II: He died Sept. 13, 1598.
48. Sir Thomas Wilkes; from whom several letters occur in the Sidney papers, vol i.
where some account of him is given. He died in 1598. Sir Robert Cecil was his
colleague in his last embassy to France.
49. Discourse: i.e. conversation.
51. *Oves and boves*: "Sheep and cattle." (TN)
52. Sir Griffin Markham, having been concerned in a conspiracy with Raleigh and others, in 1603, received sentence of death, but was reprieved on the scaffold, and retired in indigence to the Low Countries, where he became a spy to Sir Tho. Edmonds. See Lodge's *Illustr.* and Birch's *Q. Eliz.*
53. It appears from Bowles's *Diary*, printed in Peck's *Desid. Cur.* Lib. vi. p. 13, that a Mr. Bellot, probably the same person here mentioned, was steward and one of the executors to Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury.
54. *Black Sanctus*: See The Prologue to the Metamorphosis of Ajax. (TN)
55. Thomas Tallis, says the learned and liberal Dr. Burney, was one of the greatest musicians, not only of thy country but of Europe, during the sixteenth century, in which so many able contrapuntists were produced. He was born early in the reign of Hen. VIII. and died in 1585. Gen. Hist. of Music, iii. 71.
56. *Haud passibus aequis*: "With unequal steps" i.e.in fits and starts. (TN)
57. *O dies procul esto*: "May the day be far off." (TN)
58. *Alearis*: Of chance; *quasi alearis*: Mainly of chance (TN)
59. *Tables*: Backgammon (TN)
60. *Ludam, et fiam vilior*: From 2 Samuel (by some called 2 Kings) 6:22. The full quotation is *Et ludam, et vilior fiam plus quam factus sum: et ero humilis in oculis meis*: "I will play, and I will be baser than I have been, and I will be lowly in my own sight." One thinks that Harington might be a bit tongue-in-cheek quoting this in favour of playing. (TN)
62. So Hamlet of Polonius: "He's for a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps."
63. *Populo ut placenter quas fecissent fabulas*: "They would tell fabulous tales to please the public." Terence, Prologue to *Andria*. (TN)
65. *Ne quid nimis*: Nothing in excess" (TN)
66. *Pleasant conceited*: A favourite mode of expression in the. time of our author. Thus some of Shakspeare's plays were recommended, in their *editiones principes*,"First editions" [TN] as "pleasant conceited histories and comedies."
67. *Fond*: i.e. Foolish
68. *Hardly*: with difficulty. (TN)
69. *Scantfully*: i.e. narrowly; scarcely.
70. *Eat and drink, and rose up again to play*: Exodus 32:6 and 1 Corinthians 10:7. (TN)
71. *Cinque and quarter*: Five and four, in dice-playing. (TN)
74. *Pricking in clouts*: Occupying themselves with needlework. (TN)
75. *The King*: Henry VIII.
76. *This dear year*: Qu. 1595 or ?? Archbishop Whitgift speaks of the great dearth of corn and victuals, in a letter to Dr. Chaderton, dated May, 1595, printed by Peck; and
Sir John Harington

Dr. Abbot, in his sermon at the funeral of the Earl of Dorset, specifies the year 1597, as a time of extraordinary scarcity.

77. Magnifical: Ostentatious.
78. Primero: A card game resembling poker. See Wikipedia. (TN)
79. Portegue: A gold coin, value 3l 10s 0d.
80. Crastino animarum: The 3rd of November. (TN)
81. The rial and noble were each of fifteen shillings value, in the reign of Elizabeth. See Leake's Hist. Acc. of Eng. Money.
82. Demetrius: See Acts 19:24-40 (TN)
83. Brave: i.e costly.
84. Fervet avaritia, &c.: Horace, Letters, Bk. I Lett. 1. To Maecenas l. 33-5 (TN)
85. Tully's Offices: i.e. De Officiis by Cicero. (TN)
86. Civilians: Lawyers specialising in civil law. (TN)
87. Ghostly father: Spiritual adviser or confessor. (TN)
88. How can one love God &c.: 1 John 4:20 (TN)
89. Obsta principiis, &c.: Ovid, The Cure of Love, l. 91-92. (TN)
90. Pope Julio: Now called Pope Joan. [A card game. [TN]
91. Nasuti: Good losers.
92. Ferro, non auro, &c.: Cicero, De Officiis, 1.12. (TN)
93. Dolus, an virtus, &c.: Virgil, Æneid, Bk. II l. 390. (TN)
94. Domingo: Qu. Jester to the King? Monsieur Domingo is the subject of an epigram in "Humours Ordinary," 1607.
95. Customer: One who invites custom.
96. Cheap: Cheapside, an area in the City of London. (TN)
97. Painful: Hard-working. (TN)
98. Fondly: Foolishly. (TN)
100. Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, has recited a no less risible instance of hypochondriacal affection, in a baker, of Ferrara, who thought he was composed of butter, and durst not sit in the sun, or come near a fire, for fear of being melted. p. 248, Edit. 1620.
101. Sumpters: Horses employed to carry necessaries for a journey.
102. The sovereign was a gold coin, value twenty shillings.
103. Sir Hugh Portman: "Of Orchard, in the county of Somerset; a good housekeeper, a builder, and a substantial freeholder." Harington's Apology. Sir John has two epigrams addressed to him, lib. i. 31, ii. 97. The latter begins—"At your rich Orchard"—alluding to his country seat.
105. Quando ullum inveniat parem: "From where shall his like come again?" Horace, Odes, Bk. 1. Ode. 24. 1. 8. (TN)
106. Hatton: Qy. whether this may allude to Sir Henry Coke, the second husband of Lady Hatton? who is introduced, in Winwood's Memorials, as refusing "to let her Mr. Attorney lie either with her, or within her chamber, till he have performed all covenants made to her at her marriage." vol. ii. p. 40.

108. Sir William Warren had the command of fifty horse and a hundred foot. Morison's *Itinerary*.

109. *The beginning of the 45th canto*:

"Look; how much higher Fortune doth erect
The climbing wight, on her unstable wheel,
So much the higher may a man expect
To see his head where late he saw his heel
On t'other side, the more man is oppressed
And utterly o'erthrown by Fortune's lower;
The sooner comes his state to be redressed,
When wheel shall turn and bring the happy hour.


112. Sir Griffin Markham was a colonel of horse in the forces sent against Tyrone. *Three Markhams*: The sons of Mr. Robert Markham, of Cottum.

113. Morison, in his *Itinerary*, speaks of an Earl of Kildare as cast away in a little bark with some other gallant gentlemen in his passage to Ireland; Leland proceeds farther, and says, he was drowned; but this letter invalidates such a report.

114. *The Curlews*: Mountains, so called

115. *Sir Henry Davers*: Or Danvers, afterward Earl of Danby. He ranked as lieutenant-general in the Irish expedition, and was twice wounded, in different engagements.

116. *Cazamats*: i.e. casemates, loop-holes in a fortified wall.

117. *Cassock*: Or casaque, appears to have been what is now termed a horseman's coat.

118. *Venetians*: The French gave this name, as Mr. Douce informs me, to a cloth originally manufactured at Venice, and, as he supposes, imitated in Kent. This cloth would give name to the habit made of it, which probably resembled our modern pantaloons. In a very curious poetical MS. belonging to the Rev. Mr. Todd, and particularly described in his edition of Milton, vol. v. p. 443, a tailor is said to have received

"Three yards of 3 pile velvet, and 3 quarters,
To make Venetians down beneath the garters."

119. Mr. Anthony Standen was a Roman Catholic, whose religious zeal induced him to leave England about 1563, and enter into the service of Mary Queen of Scots, upon whose misfortunes in 1565, he quitted Britain, and became a pensioner to the King of Spain. He was afterwards secretly engaged in the services of Queen Elizabeth, from whom he obtained a pension, and the honour of knighthood. See Birch's *Memoirs of the reign of Q. Eliz*.

120. *Qæque ipse, &c.*: "I myself saw these things in all their horror, and I bore great part in them." Virgil, Æneid, Bk. II v. 5-6. (TN)

121. *Forlorn hope*: A group of elite soldiers selected to go ahead of the main body of troops when advancing. (TN)

122. *The governor . . . lost his life*: On the 14th of September, according to Fynes-Moryson.
123. The resentment shown by Queen Elizabeth, when an attempt was made to poison the bloody and dangerous rebel Rory Og, is adduced by Chettle as an instance of her Majesty's good faith even with traitors. *England's Mourning Garment*.

124. This circumstance was previously related by Sir John Harington, in his notes to the 12th book of *Orlando Furioso*; where Sir Henry's band, who surrounded the little hovel of Rory Og, were said to consist of 100 men. Lord Essex, however, highly disapproved the conduct of Sir Henry Harington, and only forbore to bring him before a court martial because he was a privy-councillor of Ireland. This appears from the Earl's letter to the Lords of the Council, in *Bibl. Cotton*. Tit. B: xiii. See also Birch's *Mem. of Q. Eliz*.

125. This Journal was suggested by Mr. Robert Markham, and exhibited to Queen Elizabeth at her express desire and command, though the author says he did not intend it should be seen by any eyes but those of his own children. (See his *Letter to Mr. Robert Markham*, 1606.) It appears to have assisted in drawing down much displeasure against the Earl of Essex and his military associates in the Irish expedition.

126. Lord Grey, perhaps from this indignity, became the determined enemy of Lord Essex and of Lord Southampton. The latter he publicly assaulted in the streets of London, for which he was committed to the Fleet; and the former he appears to have aimed at outwitting, by a piece of political jockeyship, as Rowland Whyte reported to Sir Robert Sidney. Camden, however, relates the circumstance in a different manner.

127. **Targets**: small shields. (TN)

128. **Battle**: The main force of an army. (TN)

129. **Champion**: Open ground. (TN)

130. **Kern**: A lightly-armed Irish foot-soldier. (TN)

131. **Harquebus**: A very heavy flintlock musket which was supported for firing on a tripod or long rod with a fork at the top. (TN)

132. **Frontering**: opposing.

133. **Sir Henry Norris**: Qy. The brother of Sir John Norris? whom Davies, in his *Scourge of Folly*, has commemorated as one of England's nine Worthies.

134. Sir John Norris was sent over to Ireland in 1595, to assist the Lord Deputy Russel. Camden gives him the character of "a man thoroughly trained up to military discipline, and valiant against all dangers." He died in 1597.

135. **Strata cooperta**: Covered levels. (TN)

136. Sir John here talks as fluently as Hotspur Percy did,

"Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
And all th' occurrences of a heady fight."

-Shakespeare, *Henry IV Part 1*, Act II Sc. 3

In the epigrams ascribed by Drummond of Hawthornden to Sir John Davis, the use of such warlike words is ridiculed in Gallus, a military fop,

"Who talks of counterscarps, and casemates,
Of parapets, of curtenays, palisadoes,
Of flankers, ravelin, gabions, he prates,
And of false baits, and sallies, and escaladoes."

-Epig. 24
137. Lieut. Bussell: This name is supplied from A journal of the occurrences of the camp in Ireland, during part of the year 1599. Cotton MSS. Tit. B. xiii.

138. 30, says the Journal, before cited.

139. Gross: The main body of an army. (TN)

140. This Sir Thomas Davers, son and heir to Sir John, on returning from his travels in 1593, was committed to the Marshalsea for having kissed the Pope's toe. See Birch's Mem. of Q. Eliz. reign. Vol. I.

141: My Lord Keeper: Sir Thomas Egerton; created Baron of Ellesmere in 1603, and Viscount Brackley in 1616. Ob. 1617.

142. Dr. Eaton: Or Heaton; consecrated bishop of Ely in the end of the year 1599, according to Dr. Godwin. See vol. ii. p. 106.

143. Mr. Edmonds: Afterward Sir Thomas; ambassador to the court of France, &c.

144. One: The Earl of Essex may be here alluded to.

145. Manchet: Fine white bread. Succory pottage: a thick soup made from the leaves of Cichorium intybus, also known as Chicory, which was believed to have medicinal properties, especially against ailments of the stomach and liver. See Gerard's Herbal Bk. 2 ch. 29. (TN)

146. The Queen's dissatisfaction at the Irish order of knighthood conferred on Captain Harington, seems to have been a matter of much notoriety. Rowland Whyte, in a letter to Sir Robert Sydney, dated Nov. 10, 1599, thus speaks of it: "Sir John Harington is newly arrived out of Ireland, and the Queen is offended with him for going for his knighthood. He was with Tyrone in the company of Sir William Warren, and reports him to be very strong. Sir Jeffrey Fenton is directed from hence to treat with him, but this new knight's opinion is, that he will either not hear him, or not believe anything from any but my Lord of Essex." Letters and Memorials of State, published by Arthur Collins, 1746.

147. City business: The insurrection of Essex, &c. (1601)

148. Lady Arundel: This, as Mr. Malone intimates, may have been the wife of Sir Matthew Arundel, or of Thomas, Lord Arundel of Wardour, who, though not created a baron till James came to the throne, was Count of the empire before; and his wife might be styled Lady.

149. Venus plus quam venusta: "More than lovely Venus." (TN)

150. Table: i.e. tablet: so Shakspeare, in Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 5.

    "—from the table of my memory
    I'll wipe away all trivial fond records."

151. This laterna secreta* was evidently fabricated at a moment when the lamp of life grew dim in the frame of Queen Elizabeth, and she began to "bear show of human infirmity." It is curious as a relique of court-craft, but it displays a 'darkness visible' in the character of our politic knight, and proves that he was an early worshipper of the regal sun which rose in the north, though his own "Brief Notes and Remembrances" would seem to indicate a different disposition.

[*Laterna secreta: A dark lantern, i.e. one which is enclosed except for a lens which throws a spot of light. Used principally by burglars.[TN]

152. David II. King of Scots, is reported to have been confined in Nottingham castle, and during that confinement to have sculptured the passion of our Saviour on the walls of his apartment: but Camden records the tradition, without giving it much credence, and Stow does not contribute to its establishment as an historical fact. See
Deering's *History of the Town of Nottingham*, and Thoroton's *History of the County of Nottingham*.

153. *Post crucem, lucem*: "After the cross, light" (TN).

154. Under the disguised name of Misacmos, which he assumed in the *Metamorphosis of Ajax*.

155. *Eke*: Also (TN)

156. *Clown*: A peasant (TN)

157. *Es primus et non vi*: "You are first, and not by force" (TN)

158. The Editor is indebted to Mr. Professor Dalzell for permitting this transcript to be made, and to Dr. Leyden for making it.

159. *My Lord*: Probably the second son of Thomas Duke of Norfolk, who was created Earl of Suffolk, July 21, 1603; succeeded Salisbury in the office of Lord High Treasurer, and died May 28, 1626. See Lodge's *Illustr.* iii. 386.

160. *Sir Robert Cary*: Son to Lord Hunsdon. His own account of this acceptable service, for which he was immediately made a gentleman of the bed-chamber to King James, is inserted in Vol. II. of *Queen Elizabeth's Progresses*.

161. *Sequar—sed passibus æquis*: "To follow—but with measured steps" Adapted from Virgil, *Aeneid*, Bk. 2 l. 725

162. Dr. John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells.

163. Sir George Carew, afterward ambassador to the court of France.

164. Transcribed from the Talbot papers in the Heralds' college, (vol. M. fol. 285, by the kind and liberal indulgence of Edm. Lodge, Esq. pursuivant at arms; whose MS. notices of those papers furnished an intelligent clue to their contents.

165. In a former letter from Sir John to the same correspondent, (*ut sup.* fol. 2000) he speaks of his "imprisonment, sickness, and other crosses," as inducements for parting with his "domains of Lenton."

166. *The Danish King*: Christian IV, who visited England July 17, 1606, and departed Aug. 11. Stowe's *Annales*. Sir Edward Peyton makes a very sottish report of King Christian, and says that King James got so drunk with him at Theobald's, he was obliged to be carried to bed. *Hist. of the Stuarts*. Howell likewise describes an entertainment given by the same Danish monarch, in 1632, at Rhensburgh, where the King, after giving thirty-five toasts, was carried away in his chair; and most of the officers of the court were so drunk, that they could not rise till late the next day. Sect. vi. Letter 2.

167. This does not appear from the *Progresses and Processions of Queen Elizabeth*, hitherto collected by the diligent re-searches of Mr. Nichols.


169. *O rus, quando te aspiciam?:* "O my country, when shall I see you again?"

Horace, *Satires*, Bk. II, Sat. VI, l. 60. (TN)

170. *Uniting the Kingdoms*: This could not well allude to the union of Scotland with England, as Mr. Chalmers has pointed out a royal proclamation, dated May 13, 1603, declaring the two realms as presently united, and as one kingdom. *Supp. Apol.* p. 417. The same writer, in the same work, has remarked this letter to be extremely interesting, and well worthy of perusal.

171. Mr. Ritson, with a lamentable perversion of industry, has collected the peculiar oaths of our ancient monarchs, in his notes on *English metrical romances*, and affirms
that Queen Elizabeth had this asseveration in her mouth as frequently as a fish-
woman.
172. The Lord Deputy: Essex.
173. The Lord Treasurer: Burleigh.
174. Sir Francis Walsingham, principal Secretary of State.
175. Sir Christopher Hatton: Vice Chamberlain, and afterwards Lord Chancellor. He
died Sept. 20, 1591, according to Lord Burleigh's Diary.
177. Truly has Dr. Birch remarked, that with qualifications which would have adorned
the greatest of men, Queen Elizabeth had one of the lowest weaknesses of a woman,
an unconquerable spirit of fantastic coquetry; which continued with her to the last.
View of negotiations, &c, 1749.
178. Nemo nascitur sine —: "No-one is born without —" The missing word is *vitiis*
"faults"; Horace, *Satires*, Bk. 1.3. l. 68 (TN)
(TN)
180. Henry, Prince of Wales,(1594-1612) was the eldest son of King James. (TN)
181. Alluding to the *Brief View, &c* which is included in this edition as "A
Supplement or Addition to Godwin's Catalogue of Bishops."
182. This poetry is printed in the *life of Bishop Gardiner*. A specimen of the first
stanzas, strongly expressive of the different lights in which Gardiner was viewed by
different parties, was inserted in Andrews's *Continuation of Dr. Henry's History*, vol.
i. p. 441. "When Gardiner first recommended persecution," adds the historian, "he
thought that a few striking examples would cause a general recantation; but when he
found his error, he left the weight of cruelty on the willing shoulders of Bonner, who
was wont to say—"Let me once lay hold of these heretics, and if they escape me, God
do so and more, to Bonner!"
183. "In that very curious repository, the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, says Lord. Orford, "are three
letters, which exhibit more faithful portraits of Queen Elizabeth, and James I. than are
to be found in our most voluminous historians." These are specified to be the letters
from Sir John Harington to Sir Amias Pawlett and Mr. Robert Markham, with Lord
Thomas Howard's letter to Sir John. *Addenda to Royal and Noble Authors*, p. 526.
Qu. whether this Amias Pawlett be the same, who, when he saw too much
haste in any matter, was wont to say—'Stay a while, that we may make an end the
sooner.' See *Apothegms* in Herbert's *Remains*, 1652.
183. Churchill's character of this regal pedant, may here be appositely cited—
"Vain of the scholar, he forgot the prince;—
And, having with some trifles stored his brain,
Ne'er learned, or wished to learn, the arts to reign.
Enough he knew to make him vain and proud,
Mocked by the wise, the wonder of the crowd:
When he should act he idly chose to prate,
And pamphlets wrote, when he should save the state."
*Gotham*, Book 2.
184. The Queen his mother: Mary Queen of Scots. (TN)
Sir John Harington

185. Davison: The unfortunate Secretary of State, as he is described by Bishop Percy, who suffered so much from the affair of Mary Queen of Scots. *Reliques. Vol. I. p. 332*

186. Sight: Second-sight must be here implied.

187. The Charterhouse School: A brief statement of the origin &c. of this respectable seminary, was given in a tract, entitled *Sutton's Hospital*, 1646. A more complete historical account was published by Dr. Bearcroft, in 1737, where the letter of Mr. Sutton to the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, precedes this vindication offered by Sir John Harington. Mr. Sutton charges Sir John with having been often tampering with him to make the Duke of York his heir, that he might procure the honour of a barony; which he had always treated with honest indignation, from harbouring no proud desire of any such matter. Dr. Bearcroft adds, that his letter had its desired effect, and Mr. Sutton was permitted to remain a private gentleman, and to dispose of his property as he pleased. *Ob. December 12, 1611, AEt. 79. [Ob.: "Died." AEt "Aged." [TN]

In Malcolm's *Londinium Redivivum*, vol. i. are several letters from Sir J. Harington to Mr. Sutton, respecting this transaction, which cast a shade of duplicity, if not of dishonesty, over the moral character of our literary knight. Mr. Malcolm, from some casual inadvertency, has attributed those letters to the amiable Lord Harington of Exton; but they must have proceeded from the pen of his cousin of Kelston.

188. Bruit: i.e. rumour, report. Hence Churchill, in *The Times*,

"Let it be bruited all about the town,"&c.

189. The suit: This appears to have been an application for the regal license, in order to obtain a bill of mortmain.* See *Londinium Redivivum*. p. 400.

[*Bill of mortmain*: Permission to transfer the ownership of property to the Church or a charitable institution. The effect of such a transfer was that the property would never be liable for the equivalent of inheritance tax, which was a major source of official revenue, and therefore permission was needed. [TN]

190. Mr. Billet: Secretary and executor to Lord Burleigh. Sir John, in a letter dated September 5, 1608, styles him "Saint Billet;" and exhorts Mr. Sutton to charitable liberality, in a similar strain of rhetoric with what he has here employed.—"You rich men should open your barns, give, lend, distribute to the poor, and lay up threfold in heaven: faith is good, hope is good, but charity is the chiefer, major harum caritas."*[Londinium Redivivum*, p. 399.

[*Major harum caritas*: "The greatest of these is charity" 1 Cor. 13:13 [TN]

191. I pede fausto: "Go with a lucky foot" [TN]


193. Jubes renovare dolorem: "You command me to recall my grief" Virgil, *Æneid*, Bk. 2. l. 3 (TN)

194. Argus: *Odyssey*, Lib. xvii. (TN)

195. That dog whose name doth not appear: *Tob. chap. v. and xi. (TN)

196. The verses:

    Because a witty writer of this time,
    Doth make some mention in a pleasant rhyme,
    Of Lepidus and of his famous dog,
    Thou Momus, that dost love to scoff and cog,
    Prat'st amongst base companions and givest out,
    That unto me herein, is meant aflout.
    Hate makes thee blind, Momus, I dare be sworn,

-188-
He meant to me his love, to thee his scorn,
Put on thy envious spectacles and see,
Whom doth he scorn therein, the dog or me:
The Dog is grac't, compared with great Banks,
Both beasts right famous, for their pretty pranks,
Although in this, I grant, the dog was worse,
He only fed my pleasure, not my purse:
Yet that same Dog, I may say this and boast it,
He found my purse with gold when I have lost it.
Now for myself, some fools like thee may judge,
That at the name of Lepidus I grudge,
No sure: so far I think it from disgrace,
I wished it clear to me and to my race:
Lepus or Lepos, I in both have part,
That in my name I bear, this in mine heart.
But, Momus, I persuade myself that no man,
Will deign thee such a name, English or Roman,
I'll wage a butt of Sack, the best in Bristo,
Who calls me Lepid, I will call him Tristo.

Harington's Epigrams, Lib. iii. Epig. 21

See also the engraved title-page to his Ariosto, and notes on Book xli.

197. Limned: Painted (TN)

198. This poet was Sir John himself. Vid. Epigrams, lib. iv. ep. 5.

199. A MS. note in the Museum copy of Sir John Hawkins's History of Music, says;
"this assertion can never be assented to as a fact; for the whole of the song is to be
found in the Legend of Jane Shore, by Tho. Churchyard, and forms the fifteenth [read
thirteenth] stanza of that poem." Qu. however; whether the old court-poet might not
have wrought King Henry's 'special verse' into his own metrical tissue, as Sir John
aspcribes it on such good authority, to the royal author. In Churchyard's legend it
appears, with the following additional line after "retire:"

"Who can withstand a puissant King's desire?"

Edit. 1575

200. 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. xxi. It is here brought forward as a preface, in lieu of Dr. Chetwind's
dedicatory epistle, on the recommendation of Mr. Malone.

201. Lewd: i.e. ignorant, unlearned.

202. Bruit: i.e. report.

203. Lightly: commonly:—as in Shakespeare's K. Richard III.
"Short summers lightly have a forward spring."

204. Roving: A term in archery for shooting unequal lengths.

205. The following passage appears to be here alluded to, in this ancient alliterative
satire.

"Then shall come a King and confess you religious,
And beat you, as the bible telleth, for breaking of your rule,
And amend monials,* monks, and canons,
And put them to their penance; ad pristinum statum ire;"**
Passus X. fol. 50, edit 1550.

[*Monials: Nuns. **Ad pristinum statum ire: "To go to the original pure state" [TN]
207. Sir Ed. Hobby: 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.
208. 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."
209. Omnes qui sunt male agentes, &c.: "All who are wrongdoers, always run to the powerful. Long live the King; let the law take its course." (TN)
210. Sir Thomas Chaloner: Tutor and afterwards Chamberlain to Prince Henry.
211. Senes ut in otia, &c: "So as to retire in idleness when they are old." Horace, Satires, Bk. I Sat. 1. l. 31. (TN)
213. A Catalogue of the Bishops of England, since the first planting of Christian religion in this island, together with a brief history of their lives and memorable actions, so near as can be gathered out of antiquity. By F. G. Sub-dean of Exeter, 1601. 4to.
214. Quorum pars una fui: "Of which I did my part" (TN)
215. Fond: i.e. weak, foolish. (TN)
216. Augurium: Indication of a future event. (TN)
217. 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.
218. This author: Bishop Godwin.
219. This happened in the second Year of Q. Mary's reign, if we are to credit Historiola, a little Story of the Acts and Life of Mathew, Archbishop of Canterb. dated 1574, a very scarce tract of a libellous tendency, in the possession of my friend Mr. Todd.
220. Ceteris paribus: "Other things being equal"; imparibus: "unequal" (TN)
221. Dr Grindal: 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 Faery Queen.
222. Some great Lord: Lord Leicester.
223. Non licet habere eam: "It is not lawful to have her." Matt. 14:4. (TN)
224. Eveniet &c.: "for thou shalt refuse to honour the god, and shalt complain that in my blindness I have seen all too well." Ovid, Metamorphoses Bk. III 1 524-5. (TN)
225. Two wives: Lady Sheffield, and Lady Essex.
226. Dr. Whitegift: 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.

227. Mr. Cartwright: A Puritan divine, of considerable eminence, whose life has been given in the new edition of *Biog. Britannica*, Vol. iii.

228. 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.

229. *Bonum certamen certavi, &c.*: "I have fought the good fight, I have stayed the course." 2 Timothy 4:7 (TN)

230. *Candida dona &c.*: "White gifts are for you both name and symbol, Whitegift; No-one can give you a whiter gift than a white robe; for the services you have rendered your name will be written on a white stone." (TN)


232. *Voce populi*: "By popular acclaim" (TN)

233. Genevising and scotising: advancing the doctrines of Geneva and Scotland, that is, Calvinism. (TN)

234. *Qui in concionibus dominatur*: "Who dominated in the assembly." (TN)

235. Your Highness: Prince Henry, to whom this work was addressed.

236. Lord Cromwell: Henry Cromwell, great-grandson of Thomas Cromwell, chief minister of Henry VIII. (TN)

237. *Est aliquid, &c.*: "That is something, to be singled out by Diomede from so many thousand Greeks" Ovid, *Metamorphoses* Bk. XIII l. 241-2. (TN)

238. Novelists: People who propose new things. (TN)

239. 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. *His fellows*: Arthington, Coppinger, &c.

240. 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.*

241. 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 himself a Quilibet to every Quodlibet, decides an hundred cross interrogatory Doubts, about the general Contentions betwixt the seminary 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 shortend the life of K. James. But, as honest Isaac Walton observes, Watson was an angry adversary, and his affirmations are to be received with caution. *Life of Sir. H. Wotton, in Reliq. Wottoniana.*

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
Sir John Harington

preached against the "Watsonicall policy of a Quodlibeticall Saint, who, for his treason since, came to be canonized at the gallows."

242. *Impar congressus*: "An unequal conflict" (TN)

243. *Ne quid Ecclesia detrimenti capiat*. "To see that the Church suffers no harm" (TN)


245. *Mittisima sors, &c.*: "The kingdom's lot is mildest under a new king." Lucan, *The Egyptian Civil War*, Bk. VIII. l. 534-5. (TN)

246. *quoad sciam, poteroque*: "As much as I know and can say." (TN)

247. *Tippet*: A kind of scarf 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."

248. [*Quondam*: former; *semp*er: always][3][4] Sir John Harington has versified these quaint retorts, in his "most elegant and witty epigrams," printed in 1615, 1618, 1625, and 1634:

[Fat Bonner (late that bishop was of London)
Was bid by one, Good morrow Bishop quondam:
He with the scoff, no whit put out of temper,
Replied incontinent, Adieu knave *Semper.*
Another in such kind of scoffing speeches,
Would beg his tippet, needs to line his breeches.
Not so (quoth he) but it may be thy hap,
To have a foolish head to line thy cap.[TN]

249. *Cum essem parvulus, &c.*: "When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I thought as a child." 1 Cor. 13:11. (TN)

250. Martin Marprelate: the pseudonymous author of several works attacking the bishops of the Church of England, published in 1588-89 until their printer was discovered and executed. (TN)

251. *Rub, rub, rub*: 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 *bowl*."

252. *Eel-mar*: i.e. Ely-mar.

253. Malum ab Aquilone: "Evil from the North" The prophet Jeremiah has several references to this but none in these exact words. (TN)


255. *In exaltatio Lunæ Leo jungetur Leonæ*: "Leo will be confounded during the exaltation of Leo and the Moon." *Exaltation* is an astrological term meaning the part of a planet's orbit when it is most influential. This prophecy would refer to Pope Leo XI who reigned for less than a month in 1605. (TN)

256. *Deus nobiscum, quis contra nos?*: "God is with us, who is against us?" (TN)


258. *Meretrix*: Quasi, merry-tricks. [*Meretrix* is Latin for prostitute] [TN]
259. Waster: a wooden sword used for fencing practice. (TN)
260. Per disciplinam et verbera: "By teaching and whipping." (TN)
261. Richard Fletcher: 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.
262. Deiotarus was King of Galatia, and having been accused of attempts upon Caesar's life, was ably defended by Cicero in the Roman senate.
263. In commendam: a bishopric held in commendam is one which does not have a bishop of its own but is held by another person, usually the bishop or dean of another diocese. This person receives the revenues of the diocese, so there is opportunity for corruption. (TN)
264. Naman the Syrian: See 2 Kings ch. 5 (TN)
265. Non erat &c. "It was not the fault of men but of the times." (TN)
266. 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.
267. Rerum tutela mearum, &c.: "you are the caretaker of my affairs and get angry over a crookedly cut nail." Horace, Epistles, Bk. I. letter 1. 1.103-4. (TN)
268. Bolts: Arrows.
269. Dr. Bancroft succeeded Fletcher in 1597, and continued Bp. of London till 1604, when he was translated to Canterbury. See above.
270. Richard Vaughan: Successively Bp. of Bangor, Chester, and London: to the latter dignity he succeeded in 1604, and died in 1607.
271. My Lord of Canterbury: Dr. Bancroft.
272. 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.
273. Corpus quod corrumpitur &c.: "The afflicted body weighs down the soul." (TN)
275. Magistratus indicabit virum: "The office will show the man." (TN)
276. Willelmus dictus Wickham, &c.: Here lies William Wickham, defeated by death; pray continually for him whose tomb you see." (TN)
277. Christopher Johnson, M. D. an eminent Latin poet, and chief master of Winchester school. He died in 1597.
278. This passage from Sidney's Apology for Poetry, 1595, is rather inaccurately quoted, Sir Philip said—"Thus much curse I must send you, [the Momus of poetry] in the behalf 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."
279. Bell-tower: this rendering is provisional. Nolari is not a Latin word, and may refer to a location in Winchester, but I can identify no such place. Alternatively it may be formed from nola, meaning a 'bell', hence my translation. (QH)
280. Stephen Gardiner: Made Bp. of W. in 1531; deprived, 1550; restored, and made Ld. Chancellor, 1553. Ob. 1555. Et. 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 exhortatory, against pompous Popish
Sir John Harington

_Bishops_, 1544, written, and most probably printed, at Basel, 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.

281. _Tantum scimus quantum meminimus_: "We only know as much as we can remember." (TN)

282. _Gardiner's books_: Particularly in _An explication and assertion of the true catholic faith, touching the moost blessed sacrament of the altar, with confutation of a book written against the same_. Anno 1551.

283. _Cedere nescius_: "Determined never to yield" (TN)


285. Bonner appears to have been deservedly held in greater dread and detestation than Gardiner, by whom he was occasionally employed as the agent of bigoted 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 Crammer, must have been regarded with utter abhorrence.

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 _Harleian Miscellany_ and _Ames apud John Alde_. Preston, in his _Lamentable tragedy of King Cambyses_, compares the Persian tyrant to the English prelate, and says,

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

Sc. ult.

286. _Cheer_: Face (TN)

287. 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 do use for to supplant
Their bad grown weeds, their fruitful herbs to save;
But _Gardiner_ thou, the flower of Troynovant
Didst think to weed, and bury 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.

[*Troynovant: According to Geoffrey of Monmouth, an old name for London, meaning "New Troy", referring to the legend that Britain was first settled by Brutus, great-grandson of the Trojan Ἄεneas, the founder of Rome.[TN]

288. _Scribit in marmore læsus_: "The injured man writes in stone" (TN)

289. _Falsus honor juvat, &c._: "Whom does false honour aid and calumny deter, but the vicious and the liar?" Horace, _Satires_, Bk. 1 Sat. 161. 39-40. (TN)

290. _John Whyte_: Made Bp. of Winchester in 1556. _Ob_. 1560.
291. 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 hac demum praesul in urbe fuit.

292. Black sermon: 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. 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.

293. Laudavi mortuos, &c.: "I have praised the dead rather than the living: and I judged him that is not yet born happier than them both."

294. Melior est, &c.: "A live dog is better than a dead lion" (TN)

295. Maria optimam partem elegit: "Mary has chosen the better part" Luke 10:42. (TN)


298. In diebus illis: "In these days" (TN)

299. The dictionary: Thesaurus Lingua Romanae et Britannicae, and Dictionarium Historicum et Poeticum, 1565, fol. It was an enlarged edition of Bibliotheca Eliotae, printed in 1541. A volume of MSS. marked C. ii. in the Church library, Canterbury, contains some original letters by Bp. Cooper.

300. melius est enimt nubere quam uri: "It is better to marry than to burn" 1 Cor. 7:9 (TN)

301. Quid si mihi veniat, &c. "What if it be my lot to have a wife both shameless and extravagant"? "Bear it (or shrews)" "Better death than such a life." "Life (or shun)". See the text for an explanation of the Latin pun in this quotation from The Echo in Erasmus' Colloquies. (TN)

302. Tobias drove away the demon Asmodeus by burning the guts of a fish. Tob. 8:1-4. (TN)

303. Dic Ecclesiæ: "Tell it to the congregation." (TN)

304. The libel of Martin Marprelate is attributed, by Collier, to a junta of four persons, whose names were Penry, Throgmorton, Udal, and Fernier. Eccles. Hist. vol. II.


306. Work for the Cooper: 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 Work for Cooper: or a brief epistle directed by way of an hublaction to the reverend Bishops, counselling them, if they will needs be barrelled up, for fear of smelling in the nostrils of her Majesty and the state, that they would use the advice of reverend Martin, for the providing of their Cooper, &c. wherein worthy Martin quits.
himself like a man, I warrant you, in the modest defence of his self and his learned epistles, and makes the Cooper's hoops to fly off, and the bishops' tubs to leak out of all cry."

307. **William Wickham**: 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 cuiusdam Londinensis*.

308. **William Day**: Made Bp. of Winchester in 1596.

309. **Nodosi**: Full of knots. (TN)

310. **Admired/Half-mired**: A contemptible pun, even for the time in which it was made.

311. **No night can oppress them that die in the Lord**: Rev. 24:13


313. **Ultimus hic ego sum, &c.**: "I am the latest of these: but I will not say whether as good or as bad; there will be another to judge." (TN)

314. Harington says, in his *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, the schoolmaster [perhaps Alex. Hume] wrote a book with this title,—*That Christ descended not into hell*: the very sight of which title being flat contradictory to an article of the Creed. I remember I said of the man, as Heywood with in his *Proverbs*, that hereafter

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

315. Hugh Broughton maintained the same doctrine with Hume, and Wood hints at another partisan, 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.

316. **Petard**: A kind of bomb used for blowing open a door. (TN)

317. **Basilisk**: A very large cannon. (TN)

318. 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.

319. **Powder-treason**: i.e the Gunpowder Plot, 1605 (TN)

320. **Lancepezados**: Lance-corporals (TN)

321. **In corde terre**: "In the heart of the Earth." (TN)


324. **Powdered**: preserved with salt.

325. 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.

326. **Capisti melius quam desinis**: "You began better than you ended." (TN)
327. *Potentes cum rogant jubent*: "The powerful, when they ask, command" (TN)
328. Not *Quid dabis*, &c.: "Not 'You will give this or that', but 'I will take it.'" (TN)
329. T. 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.
331. *Sapientis est, &c.*: "It is wise to regard nothing beneath you except wrongdoing." (TN)
333. The *Merchant Royal*, 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.
334. *Yex*: A hiccup. Henry, fourth Earl of Derby, who died is 1592, seems to be the person meant.
335. Ferdinando, fifth Earl of Derby, died in 1594, not of an axe, but of poison. See Collins's *Peerage*, vol. iii. p. 64.
336. This quatrain is by the Hungarian poet and diplomat Janus Pannonius, (1434-1472) and refers to Pope Paul II. (TN)
338. *His days, &c.: Deut. 5:16*
339. *Vox populi, vox Dei est*: "The voice of the people is the voice of God." (TN)
340. *Ordinale secundum usum Sarum*: The "Use of Sarum," also known as the "Sarum Rite" is the Latin rite of the Mass developed at Salisbury Cathedral and used throughout England from the late eleventh century until the English Reformation. (TN)
341. A subsidy: About £100,000.
342. *John Jewell*: 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.
343. *Qui potest capere, capiat*: He who can take it,[i.e. chastity] let him take it" Matt. 19:12 (TN)
344. *His name*: A pun: Wivill - wive ill.
345. *Ex animo*: "From the soul." (TN)
347. *Dr. Coldwell*: Dean of Rochester. Made Bp. of Salisbury in 1591. *Ob*. 1596. The see of Salisbury had been filled by Dr. Edmund Guest, from 1571 to 1578; by Dr. John Piers, from 1578 to 1588; and remained three years vacant.
348. **Schola Salerni**: This alludes to *The Englishmans Doctor, or the School of Salerne; or physical observations for the perfect preserving of the Body of Man in continual health*: a small poetical piece, extracted from *Schola Salernitana*, and twice printed, in 1609 and 1624, though now of rare occurrence. Mr. Findley possesses the original MS. by Sir John Harington.

349. **The knight**: 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.

350. **Spolia opima**: "Richest spoils" (TN)

351. **Si mens non læva fuisset**: "If his mind had not been clouded." Virgil, *Æneid* Bk. II l. 54. (TN)

352. Shakspeare notices this fatal prognostic in his tragedy of K. Richard III. See also More, Holinshed, and the old scholiast on Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*.

353. **His brother Adrian**: Adrian Gilbert, his (Walter Raleigh's) uterine brother.

354. **habendum et tenendum**: "to have and to hold" *Gaudendum*: "to rejoice" (TN)

355. **Hydromancy**: the art of divination by water.


357. 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.

358. **Doctor Gourden**: Made Dean of Salisbury in 1604. *Ob*. 1619. He was celebrated as a Greek, Hebrew and oriental scholar.

359. **Seminary-priests** were trained up in Popish countries, to propagate their doctrines among Protestants.

360. "Our author's account of the Church of Bath," said the former edition 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."

361. **Doctor Oliver King**: Translated from Exeter to Bath and Wells in 1495.

362. **John de Villula**: Made bp. Of Wells 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.

363. **Hospes eras mundo, &c.**: "You were the guest of the world, always going around the world, so that the day of your death was the first day you were still." (TN)


366. 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 Cardinal's Life and Death.

367. **Desit in hac mihi parte fides, &c.**: "Do not believe this part of my story, but, if you believe it, believe also the punishment." Ovid, *Metamorphoses* Bk. 10 l. 303-4. (TN)

368. **Non possum quin exclamem**: "I cannot help crying it aloud."
Nugæ Antiquæ

369. *Ex abundantia*: "From the generosity." (TN)
370. *Ex humilitate*: "From our lowness" (TN)
371. *Melius inquirendum*: "For a better inquiry" (TN)
372. *Quod de salute reipublicæ non desperasset*: "Because he did not despair of the saving of the republic." Varro, leader of the Roman army, was defeated heavily by Hannibal at the battle of Cannæ, 216 BC, but regrouped to fight on. (TN)
375. *Tick-tack*: A game at tables, or backgammon.
376. This was in 1598; but in 1608, all five had been made bishops.
377. *Felix et Natis, &c.*: "Barlo was happy in his wife and children, and was a man for whom all things were successful, if you exclude the crime of despoiling the church. Exiled from his father’s country, for this crime, the soil of Germany gave him sanctuary."
This is an adaptation of *Metamorphoses* Bk. 11 l. 266-270. Ovid's original is:

> Felix et nato, felix et coniuge Peleus,<br/>et cui, si demas iugulati crimina Phoci,<br/>omnia contigerant: fraterno sanguine sotem<br/>expulsuumque domo patria Trachinia tellus<br/>accipi.t"

"Peleus was happy in his wife and son, and was a man for whom all things were successful, if you exclude the crime of killing his brother Phocus. Exiled from his father’s country, for shedding his brother’s blood, the soil of Trachin gave him sanctuary." (TN)
378. *Æestatis sedes, &c.*: "O Somerset, you may truly believe that the Bishop who despoiled the Church will be destroyed." (TN)
379. *Aurum Tholosanum*: "Tolosa gold." This was a hoard of treasure captured by the Roman army in 106 BC. It was stolen by the Roman commander Caepio, who was soon after defeated in a disastrous battle. For this he was stripped of his citizenship and possessions, and exiled from Rome. See [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Gold_of_Tolosa](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Gold_of_Tolosa) for the full story. (TN)
380. *In sacco et cinere*: "In sackcloth and ashes." (TN)
384. *Non minor est, &c.*: "It is no less an achievement to keep possession than to acquire it" (TN)
386. *Intempestive*: i. e. unseasonable.
387. *Majus peccatum habet*: "That makes the crime greater" (TN)
388. 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 bishoprics 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, praying Q. Eliz. would forbear making the exchange of their manors and lands for tenths and impriopriate rectories, &c.

389. Per minas: "By compulsion." (TN)

390. Upon request: i.e. by invitation or entreaty—o precario.

391. Powdered beef: i.e. salted beef. See Lord Bacon's Nat. Hist. Cent. IV.

392. Poor John: Coarse fish, salted and dried. Nashe, in his Supplication of Pierce Peniless, 1592, couples it with haberdine [Salt cod][TN].

393. Hind: A farm servant. (TN)

394. Non Hymeneus adest &c.: "Hymen is not by the bridal bed, nor the Graces." Ovid, Metamorphoses, Bk. 6 l. 419 (TN)

395. "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.

396. Nemo laudat patrem nisi improbus filius: "Only a wicked son praises his father" (TN)

397. John Still: Made Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1592. Ob. 1607. Æt. 64.

398. Reverend tutor: Dr. Fleming.

399. Primam tonsuram: The first stage of a student for the priesthood. (TN)

400. Venue: A technical term for a hit in fencing.


402. Double honour: Two benefices. MS.


404. This lady may have been a daughter of Sir John Horner, of Melia Park, near Frome, in Somersetshire, who was knighted in 1574. Harl. MS. 983, and Cotton MS. Claud. C. III.

405. Homo frugi: "A frugal man" (TN)


407. Coff: To get something for nothing. (TN)

408. 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."

409. Doctor William Cotton: 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.
Nugæ Antiquæ

410. *Pietro Aretino*: Italian author, playwright, poet, satirist and blackmailer (1492-1556). He was one of the most influential writers of his time and an outspoken critic of the powerful. *Unico & divino*: "Unique and divine."

411. Moreri has given this inscription in Latin:

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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."
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412. *Pro Christo legatione fungimur*: "We act as the agents of Christ." (TN)

413. Bp. Harman, alias Veysey, died in 1555. His immediate successors in the see of Exeter, were Miles Coverdale, James Turverville, William Atley, William Bradbridge, John Woolton, and Gervase Babington.

414. *Stannaries*: Tin mines. (TN)


417. Henry Spencer, surnamed the warlike, attained the mitre of Norwich in 1370.

418. *John Gegon*: Or Jegon, preferred from the deanery to the bishopric of Norwich, in 1602. *Ob. 1617."

419. *Gervase Babington*: Translated from Landaff to Exeter in 1594, and to Worcester in 1597. *Ob. 1610. *Æt. 60. His works were printed in 1615 and 1637.

420. Sir John Harington has introduced this witticism among his Epigrams, lib. ii.

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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:
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421. *John Scory*: First bishop 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. 1583."

422. *Angels*: A quibble upon the gold coin so denominated.

423. *Viis et modis*: "Ways and means" (TN)

424. *Scoria*: Dross or slag (TN)


426. *Dominus fac totum*: One who holds absolute power; literally, "Ruler of all things." In this case, Queen Elizabeth. (TN)

427. *Ietare et fac*: "Rejoice and do"; *bonum*: "good." (TN)


430. In Sept. 1592. See that very curious and entertaining publication, *The Progresses &c. of Queen Elizabeth*. Vol. II.

431. *Dr. Reynolds*: 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.

-201-
Do I call judgement to my foolish rimes,
And rarest art and reading them to view,
REYNOLDS?—religion's oracle most true!
Mirror of art, and Austin of our times!
For love of these I call thee, which I pray
That thou, in reading these, would'st put away.

433. ipse nos fecit, et non ipsi nos: He made us, and not we ourselves." Ps. 100:3 (TN)
434. Erudite Benedictie: "Learned and Blessed" (TN)
435. Anthony Watson: Bishop of Chichester, from 1596 to 1605.
437. Recidivation: i.e. a relapse.
438. Lancelot 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.
440. Bosom-sermon: One written beforehand and recited. (TN)
441. The old to be more profitable: Luke 5:39 (TN)
442. Andros: "Man" (Greek) (TN)
443. Friar Pinkney: Principal of the Augustinian friars who gave sermons praising Richard III and his usurpation of the throne in 1483. (TN)
444. Thou leadest thy people like sheep, by the hands of Moses and Aaron: Psalms 77:20.
446. Henry Noell: On whom Q. Elizabeth made a rebus; which is given in Collins's Peerage, and in Walpole's Noble Authors. The following lines, which occur among Weelkes's Madrigals, 1600, may have been intended to commemorate the same court gallant.

Noell, adieu!—adieu, 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 tears;
Time helps some grief; no time our grief outwears."

447. When the Lord turned the captivity of Sion: Psalms 126:1 (TN)
448. Beati Pacifici: ["Blessed peacemakers" [TN] 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.'
449. Cunctation: Delay. (TN)
450. Sit omnis homo, &c.: "Let every man be slow to anger, slow to speak" James 1:19.
451. Thomas Young. Later Abp. of York. QV

453. Bp. Fisher was beheaded, on a pretence of having been guilty of high treason, in 1535.


457. *His preferrer*: Sir Francis Walsingham.

458. *Nihil et non*: "Nothing at all" (TN)

459. *John Bridges*: Made Bishop in 1603. *Ob*. 1619. His works were very numerous. *Vid. Bibl. Bodl.* "Being Dean of Sarum, (says Sir J. H.) he wrote to Bishop J. Still, of Bath and Wells, and inscribed his letter thus—Joannes de Pontibus Joanni de Fontibus."["From John of the bridges to John of the wells" [TN]

460. 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 veil of his flesh into Heaven, to appear before God for us: which journey a Talmudist would term, a going up to Paradise; but heathen Greek, a going down to Hades; and Latin, descendere ad inferos."

461. 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 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 shown, 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.

462. *Henry Parry*: Made Bp. of Gloucester 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.

463. 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 antiquities  
Can not your present honour you suffice?  
Why strive, ye sisters, for that vanity  
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 old.  
Bastard's *Chrestoloros*, 1598.  

[* To one or other university [TN]

464. 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
Sir John Harington

derived, thinks that our author's partiality for the Cecils was the cause of this omission.
466. *Aristarchi*: Severe critics. The original Aristarchus of Samothrace was librarian of Alexandria in the 2nd Century BC and was noted for the severity with which he excluded doubtful material from his edition of Homer.
467. *Infusa*: "Infused"; *acquisita*: "Acquired." (TN)
468. John Holyman, a Monk of Reading, was Bp. of Bristol from 1554 till the time of his death, in 1558.
469. *John Thornbury*: Or Thornborough; made Bp. of Bristol in 1603, and translated to Worcester in 1616.
470. *Et in hoc sæculo, et in future*: "Both in these times, and in the future." (TN)
471. *This is a great sacrament*: Ephesians 5:32.
472. *Secandum* and *urendum*: "Fire and sword" (TN)
473. *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.
479. 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.
475. See this foible fully illustrated in Lord Orford's *Royal and Noble Authors*, Art. Essex.
476. *Respectively*: i.e. respectfully. So in *Timon of Athens*, Act iii. Sc. 1, "Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very respectively welcome, Sir."
478. *Prosopopeia*: "A rhetorical figure by which an imaginary or absent person is represented as speaking or acting"—OED (TN)
479. 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.
480. *Cantate Domino canticum novum*: "To sing a new song to the Lord." *Psalm* 96:1. (TN)
481. Doctor Anthony Kitchin was Bishop of Llandaff from 1545 till his death in 1563. He is much blamed by Dr. Godwin for having impoverished the bishopric by unreasonable demises.
482. It can hardly be thought to deviate much from the plan of this publication, if the following curious letter is inserted from MS. Harl. 7030. It was addressed by Theophilus Field, successively bishop of Llandaff, St. David's, and Hereford, to that "court-minion," Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

"My gracious good Lord,
In the great library of men that I have studied these many years, your grace is the best book, and most classic author that I have read: in whom I find so much
goodness, sweetness, and nobleness of nature; such an heroic spirit, so boundless
bounty, as I never did in any. I could instance in many, some of whom you have made
Deans, some Bishops, some Lords, and Privy Councillors. None that ever looked
toward your Grace, did ever go empty away. I need go no further than myself, (a
crumb of the earth,) whom some eight years ago, you raised out of the dust, for
raising but a thought so high, as to serve your Highness. Since that I have not played
the truant, but more diligently studied you than ever before; and yet (dunce that I am)
I stand at a stay, and am a non-proficient, the book being the same, that ever it was, as
may appear by the great proficiency of others. This wonderfully poseth me; and sure
there is some guile, some coil, in some of my fellow-students, who hide my book
from me, or some part 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 me no man could. My heart tells me it hath been
always upright, and is still most faithful unto you. I have examined my actions, my
words, and my very thoughts, and found all of them ever since most sound unto your
Grace. Give me leave after so long patience, (for which virtue you were once pleased
to commend me to my old master King James, and I have not yet lost it,) now that for
these twelve months almost, I have been not only 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 old, when on that great feast day of your
being inaugured our Chancellor, my look was your book, wherein you read sadness;
to which I was bold to answer, I trusted your Grace would give me no cause: you
replied, with loss of blood rather; that was your noble expression. But God forbid so
precious an effusion; (I would empty all my veins rather then you should bleed one
drop,) when as one blast of your breath is able to bring me to the haven where I
would be.

My Lord, I am grown an old man, and am like old household-stuff, apt to be
broken upon oft removing; I desire it therefore but once for all, be it Ely, or Bath and
Wells, and I will spend the remainder of my days in writing an history of your good
deeds to me and others, whereby I may vindicate you from the envy and obloquy of
this present wicked age, wherein we 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 Lord,
my Lord Duke of Buckingham his Grace,
humbly these." (1626)

1633. Ät. 71.
484. Instead of thy fathers, &c.: Psalm 45:16.
485. This was done in the presentation copy to Prince Henry, which is now in the
British Museum.
486. 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.
487. Lord Chancellor: from which office he was displaced by Q. Elizabeth, for
refusing to assist at her coronation.
489. Bp. Farrar suffered at Carmarthen with incredible fortitude, in 1535. See Foxe's
Acts and Monuments, and Billingsly's Brachy-martyrologia.
490. Bp. Younge was Lord President of the North.

492. *De male quæsitis vix gaudet tertius hæres*: "Ill-gotten gains will hardly be enjoyed by the third generation." A Latin proverb widely (but probably falsely) ascribed to Juvenal. (TN)


494. *Roomer*: i.e. wider.

495. *Vail*: To strike sail, in token of respect or submission.

496. Sir Edwin Sands, Knt. author of *Europæ Speculum*, &c. and brother to the well-known traveller and poet, George Sandys.

497. *Censure* is here used for judgment or opinion.

498. *Incidi in ancillam cupiens vitare Caribdin*: Literally "Wishing to avoid Caribdin I fell on the maid." The correct expression is *Incidi in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim*, "Wishing to avoid Charybdis I fell on Scylla." Scylla and Charybdis were two monsters between which Ulysses and his crew had to pass. Homer, *Odyssey*, Bk 12. (TN)

499. *Sir Robert Stapleton*: Sheriff of Yorkshire, 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.

500. *Nulli te facias, &c.*: Martial, lib. xii. Epig. 34.

501. *Pro superi, &c.*: "By the gods! What secret darknesses human hearts hide! The soldier is viewed as virtuous, in his hateful crime." Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, Bk. 6 l. 472-4. (TN)

502. *Ore tenus*: "made orally." (TN)

503. 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*.

504. *Foil*: i.e. a setback. (TN)

505. 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.

506. *John Piers*: 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.

507. *Ennius ipse pater, &c.*: "Even father Ennius did not jump up to speak of arms except after drinking." Horace, *Epistles*, Bk. 1 Ep. 19 l. 7-8 (TN)

508. *Quod nimio gaudeas, &c.*: "I forgive the fact that you enjoy prolonging the night with too much wine, Gaurus; you have Cato’s vice." Martial, *Epigrâms* Bk. 2 ep. 89. L 1-2. (TN)

509. The parson of Lymington: 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.


512. *Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare*: "Who does know how to hide their thoughts does not know how to reign" (TN)

513. *A great peer*: Probably, the Earl of Essex.

514. *John Fortescue*: Chancellor of the Exchequer.


516. *Earl of Exeter*: This earldom was granted by King James, in 1604.


518. 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. 59.

519. *Toby Matthews*: Translated from Durham to York in 1606. *Ob.* 1628. *Æt.* 82. Camden styles him *theologus praestantisissimus*,["foremost theologian"](TN) and says that in him *doctrina cum pietate et ars cum natura certant*.["doctrine contended with piety and art with nature"](TN)


521. *Qui in concionibus dominatur?:* "Who dominates in the pulpit?" (TN)

522. *Insidiari calcaneo*: "To lie in wait for the heel." *Genesis* 3:15. (TN)

523. *Μισω μνημονα συμποτην/odi memorem compotorem*: "I hate reminiscences of drunken scenes." (TN)

524. *Base*: Prison-base, or prison-bars; a rustic pastime still in vogue. Shakspeare entitles it "the country base." Mr. Strutt has 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.

525. *Mother-in-law*: Lady Rogers; to whom the author addressed many of his epigrammatic levities.

526. *Haud metuam, &c.*: "I hardly fear an accusation, even if I cannot defend myself against it, shared with such a man." Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, Bk. 13. l. 304-5 (slightly misquoted) (TN)

527. *Nugax*: Trifler. (TN)

528. Dr. Tunstall was translated from London to Durham in 1530. *Ob.* 1559. *Æt.* 85.

529. 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 for his life and manners, so there was no man a more sweet and pleasant companions." Godwin's *Catalogue, &c.*

530. *In baculo meo, &c.*: *Genesis* 32:10 (TN)

531. *Using the world as if they used it not*: *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."

532. *Absalom, my son, &c.*: 2 *Samuel* 18:33 (TN)

533. 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."
534. *A Great Earl*: 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 expense 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.


536. *Patrimonium Crucifixi*: "The property of the Cross" i.e. of the Church. (TN)

537. *Qui despixit de coelo deridebat eos*: "He who looks down from heaven scoffed at them." (TN)

538. When the Greeks expressed their admiration to Paulus 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.

539. *Præstat esse caput asini quam cauda leonis*: "It is better to be the head of an ass than the tail of a lion." (TN)


541. Dr. Oglethorp was deprived of his bishopric about Midsummer 1559, and died in the beginning of the following year.


-208-