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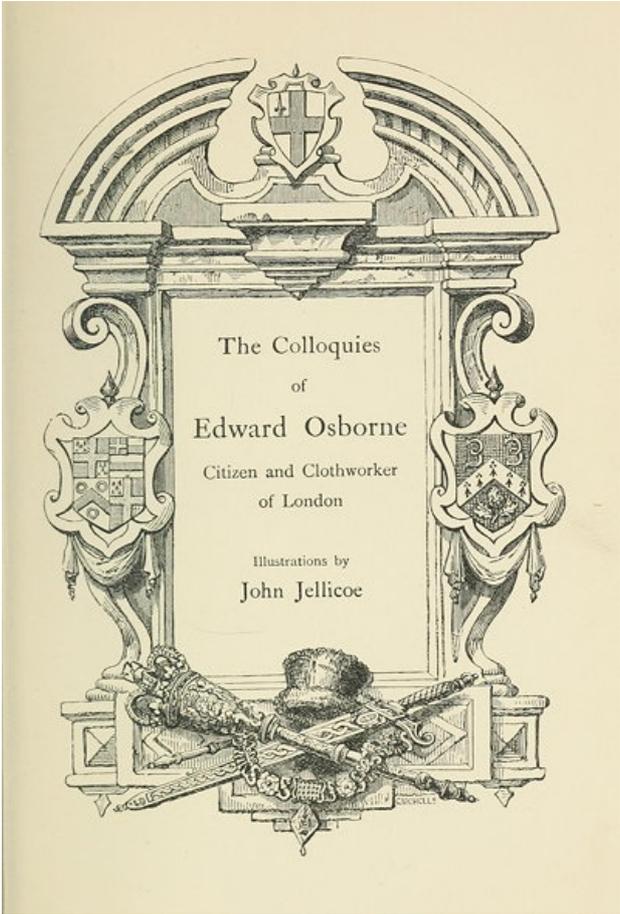
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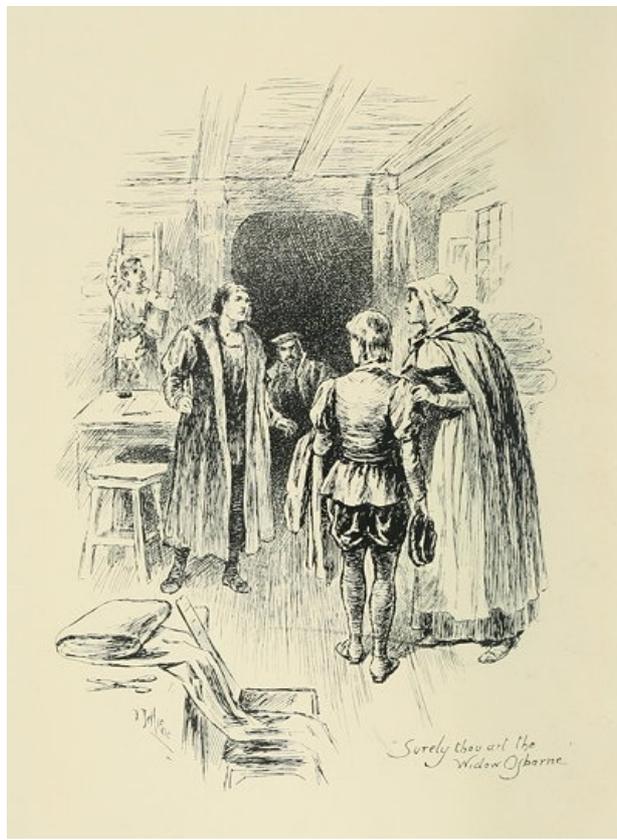
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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE COLLOQUIES OF EDWARD OSBORNE, CITIZEN AND CLOTHWORKER OF LONDON ***

Transcriber's Note.
Apparent typographical errors have been corrected. The use of hyphens has been rationalised.
A list of the author's works, at the front of the text, has been moved to join related material at the back.



The Colloquies
of
Edward Osborne
Citizen and Clothworker
of London
Illustrations by
John Jellicoe



J Jellicoe
"Surely thou art the Widow Osborne"

THE COLLOQUIES OF
EDWARD OSBORNE

CITIZEN AND CLOTHWORKER
OF LONDON

By
The Author of "Mary Powell,"
"The Household of Sir Thos. More," "Cherry & Violet"
and "The Old Chelsea Bun-Shop," etc.

WITH TEN ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JOHN JELlicOE

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THE COLLOQUIES OF EDWARD OSBORNE

{1}

CHAPTER I

A Country Lad cometh to Town



O we left the old grey Horse at the *Tabard*, and set forth a-foot, my Mother and me, for *London Bridge*: I looking right and left for a Glimpse of the great, broad River. But no Water could we see; and the Ways were thronged with Men, Horses, Carts, Wagons, Flocks of Sheep, and Drovers of Oxen, pressing along between Stalls set out with all manner of Cates. Anon we come to a big Gateway, with its Portcullis-teeth grinning over our Heads; and a-top of this Gateway, that was flanked with Turrets, and spanned the Road, were ever so many round, dark Objects, set on Poles, leaning this Way and that; and my Mother shuddered when she saw them, and told me they were Traitors' Heads. But between us and this Gateway lay a Draw-bridge, the which, as we crossed, gave us a Glimpse of the broad *Thames*, all a-blaze in the Sun. I pluckt at my Mother's Sleeve, without speaking, and we looked over the Parapet, and could see Boats ducking and diving under a Row of Houses right across the River, some of 'em six Stories high, with Balconies and projecting Gables, looking ready to topple into the Water, that rushed onward with tremendous Force, eddying and foaming among the Arches. Then I noted at the Foot of each Pier, strange Projections of Timber-work, and askt my Mother what they were, and she could not tell me. But a Man that overheard me said they were called Sterlings, and were strong Piles of Wood driven into the Bed of the River. Also he told me the Bridge was sixty Feet above the Water, and that its Founder, *Peter of Colechurch*, lay y-buried in the Chapel on the Bridge; and more he would have added but for the Interposure of my Mother, who said, "Come, Child, we linger," and drew me away. Then we passed under the Gateway, which was also a Kind of Guard-house, and Toll-gate; and, quod she, "Now thou art on *London Bridge*." But I should never have found it out; for to all Seeming, we were in midst of an ill-paved, exceeding narrow Strete, only some twelve Feet across, with Frippery-shops, and such-like on either Side. A great, o'erloaded Wagon that went first, cleared the Way for us, filling the Space all across; but anon it meeteth another Wagon, even higher than itself, with a Terrier barking a-top; and, the one essaying to pass the other, their Headgear got entangled in the Outworks of the upper Stories of two opposite Houses, and I saw the Terrier jump into an Attick Window, and presently run forth of the Shop below. Then the Wagoners chode and reviled, for one of 'em must needs back off the Bridge, and some Sheep and Oxen were coming up behind; and the Foot-passengers jostled and jibed, and Shopkeepers looked forth of their Doors, and Wives and Maids from their Lattices, and Swarms of quick-eyed mischievous favoured Lads peered forth of every Bulk; and my Mother cried, "Oh! weary on them! we may bide here all Night!" ... when, looking hard on the Shop to our left, she sayth, "Why here's the *Golden Fleece*!"

{2}

{3}

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And so we made bold to enter, between a few Rolls of brown and gray Cloth; and found Master *Hewet* seated behind a Desk, holding a Pen, but not using it, discoursing with a sober-apparelled Friend, and ever and anon casting a quiet amused Look at the Turmoil on the Bridge. He was what I then counted a middle-aged, but should now reckon a youngish Man, somewhere betwixt thirty and forty Years of Age, of a good Presence and a piercing but pleasant Eye; and with that in his Carriage and Looks that discovered he had Something within him beyond the common, that tended to excite Affection and Veneration. So soon as his Eye lighted pleasantly upon us, "Surely, thou art the Widow *Osborne*!" quod he to my Mother, "and this, by his Favour, I am sure is the Son of mine old School-mate. He will, I trust, prove of as good Conditions."

{6}

And, putting down his Pen, he quickly led the Way into a pleasant Chamber at the Back, o'erlooking the River, wherein, a watering of some Flowers on the Window-sill, was a middle-aged Gentlewoman, clad in Black, of a benign Aspect, a mild hazel Eye, and a Tinct that had more of the Pearl than the Peach in it. "Sister *Fraunces*," quod Master *Hewet*, "here is Mistress *Osborne*;" whereon the Gentlewoman turned about and spake courteously unto my Mother, whom she made to sit down and take Wine and Spiced-bread; while I, as a mannerly Youth, stood in Presence of mine Elders. Then sayth my Mother to Master *Hewet*, "I come, Sir, in answer to your considerate Letter, to put my Boy in your Charge:—he's but country-bred, though a good Lad, and come of a good Stock ... not only born of a Woman, but taught of a Woman, alas that I should say so! save for his School-teaching." "Marry, his Brother-prentice, then, is one of another Feather," saith Master *Hewet*, smiling, "we shall see which turns out best. Leave your Son with me; and at the End of a Month or so, when he hath looked at the Trade a little, we will decide whether or no to have him bound." "Alas, Sir!" saith my Mother, with lengthened Face, "may not all be done now? I have two small Children at Home, mine Absence is untimeous, and Travelling is strange to me—I have the Fee ready, the Boy is willing, and you cannot choose but be satisfied with his Conditions, for the Lad is a good Lad, though 'tis his Mother that says so." {7}

"Well," saith Master *Hewet*, after a little Thought, "the Course is uncommon, for we mainly like to prove a Youth and see whether he be likely to do Good at the Trade, and be a profitable and desirable Apprentice before we bind him; but since your Case is in some Respects singular, it shall be as you say; for, as it happens, this is one of the Days on which the Court and Master sit to bind and enroll 'Prentices." So forth we went: he making Way for my Mother, and I following last. {8}

On our Way to *Mincheon Lane*, we fell in with an uproarious Rabble, that, with Shouts, were haling Somewhat through the Mud, which proved to be a Church Image; doubtless, just pulled down from its Niche. The Head was rare carven, and floridly painted after the Life; but the Trunk was nothing but a squared Block, with a Cross-piece for the Shoulders, and looked pitiful enow, now 'twas despoiled of its rich Clothing. An Ale-house Keeper at the Bridge end turned in-doors with Disgust at the Sight, which some of the Rabblement noting, they cried out, "Here's a Bone for you to pick, Sir *Tobias*!" and beset his Door. I afterwards learned he was an ejected Roman Catholic Parson. {9}

When we reached the *Clothworkers' Hall*, the Clerk made out my Indentures; and then I was taken before the Master to be enrolled.

My Mother having paid the Fee, (Spoon-silver they jocosely called it,) unto Master *Hewet*, he did not pocket it, but put it into the Common-box: and the Business was done; my Master exchanging some pleasant Words with the Master of the Company, and the latter bidding me (in the only Sentence he spoke to me), mind the Clothworkers' Motto,—"*My Trust is in God alone*." {10}

Then, my Mother and I took Leave of one another, aside, as 'twere, in the Doorway; for she was to lie that Night in *Temstrete*, at her Cousin *Hale's*, (who was a *Broughton*,) and return to *Ashford* on the Morrow. And she kissed me and wept sore, and sayth, "Ah Son, thou art full young to be cast out of the Nest ... fain I were to keep thee: but what though? Thou canst not always be at mine Apron-string, and thou hast a brave Spirit and a good Heart; wherefore, like *Hannah*, Wife of *Elkanah*, I will entrust my First-born unto the LORD, and see what he will do for thee.... And remember, *Ned*, thou art the Son of a Gentleman, and think the Eye of thy Father still upon thee." {11}

Then quod I, in answer to my Mother, "Cheer up, sweet *Mother*, I will never disgrace him nor thee: so give over thy weeping, lest they should deem the Tears on my Face to be mine instead of thine ... don't melt me, *Mother*, lest they count me but a Boy, and make light of our Country Breeding."

"A Boy, indeed! What art thou more?" quod she, smiling through her Tears; and with one hearty Kiss and her Blessing, went her Ways.

On our Return to my Master's House, he, noting my Hair to be too long for a 'Prentice, (for, indeed, my Mother was rather vain of it,) gave me a Penny, and sent me to Master *Soper* the Barbitonsor, across the Bridge, to have it clipt. Here found I a Man having his Beard trimmed, and another, waiting for his Turn, playing a Mandoline. Seeing me look forth of the Lattice on the River, boiling and splashing below, and the Boats shooting the Arches and nearly pitching Head foremost down the Fall, he stayed his Hand, and told me how many Lives were lost in those Rapids by the Year. Then I made bold to ask him what was that great Fortress with Towers, on the north Bank. {12}

"Thou art a Stranger in *London*, then," saith he, "for every Cockney knows the *Tower*, whose foundation Stones were cemented, they say, with Mortar tempered with Blood. And truly, Blood enow hath been spilt within it to bring a Judgment on its Walls. *Henry the Sixth* was murdered in the *Tower*, *George of Clarence* was drowned in the *Tower*, *Edward the Fifth* and *Richard Duke of York*, those pretty Innocents, were smothered in the *Tower*, *Anne Boleyn* and *Katherine Howard* were beheaded in the *Tower*. And, for all it hath held a King's Parliament, and is our Citadel of Defence, a royal Palace for Assemblies, a Council-house for Treaties, a Treasury of Crown Jewels, the royal Mint of Coinage, the prime Conservator of Records, and the Armoury of warlike Provisions, yet, for the Tears and the Blood that have been shed in it, I could say, Down with it, down with it even unto the Ground! And methinks its evil Story is not yet wound up, but that a dark Cloud hangs over it e'en now. We shall see! we shall see! Many an ignoble Man rises aloft, many a proud Man is brought low. 'Tis time enough at one's Life's end to sing *Gloria*. Ah! our Bridge Tower, whereof I am Gate-keeper, hath another guess Foundation than *Cæsar's*; for on every one of its four Corner-stones is graven the Name of *JESUS*; *deep, but out of Sight*." {13}

And he peered into my Face as he spake that Saying, to wit if I felt its Force. {14}

"And now my Turn hath come to be trimmed," quod he, "so thou mayst thrum the Mandoline."

When I went back, there was a Man with a Burthen leaving the Shop; and my Master saith,

"Follow this Porter to Master *Askew's* in *Candlewickstrete*, and bring home my little Daughter, who hath been spending the Forenoon at her Godfather's." So I went with the Porter, and on reaching *Candlewickstrete*, which was not full of Tallow-chandlers' Shops, but of Drapers, he shewed me Master *Askew's* House; and I entered and found him in Parley with a Man in a red Coat. Quod he, "Well, I suppose my Lord must have it, but I like not the Security;" and handed him over a heavy Bag that seemed full of Money. Said the Man in Red, stowing the Bag under his Coat, "You were best not offend my Lord, for I warrant the Loss of his Custom would make you the worse by a pretty Penny." "Tut!" cries the other, "we could better afford to lose the Court than the Court to lose the City." On which, they parted. "Who art thou, my Lad?" quod he. "I'm my Master's new 'Prentice," quod I, "come to fetch Mistress *Anne*." "Ah!" quod he, "then you're from Master *Hewet*, though you speak as if there were but one Master in the World.... *Anne!* sweet *Anne!*"

And, at his Call, there runneth in a fair little Gentlewoman, about six Years of Age. Sure, never was seen so sweet a Child! Master *Askew* caught her up in his Arms and gave her many Kisses, and told her she must return with me; whereon she came and placed her Hand in mine, in full Assurance of Faith. A Gentlewoman, not much turned of thirty, personable, and of the Complexion they call sanguine, followed her forth, with many Injunctions to tell her Father how good she had been, and giving her, at parting, a Piece of sweet Marchpane.

In the *Strete*, we were so beshoved about, that Mistress *Anne* presently made Request of me to carry her. So I took her up and set her on my Shoulder, and bade her hold on by my Hair; which she was pleased to say was shorter than mine Ears, or even than mine Eyelashes. And, in seeking to admeasure them, she nearly toppled down; so then I said if she were going to be unruly, besides blinding me with the Crumbs of her Marchpane, I must set her in the Stokkes. To which she made Answer, "Then you must put both my Feet into one Hole; and even then I shall slip them out." Thus prettily she prattled all the Way, till I told her I thought my Hair was at least shorter than her Tongue. When we reached my Master's Door, I was passing it unawares, when she lugged at mine Hair and cried, "Stop, Boy, stop; you must set me down." I said, "Then you must give me a Kiss." She sayth, "Humph, I've no Objection;" which I thought very funny and very pretty in so young a little Gentlewoman.

It was now Supper-time; and, my Fellow-'prentice being out, Mistress *Fraunces* shewed me how to lay the Cloth, set forth the Spoons, &c., and told me that London 'Prentices stood behind their Master's Chair at Meal Times. Just as *Tib* the Cook had set the Dishes on the Table, there entereth a hale, aged Man, white headed, with a merry Eye, and a thin Cheek besprent with lively red. My Master hailed him with Zest, crying, "Ha! Master *Cheke!* 'tis of long Time since we met! How fareth it with thee, Master *Cheke?* Come in, Man, come in and sup with us, and, if thou wilt, lie to-night in the Green Lattice; there's the old Bed made up."

"Old Bed!" quod the other, jocularly; is anything old fit to be offered to me that am so young and so fine? What though I'm from the Country, have I not Friends at Court? Marry, Man, my Kinsman is the King's Sub-tutor, and I've had Speech of him this Day."

"If you are too fine for old Friends, I have no more to say to you," quod Master *Hewet*, heartily, and taking his Place at Table, while his Visitor and Mistress *Fraunces* did the same. "You can't be our Master *Cheke*.... Now then, Sir, boiled or roast? You see, though 'tis *Friday*, we are not quite so scrupulous as we were wont of old Time, in regard to a broiled Bone or so ... here's nothing from salt Water save a Dish of Prawns."

"And very pretty Picking," sayth Master *Cheke*, "for a Man that hath had one Supper already off a King's Leavings ... for, you see, the pretty Boy goes to Bed at eight o' the Clock. What a young Miracle 'tis! A very Saint, Sir! excelling any *Edward* hath been canonized. Marry, my Kinsman said I should have seene the sweet Child blush, when 'twas told him he was King; and then fall a weeping for his Father, whom, peradventure, none other loved soe purely; for Love kindles Love, they say, and, of a Surety, if the old King loved any one, he loved *him*."

"Then, his Grace's Speech on his Crownation-day," quod Mistress *Fraunces*. "They brought him the three Swords, for the three Kingdoms. 'There ought to be yet another,' quod he, looking about; 'bring me a Bible.' When 'twas brought,—'This,' saith he, 'is the Sword of the Spirit; as the other three are the Swords of our Temporal Dominions: by them we govern, by this we must be governed, and under this we ought to live, to fight, to rule, and to guide all our Affairs.' A marvellous Saying for a Boy of nine Year old!"

"Ah! I dare say my Kinsman put him up to it," said Master *Cheke*, "but indeed 'twas well rehearsed and well remembered."

"Nay, I like not to hear the Credit of a good Thing taken away from its proper Owner in that Way," quod Mistress *Fraunces* somewhat warmly. "Why should we say, 'Such an One was prompted?' 'such a Thing was forecast?' Doubtless, we all get our Teaching ... from ourselves or others; and some few, I think, be Heaven-taught."

"Well, well," quod Master *Cheke*, shelling his Prawns; "'twas a pretty Word, we all must own. How he chode with his Nurse, e'en in the Nursery, for standing on a Bible to reach Somewhat off a Shelf!"

"And that was before he learned Lip wisdom of Master *Cheke*," quod Mistress *Fraunces*. "However, Sir, I disparage not your Kinsman, though I will not hear you disparage the King. Honour to whom Honour is due."

I saw an almost imperceptible uprising of Master *Cheke's* Eyebrows at this, as though he were inwardly saying, "Place to Ladies:" howbeit, Mistress *Fraunces* kept her Ground, and, I thought, becomingly. She thought so too, and mentioned afterwards that she had given it to him roundly.

Master *Hewet* was diverting the Discourse, when a Cry without of "Clubs! Clubs!" was followed by a Shrilling and Screaming like Swifts round a Steeple, and an uproarious Hallooing and

Whooping all along the Bridge. Master *Cheke* started up, and then re-seated himself, muttering, "Young Rascallions!"

"And yet," quod Master *Hewet*, "they are the Stuff our sober substantial Citizens are made of. Oh, Sir, I don't mind speaking freely before my 'Prentice Lads. They will hear no dangerous Matter from me, and cannot be too early made to feel that we are all one Family. Let them be merry and wise; the Error is in aiming to be one without the other."

I would I could call to Mind othermuch that was said: howbeit, I was young and new to Service, and had not yet attained unto the Facility which practised Servitors have of noting each Thing said, hinted, or so much as looked at Table, while attending to such Orders as "The Mustard, *Osborne*" ... and so forth. {24}

But, or ever they had well sate down, Mistress *Anne* had run in to wish good Night; and, contriving to tarry, had remained awhile at Master *Hewet's* Knee, noting all was done and said. And when, referring to some of the King's Council, Master *Cheke* said, "They are new to their Work, but will take kindly to it presently," she softly sayth, "Like our new 'Prentice!" which made all laugh.

When Master *Cheke* had departed, and the Day's Work and Prayer were ended, Mistress *Fraunces* said she would sit up for *Miles Hackathrift*, who was out too late, and bade me go to Bed, for that she saw I was weary: (and indeed I had ridden the Pillion twenty Mile that Morning.) Wherefore I thankfully crept up to the Loft a-top of the House, wherein were two Tressel-beds; and no sooner lay down than I was asleep; and might have slept all Night without so much as turning; but by and by I was aroized by the Light of a Lanthorn held close to mine Eyes, which opened, somewhat dazed, on a red, swollen Face, that had too little Brow and too much Cheek and Chin. Then a surly Voice sayth, "So thou's the new 'Prentice, it seemeth! Good so! how prettily thy Mother in the Country hath had thine Hair cut!" I said, "It was cut in Town, not in the Country.—Go away, and take the Light out of mine Eyes, I pr'ythee.... I think thou hast been drinking Something stronger than small Ale, and hast broken thine Indenture." ... "Then I'll brake Something else," quod he; and gave me a Bang on the Head with his Lanthorn, that put the Candle out. Thereafter he had to go to Bed in the Dark; but I wot not if he grumbled thereat, so soon fell I again on Sleep, too weary to resent his Malefices. {25} {26}

{27}

CHAPTER II

First Day of a London 'Prentice his Life



HOU mayest marvel, *Hew*, that I remember so well the minutest Circumstances of that, my first Day on the Bridge; but by Reason of a young, quick Apprehensiveness of Novelty, I remember that Day better than any other (but one) in the Year; and that Year better than many that came after it.

Early as I rose the next Morning, it would seem that some one was yet earlier than I; for my Master's large Bible lay open on the Table, as though some one had been a reading it. And, whereby my good Mother had early taught me, during the Famine of God's Word, to snatch a Mouthful of it whenever it came in my Way, albe it were but a single Sentence to chew the Cud upon pleasantly at my Work, I cast mine Eye upon the Page, and lighted by Hap on the Saying, "Whatsoever thine Hand findeth to do, *do it with thy Might*,"—when my Master's Hand was laid upon my Shoulder, and made me start. {28}

"My Lad," quod he, "a Mind sequestering itself to the Exercises of Piety, lies very open to the farther Discoveries of divine Light and Love, and invites CHRIST to come and dwell in it." I louted low, to thank him for his Grace, albeit it seemed to me he took me for a better and wiser Lad than I was. But good Praise takes root and spreads; and there was no great Damage in his giving me a little more Credit than I deserved; inasmuch as we are not born good, but made good. {29}

Thereafter, Master *Hewet* taketh me to the very topmost Floor of our House, next the 'Prentices' Loft, and openeth a creaking Door; whereon we enter a low, longish Attick, containing two Looms, at one of which sate a Man weaving. There was a Lattice almost the entire Length of the Attick, looking down upon the bright shining *Thames*, then sparkling in the Morning Sun, and all in a Tremble beneath a smart Breeze, while heavy Barges and light Boats full of Garden Stuff for the Markets were passing to and fro. The Chamber, though abject to look at, was delightsome to look from; and the Air was so clear that I could see a Housewife in a Stamel Petticoat cheapening Neats' Feet on the *Bankside*, and the *Easterlings* unloading their Cargoes at the *Steelyard*. But the Man at the Loom had no Eye for these Things; he seemed not much under fifty Years of Age, and had a pale, pain-worn Face, and patient, gentle, though not happy Aspect. A Blackbird in a Wicker Cage hung at the open Window; there were some two or three old Books on a Shelf, and a dozen Flowerpots or so on a little Ledge outside the Attick, between the Roofs, which was railed in and made into a Sort of little Garden. {30}

"Here's a Man, now," quod my Master to me in a low Voice, "hath so little Care for aught beyond these four Walls, as never e'en to have spared Time to look on *Fisher's* Head at the Bridge End all the While the Strete was so thronged with the gazing Rabble as that scarcely a Horse nor Cart could pass. Nor do I believe he would have cast a Look up at poor Sir *Thomas More*, save on his Way to the Burreller's. A fair Morning, *Tomkins*!" {31}

"A fair Morning, as you say, Master," returned *Tomkins*, "I wish you Joy of it."

"Here's your new Scholar," quod my Master; "you will set him going, and are scarce likely to find him more awkward than *Miles*."

"I hope I shall find him a good Deal less so, and less froward, too, or I sha'n't count him good for

much," quod *Tomkins*, turning about, and looking hard at me. "I like his Face, Master," quod he.

"Here, give him the Shuttle, and let us see how he will handle it," quod Master *Hewet*.

"Not mine, he may have *Miles's*," interposed *Tomkins*, rising with some Difficulty and going to the other Loom; and I then observed he was very Lame. "Here, Lad, see, this is the Way," quod he. {32}

So I tried, awkwardly enough, and made them both laugh; and laughed too. But I went to it with a Will, and anon they said I was mending.

"*Miles* might have done an Hour's Work by this Time," observed *Tomkins*, "but I've seen nought of him."

"Because Mistress *Fraunces* hath sent him to *Trolop's* Milk-farm for Curds and Cream," quod my Master; "don't be hard upon him."

"I wish he may not do what he did, the last Time I sent him of an Errand," quod *Tomkins* dryly—"tarry by the Way to see a Horse-dealer hanged."

"That would have spoiled my Relish for Curds and Cream," quod Master *Hewet*, "I think he must have returned ere this—*Ned* shall bring up your Breakfast, *Tomkins*." {33}

As we went down, "Do all thou canst, *Ned*," quod my Master, "in the Way of small Kindnesses, for that poor Journeyman Freeman.—A few Years since, a Horse trod upon his Foot and lamed him for Life. My Wife, who was his Foster-sister, and felt a Kindness for him, had him here to nurse; and, by the Time he had recovered as much as he was ever likely to do, he had become so fond of us and of his Attick, that, albeit our Ordinances are somewhat stringent against Master Clothworkers keeping Weavers at Journeywork in their own Houses, the Wardens have overlooked it in his Case, and let him abide on Sufferance. And though I don't expect to make my Fortune by any Weaving I get out of you or *Miles*, and have indeed Plenty of very different Work for you, yet 'tis well you should know somewhat of the Practice of your Craft, and I look to you to attend to it whenever you would otherwise be in Idleness." {34}

When we reached the Ground-floor, there was Mrs. *Fraunces* buying Roses and Gilly-flowers at the Door, which she afterwards set in Midst of the Breakfast-table; for 'twas a notable Way of hers I always observed from the first, to contrive to give e'en the simplest Meal the Air of a little Banquet, whether by a Posy, a Dish of Fruit, or whatever it might chance, to grace her plain, plenteous Providings.

The first Note I had of *Miles Hackathrift* being at Hand, was when I returned from carrying up to *Tomkins* his fried Fish and Bracket. He came behind me, took me by the Shoulders, and gave me a smart shaking. {35}

"Come, now," quod I, when he had done, "art thou going to be civil or troublesome?"

"Troublesome," replied he decidedly.

"Oh! well," quod I, "then we shall not come to a good Understanding, it seems, till I have given you a Beating; but for your Sake I'll put it off as long as I can."

"Your Time is mine, sir," quod he, "don't be in a Hurry, nor yet put it off too long. The smallest Favour shall be cheerfully accepted."

"Ah," quod I, "if that were a true Word of yours, how pleasantly we might get on together."

"Pleasantly! quite the other Way, I think," quod he. "Why, quarrelling's the very Spice of Life!"

"Keep Spice for rich Men's Tables, then," quod I, "I can eat my Breakfast very well without it." {36}

"Ah!" saith he, "you've been brought up by your Mother!"

"And what if I have?" quod I quickly.

"*Have* you, though?" quod he, laughing. "Marry, you have now told Tales of yourself! Though I could have guessed it."

"May there never be a worse Tale to tell of you," quod I. "How mean you?" quod he, bristling up. "Just what I say and no more," quod I; "my meaning is full simple, I think." "Like yourself, then," quod he; "I don't believe you could say Bo! to a Goose." "Nor Pruh! to a Cow, perhaps," quod I. "Lads! Lads! be quiet there!" cries Mistress *Fraunces* from the Parlour.

"What would be the Effect of that, though?" quod *Miles*, without minding her, as soon as he had done Coughing by reason of a Fish-bone that stuck in his Throat. "To set them scampering," quod I, "as I did one Day, into the midst of a Pleasure Party." "Ha, ha, ha!" cries he, "I'll try that in *Trolop's* Fields; there are Lots of Cows there, and Pleasure Parties too on Summer Evenings. Lovers and Loveresses, a eating of Curds and Whey!" {37}

—"Really, Brother," saith Mistress *Fraunces*, the next Time my Master went into the Parlour,—for though her Voice was low and sweet, it was so distinct that oft-times I could not help hearing what she was saying,—"truly, Brother, those Boys of yours wrangle so when they're together, that it is Misery to hear them."

"Boys will be Boys," quod he, peaceifyingly, "I was one myself a long while ago. However, if they have said anything punishable, I must beat them; but, if not, put a little Cotton Wool into your Ears, Sister *Fraunces*." {38}

"Nay," quod she, relenting, "there was nothing punishable in aught they said; and, as to getting them a Beating, they'll give each other enough of that, I'm thinking. 'Twas such give and take, snip and snap, parry and thrust, as that I could scarce forbear laughing."

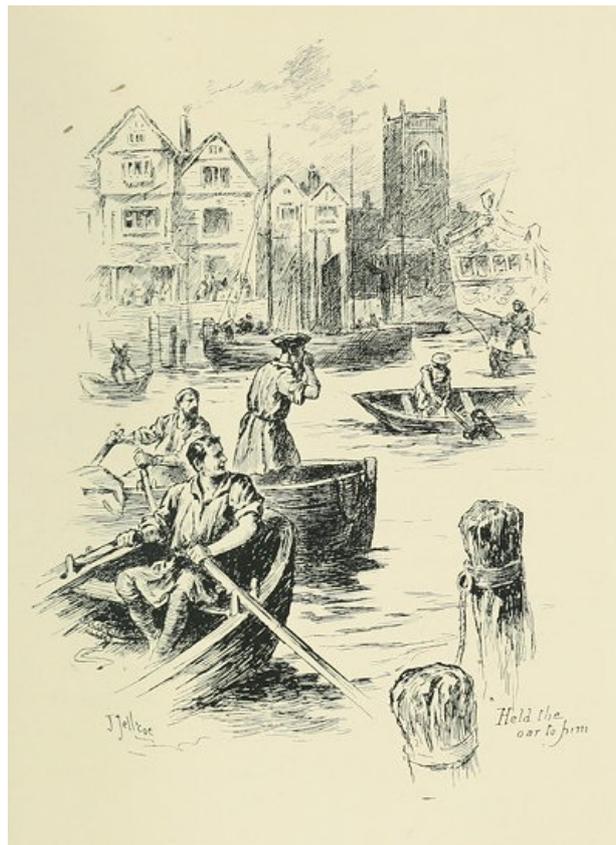
"Don't stop your Ears with Cotton Wool, then," quod my Master cheerily, for a hearty Laugh is worth a Groat. "They'll have little Time for Fighting, this Morning, for I have Plenty for them to

do."

Despite of this, however, *Miles* found Time for a little more "snip and snap," as Mistress *Fraunces* called it, before Dinner. Seeing me start forth on an Errand as he returned from one, he quietly saith in passing, "See how pretty he looks with his Cap on!" whereon it struck me that every 'Prentice Boy I had seen running about had gone bareheaded; and, smiling, I put my Cap in my Pocket. {39}

In those Times, *Hew*, the Saturday Afternoon was somewhat between a Holiday and a holy Day. People went to Evening Service at three o'Clock, and, after that, there was no Business done, save in preparation for the Sabbath; and thoughtful People enjoyed an holy Pause, and young light Hearts took their Pastime.

Miles, with Mischief in his Eye, proposed to me a Row on the River, which I, nothing afeard, agreed to, for I had been in a Punt aforetime, if not in a Wherry. He refused the Aid of a Waterman, saying lightly, "This young Gentleman knows the Use of a Scull;" and, running hastily along the Boat to secure the Stroke-oar, his Foot tripped against a Thwart, and he lost his Balance and fell into the River. I guessed where he would come up, and, sitting on the further Gunnel to trim the Boat, held the Oar to him, and guided his Hand to the Side, which enabled him to scramble in. The Watermen, who had run down to us as soon as they saw him fall over, laughed when they saw him safe, and cheered me; and he, looking rather foolish, sayth, "Well, I told them thou knewest the Use of a Scull." I asked him which Way we should pull; howbeit, he was so drenched that he must needs go Home to change his Clothes, and bade me give the Waterman a Penny, saying he had not so much as a *Genoa* Halfpenny about him just then to buy a Custard at Mother *Mampudding's*. When he had changed his Under-garments, and hung his Gown at the Kitchen Fire, he amused himself by dropping Pellets from the Window on the People in the Boats that shot the Arch beneath; and *Tib*, with her Head stretched forth of the other Half of the Lattice, offered to Rehearse unto me the Name and Calling of every Dweller on the Bridge, from the Parson and Clerk at the one End, to the old Lady that lived all alone by herself with her Cats at the other. Howbeit, *Miles*, tiring of waiting for his Gown to dry, put on another, and bade me bear him Company to *Finsbury Fields*. But first he lay in Wait behind the Door, and then stole subtilly forth, like a Cat that had been stealing Cream; and on my asking him why, he laughed and said, only that Mistress *Fraunces* might not see him in his Sunday-gown of a Saturday, for that would be contrary to Rules and Regulations. {40} {41} {42}



J Jellicoe
"Held the oar to him"

Arrived at *Finsbury Fields* I saw what was certainly the finest and busiest Sight I had ever yet seen in my Life; which indeed is not saying much. The Fields themselves were open and pleasant, with plenty of Windmills in full Rotation in the Distance; their white Sails playing afore a dark Rain-cloud; and the Stretes that led to them beyond *Moor Gate*, full of Shops kept by Bowyers, Fletchers, and Stringers. Here, on the open Ground, we found, I say not Crowds, but Shoals of lithe and limber 'Prentices; and of athletic Freemen, too, and grave and weighty Citizens, where was Room for all—with Archers' Butts set up in various Directions; and an infinite Number of the finest young Men the City could turn out, practising at them with their long Bows; none of them being allowed to shoot at a Mark nearer than eleven score Yards. Numbers of the Masters, {43}

standing by, were watching, encouraging, and applauding them, to their great Increase of Emulation. Others again were using their Wasters and Bucklers, others kicking the Football; in the more open Ground, Citizens' Sons were racing on Horseback, and some of them practising Feats of War; others were wrestling, leaping, and casting the Stone. And on every Hand, Venders of Cakes and Suckets. On the Field, we came unawares upon Master *Hewet*, who spake us kindly, and noted not the Matter of *Miles'* Sunday-gown. And so the Day ended.

As we went Home, *Miles* told me how the Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs were accustomed on St. *Bartholomew's* Day to see the City Officers wrestle with all Comers, at a set Place in *Clerkenwell*; and, two or three Days after, to witness the shooting of the broad Arrow, both of which I thought I should much delight to behold; but was quite unfit for when the Time came; as thou, in due Course, shalt know.

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CHAPTER III

Ye Disposition & Economy of Master Hewet's House



Y Master's House had six Stories, the lowest of which was sixty Feet above the River. First came the Kitchen, which, being partly sunk in the Arch, might, if not in a Bridge, have been counted parcel-underground. It had a Casement just over the Key-stone, and no thorough Draught; the Larder being a Lean-to or Afterthought, stuck outside like a Bird's Nest against the Wall. Level with the Strete lay the Shop, with a small Ware-room or Writing-closet adjoining; and, behind it, three Steps above it by Reason of the Kitchen beneath, the common Sitting-room, overlooking the River. A narrow, steep Stair led to the Floor above, which had Mistress *Fraunces's* Sleeping-chamber, wherein lay Mistress *Anne*, over the Shop, and a Summer-parlour, which for that it had a Balcony over the River, commonly went by the Name of the Balcony Room. It was hung with blue Buckram; and, by Reason of its Pleasantness, Mistress *Fraunces* made it her chief Sitting-room, while Mistress *Anne* played with her Dolls. Also there was a Closet wherein lay *Tib*. Above this was a large Chamber that covered the whole Floor from Front to Back, with a Window at either End; and, because of its projecting and overlapping the Floor below, was sundry Feet the longer: this Room was wonderful pleasant, and commonly called the Green Lattice, or Lattice-room, from having a large green Lattice that overlooked the *Thames*. In my Master's early married Days, which he was wont to say had been, like those of many a young Husband, his poorest and happiest, he had been glad to let off this Chamber to a Lodger.—His Father dying, and leaving him Money, he left the retail for wholesale Business, gave up his Lodger, and used the best Chamber himself; but with Wealth came, as usual, a Counterpoise: his Wife died untimely in this same Chamber; whereon he conceived a Dislike of it; and Mistress *Fraunces* then coming to reside with him and occupying his old Quarters, he mounted up to the fourth Story, to a Room that o'erlooked the Strete. Above this was *Tomkins'* Attick, and, last of all, our Loft. The Wind whistled fearsomely up there, o' Nights, and made the Walls rock round us; not that there was often any one wakeful enough to mind it.

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In the Green Lattice, though unoccupied, there stood a carven Oak Bed, with dark green Hangings, lined with yellow Fustian, and Linen a Miracle for Whiteness, ready for any chance Guest. I thought, boy-like, as I glanced in, passing up and down, 'twas fit for the Sleeping Beauty to lie in during her Trance of a hundred Years. There was a great Jar of dead Rose-leaves, that smelt rarely; and I always had the Notion they had been gathered by Mistress *Anne's* Mother. I wondered, with a strange yet pleasing Awe, whether her Ghost ever walked here, now that her little Girl passed Hours in the Room by herself, singing over her Dolls; and thought it might perhaps steal softly in and keep about her when we little wisted.

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Tib, the Cook, made and kept but few Friends. She was turned of Forty, and had a notable scorched Face, that looked like a Kitchen Fire. Also she was a Woman of much Thirst, both for Ale and News; and would have been counted a notable cleanly Woman, had she not been so dirty. For Example, she would set the House afloat with Bucketfuls of cold Water, till only *Noah's* Dove could have found Rest for the Sole of its Foot; and yet, the next Minute, would fling a Tub-full of Dish-water straight into the River, on the Heads of any Passengers that might hap to be shooting the Arch. She got into Trouble, once or twice, for this.

Now, when I fell into my daily Course, Part of my Time was spent under the Eye of my Master, and within hearing of his pleasant Talk, Part in running about the Town, and Part with *Tomkins*; so that I was happy from Morning to Night. For, *Miles* not being fond of waiting upon the poor lame Journeyman, I made it a Labour of Love; and he, being a tender-spirited Man, very sensitive to small Kindnesses, took hugely to me, as I shortly did to him. He had a busy Mind that was always at Work, and his Occupation leaving him much Leisure for Headwork, he was always chewing the Cud upon this or that Problem he had conned at odd Minutes out of his old Books, or brooding upon Mysteries that were harder to crack, and less safe for an unlearned Man to meddle with. Also he had a mechanical Turn, which he exercised at what he called his Play Hours, thereby only exchanging one hard Work for another; but he was so fond of it that I was always glad to see his little File and Pincers in his Hand. Thus it came to pass, that he never cared to stir from his Attick into the World beneath, (though I found, afterwards, he generally contrived to creep out somewhere on Sundays when we were all in Church,) for, he said, Air he had plenty of, Exercise was a Misery to him, and as for Company, had he not all he cared for, already? A few kind Words from Master *Hewet*, continual Chat with me, a bright Glimpse of Mistress *Anne*, and a Visit now and then from Mistress *Fraunces*, were all he had and all he liked. For Mistress *Fraunces* he had a wonderful Respect and even Admiration; commending her gentle Temper, womanly Carriage, and pleasant Voice; and bidding me note, (which I did on his naming,) that she had, for her Years, the finest Hand that a Woman was ever graced with. I said I wondered she had never married. He said, "Aye, indeed, what can the Men have been about?" with a little Smile that I did not feel to be quite respectful; and I wondered that even the gentle *Tomkins* must have his Fling at single

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Women.

Mistress *Fraunces* was used to accompany my Master to the Hall Dinners; indeed, being a Sister of the Company, she was liable to a Fine if she did not, except by Reason of Illness. However, now and then, she stayed away; and then, when my Master returned, she would ask him with great Interest what had been served up; and, being a shrewd Marketer, would price each Item as he went along; thus,—

"Well, Brother, and what did you have to-day?"

"Why," saith he, "there was a Porpoise, to begin with." {53}

"A Porpoise!" then cries she, "oh! what a nasty coarse Fish! They are seldom or never now seen at Table. Well, what else?"

"Two Congers and two Turbot."

"Ah! of course, Nobody would touch the Porpoise. Congers, the largest in *Wetfishmongersrow*, six Shillings each, this Morning. Turbots, three—eighteen. Well?"

"Sirloin of Beef—Half a Veal—a standing Coney with a blue Ribbon round his Neck."

"Hold, Brother, not so fast. Beef, we all know, is a Penny a Pound—we thank King *Harry* for that. I saw Half a Veal to-day at Half-a-crown."

"Two dozens Pigeons."

"Two Shillings." {54}

"Some of your *French* Kickshaws—'*Pettiz Birds rostez.*' ... And '*pain-puffe avec un cold bakemeat.*'"

"We have that every Sabbath," quod she, dryly, "without its fine Name. I suppose you had Sweets."

"Oh, yes; *Leche Lombard*; Pears *en serop*; Fritters, Doucettes, and *une grande Custard.*"

"Come," saith she, "that was pretty well—enough, and no Profusion. But the Porpoise spoiled all. And they might have given you a Swan instead of a Coney. But stay; had you no *Mortreuse*?"

"No *Mortreuse.*"

"Out on it!" quod she, "then I would not have given a Fig for your Feast. There's nothing you had, that we can't have at Home, save *Mortreuse*: I shall not rest till I know how to make it." {55}

At this Time, every one in their House seemed, according to their several Dispositions, peaceful and happy; e'en *Tib*, after her Manner, whether eating a plentiful Meal, setting the House afloat, stretching forth of the Kitchen Window in the full Tide of Gossip with the Maid next Door, or hemming a Lockram Pinner. She and *Miles* were Friends to-day, Foes to-morrow. One Minute, she would be giving him a Sop-in-the-pan; the next, basting him with the Ladle. One Day, because he had soiled her fresh-scoured Floor with his muddy Shoes, she protested he should clean it; they had a real, earnest Fight, which a Man should be above having with a Woman;—and he pulled out a Lock of her red Hair, a small one,—which she snatched up from the Floor and pocketed, saying she would shew it to Mistress *Fraunces*. Howbeit, she did not. {56}

I affected a quieter Companion in the Attick; and one not without his Teaching, for he was letterish after his Fashion, and had been in *Paul's* School. And, among his much used Books, there was *Lilly's* Grammar, and even *Prudentius* and *Lactantius*; and another, in his Eyes worth all the Rest, calling it "real Literature," and the others "mere Blotterature," a Joke of old Dean *Colet's*. This precious Volume looked to me mighty dull, being full of algebraic Signs; but he earned many a Headache over it, and gave me a Headache too, sometimes, in trying to help him.

Pleasant Hours those were! in that quiet Attick, with the *Thames* trembling in silver Light far below, while the Watermen clave it with their Oars to the mellow Song of "Heave ho, rumbelow!" and "Row the Boat, *Norman!*" The Blackbird sang as cheerily as if he were in the green Woods of *Kent*; and ever and anon the pretty Laugh of Mistress *Anne* would be heard from the Green Lattice, or she would peep in and say, "Have a Cake, *Edward?*" "Have a Cherry?" and leave her little Gift and run away. {57}

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CHAPTER IV

Noteworthy Deed of a Boy taught of a Woman



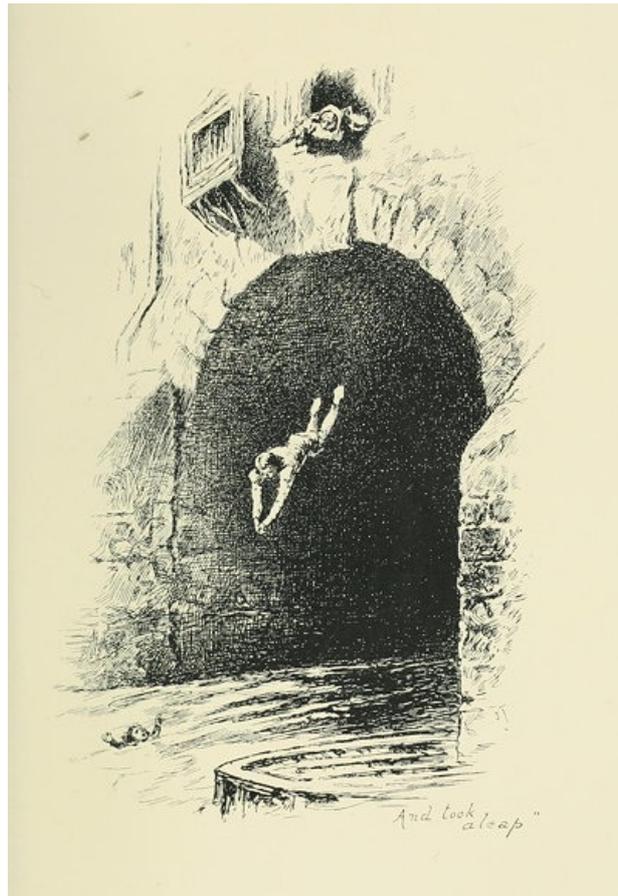
AM now coming, *Hew*, to what hindered me of seeing the Shew in *Clerkenwell* on St. *Bartholomew's* Day. Man proposes, but God disposes: all Things are overruled for Good to them that love him—I'm sure I found it so in this Case.

The Weather was now excessive hot: *Miles* and I used to take Boat whenever we had a spare Evening, and practice Swimming off *Battersea*. Also, we sometimes bathed in *Perilous Pond*, wherein many 'Prentices are yearly drowned; hard by the Well of Dame *Annis* the Clear. {59}

As for *Tomkins*, his whole Soul was in the making of the queerest Watch that ever was seen; howbeit, clumsy as it was, he at last made it go; though it never could keep up with St. *Magnus'* Clock.

Master *Hewet* was anxious, one Forenoon, to communicate by Letter with an Agent on the Point of embarquing for *Callice*. I had a Race against Time to the Quay, sped my Errand, and returned beneath a broiling Noon-day Sun. When I got back, I was overheated and very thirsty, and thought

I would step into the Kitchen for a Drink of cold Water. I had pulled off my warm blue Gown to cool myself, and went into the Kitchen with it hanging on my Arm. Leaning forth of the Lattice, according unto her Wont, was *Tib*, a parleying with the next Door Servant; and with her left Arm cast about the Waist of Mistress *Anne*, who sate on the Window-sill with her Back to the River. On seeing me come in, the little Maiden clapped her Hands, which startling *Tib*, who supposed herself caught by Mistress *Fraunces*, she maketh no more Ado, but turns short round in a Flurry, giving a Lurch with her left Arm that cast the pretty Innocent headlong into the River. I remember *Tib* squealed; but without a second Thought, I dropped my Gown that so luckily was off, and took a Leap that was clean sixty Feet into the River, without so much as a Thought what I should do when I got there. I remember the Blow the Water gave my Head, and what a Way I went down, and how I bobbed up again, as Providence would have it, with the dear little Fondling within Arm's-length of me, drifting towards the Fall beyond the Arch. I clutched at her by the pretty Waist, just as the Eddy was going to suck her in, and, striking out once or twice with the other Arm, though the Rapids were bearing me down horribly, found myself the next Minute a clinging on to the Sterling, without Power to climb up it, so spent was I, and feeling as if I must lose Hold of little *Anne* after all! I wot not how much of the Noise I then seemed to hear was the Water singing in mine Ears, and the Uproar of the Falls; howbeit, there were People hallooing above and around, and my Master's Voice a-top of all, from the Parlour Window, overhead, crying, "Hold on, *Ned*, for thy Life! we'll save you, my brave Boy! Cling to him, *Anne*, if he can't cling to thee!"



"And took a leap"

And, before this, there had been a Roar, as if through a Speaking-trumpet, of "Boat a-hoy!" and I heard Oars plashing fast, though I could not spare Strength to turn my Head to see how near Help was. Then a rough, kindly Hand laid hold of me from behind; and, finding I had no Power to help myself, the Waterman took me under the Arms, and lifted me clean into the Boat, with the dear little Girl hanging about my Neck. Oh! what a Cheer there was! I heard it then, *I hear it now*: it came from around and from above, as if GOD's Angels were hovering over us. We were rowed swiftly to the Landing, where there was a Press of People that mutely fell back to make Way for Master *Hewet*, as he ran down the Stairs. For he was greatly loved along the Bridge. He would have caught little *Anne* from me; but I could neither speak nor let her go; and he sayth, "So best!" and burst forth into Tears. That sett off all the rest; and when some one afterwards said, "Wherefore cheered ye him not when he came a-land?" another made Answer, "How could we? all were in Tears." So I went along, carrying little *Anne*, still fast to my Neck, with her Cheek close pressed to mine, and they said, "It's all right, it's his Triumph." But I thought not so much of any Triumph, just then, as how thankful I was to GOD. When we got to the House, Mistress *Fraunces* took the poor, drenched Innocent from mine Arms; and Master *Hewet*, taking me round the Neck, absolutely kissed me. Which was a memorable Thing for a Master to do by his 'Prentice. Only, you see, I had saved his Daughter.

Well, that Evening was spent betwixt laughing and crying—scolding *Tib*, and *Tib's* saying she must leave, and Mistress *Fraunces* saying no one would take her with such a Character as she must give her; and then my Master interfering and saying she must go for a While at least, to her Friends, till he could endure the Sight of her, and then *Tib* crying and saying she had got no

Friends, and his relenting and saying, Well, then she must stay till she could get another Place, and keep out of his Sight all she could, and never do so any more. Then came Supper, I waiting on my Master, and Mistress *Anne* nestled in his Arms in a warm Wrapper, for she said if she went to Bed she should dream of falling into the Water. And my Master liked to feel he had her safe, and she and I exchanged many fond Looks; and we grew merry. For Master *Hewet* filled me a Cup {65} from a long, narrow-necked Bottle of some marvellous pleasant Wine, and Mistress *Fraunces* helped us all round to a Cake that had ne'er its like for Richness; and there were People dropping in to inquire, and bewail, and felicitate. So the Bottle was soon emptied; and when I went to Bed, my Head was in a Maze, and my Temples beating like Blacksmiths' Hammers. As for Sleep!—whenever it came nigh me, bang went mine Head against the Water!—and I rose up with a great Start. While, as long as I lay awake, I heard (and saw too, with mine Eyes ever so close shut), People cheering and crying and casting Ropes, and leaning out of Lattices, and rowing Boats that made no Way; and felt *Anne's* Arm slipping from my Neck, and I with no Strength to hold her; and, through and above all, the great Bell of St. *Magnus* clanging and tolling, through the livelong {66} Night.

But, what was very marvellous, when Morning came at last, and, I suppose, I awoke, though it seemed me I had never fallen on Sleep, ... there was I, not in the Loft, but in the Green Lattice Chamber, lying on that beautiful Bed I thought fit for the Sleeping Beauty! And there was a Chirurgeon with a Lancet in his Hand, and there were Basins and Bandages, and my left Arm was stiffened, and I felt very weak. Mistress *Fraunces* had her Arm aneath mine Head, and my Master, with his grave, kind Face, stood a-foot of the Bed. And, to my great Surprise, I heard *Twelve o' the Clock* striking on the Bell of St. *Magnus*, and, I think, every other Clock in *London*, my Hearing seemed so tender; and the Phlebotomist sayth, "He'll do, now.—Next Time you leap from such a height, my Boy, clasp thine Hands a-top of thine Head. Howbeit, you will now soon get well." {67}

—But oh! I did not soon get well. For I wot not what had come over me, ... none of us ever could rightly tell, ... whether the sudden Chill after being so hot, or the Plunge from so great an Height, or the Turn of my Blood with Fright at seeing *Anne* fall in, ... but as soon as ever I essayed to arise and dress, my Master and *Tomkins* being by, I began tumbling about and could neither hear nor see; leastwise Nothing that was really to be seen and heard. And with such fearsome Pains in my Head! So hot, and yet so cold! Such Thirst, and such loathing of Food!

In short, I was sick nigh to Death of what the Leeches call Brain Fever. Thereon the Kindness I received is past all telling. Mistress *Fraunces* seemed never out of Sight. Also *Tib* was very handy and officious, never minding climbing ever so many Stairs. And *Miles* did the odd Work for all, spake under his Voice, and went about without his Shoes. At dead o' Night, I sometimes saw my Master at the Bed-foot, reading his *Tyndal's* Testament, (one o' the few that scaped burning,) with the Lamp shaded so as not to shine into mine Eyes. At other Times, *Tomkins*. But his Book was never the Testament. {68}

One Night, when the latter was with me alone, I said suddenly, "*Tomkins!* the Night is far spent, the Day is at Hand!" ... "No, Lad," quod he, "it wants many Hours yet to Day. It hath but just struck eleven." "Ah, but," quod I, "those Words I used are Scripture, I think, for I heard Master *Hewet*, as he sate a-reading, whisper them over to himself. Do look out for them, will you, that I may know I was not dreaming. They worry me." {69}

Tomkins did not much like the Talk; howbeit, he laid down his own Book, and turned over the other.

"I don't see them," quod he.

"How *can* you, in the Dark?" quod I.

"I'm not in the Dark!" quod he.

"Well then," quod I, turning on my Pillow restlessly, "I suppose *I* am. I thought you had been, but peradventure I'm wandering again."

After long Silence, he sayth, in a Voice hushed, and quite altered, "I have them now ... they are close to your Master's Mark." And continued reading.

After a While, I saw him turn back again to his Starting-point, and sit in a Muze, with his Eyes {70} fixed; and after that, read again.

I said softly to him, presently, "*Tomkins*, where do you go on Sundays?"

"Who spoke?" cried he with a Start.

"*I* did," quod I. "Who else *should* speak?"

"Thy Voice sounded so low and sweet, Boy," quod he, recovering himself, "that I wist not it was thine."

"Well, but," persisted I, "where *do* you go on Sundays?"

"Not to Church," answered he, after a Pause.

"But why not, *Tomkins*? Hast thou not a Soul to be saved, as much as we?"

"As much, no more," returned he, "if we *have* any Souls."

"Oh!" cried I, half starting up, but obliged to fall back again directly, "could a Man without a {71} Soul *make* a Watch?"

"Well," quod he, after a Pause, "there you pose me. But all, all is dark."

"*Tomkins!*" cried I, "you make my Head ache ready to split, and my Eyeballs seem too big for mine Eye-lids to shut over them. So hot, too, as they are! I cannot argue with you. But, oh, *Tomkins!* if all is dark, remember that 'the Night is far spent, the Day is at Hand!'"

"So this Book sayeth," rejoined he, thoughtfully.

"Well," said I, sighing, "I shall soon know."

"*Know? why?*"

"Why, because, *Tomkins*, I think I am very likely dying ... and then, if I have no Soul, where do you think I shall go to?"

"I think," quod he, drawing his Hand across his Eyes, "that *you* will go to Heaven ... if there be such a Place." {72}

"I think so too, and feel sure of it," said I.

"What makes you feel sure?" quod he.

"Well," quod I, "I seem to have a sort of Witness in myself."

"I wish I had," quod he, sighing deeply: and returned to his Reading.

"What have you come to, now?" quod I presently, seeing him stop.

"*Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven*," quod *Tomkins*.

"Such? what?"

"Little Children, like Mistress *Anne* ... and Lads like you."

"Ah!" said I, "if I had not got her out of the Water, she'd have been in Heaven now."

"I suppose you don't want her to *be* there, though?" said *Tomkins*. "Time enough for that—she'll go there when her Hour comes." {73}

"Oh! then you think there *is* such a Place to go to, do you?"

"For you and for her," quod he, cautiously.

"You say that to humour me, I fear, *Tomkins*, because I am ill. If there be such a Place for us, why not for you?"

"Lad, you must keep quiet, and not talk so, or you'll go there sooner than I wish."

"Well, I am glad thou admittest there is such a Place," returned I, beginning to feel greatly spent. "Only I wish you felt you should go there too."

"Boy, I'm not good enough," ejaculated he, with a shake of the Head. "Ah, if you feel that, I don't despair of you," quod I. "There's Hope for those that feel like forgiven Sinners or unforgiven Sinners: the only hopeless ones are those that don't feel Sinners at all. And now, *Tomkins*, just give me Something to drink." {74}

He did so, holding up my Head on his Arm. "Is there Anything else," quod he, "I can do for thee?"

"Why, yes," quod I, wistfully, "and then I think I could go to sleep."

"What is it?" saith he very kindly. "I'll do it for thee."

—" *Tomkins*, is it St. *Bartholomew's* Eve yet? my Head is confused."

"*Bartholomew's* Eve, Lad? Why, that's passed!"

"Oh me! ... how long?"

"Oh, not many Days—"

"Days?" And I felt so lost.

—"Then, the Swifts are gone!" said I. {75}

"Well, don't let's think about the Swifts," quod he gently. "*Tempus fugit*, as the Dial-plate says. What is it thou wilt have me to do?"

"*Tomkins!*"—and I reached his Ear down to me as he leant over me, "I've been so weak and so queer ever since I fell into the Water, that I don't believe, at least I can't remember having once said my Prayers ... will you say one for me?"

"I can't, Boy," and a hot Tear fell on my Face.

"Oh, yes, you can! ... and then I should sleep quietly—Ever so short an one!—"

"I can't remember *one*" said he, turning away his Head.

"Not one? Oh, *Tomkins*, indeed, indeed you must! For *my* Sake—Just this short one ... 'God be merciful to me, a Sinner!'" {76}

"God be merciful to me, a Sinner," repeated he, bursting forth into Weeping; and I drew his Face down yet closer unto mine. "Thank you, *Tomkins*" quod I; "now I shall sleep soundly." And I slept. {77}

CHAPTER V

Edward convalesceth i' the Green Lattice



WHEN mine Eyes opened next Morning, my loved *Mother's* dear, pale Face was hanging over me. "Child," quod she, "Misfortunes never come alone—When Master *Hewet's* Post came to *Ashford* with News of thy Sickness, I was far from Home, in *Westmoreland*, at the Death-bed of thine Uncle *Lancelyn*; and I wist not till Yesterday, what News was awaiting my Return." ... And she hung over me, and bathed my Face in her Tears. "But I am proud of thee, my *Ned*" quod she, "and so would thy Father" {78}

have been. And thou hast taken off from thee the Reproach of being taught of a Woman as well as born of a Woman ... my dear, dear Son!"

Oh! what a Heaven it was to get well! There was my loved *Mother* beside me at her Sewing, telling me of *Ashford* and the green Lanes of *Kent*, and of the wild Hills of *Westmoreland*, till I seemed to be there myself. There was Mistress *Fraunces* cockering me up, first with Sweets and cooling Drinks, and then with savoury and strengthening Things; even to *Mortreuse* and *Leche Lombard*! And when I was able to sit up at the green Lattice, Mistress *Anne* and I would look down on the Barges and Boats, and play at divers Games and tell divers Stories. The Lodger that had beforetime occupied this Chamber, had left a Heap of old Books and written Papers, which, having Nothing private in them, my Master said I was free to look over. There was Part of a Chronicle of *English History*, whether the Writer's own Composure or a Traduction, I wot not; but brave and pleasant Reading, about the Courts of *England, France, Spain, and Flanders*, in the Time of our *Edward the Third*, and Queen *Philippa*. Another Work was a Romaunt of Love and Chivalry: also an Account of *London Bridge*, and *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, and a Treatyse on Fysshyng. Likewise, there was a great Roll of Drawings, done, I afterwards found, by another Lodger, in black and red Chalk, much fouled, smeared, and chafed, but diverting to look at, being Representations of Men, Women, Children, Skeletons, Death's Heads, Bones, Angels, Fiends, Hippogriffs,—and divers other Presentments; with *H. H.* writ at the End. {79}

Thus pleasantly passed the Time till the Doctor said I had only now to pick up my Strength; and my *Mother* then thought it Time for her to return to my little Brothers. The Evening before she left, she sayth unto me somewhat apologetically, "*Ned*, thine Uncle *Edward* having died childless, and left all to thine unmarried Uncle *Lancelyn*, who hath now left me his Heir, I am now well to do, with an hundred Pound by the Year, real Estate, and, personal Estate, five hundred Pounds, which I have taken kind Master *Hewet's* Advice concerning the Disposal of. And he, being kindly affectioned unto thee just now, (as well he may be,) is pleased to say thou art sure to make thine own Way in the World, and to advise my devising all my personal Estate unto thy younger Brothers, thou being secure of the other at my Death." {80}

Quod I, "Dear *Mother*, mayst thou live as long as I shall! There is Nothing thou canst do so much to my Mind as to care for *Thomas* and *Julian*, the one of whom is weakly and unfit for active Life, and the other, I think, will love Farming. Master *Hewet*, I am certified, hath spoken wisely." And in sooth, I was glad to note what a good Understanding seemed to exist, on so short Acquaintance, between him and my dear *Mother*. {81}

So, when she was gone, I had Nothing to do but to get well. Marry! what a hard Matter, though, it was!—At first I was glad to think I might go forth abroad, and resume my old Gossips with *Tomkins*. But the very first Time I essayed to clamber up to his Attick, though 'twas only two short Flights, I found myself so weak that I was fain to sit down on the Stair and shed Tears, whether I would or no. And there, to my very great Shame, I was found of my Master. He bespake me kindly, and helped me up, and said this Weakness would soon go off: howbeit, it did not.—I always think that Chirurgeon bled me too freely: I noted his saying, "We'll knock him down first, and then build him up again!" which carryeth a Sound of Smartness, but not always answereth with the Event. Thus, 'twas now found I must still go softly; and the Weather being sultry, Master *Hewet* bade me keep as much as I could i' the open Air and Shade, and creep out, as my Strength permitted, to the Fields, with Mistress *Anne* to my Mate. So we went forth Hand in Hand, for I was past carrying her; and presently I say, "Oh me, Mistress! ... I must sit down"—and sayth she, "There's a Door-step i' the Shade a little farther on, with a nice old Woman on it, selling Mulberries." So we creep on, and the little Maid buyeth me Mulberries, and I eat and rest, and am refreshed. Then quod I, "Let's go back now, Mistress;" but sayth she, "Oh, let's try to go on to *Trolop's* Milk-farm." So I love not to cross the little Fondling, and as soon as we reach the green Meadows, the fresh, sweet Air seems to take away that queer, light, fluttering Feel in my Head, and to refresh and brace me; and I lie on the Grass i' the Shade, and she runs hither and thither and gathers Borage, and Blue Bugloss, and Bushy Red-mint, and bringeth them to me, saying, "What's this?" and "What's this?" And so we go on Day by Day. {82}

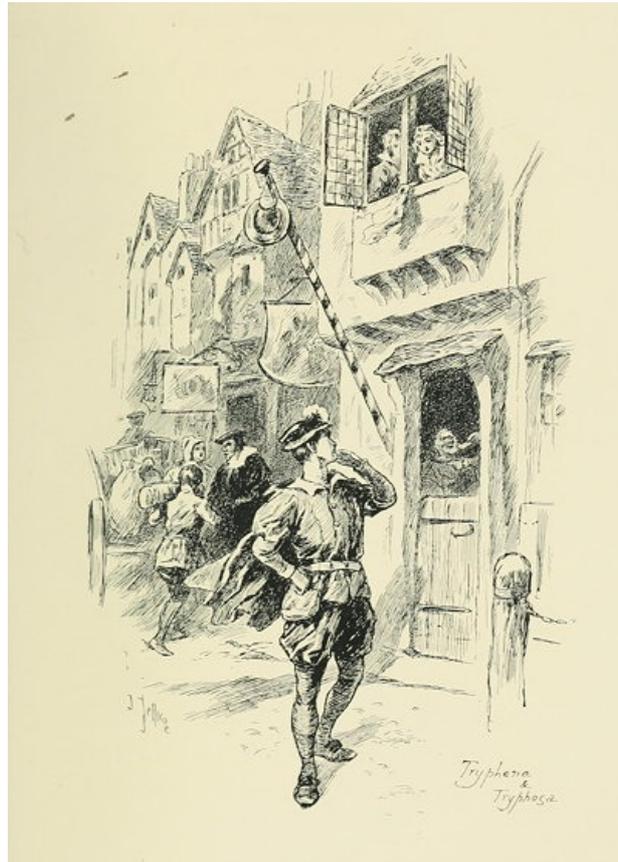
Now as touching *Miles Hackathrift*. When I first lay sick, I have said he was mighty softened, and went gently and seemed amain concerned for me. Howbeit, Boy's Grief not long lasteth, and he soon fell tired of feeling or feigning any; more by Token, he perceived his was outrun by that of Everyone in the House. Whereupon he turned about, and grew indifferent, then jealous, then surly, then envious, doubtless by small Degrees; but of this, I, being apart from him, was not cognizant; and the Change made itself apparent to me all at once. First, when Master *Hewet* was out, he took Advantage of it to come trampling up Stairs with all the Clamour he could, singing, "Row the Boat, Norman!" in a defiant sort of Way; and when Mistress *Fraunces* put her Head forth of the Lattice Chamber and sayth, "Make not such a Turmoil, *Miles*," he pretended to stumble on *Tomkins's* Stair, and let a heavy Weight roll all the way down it. When he clattered down after it, Mistress *Fraunces*, watching her Opportunity, gave him a Rap on the Head, which I know that white Hand of hers could not have dealt very heavily; natheless he took Occasion by it to cry out sharply, and then give one or two dismal Groans, which he was too spirited to have done had he in verity been mal-entreated. However, finding he might not sing nor slam Doors while I lay under the Leech's Care, he turned sulky and held close, so as that scarce yea or nay was to be had out of him. When at length I returned to our Loft, he took Care to do me to wit how pleasant it had been to him to have it all to himself; and immediately took Advantage of my coming back, to oversleep himself of a Morning. Also he instantly intermitted all the little Share of my Work that had been put upon him while I was ill. Seeing me turn white from Time to Time, he said I was shamming for the Sake of Soups and Cordials; and when I went forth with Mistress *Anne*, he called me a special good Nursery-maid. All this I cared for very little, knowing that when I got stout, I could soon put him down; but meantime, 'twas not over-pleasant to be scoffed at as a languid Lad, who, if trodden on, could not turn again. One Day, when some Trifle had made me start and change Colour,—I think it was seeing Mistress *Anne* go nigh the open Window,—he had half pronounced, "You {83}

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Coward!" when, suddenly changing his Mind, he sayth, "Dost know what new Name I have found for thee, and taught the Lads along the Bridge? 'The Knight of the Flying Leap!'" Which was humourous, but not well natured. Howbeit I heard it often enough for awhile, but as a Title of Distinction instead of Derision; which incensed the Author of it. {87}

But all these little Clouds blew over during the three Weeks I spent with my Mother at *Ashford*. When I came back, I was the same Lad as ever, and took Things as I found them, and fell into my old Place.



J Jellicoe
Tryphena & Tryphosa

In the October of this Year, Sir *John Gresham*, Mercer, being chosen Mayor, his Company resolved to get up their famous Pageant of the Maiden Chariot; and having vainly cast about among their own Fraternity for a young Damsel sufficiently comely to be the Admiration of all the City, and likewise able and willing to play the Part of Chariot Maiden, they at length offered it to the youngest Daughter of Master *Soper* the Barbitonsor who lived on the Bridge. Now Master *Soper* had two Daughters, good and pretty Girls enow as Times went, *Tryphena* and *Tryphosa* by Name, fresh-coloured, sprightly, and much admired by the Bridge 'Prentices. These two Sisters were seldom apart, inasmuch as both their Heads might commonly be seen out of one upper Lattice, looking after every Thing that passed in the Strete; and 'twas in their Favour that they always seemed on the best of Terms with one another. But whether by Reason of any Unguent of Master *Soper's*, or mere Liberality of Nature, I wot not, the younger, who in no other Wise excelled her Sister, was notorious for the excessive Length and Thickness of her glossy flaxen Hair. And this being an indispensable Requisite for the Chariot Maiden, the Mercers without more Ado offered her the Part, which she with great Glee accepted. Now hereupon, I lament to say, ensued great Disruption between the twain hitherto so harmonious; for Public Admiration of Beauty is as true a Test of what is the Nature of a Woman's Heart, as the black Marble the Goldsmiths call Touchstone is of their precious Metals. If her Head be not turned by it, good: if she can bear it bestowed upon another and o'erlooked in herself, why, good also,—she can stand the Touchstone: howbeit, all have not this Virtue. And, whereas *Tryphosa* was now so elate with thinking of her white satin Gown, her golden Sandals, her jewelled Crown, and her Feast in the Hall, as to suppose the Ground scarce good enow for her to tread upon, *Tryphena* was ready to burst with Envy of her Sister, and could scarce speak peaceably unto her. However, she came to her common Sense and good Feeling at last, and found her Account in playing Second; many good Things being in Store for both. A notable Thing was, that Master *Soper's* Shop was now literally besieged with Customers who wanted to have a Glimpse of the Chariot Maiden, insomuch that he said he never had had such a Trafficking for Pennyworths in any given Year, as he had in this Month of October; only the worst was that every Customer gave as much Trouble for a Penny as he should have done for a Shilling, and would hang about, keeping away fresh Comers, when his Purchase was made. While *Tryphosa*, who had never to this Time shewn any Symptoms of Shyness, now turned coy and kept herself close; now and then letting *Tryphena* flit through the Shop and be mistaken for her, after which the two would shut themselves up and go into Fits of Laughter. The Women all along the Bridge were out of Patience with her for what they would have it was simulated Bashfulness in one who meant to be stared at from Morn to Night on *Lord Mayor's Day*. And they satisfied themselves that she was shutting herself up for Fear of freckling {88} {89} {90} {91}

or sunburning. As for *Miles*, who always loved to do like the rest, he was evermore running over to Master *Soper* to have his Hair cut, till at last it was hardly longer than the Nap of his Gown; and I almost think he would have submitted one of his good white Teeth to the Barber's Pincers, if he could have gained Admittance on no cheaper Terms; just to boast of it afterwards. At last, when the grand Day came, he and every 'Prentice on the Bridge mobbed the Barbitonsor's Door till *Tryphosa* was fetched away in a close Litter. Then there was a Rush to the *Mercers' Hall*, where Master *Gresham*, in his Scarlet and Gold, met his Livery in their new Gowns furred with Foins and Budge; and accompanied them, mounted, to *Guildhall*, where the late *Mayor*, *Sheriffs*, and *Aldermen*, met them on Horseback. Then they all took Barge to *Westminster* and back, to the Sound of Trumpets, Sackbuts, and Shawlms, and the firing of small Guns, and exploding of Crackers. On re-landing at *Three Cranes' Wharf*, they re-mounted, and proceeded to *Paul's Churchyard*, where they met the Pageant, consisting of an exceeding magnificent Chariot, twenty-two Feet high, of the *Roman Build*, entirely covered with silver embossed Work, having *Tryphosa* therein, set on high, in Jewels and spangled Satin; her fair flaxen Tresses dishevelled, a Sceptre in one Hand, a Shield in the other, with all the Glory and Majesty possible to imagine:—*Fame*, blowing of a Trumpet right over her Head, *Wisdom*, *Modesty*, and all the rest, including the nine Muses, each in their proper Places; *Triumph*, driving nine white *Flanders* Horses, three abreast; Grooms, Lictors, and Pages marching alongside the Equipage; and a Score of Salvages and Jacks-i'-the-Green, making diverting Remarks to all; and keeping the Crowd off with Squibs and Crackers. {92}

Oh! was ever Woman exalted one Day so high (even to the first-floor Windows), to come down so low into the Retiredness of domestic Life the next! What was *Cleopatra* sailing down the *Cydnus* to this? Did *Zenobia*, did *Semiramis* ever have anything so fine in the Way of Triumph? Pish!—Moreover, there was a separate Table prepared for *Tryphosa*, who dined in State with her chosen Ladies, attended by Seneschals, Squires, and Pages, as if she had been a Queen. And had Swans' Pudding and Leche Lombard, I promise ye! {94}

—But oh! poor Humanity.—'Twas noted at the Feast, more in special by some of the chosen Ladies that thought themselves set lower than they might have been,—that poor *Tryphosa's* Face was so tanned by Exposure all Day to Sun and Wind, as that my *Lord Mayor's* Gown was scarce more Scarlet. And by the Space of a Fortnight or so from that Hour, 'twas so blistered and scorched that she hated to be seen, and was obliged to blanch and mollify it with Buttermilk, Cream of Almonds, and I wot not what Female Recipes. Which was the more provoking, as some of the inferior Officers of the Company called, the Day after the Feast, to know how she fared, and she was constrained to leave their Entertainment to *Tryphena*. *Miles*, who had a Glimpse of her through an upper Casement, was so offended at her Aspect that he spent no more Pence at Master *Soper's*. And by the Fortnight's End, the Matter had ceased to be talked about, and the two Girls might be seen, sewing together, and keeping an Eye to the Bridge, as contentedly and harmoniously as ever. {95}

During my Visit to my *Mother*, a new Inmate had been brought into the Family: to wit, a superior Kind of Maid for Mistress *Anne*, named *Damaris*, who had lived aforetime in the Household of Master *Hewet's* Brother in the Country. She was a Miracle of Composedness and discreet Demeanour, which gave her the Air of being somewhat older than she really was. Mistress *Anne* now spent the Chief of the Day with her in the Green Lattice, where *Damaris* kept herself much reserved, sewing fine Linen, and teaching her little Charge to read. {96}

One Day, when I was moving some Laths and Cases that had stood against the Wall in *Tomkins's* Attick till they were begrimed with Dust, I was in Amaze to behold delineated on the White-wash with black Chalk, an exact Portraiture of *Tomkins*, stooping over his Work, with every Line and Furrow of his intent, earnest Visage accurately made out.

"What's this?" quod I.

Tomkins brake forth into Laughing. "I wist what you would come to," quod he, "when you set about moving those Laths. That's Master *Hans Holbein's* Handywork. He must needs befoul the Wall with his Scrawling, just after it had been fresh Lime-washed. I told him 'twas a Pity it had not been scrawled first, and limewashed afterwards. So, then, in his Despite, he scored it through with that Cross; and then I set the Lumber against it, and told him Nobody should see it again." {97}

"Who is *Hans Holbein*?" quod I.

"A prime *Flemish Painter*," returned *Tomkins*; "he tables at the Goldsmith's, nearer the north End of the Bridge. When Master *Hewet* first married, he had *Hans Holbein* for a Lodger; and the Green Lattice was filled from End to End with his Pictures—there's a Bundle of his Scratchings down there now. Howbeit, he was too boisterous an Inmate to please Mistress *Alice*, so Master *Hewet* was glad to get quit of him. There's a famous Thing of his at *Surgeons' Hall*; old King *Harry* granting the Charter to the Company; howbeit, though he painted half the Court, he did nothing better, to my Mind, than his Likeness of Mistress *Alice*, that now hangs at the Foot of her Husband's Bed. When the Door standeth ajar, thou mayst see it without going in." {98}

So, the next Time I passed, I looked in, and saw the Presentment of my Master's late Wife. Of a Truth, she must have been a fair Creature: with Eyes as blue and truthful as Mistress *Anne's*, and sunny Hair that would have fallen over her fair Shoulders in as heavy Curls, but for her Matron's Frow's-paste. Also the same full, cherry Lips, and dimpled Chin; the same small Nose, small Ear, small Hand; in fine, the Foreshadow of what Mistress *Anne* in After-time became, rather than what she was yet.... Pity, so fair a Lady should die so young! {99}

And she made a good End, *Tomkins* told me—knew 'twas at Hand, took composed Leave of all, and desired she might be buried in the Church of St. *Martin Orgar*; and that 30s. and no more should be spent to bury her decently, and 10s. more for Cakes, Wine, and Spices for the Mourners. Also 20s. out of her own private Purse to be put in the Common-box of the Fraternity for an Alms; Five Shillings to the mortuary Priest, and Five Shillings to the Poor in Bread. Six of the Company

bare her to Church, each of whom received a silver Spoon.

Somewhere about this Time, the *Clothworkers'* new Overseer came to examine the Premises; and, when he had concluded his Inspection below-stairs, told my Master, with some Hesitation, he had Reason to think there was a Journeyman hid away above who worked in the House. Master *Hewet* smiled, and told him of the Exception made in Favour of *Tomkins*, and accompanied him up-stairs, to let him witness for himself that his Statement was true. When we went in, *Tomkins*, for once, was off Duty, intent upon a Book, and so buried in it, that he started and blushed like a Boy caught conning *Tom Thumb* in School-time. When the Overseer was gone, *Tomkins* sayth to me with a little Dryness, "Who would have thought of your taking me by Surprise?" {100}

I made Answer, "Who would have thought of your being surprised?" at which he laughed.

"So," quod he, after weaving a little While in Silence, "they've set up *Erasmus's* Paraphrase, now, alongside of the chained Bible in St. *Magnus's*." {101}

"They have it in all the Churches," quod I; "but how came you to know it?"

He was silent awhile, and smiled a little. "Well," quod he, "thou knowest I have crawled out a little lately, before Breakfast; and I thought it as well to turn into the Church for a Rest; and found that a Spell of Reading helped to pass the Time.... I go there o' Sundays, now: have done so ever since *that Night*."

"Then," quod I softly, as I leaned over him, "God *hath* been merciful to you a Sinner."

And spake never a Word moe.

{102}

CHAPTER VI *Tib's Malpractyzes*



S about this Time, it being stark Winter, *Tib Pyebaker* went near to burn the House down after the Manner following. She took some red-hot Coals between two Saucepan-lids to warm her Bed therewith; and, whenas she deemed it heated enow, she would needs not be at the Pains of carrying the Coals down again, but hid them under the Stairs in a Broom-cupboard. And by Reason of the undermost Lid-handle making the Lid to lose its Balance, it fell Topside-t'otherway, and the lighted Coals were spilled, whereof I passing the Cupboard, was made ware by the strong Smell of burning. And, looking therein and moving sundry Rags that were already Tinder, I found the Boards beneath them just ready to burst into a Flame. Whereupon, without running for Water, I cast my Gown thereon and crushed it out with my Hands. Now, could I have hidden my Burns, I might have saved *Tib's* Credit; whereas the Thing could not be hid, seeing I could not so much as cut my Meat; and Mistress *Fraunces* bruited it abroad, it came to the Ears of the Bridge Wardens, who, because of the imperilling of the whole Bridge, would not be hindered of setting *Tib* in the Cage, as a Warning to other careless Servants. I was grievous for her, the Place was so publique; and a Lot of 'Prentice Boys were staring at her all Day, and offering her Eatables and then plucking them away. Also *Miles* made no end of Pretences for going of Errands past that End of the Bridge, and always feigned to look away from *Tib*, yet took Care to spy her in her Trouble, out of the Corner of his Eye, all the Time. {103}

I never knew one Woman treat another with more silent Contempt than *Damaris* expressed for *Tib*, after this Affair of the Cage. It was a long Time afore the 'Prentices (who now called me *Fire-and-Water*;) left off asking of *Tib* where she now kept her Warming-pan, and whether she cast her hot Ashes out on the Boats that shot the Bridge. For this, she would sometimes catch them by the Ears and pull them well; but then they would cry "Clubs!" and a Score of Lads were over their Counters in a Minute, and she had to run for it and dart breathless into the House, whither they dared not follow her. Howbeit, when the pleasant Month of May came, and the Damsels danced before their Masters' Doors to the Timbrels, *Tib*, who well loved to pound away with the Rest, was so cross that she would not come forth. {104}

During the last few Months, *Tomkins* had been much eased of his Lameness; and the worn Look of Suffering had altogether departed, leaving him a much younger looking Man than before this Relief. One day, to my great Surprise, he told me he was going to be married. I asked him, to whom; and he said, to an old Acquaintance of his he had long lost Sight of, but had fallen in with in St. *Magnus'* Church ... one who would gladly have had him when they were many Years younger, but who was kind enough to care for him and wish to make him happy now. He added, reflectively, when he had told me this, "There are a great many good Women in the World." {105}

So he removed his Loom to a tidy Lodging in *Shoreditch*, which Master *Hewet* furnished for him; and Mistress *Fraunces* gave him his Wedding Dinner, and *Miles* and I helped to eat it. The Wife, though middle-aged, had a pleasant Aspect; and I thought *Tomkins* had done a very good Thing for himself; but his Attick looked very dreary without him.

The Marching Watch was revived with great Splendour this Year by the Lord Mayor, Sir *John Gresham*, both on St. *John's* Eve, and the Eve of St. *Peter*: and the Array was augmented by three Hundred Demi-lances and light Horse, prepared by the City to be sent into *Scotland* for the Rescue of the Town of *Haddington*. Five Hundred of the Cressets were furnished by the great Companies, the other two Hundred by the Chamber of *London*, and every Cresset had two Men, one to hold, and one to trim it: and every Cresset-bearer had Wages, his Breakfast, a Badge, and a Straw Hat. And, what with Halberdiers, Billmen, etc., there mustered about two Thousand. There were also many City Feasts, some of which Master *Hewet* and Mistress *Fraunces* attended very richly dressed. {106}

It was some little Time after this, that I, copying a Letter at my Master's Behest, could not

hinder myself of hearing the following Address made to him by Mistress *Fraunces*.

"*William*, I have been laying up thy black Velvet Suit with Care, this Morning, thinking thou {108} wouldst have no more present Occasion for it.—How well thou becamest it, I thought! And so thought Mistress *Beatrix*. She said she had never seen a Man look so well since thou warest thy white Sarcenet Coat in the great Muster for King *Harry*."

"Sarcenet Speeches, Sister," sayth Master *Hewet*.

"Nay, I know not what you mean by Sarcenet Speeches," returns she, "I am sure they were sincere enough; and truly I think, Brother, if you pushed your Fortune a little in that Quarter, you might have Success."

Finding he uttered no Word, she, after a little waiting, saith, "Dear *Alice* hath now been long in her Grave, and would, I am certified, wish you to be happy."

—"And what is to make me so?" asks he, huskily. {109}

"Nay, Brother, a good Wife."

"I've had one," quod he, "and one is enough to my Share.—Are you tired of keeping House for me? What would you do, now, if I set a Lady above you at my Table?"

"Oh," quod she cheerfully, "I would gladly take the second Place. Or, if she preferred my Room to my Company, I would take Pattern by the old Lady at the Bridge End that lives all alone by herself with her Cats."

"No, dear *Fraunces*" sayth he,—and I have Ground for thinking he kissed her,—"you shall need neither Alternative—*Alice* shall have no Successor in mine House, since she can never have one in my Heart ... and, as to happy,—why, except for that one great Loss, am I not happy as Man can be? {110} Believe me, I am content with the Present, and trustful for the Future. I hope to see...."

But what he hoped to see, I heard not.

About this Time, *Miles* had formed close Acquaintance with some Lads on the Bridge, who gave their Masters more Trouble than enough. I suppose he thought it spirited of them, and worthy of all Imitation. One Night, I awoke out of my first Sleep, and lay listening to the Uproar of the Winds and Waters, which seemed quite to drown *Miles'* Snoring, when the Door suddenly opened, and my Master, with a Lamp in his Hand, sayth, "*Ned*, are you in Bed?" I say, "Yes, Master." "Then," quod he, where is *Miles*?" I said, "In Bed too, Master." But he turned his Light on *Miles'* Bed, and it was empty. Then quod he, "The Bridge Watchman hath just called under my Window to say one of my 'Prentices was abroad, but he wist not which, for in chasing him, he stumbled over an Heap of Rubbish before a House under Repair, and lost him in the Dark." {111}

Then he left me, and I lay wondering how *Miles* could have got out, since Mistress *Fraunces* kept the House-key, and what Account he would give of himself when he came back. Master *Hewet*, I afterwards learnt, found the Key in the Door, outside, and took it in, and locked the Door. And so, sate in Wait a good While, till at length some one tries the Door from without, then gropes about the Ground for the Key, then loudly whispers through the Keyhole, "*Tib! Tib!*"

Thereupon the Door is opened, but not by *Tib*; and my Master, collaring *Miles*, strikes him, but not so severely as for him to do what he did, which was to fall all along on the Ground and emit one or two hollow Groans. Master *Hewet*, witting him to be scarce hurt, waxed very angry, and pulling him up, would know how he got out, but *Miles* would not tell. Then he would know why he called on *Tib* through the Keyhole, as though expecting her to be at Hand; and he made Answer, Because her Name came readiest, and he was less afraid of her than of any else, but she wist not of his being out. My Master said, That should be seen to, and how did he get the Key? He said Mistress *Fraunces* had forgotten to take it up. But Mistress *Fraunces*, when called up, remembered well to have laid it on her Toilette ere she went to Bed, and was avised *Tib* must have fetched it while she was asleep. But, on going to *Tib*, Mistress *Fraunces* found her sleeping so heavily, that after much shaking, all she could get out of her was, "Thieves! Thieves!" So the Matter stood over; Master *Hewet* putting it to *Miles* whether he wist not that he might have him up before the Wardens, and see him hardly dealt with. So *Miles* came back to his Bed, sullen enough. {112} {113}

But a Woman's own Tongue is oft her worst Enemy. The next Morning, though Nothing could be got out of *Miles* nor of *Tib*, yet Mistress *Fraunces*, being in her own Bed-chamber, instead of at Market, as *Tib* supposed, hears *Tib*, who was concluded to be making my Master's Bed, a talking from his Window to the Maid in the corresponding Window across the Strete. And although, by Reason of the two Tenements being so very few Feet apart in their upper Stories, there was hardly need for *Tib* to speak above her Breath, yet Mistress *Fraunces*, quickened by Curiosity, could hear almost every Word, and how that *Tib* had come into her Chamber when she was asleep, and took the Key and lent it to *Miles*, who had promised her a tawdry Ribbon for it: and how the Watchman saw him go forth, and aroused my Master, who set on him when he returned, and beat him within an Inch of his Life. And how Mistress *Fraunces*—But here Mistress *Fraunces* spoiled all, in her Anxiety to hear the Particulars of her own Character; for, advancing a little too near the Casement, that she might not lose a Syllable, she was caught Sight of by the Neighbour's Maid, who, without Doubt, made a Signal to *Tib*. Whereupon, *Tib*, after a Moment's Pause, added, and how that if Mistress *Fraunces* were not the sweetest and mercifullest of Ladies, there would be no Chance of her forgiving such a Misdeed when she came to hear it, as *Tib* meant she should the very first Time she could find Heart to confess it to the sweetest and best of Ladies. {114} {115}

Oh what Potence hath a flattering Tongue! Here was Mistress *Fraunces* ready to fly out upon *Tib* and give her Warning on the Spot, and, in a Minute, in a Breath, her Wrath was allayed and brought within Compass by the Commendation of an artful Woman. She goeth to the Stair-foot and calleth, "*Tib! Tib!* come down with thee this Instant!" but by the Time *Tib* appeared with her Apron at her Eyes, she had lost all Mind to cast her, characterless, forth of the House, and it sufficed her {116}

to bestow a severe Chiding. Whereat *Tib* wept, and took Shame to herself, and made her Peace; and so was kept on. Which I ever thought an ill-advised Thing. Where there's no Fidelity, there's no Safety.

{117}

CHAPTER VII

Early Setting of a young Morning Star

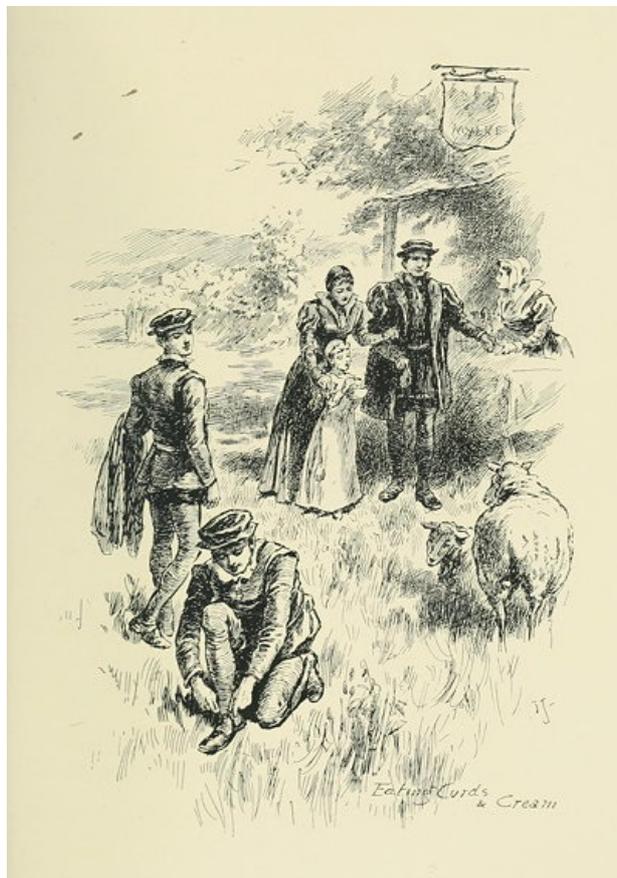


AND *Jacob* served *Laban* for *Rachel* seven Years; and they seemed unto him but so many Days, for the Love he had unto her." Albeit I was not serving my Master for my Master's Daughter, yet her being in the House helped, I wot, to make the seven Years speed like seven Days. Sure, never was so gracious a Creature! Her Nature was so excellent, and her Countenance, which was the Index of her Mind, was so full of Sweetness and Goodness, that one could scarce look upon her without blessing Him who had created her so lovely. {118}

Meantime my Master's Fortune and Credit from small Beginnings had risen mightily, as is often the Case in this commercial and prosperous City. He had gone through the three Degrees of Wardenship of his Company, had been elected of the Common Council, and was now Alderman of the Bridge Ward Without. And if he still lived and went plain, he laid by and laid out in Commerce the more: there was no Shew, nor no Stinting.

Yes: those were happy Days! All the fairer they seem now, for the dark ones that were coming. The only Sorrow among us that I remember was when the Pestilence brake out, in the fifth Year of our young King, which at first only prevailed in the North, but at length reached *London*, where it raged with prodigious Fury, carrying off eight Hundred Souls the first Week, and mostly after a Sickness of only twelve or twenty-four Hours. We had it not on the Bridge, which was attributed to the free Access of fresh Air to our Dwellings; howbeit, Mistress *Anne* (like a ministering Angel as she was,—such a Child, too! only in her twelfth Year!) must needs go about, relieving poor Wretches in their Dwellings; whereby she caught a low Fever that brought her to Death's Door, and filled the House with Tears. If my Master, a Man in Years, forbare not to weep, Reason was, a Lad such as I should weep too. Howbeit, through the Grace of God, she recovered: but for a long Time she was too enfeebled to walk, wherefore Master *Hewet* took her much on the Water during the long Summer Evenings, after we had been nigh stifled by the Day's sultry Heat. For the eastern Side of the House was close; and the western, though open, yet was much exposed to the Glare of the Sun on the River. We shut it out with Blinds and Lattices all we could; but still, the Crown of the Day was after Sundown on the Water. Master *Hewet* liked his 'Prentices to pull; and sometimes we fell into the Wake of some Court Barge with Horns and Sackbuts, and lay on our Oars; Mistress *Anne* full silent, resting her Head, for Weakness, against my Master's Shoulder, and with the Tears sometimes stealing down from her large, bright Eyes. My Master carried her down to the Boat, but 'twas my Portion, for I will not say Burthen, to carry her up. How light she was! She did not much like it, and managed presently to ascend slowly, with the help of my Master's Arm; but I remember the Goodness and Sweetness with which, with a sweet Blush on her Face, she sayth, "Do you remember the first Time? But for thee, I had not been here now." {119} {120} {121}

As she strengthened, we kept out longer, and went up to *Chelsea* and *Fulham*, and rambled about the pleasant Fields; eating Curds and Cream at Milkhouses, and returning by Moonlight; *Miles* and I singing, "Row the Boat, *Norman*."



JJ
"Eating Curds & Cream"

Then Master *Hewet* carried her down into the Country, to the Hall of his Brother the Squire; and there she abode till she was quite well. When she returned, the Leaves were falling, and Master *Hewet* would walk with her of an Evening to *Finsbury Fields*, and stand with her at a Distance to see us young Men shoot the long Bow, leap, wrestle, cast the Stone, and practise our Shields; in all which, *Miles* came in for his full Share of Praise; and I was always well content to be thought equal to him. Sometimes I overshot him, sometimes he overshot me; sometimes I outleaped him, sometimes he outleaped me; but we loved the Game beyond the Competition; there was never any ill Blood between us. {122}

'Twas on *All Saints' Day*, this Year, that the new Service Book, called of Common Prayer, was first used in *Paul's Church*, and the like throughout the whole City. Dr. *Ridley*, Bishop of *London*, performed the same in *Paul's*, in his Rochet only; and in the Afternoon preached at *Paul's Cross* before the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Livery Companies, which Sermon, being on the Subject of the new Service, lasted till five o' the Clock, so that, the Days being short, we returned by Torch-light. {123}

Then had the Church great Rest. The Enemy, knowing his Time was at Hand, lay mighty quiet: and, for the Multitude of notable Foreigners that resorted to us for Safeguard, *England* might have been called *Christi Asylum*. Howbeit, the Canker was already i' the Bud!

The King, earlier in the Year, had ta'en the Measles; and during the Summer, had ridden a Progress with greater Magnificence than ever he had done before. In the *January* following, whether procured by sinister Practice or natural Infirmity, he fell into an Indisposition of Body which soon grew to a Cough of the Lungs. Perhaps it had been happy if Lord *Robert Dudley* (now my Lord of *Leicester*;) had not recently been sworn one of the six Gentlemen of the King's Chamber ... we must not speak ill, *Hew*, of them that are set high in Authority, save upon great Conviction and Certitude: howbeit, you and I know what the private Report of that Gentleman is—When I'm sick, don't give me a *Leicester Cordial*, that's all! {124}

The common Talk was, that a poisoned Nosegay had been given the pretty Boy at New-year's-tide, which brought him into this slow but deadly Languishment. To think, what Poison may lie 'neath Flowers! At all Events, the Duke of *Northumberland*, now the powerfullest Man in the Realm since he had swallowed up his unhappy Rival *Somerset*, beginneth to aim at nothing short of Crown matrimonial for his young Son Lord *Guilford Dudley*, lately espoused to the Lady *Jane Grey*; therefore inculcateth on the kingly Boy now a-dying, how much it concerned him to have a Care for Religion, not only during Life, but after his Death; which could not be preserved in its Purity to the Realm should the Lady *Mary* succeed; and, if he set aside one Sister, he might as well put away the other also, and devise his Crown to her who after them was his next Kinswoman, the good and godly Lady *Jane*. {125}

So soon as this was obtained of him, he might die as soon as he would—the sooner the better—and, to help Matters, the Leeches were dismissed, and a Gentlewoman (thought to have received her Instructions before hand,) set over him; under whose Applications his Pulse presently failed, his Skin changed Colour, and other Symptoms speedily appeared of Mortal Dissolution. Turning his Face then to the Wall like good *Hezekiah*, he was heard by one that sate behind the Curtain to {126}

say, "O LORD GOD, deliver me out of this miserable and wretched Life! O LORD, thou knowest how happy it were for me to be with thee; yet, for thy Chosen's Sake, if it be thy Will, send me Life and Health that I may truly serve thee!" After a little Space, again he sigheth, "O save thy People *England!*" Then, turning about, and noting some one behind the Curtain, "I had thought," saith he, "I was alone." "Sir," sayth the Attendant, "I heard you speak, but heard not what you were saying." "Nay," sayth he, "I was but praying to GOD. Oh! I am faint! faint unto Death! LORD, receive my Spirit!" And forthwith breathed out his white, innocent Soul. Early ripe, early gathered! {127}

Thus we sometimes see the Nation's prime Hope, the Desire of all Eyes, cut off as a sweet Rose snaps its Stalk; and we mourn, thinking the LORD hath forgotten to be gracious and will no more be entreated, and his Mercy is clean gone from us for ever; not knowing that, after he hath tried and purified his own, yea, like Silver over the Fire, till the thick Scum separates and he seeth his own Image reflected in the bright Metal, he will return unto us and be gracious, like as a Father pitieth his Children, and make our latter Day better than our Beginning. Had we not known the early Setting of this young *Hesperus*, we had not now sunned ourselves in the Light of our bright Occidental Star.

And now, the bright Boy being dead, the Duke of *Northumberland* took upon him to sit at the Stern, and order all Things according unto his Pleasure. The Demise of the Crown was kept close that Day and the next, he hoping to obtain Possession of the Lady *Mary*, who, however, learned the Secret, and rode off to the Coast. Meantime, he took heed to occupy and fortify the *Tower*; and, on the second Day, sent for the Lord Mayor, six Aldermen, not including Master *Hewet*, six Merchants of the Staple, and as many Merchant Adventurers, to attend the Council at *Greenwich*, where they were advised of the King's Death and how he had ordained for the Succession by Letters Patent, to the which they were sworn, and charged to keep the Matter secret. {128}

When my Master presently heard of this from one of his brother Aldermen, (for such Secrets are not long kept,) he said, in his own Family, that however he might desire a Protestant Succession, he was persuaded that this would not, nor could not, come to Good. "To say Nothing," quod he, "of the Lady *Jane's* questionable Birth; for the Duke, though few know it, had, when he married her Mother, a Wife living already." {129}

Howbeit, at Three o' the Clock on the Monday Afternoon, the Lady *Jane* was conveyed, in Sight of us all, by Water from *Syon* to the *Tower*, and there received as Queen. At Five o' Clock, the King's Death and her Accession were proclaimed; but few cried "GOD save Queen *Jane!*" A Drawer at a Tavern within *Ludgate* said in the Hearing of some, that he thought the Lady *Mary* had the better Title; whereon he was incontinent arrested and set in the Pillory in *Chepe*, whereto both his Ears were nailed, and then clean cut off. {130}

Meantime the Duke of *Northumberland* heareth that the Lady *Mary's* Party makes head, whereon he resolves to send Lady *Jane's* Father, the Duke of *Suffolk*, to put it down and seize her Person. Whereon the Lady *Jane*, who hath all along had no Mind to the Crown, weepeth sore, and begs her Father may be let off that Enterprize and that her Father-in-law will take it on himself; which he, after short Demur and much Flattery of his Bravery and Skill, consenteth to do. But his Heart misgiveth him, both as to what he goes to and what he leaves behind; and, sayth he to the Council, "Should ye in mine Absence waver in your Resolution, it may be ye will contrive your own Safety with my Destruction." Quod they, "Your Grace makes a Doubt of that which cannot be, for which of us all can wash his Hands clean of this Business?" So the Duke set forth with eight Thousand Foot and two Thousand Horse; and, as he rode along *Shoreditch*, quod he to Lord *Grey*, "See how the People press forward to see us! but not one of them sayth, 'GOD speed you!'" {131}

In Truth, Gentle and Simple fell off to the Lady *Mary*, though Bishop *Ridley* preached at *Paul's*, to invite us to stand firm to Lady *Jane*. The Duke's Party melted away; and the Duke of *Suffolk*, learning how his Daughter's Partizans had defalked to the Lady *Mary* or been defeated and captivated, entereth the young Queen's Chamber and telleth her in brief, she must now put off her royal Robes and be content with a private Life. To which the meek young Lady made Answer, that she should put them off with more Contentation than she had put them on; and would never have done so but to please him and her Mother. And so ended her ten Days' Reign. {132}

{133}

CHAPTER VIII *The Defence of the Bridge*



IN the Third of *August*, the Lady *Mary* entered *London* as *Mary the Queen*; and truly she began to make short Work of it; for, the next Day, she restored *Gardiner* to his Bishopric of *Winchester*, and, a few Days later, made him *Chancellor*; and, on the Fifth, restored *Bonner* and *Tunstall* to their Sees. *Ridley*, *Coverdale*, *Hooper*, and the rest of our good reformed Bishops, of course, were removed; and all beneficed Men that were married, or would not abjure the reformed Faith, were put out of their Livings.

On the *13th*, *Miles* and I went to hear what would be said at *Paul's Cross*. There was one *Bourne*, a Canon, who preached such arrant *Romanism* and Flattery of *Bonner*, now Bishop of *London*, to his Face, that the People hooted and cried, "Pull him down," and *Miles*, flinging his Cap with good Aim, hit him on the Nose. Another flung a Dagger, which just missed him, but caused him to quit his Post; and honest Master *Bradford*, stepping into it, spread forth his Hands with, "Good *Christian* People"—whereon there was great Quiet; and by his savoury and peaceifying Doctrine he allayed the Tumult. The same Day, an old Priest said Mass at St. *Bartholomew's*, albeit the People went nigh to pull him in Pieces. {134}

The following *Sunday*, one Dr. *Watson* preached at *Paul's Cross*, and the Churchyard was lined with Soldiers, for Fear of like Tumult that was on the *Sunday* before. During the Week, {135}

Northumberland had been arraigned and condemned; and on the *Monday* next following he was to be beheaded; howbeit, he desired first to hear Mass and receive the Sacrament after the *Romish* Manner: thereby looking, maybe, to obtain Pardon, but in sooth only proving a Renegade and losing the Grace of a Confessor. The Lady *Jane*, looking forth of her Prison Window, saw him on his Way to Mass; a grievouse Thing to her pure Mind; whereof she spake next Day at Table, saying, "Wo worth him! Should I that am young and in my few Yeres, forsake my Faith for the LOVE of Life? Much more he should not, whose fatal Course could not long have lasted."

On the *14th Sept.* good Master *Latimer* was sent Prisoner to the Tower. Seeing a Warder there whose Face he remembered, he cried cheerily, "What, old Friend! how do you? See, I am come to be your Neighbour again!" The good *Cranmer* was committed thither the same Day. But these Things were done privately: a Boat, more or less, privily shooting the Bridge and gliding aneath the Traitors' Arch, was ta'en no Note of; while the Stretes and Highways were all astir with Preparations for the Queen's Crowning, which was set for the *1st Octr.* The *Easterlings* were providing her a mighty fine Pageant, at *Gracechurch Corner*, with a little Condyt that ran Wine: the *Genouese* had theirs in *Phanechurchstrete*, the *Florentines* at the farther End of *Gracechurchstrete*, with an Angel in Green and Gold, that, at pulling of a String, set a Trumpet to his Mouth and made believe to blow it,—only a real Trumpeter stood behind. With these and such-like Toys the City amused their Minds, and humoured themselves into receiving the Queen with due Loyalty. {136}

But when she came forth ... alas! what an ill-favoured Lady! Sure, we are all as GOD made us, for Homeliness or Comeliness; but yet a sweet Nature may be discerned through the plainest Favour; but it could not be discerned here. And she declined her Head upon her Hand, as though for some Ache or Ail that constrained her to regard Everything done in her Honour askance and awry. 'Tis Pity o' my Life! when a Lady is so ill at Ease, she can't hold her Head strait on her Crowning-day. Doubtless crowned Heads are liable to Aches as well as those that own ne'er a Cap; and 'tis a heaven-sent Immunity when they are able as well as willing for all Public Occasions, like our Royal Lady that now rules the Land. With Bone-fires and Feastings, there were many private Families enjoyed that Day more heartily, I wot, than the Queen's Grace in her Chair of State. The Ceremonial was spun out beyond all Reason; and when she returned, 'twas with the three Swords of the three Kingdoms borne sheathed before her, and another unsheathed—alack! not the *Sword of the Spirit*. {137}

Old Master *Cheke* dined with us next Day ... he was now a withered little old Man, with a frosty Bloom still on his thin Cheek, but no Fire in his Eye. He was mighty cast down at the late Imprisonment of his Nephew, who, though now set at large, had had a narrow Escape of it, and behaved to lie close. Wherefore, to the old Man's Thought, all Joy had vanished, the Mirth of the Land was gone: and he took up his Parable and prophesied evil Things. {138}

"And who knows not," quod he, "whether we shall not shortly have a *Romish* King set over us? The Queen is in Love to Death with *Reginald Pole*; and although he will none of her, he may not be able to resist a matrimonial Crown. We shall have him sent for presently, and released from his Vows, as sure as *London Bridge* is built on Wool-packs."

Well I wot Master *Cheke* had the Truth on't. For the Queen's Grace, being now seven an' thirty Year old, had no Time to lose, if she minded to marry at all; and *Reginald Pole*, albeit now in his fifty-fourth Year, was the very handsomest Man of his Time; more by Token *Michael Angiolo* (the greater Shame to him!) had put in his Face for that of our SAVIOUR in his Scholar's famous Picture of the Raising of *Lazarus*. Howbeit, e'en a Queen, it seemeth, may woo in vain. She sent for *Pole* with a legatine Power, and moreover writ private Letters unto him and to the *Pope* with her own Hand. But, albeit the *Pope* rejoiced in his Heart at the Thought of regaining *England*, *Pole* gave such manifest Signals of hanging back until the Queen were married, as that her Grace without more Ado entertained Proposals from *Philip* of *Spain*; she having, thirty Years before, been promised to his Father! {139}

This Year, Master *Hewet* was made *Sheriff*. Well remember I young Mistress *Anne*, tripping down from her Closet in sky-blue Taffeta, and flirting a little Feather-fan as she passed me, crying, "Make Way for the *Sheriff's* Daughter! Oh, *Ned*, how grand I am!—" {140}

*'Thereof the Mayor he was full fain,
An' eke the Sheriff also—'*

I said, "Sure, Mistress, the *Sheriff* in that Song came to no Good—I wist not ye had so much Pride."



JJ

"Make way for the Sheriff's Daughter"

She looked about on me with her sweet, smiling Face, and said, "I've no Pride for myself, *Edward*, but I may have for him!—May I not? may I not?" playfully calling after me as I turned away. I said, "Oh, forsooth, Mistress, ye can do no Wrong."

"Is that in jest or earnest?" saith she, growing serious. "Am I proud, *Edward*?"

When I saw her wistful Look, and thought within me how much indeed she had to be both proud and vain of, yet was neither, I could carry it no farther, but said, "In sooth, sweet Mistress, you are not." {142}

"All's right then," quod she gaily, and hastened to the Window to see the new Sheriff mount his gray Horse, richly caparisoned. Thereafter, *Miles* and I attended her and Mistress *Fraunces* to the River Stairs, where the Company were to embark on a Pleasure-party; I thought the Barge had a goodly and lovely Freight!

Meantime, the Rumour of the Queen's Match occasioned great Murmuring throughout the Land. And Sir *Thomas Wyat*, a *Kentish* Gentleman, concerted with the Duke of *Suffolk* and Sir *Peter Carew* to take Arms and promote a general Rising, so soon as the *Prince of Spain* should set Foot on *English* Ground. The Duke, no Doubt, looked for the Re-establishment of his Daughter, Lady *Jane*, now under Sentence, but allowed the Liberty of the Tower. Sir *Thomas*, Son to that *Wyat of Allington Castle* who writ good Verses, had oft been Ambassadour to *Spain*, where the Cruelty and Subtlety of the People made him tremble at the Thought of their obtaining a Footing in his native Land. But alack! *Hew*, how many crying Evils must conspire together to give any just Pretence for a Rising against constituted Authorities! And a defeated Rebellion always strengthens the Hands of Government. So it was in this Instance. We had not as yet been visited with Scourges nor whipped with Scorpions; 'twas only the Fear of what might be, (presaged, 'tis true enough, by many Foretokens,) that tempted Men to shed Blood and endanger their Heads for the Sake of their Country. Wherefore, a Bird of the Air, I suppose, carrying the Matter, Sir *Peter Carew*, finding the Plot bewrayed, takes Thought only for himself, and flies over Seas; and *Wyat*, thinking the Hour unripe, yet purposing rather to hurry forward than retreat, taketh Arms with the declared Aim of doing no Hurt to the Queen's Person, but of removing her evil Counsellors. {143} {144}

Thereon the City was all Confusion. Though the 'Prentices had pelted the *Spanish* Ambassadors with Snow-balls, and elder People had spoken against them under their Breath, yet that natural Loyalty there is in the City, save under the most aggravating Circumstances, drew every one together to make common Cause with the Queen so soon as 'twas bruited that *Wyat* was up in *Kent*. Five hundred of the Trained Bands were forthwith sent out against him, and the City began to be kept with harnessed Men. {145}

The Lord Mayor, this Year, was Sir *Thomas White*, Merchant-taylor; he that founded St. *John's* College, *Oxford*. To him, at the *Guildhall*, cometh my Lord Treasurer, and prayeth him to have at the least two thousand Men in Harness at all Hours, for the Safeguard of the City. Now begin the young Men of every Degree to look out and furbish their Arms and Accoutrements; and the Hum of Preparation is heard throughout the Stretes. Post following hot upon Post bringeth Tidings that the Duke of *Suffolk* in *Warwickshire*, having with all his Industry gotten together but fifty Men, had given up the Game and betaken himself to a Tenant of his, who kept him three Days hid in a hollow Oak till he was taken; but that *Wyat*, with at least four thousand Men, (some made it fourteen thousand,) was marching fast upon *Southwark*, and the Trained Bands had gone over to {146}

him, which caused the Duke of *Norfolk*, sent against him, to retreat.

Here then was a Prospect for the Bridge! the only Access by which he could command the City. Thou shouldst have seen the Duke ride back, all crestfallen, with his Guard at his Heels, all smirched and tatterdemolled, without Arrows or Strings to their Bows, or a Sword to their Sides, or a Cap to their Heads. Some of the Urchins cried after them, "A *Wyat!* a *Wyat!*" and got well cuffed for their Pains.

Then came the News of a Rising in *Hertfordshire*. On this the Queen cometh to *Guildhall*, with the Lord Chancellor and all her Council, guarded by a notable Company of Men at Arms; and, bespeaking the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, she pleaded sore they would stand by her against the Arch-traitor that aimed at removing her Counsellors and having the Custody of her Person; affirming and alleging that she would never once have entertained thought of her Marriage, had it not been infused into her by others that 'twas expedient for the Country. When I heard Master *Hewet's* Report of her Argument, I remembered the Saying of Master *Askew* the Draper to Lord *Warwick's* Man, "That the City could sometimes better spare the Court than the Court the City." {147}

They protested they would stand by her—could they do less? And forthwith, Proclamation was made to this Effect:—Now then, let every Man that is disaffected, and every Man that is faint-hearted, and every Man that is of unstable Mind, be off as fast as he can. There's *Wyat* ready to welcome all Well-wishers, coming along the *Kent Road*; and *London Bridge* is just now open to all those that like to join him, which it will not be to-morrow; for the Draw-bridge is going to be sawn asunder and cast into the River, the Gates are going to be shut, the Gate-houses are going to be manned, the Cannons are going to be planted to defend them and to take the Range of the *Borough*, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs in Harness are going to stand immediately behind the Gate, and every Man on the Bridge will close his Windows and stand in his Door with his 'Prentices armed and ready to do Battle. GOD save the Queen! {148}

Not many crossed the Bridge after that. Those that did were glad to explain 'twas on necessary and lawful Business, or they got hooted and sometimes pelted. The Lord Mayor went with my Master into every House, to see its Condition and Defence. When they reached the Door of the old Lady that lived all by herself alone with her Cats, they could gain no Entrance, nor hear Sound of Life within save a dismal Mewing. Master *Hewet* was for departing, saying he believed the House safe enough though its Owner was shy of Strangers; but my Lord Mayor said a silent House was not always the safest, and there might be Spies and even harnessed Men shut up. So they persisted knocking; and at length a skinny old Woman, all trembling with Fear, peered forth and would wit what 'twas all about. When they told her the Bridge was going to be put in a State of Defence for Queen *Mary*, she cried, "GOD save her sweet Majesty!" and let them in, shutting and bolting the Door behind them. She sayth, "Oh! Sirs, I see ye be loyal and honourable Gentlemen, well affected to our blessed Queen, wherefore I fear not to trust you with my Secret—howbeit, I am not the only one in this House." {149}

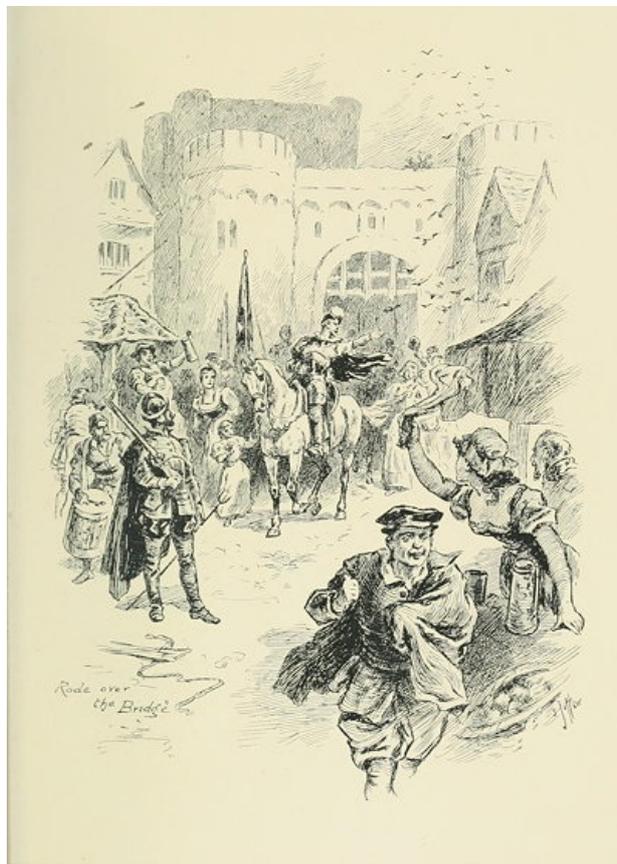
The Lord Mayor gave a quick Look at Master *Hewet*.

—"I was, you must know," continued she, "Sub-prioress of a small religious House at *Mickleham* in *Surrey* ... there were but six of us; we were harmless and happy enough; howbeit, the Eighth *Harry*, that called himself Defender of our Faith, turned us out Neck and Heels when he put down the lesser Monasteries; and my Father, to whom this House belonged, gave me Shelter in it during his Life, and left it to me at his Death. Whereby I have been enabled to give House-room and Board to my aged Superior, who otherwise would have been cast into the Strete, through all the evil Times; none witting she was under my Roof. And now that better Days are come, she is past any Advantage of them, being long Time bed-rid, as ye shall see." {151}

So she hobbled up-stairs before them, followed by her half-dozen Cats, and led the Way into a Chamber having a bright Wood Fire kindled on the Hearth, but nearly bare of Furniture, beyond a Chair, a Table, a Crucifix, and a Couple of Tressel-beds, on one of which lay an old Woman, sleeping, on the utmost Verge of Life. She mutely pointed to her, then led them over the rest of the House, which was utterly disfurnished and chiefly shut up; she having got rid of the Moveables for what they would fetch, through the Agency of her only Confidant, Sir *Tobias*. So now you have the Story of the old Lady that was supposed to live all alone by herself with her Cats. {152}

Miles' black Eyes kindled like Coals at the Thought of defending the Bridge.... I confess I felt a Glow within me, and handled my Bill and Bow with exceeding Complacence. The Mayor complimented my Master on having a Couple of such smart Lads, and said his Premises would be well defended. Also he said he wished he had such a fair Daughter as Mistress *Anne*, who served him with Bread and Wine.

If the Queen were ever popular, it was that Time! What joyous Smiles and brisk Words were exchanged as People ran along the Bridge!—what Glory attended the Guards that manned the Gates!—how we revelled in every Blow that cut down the Draw-bridge! Splash! it went into the River. Spontaneously we gave three Cheers. Just before the Approach was cut off, Lord *William Howard*, (since, Lord *Howard* of *Effingham*,) with fifty of his Men, rode over the Bridge to St. *George's* Church, *Southwark*, to note the State of Things, and so back. I remember his looking gaily over his Shoulder as he passed, crying out in Hearing of us all, "This Bridge hath to-day a Chance of being the *Thermopylæ* of *London!*" {153}



J Jellicoe
"Rode over the Bridge"

A Messenger from the Rebels came to parley, and was led blindfold across the Bridge, to and from Lord *Pembroke*, Commander in Chief.

On *Saturday* Morning, *Wyat* was proclaimed Traitor, and a Price set on his Head. There was a grand Muster of Horse and Foot in *Finsbury Fields*. At three in the Afternoon, *Wyat* advanced upon *London* from *Deptford*; and, as soon as his Movement was perceived, an eight Pounder was levelled at him from the White Tower, the Shot of which took none Effect. Immediately my Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs made Haste to *London Bridge*: we gave them three Cheers. The Strete was presently choaked; People removing their Stalls and Wares, Shop Shutters putting up, young Men running up and down to Weapons and Harness, young Women beginning to shed Tears, Children and Maids shutting themselves up in the upper Stories. {154}

My Hands trembled so with Emotion I could scarce fasten a Buckle. Mistress *Anne*, passing, sayth, "Let me do it for you—Ladies of old Time buckled on Knights' Harness and bade them good Speed, as I bid you.... But oh! *Ned*, I am in Fear for my *Father*." I said, "But he hath no Fear, unless for you. Therefore look not forth; the only Danger is in a random Shot." {155}

Then she asked me what I thought would happen if the worst came to the worst. I told her I had not thought about it, so sure was I the best would come to the best. She said she thought so too; at least she hoped so; and bade me tell every Word of News I heard through the Wicket. Presently I heard that *Wyat*, with his Army, was close beyond the further Bridge Gate; and had pointed two Pieces of Ordnance against the Bridge: which I thought needless to tell Mistress *Anne*.

He was a fine Fellow, *Hew*, in his Way, there's no gainsaying. He thought to free his Country from Harm; and, when he heard a Price was set upon his Head, he wrote his Name on a Slip of Paper and set it on his Cap. {156}

My Master was a-foot and in Harness on the Bridge all Night. The Women kept close and quite still above-stairs, while *Miles* and I kept Watch below, but, I wot, they were as wakeful as ourselves. Towards Daydawn my Master comes in: Mistress *Anne*, in her white Wrapper over her Dress, leans over the Rail at the Stair-head, and cryeth, "Is all well?" "All well, my Heart!" returns her *Father*. "Oh! thank God," cries she; and meeting him half-way down the Stair, casts herself into his Arms.

'Twas *Sunday* Morning; and maybe, a Day of much Prayer, if of little Church-going: but scarcely a Day of Rest. A Banner of Defiance was unfurled a-top of the Tower, and a heavy Piece of Ordnance discharged when they changed the Watch. {157}

Lord *Howard* was walking to and fro on the Bridge, his Sword clanking at every firm, heavy Tread; and anon he goeth to the Gate at the *Southwark* End, and calleth in a loud, determined Voice, "*Wyat!*"

Presently some one makes Answer, "What would ye with him?"

"I would speak with him," sayth my Lord.

Answereth the other, "Our Captain is busy; if ye have any Message for him, I will bear it."

"Marry," sayth my Lord, "ask of him what he meaneth by this Invasion; and whether he continue

in his Purpose or no."

The Messenger departed; and in about three Quarters of an Hour returned with a weighted Purse, containing Master *Wyat's* Answer; which, being flung over the Gate, was received and read by my Lord, who tare it up, as good for Nought. On the *Saturday* Afternoon, all Boats had been brought to the City Side of the River, not to be taken therefrom on Pain of Death. {158}

My Lord *Howard* turning in to our House about Noon, for Refreshment, looketh fixedly on *Miles*, and sayth, "So you are young *Osborne*." "No, my Lord," quod I, stepping forward, "I am he;" thinking he had Somewhat to say unto me; but he only looked hard at me, and said "Oh."

At Table, my Master helping him to Wine, he sayth, "That is a rare Brilliant on your little Finger, Master *Hewet*—may I be favoured with a nearer View of it?" "My Lord," sayth Master *Hewet*, "it is a Token-ring: I never take it off.—However," quod he presently, "you shall see it, and read the Posy inside; connecting it with the Matter we spake of just now." I noted a singular Smile on my Lord *Howard's* Face as he returned it. {159}

That Night, like the last, was spent in Harness, but passed not, like the last, without Event. The Weather was piercing cold; and a good Watch-fire was kept up just within the Gate, whereat my Lord *Howard*, Sir *Andrew Judd*, the *Lord Mayor*, Master *Hewet*, and others, stood and warmed themselves. Meantime, Master *Wyat*, anxious to reconnoitre, breaks down the Wall of a House adjoining the Gate on his side the Draw-bridge, by which Breach he ascendeth the Leads of the Gate-house, and thence coming down into the Porter's Lodge, it being about eleven o' the Clock, he findeth the Porter sleeping, but his Wife, with sundry others, watching over a Fire of Coals. On beholding *Wyat* they suddenly started; but he commanded them to keep quiet as they valued their Lives, and they should sustain no Hurt; so they having no Courage to oppose him, he went forth of the other Side the Gate-house to look across to the Bridge. There, beyond the Chasm, within the second Gate, he noteth my *Lord Deputy*, the *Lord Mayor*, and the Rest standing about the Fire in their Clokes. After noting them well, and seeing there was no Hope of taking them by Surprise, he returneth whence he came, and doeth his Party to wit how the City strengthened itself and is on the Alert. Peradventure to make farther Proof thereof, the Men of *Kent* thereon made an Uproar as it were in Sign of assaulting the Bridge, and fired two Field Pieces. Whereat we were all alive and to Arms in an Instant; and the Cries that ran along the Bridge shewed the Insurgents we were ready for them. {160}

On *Monday* we were heartened, and doubtless *Wyat* was disheartened, by the Bruit of Lord *Abergavenny's* marching upon him from *Blackheath* with three Thousand Men. Thereon ensued Diversity of Councils, in the End whereof, Master *Wyat* decided to march along the *Thames* next Day, to get Access to *Middlesex* by *Kingston Bridge*. One of the Lieutenant's Men of the Tower being despatched on special Charge across to the Bishop of *Winchester's* Palace, a Waterman of the Tower Stairs prayed him for a Cast in his Boat, which he granted. Seven of *Wyat's* Men being on the Look-out, levelled their Arquebusses at the Boat, charging them to re-land, which they not complying with, the Men discharged their Pieces with mortal Effect; for the poor Waterman fell dead, and the Sculler with much Terror rowed back, through the Bridge, to the Tower Wharf. The Lieutenant, in a mighty Heat at what had happened, levelled seven great Pieces of Ordnance full against the south End of the Bridge and against *Southwark*, besides all the Guns on the White Tower, and over the Watergate, so that the Men and Women dwelling in *Southwark* rushed confusedly to Master *Wyat*, and prayed him to take Pity on them, or they should be utterly undone and destroyed. Whereat, he, partly abashed, said, "I pray you, Friends, have Patience a little, and I will presently relieve you of your Fears." And so, gave Orders to march; and cleared out of *Southwark* about eleven of the Clock on *Shrove Tuesday*, without leaving a Penny unpaid to the Inhabitants, or doing the least Damage beyond sacking and destroying the Bishop of *Winchester's* Palace and Library. Thus ended our three Days' Beleaguerment. Now, leaving the Bridge in sufficient Guard, Master *Hewet's* Post lay at one of the City Gates: and a general Muster in St. *James's Field* was proclaimed for Six o' the Clock next Morning. {162}

At four o' Clock, however, the Drums called to Arms, *Wyat* having crossed at *Kingston* and being already at *Brentford*. The Law-Serjeants went to *Westminster Hall*, that Morning, with Harness under their Gowns, and the Queen's Chaplain sung Mass before her with Harness under his Vestments. By ten o' the Clock my Lord *Pembroke's* Troop of Horse hovered about *Wyat's* Party, and Ordnance began to be fired on both Sides; whereon the Screams of Women and peaceable People at *Charing Cross*, as well as the Firing, could be heard at the Tower. *Wyat* drove back my *Lord Chamberlain's* Guard, and marched on to *Ludgate* in disorderly Array. There he knocked at the Gate; and my Lord *Howard* from within asked who knocked: and on his giving his Name, cried, "Avaunt, Traitor! thou enterest not here." Sundry of his Men cried, "Queen *Mary* hath granted our Request, and given us Pardon!" but 'twas known for a Feint; so they had Nought for it but to return whence they came; and at *Charing Cross* the Fight was renewed and waxed hot. At length, a Herald called on *Wyat* to yield rather than shed more Blood, and trust to the Queen's Mercy. Whereon, he, astonied and dejected, replied, "Well, if I must, let me yield me to a Gentleman." Sir *Morrice Berkeley* bade him leap up behind him; and two others picked up young *Cobham* and *Knevet*, and so carried them off, and the Fight was ended. They lay, that Night, in the Tower. {163}

There was Somewhat mighty kindling, *Hew*, in that Defence of the Bridge: and we all felt triumphant and thankful when the Fight was over; but thereafter came great Gravity and Sadness, to muse on what might have been, and on what would shortly befall those Men in the Tower. A grievous Thing is a Civil War.

Then Master *Hewet*,—ah! what a Shrievalty was his! but yet he thanked God in After-time that it fell not a Year or two later—he must be present at the beheading the poor guiltless Boy *Guilford Dudley*, and also of the Lady *Jane*. That same Day, *Hew*, there was set up a Gallows at every Gate in *London*, and at the Bridge-foot; three or four at *Charing Cross* and in many other Places. About four hundred Rebels were condemned in one Day. The Prisons were so o'er-crowded that they were kept in Ward in Churches. The Lady *Elizabeth* was committed to the *Tower*; daily, new State {166}

Prisoners went in, and they that came forth, 'twas but to their Scaffolds. *Suffolk, Wyat, the Greys* —'twas an awful Time to be Sheriff! There were City Feasts; but Men met to look one another in the Face and ask what would come next, rather than for Potacion and Refection.

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CHAPTER IX

Osborne is out of his Time



WAS out of my Time; and was examined by the Master and Wardens of our Company whether I had duly and faithfully served my Apprenticeship: and being found sufficient and allowed, was presented to the Chamberlain of *London* to be made free; was sworn, and paid Two-and-sixpence.

I remember one of the Wardens eyed me rather curiously when I went up; and said, "So thou art young *Osborne*?" "Yea," quod the other, "the Knight of the Flying Leap!" an old Joke I thought every one had forgotten. Howbeit they shook Hands with me, and said they wished every Master as good a 'Prentice. {168}

Thereafter I went to see *Tomkins*, whom I had lost Sight of a long Time. His Wife was spreading a clean Diaper over the Table, his little Girl playing with a Kitten on the Hearth, and a straggling Sunbeam through the Lattice was lighting up his pale, placid Face as he sate at his Loom. I have thought since, that ministering Spirits might have been passing to and fro on that Beam, unperceivable to my mortal Sense.

"Ha!" quod he, "this is a pleasant Sight. What! the blue Gown is thrown off at last! But how? no Scallops? no Slashes? no Taffeta-lined Cloke, nor Shirt edged with Silver? Thou keepest within the Statute, at all Events. Why, *Miles* goes as fine as a Popinjay! Howbeit, I like your dark brown better than his Eggs and Spinach; 'tis good Taste, Lad, not to dress above one's Degree. All the World can see which is the Gentleman's Son, which the Burreller's." {169}

"Thou art e'en too hard on poor *Miles*," quod I. "He is working very hard just now in hope of marrying."

"All the better," saith *Tomkins*; "many a second-rate Fellow is made better by a first-rate Wife. What? is he thinking of *Tryphosa*?"

"Oh no," quod I, laughing, "he thinks her quite too old."

"Look you there now!" quod he, much amused, "too old, forsooth! To hear how Boys talk! Marry, you must sup with us, and tell me about Everything; that is, if you can condescend to eat aught but Manchet-bread in these grand Days. Step down to *Fishmongersrow*, dear *Dinah*, and fetch us a Crab." {170}

"That's a long Step, *Tomkins*," observed his Wife, "would not Something I could get nearer do as well?"

"No," quod he gently, "I want a Crab, and I want it from thence; so oblige me, good *Dinah*."

"That I will," replied she, cheerfully, tying on her Hood, and departing the next Minute with her Child in her Arms.

"I remember," quod *Tomkins*, laughing, "how you and *Miles* played away at the Crab on our Wedding-day. And if you spurn such homely Dainties now, you'll be Home in Time for your real Supper after all. 'Tis but Three o' the Clock."

"To hear you Talk," said I, "one would think we lived just now in *Lubberland*, where the Rivers run Gravy and Apple-sauce, and the roast Pigs run about, saying, Come eat me." {171}

"Why, is not Master *Hewet* Sheriff?" quod *Tomkins*, "and doth he not ride a gray Horse and wear a velvet Coat and a Jewel in his Cap? Sure, you must be steeped in Wassail and Feasting."

"Ah," quod I, "there's little real Mirth in it. Seldom do we see a Smile now on Master *Hewet*'s Face ... Mistress *Anne* is in the Country; Mistress *Fraunces* does the Honours with all Grace, many People come and go, new Servants wait, many fine Dishes are cooked and eaten; but the Times are so bad, there is little Hilarity with it all."

"Aye?" quod he, lowering his Voice, "is't e'en so?" Then changing his Manner altogether, he rose, sate by the Fire, and pointed me to a Seat over-against him. {172}

"*Ned*," saith he, "what is to be looked for, when the very Heavens above, though without articulate Voice or Sound, proclaim coming Judgment? Two Suns shining at once i' the Firmament! The Bow of Mercy, not indeed withdrawn, but *reversed*; the Bow turned downward and the two Ends standing upward! Didst see it?"

I said, I did; it had puzzled the Wise and affrighted the Weak.

"Well might it do either or both," quod he. "Well! ... we shall see what comes of it. These Foreshadows are sometimes sent in Mercy, that thoughtful People may prepare. 'Fearful Sight and great Signs shall there be from Heaven.' 'And when these Things begin to come to pass, lift up your Heads, for your Redemption draweth nigh.' 'And he that endureth unto the End, the same shall be saved.' 'Settle it therefore in your Hearts not to meditate beforehand what ye shall answer; for I will give you a Mouth and Wisdom that all your Adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist.' 'In your patience possess ye your Souls.'" {173}

"*Tomkins!*" cried I, filled with sudden Admiration, "thou couldst not always have thus quoted and applied the Bible!"

"Lad," quod he, "Times are altered. I don't suppose there was ever a quiet, fair-spoken Man

nearer the Edge of the Pit of Destruction than I was, a few Years back. Just as I was trifling on the Brink, a *Child's* Voice called me back. *Ned!* 'twas thine. I had known, for Months and Years, what 'twas to lie down with a Heart ill at Peace with GOD. He that is very glad to get into a good and safe Covert, will not waste his Time in dallying with too curious Subtleties. Since I have gone the Way I should, Years have seemed like Days! I have tasted the *Life of Life*: yet never was more ready to lay it down at my Master's Feet! 'Tis all I have to give him!" {174}

"I hope," said I, after a Pause, "there will be no Need."

"But what have we to expect?" quod he. "Here's the Mass and all its Mummery revived on every Hand, Mass Priests set in the Place of godly Preachers, and good Men deprived and cast into Prison. *Philip of Spain* and Cardinal *Pole* will presently sweep all before them, and make a clear House on 't! Do you remember—but, peradventure 'twas before thy Time—Master *Chester* coming to Master *Hewet*, and putting it to him what he should do with a 'Prentice Lad of his, one *Lawrence Saunders*, whom he had overheard hard wrestling in Prayer, and found wholly given to spiritual Contemplation and the reading of godly Books? Master *Hewet* advised his cancelling his Indentures and sending him to *Cambridge*, which he did; and the good Youth did no small Credit to his kind and enlightened Master. But, last *October*, *Ned*, he preached a Sermon in *All-hallows'* Church, the pure Doctrine whereof brought him into Trouble; for *Bonner* and the Chancellor called him a frenzy Fool and committed him to Prison, where he hath lain, in great hardness, ever since; nor will come forth, I fear me, except to be burned. Then there's good Bishop *Hooper*—" {175}

"Ah," said I, "when he was committed to the *Fleet* last *September*, he had nothing for his Bed but a little Pad of Straw and a rotten Covering, with a Tick and a few Feathers therein, in a foul and unwholesome Chamber. And this we had from his Man *John Downton*, Brother to our Maid *Damaris*; whereon Master *Hewet* sent him Money and a good Bed." {176}

"Then there's young *Hunter* the 'Prentice," continued *Tomkins*, "was brought up for refusing to receive the Mass Communion this Easter. His Master contrived to send him down to his Father's at *Brentwood*, where he presently fell again into Trouble for reading of the Bible that lay on the Clerk's Desk, and was set in the Stocks twenty-four Hours. And then they sent him up to *Bonner*, who set him in the Stocks at his own Gate for two Days and two Nights, with only a Crust of Bread and a Cup of Water; the Lad's young Brother all the while sitting by him. Then he was cast into the Convict Prison, as heavily ironed as one of his tender Years could bear, and hath lain there ever since, with a Halfpenny a Day for his Keep. Could you or I shew such Constancy, think you?" {177}

"You might, but I could not," said I.

"*You* might, but *I* might not," sighed he—"not the Thing that will follow."

And, suddenly thrusting his Hand into the very midst of the Fire, which was burning fiercely, he as suddenly plucked it out; turning on me a Look I shall never forget! It expressed the Anguish of a Man weighed in the Balance and found wanting. We sate for a few Seconds in perfect and most painful Silence; his Hand, in great Blisters, resting on his Knee. Suddenly I started up and laid my Hand on his Shoulder. {178}

"*Tomkins*," cried I, "what are you thinking of?"

"I was thinking," returned he with filling Eyes, "how unworthy I was of the SAVIOUR that died for me."

"But your Hand! did not you feel the Smart?"

"My *Hand*?" cried he, starting and looking down upon it. "*No, not just then!* I'd forgotten it."

"See! see!" cried I, "what may be the Victory of the Spirit over the Flesh! What has been, may be again. As our Day, our Strength shall be." {179}

The large Tears came into his Eyes. "*Ned*," quod he, "I will never doubt it again."

"And now," said I, "let me dress your Hand, for I know Something of Burns." So I went out and got white Cotton Wool, and wrapped a great Pad of it about his Hand, and tied it up neatly; and, just at that Time, his Wife came in with the Crab.

"Why, what's the Matter?" cried she, changing Colour.

"Nothing at all, my Love," returned her Husband cheerfully, "save that I've burnt my Hand."

"Ah," said she, "you wist the Handle of the Kettle was loose.... I won't pity you at all! *Is* it a very bad Hurt, though?" {180}

"Nothing to speak of," quod he.

"Forsooth, and you couldn't smile so, an' 'twere—only thou hast made such a great Bundle of it. Shall I tie it up neater for thee, Husband?"

"No, sweet Heart, it does well enough. So now for the Crab.... And so young Mistress *Anne* is in the Country?"

"At the Hall," quod I, "with her Uncle."

"Ah," sayth he quietly, "the Squire hath two fair Sons ... I think she will settle down there one of these Days."

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CHAPTER X

Evil Times bring Evil Crimes

LOVE not to think of that Year: still less of those which followed after it! In *July*, *Philip* of *Spain*



landed on our Shores, and as he placed his Foot for the first Time on *British* Ground, he drew his Sword, and carried it a little Way naked in his Hand; which, if it meant Anything, certes did mean no Good. The Mayor of *Southampton* brought him the Keys of the Town, which he took and gave back without the least Token of Good-will or Civility for the Respect. Five Days thereafter, his Marriage with the Queen was solemnized at *Winchester*, he being seven and twenty, and she eight and thirty; and thereon they were together proclaimed as King and Queen of *England*. An Evil Song to *English* Ears! But oh! the Shews and Pageants that were got up to welcome them in *London*! Giants, offering Addresses; our Condyts running Wine; and what not? {182}

Thereafter, the Queen and her King behoved to go to *Hampton Court*; where, I will just observe, the Hall-door was continually kept shut, so as no Man might enter, unless his Errand were first known; which might perhaps be the Fashion in *Spain*, but to plain, honest *Englishmen*, seemed very strange.

About this Time there were so many *Spaniards* in *London*, that for one *Englishman* in the Stretes thou mightest meet four *Spaniards*, with their long, sly Slits of Eyes, and hairy Faces; so that it behoved *us* to keep our Hall-doors shut and look to our Spoons, for I never heard the King Consort undertook to stand Bail for them. About *September* they went their Ways; not entirely paying their Bills. {183}

About this Time, the Disaffection of the Body Politic was betrayed by a small Rising in *Suffolk*, soon put down. Howbeit, it gave Occasion for a Talk of twelve thousand *Spaniards* coming over to strengthen the Crown. Also, from the Queen's common Ordinary of her Household was struck off twenty-two Messes of Meat; which was considered to be paring the Cheese rather close.

Also, the new Coins were issued: them that we call the Double-face. The *Spanish* Prince, to buy good Opinion, had brought over Heaps of Gold with him. In one Day, there came to the Tower twenty Carts guarded by *Spaniards*, each containing twenty-seven Chests of Treasure, matted about with Mats. But Gold won't buy Love: the common Talk was how he held himself close, and lived sullen, without ever an *English* Lord at Court save only the Bishop of *Winchester*. {184}

Then Bishop *Bonner* began his Visitation, to see the old Service set up, and paint out the Scripture Texts on the Church-walls, and set up the Images. They say that, in conducting this Matter, he was little short of a raging Madman, whenever he met with any, the least Opposition.... I think thou mayst believe it of him, when thou hearest what I have presently to say.

Master *Hewet's* Shrievalty was out; and never was Man better pleased to slip his Neck out of the Collar. We were sitting peaceably together, when a Woman comes in to him all in Tears. 'Twas *Tomkins' Wife*, poor *Dinah*, to do us to wit that *Tomkins*, with sundry others, had been apprehended by Bishop *Bonner*, and taken for Examination to his Palace at *Fulham*. "And, unless their Manhood fail them," quo' she, weeping, "we may give them up for lost; for he makes the Real Presence a Net for catching Small and Great." We comforted her all we could; but she spake too true a Word. {185}

The Constancy of this poor Weaver, *Hew*, shewn under Examination, was very notable. There were six Prisoners in all; but *Tomkins*, perhaps on Account of his being the elder of them, was brought most forward. To intimidate these poor Men the more, Bishop *Bonner* had got together a goodly Muster of his Clergy and Friends, Dr. *Chedsey*, Master *Harpsfield*, and others. Beginning the Attack, according to his Wont, with the Real Presence, he put it to *Tomkins* whether or no he believed in Transubstantiation. On *Tomkins' meekly* but firmly confessing he did not, and giving his Reasons for that Confession, *Bonner* struck him on the Face with his Fist, and violently tore out a Handful of his Beard. *Tomkins* bare this in Silence, remembering Him who stood before *Caiaphas*. Then *Bonner*, lashing himself up, began anew to question him; and being still unable to catch him in his Talk, he seized him by the Wrist; and holding his Hand over a lighted Candle of three or four Wicks that stood on the Table, savagely kept it there till the Veins shrank and the Sinews burst. {186}

"But, *Ned*," quoth this meek Martyr, telling me of it in *Newgate*, "though one of the Bishop's own Friends that stood by turned so sick that he cried, 'Hold! enough!' I affirm unto you that I was so rapt, and in such immediate Communion with my GOD and SAVIOUR, that, at that Time, I felt or was sensible of no Pain! I say not I felt none afterwards: I feel it now. But ne'er-theless, I tell thee, *Ned*, I am ready not only to suffer this, but also to die for the Name of the LORD JESUS, if it be his Will." {187}

And many other such godly and comfortable Words he spake, both then and during the next six Months; for I was continually with him. And, during all that Time, his Courage never waxed faint, but he bare that long Probation and Suspense patiently and cheerfully; never rising into Rapture, but full of Love and Hope; and grateful exceedingly unto Master *Hewet*, for keeping his Wife and Child in Bread all that Time. {188}

Then saw I, how diverse, yea, how inferior is that Sort of instinctive animal Courage which made me leap from *London Bridge*, from that moral Courage which enableth a Man kept low, and contumeliously treated, to support, by the Space of half an Year, the Prospect of a cruel and lingering Death.

—Ah, Boy, thou mayest say what thou listest:—thou art a young Soldier.—Besides, thou hast *both* Sorts; one, maybe, from me; and one from *her*.

And now, to crown all, came over Cardinal *Pole*, whom our *Spanish* King came down to the Water-side to meet, so soon as he had learned he had shot the Bridge. But in Faith, *Hew*, he was not so evil as the others. He was no longer the Man for whom Queens might die in Love; still less the Youth that had bandied Jests with *More* and *Erasmus*:—he had known Sorrow, I wot!—his Mother, his Brother, his Cousin, had been brought with Sorrow to their Graves; and albeit his Friends did say of him he should be called *non Polus Anglus, sed Polus angelus*, he carried his Sadness in his Face. {189}

And now, the Church and Realm of *England* were proclaimed reconciled to the Pope of *Rome*, the slavish Parliament put its Neck under the Queen's Foot, there was great singing of *Te Deum*, and great kindling of Bone-fires;—Alas! there were to be other Bone-fires soon.

The New Year opened ominously. About thirty Citizens, Men and Women, privately receiving the Communion of Mr. *Rose*, their Minister, in a House in *Bow Churchyard*, were haled to Prison. For thou seest, *Hew*, Romanism had now, through the Slavishness of our Parliament, been re-established as *the Law of the Land*, which all Friends of good Order were bounden to uphold; wherefore those were constrained to break it and be classed as bad Citizens who chose rather to abide by *the Law of GOD*—a Dilemma that ought never to have happened. They that are set in foremost Places are bounden to stand in the Breach, that Evil ensew not unto them whose Place is behind them. {190}

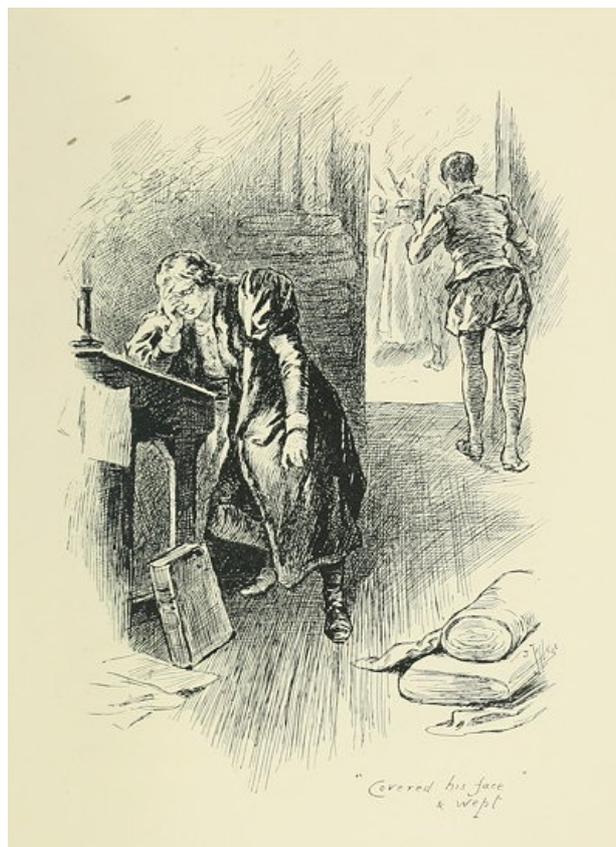
Now, see in what a Strait was Master *Hewet*. He and every other Alderman had to attend *Paul's* Church on *Paul's* Day, where the King and Cardinal came in great State, to give Thanks for the Re-conversion of the Realm to the Roman Catholic Church. This was on the *25th*; and on the *28th*, the Bishops had Commission from the Cardinal to try all such Preachers and Heretics as lay in Prison. By Virtue whereof, *Gardiner* and the other Bishops had up before them that very Day, Bishop *Hooper*, Mr. *ROGERS*, Mr. *Cardmaker*, and others, in the Church of *St. Mary Overy*. I stood, with others, at the Church Door, to see the Prisoners come out. They were remanded to the Compter in *Southwark* about four o' the Clock, just as 'twas growing dark, till nine the next Morning; and as they came forth, I saw good Bishop *Hooper* look back and wait a little for Master *Rogers*, whom, when he came up, he cheerfully addressed with, "Come, Brother *Rogers*, must we two take this Matter first in Hand, and begin to fry these Fagots?" "By God's Grace, Sir," quod *Rogers*, "we will." "Doubt not," returns the good Bishop, "but GOD will give us that." And so passed on, Hand in Hand, much cheered and pressed on by the People. {191} {192}

Next Day, they were re-examined and condemned and degraded. The Sheriffs had much ado to guard them to the *Clink* in *Southwark*, where they kept them in Ward till Dark, hoping the Throng would disperse or ere they brought them across the Bridge to *Newgate*. Howbeit, about eight o' the Clock, I being alone and busied, heard a great Rumour, followed by sharp, shrill Cries along the Bridge, and Master *Hewet*, stepping in, all in a Heat, sayth, "Lights! Lights!" I mutely gave him mine, and fetched another, and we stood at the Door, protecting the Candles from the Wind with our Hands. Others were hastily bringing Candles to their Doors; and still we could hear Men and 'Prentices running forward and crying "Lights!" {193}

"They thought to do a Deed of Darkness in the dark," quod Master *Hewet*, wiping his Brow, "and to smuggle them across to *Newgate* under cover of the Night; and so sent forward to have all the Candles at the Costermongers' Stalls extinguished ... but, if they're ashamed of their Work, let them abye it!... GOD speed you, Master *Hooper*! GOD save you, Master *Rogers*! The Blessing of GOD be on you and on all like you!"

"The same to you all, dear Friends!" responded the cheerful Voice of the good Bishop as he passed. "The LORD have you all evermore in his keeping."

And then Master *Hewet* went in and covered his Face and wept.



J Jellicoe

"Covered his face & wept"

The Blood of the Martyrs, y^e Seed of y^e Church

MAY as well tell thee now, *Hew*, by way of Relief to heavier Matters, the ludicrous Form that *Miles's* Protestantism took. He was never one of the most serious; and when Master *Hewet*, at the preceding Easter, had, on Compulsion as Alderman of the Ward, given formal Notice to every Householder, with their Families, to prepare to confess and receive the Sacrament, *Miles* sayth with a knavish Look at me, "I must do Somewhat first, to confess about."

Presently after that I heard him coaxing Mistress *Fraunces's* white Cat with, "Pussy, Pussy, Pussy! come to Preferment, Pussy!" But Puss, as if she smelt Mischief in the Wind, flew up the Chimney. Then quod he, "Thou'rt too good for the Purpose, after all. I must go pay my Duty to the Sub-prioress that lives all alone with her Cats." Quod I, "What Mischief are you about now?" Saith he, "If you ask no unpleasant Questions, you'll hear no unpleasant Answers. What if I want to get up a little Masque of Puss in Boots?"

Next Day, at dawning, there was seen in *Chepe*, on the Gallows that had been set up for the *Kentish* Rioters, a Cat suspended, apparelled like a Priest ready to say Mass, with a shaven Crown, and her two forefeet tied over her Head, with a round Paper like a Wafer-cake put between them, as though in the Act of raising the Host. Fits of boisterous Laughter rang through *Chepe*: howbeit, the Queen and Bishops were in great Dudgeon; and a Proclamation was made, that same Afternoon, that whosoever should bring forth the guilty Party should have twenty Nobles, which was afterwards increased to twenty Marks: but I need not say that nobody ever claimed it. I think I might have put the Money in my Pocket if I would.

Howbeit, neither *Miles* nor I felt ourselves called upon to confess to the Priest; in special as Master *Hewet* never enforced it on any, after the first formal Notice: and I wot, he went not himself. Indeed, it was marvellous, he said in after Years, that considering how open he laid himself to Animadversion on these Matters, no Enemy took Advantage of him; howbeit, I doubt if he had one; there were many to make common Cause with him, and he was much loved throughout the Ward.

But I have not done with *Miles* yet. The next Offence his Protestantism took was at an Idol of *Thomas à Becket*, which the *Lord Chancellor* caused to be set up over the Mercers' Chapel Door, in *Chepe*: which, within two Days, had its Head lopped off in the Night. Upon this rose great Disturbance, and one Mr. *Barnes*, a Mercer, who lived over-against the Chapel, was vehemently accused by my Lord *Wriothesley* of being Principal or Accessary to the Deed. He defended himself with every Semblance of Innocence; nevertheless, he and three 'Prentices were imprisoned for a Day or two; and, though Nothing was proven against him, he was, on his Delivery, bound in a great Sum of Money to repair the Image so often as it should be broken down, and also to watch and defend the same. I should never have suspected *Miles* of having had Aught to do with this Matter, save for his gloomy and guilty Looks while *Barnes* lay in Ward, and for his great Access of Gaiety when he was let forth. Howbeit, there are some People whose absolute Genius and Destiny seems to be Mischief; and, a Day or two after the Image's Restoration, I heard *Miles*, after pacing up and down the Chamber awhile like a chafed Lion in a Cage, exclaim in a Sort of Desperation, "I must do it again!" And next Day, the *second* Head was missing. This Time, a hundred Crowns of Gold were offered for Discovery of the Culprit. But they never were claimed. Then quod *Miles*, embracing me with an unwonted Ardour of Affection, "Ned! thou'rt a capital Fellow!"

Howbeit, *Miles* presently became absorbed in his Love-affair, which brought his protestant Zeal to a very ignoble Termination. He now lodged at some Distance from us, and kept his private Concerns very much to himself. Having one Day Occasion to speak to him at his Lodging, I there found not only his Mother, but an exceeding pretty young Woman. "Ned!" quod he, "this is my Wife; I forgot to tell you before, that I was married!" "I've a great Mind to forget it too!" sayth she, pouting, as I went up to salute her, "the Saints be my Witness!" at which, I looked attentively at her and then at him.

He followed me to the Door when mine Errand was sped. "Ned," whispered he, and coloured all over, "there'll be no more hanging of Cats!... She's a staunch *Roman*, is *Nell*! and I'm obliged to conform, I can tell thee! Rely on't, there's much to be said upon both Sides!" And this was he, had said he was as firm as *London Stone*.

I shook my Head at him, but was not, just then, going to attempt his Conversion. By way of confirming myself in the Faith, I passed on to *Newgate*, where I saw *Tomkins*, young *Hunter*, and their Fellow-prisoner in the LORD, Master *Rogers*, who was to suffer the next Morning. To hear him talk, one would have thought he saw Heaven opened, and the bright Vision that St. *Stephen* had, revealed to his inward Eye; and he mightily strengthened his Brethren. His Wife being denied Access to him, he prayed me give her a Kerchief, the only poor Token he had to send; and to bid her, if she had Strength for 't, to be by the Wayside with the Children, next Morn, on the Way to *Smithfield*. I took her there myself; the poor Soul was wondrously supported; and when the good Man came by, I held one of his little Children towards him, prompting him to say, "The LORD will strengthen thee, Father!" Which, indeed, he did.

Well, after the Euthanasy of this blessed Proto-martyr, who, as though to confirm the Courage of those that came after, did literally wash his Hands in the Flame as if he felt no Smart, *Tomkins's* Courage, strange to say, greatly departed from him, and he doubted much if he should hold firm unto the End. Thereon, great Prayer was made for him by his Brethren in Bonds, and, I am bold to say, at one or two solitary Bed-sides: and it came to pass, at all Events, that he was strengthened to go through his next Examination, with young *Hunter* and the Rest, in *Paul's Consistory*, five Days after *Rogers* was burned. The Lad *Hunter*, who stood by his Brother to the Last, heard all five Prisoners condemned to die by *Bonner*.

Thereon Mistress *Fraunces* and I went, under Shadow of Evening, to *Tomkins' Wife*. She was in strong Fits, with sundry poor Women about her; and, leaving Mistress *Fraunces* to add to their tender Ministrations, I went on to *Newgate*, if haply Master *Hewet's* Name might still serve me to have Access to my poor Friend. Directly I saw him I knew, by the mild steady Light in his Eye, that his Courage was safe! "*Ned*," quod he, "I was given over a little While unto Darkness, just to let me feel that the Strength within me was none of mine; but now, my Friend hath come back to me, and I rejoice in his Light! Soon we shall be eternally together; and oh! how much we shall have to tell and to hear. Little will it matter, then, whether my Ashes were scattered to the four Winds, or collected in a stone Jug like a *Roman's*. Direct poor *Dinah* to the seventy-seventh Psalm; I know it will comfort her. Dear Master *Hewet* will keep her from Want; and she will presently retire to her Friends in the Country. So, thou seest, I have no Fear for Temporalities! Look! she hath made me this long white Shirt to wear to-morrow; my Wedding-garment, I call it. Tell her every Stitch she set in it evidenced her Faith, as every Blow wherewith *Abraham* clave the Fagots whereon to offer his Son, proved his. And a lighter Sacrifice is exacted of her, for she hath not to slay me, only to resign me. And now, good speed, good *Ned*.... Don't be at *Smithfield* to-morrow, only stand by the Way as I go along ... thou hast risked too much for me already."

In Sooth I ne'er thought twice of the Risk; but I doubted whether what he could bear to *feel*, I could bear to *see*. I stood over-against the Door as he came forth; our Eyes met; and in a Tone that had Somewhat of Musicalness in it that searched and sank into the very Heart, he sayth, "The Night is far spent, Lad! the Day is at Hand!"

Those Token-words drew me irresistibly after him. I felt no Fear, no Horror just then; only that our two Souls clave together, and that mine must keep near his till 'twas caught up. So I kept a little in advance, and eyed him now and then, that he might just see I stood by him; and I think it gave him Pleasure, for I once heard him say, "The Presence of a Friend, that cleaveth to us unto Death, how good is it!"

But Martyrs were forbidden to make long Speeches on Pain of having their Tongues cut out; and indeed, their Constancy preached enow. Wherefore this was the last Word I heard from his Lips, for he seemed entirely addressing himself to another Friend whom we could neither hear nor see. And, when he got to the Place, I saw him put his Arms affectionately about the Stake and kiss it, (they all did that,) and then lay aside his poor Weaver's Garments, prison-worn and tattered, and put on what seemed indeed the white Robe of Immortality, and then stand firm while they put the Chain about his Waist. Just then a Man pushed rudely past me with a Fagot; and there was a Rush and a Press of New-comers that jostled me from my Place and wanted to feed their greedy Appetites with a good Man's Pain as if 'twere a mere Show. I pushed at them again, and struggled forward, amid Blows and reviling, and gat Sight of a Puff of Smoke, and a bright Flame leaping up. Just then, the Sun, breaking forth from a stormy Cloud, shone full upon his Face, which, looking upward with a joyous Smile, seemed transfigured by it. I could see no more ... mine Eyes were blinded, my Throat choked. I pushed my Way through the Crowd and went Home to pray for—myself, not for him!

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CHAPTER XII

A Snake among y^e Flowers



CAN give thee, *Hew*, no very connected Account of the Rest of that Season.... One Horror followed another—the Land was full of Blood, and Fire, and Vapour of Smoke. We went softly, and lived gloomy, and wretched, and desolate.

Sometimes I wished my Turn would come: then, dreaded it. *Tomkins* was continually before mine Eyes. At last, I suppose I altered so, that Master *Hewet* sent me down to my Mother, to keep quiet awhile in the Country.

Oh! what Happiness that was! The Tears we then shed together had Healing in them; and soon, away from all hateful Sounds and Sights, we gave over weeping altogether. My Mother, I found, had, in the first Instance, outwardly conformed; *kissed Baal*, in Fact; and then, like a good many other timid yet well-meaning Persons, found many Excuses to make for having so done, which yet failed to allay Self-disapprobation, and ended in Contrition and Resolutions of doing so no more. She was favourably placed for the keeping of such Resolves; having moved out of *Ashford*, to a remote Country-farm, too far from a Place of Worship for regular Attendance, wherefore she had set a-foot a little Church within her House, that was served, under the Rose, by a deprived Minister harbouring in the Neighbourhood. One of my younger Brothers, a goodly Lad, was at School; the other, a sickly Urchin, dwelt at Home, inactive but very happy.

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So here I tarried, Thanks to good Master *Hewet!* till my Mind quite regained its Strength, as happy as a Rook on *Sundays*, as we say in *Kent*. The Change was so great, that my Absence seemed much longer than it really was. On my Return to *London*, as I rode along *Kentstrete*, my Heart seemed to fly forward to what, in Course of Years, had become my very Home. And, when we were all re-united beneath the same Roof, and I had fallen into my old Course, with very little Interference with the World without, I shortly began to be ware of a deep, new, inward Source of Happiness, that for a While I neither could nor would understand. Whatever I did, wherever I went, the very Air I breathed seemed to have a Glow, and Sweetness, and Freshness in it, whether my Errand led me through the Skinners' Yards in *Budgerow*, or the Butchers' Stalls in *Eastchepe*; 'twas all the same!—let the Stretes be ringing with Noises, there was a Song of Angels in my Head that made me deaf thereunto. And soon I was ware that this new Sweetness of Living, which was Serenity abroad, was Rapture at Home; and so all-satisfying was it, that I took no Care for the Morrow, nor aspired for Aught I had not, but only coveted to go on just as I was.

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Master *Hewet*, about this Time, was full content with me, and reposed in me more and more

Trust. Whereby I became aware that his Ventures were becoming more important, his Connexions more extended, his Credit higher, his Gains greater; and yet, withal, no Abatement of his old Rule of Simplicity and Plainness; unless with regard to Mistress *Anne*. No Money was in Sooth spared on her for Teaching or Dressing: her Chambers for Night and Day had, I believe, every Adornment that Money and Taste could procure: if her Ornaments were few, it was rather that she did not affect wearing many, than that there was Anything her Eye coveted that her Father would not buy for her. But she was one whom Indulgence could not spoil. Her Money, of which she had ample Allowance from an early Age, (it being one of Master *Hewet's* sage Maxims, that Children should be irresponsible Controulers of some regular Stipend, however small, to teach them Self-denial, Liberality, and Charity,) her Money, I say, was freely expended upon others, and employed in gratifying many an innocent Taste for Flowers, Birds, and such-like. Thus it fell, that I was now and then made Party to some little Mystery that gave me Pleasure she wist not she was bestowing, for I am persuaded she was at this Time living chiefly in a little Dream-land of her own, peopled with none but good Spirits and fair Prospects. It was, "*Osborne*, dost thou care to favour me so much as to step down to the *Blanche Chapelton*, and slip this into the Hand of the poor Basket-maker whose House was burned down last Night?"—or, *Edward*, I want to buy my Father an Inkstand I have seen in *Lyme-strete*; 'tis of rare Fancy, and, I think, a real Antique—a Hare in her Form, made of some glossy, brown Substance; and between the Hare's Ears is the Mouth of the Inkstand.—The Shop looks not like one I should care to enter, but 'tis over-against the Green-gate of *Miguel Pistoy*. Mind not the Price, but see thou tell not even *Damaris*." {211}

Now, though Master *Hewet* so liberally supplied her Privy-purse, there were certain Household Expenses he made her reckon to a Penny; and, if she were at Fault, she had to make it good. 'Twas pretty, and diverting, to hear these two sometimes arguing together over their Account-book: for Mistress *Anne* was not a ready Reckoner, and he would by no Means be put off with a Quip. One Day, they were counting out their Money, when he said, "*Ned*, this young Gentlewoman can never attain to a competent Knowledge of Figures. I'll give thee a Couple of Angels to carry her on into Practice, for I shall save Money i' the End." {212}

So when he is gone, I say, "Come, Mistress, the Bribe is very high ... where shall we begin? I suppose 'twill shame you to be put too far back." {214}

"I hardly know what will be too far back," saith she, rogueing a little—"My Father sayeth I have done this wrong—" and she gives me a little Slip of Paper, inscribed with the neatest, prettiest little Figures.

"Good now!" said I, "the only Mistake herein is,—you have essayed to subtract the greater Number from the less; which you know can never be."

"Yes, it can be, sometimes," saith she, quickly.

"Never!" say I. "How?"

"Take V from IV and I remains!" quod she. So I laughed, and told her many a Spendthrift would like that Reckoning.

"Well," said I, "I suppose you desire not to begin with Enumeration."

"Since your Time is so valuable," sayth she, "you need not teach me at all." {215}

"Nay, Mistress," say I, "count a Million if you will! I can tarry."

"How long will that take me?" quod she.

"Why," say I, "if you count a Hundred a Minute, that is, six Thousand in an Hour, and count at that Rate for fourteen Hours in the twenty-four, you may in twelve Days count a Million."

"Hold, hold!" cries she, "you will make me puzzle-headed for a week!" and so, runs off.

Next Time I saw her alone, I say, "Well, Mistress, are you in the Humour for Practice?"

"No," quoth she with Decision, "I know Figures already!" And commenced tinkling on her Virginals. So, there an End ... or might ha' been, were any Woman two Days o' the same Mind. But, shortly, she cometh to me with a Tear in her Eye. {216}

"*Ned*," saith she, "what's to be done? I gave all the Money in my Purse (there wasn't much), to the Girdler's Widow, hard by St. *Anne* in the Willows; and now, I can't make up my Father's Accounts, and shall seem unto him a Defaulter."

"Or be one ... which?" quod I. "What is to do?"

"What *can* I do?" returns she.

"Marry," say I, "I can lend you the Money."

"Nay," quoth she quickly, "it would not be right in me to take it."

"You have Reason," say I. "It would not."

"Then what remaineth?" she said. {217}

"Honesty afore Charity," I made Answer. "You must ask Master *Hewet* to deduct it from your next Quarterage, and henceforth give not away his Money when you have spent your own."

"He would never have grutched it!" cries she, kindling.

"Forsooth, then, all's said," quod I, and turned to go.

"*Ned!* stop," cries she, "how *canst* thou be so ill-natured?" and began to cry a little. "Why did you not, the other Day, as my Father bade you, put me on some better Method with my Accounts?"

"Why," said I, "I was about to try, when you started off like a young Deer from a Gad-fly."

"Well," saith she, "run this up for me, at all Events, and see if there be any Error in the Sum-total" {218}

... I shall be grateful to you either Way."

So I began,—"*To Groceries, four-and-fourpence....*"

"Four-and-fourpence!" cries she, "Four Pound four!"

"'Tis here plainly set down," say I, "as four-and-fourpence."

"Oh, charming!" cries she, "then all's straight!"

And, catching the Paper from mine Hand, she goes off with it, and I see no more of her nor her Accounts.

Only, about a Month after, Master *Hewet* says, "Well, *Ned*, I have not paid thee thy two Angels?"

"I have not earned them, Sir," I say, "Mistress *Anne* will none of my teaching."

"In Faith, then, she has schooled herself to some Purpose," saith he, smiling, "for she is ready enough now, both at Proportion and Practice. What a whimsical young Lass it is!" {219}

In Fact she had, as about this Time, that Necessity for Application to practical Affairs which makes many Women good Reckoners whether they have a natural Turn for it or no. For Mistress *Fraunces's* Health failing her a little, Mistress *Anne* undertook the Conduct of the Household, which the other as readily yielded unto her, witting that the Pratique would do her good. So she went about, demurely, with the Keys, measuring this and weighing that, and setting down Everything in a little Book at her Girdle. 'Twas a Lesson, to see her Tendance, in all duteous Affectuousness, on good Mistress *Fraunces*, who indeed merited of her the Love of a Daughter, and whom she soon nursed well. Mistress *Fraunces*, always very softhearted, told me I should find she had not forgotten my Care of her, in her Will. Howbeit, I was thankful no Occasion came of opening it. {220}

On my Birthday, Mistress *Anne* came to me smiling, with her Hands behind her, and said, "Which Hand will you have?"

I regarded her earnestly, and said, "The right Hand, Mistress."

"Oh, miserable Choice!" cried she, laughing, and throwing me a worn Glove of her own; "hadst thou said 'Left,' thou shouldest have had this brave new Pair of scented Gloves!"

I said, "I'm content," and took up the cast Glove with Pleasure.

"Well," sayth she, "you are too indifferent by half about your Blunder—howbeit, here they are for you; I bought them of Purpose."

So I bowed reverently and took them in my Hand; but, when she was gone, I put the other in my Bosom. {221}

Another Time, I was arranging a Sunshade for Mistress *Fraunces*, in the blue-buckram Chamber, when Mistress *Anne* calleth me into the Balcony to look at some sunset Clouds, which she likened unto an Oliphant with a Princess on its Back, and to Armies and Fairy Palaces and such-like, till I told her if she span any more of her gold Cobwebs about me, I should be unable to leave the Balcony. Without heeding me, she giveth a great Sigh, and says, "There's one Thing I should like, that I know my Father would forbid. Pshaw, *Ned!* thou needs not look so surprise-stricken! 'tis but to have my Fortune told, by a real Fortune-teller."

"And so double your Sorrows and deaden your Pleasures, Mistress?" say I. "Ah, no, 'tis bad tampering with unlawful Quests." {222}

And then I told her a Tale current in the Part of the Country I came from, of a Lady who would dabble in Things supernal; and how her Fore-knowledge, actual or phansied, bred in her such Impatience of her present Lot and Greediness for Things to come, as to lead her to poison her Husband. And how the Grass would ne'er grow over his Body, but left the exact Outline of it, Arms, Legs, Feet, Hands, traced out a-top of his Grave; as may be seen this Day: and how she, a likely and well-favoured Woman, finding herself viewed askance by all, albeit no Crime could be proven against her, did call on Heaven to make her as thin as a Willowwand if she had any hidden Guilt upon her Soul; and how from that self-same Day she peaked and pined, dwindled, and fell away, till there was no Substance, so to speak, in her; for a Child might ha' carried her, she was the Lightness of one of Mistress *Anne's* satin Slippers. {223}

At the End of this Tale, Mistress *Anne* drew a deep Breath, and, saith she, "*Ned*, thou wert always a marvellous Recounter!—Tell me another Tale, as moving as the last." So I told her another and another; till the Stars began to come out; and a Singer in a Boat lying a little Way off began to sing—

*"What though thine Eyes be like the Sun
That lights up all he looks upon—"*

"Whose can those be?" quod she. "Aye! whose, indeed?" said I. But I thought I knew.—Thus, in honeyed Sweetness, lapsed Day after Day.

But it came to an End. I found at last, whether I would shut mine Eyes or no, whether I would give Ear or feign Dullness, that I was seeing, hearing Nothing but Mistress *Anne*. At first, I would not attend to this; then said (in *Answer* to Something,) "What Harm?" But yet Something answered back again, There *is* Harm. Then quod I, To whom? There is none, nor never shall be to any save myself, and the only Harm to me is the Pain; and if the Pain is a Pleasure, or I choose to bear it and count it as such, where's the Harm and where's the Wrong? {224}

But the Pleasure was gone. At least, there was so much Pain overlying it, that it was crushed down and smothered, and struggling to get free of its Burthen. Then I asked myself what this was about, and whither could it tend, and what had I lost that I had had before, that made me seem a {225}

different *Ned Osborne*? Also, why did I bring Shame on myself and bring Master *Hewet's* keen Observance on me by such and such a Blunder in my daily Charge? Was his Eye altering towards me? Would it not needs alter, did he wit the foolish, impossible Things I spent the best (the *worst*) of my Time in dreaming of? Oh! my Heart would not bear it! There was Something eating its Way into my Soul, as a Weevil gnaws its Way into a Garner.

—No, this could not go on. I thought over it and took my Part; and after watching and letting slip many Opportunities, I at length, in Desperation, took the very first that came next, and stood beside Master *Hewet* at his Desk when I wist that no Other was or would soon be within Earshot; and said, "Master, I must go."

"Whither, Lad?" quod he, surprised, yet kindly,—"On some Errand of thine own about the Town?" {226}

I tried to get back my Voice, it faltered so!—and said, "Away ... away from here."

"Art ill?" quod he, laying down his Pen, and suddenly looking full at me. "Dost thou want to go for a While into the Country?"

"No," I said, "I must go seek another Service."

"Another Service?" repeated he, with a yet more piercing Look.—"This is strange ... and sudden. We thought you were so happy."

"I was," said I. "Only—"

"Only what?" And he waited: but I spake never a Word mo'.

"I see how it is!" cried he, suddenly growing red, "Master *Groggett* hath tempted thee away from me, with Promise of higher Salary. Pitiful Fellow! I wot he hath long envied me a faithful Servant. 'Tis against our Company's Ordinance, to tempt a Man from his Master! Go, however, since thou wilt, ungrateful Youth!—thy Fidelity hath been undermined; thou hast never apprized our Kindness, hast never loved us!" {227}

This unloosed my Tongue, and I said, "I have felt, if I have not deserved your Kindness, Master *Hewet*. No one hath tempted, nor could tempt me away, and I but seek to go for that I love you e'en too well."

"How can you love us too well?" quod he distrustfully.

—"One of you," I said, faltering.

"*Anne*?" cried he. And saw it in my Face.

—"Well, Lad," quod he, softer, "no Need to blush scarlet nor weep, where no Shame lieth. *That* would be in *not* loving her, I think. You may love too much, you can't love too well." {228}

"Too well for my Peace," quod I, turning my Head away—"You had better let me go."

"Well, I think not," quod he, after a Pause of some Length. "Go to what? To another House, where Everything will be worse for thee, save that *Anne* will be not only out of Reach but out of Sight. You must perforce conquer yourself *then*, you know. Try to conquer yourself *now*."

"I don't think I can," I said; so huskily, that he made me repeat it twice.

"You meant to try, I suppose," quod he, "when you spake of going away."

"Yes, Master." {229}

"Well, try here:—for a little While, that I may think where to place you. *Ned*!—I have had some Trial of thee; I have tested thee, and I have trusted thee. Don't betray my Trust in this Matter."

I said, "I will not."

"And do thou," quod he, with all his old Kindness, "trust in me. I shall do what, on Deliberation, I think best for you. And stay thyself with this Reflection: that if thou wert the first Noble in the Land, sueing for my Daughter, I would not, in these her so early Days, give her to thee. Keep a brave, honest Heart, and take Things quietly. You have not been such a Knave as to speak to her?"

"No, Master."

"Your Word is enough," quod he, and left me. I put my Head down on mine Arms and shed hot Tears that had no Relief in them. Just then, I felt a kind Hand laid with strong emphatic Pressure on my Shoulder. I kissed it, in Sign of Reverence and Good-faith: he understood it for such, and left me without a Word. And I went on mine Affairs with a lightened Heart. {230}

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CHAPTER XIII

Master Hewet ordereth Things discretely



WO Days after this, Master *Hewet* sent me to *Antwerp*. I abode there six Months, transacting his Affairs. There was much to learn, much to see. When I returned Home, it was with a strong Heart. Directly I saw Mistress *Anne*, I felt that I loved her as much as ever; but I also felt that I could rule myself. She cried, "Oh, *Osborne*, thou art returned at last! How glad I am!" with her dear, innocent Eyes fixed brightly on mine; and forthwith began to tell me that one of her Dormice had died, and to ask me to get her another. I told her I had brought her a Guinea-pig; she thanked me, but said she did not think she should like it as much as the Dormouse. {232}

I found that some Change in Household Arrangements had been made in mine Absence, whereby my old Quarters were pre-occupied; and that Master *Hewet* had taken a Lodging for me

at the Barbitonsor's over the Way; where, in Sooth, both Master *Soper* and the young Women failed not in Aught that should be for my Comfort, and at very reasonable Charges. Howbeit, an Alarm of Housebreakers soon recalled me to mine old Post again, save that I had the Attick in Place of the Loft; every Woman in the House thinking it safe with me and unsafe without me. And Master *Hewet* said I made the old Place look more like itself.

Now, mark me, *Hew!* Thus went I on for *three whole Years*, and ne'er once lost Hold of my Stay. What Man hath done, Man may do. I was not like one working on Hope, for I had had none given me. I say not that I was always borne up to High-water Mark. Questionless, there were daily Ebbs and Flows; and ever and anon, a mighty, powerful, rushing Wind would come, and drive back the Current on an Heap, leaving bare the stony Channel; till after a While, with strong Recoil, it came hurrying back, ready to sweep all before it. But, *I never let go the Rope!* Many Waters cannot quench Love, neither can the Floods drown it. Deep might call hoarsely unto Deep, but not prevail.... {233}

Speak as if I felt it? Why, I *do!* I am an oldish Man now, at least you think me not over young; but there are some good and pure Feelings, Lad, thou wilt never become dull to, so long as thou keepest thy Heart with all Diligence. And the best of it is, that whilst those Feelings, so far as they were pleasant, are pleasant still, the Pains, then so bitter, that came from keeping down all that was wrong with a strong Hand, are now Pleasures too!—that are recalled over and over again: when, maybe, we seem cogitating or dozing. Give me thy Hand, Lad: I see you believe me. {234}

So did Master *Hewet* believe me. We were, I fancy, often thinking at the same Time of the same Matter; but thereof spake we none. I was not watched; neither did he make a Shew of not watching me: only gave me daily Proofs of a deepening and enlarging Confidence. I heard him say one Day to one of his fellow Aldermen, ere the Door was well closed behind me, "It were a poor Word, Master *Bowyer*, to say I could trust that young Man with untold Gold." {235}

But those Ebbs and Flows I spake of ... sometimes they arose from mine own unmanageable Thoughts, I wist not why nor wherefore; sometimes from the Approach of this or that Suitor ... for, towards the End of the Term I named, there were full many, I promise you; though, for the most Part, not dangerous ones: sometimes from Mistress *Anne* herself, who began to have *her* Ebbs and Flows too, both of Spirits and Temper; and who, when some of her Suitors, more displeasing unto her than the Rest, did make Suit to her with Over-boldness, would become pettish and captious, not only with them but with me and with every one else.

In one of these little Humours, she accused me of being less regardful of pleasing her than any one in the House: I would do Nothing for her. I said there was Nothing I would not do. She said that was fine Talking. I said, Would she prove me? She was leaning over the Balcony at the Time; and, looking down therefrom, said, Would I bring her that yellow Fumitory that grew in the Cleft of the Bridge-buttress? I looked at it and then at her, and said gravely, it could not be done without imperilling of Life, but that if she bade me, I would try. She said, turning red as she spake, she *did* bid me. Then I said I would take my Reward beforehand, as I might not be fortunate enough to come back. And kissed her Hand, and the same Instant was over the Parapet. She cries, "Oh *Edward*, stay!" and gives a Scream that rings through my Ears and makes People look forth of their Casements. I was hanging by my two Hands to the Ballusters, seeking some Ledge for my Foot; but, seeing her white Face, and knowing she had sent me on a sinfully reckless Errand, I, without more Ado, gave a sudden Spring back into the Balcony. She meanwhile, in the Buckram-chamber, had hidden her Face in her Hands, and was weeping bitterly. I was never so near losing Command of myself as that Time. {236}

'Twould amuse thee—it amuses me,—to pass in Review all her Suitors of that Season. There was Master *Bolsover*, the Merchant-tailor—young *Bowes*, the Goldsmith, Son of Sir *Martin—Guy Burrell*, the Clothworker;—pretty near all the great Companies, except the Fishmongers', had their Representative, I think.—Then, for the Court, there were *Ralph de Cobham*, a Spendthrift, *Lancelyn Ferrars*, and a sixth Cousin of the *Percies*. These all came and went, like Players in a Droll. {238}

Meantime, I came and went, too; ... to *Leeds*, to *Halifax*, to *Norwich*, to *Stratford*; and again to *Cales*, *Abbeville*, and *Antwerp*. Master *Hewet* supplied me with plenty of Money, and kept me abroad longer than before. I had Time to look at Pictures and Churches, and to learn to speak the Tongues of the Countries I abode in with some Fluency. I had Introductions to Merchants of the Staple, among whom were Men as friendly and enlightened as any I ever knew.

When I learned that Queen *Mary* had deceased, and that our gracious Lady *Elizabeth* was set on the Throne in her Stead, I thought it hard to be still kept from Home, where Terror and Tears had now given Place to Joy and Gladness. Howbeit, Master *Hewet* would still keep me Abroad, on some Affairs that seemed of less Moment to me than they did to him. {239}

I set my Face towards *England* at last, with a greater Longing for Home than I had ever had before. That Home was now changed: Master *Hewet* had removed into a goodly Mansion in *Philpot Lane*, fit for a Merchant Prince, and plainly yet nobly furnished. His Household was also increased by the Addition of several new Servants; but the House on the Bridge was still his House of Business.

I know not when I had so desired to see his Face, and to breathe the same Air with Mistress *Anne*. I hastened to *Philpot Lane*, and the first Sound I heard on entering the House, was of a Lute, rarely touched. I stood at Pause and listened with Rapture. I thought, Oh, what heaven-like Sounds! how sweet an Air! how greatly hath she improved! when, of a sudden, the Prelude, for 'twas no more, was succeeded by a lovesick Ballad, sung by a *Man's* mellow Voice! Oh, my Heart seemed to leap to my Lips, so great was the Revulsion. I staggered as though I were shrew-struck; and leaning against the Wall, tried to deafen my Ears to the hateful Sound. How all the sweet Chords seemed jangled! Who was the Singer? and what was his Footing here? {240}

While I put to myself these bootless Questions, the Door at the Stair-head opened, Voices spake Farewell, some one came forth, a light Foot ran down the Stair, and, or ever I was aware, or could move off, a very young Man, habited in russet Damask and blue embroidered Satin, handsome and of lordly Bearing, nearly ran over me. Looking forth of the House-door, he turned about again and said to me abruptly, "Canst tell me where are my People?" {241}

I made Answer, "I know not your People's Liveries, my Lord," (for I felt assured he was a Nobleman,) "but I saw a Party of Men in watchet Coats, with a spotted Dog on their Badges, at the Lane-end."

"All right," quod he, and proffered me a Piece of Money with a good-natured Air; but I drew back, on which he looked surprised, gave me a second Look, slightly bent his Head, and went forth.



JJ
"Proffered me a Piece of Money"

I saw he had offered me a Gift, mistaking my Degree; but what I could not help chiefly noting was, the exceeding smallness of the Coin. I marvelled so fine a young Gentleman could proffer so mean a Gift. "Ah," thought I, "'tis the City Wealth brings these Gallants so far east. A Bag of Gold would be as welcome to them tied round the Neck of *Damaris* as of sweet Mistress *Anne*. 'Tis for their own Ends they hawk low, like a Swift for a Dragonfly." {242}

Then I leaned against the Wall for a Moment, and said within myself, "O God, I have Everything that is dear to me at Stake. However my Patience may be tried, yet make me patient, I beseech thee: I know it is the Thing of all others in which I am most to seek; yet let me, as at this Time, struggle with myself not in vain, O LORD."

Then I ran nimbly up-stairs, into the pleasant Summer-chamber the young Lord had just left. Therein found I Mistress *Anne*, hanging in a thoughtful Posture, over a Posy of rare Flowers on the Table. Starting when she saw me, she said, "Oh, *Osborne*, is it you?" and blushed. {243}

I stood at Pause, without a Word to proffer. Quod she, "I am glad thou art safe returned—hast thou seen my Father?" I said, "No, Mistress. Have you fared quite well since I left?" She saith, "Quite well." Then I said, "What rare Flowers! shall I bring you some Water for them?" "No," quod she carelessly, "they are scarce worth the keeping." "Scarce worth the keeping!" quod I, "nay, they are not such as are to be bought in a *London* Herb-market.... Divers of them, these Coronations for Example, must have come from far." "They all come from far," quod she, "but what of that? I like them none the better." And commenced pulling a Gilly-flower to Pieces. I said, "I am glad I am not that Gilly-flower." She saith, "Why?" But I made no Answer, for how witted I that I was any better prized? So I turned to go; and just as I gained the Door, I heard her softly say, "*Edward!*" Then I stayed. She saith, "You will find my Father in his Closet;" and so, passed me with the Flowers in her Hand; and I saw that her Eyes were full of Tears ready to shed. When she was gone, I went back and took up some of the Gilly-flower Leaves she had scattered, and kissed them. Just then enters Master *Hewet* from his Closet beyond, wherein he might ha' heard every Word had been said; but there was Nought to be shamed of, if he did. {244}

He saith, "*Ned!* I am glad to see thee, Lad! How well thou look'st! And yet, now I observe thee more narrowly, thou look'st amiss. Hath Aught gone wrong? Nay then, that's well. Methinks, with {245}

thine Allowance, thou mightest go a little braver; which is what few young Men need the egging on to ... and yet thou gracest whatsoe'er thou hast on."

Then he told me what he called the grand News of the Day—my Lord *Talbot's* Suit to Mistress *Anne*. I said, "Oh! Master, don't kill me," and hid my Face in my Hands. He saith, "Why, *Ned*, whom am I saving her for, but *you*? Look up, Boy! He that did save, the same shall have! I have but one Child, and I mean to make her happy. But mark me, *Ned*, I wot not whether that is to be done by giving her unto mine adopted Son; nor, peradventure, art thou any more assured of it. Woo her then, Lad, with my free Consent, but tell her not just yet, that thou hast it. My Fancy—a strange one, maybe—is to see what she will in that Case do." {246}

I knelt, and caught his Hand to my Lips.

"Thy Father's own Son," quod he smiling, "he had the darker Beard, thou hast the better Eye. Thou art a Gentleman's Son, and I am no more. Start fair with the young Lord; he dines with me to-day, and so shalt thou. And now, be off with thee."

I passed forth into the Stretes, not heeding in what Direction, for my Brain was a-fire, and I wanted to quiet it and to think over many Things—no Place for Solitariness like the Stretes! Then I returned to my old Quarters on the Bridge, and looked out a Suit I had bought and wore once at *Antwerp*, but had thought almost too fine for Home, albe but little garnished ... to wit, of murray-colour, overlaid with a good silk Lace; and a *Mechlin* Edge and Tassels to my Bands. Thought I, peradventure the 'Prentice in his blue Gown had most reason to be proud of his Favour ... she kissed me then, when she could scarce hold on by my Hair, 'twas so short; and now it might wind twice round her Finger.... Then I went across to Master *Soper*, and quod I, "Now, Master Tonsor, thou must trim me for a Feast; but, mark me, mine Hair was cut last in *Flanders*, where they trim the Hair little and the Beard close; so follow the Lead and keep the foreign Fashion, and I'll give thee Twopence." {247}

"Marry come up," muttered he, "what Airs these Youngsters bring from over Seas!" And I felt I was in his power, and that one malicious snip might put me past Redress; howbeit, he stayed himself with less Work, more Pay, and acquitted himself handsomely. Then I took my *Flemish* Beaver, and my new Cloke across my Arm, and sallied forth; and chancing to look back, was avised of *Tryphena* and *Tryphosa* leaning forth of their upper Casement to look after me. Being caught at which, they disappeared. {248}

As I entered the House, I heard Mistress *Fraunces* say to *Damaris*, "Be sure they spoil not the Mortreuse," which avised me we were to have state. Howbeit, there was a rich plainness in Everything; the parcel-gilt double Salt-cellar and chased Flagons alone calling Attention to their Cost. And though Everything set on Table was far-fetched and of the best, far exceeding the Tables of the best Merchants in *Antwerp*, we had not too much nor too many of any Thing. I could not note that Mistress *Anne* had made any Difference for him—a few Strings of Pearls were warped into her Hair, and she ware her mouse-coloured Velvet, which she never thought too fine, with or without Company; but no Posy. Two Men with *Talbot* Badges helped Master *Hewet's* Men to wait; my Lord sat next Mistress *Anne*, and I over-against them. As we took our Places, he seemed to remember my Face, and to be surprised at my sitting down with him; which Master *Hewet* noting, in a certain haughtiness in his Air, he saith, "Mine adopted Son, my Lord, and the Son of mine earliest Friend.... We are all plain People, but the *Osbornes* as good as any here sitting, saving your Lordship's Presence." Whereon, my Lord, recovering, pledged me. {249}

Now, Mistress *Fraunces* was so abashed at entertaining an Earl's Son, as that she lost all her natural Easiness, and could bethink her of Nothing to say but to ask him ever and anon, whether he liked what he ate, which he professed to do once and again, though I believe he scarce marked the Difference of one Dish from another. For the first Time, I learned what the fair Speech of Lordlings to Ladies is made of ... it seemed to me rather a flimsy Stuff, Warp and Woof; over-stretched and loose-wove. Then Master *Hewet*, to leave him and *Anne* to themselves, kept up a By-talk with me about *Flanders*; drawing forth of me not so much about the Staple as about the Country, Towns, Rivers, Houses, Churches, and People. I had been to *Nürnberg*, and could tell him of the mighty Works of Genius produced by the Artists of the free Imperial City, and of the Wealth and Splendour of its Merchants. Mistress *Fraunces* was afterwards pleased to say I took the Colour out of the young Lord: what she intended thereby I never clearly made out—peradventure, being a Woman, she meant I was brown and red, and he pink and white; for indeed I was sore sunburned. For good Looks, there was no Fault to find in my Lord: he had that Easiness of Carriage and Manner which I think none but young Lords have. He took not much upon him, considering what he was and with whom; and, for the Rest, he was pleasant, but not bright. His Hands were womanish for Softness, and I heard from *Damaris*, who had it from his Men, that one Reason thereof was, he never washed them in cold Water, only dabbed them a little with a soft Napkin. Methought, rather than that, I would choose my Hands of a little coarser Grain. I think he parleyed for a Quarter of an Hour on the Christian Names of his Ancestry, how the Heads of his House had been alternately a *Richard* and a *Gilbert*, a *Richard* and a *Gilbert*, for I wot not how many Generations; and then how the Name of *George* got in, and then of *Frauncis*, and how he was a *George* again ... flimsy Talk and tedious. Mistress *Anne* sate wondrous quiet, and once gave me, across the Table, such a Look! Methought if she were secretly amusing herself, I had no Need to be so jealous unto Death as I felt. {251}

When my Lord took Leave, he, to my Surprise, invited me to attend him a little Way. I looked at him, to be assured there was no Mistake; and, seeing he awaited me, I followed; Master *Hewet* saying as I departed, "Fail not to look in on us as thou returnest." In the open Air, my Lord and I walked awhile without speaking, by Reason of the People we met; but, proceeding to a side Aisle of *Paul's*, he spake to me of this and that, I following his Lead, and leaving him to start his Subject. {252}

At length, quod he, "Master *Hewet* lives quietly ... they that save most, shew least; ha, Master *Osborne*?" I coolly replied, "My Lord, it may be so."—"A rich Man," pursued he, "like a Prophet, {253}

may have least Honour in his own Street and his own House. Why now, there may be many cross daily his Threshold and have Speech of him on ordinary Affairs, that wot not he, for as homely as he is, hath six thousand Pounds by the Year ... am I within the Mark, Master *Osborne*?" "Marry, my Lord," quod I, "your honourable Lordship seemeth to know much more of the Secrets of his strong Box than I do. I never yet asked of him what it held, nor never was told." "That may be true," quod he, "and yet you may guess."—"But I never did guess," interrupted I, "I know him for rich, and liberal, and of high Credit at Home and Abroad; and that is all." "You would surprise me," quod my Lord, "unless it were clear to me that you resent my Freedom with you in this Matter." "On my Faith, my Lord," quod I, "I resent Nothing. I may know the Amount and Success of this or that Venture of Master *Hewet's*, without having any Key to the Sum total of his Wealth; but whatever came to my Knowledge, whether by Chance, by Confidence, or in the Way of Business, it is certain I should keep locked in my Heart as faithfully as his Trade Secrets what Time I was his 'Prentice." "Nay, you are a good and honest Heart," quod my Lord. "Be as honourable to me as to him, I beseech you, and say Nothing that shall minish me in his good Liking." "Why should I, my good Lord?" quod I, "our Paths lie wide enough asunder." "Aye, but you have his Ear," quod he, "in the Way of daily Business, and he spake of you as his adopted Son. If you are as a Son unto him, his Daughter is unto you as a Sister, and you may do a good Turn for me, peradventure, with fair Mistress *Anne*." "My Lord," quod I, "we are on quite a different Footing from what you suppose, and your Suit would gain no better Favour from passing through my Hands." "Will you try that?" quod he, smiling. "Marry, my Lord, why should you put it upon me?" quod I, "you are far better able to make Suit for yourself ... Earls' Sons do not commonly seek in vain for fair Ladies' Favour." ... "You will, at least, not be my Foe?" quod he. "No, my Lord," quod I, "unless you give me greater Reason to be than you have done yet: howbeit, I marvel your Lordship should value my good or ill Favour at a Pin's Purchase."

"Ah," quod he, after a Pause, during which we paced half the Length of the Aisle, "there be some Things that neither Rank nor Money can buy; and I saw that Mistress *Anne* had you in her Regard."—"Did you, my Lord?" cried I, "wherein did she shew it?" But he was thinking of his own Matters rather than of mine, therefore only said, "I could discern it and am assured of it; therefore be my good Friend, good *Osborne*, and speak a good Word for me when you can."

Then taking a Ring off his Finger, he saith, "I beseech you, accept this Ruby for the Esteem I bear unto you ... a mere Trifle, yet a good Stone, I assure you—nay, Sir, be not so unkindly—'beseech you, for my Love."

I put it aside, saying, "In a Word, my Lord, I cannot. Faith, it were well your honourable Lordship would turn into another Aisle, for there is a Tailor behind yonder Pillar taking down the Particulars of your Apparel in his Notebook, which 'twere Pity o' my Life, for the excellent Devising thereof, should be copied and sold in a City Frippery."

He moved off with a Start and a Smile, replacing his Ring. At the same Time we were accosted by one of those habitual Frequenters of *Paul's Walk*, that will sue your Charity first, and pick your Pocket afterwards. My Lord affected first not to hear him, but seeing me feel for a Trifle to be quit of him, he sought his own Purse, which, not finding, he turned about in some Anxiety to his Men, who were some Way behind, and accosted them as soon as they came up, with "Here, *Cresswell, Jenkyn*! I have lost my Purse,—hie back, one of you, to Master *Hewet's*, where, methinks, I dropped it." "My Lord, I will return and aid in the Search," quod I, glad of an Excuse for ending so troublesome a Dialogue; albeit I thought it much more likely he had lost his Purse in the Place we were in than dropped it at our House.

However, there I was wrong, for *Damaris* met us on our Return, saying, "Oh yes, here is my Lord's Purse," and gave it unto his Man. When she had watched him depart, "'Twas hardly worth returning for," quod she disdainfully, "there were but three Nobles; and albeit the Purse had a Hole in't, 'twas not big enow for a Penny-piece to drop through. But peradventure he was ashamed we should see it, so was anxious to have it back." "There's no Shame in Poverty, *Damaris*," quod I, "if we are not proud with it."—"Nay, I know not," quod she, doubtfully; "Folks always *are* ashamed of it, that's certain."

In the withdrawing Chamber sate Mistress *Anne* at her Needle, beside Master *Hewet* in his great Chair. "Now then," thought I, "every good Angel be my speed! I believe I can tell as well as most whether a Man be only setting himself to sleep, or verily and indeed sleeping; and I see that at this present, Master *Hewet* is truly and soundly asleep, but yet his being at his Daughter's Side gives me Freedom of Access unto her I should not in other Wise enjoy, and will now neither abuse nor neglect."

So, without a second Thought, and armed with my Possession of the Father's private Grace, I sate down over-against her. She said, "So soon returned?" and began to question me of my Travel. Then my Tongue unloosed, and I told her how many fair Things I had seen, how many notable People and Places, yet how none of these had been able to damp for one Moment my Desire to be at Home, within Sight and Sound of her. As I went on, waxing more and more fluent, more and more passionate, so did her Colour wax deeper and deeper, until, with a Look of extreme Displeasure and Aversion, she said, "*Edward*, thou art beside thyself ... pray let me never more hear such foolish Talk as this—I had better Thoughts of thee." And arose to go. I arose too, and stayed her, and prayed her to forgive me if I had spoken Aught amiss,—if she did not, I could have no Peace. She said, "I cannot just now, I am wounded so much;" and went away, with flushed Cheeks and Eyes full of Tears. Master *Hewet* was roused by her Departure, and, rubbing his Eyes, smiled and said, "I thought *Anne* had been here." "She is but just gone," I made Answer; and the rest of the Evening was sad enough.

Next Day, I had long Speech of Master *Hewet*, touching foreign Affairs. He told me of this and that Estate in *Yorkshire* he had been buying, in the Parishes of *Wales* and *Hartshill*, and of his minding to send me down to see them, if I were ready to start off again so soon. I said, "I am quite ready, Sir." "Shortly thou shalt go, then," quod he. "And now take up these Letters to *Anne*, for

they concern her more than me, being Thanks from some of her poor Pensioners." Adding, just as I was leaving, "Thou didst not make much way last Night, *Ned* ..." and smiled; which bewrayed to me that he had heard at least Part of what was said; which I was mad with him for, and thought not fair.

And now I began to muse within myself what a provoking Thing it was, that when all the Obstacles I had counted insurmountable between *Anne* and me had suddenly given Way, I should be brought up short by herself! Certes, an' she cared not for me, there was no more to be said; and Master *Hewet* would in no Ways be to blame if he gave her to Somebody else; neither had I ever sought nor had she ever bestowed any such Tokens of especial and considerable Regard as should encourage me to suppose I had only to ask and have. And yet, I had somehow always thought, "Only give me my fair Chance with the Rest, and I ask for nothing better." That was my Conceit and Presumption. Therefore with a very sad and sorry Aspect did I carry up the Letters to Mistress *Anne*, and used as few Words as need be in the delivering of them. She on her Part was equally dry, and gave me no Pretence to tarry, and yet I lingered. Seeing which, and that I was about to speak, (though I protest, on Somewhat quite as trivial as the Weather,) she suddenly coloured up very much and said, "*Edward*, if you are going to talk any more Nonsense, as you did last Night, I would rather go away." "There's no Need, Madam," said I coolly, "I had not such a Thought in my Head." On which she coloured still worse, and sitting down again began to read her Letters. {263}

Damaris now came in, and began to stitch away at a distant Window. "I have but to say Farewell, Mistress *Anne*," quod I, "before I start on my next Journey." "So soon again? where are you going?" quod she, without looking up from her Letters. "A rolling Stone gathers no Moss." (This was an unkind Cut, considering her own Father set me rolling.) "To *Yorkshire*," replied I, "and perhaps I had best say Farewell at once, for Lord *Talbot* is coming in at the Gate." {264}

"Oh then, *Edward*, stay!" cries she with all her old Frankness: starting up and dropping her Letters. As we both stooped to pick them up, I said, "I will, if you wish it; but are you assured you know your own Mind?" "Quite," said she very determinately, "so leave me not by any Means."

Then cometh in my Lord, very brave, in blue Silk and Silver. How laughable it was, if I could but have felt merry! *Damaris*, questionless, was laughing in her Sleeve. My Lord steps up to Mistress *Anne*, with easy Assuredness, and touches with his Lips a very pretty Fabricket of Silk rayed with Silver, for she gave him a gloved Hand. Then he hoped she had rested better than he had, as in Sooth he saw by her divine Looks she must needs have done; and he marvelled not that Roses were at no Price to be had just now at Court, since 'twas plain they found a more nourishing Soil in the City; and so forth, like a Valentine, calling her Looks Nature's sweetest Books, her Tresses golden Meshes, her Voice Musick, her Favour Heaven, with Apostrophes to *Venus* and *Cupid*, and Asseverations that he was a Prey to a Mind delighting in Sorrow, Spirits wasted with Passion, a Heart torn in Pieces with Care. To which she made Answer, that she hoped he overstated his ill Condition. To which he responded that if he did, 'twas *error amoris*, not *amor erroris*. With othermuch i' the same Vein, that he cared no Whit for mine hearing, but rather enjoyed having another Listener while he ran off Phrases that it seemed to me he must needs have got by Heart. I thought, As she liketh not my Fashion, maybe she liketh this. Howbeit, there was Nothing in her Favour to discover whether she did or no. So after a set Time given to this Court-like Parry and Thrust, this Quip and Compliment, whereby I wist not how a Man could suppose his Suit moved one Way or the other, my Lord takes leave with easy Grace, as a Man who had, in one Affair, transacted the Business of the Day to his Satisfaction. {265}

So soon as he hath departed, Mistress *Anne* falls a laughing, when in cometh Master *Hewet*, looking somewhat harassed; seeing which, *Damaris* sweeps up her Work and departs, leaving us all with grave Faces.

"*Nan*," quoth Master *Hewet*, casting himself into his Arm-chair, "I must have a few Words with thee of this Suitor of thine." {266}

"We are not alone, *Father*," interrupted Mistress *Anne*, casting a quick, apprehensive Look towards me.

"Tilly-valley," he responded, "none other is within Earshot of us but *Ned Osborne*, who is only an *alter ego*."

"He may be thine, *Father*, but he is not mine," quod Mistress *Anne*, somewhat captiously, "and I pray you to defer what you have to say to me till we are by ourselves."

"Maiden, thou art over-hasty," quod Master *Hewet*, looking fixedly at her, "and, in thy Fear of being over-civil unto one who has been unto thee as a Brother, and to whom, moreover, thou owest thy Life, art somewhat failing in good Manners."

Her Eye sank before his, and she submissively replied, "Well, then, *Father*, what is it thou wouldst say?" {267}

"Just this," he returned, "whether Lord or Commoner, the Youth must have an Answer, so soon as thou knowest thine own Mind."

"I know it already," quod Mistress *Anne*, shortly.

"What is it?" saith her Father. She faltered for a Moment,— "Not to have him," she replied softly.

"*Ned*, thou hast thine Answer," quod Master *Hewet*.

"*I*, Sir?" quod I, starting.

"Hear'st thou not?" returned he imperturbably, "thou hast it from herself. I told thee I but sought to make my only Child happy,—you can't make her so, it seemeth,—she won't have you."

"*Father!* what *are* you saying?" cried Mistress *Anne*, trembling exceedingly.

He looked at her, but made no Answer.

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"Were you not," said she, leaning over him breathlessly, her Dress vibrating with the quick beating of her Heart,— "were you not making Question of Lord *Talbot*?"

—"Lord *Talbot*? Lord *Marlingspike*!"—quod he, "my Thoughts were as far from him as from the City Giants! Said I not 'this Suitor of thine'? Whom should I think of but *Ned Osborne*?"

"You never told me before, that *I* might," quod she, turning scarlet, and then bursting into Tears. I sprang towards her, but she brake away from me, and was gone in a Moment. Master *Hewet* leaned back in his Chair and smiled. "Methinks, *Ned*," quod he, "the Day is thine, this Time." And, {271} taking the Ring off his Finger, that he had shown Lord *Howard* of *Effingham* on the Bridge, "See," quod he, "how long I have destined her for thee!"

—Here 'tis, *Hew*—I always wear it now. Thou mark'st the Posy:

*"He that did save,
The same shall have."*

—Many a goodly Hereditament had I with her, too ... the *Barking* Estate, and those *Yorkshire* Lands inclusive. The *Settings* of my Ring, Lad! no more—the Casket that went with my Treasure—the binding of my Book.

So now thou seest how thou mayest wait a little longer for fair Mistress *Joyeuse*, without fuming and chafing, lest this Hurt, got in a good Cause, should lose thee thy Place among thy Rivals. Tut, Lad, 'twill only grace thee in her Eyes all the more! See how Things came round in my Case. I had {272} not half thy good Favour, nor the brightness that a Sword carrieth in a Woman's Eyes. "A plain Man, dwelling in Tents...." Nothing more!

Well, what remains to tell? We married, we were happy? Thou knowest it, and yet sayest, "Go on." *Anne* and I were married early in the *October* of that Year; and on the *29th* of that same Month, Master *Hewet* was chosen Lord *Mayor* of *London*, and knighted at *Westminster*. What a Pageant we got up for him! I was a young Husband, full of Spirits, and ready for Anything that came in my Way, Feasting or Fighting; in special, then, to do Honour to him unto whom, under Heaven, I owed all earthly Good. So I took Council with the Master-revellers; and, between us, we {273} concocted as pretty a Subtlety as ever was devised! Don't laugh, Sirrah! you'd have thought it very fine. There was the Symbol of our Mystery, a Golden Ram, ridden by a little Child, cherub-like for Beauty, followed by rustical Shepherds and Shepherdesses with Pipes and Tabors and flower-wreathed Crooks. Then came the Players of the Pageant, which was the Story of *Apollo* keeping the Flocks of *Admetus*, and helping him to win his fair Wife; all which was to be enacted at the proper Time on a goodly Stage representing a pastoral Wilderness, with Trees, Bushes, Shrubs, Brambles, and Thickets, interspersed with Birds and Beasts. In the Midst, *Apollo* playing on his Lyre: on either Side a Satyr, mopping, mowing, and curvetting. This was, as you may plainly perceive, altogether diverse from and very superior to the Drapers' tasteless Pageant of *Salisbury* {274} *Plain*, whereon were assembled Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Carders, Spinners, Dyers, Wool-combers, Shermen, Dressers, Fullers, Weavers, without any Order or Propriety.



J Jellicoe
The Masque

Ours was of another guess Sort, Sir! I fancy there was some little Classicality in it; though I say it that should not. After the Hall Dinner, ('twas noted of all how pretty *Anne*, the young Bride, looked as Lady Mayoress!) the Players having set up their Stage, *Apollo* was discovered lying all along, a playing of his Lyre, with his Crook cast aside and his Sheep scattered hither and thither: and, quod he,

*"Whoe'er may it gainsay,
I am the God of Day;
And it is also I
Am God of Poetry:
Howbeit, 'tis my Fate,
Thus cast from high Estate,
In these poor Weeds to keep
The good Admetus' Sheep."*

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—And so forth, explaining why he had been banished from Heaven by *Jupiter*. Entereth to him *Admetus*, not wisting who he is, beyond his hired Servant, whereon they parley on Things in general, especially the Wool Trade and Clothworking, (with a Hit, here and there, at the Drapers.) Then the merry Sound of Drumes and Piffes causeth them to step aside behind the Trees, and there entereth a Company of Shepherds and Shepherdesses singing the Praises of their fair Lady *Alcestis*, represented by a fair Boy i' the Midst, crowned with Guirlands. Then *Admetus* doeth *Apollo* to wit how that he is enamoured of *Alcestis*, whose Father will in no wise bestow her save on one that shall yoke a Boar and Lion together in a Car. Then *Apollo*, who hath a dark Lanthorn aneath his Cloke wherewith he ever and anon maketh a sudden Flare into *Admetus'* Eyes, who wisteth not whence it cometh, nor wotteth 'tis the sunbright Glory of his celestial Guest, biddeth *Admetus* not to lose Heart, for that he will accomplish his Task for him. And thereupon taking up his Lyre, he beginneth to sing and play after such a transporting Manner, that the Birds give over singing in the Trees and hop down on his Shoulders, the Beasts begin to glare at him through the Thickets, and then to gather about him, subdued unto a kind of surly Softness,—whereon *Apollo*, giving *Admetus* a private Nod and continuing his playing, *Admetus* without more Ado takes a Yoke wreathed with Flowers from one of the Shepherds, yoketh therewith a Lion and a Boar into a Car that is presently brought in, placeth *Alcestis* in it, driveth her to the Feet of her Father, (a King,) who arriveth opportunely and can no longer say why the Marriage should not be solemnized; and, their Hands being joined by him, the Shepherds and Shepherdesses dance about them, *Apollo* still playing; and one and all chant a Chorus in Praise of Clothworking.

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Ha! that was a notable good Pageant! Far better than mine own, many Years after, which I need not tell thee, Lad, I did not devise myself. The Toy was pretty, too, and appropriate—the Story of *Jason*, whom I believe to have been nothing more nor less than a Merchant-adventurer that equipped his Ship the *Argonaut*, and by his Traffic and Commerce carried off the Golden Fleece; that is to say, the Trade of the World.

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Scarce were the Pageants over, and Master *Hewet*, that is to say Sir *William*, set to his daily and hard Work—for a Lord Mayor, *Hew*, hath no lazy Time on't! He presides at the Sittings of the Court of Aldermen, Common Council, and Common Hall, is Judge of the *London* Sessions at *Guildhall*, Justice of the Peace for *Southwark*, Escheator in *London* and *Southwark*, Conservator of the *Thames*, signs notarial Documents, presides at Public Meetings, founds Charities, is Trustee for Hospitals, attends the Privy Council on the Accession of Sovereigns, and—not to weary thee with the hearing of what I've had the doing,—sits daily in his own Justice Room by the Space of four or five Hours). Well, but, to begin a new Parenthesis, have we not had some fine Fellows among us? Look at *Fitz-Alwin* resisting one Sovereign, *Walworth* defending another, *Picard* feasting four Kings at his Table, *Philpot* raising a thousand Men at his private Charges to put down Pirates, *Banne* relieving a great Dearth by importing foreign Corn, *Falconer* supplying *Henry* the *Fifth* with the Wherewithal for his *French* Wars, *Whittington* founding Divinity Lectures and building *Newgate*, *Wells* supplying the City with fresh Water, *Eyre* building *Leadenhall* for a Public Garner, and bestowing five thousand Marks on the Poor, *Stockton* knighted on the Field by his King for good Service in Battle, *Fabian* compiling Chronicles, *White* founding a College, and defending our Bridge; and, not to be farther tedious unto thee, Sir *William Hewet*, the Benefactor of every Hospital, and of the Poor of every Parish, besides bequeathing a Dowry to every poor Maid in the Parish of *Wales* or *Hartshill* in *Yorkshire* that should marry within a Year of his Decease. These Men, *Hew*, were Worthies in their Generation! And if Master *Hewet* had a hard Shrievalty, he had a joyous Mayoralty, under the early Rays of that fostering Sun, our glorious Sovereign Lady *Elizabeth*!

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There is great Peace in the Land. I say not we are better than we were, but we are happier and more prosperous. Sometimes I think those Days of Trial did us good: they tried us even as Silver is tried; the baser Metal perished. Let us not settle on the Lees, lest a worse Thing come upon us.

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