

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

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649008988

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

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**ANNE MANNING**

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



PASSAGES IN THE LIFE

OF

# 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 falſe of Faith.*

---

NEW YORK,  
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY,  
PUBLISHERS.

PR  
4974  
M31 p



PASSAGES IN THE LIFE

OF

THE FAIRE GOSPELLER,

*MISTRESS ANNE ASKEW.*



Bound 46.00

024817

# CONTENTS.



## PROLOGUE.

	PAGE
What the Houfe Porter fayd . . . .	7

## SECTION I.

How we loft our loved Lady . . . .	27
------------------------------------	----

## SECTION II.

How we came by our new Lady . . . .	40
-------------------------------------	----

## SECTION III.

How Sir William put me in Charge . . . .	53
------------------------------------------	----

## SECTION IV.

How Mafter Francis and I went overfeas . . .	68
----------------------------------------------	----

## SECTION V.

What befel us in Foreign Parts . . . .	79
----------------------------------------	----

## SECTION VI.

How we left Venice . . . . .	92
------------------------------	----

## SECTION VII.

Of Weddings and Burials . . . . .	105
-----------------------------------	-----

	PAGE
SECTION VIII.	
Springs to catch a poor Bird . . . . .	119
SECTION IX.	
How the poor Bird fled from its Cage to its Nest . . . . .	131
SECTION X.	
Of our Journey to London . . . . .	145
SECTION XI.	
Of what befel us in London . . . . .	160
SECTION XII.	
Of our Change of Place . . . . .	178
SECTION XIII.	
Of what befel us there . . . . .	195
SECTION XIV.	
Delivered to ye Tormentors . . . . .	212
SECTION XV.	
Adjutor in Tribulationibus . . . . .	224
SECTION XVI.	
Freed at Last . . . . .	229





## PROLOGUE.

---

*What the House Porter sayd.*

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

Maybe ye come down to these parts for fowling ? Marry, we have decoys of teal, widgeon, and others of the duck kind . . . Greebes, goodwits, whimbrels, coots, ruffs an' reeves find plenty of food in our fishy pools and streams. This county is a great resort of the feathered kind. Stares roost 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 still. It has a bad name, folks speak ill of it, and I'm sure I've reason to think ill of it; but 'tis familiar to me, you see. Well, it *is* low and fenny.

Ghosts, Sir? No! . . . I ne'er heed what they say of 'em. There's none, Sir!—or there would be, here. Dismal Noises there are, full sure, sighings of the Wind, and so forth—scurrying of Rats behind the Pannels,—creaks of rustie Casements,—old Furniture stretching itself and yawning. Nothing worse.

If I thought *she* walked, I'd watch the livelong Night for her, I warrant ye! But no, she's quiet where she 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 stories about . . .

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

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

motto. I've seen her look just so; her lips a little apart, ready to speak. That bad man called her a parrot. 'Parrot' quotha!

What did he mean by it? Well, Sir, he meant to silence her; put her down. She had too sharp a wit for him: not sharp i' th' wrong sense, ye wot. Certes, when they browbeat her, she answered 'em agayn. A worm will turn, Sir. Yes, Sir, just as you say: much enforced, she would show a hasty spark. Gone tae next moment, Sir!

—If you look well at that picture, you'll note there's not a single hard line in it. Master Moldwarp observed it to me first. He sayd there are no hard lines in nature, and this picture is next to nature itself. Going—you see—before its time—the paint caking off—covered with a network of small cracks, though painted in my time. Stand a little back, Sir—you'll not see them. There are very deep, soft shadowings about the eyes—you 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—flash! 'The hasty spark,' Sir!

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