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The Praise of Hemp-Seed.

John Taylor.

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Folio Part III, page 60
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THE
PRAISE OF HEMP-SEED.
WITH

*The Voyage of Mr. Roger Bird and the Writer hereof, in a
Boat of browne-Paper, from London to Quinborough
in Kent.*

As also, a Farewell to the matchlesse deceased Mr. THOMAS CORIAT.

The Profits arising by *Hemp-seed* are }
} *Cloathing, Food, Fishing, Shipping,*
} *Pleasure, Profit, Iustice, Whipping.*

DEDICATED
*TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL, PA-
ternes and Patrons of honest endeuors, Sir THOMAS HOVVET,*
and Sir ROBERT WISEMAN Knights: And to the worthy
Gentleman, M^r. IOHN WISEMAN, Health, Mirth, and
Happinesse, be euer attendants.

NOBLE SIRs:



Could haue soyled a greater volume then this with a deale of emptie and triuiall stuffe: as puling Sonets, whining Elegies, the dog-tricks of Loue, toyes to mocke Apes, and transforme men into Asses. Which kind of writing is like a man in Authoritie, ancient in yeares, rouerend in Beard, with a promising out-side of Wisedome and Grauitie, yet in the expected performances of his profound understanding, his capacitie speakes nething but Mittimus. But heere your Worships shall find no such stuffe: for thou I haue not done as I should, yet I haue performed as much as I could. I haue not had riuers of Oyle, or fountaines of wine to fill this my poore caske or book: but I haue (as it were) extracted oyle out of steele, and wine out of dry chaffe. I haue here of a graine of Hempseed made a mountaine greater then the Apennines or Caucasus, and not much lesser then the whole world. Here is Labour, Profit, Cloathing, Pleasure, Food, Nauigation: Diuinitie, Poetry, the liberall Arts, Armes, Vertues defence, Vices offence, a true mans protection, a Thiefes execution, Here is mirth and matter all beaten out of this small Seed.

With all, my selfe for my selfe, and in the behalfe of Mr. Roger Bird, doe most humbly thanke your Worships for many former vnderdeserued courtesies and fauours extended towards vs, especially at our going our dangerous Voyage in the Paper boat: for which wee must euer acknowledge our selues bound to your Goodnesses. Which voyage I haue merrily related at the end of this Pamphlet, which with the rest I haue made bold to dedicate to your Worshipfull and worthy Patronages, humbly desiring your pardons and acceptances, euer remaining to bee commanded by yon and yours in all obsequiousnesse.

IOHN TAYLOR.

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THE CONTENTS OF THIS BOOKE.

- 1 The most part of such Authors are nominated, as haue written of triuiall matters.
- 2 The names of most of the Pagan and Heathenish Idols, that haue beene and are honoured at this present.
- 3 The profit and pleasure all Countries haue by *Hemp-seed*.
- 4 How it propagates the Gospell.
- 5 Nauigation, with the Commodities it brings and carries.
- 6 How many Trades and Functions liue by it.
- 7 How when it is worne to ragges, it is made into Paper.
- 8 How many liue by it being Paper.

9 The sacred memory of *Patriarchs, Prophets, Euangelists, Apostles, and Fathers.*

10 The foure Monarchies.

11 The seauen Wonders.

12 *Philosophers, Historians, Chronographers, Poets* ancient and moderne, the best sort mentioned.

13 The Anatomy of a *Brownist*, or precise *Amsterdamd Puritane.*

14 A Voyage in a Paper-boat to *Quinborough.*

15 The description of a Sea-storme.

16 The Names of the most famous Riuers in the World.

17 The praise of the noble Riuer of *Thames,*

A Preamble, Preatrot, Preagallop, Prearack, Preapace,
or Preface ; and Proface my Masters, if your
Stomackes Serue.

Booke, goe thy wayes, and honest mirth prouoke :

And Spightfull spirits with Melancholy choake.

Booke, J command thee, where dost resort,

To be the bad mens terror, good mens sport.

Neere as thou canst, J pray thee doe not misse,

But make them understand what Hempseed is.

Me thinkes I heare some knauish foolish head,

Accuse, condemne, and judge before hee read :

Saying, the fellow that the fame hath made,

Is a mechanicke Waterman by trade :

And therefore it cannot worth reading be,

Being compil'd by such an one as he.

Another spends his censure like Tom-ladle.

(Brings in his fiue eggs, foure of which are adle)

Mewes and makes faces, yet scarce knowes whats what :

Hemp-seed (quothe he) what can be writ of that?

Thus these deprauing minds their iudgements scatter

Eyther against the Writer or the Matter.

But let them (if they please) read this Preamble,

And they will finde that J haue made a scamble

To shew my poore plentious want of skill,

How Hemp-seed doth deserue, preserue, and kill.

right column break

*I muse that neuer any exc'lent wit
Of this forgotten subiect yet hath writ.
The theame is rich, although esteemed meane,
Not scurrulous, prophane, nor yet obsceane.
And such as taske may well become a quill
To blaze it, that hath all the grounds of skill.
This worke were no dishonour or abuse,
To Homer, Ouid, or to Maroes Muse.
A thousand Writers for their art renown'd
Hou made farre baser things their studies ground.
That men haue cause to raile 'gainst fruitlesse Rimes,
(Vainely compil'd in past and present times,)
And say, O Hemp-seed, how art thou forgotten
By many Poets that are dead and rotten ?
And yet how many will forget the still
Till they put on a Tyburne Pickadill.*

The Names of most of such Authors or their Workes, as have writ vpon many poore subiects.

*Erasmus, that great Clerke of Rotterdam,
In praise of Folly many lines did frame:
The summe and pith of all his whole intents
Showes Fooles are guilty, and yet Innocents.*

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*Another, briefly, barely did relate
The naked honour of a bare bald Pate:
And for there's not a haire twixt them and heau'n,
The title of tall men to them is giuen:
And sure they put their foes in such great dread,
That none dares touch a haire vpon their head.*

*Mountgomerie, a fine Scholler did compile
The Cherry and the Sloe in learned stile.
Homer wrote brauely of the Frog and Rat,*

*And Virgil versifi'd upon a Gnat.
Ovid set forth the Art of lustfull Loue.
Another wrote the Treatise of the Doue.
One with the Grashopper doth keepe a rut.
Another rimes upon a Hazell Nut.
One with a neat Sophisticke Paradoxe
Sets forth the commendations of the Poxe.
Signeur Inamorato's Muse doth sing
In honour of his Mistris Gloue or Ring,
Her Maske, her Fanne, her Pantofle, her Glasse,
Her Any thing, can turne him to an Asse.*

*Plinie and Aristotle write of Bees.
Some write of Beggeries twenty foure degrees.
One of the Owle did learnedly endite,
And brought the Night bird welcome to day-light.
A second did defend with tooth and nayle,
The strange contentment men may find in Jayle.
A third doth the third Richard much commend,
And all his bloody actions doth defend.
A fourth doth shew his wits exceeding quicknesse,
In praise of Tauerne-healths and Drunken sicknesse.
A fift doth toyle his Muse quite out of breath,
Of aduerse Fortune, banishment or death.
A sixt the very Firmament doth harrow,
Writes of the Parrat, Popinjay and Sparrow,
The Storke, the Cuckoe : Nothing can escape,
The Horse, the Dog, asse, foxe, ferret, and the ape.
Mounsieur de Gallia, writes all night till noone,
Commending highly Tennis or Baloone.
Anothers Muse as high as Luna flies,
In praise of hoarsnesse, dropsies, and bleare-eyes.
The Gout, Sciatica, scab'd hams, small legs :
Of thred-bare cloakes, a jewes-trump, or potch'd egges.
One, all his wit at once, in Rime discloses
The admirable honour of red-noses :
And how the nose magnificat doth beare
A tincture, that did neuer colour feare.
One doth heroicke it throughout our coast,
The vertue of muld-sacke, and ale and toast.
Another takes great paines with inke and pen,
Approving fat men are true honest men.
One makes the haughty vauty welkin ring
In praise of Custards, and a bag-pudding.
Another, albe-labours inke and paper,*

*Exalting Dauncing, makes his Muse to caper.
Anothers humour will nothing allow
To bee more profitable then a Cow,*

right column break

*Licking his lips, in thinking that his theame
Js milke, cheese, butter, whay, whig, curds, and creame,
Leather and Veale, and that which is most chiefe
Tripes, chitterlings, or fresh powder'd beefe.
A number haue contagiously rehearsed
And on Tobacco vapouriz'd and vearsed,
Maintaining that it was a drug deuine
Fit to be seru'd by all the Sisters nine.
Yet this much of it, J shall euer thinke,
The more men stirre in it, the more 'twill stinke.
A learned Knight, of much esteeme and worth,
A pamphlet of a Priuie did set forth,
Which strong breath'd Ajax was well lik'd, because
Twas writ with wit and did deserue applause.
One wrote the Nightingale and lab'ring Ant,
Another of the Flea and th' Elephant.
Tom Nash a witty pamphlet did endite
In praise of Herrings, both the red and write.
And some haue writ of Maggots and of Flies
A world of fables, fooleries, and lies.
And this rare Hempseed that such profit brings,
To all estates of subiects, and of Kings,
Which rich commoditie if man should lacke,
He were not worth a shirt vnto his backe.
And shall it no tryumphant honour haue,
But lye dead, buried in obliuions grave?
Some Critticks will perhaps my writing tax
With falshood, and maintaine their shirts are flax,
To such as those, my answer shall be this,
That Flax the male and Hemp the female is,
And their engendring procreatiue seed
A thousand thousand helps for man doth breed.
And as a man by glauncing vp his eye
Sees in the aire a flocke of wilde Geese flye :
And ducke, and woodcocks, of both sexes be
Though men doe name but one, for breuity.*

*There's ganders 'mongst the geese, hens with the cocks,
Drakes with the ducks, all male and female stocks,
The Ewe, the Ram, the Lambe, and the fat weather,
In generall are called sheepe together.
Harts, Stags, Bucks, Does, Hinds, Roes, Fawnes, euerywhere
Are in the generality call'd Deere.
So Hemp and Flax, or which you list to name
Are male and female, both one, and the same.
Those that 'gainst these comparisons deride,
And will not with my lines be satisfide,
Let them imagine e're they doe condemne
I loue to play the foole with such as them.
The cause why Hempseed hath endur'd this wrong
And hath its worthy praise obscur'd so long,
I doe suppose it to bee onely this
That Poets know their insufficiency is,
That were earth Paper, and Sea inke, they know
'T were not enough great Hempseeds worth to show.
I muse the Pagans, with varietie,
Of godles Gods, made it no Deity.*

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Heere followes the names of most of the heathen Gods and Idols.

*TheÆgyptinas to a Bull, they Apis nam'd
A temple most magnificent they fram'd,
The Ibis, Crocodile, a cat, a dog,
The Hippopotamy, beetles, or a frog.
Jchneumons, dragons, the wolfe, aspe, eele, and Ram,
(Base beastly gods, for such curst sonnes of Cham,)
Who were so with Jdolatry misled,
They worship'd Onions, and a garlike head.*

If these people had tasted but a messe of Tewxbury mustard they would surely haue honoured it for a God or feared it as a Diuell.

King Ieroboam for his gods did take,

*Two golden calues, and the true God forsake.
The Philistins, and the Assirians,
The Persians, and Babilonians,
Samaritans, and the Arabians,
The Thebans, Spartans, and Athenians,
The Indians, Parthians, and the Libians
The Britaines, Gallians, and Hibernians :
Since the first Chaos, or creation
Idolatry hath crept in euery Nation,
And as the diuell did mens minds inspire,
Some worshipt, earth, some aire, or water, fire,
Windes, Riuers, Rainbow, Stars, and Mooone and Sun:
Ceres, and Bacchus riding on his tun,
Mars, Saturne, Ioue, Apollo, Mercury ;
Priapus and the Queene of lechery,*

right column break

*Vulcan, Diana, Pluto, Proserpine,
Pomona, Neptune, and Pans piping shrine:
Old Beldam Berecynthia : Stones and Trees
Bewitched creatures worshipt on their knees.
Baal, Baalzebub, Nisroth, the Diuell, and Dagon,
Ashtaroth, Rimmon, Belus, Bell, the Dragon:
Flies, fooles, hawkes, madmen ; any thing they saw :
Their very Priuies they did serue with awe :
And they did sacrifice at sundry feasts
Their children vnto diuels, stockes, stones and beasts.
Oh had these men the worth of Hempseed knowne,
Their blinded zeale (no doubt) they would haue showne
In building Temples, and would alters frame,
Like Ephesus to great Dianaes name.
And therefore Merchants, Marriners, people all
Of all trades, on your marrow bones downe fall:
For you could neither rise, or bite or sup,
If noble Hempseed did not hold you vp.
And Reader now J thinke it is fit time
To come vnto the matter with my rime.
But iudge not till you haue well read and scan'd.
And askt your selues if you doe vnderstand :
And if you can, doe but this fauour shew
Make no ill faces, cry not tush and mew :*

*For though I dare not brag, I dare maintaine
True censurers will iudge J have tane paine.
Vnto the wife J humbly doe submit :
For those that play the fooles for want of wit,
My poore reuenge against them still shall be,
Jle laugh at them whilst they doe scoffe at me.*

[Title Lines Span Both Columns:]

THE
PRAISE OF HEMP-SEED :
WITH
*The Voyage of Mr. Roger Bird and the Writer hereof, in a
Boat of browne-Paper, from London to Quinborough
in Kent.*

[Column: bottom left of page]

SWeet sacred Muses, my inuention raise
Vnto the life, to write great Hempseeds praise.
This grain growes to a stalk, whose coat or skin
Good industry doth hatchell, twist, and spin,
And for mans best aduantage and auailles
It makes clothes, cordage, halters, ropes and sailes.

right column break [bottom page]

From this small Atome, mighty matters springs,
It is the Art of nauigations wings ;
It spreads aloft, the lofty skie it scales,
Flies o're the great Leuiathan and Whales,
Diues to the boundlesse bottome of the deepe,
Where *Neptune* doth mongst dreadful monsters keep.

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From Pole to pole, it cuts both Seas and Skyes,
From th' orient to the occident it flyes.
Kings that are sundred farre, by Seas and Lands,
It makes them in a manner to shake hands.
It fills our Land with plenty wonderfull,
From th'Esterne *Indies* from the great Mogull,
From *France*, from *Portingale*, from *Venice*, *Spaine*,
From *Denmarke*, *Norway*, it scuds o're the maine,
Vnto this Kingdome it doth wealth acruē
From beyond *China*, farre beyond *Peru*.
From *Belgia*, *Almaine*, the West *Indies*, and
From *Guiny*, *Biny*, *Island*, *New found-land*,
This little seed is the great instrument
To shew the power of God Omnipotent,
Whereby the glorious Gospell of his Sonne,
Millions misled soules hath from Sathan wonne.

It is an instrument by the appointment of God for the encrease
of the Gospell of Christ.

Those that knew no God in the times of yore,
Now they their great Creator doe adore.
And many that did thinke they did doe well
To giue themselues a sacrifice to Hell,
And seru'd the Diuell with th'inhumane slaughters,
Of their vnhappy haplesse sonnes and daughters,
Now they the remnant of their liues do frame
To praise their Makers and Redeemers name.
Witnesse *Virginia*; witnesse many moe,
Witnesse our selues few hundred yeares agoe,
When in Religion, and in barbarous natures,
We were poore wretched misbeleeuing creatures.
How had Gods Preachers saild to sundry coasts,
T' instruct men how to know the Lord of Hosts?
But for the Sayles which he with wind doth fill.
As Seruants to accomplish his great will.
But leauing this high supernaturall straine,
I'le talke of Hempseed in a lower vaine.
How should we haue gold, siluer, jems, or Iewels,

Wine, oyle, spice, rice, and diuers sorts of fewels:
Food for the belly, cloathing for the backe,
Silke, Sattin, Veluet, any thing we lacke,
To serue necessities ? How should we get
Such sorts of plenteous fish, but with the net ?
The Smelt, Roach, Salmon, Flounder and the Dace,
Would in fresh riuers keepe their dwelling place.
The Ling, Cod, Herring, Sturgeon, such as these
Would liue and dye in their owne natiue Seas.
Without this seed the Whale could not be caught,
Whereby our oyles are out of *Greenland* brought.
Nay wer't not for the net made of this seed,
Men could not catch a Sprat whereon to feed.
Besides, it liberally each where bestowes
A liuing vpon thousands where it growes ;
As beaters, Spinners, Weauers, and a crue
Of haltermakers which could scarce liue true,

right column break

But for th'impoyment which this little graine
Doth vse them in, and payes them for their paine.

Mirth and Truth are good companions.

The Rope makers, the Net makers, and all
Would be trade falne, for their trade would fall.
Besides, what multitudes of Fishers are
In euery Sea-towne, numbers past compare,
Whilest they their seruants, children, and their wiues
From Hempseed get their liuing all their liues.
The Fish-mongers would quickly goe to wrack,
The lacke of this seed would be their great lack,
And being now rich, and in good reputation,
They would haue neither Hall nor Corporation.
And all that they could buy, or sell, or barter,
Would scarce be worth a Gubbin once a quarter.
The mounting Larke, that seemes so high to flye,
Vntill she seemes no greater then a Flie ;
And to the flaming Sunne doth chirp and prate,
Doth in the net come to her ending date.

My neighbour Woodcocke, buzzard and the Gull,
And *Philip* Sparrow all most plentifull.
All sorts of faire fowle, or the foulest fowle,
From the degree of the Eagle to the Owle,
Are with ingenuous jins, grins, nets and snares
For mans reliefe oft taken vnawares :
Deeres, Hares, and Conies would too much abound,
And ouer-run the bearing breeding bround,
And Weazels, Polcats, Wildcats, Stoats and such
Like spoyling Vermin, would annoy men much,
Buf for toyles, hayes, for traps, for snares and grins,
Which brings vs food, and profit by their skins.
No Plowman liues beneath the azure Cope,
But for his plough or cart must vse the rope :
No Hostler liues in ours, or other Lands,
But makes the halters Horses falling bands.
Bels would hang dead within the loftie steeple
And neuer call to Church forgetfull people,
Mute like a bagbite, that hath lost his bag,
Except the Bell ropes made the clappers wag.
It were an endlesse taske to goe about it,
To reckon those that cannot liue without it.
Alasse what would our silken Mercers be ?
What could they doe (sweet Hempseed) but for thee?
Rash, Taffata, Paropa, and Nouato,
Shagg, Fillizetta, Damaske and Mockado,
No Veluets, Piles, two Piles, pile and halfe Pile,
No Plush, or Grograines could adorne this Ile,
No cloth of siluer, Gold, or Tissue, here :
Philip and Cheiny neuer would appeare
Within our bounds, nor any *Flanders*-serge
Could euer come within our Kingdomes verge :
Should Mercers want these things with diuers more
Their trade were nothing or else very poore.
This seed doth helpe the Grocer euey season,
Or else his wisdom could not yeeld a reison ;

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He could not long be Currant in his state,
And (scarcely worth a fig) would end his Date.

For Cloues his credit would be clouen quick,
Nor from the loafe or lumpe, his lips could licke :
No Nutmegs, Liquoris, or biting graines,
Or Almons for a Parrat, were his gaines,
Sans Ginger weakely he would run his Race,
And Powltry Mace, would put down *Indian* Mace:
And he vnable (through his want of pelfe)
To pepper vs, or yet to prune himselfe.
The Draper of his wealth would much be shorted.
But that our cloathes and Kersies are transported,
Our cottons, penistones, frizadoes, baze,
Our sundry sorts of frizes, blackes and grayes.
And linnen Drapers but for transportation,
Could hardly Canuase out their occupation.
Hempseed doth yeeld or else it doth allow
Lawne, Cambricke, Holland Canuase, Callico,
Normandy, Hambrough, strong poledauis, Lockram.
And to make vp the Rime (with reason) Buckram.
The Goldsmiths trade would totter and unsettle,
And he could be a man of no good mettle,
Were't not for Sailes and Ropes that Ships doe rig,
That bring gold, siluer, many a Sow and Pig ;
Which makes them by an admirable skill
To liue by that which many a Horse doth kill,
Which is the *Fashions ; for continually
They sell the fashion, but they seldome buy.

A Goldsmith and a Taylor liue by that which will kill a horse.

And braue wine Marchants, little were your gaine,
By Mallegoes, Canaries Sacke from *Spaine*,
Sweet Allegant, and the concocted Cute,
Hollock and Tent would be of small repute;

O all you Bachinalian drunkards honour Hemp-seed.

Your Bastards their owne Fathers would forget,
Nor they our Gossips lips no more would wet.
The wind no Muskadine could hither bandy,
Or sprightfull Malmesey out of fruitfull Candy.
Liatica or Corsica could not
From their owne bearing breeding bounds be got.
Peter-se-mea, or head strong Charnico,

Sherry, nor Rob-o-Dauy here could flow.
The French Frontiniacke, Claret, Red nor White,
Graues nor High-Country could our hearts delight.
No Gascoygne, Orleance, or the Chrystall Sherrant
Nor Rhenish from the *Rheine* would be apparent.
Thus *Hempseed*, wth these wines, our land doth spread
Which if we want, wine Marchants trades were dead.

The Vintners trade were hardly worth a rush
Vnable to hang vp a signe, or bush ;
And were't not for this small forgotten graine
Their coniuring at midnight would be vaine.
Anon, anon, would be forgotten soone,
And he might score a pudding in the Moone,

right column break

But not a pinte of Claret in the Sunne,
Because the emptie hogshead could not runne.
His blushing lattice would looke pale and wan,
Nor could he long be a well liquord man :
No more could all his regiments of pots
Affright men daily, with scores, bills, and shots.

The Taylors trade would hardly get them bread
If *Hempseed* did not furnish them with thread ;
And though it be a terror to most theeues
Yet it this occupation neuer greeues,
They loue it, black, brown, yellow, greene, red, blew,
Which is a signe, that Taylers must be true :

The worthy Company, of warme lin'd Skinners
Would in short space be miserable sinners
If *Hempseed* did not oft supply their boxes
With *Russian* Sables, Miniuers and Foxes :
With Beares, & Budes; and rare powdered Ermines,
And with the skins of divers beasts and Vermines.

The Habberdasher of small ware, would be
In a small time, a man of small degree :
If *Hempseed* did not help him by the great,
Small would his gaines be, to buy cloathes or meat.
Then might his wares be rightly tearmed small
Which would by eyther few or none at all.

And * Dyers though you doe no colours feare,

'Tis *Hempseed* that doth you to riches reare,
Woad, Madder, Indico, and Cutcheneale,
Brazil, and Logwood, and abundant deale
Of drugs, which did they not your wants supply,
You could not liue, because you could not dye.

They might liue to dye poorely, but not dye to liue rich.

Apothecaries were not worth a pin,
If *Hempseed* did not bring their commings in ;
Oyles, Vngents, Sirrops, Minerals, and Baulmes,
(All Natures treasures, and th' Almightyes almes,)
Emplasters, Simples, Compounds, sundry drugs
With Necromanticke names like fearefull Bugs,
Fumes, Vomits, purges, that both cures, and kils,
Extractions, conserues, preserues, potions, pils,
Ellixers, simples, compounds, distillations,
Gums in abundance, brought from foraigne nations.

A braue world for Physitions and Chyrurgions the while.

And all or most of these forenamed things
Helpe, health, preseruatiues ; and riches brings.
There's many a Gallant dallying with a Drab,
Hath got the *Spanish* pip, or *Naples* scab,
The *Galliæ Morbus* or the Scottish fleas,
Or *English* Poxe, for all's but one disease.
And though they were perfum'd with Ciuet hot
Yet wanting these things they would stinke and rot,
With gowts, Consumptions, Palsies, Lethargies,
With apoplexies, quinzies, plurisies,
Cramps, cataracts, the teare-throat cough and tisick
From which, to health men are restore'd by Physicke,

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Agues, quotidian, quartane, tertian, or
The leprosie, which all men doe abhor.
The stone, strangury, botches, biles, or blaines,
Head-aches, cankers, swimming of the braines,

Ruptures, *Herniaaquosa* or *Carnosa*,
Or the *Eolian hernia ventosa*.
All Dropsies, Collicks, Iaundizes, or Scabs,
Gangrenaes, Vlcers, wounds, and mortall stabs.
Illiaca passioes, Megrims, Mumps, or Mange,
Contagious blouds, which through the veins do range
Scurfes, meazles, murraines, fluxes, all these griefes,
Transported medicines daily bring releefes,
Most seruiceable Hempseed but for thee,
These helps for man could not thus scattered be.
Tobacoes fire would soone be quenched out,
Nor would it leade men by the nose about :
Nor could the Merchants of such Heathen Docks
From small beginnings purchase mighty stocks :
By follies daily dancing to their pipe
Their states from rotten stinking weeds grow ripe ;
By which meanes they haue into Lordships run
The Clients being beggered and, vndone :
Who hauing smoak'd their Land, to fire and ayre
They whiffe and puffe themselues into dispaire
Ouid 'mongst all his *Metamorphosis*
Ne're knew a * transformation like to this,
Nor yet could *Oedipus* e're vnderstand,
How to turne Land to smoake, and smoake to Land.
For by the meanes of this bewitching smother,
One Element is turn'd into another,
As Land to fire, fire into Ayrie matter,
From ayre (too late repenting) turnes to water.

A strange change, and yet not stranger then for the women of
these times to be turn'd to the shapes of men.

By Hempseed thus, fire water, aire, earth, all
Are chang'd by pudding, leafe, roule, pipe and ball.
Lip licking Comfit-makers, by whose trade,
Dainties come thou to me are quickly made ;
Baboones, and hobby-horses, and owles, and apes,
Swans, geese, dogs, woodcocks, & a world of shapes,
Castles for Ladies, and for Carpet Knights,
Vnmercifully spoyld at feasting fights,
Where battering bullets are fine sugred plums,
No feare of roaring guns, or thundring drums :
There's no tantara, sa sa sa, or force,

Of man to man, or warlike horse to horse ;
No mines, no countermines, no pallizadoes,
No parrapets, or secret ambuscadoes,
Of bloud and wounds, and dismall piercing lances
Men at this fight are free from such mischances.
For many gallants guilded swords doe weare,
Who fight these battels without wit or feare :
All striuing as they did for honour thirst,
All greedy which can giue the onset first ;

right column break

Each one contending in this Candied coyle,
To take most prisoners, and put vp most spoyle.

Sweet warres, and dangerous tooth-valours.

Retiring neuer when they doe assaile,
But most aduenturously with tooth and nayle,
Raze, ruinate, demolish, and confound,
The surgred fabricke leuell with the ground.
And hauing layd the buildings thus along,
They swallow downe, and pocket vp the wrong.
That who so that way afterwards doe passe,
Can see no signe where such a Castle was :
For at these warres most commonly 'tis seene,
Away the victors carry all things cleane.
It fortunes in these battels now and then
Women are better Souldiers farre then men :
Such sweet mouth'd fights as these doe often fall
After a Christning, or a Funerall.
Thus Hemepe the Comfit-makers doth supply,
From them that newly liue, and newly dye.
If the blacke Indians or Newcastle coales
Came not in Fleets, like fishes in the sholes,
The rich in gownes and rugs themselues might fold,
But thousands of the poore might starue with cold.

The commodities of these black Indies are worth more
white money to vs, then eyther the East or West Indies will euer
be profitable.

Smiths, Brewers, Diers, all estates that liues,
This little seed seruice or comfort giues.
For why, our Kingdome could not serue our turne,
For *Londons* vse, with wood seuen yeares to burne :
And which way then could coales supply our need,
But by th' Almightyes bounty and this seed ?

You braue *Neptunians*, you salt water crew,
Sea-plowing Marriners ; I speake to you :
From Hemp you for your selues and others gaine
Your Sprit-sayle, fore-sayle, top-sayle, & your maine,
Top, and top-gallant, and your mizzen abaft,
Your coursers, bonnets, drablers, fore and aft,
The sheats, tacks, boliens, braces, halliards, tyes,
Shrowds, rattlings, lanyards, tackles, lifts, and guies,
Your martlines, ropeyarnes, gaskets, and your staves,
These for your vse, small *Hemp-seed* vp doth raise :
The boirope, boatrope, guestrope, catrope, portrope
The bucket-rope, the boat-rope, long or short rope,
The entering-rope, the top-rope (and the rest
Which you that are acquainted with know best :
The lines to sound in what depth you slide,
Cables and hausers, by which ships doe ride :
All these, and many moe then I can name,
From this small seed, good industry doth frame.
Ships, Barkes, Hoyes, Drumlers, Craires, Boats, all would sink,
But for the Ocum caulk'd in euery chink.
Th' vnmatched Loadstone, and best figur'd Maps
Might shew where foraigne Countries are (perhaps)

Folio Part III, page 65 [misnumbered for 67]
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The Compasse (being rightly toucht) will show
The thirty two points where the winds do blow ;
Men with the *Iacobs* staffe, and Astrolobe
May take the height and circuit of the Globe :
And sundry Art-like instruments looke cleare
In what Horizon, or what Hemisphere
Men sayle in through the raging ruthlesse deepe,
And to what coast, such and such course to keepe ;
Guessing by th' Artike, or Antartike starre,

Climates and countries being ne're so farre.
But what can these things be of price or worth
To know degrees, heights, depths, East W. S. North
What are all these but shadowes, and vaine hopes,
If ships doe eyther want their Sailes or Ropes ?

And now ere I offend, I must confesse
A little from my theame I will digresse ;
Striuing in verse to shew a liuely forme
Of an impetuous gust, or deadly storme.
Where vncontrouled Hyperborean blasts
Teares all to tatters, Tacklings, Sailes, and Masts ;
Where boysterous puffes of *Eurus* breath did hiz
And mongst our shrouds and cordage widely whiz ;
Where thundering *Joue* amidst his lightning flashing
Seem'd ouerwhelm'd with *Neptunes* mountaine dashing
Where glorious *Titan* hath his burning light,
Turning his bright Meridian to blacke night :
Where blustring *Eole* blew confounding breath,
And thunders fearefull larum threatened death,
Where Skyes, and Seas, Haile, Wind, and slauering Sleet
As if they all at once had meant to meet
In fatall opposition, to expire
The world, and vnto *Chaos* backe retire.
Thus whist the Winds and Seas contending gods,
In rough robustious fury are at ods,
The beaten ship tost like a forcelesse feather,
Now vp, now downe, & no man knowing whither:
The Topmast some time tilting at the Moone,
And being vp doth fall again as soone.
With such precipitating low descent,
As if to hels blacke Kingdome downe she went.
Poore ship that rudder, or no steerage feeles,
Sober, yet worse then any Drunkard reeles,
Vnmanag'd, guidlesse, too and fro she wallowes,
Which (seemingly) the angry billowes swallowes.

A storme.

Midst darkenesse, lightning, thunder, sleet, and raine,
Remorcelesse winds and, mercy-wanting Maine,
Amazement, horror, dread from each mans face
Had chas'd away liues bloud, and in the place
Was sad despaire, with haire heau'd vp vpriht

With ashy visage, and with sad affright,
As if grim Death with his all-murdering dart,
Had ayming beene at each mans bloudlesse heart,
Out cryes the Master, lower the top-saile, lower,
Then vp aloft runs scrambling three or foure,

right column break

But yet for all their hurly burly hast,
E're they got vp, downe tumbles Saile and Mast.
Veere the maine sheat there, then the Master cride,
Let rise the fore tack, on the Larboord side :
Take in the fore-sayle, yare, good fellowes, yare,
Aluffe at helme there, ware no more, beware.
Steere South, South East there, I say ware, no more,
We are in danger of the Leeward shore,
Cleere your maine brace, let goe the bole in there,
Port, port, the helme hard, Romer come no neere.
Sound, sound, heaue, heaue the lead, what depth, what depth?
Fadom and a halfe, three all,
Then with a whiffe, the winds again doe puffe,
And then the Master cries aluffe, aluffe,
Make ready th'ancker, ready th'ancker hoe,
Cleere, cleere the boighrope, stedly, well steer'd, so ;
Hale vp the boat, in Sprit-sayle there afore,
Blow winde and burst, and then thou wilt giue o're,
Aluffe, clap helme a lee, yea, yea, done, done,
Downe, downe alow, into the hold, quicke runne.
There's a planck sprung, something in hold did break,
Pump bullies, Carpenters, quicke stop the leake.
Once heaue the lead again, and sound abaffe,
A shafnet lesse, seuen all.
Let fall, the Ancker there, let fall,
Man man the boat, a wroat hale, vp hale,
Top yer maine yard, a port, veere cable alow,
Ge way a head the boat there hoe, dee row,
Well pumpt my hearts of gold, who sayes amends
East and by South, West and by North she wends.
This was a weather with a witness here,
But now we see the skyes begin to cleare,
To dinner hey, and lets at ancker ride,
Till winds grow gentler, and a smother tide.

J thinke I haue spoken Heathen, Greek Vtopian, or Bermudian, to a great many of my readers, in the description of this storme, but indeed J wrote it onely for the vnsterstanding Mariners reading. I did it three yeares since, and could not finde a fitter place then this to insert it, or else it must have laine in silence. But to proceed to my former theame of Hemp-seed.

The Shoe-maker and Cobler with their Ends
One alwayes makes, and t'other euer mends :
Take away Hemp, the sole and vpper leather
I know could neuer well be sow'd together.
And for the Cobler it appeareth plaine
That hee's the better workman of the twaine,
For though a Shoomaker in art excell,
And makes his shoes and boots neuer so well :
Yet euermore it is the Coblers trade
To mend the worke the Shoomaker hath made.

The Character of a Cobler.

The Cobler (like a Iustice takes) delight
To set men that doe walke aside, vpright.

Folio Part III, page 66 [misnumbered for 68]
-- Reprint, page 552

And though he looke blacke as he carried coles,
He daily mendeth desperate wicked soles :
Though Crownes and Angels may perhaps be scant,
Yet stores of peeces he doth neuer want :
And let his worke be ended well or ill,
Here's his true honour, he is mending still.
And this his life and occupation is,
And thus he may thanke *Hempseed* for all this.
For *Hempseed* if men rightly vnderstand,
Is knowne the greatest Iustice in a Land :
How could men trauaile safely, here and there,
If *Hempseed* did not keepe a Theefe in feare ;
No man within his house could liue or rest

For villaines, that would pilfer and molest,
And breake downe walls, and rifle chests and truncks
To maintaine drinking, dicing, Knaues and Punks :
That many a one that's wealthy ouer night,
Would e're the breake of day be begger'd quite :
Worth thousands lately, now not worth a groat,
And hardly scapes the cutting of his throat.
No doubt but many a man doth liue and thriue,
Which but (for *Hemp seed* would not be aliue ;
And many a wife and Virgin doth escape
A rude deflouring, and a barbarous rape :
Because the halter in their minds doe run,
By whom these damned deeds would else be done.
It is a bulwarke to defend a Prince.
It is a Subiects armour and defence :
No Poinard, Pistoll, Halbert, Pike, or Sword
Can such defensiuie or sure guard afford.
There's many a Rascall that would rob, purloine,
Pick pockets, and cut purses, clip and coine,
Doe any thing, or all things that are ill,
If *Hempseed* did not curbe his wicked will.
'Tis not the breath or letter of the Law
That could keep Theeues rebellious wils in awe ;
For they (to saue their liues can vse perswasions.
Tricks, sleights, repriues, and many strange euasions.
But tricke, repriue, or sleight nor any thing
Could euer goe beyond a Hempen string.
This is Lawes period, this at first was made
To be sharpe Iustice executing blade.
This string the Hangman monthly keepes in tune,
More then the Cuckoes song in *May* or *June*,
It doth his wardrobe, coine and stocke vpreare,
In euery month and quarter of the yeare.

Yet there hath beene two or three Sessions, wherein none hath
beene executed : by which meanes hee is danger of breaking,
or bankruptisme ; for the Hangmans trade is maintained by Iu-
stice, and not by mercy.

Besides it is an easie thing to proue,
It is a soueraigne remedie for loue :
As thus, suppose your thoughts at hourelly strife
Halfe mad, and almost weary of your life,

All for the loue of some faire female creature,
And that you are entangled with her feature,

right column break

That you are sad, and glad, and mad and tame,
Seeming to burne in frost, and freeze in flame,
In one breath, sighing, singing, laughing, weeping,
Dreame as you walke, and waking in your sleeping,
Accounting houres for yeares, and moneths for ages,
Till you enjoy her, that your heart encages,
And she hath sent you answers long before
That her intent is not to be your whore :
And you (for your part) meane vpon your life
Ne're while you liue to take her for your wife.
To end this matter, thus much I assure you,
A Tiburne Hempen-caudell well will cure you.
It can cure Traytors, but I hold it fit
T' apply't ere they the treason doe commit :
Whersfore in *Sparta* it ycleped was,
Snickup, which is in English *Gallow-grasse*.

The names that diuers Nations did attribute to Hemp-seed.

The *Libians* call'd it *Reeua*, which implies
It makes them dye like birds twixt earth and skyes,
The name of *Choak-wort* is to it assign'd,
Because it stops the venom of the mind.
Some call it *Neck-weed*, for it hath a tricke
To cure the necke that's troubled with the crick.
For my part all's one, call it what you please,
'T is soueraigne 'gainst each Common-wealth disease,
And I doe wish that it may cure all those
That are my Soueraignes and my Countries foes.
And further, I would haue them search'd and seene
With care and skill when as their wounds be green,
For if they doe to a Gangrena runne,
There's little good by Hempseed can be done ;
For could I know mens hearts, I hold it reason
To hang a Traytor in his thought of treason :
For if his thought doe grow vnto an act

It helpes not much to hang him for the fact.
But that example may a terror strike
To others, that would else attempt the like.

To end this point of Hempseed, thus in briefe
It helpes a trueman, and it hangs a Theefe.
Rates, Imposts, Customes of the Custome-house
Would at the best rate scarce be worthe a Louse :
Goods in and out, which dayly ships doe freight,
By guesse by tale, by measure and by weight,
Which yearely to such mighty summes amount,
In number numberlesse : or past account :
Were't not for Hempseed, it dothe plaine appeare
These profits would not be a groat a yeare.

The names of many braue discoverers: *Sir Richard Grin-
uile, Charles Earle of Nottingham, Henry Earle of South hamp-
ton.*

Columbus, Cortois, Magellan, and Drake,
Did with this seed their great discoveries make.
Braue *Hawkins, Baskerville, Cauendish, Fennor, Best.*
Smith, Sherley, Rawleigh, Newport, and the rest,

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-- Reprint, page 553

Web, Towerson, Willoughby, Sir Thomas Roe,
The Lord *'la Ware, Frobusher, many moe.*
Nichols, and Malum, Rolphe, and Middleton,
And *Sir Iames Lancaster, and Withrington.*
And all the worthy things that these men did
Without this seed had bin vndone, and hid,
Fame ne're had trumpeted their noble fames
And quite forgotten were their acts and names.

The worlds seuen wonders, wer't not for this grain
In poore remembrance, or forgot had laine,
The wals of *Babel*, sixty miles about,
Two hundred foote in height, thicke fifty foote :
Which Queene *Samiramis* in state did reare,

Employed three hundred thousand men ten yeare.

Nor the great Image that at *Rhodes* was made
Whose metall did nine hundred Camels lade.
The Pyramides of *Ægypt*, so renownd
At th' foot in compasse forty acres ground :
The which in making twenty yeares did then
Imploy at worke thirty sixe thousand men.

The Toomb of *Mausoll*, King of *Carea*
Built by his Queene, (kind *Artimesia*)
So wondrous made by art and workemanship
That skill of man could neuer it outstrip ;
'Twas long in building, and it doth appeare
The charges of it full two millions were.

Dianaes Temple built at *Ephesus*
Had bin vnheard of, and vnknowne to vs,
Which was two hundred twenty yeares in building
With marble pillars and most sumptuous guilding.

The Image of *Olimpique Jupiter*,
Had from *Achaya* not beene fam'd so farre.
Nor *Pharoes* Watch towre w^{ch}the world renownes
Which cost 400. fourescore thousand crownes.
Thus without *Hemp-seed* we had neuer knowne
These things, nor could they to the world be shown.
O famous *Coriat*, hadst thou come againe
Thou wouldst haue told vs newes, direct and plaine,
Of Tygers, Elephants, and Antelops
And thousand other things as thicke as hops,
Of men with long tailes, faced like to hounds,
Of oysters, one whose fish weigh'd forty pounds,
Of spiders greater then a walnut shell
Of the *Rhinoceros* thou wouldst vs tell,
Of horses tane with hawkes, of beares of buls,
Of men with eares a span long, and of guls,
As great as Swans, and of a bird call'd Ziz
Whose egge will drown'd some threescore villages.
Of cranes, and pigmies, lizzards, buzzards, owles,
Of swine with hornes, of thousand beasts and foules.
All these and more then I to minde can call
Thou wouldst haue told vs, and much more then all,
But that our expectations were preuented,
By death, which makes thy friends much discontented.
But farewell *Thomas*, neuer to returne
Rest thou in peace within thy forraigne Vrne,

right column break

Hempseed did beare thee o're the raging fome
And O I wish that it had brought thee home,
For if thou hadst come backe, as I did hope,
Thy fellow had not beene beneath the Cope.
But we must loose that which we cannot saue.
And freely leaue thee whom we cannot haue.

I thinke it best to sow all our Land with it euery third yeare,
for now our bread and drinke corne growing out of the excre-
ments of beasts, makes vs to participate of their beastly natures, as
when barly growes where swine haue dungd, those that drinke
the ale or beere made of that malt, are many times as beastly as
swine, and as drunke as hogs.

Moreouer, *Hempseed* hath this vertue rare
In making bad ground good, good corne to beare,
It fats the earth, and makes it to excell
No dung, or marle, or mucke can do't so well :
For in that Land which beares this happy seed
In three yeares after it no dung will need,
But sow that ground with barley, wheat, or rye
And still it will encrease abundantly ;
Besides, this much I of my knowledge know
That where *Hemp* growes, no stinking weed can grow,
No cockle, darnell, henbane, tare, or nettle
Neere where it is can prosper, spring, or settle,
For such antipathy is in this seed,
Against each fruitlesse vndereruing weed,
That it with feare and terror strikes them dead,
Or makes them that they dare not shew their head.
And as in growing it all weeds doth kill
So being growne, it keepes it nature still,
For good mens vses serues & still releiues
And yeelds good whips and ropes for rogues and theeues.
I could rehearse of trades a number more
Which but for *Hempseed* quickly would grow poore ;
As Sadlers for their elks-haire to stufte their sadles,
And girses, and a thousand fidle fadles ;

But that Ile put my Reader out of doubts,
What a rich thing it is being worne to clouts :
For now how it to Paper doth conuert
My poore vnable Muse shall next insert.
And therefore noble and ignoble men
Iudge gently of the progresse of my pen,
In forma pauperis, poore men may sue,
And I in forme of paper speake to you.
But paper now's the subiect of my booke,
And from whence paper its beginning tooke ;
How that from little *Hempe* and flaxen seeds,
Ropes, halters, drapery, and our napery breeds,
And from these things by art and true endeauour,
All paper is deriued, whatsoeuer.
For when I thinke but how is paper made
Into Phylosophy I straightwayes wade :
How here, and there, and euery where lyes scatter'd,
Old ruin'd rotten rags, and ropes all tatter'd.
And some of these poore things perhaps hath beene
The linnen of some Countesse or some Queene,

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-- Reprint, page 554

Yet lyes now on the dunghill, bare and poore
Mix'd with the rags of some baud, theefe, or whore.
And as these things haue beene in better states
Adorning bodies of great Potentates,
And lyes cast off, despised, scorn'd, dejected,
Trod vnder foot, contemn'd and vnrespected,
By this our vnderstandings may haue seeing
That earthly honour hath no certaine beeing.
For who can tell from whence these tatters springs ?
May not the torne shirt of a Lords or Kings
Be pasht and beaten in the Paper mill
And made Pot-paper by the workemans skill ?
May not the linnen of a Tyburne slaue,
More honour then a mighty Monarch haue :
That though he dyed a Traitor most disloyall
His shirt may be transform'd to Paper-royall?
And may not dirty socks from of the feet
From thence be turn'd to a Crowne-paper sheet ?

And dunghill rags, by fauour, and by hap,
May be aduanc'd aloft to sheets of cap ?
As by desert, by fauour and by chance
Honour may fall, and begg'ry may aduance,
Thus are these tatters allegoricall
Tropes, types, and figures, of mans rise or fall.

Thus may the reliques of sincere Diuines
Be made the ground-worke of lasciuious lines,
And the cast smocke that chast *Lucretia* wore
Beare baudy lines betwixt a knaue and whore.

Thus may a *Brownists* zealous ruffe in print
Be turn'd to Paper, and a play writ in't.
Or verses of a May-pole, or at last
Iniunctions for some stomacke hating Fast.
And truely 'twere prophane and great abuse,
To turne the brethrene linnen to such vse,
As to make Paper on't to beare a song,
Or Print the Superstitious Latine tongue,
Apocrypha, or *Ember-weekes*, or *Lent*,
No holy brother surely will consent
To such Idolatry, his spirit and zeale
Will rather trouble Church, and common-weale.
He hates the Fathers workes, and had much rather
To be a bastard, then to haue a Father.
His owne interpretation he'll affoord
According to the letter of the word,
Tropes, Allegories, Types, similitudes,
Or Figures, that some mysticke sense includes.
His humour can the meaning so vnfold,
In other fashions then the Fathers could :
For he (dogmatically) doth know more
Then all the learned Doctors knew before.
All reuerend Ceremonies he'l oppose,
He can make an Organ of his nose,
And spin his speech with such sincerity,
As if his bridge were falne in verity.
The Cope and Surplessse he cannot abide,
Against the corner-Cap he out hath cride,

right column break

And calls them weeds of Superstition,
And lieries of the whore of *Babylon*.
The Crosses blessing he esteemes a curse,
The Ring in marriage, out vpon't 'tis worse.
And for his kneeling at the Sacrament,
In sooth he'le rather suffer banishment,
And goe to *Amsterdamd*, and liue and dye
E're he'l commit so much Idolatry.
He takes it for an outwarde Seale or Signe,
A little consecrated bread and wine,
And though it from his blessed Sauior come
His manners takes it sitting on his bum.
The Spirit still directs him how to pray,
Nor will he dresse his meat the Sabbath day,
Which doth a mighty mysterie vnfold,
His zeale is hot, although his meat be cold,
Suppose his Cat on Sunday kill a Rat,
She on the Munday must be hang'd for that.
His faith keepes a continuall Holy day,
Himselfe doth labour to keepe it at play :
For he is read and deeply vnderstood
That if his faith should worke 'twould doe no good,
A fine cleane fingerd faith must saue alone,
Good workes are needlesse, therefore he'l do none.
Yet patience doth his spirit so much inspire,
He'l not correct a Seruant in his ire,
But when the spirit his hot furie layes.
Hee congregates his folkes, and thus he sayes:
 Attend good *Nichodemus*, and *Tobias*,
Lift to your reuerend Master *Ananias*,
And good *Aminadab*, I pray attend,
Here's my man *Ismael* highly did offend ;
He told a lye, I heard his tongue to trip,
For which most surely he shall tast the whip.
 Then after some sententious learned speech,
This seruant humbly doth let fall his breech,
Mounts on his fellowes backe as on a Mule,
Whilst his pure Maister mounts his rod of rule.
The boy in lying with his tongue did faile,
And thus he answers for it with his taile.
O Vpright, Sincere, Holy execution,
Most patient, vnpolluted absolution.
 Shall Paper made of linnen of these men,

Be stain'd with an vnsanctified pen ?
In sooth who ere doth so, bee't he or she,
They little better then the wicked be,
Children of Sathan and abhomination,
The brood of *Belials* cursed congregation,
The bastard off spring of the purple whore,
Who doe the *Babylonish Beast* adore.

From the Creation to the generall Flood,
The name of Paper no man vnderstood :
But by tradition still from Sire to Son,
Men liuing knew the deeds by dead men done.
Yet many things were in the Deluge sau'd
In stony Pillars charactered and grau'd.

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-- Reprint, page 555

For the most part anitquity agrees,
Long since the floud men writ in barkes of trees :
Which was obseru'd late in *America*,
When Spanish *Cortois* conquered *Mexica*.
Then after in Fig-leaues and Sicamour,
Men did in Characters their minds explore.

How when it is worne to Rags, it is made into Paper.

Long after, as ingenuous spirits taught,
Rags and old Ropes were to perfection wrought
Into square formes yet how to giue a name
Vnto their workemanship they could not frame.

The Originall of Paper.

Some Authors doe the name of Paper gather,
To be deriv'd from *Papa*, or a Father,
Because a learned man of *Arrius* sect
Did Christendome with heresie infect :

And being in great errors much mistooke,
Writ and divulged in a Paper booke.
And therefore *Nymphshag* thus much doth inferre,
The name of Paper sprung from *Papa err*.
Some hold the name doth from a Rush proceed,
Which on *Egyptian Nilus* bankes doth breed :
Which Rush is call'd *Papirus* for on it
Th' *Egyptian* people oftentimes had writ.

And some againe of lesse authoritie
Because it's made of rags and pouerty,
In stead of Paper name it *Pauperis*,
But sure me thinkes they take their markes amisse,
For foure and twenty sheets doe make a Quire,
And twenty Quire doth to a Reame aspire,
And every Reame were Kingdomes for their strength
But that they want a single (l) in length.
A Reame of Paper therefore keepes great port,
And were a Realme, wer't not an (l) too short.

Besides, we haue an old *Prognosticator*,
An erring Father, *quasi erra Pater*.
His euerlasting Almanack tels plaine,
How many miles from hence to *Charles his waine*.
From *Luna* vnto *Mercury* how farre
To *Venus*, *Sol*, and *Mars* that warlike starre :
From *Mars* to merry thunder-thumping *Ioue* :
And thence to sullen *Saturne* highest aboue :
This if I lye not, with aduice and leasure,
Old *Erra Pater* to an inch did measure.

right column break

But hollow Muse what mounted to the sky,
I'le clip your soaring plumes for you and I
Must talke of Paper, Hemp, and such as this,
And what a rich commodity it is.

It was time to remember my selfe, for I was a degree too high.

The best is I have elbow room to trace,

I am not tide to times, to bounds, or place,
But *Europe, Asia, Sun-burnt Affrica,*
America, Terra incognita,
The Christians, Heathens, Pagans, Turkes & Iewes,
And all the world yeelds matter to my Muse :
No Empire, Kingdome, Region, Prouince, Nation,
No Principality, Shire, nor Corporation :
No Country, County, City, Hamlet, Towne,
But must vse Paper, eyther white or browne.
No Metropolitane, or gracious Primate
No Village, Pallace, Cottage, function, Climate.
No age, sex, or degree the earth doth beare,
But they must vse this seed to write or weare.

How it Propagates the Gospell.

This Paper (being printed) doth reueale
Th'Eternall Testament of all our Weale :
In Paper is recorded the Records
Of the Great all Creating Lord of Lords.
Vpon this weake ground strongly is ingrau'd
The meanes how man was made, and lost and sau'd.
Bookes Patriarchall, and Propheticall,
Historicall, or Heauenly Mysticall,
Euangelicall, and Apostolicall,
Writ in the sacred Text, in generall.

The sacred memory of Patriarchs, Prophets, Euangelists, A-
postles, and Fathers.

Much hath the Church (our Mother propagated)
By venerable Fathers workes translated
Saint *Jerome, Gregorie, Ambrose, Augustine,*
Saint *Basil, Bernard, Cyprian, Constantine :*
Eusebius, Epiphanius, Origen,
Ignatius, and Lactantius (reuerend men)
Good *Luther, Caluine,* learned *Zwinglius,*
Melancton, Beza, Oecolampadius,
These, and a world more then I can recite
Their labours would haue slept in endlesse night,
But that in Paper they preseru'd haue bin
T' instruct vs how to shun death, hell, and sin.

Folio Part III, page 72

-- Reprint, page 556

The memorial of Monarchies and Wonders with their alterations from time to time, and chiefly by Paper.

How should we know the change of Monarchies,
Th' Assyrian, and the Persian Emperies,
Great *Alexanders* large, small lasting glory
Or *Romes* high *Cæsars* often changing story ?
How should Chronologies of Kings be knowne
Of eyther other Countries, or our owne?

Phylosophers, Hystorians, Chronographers, Poets ancient
and moderne, the best sort mentioned.

But that *Josephus* and *Suetonius*
Pollidore, *Virgil*, and *Ortelius*,
Seneca, and *Cornelius Tacitus*
With *Scaliger*, and *Quintus Curtius* ;
Plutarch, *Guichiardine*, *Gallobelgicus*
Thomasio, and *Hector Boetius* ;
Fox, *Cooper*, *Froysard*, *Grafton Fabian*,
Hall, *Houe'den Lanquet*, *Sleiden*, *Buchanan*,
The Reuerend learned *Cambden*, *Selden*, *Stowe*,
With *Polychronicon*, and *Speed*, and *Howe*,
With *Parris*, *Malmsbury*, and many more
Whose Workes in Paper are yet extant store.

Philemon Holland (famous for translation)
Hath (with our owne tongue) well inricht our Nation.
Esope, and *Aristotle*, *Plinie*, *Plato*.
Pythagoras, and *Cicero*, and *Cato*,
Du Bartas, *Ariosto*, *Martial*, *Tasso*,
Plautus, and *Homer*, *Terence*, *Virgil*, *Naso*,
Franciscus Petrark, *Horace*, *Juuenal*,
Philosophers and exc'lent Poets all.
Or Orators Hystorians, euery one
In Paper made their worthy studies knowne.

Who euer went beyond our famous King

Whose Art thoroughout the spacious world doth ring;
Such a Diuine, and Poet, that each State
Admires him whom they cannot imitate.

In Paper, many a Poet now suruiues
Or else their lines had perish'd with their liues.
Old *Chaucer*, *Gower*, and Sir *Thomas More*,
Sir *Philip Sidney* who the Lawrell wore,
Spencer, and *Shakespeare* did in Art excell,
Sir *Edward Dyer*, *Greene*, *Nash*, *Daniel*,
Siluester Beaumont, Sir *Iohn Harington*,
Forgetfulnesse their workes would ouer run,

right column break

But that in Paper they immortally
Doe liue in spite of Death, and cannot dye.

And many there are liuing at this day
Which doe in paper their true worth display :
As *Dauis*, *Drayton*, and the learned *Dun*,
Johnson, and *Chapman*, *Marston*, *Middleton*,
With *Rowley*, *Fletcher*, *Withers*, *Massinger*,
Heywood, and all the rest where e're they are,
Must say their lines but for the paper sheete
Had scarcely ground, whereon to set their feete.

Acts, Statutes, Lawes would be consum'd and lost
All right and order topsy-turuy tost :
Oppression, wrong, destruction and confusion
Wer't not for Paper, were the worlds conclusion.
Negotiations, and Embassages
Maps, Chartes, discoureries of strange passages :
Leagues, truces, combinations, and contracts,
Ecclesiasticke monuments and acts,
Lawes, Nat'rall, Morall, Ciuill, and Diuine,
T' instruct, reprove, correct, inlarge, confine.

All Memorandums of forepassed ages,
Sayings and sentences of ancient Sages,
Astronomy, and Phisicke much renownd,

The lib'rall Arts, rules, maxiomes, or ground,
The glory of *Apolloes* Radiant shine,
Supporter of the Sacred Sisters Nine,
The *Atlas*, that all Histories doth beare
Throughout the world, here, there, and euery where.

*How many liue by it being
Paper.*

All this and more is paper, and all this,
From fruitfull *Hempseed* still produced is.
Were't not for rags of this admired Lint,
Dead were the admirable Art of Print.
Nor could the Printers with their formes & proofes.
Worke for their owne and other mens behoofes.
Octavo, Quarto, Folio, or sixteene :
Twelues, nor yet sixty four had e're beene seene,
Nor could their Pages be the meanes to feed
And cloth them and their families at need.

The Stationer that liues, and gaineth well,
And doth the word of God, both buy and sell,
I know not which way he could liue and eate,
If printed paper did not yeeld him meat.

Folio Part III, page 73
-- Reprint, page 557

Some foolish knaue (I thinke) at first began
The slander that three Taylers are one man :
When many a Taylers boy, I know hath beene,
Hath made tall men much fearefull to be seene,
The boy hath had no weapon, nor no skill,
But armed with a Taylers Paper-bill,
Which being edgd with *Items*, stiffnings facings,
With Bumbast, cottons, linenings, and with laceings,
The boy hath made a man his head to hide
And not the bare sight of the Bill abide.
When boyes with paper Bills frights men so sore,
'Tis doubtlesse but their Masters can doe more.
And many millions both of boyes and men,

Doe onely liue, and flourish with the pen :
Yet though the pen be through the world renown'd
'T were nothing except paper were the ground.

All Lawyers from the high'st degree or marke,
Vnto the lowest Barrester or Clarke,
How could they doe if paper did not beare
The memory of what they speake or heare ?
And Iustice Clarkes could hardly make strong warrants,
For Theeues, or Baudes, or whores, or such like arrants,
But that in Paper 'tis their onely vse
To write, and right the Common-wealths abuse.

Thus much of Paper here my Muse hath said,
But yet if all its profits were displaid,
Ten Paper Mills could not affoord enough
To write vpon in praise of writing stufte.

*A Voyage in a Paper-boat from London to
Quinborough.*

I therefore to conclude this much will note
How I of Paper lately made a Boat,
And how in forme of Paper I did row
From *London* vnto *Quinborough* Ile show.
I and a Vintner (*Roger Bird* by name)
A man whom Fortune neuer yet could tame)
Took ship vpon the vigill of Saint *Iames*
And boldly ventur'd down the Riuer *Thames*,
Lauing and cutting through each raging billow,
(In such a Boat which neuer had a fellow)
Hauing no kinde of mettall or no wood
To helpe vs eyther in our Ebbe or Flood :
For as our boat was paper, so our Oares
Where Stock-fish, caught neere to the *Island* shores.

Stock-fishes vnbeaten, bound fast to two Canes with pack-
thread.

Thus being Oar'd and shipt away we went.
Driuing 'twixt *Essex* Calues, and sheepe of *Kent* :

right column break

Our Boat a female vessell gan to leake
Being as female vessels are, most weake,
Yet was shee able which did greeue me sore,
To drowne *Hodge Bird* and I and forty more.
The water to the Paper being got,
In one halfe houre our boat began to rot :
The *Thames* (most lib'rall) fild her to the halues,
Whilst *Hodge* and I sate liquor'd to the calues.
In which extremity I thought it fit
To put in vse a stratagem of wit,
Which was, eight Bullocks bladders we had bought
Pust stifly full with wind, bound fast and tought,
Which on our Boat within the Tide we ty'de,
Of each side foore, vpon the outward side.
The water still rose higher by degrees.
In three miles going, almost to our knees,
Our rotten bottome all to tatters fell,
And left our boat as bottomlesse as Hell.
And had not bladders borne vs stifly vp,
We there had tasted of deaths fatall cup.

And now (to make some sport) Ile make it knowne
By whose strong breath my bladders all were blown.
One by a cheuerell conscienc'd Vsurer,
Another by a drunken Bag piper,
The third a Whore, the fourth a Pander blew,
The fift a Cutpurse, of the Cursed crew,
The sixt, a post-knight that for fiue groats gaine
Would sweare & for foure groats forswear't againe.
The seauenth was an Informer, one that can
By informations begger any man.
The eight was blowne vp by a swearing Royster,
That would cut throats as soone as eate an Oyster.

We had more winds then that Compasse, for we had eight seue-
rall winds in our bladders, and the 32 of the Compasse in all 40.

We being in our watry businesse bound,
And with these wicket winds encompass'd round,

For why such breaths as those it fortunes euer,
They end with hanging, but with drowning neuer ;
And sure the bladders bore vs vp so tight,
As if they had said, Gallowes claime thy right.
This was the cause that made vs seeke about,
To finde these light Tiburnian vapours out.
We could haue had of honest men good store,
As Watermen, and Smiths, and many more,
But that we knew it must be hanging breath,
That must preserue vs from a drowning death.

Carefully and discreetly prouided.

Yet such we fear'd the graues our end would be
Before we could the Towne of *Grauesend* see :
Our boat drunke deepely with her dropsie thirst,
And quaft as if she would her bladders burst,

Folio Part III, page 74
-- Reprint, page 558

Whilst we within sixe inches of the brim
(Full of salt water) downe (halfe sunck) did swim.
Thousands of people all the shores did hide,
And thousands more did meet vs in the tide
With Scullers, Oares, with ship-boats, & with Barges
To gaze on vs, they put themselues to charges.

Thus did we driue, and driue the time away,
Till pitchy night had driuen away the day :
The sun vnto the vnder world was fled :
The Moone was loath to rise, and kept her bed,
The Starres did twinckle, but the *Ebon* clouds
Their light, our sight, obscures and ouershrowds.
The tossing billowes made our boat to caper,
Our paper forme scarce being forme of paper,
The water foure mile broad, no Oares, to row,
Night darke, and where we were we did not know.
And thus 'twixt doubt and feare, hope and despaire
I fell to worke, and *Roger Bird* to prayer.
And as the surges vp and down did heaue vs,
He cry'd most feruently, good Lord receiue vs.

I pray'd as much, but I did worke and pray,
And he did all he could to pray and play.
Thus three houres darkeling I did puzzell and toile
Sows'd and well pickl'd, chafe and muzzell & moile,
Drench'd with the swassing waues and stew'd in sweat
Scarce able with a cane our boat to set,
At last (by Gods great mercy and his might)
The morning gan to chase away the night.
Aurora made us soon perceiue and see
We were three miles below the Towne of *Lee*.
And as the morning more end more did cleare,
The sight of *Quinborough* castle did appeare.
That was the famous monumentall marke,
To which we striu'd to bring our rotten barke :
The onely ayme of our intents and scope,
The anker that brought *Roger* to the Hope.

He dwelleth now at the Hope on the Banck-side.

Thus we from Saturday at euening Tide,
Till Monday morne, did on the water bide,
In rotten paper and in boysterous weather,
Darke nights, through wet, and toyled altogether.
But being come to *Quinborough* and aland,
I tooke my fellow *Roger* by the hand,
And both of vs ere we two steps did goe
Gauē thanks to God that had preseru'd vs so :
Confessing that his mercy vs protected
When as we least deseru'd, and lesse expected.
The Maior of *Quinborough* in loue affords
To entertaine vs, as we had beene Lords ;
It is a yearely feast kept by the Maior,
And thousand people thither doth repaire,
From Townes and Villages that's neere about,
And 'twas our lucke to come in all this rout.
I' th' street, Bread, Beere, and Oysters is their meat,
Which freely, friendly, shot-free all doe eat.

right column break

But *Hodge* and I were men of ranck and note,

We to the Maior gaue our aduenturous boat ;
The which (to glorifie that Towne of *Kent*)
He meant to hang vp for a monument.
He to his house inuited vs to dine,
Where we had cheare on cheare, and wine on wine
And drinke, and fill, and drinke, and drinke and fill,
With welcome vpon welcome, welcome still.

But whilst we at our dinners thus were merry,
The Country people tore our tatter'd wherry
In mammocks peecemeale in a thousand scraps,
Wearing the reliques in their hats and caps.
That neuer traytors corps could more be scatter'd
By greedy Rauens, then our poore boat was tatter'd;
Which when the Maior did know, he presently
Tooke patient what he could not remedie
The next day we with thanks left *Quinbroghs* coast
And hied vs home on horse-backe all in post.
Thus Master *Birds* strange voyage was begun,
With greater danger was his mony won.
And those that doe his coine from him detaine
(Which he did win with perill and much paine)
Let them not thinke that e're 'twill doe them good,
But eate their marrow and consume their blood.
The worme of conscience gnaw them euery day
That haue the meanes, and not the will to pay.
Those that are poore, and cannot, let them be
Both from the debt and malediction free.

Thus (I in part) what *Hemp-seed* is haue showne,
Cloth, ropes, rags, paper, poorely is made knowne :
How it maintaines each kingdome, state and trade,
And how in paper we a voyage made.
I therefore to conclude, thinke not amisse
To write something of *Thames*, or *Thamasis*,

The names of the most famous riuers in the world.

Maze, Rubicon, Elue, Volga, Ems, Scamander,
Loyre, Moldoue, Tyber, Albia, Seyne, Meander,
Hidaspes, Indus, Inachus, Tanaies,
(Our *Thames* true praise is farre beyond their praise)
Great Euphrates, Iordane, Nilus, Ganges, Poe,
Tagus and Tygris, Thames doth farre out-goe.
Danubia, Ister, Xanthus, Lisus, Rhrine,

*Wey, Seuerne, Auon, Medway, Isis, Tine,
Dee, Ouze, Trent, Humber, Eske, Tweed, Annan, Tay,
Firth (that braue Demy-ocean) Clide, Dun, Spay,*
All these are great in fames, and great in names,

But great'st in goodnesse is the riuier *Thames*,
From whose Diurnall and Nocturnall flood
Millions of soules haue fewell cloathes and food ;
Which from twelue houres to twelue doth still succeed,
Hundreds, & thousands both to cloath & feed,
Of watermen, their seruants, children, wiues,
It doth maintaine neere twenty thousand liues.
I can as quickly number all the starres,
As reckon all things in particulars :

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-- Reprint, page 559

Which by the bounty of th'All-giuing giuer
Proceeds from this most matchlesse, famous Riuier.
And therefore 'tis great pittie, shelve or sand
From the forgetfull and ingratefull land,
Should it's cleare chrystall entrailes vilefy,
Or soyle such purenesse with impurity.
What doth it doe, but serues our full contents,
Brings food, and for it takes our excrements,
Yeelds vs all plenty, worthy of regard
And dirt and mucke we giue it for reward ?

Riuers fabled or feigned to be in Hell.

Oh what a world of Poets that excell
In art, haue fabled riuers out of hell,
As *Erebus, Cocitus, Acheron,*
Stix, Orchus, Tartarus, and *Phlegeton,*
And all infernall *Barathrums* Damn'd Creekes,
With *Charons* Passengers, and fearefull shriekes,
Who writing drinking *Lethe* to their shames
Vnthankfully they haue forgot the *Thames*.

But noble *Thames*, whilst I can hold a pen
I will diuulge thy glory vnto men :
Thou in the morning when my coine is scant
Before the euening dost supply my want.
If like a Bee I seeke to liue and thriue,
Thou wilt yeeld hony freely to my hiue,
If like a drone I will not worke for meate,
Thou in discretion giues me nought to eate
Thou the true rules of Iustice dost obserue,
To feed the lab'rer, let the idle sterue,
And I so many faithlesse men haue found
As any man that liues vpon the ground,
Who haue done me wrong and themselues no good,
And swore, and forswore in their damned mood :
Whilst I (fond I) haue lent and giuen away
To such as not so much as thankes will pay,
For shame and modesty I name them not ;
But let their black soules beare the impure blot
Of falshood periury, and odious lyes
That diuels in shape of Mankind can deuise.
If these lines happen to their hands to come,
They'l pick their teeth, look downward and cry hum,
But goodnesse how should euer I expect,
From such who doe so true a friend neglect.

right column break

And therefore *Thames*, with thee I haue decreed
Because thou neuer faild me in my need,
To thee, to thee againe I doe retire
And with thee Ile remaine till life expire,

The Oare hath foure or fiue vertues ; first, it is healthfull, second, it auoyds bad company, third, it keeps men sober, fourth, it gets mony, fift, it auoyds expences all which vertues I will put in practise and fall to rowing.

Thou art my Mistresse, and oft times from thee
Thy liberalitie hath flow'd to me,
And for thou alwayes giuest me meanes to liue
My selfe (most thankfully) my selfe do giue.

Momus thou Sonne of *Somnus*, and of *Nox*,
Take not my lines all for a Paradox :
For most of them seeme true, and I doe rue
That many of them I doe know too true.
Sleepe *Momus* sleepe, in *Murceas* slothfull bed,
Let *Morpheus* locke thy tongue within thy head :
Or if thou needst wild prate, prate to this end
To giue commends to that thou canst not mend.
'Tis not a gilded Gull made vp with oathes,
That swears and damns himselfe into good cloaths,
That weares his cloak beneath his skirts and wast
Cause men may see how he is trust and brac'd :
Such a fantasticke asse, I care not for,
He flewts my lines, and I doe him abhor.
My poor inuention no way is supply'd
With cutting large thongs from anothers hide :
I haue not stolne a syllable or letter
From any man, to make my booke seem better.
But similies, comparisons, each line,
Indifferent, good or bad, they all are mine,
Yet I confesse I haue read many a booke
From whence I haue some obseruations tooke.
Which I make vse of, as occasions touch,
And any Poet (I thinke) will doe as much.
I will not brag, to all men bee it knowne
(By learning) I haue nothing of mine owne,
But had I tongues and languages, like many
Sure I should filch and steale as much as any.
But like an Artlesse Poet, I say still,
I am a *Taylor*, true against my will.

Thus ending (like to *Jasons* Golden-fleece)

This worke of *Hempseed* is my Master-peece.

F I N I S.



Renaissance Editions