A DICTIONARY
OF THE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE:
IN WHICH
The WORDS are deduced from their ORIGINALS,
AND
ILLUSTRATED in their DIFFERENT SIGNIFICATIONS
BY
EXAMPLES from the best WRITERS.
TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,
A HISTORY of the LANGUAGE,
AND
AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

By SAMUEL JOHNSON, A.M.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Cum tabulis animis centiforis sumet honesti:
Audere quaeque partum splendoris habeunt,
Et si sè ponderē erunt, et honores insignia serentur,
Verba movere loco; quamvis invita recedant,
Ex verborum schola intra penetralia Verba:
Obstaculōs dis populo bonus erant, atque
Proferet in lucem spectabilis vocabula rerum,
Quae prifcis memorata Cato utilis atque Cathelis,
Nunc situs infestis premat et deserta venustas.  Hor.

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MDCCCLV.
The History of the

Our life here short of wit the great dulnes
The heuy soule troubled with trauayle,
And of memorie the glayng brotenles,
Drede and vancumint haue made a strong batail
With therein my spreded airs to affraye.
And with their fulbl creping in most quicke
Hath made my spirit in maiyking for to feint.
And ounermore, the fairefull frowardnes
Of my trempether called oblation,
Hath a ballyl of forytfeulnes,
The which, in the suffrage, and shadow my reason
That I might have no clere direction,
In translating of new to quicke me,
Stories to write of olde antiquite.
Thus was I fet and floote in double were
At the meting of fearful wasy tweyne,
The one was this, who liveth here,
Whereas good wyll gan me contrayne,
Bochas tascomplie for to doe my payne,
Came ignorance, with a menace of dreede,
My peyne to rett I durft not proce.

Forteun was chief justice of the Common-Plaat, in the reign of king Henry VI. He retired in 1491 after the battle of Tewkesbury, and probably wrote most of his works in his privacy. The following passage is selected from his Book of the Difference between an absolute and limited Monarchy.

H Y T may peraevency be marvellde by some men, why one Realme is a Lordh ynp only Realmas, and the Prynce thereof ruleth yx by his Law, called Jui Regale; and another Kyngdome is a Lordship, Regal and Polytik, and the Prince thereof ruleth by a Lawe, called Jui Politiques et Regale: for thest the twa princess beth of eual Aflatie.

To this dowte it may be answearyd in this maner: The first Institution of the twa Realmas, upon the Incorporation of them, is the Caute of this diversitie.

When Nembrom by Mght, for his owne Glory, made and incorpora the first Realme, and febulyd it to hymself by Tyrannye, he would not have it governedy by any other Rule or Lawe, but by his owne Will; by which and for th' accomplisment thereof he made it. And therefor, though he had thus made a Realme, holy Scripture deuyd to cal hym a Kyng, Qvia Rex diuerit a Regendo; Whych thynge he dyd not, but oppreseyd the People by Mght, and threfor he was a Tyrant, and called Prima Tyrannorum. But holy Writ called hym Rybath[?] Venera coron Deo. For as the Hunter takyth the wyld befor to go fele and cal hym Jo Nembrom fubjuyd, and them to the People with Mght, to have ther service and their goods, usyn upon them the Lordship that is called Dominium Regale tautum. After hym Brilus that was called fyrst a Kyng, and after hym his Some Sithus, and after hym other Fanyms; They, by Example of Nembrom, made them Realmas, would not have them rulyd by other Lawys than by their own Wills. Which Lawys ben righ good under good Principes, and their Kyngdoms a ten most refembylyd to the Kyngdome of God, which reynyth upon Man, rulyng hym by his owne Will. Wherfor many Crystlyn Princes uen the same Lawe, and therefor it is, that the Lawys beyn, Quod Principis placuit Legis habet eicerem. And thus I supposse fyrst begunne in Reslyms, Dominium tautum Regale. But afterward, when Mankyd was more manuete, and better dispoyled to Vertue, Gree Communities, as was the Feliphi, that came into this Lord with Brilus, was to be unyed and made a Body Politik calle a Realme, having an Heed to governye it; as after the Saying of the Philosopher, every Communality unyed of many parts mutt needs have an Heed; than they chose the fame Bruce to be their Heed and Kyng. And they and he upon this Incorporation and Institution, and rulyng of themself into a Realme, ordeynyd the fame Realme fo to be rulyd and justlyfyd by such lawys, as they al would affent unto; which Law therfor is calle a Politicus; and bacadde it is mynytred by a Kyng, it is called Regale. Dominium Politicum dictur by Regimem, clarum Scientiae, et Consilio manifestum. The Kyng of Scots reynyth upon his People by this Lawe, videlicet, Regimine Politice et Regale. And as Diodorus Syculus faith, in his Boke de pririis Historiae, The Realme of Egypte is rulyd by the same Lawe, and therfor the Kyng therof chaungith not his Lawes, without the Affect of his People. And in like forme as he faith is rulyd the Kyngdome of Saba, in Felici Arabia, and the Lord of Libis, And also the more part of al the Realms in Africa. Which manner of Rule and Lordship, the sayd Diodorus in that Boke, prayth greetly. For it is not only good for the Prince, that may thereby the fear of justice, than by his owne Arbritment; but it is also good for his People that receive thereby, such Justice as they defyer themselue. Now as me fAmyth, it is shewyd openly enough, why one Kyng rulyd and reynyth on his People Domine tautum Regale, and that other reynyth Domine Politica et Regale: For that one is this, who is beganne, of and by, the Mght of the Prince, and that other beganne, by the Defier and Institution of the People of the same Prince.

Of the works of Sir Thomas More it was necessary to give a larger specimine, both because our language was then in a great degree formed and settled, and because it appears from Ben Jonson, that his works were considered as models of pure and elegant style. The tale, which is placed first, because earliest written, will shew what an attentive reader will, in perusing our old writers, often remark, that how familiar and colloquial the gudge, being diffused among those classes who had no ambition of refinement, or affectation of novelty, has suffered very little change. There is another reason why the extracts from this author are more copious: his works are carefully and correctly printed, and may therefore be better trusted than any other collection of the English books of that, or the preceding ages.

A merry left how a sergeant would learn to playe the seree. Written by maister Thomas More in his youth.

W Y S E men alway, Affymay and gay,
That belf is for a man:
Diligently,
For to apply,
The bulines that he can,
And in no wyde,
To entyrpyn,
An other faculte,
For he that wyll,
And can no fyl, Is never lyke to the,
He that hath lafte,
The hoysters crafte,
And falleth to making done,
The frynteth that shall,
To payntynge faill,
His craft is well nigh done.
A blacke draper,
With whyte paper,
To go to wryntyng fcole,
An olde butler,
Becum a cutler,
I wene shall proue a selle.
And an olde trett,
That can I wot,
Nothyng but kyffe the cup,
With her phillikk,
Will kappe one ficker,
Yll the haue dourd hym ye.
A man of lawe,
That neuer lawe,
The ways to bye and fell,
Wenynge to ryle,
By marchaundile,
I wote to spee hym well.
A marchaunt eke,
That will goo ficker,
By all the meanes he may,
To failt in fute,
Yll he dispyre,
His money clean away,

Pleyng
Then wilt he well,
What ever fell,
He could it never lose.
He borrowed then,
Of other men,
Money and marchaundise:
Never payd it,
Up he laid it,
In like maner wyse.
Yet on the gere,
That he would were,
He reight not what he spent,
So it were nymce,
As for the price,
Could him not miscontent.
With lytly sporte,
And with refors,
Of ioly company,
In mirth and play,
Full many a day,
He liked merelie,
And men had sworne,
Some man is borne,
To have a lucky howre,
And so was he,
For such degre,
He got and suche honour,
That without dout,
When he went out,
A fergeaunt wol and fayre,
Was redy fayre,
On him to wayre,
As fone as on the mayre.
But he doublethe,
Of his mekenesfe,
Hated fuch pompe and pride,
And would not go,
Companied fo,
But drewe himsell a fide,
To foint Kathartee,
Sreight as a line,
He gat him at styde,
For deuocioun,
Or promocioun,
There would he nedes abyde.
There spent he fast,
Till all were pait,
And to him came there mony,
To sikhe theyr dert,
But none could get,
The valour of a peny.
With vifage foute,
He bare it out,
Even unto the harde hedge,
A month or twaine,
Tyll he was faine,
To laye his gowne to pledge.
Than was he there,
In greater feare,
Than ere that he came thither,
And would as fayne,
Depart againe,
But that he wold not whither.
Than after this,
To a frende of his,
He went and there abode,
Where as he lay,
So fick alway,
He myght not come abrode.
It happed than,
A marchant man,
That he ought money to,
Of an officer,
Than gan enquere,
What him was belf to do.
And he antwerde,
Be not aferde,
Take an accion therfore,
I you belefe,
I shall hym telle,
And than care for no more.
H
I feare
I fare quod he,
It will not be,
For he will not come out.
The sergeant fail,
Nor stayd.
It shall be brought about.
In many a game,
Lyke to the fame,
Haus I bene well in vre,
And for your sake,
Let me be bake,
But ye I do this cure.
Thus part they both,
And forth then goth,
A pace this officer,
And for a day,
All his array,
He changed with a freke.
So was he dight,
That no man might,
Hymn for a freke deny,
He dopped and dooked,
He spake and looked,
So religiously,
Yet in a glasse,
Or he would passe.
He torted and he peered,
His harte for pryde,
Lepte in his fyde,
Too see how well he freked.
Than forth a pace,
Unto the place,
He goeth without shame
To do this deed,
But now take heed,
For here begynnest the game.
He drow hym ny,
And fastely,
Strength at the dore he knocked:
And a damfell,
That hard hym well,
There came and it unlocked.
The freke sayd,
Good spede fayre mayde,
Here lodgeth such a man,
It is told me:
Well fy thow the,
And ye he do what than.
Quod he maystrefle,
No harme doutele:
It longeth for our order,
To hurt no man,
But as we can,
Every wight to forder.
With hym truly,
Fayre speake would I.
Sir quod the by my fay,
He is so like,
Ye be not lyke,
To speake with hym to day.
Quod he fayre may,
Yet I you pray,
This much at my desire,
Vouchsafye to do,
As go hym to,
And say an auenon freke
Would with hym speke,
And matters breake,
For his auytle certayn.
Quod the I wylly,
Stonde ye here styll,
Tyll I come downe agayn.
Vp is the go,
And told hym fo,
As the was bode to say,
He murtherlyings,
No manner thing,
Sawd mayden go thy way,
And fetch him hyder,
That we togyder,
May talk. A downe the gothe,
If worship might have kept me, I had not gone.

If why might have faed me, I needed not here.

If money might have hol, e. I lacked none.

But O good God what vaylethel all this gree,

Where deth is come thy mightie meargenter,

O myn mear th there is no remedie,

Me hath he lhommeved, and lo now here I ly.

Yet was I late promisled otherwysei

Thire to lose in welthe and deflice,

Lo where the tremeth the blotthynng promylye,

O false astrology and desuontraics.

Of goddes secretes makyngh thy telle so wyse,

Now true is for this yere thy prophesye.

The yere yet lauffeth, and lo nowe here I ly.

O brystill, welthe, as full of baterellfe,

Thy fynge pleasare doubled in with paynes.

Account my fowor fift and my didruffe,

In fondry wyse, and reckon thare aysgne,

The joye that I haue had, and I dare fyne,

For all my honour, endurud yet haue I,

More wo then welthe, and lo nowe here I ly.

Where are oure cailles, now where are our towres,

Goodly Rychmondes foncro art thou gone from me,

As Weltmynfer that costfyl worke of yours,

Myne owene dere lorde now shal I never see.

Almighti god vouesafe to graunt that ye,

For you and your children well may edelye.

My palice bylded is, and lo nowe here I ly.

Awawe owene dere quene my worde lorde,

The faithfyll loue, that dyd vs both combyne,

In marraige and peable concorde,

Into your handes here I cleane refyne,

To be belflowd vppon your children and myne.

Erft wer you father, and now mutte yf hoppie,

The mother part also, for lo nowe here I ly.

Farewell my doughter lady Margarete.

God wotte full of it greuede hath my mynde,

That ye sholde go where we shold feldeome mete.

Now am I gone, and haue left you behynnde.

O mortall folk that we be very biyonde.

That we left fere, full off is moft wyse,

From you departe I fyffet, and lo nowe here I ly.

Farewell Madame my lorde worthy mother,

Comfort your sones, and be ye of good chere.

Take all a worth, for it will be no mother.

Farewell my doughter Katherine lare the fere,

To prince Arthur myne owne chylde so dere,

It becometh nor for me to wepe or cry,

Pray for my foule, for lo nowe here I ly.

Adew lord Henry my louing sone adew.

Our lorde encrease yor honour and effata,

Adew my doughter Mary bright of hew,

God make you verussous wyse and fortunatae.

Adew my swete maide daughter Kate,

Thou shalt swee bade fuchhe is thy defeynt,

Thy mother never knowe, for lo nowe here I ly.

Lady Cicilye Anne and Katherine,

Farewell my weibeloved fittres three,

O lady Brigges other filier myne,

Lo here the ende of worldlye wantentie.

Now well are ye that earthly foly fere,

And heuyly thynges loue and magnifye,

Farewell and pray for me, for lo nowe here I ly.

A dew my lourdes, a dew my ladies all,

A dew my faithfull ferauntes every one,

A dew my communas whom I never shal lhall,

See in this world wherofere to the alone,

Immortal god vereely three and one,

I me commendee. Thy infinite mercy,

Sew to thy feraunt, for lo nowe here I ly.

Certain manners in English written by master Thomas More in his youth for the boke of fortune, and caused them to be printed in the beginning of that boke.

The words of Fortune to the people.

MINE high effate power and authority,

Ye shall know, encreche and ye shal fyse,

That richesse, worship, welthe, and dignitie,

Joy, reft, and peace, and all thyngs fyntalye,

That any pleasure or profit may come be,

To mannes comfort, dyse, and fullinause,

Is all at myдыe and ordynancie.

Without
THE HISTORY OF THE

Without my favour there is nothing wonne.
May a matter hace I brought at last.
To good condicion the threweth great and small
And many a purpose, bounden sure and fast
With wife provision, I have oversea.
Without good happen there may no wit suffice.
Better is to be fortunate than wyse.
And therefore hath thes some men bene or this
My deadly foes and wounds many a boke.
To my dispayre. And other caufe there nys,
But for me lii not frendly on them loke.
Thus lyke the fox they fare that once forfeke,
The pleasant grapes, and gas to deny them,
Bounden sure and yet could not come by them.
But let them write as they may. For well ye wote, myrth, honour, and richeffe,
Much better is than penury and payne.
The nedy wretch that lingereth in dilivery,
Without myne helpe is ever comfortlefe,
A very burdenous and loth.
To all the world, and care to him selfe both.
But he that by my faurre may ascende,
To mighty power and excellent degree,
A common wele to gouern and defende.
O in how blifft condicion Istandeth he:
Him selfe in humour and felicite,
And ouer that his face from his might increas,
A region hole in joyfull rest and peace.
Now in this present there is no more to say,
Eche man hath of him selfe the gouernance.
Let every wight than followe his owne way,
And let that out of pouerere and misfortune,
Lift for to like, and wyll him selfe enhance,
In wealth and richeffe, come forth and wayte on me.
And he that will be a beggar, let hym bee.

Thomas More to them that trut in Fortune.

THO that are proude of honour shape or kynne,
That heppit vp this wretched worthes trezure,
 Thy fingers shindred with gold, thy tawny Wynne,
 With frendly apparell garnished out of meere,
 And wened to have fortune at thy pleaure,
 Called vp thyne eye, and loke how slipper chaunce,
 Illustred her men with chaunge and variaunce.
 Sometime the loketh as loweley fare and bright,
 As goodly Uenus mother of Cupidye.
 She locketh and the smiteh on every wight.
 But this chere fayned, may not always last.
 There cometh a cloude, and farewell all our pryde.
 Like any serpent the beginneth to swell,
 And lookest as fierce as any fury of hell.
 Yet for all that we brothe men are fayn,
 (So wretched is our nature and biynde)
 As foon as Fortune lift to laugh againe,
 With fayre countenance and dicefulle mynde,
 To croose and knele and gaze after the wynde,
 Not one or twayne but thousandes in a roat,
 Lyke swarmyng bees come flockeryng her aboute.
 Than as a hyare the byngheit forth her warre,
 Silver, gold, riche pertele, and precious stone,
 On whiche the mafcel people gaze and stare.
 And gaze therefore, as dogges doe for the bone.
 Fortune at them laughteth, and in her trone
 Anyd her treaure and waurring rychesse,
 Proudely she howseth as lady and emprese.
 Falt by her lyse doth very labour stand,
 Pale fere allo, and forow all bewept,
 Diddayn and hatred on that other hand,
 Eke refles watche fro fleshe with trauayle kept,
 Hiz eyes drowly and loyking as he flerpt.
 Before her flanderen daunger and eyzy
 Flattery, dyreft, michiefe and trancy.
 About her commeth all the world to begge.
 He aketh lande, and he to pas would bringe,
 This toye and that, and all not worth an eggie:
 He would in love profiter above all thyng:
 He kneelth downe and would be made a Kyng:
 He forseth not to be may money haue.
 Though all the worlde accompt hym for a knaue.
 Lo thus ye fee dieres heddes, dieres wites.
 Fortune alone as dieres as they all.
ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Here have I swears you by the trine, whose which ye lyf,
State, fortune, or humble power:
That is to say, neweth it in your lifc,
To take his bondage, or free libertie.
But in this voyage ye do attt me,
Draw you to tortures, and labour how you please,
If ye thynke your felte to well at ease.
And ye vppon the louely shall the smile,
And friendly on the call her wandering eyes.
Embrace the in her armes, and for a while,
Put thee and kepe the in a foole paradise:
And fourtie with all that to thou lyf deuid,
She well the ground it liberally partes:
But for all that beware of after clappes.
Reckon you neuer of her fauour sure:
Ye may in clouds as eaily trace an hare,
Or in drye lande caufe fitches to endure,
And make the burnyng lyre his heate to spare,
And all thy works in compass to torfate,
As he may make by cratc or engine fable.
That of her nature is euer variable.
Serve her day and nyght as resonente,
Vppon thy knees as any servante may,
And in conclusion, that thou falt winne thereby
Shall not be worth thy fervencye I dare say.
And looke yet what the grace the joye:
With labour wonne the shall happily to morrow
Pluck it agayn out of thynge hande with forrow.
Wherefore yf thou in furetye lyf to stande,
Take puruertie parte and let provide fortune go,
Receive nothing that commeth from her hande.
Let fortune in order and vertue be:
Whatcsoever may thee not affirme.
Whiche double fortune may not take the fro.
Then mayst thou boldely defie her burnyng chaunce:
She can the nyther hynder nor asuance.
But and thou wyl nedes medle with her tresure,
Trut not therein, and spande it liberally.
Bear the not proude, nor take not out of mesure.
But make thy life with of the byre.
None falleth farre, but he that climbeth hys,
Remember nature fete the hyther bare.
The gyffes of fortune count them borowed ware.

THOMAS MOE to them that feke Fortune.
WHO fo deytlych to proouen and aifey,
Of wavering fortune the vncertaynlot,
If that the sunwere pleasf ye not alway.
Blame ye not me: fo I commande you not,
Fortune to trust, and eke full well ye wot,
I shew ye no brodly mylde in my fif.
She rennett looke, and turneth where the lyt.
The rolling dyke in whom your lucke doth flande,
With whose unhappy chaunce ye be so wroth,
Ye knowe your felte came never in myne hande.
Lo in this pondae be fylte and fregeges both.
Caff in your nette: but be you little or loathe,
Hold you content as fortune lyf affirme:
For it is your owne shynyng and not myn.
And though in one chaunce fortune you offend,
Grudge not there at, but beare a mery face.
In another many thyll it amende.
There is no manne fo farre out of her grace,
But he sometyme hath comforthe and please.
Ne none agayne fo farte fowre in her favour,
That is full satisfaute with her behaivour.
Fortune is flate, solenn, proude, and hyre:
And rychesse gueh, to haue seroyure therefore.
The nedy begger catcheth a halfpenny:
Some manne a thousand poundes, some little some more.
For all that he keeps the euere in the fowre.
From every manne some parcel of his will,
That he pray therfore and serue her fylle.
Some manne hath good, but children hath he none.
Some man hath both, but he can gett none health.
Some hath al thre, but vp to honours throne,
Can he not crepe, but he hath no maner of their.
To some he fendeeth, children, ryches, welthe,
Honour, woorthy, and reverent all his lyfey:
But yet the pyncheth hym with a therowde wyfye.
Then for aifome as it is fortunes goye.
To gaunten no manne all thyng that he wyll aye,
But as her felle lyf ordre and dewegy,
Dost every manne his parte duide and tax,
I countayle you ech one trufe vp your packes,
And take no thing at all, or be content,
With fuche rewards as fortune hath you lent.
All thyngs in this boke that ye shal rede,
Doe as ye lyf, thay shal no manne you bynde,
Them to beleue, as firely as yours of your.
But notwithstanding certes in my mynde,
I dont welle here, as true ye shal them fynde.
In every poynt ech answere be by, and by,
As are the stigmatizes of almanoyne.

The Description of RICHARD the third.
RICHARDE the third fone, of whom we now entrete, was in witte and courage equal with either of them, in bolye and provewe faire vnder them both, little of stature, ill furred of limmes, crooke backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard fauourte of vifage, and such as is in flares called warly, in other menne otherwise, he was malicious, wrathfull, emitious, and from afores his birth, euer frowarde.
It is for truth reportt, that the duches his mother had fo much a doe in her trauail, that she fagne not bee deIliuered of hym vncovetre:
de that he came into the worlde with a caulfe on his forfard, and to hear be borne outwarde,
and (as the fame runneth) also not yet washed, wittier menne of hatred reporte above the trouthe, or elles that nature chaungen her courfe in hys beginnings, which in the course of his lyfe many thinges vnumerally commeted.
None euel captaine was he in the wares, as and to his disspoyntment more then mere toly for peace.
Sundrie victores hadde hys, and fometime overthrowes, but never in defaulte as for his owne perfone, either of hardynesse or politlece order, free was he called of dyspence, and somwhat abowe hys power liberial, with large giftes he get him vultedfaile frendshippes, for whiche he was fain to pil and spoyle in other places, and get him dende out of the byre.
Hys was close and secrete, a deepe dislimiter, lowlye of countenancce, arrogant of heares, outwardlye compropable where he inwardlye hated, not letting to kishe whome he thought to kyl: dispitious and crueil, not for ecil will alway, but afoer for ambition, and either for the forure in one or other of his eilates.
Freude and foo was much what indifferent, where his aduantage grew, he spared no mans deathes, whole life withioute his purpoe.
He shwe with his owne handes king Henrie the first, being prisioner in the Towner, as menne contynfaly,
y, and that without commandement or knowledge of the king, which he would endooubtly yf he had entended that thinges, have appointed that bocherously office, to some other then his owne borne brother.

Sonne woman menne alle weene, that his dreynt couerly consynde, lacked not in helping fyrth his brother of Clarence to his death: whiche he refiilte operly, hewell somwhat (as menne deme) more fainely then he that wer bernetly minded to his welth. And they that thus deme, think that he longe time in king Edwards life, forethought to be king in that caste the king his brother (whyle hys lif hee looke that culye shoule shornte) shoule happen to dectcle (as in dede he did) while his children wer yonge. And thel deme, that for thys hys was gladde of his brothers death the duke of Clarence, whole lif he must nedes have hymped leyfrynde, whiche the famy cleufe of Clarence hadde keppe him true to his nephew the yonge king, or enterprised to be kynge himselfe.
But of al this pointes, is there no certaintie, and whoso diurneth vppon convers, mayes as wel frotte to farre as to floute.
How beit this, that this dere was not credible informacion learned, that the selfe sichte in whiche kyng Edwardes died, on Myllebrooke longe ere monyngye, came in greatte hale to the houte of one Potter dwelling in Reddacrefoot freete without Creypegate: and when he was with hallye rapping quicklyly leten in, he threwed into Potter that kyng Edwardes person and were departed. By my trouthe manne quod Potter till wyf than my master the duke of Glauccefter ke kynge.
What caufe he hadde soo to thynke harde it is to faye, wyther heere heenbeing toward him, any thyngue kneue that hee fuche thyngue purposed, or other-
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wyle had anye inkelenge thereof: for he was not likeley to
freak it of noughte.

But hir returne to the course of this hystory, were it the
duke of Gloucestre haddde of old fore
minded this inclusion, or was nowe at erthe thereunto
mused, and putte in hope by the occasion of the tender
age of the young princes, his nephews (as opportu
nitye and lykehebedode of Ipde, putte a manor in
charge of his own for their comfort, as it the
yeare before, hee concurd their destruction, with the visiparion
of the regal dignite of ypon hymselfe.

He for as muche as hee well wite and holpe to mayntayn, a
long continued grude and heatre breynngwe betweene the quenes kinhed
and the kings blood eyther party entrewe other authors
authoritie, hee thought, that with the desire tion (though
hee it was in desde) a forberly bygebygynge to the
purpuse of his inuite, and a gire found for the round
of the foun
dation of al his building yf he might lylle under the
pretest of reusingegyng of olde deleiplesse, abuse the
anger and argent of anye partie, to the destruc
tion of the other: and of the purpuse wyne sholde pruch as
manye as he coulde: and those that could not be
wonne, myght be lote ere they looked therefor.

For of anye thyng hee was certayne, that if his extente were
percieved, he sholde fone hace made peace betweene the
bothe partes, with his owne bloode.

Kynge Edwarde (whiche thought that this dispencer
beautye per myne lycen yeeld hem samynlyme: yet in
his good heath he hemwhat the lefe regarded it, because
he thought whatsoever busines sholde falle betwixt
them, hymselfe should alway have hoo rule to bothe
the partes.

But in his last sicknesse, when he received his natural
frongthhe foc foc enfeble, that he dysfayred all re
coyure, then hee confeyenge the youte of his
children, albei hee notheyng lefe misfrultrred then that
that happened, yet well forlynge that manye harms myghte
growe by theyre debate, whylle the youte of his children
should fell out of themselfe and countryle, of their
friendes, of whiche either party shoole countryle
for their owne commodity and rather by pleauntne
aduyke too wyane themselfe faurour, then by proftable ad
verdemenente to do the children good, hee called some
of them before hime that were at variances, and in eyecey
thee toyne marques Doffrere the quenes fone by her
fyve houlbenbe, and Richarde the lorde Haiynge,

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of them before hime that were at variances, and in eyecey
thee toyne marques Doffrere the quenes fone by her
fyve houlbenbe, and Richarde the lorde Haiynge,

A noble man, than lorde chauchoyere agayne w chimne the
quene spacially grudged, for the great fauoure the
kyng bare hym, and allo for that free thought hym
crectelle famylye with the kynge in wanton coumpanye.
His ley wyne fore, and allo for that free thought hym
crectelle famylye with the kynge in wanton coumpanye.

For of anye thyng hee was certayne, that if this
kyng haddde made hym captayne of Celyce (which office
the lorde Ryuers, brother to the quene claimede of the
kynge forther promelye as for dyeuer other great giftes
whiche hee receyved, that they looke for. When thes
lores with dierere of bothe the partes were comme
in preence, the kyngge lycen wyne hymlke and unders
fette with pillowes, as it is reportid on this wyfe sayd
vnto them. My lorde, my dere kinmenne and allies,
in what plighte I lye you, and I feele. By whiche the
lefe whyke I looke to luyce with you, the more depekye
am I moued to care in what case I leue you, for such
a thing like as my life and my kyngge you shoule lye unde
yonde.

Whiche if they shoulde (that Godde forbygynbe) youde at
vayrsynge, myghte happe to fall themelie at warrre
er their destruction woulde feren to fete you at peace.
Ye fe the youte, of whiche I recken the onlye furte
to rette in your concord. For it soffeth not that al you
love youthe, ye ech of you hate ether. If they wer
mene, your faithfullene happeye woulde sufflete. But
childhood must be mainteyned by men authorey, and
flipper youth vnderpoped with elder countryle, whiche
neither they can hate, but ye gye it, or ye gye it,
ye yee gree not. For what ech laboureth to breake that
the other hate, and art the other more to thir feelingen, impugneth ech echers countryle, whyme ye
nedes be longe are ye good concion goe forwarde.
And allo while ether parythe laboureth to be chiele,
flattert fiall have more place then plain and faulthe
dulye, of whiche mule nede enche the csyl bring
ving vype of the prync, whose mynd in tender youth

infedl, flafly redy fai to miffchief and riot, and drawe
down with this noble realme to ruine, but if grace turn
him from his hart, and then if Godde fancie me, of by
crul meenes before pleased him belth, that after fall farthe
out of fauour, so that ever at length euil drisues drewe
to nought, and good pain wayes prosper. Great
va
riance hath their long beneve betweene you, not alway
for great causes. Sometime a thing very right intended,
our mynde doth much err, and so it ought to be.
pleasure done vs, eythere our owne affection or euil
congues agreedh. But this woste I well ye never had hoo
great cause of haddred, as ye have of lowne. That I he
al men, that we be chriente men, this shull I leaue for
prechers to tel you (and yet I wote were wherby any
preachers wootes oughte, nowe move you, then this
that is by and by gowyng to the place that thei
call preache of.) But this shal I deire you to remember,
that the one partee of you is of my blode, the other
of myne alies, and ech of yow with other, ech of knin
red or affinitie, whiche fairelyl kynred of affinyt, if
the luste of myn hart be offended, the hearte that weyght
with vs that woulde Godde thei did, shoule no iele
move vs to charitie, then the repecte of felicly
conguituate. Oure Lorde forbode, that you lose
together the worde, for the lye caulfe that you ought
to lose the better. And yet that happeneth. And no
where did anye partye delelye debate, whiche
by science and lawe mote ougthe to agree toger
heth. Such a pellentenee forpepte is anoccioni
and defire of vaine glorye and faserinitie, whiche amonge
rates where he once entrec crepiteth fo farre, tyll with
devision and variancc he turneth all to mishap.
Firthe loonging to be excete the berte, alongeste egall
with the berte, and at lufe chiefe and aboue the berte.
Of whiche immoderate appetite of worshippy, and thereby
of debate and differencion what lote, what forawe, what
trouble haute within these fewe yeares grown in this
reale, I praye Godde as well forgaughte as we well
remerc.

Whiche things yf I coulde as well haue foreseen, as
I haue with my more payne then pleasure proved, by
Goddes blessed Laide (that wasuer her oche) I would
never haue won the courtseye of mennes kote, with the
loge from manny heades. But yf you be not able to
be gaime called, mucho oughte wee the more be
ware, by what occasion we have taken too gree harte
afore, that we effeleses fall not in that occasion agaynye.
Nowe be tho grieves palled, and all is (Godde be
thanked) quiets, and likele lighe wcl to prosper in
generall with hir cuntienty, and so youere eyeble gire,
whiche Lord Godde tunde them life and you lose.
Of whiche two things, the lefe lye we ther by whomo
thought Godde dydlye his pleure, yet shoulde the realme
alway finde kings and paradurenture at good kings.
But yf you amonge youre felles in a childish ryppye fall at
debate, many a good man shal perishe and happe he to,
ye to, ere this land finde peace again. Wherfore
in thes last wordes that eu I looke to speak with you:
I exhort you and require you al, for the Leone that you
eue haue borne to me, for the Leone that I have euere
born to you, for the Leone that our Lord beareth to vs
all, from this time foreward, is great eniere, and
the Leone that Godde shal end in me to your love.
Whiche if ye verraty trueth you will, if ye anye thing earthly regard, either Godde or your
king, affinitie or kinted, this realme, your owne
country, or your owne furete. And therewithal the
king no longer enduring to sitte yp, lade him down on his
right fote, his face towards them: and as the other
prefet that could refrain from weeping. But the lords
recomparing him with as good wordes as they could,
and anfwering for the time as they thought to fland
with his pleure, there in his presence (as by their wordes
appere edd forgeane other, and joynd their hands to
tgether, when (as it after appearme by their deder) they
told them that Godde had despoyled, the noble prince his forne drewed toward London,
which at the time of his deceafe, kept his housole at
Ludlow in Wales. Which countrye being far of from
the law and recourre to luffion, was be beare far
contre of good wyll and waxen wild, robbers and
rioters walking at libertie uncorkwed. And for this encreas the
the prince was in the life of his father fairest diciphe, to the end that the authority of his presence, should re- fraine euyil disposed passons fro the boldnes of their fores. And to shew the gournaunt of the favoring of this yong prince at his feyndly thythres, was there ap- pointed Sir Anthony Wodeley lord Ricrers and brother vnto the quene, a right honourable man, as valuate of hauettes as politike in couynfayle. Adyonned wer there vento vnto other of the fame partie, and in effett every one as he was nede, was vnto the quene, so was pianted the princ, that dythe by the quene no vswantly deuised, whereby her boodle might of youth be roased in the princes favore, the duke of Glou- cester turned vnto their destrucfox, and vpon that grounde the foundation of all his vnhappy building. For whom fore he perceived, either at variance with the prince, or that he either honore or valurate vnto them, so as fount, sone by writing and secre met- fengers, that it neyther was reason nor in any wife to be Mylered, that the yong kynge his mater and kynffe, shold bee in the hausses and courtlyse of his mothers kinred, sequestred in manner from thei compani and acc- tendance, of which every one outh himself as faulty fer- sure as they, and manye of them fer more honorable part of kin then his mothers side: whole blood (quod he) facing the kynge pleasure, was ful vnetypely to be matched with: his whiche nowe to be as who ray re- moved from the kynge, and the leffe noble to be left about him, is (quod he) neithers honor nor to his ma- gistracy, and alfo to his grace so surety to have the mightie of his frenedys from him, and vnto vs to little leopared, to suffer our welprooud edell willers, to grow in owergreut authority with the prince in youth, namely which is light of beliefe and ferne periwaded. Ye remember I trow King Edward himself, albeit he was a manse of age and of differency, yet was he in manye thynges ruled by the bendes, more then flode either with his honour, or our profile, or with the commoditie of any manne els, except only the immediate addvantagement of them selfe. Whiche whither they ferer thirled after their owne veale, or our owne, ye had a manse to gelle. And if the dishonest membre had not holner better place with the king, then any respet of kinred, they might peraduenture easily have trapped and brought to confucion fomme of vs ere this. Why not as easy as they have done some other al- ready, as niece of his royall blood as we. But our Lordes and manports brought his wil, and change to his grace that peril is paffe. Howe be it as great is growing, if ye wul fer this yonge kynge in our enemies hands, which without his wyttynge, might abate the name of his commandement, to an of our vndooing, which thynge God and good provisyon forbidd. Of which good provisyon there is no thinge but he lyste to make the base maide attornements, in which the kynge pleasure hadde more place then the parties willers. Nor none of vs I beleue is so vswylie, ouerfome to trufe a newe frenede made of an olde foe, or to thunk that an hourly kindnes, sodainly contract in one houre continued, yet scant a forthright, shold be deuer tested in their fomme, unless then a long accustomed malice manye yeares rooted.

With these words and wrtynges and fuche other, the duke of Gloucester sent a lettre, that were of themself etho to kindle, and in effeclawyne, Edwarde duke of Buckingham, and Richarde lorde Hastinge and chambray, be thet one of honoure and of great power. The tnoe by longe suclussion from his ancstrice, the tother by his office and the kynge favore. These two not heare etho to other so muche louse, as hater bothe vnto the quenes part: in this paynte ac- corted according together wyth the duke of Gloucester, that they were resolutely to the kynge subiege, all his motheres frenede, vnder the name of their enemies. Von this concluded, the duke of Gloucester under- standing, that the lorde whiche at that tyme were aboute the kynge, entred to bryng him vppe to his coronation, accompansioned with fuche power of theyr frenedes, that it thouldie bee harde for hym to bryng his purpos to palle, without the other great and tenderable of people and in maner of open warres, whereas the ende he wilde was doublous, and in which the kynge being on their side, his part should have the face and name of a rebellion: he secretly therefore by durers that they wer in the kynges service, were periwaded and brought in the mynd, that it neither was better nor safe to do anythinge, the kynge, the kynge to come vp to strong. For whereas as newe every lorde loued other, and none other thinge Theyd vppe, but aboute the coronacion and honoure of the kynge: if the lorde of his kynred sholde attable in the kynge name muche people, then shold give the lorde of his kynred an honoure and ther theys beene founde to debate, to feare and witches, lest they should gather thys people, not tor the kynge faisagiere whom no manne espougner, but for theys destruction, having more regardes to their olde vnausence, then their newe attornement. For which cause shold shoulde affemble in the other place, and there theys behovende, theys olde, whole power the wyte well faire streched. Then should all the realme fall on a rore. And of all the sore that therof shold enue, which was likely not to bee bide, and the most hauers there like to fall when thei should, all thee woode would put her and her kin- red in the wyng, and say that thei had vnwylye and vntreweyly also, broken the annye and peace that the kynge her husband to prudence made, betweene hys kinne and hers in his death bed, and whiche the other party faithfully obturber.

The quene being in this wise periwaded, fuche woode lente vnto her lente, and vnto her brother being aboute the kynge, that the Duke of Gloucester should be ym- felle and other lorde the chiefe of hys bents, wrote vnto the kynge fone reternetely, and to the quennes frenedys, there too uongylye, that they not enjoyge earcelye mytrlyrynges, bryngte the kynge ympe in great hale, not in good spite, with a lober company.

Nowe was the King in his way to London from Northampon, when these dukys of Gloucester and Buckingham came thither. Where resamed beynold, the lorde Ryuers the kynge vncle, entenundyng on the morowe to follow the kynge, and bee with hym at Stonye Stratford, miles thence, eury or hee departed. So was there made that nighte muche frenede chere betweene these dukys and the lorde Ryuers a great while. But incontinent after that they were opponelye with great courseyse depairy, and the lorde Ricrers lodged, the dukys ferrelye with a fewe of their moost proyce freted, fette them downe in couynfayle, whereby they faint no more in the wyng. And at thier rising in the dawnynge of the daye, they lett aboute prouvisyon to their fervantes in thei innes and lodgynges about, geininge them commandament to make them felle thetly- ly redaye, for their lordes wer to horsebackeds. Vp- pon which meilages, manye of their folkes were atten- dent on whose charge the Duke Ricrers fervantes were vnreadye. Nowe this dukes taken alse into thei courtlyse the kayses of the inne, none that should packe forth without theyr licence.

And ouer this in the hyghe waye towards Stonye Stratford wher the kynges faye, they hadde beelentown certayn afege of thaye folk, that theys tende backe agayne, and compell their manport, anoyn is gotten out of Northampon towards Stonye Stratford, till they shold geue other lycence. For as muche as the dukys themselie intended for the shewe of theyr dyly- gences, to bee the fyrste that shold attayn vppon the kynges hyggelie oute of that towne: thus baxe they folyte in baxe thinge, and as the lorde Ryurers ynderbode the bones closed, and the wayes on every side beefore, neyther hys fervantes nor hymselfe suffered to go oute, pareaunngly well so greate a thyng without his knowledge nor begin to brought about, comparing this manner pretent with this last ninthes chere, in so few hours to got a change poyntellulyi millkled. Howe is he ferom the hys folyte than hym, yet the quene vnto the kynge selle, hee would not, lebbe he shold be seeme to hyde hisifelfe for some secret fear of hys owne faule, whereas he law no fithe fayde in hym self: he determined vppon the freuite of his own confidence, to goe boldelye to them, and inquire what thay matter myght ne. What as well as boldelye lawe, they bateaued to quarelle with hym, and faye, that hees intende to ferme dislaine beewtweene
A letter written with a codel by Sir Thomas More to his daughter maistres Margaret Roper, within a while after he was prisioner in the Towe.

MY NE own good daughter, our lorde be thanked, I am in good health of boelye, and in good quiet of minde: and of worldly theuyges I do more delyer than I have. I befeche hym make you all mary in the hope of heauen. And such theuyges as I fowmethonged to talke with you all, concerning the world to come, our Lorde put them into your mindeyes, as I truthe, it shall be better to by holy spirite: who blewe you and preferre you all.

The footes seasson that bud, and bloome fourthe, with grene hath clade the hyll, and ete the vall, The Nightingall with fethers newe the finge: The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.