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BARTHOLOMEVV
FAIRE

OR

*Variety of fancies, vvhere you may find
a faire of vvares, and all to pleaje your mind.*

With

The severall Enormityes and misdemea-
tours, which are there scene and acted.



LONDON

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Harpe in *Smithfield* 1641.

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FAIRE**

OR

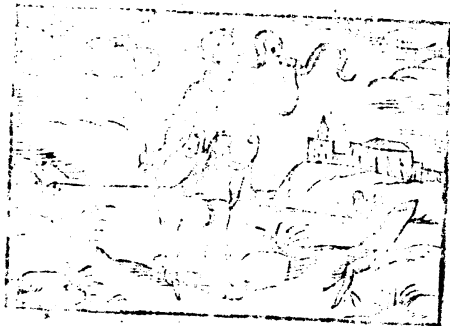
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*The severall enormities and misdemeanours, which
are there scene and acted.*

Bartholomew Faire begins on the twenty
fourth day of *August*, and is then of so vast
an extent, that it is contained in no lesse
then four severall parishes, namely, *Christ Church,*
Great and Little Saint Bartholomewes, and
Saint Sepulchres. Hither resort people of all
sorts, *High and Low, Rich and Poore,* from cities,
townes, and countrys, of all sects, *Papists, Atheists,*
Anabaptists, and Brownists: and of all conditions,
good and bad, vertuous and vitious, *Knaves and*
fooles, Cuckolds and Cuckoldmakers, Bauds, and
Whores, Pimpes and Panders, Rogues and Raf-
calls, the little Loud-one and the witty wanton.

And now that wee may the better take an ex-
act survey of the whole Faire, First let us enter in-
to *Christ Church Cloysters,* which are now hung
so full of pictures, that you would take that place
or rather mistake it for *Saint Peters in Rome;* onely
this is the difference, those there are set up for wor-
ship, these here for sale: But by the way, I'll tell
you



LONDON
Printed for R. B. at the Sign of the
Crown in St. Dunstons Church

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you a tale of a precise puritan, who came in all haste from *Lincolne* to *London*, purposely to see the Faire, where he had never bin before, and coming out of newgate marget, through Christ-Church into the Cloysters, and elevating the snow balls of his eyes, he presently espies the picture of Christ and his twelve Apostles, with the virgin Mary, and many other Saints departed; at which sight the very thought and strong conceit of superstition set such a sharpe edge upon the pure mettle of his inflam'd zeale, that very manfully like a man of va'our, and son of mars, he steps to a stall well stor'd with wponny halberts, and wooden backswords, where having arm'd himselfe *Cap a Pea*, (as he thought) he begins in a violent passion, to exclaime against the Idolatry of the times, that it was grown abominable; protesting that the whore of *Babilon* was crept into Christ Church, and that the good motions of the Spirit had brought him to owne, to make a sacrifice of those Idle *Idolls*, to his just anger and holy indignation, which begot no small laughter to the multitude, which throng'd about him, that put him into such a chafe, in so much that at the last, like *Rosiclaire*, the Knight of the sunne, or *Don Quixot*, most furiously he makes an assault, and batt'ry upon the poore innocent pictures, till the shopkeepers apprehending him had him before a Constable, who forthwith committed my little hot furie to the stocks, where we will leave him to coole his heeles, whilst we take a further view of the Faire; And now being arriv'd through the long walke, to Saint Bartholomewes hospitall

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hospitall; that place (me thinkes) appears to me a sucking Exchange, and may be so termed, not unfitly; for there many a handsome wench exchanges her maidenhead for a small favour, as a moiety of bone-lace, a slight silver bodkin, a hoopring, or the like toy; for shee comes not thither with her sweet-heart, to serve her owne turne only, but also to satisfie his desire; according to the old saying, one good turne deserves another.

Let us now make a progresse into Smith-field, which is the heart of the Faire, where in my heart I think there are more motions in a day, to be scene, then are in a terme in Westminster Hall to be heard. But whilst you take notice of the severall motions there, take this caution along with you, let one eye watch narrowly that no ones hand make a motion into your pocket, which is the next way to move you to impatience.

The Faire is full of gold and silver-drawers: Just as Lent is to the Fishmonger, so is Bartholomew Faire to the Pickpocket; It is his high harvest, which is never bad, but when his cart goes up holborne.

The Citty-marshalls are as dreadfull to these youngsters, as the Plague is to our London Actors: That restraines them from playing, and they hinder these from working; you may quickly know these nimble youthes, and likely find them very busie-bodies in quarrells, which nothing concerne them, and sometimes in discourse with their wenches, (the sisters of the scabard) for the most part to be found in a croud or throng of people. Their buttocks

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tockes walke up and down the Faire very demurely; The end of their preambulation is to be taken up by some countrey-Gull, or city-cockscombe, and then your hand is no sooner in one of their plackets, but theirs is as nimble in one of your pockets; and if you take not heed of them, they will give you fairings with the poxe. Some of your cutpurfes are in fee with cheating coltermongers, who have a trick now and then to throw downe a basket of refuge peares, which prove cloake-peares to those that shall loose their hats or choaks in striving who shall gather fastest. They have many dainty baits to draw a bit, and (if you be not vigilant) you shall hardly escape their nets: fine fowlers they are, for every finger of theirs is a lime-twigge, with which they catch dorerels. They are excellently well read in Physiognomy; for they will know how strong you are in the purse by looking in your face; and for the more certainty thereof, they will follow you close, and never leave you till you draw your purse, or they for you, which they'll be sure to have, (if you looke not to it) though they kisse new-gate for it. It is remarkable, and worth your observation, to behold and heare the strange sights, and confus'd noise in the Faire. Here a Knaue in a foolcs coate, with a trumpet sounding, or on a drumme beating, invites you and would faine perswade you to see his puppetts; There a Rogue like a wild woodman, or in an Antick shap like an Incubus, desires your company, to view his motion; on the other side, Hocus Pocus with three yards of tape or ribbin in's hand, shewing his art of *Legerdemaine*, to the admiration and astonishment of a company of cockloaches.

Amongst

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Amongst these you shall see a gray goose-cap (as wife as the rest,) with a what do ye lacke, in his mouth, stand in his boote, shaking a rattle, or scraping on a fiddle, with which children are to taken, that they presently cry out for these fopperies; And all these together make such a distracted noise, that you would thinck Babel were not comparable to it. Here there are also your gamesters in action; some turning of a whimsy, others throwing for Pewter, who can quickly dissolve a round shilling into a three half penny saucer. Long-lane at this time looks very faire, and puts out her best cloaths, with the wrong side outward, so turn'd for their better turning off; And cloth Faire, is now in great request: well fare the Ale-houses therein; yet better may a man fare (but at a dearer rate) in the pig market, alias Pasty-nooke, or Pye corner, where pigges are all houres of the day on the stalls piping hot, and would cry (if they could speak) come eate me, but they are so damnable deare, and the reckonings for them are so saucy, that a man had as good licke his fingers in a bawdy house, as at this time come into one of those houses, where the fat greasy Hostesse instructs Nck Froth her tapster, to aske a shilling more for a pigs head of a woman big with child, in regard of her longing, then of another ordinary customer. These unconscionable exactions, and excessive inflammations of reckonings made that angl of the Faire too hot for my company; therefore I resolv'd with my self to steere my course another way, and having once got out, not to come again in haste.

Now farewell to the Faire; you who are wise, Preserve your Purfes, whilst you please your eyes.

FINIS.