PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF THE FAIRE GOSPELLER, MISTRESS ANNE ASKEW

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Passages in the life of the Faire Gospeller, Mistress Anne Askew by Anne Manning

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ANNE MANNING

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Trieste

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE

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THE FAIRE GOSPELLER

MISTRESS ANNE ASKEW.

Recounted by ye unworthie Pen of Nicholas Moldwarp, B.A.,

AND NOW FIRST SET FORTH BY

THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL"

Rather Death than falfe of Faith.

NEW YORK, DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, . POBLISHERS.

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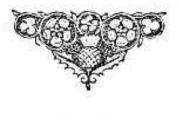
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07

THE FAIRE GOSPELLER,

MISTRESS ANNE ASKEW,



CONTENTS.

PROLOGUE.

					PAGE
What the Houfe Porter fayd	•		8		7
SECTION	I.				
How we loft our loved Lady	•	٠	3		27
SECTION	١Ī.				
How we came by our new Lady	F .		•	•2	40
SECTION	ш.			3	
How Sir William put me in Ch	arge	86	847	٠	53
SECTION	IV.				
How Mafter Francis and I we	nt ov	erfea	s.,	٠	68
SECTION	v.				
What befel us in Foreign Parts	s,			٠	79
SECTION	VI.				
How we left Venice		840			92
SECTION	VIL				
Of Weddings and Burials .	1		2	•	105

vi		Con	tents	2				
	SE	CTI	ON Y	vm				PAGE
Springes to cate	h a p	oor	Bird	8		٠		119
	5)	ECT	ION	IX.				
How the poor Neft .	Bird	fled	from	its	Cage	to •	its	131
	S	ECT	ION	x.				
Of our Journey						ĩ		145
		25252	ION					160
Of what befel u					1.61	83		100
Of our Change	1.000.00	00.30	ION	e e e e e		9 2		178
	SF	CTI	ON .	хн	ι.			
Of what befel u	s the	re	*	2	12	3	3	195
	51	CTI	ION	XIV	7.			
Delivered to ye	Tor	nente	ors	1.4	1.49	•	3	213
			ION	xv	8			(1.00.1 b).
Adjutor in Tril	ulatio	onibu	is.	3	51	•		224
			ION	XV	I,			
Freed at Laft	8.3	33		•	R		10	229



PROLOGUE.

What the Houfe Porter fayd.

Yes, Sir, the Houfe hath a Blight on it. I remember when 'twas not fo . . . that was when I was a Boy; and before you were born, Sir. Not fo very young? well, you may be older than your favour, Sir . . . In respect of years, I fuppole I might be your Grandfather, Sir.

Maybe ye come down to theie parts for fowling? Marry, we have decoys of teal, widgeon, and others of the duck kind . . . Greebes, goodwits, whimbreis, coots, ruffs an' reeves find plenty of food in our fithy pools and ftreams. This county is a great refort of the feathered kind. Stares rooft on the reeds in winter, breaking 'em down by their weight. Not a fowler, Sir ?

. . . Stratford on Avon, Sir ? No, I've

never been there. I was born and bred on this land Sir,—that's why I hang by it ftili. It has a bad name, folks fpeak ill of it, and I'm fure I've reafon to think ill of it; but 'tis familiar to me, you fee. Well, it *is* low and fenny.

Ghofts, Sir? No!... I ne'er heed what they fay of 'em. There's none, Sir !--or there would be, here. Difmal Noifes there are, full fure, fighings of the Wind, and fo forth--fcurrying of Rats behind the Pannells,--creaks of ruffie Cafements,---old Furniture firetching itfelf and yawning. Nothing worfe.

If I thought *fhe* walked, I'd watch the livelong Night for her, I warrant ye! But no, fhe's quiet where fhe is. There be others, might well be unquiet in their graves, but they would not haunt this place, Sir. Still, I deny not there be flories about . . .

Now we come to Miftrefs Anne's picture. That's her.—Yes, it's like. 'Equal' to that, Sir? Blefs you!

This was done by an Italian. Her picture was painted in London, fome time after, but I doubt if by as good a hand. The other is called 'the motto picture.' This wants no

8

motto. I've feen her look juft fo; her lips a little apart, ready to fpeak. That bad man called her a parrot. 'Parrot' quotha!

What did he mean by it? Well, Sir, he meant to filence her; put her down. She had too fharp a wit for him: not fharp i' th' wrong fenfe, ye wot. Certes, when they browbeat her, fhe anfwered 'em agayn. A worm will turn, Sir. Yes, Sir, juft as you fay: much enforced, fhe would fhow a hafty fpark. Gone the next moment, Sir!

-If you look well at that picture, you'll note there's not a fingle hard line in it. Mafter Moldwarp observed it to me first. He fayd there are no hard lines in nature, and this picture is next to nature itfelf. Goingyou fee-before its time-the paint caking off-covered with a network of imall cracks, though painted in my time. Stand a little back, Sir-you'll not fee them. There are very deep, foft fhadowings about the eyesyou can hardly tell whether the eyes are grey or brown ; no more you could of hers-they looked like three-piled velvet, till they lighted up, and then-flath ! 'The hafty fpark,' Sir !

The tincture of her fkin reminds you of a pearl and a peach ? Well, Sir, you fay true.

9