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WITH
CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES
AND A MEMOIR BY
WILLIAM GIFFORD

EDITED BY LIEUT.-COL.
FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM



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MASQUES AT COURT.



Up springs the dance, along the lighted dome,
Mixed and involved a thousand spughtly ways,
The glittering court effuses every pomp.
The circle deepens ; beamed from gaudy robes
Tapers and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves,—THOMSOM.

The Queen's Masques.

THE FIRST, OF

BLACKNESS.

PERSONATED AT THE COURT AT WHITEHALL, ON THE TWELFTH-NIGHT, 1605-6.

Salve festa dies, meliorque revertere semper.—OVID.

THE MASQUE OF BLACKNESS.] This and the *Masque of Beauty* which follows it were published in 410 with this title, "The characters of two royal Masques. The one of Blacknesse, the other of Beautie, personated by the most magnificent of Queens, Anne, Queen of Great Britain, &c. with her honourable Ladies, 1605 and 1608, at Whitehall: [and invented by Benjonson — Ovid. *Salve festa dies, meliorq. revertere semper.* Imprinted at London for Thomas Thorp, and are to be sold at the signe of the Tigers head in Paules Church-yard.]

Great preparations were made for this masque, which was performed with unusual magnificence. Among Winwood's State Papers, there is a letter to that minister from Mr. Chamberlainc, of which the following passage is an extract: "Here is great provision of masks and revells against the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert and the Lady Susan Vere, which is to be celebrated on St. John's day; the Queen hath likewise a great mask in hand against Twelfth-tide, for which there was 3000*l.* delivered a month ago." — Dec. 18, 1604, vol. ii. p. 41.

Sir Thomas Edmonds also thus writes to the great Earl of Shrewsbury, Dec. 5, 1604: "Our corte is preparing to solemnize the Christmas with a gallant maske, which doth cost the Exchequer 3000*l.* Sir Phi. Herbert's marriage will also produce an other maske among the noblemen and gentlemen." — *Lodge's Illustrations*, vol. hi. p. 250.

It should be added that this was the first entertainment given by the Queen, that her brother, the Duke of Holstein, was present at it, and that the day was a day of peculiar state, several Knights of the Bath having been installed, and the King's second son (the unfortunate Charles) created Duke of York.

The Garrick copy of this masque, now in the British Museum, was the presentation copy of Jonson to the Queen (James's wife), and has this inscription in the poet's own writing:

D. ANNE
M. BRITANNIARUM INSU. HIB. &c.
REGINÆ
FELICISS. FORMOSISS.
MUSEO
S. S.
HUNG LIBRUM VOVIT
FAMÆ ET HONORI EJUS
SERVIENTISS.
IMO ADDICTISSIMUS
BEN JONSONIUS.
VICTURUS GENIUM DEBET HABERE LIBER.

[Mr. Collier has printed for the Shakspeare Society, 1849, a version of this masque from an original MS. in the British Museum, not in the poet's autograph, but revised by him, and characteristically authenticated under his own hand

'Hos ego versiculos feci.'

BEN. JONSON.]

The Masque of Blackness

The honour and splendour of these Spectacles was such in the performance as, could those hours have lasted, this of mine now had been a most unprofitable work. But when it is the fate even of the greatest and most absolute births to need and borrow a life of posterity, little had been done to the study of magnificence in these, if presently with the rage of the people, who (as a part of greatness) are privileged by custom to deface their carcasses, the spirits had also perished. In duty therefore to that Majesty who gave them their authority and grace, and, no less than the most royal of predecessors, deserves eminent celebration for these solemnities, I add this later hand to redeem them as well from ignorance as envy, two common evils, the one of censure, the other of oblivion.

Pliny,* Solinus,† Ptolemy,‡ and of late Lco§ the African, remember unto us a river in ^Ethiopia, famous by the name of Niger; of which the people were called Nigritye, now Negroes; and are the blackest nation of the world. This river taketh spring out of a certain lake eastward; and alter a long race falleth into the western ocean. Hence (because it was her majesty's will to have them blackmoors at first) the invention was derived by rnc, and presented thus:

First, for the scene, was drawn a land-Schan (landscape) consisting of small

woods, and here and there a void place filled with huntings; which falling, an artificial sea was seen to shoot forth, as if it flowed to the land, raised with waves which seemed to move, and in some places the billow to break, as imitating that orderly disorder which is common in nature. In front of this sea were placed six tritons,¶ in moving and sprightly actions, their upper parts human, save that their hairs were blue, as partaking of the sea-colour: their desinent parts fish, mounted above their heads, and all varied in disposition. From their backs were borne out certain light pieces of taffata, as if carried by the wind, and their music made out of wreathed shells. Behind these a pair of sea-maids, for song, were as conspicuously seated; between which two great sea-horses, as big as the life, put ioith themselves; the one mounting aloft, and writhing his head from the other, which seemed to sink forwards; so intended for variation, and that the figure behind might come off better:** upon their backs Oceanus and Niger were advanced.

Oceanus presented in a human form, the colour of his flesh blue; and shadowed with a robe of sea-green; his head grey, and horned,†† as he is described by the ancients: his beard of the like mixed colour: he was gyrlanded with alga, or sea-grass; and in his hand a trident.

* Nat. Hist. l. 5, c. 8.

† Poly. hist. c. 40 and 43.

‡ Lib. 4, c. 5.

§ Descrip. Afric.

¶ Some take it to be the same with Nilus, which is by Lucan called Melas, signifying .Niger. Howsoever Pliny in the place above noted, hath this: *Nigrijfluvio eadem natura, quae Nilo, calamus, papyrus, et easdem gignit animantes*. See Solin. above mentioned

¶ The form of these tritons, with their trumpets, you may read lively described in Ov. Met. lib. 1. *Cæruleum Tritona vocat*, &c.; and in Virg. *Æncid.* 1. 10. *Hunc vehit immanis triton, et sequent*.

** Lucian in PUTOP. *Διδασ.* presents Nilus so, *E-quo jftuatioli insidenttm*. And Statins Neptune, in *Theb*.

†† The ancients induced Oceanus always with A bull's head: *propter vim ventorum, a quibus*

incitatur, et impellitur: vel quia touris sivilem fremitum emittat vel gua. tanquatn. taurus furibundus, in littora feratur. Euripid. in Orest. *Ἰκέφανος ὁν ταυράκρανος ἀγκάλαις ἐλισσών, κυκλεῖ χθονα*. And rivers sometimes were so called. Look Virg. *de Tiberi et Eridano*. Georg. 4, *Æncid.* 8. Hor. *Car.* lib. 4, ode 14, and Euripid. in *Ione*.

¹ And falls th into the Western Ocean.] We now know that the Niger runs towards the east. Had the adventurous discoverer of this important geographical fact happily lived to return from his second expedition, we should probably have also learned whether the Niger loses itself in the sands, is swallowed up in some vast inland lake, or constitutes, as some think, the chief branch or feeder of the Nile.

Niger, in form and colour of an Æthiopian; his hair and rare beard curled, shadowed with a blue and bright mantle: his front, neck, and wrists adorned with pearl, and crowned with an artificial wreath of cane and paper-rush.

These induced the masquers, which were twelve nymphs, negroes, and the daughters of Niger; attended by so many of the Oceania,* which were their light-bearers.

The masquers were placed in a great concaveshell, like mother of pearl, curiously made to move on those waters and rose with the billow; the top thereof was stuck with a chevron of lights, which indented to the proportion of the shell, strook a glorious beam upon them as they were seated one above another: so that they were all seen, but in an extravagant order.

On sides of the shell did swim six huge sea-monsters, varied in their shapes and dispositions, bearing on their backs the twelve torch-bearers, who were planted there in several graces; so as the backs of some were seen; some in purple, or side; others in face; and all having their lights burning out of whelks or murex-shells.

The attire of masquers was alike in all, without difference: the colours azure and silver; but returned on the top with a scroll and antique dressing of feathers, and jewels interlaced with ropes of pearl. And for the front, ear, neck, and wrists the ornament was of the most choice and orient pearl; best setting off from the black.

For the light-bearers, sea-green, waved

about the skirts with gold and silver; their hair loose and flowing, gyrlanded with seagrass, and that stuck with branches of coral.

These thus presented, the scene behind seemed a vast sea, and united with this that flowed forth from the termination, or horizon of which (being the level of the state, which was placed in the upper end of the hall) was drawn by the lines of perspective, the whole world shooting downwards from the eye; which decorum made it more conspicuous, and caught the eye afar off with a wandering beauty: to which was added an obscure and cloudy night-piece, that made the whole set off. So much for the bodily part, which was of Master Ymgo Jones his design and act.

By this one of the tritons, with the two sea-maids, began to sing to the others' loud music, their voices being a tenor and two trebles.

SONG.

Sound, sound aloud
The welcome of the orient flood,
Into the west;
Fair Niger, t son to great Oceanus,
Now honoured thus
With all his beauteous race:
Who, though but black in face,
Yet are they bright,
And full of hie and light.
To prove that beauty best,
Which, not the colour, but the feature
Assures unto the creature.

Occj. De silent, now the ceremony's done,
And, Niger, say how comes it, lovely son,

* The daughters of Oceanus and Tethys. See Hesiod. in *Theogon.* Orph. in *Hymn.* and Virgil in *Georg.*

† All rivers are said to be the sons of the Ocean: for, as the ancients thought, out of the vapours exhaled by the heat of the sun, rivers and fountains were begotten. And both by Orph. in *Hym.* and Homer, *Il. E.* Oceanus is celebrated *tanquam pater, et origo dus, et rebx, quid nihil sine humectatione nascitur, aut putrescit,*

¹ Which were their light-bearers.] It will not be amiss to observe here once for all, that every masquer was invariably attended by his torch-bearer, who preceded his entrance and exit, and sided him (though at a distance) while in action.

The prose descriptions of Jonson are singularly bold and beautiful. I do not, however, notice the paragraph on this account, but solely «e» chow with what facility an ill-natured critic may throw an air of ridicule on things of this nature. In giving an account of this splendid exhibition to Winwood, Sir Dudley Carleton

seiy: " At n^o ALL we had the Queen's Maske in the Banqueting-House: there was a great engine at the lower end of the room, which had motion, and in it were the images of sea-horses, with other terrible fishes, which were ridden by Moors: the indecorum was, that there was all fib and no water."—There was assuredly as much of one as the other; but this it is to be witty. Sir Dudley proceeds: "At the further end there was a great shell in form of a scallop, wherein were four seats: on the lowest sat the Queen with my Lady Bedford; on the rest were placed the Ladies Suffolk, Darby, Rich, Effingham, Ann Herbert, Susan Herbert, Elizabeth Howard, Walsingham, and Bevil. Their appearance was rich, but too light and courtesan-like for such great ones. Instead of vizards, their faces and arms up to the elbows were painted black, but it became them nothing so well as their own red and white," &c.—*Winwood's Memorials*, vol. ii. p. 44. Sir Dudley would make no indifferent newspaper critic for the present times. The plot required the actors to appear as Moors, and he finds out

That thou, the Æthiop's river, so far
east,
Art seen to fall into the extremest west
Of me, the king of floods, Oceanus,
And in mine empire's heart, salute me
thus?
My ceaseless current now amazed stands
To see thy labour through so many lands
Mix thy fresh billow with my brackish
stream;*
And in the sweetness stretch thy diadem
To these far distant and unequalled skies,
This squared circle of celestial bodies.

Niger. Divine Oceanus, 'tis not strange
at all
That since th' immortal souls of creatures
mortal
Mix with their bodies, yet reserve for ever
A power of separation, I should sever
My fresh streams from thy brackish, like
things fixed,
Though with thy powerful saltness thus far
mixed.
¹¹ Virtue, though chained to earth, will
still live free:
And hell itself must yield to industry."

Ocea. But what's the end of thy Hercu-
lean labours,
Extended to these calm and blessed
shores?

Niger. To do a kind and careful father's
part,
In satisfying every pensive heart
Of these my daughters, my most loved
birth:
Who, though they were the first formed
dames of earth,
And in whose sparkling and refulgent
eyes
The glorious sun did still delight to rise;
Though he, the best judge, and most for-
mal cause
Of all dames beauties, in their firm lines,
draws

that they would look better if they kept their
natural colour! It is to be hoped that some
handsome Othello will take the hint. "The
Spanish and Venetian Ambassadors," our letter-
writer adds, "were both present, and sate by
the King in state," to the great annoyance of
the French Ambassador, who vowed in a pet,
"that the whole court was Spanish."

There wants not enough in nature to
authorize this part of our fiction, in separating
Niger from the Ocean (beside the fable of
Alpheus, and that to which Virgil alludes of
Avouthusa, in his 10 Eclog.

Signs of his fervent'st love; and thereby
shows
That in their black the perfect'st beauty
grows;
Since the fixt colour of their curled hair,
Which is the highest grace of dames most
fair,
No cares, no age can change; or there
display
The fearful tincture of abhorred gray;
Since death herself (herself being pale and
blue)
Can never niter their most faithful hue;
All which arc arguments to prove how far
Their beauties conquer in great beauty's
war;
And more, how near divinity they be,
That stand from passion or decay so free.
Yet since the fabulous voices of some few
Poor brain-sick men, styled poets herewith
you,
Have, will) such envy of their graces, sung
The painted beauties other empires sprung;
Letting their loose and winged fictions fly
To infect all climates, yea, our purity;
As of one Phaeton, that fired the world,
And that, before his hecdlebs flames were
hurled
About the globe, the ^Ethiops were as fair
As other dames; now black with black
despair:
And in respect of their complexions
changed,
Are eachwhcre since for luckless creatures
ranged;§
Which when my daughters heard (as women
are
Most jealous of their beauties), fear and
care
Possessed them whole; yea, and believing
them,||
They wept such ceaseless tears into my
stream,
That it hath thus far overflowed his shore
To seek them patience: who have since,
e'eunore

*Sic tibi> cuinfluxus suiter libSre Sicanos,
Doris amara suam. non intermisceat undam.)*

Examples of Nilus, Jordan, and others, whereof
see Nican. lib. i, *de flum.* and Pint. in *vita*
Syllæ, even of this our river (as some think) by
the name of Melas.

† Read Diod. Sicul. lib. 3. It is a conjecture
of the old ethnics, tli. it they which dwell under
the south vveie the first begotten of the earth.

‡ *Natistima fabula*, Ovid. Met. lib. 2.

§ Alluding to that of Juvenal, Satyr. 5. *Et*
t. ui per mediam nolis occurrere noctem.

The poets.

As the sun riseth,* charged his burning throne

With volleys of revilings; 'cause he shone
On their scorched cheeks with such intemperate fires,

And other dames made queens of all desires.

To frustrate which strange error, oft I sought,

(Tho' most in vain, against a settled thought
As women's are) till they conformed at length

By miracle, what I with so much strength
Of argument resisted; else they feigned:
For in the lake where their first spring they gained,

As they sat cooling their soft limbs one night,
Appeared a face all circumfused with light;
(And sure they saw't, for Æthiops† never dream)

Wherein they might decipher through the stream

These words:

That they a land must forthwith seek,
Whose termination (of the Greek)

Sounds TANIA; where bright Sol, that heat

Their bloods, doth never rise or set,‡

But in his journey passeth by,

And leaves that climate of the sky,

To comfort of a greater light,

Who forms all beauty with his sight,

In search, of this, have we three principedoms past

That speak out Tania in their accents last;
Black Mauritania first; and secondly,

Swarth Lusitania: next we did descry

Rich Aquitania: and yet cannot find

The place unto these longing nymphs designed.

Instruct and aid me, great Oceanus,

What land is this that now appears to us?

Ocea. This land, that lifts into the temperate air

His snowy cliff, is Albion§ the fair;

* A custom of the Æthiops, notable in Herod, and Diod. Sic. See Plin. *Nat. Hist.* lib. 5, cap. 8. † Plin. *ib.*

‡ Consult with Tacitus, in *vita Agric.* and the *Paneg. ad Constant.*

§ Orpheus, in his *Argonaut.* calls it *Δευκάλιον χερσον.*

|| Alluding to the right of styling prince after the name of their principedoms: so is he still Albion and Neptune's son that governs. As also his being dear to Neptune in being so embraced by him.

¶ The Ethiopians worshipped the moon by

So called of Neptune's son,|| who ruleth here:

For whose dear guard myself four thousand year

Since old Deucalion's days have walked the round

About his empire, proud to see him crowned
Above my waves.—

At this the Moon was discovered in the upper part of the house, triumphant in a silver throne, made in figure of a pyramids. Her garments white and silver, tin: dreeing of her head antigitc, and crowned with a luminary, or sphere of light: which striking on the clouds, and heightened with silver, reflected as natural clouds do by the splendour of the moon. The heaven about her was vaulted with blue silk, and set with stars of silver, which had in them their several lights burning. The sudden sight of which made Niger to interrupt Oceanus with this present pavilion.

O see, our silver star!

Whose pure auspicious light greets us thus far!

Great JKthiopia, goddess of our shore,||

Since with particular worship we adore

Thy general brightness, let particular grace

Shine on my zealous daughters: shew the place

Which long their longings urged their eyes to see,

Beautify them, which long have deified thee.

Æthi. Niger, be glad: resume thy native cheer.

Thy daughters' labours have their period here,

And so thy errors. I was that bright face
Reflected by the take in which thy race

Rend mystic lines; which skill Pythagoras
First taught to men by a reverberate glass.

that surname. See Step. *περι πόλεων*, in voc* ΔΙΟΤΙΟΝ.

¹ Which skill Pythagoras

First taught to men by a reverberate glass. The allusion is to what is told us by the scholiast on Aristophanes, that Pythagoras discovered a method of writing with blood on a speculum, or polished mirror; and this being held opposite to the moon, what was written on the glass would be reflected on the orb of the moon, and would appear to be written thereon. Nub. v. 750.—WHAL.

This blessed isle doth with that TANIA
end,

Which there they saw inscribed, and shall
extend

Wished satisfaction to their best desires.
Britania, which the triple world admires,
This isle hath now recovered for her name;
Where reign those beauties that with so
much fame

The sacred Muses' sons have honoured,
And from bright Hesperus to Eons spread.
With that great name Britania, this blest
isle

Hath won her ancient dignity and style,
A WORLD DIVIDED FROM THE WORLD :
and tried

The abstract of it in his general pride.
For were the world with all his wealth a
ring,

Britania, whose new name makes all
tongues sing,

Might be a diamant worthy to inchase it,
Ruled by a sun that to this height doth
grace it:

Whose beams shine day and night, and are
of force

To blanch an Æthiop and revive a corse.
His light sciential is, arid, past mere nature,
Can salve the rude defects of every creature.

Call forth thy honoured daughters then ;
And let them, 'fore the Britain men,

Indent the land with those pure traces
They flow with in their native graces.

Invite them boldly to the shore ;
Their beauties shall be scorched no more:

This sun is temperate, and refines
All things on which his radiance shines.

*Here the Tritons sounded, and they danced
on shore, every couple as they advanced
severally presenting their fans: in one
of which were inscribed their mixt names,
in ike other a mute hieroglyphic expressing
their mixed qualities.* Their own single
dance ended, as they were about to make
choice of their men: one from the sea
was heard to call them with this CHARM,
sung by a tenor voice.*

Come away, come away,
We grow jealous of your stay:
If you do not stop your ear,
We shall have more cause to fear

* Which manner of Symbol I rather chose than
Imprese, as well for strangeness as relishing: of
antiquity, and more applying to that original
doctrine of sculpture which the Egyptians are
said first to have brought from the Æthiopians.
Diod.Siwil. Herod.

Syrens of the land, than they
To doubt the Syrens of the sea.

*Here they danced with their men several
measures and coraatos. All which
ended, they were again accited to sea,
with a SONG of two trebles, whose ca-
dences were iterated by a double echo from
several parts of the land.*

Daughters of the subtle flood,
Do not let earth longer entertain you ;

i Ech. Let earth longer entertain you.
2 Ech. Longer entertain you.

'Tis to them enough of good,
That you give this little hope to gain
you.

i F.ch. Give this little hope to gain you.
2 Ech. Little hope to gain you.

If they love,

You si Kill quickly see ;

P^ror when to flight you move,
They'll follow you, the more you flee.

i Ech. Follow you, the more you flee,
2 Ech. The more you flee.

If not, impute it cacli to other's matter ;
They are but earth, and what you vowed
was water.

i Ech. And what you vowed² was
water.

2 Ech. You vowed² was water.

Mthi. Enough, bright nymphs, the
night grows old,

And we are grieved we cannot hold
You longer light; but comfort take.

Your father only to the lake
Shall make return : yourselves, with feasts,

Must here remain the Ocean's guests.

Nor shall this veil the sun hath cast

Above your blood more summers last.

For which you shall observe these rites :

Thirteen times thrice on thirteen nights,

(So often as I fill my sphere

With glorious light throughout the year)

You shall, when all things else do sleep

Save your chaste thoughts, with reverence
steep

Your bodies in that purer brine

And wholesome dew called ros-marine :

Then with that soft and gentler foam

Of which the ocean yet yields some

¹ [*Accited to sea.* In the Brit. Mus.
MS this stands "provoked from the sea."—
F. C.]

² Vowed was water. Owed was water, MS.—
F.C.1

Whereof bright Venus, beauty's queen,
Is said to have begotten been,
You shall your gentler limbs o'er-lave,
And for your pains perfection have :
So that this night, the year gone round,
You do again salute this ground ;
And in the beams of yond bright sun,
Your faces dry,—and all is done.

At which, in a dance, they returned to the
sea, where they took their shell, and with
this full SONG went out.

Now Dian, with her burning face,
Declines apace :

By which our waters know
To ebb, that late did flow.
Back seas, back nymphs ; but with a for-
ward grace,
Keep still your reverence to the place :
And shout with joy of favour you have won,
In sight of Albion, Neptune's son.

So ended the first Masque; which, beside
the singular grace of music and dances,
had that success in the nobility of perfor-
mance as nothing needs to the illustra-
tion but the memory by whom it was per-
sonated.¹

The Names.

THE QUEEN, CO. OF BEDFORD. ²	1.	{ EUPHORIS, AGLAIA.	1.	{ A golden tree, laden with fruit.
LA. HERBERT. ³ CO. OF DERBY. ⁴	2.	{ DIAPHANE, EUCAMPSE.	2.	{ The figure Icosaedron of crystal.
LA. Rich. ⁵ CO. OF SUFFOLK. ⁶	3.	{ OCYTE, KATHARE.	3.	{ A pair of naked feet in a river.
LA. BEVILL. ⁷ LA. EFFINGHAM. ⁸	4.	{ NOTTS, PSYCHROTE.	4.	{ The SALAMANDER simple.

The Symbols.

¹ By whom it was personated.] Jonson gives us the names of the masquers as they danced on shore in couples, from their splendid shell, together with the symbols which they bore in their hands.

² *Countess of Bedford.*] Lucy, the lady of Edward, third Earl of Bedford, and daughter of John, Lord Harrington. She was a munificent patron of genius, and seems to have been peculiarly kind to Jonson. One of the most exquisite compliments that ever was offered to talent, beauty, and goodness, was paid by the grateful poet to this lady. (Epig. 76.) The biographers are never weary of repeating after one another, that she was "the friend of Donne and Daniel, who wrote verses on her;" but of Jonson, who wrote more than both, they preserve a rigid silence.

³ *Lady Herbert.*] Called by Sir Dudley Carleton, Ann Herbert. She was the daughter of Sir William Herbert, of St. Julian's, Monmouthshire, and a great heiress. This lady was at first intended for her cousin, Philip Herbert, brother of the celebrated Lord Pembroke, the friend of Jonson and of genius; but married Sir Edward, afterwards Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

⁴ *Countess of Derby.*] Alice, the daughter of Sir John Spencer, of Althorpe (where Jonson's beautiful Entertainment of *The Satyr* was represented), and widow of Ferdinand, fifth Earl of Derby. She took for her second husband Lord Keeper Egerton.

For this celebrated lady, who appears to have greatly delighted in these elegant and splendid exhibitions, Milton wrote his *Arcades*, the songs of which are a mere cento from our

author's Masques, of which, in fact, it is a very humble imitation.

⁵ *Lady Rich.*] There were two of this name; but the person here meant was probably Penelope, Lady Rich, whose story made some noise at a subsequent period. She parted from her husband, as it was said, by consent, and while he was yet living married Mountjoy, Earl of Devonshire. The match was unfortunate. The King was offended, the Earl miserable, and Laud, who performed the ceremony, passed through many years of obloquy for his officiousness, notwithstanding his pretended ignorance of the lady's former marriage.

⁶ *Countess of Suffolk.*] Catharine, the daughter of Sir Henry Knevit, of Charlton, in Wiltshire, married first to Richard, Lord Rich, and afterwards to Lord Thomas Howard, first Earl of Suffolk. She was more famed for accomplishments than virtues, and is said to have trafficked for more favours than those of her lord.

⁷ *Lady Bevill.*] This lady, I believe (for I have but little skill in these matters), was Frances, sister of the Countess of Suffolk, just mentioned. She was the wife of Sir William Bevill, a gentleman of Cornwall; after his death she married Roger, fifth Earl of Rutland, and brought him one daughter, who married the favourite Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

⁸ *Lady Effingham.*] Probably Anne, the daughter of Lord St. John, married in 1597 to William, eldest son of Charles, second Lord Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral at the period of the Spanish invasion.

LA. EL. HOWARD,¹ } 5. { GLYCYTE,
 LA. Sus. VeRE.² } 5. { MALACIA. } 5. { A cloud full of rain dropping,
 LA. WORTH,³ } 6. { BARYTE,
 LA. WALSINGHAM.⁴ } 6. { PERIPHERE. } 6. { An urn sphered with wine.

*The Names of the OCEANIA were;**

DORIS	}}	CYDIPPE,	}}	BEROE.	}}	IANTHE.
PETRÆA,	}}	GLAUCE,	}}	ACASTE,	}}	LYCORIS,
OCYRHIOE,	}}	TYCHE,	}}	CLYTIA,	}}	PLEXAURE.

* *Hesiod. in Theog.*

¹ *Lady Elisabeth Howard*] Daughter of the lady just mentioned. She married Lord Mordaunt, afterwards Earl of Northampton.

² *Lady Susan Vere*] Susan Herbert as Sir Dudley calls her, daughter of Edward, Earl of Oxford. About a week before this Minnie was performed she married Philip Herbert, afterwards Earl of Montgomery. Her nuptials were celebrated with great pomp at Oxford, of which many particulars are recorded among the state papers of the day.

³ *Lady Worth.*] Lady Mary Wroth, to

whom our author subsequently dedicated the *Alchemist*. See vol. ii, p 2

* *Lady Walsingham.*] Of this person I can say nothing. She appears too old for the granddaughter of the Countess of Suffolk, who married a Thomas Walsingham of Kent, and too young for the daughter of Elizabeth's celebrated minister, who had besides twice changed her name.

The Oceanæ are not appropriated they were probably personated by the younger branches of the noble families mentioned above. They were the "light bearers," as the poet terms them, and he has judiciously managed to make them an integral part of the exhibition.

The Queen's Second Masque, which was of Beauty.

THE MASQUE OF BEAUTY.] "The second Masque (Jonson says), which was of Beauty, was presented in the same Court at Whitehall, on the Sunday night after the Twelfth-night, 1608-9."

This masque was published together with the former in 4to, without date, but probably in 1609, and again in fol. 1616.

Two years being now past that Her Majesty had intermitted these delights, and the third almost come, it was her highness's pleasure again to glorify the Court, and command that I should think on some fit presentment which should answer the former, still keeping them the same persons, the daughters of Niger, but their beauties varied according to promise, and their time of absence excused, with four more added to their number.

To which limits, when I had apted my invention, and being to bring news of them from the sea, I induced BOREAS, one of the winds, as my fittest messenger; presenting him thus:

In a robe of russet and white mixt, full and bagged; his hair and beard rough and horrid; his wings gray, and full of snow and icicles; his mantle borne from him with wires, and in several purls; his foot* ending in serpent's tails; and in his hand a leaveless branch laden with icicles.

But before, in midst of the hall, to keep the state of the feast and season, I had placed JANUARY! in a throne of silver; his robe of ash-colour, long, fringed with silver; a white mantle; his wings white, and his buskins; in his hand a laurel-bough; upon his head an anadme of

laurel, fronted with the sign Aquarius, and the character: who, as Boreas blustered forth, discovered himself.

Boreas. Which among these is Albion, Neptune's son?

Januarius. What ignorance dares make that question?

Would any ask who Mars were in the wars, Or which is Hesperus among the stars? Of the bright planets, which is Sol? or can

A doubt arise, 'mong creatures, which is man?

Behold, whose eyes do dart Promethean fire

Throughout this All; whose precepts do inspire

The rest with duty; yet commanding cheer:

And are obeyed more with love than fear.

Boreas. What Power art thou that thus informest me?

Jtanni. Dost thou not know me? I too well know thee

By thy rude voice, J that doth so hoarsely blow;

Thy hair, thy beard, thy wings, o'er-hilled with snow,¹

* So Pans, in *Eliacis* reports him to have, as he was carved in *arca Cipselli*.

† See *Iconolog. di Cesare Ripa*.

‡ *Ovid. Metam. lib. 6*, near the end see—*horridus ini, Quæ solita est illi, nitiumque domestica, veuto, &c.*

¹ *Thy wings o'er-hilled with snow.* Le., covered over with snow: the spelling is varied, but it is the same with the Saxon word *hele*.—*WHAL.*

It is scarcely worth dispute; but surely Jonson uses the word in its common acceptation.

Thy serpent feet, to be that rough North-wind,

Boreas, that to my reign art still unkind,
I am the prince of months, called January;
Because by me, Janus* the year doth vary,
Shutting up wars, proclaiming peace and feasts,
Freedom and triumphs; making kings his guests.

Boreas. To thee then thus, and by thee to that king-
That doth thee present honours, do I bring
Present remembrance of twelve Æthiop dames:

Who, guided hither by the moon's bright flames,

To see his brighter light, were to the sea
Enjoined again, and (thence assigned a day
For their return) were in the waves to leave

Their BLACKNESS, and true BEAUTY to receive.

Janu. Which they received, but broke their day: and yet

Have not returned a look of grace for it,
Shewing a coarse and most unfit neglect.
Twice have I come in pomp here to expect

Their presence; twice deluded, have been fain

With other rites† my feasts to entertain;
And now the third time, turned about the year,

Since they were looked for, and yet are not here!

Boreas. It was nor will nor sloth that caused their stay;

For they were all prepared by their day,
And with religion forward on their way:

When Proteus,‡ the grey prophet of the sea,

Met them, and made report how other four

Of their black kind (whereof their sire had store)

Faithful to that great wonder so late done
Upon their sisters by bright Albion,

Had followed them to seek Britannia forth,

And there to hope like favour, as like worth,

Which Night envied, as done in her despite,§

And, mad to see an Æthiop washed white,
Thought to prevent in these; lest men should deem

Pier colour, if thus changed, of small esteem.

And so, by malice and her magic, tost
The nymphs at sea, as they were almost lost,

Till on an island they by chance arrived,
That floated in the main;|| where yet she

had gyved

Them so in chains of darkness, as no might

Should loose them thence, but their changed sisters' sight.

Whereat the twelve, in piety moved, and kind,

Straight put themselves in act the place to find;

Which was the Night's sole trust they so will do,

That she with labour might confound them too.

For ever since with error hath she held
Them wand'ring in the ocean, and so

quelled
Their hopes beneath their toil, as (desperate now

Of any least success unto their vow;
Nor knowing to return to express the

grace,
Wherewith they labour to this prince, and

place)
One of them meeting me at sea, did pray

That for the love of my Onthya,!
Whose very name did heat my frosty

breast,
And made me shake my snow-filled wings

and crest,
To bear this sad report I would be won,

And frame their just excuse: which here
I have done.

* See the offices and power of Janus, *Ovid. Fast.* i.

† Two marriages, the one of the Earl of Essex, 1606; the other of the Lord Hay, 1607.

‡ Read his description, with *Vir. Geor.* 4, *Bst lit Carpathio Neptuni gurgite vates, Cæruleus Proteus.*

§ Because they were before of her complexion.

|| To give authority to this part of our fiction, Pliny hath a chap. 95 of his 2 book *Nat. Hist. de insulis fluctuantibus. Et Card. lib. i de rerum vari. &c., cap. 7,* reports one to be in his time known in the lake of Lomond, in Scotland.

! The daughter of Erechtheus, King of Athens, whom Boreas ravished away into Thrace, as she was playing with other virgins by the flood Ilissus: or (as some will) by the fountain Cephissus.

Janu. Would thou hadst not begun, un-lucky Wind,
That never yet blew'st goodness to mankind;
But with thy bitter and too piercing breath,
Strik'st* horrors through the air as sharp as death.

Here a second wind came in, VULTURNUS, in a blue coloured robe and mantle, fuft as the former, but somewhat sweeter; his face black, and on his head's a red sun, shewing he came from the east: his wings of sever a I colours; his buskins white, and wrought with gold.

Vult. All horrors vanish, and all name of death,
Be all things here as calm as is my breath.
A gentler wind, Vulturnus, brings you news
The isle is found, and that the nymphs now use
Their rest and joy. The Night's black charms are flown.

For being made unto their goddess known,
Bright /Ethiopia, the silver moon,
As she was Hecate, she brake them soon:\$
And now by virtue of their light and grace,
The glorious isle wherein they rest, takes place

Of all the earth for beauty. There their queen§
Hath raised them a throne, that still is seen

To turn unto the motion of the world;
Wherein they sit, and are, like heaven, whirled

About the earth; whilst, to them contrary,
(Following those nobler torches of the sky)
A world of little Loves and chaste Desires
Do light their beauties with still moving fires.

And who to heaven's consent can better move,

Than those that are so like it, beauty and love?

Hither, as to their new Elysium,
The spirits of the antique Greeks are come,
Poets and singers, Linus, Orpheus, all
That have excelled in knowledge musical ||

* The violence of Boreas Ovid excellently describes in the place above quoted.

II'Ac mbila pello,

H&c freta concutio, nodes aque robora verto,
Induroque wives, et terras grandine pulso.

† According to that of Virgil—*Denuntiat igneus Euros.*

‡ She is called *φωσφορ' Έκρη*, by Eurip. in

Where, set in arbours made of myrtle and gold,

They live again these beauties to behold.
And thence in flowery mazes walking forth,

Sing hymns in celebration of their worth.
Whilst to their songs two fountains flow, one high

Of Lasting Youth, the other Chaste Delight,

That at the closes, from their bottoms spring,

And strike the air to echo what they sing.
But why do I describe what all must see?
By this time, near the coast, they floating be;

For so their virtuous goddess, the chaste moon,

Told them the fate of th' island should, and soon

Would fix itself unto thy continent,
As being the place, by destiny fore-meant,
Where they should flow forth, drest in her attires:

And that the influence of those holy fires,
First rapt from hence, being multiplied upon

The other four, should make their beauties one.

Which now expect to see, great Neptune's son,

And love the miracle which thyself hast done.

Here a curtain was drawn, in which, the Night was painted, and the scene discovered, which (because the former was marine, and these, yet of necessity, to come from the sea) I devised should be an island floating on a calm water. In the midst thereof was a seat of state, called the Throne of Beauty, erected: divided into eight squares, and distinguished by so many Ionic pilasters. In these squares the sixteen masques were placed by couples: behind them in the centre of the throne was a tralucen pillar, shining with several coloured lights, that reflected on their backs. From the top of which pillar went several

Helena, which is Lucifera, to which name we here presently allude.

§ For the more full and clear understanding of that which follows, have recourse to the succeeding pages, where the scene presents itself.

|| So Terence and the ancients called *Poesy*, *artem niusicant*.

arches to the pilasters that sustained the roof of the throne, which was likewise adorned with lights and gyrlands : and between the pilasters, in front little Cupids in flying posture, waving of wreaths and lights, bore up the cornice: over which were placed eight figures, representing the elements of beauty ; which advanced upon the Ionic, and being females had the Corinthian order. The first was

SPLENDOR,

In a robe of flame colour, naked breasted ; her bright hair loose flowing: she was drawn in a circle of clouds, her face and body breaking through : and in her hand a branch with two roses,* a white and a red. The next to her was

SERENITAS,

in a garment of bright sky-colour, a long tress, and waved with a veil of divers colours, such as the golden sky sometimes shews: upon her head a clear and fair sun shining, with rays of gold striking down to the feet of the figure. In her hand a crystal cut with several angles, and shadowed with divers colours, as caused by refraction. The third,

GERM INATIO,

in green, with a zone of gold about her waist, crowned with myrtle, her hair likewise flowing, but not of so bright a colour : in her hand a branch of myrtle, ‡ Her socks of green and gold. The fourth was

LÆTITIA,

in a vesture of divers colours, and all sorts of flowers embroidered thereon : her socks so fitted. A gyrland of flowers§ in her hand ; her eyes turning up and smiling : her hair

flowing, and stuck with flowers. The fifth,

TEMPERIES,

in a garment of gold, silver, and colours weaved ; in one hand she held a burning steel, || in the other an urn with water. On her head a gyrland of flowers, corn, vine-leaves, and olive-branches interwoven. Her socks as her garment. The sixth,

VENUSTAS,

In a silver robe with a thin subtile veil over her hair and it : pearl about her neck¶ and forehead. Her socks wrought with pearl, In her hand she bore several coloured lilies.** The seventh was

DIGNITAS,

in a dressing of state, the hair bound up with fillets of gold, the garments rich, and set with jewels and gold ; likewise her buskins ; and in her hand a golden rod.† The eighth,

PERFECTIO,

in a vesture of pure gold, a wreath of gold upon her head. About her body the zodiac, ‡ with the signs : in her hand a compass of gold drawing a circle.

On the top of all the throne (as being made out of all these) stood

HARMONIA,

a personage whose dressing had something of all the otheis, and had her robe painted full of figures. Her head was compassed with a crown of gold, having in it seven jewels equally set.§§ In her hand a lyra, whereon she rested.

This was the ornament of the throne. The ascent to which, consisting of six steps,

* The rose is called elegantly by *Achil. Tat. lib. 2*, *φύτῶν ἀγλαίσμα*; the splendour of plants, and is everywhere taken for the hieroglyphic of splendour.

† As this of serenity, applying to the optic's reason of the rainbow, and the mythologists making her the daughter of Electra.

‡ So *HOR. lib. i. od. 4*, makes it the ensign of the Spring, *Nunc decet aut viridi midum caput impedire myrto, Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solutæ & c.*

§ They are everywhere the tokens of gladness, at all feasts and sports.

|| The sign of temperature, as also her gyrland mixed of the four seasons.

¶ "¶" Pearls with the ancients were the special hieroglyphics of loveliness; in *quellus nitor tantum et favor expetebantur*.

** So was the lily, of which the most delicate city of the Persians was called *Suste*: signifying that kind of flower in their tongue.

†† The sign of honour and dignity.

‡‡ Both that, and the compass, are known ensigns of perfection.

§§ She is so described in *Iconog. ar. cæser, Ripa*; his reason of seven jewels in the crown alludes to Pythagoras's comment, with *Man. lib. 2, Som. Scip.* of the seven planets and their spheres.

was covered with a multitude of Cupids* (chosen out of the best and most ingenious youth of the kingdom, noble, and others) that were the torch-bearers; and all armed with bows, quivers, wings, and other ensigns of love. On the sides of the throne were curious and elegant arbors appointed; and behind, in the back part of the isle, a grove of grown trees laden with golden fruit, which other little Cupids plucked and threw at each other, whilst on the ground leverets picked up the bruised apples and left them half eaten. The ground-pl. of the whole was a subtle indented maze: and in the two foremost angles were two fountains that ran continually, the one Hebe's, the other Hedone's;§ in the arbors were placed the musicians, who represented the shades of the old poets, and were attired in a priest-like habit of crimson and purple, with laurel gyrlands.

The colours of the masquers were varied; the one half in orange-tawny and silver: the other in sea-green and silver. The bodies and short skirts on white and gold to both.

The habit and dressing for the fashion was most curious, and so exceeding in riches, as the throne whereon they sat seemed to be a mine of light struck from their jewels and their garments.

This throne, as the whole island moved forward on the water, had a circular motion of its own, imitating that which we call *motum mundi*, from the east to the west, or the right to the left side. For so *Horn-Ilia*. u, understands by *fict'a, Oriental!a Mundi*: by *apto-repa, Occidentalialia*. The steps whereon the Cupids sate had a motion contrary, with analogy *ad motum planetarum*, from the west to the east: both which turned with their several lights. And with these three varied motions at once, the whole scene shot itself to the land.

Above which, the moon was seen in a silver chariot, drawn by virgins, to ride in the clouds, and hold them greater light:

* The inducing of many Cupids wants not defence, with the best and most received of the ancients, besides *Prop. Stat. Claud. Sido. Apoll.*, especially *Phil. in Icon. Amor.*, whom I have particularly followed in this description.

† They were the notes of loveliness, and sacred to Venus. See *Phil.* in that place mentioned.

‡ Of Youth.

§ Of Pleasure.

¶ So he is feigned by Orpheus to have appeared first of all the gods, awakened by

with the sign Scorpio and the character placed before her.

The order of this scene was carefully and ingeniously disposed; and as happily put in act (for the motions) by the king's master carpenter. The painters, I must needs say (not to belie them), lent small colour to any to attribute much of the spirit of these things to their pencils. But that must not be imputed a crime either to the invention or design.

Here the loud music ceased; and the musicians, which were placed in the arbors, came forth through the mazes to the other land: singing this full song, iterated in the closes by two Echoes, rising out of the fountains.

When Love at first did move
From out of Chaos, || brightned
So was the world, and lightned,
As now.

i EcA. As now!

2 Ech. As now!

Yield Night, then to the light,
As Blackness hath to Beauty:
Which is but the same duty,
It was for Beauty^ that the world was made,
And where she reigns, ** Love's lights admit
no shade.

i Ech. Love's lights admit no shade.

2 Ech. Admit no shade.

Which ended, Vulturus, the wind, spake to the river Thamesis, that lay along between the shores, leaning upon his urn that flowed with water, and crowned with flowers; with a blue cloth of silver robe about him; and was personated by Master Thomas Giles, who made the dances.

VuL

Rise, aged Thames, and by the hand
Receive these nymphs within the land.
And in those curious squares and rounds,
Wherewith thou flow'st betwixt the
grounds

Of fruitful Kent and Essex fair,
That lend thee gyrlands for thy hair,

Clotho; and is therefore called Phanes, both by him and Lactantius.

IT An agreeing opinion both with divines and philosophers, that the great artificer, in love with his own Idea, did therefore frame the world.

** Alluding to his name of Himerus, and his signification in the name, which is *Desiderium post aspectum*: and more than Eros, which is only *Cupido, ex aspectu amare*.

Instruct their silver feet to tread,¹
Whilst we again to sea are fled.

With which the Winds departed : and
the river received them into the land by
couples and fours, their Cupids coming be-
fore them.

These dancing forth a most curious
dance, full of excellent device and change,
ended it in the figure of a diamant, and
so standing still, were by the musicians
with a second song, sung by a loud tenor,
celebrated.

So Beauty on the waters stood,
When Love had severed earth from flood !*
So when lie parted air from fire,
He did with concord all inspire !
And then a motion he them taught,
That elder than himself was thought.
Which thought was yet the child of earth,†
For love is elder than his birth.

*The song ended, they danced forth then-
second dance, more subtle and full of
change than the former: and so exqui-
sately performed, as the kings majesty
(incited first by his own liking to thai
which all others there present wished)
required them both again> after sohie
time of dancing with the lords'. Winch
time, to gve them respite, was intermitted
with a SONG ; first, by a treble voice, in
this manner.*

If all these Cupids now were blind,
As is their wanton brother ;
Or play should put it in their mind
To shoot nt one another :
What pretty battle they would make,
If they their objects should mistake,
And each one wound his mother !

Which was seconded by another treble ;
thus :

It was no polity of court,
Albe the place were charmed,

* As in the creation he is said by the ancients
to have done,

† That is, born since the world, and out of
those duller apprehensions that did not think he
was before.

t I make these different from him, winch they
feign cœctm Cupidinem, or petulantemⁿ as I
express beneath in the third song, these being
chaste Loves that attend a moie divine beauty
than tViat of Love's common parent.

§ There hath been such a profane paradox
published.

d The Platonick's opinion. See also Mac,
lib., 1 and 2 Som. Scrip.

To let in earnest, or in sport,
So many Loves in, armed.
For say the dames should with their eyes,
Upon the hearts here mean surprise ;
Were not the men like harmed !

To which a tenor answered :

Yes, were the Loves or false or straying,
Or beauties not their beauty weighing ;
But here no such deceit is mixed,
Their flames are pure, their eyes are fixed:
They do not war with different darts,
But strike a music of like hearts.

*After which songs they danced galliards
and coranlos ; and wil/i those excellent
graces, that the music appointed to tele-
brute them shewed it could be silent no
longer: but, by the first tenor, admired
them thus:*

Had those that dwelt in error foul
And hold that women have no soul,§
But seen these move ; they would have
then

Said women were the souls of men.
So they do move each heart and eye
Wjth the world's .soul, true harmony.||

*Here they danced a third most elegant and
curious dame, and not to be described
again by any art but thai of their own
footing, which ending in the figure that
was to produce the fourth, January from
his state saluted them thus:*

Jam/. Your grace is gieat as is your
beauty, dames ;

Enough my feasts have proved your thank-
ful flames.

Now use your seat: that seat which was
before

Thought straying, uncertain, floating to
each shore,

And to whose having¶ every clime laid claim,
Each land and nation urged as the aim

¶ For what country is it thinks not her own
beauty fairest yet ?

¹ *Instruct their silver feet to tread.*
Warfon seemed inclined to comp'muit Milton
with the introduction of th s e, sprtssion, when
Mr Howie (the keen detector of Jonson's
plagiarisms, vol. n p. 16 a) informed him that
stiver-footed was to be found in Brown's *Pas-
torals* [1619]—"perhaps," subjoins the former,
"for the first tune in English poetry." It
had previously occinred in twenty places in
Jonson !

Of their ambition, beauty's perfect throne,
Now made peculiar to this place alone ;
And that by impulsion of your destinies,
And his attractive beams that lights these
skies:

Who, though with th' ocean compassed,
never wets

His hair therein, nor wears a beam that
sets.

Long may his light adorn these happy
rites,

As I renew them ; and your gracious sights
Enjoy that happiness, even to envy, as
when

Beauty at large brake forth and conquered
men 1

*At which they danced their last dance inU
their throne again ; and that turning,
the scene closed with thisfull SONG.*

Still turn and imitate the heaven

In motion swift and even ;

And as his planets go,

Your brighter lights do so :

May youth and pleasure ever flow.

But let your state the while,

Be fixed as the isle.

Ch.

So all that see your beauties' sphere,
May know the Elysian fields are here.

i Ech. The Elysian fields are here.

2 Ech. Elysian fields are here.

The Persons who were received on land by the river god were,

THE QUEEN,
LADY ARABELLA,¹
COUNTESS OF ARUNDEL,²
COUNTESS OF DERBY,³

COUNTESS OF BEDFORD,⁴
COUNTESS OF MONTGOMERY,⁵
LADY ELIX. GUILFORD,⁶
LADY KAT. PETER,⁷

¹ *Lady Arabella.*] Lady Arabella Stewart. This beautiful and accomplished lady was the only child of Charles Stewart, fifth Kail of Lennox (uncle to James I. and great-grandson to Henry VII.) by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Cavendish of Hardwick. Mr. Lodge, in his admirable *Illustrations of British History*, has given with his usual elegance a concise narrative of her eventful life. "She was brought up (he says) in privacy under the care of her grandmother, the old Countess of Lennox, who had for many years resided in England. Her double relation to royalty was equally obnoxious to the jealousy of Elizabeth and the timidity of James, and they secretly dreaded the supposed danger of her leaving a legitimate offspring. The former therefore prevented her from marrying Esme Stuart, her kinsman, and heir to the titles and estates of her family, and afterwards imprisoned her for listening to some overtures from the son of the Earl of Northumberland ;* the latter, by obliging her to reject many splendid offers of marriage, unwarily encouraged the hopes of inferior pretenders, among whom, as we may fairly infer from some passages in his letters in this collection, was the fantastical William Fowler, secretary to Anne of Denmark. Thus circumscribed, she renewed a childish connexion with William Seymour, grandson to the Earl of Hertford, which was discovered in 1609, when both parties were summoned to appear before the Privy Council, and received a severe reprimand.

This mode of proceeding produced the very consequence which James meant to avoid ; for the lady, sensible that her reputation had been wounded by this inquiry, was in a manner forced into a marriage, which becoming publicly known in the course of the next spring, she was committed to close custody in the house of Sir Thomas Parry, at Lambeth, and Mr. Seymour to the Tower. In this state of separation, however, they concerted means for an escape, which both effected on the same day, June 3, 1611, and Mr. Seymour got safely to Flanders ; but the poor lady was retaken in Calais Road, and imprisoned in the Tower ; where the sense of these undeserved oppressions operating too severely on her high spirit, she became a lunatic, and languished in that wretched state, augmented by the horrors of a prison, till her death on the 27th of September, 1615."

² *Countess of Arundel.*] Anne, daughter of Thomas, Lord Dacre, and widow of the unfortunate Phipp, Earl of Arundel, who was imprisoned by Elizabeth for some imaginary plot, and died in the Tower 1595. She was a most excellent woman. "Her letters to her family (says a very competent judge) are written in the best style of the time in which she lived, and in a strain of unaffected piety and tenderness."—*Lodge*, vol. iii. 35. But see p. at.

³ V1 Seep. 8.

⁴ *Lady Elizabeth Guilford.*] Eldest daughter of Edward, fourth Earl of Worcester, and wife of Sir Henry Guilford, of Hemsted Place, in Kent.

⁵ *Lady Katarine Peter.*] Sister to Lady Guilford, second daughter of the Earl of Worcester, and wife of William, second Lord Petre. She died in 1624, in her forty-ninth year ; *a'idiior ccclestis habitationis* (as her Epitaph says) *quant longioris vite.*

* Sully says that Henry IV. once told him he should have no objection to marry her if he thought the succession to the crown of England could be obtained for her ; but immediately added, that was a very improbable thing.

LADY ANNE WINTER,¹
 LADY WINSOR,²
 LADY ANNE CLIFFORD,³
 LADY MARY NEVILLE,⁴

LADY ELIZ. HATTON,*
 LADY KLIX. GAKR-\Rn,^{fi}
 LADY Cuirni'S'rrR.⁷
 LADY WALSINGHAM,⁸

¹ *Lady Anne Winter.* } Another daughter of the Earl of Worcester, and wife of Sir F. d\ward Winter, of Lydney, (Gloucestershire, Knight.

² *Lady Winsor.* } Either the widow of Henry, fifth Lord Winsor, or her daughter Elizabeth, married to her cousin, who bore the family name.

³ *Lady Anne Clifford.* } The daughter of George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, so remarkable for his naval adventures in the reign of Elizabeth. This lady married some time after her appearance in the present masque, Richard, third Earl of Dorset, and in 1630 Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montbomey, whom she outlived many years. The English Court, or, to go further, the English nation, never possessed a nobler character than this celebrated lady. This is no place for her history, of which a spirited sketch is given by Dr. Whitaker; but it is almost impossible to pass her by without noticing her well-known answer to Sir Joseph Williamson, Secretary of State to Charles II., who had ventured to name a candidate to her for the borough of Appleby:—

"I have been bullied by an usurper; I have been neglected by a Court; but I will not be dictated to by a subject: your man shan't stand."
 "ANNE Dorset, Pembroke, & Montgomery."
 [There is, I believe, some doubt as to the authenticity of this letter.—F. C.]

* *Lady Mary Neville.* } Wife of Henry, seventh

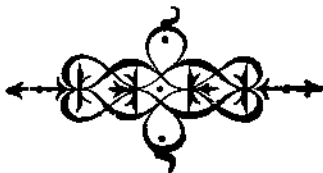
Lord Abercavenny, and daughter of the Lord Treasurer Sackville, Kail of Dorset.

⁴ *Lady Elizabeth Hatton.* } Fourth daughter of Thomas Cecil, first Earl of Exeter, and widow of Sir William Matron. This beautiful creature afterwards married Sir Edward Coke. A strange match—and which seems to have afforded more amusement to the bystander than comfort to the parties concerned.

⁵ *Lady Elizabeth Cmmrd.* } Wife of Thomas, Lord Gerard, son of Sir Gilbert Gerard, Master of the Rolls, 23 Kili?nbeth. Thomas was raised to the Peerage on the accession of James I. She died 1613.

⁷ *Lady Chkiesicr.* } Letitia (as I believe), daughter of Sir John Perrot, and wife of Sir Arthur Chichester (Baron Chichester of Belfast), a man eminent for his great services in Ireland, and of distinguished talents and virtue. There was indeed another lady of this name: Frances, second daughter of Lord Harrington, married to Sir Robert Chichester, of Rawley, Devon, Knight of the Bath. This lady died in 1615, and was buried, as the record says, with "nuiche solempntie, in the parrishe church of Pylton." The reader must decide between the claimants.

⁸ *Lady Walsingham.* } Probably Anne, fourth daughter of Thcopphilns, second Earl of Suffolk, and wife of Thomas Walsingham, of Scadbury, in Kent,



Hymenaei; or the Solemnities of Masque and Barriers at a Marriage.

Hymenaei; OR THE SOLEMNITIES OF MASQUE AND BARRIERS AT A MARRIAGE.] This is the title in the fol. 1616. Upon which Chetwood remarks:—"What reason our author had for not being more particular in the title of this Masque, neither when nor for whom it was performed, we cannot conceive; but we have, with some little search, found out it was ordered by the Court for the celebration of the nuptials between the Palsgrave and the Princess Elizabeth." "This Masque, by the description, was very magnificent, and the reader may find the expence of the machinery, &c., set down in the cost of that prince's marriage."—*Life of Jonson*, p. 41.

Chetwood's labour was thrown away. Had he fortunately met with the 4to edition of this Masque, he would have found all his doubts removed. There the title-page runs, "*Hymenæi; or the Solemnities of Masques and Barriers magnificently performed on the eleventh and twelfth nights from Christmas at Court; to the auspicious celebrating of the Marriage-union betwene Robert, Earle of Essex, and the Lady Frances, second daughter of the most noble Earle of Suffolke*, 1606.

Jam venict virgo, jam dicctur Hymenæus"

The author's reason for "not being more particular" is now sufficiently apparent. The marriage was a most inauspicious one, and terminated in shame and guilt. The Earl of Essex (only son of the unfortunate favourite of Elizabeth and the English nation) was in his fifteenth, and the Lady Frances in her fourteenth year, when the ceremony took place. Not long afterwards the Earl set out on his travels, and was abroad about four years. The Countess, who in the interim had transferred her affections to Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester, the well known minion of James, was with difficulty persuaded to cohabit with her husband, whom, after a series of bickering, little to the honour of any of the parties concerned, she finally abandoned in 1613. She then solicited and obtained a divorce, under a pretence of his being incompetent to the duties of matrimony, and on the 5th of December in the same year espoused Carr, who had been created the day before Earl of Somerset.

This infamous connexion led to the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, the execution of the minor agents in that diabolical transaction, and the trial and condemnation of the Earl and Countess, whose lives, though spared by the weakness of James, were worn out in mutual disgust. Somerset died neglected and despised, and his wife an object of loathing and horror. Essex (the repudiated husband) lived to be a famous rebel, and to command the Parliamentary army with skill and success till he sunk under the ascendancy of Cromwell.

It is to Jonson's praise that he took no part in the celebration of the second marriage, which was solemnized with great pomp, and for which a Masque was composed by Campion, a writer of some name. It is melancholy to reflect that this adulterous marriage was eagerly promoted by the Lord Chancellor Bacon, to whom Campion inscribed his performance, "he being (as the dedication says) the *Prticipall*, and in effect the only person that did both incourage and warrant the gentlemen (of Graies Inn) to shew their good affection towards so noble a *Conjunction*."

With respect to the Masque of which Chetwood speaks (and which was written six years after the present), he might have learned from the official papers that it was called the *Lord's Masque*. It was not written by Jonson, but by Campion, and published by him in 4^{to}, 1613. It is of very rare occurrence, but I have been favoured with it from

the valuable collection of Mr. Dent. Mr. Chamberlaine, who was present at the representation, tells his correspondent that, "though it was rich and sumptuous, yet it was long and tedious, and with many devices more like a play than a masque."—*Winwood's Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 435. It cost the Court 40*l*. The masquers probably paid their own expenses. After all it is but a poor affair, trite though extravagant, and manifesting neither taste nor fancy.

[In the *Annals of the Stage*, i. 365, Mr. Collier prints a very interesting letter from John Pory to Sir Robert Cotton on the subject of this Masque. "I have seen both the Maske on Sunday and the Barriers on Munday night. The Bridegroom carried himself as gravely and gracefully as if he were of his father's age. He had greater gifts given him than my Lord of Montgomery had, his plate being valued at 3000*l* and his jewels, money, and other gifts at 1000*l* more. But to returne to the Maske. Both Inigo, Ben, and the actors, men and weomen, did their partes with great commendation. The conceipt or soule of the Maske was Hymen bringing in a bride, and Juno pronubas priest a bridegroom, proclaiming that those two should be sacrificed to nuptial union: and here the poet made an apostrophe to the union of kingdoms. But before the sacrifice could be performed, Ben Jonson burned the globe of the earth standing behind the altar." Gifford is no doubt right in saying that England has never seen any entertainment of the kind to equal these masquing.s. With all our infinite advantages in science and machinery, Mr. E. T. Smith and Mr. Harry Boleno shiller hardly less from Ben Jonson and Inigo Tones than (Mr. Guile's parallels) SheruUn Knowles and Beau Brummell from Shakspeare and Sir Walter Raleigh.—*]. C.j

HYMEN[^]EI, &c.

It is a noble and just advantage that the things subjected to understanding have of those which are objected to sense; that the one sort are but momentary, and merely taking; the other impressing and lasting: else the glory of all these soleinnies had perished like a blaze, and gone out, in the beholders' eyes. So short lived are the bodies of all things, in comparison of their souls. And though bodies oft times have the ill-luck to be sensually preferred, they find afterwards the good fortune (when souls live) to be utterly forgotten. This it is hath made the most royal princes, and greatest persons (who are commonly the personaters of these actions) not only studious of riches, and magnificence in the outward celebration or shew, which rightly becomes them; but curious after the most high and hearty inventions, to furnish the inward parts, and those grounded upon antiquity and solid learnings: which though their voice be taught to sound to present occasions, their sense or doth or should always layhold on more removed mysteries. And howsoever some may squeamishly cry out, that all endeavour of learning and sharpness in these transitory devices,

especially where it steps beyond their little, or (let me not wrong 'em), no brain at all, is superfluous; I am contented these fastidious stomachs should leave my full tables, and enjoy at home their clean empty trenchers, fittest for such airy tastes; where perhaps a few Italian herbs, picked up and made into a sallad, may find sweeter acceptance than all the most nourishing and sound meats of the world.

For these men's palates, let not me answer, O Muses. It is not my fault if I fill them out nectar and they run to metheglin.

Vaticana bibant, si delectentur.

All the courtesy I can do them, is to cry again,

Pratearant, si quid non facit ad stomachum,

As I will from the thought of flem, to my better subject.

On the night of the Masques (when were two, one of men, the other of women) the

scene being drawn, there was first discovered an altar; upon which was inscribed, in letters of gold,

*loni. Oimse. Mimaæ.

U N I O N I.

S A C K.

To this altar entered five pages, attired in white, bearing five tapers of virgin wax : behind them, one representing a bridegroom : his hair short, and bound with party-coloured ribbons, and gold twist; his garments purple and white.

On the other hand, entered HYMEN (the god of marriage) in a saffron-coloured robe, his under vestures white, his socks yellow, a yellow veil of silk on his left arm, his head crowned with roses and marjoram, in his right hand a torch of pine-tree.

After him a youth attired in white, bearing another light, of white thorn; under his arm, a little wicker flasket shut: behind him two others in white, the one bearing a distaff, the other a spindle. Betwixt these a personated bride, supported, her hair flowing, and loose, sprinkled with gray; on her head a gyrlend of roses, like

a turret; her garments white : and on her back, a wether's fleece hanging down: her zone, or girdle about her waist of white wool, fastened with the Herculean knot.

In the midst went the Auspices ;** after the'n, two that sung, in several coloured silks. Of which one bore the water, the other the fire; last of all the musicians,†† diversly attired, all crowned with roses; and with this SONG began :

Ric! all profane away ;
None here may stay
To view our mysteries,
But who themselves have been,
Or will in time be seen,
The self-same sacrifice.
For Union, mistress of these rites,
Will be observed with eyes
As simple as her nights.

Cho.

Fly then all profane away,
Fly far off as hath the day;
Night her curtain dotli display,
And this is Hymen's holy-day.

The song being ended, HYMEN -presented himself foremost, and, after some s/gn. of admiration^ began to speak.

* Mystically implying that both it, the place, and all the succeeding ceremonies, were sacred to marriage, or Union, over which Juno was president: to whom there was the like altar erected at Rome, as - lie was called Ju^a Juno, in the street, which thence was named Ingarmns. See F<st.; and at which altar the rite was to join the married pair with bands of silk, in si:*n of future concord

† Those were the *Qningit CVm*, which Plutarch in his *Quiest Roman*, mentions to be used in nuptials.

‡ The die-smcf of the bridegroom (with the ancients) was chiefly noted in that. *Quod tonderetitr. Jity, Sat. 6. Jawqu? a tonsore magistro Pecteris* And Lucan, lib. 2, where he makes Cato negligent of the ceremonies in marriage, saith, *I He nec horrificam sancto dimoilit ab ore Casaricnt.*

§ See how he is called out by *Catullus* in *Nnp. Jul. et Manl. Cinqe tcinpora floribus Suaveolentisamaraci, &c.*

|| For so I preserve the reading there in *Catul. Pineam qitate tadam*, rather than to change it *Sphicam*; and moved by the authority of *Virgil* in *Ciri*, where he says, *Pronnba nee castos uucndft Pinus amores.* And *Ovid, Fast. lib. 2. Expectct puros pinea. tæda dies.* though I deny not there was also *spinea tæda*, &c., which *Pliny* calls *Nnpitarijmfacibusaispicatissimam*, *Nat. Hist. lib. 16. cap. 18*, and whereof *Sexttus Pompeus Fest.* hath left so particular testimony. For which see the following note.

¶ This (by the ancients) was called *Camillus*, quasi minister (for so that signified in the I licturarian tongue), and was one of the three which by *Sex. Pompei.* were said to be *Patrimi et Matrini, Pueri prætextati tres, qui nubem* I ton dcdncunt: *nnus, qui facem præfert ex spina alba. Duo qui tenent nubentem.* To which confer that of *Varro*, lib. 6 ds lingua Lat. *Ijicitur in mptiis camilhis, qn cntntentm fert.* As also that of *Fest. lib. 3. Cumerum vocabant antiqd vas quoddam quod opertum in nnpitiisjercbant, in quo erant nubentis utensilia, quod et camillum dicbant: co quod sacrorum ininistrum appellacant.*

* Auspices were those that handfasted the married coigle; that wished them good luck: that took care for the dowry; and heard them profess that they came together for the cause of children. *Jmien. Sat. 10. Veniet cum signatonbus anspex.* And *Lucan, lib. 2. Junguntur taciti, contentique auspice Brnto.* They arc also styled *Pronnbi, Proxenetcr, Paranyinphi.*

† The custom of music at nuptials is clear in all antiquity. *7^{er}. Adel. act. 5. Verum hoc mi hi mom est, Tbtictta, et Hymfusum qui cantc.it.* And *Claud, in epithal Ducantpervigils carmina tibæ, &c.*

‡ On the other hand, entered *Hymen* in a saffron-coloured robe, &c.] It is to this that *Milton* alludes:

Then let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, &c,

Hy.

What more than usual light,
Throughout the place extended,
Makes Juno's fane so bright!
Is there some greater deity descended ?

Or reign on earth those Powers
So rich, as with their beams
Grace Uj ion more than ours ;
And bound her influence in their happier
streaits?

Tis so this same is he,
The kins, and priest of peace :
And that his empress, she,
That sits so crowned with her own
increase !

O you, whose better blisses
Have proved the strict embrace
Of Union, with chaste kisses,
And seen it flow so in your happy
race ;

That know how well it binds
The fighting seeds of things,
Wins natures, sexes, minds,
And every discord in true music brings:

Sit now propitious aids,
To rites so duly prized ;
And view two noble minds,
Of different sex, to Union sacrificed.
In honour of that blest estate,
Which all good minds should celebrate.

*Here out of a microcosm or globe (see p. 30 a) figuring man, with a kind of contentions music, issued forth the first masque of eight men.**

These represented the four Humourst and four Afflections, all gloriously attired, distinguished only by their several ensigns and colours: and, dancing out on the stage, in their return at the end of

* Whose names as they were then marshalled by couples, I have heraldry enough to set down*

LORD WILLOUGHBY,
LORD WALDKN,
SIR JAMES HAY,
EARL OF MONTGOMERY,*

Sir THOMAS HOWARD,⁵
Sir THOMAS SOMERSET,⁶
eARL OF ARUNDEL,⁷
Sir JOHN ASHLY.*

[*Lord Willoughby*] William, third Lord Willoughby of Parham; he was a performer in the masque exhibited at Court on the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert, so often mentioned. His lady was Frances, daughter of John, fourth Earl of Rutland.

* [*Lord Wulden.*] Theophilus, eldest son of the Earl of Suffolk. He married Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Dunbar, and died 1640. This nobleman was called up to the House of Peers in his father's lifetime (1603) by the title of Lord Howard of Walden.

⁸ [*Sir James Hay.*] Son of Sir James Hay, of Kingask; he came into England in the suite of James, by whom he was greatly esteemed, and successively created Baron Sowle, Viscount Lancaster, and finally Earl of Carlisle. He continued a favourite under this and the following reign, and died in 1636, having received more grants and spent more money than any man of that age. He married, Lord Clarendon says, a beautiful young lady, daughter to the Earl of Northumberland.

⁴ [*Earl of Montgomery.*] Philip Herbert, brother to the Earl of Pembroke.

⁵ [*Sir Thomas Howard.*] Probably a cousin of Lord Arundel. He is mentioned in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, as preparing "for journey to France with Lord Cranborn;" but I know nothing more of him. *Lodge's Illns.* vol. iii. 366.

⁶ [*Sir Thomas Somerset.*] Third son of Edward, fourth Earl of Worcester. He was sent by the privy council to announce to James the death of Elizabeth, was much and deservedly

esteemed by the King, and in 1626 created Viscount Somerset of Cashel.

Earl of Arundel Thomas Howard, son of that Earl of Aumdel, who died in the Tower, 1595, and grandson of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, beheaded on account of his connexion with Mary, Queen of Scots. He is called the young Earl of Arundel by Mr Chamberlaine, at this period, and if the dates in Cullms's *Peerage* may be trusted, he could not be more than sixteen. When he married I know not, but in 1607, when he was little more than eighteen, James stood godfather to his first son. It is therefore possible, and indeed probable, that the Countess of Arundel, who performed in the *Masque of Imitation*, (p. 10), was the wife, and not the mother of this nobleman. She was the Lady Althea Talbot, third daughter of Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury. With respect to Lord Arundel, he was one of the brightest characters of the Court. We are indebted to him for the Arundel marbles.

⁸ [*Sir John Ashly.*] Unknown to me; but probably Sir John Cooper, who married Anne, daughter and sole heir of Sir Antony Ashley (a famous soldier under Elizabeth), and who, with the immense property, might also enjoy the name of his father-in-law. Sir John was the father of Antony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury.

† That they were personated in men hath already come under some grammatical exception. But there is more than grammar to release it. For besides that *humores* and *affectus*

their dance', drew all their swords, offered to encompass the altar, and disturb the ceremonies. At which Hymen, troubled, spake :

Hy. Save, save the virgins ; keep your hallowed lights
Untouched ; and with their flame defend our rites.
The four untempered Humours are broke out,
And with their wild Affections go about To ravish all religion. If there be A power like reason left in that huge body Or little world of man, from whence these came,
Look forth, and with thy bright and numerous flame*
Instruct their darkness, make them know and see,
In wronging these they have rebelled 'gainst thee.

Hercat Reason, seated in the top of the globe, as in the brain or highest part of man, figured in a venerable personage, her hair white and trailing to her waist, crowned with lights, her garments bine, and scmined with stars, girded unto her with a white bend filled with arithmetical figures, in one hand bearing a lamp, in the other a bright sword, descended and spake :

Rca. Forbear your rude attempt ; what ignorance
Could yield you so profane, as to advance One thought in act against these mysteries ? Are Union's orgies of so slender price ? She that makes souls with bodies mix in love, Contracts the world in one, and the reins in joy ;

are both masculine in *genre*, not one of the *specials* but in some language is known by a masculine word. Again, when their influences are common to both sexes, and more generally impetuous in the male, I see not why they should not so be more properly presented. And for the allegory, though here it be very clear, and such as might well escape a candle, yet because there are some must complain of darkness that have but thick eyes, I am contented to bolder them this light. First, as in natural bodies so likewise in minds, there is no disease or distemperature, but is caused either by some abounding humour, or perverse affection ; after the same manner, in politic bodies (where order, ceremony, state, reverence, devotion, are parts of the mind) by the difference or predominant will of what we metaphorically call humours and affections, all things are troubled and confused. These therefore were tropically brought in before marriage as disturbers of that mystical

Is spring and end of all things : J yet, most strange,
Herself nor suffers spring, nor end, nor change.
No wonder they were you, that were so bold ;
For none but Humours and Affections would Have dared so rash a venture. You will say It was your zeal that gave your powers the sway ;
And urge the masqued and disguised pretence
Of saving blood and succouring innocence : So want of knowledge still beggetteth jars,
When humorous carthlings will control the stars.
Inform yourselves, with safer reverence,
To these mysterious rites, whose mystic sense, Reason, which all things but itself confounds,
Shall clear unto you from the authentic grounds.

Atihi the Humourst/r/Affections sheathed their words, and retired amazed to the sides of the stage, while Hymen began to rank the persons, and order the ceremonies : and REASON proceeded to speak :

Rea. The pair which do each other side, Though, yet, some space cloth them divide,
This happy night must both make one
Blest sacrifice to Union.
Nor is tins altar but a sign
Of one more soft and more divine.
The genial bed, § where Hymen keeps
The solemn orgies, void of sleeps :
And wildest Cupid, waking, hovers
With adoration 'twixt the lovers.
The tead of white and blooming thorn.
In token of increase, is borne :

body, and the rites which were *soul* unto it ; that afterwards in marriage, being dutifully tempered by her power, they might more fully celebrate the happiness of such as live in that sweet union, to the harmonious laws of nature and reason.

* Alluding to that opinion of Pythagoras, who held all reason, all knowledge, all discourse of the soul to be mere number. See *Plut. de Plac. Phil.*

Op̄ya, with the Greeks, value the same that ceremonies with the Latins ; and imply all sorts of rites ; howsoever (abusively) they have been, made particular to Bacchus. See *Serv.* to that of *Vire.* s*Eneid* 4, *Qualis commotis txcifa sacris Thyas.*

§ *Mac rob.* in *Som. Scip. lib. i.*

§ Properly that which was made ready for the new-married bride, and was called *Gnialis*, & *generandis littris*, *Strv.* in 6 *Mt.*

And also, with the ominous light,*
To fright all malice from the night.
Like are the fire and water set;†
That ev'n as moisture mixt with heat
Helps every natural birth to life,
So, for their race, join man and wife.
The blushing veil‡ shews shamefastness
Thi' ingenuous virgin should profess
At inciting with the man; her hair
That flows so liberal§ and so fair,
Is shed with gray, to intimate
She entereth to a matron's state,
For which those utensils¶ are born.
And that she should not labour scorn,
Herself a snowy fleece¶ doth wear,
And these her rock and spindle bear,**
To shew that nothing which is good
Gives check unto the highest blood.
The zone of woollf about her waist,
Which, in contrary circles cast,
Doth meet in one strong knott that binds,
Tells you so should all married minds.
And InslJy, these five waxen lights
ImPLY perfection in the nit s :
For five§§ the special number is
Whence hallowed Union claims her bliss.
As being all the sum that gro'vs
From the united strengths of those
Which male and female numbers we||
Do style, and arc first two and three.
Which joined thus you cannot sever
In equal parts, but one will ever

* See Ovid. Fast. lib. 6.

Sic fat its spinam, qml tristes faUerc fio^sct
A fonbus noxas, hccc erat alba, dcdit.

t flit far. in Qiast. Rom. and Var. lib. 4, dc
ling. Lat.

† Phn. Nat. flist. lib. 21, caf. S.

§ Poinf. Fcst. Briss. Hollo dc Rit. Nuf>.

¶ Var. lib. 6 tie ling. Lat. and Fcst. in
Frag.

* Fcst. ib.

† Plutar. in Quæst. Rom. ct in Roinnt
ft Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 8, cap 48

‡ That was Nodus Ih-rcnLaitus, which the
husband at night untied, in si^n of good futi.ne,
that he might be happy in propagation of issue
as Hercules was, who loft seventy children.—bee

Fcst. in voc. Cingul.

§§ Plutarch. inQucrsf. Rom

||| See Mart. Capd. lib. 6 de Nupt. Phil. et
Mor. in numero Pentade.

¶¶ with the Greeks Juno was interpreted to
be the air itself. And so Macr. de Som. Scipio.
I. i. c. 17, calls her. Mar. Cap. surnames her
Aeria, of reigning there.

*** They were sacred to Juno in respect of
their colours and temper, so like the air. Ovid.
de Arte Amand, Landatas ostendit aves
Junonia fennas: and Met. lib. a;

Remain as common; so we see
The binding force of Unity:
For which alone the peaceful gods
In number always lovc the odds;
And even parts as much despise,
Since out of them nil discords rise.

Here the upper part of the scene, which wn
all of clouds, and made, artificially to
swell, and ride hke the rack, began to
open: and the air clearing* in the top
thereof was discovered Juno.¶¶ sitting
in a throne, supported by two beautiful
peacocks*** her attire rich, and like a
queen,†††aivhiledia dem.‡‡‡onherhead,
Jrom whence descended a veil, and (hat
bound with a fascia of several n'loured
silks, set With all sorts of jewels, and
raisedmthetopwithliliesandroses:
in her right hand she held a sceptie, in
I lie other a I inline!, a I her golden feet the
hide of a lion ¶¶¶ Placed: round aloit
her Sat the spirits of the air in several
colours, making music: above her the
region of fire, with a continual motion,
was seen to whirl circularly, and Jupiter
standing in the top (figuring (he heaven)
brandishing his thunder. beneath her the
rauiljw his, and on the two sides eight
ladies, attired richly and alike, in the
most celestial colour, who represented
her powers, as she is the governess of mar-

Ha'ih saturnia curru

Inq'oliturliqundumpavonibusEtEctura
pates.

††† She was called Regina Juno with the
Latus, because she was sörör et conjux Jovis,
deorum et hominum regis

‡‡‡ Read Apul. describing het, In his loth of
the Ass

After the manner of the antique bend, the
varied colours implying* the hever.il mutations of
the air, as showers, dews, serenity, force of
winds, clouds, tempest, snow, hail, lightning,
thunder, all which had their noises signified in
in her timbrel: the faculty of caus<iit these being
n-uibed to her by Virg. Æneid. lib. 4, where
he makes her say,

///s ego nigrantem commista grandine nimbum
Desuper infudam, et tonitru cælum otnue
tie.bo.

¶¶¶ Il11 Lilies were sacred to Juno, as being mado
white with her milk that fell upon the earth,
whu Jove took Hercules away, whom by
stealth he had laid to her breast: the rose was,
also called Junonia.

¶¶¶ So she was figured at Argos as a step-
mother, insulting on the spoils of her two privigni,
Bacchus and Hercules.

riage, and made the second Masque. All which, upon the discovery, REASON made narration of.

Rea, And see where Juno, whose great name

Is Unio in the anagram,
Displays her glittering state and chair
As she enlightened ail the air!
Hark how the charnung tunes do beat
In sacred concords 'bout her seat!
And lo! to grace what these intend,
Eight of her noblest Powers descend,¹
Which arc cnslyed her faculties,t
That govern nuptial nsteries;
And wear those masques before their faces,
Lest dazzling mortals with their graces,
As they approach them, all mankind
Should be, like Cupid, strooken blind.
These Order waits for, on the ground,
To keep, that you should not confound
Their measured steps, which only move
About the harmonious sphere of love.

Their descent was made in two great clouds, that put forth themselves severally, and, with one measure of time, were seen to stoop; and fall gently down upon the earth. The manner of their habits came after some statues of Juno, no less airy than glorious. The dressings of their heads rare; so likewise of their feet: and all full of splendor, sovereignly, and riches. Whilst they lucre descending, this SONG was sung at the altar.

These, these are they,
Whom Humour and Affection must obey;
Who come to deck the genial bower,

* See Virg. *Æneid. lib. 4.* *ywtoni ante omnesut vincitajugalia curæ*; and in *mother place, Dantsignumprima et Tellus et Pronuba Juno*; and Ovid, in *Phil. Epiist.* *J-unonemque terræ quæ præsidet alma Mantis*

t They were all eight called by particular surnames of Juno, ascribed to her for some peculiar property in marriage, as somewhere after is> more fully declared.

\ This surname Juno received of the Sabines; from them the Romans gave it her: of the spear, which (in the Sabine tongue) was called *curis*, and was that which they named *hasta celibari*¹, which had stuck in the body of a slain sword-player, and wherewith the bride's head was drest, whereof *Fest. in voce celibar.* gives these reasons: *Ut quemaa mod'itm ilia cuijuncta faerit cunt corpore gladiatoris, sic ipsa cum virosit; velquia matræne Junonis curitis in tutelâ sit, quæ ita appellabatur bferenda hasta; vel quodfortes vires geHtturas ouriuctur; iæl quod nuptiali jure infitrio viri subijctur nubens, atia hasta SUMma armorum, ft iwlcrri est, &c.* To most of which Plutarch, in *liu>Quæst. Rom. con-*

And bring with them the grateful Hour
That crowns such meetings, and excites
The married pair to fresh delights:

As courtings, kissings, coyings, oaths and vows,

Soft whisperings, embracements, all the joys

And melting toys

That chaster love allows.

Cho. Haste, haste, for Hesperus his head
down bows.

This song ended, they danced forth in pairs, and each pair with a varied and noble grace, to a rare and full music of twelve lutes, led on by Order, the servant of Reason, who was there rather a person of ceremony than use His under garment was blue, his upper white, and pamtid full of arithmetical and geometrical figures; his hair and beard long, a star on his forehead, and in his hand a geometrical staff: to whom, after the d<ince, REASON spake:

Rca. Convey them, Order, to their places,

And rank them so, in several tracts,

As they may set their mixed powers
Unto the music of the Hours;

And these, by joining with them, know

In better temper how to flow:

Whilst I, from their abstracted names,

Report the virtues of the dames.

First, *Curisj* comes to deck the bride's fair tress,

Care of the ointments *Unxia§* doth profess.

sents, but adds a better in *Roinnl*. That when they divided the bride's hair with the point of the spear, *συμβολον είναι του μετά μάχης και πολεμικώς τον πρώτον γάμον γενεσθαι*, it noted their first nuptials (with the Sabines) was contracted l>y force, and as with enemies. How-soever, that it was a custom with them, this of *Ovid. Fast. lib. 2.* confirms. *Comat virgineas hasia reatva comas.*

§ For the surname of *Unxia*, we have *Mart. Capcl.* his testimony, *De Nup. Phil. et Mercu. lib. 2.* *qudd uitLtionibusprotest:* as also *Servius, libra gwirot JEncid.* where they both report it a fashion with the Romans, that before the new-

¹ *Eight of her noblest Powers descend.* } The folio does not give their names; but the 4to supplies the defect. "The names of the eight ladies as they were ordered (to the most conspicuous shew) in their dances, by the rule of their statures, were the Countess of Montgomery, Lady Knulles, Mistress A. Sackville, Lady Kciky, Lady Dorothy Hastings, Lady Blanch Somerset, Co of Bedford, Co. of Rutland."

juga,* her office to make one of twain :
 Fameliat sees that they should so remain.
 Fair Iterducat leads the bride her way ;
 And Domiduca's home her steps doth stay :
 Cinxial the maid, quit of her zone, defends.
 Telia, «ffor Hymen, perfects all and ends.

*By this time the ladies were paired with
 the men, and the whole sixteen ranked
 forth, in order, to dance; and were with
 this SONG provoked.*

Now, now begin to set
 Your spirits in active heat;
 And, since your hands are met,
 Instruct your nimble feet,
 In motions swift and meet,
 The happy ground to beat ;

Cho.

Whilst all this roof doth ring,
 And each discording string
 With every varied voice
 In UNION doth rejoice.

married brides entered the houses of their husbands, they adorned the posts of the gates with woollen tawdries or fillets, and anointed them with oils, or the fat of wolves and boars; being superstitiously possessed that such ointments had the virtue of expelling evils from the family; and that thence were they called *Uxores, quasi Unxores*.

* She was named *Juga*, Procter *Jugum* (as Servius says), for the yoke which was imposed in matrimony on those that were married, or (with *Sex. Pomp. Fest.*) quidd *Juges sunt ejusdem Jugi Pares, unde et Conjuges*, or in respect of the altar (which I have declared before) sacred to Juno, itit *Vico Jugano*.

t As she was *Gamelia*, in sacrificing to her, they took away the gall, and threw it behind the altar; intimating that (after marriage) there should be known no bitterness nor hatred between the joined couple, which might divide or separate them. See *Plutarch* Connub. Prte*. This rite I have somewhere following touched at.

t The title of *Iterduca* she had amongst them, quidd *ad sponsi Giles sfionsas comitabatur*, or was a protectress of their journey. *Mart., Capel. de Nupt. Philol. et Mercur. libra secundo*.

§ The like of *Domiduca*, quidd *ad opfateu domus dferet*. *Mart. ibid*.

II *Cinxia*, the same author gives unto her, as the defendress of maids, when they had put off their girdle, in the bridal chamber; to which *Festus*, *Cinxie Junonis nomen sanctum habebatur in nuptiis, quidd initio conjugis solutio frat cinguli, quo nova nupta erat cincta*. And *Arnobius*, a man most learned in their ceremonies, lib. 3, *advtrs. Gent.* saith, *Uktionibus perest Unxta, Cingulorum Cinxia replicationi*.

IT *Telia*, signifies *Perfecta*, or, as some translate it, *Perfectrix*; with *Jul. Pol. lib. 3. Onomast.* fy-a r&ttta values jfuno I Prases Nup-

Here they danced forth a most neat and curious measure, full of subtility and device; which was so excellently performed, as it seemed to take away that spirit from the invention, which the invention gave to it: and left it doubtful whether the forms flowed more perfectly from the authors brain or their feet.

The strains were all notably different, some of them formed into letters very signifying to the name of the Bridegroom, and ended in the manner of a chain, linking hands: to which this was spoken :

*Rea. Such was the golden chain** let
 down from heaven ;*

And not those links more even

Than these : so sweetly tempered, so combined

By union and refined.

*Here no contention, envy, grief, deceit,
 Fear, jealousy have weight ;*

ttarum: who saith, the attribute depends of *reAeios*, which (with the ancients) signified marriage, and thence were they called *TtAetot* that enteted into that state. *Servius* interprets it the same with *Gameha JEneid. 4, adverb. Et Juno>;c scconda*. But it implies much more, as including the faculty too, mature and perfect. See the Greek *Scholast* on *Pind. Nem. in Hym. ad Thyceum Ultatijulum ArgL reAeios 8fio-yafxos fita rb KaTourkevduw rfw TaEc6mTa TOU/3i'ov*; that is, *Nuptials* are therefore called *reAetot*, because they affect perfection of life, and do note that maturity which should be in matrimony. For before nuptials, she is called *Juno TrapQevos*, that is, *Virgo*; after nuptials, *TaAeia*, which is, *Adulta* or *Perfecta*.

*K Mentioned by *Homer, Ilia. 6*, which many have interpreted diversely, all allegonically. *Pla. in Thatet*, understands it to be the *Sun*, which while he circles the world in his course, all things are safe and preserved : others vary it. *Macrobi.* (to whose interpretation I am specially affected in my allusion) considers it thus: in *Som. Scip> libr. i, cap. 14. Ergo cum ex summo Deo mens, ex inente anima sit; anima vero et condatur, et vita compleat omniaque sequuntur> cunctaque hie unns fulgor ilhminet, et in unversis apparent, fit in multis specidis, per ordinem positus, vultus unus: cumque omnia continuis successioneibus se sequantur, degenerantia per ordiitem ad iinuin meandi.* *tivemeturpressius intuenti d summo Deo usque ad ultimam rerum fcecem una mutuis sc vinculis religans, et nusquam interrupta connexio. Et h<ec est Homeri Catena aurca, quant pendere de coelo in terras Deum jussisse commemorat.* To which strength and evenness of connexion, I have not absurdly likened this uniting of Humours and Affections by the sacred Powers of marriage.

But all is peace and love, and faith and bliss:

What harmony like this?

The gall behind the altar quite is thrown;

This sacrifice hath none.

Now no affections rage, nor humours swell;

But all composed dwell.

O Juno, *Hymen, Hymen, Juno*! who

Can merit with you two?

Without your presence Venus can do nought

Save what with shame is bought;

No father can himself a parent show,

Nor any house with prosperous issue grow.

O then, what deities will dare

With Hymen or with Juno to compare?

This speech being ended, they dissolved; and all took forth other persons (men and women) to dance other measures, gal-lards, and corantos: the whilst this SONG importuned them to a fit tem-brance of the time.

Think yet how night cloth waste,

How much of tune is past,

What more than winged haste

Yourselves would take,

If you were but to taste

The joy the night doth cast

(O might it ever last)

On this bright virgin, and her happy make.

Their dances yet last nig, they were the second time importuned by speech.

Rea. See, see! the bright* Italian star,
That lighteth lovers to their war,
Complains that you her influence lose;
While thus the night-sports you abuse.

Hy. The longing bridegroomt in the porch

Shews you again the bated torch;

And thrice hath Juno† mixt her air

With fire, to summon your repair.

* *Stella Veneris*, or *Venus*, which when it goes before the sun, is called *Phosphorus*, or *Lucifer*; when it follows, *Hesperius*, or *Noctifer* (as *Cat.* translates it.) See *Cic.*?, *de Nat. Deor. Mar.*, *Cap. de Nup. Phil.*, *ct Mer.* l. 8. The nature of this star Pythagoras first found out; and the present office *Claud.* expresseth in *Fescen. Atollens Italiamis Idaliu jubar Dilectus Veneri nascitur Hesperus*,

† It was a custom for the man to stand there, expecting the approach of his bride. See *Hotio. Rit. Nupt.*

Rea. See, now she clean withdraws her light;

And, as you should, gives place to night,

That spreads her broad and blackest wing

Upon the world, and comes to bring

As thousand several-coloured loves,

Some like sparrows, some like doves,

That hop about the nuptial-room,

And fluttering there, against you come,

Warm the chaste bower which Cypria strows

With many a lily, many a rose.

Hy. Haste, therefore haste, and call away!

†lie gentle night is prest to pay

†he usury of long delights

^he owes to these protracted rites.

At this, the whole scene being drawn again, and all covered with clouds, as a night, they left off their intermixed dances, and returned to their first places; wheie, as they were but beginning to move, this SONG, the third time, -urged them.

O know to end, as to begin:

A minute's loss in love is sin.

These humours will the night out-wear

In their own pastimes here;

You do our rules much wrong

In seeking to prolong

These outward pleasures:

The night hath other treasures

Than these, though long concealed,

Ere day to be revealed.

Then know to end, as to begin;

A minute's loss in love is sin.

Here they danced their last dances, full of excellent delight and change, and, in their latter strait!, fell into a fair orb or circle; REASON standing in the midst, and speaking.

Rea. Here stay, and let your sports be crowned:

The perfect'st figure is the round.

† Alluding to that of *Virg. Mneid. 4, Prima ft Icllus, ct Promba Juno, Dant signnm; fulsere ignes, et consents æther Counubi, &c.*

§ *Stat. in Epit. Fulcras, torosque dea, ten*-rim fir emit admen Amorwn.* And *Claud. m Epith. Pennati passim pueri, quo quemque vocavit Umbra, jacent.* Both which proved the ancients feigned many Cupids. Read also *Prof. elcg. 29, t. 2.*

¶ If *Venus* is so induced by *Stat.*, *Claud.*, and others, to celebrate nuptials.

Nor fell you in it by adventure,
 When reason was your guide and centre*
 This, this that beauteous* cestion is
 Of lovers' many-coloured bliss.
 Come, Hymen, make an inner ring,
 And let the sacrifices sing;
 Cheer up the faint and trembling¹ bride,
 That quakes (o touch her bridegroom's side :
 Tell her what Juno is to Jove,
 The same shall she be to her love ;
 Ilis wife : which we do rather measure
 At name of dignity than pleasure.
 Up, youths ! hold up your lights in air,
 And shake abroad} their flaming hair.
 Now move united, and in gait,
 As you in pairs do front the state,
 With grateful honours thank his grace
 That hath so glorified the place :
 And as in circle you depart,
 Linked hand in hand, so heart in heart
 May all those bodies still remain
 Whom he with so much sacred pain
 No less hath bound within his realms
 Than they are with the ocean's streams.
 Long may his Union find increase,
 As he to ours hath deigned his peace!

With this, to a soft strain of music, they paced once about, in their ring, c'ery pair making their honours, as they came before the state; and then dissolving, went down in couples, led on by Hymen, the bride, and auspices following, as to the nuptial bower. After them, the musicians with this SONG.

Glad time is at his point arrived,
 For which love's hopes were so long lived.
 Lead, Hymen, lead away;
 And let no object stay,
 Nor banquets, but sweet kisses,
 The turtles from their blisses.
 Tis§ Cupid calls to arm ;
 And this his last alarm.

Of this SONG then only one staff was sung; but because / made it both in form

* Venus's girdle, mentioned by Homer, //i. ƒ, which was feigned to be variously wrought with the needle, and in it woven love, desire, sweetness, soft parley, gracefulness, peri>uai>iou, and all the powers of Venus.

† See the words of *Ælius Vents in Spartian*. J. So Cat. in Nnpt. Jnl. ct Manlii hath it, *Viden ut faces splendidas quatiant comas* ? and by and by after, *aurcas quatiant comas*.

§ This poem had for the most part *versum intercalarem, or carmen amcebtum*: yet that not always one, but oftentimes varied, and sometimes neglected in the same song, as in ours you shall find observed.

and matter to emulate that kind of poem which was called Epithalamium, and by the ancients used to be sung when the bride was led into her chamber, I havt: here set it down whole, and do heartily forgive their ignorance whom itchatncih not to please. Hoping that nemo doetus me jubeat Thalassionem verbis dicere non Thalassionis.

EPITHALAMION.

Ghid time is at his point arrived,
 For which love's hopes were so long lived.
 Lead, Hymen, lead away;
 And let no object stay,
 Nor banquets, but sweet kisses,
 The dirties from their blisses.
 Tis Cupid calls to arm ;
 And this his last alarm.
 Shrink not, soft virgin, you will love
 Anon, what you so fear to prove.
 This is no killing war,
 To which you pressed are;
 But fair and gentle strife
 Which lovers call their life.
 Tis Cupid cries to arm ;
 And tins his lost alarm.

Help, youths and virgins, help to sing
 The prize, which Hymen here doth bring.
 And did solately! rap
 From forth the mother's lap,
 To place her by that side
 Where she must long abide.
 On Hymen, Hymen call,
 This night is Hymen's all.

See ! Hesperus is yet in view.
 What star can so deserve of you ?
 Whose light doth still adorn
 Your bride, that ere the morn
 Shall far more perfect be,
 And rise as bright as he ;
 When, ** like to him, her nair
 Is changed, but not her flame.

Haste, tender lady, and adventure ;
 The covetous house would have you enter,

|| It had the name a *FhtiUiino*; *dictum e't autem θαλαμος cnbuutnnt Nuptials primo suo significatu, παρά τῷ θαλίῳ ἀμφιποδῶν est simul genitricin vitath agre* Seal, in Pott.

*f The bride was always feigned to be ravished c.r greinio matris: or (if she were wanting) ex proximo, necessitudinū because that had succeeded well to Romulus, who by force gat wives fur him and his from the Sabines. See *Fast*, and that of *Catui*. *Qui rapis teneram ad virum virginem*.

** When he is *Phosphorus*, yet the same star as I have noted before.

That it might wealthy be,
And you, her* mistress, see :
Haste your own good to meet;
And lift your golden feet
Above the threshold high,
With prosperous augury.

Now, youths, Vet go your pretty arms;
The place within chants other charms.

Whole showers of roses flow ;
And violets seem to grow,
Strewed in the chamber there,
As Venus' mead it were.
On Hymen, Hymen call,
This night is Hymen's all.

Good matrons, that so well are known
To aged husbands of your own,

Place you our bride to-night;
And snatch away the light :
That she not hide it dead
Beneath her spouse's bed ;
Nor she reserve the same
To help the funeral flame.

So ! now you may admit him in ;
The act he covets is no sin,

But chaste and holy love,
Which Hymen doth approve :
Without whose hallowing fires
All aims are base desires.
On Hymen, Hymen call,
This night is Hymen's all.

Now free from vulgar spite or noise,
May you enjoy your mutual joys ;

Now, you no fear controls,
But lips may mingle souls ;
And soft embraces bind
To each the other's mind,
Which may no power untie,
Till one or both must die !

* At the entrance of the bride, the custom was to give her the keys, to signify that she was absolutely mistress of the place, and the whole disposition of the family at her care. *Fest.*

† This was also another rite : that she might not touch the threshold as she entered, but was lifted over it. *Servius* saith, because it was sacred to *Vesta*, *Pint*, in *Qniest. Rom.* remembers divers causes. But that which I take to come nearest the truth, was only the avoiding of sorceriib drugs, used by witches to be buried under that place, to the destroying of marriage amity or the power of generation. *Sec Alexand. ni Genialibus* and *Christ. Landus tflon Calul.*

‡ For this, look *Fest* in *Voc. Rapt.*

§ *Quo ntroque mors propinqua alterius ulterius captari putatur. Fest. id.*
|| A frequent surname of *Venus*, not of the place, as *Cypria* : but *gudd parere faciat*, η ηδ ευελι παραχουσα, *Theoph. Phurnut.* and the grammarians upon *Homer*, see them.

And look, before you yield to slumber,
That your delights be drawn past number ;
Joys, got with strife, increase.
Affect no sleepy peace ;
But keep the bride's fair eyes
Awake with her own cries,
Which are but maiden fears :
And kisses dry such tears.

Then coin them 'twixt your lips so sweet,
And let not cockles closer meet ;
Nor may your murmuring loves
Be drowned by *Cypris*'lj doves :
Let ivy not so bind
As when your arms are twined:
That you may both ere day
Rise perfect every way.

And, *Juno*, whose great powers protect
The marriage-bed, with good effect
The labour of this night
Bless thou, for future light :
And thou, thy happy charge,
Glad *Genius*, ll¹ enlarge ;
That they may both ere day
Rise perfect every way.

And *Venus*,** thou, with timely seed,
Which may their after-comforts breed,
Inform the gentle womb ;
Nor let it prove a tomb :
But ere ten moons be wasted,
The birth by *Cynthia* hasted.
So may they both ere day
Rise perfect every way.

And when the babe to light is shown,¹
Let it be like each parent known ;
Much of the father's face,
More of the mother's grace ;
And either grandsire's spirit,
And make let it inherit.

¹ *Deus Natures, sive gignendi.* And is the same in the male, as *Juno* in the female. Hence *Genialis Lectus. qui nuptiis sternerit, in honorem Genii. Fest. Genius meus, quia me genuit.*

** She hath this faculty given by all the ancients. See *Horn. Iliad. 6. Lucret. in prim. Virg. in 2 Georg. & C.*

¹ And when the babe to light is shown,
Let it be like, each parent known } This *Ephthalium* is an imitation of *Catullus*'s poem upon the marriage of *Julia* and *Manlius*: the sentiments in general are *Jonson*'s, though the above verses are evidently borrowed from the Latin:

*Sitsuo similis patri
Manlio, et facile insciis
Noscitur ab omnibus,*

That men may bless th' embraces
That joined two such races.

Cease, youths and virgins, you have done ;
Shut fast the door: and as they soon
To their perfection haste,
So may their ardours last.
So either's strength out-live
All loss that age can give:
And though full years be told,
Their forms grow slowly old.

Hitherto extended the first night's solemnity, whose grace in the execution left not where to add unto it with wishing : I mean (nor do I court them) in those that sustained the nobler parts. Such was the exquisite performance as, beside the pomp, splendour, or what we may call apparelling of such presentments, that alone (had all else been absent) was of power to surprise with delight, and steal away the spectators from themselves. Nor was there wanting whatsoever might give to the furniture or complement; either in riches or strangeness of the habits, delicacy of dances, magnificence of the scene, or divine rapture of music. Only the envy was, that it lasted not still, or, now it is past, cannot by imagination, much less description, be recover'd to a part of that spirit it had in the gliding by.

Yet that I may not utterly defraud the reader of his hope, I am drawn to give it those brief touches which may leave behind some shadow of what it was : and first of the attires.

That of the lords, had part of it, for the fashion, taken from the antique Greek statue, mixed with some modern additions: which made it both graceful and strange.

*Etpudicitiam SUCK
Mains indicet ore.—WHAI**

The couplet, as Whalley observe⁷, may be borrowed from the Latin ; or from the "prayer of every gossip" from the days of Inachus to the present. But had the commentator not a word of praise for this chaste and beautiful gem ! Surely when he pronounced it to be imitated from the Latin, he might have added, without much suspicion of undue partiality to the author, that nothing so purely classical, so sprightly, and yet so simply elegant, was at the period of its appearance to be found among the poetic treasures of this country, either in the closet or on the stage.

¹ Embroidered with O's.] An heraldic term for a kind of spangles. The word occurs in *Parthenissa Sacra*, 1633. "The purple canopy

On their heads they wore Persic crowns, that were with scrolls of gold plate turned outward, and wreathed about with a carnation and silver net-lawn; the one end of which hung carelessly on the left shoulder ; the other was tricked up before, in several degrees of folds, between the plaits, and set with rich jewels and great pearl. Their bodies were of carnation cloth of silver, richly wrought, and cut to express the naked, in manner of the Greek thorax ; girt under the breasts with a broad belt of cloth of gold, embroidered, and fastened before with jewels : their labels were of white cloth of silver, laced, and wrought curiously between, suitable to the upper half of their sleeves ; whose nether parts with their bases, were of watchet cloth of silver, cheveroned all over with lace. Their mantles were of several-coloured silks, distinguishing their qualities, as they were coupled in pairs ; the first, sky-colour; the second, pearl-colour; the third, flame-colour; the fourth, tawny; and those cut in leaves, which were subtly tacked up, and embroidered with O's, and between every rank of leaves a broad silver lace. They were fastened on the right shoulder, and fell compass down I lie back in gracious folds, and were again tied with a round knot to the fastening of their swords. Upon their legs they wore silver greaves, answering in work to their labels. And these were their accoutrements.

The ladies' attire was wholly new, for the invention, and full of glory ; as having in it the most true impression of a celestial figure : the upper part of white cloth of silver, wrought with Juno's birds and fruits ; a loose under garment, full gathered, of carnation, striped with silver, and parted with a golden zone. Beneath that, another

of the earth, powdered over and beset with silver O's." And Sir Edmund d'Ewes, in his Journal of Queen Elizabeth's parliaments, p. 65, mentions a patent for "making spangles and Oes of gold." It is impossible to pass, over this and what immediately follows without calling the attention of the reader to the richness, elegance, and matchless vigour of Jonson's prose. By the commentators on Shakspeare he is never mentioned but as a hard, jejune, barbarous, and obscure writer; and under this character is handed down to us the great master of the English language, whose style is replete with beauties of every description, and in whose numerous prose (for to this the observation is now confined) may be found almost every epithet which has lent grace, and every variety of expression which has added manliness and precision to our tongue for the last two centuries.

flowing garment of watchet cloth of silver, laced with gold; through all which, though they were round and swelling, there yet appeared some touch of their delicate lineaments, preserving the sweetness of proportion, and expressing itself beyond expression. The attire of their heads did answer, if not exceed; their hair being carelessly (but yet with more art than if more affected) bound under the circle of a rare and rich coronet, adorned with all variety and choice of jewels; from the top of which flowed a transparent veil down to the ground; whose verge returning up, was fastened to either side in most sprightly manner. Their shoes were azure and gold, set with rubies and diamonds; so were all their garments; and every part abounding in ornament.

No less to be admired, for the grace and greatness, was the whole machine of the spectacle from whence they came: the first part of which was a MIKPOKOSMOS, or globe, filled with countries, and those gilded; where the sea was exprct, heightened with silver waves. This stood, or rather hung (for no avie was seen to support it), and turning softly, discovered the first masque (as we have before, but too runningly, declared) which was of the men, sitting in fair composition, within a mine of several metals: to which the lights were so placed as no one was seen; but seemed as if only Reason, with the splendour of her crown, illumined the whole grot.

On the sides of this, which began the other part, were placed two great statues, feigned of gold, one of Atlas, the other of Hercules, in varied postures, bearing up the clouds, which were of relievo, embossed, and tralucen¹ as naturals: to these a cortine of painted clouds joined, which

reached to the utmost roof of the hall; and suddenly opening, revealed the three regions of air: in the highest of which sat Juno, in a glorious throne of gold, circled with comets and fiery meteors, engendered in that hot and dry region; her feet reaching to the lowest: where was made a rainbow, and within it musicians seated, figuring airy spirits, their habits various, and resembling the several colours caused in that part of the air by reflection. The midst was all of dark and condensed clouds, as being the proper place where rain, hail, and other watery meteors are made; out of which two concave clouds from the rest thrust forth themselves (in nature of those Nimbi, wherein, by Homer, Virgil, &c., the gods are feigned to descend), and these earned the eight ladies over the heads of the two terms,* who, as the engine moved, seemed also to bow themselves (by virtue of their shadows) and discharge their shoulders of their glorious burden: when having set them on the earth, both they and the clouds gathered themselves up again, with some rapture of the beholders.

But that which (as above in place, so in the beauty) was most taking in the spectacle, was the sphere of fire, in the top of all, encompassing the air, and imitated with such art and industry, as the spectators might discern the motion (all the time the shows lasted) without any mover; and that so swift as no eye could distinguish any colour of the light, but might form to itself five hundred several hues out of the tralucen body of the air, objected betwixt it and them.

And this was crowned with a statue of Jupiter the Thunderer.²

* Atlas and Hercules, the figures mentioned before.

¹ The clouds embossed and tralucen¹. Translucent wave occurs in *Contus*. This word, says Warton, I always thought to be first used by Milton till I found it in Braithwaite, 1615. Warton might have found it ten years before where Milton himself found it, together with most of the beautiful and expressive epithets which lie has used with such exquisite taste in his *Masques*.

* The 410 continues thus: "The design and Act of all which, together with the device of their habits, belong properly to the merit and reputation of Master Inigo Jones, whom I take modest occasion in this fit place to remember, lest his own worth might accuse me of an ignorant neglect from my silence.

"And here, that no man's deservings complain of injustice (though I should have done it timelier, I acknowledge), I do for honour's sake and the pledge of our friendship, name Master Alphonso Ferrabosco, a man planted by himself in that divine sphere, and mastering all the spirits of music. To whose judicial care, and as absolute performance, were committed all those difficulties both of song and otherwise. Wherein what his merit made to the soul of our invention would ask to be expressed in tunes no less ravishing than his. Virtuous friend, take well this abrupt testimony and think whose it is. It cannot be flattery in me, who neve/ did it to great ones, and less than love and truth it is not where it is done out of knowledge.

"The dancers were both made and taught by Master Thomas Giles, and cannot be more approved than they did themselves. Nor do J

THE BARRIERS.

On the next night, whose solemnity was of BARRIERS (all mention of the former being utterly removed and taken away), there appeared at the lower end of the hall a mist made of delicate perfumes : out of which (a battle being sounded under the stage) did seem to break forth two ladies, the one representing TRUTH, the other OPINION ; but both so alike attired, as they could by no note be distinguished. The colour of their garments was blue, their socks white ; they were crowned with wreaths of palm, and in their hand each of them sustained a palm-bough. These, after the mist was vanished, began to examine each other curiously with their eyes, and approaching the state, the one expostulated the other in this manner :

Truth. Who art thou, thus that imitat'st my grace,
In steps, in habit, and resembled face ?

Opin. Grave Time* and Industry my parents are ;
My name is Truth, who, through these sounds of war,
Which figure the wise mind's discursive sight,
In mists by nature wrapt, salute the light.

Truth. I am that Truth, thou some illusive spright ;
Whom to my likeness, the black sorceress Night
Hath of these dry and empty fumes created.

* Truth is feigned to be the daughter of Saturn : who indeed, with the ancients, was no other than time, and so his name alludes, Κρῆι/ο9. *Plut. in Quæst.* To which confer the Greek adage, *ὄναι δὲ πρὸς φῶς τὴν ἀλθιάν* χρόνος.

t Hippocrat. in a certain epistle to Philopcem. describeth her, *Mutierem, quæ non mala m- datur, sed audacior aspectu et concitator.* To which Cesare Ripa, in his *Iconolog.* alludeth
* in these words, *Faccia, ne bella, ne disface- vole, &c.*

want the will but the skill to commend such subtilties, of which the sphere wherein they were acted is best able to judge.

"What was my part, the faults here, as well M the virtues, must speak :

Opin. Best herald of thine own birth, wellrelated,
Put me and mine to proof of words and facts
In any question this fair hour exacts.

Truth. I challenge thee, and fit this time of love,
With this position, which Truth comes to prove,
That the most honoured state of man and wife
Doth far exceed the insociate virgin-life.

Opin. T take the adverse part; and she that best
Defends her side, be Truth by all confest.

Truth. It is confirmed. With what an equal brow
To Truth, f Opinion's confident ! and how,
Like Truth, her habit shews to sensual eyes!

Rut whosoe'er thou be, in this disguise,
Clear 'I ruth anon shall strip thee to the heart;
And shew how mere phantastical thou art.

Know, then, the first production of things
Required two ; from mere one nothing springs :

Without that knot, the theme thou gloriest in,
(The unprofitable virgin) had not been.

Mutare dontinum nee potest liber notus."

¹ *A mist made of delicate perfumes.* }. Jonson is truly classical in all the decorations and accompaniment[^] of his Masques. Here he has introduced a circumstance familiar to the Roman theatres, in which mists or showers of perfumes were frequently raised. Pliny observes—"cro- cum, virio mire congruere, prtjctyue dulci, tritum ad tfaatra rplendce."—Lib. 31, c. 17. And both Ovid and Propertius speck of the practice as common in their days.

The voluptuous Sir Epicure has a similar allusion:

" My mists
I'll have of perfume," vapoured 'bout the room
To lose ourselves in."—Vol. ii. p. 22a.

The golden tree of marriage began
 In Paradise, and bore the fruit of man ;
 On whose sweet branches angels sat and
 sung,
 And from whose firm root all society
 sprung.
 Love (whose strong virtue wrapt heaven's
 soul in earth,
 And made a woman glory in his birth),
 In marriage opens his inflamed breast;
 And lest in him nature should stifled rest,
 His genial fire about the world he darts ;
 Which lips with lips combines, and hearts
 with hearts.
 Marriage Love's object is ; at whose bright
 eyes
 He lights his torches, and calls them his
 skies.
 For her he wings his shoulders ; and doth
 fly
 To her white bosom as his sanctuary :
 In which no lustful finger can profane
 him,
 Nor any earth with black eclipses wane
 him.
 She makes him smile in sorrows, and doth
 stand
 'Twixt him and all wants with her silver
 band.
 In her soft locks his tender feet are tied ;
 And in his fetters he takes worthy pride.
 And as geometers have approved
 That lines and superficies are not moved
 By their own forces, but do follow still
 Their bodies' motions, so the self-loved
 will
 Of man or woman should not rule in
 them,
 But each with other wear the anadem.¹
 Mirrors, though decked with diamonds,
 are nought worth,
 If the like forms of things they set not
 forth ;
 So men or women are worth nothing
 neither,
 If either's eyes and hearts present not
 either.

Opin. Untouched Virginity, laugh out ;
 to see
 Freedom in fetters placed, and urged
 'gainst thee.
 What griefs lie groaning on the nuptial
 bed?
 What dull society ? in what sheets of lead

Tumble and toss the restless married pair,
 Each oft offended with the other's air?
 From whence springs all-devouring avarice,
 But from the cares which out of wedlock
 nse?

And where there is in life's best-tempered
 fires

An end set in itself to all desires,
 A settled quiet, freedom never checked ;
 How far are married lives from this effect?
 Euripus,* that bears ships in all their pride
 'Gainst roughest winds with violence of his
 tide,

And ebbs and flows seven times in everyday,
 Toils not more turbulent or fierce than
 they.

And then what rules husbands prescribe
 their wives !

In their e^es circles they must bound their
 lives.

The moon, when farthest from the sun she
 shines,

Is most refulgent, nearest, most declines :
 But your poor wives far off must never
 roam,

But waste their beauties near their lords at
 home:

And when their lords range out, at home
 musthide,

Like to begged monopolies, all their
 pride.

When their lords list to feed a serious fit,
 They must be serious ; when to shew their
 wit

In jests and laughter, they must laugh and
 jest ;

When they wake, wake ; and when they
 rest, must rest.

And to their wives men give such narrow
 scopes,

As if they meant to make them walk **on**
 ropes:

No tumbler's bide more peril of their necks
 In all their tricks, than wives in husbands'
 checks.

Where virgins in their sweet and peaceful
 state,

Have all things perfect; spin their own
 free fate ;

Depend on no proud second; are their
 own

Centre and circle ; now and always one.

To whose example we do still hear named
 One God, one nature, and but one world
 framed,

¹ *The anadem.*] The crown or wreath. The
 word has frequently occurred before.

* A narrow sea between Aulis, a port of
 Bceotia, and the isle Euboea, See *Pomp. Mela*
 lib. 2.

One sun, one moon, one element of fire,
So of the rest; one king that doth inspire
Soul to all bodies, in their royal sphere.

Truth. And where is marriage more
declared than there?

*s there a band more strict than that doth tie
the soul and body in such unity?
objects to sovereigns? doth one mind
display
In the one's obedience and the other's
sway?

Believe it, marriage suffers no compare
When both estates are valued as they are.
The virgin were a strange and .stubborn
thing

Would longer stay a virgin than to bring
Herself fit use and profit in a make.

Opin. How she doth err, and the whole
heaven mistake!

Look, how a flower that close in closes
grows.¹

Hid from rude cattle, bruised with no
ploughs,

Which th' air doth stroke,' sun strengthen,
showers shoot higher,

It many youths and many maids desire ;

The same when cropt by cruel hand is
withered,

No youths at all, no maidens have desired :
So a virgin, while untouched she doth
remain,

Is dear to hers; but when with body's stain
Her chaster flower is lost, she leaves to
appear

Or sweet to young men, or to maidens
dear.

* Look, /ww a flower that close in closes
grows,

*Hid from rude cattle, bruised with no
ploughs.* Catullus has again furnished our
poet with this and the following speech. I
could wish he had consulted the ear a little
more in the flow of his numbers, that the trans-
lation, if possible, might have equalled the
delicacy and sweetness of the original : but the
closeness of the version must atone for the want
of grace.

*Ut Los in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
Igrtous pecori, nullo convulsus aratro,
Qnem mllcent aur< s, Jirmat sol, educatimber,
Multi ilium pneri, mltice optavere pulta! :
feftm q-uum tenni carptus defloruit ungta,
Nnllt ilium pneri, nulla? optavere pnelue:
Sic virgo dum intacta a manet, dnm cara snisest"
Quntm castant atnisit polluto corfiorejlorem,
Nee faeris jucwtida fra.net, nee cara piteiis.*

The comparison that follows in the speech of
Truth is also as close a copy from the Latin,
and is there put into the mouth of the young
men.—WHAL.

VOL. III.

That conquest then may crown me in this
war,

Virgins, O virgins, fly from Hymen far.

Truth. Virgins, O virgins, to sweet
Hymen yield,

For as a lone vine in a naked field
Never extols her blanches, never bears
Ripe grapes, but with a headlong heaviness
wears

Her tender body, and her highest sprout
Is quickly levelled with her fading root;
By whom no husbandman, no youths will
dwell;

But if by fortune she be married well
To the elm her husband, many husband-
men

And many youths inhabit by her then :
So whilst a virgin doth untouched abide,
All unmanurecl, she grows old with her
pride ;

Rut then to equal wedlock, in fit time,
Her fortune and endeavour lets her climb,
Dear to her love and parents she is held.
Virgins, O virgins, to sweet Hymen yield.

Opin. These are but words ; hast thou a
knight will try

By stroke of arms the simple verity ?

Truth. To that high proof I would have
dared thee.

I'll straight fetch champions for the bride
and me.

Opin. The like will I do for virginity.

*Here they both descended ihe hall, where at
the lower end, a march being sounded
with drums and fifes, there entered (led*

^a Which the air dotk stroke.] i.e., soothe,
encourage, flatter, &c. Jonson frequently uses
this word as the translation of *mulceo*. The
speeches, it should be observed, are merely in-
troduutory to the Tilting: and seem to aim at
nothing more than maintaining a plain contest
in plain language. As one of the opponents is
Truth, and the other pretends to be Truth,
Jonson evidently thought it consistent with the
character of the speakers to forego all the
graces of invention, and all the ornaments of
poetry.

It is fit to observe (to the credit of Kurd's
candour), that in his feeble and parasitical en-
deavours to sacrifice the reputation of Jonson
to Milton, Pope, and every poet who hap-
pens to come in his way, he has produced the
speech of Opinion just noticed, as a general
specimen of his most elaborate attempts at
translation ! " It is (he says) but one instance
of a thousand ;" and he appears to enjoy by
anticipation the marvellous " entertainment,"
which he supposes the quotation will afford his
friend Mason.

forth by the Earl of Nottingham, who was Lord High Constable for that night, and the Earl of Worcester, Eail Marshat] sixteen knights armed twiſh pikes and swords; their plumes and colours carnation arid white; all richly accoutred, and making their honours to the state, as they -marched by in pairs, were all ranked on one side of the hull. They placed sixteen others like accoutred for riches and arms, only that their colours were varied to waichet and white; who were by the same carls led up, and passing in like manner by the state, placed on the opposite side,

By this time, the BAR being brought up, TRUTH proceeded.

Truth. Now join; and if this varied trial fail,
To make my truth in wedlock's praise prevail,
I will retire, and in more power appear,
To cease this strife, and make our question clear.

Whereat Opinion, insiulting, followed her with this speech.

Opin. Ay, do: it were not safe thou shouldst abide:
This speaks thy name, with shame to quit thy side.

Here the champions on both sides address themselves for fight, first single; after

three to three: and performed it with that alacrity and vigour as if Mars himself had been to triumph before Venus, and invented a new masque. When on a sudden (the last six having scared" ended] a striking light seemed to fil' ? the hall, and out of it an ANGEL or "'& senger of glory appearing.

Angel. Princes, attend a tale of height and wonder,

Truth is descended in a second thunder,
And now will greet you with judicial state,
To grace the nuptial part in this debate;
And end vulh reconciled hands these wars.

Upon her head she wears a crown of stars,

Through which her orient hair waves to her waist,

By which believing mortals hold her fast,
And in those golden cords are carried even,
Till with IXT breath she blows them up to hen ven.

She "cais a robe enchased with eagles eye-.

To signify her siht in mysteries:

Upon each shoulder sits a milk-white dove,
And at her feet do witty serpents move:

1 ler spacious arms do reach from east to west,

And you may see her heart shine through her brcaht.

Her right-hand holds a sun³ with burning rays,

Her left a curious bunch of golden keys,

¹ Making their honours to the state.] Where James and his Queen sat, State has been already noticed as the raised platform on which the royal seats were placed under a canopy

"The names of the combatants [Jonson says in the 4.10] as they were given to me, both in Order and Orthography, were these:—

On the side of TRUTH.	On the side of OPINION.
Duke of Lennox.	Earl of Sussex.
Lord Eflujjhani.	Loid Villoughby.
Lord Waldun.	Lord Gerrant
Lord Mounteagle.	Sir Robert Carey.
Sir Thomas Somerset	Sir Oliver Cromwel.
Sir Charles Howard.	Sir William Herbert.
Sir John Gray.	Sir Robert Drewry.
Sir Thomas Mounson.	Sir William Wood-
Sir John Leigh.	house.
Sir Robert Muunsell.	Sir Carey Reynolds,
Sir Edwaid Howard.	Sn Richard Houghton
Sn Henry Goodvere.	Su Thomas Constable.
Sn Roger Dalsou.	Sri Thomas Genard.
Su Francis Howard.	Sn Robert Killegiew.
Sir Lew Maunsell.	Sir Thomas Badger.
Master Gauteret.	Sir Thomas Dutton.
	Master Digbie."

³ Her nht hand hohh a sun, &c.] Milton is greatly indebted to this magnificent poetiaitute of Truth, although his commentatois cannot find it out. The purblind Mr. Bowie runs to a Spanish proverb, and Mr. Warton to Dante. These precious discoveries are carefully treasured up in every edition of this great poet. But indeed nothing can be more amusing than the mode in which Jonson is treated in genial.

The Arcades, with the exception of three trifling songs, is made up of the speech of the Genius. Upon which Warton remarks that, "in the King's Entertainment, the Genius speaks somewhat in Milton's manner," &c. In Milton's manner! If the reader will turn to the passage (vol. ii. p. 559) he will find that Jonson speaks in his own manner. In whose manner Milton (who was not then born) speaks, is another question. And Mr. Todd has been induced (he says) to make large extracts from a MS. Masque by Marston, that the reader may comprehend the nature of those entertainments. (Arcades 132.) This is the more kind and considerate, as nothing on this head is to be found elsewhere.

With which heaven's gates she locketh and displays.

A crystal mirror hangeth at her breast,
By which men's consciences are searched
and drest:

On her coach-wheels Hypocrisy lies racked ;
And squint-eyed Slander with Vainglory
backed

Her bright eyes burn to dust, in which
shines Fate:

An angel ushers her triumphant gait,
Whilst with her fingers fans' of stars she
twists,

And with them beats back Error, clad in
mists.

Eternal Unity behind her shines,
That fire and water, earth and air com-
bines.

Her voice is like a trumpet loud and shrill,
Which bids all sounds in earth and heaven
be still.

And see ! descended from her chariot now,
In this related pomp she visits you.

Enter Truth.

Truth. Honour to all that honour
nuptials,

To whose fair lot, in justice now it falls,
That this my counterfeit be here disclosed,
Who for virginity hath herself opposed.

Nor though my brightness do undo her
charms,

Let these her knights think, that their equal
arms

Are wronged therein. For valure wins
applause,

That dares but to maintain the weaker
cause.

And princes, see, 'tis mere Opinion
That in Truth's forced robe, for Truth
hath gone !

Her gaudy colours, pieced with many
folds,

Shew what uncertainties she ever holds :
Vanish, adulterate Truth ! and never
dare

With proud maids' praise to press where
nuptials are.

And, champions, since you see the Truth I
held,

To sacred Hymen, reconciled, yield:
Nor (so to yield) think it the least de-
spight:

" It is a conquest to submit to right."
This royal judge of our contention
Will prop, I know, what I have unc?-er-
gone ;

To whose right sacred highness T resigi'
Low at his feet, this starry crown of mine,
To shew his rule and judgment is d'
vine ;

These flocks to him I consecrate withal,
To note his innocence, without spot, o»
gall ;

These serpents, for his wisdom : and these
rays,

To shew his piercing splendor: these bright
keys

Designing power to ope the ported skies,
And speak their glories to his subjects
eyes.

Lastly, this heart, with which all hearb
be true :

And Truth in him make treason ever rue

*With this they were led forth, hand ,
hand, reconciled, as in triumph, Ai;
thus the solemnities ended.*

Vivite concordēs, et nostrum discit
munus.



The Hue and Cry after Cupid.

THE HUE AND CRY, &c.—This Masque, which I have called *The Hue and Cry after Cupid*, bears the following title in the folio, 1616. *The Description of the Masque with the Nuptial Songs, at the Lord Viscount Haddington's Marriage at Court, on the Shrove-Tuesday at Night, 1608.* The 4to, 1608, adds after Nuptial Songs—"celebrating the happy marriage of John Lord Ramsey, Viscount Haddington, with the Lady Elizabeth Ratcliffe, daughter to the Right Honourable Robert Earl of Sussex." With this motto :

Acceleretpartu decimum bona Cynthia mensem"

This Masque was celebrated with the utmost magnificence. Rowland White, a courtier, and a very intelligent correspondent of the Earl of Shrewsbury, thus writes from Whitehall. "The K. is newlie gon to Tibballes for 6 daies. The Spanish Embassador hath invited the 15 ladies that were of the Qs. inaske (the Masque of Beauty, see p. 41), to dinner upon Thursday next, and they are to bring with them whom they please, without Innitacion. The great Maske intended for my L. Haddington's marriage is now the *only thing thought upon* at Court, by 5 English ; L. Arundel, L. Pemb. L. Montgomery, L. Iheoph. Howard, and Sir Robt. Rich; and by 7 Scottes ; D. Lenox, D'Aubigny, Hay, Mr. of Mar, young Erskine, Sankier, and Kenedie ; Yt will cost them about 300'. a man."—*Lodge's Illustrations*, vol. iii. p. 343.

John Lord Ramsey, the bridegroom, was one of the persons present at the assault upon James, Aug. 3, 1600, at Perth, when he killed the Earl of Gowrie with his own hand, and was rewarded with a pension and the title of Viscount Haddington. He was greatly beloved by the king, of which he continued to receive many substantial proofs, till having, in March, 1612, struck another favourite, Philip, Earl of Montgomery, on the race-course at Croydon, he was forbid the Court. James recalled him some time afterwards, and in 1620 created him Baron of Kingston-upon-Thames and Earl of Holderness. [He died, 1625, *s.p.*, when these honours became extinct.—F. C.]

The bride, whom Arthur Wilson calls "one of the prime beauties of the kingdom," did not live to enjoy this last honour. She died of the small-pox, and Bishop Corbet wrote an "Elegia" on the occasion, strangely compounded, as the fashion then was, of wit and woe. She was "girl'd and boy'd," he says ; but none of her offspring seem to have long survived her.

The worthy custom of honouring worthy marriages with these noble solemnities, hath of late years advanced itself frequently with us ; to the reputation no less of our Court than Nobles : expressing besides (through the difficulties of expense and travail, with the cheerfulness of undertaking) a most real affection in the personaters, to those for whose sake they would sustain these persons. It behoves then us, that are trusted with a part of their honour in these celebrations, to do nothing in them beneath the dignity of either. With this proposed part of judgment, I adventure to we that abroad which in my first concep-

tion I intended honourably fit: and though it hath laboured since under censure, I, that know truth to be always of one stature, and so like a rule, as who bends it the least way must needs do an injury to the right, cannot but smile at their tyrannous ignorance that will offer to slight me (in these things being an artificer) and give themselves a peremptory licence to judge who have never touched so much as to the bark, or utter shell of any knowledge. But their daring dwell with them. They have found a place to pour out their follies ; and I a seat to sleep out the passage.

The scene to this Masque was a high,

steep, red cliff, advancing itself into the clouds, figuring the place, from whence (as I have been, not fabulously, informccf) the honourable family of the Radcliffs first took their name, *a cli-vo rubro*, and is to be written with that orthography; as I have observed out of Master Camden, in his mention of the Earls of Sussex, This cliff was also a note of height, greatness, and antiquity. Before which, on the two sides, were erected two pilasters, charged with spoils and trophies of Love and his Mother, consecrate to marriage : amongst which were old and young persons figured, bound with roses, the wedding garments, rocks and spindles, hearts transfixt with arrows, others flaming, virgins' girdles, gyrlonds, and worlds of such like ; all wrought round and bold : and over head two personages, Triumph and Victory, in flying postures, and twice so big as the life, in place of the arch, and holding a gyrlond of myrtle for the key. All which, with the pillars, seemed to be of burnished gold, and embossed out of the metal. Beyond the cliff was seen nothing but clouds, thick and obscure ; till on the sudden, with a solemn music, a bright sky breaking forth, there were discovered first two doves,¹ then two swans with silver geers, drawing forth a triumphant chariot ; in which Venus sat, crowned with her star, and beneath her the three Graces, or Charites, Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, all attired according to their antique figures. These, from their chariot, alighted on the top of the cliff, and descending by certain abrupt and winding passages, Venus having left her star only flaming in her seat, came to the earth, the Graces throwing gyrlonds all the way, and began to speak,

Ven. It is no common cause, ye will conceive,

My lovely Graces, makes your goddess leave
Her state in heaven to-night to visit earth.
Love late is fled away, my eldest birth,
Cupid, whom I did joy to call my son ;
And, whom long absent, Venus is undone.

¹ Both doves and swans were sacred to this goddess, and as well with the one as the other, Her chariot is induced by Ovid, *lib.* 10 and n, *Metamor.*

^t Alluding to the Loves (the torch-bearers) in the Queen's Masque before.

^t In this Love I express Cupid, as he is *Venevis filius*, and owner of the following qualities, ascribed him by the antique and later poets.

¹ *Btautitt, have ye seen this toy.] This de-*

Spy, if you can, his footsteps on this green ;

For here, as I am told, he late hath been,
With divers of his brethren, lending light
From their best flames, to gild a glorious night ;

Which I not grudge at, being done for her,

Whose honours to mine own I still prefer.

But he not yet returning, I'm in fear
Some gentle Grace or innocent Beauⁱ here

Be taken with him : or he hath surprised
A second Psyche, and lives here disguised.

Find ye no track of his strayed feet?

1 *Grace.* Not I.

2 *Grace.* Nor I.

3 *Grace.* Nor I.

Ven. Stay, nymphs, we then will try
A nearer way. Look all these ladies' eyes,
And see if there he not concealed lies ;
Or in their bosoms, 'twixt their swelling breasts ;

The wag affects to make himself such nests :

Perchance he hath got some simple heart to hide

His subtle shape in ; I will have him Cried,

And all his virtues told ! that, when they'd know

What spright he is, she soon may let him go
That guards him now ; and think herself right blest,

To be so timely rid of such a guest.

Begin, soft GRACES, and proclaim reward
To her that brings him in. Speak to be heard.

I *Grace.*

Beauties, have ye seen this toy¹

Called Love, a little boy, &

Almost naked, wanton, blind ;

Cruel now, and then as kind?

If he be amongst ye, say ?

He is Venus' runaway.

scription of Cupid is from the *Epos ApocwreTifs* of Moschus : some additions are made to it by Jonson, but in the spirit of the original ;

Δραπετιδὸς ἄμος ἐστὶν ὃ μανυτὰς γέραι ἐβαί
Μισθὸς τοι, φίλαμα το ἔνπριδος ἧ δ' ἀγογῆ
νιν,
Οὐ γοῦνον το φίλαμα, τυ δ', ὡ ξένε, καὶ πλῆον
εἶπες.—ΜΟΣΧ. Ἰδύλ. 1. ΨΗΛ.

The same poem had been previously imitated by Tasso in *ms Amar Fugitive**

a *Grace.*

She that will but now discover
Where the winged wag doth hover,
Shall to-night receive a kiss,
How or where herself would wish :
But who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kiss, and another.

3 *Grace.*

He hath of marks about him plenty:
You shall know him among twenty.
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That being shot, like lightning, in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

1 *Grace.*

At his sight, the sun hath turned,
Neptune in the waters burned ;
Hell hath felt a greater heat ;
Jove himself forsook his seat :
From the centre to the sky,
Are his trophies reared high.

8 *Grace.*

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leao from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights, and heart,
But not stay in any part ;
And if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself in kisses.

3 *Grace.*

He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver, hanging low,
Full of arrows, that outbrave
Dian's shafts ; where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

i *Grace.*

Still the fairest are his fuel,
When his days are to be cruel,

¹ See Lucian. *Dial. Deor.*

t And Claud, in *raptm Proserp.*

t Such was the power ascribed him by all the ancients : whereof there is extant an elegant Greek epigram, *Phil. Foe.*, wherein he makes all the other deities ; despoiled by him of their ensigns ; Jove of his thunder, Phoebus of his arrows, Hercules of his club, &c.

Which Horat. consents to, *Car. lib. x. ode 2 :*

*Erycina ridens,
Quam Jocus circumvolat, et Cupido.*

¹ Since you hear his falser play ; i.e., his false play. I should not have noticed so trite an expression had not the Bishop of Dromore mistaken the meaning, and in consequence of it, modernized, that is, corrupted the **verse**,

Lovers' hearts are all his food ;
And his baths their warmest blood :
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
And he hates none like to Reason.

2 *Grace.*

Trust him not ; his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.
All his practice is deceit ;
Every gift it is a bait ;
Not a kiss but poison bears ;
And most treason in his tears.

3 *Grace.*

Idle minutes arc his reign ;
Then the straggler makes his gain,
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think them joys :
Tis the ambition of the elf,
To have all childish as himself.

1 *Grace.*

If by these ye please to know him.
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.

2 *Grace.*

Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.

3 *Grace.*

Since you hear his falser play¹
And that he's Venus' runaway.

At this, from behind the trophies, CUPTD discovered himself, and came forth armed ; attended with twelve boys, most antickly attired, that represented the Sports, and pretty Lightnesses that accompany Love, under the titles O, Joci and Risus ; and are said to wait on Venus, as she is Prefect of Marriage.

as he was something too prone to do. He reads:

Since ye hear this *false* play !

Yet Percy has very great merit ; and by a singular chance, his only defect as an antiquary, want of accuracy, has led to the most beneficial consequences. Had he published his ancient poems in their genuine state, they would have passed unnoticed ; but by fitting them in some measure to the ignorance of the times, by variations and additions which were always poetical, and sometimes tasteful, he continued to allure readers, who discovered at length that these neglected pieces had sufficient strength and feeling in them to justify a little rudeness and simplicity, and that they might be trusted on better acquaintance to their inherent and unsophisticated claims on the attention of every lover of truth and nature.

Cup.

Come, my little jocund Sports,
Come away ; the time now sorts
With your pastime : this same night
Is Cupid's day. Advance you! light.
With your revel fill the room,
That our triumphs be not dumb.

Wherewith they fell into a subtle capricious dance, to as odd a music, each of them bearing two torches, and nodding with their antic faces, with other variety of ridiculous gesture, which gave much occasion, of merriment and delight to the spectators. The dance ended, Cupid went forward.

Cup.

Well done, anlicks ! now my bow,
And my quiver bear to show,
That these beauties here may know
By what arms this feat was done,
That hath so much honour won
Unto Venus and her sou.

At which, his mother apprehended him : and circling him in with the Graces, began to demand.

Ven. What feat, what honour is it that
you boast,
My little straggler? I had given you lost,
With all your games, here.

Cup. Mother!

Ven. Yes, sir, she.
What might your glorious cause of triumph
be?
Have you shot Minerva's or the Thespian
dames?
Heat aged Ops again, - } with youthful
flames?
Or have you made the colder Moon to visit
Once more a sheep-cote? Say, what con-
quest is it
Can make you hope such a renown to win?
Is there a second Hercules brought to spin?
Or, for some new disguise, leaves Jove his
thunder?

' She urges these as miracles, because Pallas and the Muses are most contrary to Cupid. See *Luc. Dial. Ven. et Cupid*

t Rhea, the mother of the gods, whom Lucian in that place makes to have fallen frantically in love by Cupid's means with Atys. So of the moon with Endymion. Hercules, &c.

t Here Hymen, the god of marriage, enticed, and was so induced here as you have him described in my *Hytnenai*.

Cup. Nor that, nor those, and yet no
less a wonderf —

Plc espies Hypit u.

Which to tell, I may not stay :

11' men's presence bids away ;

11 is already at his mg'ht,

11f can give you farther light.

You, my Sports, may here abide,

Till I call to light the Biide.

[Slips, run 7, -r.]

Enter Hymen.

Hy. Venus, is this a time to quit your
car?

To stoop to earth, to leave alone your
star,

Without your influence, and on such a
night,

Which should be crowned with your most
cheering sight,

As you vvic ignoiant of what were
done

By Cupid's hand, your all-triumphing
Son?

Look on this state ; and if you yet not
know

What crown there shines, whose sceptre
here doth grow ;

Think on thy loved ueas, || and what
name,

Maro, the golden trumpet of his fame,
Gave him, rend thou in this. A prince

that draws
By example more than others do by
laws :

That is so just to his great act, and
thought,

To do, not what kings may, but what
kings ought.

Who, out of piety, unto peace is vowed,
To spare his subjects, yet to quell the
proud ;

And dares esteem it the first fortitude,
To have his passions, foes at home, sub-
dued.

That was reserved until the Parcee spun
Their whitest wool; and then his thread
begun,

§ When she is *nupitii prafetta*, with Juno, Sualda, Diana, and Jupiter himself *Pctus. in Mcesstac, et Flut. in Problcm.*

|| 'Eneas, the son of Venus, Vugil makes throughout the most exquisite pattern of piety, justice, prudence, and all other princely virtues, with whom (in way of that excellence) I confer my sovereign, applying in his description his own word usurped of that poet, *Parcere sub jecis, et debellare superbos.*

Which thread, when treason would have
burst, a soul,
To-day renowned and added to my roll,
Opposed : and by that act to his name did
bring

The honour to be savor¹ of his king.^t
This king, whose worth, if gods for virtue
love,

Should Venus with the same affections
move,

As her Eneas ; and no less endear
Her love to his safety, than when she did
cheer,

After a tempest⁴ long-afflicted Troy,
Upon the Libyan shore; and brought
them joy.

Ven. 'love, and know his virtues, and
do boast

Mine own renown, when I renown him
most.

My Cupid's absence I forgive and praise,
That me to such a present grace could
raise.

His champion shall hereafter be my cnro :
But speak his bride, and what her virtues
are.

Hy. She is a noble virgin, styled The
Maid
Of the Red-cliff, and hath her dowry
weighed

No less in virtue, blood, and form, than
gold;

Thence, where my pillar's reared, you may
behold,

Filled with love's trophies, doth she take
her name.

Those pillars did uxorious Vulcan frame,⁸
Against this day, and underneath that
hill,

He and his Cyclopes are forging still
Some strange and curious piece, to adorn
the night,

And give these graced nuptials greater
light.

Here Vulcan presented himself, as over-
hearing Hymen, attired in a cassock
girt to him, with bare arms, his hair

and beard rough ; his hat of blue, and
ending in a cone ; in his hand a hammer
and tongs, as coming from the forge.

VuL Which I have done; the best of
all my life :

And have my end if it but please my
wife,

And she commend it to the laboured
worth.

Cleave, solid rock ! and bring the wonder
forth.

At which, with a loud and full music, the
Cliff parted in the midst, and discovered
an illustrious concave, filled with an
ample and glistening light, in which an
artificial sphere was made of silver,
eighteen foot in the diameter, that turned
perpetually: the coluri were heightened
with gold; so were the arctic and ant-
arctic circles, the tropics, the equinoctial,
the meridian and horizon; only Hie
zodiac was of pure gold; in which the
masquers, under the characters of the
twelve signs, were placed, answering
them in number; whose offices, with the
wholeframe as it turned, Vulcan went
forward to describe.

It is a sphere I've formed round and
even,

In due proportion to the sphere of heaven,
With all his lines and circles ; that
compose

The perfect'st form, and aptly do disclose
The heaven of marriage: which I title it :

Within whose zodiac I have made to sit,
In order of the signs, twelve sacred
powers,

That are presiding at all nuptial hours :

The first, in Aries' place, respecteth pride
Of youth and beauty; graces in the
bride.

In Taurus he loves strength and man-
liness;

The virtues which the bridegroom should
profess.

¹ In that monstrous conspiracy of E. Gowry.
f Tititlo tunc crcscerc posses,
Nitric per te tutus.

Virg Æneid. lib. i.

| The ancient poet¹, whensoever they would
intend anything to be clone with great mastery,
or excellent art, made Vulcan the artificer, as
Horn. N. 'Σινθε forging of Achilles' armour,
and Virg. for Æneas, Æneid. 8. He is also
said to be the god of fire and light. Sometime

taken for the purest beam : and by Orfih. in
Hytn. celebrated for the sun and moon. But
more especially by Eurip. in Troad. he is made
Facifer in Nnptius. Which present office we
give him here, as being Calor Natures, and
Pnrses Linninis. See Plato in Cratyl. For
his description read Pausan. in Eliac.

And by that act to his name did bring
The honour to be savor of his king.] See
p. 36.

In Gemini, that noble power is shown
That twins their hearts, and doth of two
make one.

In Cancer, he that bids the wife give way
With backward yielding to her husband's
sway.

In Leo, he that doth instil the heat
Into the man: which from the following seat
Is tempered so, as he that looks from thence
Sees yet they keep a Virgin innocence.

In Libra's room rules he that doth supply
All happy beds with sweet equality.

The Scorpion's place he fills, that makes
the jars
And stings in wedlock; little strifes and
wars :

Which he in th' Archer's throne doth soon
remove,
By making with his shafts new woimds of
love,

And those the follower with more heat
inspires,
As in the Goat the sun renews his fires.

In wet Aquarius' stead reigns he that
showers
Fertility upon the genial bowers.

Last, in the Fishes place, sits he doth say,
In married joys all should be dumb as they.

And this hath Vulcan for his Venus done,
To grace the chaster triumph of her son.

Ven. And for this gift will I to heaven
return,
And vow for ever that my lamp shall burn
With pure and chastest fire ; or never
shine'
But when it mixeth with thy sphere and
mine.

' As Catul. hath it in *NuJ. Jul. et Manl*
without Hymen, which is marriage, *Nil potest*
Venus, fama quod bona comprobet, &c.

t One of the Cyclops, of whom, with the other
two, Brontes and Steropes, see *Virg. JEneid.*

Ferrum exercebant vasto Cyclopes in antro,
Brontesque, Steropesque et nudus membra
Pyracmon, &c.

t As when *Horn. Iliad. 2.* makes Thetis for
her son Achilles to visit Vulcan's house, he
feigns that Vulcan had made twenty tripods or
stools, with golden wheels, to move of themselves
miraculously, and go out and return fity. To
which the invention of our dance alludes, and is
in the poet a most elegant place, and worthy
the tenth reading.

I The two Utter dances were made by Master

*Here Venus returned to her chariot with
the Graces ; while Vulcan, calling out
the priests of Hymen, who were the
musicians, was interrupted by Py-*
racmon.t

Vul. Sing then, ye priests.

*Pyrac. Stay, Vulcan, shall not these
Come forth and dance ?*

*Vul. Yes, my Pyracmon, please
The eyes of these spectators with our art.t*

*Pyrac. Come here then, Brontes, bear a
Cyclops part.*

And Steropes, both with your sledges
stand,

And strike a time unto them as they land ;
And as they forwards come, still guide
their paces,

In musical and sweet proportioned graces ;
While I upon the work and frame attend,
Arid Hymen's priests forth, at their seasons,
send

To chaunt their hymns; and make this
square admire

Our great artificer, the god of fire.

*Here the musicians, attired in yellow,
with wreaths of marjoram, and veils like
Hymen's priests, sung the first itaft
of the following Epithalamion ; which,
because it was sung in places between the
dances, shewed to be so many several
songs, but was made to be read an entire
poem. After the song they came forth (de-
scendiing in an oblique motion) from the
Zodiac, and danced their first dance;
then music interposed (but varied with
voices, only keeping the same chorus)
they danced their second dance. So after
their third and fourth dances, which
were all full of elegance and curious
device. And thus it ended.'*

Thomas Giles, the two first by Master Hier.
Herne : who, in the persons of the two Cyclopes,
beat a time to them with their hammers. The
tunes were Master Alphonso Ferrabosco's. The
device and act of the scene Master Ynigo Jones's,
with addition of the trophies. For the invention
of the whole and the verses, *Assertw qui dicat*
esse meos, imponet plagario pudorem.

The attire of the masquers throughout was
most graceful and noble ; partaking of the best
both ancient and later figure. The colours car-
nation and silver, enriched both with embroidery
and lace. The dressing of their heads, feathers
and jewels; and so excellently ordered to the
rest of the habit, as all would suffer under any
description after the shew. Their performance
of all, so magnificent and illustrious, that nothing
can add to the seal of it, but the subscription of
their names:

EPITHALAMION.

Up, youths and virgins, up, and praise
 The god whose nights outshine his days ;
 Hymen, whose hallowed rites
 Could never boast of brighter lights ;
 Whose bands pass liberty.
 Two of your troop, that with the morn
 were free,
 Are now waged to his war.
 And what they are,
 If you'll perfection see,
 Yourselves must be.
 Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished
 star!

What joy or honours can compare
 With holy nuptials, when they are
 Made out of equal parts
 Of years, of states, of hands, of hearts !
 When in the happy choice
 The spouse and spoused have the foremost
 voice !
 Such, glad of Hymen's war,
 Live what they are,
 And long perfection see:
 And such ours be.
 Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished
 star !

The solemn state of this one night
 Were fit to last an age's light;
 But there are rites behind
 Have less of state, but more of kind :
 Love's wealthy crop of kisses,
 And fruitful harvest of his mother's
 blisses.

Sound then to Hymen's war:
 That what these are,
 Who will perceive thou see,
 May haste to be.
 Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished
 star !

Love's commonwealth consists of toys ;
 His council are those antic boys,
 Games, Laughter, Sports, Delights,
 That triumph with him on these nights j
 To whom we must give way,
 For now their reign begins, and lasts till
 day.
 They sweeten Hymen's war,
 And in that jar,
 Make all that married be
 Perfection see.
 Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished
 star !

Why stays the bridegroom to invade
 Her that would be a matron made ?
 Good-night whilst yet 'c may
 Good-night to you a virgin say :
 To-morrow rise the same
 Your mother is, and use a nobler name.
 Speed well in Hymen's war,
 That, what you are,
 By your perfection we
 And all may see.
 Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished
 star !

To-night is Venus' vigil kept.
 This night no bridegroom ever slept;
 And if the fair bride do,
 The married say, 'tis his fault too.

THE DUKE OF LENOX,¹
 EARL OF ARUNDELL,²
 EARL OF PEMBROKE,³
 EARL OF MONTGOMERY,⁴
 LORD D'AUBIGNY,⁵
 LORD OF WALDEN,⁶

LORD HAY,⁷
 LORD SANKRE,⁸
 SIR RO. RICHE,⁹
 SIR JO. KENNETHIE,¹⁰
 MASTER ERSKINE.¹¹

¹ *The Duke of Lenox.* Lodowick Stuart, Duke of Lenox, and afterwards of Richmond. For the three succeeding names see p. 21.

² *Lord D'Aubigny.* Esme, younger brother of the Duke of Lenox, who succeeded him in 1623. He married Catherine, the only daughter of Sir Gervase Clifton. He was warmly attached to our poet, who has an Epigram (127) addressed to him, full of respect and gratitude.

³ ? See p. 21.

⁴ *Lord Sankre.* Robert Crichton, Lord Sanquhar. This nobleman, in an angry trial of skill with one Turner, a fencing master, was deprived of an eye. The loss, which he confessedly brought upon himself, seems to have rankled in his mind ; and about four years after the date of this Masque, he hired two Scotchmen, Gray and Carlisle, to murder the unfortunate swordsman. For this atrocious act he

was seized, and, in spite of all the interest made to save his life (which appears from Wilson to have been very great), hanged with his two accomplices at Tyburn.

⁵ *Sir Robert Rick.* Third son of Robert. Lord Rich. He succeeded to the barony, and in 1618 was created Earl of Warwick. Jonson has some verses on this nobleman.

⁶ *Sir J. Kennethie.* David Kennedy, created Earl of Cassilis in 1609.

⁷ *Master Erskine.* Called young Erskine by the Earl of Shrewsbury's correspondent; but whether son of the Earl of Mar, or of Sir Thomas Erskine, afterwards Earl of Kelly, I cannot determine.

⁸ A wife or matron : which is a name of more dignity than virgin. D. Heins. in. JWV. Ottonis Heitnii. Cras matri similis twf rtdibit.

Wake then, and let your lights
 Wake too ; for they'll tell nothing of your
 nights,
 But that in Hymen's war
 You perfect are.
 And such perfection we
 Do pray should be.
 Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished
 star!

That ere the rosy-fingered morn
 Behold nine moons, there may be born

A babe, t'uphold the fame
 Of Ratcliffe's blood and Ramsey's
 name:
 That may, in his great seed,
 Wear the long honours of his father's
 deed.
 Such fruits of Hymen's war
 Most perfect are ;
 And all perfection we
 Wish you should see.
 Shine, Hesperus, shine forth thou wished
 star!

¹ However desirable it may be to leave the recognition of the poet's merits to the taste and discrimination of the reader, it seems almost impossible to pass in silence over such pre-eminent marks of genius and study as those before us. Not many pages are numbered since we had the most beautiful little piece of its kind in the English language; and here we have another of the same species, replete with every excellence. The learning of Jonson is prodigious, and the grace, delicacy, and judgment with which he applies it to the embellishment of his subject, cannot be too highly estimated. The dull cold criticism of Hurd, the wanton malignity of Steevens, the blind hatred of Malone (to say nothing of a train of followers), are all directed to the same point—namely, to establish the per-

suation that Jonson is at his best but "a servile imitator," a "painful plagiarist," a mere "murderer of the ancients ; and it seems but a part of common justice to invite the attention occasionally to such decisive refutations of the calumny, as are supplied by these and similar pieces profusely scattered through his works.

[On this point Charles Lamb had already said (1808): "These and the preceding extracts may serve to show the poetical fancy and elegance of mind of the supposed rugged old Bard. A thousand beautiful passages might be adduced from those numerous Court masques and entertainments, which he was in the daily habit of furnishing, to prove the same thing. But they do not come within my plan."—*Dramatic* *#i?cint;us*. F. C.



The Masque of Queens.

CELEBRATED FROM THE HOUSE OF FAME, BY THE QUEEN OF GREAT
BRITAIN, WITH HER LADIES, AT WHITEHALL, FEB. 2, 1609.

THE MASQUE, &c.] This is the title of the folio 1616. That of the 4to, 1609, runs thus: "*The Masque of Queens, celebrated from the House of Fame: by the most absolute in all State and Titles, Anne, Queen of Great Britain, &c.*"

Et memorem famam, qua bene gessit, habet."

The 4to is addressed to Prince Henry, who was dead when the folio edition appeared, which accounts perhaps for the omission of the dedication. It is as follows:—

"To the glory of our own, and grief of other nations, my Lord HENRY,
Prince of Great Britain, &c.

⁴⁴ SIR,

"When it hath been my happiness (as would it were more frequent) but to see your face, and, as passing by, to consider you, I have with as much joy as I am now far from flattery in professing it, called to mind that doctrine of some great inquisitors in *Nature*, who hold every royal and *heroic* form to partake and draw much to it of the heavenly virtue. For whether it be that a divine soul being to come into a body, first chooseth a palace for itself; or being come, doth make it so; or that *Nature* be ambitious to have her work equal, I know not; but what is lawful for me to understand and speak, that I dare; which is, that both your *virtue* and your *form* did deserve your *fortune*. The one claimed that you should be born a *prince*, the other makes that you do become it. And when *Necessity* (excellent lord) the mother of the *Fates*, hath so provided that *yaw'orm* should not more insinuate you to the eyes of men, than your *virtue* to their minds: it comes near a wonder to think how sweetly that habit flows in you, and with so hourly testimonies which to all posterity might hold the dignity of examples. Amongst the rest, your favour to letters, and these gentler studies that go under the title of *Humanity*, is not the least honour of your wreath. For if once the worthy professors of these learnings shall come (as heretofore they were) to be the care of *princes*, the crowns their *sovereign* wear will not more adorn their temples, nor their stamps live longer in their medals, than in such subjects' labours. *Poetry*, my lord, is not born with every man, nor every day; and in her general right it is now my minute to thank your *Highness*, who not only do honour her with your care, but are curious to examine her with your eye, and enquire into her beauties and strengths. Where, though it hath proved a work of some difficulty to me to retrieve the particular *authorities* (according to your gracious command, and a desire born out of judgment) to those things which I writ out of fulness and memory of my former readings: yet now I have overcome it, the reward that meets me is double to one act; which is, that thereby your excellent understanding will not only justify me to your own knowledge, but decline the stiffness of others' original ignorance, already armed to censure. For which singular bounty, if my *ate* (most excellent *Prince*, and *only Delicacy* of *mankind*) shall reserve me to the age of your actions, whether in the camp or the council-chamber, that I may write at nights the deeds of your days; I will then labour to bring forth some work as worthy of your fame, as my ambition therein is of your pardon.

¹¹ By the most true admirer of your *Highnesses* virtues,

"And most hearty celebrater of them,

"BEN JONSON."

The production of this Masque has subjected Jonson to a world of unmerited obloquy from the commentators. It was written, it seems, "on account of the success of Shakspeare's Witches, which alarmed the jealousy of a man who fancied himself his rival, or rather his superior." And this is repeated through a thousand mouths. Not to observe that if Jonson was moved by any such passion, it must be by Middleton's Witches, not Shakspeare's (for the latter is but a copyist himself in this case), how does it appear that *Macbeth* was prior in date to the *Masque of Queens*? O, says Mr. Davies, "Mr. Malone has with much probability fixed the first representation of *Macbeth* to the year 1606." And he immediately proceeds to reason upon it "as a certainty."

It is worth while to turn to this master-proof. "In July, 1606 (Mr. Malone says), the King of Denmark came to England, and *dk* the 3rd of August was installed a Knight of the Garter. 'There is nothing (says Drummond of Hawthorndcn) to be heard at Court but sounding of trumpets, hautboys, music, revelling, and comedies.' Perhaps during this visit *Macbeth* was first exhibited." This is the whole; and this it is that "fixes the first appearance of *Macbeth* to the year 1606!" The King of Denmark was in this country about three weeks; a considerable part of the time he spent at Theobalds, where Jonson was employed to entertain him; he was, besides, present at one Masque, and the rest of his time was occupied in moving about, and what Drummond calls music and revelling. In four consecutive letters he details the various amusements of this prince, without the most distant hint of his being present at the exhibition of any play whatever. At any rate *Macbeth* is no "comédie," and in fact, what Drummond calls so are the "Entertainments, Masques, and Revels" (all appropriate terms), which are known to have been provided for him. What amusement could an English tragedy afford to a person who understood not a word of the language?

I have said thus much merely to shew the fallacy of Mr. Malone's argument, and the readiness with which all improbabilities are swallowed when they conduce to the grateful purpose of maligning Jonson. For, in truth, it signifies nothing to the question at which period either piece was produced, or which of them had the priority in point of date; since the characters are totally and radically distinct, and do not bear either in conduct or language the slightest token of affinity. What is decisive on the subject is the remarkable care which Jonson himself takes to disclaim all idea of copying any preceding dramatist. He tells Prince Henry that he described his witches "out of fulness and memory of his former readings, which he has retrieved and set down at his desire;" and he informs the Queen that "he was CAREFUL TO DECLINE not only from others, but from his own steps in this kind." Not one syllable of this has ever been noticed before; the commentators prefer darkness to light, and, so they can rail at "old Ben," make their wantonness their ignorance.

But when spleen and malice have done their worst, the magical part of the *Masque of Queens* will still remain a proof of high poetic powers, of a vigorous and fertile imagination, and of deep and extensive learning, managed with surprising ease, and applied to the purposes of the scene with equal grace and dexterity.

[Mr. Collier printed for the Shakspeare Society, 1849, a version of this Masque from the original and beautiful autograph of the poet, preserved among the Royal Manuscripts in the British Museum, of which Gifford and his predecessors knew nothing." It has many variations, and is particularly interesting as showing the form in which the poet himself arranged his matter.—F. C.]

It increasing now to the third time of my being used in these services to her majesty's personal presentations, with the ladies whom she pleaseth to honour; it was my first and special regard to see that the nobility of the invention should be answerable to the dignity of their persons. For which reason I chose the argument to be A celebration of honourable and true *Fame*, bred out of *Virtue*; observing that

rule of the best artist,' to suffer no object of delight to pass without his mixture of profit and example. And because Her Majesty (best knowing that a principal part of life in these spectacles lay in their variety) had commanded me to think on some dance, or shew, that might precede hers, and have the place of a foil, or false

' Hor. t' Art. Poetic.

masque : I was careful to decline, not only from others, but mine own steps in that kind, since the last year,' I had an antimasque of boys; and therefore now devised that twelve women, in the habit of hags or witches, sustaining the persons of Ignorance, Suspicion, Credulity, &c., the opposites to good Fame, should fill that part, not as a masque, but a spectacle of strangeness, producing multiplicity of gesture, and not unaptly sorting with the current and whole fall of the device.

His majesty then being set, and the whole company in full expectation, the part of the Scene which first presented itself was an ugly Hell; which flaming beneath, smoked unto the top of the roof. And in respect all evils are morally said to come from hell; as also from that observation of Torrentius upon Horace's *Canidia* *qua: tot instructs Venen is ex Ore faucibus profecta uidcri possit*: these witches, with a kind of hollow and infernal music, came forth from thence. First one, then two, and three, and more, till their number increased to eleven, all differently attired; some with rats on their heads, some on their shoulders; others with ointment-pots at their girdles; all with spiracles, timbrels, rattles, or other venefical instruments, making a confused noise, with strange gestures. The device of their attire was Master Jones's, with the inven-

tion and architecture of the whole scene and machine. Only I prescribed them their properties of vipers, snakes, bones, herbs, roots, and other ensigns of their magic, out of the authority of ancient and late writers, wherein the faults are mine if there be any found; and for that cause I confess them.

These eleven WITCHES beginning to dance (which is an usual ceremony at their convents or meetings, where sometimes also they are vizarded and masked, on the sudden one of them missed their chief, and interrupted the rest with this speech:—

Hag.

Sisters, stay, we want our Dame; if
Call upon her by her name,
And the charm we use to say;
That she quickly anoint, and come
away.

i Charm.

" Dame, dame ! the watch is set:
Quickly come, we all are met.—
From the lakes, and from the fens,"
From the rocks, and from the dens,
From the woods, and from the caves,
From the churchyards, from the graves,
From the dungeon, from the tree
That they die on, here are we 1"

Comes she not yet?
Strike another heat.

' In the masque at my Loid Huddington's wedding.

t Vide Lervin. Tor. comment, in Hor. Epod. lib. ode 5.

t See the King's Majesty's book (our Sovereign) of *Demohology*, Bodin. Remig. Delrio. Mai. Malefi. and a world of others in the general: but let us follow particulars.

g Amongst our vulgar witches the honour of Dame (for so I translate it) is given with a kind of pre-eminence to some special one at their meetings: which Delrio insinuates, *Disquis. Mag. lib. 2, quæst. 9*, quoting that of Apuleius, lib. de *Asin. aureo*, de quadam *caufiona*, regina *Sagarum*. And adds, *ut scias etiam tum quasdam ab his hoc titulo honoratas*. Which title M. Philipp. Ludwicus Elicet. *Damomague*, *qutpst. 10*, doth also remember.

H When they are to be transported from place to place, they use to anoint themselves, and sometimes the things they ride on. Beside Apui. testimony, see these later, Remig. *Dcpmonlatrice lib. i, cap. 14*, Delrio, *Disquis. Mag. 2, qn&st 16*, Bodiu, *Deenonoman. l. 2, c. 14*. Barthol. de Spina, *tqueest. de Strigib. Philippo Ludwicus Elich, quæest. 10*, *Paracelsus in magn. et occn. Philosophic* teacheth the con-

fection *Unquentum ex came rccens natorum infitntium, in pulmentiforma locum, et cunt herbis somnificris, quales sunt Papaver, Solutium, Cicuta, &c. And Giov. Bapti. Porta, lib. 2, Mag. Na. tur. cap. 16*.

IT These places, in their own nature dire and dismal, are reckoned up as the fittest from whence such persons should come, and were notably observed by that excellent Lucan in the description of his *Erichtho*, lib. 6. To which we may add this corollary out of *Agrip. de occult. philosop. l. 1, c. 48*. *Saturno correspondet loca queveis fastida, tenebrosa, subterranea, religiosa et funesta, ut ccmeteria, busta, et hominibus deserta habitacula, et vetustate caduca, l&ca v&acura, et korrenda, et solitaria, antra, caver me, putei: prteterta piscina paludes, et ejusmodi*. And in lib. 3, c. 42, speaking of the like, and in lib. 4, about the end, *Aptissima sunt loca plurimum experientia visionum, nocturnarumque incursionum et consimilium pfaintasmatlmi ut ccmeteria, et in quibus fieri solent execution, crimbullis iudici, in quibus recentibus annis public® strages facta sunt, vel ubi occisorum cadavera, necdm expiatt, nee ri& sepulfa, recentioribus annis subkmata sun,*.

a Charm.

"The weather is fair, the wind is good,
Up, dame, on your horse of wood :
Or else tuck up your grey frock,
And saddle your goat: or your green
cock.J

And make his bridle a bottom of thrid,
To roll up how many miles you have rid.
Quickly come away;
For we all stay."

Nor yet ! nay then,
We'll try her agen.

3 Charm.

"The owl is abroad, the bat, and the toad,
And so is the cal-a-mountain,

¹ *Delrio, Disq Mag lib. 2, qnesst. 6*, has a story out of Triezms of this horse of wood : hut that which our witches call so, is sometimes a broom-staff, sometimes a reed, sometimes a distaff. See *Remig. D^emonol. lib. i, cap. 14. Bodin. 1. 2, cap. 4, &c.*

² The goat is the Devil himself, upon whom they ride often to their solemnity, as appears by their confessions in Rem. and JBodin. *ibid* His majesty also remembers the story of the devil's appearance to those of *Calciit* in that form, *Demonol. lib. 2, cap. 3.*

³ Of the green cock we have no other ground (to confess ingenuously) than a vulgar fable of a witch, that with a cock of that colour and a bottom of bine thread, would transport herself through the air ; and so escaped (at the time of her being brought to execution) from the hand of justice. It was a tale when I went to school ; and somewhat there is like it in *Mart. Delr. Disq. Mag. lib. 2, quat. 6*, of one Zyti. a Bohemian, that, among other his dextilities, *aliquoties equis rhedariis vectum, qallisgallinaceis ad epirrhedium suum alligatus, subscquebatur.*

⁴ All this is but a periphrasis of the night, in their charm, and their applying themselves to it

⁵ *His majesty also remembers the story, &c.* Jonson cannot escape the commentators, and his name serves them as a foil upon all occasions. Warburton having incidentally observed that a passage in *Macbeth* was "intended as a compliment to James," Steevens subjoins that the truth of history was also perverted for the same purpose ; yet, continues he, "the flattery of Shakspeare is not more gross than that of Bea Jonson, who has"—done what, does the reader think?"—condescended to quote his majesty's ridiculous book on *Demonology!* The reader has here the whole of the poet's offence : with respect to "his majesty," his book was not more "ridiculous" than any of the others quoted on 'tfe subject ; and as Jonson collected hb authorities merely in obedience to the commands of th« Prince, there seems no violent strain of flattery in barely citing the book of his father for a popular story.

The ant and the mole sit both in a
hole,
And frog peeps out o' the fountain ;
The dogs they do bay, and the timbrels
play,
The spindle§ is now a turning ;
The moon it is red, and the stars are
fled,
But all the sky is a burning :
The ditch is made,!! and our nails the
spade,
With pictures full of wax and of
wool ;
Their livers I stick with needles quick ;
There lacks but the blood, to make up
the flood.

with their instruments, whereof the spindle in antiquity was the chief : and beside the testimony of Theocritus, "*PJarmaccutria* ; Who only used it in amorous affairs) was of special act to the troubling of the moon. To which Martial alludes, *lib. 9, ep. 30, Qua: nunc Thessalico L^unam deducere rJiombo&c.* And *lib. 12, cp. 57, Cum sect a Colcfu) Lima vapulat rhotmbo.*

|| This rite also of making a ditch with their nails is frequent with our witches, whereof see *Bodin. Remig. Delr. Mailleus Mai. Godehnan. I. 2 de Lamiis*, as also the antiquity of it most vively exprest by *Hor. Satyr. 8, lib. i*, where he mentions the pictures, and the blood of a black lamb. All which are yet in use with our modern witchcraft. *Scalpere terrain* (speaking of Canidia and Saganu)

Utiginbts, etpullain divellere viordicus agiatn
Ccpepmnt: cruur infossam confusus, ut inde
Maneiselicereant animas rcsponsa daturas.
Lanea et effigies erat, altera cerea, &c.

And then by and by,

Serpentes atque videres
Infernos errare cane is, Lunawque rubentem,
Neforet his testis, post magna latere sepulchra.

Of this ditch Homer makes mention in Circe's speech to Ulysses, *Odys. K*, about the end, *Bothpov 6pvÉcu, &c. Ána Ovid. Metam. lib. 7, in Medea's magic,*

Haudprocul egesta scrobibus tellure duabus
Sacra fad t, cultrosq2te in gitture velleris atri
Conjicit, eptatulasperfundit sanguinefossas.

And of the waxen images, in Hypsipye's epistle to Jason, where he expresseth that mischief also of the needles:

Devoyet absentes, simulacraque cereafingiti
Et tniserum tenues injecur urget acus.

Bodin. Damon, lib. 2, cap. 8, hath (beside th« known story of King Duffc out of Hector Boetius) much of the witches' later practice in that kind, and reports a relation of a French Ambassador's, put of England, of certain pictures of wax, found in a dunghill near Islington, of our late queen's: which rumour I myself (being then very young) can yet remember to have been current.

Quickly, dame, then bring your part in,
 Spur, spur upon little Martin,¹
 Merrily, merrily, make him sail,
 A worm in his mouth, and a thorn in's
 tail,
 Fire above and fire below,
 With a whip i' your hand to make him
 go."

O, now she's come !
 Let all be dumb.

*At this the DAME entered to them, naked-
 armed, barefooted, her frock tucked, her
 hair knotted, and folded with vipers ; in
 her hand a torch made of a dead mans
 arm, lighted, girded with a snake. To
 whom they all did reverence, and she
 spake, uttering, by way of question, the
 end wherefore they came.]*

¹ Their little Martin is he that calls them to their conventicles, which is done in a human voice, but coming forth, they find him in the shape of a great buck goat, upon whom they ride to their meetings, *Deir. Di&y. Mug. qucest. 16, lib. 2. And Bod. Dtemon. lib. 2, cap. 4.* have both the same relation from Paulus Grulandus, of a witch, *Adveniente nocte et ham evocabatur voce quadam velut huniana ab ipso D&none, quern non vocant Dcemonon, sed Magisterulum, alia Magistrum Martinetturn, sive Martinellum. Quce sic evocata, max sumebat pyxidem unctiois et linebat corpus suum in quibusdam partibus et membris, quo linito exibat ex dotno, et inveniebat Magisterulum suum in forma hirci illain expectantem apudostium, super quo muliereqnitabat, et applicare solebat fortiter manusad crineis, et station hircus ille ascendeat per aerem, et brevissimo tempore deferebat ipsam, &c.*

^t This Dame I make to bear the person of Ate, or Mischief (for so I interpret it), out of Homer's description of her, "... A, where he makes her swift to hurt mankind, strong, and sound of her feet; and *Iliad*. 1, walking upon men's heads; in both places using one and the same phrase to signify her power, *BAArrouer* (*ivBptarrov*); *Leedens homines*. I present her barefooted, and her frock tucked, to make her seem more expedite, by Horace's authority, *Sat* 8, lib. 1. *Succinctam vadere palla Canidiam fedibus nudis, passoque capillo*. But for her hair, I rather respect another place of his, *Epod. lib. ode 5*, where she appears *Canidia brevibus implicata viperis Critteis, et inceptum caput*. And that of Lucan, lib. 6, speaking of Erichtho's attire,

*Discolor, et vario Furialis cultus antictu
 Induitur, vultusque aperitur crine renwto,
 Et coma vipereissubstringitur horridasertis.*

For her torch, see *Remig. lib. a, cap. 3*.

^t Which if it had been done either before or otherwise, had not been so natural. For to have made themselves their own decipherers, and each

Dame. Well done, my Hags I¹ And come we fraught with spite,
 To overthrow the glory of this night ?
 Holds our great purpose ?

Hag. Yes.

Dame. But wants there none
 Of our just number?

Hags. Call iis one by one,
 And then our dame shall see.

Dame. First then advance§
 My drowsy servant, stupid ignorance,
 Known by thy scaly vesture ; and bring
 on
 Thy fearful sister, wild Suspicion,
 [As she names them they come forward.

one to have told upon their entrance *what they lucre and ivhitlu r l, uy mould*, had been a piteous hearing, and utterly unworthy any quality of a poem: wherein a writer should always trust somewhat to the capacity of the spectator, especially at these spectacles. where men, beside inquiring eyes, are understood to bring quick ears, and not those sluggish ones of porters and mechanics, that must be bored through at every act with narrations.

§ In the chaining of these vices, I make as if one link produced another, and the Dame were born out of them all, so as they might say to her, *Sola tenes scelorum quicquid possedimus omnes*. Nor will it appear much violenced, if their series be considered, when the opposition to all virtue begins out of Ignorance, that Ignorance begets

¹ Well done, my hags,'] In *Macbeth*, Hecate says to the Witches, "O, well done!" upon which important resemblance, Mr. Steevens thus expatiates. "The attentive reader will observe that, in the *Masque of Queens*, old Ben has exerted his *strongest Powers* to rival the incantation of Shakspeare's" (Middleton's) "Witches, and the final address of Prospero to the aerial spirits under his command." Now let *Macbeth* have been written when it may, Steevens well knew that the *Tempest* was one of Shakspeare's latest plays, and was not in existence till many years after this period (1609); if therefore any rivalry be found between the parting speech of Prospero and the awful invocation of the dame (p. 133), the "jealousy" must be attributed, however harshly it may sound, to Shakspeare.

With respect to the invidious comparison elsewhere instituted between the Hecate of Shakspeare and this of Jonson, it is founded on sheer ignorance. The dame of the latter is not Hecate, but Ate, as he himself expressly calls her. But be she who she may, she is as superior (if the truth must be told) to the Hecate of *Macbeth* as *Macbeth* is superior to every other tragedy.

Whose eyes do never sleep; let her knit hands

With quick Credulity, that next her stands,
Who hath but one ear, and that always ope;
Two-faced Falsehood follow in the rope ;
And lead on Murmur, with the cheeks
deep hung ;

»he, Malice, whetting of her forked tongue;
And Malice, Impudence, whose forehead's
lost ;

Let Impudence lead Slander on, to boast
Her oblique look ; and to her subtle side,
Thou, black-mouthed Execration, stand
applied;

Draw to thee Bitterness, whose pores sweat
gall;

She, flame-eyed Rage; Rage, Mischief.

Hags. Here we are all.

Dame. Join now our hearts, we faithful
opposites'

To Fame and Glory. Let not these bright
nights

Of honour blaze, thus to offend our eyes ;
Shew ourselves truly envious, and let rise

Suspicion (for Knowledge is ever open and charitable) that Suspicion, Credulity, as it is a vice ; for being a virtue, and free, it is opposite to it: but such as are jealous of themselves, do easily credit anything of others whom they hate. Out of this Credulity springs Falsehood, which begets Murmur: and that Murmur presently grows Malice, which begets Impudence : and that Impudence, Slander: that Slander, Execration: Execration, Bitterness: Bitterness, Fury • and Fury, Mischief. Now for the personal presentation of them, the authority in poetry is universal. But in the absolute Claudian, there is a particular and eminent place, where the poet not only produceth such persons, but almost to a like purpose, in *Ruf. lib. i.* where Alecto, envious of the times,

*Infemas ad limina tetra sorores
Conciliundeforme vocat, glonterantur in unum
Innumertepastes Erebi, quas cuncteque sinistra
Nox genuit faetu nutrix discordia belli,
Irperiosa James, leto vicina senectus,
Impatiensque sui morbus, livorque secundit
Anxius, et scisso mcerens velamine luctus,
Et timer, et ce?o princeps audacia vultu:*

with many others, fit to disturb the world, as ours the night.

' Here again by way of irritation I make the Dame pursue the purpose of their coming, and discover their natures more largely : which had been nothing if not done as doing another thing, but *moratio circa talem patulumque orbem*; than which the poet cannot know a greater vice, he being that land of artificer to whose work is required so much exactness as indifference is not tolerable.

t These powers of troubling nature art from VOL. III.

Our wonted rages : do what may beseem
Such names and natures ; Virtue else will
deem

Our powers decreased, and think us
banished earth,

No less than heaven. All her antique birth,
As Justice, Faith, she will restore ; and, bold
Upon our sloth, retrieve her Age of gold.
We must not let our native manners thus
Corrupt with ease. Ill lives not but in us.

I hate to see these fruits of a soft peace,
And curse the piety gives it such increase.
Let us disturb it then, t and blast the light;
Mix hell with heaven, and make nature fight
Within herself ; loose the whole hinge of
things ;

And cause the ends run back into their
springs.

Hags. What our Dame bids us do,
We are ready for.

Dame. Then fall to.

But first relate met what you have sought,
Where you have been, and what you have
brought.

quently ascribed to witches, and challenged by themselves wherever they are induced, by Homer, Ovid, Tibullus, Pet. Aibiter, Seneca, Lucan, Claudian, to whose authorities I shall refer more anon. For the present, hear *Socrat. in Apul. de Asin. aurao, l. i.* describing Meroe, the witch, *Saga et divinitotens regem depone re terrain suspendere, fontis dirare, vnonteis diluere, matres sublimare, decs infimare, sidert extinguere, tartarum ipsum illuminare;* and . 2, *Byrrhena to Lucius of Pamphile. Maga primi nominis, et ontnis cantinis sepulcralis magistra creditur qucs surculis et la, pillis, et id genus frivoHs inkalatis, omnem istam lucent mundi sideralis, imis tarturi et in vetustum chaos mergit:* as also this latter of Remigius, in his most elegant arguments before his *Damono latria, Qua poSf everteterefunditws ofbetn, Et maneis superis miscere, hac unica cura est.* And Lucan. *Quarum qmcquid non creditur ars est,*

' This is also solemn in their witchcraft, to be examined, either by the devil or their dame, at their meetings, of what mischief they have done: and what they can confer to a future hurt. See *M. Philippo Ludwicus Elich. DecmoHomagu' lib. qu&sf. 10.* But Remigius, in the very form, *lib. i. Dcentonolat. c. 22, Quenadmodum solent heri in villicis procuratori&us, cum eorum rationed expendunt, segnitium negligentiamque durius castigare ; Ha D&mon, in suit comitis, quod tempus examinandis cujusque rebu atque actionibus ipse constituit, tot pissimi kaocr' cmsutvit, qui nihil affrunt quost nequiere' ao Jtagitis cumulation' doceant. Nee cuquam ado impum tit. ti d tuptwre convmtu' & t& tcltn mat oottrituritis; ttdstmptr oportet,*

1 *Hag.* I have been all day looking after'

A raven feeding upon a quarter ;
And soon as she turned her beak to the south,
I snatched this morsel out of her mouth.

2 *Hag.* I have been gathering wolves' hairs,

The mad dog's foam, and the adder's ears;
The spurning of a dead-man's eyes,
And all since the evening star did rise.

3 *Hag.* I last night lay all alone
On the ground, to hear the mandrake groan;

qui gratus esse volet in alium, novum aliquo J facinus fecisse. And this doth exceedingly solicit them all, at such times, lest they should come unprepared. But we apply this examination of ours to the particular use; whereby also we take occasion not only to express the things (as vapours, liquors, herbs, bones, flesh, blood, fat, and such like, which are called *Media magica*), but the rites of gathering them, and from what places, reconciling as near as we can the practice of antiquity to the neoteric, and making it familiar with our popular witchcraft.

' For the gathering pieces of dead flesh, *Cornel. Agrip. de occult. Philosoph. lib. 3, cap. 42, and lib. 4, cap. ult.*, observes that the use was to call up ghosts and spirits with a fumigation made of that (and bones of carcases), which I make my witch here, not to cut hei self, but to watch the raven, as *Lucan's Eriththo, lib. 6:*

*Et quodcunque jacet nuda tellure cadaver
Ante feras -volucresque sedet: nec carperet membra
Vult ferro manibusque suis, morsusque litporum
Expectat siccis raptura a faucibus artus ;*

as if that piece were sweeter which the wolf had bitten, or the raven had picked, and more efficacious; and to do it, at her turning to the south, is with the prediction of a storm. Which though they be but minutes in ceremony, being observed, make the act more dark and full of horror.

a. *Spuma canum, lupi crines, nodus hyenæ, oculi draconum, serpentis membrana, aspidis aures*, are all mentioned by the ancients in witchcraft. And *Lucan* particularly, *lib. 6.*

*Hue quicquid fecit genuit natura sinistro.
Miscetur, non putna canum quibus unda timori*

*est,
Viscera nan lyncit, non dune nodus hyena
Defuit, &c.*

And *Ovid. Metamorph. lib. 7*, reckons up others. But for the spurning of the ees, let us return to *Lucan*, in the same book, which piece (as all the rest) is written with an admirable height.

And plucked him up, though he grew full low;

And as I had done the Cock did crow.

4 *Hag.* And I ha' been choosing out this skull

From charnel-houses that were full;
From private grots and public pits ;
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5 *Hag.* Under a cradle I did creep
By day ; and when the child was asleep
At night I sucked the breath ; and rose,
And plucked the nodding nurse by the nose.

*Ast ubi servantur saxis, quibus intus humor
Ducitur, et tacta duncum tabe tunc ducit
Corpora, tunc omnis atque demerit in artus,
Intusque natus, oculis, gaudetque gelatos
Effundisse vberis, et sicce pallida rodit
Excrementa inanus.*

3. *Pliny*, writing of the mandrake, *Nat. Hist. 1. 25, c. 13*, and of the digging it up, hath this ceremony, *Cavente jossur contrarium ventum, et tribus circuitis a te gladio circumscriptum, postea fodiant ad occasum spectantes.* But we have later tradition, that the forcing of it up is so fatally dangerous, as the groan kills, and therefore they do it with dogs, which I think but borrowed from *Josephus's* report of the root *Baeras, lib. 7 de Bel. Judaic.* Howsoever, it being so principal an ingredient in their magic, it was fit she should boast to be the plucker up of it herself. And that the cock did crow, alludes to a prime circumstance in their work : for they all confess, that nothing is so cross or baleful to them in their nights as that the cock should crow before they have done. Which makes that their little masters or martinets, whom I have mentioned before, use this form in dismissing their conventions. *JS'ja, facessite propere, line oitne, mun Jati gami catterre incipunt.* Which I interpret to be, because that bird is the messenger of light, and so, contrary to their acts of darkness. See *Remig. Dmwoioli. lib. 1, cap. 4*, where he quotes that of *Apollonius, de umbra Achillis, Philostr. lib. 4, cap. 5.* And *Emeb. Casariem. in conf. etat. contra Hierocl. 4 de gallicinio.*

4. I have touched this before, in my note upon the first, of the use of gathering flesh, bones, and skulls : to which I now bring that piece of *Apuleius, lib. 3 de Asino aureo*, of *Pamphile. Priusque apparatu solito instruxit feralem officinam, omne genus aromatis, et ignorabiliter lamenis literatis, et infaelicium navium durantibus clavis defletorum, sepulorum etiam cadaverum expositis multis admodum mfmms, hic nares et digiti, illic carnosus clavicpettentium, alibi trucidatorum servati cruer, et extorta dentibus ferantur trwnca calyarya.* And for such places *Lucan* makes his witch to inhabit them, *lib. 6. Desertaque Iruata incolit et tumulo expukis obtinet tmmMt.*

6 *Hag*. I had a dagger t what did I with that?

Killed an infant to have his fat.
A piper it got, at a church-ale,
I bade him again blow wind i' the tail.

7 *Hag*. A murderer yonder was hung in chains,

The sun-and the wind had shrunk his veins;
I bit off a sinew ; J clipped his hair,
I brought off his rags that danced i' the air.

8 *Hag*. The scritch-owl's eggs and the feathers black,

The blood of the frog and the bone in his back,

I have been getting ; and made of his skin
A purslet to keep Sir Cranion in.

5. For this rite *stith Barthol. de Spina, qu&st. de Strigibus, cap. 8, Mai. Malefic, torn. 2*, where he disputes at large the transformation of witches to cats, and their sucking both their spirits and their blood, calling them Striges, which Godelman, *lib. de La-miis*, would have & *stridor, ct avibus fiedissimis ejusdem nominis*, which I the rather incline to, out of Ovid's authority. *Fast, lib. 6*, where the poet ascribes to those birds the same almost that these do to the witches :

*Node volantipuerosquepetunt nutricis egeantis,
Et vitiant cunis corpora, rapta suis:
Carpere dicuntur lactentia viscera rosfiris,
Etreplenum poto sanguine guttur habent.*

6. Their killing of infants is common, both for confection of their ointment (whereto one ingredient is the fat boiled, as J have showed before out of Paracelsus and Porta), as also out of a lust to do murder. *Sprengvr in Mai. Malefic*, reports that a witch, a midwife in the diocese of Basil, confessed to have killed above forty infants (ever as they were new born, with pricking them in the brain with a needle), which she had offered to the devil. See the story of the three witches in *Rew. Damo, wla. lib. cap. 3*, about the end of the chapter. And M. Philippo Ludwigus Elich. *Quasi. 8*. And that it is no new rite, read the practice of Canidia, *Epod. Herat, lib. ode 5*, and Lucan, *lib. 6*, whose admirable verses I can never be weary to transcribe :

*Nee ctssaut & cede manus, si sanguine vivo
Est opus, erumpatjuguulo quiprimus aperto.
Nee refugitcedes, vivum si sacra cruorem
Extaquefunerete poscunt trepidantia menste,
Vulnere si ventris, non qua. natura vocabat'
Extrahiturpartus calidisponeendus in arts;
JEt quoties savis opus est, etfortibus umbris
Ipsafacit-mantis. Hominum mor\$ omnis in
usuest,*

7. The abuse of dead bodies in their witchcraft, both Porphyrio and Psellus are grave authors of. The one *lib. de sacrif. de vero cultu*. The other *lib. de Daswo*, which Apuleius toucheth too, *lib. vdc Asin. auroto*. But Remijus, who deals with later persons, And out of their own mouths, *Daemottol. lib. a, cap. 3*,

9 *Hag*, And I ha" been plucking plants among,

Hemlock, henbane, adder's-tongue,
Night-shade, moon-wort, iibbard's-bane;
And twice by the dogs was like to be ta'en.

10 *Hag*. I from the jaws of a gardener's bitch

Did snatch these bones, and then leaped the ditch :

Yet went I back to the house again,
Killed the black cat, and here's the brain.

11 *Hag*. I went to the toad breeds unde the wall,

I charmed him out, and he came at my call;

*affirms, Iffee et rostra &tatis maleficis homi-
iilnis moris cst fafare, prtscrtim si cujus sup-
plicw affecti cadaver excinfilo datum est, et in
crucem sublatum. Nam -non solum inde sor-
tilegiis suis mate-riant niuanturi scd et of-
ifisis carnificinK instrumentis, rests, vinciliis,
palo, ferramentis. Siqitidem iis vulgi eiiam
optnwne inesse ad incantationes magicas vtM
qandam edpotestatem. And to this place I
dare not, out of religion to the divine Lucan,
but bring his verses from the same book :*

*Lagtiwv nodosque nocentes
Ore suo rupit, pendencia corpora carpsit,
Abrasitqz cruces, pcrussagge viscera nimbi'
Vulsit, et, incoctas adrniso sole medullas.
Insertum manibus cJialybem nigramque per
artus*

*Stillantis iabi saniem, virusque ccactant
Sustulit, ct ncervo morsus retinente pependit.*

8. These are Canidia's furniture in *Hora, Epod. lib. ode 5, Et uncta tu-rpis ova rant' sanguine, plumamque nocturtz strigis*. And part of Medea's confection in *Ovid. Metamorph. lib. 7, Strigis infames, ipsis cum canibus, alas*. That of the skin (to make a purse for her fly) was meant ridiculous, to mock the keeping of their familiars.

9. *Cicuta, hyoscyamus, opkioglosson, so2a-num, martagon, daronicum, accnium*, are the common venefical ingredients remembered by Paracelsus, Porta, Agrippa, and others: which I make her to have gathered as about a castle, church, or some vast building (kept by dogs) among ruins and wild heas.

10. *Ossaab ore raptajejuna cants*, Horace gives Canidia, in the place before quoted. Which *jejunf* I rather change to gardener's, as imagining such persons to keep mastiffs *fyf* the defence of their grounds, whither ibis hg might also go for simples : where, meeting wth the bones, and not content with than, she would yet do a domestic hurt in getting the cat's brains: which ia another special ingredient; and of so much more efficacy by how much blacker the cat is. if you will credit *Agr. Cap. de suffit&u*.

zx. These also, both by the confessions of

I scratched out the eyes o' the owl before,
I tore the bat's wing : what would you
have more?

Dame. Yes, I have brought, to help our
vows,
Horned poppy, cypress boughs,
The fig-tree wild that grows on tombs,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,
The basilisk's blood and the viper's skin:
And now our orgies let's begin.

*Here the Dame put herself in the midst
of them, and began her following Invoca-
tion :*

Yout fiends and furies (if yet any be
Worse than ourselves), you that have
quaked to see
Theset knots untied and shrunk, when we
have charmed.
You that to arm us have yourselves dis-
armed,
And to our powers resigned your whips
and brands
When we went forth, the scourge of men
and lands.

witches and testimony of writers, are of principal use in their witchcraft. The toad mentioned in *Virg. Geor. lib. 1, Iuventusque cants Bufo*. Which by Pliny is called *Rubeta, Nat. Hist. l. 32, c. 5*, and there celebrated for the force in magic. Juvenal toucheth at it twice within my memory, *Satyr, i* and *6*; and of the owl's eyes, see *Corn. Agrip. de occult. Philosnph. x, c. 15*. As of the bat's blood and wings there; and in the 25th chapter with *Bapt. Porta, .2, c. 26*.

xa. After all their boasted labours, and plenty of materials, as they imagine, I make the dame not only to add more, but stranger, and out of their means to get (except the first. *Papaver cornutum*, which I have touched at in the confection), as *Sefmichris caprijicos erutas, et cypressos funebreis*, as Horace calls them, where he arms Canidia, *Efod. lib. ode 5*. Then *Agaiicum Laricis*, of which see *Porta, lib. 2, d' Nat. Mag.* against Pliny. And *Basilisci, quern et Saturnm sanguinem vacant venijici, tantasque vires habere ferunt. Cor. Agrip. de occult. Pkilos. l i, c. 42*. With the viper remembered by *Lucan. lib. 6*, and the skins of serpents,

*Innataque rubris
Mq-uoribus custos pretiosa mpera concha,
Aut viv ntis adhuc Lybicte membrana cerasta.*

And *Ovid, lib. 7*.

*Nee defuit Hits
Squamea cinipkei tennis membrana ehelydri.*

' Wherein she took occasion to boast, all the
power attributed to witches by the ancients, of

You that have seen me ride when Hecate
Durst not take chariot; when the boiste-
rous sea,
Without a breath of wind, hath knocked
the sky;
And that hath thundered, Jove not know-
ing why:
When we have set the elements at
wars,
Made midnight see the sun, and day the
stars;
When the winged lightning in the course
hath stayed;
And swiftest rivers have run back, afraid,
To sec the corn remove, the groves to
range,
Whole places alter, and the seasons
change;
When the pale moon, at the first voice
down fell
Poisoned, and durst not stay the second
spell.
You, that have oft been conscious of these
sights;
And thou, § three-formed star, that on these
nights

which every poet (or the most) do give some : Homer to Circe, in the *Odysy*. Theocritus to Simatha, in *Phamiaeutria*; Virgil to Alpheusæus, in his *Eclague*. Ovid to Dipsas, in *Amor. to Medea and Circe*, in *Metamorph.* Tibullus to Saga; Horace to Canidia. *Sagana. Veia. Folia*; Seneca to Medea, and the nurse in *Here. Cete. Petr. Arbirer to his Saga, in Frag.* and Claudian to Megaera, lib. x in *Ru- finum*; who takes the habit of a witch, as they do, and supplies that historical part in the poem, beside her moral person of a Fury; confirming the same drift in ours.

t These invocations are solemn with them' whereof we may see the forms in *Ovid. Metam lib. 7*, in *Sen. Trag. Med. in Luc. lib. 6*, which of alt is the boldest and most horrid, beginning, *Eumenides, Stygiumque nefas, peeneque nocentum, &c.*

‡ The untying of their knots is, when they are going to some fatal business; Sagana is presented by Horace: *Expedita, per totum domum spargtis Avernaleis aquas, horret capillis ut marinus asperis echinus, aut cur' rens aper.*

§ Hecate, who is called Trivia, and Triformis, of whom *Virgil, Mnetd. lib. 4, Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Diatur*. She was believed to govern in witchcraft; and is remembered in all their invocations: see *Theocr. in Pharmaceut. xup' Eua SaonrXrt, and Medea in Senec. Meis vocata sacris no' Hum sidus vent, pessimos induta vultus', fronte non una minax. And Erick. in Luc. Persephone nostncque ffecatis pars u+ tinta, &c.*

Art only powerful, to whose triple name
Thus we incline, once, twice, and thrice
the same ;

If now with rites profane and foul enough
We do invoke thee ; darken all this roof
With present fogs: exhale earth's rot'nest
vapours,

And strike a blindness through these blaz-
ing tapers

Come, let a murmuring Charm resound,
The whilst we' bury all i' the ground.
But first, see everyt foot be bare;
And every knee.

Hag. Yes, Dame, they are.

4 Charm.

" Deep. O deep we lay thee to sleep ;
We leave thee drink by, if thou chance
to be dry ;

Both milk and blood, the dew arid the
flood.

We breathe in thy bed, at the foot and the
head ;

We cover thee warm, that thou take no
harm :

And when thou dost wake,

' This rite of burying their materials is often
confest in Remigius, and desuidd amply in
*Hor. Sat. 8, lib. 1. Utque lupi barbam variæ
cum dente colubræ abdideroit furtim ter-
ris, &c.*

† The ceremony also of baling their feet is
expressed by *Ovid. Metamorph. lib. 7*, as of
their hair :—

*Egreditur tectis iestes induta recinctas,
Nudapedem, nudos humeris infusa capillos.*

And *Herat, ibid. Pedibus nudis passoque ca-
pillo. And Senec. in traged. Mea. Tibi more
gentis, vinculo solvens comam, secreta nudo
nemora lustravi pede.*

' Here they speak as if they were creating
some new feature, which the devil persuades
them to be able to do often by the pronouncing
of words and pouring put of liquors on the
earth. Hear what *Agrippa* says, *De occult.
Phil. lib. 4*, near the end. In *evocatiottibus
tmbrarum fumigamus cum sanguine recenti,*
cum ossibus viortuorum, et carne cum ozis,
*lacte meli' olco, et similis, qvce aptum me-
dium tribuunt animabus, adsumenda corpora ;*
and a little before. *Namque aniniw cognitis
mediis, per qua quondam corporibus suis con-
jungebantur, per similes vapores, liquores, ni-
doresque facile alliciuntur.* Which doctrine
he had from *Apuleius*, without all doubt or
question, who in *lib. 3* *cie Asin. aureo*, pub-
lisheth the same. *Tunc decantatis spirantibus
fibris litat vario latic ; mine rot fontano,
mnc lacte viciirc, mine incle montano, libet
H mulsa. Sic illos apitlas. in mutuos nexus*

Dame Earth shall quake,
And the houses shake,
And her belly shall ake,
As her back were brake,
Such a birth to make,
As is the blue drake :
Whose form thoushalt take."

Dame. Never a star yet shot I
Where be the ashes ?

Hag. Here in the pot.

Dame. Cast§ them up ; and the flint-
stone
Over the left shoulder bone ;
Into the west.

Hag. It will be best.

5 Charm,

" The sticks are across, there can be no
loss,

The sage is rotten, the sulphur is gotten
Up to the sky, that 'vas in the ground.

Follow it then, with our rattles, round ;
Under the bramble, over the brier,

A little more heat will set it on fire :

*obditos, atqsnodatos, cum multis odoribus dat
vvis carbonibus adolendos. Tune protinus in-
expugnabili magice disciplines potestate, et
cteda numinut coactorum violentia ilia cor-
pora quorum fumabant stridentes capilli, spi-
ritum mntuantur hitmanum et sentiunt, et
audimit, et ambulant. Et qua nidor suarut'
duccbut exuviarum veniunt. AH which are
mere arts of Satan, when either himself will
delude them with a false form, or troubling a
dead body, makes them imagine these vanities
the means: as, in the ridiculous circumstances
that follow, he doth daily.*

§ This throwing of ashes and sand, with the
flint-stone, cross-sticks, and burying of sage, &c.,
are all used (and believed by them) to the
raising of storm and tempest. See *Remig,
lib. i. Dcmon. cap. 25. Nider. FormicaH,
cap. 4. Bodin. Damon, lib. 2, cap. 8. And
here Godelman lib. 2, cap. 6. Nam quando
Damon grandines ciendi fotestatem facit
' Deus, turn, maleficas instritit ; ut quandoqu'
silices post tergum. in occidentem versus pro-
jiciant, aliquando ut arenam aqua torrentis in
aerem conjiciant, plerumque scopas in aquam
intingant, coelnmqve versus spargunt, vel
fossulafacta et lotio infuse, vel aqua digitum
moveant: subinde in olla porcorum piles bul-
liant, nonnunquam trabes vel ligna in ripa
transversd collocent, et alia id genus delira-
menta efficiant. And when they see the suc-
cess, they are more confirmed, as if the event
followed their working. The like illusion is of
their phantasie, in sailing in eggshells, creeping
through auger-holes, and such like, so vulgar in
their confessions.*

Put it in mind to do it kind,
Flow water and blow wind.
Rouncy is over, Robbie is under,
A flash of light, and a clap of thunder,
A storm of rain, another of hail.
We all must home in the eggshell sail ;
The mast is made of a great pin,
The tackle of cobweb, the sail as thin,
And if we go through and not fall in——"

Dame. Stay, 'all our charms do nothing win

Upon the night; our labour dies,
Our magic feature will not rise—
Nor yet the storm ! we must repeat
More direful voices far, and beat
The ground with vipers till it sweat,

6 *Charm.*

" Bark dogs, wolves howl,
Seas roar, woods rouse,
Clouds crack, all be black,
But the light our charms do make."

Dame. Not yet, my rage begins to swell;
Darkness, Devils, Night, and Hell
Do not thus delay my spell.
I call you once, and I call you twice ;
I beat you again, if you stay me thrice :

This stop, or interruption, shewed the better by causing that general silence which made all the foil "wrig noises, enforced in the next chat in, more direful, first imitating that" of Lucan *Miratur Erichthw Hasfatts' lcuissu moms; ira-taque vorti Verberat immotiim vivo serpente cadaveri.*

6. And then their barking, howling, hissing, and confusion of noise expressed by the same author, in the same person.

*Tune vox Lethfeos cunctis Pollentior herbis
Excantare deos, confundi murmurq. primum.
Dissona, et hmanie. multwn discirdia lingue.
Latratu kabet ilia canuw, gemitzsque lorum,
Quod trepidus bubo, quod strix nocturna queruntur,
Quod strident ululantque ferer, quod sibilat anguis
Exprimit, et platictus illi\$K cnutibus undef
Sylvarumque sonuntractpque tonitrua nubis.
Tot rentm vox unafuit.*

See *Remig*, too. *Datnionolat. lib. i. cap. ig.*
t. This is one of their common menaces, when their magic receives the least stop. Hear *Erichth* again, *ibid.*

*Tibipessime mndi
A. rbitet immitat ruptis Titana. cavernis,
Mt subito feric re die.*

And a little before to *Proserpina*:

*Eloquar immemo terra; sub potidere quat te
Coniineant, Ennce, dapes, &c.*

Through these crannies where I peep,
I'll let in the light to see your sleep.
And all the secrets of your sway
Shall lie as open to the day
As unto me. Still are you deaf!
Reach me a bought that ne'er bare leaf,
To strike the air; and *Aconite*, §
To hurl upon this glaring light;
A rusty knife, || to wound mine arm ;
And as it drops I'll speak a charm,
Shall cleave the ground, as low n lies
Old shrunk-up Chaos, and let rise
Once more his dark and reeking h, ad,
To strike the world and nature dead,
Until my magic birth be bred.

7 *Charm.*

" lilark go in, and blacker come out ;
At thy going down, we ivetheeshout.
Hoo ! f

At thy rising aainthou shalt have two,
And if thou dost what we would have
thee do,

Thou shalt have three, thou shalt have-
four,

Thou shalt have ten, thou shalt have a
score."

Hoo ! Har ! Har ! Hoo !

That withered straight as it shot out, which is called *ramns feral* is by some, and *tristis* by *Senec Trag Med.*

§ A deadly poisonous herb, feigned by *Ovid*, *Mertam lib. 7*, to spring out of Cerberus's foam. *Pliny* gives it another beginning of name. *Nat. Hist. lib. 97, cap. 3. Nascitur nudis cautibus, quas aconas vacant, et inde aconitum (fixers, tullo juxta fie pidvre quidem nutriende.* Howsoever, the juice of it is like that liquor which the devil gives witches to sprinkle abroad and do hurt, in the opinion of all the magic masters.

|| A rusty knife I rather give her than any other, as fittest for such a devilish ceremony, which *Seneca* might mean by *sacro cutry* in the tragedy, where he arms *Medea* to the like rite (for anything I know), *Tiki nudato jectore Mamas, sacro fcriam brachia-cultro: natu't nosier saugnis ad aras.*

If These shouts and clamours, as also the voice *har, /ar*, are very particular with them, by the testimony of *Bodin*, *Rcmig*, *Delrio*, and *M. Phil. Ludwigus Ehch.*, who out of them reports it thus, *Tota turba collinviesque pessim fesceninos in hoitorevi Dtemonum cantat ob-scenissimos: fusc canit Har, Har, //, Diabole, Diabole, sal fa hue, salta illic; altera, Lnde hie, lude illic; alia, Sabaoth, Sabaoth, &c. Into clamoribus, sibilis, nluatibns, popysmis furit, ac debacchatur: pulveribus, vel venenis acceptis, qua homwibta pecudibusque spargant.*

8 Charm.

" A cloud of pitch, a spur and a switch,
To haste him away, and a whirlwind play,
Before and after, with thunder for
laughter,
And storms for joy, of the roaring boy ;
His head of a drake, his tail of a snake."

9 Charm.

¹ About, about, and about,
Till the mist arise, and the lights fly out,

' Nor do they want music, and in a strange manner given them by the devil, if we credit their confessions in *Reintg. Dæm. lib. T. cap. 19*. Such as the *Syrbencean Quins* were, which Athenians remembers out of *Clearchus, Deipnos. lib. 15*, where every one sung what he would, without hearkening to Ins fellow ; like the noise of divei-. o. irslslah in the water But be patient of Kemii:ius's relation *Mint mcttis illic miscctnr, ac turbantur oinnia, we nlla orations satis evprimi qucat, quain strepant sonis inconditis, absurdis, ac disircpan-tibus. Canit hie Damen ad tibiam, vel ver'n' ad caution, ant bacuiuin aliquod, qitodJortt hnni reprtirtt buate sen tibiam admittit Ihepro lyra cqHicalrariam pnsat, ac digitis concn'pdt. Alms fn'te vcl clavd graviore quccrum tundit, nude ejcauditur sonus, ac boatas veluti tynipaiiormn veJu'incntius pulsatorum. Intercinnnt raucide, et composite ad litut moron clangore Da-manes, ipsiurtque c&lum fragosa aridaque voce feriunt.*

¹ Our author is so great a magic master in this device, and has so well illustrated the design in his own comment, that he has left his editors nothing to add upon the subject. It can only be observed that all these spectacles were undoubtedly received as true facts, on the authority of the sovereign then present; who had endeavoured by his own book of *Da'tnonologv* to unriddle the whole system of witchcraft, and persuade his people into the firm belief of the superstitions and charms said to be practised by witches at their nightly meetings.—WHAL.

" Just before this Masque was written (says Percy, *Antient Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 199), a parcel of learned wisecracs, with our British Solomon, James I., at their head, had busied themselves on this subject," &c. That Percy, who ought to have observed some decorum, should copy the miserable cant of the Puritans, and sneer at the understanding of James, under a scripture name, is to be regretted. If James was so termed by his new subjects it was not on account of any fancied wisdom in him, but of his pacific nature. He always desired that there might be peace in his days, and he therefore took the title of *Rex Pacificus*. But Percy is full of blunders: instead of *just before*, James wrote his *Deemonology* nearly ten years before the *Masque of Queens* appeared, and instead of being at the head," he was at the tail of the writers on this subject, The great misfortune of James was—an insatiate

The images neither be seen nor
The woollen burn and the
melt:

Sprinkle your liquors upon the j
And into the air ; around, arom
Around, around,
Around, around,
Till a music sound,¹
And the pace be found,¹
To which we may dance,
And our charms advance

and unkingly curiosity : he always susj posture, and would needs search into the uv.. w' everything himself. He wanted not sagacity, and was complimented with more than he possessed; but this was a misfortune not peculiar to this poor king. His prying disposition undoubtedly led him at times into unpleasant and even ridiculous situations : but as he was always in earnest, it sometimes conduced to good. His personal examination of demoniacs and witches for example, led to a renunciation of his belief in witchcraft, &c. "The frequency of the foigeyi (Fuller says), produced such an alteration at length in the king's judgment that, receding from what he had advatued in his *De-monology*, he grew first diffident of, and then flatly denied the workings of witches and devils as but falsehoods and delusions."—*Church Hist.* book x. p. 73. Would that his persecutors had always shown themselves as open to conviction !

With respect to Jonson, his opinion of the popular creed is well known. There is no more necessity for supposing that he believed in, witchcraft than that he believed in the gods of Greece and Rome. He cites his authorities in both cases ; but with no further aim in either than to justify himself as a poet ; except in the present instance to gratify Prince Henry", who had laid his command upon him to collect and publish his authorities

One word more. From the clamour raised against Tames it would seem as if the commentators thought that neither witches nor laws against them existed before this young prince (he was but little turned of twenty) published his *Dsemonological* treatise. But witchcraft had been declared a capital crime in this country ages before his accession to the throne, and his doings in the way of punishment were mere piddling to the wholesale hangings and burnings of the republicans. The "godly" drove on at a merry rate, and experienced none of the "com" punctions visitings" which so often restrained the hand of James. "In the collection that I have made (says good Dr. Hutchin.son), it is observable that in 103 years, from the statute against witchcraft in the 33rd of Henry VIII., till 1644 (long after the death of James), when we were in the midst of our civil wars, I find but about fifteen executed. But in the sixteen years following, while the Government was in other hands, there were an hundred and nine, if not more, condemned and hanged I"—*Hist. Essay on Witchcraft*, p. 68.

At which, with a strange and sudden
Zini'i, they fell into a magical dance
full of preposition change 'and gesticu-

In the heat of their dance, on the sudden,
we heard a sound of loud music, as if
many instruments had made one blast;
with which not only the Hags themselves
but the hell into which they ran, quite
vanished, and the ivholcface of the Scene
al't red, scarce suff'ring the memory of
a thing; bu't in the place of it ap-
aud magnificent bind-
figuring the HOUSE OF FAME, in
of which were discovered the
Masquers, sitting upon a throne
temphal, erected in form of a pyramid,
and circled with all store of light. From
whom a person, by this time descended, in
the furniture of Pctscub, and expressing
heroic and masculine Virtue, began to
speak.

HEROIC VIRTUE.

So should at Fame's loud sound and
Virtue's sight,
All dark and envious witchcraft fly the
light.
Ij did not borrow Hermes' wings, nor ask
His crooked sword, nor put on Pluto's
casque,
Nor on mine arm advanced wise Pallas'
shield,
(By which, my face averted, in open field
I slew the Gorgon) for an empty name :
When Virtue cut off Terror, lie gat Fame.

(a) And here we cannot but take the
opportunity to make some more particular

The mannei also of their dancing is confest
in Bodin. lib. 2, ca. 4. And Rcmig. lib. 1,
cap 17 and 18 The sum of which M. Phil.
Lu. 1, Elich. relates thus in 1m Dcemonon.
qitu'st. 10. Tripudiis interdum intersunt facie
lin'ra- ft aperd, interdum obdnctA lamd,
Unteo, cortlt., reticulo, pcplo, velalio velamine,
ant farrinario exccrniculo involuta. And a
little after, Omniafiunt ritu absurdissitno, ct
ah omiii consnetudine hominum nlicmssiuo,
dsrsis invicem obversis, et in orbem junctis
manibus, saltando circumeunt perinde sua
jactantes capita, ut qui cestro agitantur.
Remigius adds out of the confession of Sibylla,
More i i a Gyrum semper in la-vcim progredi.
Which Pliny observes m the priests of Cybele,
Nat. Hist. lib. 28, cap. 2, and to be done with
great religion Bodin adds, that they use
brooms in their hands, with which we armed
our witches ; and here we leave them.

f But most applying to their property: who

And if, when Fame was gotten, Terror
died,

What black Erynns, or more hcllibh Pride,
Durst arm these hags, now she is grown
and great,
To think they could her glories once
defeat ?

was her parent, and I am her strength.
Heroic Virtue sinks not under length
Of years or ages ; but is still the same,
While he preserves, as when he got good
fame.
My daughter then, whose glorious house
you see
Built all of sounding brass, whose columns
be
Men-making poets, and those well-made
men,
Whose strife it was to have the happiest
pen
Renown them to an after-life, and not
With pride to scorn the Muse, and die for-
got ;

She, that enquireth into all the world,
And hath about her vaulted palace hurled
All rumours and reports, or true, or vain,
What utmost lands, or deepest seas con-
tain,
But only hangs great actions on her file ;
She, to this lesser world, and greatest
isle,
To-night sounds honour, which she would
have seen
In yond' bright bevy, each of them a
queen.

Eleven of them are of times long gone.^{f1})
(tf) PENTHESILEA,¹ the brave Amazon,

description of their scene, as also of the
persons they presented ; which, though

at their meetings do all things contrary to the
custom of men, dancing back to back, and hip to
hip, their hands joined, and making their choirs
backward, to the kfi hand, with strange phan-
tastic motions of their heads and bodies. All
which were excellently imitated by the maker
of the dance, M. Hierome Herne, whose right it
is here to be named.

† The ancients expressed a brave and mascu-
line virtue in three figures (of Hercules, Perseus,
and Bellerophon.) Of which we choose that of
Perseus, armed as we have described him out of
Hesiod. Scut. Here. See Apollodor., the gram-
marian, lib. 2 de Perseo.

¹ For this note, see next page.

(†) At the conclusion of the speech which fol-
lows this, the author takes occasion to enter into a
little history of the *Dramatis Persona*?. Know-
ledge of this kind was gained at a greater expense
of time in those days than ours; and the poet

Swift-foot CAMILLA,² Queen of Volscia,
Victorious THOMYRIS³ of Scythia,

they were disposed rather by chance than election, yet it is my part to justify them all : and then the lady that will own her presentation, may.

¹ To follow therefore the rule of chronology, which I have observed in my verse, the most upward in time was PENTHIK-SILEA. She was queen of the Amazons, and succeeded Otrera, or (as some will) Orithya ; she lived and was present at the siege of Troy, on their part, against the Greeks, and (as Justin gives her testimony) *Interfortissimos viros, magna ejus viuitis documenta extitere*. She is nowhere named but with the preface of honour and virtue ; and is always advanced in the head of the worthiest women. Diodorus Siculus makes her the daughter of Mars. She was honoured in her death to have it the act of Achilles. Of which Propertius sings this triumph to her beauty,

Atirea cui postquam nudavit cassidafrontem,
Vicit victorem Candida forma virum.

² Next follows CAMILLA, Queen of the Volscians, celebrated by Virgil, in than whose verses nothing can be imagined more exquisite, or more honouring the person they describe. They are these, where he reckons up those that came on Turnus's part, against Eneas :

Hos super advenit Volscæ de gente Camilla,
Agmen agens equiturn, et florenleis sere catervas,
Bellatrix. Non ilia colo, cal. Uhisve Minervæ
Femineas assueta rnanus, sed præha virgo
Dura pati, cursuque pedum pia: vertere ventos
Ilia vel Intacta; segetis per summia volaret
Gramma, nee teneras cursu loessisset aistas :
Vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumentis,
Ferret iter, celeris nee tingeret æquore plantas.

And afterwards tells her attire and arms, with the admiration that the spectators had of her. All which, if the poet created out of himself, without Nature, he did but shew how much so divine a soul could exceed her.

³ The third lived in the age of Cyrus, the great Persian monarch, and made him leave to live, THOMYRIS, Queen of the

Chaste ARTEMISIA,¹ the Carian dame.
And fair-haired BERONICE,⁶ Egypt's fame,

Scythians, or Massagets. A heroine of a most invincible and unbroken fortitude : who, when Cyrus had invaded her, and taking her only son (rather by treachery than war, as she objected), had slain him ; not touched with the grief of so great a loss, in the juster comfort she took of a great revenge, pursued not only the occasion and honour of conquering so potent an enemy, with whom fell two hundred thousand soldiers : but (what was right memorable in her victory) left not a messenger surviving of his side to report the massacre. She is remembered both by Herodotus & Justin, to the great renown and glory of her kind, with this elegy: *Quod potentissimo lcrsarum Monarches bello congressa es, ipsunque et vita et castris spoliavit, ad justum i, liscendum filii ejus indiguissimum mortem*.

⁴ The fourth was honoured to life in time of Xerxes, and was present at his great expedition into Greece ; ARTEMISIA, the Queen of Cana. ; whose virtue Herodotus IT not without some wonder records. That a woman, a queen, without a husband, her son a ward, and she administering the government, occasioned by no necessity, but a mere excellence of spirit, should embark herself for such a war ; and there so to behave her, as Xerxes, beholding her fight, should say : *Viri quidem extiterunt mihi femine, femine autem viri*." She is no less renowned for her chastity and love to her husband Mausolus. whose bones (after he was dead) she preserved in ashes and drank in wine, making herself his tomb ; and yet built to his memory a monument deserving a place among the seven wonders of the world, which could not be done by less than a yongler of women.

⁵ The fifth was the fair-haired daughter of Ptolomæus Philadelphus, by the elder Arsinoë ; who, (married to her brother Ptolomæus, surnamed Evergetes,) was after Queen of Egypt. I find her written both BERONICE and BERENICE. This lady,

histories to the names respectively, instead of giving them continuously in the text.

¹ Hist. lib. 2. Lib. 3, eleg. 10.
Æneid. lib. 7. § In Clio. " Epit. lib. x.
In Poly. hymn. " Herod. in Urgania.
† Val. Max. lib. 4, cap. 6, and A. Gt. lib. 10, cap. xS.

might think perhaps that the ladies would not be unwilling to learn something in this way of the personages whom they presented. To prevent any little heart-burnings on the choice of Queens, the characters, it appears, were distributed by lot; and Jonson either could not or would not appropriate them. I have ventured to subjoin the

HVPSICRATEA,⁶ glory of Asia,
CANDACE,⁷ pride of Ethiopia,

The Britain honour, VoADTCKA,⁸
The virtuous Palmyrene, ZENOBIA,⁹

upon an expedition of her new-v added lord into Assyria, vowed to Venus, if he returned safe, and conqueror, the offering of her hair : which vow of hers (exactied by the success) she afterward performed. But her father missing it, and therewith displeased, Conon, a mathematician who was then in household with Ptolomy, and knew well to flatter him, persuaded the king that it was taken up to heaven, and made a constellation ; shewing him those seven stars, *ad caudam Leonis*, which are since called *Coma Berenices*. Which story then presently celebrated by Callinachus, in a most elegant poem, Catullus more elegantly converted : wherein they call her the magnanimous even from a virgin. Alluding (as Hyginus' says) to a rt-bcue she made of her father in his lliht, and restoring the courage and honour of his army, even to a victory. Their words are,

Cognifraui a parva virgine magnnnimam.t

⁶ The sixth, that famous wife of Mithridates, and Queen of Pontus, HVPSICRATEA, no less an example of virtue than the rest; who so loved her husband, as she was assistant to him in all labours and hazard of the war in a masculine habit. For which cause (as Valerius Maximus observes) she departed with the chief ornament of her beauty. *7* *vists enim capillis, equo sc et armis assuefecit, quo factis Ltortbus et periculis ejus in f cresset.* And afimvnrđ, in his flight from Pompey, accompanied his misfortune with a nund and body equally unwearied. She is so solemnly registered by that grave author as a notable precedent of marriage loyalty and love : virtues that might raise a mean person to equality with a queen ; but a queen to the state and honour of a deity.

⁷ The seventh, that renown of Ethiopia, CANDACE : from whose excellency the succeeding queens of that nation were ambitious to be called so. A woman of a most haughty spirit against enemies, and a singular affection to her subjects. I find her celebrated by Dionş and Pliny,|| invading Egypt in the time of Augustus :

¹ *Astronom. lib. 2. in Leo.*

² *Catul. de Coma Beronic.*

³ *Lib. 4. cap. 6. de amor. coning.*

⁴ *ft Hist. Rom. lib. 54.*

who, though she were enforced to a peace by his lieutenant Petronius, doth not the less worthily hold her place here; when everywhere this elegy remains of her fame: that she was *maximl antmi wulicr, tau-tique in suos -mcriti lit omncs dcint'p' Aitfuopium rcghic cjus nomine fueritt appcllalde.* She governed in Meroe.

The eighth, our own honour, VOA-DICKA, or BOAUICEA ; by some Bunduica, and Bunduca, Queen of the Jceni, a people that inhabited that part of our island which was called East Anglia, and comprehended Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridge, and Huntingdon shires. Since she was born here at homo, we will first honour her with a home-born testimony ; from the grave and diligent Spenser :†

Bunduca 1'ritoncşş,
Buncluca, that victorious ronquersş,
That lifting up her bia'e hciolc thought
'Bove woman's weakness, with the Romans
fm., lu;
Fovmhi, and in field against them thrice prevailed, &c.

To which see her orations in story, made by Tacitus and Dion :† wherein is expressed all magnitude of a spirit, breathing to the liberty and redemption of her country. The latter of whom, doth honest her bi-bidc with a particular description : *Bunduca Britannica fa:mna orta stirpe rcgia, (nee jion slhm ess cum magnet digintatcprafuit, ied ctiam bellitm omrte administravit; citjus amma viritis pottus quam muliebris erat.* And afterwards, *Foenuna, forma houctissima, vultu sevcro, &c.* All which doth weigh the more to her true praise, in coming from the mouths of Romans and enemies. She lived in the time of Nero.

⁹ The ninth, in time, but equal in fame, and (the cause of it) virtue, was the chaste ZENOBIA, Queen of the Palmyrenes, who, after the death of her husband Odenatus, had the name to be reckoned among the thirty that usurped the Roman empire from Galienus. She continued a long and brave war against several chiefs ; and was at length triumphed on by Aurelian : but

¹¹ *Nat. Hist. lib. 6. cap. 29.*

¹² *Ruins of rime.*

¹³ *Annal. lib. 14.*

¹⁴ *ft Epit. Joan. Xifhlin. in Ner.*

The wise and warlike Goth, AMALASUNTA,¹⁰
The bold VALASCA," of Bohemia ;
These, in their lives, as fortunes, crowned
the choice
Of womankind, and 'gainst all opposite voice

Made good to time, had, after death, the
claim
To live eternized in the House of Fame.
Where hourly hearing (as, what there is
old?)
The glories of BEL-ANNA¹² so well told,

ea specie, ut nihil pompabilius P. Rom. videretur. Her chastity was such, *ut tie virum suum quidem sciret, nisi tentatis conceptionibus.* She lived in a most royal manner, and was adored to the custom of the Persians. When she made orations to her soldiers, she had always her casque on. A woman of a most divine spirit, and incredible beauty. In Trebellius Pollio' read the most notable description of a queen and her that can be uttered with the dignity of an historian.

The tenth, succeeding, was that learned and heroic AMALASUNTA, Queen of the Ostrogoths, daughter to Theodoric, that obtained the principality of Ravenna and almost all Italy. She drove the Burgundians and Almaines out of Liguna, and appeared in her government rather an example than a second. She was the most eloquent of her age, and cunning in all languages of any nation that had commerce with the Roman empire. It is recorded of her, that *Sine veneratione earn viderit nemo, pro miraculo fucrit ipsam audire loquentem. Tantaque illt in discernendo gravitas, ut criminis convicii, cum plecterentur nihil sibi acerbum pati mdermtur.*

The eleventh was that brave Bohemian Queen, VALASCA, who for her courage had the surname Bold : that to redeem herself and her sex from the tyranny of men, which they lived in under Primislaus, on a night, and at an hour appointed, led on the women to the slaughter of their barbarous husbands and lords. And possessing themselves of their horses, arms, treasure, and places of strength, not only ruled the rest, but lived many years after with the liberty and fortitude of Amazons. Celebrated by Raphael Volateranus,§ and in an elegant tract of an Italian§ in Latin, who names himself Philalethes, *Polytopiensis civis inter prastantissimas foeminas.*

¹² The twelfth, and worthy sovereign of

all, I make BEL-ANNA, royal Queen of the Ocean; of whose dignity and person, the whole scope of the invention doth speak throughout: which, to offer you again here, might but prove offence to that sacred modesty which hears any testimony of others iterated with more delight than her own praise. She being placed above the need of such ceremony, and safe in her princely virtue, against the good or ill of any witness. The name of Bel-anna I devised to honour hers proper by; as adding to it the attribute of Fair : and is kept by me in all my poems wherein I mention her majesty with any shadow or figure. Of which some may come forth with a longer destiny than this age commonly gives to the best births, if but helped to light by her gracious and ripening favour.

But here I discern a possible objection arising against me ; to which I must turn : as, *How I can bring persons of so different ages to appear properly together? or why (which is more unnatural) with Virgil's Mezentius I join the living with the dead?* I answer to both these at once. Nothing is more proper; nothing more natural. For these all live, and together, in their fame : and so I present them. Besides, if I would fly to the all-daring power of poetry, where could I not take sanctuary? or in whose poem? For other objections, let the looks and noses of judges hover thick ; so they bring the brains : or if they do not, I care not. When I suffered it to go abroad, I departed with my right; and now, so secure an interpreter I am of my chance, that neither praise nor dispraise shall affect me.

There rests only that we give the description we promised of the scene, which was the House of Fame. The structure and ornament of which (as is profest before) was entirely Master Jones's invention and design. First, for the lower

¹⁰ In trigm. Tyrant.
t M. Anton. Cocci. Sabel. (out of Cassiod.)
Ennead. 7, lib. 2.

% In Geograph. I 9.
| Forcia. Quasi.

' This "birth" never came to light. It is evident, however, from other passages, that Jonson had made some progress in a work intended to celebrate the ladies of Great Britain. Why it was not completed, or why it never appeared, it is now too late to guess

Queen of the Ocean ; how that she alone
 Possest all virtues, for which one by one
 They were so famed : and wanting then a
 head

To form that sweet and gracious pyramid
 Wherein they sit, it being the sovereign
 place

Of all that palace, and reserved to grace
 The worthiest queen : these, without envy
 on her,

In life, desired that honour to confer,
 Which, with their death, no other should
 enjoy.

She then embracing with a virtuous joy,
 Far from self-love, as humbling all her
 worth

To him that gave it, hath again brought forth
 Their names to memory ; and means this
 night

To make them once more visible to light:
 And to that light from whence her truth
 of spirit,

Confesseth all the lustre of her merit.
 To you, most royal and most happy king,
 Of whom Fame's house in every part doth
 ring

columns, he chose the statues of the most
 excellent poets, as Homer, Virgil, Lu-
 can, &c., as being the substantial sup-
 porters of Fame. For the upper, Achilles,
 Eneas, Caesar, and those great heroes
 which these poets had celebrated: all
 which stood as in massy gold. Between
 the pillars underneath were figured land-
 battles, sea-fights, triumphs, loves, sacri-
 fices, and all magnificent subjects of
 honour, in brass, and heightened with
 silver. In which he profest to follow that
 noble description made by Chaucer of the
 place. Above were sited the masquers,
 over whose heads he devised two eminent
 figures of Honour and Virtue for the arch.
 The friezes both below and above were
 filled with several-coloured lights, like

¹ *All which I willingly acknowledge for
 kirk, &c.]* A man of greater liberality than
 Tynson probably never existed. He speaks of
 his associates not only with candour, but with a
 warmth of praise, and even of affection, that
 cannot be surpassed. To Inigo Jones, he
 shews peculiar kindness ; he frequently goes
 out of his way, and enlarges upon the machinery
 of his Masques, with an evident view to recom-
 mend him to the notice of the court. And his
 return for all this is, to be taxed with "detrac-
 tion" on all occasions, and to have his name
 held up by the commentators on our old dra-
 matists, as synonymous with envy and every
 hateful And malignant passion.

For every virtue, but can give no increase:
 Not though her loudest trumpet blaze
 your peace.

To you, that cherish every great example
 Contracted in yourself; and being so ample
 A field of honour cannot but embrace
 A spectacle so full of love and grace
 Unto your court: where every princely dame
 Contends to be as bounteous of her fame
 To others, as her life was good to her.
 For by their lives they only did confer
 Good on themselves; but by their fame to
 yours,

And every age the benefit endures.

*Here the throne wherein they sat, being
 machina versatilis, suddenly changed;
 and in the place of it appeared Fama
 bona, as she is described (in Iconolog. di
 Cesare Ripa) attired in white, with
 white wings, having a collar of gold
 about her neck, and a heart hanging at
 it: which Orus Apollo, in his hierogl.
 interprets the note of a good Fame. In
 her right-hand she bore a trumpet, in her
 left an olive-branch: and for her state,*

emeralds, rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, &c.,
 the reflex of which, with our lights placed
 in the concave, upon the masquers' habits,
 was lull of glory. These habits had in
 them the excellency of all device and
 riches: and were worthily varied by his
 invention, to the nations whereof they
 were queens. Nor are these alone his
 due ; but divers other accessions to the
 strangeness and beauty of the spectacle :
 as the hell, the going about of the chariots,
 and binding the witches, the turning
 machine, with the presentation of Fame,
 All which I willingly acknowledge for him :
 since it is a virtue planted in good nature,
 that what respects they wish to obtain
 fruitfully from others they will give inge-
 nuously themselves.

Two and twenty years indeed, after this
 period, Jonson and Jones fell at variance, and
 the former, who was then bedridden, wrote a
 series of verses against the latter, more remark-
 able for caustic wit than poetry. But what is
 therein the character of Jones to induce any
 candid mind to believe that the satire was
 entirely unprovoked on his part, or that the
 veteran bard was not well founded in some part
 of his complaint? Inigo was at least as cap-
 tious as Ben was warm, and there were faults
 probably on both sides.

Be this as it may, it is but justice to give the
 poet credit for the frankness with which he
 here compliments his assistants in the scene

it was as Virgil' describes her, at the full, her feet on the ground and her head in the ilou.h. She, after the music had done, ivich waited on the turning of the machine, called from thence to Virtue, and spake this following speech.

FAME.

Virtue, my father and my honour ; thou That mad'st me good as great ; and dar'st avow

No fame for thine but what is perfect: aid To-night the triumphs of thy white-winged maid.

Do those renowned queens all utmost rites Their states can ask. *This is a night of nights.*

In mine own chariots let them crowned ride; And mine own birds and beasts, in geers applied

To draw them forth. Unto the first car tie Far-sighted eagles, to note Fame's sharp eye, Unto the second, griffons, that design Swiftness and strength, two other gifts of mine.

Unto the last, our lions, that imply The top of graces, state, and majesty. And let those Hags be led as captives, bound Before their wheels, whilst I my trumpet sound.

At which the loud music sounded as before, to give the Masquers time of descending.

By this time imagine the masquers descended, and again mounted into three triumphant chariots, ready to come forth. The first four were drawn with eagles (whereof I gave the reason, as of the rest, in Fame's speech), their four torch-bearers attending on the chariot's sides, and four of the Hags bound before them. Then followed the second, drawn by griffons, with their torch-bearers, and four other Hags. Then the last, which was drawn by lions, and more eminent (wherem her Majesty was), and had six torch-bearers more, peculiar to her, with the like number of Hags. After which a full triumphant music, singing this SONG, whL'e they rode in state about the stage :—

Help, help, all tongues, to celebrate this wonder:

The voice of Fame should be as loud as thunder.

Her house is all of echo made,
Where never dies the sound :

And as her brows the clouds invade,
Her feet do strike the ground.

Sing then, good Fame, that's out of Virtue born :

For who doth Fame neglect, doth Virtue scorn.

Here they alighted from their chariots, and danced forth their first dance : then a second immediately following it : both right curious, and full of subtle and excellent changes, and seemed performed with no less spirits than of those the) personated. The first was to the cornets the second to the violins, Afterwhich they took out the men, and danced the measiues ; entertaining the time, almost to the space of an hour, with singular variety : when, to give them rest, from the inline which attended the chariots, by that most excellent tenor voice, and exact singer (her Majesty's servant, Master Jo. Allin) this ditty was sung :—

When all the a'es of the earth
Were crowned but in this famous birth :
And that when th'y would boast their store
Of worthy queens, they knew no more :
How h-ippier is that nge can give
A Queen in whom all they do live !

After it succeeded their third dance ; than which a more numerous composition could not be seen : graphically disposed into letters, and honouring the name of the mostsweetand ingenious Prince, CHARLES Duke of York. Wherein, beside that principal grace of perspicuity, the motions were so even and apt, and their expression so just, as, if mathematicians had lost proportion, they might there have found it. The author was Master Thomas Giles. After this they danced galliards and corantos. And then their last d.ince, no less elegant in the place than the rest, with which they took their chariots again, and triumphing about the stage, had their return to the House of Fame celebrated with this last SONG ; whose notes (as the former) were the woik and honour of my excellent friend Alfonso Ferrabosco :

Who, Virtue, can thy power forget,
That sees these live, and triumph yet?
Th' Assyrian pomp, and Persian pride,
Greeks glory, and the Romans dyed :

And who yet imitate
Their noises tarry the same fate.
Force greatness all the glorious ways
You can, it soon decays ;

But so good Fame shall never:
Her triumphs, as their causes, are for ever.

To conclude which, I know no worthier way of epilogue than the celebration of who were the celebraters :

The QUEEN'S MAJESTY.
The Co. OF ARUNDEL.
The Co. OF DERBY.
The Co. OF HUNTINGDON.¹
The Co. OF BEDFORD.
The Co. OF ESSEX.²

The Co. OF MONTGOMERY.
The Vise. CRANBORNE.³
The LA. ELIZ. GUILFORD.
The LA. ANNE WINTER.
The LA. WINDSOR.
The LA. ANNE CLIFFORD.

¹ *The Countess of Huntingdon.* This high-born lady (wife of Henry Hastings, fifth Earl of Huntingdon) was Elizabeth, the daughter of Ferdinando Stanley, Earl of Derby, by the lady who immediately precedes her in the list.

² *The Countess of Essex.* This beautiful young creature (for she was not yet seventeen) was the unfortunated and guilty wife of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, whose nuptials were celebrated with such splendour at Whitehall, and for whom Jonson composed the *Masque of Hymen*. She was the sister of the Viscountess Cranborne mentioned below, and was at this time the pride and boast of the English Court. Wilson blames her father for keeping her there during the absence of her husband, and hints that she was too much admired by Prince Henry. At this period, however, nothing had happened to tarnish her name.

³ *The Viscountess Cranborne.* Lady Catherine Howard, youngest daughter of Thomas, Earl of Suffolk, and recently married to William, Viscount Cranborne, son of that great statesman Robert Cecil, 1st Earl of Salisbury.

For the remaining names see the preceding Masques.

[Gifford has very justly remarked on the ridiculously slender grounds on which Malone has fixed 1606 as the date of the production of *Macbeth*; but, while calling attention to Jonson's own words on the sources from which he derived his witch machinery, he has taken no notice of the passages (ante 47 b) in which he speaks particularly of "the knowne story of K. Duffe out of Hector Boetius." Now, had *Macbeth* been produced before Feb. 1610, when this Masque saw the light, I cannot help thinking it improbable that Jonson (considering the prominent mention, p 58 b, given to Spenser's *Ruins of Time*) would have ignored its existence in Avriting; this note, and quite impossible that he should have blundered the name of the hero. The earliest authenticated mention of the Play is, I believe, in Dr. Fonnans *Diary*, under date April 20, 1610, when he saw it acted at *Tu> Globe*, and gives an outline of the plot, which he would hardly have done if it had been of four years' standing. —F. C.]



The Speeches at Prince Henry's Barriers.

THE SPEECHES, &c.] Jonson has prefixed no date to these, and the *Masque of Ofaron* which follows them; but the time is ascertained by the public records. On Monday, the fourth of June, 1610, Henry, then in his sixteenth year, was created Prince of Wales with extraordinary pomp and solemnity. On the next day (Tuesday), the beautiful *Masque of Oberon* was performed, and on Wednesday the *Burners* or Tiltng. A very full account of the "formalities and shews," as they are called, on the Prince's creation, may be found in Winwood's *Stale Papers* (vol. iii. pp. 179-181.) In the *Masque*, which is said to have been "a most glorious one," it appears that some introductory matter (not absolutely connected with it) has been omitted. Of the *Barriers*, Sir Ralph Winwood's correspondent (Sir John Fmnet) thus speaks. "The third and last day did not give place to any of the former, either in statelness of shew or stimpuousness in performance. The names of the TILTERS were these: the Duke of Lenox, the Earls of Arundell, Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery; the Lords Walden, Cdmpton, Norris, North, Hay, and Dmgwell; Sir Thomas Sommerset, Sir Thomas Howard, Sir Henry Carey, Sir Sigismond Alexander, and Mr. Henry Alexander. The Earl of Pembroke brought in two caparisons of peach-coullered velvet, embroidered all over with fair oriental pearls, and yet the Lord Walden carried away the reputation of bravery" (splendour of apparel) "that day. But to speak generally of the Court, I must truly confess unto you that I have not in all my life once seen so much riches in bravery as at thys time. Embroidered suits were so common, as the richest lace which was to be gotten seemed but a mean grace to the wearer."

The praise of superior skill at this course is given in another place to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery and the Duke of Lenox. Pembroke was eminent in every accomplishment, as well as virtue; and from the incidental notices of his brother Philip, which occur in all the Court correspondence of the time, it is difficult to believe that he was so wretched a creature as later writers choose to represent him. Illiterate he assuredly was, but he excelled in all polite and manly exercises; and it is somewhat to his praise that though he continued a most distinguished favourite to the last moment of the king's existence, he provoked no ill-will, and excited no envy. His declining years were stained with ingratitude of the basest kind; and he was abandoned to merited disgrace and contempt.

It was, I believe, at these Barriers, that Carr laid the foundation of his surprising fortune. He was pitched upon by Lord Dingwell (Hume says, by Lord Hay) on account of his youth and beauty, to present him, in quality of his page, with his lance and shield. In approaching the lists for this purpose, he was thrown from his horse, and taken up with a broken leg. The rest is matter of history, and too well known.

[Mr. Collier, in his *Annals of the Stage*, i. 375, has the following passage in correction of the foregoing. "Gilford was at a loss to decide at what date Ben Jonson's *Mask of Oberon*, preceded by *Prince Henry's Barriers*, was performed. He at first assigned it to the 5th of June, 1610, when Daniel's production was exhibited; but he afterwards detected this error, though he still remained in doubt when it was produced. Mr. Nichols, in his *Progresses of James*, i., states correctly that it was represented on the 1st of January, 1610-11." See Note (a) p. 171.—F, C.J

*The LADY OF THE LAKE discovered.*¹

Lady. A silence, calm as are my waters,
meet

Your raised attentions, whilst my silver feet
Touch on the richer shore ; and to this seat
Vow my new duties, and mine old repeat.

Least any yet should doubt or might mis-
take

What nymph I am, behold the ample Lake
Of which I'm styled ; and near it MFRLIN'S
tomb,

Grave of his cunning, as of mine the womb.

By this it will not ask me to proclaim
More of myself, whose actions and whose
name

Were so full feigned in British ARTHUR'S
court ;

No more than it will fit me to report

What hath before been trusted to our
squire

Of me, my knight, his fate, and my
desire

To meet, if not prevent, his destiny,

Arid style him to the court of Britany ;

Now when the island hath regained her
fame

Intire and perfect in the ancient name,

And that a monarch equal good and great,

Wise, temperate, just, and stout, CLAIMS
ARTHUR'S SEAT.

Did I say equal? O Uo prodigal wjong

Of my o'er-llnnty and unequal tongue!

How brighter far th.in when our Arthur
lived,

Are all the glories of this place revived!

What riches do I see ; what beauties here!

What awe ! what love ! what reverence !
joy ! and fear !

What ornaments of counsel as of court !

All that is high, and great, or can comport

Unto the style of majesty, that knows

No rival but itself, this place here shows.

Only the house of Chivalry (how'er

The inner parts and store be full, yet here

In that which gentry should sustain) de-
cayed,

Or rather ruined seems ; her buildings laid
Flat with the earth, that were the pride of
time,

And did the barbarous Memphian heaps
outchmb.

Those obelisks and columns broke, and
down,

That struck the stars, and raised the British
crown

To be a constellation :⁵ shields and swords,
Cobwebbed, and rusty ; not a helm afloft

A spark of lustre, which were wont to give
Light to the world, and made the nation
live ;

When in a day of honour fire was smit

To have put out Vulcan's, arid have lasted
yet.

O, when this edifice stood great and high,

That in the carcase hath such majesty,

Whose very skeleton boasts so much worth,

What grace, what glories did it then send
forth !

When to the structure went more noble
names

Than the Ephesian temple lost m flames :

When every stone was laid by virtuous
hands ;

And standing so,—O that it yet not stands !
More truth of architecture there was blfiml

Than lived in all the ignorant Goths have
lazed.

There porticos were built, and scats, K;r
knights

That watched for all adventures, days and
nights,

The niches filled with statues to invite

Young valours forth, by their old forms to
fight.

With arcs triumphal for their actions done,
Outstriding the Colossus of the Sun.

And trophies, reared of spoiled enemies,

Whose tops pierced through the clouds
and hit the skies.

¹ CLAIMS ARTHUR'S SEAT.] See the addi-
tions to the Masque of *Pleasure reconciled to
Virtue*, "for the honour of Wales."

[The three words *Claims Arthur's Seat*, form
the anagram of Charles James Stuart.—F. C.J

¹ *The Lady of the Lake.*} Alluding to the
old romance of Sir Lancelot and t,ie Lady of
the Lake.—WHAL.

2 Shields find swords,
Cobwebbed and rusty ; not a jwlm affords
A spark of 'lustre', w, 'iith were wont to give
L, ghlght to the world, and made the nation live.]
There is a great similitude between these

verses and those of the poet Bacchylides, in his
delicate Hymn, to *Peace* :

'Ἐν δὲ σιβαροδέουσιν πόρτασιν αἰθάν Ἀράχνας
'Ἰστοὶ πέλονται' ἔρχεται δὲ λογχωτὰ
Ξίφει τ' ἀμφακὰ εὐρύς δάμναται ἡ χαλκίαν
ἰ σάλπηγγων κτύπος.

O'er the bright concave shield, the spider
spreads

Her dusty web ; and cankring rust devours

The two-edged falchion and the pointed spear ;

Nor longer heard the brazen trumpet's sound.

WHAT,

ARTHUR, *discovered as a star above.*

Arth. And thither hath thy voice pierced.
Stand not mazed,
Thy eyes have here on greater glories
gazed,
And not been frightened. I, thy Arthur, am
Translated to a star : and of that frame
Or constellation that was called of me
So long before, as showing what I should
be,
Arcturus, once thy king, and now thy
star,
Such the rewards of all good princes are !
Nor let it trouble thy design, fair dame,
That I am present to it with my flame
And influence; since the times are now
devolved
That Merlin's mystic prophecies are
absolved,
In Britain's name, the union of this isle,
And claim both of my sceptre and my style.
Fair fall his virtue that doth fill that
throne
In which i joy to find myself so' out-
shone :
And for the greater wish men should him
take,
As it is nobler to restore than make.
Proceed in thy great work ; bring forth
thy knight
Preserved for his times, that by the might
And magic of his arm he may restore
These ruined seats of virtue and build
more.
Let him be famous, as was Tristram,
Tor,
Launcelot, and all our list of knighthood ;
or
Who were before, or have been since : his
name
Strike upon heaven, and there stick his
fame.
Beyond the paths and searches of the
sun
Let him tempt fate ; and when a world is
won,
Submit it duly to this state and throne,
Till time and utmost stay make that his
own.

¹ *Forgive repented wrongs, &c.*] All the world knows that this redoubtable conjurer was betrayed into a cavern, and shut up by the cruel craft of this lady. There is, as the reader must be aware, a perpetual allusion to the *Morte Arthur*, and the romances which have grown out of it.

² *Call forth the fair Meliadus.*] Meliadus is Prince Henry. Drummond of Hawthornden

But first receive this shield: wherein is wrought
The truth that he must follow ; and (being taught
The ways from heaven) ought not be despised.
It is a piece was by the fates devised
To arm his maiden valour ; and to show
Defensive arms th' offensive should forego.
Endow him with it, Lady of the Lake.
And for the other mysteries here, awake
The learned MERLIN ; when thou shut'st
him there,
Thou buried'st valour too, for letters rear
The deeds of honour high, and make them live.
If then thou seek to restore prowess, give
His spirit freedom; then present thy knight:
For arms and arts sustain each other's right.
Lady. My error I acknowledge, though
too late
To expiate it; there's no resisting fate.
Arise, great soul! fame by surreption
got
May stead us for the time, but lasteth
not.
O, do not rise with storm and rage.
"Thunder, lightning, fir",?]. Forgive
Repented wrongs." I'm cause thou now
shalt live
Eternally lor being deprest awhile,
Want makes us know the price of what we
avile.

MERLIN, *arising out of the tomb.*

Mer. I neither storm, nor rage; 'tis
earth ; blame her
That feels these motions when great spirits
stir :
She is affrighted, and now chid by heaven,
Whilst we walk calmly on, upright and
even.
Call forth the fair MELIADUS,' thy
knight,
They are his fates that make the elements
fight,
And these but usual throes when time
sends forth
A wonder or a spectacle of worth.

styles him *Mcrlades*, and gives us the following account of that title : " *Ateliades*, Prince of the Isles, the name which Prince Henry himself, in the challenges of his martial sports and masquerades, was wont to use ; which in anagram maketh a word most worthy of such a knight as he was, *Miles a Deo*."—*Tears on the Death of Meliades*. WHAL.

At common births the world feels nothing
new ;
At these she shakes ; mankind lives in a
few.

Lady. The heavens, the fates, and thy
peculiar stars,
Meliachts, shew thee ! and conclude all jars.

MELIADUS, *and his six assistants here
discovered.*

Mer. Ay, now the spheres are in their
tunes again.
What place is this so bright that doth
remain

Yet undemolished ? or but late built ? O,
I read it now : ST. GEORGE'S PORTICO !
The supreme head of all the world, where
now

Knighthood lives honoured with a crowned
brow.

A noble scene, and fit to shew him in
That must of all worlds fame the garland
win.

Lady. Does he not sit like Mars, or one
that had

The better of him, in his armour clad ?
And those his six assistants, as the pride
Of the old Grecian heroes had not died ?
Or like Apollo, raised to the world's view,
The minute after he the Python slew ?

Mer. 'Tis all too little, *Lady*, you can
speak.

My thought grows great of him, and faint
would break.

Invite him forth, and guide him to his
tent,

That I may read this shield his fates pre-
sent.

Lady. Glory of knights, and hope of all
the earth,

Come forth ; your fofstress bids ; who from
your birth

Hath bred you to this hour, and for this
throne :

This is the field to make your virtue
known.—

If he 'ere now, he says, to vow his fires
Of faith, of love, of service, then his squires
Had uttered nothing for him : but he hopes
In the first tender of himself, his scopes
Were so well read as it were no decor'm
Where truth is studied, there to practise
form.

Mer. No, let his actions speak him ;
and this shield

Let down from heaven, that to his youth
will yield

Such copy of incitement: not the deeds
Of antique knights, to catch their fellows'
steeds,

Or ladies' palfreys, rescue from the force
Of a fell giant, or some score to unhorse.
These were bold stories of our Arthur's
age:

But here are other acts ; another stage
And scene appears ; it is not since as
then:

No giants, dwarfs, or monsters here, but
men.

His arts must be to govern and give laws
To peace no less than arms. His fate
here draws

An empire with it, and describes each
state

Preceding there, that he should imitate.

First, fair Meliadus, hath she wrought
an isle,

The happiest of the earth (which to your
style

In time must add), and in it placed high
Britain, the only name made Cces.ir fly.

Within the nearer parts, as apt, and
due

To your first speculation you may view
The eye of justice shooting through the
land,

Like a bright planet strengthened by the
hand

Of first, and warlike Edward ; then th'
increase

Of trades and tillage, under laws and peace,
Begun by him, but settled and promoved

By the third hero of his name, who loved
To set his own a-work, and not to see

The fatness of his land a portion be
For strangers. This was he erected first

The trade of clothing, by which art were
nursed

Whole millions to his service, and re-
lieved

So many poor, as since they have be-
lieved

The golden fleece, and need no foreign
mine,

If industry at home do not decline.

To prove which true, observe what trea-
sure here

The wise and seventh Henry heaped each
year,

To be the strength and sinews of a war,
When Mars should thunder, or his peace
but jar.

And here how the eighth Henry, his brave
son,

Builds forts, made general musters, trained
youth on

In exercise of arms and girt his coast
 With strength ; to which (whose fame no
 tongue can boast
 Up to her worth, though all best tongues
 be glad
 To name her still) did great Eliza add
 A wall of shipping, and became thereby
 The aid or fear of all the nations nigh.¹
 These, worthiest Prince, are set you near
 to read,
 That civil arts the martial must precede :
 That laws and trade bring honours in and
 gain,
 And arms defensive a safe peace main-
 tain.
 But when your fate shall call you forth
 t' assure
 Your virtue more, though not to make
 secure,
 View here what great examples she hath
 placed.
 First, two brave Britain heroes, that
 were graced
 To fight their Saviour's battles, and did
 bring
 Destruction on the faithless ; one a King,
 Richard, surnamed with the lion's heart,
 The other Edward, and the first, whose
 part
 (Then being but Prince) it was to lead
 these wars
 In the age after, but with better stars.
 For here, though Cœur de Lion like a
 storm
 Pour on the Saracens, and doth perform
 Deeds past an angel, armed with wrath
 and fire,
 Ploughing whole armies up with zealous
 ire,
 And walled cities, while he doth defend
 That cause that should all wars begin and
 end:
 Yet when with pride and for humane
 respect
 The Austrian colours he doth here deject
 With too much scorn, behold at length
 how fate
 Makes him a wretched prisoner to that
 state ;
 And leaves him as a mark of fortune's
 spight,
 When princes tempt their stars beyond
 their light:
 Whilst upright Edward shines no less than
 he
 Under the wings of golden victory,

Nor lets out no less rivers of the blood
 Of infidels, but makes the field a flood,
 And marches through it, with St, George's
 cross,
 Like Israel's host to the Egyptians' loss,
 Through the Red Sea: the earth beneath
 him cold,
 And quaking such an enemy to behold.
 For which his tempered zeal, see pro-
 vidence
 Flying in here, and arms him with defence
 Against th' assassinate made upon his life
 By a foul wretch, from whom he wrests
 the knife,
 And gives him a just hire : which yet re-
 mains
 A warning to great chiefs, to keep their
 trains
 About them still, and not to privacy
 Admit a hand that may use treachery.
 Nearer than these, not for the same high
 cause,
 Yet for the next (what was his right by
 laws
 Of nations due) doth fight that Mars of
 men
 The Black Prince Edward, 'gainst the
 French, who then
 At Cressy field had no more years than
 you ;
 Here his glad father has him in the view
 As he is entering in the school of war,
 And pours all blessings on him from
 afar
 That wishes can; whilst he, that close oi
 day,
 Like a young lion newly taught to prey,
 Invades the herds, so fled the French, and
 tears
 From the Bohemian crown the plume he
 wears,
 Which after for his crest he did preserve
 To his father's use, with this fit word,
 I SERVE.
 But here at Poitiers he was Mars in-
 deed.
 Never did valour with more stream
 succeed
 Than he had there; he flowed out like &
 sea
 Upon their troops, and left their arms no
 way:
 Or like a fire carried with high winds,
 Now broad and spreading, by and by it
 finds
 A vent upright, to look which way to
 burn ;
 Then shoots along again, o' round doth
 turn,

¹ [The folio reads, "all the nations *high*," which is probably correct.—F.C.J.]

Till in the circling spoil it hath embraced
 All that stood nigh, or in the reach to
 waste :
 Such was his rage that day ; but then
 forgot
 Soon as his sword was sheathed, it lasted
 not
 After the king, the dauphin, and French
 peers,
 By yielding to him, wisely quit their fears,
 Whom he did use with such humanity,
 As they complained not of captivity ;
 But here to England without shame
 came in :
 To be his captives, was the next to win.
 Yet rests the other thunderbolt of war,
 Harry the Fifth, to whom in face you
 arc¹
 So like, as fate would have you so in
 worth,
 Illustrious prince. This virtue ne'er came
 forth,
 But Fame flew greater for him than she
 did
 For other mortals ; Fate herself did bid
 To save his life : the time it reached unto,
 War knew not how to give him enough
 to do.
 His very name made head against his
 foes.
 And here at Agincourt, where first it rose,
 It there hangs still a comet over France,
 Striking their malice blind that dare
 advance
 A thought against it, lightened by your
 flame
 That shall succeed him both in deeds and
 name.

¹ *Harry the Fifth, to whom in face you are
 So like, as fate would have you so in worth.*
 I do not remember this particular taken notice
 of by historians, in their description of Prince
 Henry's person : the poet, however, would hardly
 have stretched the compliment so far, had it not
 been so in fact. — WHAL.

It is noticed, though it escaped Whalley. The
 courtiers are said to have made the observa-
 tion with a view to please the Queen. This
 is mere ill nature. At any rate, as far as per-
 sonal beauty was concerned, Henry the Fifth
 might have taken the compliment without
 offence.

Jonson has omitted the machinery, which
 must have been very magnificent ; but it is pro-
 bable that Merlin pointed with his wand to some
 moving scenery, on which the events detailed by
 him were depicted.

² *As if whole islands had broke loose and
 Pelago crtdas innare revuhat*

I could report more actions yet of
 weight
 Out of this orb, as here of eighty-eight,
 Against the proud Armada, styled by
 Spain
 The INVINCIBLE ; that covered all the
 main,
 As if whole islands had broke loose, and
 swam,²
 Or half of Norway with her fir trees came
 To join the continents, it was so great ;
 Yet by the auspice of Eliza beat :
 That clear-beloved of heaven,³ whom to
 preserve
 The winds were called to fight, and storms
 to serve.
 One tumour drowned another, billows
 strove
 T' out-swell ambition, water air out-
 drove ;
 Though she not wanted, on that glorious
 day,
 An ever-honoured Howard to display
 St. George's ensign ; and of that high
 race
 A second, both which plied the fight and
 chase :
 And sent first bullets, then a fleet of fire,
 Then shot themselves like ordnance ; and
 a tire
 Of ships for pieces, through the enemies
 moon,
 That waned before it grew : and now they
 soon
 Are rent, spoiled, scattered, tost with all
 disease,
 And for their thirst of Britain drink the
 seas.

*Cycladas ant monies concurrerc montibus
 alias. VIRGIL. Eneid. 8.*

² *That dear-beloved of heaven, whom to serve
 serve*
*The winds were called to fight and storm
 to serve.* Historians have not omitted to take
 notice of the violent storm which the Spanish
Armada met with, as it drew near the English
 coast, which dispersed the fleet and destroyed
 many of its best vessels. This was at that time
 apprehended as a providential interposal of
 heaven, nor were the queen or nation wanting
 in their just acknowledgments : for a medal was
 struck which had on the reverse of it a navy in
 a storm with this inscription, *Flavit ventis, et
 dissipati s-unt.* Our poet has expressed this cir-
 cumstance from Claudian:

*O nimis dilecte Deo, cui vndit a& antv'
 JIolus armatas hyernes, cui militat tether,
 Et conjurati veniunt ad classic' venti.*

The fish were never better fed than then,
Although at first they feared the blood of
men

Had changed their element, and Neptune
shook,

As if the Thunderer had his palace took.

So here in Wales, Low Countries,
France, arid Spain,

You may behold, both on the land and
main,

The conquest got, the spoils, the trophies
reared

By British kings, and such as noblest
heard

Of all the nation, which may make to
invite

Your valour upon need, but not to incite
Your neighbour princes, give them all
their due,

And be prepared if they will trouble you.
He dot!) but scourge himself, his sword
that draws

Without a purse, a counsel, and a cause.
But all these spurs to virtue, seeds of
praise,

Must yield to this that comes. Here's one
will raise

Your glory more, arid so above the rest,
As if the acts of all mankind were prest
In his example. Here are kingdoms
mixed

And nations joined, a strength of empire
fixed

Contermenate with heaven; the golden
vein

Of Saturn's age is here broke out again.
Henry but joined the roses, that ensigned
Particular families, but this hath joined
The Rose and Thistle, and in them com-
bined

A union that shall never be declined.
Ireland, that more in title than in fact
Before was conquered, is his Laurel's act !
The wall of shipping by Eliza made,
Decayed (as all things subject are to
fade)

He hath new-built, or so restored that
men

For noble use prefer it afore then :
Royal and mighty James, whose name
shall set

A goal for all posterity to sweat,
In running at, by actions hard and high :
This is the height at which your thoughts
must fly.

He knows both how to govern, how to
save,

What subjects, what their contraries should
have,

What can be done by power, and what by
love,

What should to mercy, what to justice
move.

All arts he can, and from the hand of
Fate

Hath he enforced the making his own
date.

Within his proper virtue hath he placed
His guards 'gainst Fortune, and there fixed
fast

The wheel of chance, about which kings
are hurled,

And whose outrageous raptures fill the
world.

Lady. Ay, this is he, Meliadus, whom
you

Must only serve, and give yourself unto ;
And by your diligent practice to obey

So wise a master. learn the art of sway.
Merlin, advance the shield upon his
tent.

And now prepare, fair knight, to prove the
event

Of your bold Challenge. Be your virtue
steeled,

And let your drum give note you keep the
field. *[Drum beats.*

— Is this the land of Britain so renowned
For deeds of arms, or are their hearings
drowned,

That none do answer?

Mcr. Stay, methinks I see
A person in yon cave. Who should that
be?

I know her ensigns now ; 'tis CHIVALRY
Possessed with sleep, dead as a lethargy :

If any charm will wake her, 'tis the name
Of our Meliadus. I'll use his fame.

Lady, Meliadus, lord of the isles,
Princely Meliadus, and whom fate now
styles

The fair Meliadus, hath hung his shield
Upon his tent, and here doth keep the
field,

According to his bold and princely word ;
And wants employment for his pike and
sword.

CHIVALRY, *coming forward.*

Chi. Were it from death, that name
would wake me. Say

Which is the knight ? O, I could gaze a
day

Upon his armour that hath so revived
My spirits, and tells me that I am long-

lived

In his appearance. Break, you rusty doors,
That have so long been shut, and from the shores
Of all the world come knighthood, like a flood
Upon these lists, to make the field here good,
And your own honours, that are now called forth
Against the wish of men to prove your worth!

THE BARRIERS.¹

After which MERLIN speak' to the PKINCE.

Mer. Nay, stay your valour, 'tis a wisdom high
In princes to use fortune reverently.
He that in deeds of arms obeys his blood,

Doth often tempt his destiny beyond good.
Look on this throne, and in his temper view
The light of all that must have grace in you:
His equal justice, upright fortitude,
And settled prudence, with that peace endued
Of face as mind, always himself and even.
So Hercules and good men bear up heaven.
I (Lire not speak his virtues, for the fear
Of flattering him, they come so high and near
To wonders; yet thus much I prophesy
Of him and his. All ears yourselves apply.
You and your other you, great king and queen,
Have yet the least of your bright fortune seen,

¹ This part of the solemnity is silently passed over by Jonson; and indeed he seldom enters at any length into the accompaniments of his Masques and Entertainments, unless for the sake of bearing witness to the meits of Inigo Jones, Ferrabosco, Giles, and others associated an the embellishment of his labours. "Yet," says Warton, "while Milton gives only the soliloquy of the Genius, and the three songs of his *Arcades*, in many of Jonson's Masques the poet rarely appears amidst a cumbersome exhibition of heathen gods and mythology!" Todd's Milton, vol. v. p. 146. *No sighs but of Jonwils raising!* Whoever is right, he is sure to be found in the wrong. No absurdity is so gross, no violation of truth so glaring, as not to be gladly received when the object of it is to decri his talents and injure his reputation. The falsehood once hazarded, is repeated by every mouth; and the cause of literature is stupidly supposed to be promoted by combining for the degradation of one of its brightest ornaments.

To return to the BAKKIHRS. "The prince (says Arthur Wilson) now growing manly, being in his sixteenth year, put forth himself in a more heroic manner than was usual with princes of his time, by Tiltings, Barriers, and other exercises on horseback, the martial discipline of gentle peace."—*Life of James*, p. 52 "Arid it appears from a very curious passage in the prince's life, written by Sir Charles Cornwall, that a grand rehearsal of the present Tilt had taken place some time before.

"The 16 years of his age, being to come to the time of his investment in the Principalltie of Wales and Cornewall; he did advance his own title and right so farre, as with modestie he might; which, presently was gently and lovingly entertained, and granted of his Majestic, with the consent of the Right Honourable the High

Court of Parliament: the fourth of June following, being appointed for that solemne action, the Christmas before which, his Highnesse, not ondy for his owne recreation, but also that the "urld might know what a brave Prince they were likely to enjoy, under the name of *Mettades, Lord of the Isles* (an ancient title due to the first borne of Scotland), did in his name, by some appointed for the same of purpose, strangely attired, accompanied with crummes and trumpets in the chamber of presence, before the King and Queene, and in the presence of the whole court, delivered a challenge to all Knights of Great Bntaine in two Speeches.

"Now began every where preparations to be made for this great fight, and nappy did he thinke himselfe who should be admitted for a defendand, much more assailant. At last, to encounter his Highnesse, with his six assailants, 58 defendants, consisting of Earles, Barons, Knights, and Esquires, were appointed and chosen, eight defendants to one assailant, every assailant being to fight by turns, eight severall times fighting, two every time with push of pike and sword, twelve stroakes at a time; after which, the BARRE for separation was to bee let downe untill a fresh onset.

"This solemnity now approaching, his Highnesse did feast the Earles, Barons, and Knights assailants, and defendants, until the twelfth appointed night, on which this great fight was to be performed; which being come, his Highnesse, to the great wonder of the beholders, did admirably fight his part, giving and receiving that night 32 pushes of pikes and about 360 stroakes of swords, which is scarce credible in so young years, enough to assure the world that Great Brittaines brave Henry aspired to immortality."

—*8vo. 1641, p. 12 et seq.*

Which shall rise brighter every hour with
time,
And in your pleasure quite forget the
crime
Of change; your age's night shall be her
noon.
And this young knight, that now puts
forth so soon
Into the world, shall in your names
achieve
More garlands for this state, and shall
relieve
Your cares in government; while that
young lord¹
Shall second him in arms, and shake a
sword

And lance against the foes of God and
you.
Nor shall less joy your royal hopes pursue
In that most princely maid, whose form
might call²
The world to war, and make it hazard
all
His valour for her beauty; she shall be
Mother of nations, and her princes see
Rivals almost to these. Whilst you sit
high,
And led by them, behold your Britain fly
Beyond the line, when what the seas
before
Did bound, shall to the sky then stretch
his shore.

A *While that* young lord.] The Duke of York,
the unfortunate Charles I.

In that most princely maid] The Princess
Elizabeth, married a few years afterwards to the
Elector Palatine. The present royal family are
the descendants of that marriage. There is
something interesting in the language of this
prediction. Merlin is not altogether correct, it

must be confessed, and yet he has not always
prophesied so well. Elizabeth is now "the
mother of nations," and no sparing compli-
ment will be paid "her princes" by admitting
them to be rivals of her brothers; for when
every allowance is made, Henry and Charles
must be confessed to be no ordinary cha-
racters.



Oberon, the Fairy Prince:

A MASQUE OF PRINCE HENRY'S.

The first face of the scene appeared all obscure, and nothing perceived but a dark rock, with trees beyond it, and all wildness that could be presented: till, at one corner of the cliff, above the horizon, the moon began to skew, and rising, a SATYR was seen by her light to put forth his head and call.

i Sat. CHROMIS ! Mnasil !t none appear?

See you not who riseth here ?
You saw Silenus late, I fear.J—
I'll prove if this can reach your ear.

He wound his cornet, and thought himself answered; but was deceived by the echo.

O, you wake then ! come away,
Times be short arc made for play ;
The humorous moon too will not stay:—

What doth make you thus delay?
Hath his tankard!§ touched your brain ?
Sure, they're fallen asleep again:
Or I doubt it was the vain
Echo did me entertain.
Prove again——

¶ They are the names of two young Satyrs, I find in Virgil *Eclcg.* 6, that took Silenus sleeping; who is fignred to be the psedagogue of Bacchus: as the Satyrs are his collusorcs or play-fellows. So doth Diodor. Siculus, Synesius, Julian, in *Ctfsarib* report then).

J A proverbial speech, when they will tax one the other of drinking or sleepiness; alluding to that former place in Virgil:

*Chromis et Mnasilus in antro
Silenum, pueri, somno videre jarentern,
Infatium hestemo venas, ut semper laccho.*

§ Silenus is everywhere made a lover of wine, as in *Cyclops Eurip.*, and known by the notable ensign, his tankard: out of the same place of Virgil: *Et gravis attrita pendebat canthirus ansa.* As also out of that famous piece of sculpture, in a little gem or piece of jasper, observed by Mons. Casaubonj in his tract *de Satyrica* Poesi, from Rascasms Bagarrius: wherein is

Wound his cornet the second time, and
foztnd it.

I thought 'twas she !
Idle nymph, I pray fliee be
Modest, and not follow me :
I not love myself, nor thee.

Here he wound the third time, and was answered by another batyr, who Likewise shewed himself.

Ay, this sound I better know ;
List ! I would I could hear moe.

At this they came running forth severally, to the number often, from divers parts of the rock, leaping and making antic actions and gestures ; some of them speaking, some admiring: and amongst them a SILENE, who isever the prefect of the Satyrs, and so presented in all their chori and meetings.

2 Sat. Thank us, and you shall do so.
3 Sat. Ay, our number soon will grow.
2 Sat. See Silenus !T
3 Sat. CERCOPS too !

described the whole manner of the scene, and chori of Bacchus, with Silenus and the Satyrs. An elegant and curious antiquity, both for the subtilty and labour: where, in so small a compass (to use his words,) there is *Rerum, persojiarum, act ionutn plane stupenda variets.*

¶ Respecting that known fable of Echo's following Narcissus; and his self-love.

¶ In the pomps of Dionysius or Bacchus, to every company of Satyrs, there was still given a Silene for their overseer or governor. And in that which is described by Athenaeus in his fifth book. *Bini Silcni non semel commemorantur, qui totidem plurium Satyrorum gregibus prece sint. Erant enim eorum epistatæ, pcesules, et coryphcei) propter grandem cetatem.* He was also *pnrpureopallia vestitus cum albis soleis, et petasatus, aureumcaduceumparvumiferens, Vid. Athetue. Dipnos. lib. 6, de pomp A Ptol' mated.*

4 Sat. Yes. What is there now to do?

5 Sat. Are there any nymphs to woo?

4 Sat. If there be, let me have two.

Silen. Chaster language If These are nights,

Solemn to the shining rites

Of the Fairy Prince and knights:

While the moon their orgies lights.

2 Sat. Will they come abroad anon?

3 Sat. Shall we see young OBERON?

4 Sat. 'Tis he such a princely one

As you spake him long ago?

Silen. Satyrs, he doth fill with grace

Every season, every place;

Beauty dwells but in his face:

He's the height of all our race.

Our Pan's father, god of tongue, &

Bacchus, though he still be young,

Phoebus, when he crowned sung, &

Nor Mars, when first his armour rung. ^{Tf}

Might with him be named that day:

He is lovelier than in May

'Tis the spring, and there can stay

As little as he can decay.

¹ The nature of the Satyrs the wise Horace expressed well, in the woid, when he called them *Risores* et *Dicacces*, as the Greek poets, *Nonnus*, 2rr., style them *EuAo, 'cepro, 'u.ov?*. *See solum dicaces, sedetpront itvenerem, et saltatores assidui et credcbantur, et fingebantur.*

Unde Satyrica saltatio, quæ criKii, 'fis dicebatur, et cl qua Satyri ipsi ncti, 'i, irrai. Vel d Scino iuventore, vel curb TJS, 'cinjcrews, id est, a motu saltationis satyrorum, qui st concitatisstims.

^t But in the Silenes was nothing of this petulance and lightness, but, on the contrary, all gravity and profound knowledge of most secret mysteries. Inasmuch as the most learned of poets, Virgil, when he would write a poem of the beginnings and hidden nature of things, with other great antiquities, attributed the parts of disputing them to Silenus rather than any other. Which whosoever thinks to be easily, or by chance done by the most prudent writer, will easily betray his own ignorance or folly. To this, see the testimonies of Plato, Synesius, Herodotus, Strabo, Philostratus, Tcrtulhan, &c.

^J Among the ancients the kind, both of the Centaurs and Satyrs, is confounded; and common with either. As sometimes the Satyrs are sd to come of the Centaurs, and again the Centaurs of them. Either of them are Staves, but after a diverse manner. And Galen observes out of Hippocrates, *Comment. 3 in 6 Epidemior.* that both the Athenians and Ionians called the Satyrs ^{or} [;] which name the Centaurs have with Homer: from whence, ^t were no unlikely conjecture, to think our word [']aines to come *Viderint critici.*

Omn. O, that he would come away!

3 Sat. Grandsire, we shall leave to play"

With Lyaeus! now; and serve

Only OBERON.

Silen. He'll deserve

All you can, and more, my boys.

4 Sat. Will he give us pretty toys,

To beguile the girls withal?

3 Sat. And to make 'em quickly fall?

Silen. Peace, my wantons! he will do

More than you can aim unto.

4 Sat. Will he build us larger caves?

Silen. Yes, and give you ivory staves

When you hunt; and better wine—

1 Sat. Than the master of the vine?

2 Sat. And rich prizes, to be won,

When we leap, or when we run?

1 Sat. Ay, and gild our cloven feet?

3 Sat. Strew our heads with powders

sweet?

1 Sat. Bind our crooked legs in hoops

Made of shells with silver loops?

2 Sat. Tie about our tawny wrists

Bracelets of the fairy twists?

[§] Mercury, who for the love of Penelope, while she was keeping her father Icarus's herds on the mountain Taygetas, turned himself into a fair buck-goat; with whose sports and flatteries the nymph being taken, he begat on her Pan: who was born, *Capite cornuto, barbaque ac pedibus hircinis*. As Homer hath it in *Hymnis*: and Lucian in *dialogo Panis et Mercurii*. He was called the *giver of grace*, *xapiSortj?*, *Σαίψος*, al 'evKO?. *Htlaris et albus, nitens Cyllenius alis*. As Bacchus was called *avQIQ?*, *jlorldusi* and *Ilco*, a *lanugitie et inolli. cetate, semper virens*.

^{||} Apollo is said, after Jupiter had put Saturn to flight, to have sung his father's victory to the harp, *Purpurea toga decorus, et laura corouatus, mirificacque dcos omnes qui accJtuerant, in convivio delcctavissc*. Which Tibullus, *itt. lib. *2 Elegiar.* points to:

Sed nitidus, pulchrique vent. Nunc indu' vestem

Purpuream, longas nutte bene recte comas. QualeH te memorant Saturno rege fagotto Victoris laudes tune cecinisse Joins.

He was then lovely, as being not yet stained with blood, and called ^{quasi} *aurewnjftagellutn* (*vet rcctius auream galeam, habens*).

^{*1} In Julius Pollux, *lib. 4, cap. 19*, in that par which he entitles *de satyricis personis*, we read that Silenus is called ^{that is,} [;] to note his great age: as amongst the comic persons, the revered for their years were called [;] and with Julian in *Cæs. Bacchus*, when he speaks him fair, calls him *ταυριδαν*.

^{††} A name of Bacchus, *Lyseus*, of freeing men's minds from cares: *ναπε το δαυ, ελφο*.

4 Sat. And, to spight the coy nymphs' scorn,
 Hang upon our stubbed horns
 Garlands, ribbands, and fine posies——
 3 Sat. Fresh us when the flower discloses ?
 1 Sat. Yes, and stick our pricking ears
 With the pearl that Tethys wears.
 2 Sat. And to answer all things else,
 Trap our shaggy thighs with bells ;
 That as we do strike a time,
 In our dance shall make a chime——
 3 Sat. Louder than the rattling pipes
 Of the wood gods——
 i Sat. Or the stripes
 Of the taber : ' when we carry
 Bacchus up, his pomp to vary.
 Si, 'en. O, that he so long doth tarry 1
 Omn. See ! the rock begins to ope,
 Now you shall enjoy your hope ;
 'Tis about the hour, I know.

There the whole scene, opened, and within was discovered the frontispiece of a bright and glorious palace, whose gates and walls were transparent. Before the gates lay two SYLVANS, armed with their clubs, and drest in leaves, asleep. At this the Satyrs wondering, Silenus proceeds :

Silen. Look ! does not his palace show
 Like another sky of lights ?
 Yonder with him live the knights,
 Once the noblest of the earth,
 Quickened by a second birth :
 Who for prowess and for truth,
 There are crowned with lasting youth:
 And do hold, by Fate's command,
 Seats of bliss in Fairy land.
 But their guards, methinks, do sleep!
 Let us wake 'em.—Sirs, you keep
 Proper watch, that thus do lid
 Drowned in sloth !

1 Sat. They've ne'er an eye
 To wake withal.

2 Sat. Nor sense, I fear ;
 For they sleep in either ear.

3 Sat. Holla, Sylvans !—sure they're caves
 Of sleep these, or else they're graves.

4 Sat. Hear you, friends!—who keeps
 the keepers ?

' Eratsolenne Baccio inbornpa tenerorum more pueronim restat d Sileno, et Satyris, Bacchis ptecedentilns, quarum una semper erat Tym^m pntestrala, altera Tibicina, &c. — Vide Athena.

¹ For they sleep IN EITHER EAR.] The Latin phrase is, *In utramvis aurem dormire* ;

1 Sat. They are the eighth and ninth sleepers!

2 Sat. Shall we cramp 'em ?

Silen. Satyrs, no.

3 Sat. Would we had Boreas here, to blow

Off their heavy coats, and strip 'em.

4 Sat. Ay, ay, ay ; that we might whip 'em.

3 Sat. Or that we had a wasp or two
 For their nostrils.

1 Sat. Hairs will do

Even as well: take my tail.

2 Sat. What d'you say to a good nail
 Through their temples ?

2 Sift. Or an eel

In their guts, to make 'em feel ?

4 Sat. Shall we steal away their beards ?

3 Strt. For Pan's goat, that leads the herds ?

2 Sif. Or try whether is more dead,
 His club or the other's head ?

Si, 'en. Wags, no more: you grow too bold.

1 Sat. I would fain now see them rolled
 Down a hill, or from a bridge

Headlong cast, to break their ridge-

Bones : or to some river take 'em,

Plump ; and see if that would wake 'em.

2 Sat. There no motion yet appears.

Silen. Strike a charm into their ears.

At which the Satyrs fell suddenly into this catch.

Buz, quoth the blue flie,

Hum, quoth the bee :

Buz and hum they cry,

And so dp we.

In his ear, in his nose,

Thus, do you see?—

[They tickle them.

He eat the dormouse ;

Else it was he.

The two Sylvans starting up amazed and betaking themselves to their arms, were thus questioned by Silenus :

Silen. How now, Sylvans! can you wake?
 I commend the care you take

In your watch ! Is this your guise,

To have both your ears and eyes

and means to sleep soundly, without any thoughts of care.—WHAL.

They had it from the Greek: It is rightly rendered by Whalley.

ETT' ctuforepa VMx' i' jrucAi)pos ovara
 McAAet KaQevSyfftw.—Men, Frag.

Sealed so fast; as these mine elves
Might have stol'n you from yourselves ?

3 Sat. We had thought we must have got
Stakes, and heated 'em red-hot,
And have bored you through the eyes,
With the Cyclops, 'ere you'd rise,

2 Sat. Or have fetched some trees to
heave

Up your bulks, that so did cleave
To the ground there.

4 Sat. Are you free
Yet of sleep, and can you see
Who is yonder up aloof ?

i Sat. Be your eyes yet noon-proof ?

i Syl. Satyrs, leave your petulance,
And go frisk about and dance ;
Or else rail upon the moon :
Your expectation is too soon.

For before the second cock
Crow, the gates will not unlock ;
And till then we know we keep
Guard enough, although we bleep.

i Sat. Say you so ? then let us fall
To a song, or to a brawl:
Shall we, grandsire ? Let us sport,
And make expectation short.

Silen. Do, my wantons, what you please.
Ill lie down and take mine ease.

i Sat. Brothers, sing then, and upbraid,
As we use, yond' seeming maid.

SONG.

Now, my cunning lacy: moon,
Can you leave the side so soon

Of the boy you keep so hid ?

Midwife Juno sure will say

This is not the proper way,

Of your paleness to be rid.

But perhaps it is your grace

To wear sickness in your face,

That there might be wagers laid

Still, by fools, you are a maid.

Come, your changes overthrow,

What your look would carry so ;

Moon, confess then what you are,

And be wise, and free to use

Pleasures that you now do lose,

Let us Satyrs have a share.

Though our forms be rough and rude,

Yet our acts may be ended

With more virtue : every one

Cannot be ENDYMION.

*Here they fell suddenly into an antic
dance full of gesture and swift motion
and continued it till the crowing of the*

cock: at which they were interrupted by
Silenus,

Silen. Stay ! the cheerful Chanticleer
Tells you that the time is near :—
See, the gates already spread !
Every Satyr bow his head.

*There the whole palace opened, and the
nation, the Faies were discovered, some with
instruments, some bearing lights, others
singing; and within afar off-in perspec-
tive, the knights masquers sitting in their
several sieges: at the further end of all,
OBERON, in a chariot, which, to a loud
triumphant music, began to move for-
ward, drawn, by two white dears, and on
either side guarded by three Sylvans,
with one going in front.*

SONG.

Melt earth to sea, sea flow to air,

And air fly into fire,

Whilst we in tunes to Arthur's chair

Bear Oberon's desire ;

Than which there's nothing can be higher,
Save JAMES, to whom it flies :

But he the wonder is of tongues, of ears, of
eyes.

Who hath not heard, who hath not seen,

Who hath not sung his name ?

The soul that hath not, hath not been ;

But is the very same

With buried sloth, and knows not fame,

Which doth him best comprise :

For he the wonder is of tongues, of ears,
of eyes.

*By this time the chariot was come as far
forth as the face of the scene. And the
Satyrs beginning to leap, and express
their joy for the unused state and
solemnity, the foremost SYLVAN began to
speak.*

i Syl. Give place, and silence ; you
were rude too late ;

This is a night of greatness and of state,

Not to be mixt with light and skipping
sport ;

A night of homage to the British court,

And ceremony due to Arthur's chair,

From our bright master, OBERON the
fair ;

Who with these knights, attendants, here
preserved

In Fairy land, for good they have de-
served

Of yond' high throne are come of right to
pay

* Vid. Cyc. Enripid. iibi Shh'ri Ulyssi
anxilio sint ad ainburendum octilum Cyclopis.

Their annual vows; and all their glories lay
At's feet, and tender to this only great,
True majesty, restored in this seat;
To whose sole power and magic they do
give

The honour of their being; that they live
Sustained in form, fame, and felicity,
From rage of fortune, or the fear to die.

Silen. And may they well. For this
indeed is he,

My boys, whom you must quake at when
you see.

He is above your reach; and neither doth
Nor can he think within a Satyr's tooth:
Before his presence you must fall or fly,
He is the matter of virtue, and placed
high.

His meditations, to his height, are even:
And all their issue is akin to heaven.

He is a god o'er kings; yet stoops he then
Nearest a man, when he doth govern men;
To teach them by the sweetness of his
sway,

And not by force. He's such a king as
they

Who're tyrants' subjects, or ne'er tasted
peace,

Would in their wishes form for their re-
lease.

'Tis he that stays the time from turning old,
And keeps the age up in a head of gold.

That in his own true circle still doth run;
And holds his course as certain as the sun.

He makes it ever day, and ever spring,
Where he doth shine, and quickens every-
thing,

Like a new nature: so that true to call
Him by his title is to say, He's all.

i Syl. I thank the wise Silenus for this
praise.

Stand forth bright FAIES and ELVES, and
tune your lays

Unto his name; then let your nimble feet
Tread subtle circles, that may always meet

In point to him; and figures to express
The grace of him and his great emperess,

That all that shall to-night behold the rites
Performed by piincely Oberon and these
knights,

May without stop point out the proper heir
Designed so long to Arthur's crowns and
chair.

SONG BY TWO FAIES.

1 *Faie.* Seek you majesty, to strike I
Bid the world produce his like.

2 *Faie.* Seek you glory, to amaze?
Here let all eyes stand at gaze.

Cho. Seek you wisdom, to inspire?
Touch then at no other's fire.

1 *Faie.* Seek you knowledge, to direct?
Trust to his without suspect.

2 *Faie.* Seek you piety, to lead?
In his footsteps only tread.

Cho. Every virtue of a king,
And of all in him we sing.

*Then the lesser Faies dance forth their
dance'-which ended, a full SONG fol'-
lows by all the voices.*

The solemn rites are well begun;

And though but lighted by the moon,

They shew as rich as if the sun

Had made this night his noon.

But may none wonder that they are so
bright,

The moon now borrows from a greater
light?

Then, princely Oberon,

Go on,

This is not every night.

*OBERON and the knights dance out the
first masque-dance; which was followed
with this*

SONG.

Nay, nay,

You must not stay,

Nor be weary yet;

This 's no time to cast away;

Or for Faies so to forget

The virtue of their feet.

Knotty legs, and plants of clay,¹

Seek for ease, or love delay.

But with you it still should fare

As with the air of which you are.

¹ *Then the lesser Faies dance.*] "The little ladies (Sir John Finnet says) performed their dance to the amazement of all beholders, considering the tenderness of their years, and the many intricate changes of the dance, which was so disposed that which way soever the changes went the little duke (Charles) was still found to be in the midst of these little dancers." Had Sir John been much skilled in the mysteries of fairyland he would have recollected that the

Faies always danced in a circle, of which Oberon or Mab, or some graced person, was the centre.

² *Plants of clay.*] 'i.e., feet of clay, from the Latin *planta*.—WHAL.

Shakspeare uses the word with a punning allusion to the unsteady condition of his revellers in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "Here they'll be anon; some of their *plants* are ill rooted already."

After which they danced forth their second masque-dance, and were again excited by a

SONG.

1 *Faie*. Nor yet, nor yet, O you in this night blest,
Must you have will, or hope to rest.

2 *Faie*. If you use the smallest stay,
You'll be overtaken by day.

1 *Faie*. And these beauties will suspect
That their forms you do neglect,
If you do not call them forth.

2 *Faie*. Or that you have no more worth
Than the coarse and country Faerie,
That doth haunt the hearth or dairy.

Then followed the measures, coranios, galliards, &c., till Phosphorus, the day-star, appeared, and called them away; but first they were invited home by one of the SylVans with this

SONG.

Gentle knights,
Know some measure of your nights.
Tall the high graced Oberon
It is time that we were gone.
Here be forms so bright and airy,
And their motions so they vary,
As they will enchant the Faerie,
If you longer here should tarry.

¹ Then, followed the measures, corantos, galliards.] "These light skirmishers (our historian continues), the faies, having done their devoir, in came the princesses; first the Queen, next the Lady Elizabeth's Grace, then the Lady Arbella, the Countesses of Arundell, Derby, Essex, Dorset, and Montgomery; the Lady Hadington, the Lady Elizabeth Grey, the Lady Winsor, the Lady Catharine Peter, the Lady Elizabeth Guildford, and the Lady Mary Win-

Phos. To rest, to rest I the herald of the day,
Bright Phosphorus, commands you hence; obey.

The moon is pale and spent; and winged night
Makes headlong haste to fly the morning's sight:

Who now is rising from her blushing wars,
And with her rosy hand puts back the stars.

Of which myself the last, her harbinger,
But stay to warn you, that you not defer
Your parting longer: then do I give way,
As Night hath done, and so must you, to Day.

After this they danced their last dance into the work. And with a full SONG the star vanished, and the whole machine closed.

O yet how early, and before her time,
The envious morning up doth climb,
Though she not love her bed!
What haste the jealous Sun doth make,
His fiery horses up to take,
And once more shew his head!
Lest, taken with the brightness of this night,
The world should wish it last, and never miss his light.

tpun. By that time these had done it was high time to go to bed, for it was within half an hour of the sun's rising." To this the speech of Phosphorus alludes.—"The Ambassadors of Spaine, of Venice, and of the Low Countries were present at this and all the rest of these glorious sights, and in truth such they were."—*Winwood's State Papers*, vol. lit. p. 181.



Love freed from Ignorance and Folly:

A MASQUE OF HER MAJESTY'S.

LOVE FREED.] The date of this Masque is not mentioned, nor the particular occasion on which it was presented. There is no earlier edition of it than the folio, 1616. Mr. Stephen Jones (a name utterly unworthy of notice, but as the booksellers have connected it with the drama) assigns the first appearance of all these Masques to 1640. He could grovel in falsehood for the gratification of his senseless enmity to Jonon; but to open one of his volumes for the purpose of ascertaining the truth, appears to have been thought a mere loss of time.

[It was presented at Christmas, 1610-11, in the same season as the *Mask of Oberon and Love Restored*. On December 15, 1610, John More wrote to Sir R. Winwood: "Yet doth the Prince make but one Mask, and the Queen but two, which doth not her Majesty but 600." Neither do I see any likelihood of any further extraordinary expense that this Christmas will bring."—See *Collier's Annals of the Stage*, i. 377.—F. C.]

*So soon as the King's majesty was set,
and in expectation, there was heard a
strange music of wild instruments. To
which a SPHINX' came forth dancing,
leading LOVE bound,*

Sphinx. Come, Sir Tyranne, lordly Love,
You that awe the gods above,
As their creatures here below,
With the sceptre called your bow;
And do all their forces bear
In the quiver that you wear,
Whence no sooner you do draw
Forth a shaft but is a law:
Now they shall not need to tremble,
When you threaten or dissemble,
Any more; and though you see
Whom to hurt, you have not free
Will to act your rage. The bands
Of your eyes now tie your hands.
All the triumphs, all the spoils
Gotten by your arts and toils,
Over foe and over friend,
O'er your mother, here must end.

And you now, that thought to lay
The world waste, must be my prey.

Love. Cruel Sphinx, I rather strive
How to keep the world alive,
And uphold it; without me
All again would chaos be.
Tell me, Monster, what should move
Thy despight thus against Love?
Is there nothing fair and good,
Nothing bright, but burns thy blood?
Still thou art thyself, and made
All of practice, to invade
Clearest bosoms. Hath this place
None will pity Cupid's case?
Some soft eye, while I can see
Who it is that melts for me,
Weep a fit. Are all eyes here
Made of marble? But a tear,
Though a false one; it may make
Others true compassion take.

I would tell you all the story
If I thought you could be sorry,
And in truth, there's none have reason
Like yourselves to hate the treason.

¹ By this *Sphinx* was understood Ignorance, who is always the enemy of Love and Beauty, and lies still in wait to entrap them. For which Antiquity has given her the upper parts and

face of a woman; the nether parts of a lion, the wings of an eagle, to shew her fierceness and swiftness to evil where she hath power.

For it practised was on Beauty,
Unto whom Love owes all duty.
Let your favour but affright
Sphinx here, I shall soon recite
Every passage, how it was.

Sphinx. Do, I'll laugh, or cry alas !
Thinks, poor Love, can ladies' looks
Save him from the Sphinx's hooks?

Love. No ; but these can witness bear
Of my candour, when they hear
What thy malice is ; or how
I became thy captive now :
And it is no small content,
Falling, to fall innocent.

Know then, all you glories here,
In the utmost East there were
Eleven daughters of the morn.
Ne'er were brighter Bevy born,
Nor more perfect beauties seen.
The eldest of them was the queen
Of the Orient, and 'twas said
That she should with Phoebus wed.
For which high-vouchsafed grace,
He was loved of all their race.
And they would, when he did rise,
Do him early sacrifice
Of the rich and pure gum,
That from any plant could come ;
And would look at him as far
As they could discern his car :
Grieving that they might not ever
See him ; and when night did sever
Their aspects, they sat and wept
Till he came, and never slept :
Insomuch that at the length
This their fervour gat such strength,
As they would a journey prove,
By the guard and aid of Love,
Hither to the farthest West:
Where they heard, as in the East,
He a palace no less bright
Had, to feast in every night
With the Ocean, where he rested
Safe, and in all state invested.—

I, that never left the side
Of the fair, became their guide,
But behold, no sooner landing
On this isle, but this commanding
Monster Sphinx, the enemy
Of all actions great and high,

Knowing that these rites were done
To the wisdom of the sun,
From a cliff surprised them all:
And though I did humbly fall
At her lions feet, and prayed
As she had the face of maid,
That she would compassion take
Of these ladies, for whose sake
Love would give himself up ; she,
Swift to evil, as you see
By her wings and hooked hands,
First did take my offered bands,
Then to prison of the night
Did condemn those sisters bright,
There for ever to remain,
"Lesb they could the knot unstrain
Of a riddle which she put
Darker than where they are shut:
Or from thence their freedoms prove
With the utter loss of Love.

They unwilling to forego
One who had deserved so
Of all beauty, in their names
Were content to have their flames
Hid in lasting night, ere I
Should for them untimely die.

I, on th' other side as glad
That I such advantage had
To assure them mine, engaged
Willingly myself, and waged
With the Monster, that if I
Did her riddle not untie,
I would freely give my life
To redeem them and the strife.

Sphinx. Have you said, sir ? will you try
Now your known dexterity?
You presume upon your arts,
Of tying and untying hearts ;
And it makes you confident :
But anon you will repent.

Love. No, Sphinx, I do not presume;
But some little heart assume
From my judges here, that sit
As they would not lose Love yet.

Sphinx. You are pleasant, sir, 'tis good.

Love. Love does often change his mood.

Sphinx. I shall make you sad agen.

Love. I shall be the sorrier then.

Sphinx. Come, sir, lend it your best ear.

Love. I begin t' have half a fear.

' The meaning of this is, that these ladies being the perfect issue of beauty, and all worldly grace, were carried by Love to celebrate the majesty and wisdom of the King, figured in the sun, and seated in these extreme parts of the world ; where they were rudely received by Ignorance, on their first approach, to the hazard of their affection, it being her nature

to hinder all noble actions ; but that the Love which brought them thither was not willing to forsake them, no more than they were to abandon it; yet was it enough perplexed, in that the monster Ignorance still covets to enwrap itself in dark and obscure terms and betray that way, whereas true Love affects to express itself with all cleanness and simplicity.

Sphinx. First, Cupid, you must cast about
To find a world the world without,
Wherein what's done the eye doth do ;
And is the light and treasure too.
This eye still moves, and still is fixed,
And in the powers thereof are mixed
Two contraries ; which time till now
Nor fate knew where to join, or how.
Yet if you hit the right upon,
You must resolve these all by one.

Love. Sphinx, you are too quick of
tongue ;

Say't again, and take me along. 1

Sphinx. I say, you first must cast about
To find a world the world without.

Love. I say, that is already done,
And is the new world in the moon.

Sphinx. Cupid, you do cast too far ;
This world is nearer by a star :
So much light I'll give you to't.

Love. Without a glass? well, I shall do't.
Your world's a lady then; each creature
Human is a world in feature,
Is it not ?

Sphinx. Yes, but find out
A world you must, the world without.

Love. Why, if her servant be not here.
She doth a single world appear
Without her world.

Sphinx. Well, you shall run!

Love. Nay, Sphinx, thus far is well begun.
Sphinx. Wherein what's done, the eye
doth do,

And is the light and treasure too.

Love. That's clear as light; for wherein lies
A lady's power but in her eyes ?
And not alone her grace and power,
But oftentimes her wealth and dower.

Sphinx. I spake but of an eye, not eyes.
Love. A one-eyed mistress that unties.

Sphinx. This eye still moves, and still is
fixed.

Love. A rolling eye, that native there
Yet throws her glances everywhere ;
And, being but single, fain would do
The offices and arts of two.

Sphinx. And in the powers thereof are
mixed
Two contraries.

¹ This shews that Love's expositions are not
always serious till it be divinely instructed ;
and that sometimes it may be in the danger of
ignorance and folly, who are the mother and
issue: for no folly but is born of ignorance.

¹ And take me along.] Go no faster than I
can go with you; i.e., Let me understand you.
The phrase, which is sufficiently common, is
found in the *Little French Lawyer*; and is thus

Love. That's smiles and tears,
Or fire and frost; for either bears
Resemblance apt.

Sphinx. Which time till now,
Nor fate knew where to join, or how.—
How now, Cupid ! at a stay ?
Not another word to say ?

Do you find by this how long
You have been at fault, and wrong?

Love. Sphinx, it is your pride to vex
Whom you deal with, and perplex
Things most easy. Ignorance
Thinks she doth herself advance ;
If of problems clear she make
Riddles, and the sense forsake,
Which came gentle from the Muses,
Till her uttering it abuses.

Sphinx. Nay, your railing will no: save
you.

Cupid, I of right must have you.
Come my fruitful issue forth,
Dance and shew a gladness worth
Such a captive as is Love,
And your mother's triumph prove.

*Here the FOLLIES, which were twelv'
SHE-FOOLS, enter and dance.*

Sphinx. Now, go take him up, and bear
him

To the cliff,' where I will tear him
Piecemeal, and give each a part
Of his raw and bleeding heart.

Love. Ladies, have your looks no power
To help Love at such an hour?
Will you lose him thus ? Adieu!
Think what will become of you.
Who shall praise you, who admire ?
Who shall whisper by the fire
As you stand soft tales ? who bring you
Pretty news, in rhymes who sing you?
Who shall bathe him in the streams
Of your blood, and send you dreams
Of delight?

Sphinx. Away, go bear him
Hence, they shall no longer hear him.

*Here the MUSES' PRIESTS, in number
twelve, advance to his rescue and sing
this SONG to a measure.'*

explained by the unfortunate editor : " Take me
with you; i.e., You must consider!" "The
expression (he adds, with his usual simplicity)
frequently occurs, not always with this exact
meaning in old plays."—*Beaumont and
Fletcher*, vol. v. p. 212. Right:—not always,
Mr. Weber, and you do well to put the reader
on his guard.

¹ To a measure.] i.e., to a grave and stately
dance.

Gentle Love,' be not dismayed.
See the Muses, pure and holy,
By their priests have sent thee aid
Against this brood of Folly.
It is true that Sphinx, their dame,
Had the sense first from the Muses,
Which in uttering she doth lame,
Perplexeth, and abuses.
But they bid that thou shouldst look
In the brightest face here shining,
And the same as would a book,
Shall help thee in divining.

Love. 'Tis done ! 'tis done ! I've found
it out—

Britain's the world, the world without.
The King's the eye, as we do call
The 5-un the eye of this great all.
And is the light and treasure too ;
For 'tis his wisdom all doth do.
Which still is fixed in his breast,
Yet still doth move to guide the rest.
The contraries which time till now
Nor fate knew where to join, or how,
Are Majesty and Love ; ' which there,
And nowhere else, have their true sphere.
Now, Sphinx, I've hit the right upon,
And do resolve these All by one :
That is, that you meant ALBION.

Priests, 'lis true in him, and in no
other,
Love, thou art clear absolved,
Vanish, Follies, with your mother,
The riddle is resolved.
Sphinx must fly when Phoebus shines,
And to aid of Love inclines.

[SPHINX retires with the FOLLIES.]

Love. Appear then, you my brighter
charge,
And to light yourselves enlarge,
To behold that glorious star
For whose love you came so far,
While the monster with her elves
Do precipitate themselves.

Here the GRACES enter, and sing this SONG,
crowning CUPID.

A crown, a crown for Love's bright head,
Without whose happy wit
All form and beauty had been dead,
And we had died with it.

' Here is understood the power of Wisdom
in the Muses' ministers; by which name all that
have the spirit of prophecy are styled, and such
they are that need to encounter Ignorance and
Folly : and are ever ready to assist Love in any
action of honour and virtue, and inspire him
with their own soul.

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For what are all the graces
Without good forms and face ?

Then, Love, receive the due reward
Those Graces have; prepared.

Cho. And may no hand, no tongue, no
eye,
Thy merit, or their thanks envy.

CHORUS and GRACES.

Cho. What gentle forms are these that
move

To honour Love ?

Gra. They are the bright and golden
lights

That grace his nights.

Cho. And shot from beauty's eyes,

They look like fair Aurora's streams.

Gra. They are her fairer daughter's
beams,

Who now doth rise.

Cho. Then night is lost, or fled away ;
For where such beauty shines is ever
day.

The Masque-dance followed.

Which done, one of the PRIESTS alone
sung.

I Priest. O what a fault, nay, what a
sin

In fate or fortune, had it been
So much beauty to have lost!
Could the world; with all her cost,
Have redeemed it?

Cho. No, no, no.

Priest. How so ?

Cho. It would nature quite undo,
For losing these, you lost her too.

The Measures and Revels follow.

2 Priest. How near to good is what it
fair!

Which we no sooner see,
But with the lines and outward air
Our senses taken be.

We wish to see it still, and prove
What ways we may deserve ;

We court, we praise, we more than love:
We are not grieved to serve.

The last Masque-dance,

¹ Nor fate knew where to join, or how,
Are Majesty and Love.] The thought
taken from Ovid :—

Non bene conveniunt, nee in una, sede mo-
ratur
Majestas, et Anior.—WHAL.

And after it, this full

SONG.

What just excuse had aged Time,
His weary limbs now to have eased,
And sate him down without his crime,
While every thought was so much
pleased!

But he so greedy to devour
His own, and all that he brings forth,
Is eating every piece of hour
Some object of the rarest worth.
Yet this is rescued from his rage,
As not to die by time or age :
For beauty hath a living name,
And will to heaven, from whence it
came.

' *Then, then* angrie music sound, } This
epithet is not very commonly applied to *music* '
the poet seems to have used 'it instead of
loud.—WHAL.

It is unquestionably a misprint (which I am
unable to set right), and is one of the vry few
errors in this excellent old copy.

Grand Chorus at going out.

Now, now, gentle Love is free, and
Beauty blest
With the sight it so much longed to see.
Let us the Muses' priests and Graces go to
rest,
For in them our labours happy be.

Then, then, angrie music sound,¹ and teach
our feet,

How to move in time, and measure
meet :

Thus should the Muses' priests and Graces
go to rest,

Bowing to the sun, throned in the
west.

[The word seems to me peculiarly happy and
poetical as applied to the crash of a brass band
(accompanying a triumphant dance or proces-
sion), and should certainly not be blotted from
the text, and replaced by asterisks, as in the
1816 edition.—F. C.]



Love Restored,

IN A MASQUE AT COURT, BY GENTLEMEN,
THE KING'S SERVANTS.

LOVE RESTORED.] From the folio, 1616. This is a sprightly little piece, and Robin Goodfellow's account of the petty tricks used by the inferior orders to procure a sight of these exhibitions, and the conduct of the menial officers of the Court, is as interesting as it is amusing, from its being a lively picture of real occurrences. We learn from many of our old dramas that considerable bustle and confusion took place at Whitehall whenever a Masque was presented, and that previously to the entrance of the Court, the doors were in a manner besieged by crowds of citizens and others clamorously advancing their respective pretensions to the honour of admission. It is said by the Puritans, and probably with some approach to truth, that the galleries were used, on these occasions, as places of assignation, and that the citizens' wives were invited to the Masques, &c., by the younger courtiers for the purposes of gallantry. "There is not a lobby nor chamber, if it could speak (says Sir Edward Peyton), but would verify this." This was, however, after the Queen's death, and when the decorum of the Court was less strictly maintained.

[This piece was presented during Christmas, 1610-11. See remarks on *Love Freed from Folly*, ante p. 79.—F. C.]

*The King and Court being seated, and
in expectation*

Enter MASQUERADO,

I would I could make them a show myself I In troth, ladies, I pity you all. You are in expectation of a device to-night, and I am afraid you can do little else but expect it. Though I dare not shew my face, I can speak truth under a vizard. Good faith, an't please your majesty, your Masquers are all at a stand; I cannot think your majesty will see any show to-night, at least worth your patience. Some two hours since, we were in that forwardness, our dances learned, our masquing attire on, and attired. A pretty fine speech was taken up of the poet too, which if he never be paid for now, it's no matter; his wit costs him nothing. Unless we should come in like a morrice-dance, and whistle our ballad ourselves, I know not what we should do; we have neither musician to play our tunes, but the wild music here; and the rogue play-boy, that acts Cupid, is got so hoarse, your majesty cannot hear aim half the breadth of your chair.

Enter PLUTUS as CUPID.

See, they have thrust him out, at adventure. We humbly beseech your majesty to bear with us. We had both hope and purpose it should have been better, howsoever we are lost in it.

Plu. What makes this light, feathered vanity here? away, impertinent folly. Infect not this assembly.

Masq. How, boy!

Plu. Thou common corruption of all manners and places that admit thee.

Masq. Have you recovered your voice to rail at me?

Plu. No, vizarded impudence. I am neither player nor masquer; but the god himself, whose deity is here profaned by thee. Thou, and thy like, think yourselves authorized in this place to all licence of surquedrie. But you shall find custom hath not so grafted you here but you may be rent up, and thrown out as unprofitable evils. I tell thee I will have no more masquing; I will not buy a false and fleeting delight so dear: the merry madness of one hour shall not cost me the repentance of an age.

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Rob. How I no masque, no masque? I pray you say, are you sure on't? no masque, indeed! What do I here then? can you tell?

Masq. No, faith.

Rob. 'Slight, I'll be gone again, an there be no masque; there's a jest. Pray you resolve me. Is there any? or no? a masque?

Plu. Who are you?

Rob. Nay, I'll tell you that when I can. Does anybody know themselves here, think you? I would fain know if there be a masque or no.

Plu. There is none, nor shall be, sir; does that satisfy you?

Rob. 'Slight, a fine trick! a piece of England's Joy this! Are these your Court sports? would I had kept me to my gambols o' the country still, selling of fish, short service, shoeing the wild mare, or roasting of robin-redbreast. These were better than, after all this time, no masque; you look at me. I have recovered myself now for you, I am the honest plain country spirit, and harmless; Robin Goodfellow, he that sweeps the hearth and the house clean, riddles for the country maids, and does all their other drudgery, while they are at hot-cockles: one that has discoursed with your Court spirits ere now; but was fain to-night to run a thousand hazards to arrive at this place; never poor goblin was so put to his shifts to get in to see nothing. So many thorny difficulties as I have past deserved the best masque; the whole shop of the revels. I would you would admit some of my feats, but I have little hope of that, i'faith, you let me in so hardly.

Plu. Sir, here's no place for them nor you. Your rude good-fellowship must seek some other sphere for your admittance.

¹ A piece of England? Joy.] See the *Masque of Augurs*.

² Riddles for the country maids.] To prevent any misapprehension of an ambiguous phrase, it may be just necessary to observe that by *riddling* Robin means passing the embers through a sieve.

³ [For *mazarded* the folio, 1616, reads *amazed*. -F. C.]

⁴ Which made me think of a trunk, &c.] This alludes to one of those ridiculous mishaps which befel poor Tom in his travels through Switzerland. It is thus recorded by one of the numerous wags who, under the name of

Rob. Nay, so your stiff-necked porter told me at the gate, but not in so good words. His staff spoke somewhat to thin boisterous sense: I am sure he concluded all in a non-entry, which made me e'en climb over the wall, and in by the Wood-yard, so to the Terrace, where when I came I found (he oaks of the guard more unmoved, and one of them, upon whose arm I hung, shoved me off o' the ladder, and dropt me down like an acorn. 'Twas well there was not a sow in the Verge, I had been eaten up else. Then I heard some talk of the Carpenters' way, and I attempted that; but there the wooden rogues let a huge trap-door fall on my head. If I had not been a spirit, I had been mazarded.³ Though I confess I am none of those subtle ones that can creep through at a key-hole, or the cracked pane of a window. I must come in at a door, which made me once think of a trunk; but that I would no, imitate so catholic a coxcomb as Corvat,⁴ and make a case of asses. Therefore I took another course. I watched what kind of persons the door most opened to, and one of their shapes I would belie to get in with. First I came with authority, and said I was an engineer, and belonged to the motions. They asked me if I were the righting bear of last year, and laughed me out of that, and said the motions were ceased. Then I took another figure of an old tire-woman; but tired under that too, for none of the masquers would take note of me, the mark was out of my mouth. Then I pretended to be a musician, marry I could not shew mine instrument, and that bred a discord. Now there was nothing left for me that I could presently think on but a Feather-maker of Blackfriars, and in that shape I told them, Surely I must come in, let it be opened unto me; but they all made as light of me as of my feathers; and wondered how I could be a Puritan, being of

"panegyrist," and the banners of Jonson, combined to furnish a laugh for Prince Henry at the expense of this catholic coxcomb:

"Yet must I say thy fortune herein was ill,
For thou went'st nak't to wash thy shirt at
Basil:

And having seen cloysters, and many a
monke,
Becam'st thyself a Recluse in a trunke"

After Corvat there follows, "and make a case: uses. It was omitted by Whalley, and is to me unintelligible. [See note to Epigram lxxxv. post "Case of Coxcombs" occur p. 64.]

so vain a vocation. I answered, We are all masquers sometimes : with which they knocked Hypocrisy o' the pate, and made room for a bombard man, that brought Douge¹ for a country lady or two, that fainted, he said, with fasting for the fine sight since seven o'clock in the morning. O how it grieved me that I was prevented of that shape, and had not touched on it in time, it liked me so well; but I thought I would offer at it yet. Marry, before I could procure my properties, alarum came that some of the whimiens had too much; and one shewed how fruitfully they had watered his head, as he stood under the gnces; and another came out, complaining of a cataract shot into his eyes by a planet as he was star-gazing. There was that device defeated! By tins time I saw a fine citizen's wife or two let in; and that figure provoked me exceedingly to take it; which I had no sooner done, but one of the black-guard had his hand in my vestric, and was groping of me as nimbly as the Christinas cut-purse. He thought he might be bold with me because I had not a husband in sight to squeak to. I was glad to forego my form to be rid of his hot steeming affection, it so smelt of the boiling-house. Forty other devices I had of vviremen and the chandry, and I know not what else: but all succeeded alike. I offered money too, but that could not be done so privately as it durst be taken, for the danger of an example. At last a troop of strangers came to the door, with whom I made myself sure to enter: but before I could mix they were all let in, and I left alone without for want of an interpreter. Which, when I was fain to be to myself as a Colossus, the company told me I had English enough to carry me to bed; with which all the other statues of flesh laughed. Never till then did I know the want of a hook and a piece of beef, to have baited three or four of those goodly wide mouths with. In this despair, when all invention and translation too failed me, I e'en went back and

stuck to this shape you see me in of mine own, with my broom and my candles, and came on confidently, giving out I was a part of the Device: at which, though they had little to do with wit, yet because some on't might be used here to-night, contrary to their knowledge, they thought it fit way should be made for me; and, as it falls out, to small purpose.

Plu. Just as much as you are fit for. Away, idle spirit; and thou the idle cause of his adventuring hither, vanish with him. 'Tis thou that art not only the sower of vanities in these high places, but the call of all other light follies to fall, and feed on them. I will endure thy prodigality nor riots no more; they are the ruins of states. Nor shall the tyranny of these nights hereafter impose a necessity upon me of entertaining thee. Let them embrace more frugal pastimes. Why should not the thrifty and right worshipful game of Post and Pair content them; or the witty invention of Noddy, for counters; or God make them rich at the tables?² but masquing and revelling! Were not these ladies and their gentlewomen more housewifely employed, a dozen of them to a light, or twenty (the more the merrier) to save charges, in their chambers at home, and their old night-gowns, at Draw-gloves, Riddles, Dreams, and other pretty purposes, rather than to wake here in their flaunting wires and tires, laced gowns, embroidered petticoats, and other taken-up braveries? Away, I will no more of these superfluous excesses. They are these make me hear so ill³ both in town and country, as I do; which if they continue I shall be the first shall leave them.

Masq. Either I am very stupid, or this a reformed Cupid.

Rob. How! does any take this for Cupid? the Love in Court?

Masq. Yes, is't not he?

Rob. Nay then, we spirits, I see, are subtler yet, and somewhat better discoverers. No; it is not he, nor his

¹ I answered, We art all masquers sometimes.] Jonson is always happy in his allusions to this anomaly in the practice and preaching of the Puritans. See vol. i. p. 236 b.

² A bombard man that brought bouge] i. e., provisions. Bouge of Court was an allowance of meat and drink to the officers of the Court.—WHAL.

Whalley has not noticed the bombard-man. He was one of the people who attended at the buttery-hatch, and carried the huge cant of beer

to the different offices. For one of the black-guard, which occurs below, see p. 97 b.

³ At the tables?] It may now be added to the note on this game (vol. ii. p. 68 b), that it seems to be a species of backgammon. Noddy is, I believe, a variation of cribbage.

⁴ They are these make me hear so ill] i. e. make me to be so ill spoken of. This Latinitis has been noticed before. Taken up braveries are expensive dresses procured on credit

brother Anti-Cupid, the Love of Virtue, though he pretend to it with his phrase and face : 'tis that impostor Plutus, the god of money, who has stolen Love's ensigns ; and in his belied figure reigns the world, making friendships, contracts, marriages, and almost religion; begetting, breeding, and holding the nearest respects of mankind : and usurping all those offices in this age of gold, which Love himself performed in the golden age. 'Tis he that pretends to tie kingdoms, maintain commerce, dispose of honours, make all places and dignities arbitrary from him, even to the very country where Love's name cannot be razed out, he has yet gamed there upon him by a proverb, *Not for Love or Money*. There Love lives confined by his tyranny to a cold region, wrapt up in furs like a Muscovite, and almost frozen to death : while he, in his inforced shape, and with his ravished arms, walks as if he were to set bounds and give laws to destiny. 'Tis you mortals that are fools ; and worthy to be such that worship him : for if you had wisdom, he had no godhead. He should stink in the grave with those wretches whose slave he was ; condemn him, and he is one. Come, follow me. I'll bring you where yon shall find Love, and by the virtue of this majesty, who projecteth so powerful beams of light and heat through this hemisphere, thaw his icy fetters, and scatter the darkness that obscures him. Then, in despite of this insolent and barbarous Mammon, your sports may proceed, and the solemnities of the night be complete, without depending on so earthy an idol.

Plu, Ay, do ; attempt it: 'tis like to find most necessary and fortunate event, whatsoever is enterprised without my aids. Alas, how bitterly the spirit of poverty spouts itself against my weal and felicity ! but I feel it not. I cherish and make much of myself, flow forth in ease and delicacy, while that murmurs and starves.

Enter CUPID in his chariot, guarded with the Masquers, in number ten'

SONG.

O, how came Love, that is himself a fire,
To be so cold ?

¹ 'Tis you mortals that are fools, &c.]

Nullo numen habes si sit prudentia, sed te Nos facimus, fortuna, deam.—Juv. Sat. x.

Yes, tyrant Money quencheth all desire,
Or makes it old.

But here are beauties will revive
Love's youth, and keep his heat alive :
As often as his torch here dies,
He need but light it at fresh eyes.
Joy, joy the more ; for in all courts,
If Love be cold, so are his sports.

Cup. I have my spirits again, and feel my limbs.

Away with this cold cloud, that dims
My light ! Lie there, my furs and charms,
Love feels a heat, that inward warms,
And guards him naked in these places,
As at his birth, or 'mongst the Graces.
Impostor Mammon, come, resign
This bow and quiver ; they are mine.
Thou hast too long usurped my rites,
I now am lord of mine own nights.
Begone, whilst yet I give thee leave.
When thus the world thou wilt deceive,
Thou canst in youth and beauty shine
Belie a godhead's form divine,
Scatter thy gifts, and fly to those
Where thine own humour may dispose ;
But when to good men thou art sent,
By Jove's direct commandment,
Thou then art aged, lame, and blind,
And canst nor path nor persons find.
Go, honest spirit, chase him hence
To his caves ; and there let him dispense
For murders, treasons, rapes, his bribes
Unto the discontented tribes ;
Where let his heaps grow daily less,
And he and they still want success.
The majesty that here doth move,
Shall triumph, more secured by Love,
Than all his earth ; and never crave
His aids, but force him as a slave.
To those bright beams I owe my life,
And I will pay it in the strife
Of duty back. See, here are ten,
The spirits of courts, and flower of men,
Led on by me, with flamed intents,
To figure the ten ornaments,
That do each courtly presence grace.
Nor will they rudely strive for place,
One to precede the other ; but
As music them in form shall put,
So will they keep their measures true,
And make still their proportions new,
Till all become one harmony,
Of honour and of courtesy,
True valour and urbanity,

⁸ *But when to good men thou art sent,*
This and the three succeeding lines are from
one of Lucian's Dialogues.

Of confidence, alacrity,
Of promptness, and of industry,
Hability, reality.
Nor shall those graces ever quit your court,
Or I be wanting to supply their sport.

HERE THE FIRST DANCE,

SONG.

This motion was of Love begot,
It was so airy, light, and good,
His wings into their feet he shot,
Or else himself into their blood.
But ask not how : the end will prove
That Love's in them, or they're in Love.

SECOND DANCE.

SONG.

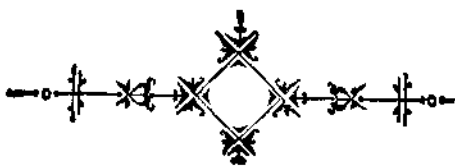
Have men beheld the Graces dance,
Or seen the upper orbs to move ?

So these did turn, return, advance,
Drawn back by Doubt, put on by Love.
And now like earth, themselves they fix,
Till greater pow'rs vouchsafe to mix
Their motions with them. Do not fear
You brighter planets of this sphere :
Not one male heart you see,
But rather to his female eyes
Would die a destined sacrifice,
Than live at home, and free.

THIRD DANCE.

SONG.

Give end unto thy pastimes, Love,
Before they labours prove :
A little rest between
Will make thy next shows better seen.
Now let them close their eyes, and see
If they can dream of thee,
Since morning hastes to come in view ;
And all the morning dreams are true.



A Challenge at Tilt,

AT A MARRIAGE.

A CHALLENGE AT TILT.] The title is from the first folio. The dale of the marriage is not given, nor are the names of those in honour of whom the challenge took place. That they were of high distinction is certain, from the splendour of the Court on the occasion, and the presence of the Royal Family. Many defiances of this Kind are noticed in the life of Prince Henry, "who was much attached to these manly exercises, in which he was well skilled. Instead of contrasting the chariness of Milton on these occasions with the exuberance of Jonson, Warton might with far more justice have complained of the retentiveness of the latter. But he probably knew no more of him than he had picked up in casual reading; and, at any rate, he was sure to be on the popular side in condemning him.

[Gifford quotes Warton at second hand (*ante*, p. 70 *b*). His words, taken with the context, are by no means unfair to Jonson. Speaking of Milton's *Arcades*, he says—"Unquestionably this Masque was a much longer performance. Milton seems only to have written the poetical part, consisting of these three Songs, and the Recitative Soliloquy of the Genius. The rest was probably prose and machinery. In many of Jonson's Masques the poet but rarely appears, amidst a cumbersome exhibition of heathen gods and mythology."—T. Warton's *Milton*, 8vo, 1785, p. 97.—F. C.]

THE DAY AFTER THE MARRIAGE.

The Court being in expectation as before.

Enter Two CUPIDS, striving.

1 Cup. It is my right, and I will have it.

2 Cup. By what law or necessity? Pray you come back.

1 Cup. I serve the man, and the nobler creature.

2 Cup. But I the woman, and the purer; and therefore the worthier. Because you are a handful above me, do you think to get a foot afore me, sir? No; I appeal to you, ladies.

1 Cup. You are too rude, boy, in this presence.

2 Cup. That cannot put modesty in me to make me come behind you though; I will stand for mine inches with you as peremptory as an ambassador. Ladies, your sovereignties are concerned in me; I am the wife's page.

1 Cup. And I the husband's.

a Cup. How

Cup. Ha!

2 Cup. One of us must break the wonder; and therefore I that have best cause to be assured of mine own truth, demand of thee by what magic thou wear'st my ensigns? or hast put on my person?

1 Cup. Beware, young ladies, of this impostor; and, mothers, look to your daughters and nieces; a false Cupid is abroad: it is I that am the true, who to do these glad solemnities their proper rites have been contented not to put off, but to conceal my deity, and in this habit of a servant do attend him who was yesterday the happy Bridegroom, in the complement of his nuptials, to make all his endeavours and actions more gracious and lovely.

2 Cup. He tells my tale, he tells my tale; and pretends to my act. It was I that did this for the Bride. I am the true Love, and both this figure and those arms are usurped by most unlawful power: can you not perceive it? Do not I look liker a Cupid than he? am I not more a child? Ladies, have none of you a picture of me in your bosom? is the resemblance of

Love banished your breasts? Sure they are these garments that estrange me to you! if I were naked you would know me better; no relic of love left in an old bosom here! what should I do?

1 Cup. My little shadow is turned furious.

2 Cup. What can I turn other than a Fury itself to see thy impudence? If I be a shadow, what is substance? Was it not I that yesternight waited on the bride into the nuptial chamber, and against the bridegroom came made her the throne of love? Had I not lighted my torches in her eyes, planted my mother's roses in her cheeks; were not her eyebrows bent to the fashion of my bow, and her looks ready to be loosed thence, like my shafts? Had I not ripened kisses on her lips fit for a Mercury to gather, and made her language sweeter than his upon her tongue? was not the girdle about her he was to untie my mother's,¹ wherein all the joys and delights of love were woven?

1 Cup. And did I not bring on the blushing bridegroom to taste those joys? and made him think all stay a torment? did I not shoot myself into him like a flame, and made his desires and his graces equal? were not his looks of power to have kept the night alive in contention with day, and made the morning never wished for? Was there a curl in his hair that I did not sport in, or a ring of it crisped, that might not have become Juno's fingers? his very undressing, was it not Love's arming? did not all his kisses charge? and every touch attempt? but his words, were they not feathered from my wings, and flew in singing at her ears, like arrows tipt with gold?

2 Cup. Hers, hers did so into his: and all his virtue was borrowed from my powers in her, as thy form is from me. But that this royal and honoured assembly be no longer troubled with our contention, behold, I challenge thee of falshood, and will bring upon the first day of the new year into the lists before this palace ten knights armed, who shall undertake against

all assertion that I am a child of Mars and Venus: and in the honour of that lady (whom it is my ambition to serve) that that love is the most true and perfect that still waiteth on the woman, and is the servant of that sex.

1 Cup. But what gage gives my confident counterfeits of this?

2 Cup. My bow and quiver, or what else I can make.

1 Cup. I take only them: and in exchange give mine, to answer and punish this thy rashness, at thy time assigned, by a just number of knights, who by their virtue shall maintain me to be the right Cupid; and true issue of valour and beauty; and that no love can come near either truth or perfection but what is manly and derives his proper dignity from thence.

2 Cup. It is agreed.

1 Cup. In the meantime, ladies, suspend your censures which is the right; and to entertain your thoughts till the day, may the Court hourly present you with delicate and fresh objects, to beget on you pretty and pleasing fancies! may you feed on pure meats, easy of concoction, and drink that will quickly turn into blood, to make your dreams the clearer, and your imaginations the finer!

So they departed.

On New-Years-day, he that before is numbered the SECOND CUPID came now the first, with his ten Knights attired in the Brides colours and lighting from his chariot, spake:

1 Cup. Now, ladies, to glad your aspects once again with the sight of Love, and make a spring smile in your faces, which must have looked like winter without me; behold me, not like a servant now, but a champion, and in my true figure, as I used to reign and revel in your fancies, tickling your soft ears with my feathers, and laying little straws about your hearts, to kindle

¹ Was not the girdle about her my mother's, &c. That girdle had scarcely more charms in it than the poet's language in these sprightly and gallant little pieces; but the allusion of Cupid is to this beautiful passage;

Η και απο στήθεσφιν ελυσσατο κειστων ιματια,
Ποικιλων, ενθα δε οι δελκτρηια παντα τετυκτο
Ενθ' ουκ εμιν φιλοτης, εν δ' ημερος, εν δ' ορηστυς

Παρθενισ, ή τ' εκλεψε νοον πυκα περ φρονεωντων.
[/. xiv. v. 214.

[Which has been so exquisitely rendered by Cowper:

"It was an ambush of sweet snares, replete
With love, desire, soft intercourse of hearts,
And music of resistless whispered sounds
That from the wisest win their best resolves.

F.CJ

bonfires shall flame out at your eyes; playing in your bloods like fishes in a stream, or diving like the boys in the bath, and then rising on end like a monarch, and treading humour like water, bending those stiff pickardils of yours under this yoke my bow; or if they would not bend, whipping your rebellious vardingalcs with my bow-string, and made them run up into your waists (they have lain so fiat) for fear of my indignation. What! is Cupid of no name with you? have I lost all reputation, or what is less, opinion, by once putting off my deity? Because I was a page at this solemnity, and would modestly serve one for the honour of you all, am I therefore dishonoured by all? and lost in my value so that every juggler that can purchase him a pair of wings and a quiver, is committed with me in balance, and contends with me for sovereignty? Well, I will chastise you, ladies; believe it, you shall feel my displeasure for this; and I will be mighty in it. Think not to have those accesses to me you were wont; you shall wait four of those galleries off, and six chambers for me; ten doors locked between you and me hereafter, and I will allow none of you a key: when I come abroad, you shall petition me, and I will not hear you; kneel, I will not regard you; I will pass by like a man of business, and not see you, and I will have no Master of Requests for you. There shall not the greatest pretender to a state-face living put on a more supercilious look than I will do upon you. Trust me—ha! what's this?

Enter 2 CUPID, with his company of ten Knights.

2 Cup. O, are you here, sir! you have got the start of me now by being challenger, and so the precedency, you think, I see you are resolved to try your title by arms then; you will stand to be the right Cupid still? how now! what ails you that you answer not? are you turned a statue upon my appearance? or did you hope I would not appear, and that hope has deceived you?

1 Cup. Art thou still so impudent to belie my figure? that in what shape soever I present myself thou wilt seem to be the same; not so much as my chariot but resembled by thee? and both the doves and swans I have borrowed of my mother to draw it? the very number of my

champions emulated, and almost their habits! what insolence is this?

2 Cup. Good little one, quarrel not, you have now put yourself upon others' valour, not your own, and you must know you can bring no person hither to strengthen your side, but we can produce an equal. Be it! Persuasion you have got there, the peculiar enchantress of your sex; behold we have Mercury here to charm against her, who gives all lovers their true and masculine eloquence; or are they the Graces your piousmeon, your known clients, Spring, Beauty, and Cheerfulness? here are Youth, Audacity, and Favour to encounter them, three more manly perfections, and much more powerful in working for Love. Child, you are all the ways of winning too weak, there is no thinking, either with your honour or discretion kept safe, to continue on a strife wherein you are already vanquished; yield, be penitent early, and confess it.

1 Cup. I will break my bow and quiver into dust first (restore me mine own arms) or be torn in pieces with Harpies, marry one of the Furies, turn into Chaos again, and dissolve the harmony of nature.

2 Cup. O, most stiffly spoken, and fit for the sex you stand for! Well, give the sign then: let the trumpets sound, and upon the valour and fortune of your champions put the right of your cause.

1 Cup. 'Tis done.

Here the TILTING took place,

After which.

2 Cup. Now, sir, you have got mightily by this contention, and advanced your cause to a most high degree of estimation with these spectators! have you not?

1 Cup. Way, what have you done, or won?

2 Cup. It is enough for me who was called out to this trial, that I have not lost, or that my side is not vanquished.

Enter HYMEN.

Hy. Come, you must yield both; this is neither contention for you, nor time fit to contend: there is another kind of tilting would become Love better than this; to meet lips for lances, and crack kisses instead of staves: which there is no beauty here, I presume, so young but can fancy, nor so tender but would venture.

Here is the palm for which you must strive: which of you wins this bough is the right and best Cupid; and whilst you are striving, let Hymen, the president of these solemnities, tell you something of your own story, and what yet you know not of yourselves. You are both true Cupids, and both the sons of Venus by Mars, but this the first born, and was called Eros; who upon his birth proved a child of excellent beauty, and right worthy his mother; but after, his growth not answering his form, not only Venus, but the Graces who nursed him, became extremely solicitous for him; and were impelled out of their grief and care to consult the oracle about him. Themis (for Apollo was not yet of years) gave answer, there wanted nothing to his perfection, but that they had not enough considered or looked into the nature of the infant, which indeed was desirous of a companion only; for though Love, and the true, might be born of Venus single and alone, yet he could not thrive and increase alone. Therefore if she affected his growth, Venus must bring forth a brother to him, and name him Anteros; that with reciprocal affection might pay the exchange of Love.

This made that thou wert born her second birth. Since when your natures are, that either of you looking upon other thrive, and by your mutual respects and interchange of ardour flourish and prosper; whereas if the one be deficient or wanting to the other, it fares worse with both. This is the Love that Hymen requires, without which no marriage is happy: when the contention is not who is the true Love, but being both true, who loves most; cleaving the bough between you, and dividing the palm. This is a strife wherein you both win, and begets a concord worthy all married minds' emulation, when the lover transforms himself into the person of his beloved, as you two do now; by whose example let your knights (all honourable friends and servants of Love) affect the like peace, and depart the lists equal in their friendships for ever, as to-day they have been in their fortunes. And may this royal court never know more difference in humours; or these well-graced nuptials more discord in affections than what they presently feel, and may ever avoid!

i, 2 *Cup*. To this **Love** says Amea.



The Irish Masque at Court,

BY GENTLEMEN, THE KING'S SERVANTS.

THE IRISH MASQUE.] From the folio, 1616. It has no date. James had great merit in the whole of his conduct with respect to Ireland, which he governed with extraordinary care, and reduced from the state of distraction, in which the late Queen had left it, to a degree of tranquillity which it has not often experienced. This little piece is meant to compliment the country on its loyalty and attachment.

The KING being set in expectation, out ran a fellow attired like a citizen : after him three or four footmen, DENNISE, DONNELL, DERMOCK, and PATRICK.

Pat. For chreeshes sayk, phair ish te king? phich ish he, ant be? show mete shwct faish, quickly. By got, o' my consence, tish ish he! ant tou be King Yamish, me name is Dennish, I sherve ti majesties ownecashtermonger, be me trote; and cry peepsh, and pomwatersh in ti mayesties shervice, 'tis five year now. Ant tou vilt not trush me now, call up ti clarke o' ti kitchen, be and be, shall give hish wort, upon hish book, ish true.

Don. Isr[^]Jt te fashion to beate te imbasheters here, and knoke 'hem o' te heads phit te phoit stick?

Der. Ant make ter meshage run out at ter mouthsh, before tey speake vit te king?

Den. Peash, Dermock, here ish te king.

Der. Phair ish te king?

Don. Phich ish te king?

Den. Tat ish te king.

Der. Ish tat te king? Got blesh him!

Den. Peash, and take heet vat tou shaysht, man.

Der. Creesh blesh him, I shay. Phat reason I tayk heet for tat?

Don. Creesh blesh ti shweet faish, King Yamish; and my mistresh faish too: pre te, hear me now. I am come a great vay of miles to shee te now, by my fayt and trote, and graish o' got.

Den. Phat ish ti meaning o' tish, Donnell? clidsh tou not shay, a gotsh name, I should tell ty tale for tee? ant entrayt me come to te court, and lea'o me vare at shixe ant seven? by got, ish true now.

Don. Yesh. But I tanke got I can tell my tayle my shelfe, now I be here, I varrant tee: pre dee hear me, King Yamish.

Den. Pre dee heare me, King Yamish: I can tell tee better ten he.

Pat. Pre dee heare neder noder on 'hem: here'sh Dermock vill shpeake better ten eder oder on 'hem.

Der. No, fayt, shweet hart, tow lyesht. Patrick here ish te vesht man of hish tongue, of all de foure; pre tee now heare him.

Pat. By chreesh shave me, tow lyesht. I have te vorsht tongue in te company at thy shervish. Vill shome body shpeake?

Don. By my fayt, I vill not.

Der. By my goship's hand, I vill not.

Pat. Speake Dennish ten.

Den. If I speake, te divell tayke me. I vill give tee leave to cram my mout phit shamrokes and butter and vayter crashes instead of pearsh and peepsh.

Pat. If nobody vill shpeake, I vill shpeake. Pleash ty shweet faish, wee come from Ireland.

Der. Wee be Irish men, an't pleash tee.

Don. Ty good shubshects of Ireland, and pleash ty majesty.

Den. Of Connought Leymster, Ulster

Minister. I mine one shelve vash bom in te English payle,¹ and pleash ty mayesty.

Pat. Sacrament o' chreesh, tell ty tale ty shelve, and be all tree.

Den. And pleash ty graish I vill tell tee, tere vash a great newesh in Ireland of a great brideal of one o' ty lords here ant be.

Pat. Ty man Robyne, tey shay.²

Don. Mary ty man Toumaish, hish daughter, tey shay.

Der. Ay, ty good man, Toumaish o' Shuffolke.

Don. He knoke ush o' te payt here, ash we come by, by a good token.

Der. V fayt, tere ish very mush phoyt stick here stirring to-night. He takes ush for no shquires I tinke.

Pat. No, he tinksh not ve be imbasheters.

Don. No, fayt, I tinke sho too. But tish marriage bring over a doshen of our besht maysheters, to be merry perht tee shweet faish, ant be ; and daunsh a fading³ at te wedding.

Den. But tey vere leeke to daunsh naked, ant pleash ty mayesty; for te villanous vild Irish sheas have caslit away all ter fine cloysh, as many ash cosht a tow-sand cowes and garraives, I varrant tee.

Der. And te prishe of a cashteU or two upon teyr backs.

Don. And tey tell ty mayesty tey have ner a great fish now, nor a shea moynshter to shave teyr cloysh alive now.

Pat. Nor a devoish vit a clowd to fesh 'hem out o' te bottom o' te vayer.

Der. But tey musht eene come and daunsh in teyr mantles now ; and show tee how teye can foot te fading and te fadow, and te phip a' Dunboyne, I trow.

Don. I pre dee now let not ty sweet faysht ladies, make a mock on 'hem and scorn to daunsh vit 'hem now, becash tey be poor.

Pat. Tey drink no bonny clabbe, i¹ fayt, now.

Don. I ish better ten usquebagh⁴ to daunsh vit, Patrick.

¹ 'mine own. shrlfe vash born in the English payle.] The English pale was those parts of Ireland extended about Dublin, which in the reign of Henry II. were possessed by the English. This district was sometimes larger and sometimes less, in different ages, as the English or Irish power prevailed. But the counties of Louth, Dublin, Meath, Kildare, and Carlgw, being for the most part obedient to the English laws, went under the more immediate denomination of the *Pale*.—WHAL.

² *Ty man Robyne.* This alludes to the marriage of the favourite, Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, with the daughter of Thomas, Earl of Suffolk. This too celebrated lady was the divorced wife of Lord Essex : and the "brideal" of which Dennis speaks, took place on the 5th of December, 1613, so that the date of this Masque may be safely referred to the succeeding festival, or the commencement of the new year. In March, 1613, too, James had completed his plans for the pacification of Ireland ; so that the appearance of the "imbasheters" was not ill-timed.

The young Countess of Essex had already made the first step in her career of blood ; but no murmur of it had yet reached the ear of James ; and, as Wilson tells us, "all the splendid equipage, and magnificent preparation that could either fill a Court with delight or a people with admiration, were not wanting for the marriage." Other poets were, however, called in upon the occasion ; and the only notice which Jonson appears to have taken of this ill-omened match is contained in the simple Mention of the parties' names in the text.

³ *And dance a fading.* This word, which "the burden of a popular Irish song, gave

name to a dance frequently noticed by our old dramatists. Both the song and the dance appear to have been of a licentious kind, and merit no farther elucidation.

⁴ *It ish better ten usquebagh, &c.]* The mention of this word brings to my mind a passage in the *Devil's an Ass* :

"Chimney-sweepers
To their tobacco and strong waters, Hum,
Meath, and Obarni."

The last of these (Obarni) I had supposed to be a preparation of usquebagh : (see vol. ii. p. 216 *b*); whereas it appears to be a preparation of Meath. For this information I am indebted to the following extract from an old poem, called *Pimlyco or Runne Red-Cap*, 1609, kindly transmitted to me by my friend Mr. Boswell :—

"Nor all those drinkes of northern climes
Whose brewings shall fill up our rimes
Brant Rensque and the cleere Romyne
The Belo Crasnp and Patisane,
Peeva (to them is as our Bcere)
With spiced Meades (wholesome but deer)
As Meade Obarne and Meade Cherunk
And the base Quasse by Pesants drunk."

Now I am on the subject, I will subjoin a passage which has just occurred to me, and which gives a better explanation of *Hum* than will be found in the passage already quoted :

"Notwithstanding the multiplicity of wines, yet there be stills and limbecks going, swotting out aquavitate and strong waters, deriving their names from cinnamon, balm, and aniseed, such as *stomach-water, kumm, &c.*—*Hey-wood*" *Drunkard*, p. 48.

Pat. By my fater's hand, tey vill daunsh very veil.

Der. Ay, by St. Patrick vill tey ; for tey be nimble men.

Den. And vill leap ash light, be creesh save me, a.tfi he tat veares te biggest fether in ty court, King Yamish.

Der. For all tey have no good vindsh to blow tern heter, nor elementsh to presherve hem.

Don. Nor all te four cornersh o' te world, to creep out on.

Pat. But tine own kingdoms.

Don. Tey be honesh men.

Pat. And goot men : tine own shubshects.

Der. Tou hasht very good shubshects in Ireland.

Den. A great goot many, o' great goot shubshects.

Don. Tat love ty mayesty heartily.

Den. And vill run t'rough fire and vater for tee, over te bog and te bannoke, be te graish o' got, and graish o' king.

Der. By got, tey vill fight for tee, King Varnish, and for my mistresh tore.

Den. And my little maishtr.

Pat. And te vfrow, ty daughter, tat is in Tuchland.

Don. Tey vill spend ter heart in ter belly for tee, as veil as ter legs in ter heelsh.

Der. By creesh, tey vill shpend all teyr cowedsh for tee.

Den. Pre tee make mush on t'em.

Pat. Pre tee, sweet faysh, do.

Don. Be not angry vit te honesh men, for te few rebelsh and knavesh.

Pat. Nor beleeve no tayles, King Yamish.

Der. For, by got, tey love tee in Ireland.

Don. Pray tee, bid 'em welcome, and got make 'em rish for tee.

Der. Tey vill make tern shelves honesh.

Den. -Tou hasht not a hundret tousand aush men, by my trote.

Pat. No, nor forty, by my hant.

Don. By Justish Deloune's hant, not twenty.

Der. By my lord Deputish hant, not ten in all ti great Britayne. Shall I call hem to tee ?

Don. Tey shit like poore men i' te porsh yonder.

Pat. Shtay, te peepe ish comet [Bagpipe, &c. enter."] Harke, harke !

Der. Let ush daunsh ten. Daunsh, Denish.

Den. By creesh sa' me, I ha' forgot.

Don. A little till our mayshtersh be ready.

Here the Footmen had a DANCE, being six men and six boys, to the bagpipe and other rude music ; after which they had a SONG, and then they cried,

Peash! Peash! Now room for our mayshtersh ! Room for our mayshtersh t

Then the GENTLEMEN danceforth a dance in their Irish mantles, to a solemn music of harps: which done, the Footmen fall to speak again.

Der. How like tou tish, Yamish? and tey had fine cloyshs now, and liveries, like tine own men ant be !

Don. But te rugs make t'em shrug a little.

Der. Tey have shit a great phoyle i' te cold, ant be.

Don. Isht not pity te cloysh be drowned now?

Pat. Pre tee shee anoter daunsh, and be not veary.

Here they were interrupted by a civil GENTLEMAN of the nation, who brought in a BARD.

Gent. He may be of your rudeness. Hold your tongues,

And let your coarser manners seek some place

Fit for their wildness : this is none; be gone !

Advance, immortal Bard, come up and view

The gladding face of that great king in whom

So many prophecies of thine are knit.

This is that James of which long since thou sung'st,

Should end our countries most unnatural broils ;

And if her ear, then deafened with the drum,

Would stoop but to the music of his peace,

She need not with the spheres change harmony'

¹ And my little maishtr.} Charles; te vfrow, tat is in Tuchland, is the Princess Elizabeth, who was married to the Palsgrave in February, 1613.

This is the man them promis'dst should re-
deem,
If she would love his counsels as his laws,
Her head from servitude, her feet from
fall,
Her fame from barbarism, her state from
want,
And in her all the fruits of blessing plant.
Sing then some charm, made from his pre-
sent looks,
That may assure thy former prophecies,
And firm the hopes of these obedient
spirits,
Whose love no less than duty hath called
forth
Their willing powers : who if they had
much more,
Would do their all, and think they could
not move
Enough to honour that which he doth love.

Here the BARD sings to two harps.

SONG.

Bow both your heads at once, and hearts ;
Obedience doth not well in parts.

It is but standing in his eye,
You'll feel yourselves changed by and
by.
Few live th.it know how quick a spring
Works in the presence of a king :
'Tis done by this ; your slough let fall,
And come forth new-born creatures
all.

*During this Song the Masquers let fall
their mantles and discover their mas-
quing apparel. Then they dance forth.
After the dance the Bard sings this*

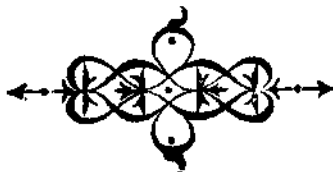
SONG.

So breaks the sun earth's rugged chains,
Wherein rude winter bound her veins;
So grows both stream and source of
price,
That lately fettered were with ice.
So naked trees get crisped heads,
And coloured coats the roughest meads,
And all get vigour, youth, and bpright,
That are but looked on by his light.

Thus it ended.

[So carelessly is this Masque printed in the
nine-volume edition that I have had to make no
fewer than thirty alterations in the text. All
these errors are slavishly copied in the one-
volume edition of Messrs. Moxon and Routledge,
although they include such palpable blunders as

" shiede and seven" for " shixe and seven," and
" sweetfaysh ladies" for " sweet fay sht ladies,"
and many others, which are interesting as show-
ing the Irish mode of pronunciation *temp.* Jac. I.
—F. C.]



Mercury Vindicated from the Alchemists at Court.

BY GENTLEMEN, THE KING'S SERVANTS.

MERCURY VINDICATED.] From the folio, 1616. This is a very ingenious and pleasant little piece, but the author gives neither the date nor the occasion on which U was written. If he paid any attention to time in the arrangement of his Masques, the present must have been produced subsequently to the comedy of the *Alchemist*.

Loud music. After which the Scene is discovered; being a Laboratory or Alchemist's work-house: Vulcan looking to the registers, while a CYCLOPE, tending the jfire, to the cornets began to sing.

Cyc. Soft, subtile fire, thou soul of art,
Now do thy part
On weaker nature, that through age is
lamed.

Take but thy time now she is old,
And the sun her friend grown cold,
She will no more in strife with thee be
named.

Look but how few confess her now,
In cheek or brow!
From every head almost, how she is
frighted!

The very age abhors her so,
That it learns to speak and go,
As if by art alone it could be righted.

The Song ended, MERCURY appeared, thrusting out his head, and afterward his body, at the tunnel of the middle furnace: which VULCAN espying, cried out to the CYCLOPE.

Vul. Stay, see! our Mercury is coming
forth; art and all the elements assist! Call

forth our philosophers. He will be gone.
He will evaporate. Dear Mercury! help.
lie flies. He is scaped. Precious golden
Mercury, be fixt; be not so volatile! Will
none of the Sons of Art appear?

In which time MERCURY, having run once, or twice about the room, takes breath, and speaks.

Mer. Now the place and goodness of it
protect me. One tender-hearted creature
or other, save Mercury, and free him.
Ne'er an old gentlewoman in the house
that has a wrinkle about her to hide me
in? I could run into a serving-woman's
pocket now; her glove, any little hole.
Some merciful vardingale among so many,
be bounteous and undertake me. I will
stand close up anywhere to escape this
polt-footed philosopher,¹ old Smug here of
Lemnos, and his smoky family. Has he
given me time to breathe? O the variety
of torment that I have endured in the reign
of the Cyclops, beyond the most exquisite
wit of tyrants! The whole household of
them are become Alchemists, since their
trade of armour-making failed them, only
to keep themselves in fire, for this winter;
for the mischief a secret that they know,
above the consuming of coals, and drawing
of usquebagh! howsoever they may pro-

¹ This polt-footed philosopher.] Splay, or rather club-footed. In the *Poetaster* (vol. i, p. 1245 a), Jonson calls this poor "old Smug of Lemnos" a polt-footed stinkard: so that Howell

had reason to put him in mind in one of his letters, that the burning of his study was a mere act of retaliation on the part of Vulcan.

tend, under the specious names of Geber, Arnold, Lully, Bombast of Hohenbein, to commit miracles in art and treason against nature. And as if the title of philosopher, that creature of glory, were to be fetched out of a furnace, abuse the curious and credulous nation of metal-men through the world, and make Mercury their instrument. I am their crude and their sublimate; their precipitate and their unctuous, their male and their female; sometimes iher hermaphrodite: what they list to style me. It is I that am corroded, and exalted, ana sublimed, and reduced, and fetched over, ana filtered, and washed, and wiped; what between their salts and their sulphurs, their oils and their tartars, their brines and their vinegars, you might take me out now a soused Menriry, now a salted Mercury, now a smoked aiid dried Mercury, now a powdered and pickleu Mercury: never herring, oyster, or cucumber [cucumber] past so many vexations. My whole life with them hath been an exercise of torture; one, two, three, four, and five times an hour have they made me dance the philosophical circle, like an ape through a hoop, or a dog in a wheel. I am their turnspit indeed: they eat and smell no roast-meat but in my name. I am their bill of credit still, that passes for their victuals and house-room. It is through me they have got this corner of the Court to cozen in, where they shark for a hungry diet below stairs, and cheat upon your under-officers, promising mountains for their meat, and all upon Mercury's security. A poor page of the larder, they have made obstinately believe he shall be

physician for the household next summer: they will give him a quantity of the quintessence shall serve him to cure kibes or the mormal o' the shin, take away the pustules in the nose, and Mercury is engaged for it. A child of the scullery steals all their coals for them too, and he is bid sleep secure, he shall find a corner of the philosopher's stone for't under his bolster one day, and have the proverb inverted." Against which one day I am to deliver the buttery in so many firkins of *aurum potable*, as it delivers out bombards of bouge to them between this and that. For the pantry, they are at a certainty with me, and keep a tally, an ingot, a loaf, or a wedge of some five pounds weight, which is nothing of nothing, a trifle. And so the black-guard are pleased with any lease of life (for some 999), especially those of the boiling-house, they are to have Medea's kettle hung up, that they may souse into it when they will, and come out renewed like so many stript snakes at their pleasure. But these are petty engagements, and, as I said, below the stairs; marry above here, perpetuity of beauty (do you hear, ladies?) health, riches, honour; a matter of immortality is nothing. They will calcine you a grave matron, as it might be a mother o' the maids, and spring up a young virgin, out of her ashes, as fresh as a Phoenix: lay you an old courtier on the coals like a sausage, or a bloat herring, and after they have broiled him enough, blow a soul into him with a pair of bellows, till he start up into his galliard, that was made when Monsieur was here.⁴ They profess familiarly to melt down all the old

¹ Bombast of Hohenbein, i.e., Paracelsus.

² The proverb inverted, i.e., *Thesauritis pro carbone*: the proverb is *Carbo Pro thesauro*.

³ And so the black-guard, &c.] There is much satirical humour in these wild stipulations of the menials of the Court; but expectations full as extravagant were fostered by the dupes of this ridiculous pursuit in all ranks of life. With respect to the *black-guard*, they were, as I have shown (vol. i. 125 a), the lowest drudges of the kitchen, turnspits, carriers of wood, coal, &c. This is sufficiently clear from Jonson; but it is also distinctly stated by others. Thus Decker: "*King. What place would you serve in?*" *Graveler. Any but one of your turnspit-roaches: I would not be one of your black-guard, there's too much fire in me already.*"—*Match, me in London.*

Mr. Todd has quoted Jonson, under this word, to little purpose, and copied Malone to none at all. It is rather singular that he should

be at a loss for the meaning of so common a word.

I once entertained some indistinct hope that Jonson, who assuredly had a more critical knowledge of the English language than any person of the age in which he lived, and whose works are besides full of expressive and beautiful terms, would have been permitted to contribute somewhat to the perfection of the New Dictionary. But it does not appear (from what I have seen of it) that he has been thought worth consulting. With the exception of a few of his words, which might be gathered from the marginal remarks of Home Tooke, or the notes of the Shakspeare commentators, he brings no aid:—but modestly retires, as it is fit he should, to make way for those dignified examples of purity and skill, Blackmore and the "festivous," Gayton.

When *Monsieur* was her'] Le., in 1500.—See vol. i. p. 147 b.

sinners of the suburbs once in a half-year into fresh gamesters again; get all the cracked maidenheads, and cast them into new ingots: half the wenches of the town are alchymie. See, they begin to muster again, and draw their forces out against me! the Genius of the place defend me! You that are both the Sol and Jupiter of this sphere, Mercury invokes your majesty against the sooty tribe here; for in your favour only I grow recovered and warm.

At which time VULCAN entering with a troop of threadbare ALCHEMISTS, prefers them to the first ANTIMASQUE.

Vul. Begin your charm, sound music, circle him in, and take him: if he will not obey, bind him.

They all danced about MERCURY with variety of changes, whilst he defends himself with his Caduceus, and after the DANCE, speaks.

Mer. It is in vain, Vulcan, to pitch your net in the sight of the fowl thus: I am no sleepy Mars, to be caught in your subtle toils. I know what your aims are, sir, to tear the wings from my head and heels, lute me up in a glass with my own seals, while you might wrest the Caduceus out of my hand, to the adultery and spoil of

nature, and make your accesses by it to her dishonour more easy. Sir, would you believe it should be come to that height of impudence in mankind, that such a nest of fire-worms as these are, because their patron Mulciber heretofore has made stools stir, and statues dance, a dog of brass to bark, and (which some will say, was his worst act) a woman to speak, should therefore with their heats, called *Balnei Cineris*, or horse-dung, profess to outwork the sun in virtue, and contend to the great act of generation, nay, almost creation? It is so though: for in yonder vessels which you see in their laboratory, they have enclosed materials to produce men, beyond the deeds of Deucalion or Prometheus; of which one, they say, had the philosopher's stone, and threw it over his shoulder, the other the fire, and lost it. And what men are they, they are so busy about, think you? not common ordinary creatures, but of rarity and excellence, such as the times wanted, and the age had a special deal of need of: such as there was a necessity they should be artificial; for nature could never have thought or dreamt of their composition. I can remember some of their titles to you, and the ingredients: do not look for Paracelsus' man among them,³ that he promised you out of white bread and Delewine,⁴ for he never came to light. But of these let me see; the first that occurs; a

¹ Here the first Antimasque.] As this word occurs here for the first time, it may not be amiss to notice it. Whalley has printed it through the greater part of his sixth volume *Antemasque*, as if he supposed it to signify something introductory to the main masque: he afterwards changed his opinion and his orthography, and wrote it *Antimasque*, which "lie inclined to think was a smoother pronunciation of *antick masque*." My predecessor is still wrong. An *Antimasque*, or, as Jonson elsewhere calls it, "a foil or false masque," is something directly opposed to the principal masque. If this was lofty and serious, that was light and ridiculous. It admitted of the wildest extravagancies, and it is only by Jonson that attempts are sometimes made to connect it, in any degree, with the main story. He was fully sensible of its absurdity, and has spoken of it in another place; but the spectators, as the Cook says in *Neptune's Triumph*, "hearkened after these things," and, indeed, James himself, who laughed as boisterously as his merry grandson, was well pleased with their introduction. He "loved Masques (Wilson observes) and such disguises in these maskadoes (antimasques) as were witty and sudden; the more ridiculous the more pleasant."—*Life of James*, p. 104.

It should be added, that the antimasques

were, for the most part, performed by actors hired from the theatrics. They partook of the nature of the old Exodia, and like them afforded a little breathing time for those who came forward in the regular pieces.

² *Lute me (p in a glass with wy own seals.*! i.e., in glasses hermetically sealed.—See vol. ii. p. 26 a.

³ Do not look fir Paracelsus' matt among/cm, &c.] The device of Paracelsus was to produce a man without the conjunction of the sexes: this opinion is also said to have been countenanced by Hippocrates. Sir Thomas Browne professes the same sentiments (*Religio Medici*, lib. 2. sect. g), in words which he has borrowed from Aulus Gellius: *ea volufas, sc. gustu et tactu, sicut sapientes viri censcmnt, omnium rerum fodsissima est.*—WHAL.

⁴ Out of white bread and Dele-wtff.] A species of Rhenish wine. It is frequently mentioned by our old dramatists, and generally in company with Backrach, a thin Hock, Thus Shirley:

"Whirl in coaches

To the Dutch magazine of sauce, the Steelyard,
Where Deal and Backrache, and what strange
wineselse,
Shall flow."—*Lady of Pleasure*, act v. sc. x.

master of the duel, a carrier of the differences. To him went spirit of ale a good quantity, with the amalgama of sugar and nutmegs, oil of oaths, sulphur of quarrel, strong waters, valour precipitate, vapoured o'er the helm with tobacco, and the rosin of Mars with a drachm of the business, for that's the word of tincture, the *business*. Let me alone with the business. I will carry the business. I do understand the business. I do find an affront in the business. Then another is a fencer in the mathematics, or the town's cunning-man, a creature of art too ; a supposed secretary to the stars; but indeed a kind of lying intelligencer from those parts. His materials, if I be not deceived, were juice of almanacs, extraction of ephemerides, scales of the globe, filings of figures, dust of the twelve houses, conserve of questions, salt of confederacy, a pound of adventure, a grain of skill, and a drop of truth. I saw vegetables too, as well as minerals, put into one glass there, as adder's-tongue, tittle-bane, nitre of clients, tartar of false conveyance, *aurum palabile*, with a huge deal of talk, to which they added tincture of conscience, with the faces of honesty; but for what this was I could not learn; only I have overheard one of the artists say, out o' the corruption of a lawyer was the best generation of a broker in suits: whether this were he or no, I know not.

Vul. Thou art a scorner, Mercury, and out of the pride of thy protection here, make it thy study to revile art, but it will turn to thine own contumely soon. Call forth the creatures of the first class, and let them move to the harmony of our heat, till the slanderer have sealed up his own lips, to his own torment.

Mer. Let them come, let them come, I would not wish a greater punishment to thy impudence.

Enter the second ANTIMASQUE, of imperfect creatures, with helms of limbeck on their heads: whose dance ended, MERCURY proceeded.

Mer. Art thou not ashamed, Vulcan, to own, in defence of thy power and art, against the excellence of the sun and nature, creatures more imperfect than the very flies and insects that are her trespasses and scapes? Vanish, with thy insolence, thou and thy impostors, and all mention of you melt before the majesty of this light, whose Mercury henceforth I profess to be, 'ad never again the philosophers'. Vanish,

I say, that all who have but their senses, may see and judge the difference between thy ridiculous monsters and his absolute features.

At which the whole scene changed to a glorious bower, wherein NATURE was placed, with PROMETHEUS at her feet, and the twelve Masquers standing about them. After they had been a while viewed, PROMETHEUS descended and NATURE after him, singing'

Nat. How young and fresh am I to-night,

To see't kept day by so much light.

And twelve my sons stand in their maker's sight?

Help, wise Prometheus, something must be done,

To shew they are the creatures of the Sun;

That each to other

Is a brother,

And Nature here no step-dame, but a mother.

Cho. Come forth, come forth, prove all the numbers then,

That make perfection up, and may absolve you men.

Nat. But shew thy winding ways and arts,

Thy risings and thy timely starts,

Of stealing fire from ladies' eyes and hearts.

Those softer circles are the young man's heaven,

And there more orbs and planets are than seven,

To know whose motion

Were a notion

As worthy of youth's study as devotion.

Chor. Come forth, come forth, prove

all the time will gain,

For Nature bids the best, and never bade in vain.

Here the first DANCE.

After which this

SONG.

Pro. How many 'mongst these ladies here,

Wish now they such a mother were I

Nat. Not one, I fear,

And read it in their laughers :

There's more, I guess, would wish to be my daughters.

Pro. You think they would not be so old. For so much glory.

Nat. I think that thought so told
 Is no false piece of story.
 'Tis yet with them but beauty's noon,
 They would not grandams be too soon,
 Pro. Is that your sex's humour?
 'Tis then since Niobe was changed, that
 they have left that tumour.
 Cho. Move, move again, in forms as
 heretofore.
 Nat. 'Tis form allures.
 Then move, the ladies here are store.
 Pro. Nature is Motion's mother, as she's
 yours.
 Cho. The spring whence order flows,
 that all directs!
 And knits the causes with the effects.

Here they dance the main DANCE,
Then they dance with the Ladies ;
Then their last Dance.
 After which PKOMETEUS calls to them
in this

SONG.

Pro. What! have you done
 So soon?
 And can you from such beauty part?
 You'll do a wonder more than I.
 I woman with her ills did illy;
 But you their good, and them deny.
 Cho. Sure each hath left his heart
 In pawn to come again, or else he durst
 not start.
 Nat. They are loth to go
 I know,
 Or sure they are no sons of mine.
 There is no banquet, boys, like this,
 If you hope but e'er, you will miss;
 Stay here, and take each one a kiss.
 Cho. Winch if you can refine,
 The taste knows no such cates, nor yet
 the palate wine.
 No cause of tarrying shun,
 They are not worth his light, go back-
 ward from the sun.

With which it ended.



The Golden Age Restored.

JN A MASQUE AT COURT, 1615, BY THE LORDS AND GENTLEMEN
THE KING'S SERVANTS.

THE GOLDEN AGE RESTORED.] From the first folio. This Masque is written with great care : the conclusion of it is highly poetical. It must have been a splendid and interesting performance.

The Court being seated and in expectation,

Loud music: PALLAS in her chariot descending to a softer music.

Look, look ! rejoice and wonder
That you, offending mortals, are
(For all your crimes) so much the care
Of him that bea:- the thunder.

Jove can endure no longer,
Your great ones should your less invade ;

Or that your weak, though bad, be made

A prey unto the stronger.

And therefore means to settle
Astna in her seat again ;
And let down in his golden chain
The Age of better metal.

Which deed he doth the rather,
That even Knvy may behold
Time not enjoyed his head of gold
Alone beneath his father.

But that his care conserveth,
As time, so all time's honours too,
Regarding still what heaven should do,
And not what earth deserveth.

[A tumult and clashing of arms heard within.

But hark ! what tumult from yond' cave is heard?

What noise, what strife, what earthquake and alarms,

As troubled Nature for her maker feared;
And all the Iron Age were up in arms!

Hide me, soft cloud, from their profaner eyes,

Till insolent Rebellion take the field ;
And as their spirits with their counsels ribe,

I frustrate all with showing but my shield.
[She retires behind a cloud.

The IRON AGE presents itself, calling forth ike EVILS.

,' Age. Come forth, come forth, do we not hear

What purpose, and how worth our fear,
The king of gods hath on us?

He is not of the Iron breed
That would, though Fate did help the deed,
Let Shame in so upon us.

Rise, rise then up, thoit grandame Vice
Of all my issue, Avarice,

Bring with thee Fraud and Slander,
Coirruption with the golden hands,
Or any subtler 111 th:it M.mds
To be a more commander.

Thy boys, Ambition, Pride, and Scorn,
Force, Rapine, and thy babe last born,
Smooth Treachery, call hither.

Ann Folly forth, and Ignorance,
And teach them all our Pyrrhic dance :
We may triumph together

Upon this enemy so great,
Whom if our forces can defeat,
And but this once bring under,
We are the masters of the skies,
Where all the wealth, height, power lies,
The sceptre and the thunder.

Which of you would not in a war
Attempt the price of any scar,

To keep your own states even ?
But here which of you is that he
Would not himself the weapon be,
To ruin Jove and heaven?

About it then, and let him feel
The Iron Age is turned to steel,
Since he begins to threat her .
And though the bodies here are less
Than were the giants, he'll confers
Our malice is far greater.

The EVILS enter for the Antimasque and DANCE to huo drums, trumpet,, and a confusion of martial music. At ihc end of which PALLAS re-appears, .s/iei/mg her shield. The EVILS are turned to Siatues.

Pal. So change, and perish, scarcely knowing how,
That 'gainst the gods do take so vain a vow,
And think to equal with your mortal dates,
Their lives that are obnoxious to no fntes.—
'Twas time t'appear, and let their folly see
'Gainst whom they fought, and with what destiny
Die all that can remain of you but stone,
And that be seen awhile, and then be none !
Now, now descend, you both beloved of Jove,
And of the good on earth no less the love ;

[*The scene changes ; and she calls*

ASTR^A and the GOLDEN AGE.

Descend, you long, long wished and wanted pair,
And as your softer times divide the air,
So shake all clouds off with your golden hair ;
For Spite is spent: the Iron Age is fled,
And with her power on (,rth, her name is dead.

ASTILEA and the GOLDEN AGE descending with a

SONG .

Ast. G. Age. And are we then
To live agen
With men?

Ast. Will Jove such pledges to the earth restore
As justice?

G. Age. Or the purer ore ?

Pal. Once more.

G. Age. But do they know
How much they owe?
Below ?

Asf. And will of grace receive it, not as due ?

Pal. If not, they harm themselves, not you.

Ast. True.

G. Age. Irue.

C/w. Let narrow natures, how they will, mistake,

The great should still be good for their own sake. [*They come forward**

Pal. Welcome to earth, and reign.

Ast. G. Age. But how, without a train
Shall we our state sustain ?

Pal. Leave that to Jove: therein you are

No little part of his Minerva's care.

Expect awhile.—

You far-famed spirits of this happy isle,
That for your sacred songs have gained the style

Of PIHelms' sons, whose notes the air aspire

Of th' old Egyptian or the Thracian lyre,
That CHAUCER, GOWER, LIDGATE, SPEN-
SER, hight,

Put on your better flames and larger light,

To wait upon the Age that shall your names new nourish,

Since Virtue pressed shall grow, and buried Arts shall flourish.

Chau. Gow. We come.

Lid. Spen. We come.

Qnines. Our best of fire,

Is that which Pallas doth inspire.

[*They descend.*

Pal. Then see you yonder souls, set far within the shade,

That in Elysian bowers the blessed seats do keep,

That for their living good now semi-gods are made,

And went away from earth, as if but tamed with sleep.¹

These we must join to wake ; for these arc of the strain

¹ And went away from earth, as if but tamed with sltef.] This is from Hesiod :

Ἐν γαίῃ δ' ὡς κτηνὴν δεδάμνηται.

It is remarkable that Ovid, who, in his descrip-

tion of the Golden Age, copied Hesiod, has neglected to take notice of so beautiful a circumstance. WHAL.

Put on air, is also from Hesiod; ἠέρας ἐσθλαίον.

That justice dare defend, and will the age sustain.

Cho. Awake, awake, for whom these times were kept,

O wake, wake, wake, as you had never slept!

Make haste and put on air, to be their guard,

Whom once but to defend, is still rcwaid.

Pal. Thus Pallas throws a lightning from her shield.

'_77ic scene of Ugh1 discovered.

Cho. To which let all that doubtful darkness yield.

Ast. Now Peace.

G. Age. And Love.

Ast. Faith.

G. Age. Joys.

Ast. G. Age. All, all increase. *'A pause.*

Chau. And Strife,

Gow. And Hate,

Ltd. And Fear,

Spen. And Pain,

Orunes. All cease.

Pal. No tumour of an iron vein.

The causes shall not come again.

Cho. But, as of old, all now be gold.

Move, move then to these sounds ;

And do not only walk your solemn rounds,

But give those light and air bounds,

That fit the Genii of these gladder grounds,

The first DANCE.

Pal. Already do not all things smile ?

Ast. But when they have enjoyed a "hile

The Age's quickening power:

Age. That every thought a seed doth bring,

And every look a plant cloth spring,

And every breath a flower :

Pal. Then earth unploughed shall yield her crop,

Pure honey from the oak shall drop,

The fountain shall run milk :

The thistle shall the lily bear,

And every bramble roses wear,

And every worm make silk.

Cho. The very shrub shall balsam sweat,

And nectar melt the rock with heat,

Till earth have drunk her rill :

That she no harmful weed may know,

Nor barren fern, nor mandrake low,

Nor mineral to kill.

Here the main DANCE.

After which :

Pal. But here's not all: you must do more,

Or else you do but half restore

The Age's liberty.

Poe. The male and female used to join,

And into all delight did coin

That pure simplicity.

Then Feature did to Form advance,

And Youth called Beauty forth to dance,

And every Grace was by :

It was a time of no distrust,

So much of love had nought of lust,

None feared a jealous eye.

The language melted in the ear,

Yet all without a blush might hear,

They lived with open vow.¹

Cho. " Each touch and kiss was so well placed,

They were as sweet as they were chaste,

And such must yours be now.

Here they dance with the Ladies.

Ast. What change is here? I had not more

Desire to leave the earth before

Than I have now to stay ;

My silver feet, like roots, are wreathed

Into th' ground, my wings are sheathed,

And I cannot away.

Of all there seems a second birth,

It is become a heaven on earth,

And Jove is present here.

[fe-1 the god-head ; nor will doubt

But he can fill the place throughout,

Whose power is everywhere.

This, tins, and only such as this,

The blight Astrcea's region is,

Where she would pray to live,

And in the midst of so much gold,

Unbought with grace or fear unsold,

The law to mortals give.

Here they dance the Galliards and Corantos.

Pallas 'ascnding and calling the Poets.]

'Tis now enough ; behold you here,

What Jove hath built to be your sphere,

You hither must retire.

And as his bounty gives you cause

Be ready still without your pause,

To shew the world your fire.

Like lights about Astroea's throne,

You here must shine, and all be one,

In fervour and in flame ;

That by your union she may grow,

¹ They lived with open vow.] *Aperto vivere voto.* PERs.

And, you sustaining her, may know
The Age still by her name.

Who vows, against or heat or cold,
To spin your garments of her gold,
That want may touch you never ;
And making garlands ev'ry hour,

To write your names in some new
flower,

That you may live for ever.

Cho. To Jove, to Jove, be all the honour
given,
That thankful hearts can raise from earth to
heaven.

¹ It is with regret I inform the reader that the excellent old folio here deserts us. I am not quite sure that the concluding pages enjoyed the benefit of Jonson's superintendence; but as by far the greatest portion of the volume undoubtedly did, it is come down to us one of the correctest works that ever issued from the English press.

The second folio, which has a medley of dates

from 1630 to 1641, has no such advantages. No part of it, I am well persuaded, was seen by Jonson ; as, exclusive of the press-errors, which are very numerous, there is a confusion in the names of the speakers which he could not have overlooked. I have revised it with all imaginable care, and endeavoured to preserve that uniformity of arrangement of which he was apparently so solicitous.

Christmas his Masque :

AS IT WAS PRESENTED AT COURT, 1616.

CHRISTMAS HIS MASQUE.] Not dated in the second folio ; but probably printed after the author's death. It is a humorous trifle, calculated for the season, and merely intended to excite an hour's merriment, as introductory perhaps to some entertainment of a higher kind. Granger, in his *Biographical Dictionary*, vol. ii. p. 296, 8vo, after bestowing just praise on Milton's admirable Masque, very gravely adds, "but the generality of these compositions are trifling and perplexed allegories. Ben Jonson (poor Ben is always the foil) in his *Masque of Christmas*, has introduced 'Minced Pie,' and 'Babie Cake,' who act their parts in the drama. But the most wretched of these performances could please by the help of music, machinery, and dancing." The masque before us had not the advantage of much machinery, I suspect. But could Granger find nothing in Jonson to oppose to *Comus*, but this magnificent "drama," as he is pleased to call it ! an innocent Christmas gambol, written with no higher end in view than producing a hearty laugh from the good-natured James, and the holyday spectators of the show. But such is the mode in which Jonson is constantly treated ; and yet the critics who institute these parallels (not exactly "after the manner of Plutarch," it must be granted) are astonished at being told that they always want candour, and not seldom common sense. Granger's ridiculous parade of "perplexed allegories," &c., is worse than useless here. They might indeed perplex him ; but he should have recollected that Minced Pie and Babie Cake were sufficiently familiar to those who witnessed their appearance ; and that ignorance is the worst of all possible pleas for the contemptuous sneer of criticism.

The Court being seated

Enter CHRISTMAS, with two or three of the guard. He is attired in round hose, long stockings, a close doublet, a high-crowned hat, with a brooch, a long thin beard, a truncheon, little ruffs, white shoes, his scarfs and garters tied cross, and his drum beaten before him.

Why, gentlemen, do you know what you do ? ha ! would you have kept me out ? CHRISTMAS, old Christmas, Christmas of London, and Captain Christmas ? Pray you let me be brought before my Lord Chamberlain, I'll not be answered else : JM merry in hall, when beards wag all. I have seen the time you have wished for Jce, for a merry Christmas ; and now you

have me, they would not let me in. ' *mnt come another time!* a good jest, as if I could come more than once a year. Why, I am no dangerous person, and so I told my friends of the guard. I am old Gregory Christmas still," and though I come out of Pope's-head alley, as good a Protestant as any in my parish. The truth is, I have brought a Masque here out o' the city, of my own making, and do present it by a set of my sons, that come out of the lanes of London, good dancing boys all. It was intended, I confess, for Curriers-Hall; but because the weather has been open, and the Livery were not at leisure to see it till a frost came, that they cannot work, I thought it convenient, with some little alterations, and the Groom of the Revels' hand to't, to fit it for a higher place; which I have done, and though I say it, another manner of device than your New-year's-night. Bones o' bread, the King ! (*seeing James*) Son Rowland t son

¹ Old Gregory CART's [mas.] An allusion to rope Gregory's alteration of the Calendar, not long before the accession of James.

lem ! be ready there in a trice : quick, boys !

Enter his SONS and DAUGHTERS (*ten in number*) led in, in a string, by CUPID, who is attired in a, flat cap and a prentice's coat, with wings at his shoulders.¹

MISKULE, in a velvet cap, with a sprig, a short cloak, great yellow ruff, like a reveller, his torch-bearer bearing a rope, a cheese, and a basket.

CAROL, a long tawncy coat, with a red cap, and a flute at his girdle, his torch-bearer carrying a song-book open.

MINCE-PIE, like a fine cook's wife, drest neat ; her man carrying a pie, dish, and spoons.

GAMBOL, like a tumbler, with a hoop and bells ; his torch-bearer armed with a colt-staff, and a blinking cloth.

POST AND PAIR, with a pair-royal of aces in his hat ; his garment all done over with pairs and purs ; his squire carrying a box, cards, and counters.

NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT, in a blue coat, serving-man like, with an orange, and a sprig of rosemary gilt on his head, his hat full of brooches, with a collar of ginger-bread, his torch-bearer carrying a march-pane with a bottle of wine on either arm.

MUMMING, in a masquing-pied suit, with a visor, his torch-bearer carrying the box, and ringing it.

WASSEL, like a neat sempster and songster ; her page bearing a crown bowl, drest with ribands, and rosemary before her.

OFFERING, in a short gown, with a porter's staff in his hand, a wyth borne before him, and a bason by his torch-bearer.

BABY-CAKE, drest like a boy in a fine long coat, biggin, bib, muckender, and a little dagger ; his tsher bearing a great cake, with a bean and a pease.

They enter singing.

Now God preserve, as you well do deserve,

Your majesties all, two there ;

Your highness small, with my good lords all,

And ladies, how do you do there ?

Gi^m me leave to ask, for I bring you a masque

From little, little, little, little London ; Which say the King likes, I ha' passed the pikes,

If not, old Christmas is undone.

[Noise without.

Chris. Ha, peace ! what's the matter there?

Gam. Here's one o' Friday-street would come in.

Chris. By no means, nor out of neither of the Fish-streets, admit not a man ; they are not Christmas creatures : fish and fasting days, foh ! Sons, said I well? look to't.

Gam. Nobody out o' Friday-street, nor the two Fish-streets there, do you hear ?

Car. Shall John Butter o' Milk-street come in ? ask him ?

Gam. Yes, he may slip in for a torch-bearer, so he melt not too fast, that he will last till the masque be done.

Chris. Right, son.

Our dance's freight is a matter of eight,

And two, the which are wenches :

In all they be ten, four cocks to a hen,

And will swim to the tune like tenches.

Each hath his knight for to carry his light,

Which some would say are torches ;

To bring them here, and to lead them there,

And home again to their own porches,

Now their intent——

Enter VENUS, a deaftire-woman?

Ven. Now, all the lords bless me ! where am I, trow ? where is Cupid ? "Serve the King !" they may serve the cobbler well enough, some of 'em, for any courtesy they have, I wisse ; they have need o' mending : unrude people they are, your courtiers ; here was thrust upon thrust indeed ! was it ever so hard to get in before, trow ?

¹ Who is attired in a flat cap, with wings at his shoulders.} This Cupid is worthy of Bunbury himself. But the whole is a whimsical burlesque. An additional proof of the judgment of Grangei in selecting it to oppose to *Comus* I

² This tire woman is the prototype of the *Deaf Lover*. The author, however, must be acquitted of any depredations on Jonson, of whose woiL he probably never heard.

Chris. How now? what's the matter?

Ven. A place, forsooth, I do want a place: I would have a good place, to see my child act in before the King and Queen's majesties, God bless 'em! to-night.

Chris. Why, here is no place for you.

Ven. Right, forsooth, I am Cupid's mother, Cupid's own mother, forsooth; yes, forsooth. I dwell in Pudding-lane—ay, forsooth, he is prentice in Love-lane, with a bugle-maker, that makes of your bobs and bird-bolts for ladies.

Chris. Good lady Venus of Pudding-lane, you must go out for all this.

Ven. Yes, forsooth, I can sit anywhere, so I may see Cupid act: he is a pretty child, though I say it, that perhaps should not, you will say. I had him by my first husband; he was a smith, forsooth, we dwelt in Do-little-lane then: he came a month before his time, and that may make him somewhat imperfect; but I was a fishmonger's daughter.

Chris. No matter for your pedigree, your house: good Venus, will you depart?

Ven. Ay, forsooth, he'll say his part, I warrant him, as well as e'er a play-boy of 'em all: I could ha' had money enough for him an I would have been tempted, and ha' let him out by the week to the

king's players. Master Burbage has been about and about with me, and so has old Master Hemings too, they ha' need of him; where is he, trow, ha! I would fain see him—pray God they have given him some drink since he came.

Chris. Are you ready, boys! Strike up, nothing will drown this noise but a drum: a' peace yet! I ha' not done. Sing—

"Now their intent is above to present"—

Car. Why, here be half of the properties forgotten, father.

Offer. Post and Pair wants his pur-chops and his pur-dogs.

Car. Have you ne'er a son at the groom porter's, to beg or borrow a pair of cards quickly?

Gam. It shall not need, here's your son Cheater without, has cards in his pocket.

O'er. Ods so! speak to the guards to let him in, under the name of a property.

Gam. And here's New-year's-gift has an orange and rosemary, but not a clove to stiek in't.

New-Year. Why, let one go to the spicery.

Chris. Fy, fy, fy! it's naught, it's naught, boys!

Ven. Why, I have cloves, if it be cloves

¹ But I was a fishmonger's daughter.] This alludes to the prolific nature of fish. The jest, which, such as it is, is not unfrequent in our old dramatists, needs no farther illustration.

² Post and Pair wants his pur-chops and his pur-dogs.] Here I am fairly at fault. None of the prose descriptions of this game which I have perused make any mention of either of these terms; and Mr. Ljouce, on whose assistance I mainly relied in this difficulty, fails me altogether. He has never encountered the words; and all chance of explaining them must therefore, I fear, be looked upon as desperate.

The Rev. Mr. Todd transmitted the following extract to me from a scarce volume of poetry by John Davies, called *Ivttcs Pilgrimage*:

"Mortall Life compared to Post and Pare.

"Some being Cock, like Crauens give it ore
To them that haue the worst Cards in the
stock:
For if the one be ritch, the other poore,
The Cock proues Crauen, and the Crauen
Cock!

Some, having lost the double Pare and Post,
Make their advantage on the Purrs they haue;

[On indirect helpes.]
Whereby the Winner's winnings all arc lost,
Although, at best, the other's but a knaue.

PUR Celt deceaues the expectation
Of him, perhaps, that tooke the stakes away;
Then to PUR Tant hee's in subiection:
For Winners on the Losers oft do play."

This only involves the matter in greater difficulty, by adding other terms as unintelligible to me as those in the text. *Put Ceit* is probably what the *Cotpleat Gamester* calls the *Seat* at which you must stake, when two cards have been dealt about; but this does not much advance the explanation:—all that the reader can gain from this long note is a confirmation of what was suggested on a former occasion (vol. i. p. 29), that the "simple games of our ancestors," as the commentators call them, were complicated in a very extraordinary degree.

³ A pair of cards.] i.e., a pack of cards. This term is common to all the writers of our author's time. Thus Heywood,

"A pair of cards, Nicolas, and a carpet to cover the table."

Woman Killed with Kindness.

But they seem to have used *pair* in a very loose sense, for an aggregate of any kind, and as synonymous with *set*; thus we read of a "payre of chesmen," "a pair of beads," &c.

[Ascham says that "a payre of cards cost not past two-pence."—F. C.]

you want, I have cloves in my purse, I never go without one in my mouth.

Car. And Mumming has not his vizard neither.

Chris. No matter ! his own face shall serve for a punishment, and 'tis bad enough ; has Wassel her bowl, and Mincepie her spoons ?

Offer. Ay, ay : but Misrule doth not like his suit ; he says the players have lent him one too little, on purpose to disgrace him.

Chris. Let him hold his peace, and his disgrace will be the less : what ! shall we proclaim where we were furnished ? Mum ! mum ! a' peace ! be ready, good boys.

" Now their intent is above to present,
With all the appurtenances,
A right Christmas, as of old it was,
To be gathered out of the dances.

Which they do bring, and afore the king,
The queen, and prince, as it were now
Drawn here by love ; who over and above,
Doth draw himself in the geer too.

Here the drum and fife, sounds, and they march about once. In the second coming up, CHRISTMAS proceeds in. his SONG.

Hum drum, sauce for a coney ;
No more of your martial music ;
Even for the sake o' the next new stake,
For there I do mean to use it.

And now to ye, who in place arc to see,
With roll and farthingale hooped :
I pray you know, though he want his bow,
By the wings, that this is Cupid.

He might go back, for to cry *What you lack?*

But that were not so witty :
His cap and coat are enough to note,
That he is the Love o' the City.

And he leads on though he now be gone,
For that was only Lib-rule :
But now comes in Tom of Bosoms-inn,¹
And he presenteth Mis-rule.

Which you may know by the very show,
Albeit you never ask it :
For there you may see what his ensigns be,
The rope, the cheese, and the basket.

¹ But now comes *iu*, Tom of Bosoms-inn.] "*Btossnis-tim*, but corruptly *Bosoms-inn*, in Laurence-lane, and hath to feign St. Laurence

This Carol plays, and has been in his days
A chirping boy and a kill-pot:
Kit cobbler it is, I'm a father of his,
And he dwells in the lane called Fill-pot.

But who is this ? O, my daughter Cis,
Mince-pie ; with her do not dally
On pain o' your life : she's an honest cook's wife,
And comes out of Scalding-alley.

Next in the trace comes Gambol in place ;
And to make my tale the shorter,
My son Hercules, tane out of Distaff-lane,
But an active man and a porter.

Now Post and Pair, old Christmas's heir,
Doth make and a girighing sally ;
And wot you who, 'tis one of my two
Sons, card-makers in Pur-alley.

Next in a trice, 'with his box and his dice,
Mac-pippin' my son, but younger,
Brings Mummung in ; and the knave will win,
For he is a costermonger.

But New-year's-gift of himself makes shift
To tell you what his name is :
With orange on head and his gingerbread,
Clem Waspe ef Honey-lane 'tis.

This I you tell is our jolly Wassel,
And for Twelfth-night more meet too :
She works by the ell, and her name is Nell,
And she dwells in Threadneedle-street too.

Then Offering, he, with his dish and his tree,
That in every great house keepeth,
Is by my son, young Little-worth, done,
And in Penny-rich street he sleepeth.

Last, Baby-cake, that an end doth make
Of Christmas' mciry, merry vein-a,
Is child Rowlan, and a straight young man,
Though he come out of Crooked-lane-a.

There should have been, and a dozen 1
^{ween},
But I could find but one more
Child of Christmas, and a Log it was,
When 1 them all had gone o'er.

the deacon, in a border of blossoms or flowers."
—*Stowe*. WHAL.
[*Mac-pippin*.] The costermongers were then,
as now, chiefly from Ireland.

I prayed him, in a time so trim,
That he would make one to prance it:
And I myself would have been the twelfth,
O, but Log was too heavy to dance it.

Now, Cupid, come you on.

Cup. You worthy wights, king, lords,
and knights,
Or Queen and ladies bright,
Cupid invites you to the sights
He shall present to-night."

Vcn. 'Tis a good child, speak out ; hold
up your head, Love.

Cup. And 'which Cupid—and which
Cupid—

Vcn. Do not shake so, Robin ; if them
be'st a-cold, I ha' some warm waters for
thee here.

Chris. Come, you put Robin Cupid out
A'th your waters and youi lishng; will you
be gone ?

Vcn. Ay, forsooth, he's a child you must
conceive, and must be used tenderly ; he
was never in such an assembly beiore, for-
sooth, but once at the Warmoll Quest, for-
sooth, where he said grace as prettily as
any of the sheriff's hinchboys, forsooth.

Chris. Will you peace, forsooth ?

Cup. And 'which Cupid—and which
Cupid,—

Vcn. Ay, that's a good boy, speak plain,

Robin: how does his majesty like him, I
pray ? will lie give eightpence a day, think
you? Speak out, Robin.

Chris. Nay, he is out enough, you may
take him away and begin your dance : this
it is to have speeches,

Vcn. You wrong the child, you do wrong
the infant; I 'peal to his majesty.

Here they dance.

Chris. Well done, boys, my fine boys,
my bully boys!

THE EPILOGUE.

Sings.

Nor do you think that their legs is all
The commendation of my sons,
For at the Artillery garden they shall
As well iorsooth use their guns,

And march as fine as the Muses nine,
Along the streets of London :
And in their brave tires, to give their false
fires,
Especially Tom my son.

Now if the lanes and the alleys afford
Such an ac-ativity as this ;
At Christmas next, if they keep their
word,
Can the children of Cheapside miss ?

¹ *O but Log was too heavy to dance it.* Every one knows that this alludes to the huge log of wood which was placed in the kit' hūn chimney—a chimney, be it remcmbeicd, that would contain "twelve staivehng chimneys of these degenerate day,"—on Chlistmas eve with appropriate ceremonies, and which it was a matter of religion, as Jonson calls it, to pleserve from being wholly consumed till the conclusion of the festival.

The mention of log recalls to my mind another circumstance which I once hoped to find an opportunity of introducing in a more appropriate place, but which certain monitions, not to be mistaken, no longer encourage me to expect. I shall therefore advert to it here.

"If thou art *dun*, we'll chaw thee from the nitre," occurs, as the reader knows, in *Romeo and Juliet*, and has proved a vet y torment to the commentators from the days of Dr. Gray to the present. Grievous have been the efforts to explain it, and pitiable the result, since they all terminate in this unsatisfactory conclusion, that "it is an old proverb." Even Mr. Douce (by Tar the most excursive of the whole) is at fault here : "There is no doubt Oie says) that it is an allusion to some now forgotten game." And again, "How it was practised we have yet to Lear,"—*Illustrations*, ii. ' 179. For the com-

fort of posterity, who are thus delivered over by the critics to *jd& despair*, I can unfold the mystery. If I happen to prove somewhat tedious, I beseech the reader to advert to the importance of the information, and the heart's ease which it will afford to commentators yet unborn. *Dun is in the mire!* then is a Christmas gambol, at which I have often played. A log of wood is brought into the midst of the room : this is *Dun* (the cart-horse), and a cry is raised that he is *stuck in the mire*. Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themselves unable to do it, and call for more assistance.—The game continues till all the company take part in it, when *Dun* is extricated of course ; and the merriment arises from the awkward and affected efforts of the rustics to lift the log, and from sundry arch contrivances to let the ends of it fall on one another's toe! This will not be thought a very exquilitie amusement, and yet I have seen much honest mirth at it ; and have been far more entertained with the ludicrous contortions of pretended struggles than with the real writhing, the dark be owl of avarice and envy exhibited by the same description of persons, in the genteelc amusement of cards, the universal substitute for all our ancient spoi ts.

Though put the case, when they come in
place,

They should not dance, but hop :
Their very gold lace with their silk would
'em grace,

Having so many knights o' the shop.

But were I so wise I might seem to
advise

So great a potentate as yourself,

They should, sir, I tell ye, spare't out of
their belly,
And this way spend some of their pelf.

Ay, and come to the Court for to make you
some sport,

At the least once every year :
As Christmas has done, with his seventh or
eighth son,

And his couple of daughters **dear**.

And thus it ended.

A Masque

Presented in the house of the Right Honourable the Lord HAY, by
divers of noble quality his friends; for the entertainment of
Monsieur le BARON DE TOUR, Extraordinary Ambassador for the
French King, on Saturday, February 22, 1617.¹

Quid titulum poscis f versus duo tresve legantur.—MART.

A MASQUE, &c.] The Lord Hay had been sent on a grand embassy to France in 1616, ostensibly to congratulate the King of France on his marriage with the Infanta of Spain, but with private instructions to endeavour to discover if there was any likelihood of forming a match between the Prince (Charles) and the daughter of Henry IV. Nothing in the annals of diplomacy had ever equalled the splendour, not to say the preposterous extravagance, of this nobleman's public entry into Paris. "Six trumpeters and two marshals in tawny velvet liveries, completely suited and laced all over with gold richly and closely laid, led the way; the ambassador followed with a great train of pages and footmen in the same rich livery, encircling his horse, and the rest of his retinue, according to their qualities and degrees, in as much bravery as they could devise or procure, followed in couples, to the wonderment of the beholders, who filled the windows, balconies, and streets." This is but a small part of what is said by Arthur Wilson on the subject, who seems almost at a loss for language to convey an adequate idea of the costly pageantry. "After the ambassador had been feasted magnificently (he adds), with all his gallant train, in several places, to show the grandeur of France, he came back and practised it here, making many times, upon several occasions, such *stupendous feasts*, and heaped banquets, as if all the creatures had contributed to his excess."—*Life of James* p. 94. It was on one of these "occasions" that the present entertainment (which I have called the *Masque of Lethe*) was presented.

¹ [So says the folio, but the 32nd February, 1617-18, fell on a Sunday.—F' C]

The Masque of Lethe.

*The FRONT before the SCENE was an
ARCH-TRIUMPHAL,*

*On the top of which, HUMANITY, placed in
figure, sat with her lap full of flowers,
scattering them with her right hand, and
holding a golden chain in her left hand,
to show both the freedom and the bond of
courtesy, with this inscription :*

SUPER OMNIA VULTUS.

*On the two sides of the arch, CHEERFUL-
NESS and READINESS, her servants.*

*CHEERFULNESS, in a hose flowing garment,
filling out wine from an antique piece of
plate; with this word :*

ADSIT LÆTITIAE DATOR.

*READINESS, a winged maid, with two
flaming bright lights in her hands ;
and her word,*

AMOR ADDIDIT ALAS.

*The SCENE discovered is, on the one side,
the head of a boat, and in -it CHARON
putting off from the shore, having landed
certain imagined ghosts, whom MER-
CURY there receives, and encourageth to
come on towards the river LETHE, who
appears lying in the person of an old
man. The FATES sitting by him on
his bank; a grove of myrtles behind
them, presented in perspective, and grow-
ing thicker to the outer side of the scene.
Mercury, perceiving them to faint, calls
them on, and shows them his golden
rod'*

*Mer. Nay, faint not now, so near the
fields of rest.*

*Here no more Furies, no more torments
dwell*

¹ The whole masque was sung after the Italian manner, *stylo recitativo*, by Master Nicholas Lanier; who ordered and made both the scene and the music.

*Than each hath felt already in his breast;
Who hath been once in love, hath
proved his hell.*

*Up then, and follow this my golden rod,
That points you next to aged Lethe's
shore,
Who pours his waters from his urn abroad,
Of which but tasting, you shall faint po
more.*

*Lethe. Stay ; who or what fantastic
shades are these
That Hermes leads ?*

*Mer. They are the gentle forms
Of lovers, tost upon those frantic seas
Whence Venus sprung.*

Lethe. And have rid out her storms ?

Mer. No.

Lethe. Did they perish ?

Mer. Yes.

Lethe. How ?

Mer. Drowned by Love,

*That drew them forth with hopes as
smooth as were*

*Th' unfaithful waters he desired them prove.
Lethe, And turned a tempest when he
had them there ?*

*Mer. He did, and on the billow would
he roll,*

*And laugh to see one throw his heart
away ;*

*Another sighing, vapour forth his soul ;
A third, to melt himself in tears, and say,*

*O love, I now to salted water turn
Than that I die in ; then a fourth, to cry
Amid the surges, Oh! I burn, I burn.
A fifth laugh out, It is my ghost, not I.*

*And thus in pairs I found them. Only one
There is, that walks, and stops, and
shakes his head,
And shuns the rest, as glad to be alone,
And whispers to himself, he is not dead.*

Fates. No more are all the rest.

Mer. No!

I Fate. No.

Mer. But why
Proceeds this doubtful voice from destiny?
Fate! It is too sure.

Mcr. Sure!

2 Fate. Ay, Thinks Mercury,
That any things or names on earth do die,
That are obscured from knowledge of the
Fates,

Who keep all rolls?

3 Fate. And know all nature's dates?

Mer. They say themselves, *they are dead*,

1 Fate. It not appears
Or by our rock,

2 Fate. Our spindle,

3 Fate. Or our shears.

Fates. Here all their threads are grow-
ing, yet none cut.

Mer. I 'gin to doubt, that Love with
charms hath put
This phant'sy in them; and they only think
That they are ghosts.

1 Fate. If so, then let them drink
Of Lethe's stream.

2 Fate. 'Twill make them to forget
Love's name.

3 Fate. And so, they may recover yet.

Mer. Go, bow unto the reverend lake:
[To the Shades.

And having touched there, up and shake
The shadows off, which yet cJo make
Us you, and you yourselves mistake.

*Here they all stoop to the water, and dance
forth their Antimasque in several ges-
tures, as they lived in love: and re-
tiring into the grove, before the last
person be off the stage, the first Couple
appear in their posture between the trees,
ready to come forth changed.*

Mer. See! see! they are themselves
again.

1 Fate. Yes, now they are substances and
men.

2 Fate. Love at the name of Lethe flies.
Lethe. For in oblivion drowned he dies.

3 Fate. He must not hope, though other
states

He oft subdue, he can the Fates.

Fates. 'Twere insolence to think his
powers

Can work on IK, or equal ours.

Cho. Return, return,
Like lights to burn
On oarth

For others' good:

Your second birth

Will fame old Lethe's flood;

And warn a world,

That now are hurled

About in tempest, how they prove

Shndo'vs for Love.

Leap forth: your light it is the nobler
made,

By bring slrook out of a shade.

*Here they dance forth their entry, or fust
dance: after which CUPID — appearing,
meets them.*

Cup. Why, now you take me! these are
rites
That grace Love's days, and crown his
nights!

These are the motions I would see,
And praise in them that follow me!
Not sighs, nor tears, nor wounded hearts,
Nor flames, nor ghosts; but airy parts
Tried and refined as yours have been,
And such they are I glory in.

Mcr. Look, look unto this snaky rod,
And stop your ears against the charming god;
His every word falls from him is a bn.uv:
Who have so lately known him, should
beware.

Here they dance their Main DANCE.

Cup. Come, do not call it Cupid's crime,
You were thought dead before your time;
If thus you move to Hermes' will
Alone, you will be thought so still.
Go, take the ladies forth, and talk,
And touch, and taste too: ghosts can walk.
'Twixt eyes, tongues, hands, the mutual
strife

Is bred that tries the truth of life.
They do, indeed, like de.id men move,
That think they live, and not in love!

*Here they take forth the Ladies, and the
REVELS follow.' After which,*

Mer. Nay, you should never have left off;
But stayed, and heard your Cupid scoff,
To find you in the line you were.

¹ *The Revels follow.* } The Revels were
dances of a more free and general nature—that
is not immediately connected with the story of
the piece under representation. In these many
of the nobility of both sexes took part, who had
previously been spectators. The Revels, it ap-
vol. III.

pears from other passages, were usually com-
posed of galliavds and corantos. Their intro-
duction was no less desirable than judicious, as
it gave fulness and majesty to the show, and
enabled the Court to gratify numbers who were
not qualified to appear in it as performers.

Cup. Your too much wit breeds too much
fear.

Mer. Good Fly, good night.

Cup. But will you go?

Can you leave Love, and he entreat you so?

Here, take my quiver and my bow,
My torches too; that you by all may know

I mean no danger to your stay:

This night I will create my holiday,

Ajid be yours naked and entire.

Mer. As if that Love disarmed were less
a fire!

Away, away.

They dance their going out; which done

Mer. Yet lest that Venus' wanton son
Should with the world be quite undone,
For your fair sakes (you brighter stars,
Who have beheld these civil wars)

Fate is content these lovers here
Remain still such; so Love will swear
Never to force them act to do,
But what he will call Hermes to.

Cup. I swear; and with like cause thank
Mercury,

As these have to thank him and Destiny.

Cho. All then take cause of joy; for who
hath not?

Old Lethe, that their follies are forgot:
We, that their lives unto their fates they
fit;

They, that they still shall love, and love
with wit.

And thus it ended.¹

This little dhama is written with all the ease
and elegance of J. Pope who is not without some
(petty obligations to it, in his *Rape of the Lock*.

The Vision of Delight:

PRESENTED AT COURT IN CHRISTMAS, 1617.

THE VISION OF DELIGHT.] From the fol. 1641. This is one of the most beautiful of Jonson's little pieces, light, airy, harmonious, and poetical in no common degree, it stands without a parallel among performances of this kind; and might have convinced even Dr. Aikin, if he had ever condescended to look into Jonson, that "this wee celebrated author" had something besides the song in the *Silent Woman* (see vol. i. p. 406 b), to relieve "the prevalent coarseness of his tedious effusions."

THE SCENE,

A street in perspective of fair building discovered.

DELIGHT

Is seen to come as afar off, accompanied with GRACE, LOVE, HARMONY, REVEL, SPORT, LAUGHTER; and followed by WONDER.

*Stylo recitativo**

Del. Let us play and dance and sing,
Let us now turn every sort
Of the pleasures of the spring
To the graces of a court.

From air, from cloud, from dreams, from
toys,
ALO sounds, to sense, to love, to joys;
Let your shows be new as strange,
Let them oft and sweetly vary;
Let them haste so to their change
As the seers may not tarry,
Too long t' expect the pleasing'st sight,
Doth take away from the delight.

Of six Burratines] I can give the reader an idea of the shape of the Burratines. The word itself occurs in that singular production, *The Microcosmus*, by Purchas, who speaks of it as "a strange stuff recently devised and bought into wear," much to his annoyance.

Here the first ANTIMASQUE entered.

A She-monster delivered of six BURRATINES, that dance with six PANTALONES: which done

Del. Yet hear what your Delight doth pray:

All sour and sullen looks away,
That are the servants of the aay;
Our sports are of the humorous Night,
Who feeds the stars that give her light,
And useth than her wont more bright,
To help the VISION OF DELIGHT.

NIGHT rises slowly' and takes her chariot bespangled with stars.

See, see, her scepter and her crown
Are all of flame, and from her gown
A tram of light comes waving down.
This night in dew she will not steep
The brain, nor lock the sense in sleep;
But all awake with phantoms keep,
And those to make Delight more deep.

By this time the Night and Moon being both risen; NIGHT hovering over the place sung,

p. 268. It was probably a glossy kind of perpetuana: whatever it was, the six young monsters were clothed in it, and formed, it may be presumed, some ridiculous contrast to the formal and fantastic habits of the six old men.

Night, Break, Phant'sie, from thy cave of cloud,
 And spread thy purple wings ;
 Now all thy figures are allowed,
 And various shapes of things ;
 Create of airy forms a stream,
 It must have blood, and nought of phlegm ;
 And though it be a waking dream,
 Cho. Yet let it like an odour rise
 To all the Senses here,
 And foil like sleep upon their eyes,
 Or music in their ear.

The Scene here changed to cloud, from 'which PHANT'SIE breaking forth, spake.

Phan. Bright Night, I obey thee, and am come at thy call,
 But it is no one dream that can please these all ;
 Wherefore I would know what dreams would delight 'em :
 For never was Phant'sie more loth to affright 'em.
 And Phant'sie, I tell you, has dreams that have wings,
 And dreams that have honey, and dreams that have stings :
 Dreams of the maker, and dreams of the teller,
 Dreams of the kitchen, and dreams of the cellar :

¹ Break Phant'sie, &c.] In Whalley's corrected copy I find a long quotation from Kurd's *Essay on the A Jarks offimitation* (p. 52), on the subject of Milton's "improvement" of those lines in his *Penseroso*. "I do not give it the cause I differ *toto cælo* from my predecessor with regard to its merits. He calls it a "fine and judicious criticism," whereas it appears to me a mere string of positions, which, under the affectation of gie it acuteness, evince nothing but methodical imbecility.

I have yet a word to say of Hurd. The reader must have gathered from what has been already written., that his constant object is to ridicule and degrade Jonson ; to drag him. forward, and on every occasion bind him to the triumphant wheels of all whose cause it pleases him to espouse. In the same Essay (p. 24), he says: "If Shakpcrue had myer looked into books, or conversed" ith bookish men, hemight have learned almost all the secrets of paganism from the MASKS of JJ Johnson."—He must have "looked into books," I presume, even for this ; f'rhe was probably not often invited to Court, to partake of them. "Bat," continues Hurd, lifter abusing Jonson for his exactness in the use of ancient learning, "the taste of the age, much devoted to erudition, and still more the taste of the princes for whom lie writ, gave a prodigious vogue to these unnatural exhibitions. And the knowledge of antiquity, requisite to succeed in thorn was, I imagine, the reason lhat Shakspeaic was not over iond to try his hand [tasty language this J at these elaborate trifles. Ome indeed he *did* [try Ins hand], and with such success as to DiSGRACE The, VERY BEST THINGS OF THIS KIND WE FIND IN JONSON ! The short Mask in *The Tempest* is fitted up with a classical exactness: [he had just before ridiculed Jolison for this exactness:] but its chief merit lies in the beauty of the SHEW and the richness of the poetry. Shakspeare was so sensible of his superiority that he could not help exulting a little upon it, where he makes Ferdinand say :

' This is a most majestic Vision, and Harmonious charming lays."

The intrepid absurdity of this insane criticism

(for I am loth to give it its proper name) may be safely pronounced unparalleled. *The Tempest* itself is indeed a surprising, nay, an almost miraculous effort of the highest powers of genius; but the little interlude of which Hurd speaks i so far from *disgracing the very best of Jonson's Masques*, that it is nearly as bad as the ver., worst of them. I am not afraid to affirm that: there was scarcely a writer on the stage at that time who could not, and who did not, intci-weave "things" equally good in his dramas. It is, in short, one of those trifling entertainments which were usually looked for by the audience, and cannot boast a single excellence to distinguish it from those of Fletcher, Shirley, Bromc, and twenty olliers. Iris enters and calls for Ceres ; after a short dialogue they are joined b Juno, who sings the following song:

" Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
 Long continuance, and increasing,
 Hoiuily joys be still upon you !
 Juno sings her blessings on you."

On the conclusion of this *rich poetry*, Ferdinand exclaims, *Tins is a most majestic vision!* &c. Theie weic but three personages upon the stage, and no scenery of any kind is even hinted at: yet Kurd is not ashamed to affirm that this trite mythology, which *disgraced the very best of Jonson's pieces*, by the ingenuity of its construction, left them still more behind it, in *the beauty o} its shciv !* and called forth an involuntary exultation from Shakspeare on his silpieri nty ! When we consider that the Masques of Jonson were exhibited with all the magnificent of scenery which the taste and splendour of a Court could bestow, that the performers in them were the most accomplished of the nobility of both sexes, headed by the queen and royal family ; that the most skilful musicians we! constantly called in to compose the songs, and the most exquisite voices that could be found engaged to execute them ; and when we know, on the other hand, that the theatres had no scenery, and that the songs and dances were left to the ordinary performers, what language of reprobation is sufficiently strong to mark the portentous ignorance which could deliberately

Some that are tall, and some that are dwarfs,
Some that are haltered, and some that wear
scarfs;¹

Some that are proper, and signify o¹ thing,
And some another, and some that are no-
thing.—

For say the French verdingale, and the
French hood

Were here to dispute; must it be understood?²
A feather for a wisp were a fit moderator?
Your ostrich, believe it, 's no faithful trans-
lator

Of perfect Utopian; and then 'twere an
odd piece

To see the conclusion peep forth at a cod-
piece.

The politic puddingbath still his two ends,
Though the bellows and bagpipe were ne'er
so good friends:

And who can report what offence it would be
For a squirrel to see a dog climb a tree?
If a dream should come in now to make
you afraid,

With a windmill on his head, and bells at
his beard;

'Aould you straight wear your spectacles
here at your toes,

'And your boots on your brows, and your
spurs on your nose?

'Your whale he will swallow a hog's head for
a pill;

'But the maker o' the mousetrap is he that
hath skill.

—The homely and unadorned interlude
in *The Tempest* exceeded in the splendour of
its exhibition that of all the Masques of Jonson.

With respect to Shakspeare—he is no party
in the dispute. The ejection of Feidinand is
natural and proper to the character, and has
nothing to do with the real circumstances of
the stage. For the rest, I make no apology. I love
and reverence Shakspeare as truly as the warm-
est of his admirers, and in addition flatter
myself that my understanding goes with my
worship; but I will not silently suffer his name
to be made a stalking-horse, under cover of
which malice and folly may wantonly shoot from
the bow of Jonson. I know the fate which I
am preparing for myself; but if I had not been
utterly regardless of personal abuse in the cause
of sound literature and truth, I should never
have ventured on so unpopular a task as that of
tempting to do simple justice to the talents
and integrity of one of the most injured and
dominated of men.

To return to the quotation with which this
long note began:—Jonson has a similar thought
in *Love's Triumph*, where Euphrosius says,
very beautifully:

'Love in perfection longeth to appear,
But prays, of favour, he be not called on

And the nature of the onion is to draw tears,
As well as the mustard: peace, pitchers
have ears,

And shittcock's wings, these things do not
mind 'em,

If the bell have any sides the clapper will
find 'em:

There's twice so much music in beating the
tabor

As in the stock-fish, and somewhat less
labour.

Yet all this while no proportion is boasted
'Twixt an egg and an ox, though both
have been roasted;

For grant the most barbers can play on the
cittern,

Is it requisite a lawyer should plead to a
ghilbern?

You will say now the morris-bells were but
bribes

To make the heel forget that e'er it had
kibes;

I say, let the wine make ne'er so good jelly,
The conscience of the bottle is much in the
belly;

For why? do but take common counsel i'
your way,

And tell me who'll then set a bottle of hay
Before the old usurer, and to his horse

A slice of salt butter, perverting the course
Of civil society? open that gap,

And out skip your fleas, four-and-twenty
at a clap,

Till all the suburbs and the skirls be clear
Of perturbations, and the infection gone.

Then will he flow forth like a rich perfume
Into your nostrils! O! some sweeter sound
Of melting music, that shall not consume
'Tith the ear, but run the mazes round."

¹ [In the folio this line stands

"Some that were haltered, and some that wear
scarfs."

Perhaps the true reading would be—

"Some that wear luteis, and some that wear
scarfs."—F. C.]

² For say the French verdingale, and the
French hood

Were her' to dispute, &c.] The modify that
follows is purposely designed, I suppose, to in-
timate the inconsistency of the ears; and has at
least, if no other merit, the praise of being
spoken in character.—WHAL.

Our old poets seem to have found some
amusement in stringing together these sheer ab-
surdities, as they frequently indulged in them.
Johnson, as you may observe, is not ill placed
and if there be any degree of comparison in
nonsense, his is also the best that we have. It
might have been shorter: but if it amused the
audience, we need not quarrel with it.

With a chain and a trundle-bed following
 at th' heels,
 And will they not cry then the world runs
 a-wheels?
 As for example, a belly and no face,
 With the bill of a shoveler¹ may here come
 in place ;
 The haunches of a drum with the feet of a
 pot,
 And the tail of a Kentish man to it: why
 not?
 Yet would I take the stars to be cruel,
 If the crab and the ropemaker ever fight
 duel,
 On any dependence, be it right, be it
 wrong :
 But mum : a thread may be drawn out too
 long.

*Here the second Anlimasque of Phantasms
 came forth and danced.*

Phan. Why, this you will say was phan-
 tastical now,
 As the Cock and the Bull, the Whale and
 the Cow,
 But vanish I away ! [*T,iey retire.*] I have
 change to present you,
 And such as I hope will more truly con-
 tent you.—
 Behold the gold-haired Hour descending
 here,
 That keeps the gate of heaven and turns
 the year,
 Already with her sight how she doth cheer,
 And makes another face of things appear.

*Here one of the HOURS descending, the
 whole scene changed to the bower of ZE-
 PHYRUS, whilst PEACE sung as fol-
 loweth:*

¹ *With the bill of a shoveler.* A particular kind of sea-bird, with a broad bill. In the entertainment given to Queen Elizabeth by the Earl of Leicester at Kenilworth Castle, we are told there were two square wire cages, and in them live bitterns, curleus, shovelars, &c.—WHAL.

² *As if Favonius, &c.]* At length we have a word with which Jonson is admitted to have furnished Milton; but Milton is indebted for somewhat more than a word to this beautiful speech. It is to be lamented that Hurd, while looking for specimens of Jonson's manner of translating, or, as he is pleased to term it, "of muntering the ancients, for the "entertainment" of his friend, should have missed this passage, in which Claudian is so comically travestied:

*Compellat Zephyrum, Pater O gratissime
 Verts*

Peace. Why look you so, and all tun-
 dumb,
 To see the opener of the New Year come?
 My presence rather should invite,
 And aid and urge, and call to your delight ;
 The many pleasures that I bring
 Are all of youth, of heat, of life, and spring,
 And were prepared to warm your blood,
 Not fix it thus, as if you statues stood.

Cho. We see, we hear, we feel, we taste,
 We smell the change in every flow'r,
 We only wish that all could last,
 And be as new still as the hour.
Wonder. Wonder must speak or break ;
 what is this ? grows

The wealth of nature here, or art ? it show'd
 As if Favonius,¹ father of the spring,
 Who in the verdant meads doth reign sol-
 king,

Had roused him here, and shook his
 feathers, wet
 With purple swelling nectar ; and had let
 The sweet and fruitful dew fall on the
 ground
 To force out all the flowers that might be
 found :

Or a Minerva with her needle had
 The enamoured earth with all her riches
 clad,
 And made the downy Zephyr as he
 flew

Still to be followed with the Spring's bes-
 hue.

The gaudy peacock boasts not in his train
 So many lights and shadows, nor the
 rain-

Resolving Iris, when the Sun doth court
 her,

Nor purple pheasant while his aunt² doth
 sport her

Qui meet lascivo regnas per prata volatu"
 &c. &c.—Rap. Prosperp. lib. ii. v. 73 et seq.

Jonson was the first who made this excellent poet familiar to us. At a time when he was little known or studied in this country, our author was already intimately acquainted with his merits, and had many allusions to his most striking beauties dispersed through his works. I should have remarked, that in the charming address of Maia to the king and queen (vol. ii. p. 580 £), there is a reference to this favourite poet:

"The spice that from Panchaia comes,
 The odour that Hydaspes lends."

*"Qmdnid turiferis spirat Panchaia silvis,
 Quicquid odoratus long e blanditur Hydasps."*

¹ *While his aunt doth sport her,* i.e., his wanton mistress. Thus Brome :
*Cicely, Is she your kins woman—your wa
 or cousin?*

To hear him crow, and with a perched
pride

Wave his discoloured neck and purple side.

I have not seen the place could more
surprise,

It looks, methinks, like one of Nature's eyes,
Or her whole body set in art: behold!

Jo'y the blue bindweed doth itself mfold¹

With honeysuckle, and both these intwine

Themselves with bryony and jessamine,

To cast a kind and odoriferous shade.

Plian. How better than they are, are all
things made

By Wonder? But awhile refresh thine eye.

I'll put thee to thy oftener What and

Why?

*Here, to a loud music, the Bower opens,
and the MASQUERS are discovered as the
Glories of the Spring.*

Wo?.. Thou wilt indeed; what better
change appears?

Whence is it that the air so sudden clears,

And all things in a moment turn so mild?

Whose breath or beams have got proud

earth 'with child

Of all the treasure that great Nature's

worth,

And makes her every minute to bring forth?

How comes it winter is so quite forced

hence,

And locked up under ground? that every

sense

Hath several objects? trees have got their

heads,

The fields their coats? that now the shining

meads

Do boast the paunee, the lily, and the rose;

And every flower doth laugh as Zephyr

blows?

Srtfi. [*aside.*] Means she in the mystical sense,
of ill? *Poten..* *Court.*

But our old dramatists used this word in a
very loose way. As *The Gsntlfian's Run-a-
tion* says of *brach*, it "seems to be a m.uim-il
word" for an appellation peculiarly offensive to
female ears. See vol. ii. p. 425 b,

i" The lark that tirra-tirra chaunts,

With hey ' with hoy! the thrush and the jay,

Are summer songs for me and my aunts,

While we lie tumbling in the hay."

W'inter's Talc, iv. 2.—F. C.]

¹ *How the bine bindweed doth itself infold
With honeysuckle, &c.]* This passage settles
the meaning of the speech of Titania, in *Mid-
summer Night's Dream*, on which so much has

That seas are now more even than the land?

The-rivers run as smoothed by his hand;

Only their heads are crisped by his stroke —

How plays the yearling with his brow

scarce broke

Now in the open grass 1 and frisking

lambs

Miik" wanton salts about their dry-sucked

dams! —

Who to repair their bags do rob the fields.

How is't each bough a several music

yields?

The lusty throstle, early nightingale,

Accord in tune, though vary in their tale;

The chirping swallow called forth by the sun,

And crested lark doth his division run?

The yellow bees the air with murmur fill,

The tinehes carol, and the turtles bill?

Whose power is this? what god?

Phuii. Behold a king

Whose presence maketh this perpetual

spring;

The glenies of which spring grow in that

bower,

And are the marks and beauties of his

power.

Clw. "Pis he, 'tis he, and no power else,

That makes all this what Phant'sie tells;

The founts, the flowers, the birds, the

bees,

The herds, the flocks, the grass, the trees,

Do all confess him; but most these

"ho call him lord of the four seas,

King of the less and greater isles,

And all (hose happy when he smiles.

Advance, hie favour calls you to advance,

A in I do your this night's homage in a dance,

*Here they danced their ENTRY, after
which they sung again.*

been written, and which after all is so little un-
derstood:

"So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
dently entwist."

The woodbine of Shakspeare is the blue bind-
weed of Jonson: in many of our counties the
woodbine is still the name for the great convol-
vulus. If the reader will turn to this quotation in
Variorum Shakspeare, he will find three
pages of nonsense, quotation heaped upon quo-
tation to TIO purpose; and this place in Jonson,
which gives an easy and intelligent explanation
of it, not once noticed? It should be added
th it Steevens and Malone, to make out even
their no-meaning, have been compelled to cor-
rupt the text. This, however, was infinitely
preferable to having recourse to 'old Ben,'
without any prospect of calumniating him.

Cho. Again ! again ! you cannot be
Of such a true delight too free,
Which who once saw would ever see:
And if they could the object prize,
Would, while it lasts, not think to rise,
But wish their bodies all were eyes.

*Here they danced their Main DANCE ;
after which they sung.*

Cho. In curious knots and mazes so,
The Spring at first was taught to go ;
And Zephyr, when lie crime to woo

IIIs Flora, had their motions too :
And thence did Venus learn to lead
The Idalian brawls, and so to tread
As if the wind, not she, did walk ;
Nor prest a flower, nor bowed a stalk.

*Here they danced with the LADIES, and
the whole 'REVELS' followed ; after which*

AURORA appeared (the Night and Moon
being descended), and this Epilogue fol-
lowed.

' Aur. ' was not wearier where I lay
By frozen Tithon's side to-night j¹
Than I am willing now to stay,
And be a part of your delight.
But I am urged by the Day,
Against my will, to bid you come away.

Cho. They yield to time, and so must
all.
As night to sport, day doth to action call ;
Which they the rather do obey,
Because the Morn with robes strews the
way.

Here they danced their going off.

And thus it ended.

¹ ' was not wearier where I lay
By frozen Tithon's side to-night, &c.] The
ingenious Mr. Chalmers, the Lepidus of the
grand triumvirate of Jonsou's enemies, would
probably start, had he ever looked into his
works, at discovering that there was something
in them besides "malice to Shakspeare ;" some-
thing, in short, from which the critic himself,
vast as his knowledge confessedly is, might oc-
casionally deieve information. In illustrating
the word *Tifan*, which he explains with laud-
able accuiacy to be a " poetical name for the

sun," Mr. Chalmers bungs forward this confir-
mation of it from the *Phoenix' Nest*'.

" Aurora now began to rise again
From watrie couch, and from old Tithons
side."—*Lindsay*, vol. iii, p. 488.

Now though "Titan" may be *old*, it is not
very likely, I think, that he should be *frozen* ; and
as Jonsou is generally allowed to be pretty
correct in his epithets, it will be worth Mr.
Chalmers's while to consider, previously to the
republication of his glossary, whether Titan and
Tithon may not be distinct personages.



Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue:

A MASQUE, AS IT WAS PRESENTED AT COURT BEFORE
KING JAMES, 1619.

PLEASURE RECONCILED TO VIRTUE.] From the second fol. If the scenery answered the poet's description, the opening of this Masque must have had a very striking effect. The entrance of Comus is picturesque and full of voluptuous gaiety. The commentators on Milton, after spending twenty or thirty pages in conjectures on the origin of Milton's Comus, without the slightest reference to Jonson, condescend, in the course of their subsequent annotations, to observe that "Jonsou's Masque of Pleasure might perhaps afford some hint to Milton!" Perhaps it might. and bo 1 suspect might some others; but enough on this head.

[Mr. Collier says, "*Pleasure reconciled to Virtue* was the Mask on Twelfth-day, 1618-19: it was performed again on Shrove Tuesday with the addition of the Ant-Mask called *For the Honour of Wales*."—*Annals ofike Stage*, i. 413.—F. C.]

The Scene was the Mountain

ATLAS,

Who had his top ending in the figure of an old man, his head and beard all hoary and frost, as if hi' shoulders were covered with snow; I he rest wood and rock. A grove of ivy at his feet; out of which, to awild music of cymbals, flutes, and tabors, is brought forth. COMUS, the god of Cheer, or the Belly, riding in triumph, his head crowned with roses and other flowers, his hair curled: they that wait upon him crowned with ivy, their javelins done about with it; one of them going with HERCULES' bowl bare before him, while the rest present him with this

HYMN.

Full Cho. Room 1 room! make room
for the Bouncing Belly,
First ffather of sauce and deviser of jelly;
Prime master of arts and the giver of wit,
Tha That found out the excellent engine the
spit:
The plough and the flail, the mill and the
hopper,
ne hutch and the boulder, the furnace and
copper,

The oven, the baven, the mawkin, the peel,
The hearth and the range, the dog and
the wheel;
He, he first invented the hog'shead and
tun,
The gimlet and vice too, and taught them
to run,
And since with the funnel and Hippocras
bag,
He has made of himself, that now he cries
swag!
Which shows, though the pleasure be but
of four inches,
Yet he is a weasel, the gullet that pinches
Of any delight, and not spares from his
back
Whatever to make of the belly a sack!
Hail, hail, plump paunch! O the founder
of taste,
For fresh meats, or powdered, or pickle, or
paste,
Devourer of broiled, baked, roasted, or
sod;
And emptier of cups, be they even or odd:
All which have now made thee so wide in
the waist,
As scarce with no pudding thou art to be
laced;
But eating and drinking until thou dost nod,
Thou break'st all thy girdles and break'st
forth a god.

Bowl btarer. Do you hear, my friends? to whom did you sing all this now? Pardon me only that I ask you, for I do not look for an answer; I'll answer myself: I know it is now such a time as the Saturnals for all the world, that every man stands under the eaves of his own hat, and sings what pleases him; that's the right and the liberty of it. Now you sing of god Comus here, the belly-god; I say it is well, and I say it is not well; it is well as it is a ballad, and the belly worthy of it, I must needs say an 'twere forty yards of ballad more, as much ballad as tripe. Huh when the belly is not edified by it, it is not well; for where did you ever read or hear that the belly had any ears? Come, never pump for an answer, for you are defeated: our fellow Hunger there, that was as ancient a retainer to the Belly as any of us, was turned away for being unseasonable; not unreasonable, but unseasonable; and now is he, poor thin-gut, fain to get his living with teaching of starlings, magpies, parrots, and jack-daws, those things he would have taught the Belly. Beware of dealing with the Belly, the Belly will not be talked to, especially when he is full; then there is no venturing upon Venter, he will blow you all up, he will thunder indeed, la! Some in derision call him the father of farts; but I say he was the first inventor of great ordnance, and taught us to discharge them on festival days, would we had a fit feast for him, i' faith, to shew his activity; I would have something now fetched in to please his five senses, the throat; or the two senses, the eyes: pardon me for my two senses; for I that carry Hercules's bowl in the service may see double by my place; for I have drunk like a frog to-day: I would have a Tun now brought in to dance, and so many bottles about him. Ha! you

look as if you would make a problem of this; do you see, do you see? a problem. Why bottles, and why a tun? and why a tun, and why bottles, to dance? I say that men that drink hard and serve the Belly in any place of quality (as the Jovial Tinkers, or the Lusty Kindred), are living measures of drink, and can transform themselves, and do every day, to bottles or tuns, when they please: and when they have done all they can they are as I say again (for I think I said somewhat like it afore) but moving measures of drink, and there is a piece in the cellar can hold more than all they. This will I make good if it please our new god but to give a nod, for the Belly does all by signs; and I am all for the belly, the truest clock in the world to go by.

Here the FIRST ANTIMASQUE, danced by Men in the shape of bottles, tuns, &c.

Enter HERCULES.

Her. What rites are these? breeds earth more monsters yet?

Antaeus scarce is cold: what can beget This stoic? and, stay!—such contraries upon her!

Is earth so fruitful of her own dishonour? Or 'cause his vice was inhumanity, Hopes she by vicious hospitality To work an expiation first? and then, (Help virtue), these are sponges and not men; Bottles; mere vessels; half a tun of paunch!

How? and the other half thrust forth in haunch!

Whose least? the Belly's? Comus! and m) cup

Brought in to fill the drunken orgies up, And here abused; that was the crowned reward

Of thirsty heroes, after labour hard l^a

¹ *And now is he fain to get his living with teaching of starlings, magpies, &c.* [An allusion to Persius, in the prologue to his satires:

*Quis expedit vitissitaco suum x'tpe f
Picasque docuit, nostra verba conarif
Magister artis, ingenio largitor
Venter, negatas artifex sequi voces.*

WHAL.

² *That was the crowned reward*

Of thirsty heroes, after labour hard. We have had an allusion to this bowl of Hercules, the scyphus fferulets of the ancients, in the account of the scenery. Hercules is said to have sailed over the sea in a large cup or goblet, and thence a bowl of a particular make and fashion became appropriated to him. Let us

hear what Macrobius offers on this subject: *Herculem vero fictores ueteres non sine causa cunct poculo fecerunt, et nonnunquam casabundum et ebrum: non solum quod is heros bipax fuisse perhibetur, sed etiam quod antiqua historia est Herculem poculo tanquam navigavit immensa maria transisse.* He adds, afterwards, it was much more probable that he passed the ocean, not in a bowl, or scyphus, but in a vessel which bore that name. *Ego tamen arbitror non poculo Herculem maria transvectum, sed navigio cui Scyphio nomen fuit.* Saturnal. l. v. c. 21.

It became the custom for succeeding heroes to drink in honour of Hercules out of a cup of the same form which he himself was supposed to have used. Thus Curtius, relating the man-

Burdens and shames of nature, perish, die!
For yet you never lived, but in the sty
Of vice have wallowed, and in that swine's
strife,

Been buried under the offence of life :
Go reel and fall under the load you make,
Till your swollen bowels burst with what
you take.

Can this be pleasure to extinguish man,
Or so quite change him in his figure? can
The Belly love his pain, and be content
With no delight but what's a punishment?
These monsters plague themselves, and
fifty too,

For they do suffer what and all they do.
But here must be no shelter nor no shrowd
For such: Sink, grove, or vanish into
cloud!

*At this the GROVE and ANTIMASQUE van-
ished, and the w^{hole} Music was dis-
covered sitting at the foot of the mountain,
with PLEASURE and VIRTUE seated above
them.*

Cho. Great friend and servant of the good,
Let cool a while thy heated blood,
And from thy mighty labour cease.

Lie down, lie down,
And give thy troubled spirits peace :
Whilst Virtue, for whose sake
Thou dost tins godlike travail take
May of the choicest herbage make,
Here on this mountain bred,
A crown, a crown
For thy immortal head.

*Here HERCULES lay down at their feet,
and the SECOND ANTIMASQUE, which
was of PIGMIES, appeared.*

i Pig. Antoeus dead, and Hercules yet
live!
Where is this Hercules? what would I
give
To meet him now? meet him! nay, three
such other,
If they had hand in murder of our brother?

*her in which Alexander was seized at his
physician's banquet, represents him with this
-owl of Hercules in his hand: "Ibi, nondum
Mercuris scypho, epoto repente vclut telo cofi-
fixus ingemuit"-Q. Curt. l. x. c. 4. WHAL.*

*Nay with us many
As the name yields.] There were several
heroes who had the name of Hercules; and the
pigmy here means, he would encounter all who
that name—WHAL.*

With three! with four! with ten! nay, with
as many
As the name yields!¹ pray anger, there be-
any

Whereon to feed my just revenge, and
soon!

How shall I kill him? hurl him 'gainst th
moon,
And break him in small portions? give to
Greece

His brain, and every tract of earth a piece "•

2 Pig. He's yonder,

i Pig. Where?

3 Pig. At the hill-foot asleep.

1 Pig. Let one go steal his club.

2 Pig. My charge; I'll creep.

4 Pig. He's ours!

i Pig. Yes, peace.

3 Pig. Triumph! we have him, boy.

4 Pig. Sure, sure, he's sure.

i Pig. Come, let us dance for joy.
[Musit.

*At the end of their DANCE they thought to
surprise him, when suddenly, being
awaked by the music, he roused himself,
and they all ran into holes.*

SONG.

Wake, Hercules, awake; but heave up thy
black eye,
Tis only asked from thee to look, and these
will die,

Or fly :—
Already they are fled,
Whom scorn had else left dead.

*At which MERCURY descended from the
Hill, with a garland of poplar to crown
him.*

Mer. Rest still, thou active friend of
Virtue; these
Should not disturb the peace of Hercules:
Earth's worms, and honour's dwarfs, at too
great odds,
Prove or provoke the issue of the gods.

*Philostratus tells us (Icon. ii. c. 22), that Her-
cules, after his victory over Antaeus, fell asleep
in the deserts of Africa, and was attacked by
the pigmies, who discharged their arrows at
him. This is Jonson's authority. It is not
likely that Swift had much acquaintance with
Philostratus; and it is therefore highly probable
that he derived the hint of the first assault of
the Lilliputians on the slumbering Gulliver from
the passage before 114,*

See here a crown the aged Hill hath sent
 thee,
 My grandsire Atlas, he that did present
 thee
 With the best sheep that in hie fold were
 found,
 Or golden fruit in the Hesperian ground,
 For rescuing his fair daughters, then the
 prey
 Of a rude pirate, as thou cam'st this way;
 And taught thee all the learning of the
 sphere,
 And how, like him, thou might'st the hea-
 vents upbear,
 As that thy labour's virtuous recompense.
 He, though a mountain now, hath yet the
 sense
 Of thanking thee for more, thou being still
 Constant to goodness, guardian of the hill;
 Autyus by thee suffocated here,
 And the voluptuous Coirms, god of cheer,
 Beat from his grove, and that defaced; but
 now
 The time's arrived that Atlas told thee of,
 how
 B' unaltered law, and working of the stars,
 There should be a cessation of all jars,
 "Twixt Virtue and her noted opposite,
 Pleasure; that both should meet here in
 the sight
 Of Hesperus, the glory of the west,
 The brightest star that from his burning
 crest
 Lights all on this side the Atlantic seas,
 As far as to thy pillars, Hercules!
 See where he shines, Justice and Wisdom
 placed
 About his throne, and those with honour
 graced,
 Beauty and Love! it is not with his brother
 Bearing the world, but ruling such another
 Is his renown; PLEASURE for his delight
 Is RECONCILED TO VIRTUE, and this night
 Virtue brings forth twelve princes have been
 bred
 In this rough mountain, and near Atlas'
 head,
 The hill of knowledge; one, and chief of
 whom,
 Of the bright race of Hesperus is come,
 Who shall in time the same that he is be,
 And now is only a less light than he:
 These now she trusts with Pleasure, and to
 these
 She gives an entrance to the Hesperides,

Fair beauty's garden; neither can she
 fear
 They should grow soft, or wax effeminate
 here;
 Since in her sight, and by her charge all's
 done,
 Pleasure the servant, Virtue looking on.

*Here the ivhole Quire of music called the
 twelve MASQUERS forth from ike top
 of the mountain which then opened
 with this*

SONG.

Ope, aged Atlas, open then thy lap,
 And from thy beamy bosom strike a
 light,
 That men may read in the mysterious
 map

All lines,
 And signs
 Of royal educatioo, and the right.

See how they come and show,
 That arc but born to know.

Descend,
 Descend!
 Though pleasure lead,
 Fear not to follow :
 They who are bred
 Within the hill
 Of skill,

May safely tread
 What path they will,
 No ground of good is hollow.

*In their descent from the Hill, D Æ L U S
 came down before them.*

Her. But, Hermes, stay, a little let me
 pause;

Who's this that leads ?
Mer. A guide that gives them laws
 To all their motions, Daedalus the wise.

Her. And doth in sacred harmony com-
 prise
 His precepts ?

Mer. Yes.
Her. They may securely prove,
 Then, any labyrinth, though it be of love.

*Here, while they put themselves inform,
 DÆDALUS had his first*

¹ *Ckiff of ivJiom.*] The names of the twelve
 Masquers are not given ; it appears, however,
 that they were led on by Charles, now Prince of

Wales. If we may trust Jenkin, in the next
 piece, this was the first time that he bore a pa'
 and danced in these entertainments.

SONG.

Deed. Come on, come on! and where you
go»

So interweave the curious knot,
As ev'n the observer scarce may know
Which lines are Pleasure's, and which not.

First figure out the doubtful way,¹
At which awhile all youth should stay,
Where she and Virtue did contend,
Which should have Hercules to friend.

Then as all actions of mankind
Are but a labyrinth or maze:
So let your dances be entwined,
Yet not perplex men unto gaze:

But measured, and so numerous too,
As men may read each act they do;
And when they see the graces meet
Admire the wisdom of your feet.

For dancing is an exercise,
Not only shows the mover's wit,
But maketh the beholder wise,
As he hath power to rise to it.

Here the first DANCE.

After which,

SONG.

Deed. O more and more! this was so well,
As praise wants half his voice to tell,

Again yourselves compose:
And now put all the aptness on,
Of figure, that proportion
Or colour can disclose :

That if those silent arts were lost,
Design and picture, they might boast
From you a newer ground;
Instructed by the height'ning sense
Of dignity and reverence,
In their true motions found.

Begin, begin; for look, the fair
Do longing listen to what air
You form your second touch:
That they may vent their murmuring hymns
Just to the [time]— you move your limbs,
And wish their own were such.
Make haste, make haste, for this
The labyrinth of beauty is.

¹ *First figure out, &c.]* This alludes to that beautiful apologue, the Choice of Hercules, by Prodicus.

* *Just to the—.]* Some word (time or tune, probably) was lost at the press, or dropt in the MS. I have already observed that all these Masques, from *The Golden Age Restored*, were

Here the second DANCE.

After which)

SONG.

Deed. It follows now you are to prove
The subtilst maze of all, that's love,
And if you stay too long,
The fair will think you do them wrong.

Go choose among—but with a mind
As gentle as the stroking wind
Runs o'er the gentler flowers.
And so let all your actions smile
As if they meant not to beguile
The ladies, but the hours.

Grace, laughter, and discourse may meet,
And yet the beauty not go less:
For what is noble should be sweet,
But not dissolved in wantonness.

Will you that I give the law
To all your sport, and sum it?
It should be such should envy draw,
But—overcome it.

Here they danced with the LADIES, and the whole REVELS followed / which ended, MERCURY called to DAEDALUS in this speech: which was after repeated in SONG by two trebles, two tenors, a base, and the whole Chorus.

SONG.

Mer. An eye of looking back were well,
Or any murmur that would tell
Your thoughts, how you were sent,
And went

To walk with Pleasure, not to dwell.

These, these are hours by Virtue spared,
Herself, she being her own reward.

But she will have you know,
That though
Her sports be soft, her life is hard.

You must return unto the Hill,
And there advance

With labour, and inhabit still
That height and crown,
From whence you ever may look down
Upon triumphed chance.

printed, or at least published, some years after the author's death. That any one could look into this wretched volume (the folio of 1641) and suppose that Jonson had any share in forming it, is quite extraordinary. There is not a page without some ridiculous blunder.

She, she it is in darkness shines,
 'Tis she that still herself refines,
 By her own light to every eye;
 More seen, more known, when vice
 stands by:
 And though a stranger here on earth,
 In heaven she hath her right of birth.

There, there is Virtue's seat:
 Strive to keep her your own;
 'Tis only she can make you great,
 Though pace here make you known.

¹ *This pleased the king so well, as he would see it again.*] Who can wonder at it? It must have been a very graceful and splendid entertainment; and, with due respect be it spoken, nearly as worthy of the nobility as the private masquerades, &c., which, with such advantage to good manners, have been substituted for it. It is with peculiar modesty that we, who cannot eke out an evening's entertainment without the

After -which they danced their last DANCE, and returned into the Scene, which closed, and was a mountain again, as before.

And so it ended.

This pleased the king so well,¹ as he would see it again; when it was presented with these additions—²

introduction of gamblers, hired buffoons, and voluntary jack-puddings, declaim on the "pedantry and wretched taste" of James and his Court.

² *With these additions—*] The sentence is incomplete, and must be filled up, as in the full, with the words on the opposite page,—"*For the Honour of Wales.*"

For the Honour of Wales.

FOR THE HONOUR OF WALES.] This, as Jonson has just said, is merely a kind of Antimasque, added, for the sake of variety, and the king's amusement, to *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*.

It is my destiny to encounter the blundering enemies of Jonson upon all occasions. In turning over Pennant's *Tour in Wales*, I stumbled unexpectedly upon the following passage. "There is a circumstance attending Inigo Jones which deserves mention, as it bears some relation to the country from whence he may have derived his origin. When he was employed to furnish rare devices and paint the scenery for the masques of the festive year 1619,¹ he painted the *Creigie'r cira*, or a scene in *Snowdonia*, for the Masque *For the Honour of Wales*. He did it with such success as to excite the *envy* of the poet, Ben Johnson; for the scenes were more admired than the entertainment, which might very well be; but Johnson was so offended as to give vent to his spleen in a copy of verses, as imbecil as they were rancorous and ill founded."—Vol. ii. p. 151. 1784.

The reader who has observed the kind solicitude with which Jonson puts forward the blame of Jones in all the Masques printed under his own eye, will probably, unless already prejudiced by the stupid malignity of the Shakspeare commentators, be somewhat startled at this charge of "envy." He need not, however, be under any concern for the poet. The fact is, that Pennant, with the usual fate of Jonson's detractors, has not a syllable of truth or sense in his accusation. In the first place, it does not appear that Jones was at this time in England, at all events he was not employed on *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*; which was probably fitted up by Nicholas Lamer, who prepared the scenery for the *Masque of Lethe*. In the second place, the little piece before us is not a Masque, but an Antimasque, a more introduction. "The king (Jonson says), was so much pleased with the Masque of *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue* that he would see it again, with these additions (namely, those which immediately follow), *For the Honour of Wales*" In the third place, no scenery was painted by Inigo Jones, or any other person, for "these additions." "The scene stood precisely as before," the poet says, "only the name of it was changed, and what had been *Mount Atlas* was now called *Craig-Eriri*." This is more than sufficient to prove that Pennant had not even looked at the title of the work which he was so zealously employed in abusing! but this is too common for notice. Let us proceed then, in the last place, to observe that the verses, however "imbecil and rancorous" they may be, were not written at this time, nor on this occasion. They were composed at least fourteen or fifteen years after this period, and refer in the most distinct and express manner to *Cloridia*, the last of Jonson's Masques. For thirty years nothing but kindness appears on the side of Jonson (for I give no credit to the story of Inigo's being the Lantern Leatherhead of *Bartholomew Fair*); nor do we know that he changed his mode of conduct without sufficient cause. Be this as it may, the charge of Pennant is as false as it is ridiculous, and with this only I am at present concerned.

¹ What Pennant means by "festive." It is not easy to guess. The principal events of the year were the death of the Queen and the awaking out of a Continental war.

The Scene standing, as before, a Mountain, but now the name changed from At las to Craig-Eriri.

Enter GRIFFITH, JENKIN, and EVAN,
a Welsh Attorney.

Grif. Cossin, I know what belongs to this place symwhat petter than you; and therefore give me leave to be pold to advise you. 'Is not a small matter to offer yourself into presence of a king and aull his court? Be not too byssic and forward till you be caull'd; I tauke reason to you.

Jen. Cym, never tauke any taukes; if the King of Grac Pritaine keep it assizes here I will cym into court; loog yow, do you see now, and please Got.

Grif. Taw, *d yn ynbhyd*,¹ y, *dhwyti-nabl -i anabhy, pob pethothfolineb, agy tyny gvjatwar ar dy wlad.*

yen. *Gad vyn lonyth?* I say I will appear in court.

Ev. Appear as yow s'ud do then, Dab Jenkin, in good sort; do not discredit the nation, and pyt wrong upon us aull by your rassnes.

Jen. What do you caull rassnes, Evan y Gynrn? is not all the cyntrie, and aull Welse, and the Prince of Wales too, abused in him? By this hand, I will tell it the king's own ears every 'oord, do you see him now? Bless your ursip, pray Got is in heaven bless every ince of your ursip; and Wales is commend it to your ursip, from top to toe, with aull his hearts aull over, by got utch me, and would be glad as a siling to see yow in him. Come it down once a day and try; I tell yow now, yow s'all be as welcomely there, as where you were in yowr own cuntries² last two symmers, and pcrshance we'll made yow as good feerc too: well promise yowr ursip as good a piece of seeze as yow need pyt in your head, and pleas³ yow s'all be toasted too. Go to, see him once upon a time yowr own sellive, is more good mean yow than is aware of: by got is very hard, but s'all make

yow a shestice of peace the first days yow come; and pershance (say nothing) knigh⁴ o' the s'ire too: 'Is not Worsters, nor Pern brokes, nor Montgymeries, s'all carry hir, from yow. But aull this while s'all I te⁵ you a liddell now? 'Is a great huge deal of anger upon yow, from all Wales and the nation, that your ursip would suffer ou⁶ young Master Sarles, your ursip's son ant⁷ heir, and Prince of Wales, the first time In⁸ ever play dance, to be pit up in a moultain (sof knows where) by a palterly poet, how do you say him, Kvan?

Ei. Lib:a.

Jen. *Vcllhy*¹⁴ Libia. And how do yow caull him the mountain? his name is—

Ev. Adtts.

Jen. *Hynno, hynno, Adlas?* Ay, plea¹⁵ your ursip, 'is a Welse attorney, and a predilic schollers, a wear him his long coaf, lined with seepes-skin, as yow see even¹⁶ days o' the week. A very sufficient litigious fellows in the terms, and a finely poe's out o' the terms; he has a sprig of lawrl already towards his girlonds. He was ge¹⁷ in here a Twelfe-night and see aull; what do you call it, your matters, and says a naught, naught, stark naught.

Ev. I do say, an't please his madestee, do not like him with all his heart; he s plugged in by the cars without aull piddio ormeicies of propnedies or decorums. I will do injuries to no man before his ny¹⁸ destee; but 'is a very vile and absurd as a man would wiss, that I do say, to pyt the Prince of Wales in an outlandis mountain, when he is known his highness has a goodly mountains and as tawll a hills of h¹⁹ own (look yow, do yow sec now), and of a good standing and as good discent as tie proudest Adlas hrhistned.

Jen. Ay, good Evan, I pray you reckon his madestee some of the Welse hills, the mountains.

Ev. Why there is Talgarth.

Jen. Wellsayd.

Ev. Eliennieth.

Jen. Well sayd, Evan.

¹Griff. Taw, *dyninthyd*, &c.] This ancient Briton is not very complimentary. He says, I believe, "Hold your tongue, blockhead! your folly is enough to spoil everything. You are a perfect marplot, a disgrace to your country."

The Welsh does not exactly follow the received orthography; but this may be accounted for probably from the circumstance of its being sent to the press after Jonson's death. He had certainly borne acquaintance with the language, and appears from Howel's and other letters to

be extremely solicitous to procure such grammatical treatises on it as were extant in his time.

²*Gad vi' n lthonydh.*] Let me alone.

³As where you were in yowr own cuntries.] James visited Scotland for the first time after his accession to the English throne, in 1617. It was an unfortunate journey, for it gave rise to "The Book of Sports," *fons et origo malorum*.

⁴*Velhy!*] An interjection of surprise. He) day! So! &c.

Ev. Calder Arthur.

Jen. Toudge him, toudge him.

Ev. Pen-maen-maur.

yen. Is good boys, Evan.

Ev. And Craig-Eriri.

Jen. Aw, *Vellhy* I Why law you now, 'is not Pen-maen-maur and Craig-Eriri as good sound as Adlas every whit of him?

Ev. 'Is caulled the British Aulpes, Craig-Eriri, a very sufficient hills.

Jen. By got, we will play with him hills for hills, for sixteen and forty sellings when he dares.

Ev. I pray you let it alone your wachers a liddle while, Cossin Davy ap Jenkin, and give it leave I may give his madestee and the court informations toudging now the reformations.

Jen. Why, cannot yow and I tauke too, cossin? the haull (God bless it) is big enough to hold both our taukes, an' we were twice as much as we are.

Ev. Why tauke it all then, if you think is reason in you.

Jen. No; I know is no reason, Evan, I confess him; but every man would shew himselve a good subject as he can to his means; I am a subject by my place, and two heads- is better than one I imagine, under correction.

Ev. Got's ownes! here is no corrections, man; imagine what yow pfcase, do in got's name, imagine, imagine, why do you not imagine? here is no pennyrths of corrections.

Grif. Awdgwin Tawson.¹

Ev. 'Is so invincibles, so inmercifullys ignorant, a man knows not upon what inces of ground to stand to him; does conceive it no more, as I am a true Welse Christian, than (sirreverence o' the company²), the hilts of his dagger.

Jen. Go to, I will make the hilts coiveacknock upon your pate, and pershance a bump too, if yow tauke.

Ev. How! upon my pate?

Jen. Yes, upon your pate, your poetly pate, and your law pate too.

Grif. Tawson, Tawson! Fore got yow will go nere to hazard a thumb³ and a fowre finger of your best hand, if you knock him here; you may knock him betters'enpe at Ludlow a great deal: do you know the place where it is?

Ev. Well, I can be patient, I trust, I trust, it is in a presence, I presume, that loves no quarrels nor replies, nor the lies, nor the challengc, nor the duels: but—I will do my byssmess now, and make this a byssiness for another days hereafter: picas' your madestee—By got I am out of my tempers terribly well, got forgive me, and pyt me in my selve again. How does your highness—I know not a 'oord or a syllable what I say: 'is do me that vexations.

Grif. O Evan, for the honour of Wales I *Ev.* I remember him now, 'tis enough:—blessings upon me, 't is out o' my head again; lost, quite lost: this knock o' my pate has knock aull my wits out o' my brains, I think, and turn my reasons out of doors. Believe it, I will rub, and break your s'ins for this, I will not come so high as your head, but I will take your cose in my way, very sufficiently.

Jen. Hang your sufficiency.

Ev. 'Tis well, very well, 'tis better, better exceedingly well.

Enter HOWELI, and RHEESB, with their harps.

How. What I—you mean ho' to makft us so long tarry here, ha?

Grif. Marry, here is aull undone with distempers, methinks, and angers, and passions.

Rheese. Who is angry?

Ev. Why, it is I is angry, and hungry too, if you mark me; I could eat his Flint⁴ seer face now: offer to knock my pate in the hearing of all these, and more too I well,

¹ Awdijen, Tawson.] I will make you hold your tongue in spite of you. I know not whether the reader will thank either me or Whalley for these unimportant versions; and indeed I only give them Test the originals should be thought of more value than they are.

² Sir reverencf O' the company.~\ If any confirmation be required of the correctness of my explanation of this phrase, vol. ii. p. 446 a, it may be found in the following extract from an old tract on the Origin of Tobacco. "The time ath beene, when if we did speake of this loathsome staffe (tobacco), we used to put a Sir revertttct before; but we forget our good man³

VO.,, III,

ners: and the best is I speak but to such as are as unmannerly in the taking of it as I am ia the speaking of it." I have endeavoured in more places than one to make assurance doubly sure, from a regard to Shakspeare. Some future editor, not prone by nature to wallow in beastliness, will I trust avail himself of these notices, to disencumber his page of a number of pretended explanations no less absurd than disgusting.

³ You will go near to hazard a thumb, &c) Griffith alludes to the penalty for striking in court, which was the loss of the right hand.

before his madestee I do yet forgive him now with aull my heart, and will be revenged another time,

How. Why that is good Evan, honest, brave Evan.

Rheese. Ha' yow told the king's madestee of the alterations?

Ev. I am now once again about him; peace: please your madestee the Welse nation hearing that the Prince of Wales was to come into the hills again, afore your madestee, have a desire of his highness, for the honour of Wales, to make him a Welse hills, which is done without any manner of sharshec to your madestee, only shanking his name: he is caull now Craig-Erin, a mountain in Carnarvansecc: has as grey beard, and as much snow upon his head aull the year long—

Jen. As Adlas for his guts.

Ev. He tells your madestee true, for aull he is a hddle out of season; but cym every man tell as much as he can now; my quality is, I hope, sufficiently known to his madestee, that I am Rector Chori is aull my ambitions, and that I would have it aull Welse, that is the s'ort and the Jong of the requests. The Prince of Wales we know is all over Welse.

Jen. And then my lord marquis.¹

Ev. Both my lord marquis is as good, noble, true Briton as any ever is come out of Wales.

Jen. My Lord Mongymery is as sound Welse too as flese and blood can make him.

How. And the Howards, by got, is Welse as strait as any arrow.

Ev. Houghton is a town bear his name there by Pipidiauke.

How. And Erwin, his name is Wyn; but the Dutsmenome here in Wales, and caull him Heer-win.

Rheese. Then Car is plain Welse, Caer-jbon. Cacmardin, Cardiffe.

Jen. And Palmer, his ancestors was call him Penmaure.

Rheese. And Acmooty is Ap-moutlwey of Llaumouthwey.

Jen. And Abercromy is aull one as Abermarlys.

Ev. Or Abertau.

How. Or Aberdugled haw.

Rheese. Or Abeshodney.

Jen. Or Abergeveny.

How. Or Aberconway.

Ev. Aberconway is very like Abercromy, a liddle hard s'ift has pyt 'em aull into Wales; but our desires and petitions is, that the musiques be all Welse, and the dances, and no 'Ercules brought in now with a great staff and a pudding upon him.

Jen. Aw! was his distaff, was not his club.

Ev. What need of 'Ercules, when Cad-wallader—

Jen. Or Lluellin, or Rheese ap Gryffyth, or Craclock, or Owen Glendower, with a Welse hook and a goat-skin on his back, had done very better and twice as well?

Ev. Nay, and to pyt apparel on a pottle of hay, and call him Lantæus.

Gnf. The belly-gods too was as proper a monster as the best of 'em.

Ev. I stand to it there was neither poetries nor architectures nor designs in that belly-god; nor a note of musics about him. Come, bring forth our musics, yow, s'all hear the true Britan strains now, the ancient WeLc harp—yow tauke of their Pigmees too, here is a Pigmees of Wales now: set forth another Pigmees by him 1

Enter two WOMEN, followed by the musicians.

1 *Wo.* Aw dlesus t what a bravely company is here! This is a finely haull indeed.

2 *Wo.* What a deal of fine candle it is!

Jen. Ay, peace; let his madestee hear the music.

2 *Wo.* Ble maeyr Brenin!P

Jen. Docko ve.

1 *Wo.* Diestts bless him! Saint Davy bless him; I bring my boy o' my back ten mile here to loog upon him: loog Hullin, loog Hullin! *Stewch hummaven nayh Dumma braveris* & you s'all hear him play too.

Ev. Peace, no more pradling; begin set him down. *[Music.]*

FIRST SONG.

Evan. I' is not come here to tauk of Brut, From whence the Welse does take his root; Nor tell long pedigree of Prince Camber, Whose linage would fill aull this chamber; Nor sing the deeds of old Saint Davy,

³ *Jen.* And then my lord marquis,] Henry, fifth Earl and first Marquis of Worcester. What *Evan* says of him is no exaggeration of the truth.

Ble mae yr Brenin.] Or, ble mae 'r Bre-

nin? Where fe the king? Dockp ve. There he is.

Stewchl Dymma., &c.) This is woefully corrupt, but it seems to mean, Hist! hold your peace! see how he capers 1

Th' ursip of which would fill a navy.
But hark yow me now, for a liddel tales
S'all make a gread deal to the credit of
Wales ;

Cho. In which we'll toudge your ears,
With the praise of her thirteen s'eeres,
And make yow as glad and merry
As fourteen pot of Perry.
Still, still, we'll toudge your ears,
With the praise, &c.

SECOND SONG.

How. This true, was wear him sherkin
frieze,
But what is that ? we have store of s'eize,
And Got his plenty of goats' milk
That sell him well, will buy him silk
Enough to make him fine to quarrel
At Hereford sizes in new apparel;
And get him as much green velvet perhaps
S'all give it a face to his Monmouth cap.

Cho. But then the ore of Lempster,
By got is never a sempster,
That, when he is spun, e'er did,
Yet match him with hir thrird.
Still, still, &c.

THIRD SONG.

Rhuse, Aull this's the back's ; now let
us tell ye,
Of some provisions for the belly:
s' cid, and goat, and great-goat's mother,
And runt, and cow, and good cow's uther :
And once but taste o' the Welse mutton,
Your Englis seep's not worth a button.

¹ But then the ore of Lempster.] "As for the wool of Hereford (Fuller says) it is best known to the honour thereof by the name of Lempster ore, being absolutely the finest in all England." It is frequently noticed by our old poets: thus Herrick:

"By many a turn and many a cross,
The fairies reach a bank of moss,
Spungy and swelling, and far more
Soft than the finest Lempster ore]"
Oberon's Palace.

² Andrumbling rocks in s'eere Glamorgan.] In Barry island are said to be subterranean noises like the blowing of a smith's bellows, or the strokes of hammers, supposed to proceed from the repercussion of the sea waters in the clefts of the rocks: and these the author here alludes to.—WHAL.

There is a noble passage on this subject in the *Fairie Queen*. In the true spirit of romantic poetry Spenser attributes the din to the agency of Merlin and the Lady of the Lake.

And then for your fiss, s'all shoos it your
diss.

Look but about, and there is a trout,

Cho. A salmon, cor, or chevin,
Will feed you six or seven
As taulJ man as ever swagger,
With Welse hook, or long dagger,
Still, still, &c.

FOURTH SONG.

Evan. But aull this while was never
think
A word in praise of our Welse drink,
Yet for all that is a cup of Bragat,
All England s'eere may cast his cab-at.
And what you say to ale of Wbley,
Toudge him as well, you'll praise him trebly,
As well as Metheglin, or sider, or meath,
S'all s'ake it your dagger quite out o' the
seath.

Cho. And oat-cake of Guarthenion,
With a goodly leek or onion,
To give as sweet a rellis
As e'er did harper Ellis.
Still, still, &c.

FIFTH SONG.

How. And yet is nothing now all this,
If of our musiques we do miss ;
Both harps and pipes too, and the crowd
Must aull come in and tauke alowd,
As loud as Bangu, Davie's bell,
Of which is no doubt yow have hear tell,
As well as our lowder Wrexham organ,
And rumbling rocks in s'eere Glamorgan ;²

"And if thou ever happen that same way
To travel, go to see that dreadful place:
It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)
Under a rock that lyes a litle space
From the swift Barry, tumbling downe apace,
Emongst the woody hilles of Dynevowre:
But dare thou not, I charge, in any case,
To enter into that same baleful bowre
For feare the cruell Feendcs should thee un-
wares devowre.

But standing high aloft, low lay thine care,
And there such ghastly noyse of yron chaines,
And brasen cauldron, thou shalt rombling
heare,
Which thousand sprights with long enduring
panics
Doe tosse, that it will stonn thy feeble braines,
And oftentimes great grones, and grievous
stoy nds,
When f jo huge toile and labour diem con-
strtinea;
And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing
sowndes
From under that deepe rock most horribly re-
bowndes."—B. iii. c. 3.

Cho. Where look but in the ground there,
And you s'all see a sound there,
That put him altogedder,
Is sweet as measure pedder.
Still, still, &c.

SIXTH SONG.

Rheese. Au, but what say yow should it
grance too,
That we should leap it in a dance too,
And make it you as great a pleasure,
If but your eyes be now at leisure;
As in your ears s'all leave a laughter,
To last upon you six days after?
Ha 1 well-a-go to, let us try to do,
As your old Britton, things to be writ on.

Cho. Come, put on other looks now,
And lay away your hooks now;
And though yet yow ha' no pump, sirs,
Let 'em hear that yow can jump, sirs.

Still, still, &c.

Jen. Speak it your conscience now;
did your ursip ever see such a song in your
days? Is not as finely a tunes as a man
would wiss to put in his ears?

Ev. Come, his madesty s'all hear better
to your dance.

Hen a dance O, MEN.

Ev. Haw! well danced, very well
danced!

Jen. Well plaid, Howell; well plaid,
Rheese! *Da wharry! vellhee t* well danced,
i' faith!

Ev. Good boys, good boys I pold and
Prittan, pold and Prittan.

Jen. Is not better this now than pigmies?
this is men, this is no monsters, an' you
mark him: well, caull forth your goats
now, your ursip s'all see a properly natural
devise come from the Welse mountains! is
no tuns, nor no bottils: stand by there,
s'ow his ursip the hills; was dronkenry in
his eyes that make that devise in my
mind. But now marg, marg, your ursip
I pray yow now, and yow s'all see natures
and propriedies; the very beasts of Wales
s'all do more than your men pyt in bottils
and barrils; there was a tale of a tub, i'
faith. [*Music.*] 'Is the goatherd and his
dog, and his son, and his wife make
musiques to the goats as they come from
the hills; give 'em rooms, give 'em rooms,
now they cym! the elderly goats is in-
differently grave at first, because of his
beard, and only tread it the measures; byt
yow will see him put off his gravities by
and by well enough, and frisk it as tine as

e'er a kid on 'em aull. The Welse goat
is an excellent dancer by birth, that is
written of him, and of as wisely carriage,
and comely behaviours a beast (for his
footing especially) as some one or two man,
got bless him.

Ev. A haul!, a haul! come, a haul! I
Aw vellhee.

Here the Dance of GoATS.

i Wo. Nay, and your madcstee bid the
Welse goats welcome; the Welse wenc's,
s'all sing your praises, and dance your
healths too.

SONG.

1 *Worn.* An, God bless it our good king
S'ames,

His wife and his sildren, and all his reams.
2 *Worn.* And all his ursipful s'istice of
peace about him.

1 *Worn.* And send that his court be never
without him.

2 *Worn.* Ow, that her would come down
into Wales.

1 *Worn.* Her s'ud be very welcome to
Welse Ales.

2 *Worn.* I have a cow.

1 *Wont.* And I have a hen.

2 *Worn.* S'all give it milk.

i *Worn.* And eggs for aull his men.

Both. It self sail have venison and othe
seere,

And may it be starved, that steal him his
deer,

There, there, and everywhere.

Jen. Cym, dance now, let us hear you
dance, dance.

Ev. Ha! well plaid Ales.

How. For the honour of Wales.

*Here the MEN and WOMEN dance
together.*

Jen. Digon! enough, enough, digon!
Well now all the absurdities is removed
and cleared; the rest, an't please you,
grace, s'all tarry still, and go on as it was;
Virtue and Pleasure was well enough,
indifferently well enough: only we will
intreat Pleasure to cym out of Driffimdore,
that is the Gilden Valley, or Gelthleedpre,
that is the Gilden Grove, and is in Care
Marden, the Welse Garden. Is a thousand
place in Wales as finely places as the
Esperides every crum of him; Merlin was
born there too, put we would not make
him rise now and wake him, because we

¹ *Dion!* i.e., enough! The words below
should be Dyffryn oyr, and Gelhy oyr.

have his prophecies already¹ of your madestee's name to as good purpose as if he were here in presence, *Pod hy getter. Rvanf*

Ev. You will still pyt your selve to these plunses, you mean his madestee's anagrams of *Charles James Stuart*.

Jen. Ay, that is *Claimes Arthur s Seate*, which is as much as to say, your madestee s'ud be the first king of Gread Prittan, and sit in *Cadier Arthur*, which is Arthur's Chair, as by Got's blessing you do : and then your son, Master Charles, his, how do you caull him? is *Charles Stuart, Calls tru hearts*, that is us, he calls us, the Welse nation, to be ever at your service, and love you, and honour you, which we pray you understand it his meaning. And that the musicians yonder are so many Brittis bards that sing o'pen the hills to let out the Prince of Wales and his Welse friends to you, and all is done.

Grif. Very homely done it is, I am well assurcd, if not very rudely : but it is hoped your majesty will not interpret the honour, ments, love, and affection of so noble a portion of your people by the poverty of those who have so imperfectly uttered it : on "ill rather for their sakes, who are to come in the name of Wales, my lord the Prince and the others, pardon what is past, and remember the cuntry has always been fruitful of loyal hearts to your majesty, a very

garden and seed-plot of honest minds and men : what lights of learning hath Wales sent forth for your schools? what industrious students of your laws? what able ministers of your justice? whence hath the crown in all times better servitors, more liberal of their lives and fortunes? where hath your court or council for the present more noble ornaments or better aids? I am glad to see it and to speak it, and though the nation be said to be unconquered and most loving liberty, yet it was never mutinous, and please your majesty, but stout, valiant, courteous, hospitable, temperate, ingenious, capable of all good arts, most lovingly constant, charitable, great antiquaries, religious preservers of their gentry and genealogy, as they are zealous ana knowing in religion.

In a word, it is a nation bettered by prosperity, so far as to the present happiness it enjoys under your most sacred majesty, it wishes nothing to be added but to see it perpetual in you and your issue.

God of his great goodness grant it, and shew he is an errant knave and no true Bnlon does not say Amen too with his heart.

PLEASURE RECONCILED TO VIRTUE followed : and so it ended.

¹ *H'e would not make him -rise now, because we have his prophecies already, &c.]* This alludes to the speech of the Lady of the Lake, in *Prince Henry's Barriers* (p. 64a) :

"And that a monarch equal good and great,
Wise, temperate, just and stout, CLAIMES
ARTHUR'S SEAT."

The last three words of which form, as Evan

observes, and as graver heads than his had observed long before him, the celebrated anagram, CHARLES JAMES STUART, and prove to the satisfaction of all the world, that this good monarch, was the person at whose high destinies Merlin pointed, and in whom the prediction was fulfilled. *Pod hy seller* is, Let us do as well as we can.



News from the New World Discovered in the Moon.

A MASQUE, AS IT WAS PRESENTED AT COURT BEFORE
KING JAMES, 1620.

Nascitur e tenebris : et se sibI vindicat orbis.

NEWS FROM THE NEW WORLD, &c.] This was the Author's first Masque after his return from Scotland, where he had been on a visit to his "friend" Drummond. A masque had been composed for the Court during his absence (I know not by whom) and ill received ; so that the wish for Jonson's return was pretty generally expressed. "I have heard," says this second Pylades, (putting aside for a moment the atrocious string of calumnies which he was industriously fabricating against his unsuspecting correspondent), "I have heard from Court that the late Mask was not so approved of the king as in former times, and that your absence was regretted. *Such applause hath true-worth!* even of those who are otherwise not for it. Your *laving* friend."—Jan. 17, 1619.

Jonson did not disappoint his admirers, for the *World in the Moon* is written with all the elegance and ease of the best days of Queen Anne. The satire too is of the most delicate kind, and the wit is perpetual and abundant.

[Drummond wrote this letter *before* Jonson's visit to Hawthornden. This Masque was presented twice, at Twelfth-tide and Shrove-tide.—F. C.]

Enter two HERALDS, a PRINTER, CHRONICLER, and FACTOR.

1 *Her.* News, news, news !

2 *Htr.* Bold and brave news !

1 *Her.* New as the night they are born in.

2 *Her.* Or the phant'sie that begot 'em.

1 *Her.* Excellent news !

2 *Her.* Will you hear any news ?

Print. Yes, and thank you too, sir : what's the price of 'em ?

1 *Her.* Price, coxcomb ! what price, but the price of your ears ? As if any man used to pay for anything here.

2 *Her.* Come forward ; you should be some dull tradesman by your pig-headed sounce now, that think there's nothing good anywhere but what's to be sold.

Print. Indeed I am all for sale, gentlemen ; you say true, I am a printer, and a printer of news ; and I do hearken after

'em wherever they be at any rates ; I'll give anything for a good Copy now, be it true or false, so 't be news.

1 *Her.* A fine youth !

Chro. And I am for matter of state, gentlemen, by consequence, story (my Chronicle) to fill up my great book, which must be three ream of paper at least ; I have agreed with my stationer aforehand to make it so big, and I want for ten quire yet. I ha' been here ever since seven o'clock in the morning to get matter for one page, and I think I have it complete ; for I have both noted the number and the capacity of the degrees here ; and told twice over how many candles there are i' the room lighted, which I will set you down to a snuff precisely, because I love to give light to posterity in the truth of things.

1 *Her.* This is a finer youth I

Fac. Gentlemen, I am neither printer

nor chronologer, but one that otherwise take pleasure in my pen : a factor of news for all the shires of England; I do write my thousand letters a week ordinary, sometime twelve hundred, and maintain the business at some charge both to hold up my reputation with mine own ministers in town and my friends of correspondence in the country; I have friends of all ranks and of all religions, for which I keep an answering catalogue of dispatch; wherein I have my puritan news, my protestant news, and my pontifical news.

2 *Her.* A superlative this!

Fac. And I have hope to erect a Staple for News ere long,¹ whither all shall be brought and thence again vented under the name of Staple-news, and not trusted to your printed conundrums of the serpent in Sussex, or the witches bidding the devil to dinner at Derby: news that when a man sends them down to the shires where they are said to be done, were never there to be found!

Print. Sir, that's all one, they were made for the common people; and why should not they ha' their pleasure in believing of lies are made for them, as you have in Paul's, that make 'em for yourselves.

1 *Her.* There he speaks reason to you, Sir.

Fac. I confess it; but it is the printing I am offended at, I would have no news printed; for when they are printed they leave to be news; while they are written, though they be false, they remain news still.

Print. See men's divers opinions 1 It is

the printing of 'em makes 'em news to a great many who will indeed believe nothing but what's in print. For those I do keep my presses, and so many pens going to bring forth wholesome relations, which once in half a score years, as the age grows forgetful, I print over again with a new date, and they are of excellent use.

Chro. Excellent abuse rather.

Print. Master Chronicler, do not you talk, I shall—

1 *Her.* Nay, gentlemen, be at peace one with another, we have enough for you all three, if you dare take upon trust.

Print. I dare, I assure you.

Fac. And I as much as comes.

Chro. I dare too, but nothing so much as I have done; I have been so cheated with false relations i' my time, as I ha' found it a far harder thing to correct my book, than collect it.

Fac. Like enough; but to your news, gentlemen, whence come they?

1 *Her.* From the MOON, ours, sir.

Fac. From the Moon! which way? by sea or by land?

1 *Her.* By moonshine; a nearer way, I take it.

Print. Oh, by a trunk!³ I know it, a thing no bigger than a flute-case: a neighbour of mine, a spectacle-maker, has drawn the moon through it at the bore of a whistle, and made it as great as a drum-head twenty times, and brought it within the length of this room to me, I know not how often.

Chro. Tut, that's no news: your perplexive glasses are common, No, it will

¹ And I have hope to erect a Staple for News ere long, &c.] The comedy of the *Stable of News* is formed upon the hint here given.—WHAL.

² And not trusted to your printed conundrums of the serpent in Sussex.] In 1614, there was a discourse published of a strange monstrous *Serpent* in St. Leonard's forest, in Sussex, which was discovered there in the month of August in the same year. The relation is set forth with an air of great sincerity, and attested by eyewitnesses living on the place. But from the description, we are to suppose something further intended by it, or that some *conundrum* or other, as the poet styles it, was couched under the account. "This serpent, or dragon as some call it, is reputed to be nine feet or rather more in length, and shaped almost in the form of an axle-tree of a cart, a quantity of thickness in the middle, and somewhat smaller at both ends. The former part, which he shoots forth as a neck, is supposed to be an ell long,

with a white ring as it were of scales about it. The scales along his back seem to be blackish, and so much as is discovered under his belly appeareth to be red; for I speak of no nearer description, than of a reasonable ocular distance. There are likewise on either side of him discovered two great bunches so big as a large foot-ball: and, as some think, will in time grow to wings," &c. More to the same purpose may be found in the account, which is reprinted in the 3rd vol. of the *Harleian Miscellany*. There is an allusion to this same dragon in Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:

" Val. Write, write anything.

The world's a fine believing world, write news.
Lance. Dragons in Sussex, sir, or fiery battles Seen in the air at Aspurge."—WHAL.

³ Oh, by a trunk.] It has been already observed that the word *trunk* is used by our old writers for a *tube*. I know not when the well-chosen term *telescope* first came into use,

fall out to be Pythagoras's way,¹ I warrant you, by writing and reading i' the moon.

Print. Right, and as well read of you, i' faith: for Cornelius Agrippa has it, in *disco lunce*, there 'tis found.

1 *Her.* Sir, you are lost, I assure you; for ours came to you neither by the way of Cornelius Agrippa nor Cornelius Dribble.

2 *Her.* Nor any glass of—

1 *Her.* No philosopher's phantasie.

2 *Her.* Mathematician's perspicil.

1 *Her.* Or brother of the Rosie Cross's intelligence, no forced way, but by the neat and clean power of poetry.

2 *Her.* The mistress of all discovery.

1 *Her.* Who, after a world of these curious uncertainties, hath employed thither a servant of hers in search of trutli: who has been there—

2 *Her.* In the moon.

1 *Her.* In person.

2 *Her.* And is this night returned.

Fact. Where? which is he? 1 must see his dog at his girdle, and the bush of thorns at his back, ere I believe it.

1 *Her.* Do not trouble your faith then, for if that bush of thorns should prove a goodly grove of oaks, in what case were you and your expectation?

2 *Her.* These are stale ensigns of the Stage's man i' the moon, delivered down to you by musty antiquity, and are of as doubtful credit as the maker's.

CJirol. Sir, nothing again antiquity, I pray you, I must not hear ill of antiquity.

1 *Her.* Oh! you have an old wife be-like, or your venerable jerkin there---make much of 'em. Our relation, I tell you still, is news.

2 *Her.* Certain and sure news.

1 *Her.* Of a new world.

2 *Her.* And new creatures in that world.

1 *Her.* In the orb of the moon.

2 *Her.* Which is now found to be an earth inhabited.

1 *Her.* With navigable seas and rivers.

2 *Her.* Variety of nations, polities, laws.

1 *Her.* With havens m't, castles, and port-towns.

2 *Her.* Inland cities, boroughs, hamlets, fairs, and markets.

1 *Her.* Hundreds and wapentakes forests, parks, coney-ground, meadow pasture, what not?

2 *Her.* But differing from ours.

Pact. And has your poet brought all this i' *Chro.* Troth, here was enough: 'tis a pretty piece of poetry as 'tis.

1 *Her.* Would you could hear on, though!

2 *Her.* Gi' your minds to't a little.

Fact. What inns or ale-houses are there there? does he tell you?

1 *Her.* Truly, I have not asked him that,

2 *Her.* Nor were you best, I believe.

Fact. Why in travel a man knows these things without offence; I am sure if he bt a good poet he has discovered a good tavern in his time.

1 *Her.* That he has, I should think the worse of his verse else.

Print. And his prose too, i' faith.

Chro. Is he a man's poet, or a woman's poet, I pray you?

2 *Her.* Is there any such difference?

Fact. Many, as betwixt your man's tailor and your woman's tailor.

1 *Her.* How, may we beseech you?

Fact. I'll show you: your man's poet may break out strong and deep i' the mouth, as he said of Pindar, *Monte decurc, is velut amnis*: but your woman's poet must flow, and stroke the ear, and, as one of them said of himself sweetly—

Must write, a verse as smooth and calm as cream.

In which there is no torrent, nor scarce stream.

2 *Her.* Have you any more on't.

Fact. No, I could never arrive but to this remnant.

1 *Her.* Pity! would you had had the whole piece for a pattern to all poetry.

Print. How might we do to see your poet? did he undertake this journey, I pray you, to the moon on foot?

1 *Her.* Why do you ask?

Print. Because one of our greatest poets (I know not how good a one) went to Edinburgh on foot,³ and came back; marry, he has been restive, they say, ever since;

by this private hit, *hoc opertum hoc ridere suum*; and Pope perhaps would have been disturbed if he had known it

³ Because one of our greatest poets, I know ~~know~~ not how good a one, went to Edinburgh on foot.] He here means himself, having walked to Scotland on purpose to visit Drummond of Hawthoruden, in the year 1619. — WHAL

¹ Pythagoras's way, &c." See p. 6 a.

² Must 'write a verse, &c. I have been amused with a little piece of malice by Theobald. Opposite this passage, he has written on the margin of his copy (the 8vo of 1715), "Woman's Poet, his soft versification Mr. P.—" And in the "Discoveries," where the couplet recurs, he has again set a mark on it. Poor Theobald was probably much comforted

for we have had nothing from him : he has set out nothing, I am sure.

1 *Her.* Like enough, perhaps he has not all in; when he has all in, he will set out, I warrant you, at least those from whom he had it; it is the very same party that has been i' the moon now.

Print. Indeed 1 has he been there since? belike he rid thither then?

Fact. Yes, post, upon the poet's horse, for a wager.

1 *Her.* No, I assure you, he rather flew upon the wings of his muse. There are in all but three ways of going thither: one is Endymion's way, by rapture in sleep, or a dream. The other Menippus's way, by wing, which the poet took. The third, old Empedocles's way, who, when he leapt into Etna, having a dry sear body, and light, the smoke took him and whift mm up into the moon, where he lives yet, waving up and down like a feather, all soot and embers, coming out of that coal-pit: our poet met him and talked with him.

Chro. In what language, good sir?

2 *Her.* Only by signs and gestures, for they have no articulate voices there, but certain motions to music: all the discourse there is harmony.

Fact. A fine lunatic language, i' faith; how do their lawyers then?

2 *Her.* They are Pythagoreans, all dumb as fishes, for they have no controversies to exercise themselves in.

Fact. How do they live then?

1 *Her.* On the dew of the moon, like grasshoppers, and confer with the doppers.¹

Fact. Have you doppers?

2 *Her.* A world of doppers! but they are there as lunatic persons, walkers only: that have leave only to HUM and HA, not daring to prophesy, or start up upon stools to raise doctrine.

1 *Her.* The brethren of the Rosie Cross have their college within a mile of the moon; a castle in the air that runs upon wheels with a winged lantern—

Print. I have seen it in print.

2 *Her.* All the phantastical creatures you can think of are there.

Fact. 'Tis to be hoped there are women there, then.

1 *Her.* And zealous women, that will outgroan the groaning wives of Edinburgh.²

Fact. And lovers as fantastic as ours.

2 *Pier.* But none that will hang themselves for love, or eat candle ends, or drink to their mistresses' eyes till their own bid them good night, as the sublunary lovers do.

Fact. No, sir?

2 *Her.* No, some few you shall have that sigh or whistle themselves away; and those are presently hung up by the heels like meteors, with squibs in their tails, to give the wiser sort warning.

Print. Excellent!

Fact. Are there no self-lovers there?

2 *Her.* There were; but they are all dead of late for want of tailors.

Fact. 'Slight, what luck is that! we could have spared them a colony from hence.

2 *Her.* I think some two or three of them live yet, but they are turned moon-calves by this.

Print. O ay, moon-calves! what monster is that, I pray you?

2 *Her.* Monster! none at all, a very familiar thing, like our fool here on earth.

1 *Her.* The ladies there play with them instead of little dogs.

Fact. Then there are ladies?

2 *Her.* And knights and squires.

Fact. And servants and coaches?

1 *Her.* Yes, but the coaches are much o' the nature of the ladies, for they go only with wind.

Chro. Pretty, like China waggons.

Fact. Have they any places of meeting with their coaches, and taking the fresh open air, and then covert when they please, as in our Hyde Park or so?

2 *Her.* Above all the Hyde Parks in Christendom, far more hiding and private; they do all in clouds there; they walk in the clouds, they sit in the clouds, they lie in the clouds, they ride and tumble in the clouds, their very coaches are clouds.

Print. But have they no carmen to meet and break their coaches?

2 *Her.* Alas, carmen! they will over a carman there, as he will do a child here: you shall have a coachman with cheeks like a trumpeter, and a wind in his mouth, blow him afore him as far as he can see him; orskirr over him with his bat's wings a mile and a half ere he can steer his wry neck to look where he is.

¹ With the doppers.] i.e., with the Anabaptists, who were in ill repute at this time. See the *Staple of News*.

² [In the next reign one "groaning wife of

Edinburgh" has left her mark in history, Jonson, during his visit to the north, may have heard Jenny Geddes herself "groaning" over her "green stall" in the High Street—F. C.]

Pact. And they have their New Wells too, and physical waters, I hope, to visit all time of year?

1 Her. Your Tunbridge, or the Spaw itself, are mere puddle to 'em : when the pleasant months of the year come, they all flock to certain broken islands which are called there the Isles of Delight.

Fact. By clouds still.

1 Her. What else! their boats are clouds too.

2 Her. Or in a mist ; the mists are ordinary in the moon ; a man that owes money there needs no other protection ; only buy a mist, and walk in't, he is never discerned ; a matter of a baubee does it.

1 Her. Only one island they have is called the isle of the Epiccenes, because there under one article both kinds are signified, for they are fashioned alike, male and female the same ; not heads and broad hats, short doublets and long points ; neither do they ever untruss for distinction, but laugh and lie down in moonshine, and stab with their poniards ; you do not know the delight of the Epiccenes in moonshine.

2 Her. And when they have tasted the springs of pleasure enough, and billed, and kist, and are ready to come away ; the shees only lay certain eggs (for they are never with child there), and of those eggs are disclosed a race of creatures like men, but are indeed a sort of fowl, in part covered with feathers (they call them VOLATEES), that hop from island to island ; you shall see a covey of them, if you please, presently.

1 Her. Yes, faith, 'tis time to exercise their eyes, for their ears begin to be weary.

2 Her. Then know we do not move these wings so soon

On which our poet mounted to the moon, Menippus like, but all 'twixt it and us, Thus clears and helps to the presentment, thus.

Enter the VOLATEES, V the ANTIMASQUE, and DANCE. After which

2 Her. We have all this while (though the muses' heralds) adventured to tell your majesty no news ; for hitherto we have moved rather to your delight than your belief. But now be pleased to expect a more noble discovery worthy of your ear as the object will be your eye : a race of your own, formed, animated, lightened, and

heightened by you, who, rapt above the moon far in speculation of your virtues, have remained there intranced certain hours, with wonder of the piety, wisdom, majesty reflected by you on them from the divine light to which only you are less. These, by how much higher they have been carried from earth to contemplate your greatness, have now conceived the more haste and hope in this their return home to approach your goodness ; and led by that excellent likeness of yourself, the truth, imitating Procritus's endeavour, that all their motions be formed to the music of your peace, and have their ends in your favour, which alone is able to resolve and thaw the cold they have presently contracted in coming through the colder region. [Music.]

Here the Scene opens, and discovers the Region of the Moon, from which the MASQUERS descend, and shake off their icicles.

FIRST SONG.

Howe'er the brightness may amaze,
Move you, and stand not still at gaze,

As dazzled with the light :
But with your motions fill the place,
And let their fulness win you grace,
Till you collect your sight.

So while the warmth you do confess,
And temper of these rays no less,

To quicken than refine,
You may by knowledge grow more bold,
And so more able to behold
The body whence they shine.

The first DANCE follows.

SECOND SONG.

Now look and see in yonder throne,
How all those beams are cast from
one!

This is that orb so bright,
Has kept your wonder so awake :
Whence you as from a mirror take
The sun's reflected light.

Read him as you would do the book
Of all perfection, and but look

What his proportions be ;
No measure that is thence contrived,
Or any motion thence derived,
But is pure harmony.

Here the MAIN DANCE and REVELS.

¹ JNM heads.) e., closely shorn, or polled.

A Masque of the Metamorphosed Gipsies,

AS IT WAS THRICE PRESENTED TO KING JAMES,

*First at Burleigh-on-the-Hill, next at Belvoir, and lastly at Windsor,
August, 1621.*

A MASQUE, &c."] From the folio 1641. But a copy of it had stolen abroad, and been printed the year beiore, together with a few of Jonson's minor poems, by J. Okes, ii 12mo.

The folio, never greatly to be trusted, is here grievously incorrect, and proves the miserable incapacity of those into whose hands the poet's papers fell. The surreptitious copy in 121110 is somewhat less imperfect, but yet leaves many errors. These I have been enabled in some measure to remove, by the assistance of a MS. in the possession of my friend Richard Heber, Esq., to whose invaluable collection, as the reader is already apprized, I have so many obligations. This, which is in his own hand, and is perhaps the only MS. piece of Jonson's in existence, is more full and correct than either of the printed copies, the folio in particular, and is certainly prior to them both. It fills up many lacinae, and in one instance completes a stanza by furnishing three lines which no ingenuity could have supplied.

This Masque, as the title tells us, was performed before James and his Court at three several places. As the actors as well as the spectators varied at each, it became necessary to vary the language; and Jonson, who always attended the presentation of his pieces, was called on for additions adapted to the performers and the place. These unfortunately are not very distinctly marked either in the MS. or the printed copies, though occasional notices of them appear in the former. As everything that was successively written for the new characters is conic down to us, the *Gipsies Metamorphosed* appears of immoderate length; it must however have been highly relished by the Court; and the spirit and accuracy with which the male characters are drawn, and the delicacy and sweetness with which some of the female ones are depicted, though they cannot delight (as at the time), by the happiness of their application, may yet be perused with pleasure as specimens of poetic excellence, ingenious flattery, or **adroit satire**.

The Speech at the King's entrance at Burleigh, made in the character of the Porter.

If for our thought there could but speech
 be found,
 And all that speech be uttered in one sound,
 So that some power above us would afford
 The means to make a language of a word,
 It should be WELCOME ! in that only voice
 We would receive, retain, enjoy, rejoice ;
 And all effects of love and life dispense,
 Till it were called a copious eloquence ;
 For should we vent our spirits now you are
 come,
 In other syllables, were as to be dumb.
 Welcome, O welcome, then, and enter here,
 The house your bounty built and still doth
 rear.
 With those high favours, and those heaped
 increases
 Which shews a hand not grieved but when
 it ceases.

The MASTER is your creature, as the place ;
 And every good about him is your grace :
 Whom, though he stand by silent, think
 not rude,
 But as a man turned all to gratitude.
 For what he ne'er can hope how to re-
 store,
 Since while he meditates one, you pour on
 more.
 Vouchsafe to think he only is oppress'd
 With their abundance, not that in his
 breast
 His powers are stupid grown ; for please
 you enter
 Him, and his house, and search him to the
 centre ;
 You'll find within no thanks or vows there
 shorter,
 For having trusted thus much to his Porter.

The Prologue at Windsor.

As many blessings as there be bones
 In Ptolemy's fingers, and all at ones,
 Held up in an Andrew's cross for the nones,
 Light on you, good master ;
 I dare be no waster
 Of time or of speech,
 Where you are in place :
 I only beseech
 You take in good grace,
 Our following the court,
 Since 'tis for your sport

To have you still merry,
 And not make you weary.
 We may strive to please,
 So long (some will say) till we grow a
 disease.
 But you, sir, that twice
 Have graced us already, encourage to thrice ;
 Wherein if our boldness your patience
 invade,
 Forgive us the fault that your favour hath
 made.

¹ *The house your bounty built, and still doth war, &c.] Villiers (now Marquis of Buckingham) was in the zenith of his favour. Honours were showered upon all his relatives and friends. His mother was made a countess, her children promoted and married to persons of rank and fortune, and not a second cousin overlooked in the distribution of wealth and titles. If, as the speech says, the Marquis was "turned all to gratitude," it was well, and yet no more than so indulgent a master and friend as James deserved. Burleigh was burnt to the ground by the Parliament forces in 1645. They had made it a place of arms, and on evacuating it set it on fire. The destruction of a mansion once in-*

habited by the great object of their hate, the Duke of Buckingham, must have gratified them beyond measure.

By the *house your bounty built*, the poet alludes classically and simply to the raising up, of the *family*. In a literal sense, the house 'y.i., originally constructed by some of the Harriib'-tous family ; though much enlarged and beautified by the present possessor.

No introductory speech is given to the presentation at Belvoir. Buckingham had married the Earl of Rutland's daughter, so that the Royal appearance at that castle was not without some compliment perhaps to the favourite.

The Gipsies Metamorphosed.

Enter a Gipsy (being the JACKMAN¹) leading a horse laden with five little children bound in a trace of scarfs upon him; followed by a second, leading another horse laden with stolen poultry, &c.

Jack. Room for the five princes of Ægypt, mounted all upon one horse,² like the four sons of Aymon, to make the miracle the more by a head, if it may be! Gaze upon them, as on the offspring of Ptolemy, begotten upon several Cleopatras, in their several coumies; especially on this brave spark struck out of Flintshire, upon Justice Jug's daughter, then sheriff of the county, who running away with a kinsman of our captain's, and her father pursuing her to the marches, he great with justice, she great with juggling, they were both for the time turned stone, upon the sight each of other, in Chester: till at

¹ Being the Jackman.] "You shall understand that the Jackwan hathe his name of a yat,te, which is a seal in their language, as one that should make writings and set scales for lygences and pasportes."—*CavtfaifiirCyrsitors*.

² Mounted ail-upon one horse, like the four sons of Aymon.] This alludes to a story in the romantic history of Churlcagn: I find the same circumstance mentioned by Skelton, in his *Philip Sparrow*:

"And though that read have I
Of Gawen and Sir Guy—
Of quatre filz Amund,
And how they were summoned
To Rome to Charlemayne,
Upon a great payne,
And how they rode each one
On Bayard Mountalbon."—WHAL.

Le livre de quatre filz Aymon, &c. (a popular Story in the days of romance), was translated into English, and printed in a small fcho, in 1504, by Wynkyn de Worde, and again in 1554 by W. Copland, with this title, *Aplyva&atnt and goodly Historic ofthejorson' of Aimon*. On the title-page is a ridiculous wooden cut (given, however, in sober sadness) of four men sitting on one horse, with their swords drawn. It is to this that the poet allude.

The memorial of both their gravities, &c.] The long beards and big bellies of the stone jugs of the poet's days have been already noticed. See vol. ii. p. 345.

The Jamoits imp yet grew a wrctchock.] All the dictionaries and glossaries I have con-

last (see the wonder) a jug of the town ale reconciling them, the memorial of both their gravities,³ his in beard, and hers in belly, hath remained ever since preserved in picture upon the most stone jugs of the kingdom. The famous imp yet grew a wretchock;⁴ and though for seven years together he was carefully carried at his mother's back, rocked in a cradle of Welsh cheese like a maggot, and there fed with broken beer and blown wine of the best daily, yet looks as if he never saw his *quinquennium*.⁵ 'Tis true, he can thread needles on horseback, or draw a yard of inkle through his nose: but what is that to a grown gipsy, one of the blood, and of his time, if he had thrived 1 therefore, till with his painful progenitors he be able to beat it on the hard hoof to the *bene bowse'* or the *stawlmg-ken*, to nip a

sulted will not help us to this term. The word *wrethock* indeed occurs in Skelton's *Eleanor Rwtmtingi* the exact sense 1 am not able to assign; but it is applied to fowls, and 1 am apt to think that *iurcti'*, *nock* and *wrethock* have the same sense, whatever it be:

"The goslings were untied,
Elinour began to chide;
They be *wrethocke* thou hast brought,
They are sheer shaking nought."—WHAL.

Yet grew a wretchock] i.e., pined away instead of thriving. Whalley appears to have puzzled himself sorely in this page (for he has much that I have not copied), about a matter of very little difficulty. In every large breed of domestic fowls, there is usually a miserable little stunted creature, that forms a perfect contrast to the growth and vivacity of the rest. This unfortunate abortive, the goodwives, with whom it is an object of tenderness, call a *wrethock*; and this is all the mystery. Was Whalley ignorant that what we now term chick was once chocke and chooke? *Wretkocke*, which we probably copied from the execrable edition of Skelton's works, 1736, is merely a false transcript of a t for a c, a very common error, but which the editor was too blind to notice, or too stupid to amend.

His quinquennium.] Whalley's grave doubts concerning this simple phrase make it necessary to observe that it means his fifth year. The wretchock was seven years old, and yet looked as if lie was not five.

⁶ The bene-bowsej i.e., the good liqiw'

fan, and cly the jark, 'tis thought fit he inarch in the infants' equipage ;

With the convoy, cheats, and pckage,
Out of clutch of Harman Beckage,
To their libkins at the Crackman's,
Or some skipper of the Blackman's.

2 *Gipsy*. Where the cacklers, but no grunterns,

Shall uncased be for the hunters :
Those we still must keep alive ;
Ay, and put them out to thrive
In the parks, and in the chases,
And the finer walled places ;
As St. James's, Greenwich, Tibals,
Where the acorns, plump as chibas,
Soon shall change both kind and name,
And proclaim them the king's game.
So the act no harm may be
Unto their keeper Barnaby ;
It will prove as good a service
As ever did gipsy Gervise,
Or our Captain Charles, the tall-man,
And a part too of our salmon.

Jackman. If we here be a little obscure, 'tis our pleasure; for rather than we will offer to be our own interpreters, we are resolved not to be understood ; yet if any man doubt of the significance of the language, we refer him to the third volume of Reports, set forth by the learned in the Laws of canting, and published in the gipsy tongue. Give me myguiltara, and room for our chief!

Enter the CAPTAIN, with six of his Attendants.

Here they DANCE.

After which,

SONG.

Jack. From the famous Peak of Darby,
And the Devil's arse there hard by,

Stawling, or stalling-ken, is a receptacle for purchase or stolen goods. To nip a jan is, I believe, to pick a pocket; and to cly the jark, something of a similar nature.

The clutch of Harman Beckage, &c. Harman Beck is a constable. Libkius are lodgings ; Crackmans, hedges ; a Skipper is a barn or out-house, and if a Blackmail be not night, I know not what else it is.

But no grunterns. A side compliment to the King, who hated pork in all its varieties.

Of our salmon. i.e., of our oath, of our respectful duty; the *tatom* of the East. The gipsy Gervise is a stranger to me :—perhaps he was Gervase Holies.

And not cause you cut your laces. At Windsor Jonson's MS. says, this line was altered to

" And not cause you quit your places?"

Where we yearly keep our musters,
Thus the Egyptians throng in clusters.

Be not frightened with our fashion,
Though we seem a tattered nation ;
We account our rags our riches,
So our tricks exceed our stitches.

Give us bacon, rinds of walnuts,
Shells of cockles, and of small nuts,
Ribands, bells, and saffroned linen,
All the world is ours to win in.

Knacks we have that will delight you,
Slights of hand that will invite you
To endure our tawny faces,
And not cause you cut your laces.⁴

All your fortunes we can tell ye,
Be they for the back or belly :
In the moods too, and the tenses,
That may fit your fine five senses.

Draw but then your gloves, we pray
you,
And sit still, we will not fray you ;
For though we be here at liurler,⁵
We'd be loth to make a hurly.

*Enter the PATRICO.*⁶

Pat. Stay, my sweet singer,
The touch of thy finger
A little, and linger,
For me, that am bringer
Of bounds to the border,
The rule and recorder,
And mouth of your order,
As priest of the game,
And prelate of the same.
There's a gentry cove here,⁷
Is the top of the shire,

There is not much poetry in the substitution, but it probably raised a smile at the courtiers' expense.

[Thomas Hood, when on his death-bed thanking Sir Robert Peel, who was then at Burligh, for the pension conferred upon him, wrote, "If it be well to be remembered by a Minister, it is better still not to be forgotten by him in a hurly Burleigh."—F. C.]

The Patrico. The orator of the gang, the mock-priest. See vol. ii. p. iyo.

⁷ A gentry-cove, i.e., a great man, a gentleman. Of the Bever-Ken, of Belvoir Castle ; alluding to the Earl of Rutland, who was probably lieutenant of the county. When the Masque was performed at Belvoir Castle, the first couplet stood thus:

" There be gentry coves here.
Are the chiefs of the shire."—MS.

Of the Bever-Ken,
A man among men ;
You need not to fear,
I've an eye and an ear
That turns here and there,
To look to our gear :
Some say that there be
One or two, if not three,
That are greater than he.

And for the *roome-morts*-
I know by their ports,
And their jolly resorts,
They are of the sorts
That love the true sports
Of King Ptoleraeus
Our groat Coriphneus,
And Queen Cleopatra,
The gipsies' grand n'intra.
Then if we shall shank it,
Here fair is and market.

Leave pig by and goose,
And play fast and loose,
A short cut, and long,
With, ever and among,
Some inch of a song,
Pythagoras' lot,
Drawn out of a pot ;
With what says Alchindus,
And Pharaotes Indus,
John de Indagine,
With all their *pagina*
Treating of palmistry,
And this is almistry.

Lay by your wimbles,
Your boring for thimbles,
Or using your nimbles,
In diving the pockets,
And sounding the sockets
Of simper-the-cockets ;¹

¹ *Roome or runt morts*,] i.e., great ladies.

² *Simper-the-cockett*,] This expression occurs in Skelton's ballad of *Eleanor Rumming*;

" In her turscd docket
And grey russet rocket
With *simper-the-cocket*."

Cotgrave, in his French dictionary, helps us to a meaning that agrees extremely well with the passage in Jonson : "*Cnqiine*, a beggar woman, also a cockney, *tiwpcr de cockit*, nice thing"—WHAT..

The expression is also used by old Heywood in his *Dialogue*:

" Upright as a candle stancleth in a socket,
Stood she that day, so *wmpre de cocct*."

" This," says Warton, " I do not understand, it is marked by the author as a proverb. It is undoubtedly a colloquial phrase." The sense of it, however, is sufficiently obvious. *Cocket* was a

Or angling the purses
Of such as will curse us ;
But in the strict duel,
Be nejrjry and cruel,
Strike fair at some jewel,
That mint may accrue well,
For that is the fuel,
To make the tuns brew well,
And the pot ring well,
And the brain sing well,
Which we may bring well
About by a string well,
And do the thing well.
It is but a strain
Of true legerdemon
Once, twice, and again.

Or what will you say now,⁸
If with our fine play now,
Our knackets and dances,
We work on the fancies
Of some of these Nancies,
These Trickets and Tripsies,
And make them turn gipsies.

Here's no Justice Lippus
Will seek for to nip us,
In Cramp-ring or Cippus,⁴
And then for to strip us, ⁴
And after to whip us,
While here we do tarry,
His justice to vary ;
But be wise and wary,
And we may both carry
The Kate and the Mary,
And all the bright aery,
Away to the quarry,⁵
If our brave Ptolemy
Will but say, Follow me.

3 *Gipsy*. Captain, if ever at the Bowzin
Ken,

fine species of bread, as distinguished from common bread ; hence perhaps the name was given to an overstrained affectation of delicacy. To *simper* at, or over a thing, is to touch it in scorn.

³ *Of what will you say now*] At Windsor (the MS. informs us) these lines (which are all the folio) were substituted :

" Or what will you say now,
If with our fine play now,
Our feats and our fingering,
Here without lingering;
Cozening the sights
Of the lords and the knights,
Some one of their Geoiges
Come off to save charges.

⁴ *In Cramp-ring or Cippus* ;⁴ The first two means shackles, fetters : the other, the stocks or pillory.

⁵ After this verse, in the MS. and in the folio

You have in draughts of Darby drilled
your men,

And we have served there armed all in ale,
With the brown bowl, and charged in
braggat stale ;¹

If mustered thus, and disciplined in drink,
In our long watches we did never wink,
But so commanded by you, kept our station,
As we preserved ourselves a loyal nation ;
And never yet did branch of statute beak,
Made in your famous palace of the Peak.
If we have deemed that mutton, lamb, or
veal,

Chick, capon, turkey, sweetest we did steal ;
As being by our Magna Charta taught
To judge no viands wholesome that are
bought.

If for our linen we still used the lift,
And with the hedge (our Trade's Increase)
made shift,²

And ever at your solemn feasts and calls
We have been ready with the Egyptian
brawls,

To set Kit Callot forth in prose or rhyme,³
Or who was Cleopatra for the time.

If we have done this, that, more, such,
or so ;

Now lend your ear but to the Patrico.
Capt. Well, dance another strain, and
we'll think how.

I Gif. Meantime in song do you con-
ceive some vow. [Afusic.

Here they DANCE.

SECOND SONG.

Pat. The faery beam upon you,
The stars to glisten on you ;
A moon of light,
In the noon of night,

Till the fire-drake hath o'ergone you !
The wheel of fortune guide you,

The boy with the bow beside you ;

Run aye in the way,

Till the bird of day,

And the luckier lot betide you !

Capt. {surveying the company,} Bless my
sweet masters, the old and the young ;
From the gall of the heart, and the stroke
of the tongue,

With you, lucky bird, 1 beo'ni I [, 'w #,
to the KING. | let me see]

I aim at the best, and I trow you are he :
Here's some luck already, if I understand
The grounds of mine art ; here's a gen-
tleman's hand.

I'll kiss it for luck sake. You should, by
this line,

Love a horse and a hound, but no part of
a swine.

To hunt the brave stag, not so much for
the food

As the weal of your body, and the health
of your blood,

You're a man of good means, and have
territories store,

Both by sea and by land ; and were born,
sir, to more,

Which you, like a lord, and a prince of
your peace,

Content with your havings, despise to in-
crease.

You are no great wench I see by your
table,

Although your Mons Vcneris says you are
able ;

You live chaste and single, and have
buried your wife.

And mean not to marry, by the line of
your life.

is the following passage, which is directed to be
spoken at Windsor. The nobleman alluded to is
[the Earl of Worcester :

" The George and the garter,
Into our own quarter :
Or durst I go further
In method and order:
There's a purse and a seal,
I have a great mind to steal.
That when our tricks are done,
We might seal our own pardon.
All this we may do,
And a great deal more too,
If," &c.

¹ With the brown bowl, and charged in brag-
[Sat stale,] Braggat is a drink made of honey,
ale, and spices.—WHAL.

² Our Trade's Increase'] This is a humorous
play on the word "increase".

allusion to the name of a ship sent out by the
first Indian adventurers. Its unusual bulk made it
a subject of much conversation in those days.
The hedge (on which linen was hung out to dry)
was the Galleon of this honest fraternity.

To set Kit Callot forth, &c.] Knte the
callot or strumpet. The worthy associate,
Whalley says, of one (nle) Hather, who first
took up the trade of a gipsy in this country.

I aim at the bet, &c.] It should be ob-
served that all who took part in these entertain-
ments were constantly masked; and probably
not always known to one another. The per-
formers were undoubtedly in the secret; but the
spectators, who were very numerous, must have
derived much amusement from a palpable hit,
which enabled them to form a tolerable guess at
the respective characters. James is admirably
described in these lines

' And have buried your wife.] Queen Ann

Whence he that conjectures your qualities,
 learns

You are an honest good man, and have
 care of your beams.

Your Mercury's hill too, a wit doth be-
 token,

Some book-craft you have, and are pretty
 wen spoken.

But stay—in your Jupiter's Mount, what
 is here r

A king! a monarch! what wonders ap-
 I

High bountiful, just; a Jove for your
 parts,

A master of men, and that reign in their
 hearts,

111 tell it my train,

And come to you again.

[Withdraws.]

THIRD SONG.

Pat, To the old, long life and treasure ;

To the young, all health and pleasure ;

To the fair, their face

With eternal grace ;

And the soul to be loved at leisure.

To the witty, all clear mirrors,

To the foolish their dark errors ;

To the loving sprite,

A secure delight :

To the jealous his own false terrors,

Capt. [Advances again to the KING.]

Could any doubt that saw this hand,

Or who you are, or what command

You have upon the fate of things,

Or would not say you were let down

From heaven, on earth to be the crown,

And top of all your neighbour-kings ?

To see the ways of truth you take,

To balance business, and to make

All Christian differences cease:

died in the early part of 1619. By her death the
 grace and splendour of the English court suf-
 fered a visible eclipse. "She loved shows and
 expensive amusements," Hume says, "but pos-
 sessed little taste in her pleasures." Of taste,

Hume had no more idea than the pen he was
 writing with; a defect most incident to his cold-
 blooded fraternity. Anne possessed an excellent
 taste, and her pleasures were elegant and refined
 in no common degree. [There is ample proof

In the State Paper Office that Charles I. in-
 herited his exquisite taste in the Fine Arts
 from his mother.—F. C.] The honest Puritan,

Arthur Wilson, is far better worth listening to
 on this subject, notwithstanding his prejudices.

"She was," he says, "in her great condition a
 good woman, not tempted from that height she
 stood on to embroil her spirit much with things,

now her (as some busy bodies do), only giving

Or till the quarrel and the cause
 You can compose, to give them laws,
 As arbiter of war and peace.

For this, of all the world, you shall

Be styled James the Just, and all

Their states dispose, their sons and
 daughters,

And for your fortunes you alone

Among, hem all shall Qrk your own

gy peace, and not by human
 slaughters.

But why do I presume, though true,
 To tell a fortune, sir, to you,

Who are the maker here of all:

Where none do stand, or sit in view,

But owe their fortunes unto you,

At least what they good fortunes call 1

Myself a Gipsy here do shine,¹

Yet are you maker, sir, of mine.

Oh that confession could content

So high a bounty, that doth know

No part of motion, but to flow,

And giving never to repent 1

May still the matter wait your hand,

That it not feel or stay or stand ;

But all desert still over-charge.

And may your goodness ever find

In me, whom you have made, a mind

As thankful as your own is large !

[Music.]

Here they DANCE.

After which, the PRINCE'S fortune is
 offered at by the

2 Gipsy. As my captain hath begun
 With the sire, I take the son :—

Your hand, sir !

Of your fortune be secure,

Love and she are both at your

Command, sir 1

herself content in her own house, with such re-

creations as might not make time tedious to her

(*Life of James*, p. 129.) I know not whether the

chiromantic terms in this speech be worth

note: briefly, however, the *line of life* is the

line encompassing the ball of the thumb; the

Mons Veneris is the root or mount of the thumb;

Mercurty's hill is the root of the little finger, and

Jupiter's mount the bottom or root of the

forefinger. ¹ *Myself a Gipsy here do shine.* It ap-
 pears not only from this but from several incident
 notices, that the Marquis of Buckingham him-
 self played the Captain. This elegant addres-
 to James has more than one allusion to the w-
 meant but unsuccessful endeavours of this go-
 king to preserve the peace of the continen-
 when all was fast falling into confusion. 1
 2 Gipsy was played by the Marquis's brother.

See what states are hem at strife,
Who shall tender you a wife,

A brave one;

And a fitter for a man,
Than is offered here, you can
Not have one.

She is sister of a star,
One the noblest now that are,
Bright Hesper,
Whom the Indians in the East
Phosphor call, and in the West
Hight Vesper.

Courses even with the sun,
Doth her mighty brother run,¹
For splendour.

What can to the marriage-night,
More than morn and evening light,
Attend her?

Save the promise before day,
Of a little James to play
Hereafter

'Twixt his grandsires knees, and move
All the pretty ways of love,

And laughter.

Whilst with care you strive to please
In your giving his cares ease,

And labours:

And by being long the aid
Of the empire, make afraid
Thineighbours.

Till yourself shall come to see
What we wish yet far to be
Attending:

For it skills not when or where
That begins, which cannot fear
An ending.

Since your name in peace or wars,²
Nought shall bound until the stars
Up take you:

And to all succeeding view,
Heaven a constellation new
Shall make you.

[Music.]

Here they DANCE.

After which

¹ Courses even with the sun,

Doth her mighty brother run,} The preceding lines plainly shew us the Spanish match was now in agitation; and the verses are the Spaniards boast, "that the sun never sets in their king's dominions."—WHAL.

² Since your name in peace or wars, &c.] The close of this stanza is certainly wanting; for there can be little doubt but the poet originally gave it complete as the preceding.—WHAL.

It is now fortunately supplied from Mr. Heber's valuable manuscript.

The Lady Marquess Buckingham.} Catherine, only daughter and heiress of the Earl of Rutland by his first wife. If Wilson may be

The LADY MARQUESS BUCKINGHAM'S,³
by the

3 Gip. Hurl after an old shoe,
I'll be merry whate'er I do,
Though I keep no time,
My words shall chime,
I'll overtake the sense with a rhyme.—

Face of a rose,

I pray thee depose

Some small piece of silver; it shall be no loss,

But only to make the sign of the cross:

If your hand you hallow,

Good fortune will follow,

I swear by these ten,

You shall have it agen,

I do not say when.

But, lady, either I am tipsy

Or you are to fall in love with a gipsy;⁵

Blush not, Dame Kate,

For early or late,

I do assure you it will be your fate.

Nor need you be once ashamed of it, madam,
He's as handsome a man as ever was Adam.

A man out of wax,

As a lady would aks:

Yet he is not to wed ye,

H' has enjoyed you already,

And I hope he has sped ye.—

A dainty young fellow;

And though he look yellow,

He ne'er will be jealous,

But love you most zealous,

There's never a line in your hand but doth tell us.

And you are a soul so white and so chaste,

A table so smooth and so newly ra'ste,

As nothing called foul

Dares approach with a blot,

Or any least spot;

But still you control,

Or make your own lot,

Preserving love pure, as it first was begot.

trusted, the lady had ventured somewhat too far before marriage: unless, as is far more probable, the elopement of which he speaks was a concerted plan of the lovers to procure the consent of the "stout old earl," her father, to the nuptials

swear by these ten.] i.e., his fingers.—WHAL.

⁵ Or you are to fall in love with tt gipsy.] This confirms the observation in a former page. The allusion to the b7rdsome person of the marquis is not overstrained. Wilao says that "he was a man of excellent symmetry and proportion of parts."

But, dame, I must tell **ye**,
The fruit of your belly,
Is that you must tender,
And care so to render ;
That as yourself came
In blood and m name,
From one house of fame,
So that may remain
The glory of twain. [Music.

ffere they DANCE.

After which,

The COUNTESS OP RUTLAND'S,' by the

3 Gip. You, sweet lady, have a hand too,

And a fortune you may stand to ;
Both your bravery and your bounty
Style you mistress of the county :
You will find it from this night,
Fortune shall forget her spight,
And heap all the blessings on you,
That she can pour out upon you.
To be loved where most you love,
Is the worst that you shall prove:
And by him (o be embraced,
Who so long hath known you chaste,
Wise and fair ; whilst you renew
Joys to him and he to you :
And when both your years are told,
Neither think the other old.

And COUNTESS OF EXETER'S,' by the

Patrico. Madam, we knew of your coming so late,

We could not well fit you a nobler fate
Than what you have ready made :
An old man's wife

¹ *Countess of Rutland.*] The lady to whom this pretty compliment is paid was, I believe, Cecily, daughter of Sir James Tufton of Hathfield in Kent, second wife to the Earl of Rutland, and mother-in-law to the lady last mentioned.

'Countess of Exeter.'] Frances, daughter of William, fourth Lord Chandos, and second wife of Thomas, Earl of Exeter, and eldest son to that great statesman, Cecil, Lord Burleigh. She was a young widow when this nobleman, then in the seventieth year of his age, took her to wife. To this disproportion of years Jonson alludes as handsomely as the subject allowed. The earl died soon after this was written, at fourscore, and the countess, who survived him more than forty years, became the object of much obloquy and envy, as Saunderson says, "on account of her preferment." She was involved in a malicious charge of adultery by Lady Roos (wife of her husband's eldest son), and such was the diabolical malice of her persecutors, that it requy-ed all the zeal and sagacity of James to extricate her from their toils. [Her

Is the light of his life,
A young one is but his shade.
You will not importune,
The change of your fortune :
For if you dare trust to my fore-casting,
'Tis presently good, and it will be lasting. [Alusic.

Here they DANCE.

After which

The COUNTESS OF BUCKINGHAM'S,' by the

*4 Gip. Your pardon, lady, here you stand,
If some should judge you by your hand,
The greatest felon in the land
Detected.*

I cannot tell you by what arts,
But you have stolen so many hearts,
As they would make you at all parts
Suspected.

Your very face, first, such a one,
As, being viewed, it was alone
Too slippery to be looked upon ;⁴

And threw men :
But then your graces they were such,
As none could e'er behold too much ;
Both every taste and every touch
So drew m?n.

Still blest in all you think or do,
Two of your sons are Gipsies too,
You shall our queen be, and see who
Importunes

The heart of either yours or you ;
And doth not wish both George and Sue,⁵
And every bairn besides all new
Good fortunes.

The LADY PURBECK'S,' by the

*2. Gip. Help me, wonder, here's a book,
Where I would for ever look :*

portrait by Vandyck, which Hudson inherited from Richardson, and sold to Walpole, was No. 66 in the 21st day's sale at Strawberry Hill, and is now in my possession — F. C.]

⁸ *Countess of 'Buikingham*] Mother of the favourite, by Sir George Villiers. She was at this time the wife of Sir Thomas Compton, brother of the Earl of Northampton. She 'vas created, Wilson says, "a countess by patent," while her husband had no additional title, except that which was given him by the malice or scandal of the public, on his lady's account.

⁴ *'Too slippery to be looked upon.'*] Jonson seems fond of this verse, which he has given in two other places. It is, as the reader knows, from Horace:

Et vultus mmitin lulricus aspici,

⁵ *George and Sue.*] The marquis and his sister. Susanna married William Fielding, Earl of Denbigh, ancestor to the present earl.

⁶ *The Lady Purbeck.*] The beautiful daughter

Never yet did gipsy trace
 Smoother line in hands or face:
 Venus here doth Saturn move
 That you should be Queen of Love;
 And the other stars consent;
 Only Cupid's not content;
 For though you the theft disguise,
 You have robbed him of his eyes.
 And to shew his envy further,
 I fere he chargelh you with niuriher :
 S.iys although that at your sight,
 1 le must all his torches light ;
 Though your either check discloses
 Mingled baths of milk and roses ;
 Though your lips be banks of blisses,
 Where he plants and gathers kisses ;
 And yourself the reason why,
 Wisest men for love may die ;
 You will turn all hearts to tinder,
 And shall make the world one cinder.

And the LADY ELIZABETH HATTON'S,
 by the

5 *Gif.* Mistress of a fairer table
 Hath not history nor fable •
 Others fortunes may be shown,
 You are builder of your own.
 And whatever heaven hath gi'n you,
 You preserve the state still in you ;
 That which time would have depart,
 Youth without the help of art,
 You do keep still, and the glory
 Of your sex is but your story.

The LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S,^a by the

Jacknan. Though you, sir, be Cham-
 berlain, I have a key
 To open your fortune a little by the way :
 You are a good man,
 Deny it that can :

of a beautiful mother, Lady Kli,' ihcth Hlatton, by her second luiskul, Sir Kd'v.mi Coke, and wife of John Vilhers (elder biother of the Marquis of Buckingham) Viscount Purbeck. Nothing can be more elegant than the lines here adcbessed to her: but there was a change awaiting her which the gipsy did not foresee. In less than three years after this period she was detected in an intrigue with Sir Robert Howard, and fled from her husband's house, to which she never returned. Her extraordinary charms seem to have softened the rigid breast of Wilson. "A lady of transcending beauty," he calls her, "but accused of wantonness."

¹ *Lady Elizabeth Hatton.*] The widow of Sir William Hatton, and at this time married to

And faithful you are,
 Deny it that dare,
 You know how to use your sword and your
 pen,
 And you love not alone the arts but the
 men:
 The Graces and Muses every where follow
 You, as you were their second Apollo ;
 Only your hand here tells you to your face,
 You have wanted one grace,
 To peiform what has been a right of your
 place :

For by this line, which is Mars his trench,
 You never yet helped your master to a wench.

'Tis well for your honour he's pious and
 chaste,
 Or you had most certainly been displaced.

Here they DANCE.

The LORD KEEPER' fortune, by the

Patrico. As happy a palm, sir, as most i'
 theland,—

It should be a pure and an innocent hand,
 And woithy the trust,
 For it says you'll be just,
 And cany that purse
 Without any curse
 Of the public weal,
 When you take out the seal.
 You do not appear,
 A judge of a year.
 I'll venture my life,
 You never had wife,
 But I'll venture my skill,
 You may when you will.

You have the king's conscience too in your
 breast,

And that's a good guest ;
 Which you'll have true touch of,
 And yet not make much of,

Sir Edward Coke Jonson compliments her with
 great dehay.

[The Lord Chamberlain.] The great Earl
 of Pembroke. His name is his eulogy. It
 appears from the MS. that the fortunes of the
 noblemen were substituted at Windsor in place
 of those of the ladies, which we have just
 finished. They should perhaps be placed at the
 bottom of the page; but I have followed the
 printed copies. The reader will observe, how-
 ever, that the *Gipsies Metamorphosed* was not
 so long in netion as it has hitherto appeared to be.

[The Lord Keeper.] Williams, Lord Bishop
 of Lincoln. Hume terms him a man of spirit
 and learning, and a popular preacher. He was,
 however, somewhat refractory, and gave the
 court much trouble in after times.

More than by truth yourself forth to bring
The man that you are, for God and the king.

The LORD TREASURER'S fortune? by the

3 *Gipsy*. I come to borrow, and you'll
grant my demand, sir,
Since 'tis not for money, pray lend me your
hand, sir,
And yet this good hand, if you please to
stretch it,
Had the errand been money could easily
fetch it:
You command the king's treasure, and yet
on my soul
You handle not much, for your palm is not
foul:

Your fortune is good, and will be to set
The office upright and the king out of debt;
To put all that have pensions soon out of
their pain,
By bringing the Exchequer in credit again.

The LORD PRIVY SEAL'S, -by the

2 *Gip*. Honest and old,
In those the good part of a fortune is told;
God send you your health,
The rest is provided, honour and wealth:
All which you possess,
Without the making of any munn loss,
Nor need you my warrant, enjoy it you shall,
For you have a good privy seal for it all.

The EARL MARSHAL'S,³ by the

3 *Gip*. Next the great master, who is
the donor,

¹ *The Lord Treasurer.*") Lionel, Lord Cranfield, afterwards Earl of Middlesex. He did not enjoy this situation long; being impeached for malversation by the Commons in 1624, deprived of his high office, and fined fifty thousand pounds. Buckingham, who had raised him from the counting-house, urged on his fall. James, however, who believed him innocent, would not call for the payment of the fine, and Charles, upon his accession, freely remitted the whole. His titles and estates came into the Dorset family by the marriage of his granddaughter, Frances, with Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset. He is said, in some accounts of those times, to have "reformed the household and augmented the customs." To this the concluding lines of the speech allude.

The Lord Privy Seal.] Edward, fourth Earl of Worcester. He died in a good old age, about six years after this period, beloved and honoured by the people. There is something so Simple and affecting in Sir Robert Naunton's character of this nobleman, that I am tempted to subjoin it. "In his youth he was a very fine

I read you here the preserver of honour,
And spy it in all your singular parts,
What a father you are and a nurse of the
arts,

By cherishing which a way you have found,
How they, free to all, to one may be bound:
And they again love their bonds; for to be
Obliged to you is the way to be free.
But this is their fortune:—hark to your
own.

Yours shall be to make true gentry known
From the fictitious, not to prize blood
So much by the greatness as by the good;
To shew and to open clear virtue the way,
Both whither she should and how far she
may:

And whilst you do judge 'twixt valour and
noise,
To extinguish the race of the roaring boys.

The LORD STEWARD'S,⁴ ly the

4 *Gip*. I find by this hand,
You have the command
Of the very best man's house in the land:
Our captain and we
Ere long will see
If you keep a good table;
Your master is able,
And here be bountiful lines, that say
You'll keep no part of his bounty away,
'I here's written frank
On your Venus' bank:

To prove a false Steward, you'll find
much ado,
Being a true one by blood, and by office
too.

gentleman, and the best horseman and tilter of the times, which were then the man-like and noble recreations of the court, and such as took up the applause of men as well as the praise and commendation of ladies. And when years had abated these exercises of honour, he grew then to be a faithful and profound counsellor. He was the last liver of all the servants of the Queen's (Elizabeth's) favour, and had the honour to see his renowned mistress and all of them laid in the places of their rest: and for himself, after a life of a very noble and remarkable reputation, he died rich, and in a peaceable old age."—*Frag. Regalia.*

The Earl Marshal.] Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, grandson of the Duke of Norfolk, who was beheaded in 1571. His name, like some of the others, has occurred more than once before in these Masques.

⁴ *The Lord Steward.*] There was more than one this year; but the person who held this high office when the *Masque of Gipsies* was performed was Lodowick Stewart Duke of Lenox and Richmond, Hence the allusion in the last line,

The LORD MARQUIS HAMILTON'S,¹ by

3 *Gip*. Only your hand, sir, and wel-
come to court;

Here is a man both for earnest and sport.

You were lately employed,
And your master is joyed
To have such in his train
So well can sustain
His person abroad,
And not shrink for the load,—
But had you been here,

You should have been a gipsy, I swear;
Our captain had summoned you by a doxy,
To whom you would not have answered by
proxy,

One, had she come in the way of your
scepter,

Tis odds, you had laid it by to have leapt
her. [Music.]

Here they DANCE.

After which

Music, which leads to 2 DANCE.

During which the PATRICO and JACKMAN
sing this SONG : and towards the end of
it, Cockrel, Clod, Townshead, Puppy,
and other Clowns enter behind.

Patr. Why, this is a sport,
See it north, see it south;
For the taste of the court,

Jack. For the court's own mouth.
Come, Windsor, the town,
With the mayor, and oppose,
Well put them all down,

Patr. Do-do-down, like my hose.
A gipsy in his shape,
More calls the beholder,
Than the fellow with the ape,

Jack. Or the ape on his shoulder.

He's a sight that will take
An old judge from his bench,
Ay, and keep him awake ;

Patr. Yes, awake on the bench.

And has so much worth,
Though he sit in the stocks,
He will draw the girls forth,

Jack. Ay, forth in their smocks.

Tut, a man's but a man ;
Let the clowns with their sluts
Come mend us if they can,

Patr. If they can for their guts,
Both. Come mend us, come lend us,
their shouts and their noise,
Like thunder, and wonder at Ptolemy's
boys.

Cock. Oh the Lord ! what be these ?
Tom, dost thou know ? Come hither,
come hither, Dick, didst thou ever see
such ? the finest olive-coloured spirits, they
have so danced and ginged here, as if they
had been a set of overgrown fairies.

Clod. They should be morris-dancers
by their gingle,³ but they have no napkins.

Cock. No, nor a hobby-horse,

Clod. Oh, he's often forgotten, that's no
rule ; but there is no Maid Marian nor
Friar amongst them, which is the surer mark.

Cock. Nor a fool that I see.

Clod. Unless they be all fools.

Town. Well said, Tom Fool ; why,
thou simple parish ass thou, didst thou
never see any gipsies ? These are a covey
of gipsies, and the bravest new covey that
ever constable flew at ; goodly game
gipsies, they are gipsies of this year, of this
moon, in my conscience.

Clod. Oh, they are called the Moon-
men, I remember now !

Now bent for the war.

The world shall see

You can constant be,

One mistress to prove,

And court her for your love.

Pallas shall be both your sword and your page :
Truth bear your shield, and Fortune your page."

The nobleman here mentioned, was Walter Scott,
Lord Scott, created Earl of Buccleuch in 1610.
These lines do not appear in Jonson's MS. It
was probably an occasional character, written
upon the spur of the moment.

³ They should be Morris-dancers, &c.] See
vol. i, p. 80 b. The reader will be glad to be
relieved from any repetitions on this trite sub-
ject. It may be just observed, however, that
the friar mentioned below, with whom Warton
says he is not acquainted, is Friar Tuck, the
domestic chaplain of Robin Hood, and the in-
separable companion of Maid Marian.

¹ Lord Marquis Hamilton.] James, son of
John, second Marquis of Hamilton, and Earl of
Cambridge. He was much beloved by the
king, and died a few months before him, in his
thirty-sixth year. I cannot inform the reader
on what particular mission he had been em-
ployed : he was much trusted by James in the
affairs of Scotland, and was lord high com-
missioner to the Parliament which met in the present
year, 1621.

² Here follows in the printed copies:

" The Earlo, BucklougKs, by the Patrico.

" A hunter you have been heretofore,
And had game good store:

But ever you went

Upon a new scent,

And shifted your loves

A often as they did their smocks or their
gloves:

cut since that your brave intendmcs are

Cock. One shall hardly see such gentlemen-like gipsies though, under a hedge, in a whole summer's day, if they begibbies.

Town. Male gipsies all, not a Mort among them.

Pup. Where, where? I could never endure the sight of one of thi'su rogue-gipsies: which be they? I would fain see 'em.

Cto. Yonder they are.

Pup. Can they cant or mill?¹ are they masters in their art?

Town. No, batchelors these; they cannot have proceeded so far; they have scarce had their time to be lousy yd.

Pup. All the better: I would be acquainted with them while they are in clean life, they will do their tm-ks the cleaner.

Cock. We must have some music then, and take out the wenches.

Pup. Music I we'll have a whole poverty of pipers; call Checks upon the bagpipe, and Tom Tickle-foot 'ith Ins tabor. Clod, will you gather the pipe-money?

Clod. I'll gather it an you will, but I'll give none.

Pup. Why, well said! Claw a churl by the a—and he'll s—in your fist.

Cock. Ay, or whistle to a jade, and he'll pay you with a f—.

Clod. F—! 'tis an ill wind that blows BO man to profit. See where the minstrel comes in the mouth on't.

Cock. Ay, and all the good "enches of Windsor after him; yonder is Prue o' the park.

Town. And Frances o' the castle.

Pup. And Long Meg of Eaton.

Clod. And Christian o' Dorney.

Town. See the miracle of a minstrel!

Cock. He's able to muster up the smocks of the two shires.

Pup. And set the codpieces and they by the ears at pleasure.

Enter the two Pipers playing, and followed by PRUDENCE, FRANCES, CICKLY, MEG, CHRISTIAN, and other Wenches.

Town. I cannot hold now, there's my groat, let's have a fit for mirth sake.

Cock. Yes, and they'll come about us for luck's sake.

Pup. But look to our pockets and purses, for our own sake.

Clod. Ay, I have the greatest charge, if I gather the money.

¹ *Can they cant or mill?* i.e. *beg or steal*. What Puppy means just below *POVERTY*, I cannot tell; perhaps *posse*.

Cock. Come, girls, here be gipsies come to town, let's dance them down. [*Music*]

Here they take out the Wenches, and dance Country Dances,

During which the Gipsies and the PATRICO come about them prying, and pick their pockets.

Pat. Sweet doxies and dells,
My Roses and Nells,
Scarce out o' the shells,
Your hands, nothing else.
We ring you no knells
With our Ptolemy's bells,
Though we come from the fells;
Bui bring" you good spells,
And tell you some chances.
In midst of your dances,
That fortune advances,
To Prudence or Frances;
To Cicely or Harry,
To Roger or Mary,
Or Peg of the dairy;
To Maudlin or Thomas;
Then do not run from us.
Although we look tawny,
We are healthy and brawny,
Whate'er your demand is,
We'll give you no jaundis.

Pup. Say you so, old gipsy! 'Slid, these go to't in rhymes; this is better than canting by the one half.

Town. Nay, you shall hear them: peace, they begin with Prudence; mark that.

Pup. The wiser gipsies they, marry.

Town. Are you advised?

Pup. Yes, and I'll stand to't, that a wise gipsy (take him at the time o' the year) is as politic a piece of flesh as most justices in the county where he stalks.

3 7# To love a keeper your fortune will be,
But the doucets better than him or his fee.

Town. Ha, Prue, has he hit you in the teeth with the sweet bit?

Pup. Let her alone, she'll swallow it well enough; a learned gipsy!

Town. You'll hear more hereafter.

Pup. Marry, and I'll listen: who stands next? Jack Cpkrel?

2 G-ip. You'll have good luck to horse' flesh, o' my life,
You ploughed so late with the vicar's wife.³

• *You'll have good luck to horse'-flesh, j my life. You ploughed so late with the vicar's w&e.* In the small edition, this fortune is told with more humour in the following manner:

Pup. A prophet, a prophet, no gipsy 1
or if he be a gipsy, a divine gipsy.

Town. Mark Frances, now she's going
to't, the virginity o' the parish !

Pat. Fear not, in hell you'll never lead
apes,

A mortified maiden of five escapes.

Pup. By'r lady, he touched the virgin-
string there a little too hard. They are
arrant learned men all, I see; what say
they upon Tom Clod? list.

I *Gfp.* Clod's feet will in Christmas go
near to be bare,

When he has lost all his hobnails at post
and at pair.

Pup. He has hit the right nail o' the
head, his own game.

Town. And the very metal he deals in
at play, if you mark it.

Pup. Peace, who's this? Long Meg?

Town. Long and foul Meg, if she be a
Meg, as ever I saw of her inches : pray
God they fit her with a fair fortune ! she
clangs an a——terribly.

Pup. They slip her,¹ and treat upon
"Ticklefoot.

i *Gip.* On Sundays you rob the poor's
box with your tabor ;

The collectors would do it, you save them
a labour.

Pup. Faith, but a little : they do it *non*
upstante.

Town. Here's my little ('hristian forgot;
'have you any fortune left for her? a strait-
laced Christian of sixteen.

Pat. Christian shall get her a loose-
bodied gown

In trying how a gentleman differs from a
clown.

Pup. Is that a fortune for a Christian?
a Turk with a gipsy could not have told
her a worse.

Town. Come, I'll stand myself, and
once venture the poor head o' the town ;
do your worst, my name's Townshead,
and here's my hand, I'll not be angry.

You steal yourself drunk, I find it here
true,

As you rob the pot, the pot will rob you."
WHAL.

This is also the reading of the MS. But
Whalley should have recollected that most of
these "fortunes" contained little pveces of pri-
vate history, and were adapted to the characters,
who varied at every representation. Cockrel's
fortune is a proverbial expression which oc-
curs in many of our old dramas. Thus Glap-
thorne:

" Clare. If he be a parson

3 *Gip.* A cuckold you must be, and that
for three lives,

Your own, the parson's, and your wife's.

Town. I swear I'll never marry for that,
an't be but to give *fortune' my foe*, the
lie. Come, Paul Puppy, you must in too.

Pup. No, I'm well enough; I would
have no good fortune an I might.

4 *Clip.* Yet look to yourself, you'll have
some ill luck,

And shortly—for I have his purse at a
pluck. [*Aside to the PATRICO.*

Pat. Away, birds, mum !

I hear by the hum,

If beck-barman come,

He'll strike us all dumb,

With a noise like a drum,

Let's give him our room,

Here this way some,

And that way others.

We are not all brothers :

Leave me to the cheats,

I'll show 'em some feats.

[*The Gipsies run off different ways.*

Pup. What! are they gone? llouii alt
of a sudden? 'This is fine, i' faith; a
covey call you 'em? they are a covey soon
scattered, methink: who sprung them I
marie?

Town. Marry, yourself, Puppy, for
aught I know ; you quested last—

Clod. Would he had quested first forme,
and sprung them an hour ago !

Town. Why, what's the matter, man?

Clod. 'Slid, they have sprung my purse,
and all I had about me.

Town. They have not, have they ?

Clod. As I am true Clod, have they, and
ransacked me of every penny—outcpt I
were with child with an owl, as they say. I
never saw such luck, it's enough to make a
man a whore.

Pup. Hold thy peace, thou talkst as if
thou hadst a licence to lose tny purse alone
in this company : 'slid, here be those can
lose a purse in honour of the gipsies, as

And I his wife, sure I shall make my friends
Lucky to horse-flesh."—*Wit in a Countable.*

And May:

" I hope to have good luck to *horst -flesh* now
she is & *parson's wife.*"—*The Heir.*

¹ *They sli,' her j* They do not slip Meg in the
MS. nor in the i'mo ; but as there is nothing
remarkable in her fortune, it may as well remain
unfoid.

² *You quested last.* } *Quested* is the sporting
tenn for the dog's opening, or giving his tongue,
when he scents the birds.—WHAL.

well as thou for thy heart, and never make words of it: I have lost my purse too.

Cock. What was there in thy purse, thou keep'st such a whimpering? was the lease of thy house in it?

Pup. Or thy grannam's silver ring?

Clod. No, but a mill sixpence of my mother's I loved as dearly, and a two-pence I had to spend over and above; besides the harper that was gathered amongst us to pay the piper.

Town. Our whole stock, is that gone? how will Tom Ticklefoot do to wet his whistle then!

Pup. Marry, a new collection, there's no music else, masters; he can ill pipe that wants his upper lip, money.

Town. Yes, a bagpiper may want both.

Pru. They have robbed me too of a dainty race of ginger, and a jet-ring I had to draw Jack Straw hither on holy-days.

Town. Is't possible! fine-fingered gipsies, i' faith.

Meg. And I have lost an enchanted nutmeg, all gilded over, 'was enchanted at Oxford for me, to put in my sweetheart's ale a' mornings; with a row of white pins that prick me to the very heart, the loss of them.

Clod. And I have lost besides my purse, my best bride-lace I had at Joan Turnup's wedding, and a halp'orlh of hobnails: Frances Addlebrech has lost somewhat too, besides her maidenhead.

Fran. Ay, I have lost my thimble and a skein of Coventry blue I had to work Gregory Litchfield a handkerchief.

Chris. And I, unhappy Christian as I am, have lost my Practice of Piety, with a bowed groat; and the ballad of *Whoop Barnaby*, which grieves me ten times worse.

¹ Besides, the harper that was gathered.] i.e., the *ninapence*. This is a cant expression, I believe, for a piece of money coined by our princes for the use of Ireland. The sixpennies of Henry VIII. had a *harp* on them; so had those of Elizabeth: they occasionally passed for shillings, though evidently not current at that value; and to these the text probably alludes.

In Decker's *Sir Thomas Wyat*, one of the insurgents quits his party, on which the Captain observes:

"His name was Harper—let him go: desert us! Henceforth the *harpers*, for his sake, shall stand But for plain *ninapence* throughout all the land."

And in Hey wood's *Faire Maide of the Exchange* the word is thus introduced:

"Bow. Thou wert by when I bought these gloves of a wench.

Crisp. That's true; they cost thee an Englwih

Clod. And Ticklefoot has lost his clout, *lic* says, with a three-pence and four *tx>kens* in't; besides his taboring-stick *even* now.

Cock. And I my knife and sheath, and my fine dog's-leather gloves.

Town. Have we lost never a dog amongst us? where's Puppy?

Pup. Here, good man Townshead, you leave nothing to lose, it seems, but the Town's brains you are trusted with.

Re-enter the PATRICO, with the rest of the Gipsies.

Oh, my dear marrows!¹

No shooting of arrows

Or shafts of your wit,

Each other to hit,

In your skirmishing fit.

Your store is but small,

Then venture not all:

Remember, each mock

Doth spend o' the stock.

And what was here done,

Being under the moon,

And at afternoon,

Will prove right soon

Deceptio visus,

Done gratia risus,—

There's no such thing

As the loss of a ring,

Or what you count worse,

The miss of a purse.

But hey for the main,

And pass of the strain,

Here's both come again!

And there's an old twinger

Can shew ye the ginger:

The pins and the nutmeg

Are safe here with slut Meg,

shilling—marry, it follows in the text that your shilling proved but a harper, and thou wert shamefully arraigned for it.

Bow. Good, but I excused myself.

Crisp. True, that thou thought'st it had been a shilling;—marry, thou hadst never another to change it."

² An enchanted nutmeg, all gilded over.] Meg's nutmeg was to be used as a love philtre; but the practice of gilding nutmegs (however strange it may appear) was sufficiently common.

"A gilded nutmeg, and a race of ginger," occurs in the *Affectionate Shepherd*, 1594, and in many other poems of that age.

³ And a skein of Coventry blue.] The celebrity of this city for its blue thread is often noticed by our early writers. See the *Masqutt of Owls*.

⁴ O my dear marrows.] i.e., companions, friends; sometimes mates, or lovers.

Then strike up your tabor,
And there's for your labour;
The sheath and the knife,
I'll venture my life,
Shall breed you no strife,
But like man and wife,
Or sister and brother,
Keep one with another,
And light as a feather,
Make haste to come hither.

The Coventry-blue
Hangs there upon Prue,
And here is one opens
The clout and the tokens ;
Deny the bowed groat,
And you lie in your throat;
Or the taborer's ninpence,
Or the six fine pence.

As for the ballad,
Or the book, what you call It;
Alas, our society
Mells not with piety ;
Himself hath forsook it,
That first undertook it.

For thimble or bride-lace,
Search yonder side lass,
All's to be found,
If you look yourselves round:
We scorn to take from ye,
We had rather spend on ye.
If any man wrong ye,
The thief is among ye.

Town. Excellent, i' faith : a most restorative gipsy I all's here again ; and yet by his learning of legerdemain he would make us believe we had robbed ourselves ; for the hobnails are come to me.

Cock. May be he knew whose shoes lacked clouting.

Pup. Ay—he knows more than that, or I'll never trust my judgment in a gipsy again.

Cock. A gipsy of quality, believe it, and one of the king's gipsies, this ; a drink-alian, or a drink-braggatun ? Ask him.

¹ And says our first lord,
"Cocklorrel he kight" Cock Lorrel is merely the master rogue. The folio-vvying extract, taken from Beloe's *Anecdotes*, vol. i. p. 396, gives all that I know; and all perhaps that the reader may require to know of this noted character.

"In a very curious tract in the Museum, entitled *Martin Mark-all, Beadle of Bridewell*, which gives an account of the London Rogues at that time, I find a personage named *Cocklorrel*, represented as the head of a gang of thieves in the time of Henry VIII.

"After him succeeded by the General Council one Cock Lorele, the most notorious knave that ever lived. By trade he was a tinker, often

The king has his noise of gipsies as well as of bearwards and other minstrels.

Pup. What sort of order of gipsies, I pray, sir?

Pat. A flagon-flekian,
A Devil's arse-a-Pekian
Born first at Niglington,
Bred up at Filchington,
Boarded at Tappington,
Bedded at Wappington.

Town. Fore me, a dainty derived gipsy !

Pup. But I pray, sir, if a man might ask on you, how came your captain's place first to be called the Devil's Arse?

Pat. For that take my word.
We have a record,
That doth it afford,
And says our first lord,¹
Cocklorrel he hight,
On a time did invite
The devil to a feast;
The tail of the jest
(Though since it be long),
Lives yet in a song ;
Which if you would hear,
Shall plainly appear,
Like a chime in your ear.
I'll call in my clerk,
Shall sing like a lark.

Cock. Oh ay, the song, the song in any case ; if you want music we'll lend him our music.

Come in, my long shark,
With thy face brown and dark ;
With thy tricks and thy toys,
Make a merry, merry noise,
To these mad country boys,
And chant out the farce
Of the grand Devil's Arse. [Music.

SONG.2

Cocklorrel would needs have the Devil his guest,
And bade him once into the Peak to dinner,

carrying a panne and a hammer for a show; but when he came to a good booty would he cast his profession in a ditch, and play the padder; and as he past through the town, would crie, *Ha' ye any worke for a tinker ?* To write of his knaveries, it would aske a long time. This was he that reduced in forme the Catalogue of Vagabonds, or Quatern of Knaves, called the Five and twentie Orders of Knaves.

"This Cock Lorele continued among them longer than any of his predecessors; for he ruled almost two and twentie years until the year A.D. 1533, and about the five and twenty year of Hen. fall."

TMs "Song" continued long in favour. It

Where never the fiend had such a feast
Provided him yet at the charge of a sinner.

His stomach was queasy (he came thither
coach),
The jogging had made some crudiirs.
rise ;

To help it he called fora puritan poacht,
That used to turn up the eggs of his eyes,

And so recovered unto his wish,
lie sate him down, and he iell to eat ;
Promoter in plumb-broth was the firt dish,
His Ovvn privy kitchen had no such meat.

Yet though with this he much were taken,
Upon a sudden he shifted lns trencher,
As soon as he spreeds the bawd bacon,
By "hieh you may note the Devil's a
wencher.

Six pickled tailors sliced and cut,
Sempstcrs and tire'oinen, fit for his
palate ;

With feathemen and perfumers put
Some twelve m a charger to make a grand
sallet.

A rich fat usurer stewed in his mnrow,
And by him a lawyer's head and green
sauce :

Both which his belly (uok in like a barrow,
As if till then he had never seen sauce.

Then carbonadoed and cooked with pains,
Was brought up a cloven serjeant's face :
The sauce was made of his yeoman's brains,
That had been beaten out "ith his own
mace.

Two roasted sheriffs came whole to the
board ;

(The feast had nothing been without 'em)
Both living and dead they were foxed and
furred,

Their chains like sausages hung about 'em.

The very next dish was the mayor of a town,
With a pudding of maintenance thrust
in his belly,

is mentioned with praise not only by the poets
of Jonson's age, but by many of those 'vlio
wrote after the Restoration.

¹ Here the Song ends in the MS The fol
and ismo editions add the three following
stanzas, which must have been tacked on in
compliment to James, whose aversion to tobacco
is well known:

" And there he made such a breach with the
wind,
The hole too standing open the while.

Like a goose in the feathers, drest in his
gown,
And his couple of hinch-boys boiled to a
jelly.

A London cuckold hot from the spit,
And when the carver up had broke him,
The Devil chopped up his head at a bit,
But the horns were very near like to
choke him.

The chine of a lletcher too there was roasted,
With a plump harlot's haunch and gar-
like,

A pander's pettitoes, that had boasted
Himself for a captain, yet never was war-
like.

A large fat pasty of a midwife hot ;
And lor a cold baked meat into the story,
A leveivml painted lady was brought,
And cofined in crust tillnowshe was hoary.

To these, an over-grown justice of peace,
With a clerk like a gizzard trussed undes
each inn ;

And wan.mis for sippits, laid in his owi
trousse.

Set over a chafiing-dish to be kept warm!

The jowl of a jailor served for a fish,
A constable soused with vinegar by ;
Two aldermen lobsters asleep in a dish.
A deputy tart, a chuichwarden pye.

All "hich devoured, he then for a close
1 id for a full draught of Derby call ;
He heaved the huge vessel up to lMS nose,
And left not till he had drunk up all.

Then from the table he gave a start,
Vv here banquet and wine were nothing
scarce,

All which he flirted away with a fart,
From whence it was called the Devil's
Arse.

Pup. An excellent song, and a sweet
songster, and would have clone rarely in a
cage, with a dish of water and hemp-seed 1

That the scent of the vapour before and behind,
Hath foully peifumecl most part of the isle.

And this was tobacco, the learned suppose,
Which since in country, court, and town
In the devil's glister-pipe smokes at the nose,
Of polecat and madam, of gallant and clown.

From which wicked weed, with swine's flesh
and ling,

Or any thing else that's feast for the fiend:
Our captain, and we cry, God save the king.
And send him good meat and mirth without
end."

a fine breast of his own!¹ sir, you are a prelate of the order, I understand, and I have a terrible grudging now upon me to be one of your company; will your captain take a prentice, sir? I would bind myself to him, body and soul, either for one-and-twenty years, or as many lives as he would.

Clod. Ay, and put in my life for one, for I am come about too; I am sorry I had no more money i' my purse when you came first upon us, sir; if I had known you "Xould have picked my pocket so like a ntleman, I would have been better prodded; I shall be glad to venture a purse with your worship at any time you'll appoint, so you would prefer me to your captain; I'll put in security for my truth, and serve out my time, though I die to-morrow.

Cock. Ay, upon those terms, sir, and I hope your captain keeps better cheer than he made for the devil, for my stomach will ne'er agree with that diet, we'll be all his followers; I'll go home and fetch a little money, sir, all I have, and you shall pick my pocket to my face, and I'll avouch it: a man would not clcsie to have his purse picked in better company.

Pup. Tut, they Juive other mannerof gifts than picking of pockets, or telling fortunes.

Cock. Ay, and if they would but please to shew them, or thought us poor country mortals worthy of them.

Pup. What might a man do to be a gentleman of your company, sir?

Cock. Ay, a gipsy in ordinary, or nothing.

Pat. Friends, not to i -M ye,
Or any way quell ye,
To buy or to sell ye,
I only must tell ye,
Ye aim at a mystery,
Worthy a history;
There's much to be done,
Ere you can be a son,
Or a brother of the moon.
'Tis not so soon
Acquired, as desired.
You must be ben-bowsy,
And sleepy and drowsy,
And lazy, and lousy,
Before ye can rouse ye,
In shape that avows ye.
And then ye may stalk
The gipsies walk,

¹ *A fine breast of his own.* } A phrase common to all the writers of Jonson's age, and distinctly used as an equivalent for what is now termed a *fine voice*. It is needless to bring in impropk of so trite an expression.

To the coops and the pens,
And bring in the hens,
Though the cock be left sullen
For loss of the pullen :
Take turkey or capon,
And gammons of bacon,
Let nought be forsaken.
We'll let you go loose,
Like a fox to a goose,
And shew you the sty
Where the little pigs lie ;
Whence if you can take
One or two, and not wake
The sow in her dreams,
But by the moonbeams
So wanly hie,
As neither do cry ;
You shall the next day
Have licence to play
At the hedge a, flut,
For a sheet or a shirt:
If your hand be light,
I'll shew you the slight
Of our Ptolemy's knot.
It is, and 'tis not.

To change your complexion,
With the noble confection
Of walnuts and hog's-grease,
Better than dogs-grease:
And to milk th • kine,
Ere the milkmaid fine
Hath opened her eyne;
Or if you desire
To spit or fart fire,
I'll teach you the knacks
Of eating of flax;
And out of your noses,
Draw ribands and posies.
As for example,
Mine own is as ample,
And fruitful a nose,
As a wit can suppose;
Yet it shall go hard,
But there will be spared,
Each of you a yard,
And worth your regard,
When the colour and size
Arrive at your eyes.
And if you incline
To a cup of good wine,
When you sup or dine;
If you chance it to lack,
Be it claret or sack;
I'll make this snout,
To deal it about,
Or this to run out
As it were from a spout.

Town. Admirable tricks, and he doe it them all *se defendendo*, as if he would not

be taken in the trap of authority by a frail
fleshly constable.

Pup. Without the aid of a cheese.

Clod. Or help of a flitch of bacon.

Cock. Oh, he would chirp in a pair of
stocks sumptuously; I'd give anything to
see him play loose with his hands when his
feet were fast.

Pup. O' my conscience he fears not that,
an the marshal himself were here; I pro-
test I admire him.

Pat. Is this worth your wonder I

Nay then you shall under-

stand more of my skill.

I can (for I will)

Here at Burley o' the Hill

Give you all your fill,

Each Jack with his Gill,

And shew you the king,

The prince too, and bring

The gipsies were here,

Like lords to appear,

With such their attenders,

As you thought offenders,

Who now become new men,

You'll know them for true men,'

For he we call chief,

I'll tell't ye in brief,

Is so far from a thief,

As he gives ye relief

With his bread, beer, and beef.

And 'tis not long sin'e

Ye drank of his wine,

And it made you fine;

Both claret and sherry,

Then let us be merry ;

And help with your call,

For a hall, a hall!

Stand up to the wall,

Both good men, and tall,

We are one man's all.¹

Omncs. A hall, a hall, a hall!

*Enter the GIPSIES METAMORPHOSED, i.e.
dressed in rick Habits, and DANCE.*

Pat. Why now ye behold,
Twas truth that I told,

And no device;

They are changed in a trice

And so will I

Be myself, by and fcy.

I only now

Must study how

To come off with a grace,

With my Patrice's place :

Some short kind of blessing,

Itself addressing

Unto my good master,

Which light on him faster,

Than wishes can fly.

And you that stand by

Be as jocund as I ;

Each man with his voice,

Give his heart to rejoice,

Which I'll requite,

If my art hit right.

Though late now at night,

Each clown here in sight,

Before daylight,

Shall prove a good knight;

And your lasses, pages

Worthy their wages,

Where fancy engages

Girls to their ages.

Clod. Oh, anything for the Patrico;
what is't? what is't?

Pat. Nothing but bear the bob of the close,
It will be no burthen you well may suppose,
But bless the Sov'reign and his senses,
And to wish away offences.

Clod. Let us alone, *Bless the Sov'reign
and his senses.*

Pat. We'll take them in order as they
have being,

And first of seeing.

From a gipsy in the morning,

Or a pair of squint eyes turning:

From the goblin and the spectre,

Or a drunkard, though with nectar;

From a woman true to no man,

Which is ugly besides common;

A smock rampant, and the itches

To be putting on the breeches:

Wheresoe'er they have their being,

But the goodman of Bever,

Our Buckingham's father;

Then so much the rather

Make it a jolly night,

For 'tis a holy night;

Spirit of the constable,

Or Mas dean of Dunstable."

¹ As he *ivcs ye relief*, &c.] He speaks of
the Captain (the Marquis of Buckingham).
When the Masque was represented at JBever
Castle, the following lines were used instead of
those in the text:

" The fifth of August,
Will not let saw-dust
Lie in your throats,
Or cobwebs, or oats J
But help to scour ye.
This is no Gowry [a]
Has drawn James hither

() *The fifth of August--*
This no Gowry
Has drawn James hither.] The Gowries
conspiracy was on the fifth of August; 1600,

Cho. Bless the Sovereign and his SEEING.

Pat. From a fool, and serious toys ;
From a lawyer, three parts noise ;
From impertinence, like a drum
Beat at dinner in his room ;
From a tongue without a file,
Heaps of phrases and no style.
From a fiddle out of tune,¹
As the cuckow is in June,²
From the candlesticks of Lothbury,²
And the loud pure wives of Banbury ;
Or a long pretended fit,
Meant for mirth, but is not it ;
Only time and ears out-wearing.

Cho. Bless the Sovereign and his HEARING.

Pat. From a strolling tinker's sheet,
Or a pair of carrier's feet ;
From a lady that doth breathe
Worse above than underneath ;
From the diet, and the knowledge
Of the students in Bears-college ;
From tobacco, with the type
Of the devil's glyster-pipe ;
Or a stink all stinks excelling,
From a fishmonger's stale dwelling ;

Cho. Bless the Sovereign and his SMELLING.

Pat. From an oyster and fried fish,
A sow's baby in a dish ;
From any portion of a swine,
From bad venison, and worse wine ;
Ling, what cook soe'er it boil,
Though with mustard sauced and oil,
Or what else would keep man fasting,

Cho. Bless the Sovereign and his TASTING.

Pat. Both from birdlime, and from pitch,
From a doxy and her itch ;
From the bristles of a hog,
Or the ringworm in a dog ;
From the courtship of a briar,
Or St. Anthony's old fire :

¹ From a fiddle out of tune.

² As the cuckow is in June.] The dissonant note the cuckow in this month is thus alluded to by Shakespeare:

"So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo in June,
Heard, not regarded."—*Hen. IV.*

[From the candlesticks of Lotitbury.] This expression will be best illustrated by a quotation from Stow's *Survey of London*: "The street of othbury is possessed (for the most part) by traders that cast candlesticks, chaffing-dishes, ce-mortars, and such like copper or laton orks, and doe afterwards turne them with the KT, and not with the wheele, to make them nooth and bright with turning and scrating (as we do term it), making a lothsome noise to e by-passers, and therefore disdainfully called

From a needle or a thorn
In the bed at e'en or morn ;
Or from any gout's least grutching.

Cho. Bless the Sovereign and his TOUCHING.

Pat. Bless him too from all offences,
In his sports as in his senses ;
From a boy to cross his way,
From a fall or a foul day.
Bless him, O bless him, heaven, and lend
him long
To be the sacred burden of all song ;
The acts and years of all our kings t'
outgo ;

And while he's mortal we not think him so.

After which, ascending up, the JACKMAN sings.

SONG i.

Jack. The sports arc done, yet do not let
Your joys in sudden silence set ;
Delight and dumbness never met

In one self-subject yet.
If things opposed must mixt appear,
Then add a boldness to your fear,

And speak a hymn to him,
Where all your duties do of right belong,
Which I will sweeten with an imder-song.

Captain. Glory of ours, and grace of all
the earth ;
How well your figure doth become your
birth!

As if your form and fortune equal stood,
And only virtue got above your blood.

SONG 2.

Jack. Virtue, his kingly virtue, which did
merit

This isle entire, and you are to inherit.

4 *Gipsy.* How right he doth confess him
in his face,

by them 'Lothberie? p. 287. Banbury has Heoa already noticed as being chiefly inhabited by Puritans, vol. ii. p. 142.

A sow's baby in a dish.} "Three things to which James had a great dislike; and with which, he said, he would treat the devil were he to invite him to a dinner, were a pig, a poll of ling with mustard, and a pipe of tobacco for digesture."—*Witty Apothegms delivered by jfantes I. &c. ismo, 1671.*

Or a foul day J There was nothing James bore so impatiently as this, whenever it interfered with his hunting. This was pretty nearly the case with those of his followers who were much attached to the chase, I believe. The king sometimes relieved his ill humour by a sonnet: whether they tried the efficacy of a little poetry on themselves is not said.

His brow, his eye, and ev'ry mark of state;
As if he were the issue of each Grace,
And bore about him both his fame and
fate.

SONG 3.

Jack. Look, look, is he not fair,
And fresh and fragrant too,
As summer sky or purged air,
And looks as lilies do,
That were this morning blown.

4 *Gip.* Oh more 1 that more of him were
known.

3 *Gip.* Look how the winds upon the
waves grown tame,

Take up land sounds upon their purple
wings;

And catching each from other, bear the same
To every angle of their sacred springs.

So will we take his praise and hurl his name
About the globe in thousand airy rings,

If his great virtue be in love with fame,
For that contemned, both are neglected
things.

SONG 4.

Jack. Good princes soar above their fame,
And in their worth,

Come greater forth,
Than in their name.

Such, such the father is,
Whom ey'ry title strives to kiss;

Who on his royal grounds unto himself
doth raise,

The work to trouble fame and to astonish
praise.

4 *Gip.* Indeed he 's not lord alone of all
the state,

But of the love of men, and of the empire's
fate.

The muses' arts, the schools, commerce,
our honours, laws,

And virtues hang on him, as on their work-
ing cause.

2 *Gip.* His handmaid justice is.

3 *Gip.* Wisdom, his wife.

4 *Gip.* His mistress, mercy.

5 *Gip.* Temperance, his life.

2 *Gip.* His pages bounty and grace, which
many prove.

3 *Gip.* His guards are magnanimity and
love.

4 *Gip.* His ushers, counsel, truth, and
piety.

5 *Gip.* And all that follows him, felicity.

SONG 5

Jack. Oh that we understood

Our good !

There's happiness indeed in blood,

And store,

But how much more,

When virtue's flood

In the same stream doth hit!

As that grows high with years, so happiness
with it.

Capt. Love, love his fortune then, am
virtues known,

Who is the top of men,

But makes the happiness our own ;

Since where the prince for goodness is re-
nowncd,

The subject with felicity is crowned.

THE EPILOGUE,

AT WINDSOR.

At Burleigh, Bever, and now last at Windsor,
Which shews we are gipsies of no commo"

kind, sir :

You have beheld (and with delight), thei"
change,

And how they came transformed ma
think it strange ;

It being a thing not touched at by our poet,
Good Ben slept there or else forgot to shew if

But lest it prove like wonder to the sight, "
To see a gipsy, as an yEthiop, white,

Know, that what dy'd our faces was ai
ointment

Made and laid OB by Master Wolfe's ap
pointment,

The court Lycanthropos; yet without spells.
By a mere barber, and no magic else,

It was fetched off with water and a ball;

And to our transformation, this is all,

Save what the master fashioner calls his :

For to a gipsy's metamorphosis,

Who doth disguise his habit and his face,

And takes on a false person by his place,

The power of poetry can never fail her,

Assisted by a barber and a tailor.

The Masque of Augurs.

WITH THE SEVERAL ANTIMASQUES.

Presented on Twelfth-night, 1622-23.

THE MASQUE OF AUGURS.] From the folio 1641, where it is wretchedly printed. Every page that I turn over in this volume renews my regret at the remissness of Jonson in not giving these little pieces himself to the press. In this, as in everything else, his character has been misrepresented. He is constantly spoken of as extremely jealous of the fate of his works, as tremblingly alive to the accuracy of his page; whereas nothing is so certain as that for the greatest part of his dramatic career, he was as careless of their appearance as any of his contemporaries, not excepting Shakspeare. Want itself could not drive him to the revision and publication of a single drama; and for the long space of twenty years (i.e., from the appearance of the first folio to his death), he gave nothing to the press (unless *Love's Triumph*, or *Chloridia* was published by him, which I can scarcely believe), but the *New Inn*, to which he was compelled by the triumphant ridicule of his enemies, who represented that unfortunate piece as worse perhaps than it really was.

11 A new whim has seized the editors in this place, and they have given the *dramatis personæ* or "presenters of the first Antimasque."

Notch, a brewer's clerk.
Slug, a lighterman.
Vangoose, a rare artist,
Urson, the bear-ward.
Groom of the Revels.

Lady Alewife.
Her two women.
Three dancing tear'.

All from St. Katherintt.

SCENE.—*The Court Buttery-hatch.*

Enter NOTCH and SLUG.

Notch. Come, now my head's in, I'll even venture the whole: I have seen the lions are now, and he that hath seen them may see the king.

Slug. I think he may; but have a care you go not too nigh, neighbour Notch, lest you chance to have a tally made on your pate, and be clawed with a cudgel; there is as much danger going too near the king, as the lions.

Enter Groom of the Revels.

Orwm. Whither, whither now, game-
VOL. ttt

sters? what is the business, the affair? stop, I beseech you.

Notch. This must be an officer or nothing, he is so pert and brief in his demands: a pretty man 1 and a pretty man is a little o' this side nothing; howsoever we must not be daunted now, I am sure I am a greater man than he out of the court, and I have lost nothing of my size since I came to it.

Groom. Hey-da! what's this? a hog's-head of beer broke out of the king's buttery, or some Dutch hulk! whither are you bound? the wind is against you, you must back; do you know where you are?

Notch. Yes, sir, if we be not mistaken,

we are at the court ; and would be glad to speak with something of less authority and more wit, that knows a little in the place.

Groom. Sir, I know as little as any man in the place. Speak, what is your business ? I am an officer, groom of the revels, that is my place.

Notch. To fetch bouge of court,¹ a parcel of invisible bread and beer for the players (for they never see it); or to mistake six torches from the chandry, and give them one.

Groom. How, sir?

Notch. Come, this is not the first time you have carried coals to your own house, I mean, that should have warmed them.

Groom. Sir, I may do it by my place, imd I must question you farther.

Notch. Be not so musty, sir; our desire is only to know whether the king's majesty and the court expect any disguise here to-night?

Groom. Disguise ! what mean you by that? do you think that his majesty sits here to expect drunkards ?

Notch. No ; if he did I believe you would supply that place better than you do this. Disguise was the old English word for a masque, sir, before you were an implemen belonging to the Revels.

Groom. There is no such word in the office now, I assure you, sir. I have served here, man and boy, a prenticeship or twain, and I should know. But by what name soever you call it, here will be a masque, and shall be a masque, when you and the rest of your comrogues shall sit disguised in the stocks.

Notch. Sure, by your language you were never meant for a courtier, howsoever it hath been your ill fortune to be taken

out of the nest young ; you are some constable's egg, some such widgeon of authority, you are so easily offended ! Our coming was to shew our loves, sir, and to make a little merry with his majesty to-night, and we have brought a masque with us, if his majesty had not been better provided.

Groom. Who, you ! you, a masque ! why you stink like so many bloat-herrings newly taken out of the chimney ! In the name of ignorance, whence came you ? or what are you ? you have been hanged in the smoke sufficiently, that is smelt out already.

Notch. Sir, we do come from among the brewhouses in St. Katherine's, that's true, there you have smoked us ; the dock comfort your nostrils ! and we may have lived, in a mist there, and so mist our purpose ; but for mine own part, I have brought my properties with me, to express what I am ; the keys of my calling hang here at my girdle, and this, the register-book of my function, shews me no less than a clerk at all points, and a brewer's clerk, and a brewer's head-clerk.

Groom. A man of accompt, sir I cry you mercy.

Slug. Ay, sir, I knew him a fine merchant, a merchant of hops, till all hopt into the water.

Notch. No more of that ; what I have, been I have been ; what I am I am. Peter Notch, clerk, hearing the Christmas " invention was drawn dry at court ; and that neither the king's poet nor his architect had wherewithal leti to entertain so much as a baboon of quality, nor scarce the Welsh ambassador, if he should come there : out of my allegiance to wit, drew in some other friends (that have as it were presumed out of their o'vn naturals to fill

¹ *To fetch bouge of court.*] A corruption of *boyçfai* Fr. An allowance of meat and drink for the tables of the inferior officers, and others who were occasionally called to serve and entertain the court. (See p. 217.) Skelton has a kind of little drama called *Bouge of Court*, from the name of the *ship* in which the dialogue takes place. It is a very severe satire, full of strong painting and excellent poetry. The courtiers of Harry must have winced at it.

In a collection of Epigrams and Satires, by S. Rowlands, 1600, and lately republished, this line occurs:

" His jacket faced with moth-eaten budge."

Upon which the editor observes, that budge was probably some paltry imitation of velvet. Have we always to begin our studies! *Budge* had

been rightly explained in a hundred places to mean *fur*, and it seems somewhat of the latest to blunder about it at this period. As to what follows, that "the word was used in Elizabeth's time to signify an allowance of liquor to those who attended her progresses," it is sufficient to observe that this is to confound all language as well as all sense. If an editor cannot disentangle the loose orthography of our old poets, he had better not meddle with them at all.

² *A merchant of hops, till all hopt into in' water.*] This joke seems to be borrowed from old Heywood, who being asked at table by a person whose beer wa: better hopped than malted how he liked it, and whether it was not well hopped? answered, " It is very well hopt, but if it had hopt a little further, it had hopt into the water." See Camden's *Remains*. - WHAL

i Up the vacuum with some pretty prcsn-
lfetion, which we have addressed and con-
veyed hither in a lighter at the general
charge, and landed at the back door of the
Buttery, through my neighbour Slug's
credit there.

Slug. A poor lighterman, sir, one that
liath had the honour sometimes to lay in
the king's beer there : and I assure you I
heard it in no worse place than the very
Buttery, for a certain there would be no
miasque, and from such as could command
in jack of beer, two or three.

Enter VANGOOSE.

Van. Dat is all true,¹ exceeding true,
v de inventors be barren, lost, two, dre,
your mile, I know that from my selven ;
ley have noting, no ting van deir own, but
'at dey take from the card, or de zea, or de
heaven, or de hell, or de rest van de vcir
lementen, de place a ! dat be so common
s de vench in the bordello. Now me
'ould bring in some dainty new ting, dat
lever was, nor never sail be in de *rebus*
tatura; dat has never van de *materia*,
lor *deforma*, nor de *hoffen*, nor de *voot*,
jmt a mera *devisa* of de brain—

Groom. Hey-da ! what Hans Flutterkin

1 ¹ *Dat is all true, &c.* This medley of lan-
guages appears in the folio (through the whole
of f Vangoose's part), in the German character:
even in that form it would scarcely pass upon a
native, I suspect, and Whalley's copy is there-
fore followed.

Of those gentlemen *that should have*
acted in that famous matter of England's Joy
in 1603. This old piece, which was once very
popular, is a kind of pageant, comprehending in
dumb shew the chief political events of Queen
Elizabeth's reign, and concluding with her
apotheosis in great state, "being crowned with
the sun, moon, and stars, she is taken up into
heaven." It has lately been reprinted among
the *Harleian Papers*.

I had occasion to mention this mummery in a
note on the following lines, in which Satan twits
Old Iniquity with the dulness of Pug, vol. ii.
p. 215 b.

"Where canst them carry him, except to taverns
To mount upon a joint-stool, with a Jew's
trump,
To put down Cokely, and that must be to
citizens,
He ne'er will be admitted there when *Vennor*
comes."

At that time I was ignorant of the history of
Vennor or Fenner, and I take this opportunity
Of correcting the passage. Fenner, whom I
supposed to be a juggler, was a rude kind of
singer M.V.—
He was altogether ignorant,

is this? what Dutchman does build or
frame castles in the air.

Notch. He is no Dutchman, sir, he is a
Britain born, but hath learned to misuse
his own tongue in travel, and now speaks
all languages in ill English ; a rare artist
he is, sir, and a projector of masques. His
project in ours is, that we should all come
from the Three Dancing Bears in St.
Katherine's (you may hap know it, sir)
hard by where the priest fell in, which
alehouse is kept by a distressed lady,
whose name, for the honour of knighthood,
will not be known ; y^t she is come in
person here errant, to fill up the adventure,
with her two women that draw drink
under her ; gentlewomen born all three, I
assure you.

Enter the LADY, with her two Maids.

Slug. And were three of those gentle-
women that should have acted in that
famous matter of England's Joy in six
hundred and three.

Lady. What talk you of England's Joy,
gentlemen? you have another matter in
hand, I wiss, England's Sport and Delight,
if you can manage it. The poor cattle
yonder are passing away the time with a

but possessed a wonderful facility in pouring out
doggerel verse. He says of himself:

"Yet, without boasting, let me boldly say,
I'll rhyme with any man that breathes this day,
Upon a subject, in *extempore*" &c.

He seems to have made a wretched livelihood
by frequenting city feasts, &c., where, at the end
of the entertainment, he was called in to mount
a stool and amuse the company by stringing to-
gether a number of vile rhymes upon any given
subject. To this the quotation alludes. Fenner
is noticed by the Duchess of Newcastle : "For
the numbers every schoolboy can make them on
his fingers, and for the *rime*, Fenner would put
down Ben Jonson ; and yet neither the boy nor
Fenner so good poets." This too is the person
meant in the Cambridge answer to Corbet's
satire:

"A ballad late was made,
But God knows who the penner '
Some say the rhyming sculler,
And others say 'twas Fenner."—P. 34.

Fenner was so famed for his faculty of rhyming
that James, who, like Bartholomew Cokes,
would willingly let no rare-show escape him,
sent for him to court. Upon which Fenner
added to his other titles that of his "Majesty's
Riming Poet." This gave offence to Taylor,
the Water poet, and helped to produce that
miserable squabble printed among his works,
and from which I have principally derived too
substance of this note.

cheat loaf and a bombard of broken beer,¹
how will ye dispose of them?

Groom. Cattle! what cattle does she mean?

Lady. No worse than the king's game, I assure you; the bears, bears both of quality and fashion, right bears, true bears.

Notch. A device only to express the place from whence we come, my lady's house, for which we have borrowed three very bears, that, as her ladyship aforesaid says, are well bred, and can dance to present the sign, and the bearward to stand for the sign-post.

Groom. That is pretty; but are you sure you have sufficient bears for that purpose?

Slug. Very sufficient bears as any are in the ground, the Paris-garden, and can dance at first sight, and play their own tunes if need be. John Urson, the bearward, offers to play them with any city-dancers christened for a ground meastue.

Notch. Marry, for lofty tricks, or dancing off the ropes, he will not undertake; it is out of their element, he says. Sir, all our request is, since we are come, we may be admitted, if not for a masque, for an antic-masque; and as we shall deserve therein, we desire to be returned wall credit to the Buttery from whence we came foi reward, or to the porter's lodge with disciedit, for oiar punishment.²

Groom. To be whipt with your bears' well, I could be willing to venture a rood word in behalf of the game, if I were as-aared the aforesaid game would be cleanly, and not fright the ladies.

Notch. For that, sir, the bearward hath put in security by warranting my lady and her women to dance the whole changes

with them in safety; and for their abusing the place you shall not need to fear, for he hath given them a kind of diet-bread to bind them to their good behaviour.

Groom. Well, let them come; if yom need one, I'll help you myself.

Enter JOHN URSON with his Bears, who dance while he sings the following

BALLAD.

Though it may seem rude

For me to intrude,

With these my bears, by chance-a;

'Twere spoit lor a king,

If they could sing

As well as they can dance-a.

Then to put you out

Of fear or doubt,

We came from St. Katherine-a,

These dancing three,

By the help of me,

Who am the post of the sign-a.

We sell good ware,

And we need not care

Though court and country knew it;

Our ale's o' the best,

And each good guest

Prays for their souls that brew it.³

For any ale-house,

We care not a louse,

Nor tavern in all the town-a;

Nor the Vintry-Cranes,

Nor St. Clement's Danes,

Nor the Devil can put us dowii-a.

Who has once there been,

Comes thither again,

Again:

"The manchet fine on high estates bestowe,
The coarser cheat the baser sort must prove."
Whitney's Emblems, 1586, p. 79.

A cheat loaf is therefore a brown loaf. Broken beer, for the stale leavings of what has been drawn for others, is so common an expression that it may be wondered how it escaped Whalley's observation.

² Or to the porter's lodge for our punishment.} The usual place of chastisement for the menials and humbler retainers of great families. See *Massinger* vol. i. p. 294.

³ And each good guest
Prays for their souls that brew it.} Alluding to the proverb of that age, "Blessings on yotw heart, For you brew good ale."—WHAU

¹ With a cheat loaf and a bombard of broken beer.} A white loaf, a manchet. A bombard is a large vessel to hold beer, so called from the hope of it: what the epithet broken should denote, unless beer of which some part had been drunk, I cannot say. We have the same phrase at the beginning of *The Masque of the Gipsies*: "Fed with broken beer, and blown wine o' the best daily."—WHAU.

Where Whalley found his explanation of cheat loaf, I know not; it is, however, wrong. Cheat is coarse bread, and is put in opposition to manchet, or fine bread, which is not usually, I believe, given to bears. One or two examples, where as many scores might be produced, will be sufficient:

The Earl of Oxford (speaking of the labouring man), says,

"The manchet fine falls not unto his share,
On coarser cheat his hungry stomach feeds."

The liquor is so mighty j
Beer strong and stale,
And so is our ale,
And it burns like aqua-vitae.

To a stranger there,
If any appear,

Where never before he has been:
We shew the iron gate,
The wheel of St. Kate,
And the place where the priest fell in.¹

The wives of Wapping,
They trudge to our tapping,
And there our ale desire:
And still sit and drink,
Till they spue and stink,
And often piss out our fire.

From morning to night,
And about to daylight,
They sit, and never grudge it;
Till the fishwives join
Their single coin,
And the tinker pawns his budget.

If their brains be not well,
Or their bladders do swell,
To ease them of their burden,
My lady will come
With a bowl and a broom,
And her handmaid with a jorden.

From court we invite
Lord, lady, and knight,
Squire, gentleman, yeoman, and groom;
And all our stiff drinkers,
Smiths, porters, and tinkers,
And the beggars shall give ye room.

Van. How like you, how like you?
Gi'oom. Excellent! the bears have done
learnedly and sweetly.

Van. 'Tis noting, 'tis noting; vill you
see something? ick sail bring in de Turk-
schen, met all zin bashaws, and zin dirty
towsand Yanitsaries met all zin whooren,
eunuku, all met an ander, de sofie van
Persia, de Tartar cham met de groat king
of Mogull, and made deir men, and dcir
horse, and deir elephanten, be seen fight
in the ayr, and be all killen, and aliven, and
no such ting. And all dLs met de ars van de
Cdporicks, by de ivfiV'hiev,m de glassen.

Notch. Ob, he is an admirable artist.

Slug. And a half, sir.

¹ And the place where the priest fell in. This was mentioned above (p. 163.) I have met Ty:lh nothing on the subject of this catastrophe, though it must have been sufficiently familiar at the time

Groom. But where will he place his glasses?

Van. Fow, dat is all can, as it be two, dree, veir, vife towsand mile off; ick sail multiplien de vizioun, met an ander secret dat ick heb: Spreck, vat vill you habcn?

Groom. Good sir, put him to't, bid him do something that is impossible; he will undertake it, I warrant you.

Notch. I do not like the Mogul, nor the great Turk, nor the Tartar, their names are somewhat too big for the room; marry, if he could shew us some country-players, strolling about in several shires, without licence from the office, that would please I know whom; or some Welsh pilgrims—

Van. Pilgrim! now yow talk of de pilgrim, it come in my head. Ick vill show yow all de whole brave pilgrim o' de world: de pilgrim dat go now, now at de instant, two, tire towsand mile to de great Mahomet, at de Mecha, or here, dere, everywhere, make de fine labyrints, and shew all de brave error in de vorkl.

SV,,;t. And shall wo sco it here?

Van. Yaw, here, h-re, here in dis room, tis very room: vel vat is dat to you, if ick do de ting? vat an devil, vera boten devil?

Groom. Nay, good sir, be not angry.

Notch. "I is a disease that follows all excellent men, they cannot govern their passions; but let him alone, try him one bout.

Groom. I would try him; but what has all thib to do with our mask?

Van. O sir, all de better vor an antick-rnaak, tie more absurd it be, and vrom de purpose, it be ever all de better. If it go from de nature of de ting, it is de more art: for dere is art, and dere is nature, yow sail see. *Ilocos Pucos, 'pauvcs palabros!*

Here the second ANTIMASQUE.

Which was a perplexed DANCK?,' straying and deformed PILGRIMS taking several paths, till with the opening of the light above, and breaking forth of APOLLO, they were all frightened away, and the MAIN MASQUE begun:

APOLLO, descending, SUNG.'

It is no dream; you all do wake and see; Behold who comes! far-shooting Phoebus,!

he

* *Artes e.ximia. quatuor Apollim acceptas tñit antiquitas.*

Sagittandiferitiam, unde ap. Hinneruin, frequent iilud epithetott. jejiooAa, long' jacu-lans.

That can both hurt and heal ;' and with
his voicet
Roar towns, and make societies rejoice;
That taught the muses all their harmony,
And men the tuneful art of augury
Apollo stoops, and when a god descends,
May mortals think he hath no vulgar ends.

*Being near the earth, he called these persons
following, who came forth as from their
tombs.*

Linus !§ and Orpheus ¶ Branchus !f Idmon !" all,

My sacred sons, rise at your father's call,
From your immortal graves; where bleep,
not death,

Yet binds your powers.

Linus. Here.

Orpheus. Here.

Branchus. What sacred breath

Doth re-inspire us ?

Idmon. Who is this we feel ?

Phemonoe." What heat creeps through
me, as when burning steel

Is dipt in water?

Apollo. Ay, Phemonoe,

Thy father Phoebus' fury filleth thee :
Confess my godhead, once again I call,
Let whole Apollo enter in you all,
And follow me.

' *Medicinam, wide medici nomcn adeptus.*

f *Muscam, wide juoverj-ytnjs appcllatus.*

' *JSi DivinatioHcm (in qua ctint Auguriuni) unde Augur Apollo dietus.* Virg.
Mneid. lib. 4 et Ilor. Car. hb. i, Od. z

Nube candentes humero'j aimctus
Augur Apollo.

*Et Carm. Sacul. ult. nil dflctisshtnts Poeta
has artes to tide m versibus comp la titur,*

Augur ut fulgente decoui us an'u
Phoebus, acceptusque novcm camocnis,
Qui salutari kvat arte fes-sos
Corporis artus.

§ *Linus, Apollinis et Tcrpsichorcs filius.—*
Paus.

¶ *OrpJieus, Apollinis et Calliopes, de quibus*
Virg. in Ecloga inscript.

Non me carminibus vincet, non Thracius Orpheus,
Nee Linus, huic mater quamvis, atque huic
pater adsit,
Orphei Caliopea, Lino formosus Apollo.

f *Branchus, Apollinis et Jances _filius, de*
quo vid. Strab. lib. 4, et Statium Thebaid. lib.
3—*patrioque ffquails fionori BrancJius.*

" *Idmou, Apollinis et Asteries filius. De*
illo vide. Val. Flac. lib. i.

Argonata, Contra Phuebius Idmon
NOB pallor viris un ullo horrore cornam

*Omnes. We fly, we do not tread;
The gods do use to ravish whom they lead.*

*APOLLO being descended, shewed them where
the KING sat, and sung forward.*

Behold the love and care of all the gods,
Of the ocean and the happy isles ;
That " hilst the world about him is at odds,
Sits crowned lord here of himself, and
smiles,

Cho. To see the erring mazes of mankind.
Who seek lor that doth punish them to find.

Then he advanceth with them to the KING.

Apol. Prince of thy peace, see what it is
to love

The powers above !

Jove hath commanded me

To visit thee;

And in thine honour with myJJ music rear
A college here,§§

Of tuneful augurs, whose divining skill
Shall wait thee still,

And be the heralds of his highest will.

The work is done,

And I have made their president thy son;

Great Mars too, on these nights,

Hath added Salian rites.¶¶¶

Yond, yond afar,

Terribilis, plenus fatis, Phceboque quieto,
Cui genitor tñuit monitu prænoscere Divum
Omina, seu flammæ, seu lubrica cominus exta,
Seu plenum certis interrogat ætæa pennis.

ft *PhcettwnoefiliaPIioebi, quaprimacarmen*
heroicwn cecinit.—Hesiod in Theog.

tt *Allusio ad iUud Ovidii Epistol. Epist.*
Parid.

Jlion apicies, firmataque turribus altis
Mocnia Apollineæ structa canore lyrae.

§§ *A ugitranscientia nobilis erat et antiqua,*
apud gentes præsertim Hetruscos: quibus erat
collegium et domicilium celeberrimum Augi-
rum, quorum summa fuit autoritas et digni-
tas per totam Italiam, potissimum Romee.
Romulus, urbe condita, collegium et Auguresibi
instituit, ipse nobilis, ut apud Liv. hb. i, et
Tutl, lib. i, Optimus Augur. Korum officium
fuit aispicia captare, et ex Us colligere signa
futurarum rerum, Deorumque monita conside-
rare de cvctibus prosperis vel adversis. Sacra
erat Roïnams et res rcgia habita, dignitasque
penespatricias etPrincipes viros mansit, etiam
apud iwpçratores obtinuit, unde ab Aolline
nostro talis Prases Pulchrt designatus.

¶¶¶ *Salutationes in rebus sacris adhibebantur*
apud omnes pent gentes: et a saliendo, sen sal
tatione sacra ad saliare carmen institutA, Sali
dicti et Marti consecrati, Omnes etiam qui ad
caution et tibiam ludebant Sali et Salisubuli

They closed in their temple are,
And each one guided by a star.
Cho. Haste, haste to meet them, and as
they advance,

'Twixt every dance,
Let us interpret their prophetic trance.

Here they fetched out the MASQUERS [i.e. the AUGURS]: and came before them with the TORCHBEARERS along the stage, singing this full

SONG.

Apol. Which way and whence the light-
ningflew,
Or how it burned bright and blue,
Design and figure by your lights:
Then forth, and shew the several flights
Your birds have made, or what the wing,
Or voice in augury doth bring.
Which hand the crow cried on, how high
The vulture, or the erne did fly;
What wing the swan made, and the dove,
The stork, and which did get above:
Shew all the birds of food or prey,
But pass by the unlucky jay,
The night-crow, swallow, or the kite,
Let these have neither right,
Chor. Nor part
In this night's art.

Here the TORCHBEARERS danced.

dtcebantur. Salius v. jwvSbs, vet. gloss, et Pai, uv. Proimperio sic Sahsubulus vestro excubet Mars et Virg. SENEID. lib. 8.

Turn Salii ad cantus incensa altaria circum
Populeis adsunt evhicti tempora ramis.

' *Auguria captaturiccelumeligeabant pitrum et serenum, aereque nitido. Lituuin (qui erat baculus incrvus, augurale signum) uiaum tettebataugur. Eo ceteri regiones dainabat, et tinctas inter quas continen* debebant augurta et haz vocabantur templa: unde contemfilatio dicta est consideratio, et meditatio rerum sacrarum. ut dextrum sinistrumque latet observaret: in impetrato sibi ipse regiones dejittiebat, in oblatu manum s-uam resfexxit tcevam aut dextram. Regiones ab orient? in occasum terminabat limits decumano, et card me ex transverso signo metato, quo oculi ferrent quam longissime. Antica in or turn vergbat; Fostica regio a tergo ad occasum: dextra ad meridiem: sinistra ad septentrionem. Observationes fiebant augure sedente, capite Delate, toga duplici avgurali Candida atincto, a media nocte ad mediant diem crescente non deficiente die. Neque captabantur anguria post mensem Julium, propterea quod aves redederentnr imbecilliores et morbidie, pullique eorum essent imperfecti.*

† *A-ugurandi scientia opvtflofaxvreta dicta: dextera ptr ova. Aw aut oscines, aut*

After which the AUGURS laid by their staves, and danced their entry; which done, APOLLO and the rest interpreted the Augury.

Apol. The signs are lucky all, and right,
There hath not been a voice, or flight,
Of ill presage—

Lin. The bird that brings\$
Her augury alone to kings,
The dove, hath flown.

Orph. And to thy peace,
Fortunes and the Fates increase.

Bran. Minerva's hershaw, and herowl,
Do both proclaim thou shalt control
The couso of things.

Idm. As now they be
With tumult carried—

Apol. And live free
From hatred, faction, or the fear
To blast the olive thou dost wear.

Cho. More is behind, which these do
long to show,
And what the gods to so great virtue owe.

Here the MAIN DANCE.

Cho. Still, still the auspice is so good,
We wish it were but understood;

It even puts Apollo
To all his strengths of art, to follow
The flights, and to divine
What's meant by every sign.¹

precepates; oscmes, qweor' .pra 'Petes, qua isolatu augitrium significant. Pulli tripudio. Aves auspicates, et precepates aquila, wultur, sanquialis seu ossifraga, triarches, sive buteo, immussulus, accipiter, cygnus, columba; oscincus, co-mix, corvus, anser, et conia, ardea, noctua; inauspicatiff, milvus, parra, nycticoreuc, striges, hirundo, picus; &c.

t *Habebant dextra et larva owina; antica et postica; orientalia et occidentalia. Greci, cum se ad septentrionem obverterent, ortum ad dextram habuere. Rotanti meridiem in auspicando cum tuerentur, ortum ad kevam habuere. Itaque sinistree partes eadem sunt Romanis qua Gracis dextree ad ortum. St' sinistra igitur Hits meliora, dextra pejor & Grecis contra. Sinistra, pertinentia ad ortum salutaria, quia ortus lucis index et auctor. Dextra, quia spectant occasum, tristia.*

§ *Columbe auguria non nisi regibus danti quia nunquam singule volant: sicut rex nw' quani solus incedit. Nuntitepacts.*

|| *Ardea et ardeola, rerum, arduarum auspi' cium. Mtnerve sacra. Apud Homer. Iliad, k,*

¶ *Auspicium, ab ave specienda, Paul. Nam quodnos cunt prepositione dicimus aspicio, apud veteres sine prepositione spicio dicebatur.*

" *Signa qua sese offerent, erant multifaris:*

Thou canst not less be than the charge
 Of every deity;
 That thus art left here to enlarge,
 And shield their piety!
 Thy neighbours at thy fortune long have
 gazed;
 But at thy wisdom all do stand amazed,
 And wish to be
 O'ercome, or governed by thee!
 Safety itself so sides thee where thou go'st,
 And Fate still offers what thou covet'st most.

Here the REVELS.

*After which, APOLLO went up to the KING,
 and SUNG.*

Apol. Do not expect to hear of all
 Your good at once, lest it forestal
 A sweetness would be new:
 Some things the Fates would have con-
 cealed,
 From us the gods, lest being revealed,
 Our powers shall envy you.
 It is enough your people learn
 The reverence of your peace,
 As well as strangers do discern
 The glories, by th' increase;
 And that the princely augur here, your
 son,
 Do by his father's lights his courses run.
Cho. Him shall you see triumphing over
 all,
 Both foes and vices; and your young and
 tall
 Nephews, his sons, grow up in your em-
 braces,
 To give this island princes in long races.

*Here the heaven opened, and Jove., with the
 Senate of the Gods, was discovered,
 while APOLLO returned to his seat, and
 ascending, SUNG.*

*nam si obijceretur avis aliqua, considerabatur
 quo volatu ferretur, an obliquo vel prono, vel
 supino motu corporis; quo, ecteret, contor-
 queret, aut contraheret membra; qua, in parte
 se oculataret; an ad dextram vel sinistram
 canerent oscines &c.*

*Romulus augur fuit, et Numa, et reliqui
 reges Romani, sicut ante eos T-umus, Rhame-
 nes, et alii. Laccedemonii suis regibus au-
 gwem assessorum dab. ant. Ciliçes, Lycii,
 Cairvs, Arabes) in summa veneratioe habue-
 runt auguria.*

*Vim Orpheum in hym. de omnip. Jovis,
 Mos Jeyts, annuendo votis et jfirmandis
 f. minibus. Apud Homer. &c.*

Apol. See, heaven expecteth my return,
 The forked fire begins to burn,
 Jove beckons me to come.

Jove. Though Phoebus be the god of
 arts,

He must not take on him all parts;
 But leave his father some,

Apol. My arts are only to obey,

Jove. And mine to sway.^t

Jove is that one, whom first, midst, last,
 you call,

The power that governs and conserveth all;
 Earth, sea, and air, are subject to our check,
 And fate with heaven moving at our beck
 Till Jove it ratify

It is no augury,
 Though uttered by the mouth of Destiny.

Apol. Dear father, give the sign, and
 seal it then.

The EARTH riseth.

It is the suit of Earth and men.

Jove. What do these mortals crave with-
 out our wrong?

Earth, with the rest. That Jove will tend
 us this our sovereign long;

Let our grand-children, and not we,
 His want or absence ever see.

Jove. Your wish is blest,

Jove knocks his chin against his breast,^t
 And firms it with the rest.

Full Cho. Sing then his fame through all
 the orbs; in even

Proportions, rising still from earth to hea-
 ven:

And of the lasting of it leave to doubt,
 The power of time shall never put that out.

*This done, the whole Scene shut, and the
 MASQUERS danced their last DANCE.*

And thus it ended.

appears from p. 166 b that Charles led the Dance,
 at the head of the Augurs.

For young and tall nephews, his sons.'
 i.e., *Nepces, grandchildren.*—WHAL,

It appears a little singular that the learned
 Prideaux should be unacquainted with this
 acceptance of the word, which is common to
 all our old writers. He apologizes for reading
 "son-axi&grandson." (Isalahxiv. 22.) instead of
 "son and nephew" with the translators of the
 Bible; who, as he afterwards shews, elsewhere
 translate the same word (naked) "grandson."
 There is no doubt of it: the only difficulty lay
 in the commentator's not observing that with
 them nephew and grandson were perfectly sy-
 nonymous; though the former term -was used
 also for a brother or sister's AODU Ctnnec' vol.^t
 p. 125.

¹ And that the princely augur kcr't. It

Time Vindicated to Himself and to his Honours:

IN THE PRESENTATION AT COURT ON TWELFTH-NIGHT, 1623-24.

*Qui se mirantur, in illos
Virus habet: nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

TIME VINDICATED, &c.] This Entertainment, vyhich forms a kind of *retort courtois* to the scurrilous satires now dispersed with mischievous activity, appears only in the second folio. The light parts of it are composed with great gaiety and humour; and the singing and dancing must have been given with great effect among the rich and beautiful concomitants of scenery, &c. that surrounded them.

In the Dulwich College MS. this is called *i'te Prince's Masque*; its unusual splendour seems to have induced the Master of the Revels (Sir John Astley) to enter into a more particular mention of it than is common with these costive gentlemen.

"Upon New Year's-day at night, the *Alchemist* was acted by the King's players.

"Upon Sunday, being the 19th of January (1623), the *Princes Masque*, appointed for Twelfedaye, was performed. The speeches and songs composed by Mr. Ben Johnson, and the scene made by Mr. Inigo Jones, which was three times changed during the tyme of the Masque, wherein the first that was discovered was a perspective of Whitehall, with the Banqueting House; the second was the Masquers in a cloud; and the third a forest. The French ambassador was present.

"Antemasques were of tumblers and jugglers. The Prince did lead the measures with the French embassaclors wife.

"The measures, braules, corrantos, and galliards being ended, the Masquers with the ladies did daunce two contrey daunces, where the French ambassadors wife and Mademoysal St. Luke did daunce."—*Ma fane's Hist. of the Eng. Stage.*

The Court being seated, a trumpet sounded, and FAME entered, followed by the CURIOUS, the EYED, the EARED, and the NOSED.

Fame. Give ear, the worthy, hear what Fame proclaims.

Ears. What, what? is't worth our ears?

Ryes. Or eyes?

Nose. Or noses?

or we are curious, Fame; indeed THE CURIOUS.

Eyes. We come to spy.

Ears. And hearken.

Nose. And smell out.

Fame. More than you understand, my hot inquisitors.

Nose. We cannot tell.

Eyes. It may be.

Ears. However, go you on, let us alone.

Eyes. We may spy out that which you never meant.

Nose. And nose the thing you scent not.

First, whence come you?

Fame. I came from Saturn.

Ears. Saturn? what is he?

Nose. Some Protestant, I warrant you, a time-server,

As Fame herself is.

Fame. You are near the right

[The Eyed, &c.] It appears from the sequel that the masks of the performers were furnished with numerous eyes, ears, and noses respectively.

Indeed he's Time itself, and his name
CHRONOS.

Nose. How! Saturn! Chronos 1 and the
Time itself!

You are found : enough. A notable old
pagan !

Ears. One of their gods, and eats up his
own children.

Nose. A fencer, and does travel with a
scythe,

Instead of a long sword,
Eyes. Hath been oft called from it,

To be their lord of Misrule,¹

Ears. As Cincinnatus

Was from the plough, to be dictator.

Eyes. Yes.

We need no interpreter: on, what of Time?

Fame. The Time hath sent me with my
trump to summon

All sorts of persons worthy to the view
Of some great spectacle he means to-night

To exhibit, and with all solemnity.

Nose. O, we shall have Ins Saturnalia.

Eyes. His days of feast and liberty again.

Ears. Where men might do, and talk all
that they list.

Eyes. Slaves of their lords.

Nose. The servants of their masters.

Ears. And subjects of their Sovereign.

Fame. Not so lavish.

Ears. It was a brave time that !

Eyes. This will be better :

I spy it coming, peace ! All the impostures,
The prodigies, diseases, and distempers,

The knaveries of the time, we shall see all
n6w.

Ears. And hear the passages, and several
humours

Of men, as they are swayed by their affec-
tions :

Some grumbling, and some mutining, some
scoffing,

Some pleased, some pining ; at all these we
laughing.

Nose. I have it here, here, strong, the
sweat of it,

And the confusion, which I love—I nose it;
It tickles me.

Eyes. My four eyes itch for it.

Ears. And my ears tingle ; would it
would come forth :

This room will not receive it.

Nose. That's the fear.

Enter CHRONOMASTIX.

Chro. What, what, my friends, will not
this room receive?

Eyes. That which the Time is presently
to shew us.

Chro. The Time! Lo, I, the man that
hate the time,

That is, that love it not; and (though in
rhyme

I here do speak it), with this whip you
see,

Do lash the time, and am myself lash free.

Fame. Who's this ?

Ears. 'Tis Chronomastix, the brave
satyr.

Nose. The gentlemanlike satyr, cares for
nobody,

His forehead tipt with bays, do you not
know him?

Eyes. Yes, Fame must know him, all the
town admires him.

Chro. If you would see Time quake and
shake, but name us,

It is for that we are both beloved and
famous.

Eyes. We know, sir: but the Time's now
come about.

Ears. And promiseth all liberty.

Nose. Nay, licence.

Eyes. We shall do what we list.

Ears. Talk what we list.

Nose. And censure whom we list, and
how we list.

Chro. Then I will look on Time, and love
the same,

And drop my whip: who's this? my mis-
tress, Fame!

The lady whom I honour and adore !

What luck had I not to see her before !

Pardon me, madam, more than most ac-
curst,

That did not spy your ladyship at first;
T' have given the stoop, and to salute the
skirts

Of her to whom all ladies else are flirts.

It is for you I revel so in rhyme,
Dear mistress, not for hope I have the
Time

Will grow the better by it: to serve Fame
Is all my end, and get myself a name.

Fame. Away, I know thee not, wretched
impostor,

¹ To be their Lord of Misrule.] " In the feast of Christmass, there was in the king's house, wheresoever he was lodged, a *lord of misrule*, or master of merry disports; and the like had ye in the house of every noble man of honour, or good worship, *were be* spiritual or

temporal."—*Stow.* In the following verses the poet alludes to that liberty which reigned amongst the Romans during the Saturnalia, or feasts of Saturn. These were appointed to remind them of the general equality between all men in the first age.—*WHAL.*

Creature of glory, mountebank of wit,
Self-loving braggart, Fame doth sound no
trumpet

To such vain empty fools : 'tis Infamy
Thou serv'st and follow'st, scorn of all the
Muses!

Go revel with thine ignorant admirers,
Let worthy names alone.

Chro. O, you, the Curious,
Breathe you to see a passage so injurious,
Done with despight, and carried with such
tumour

'Gainst me, that am so much the friend of
rumour?

I would say, Fame? whose muse hath rid
in rapture

On a soft ambling verse, to every capture,
From the strong guard to the weak child
that reads me,

And wonder both of him that loves or
dreads me ;

Who with the lash of my immortal pen
Have scourged all sorts of vices, and of
men.

Am I rewarded thus? have T, I say,
From Envy's self torn praise and bays
away,

With which my glorious front and word at
large

Triumphs in print at my admirers' charge?
Ears. Rare ! how he talks in verse, just
as he writes¹

Chro. When have I walked the streets,
but happy he

That had the finger first to point at me,
Prentice, or journeyman ! The shop doth
know it,

The unlettered clerk, major and minor
poet !

The sempster hath sat still as I passed by,
And dropt her needle J fishwives stayed their
cry !

The boy with buttons, and the basket-
wench,

To vent their wares into my works do
trench !

A pudding-wife that would despise the times,
Hath uttered frequent penn'orths, through
my rhymes,

And, with them, dived into the chamber-
maid,

And she unto her lady hath conveyed
The seasoned morsels, who hath sent me
pensions,

To cherish, and to heighten my inventions.
Well, Fame shall know it yet, I have my
faction,

And friends about me, though it please de-
traction,

To do me this affront. Come forth that
love me,

And now or never, spight of Fame, approve
me.

Enter the Mutes for the ANTIMASQUE.

Fame. How now ! what's here t Is hell
broke loose ?

Eyes. You'll see

¹ *Rare! how he talks in verse, just as he writes* } From the articular description given us of Chronomastix, it appears that the character was personal; and there is reason for thinking that the author intended was John Marston, who, besides his dramatic writings, was the author of three books of satires, called *The Scourge of Villainy*.—WHAL.

Whalley writes very carelessly. Had he ever looked into Marston, he could not have formed so strange a conjecture. *The Scourge of Villainy* was written nearly thirty years before this Masque appeared, to which, in fact, it has not the slightest reference. Chronomastix is undoubtedly a generic name for the herd of libellists which infested those times ; but the lines noticed by Whalley bear a particular reference to George Wither the puritan, the author of *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, and other satirical poems on the *Tmes* the style and manner of which Jonson has imitated with, equal spirit and humour. The allusion to his

"Picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't,"

and which was in great request with "the
godly," was probably not a little grateful to the
courtiers.

In some editions & *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, there is a print of a Satyr with a scourge, such as Chronomastix enters with: but Wither had displayed his "glorious front and word at large" (*nee habeooy nee careo, nee euro*) in the title-page of another poem not long before the appearance of this Masque, in which he refers, with sufficient confidence, to his former works :

"Had I been now disposed to satyryze,
Would I have *tamed* my numbers in this wise ?
No. I have Furies that lye tied in chaines,
Bold, English - mative - like, adventurous
straines,
Who fearless dare on any monster flye
That weares a body of mortality :
And I had let them loose, if I had list,
To play againe the sharp-fanned Satyrut.

This man, whom nature meant for better things, and who did not always write doggrel verses, once thought more modestly of Himself; but popularity gave him assurance. In the introduction to his *Abuses Whipt*, he tells his readers "not to looke for Spencer's or Daniel's well composed numbers, or the deep conceits of the now flourishing Jonson; but to say—'tis honest plain matter, and there's as much as be expects"

That he has favourers, Fame, and great ones too;

That unctuous Bountie is the boss of Billingsgate.

Ears. Y.'bo feasts his muse with claret wine and oysters.

Nose. Grows big with satyr.

Ears. Goes as long as an elephant.

Byes. She labours, and lies in of his inventions.

Nose. Has a male poem in her belly now, Big as a colt—

Ears. That kicks at Time already.

Eyes. And is no sooner foaled, but will neigh sulphur.

Fame. The next.

Ears. A quondam justice, that of late Hath been discarded out o' the pack o' the peace,

For some lewd levity he holds *in capite*.

But constantly loves him. In days of yore He used to give the charge out of his poems;

He carries him about him in his pocket, As I'uhp's son did Homer in a casket, And cries, *O happy man* t to the wrong party,

Meaning the poet, where he meant the subject.

Fame. What arc this pair?

Eyes. The ragged rascals?

Fame. Yes.

Eyes. Mere rogues:—you'd think them rogues, but they are friends;

One is his printer in disguise, and keeps His press in a hollow tree, where to conceal him,

He works by glow-worm light, the moon's too open.

The other zealous rag is the compositor, Who in an angle, where the ants inhabit, {The emblems of his labours}, will sit curled

Whole days and nights, and work his eyes out for him.

Nose. Strange arguments of love! there is a schoolmaster

Is turning all his works too into Latin,

To pure satyric Latin; makes his boys To learn him; calls him the Times' Juvenal;

Hangs all his school with his sharp sentences;

And o'er the execution place hath painted Time whipt, for terror to the infantry.

Eyes. This man of war i' the rear, he is both trumpet

And champion to his muse.

Ears. For the whole city.

Nose. Has him by rote, recites him at the tables

Where lie doth govern; swears him into name,

Upon his word and sword, for the sole youth

Dares make profession of poetic truth,

Now militant amongst us: to th' incredulous,

That dagger is an article he uses

To rivet his respect into their pates,

And make them faithful. Fame, you'll find you have wronged him.

Fame. What a confederacy of folly's here?

They all dance but FAME, and make the first ANTIMASQUE, in which they adore, and carry forth CHRONOMASTIX.

After—which the CURIOUS come up again to FAME.

Eyes. Now, Fame, how like you this?

Ears. This falls upon you

For your neglect.

Nose. He scorns you, and defies you,

He has got a Fame o'n's own, as well as a faction.

Eyes. And these will deify him, to despite you.

Fame. I envy not the 'An-of-tloxris.

'Twill prove but deifying of a pompion.⁸

Nose. Well, what is that the Time will now exhibit?

Eyes. What gambols, what devices, what new sports?

Ears. You promised us we should have anything.

¹ *That unctuous Bountie is the boss of Billingsgate.* Boss is a head or reservoir of water. It frequently occurs in Stow, who also mentions that of the text. "The Besses of water at Belinsgate, by Powles Wharfe, and by St. Giles without Cripplegate, were made about the year 1423."—*Survey of London*. This word has escaped Mr. Todd,

ffis press in a hollow free, &c.] There is very little exaggeration in this lively satire; it alludes to read the state-papers of the day

to be able to appropriate it with sufficient accuracy. Nothing gave the great officers of the law such trouble as fetteritig out the obscure holes in which the libels which overflowed the country were produced. Almost every scurrilous writer had a portable press, which was moved from one hiding-place to another with a secrecy and dispatch truly wonderful.

'Twill prove but deifying of a fompion.] Alluding to the burlesque deification of Claudius by Seneca.

Nose. That Time would give us all we could imagine.

Fame. You might imagine so; I never promised it.

Byes. Pox! then 'tis nothing. I had now a fancy

We might have talked o the king.

Ears. Or state.

Nose. Or all the world.

Byes. Censured the council ere they censure us.

Ears. We do it in Paul's.

Nose. Yes, and in all the taverns.

Fame. A comely licence! They that censure those

They ought to reverence, meet they that old curse,

To beg their bread and feel eternal winter! There's difference 'twixt liberty and licence!

Nose. Why, if it be not that, let it be this then,

(For since you grant us freedom, we will hold it),

Let's have the giddy world turned the heels upward,

And sing a rare black Sanctus¹ on his head, Of all things out of order.

Eyes. No, the man

In the moon dance a coranto, his bush At's back a-fire; and his dog piping *La-chryntce*.

Ears. Or let's have all the people in an uproar,

None knowing why, or to what end; and in The midst of all start up an old mad woman Preaching of patience.

Nose. No, no, I'd have this.

Eyes. What?

Fame. Anything.

Nose. That could be monstrous—Enough, I mean. A Babel of wild humours.

Ears. And all disputing of all things they know not.

Eyes. And talking of all men they never heard of.

Ears. And all together by the ears o' th sudden.

Eyes. And when the matter is at hottest, then

All fall asleep.

Fame. Agree among yourselves, And what it is you'd have, I'll answer you.

Eyes. O, that we shall never do.

Ears. No, never agree.

Nose. Not upon what? Something that is unlawful.

Ears. Ay, or unreasonable.

Eyes. Or, impossible.

Nose. Ixt it be uncivil enough, you hit us ripjit.

Ears. And a great noise.

Eves. To little or no purpose.

Nose. And if there be some mischief, 'twill become it.

Eyes. But see thrrc be no cause, as you will answer it.

Fame. These arc mere monsters.

Nose. Ay, all the better.

Fame. You do abuse the Time. These are fit freedoms

For la" less prentices on a Shrove-Tuesday, When they compel the Time to serve their riot;

For drunken wakes and strutting bear-bnittings,

That savour only of their own abuses.

Ryes. Why, if not those, then something to make sport.

Ears. We only hunt for novelty, not truth.

Fame. I'll fit you, though the Time faintly permit it.

The second ANTIMASQUE 'TUMBLERS and JUGGLERS brought in by the CAT and FIDDLE, who make sport with the CURIOUS, and drive them away.

Fame. Why now they are kindly used like such spectators

That know not what they would have. Commonly

The Curious are ill natured, and, like flies,

¹ And sing a *rarC" a di Sanctus*." The black Sanctus was a profane parody of some hymn in the Mass book; and the tune to which it was set was probably loud and discordant, to assist the ridicule. As a satire on the monks, whom it lashes with some kind of coarse humour, it appears to have been very popular. It may be referred to the times of Hen. VIII., when to criminate the ancient possessors of the monasteries was to render a most acceptable service to that hateful tyrant and his rapacious court. Sir J. Harrington, who printed it entire, calls it

"The Monks Hymn to Saunte Satan." It occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Let's sing him a *black Sanctus*, then let's all howl In our own beastly voices."—*Mad Lover*.

And is also introduced by Phil. Holland in his translation of Livy: *Nata in vanos tumllu genS) truci cantu, c lam o rib usque variis, ha rendo cuncta implewrunt sono*.—Lib. v. c. 47 "With an hideous and dissonant kind of singing like a black Sanctus, they filled all about with a fearful and horrible noise."

Seek Time's corrupted parts to blow upon:
But may the sound ones live with fame and honour,
Free from the molestation of these insects,
Who being fled, Fame now pursues her errand.

Loud music.

To which the whole Scene opens; where SATURN sitting with VENUS is discovered above, and certain VOTARIES coming forth below, which are the CHORUS.

Fame. For you, great king, to whom the Time doth owe

All his respects and reverence, behold
How Saturn, urged at request of Love,
Prepares the object to the place to-night.
Within yond^d darkness, Venus hath found out

That Hecate, as she is queen of shades,
Keeps certain glories of the Time obscured,
There for herself alone to gaze upon,
As she did once the fair Endymion.

These Time hath promised at Love's suit to free,

As being fitter to adorn the Age,
By you restored on earth, most like his own;
And fill this world of beauty here, your court:

To which his bounty, see how men prepare
To fit their votes below, and thronging come

With longing passion to enjoy the effect!
Hark 1 it is Love begins to Time. Expect.

[Music.]

Ven. Beside that it is done for Love,
It is a work, great Time, will prove
Thy honour, as men's hopes above.

Sat. If Love be pleased, so am I,
For Time could never yet deny

What Love did ask, if Love knew why.

Vot. She knew, and hath exprest it now:

And so doth every public vow
That heard her why and waits thy how.

Sat. You shall not long expect: with ease

The things come forth, are born to please:
Look, have you seen such lights as these?

The MASQUERS are discovered, and that which obscured them vanisheth.

I Vot. These, these must sure some wonders be!

Cho. O, what a glory 'tis to see
Men's wishes, Time, and Love agree.

[A pause.]

SATURN and VENUS pass away, and the MASQUERS descend.

Cho. What grief or envy had it been
That these and such had not been seen,
But still obscured in shade!
Who are the glories of the Time,
Of youth and feature too the prime,
And for the light were made.

1 Vot. Their very number, how it takes!

2 Vot. What harmony their presence makes!

i Vot. How they inflame the place!

Cho. Now they are nearer seen and viewed,

For whom could Love have better sued,
Or Time have done the grace?

Here to a loud Music, they march into their figure, and dance their ENTRY, or first DANCE.

After which,

Ven. The night could not these glories miss,

Good Time, I hope, is ta'en with this.

Sat. If Time were not, I'm sure Love is.
Between us it shall be no strife,

For now 'tis Love gives Time his life.

Vot. Let Time then so with Love conspire,

As straight be sent into the court,
A little Cupid, armed with fire,

Attended by a jocund Sport,

To breed delight, and a desire

Of being delighted in the nobler sort.

Sat. The wish is crowned as soon as made.

Vot. And Cupid conquers ere he doth invade.

His victories of lightest trouble prove,

For there is never labour where is Love.

Then follows the MAIN DANCE;

Which done, CUPID, with the SPORT, comet forward.

Cup. *[to the Masquers,]* Take breath awhile, young bloods, to bring

Your forces up, whilst we go sing

Fresh charges to the beauties here.

Sport. Or if they charge you, do not fear,
Though they be better armed than you;

It is but standing the first view,

And then they yield.

Cup. Or quit the field.

Sport. Nay, that, they'll never do.

They'll rather fall upon the place,
Than suffer such disgrace.

You are but men at best, they say,
And they from those ne'er ran away.

[Pause.

Cup. [to the King.] You, sir, that are the
lord of Time,
Receive it not as any crime
'Gainst majesty, that Love and Sport
To-night have entered in your court.

Sport. Sir, doubt him more of some sur-
prise

Upon yourself. He hath his eyes.
You are the noblest object here,
And 'tis for you alone I fear :
For here are ladies that would give
A brave reward to make Love live
Well all his life, for such a draught;
And therefore look to every shaft:

The wag's a deacon in his craft. [Pause.]

Cup. [to the Lords.] My lords, the
honours of the crown,
Put off your sourness, do not frown,
Bid cares depart, and business hence :
A little for the Time dispense.

Sport. Trust nothing that the boy lets fall,
My lords, he hath plots upon you all.
A pensioner unto your wives,
To keep you in uxorious gyves,
And so your sense to fascinate,
To make you quit all thought of state,
His amorous questions to debate.
But hear his logic, he will prove
There is no business but to be in love.

Cup. The words of Sport, my lords, and
coarse.

Your ladies yet will not think worse
[Pause.]

Of Love for this: they shall command
My bow, my quiver, and my hand.

Sport. What, here to stand
And kill the flies ?

Alas, thy service they despise.
One beauty here hath in her eyes
More shafts than from thy bow e'er flew,
Or that poor quiver knew.

These dames,
They need not Love's, they've Nature's
flames.

Cup. I see the Beauty that you so re

Sport. Cupid, you must not point in
court,

Where live so many of a sort.
Of Harmony these learned their speech,
The Graces did them footing teach,
And, at the old Idalian brawls,
They danced your mother down. She
calls.

Cup. Arm, arm them all.

Sport. Young bloods, come on,
And charge ; let every man take one.

Cup. And try his fate.

Sport. These are fair wars ;
And will be carried without scars.

Cup. A joining but of feet and hands
Is all the Time and Love commands.

Sport. Or if you do their gloves off-strip,
Or taste the nectar of (he lip ;
See, so you temper your desires,
For kisses, that ye suck not fires.

*The REVELS follow; which ended, tht
Chorus appear again, and DiANA de-
scends to HIPPOLITUS, the whole Scene
being changed to a wood, out of which
he comes.*

Cho. The courtly strife is done, it should
appear,

Between the youths and beauties of the
year :

We hope that now these lights will know
their sphere,

And strive hereafter to shine ever here:

Like brightest planets, still to move

In the eye of Time and orbs of Love.

Dia. Hippolitus, Hippolitus !

Hip. Diana ?

Dia. She.

Be ready you, or Cephalus,

To wait on me.

Hip. We ever be.

Dia. Your goddess hath been wronged
to-night

By Love's report unto the Time.

Hip. The injury itself will right,
Which only Fame hath made a crime.

For Time is wise,
And hath his ears as perfect as his eyes.

Sat. Who's that descends ? Diana ?

Vot. Yes.

Ven. Belike her troop she hath begun to
miss.

Sat. Let's meet and question what her
errand is.

Hip. She will prevent thee, Saturn, not
t' excuse

Herself unto thee, rather to complain
That thou and Venus both should so abuse

The name of Dian, as to entertain
A thought that she had purpose to defraud

The Time of any glories that were his:

To do Time honour rather and applaud

His worth, hath beer her study,

Dia. And it is.

I called these youths forth in thei Mood
and prime,

Out of the honour that I bore their parts,
To make them fitter so to serve the Time

By labour, riding, and those ancient
arts'

That first enabled men unto the wars,
And furnished heaven with so many stars :

Hip. As Perseus, Castor, Pollux, and
the rest,

Who were of hunters firsti of men the
best;

Whose shades do yet remain within yond'
groves,

Themselves there sporting with their nobler
loves.

Dia. And so may these do, if the Time
give leave.

Sat. Chaste Dian's purpose we do now
conceive,

And yield thereto.

Ven. And so doth Love.

Vot. All votes do in one circle move.

Grand Cho. Turn hunters then,
Agen.

Hunting, it is the noblest exercise,
Makes men laborious, active, wise,
Brings health, and doth the spirits delight,

It helps the hearing and the sight:

It teacheth arts that never slip

The memory, good horsemanship,

Search, sharpness, courage, and defence,

And chaseth all ill habits thence.

Turn hunters then,

Agen,

But not of men.

Follow his ample

And just example,

That hates all chase of malice **and of**
blood,

And studies only ways of good,

To keep soft peace in breath.

Man should not hunt mankind to death,

But strike the enemies of man ;

Kill vices if you can:

They are your wildest beasts,

And when they thickest fall you make
the gods true feasts.

Thus it ended.



Neptune's Triumph for the Return of Albion.

CELEBRATED IN A MASQUE AT THE COURT ON THE TWELFTH NIGHT, 1624.

Omnis a adreducem jam litat ara Deum.—MART. Lib. viii. Epig. xiv

NEPTUNE'S TRIUMPH, &c.] Charles (i.e., Albion) returned from his ill-fated expedition to Spain on the fifth of October in the preceding year (1623). Before this Masque It appeared, the Spanish match was completely broken off, and James, who had long set his heart upon it, and for several years honestly and sedulously laboured to effect it, wearied out at length by the interminable juggling of the court of Spain, was by this time reconciled to the disappointment. *Neptune's Triumph* appears to have been celebrated with uncommon magnificence. All hearts and hands were in it; and the Spanish influence then received a check, from which it has not recovered to this day.

His Majesty being set, and the loud music ceasing. All that is discovered of a Scene are two erected pillars, dedicated to Neptune, with this inscription upon the one,

N E P. R E D.

On the other,

S E C. J O V.

The POET entering on the stage to disperse the argument, is called to by the MASTER COOK.

Cook. Do you hear, you creature of diligence and business! what is the affair that you pluck for so under your cloke?

Poet. Nothing but what I colour for, I assure you; and may encounter with, I hope, if luck favour me, the gamester's goddess.

Cook. You are a votary of hers, it seems, by your language. What went you upon, may a man ask you?

Poet. Certainties, indeed, sir, and very good ones; the representation of a masque;

you'll see anon
vol.III.

Cook. Sir, this is my room, and region too, the Banqueting-house. And in matter of feast, the solemnity, nothing is to be presented here but with my acquaintance and allowance to it.

Poet. You are not his majesty's confectioner, are you?

Cook. No, but one that has as good title to the room, his Master-cook. What are you, sir?

Poet. The most unprofitable of his servants, I sir, the Poet. A kind of a Christmas ingine: one that is used at least once a year, for a trifling instrument of wit or so.

Cook. Were you ever a cook?

Poet. A cook I no, surely.

Cook. Then you can be no good poet: for a good poet differs nothing at all from a master-cook. Either's art is the wisdom of the mind.

Poet. As how, sir?

Cook. Expect. I am by my place to know how to please the palates of the guests; so you are to know the palate of the times; study the several tastes, what every nation, the Spaniard, the Dutch, the

French, the Walloon, the Neapolitan, the Briton, the Sicilian, can expect from you.

Pott. That were a heavy and hard task, to satisfy Expectation, who is so severe an exactress of duties; ever a tyrannous mistress, and most times a pressing enemy.

Cook. She is a powerful great lady, sir, at all times, and must be satisfied: so must her sister, Madam Curiosity, who hath as dainty a palate as she; and these will expect.

Poet. But what if they expect more than they understand?

Cook. That's all one, Master Poet, you are bound to satisfy them. For there is a palate of the understanding as well as of the senses. The taste is taken with good relishes, the sight with fair objects, the hearing with delicate sounds, the smelling with pure scents, the feeling with soft and plump bodies, but the understanding with all these; for all which you must beg-in at the kitchen. There the art of Poetry was learned and found out, or nowhere; and the same day with the art of Cookery.

Poet. I should have given it rather to the cellar, if my suffrage had been asked.

Cook. O, you are for the oracle of the bottle, I see; hogshead Trismegistus; he is your Pegasus. Thence flows the spring of your muses, from that hoof.

Seduced Poet, I do say to thee—
A boiler, range, and dresser were the fountains

Of all the knowledge in the universe,
And that's the kitchen. What! a master-cook!

Thou dost not know the man, nor canst thou know him,

Till thou hast served some years in that deep school

¹ A master-cook, &c.] Cartwright has reduced this into practice in *Ins Ordinary*, and furnished out a military d'uncr with great pleasantry, at the expense of *Ilavc-ut-all*, who is desirous to grow valiant, as lawyers' do learned, by eating. This speech is also closely imitated by the master-cook in Fletcher's tragedy of *Rollo Duke of Normandy*.

And t cache th all the tactics at one dinner.] This seems to be taken from the poet Posidippus, who in Athenaeus compares a good cook to a good general:

Αγαθὸν στρατηγὸν διαφέρειν οὐδὲν δοκεῖ.

And Athenion in like manner (see Athenaeus, 1. XA, c. 23) attributes to the art of cookery, and kitchen-philosophy, what the poets assign to the legislators of society and the first founders of states and commonwealths.—WHAU

The Greek poet is truly excellent; and the

That's both the nurse and mother of thearts,
And heard st him read, interpret, and demonstrate.

A master-cook why, he's the man of men,
For a professor! he designs, he draws,
He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies,
Makes citadels of curious fowl and fish,
Some he dry-ditches, some motes round with broths;

Mounts marrow-bones; cuts fifty-angled custards;

Rears bulwark pies; and, for his outer works,

He raiseth ramparts of immortal crust;
And teacheth all the tactics at one dinner.
What ranks, what files to put his dishes in,
The whole art military! then he knows
The influence of the stars upon his meats;
And all their seasons, tempers, qualities,
And so to fit his relishes and sauces!

He has Nature in a pot, 'bove all the chemists,
Or bare-breeched brethren of the Rosy-cross!

He is an architect, an inginer,
A soldier, a physician, a philosopher,
A general mathematician!

Pod. It is granted.

Cook. And that you may not doubt him for a Poet--

Pod. This fury shews, if there were nothing else;
And 'tis divine!

Cook. Then, brother poet.

Poet. Brother.

Cook. I have a suit.

Poet. What is it?

Cook. Your device.

Poet. As you came in upon me, I was then Offeering the argument, and this it is.

Cook. Silence.

apparent seriousness with which his cook descants on the importance of his profession adds greatly to its genuine humour. The concluding lines are very amusing:

Κα.Ταρχοί.εΟ' Τίξεῖς οἱ φῖα-γχοῦ, θύομεν,
Ζῶι, 'ὅας ἱροῖονεψ, -no, 'naAisTot TOVS θῶν?
"H, 'aw viraicovew, dta TO TavO' evpiif, ceyat
Ta, 'aaAisra cruTeivovTa xrpox TO qav KaAco?.

"We slay the victims,

We pour the free libations, and to us
The gods themselves lend a propitious ear;
And, for our special merits, scatter blessings
On all the human race, because from us
And from our art, mankind was first induced
To live the life of reason."

There is no translating the sly felicity of τῶν καΑcd, which looks, at the same time, to good morals and good eating.

Poet, [reads.¹] "The mighty Neptune,
mighty in his styles,
And large command of waters and of isles;
Not as the 'lord and sovereign of the seas,'
But 'chief in the art of riding,' late did
please

To send his Albion forth, the most his own,
Upon discovery to themselves best known,
Through Celtiberia; and, to assist his
course,

Gave him his powerful Manager of Horse,
With Divine Proteus,¹ father of disguise,
To wait upon them with his counsels wise,
In all extremes. His great commands
being done,

And he desirous to review his son,
He doth dispatch a floating isle from
hence,

Unto the Hesperian shores, to waft him
thence.

Where, what the arts were, used to make
him stay,

And how the Syrens wooed him by the way,
What monsters he encountered on the
coast,

How near our general joy was to be lost,²
Is not our subject now; though all these
make

The present gladness greater for their sake.
But what the triumphs are, the feast, the
sport,

And proud solemnities of Neptune's court,
Now he is safe, and Fame's not heard in
vain,

But we behold our happy pledge again.³
That with him loyal Hippius is returned,³

¹ With divine Proteus, &c.] This, I believe, was Sir Francis Cottington. He had been secretary to Sir Charles Cornwallis, and was at this time private secretary to the Prince; he was well versed in political affairs, and particularly in those of Spain, where he had resided many years in a public capacity.

² How near our general joy was to be lost.] This alludes to the storm which took place on the Spanish coast, and in which the Prince, together with a number of the Spanish nobility who came to take leave of him, was nearly wrecked. The other dangers which Charles is said to have encountered are probably exaggerated by the "poet".

³ That with him loyal Hippius is returned.] By Hippius is meant the Duke of Buckingham, master of the horse to James I., who accompanied the Prince into Spain, to which this speech alludes.—WHAL.

⁴ Of the sea-monster, Archy.] Archibald Armstrong, the court jester, who followed the Prince into Spain. Charles seems to have taken a strange fancy to this buffoon, who joined the

Who for it, under so much envy, burned
With his own brightness, till her starved
snakes saw

What Neptune did impose, to him was law."

Cook. But why not this till now?

Poet. — "It was not time

To mix this music with the vulgar's chime.
Stay, till the abortive and extemporal din
Of balladry were understood a sin,
Minerva cried; that what tumultuous verse,
Or prose could make, or steal, they might
rehearse,

And every songster had sung out his fit;
That all the country and the city wit,
Of bells and bonfires and good cheer was
spent,

And Neptune's guard had drunk all that
they meant;

That all the tales and stories now were old
Of the sea-monster Archy,⁴ or grown cold:
The Muses then might venture undeterred,
For they love then to sing when they are
heard."

Cook. I like it well, 'tis handsome; and
I have

Something would fit this. How do you
present them?

In a fine island, say you?

Poet. Yes, a Delos I

Such as when fair Latona fell in travail,
Great Neptune made emergent.

Cook. I conceive you.

I would have had your isle brought float-
ing in now,

In a brave broth,⁵ and of a sprightly green,
Just to the colour of the sea; and then

tricks of the monkey. Howell, who was at Madrid during the Prince's visit, says in one of his letters, "Our cousin Archy hath more privilege here than any, for he often goes with his fool's coat where the Infanta is with her Meninos and ladies of honour, and keeps a blowing and blustering among them, and flurts out what he lists." In conclusion, he gives a specimen of his ill-manners, which must have been offensive in the highest degree. Book I. lett 18.

⁶ In a brave broth—

With an Arion mounted on the back
Of a grown conger, but in such a posture
As all the ivorlashou'd take him for a dolphin.
This is humorously imitated by Fletcher:

"For fish, I'll make a standing lake of white
broth,

And pikes come ploughing up the plumbs
before them,

Arion on a dolphin, playing Lachrymae," &c.
Rollo, act ii sc. a.

Mr. Wtbar ha' happily diiOQfWtd tfc', 'rwwwi

Some twenty Syrens, singing in the kettle,
With an Arion mounted on the back
Of a grown conger, but in such a posture
As all the world should take him for a
dolphin :

O, 'twould have made such music ! Have
you nothing
But a bare island ?

Poet. Yes, we have a tree too,
Which we do call the tree of Harmony,
And is the same with what we read the sun
Brought forth in the Indian Musicana first,
And thus it grows : the goodly bole being
got

To certain cubits height, from every side
The boughs decline, which taking root
afresh,

Spring up new boles, and these spring
new and newer,

Till the whole tree become a porticus,
Or arched arbor, able to receive
A numerous troop, such as our Albion,
And the companions of his journey are :
And this they sit in.

Cook. Your prime Masquers ?

Poet. Yes.

Cook. But where's your Antimasque now
all this while?

I hearken after them.

Poet. Faith, we have none.

Cook. None!

Poet. None, I assure you, neither do I
think them

A worthy part of presentation,
Being things so heterogeneous to all device,
Merc by-works, and at best outlandish
nothings.

Cook. O, you are all the heaven awry,
sir!

For blood of poetry running in your veins,
Make not yourself so ignorantly simple.
Because, sir, you shall see I am a poet,
No less than cook, and that I find you want

of this celebrated musician. He was called, it
seems, *Jike* Anon, without the Mr.—"Bike,"
as he aptly observes, "which signifies a *hive* of
bees, is not in the least applicable, for *-which*
reason I must leave it to the reader." This is
kind ; but Mr. Weber is unjust to the merits of
his own text. Does he not know that bees will
swarm to a brass kettle? How much rather
then to the harp of Arion ! Hence the name.
The verse stands thus in his precious edition
(vol. ii. p. 55):

"Ride like *Bike* Arion on a *trout* to London."

Former editors, whom Mr. Weber treats with
all the contempt which his superior attainments
justify him in assuming, had supposed that *bike*
(which destroys the metre) was merely an acci-

dental repetition of *like*, and therefore dropt it:
but as this was done without writing a page or
two about it, Mr. Weber wonders at their pre-
sumption, and very judiciously reinstates it in
the text.

A special service here, an antimasque,
I'll fit you with a dish out of the kitchen,
Such as I think will take the present
palates,

A metaphorical dish ! and do but mark
How a good wit may jump with you. Are
you ready, child?

(Had there been masque, or no masque I
had made it.)

Child of the boiling-house I

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here, father.

Cook. Bring forth the pot. It is an,
olla podrida.

But I have persons to present the meats.

Poet. Persons!

Cook. Such as do relish nothing¹ but *di*
stato,

But in another fashion than you dream of,
Know all things the wrong way, talk of
the nTais.

The clouds, the cortines, and the mysteries
That are afoot, and from what hands they
havethem,

The master of the elephant, or the camels :
What correspondences are held ; the posts
That go and come, and know almost
their minutes,

All but their business : therein they ara
fishes;

But have their garlic, as the proverb says.
They are our Quest of Enquiry after news,

Poet. Together with their learned
authors?

Boy. Yes, sir.

And of the epicoene gender, hees and
slices :

Amphibion Archy is the chief.

Cook. Good boy!

The child is learned too: note but the
kitchen!

Have you put him into the pot for garlic ?

dental repetition of *like*, and therefore dropt it:
but as this was done without writing a page or
two about it, Mr. Weber wonders at their pre-
sumption, and very judiciously reinstates it in
the text.

[*I, 'te goodly bole being got, &c.*] Milton
reads rather closely upon the heels of Jooson
here:

"The fig tree that—

lu Malabar or Decan spreads her arms

Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take uoot, aiitj daughter'

grow

About the mother tree, a pillared sbadft

High over-arched, and echoing wailn b't

tween. — *dr. Lett. iz. 2100.*

Boy, One in his coat shall stink as strong as he, sir,
And his friend Giblets with him.

Cook. They are two,
That give a part of the seasoning.

Poet. I conceive
The way of your gallimaufry.

Cook. You will like it,
When they come pouring out of the pot together.

Pay. O, if the pot had been big enough !
fwk. What then, child?

Boy. I had put in the elephant, and one camel

At least, for beef.

(ok. But whom have you for par! ridge ?
,?'. A brace of dwarfs, and delicate plumpbiuls.

Cook. And whom for mutton and kid ?

Boy. A fine laced mutton¹

Or two ; and either has her frisking husband

That reads her the Corrauto every week.

Crave Master Ambler, newsmastero Paul's,
; Supplies your capon ; and grown Captain Buz,

His emissary, under-writes for turkey ;
A gentleman of the Forest presents pheasant,

f And a plump poulterer's wife in Grace's street,

I I may hen with eggs in the belly, or a coney,
Choose which you will.

Cook. But Where's the bacon, Tom ?

Boy. Hogrel the butcher, and the sow his wife,

I Are both there.

Cook. It is well ; go dish them out.

Are they well boiled ?

Boy. Podrida !

Poet. What's that, rotten ?

Cook. O, that they must be. There's one main ingredient

f We have forgot, the artichoke.

Boy. No, sir ;

I have a fruiterer, with a cold red nose
Uke a blue fig, performs it.

Cook. The fruit looks so.

lood child, go pour them out, shew their concoction.

1 hey must be rotten boiled ; the broth's the best on't,

And that's the dance : the stage here is the charger.

¹ A *Jine fared mutton*.} A cant term for a tntOB. Some of the characters mentioned in w speech, the author subsequently introduced tto the *Staff of Newt*.

And, brother poet, though the serious part Be yours, yet envy not the cook his art.

Poet. Not I: *nim I us ipse 7 riumphus amat*.

Here the *ANTIMASQUE* is danced by the persons described, coming out of the pot.

Poet. Well, now expect the Scene itself ; it opens !

The island of DELOS is discovered, the MASQUERS sitting in their several sieges. The heavens opening, and APOLLO with MERCURY, some of the Muses and thegoJ Jess HARMONY, make the music : the whole island moves forward, PROTEUS sitting below, and APOLLO sings.

SONG.

ApoL Look forth, the shepherd of the seas,
And of the ports tint keep'st the keys,

And to your Neptune tell,

Hi- Albion, prince of all his isles,
For whom the sea and land so smiles,
Is home returned well.

Grand Cho. And be it thought no common cause,

That to it so much wonder draws,
And all the heavens consent,
With Harmony, to tune their notes
In answer to the public votes
That for it up were sent.

It was no envious step-dame's rage,
Or tyrant's malice of the age,
That did employ him forth :
But such a wisdom that would prove
By sending him their hearts and love,
That else might fear his worth.

By this time the island hath joined itself with the shore: and PROTEUS, PORTUNUS, 'H, 'SAKON tome forth; and go up singing to the state, while the Masquers take time to land.

SONG.

Pro. Ay, now the pomp of Neptune's triumph shines !

And all the glories of his great designs

Are read reflected in his son's return !
For. How all the eyes, the looks, the hearts here burn

At his arrival!

Sar. These are the true fires
Are made of joys I

Pro.

Por.

Sar. Of hopes I

Of longing 1

Of deiirw!

Pro. Of fears!
 For. No intermitted blocks.
 Sar. But pure affections, and from
 odorous stocks!
 Cho. 'Tis incense all that flames,
 And these materials scarce have names!
 Pro. My king looks higher, as he scorned
 the wars
 Of winds, and witli his trident touched the
 stars;
 There is no wrinkle in his brow or frown,
 But as his cares he would in nectar drown,
 And all the silver-footed nymphs were drest
 To wait upon him to the Ocean's feast.
 Per. Or here in rows upon the banks
 were set,
 And had their several hairs made into net
 To catch theyouths m as they come on shore.
 Sar. How, Galatea sighing! O, nomoie,
 Banish your fears.
 Por. And, Doris, dry your tears,
 ALBION is come.
 Pro. And Ilaliclyon too,¹
 That kept his side, as he was charged to do,
 With wonder.
 Sar. And the Syrens have him not.
 Por. Though they no practice, nor no
 arts forgot,
 That might have won him, or by charm or
 song.
 Pro. Or laying forth their tresses all along
 Upon the glissly waves,
 Por. Then diving.
 Pro. Then,
 Up with their heads, as they were mad of
 men,
 Sar. And there the highest-going billows
 crown,
 Until some lusty sea-god pulled them down.
 Cho. See, he is here!
 Pro. Great master of the main,
 Receive thy dear and precious pawn again.
 Cho. Saron, Portunus, Proteus bring him
 thus,
 Safe as thy subjects' wishes gave him us:
 And of thy glorious triumph let it be
 No less a part, that thou their loves dost see,
 Than that his sacred head's returned to thee.

*This sung, the island goes back, whilst the
 Upper Chorus takes it from them, and
 the Masquers prepare for their figure.*

Cho. Spring all the Graces of the age,
 And all the Loves of time:
 Bring all the pleasures of the stage,
 And relishes of rhyme:

¹ *And Ilaliclyon too.* The Duke of Buck-
 ingham, Lord High Admiral

Add all the softnesses of courts,
 The looks, the laughs, and the sports:
 And mingle all their sweets and salts,
 That none may say the Triumph halts.
Here the MASQUERS dance their Eniry.
*Which done, the first perspective of a mari-
 time palace, or the house of, OCKANUS, is
 discovered with loud music,*
And the other above is no more seen.
 Poet. Behold the palace of Oceanus!
 Hail, reverend structure! boast no more thou
 Thy being able all the gods to feast;
 We've seen enough; our Albion was thy
 guest.

Then follows the Main Dance,
*After which the second prospect of the sea is
 shown to the former music.*

Poet. Now turn and view the wonders of
 the deep,
 Where Proteus' herds and Neptune's orks
 do keep,
 Where all i' ploughed, yet still the pasture's
 green,
 The ways are found, and yet no paths are
 seen.

*There PROTEUS, PORTUNUS, SARON, go
 up to the Ladies with this SONG.*

Pro. Come, noble nymphs, and do nothide
 The joys for which you so provide.

Sar. If not to mingle with the men,
 What do you here? go home agen.

Por. Your dressings do confess,
 By what we see so curious parts
 Of Pallas' and Arachne's arts,
 That you could mean no less.

Pro. Why do you wear the silkworm's
 toils,

Or glory in the shell-fish' spoils,
 Or strive to shew the grains of ore
 That you have gathered on the shore

Whereof to make a stock
 To graft the greener emerald on,
 Or any better-watered stone?

Sar. Or ruby of the rock?
 Pro. Why do you smell of amber-grise,
 Of which was formed Neptune's niece,
 The queen of Love; unless you can,
 Like sea-born Venus, love a man?

Sar. Try, put yourselves unto't.
 Cho. Your looks, your smiles, and
 thoughts that meet,
 Ambrosian hands and silver feet,
 Do promise you will dot,

The REVELS follow.

*Which ended, the fleet is discover'd!, while
 the three cornets play,*

Poet. Tis time your eyes should be re-freshed at length
With something new, a part of Neptune's stien^gth,

Sec yond' his fleet, ready to go or come,
Or fetch the riches of the ocean home, -
So to secure him, both in peace and wars,
Till not one ship alone, but all be stars.

[*A shout within.*]

Re-enter the COOK, followed by a number Sailors.

Cook. I've another service for you, brother *Poet*; a dish of pickled sailors, fine salt sea-boys, shall rel'v'h hke ancho-vies or caveare, to draw down a cnp of nectar in the skirts of a night.

Sail. Come away, boys, the town is ours; hey for Neptune and our young master!

Poet. He knows the compass and the card,
While Castor bits on the main yard,
And Pollux too to help your hales;
And bright Leucothoe fills your sails:
Arion sings, the dolphins swim,
And all the way, to gaze on him.

The ANTIMASQUE of Sailors.

Then the last Song to the whole Music, five lutes, three cornets, and ten voices.

SONG.

Pro. Although we wish the triumph still might last

For such a prince, and his discovery past;
Yet now, great lord of waters and of isles,
Gi'c Proteus leave to turn unto his wiles.

For. And whilst young Albion doth thy labours ease,

Dispatch *Purtunus* to thy ports.

Xur. And *Saron* to thy seas:
To meet old *Ncreus* with his fifty girls,
From aged *Indus* laden home with pearls,
And orient gums, to burn unto thy name.

Grand Clio. And may thy subjects' hearts be all on flame,

Whilst thou dost keep the earth in firm estate,

And 'inongst the winds dost suffer no debate,
But both. it sea and land our powers increase,

"With health and all the golden gifts oi peace.

The last Dance.

With which the whole ended.



Pan's Anniversary; or, The Shepherd's Holyday.

AS IT WAS PRESENTED AT COURT BEFORE KING JAMES, 1625.

2Ee *Inventor*', INIGO JONES; BEN JONSON.

PAN'S ANNIVERSARY, &?.] This Masque, which was probably presented on New Year's Day, was the last that Janu-s witnessed, as he died on the twenty-beventh of March following. It only appears in the fol. 1641, and was printed after Jonson's death.

The SCENE Arcadia.

The Court being seated, enter three NYMPHS, strewing several sorts of flowers, followed by an old SHEPHERD, with a censer and perfumes.

i Nym. Thus, thus begin the yearly rites
Are due to Pan on these bright nights;
His morn now riseth and invites
To sports, to dances, and delights:

All envious and profane, away,
This is the shepherd's holyday.

z Nym. Strew, strew the glad and smiling
ground

With every flower, yet not confound
The primrose drop, the spring's own spouse,
Bright day's-eyes, and the lips of cows,

The garden-star, the queen of May,
The rose, to crown the holyday.

3 Nym. Drop, drop your violets, change
your hues,

Now red, now pale, as lovers' use,
And in your death go out as well;
As when you lived unto the smell:

That from your odour all inay say,
This is the shepherd's holyday.

Shep. Well done, my pretty ones, rain
roses still,

Until the last be dropt; then hence, and fill
Your fragrant prickles for a second shower.

[*Yeu fragrant prickles.*] So the gardeners
still call the light open wicker baskets in which
flowers are brought to in. rket.

The colours China.] This is the earliest

¹ Bring corn-flag, tulips, and Adonis' flower,
¹ Fair ox-eye, goldy-locks, and columbine,
Pinks, goulands, king-cups, and sweet sops-
in-wine,

Blue harebells, pagles, pansies, calaminth,
Flower-gentle, and the fair-haired hyacinth,

Bring rich carnations, flower-de-luces, lilies,
The chequed, and purple-ringed daffodillies,

Bright crown-imperial, kingspear, holy-
hocks,

Sweet Venus-navel, and soft lady-smocks,
Bring too some branches forth of Daphne's
hair,

And gladdest myrtle for these posts to wear,
With spikenard weaved, and marjoram be-
tween,

And starred with yellow-golds, and mea-
dows-queen,

That when the altar, as it ought, is drest,
More odour come not from the phoenix' nest;
The breath thereof Panchaia may envy,
The colours China,² and the light the sky.

Loud Music.

The Scene opens, and the MASQUERS are discovered sitting about the Fountain of Light, with the Musicians attired like the Priests of Pan, standing in the work beneath them.

allusion that I have found to the beautiful
colouring of this ware, which now began to make
its appearance in the shops, or as they were
called, China-houses of the capital

Enter a FENCER, flourishing.

Fen. Room for an old trophy of time; a son of the sword, a servant of Mars, the minion of the muses, and a master of fence! One that hath shown his quarters, and played his prizes at all the games of Greece in his time; as fencing, wrestling, leaping, dancing, what not? and hath now ushered hither by the light of my long sword, certain bold boys of Boeotia, who are come to challenge the Arcadians at their own sports, call them forth on their own holyday, and dance them down on their own green-swarth.

Shep. 'Tis boldly attempted, and must be a Boeotian enterprise, by the face of it, from all the parts of Greece else, especially at this time, when the best and bravest spirits of Arcadia, called together by the excellent Areas, are yonder sitting about the Fountain of Light, in consultation of what honours they may do the great Pan, by increase of anniversary rites fitted to the music of his peace.

Fen. Peace to thy Pan, and mum to thy music, swain: there is a tinker of Thebes a coming, called Epam, with his kettle, will make all Arcadia ring of him. What are your sports for the purpose—say? If singing, you shall be sung down; if dancing, danced down. There is no more to be done with you, but know what; which it is; and you are in smoke, gone, vapoured, vanished, blown, and, as a man would say, in a word of two syllables, nothing.

Shep. This is short, though not so sweet. Surely the better part of the solemnity here will be dancing.

Pen. Enough; they shall be met with instantly in their own sphere, the sphere of their own activity, a dance. But by him, expect: no Cynsetheian, nor Satyrs; fit, as I said, boys of Boeotia, things of hebes, (the town is ours, shepherd), mad berry Greeks, lads of life, that have no gall us, but all air and sweetness. A tooth-awer is our foreman, that if there be but

Then comes my learned Theban, the tinker told you of.] In Lear, the poor old king says, "H! talk a word with this same learned Theban."

On which Steevens observes, "Ben Tonson, in his *Masque of P'n's Anniversary*, has introduced a tinker, whom he calls a learned Theban, in ridicule of this passage." The ridicule (if in ridicule there be) must be in the word learned for (though Steevens was ignorant of it the tinker actually was a Theban: as he was

a bitter tooth in the company, It may be called out at a twitch: he doth command any man's teeth out of his head upon the point of his poniard; or tickles them forth with his riding rod: he draws teeth a horseback in full speed, yet he will dance afoot, he hath given his word: he is yeoman of the mouth to the whole brotherhood, and is charged to see their gums be clean and their breath sweet, at a minute's warning. Then comes my learned Theban, the tinker I told you of, with his kettledrum before and after, a master of music and a man of metal, he beats the march to the tune of Ticklefoot, Pam, Pam, Pam, brave Epam with a Nondas. That's the Strain.

Shep. A high one!

Fen. Which is followed by the trace and tract of an excellent juggler, that can juggle with every joint about him, from head to heel. He can do tricks with his toes, wind silk and thread pearl with them, as nimble a fine fellow of his feet as his hands: for there is a noble corn-cutter, his companion, hath so pared and unified them—Indeed he hath taken it into his care to reform the feet of all, and fit all their footing to a form! only one splay foot in the company, and he is a bellows-mender allowed, who hath the looking to of all their lungs by patent, and by his place is to set that leg afore still, and with his puffs keeps them in breath during pleasure: a tinderbox-man, to strike new fire into them at every turn, and where he spies any brave spark that is in danger to go out, ply him with a match presently.

Shep. A most politic provision!

Fen. Nay, we have made our provisions beyond example, I hope. For to these there is annexed a clock-keeper, a grave person as Time himself, who is to see that they all keep time to a nick, and move every elbow in order, every knee in compass. He is to wind them up and draw them down, as he sees cause: then is there a subtle, shrewd bearded sir, that hath been a politician, but is now a maker of

also a master of music, the epithet does not seem to be very much out of its place. But perhaps Jonson laid the scene of this grave Antimasque in Greece, that he might have an opportunity of "ridiculing Shakspeare;" and this I take to be the case, as *Thebes* is not particularly celebrated for the musical talents of its tinkers. The commentators should consider this well.

² To a nick, i.e. what Shakspeare calls "a jar o' the clock"

mouse-traps, a great inginer yet; and he is to catch the ladies favours in the dance with certain cringes he is to make : and to bait their benevolence. Nor can we doubt of the success, for we have a prophet amongst us of that peremptory pate, a tailor or master fashioner, that hath found it out in a painted cloth, or some old hanging, (for those are his library), that we must conquer in such a time, and such a half time; therefore bids us go on cross-legged, or however thread the needles of our happiness, go through stitch with all, unwind the clew of our cares ; he hath taken measure of our minds, and will fit our fortune to our footing. And to better assure us, at his own charge, brings his philosopher with him, a great clerk, who, they say, can write, and it is shrewdly suspected but he can read too. And he is to take the whole dances from the foot by brachygraphy, and so make a memorial, if not a map of the business. Come forth, lads, and do your own turns.

Tkf BOEOTIANS *enter for the* ANTIMASQUE, *which is danced.*

After which,

Fen. How like you this, shepherd ? was not this gear gotten on a holyday ?

Shep. Faith, your folly may deserve pardon because it hath delighted: but beware of presuming, or how you offer comparison with persons so near deities. Behold where they are that have now forgiven you, whom should you provoke again with the like, they will justly punish that with anger which they now dismiss with contempt. Away !
[*They retire.*]

To the MASQUERS.

And come, you prime Arcadians forth, that taught

By Pan the rites of true society,
From his loud music all your manners wrought,

And made your commonwealth a harmony,

Commending so to all posterity

Your innocence from that fair fount of light,

As still you sit without the injury

Of any rudeness folly can, or spite:

Dance from the top of the Lycaean mountain

Down to this valley, and with nearer eye enjoy what long in that illumined fountain

You did far off, but yet with wonder, spy.

HYMN I.

1 *Nym.* Of Pan we sing, the best of singers, Pan,
That taught us swains how first to tune our lays,

And on the pipe more airs than Phoebus can.

Cho. Hear, O you groves, and hills re-sound his praise,

a *Nym.* Of Pan we sing, the best of leaders, Pan,

That leads the Naiads and the Dryads forth;

And to their dances more than Hermes can,

Cho. Hear, O you groves, and hills re-sound his worth.

3 *Nym.* Of Pan we sing, the best of hunters, Pan,

That drives the hart to seek unused ways,

And in the chase more than Sylvanus can.

Cho. Hear, O you groves, and hills re-sound his praise.

2 *Nym.* Of Pan we sing, the best of shepherds, Pan,

That keeps our flocks and us, and both leads forth

To better pastures than great Pales can.

Cho. Hear, O you groves, and hills re-sound his worth,

And while his powers and praises thus we sing,

The valleys let rebound, and all the rivers ring.

The MASQUERS *descend, and dance their* Entry.

HYMN II.

Pan is our All, by him we breathe, we live,
We move, we are; 'tis he our lambs doth rear,

Our flocks doth bless, and from the store doth give

The warm and finer fleeces that we wear.

He keeps away all heats and colds,

Drives all diseases from our folds;

Makes everywhere the spring to dwell,

The ewes to feed, their udders swell;

But if he frown, the sheep, alas !

The shepherds wither, and the grass.

Cho. Strive, strive to please him then,
by still increasing thus

The rites are due to him, who doth all right for us.

The MAIN DAnCe.

HYMN III.

If yet, if yet,

Pan's orgies you will further fit,

See where the silver-footed fays do sit,

The nymphs of wood and water ;
Each tree's and fountain's daughter !
Go take them forth, it will be good
To see some wave it like a wood,
And others wind it like a flood;

In springs,
And rings,

Till the applause it brings,
Wakes Echo from her seat,
The closes to repeat.

[*Ech. The closes to repeat.*]

Echo the truest oracle on ground,
Though nothing but a sound.

[*Ech. Though nothing but a sound.*]

Beloved of Pan, the valleys queen.

[*Ech. The valleys queen.*]

And often heard, though never seen.

[*JScA. Though never seen.*]

Here the REVELS.

After which re-enter the Fencer.

Fen. Room, room, there; where are you, shepherd? I am come again, with my second part of my bold bloods, the brave gamesters ; who assure you by me, that they perceive no such wonder in all is done here but that they dare adventure, another trial. They look for some sheepish devices here in Arcadia, not these, and therefore a hall! a hall! they demand.

Shep. Nay, then they are past pity, let them come, and not expect the anger of a deity to pursue them, but meet them. They have their punishment with their fact: they **shall be sheep.** shall be sheep. O spare me, by the law of nations, I am but their ambassador.

Shep. You speak in time, sir.

The THEBANS enter for the 2 ANTI-MASQUE ; which danced,

Shep. Now let them return with their solid heads, and carry their stupidity into Bœotia, whence they brought it, with an

emblem of themselves and their country. This is too pure an air for so gross brains. *They retire.*

To the Nymphs.

End you the rites, and so be eased
Of these, and then great Pan is pleased.

HYMN IV.

Great Pan, the father of our peace and pleasure,

Who givest us all this leisure,

Hear what thy hallowed troop of herdsmen pray

For this their holyday,

And how their vows to thee they in Lycaeum pay.

Cho. So may our ewes receive the mounting rams,

And we bring thee the earliest of our lambs:
So may the first of all our fells be thine,

And both the beestning¹ of our goats and kine;

As thou our folds dost still secure,

And keep'st our fountains sweet and pure;
Drivest hence the wolf, the tod,² the brock,
Or other vermin from the flock.

That we, preserved by thee, and thou observed by us,

May both live safe in shade of thy loved Maenalus.

Shep. Now each return unto his charge,
And though to-day you've lived at large,

And well your flocks have fed their fill,
Yet not trust your hirelings still.

See yond' they go, and timely do

The office you have put them to;

But if you often give this leave,

Your sheep and you they will deceive.

Thus it ended.

¹ [Beestning is the first milk given by a COW or she-goat.—F. C.]

² The tod, i.e. the fox.—WHAL.



The Masque of Owls, at Kenelworth.

PRESENTED BY THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN COX, MOUNTED IN HIS HOBBY-HORSE, 1626.

THE MASQUE OF OWLS, &c.] From the second folio. This trifle is not a *Masque*, nor could it have been so termed by the author: it is, in fact, a mere monologue, a *Lecture on Heads*; which, such as it is, probably gave the first hint to G. A. Stevens, for his amusing exhibition, of that name.

Of Captain Cox I know no more than Jonson tells. Queen Elizabeth had been entertained at Kenelworth by the "great Karl of Leicester," in 1575. To make her time pass as agreeably as possible the bears v.v. i.e brought in, and baited with great applause! There was also a burlesque representation of a battle, from some old romance, in which Captain Cox, who appears to have been some well-known huinoust, valiantly bestimed himself. A description of this part of the Entertainment was wnttm and published at the time, in a "Letter from a freend Officer attendant in the court, unto his freend a citizen and merchaunt of London." To this letter, which is written in a most uncouth style by a pedantic coxcomb of the name of Laneham, under an affectation of humour, Jonson perpetually alludes.

Enter CAPTAIN Cox, in his Hobby-horse,

Room ! room ! for my horse will wince,
If he come within so many yards of a prince;
And though he have not on his wings,
He will do strange things.
He is the Pegasus that uses
To wait on Warwick Muses;
And on gaudy-days he paces
Before the Coventry Graces;
For to tell yon true, and in rhyme,
He was foaled in Queen Elizabeth's time,
When the great Earl of Lester
In this castle did feast her.

Now I am not so stupid,
To think you think me a Cupid,
Or a Mercury that sit him;
Though these cocks here would fit him:
But a spirit very civil,
Neither poet's god, nor devil,
An old Kenelworth fox,
The ghost of Captain Cox,
For which I am the beder
To wear a cock on each shoulder.
This Captain Cox, by St. Maiy,
Was at rhillen with King Ha-ry;
And (if some do not vary)
Had a goodly library,-

The captain enters on, or rather in, the pasteboard hobby-horse used by the morris-dancers of the county, whom Jonson calk the Warwickshire Muses, and caperb round the circle to make room, according to the usual practice. This little *jeu d'esprit* formed perhaps an episode in some amusement of a more extensive nature, for it could scarcely occupy ten minutes. It is not easy to say before whojh it was played. The first couplet speaks of the Prince, and from a subsequent passage, it would seem to be the Prince of Wales; but there was none at this period; add too that the Earl of Leicester (if he was the possessor of Kenelworth Castle) died in 1626, so that the date is probably too late by a year.

His library is given at great length by the author of the "Letter." It is curious and amusing. "And fyrst Captain Cox, an od man

I promiz yoo : by profession a mason, and that right skillfull : very cunning in fens (fencing) and hardy ab Gavin , for his ton-swoid hangs at hi/ tablz eend ; great oversight hath ho in matters of storie : For az for King Arthurs book, Huan of Burdiaus, the fouor sons of Aytton, Bevyys of Hampton, The Square of lo degree, The Knight of Courtesy, and Ike Lady Fagwell, Frederik of Gene, Syr Eglamoor, Syr Tryamoor, Syr Lamwell, Syr Isenbras Syr Gawyn, Olyver of the Casti, Lucres and Curtalus, Virail's Life, the Cattle of Ladies, the Wido Edyth, the King and the Tanner, Frier Rous, Howleglas, Gargantua, Robin Hood, Adam Bel, Clint of the dough, and William of Cloudsley, the Churl and the Burd, the Seven Wise Masters, the Wife lapt in a Morels skin, the Sakfull of Nuez, the Seargeavnt that became a Fryar, Skogan

By which he was discerned
To be one of the learned,
To entertain the queen here.
When last she was seen here.
And for the town of Coventry
To act to her sovereignty.
But so his lot fell out,
That serving then a-foot,
And being a little man
When the skirmish began
"I"xt the Saxon and the Dane,
(For thence the story was ta'en)
He was not so well seen
As he would have been o' the queen.
Though his sword were twice so long
As any man's else in the throng;
And for his sake the play
Was called for the second day.
But he made a vow
(And he performs it now)
That were he alive or dead,
Hereafter it should never be said
But Captain Cox should serve on horse
For better or for worse,
If any prince came hither,
And his horse should have a feather;
Nay, such a prince it might be,
Perhaps he should have three.
Now, sir, in your approach,
The rumbling of your coach
Awaking me, his ghost,
I come to play your host;
And feast your eyes a'nd ears,

Neither with dogs noi bears,¹
Though that have been a fit
Of our main-shire wit,
In times heretofore,
But now we have got a little more.

These then that we present
With a most loyal intent,
And, as (lie author saith,
No ill meaning to the catholic faith,
Arc not so much beasts as fowls,
But a vrry nest of owls,
And natural, so thrive T,
I found them in the ivy,
A thing that though I blundered at,
It may m time be wondered at,
If the place but affords
Any store of lucky birds,
As I make them to flush,
Each owl out of his bush.

Now these; owls, some say, were men,
And they may be so again,
If once they endure the light
CM your highness' Mi:ht:
For bank rupts. we have known,
Rise to more th.in their own,
With a little-little savour
Of the prince's favour;
But as you like their tricks,
I'll spring them, they are but six.

HEY, OWL FIRST I²

This bird is London-bred,
As you may see by his horned head.

Collyn Clout, the Fryar and the Boy, Ely nor Ramming, and the Nutbrooun Maid, with many moe than I rehears here: I belceve hee have them all at hi/ fingers emlz.—

Then in Philosophy, both morale and naturale, I think he be az naturally overseen: beside *Poetric and Astronomie*, and oother hid Seunces, as I may gesse by the omberzt of his books: whereof part, az I remember, The shepherdz *Ka lender i The Ship of Foals*, I miJz Dreamz, the *Booke of Fortune*, *Stans puer ad Munstem*, The hy ivcy to the *Spittliottv*, *Julian of Brainford's Testament*, The *CYNVN* of Love, the *Booget of Demaunds*, the *Hundred merry Talez*, the *Booke of Riddels*, tfa heaven Soror*of Wemen, the *Prooud JI 'ives t'atcr-Noster*, the *Chapman of a Penhvorth of* 11. Beside his *Auncient Playz*, *Yooth and Charitee*, *Hikskorner*, *Nugizee*, *Impudent Poverty*, and herewith *Doctor Boards Breviary of health* What should I rehecarz heer, what a *Bunch of Ballets and Songs*, all auncient; az *Broom broom on Nil*, *So wo is me begon*, truly le, *Over a Whinny Meg*, *Hey ding a ding*, *Bony lass upon a green*, *My bony on gave me a bek*, *By a bank as I lay*: hundred llore he hath fair wrapt up in parchment, and bound with a whip cord, And as for *Almanaks of Antiquitee* (a point for *Ephemeridees*), I ween he

can sheaw from *Jasper Laet of Antwerp* unto *Nostracfrim of l'latuis*, and thens uutoo oour *Jp:hn N'curiz of Salsbury*. To stay yc no longer heor in, I dare say he hath az fair a Library for theez sciencenz, and as many goodly monuments both m piuse and poetry, and at afternoonz can talk az much without book az any in holder betwixt *Brainfotd* and *Bagshot*, what degree soever he be."

The letter-writer evidently meant to raise a smile at the Captain's expense; but there is no occasion for it. The list shews him to have been a diligent and successful collector of the domestic literature of las country, and so far he is entitled to praise. Some of the fugitive pieces here mentioned are now lost; one of them, however, the *Hundred Merry Tales*, which has long set the *Shakbpeaie* commentators by the ears, has partly been recovered within these few days (1816), pasted into the binding of an old book. It is now in Air. Bindley's possession, and proves to be a collection of jests, of no great novelty or value.

Neither with dogs nor bears.] This alludes to the following passage in the *Letter*:—"On the syxth day of her Majestyes cumming, a great sort of bandogs whear thear tyed in the utter cooart, and *thyrteen bears* in the inner," &c. See *Massinger*, vol. i. p. 44.

Hey, Owlfirst I} Hare the captain probably

And had like to have been ta'en
At his shop in Ivy-lane,
Where he sold by the penny
Tobacco as good as any;
But whether it did provoke
His conscience, he sold smoke;
Or some other toy he took,
Towards his calling to look :
He fled by moonshine thence,
And broke for sixteen pence.

HEY, OWL SECOND !

This too, the more is the pity,
Is of the breed of the same city;
A true owl of London
That gives out he is undone,
Being a cheese-monger,
By trusting two of the younger
Captains, for the hunger
Of their half-starved number;
Whom since they have shipt away,
And left him *God to pay*,
With those cars for a badge
Of their dealing with his Madge.

HEY, OWL THIRD !

A pure native bird²
This, and though his hue
Be not Coventry blue,
Yet is he undone
By the thread he has spun;
For since the wise town
Has let the sports down
Of May-games and morris,
For which he right sorry is ;
Where their maids and their makes,³
At dancings and wakes,
Had their napkins and posies,
And the wipers for their noses,
And their smocks all-be-wrought
With his thread which they bought:
It now lies on his hands,
And having neither wit nor lands,
Is ready to hang or choke him,
In a skein of that that broke him.

HEY, OWL FOURTH!

Was once a bankrupt of worth j

And having run a shifting-race,
At last, by money and grace,
Got him a Serjeant's place,
And to be one, of chace.
A full fortnight was not spent,
But out comes the parliament,
Takes away the use of his mace,
And left him in a worse than his first case.

HEY, OWL FIFTH 1

But here was a defeat,
Never any so great,
Of a Don, a Spanish reader,
Who had ithoughtto have been the U'ler,
Had the match gone on,
Of our laches one by one,
And triumphed our whole nation,
In his Roclomant fashion :
But now since the breach
He has not a scholar to teach.

HKY, OWL SIXTH !

The bird bringer-up is a knight,
But a passionate wight,
Who, since the Act against swearing,
(The tale's worth your hearing),
In this short time's growth
Hath attwelvepencean oath,
For that, J take it, is the rate,
Sworn himself out of his estate.

THE THIRD OWL VARIED.

A crop-eared scrivener this,
Who when he heard but the whis-
per of monies to come down,
Flight got him out of town
With all the bills and bands
Of other men's in his hands,
And cried, who will, dnve the trade,
Since such a law they had made :
It was not he that broke,
Two i¹ the hundred spoke.
Nor cared he for the curse,
He could not hear much worse,
He had his ears in his purse.

produced, from beneath the foot-cloth of the hobby-horse, a block ridiculously dressed or painted to correspond with the description.

[God to pay.] A cant term for a hopeless debt, nothing. See *Epiq.* xii.

² A pure native bird.] i.e. a puritan of Coventry, whose zeal in putting down May-poles and hobby-horses had injured the manufactory of blue thread (the chief staple of the town), of which a great consumption was made in ornamenting napkins, scarfs, &c. "I have heard," an old writer, W. Stafford, says, "that the chief trade of Coventry, was heretofore in making

blew *thred*, and then the towne was riche ever upon that trade in maner onely, and now our thredde comes all from beyond sea : wherefo^r that trade of Coventry is decayed, and thereby the towne likewise." This appeared lone befoi^r *Owl the third* was hatched ; so that the wise town must have suffered from more causes than the loss of its rural sports.

³ Where their maids, and their makes.] i.e. mates. So Chaucer:

"God shelde soche a lordes wife to take
Another man to husbonde, or to make"

WHAL.

The Fortunate Isles, and their Union,

CELEBRATED IN A MASQUE DESIGNED FOR THE COURT, ON THE
TWELFTH-NIGHT, 1626.

Hie choreæ, cantusque vigent.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.] From the second folio. Charles (now king) seems to have been so much pleased with the main Masque of *Neptune's Triumph*, presented two years before, as to call for it again, with another introduction, by way of Antimasque. This was the poet's first exhibition before his new sovereign, and it did not discredit him; for there is a considerable degree of humour, as well as satire, in the part of Johphiel; the latter of which must have been fully felt and enjoyed at a period when men were hourly burying white wands in the ground, to catch fairies; and muttering prayers in woods, to render sylphs and salamanders visible!

Evil days were now come upon Jonson: some months before this Masque was written he had been struck with the palsy, from "liich he never recovered. his old complaint, the dropsy, too, increased about the same time; and, as he says himself, *fixed his muse to the bed and boards, as she had never been*. Though no symptoms of decay be apparent in the present Entertainment, yet it is necessary to mention these circumstances; as the poet's enemies, while they watch for the opportunity of triumphing in the abatement of his powers, anxiously keep his maladies out of sight.

His Majesty being set,

Enter, running, JOHPHIEL, an airy spirit, and (according to the Magi] the intelligence of Jupiter's sphere. attired in light silks of several colours, with wings of the same, a bright yellow hair, a chaplet of flowers, blue silk stockings and pumps, and gloves, with a silver fan in his hand.

Johp. Like a lightning from the sky,
Or an arrow shot by Love,
Or a bird of his let fly;
Be't a sparrow, or a dove:

With that winged haste, come I,
Loosed from the sphere of Jove,
To wish good-night
To your delight.

Enter MEREFOOL, a melancholic student, in bare and worn clothes, shnrwded under an obscure cloke, and the eves of an old hat.

Mere, 'fetching a deep sigh.' Oh, oh!
Johp. In Saturn's name, the father of
my lord,

What over-charged piece of melancholy
Is this breaks in between my wishes thus
yVith bombing sighs?

Johphiel, an airy spirit, and (according to the Magi] the intelligence of Jupiter's sphere.] Jonson is so accurate in all his positions (how unimportant they may appear in them-selves) that it can scarcely be doubted that he did authority for the rank of Johphiel, I will not question the assertion of the "Magi;" but grippa (also a wise-man) affirms that "Johphiel one of the presiding angels in the Intelligible

World, and that he reigns in the sphere of the zodiac." This seems a pretty wide command! The name of the spirit of the "sphere of Jupiter, is Zadkiel."—*Occ. Phil.* R 2, c. xiii.

Nothing in Jonson is done at random. Whatever was the subject of his verse, he came to it with a mind fully furnished, and what appears, at first sight, the mere sportiveness of invention, will be found, upon falling into the track of his

Mere. No! no intelligence !
 Not yet 1 and all my vows now nine days old!
 Blind - of fate ! puppies had seen by this
 time;
 But I see nothing that I should, or would
 see!
 What mean the brethren of the Rosy-cross,
 So to descj t their votary ?
 Johp. O ! 'tis one
 Hath vowed himself unto that airy order,
 And now is gaping for the fly thcv pro-
 mised him.

I'll mix a little with him for my sport.

Steps aside.

Mere. Have I both in my lodging and
 my diet,

My clothes, and every other solemn charge,
 Observed them, made the naked boards
 my bed,

A faggot for my pillow, hungred sore I

Johp. And thirsted after them !

Mere. To look gaunt and lean !

Johp. Which will not be.

Mere. Who's that?—Yes, and out-
 watched,

Yea, and outwalked any ghost alive

In solitary circle, worn my boots,

Knees, arms, and elbows out !

Johp. Ran on the score !

Mere, That have I—who suggests that ?
 —and for more

Than I will speak of to abate this flesh,

And have not gained the sight—

Johp. Nay, scarce the sense.

studies (which is seldom my lot), to be the re-
 sult of laborious and excursive reading. In the
Ahhcmit, for example, the directions piven to
 Abel, for insuring the prosperity of his shop—

"On the east side of your shop, aloft,

Write Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baraborat;

Upon the north part, Rael, Veld, Thiel."

Vol. h. p. 17 a.

have probably been regarded as a mere play of
 fancy; but they appear to be derived from the
 very depths of magical science. "*Angrli se-
 cundi cceli regnantes die Mercurii, q-uos advo-
 cari oportet a quatuor mundi partibus:*

Ad Orientem:

Mathlai, Tarmiel, Baraborat.

Ad Septentrionem:

Thiel, Rael, Veld, &c

Elera. Magica Petri de Albana.

¹ Outis! who is he ?] Outis is Greek for no
 body; here i& an allusion to the trick Ulysses
 put on Polyphemus when he had shut him in his
 cave, and asked him what his name was, which
 Ulysses said was Outis.—WHAL.

Whert Julian de Campis

Holds out the brandished blade.) For my

Mere. voice, thou art right—of anything
 but a cold

Wind in my stomach.

Jhp. And a kind of whimsie—

Merc. Here in my head that puts me to
 the staggers,

Whether there be that brotherhood or no.

Johp. Believe, frail man, they be, and
 thou shalt see.

Merc. What shall I see ?

Johp. Me.

Mere. Thee ! where?

Johp. [*comes forwrd.*] Here, if you
 Be Master Mcreefool.

Merc. Sir, our name is Merryfool,

But by contraction Merefool.

Johp. Then are you

The wight I seek; and, sir, my name is

Johphiel,

Intelligence to the sphere of Jupiter,

An airy jocular spirit, employed to you

From Father Outis.

Afere. Outis I who is he?¹

Johp. Know you not Outis? then you
 know nobody:—

The good old hermit that was said to dwell

Here in the forest without trees, that built

The castle in the air where all the brethren

Rhodostaurotic live. It flies with wings,

And runs on wheels; where Julian de
 Campis—

Holds out the brandished blade.

Mere. Is't possible

They think on me ?

knowledge of this person, I am indebted to the
 kindness and activity of my friend, F. Cohen,
 [afterwards better known as Sir F. Palgrave,]
 who rummaged him out from a world of for-
 gotten lumber in the old German language.

"*Send BriefffoderBerickt an alle welcfe von
 der Neuen Bilderschafft des Ordens votn
 Rozcn Creutz genant, etwas geseht odervon
 andern per modum discursus der sachen be-
 schaffenheit vernommen.*

"*Es sind viel die im schranken latfften,
 etliche abergewinnen nur das kleinot, darumb
 ermahne ich,*

Julianus de Campis,

OGDCRFE,

*das diejenigen welch e von einer gluchlichen.
 direction und gewünschtes impression guber-
 niret ivorden, sich nicht durch ihrer selb.St
 eigenen. thidens oder uppigheit unartiges ju-
 diciren wendig lassen.*

*"Milita bottom militiam, servansfidem,et
 accipics coronam gloria.*

"Gedruckt im Jahr 1615."

"A Letter Missive, or account addressed to
 all those who have [as yet] read anything con-
 cerning the New Fraternity, entitled the order

Johp. Rise, be not lost in wonder,
But hear me, and be faithful. All the
brethren
Have heard your vows, salute you, and
expect you
By me this next return. But the good
father
Has been content to die for you.

Mere. For me?

Johp. For you. Last New-year's day,
which some give out,
Because it was his birth-day, and began
The year of jubilee, he would rest upon it,
Being his hundred five and twentieth year:
But the truth is, having observed your
genesis,
He would not live, because he might leave
all

He had to you.

Mere. What had he?

Johp. Had! an office,
Two, three, or four.

Mere. Where?

Johp. In the upper region ;
And that you'll find. The farm of the
great customs
Through all the ports of the air's intel-
ligences ;

Then constable of the castle Rosy-cross,
Which you must be; and keeper of the keys
Of the whole Kabal with the seals ; you
shall be

Principal secretary to the stars :
Know all the signatures and combinations,
The divine rods and consecrated roots,
What not? Would you turn trees up like
the wind,

To shew your strength? march over heads
of armies,
Or points of pikes, to shew your lightness?

force
All doors of arts with the petard of your
wit?

Read at one view all books? speak all the
languages

Of several creatures? master all the learn-
ings

Were, are, or shall be? or, to shew your
wealth,

Open all treasures hid by nature, from
The rock of diamond to the mine of sea-
coal?

Sir, you shall do it.

Mere. But how?

Johp. Why, by his skill,
Of which he has left you the inheritance,
Here in a pot; this little gallipot
Of tincture, high rose tincture. There's
your order,

You will have your collar sent you ere't
be long.

Mere. I looked, sir, for a halter. I wai-
desperate.

Johp. Reach forth your hand.

Mere. O, sir, a broken sleeve
Keeps the arm back, as 'tis f the proverb.

Johp. Nay,

For that I do commend you; you must be
poor

With all your wealth and learning. When
you have made

Your glasses gardens in the depth of
winter,

Where you will walk invisible to mankind.

of the Rosy Cross, or who have become ac-
quainted with the matter by the verbal relations
of others.

"Many enter the cabinet, but few acquire
the treasure. Therefore I,

Julianus de Campis.

OGDCRFE,

warn all who wish to be guided by a happy di-
rection and desirable impression, not to suffer
themselves to be misled by their own mistrust,
or by the loose judgment of forward people.

"Printed in the year 1615."

It is probable that this Julian de Campis (an
assumed name) was among the earliest writers
on this fantastic subject, and that Jonson de-
rived some information from his Letter Missive.
Mr. Cohen, however, assures me that there is
nothing in it respecting "the brandished blade."

It is somewhat singular that the origin of the
Rosicrucians should not have been discovered.
Neither Paracelsus nor Agrippa (daring dreamers
M both were) has any approaches to this singular
act, which, as far as can be discovered, did not
spring to light till the end of the sixteenth cen-

VOI' III.

ture. It seems not unreasonable to conjecture
that the folly had birth hi one of those hot-beds,
so prolific of

"All monstrous, all prodigious things,
Gorgons and hydras, and chimaeras dire,"

a German lodge of Freemasons: thus much, ml
least, is certain, that they pretend to the *bran-
dishd blade*, which is even now one of their
hieroglyphics.

A cunous disquisition, I will dot say a pro-
fitable one, might be written on this subject, on
which nothing satisfactory has hitherto ap-
peared. The Count de Gabalis wisely broke off
just in time to hide his utter ignorance of it;
indeed he only refines upon the rude visions of
Paracelsus; and Gabriel Naude', who wrote
expressly on the Rosicrucians, is loose and de-
clamatory, and has little to the purpose. He
notices, however, a work entitled '*Speculum
Sophisticum Rhcdostauroticvm?*' which our
poet had perhaps seen. But I forget—tfow'

supra.

Talked with all birds and beasts in their own language,

When you have penetrated hills like air,
Dived to the bottom of the sea like lead,
And riss' again like cork, walked in the fire,
An 'twere a salamander, passed through all
The winding orbs like an Intelligence,
Up to the cmypreum, when you have made
The world your gallery, can dispatch a business

In some three minutes with the antipodes,
And in five more negotiate the globe over;
You must be poor still.

Afere. Ey my place I know it.

Johp. When, 'voul you 'vish to be now,
or what to see,

Without the Fortunate Purse to bear your charges,

Or Wishing Hat? I will but touch your temples,

The corners of your eyes, and tinct the tip,
The very tip o' your nose, with this col-
lyrium,

And you shall see in the air all the ideas,
Spirits, and atoms, flies that buzz about
This way and that way, and are rather
admirable

Than any way intelligible.

Mere. O, come, tinct me,

Tinct ine; I long; save this great belly, I
long!

But, shall I only see?

Johp. See, and command

•As they were all your varlets or your foot-
boys:

But first you must declare, (your Greatness
must,

For that is now your style,) what you
would see,

Or whom.

Mere. Is that my style? my Greatness,
then,

Would fcee King Zoroastres,

Johp. Why, you shall;

Or anyone beside. Think whom you please;
Your thousand, your ten thousand, to a
million:

All's one to me, if you could name a myriad.

Mere. I have named him.

Johp. You've reason.

Mere. Ay, I have reason;

Because he's said to be the father of con-
jurors,

And a cunning man in the stars.

Johp. Ay, that's it troubles us

A little for the present: for, at this time,
He is confuting a French almanack,
But he will straight have done, have you
but patience;

Or think but any other in mean time,
Any hard name.

Mere. Then Hermes Trismegistus.

Johp. O, 6 TpKr, meVirro! why, you shall
see him.

A fine hard name! Or him, or whom you
will,

As I said to you afore. Or what do you
think

Of Howleglass, instead of him?

Merc. No, him

I have a mind to.

Johp. O, but Ulen-spiegle

Were such a name I—but you shall have
your longing.

What luck is this, he should be busy too j
Pie is weighing water but to fill three
hour-glasses,

And mark the day in penn'orths like a
cheese,

And he has done. Tis strange you should
name him

Of all the rest! there being Jamblicus,

Or Porphyry, or Proclus, any name

That is not busy.

Mere. Let me see Pythagoras.

Johp. Good.

Merc. Or Plato.

Johp. Plato is framing some ideas

Are now bespoken at a groat a dozen,

Three gross at least: and for Pythagoras,
He has rashly run himself on an employ-
ment

Of keeping asses from a field of beans,
And cannot be staved off.

Afere. Then Archimedes.

Johp. Yes, Archimedes!

Mere. Ay, or Esop.

Johp. Nay,

Hold your first man, a good man, Archi-
medes,

And worthy to be seen; but he is now
Inventing a rare mouse-trap with owl's
wings

And a cat's-foot, to catch the mice alone:

And JSsop, he is filing a fox-tongue

For a new fable he has made of court;

But you shall see them all, stay but your
time

And ask in season; things asked out of
season

A man denies himself. At such a time
As Christmas, when disguising is on foot,

To ask of the inventions and the men,
The wits and the ingins that move those
orbs!—

¹ O but Ulen-spiegle

Were snch a tiatite.} See vol. ii. p. 34 &

Methinks you should inquire now after
Skelton,

Or Master Skogan.

Mere. Skogan ! what was he ?

Joph. O, a fine gentleman, and master
of arts,

Of Henry the Fourth's time, that made dis-
guises

For the king's sons, and writ in ballad-royal
Daintily well.

Mere. But wrote he like a gentleman ?

Joph. In rhyme, fine tinkling rhyme,
and flowand verse,

With now and then some sense! and he
was paid for't,

Regarded and rewarded ; which few poets
Are now-a-days.

Mere. And why ?

Joph. 'Cause every dabbler

In rhyme is thought the same :—but you
shall see him.

Hold up your nose.

{Anoints his eyes and temples.

Mere. I had rather see a Brachman
Or a Gymnosopist yet.

Joph. You shall see him, sir,

Is worth them both : and with him Domine
Skelton,

The worshipful poet laureat to King Harry,
And *Tityre tu* of those times. Advance

quick Skogan,
And quicker Skelton, shew your crafty

heads
Before this heir of arts, this lord of learning,
This master of all knowledge in reversion !

*Enter SKOGAN and SKELTON, in like
habits as they lived.*

Skog. Seemeth we are called of a moral
intent,

If the words that are spoken as well now
be meant.

Johp. That, Master Skogan, I dare you
ensure.

Skog. Then, son, our acquaintance is like
to endure.

Mere. A pretty game! like Crambo;
Master Skogan,

Give me thy hand: thou art very lean, me-
thinks.

Is't living by thy wits ?

Skog. If it had been that,

My worshipful son, thou hadst ne'er been
so fat.

Johp. He tells you true, sir. Here's a
gentleman,

My pair of crafty clerks of that high caract
As hardly hath the age produced his like,

Who not content with the wit of his own
times,

Is curious to know yours, and what hath
been.

Mere. Or is, or shall be.

Johp. Note his latitude.

Skel. O, *vir amphssimus,*
Ut scholis dicimus,

Etgentilissimus ;

Johp. The *quesiion-tsszmus*

Is, should he ask a sight now, for his life,
I mean a person he would have restored

To memory of these times, for a playfellow,
Whether you would present him with an

Hermes,

Or with an Howleglass ?

Skel. An Howleglass

To come to pass
On his father's ass;

There never was,

By day nor night,

A finer sight

With feathers upright

In his horned cap,

And crooked shape,

Much like an ape,

¹ Enter Skogan and Skelton in like habits as they lived.] i.e. in the dress they wore while they were alive. This puts an end to the grave difficulties and graver doubts of M. Mason, Steevens, and Malone, as to the exclamation of Hamlet,

"My father, in like habit as he lived,"

meaning, in the clothes which he usually wore. "He idea of Steevens, that a ghost who once puts on armour can never exchange it afterwards for anything more light and comfortable, is very good.

In the lines which follow, Jonson imitates the language of Skogan and Skelton. The former (Henry Skogan) lived in the time of Henry IV., and, as Stow says, sent a *ballad* to the young

prince (Shakspeare's Hal) and his brothers, Awhile they were at supper in the Vintry, amongst the merchants." This is the *ballad-royal* of which our poet speaks : it was not very well timed, it must be allowed ; and if we may judge from the opening stanza, moral as it is, it was not much better tuned :

"My noble sonnes and eke my Lords deare,
I your father called unworthily.
Send unto you this ballad following here.
Written with, mine owne hand full rudely."

I have no knowledge of his "disguises." If *moral* Skogan (for this was his usual appellation) wrote any things of this nature, they were probably religious pieces, Mysteries, attd Moralities.

With owl on fist,
And glass at his wrist.
Skog. Except the four knaves entertained
for the guards
Of the kings and the queens that triumph
in the cards.

Johp. Ay, that were a sight and a half,
I confess,
To see 'em come skipping in, all at a mess I

Skel. With Elinor Rumming,
To make up the mumming;¹
That comely Gill,
That dwelt on a hill,
But she is not grill:—
Her face all bowsy,
Droopy and drowsy,
Scurvy and lousy,
Comely crinkled,
Wondrously wrinkled,
Like a roast pig's ear
Bristled with hair.

Skog. Or, what do you say to Ruffian
Fitz-Ale?

Johp. An excellent sight, if he be not too
stale.

But then we can mix him with modern
Vapors,

The child of tobacco, his pipes, and his
papers.

Mere. You talked of Elinor Rumming, I
had rather

See Ellen of Troy.²

Johp. Her you shall see:
But credit me,

¹ With Elinor Rumming,
To wake up the mumming, &c.] These are
Skelton's own verses in his ballad on *Eleanor
Rumming*, the old ale-wife.—WHAL.

Jonson was evidently fond of Skelton, and
frequently imitates his short titupping style,
which is not his best. I know Skelton only by
the modern edition of his works, dated 1736.
But from this stupid publication I can easily
discover that he was no ordinary man. Why
Warton and the writers of his school rail at him
so vehemently, I know not; he was perhaps the
best scholar of his day, and displays on many
occasions strong powers of description, and a
vein of poetry that shines through all the rub-
bish which ignorance has spread over it. He
flew at high game, and therefore occasionally
called in the aid of vulgar ribaldry to mask the
direct Attack of his satire. This was seen cen-
turies ago, and yet we are now instituting a pro-
cess against him for rudeness and indelicacy.

"By what means," says Grange (who wrote
about the beginning of Elizabeth's reign),
"could Skelton, that laureat poet, have uttered
his mind so well at large as thorowe his cloke
of mery conceytes, as in his *Speake Parrot*,
Wart the Hawke The Tunning of Elinor
Rumming, Why come ye not to the Court, &c.

That Mary Ambree
(Who marched so free
To the siege of Gaunt,
And death could not daunt,
As the ballad doth vaunt,³)
Were a braver wight,
And a better sight.

Skel. Or Westminster Meg.⁴
With her long leg,
As long as a crane;
And feet like a plane:
With a pair of heels,
As broad as two wheels;
To drive down the dew,
As she goes to the stew:
And turns home merry,
By Lambeth ferry.
Or you may have come
In, Thomas Thumb,
In a pudding fat
With Doctor Rat.

Johp. Ay, that! that I that I
We'll have 'em all,
To fill the hall.

The ANTIMASQUE follows,

Consisting of these twelve persons, HOWLE-
GLASS, the four KNAVES, two RUF-
FIANS (FITZ-ALE and VAPOR,) ELINOR
RUMMING, MARY AMBREE, LONG MEG
of Westminster, TOM THUMB, and
Doctor RAT.

They DANCE, and withdraw.

Mere. What, are they vanished! where
is skipping Skelton?

Yet what greater sense or better matter can be,
than is in this ragged rhyme, contain'd? Or
who would have hearde his fault so playnely
told him, if not in such gybing sorte?—*The
Golden Aphroditus.*

² When Jonson makes Merefool ask to see
"Ellen of Troy," he was doubtless thinking of
the exquisite lines of Marlowe in *The Tragical
history of Doctor Faustus*.—F. C.]

³ As the ballad doth vaunt. } The ballad, of
which the first stanza follows, is republished in
Percy's Reliques, vol. ii. p. 218.

⁴ When captains courageous, whom death colde
not daunte,
Did march to the siege of the citteye of Gaunte,
They mustred their souldiers by two and by
three,
And foremost in battle was Mary Ambree"

⁵ Or Westminster Meg.] There is a penny
story-book of this tremendous virago, who per-
formed many wonderful exploits about the time
that Jack the Giant-killer flourished. She was
buried, as all the world knows, in the cloisters
of Westminster Abbey, where a huge stone is
still pointed out to the Whitsuntide visitors as
her gravestone.

Or moral Skogan? I do like their shew,
And would have thanked them, being the
first grace

The company of the Rosy-cross hath done
me.

John. The company o' the Rosy-cross,
you widgeon!

The company of [the] players.¹ Go, you
are,

And will be still yourself, a Merefool, in :
And take your pot of honey here, and hog-
grease,

See who has gulled you, and make one.

[Exit Merefool.]

Great king,

Your pardon, if desire to please have tres-
passed.

This fool should have been sent to An-
ticyra,

The isle of Ellebore, there to have purged,
Not hoped a happy seat within your waters.

Hear now the message of the Fates, and
Jove,

On whom these Fates depend, to you, as
Neptune

The great commander of the seas and isles.
That point of revolution being come,

When all the Fortunate Islands should be
joined,

MACARIA one, and thought a principal,
That hitherto hath floated, as uncertain
Where she should fix her blessings, is to-
night

Instructed to adhere to your Britannia :
That where the happy spirits live, hereafter
Might be no question made by the most
curious,

Since the MACARII come to do you ho-
mage,

And join their cradle to your continent.

*Here the Scene opens, and the MASQUERS
are discovered sitting in their several
sieges. The air opens above, and
APOLLO, with HARMONY and the
SPIRITS of Music, sing, the while the
Island moves forward, PROTEUS sitting
below and hearkening.*

SONG.

Look forth, the Shepherd of the Seas,
And of the ports that keep the keys,
And to your Neptune tell,

¹ *The company [of] the players.* Professional actors, as has been already observed, were sometimes employed in the Antimasques, more especially where they were of a very grotesque and ridiculous nature.

Macaria, prince of all the isles,
Wherein there nothing grows but smiles,
Doth here put in to dwell.

The winds are sweet and gently blow,
But Zephyrus, no breath they know,

The father of the flowers :

By him the virgin violets live,

And every plant doth odours give,
As new as are the hours.

Cho. Then think it not a common cause,
That to it so much wonder draws,

And all the heavens consent,
With harmony to tune their notes,

In answer to the public votes,

That for it up were sent.

*By this time, the island having joined itself
to the shore, PROTEUS, PORTUNUS, and
SARON come forth, and go up singing
to the state, while the MASQUERS take
time to rank themselves.*

SONG.

Pro. Ay, now the heights of Neptune's
honours shipe,

And all the glories of his greater style
Are read reflected in this happiest isle.

Por. How both the air, the soil, the seat
combine

To speak it blessed !

Sar. These are the true groves
Where joys are born.

Pro. Where longings,

Por. And where loves 1

Sar. That live !

Pro. That last!

Por. No intermitted wind
Blows here, but what leaves flowers or
fruit behind.

Cho. 'Tis odour all that comes !
And every tree doth give his gums.

Pro. There is no sickness, nor no old
age known

To man, nor any grief that he dares own.
There is no hunger here, nor envy of state,
Nor least ambition in the magistrate.

But all are even-hearted, open, free,
And what one is, another strives to be.

Por. Here all the day they feast, they
sport and spring,

Now dance the Graces' hay, now Venus
ring :

To which the old musicians play and sing.

Sar. There is Arion, tuning his bold harp,
From flat to sharp,

Por. And light Anacreon,
He still is one !

Pro. Stesichorus there too,

That Linus and old Orpheus doth outdo
To wonder.

Sar. And Amphion ! he is there.
 For. Nor is Apollo dainty to appear
 In such a quire; although the trees be
 thick,

Pro. He will look in, and see the airs be
 quick,
 And that the times be true.

For. Then, chanting,
 Fro. Then,
 Up with their notes, they raise the Prince of
 Men,

Sar. And sing the present prophecy that
 goes,

Of joining the bright Lily and the Rose,

Cho. See ! all the flowers,
 Fro. That spring the banks along.
 Do move their heads unto that under song.

Cho. Saron, Portunus, Proteus, help to
 bring

Our primrose in, the glory of the spring ;
 And tell the daffodil, against that day,
 That we prepare new gyrlands fresh as
 May,

And interweave the myrtle and the bay.

*This sung, the island goes back, whilst
 the Upper Chorus takes it from them,
 and the MASQUERS prepare for their
 figure.*

Cho. Spring all the graces of the age,
 And all the loves of time ;
 Bring all the pleasures of the stage,
 And relishes of rhyme.
 Add all the softnesses of courts,
 The looks, the laughs, and the sports;
 And mingle all their s'weets and salts,
 That none may say the triumph halts.

*The MASQUERS dance their ENTRY, or
 FIRST DANCE.*

*Which done, the first prospective, a mari-
 time palace, or the house y~OCEANUS, is
 discovered to loud music.*

Thi other above is no more seen.

Johp. Behold the palace of Oceanus !
 Hail, reverend structure ! boast no more to
 us
 Thy being able all the gods to feast;
 We saw enough when Albion was thy
 guest.

Here the MEASURES.

*After which, the second prospective, a sea, is
 shown to the former music.*

*Now turn, and view the wonders
 of the deep,*

Where Proteus' herds and Neptune's orks
 do keep,
 Where all is ploughed, yet still the pasture's
 green,
 New ways are found, and yet no paths are
 seen.

*Here PROTEUS, PORTUNUS, SARON, go vp
 to the Ladies with this SONG.*

Pro. Come, noble nymphs, and do not
 hide

The joys for which you so provide :

Sar. If not to mingle with the men,
 What do you here ? Go home agen.

Por. Your dressings do confess,

By what we see, so curious parts

Of Pallas and Arachne's arts,

That you could mean no less.

Pro. Why do you wear the silkworm's
 toils,

Or glory in the shell-fish' spoils ;

Or strive to shew the grains of ore

That you have gathered on the shore,

Whereof to make a stock

To graft the greener emerald on,

Or any better watered stone,

Sar. Or ruby of the rock.

Pro. Why do you smell of amber-grise,

Of which was formed Neptune's niece,

The queen of love; unless you can,

Like sea-born Venus, love a man ?

Sar. Try, put yourselves unto't.

Cho. Your looks, your smiles, and

thoughts that meet,

Ambrosian hands and silver feet,

Do promise you will do't.

The REVELS follow.

*Which ended, the fleet is discovered, while
 the three cornets play.*

Johp. 'Tis time your eyes should be re-
 fresh'd at length

With something new, a part of Neptune's
 strength,

See yond' his fleet, ready to go or come,

Or fetch the riches of the Ocean home,

So to secure him, both in peace and wars,

Till not one ship alone, but all be stars.

Then the last

SONG.

Pro. Although we wish the glory still
 might last

Of such a night, and for the causes past:

Yet now, great lord of waters and of istei,

Give Proteus leave to turn unto his wiles.

Por. And whilst young Albion doth thy
labours ease,
Dispatch Portunus to the ports,
Sar. And Saron to the seas,
To meet old Nereus with his fifty girls,
From aged Indus laden home with pearls
And orient gums, to burn unto thy name.
Cho. And may thy subjects' hearts be all
on flame,
Whilst thou dost keep the earth in firm
estate,

And 'mongst the winds dost suffer no de-
bate;
But both at sea and land our powers in-
crease,
With health, and all the golden gifts of
peace.

*After which they danced their last
DANCE,*

And thus it ended.

Love's Triumph through Callipolis.

PERFORMED IN A MASQUE AT COURT, 1630, BY HIS MAJESTY,
WITH THE LORDS AND GENTLEMEN ASSISTING.

The Inventors, BEN JONSON; INIGO JONES.

Quando magis dispnos licuit spectare triumphos ?

LOVE'S TRIUMPH THROUGH CALLIPOLIS.] From the small edition in 4^o. 1630, which differs in no material point from the second folio. In this, which was the Queen's Masque, the King was a performer; in that which follows, (the King's Masque,) she returned the compliment. It does not appear that either *Loves Triumph*, or *Chloridia*, which follows it, was given to the press by Jonson : the latter is not dated, but was printed for the same bookseller, Thomas Walkley, as the former.

TO MAKE THE SPECTATORS UNDER- STANDERS.

Whereas all Representations, especially those of this nature in court, public spectacles, either have been, or ought to be, the mirrors of man's life, whose ends, for the excellence of their exhibitors (as being the donatives of great princes to their people), ought always to carry a mixture of profit with them no less than delight; we, the inventors, being commanded from the KING to think on something worthy of His Majesty's putting in act, with a selected company of his lords and gentlemen, called to the assistance; for the honour of his court, and the dignity of that heroic love and regal respect born by him to his unmatenable lady and spouse the Queen's majesty, after some debate of cogitation with ourselves,¹ resolved on this following argument.

First, that a person, *boni ominis*, of a good character, as Euphemus, sent down from heaven to Callipolis, which is under-

stood the city of Beauty or Goodness, should come in; and, finding Her Majesty there enthroned, declare unto her that Love, who was wont to be respected as a special deity in court, and tutelar god of the place, had of late received an advertisement that in the suburbs or skirts of Callipolis were crept in certain sectaries or depraved lovers, who neither knew the name or nature of love rightly, yet boasted themselves his followers, when they were fitter to be called his furies: their whole life being a continued vertigo, or rather a torture on the wheel of love than any motion either of order or measure. When suddenly they leap forth below, a mistress leading them, and with antic gesticulation and action, after the manner of the old pantomimi, they dance over a distracted comedy of love, expressing their confused affections in the scenical persons and habits of the **four** prime European nations.

A glorious boasting lover.
A whining ballading lover.
An adventurous romance lover.

¹ *After some delate with ourselves, &c.]* This is worth notice, as it seems to prove that up to this late period nearly thirty years from

the commencement of their connexion, ~~nothing~~ had happened to interrupt the good ~~understand-~~ing between Inigo Jones and Jonson.

A phantastic umbrageous lover.
A bribing corrupt lover.
A froward jealous lover.

A sordid illiberal lover.
A proud scornful lover.
An angry quarrelling lover.

A melancholic despairing lover.
An envious unquiet lover.
A sensual brute lover.

*All which, in varied intricate turns,
and involved mazes, exprest, make the
ANTIMASQUE: and conclude the exit,
in a circle.*

EUPHEMUS descends singing.

Joy, joy to mortals, the rejoicing fires
Of gladness smile in your dilated hearts!
Whilst Love presents a world of chaste
desires,

Which may produce a harmony of parts!

Love is the right affection of the mind,
The noble appetite of what is best:
Desire of union with the thing designed,
But in fruition of it cannot rest.

The father Plenty is, the mother Want,^T
Plenty the beauty which it wanteth draws;
Want yields itself; affording what is scant:
So both affections are the union's cause.

But rest not here. For Love hath larger
scopes,

New joys, new pleasures, of as fresh a
date

As are his minutes: and in him no hopes
Are pure, but those he can perpetuate.
[He goes up to the state.]

To you, that are by excellence a queen!
The top of beauty! but of such an air,
As only by the mind's eye may be seen
Your enterwoven lines of good and fair!

Vouchsafe to grace Love's triumph here to-
night,

Through all the streets of your Callipolis;
Which by the splendour of your rays made
bright,

The seat and region of all beauty is.

Love in perfection longeth to appear,
But prays of favour he be not called on,

¹ *The father Plenty is, the mother Want.]*
This allegory is a fiction of Plato, in his *Syntpo-*
...—WHAL.

Whalley was not aware of the existence of
the 410 edition. There Jonson gives the names
Porus and *Penia*.

² *The Triumph' &c.]* The approach of this
Triumph (that is, the procession or grand entry
of the Masquers, crowned with chaplets of roses.

Till all the suburbs and the skirts be clear
Of perturbations, and th' infection gone.
Then will he flow forth, like a rich perfume
Into your nostrils! or some sweeter sound
Of melting music, that shall not consume
Within the ear, but run the mazes round.

*Here the CHORUS walk about with
their censers.*

Cho. Meantime, we make lustration of
the place,
And, with our solemn fires and waters
prove

T'have frighted hence the weak diseased
race
Of those were tortured on the wheel of
love.

The Glorious, Whining, the Adventurous
fool

Fantastic, Bribing, and the Jealous ass.
The Sordid, Scornful, and the Angry mule,
The Melancholic, Dull, and Envious mass.

Grand Cho. With all the rest, that in the
sensual school

Of lust, for their degree of Brute may
pass;

All which are vapoured hence.
No loves, but slaves to sense;
Mere cattle, and not men.

Sound, sound, and treble all our joy
agen,

Who had the power and virtue to remove
Such monsters from the labyrinth of love.

*The Scene opens and discovers a prospect of
the sea. The TRIUMPH is first seen
afar off, and led in by AMPHITRITE,
the wife of Oceanus, with four sea gods
attending her, NEREUS, PROTEUS,
GLAUCUS, PALMON.*

*The Triumph- consists of fifteen LOVERS,
and as many Cupids, who rank them-
selves seven an' seven on a side,
with each a Cupid before him vjith a
lighted torch, and the middle person
(which is his Majesty) placed in the
centre?*

Am ph. Here stay a while: this, this.
The temple of all beauty is!

laurel, and all the rich adornments of victory,
and ushered in by a blaze of torches), must have
afforded a magnificent spectacle. Indeed, the
whole of this masque is creditable to the fancy
of the inventors; who appear to have consulted
the splendour of the show more than like usual
concomitants of poetry, music, and dancing.

If the reader is curious to know who pre-
sented the respective lovers, he may learn it

LOVE'S TRIUMPH THROUGH CALLIPOLIS.

Here, perfect lovers, you must pay
First fruits; and on these altars lay
(The ladies' breasts), your ample vows,
Such as Love brings and Beauty best allows !

Cho. For Love without his object soon is gone:

Love must have answering love to look upon.

Amp ft. To you, best judge then of perfection !

Bitph. The queen of what is wonder in the place !

Amph. Pure object of heroic love alone !

Eiiph. The centre of proportion !—

Amph. Sweetness I

Eupfi. Grace I

Amph. Deign to receive all lines of love in one.

Euph. And by reflecting of them fill this space.

Cho. Till it a circle of those glories prove,
Fit to be sought in beauty, found by love.

Semi-cho. Where love is mutual, still
All things in order move.

The circle of the will
Is the true sphere of love.

Cho. Advance, you gentler Cupids, then,
advance,

And show your just perfections in your dance,

The CUPIDS dance their dance; and the MASQUERS their Entry.

Which done, EUCLIA, or a fair Glory, appears in the heavens, singing an applaudive SONG or Paan of the whole, which she takes occasion to ingeminate in the second chorus, upon the sight of 3 work of Neptune's, being a hollow rock, filing part of the sea-prospect, whereon the MUSES sit.

HYMN.

Euc. So love emergent out of chaos brought

The world to light !

And gently moving on the waters, wrought
All form to sight !

from the following arrangement, as given by the author.

1. The Provident.	Marquess HAMILTON.
2. The Judicious.	Lord Chamberlain.
3. The Secret.	Earl of HOLLAND.
4. The Valiant.	Earl of CARNARVON.
5. The Witty.	Earl of NEWPORT.
6. The Joyful.	Viscount DONCASTER.
7. The Secure.	Lord STRANGE.

Love's appetite

Did beauty first excite :

And left imprinted in the air

Those signatures of good and fair,

Cho. Which since have flowed, flowed forth upon the sense,

To wonder first, and then to excellence,
By virtue of divine intelligence !

The In gemination.

And Neptune too,

Shews what his waves can do:

To call the Muses all to play,

And sing the birth of Venus' day,

Cho. Which from the sea flowed forth upon the sense,

To wonder first, and next to excellence.
By virtue of divine intelligence.

Here follow the REVELS.

Which ended, the Scene changeth to a garden, and the heavens opening, there appear four new persons, inform of a Constellation, sitting; or a new Asterism, expecting VENUS, whom they call upon with this

SONG.

JUPITER, JUNO, GENIUS, HYMEN.

Jun. Haste, daughter **Venus**, haste and come away,

Jun. All powers that **govern marriage**, pray

That you will lend your light,

Gen. Unto the constellation of this night,

Hym. Hymen.

Jun. And Juno.

Gen., And the Genius call

Jup. Your father Jupiter.

Grand Cho. And all

That bless or honour holy nuptial.

VENUS here appears in a cloud, and passing through the Constellation, descendeth to the earth, when presently the cloud vaniseth, and she is seen sitting in a throne.

Ven. Here, here I present am,
Both in my girdle and my flame;

15 THE HEROICAL. The KING.

8. The Substantial Sir WILLIAM HOWARD.

9. The Modest Sir ROBERT STANLEY.

10. The Candid Sir WILLIAM BROOK.

11. The Courteous Master GORING.

12. The Elegant Master RALEGH.

13. The Rational Master DIMOCK.

14. The Magnificent Master ABERCROMV'

Wherein are woven all the powers
The Graces gave me, or the Hours,
My nurses once, with all the arts
Of gaining, and of holding hearts :
And these with I descend.

But, to your influences, first commend
The V6w I go to take
On earth, for perfect love and beauty's sake.

*Her song ended, and she rising to go up
to the queen, the throne disappears:
in place of which, there shootcth up a
palm-tree with an imperial crown on
the top; front the root ivhereof, lilies
and roses twining together, and em-
bracing the stem, flourish through the
crown ; which she in the SONG with
the CHORUS describes.*

Grand Cho. Beauty and Love, whose
story is mysterial,
In yonder palm-tree, and the crown im-
perial,

Do from the Rose and Lily so delicious,
Promise a shade shall ever be propi-
tious

To both the kingdoms. But to Britain's
Genius

The snaky rod and serpents of Cyllenius
Bring not more peace than these, who so
united be

By Love, as with it earth and heaven de-
lighted be.

And who this king and queen would well
historify,

Need only speak their names ; these them
will glorify:

MARY and CHARLES, Charles with his
Mary named are,

And all the rest of loves or princes famed
are.

After this, they DANCE their going out'

And thus it ended.



Chloridia: Rites to Chloris and her Nymphs.

PERSONATED IN A MASQUE AT COURT, BY THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY,
AND HER LADIES, AT SHROVE-TIDE, 1630.

The Inventors, BEN JONSON; INIGO JONES.

Unius tellus ante coloris erat.

CHLORIDIA.] From the undated 4to, but probably printed in 1630; it is also in the fol, 1641. See the observations on *Love's Triumph*. No mention of Jones occurs in the 4to edition of this Masque; though his name is found in the folio.

The King and Queen's Majesty having given their command for the invention of a new argument, with the whole change of the scene, wherein her Majesty, with the like number of her ladies, purposed a presentation to the King; it was agreed it should be the celebration of some rites done to the goddess Chloris, who, in a general council of the gods, was proclaimed goddess of the flowers; according to that of Ovid, in the Fasti,

Arbitrium tu Dea floris habe.

And was to be stellified on earth by an absolute decree from Jupiter, who would have the earth to be adorned with stars as well as the heaven.

Upon this hinge the whole invention moved.

The ornament which went about the scene was composed of foliage or leaves, heightened with gold, and interwoven with all sorts of flowers, and naked children playing and climbing among the branches; and in the midst a great garland of flowers, in which was written CHLORIDIA.

The curtain being drawn up, the Scene b discovered, consisting of pleasant hills

planted with young trees, and all the lower banks adorned with flowers. And from some hollow parts of those hills, fountains come gliding down; which, in the far-off landscape, seemed all to be converted to a river.

Over all a serene sky with transparent clouds, giving a great lustre to the whole work; which did imitate the pleasant Spring.

When the spectators had enough fed their eyes with the delights of the Scene, in a part of the air a bright cloud begins to break forth; and in it is sitting a plump boy, in a changeable garment richly adorned, representing the mild ZEPHYRUS. On the other side of the Scene, in a purplish cloud, appeareth the SPRING, a beautiful maid, her upper garment green, under it a white robe wrought with flowers; a garland on her head.

Here ZEPHYRUS begins his dialogue, calling her forth, and making narration of the gods' decree at large, which she obeys, pretending it is come to earth already; and there begun to be executed by the King's favour, who assists with all bounties that may be either urged as causes or reasons of the Spring.

FIRST SONG.

Zeph. Come forth, come forth, the gentle Spring,
And carry the glad news I bring,
To earth, our common mother:
It is decreed by all the gods,
That heaven of earth shall have no odds,
But one shall love another.
Their glories they shall mutual make,
Earth look on heaven, for heaven's sake,
Their honours shall be even :
All emulation cease, and jars,
Jove will have earth to have her stars
And lights, no less than heaven.

Spring. It is already done, in flowers
As fresh and new as are the hours,
By warmth of yonder sun:
But will be multiplied on us,
If from the breath of Zephyrus
Like favour we have won.

Zeph. Give all to him. His is the dew,
The heat, the humour,

Spring. All the true
Beloved of the Spring !

Zeph. The sun, the wind, the verdure !
Spring. All

That wisest nature cause can call
Of quickening anything.

At which ZEPHYRUS passeth away through the air, and the SPRING descendeth to the earth; and is received by the NAIADES, or Napea, who are the nymphs, FOUNTAINS, and servants of the season.

SECOND SONG.

Fountains. Fair maid, but are you come to dwell,
And tarry with us here ?

Spring. Fresh Fountains, I am come to tell

A tale in yond' soft ear,
Whereof the murmur will do well,
If you your parts will bear.

Fountains. Our purlings wait upon the Spring.

Spring. Go up with me then; help to sing
The story to the king.

Here the SPRING goes up, singing the argument, to the King, and the FOUNTAINS follow with the close.

Spring. Cupid hath ta'en offence of late
At all the gods, that of the state,
And in their council, he was so deserted,

Not to be called unto their guild,
But slightly passed by as a child.
Fountains. Wherein he thinks his honour was perverted.

Spring. And though his mother seek to season,
And rectify his rage with reason,
By shewing he lives yet under her command,
Rebellious he doth disobey,
And she hath forced his arms away.
Fountains. To make him feel the justice of her hand.

Whereat the boy, in fury fell,
With all his speed is gone to hell,
There to excite and stir up jealousy.
To make a party 'gainst the gods,
And set heaven, earth, and hell at odds.
Fountains. And raise a chaos of calamity.

The Song ended, the Nymphs fall into a dance, to their voices and instruments, and so return into the scene.

The ANTIMASQUE.

A part of the under-ground opening, out of it enter a DWARF post from hell, riding on a curtal, with cloven feet, and two Lacqueys : these DANCE, and make the first entry of the ANTIMASQUE. He alights and speaks.

Dwarf. Hold my stirrup, my one lacquey; and look to my curtal, the other; walk him well, sirrah, while I expatiate myself here in the report of my office. Oh the Furies ! how I am joyed with the title of it ! Postillion of hell ! yet no Mercury, but a mere cacodaemon, sent hither with a packet of news ! News ! never was hell so furnished of the commodity of news ! Love hath been lately there, and so entertained by Pluto and Proserpine, and all the grantees of the place, as, it is there perpetual holiday; and a cessation of torment granted and proclaimed for ever ! Half-famished Tantalus is fallen to his fruit with that appetite as it threatens to undo the whole company of costard-mongers, and he has a river afore him running excellent wine, Ixion is loosed from his wheel and turned dancer, does nothing but cut capreols, fetch friskals, and leads lavolts with the Lamise ! Sisyphus has left rolling the stone, and is grown a master-bowler ; challenges all the prime gamesters, parsons in hell, and gives them odds upon Titus's breast, that (for six of the nine acres) is counted the subtlest bowling-ground in all

Tartary.¹ All the Furies are at a game called nine-pins, or keils, made of old usurers' bones, and their souls looking on with delight and betting on the game ! Never was there such freedom of sport. Danaus' daughters have broke their bottomless tubs and made bonfires of them. All is turned triumph there. Had hell-gates been kept with half that strictness as the entry here has been to-night, Pluto would have had but a cold court and Proserpine a thin presence, though both have a vast territory. We had such a stir to get in, I and my curtal and my two lacqueys all ventured through the eye of a Spanish needle, we had never come in else, and that was by the favour of one of the guard who was a woman's tailor, and held ope the passage.—Cupid by commission hath carried Jealousy from hell, Disdain, Fear, and Dissimulation, with other goblins, to trouble the gods. And I am sent after, post, to raise TEMPEST, WINDS, LIGHTNINGS, THUNDER, RAIN, and SNOW, for some new exploit they have against the earth, and the goddess Chloris, queen of the flowers and mistress of the Spring. For joy of which I will return to myself, mount my bidet in a dance, and curvet upon my curtal.

Here he mounts his curtal, and with his lacqueys, danceth forth as he came in.

Second ENTRY.

Cupid, Jealousy, Disdain, Fear, and Dissimulation dance together.

Third ENTRY.

The queen's dwarf,² richly apparelled, as a prince of hell, attended by six infernal

spirits : he first danceth alone, and then the spirits, all expressing their joy for Cupid's coming among them.

Fourth ENTRY.

Here the scene changeth into a horrid storm ; out of which enters the nymph Tempest, with four Winds ; they dance.

Fifth ENTRY.

Lightnings, three in number, their habits glistering expressing that effect in their motion.

Sixth ENTRY.

Thunder alone dancing the tunes to a noise, mixed, and imitating thunder.

Seventh ENTRY.

Rain, presented by five persons, all swollen and clouded over, their hair flagging as if they were wet, and in their hands balls full of sweet water, which, as they dance, sprinkle all the room.

Eighth ENTRY.

Seven with rugged white heads and beards, to express Snow, with flakes on their garments, mixed with hail. These having danced, return into the stormy Scene whence they came.

Here, by the providence of Juno, the Tempest on an instant ceaseth ; and the scene is changed into a delicious place, figuring the BOWER OF CHLORIS, wherein an arbour feigned of goldsmith's-work, the ornament of which was borne up with termes of satyrs, beautified with festoons, garlands, and all sorts of fragrant flowers.

Beyond all this, in the sky afar off, appeared a rainbow : in the most eminent place of

¹ Is counted the subtlest bowling-ground in all Tartary.] i.e. the smoothest, finest: the expression occurs in Shakespeare :

" Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground."

Coriolanus, act v.—WHAL.

² *The queen's dwarf.*] Jeffrey Hudson. He was born at Oakham, in Rutlandshire. His father, who kept the Duke of Buckingham's "baiting-bulls," and was, as Fuller says, a very proper man, broad-shouldered and broad-chested, presented him to the Duchess, when he was nine years old, and scarcely a foot and a half in height. In 1626, he was served up to the king and queen, then upon a visit to Burleigh, in a cold pye ; and subsequently taken to Whitehall, where he became the queen's page, and entered into the diversions of the court.

It is probable that he played *Tom Thumb* in the preceding Masque, in which Evans, the

gigantic porter, in the character of *Dr. Rat*, to the inexpressible delight of the spectators, produced him out of his pocket.

But Jeffrey played a part in more serious affairs. He was sent some time after this to France to fetch a midwife for the queen ; and on his return was captured by a Dunkirk privateer. On the breaking out of the civil war, he held a commission in the cavalry, and followed his mistress to France. Here he had a dispute with a Mr. Crofts, a young gentleman of family, which ended in a challenge. Crofts came to the field armed with a squirt :—this only served to exasperate matters ; and a real duel ensued, in which Jeffrey shot his antagonist dead upon the spot. For this (Fuller says) he was imprisoned.

He returned to England after the Restoration, and was involved in some trouble on account of what was called the Popish Plot. He died about 1683.

the Bower sat the goddess CHLORIS, accompanied with fourteen nymphs,¹ their apparel white embroidered with silver, trimmed at the shoulders with great leaves of green embroidered with gold, falling one under the other. And of the same work were their bases, their head-tires of flowers, mixed with silver and gold, with some sprigs of aegrets among, and from the top of their dressing a thin veil hanging down.

All which beheld, the NYMPHS, RIVERS, and FOUNTAINS, with the SPRING, sung this rejoicing Song.

THIRD SONG.

Grand Cho. Run out, all the floods, in joy, with your silver feet,
And haste to meet
The enamoured Spring,
For whom the warbling Fountains sing
The story of the flowers,
Preserved by the Hours,
At Juno's soft command, and Iris's showers,
Sent to quench jealousy and all those powers
Of Love's rebellious war :
Whilst CHLORIS sits a shining star
To crown and grace our jolly song, made long,
To the notes that we bring, to glad the Spring.

Which ended, the Goddess and her Nymphs descend the degrees into the room, and da nee the Entry of the GRAND MASQUE.

After this, another SONG by the same persons as before,

FOURTH SONG.

Grand Cho. Tell a truth, gay Spring, let us know
What feet they were that so
Impressed the earth and made such various flowers to grow.
Spring. She that led, a queen was at least,
Or a goddess 'bove the rest:
And all their graces in herself express.

¹ The names of the Masquers who personated the nymphs are thus given by the poet, arranged as they sat in the BOWER.

i. Countess of CAR-	2. Countess of CAR-
LISLE.	NARVON.
j. Countess of BERK-	4. M. PORTER.
SHIRE.	
5. Countess of NEW-	6. M. DOR. SAVAGE.
POET.	

Grand Cho. O, 'twere a fame to know her name !

Whether she were the root,
Or they did take th' impression from her foot.

The MASQUERS here dance their
SECOND DANCE,

Which done, the farther prospect of the Scene changeth into air, with a low landscape, in part covered with clouds; and in that instant, the heaven opening, JUNO and IRIS arc seen; and above them many airy spirits, sitting in the clouds.

FIFTH SONG.

Juno. Now Juno and the air shall know
The truth of what is done below
From our discoloured bow.

Ins, what news?

Iris. The air is clear, your bow can tell,
Chloris renowned, Spight fled to hell;
The business all is well,

And Cupid sues.

Juno. For pardon ! Does he?
Iris. He sheds tears

More than your birds have eyes.
Juno. The gods have ears:
Offences made against the deities
Are soon forgot.—

Iris. If who offends be wise.

Here, out of the earth ariseth a Hill, an A on the top of it a globe, on which FAME is seen standing with her trumpet in her hand; and on the hill are seated four persons, representing POESY, HISTORY, ARCHITECTURE, and SCULPTURE; who together with the Nymphs, Floods, and Fountains, make a full quire; at which FAME begins to mount and moving her wings flieth, singing, up to heaven.

Fame. Rise, golden Fame, and give thy name a birth.

Cho. From great and generous actions done on earth.

Fame. The life of Fame is action.

Cho. Understood,

That action must be virtuous, great, and good.

15. The QUEEN.

7. Countess of Ox-

FORD.

9. Lady ANNE CA-

VENDISH.

ii. Lady PENELOPE

EGERTON.

13. Lady STRANGE.

14. M. SOPHIA GARY.

CHLORIDIJL

Fame. Virtue Itself by Fame is oft protected,
And dies despised——

Cho. Where the Fame's neglected.¹

Fame. Who hath not heard of Chloris
and her bower,

Fair Iris' act, employed by Juno's power,
To guard the Spring and prosper every
flower,

Whom jealousy and hell thought to devour?

Cho. Great actions oft obscured by time
may lie,

Or envy——

Fame. But they last to memory.

Poesy. We that sustain thee, learned
Poesy.

Hist. And I her sister, severe History,
Archi. With Architecture, who will
raise thee high,

Sculp. And Sculpture, that can keep
thee from to die.

Cho. All help to lift thee to eternity.

Juno. And Juno through the air doth
make thy way,

Iris. By her serenest messenger of day.

Where the Fame's neglected.] This sentiment has occurred more than once before. It is from Tacitus : *Contemptu fama contemni virtutem.*

* *from to die* A i.e. from death. A very elegant Grecism ; *απο του θανειν* : and which our poets have employed in our language with

Fame. Thus Fame ascends **by** all
degrees to heaven,

And leaves a light here brighter than the
seven.

Grand Cho. Let all applaud the sight,

Air first, that gave the bright

Reflections, day or night 1

With these supports of Fame,

That keep alive her name I

The beauties of the Spring,

Founts, Rivers, every thing :

From the height of all,

To the waters fall,

Resound and sing

The honours of his Chloris, to the king.

Chloris, the queen of flowers ;

The sweetness of all showers ;

The ornament of bowers :

The top of paramours.

*FAME being hidden in the clouds, the hill
sinks, and the heaven closeth.*

The MASQUERS dance with the LORDS.

And thus it ended.

singular strength and beauty. Thus Spenser:

⁴¹ Be sure that nought may save thee if aw to
die."—WHAL.

The Grecism is, as Whalley says, very elegant; in pur language the expression is a mere barbarism, feeble, ungraceful, and ungrammatical. ' I

An Expostulation with Inigo Jones.

We have now reached the scene of contention between our poet and Inigo Jones. Till this period, they appear to have lived in sufficient harmony. The writer of Jones's life in the *Biographia Britannica*, says that the quarrel broke out soon after 1609, and continued to the death of Jonson; this is the eternal echo: and I am weary of repeating that it is utterly false and groundless. The first symptoms of disaffection on the poet's side, appear in the *Tale of a Tub*, written in 1633, and from the language there used it is more than probable that the quarrel originated not with him, but his associate.

If the reader has looked through these Masques, he must have noticed the friendly solicitude of Jonson to put forward the talents of this man: this was the more important, as the first attempts of Jones had been somewhat unsuccessful. In 1605-6, he was employed on a Masque prepared for the king's entertainment at Oxford. "The machinery and stages," (says my author) "were chiefly constructed by one Mr. Jones, a great traveller, who undertook to furnish them with rare devices, but performed very little to what was expected." *LeL Col.* vol. ii. 646. He was not more fortunate at Cambridge, where he was employed on the machinery for the representation of *A'ax*. Till the death of Prince Henry, then, in 1612, nothing but kindness appears on the part of Jonson. In that year, or the next, Jones went abroad, and pursued his studies in Italy for several years; yet Jonson is ridiculously charged with attacking him in *Bartholomew Fair*, which was brought out in 1614. No mention of his name occurs in any part of our poet's works, (though the Master of the Revels says he was employed in the *Prince's Masque*,) till 1625, when he joined in the production of *Pan's Anniversary*. Another interval of five years took place before he was called upon again, when, as Jonson says, they met by the lung's command, and consulted together on the construction of *Loves Triumph*, and *Chloridia*. During this long period, not a murmur of discontent appears to have escaped Jonson. Why then is it taken for granted that the quarrel which followed the exhibition of the last piece originated solely with him? Even in the description of the scenery, which evidently proceeded from Jonson, there is a visible anxiety to recommend it to favour.

But what, after all, occasioned the breach? Dr. Aikin, in that worthless compilation, the *General Biography*, is pleased to insinuate that it arose from our author's envy of Inigo's poetry! The only poetry, I believe, of which the architect was ever known to be guilty, is a little piece of five stanzas, written in 1610, and prefixed to the first edition of *Coryat's Crudities*. I will subjoin the best of them, that the reader may form some idea of the transcendent excellence of those verses which disturbed the tranquillity of Jonson for more than twenty years!

" Enough of this ; all pens in this doe travell
To track thy steps, who, Proteus like, dost varie
Thy shape to place, the home-borne muse to gravell,
For though in Venice thou not long didst tarie,
Yet thou the Italian soul so soone couldst steale,
As in that time thou eat'st but one good meale."

It seems reasonable to suppose that *Chloridia* was not so well received as *Love's Triumph*. Ben's share in it, as a poet, was not very important, nor, to say the truth, very remarkable either for harmony or expression. In the construction of the fable, both took part alike; but Inigo chose to fasten on the verse, and to attribute their want of success solely to its demerits, while he arrogated to himself a more than ordinary portion of applause for his skill in painting the scenery. He had a fair field before

him: he was rich and popular; his associate was sick, confined to "the bed and boards," and in want of everything. Jones was, besides, as vain as Jonson was proud; as arrogant as Jonson was overbearing, lie was also extremely petulant. Pennant claims him for a countryman on the r.lienqlh of his "violent passions;" and we know, ironi the charges carried up by the Commons to the House of Lords against him, that his language was of the most insnk-nt kind. Jonson, however, bore it for two years, when he wrote, in 1633, the dicudous *Motion of Squire Tub of Tottn*; and, as this perhaps did not silence his adversary two years afterwards he drew up, and handed about in private, the verses which AVhriUfy ivpnuted nmong the *F-pigrams*. To prevent the necessity of recurring to this disagreeable subject, I shall give them here.

The first notice of them appears in Howel's *Letters*.

"I thank you for the last *rcgalo* you pave me at your *Museum*, and for the good company. I heard you censured-lately at court, that you have lighted too foul upon Sir Inigo, and that you write with a porcupine's quill, dipt in too much gall: excuse me that I am so free with you, it is because I am, in no common way of friendship,
Yours, &c. J. H."

May 3, 1635.

This letter, which is directed "to his honoured friend and father, M. Ben Johnson," having failed of effect, he wrote a second, bcaing date July 5, 1635, in which he repeats his allusion to the porcupine's quill, and, after deprecating the asperity of the s.ttire on the "royal architect," concludes thus: "If your spirit will not let you retract, yet you shall do well to repress any more copies of the satire; for to deal plainly with you, you have lost some ground at court by it; and as I hear from a good hand, the King, who hath so rie.it a judgment in poetry (as in all other things else), is not well pleased theiewith. Dr pense with this.

Your respectful sou and servitor,

J. H."

Inconsequence, perhaps, of this remonstiance, Jonson recalled and destroyed every copy (as he probably thought,) of his satire, for not a line of it was found among his papers: but there is in some minds a perverse passion for perpetuating the memory of enmities, which no sense of propriety e.m subdue. A copy, most probably secreted by a person of this description, fell into the hands of Mr. Vertue, who communicated it, as a great favour, to Whalley, by whom it was sent to the press. Thus, in despite of the author, this wretched squabble has reached posterity.⁵

¹ *Tour in Waits*, vol. ii. p. 150.

'; heard you censured lately at court.' It might be so; but the validity of the assertion depends upon the character of Howel's informer, a *q-iwd hand*, as he calls him just below. One thing, however, is certain, that the king had listened, sonic time before, and, as far as appears, without displeasure, to an attack upon Inigo (Coronel Vitiuvius) in a masque prepared solely for his entertainment, and presented by one who would on no account have nazardeed a word that was likely to give him offence. See p. 221 ft.

[The question of authenticity Iiris lung ago been settled by Mr. Collier, who discovered among the Bridgewater MSS. a copy of the *Expostulation* in Jonson's autograph. Why Gifford (see note i) should reject the fifth verse on account of its want of melody will amaze the readers of many another couplet in these volumes. Macaulay hardly goes too far when he says that "Ben's heroic couplets resemble blocks [for sails] rudely hewn out by an unpractised hand with a blunt hatchet" and then goes on to describe them as "jagged mis-shapen distiches."—F. C.]

An Expostulation with Inigo Jones.¹

Master Surveyor, you that first began
From thirty pounds in pipkins, to the man
You are : from them leaped forth an architect,

Able to talk of Euclid, and correct
Both him and Archimede; damn Archytas,
The noblest inginer that ever was:
Control Ctesibius, overbearing-us
With mistook names² out of Vitruvius;
Drawn Aristotle on us, and thence shewn
How much Architectonic is your own:
Whether the building of the stage or scene,
Or making of the properties it mean,
Vizors or antics; or it comprehend
Something your sur-ship doth not yet intend.

By all your titles, and whole style at once,
Oftfireman, mountebank, and justice Jones,
I do salute you: are you fitted yet?

Will any of these express your place or wit?

Or are you so ambitious 'bove your peers,
You'd be an Assinigo by your ears?

Why much good do't you; be what part you will,

You'll be, as Langleysaid, "an Inigo still."
What makes your wretchedness to bray so loud

In town and court? are you grown rich and proud?

Your trappings will not change you, change your mind;

No velvet suit you wear will alter kind.
A wooden dagger is a dagger of wood,
Nor gold nor ivory haft can make it good.

What is the cause you pomp it so, I ask?
And all men echo, you have made a masque.
I chime that too, and I have met with shows
That do cry up the machine and the shows;
The majesty of Juno in the clouds,
And peering forth of Iris in the shrouds;
The ascent of Lady Fame, which none could spy,

Not they that sided her, Dame Poetry,³
Dame History, Dame Architecture too,
And Goody Sculpture, brought with much ado

To hold her up: O shows, shows, mighty shows!

The eloquence of masques! what need of prose,

Or verse or prose, t'express immortal you?
You are (he spectacles of state, 'tis true,
Court-hieroglyphics and all arts afford,
In the mere perspective of an inch-board;
You ask no more than certain politic eyes,
Eyes that can pierce into the mysteries
Of many colours, read them and reveal
Mythology, there painted on slit deal.

Or to make boards to speak! there is a task!

Painting and carpentry are the soul of masque.

Pack with your peddling poetry to the stage,
This is the money-got, mechanic age.

To plant the music where no ear can reach,
Attire the persons as no thought can teach
Sense what they are; which by a specious,

fine
Term of [you] architects, is called Design;

¹ *An. Expostulation.* } That some part of this may have proceeded from Jonson I am not prepared to question; but it has assuredly been much corrupted or interpolated. The fifth line could not be written by our poet, who was much too good a judge of accent to give this for a verse.

With mistook names. &c.] A Mr. Webb, related to Jones, published some account of him, in imitation, as it seems to me, of Sir Thomas Urquhart's *Life of the Admirable Crichton*. In this ridiculous rhapsody we are told that "Mr. Jones was not only proclaimed by public acclamation the Vitruvius of England, but of all Christendom; that his abilities in all human sciences surpassed most of his age; that he was

a perfect master of the mathematics, and had some insight into the two learned languages," &c. &c. The fact is, that he knew scarcely anything of either. He was a good scene painter, a better machinist, and an incomparable architect. I give Jonson full credit for what he says of his antagonist's mistakes.

³ *Th' ascent of Lady Fame, which none could spy.*
[*Not they that sided her, Dame Poetry.*] This alludes to the scenery and decorations of *Chloridia*. As these were the Surveyor's province, it is possible those here referred to were so injudiciously contrived or ordered as to occasion the sarcasms of our poet—WHAL.

But in the practised truth, destruction is
Of any art beside what he calls his.
Whither, O whither will this tireman grow?
His name is *Σεππολος*, we all know,
The maker of the properties; in sum,
The scene, the engine; but he now is
come

To be the music-master; table-top;
He is, or would be, the *main Dominus Do-
Allot* the work,¹ and so shall still for Ben,
Be Inigo, the whistle and his men.
He's warm on his feet, now he says; and
can

Swim without cork: why, thank the good
Queen Anne.²

I am too fat to envy, he too lean
To be worth envy; henceforth I do mean
To pity him, as smiling at his feat
Of lantern-lerry, with fuliginous heat
Whirling his whimsies, by a subtilty
Sucked from the veins of shop-philosophy.
What would he do now, giving his mind
that way.

In presentation of some puppet-play,
Should but the king his justice-hood em-
ploy,

In setting forth of such a solemn toy?
How would he firk, like Adam Overdo,³
Up and about; dive into cellars too,
Disguised, and thence drag forth Enormity,
Discover Vice, commit Absurdity:
tiner the moral, shew he had a pate
Moulded or stroked up to survey a state!
O wise surveyor, wiser architect,
But wisest Inigo; who can reflect

¹ *He is, or would be, the main Dominus Do-
Miofhe work.*] This is no forced descrip-
tion of Inigo's manner. In the Declaration of
the Commons, already noticed, in behalf of the
parishioners of St. Gregory, they complain that
"the said Inigo Jones would not undertake the
work (of re-edifying the church) unless he might
be, as he termed it, *sole monarch*, or might
have the *principality* thereof," &c. What fol-
lows is still more offensive.

² *Why, thank the good Queen Anne.*] Consort
to James I., who appointed Inigo Jones her
architect.—WHAL.

³ *How would fafrk, like Adam Overdo,
Up and about &c.*] This line is of some
importance, inasmuch as it quite destroys the
established opinion that Lantern Leatherhead
was meant for Inigo Jones. "Old Ben," as Mr.
Malone truly observes "generally spoke out,"
and he was here sufficiently angry to identify
him with that character, to which not only his
allusion to *Bartholomew Fair*, but his mention
of a puppet play, directly led: and we may
confidently assure ourselves that he would have
done it, had what he is so often charged with
been ever in his contemplation.

On the new priming of thy old sign-posts,
Reviving with fresh colours the pale ghosts
Of thy dead standards; or with marvel see
Thy twice conceived, thrice paid for ima-
gery;

And not fall down before it, and confeis
Almighty Architecture, who no less
A goddess is than painted cloth, deal board,
Vermilion, lake, or crimson can afford
Expression for; with that unbounded line
Aimed at in thy omnipotent design!
What poesy e'er was painted on a wall,
That might compare with thee? what story
shall,

Of all the worthies, hope t' outlast thy own,
So the materials be of Purbeck stone?
Live long the Feasting-Room! and ere thou
burn⁴

Again, thy architect to ashes turn;
Whom not ten fires, nor a parliament, can
With all remonstrance, make an honest
man.⁵

To A FRIEND.

An Epigram of Inigo Jones.

Sir Inigo doth fear it, as I hear,⁶
And labours to seem worthy of this fear,
That I should write upon him some sharp
verse,
Able to eat into his bones, and pierce
The marrow. Wretch! I quit thee of thy
pain,
Thou'rt too ambitious, and dost fear in vain:
The Libyan lion hunts no butterflies;
He makes the camel and dull ass his prize.

⁴ [The Feasting-Room at Whitehall was burnt
down on the 12th January, 1619, making way for
the erection of Inigo's noble Banqueting House.
—F. C.]

⁵ *Whom not ten fires, nor a parliament, can
With all remonstrance, make an honest man.*] Jones, by some arbitrary proceedings, had sub-
jected himself to the censures of parliament; and
this seems to refer to the affair between him and
the parishioners of St. Gregory in London. In
order to execute his design of repairing St.
Paul's cathedral, he demolished part of the
church of St. Gregory adjoining to it; upon
which the parishioners presented a *Remonstrance*
to the parliament against him: but that
affair did not come to an issue till some time
after the writing of this satire.—WHAL.

The question is, when it began. The *Re-
monstrance* was not even presented to parlia-
ment till three years after Jonson's death, and
could scarcely have been in contemplation at
the date of this satire, 1635. There are many
difficulties in the way of those who make Jonson
the author of the whole of this piece.

⁶ *Sir Inigo doth fear it, &c.*] This is un-
doubtedly Jonson's, and this seems to shew that

If thou be so desirous to be read,
 Seek out some hungry painter, that, for
 bread,
 With rotten chalk or coal, upon the wall
 Will well design thee to be viewed of all
 That sit upon the common draught or
 strand;
 Thy forehead is too narrow for my brand,

To INIGO MARQUIS WOULD-BE.

A Corollary.

But 'cause thou hear'st the mighty king of
 Spain
 Hath made his Inigo marquis, wouldst
 thou fain
 Our Charles should make thee such? 'twill
 not become
 All kings to do the self-same deeds with
 some:
 Besides, his man may merit it, and be
 A noble honest soul: what's this to thee?

nothing had been hitherto written against Jones. The learned writers of the *Biographia Britannica*, in their zeal to criminate Jonson, strangely mistake the sense of the ninth line,

"If thou art so desirous to be read,"

"which," they say, "alludes to some attempt of the architect in the poetical way," whereas it merely means, if you are so desirous to be noticed, hope not for it from me; but, &c.

[*Thou paint a lane, &c.*] I.e. just wide enough to allow of the meeting of Tom Thumb and Jeffrey Hudson.

* *Content thee to be Pancridge earl the while.* I.e. one of the "Worthies" who annually rode to Mile End or the Artillery Ground in the ridiculous procession called *Arthur's SAew*. There can be no doubt, however, that Inigo Jones really aspired to the elevation mentioned

He may have skill and judgment to design
 Cities and temples, thou a cave for wine
 Or ale; he build a palace, thou the shop,
 Withsliding windows, and false lights a-top:
 He draw a forum with quadrivial streets;
 Thou paint a lane where Tom Thumb
 Jeffrey meets.¹

He some Colossus, to bestride the seas
 From the famed pillars of old Hercules:
 Thy canvas giant at some channel aims,
 Or Dowgate torrents falling into Thames;
 And straddling shews the boys' brown paper
 fleet

Yearly set out there, to sail down the street:
 Your works thus differing, much less so
 your style,

Content thee to be Pancridge earl the while,²
 An earl of show; for all thy worth is show:
 But when thou turn'st a real Inigo,
 Or canst of truth the least entrenchment
 pitch,

We'll have thee styled the Marquis of
 Tower-ditch.

in the first couplet. Sir Francis Kinaston (the translator of Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida* into Latin), in his *Cynthiades*, 1642, says—

"Meantime imagine that Newcastle coles,
 Which, as Sir Inigo saith, have perisht Paules,
 And by the skill of *Marquis Would-be Jones*,
 Tis found the smockes salt did corrupt the
 stones."

Other notices of this might be produced:—but enough, and more than enough, has been said of this foolish quarrel, little honourable to either party, and which, now that Jonson appears not to have been the aggressor, not to have sought "every occasion of injury," not to have lived in "constant hostility," &c., may be dismissed without much regret to the oblivion from which it was dragged by the misdirected industry of my predecessor.

Love's Welcome'

THE KING'S ENTERTAINMENT AT WELBECK, IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE,

A House of the Right Honourable WILLIAM, Earl of Newcastle,
Viscount Mansfield, Baron of Botle and Bolsover, &c.

At his going into Scotland, 1633.

LOVE'S WELCOME (or, as it is called in the folio, The KING'S ENTERTAINMENT, &c.)] In the spring of 1633, Charles, in an interval of tranquility, resolved to make u progress into the northern part of his kingdom, and to be solemnly crowned in Scotland, which he had not seen since he was two years old. His journey was a perpetual triumph, the great families of the counties through which he passed feasting him on his way. None of the nobility and gentry, however, seem to have equalled the Earl of Newcastle in the magnificence of their hospitality. "When he passed (says Lord Clarendon) through Nottinghamshire, both the King and Court were received and entertained by the Earl of Newcastle, and at his own proper expense, in such a wonderful manner and in such an excess of feasting, as had scarce ever before been known in England; and would be still thought very piodigious, if the same noble person had not, within a year or two afterwards, made the King and Queen a more stupendous Entertainment; which, God be thanked, though possibly it might too much whet the appetite of others to excess, no man ever after imitated."—*Hist. of the Rebellion*. The Duchess, in the *Life of the Duke of Newcastle*, speaks of it modestly enough. "When ~ his Majesty (her Grace says) was going into Scotland to be crowned, he took his way through Nottinghamshire; and lying at Worksep Manor, hardly two miles distant from Welbeck where my lord then was, my lord invited his Majesty thither to dinner, which he was graciously pleased to accept of. This entertainment cost my lord between four and five thousand pounds."—p. 183.

On this occasion our poet was called on to prepare one of those little compliments, which, m those days, were supposed to grace, and, as it were, vivify the feast. The object was merely to introduce, in a kind of Antimasque, a course at Quintain, performed by the gentlemen of the county, neighbours to this great earl, in the guise of rustics, in which much awkwardness was affected, and much real dexterity probably shewn. Whatever it was, however, it afforded considerable amusement to the King and his attendants; a fact recorded by the Duchess with no little complacency in the memoirs of her family.

This Entertainment, with that which immediately follows it, is shuffled in among the translations, towards the close of the folio, 1641. It is evidently given in a very imperfect manner but there is no other copy.

His Majesty being set at Dinner,

Music:

The Passions, DOUBT and LOVE, enter with the Affections, JOY, DELIGHT, &c., and sing this

SONG.

Doubt. What softer sounds are these salute the ear,
From the large circle of the hemisphere,
As if the centre of all sweets met here!

Love. It is the breath and soul of every-thing,
Put forth by earth, by nature, and the spring,
To speak the Welcome, Welcome of the King,

Chorus of Affections. The joy of plants,
the spirit of fiow'rs,
The smell and verdure of the bowers,
The water's murmur, will) the showers
Distilling on the new fresh hours;
The whistling winds and birds that sing
The Welcome of our great, good King:
Welcome, O welcome, is the general voice,
Wherein all creatures practise to rejoice.

[A pause. Music again.]

Love, When was old Sherwood's head
more quaintly curled?
Or looked the earth more green upon the world?

Or nature's cradle more enchased and purled?
When did the air so smile, the winds so chime,

As quirksters of season, and the prime?
Doubt. If what they do be done in their due time.

Cho. of Affections. He makes the time
for whom 'tis done,
From whom the warmth, heat, life begun;

Into whose fostering arms do run
All that have being from the sun.
Such is the fount of light, the King,
The heart that quickens everything,
And makes the creatures' language all one voice.

In welcome, welcome, welcome to rejoice:
Welcome is all our song, is all our sound,
The treble part, the tenor, and the ground.

After Dinner.

The King and the Lords being come down

and ready to take horse, in the crowd were discovered two notorious persons, whose names were ACCIDENT and FITZALE, men of business, as by their eminent dressing and habits did soon appear.

One in a costly cassock of black buckram girt unto him, rvkreon was pointed party per pale:

<i>On the one side.</i>	<i>On the other side</i>
Noun,	Adverb,
Pronoun,	Conjunction,
Verb,	Preposition,
Participle,	Interjection,

With his hat, hatband, stockings and sandals suited, and marked A, B, C, &c. The other in a taberd, or heraid's coat of azure and gules quarterly changed, of buckiani; limned nntli yellow instead of gold, and pasted over with old records of the two shires and certain fragments of tlic Forest as a coat of antiquity and precedent, willing to be seen, but hard to be read, and as loth to be understood without the interpreter who ware it: for the. wrong ends of the letters were turned upward, therefore was a label fixed, To tue curious prier, advertising:

Look not so near, with hope to understand,
Out-ecpt, sir, you can read with the left-hand

Am. Ily your fair leave, gentlemen of court; for leave is, ever fair, being Disked; and granted, is a; lifht, according to our Enghsli proverb, *Leave is light.* Which is the King, I pray you?

Fits. Or rather the Kings lieutenant? for we have nothing to say to the King, till We have spoken with my lord lieutenant.

Accl. Of Nottinghamshire.
Filz. And Darbyshire, for he is both. And we have business to both sides of him from either of the counties.

Accl. As far as his command stretches.
Fitz. Is this he?

Accl. This is no great man by his timber, as we say in the Forest; by his thews he may.¹ I'll venture a part of speech two or three at him, to see how he is declined.—My lord, plcaseth your good lordship, I am a poor neighbour here of your honour's, in the county.

¹ By his thews he may.] i.e. by his manners, accomplishments. Shakspeare, in *Henry IV.* "Care I for the thews," &c., seems to use it in the sense of sinews, which, after all, may be the genuine word.

[Spenser uses it as Jonson docs:
"And straight delivered to a fairy knight
To be upbrought in gentll thews and martial might."—F.C.]

Fitz. Master A. B. C. Accidence, my good lord, school-master of Mansfield, the painful instructor of our youth in their country elements, as appeareth by the sign of correction in his hut, with the trust of the town-pen-and-inkhorn committed to the suretie of his girdle from the whole corporation.

Acci. This is the more remarkable man, my very good lord; father Fitz-Ale, herald of Darby, light and lanthorn of both counties; the learned antiquary of the north; conservator of the reordb of cither Forest, as witnosseth the brief tabcrd or coat-armour he carries, being an industrious collection of all the written or reported Wonders of the Peak.

Saint Anne of Buxton's boilmg well,
Or Elden, bottomless, like hell:
Poole's Hole, or Satan's sumptuous Arse.
(Surrevcrence) with the mine-men's farce.
Such a light and metalled dance
Saw you never yet in France,
And by lead-men for the nones,
That turn round like grtndlc's Umes;
Which they dij, out fro' the dells,
For their bairns' bread, wives, and sel's:
Whom the whetstone sharps to eat,
And cry milstones are good meat.
He can fly o'er hills and dales,
And report you more odd talcs
Of our outlaw Robin Hood,
That revelled here in Sherewood,
And more stones of him show,
(Though he ne'er shot in his bow)
Than au'men or believe or know.

Fitz. Stint, stint your court,
Grow to be short,
Throw by your clatter,
And handle the matter;
We come with our peers,
And crave your care,
To present a wedding,
Intended a bedding
Of both the shires.
Father Fitz-Ale
Hath a daughter stale
In Darby town,
Known up and down
For a great antiquity;
And Pem she hight,
A solemn wight
As you should meet

'In any street,
In that ubiquity.
Her he hath brought,
As having sought
By many a draught
Of ale and craft,
With skill to graft
In some old stock
O' the yeoman block,
And Forest-blood
Of old Sherewood.
And he hath found
Within the ground,
At last no shrimp,
Whereon to imp
His jolly club,
But a bold Stub
O' the right wood,
A champion good;
Who here in place
Presents himself,
Like doughty elf
Of Greenwood chase.

Joc STUB ihc bridegroom presented him" self, Icing apparelled in a yellow canvas doublet, cut, a green jerkin and hose, like t ranger, a Monmttith cap with a yellow feallier, yellow sloe kings and shoes; for being to dance, he -would not trouble himself with boots,

Fitz, Stub of Stub-hall,
Some do him call;
But most do say,
He's Stub will stay
To run his race,
Not run away.

Acci. At Quintain he,
In honour of this bridaltee,
Hath challenged either wide countee;
Come Cut and Long-tail: for there be
Six bachelors as bold as he,
Adjuting to his companee,
And each one hath his livery.

Fitz. Six Hoods they are, and of the
blood,
They tell, of ancient Robin Hood.

Enter RED-HOOD.

Red-hood, the first that doth appear
In stamel.
Acci. Scarlet is too dear.

¹ Red-hood, the first that doth appear
In stamel.] i.e. a kind of red, inferior both
in quality and price to scarlet. Thus Fletcher:
"To see a handsome, young, fair enough, and
well-mounted wench.

Humble herself in an old J&MW¹ petticoat'
Woman Hater, act iv. scene a.
And our author, a little after, describce the brid'
maids drest in stamel petticoats, after the c¹
liest country guise.—WHAJ.

Enter GREEN-HOOD.

Fitz. Then Green-hood.
Acci. He's in Kendal-green,
As in the Forest-colour seen.

Enter BLUE-HOOD.

Fitz. Next Blue-hood is, and in that hue
Doth vaunt a heart as pure and true
As is the sky; give him his due.

Acci. Of old England the yeoman blue.

Enter TAWNY-HOOD.

Fitz. Then Tawny fra' the kirk that came.

Acci. And cleped was the abbot's man.

Enter MOTLEY-HOOD.

Fitz. With Motley-hood, the man of law.

Enter RUSSET-HOOD.

Acci. And Russet-hood keeps all in awe.
Bold bachelors they are, and large,
And come in at im: country charge;
Hoisi; biidleb, saddles, stirrups, girts,
All reckoned o' the county skirts!
And all their courses, miss or hit,
Intended are for the shire-wit,
And so to be received. Their game
Is country sport, and hath a name
From the place that bears the cost,
Else all the fat i' the fire weie lost.
Go, Captain Stub, lead on, and show
What house you come on by the blow
You give Sir Quintain, and the cuff
You scape o' the sand-bag's courterbuff. ¹

[*Flourish*']

STUB'S COURSE.

Acci. O well run, yeoman Stub 1
Thou hast knocked it like a club,

And made Sir Quintain know,

By this his race so good,

He himself is also wood,

As by his furious blow. [*Flourish*.]

RED-HOOD'S COURSE.

Fitz. Bravely run, Red-hood,
There was a shock

To have buffed out the blood

From aught but a block. [*Flourish*.]

¹ *Go, Captain Stub, lead on, and show
What house you come on by the blow
You give Sir Quintain, and the cuff
You scape o' th' sand-bags count crviuff.* The
diversion here mentioned is thus described
by Dr. Kennet: "They set up a post perpen-
dicularly in the ground, and then placed a slender
piece of timber on the top of it on a spindle, with
a board nailed to it on one end and a bag of
sand on the other. Against this board they rode
with spears. Dr. Plot writes, that he saw it at
Deddmton in Oxfordshire, where only strong
staves were used; which violently bringing
about the bag of sand! if they made not good

GREEN-HOOD'S COURSE.

Acci. Well run, Green-hood, gotbetween,
Under the sand-bag he was seen,
Lowting low, like a forester green.

Fits' He knows his tackle and his green. [*Flourish*.]

BLUE-HOOD'S COURSE.

Acci. Give the old England yeoman his
due,

He'b hit Sir Quintain just in the qu—
Though that be black, yet he is blue,
It is a brave patch and a new 1 [*Flourish*']

TAWNY-HOOD'S COURSE.

Fitz. Well run, Tawny, the abbot's churl,
His jade gave him a jerk,
As he would have his rider hurl
His hood after the kirk.

Put he was wiser and well beft,
For this is all that he hath left. [*Flourish*.]

MOTLEY-HOOD'S COURSE.

Fitz. Or the saddle turned round, or the
girts brake—

For low on the ground, woe for his sake !

Thi law is found.

Acci. Had his pair of tongues not so much
good,

To keep his head in his motley hood,
[Safe from the ground?'] [*Flourish*.]

RUSSET-HOOD'S COURSE.

Fits. Russet ran fast, though he be
thrown.

Acci. He lost no stirrup, for he had none.

Fitz. His horse it is the herald's weft.

Acci. No, 'tis a mare, and hath a cleft. ⁵

Fitz. She is country-borrowed, and noval,

Acci. But's hood is forfeit to Fitz-Ale.

*Here ACCIDENCE did break them o,' by
calling them to the dance, and to the
bride, who was drest like an old May-
lady, with scarfs, and a great wrought
handkerchief, with red and blue, and
other habiliments: six maids attending*

speed away, it struck them on the neck and
shoulders, and sometimes perhaps knocked them
off their horses."—*Pa roc A. Antiq.* WHALL.

² [*Safe from the ground.*] A line is lost in this
place, and I have merely put in brackets what I
conceive the sense of it to have been. [Is there
any necessity for inserting a Hue here?—F. C.]

³ *And hath a cleft.*] This passage is quoted
by Mr. Todd to illustrate the meaning of *clefts*,
"a term in farriery for a disease of the pa-
terns." This is very innocently done, never-
theless I would advise the substitution of
another example, for the present is ~~unhappy~~
not to the purpose.

on her, attired with buckram bride-laces begilt, white sleeves, and stamcl petticoats, drest after the cleanliest country guise; among whom Mistress ALPHAHT, Master ACCIDENCE's daughter, did bear a prime sway.

The two bride-squires, the cake-bearer and the bowl-bearer, were in two yellow leather doublets and russet hose, like two twin clowns prest out for that office, with livery hats and ribands.

Acci. Come to the bride ; another fit
Yet show, sirs, of your country wit,
But of your best. Let all the steel
Of back and brains fall to the heel;
And all the quicksilver in the mine
Run in the foot-veins, and refine
Your firk-hum-jerk-hum to a dance,
Shall fetch the fiddles out of France,
To wonder at the horn-pipes here,
Of Nottingham and Darbyshire.

Fitz. With the phant'sies of hey-troll,
Troll about the bridal bowl,
And divide the broad bridr-cake,
Round about the bride's-stake.

Acci. With, Here is to the fruit of Pern,

Fitz. Grafted upon Stub his stem,

Acci. With the Peakish nicety,

Fitsi. And old Sherewood's vicety.

The last of which words were set to a tune, and sung to the bagpipe, and measure of their dance; the clowns and company of spectators drinking and eating the while.

SONG.

Let's sing about, and say, Hey troll,
Troll to me the bridal bowl,
And divide the broad bride-cake,
Round about the bride's-stake.
With, Here is to the fruit of Pern,
Grafted upon Stub his stem,
With the Peakish nicety,
And old Sherewood's vicety.
But well danced Pern upon record,
Above thy yeoman or May-lord.

Here it was thought necessary they should be broken off by the coming in of a GKNTLK-MAN, an officer or servant of the Lord-Lieutenant's, whose face had put on, with his clothes, an equal authority for the business.

Gent. Give end unto your rudeness:
know at length

Whose time and patience you have urged,
the KING'S

Whom if you knew, and truly, as you

cought,

Twould strike a reverence in you, ev'n to blushing.

That King whose love it is to be your parent!

Whose office and whose charge, to be your pastor!

Whose single watch defendeth all your sleeps!

Whose labours are your rests! whose thoughts and cares

Breed your delights, whose business all your leasures!

And you to interrupt his serious hours
With light, impertinent, unworthy objects,
Sights for yourselves, and savouring your own tastes!

You are to blame. Know your disease, and cure it.

Sports should not be obtruded on great monarchs,

But wait when they will call for them as servants,

And meaneast of their servants, since their price is

At highest to be styled but of their pleasures!

—Our King is going now to a great work,
Of highest love, affection, and example,
To see his native country and his cradle,
And find those manners there which he sucked in

With nurse's milk and parent's piety.

O Mstor Scotland! what hast thou deserved
Of joyful England, giving us this King!

What union (if thou lik'st) hast thou not made,

In lui'Umg for Great Britain such a gar-
Und,

And ketting him to wear it? Such a king
As men would wish that knew not how to hope

His like but seeing him! A prince that's law

Unto himself; is good for goodness sake,
And so becomes the rule unto his sub-
jects!

That studies not to seem or to shew great,
Put be : not drest for others' eyes and ears,

With vizors and false rumours, but makes fame

Wait on his actions, and thence speak his name!

O bless his goings-out and comings-in,
Thou mighty God of heaven! lend him long

Unto the nations, which yet scarcely know him,

Yet are most happy by his government.

Bless his fair bedmate, and their certain
pledges,

And never may he want thoge nerves in
fate,

For sure succession fortifies a state.

Whilst he himself is mortal, let him feel

Nothing about him mortal in his house ;

Let him approve his young increasing
Charles

A loynl son ; and take him long to be

An aid, before he be a successor.

Lale come that day that heaven will ask
him from us !

Let our grandchildren, and their issue, long
Expect it and not see it. Let us pray

That fortune never know to exercise

More power upon him than as Charles his
servant,

And his Great Britain's slave : ever to wait
Bondwoman to the GENIUS of this state.

Thus it ended.



Love's Welcome.

THE KING AND QUEEN'S ENTERTAINMENT AT¹ BOLSOVER,

At the EARL of NEWCASTLE'S, the 30th of July, 1634.

LOVE'S WELCOME.] The King (as was observed before) was so well pleased with the Entertainment at Welbeck, that he sent the Kail of Newcastle word, the Queen was resolved to make a progress with him into the north, and he therefore desired him to prepare the same amusement for her which had given him such satisfaction in the preceding year. "Which, (says her Grace,) my lord accordingly did, and endeavoured for It with all possible care and industry, sparing nothing that might add splendour to that feast, which both their Majesties were pleased to honour with their presence. Ben Jonson he employed in fitting such scenes and speeches as he could best devise, and sent for all the gentry of the country to come and wait on their Majesties. This entertainment he made at Bolsover Castle, in Derbyshire, some five miles distant from Welbeck, and resigned Welbeck for their Majesties lodging. It cost him in all between fourteen and fifteen thousand pounds."—, *of the Duke of Newcastle*, p. 184.

It is probable that the course at the Quintain was repeated; what we have here was exhibited, not at the dinner, but at the *banquet*, a kind of dessert, which was usually served up in an open room. This little piece is wretchedly given in the folio.

The KING and QUEEN being set at banquet, this SONG was sung by two tenors and a bass.

Full Cho. If Love be called a lifting of the sense
To knowledge of that pure intelligence,
Wherein the soul hath rest and residence.

1 *Ten.* When were the senses in such order placed?

2 *Ten.* The Sight, the Hearing, Smelling, Touching, Taste,

All at one banquet?

Bas. Would it ever last!

i *Ten.* We wish the same: who set it forth thus?

JBat. Love)

a *Ten.* But to what end, or to what object?

Mas. Love!

i *Ten.* Doth Love then feast itself?

Bas. Love will feast Love,

a *Ten.* You make of Love a riddle or a chain,

i A circle, a mere knot; untie't again.

Bas. Love is a circle, both the first and last

Of all our actions, and his knot's, too, fast.

1 *Ten.* A fine love knot will hardly be untied:

And if it could, who would this pair divide?

tfas. God made them such, and Love.

2 *Ten.* Who is a ring

The likeliest to the year of any thing,
a *Ten.* And runs into itself.

Bas. Then let us sing,

And run into one sound.

Cho. Let Welcome fill

Our thoughts, hearts, voices, and that one word trill

Through all our language, Welcome, Welcome still!

i *Ten.* Could we put on the beauty of all creatures,

a *Ten.* Sing in the air, and notes of nightingales,

z *Ten.* Exhale the sweets of earth, and all her features,

Ten. And tell you, softer than in stik, these tales;

Mas, Welcome should season all for taste.
Cho. And hence,
At every real banquet to the sense,
Welcome, true welcome, fill the com-
pliments.

After the Banquet,

*The KING and QUEEN being retired, were
entertained- with a DANCE of ME-
CHANICS.*

*Enter Coronet VITRUVIUS speaking to
some without.*

Vit. Come forth, boldly put forth i'
your holiday clothes, every mother's son of
you. This is the King and Queen's majes-
tical holiday. My lord has it granted from
them; I had it granted from my lord; and
do give it unto you *gratis*, that is, *bona
fide*, with the faith of a surveyor, your
coronel Vitruvius. Do you know what a
surveyor is now? I tell you, a supervisor.
A hard word that; but it may be softened,
and brought in to signify something. An
overseer 1 one that overseeth you. A busy
man 1 and yet I must seem busier than I
am, as the poet sings, but which of them I
will not now trouble myself to tell you.

*Enter the first QuATERNIO: Captain SMITH,
(or VULCAN,) with three Cyclops.*

O Captain Smith! or hammer-armed Vul-
can! with your three sledges, you are our
music; you come a little too tardy, but we
remit that to your polt-foot, we know you
are lame. Plant yourselves there, and
beat your time out at the anvil. Time and
Measure are the father and mother of
music, you know, and your coronel Vitru-
vius knows a little.

*Enter the 1st QuATERNIO: CHESIL the
carver; MAUL the freemason; squire
SUMMER the carpenter; TWYBIL his
man.*

O Chesil, our curious carver! and Master
Maul our free-mason; Squire Summer our
carpenter; and Twybil his man; stand you
(bar there, in the second rank, work upon
that ground.

*[Iniquo Vitruvius.] This miserable pun
upon Inigo is copied by the poet's friend, Philip,
Karl of Pembroke, in some angry remarks upon
Jones, written in the margin of his work on
Stonefunge.*

*(It was pointed out by Peter Cunningham
V.Life of Inigo Jen', p. 44) that the poet's
KncT Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Mont-
ftrnerydlc4m 1650, becoud.aotjwttiblyha'e*

*Enter the third QUATERNIO: DRESSER the
plumber; QUARREL the glazier; FRET
theplaisUrer; BEATER, mortar-man.*

And you, Dresser the plumber; Quarrel
the glazier; Fret the plaisterer; and
Beater the mortar-man; put all you on in
the rear; as finishers in true footing with
tune and measure. Measure is the soul of
a dance, and Tune the tickle-foot thereof.
Use holiday legs, and have 'em; spring,
leap, caper, and gingle: pumps and
ribands shall be your reward, till the soles
of your feet swell with the surfeit of your
light and nimble motion.

[Here they began to dance.

Well done, my musical, arithmetical,
geometrical gamesters! or rather my true
mathematical boys! it is carried in number,
weight, and measure, as if the airs were
all harmony, and the figures a well-timed
proportion! I cry still, deserve holidays
and have 'em. I'll have a whole quarter
of the year cut out for you in holidays, and
laced with statute-tunes and dances, fitted
to the activity of your tressels, to which
you shall trust, lads, in the name of your
Iniquo Vitruvius.¹ Hey for the lily, for, and
the blended rose J

*Here the DANCE ended, and the
MECHANICS retired.*

The King and Queen had a second
banquet set down before them from the
clouds by two Loves, EROS and ANTEROS:
one as the King's, the other as the Queen's,
differenced by their garlands only; his of
white and red roses, the other of lilies
interweaved, gold, silver, purple, &c. with
a bough of palm in his hand cleft a little at
the top; they were both armed and
winged; with bows and quivers, cassocks,
breeches, buskins, gloves, and perukes
alike. They stood silent a while, wonder-
ing at one another, till at last the lesser
of them began to speak.

Er. Another Cupid.

An. Yes, your second self,
A son of Venus, and as mere an elf
And wag as you.

written notes in the margin of a volume which
was not published till 1655. There it just a
chance, considering the troubled state of the
times, that the work may have been 'rwvV'
before the earl's death, though not published till
a later date. It is dedicated to cm Earl Philip,
but whether the fourth or fifth U not specified—
F. C.]

Er. Eros?

An. No, Anteros:

Your brother Cupid, yet not sent to cross
Or spy into your favours here at court.

Er. What then?

An. To serve you, brother, and report
Your graces from the Queen's side to the
King's,

In whose name I salute you.

Er. Break my wings

I fear you will.

An. O be not jealous, brother I

What bough is this?

Er. A palm.

An. Give't me.

Er. Another

You may have.

An. I will this. [*Snatches at the palm.*]

Er. Divide it.

He divides it, and giveth Anteros a part.

An. So,

This was right brother-like! the world will
know

By this one act, both natures. You are
Love,

I Love, again. In these two spheres we
move,

Eros and Anteros.

Er. We have cleft the bough,
And struck a tally of our loves too now.

An. I call to mind the wisdom of our
mother

Venus, who would have Cupid have a
brother——

Er. To look upon and thrive. Me seems
I grew

Three inches higher since I met with you.

It was the counsel that the oracle gave

Your nurses, the glad Graces, sent to crave

Themis' advice. You do not know, quoth she,

The nature of this infant. Love may be

Brought forth thus little, live awhile alone,

But ne'er will prosper, if he have not one

Sent after him to play with, such another

As you are, Anteros, our loving brother.

An. Who would be always planted in
your eye;

For love by love increaseth mutually.

Er. We either, looking on each other,
thrive;

An. Shoot up, grow galliard——

Er. Yes, and more alive!

An. When one's away, it seems we both
are less.

Er. I was a dwarf, an urchin, I confess,
Till you were present.

An. But a bird of wing,
Now fit to fly before a Queen or King.

Er. I have not one sick feather since you
came,

But turned a jollier Cupid,

An. Than I am.

Er. I love my mother's brain, could thus
provide

For both in Court, and give us each our side
Where we might meet.

An. Embrace.

Er. Circle each other.

An. Confer and whisper.

Er. Brother with a brother.

An. And by this sweet contention for the
palm,

Unite our appetites, and make them calm.

Er. To will, and nill one thing.

An. And so to move

Affection in our wills, as in our love.

Er. It is the place, sure, breeds it, where
we are.

An. The King and Queen's court, which
is circular

And perfect.

Er. The pure school that we live in.

And is of purer love a discipline.

Enter PHILAETHES.

No more of your poetry, pretty Cupids,
lest presuming on your little wits, you pro-
fane the intention of your service. The
place, I confess, wherein (by the providence
of your mother Venus) you are now planted,
is the divine School of Love: an academy
or court, where all the true lessons of Love
are thoroughly read and taught. The rea-
sons, the proportions and harmony, drawn
forth in analytic tables, and made demon-
strable to the senses. Which if you brethren
should report and swear to, would hardly
get credit above a fable, here in the edge
of Darbyshire, the region of ale, because
you relate in rhyme. O that rhyme is a
shrewd disease, and makes all suspected it
would persuade. Leave it, pretty Cupids,
leave it. Rhyme will undo you, and hinder
your growth and reputation in Court more
than anything beside you have either men-
tioned or feared. If you dabble in poetry
once, it is done of your being believed or

¹ We have already had this fable in the *Tilt-
ing at a Marriage*. There is not much to be
said of it here. In fact, these effusions, which
attended the king in his progresses, and which
perhaps came upon him unexpectedly, are merely

little artifices of love and duty on the part of the
noble hosts, to keep their sovereign with them as
long as possible, and should not be too rig-
orously judged: they are, as Jonson says, "sud-
denly thought upon."

understood here. No man will trust you in this Verge, bat conclude you for a mere case of canters or a pair of wandering gipsies.

Return to yourselves, little deities, and admire the miracles you serve, this excellent King and his unparalleled Queen, who are the canons, the decretals, and whole school divinity of Love. Contemplate and study them. Here shall you read Hymen, having lighted two torches, either of which inflame mutually, but waste not. One love by the other's aspect increasing, and both in the right lines of aspiring. The Fates spinning them round and even threads, and of their whitest wool,ⁱ without brack or purl. Fortune and Time fettered at their feet with adamant chains, their wings plumed for starting from them. All amiableness in the richest dress of delight and colours courting the season to tarry by them, and make the Idea of their felicity perfect; together with the love, knowledge, and duty

of their subjects perpetual, So wisheth the glad and grateful client seated here, the overjoyed master of the house; and prayeth that the whole region about him could speak but his language. Which is, that first the people's love would let that people know (heir own happiness, and that knowledge could confirm their duties to an admiration of your sacred persons; descended,² one from the most peaceful, the other the most warlike, both your pious and just progenitors; from whom, as out of peace, came strength, and "out of the strong came sweetness;" so in you joined by holy marriage, in the flower and ripeness of years, live the promise of a numerous succession to your sceptres, and a strength to secure your own islands, with their own ocean, but more your own palm-branches, the typos of perpetual victory. To which, two words be added, a 'calous *Amen*, and ever rounded with a crown of *Welcome*. Welcome, welcome!

¹ [This is almost identical with the couplet in the *Lines on Lord Bacon's Birthday*, *Underwoods*, lxx. :

" Whose even thread the fates spin round and full,
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool. "

F. C. j

² [In this same year, 1634, was published a

noble engraving; by Van Voerst, after Vandyck, in which the Queen (in a most interesting condition) is presenting an olive wreath to the King. The couplet subscribed may have been supplied by Jonson :

" Films hic Magni est Jacobi, haec filia Magni
Henrici; soboles dic mihi quahs erit? "

F.C.J



Epigrams.

BOOK I.

EPIGRAMS.] From the folio of 1616. The Collection is there called Book I., from which it may be collected, that Jonson intended, at the period of its appearance, to make a further selection. It is to be lamented, on many accounts, that he subsequently changed his purpose. The chnincter of the illustrious nobleman to whom this manly and high-spirited dedication is addressed, must be looked for in the history of the times.

It may be necessary to admonish the reader not to take up these poems with the general expectation of rinding them terminate in a point of wit. This, indeed, is the modern construction of the word ; but this vwis never Jonson's : by Epigram he meant nothing more than a short poem, chiefly restricted to one idea, and equally adapted to the delineation and expression of every passion incident to human life. The work is, in short, an Anthology, and may occasionally remind those who are studious of antiquity, of the collections which pass under that name.

TO THE GREAT EXAMPLE OF HONOUR AND VIRTUE,
THE MOST NOBLE
WILLIAM EARL OF PEMBROKE,
LORD CHAMBERLAIN, &c.

MY LORD,

While you cannot change your merit, I dare not change your title : it was that made it, and not I. Under which name, I here offer to your lordship the ripest of my studies, my EPIGRAMS ; which, though they carry danger in the sound, do not therefore seek your shelter ; for, when I made them, I had nothing in my conscience, to expressing of which I did need a cipher. Rut, if I be fallen into those times wherein, for the likeness of vice and facts, every one thinks another's ill deeds objected to him ; and that in their ignorant and guilty mouths, the common voice is, for their security, *Beware the poet* f confessing therein so much love to their diseases, as they would rather make a party for them than be either rid, or told of them ; I must expect, at your Lordship's hand, the protection of truth and liberty, while you are constant to your own goodness. In thanks whereof, I return you the honour of leading forth so many good and great names (as my verses mention on the better part) to their remembrance with posterity. Amongst whom, if I have praised unfortunately any one that doth not deserve ; or, if all answer not, in all numbers, the pictures I have made of them ; I hope it will be forgiven me that they are no ill pieces, though they be not like the persons. But I foresee a nearer fate to my book than this, that the vices therein will be owned before the virtues (though there I have avoided all particulars, as I have clone names), and that some will be so ready to discredit me as they will have the impudence to belie themselves : for if I meant them not, it is so. Nor can I hope otherwise. For why should they remit anything ff their riot, their pride, their self-love, and other inherent graces, to consider truth or virtue, but with the trade of the world, lend their long ears against men they love not, and hold their dear mountebank or jester in far better condition than all the study, or studiers of humanity ? For such, I would rather know them by their visards still, than they should publish their faces, at their peril, in my theatre,¹ where Cato, if he lived, might enter without scandal.

Your Lordship's most faithful honourer,

BEN JONSON.

¹ *In my theatre.* i.e., in the ensuing collection of epigrams. This would not have deserved mention had not Oldys, in his MS. notes to Langbaine, gravely produced the passage to prove that Jonson was "master of a playhouse!" "He (Ben) mentions something of his *theatr*" to th nan or rembroke, before his epigrams." So men sometimes read.]

Epigrams.

I.

To THE READER.

Pray thee take care, that tak'st my book
in hand,
To read it vwell; that is, to understand.

IT.

To MY BOOK.

It will be looked for, ROOK, when some
but see
Thy title, EPIGRAMS, and named of me,
Thou shouldst be bold, licentious, full of
gall,
Wormwood, and sulphur, sharp, and
toothed withal;
Become a petulant thing, hurl ink, and wit,
As mad-men stones; not caring whom they
hit.

Deceive their malice who could wish it so;
And by thy wiser temper let men know
Thou art not covetous of least self-lame
Made from the hazard of another's shame;
Much less, with lewd, profane, and beastly
phrase,

To catch the world's loose laughter or
vain gaze.

¹ Send it to Bucklers-bury, the re 'twill well, 1
"The whole street (Stow says) called *Bucklfs-
bury*, on both the sides throughout, is possessed
of grocers and apothecaries." So that there
must have been A terrible consumption of poetry,
and, of course, a never-failing demand for it.
"The pepperers," also, it appears from the same
authority, mightily affected this street.

'How, best of kings, &c.] "Dr. Kurd,"
Whalley says in the margin of his copy, "has
severely but justly reprehended Jonson for the
gross adulation in these verses." Reprehensions
of adulation come with a good grace from Hurd,
it must be confessed! But why this outcry
against our poet? His epigram was probably
written soon after the accession of James, and
when this good prince had surely given little
cause for complaint to any one. With respect
to his boyish poetry, of which I presume Hurd
never read a ne, it is really creditable to his
talents. Some of the Psalms are better trans-
lated by him than they were by Milton at his
years; and surrounded as he was by the hire-
lings of Elizabeth, who betrayed his mother, and
only waited for the word to do as much by him,
it is greatly to his honour that he turned his
VOL. II.

He that departs with his own honesty
For vulgar praise, doth it too dearly buy.

III.

To MY BOOKSELLER.

Thou that mak'st gain thy end, and wisely
wdl,
Call'st a book good or bad, as it doth sell,
Use mine so too; 1 give thee leave: but
crave,
For the luck's sake, it thus much favour
have,
To lie upon thy stall till it be sought;
Not offered, as it made suit to be bought;
Nor have my title-leaf on posts or "ulls
Or m cleft-sticks, advamvd to make calls
For terms, or some clerklike serving-man,
Who scarce can spell th'h.m.l names; whoso
knight less can.

If, without these vile arts, it will not HI,
Send it to Buckleivbury, there 'twill well.¹

IV.

To KING JAMES.

How, best of Kings, dost thoua sceptn^s
How, best of Poets, dost tliou laur

sttidics to so good an account But
ask again, this eternal outcry agai
Hurd had not very far to look
flattered much more grossly than J
out his plea for it. James was his
patron, and gratitude, which none
ardently than our poet, n u h excuse s
exaggeration of praise.—lint what cxtcac,
inducement had Shakspeare for his aduui.
Hurd never asked himself this question. "V,
plea had Drummond, or his friend AlexamU.
(Lord Stirling) for their gross sycophancy? The
latter has a panegyric on James for a sonnet
greatly inferior to anything winch his Majesty
had written at the date of this Epi&ram, in which
he says,

"He, prince or poet, more than man doth
prove!"

and, after a deal of fulsome rant, concludes thus:

"But all his due who can afford him then,
A God of poets, and a king of men!"

And this is addressed to the queasy Drummond,
who is so grievously scandalized at the "insin-
centy" of his "dear friend" Jon&on. I Uu\$

But two things rare the Fates had in their store,
 And gave thee both, to shew they could no more,
 For such a Poet, while thy days were green,
 Thou wert, as chief of them are said to have been.
 And sue) a Prince thou art, we daily see,
 As chief of those still promise they will be.
 Whom should my muse then fly to, but the best
 Of Kings, for grace ; of Poets, for my test ?

V.

ON THK UNION.

When was there contract better driven by Fate,
 Or celebrated with more truth of state ?
 The world the temple was, the priest a king,
 The spoused pair two realms, the sea the ring.

VI.

TO ALCHEMISTS.

If all you boast of your great art be true ;
 Sure, willing poverty lives most in you.

VII.

ON THE NEW HOT-HOUSE.¹

Where lately harboured many a famous whore,
 A purging bill, now fixed upon the door,
 Mls you it is a hot-house ; so it may,
 Still be a whore-house : they're sy-yma.

VIII.

ON A ROBBERY.

•bbed DUNCOTE of three hundred,
 was ta'en, arraigned, condemned
 RJ ;
 this money, wns n courtier found,

the reader will not be mortified at discovering that our author has partners in his delinquency : a fact that never appears to have been suspected by those who write against him.

[King James was a very tolerable versifier, and studied poetry as an art. Besides *The Mssayes of a Frentise in the Divine Art of Poesie*, which were published in Edinburgh eighteen years before he came to England, he was also the author of *Sowe l'atlis and (mtelis to be obscurit and cschevit m Scoitu, Pocsu'*. Bishop Kurd, before he reprehended Jonson for adulation of James I., should have remembered the Dedication of the Bible to the "• Sun in his strength."—F.C. 1

¹ A bagnio. Thus Shakspeare : " Now she professes a hot-house, which I think is a very ill house too."—*Measure for Pleasure*.

That haunt Pickt hatch, Marsh-Lambeth,

Begged Ridway's pardon : Dtmcote now doth cry,
 Robbed both of money, and the law's relief,
 The courtier is become the greater thief."

IX.

TO ALL TO WHOM I WRITE.

May none whose scattered names honour my book,
 For strict degrees of rank or title look :
 'Tis 'gainst the manners of an Epigram ;
 And I a Poet here, no Herald am.

X.

TO MY LORD IGNORANT.

Thou call'st me POET, as a term of shame ;
 But I have my revenge made, in thy name.

XI.

ON SOMETHING, THAT WALKS SOMEWHERE.

At court I met it, in clothes brave enough,
 To be a courtier ; and looks grave enough,
 To seem a statesman : as I near it came,
 It made me a gicat face ; I asked the name.
 A Lord, it cried, buried in flesh and blood,
 And such from whom let no man, n hope least good,
 For I vail do none ; and as little ill,
 For I will daie none : Good Lord, walk dead still.

XII.

ON LIEUTENANT SHIFT.

SHIFT, here in town, not meanest among,
 squires
 That haunt Pickt-hatch, Marsh-Lambeth,
 and White-friars,
 Keeps himself, with half a man, and defrays
 The chaige of that state with this charm,
 god pays.

and White-friars,~' The respective resorts of debauchees, thieves, and fraudulent debtors, [Godpays.] The impudent plea for charity, or rather for ruming in debt, advanced by disbanded soldiers, of whom there were many at this period, and more who pretended to be such. The expression occurs in the *London Prodigal*, in a passage much to the purpose :

" Sir Arthur. I am a soldier and a gentleman, Lace, I neither doubt your valour nor your love,
 Put there be some that bear a soldier's form,
 That swear by him they never think upon :
 Go swaggering up and down from house to house,
 Crying, godpays."

For 'stays, or says (tries) se vol. i. p. ut'

By that one spellhelivcs, cats, drinks, arrays
Himself: his whole reveimois, g.d pivs.
The quarter-day is come; the hosU¹ - Coys.
She must have money: he returns, god pays.
The tailor biings a suit home; he it 'says,
Looks o'er the bill, likes it: and say-, god
pays.

He steals to ordinaries; there he plays
At dice his borrowed money: wineh, god
pays.

Then takes up fresh commodity for days;
Signs to new bond; forieits; and eiies,
god pays.

That lost, he keeps his chamber, reads
essays,

Takes physic, tears the papers: still, god
pays,

Or else by water goes, and so to pi.us:
Calls for his stool, adorns the stae: god
pays.

To every cause he meets, this voice lie brays:
His only answer is to all, god pnys.

Not his poor cockatiice but he betrays
Thus; and for his lechery scores, god pays.
But see! the old bawd hath served him in
his trim,

Lent him a pocky whore.—She hath paid
him.

XIII.

To DOCTOR EMPIRIC.

When men a dangerous disease did senpc,
Of old, they gave .1 cock to 'Esculape;¹
Let me give two, that doubly am ot free;
From my disease's danger, and from thee.

XIV.

To WILLIAM CAMDEN.

CAMDEN! most reverend head, to whom I
owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know;²

¹ *They gave a cock to SEscuta fie.*—The List request which Socrates made to his friends was that they would offer this popular sacrifice for him. This has led some to imagine that the poison had begun to take effect, and that he was becoming light-headed. He was quite as rational as his critics; and, in perfect consistency with his creed, viewed his death as a recovery to life.

Camden, most reverend he ad, towlwm I owe
All that I am in arts, all thai f fa, 'ju.]
Camden was poet's master at Weshminster School; and gratitude has led him to, nake a proper acknowledgment for his care and pains in teaching him, both by this epigram, and the dedication of *Every Man in his Humour* to him.—WHAL.

These are not the only places in which Camden is mentioned with respect. In the *Kings*

(How nothing's that?) to whom my country
owes

The great renown and name wherewith
she goes!

Than thee the age sees not that thing more
grave,

More high, more holy, that she more would
crave.

What name, what skill, what faith hast thou
in things!

What sight in searching the most antique
springs!

What v'eight, and what authority in thy
speech!

Men scares can make that doubt, but thou
ennst teach.

P.mlon free truth, and let thy modesty,
Which conquers all, be once o'ercome by
thee.

Many of thine, this better could than I;
But tor their powers, accept my piety.

XV.

ON COURT-WORM.

All men arc worms; but this no man. In
silk

Twas brought to court first wrapt, and
white as milk;

Wheie, afterwards, it grew a butterfly,³
Which was a caterpillar; so 'twill die.

XVI.

To BRAINIARDY.

HARDY, thy brain is valiant, 'tis confest,
Thou more; that with it every day dar'st
jest

Thyself into fresh brawls: when, called
upon,

Scarce thy week's swearing brings thee off
of one.

Entertainment, Jonson terms him "the glory and light of the kingdom," and in the *Masque of Queen's*, he introduces him with similar commendation. No ninn ever possessed a more warm and affectionate heart than this great poet, whose name is made synonymous with envy and ingratitude by every desperate blockhead who reprints an old play or a poem.

³ In silk

'Twas brought to court, &c.] Pope had this epigram in his thoughts, when he wrote his *Kpistlc to Arhnthnoi*:

"Let Sporus tremble. What, that thing of silk I
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk."

But he has confounded the metaphor, which is preserved by Jonson with equal accuracy and beauty.

So in short time, th' art in arrearage
 grown
 Some hundred quarrels, yet dost thou fight
 none;
 Nor need'st thou: for those few, by oath
 releast,
 Make good what thou dar'st do in all the
 rest.
 Keep thyself there, and think thy valour
 right;
 He that dares damn himself, dares more
 than fight.

XVII.

TO THE LEARNED CRITIC.

May others fear, fly, and traduce thy name,
 As guilty men do magistrates; glad I,
 That wish my poems a legitimate fame,
 Charge them, for crown, to thy sole cen-
 sure hie.
 And but a sprig of bays, given by thee,
 Shall outlive gyrlands stol'n from the chaste
 tree.)

XVIII.

TO MY MERE ENGLISH CENSURKR.

To thee, my way in Epigrams seems new,
 When both it is the old way, and the true.
 Thou sayst that cannot be; for thou hast
 seen
 Davis and Weever,² and the best have
 been,
 And mine come nothing like. I hope so:
 yet,
 As theirs did with thee, mine might credit
 get,

¹ *Shall outlive gyrlands stolen from the chaste tree.* i.e., the laurel; Daphne, rather than consent to the desires of Apollo, being changed into that tree.—WHAL.

² *For thou hast seen*

Davis and Weever.] Davis was the author of a collection of epigrams called *The Scourge of Folly* he was by profession a writing-master, and chiefly taught in the University of Oxford. He was a contemporary of Jonson, and has an epigram addressed to him. Weever was the author of a work in folio, which is called *Fune-ral Monumenti* and is a miscellany of epitaphs and inscriptions, collected from ancient monuments in various parts of the kingdom.—WIAL.

³ *He woos with an ill sprite*] A play on the double meaning of the *las* word, an evil genius or spirit, and a stinking breath. To this last sense of *sprite* young Knowell alludes in the inflated panegyric with which he puz-les and plays upon Master Stephen: "A wight that hitherto, his every, step hath left the stamp of a *treat Jott* behind him, as every word the savour of a *strong spirit*" The name of the person to whom this epigram is addressed is borrowed from the *cod*

If thou'dst but use thy faith as thou didst
 then, -
 When thou wert wont t' admire, not cen-
 sure men.
 Prithoe believe still, and not judge so fast,
 Thy faith is all the knowledge that thou
 hast.

XIX.

ON SIR COD THE PERFUMED.

That COD can get no widow, yet a knight,
 I scent the cause: he woos with am ill
 sprite.

XX.

TO THE SAME SIR COD.

The expense in odours is a most vain sin,
 Except thou couldst, SIR COD, wear them
 within.

XXI.

ON REFORMED GAMESTER.

Lord, how is GAMESTER changed! his
 hair close cut,⁴
 His neck fenced round with ruff, his eyes
 half shut!
 His clothes two fashions off, and poor! his
 sword
 Forbid his side, and nothing but the word,
 Quick in his lips! Who hath this wonder
 wrought?
 The late ta'en bastinado. So I thought.
 What several ways men to their calling
 have!
 The body's stripes, I see, the soul may
 save.

or little purse in which civet and other perfumes were kept in the poet's days.

⁵ In the *Woman's Prize* Livia says to her loTcr,

"Hold this certain—

Selling, which is a sin unpardonable,
 Of counterfeit *cods*, or musty English crocus,
 Switches, or stones for the tooth-ach, sooner
 finds me

Than that diawn fox Moroso."—Act i. sc. a.

Upon which Mr. Weber observes: "In some MS. notes which have been procured for me, *cods* explained, a pillow, a belly. I am afraid the allusion is not so delicate." The writer's fears are about as ideal as those of Mr. Steevens, from whom this miserable cant is adopted; his ignorance, however, here, as well as everywhere else, is sufficiently real: what did he suppose Livia to mean? *Counterfeit cods* are spurious or adulterate civet-bags, and nothing more.

His hair close cut, &c.] These are the characteristic marks of a Puritan, which Gamester was now become. The worn was the cant phrase for the Scripture, which was profanely applied to every incident of life. This is an epigram of all times.

XXII.
ON MY FIRST DAUGHTER.

Here lies, to each her parents ruth,
MARY, the daughter of their youth ;
Yet all heaven's gifts being heaven's due,
It makes the father less to rue.
At six months end she parted hence
With safety of her innocence ;
Whose soul heaven's Queen, whose name
she bears,

In comfort of her mother's tear?,
Hath placed amongst her virgin-train :
Where while that severed doth ren. au,
This grave partakes the fleshly birth ;
Which cover lightly, gentle earth !

XXIII.

To JOHN DONNE.²

DONNE, the delight of Phoebus and each
Muse,
Who, to thy one, all other brains refuse ;
Whose every work, of thy most early wit,
Came forth example, and remains so yet :
Longer a knowing than most wits do live,
And which no affection praise enough can

To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain
a strife ;

All which I meant to praise, and yet I would ;
But leave, because I cannot as I should !

XXIV.

To THE PARLIAMENT.

There's reason good, that you good laws
should make :
Men's manners ne'er were viler, for your
sake.

¹ Whose soul heaven's Queen, whose name she bears, i.e., the Virgin Mary; tins seems to have been written when our poet was a convert to the church of Rome. WIJAL.

There • both pathos and beauty in tin- hule piece : Jonson appears to have been a most kind and affectionate parent; and if, as Fuller says, he did not always meet with art equal return of duty and love, those who denied it to him have the greater sin. It is here the proper place to observe that our poet is by far the best writer of epitaphs that this country ever produced.

John Donne. The celebrated Dean of St. Paul's. His character is excellently given in this affectionate memorial of his virtue; indeed no one knew him better, or valued him more justly than Jonson. The domestic life of this eminent man is admirably written by Isaac Walton; and a severe, though not unjust esti-

XXV.

ON SIR VOLUPTUOUS BEAST.

While BEAST instructs his fair and innocent wife,
In the past pleasures of his sensual life,
Telling the motions of each petticoat,
And how his Ganymede moved, and how
his goat,
And now her hourly her own succumb
makes,
In varied shapes, which for his lust she
takes :
What doth he else, but say Leave to be
chaste,
Just wife, and to change me, make woman's
haste !

XXVI.

ON THE SAME BEAST.

Than his chaste wife though BEAST now
know no more,
He adulterers still: his thoughts lie with a
whore.

XXVII.

ON SIR JOHN ROE.³

In place of scutcheons that should deck
thy herse,
Take better ornaments, my tears and verse.
If any sword could save from Fates, ROE'S
could ;

If any Muse outlive their spight, his can ;
If any friends' tears could restore, his
would ;

If any pious life e'er lifted man
To heaven; his halli : O happy state I
wherein

We, sad for him, may glory and not
sin.

mate of his poetical merits will be found in Dr. Johnson's *Life of Cowley*.

[Jois-xi tohl Drummond that he esteemed DOMIC- "th. first poet in the world in some thi!"; " ileh.nl "written his best pieces ere liew.istwenty-fiveyearsull."-F.C.J

³ On. ir John AW.] Probably the son of Sir Thomas Roe, knt., an eminent merchant of Lo'xlon, who after pa-sin; with distinguished cicith throuyh every munu, p,U honour, died fuH of year-, and ood woiks about 1570. This worthy citizen, whose charity was, directed by his pu-ty to the most useful purposes, left four sons, who appear to have trod in the footsteps of thuir lather.

Jon-ton said emphatically to Drummond thait " Sir John Roe loved him." " He died in hi' arms of the pest."-F. C.]

XXVIII.

ON DON SURLY.

DON SURLY, to aspire the glorious name
Of a great man, and to be thought the
same,
Makes serious use of all great trade he
knows.

He speaks to men with a rhinocrotc's
nose,
Which lie thinks great; and so reads verses
too:

And that is done as he saw great men do.
He has tympanies of business in his face,
And can forget men's names with a great
grace.

He will both argue, and discourse in oaths,
Both which are great: and laugh at ill-
made clothes;

That's greater yet: to cry his own up
neat.

He doth at meals, alone, his pheasant eat,
Which is main greatness; and at his still
board,

He drinks to no man: that's, too, like a
lord.

He keeps another's wife, winch is a spice
Of solemn greatness; and lie dares at dice;
Blaspheme God greatly; or some poor
hind beat,

That breathes in his dog's way:² and this
is great.

Nay more, for greatness snke, he will be one
May hear my lipigrams, but like of none.
SURLY, use oilier ails, these only can
Style thee a most great fool, but no great
man.

¹ *He \$Jeaks to men with a rhinocrotc's KM?.*]
i.e., I believe, with a nose elate, or curled up
into a kind of sneer, scornfully, contemptuously.
This at least is the meaning of the expression in
Martial's lively address to Ins book:

*Nest ts, hen, nescis domincr fastidia Rotiffr,
Crede mihi, nimum Martin turba sajnt;
Majores nusqucwt rñtJijuzetie\$que senesque
Et fiteri nasum Rhinocerotis heilent!*
Lib. i. iv.

² *That breathes in his dog's way.* } "Breathes
(Whalley says) is intended to express what
Shakspeare means when he describes such as
"breathe in their waterhig." There is no end to
this nonsense, since Steevens first set it abroach.
I have already relieved Shakspeare from the
obloquy of so filthy a meaning (vol. i. p. 73 £.)
and to take away every possible plea for its
being charged upon him again, I will now add
the following decisive passage. The words of
Shakspeare are: "They call drinking deep
dying scarlet, and when you breathe in your
watering," (stop to take breath in your draught,)

XXIX.

TO SIR ANNUAL TILTER.

TILTRR, the most may admire thee, though
not I;

And thou, ri?;ht guiltless, mayst plead to
it, Why

For thy late sharp device. I say 'tis fit
All brains, at times of triumph, should run
wit:

For then our water-conduits do run wine;
But that's put in, thou'lt say. Why, so is
thine.

XXX.

TO PERSON GUILTY.

GUILTY, be wise; and though thou know'st
the crimes

P.e thine I tax, yet do not own my rhymes:
Tweremadness in thcc, to betray thy fame
And person to the world; ere I thy name.

XXXI.

ON BANCK THE USURER.

BANCK feels no lameness of his knotty
gout,

His monies travel for him in and out:
And though the soundest legs go every day,
He toils to be at hell as soon as they.

XXXII.

ON SIR JOHN ROE.³

What two brave perils of the private swoid
Could not effect, nor all the Furies do,
That self-divided Belgia did afford:
What not the envy of the seas reached to,

"they cry *hem*! and bid you play it off." The
parallel passage follows:

"Fill Will his beaker, he will never flinch
To give a full quart pot the cmptie pinch.
He'll looke unto our waters well enough,
And hath an eye that no man leaves a smiffe:
A pox of piece nieale drinking! William saves,
Pliiy it aivay, will have nostoppesandstuyes;
Jlown drink is odious," &c.

S. Rowland, Sat. vi.

³ Jonson appears to have sincerely loved and
lanunted this excellent person, of whose actions
I can ftyve the reader no account. He seems to
have followed the business of a merchant-
adventurer at first, like his father, and subse-
quently, in imitation of many gallant spirits in
those days, to have embarked in the wars of the
Netherlands. He died, however, in peace, at
home.

Among Whalley's loose papers I find another
memorial of our author's regard for him. It is
taken from the blank leaf of Casaubon's Com-
mentny on Persius, with which Jonson "re-

The cold of Mosco, and fat Irish air,
His often change of clime, (though not
of mind,)

What could not work ; at home, in his re-
pair,

Was his blest fate, but our hard lot to find.
Which shews, wherever death doth please
t' appear,

Seas, serenes, ¹swords, shot, sickness, all
are there.

XXXIII.

To THE SAME.

I'll not offend thee with a vain tear more,
Glad-mentioned ROE ; thou art but gone
before,

Whither the world must follow : and I, now,
Breathe to expect my When, and make
my How.

Which if most gracious heaven grant like
thine,

Who wets my grave² can be no friend of
mine.

XXXIV.

OF DEATH.

He that fears death, or mourns it, in the just,
Shews of the Resurrection little trust.

XXXV.

To KING JAMES.

Who would not be thy subject, JAMES, t'
obey

A prince that rules by' example more than
sway?

sented his friend. Why Whallcy chose to give
us vile English instead of copying the elegant
Latin of the original, I cannot tell.

"To Sir John Roc, his most approved friend,
this his love and delight, the most learned of
Satirists, PERSIUS, with a most learned com-
mentary, is consecrated by Ben. Jonson, who
willingly, deservedly, gives and dedicates it.
Nor is a parent more to be preferred by me than
a friend."

[^a D. JOANNI ROWE,

Amico

Probatissimo,

Hunc Amorem et delicias

Suas, Satiricorum doctissimum,

Persium, cum

doctissimo commentario

Sacravit

Ben: Jonsonius,

et

L. M. D.

Nee prior est incipi pArens Amico.¹—F. C.]

¹ Seas, serenes, &c.] i.e., a blast of warm air ;
a blight, or mildew, vol. i. p. 371 a. The most
miserable pun on record (which yet was repeated
at every table in Paris,) was made by the Mar-

Whose manners draw, more than thy
powers constrain.

And in this short time of thy happiest reign,
Hast purged thy realms, as we have now
no cause

Left us of fear, but first our crimes, then laws.
Like aids 'gainst treasons who hath found
before,

And than in them, how could we know
God more?

First thou preserved wert our king to be ;
And since, the whole land was preserved
for thee. a

XXXVI.

To THE GHOST OF MARTIAL.

Martial, thou gav'st far nobler Epigrams
To thy DOMITIAN, than I can my JAMES ;
But in my royal subject I pass thee,
Thou flatter'st thine, mine cannot flattered
be.

XXXVII.

ON CHEVERIL THE LAWYER.

No cause, no client fat, will CHEVERIL leae,
But as they come, on both sides he takes fees,
And pleaseth both: for while he melts his
grease

For this ; that wins, for whom he holds his
peace.

XXXVIII.

To PERSON GUILTY.

GUILTY, because I bade you late be wise,⁴
And to conceal your ulcers, did advise

quis of Bievre on this word. Mad. d'Angivilliers
had a favourite *serin* (a canary-bird), and the
Marquis, on coming into her drawing-room,
gravely put on his hat, with this notable piece
of wit: "I beg your ladyship's pardon—but I
am afraid of the *serin*!" The Marquis was a
great reader of Joe Miller—so were not the
French in general; his second-hand wit there-
fore was in high request.

^a Who wets my grave, &c.] This is a beau-
tiful little valediction ; there is a simple gran-
deur of thought, a high moral dignity in all the
addresses of Jonson (for there are more to come)
to this distinguished family, which does no less
honour to them than to the poet.

^b And since the whole laud was preserved &c.]
This epigram was probably written in
1604, as the last allusion is to the plague, which
broke out in London soon after the death of
Elizabeth. The "treasons" spoken of just
above are probably those of the Cowrie and Sir
Walter Raleigh.

^c GUILTY, because I bade you late be wise.]
See Epig. XXX. This is an excellent epigram ;
replete with strong sense and keen observation
of mankind.

You laugh when you are touched, and long before
Any man else, you clap your hands and roar,
And cry, *good I good*, 'this quite perverts my sense,
And lies so far from wit, 'tis impudence.
Believe it, GUILTY, if you lose your shame,
I'll lose my modesty, and tell your name.

XXXIX.
ON OLD COLT.

For all night-sins, with others wives unknown,
COLT now doth daily penance in his own.

XL.
ON MARGARET RATCLIFFE.

M arble, weep, for thou dost cover
A dead beauty underneath thee,
R ich as nature could bequeath thee:
G rant then, no rude hand remove her.
A ll the gazers on the skies
R cad not in fair heaven's story,
E xpresser truth, or truer glory,
T han they might in her bright eyes.
R are as wonder was her wit;
A nd, like nectar, ever flowing;
T ill time, strong by her bestowing,
C onquered hath both life and it;
L ife, whose grief was out of fashion
I n these times. Few so have rued
F ate in a brother. To conclude,¹
F or wit, feature, and true passion,
E arth, thou hast not such another.

XLI.
ON GIPSY.

GIPSY, new bawd, is turned physician,
And gets more gold than all the college can:

*Few so have rued
Fate in a brother.* Of this lady, Margaret Ratcliffe, I can give the reader no information. She was probably a collateral branch of the family of the Earl of Sussex, for the marriage of whose daughter Jonson wrote the beautiful *Masque of the Hue and Cry after Cupid*. From a subsequent epigram I collect that she had five brothers, of whom she had the misfortune to lose four; two in the field in Ireland, and two by sickness in the Low Countries. Jonson had reason, therefore, to say that few had *rued* such fate in their relations.

*To irritill and nill
The self-same things &c.] Idem velle atque
mpt, e, ea denuum amicitia est.*

Robert, Earl of Salisbury. Younger son of Lord Burghley. He and his elder brother, William, were both created earls in the same

Such her quaint practice is, so it allures,
For what she gave, a whore: a bawd, slit cures.

XLII.

ON GILES AND JOAN.

Who says that GILES and JOAN at discord be?
Th' observing neighbours no such mood can see.
Indeed, poor Giles repents he married ever;
But that his Joan doth too. And Giles would never,
By his free-will, be in Joan's company:
No more would Joan lie should. Giles riseth early,
And having got him out of doors is glad;
The like is Joan: but turning home is sad:
And so is Joan. Ofttimes when Giles doth find
Harsh sights at home, Giles wisheth he were blind;
All this doth Joan: or that his long-yarned life
Were quite out-spun; the like wish hath his wife.
The children that he keeps, Giles swears are none
Of his begetting; and so swears his Joan.
In all affections she concurrereth still.
If now, with man and wife, to will and nill
The self-same things,² a note of concord be,
I know no couple better can agree 1

XLIII.

To ROBERT, EARL OF SALISBURY.

What need hast thou of me, or of my muse,
Whose actions so themselves do celebrate?

day. Robert in the morning; to give his descendants precedence of those of William.

"This man," Walpole says, "who had the fortune or misfortune" (why misfortune?—but this poor stuff was meant for wit) "to please both Elizabeth and James I.; who like the son of the Duke of Lerma had the uncommon fate of succeeding his own father as prime minister, and who unlike that son of Lerma did not, though treacherous to everybody else, supplant his own father, is sufficiently known; his public story may be found in all our histories, his particular in the *Biographia*."—*Cat. of Royal and Noble Authors*. In none of these. However, did Walpole look for the "story" of this eminent statesman; but in the ignorant, impure, and scandalous reports of the Weldons, Peytona, and other puritanical disseminators of falsehood, as better suited to the base and envious nature

Which should thy country's love to speak
refuse,

Her foes enough would fame thee in their
hate.

Tofore, great men were glad of poets; now,
I, not the worst, am covetous of thee:
Yet dare not to my thought least hope
allow

Of adding to thy fame; thine may to me,
When in my book men read but CECIL'S
name,

And what I write thereof find far, and free
From servile flattery, common poets'shame,
As thou stand'st clear of the necessity.

XLTV.

ON CHUFFS,

BANCKS the *Usurers Kinsman*.

CHUFFE, lately rich in name, in chattels,
goods,

And rich in issue to inherit all,
Ere blacks were bought for his own
funerall,

Saw all his race approach the blacker floods:

of his own spirit. When the time shall come for
Walpole himself to be added to the number of
"noble authors," by a sterner biographer than
Mr. Parke, he will, if fairly represented, be
found to be one of the most odious and con-
temtable of the whole." *Catalogue*.

[Walpole was one of Gifford's special avers-
ions. He may have derived the feeling from
his bosom friend Hoppner, the painter, who
however expressed his dislike in more measured
terms. See Hoppner's excellent article in the
first number of the *Quarterly Review*, p. 41.
For further abuse of Horace Walpole, see notes
on the *Pindaric Ode*, #ost.—F. C.]

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, *and*
joy.] The expression here must be explained:
than child of my right hand shews us his son's
name was *Benjamin*; that word being usually
taken as a compound of two Hebrew words,
which imply that meaning. But some modern
commentators more justly interpret the word
Benjamin to signify the *son of days*, or *of old*
age. *Benjamin* was the youngest son, and prob-
ably born when his father was advanced in
years.—WHAL.

My predecessor seems to write without read-
ing what he is about to explain. The title
declares the epitaph to be written on *his first*
son; Benjamin, says the critic, was *the youngest*
son, and probably born when the father was ad-
vanced in years! This is sad trifling; but
"Whalley appears to me to have contented him-
self upon all occasions with second-hand autho-
rities, which are commonly worse than none at
all. In one of the spiteful attempts made to
injure Jonson by his "friend" Drummond, he
relates the following anecdote, which he had (he

He meant they thither should make swift
repair,

When he made him executor, might be
heir,

XLV.

ON MY FIRST SON.

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and
joy;

My *sin* was too much hope of thee, loved
boy:

Seven years thou wert lent to met and I
thee pay,

Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
O, could I lose all father, now! for why

Will man lament the state he should envy?
To have so soon scaped world's, and flesh's

rage,
And if no other misery, yet age I
Rest in soft peace, and asked, say here

doth lie
BEN JONSON his best piece of Poetry:
For whose sake henceforth all his vows be

such,
As what he loves may never like too much.

says) from the poet's own mouth. While the
plague raged in London, he was on a visit with
Camden at the house of Sir Robert Cotton, in
the country. Here he saw, in a dream, his
eldest son, with the mark of a Moody cross (the
token of the plague) on his forehead. Alarmed
at this, he prayed to God for him, and went in
the morning to Camden's room, and told him
what he had seen. Camden desired him not to
be dejected, for that it was merely the creation
of his own fears: but there came a letter from
his wife, to inform him that the child was dead
of the plague. Jonson added, that his son ap-
peared to him of a manly stature, and of such
growth as he thought he would beat the Resur-
rection." There is enough in this narrative to
convince any one but the vile calumniator who
reports it, that the fond father was not, as he
asserts, void of all religion:—but to the purpose
of the note. The plague broke out in 1603, & the
child was then in his seventh year; he was born
therefore in 1596, when Jonson, instead of being
"advanced in years," was just turned of two-
and-twenty!

The last couplet contain a pretty allusion to
the cheerless advice of Martial, in one of his
melancholy moods:

*Si vitare veils acerba qurtlam,
Et tristes animi cavern tncorus,
Nulli te facias nimis sdaletm,
Gaulebis minus, at minus dolebis.*

[This insanelly rabid note is best disposed of
by referring the reader to "the vile calumnia-
tor's" own words. See *Conversations*, J#tt—
F. C.]

XLVI.

To SIR LUCKLESS WOO-ALL,

Is this the sir, who, some waste wife to win,
A knighthood bought, to go a wooing in?
'Tis LUCKLESS, he that took up one on band
To pay at's day of marriage. By my hand
The knight-wright's cheated then! he'll
never pay:

Yes, now he wears his knighthood everyday.

XLVII.

To THE SAME.

Sir LUCKLESS, troth, for luck's sake pass
by one;
He that woos every widow, will get none.

XLVIII.

ON MUNGRIL ESQUIRE.

His bought arms MUNG' not liked; for his
first day
Of bearing them in field, he threw 'em away:¹
And hath no honour lost, our duellists say.

XLIX.

To PLAYWRIGHT.

PLAYWRIGHT me reads, and still my verses
damns,

He says I want the tongue of Epigrams;²
I have no salt, no bawdry he doth mean;²
For witty, in his language, is obscene.
Playwright, I loath to have thy manners
known

In my chaste book; profess them in thine
own.¹ For his first day

Of bearing them in field, he threw 'em away.
The arms were usually portiaied upon the
shield; so that on his entering into battle, he
flung away his shield, that he might not be en-
cumbered in his flight. This marks him for his
cowardice.—WHAL.

Jonson might ha'e thrown his epigram after
Mungril's arms, with no more loss of credit than
the other of honour.

'tave no salt, no bawdry Jie doth mean.]
This expression sufficiently justifies Pope's
emendation of the passage *vdHamlet* "Re-
member one said there were no salts in the lines
to make the matter savoury." The old copies
read *sallets*, which being akin to nonsense is,
according to custom, replaced in the text by the
last editors; though, as Mr. Steevens adds,
"the alteration of Pope may be, in some mea-
sure, supported by the following passage in
Decker's *Satirowcistijr*—PL prepared troop of
gallants, who shall distaste every *nsalted* line
in their fly-blown comedies." If the change be
true, measure supported by this quotation, it

L.

To SIR COD.

Leave, COD, tobacco-like, burnt gums to
take,
Or fummy clysters, thy moist lungs to bake:
Arsenic would thee fit for society make.

LL

To KING JAMES.

Upon the happy false rumour of his death,
the two-and-twentieth day of March
1606.³

That we thy loss might know, and thou our
love,Great heaven did well to give ill fame
free wing;Which though it did but panic terror prove,
And far beneath least pause of such a
king;

Yet give thy jealous subjects leave to doubt,

Who this thy scape from rumour gratefully

No less than if from peril; and devout,

Do beg thy care unto thy after-state.

For we, that have our eyes still in our ears,

Look not upon thy dangers, but our fears.

LII.

To CENSORIOUS COURTLYING.

COURTLING, I rather should stutturely
Dispraise my work, than praise it frostily:When I am read, thou feign'st a weak ap-
plause,As if thou wert my friend, but lack'dst a
cause.

is altogether fixed by the line above, of which
none of the commentators take the slightest
notice.

The best comment upon this little piece is
to be found in Winwood's State Papers, in a
letter from Mr. Chamberlaine to that minister,
dated April sth, 1606; from which it appears
that Jonson has not exaggerated the common
feeling, which was the more alive as the story
came so quickly upon the discovery of the Gun-
powder Plot. The report was that the king had
been stabbed with a poisoned knife at Woking,
in Surrey, where he was hunting. Mr. Lodge
has also a letter on the subject from the Earl of
Kent to the Earl of Shrewsbury, of which a
part is subjoined:

"My very hon'ble good Lo. I received yester-
day yo'r non'able and frendly lines by John
Sibley, whereby it pleased yo'r L^y to adv'tise me
of the untruth of those bruits spread abroad of
so horrible a treason against his Maj'ties pre-
cious life. Theis false bruits come very speedily
not only to the Privie Couicell at the Corte,
and so to London, but also into theis parts, and

This but thy judgment fools: the other way
Would both thy folly and thy spite betray.

LIII.

To OLD-END GATHERER.

Long-gathering OLD-END, I did fear thee
wise,
When having pilled a book which no man
buys,
Thou wert content the author's name to lose:
But when, in place, thou didst the patron's
choose,

It was as if thou printed hadst an oath,
To give thee world assurance thou wert both;
And that, as puritans at baptism do,
Thou art the father, and the witness too.
For, but thyself, wheie, out of motley, 's he¹
Could save that line to dedicate to thee?

LIV.

ON CHEVERIL.

CHEVERIL, cries out my verses libels are;
And threatens the Star-chamber, and the
Bar.

What are thy petulant pleadings, Cheveril,
then,
That quit'st the cause so oft, and rail'st at
men?

LV.

To FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

How I do love thee, BEAUMONT, and thy
Muse,
That unto me dost such religion use!

not unlike, into a groat p'tc of the kingdom.
All thother daye being Sundaye, we here knew
nothings certainly to the contrary but that the
worst might be feared: but the greater astonish-
ment this sudden fearfull iamour hath ev'y
where occasioned, the more smg'lar comfoit and
joye will now redounde to ev'ie true harted sub-
ject by the report of his Ma'lie's safetie, for
w'ch they shall have so just cause to sounde
forth God's praise, together with incessant
prayers for his Jlighnes longe happie and prosper-
ous raigne ov'r us." Wilson's account of the
confusion and dismay which took place on this
occasion, is given in yet stronger language.

Where, out of motley, 's he, &c.] i e., where
out of a motley, or fool's coat is he, &c. In
other words, who but a fool?—Whalley seems
to have strangely mistaken this simple ex-
pression.

When even there, where most thou praisest
me,

For writing' better, I must emy thee.] This
short poem is an answer to a letter which Beau-
mont, then in the country with Fletcher, sent to
Jonson, together with two unfinished comedies.
The letter is an excellent one, and proves
the interesting frankness and cordiality in which

How I do fear myself, that am not worth
The least indulgent thought thy pen drops
forth!

At once thou mak'st me happy, and un-
mak'st;

Arid giving largely to me, more thou tak'st!
What fate is mine, that so itself bereaves?
What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives?
When even there, where most thou praisest
me,

For writing better, I must envy thee,^a

LVI.

ON POET-APE.

Poor POET-APE,³ that would be thought
our chief,

Whose works are e'en the frippery of wit,
From brokage is become so bold a thief,

As we, the robbed, leave rage, and pity it.
At first he made low shifts, would pick and
glean,

Buy the reversion of old plays; now grown
To a little wealth, and credit in the Scene,

He takes up all, makes each man's wit
his own:

And, told of this, he slights it. Tut, such
crimes

The sluggish gaping auditor devours;
He marks not whose 'twas first: and after-
times

May judge it to be his, as well as ours.
Fool! as if half eyes will not know a fleece
From locks of wool, or shreds from the
whole piece?

"the envious and malignant Hen" lived with his
brother poets The passage to which the text
more immediately applies is the following;

"Fate once again

Bring me to thee, who canst make smooth and
plain

The way of knowledge for me, and then I,

(Who have no good but in thy company),

Protest it will my least comfort be,

To ru knowledge all I have to flow from thee.

Ben, when these scenes are pe' feet, we'll taste

wine,

I'll drink thy muse's health, thou shalt quaff

mine.

[See vol. i. p. cxiv. Jonson, however, told
Drummond "that Francis Beaumont loved too
much himself and his own verses"—F. C.]

³ Poor Poet-ape, & C. j Mr Chalmers will take
it on his death that the person here meant is
Shakspeare! Who can doubt it? For my part
I am persuaded that GKOOM IDIOT in the next
epigram is also Shakspeare; and indeed, ffene-
rally, that he is typified by the words "fool and
knave," so exquisitely descriptive of him, wher-
ever they occur in Jonson.

LVII.

ON BAWDS AND USURERS.

If, as their ends, their fruits were so, the same,
Bawdry and Usury were one kind of game.

LVIII.

To GROOM IDIOT.

IDIOT, last night I prayed thee but forbear
To read ray verses; now I must to hear :
For offering with thy smiles my wit to grace,
Thy ignorance still laughs in the wrong place.

And so my sharpness thou no less disjoins,
Than thou didst late my sense, loosing my points.

So have I seen at Christmas-sports, one lost,
And hoodwinked, for a man embrace a post.

LIX.

ON SPIES.

SPIES, you are lights in state, but of base stuff,

Who, when you've burnt yourselves down to the snuff,

Stink, and are thrown away. End fair enough.

LX.

To WILLIAM LORD MOUNTEAGLE.¹

Lo, what my country should have done (have raised

An obelisk, or column to thy name,
Or, if she would but modestly have praised
Thy fact, in brass or marble writ the same)

I, that am glad of thy great chance, here do!

And proud my work shall out-last common deeds,

Durst think it great, and worthy wonder too,

But thine, for which I do't, so much exceeds !

My country's parents I have many known;
But, saver of my country, THEE alone.

LXI.

To FOOL, OR KNAVE.

Thy praise or dispraise is to me alike;
One doth not stroke me, nor the other strike.

LXII.

To FINE LADY WOULD-BE.

Fine Madam WOULD-BE, wherefore should you fear,

That love to make so well, a child to bear?
The world reputes you barren : but I know

Your pothecary, and his drug, says no.

Is it the pain affrights ? that's soon forgot.
Or your complexion's loss ? you have a

pot,
That can restore that. Will it hurt your feature ?

To make amends, you're thought a wholesome creature.

What should the cause be? oh, you live at court;

And there's both loss of time and loss of sport

In a great belly. Write then on thy womb,
"Of the not born, yet buried, here's the tomb."

LXI 11.

To ROBERT, EARL OF SALISBURY.

Who can consider thy right courses run,
With what thy virtue on the times hath won,

And not thy fortune ? who can clearly see
The judgment of the king so shine in thee;

¹ To William, Lord Mounteagle.] This was the nobleman who received the remarkable letter about the gunpowder plot, taken notice of by our historians, and which gave the fit stir apprehensions of what was then contriving.—WHAL.

Many angry attacks have been made on James for assuming to himself the merit of discovering the import of this letter: of which Cecil takes the credit in an excellent official paper to Sir Charles Cornwallis (*Winwood Mem.* vol. ii. p. 170.) but surely without much cause. The fact seems to be that Cecil allowed the king (who was always tenacious of his own sagacity) to imagine that he had detected the latent meaning of the letter. Cecil was the most shrewd, and James the most simple and

unsuspicious of mortals :—there is, therefore, not the smallest reason to believe that the king meant to mislead the parliament, or that he thought otherwise than he spoke. We deceive ourselves grossly if we assume that all which is known now was known at the time when the event took place. Cecil's letter was a sealed letter to the parliament and the nation ; and, after all, we have only the minister's word for his share in the discovery. The hint to Lord Mounteagle, which was given to him by his sister, Mary Parker, wife of Thomas Habinjtoil, and mother of the amiable and virtuous author of *Castara*, was not the only one conveyed to the Earl of Salisbury on this mysterious business.

Aftd that thou seek'st reward of thy each
act,

Not from the public voice, but private fact?
Who can behold all envy so declined
By constant suffering of thy equal mind;
Arid can to these be silent, SALISBURY,
Without his, thine, and all time's injury?
Curst be his Muse that could lie dumb, or
hid

To so true worth, though thou thyself for-
bid.

LXIV.

To THE SAME.

*Upon ike Accession of the Trecasurcrship
to him.*

Not glad, like those that have new hopes,
or suits,

With thy new place, bring I these early
fruits

Of love, and what the golden age did hold
A treasure, art; contemned in th' age of
gold.

Nor glad as those that old dependents be,
To see thy father's rites new laid on thee.

Nor glad for fashion; nor to shew a fit
Of flattery to thy titles; nor of wit.

But 1 am glad to see that time survive,
Where merit is not sepulchred nlive;
Where good men's virtues them to honours
bring.

And not to dangers: when so wise a king
Contents to have worth enjoy from his
regard,

As her own conscience, still the same re-
ward.

These, noblest CECIL, laboured in my
thought,

Wherein what wonder see thy name hath
wrought!

That whilst I meant but thine to gratulate,
I have sung the greater fortunes of our
state.

¹ Enough has been said already of the charac-
ter of this eminent statesman; but it may not
be amiss on the present occasiⁿi to enumeate
the periods of his successive honours. He was
born June i, 1563, knighted m 1591; sworn of
the privy council in the follo^v'w'v' August, and
in 1596 appointed principal secretary of slate.
In 1599 he was m^de master of the court of
wards, and in the same year sent to France to
negotiate a peace between that country and
Spain. On the accession of King James, 1603,
he was created Baron Cecil and Discount Cran-
borne, and in 165 Karl of Salisbury. In 1608
fwhicll is therefore the date of this epigram) lie
was created LORD HIGH TREASUREK; and in
this post he died May 24, 1612.

Sir Henry Gary.} First Lord Falkland.

LXV.

To MY MUSE.

Away, and leave me, thou thing most ab-
horred,

That hast betrayed me to a worthless lord;
Made me commit most fierce idolatry
To a great image through thy luxury:
Be thy next master's more unlucky Muse,
And, as thou hast mine, his hours and youth
abuse.

Get him the time's long grudge, the court's
ill will;

And reconciled, keep him suspected still.
Make him lose all his friends; and, which
is worse,

Almost all ways to any better course.

With me thou leav'st an happier Muse than
thee,

And which thou brought'st me, welcome
poverty:

She shall instruct my after-thoughts to
write

Things manly, and not smelling parasite.

But 1 repent me: stay—Whoe'er is raised
For worth he has not, he is taxed not
praised.

LXVI.

To SIR HENRY GARY.'

That neither fame nor love might wanting
be

To greatness, GARY, I sing that and thee:
Whose house, if it no other honour had,

In only thee might be both great and
glad;

Who, to upbraid the sloth of this our
time,

Durst valour make, almost, but not a
crime.

Which deed T know not, whether were
more high,

Or thou more happy, it to justify

and father of the celebrated Lucius, Lord Falk-
land, who acted so conspicuous and noble a part
in the Rebellion. Sir Henry was also a very
distinguished character as a statesman and
soldier. He had been master of the Jewel
Office to Elizabeth, was made a Knight of the
Bath at the creation of IVince Henry, mid
soon after Lord Deputy of Ireland. The inti-
macy of Jonson with this family (for he was
much endeared to the son as well as father) is
not a little to his rr dit; but indeed this great
poet, who is represented by Steevens amf his
followers as little better than an obscure gar-
retteer, lived on terms of honourable familiarity
with all die gejius, worth, and rank of hi
age.

Against thy fortune; when no foe, that day,
Could conquer thee but chance, who did
betray.

Love thy great loss, which a renown hath
won,

To live when Broeck not stands, nor Roer
doth run !

Love honours, which of best example be
When they cost dearest and are done
most free.

Though every fortitude deserves applause,
It may be much, or little, in the cause.

He's valiant'st, that dares fight, and not
for pay ;

That virtuous Is, when the reward's away.

LXVII.

To THOMAS, EARL OF SUFFOLK

Since men have left to do praiseworthy
things,

Most think all praises flatteries: but truth
brings

That sound and that authority with her
name,

As, to be raised by her, is only fame.

Stand high then, HOWARD, high in eyes
of men,

High in thy blood, thy place ; but highest
then,

When, in men's wishes, so thy virtues
wrought,

As all thy honours were by them first sought:
And thou designed to be the same thou art,

"The castle and river (Jonson says) near where he was taken." It appears from a letter of Sir Thomas Edmonds (resident ambassador with the Archduke, at Brussels) that while Spinola was engaged in securing the passage of the Roer by the erection of a battery, an attempt was made to surprise the covering party by Count Maurice. The action was short but severe, and in the end the Count was obliged to retreat. Some officers of rank fell on each side, and Spinola made some prisoners, "among whom," Sir Thomas says, "were certain English gentlemen, whereof the principal are Sir Henry Carey and Mr. Radcliffe, brother to Sir John Radcliffe (and to Margaret), and one Captain Pygot." *Winivood's Mem.* vol. li. 145. This letter is dated 21st October, 1605; and the action took place a few days before.

The capture of Sir Henry Carey seems to have been viewed by the Spanish court as a matter of considerable moment, and it required all the influence of Cecil and all the dexterity of Sir Charles Cornwallis, *our ambassador at Madrid, to procure his release.* "In conclusion," Sir Charles writes to the Earl of Salisbury, "I moved him (the Duke of Lerma) for Sir Henry Carey, saying 'I was therunto solicited by the entreatie of many honourable personages

Before thou wert it, in each good man's heart.

Which, by no less confirmed than thy king's choice,

Proves that is God's, which was the people's voice.

LXVIII.

ON PLAYWRIGHT.

PLAYWRIGHT convict of public wrongs to men,

Takes private boatings, and begins again.

Two kinds of valour he doth shew at once;

Active in's bram, and passive in his bones.

LXIX.

To PERTINAX COB.

COB, thou nor soldier, thief, nor fencer art,
Yet by thy weapon liv'st! thou hast one good part.

LXX.

To WILLIAM ROE.

When nature bids us leave to live, 'tis late
Then to begin, my ROE ! He makes a state

In life, that can employ it ; and takes hold
On the true causes, ere they grow too old.

Delay is bad, doubt worse, depending
worst;

Each best day of our life escapes us first :³
Then since we, inure than many, these

truths know;
Though life be short, let us not make it so,

that wished well to the state ; and by some fair ladies, whom I knew his Excellencie would be apt to favour. I delivered his valuable estate, and the hard course taken against him. And lastly told what between the Conde de Villa Lonya and me, had been agreed to be done in his favour, whereat he smyled, and desired he might be put in further memorie of it, which by God's grace shall not be omitted." This was in June, 1606 ; but it required yet many conferences before his liberty was procured.

² To Thomas, Earl of Suffolk.] He was so created by James I. in 1603, and bore several great offices of state. In the twelfth year of the same king he was constituted Lord High Treasurer ; and it is not improbable but this epigram was addressed to him on his promotion to that high station.—WHAL.

The epigram has a much earlier date than Whalley assigns it. It was probably written upon his accession to the title of Suffolk, when he was also appointed Lord Chamberlain.

³ Each best day of our life escapes us first.] From Virgil:

"Optima quæcque dies miseris morialibits ævi
Prima fugit."

William Roe was probably the brother of the'

LXXI.

ON COURT PARROT.

To pluck down mine, POLL sets up new
wits still;
Still 'tis his luck to praise me 'gainst his
will.

LXXII.

TO COURTLING.

I grieve not, COURTLING, thou art started
up
A chamber-critic, and dost dine and sup
At Madam's table, where thou mak'st all
wit
Go high or low, as thou wilt value it.
Not thy judgment breeds the prejudice,
Thy person only, Courtling, is the vice.

LXXIII.

TO FINE GRAND.¹

What is't, FINE GRAND, makes thee my
friendship fly,
Or take an Epigram so fearfully,
As 'twere a challenge, or a borrower's
letter?
The world must know your greatness is my
debtor.
Imprimis, Grand, you owe me for a jest
I lent you, on mere acquaintance, at a
feast.
Item, a tale or two some fortnight after;
That yet maintains you and your house in
laughter.

person to whose memory the epigrams xxvii.,
xxxii., and xxxiii. are consecrated. I have
already remarked on the solemn tone which the
poet assumes in all his addresses to this family.

¹ Randolph has imitated this epigram in his
Pedlar; a forgotten piece, from which Dodsley
took the plot, and something more than the plot,
of his *To's Jwp.*

*The Virgin, long since fled from earth, I
see,*

*To our times returned, hath made her heaven
in thee.* This is high praise, but it is not be-
stowed at random; and it comes from one who
knew, and judged him well.

This great man was the natural son of Sir
Richard Egerton, of Ridley, Cheshire, by Alice,
daughter of Mr. Sparke, also of Cheshire. He
was born in 1539, sent to Oxford when he was
about seventeen, and thence to Lincoln's Inn.
In 1584 he was appointed Solicitor-Gem-inl, and
two years afterwards he was nude Master of
"the Rolls, which office he held together with
"What of Lord Keeper until the accession of
James I., 1603, when he was advanced to the
dignity of Baron of Ellesmere, and constituted
Lord High Chancellor of England. In 1610 he

Item, the Babylonian song you sing;
Item, a fair Greek poesy for a ring,
With which a learned madam you bely.
Item, a charm surrounding- fearfully
Your partic-per-palepicture, one half drawn
In solemn Cyprus, th' other cobweb lawn.
Item, a gulling imprese for you, at tilt.
Item, your mistress' anagram, in your hilt.
Item, your own, sewed in your mistress'
smock.

Item, an epitaph on my lord's cock,
In most vile verses, and cost me more pain,
Than had I made 'em good, to fit your
vein.
Forty things more, dear Grand, which you
know true,
For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll pay you.

LXXIV.

TO THOMAS, LORD CHANCELLOR
EGERTON.

Whilst thy weighed judgments, EGERTON,
I hear,
And know thee then a judge, not of one year;
Whilst I behold thee live with purest hands;
That no affection in thy voice commands;
That still thou'rt present to the better cause;
And no less wise than skilful in the laws;
Whilst thou art certain to thy words, once
gone,
As is thy conscience, which is always one:
The Virgin, long since fled from earth, I see,
To our times returned, hath made her
heaven in thee.²

was created Viscount Brackley, and died at
York House in the Strand, 15th Match, 1617,
having on the third of that month obtained the
King's leave, after long and earnest importunity,
to resign the Great Seal. He was in his seventy-
eighth year.

His person, as to its exterior, was so grave
and dignified, that many people, Fuller says,
have gone to His Chancery on purpose only to
see his venerable garb, and were highly pleased
at so acceptable a spectacle. But his interior
presented a subject of higher admiration. "His
apprehension was keen and ready; his judgment
deep and sound, his reason clear and compre-
hensive, his eloquence eloquent and easy. As a
lawyer he was prudent in council, extensive in
information, honest in principle, so that while he
lived he was excelled by none; and when he
died he was lamented by all."—*Cell. Peerage*,
vol. iii. p. 190.

Jonson has some allusion; to the Ode to
Lollius, who was very far from an Egerton:

"*Ctwsutque nfn nnins anni
Serf quoth-? Innns atq-nc Jldns
Jitdcx honestuipraeitiitititii*" &c.

LXXV.

ON LIPPE, THE TEACHER.

I cannot think there's that antipathy
Twixt Puritans and Players, as some cry ;
Though LIPPE, at Paul's, ran from his text
away,
To inveigh 'gainst plays, what did he then
but play ?

LXXVI.

ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

This morning, timely rapt with holy fire,¹
I thought to form unto my zealous Muse,
What kind of creature I could most desire
To honour, serve, and love; as Poets use.
I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good
than great;
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
Nor lend like influence from his lucent
seat.
I meant she should be courteous, facile,
sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness,
pride;
I meant each softest virtue there should
meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learned, and a manly soul
I purposed her; that should, with even
powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the sheers control
Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours.
Such when I meant to feign, and wished to
see,
My Muse bade, BEDFORD write, and that
was she!

LXXVII.

TO ONE THAT DESIRED ME NOT TO
NAME HIM.

Be safe, nor fear thyself so good a fame,
That, any way, my book should speak thy
name :

¹ *This morning, timely rapt with holy fire.* The English language, rich as it is in effusions of this kind, does not furnish a complimentary poem that for delicacy of sentiment and beauty of diction can at all be compared with this exquisite epigram ; which has yet the further merit of being consonant to truth. See *ante*, p. 8 a.

That poets are far rarer births than kings, Your noblest father proved. This lady, wife to Roger, Earl of Rutland, was daughter to Sir Philip Sidney, by his wife Frances, only daughter to Sir Francis Walsingham, Secretary of

For, if thou shame ranked with my friends
to go,
I'm more ashamed to have thee thought
my foe.

LXXVIII.

TO HORNET.

HORNET, thou hast thy wife drest for the
stall,
To draw thee custom : but herself gets all.

LXXIX.

TO ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF
RUTLAND.

That Poets are far rarer-births than kings,
Your noblest father proved ; like whom,
before,
Or then, or since, about our Muses' springs,
Came not that soul exhausted so their
store.
Hence was it that the Destinies decreed
(Save that most masculine issue of his
brain)
No male unto him ; who could so exceed
Nature, they thought, in all that he would
feign.
At which, she happily displeased, made YOU:
On whom, if he were living now, to look,
He should those rare and absolute numbers
view,
As he would burn, or better far his book.

LXXX.

OF LIFE AND DEATH.

The ports of death are sins ; of life, good
deeds;
Through which our merit leads us to our
needs.
How wilful blind is he, then, that would stray,
And hath it, in his powers to make his
way!
This world death's region is, the other life's;
And here, it should be one of our first strifes,

State to Queen Elizabeth. It is necessary to know such trivial circumstances, as in these smaller poems their chief merit often consists in the turns of thought which allude to them.—WHAL.

It is somewhat singular that Whalley should entertain this opinion, and yet that this should be almost the only person whom he has noticed. This celebrated lady, who was also the patroness of Donne and Daniel, and to whom Jonson wrote other verses, died before these poems were published. The "masculine issue" of her father was the *Arcadia*.

So to front death, as men might judge us
past it:
For good men but see death, the wicked
taste it.

LXXXI.

To PROULE, THE PLAGIARY.

Forbear to tempt me, PROULE, I will not
show

A line unto thee, till the world it know;
Or that I've by two good sufficient men,
To be the wealthy witness of my pen :'
For all thou hear'st, thou swear'st thyself
didst do.

Thy wit lives by it, PROULE, and belly too.
Which, if thou leave not soon, though I
am loth,

I must a libel make, and cozen both.

LXXXII.

ON CASHIERED CAPTAIN SURLY.

SURLY'S old whore in her new silks doth
swim:

He cast, yet keeps her well 1 No ; she
keeps him.

LXXXIII.

To A FRIEND,

To put out the word whore, thou dost me
woo,
Throughout my book. Troth, put out
woman too.

¹ To fo the wealthy witness of -my pen..] This is a pure Latinism: *testis locuples* is the phrase for a full and sufficient evidence.—WHAL.

² O, madam, if your grant, &c.] She had probably offered him a warrant for one : the object of the epigram seems to be that it should be sent home to him. [Drummond mentions that Jonson often repeated this epigram.—F. C.]

² Goodyere, I'm glad, &c.] Sir Henry Goodyere, to whom this and the following epigram are addressed, was a gentleman of great probity and virtue, and much respected by the men of genius in our author's age. There was great intimacy between him and Dr. Donne, whose letters to Sir Henry Goodyere make up tire greatest part of the collection published by the Doctor's son.—WHAL.

Sir Henry had a fine seat at Polesworth, in Warwickshire, where Jonson, much to his satisfaction, appears to have passed some time with him.

"To the honour of this Sir Henry," Camden says, "a knight memorable for his virtues, an affectionate friend of his made this tetrastich." There is certainly more affection than poetry in it.

LXXXIV.

To Lucy, COUNTESS OP BEDFORD.

Madam, I told you late, how I repented,
J asked a lord a buck, and he denied me ;
And, ere I could ask you, I was prevented .

For your most noble offer had supplied
me.

Straight went I home; and there, most
like a Poet,

I fancied to myself, what wine, what wit
I would have spent; how every Muse should
know it,

And Phoebus' self should be at eating it.
O, madam, if your grant did thus transfer
me,

Make it your gift! See whither that will
bear me.

LXXXV.

To SIR HENRY GOODYERE.

GOODYERE, I am glad,³ and grateful to re-
port,

Myself a witness of thy few days' sport;
Where I both learned, why wise men
hawking follow,

And why that bird was sacred to Apollo:
She doth instruct men by her gallant flight,
That they to knowledge so should tower
upright,

And never stoop but to strike ignorance ;
Which if they miss, yet they should re-
advance

"An I'll yeare of a Goodyere us bereft
Who, gone to God, much lack of him here left
Full of good gifts of body and of mind,
Wise, comely, learned, eloquent, and kind."
Remains, 341.

Sir Henry joined the band of wits who amused themselves with the simple vanity of Coryat. He was not much of a poet: and I give the following extract merely because it serves to illustrate a passage relating to the "trunk" in the *Masque of Love Restored*, p. 84 b ;

"If any think Tom dull and heavy, know
The court and city's mirth cannot be so;
Who thinks him light, ask them who had the
task,
To beare him in a tronke unto the maske."

In the page just referred to, there is an omission that I now wish to supply. The old copy reads "which made me once think of a *trunk*," but that t would not imitate so catholic a coxcomb as Coryat, and make a case : uses." The last words appearing unintelligible, were thrown to the bottom of the page. I now think I see the author's meaning, and that the defect may be thus remedied: "I would not imitate so catholic a coxcomb as Coryat, ad make a case (i.e., a pair) of assés?"

To former height, and there in circle tarry,
Till they be sure to make the fool their quarry.

Now, in whose pleasures I have this discerned,
What would his serious actions me have learned?

LXXXVI.

To THE SAME.

When I would know thee, GOODYERe, my
thought looks
Upon thy well-made choice of friends, and books;

Then do I love thee, and behold thy ends
In making thy friends books, and thy books friends:

Now I must give thy life and deed the voice
Attending such a study, such a choice;
Where, though 't be love that to thy praise doth move,

It was a knowledge that begat that love.

LXXXVII.

ON CAPTAIN HAZARD, THE CHEATER.¹
Touched with the sin of false play in his punque,

HAZARD a month foreswore his, and grew drunk,

Each night, to drown his cares; but when the gain

Of what she had wrought came in, and waked his brain,

Upon the accompt, hers grew the quicker trade:

Since when he's sober again, and all play's made.

LXXXVIII.

ON ENGLISH MONSIEUR.

Would **you believe**, when you this MONSIEUR see,

That his whole body should speak French, not he?

¹ On Captain Hazard, the cheater.] i.e., the gam ester. The terms were synonymous in Jonson's age, and perhaps have been so in every age since.—WHAL.

² Farther than half-way tree.] In the way to Dover, in the poet's time, 'tis probable some remarkable tree might be standing in the road about half-way thither.—WHAL.

- ⁵ To Edward Allen.} The fame of this celebrated actor yet lives in these verses of our author and in those of his contemporary poets; but a more durable monument of his name and goodness is existing in Dulwich College, near London, of which he was the munificent and pious founder.—WHAL.

Two things may be collected from this excel-

That so much scarf of France, and hat, and feather,
And shoe, and tye, and garter, should come hither,

And land on one whose face durst never be
Toward the sea, farther than half-way tree?

That he, untravclled, should be French so much,
As Frenchmen in his company should seem Dutch?

Or had his father, when he did him get,
The French disease, with which he labours yet?

Or him; some Monsieur's picture on the wall

By which his dam conceived him, clothes and all?

Or is it some French statue? no: 't doth move,

And stoop, and cringe. O then, it needs must prove

The new French tailor's motion, monthly made,

Daily to turn in Paul's, and help the trade.

LXXXIX.

To EDWARD ALLEN.⁵

If Rome so great, and in her wisest age,
Feared not to boast tho' glories of her stage,
As skilful Roscius, and grave Æsop, men
Yet crowned with honours, as with riches then;

Who had no less a trumpet of their name,
Than Cicero, Whose every breath was fame:
How can so great example die in me,

That, ALLEN, I should pause to publish thee?

Who both their graces in thyself hast more
Outstript, than they did all that went before:

And present worth in all dost so contract,
As others speak, but only thou dost act.

lent epigram—first, that Jonson had other acquaintance on the stage than Shakspeare; and secondly, that when he spoke of "some better natures among the players, who had been drawn in to abuse him," he did not, as Messrs. Steevens and Malone are pleased to suggest, necessarily mean that great poet.

Hurd has two or three pages of vapid pomposity, to prove that *doctus*, applied by Horace to Roscius, ought to be translated *skilful*, and not learned. Jonson, who had ten times Kurd's learning, without a tithe of his pedantry, had done it in one word. Of this, however, no notice is taken! The verse which Jonson, had in view is in the Epistle to Augustus:

Quagravis JSsopus, qua doctus Roxius eguit.

Wear this renown. Tis just, that who did
give
So many poets life, by one should live.

XC.

ON MILL, MY LADY'S WOMAN.

When MILL first came to court, th' unpro-
fitting fool,

Unworthy such a mistress, such a school,
Was dull, and long ere she would go to man:
At last, ease, appetite, and example wan
The nicer thing to taste her lady's page ;
And, finding good security in his age,

Went on: and proving him still day by day,
Discerned no difference of his years or play.
Not though that hair grew brown which
once was amber,

And he, grown youth, was called to his
lady's chamber;

Still Mill continued : nay, his face growing
worse,

And he removed to gentleman of the horse,
Mill was the same. Since, both his body
and face

Blown up; and he (too unwieldy for that
place)

Hath got the steward's chair ; he will not
tarry

Longer a day, but with his Mill will marry :
And it is hoped, that she, like Milo, wull
First bearing him a calf, bear him a bull.

XCI.

TO SIR HORACE VERE.¹

Which of thy names I take, not only bears
A Roman sound, but Roman virtue wears,
Illustrious VERB, or HORACE ; fit to be
Sung by a Horace, or a Muse as free ;
Which thou art to thyself: whose fame was
won

In the eye of Europe, where thy deeds were
done,

When on thy trumpet she did sound a blast,
Whose relish to eternity shall last.

I leave thy acts, which should I prosecute

Throughout, might flattery seem ; and to
be mute

To any one, were envy ; which would live
Against my grave, and time could not for-
give.

I speak thy other graces, not less shown,
Nor less in practice; but less marked, less
known:

Humanity, and piety, which are
As noble in great chiefs, as they are rare;
And best become the valiant man to wear,
Who more should seek men's reverence
than fear.

XCII.

THE NEW CRY.

Ere cherries ripe! and strawberries! be
gone,

Unto the CRIES OP LONDON I'll add one.
Ripe statesmen, ripe! they grow in every
street;

At six and twenty, ripe. You shall them
meet,

And have them yield no savour but of state.
Ripe are their ruffs, their cuffs, their beards,
their gait,

And grave as ripe, like mellow as their faces.
They know the states of Christendom, not
the places ;

Yet they have seen the maps, and bought
them too,

And understand them, as most chapmen do.
The councils, projects, practices they know,
And what each prince doth for intelligence
owe,

And unto whom ; they are the almanacks,
For twelve years yet to come, what each
state lacks.

They carry in their pockets Tacitus,
And the Gazette, or Gallo-Belgicus ;

And talk reserved, locked up, and full of fear,
Nay ask you how the day goes, in your ear;

Keep a Star-chamber sentence close twelve
days,

And whisper what a Proclamation says.
They meet in sixes, and at every mart

Are sure to con the catalogue by heart;

¹ To Sir Horace Vere.] He was created Lord Tilbury, and was the famous general in the Low Country wars in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Many of the nobility at that time served under him.—WHAL.

Sir Horace was grandson of John Vere, fifteenth Earl of Oxford. He was a celebrated yamor, as well as his elder brother, Sir Francis Fuller, in his quaint but forcible manner, says, that "he had more meekness, and as much valour as his brother ; so pious, that he first made his peace with God before he went out to war with

Rowland Whyte (in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, dated Court 7th Nov. 1607,) says, "Sir Horacio Vere shall marry within these eight days, one Mrs. Hoby, a widow, sister to Sir John Tracey ; a fine, comely, well graced gentlewoman." To this lady, who outlived Sir Horace nearly forty years, the Parliament confided the care of the younger children of their unfortunate sovereign. They could not be in better hands, for she was a person of excellent character." Sir Horace was created Lord Vere of Tilbury in 1625, being, as Fuller says, the first baron made by Quiles 1.

Or every day, some one at Rimee's looks,
Or Bill's, and there he buys the names of
books.

They all get Porta, for the sundry ways
To write in cipher, and the several keys
To ope the character; they've found the
slight

With juice of limons, onions, piss, to write ;
To break up seals, and close them: and
they know,

If the States make peace, how it will go
With England. All forbidden books they gel,
And of the powder-plot, they will talk yet:
At naming the French king their heads
they shake,

And at the Pope and Spain slight faces make;
Or 'gainst the bishops for the brethren rail,
Much like those brethren ; thinking to pre-
vail

With ignorance on us, as they have done
On them : and therefore do not only shun
Others more modest, but condemn us too,
That know not so much state, wrong, as
they do.

XCIII.

To SIR JOHN RADCLIFFE.

How like a column, RADCLIFFE, left alone,²
For the great mark of virtue, those being
gone

¹ *Some one at Rimee's looks',*

Or Bill's—

They all get Porta] The two first were booksellers in that age : the last was the famous Neapolitan, *Johannes Baptista Porta*, who has a treatise extant in Latin, *Deurivis literariis notis, l'ulgo de Ziferis*, printed at Naples 1563. lie died 1615.—WHAL.

Hnv like a column, Radcliffe. &c. } This epigram (a very admirable one) is addressed to the surviving brother of Margaiet Radcliffe. (Sec Kpig. xl.) it undoubtedly furnished Kdwards with the model for his affecting sonnet, *On a Family Picture*, which the reader will find subjoined, and which may be counted among the best of this polished and amiable man.

"ON A FAMILY PICTURE.

" When pensive on that portraiture I gaze,
Where my four brothers round about me stand,
And four fair sisters smile with graces bland,
The goodly monument of happier days ;

And think how soon insatiate death, who preys
On all, has cropt the rest with ruthless hand :
While only I survive of all that band,

Which one chaste bed did to my father raise:

It seems that like a cylum left alone,

The tottering remnant of some splendid fane,
Scaped from the fury of the barbarous Gaul,
And wasting time which has the rest o'erthrown,
Amidst our house's ruins I remain

Single, utnpropt, and nodding to my fall."

Who did, alike with thee, thy house up-bear,
Stand'st thou, to shew the times what you
all were ?

Two bravely in the battle fell and died,¹
Upbraiding rebels' arms and barbarous
pride :

And two that would have fall'n as great as
they,

The Belgic fever ravished away.

Thou, that art all their valour, all their spirit,
And thine own goodness to encrease thy
merit,

Than whose I do not know a whiter soul,
Nor could I, had I seen all nature's roll,
Thou yet reniain'st, unhurt in peace or war,
Though not unproved ; which shows thy
fortunes are

Willing to expiate the fault in thee
Wherewith, against thy blood, they' of-
fenders be.

XCIV.

To LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD, WITH
MASTER DONNE'S SATIRES.²

LUCY, you brightness of our sphere, who are
Life of the Muses' day, their morning star!
If works, not th' authors, their own grace
should look,

Whose poems would not wish to be your
book?

It is melancholy to add to the little history of Sir J. Radcliffe's family, that this "column" also, this "great mark of virtue," fell, not many years afterwards, like the rest. That valiant and generally beloved gentleman (Weever says,) Sir John Radcliffe, lieutenant colonell, was slaine fighting against the French in the isle of Rhee, the 29th of October, in the year of our Lord, 1627.

Daniel, who has a poem addressed to the countess, terms her "learned;" undoubtedly she was a most accomplished lady, and skilled in a variety of arts not much studied by the females of those days. Sir Thomas Roe has a letter to her, in which he speaks of her proficiency in the knowledge of ancient medals; and Sir William Temple mentions her with applause in his *Essay on the gardens of Epicurus*, for "projecting the most perfect figure of a garden that he ever saw." Granger attempt' to be severe on her bounty to the poets ; but as Drayton, Donne, Daniel, and our author were among the number, her liberality seems to be nearly as secure from censure as ner judgment.

It is pleasing to mark the habitual kindness with which Jonson recommends his friend's works, and the ingenious mode in which he compliments his patroness for desiring to have a copy of the *Satires*,

¹ In Ireland.

But these, desired by you, the maker's ends
Crown with their own : Rare poems ask
rare friends.

Yet satires, since the most of mankind **be**
Their unavoids subject, fewest see ;
For none e'er took that pleasure in sin's
sense,

But, when they heard it taxed, took more
offence.

They then, that living where the matter's
bred,

Dare for these poems yet both ask, and read,
And like them too ; must needfully, though
few,

Be of the best, and 'mongst those best are
you :

Lucy, you brightness of our sphere, who are
The Muses' evening, as their morning star!

XCv.

To SIR HENRY SAVILE.

If, my religion safe, I durst embrace
That stranger doctrine of Pythagoras,
I should believe the soul of Tacitus
In thee, most weighty SAVILE, lived to us :
So hast thou rendered him in all his bounds,
And all his numbers, both of sense and
sounds.

But when I read (hat special piece restored,
Where Nero falls, and Galba is adored,
To thine own proper I ascribe then more,
And gratulate the breach I grieved before;

¹ *Were thy glad country blest,
To have her story woven in thy thread.'* It
was then imagined, that Sir Henry Savile in-
tended to have compiled a general history of
England : but he gave over the design, and
engaged in the excellent edition of Chrysostom,
which he afterwards published.—WHAL.

There is no date to this epigram; but it
must have been written after 1604, as he did
not receive the honour of knighthood till
that year, and before 1613, in which year
his magnificent edition of Chrysostom's Works,
8 vol. fol. appeared, which Jonspn would
not have omitted to mention. Sir Henry
was one of the most learned men of that learned
age, and published many valuable works, which
raised his reputation no less abroad than at
home. The translation of which Tonson speaks
was published long before the death of Elizabeth,
to whom it was dedicated : to this he appended
a large body of notes, in which the breaks in the
original are occasionally supplied with great
ingenuity. He was admirably skilled in the
history of this country, and collected and
printed the tracts of many of the best ancient
writers on the subject; if therefore he really
designed, as Whalley says, to compile a general
history c' Knglwlflj we have to larognt that one

Which Fate, it seems, caused in the history,
Only to boast thy merit in supply.

O.wouldst thou add like hand to all therest!
Or, better work ! were thy glad country
blest,

To have her story woven in thy thread ;
Minerva's loom was never richer spread.
For who can master those great parts like
thee,

That liv'st from hope, from fear, from fac-
tion free ?

That hast thy breast so clear of present
crimes,

Thou need'st not shrink at voice of after-
times ;

Whose knowledge claimeth at the helm to
stand,

But wisely thrusts not forth a forward
hand,

No more than Sallust in the Roman state :
As then his cause, his glory emulate.

Although to write be lesser than to do,
It is the next deed, and a great one too.

We need a man that knows the several
graces

Of history, and how to apt their places ;
Where brevity, where splendour, and where
height,

Whose sweetness is required, and where
weight;

We need a man can speak of the intents,²
The councils, actions, orders, and events

Of state, and censure them ; we need his pen

so well qualified for the task found cause to lay
it aside.

Sir Henry was warden of Merton College,
Oxford, and provost of Eton. Aubrey says
that he was a severe governor, and that the
scholars hated him for his austerity : but all
governors were severe in those days. The
worst of him was that "he could not abide
witts :—" If a young scholar was recommended
to him for a good witt, 'Out upon him !' he
would say, 'I'll have nothing to do with him !'
if I would look for witts I would go to Newgate,
there be the witts."—*Letters by Eminent
Persons*, vol. ii. p. 525

Aubrey has other complaints; but his idle
stories are the mere gossip of the day.—Sir
Henry Savile was, after all, everything that
Jonson describes him to be; and we may
securely acquiesce in the opinion of Bishop
Montague, that he was "a magazine of learn-
ing, whose memory will be honourable amongst
not only the wise but the righteous for ever."

*We nttda man can speak of the intents,
The councils, actions, orders, and events,
&c.]* Those are the essentials of history, and
are laid down by Cicero (*de Oratore*, lib. 2.) as
what a good historian should be capable of
treating: this sentiment is Iftkea from topco.—
WKAT

Can write the things, the causes, and the men:
But most we need his faith (and all have you),
That dares not write things false, nor hide things true.¹

XCVI.

To JOHN DONNE.

Who shall doubt, DONNE, where I a poet be,²
When I dare send my Epigrams to thee?
That so alone canst judge, so alone dost make:
And in thy censures evenly dost take
As free simplicity to disavow,
As thou hast best authority t¹ allow.
Read all I send; and if I find but one
Marked by thy hand, and with the better stone,
My title's sealed. Those that for claps do write,
Let pui'necs, porters', players' praise delight,
And till they bunt their backs like asses load:
A man should seek great glory, and not broad.

XCVII.

ON THE NEW MOTION.

See you yond' MOTION? not the old fa-ding,
Nor Captain Pod, nor yet the Eltham thing;
But one more rare, and in the case so new:

¹ *That dares not, &c.*] This is the primary feature of a good historian, according to Cicero: "*Negridfalsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat.*"

² *Who shall doubt, Donne, where, 'a poet be.*] This contraction of the interrogative whether, seems peculiar to the poet—WHAL.

Whalley is greatly mistaken: it is common to them all. Jonson has no peculiarities.

³ *Nor Captain Pod, nor yet the Eltham thing.*] Pod has been mentioned before as the master of a puppet-show: the *Eltham thing* is alluded to in the *Silent Woman*: "The perpetual motion is here, and not at Eltham."—WHAL.

Forfa dittg, see ante, p. 93 a.

⁴ *Nor did the King of Denmark, &c.*] Christian IV, who visited this country in 1606. See vol. ii. p. 583.

⁵ *Sir Thomas Roe, Grandson* Sir Thomas Roe, and nephew of the Sir John, and William Roe already mentioned. "In thisgre.it man," Granger truly says, "the accomplishments of the scholar, the gentleman, and the Statesman, were eminently united. During his residence in the Mogul's court, he zealously promoted the trading interest of this kingdom, for which the East India Company is indebted

His cloak with orient velvet quite lined through;

His rosy ties and garters so o'erblown,
By his each glorious parcel to be known!
He wont was to encounter me aloud,
Where-e'er he met me, now he's dumb or proud.

Know you the cause? he has neither land nor lease,

Nor bawdy stock that travels for increase,
Nor office in the town, nor place in court,
Nor 'bout the bears, nor noise to make lord sport.

He is no favourite's favourite, no dear trust
Of any madam hath need o' squires, and must.

Nor did the King of Denmark him salute,⁴
When he was here; nor hath he got a suit,
Since he was gone, more than the one he wears.

Nor are the queen's most honoured maids
by th' ears

About his form. What then so swells each limb?

Only his clothes have over-leavened him.

XCVIII.

To SIR THOMAS ROR.⁵

Thou hast begun well, ROE, which stand well to,

And I know nothing more thou hast to do.
He that is round within himself, and straight,⁶

to him to this day. In his embassy to the Grand Signior, he collected many valuable Gtco and Oriental manuscripts, which he presented to the Bodleian Library, to which he left his valuable collection of coins. The fine Alexandrian MS. of the Greek Bible which Cyrill, the patriarch of Constantinople, presented to Charles I., was procured by his means. This was afterwards published by Dr. Grabe. His speech, at the council-table, against debasing the coin in the reign of Charles, gained him the highest reputation. His curious and interesting 'Negotiations' were first published by the Society for Promoting Learning, 1740 fol."

Sir Thomas was the son of Robert Roe: he was born in 1580, and about the close of Elizabeth's reign was made esquire of the body to that princess. He was knighted by James in 1604, and in 1614 appointed, at the request of the East India Company, ambassador to the Mogul: he continued at his court four years, and was dismissed with extraordinary honours. He died after a very active and useful life m 1644, and was buried in Woodford church, Essex.

⁶ *lit that is round, &c.*] From Horace:

*Totus teres atque rotundus,
Inquernmaticaruit for...*

Need seek no other strength, no other
height;

Fortune upon him breaks herself, if ill,
And what would hurt his virtue, makes it
still.

That thou at once then nobly mayst defend
With thine own course the judgment of thy
friend,

Be always to thy gathered self the same,
And study conscience more than thou
wouldst fame.

Though both be good, the latter yet is
worst,

And ever is ill got without the first.

XCIX.

To THE SAME.

That thou hast kept thy love, encreased thy
will,

Bettered thy trust to letters; that thy skill
Hast taught thyself worthy thy pen to tread,
And that to write things worthy to be read;
How much of great example wert thou,
ROE,

If time to facts as unto men would owe?
But much it now avails, what's done, of
whom:

The self-same deeds, as diversly they come
From place or fortune, are made high or
low,

And e'en the praiser's judgment suffers so.
Well, though thy name less than our great
ones be,

Thy fact is more: let truth encourage thcc.

C.

ON PLAY-WRIGHT.¹

PLAY-WRIGHT, by chance, hearing some
toys I'd writ,

Cried to my face they were th' elixir of wit:

¹ On *play-wright*.] This epigram is said by Stephen Jones (the person so judiciously selected by the booksellers to prepare the new edition of the *Biographia Dramatica*) to have been written on the appearance of Ford's *Ladies' Trial*, "Ben Jonson (he says) a bitter enemy of Ford's, charges the latter with having stolen a character in this play from him.

"Playwright (i.e. Ford) hearing," &c.

Mr. Jones has not here the usual apology for his stupidity,—that "he found it so in the former edition;" for Reed, though Mackhn's forgery lay before him, was too well acquainted with dates to adopt it. The fact is, that the *Ladies' Trial* did not appear till two years after Jonson's death, while the epigram to which it is here said to have given birth, was published two and twenty, and probably written two and thirty years before! All this Mr. Jones must

And I must now believe him; for to-day,
Five of my jests, then stolen, past him a

CL

INVITING A FRIEND TO SUPPER.

To-night, grave sir, both my poor house
and I

Do equally desire your company:
Not that we think us worthy such a guest,
But that your worth will dignify our feast
With those that come; whose grace may
make that seem

Something, which else could hope for no
esteem.

It is the fair acceptance, sir, creates
The entertainment perfect, not the cates.
Yet shall you have, to rectify your palate,
An olive, capers, or some better salad
Ushering the mutton; with a short legged
hen,

If we can get her, full of eggs, and then,
Limons, and wine for sauce: to these a
coney

Is not to be despaired of for our money;
And though fowl now be scarce, yet there
are clerks,

The sky not falling, think we may have
larks.

I'll tell you of more, and lie, so you will
come:

Of partridge, pheasant, woodcock, of which
some

May yet be there; and godwit if we can;
Knat,² rail, and ruff too. Howsoe'er, my
man

Shall read a piece of Virgil, Tacitus,⁸
Livy, or of some better book to us,
Of which we'll speak our minds, amidst our
meat;

And I'll profess no verses to repeat:

have found stated in the very paper from which he copied the epigram; and all this he chose, to conceal from an itch become quite epidemic among the low scribblers of his cast, to insult the memory of Jonson. The assertion that this great poet was the *bitter enemy of Ford*, is an echo of the profligate falsehood of Weber, who is not afraid to declare that it is proved by *indisputable documents*! whereas the only memorial of any passage whatever between Ford and Jonson, now known to exist, is a very friendly elegy by the former, "ON THE DEATH OF THE BEST OF ENGLISH PORTS, BEN JONSON." It is mortifying to contend with such a "case of asses;"—but they must not be suffered to kick at the ashes of Jonson with impunity.

² [Knat, or knot, was a bird of the sn,^{oe} kind.
—F.^r C.]

Howso'er wy man

Shall read a piece of Virgil &c.] Richard

To this if aught appear which I not know
of

That will the pastry, not my paper, show of.
Digestive cheese, and fruit there sure will be;
But that which most doth take my Muse
and me,

Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,
Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be
mine;

Of which had Horace or Anacreon tasted,
Their lives, as do their lines, till now had
lasted.

Tobacco, nectar, or the Thespian spring,
Are all hut Luther's beer, to this I sing.
Of this we will sup free, but moderately,
And we will have no Pooley¹ or Patriot by;
Nor shall our cups make any guilty men:
But at our parting, we will be as when
We innocently met. No simple word
That shall be uttered at our mirthful board,
Shall make us sad next morning; or affright
The liberty that we'll enjoy to-night.

CII.

To WILLIAM, EAKL OF PEMBROKE.

I do but name (lice, PKMBROKK, and I find
It is an Kpigram on all mankind;
Against the bad, but of, and to the good:
Both which are asked, to have thee under-
stood.

Nor could the age have missed thee, in
this strife

Of vice and virtue, wherein all great life
Almost is exercised, and scarce one knows
To which, yet, of the sides himself he owes.
They follow virtue for reward to-day;
To-morrow vice, if she give better pay:
And are so good, and bad, just at a price,
As nothing else discerns the virtue¹ or vice.

Broom, his servant, whom he had apparently
instructed in Latin, whose talents justify his
master's pains, and whose good qualities warrant
his affection. Jonson had Juvenal in view
here:

*Nostra dabim alios Jtodie convhvia Indos;
CnHditor Iliados cctutabitr atgne Maronis
Alitiseni dubiam facientia carwina palmam.*
Sat. ii.

¹ Which is the Mo raid's now, but shall be
mife.] The Mentuut, a tavern in Bread-
street, at that time frequented by our author
and his poetical friends Beaumont and Fletcher,
and the reigning wits of the age.—WHAL.

This is from Horace's *Invitation to Virgil*:

*"Nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum
'Qui nunc Sulpiciis atcubet horreis,
jes dona re novas largus' &c.*

But the plan of the whole is from a little poem of i

But thou, whose nobtesse keeps one stature
stil,²

And one true posture, though besieged with
ill

Of what ambition, faction, pride can raise;
Whose life, even they that envy it, must
praise;

That art so revered, as thy coming in,
But in the view, doth interrupt their sin;
Thou must draw more: and they that hope
to see

The commonwealth still safe, must study
thee.

cm.

To MARY, LADY WROTH.⁸

How well, fair crown of your fair sex, might
he

That but the twilight of your sprite did see,
And noted for what flesh sudi souls were
framed,

Know you to be a Sidney, though unnamed?
And being named, how little dotli that name
Need any Mube's praise to give it fame?

Which is itself the imprese of the great,
And glory of them all, but to repeat!

Forgive me then, if mine but say you are
A Sidney; but in that extend as Jar

As loudest praisers, who perhaps would find
For every part a character assigned;

My praise is plain, and wheresoe'er profest,
Becomes none more than you, who need it
least.

CIV.

To SUSAN, COUNTESS OF MONTGOMERY.¹

Were they that named you prophets? did
they see,

Even in the dew of grace, what you would
be?

Martial, lib. x. epig. 48, of which it has many
incidental imitations, particularly of the con-
cluding lines;

*De Noineantana vintiwt sinefate laijena,
Qua; bis Frontmo confute plena juit'
Accedent sinefellejoci, ncc mane tinenda.
Libertas, ct nil quod tacitisc 'velis':
De Prasino comvva we its, Ven e toque lcgatturi
Necfacient QiicinqiiiiiiSoctila tostra reum.*

² But thou whose noblesse, &c.] i.e. nobleness,
nobility. A woul which we have very impro-
vidently, suffered to become obsolete.

³ To Mary, Lady Wroth.] She was a woman
of genius, and wrote a romance culled *Urania*,
printed in folio, 1621; she was wife to Sir
Robert Wroth of Durance, in the county of
Middlesex, and daughter to Robert, Earl of
Leicester, a younger brother of Sir Philip
Sidney.—WHAL.

¹ To Susan, Countess of Montgomery.] Wife

Or did our times require it, to behold
A new SUSANNA, equal to that old?
Or, because some scarce think that story true,
To make those faithful did the Fates send
you,

And to your Scene lent no less dignity
Of birth, of match, of form, of chastity?
Or, more than born for the comparison
Of former age, or glory of our own,
Were you advanced past those times, to be
The light and mark unto posterity?
Judge they that can : here I have raised to
show,

A picture which the world for yours must
know,
And like it too ; if they look equally :
If not, 'tis fit for you some should envy.

CV.

To MARY, LADY WROTH.

Madam, had all antiquity been lost,
All history sealed up, and fables crost,
That we had left us, nor by time nor place,
Least mention of a Nymph, a Muse, a
Grace,

But even their names were to be made anew,
Who could not but create them all from you?
He that but saw you wear the wheaten hat,
Would call you more than Ceres, if not that;
And drest in shepherd's tire, who would not
say

You were the bright (Enone, Flora, or May?
If dancing, all would cry, the Idalian queen
Were leading forth the Graces on the green;
And armed to the chase, so bare her bow
Diana' alone, so hit, and hunted so.
There's none so dull that for your style
would ask,

That saw you put on Pallas' plumed cask ;
Or, keeping your due state, that would not
cry,

There Juno sat, and yet no peacock by:

to Philip, Earl of Montgomery, and grand-daughter to William, Lord Burghley.—WHAL.

This accomplished and excellent woman, who appeared in most of Jonson's Masques at court, has been more than once noticed. She was a lady of strict piety and virtue, and wrote a little treatise called *Eusebia, expressing briefly like Soufspraying robes*, 1620.

It is much to me credit, or the good fortune of "that memorable simpleton," as Walpole calls him, Philip Herbert, to have married in succession two wives of such distinguished worth. His second, as the reader knows, was the high-born and high-spirited daughter of George, Earl of Cumberland, widow of Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

[Sir Edward Herbert.] Lord Herbert of Cherbury. He was a person of great learning

So are you Nature's Index, and restore,
In yourself, all treasure lost of the age be-
fore.

CVI.

To SIR EDWARD HERBERT.¹

If men get name for some one virtue; then,
What man art thou, that art so many men,
All-virtuous Herbert! on whose every part
Truth might spend all her voice, Fame all
her art?

Whether thy learning they would take, or
wit,

Or valour, or thy judgment seasoning it,
Thy standing upright to thyself, thy ends
Like straight, thy piety to God, and friends :
Their latter praise would still the greatest be,
And yet they, all together, less than thee.

CVII.

To CAPTAIN HUNGRY.

Do what you come for, captain, with your
news;

That's sit and eat: dp not my ears abuse.
I oft look on false coin toknow't from true;
Not that I love it more than I will you.

Tell the gross Dutch those grosser tales of
yours,

How great you were with their two empe-
rours;

And yet are with their princes: fill them full
Of your Moravian horse, Venetian bull.

Tell them what parts you've ta'en, whence
run away,

What states you've gulled, and which yet
keeps you' in pay.

Give them your services, and embassies
In Ireland, Holland, Sweden; pompous
lies!

In Hungary and Poland, Turkic too;
What at Ligorne, Rome, Florence you did
do:

and of many excellent qualities as a statesman, a gentleman, and a scholar. This was all that was known of him at the period when this epigram appeared ; but he subsequently fell into strange contradictions : with great professions of piety he openly disavowed all belief in a divine revelation, and yet persuaded himself that his own prayers were audibly answered from heaven ! He was advanced to the dignity of baron of the kingdom of Ireland in 1625, and in 1631 was created Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in Snopshire, a favour which he repaid by joining the enemies of his sovereign, on the breaking out of the civil war. His death took place in 1648. "He died (Aubrey says) very serenely : asked what it was o'clock, and then, saved he, An hour hence I shall depart I" He then turned his head to the other side, and expired."

And, in some year, all these together heaped,
For which there must more sea and land be
leaped,

If but to be believed you have the hap,
Than can a flea at twice skip i' the map.
Give your young statesmen (that first make
you drunk,

And then lie with you, closer than a punque,
For news) your Villeroys, and Silleries,
lanins, your Nuncios, and your Tuilleries,
Your Archdukes agents, and your Bering-
hams,

That are your words of credit. Keep your
names

Of Hannow, Shieter-huissen, Popenheim,
Hans-spigle, Rotteinberg, and Bouters-
heim,

For your next meal; this you are sure of.
Why

Will you part with them hereunthriftily?

Nay, now you puff, tusk, and draw up your
chin,

Twirl the poor chain you run a-feasting
in.—

Come, be not angry, you are HUNGRY; eat:
Do what you come for, captain; there's
your meat.

¹ To true soldiers,] We have this epigram in the *Apologetical Dialogue*, printed at the end of the *Poetaster*: and it seems to have been written as a kind of compensation for the character of Captain Tucca, in that play.—WHAL.

This was written before the *Poetaster*. Could not Whalley see that it alluded to the *Captain* in the preceding epigram? If there was any soldier stupid enough to take the character of Tucca as a reflexion on the army, he was not to be reclaimed to sense by the power of verse. Jonson produced the epigram in his *Apology* to shew that he entertained no disrespectful opinion of the profession of a soldier. In a word, it is impossible to read that comedy, and listen to the complaints which the men of arms and of law are said to have made on the occasion, without discovering that they were more captious than just, and that the poet himself was the camellupated person.

is such.] f.e. is the Captain Hungry whom I have just satirized. The observation is well-timed.

To Sir Henry Nevill] Son to Edward, Lord Abergavenny; he succeeded his father in the title in 1622, and died in December, 1641. Holland, in his additions to *Camden's Britannia*, mentions a place in Berkshire, called Bilingsbere, the inhabitation of Sir Henry Nevill, issued from the Lord Abergavenny.—WHAL.

Surely Whalley has mistaken the person to whom this is addressed, or confounded two different characters. The Sir Henry Neville of the poet was the son of Sir H. Neville of Billingbear, by E.H. abeth, a daughter of Sir John Gresham. He was a very distinguished

CVIII.

To TRUE SOLDIERS.¹

Strength of my country, whilst I bring to
view

Such as are miscalled captains, and wrong
you,

And your high names; I do desire that
thence

Be nor put on you, nor you take offence.

I swear by your true friend, my Muse, I love
Your great profession, which I once did
prove;

And did not shame it with my actions then,
No more than I dare now do with my pen.

He that not trusts me, having vowed thus
much,

But's angry for the captain, still; is such.⁸

CIX.

To SIR HENRY NEVIL.³

Who now calls on thee, NEVIL, is a Muse
That serves not fame, nor titles; but doth
chuse

Where virtue makes them both, and that's
in thee:

statesman, and much employed by the Queen, to whom he was introduced by Cecil. He was connected with the secretary by marriage; but he was less indebted to this for his promotion at court than to his own merits; "being," as Mr. Lodge says, "a person of great wisdom and integrity." He was sent ambassador to France in 1599, whence he returned in the following year, time enough, unfortunately for his future peace and prosperity, to be implicated in the wild treason of the Earl of Essex. He was committed to the Tower, "which," says Cecil to Sir Ralph Winwood, "being rather matter of form than substance, if any of his friends should have industriously opposed, it had been the ready way to have forced a course of more severity." What more was to be feared, I know not, but he was heavily fined; and his release from the Tower did not take place till some months after the accession of James. That he had really been in some danger, may be collected from the following passage:

"Thou rather striv'st the matter to possess,
And elements of honour, than the dress;
To make thy *lent* life good against the fates,
And thence," &c.

But though restored to liberty, he was not advanced, as was generally expected. "All men (Sir Henry Wotton says) contemplate Sir Henry Neville for the future secretary: some saying that it is but deferred till the return of the Queen (Anne, who was then at Bath) that she may be allowed a hand in his introduction!" James, however, had strong prepossession!

Where all is fair beside thy pedigree.
Thou art not one seek'st miseries with hope,
Wrestlest with dignities, or feign'st a scope
Of service to the public, when the end
Is private gain, Which hath long guilt to
friend.

Thou rather striv'st the matter to possess,
And elements of honour, than the dress ;
To make thy lent life good against the Fates:
And first to know thine own state, then the
State's ;

To be the same in root thou art in height ;
And that thy soul should give thy flesh her
weight.

Go on, and doubt not what posterity,
Now I have sung thee thus, shall judge of
thee.

Thy deeds unto thy name will prove new
wombs,

Whilst others toil for titles to their tombs.

CX.

To CLEMENT EDMONDS, ON HIS CÆSAR'S
COMMENTARIES OBSERVED AND TRANS-
LATED.

Not Cassar's deeds, nor all his honours won,
In these west parts,¹ nor, when that war
was done,

The name of Pompey for an enemy,
Cato's to boot ; Rome, and her liberty,
All yielding to his fortune, nor the while,
To have engraved these acts with his own
style,

And that so strong and deep, as't might be
thought

He wrote with the same spirit that he
fought ;

Nor that his work lived in the hands of foes,
Unargued then, and yet hath fame from
those ;

Not all these EDMONDS, or what else putto,
Can so speak Caesar as thy labours do,
For where his person lived scarce one just
age.

against him, which no interest could overcome,
and the little remainder of this able statesman's
life (for his correspondence is among the best in
Winwood's collection) passed in dejection and
comparative obscurity. It is to the honour of
Jonson's steady friendship that he liberally
praises, and commends to the notice of pos-
terity, a worthy man depressed by two sovereigns,
by each of whom he was himself favoured and
patronized,

Sir Henry died 1615. He married Anne,
daughter of Sir Henry Killigrew of Cornwall ;
by whom he had seven sons, whose descendants
yet enjoy the family seat of their great ancestor.

And that midst envy and parts ; then fell
by rage :

His deeds too dying, but in books, whose
good

How few have read ! how fewer under-
stood !

Thy learned hand and true Promethean art,
As by a new creation, part by part,
In every counsel, stratagem, design,
Action or engine, worth a note of thine,
T' all future time not only doth restore
His life, but makes, that he can die no more.

CXI.

To THE SAME, ON THE SAME.

Who, EDMONDS, reads thy book, and doth
not see

What the antique soldiers were, the modern
be ?

Wherein thou shew'st how much the later
are

Beholding to this master of the war ;
And that in action there is nothing new,
More than to vary what our elders knew ;
Which all but ignorant Captains will con-
fess ;

Nor to give Caesar this, makes ours the less.
Yet thou, perhaps, shalt meet some tongues
will grutch

That to the world thou shouldst reveal so
much,

And thence deprave thee and thy work: to
those

Cæsar stands up, as from his urn late rose,
By thy great help ; and doth proclaim by
me,

They murder him again that envy thee.

CXII.

To A WEAK GAMESTER IN POETRY.

With thy small stock, why art thou ven-
turing still,

At this so subtle sport, and play'st so ill ?

¹ To Clement Edmunds, on his *Cæsar's Com-
mentaries*.} Of this learned gentleman, who
bore several public offices during the reigns of
Queen Elizabeth and James I., the reader has
an account in the *Athenæ Oxonienses*. —
WHAL.

This and the following poem were prefixed,
with other commendatory verses, to "*Observa-
tions upon Cæsar's Commentaries: by Clement
Edmunds, Remembrancer of the city of
London*, fol.

² In these west parts.] i.e. in Gaul and Britai'
—WHAL,

Think'st thou it is mere fortune that can win,
Or thy rank setting? that thou dar'ut put in
Thy all, at all: and whatsoe'er I do,
Art still at that, and think'st to blow me¹
up too?

I cannot for the stage a Drama lay,
Tragic or comic, but thou writ'st the play.
I leave thee there, and giving way, intend
An Epic poem; thou hast the same end.
I modestly quit that, and think to write,
Next morn, an Ode; thou mak'st a song
ere night.

I pass to Elegies; thou meet'st me there;
To Satires; and thou dost pursue me. Where,
Where shall I scape thee? in an Epigram?
O, thou cry'st out, that is my proper game.
Truth, if it be, I pity thy ill luck,
That both for wit and sense so oft dost
pluck,
And never art encountered, I confess;
Nor scarce dost colour for it, which is less.
Prithee yet save thy rest; give o'er in time:
There's no vexation that can make thee
prime.²

CXIII.

TO SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.²

So Phoebus make me worthy of his bays,
As but to speak thee, Overbury, is praise:
So where thou liv'st thou mak'st life under-
stood,

Where, what makes other great, doth kerp
thee good!

I think the Fate of court thy coming craved,

¹ *There's no vexation that can make thee prime.* This is an excellent little poem; the allusion to a set *at primero*, which pervades the whole of it, is supported with equal spirit and ingenuity.

One of Sir John Harrington's "epigrams," or, as Jonson called them, "narrations," contains "the story of Marcus' life at primero." In this the various accidents of the game are detailed with great dulness and prolixity. A short specimen taken at random, will shew how closely our author has kept to the terms of the game.

"But Marcus never can encounter right,
Yet drew two aces, and for further spight
Had colour for it, with a hopeful draught,
But not encountered, 't availed him naught."

² *Sir Thomas Overbury.* This epigram was probably written about 1610, when Sir Thomas returned from his travels, and followed the fortunes of Carr with a zeal and integrity worthy of a better fate. That Sir Thomas was poisoned in the Tower by the infamous Countess of Essex is well known; but it has been, and indeed still may be made a question, whether Carr himself was privy to this atrocious fact. It is said that his opposition to the marriage

That the wit there and manners might be
saved:

For since, what ignorance, what pride is
fled!

And letters and humanity in the stead!
Repent thee not of thy fair precedent,
"ould make such men, and such a place
repent:

Nor may any fear to lose of their degree,
Who' in such ambition can but follow thee.

CXIV.

TO MISTRESS PHILIP SIDNEY.³

I must believe some miracles still be,
When Sidney's name I hear, or face I see:
For Cupid, who at first took vain delight
In mere out-forms, until he lost his sight,
Hath changed his soul, and made his object
you:

Where finding so much beauty met with
virtue,
He hath not only gained himself his eyes,
But, in your love, made all his servants wise.

CXV.

ON THE TOWN'S HONEST MAN.

You wonder who this is, and why I name
Him not aloud, that boasts so good a fame:
Naming so many too! but this is one,
Suffers no name, but a description;
Being no vicious person, but the Vice
About the town; and known too, at that
price.

between his friend and the divorced countess made it expedient to remove him from court, and that while Rochester (Carr) intreated the king to bestow an embassy upon him, he secretly instigated Overbury to refuse the charge. It would seem however from Winwood's State Papers (vol. iii. pp. 447, 451, 475,) that the refusal originated with Sir Thomas himself, who was of a lofty and unmanageable spirit. However it might be, James was justly irritated; the destined victim was committed to the Tower, and the catastrophe followed with fatal speed.

Overbury was of an ancient family in Warwickshire. He was born in 1581, came to court to push his fortune in 1604, was knighted in 1608, and died in 1613. He was highly accomplished, and, as Granger truly remarks, was "possessed of parts, learning, and judgment, beyond his years."

Daughter of that great statesman, Sir Francis Walsingham, many years principal secretary to Queen Elizabeth, and widow of Sir Philip Sidney. Walsingham died poor, so that his daughter, who was also his heiress, brought little to her husband besides her beauty and her virtues. [Walsingham did not die for— years after Sidney.—F. C.]

tj subtle thing that doth affections win
 y speaking well o' the company' it's in.
 Talks loud and bawdy, has a gathered deal
 Of news and noise to sow out a long meal.
 Can come from Tripoly,¹ leap stools and
 wink,
 Do all that longs to the anarchy of drink,
 Except the duel: can sing songs and
 catches ;
 Give every one his dose of mirth : and
 watches
 Whose name's unwelcome to the present
 ear,
 And him it lays on ; if he be not there.
 Tells of him all the tales itself then makes ;
 But if it shall be questioned, undertakes,
 It will deny all; and forswear it too :
 Not that it fears, but will not have to do
 With such a one: and therein keeps its
 w6rd.

'Twill see its sister naked, ere a sword.
 At every meal, where it doth dine or sup,
 The cloth's no sooner gone, but it gets up,
 And shifting of its faces, doth play more
 Parts than the Italian could do with his
 door.²

Acts Old Iniquity, and in the fit
 Of miming, gets the opinion of a wit.
 Executes men in picture; by defect
 From friendship, is its own fame's architect:
 An inginer in slanders of all fashions,
 That, seeming praises, are yet accusations.
 Described it's thus: defined would you it
 have,

Then the TOWN'S HONEST MAN'S her er-
 rant'st knave.

CXVI.

To SIR WILLIAM JEPHSON.

JEPHSON, thou man of men, to whose loved
 name,
 All gentry yet owe part of their best flame :
 So did thy virtue inform, thy wit sustain
 That age, when thou stood'st up the
 master-brain:
 Thou wert the first mad'st merit know her
 strength,

¹ Can come from Tripoly.] i.e. Can jump, and do feats of activity : see the *Silent Woman*. Vol. i. p. 452 b.—WHAL.

² Doth play more Parts than, the Italian could do, with his door.] An allusion to an Italian, then well known for his performances and tricks of art: the person meant, I believe, is taken notice of in King James's *Damonology*, and is there called *Scotoi* "The devil will learn them many juggling tricks at cards, dice, and such like, to deceive men's senses thereby, and such innumerable false practices, which are proved by over

And those that lacked it, to suspect at
 length,

Twas not entailed on title: that some
 word

Might be found out as good, and not
 "my lord."

That Nature no such difference had im-
 prest

In men, but every bravest was the best;
 That blood not minds, but minds did
 blood adorn;

And to live great was better than great
 born.

These were thy knowing arts : which who
 doth now

Virtuously practise, must at least allow
 Them in, if not from thee, or must commit

A desperate solcicism in truth and wit.

CXVII.

ON GROINE.

GROINE, come of age, his state sold out
 of hand

For's whore: Groyne doth still occupy his
 land.

CXVIII.

ON GUT.

GUT eats all day and lechers all the night,
 So all his meat he tasteth over twice;

And striving so to double his delight,
 He makes himself a thorough-fare of
 vice.

Thus, in his belly, can he change a sin,
 Lust it comes out, that gluttony went in.

CXIX.

To SIR RALPH SHELTON.

Not he that flies the court for want of
 clothes,

At hunting rails, having no gift in oath*?,
 Cries out 'gainst cocking, since he cannot
 bet,

Shuns press—for two main causes, pox and
 debt,

many in this age ; as they who are acquainted with that Italian called *Scoto*, yet living; can report." Lib. i. p. 105. *Old Iniquity*, means the character called the Vice in our ancient Moralities : it has a place in our author's comedy, *The Devil is an Ass*.—WHAL.

¹ This is an excellent piece, full of strong sense and just satire. It will serve for all times.

² This is the person who engaged with Mr. Hayden, in the mad frolic of rowing up Fleet Ditch to Holborn, celebrated p. 357; but I know nothing more of him.

With me can merit more, than that good
man,
Whose dice not doing well, to a pulpit
ran.—
No, Shelton, give me thee, canst want all
these,
But dost it out of judgment, not disease;
Dar'st breathe in any air; and with safe
skill,
Till thou canst find the best, choose the
least ill.
That to the vulgar canst thyself apply,
Treading a better path, not contrary;
And in their error's maze thine own way
know:
Which is to live to conscience, not to show.
He that, but living half his age, dies such,
Makes the whole longer than 'twas given
him, much.

CXX.

AN EPITAPH ON SALATHIEL PAVY, A
CHILD OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CHAPEL.

Weep with me, all you that read
This little story:
And know, for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry.

¹ *He that but living half his age, dies such,
Makes the whole longer than 'twas given
him, much.]*

*Qui sic vel medio finitus vixit in ævo
Longior huic facta est quam data mtafuit.*
Mart. lib. viii. 27.

¹ *Salathiel Pavy.]* The subject of this beautiful epitaph acted in *Cynthia's Rcvrls*, and in the *Poetaster* 1600 and 1601, in which year he probably died. The poet speaks of him with interest and affection, and it cannot be doubted that he was a boy of extraordinary talents. Many of the children of St. Paul's, as well as of the Queen's chapel, evinced great powers on the stage at a very early period of life, and not a few of them became the pride and ornament of it in riper years.

Our times have witnessed several attempts to bring children (pert boys and girls) upon the stage as prodigies, which have all terminated, as might reasonably be expected, in disappointment and disgrace. It should be recollected that the "children" of the old theatre were strictly educated, and that they were opposed only to, one another. Nothing so monstrous ever entered into the thoughts of the managers of those days as taking infants from the cock-horse and setting them to act with men and women.—And yet it would be unjust, perhaps, to attribute the present encouragement of this degrading exhibition wholly to the managers: if they took advantage of the gross folly of that many-headed beast the town, and indulged its vitiated taste, they did little more than their

Tw'as a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As Heaven and Nature seemed to strive
Which owned the creature.
Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When Fates turned cruel,
Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel;
And did act, what now we moan,
Old men so duly,
As, sooth, the Parcae thought him one,
He played so truly.
So, by error to his fate⁸
They all consented;
But viewing him since, alas, too late I
They have repented;
And have sought to give new birth,
In baths to steep him;
But being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him,

CXXI.

To BENJAMIN RUDYERD.

RUDYERD, as lesser dames to great ones
use,
My lighter comes to kiss thy learned Muse;

precarious situation seemed to warrant—Let not Mr. Kemble, however, be defrauded of his due praise: but for his judicious and well-timed humour in arranging the characters of the *Provoked Husband* in such a manner as to place the absurdity of the attempt in the most glaring light, that forward baby, Miss Mudie, would have disgraced and delighted all London for the season, instead of being sent back to her dirt-pies and her doll after a single exposure.

³ So, by error to his fate
They all consented, &c.

*Ille ego sum Scorpis, clamosi gloria Cirri,
Pläus, Roma, tin, dclicitque breves;
Invida quern Lachesis raptum trieteride nona,
Dum numerat palmas, credidit esse senext,*
Mart. lib. x. epig. 53.

"Lachesis (Dr. Jortin observes) did not take away Scorpis out of envy, but by mistake. She concluded that one who had gained so many prizes at the chariot-races was an old man, and in consequence of this error, took him in the flower of youth. I fancy, therefore, that Martial wrote,

Inscia. quern Lachesis" &c.
Tracts, vol. ii. p. 373.

There can be no doubt that Jonson read *Inscia*; and it seems highly probable that Jortin was led to the emendation by this epitaph, which was always well known.

Sir Benjamin Rudyerd (for subsequently to the writing of this epigram, he received the honour of knighthood) was, as Granger says,

Whose better studies while she emulates,
She learns to know long difference of their
states.

Yet is the office not to be despised,
If only love should make the action prized ;
Nor he for friendship to be thought unfit,
That strives his manners should precede
his wit.

CXXII.

To THE SAME.

If I would wish for truth, and not for
show,

The aged Saturn's age and rites to know ;
If I would strive to bring back times, and
try

The world's pure gold, and wise sim-
plicity;

If I would virtue set as she was young,
And hear her speak with one, and her first
tongue;

If holiest friendship, naked to the touch,
I would restore, and keep it ever such ;
I need no other arts, but study thee :
Who prov'st all these were, and again may
be.

CXXIII.

To THE SAME.

Writing thyself, or judging others writ,
I know not which thou hast most, candor
or wit:

"an accomplished gentleman, and an elegant
scholar." It is no small proof of his worth,
that he lived on terms of intimacy with the
Earl of Pembroke, to whose poetical trifles his
own were subjoined, in a little volume which
came out in 1660.

In the troubles which led to the usurpation of
the Parliament, Sir Benjamin took an active
part, and spoke often on the side of moderation
and justice, particularly on the question of ex-
cluding the bishops from the Upper House.
He was the last person who held the office of
"Surveyor of the Court of Wards and Liveries,"
and when that court was abolished in 1646, re-
ceived a grant of land and money as a compen-
sation for his place. He died in 1658, and, as
may be conjectured from his epitaph, which he
wrote himself, in the practice of that piety and
virtue which had formed the consolation of his
life. There is a beautiful and touching sim-
plicity in the second of these epigrams, which
cannot be too highly praised.

Elizabeth, L. H. Of this lady I can say
nothing. If Jonson desired to keep her name
secret, he has apparently succeeded; and yet
he could scarcely mean to do this, as he has
involved it, in some measure, with her history,
in the last couplet. A luckier guesser, or a
better historian, than I pretend to be, may

But both thou hast so, as who affects the
state
Of the best writer and judge, should emu-
late.

CXXIV.

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH, L. H.

Wouldst thou hear what man can say
In a little? reader, stay.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die :
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.

If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was ELIZABETH,
The other let it sleep with death :
Fitter, where it died, to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

CXXV.

To SIR WILLIAM UVEDALB.

UVEDALE, thou piece of the first times, a
man

Made for what Nature could, or Virtue can ;
Both whose dimensions lost, the world
might find

Restored in thy body, and thy mind 1
Who sees a soul in such a body set,
Might love the treasure for the cabinet.

one day hit upon it. But what is the import of
this nameless tribute to beauty and virtue ?
"To be read by bare inscriptions, (says Sir
Thomas Browne,) to hope for eternity by senig-
matical epithets or initial letters, to be studied
by antiquaries who we were, and have new
names given us like some of the mummies, are
cold consolations to the student of perpetuity,
even by everlasting languages," or, as in the
case before us, by everlasting verse.

Adchson, after drawing a beautiful picture of
good humour, innocence, and piety, in the
person of Sophronia, adds that he "cannot
conclude his essay better than by a short
epitaph written by Ben JOHNSON, with a spirit
which nothing could inspire but such an object
as he had been describing :

"Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die :
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live."

Spec. No. xxxiii,

I must observe here that, in the *Spectator*
this passage is very incorrectly given. In a
work so universally read, the utmost care
should be taken to preserve the integrity of the
text

But I, no child, no fool, respect the kind,
The full, the flowing graces there enshrined;
Which, would the world not miscall 't
flattery,
I could adore almost to idolatry!

CXXVI.

To ins LADY,
THEN MISTRESS GARY.¹

Retired, with purpose your fair worth to
praise,
'Mongst Hampton shades and Pluibus'
grove of bays,
I plucked a branch; the jealous god did
frown,
And bade me lay the usurped laurel down.
Said I wronged him, and, which was more,
his love.
I answered, Daphne now no pain can
prove.
Phoebus replied, Bold head, it is not she:
GARY my love is, Daphne but my tree.

CXXVII.

To ESME, LORD AuBiGNY.²

Is there a hope that man would thankful be,
If I should fail in gratitude to thee,
To whom I am so bound, loved AUBIGNY?
No, I do therefore call posterity
Into the debt; and reckon on her head,
How full of want, how swallowed up, how
dead
I and this Muse had been, if thou hadst not
Lent timely succours, and new life begot:
So all reward or name, that grows to me
By her attempt, shall still be owing thcc.
And than this same I know no abler way
To thank thy benefits: which is to pay.

CXXVIII.

To WILLIAM ROE.³

ROE, and my joy to name, thou'rt now to go,
Countries and climes, manners and men to
know,

To extract and choose the best of all these
known,
And those to turn to blood, and make
thine own.
May winds as soft as breath of kissing
friends,
Attend thcc hence; and there may all thy
ends,
As the beginnings here, prove purely
sweet,
And perfect in a circle always meet!
So when we, Mest with thy return, shall see
Thyself, with thy first thoughts brought
homo b' the;
We each to other may this voice inspire;
This is that Food, 'Eneas, past through fire,
Through seas, storms, tempests; and em-
barked for hell,
Came back untouched. This man hath
travelled well.

CXXIX.

To MIME.

That not a pair of friends each other see,
But the first question is, When one saw
thee?
That there's no journey set or thought
upon,
To Braynford, Hackney, Bow, but thou
mak'st one;
That scarce the town designeth any feast
To which thou'rt not a week bespoke a
guest;
That still thou'rt made the supper's flag, the
drum,
The very call, to make all others come:
Thmk'st thou, MIME, this is great? or that
they strive
Whose noise shall keep thy miming most
alive,
Whilst thou dost raise some player from
the grave,
Out-dance the Babion, or out-boast the
Brave;
Or, mounted on a stool, thy face doth hit
On some new gesture that's imputed wit?

¹ Mistress Cary.] The usual term in the poet's days, for an unmarried woman, or miss. Of her husband, Sir William Uvedale, knt., I can say nothing but that he was of Wickham, in the county of Southampton.

² Es#te, Lord Aubigny.] Brother to the Duke of Lenox, whom he succeeded in title and estate. He has been already noticed.

³ William Roe.] Younger brother, or perhaps cousin of Sir Thomas Roe (epig. 98.) This gentleman seems to have gone abroad in a mercantile or diploma; i.e. capacity: but with the activity and energy infc great in this distinguished

family, he subsequently entered on the profession of arms, and probably served under Gustavus Adolphus. A few years of hardship, however, gave him enough of campaigning, and he returned to the pursuits of his youth. "William Roe (Howell writes to his friend at Brussels) is returned from the wars; but he is grown lame in one of his arms, so he hath no mind to bear arms any more; he confessed himself to be an egregious fool to leave his mercership for a musket,"—Lib. ii. let. 6a.

⁴ Or out-boast tfa & rpe.] I.e. the bravo, the ruffian; some well known bully of the time.

O, run not proud of this, Yet take thy due.
Thou dost out-zany Cokely, Pod; riayGue:
And thine own Coryat too; but, wouldst thou see,
Men love thee not for this; they laugh at thee.

CXXX.

To ALPHONSO FERRABOSCO, ON HIS BOOK.¹

To urge, my loved ALPHONSO, that bold fame
Of building towns, and making wild beasts tame
Which Music had; or speak her known effects,
That she removeth cares, sadness ejects,
Declineth anger, persuades clemency,
Doth sweeten mirth, and heighten piety,
And is to a body, often, ill inclined,
No loss a sovereign cure, than to the mind;
T' allege, that greatest men were not ashamed,
Of old, even by her practice to be famed;
To say indeed, she were the soul of heaven,
That the eighth sphere, no less than planets seven,
Moved by her order, and the ninth more high,
Including all, were thence calld harmony;
I yet had uttered nothing on thypait,
When these were but the praises of the art:

But when T have said, the proofs of all these be
Shed in thy songs; 'tis true: but short of thee.

CXXXI.

TO THE SAME.2

When we do give, ALPHONSO, to the light,
A work of ours, we part with our own right;
For then, all mouths will judge, and their own way:
The learned have no more privilege than the lay.
And though we could all men, all censures hear,
We ought not give them taste we had an ear.
For if the humorous world will talk at large,
They should be fools, for me, at their own charge.
Say this or that man they to thee prefer;
Even those for whom they do this, know they err:
And would (being asked the truth) ashamed say,
They were not to be named on the same day.
Then stand unto thyself not seek without
For fame, with breath soon kindled, soon blown out.

Cokely, Pod, and Gue, mentioned just below, were masters of motions, or puppet-shows, and exhibitors at Bartholomew Fair. The strong sense and indignant satire of this little poem might yet be turned to account if the parasite could feel shame, or the table-buffoon be awakened to a sense of honour by the pity, scorn, and insulting applause with which his degrading fooleries are received.

¹ To Alphonso Ferrabosco, on his book,] This person, descended of Italian parents, was born at Greenwich, in Kent: he was much admired, both at home and abroad, for his excellent compositions, and fancies, as they were then called, in music; he was principally employed in setting the songs to music in our poet's masques.—WHAL-

Jonson appears to have had an extraordinary regard and affection for this excellent composer. He delights to mention him upon all occasions; and in the *Masque of Hymen*, hurried away by his feelings, he interrupts the strain of applause in which he was describing Alphonso's exertions with a genuine burst of tenderness, "Virtuous friend! take well this abrupt testimony. It cannot be flattery in me, who never did it to great ones; and less than

love and truth it is not, where it is done out of knowledge!"

The learned reader will observe that Jonson had in view Horace's admirable description of the office of the ancient Chorus, in the opening of this epigram.

² TO THE SAME.] The "Book" from which the composer probably expected a large harvest of praise seems to have met with some ungente critic, and Jonson writes this sensible and manly epigram, to his friend, to qualify the excess of his disappointment and mortification. I know not the person meant, unless it be Morley, who is mentioned as dissatisfied with some of his compositions by Pcncham:—but I will give the passage:—

"Alphonso Ferrabosco, the father, while he lived, for judgment and depth of skill, as also his son now living, was inferior to none. What he did was most elaborate and profound, and pleasing in air; though Master Thomas Morley ceaseth him otherwise. That of his, 'I saw my Indie weeping and the Nightin'gale, upon which dittie Master Bird and he in a friendly emulation exercised their invention, cannot be bettered for sweetness of air or depth of judgment.'"—*Cowfeet Gent.* 16aa.

CXXXII.

To MR. JOSHUA SILVESTER.¹

If to admire were to commend, my praise
Might then both thee, thy work and merit
raise:

But as it is (the child of ignorance
And utter stranger to all air of France),
How can I speak of thy great pains, but
err?

Since they can only judge, that can confer.
Behold I the reverend shade of BARTAS
stands

Before my thought, and, in thy right, conv-
mands

That to the world I publish for him this;
Bartas doth wish thy English now were his.
So well in that are his inventions wrought,
As his will now be the translation thought,
Thine the original; and France shall boast,
No more those maiden glories she hath lost.

CXXXIII.

ON THE FAMOUS VOYAGED

No more let Greece her bolder fables tell
Of Hercules, or Theseus going to hell,

¹ To Mr. Joshua Silvester.] His translation of the French poem of *Du Bartas on the Creation*, was esteemed to be well done; but he had little genius or invention of his own. In a censure of the poets, ascribed to Drayton, we have his character given in the following verses :—

"And Silvester, who, from the French more
weak,

Made Bartas of his six days' labour speak
In natural English : who, had he there stayed,
He had done well; and never had bewrayed
His own invention to have been so poor,
Who still wrote less, in striving to write
more."—WHAL

This epigram was written some years before the folio 1616 appeared, being prefixed to the 4th edition of Silvester's *Du Dartas*, which came out in 1605. Jonson declares his ignorance of French, so that his praise must be confined to the poetical merits of the translator, who was pretty generally supposed to have gone beyond his original. When Jonson became acquainted with the French language, and was able to compare the two works, he then discovered, as he told Drummond, that Silvester had not been sufficiently faithful: this censure, however, must be understood with a reference to his own ideas of translation, and we know what they were from the majority of his professed versions.

Ritson appears to have strangely misunder-
stood the passage in Drummond. He says, it
was Ben Jonson's opinion, "that Silvester's

Orpheus, Ulysses ; or the Latin muse,
With tales of Troy's just knight, our faiths
abuse.

We have a SHELTON, and a HEYDEN got,³
Had power to act, what they to feign had
not.

All that they boast of Styx, of Acheron,
Cocytus, Phlegethon, ours have proved in
one;

The filth, stench, noise: save only what
was there

Subtly distinguished, was confused here.

Their wherry had no sail too; ours had
ne'er one :

And in it, two more horrid knaves than
Charon.

Arses were heard to croak instead of frogs;
And for one Cerberus, the whole coast was
dogs.

Furies there wanted not; each scold was ten.
And for the cries of ghosts, women and men,
Laden with plague-sores, and their sins,
were heard,

Lashed by their consciences, to die afeard.
Then let the former age with this content her,
She brought the Poets forth, but ours th'
adventer.

translation of *Du Bartas* was not well done, and that lie wrote his verses before he understood to confer."—*Liblugra, hua Poetica*, p. 356. But the UK refeis to Jonson, not to Silvester, whose knowledge of French VPDS never questioned.

The translation is now little known : an un-
lucky quotation of Dryden,

Nor, with *Du Bartas* "bridle up the floods"
And "periwig with wool the baldpate woods,"
serves as an apology for consigning it to ridicule
and neglect; Silvester wanted taste rather than
poetry, and he has many shining passages.
Goffle, who had a marvellous love for uncouth
and extravagant phraseology, has imitated the
line above, with noble emulation, in his *Couragous Turke*:—

"Who set the world on flame ? How now, ye
heavens,

Grow you so proud as to put on curled locks,
And clothe yourselves in periwigs of fil!"

² Of this "Voyage," undertaken, as I have
already observed, in a mad frolic, and cele-
brated in no very sane one, I shall only say that
more humour and poetry are wasted on it than
it deserves. As a picture of a populous part of
London, it is not without some interest, and
might admit of a few remarks ; but I dislike
the subject, and shall therefore leave the reader,
who will not follow my example, and pass
lightly over it, to the annotations of Whalley.

³ We have a Shelton and a Heyden got.] The
names of the persons who embarked in this en-
terprise. The first, I suppose, is Sir *Ralph*

THE VOYAGE ITSELF.

I sing the brave adventure of two wights,
And pity 'tis, I cannot call them knights:
One was; and he for brawn and brain right
able

To have been styled of King Arthur's table.
The other was a squire of fair degree;
But, in the action, greater man than he,
Who gave, to take at his return from Hell,
His three for one. Now, lordlings, listen well.

It was the day, what time the powerful
Moon¹
Makes the poor Bankside creature wet its
shoon

In its own hall; when these (in worthy scorn
Of those that put out monies, on return
From Venice, Paris, or some inland passage
Of six times to and fro, without embassy,
Or him that backward went to Berwick, or
which

Did dance the famous morris unto Norwich)
At Bread Street's Mermaid having dined,
and merry,

Proposed to go to Holborn in a wherry:
A harder task than either his to Bristol,
Or his to Antwerp. Therefore, once more,
list ho.

A Dock there is, that called is Avernus,
Of some Bridewell, and may in time con-
cern us

All, that are readers; but metliinks 'tis odd,
That all this while I have forgot some god,
Or goddess to invoke, to stuff my Terse;
And with both bombard style and phrase,
rehearse

The many perils of this port, and how
Sans help of Sibyl, or a golden bough,
Or magic sacrifice, they past along!—
Alcides, be thou succouring to my song.

Thou hast seen Hell, some say, and know'st
all nooks there,
Canst tell me best how ever Fury looks
there,

And art a god, if Fame thee not abuses,
Always at hand to aid the merry Muses.

Skelton, to whom the iijth epigram is ad-
dressed. The latter is probably Sir Christopher
Heyden, to whom Davis, in his *Scortage of
Folly*, p. 191, addresses an epigram.—WHAL.

Yet Jonson says, in the opening of the
Voyage that the Blatter" was a squire.

It was the day, what time the powerful
moon,] i.e. A spring tide, when the river fre-
quently overflows its banks.—WHAL.

The persons alluded to in the next lines are
William Kempe, Taylor the water-poet, and
Coryal

Than, the ox in Livy.) *Jam alia vulgata
miracula trant, hastam Martis Pwntttte tua*

Great club-fist, though thy back and bones
be sore

Still, with thy former labours; yet, once more,
Act a brave work, call it thy last advcntry:
But hold my torch, while I describe the entry
To this dire passage. Say, thou stopthynose;
'Tis but light pains: indeed this dock's no
rose.

In the first jaws appeared that ugly mon-
ster,
Ycleped Mud, which, when their oars did
once stir,

Belched forth an air as hot, as at the muster
Of all your night-tubs, when the carts do
cluster,

Who shall discharge first his merd-urinous
load:

Thorough her womb they make their fa-
mous road,

Between two walls; where, on one side, to
scare men,

Were seen your ugly centaurs ye call carmen,
Gorgonian scolds, and Harpies: on the other
Hung stench, diseases, and old filth, their
mother,

With famine, wants, and sorrows many a
dozen,

The least of which was to the plague a cousin,
But they unfrightcd pass, though many a
privy

Spake to them louder than the ox in Livy:
And many a sink poured out her rage
anest 'em,

But still their valour and their virtue fenced
'em,

And on they went, like Castor brave and
Pollux,

Ploughing the main. When see (the worst
of all lucks)

They met the second prodigy, would fear a
Man that had never heard of a Chimæra.

One said, 'twas bold Briareus, or the beadle
Who hath the hundred hands when he doth
meddle,

The other thought it Hydra, or the rock
Made of the trull that cut her father's lock;

sponte promotam: bovem in Sicilia locutum,
Liv. l. 24, cap. 10. Though I believe the poet
here refers to the following passage of the same
author: *Inter cattra prodigia, qua plurima
fuisse traduntur, bovem Cn. Domitii consults
locutum*. Roma, cave tibi, refertur. Epit
lib. 35.—WHAL.

3 Or the rock
Made of the trull that cut her father's
lock.] He means Scylla, who cut off the hair
of her father Nisus: but Ovid tells us she
was changed into a bird called Ciris. The old poets
seem to have confounded two different stories
together.—WHAL.

But coming near, they found it but a lighter,
So huge, it seemed they could by no means
quite her.

Back, cried their brace of Charons : they
cried, No,
No going back; on still, you rogues, and row.
How hight the place? A voice was heard,
Cocytus.

Row close then, slaves. Alas! they will be-
shite us.

No matter, stinkards, row. What croaking
sound

Is this we hear? of frofs? No, guts wind-
bound,

Over your heads : well, row. At this a loud
(rack did report itself, as if a cloud

Had burst with storm, and down fell *ab*
excelsis,

Poor Mercury, crying out on Paracelsus,
And all his followers, that had so abused
him ;

And in so shitten sort, so long had used him:
For (where he was the god of eloquence,

And subtilty of metals) they dispense
His spirits now in pills, and eke in potions,

Suppositories, cataplasms, and lotions.—
But many moons there shall not wane,

quoth he,
In the meantime let them imprison me,

But I will speak, and know I shall be heard,
Touching this cause, where they will be

affeard
To answer me : and sure, it was the intent
Of the grave fart, late let in parliament,

Had it been seconded, and not in fume
Vanished away : as you must all presume

Their Mercury did now. By this, the stem
Of the hulk touched, and, as by Polypheme

The sly Ulysses stole in a sheep's-skin,
The well-greased wherry now had got be-

tween,
And bade her farewell sough unto the lurden:

Never did bottom more betray her burden ;
The meat-boat of Bear's-college, Paris-

garden,
Stunk not so ill; nor, when she kissed,

Kate Arden.
Yet one day in the year for sweet 'tis voiced,

And that is when it is the Lord Mayor's
foist.

¹ And SUM if was th' intent
Of the grave fart, late let in Parliament.]
An accident of this kind happened about this
time, which, it seems, was the occasion of much
mirth among the wits. See the *Alchemist*.—
WHAL.

[Kate Arden. This nymph is again men-
tioned in "An Excretion upon *Alcum*,"—
Underwoods, No. lxii.—F. C.]

By this time had they reached the Sty-
gian pool,

By which the Masters swear, when on the
stool

Of worship, they their nodding chins do hit
Against their breasts. Here, several ghosts

did flit
About the shore, of farts but late departed,

White, black, blue, green, and in more
forms out started,

Than all those *atomi* ridiculous
Whereof old Democrite and Hill Nicholas,

One said, the other swore, the world con-
sists.

These be the cause of those thick frequent
mists

Arising in that place, through which, who
goes,

Must try the unused valour of a nose:
And that ours did. For, yet, no nare was

tainted,
Nor thumb, nor finger to the stop ac-

quainted,
But open, and unarmed, encountered all:

Whether it languishing stuck upon the
wall,

Or were precipitated down the Jakes,
And after, swam abroad in ample flakes,

Or that it lay heaped like an usurer's mass,
All was to them the same, they were to

pass,
And so they did, from Styx to Acheron,

The ever-boiling flood ; whose banks upon
Your Fleet-lane Furies and hot cooks 'do

dwel,
That with still-scalding steams make the

place Hell.
The sinks ran grease, and hair of measled

hogs,
The heads, houghs, entrails, and the hides

of dogs :
For, to say truth, what scullion is so nasty,

To put the skins and or'fal in a pasty?
Cats there lay divers had been flayed and

roasted,
And after mouldy grown, again were toasted,

Then selling not, a dish was ta'en to mince
'em,

But still, it seemed, the rankness did con-
vince 'em.

⁸ Whereof old Democrite, and Hill Nicholas,]
"Nicholas Hill was a fellow of St John's
College, in Oxford: he adopted the notion of
Democritus about atoms, and was a great patron
of the Corpuscular philosophy. The book he
published on this subject is entitled *Philos-*
ophia Epicurea, Democritana, The reprobation
proposita simpliciter, non edocta. Par. 1666."
—A. WOOD,

For, here they were thrown in with th'
melted pewter,
Yet drowned they not: they had five lives
in future.

But 'mongst these Tiberts,¹ who do you
think there was?
Old Banks the juggler, our Pythagoras,
Grave tutor to the learned horse; both
which,
Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,
Their spirits transmigrated to a cat:
And now, above the pool, a face right fat,
With great gray eyes, it lifted up, and
mewed;
Thrice did it spit; thrice dived: at last it
viewed
Our brave hero's with a milder glare,
And in a piteous tune, began, How dare
Your dainty nostrils, in so hot a season,
When every clerk eats artichokes and
peason,
Laxative lettuce, and such windy meat,
Tempt such a passage? When each privy's
seat
Is filled with buttock, and the walls do sweat
Urine and plaisters; when the noise doth beat
Upon your ears, of discords so unsweet,
And outcries of the damned in the Fleet?
Cannot the Plague-bill keep you back, nor
bells
Of loud Sepulchre's, with their hourly knells,

¹ But 'mongst these Tiberts.] i. c. cats. The name given to them in the old story book of *Reynard the Fox*. Banks, who follows in the next line, was a fellow who shewed a horse about that time, famous for his tricks.—WHAL

But you will visit grisly Pluto's hall?
Behold where Cerberus, reared on the wall
Of Holborn - [bridge] (three Serjeants'
heads) looks o'er,
And stays but till you come unto the dooi!
Tempt not his fury, Pluto is away:
And Madam Caesar, great Proserpina,
Is now from home; you lose your labours
quite,
Were you Jove's sons, or had Alcides' might.
They cry a out, Puss. He told them he was
Banks,
That had so often showed them merry
pranks.
They laughed at his laugh-worthy fate;
and past
The triple-head without a sop. At last,
Calling for Rhadamanthus, that dwelt by,
A soap-boiler; and Æacus him nigh,
Who kept an ale-house; with my little
Minos,
An ancient purblind fletcher, with a high
nose;
They took them all to witness of their action:
And so went bravely back without protraction.

In memory of which most liquid deed,
The city since hath raised a pyramid;
And I could wish for their eternized sakes,
My Muse had ploughed with his that sung
A-JAX.²

² My Muse had ploughed with his, that sung A-jax.) Sir John Harrington, author of the treatise called *Misamos*, or the *Metamorphosis of A-jax*.—WHAL



The Forest.

THE FOREST.] From the folio, 1616. Between this and the poem which now concludes the Epigrams, Whalley foisted in several compositions under that title, which appeared long after the publication of the volume. This was injudiciously done, for as the date of the folio was well known, it tended to confound the idea of time, and to mislead the general reader. Several of the pieces given by Whalley under the head of Epigrams, closed by the author in 1616, were written by him as late as 1630.

I.

WHY I WRITE NOT OF LOVE.

Some act of LOVE'S bound to rehearse,
I thought to bind him in my verse :
Which when he felt, Away, quoth he,
Can poets hone to fetter me ?
It is enough, they once did get
Mars and my Mother, in their net :
I wear not these my wings in vain.
With which he fled me ; and again,
Into my rhymes could ne'er be got
By any art : then wonder not,
That since, my numbers are so cold,
When Love is fled, and I grow old.

II.

TO PENSURST.¹

Thou art not, PENSURST, built to envious
show
Of touch or marble ;² nor canst boast a row

¹ To Penshurst.] This place is pleasantly situated near the banks of the Medway ; it was the ancient seat of Sir Stephen Pencestre, Warden of the Cinque Ports, and Constable of Dover Castle, in the reign of Henry III., and was granted by Edward VI. to Sir William Sidney and his heirs ;—having been forfeited to the Crown by the rebellion of Sir R. Fane, its last proprietor.

² Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show

Of touch or marble.] The common kind of black marble frequently made use of in funeral monuments, was then called by this name ; so Weever, giving the account of a tomb at Hampstead :

" Under a fair monument of marble and touch,"

Of polished pillars, or a roof of gold :
Thou hast no lantern whereof tales are
told ;
Or stair, or courts ; but stand'st an ancient
pile,
And those grudged at, art revered the
white.
Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, of air,
Of wood, of water ; therein thou art fair.
Thou hast thy walks for health as well as
sport :
Thy mount to which th' Dryads do resort,
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts
have made,
Beneath the broad beech, and the chestnut
shade ;
That taller tree, which of a nut was set,
At his great birth where all the Muses met,³
There, in the writhed bark, are cut the names
Of many a sylvan taken with his flames ;
And thence the ruddy satyrs oft provoke

From its solidity and firmness it was used also as the test of gold : in this sense it occurs in Shakspeare :

" Ah ! Buckingham, now do I ply the touch'
Richard III., act iv. sc. 2.

And from this use of it the name itself was taken. It seems to be the same with that anciently called *basalt*,—WHAL.

³ At his great birth, where all the Muses met.] i.e., Sir Philip Sidney's, who was born at Penshurst in Kent.—WHAL.

Sir Philip Sidney was born aoth November, 1554.—" That taller tree," produced from an acorn planted on his birthday, and which has been the theme of many poets, is no longer standing. It is said to have been felled by mistake in 1768 ; a wretched apology, If true, and.

The lighter fauns to reach thy Lady's Oak.¹
Thy copse too,³ named of Gamage, thou
hast there;

That never fails to serve thee seasoned deer,
When thou wouldst feast, or exercise thy
friends.

The lower land, that to the river bends,
Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves
do feed;

The middle grounds thy mares and horses
breed.

Each bank doth yield thee conies; and the
tops

Fertile of wood, Ashore and Sidneys copp's,
To crown thy open table, cloth provide
The purpled pheasant with the speckled
side:

The painted partridge lies in ev'ry field,
And for thy mess is willing to be killed.
And if the high-swoln Medway fail thy dish,
Thou hast thy ponds, that pay thee tribute
fish,

Fat aged carps that run into thy net,
And pikes, now weary they o'n kind to eat,
As loth the second draught or cast to stay,
Officiously at first themselves betray.
Bright eels that emulate them, and leap on
land

Before the fisher, or into Ins hand.
Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden
flowers,

in a case of such notoriety, scarcely possible. Waller, in one of his poems, written at Penshurst, where he amused himself with falling in love, has an allusion to this oak:

"Go, boy, and carve this passion on the Lark
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sidney's birth," &c.

On which the commentator on his poems observes that though no tradition of the circumstance remained in the family, yet the observation of Cicero on the Marian oak might not unaptly be applied to it. "*Manet vero et semper manebit. Sato, est enim ingemo: Nullius autem agricolæ cultu stirps tantū diuturnā quam poetæ versu seminā potest.*" *De leg. lib. i.*

About a century after the date of Waller's verses this oak was still standing, and the ingenious Mr. F. Coventry wrote the following lines under its shade;

"Stranger, kneel here! to age due homage pay
When great Eliza held Britannia's sway
My growth began,—the same illustrious morn,
Joy to the hour! saw gallant Sidney born.
He perished early; I just stay behind
An hundred years; and lo! my clefted rind,
My withered boughs foretell destruction nigh;
We all are mortal; oaks and heroes die."

¹ *Thy Lady's Oak.* } There is an old tradition that a Lady Leicester (the wife undoubtedly of

Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours.
The early cherry, with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time
doth come:

The blushing apricot, and woolly peach
Hang on thy walls, that every child may
reach.

And though thy walls be of the country stone,
They're reared with no man's ruin, no man's
groan;

There's none that dwell about them wish
them down;

But all come in, the farmer and the clown;
And no one empty-handed, to salute
Thy lord and lady, though they have no suit.
Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,
Some nuts, some apples; some that think
they make

The better cheeses, bring them; or else send
i3y their ripe daughters, whom they would
commend

This way to husbands; and whose baskets
bear

An emblem of themselves in plum or pear.
But what can this (more than express their
love)

Add to thy free provisions, far above
The need of such? whose liberal board doth
flow

With all that hospitality doth know!
Where comes no guest but is allowed to eat,³

Sir Robert Sidney) was taken in travail under an oak in I'cishurst Park, which was afterwards called *My Lady's Oak*.

² *Thy copse too named of Gamage.* } "This coppice is now called Lady Gamages bower; it being said that Barbara Gamage, Countess of Leicester, used to take great delight in feeding the deer therein from her own hands."—*Dug. Baron.* This lady was daughter and heiress of John Gamage of Coytie, in Glamorganshire, and the first wife of Sir Robert.

³ *Where comes no guest but is allowed to fat, Without his fear, and of thy lord's sown meat, &c.* } This and what follows may appear a strange topic for praise to those who are unacquainted with the practice of those times. But, in fact, the liberal mode of hospitality here recorded was almost peculiar to this noble person. The great, indeed, dined at long tables (they had no other in their vast halls) and permitted many guests to sit down with them; but the gradations of rank and fortune were rigidly maintained, and the dishes grew visibly coarser as they receded from the head of the table. No reader of our old poets can be ignorant of the phrase, *below the salt*; but it may not be generally known that in some countries the custom yet prevails. It is the natural consequence of feudal manners; and the scene between the patron and the client which excited the caustic indignation of Juvenal is daily renewed in many

Without his fear, and of thy lord's own meat:
Where the same beer and bread, and self-
same wine,

That is his lordship's, shall be also mine.
And I not fain to sit (as some this day,
At great men's tables) and yet dine away.
Here no man tells my cups; nor standing by,
A waiter, doth my gluttony env :
But gives me what I call, and lets me eat,
He knows below he shall find plenty of
meat;

Thy tables hoard not up for the next day,
Nor, when I take my lodging, need I pray
For fire, or lights, or livery; all is there;
As if thou then wert mine, or I reigned here:
There's nothing I can wish, for which I stay.
That found King JAMES, when hunting
late, this way,

With his brave son the Prince; they saw
thy fires

Shine bright on every hearth, as the desires
Of thy Penates had been set on flame
To entertain them; or the country came,
With all their zeal, to warm their welcome
here.

What (great, I will not say, but) sudden cheer
Didst thou then make 'em ! and what praise
was heaped

On thy good lady then! who therein reaped
The just reward of her high huswifery;
To have her linen, plate, and all things nigh,
When she was far; and not a room, but drest
As if it had expected such a guest!

These, Penshurst, are thy praise, and yet
not all.

Thy lady's noble, fruitful, chaste withal.
His children thy great lord may call his
own:

A fortune, in this age, but rarely known.
They are, and have been taught religion;
thence

Their gentler spirits have sucked innocence.
Each morn and even, they are taught to
pray,

With the whole household, and may, every
day,

parts of Russia and in the whole of Poland. In
England the system was breaking up when
Jonson wrote, and he notices it with his usual
good sense. It is to the honour of Penshurst
that the observation was made there.

Herrick, who abounds in imitations of Jonson,
whom he loved and admired, has copied many
passages of this and the following poem, in his
Panegyric to Sir L. Pemberton. Here is one
of them :

" No, no, thy bread, thy wine, thy jocund beere
Is not reserved for Trebuis here,
But all, who at thy table seated are,
Find equal freedom, equal fare," &c.

Read in their virtuous parents' noble parts
The mysteries of manners, arms, and arts.
Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion
thee

With other edifices, when they see
Those proud ambitious heaps, and nothing
else,

May say their lords have built, but thy lord
dwells.

III.

TO SIR ROBERT WROTH.

How blest art thou, canst love the country,
WROTH,

Whether by choice, or fate, or both!
And though so near the city, and the court,³

Art ta'en with neither's vice nor sport:
That at great times, art no ambitious guest
Of sheriffs dinner, or mayor's feast.

Nor com'st to view the better cloth of state,
The richer hangings, or crown-plate;

Nor throng'st (when masquing is) to have a
sight

Of the short bravery of the night;
To view the jewels, stuffs, the pains, the wit

There wasted, some not paid for yet !
But canst at home, in thy securer rest,

Live, with unbought provision blest;
Free from proud porches, or the gilded roofs,

'Mongst lowing herds and solid hoofs:
Along the curled woods, and painted meads,

Through which a serpent river leads
To some cool courteous shade which he

calls his,
And makes sleep softer than it is.

Or if thou list the night in watch to break,
A bed canst hear the loud stag speak,

In spring, oft roused for thy master's sport,
Who for it makes thy house his court;

Or with thy friends, the heart of all the year
David'st, upon the lesser deer:

In autumn, at the partridge mak'st a flight,
And giv'st thy gladder guests the sight j

And in the winter, hunt'st the flying hare,
More for thy exercise than fare;

¹ *Thy great lord*, &c.] Robert Sidney, the second son of Sir Henry Sidney, and brother of Sir Philip, was knighted for his gallant behaviour at the battle of Zutphen, 1586; advanced to the dignity of Baron Sidney of Penshurst by James, created Viscount Lisle in 1605, and finally promoted to the earldom of Leicester in 1618. He is not flattered in these pleasing lines, for hut character was truly excellent.

³ *And though so near the city and the court.*] The seat of Sir Robert Wroth was at Durance, in Middlesex. James was a frequent guest there.

While all that follow, their glad ears apply
To the full greatness of the cry :
Or hawking at the river, or the bush,¹
Or shooting at the greedy thrush,
Thou dost with some delight the day out-
wear,

Although the coldest of the year !

" The whilst the several seasons thou hast seen
Of flowery fields, of cop'ces green,
The mowed meadows, with the fleeced sheep,
And feasts, that either shearers keep ;
The ripened ears, yet humble in their height,
And furrows laden with their weight ;
The apple-harvest, that doth longer last ;
The hogs returned home fat from mast ;
The trees cut out in log, and those boughs
made

A fire now, that lent a shade !

Thus Pan and Sylvan having had their rites,
Comus puts in for new delights ;
And fills thy open hall with mirth and cheer,
As if in Saturn's reign it were ;
Apollo's harp and Hermes' lyre resound,
Nor are the Muses strangers found.
The rout of rural folk come thronging in,
(Their rudeness then is thought no sin)
Thy noblest spouse affords them welcome
grace ;

And the great heroes of her race
Sit mixt with loss of state, or reverence.

Freedom doth with degree dispense.

The jolly wassal walks the often round,

And in their cups their cares are drowned :
They think not then, which side the cause
shall leese,

Nor how to get the lawyer fees.

Such and no other was that age of old,

Which boasts t' have had the head of gold.

And such, since thou canst make thine own
content,

v Strive, Wroth, to live long innocent.

Let others watch in guilty arms, and stand
The fury of a rash command,

Or hawking at the river.] i.e., for the greater game, which frequented it. This, which was the afternoon's amusement, is noticed by many of our old writers. *Sir Topas* was much attached to it, if we may trust Chaucer:

" He couth hunt at the wild dere

And ride an *hawking by the rivere*," &c.

Again:

" These fauconers upon a fair rivere

That with the hawks han the heron slaine."

Franklin's Tale.

¹ *Tht noblest spouse*, &c.] This accomplished and learned lady has been already mentioned as JJ nice' of Sir Philip Sidney.

Go enter breaches, meet the cannon's rage,
That they may sleep with scars in age ;
And shew their feathers shot, and colours
torn,

And brag that they were therefore born.
Let this man sweat, and wrangle at the bar,
For every price, in every jar,
And change possessions oftener with his
breath,

Than either money, war, or death :
Let him than hardest sires more disinherit,
And each where boast it as his merit
To blow up orphans, widows, and their
states ;

And think his power doth equal Fate's.
Let that go heap a mass of wretched wealth,
Purchased by rapine, worse than stealth,
And brooding o'er it sit with broadest eyes,

Not doing good scarce when he dies.
Let thousands more go flatter vice, and win,
By being organs to great sin ;

Get place and honour, and be glad to keep
The secrets that shall break their sleep :
And so they ride in purple, eat in plate,

Though poison, think it a great fate.
But thou, my Wroth, if I can truth apply,
Shalt neither that nor this env,' :

Thy peace is made ; and when man's state
is well,

'Tis better if he there can dwell.

God wisheth none should wreck on a
strange shelf:

To him man's dearer than t' himself,³
And howsoever we may think things sweet,
Me always gives what he knows meet ;

Which who can use is happy ; such be thou,

Thy morning's and thy evening's vow

Be thanks to Him, and earnest pray'r, to find

A body sound, with sounder mind ;

To do thy country service, thyself right ;

That neither want do thee affright,

Nor death ; but when thy latest sand is spent,

Thou mayst think life a thing but lent.

³ *God wisheth none should wreck on a strange shelf:*

To him mans dearer t'ian t' himself.] The sentiment, with the following verses, is taken from that celebrated passage in the tenth satire of Juvenal:

*Permitte ipsiſ expendere Numinibus, quid
Conveniat nolis, ſed uſque ſit ntile noſtriſi
Nam pro jucundis aptiſſima quæque dulunt
diti.*

Carior eſt iilis homo, quant juiw—

Orandum eſt, ut ſit men' ſana in torpor' tan

A ſhelf, or ſhelve, is a bank of ſand.—WHAU

¹ *Thou mayſt think life a thing but lent.*

This is a very beautiful epode, honourable alike

IV.
To THE WORLD.

*A Farewell for a Gentlewoman, virtuous
and noble.*

False world, good-night! since thou hast brought

That hour upon my morn of age,
Henceforth I quit thee from my thought,
My part is ended on thy stage.

Do not once hope that thou canst tempt
A spirit so resolved to tread
Upon thy throat, and live exempt
From all the nets that thou canst spread.

I know thy forms are studied arts,
Thy subtle ways be narrow straits;
Thy courtesy but sudden starts,
And what thou call'st thy gifts are baits.

I know too, though thou strut and paint,
Yet art thou botii shrunk up, and old;
That only fools make thee a saint,
And all thy good is to be sold.

I know thou whole art but a shop
Of toys and trifles, traps and snares,
To take the weak, or make (hem stop :
Yet art thou falser than thy wares.

And knowing this should I yet stay,
Like such as blow away their lives,
And never will redeem a day,
Enamoured of their golden gyves?

Or having 'scaped shall I return,
And thrust my neck into the noose,
From whence so lately I did burn,
With all my powers, myself to loose?

What bird or beast is known so dull,
That fled his cage, or broke his chain,
And tasting air and freedom, wull
Render his head in there again?

If these who have but sense, can shun
The engines that have them annoyed;
Little for me had reason done,
If I could not thy gins avoid.

Yes, threaten, do. Alas, I fear
As little as I hope from thee:
I know thou canst nor shew, nor bear
More hatred, than thou hast to me.

to the writer and the subject of it. How nobly do Jonson's lines rise above the common addresses of his age! he is familiar with decorum, and moral with dignity; while his unbounded command of classic images gives a force to his language which renders his description of the humblest object interesting.

My tender, first, and simple years
Thou didst abuse, and then betray;
Since stirr'dst up jealousies and fears,
When ail the causes were away.
Then in a soil hast planted me,
Where breathe the basest of thy fools;
Where envious arts professed be,
And pride and ignorance the schools:
Where nothing is examined, weighed,
But as 'tis rumoured, so believed;
Where every freedom is betrayed,
And every goodness taxed or grieved.
But what we're born for, we must bear:
Our frail condition it is such,
That what to all may happen here,
If't chance to me, I must not grutch.

Else I my state should much mistake,
To harbour a divided thought
From all my kind; that for my sake,
There should a miracle be wrought.

No, I do know that I was born
To age, misfortune, sickness, grief:
But I will bear these with that scorn
As shall not need thy false relief.

Nor for my peace will I go far,
As wanderers do that still do roam;
But make ray strengths, such as they are,
Here in my bosom, and at home,

V.
SONG.
To CEHA.

Corne, my CELIA, let us prove,¹
While we may, the sports of love;
Time will not be ours for ever:
He at length our good will sever.
Spend not then his gifts in vain.
Suns that set may rise again;
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumour are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies;
Or his easier ears beguile,
So removed by our wile?
'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal,
But the sweet theft to reveal:

* *Come, my Celia, &c.*] This beautiful song is to be found in the *Pox*. See vol. i. p. 370 J. Whalley says, "This and the following are translations from Catullus." Translations they certainly are not, but very elegant and happy imitations of particular passages in that poet.

To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

VI.

To THE SAME.

Kiss me, sweet: the wary lover
Can your favours keep, and cover,
When the common courting jay
All your bounties will betray.
Kiss again: no creature comes.
Kiss, and score up wealthy sums
On my lips thus hardly sundred,
While you breathe. First give a hundred.
Then a thousand, then another
Hundred, then unto the other
Add a thousand, and so more:
Till you equal with the store,
All the grass that Rumney yields,
Or the sands in Chelsea fields,
Or the drops in silver Thames,
Or the stars that gild his streams,
In the silent Summer-nights,
When youths ply their stolen delights;
That the curious may not know
How to tell 'em as they flow,
And the envious, when they find
What their number is, be pined.

VII.

SONG.

THAT WOMEN ARE BUT MEN'S
SHADOWS.¹

Follow a shadow, it still flies you,
Seem to fly it, it will pursue:
So court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?
At morn and even shades are longest;
*¹ At noon they are or short or none:
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say are not women truly then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?

¹ ["Pembroke and his Lady discoursing, the Earl said, The woemen were men's shadowes, and she maintained them. Both appealing to Johnson, he affirmed it true; for which my Lady gave a pennance to approve it in verse: hence his epigram."—B. J., *Conversations with Drummond*.]

This seems circumstantial enough; but a writer in *Notes and Queries*, 3rd S. viii. 187, gives some Latin lines, which if really written by Barthol. Anulius (who died circ. 1565) would tend to impugn the truth of the story:

*Umbra suum corpus radiant in lumine solis
Cum segvitur refugit; cum fugit insequitur**

VIII.

SONG.

To SICKNESS.

Why, DISEASE, dost thou molest
Ladies, and of them the best?
Do not men enow of rites
To thy altars, by their nights
Spent in surfeits; and their days,
And nights too, in worse ways?

Take heed, Sickness, what you do,
I shall fear you'll surfeit too.
Live not we, as all thy stalls,
Spittles, pest-house, hospitals,
Scarce will take our present store?
And this age will build no more.

Tray thee, feed contented then,
Sickness, only on us men;
Or if it needs thy lust will taste
Woman-kind; devour the waste
Livers, round about the town.

But, forgive me,—with thy crown
They maintain the truest trade,
And have more diseases made.

What should yet thy palate please?
Daintiness, and softer ease,
Sleeked limbs, and finest blood?
If thy leanness love such food,
There are those, that for thy sake,
Do enough; and who would take
Any pains; yea, think it price,
To become thy sacrifice.

That distill their husband's land
In decoctions; and are manned
With ten emp'rics, in their chamber,
Lying for the spirit of amber.

That for the oil of talc dare spend
More than citizens dare lend
Them, and all their officers.

That to make all pleasure theirs,
Will by coach, and water go,
Every stew in town to know;
Dare entail their loves on any,
Bald or blind, or ne'er so many:

*Tales natures quoque sint muliebres amores:
Optet amans, nolunt: non vclit, ultra volunt.
Phosbum virgofugit Daphne inviolata sequentem*

*Echo, Narcissum, dum fugit, insequitur.
Ergo voluntati ple-nimque adversa refagant
Fæmina, jure sui dicitur umbra viri.*

[F. C.]

* *That for the oil of talc dare spend
More than citizens dare lend.* See vol. ii.
p. 38 a. Whalley has strangely confounded this
cosmetic with a nauseous unction for the tick in
sheep.

And for thee at common game,
Play away health, wealth, and fame.
These, Disease, will thee deserve ;
And will long, ere thou shouldst starve,
On their beds, most prostitute,
Move it, as their humblest suit,
In thy justice to molest
None but them, and leave the rest.

IX.

SONG,

To CELIA.I

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.
I sent thee late a rosie wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,

No part of Jonson has been so frequently quoted as this song, which, pleasing as it is, is not superior to many others scattered through his works.

"I was surprised (Cumberland says), the other day to find our learned poet Ben Jonson had been poaching in an obscure collection of love letters, written by the sophist Philostratus in a very rhapsodical stile, merely for the purpose of stringing together a parcel of unnatural far-fetched conceits, more calculated to disgust a man of Jonson's classical taste, than to put him upon the humble task of copying them, and then fathering the translation. The little poem he has taken from this despicable sophist is now become a very popular song." — *Observer*, No. lxxiv.

Cumberland, who reasoned very loosely, was hardly aware, I think, of the extraordinary compliment he was paying Jonson in this passage. But why should he be surprised? Did we not know that he was directed to Philostratus by a more skilful and exclusive finger than his own, we might perhaps be surprised at finding the critic there; but they must have a very imperfect acquaintance with Jonson who are unprepared to meet with him in any volume which antiquity has bequeathed to us. It need not follow that our poet admired every writer that he read: he might not, perhaps, have judged more favourably of Philostratus than Mr. Cumberland, or rather Dr. Bentley; yet he had the address to turn him to some account. But to the quotations: which, it must be added, are translated without much apparent knowledge of the original:

Ξαίει δε μοι καὶ πρόσωπον τοῖς ὀφθαλμοῖς. Ἐὰν δὲ βούλει, τοῖς χεῖλεσσι προσφέρουσα, πλῆθυν φίλα-

As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be,
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me :
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

X.

PRÆLUDIUM.²

And must I sing? what subject shall I chuse?

Or whose great name in Poets' heaven use,
For the more countenance to my active Muse?

Hercules? alas, his bones are yet sore
With his old earthly labours: t' exact more

Of his dull godhead, were sin. I'll implore
Phoebus. No, tend thy cart still. Envious day

Shall not give out that I have made thee stay,

And founded thy hot team, to tune my lay.

ματῶν το ἐκπῦμα, καὶ οὕτως δίδου.¹ Drink to me with thine eyes only—Or, if them wilt, putting the cup to thy lips, fill it with kisses, and so bestow it upon me."—*Lett.* xxiv.

Ἐγώ, επειδὴν ἰδῶ σε, δίψῳ, καὶ τὸ ἐκπῦμα κατέχω, καὶ τὸ μὲν οὐ προσάγω τοῖς χεῖλεσσι, σὺν δὲ οἶδα πίνειν. "I, as soon as I behold thee, thirst, and taking hold of the cup, do not indeed apply that to my lips for drink, but thee."—*Lett.* xxv. This is by no means the sense. It was not thus that Tonson read Philostratus.

Πεποιμέθα σοι στεφανὸν ῥόδων, οὐ σε τιμῶν (καὶ τούτῳ μὲν γὰρ), ἀλλ' αὐτοῖς τι χαρίζομενος τοῖς ῥόδοις, ἵνα μὴ μαρτυρῇ. "I sent thee a rosie wreath, not so much honouring thee (though this also is in my thoughts) as bestowing favour upon the roses, that so they might not be withered."—*Lett.* xxx.

Εἰ δε βούλει τι φίλα χαρίζεσθαι, τα λευκὰ αὐτῶν ὀστέων. ἡκετι πνεῦντα ῥόδων ἰσχυρὰ ἀλλὰ καὶ σὺν. "If thou wouldst do a kindness to thy lover, send back the reliques of the roses (I gave thee) no longer smelling of themselves only, but of thee."—*Lett.* xxxi.

Mr. Cumberland is quite scandalized at the omission of the poet's acknowledgments to Philostratus: this is very natural in so scrupulous a borrower as himself; but he ought to have known that this was not the practice of Jonson's times.

It is a little singular that the artful arrangement of this song (which is peculiar to our poet) should have escaped the critics. Cumberland divides it into four stanzas; so do the ingenious authors of the *Anthology*, who, from the incorrect manner in which they have given it, evidently overlooked the construction.

² This Prælude (which is merely sportive)

Nor will I beg of thee, Lord of the Vine,
To raise my spirits with thy conjuring wine,
In the green circle of thy Ivy twine.

Pallas, nor thee I call on, mankind maid,
That at thy birth mad'st the poor Smith
afraid,
Who with his axe thy father's midwife
played.

Go, cramp dull Mars, light Venus when
he snorts,
Or with thy Tribade trine, invent new sports;
Thou nor thy looseness with my making
sorts.

Let the Old Boy, your son, ply his old task,
Turn the stale prologue to some painted
mask;

His absence in my verse, is all I ask.

Hermes, thecheater, shall not mix withus,
Though he would steal his sisters' Pegasus,
And rifle him: or pawn his Petasus.

Nor all the ladies of the Thespian lake,
Though they were crushed into one form,
could make

A beauty of that merit, that should take

together with the admirable Epode to which it forms an introduction, must have been among the earliest of Jonson's works, since both are prefixed to a volume of rare occurrence (obligingly communicated to me by T. Hill, Esq.), called "Love's Martyr, or Rosalm's Complaint. Allegoncully shadowing the truth of Love in the constant fate of the Phoenix and Turtle—now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Caeliano, by Robert Chester, to which are added sonc-new compositions of several writers, 1601." The Epode is immediately followed by "the Phoenix Analysed," and the "Ode" given below (8) both, as it would seem, by our author, though his name does not appear to them.

Till the discovery of this volume, of which Whalley apparently knew nothing, these poems could scarcely be considered as intelligible Shakspeare, Marston, and Chapman united with Jonson in this commendation of the Phoenix, and "consecrated their verses (the preface says) to the love and merit of the true noble kmglit, Sir John Salisburie."

THE PHCENIX ANALYSED. (8.)

Now after all, let no man
Receive it for a fable,
If a bird so amiable
Do turn into a woman.

Or, by our Turtle's augure,
That Nature" fairest creature
Prove of his mistress' feature
But a bare type and figure.

My Muse up by commission; no, I bring
My own true fire : now my thought takes
wing,
And now an EPODE to deep ears I sing.

XL EPODE.

Not to know vice at all, and keep true state,
Is virtue and not Fate :
Next to that virtue, is to know vice well,
And her black spite expel.
Which to effect (since no breast is so sure,
Or safe, but she'll procure
Some way of entranee) we must plant a guard
Of thoughts to watch and ward
At the eye and ear, the ports unto the mind,
That no strange or unkind
Object arrive there, but the heart, our spy,
Give knowledge instantly,
To wakeful reason, our affections' king:
Who, in th' examining,
Will quickly taste the treason, and commit
Close, the close cause of it.
Tis the securest policy we have,
To make our sense our slave.

ODE *οὐδὸν τὸ φῶς*.

Splendor ! O more than mortal
For other forms come short all,
Of her illustrious brightness
As far as sin's from lightness.
Her wit as quick and sprightly
As tire, and more delightful
Than the stolen sports of lovers,
When night their meeting covers.
Judgment, adorned with learning
Doth shine in her discerning,
Clear as a naked vestal
Closed in an orb of crystal.
Her breath for sweet exceeding
The Phoenix' place of breeding,
But mixed with sound, transcending
All nature of commending.
Alas, then ! whither wade I
In thought to praise this lady,
When seeking her renowning
Myself am so near drowning?
Retire, and say her graces
Are deeper than their faces,
Yet she's not nice to show them,
Nor takes she pride to know them.

[The T. Hill, Esq., who brought this volume to light, was better known as *Tom Hill*, and better still as the *Paul Pry* of Liston, the *Hull* of Gilbert Gurney, and the *Tom gavit* "Vanity Fair."—F. C.]

But this true course is not embraced by many:

By many ! scarce by any.
For either our affections do rebel,
Or else the sentinel,
That should ring larum to the heart, doth sleep;

Or some great thought doth keep
Back the intelligence, and falsely swears
They are base and idle fears
Whereof the loyal conscience so complains.

Thus, by these subtle trains,
Do several passions invade the mind,
And strike our reason blind,
Of which usurping rank, some have thought love

The first; as prone to move
Most frequent tumults, horrors, and unrests

In our enflamed breasts :
But this doth from the cloud of error grow,
Which thus we over-blow.

The thing they here call Love, is blind Desire,
Armed with bow, shafts, and fire;
Inconstant, like the sea, of whence 'tis born,
Rough, swelling, like a storm :
With whom who sails, rides on the surge of fear,

And boils, as if he were
In a continual tempest. Now, true Love
No such effects doth prove ;
That is an essence far more gentle, fine,
Pure, perfect, nay divine;
It is a golden chain let down from heaven,
Whose links are bright and even,
That falls like sleep on lovers, and combines

The soft, and sweetest minds
In equal knots: this bears no brands nor darts,

To murder different hearts,
But in a calm and god-like unity
Preserves community.

O, who is he that in this peace enjoys
The Elixir of all joys ?

A form more fresh than are the Eden bowers,

And lasting as her flowers:
Richer than Time, and as Time's virtue rare :

Sober, as saddest care ;

¹ And as Time's virtue rare.] Truth, which is said proverbially to be the daughter of Time. — WHAL.

² Peace, Luxury.] i.e., lust. It is simply the Fr. *luxure*, then in general use. On this trite word Steevens (under the name of Collins) has

A fixed thought, an eye untaught to glance :

Who, blest with such high chance,
Would, at suggestion of a steep desire,
Cast himself from the spire
Of all his happiness ? But soft, I hear
Some vicious fool draw near,
That cries we dream, and swears there's
no such thing

As this chaste love we sing.
Peace, Luxury,² thou art like one of those
Who, being at sea, suppose,
Because they move, the continent doth so.
No, Vice, we let thee know,
Though thy wild thoughts with sparrows' wings do fly.

Turtles can chastly die;
And yet (in this t' express ourselves more clear)

We do not number here
Such spirits as are only continent,
Because lust's means are spent:
Or those who doubt the common mouth of lame,

And for their place and name,
Cannot so safely sin: their chastity is mere necessity.

Nor mean we those whom vows and conscience
Have filled with abstinence:

Though we acknowledge, who can so abstain,
Makes a most blessed gain.

He that for love of goodness hateth ill,
Is more crown-worthy still,
Than he which for sin's penalty forbears ;
His heart sins, though he fears.

But we propose a person like our Dove,
Graced with a Phoenix' love;

A beauty of that clear and sparkling light,
Would make a day of night,
And turn the blackest sorrows to bright joys;

Whose odoriferous breath destroys
All taste of bitterness, and makes the air
As sweet as she is fair.

A body so harmoniously composed,
As if Nature disclosed
All her best symmetry in that one feature !
O, so divine a creature,

Who could be false to? chiefly when he knows

How only she bestows

poured out, for the benefit of the youthful readers of Shakspeare, pages of the grossest in decency:

" Verbis, nudum olido stans
Fornice mancipium quibus abstinetur

The wealthy treasure of her love on him ;
 Making his fortunes swim
 In the full flood of her admired perfection?
 What savage, brute affection,
 Would not be fearful to offend a dame
 Of this excellling frame ?
 Much more a noble and right generous
 mind,
 To virtuous moods inclined,
 That knows the weight of guilt ; he will
 refrain
 From thoughts of such a strain,
 And to his sense object this sentence ever,
 " Man may securely sin, but safely
 never."

XII.

EPISTLE

TO ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF

RUTLAND.²

MADAM,
 Whilst that for which all virtue now is
 sold,
 And almost every vice, almighty gold,
 That which, to boot with hell, is thought
 worth heaven,
 And for it life, conscience, yea souls are
 given,
 Toils, by grave custom, up and down the
 court,
 To every squire or groom that will report
 Well or ill, only all the following year,
Just to the weight their this day's presents
 bear;
 While it makes huishers serviceable men,
 And some one aptch to be trusted then,
 Though never after; whiles it gains the
 voice
 Of some grand peer, whose air doth make
 rejoice
 The fool that gave it: who will want and
 weep,
 When his proud patron's favours are
 asleep;
 While thus it buys great grace, and hunts
 poor fame;
 Runs between man and man; 'tween dame
 and dame;

¹ That knows the weight of guilt, &c.] This is from Seneca, the tragedian:

*Quid Pænā presens conscue mentis pavor,
 Animusque culpa plenus, et semet timens :
 Scelus aliqua tutum, nulla securutn. tulit,*

² Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland.] The lady to whom the 79th epigram is addressed, daughter of Sir Philip Sidney, and wife of Roger Manners, fifth Earl of Rutland. She died before

Solders cracked friendship; makes love last
 a day;
 Or perhaps less : whilst gold bears all this
 sway,
 I, that have none to send you, send you
 verse.
 A present which, if elder writs rehearse
 The truth of times, was once of imore
 esteem
 Than this our gilt, not golden age can
 deem,
 When gold was made no weapon to cut
 throats,
 Or put to flight Astrea, when her ing6ts
 Were yet unfound, and better placed in
 caith,
 Than here to give pride fame and pea-
 sants birth.
 But let this dross carry what price it will
 With noble ignorants, and let them still
 Turn upon scorned verse their quarter-
 face :
 With you, I know, my offering will find
 grace.
 For what a sin 'gainst your great father's
 spirit,
 Were it to think that you should not in-
 herit
 His love unto the Muses, when his skill
 Almost you have, or may have when you
 will ?
 Wherein wise nature you a dowry gave
 Worth an estate treble to that you have.
 Beauty I know is good, and blood is more ;
 Riches thought most; but, madam, think
 what store
 The world hath seen, which all these had
 in trust,
 And now lie lost in their forgotten dust.
 It is the Muse alone can raise to heaven,
 And, at her strong arm's end, hold up, and
 even,
 The suulb she loves. Those other glorious
 notes,
 Inscnbcd in touch or marble; or the coats
 Painted or carved upon our great men's
 tombs,
 Or in their windows, do but prove the
 wombs

the appearance of this volume, as did her husband.

*When her ingots
 Were yet unfound, and letter placed in
 earth, & c.*

*" Aurum irrpertum et sic mclius situm
 Cum terra cclct, spernere fortior
 Quant cogerc humanos in usus
 Omne sacrum rapiente dextra."*

That bred them, graves : when they were
born they died,
That had no Muse to make their fame
abide.

How many equal with the Argive queen,
Have beauty known, yet none so famous
seen?

Achilles was not first that valiant was,
Or, in an army's head, that, locked in brass,
Gave killing strokes. There were brave
men before

Ajax, or Idomen,¹ or all the store
That Homer brought to Troy ; yet none so
live,

Because they lacked the sacred pen could
give

Like life unto them. Who heaved Hercules
Unto the stars, or the Tyndarides ?

¹ *There were brave wen before*
[Ajax or Idomen.] The sentiment is from
Horace, lib. iv. g:

*Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illlacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.*—WHAL.

² *you, and that other star, that purest light*
Of all Lucina's train, Lucy the bright !
This, I presume, was Lucy, Countess of Bedford, to whom our author hath addressed some epigrams, and who was particularly celebrated by Dr. Donne. If what follows in the succeeding lines must be applied to him, one would imagine some little misunderstanding was then subsisting between him and the poet ; though from the verses which Donne and Jonson have mutually wrote to each other, it appears there was always a very friendly correspondence between them.—WHAL.

No doubt of it: but Whalley is mistaken in the person here meant, who is not Donne but Daniel. There is no necessity for wantonly stirring up new enmities, since Jonson is already charged with more than he ever felt; and it is certain that he was at this time, and continued to the end of his life, the affectionate friend and admirer of Donne.

That there was no cordiality between our poet and Daniel seems probable, and he here gives the reason of it. Daniel "envied" him. A little retrospect into his history may shew, perhaps, that the assertion (setting aside the undoubted veracity of Jonson) has nothing improbable in it. Daniel was born in 1562. At the age of seventeen he was admitted a commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he continued three years. In 1582 he came to London, and was recommended to the Court through the interest of his brother-in-law, "the resolute John Florio." On the death of Spenser, in 1599, he succeeded to the Laureatship ; in other words, he became the Court poet, and as such was called on to furnish the complimentary poems, pageants masques, &c., incidental to the situation. He seems therefore, not unnaturally, to

Who placed Jason's Argo in the sky,
Or set bright Ariadne's crown so high
Who made a lamp of Berenice's hair,
Or lifted Cassiopeia in her chair,
But only Poets, rapt with rage divine ?
And such, or my hopes fail, shall make
you shine.

You, and that other star, that purest light,
Of all Lucina's train, Lucy the bright ;
Than which a nobler heaven itself knows not ;
Who, though she have a better verser got,
(Or Poet, in the court-account,) than I,
Arid who doth me, though I not him envy,
Yet for the timely favours she hath done,
To my less sanguine Muse, wherein she
hath won

My grateful soul, the subject of her powers,
I have already used some happy hours,

have experienced some uneasiness when, soon after the accession of James I. Jonson was ~~called upon to prepare the Masques of that gay~~

front of our poet's offending, unless it be added that though he always thought and called Daniel "a good and honest man," he entertained no very lofty opinion of his style of poetry.

Daniel, however, numbered among his friends and patrons the most distinguished characters of both sexes; and it appears that he was not wanting in remonstrating against the attempt to supersede him, nor in using the interest which his talents and virtues had procured, to be permitted to resume what he probably considered as the duties of his office. In the dedication of *The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses*, 1604, to the Countess of Bedford, he expresses his thankfulness "for her preferring him to the Queen for this employment." The dedication is in itself sufficiently captious and querulous, and seems pointed in some measure at our poet. He was also called on to assist in the solemnity of creating Henry, Prince of Wales, when he wrote the masque or rather pageant of *Tethys' Festival* (a).

Rut Daniel's spirits were wounded, and he could not apparently brook the rising favour of his younger competitor. About a year after the publication of his first Masque he printed his

(a) I take the earliest opportunity of correcting a mistake respecting this "Solemnitie." It is stated, *ante*, p. 63, that *The Masque of Oberon* was performed before the prince on the 5th of June, 1610. I have since been enabled to ascertain, by the kindness of Mr. Cohen, that the masque performed on that day was the *Tethys* of Daniel, to which therefore the description of the Master of the Ceremonies must be referred. *The Masque of Oberon* was probably presented, as it is printed, after *The Barriers*; on the sixth day, or Thursday. The machinery of *Tethys* was furnished by Inigo Jones, and the accompaniments must have been very splendid. The poet's part was the least important, and consisted of little more than some pretty songs.

To her remembrance; which when time
shall bring

To curious light, to notes I then shall sing,
Will prove old Orpheus' act no tale to be :
For I shall move stocks, stones, no less
than he.

Then all that have but done my Muse least
grace,

Shall thronging come, and boast the happy
place

They hold in my strange poems, which, as
yet,

Had not their form touched by an English
wit.

There, like a rich and golden pyramede,
Borne up by statues, shall I rear your head

Above your under-carved ornaments,
And shew how to the life my soul presents

Your form imprint there : not with tickling
rhymes,

Or common-places filched, that take these
times,

But high and noble matter, such as flies
From brains entranced, and filled with ex-
tacies ;

Moods which the godlike Sidney oft did
prove,

And your brave friend and mine so well did
love.

Who, wheresoe'er he be—
The rest is lost.

Philotas, with a dedication in verse to Prince Henry, of which it is scarcely possible to read without emotion the simple and affecting conclusion :

And I, although among the latter train
And least of those that sung unto this land,
Have borne my part, though in an humble strain,
And pleased the gentler that did understand.

And never had ray harmless pen at all
Distained with any loose immodesty.

Nor ever noted to be touched with gall,
To aggravate the worst man's infamy.

But still have done the fairest offices
To virtue and the time : yet nought prevails,
And all our labours are without success,
For either favour or our virtue fails.

And therefore since I have outlived the date
Of former grace, acceptance, and delight,
I would my lines late born beyond the fate
Of her spent line,(a) had never come to light!

So had I not been taxed for wishing well,
Nor now mistaken by the censuring stage,
Nor in my fame and reputation fell,

Which I esteem more than what all the age
Or th' earth can give: But years hath done this
wrong,

To make me write too much, and live too long.

(a) *Of herspent line.* i.e., of Queen Elisabeth's.

VOL. III.

XIII. EPISTLE.

TO KATHARINE, LADY AUBIGNY.'

'Tis grown almost a danger to speak true
Of any good mind now ; there are so few.
The bad, by number are so fortified,
As what they have lost t' expect, they dare
deride.

So both the praised and praisers suffer; yet,
For others ill ought none their good forget.

I therefore, who profess myself in love
With every virtue, wheresoe'er it move,
And howsoever; as I am at feud

With sin and vice, though with a throne
endued;

And, in this name, am given out dangerous
By arts and practice of the vicious,

Such as suspect themselves, and think it fit,
For their own capital crimes, to indict my
wit;

I that have suffered this; and though forsook
Of Fortune, have not altered yet my look,

Or so my self abandoned, as because
Men are not just, or keep no holy laws

Of nature and society, I should faint;
Or fear to draw true lines, 'cause others
paint :

I, madam, am become your praiser; where,
If it may stand with your soft blush to hear

He could not be beyond five-and-forty at this
period of despondency : he remained, however,
about the court for some time longer, probably
till about 1615, in which year Jonson, who was
still rising in reputation, obtained a fixed salary
for his services, when this amiable man retired
to Somersetshire, commenced farmer, and passed
the remainder of his days in privacy, piety, and
peace.

Daniel was highly esteemed by Queen Anne,
and to this Jonson alludes in the text, while hi'
great patron was James. Still, however, there
seems no adequate cause for any hostility against
Jonson, if he only made a fair advantage of his
superior talents for the drama; for which, it
must be confessed, his rival wanted both energy
and fancy, and winch indeed he laments, just
above, that he ever attempted.

*Then all that have but done my Muse least
grace,*

Snail thronging come. This intimates a de-
sign the poet had of celebrating the ladies of his
native country,—WITAL. See *ante*, p. 59 b

Lady Aubigny. ' This lady has been already
noticed. She was the daughter and sole heir of
Sir Gervase Clifton, and was married to Lord
Aubigny in 1607. The connexion with a family so
deservedly dear to James I. as the Stewarts pro-
cured a peerage for her father, who was created
in the following year Baron Clifton, of Leighton
Bromswold, in Nottinghamshire,

Your self bat told unto your self, and see
In my character what your features be,
You will not from the paper slightly pass :
No lady but at some time loves her glass.
And this shall be no false one, but as much
Removed as you from need to have it such.
Look then, and see your self—I will not say
Your beauty, for you see that every day ;
And so do many more: all which can call
It perfect, proper, pure and natural,
Not taken up o' the doctors, but as well
As I, can say and see it doth excel;
That asks but to be censured by the eyes :
And in those outward forms all fools are
wise.

Nor that your beauty wanted not a dower,
Do I reflect. Some alderman has power,
Or cozening farmer of the customs, so
To advance his doubtful issue, and o'erflow
A prince's fortune: these are gifts of chance,
And raise not virtue; they may vice enhance.
My mirror is more subtle, clear, refined,
And takes and gives the beauties of the mind;
Though it reject not those of Fortune : such
As blood, and match. Wherein, how more
than much

Are you engaged to your happy fate,
For such a lot 1 that mixt you with a state
Of so great title, birth, but virtue most,
Without which all the rest were sounds, or
lost.

'Tis only that can time and chance defeat:
For he that once is good, is ever great.
Wherewith then, madam, can you better pay
This blessing of your stars, than by that way
Of virtue which you tread ? What if alone,
Without companions ? 'tis safe to have none.
In single paths dangers with ease are
watched ;

Contagion in the press is soonest catched.
This makes, that wisely you decline your life
Far from the maze of custom, error, strife,
And keep an even, and unaltered gait;
Not looking by or back, like those that wait
Times and occasions, to start forth, and
seem,

Which, though the turning world may dis-
esteem,

Because that studies spectacles and shows,
And after varied, as fresh objects, goes,

¹ The glad increase

Of your blest -womb, &c.] If this was the first child (as seems probable), the "Epistle" was written in 1608. Lady Aubigny brought her husband four sons and three daughters. Of the sons, three fell nobly in the field in the cause of their sovereign ; the fourth, the eldest, lived to perform the last duties to his mangled remains, and died in 1655.

Giddy with change, and therefore cannot see
Right, the right way ; yet must your com-
fort be

Your conscience, and not wonder if none asks
For truth's complexion, where they all wear
masks.

Let who will follow fashions and attires,
Maintain their leigers forth for foreign wires,
Melt down their husbands' land, to pour
away

On the close groom and page, on new-
year's day,

And almost all days after, while they live ;
They find it both so witty and safe to give.
Let them on powders, oils, and paintings
spend,

Till that no usurer, nor his bawds dare lend
Them or their officers ; and no man know,
Whether it be a face they wear or no.

Let them waste body and state; and after all,
When their own parasites laugh at their fall,
May they have nothing left wheieof they can
Boast, tilt how oft they have gone wrong
to man,

And call it their brave sin : for such there be
That do sin only for the infamy ;

And never think how vice doth every hour
Eat on her clients, and some one devour.
You, madam, young have learned to shun
these shelves,

Whereon the most of mankind wreck them-
selves,

And keeping a just course, have early put
Into your harbour, and all passage shut
'Gainst storms or pirates, that might charge
your peace ;

For which you worthy are the glad increase
Of your blest womb,¹ made fruitful from
above

To pay your lord the pledges of chaste love;
And raise a noble stem, to give the fame
To Clifton's blood, that is denied their name,
Grow, grow, fair tree 1 and as thy branches
shoot,

Hear what the Muses sing about thy root,
By me, their priest, if they can aught divine:
Before the moons have filled their triple
trine,

To crown the burden which you go withal,
It shall a ripe and timely issue fall,

To this nobleman Herrick has a poem in which he alludes to the disastrous fate of his family, *Hesperides*, p. 197:

"Of all those three brave brothers, fain in war
(Not without glory), noble sir you are,
Despite of all concussions, left the stem
To shoot forth generations like to them."

I expect the honours of great AUBIGNY ;
And greater rites, yet writ in mystery,
But which the Fates forbid me to reveal.
Only thus much out of a ravished zeal
Unto your name, and goodness of your life,
They speak; since you are truly that rare
wife

Other great wives may blush at, when they
see

What your tried manners are, what theirs
should be;

How you love one, and him you should,
how still

You are depending on his word and will;
Not fashioned for the court, or strangers'
eyes;

But to please him, who is the dearer prize
Unto himself, by being so dear to you.

This makes, that your affections still be new,
And that your souls conspire, as they were
gone

Each into other, and had now made one.
Live that one still 1 and as long years do

pass,
Madam, be bold to use this truest glass;
Wherein your form you still the same shall
find;

Because nor it can change, nor such a mind.

XIV.

ODE.

To SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY, ON HIS

BIRTHDAY.¹

Now that the hearth is crowned with smiling
fire,

And some do drink, and some do dance,

Some ring,

Some sing,

And all do strive to advance

The gladness higher;

Wherefore should I,

Stand silent by,

Who not the least,

Both love the cause and authors of the feast ?

¹ To Sir William Sidney, on his birthday.] He was the eldest son of Sir Robert Sidney, created Earl of Leicester by King James, and a nephew of Sir Philip Sidney. He died unmarried, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.—WHAL.

Sir William Sidney appears to have died about the same time with Prince Henry; so that this Ode must be placed among our author's earlier pieces. G. Wither (the Satyromastix) drew tip some "Mournful Elegies" on the death of the latter, and addressed them to Sir William's father, in which he tells the noble lord that

'His hapless loss had more apparent been,
Put darkend by the Other, 'twas unseen !

Give me my cup, but from the Thespian well,
That I may tell to SIDNEY what

This day

Doth say,

And he may think on that
Which I do tell ;

When all the noise

Of these forced joys,

Are fled and gone,

And he with his best Genius left alone.

This day says then, the number of glad
years

Are justly summed that make you man;

Your vow

Must now

Strive all right ways it can

T outstrip your peers :

Since he doth lack

Of going back

Little, whose will

Doth urge him to run wrong, or to stand
still.

Nor can a little of the common store

Of nobles' virtue shew in you ;

Your blood

So good

And great, must seek for new,

And study more :

Nor weary, rest

On what's decaست.

For they that swell

With dust of ancestors, in graves but dwell.

'Twill be exacted of your name, whose son,

Whose nephew, whose grandchild you

are ;

And men

Will then

Say you have followed far,

When well begun:

Which must be now,

They teach you how.

And he that stays

To live until to-morrow', hath lost two days.

Furthermore to comfort him lie presents him with an anagram on his son's name, which is about the worst that ever appeared :

"GULIELMUS SIDNKIUS.

En vilis gelidus sum.

But

Ei' nil luge, sidus sum."

And which, lest the consolatory part of it should escape him, is thus explained at large :

"Nor do I think it can be rightly said.

You are unhappy in this One that's dead;

For notwithstanding his first anagram,

Frights, with Behold, how cold and vile I am;

Yet in his last he seems more cheerful far,

And joyes with Soft, mourn not, I am a star,"

So may you live in honour as in name,
If with this truth you be inspired;

So may
This day
Be more, and long desired;
And with the flame

Of love be bright,
As with the light
Of bonfires! then
The birthday shines, when logs not burn,
but men.

XV.

To HEAVEN,
Good and great GOD ! can I not think of
Thee,
But it must straight my melancholy be ?
Is it interpreted in me disease,
That, laden with my sins, I seek for ease ?
O be Thou witness, that the reins dost know
And hearts of all, if I be sad for show ;
And judge me after : if I dare pretend
To aught but grace, or aim at other end.
As Thou art all, so be Thou all to me,
First, midst, and last, converted One, and
Three !

¹ *And there scarce is ground
Upon my flesh to inflict another wound.*
Opposite to this passage Whalley has written, in
the margin of the old folio, "Des Barreaux'
Sonnet. What resemblance he found between
this lowly expression of a broken spirit and the
daring familiarity of Des Barreaux' defiance, it
is not easy to discover. I have nothing to
object to the poetry of the sonnet: its language
too is good, but its sentiments are dreadful

If Jonson had anything in view besides the

My faith, my hope, my love; and in this
state,
My judge, my witness, and my advo-
cate.
Where have I been this while exiled from
Thee,
And whither rapt, now Thou but stoop'st
tome?
Dwell, dwell here still I O, being every-
where,
How can I doubt to find Thee ever here ?
I know my state, both full of shame and
scorn,
Conceived in sin, and unto labour born,
Standing with fear, and must with horror
fall,
And destined unto judgment, after all.
I feel my griefs too, and there scarce is
ground
Upon my flesh t' inflict another wound ¹
Yet dare I not complain or wish for
death,
With holy PAUL, lest it be thought the
breath
Of discontent ; or that these prayers be,
For weariness of life, not love of Thee. ²

Scriptures in this place, it might be the follow-
ing verse of Euripides, which is quoted by Longi-
nus, and praised for its nervous conciseness :

Γέμω κακῶν δὴ κ' αὐκτεῖ' εὐθ' ὅττι τέθῃ.

² This is an admirable prayer : solemn, pious
and scriptural. Jonson's religious impressions
were deep and awful. He had, like all of us,
his moments of forgetfulness; but whenever he
returned to himself he was humble, contrite, and
believing.



Underwoods

CONSISTING OF DIVERS POEMS.

Cineri, gloria sera venit.—MART.

UNDERWOODS,] From the second folio, 1641. The poems collected under this head (with the exception of a small number taken from published volumes) were found amongst Jonson's papers. Whether he designed them all for the press cannot now be known : it is reasonable to suppose, from the imperfect state in which many of them appear, that he did not. No selection, however, was made, though there appears some rude attempt to arrange them with a reference to dates ; but the disposition of them, in general, is very incomplete, and marks of carelessness and ignorance are visible in every page. Much is misplaced or mutilated, and more, perhaps, is lost. It is singular that no notice or memorandum of any kind should hand down to us the name or condition of the editor or printer of this unfortunate volume, unless, as there is some reason to suspect, the whole was put to the press surreptitiously.

TO THE READER.

With the same leave the ancients called that kind of body *Sylva*, or *Υλη*, in which there were works of divers nature and matter congested ; as the multitude call timber-trees promiscuously growing, a Wood or Forest ; so am I bold to entitle these lesser poems of later growth, by this of UNDERWOOD, out of the analogy they hold to the Forest in my former book, and no otherwise.

BEN JONSON,

POEMS OF DEVOTION.

The Sinner's Sacrifice.

i.

To THE HOLY TRINITY.

i.

(3 holy, blessed, glorious Trinity
Of persons, still one God in Unity.
The faithful man's believed mystery,
Hdp, help to lift
Myself up to Thee, harrowed, torn, and
bruised,
By sin and Satan ; and my flesh misused,
As my heart lies in pieces, all confused,
O take my gift.

ii.

Ml-grneious God, the sinner's sacifice,
A broken heart Thou wert not wont despise ;
But 'bove the fat of rams or bulls to prize,
An offering meet,
For Thy acceptance : O, behold me right,
And take compassion on my grievous plight!
What odour can be, than a heart contrite,
To Thee more sweet?

iii.

Eternal Father, God, who didst create
This all of nothing, gav'st it foim and fate,
And breath'st into it life and light, with state
To v orship Thee.
Eternal God the Son, who not deniedst
To take our nat ure; becam 'st m an, and diedst,
To pay our debts, upon Thy cross, and criedst,
ALL'S DONE IN ME.¹

iv.

Eternal Spirit, God from both proceeding,
Father and Son; the Comforter, in breeding
Pure thoughts in man : with fiery zeal them
feeding
For acts of grace.

Increase those acts, O glorious Trinity
Of persons, still one God in Unity ;
Till I attain the longed-for mystery
Of seeing your face,

v.

Beholding one in three, and three in one,
A Trinity, to shine in Union ;
The gladdest light dark man can think
upon ;

O grant it me !
Father and Son and Holy Ghost, you three,
All co-eternal in your majesty,
Distinct in persons, yet in unity
One God to see.

vi.

My Maker, Saviour, and my Sanctifier !
To hear, to mediate, sweeten my desire
With grace, with love, with cherishing
ontire :

O, then how blest!
Among Thy saints elected to abide,
And with Thy angels placed, side by side.
But in Thy presence, truly glorified
Shall I there rest !

II.

A HYMN

To GOD THE FATHER.

Hear me, O God !
A broken heart
Is my best part:
Use still Thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein, Thy love.

If Thou hadst not
Been stern to me.
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and Thee,

¹ All's do" in me.] Alluding to the last words of our blessed Saviour upon the Cross—
'It is finished.'

For, sin's so sweet,
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Until they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Than Thou hast done?
That gav'st a Son
To free a slave;
First made of nought;
With all since bought.

Sin, death, and hell
His glorious name
Quite overcame;
Yet I rebel,
And slight the same.

But, I'll come in,
Before my loss
Me farther toss,
As sure to win
Under His cross.

III.

A HYMN

ON THE NATIVITY OF MY SAVIOUR,

I sing the birth was born to-night,
The author both of lite and light;

The angels so did sound it.
And like the ravished shepherds said,
Who saw the light, and were afraid,
Yet searched, and true they found it.

The Son of God, the Eternal King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soul from danger;
He whom the whole world could not take,¹
The Word, which heaven and earth did
make,
Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom willed it so,
The Son's obedience knew no No,
Both wills were in one stature;
And as that wisdom had decreed.
The Word was now made Flesh indeed,
And took on Him our nature.

What comfort by Him do we win,
Who made Himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of glory ¹
To see this Babe, all innocence
A martyr born in our defence;
Can man forget this story ?

¹ *He -whom the whole -world could not tak.]*
L.e., contain, a Latinism, *Quem non capit.*



A Celebration of Charis :

IN TEN LYRIC PIECES.

I.

His EXCUSE FOR LOVING.

Let it not your wonder move,
Less your laughter, that I love.
Though I now write fifty years,¹
I have had, and have my peers;
Poets, though divine, are men :
Some have loved as old again.
And it is not always face,
Clothes or fortune, gives the grace ;
Or the feature, or the youth :
But the language, and the tiuth,
With the ardour and the pabou,
Gives the lover weight and fashion.
If you then will read the story,
First prepare you to be sorry,
That you never knew till now,
Either whom to love, or how :
But be glad as soon with me,
When you know that this is she,
Of whose beauty it was sung,
She shall make the old man young,
Keep the middle age at stay,
And let nothing high decay ;
Till she be the reason why,
All the world for love may die.

II.

HOW HE SAW HER.

I beheld her on a day,
When her look outflourishcd May :
And her dressing did outbrave
All the pride the fields then have:
Far I was from being stupid,
For I ran and called on Cupid ;—

¹ *Though I now write fifty years.*] This fixes the date of this little collection to 1624, the last year of health, perhaps, which the poet ever enjoyed.

There is a considerable degree of ease and elegance in these effusions; and indeed it may be observed in general of our poet's lyrics, that a vein of sprightliness and fancy runs through them which a reader of his epistles, &c., is scarcely prepared to expect. In the latter,

LOVE, if thou wilt ever see
Mark of glory, come with me ;
Where's thy quiver? bend thy bow;
Here's a shaft,—thou art too slow I
And, withal, I did untie
Every cloud about his eye ;
But he had not gained his sight
Sooner than he lost his might,
Or his courage ; for away
Straight he ran, and durst not stay,
I-etting bow and arrow fall:
Not for any threat or call,
Could be brought once back to look.
I foolhardy, there up took
Both the arrow he had quit,
And the bow, with thought to hit
This my object; but she threw
buch a lightning, as I drew,
At my face, that took my sight,
And my motion from me quite ;
So that there I stood a stone,
Mocked of all, and called of one,
(Which with grief and wrath I heard),
Cupid's statue with a beard ;
Or else one that played his ape,
In a Hercules his shape.

III.

WHAT HE SUFFERED.

After many scorns like these,
Which the prouder beauties please;
She content was to restore
Eyes and limbs, to hurt me more,
And would, on conditions, be
Reconciled to Love and me.
First, that I must kneeling yield
Both the bow and shaft I held

Jonson, like several other poets of his age, or rather of his school, who also succeeded in lyrics, sedulously reins in the imagination, and contents himself with strength of sentiment and thought, in simple but vigorous language and unambitious rhyme. His CHARIS has all the vivid colouring of the best ages of antiquity; and it is truly delightful to mark the grace and ease with which this great poet plays with the boundless mass of his literary acquisitions.

Unto her; which Love might take
At her hand, with oath to make
Me the scope of his next draft,
Aimed with that self-same shaft.
He no sooner heard the law,
But the arrow home did draw,
And to gain her by his art,
Left it sticking in my heart:
Which when she beheld to bleed,
She repented of the deed,
And would fain have changed the fate,
But the pity comes too late.
Loser-like, now all my wreak
Is, that I have leave to speak ;
And in either prose or song,
To revenge me with my tongue ;
Which how dexterously I do,
Hear and make example too.

IV.

HEK TRIUMPH.

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my Lady rideth !
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts clo duty
Unto her beauty ;
And enamoured do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whithershe
would ride.
Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth !
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth !
Do but mark, her forehead's smother
Than words that soothe her:
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the elements'
strife,
Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it ?
Have you marked but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it ?
Have you felt the wool of bever ?
Or swan's down ever ?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier ?
Or the nard in the fire ?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?
O so white ! O so soft ! O so sweet is she!

V.

His DISCOURSE WITH CUPID.

Noblest CHARTS, you that are
Both my fortune and my star,
And do govern more my blood,
Than the various Moon the flood,
Hear, what late discourse of you,
LOVE and I have had ; and true.
'Mongst my Muses finding me,
Where he chanced your name to Me
Set, and to this softer strain ;
Sure, said he, if I have brain,
This, here sung, can be no other,
By description, but my Mother!
So hath Homer praised her hair;
So Anacreon drawn the air
Of her face, and made to rise
Just about her sparkling eyes,
Both her brows bent like my bow.
By her looks I do her know,
Which you call my shafts. And see I
Such my Mother's blushes be,
As the bath your verse discloses
In her cheeks, of milk and roses;
Such as oft I wanton in :
And, above her even chin,
Have you placed the bank of kisses,
Where, you say, men gather blisses,
Ripened with a breath more sweet,
Than when tipwens and west winds meet.
Nay, her white and polished neck,
With the lace that doth it deck,
Is my Mother's : hearts of slain
Lovers, made into a chain !
And between each rising breast,
Lies the valley called my nest,
Where I sit and proyne my wings
After flight; and put new stings
To my shafts: her very name
With my Mother's is the same.
I confess all, I replied,
And the glass hangs by her side,
And the girdle 'bout her waist,
All is Venus, save unchaste.
But alas, thou seest the least
Of her good, who is the best
Of her sex : but couldst thou, Love,
Call to mind the forms that strove
For the apple, and those three
Make in one, the same were she.
For this beauty yet doth hide
Something more than thou hast spied.
Outward grace weak love beguiles;
She is Venus when she smiles }-

¹ The two last stanzas, of the "Triumph" are given in *The Devil's an Ass*, so that the opening one alone can bear the stamp of "fifty years,"

² She is Venus when she smiles, &c.] From Angerianus:

Tree quondam nudas vidit Priamesus here

But she's Juno when she walks,
And Minerva when she talks.

VI.

CLAIMING A SECOND KISS BY DESERT.

CHARIS, guess, and do not miss.
Since I drew a morning kiss
From your lips, and sucked an air
Thence, as sweet as you are fair,
What my Muse and I have done:

Whether we have lost or won,
If by us the odds were laid,
That the bride, allowed a maid,
Looked not half so fresh and fair,
With the advantage of her hair,
And her jewels to the view
Of the assembly, as did you!

Or that did you sit or walk,
You were more the eye and talk
Of the court, to-day, than all
Else that glistened in Whitehall;
So, as those that had your sight,
Wished the bride were changed to-

night,
And did think such rites were due
To no other Grace but you!

Or, if you did move to-night
In the dances, with what spite
Of your peers you were beheld,
That at every motion swelled
So to see a lady tread,
As might all the Graces lead,
And was worthy, being so seen,
To be envied of the queen.

Or if you would yet have stayed,
Whether any would upbraid
To himself his loss of time,
Or have charged his sight of crime,
To have left all sight for you.
Guess of these which is the true;
And if such a verse as this
May not claim another kiss.

*Luce deas ; video tres quoque luce deas:
Hoc majus, tres uno in corpore ; Caelia ridens
Est Venus, incedens Juno, Minerva loquens.*

This quotation (says Dr. Farmer) recalls to my memory a very extraordinary fact. A few years ago, at a great court on the continent, a countrymail of ours (Sir Charles Hanbury Williams) exhibited with many other candidates his compliment! epigram on the birthday, and carried the prize in triumph

*O Regina, orbis prima et pulcherrima, ; ridens
Et Venus, incident Juno, Minerva loquens.*

The compliment has since passed through other hands and was not long ago applied to one who

VII.

BEGGING ANOTHER,
ON COLOUR OF MENDING THE FORMER.'

For Love's sake, kiss me once again,
I long, and should not beg in vain.

Here's none to spy or see ;

Why do you doubt or stay?

I'll taste as lightly as the bee,
That doth but touch his flower, and flies
away.

Once more, and, faith, I will be gone,
Can he that loves ask less than one?

Nay, you may err in this,

And all your bounty wrong:

This could be called but half a kiss;
What we're but once to do, we should do
long.

I will but mend the last, and tell

Where, how, it would have relished well
Join lip to lip, and try :

Each suck the other's breath,

And whilst our tongues perplexed lie,
Let who will think us dead, or wish our
death.

VIII.

URGING HER OF A PROMISE.

CHARIS one day in discourse
Had of Love, and of his force,
Lightly promised she would tell
What a man she could love well:
And that promise set on fire
All that heard her with desire.

With the rest, I long expected
When the work would be effected;
But we find that cold delay,
And excuse spun every day,
As, until she tell her one,
We all fear she loveth none.
Therefore, Charis, you must do't,
For I will so urge you to't,

had as little of Venus and Juno in her as her panegyrist had of originality. Minerva had nothing to do with either.

With the advantage of her hair.] Brides in Jonson's days were always led to the altar with their hair hanging down. To this he alludes in several of his masques; and H. Peacham, in describing the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with the Palsgrave, says that "the bride came into the chapel with a coronet of pearle on her head, and her haire disheveled, and hanging down over her shoulders."

[Drummond mentions that these lines were amongst "the most commonplace of his repetition Lc., special favourite" of the author, art frequently on his tongue.—"F, C.]

You shall neither eat nor sleep,
 No, nor forth your window peep,
 With your emissary eye,
 To fetch in the forms go by,
 And pronounce, which band or lace
 Better fits him than his face:
 Nay, I will not let you sit
 'Fore your idol glass a³ whit,
 To say over every purl³
 There ; or to reform a curl;
 Or with Secretary Sis
 To consult, if fucus this
 Be as good, as was the last :—
 All your sweet of life is past,
 Make account, unless you can,
 And that quickly, speak your Man.

IX.

HER MAN DESCRIBED BY HER OWN
 DICTAMEN.

Of your trouble, BEN, to ease me,
 I will tell what Man would please me.
 I would have him, if I could,
 Noble ; or of greater blood ;
 Titles, I confess, do take me,
 And a, woman God did make me;
 French to boot, at least in fashion,
 And his manners of that nation.

Young I'd have him too, and fair,
 Yet a man; with crisped hair,
 Cast in thousand snares and rings,
 For Love's fingers, and his wings :
 Chestnut colour, or more slack,
 Gold, upon a ground of black.
 Venus and Minerva's eyes,
 For he must look wanton-wise.

Eyebrows bent like Cupid's bow,
 Front, an ample field of snow ;
 Even nose, and cheek withal,
 Smooth as is the billiard-ball:
 Chin as woolly as the peach ;
 And his lip should kissing teach,
 Till he cherished too much beard,
 And made Love or me afraid.

¹ With your emissary eye.] *Oculus emissitii*. Plautus.—WHAL.

² To say over every purl.] i.e., to try. *Purl*, I believe, is wire whipt with cotton or silk, for puffing out fringe, lace, hair, &c. In some places it seems to mean the fringe itself; the old word is *gurrel*.

³ Or were set up in a brake.] The inclosure used by blacksmiths and farriers, in which they put vicious and untractable horses, which they

He should have a hand as soft
 As the down, and shew it oft;
 Skin as smooth as any rush,
 And so thin to see a blush
 Rising through it ere it came;
 All his blood should be a flame,
 Quickly fired, as in beginners
 In Love's school, and yet no sinners.

'Twere too long to speak of all:
 What we harmony do call
 In a body should be there.
 Well he should his clothes, too, wear,
 Yet no tailor help to make him;
 Drest, you still for man should take him,
 And not think h' had eat a stake,
 Or were set up in a brake.

Valiant he should be as fire,
 Shewing danger more than ire.
 Bounteous as the clouds to earth,
 And as honest as his birth;
 All his actions to be such,
 As to do no thing too much :
 Nor o'er-praise, nor yet condemn,
 Nor out-value, nor contemn ;
 Nor do wrongs, nor wrongs receive,
 Nor tie knots, nor knots unweave ;
 And from baseness to be free,
 As he durst love Truth and me.

Such a man, with every part,
 I could give my very heart;
 But of one if short he came,
 I can rest me where I am.⁴

X.

ANOTHER LADY'S EXCEPTION, PRESENT
 AT THE HEARING.

For his mind I do not care,
 That's a toy that I could spare :
 Let his title be but great,
 His clothes rich, and band sit neat,
 Himself young, and face be good,
 All I wish is understood.
 What you please, you parts may call,
 'Tis one good part I'd lie withal.

cannot dress or shoe without that assistance, if commonly called a smith's brake.—WHAL. But see vol i. p. 449 a.

* This lively, gallant, and graceful description is above all praise. Anacreon is not more gay, nor Catullus more elegant, nor Horace more courtly than this poet, who is taken on the faith of the Shakspeare commentators, for a men compound of dulness and spleen.

Miscellaneous Poems.¹

I.

THE MUSICAL STRIPE.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

She. Come, with our voices let us war,
And challenge all the spheres,
Till each of us be made a star,
And all the world turn ears.

He. At such a call, what beast or fowl
Of reason empty is?
What tree or stone doth want a soul,
What man but must lose his?

She. Mix then your notes, that we may
prove
To stay the running floods;
To make the mountain quarries move,
And all the walking woods.

He. What need of me? do you but sing,
Sleep, and the grave will wake:
No tunes are sweet nor words have sting,
But what those lips do make.

She. They say the angels mark each deed
And exercise below;
And out of inward pleasure feed
On what they viewing know.

He. O sing not you then, lest the best
Of angels should be driven
To fall again at such a feast,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

She. Nay, rather both our souls be strained
To meet their high desire;
So they in state of grace retained,
May wish us of their quire.

II.

A SONG.

Oh do not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.

Oh be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me;
Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.

Oh do not steep them in thy tears,
For so will sorrow slay me;
Nor spread them as distract with fears;
Mine own enough betray me.²

III.

IN THE PERSON OF WOMANKIND. A SONG APOLOGETIC.

Men, if you love us, play no more
The fools or tyrants with your friends,
To make us still sing o'er and o'er,
Our own false praises, for your ends:
We have both wits and fancies too,
And if we must, let's sing of you.

Nor do we doubt but that we can,
If we would search with care and pain,
Find some one good in some one man;
So going thorough all your strain,
We shall at last, of parcels make
One good enough for a song's sake.

And as a cunning painter takes
In any curious piece you see,

¹ I have little to add to what is already said (p. 377), except that many allowances must be made for what follows. Few of these poems are dated, and fewer still bear titles explanatory of their subject. I have availed myself of such collateral helps as I could anywhere find; but much is necessarily left to the reader's own sagacity. The original text, which is grossly incorrect, has however been revised with great care.

[*Mine own enough betray me.*] How is it that this song is never mentioned by the critics? I Simply, X believe, because they new read it

Two or three of Jonson's lyrics are noticed by the earlier compilers of our Anthologies, and these have been copied and recopied a thousand times. Hence the Aikins *et id genus omne* form their opinion of the poet, and groan over his "tedious effusions." With respect to the present, if it be not the most beautiful song in the language, I freely confess, for my own part, that I know not where it is to be found.

[Mr. Bell, in his edition of Jonson's Poems, has made a strange muddle by assigning this note of Gifford's to the Song No. II 1-F. C.]

More pleasure while the thing he makes,
Then when 'tis made; why, so will we.
And having pleased our art, we'll try
To make a new, and hang that by.

IV.

ANOTHER.

IN DEFENCE OF THEIR INCONSTANCY.

Hang up those dull and envious fools
That talk abroad of woman's change.
We were not bred to sit on stools,
Our proper virtue is to range:
Take that away, you take our lives,
We are no women then, but wives.
Such as in valour would excel,
Do change, though man, and often fight,
Which we in love must do as well,
If ever we will love aright:
The frequent varying of the deed,
Is that which doth perfection breed.
Nor is't inconstancy to change
For what is better, or to make,
By searching, what before was strange,
Familiar, for the uses sake:
The good from bad is not descried,
But as 'tis often vexed and tried.
And this profession of a store
In love doth not alone help forth
Our pleasure; but preserves us more
From being forsaken, than doth worth:
For were the worthiest woman curst
To love one man, he'd leave her first.

V.

A NYMPH'S PASSION.

I love, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who;
For if the nymphs should know mysuain,
I fear they'd love him too;
Yet if it be not known,
The pleasure is as good as none,
For that's a narrow joy is but our own.

[The Hour-glass.] In two small editions containing part of our author's poem, printed in 1640, the title of this epigram is, *On a Gentlewoman working by an Hour-glass*. The verses are likewise of a different measure, and I think more agreeable to the ear. I shall give the whole as it stands in those copies, and afterwards subjoin the original, of which the English is only a translation:—

"ON A GENTLEWOMAN WORKING BY AN HOUR-GLASS.

"Do but consider this small dust,
Here running in the glass,
By atoms moved;

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
They yet may envy me;
But then if I grow jealous mad,
And of them pitied be,
It were a plague 'bove scorn,
And yet it cannot be forborne,
Unless my heart would, as my thought, be torn.

He is, if they can find him, fair,
And fresh and fragrant too,
As summer's sky, or purged air,
And looks as lilies do
That are this morning blown;
Yet, yet I doubt he is not known,
And fear much more, that more of him be shown.

But he hath eyes so round and bright,
As make away my doubt,
Where Love may all his torches light
Though hate had put them out:
But then, 't' increase my fears,
What nymph so'er his voice but hears,
Will be my rival, though she have but ears.

I'll tell no more, and yet I love,
And he loves me; yet no
One unbecoming thought doth move
From either heart, I know;
But so exempt from blame,
As it would be to each a fame,
If love or fear would tell me tell his name.

VI.

THE HOUR-GLASS.¹

Consider this small dust, here in the glass,
By atoms moved:
Could you believe that this the body was
Of one that loved;
And in his mistress' flame playing like a fly,
Was turned to cinders by her eye:
Yes; and in death, as life unblest,
To have 't express,
Even ashes of lovers find no rest.

Would you believe that it the body was
Of one that loved?
And in his mistress' flames playing like a fly,
Was turned into cinders by her eye?
Yes; as in life, so in their deaths unblest,
A lover's ashes never can find rest."

WHAL.

It matters little which we take; the version in Drummond's folio is the worst, but all are imperfect. I have made a trifling change or two in the arrangement: for as the lines stood before, some of them had no correspondent rhymes. The whole, as Whalley observes, is from the *Latia* of Jeron Amaltheus, one of the most

VII.

MY PICTURE, LEFT IN SCOTLAND.

I now think, Love is rather deaf than blind,
For else it could not be,

That she

Whom I adore so much, should so slight
me,

And cast my suit behind:

I'm sure my language to her was as sweet,

And every close did meet

In sentence of as subtle feet,

As hath the youngest he

That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree.

Oh ! but my conscious fears,

That fly my thoughts between,

Tell me that she hath seen

My hundreds of gray hairs

Told six and forty years,

Read so much waste as she cannot em-
brace

My mountain belly and my rocky face,
And all these, through her eyes, have stopt
her ears.

VIII.

AGAINST JEALOUSY.

Wretched and foolish jealousy,
How can'st thou thus to enter me ?

I ne'er was of thy kind:

Nor have I yet the narrow mind

ingenious and elegant of the modern Italian
poets.

HOROLOGIVM PULEREUM, TUMULUS ALCIPII.

*Perspicuo in vitro pulvis qui dividit horas,
Dum vagus angustus sæpere recurrit iter,
Olim erat Alcippus, qui Gdillæ vidit ocellos,
Arsit, et est cæco factus ab igne cinis.
Irregviete cinis, uteros testæ ære amant
Mores tuo nulla posse quiete frui.*

IOLE TUMULUS.

*Horarum in vitro pulvis nunc mensor, lot'
Sunt cineres, urnam condidit acer amor;
Ut, si quæ extincto remanent in amore favillæ,
Nec jam tutus eat, nec reconvictus amet.*

It appears that this little translation was made by Jonson, at the request of his "friend" Drummond, on his auspicious visit to that mirror of sincerity and hospitality. In Drummond's folio it is prefaced with an address so respectful, so cordial and affectionate, as to raise a doubt whether the perversity was in the head or the heart of the man, who could withdraw, upon receiving it, to his closet, and deliberately commit to his notebook a series of base and

To vent that poor desire,
That others should not warm them at my
fire:

I wish the sun should shine
On all men's fruit and flowers, as well as
mine.

But under the disguise of love,
Thou say'st, thou only can'st to prove
What my affections were.

Think'st thou that love is helped by
fear?

Go, get thee quickly forth,
Love's sickness, and his noted want of
worth.

Seek doubting men to please,
I ne'er will owe my health to a disease.

IX.

THE DREAM.

Or scorn, or pity on me take,

I must the true relation make,

I am undone to-night :

Love in a subtle dream disguised,

Hath both my heart and me surprised,

Whom never yet he durst attempt awake;

Nor will he tell me for whose sake

He did me the delight,

Or spight;

But leaves me to inquire,

In all my wild desire,

Of Sleep again, who was his aid,

And Sleep so guilty and afraid,

As since he dares not come within my sight.

venomous accusations against the moral and
religious character of his unsuspecting guest

" To the Honouring Respect

Born

To the Friendship contracted with

The Right Virtuous and Learned

MASTER WILLIAM DRUMMOND,

And the Perpetuating the same by all Offices of

Love Hereafter,

I Benjamin Jonson,

Whom he hath honoured with the leave to b'

called his,

Have with my own hand, to satisfy his Request,

Written this imperfect Song,

On a Lover's Dust, made sand for an

Hour-glass."

The verses then follow, miserably printed, it must be confessed ; after which Jonson, with the same warmth of heart subjoins : " Yet that love, when it is at full may admit heaping, receive another : and this a Picture of myself." It would seem from the above, that Drummond kept a kind of Album, in which he had desired our author to insert something in his own writing. The second piece is No. VII.
[The Drummond Versions will be found in the *Conversation*, post.—F. C.]

X.

AN EPITAPH
ON MASTER VINCENT CORBET.¹

I have my piety too, which, could
It vent itself but as it would,
Would say as much as both have done
Before me here, the friend and son :
For I both lost a friend and father,
Of him whose bones this grave doth
gather,

Dear VINCENT CORBET, who so long
Had wrestled with diseases strong,
That though they did possess each limb,
Yet he broke them, ere they could him,
With the just canon of his life,
A life that knew no noise nor strife ;
But was, by sweetening so his will,
All order and disposure still.

His mind as pure and neatly kept,
As were his nurseries, and swept
So of uncleanness or offence,
* That never came ill odour thence !
And add his actions unto these,
They were as specious as his trees.
Tis true, he could not reprehend—
His very manners taught t' amend;
They were so even, grave and holy;
No stubbornness so stiff, nor folly
To license ever was so light,
As twice to trespass in his sight;
His looks would so correct it, when
It chid the vice yet not the men.
Much from him I profess I won,
And more and more I should have done,

¹ *An epitaph on Master Vincent Corbet.* He was the father of Bishop Corbet, and lived at Twickenham, where he followed the business of a gardener, and was famous for his nurseries and plantations of trees. We find an allusion both to the genius of his son, and his own eminence in his trade, in the following verses.—WHAL.

This beautiful epitaph, as it is justly termed by Mr. Gilchrist, in his late edition of the Bishop's poems, was written in 1610, the year in which this good old man died. It seems intended as a kind of sequel to his son's elegy, which is simple and affecting, though occasionally tinged with the peculiar humour of the writer, while Ben's poem is solemn, affectionate, and pathetic throughout. Who the "friend" was that preceded our poet in his tribute of regard to the worth of Vincent Corbet, I know not: so excellent a character found many, perhaps, to weep upon his grave.

² *Who so long
Had wrestled, &c.] Thus his son:*

"Years he lived well nigh fourscore,
But count his virtues, he lived more:

But that I understood him scant
Now I conceive him by my want;
And pray who shall my sorrows read,
That they for me their tears will shed;
For truly, since he left to be,
I feel I'm rather dead than he !

Reader, whose life and name did e'er become

An Epitaph, deserved a Tomb:
Nor wants it here through penury or sloth,
Who makes the one, so it be first, make it both.

XI.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARR.
TO THE READER.

This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle SHAKSPEARE cut,
"herein the graver had a strife
With nature, to out-do the life:
O could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he hath hit
His face; the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass.
Rut since he cannot, Reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book."

XII.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED
MASTER WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy, SHAKSPEARE, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;

And number him by doing good,
He lived their age beyond the flood."

³ I have thought it best to interrupt the arrangement of the old folio in this place, for the sake of inserting such scattered pieces of Jonson as have not hitherto found a place in his works, together with such as Whalley had improperly subjoined to his Epigrams, which being published under the author's own care, should naturally terminate where he chose to stop short himself.

⁴ These verses are printed with Jonson's name under the portrait of Shakspeare prefixed as a frontispiece to the first edition of his works in folio, 1623.

"This print (engraved by Martin Droeshout) gives us a truer representation of Shakspeare than several more pompous memorials of him; if the testimony of Ben Jonson may be credited, to whom he was personally known. Unless we suppose that poet to have sacrificed his veracity to the turn of thought in his epigram, which is very improbable, as he might have been easily contradicted by several that must have remembered so celebrated a person."—*Granger's Biog. Hist. of Eng.* 8vo. 1775, vol. ii. p. 6.

While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither Man nor Muse can praise too
much.

'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But
these ways

Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For scielst ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes
right;

Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance

The truth, but gropes, and urgcth all by
chance;

Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seemed to raise.

These are, as some infamous bawd or
whore

Should praise a matron; what could hurt
her more?

But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,

Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.

¹ *My Shakspeare rise ! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room]*

These verses allud' to an Elegy on Shakspeare,
written by W. Basse, which is here subjoined :

" Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer: and, rare Beaumont, lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakspeare in your threefold, fourfold
tomb.

To lodge all four in one bed n'ake a shift,
For, until doomsday hardly will a fifth,
Betwixt this day and that, by fates be slain,
For whom your curtains need be drawn
again.

But if precedency in death doth bar
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,
Under this sable marble of thine own,
Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakspeare, sleep
alone:

Thy unmolested peace, in an unshared cave,
Possess as lord, not enant of thy grave.

That unto us and others, 't may be
Honour hereafter to be laid by theft."

WHAL.

' *And tell how far thou didst our Lyly
outshine,*

Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.]
These were an possession of the theatre when
Shakspeare first appeared, and enjoyed a high
degree of popularity. Of Kyd little is known,
except that he was the author of the *Spanish
Tragedy* though he must undoubtedly have
had many other pieces on the stage. Lyly was
a pedantic and affected writer, with considerable
talents, not indeed for the drama, but for the
rude, verbose romance of those days, and which
had a striking influence not only on our collo-
quial, but written language.

Marlowe's mighty line is not introduced at
tendon. Marlowe has many lines which have

I therefore will begin: Soul of the age I
The applause ! delight ! the wonder of our
stage !

My SHAKSPEARE rise ! I will not lodge
thee by

Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room :

Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live

And we have wits to read, and praise to
give.

That I not mix thee so my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportioned

Muses :

For if I thought my judgment were of
years,

I should commit thee surely with thy
peers,

And tell how far thou didst our Lyly out-
shine,

Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty
line.

not hitherto been surpassed. His two parts of
Tamburlaine, though simple in plot and naked
in artifice, have yet some rude attempts at consistency of character, and many passages of masculine vigour and lofty poetry. Even the bombast lines which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Pistol, are followed by others, in the same scene, and even in the same speech, which the great poet himself might have fathered without disgrace to his superior powers.

Marlowe had the sublimity of Milton, without the taste and inspiration. It is not just to consign him to ridicule. He and his contemporary Peele were produced just as the chaos of ignorance was breaking up : they were among the earliest to perceive the glimmering of sense and nature, and struggled to reach the light.

Marlowe's end, like his career, was miserable. He fell (see vol. i. p. 39) in a brothel squabble ; and the doating Aubrey, who implicitly swallows every idle story, and confounds every true one, tells us that he was killed by Ben Jonson !

Our author's attachment to Marlowe was not unknown, nor were his praises of him singular. He, (Cris Marlowe,) says a writer of the last century, wrote besides plays, a poem called *IferoandLeander*, of whose "mighty lines" Master Jonson, a man sensible enough of his own abilities, was often heard to say, that they were examples fitter for admiration than parallel." What! the "envious" lien? Impossible !

Drayton thus characterizes him :—

" Next Marlowe, bathed in the Thespian
springs,

Had in him those brave translunary things
That the first poets had : his raptures were

All air and fire, which made his verses clew ;
For that fine madness he did still retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain."

And though thou hadst small Latin and
less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names: but call forth thund'ring
Æschylus,

Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage: or when thy socks
were on,

Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty
Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes
come.

Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to
show,

To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time !
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm !
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines !
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art,
My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part.

¹ My gentle *Shakspeare*.] The uncommon fondness of Jonson for Shakspeare is visible upon every mention of his name. This is the second time that he has applied the epithet of *gentle* to him, which is now become a part of his name. Just below, he calls him the *Sweet Swan of Avon*. It would have killed Mr. Malones heart to acknowledge that the two most endearing appellations by which this great poet has been known and characterised for nearly two centuries, were first bestowed upon him by "old Ben, who persecuted his memory with clumsy sarcasm and restless malignity."

And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.] The two greatest poets of our nation have been divided in their sentiments of the testimony which Jonson gives in these verses to the merits and the genius of Shakspeare. Jonson, it must be owned, was not formed to that facility of praise, which flows indiscriminately where prejudice or humour point the way. His suffrage was never given but matured by judgment and authorized by science. Mr. Dryden calls it an invidious and sparing, but I incline to Mr. Pope's opinion in thinking it an ample and honourable panegyric to the memory of his friend.—WHAL.

I should conceive that every unprejudiced reader must be of Whalley's mind. But is it possible to be silent and hear the warmest en-

For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion : and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second
heat

Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn ;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou ! Look how the father's
face

Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakspeare's mind and manners brightly
shines

In his well torned and true filed lines:
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandisht at the eyes of ignorance.

Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of
Thames,

That so did take Eliza, and our James !
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there !
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with
rage,

Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping
stage,

Which, since thy flight from hence, hath
mourned like night,

And despairs day but for thy volume's
light.'

comium, the most affectionate tribute of praise, that was ever offered to the memory of departed worth and genius, taxed with envy by every scribbler who is profligate enough to belie his understanding for the sake of indulging his malice ? Jonson not only sets Shakspeare above his contemporaries, but above the ancients, whose works himself idolized, and of whose genuine merits he was, perhaps, a more competent judge than any scholar of his age: yet for this glowing effusion, which does more credit to the talents and genius of Shakspeare than all that has since appeared on those subjects, Mr. Malone sneers at him, and Mr. Steevens adds to the insult. "Now let us compare the present eulogium of old Ben with such of his other sentiments as have reached posterity : " and he deliberately proceeds to re-copy the vile forgery of Macklin, which had been just detected and exposed in the preceding volume.

With respect to the critical notions of Dryden, I utterly disclaim them. He saw clearly, and decided justly, where his interest or his passions did not interpose; but this was so frequently the case, that no reliance can be securely placed on any one opinion which he ever advanced. He hated, and what most astonish a reader of the present day, feared Shadwell; and because Shadwell spoke with respect of

XIII.

ON THE HONOURED POEMS OF THIS
HONOURED FRIND, SIR JOHN BLAUMONT,
BARONET.

This book will live; it hath a Genius; this
Above his reader or his praiser is,
Hence then, profane! here needs no words
expense

In bulwarks, ramparts, defence:
Such as the creeping common prouers use,
When they do sweat to fortify a Muse.

Though I confess it BEAUMONT'S book
to be

The bound and frontier of our poetry;
And doth deserve all murmurs of praise
That art or ingine on the strength can
raise;

Yet who dares offer a redoubt to rear,
To cut a dike or stick a stake up, here
Before this work? where envy hath not cast
A trench against it, nor a balt'ry plac't?

Stay till she make her vain approaches;
then,

If maimed she come off, 'tis not of men,
This fort of so impregnable access;
But higher power, as sight could not make
less,

Jonson, and preferred him to all the diamalic
writers of his o'n times. Dryden libouiced to
decy and injure him. This is the true secret
of his criticism

It must mightily console the admirers of
Shakspeare to find one so tremblingly alive to
his reputation as to discover a spirit of detrac-
tion in the panegyric of Jonson, thus atoning
for the injustice in his own name. "Shakspeare
writes (Dryden says) in many places, below the
dullest writers of our or any precedent age. He
is the very Janus of poets. he waits almost
everywhere two faces; and you have scarce
begun to admire the one ere you despise the
other. His plots are lame, and made up, many
of them, of some ridiculous and incoherent
story, which in one play many times took up
the business of an age. Many of his plays, as
the *Winters Tale*, *Love's Labours Last*, and
Measure for Measure, are either grounded on
impossibilities, or, at least, so meanly written,
that the comedy neither (an seel your mirth, nor
the serious part your concernment."

I have yet a word to say of Dryden. Of all
the dramatic waters of Charles's days who
traded in obscenity and profaneness, he is by
far the most inexcusable. "Nothing can be so
stupid, nothing so loathsome as his perpetual
struggle to be impious and immoral. It is
evident that Nature built up this great poet for
the defence of wisdom and virtue: and it is
truly shocking to see him libouiously lashing
and spurring las reluctant and jaded powers
forward in the cause of vice. He is wicked by
mere effort; but, happily, not dangerous;—and it

Nor flattery; but, secured by the author's
name,

Defies what's cross to piety or good fame:
And like a hallowed temple, free from taint
Of ethm'cibiue, makes his Muse a saint.

XIV.

TO MR. JOHN FLETCHER, UPON HIS
"FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS."

The wise, and many-headed bench, that sits
ITpon the life and death of plays and wits,
(Composed of gamei-ter, captain, knight,
knight's man,

Lady or pusill, that wears mask or fan,
Velvet, or taffata cap, ranked in the dark
With the shop's foreman, or some such
brave spark

That may judge for his sixpence) had,
before

They saw it half, damned thy whole play,
and more:

Their motives were, since it had not to do
With vices, which they looked for and
came to.

I, that am tlad thy innocence was thy guilt,
And wish "that all the Muses' blood were
spilt

is hard to decide whether his reader or himself
is most obliged to the dullness which renders
his mischievous propensities so innoxious.

¹ On the honoured poems of *Jus honoured
frind*, Sir John Beaumont.] I have taken the
following copy from the complimentary verses,
prefixed to the poems which it celebrates. Sir
John Beaumont was the elder brother of Francis
Beaumont, the dramatic writer, and a man of
genius and virtue. His poems were published
after his decease, and dedicated to King
Charles, by Sir John Beaumont, his son. The
most esteemed amongst them is the poem of
Bosworth Field. But the reader will be able
to form some idea of his merit from the fol-
lowing verses:—

"UPON MY DEAR BROTHER, FRANCIS
BEAUMONT.

"On Death thy murder this revenge I take;
I slight his tenor, and just question make,
Which of us two the best precedence have,
Mine to this wretched world, thine to the grave,
Thou shouldst have followed me, but Death,
to blame,

Miscounted years, and measured age by fame.
So dearly hast thou bought thy precious lines,
Their praise grew swiftly, So thy life declines:
Thy Muse, the hearer's queen, the reader's love,
All ears, all hearts but Death's, could please
and move."—WHAL.

[I am fortunate enough to possess Charles
Lamb's copy of the folio Beaumont and Flet-
cher, with Coleridge's MS. notes. Lamb has
copied the above lines into it.—F. C.]

In such a martyrdom to vex their eyes,
Do crown thy murdered poem: which shall
rise
A glorified work to time, when fire,
Or moths shall eat what all these fools ad-
mire.¹

XV.

EPITAPH

ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.²

Underneath this sable herse
Lies the subject of all verse,
SIDNEY'S sister, PEMBROKE'S mother;
Death ! ere thou hast slam another,
Learn'd and fair, and good as bhe,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

XVI.

A VISION ON THE MUSES OF His
FRIEND, MICHAEL DRAYTON.

It hath been questioned, MICHAEL,³ if I be
A friend at all; or, if at all, to thee:
Because, who make the question, have not
seen

¹ This poem, which was taken by Whalley from Seward's edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, must have been written at an early period of Jonson's life, as the *Faithful Shepherdess* was brought out about 1610. See vol 11 p. 510 Jonson has no reason to be ashamed of his pious fiction.

² *Epitaph on the Countess, "Pembroke. &c.]* This Delicate epitaph is universally assigned to our author, though it hath never yet been printed with his works : it is therefore with some pleasure that I have given it a place here. This lady, for whose entertainment Sir Philip Sidney wrote the *Arcadia*, lived to a good old age, and died in 1621. She was buried in the cathedral of Salisbury, in the burial-place of the Pembroke family.—WHAL.

The exquisite beauty of this little piece (the most perfect of its kind) has drawn a word of approbation from the stern and cynical Osborne. "Lest I should seem (he says) to trespass upon truth in the praise of this lady, I shaft leave the world her epitaph, in which the author doth manifest himself a poet in all things but untruth."

To the lines in the text, Osborne subjoins the following:

Marble piles let no man raise
To her name, for after days.
Some kind woman, born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe,
Shall turn statue, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb.

On this paltry addition, the editors of the *Secret History of the Court of James*, who manifest on all occasions a strange hostility to Our author, observe—"It is possible that Jonson cancelled these line" on account of the outra-

Those ambling visits pass in verse, between
Thy Muse and mine, as they expect: 'tis true,
You have not writ to me, nor I to you.
And though I now begin, 'tis not to rub
Hanch against hanch, or raise a rhyming
club

About the town ; this reckoning I will pay,
Without conferring symbols ; this' my day.

It was no dream ! I was awake, and saw.
Lend me thy voice, O Fame, that I may draw
Wonder to truth, and have my vision hurled
Hot from thy trumpet round about the
world.

I saw a beauty, from (he sea to rise,
That all earth looked on, and that earth all
eyes!

It cast a beam, as when the cheerful sun
Is fair got up, and day some hours begun ;
And filled an orb as circular as heaven :
The orb was cut forth into regions seven,
And those so sweet and well proportioned
parts,

As it had been the circle of the arts :
When, by thy bright IDEA standing by,⁴
I found it pure and perfect poesy.

geous wit with which they disgrace the commencement," vol. i. p. 225. It is also possible that Jonson never saw them. Setting aside the absurdity of supposing the poet to say in one line, that such another character would never appear, and to admit in the next that nothing was so likely, the critics ought to have known (for the fact was very accessible), that the verses in question were copied from the poems of the Earl of Pembroke, a humble votary of the Muses, to whose pen they are assigned by the prefix of his usual initials. There can in fact be no doubt that they proceeded from his lordship, whose singular affection for his venerable parent furnishes a ready apology for their defects.

Whalley has said nothing of the literary merits of the Countess of Pembroke, which were of a veiy distinguished nature. She wrote verse with grace and facility, and she translated the *Tragedie of Antonie* from the French : her chief works, however, were works of piety, and her virtues still went before her talents.

³ *It hath been questioned &c.]* These lines are prefixed to the second volume of Drayton's works, which came out in folio in 1627. They contain, as Whalley observes, "an enumeration of his poems, with our author's testimony to their merits." Jonson always thought favourably of Drayton, and appears, from several incidental expressions, to have been very familiar with his works.

⁴ *When by thy bright IDEA, &c.]* This is one of Drayton's earliest pieces. "*Idea*, or the Shepherds' Garland, fashioned in nine eglogs, 1593." The *Legends* are, I believe, those of "Cromwell," "Mortimer," and "Matilda," the *Songs* are "England's Heroical Epistles," published in 1597.

There read I, straight, thy learned LE-
 GENDS three,
 Heard the soft airs, between our swains
 and thee,
 Which made me think the old Theocritus,
 Or rural Virgil come to pipe to us.
 But then thy Epistolary HEROIC SONGS,
 Their loves, their quarrels, jealousies, and
 wrongs,
 Did all so strike me, as I cried who can
 With us be called the Naso but this man?
 And looking up, I saw Minerva's fowl
 Perched overhead, the wise Athenian Owl!¹
 I thought thee then our Orpheus, that
 wouldst try,
 Like him, to make the air one volary.
 And I had styled thee Orpheus, but before
 My lips could form the voice, I heard that
 roar,
 And rouse, the marching of a mighty force,
 Drums against drums, the neighing of the
 horse,
 The fights, the cries, and wond'ring at the
 jars,
 I saw and read it was the BARONS WARS.
 O how in those dost thou instruct these
 times,
 That rebels' actions are but valiant crimes;
 And carried though with shout and noise,
 confess
 A wild and an unauthorized wickedness!
 Sayst thou so, Lucan? but thou scorn'st
 to stay
 Under one title: thou hast made thy way
 And flight about the isle, well near, by
 this
 In thy admired Periegesis,
 Or universal circumduction
 Of all that read thy POLY-OLBION;

¹ The Owl. Published in 410, 1604. The Barons Wars, 1596.

• Thy Poly-Obion.¹ This is Drayton's principal work, and was once exceedingly popular. It is possessed of considerable merit, and those who may be inclined to smile at its fantastic chorography may yet be pleased to discover many detached passages of high poetic beauty. Drayton was encouraged to proceed with this poem by Prince Henry; and Daniel, who also found in this lamented youth a generous patron, seems to advert to the circumstance with no great complacency.

The poems to which Jonson alludes in the subsequent lines are *The Battle of Agincourt*, *The Miseries of Queen Margaret*, *The Quest of Cynthia*, *The Shepherds' Syrene*, *The Moon Calf*, and the well-known *Nymphidia*, or *The Court of Fayrie*: all published in [one vol.] 1627.

The following remarks on Drayton by Granger (bating a little extravagance in the opening sentence) are not ill drawn up, and may fitly

That read it! that are ravished; such was I,
 With every song, I swear, and so would die;
 But that I hear again thy drum to beat
 A better cause, and strike the bravest heat
 That ever yet did fire the English blood,
 Our right in France, if rightly understood.
 There thou art Homer; pray thee use the
 style
 Thou hast deserved, and let me read the
 while
 Thy catalogue of ships, exceeding his,
 Thy list of aids and force, for so it is
 The poet's act; and for his country's sake,
 Brave are the musters that the Muse will
 make.
 And when he ships them, where to use their
 arms,
 How do his trumpets breathe! what loud
 alarms!
 Look how we read the Spartans were in-
 flamed
 With bold Tyrtæus' verse; when thou art
 named,
 So shall our English youth urge on, and cry
 An AGINCOURT! an AGINCOURT! or die.
 This book, it is a catechism to fight,
 And will be bought of every lord and knight
 That can but read; who cannot, may in
 prose
 Get broken pieces, and fight well by those.
 The miseries of MARGARET the Queen,
 Of tender eyes will more be wept than seen.
 I feel it by mine own, that overflow
 And stop my sight in every line I go.
 But then, refreshed by thy FAIRY COURT,
 I look on CYNTHIA, and SYREN A's sport,
 As on two flow'ry carpets, that did rise,
 And with their grassy green restored mine
 eyes,

conclude the notes on the subject of this ondr celebrated poet.

"The reputation of Drayton in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. stood on much the same level with that of Cowley in the reigns of Charles I. and II., but it has declined considerably since that period. He frequently wants that elevation of thought which is essential to poetry; though in some of the stanzas of his 'Barons' Wars' he is scarce inferior to Spenser. In his 'England's Heroical Epistles,' written in the manner of Ovid, he has been in general happier in the choice than the execution of his subjects; yet some of his imitations are more in the spirit of that poet than several of the English translations of him. His 'Nymphidia, or Court of Fayrie,' seems to have been the greatest effort of his imagination, and is the most generally admired of his works. His character among his friends was that of a modest and amiable man, *Ob.* 1631."—*Biog. Hist.* v. 1 pp. 10, 11.

Yet give me leave to wonder at the birth
Of thy strange MOON-CALF, both thy strain
of mirth,

And gossip-got acquaintance, as to us
Thou hadst brought Laplander old Cobalus,
Empusa, Lamia, or some monster more
Than Afric knew, or the full Grecian store.
I gratefully it to thee, and thy ends,
To all thy virtuous and well-chosen friends;
Only my loss is, that I am not there,
And till I worthy am to wish I were,
I call the world that envies me, to see
If I can be a friend, and friend to thee.

XVII.

EPITAPH

ON MICHAEL DRAYTON.¹

Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
What they, and what their children owe
To Drayton's name; whose sacred dust
We recommend unto thy trust.

Protect his memory, and preserve his story,
Remain a lasting monument of his glory.—
And when thy ruins shall disclaim
To be the treasurer of his name;
His name, that cannot die, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee.³

XVIII.

TO MY TRULY BELOVED FRIEND, MASTER
BROWNE : ON HIS PASTORALS.³

Some men, of books or friends not speaking
right,

¹ On Michael Drayton.] Tradition hath generally fixed on Jonson as the author of this epitaph; nor is it unworthy of his genius or the friendship between him and Drayton, or unlike the style and spirit of his smaller poems.—WHAL.

In a MS. in Ashmole's Museum (38), this Epitaph is attributed to Randolph; Aubrey ascribes it to Canaries; it has also been given to Others, and with as little judgment. I see no reason to dispute the common opinion.

² His name, that cannot die, shall be,
An everlasting monument to thee.] This too might surprise Mr. Cumberland; for Jonson seems to have been poaching for it among the Greek fragments. See the epigram of Ion on the tomb of Euripides :

Ου σου μνημα τὰς ἐστ', Εὐριπίδῃ, ἀλλὰ σὺ τοῦτε,
Τῇ σὴ γὰρ δοξῇ μνημα τοῦ ἀμπερχεται.

³ These lines are prefixed to "Britannia's Pastorals, the second Book," by William. Browne, fol. 1616, and 8vo, 1635. They are now added, for the first time, to these volumes.

Browne was but a young man when he published his pastorals; they exhibit, among many pretty passages, some of the characteristics of youth, a gaudy taste, and an undisciplined

May hurt them more with praise than foes
with spight.

But I have seen thy work, and I know thee:
And, if thou list thyself, what thou canst be.
For, though but early in these paths thou tread,

I find thee write most worthy to be read.
It must be thine own judgment yet, that sends

This thy work forth; that judgment mine commends.

And, where the most read books, on authors' fames,

Or, like our money-brokers, take up names
On credit, and are cozened; see that thou
By offering not more sureties than enow,
Hold thine own worth unbroke; which is so good

Upon the Exchange of Letters, as I would
More of our writers would, like thee, not swell

With the how much they set forth, but t
how well.

XIX.

TO HIS MUCH AND WORTHILY ES-
TEEMED FRIEND, THE AUTHOR.

Who takes thy volume to his virtuous hand,⁴
Must be intended still to understand :
Who bluntly doth but look upon the same,
May ask what author would conceal his name?

Who reads may rove, and call the passage
dark,

judgment. There was more than enough, however, to justify the expectations of Jonson, and had he found leisure or inclination to cultivate his natural talents for poetry, his success could scarcely have been matter of doubt.

His literary acquirements were considerable, and these, together with his amiable qualities, powerfully recommended him to our author's great friend and patron, the Earl of Pembroke, under whom he is said to have acquired considerable property. The "envious" Ben appears to have felt no jealousy at this, which I notice as a phenomenon that calls for grave inquiry.

⁴ Who takes thy volume, &c.] This little piece stands with Jonson's name before "Cynthia's Revenge, or Menander's Extasie," 4to, 1613. This tragedy was written by John Stephens, of whom I only know that he was a learned man and a member of the honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn. Langbaine, who mentions him, merely tells us that he lived in the reign of James I. "His play (he says) is one off the longest that ever was written, and withal the most tedious." Whether Langbaine, when he made this remark, "read or roved," as I never saw the tragedy, I cannot determine.

Yet may as blind men sometimes hit the mark.

Who 'eads, who roves, who hopes to understand,

May take thy volume to his virtuous hand:
Who cannot read, but only doth desire
To understand, he may at length admire.

XX.

TO MY WORTHY AND HONOURED FRIEND,
MASTER GEORGE CHAPMAN."

Whose work could this be, CHAPMAN, to refine

Old Hesiod's ore, and give it thus! but thine,
Who hadst before wrought in rich Homer's mine.

What treasure hast thou brought us I and what store

Still, still, dost thou arrive with at our shore,
To make thy honour and our wealth the more!

If all the vulgar tongues that speak this day
Were asked of thy discoveries; they must say,

To the Greek coast thine only knew the way.

¹ These lines are prefixed to the "Translation of Hesiod's Works and Days, 410, 1618." There had always been an extraordinary degree of friendship between Chapman and our author. They united their talents in *Eastward Hoe*, and when the former was thrown into prison for the political reflections in that piece, Jonson voluntarily accompanied him. He told Urommond in 1619 that "he loved Chapman;" and we have just seen how he had complimented him in the preceding year. All this signifies nothing, and the old calumny of "envy," "jealousy," and "I know not what," is again served up to the nauseated reader. "Jonson," says the editor of the *Theatrum poetarum* of Phillips, Svo, 1800, "being delivered from Shakspeare (in 1616), began unexpectedly to be disturbed at the rising reputation of a new theatrical rival," p. 252. Chapman was born in 1557 (about twenty years before our author), he was therefore threescore at the death of Shakspeare, and the new theatrical rival at whose rising reputation Jonson began unexpectedly to be disturbed, was one with whom he had lived all his life in strict intimacy, as appears by their mutual correspondence, and who had composed almost the whole of his dramatic works many years before the period in question.

Can the reader discover any trace of "jealousy" in the heartfelt and elegant compliment which Jonson here pays his "worthy and honoured friend?" Shame on it! The common decencies of character are overlooked where this great poet is concerned. To belie him is all that is thought necessary; and when ignorance or

Such passage hast thou found, such returns made,

As now of all men it is called thy trade,
And who make thither else, rob or invade.

XXI.

TO MY CHOSEN FRIEND, THE LEARNED
TRANSLATOR OF LUCAN, THOMAS
MAY, ESQUIRE.

When, Rome, I read thee in thy mighty pair,

And see both climbing up the slippery stair
Of Fortune's wheel, by Lucan driv'n about,
And the world in it, I begin to doubt,
At every line sonic pin thereof should slack
At least, if not the general engine crack.

But when again I view the parts so payed,
And those in numberso, and measure raised,
As neither Pompey's popularity,
Caesar's ambition, Cato's liberty,
Calm Brutus' tenor start, but ail along
Keep due proportion in the ample song,
It makes me, ravished with just wonder, cry
What Muse, or rather God of harmony,
Taught Lucan these true modes! replies
my sense,

What gods but those of arts and eloquence,

impudence, or both together, have put forth a clumsy falsehood against him, the slander is greedily hailed by the public as an additional triumph on the side of Shakspeare.

I have yet a word to say to the anonymous editor of this volume (the *Theatrum Poetarum*). That he is actuated by a spirit of hostility towards Jonson is manifest; but even this will scarcely be admitted as a sufficient apology for quoting a scurrilous attack upon him from a work where it is *not* to be found. Drummond of Hawthornden, he says, has represented the character of Jonson in "no very unjust light." We are then regaled with the ribaldry of that splenetic hypocrite in a tissue of malicious charges, concluding with this sentence: "In short, Jonson was in his personal character the very reverse of Shakspeare, as surly, ill-natured, pious and disagreeable, as Shakspeare, with ten times his merit, was gentle, good-natured, easy, and amiable."—P. 249.

How has the editor the boldness to father this rancorous language upon Drummond, who has not a syllable of it! "See Drummond's Works," he coolly says, at the bottom of page 244: but has he seen them? The fact is, that the passage in question is a wicked fabrication, put into Drummond's mouth by Shiels, the Scotchman, the author of the *Lives of the Poets* which pass under the name of Theophilus Gibber.

"Now this is worshipful authority!"—but it does very well in Jonson's case, and is indeed quite as worthy of notice, and quite as authentic as most of the matter brought against him.

Phoebus, and Hermes? they whose tongue,
or pen,
 Are still th' interpreters twixt gods and men!
 But who hath them interpreted, and brought
 Lucan's whole frame unto us, and so
 wrought,
 As not the smallest joint, or gentlest word
 In the great mass, or machine there is
 stirred?
 The self-same Genius! so the work will say:
 The Sun translated, or the son of MAY.¹

XXII.

**TO MY DEAR SON, AND RIGHT LEARNED
 FRIEND, MASTER JOSEPH RUTTER.**

You look, my JOSEPH, I should something
 say
 Unto the world, in praise of your first play:
 And truly, so I would, could I be heard.
 You know I never was of truth afraid,
 And less ashamed; not when I told the
 crowd
 How well I loved truth: I was scarce
 allowed
 By those deep-grounded, understanding
 men,
 That sit to censure Plays, yet know not
 when,
 Or why to like; they found it all was new,
 And newer than could please them, because
 true.
 Such men I met withal, and so have you.
 Now, for mine own part, and it is but due,
 (You have deserved it from me) I have read,

¹ i.e., Hermes.] This complimentary poem, which is signed "Your true friend in judgment and choice, Ben Jouson," is prefixed to May's *Translation of Lucan*, 1627. May, with whom our author appears to have always lived on terms of the strictest friendship, is, selected by Macklin, with his usual good fortune, to father one of his scurrilous attacks upon Jonson; much to the satisfaction of Mr. Steevens, who exults in the clumsy forgery as a decisive proof of "old Ben's malignity to Shakspeare."

May published a continuation of Lucan in 1630, which was reprinted in Holland 1640, with this title, *Supplementum L-ucani auctore Tho. May Anglo.* The first edition has never fallen in my way; the second is prefaced by the following lines, written as I conjecture by our author, though the foreign press has copied his name incorrectly:

Dignissimo

Viro

Thomee Mayo

Amico suo s-unimb honorando.

Terge parentales oculos postfutura mundi

Roma tui, nondum tota seprulta jaces.

Gloria vivit adhuc radiis vincta. coruscis

And weighed your play: untwisted ev'ry
 thread,
 And know the woof and warp thereof; can
 tell
 Where it runs round, and even; where so
 well,
 So soft, and smooth it handles, the whole
 piece,
 As it were spun by nature off the fleece:
 This is my censure. Now there is a new
 Office of wit, a mint, and (tins is true)
 Cried up of late; wlvju-to there must be first
 A master-worker called, th' old standard
 burst
 Of wit, and a new made; a warden then,
 And a comptroller, two most rigid men
 For order, and for governing the pix,
 A say-master, hath studied all the tricks
 Of fineness and allo: follow his hint,
 You have all the mysteries of wit's new mint,
 The valuations, mixtures, and the same
 Concluded from a caract to a dram.³

XXIII.

EPIGRAM.

IN AUTHOREM.³

Thou that wouldst find the habit of true
 pas?, ion,
 And see a mind attired in perfect strains',
 Not wot' ring moods, as gallants do a fashion,
 In tin-se pied times, only to show their
 trains,
 Look bore on BRETON'S work, the master
 print,

Quantibi perpcuat nobile Vatis opus!
Cujus in historia moreris, pariterque trium-
ffias:

Exornantque tuas vulnera sæva genas.
Ingenio, Lucane, tuo tua Roma ruinis
Auctior, et damnis stat venaranda magis
Quam tot terrarum n dumsceptra superba teneret
Atque triumphati spargeret orbis opes.
Sed Romce quodcunque tuce Lucane dedisti,
Hoc dedit et Mail subsidialis amor,
Qui tibi succurrit vinaex, et divite vena
Supplevit latices, te morzente, twos,

² These lines are placed before the *Shepherd's Holiday*, a Pastoral Drama, published in 1635. May joined with Jonson in commendation of this piece, which is favourably noticed by Langbaine. Kutter, who was probably a man of learning, was tutor to the son of the Earl of Dorset, lord chamberlain, and therefore much about the court. He is said to have translated *The Cid* of Cornelle, at the command of Charles I.

In *Authorem.*] This Epigram is printed before a poem of that indefatigable writer, Nicholas Breton, called "Melanckolike Humours, in verses of diverse natures." 1600. 4to.

Where such perfections to the life do rise;
If they seem wry to such as look askint,
The fault's not in the object, but their eyes.

For, as one coming with a lateral view,
Unto a cunning piece wrought perspective,

Wants faculty to make a censure true;
So with this author's readers will it thrive;
Which being eyed directly, I divine,
His proof their praise 'll incite, as in this line.

XXIV.

TO THE WORTHY AUTHOR, ON THE
HUSBAND.¹

It fits not only him that makes a book
To see his work be good; but that he look
Who are his test, and what their judgment is,

Lest a false praise do make their dotage his.

I do not feel that ever yet I had
The art of uttering wares, if they were bad;
Or skill of making matches in my life:
And therefore I commend unto the *Wife*,
That went before—a *Husband*. She, I'll swear,

Was worthy of a good one, and this, here,
I know for such, as (if my word will weigh)
She need not blush upon the marriage day.

¹ The poem to which these lines are prefixed is one of the numerous effusions to which that popular production, *The Wife of Sir Thomas Overbury*, gave rise. The name of the writer is unknown; the poem itself is extremely rare: indeed, I am not aware of the existence of any other copy than that from which the above transcript was made, in the collection of Mr. Hill. The title of the work is "The Husband: a poem expressed in a complete man." 1614, 8vo.

This sonnet stands before a work by Thomas Wright, called "The Passions of the Mind in general [1601], 1604, and 1620," 4to.

² Taken from the complimentary verses prefixed to *The Touchstone of Truth*, 12010, Lond. 1630, by T. Warre.

The last nine little pieces are now for the first time added to Jonson's works: I have collected them as I could, and placed them together, without regard to the respective dates of their first appearance, which indeed it was not always easy to ascertain. They are not given out of respect to any intrinsic merit which they may be thought to possess, though they are not without their value on another account. Jonson has been held forth to the world as the very soul of envy, jealous of all merit in others, unwilling and indeed unable to bear a rival candidate for fame. But what is the fact? That in the long list of English poets he is decidedly among the most candid and generous; the most free of his

XXV.

TO THE AUTHOR.²

In picture, they which truly understand,
Require (besides the likeness of the thing)
Light, posture, heightening, shadow,
colouring,

All which are parts commend the cunning hand;

And all your book, when it is thoroughly scanned,

Will well confess; presenting, limiting
Each subtlest passion, with her source
and spring,

So bold, as shews your art you can command.

But now your work is done, if they that view
The several figures, languish in suspense,
To judge which passion's false, and which
is true,

Between the doubtful sway of reason and sense;

'Tis not your fault if they shall sense prefer,
Being told there Reason cannot, Sense may err.

XXVI.

TO THE AUTHOR.¹

Truth is the trial of itself,

And needs no other touch;

And purer than the purest gold,

Refine it ne'er so much.

advice and assistance, the most liberal of his praise. This part of Jonson's character was so well established among his contemporaries, that almost every one who meditated the publication of a book applied to him for a favourable judgment of it. Whence it has happened that there are far more commendatory verses to be met with by our author than by any other writer of those times. This could not escape Dr. Farmer; and to the utter confusion of Steevens and Malone he has had the honesty to acknowledge it. He calls the verses on Shakspeare, "sparing and invidious" as they appear to those critics, "the warmest panegyric that ever was penned; and in truth," adds he, "the received opinion of the pride and malignity of Jonson, at least in the earlier part of his life, is absolutely groundless; at this time scarce a play or a poem appeared without Ben's encomium, from the original Shakspeare to the translator of *Du Bartas*," *Essay*, &c., p. 12. This passage stands at the opening of the second volume of the *Variorum Shakspeare*, which notwithstanding is filled with abusive ribaldry on the "early malignity" of our author. Such is the consistency of the wretched confederacy against his reputation!

But even Dr. Farmer might have spared his "*earlier fart at least*;" for it is altogether certain that Jonson's *encomiums* were as liberally bestowed in the decline of his life as at any other period and that the last production? of his

It is the life and light of love,
The sun that ever shineth,
And spirit of that special grace
That faith and love defineth.

It is the warrant of the word
That yields a scent so sweet,
As gives a power to faith to tread
All falsehood under feet.

It is the sword that doth divide
The marrow from the bone,
And in effect of heavenly love
Doth shew the Holy One.

This, blessed Warre, thy blessed book
Unto the world doth prove;
A worthy work, and worthy well
Of the most worthy love.

XXVII

To EDWARD FILMER, ON HIS MUSICAL
WORK, DEDICATED TO THE QUEEN.

What charming peals are these,
That, while they bind the senses, do so
please?

They are the marriage-rites
Of two, the choicest pair of man's delights,
Music and Poesy;
French air and English verse here wedded
lie.

pen were panegyrics on the writings of his contemporaries. In truth, the failings of this poet lay on the side of proneness to commendation, and he was very sensible of it. As early as 1614 he tells the learned Selden that he had hitherto been too liberal of his applause; but that he would turn a sharper eye upon himself in future, and consider what he wrote:

"And vex it many days,
Before men got a verse; much less a praise."

Such, however, was the kindly warmth of his disposition that this resolution was broken as soon as made, and he continued to the close of his life to speak with favour of almost every literary work that appeared. His reward for this is a universal outcry on the peculiar malevolence of his nature!

¹ To Edward Filmer, on his musical work, &c.] This epigram first appeared in the folio of 1640, after the death of our poet. Possibly it might have been prefixed to the work it celebrates, and from thence transcribed into the edition above mentioned. Though no date is set to any of the epigrams, this excepted, yet circumstances will assist us to guess at the time of those addressed to the greatest persons then living. In general they were written before 1616, as most of them are contained in the edition of Jonson's works, which was published in that year.—WHAL.

Here is much ado about nothing What

Who did this knot compose,
Again hath brought the lily to the rose;
And, with their chained dance,
Re-celebrates the joyful match with France
They are a school to win
The fair French daughter to learn English
in;
And, graced with her song,
To make the language sweet upon her
tongue."

XXVIII.

To RICHARD BROME, ON HIS COMEDY
OF THE NORTHERN LASS."

I had you for a servant once, Dick Brome,
And you performed a servant! faithful
parts;

Now you are got into a nearer room
Of fellowship, professing my old arts.
And you do do them well, with good ap-
plause,

Which you have justly gained from the
stage,
By observation of those comic laws
Which I, your master, first did teach the
age.

You learnt it well, and for it served your
time,

A prenticeship, which few do now a days:

Whalley means by *most of them*, and *ingeneral*, I know not, since, blunders excepted, the second edition of the old folio is a mere transcript of the first, with the reserve of the print lines, which, notwithstanding their date (1620), are absurdly inserted among the Epigrams printed in 1616.

² To wake the language sweet, &c.] From Chaucer. It is a pretty compliment to Henrietta, who had probably encouraged the work, from an attachment to her native tunes.

³ The Northern Lass.] These lines are addressed "To my faithful servant, and (by his continued virtue) my loving friend, the author of this work, Master Richard Brome. 1632." I have already noticed the attempts of Randolph and others to create a feeling of hostility in our poet towards Brome. That they met with no success is evident; for Jonson always remained warmly attached to his old and meritorious servant, and Brome continued no less grateful and affectionate towards his generous master. Even after Jonson's death the kindness of the latter breaks out in a little poem to the memory of Fletcher:

"I knew him (Fletcher)—
I knew him in his strength; even then, when
HE,
That was the master of his art, and me,
Most knowing Jonson, proud to call him son.
In friendly envy swore he had outdone
His very self," &c.

Now each court hobby-horse will wince in
rhyme,
Both learned and unlearned, all write
plays.¹
It was not so of old: men took up trades
That knew the crafts they had been bred
in right;
An honest bilboe-smith would make good
blades,
And the physician teach men spew
and—
The cobbler kept him to his awl; but now,
He'll be a poet scarce can guide a plough.

XXIX.

A SPEECH'

At a Tilting.

Two noble knights, whom true desire and
zeal,
Hath armed at all points, charge me humbly
kneel
To thee, O king of men, their noblest parts
To tender thus, their lives, their loves, their
hearts.
The elder of these two³ rich hopes increase,
Presents a royal altar of fair peace;

¹ *Both learned and unlearned do write plays,* &c.] "Though this," says the watchful Langbaine, "be an imitation of Horace, yet I doubt not but the reader will pardon Ben for his ingenious application:

Navam agere ignarus navis timet: abrotonum eegro

Non audet, nisi qui didicit, dare. Quod medicorum est

Proinittunt medici: tractant fabrilis falci.

Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.

' This SPEECH, which was copied from Ashinole's MSS. and kindly transmitted to me by Mr. Bliss, is said to have been "presented to King James at a tilting, in the behalf of the two noble brothers, Sir Robert and Sir Henry Rich."

The lines have no date, but were probably produced on one of those festive occasions to which the attachment of Prince Henry to martial exercises gave birth. It was the first appearance, perhaps, of the brothers in arms; and this address of the knight, who presented them to the sovereign, formed a part of the entertainment: for these little tournaments were usually prefaced with some kind of poetical fable.

The elder of these two.] These youths were the sons of Robert Rich, first Earl of Warwick, by the too celebrated sister of the Earl of Essex. Robert, the elder, succeeded his father as Earl of Warwick in 1618. He protests much (like Hamlet's player-queen) in his speech, and he kept his word somewhat in the same manner. James was scarcely dead when he deserted his successor, threw himself into the arms of the Parliament, took the command of the fleet, and

And, as an everlasting sacrifice,
His life, his love, his honour which ne'er
dies,
He freely brings, and on this altar lays
As true oblations. His brother's emblem
says,
Except your gracious eye, as through a
glass,
Made perspective, behold him, he must pass
Still that same little point he was; but
when
Your royal eye, which still creates new men,
Shall look, and on him, so,—then art's a
liar,
If, from a little spark, he rise not fire.

XXX.

AN EPISTLE TO SIR EDWARD SACKVILE,
*Now Earl of Dorset.*⁴

If, Sackville, all that have the power to do
Great and good turns, as well could time
them too,
And knew their how and where; we should
have then
Less list of proud, hard, or ingrateful men.
For benefits are owed with the same mind

carried on a thriving trade, as Lord Clarendon says, "in the desperate commodity of rebellion." His brother Henry Rich, notwithstanding his *einblon*, or impress, trod in Sir Robert's steps. James loaded him with favours, and not long before his death created him Earl of Holland. Fresh honours were conferred upon him by Charles, in return for which he deserted and betrayed him. He was not long in receiving his reward from his new masters, who, less scrupulous than his indulgent sovereign, deprived him of his head for some alleged tergiversation, in 1649.

⁴ *An Epistle to Sir Edward Sackville.*] At that time lord chamberlain; he succeeded his father, Thomas Sackville, in the title of Earl of Dorset, who died suddenly at the council-table in 1608.—WHAL.

We have here a cluster of mistakes. The father of Sir Edward Sackville was not Thomas, but Robert, second Earl of Dorset, his son; nor did Edward succeed his father, but his elder brother Richard, third Earl of Dorset, who died in 1624. What Whalley means by *at that time lord chamberlain*, it is difficult to say. There is no allusion to any such office in the poem, nor could there be, for the Earl of Dorset was not made chamberlain till 1642, five years after the poet's death.

This Sir Edward Sackville is the person who engaged in that ferocious and fatal duel with the Lord Bruce, of which the interesting account given by himself was copied into the *Guardian* from the MS. in the library of Queen's College, Oxford.

This affair took place in 1613, when he was

As they are done, and such returns they find:

You then, whose will not only, but desire
To succour my necessities, took fire,
Not at my prayers, but your sense ; which
laid

The way to meet what others would up-
braid,

And in the act did so my blush prevent,
As I did feel it done as soon as meant;
You cannot doubt but I who freely know
This good from you, as freely will it owe;
And though my fortune humble me to take
The smallest courtesies with thanks, I make
Yet choice from whom I take them ; and
would shame

To have such do me good I durst not
name.

They are the noblest benefits, and sink
Deepest in man, of which when he doth
think,

The memory delights him more, from whom
Than what, he hath received. Gifts stink
from some,

They are so long a coming, and so hard ;
Where any deed is forced, the grace is
marred.

Can I owe thanks for courtesies received
Against his will that does them ? that hath
waved

Excuses or delays ? or done them scant,
That they have more oppressed me than
my want ?

Or if he did it not to succour me,
But by mere chance ? for interest ? or to
free

Himself of farther trouble, or the weight
Of pressure, like one taken in a strait ?

All this corrupts the thanks: less hath he
won,

That puts it in his debt-book ere't be done;
Or that doth sound a trumpet, and doth
call

His grooms to witness: or else lets it fall
In that proud manner, as a good so gained,
Must make me sad for what I have ob-
tained.

No! gifts and thanks should have one
cheerful face,

So each that's done, and ta'en, becomes a
brace.

He neither gives or does, that doth delay
A benefit, or that doth throw't away;
No more than he doth thank, that will re-
ceive

Nought but in corners, and is loth to leave
Least air or print, but flies it: such men
would

Run from the conscience of it if they could.

As I have seen some infants of the sword
Well known, and practised borrowers on
their word,

Give thanks by stealth, and whispering in
the ear,

For what they straight would to the world
forswear;

And speaking worst of those from whom
they went

But then fist-filled, to put me off the scent.
Now, datn'mee, sir, if you shall not com-
mand

My sword, ('tis but a poor sword, under-
stand,)

As far as any poor sword in the land ;
Then turning unto him is next at hand,

Damns whom he damned too, is the veriest
gull,

Has feathers, and will serve a man to pull.

Are they not worthy to be answered so,
That to such natures let their full hands
flow,

And seek not wants to succour; but enquire,
Like money-brokers, after names, and hire
Their bounties forth, to him that last was
made,

Or stands to be 'n commission o' the blade?
Still, still the hunters of false fame apply

Their thoughts and means to making loud
the cry,

But one is bitten by the dog he fed,
And hurt, seeks cure; the surgeon bids take
bread,

And sponge-like with it dry up the blood
quite,

only three and-twenty. Afterwards, however, he nobly redeemed his extravagancies, and became one of the brightest characters of his day. Lord Clarendon says that "his person was beautiful, graceful, and vigorous; his wit pleasant, sparkling, and sublime, and his other parts of learning and language of that lustre that he could not miscarry in the world."

This "Epistle" was the favourite poem of Home Tooke. He had it by heart, and delighted to quote it on all occasions. Its date may be pretty nearly ascertained by the expres-

sion "now Earl of Dorset," which seems to imply that Sir Edward had not long enjoyed the title. He returned to England from Italy on hearing of the death of his brother, which took place the 28th of March, 1624; and the poet probably addressed him soon after 1625, when sickness and want most assailed him.

There is great vigour of thought and strength of expression in this rough epistle. The predilection of Horæ Tooke for it throws no discredit on his judgment.

Then give it to the hound that did him bite:
Pardon, says he, that were a way to see
All the town-curs take each their snatch at me.

O, is it so? knows he so much, and will
Feed those at whom the table points at still?
I not deny it, but to help the need
Of any is a great and generous deed;
Yea, of the ungrateful: and he forth must tell

Many a pound, and piece, will place one well.

But these men ever want: their very trade
Is borrowing; that but stopt, they do invade
All as their prize, turn pirates here at land,
Have their Bermudas, and their Streights
i' the Strand:

Man out their boats to the Temple, and
not shift

Now, but command; make tribute what
was gift;

And it is paid them with a trembling zeal,
And superstition, I dare scarce reveal,
If it were clear; but being so in cloud
Carried and wrapt, I only am allowed
My wonder, why the taking a clown's purse,
Or robbing the poor market-folks, should nurse

Such a religious horror in the breasts
Of our town-gallantry! or why there rests
Such worship due to kicking of a punk,
Or swaggering with the watch, or drawer
drunk;

Or feats of darkness acted in mid-sun,
And told of with more licence than th' were
done!

Sure there is mystery in it, I not know,
That men such reverence to such actions
show,

And almost deify the authors! make
Loud sacrifice of drink for their health's
sake:

Rear suppers in their names, and spend
wholenights

Unto their praise in certain swearing rites!
Cannot a man be reckoned in the state
Of valour, but at this idolatrous rate?

I thought that fortitude had been a mean,²
'Twixt fear and rashness; not a lust ob-
scene,

Or appetite of offending, but a skill
Or science of discerning good and ill.
And you, sir, know it well, to whom I write,
That with these mixtures we put out her
light;

Her ends are honesty and public good:
And where they want, she is not under-
stood.

No more are these of us; let them then go,
I have the list of mine own faults to know,
Look to, and cure: he's not a man hath
none,

But like to be, that every day mends one,
And feels it; else he tarries by the beast.
Can I discern how shadows are decreast,
Or grown, by height or lowness of the sun,
And can I less of substance? when I run,
Ride, sail, am coached, know I how far I
have gone;

And my mind's motion not? or have I
none?

No! he must feel and know, that will ad-
vance.

Men have been great, but never good by
chance

Or on the sudden. It were strange that he
Who was this morning such a one, should
be

Sidney ere night I or that did go to bed
Coryat, should rise the most sufficient head
Of Christendom; and neither of these
know,

Were the rack offered them, how they
came so!

Tis by degrees that men arrive at glad
Profit in aught; each day some little add,
In time 'twill be a heap: this is not true
Alone in money, but in manners too.

Yet we must more than move still, or go on,
We must accomplish: 'tis the last key-stone
That makes the arch; the rest that there
were put

Are nothing till that comes to bind and
shut.

Then stands it a triumphal mark! then men
Observe the strength, the height, the why
and when

It was erected: and still walking under,
Meet some new matter to look up and
wonder!

¹ Pardon, says he, that were a way to see
All the town-curs take each their snatch at me.] The allusion is to a fable of Phædrus,
who makes sup the author of it—WHAL.

For the Bermudas &c., see vol. ii. p. 169,
and vol. ii. p. 245 a.

I thought that fortitude had been a mean,
&c.] This subject the poet subsequently dilated
upon in *The New In*. The name of this un-

fortunate piece is never mentioned now without
a scornful sneer at the dotage which produced it.
As a whole, indeed, much cannot be said in its
favour, but it may safely be pronounced that
the observations of Lovel on true valour (vol. ii.
p. 373—74), to which the line just quoted has been
referred, will not be easily paralleled for justness
of thought, vigour of sentiment, and beauty of
expression, in this or any other language.

Such notes are virtuous men ! they live as
 fast
 As they are high; are rooted, and will last.
 They need no stilts, nor rise upon their
 toes,
 As if they would belie their stature ; those
 Are dwarfs of honour, and have neither
 weight
 Nor fashion; if they chance aspire to
 height,
 'Tis like light canes, that first rise big and
 brave,
 Shoot forth in smooth and comely spaces ;
 have
 But few and fair divisions: but being got
 Aloft, grow less and straightened ; full of
 knot,
 And last, go out in nothing ! you that see
 Their difference, cannot choose which you
 will be.
 You know (without my flattering you) too
 much
 For me to be your indice. Keep you such,
 That I may love your person, as I do,
 Without your gift, though I can rate that
 too,
 By thanking thus the courtesy to life
 Which you will bury; but therein the
 strife
 May grow so great to be example, when,
 As their true rule or lesson, either men,
 Donors or donees, to their practice shall
 Find you to reckon nothing, me owe all.

XXXI.

AN EPISTLE TO MASTER JOHN SELDEN.¹

I know to whom I write; here I am sure;
 Though I am short, I cannot be obscure,
 Less shall I for the art or dressing care,
 Truth and the Graces best when naked are.³
 Your book, my SELDEN, I have read ; and
 much

¹ This Epistle, as the folio calls it, is prefixed to the first edition of Selden's *Titles of Honour*, 1614, with this address: "Ben Jonson to his honored friend, Mr. John Selden, *Health*."

There was an extraordinary degree of kindness between these two most learned men, which continued to the end of Jonson's life. They communicated their works and mutually assisted each other. Selden, who was above flattery, affectionately addresses our author in the work here mentioned, as one that was

*Omnia carmina doctus,
 Et callet mythwv plasmata, et historian.*

And he, who was superior to envy, speaks with conscious pride of the aid which he derived from

Was trusted, that you thought my judgment such
 To ask it: though in most of works, it be
 A penance where a man may not be free,
 Rather than office ; when it doth, or may
 Chance, that the friend's affection proves
 ally
 Unto the censure. Yours all need doth fly
 Of this so vicious humanity;
 Than which, there is not unto study a more
 Pernicious enemy. We see before
 A many' of books, even good judgments
 wound
 Themselves, through favouring what is there
 not found ;
 But I to yours far otherwise shall do,⁴
 Not fly the crime, but the suspicion too :
 Though I confess (as every Muse hath
 erred,
 And mine not least) I have too oft preferred
 Men past their terms, and praised some
 names too much;
 But 'twas with purpose to have made them
 such.
 Since, being deceived, I turn a sharper eye
 Upon myself, and ask to whom ? and why?
 And what I write ? and vex it many days
 Before men get a verse, much less a praise ;
 So that my reader is assured, I now
 Mean what I speak, and still will keep that
 vow.
 Stand forth my object, then. You that have
 been
 Ever at home, yet have all countries seen ;
 And like a compass, keeping one foot still
 Upon your centre, do your circle fill
 Of general knowledge ; watched men, man-
 ners too,
 Heard what times past have said, seen what
 ours do!
 Which grace shall I make love to first?
 your skill,
 Or faith in things? or is't your wealth and
 will

Selden's unbounded acquaintance with literary subjects.

Selden's life was useful, and his death instructive. He was drawn in by the crooked politics of the times in which he lived ; but he escaped from them to his studies at every convenient opportunity ; and though he might be sometimes dissatisfied, he was never factious.

Though I be short, &c.]

*Brevis esse labore,
 Obscurus fio.*

² Since, naked, best Truth, and the Graces are, 1614.—F. C.]

³ But I to yours, farre from this fault, shall doo. 1614.—F. C.]

T inform and teach? or your unwearied pain
Of gathering? bounty in pouring out again?
What fables have you vexed, what truth
redeemed,

Antiquities searched, opinions disesteemed,
Impostures branded, and authorities urged!
What blots and errors have you watched
and purged

Records and authors of! how rectified
Times, manners, customs I innovations
spied¹

Sought out the fountains, sources, creeks,
paths, ways,

And noted the beginnings and decays!
Where is that nominal mark, or real rite,
Form, act, or ensign, that hath scaped your
sight?

How are traditions there examined! how
Conjectures retrieved! and a story now
And then of times (besides the bare conduct
Of what it tells us) weaved in to instruct!
I wondered at the richness, but am lost
To see the workmanship so' exceed the
cost!

To mark¹ the excellent seasoning of your
style,

And manly elocution! not one while
With horror rough, then rioting with wit;
But to the subject still the colours fit,
In sharpness of all search, wisdom of choice,
Newness of sense, antiquity of voice!

I yield, I yield. The matter of your praise
Flows in upon me, and I cannot raise
A bank against it: nothing but the round
Large clasp of Nature such a wit can bound.
Monarch in letters I 'mongst the Titles
shown

Of others' honours, thus enjoy thy own.
I first salute thee so; and gratulate
With that thy style, thy keeping of thy
state;

In offering this thy work to no great name,
That would, perhaps, have praised and
thanked the same,
But nought beyond. He thou hast given
it to,²

Thy learned chamber-fellow, knows to do
It true respects: he will not only love,
Embrace, and cherish; but he can approve
And estimate thy pains, as having wrought
In the same mines of knowledge; and
thence brought

Humanity enough to be a friend,
And strength to be a champion, and defend

Thy gift 'gainst envy. O how I do count
Among my comings in, and see it mount,
The gain of two such friendships! Hey ward
and

Selden! two names that so much under-
stand!

On whom I could take up, and ne'er abuse
The credit, what would furnishatenth muse!
But here's no time nor place my wealth to
tell,

You both are modest. So am I. Farewell.

XXXII.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,
(MASTER COLBY),

TO PERSUADE HIM TO THE WARS.

Wake, friend, from forth thy lethargy! the
drum

Beats brave and loud in Europe, and bids
come

All that dare rouse: or are not loth to quit
Their vicious ease, and be o'erwhelmed
with it.

It is a call to keep the spirits alive
That gasp for action, and would yet revive
Man's buried honour in his sleepy life:
Quickening dead nature to her noblest
strife.

All other acts of worldlings arc but toil
In dreams, begun in hope, and end in spoil.
Look on the ambitious man, and see him
nurse

Ills unjust hopes with praises begged, or,
worse,

Bought flatteries, the issue of his purse,
Till he become both their and his own curse!
Look on the false and cunning man, that
loves

No person, nor is loved: what ways he
proves

To gain upon his belly; and at last
Crushed in the snaky brakes that he had
past!

See the grave, sour, and supercilious sir,
In outward face, but inward light as fur,
Or feathers, lay his fortune out to show,
Till envy wound or maim it at a blow!
See him that's called, and thought the hap-
piest man,

Honoured at once, and envied (if it can
Be honour is so mixed) by such as would,
For all their spite, be like him if they could:

¹ To mark the excellent seasonings of your
style

² And masculine elocution. 1614.—F. C.]
He, thou hast given it to,

Thy learned chamber-fellow, &c. The
volume is dedicated by Selden to "my most
beloved friend and chamber-fellow, Edward
Heyward, of Cardington, in Norfolk, Esq."

No part or corner man can look upon,
But there are objects bid him to be gone
As far as he can fly, or follow day,
Rather than here so bogged in vices stay.
The whole world here leavened with mad-
ness swells ;

And being a thing blown out of nought,
rebels

Against his Maker, high alone with weeds,
And impious rankness of all sects and seeds:
Not to be checked or frightened now with
fate,

But more licentious made and desperate 1
Our delicacies are grown capital,
And even our sports are dangers ! what we
call

Friendship, is now masked hatred 1 justice
fled,

And shamefastness together! all laws dead
That kept man living! pleasures only
sought!

Honour and honesty, as poor things thought
As they are made! pride and stiff clown-
age mixed

**To make up greatness ! and man's whole
good fixed**

In bravery, or gluttony, or coin,
All which he makes the servants of the groin!
Thither it flows : how much did Stallion
spend

To have his court-bred filly there commend
His lace and starch ; and fall upon her back
In admiration, stretched upon the rack
Of lust, to his rich suit, and title Lord?

Ay, that's a charm and half! she must
afford

That all respect, she must lie down ; nay
more,

'Tis there civility to be a whore :
He's one of blood and fashion ! and with
these

The bravery makes she can no honour leese:
To do't with cloth, or stuffs, lust's name
might merit,

With velvet, plush, and tissues, it is spirit.
O these so ignorant monsters, light as
proud 1

Who can behold their manners, and not
cloud-

Like, on them lighten? If that nature
could

If Nature could
Not make a verse, &c. J. This epistle, which
possesses no ordinary degree of merit, partakes
of the nature of satire. The author had his
favourite, Horace, in view when he drew it up,
though the particular allusion in the quotation is
to Juvenal:

Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum.

Not make a verse, anger or laughter would,¹
To see them aye discoursing with their glass,
How they may make some one that day an
ass,

Planting their purls and curls, spread forth
like net,

And every dressing for a pit-fall set
To catch the flesh in, and to pound a —
Be at their visits, see them squeamish, sick.
Ready to cast at one whose band sits ill,
And then leap mad on a neat pickardill,
As if a brize were gotten in their tail;

And firk, and jerk, and for the coachman
rail,

And jealous each of other, yet think long
To be abroad chanting some bawdy song,
And laugh, and measure thighs, then squeak,
spring, itch,

Do all the tricks of a salt lady bitch !
For t'other pound of sweetmeats, he shall
feel

That pays, or what he will: the dame is
steel.

For those with her young company she'll
enter,

Where Pittes, or Wright, or Modet would
not venture;

And comes by these degrees the style t'in-
herit

Of woman of fashion, and a lady of spirit.
Nor is the title questioned with our proud,
Great, brave, and fashioned folk, these are
allowed ;

Adulteries now are not so hid or strange,
They're grown commodity upon Exchange:
He that will follow but another's wife,
Is loved, though he let out his own for life ;
The husband now's called churlish, or a
poor

Nature, that will not let his wife be a whore;
Or use all arts, or haunt all companies

That may corrupt her, even in his eyes.
The brother trades a sister, and the friend
Lives to the lord, but to the lady's end.

Less must not be thought on than mistress;
or

If it be thought, killed like her embrans;
for

Whom no great mistress hath as yet in-
famed

A fellow of coarse lechery, is named'

The couplet just above,
To do't with cloth, &c., is also from this
author, but in a higher tone:

Alea iurpis
Turpe 't adulterium inediôcribus, hæc eadem
illi
Omnia cum, 'octant vitidi hilaræque vocantur
Sat. xi.

The servant of the serving-woman, in scorn,
Ne'er came to taste the plenteous marriage-
horn.

Thus they do talk. And are these objects
fit

For man to spend his money on? his wit?
His time? health? soul? Will he for these
go throw

Those thousands on his back, shall after
blow

His body to the Counters, or the Fleet?
Is it for these that Fine-man meets the
street

Coached, or on foot-cloth, thrice changed
every day,

To teach each suit he has the ready way
From Hyde Park to the Stage, where at the
last

His dear and borrowed bravery he must
cast?

When not his combs, his curling-irons, his
glass,

Sweet bags, sweet powders, nor sweet words
will pass

For less security. O [heavens!] for these
Is it that man pulls on himself disease,
Surfeit, and quarrel? drinks the t'other
health?

Or by damnation voids it, or by stealth?
What fury of late is crept into our feasts?

What honour given to the drunkenest
guests?

What reputation to bear one glass more,
When oft the bearer is borne out of door?

This hath our ill-used freedom, and soft
peace

Brought on us, and will every hour increase.
Our vices do not tarry in a place,

But being in motion still, or rather in race,
Tilt one upon another, and now bear

This way, now that, as if their number
were

More than themselves, or than our lives
could take,

But both fell prest under the load they make.
Ill bid thee look no more, but flee, flee,
friend,

This precipice, and rocks that have no end,
Or side, but threatens ruin. The whole day

Is not enough now, but the nights to play:
And whilst our states, strength, body, and

mind we waste,
Go make ourselves the usurers at a cast.

He that no more for age, cramps, palsies
can

Now use the bones, we see doth hire a man
To take the box up for him; and pursues

The dice with glassen eyes, to the glad
views

Of what he throws: like lechers grown
content

To be beholders, when their powers are
spent.

Can we not leave this worm? or will we
not?

Is that the truer excuse? or have we got
in this, and like, an itch of vanity,

That scratching now's our best felicity?
Well, let it go. Yet this is better, than

To lose the forms and dignities of man,
To flatter my good lord, and cry his bowl

Runs sweetly, as it had his lordship's soul:
Although perhaps it has, what's that to me

That may stand by and hold my peace?
will he,

When I am hoarse with praising his each
cast,

Give me but that again that I must waste "
In sugar carided or in buttered beer,

For the recovery of my voice? No, there
Pardon his lordship; flatt'ry's grown so

cheap
With him, for he is followed with that

heap,
That watch and catch at what they may

applaud,
As a poor single flatterer, without bawd

Is nothing, such scarce meat and drink he'll
give,

But he that's both, and slave to both, shall
live

And be beloved while the whores last. O
times!

Friend, fly from hence, and let these kindled
rhymes

Light thee from hell on earth; where flat-
terers, spies,

Informers, Masters both of Arts and lies;
Lewd slanderers, soft whisperers, that let

blood
The life and fame-veins, yet not under-
stood

Of the poor sufferers; where the envious,
proud,

Ambitious, factious, superstitious, loud
Boasters, and perjured, with the infinite

more
Prevaricators swarm: of which the store

(Because they're everywhere amongst man'
kind

Spread through the world) is easier far to
find,

Than once to number, or bring forth to
hand,

Though thou wert Muster-master of the
Land.

Go, quit them all! And take along with
thee.

Thy true friend's wishes, COLBY, ' which shall be
 That thine be just and honest, that thy deeds
 Not wound thy conscience when thy body
 " bleeds;
 That thou dost all things more for truth
 than glory,
 And never but for doing wrong be sorry ;
 That by commanding first thyself, thou
 mak'st
 Thy person fit for any charge thou tak'st:
 That fortune never make thee to complain,
 But what she gives, thou dar'st give her
 again;
 That whatsoever face thy fate puts on,
 Thou shrink or start not; but be always
 one;
 That thou think nothing great but what is
 good ;
 An'V from that thought strive to be under-
 stood.
 So, live or dead, thou wilt preserve a fame
 Still precious with the odour of thy name.
 And last, blaspheme not; we did never
 hear
 Man thought the valianter, 'cause the durst
 swear ;
 No more than we should think a lord had
 chad
 More honour in him, 'cause we've known
 him mad:
 These ta'e, and now go seek thy peace in
 war,
 Who falls for love of God, shall rise a star.

XXXIII.

AN EPITAPH

ON MASTER PHILIP GRAY.

Reader, stay,
 And if I had no more to say,
 But here doth lie, till the last day,
 All that is left of PHILIP GRAY,
 It might thy patience richly pay :
 For if such men as he could die,²
 What surety¹ of life have thou and I ?

¹ And take along with thee
 Thy true friends wishes, Colby.] The name
 of the person to whom this epistle is addressed ;
 he appears to have been in the military service,
 and from the preceding line was probably muster-
 master of the forces.—WHAL.

² For if tuck men, &c.] The force of this
 Epitaph is not felt, for want of knowing the
 character whose fate led to these reflections.

Chetwood has an Epitaph on Prince Henry
 which he ascribes to Jonson. and which the
 reader may perhaps expect to and in a collection
 of Ms works. I have little confidence in this

YOU III,

XXXIV.

EPISTLE

To A FRIEND.

They are not, sir, worst owers that do pay
 Debts when they can: good men may break
 their day,
 And yet the noble nature never grudge;
 'Tis then a crime, when the usurer is judge,
 And he is not in friendship : nothing there
 Is done for gain ; if't be, 'tis not sincen
 Nor should I at this time protested be,
 But that some greater names have broke
 with me,
 And their words too, where I but break my
 band ;³
 I add that BUT, because I understand
 That as the lesser breach : for he that takes
 Simply my band, his trust in me forsakes,
 And looks unto the forfeit. If you be
 Now so much friend, as you would trust in
 me,
 Venture a longer time, and willingly :
 All is not barren land doth fallow lie ;
 Some grounds are made the richer for thu
 rest ;
 And I will bring a crop, if not the best,

XXXV.

AN ELEGY.

Can beauty, that did prompt me first to
 write,
 Now threaten with those means she did
 invite?
 Did her perfections call me on to gaze,
 Then like, then love ; and now would they
 amaze!
 Or was she gracious afar off, but near
 A terror ? or is all this but my fear ?
 That as the water makes things, put in't
 straight,
 Crooked appear ; so that doth my conceit:
 I can help that with boldness ; and Love
 sware,⁴

writer, who seldom mentions his authorities;
 and, to say the truth, can discover nothing of
 our author's manner in the composition itself,
 which appears to be patched up from different
 poems, and is therefore omitted ; though I have
 thought it right to mention the circumstance.

Where, 'but break my band,] i.e., -whereas,
 in the old sense of the word. Jonson pleads his
 cause well, and probably kept his word (if it was
 taken) better than his bond.

'And Love sware.] He alludes to the two
 proverbs, *Faint heart*, &c, and *Fortes Fortune*
juvat.

And Fortune once, t'assist the spirits that dare.

But which shall lead *me* on? both these are blind.

Such guides men use not, who their way would find,

Except the way be error to those ends;

And then the best are still the blindest friends.

Oh how a lover may mistake! to think
Or Love, or Fortune blind, when they but wink

To see men fear; or else for truth and state,
Because they would iree justice imitate,
Vail their own eyes, and would impartially
Be brought by us to meet our destiny.

If it be thus, come Love, and Fortune go,
I'll lead you on; or if my fate will so,
That I must send one first, my choice assigns
Love to my heart and Fortune to my lines.

XXXVI.

AN ELEGY.

By those bright eyes, at whose immortal fires

Love lights his torches to inflame desires;
By that fair stand, your forehead, whence
he bends

His double bow, and round his arrowssends;
By that tall grove, your hair, whose globy
rings

He flying curls, and crispeth with his wings;
By those pure baths your either cheek dis-
closes,

Where he doth steep himself in milk and roses;¹

And lastly, by your lips, the bank of kisses,
Where men at once may plant and gather
blisses:

Tell me, my loved friend, do you love or no?
So well as I may tell in verse 'tis so?

You blush, but do not: friends are either
none,

Though they may number bodies, or but
one.

I'll therefore ask no more, but bid you love,
And so that either may example prove

¹ By those pure baths your either cheek dis-
closes,

Where he doth steep himself in milk and roses.]
Though no date is prefixed to this Elegy, it was
written before the celebration of *Charis*, for in
the fifth ode there is an allusion to these and the
following verses:

"And see!

AM the bath your verse discloses

In her cheeks of milk and roses, &c."

WHAL,

Unto the other j and live patterns, how
Others, in" time, may love as we do now.
Slip no occasion: as time stands not still,
I know no beauty nor no youth that still.
To use the present, then, is not abuse,"
You have a husband is the just excuse
Of all that can be done him; such a one
As would make shift to make himself alone
That which we can; who both in you, his
wife,

His issue, and all circumstance of life,
As in his place, because he would not vary,
Is constant to be extraordinary.

XXXVII.

A SATIRICAL SHRUB.

A woman's friendship! God, whom I trust in,
Forgive me this one foolish deadly sin,
Aniungst my many other, that I may
No more, I am sorry for so fond cause, say I
At fifty years almost, to value it,

That ne'er was known to last above a fit!
Or have the least of good, but what it must
Put on for fashion, and take up on trust.

Knew I all this afore? had I perceived
That their whole life was wickedness,
though weaved

Of many colours; outward, fresh from spots,
But their whole inside full of ends and
knots?

Knew I that all their dialogues and dis-
course

Were such as I will now relate, or worse?

* * * * *

* * * * *

Knew I this woman? yes, and you do see,
How penitent I am, or I should be.

Do not you ask to know her, she is worse
Than all ingredients made into one cure,
And that poured out upon mankind, can be:

Think but the sin of all her sex, 'tis she!
I could forgive her being proud! a whore I

Perjured! and painted! if she were no more—
But she is such as she might yet forestall

The devil, and be the damning of us all.

This is a curious mode of settling precedence;
but it shall be as Whalley pleases. This little
piece begins much better than it ends.

This is more in the style and manner of
Donne than of our author. It may, however,
be his; though I suspect that the loose scrap
found after his death among his papers were
committed to the press without much examina-
tion. There was undoubtedly an intercommu-
nity of verse between the two friends; but I do
not wish to carry the argument any further.

Here (the folio My) something is wanting.

XXXVIII.

A LITTLE SHRUB GROWING BY.

Ask not to know this Man.¹ If fame should speak

His name in any metal, it would break.
Two letters were enough the plague to tear
Out of his grave, and poison every ear.
A parcel of Court-dirt, a heap and mass
Of all vice hurled together, there he was,
Proud, false, and treacherous, vindictive, all
That thought can add, unthankful, the lay-
stall

Of putrid flesh alive ! of blood the sink 1
And so I leave to stir him, lest he stink,

XXXIX.

AN ELEGY.²

Though beauty be the mark of praise,
And yours of whom I sing, be such,
As not the world can praise too much,
Yet is't your virtue now I raise.

A virtue, like allay, so gone
Throughout your form ; as though that
move,

And draw, and conquer all men's love,
This subjects you to love of one,
Wherein yon triumph yet ; because
'Tis of yourself, and that you use
The noblest freedom, not to choose
Against or faith, or honour's laws.

But who should less expect from you,
In whom alone Love lives agen ?
By whom he is restored to men ;
And kept, and bred, and brought up true ?

His falling temples you have reared,
The withered garlands ta'en away ;
His altars kept from the decay

That envy wished, and nature feared :
And on them burn so chaste a flame,

With so much loyalty's expense,
As Love t' acquit such excellence,
Is gone himself into your name.

And you are he ; the deity
To whom all lovers are designed,
That would their better objects find ;
Among which faithful troop am I.

Who, as an offering at your shrine,
Have sung this hymn, and here entreat

¹ Ask not to know this Man, &c.] This too is in the style of Donne. It was evidently designed to be a *pendant* of the former ; whoever wrote that wrote this.

² [Mr. Tennyson must have been familiar with this *Elegy* before he commenced his *In Memoriam*.—F. C.]

One spark of your diviner heat
To light upon a love of mine.

Which, if it kindle not, but scant
Appear, and that to shortest view,
Yet give me leave t' adore in you
What I, in her am grieved to want.

XL.

AN ELEGY.

Fair friend, 'tis true your beauties move
My heart to a respect,
Too little to be paid with love,
Too great for your neglect.

I neither love, nor yet am free,
For though the flame I find
Be not intense in the degree,
'Tis of the purest kind.

It little wants of love but pain ;
Your beauty takes my sense,
And lest you should that price disdain,
My thoughts too feel the milience.

'Tis not a passion's first access
Ready to multiply ;
But like love's calmest state it is
Possess with victory.

It is like love to truth reduced,
All the false values gone,
Which were created and induced
By fond imagination.

'Tis either fancy or 'tis fate,
To love you more than I :
I love you at your beauty's rate,
Less were an injury.

Like unstampt gold, I weigh each grace,
So that you may collect
Th' intrinsic value of your face,
Safely from my respect.

And this respect would merit love,
Were not so fair a sight
Payment enough ; for who dare move
Reward for his delight ?

XLI.

AN ODE.

TO HIMSELF.

Where dost Thou careless lie
Buried in ease and sloth ?

³ Who, as an offering, &c.] The folio reads *offspring*. Corrected by Whalley.

¹ This little piece which is not without merit, is carelessly thrown in towards the conclusion of the old folio, where it is united to "A New year's Gift to King Charles !"

Knowledge that sleeps, doth die;
And this security,

It is the common moth
That eats on wits and arts, and [so] de-
stroyes them both :¹

Are all the Aonian springs
Dried up ? lies Thespia waste ?
Doth Clarius' harp want strings,
That not a nymph now sings ;
Or droop they as disgraced,
To see their seats and bowers by chat-
tering pies defaced ?

If hence thy silence be,
As 'tis too just a cause ;
Let this thought quicken thee:
Minds that are great and free
Should not on fortune pause,
Tis crown enough to virtue still, her
own applause.

What though the greedy fry
Be taken with false baits
Of worded balladry,
And think it poesy ?
They die with their conceits,
And only piteous scorn upon their folly
waits.

Then take in hand thy lyre,
Strike in thy proper strain,
With Japhet's line aspire,
Sol's chariot for new fire.²
To give the world again :
Who aided him, will thee, the issue of
Jove's brain.

And since our dainty age
Cannot indure reproof,

Make not thyself a page
To that strumpet the stage,
But sing high and aloof,
Safe from the wolfs black jaw, and
the dull ass's hoof.

XLII.

THE MIND OF THE FRONTISPIECE TO A BOOK.³

From death and dark oblivion (near the
same)

The mistress of man's life, grave Histor
Raising the world to good and evil fame,
Doth vindicate it to eternity.

Wise Providence would so: that nor tl
good

Might be defrauded, nor the great se
cured,
But both might know their ways were under!
stood,

When vice alike in time with virtue
dured:
Which makes that, lighted by the beamy
hand

Of Truth, that searcheth the most hidden,
springs,
And guided by Experience, whose straight
wand

Doth mete, whose line doth sound the
depth of things ;
She cheerfully supporteth what she rears,
Assisted by no strengths but are her"
OWN,

Some note of which each varied pillar
bears,

By which, as proper titles, she is known
Time's witness, herald of Antiquity,
The light of Truth, and life of Memory,

¹ *That eats on wits and arts, and destroys them both.]* A syllable is evidently lost, necessary to complete the measure ; I have inserted a monosyllabic that helps it out:

Versus futura cadentis.—WHAL.

Whalley's choice fell on *quite*; I prefer so: the reader, perhaps, may stumble upon a better substitute than either.

² *With Japhet's line aspire*
Sol's chariot for new fire. He mean *Pro-*
metheus, the son of *Japetus*, who, as the poets say, was assisted by *Minerva* in the formation of his man, whom he animated with fire taken from the chariot of the Sun.—WHAL.

This spirited Ode was probably among our author's early performances. A part of the concluding stanza we have already had in the "Apologetical Dialogue" at the conclusion of *The Poetaster*; and the whole might be written

about the period of the appearance of that drama. Jonson's dislike to the stage here breaks out; but, in truth, this is not the only passage from which we are authorized to collect that necessity alone led him to write for the theatres.

³ These lines are prefixed to Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*, fol. 1614: they are descriptive of the ornamental figures in the serious frontispiece to that volume, and can scarcely be understood without a reference to the plate itself. Jonson assisted Raleigh in this great work; and indeed there were not many literary undertakings of importance in his days to which "the envious Ben" did not liberally afford his aid.

The folio has been corrected from Raleigh's copy. It seems that Whalley was not acquainted with the purport of this little piece, or with its appearance in any volume previously to that of 1641.

XLIV.i

AN ODE

To JAMES, EARL OF DESMOND.

Where art thou, Genius? I should use
 Thy present aid: arise Invention,
 Wake, and put on the wings of Pindar's
 Muse,

To tower with my intention
 High as his mind, that doth advance
 Her upright head above the reach of
 chance,

Or the times envy.
 Cynthia, I apply
 ly bolder numbers to thy golden lyre:

O then inspire
 shy priest in this strange rapture! heat my
 brain

With Delphic fire,
 That I may sing my thoughts in some un-
 vulgar strain.

Rich beam of honour, shed your light
 On these dark rhymes, that my affection
 May shine through every chink, to every
 sight,

Graced by your reflection 1
 1 Then shall my verses, like strong
 charms,

Break the knit circle of her stony arms,
 That holds your spirit,

And keeps your merit
 Locked in her cold embraces, from the view
 Of eyes more true,

Who would with judgment search, search-
 ing conclude,

As proved in you,
 True noblesse. Palm grows straight,
 though handled ne'er so rude.

Nor think yourself unfortunate;

If subject to the jealous errors
 Of politic pretext that wries a state,

¹ [There is no XLIII. in Gifford's edition, and it has been thought convenient to adhere to his numbering.—F.C.]

² "One of our author's earliest pieces. "It was written," (the folio says,) "in Queen Elizabeth's time, since lost, and recovered."

This earl was, I believe, the son of Gerald, sixteenth Earl of Desmond, a most powerful nobleman, and a formidable rebel, who gave Elizabeth a world of uneasiness. He was, however, mastered at length, and his vast possessions, which extended over several counties, were in 1582 forfeited to the crown. His son James, the person, I presume, to whom this ode was addressed, was restored in blood and honour, in 1600. From the allusions to his state of disfranchisement, and the call upon him to

Sink not beneath these terrors:
 But whisper, O glad innocence,
 Where only a man's birth is his offence;
 Or the disfavour
 Of such as savour
 Nothing but practise upon honour's thrall.
 O virtue's fall!

When her dead essence, like the anatomy
 In Surgeons' hall,
 Is but a statistic's theme to read phle-
 botomy.

Let Brontes, and black Steropes,
 Sweat at the forge, their hammers
 beating;
 Pyracmon's hour will come to give them
 ease,

Though but while the metal's
 heating:
 And, after all the Ætnean ire,
 Gold that is perfect, will outlive the fire.

For fury wasteth,
 As patience lasteth.

No armour to the mind! he is shot-free
 From injury,

That is not hurt; not he, that is not hit;
 So fools, we see,

Oft scape an imputation, more through
 luck than wit.

But to yourself, most loyal lord,
 (Whose heart in that bright sphere
 flames clearest,

Though many gems be in your bosom
 stored,

Unknown which is the dearest.)

If I auspiciously divine,

As my hope tells, that our fair Phœbe's
 shine,

Shall light those places

With lustrous graces,

Where darkness, with her gloomy sceptred
 band,

Doth now command;

continue in his loyalty, and wait the reward of his virtue, the poem must have been written before that period. There is something prophetic in the last stanza:

"If I auspiciously divine,
 As my hope tells—then our fair Phœbe's shine
 Shall light those places
 With lustrous graces

Where darkness, with her gloomy-sceptred hand,
 Doth now command."

³ Our fair Phœbe's shine,] Whalley corrupted this into fair Phœbus's shine. Fair is not the best epithet for the god; but he did not see the author's meaning, nor that the allusion was to "the beautified" Elizabeth, who loved to be flattered with the appellation Phæbe or Diana.

O then, my best-loved, let me importune,
That you will stand,
As far from all revolt, as you are now from
fortune.

XLV.

AN ODE.

High-spirited friend,
I send nor balms nor corsives to your
wound ;

Your faith hath found
A gentler, and more agile hand, to tend
The cure of that which is but corporal,
And doubtful days, which were named
critical,

Have made their fairest flight,
And now are out of sight.
Yet doth some wholesome physic for the
mind.

Wrapt in this paper lie,
Which in the taking if you misapply,
You are unkind.

Your covetous hand,
Happy in that fair honour it hath gained,
Must now be reined.

True valour doth her own renown com-
mand

In one full action ; nor have you now more
To do, than be a husband of that store,
Think but how dear you bought

This same which you have caught,
Such thoughts will make you more in love
with truth :

'Tis wisdom, and that high,
For men to use their fortune reverently,
Even in youth.

¹ As yet it is not mute, &c.] From Horace:

*Spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æolice fidibus puellæ.
Nee si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas, &c.*

² Or Constable's ambrosiac muse

Made Dian not his notes refuse ?] This author, though honoured with so ample a testimony from Jonson, is almost unknown in this age. "Henry Constable" in the words of Antony Wood, "was a great master of the English tongue; and there was no gentleman of our nation who had a more pure, quick, and higher delivery of conceit than he : witness, among all others, that sonnet of his before the poetical translation called the *Furies*, made by King James the First of England, while he was King of the Scots. He liath also several sonnets extant, written to Sir Philip Sidney ; some of which are set before the *Apology for Poetry*, written by the said knight." This author flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I.

XLVI.

AN ODE.

Helen, did Homer never see
Thy beauties, yet could write of thee ?
Did Sappho, on her seven-tongued lute,
So speak, as yet it is not mute,
Of Phaon's form ? or doth the boy,
In whom Anacreon once did joy,
Lie drawn to life in his soft verse,
As he whom Maro did rehearse ?
Was Lesbia sung by learn'd Catullus,
Or Delia's graces by Tibullus ?
Doth Cynthia, in J'roportius' song,
Shine more than she the stars among ?
Is Horace his each love so high
Rapt from the earth as not to die ;
With bright Lycoris, Gallus' choice,
Whose fame hath an eternal voice ?
Or hath Corinna, by the name
Her Ovid gave her, dimmed the fame
Of Cesar's daughter, and the line
Which all the world then styled divine ?
Hath Petrarch since his Laura raised
Equal with her ? or Ronsart praised
His new Cassandra 'bove the old,
Which all the fate of Troy foretold ?
Hath our great Sidney, Stella set
Where never star shone brighter yet ?
Or Constable's ambrosiac muse
Made Dian not his notes refuse ?²
Have all these done - and yet I miss
The swan so relished Pancharis -³
And shall not I my Celia bring,
Where men may see whom I do sing ?
Though I, in working of my song,
Come short of all this learned throng,

Antony's taste in poetry was not very refined, and he did not therefore discover that his author (Edmund Bolton) had unluckily fixed upon one of Constable's worst sonnets. The *Diana* of which Jonson speaks, was published in 1594. Constable seems to have been the most voluminous sonnet-writer of those sonnet-teering times ; and to have acquired a reputation rather more than equal to his merits : since, besides Jonson, he is mentioned with praise by others of his contemporaries, and placed immediately after Spenser by Judicio, in the *Return from Parnassus* :

" Sweet Constable doth take the wondering ear,
And lays it up in willing prisonment."

³ And yet I miss

The swan so relished Pancharis.] This was the French poet *Bonefons*, or *Bonefonius* I who, in imitation of Secundus, wrote *Basia*, in the praise of his mistress Pancharis. He has a character for tenderness and delicacy.—
WHAL.

Yet sure my tunes will be the best,
So much my subject drowns the rest.

XLVII.

A SONNET

TO THE NOBLE LADY, THE LADY
MARY WROTH.

I that have been a lover, and could shew it,
Though not in these, in rhymes not
wholly dumb,

Since I exscribe your sonnets, I am become
A better lover and much better poet.

'Nor is my Muse or I ashamed to owe it
To those true numerous graces, whereof
some

But charm the senses, others overcome
Both brains and hearts; and mine now best
do know it:

For in your verse all Cupid's armory,
His flames, his shafts, his quiver, and
his bow,

His very eyes are yours to overthrow,
But then his mother's sweets you so apply,
Her joys, her smiles, her loves, as readers
take

For Venus' cestion every line you make.

XLVIII.

A FIT OF RHYME AGAINST RHYME.

Rhyme, the rack of finest wits,
That expressed! but by fits

¹ Since I exscribe your sonnets, &c.] The allusion is probably to Lady Wroth's *Urania*, a pastoral romance published in 1621. This, in imitation of her uncle's (Sir Philip Sidney's) *Arcadia*, is interspersed with songs, sonnets, and other little pieces of poetry, which our author, who seems to have been favoured with the MS., was permitted to copy. The *Urania* has long been forgotten, and no revolution in taste or manners can ever revive its memory: yet it was once in considerable vogue; it did not, perhaps, like Tetrachordon, number good intellects yet it certainly counted many bright eyes, among its admirers. The poetical part of *Urania* is rather above than below the usual standard of ladies rhymes, and though the *chariest maid* of these times may read it without the smallest peril (except of her patience), it was looked upon as inflammatory by the combustible damsels of James's days:

"The Lady Wroth's *Urania* is complete
With elegancies; but too full of heat?"

Sir Aston Cokayne Says; and he was not singular in his opinion. The following sonnet may serve as a specimen of the poetry which our author exscribed: it is neither the best nor the worst of the collection

True conceit,
Spoiling senses of their treasure,
Cozening judgment with a measure,
But false weight;

Wresting words from their true calling;
Propping verse for fear of falling

To the ground;
Jointing syllables, drowning letters,
Fastening vowels, as with fetters

They were bound!
Soon as lazy thou wert known,
All good poetry hence was trown,

And art banished:
For a thousand years together,
All Parnassus' green did wither,

And wit vanished!
Pegasus did fly away,

At the wells no Muse did stay,
But bewailed,

So to seo the fountain dry,
And Apollo's music die,

All light failed!
Starveling rhymeb did fill the stage,
Not a poet in an age

Worthy crowning.
Not a work deserving praise,
Nor a line deserving bays,

Pallas frowning:
Greek was free from rhyme's infection,
Happy Greek, by this protection,

Was not spoiled.
Whilst tli'- Latin, queen of tongues,
Is not yet free from rhyme's wrongs,

But rests foiled.

"SONNET.

"Late in the forest I did Cupid see,
Cold, wet, and crying, he had lost his way;
And being blind was farther like to stray:
Which sight a kind compassion bred in me,
I gently took nnd dried him, while that he,
Poor child, complained he starved was with
stay,

And pined for want of his accustomed prey;
For none in that wild place his host would be.

I glad was of his finding, thinking sure
This service should my freedom still procure;

And to my breast I took him then unarmed,
Carr'ing him safe unto a myrtle bower:

But in the way he made me feel his power,
Burning my heart, who had him kindly
warned."

Sir Robert Wroth, the husband of this celebrated lady, was atao a poet: fortunately his genius was turned to wit; as hers to love; so that the respective pursuits of this tuneful pair did not clash, and the domestic harmony continued unbroken to the end:

*Felices ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula nee malis
Divitibus querimonis
Sutrema citius sol-vet amor die I*

Scarce the hill again doth flourish,
Scarce the world a wit doth nourish,
To restore

Phoebus to his crown again;
And the Muses to their brain;
As before.

Vulgar languages that want
Words, and sweetness, and be scant
Of true measure,
Tyrant rhyme hath so abused,
That they long since have refused
Other censure.

He that first invented thee,
May his joints tormented be,
Cramped for ever;

Still may syllables' jar with time,
Still may reason war with rhyme,
Resting never!

May his sense when it would meet
The cold tumour in his feet,
Grow unsunder;
And his title be long fool,
That in rearing such a school
Was the founder 1

XLIX.

AN EPIGRAM

ON WILLIAM, LORD BURLEIGH, LORD
HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND.¹

If thou wouldst know the virtues of man-
kind,

Read here in one what thou in all canst
find,

And go no further: let this circle be
Thy universe, though his epitome.

CECIL, the grave, the wise, the great, the
good,

What is there more that can ennoble blood?
The orphan's pillar, the true subject's
shield,

The poor's full store-house, and just ser-
vant's field.

The only faithful watchman for the realm,
That in all tempests never quit the helm,

¹ *Still may syllables.*] Whalley reads syl-
lables here and in the preceding page, but
injuriously in both places. Tonson uses *syllabe*
almost invariably; for which he is commended
by Home Tooke.

An epigram, &c.) "Presented (the fol.
says) upon a plate of gold to his son Robert,
Earl of Salisbury, when he was also Treasurer." Lord
Burleigh died in August, 1598. There are
no means of ascertaining the date of this
epigram: if it was written on the same occasion
as that noble one, p. 237 a, it was produced in
1608. But whatever might be the period of its
appearance, it was equally worthy of the poet

But stood unshaken in his deeds and name,
And laboured in the work; not with the
fame:

That still was good for goodness' sake,
nor thought

Upon reward, till the reward him sought.
Whose offices and honours did surprise,
Rather than meet him: and before his eyes
Closed to their peace, he saw his branches
shoot,

And in the noblest families took root,
Of all the land. Who now at such a rate
Of divine blessing, would not serve a state?

L.

AN EPIGRAM

To THOMAS, LORD ELSMERE,³ THE
LAST TERM HE SAT CHANCELLOR.

So, justest lord, may all your judgments be
Laws; and no change e'er come to one de-
cree:

So may the king proclaim your conscience is
Law to his law: and think your enemies his:
So from all sickness may you rise to health;
The care and wish still of the public weal:
So may the gentler Muses and good fame
Still fly about the odour of your name;
As, with the safety and honour of the laws,
You favour truth, and me, in this man's
cause 1

LI.

ANOTHER, TO THE SAME.⁴

The judge his favour timely then extends,
When a good cause is destitute of friends,
Without the pomp of counsel; or more aid
Than to make falsehood blush and fraud
afraid:

When those good few that her defenders
be,

Are there for charity and not for fee.
Such shall you hear to-day, and find great
foes

Both armed with wealth and slander to
oppose,

and the patron, who must have been highly
gratified with the judicious and characteristic
applause bestowed on the great statesman to
whose honours he succeeded.

For this excellent person see p. 339. He
held the seals, in compliance with the reite-
rated intreaties of James, till the 3rd of March,
1617, when, as Camden tells us, the king re-
ceived them from him with tears of gratitude.

This Epigram (Tonson says) was written for a
poor man, who had a suit depending before
Lord Elsmere. Its date may be referred to
Michaelmas Term, 1616.

¹ For the same poor man.

Who thus long safe, would gain upon the times
A right by the prosperity of their crimes ;
Who, though their guilt and perjury they know,
Think, yea, and boast, that they have done it so,
As, though the Court pursues them on the scent,
They will come off, and 'scape the punishment.
When this appears, just lord, to your sharp sight,
He does you wrong that craves **you to** do right.

UI.

AN EPIGRAM

To THE COUNSELLOR THAT PLEADED,
AND CARRIED THE CAUSE.

That I hereafter do not think the bar,
The seat made of a more than civil war,¹
Or the great hall at Westminster, the field
Where mutual frauds are fought, and no side yield,

That henceforth I believe nor books nor men.

Who 'gainst the law weave calumnies, my BENN,²

But when I read or hear the names so rife,
Of hirelings, wranglers, stitchers-to of strife,

Hook-handed harpies, gowned vultures, put

Upon the reverend pleaders ; do now shut
All mouths that dare entitle them, from hence,

To the wolves' study, or dogs' eloquence;
Thou art my Cause: whose manners since I knew,

Have made me to conceive a lawyer new.
So dost thou study matter, men, and times,
Mak'st it religion to grow rich by crimes;
Dar'st not abuse thy wisdom in the laws,
Or skill to carry out an evil cause:

But first dost vex and search it! if not sound,

Thou prov'st the gentler ways to cleanse the wound,

And make the scar fair; if that will not be,

Thou hast the brave scorn to put back the fee!

But in a business that will bide the touch,
What use, what strength of reason, and how much

Of books, of precedents hast thou at hand !
As if the general store thou didst command
Of argument, still drawing forth the best,
And not being borrowed by thee, but pos-
sest.

So com'st thou like a chief into the court
Armed at all pieces, as to keep a fort
Against a multitude ; and, with thy style
So brightly brandished, wound'st, defend'st!
the while

Thy adversaries fall, as not a word
They had, but were a reed unto thy sword.
Then com'st thou off with victory and palm,
Thy hearers' nectar and thy clients' balm,
The court's just honour and thy judge's love.

And (which doth all achievements get above)
Thy sincere practice breeds not thee a fame
Alone, but ail thy rank a reverend name.

LIII.

AN EPIGRAM

To THE SMALL-POX.

Envious and foul disease, could there not be
One beauty in an age, and free from thee ?
What did she worth thy spite? were there
not store

Of those that set by their false faces more
Than this did by her true ? she never sought
Quarrel with nature, or in balance brought
Art her false servant; nor, for Sir Hugh
Plat,³

Was drawn to practise other hue than that
Her own blood gave her : she ne'er had,
nor hath

Any belief in Madam Bawdbee's bath,
Or Turner's oil of talc : nor ever got
Spanish receipt to make her teeth to rot.
What was the cause then ? thought's! thou,
in disgrace

Of beauty, so to nullify a face,
That heaven should make no more; or
should amiss

Make all hereafter, hadst thou ruined this ?

¹ A more than civil war.]

Plusquam civilia bella.—LUCAN.

² Who 'tqainst the law weave calumnies, my—.] This blank, I imagine, was to have been filled with the name of the counsellor who pleaded in the cause: it must be a word of one syllable, and answer in rhyme to *men*, the close

of the preceding verse. From these particulars, it is probable the person here meant w *Anthony Benn*, who succeeded the solicitor Coventry in the recordership of London.—WHAL.

Sir Hugh Plat.] He was a complete of recipes for making cosmetics, oils, ointments, &c. &c.; one of his books is entitled, "Delight for ladies to adorn their persons, &c. 1648."

Ay, that thy aim was { but her fate pre-
vailed :
And, scorned, thou'st shown thy malice,
but hast failed !

LIV.
AN EPITAPH.

What beauty would have lovely styled,
What manners pretty, nature mild,
What wonder perfect, all were filed
Upon record, in this blest child.
And till the coming of the soul
To fetch the flesh, we keep the roll.

LV.
A SONG.
LOVER.

Come, let us here enjoy the shade,
For love in shadow best is made.
Though Envy oft his shadow be,
None brooks the sun-light worse than he.

MISTRESS.
Where love doth shine, there needs no sun,
All lights into his one do run ;
Without which all the world were dark ;
Yet he himself is but a spark.

ARBITER.
A spark to set whole world a-fire,
Who, more they burn, they more desire,
And have their being their waste to see ;
And waste still that they still might be.

CHORUS.
Such are his powers, whom time hath
styled,
Now swift, now slow, now tame, now wild ;
Now hot, now cold, now fierce, now mild ;
The eldest god, yet still a child.

LVI.
AN EPISTLE
To A FRIEND.

Sir, I am thankful, first to heaven for
you ;
Next to yourself, for making your love
true ;
Then to your love and gift. And all's but
due.

You have unto my store added a book,
On which with profit I shall never look,
But must confess from whom that gift I
took,

Not like your country neighbours that
commit

Their vice of loving for a Christmas-fit ;
Which is indeed but friendship of the spit :

But, as a friend, which name yourself
receive,
And which you (being the worthier)' gave
me leave

In letters, that mix spirits, thus to weave.

Which, how most sacred I will ever keep,
So may the fruitful vine my temples steep,
And fame wake for me when I yield to
sleep I

Though you sometimes proclaim me too
severe,
Rigid, and harsh, which is a drug austere
In friendship, I confess: but, dear friend,
hear.

Little know they, that profess amity,
And seek to scant her comely liberty,
How much they lame her in her property,

And less they know, who being free to
use
That friendship which no chance but love
did choose,
Will unto licence that fair leave abuse.

It is an act of tyranny, not love,
In practised friendship wholly to reprove,
As flattery, with friends' humours still to
move.

From each of which I labour to be freed
Yet if with either's vice I tainted be,
Forgive it, as my frailty, and not me.

For no man lives so out of passion's sway
But shall sometimes be tempted to obey
Her fury, yet no friendship to betray.

LVII.
AN ELEGY.

Thine true I'm broke ! vows, oaths, and all
I had'

Of credit lost. And I am now run mad ;
Or do upon myself some desperate ill :
This sadness makes no approaches but to
kill.

It is a darkness hath blocked up my sense,
And drives it in to eat on my offence,

¹ *'Tis trite, rm broke, &c.]* This, and the next three Elegies, are all addressed to the same person. The lady, whoever she was, appears to have had a love affair with the poet, who, in a moment of intoxication, had betrayed her confidence, and disclosed the secret of their connection.

Or there to starve it. Help, O you that
may

Alone lend succours, and this fury stay.
Offended mistress, you are yet so fair,
As light breaks from you that affrights de-
spair,

And fills my powers with persuading joy,
That you should be too noble to destroy.
There may some face or menace of a storm
Look forth, but cannot last in such a storm.
If there be nothing worthy you can see
Of graces, or your mercy here in me,
Spare your own goodness yet; and be not
great

In will and power, only to defeat.
God and the good know to forgive and
save;

The ignorant and fools no pity have.
I will not stand to justify my fault,
Or lay th' excuse upon the vintner's vault;
Or in confessing of the crime be nice,
Or go about to countenance the vice,
By naming in what company 'twas in,
As I would urge authority for sin;
No, I will stand arraigned and cast, to be
The subject of your grace in pardoning me,
And (styled your mercy's creature) will live
more

Your honour now than your disgrace be-
fore.

Think it was frailty, mistress, think me
man,

Think that yourself, like heaven, forgive
me can:

Where weakness doth offend, and virtue
grieve,

There greatness takes a glory to relieve.
Think that I once was yours, or may be

now;

Nothing is vile that is a part of you.
Error and folly in me may have crost
Your just commands; yet those, not I, be
lost.

I am regenerate now, become the child
Of your compassion; parents should be
mild;

There is no father that for one demerit,
Or two, or three, a son will disinherit;
That as the last of punishments is meant;
No man inflicts that pain till hope be
spent:

An ill-affected limb, whate'er it ail,
We cut not off till all cures else do fail;
And then with pause; for severed once,
that's gone,

Would live his glory that could keep it on.
Do not despair my mending; to distrust
Before you prove a medicine, is unjust:
You may so place me, and in such an air,

As not alone the cure, but scar be fair.
That is, if still your favours you apply,
And not the bounties you have done deny.
Could you demand the gifts you gave
again!

Why vvas't? did e'er the clouds ask back
their rain?

The sun his heat and light? the air his
dew?

I Or winds the spirit by which the flower so
grew?

That were to wither all, and make a grave
Of that wise nature would a cradle have.

Her order is to cherish and preserve;
Consumption's, nature to destroy and
scroe.

lint to exact again what once is given,
Is nature's mere obliquity; as heaven

Should ask the blood and spirits he hath
infused

In man, because man hath the flesh abused.
O may your wisdom take example hence,

God lightens not at man's each frail offence:
He pardons slips, goes by a world of ills,

And then his thunder frights more than it
kills.

lie cannot angry be but all must quake;
It shakes e'en him that all things else doth

shake,
And how more fair and lovely looks the

world
In a calm sky, than when the heaven is

hurled
About in clouds and wrapt in raging

weather,
As all with storm and tempest ran together!

O imitate that sweet serenity,
That makes us live, not that which calls to

die.
In dark and sullen morns do we not say,

This looketh like an execution-day?
And with the vulgar doth it not obtain

The name of cruel weather, storm and
rain?

Be not affected with these marks too much
Of cruelty, lest they do make you such;

But view the mildness of your Maker's
state,

As I the penitent's here emulate.
He, when he sees a sorrow such as this,

Straight puts off all his anger, and doth
kiss

The contrite soul who hath no thought to
win

Upon the hope to have another sin
Forgiven him: and in that line stand I

Rather than once displease you more, to
die,

To suffice? tortures, scom, swj4infamy,

What fools, and all their parasites can
apply;

The wit of ale, and genius of the malt
Can pump for, or a libel without salt
Produce; though threat'ning with a coal
or chalk.

On every wall, and sung where-e'er I walk.
I number these, as being of the chore
Of contumely, and urge a good man more
Than sword, or fire, or what is of the race
To carry noble danger in the face:

There is not any punishment or pain
A man should fly from, as he would dis-
dain.

Then, mistress, here, here let your rigour end,
And let your mercy make me ashamed t'
offend;

I will no more abuse my vows to you,
Than I will study falsehood to be true.

O that you could but by dissection see
How much you are the better part of me ;
How all my fibres by your spirit do move,
And that there is no life in me but love !

You would be then most confident, that
though

Public affairs command me now to go
Out of your eyes, and be awhile away,
Absence or distance shall not breed decay.
Your form shines here, here fixed in my
heart:

I may dilate myself, but not depart.
Others by common stars their courses run,
When I see you then I do see my Sun:
Till then 'tis all but darkness that I have;
Rather than want your light, I wish a grave.

LVIII.

AN ELEGY.

To make the doubt clear, that no woman's
true,

Was it my fate to prove it full In you?¹

¹ *To make the doubt clear, that, &c.*) There is a collection of Dr. Donne's poems in 8vo, 1669, amongst which is this elegy : how it came there I know not, for there is no doubt but it is Jonson's. —WH AL.

Whalley appears not to have known that the elegy was printed in a 410 edition of Donne's Poems, which came out in 1633. I have already observed that there was a mutual communication of MSS. between the two poets, and the verses before us might be found among the doctor's papers (for he was now dead), and published by his son, or by those who collected them, as his own.

The preceding poem, in which the poet so ingenuously confessed his fault, and so earnestly sued for pardon, appears to have had its effect, and reconciled the lovers. They were still however, imprudent: the lady in her turn

Thought I but one had breathed the purer
air,

And must she needs be false because she's
fair?

Is it your beauty's mark, or of your youth,
Or your perfection, not to study truth ?
Or think you heaven is deaf, or hath no
eyes,

Or those it hath wink at your perjuries?
Are vows so cheap with women? or the
matter

Whereof they are made, that they are writ
in water,

And blown away with wind ? or doth their
breath,

Both hot and cold at once, threat life and
death?

Who could have thought so many accents
sweet

Tuned to our words, so many sighs should
meet

Blown from our hearts, so many oaths and
tears

Sprinkled among, all sweeter by our fears,
And the divine impression of stol'n kisses,
That sealed the rest, could now prove empty
blisses ?

Did you draw bonds to forfeit? sign to
break?

Or must we read you quite from what you
speak,

And find the truth out the wrong way ? or
must

He first desire you false, would wish you
just?

O, I prowit! though most of women be
The common monster, Love shall except
thee,²

My dearest love, though froward jealousy
With circumstance might urge the contrary.
Sooner I'll think the sun would cease to
cheer

trusted a false friend, who abused her confidence, and traduced the parties to each other, till he had stirred up a mutual jealousy, and finally separated them. On the discovery of this treachery, Jonson writes the second elegy, which, like the first, led to a reconciliation.

I have no knowledge of the person to whom these Elegies were addressed. I once thought them to be scholastic exercises like the desperate love verses of Donne and Cowley; but they now strike me as too earnest for anything but a real intrigue.

The text of the folio (the blunders of which I am weary of noticing) has been much improved by a collation with the copy in Donne's works.

[In Donne's Works this line stands,

This kind of beat, my thoughts shall except
~~that.~~ —F. C.]

The teeming earth, and that forget to bear;
Sooner that rivers would run back, or
Thames

With ribs of ice in June would bind his
streams;

Or Nature, by whose strength the world
endures,

Would change her course before you alter
yours.

But O, that treacherous breast I to whom
weak you

Did trust our counsels, and we both may
rue,

Having his falsehood found too late I 'twas
he

That made me cast you guilty, and you me;
Whilst he, black wretch, betrayed each
simple word

We spake, unto the running of a third !
Curs't may he be that so our love hath
slain,

And wander wretched on the earth as
Cain;

Wretched as he, and not deserve least pity!
In plaguing him let misery be witty.

Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each
eye,

Till he be noisome as his infamy ;
May he without remorse deny God thrice,

And not be trusted more on his soul's price;
And after all self-torment, when he dies,

May wolves tear out his heart, vultures his
eyes,

Swine eat his bowels, and his falser tongue,
That uttered all, be to some raven flung;

And let his carrion corse be a longer feast
To the King's dogs than any other beast !

Now I have curs't, let us our love revive;
In me the flame was never more alive.

I could begin again to court and praise,
And in that pleasure lengthen the short
days

Of my life's lease; like painters that do
take

Delight, not in made works, but whilst they
make.

I could renew those times when first I saw
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue
the law

To like what you liked, and at masques or
plays

Commend the self-same actors the same
ways;

But O, that treacherous breast I to whom
weak you

Did trust our counsels, and we both may
rue,

Having his falsehood found too late I 'twas
he

That made me cast you guilty, and you me;
Whilst he, black wretch, betrayed each
simple word

We spake, unto the running of a third !
Curs't may he be that so our love hath
slain,

And wander wretched on the earth as
Cain;

Wretched as he, and not deserve least pity!
In plaguing him let misery be witty.

Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each
eye,

Ask how you did, and often with intent
Of being officious, grow impertinent;
All which were such soft pastimes, as in
these

Love was as subtly caught as a disease.
But being got, it is a treasure sweet,

Which to defend is harder than to get;
And ought not be profaned on either part,

For though 'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by
art.

LIX.

AN ELEGY.

That love's a bitter sweet I ne'er conceive,
Till the sour minute comes of taking leave,

And then I taste it: but as men drink up
In haste the bottom of a med'cined cup,

And take some sirup after; so do I,
To put all relish from my memory

Of parting, drown it, in the hope to meet
Shortly again, and make our absence sweet.

This makes me, mistress, that sometime by
stealth,

Under another name, I take your health,
And turn the ceremonies of those Nights:

I give, or owe my friends, into your Rites:
But ever without blazon, or least shade

Of vows so sacred, and in silence made:
For though Love thrive and may grow up
with cheer,

And free society, he's born elsewhere,
And must be bred so to conceal his birth,

As neither wine do rack it out, or mirth.
Yet should the lover still be airy and light

In all his actions, rarified to spright:
Not like a Midas, shut up in himself,

And turning all he toucheth into pelf,
Keep in reserved in his dark-lantern face,

As if that excellent dulness were love's grace.
No, mistress, no, the open, merry man

Moves like a sprightly river, and yet can
Keep secret in his channels what he breeds,

'Bove all your standing waters choked
with weeds.

They look at best like cream-bowls, and
you soon

Shall find their depth; they are sounded
with a spoon.

They may say grace, and for Love's chap-
lains pass,

But the grave lover ever was an ass;
Is fixed upon one leg,¹ and dares not come

Out with the other, for he's still at home :

Ever at home, yet have all countries seen:
And, like a compass, keeping one foot still

Upon your center, do your circle fill
Of general knowledge. —

Donne i yet more fanci'd and legatome He

¹ *Is fixed upon one leg, &c.*) Jonson, like Donne, seems fond of drawing illustrations from this familiar implement. In his verses to Selden, p. 301 a, he has done it very gracefully :

"Youth' few? teen

Like (he dull wearied crane that, come on land,
Doth while he keeps his watch, betray his stand ;

Where he that knows will like a lapwing fly
Far from the nest, and so himself belie
To others, as he will deserve the trust
Due to that one that doth believe him just.
And such your servant is, who vows to keep
The jewel of your name as close as sleep
Can lock the sense up, or the heart a thought,

And never be by time or folly brought,
Weakness of brain, or any charm of wine,
The sin of boast, or other countermines,
Made to blow up love's secrets, to discover
That article may not become your lover:
Which in assurance to your breast I tell,
If I had writ no word but, Dear, farewell!

LX.

AN ELEGY.

Since you must go, and I must bid farewell.
Hear, mistress, your departing servant tell
What it is like; and do not think they can
Be idle words, though of a parting man.

It is as if a night should shade noon-day,
Or that the sun was here, but forced away;
And we were left under that hemisphere
Where we must feel it dark for half a year.
What fate is this, to change men's days and hours,

To shift their seasons and destroy their powers!

Alas! I have lost my heat, my blood, my prime,

Winter is come a quarter ere his time.
My health will leave me: and when you depart,

How shall I do, sweet mistress, for my heart?

You would restore it! no; that's worth a fear,

As if it were not worthy to be there :
O keep it still; for it had rather be
Your sacrifice, than here remain with me.
And so I spare it: come what can become
Of me, I'll softly tread unto my tomb ;
Or, like a ghost, walk silent amongst men,
Till I may see both it and you agen.

says to a wife who remains at home while her husband is abroad;

"Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth it th' other do:
And though it in the center sit,
• yet, when the other far doth roam,

LXI,
AN ELEGY.

Let me be what I am : as Virgil cold.
As Horace fat, or as Anacreon old ;
No poet's verses yet did ever move,
Whose readers did not think he was in love.
Who shall forbid me then in rhyme to be
As light and active as the youngest he
That from the Muses' fountains doth endorse

His lines, and hourly sits the poet's horse ?
Put on my ivy garland, let me see
Who frowns, who jealous is, who taxeth me.

Fathers and husbands, I do claim a right
In all that is called lovely ; take my sight,
Sooner than my affection from the fair.

No face, no hand, proportion, line or air
Of beauty, but the muse hath interest in ;
There is not worn that lace, purl, knot, or pin,

But is the poet's matter; and he must,
When he is furious, love, although not lust.
Be then content, your daughters and your wives,

If they be fair and worth it, have their lives
Made longer by our praises; or, if not,
Wish you had foul ones and deformed got,
Curs'd in their cradles, or there changed by elves,

So to be sure you do enjoy, yourselves.
Yet keep those up in sackcloth too, or lea'ther,

For silk will draw some sneaking songster thither.

It is a rhyming age, and verses swarm
At every stall; the City cap's a charm.

But I who live, and have lived twenty year,

Where I may handle silk as free, and near,
As any mercer, or the whalebone man,
That quilts those bodies I have leave to span ;

Have eaten with the beauties, and the wits,
And braveries of Court, and felt their fits
Of love and hate; and came so nigh to know
Whether their faces were their own or no:
It is not likely I should now look down
Upon a velvet petticoat, or a gown,
Whose like I have known the tailor's wife put on,

It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home."

¹ *Whose like I have known the tailor's wife put on, &c.*] Whether this be the original sketch of the Countess Pinnacia Stuffle in the *New Inn*, or be itself taken from that unfor-

To do her husband's rites in, ere 'twere
gone

Home to the customer: his lechery
Being the best clothes still to preoccupy.
Put a coach-mare in tissue, must I horse
Her presently? or leap thy wife, of force,
When by thy sordid bounty she hath on
A gown of that was the caparison?
So I might doat upon thy chairs and stools,
That are like clothed: must I be of those
fools

Of race accounted, that no passion have,
But when thy wife, as thou conceiv'st, is
brave?

Then ope thy wardrobe, think me that pool-
groom

That, from the footman, when he was be-
come

An officer there, did make most solemn love
To every petticoat he brushed, and glove
He did lay up; and would adore the shoe
Or slipper was left off, and kiss it too;
Court every hanging gown, and after that
Lift up some one, and do—I tell not what.
Thou didst tell me, and wert o'erjoyed to
peep

In at a hole, and see these actions creep
From the poor wretch, which though he
played in prose,

He would have done in verse, with any of
those

Wrung on the withers by Lord Love's de-
spite,

Had he the faculty to read and write!
Such songsters there are store of; witness
he

That chanced the lace laid on a smock to
see,

And straightway spent a sonnet; with that
other

That, in pure madrigal, unto his mother
Commended the French hood and scarlet
gown

tunate play, as the lines are not dated, cannot
be told; the resemblance, however, is perfect:

"Master Static,

When he makes any fine garment that will suit
me,

Or any rich thing that he thinks of price,
Then must I put it on," &c,

¹ *Unto the Spittle sermon.*] The Spittle
sermons were preached at that time, in a pulpit
erected for the purpose, in what is now called
Spittle Square. They lasted through the Easter
week.

² *In smiling l'envoy.*] i. e., in a kind of
supercilious close. For *Fenvey*, see *vot i*

³ *And wky to me, &c.*] This poem tat no

The lady raay'ress passed in through the
town,

Unto the Spittle sermon.¹ O what strange
Variety of silks were on the Exchange!
Or in Moor-fields, this other night, sings
one!

Another answers, 'las! those silks are none,
In smiling l'envoy, as he would deride
Any comparison had with his Cheapside;
And vouches both the pageant and the day,
When not the shops but windows do display
The stuffs, the velvets, plushes, fringes, lace,
And all the original riots of the place.

Let the poor fools enjoy their follies, love
A goat in velvet; or some block could move

Under that cover, an old midwife's hat I
Or a close-stool so cased; or any fat

Bawd in a velvet scabbard! I envy
None of their pleasures! nor will ask thee
why

Thou art jealous of thy wife's or daughter's
case;

More than of either's manners, wit, or face!

LXII.

AN EXECRATION UPON VULCAN.

And why to me this? thou lame Lord of
Fire!³

What had I done that might call on thine
ire?

Or urge thy greedy flame thus to devour
So many years' labours in an hour?

I ne'er attempted Vulcan 'gainst thy life;
Nor made least line of love to thy loose
wife;

Or in remembrance of thy affront and scorn,
With clowns and tradesmen kept thee
closed in horn.⁴

Twas Jupiter that hurled thee headlong
down,

And Mars that gave thee a lanthora for a
crown.

date affixed to it: it was printed in 4to, and
12mo, 1640, and again in the folio of that year;
the present text has been formed from a careful
collation of all the copies.

There is a degree of wit and vivacity in these
verses which does no little credit to the equani-
mity of the poet, who speaks of a loss so irre-
parable to him, not only with forbearance, but
with pleasantry and good humour. The *lattice*
lord is from Catullus:

*Serifa tardipedi deo daturum
Infeticibus ustulanda flammis.*

⁴ *With cfoams and tradesmen kept thee
closed in kotn.*] This is a joke of very ancient
standing: *Heus tu, qui Vulcanum conclusum
in corn gtris* / Plaut *Amphytr.*—WHAT

Was it because thou wert of old denied,
By Jove, to have Minerva for thy bride;
That since, thou tak'st all envious care and
pain

To ruin every issue of the brain?

Had I wrote treason there, or heresy,
Imposture, witchcraft, charms, or blas-
phemy;

I had deserved then thy consuming looks,
Perhaps to have been burned with my books.
But, on thy malice, tell me didst thou spy
Any least loose or scurril paper lie
Concealed or kept there, that was fit to be,
By thy own vote, a sacrifice to thee?
Did I there wound the honours of the crown,
Or tax the glories of the church and gown?
Itch to defame the state, or brand the times,
And myself most, in lewd self-boasting
rhymes?

If none of these, then why this fire? Or find
A cause before, or leave me one behind.

Had I compiled from Amadis de Gaul,
The Esplandians, Arthurs, Palmenns, and
all

The learned library of Don Quix6te,
And so some goodlier monster had begot;
Or spun out riddles, or weaved fifty tomes
Of Logographes, or curious Palindromes,
Or pumped forth those hard trifles, Anagrams,
Or Eteostics, or those finer flames
Of eggs and halberds, cradles, and a herse,
A pair of scissars, and a comb in verse;
Acrostichs, and telestichs on jump names,
Thou then hadst had some colour for thy
flames,

On such my serious follies: but thou'lt say
There were some pieces of as base alloy,
And as false stamp there; parcels of a play,
Fitter to see the fire-light than the day;
Adulterate monies, such as would not go:—
Thou shouldst have stayed till public Fame
said so;

She is the judge, thou executioner:

Or, if thou needs wouldst trench upon her
power,

Thou might'st have yet enjoyed thy cruelty
With some more thrift, and more variety:
Thou raight'st have had me perish piece by
piece,

To light tobacco, or save roasted geese,
Singe capons, or crisp pigs, dropping' their
eyes;

Condemned me to the ovens with the pies;
And so have kept me dying a whole age,
Not ravished all hence in a minute's rage.—
Rut that's a mark whereof thy rites do boast,
To make consumption ever where thou
go'st.

Had I foreknown of this thy least desire
To have held a triumph, or a feast of fire,
Especially in paper; that that steam
Had tickled thy large nostrils; many a ream,
To redeem mine, I had sent in: ENOUGH!
Thou shouldst have cried, and all been pro-
per stuff.

The Talmud and the Alcoran had come,
With pieces of the legend;³ the whole sum
Of errant knighthood, with the dames and
dwarfs;

The charmed boats, and the enchanted
wharfs,

The Tristrams, Lancelots, Turpins, and the
Peers,

All the mad Rolands and sweet Olivers;¹
To Merlin's marvels, and his Cabal's loss
With the chimera of the Rosie-cross,
Their seals, their characters, hermetic rings,
Their gem of riches, and bright stone that
brings

Invisibility, and strength, and tongues;
The art¹ of kindling the true coal by
Lungs;

With Nicolas' Pasquils, Meddle with your
match,

And the strong lines that do the tiroes so
catch;

¹ *Acrostichs, and telestichs, &c.*) All these fooleries in verse were practised ages ago, by writers who atoned for want of genius by the labour of their compositions. This is Whalley's remark, and it wa' undoubtedly so; but the folly was again become epidemic, in consequence of the publication of Puttenham's *Arte of English Peetrie*, in which "these prettie conceits, emrs, altars, wings, lozenges, rondels, and puamios" are recommended to the poet's imitation. "At the beginning (he says) they will seeme nothing pleasant to the English care; but time and usage will make them acceptable enough." [The word *jump* is here used as in Hamlet, "*jump* at this dead hour."—F. C.]

• The MS. of this piece in the British Museum reads, with mom variety,

"Clothe spices, or guard sweetmeats from the flies."

[The condemnation to the "ovens with the pies," seems prophetic of the doings of Mr. Warburton and his cook.—F. C.]

• *With pieces of the Legend.*) The Lives of the Saints: these are well coupled with the Jewish and Mahomedan dreams.

¹ *The art of kindling the true coal by Lungs, &c.*] *Lungs* (see vol. u. p. 19 a) were the unhappy drudges kept by the alchemists to blow their *true* (i. e., their beechen) coal: for bellows were not used by them.

Nicolas is probably Nic Breton, a voluminous publisher, who has many little pieces under the njunc of *Pasqvii*; such as *Pasqwil'i Pasaioa*,

Or Captain Pamphlet's horse and foot, that
sally

Upon the Exchange still, out of Popc's-
head alley ;

The weekly Courants, with Pauls seal ; ' and
all

The admired discourses of the prophet liall.
These, hadst thou pleased either to dine
or sup,

Had made a meal for Vulcan to lick up.
But in my desk what was there to accite
So ravenous and vast an appetite ?

I dare not say a body, bin some parts
There were of search, and mastery m the
arts.

All the old Venusine, in poetry,
And lighted by the Stagente, could spy,
Was there made English ; with a grammar
too,

To teach some that their nurses could not
do,

The purity of Language ; and, among
The rest, my journey into Scotland sung,
With all the adventures : three books, not
afraid

To speak the fate of the Sicilian maid,
To our own ladies ; and in story there
Of our fifth Henry, eight of his nine year ;
Wherein was oil, beside the succours spent,
Which noble Carew, Cotton, Seldcn lent :
And twice twelve years stored up humanity,
With humble gleanings in divinity ;
After the' fathers, and those wiser guides
Whom faction had not drawn to study
sides.

How in these ruins, Vulcan, thou dost
lurk,

All soot and embers I odious as thy work I

I now begin to doubt if ever Grace,
Or goddess, could be patient of thy face.
Thou woo Minerva ! or to wit aspire !
'Cause thou canst halt with us in arts and
fire!

Son of the Wind ! for so thy mother, gone
With lust, conceived thee ; father thou
hadst none.

When thou wert born, and that thou look'dst
at best,

She clurst not kiss, but flung thee from her
breast ;

And so did Jove, who ne'er meant thee his
cup.

No mar'le the clowns of Lemnos took thee
up !

For none but smiths would have made thee
a god.

Some alchemist there may be yet, or odd
'Squire of the squibs, against the pageant-
day,

May to thy name a VULC -NALK say ;
And for it lose his eyes with gunpowder,
As th' other may his brains with quick-
silver.—

Well fare the wise men yet, on the Bank'
side,

My friends the watermen ! they could pro-
vide

Against thy fury, when to serve their needs,
They made a Vulcan of a sheaf of reeds,
Whom they durst handle in their holiday
coats,

And safely trust to dress, not burn their
boats.

But O those reeds ! thy mere disdain of
them

Made thee beget that cruel stratagem,

Pasquil's Mad-cap, &c. In the pointing this
line, the MS. in the British Museum has been
followed. -The strong lines, &c., are the political
satires which were now dispersed in great
numbers, and caught the times but too suc-
cessfully.

¹ The weekly courants, with Pauls seal, &c.]
A sarcastical allusion to the stories fabricated
by the idle walkers in St. Paul's, and weekly
detailed by Butter and others as authentic in-
telligence. For the prophet Ball, see vol. ii.
p. 307 a.

A m'ljor Vulcan to lick up.} Thus
Pope:

" From shelf to shelf see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all the physic of the soul."

All the olJ Vettusine, &c.] He alludes to
his translation of Horace's Art of Pot try, illus-
trated with notes from Aristotle's Poetics. The
translation is preserved; and much of what
seemed to have been intended for the notes is

VOL. III.

likewise to be met with in the Discoveries: th'
Grammar is also preserved, and printed.—
WHAL.

Literature sustained no little loss by the de-
struction of the Art of Poetry, illustrated, as it
appears to have been, by a perpetual commen-
tary from Aristotle. If any part of the Disco-
veries were appended as notes to the translation,
it could not be very considerable. What we
have now forms, I believe, but a small part of
the original matter ; consisting of occasional re-
collections only, set down as they occurred, and
several of them evidently of a late date. The
translation itself, perhaps, is not what it was at
first; for the two copies of it which have reached
us, and which may be only transcripts of tran-
scripts, differ from each other in numberless
instances. Whalley is evidently wrong also in
what he says of the Grammar. The perfect
copy was destroyed; and all that is come down
to us an mere fragments: parts, indeed, of the
original materials, but dislocated and imperfect.

Which some are pleased to style but thy
mad prank,
Against the Globe, the glory of the Bank !
Which, though it "ere the fort of the whole
parish,
Flanked with a ditch, and forced out of a
inarish,
I saw with two poor chambers taken in,²
And razed; ere thought could urge this
might have been !
See the World's rums! nothing but the
piles
Left, and wit since to cover it with tiles.
The Brethren they straight nosed it out for
news,
'Twas verily some relict of the Stews ;
And this a sparkle of that lire let loose,

¹ *Against the Globe, the glory of [th] Bank.]*
The *Globe playhouse*, situated on the *Bank-side*,
burnt down about this time.—WHAT.

About what time ? The only notice which we have of this poem is, found in a letter by Howell "to his father, Master Ben Jonson," dated 2;th Junc, 1629. "Desiring you to look better hereafter to your charcoal fire and chimney, which I am glad to be one that preserved from burning, this being the *second time* that Vulcan hath threatened you;—it maybe because you ha'e spoken ill of his wife, and been too busy with his horns; I rest your son, &c." Here the allusion is evidently to the first ten hues of the "Execration;" but this decides nothing with respect to the period of its first appearance.

The date of the fire at the Globe can be distinctly ascertained from a letter of Mr. Chamberlaine to Sir Ralph Winwood, among the Staie papers.

The burning of the *Globe*, or Playhouse on the Bankside, on St. Peter's day, cannot escape you; which fell out by a peale of chambers, that I know not upon what occasion were to be used in the play:— the tompin or btopple of one of them lighting in the thatch that coveied the house, burned it down to the ground in less than I two hours, with a dwelling-house adjoining; and it was a great marvaile and fair grace of God that the people had so little harm, having but two narrow doors, to get out." July 8th, 1613.

It is useless to inquire why Jonson, whose memory, though less retentive than formerly, was yet perhaps sufficiently strong, remained inactive; but with the exception of the two fragments just mentioned, he apparently made no effort to repair his loss.

The journey into Scotland was the ever memorable visit to Drummond, "that false friend," as Chetwood calli him, "who treats the memory of Ben as if he were an idle madman." Drummond could not appear more base than he now docs—but, such was the honest warmth and affection of Jonson—had this poeem survived, hut admirers would not have dared to insult the common sense and feeling of mankind by terming this pscuetichypocrite was friend of Jonson.

The *Kale* Therapeof prosa and poet, perhaps his

That was raked up in the Winchestriaa
goose,

Bred on the Bank in time of Popery,
When Venus there maintained the mystery.³
But others fell, with that conceit, by the ears,
And cried it was a threatening to the bc.irs,
And that accursed ground, the Pans-gar
den:

Nay, sighed a sister, Venus' nun, Kate
Arden,⁴

Kindled the fire!—but then, did one return,
No fool would his own harvest spoil or
burn !—

If that were so, thou rather wouldst advance
The place that was thy 'wife's inheritance.
O no, cried all, Fortune, for being a whore,
Scaped not his justice any jot the mom' :

much regretted: but the destruction of the *Ui'tory*; Henry K, which was so nearly camvktcd, must ever be considered as a serious ni'sfortunc. The vigour and maculine cleavage ui Jonvn's style, the clearness of his judgment, the precision of his intelligence, aided by the intimate knowledge of domestic and general histoio possessed by C.uew ((Scorge, Lord Caiew), Cotton, and Selden, three of the most le'irmed men of that or any other "gc", could not have been exerted without producing a work of which, if spared to us, we might oe justly proud.

Of the value of the *philological collections of twenty-four years*, wine idea may be formed from what remains of the *Discoveries* or notes on the *Poetics* of Aristotle and Horace ; and the *gleanings* in Divinity, if they had not answered a nobler and better purpose, would at least serve to bring additional shame on those who, in defiance of so many proofs to the contrary, spitefully persist in a cubing the poet of a marked induTuece to religious, or, yet worse, of a rest- less tendency to ridicule and profane it.

² 'saw with ' : poor chambers taken in.] i.e. destroyed with two .small piece' of ordnance.

³ And ttis a 'sparkle of that fire let loose,
That was raked up in the Winchestraingoose,
Bred on ike Bank m time of Papery,

When Venus there wantaint! the mystery.)
Anciently the *Bank-side* was a continued row of brothels, which were put down by proclamation in the time of Henry VIII. As this place wa' within the limits of the Bishop of Winchester's jurisdiction, a person who had suffered in ventr-eil combats, was opprobriously called a *Winchestergoose*.—WHAL.

⁴ *Venuf nun, Kate, Arfan.* This is taken from Marlowe—

"So lovely lair was Ifero, Venus' nun,
As Nature wept, thinking she wan outdone."

Kate Arden is mentioned beibr in the Epi-gram cxxxiii. p. 261 a.—F, C.)

Fortune, for famg a %
'\$;a.pdvi kitjustice a'y& 'ke msr'. Them
Was in the city tUaUx cmfled tw *Fortune*

He burnt that idol of the Revels too.

Nay, let Whitehall with revels have to do,
Though but in dances, it shall know his
power;

There was a judgment shewn too in an hour.
He is right Vulcan still! he did not spare
Troy, though it were so much his Venus'
care.

Fool, wilt thou let that in example come?
Did not she save from thence to build a
Rome?

And what hast thou done in these petty
spites,

• More than advanced the houses and their
rites?

I will not argue thee, from those, of guilt,
For they were Limit but to be better built:
Tis true that in thy wish they were de-
stroyed,

Which thou hast only vented, not enjoyed.
So wouldest thou've run upon the Roll's by
stealth,

And didst invade part of the common-
wealth,

In those records, which, were all chronicles
gone,

Would be remembered by Six Clerks to one.
But say, all six good men, what an-ver ye?
Lies there no writ out of the Chancery
Against this Vulcan? no injunction?

No order? no decree?—though we be gone
At Common-Law; methinks, in his despite,
A Court of Equity should do us right.

But to confine him to the brewhouses,
The glass-house, dye-fits, and their fur-
naces;

To live in sea-coal, and go forth in smoke;
Or, lest that vapour might the city choke,
Condemn him to the brick-kills, or some
hill.

Foot (out in Sussex), to an iron mill j
Or in small faggots have him blaze about
Vile taverns, and the drunkards piss him
out;

Or in the Bellman's lanthorn, like a spy,
Burn to a snuff, and then stink out and die;
I could invent a sentence yet were worse;
But I'll conclude all in a civil curse.

Pox on your flameship, Vulcan! if it be
To all as fatal as'thath been to me,
And to Pauls steeple; which was unto us
'Bove all your fireworks had at Ephesus,
Or Alexandria;' and, though a divine
Loss, remains yet as unrepaired as mine.

Would you had kept your forge at Etna
still!

And there made swords, bills, gloves, and
arms your fill:

Maintained the trade at Bilboa, or else-
where,

Strook in at Milan with the cutlers there;
Or stayed but where the friar and you first
met,

Who from the devil's arse did guns beget;
Or fixt in the Low Countries, where you
might

Onbol11sules do your mischiefs with delight;
Blow up and ruin, mine and countermine,
Make your petards and granades, all your
fine

Engines of murder, and enjoy the praise
Of massacring mankind so many ways 1

play-luise, vvllich likewise suffered by fire about
this time.—WHAL.

Again! *about this time*. This is a very con-
venient mode of fixing events. But the *fortune*
was not burnt down till more than eight years
after the *Globe*; that is, not till 1621.

It appears from Heywood's *English Tra-
vellers*, that this theatre took its name from a
figure of Fortune:

"Old Li&. Sirrah, come down.

Reig. Not till my pardon's sealed: I'll rather
stand here,

Like a statue, in the full front of your house
For ever; like the picture of Dame Fortune,
Before the Fortune play-house."

In the preface to this comedy, Heywood says,
"that modesty prevents him from exposing his
plays to the public view in numerous sheets,
and a large volume, under the title of works, as
others." Here, says the *Biographia Drama-
tica*, a stroke was probably aimed at Ben Jon-
son, who gave his plays the pompous title of
"Works." This stupid falsehood has been
Mfitted a thousand times. Joason no more

live his plays the title of Works, than Shak-
speare, Fletcher, Shirley, or any other writer;
nor is there a single instance of such a fact in
existence. The whole matter is, that, when he
collected his various pieces, consisting of Comedies,
Tragedies, Masques, Entertainments, Epi-
grams, and a selection of Poetry, under the
name of *Forest*, with equal taste and judgment,
and with a classical contempt of the mountebank
titles of his time, lie called the multifarious
Assemblage simply "The works of Ben Jonson."
For this proof of his good sense, he was slan-
dered even in his own time; and the charge of
arrogance and vanity is, in ours, still repeated
from fool to fool.

¹ So wouldest thou've run upon tkt rolls, &c.)
This alludes to a fire which took place in the Six
Clerks' Office; but I cannot specify the date of
it: nor of that at Whitehall [Jan. 1a, 1619—*tao*
antf, p. 9ia a], mentioned in the preceding pag.

'Bove all your fireworks had at Ephesus
And Alexandria.] The burning of toe tempi
of Diana at Ekt and tbt library at AEJ
andria.—WHAL.

We ask your absence here, we all love peace,
And pray the fruits thereof and the en-
crease;

So doth the King, and most of the King's
men

That have good places: therefore once
agen,

Pox on thee, Vulcan! thy Pandora's pox,
And all the ills that flew out of her box
Light on thee! or if those plagues 'ull iut
do,

Thy wife's pox on thee, and Bess Brough-
ton's too I

LXIII.

A SPEECH, ACCORDING TO HORACE.

Why yet, my noble hearts, they r.mnot say
But we have powder still for the King's Day,
And ordnance too: so much as from the
Tower,

T have waked, if sleeping, Spain's ambas-
sador,

Old Esop Gundomar •} the French can tell,
For they did see it the last tilting well,
That we have trumpets, armour, and great
horse,

Lances and men, and some a breaking force.
They saw too store of feathers, and more
may,

If they stay here but till St. George's day.
All ensigns of a war are not yet dead,
Nor marks of wealth so from our nation fled,
But they may see gold chains and pearl
worn then,

Lent by the London dames to the Lords'
men:

With all the dirty pains those citizens take,
To see the pride at Court, their wives do
make;

And the return those thankful courtiers
yield,

To have their husbands drawn forth to the
h

And coming home to tell what acts were
done

Under the auspice of young Swinnerton.¹

¹ *Old Jesop Gintdomar.* Gundomar appears not to have owed many obligations to nature: he was however a shrewd politician, and a bold and able needoator. He was dreaded by the court, and disliked by the people, of which we have sufficient proof in the repeated attacks made upon him by the dramatic poets, the true mirrors of their times.

[My friend Senor Pascual de Gayangos informs me that some few years ago he had an opportunity of examining the library of Count Gondomar. There were several English books, and among them a tall and well-preserved copy

What a strong fort old Pimblcoo had been!
How it held out! how, last, 'twas taken
mi-

Well, I say, thrive, thrive, brave Artillery-
yard,

Thou seed-plot of the war I that hast not
spared

Powder or paper to bring up the youth
Of London, in the military truth,
These ten years day; as all may swear that
look

But on thy practice and the posture book.
He that but saw thy curious captain's
drill,

Would think no more of Flushing or the
Brill,

Rut give them over to the common ear,
Tor that unnecessary charge they were.

Well did thy crafty clerk and knight, Sit
Hugh

Supplant bold Panton, and brought there
to view

Translated „Elian's tactics to be read,
And the Greek discipline, with the modern,
shed

So in that ground, as soon it grew to be
The city-question, whether Tilly or he
Were now the greater captain? for they saw
The Rerghen siege, and taking in Bredau,
So acted to the life, as Maurice might,
And Spmula have blushed at the sight.

O happy art! and wise epitome
Of bearing arms! most civil soldiery!
Thou canst draw forth thy forces, and
fight dry

The battles of thy Aldernnany;
Without the hazard of a drop of blood;
More than the surfeits in thee that day
stood.

Go on, increased in virtue and in fame,
And keep tho glory of the English name

Up amon nations. In the stead of bold
Ik-auch.imps and Kevills, Cliffords, Aud-
leys old,

Insert thy Hodges, and those newer men,
As Stiles, Dike, Ditchfield, Millar, Crips,
and Fen:

of the First Folio of Shakspeare, full of MS. corrections in a contemporary English hand. In some instances, passages of many lines were scored out, and others substituted. This library has since been scattered to the winds, and this unique First Folio in all probability sold for waste paper.—F. C.]

'Young Swinnerton,' Sir John Swinnerton was mayor of London in 1612. This aspiring and heroic youth was probably his son. The father had endeared himself to the citiwn' by many benefaction'.

That keep the war, though now 't be
grown more tame,

Alive yet in the noise, and still the same,
And could, if our great men should let their
sons

Come to their schools, shew them the use
of guns;

And there instruct the noble English heirs
In polinque and militar affairs.

But he that should persuade to have this
done

For education of our lordlings, soon
Should he [not] hear of billow, wind, and
storm

From the tempestuous grandlings, who'll
inform

Us, in our beanning, that arc thus and thus,
Horn, bred, allied? "hafshedure tutor us?
Arc we bybook-worms to be awed? must we
Live by their scale, that daie do nothing
free?

Why are we rich or great, except to show
All licence in our lives? what need we know
More than to praise a dog, or horse? or
speak

The hauking language? or our day to
break

With citizens? let clowns and tradesmen
breed

Their sons to study arts, the laws, the
creed :

We will believe like men of our own rank,
In so much land a year, or such a bank,
That turns us so much monies, at which
rate

Our ancestors imposed on prince and state.
Let poor nobility be virtuous : we,

Descended in a rope of titles, be
From Guy, or Bevis, Arthur, or from whom
The herald will: our blood is now become

Past any need of virtue. Let them care,
That in the cradle of then gentrie are,

To serve the state by councils and by arms :
We neither love the troubles nor the harms.

What love you then? your whore; what
study? gait,

Carriage, and dressing. There is up of late
The Academy, where the gallants meet—

What! to make legs? yes, and to smell
most sweet :

All that they do at Plays. O but first here
They learn and study ; and then practise

there.

But why are all these irons in the fire,
Of several makings? Helps, helps, to attire

His lordship; that is for his band, his hair
This, and that box his beauty to repair;

This other for his eye-brows : hence, away,
I may no longer on these pictures stay,

These carcasses of honour ; tailors' blocks
Covered with tissue, whose prosperity

mocks

The fate of things; whilst tottered virtue
holds

Her broken arms up to their empty moulds!

XLIV.

AN EPISTLE TO MASTER ARTHUR SQUB.

What I am not, and what I fain would be,
Whilst I inform myself I would teach thee,
My gentle Arthur, that it might be said
One lesson 've have both learned, and well
read.

I neither am, nor art thou one of those
That hearkens to a jack's pulse, when it
goes ;

Nor ever trusted to that friendship yet,
Was issue of the tavern or the spit:

Much less a name would we bring up or
nurse,

That could but claim a kindred from the
purse,

Those are poor ties depend on those false
ends,

'Tis virtue alone, or nothing, that knits
friends.

And as within your office¹ you do take
No piece of money, but you know, or make

Inquiry of the worth ; so must we do,
; First weigh a friend, then touch and try

him too:
For there are many slips and counterfeits.²

Deceit it. fruitful. Men have masks and
nets;

But these with wearing will themselves
unfold,

They cannot last. No lie grew ever old.
Turn him, and see his threads; look if

he be
Friend to himself that would be friend to

thee.

For that is first required, a man be his
own :

But he that's too much that, is friend of
none.

Then rest, and a friend's value understand,
It is a richer purchase than of land.

¹ And as within your office, &c.] It appears that this gentleman was one of the principal clerks in the Exchequer. I find several of his

name, in succession, in the books of that office. For there are many slips and counterfeits'. J For these terms, see vol. ii. p. 420 a

LXV.

AN EPIGRAM ON SIR EDWARD COKE,¹
WHEN HE WAS LORD CHIEF JUSTICE
OF ENGLAND.

He that should search all Glories of the
Gown,

And steps of all raised servants of the
crown,

He could not find than thee, of all that
store,

Whom Fortune aided less or virtue more.

Such, Coke, were thy beginnings, when
thy good

In others evil best was understood :

When, being the stranger's help, the poor
man's aid,

Thy just defences made th' oppressor
afraid.

Such was thy process, when integrity,
And skill in thee now grew authority,
That clients strove in question of the law
More for thy patronage than for then-
cause,

¹ An Epigram on Sir Edward Coke] Addressed to him probably when he was created Lord Chief Justice, in the year 1606.—WHAT.

Whalley assigns too early a date to this epigram; Coke was, as he says, created Lord Chief Justice in 1606; but it was of the Common Pleas: did not take the style of *Lord Chief Justice of England*, till he was advanced to the King's Bench in 1613, when he was in his sixty-fifth year. Jonson follows the style of Sir Edward in giving him this title, which he appears to have affected, and which James objected to his assuming—"He calls himself in his books," the king says, "Lord Chief Justice of England, whereas he can challenge no more but Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench."

This great lawyer did not bear his faculties meekly. His proud and overbearing spirit involved him in various prosecutions; his office was taken from him in 1616, and the residue of his life was spent in a strange and rapid alternation of favour and disgrace, of turbulence and submission. He died in 1634 at the age of eighty-six; had it been his good fortune to follow his royal mistress to the grave, he would have come down to us not only as one of the most eminent lawyers this country ever produced, but as one of the most dignified and respectable characters of his age.

As a composition, this Epigram boasts considerable merit. It is vigorous and manly; has truth for its basis, and characterizes both the author and his works with discrimination and judgment. I suppose it to be written in 1613.

'Like Solon's self, explat'st the knotty laws
With endless labour' &c.] I never yet met with the word *explat'st*, but do not take upon me to pronounce it a corruption. When I consider the licence which Jonson sometimes al-

And that thy strong and manly eloquence
Stood up thy nation's fame, her crown's
defence ;

And now such is thy stand, while thou
doest deal

Desired justice to the public weal,
Like Solon's self, explat'st the knotty laws
With endless labours, whilst thy learning
draws

No less of praise, than readers, in all kinds
Of worthiest knowledge that can take
men's minds,

Such is thy All, that, as I sung before,
None Fortune aided less, or virtue more.

Or if chance must to each man that doth
use,

Needs lend an aid, to thine she had her
c'es.

LXVI.

AN EPISTLE, ANSWERING TO ONE THAT
ASKED-TO BE SEALED OK THE TIKHE
OK LIKN,

Men that are safe and sure in all they do,
Cale not 'hat trials they are put unto :

lowed himself of coining an e'pics'ivo word, I am tempted to think this proceeded from the same poetic mint.—WHAL.

Whalley is wrong. Jonson sometimes uses a Latin word, but then he prints it in a different character: his latinisms are those of his contemporaries. All our old writers use *pleat*, *plight*, for *wreath*, *cuil*, *fold*, &c. from *plere*: *explat* is as correctly formed from *plere*, *to open*, *smooth*, *display*, &c. *Jk.jcflatnn*, a kindred word, is in *Cole*, and *displeat* and *unpleat* are sufficiently common in our old poets. *Explicit fronteni* is rendered by Jo. Javies, in his eclogue, 1620, "Unpleat thy brow."

[The adjective *e'flecte* is in the *Manipulus l-oaiulorum* of Peter Levins, a curious old Rhyming Dictionary of 1570, which has been reprinted and most carefully edited by Mr. H. B. Wheatley.—F. C.]

² An Epistle, &c.] This appears from internal evidence to have been written not long before the death of James. It was the practice of the older poets, upon request, to adopt young men of talents in whose reputation, or success in life, by a species of patronage or filiation, they became warmly interested. Jonson had many sons of this kind, and to an aspirant for the honour of becoming such (probably to Randolph or Cleveland) he addresses the above Epistle. The number of his adopted progeny is alluded to in the foolish expression of one, "that asked, &c."

There is a spirit and vigour in this Epistle which do the poet great credit. The sentiments are manly, and some of them drawn from the higher philosophy. It wants the smoothness and the artificial rhythm of these times; but what poem of equal length, of these times, possesses such depth of thought and force of expression!

They meet the fire, the test, as martyrs
would,
And though opinion stamp them not, are
gold.

I could say more of such, but that I fly
To speak myself out too ambitiously,
And shewing so weak an act to vulgai eyes,
Put conscience and my right to compromise.
Let those that merely talk, and never flunk,
That live in the wild Anarchy of Drink,
Subject to quarrel only; or else such
As make it their proficiency how much
They've glutted in and letched out that
week,

That never yet did friend or friendship seek,
But for a Sealing • let these men protest.
Or th' other on their borders, that will jest
On all souls that are absent; even the dead,
Like flies or worms which man's corrupt
parts fed :

That to speak well, think it above all sin,
Of any company but that they are in,
Called every night to suppel in these fits,
And are received for the Covey of Wits ;
That censure all the to'vn and all the
affairs,

And know whose ignorance is more than
theirs:

Let these men have their ways, and take
their times

To vent their libels and to issue rhymes,
I have no portion in them, nor their deal
Of news they get, to strew out the long
meal :-

I study other friendships, and more one
Than these can ever be, or else vvish none.

What is't to me whether the French de-
sign

Be, or be not, to get the VaUeline?
Or the States' ships sent forth be like to
meet

Some hopes of Spain in their West Indian
fleet?

Whether the dispensation yet be sent,
Or that the match from Spain was ever
meant ?

I wish all well, and pray high heaven con-
spire ;

My Prince's safety, and my King's desire ;
But if for honour we must draw the sword,
And force back that which will not be re-
stored,

I have a body yet that spirit draws,
To live, or fall a carcase, in the cause.

So far without enquiry what the States,
Brunsfild, and Mansfield, do this year, my
fates

Shall carry me at call; arid I'll be well,
Though I do neither hear these news, nor
tell

Of Spain or France ; or were not pricked
down one

Of the late mystery of reception ;
Although my fame to his not under-bears,
That guides the motions, and directs the
bears.

But that's a blow by which in time I may
Lose all my credit with my Christmas
clay,

And amm.ited porcelnme of the court;
Ay, and tor this neglect, the coarser sort
Of earthen jars there, may molest me too:
Well, with mine own frail pitcher, what
to do

I have decreed ; keep it from waves and
press,
Lest it be justled, cracked, made nought
or less.

Live to (liut point I 'vill, for which lam
man,

And dwell as in my centre, as I can,
Sull looking to, and ever loving heaven;
With reverence using all the gifts thence
given:

'Mongst which, if T have any fiendships
sent,

Such as are square, well-tagged, and per-
manent,

Not built with canvas, paper, and false
lights,

As are the glorious scenes at the great
sights:

And that there be no fevcry heats nor colds,
Oily expansions, or shrunk dirty folds,

But all so clear, and led by Reason's flame,
As but to stumble in her sight were shame;

Thee I will honour, love, embrace, and
serve,

And free it from all question to preserve.
So short you read my character, and theirs

I would call mine, to which not many
stairs

Are asked to climb. First give me faith,
who know

Myself a little ; I will take you so,
As you have writ yourself: now stand, and
then,

Sir, you are Sealed of the Tribe of BEN.

¹ But for a scaling,] i.e. becoming sureties
for them, joining them in their bonds.

Nor their deal
Of news they get, to strew out the long meal.]

This is the town's honest man, described with
such scorn and indignation in it former pag.
See Epig' cxv. p. 25^a.

LXVII.

THE DEDICATION OF THE KING'S NEW
CELLAR TO BACCHUS,*Acessit fervor capti, numerusque
lucenis.*

Since, BACCHUS, thou art father
Of wines, to thee the rather
We dedicate this Cellar,
Where now thou art made dweller,
And seal ihce thy commission :
But 'tis with a condition,
That thou remain here taster
Of all to the great master ;
And look unto their faces,
Their qualities and races,
That both their odour take him,
And relish merry make him.

For, Bacchus, thou art freer
Of cares, and oveiseer
Of feast and merry meeting,
And still begm'st the greeting:
Sec then thou dost attend him,
Lyanis, and defend him,
By all the arts of gladness,
From any thought like sadness.
So niayst thou still be younger
Than Phoebus, and much stronger,
To give mankind their eases,
And cure the world's diseases !

So may the Muses follow
Thee still, and leave Apollo,
And think thy stream more quicker
Than Hippocrene's liquor :
And thou make many a poet,
Before his brain do know it !
So may there never quarrel
Have issue from the barrel,
But Venus and the Graces
Pursue thee in all places,
And not a song be other
Than Cupid and his Mother !

That when King James above here
Shall feast it, thou mayst love there
The causes and the guests too,
And have thy tales and jests too,
Thy circuits and thy rounds free,
As shall the feast's fair grounds be.
Be it he hold communion
In great St. George's union;
Or gratulates the passage
Of some well wrought embassag'e,

Whereby he may knit sure up
The wished peace of Europe:
Or else a health advances,
To put his court in dances,
And set us all on skipping,
When with his royal shipping,
The narrow seas are shady,
And Charles brings home the Lady.¹

LXVIII.

AN EPIGRAM
ON THE COURT PUCCELL.

Does the Court Pucell then so censure me,
And thinks I dare not her ? let the world see.
What though her chamber be the very pit,
Where fight the prime cocks of the game
for wit;

And that as any are strook, her breath
creates

New in their stead, out of the candidates !
What though with tnbade lust she force a
muse,

And in an epiccene fury can write news
Equal with that which for the best news goes,
As aery, light, and as like wit as those !
What though she talk, and can at once
with them

Make state, religion, bawdry, all a theme;
And as lip-thirsty, in each word's expense,
Doth labour with the phrase more than the
sense !

What though she ride two mile on holy-
days

To church, as others do to feasts and plays,
To shew their tires, to view and to be
viewed !

What though she be with velvet gowns
endued,

And spanqled petticoats brought forth to
th' eye,

As new rewards of her old secrecy !
What though she hath won on trust, as
many do,

And that her truster fears her ! must I too ?
I never stood for any place : my wit
Thinks itself nought, though she should
value it.

I am no Statesman, and much less Divine ;
For bawdry, 'tis her language, and not
mine.

Farthest I am from the idolatry
To stuffs and laces ; those my man can buy.

¹ And Charles brings komt the lady.] This was written when the match with the Infanta of Spain was in agitation, and the prince was at the Spanish court,—WHAL.

This cellar was built by Inigo Joact. The

circumstance is worth mentioning, as it serves to corroborate what has been more than once asserted, that till the period of the appearance of *Chloridia*, no breach of friendship had r— place between him and our author.

And trust her I would least, that hath for-
sware
In contract twice; what can she perjure
more?
Indeed her dressing some man might de-
light,
Her iacc there's none can like by candle-
light:
Not he that should the body have, for cat-e
To his poor instrument, now out of grace.
Shall I advise thee, Pucell? steal aw'ay
From Court, while yet thy fame hath some
small day;
The wits will leave you if they once per-
ceive
You cling to lords; and lords, if them you
leave
For sermoners: of which now one, now
other,
They say you weekly invite with fits o¹ th'
mother,
And practise for a miracle; Kike hoed,
This age 'ill lend no faith to Darrel's
deed;¹
Or if it would, the Court is the worst place.
Both for the mothers and the babes of
grace;
For there the wicked in the chan of scorn,
Will call't a bastard, when a prophet's
born.²

LXLX.

AN EPIGRAM,

TO THE HONOURED COUNTERS OF***.

The wisdom, madam, of our private life,
Wherewith this while you live a widowed
wife,
And the right ways you take unto the- right,
To conquer rumour, and triumph on spite;
Not only shunning by your act to do
Aught that is ill, but the suspicion too,

Is of so brave example, as he were
No friend to virtue, could be silent here;
The rather when the vices of the time
Are grown so fruitful, and false pleasures
climb,
By all oblique degrees, that killing height
From whence they fall, cast down with
their own weight.
And though all praise bring nothing to
your name,
Who (herein studying conscience, and not
tame)
Are in yourself rewarded; yet 'twill be
A cheerful work to all good eyes, to see
Among the daily ruins that fall foul
Of state, of fame, of body, and of soul,
So great a virtue stand upright to view,
As makes Penelope's old fable true,
Whilst your Ulysses hath ta'en leave to go,
Countries and climes, manners and men to
know.
Only your time you better emeitrun,
Than the great Homer's wit for her could
feign;
For you admit no company but good,
And when you want those friends, or near
in blood,
Or your allies, you make your books your
inends,
And study them unto the noblest ends,
Searching for knowledge, and to keep your
mind
The same it was inspired, rich, and refined.
These graces, when the rest of ladies
view,
Not boasted in your life, but piaetised true,
As they are hard for them to make their
own,
So are they profitable to be known:
For when they find so many meet in one,
It will be shame for them if they have
none.

¹ *This age will lend no faith to Barrel's deed.* Many impostures of possession by evil spirits weic practised about this time by Roman Catholics to delude and make convicts of the vulgar. The boy of Bilson is a famous instance. Several others, amongst whom is this of *Barrel*, are mentioned in the *Devil is an Ass*. *Darrel* was the author of a book printed in 410, 1600, intituled, *A true narration of the strange and grievous vexation by the devil, of seven persons in Lancashire, and William Summers of Nottingham*: as perhaps he was equally concerned in carrying on the imposture. This book was answered by Dr. Harsnet, afterwards Archbishop of York, in a piece intituled, *A discovery of the fraudulent practices of John Darrel minister*.—WHAT.

See the *Devil is an Ass* for a fuller account of

these impostures [vol. ii. p. 263 b]. The last couplet of this poem has a singular bearing on the juggle of Joanna Southcote.

² [Drummond reports, in the *Conversations*, "That piece of the Pucelle of the Court was stolen out of his pocket by a gentleman who drank him drouise, and given Mrs. Boulstraid; which brought him great displeasure." Donne, in his *Elegy* on the death of this lady, speaks of her as young, beautiful, arid witty, and proof against the sms of youth.—F. C.]

³ This is an excellent little poem. There seems to have been no occasion for suppressing the lady's name. It would not be difficult to suggest a person whom the lines would fit; but the safer way, perhaps, is to follow the poet's executors. [Most probably the Countess of Rutland.—F. C.]

LXX.

ON LORD BACON'S BIRTH-DAY.

[22nd January, 1621.]

Hail, happy GENIUS of this ancient pile !
How comes it all things so about thee
smile ?¹

The fire, the wine, the men ! and in the
midst

Thou stand'st as if some mystery thou
didst !

Pardon, I read it in thy face, the day
For whose returns, and many, all these
pray ;

And so do I. This is the sixtieth year,
Since BACON, and thy Lord was born, and
here ;

Son to the grave wise Keeper of the Seal,
Fame and foundation of the English weal.
What then his father was, that since is he,
Now with a title more to the degree ;

¹ *Hail, happy Genius of this ancient pile !
How comes it all things so about thee entile ?*
When Lord Bacon was High Chamberlain of England, he procured from the king York House for the place of his residence, for which he set in to have had an affection, as being the place of his birth, and where his father had lived all the time he possessed the high office of Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. Here, in the beginning of the year 1620-21, he kept his birthday with great splendour and magnificence, which gave occasion to the compliment expressed in the short poem above. The verse indeed, like most of Jonson's, is somewhat harsh, but there is much good sense, and a vein of poetry to recommend it to our notice. The reader will observe the poem implies a very beautiful fiction; the poet starting, as it were, on his entering York House, at the sight of the *Genius* of the place performing some mystery, which he discovers from the gaiety of his look, and takes occasion from thence to form the congratulatory compliment—WHAL.

Nothing is more remarkable in Jonson's character than the steadiness of his friendship. It is for this reason (for I can discover no other) that Steevens and Malone insist particularly on the *fickleness* of his attachments ! When Jonson wrote this poem, Lord Bacon was in the full tide of prosperity; the year after, misfortune overtook him; and he continued in poverty, neglect, and disgrace till his death, which took place in 1627. Yet the poet did not change his language; nor allow himself to be checked by the unpopularity of the ex-Chancellor's name, or the dread of displeasing his sovereign and patron, from bearing that generous testimony to his talents and virtues which is inserted in his *Discoveries*, and which concludes with these words:—"My conceit of Lord Verulam's person Was never increased by his place or honour: but I have, and do reverence him for the greatness

England's high Chancellor: the destined
heir,

In his soft cradle, to his father's chair:
Whose even thread the Fates spin round
and full,

Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.
Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be known,
For 'twere a narrow gladness, kept thine
own.

Give me a deep-crowned bowl, that I may
sing.

In raising him, the wisdom of my King.

LXXI.

THE POET TO THE PAINTER.²

AN ANSWER.

Why, though I seem of a prodigious waist,
I am not so voluminous and vast,
But there are lines, wherewith I might be
embraced.

that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever by his work one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole, in a word or syllable for him; as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest." This, with the commentators' leave, is a very pretty specimen of "old Ben's flattery of kings," and "hatred of all merit but Ins own !" [Gifford omits to state when this eulogium was published—F. C.]

² *The Poet to the Painter.* This is an "answer," as Jonson calls it, to the following miserable attempt at verse, by Sir William Bursale :

THE PAINTER TO THE POET.

To paint thy worth, if rightly I did know it,
And were but painter half like thee, a poet:
BEN, I would shew it.

But in this skill my unskilful pen will tire,
Thou, and thy worth will still be found far
higher ; And I a liar.

Then, what a painter's here ! or what an eater
Of great attempts } when as his skill's no greater,
And he a cheater?

Then, what a poet's here ! whom, by confession
Of all with me, to paint without digression,
There's no expression.

I cannot be confident that I understand this. It would seem as if Sir W. Bursale had made a drawing or a painting of the poet, to which this doggerel served as an accompaniment.

There is an Edmund Bursale who has a copy of verses on the death of Sir Horace Vere (1642), but whether related to this Sir William, I cannot tell. If he was his son, the family vein of poetry had much improved, for he writes well.

'Tis true, as my womb swells, so my back
stoops,
And the whole lump grows round, de-
formed, and droops ;
But yet the Tun at Heidelberg had hoops.

You were not tied by any painter's law
To square my circle, I confess, but draw
My supeificies : that was all you saw.

Which if in compa s of no art it came
To be described by * monogram,
With one great blot you had formed me as
I am.

But whilst you curious were to have it be
An archetype, for all the world to see,
You made it a brave piece, but not like me.

O, had I now your manner, mastery, might,
Your power of handling, shadow, air, and
spright,

How I would draw, and take hold and de-
light !

But you are he can paint, I can but write :
A poet hath no more but black and white,
Ne knows he flattering colours, or false
light.

Yet when of friendship I would draw the
face,

A lettered mind, and a large heart would
place

To all posterity ; I will write BUULASH.

¹ Of this distinguished nobleman, the pride and ornament of the British Peerage, a most interesting account is given by Loid Clarendon, with whom he stood deservedly high. "No-body but Lord Orford (says Sir K. l'rydgos), who could decry Sir Philip Sidney" (and Lord Falkland), "would have traduced a man possessed of so many qualities to engage the esteem of mankind as the Duke of Newcastle : but Lord Orford had a tendency to depreciate the loyalists." He had a tendency to depreciate whatever was great and good. Dead to every generous feeling, selfish, greedy, and sneakingly ostentatious, Walpole, in the midst of a baby-Tiouse, Surrounded with a collection of childish trumpery, had the audacity to speak in this manner of a man, who, after strenuously fulfilling every duty of life, as a patriot, a soldier, and a statit, retired to his paternal seat, where he lived in the practice of a magnificent hospitality, the friend of genius, the liberal patron of worth, employing the close of an active and honourable life in innocent and elegant pursuits which might benefit many and could injure none.

"What a picture of foolish nobility was this •lately poetic couple (the duke and duchess), retired to their own little domain" (it was at least as extensive as Strawberry Hill) "and intoxicating one another with circumstantial flat-

LXXII.

AN EPIGRAM,

To WILLIAM, EARL OF NEWCASTLE.¹

When first, my lord, I saw you back your
horse,

Provoke his mettle, and command his
force

To all the uses of the field and race,
Methought I read the ancient art of
Tlirace,

And saw a centaur,- past those tales of
Greece,

So seemed your horse and you both of a
piece !

You shewed like Perseus upon Pegasus,
Or Castor mounted on his CylUrus ;

Or what we hear our home-born legend
tell,

Of bold Sir Bevis and his Arundel ;
Nay, so your seat his beauties did endorse,

As I began to wish myself a horst' :
And surely, had I but your stable seen

Before, I think rny wish absolved had
been.

For never saw I yet the Muses dwell,
Nor any of their household half so well.

So well! as when I saw the floor and
room,

I looked for Hercules to be the groom;
And cried, Away with the Caesarian bread !

At these immortal mangers Virgil fed.²

ter on what was of consequence to no mortal but themselves." "Surely the demon of Vengeance must have been at Waipole's elbow, when he penned thib sentence.—Royal and Noble A authors.

² JMcthougtIread the ancient art of Thrace And saw a centaur, &c.J The Earl of Newcastle was the most accomplished horseman of his time : his celebrated work on the method of managing horses, of which a magnificent edition in folio appeared some years ago, was not published during the poet's life.

'As I began to wish myself a horse.] This is probably an allusion to the very pletty incident with which Sir Philip Sidney so aptly opens his Defence of Poesy. Pietro Pugliana, he says, discoursed with such finiteness and spirit on the various merits of the animal, "that if I had not been a piece of a logician before I came to him, I think he would have persuaded me to have wished myself a horse."

A way with the Caesarian bread! At these immortal mangers Virgil fed.] Alluding to that circumstance in the life of Virgil, of his being employed in the stables of Augustus, and having his customary allowance vi bread doubled, for the judgment he gave of oolt the emperor had just bought.—WHAL.

LXXXIII.

EPISTLE

To MASTER ARTHUR SQUIB.

I am to dine, friend, where I must be weighed
 For a just wager, and that wager paid
 If I do lose it; and, without a tale,
 A merchant's wife is regent of the scale.
 Who when she heard the match, concluded straight,
 An ill commodity! it must make good weight.
 So that, upon the point, my corporal fear
 Is, she will play Dame Justice too severe;
 And hold me to it close; to stand upright
 Within the balance, and not want a mite;
 But rather with advantage to be found
 Full twenty stone, of which I lack two pound;
 That's six in silver:- now within the socket
 Stinketh my credit, if, into the pocket
 It do not come: one piece I have in store,
 Lend me, dear ARTHUR, for a week, five more,
 And you shall make me good in weight and fashion,
 And then to be returned; or protestation
 To go out after:—till when take this letter
 For your security. I can no better.

¹An ill commodity, &c.] The lady alludes, I presume, to the *dépression* of the scale, exacted in the weighing of course merchandize.

But, rather with advantage to be found Full twenty 'tunc: of which I lack two pound': That's six in silver.] The wager, it seems, was that the poet weighed full twenty stone, but he found that he wanted two pounds of that weight. This he artfully turns to a reason for borrowing five pounds in money of his friend Mr. Squib, which added to the pound he had of his own, would make up the deficiency in his weight. Six pounds in silver, he says, will weigh two pounds in weight: it may be so; we will take his word—WHAL.

I doubt whether we understand the nature of this wager, which was probably a mere jest. If the sense be as Whalley states it, there is as little of art as of honesty in it.

To Master John Burges.] Burges was probably the deputy paymaster of the household. He had made Jonson a present of some ink, and this little production, which wants neither spirit nor a proper self-confidence, inclosed, perhaps, the return for it. Master Burges might have tent the wine at the same time.

LXXIV.

To MASTER JOHN BURGES.¹

Would God, my BURGES, I could think
 Thoughts worthy of thy gift, this ink,
 Then would I promise here to give
 Verse that should thee and me outlive.
 But since the wine hath steeped my brain,
 I only can the paper stain;
 Yet with a dye that fears no moth,
 But scarlet-like, outlasts the cloth.

LXXV.

EPISTLE

To MY LADY COVELL.

You won not verses, madam, you won me,
 When you would play so nobly and so free.
 A book to a few lines! but it was fit
 You won them too, your odds did merit it.
 So have you gained a Servant and a Muse:
 The first of which I fear you will refuse,
 And you may justly; being a tardy, cold,
 Unprofitable chattel, fat and old,
 Laden with belly, and doth hardly approach
 His friends but to break chairs, or crack a coach.
 His weight is twenty stone within two pound;
 And that's made up as doth the pime about.⁴
 Marry, the Muse is one can tread the air,
 And stroke the water, nimble, chaste, and fair;

Jonson, who lived much about the court while his health permitted him to come abroad, seems to have made friends of most of those who held official situations there, and to have been supplied with stationery, and, perhaps, many other petty articles. The following is transcribed from the blank leaf of a volume of miscellaneous poetry, formerly in the possession of Dr. John Hoadly, son of the Bishop of Winchester. He has written over it, "A Relique of Ben Jonson."

To my worthy and deserving Brother
 Mr. Alexander Glover,
 as the Token of my Love,
 And the perpetuating of our Friendship,
 I send thus small, but hearty Testimony;
 And with Charge, that it remayne wth Him,
 Till I, at much expense of time and taper,
 With 'Chequer-Ink, upon his gift, my paper,
 Shall pour forth many a line, drop many a letter
 To make these good, and what comes after, better.
 BEN JONSON.

'And tkaf' made up, &c.] Is this too hint?—If so, it must have sorely puzzled the lady, unless she had previously seen the Epistle to Master Squib.

Sleep in a virgin's bosom without fear,
Run all the rounds in a soft lady's ear,
Widow or wife, without the jealousy
Of either suitor or a servant by.
Such, if her manners like you, I do send:
And can for other graces her commend,
To make you merry on the dressing-stool
A mornings, and at afternoons to fool
Away ill company, and help in rhyme
Your Joan to pass her melancholy time.
By this, although you fancy not the man,
Accept his muse; and tell, I know you can,
How many verses, madam, are your due!
I can lose none in tendering these to you.
I gain in having leave to keep my day,
And should grow rich had I much more to pay.

LXXVI.

To MASTER JOHN RURGES.

Father JOHN BURGES,
Necessity urges
My woeful cry
To Sir Robert Pie:¹
And that he will venture
To send my debenture.
Tell him his Ben
Knew the time when
He loved the Muses;
Though now he refuses,
To take apprehension
Of a year's pension,
And more is behind:
Put him in mind
Christmas is near;
And neither good cheer,
Mirth, fooling, nor wit,
Nor any least fit
Of gambol or sport
Will come at the Court;
If there be no money,
No plover or coney
Will come to the table,
Or wine to enable
The muse or the poet,
The parish will know it.

¹ My woeful cry

To Sir Robert Pie.} Sir Robert Pie was appointed to the Exchequer about 1618, upon the resignation of Sir John Bingley, who was implicated in a charge of peculation with the Lord Treasurer, the Earl of Suffolk. Sir Robert was a retainer of Buckingham's, to whose interest he owed his promotion. He was the ancestor of the late laureate, tinker whose hands the family estate vanished. Mr. Pye had probably raised his *woeful cry* to the treasurer of the day as loudly as Jonson, for he was equally clamorous and necessitous. Such axe the mutations of time!

Nor any quick warming-pan help him tobed
If the Chequer be empty, so will be his head.

LXXVII.

EPIGRAM

To MY BOOKSELLER.

Thou, friend, wilt hear all censures; unto
thee
All mouths are open and all stomachs free:
Be thou my book's intelligencer, note
What each man says of it, and of what coat
His judgment is; if he be wise, and praise,
Thank him; if other, he caa give no bays.
If his wit reach no higher but to spring
Thy wife a fit of laughter; a cramp-ring
Will be reward enough; to wear like those
That hang their richest jewels in their nose:
Like a rung bear or swine; grunting out wit
As if that part lay for a []^a most fit!
If they go on, and that thou lov'st a-life
Their perfumed judgments, let them kiss
thy wife.

LXXVIII.

AN EPITAPH

ON HENRY, LORD LA-WARE.³

If, Passenger, thou canst but read,
Stay, drop a tear for him that's dead:
HENRY, the brave young LORD LA-WARE,
Minerva's and the Muses' care!
What could their care do 'gainst the spite
Of a disease, that loved no light
Of honour, nor no air of good:
But crept like darkness through his blood,
Offended with the dazzling flame
Of virtue, got above his name?
No noble furniture of parts,
No love of action and high arts;
No aim at glory, or in war,
Ambition to become a star,
Could stop the malice of this ill,
That spread his body o'er to kill:
And only his great soul envied,
Because it durst have noblier died.

^a A word has been dropt in the folio, and I cannot reinstate it. [A. word has not been "dropt," die blank being left between hooks, precisely as it is now represented in the text.—F. C.]

³ The ron of Thomas, Lord De-la-ware, the first settler of the colony of Virginia, of which he was appointed captain-general by James I. in 1609. Henry succeeded him as fourth Lord De-la-ware, in 1618, and died 1628, the date of this Epitaph, at the early age of 25. He was a young man of great promise.

LXXX
AN EPIGRAM, 1

TO THE LORD-KEEPER.

That you have been the pride, beheld the
sport,
And all the games of fortune, played at
Court,
Viewed there the market, read the wretched
rate,
At which there are would sell the Prince
and State :
That scarce you hear a public voice alive,
But whispered counsels, and those only
thrive ;
Yet are got off thence, WITH clear mind
and hands
To lift to heaven, who is't not understands
Your happiness, and doth not speak you
blest,
To see you set apart thus from the rest,
T' obtain of God what all the laud should
ask?
A nation's sin got pardoned ! 'twere a task
Fit for a bishop's knees ' O bow them oft,
My lord, till felt grief make our stone
hearts soft,
And we do weep to water for our sin.—
He that in such a flood as we are in,

¹ This is not inscribed to any one in the folio, but was evidently addressed to the Lord Keeper Williams, Bishop of Lincoln. It was probably written in 1625, when the chancellorship was transferred from him to Sir Thomas Tovey.

² Jonson has given the date of this Epigram, 1629. In that wretched tissue of ignorance and malice, called in Gibber's Collection "the Life of Ben Jonaion," it is stated that "in the year 1629, Ben fell sick, and was then poor, and lodged in an obscure alley; his Majesty was supplicated in his favour, who s^cni Jinn ten guineas. When the messenger delivered the sum, Ben took it in his hand, and said, 'His Majesty has sent me ten guineas because I am poor and live in an alley; go and tell him that his soul lives in an alley,' " vol. i. p. 238. Here is a fair specimen of the injustice with which the character of Jonson is universally treated. The writer of his "Life" had before him not only the poet's own acknowledgment that the sum sent to him by the king was one hundred pounds, but three poems in succession full of gratitude, thankfulness, and respectful duty, all written at the very period selected by his enemies for charging him with A rude and ungrateful message to his benefactor.

This fabrication was too valuable to be neglected; it has therefore been disseminated in a variety of forms by most of the Shakspeare commentators. Mr. Malone indeed reject' the false-

Of riot and consumption, knows the way
To teach the people how to fast and pray,
And do their penance to avert God's rod,
lie is the Man, and favourite, of God.

LXXX.

AN EPIGRAM,

TO KING CHARLES, FOR AN HUNDRED
POUNDS HE SENT ME IN MY SICKNESS,
MDCXXIX.²

Great CHARLES, among the holy gifts of
grace,
Annexed to thy person and thy place,
Tis not enough (thy piety is such)
To cure the called *kings-evil* with thy
touch ;
Rut thou wilt yet a kingly mastery try,
To cure the *foel's-cvil*, poverty :
And in these cures dost so thyself en-
large,
As thou dost care our evil at thy charge.
Nay, and in this thou show'st to value
more
One poet, than of other folk ten score.³
O piety, so to weigh the poors' estates !
O bounty, so to difference the rates !
What can the Poet wish his King may do,
But that he cure the people's evil too ?

hood, as well he might: he goes farther, and "wonders," why Smollett should insert this contemptible He in his "History of England," and above all, "where he found it." Mr. Malone's surprise is gratuitous. He could not be ignorant of Cibber's publication, for he has borrowed from it; and he must have been equally aware that it was the polluted source from which Smollett, who was probably acquainted with the writer (Shiels, a Scotchman), derived his ridiculous anecdote. Smollett knew less of Jonson than even Mr. Malone: he knew enough, however, of the public to be convinced that in calumniating him he was on the right side.

Is it too much to hope that this palpable perversion of a recorded fact will be less current hereafter? Or is the calumination of Jonson so indispensable to the interests of sound literature, that a falsehood once charged upon him must immediately assume a sacred character, and in despite of shame, be promulgated, as a duty, from book to book, and from age to age ?

⁸

To value more

Onefeef, than of other folks tenscore.) This alludes to the angel, or ten shilling-piece which was given to all who presented themselves to be touched for the king's-evil, and which undoubtedly presents the true key both of the numerous applications, and the cure'. Ten score angels make an hundred pounds'

LXXXI.

To KING CHARLES AND QUEEN MARY,
FOR THE LOSS OF TTIKJK FIKST-
BORN. AN EPIGRAM CONSOLATORY.
MDCXXIX.

Who dares deny, that all first-fruits are due
To God, denies the Godhead to be true :
Who doubts those fruits God can with gain
restore,

Doth by his doubt distrust His promise
more.

He can, He will, and with large interest, pay
What, at His liking¹, He will take away.
Then, royal Charles and Mary, do not
grutch

That the Almighty's will to you is such :
But thank His greatness and His goodness
too ;

And think all still the best that He will do.
That thought shall make He will this loss
supply

With a long, large, and blest posterity :
For God, whose essence is so infinite,
Cannot but heap that grace He will requite.

LXXXH.

AN EPIGRAM,

TO OUR GREAT AND GOOD KING
CHARLES¹ ON HIS ANNIVERSARY
DAY, MDCXXIX.

How happy were the subject if he knew,
Most pious king, but his o'vn good in you¹ !
How many times, Live long Charles !
would he say,

If he but weighed the blessings of this day,
And as it turns our joyful year about,
For safety of such majesty cry out ?

¹ To our great and good King, Charles] In taking leave of the Epigrams of this year, let me pluck one solitary sprig to adorn the head of this "good king" (who has been stripped of all his honours by the insatiable rancour of the hens of the ancient puritanism), from the garland woven for him by Dr. Burney.

"This prince (Charles I.), however his judgment, or that of his councillors, may have misled him in the more momentous concerns of government, appears to have been possessed of an invariable good taste in all the fine arts ; a quality which, in less morose and fanatical times, would have endeared him to the most enlightened part of the nation : but now his patronage of poetry, painting, architecture, and music, was ranked among the deadly sins, and his passion for the works of the best artists hi the nation, profane, pagan, popish, idolatrous, dark, and damnable.

Indeed, when had Great Britain greater
cause

Than now, to love the sovereign and the
laws ;

When you that reign are her example
glovvn,

And what are bounds to her, you mak
your own ?

When 'our assiduous piactice doth secure
That faith which she professoth to be pure?

When all your life's a precedent of days,
And nuninur cannot quarrel at your 'ways ?

How is she banen grown of love, or broke,
Thnt nothing can her gratitude provoke ?

O times ! O manners ! surfeit bredofea.se,
The truly epidemical disease!

'Tis not alone the merchant, but the clown,
Is bankrupt turned ; the cassock, cloke,

and gown,

Are lost upon account, and none will know
How much to heaven for thee, great

Charles, they owe !

LXXXIII.

AN EPIGRAM

ON THE PRINCK'S BIKTH, MDCXXX.

And art thou born, brave babe ? blest be
thy birth,

That so hath crowned our hopes, our spring,
and cuith,

The bed of the chaste Lily and the Rose !
What month than May was fitter to dis
close

This prince of flow'rs? Soon shoot thou
up, and glow

The same that thou art promised, but be
slow,

And long in changing. Let our nephews see
Tnee quickly come the garden's eye to be,

As to the expenses of his government, for the levying which he was duvcu to illegal and viu lent expedients, if compared with what has been since peaceably and cheeifully gianted to his successor, his extiavagance m supporting thu public splendour and amusements of his coult, will be lound more modeiate, and] erhaps irioie innocent, than tint of secret servie in lier times ; and however slooiiry state-reformers m.iy execute this pnnc, would be ungrateful, professors of any of trie fine arts, to lose all K-verence for the patron of Ben Jonsot), Vandyke, Inigo Jones, and Dr. Child."—*History of Mitsick*, vol. iiii.

This Epigram is addressed, in tin' Newcnsily MS., "To the great and tjood Kimj t'h..Ujs, i y his Majesty's most humble and thankful se.3 vant, Uen Jonson." Another proof of the poet's "insolence and ingratitude i"

And still to stand so. Haste now, envious moon,
And interpose thyself,¹ (care not how soon)
And threat the great eclipse; two hours but
run,
Sol will re-shine : if not, CHARLES hath a
Son.

*Non displicuisse mcrctur
Festinat Cæsar qvplacuisse tibi.*²

LXXXIV.

AN EPIGRAM,

To THB QUEEN, THEN LYING-IN, MDCXXX.

Hail, Mary, full of grace ! it once was said,
And by an angel, to the blessed'st maid,
The Mother of our Lord : why may not I,
Without profaneness, as a poet, cry,
Hail, MARY, full of honours ! to my Queen,
The mother of our Prince ? when was there
seen,

Except the joy that the first Mary brought,
Whereby the safety of mankind was wrought,
So general a gladness to an isle,
To make the hearts of a whole nation smile,
As in this prince? let it be lawful, so
To compare small with great, as still we owe
Glory to God. Then, hail to Mary! spring
Of so much safety to the Realm and King !

*Haste now, envious moon,
And interpose thyself, &c.]* The piinee
(Charles II.) was born this year, on the 29th of
May, on which day there was an eclipse of the
moon. This day was also memorable for the
appearance of a star. "On the 29th of May
(Sir Richard Baker says) the queen was brought
to bed of a son, which was baptized at St.
James's on the 27th of June, and named
Charles. It is observed that at his nativity,
at London, was seen a star about noon-time :
what it portended, good or ill, we leave to the
astrologers."

Bishop Corbet has a congratulatory poem—
"To the new-borne Prince, upon the opposition
of a star and the following eclipse :—" it abounds
in all that extravagance of conceit which cha-
racterizes the poetry of his school. Of the moon
he says,

"And was't this news that made pale Cynthia run
In so great haste to intercept the sun !"

And he questions the infant very significantly
on the appearance of the star:

"Was heaven afraid to be outdone on earth
When thou wert born, great prince, that it
brought forth
Another light to help the aged sun,
Lest by thy lustre he might be out-shone ?
Or, were the obsequious stars so joyed of view

LXXXV.

AN ODE OR SONG,
BY ALL THE MUSES, IN CELEBRATION OF
HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY, MDCXXX.

1. *Clio*. Up, public joy, remember
This sixteenth of November,
Some brave uncommon way :
And though the parish steeple
Be silent to the people,
Ring thou it holy-day.

2. *Mel*. What though the thrifty Tower,
And guns there spare to pour
Their noises forth in Thunder:
As fearful to awake
This city, or to shake
Their guarded gates asunder?

3. *Thai*. Yet let our trumpets sound,
And cleave both air and ground,
With beating of our drums :
Let every lyre be strung,
Harp, lute, theorbo sprung,
With touch of learned thumbs.

4. *Rut*. That when the quire is full,
The harmony may pull
The angels from their spheres:
And each intelligence
May wish itself a sense,
Whilst it the ditty hears.

Thee, that they thought their countless eyes
too few
For such an object ?" &c.

² After this Epigram the 121710 edition, 1640,
inserts two others on the same subject. The
first, *on the Birth of the Prince*, beais, perhaps,
some remote resemblance of Jonson's style, at
least as much of it as is here subjoined ; but the
concluding part is of a different character, and
could only have proceeded from some wretched
imitator of Uonne. The second piece, called a
Parallel of the Prince to the King, is utterly
unworthy of notice. I cannot descend to vin-
dicate the poet from either of them.

ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE.

Another Phoenix, though the first is dead,
A second's flown from his immortal bod,
To make this our Arabia to be
The nest of an eternal progeny.
Choice nature framed the former, but to find,
What error might be mended in mankind :
Like some industrious workmen, which affect
Their first endeavours only to correct:
So this the building, that the model was,
The type of all that now is come to pass:
That but the shadow, this the substance if
All that was but the prophecy of this :
And when it did this after birth forerun,
'Twas but the morning star unto this sun;
The dawning o' this day, &c.

5. *Terp.* Behold the royal Mary,
The daughter of great Haïry !

And sister to jirU Lev.is !
Comes in the pomp and ilury
Of all Jier brother's story,
And of her father' -, piowes¹. !'

6. *F.rat.* She shows so f.n above
The feigned queen of love,
This sea girt isle upon :
As here no Venus were ;
But that she reigning here,
Had put the ceston on !

7. *Call.* See, see our active king,
Hath taken twice the ring,
Upon his pointed lance :
Whilst all the ravished rout
Do mingle in a shout,
Hey for the flower of France !

8. *Um.* This day the court doth measure
Her joy in state and pleasure ;
And with a reverend fear,
The revels and the play,
Sum up this crowned day,
Her two and twentieth year.

9. *Poly.* Sweet, happy Alary, all
The people her do call,
And this the womb divine !
So fruitful and so fair,
Hath brought the land an heir,
And Charles a Caroline !

¹ Comes in the pomp and glory
Of all her brother's story,
And of her father's prowess.] So the folio;
in the 4to and 21110 ifuo, the words brother' and
father stand in each other's places. I think the
present reading is most consonant to the truth
of history.—What.

As I have carefully collated all the editions,
and formed the text according to the best of my
judgment, I do not think it necessary to encum-
ber the page with a list of minute variations,
most of which, probably, originated at the press.
pAfter all Gifford has departed from the folio
in only two instances, and in both, I think, he
had better not have meddled with it. In the
last line of the third stanza the folio reads
"touch of dainty thumbs," instead of *learned*;
and in the last line of the sixth stanza, "had
got the ceston on," instead of *put*, thereby con-
veying the more poetical idea of an unconscious
assumption of the magic girdle. I may add, on
the other hand, that in my opinion both Whalley
and Gifford have erred in following the folio in
the substitution of *father for brother*, and of
brother farfat, ter in the fifth stanza.—F. C.]

² See, see our active king,
ffath taken twice the ring.] This amusement
generally made a part of the court entertain-
ments in those active days. A ring of small
diameter was suspended by a riband from a kind
of traverse beam of which the horizontal beam

LXXXVI.

AN KTMGRAM

To TIIK HOUSEHOLD, Mncxxx.³

What can the cause be, when the king
hath given
His poet sack, the Household will not
pay ?
Are they so scanted in their store ? or
driven
For 'vant of knowing the poet, to say
him nay ?

Well, they should know him, would the
king but grant
His poet leave to sing his Household
tine ;
He'd frame such ditties of their store and
wan !
Would make the very Green-cloth to look
blue.

And rather wish in their expense of
sack,
So the allowance from the king to use,
As the, old bard should no canary lack ;
'Tweie better spare a butt than spill his
Muse.
For in the genius of a poet's verse,
The king's fame lives. Go now, deny his
tierce !⁴

moved on a swivel. At this the competitors
H-Je, with their spc.u couched, at full speed.
The object was to, ury off the ring on the point
of the spear, wh'c¹.¹ is a matter of some nicety:
the usual reward of the victor was an ornamented
wreath from the lady of the day.

It is said by the anonymous author of a little
collection of "Poems, by Nobody must know
whom" (and who nevertheless everybody may
know to be John Kliot), that this Epigram was
thought too severe by the board of green-cloth,
and that Jlen therefore wrote a second, in a
smoother style, and with better success.

"You swoie, clear Ben, you'd turn 'the green-
cloth blue'

If your dry Muse might not be bathed in sack ;
This with those frailless loiels nothmg prevailing,
The scene you altered," *Sec.*—p. 26.

This poor man, who seems to be a kind of
counterpart of Fenac (vol. iii. p. 163), affects
to be familiar with Jonson, and styles himself his
friend, a title to which he proves his claim some-
what after the manner of Jonson's other "friend,"
Drummond of Hawthornden, by yelping at him.

Go now, deny his tierce.] Of wine ; part of
his salary as poet laureate.—WHAL.

This was the second to which the poet wa'
intitled. The Household quickly fell into
arrears in those days.

LXXXVII.

AN EPIGRAM

TO A FRIEND AND SON.

Son, and my friend, I had not called you so
To me; or been the same to you, if show,
Profit, or chance had made us: but I know,
What, by that name, we each to other owe,
Freedom and truth; with love from those
begot:

Wise-crafts, on which the flatterer ventures
not.

His is more safe commodity or none:

Nor dares he come in the comparison.

But as the wretched painter, who so ill

Painted a dog, that now his subtler skill

Was t' have a boy stand with a club, and
fright

All live dogs from the lane, and his shop's
sight,

Till he had sold his piece, drawn so un-
like:

So cloth the flatterer with fair cunning
strike

At a friend's freedom, proves all circling
means

To keep him oft; and howsoe'er he
gleans

Some of his forms, he lets him not come
near

Where he would fix, for the distinction's
fear;

For as at distance few have faculty

To judge; so all men coming near, can
spy;

Though now of flattery, as of picture, are

More subtle works, and finer pieces far,

Than knew the former ages; yet to life

All is but web and painting; be the strife

Never so great to get them: and the ends,

Rather to boast rich hangings than rar
friends.



A Pindaric Ode

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY AND FRIENDSHIP OF THAT
NOBLE PAIR,

SIR LUCIUS GARY AND SIR H. MORISON.

A PINDARIC ODE, &c.] In that MS. volume, which I have supposed to be compiled by order of the Earl of Newcastle, there is a letter to him from Jonson, inclosing; a few poems on himself. "My noblest lord, (he says,) and my patron by excellence, I have here obeyed your commands, and sent you a packet of mine own praises, which I should not have done, if I had any stock of modesty in store;—but obedience is better than sacrifice;" and you command it."

Two of the inclosures are from (Lord Falkland) Sir Lucius Gary. The first he calls "An Anniversary Epistle on Sir Henry Morison, with an Apostrophe to my father Jonson."

"Noble Father,

"I must imitate Master Gamaliel Du: both in troubling you with ill verses, and the intention of professing my service to you by them. It is an Anniversary to Sir Henry Morison, in which, because there is something—concerns some way an antagonist of yours, I have applied it to you. Though he may be angry at it, I am yet certain that *talentementum sequar - iif de iisqueri non poterit de sc benesentiat*, 'What is ill in them (which I fear is all) belongs only to myself: if there be any thing tolerable, it is somewhat you dropt negligently one day at The Dog,' and I took up.

Tu tantum accipies ego te legnse putabo

Et tumtdus Guiles crcdutatefruar.

Sir, I am

Your son and servant."

It appears that this was the third "Anniversary" which Sir Lucius had written; and as Jonson's letter is fortunately dated, (Feb. 4th, 1631.) we are authorized to place the death of young Monson in 1629, which must also be the date of the Ode.

Nothing can exceed the affectionate warmth with which Sir Lucius speaks of his friend, who appears, indeed, to have deserved all his kindness.

¹¹ He had an infant's innocence and truth,
The judgment of grey hairs, the wit of youth,
Not a young rashness, nor an aged despair,
The courage of the one, the other's care;
And both of them might wonder, to discern
His ableness to teach, his skill to learn," &c.

Among other topics of praise, his friendship and respect for our author are noticed:

¹² And next his admiration fixed on thee,
Our Metropolitan in poetry," &c.

The second inclosure of Sir Lucius is a poetical "Epistle to his noble father Ben." In

¹ This antagonist is Quarles. It does not appear why he was hostile to Jonson. Sir Henry says little more than that the subdued and careless tone of his divine poetry is suitable to the expression of sorrow.

² The Dog was apparently one of Jonson's favourite haunts. Herrick speaks of "the lyric feasts made at The Sun, the Dog, The Triple Tun." (See vol. i. p. cxi.a.) There was a famous tavern of this name in Holywell-street.—F. C.]

this he gives the commencement of their acquaintance in an elegant application to himself of the fable of the fox, who first feared the lion, then grew familiar with him, &c.

" I thought you proud, for I did surely know,
Had I Ben Jonson been, I had been so :
Now I recant, and doubt whether your store
Of ingenuity,* or ingine be more."

And he adds a wish, which was probably accompanied with some token of his kindness :

" I wish your wealth were equal to them both ;
You have deserved it : and I should be loth
That want should a quotidian trouble be,
To such a Zeno in philosophy."

At what period the acquaintance of this "noble pair" begun I know not. They seem to have travelled together. Not long after the return of Sir Lucius Gary to England, their intimacy was still more closely cemented by his growing attachment to Letitia, the sister of Sir Henry Morison, and the daughter of Sir Richard Morison, of Tooley Park, in Leicestershire, whom, to the displeasure of his father (for the lady had no fortune) he subsequently married. The amiable youth did not live to witness this event, which took place in 1630, when Lucius was in his twentieth year. "She was a lady" (Lord Clarendon says) "of a most extraordinary wit (sense) and judgment, and of the most signal virtue, and exemplary life, that the age produced, and who brought him many hopeful children in winch he took great delight."

The life and death of this most distinguished nobleman are familiar to every reader of English history. Lord Clarendon, who knew him well, having lived, as he says, on terms of the most unreserved friendship with him from the age of twenty to the hour of his death," has given in the *History of the Rebellion*, a delineation of his character replete with grace, elegance, strength, and beauty, warm with truth, and glowing with genuine admiration ; which yet does not go beyond what was said and thought of him by his contemporaries: and it is quite amusing to find Horace Walpole indulging a hope to counteract the effect of Lord Clarendon's description, with a few miserable inuendos and captious quibbles, and persuade us that his friend was little better than a driveller. It is the frog of the fable, waddling after the lordly bull, with a view to efface the print of his footsteps.

Warburton says well in his letters to Hurd that "Walpole (whom he terms a most insufferable coxcomb) after reading Clarendon, would blush, if he had any sense of shame, for his abuse of Lord Falkland." But Walpole had no *sense of shame*. He persecuted Lord Falkland, as he did the gallant and high-spirited Duke of Newcastle, because he was loyal to his prince.

Walpole is particularly severe upon Lord Falkland's poetry. Much need not be said of it:—but when it is considered that this illustrious nobleman always speaks of it himself with the greatest modesty, and that his little pieces are nothing more than occasional tributes of love and duty, the sneer of such an Aristarchus will not appear particularly well directed. It is true that Walpole was only acquainted with the lines in the *Jonsonus Virbius*:—but had he known of those, which are now mentioned, for the first time, he would not have abated of his virulence; for he had adopted the opinion of his "clawback," Pinkerton, respecting Jonson, and any additional praise of him would therefore only call forth additional abuse of the writer.

There is another part of Lord Falkland's character particularly obnoxious to the critic. "He (Lord Falkland) had naturally," (Lord Clarendon says, in the *History of his own Life*,) "such a generosity and bounty in him, that he seemed to have his estate in trust for all worthy persons who stood in want of supplies and encouragement, as BEN JONSON and others of that time, whose fortunes required, and whose spirits made them superior to ordinary obligations." Walpole, who never bestowed a sixpence on any worthy object or person, and who continued to extreme old age, to fumble with his gold, till his fingers, like those of Midas, grew encrusted with it, must have been

* 'Q.'Ingenuity, i.e. of ingeniousness, candour, frankness; ingine (wit) is used in the large sense of genius and talents; the common acceptance of the word in that age.

greatly scandalized at this, and probably drew from it his shrewd conclusion that Lord Falkland "had much debility of mind." To have done with this calumniator of true patriotism, loyalty, and virtue—though gorged to the throat with sinecures, he was always railing at corruption, and indulging, with the low scribblers whose flattery he purchased with praise, (for he gave nothing else, except the hope of a legacy, which he never intended to realize,) in splenetic sneers at kings and courtiers : he called himself a republican, and uttered many grievous complaints of the loss of liberty, &c., and yet went crying out of the world because the French were putting his hopeful maxims of reform into practice.

[See *ante*, note to Epigram xliii. p. 232, for another tirade against Walpole.—F.C.]

A *Pindaric Ode*, &c.] In the edition of 1640, in 12010, this poem is called A *Pindaric Ode*; a title left out in all subsequent editions, and which I have now restored. For this ode is a true and regular Pindaric, and the first in our language that hath a just claim to that title. Jonson was perfectly acquainted with the manner of Pindar, and hath followed it with great exactness in the structure of this poem. The terms of art, denoted by the *turn*, the *counter-turn*, and the *stand*, are a translation of the *strophe*, the *antistrophe*, and *epode*, which divided the Greek odes. The English reader may possibly be desirous to have them more particularly explained ; what I have to say therefore on this point, I shall take the liberty to borrow from the learned Mr. West's preface to his elegant translation of the *Odes of Pindar*. It is chiefly built upon a passage in the *Scholia on Hephæstion*. "The ancients, says the scholiast, in their odes framed two large stanzas, and one less : the first of the large stanzas they called *strophe*, singing it on their festivals at the altars of their gods, and dancing at the same time. The second they called *antistrophe*, in which they inverted the dance : the lesser stanza was named the *epode*, which they sung standing still. From this passage, (continues Mr. West,) it appears evident, that these odes were accompanied with dancing, and that they danced one way while the *strophe* was singing, and then danced back again while the *antistrophe* was sung : which shews why these two parts consisted of the same length and measure : then when the dancers were returned to the place whence they set out, before they renewed the dance, they stood still while the *epode* was sung. Such was the structure of the Greek ode, in which the *strophe* and *antistrophe*, i.e. the first and second stanzas, contained always the same number, and the same kind of verses ; the *epode* was of a different length and measure : and if the ode ran out into any length, it was always divided into triplets of stanzas ; the two first being constantly of the same length and measure ; and all the *epodes* in like manner corresponding exactly with each other : from all which the regularity of this kind of compositions is sufficiently evident." Thus far this ingenious gentleman. There is one remark, however, to be made upon the scholiast of Hephæstion ; who supposeth the *epode* to be always the lesser stanza, or to contain fewer verses than either the *strophe* or *antistrophe* : but this is not true in fact: the *epodes* of Pindar are various ; some of them fall short of the *strophe*, some have an equal number of verses, and others again exceed it : and Jonson hath made his *stand* to be longer than the *turn*, or *counter-turn*, by the addition of a couplet. The reader will, I hope, excuse the prolixity of this note ; I have been the more exact in explaining the true nature of the Pindaric ode, as the poem before us does honour to Jonsen's learning and knowledge in ancient criticism, and as the idea we have formed from compositions of this kind, by many modern poets, gives us but a very distorted likeness of the great original: a much better copy was taken by our author, than what appears in those collections of lines of all lengths and sizes, which have been passed upon the world as translations or imitations of Pindar.—WHAL.

I agree with Whalley. Nothing but ignorance of the existence of this noble Ode can excuse the critics, from Dryden downwards, for attributing the introduction of the Pindaric Ode into our language to Cowley. Cowley mistook the very nature of Pindar's poetry, at least of such as is come down to us, and while he professed to¹¹ imitate the style and manner of his Odes, "was led away by the ancient allusions to

i On this point Mr. Pinkerton is peculiarly affecting, in the Preface to his *VYalpoliana*.

those wild and wonderful strains of which not a line has reached us. The metre of Pindar is regular, that of Cowley is utterly lawless; and his perpetual straining after points of wit seems to shew that he had formed no correcter notion of his *manner* than of his *style*. It is far worse when he leaves his author, and sets up for a Pindaric writer on his own account. But I am not about to criticise Cowley.

In Jonson's Ode we have the very soul of Pindar. His artful but unlaboured plan, his regular returns of metre, his interesting pathos, his lofty morality, his sacred tone of feeling, occasionally enlivened by apt digression or splendid illustration. To be short, there have been Odes more sublime, Odes far more poetical than this before us, but none that, in Cowley's words, so successfully "copy the style and manner of the Odes of Pindar." As Jonson was his first, so is he his best imitator.

LXXXVIII.

A PINDARIC ODE

ON THE DEATH OF SIR H. MORISON.

I.

THE STROPHE, OR TURN.

Brave infant of Saguntum, clear
Thy coming forth in that great year,¹
When the prodigious Hannibal did crown
His rage, with razing your immortal town.
Thou looking then about,
Ere thou wert half got out,
Wise child, didst hastily return,
And mad'st thy mother's womb thine urn.
How summed a circle didst thou leave
mankind
Of deepest lore, could we the centre find!

THE ANTISTROPHE, OR COUNTER-TURN.

Did wiser nature draw thee back,
From out the horror of that back;
Where shame, faith, honour, and regard
of right,
Lay trampled on? the deeds of death and
night,
Urged, hurried forth, and hurled
Upon th' affrighted world;

¹ *Brave infant of Saguntum, clear*

Thy coming forth, &c. Saguntum was a city of Spain, memorable for its fidelity to the Romans, and the miseries it underwent when besieged by Hannibal. It was at last taken by storm; but the inhabitants, who befie had suffered all extremities, committed themselves and their effects to the flames, rather than fall into the hands of their enemy. The story to which Jonson here refers, is thus told by Pliny: *Est inter exempla, in uterum firmitus reuersus infans Saguntinus, quo anno ab Annibale delett est.* l. 7, c. 3.—WHAL.

It ought to be observed that the word Pindaric was not prefixed by Jonson: in the Museum

Sword, fire, and famine with fell fury met,
And all on utmost ruin set:
As, could they but life's miseries foresee,
No doubt all infants would return like thee.

THE FPODE, OR STAND.

For what is he, if measured by the space,
Not by the act?
Or masked man, if valued by his face,
Above his fact?
Here's one outlived his peers,
And told forth fourscore years:²
He vexed time, and busied the whole
state;
Troubled both foes and friends;
But ever to no ends:
What did this stirrer but die late?
How well at twenty had he fallen or stood!
For three of his fourscore he did no good.

II.

THE STROPHE, OR TURN.

He entered well by virtuous parts,
Got up, and thrived with honest arts;
He purchased friends, and fame, and
honour then,
And had his noble name advanced with
men:
But weary of that flight,
He stooped in all men's sight

MS. the poem is simply called "An Ode on the Death of Sir H. Morison."

² *Here's one outlived his peers,
And told forth fourscore years.* Perhaps this, and what follows in the next stanza, was intended as a character of Carr, who, taken into favour by James I., was at length advanced to the Earldom of Somerset. The particulars of his history are well known.—WHAL.

This does not apply to Carr, who could not have told forth much above forty years when the Ode was written. It seems to refer rather to the old Earl of Northampton; but, perhaps, no particular person was meant, though the poetical character might be strengthened and illustrated by traits incidentally drawn from real life.

To sordid flatteries, acts of strife,
And sunk in that dead sea of life,
So deep, as he did then death's waters sup,
But that the cork of title buoyed him up.

THE ANTISTROPHE, OR COUNTER-TURN.

Alas ! but MORISON fell young ¹
He never fell,—thou fall'st, my tongue.
He stood a soldier to the List right end,
A perfect patriot, and a noble Incend;
But most a virtuous son.
All offices were done
By him, so ample, full, and round,
In weight, in measure, number, sound,
As, though his age imperfect might appear,
His life was of humanity the sphere.

THE EPODE, OR STAND.

Go now, and tell our days summed up with
fe'irs,
And make them years;
Produce thy mass of miseries on the stage,
To swell thine age:
Repeat of thing; a throng,
To shew thou hast been long,
Not lived; for life doth her great actions
spell,
By what was done and wrought
In season, and so brought
To light: her measures are, how well
Each syllable answered, and was formed,
how fair;
These make the lines of life, and that's her
air!

III.

THE STROPHE, OR TURN.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;^a
Or standing long an oak, three hundred
year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:
A lily of a day,
Is fairer far, in May,

¹ *Alas ! but Morison fell young.* There was then another conformity between the destinies of the *Hobbo fritir*, which, however, Jonson did not live to witness; for Lucius himself had scarcely attained his thirty-third year, when he also fell, gloriously fell, in the field of honour, and in the cause of his sovereign and his country at the battle of Newbury.

^a "is not growing like a tree, &c." "The qualities of vivid perception and nappy expression" (it is said in the *Life of John Dryden*) "unite in many passages of Shakspeare; but such Jonson"—poor Ben's *unarmed head* made a *qHHtain* upon all occasions—"but such Jon-

Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

THE ANTISTROPHE, OR COUNTER-TURN.

Call, noble Lucius, then for wine,
And let thy looks with gladness shine:
Accept tins Garland, plant it on thy head,
And think, nay know, thy MORISON'S not
dead.
He leaped the present age,
Possess with holy rage,
To see that bright eternal day;
Of which we priests and poets say
Such truths as we expect for happy men:
And there he lives with memory, and BEN

THE EPODE, OR STAND.

JONSON, who sung this of him, ere he went,
Himself, to rest,
Or taste a part of that full joy he meant
To have exprest,
In this bought ascicism!—
Where it were friendship's schism,
Were not thy Lucius long with us to
tarry,
To separate these two-
Lights, the Dioscuri;
And keep the one half from his Harry.
But fate doth so alternate the design,
Whilst that in heaven, this light on earth
must shine,—

IV.

THIR STROPHE, OR TURN.

And shine as you exalted are;
Two names of friendship, but one star:
Of hearts the union, and those not by
chance
Made, or indenture, or leased out t' ad-
vance
The profits for a time.
No pleasures vain did chime,

son was unequal to produce, and he substituted strange, forced, and most unnatural analogies." —p. xi. For the proof of this we are referred to the present Ode, which, with the rest of Jonson's "Pindarics" (where are they to be found?) is treated with the most sovereign contempt. "In reading Jonson (it is added) we have often to marvel how his conceptions could have occurred to any human being. Shakspeare is like All ancient statue, the beauty of which, &c. Jonson is the representation of a monster, which is at first only surprising, and ludicrous and disgusting ever after." —p. xii.

[Gifford often sneers in this way at Sir Walter Scott, but never mentions his name.—F. C.]

Of rhymes, or riots, at your feasts,
Orgies of drink, or feigned protests :
But simple love of greatness and of good,
That knits brave minds and manners more
than blood.

THE ANTISTROPHE, OR COUNTER-TCRN.

This made you first to know the why
You liked, then after, to apply
That liking; and approach so one the
t'other,
Till either grew a portion of the other:
Each styled by his end,
The copy of his friend
You lived to be the great sir-names
And titles, by which all made claims
Unto the Virtue: nothing prfrtn t done,
But as a GARY, or a MORISON.

THE EPODK, OR STAND.

And such a force the fair example had,
As they that saw
The good, and durst not practise it were
glad
That such a law
Was left yet to mankind ;
Where they might read and find
Friendship, indeed, was written not in
words ;
And with the heart, not pen,
Of two so early men
Whose lines her roils were, and records:
Who, ere the first down bloomed on the
chin,
Had sowed these fruits, and got the har-
vest in.

LXXXIX.

AN EPIGRAM

To WILLIAM, EARL OF NEWCASTLE,¹
ON HIS FENCING.

They talk of Fencing, and the use of arms,
The art of urging and avoiding harms,
The noble science, and the mastering skill
Of making just approaches how to kill ;

¹ Jonson's connexion with the family of this distinguished nobleman was close and of long continuance. He has monumental verse? on several of its members. [Here Gifford inserted, in a note extending over ten pages, a variety of compositions by Jonson, which it has been thought better to remove to the end of the volume.—F. C.]

² *All, this, my lord, is valour; this is yours.* This was written many years before the Earl of Newcastle (or as the MS. terms him, of Mans-

To hit in angles, and to clash with time :
As all defence, or offence wet" a chime !
I hate such measured—give me mettled—
fire,

That trembles in the blaze, but then mounts
higher !

A quick and dazzling motion ; when a pair
Of bodies meet like rarified air !
Their weapons darted with that flame and
force,

As they out-did the lightning in the course;
This were a spectacle, a sight to draw
Wonder to valour ! No, it is the law
Of daring not to do a wrong ; 'tis true
Valour to slight it, bring done to you.
To know the heads of danger, where 'tis fit
To bend, to break, provoke, or suffer it ;
All this, my lord, is valour : this is yours,³
And was your father's, all your ancestors' !
Who du t t l i e great 'mongst all the colds
and heats

Of human life; as all the frosts and sweats
Of fortune, when or death appeared, or
bands ;

Ami valiant were, with or without their
hands.

XC.

To THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD
Hir. n TREASURER OF ENGLAND, " AN
EPISTLE MENDICANT, MDCXXXI.

MY LORD,

Poor wretched states, prest by extremities,
Are fain to seek for succours and supplies
Of princes aids, or good men's chancies.

Disencs the enemy, and his engineers,
Want, with the rest of his concealed com-
peers,

Have cast a trench about me, now five years,

And made those strong approaches by
faussebrayes,

Redouts, half-moons, horn-works, and
such close ways,

The Muse not peeps out, one of hundred
days ;

field) took up arms in the defence of his king and country. Jonson knew his patrons ; and it may be added, to the credit of his discernment, that few of them belied his praises

³ Richard, Lord Western. He was appointed to this office in 1628, and was succeeded at his death, in 1634, by a commission, at the head of which was Laud. This Kpistle enables us to ascertain the commencement of that illness which, after a tedious and painful conflict of eleven years, terminated the poet's life in 1637.

But lies blocked up and straitened, narrowed in,
Fixed to the bed and boards, unlike to win
Health, or scarce breath, as she had never
been;

Unless some saving honour of the crown,
Dare think it, to relieve, no less renown,
A bed-rid wit, than a besieged town.

XCI.

TO THE KING ON HIS BIRTHDAY,

Nov. 19, MDCxxxII.

AN EPIGRAM ANNIVERSARY.

This is King Charles his day. Speak it,
thou Tower,
Unto the ships, and they from tier to
tier,
Discharge it 'bout the island in an hour,
As loud as thunder and as swift as fire.

Let Ireland meet it out at sea, hall-way,
Repeating all Great Britain's joy and
more,

Adding her own glad accents to this clay,
Like Echo playing from the other shore.
What drums or trumpets, or great ordnance
can,

The poetry of steeples, with the bells,
Three kingdoms' mirth, in light and aery
man,

Made lighter with the wine. All noises
else,
At bonfires, rockets, fireworks, with the
shouts

That cry that gladness which their hearts
would pray,

Had they but grace of thinking, at these
roust,

On the often coming of this holy-day:
And ever close the burden of the
song,

Still to have such a Charles, but this
Charles long.

The wish is great; but where the prince is
such,

What prayers, people, can you think too
much!

XCII.

ON THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND VIR-
TUOUS LORD WESTON, LORD HIGH
TREASURER OF ENGLAND, UPON THE
DAY HE WAS MADE EARL OF PORT-
LAND, FEB. 17, MDCXXXII. [1633.]

TO THE ENvious.¹

Look up, thou seed of envy, and still bring
Thy faint and narrow eyes to read the king
In his great actions: view whom his large
hand

Hath raised to be the PORT unto his
LAND!

Weston! that waking man, that eye of
state!

Who seldom sleeps! whom bad men only
hate!

Why do I irritate or stir up thee,
Thou sluggish spawn, that canst, but wilt
not see!

Feed on thyself for spight, and shew thy
kind:

To virtue and true worth be ever blind.
Dream thou couldst hurt it, but before thou
wake

To effect it, feel thou'st made thine own
heart ache.

XCIII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HIEROME,
LORD WESTON, AN ODE GRATU-
LATORY FOR HIS RETURN FROM HIS
EMBASSY, MDCXXXII.

Such pleasure as the teeming earth
Doth take in easy nature's birth,
When she puts forth the life of everything:
And in a dew of sweetest rain,
She lies delivered without pain,
Of the prime beauty of the year, the Spring.

The rivers in their shores do run,
The clouds rack clear before the sun,
The rudest winds obey the calmest air;
Rare plants from every bank do rise,
And every plant the sense surprise,
Because the order of the whole is fair!

¹ To the Envious.] Weston had many enemies, and his sudden rise was not seen without jealousy. Charles appears to have entertained an extraordinary regard for him, probably on account of his being warmly recommended by the Duke of Buckingham, whose favour, however, he is said to have outlived. The treasurer seems to have been an imprudent, improvident man; with considerable talents for business, but

fickle and irresolute. He died, Lord Clarendon says, without being lamented, "bitterly mentioned by those who never pretended to love him, and severely censured by those who expected most from him and deserved best of him."

The eldest son of the Earl of Portland; a young man of amiable manners, and of talents and worth.

The very verdure of her nest,
Wherein she sits so richly drest,
As all the wealth of season there was spread,
Doth shew the Graces and the Hours¹
Have multiplied their arts and powers,
in making soft her aromatic bed.

Such joys, such sweets, doth your return
Bring all your friends, fair lord, that burn,
With love, to hear your modesty ivlae,

The business of your blooming wit,
With all the fruit shall follow it,
Both to the honour of the king and state.

O how will then our court be pleased,
To see great Charles of travail eased,
When he beholds a graft of his own hand,
Shoot up an olive, fruitful, fair,
To be a shadow to his heir,
And both a strength and beauty to his land!

¹ Doth shew the Graces and the Hours] The Graces are the poetical goddesses, which in common language mean only the season •, but our poet has the authority of his Greek and Roman predecessors.—WHAL.

I do not quite understand what was meant to be said in this note ; but I will venture to add to it. that there is a great deal of grace and U-avt) in this little compliment.



Epithalamion, or a Song,

Celebrating the Nuptials of that noble Gentleman, Mr. HIEROMJK WESTON, son and heir of the Lord WKSTON, Lord High Treasurer of England, with the Lady FRANCES STKWAKT, daughter of ESME, Duke of Lenox, deceased, and sister of the surviving Duke of the same name.

[EPITHALAMION, &c.] Jerome returned from his embassy in 1632, and became Earl of Portland in 1634, so that this poem "as probably written in the intermediate year. This marriage was much foiewarded by Charles, in compliment (Loid Clarendon says) to the Treasurer; the bride, who was distantly related to the king, was the youngest daughter of Ksme, third Duke of Lenox, the friend and patron of Jonson; she is celebrated for her beauty and amiable qualities, and was happy in a husband altogether worthy of her. In her issue she was less fortunate; her only son, whom Lord Clarendon mentions (in his "Life") as a young man of excellent parts, being killed in the action with the Dutch fleet under Opdam in 1665. "He died fighting very bravely." The title fell to his uncle, who died without issue, when it became extinct: and thus was verified the pious and prophetic hope of that rancorous puritan Sir Antony Weldon, that "God would icward Weston, and that he and his posterity, which, like a Jonas's gourd, sprang up suddenly from a beggarly estate to much honour and great fortunes, would shortly wither!"—*Court of King Charles* p. 43.

XCIV.

EPITHALAMION.

Though thou hast past thy summer-stand-
ing, stay

Awhile With us, bright sun, and help our
light;

Thou canst not meet more glory on the way,
Between thy tropics, to arrest thy sight,

Than thou shalt see to-day;

We woo thee stay;

And see what can be seen,

The bounty of a king, and beauty of his queen.

See the procession! what a holy day,

Bearing the promise of some better fate,

Hath filled with caroches all the way,

From Greenwich hither to Rowhampton
gate!

When looked the year, at best,

So like a feast;

Or were affairs in tune,

By all the spheres' consent, so in the heart
of one?

What beauty of beauties, and bright youths
at charge

Of summer's liveries, and gladding
green,

Do boast their loves and braveries so at
large,

As they came all to see and to be
seen!

When looked the earth so fine,

Or so did shine,

In all her bloom and flower,

To welcome home a pair, and deck the
nuptial bower?

It is the kindly season of the time,

The month of youth, which calls all
creatures forth

To do their offices in nature's chime,

And celebrate, perfection at the worth,

Marriage, the end of life,

That holy strife,

And the allowed war,

Through which not only we, but all out
species are.

Hark how the bells upon the waters play
Their sister-tunes from Thames his either
side,

As they had learned new changes for the
day,

And all did ring the approaches of the
bride;

The Lady FRANCES drest

Above the rest

Of all the maidens fair ;

In graceful ornament of garland, gems,
and hair.

See how she paceth forth in virgin-white,

Like what she is, the daughter of a duke,

And sister ; darting forth a dazzling light

On all that come hersimplesse to rebuke!

Her tresses trim her back,

As she did lack

Nought of a maiden queen,

With modesty so crowned, and adoration
seen.

Stay, thou wilt sec what rites the virgins
do,

The choicest virgin-troop of all the land!
Porting the ensigns of united two,

Both crowns and kingdoms in their either
hand:

Whose majesties appear,

To make more clear

This feast, than can the day,

Although that thou, O sun, at our entreaty
stay!

See how with roses, and with lilies shine,

Lilies and roses, flowers of either sex,

The bright bride's paths, embellished more
than thine,

With light of love this pair doth intertext!

Stay, see the virgins sow,

Where she shall go,

The emblems of their way.—

O, now thou smil'st, fair sun, and shin'st,
as thou wouldst stay!

With what full hands, and in how plen-
teous showers

Have they bedewed the earth, where she
doth tread,

As if her airy steps did spring the flowers,

And all the ground were garden where
she led!

See, at another door

On the same floor,

The bridegroom meets the bride

With all the pomp of youth, and all our
court beside !

Our court, and all the grantees ! now, sun,
look,

And looking with thy best inquiry, tell,

In all thy age of journals thou hast took,

Saw'st thou that pair became these rites

so well,

Save the preceding two?¹

Who, in all they do,

Search, sun, and thou wilt find

They are the exampled pair, and mirror of
their kind.

Force from the Phoenix, then, no rarity

Of sex, to rob the creature ; but from
man,

The king of creatures, take his parity

With angels, Muse, to speak these: no-
thing can

Illustrate these, but they

Themselves to-day,

Who the whole act express ;

All else we see beside, are shadows and
go less.

It is their grace and favour that makes seen,
And wondered at the bounties of this
day;

All is a story of the king and queen:

And what of dignity and honour may

Be duly done to those

Whom they have chose,

And set their mark upon,

To give a greater name and title to! their
own!

WESTON, their treasure, as their treasurer,

That mine of wisdom and of counsels
deep,

Great say-master of state, who cannot err,

But doth his caract and just standard
keep,

In all the proved assays,

And legal ways

Of trials, to work down

Men's loves unto the laws, and laws to love
the crown.

¹ *Save the preceding two, &c.*] The king and queen. In *Love's Welcome at Bohover*, Jonson compliments this illustrious pair on the strictness and purity of their union ; if that can be called compliment which is merely truth. In all his domestic relations, Charles I. stood unparalleled ; he was an indulgent master, a faithful

and affectionate husband, and a tender parent. This must have been a very splendid ceremony. Both the king; and the favourite were to be gratified by assisting at it, and it is probable that few of the young nobility were absent. Charles himself acted as father to the bride, and gave her away.

And this well moved the judgment of the
king

To pay with honours to his noble son
To-day, the father's service; who could
bring

Him up, to do the same himself had done •

That far all-seeing eye

Could soon espy

What kind of 'vaking man

He had so highly set; and in what Barbican.

Stand there; for when a noble nature's
raised,

It brings friends joy, foes grief, posterity
fame;

In him the times, no less than prince, are
praised,

And by his rise, in active men his name

Doth emulation stir;

To the dull a spur

It is, to the envious meant

A mere upbraiding grief and torturing
punishment,

See now the chapel opens, where the king

And bishop stay to consummate the rites;

The holy prelate prays, then takes the ring,

Asks first, who gives her?—I, CHARLES
—then he plights

One in the other's hand,

Whilst they both stand

Hearing their charge, and then

The solemn quire cries Joy! and they re-
turn Amen!

O happy bands! and thou more happy
place,

Which to this use wert built and conse-
crate!

To have thy God to bless, thy king to grace,

And this their chosen bishop celebrate,

And knit the nuptial knot,

Which time shall not,

Or cankered jealousy,

With all corroding arts, be able to untie!

The chapel empties, and thou mayst be
gone

Now, sun, and post away the rest of day:

These two, now holy church hath made
them one,

¹ *He had so highly set, and in what Barbican.*]
An old word for a beacon, fortress, or watch-
tower:

"Within the Barbican a porter sate,

Day and night, duly keeping watch and ward."

Fairy Queen, b. 2, cant. 9,—WHAL.

One of the streets of London takes its name
from an edifice of that kind, anciently standing

Do long to make themselves so' another
way:

There is a feast behind,

To them of kind,

Which their glad parents taught

One to the other, long ere these to light
were brought.

Haste, haste, officious sun, and send them
night

Some hours before it should, that these
may know

All that their fathers and their mothers might

Of nuptial sweets, at such a season, owe,

To propagate their names,

And keep their fames

Alive, which else would die;

For fame keeps virtue up, and it posterity.

The ignoble never lived, they were awhile

Like swine, or other cattle here on earth:

Their names are not recorded on the file

Of life, that fall so; Christians know
their birth

Alone, and such a race,

We pray may grace

Your fruitful spreading vine,

But dare not ask our wish in language Fes-
cennine.

Yet as we may, we will,—with chaste de-
sires,

The holy perfumes of the marriage-bed,

Be kept alive, those sweet and sacred fires

Of love between you and your lovely-
head!

That when you both are old,

You find no cold

There; but renewed, say,

After the last child born, This is our wed-
ding-day.

Till you behold a race to fill your hall,

A Richard, and a Hierome, by their names

Upon a Thomas, or a Francis call;

A Kate, a Frank, to honour their grand-
dames,

And 'tween their grandsires' thighs,

Like pretty spies,

Peep forth a gem; to see

How each one plays his part, of the large
pedigree!

there. Stow thus describes it: "On the north-
west side of this city, near unto Red-cross
Street, there was a tower, commonly called
Barbican, or *Burkhenning*, for that the same
being placed on a high ground, and also being
buildecl of some good height, was in old time
used as a watch-tower for the city."—Ed. 410,
1603, p. 70.

And never may there want one of the stem'
To be a watchful servant for this state;
But like an arm of eminence 'mongst them,
Extend a reaching virtue early and late !
Whilst the main tree still found
Upright and sound,
By this sun's noonsted's made
So great; his body now alone projects the
shade.

They both are slipped to bed ; shut fast
the door,

And let him freely gather love's first-
fruits.

He's master of the office ; yet no more
Exacts than she is pleased to pay: no
suits,

Strifes, murmurs, or delay,

Will Just till day;

Night and the sheets will show

The longing couple all that elder lovers
know.

XCIV.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF POOR BEN ;
TO TH' BEST OF MONAKCHS, MASTERS,
MEN,

KING CHARLES.

—Doth most humbly show it,
To your majesty, your poet:

That whereas your royal father,
JAMES the blessed, pleased the rather,
Of his special grace to letters,
To make all the Muses debtors
To his bounty ; by extension
Of a free poetic pension,

A large kindred marks annuity,
To be given me in giatuity

For done service, and to corae:

And that this so accepted sum,
Or dispensed in books or bread,
(For with both the Muse was fed)
Hath drann on me from the times,
All the envy of the rhymes,
And the railing pit-pat noise
Of the less poetic boys,
When their pot-guns aim to hit,
With then pellets of small "it,
Parts of me they judged dcaed ;
Ikit we last out still unlaycd.

Please your Majesty to make
Of your grace, for goodness sake,
Those our Father's rmuks, your pounds:¹
Let thur spite, winch now abounds,
Then go on and do its worst;
Tins would all their envy burst:
And so warm the poet's tongue,
You'd read a snake in his next song.

XCVI.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD
TREASUKEROFENGLAND.

AN EPIGRAM.

If to my mind, great lord, I had a state,²
I would present you now with curious plate
Of Norennberg or Turkey; hang your rooms,
Not with the Arras, but the Persian looms:
I would, if price or prayer could them get,
Send in what or Romano, Tintoret,
Titian, or Raphael, Michael Angelo,
Have left in fame to equal or out-go

¹ *Those your fathers marks, your pounds.* }
The petition succeeded; the reader lias, annexed to pur poet's life, a copy of the warrant nceating him poet laureate, with a salaui of iuo, per annum.—WHAL.

The warrant is dated March, 1630, the Petition must therefore be referred to the beginning if that year.

² *If to my mind, great lord, I had a state.* }
The learned reader may compare this with the 8th ode of the fourth book of Horace, as it eems to be copied from it. Our poet, as we find by some verses wrote by no well-wisher to him, received forty pounds for this Epigram. Let the reader judge which was greatest, the generosity of the treasurer, or the genius and address of Jonson.—WHAL.

Whalley has strange notions of copying. Jonson has taken a hint from the opening of the Ode to Censorinus, and that is all.

The verses to which Whalley alludes are in the 410 and izmo editions, 1640, in which this Epigram also appears; in Eliot's Poems they are thus prefixed:

" TO BEN JONSON, UPON HIS VERSES TO THK
EARL OF I'GRTLAND, LORD TREASUKER.

" Your verses are commended, and 'tis true,
That they were very good, I mean to you ;
For they returned you, Ben, as I was told,
A certain sum of forty pound in gold;
The verses then being rightly understood,
His lordship, not Ben Jonson, made them
good."—p. 27.

This poor simpleton, who appears to have earned a wretched subsistence by harassing the charitable with doggel petitions for meat and clothes, was answered (according to his folly) by some one in Jonson's name; for the lines, though published in the small edition so often quoted, were not written by him.

" TO MY DETRACTOR.

³ *My verses were commended, thou dost say,
And they were very good, yet thou thinkst nay.
For thou objectest, as thou hast been told,
Th' envied return of forty pound in gold.*

The old Greek hands in picture or in stone.
This I would do, could I think WESTON
one

ditched with these arts, wherein the judge
is wise

As far as sense, and only by the eyes.

But you I know, my lord, and know you
can

Discern between a statue and a man ;

Can do the things that statues do deserve,
And act the business which they paint or
carve.

What you have studied, are the arts of life;
To compose men and manners ; stint the
strife

Of murmuring subjects; make the nations
know

What worlds of blessings to good kings
they owe:

And mightiest monarchs feel what large
increase

Of sweets and safeties they possess by
peace.

These I look up at with a reverent eye,

And strike religion in the standers-by;

Which though I cannot, as an architect,

In glorious piles or pyramids erect

Unto your honour ; I can tune in song

Aloud : and, haply, it may last as long.

Fool, do not rate my rhymes ; I have found
thy vice

Is to make cheap the lord, the lines, the price.

Hut bark thou on ; I pity thee poor cur,

That thou shouldst lose thy noise, thy foam,
thy stir,

To be known what thou art, thou blatant beast:

But writing against me, thou thinkst at least

I now would write on thee; no, wretch, thy
name

Cannot work out unto it such a fame :

No man will tarry by thee as he ; j ; es,

To ask thy name, if he have half a nose,

But flee thee like the pest. Walk not the street

Out in the dog-days, lest the killer meet

Thy noddle with his club, and dashing forth

Thy dirty brains, men see thy want of worth."

p. 119.

The question proposed by Whalley for the exercise of the reader's judgment seems very unnecessary. Forty pounds was a very considerable present in those days, and whether bestowed on want or worth, or both, argues a liberal and a noble spirit. The "Epigram" was probably written in 1632.

¹ *Witness his action, done at Scanderoon,*

U\$on his birthday', the eleventh of June.'

'Jim refers to an action in the bay of Scanderoon, la 1628, wherein he beat certain vessels belonging to the states of Venice. "This onset was made," says Antony Wood, "as 'tis reported, on the *eleventh of June* (his birthday, as Ben

XCVII.

AN EPIGRAM

TO MY MUSE, THE LADY DIGBY, ON HER
HUSBAND, SIR KENELM DIGBY.

Though, happy Muse, thou know my
DIGBY well,

Yet read him in these lines. He cloth excel
In honour, courtesy, and all the parts
Court can call hers, or man could call his
arts.

He's prudent, valiant, just and temperate:
In him all virtue is beheld in state;

And he is built like some imperial room

For that to dwell in, and be still at home.

His hi cast i s a brave palace, abroad street,

'Vhcie all heroic ample thoughts do meet:

Where nature such a large survey hath
ta'en,

As other souls, to his, dwell in a lane :

Witness his action done at Scanderoon,

Upon his birth-day, the eleventh of June :¹

When the apostle Barnaby the bright

Unto our year doth give the longest light,

In sign the subject, and the song will live,

Which I have vowed posterity to give.

Go, Muse, in, and salute him. Say he be

Busy, or frown at first, when he sees thee,

Jonson will have it), yet a pamphlet that was published the same year, giving an account of all the transactions of that fight, tells us it was on the '*8th of the same month*;' which if true, then the fortune of that day is again marred."

To all which we must answer, that this same pamphlet or letter, which gives the relation of this action, was dated indeed on the 16th, of June, but it expressly says that the action happened on the nth of the same month ; and this is confirmed likewise by Mr. Ferrar's *Epitaph on the Death of Sir Kenelm Digby*, which makes the '11 'th of June memorable for his birthday, the day of his victory, and the day of his death. The epitaph it, as follows:

" Under this stone the matchless Digby lies,

Digby the great, the valiant, and the wise :

Tins age's wonder for his noble parts,

Skilled in six tongues, and learned in all the
arts:

Born on the day he died, th' *eleventh of June*,

On which he bravely fought at Scanderoon :

'Tis rare that one and self-same day should be
His day of birth, of death, and victory."

It is remarkable that Antony Wood refers us to this epitaph, and quotes two verses from it, and yet disputes the authority of our poet for the time of his birth.—WHAL.

Wood was probably influenced by Aubrey, who observes on the couplet quoted by Whalley,

" Mr. Elias Ashmole assures me that Ben Tonson *three nativities* by Dr. Napier, that Ben Tonson

He will clear up his forehead ; think thou bring'st

Good omen to him in the note thou sing'st:
For he doth love my verses, and will look
Upon them, next to Spenser's noble book,
And praise them too. O what a fame
'twill be,

What reputation to my lines and me,
When he shall read them at the Treasurer's
board,

The knowing Weston, and that learned
lord

Allows them ! then, what copies shall be
had,

What transcripts begged ! how cried up,
and how glad

Wilt thou be, Muse, 'when this shall them
befall!

Being sent to one, they will be read of all.

XCVIII.

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT, SUNG TO KING
CHARLES, MDCXXXV.

Prelude.

New years expect new gifts : sister, your
harp,

Lute, lyre, theorbo, all are called to-day;
Your change of notes, the flat, the mean,
the sharp,

To shew th' rites, and usher forth the way
Of the new year, in a new silken warp,

To fit the softness of our year's-gift ;
when

We sing the best of monarchs, masters,
men ;

For had we here said less, we had sung
nothing then.

Chorus NYMPHS and SHEPULRDS.

Rector Cho. To-day old Janus opens the
new year,

And shuts the old. Haste, haste, all
loyal swains,

was mistaken, and did it for the rhyme sake." We have here a couple of dreamers—but they are not worth an argument: it is more to the purpose to observe from the latter, that "Sir Icenelra Digby was held to be the most accomplished cavalier of his time, the *Mirandola* of his age, that he understood ten or twelve languages, and was well versed in all kinds of learning, very generous and liberal to deserving person, and a great patron to Ben Jonson, who has some excellent verses on him," &c.—*Letters by Eminent Persons*, vol. ii. p. 326.

Sir Kenelm. Digby was one of our poet's adopted sons : he is now more remembered for

That know the times and seasons when 't
appear,

And offer your just service on these plains;
Best kings expect first fruits of your glad
gains.

1 *Shep.* Pan is the great preserver of our
bound's.

2 *Shep.* To him we owe all profits of our
grounds.

3 *Shep.* Our milk,

4 *Shep.* Our fells,

5 *Shep.* Our fleeces,

6 *Shep.* And fust lambs,

7 *Shep.* Our teeming ewes,

8 *Shep.* And lusty mounting rams.

9 *Shep.* See where he walks, with Mira
by his side.

Cho. Sound, sound his praises loud, and
with his hers divide.

Of PAN we sing, the best of hunters, Pan,
That drives the hart to seek unused ways,
Shi'p. And in the chase more than Syl-
vanus can ;

Cho. Hear, O ye groves, and, hills, re-
sound Ins praise.

Of brightest MIRA do we raise our song,
Sister of Pan, and glory of the spring;
Nym. Who walks on earth, as May still
went along.

Cho. Rivers and valleys, echo what we sing.

Of Pan we sing, the chief of leaders, Pan,
Cho. of Shep. That leads our flocks and
us, and calls both forth

To better pastures than great Pales can:
Hear, O ye groves, and, hills, resound
his worth.

Of brightest Mira is our song ; the grace
Cho. of Nym. Of all that nature yet to
life did bring ;

And were she lost, could best supply her
place :

Rivers and valleys, echo what we sing.

his chemical reveries, his sympathetic powder, &c., than for his talents and accomplishments, lie was, however, an eminent man, and a benefactor to the literature of his country. He died in 1665.

¹ For he doth love my "verses, and will look
Upon them, next to Spenser's noble book." Sir
Kenelm had a great affection for the *Fairy
Queen*, and wrote a commentary on a single
stanza of that poem. It is called, *Observation*
on the wnd stanza, in the 9th canto of the 2nd
book of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Lond. 1644,
Octavo.—WHAL.

1 *Shep.* Where'er they tread the enamoured ground,
The fairest flowers are always found :

2 *Shep.* As if the beauties of the year
Still waited on them where they were.

1 *Shep.* He is the father of our peace ;

2 *Shep.* She to the crown hath brought increase.

i *Shep.* We know no other power than his;
Pan only our great shepherd is,

Cho. Our great, our good. Where one's
so drest

In truth of colours, both are best.

Rect. Cho. Haste, haste you hither, all
you gentler swains,
That have a flock or herd upon thee plains:
This is the great preserver of our bounds,
To whom you owe all duties of your grounds;
Your milks, your fells, your fleeces, and first
lams,

Your teeming ewes, as well as mounting grams.
Whose praises let's report unto the woods,
That they may take it echoed by the floods.

Cho. 'Tis he, 'tis he ; in singing he,
And hunting, Pan, exceedeth thee :
He gives all plenty and increase,
He is the author of our peace.

Red. Cho. Where'er he goes upon the
ground

The better grass and flowers are found.

To sweeter pastures lead he can,

Than ever Pales could, or Pan:

He drives diseases from our refuse,

The thief from spoil his presence holds :

Pan knows no other power than his,

This only the great shepherd is.

Cho. 'Tis he, 'tis he ; & C.¹

XCIX.

ON THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.'

Rouse up thyself, my gentle Muse,

Though now our green conceits be gray,

And yet once more do not refuse

To take thy Phrygian harp, and play

In honour of this cheerful day :

Long may they both contend to prove

That best of crowns is such a love.

¹ In the old copy several love verses are ridiculously tacked to this chorus: they have already appeared, and the circumstance is only noted here to mark the carelessness or ignorance of those who had the ransacking of the poet's study after his death. [See *ante*, Underwoods, No. xl. p. 307 a. - F. C.]

This is probably Ben's last tribute of dairy to his royal master: it is not his worst; it was perhaps better as it came from the poet, for a

Make first a song of joy and love,
Which chastely flames in royal eyes,
Then tune it to the spheres above,
When the benignant stars do rise,
And sweet conjunctions grace the skies.
Long may, &c.

To this let all good hearts resound,
Whilst diadems invest his head ;
Long may he live, whose life doth bound
More than his laws, and better led
By high example, than by dread.
Long may, &c.

Long may he round about him see
His roses and his lilies blown :
Long may his only dear and he
Joy in ideas of their own
And kingdom's hopes, so timely sown.
Long may they both contend to prove
That best of crowns is such a love.

C.

To MY LORD THE KING, ON THE CHRISTENING HIS SECOND SON, JAMES.'

That thou art loved of God, this work
done,

Great king, thy having of a second son:
And by thy blessing may thy people see
How much they are beloved of God in
thee.

Would they would understand it! princes
are

Great aids to empire, as they are great care
To pious parents, who would have their
blood

Should take first seisin of the public good,
As hath thy James; cleansed from original
dross,

This day, by baptism, and his Saviour's
cross.

Grow up, sweet babe, as blessed in thy name,
As in renewing thy good grandsire's fame:
Methought Great Britain in her sea before
Sate safe enough, but now secured more.
At land she triumphs in the triple shade,
Her rose and lily intertwined, have made.

Oceano securo meo, securior umbris.

stanza has apparently been lost, or confounded with the opening one.

James II. was born October 15th, 1633, and the ceremony here mentioned took place in the succeeding month. In the *Diary of Laud's Life* (fol. 1695, p. 40), is the following memorandum by the Archbishop:—"November 24, 1633.—Sunday in the afternoon, I christened King Charles his second son, James Duke of York, at St. James's."

C1.

AN ELEGY.

ON THE LADY JANE PAWLET, MARCHIONESS OF WINTON.¹

What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,
Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew,
And beckoning woos me, from the fatal tree
To pluck a garland for herself or me?
I do obey you, Beauty! for in death
You seem a fair one. O that you had breath
To give your shade a name! Stay, stay, I feel

A horror in me, all my blood is steel;
Stiff! stark my joints 'gainst one another knock!

Whose daughter?—'r-Ha! great Savage of the Rock.^a

He's good as great. I am almost a stone!
And ere I can ask more of her, she's gone!—
Alas, I am all marble! write the rest
Thou wouldst have written, Fame, upon my breast:

It is a large fair table, and a true,
And the disposure will be something new,
When I, who would the poet have become,
At least may bear the inscription to her tomb.

She was the Lady JANE, and Marchioness
Of Winchester; the heralds can tell this.
Earl Rivers' grandchild—'serve not forms,
good **Fame**,

Sound thou her virtues, give her soul a **name**.

Had I a thousand motths as many tongues,
And voice to raise them from my brazen lungs,

I durst not aim at that; the dotes were such
Thereof, no notion can express how much

Their caract was: I or my trump must break,

But rather I, should I of that part speak;
It is too near of kin to heaven, the soul,
To be described! Fame's fingers are too foul

To touch these mysteries: we may admire
The heat and splendour, but not handle fire.
What she did here, by great example, well,
T' inlive posterity, her Fame may tell;
And calling Truth to witness, make that good

From the inherent graces in her blood!
Else who doth praise a person by a new
But a feigned way, doth rob it of the true.
Her Sweetness, Softness, her fair Courtesy,
Her wary guards, her wise simplicity,
Were like a ring of Virtues 'bout her set,
And Piety the centre where all met.

A reverend state she had, an awful eye,
A dazzling, et inviting, majesty:
What Nature, Fortune, Institution, Fact
Could sum to a perfection, was her Act!
How did she leave the world, with what contempt!

Just as she in it lived, and so exempt
From all affection! when they urged the cure
Of her disease, how did her soul assure
Her sufferings, as the body had been away!
And to the to-liners, I K M doctors, say,
Stick on your cuppim Insses, fear not, put
Your hottest caustics to, burn, lance, or cut:
Tis but a body which you ran torment,
And I into the world all Soul was sent:
Then comforted her lord, and blest her son, 4
Cheered her fair sisters in her race to run,
With gladness tempered her sad parents tears,

Made her friends joys to get above their fears,

¹ *An Elegy on the Lady Jane Pawlet, &c.*] The folio reads *Lady Anne*, though Jane, the true name, occurs, as Whalley observes, just below. This wretched copy is so full of errors, that the reader's attention would be too severely proved if called to notice the title of them; in general they have been corrected in silence.

This Lady Jane was the first wife of that brave and loyal nobleman, John, fifth Marquis of Winchester. He was one of the greatest sufferers by the Usurpation; but he lived to see the restoration of the royal family, and died full of years and honour in 1674. The Marchioness died in 1631, which is therefore the date of the Elegy.

^a *What gentle ghost besprent with April dew, Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew?* Pope seems to have imitated the first lines of this elegy, in his poem to the *Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*;

"What beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?"
—WHAL.

Pope's imitation, however, falls far short of the picturesque and awful solemnity of the original. *Great Savage of the Rock.*] The seat of that family in Cheshire, from which the lady was descended. Camden gives us the following account of it: "The Wever flows between Frodsham, a castle of ancient note, and Clifton, at present called *Rock Savage*, a new house of the Savages, who by marriage have got a great estate here." *Brit.* p. 563—WHAL.

Then comforted her lord and blest her son. &c.] Warton calls this a "pathetic Elegy," and indeed this passage has both pathos and beauty. It is a little singular that Jonion makes no allusion to her dying in childhood, which it would appear from Milton's Epitaph, she actually did. He

And in her last act taught the standers'by
With admiration and applause to die !

Let Angels sing her glories, who did call
Her spirit home to her original;
Who saw the way was made it, and were
sent

To carry and conduct the complement
Twixt death and life, where her mortality
Became her birth-day to eternity !
And now through circumfitea light she
looks,

On Nature's secret there, as her own books:
Speaks heaven's language, and discourseth
free

To every order, every hierarchy !
Beholds her Maker, and in him doth see
What the beginnings of all beauties be ;
And all beatitudes that thence do flow :
Which they that have the crown are sure to
know !

Go now, her happy parents, and be sad,
If you not understand what child you had.
If you dare grudge at heaven, and repent
T have paid again a blessing was but lent,

And misted so, as it deposited lay

I At pleasure, to be called for every day !

If you can envy your own daughter's
bliss,

And wish her state less happy than it is ;

If you can cast about your either eye,

And see all dead here, or about to die !

The stars, that are the jewels of the
night,

And day, deceasing, with the prince of
light,

The sun, great kings, and mightiest king-
doms fail ;

Whole nations, nay, mankind ! the world,
with all

That ever had beginning there, t' have
end !

With what injustice should one soul pre-
tend

T' escape this common known necessity ?

When we were all born, we began to die ;

And, but for that contention, and brave
strife

The Christian hath t' enjoy the iuture life,

speaks of a disease: she was delivered of a
dead child ; and some surgical operation appears
to have been performed, or attempted, without
success. There can be no doubt of Jonson's
accuracy, for he was living on terms of respect-
ful friendship with the Marquis of Winchester

Jonson principally dwells on the piety of this
lady ; she seems also to have been a person of
rare endowments and accomplishment. Howell
(p. 182) puts her in mind that he taught her
Spanish, and sends her a sonnet which he had
translated into that language from one in Eng-
lish by her ladyship, with the music, &c., and
Cartwright returns her thanks, in waua lan-
"for two most beautiful pieces, wrought
rself in needlework, and presented to the
rrsity of Oxford, the one being the story of
the Nativity, the other of the Passion of our
Saviour:"

"Blest mother of the church, he, in the list,
Reckon'd from hence the she-Evangelist;
Nor can the style be profanation, when
The needle may convert more than the pen ;
When faith may come by seeing, and each leaf,
Rightly perused, prove gospel to the deaf," &c.
Poems, p. 196.

¹ Sir John Beaumont has also an elegy on the
death of this lady, beginning with these lines:

"Can my poor lines no better office have,
But he like scritch-owlB still about the grave?
When shall I take some pleasure for my pain,
Commending them that can commend again !"
—WHAL.

It may also be added that Eliot has an
"Elegy on the Lady Jane Paulet, Marchioness
of Winchester," &c., in which he follows Milton

as to the immediate cause of her death. Though
the poem, which is very long, is in John's best
manner, I should not have mentioned it, had it
not afforded me an opportunity of explaining a
passage in Shakspeare which has sorely puzzled
the commentators:

"Either" (says the gallant Henry V.)

"Either our history shall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless
mouth.

Not worshipped with a waxen epitaph."

Act i. sc. 2.

Steevens says that the allusion is "to the
ancient custom of writing on waxen tablets,"
and Malone proves, at the expense of two pages,
that his friend has mistaken the poet's meaning,
and that he himself is—just as wide of it.

In many parts of the Continent it is customary,
upon the decease of an eminent person, for his
friends to compose short laudatory poems, epi-
taphs, &c., and affix them to the herse or grave,
with pins, wax, paste, &c. Of this practice,
which was once prevalent here also, I had col-
lected many notices, which, when the circum-
stance was recalled to my mind by Eliot's
verses, I tried in vain to recover: the fact, how-
ever, is certain.

In the Bishop of Chichester's verses¹ to the
memory of Dr. J. Donne is this couplet:

"Each quill can drop his tributary verse,
And pin it, like a hatchment, to his herse."

Eliot's lines are these:

"Let others, then, sad Epitaphs invent,
And paste them up about thy monument t

He were the wretched'st of the race of
men:
But as he soars at that, he bruiseth then

The serpent's head ; gets above death and
sin,
And, sure of heaven, rides triumphing in.

While my poor muse contents itself, that she
Vents sighs, not words, unto thy memory."
Poems, p. 39.

It is very probable that the beautiful epitaph
on the Countess of Pembroke was attached,
with many others, to her herse. We know that
she had no monument; and the verses seem to
intimate that they were so applied :

" Underneath this *sable kerse*
Lies the subject of all v'rs,
Sidney's sister," &c.

To this practice Shakspeare alludes. He had
at first written *paper* epitaph, which he judi-
ciously changed to *waxen*, as less ambiguous,
and altogether as familiar to his audience.
Henry's meaning therefore is: "I will either
have my full history recorded with glory, or lie
in an undistinguished grave:"—not merely
without an inscription sculptured in stone, but
unworshipped (unhonoured) even by a waxen
epitaph—i e., by the short-liv'd compliment of
a paper fastened on it.



Eupheme.

OR THE FAIR FAME LEFT TO POSTERITY OF THAT TRULY NOBLE LAD¹

THE LADY VENETIA DIGBY,

LATE WIFE OF SIR KENELME DIGBY, KNT., A GENTLEMAN
ABSOLUTE IN ALL NUMBERS.

Consisting of these Ten Pieces :

The dedication of her CRADLE,
The Song of her DESCENT,
The Picture of her BODY,
Her MIND,
Her being chosen a MUSE,
Her fair OFFICES,

Her happy MATCH,
Her hopeful ISSUE,
Her AXIOQEasiS, or, Relation to the
SAINTS,
Her inscription, or CROWNING.

Vivam amare Voluptas, defunctam Religio.—STAT.

CII.

EUPHEME.

OK THE FAIR FAME LEFT TO POSTERITY OF
THAT TRULY NOBLE LADY,

THE LADY VENETIA DIGBY, &c.¹

I.

THE DEDICATION OF HER CRADLE.

Fair Fame, who art ordained to crown
With evergreen and great renown,
Their heads that Envy would hold down
With her, in shade

Of death and darkness ; and deprive
Their names of bñng kept alive,
By Thee and Conscience, both who thrive
By the just trade

Of goodness still: vouchsafe to take
This cradle, and for goodness sake,
A dedicated ensign make

Thereof to Time ;
That all posterity, as we,
Who read what the Crepundia be,
May something by that twilight see
Bove rattling ihyme.

¹ *The Lady I'erte, i't Digly, &c.* This celebrated lady, Venetia Anastasia Stanley, was the daughter of Sir Edward Stanley of Tong Castle, Shropshire. Her story, which is somewhat remarkable, is given at length by Aubrey and Antony Wood, from whom I have taken what follows : " She was a most beautiful, desirable creature; and being; *matura viro*, was left by her father, to live with a tenant and servants at Enston Abbey; but as private as that place was, it seems her beauty could not lie hid : the young eagles had espied her, and she was sanguine and tractable, and of much suavity, (which to abuse was great pity.)

" In those days Richard, Earl of Dorset, lived in the greatest splendour of any nobleman of England. Among other pleasures that he enjoyed, Venus was not the least. This pretty

cicatuie's fame quickly came to his ears, who made no delay to catch at such an opportunity. I have forgot who first brought her to town :—but the, Earl of Dorset aforesaid was her greatest gallant; he was extremely enamoured of her, and had one, if not more children by her. He settled on her an annuity of 500. per annum.. Among other young sparks of that time, Sir Kenelm Digby grew acquainted with her, and fell so much in love with her that he married her. " She had a most lovely sweet-turned face, delicate dark-brown hair: she had a perfectly healthy constitution, good skin: well-proportioned; inclining to a bona-roba. (a) Her face a

(a) Poor Aubrey appears to think fona-roba synonymous with *embonpoint*.

For though that rattles, timbrels, toys,
Take little infants with their noise,
As properest gifts to girls and boys,
Of light expense ;
Their corals, whistles, and prime coats,
Their painted masks, their paper boats,
With sails of silk, as the first notes
Surprise their sense.

Yet here are no such trifles brought,
No cobweb caul, no surcoats wrought
With gold, or clasps, which might be
bought

On every stall:
But here's a song of her descent;
And call to the high parliament
Of Heaven; where Seraphim take tent
Of oulenn'g all:

This uttered by an ancient bard,
Who claims, of reverence, to be heard,
As coming with his harp prepared
To chant her 'gree,

Is sung : as als' her getting up,
By Jacob's ladder, to the top
Of that eternal port, kept ope
For such as she.

II.

THE SONG OF HER DESCENT,

I sing the just and uncontrolled descent
Of Dame VENETIADIGBY, styled the fair:

short oval, dark browne eye-brow, about which much sweetness, as also in the opening of her eye-lids. The colour of her cheeks wab just that of the damask rose, which is neither too hot nor too pale. See Ben Jonson's 2nd volume, where he hath made her live in poetry, in his drawing of her both body and mind."—*Letters*, &c., vol. ii. p. 332.

What truth there may be in these aspersions, I know not; that they had some foundation can scarcely be doubted. But whatever was the conduct of this "beautiful creature" before her marriage with Sir Kenelm, it was most exemplary afterwards; and she died universally beloved and lamented.

The amiable and virtuous Habington has a poem on her death addressed to Castara;

"Weep not, Castara," &c.

This speaks volumes in her praise, for Habington would not have written, nor would his Castara have wept, for an ordinary character. Randolph and Felthani have each an Elegy upon her, as has Rutter, the author of the *Shepherds' Holiday*. In Randolph's poem I was struck with four lines of peculiar elegance, which I give from recollection:

"Bring all the spices that Arabia yields,
Distil the choicest flowers that paint the fields;
And when in one their best perfections meet,
Kimbalm her core, that filth may make them
sweet"

For mind and body the most excellent
That ever nature, or the later air,
Gave two such houses as Northumberland
And Stanley, to the which she was co-
heir.
Speak it, you bold Penates, you that stand
At either stem, and know the veins of
good
Run from your roots; tell, testify the grand
Meeting of Graces, that so swelled the
flood
Of Virtues in her, as, in short, she grew
The wonder of her sex, and of your
blood.
And tell thou, Alde-legh, none can tell
more true
Thy niece's line, than thou that gav'st
thy name
Into the kindred, whence thy Adam drew
Meschmes honour, with the Cestrian fame
Of the first Lupus, to the family
By Ranulph"—

The rest of this song is lost.

in.

THE PICTURE OF THE BODY.

Sitting, and ready to be drawn,
What make these velvets, silks, and lawn,
Embroideries, feathers, fringes, lace,
Where every limb takes like a face ?

Lady Digby was found dead in her bed, with her cheek resting on her hand : to this Habington alludes—

"She past away
So sweetly from the world, as if her clay
Laid only down to slumber."

"Some (says Aubrey) suspected that she was poisoned. When her head was opened, there was found *but little brain*, which her husband imputed to her drinking of viper-wine ; but spiteful women would say 'twas a viper-husband, who was jealous of her." This fact of the *little brain* is thus alluded to by Owen Feltham:

"Yet there are those, striving to save their **own**
Deep want of skill, have in a fury thrown
Scandal on her, and say *she wanted brait*
Botchers of nature ! your eternal stain
This judgment is," &c.

With respect to the insinuation noticed by Aubrey, it is probably a mere calumny. Sir Kenelm was distractedly fond of his lady, and, as he was a great dabbler in chemistry, is said to have attempted to exalt and perpetuate her beauty by various extracts, cosmetics, &c., to some of which, Pennant suggests, she might probably fall a victim. The better opinion, however, was that she died in a fit. Her death took place in 1633, when she was just turned Of thirty-two. She left three sons.

And these suspected helps to aid
Some form defective, or decayed;
This beauty, without falsehood fair,
Needs nought to clothe it but the air.

Yet something to the painter's view,
Were fitly interposed; so new:
He shall, if he can understand,
Work with my fancy his own hand.

Draw first a cloud, all save her neck,
And put of that, make day to break;
Till like her face it do appear,
And men may think all light rose there,

Then let the beams of that disperse
The cloud, and shew the universe;
But at such distance, as the eye
May rather yet adore than spy.

The heaven designed, draw next a spring,
With all that youth or it can bring:
4 Four rivers branching forth like seas,
4 And Paradise confining these.

'Last, draw the circles of this globe,
And let there be a starry robe
Of constellations 'bout her hurled;
And thou hast painted Beauty's world.

But, painter, see thou do not sell
A copy of this piece; nor tell
Whose 'tis: but if it favour find,
Next sitting we will draw her mind

IV.

THE PICTURE OF THE MIND.

Painter, you're come, but may be gone,
Now I have better thought thereon,
This work I can perform alone;
And give you reasons more than one.

'ot that your art I do refuse;
But here I may no colours use.
Beside, your hand will never hit,
To draw a thing that cannot sit.

You could make shift to paint an eye,
An eagle towering in the sky,
The sun, a sea, or soundless pit;³
But these are like a mind, not it.

No, to express this mind to sense,
Would ask a heaven's intelligence;
Since nothing can report that flame,
But what's of kin to whence it came.

Sweet Mind, then speak yourself, and -
As you go on, by what brave way
Our sense you do with knowledge fill,
And yet remain our wonder still,

I call you, Muse, now make it true:
Henceforth may every line be you;
That all may say, that see the frame,
This is no picture, but the same.

A mind so pure, so perfect fine,
As 'tis not radiant, but divine;
And so disdaining any trier,
'Tis got where it can try the fire.

There, high exalted in the sphere,
As it another nature were,
It moveth all; and makes a flight
As circular as infinite.

Whose notions when it will express
In speech; it is with that excess
Of grace, and music to the ear,
As what it spoke it planted there.

The voice so sweet, the words so fair,
As some soft chime had stroked the
air;
And though the sound were parted
thence,
Still left an echo in the sense.

But that a mind so rapt, so high,
So swift, so pure, should yet apply
Itself to us, and come so nigh
Earth's grossness; there's the how and
why.

Is it because it sees us dull,
And sunk in clay here, it would pull
Us forth, by some celestial sleight,
Up to her own sublimM height?

Or hath she here, upon the ground,
Some Paradise or palace foun'd
In all the bounds of Beauty, fit
For her to inhabit? There is it.

¹ Four rivers branching forth, like seas,
And Paradise confining these. } That could
never be the case; the land may be confined by
the rivers, though not these by the land. And
this the sacred historian tells us was the situation
of Paradise; for confining, therefore, we
must read, confined in these. — WHAL.

Whalley has *prayed his pible ill*; and the poet
in a better [mis]judicial geographer than the priest

The river that watered Paradise branched into
four heads immediately upon quitting it. Paradise,
therefore, was not inclosed by the four
rivers; it merely touched them. Could any pre-
decessor be ignorant that the primitive sense of
confine was to border upon?

³ Or soundless pit] Le., bottomless, tftct
cannot be fathom'd, — WHAL.

Thrice happy house, that hast receipt
For this so lofty form, so streight,
So polished, perfect, round and even,
As it slid moulded off from heaven.

Not swelling like the ocean proud,
But stooping gently as a cloud,
As smooth as oil poured forth, and calm
As showers, and sweet as drops of balm.

Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a flood,
Where it may run to any good ;
And where it stays, it there becomes
A nest of odorous spice and gums.

In action, winged as the wind;
In rest, like spirits left behind
Upon a bank, or field of flowers,
Begotten by that wind and showers.

In thee, fair mansion, let it rest,
Yet know, with what thou art possest,
Thou, entertaining in thy breast
But such a mind, mak'st God thy guest,¹

[A whole quaternion in the midst of this poem is lost, containing entirely the three next pieces of it, and all of the fourth (which in the order of the whole is the eighth) excepting the very end: which at the top of the next quaternion goth on thus.]

VIII.

(A FRAGMENT.)

—But for you, growing gentlemen, the happy branches of two so illustrious houses as these, wherefrom your honoured mother is in both lines descended; let me leave you this last legacy of counsel; which, so soon as you arrive at years of mature understanding, open you, sir, that are the eldest, and read it to your brethren, for it will concern you all alike. Vowed by a faithful servant and client of your family, with his latest breath expiring it

BEN JONSON.

TO KENELM, JOHN, GEORGE

Boast not these titles of your ancestors,
Brave youths, they're their possessions,
none of yours:

¹ This little piece is highly poetical. Some of the stanzas are exquisitely beautiful, and indeed the whole may be said to be vigorously conceived and happily expressed.

Of these three sons, George probably died young. Kenelm, the eldest, a young man of great abilities and virtues, nobly redeemed the error of his grandfather, and took up arms for

When your own virtues equalled have their names,

'Twill be but fair to lean upon their fames;
For they are strong supporters: but, till then,

The greatest are but growing gentlemen.
It is a wretched thing to trust to reeds,
Which all men do, that urge not their own deeds

Up to their ancestors; the river's side
By which you're planted shews your fruit
shall bide.

Hang all your rooms with one large
pedigree;

'Tis virtue alone is true nobility:

Which virtue from your father, ripe, will fall;

Study illustrious him, and you have all.

IX.

ELEGV ON MY MUSE,
THE TRULY HONOURED LADY,
THE LADY VENETIA DIGBY;

WHO LIVING, GAVE ME LEAVE TO CALL
HER SO.

BEING HER AFFECTION'S OR, RELATION
TO THE SAINTS.

Sera quidem tanio str-uitur medicina
dolore.

Twere time that I died too, now she is dead,

Who was my Muse, and life of all I did;
The spirit that I wrote with, and conceived:

All that was good or great with me, she weaved,

And set it forth; the rest were cobwebs fine,

Spun out in name of some of the old Nine,
To hang a window, or make dark the room,

Till swept away, they were cancelled with a broom!

Nothing that could remain, or yet can stir
A sorrow in me, fit to wait to her!

O! had I seen her laid out a fair corse,
By death, on earth, I should have had remorse

his sovereign. He was slain at the battle of St. Neot's in Huntingdonshire, July 7th, 1648; and John is said to have succeeded to the family estate, after removing some legal bar interposed in a moment of displeasure by his father.

The lines which follow bear a running allusion to the eighth satire of Juvenal; they are evidently a mere fragment.

On Nature for her; who did let her lie,
And saw that portion of herself to die.
Sleepy or stupid Nature, couldst thou part
With such a rarity, and not rouse Art,
With all her aids, to save her from the
seize
Of vulture Death, and those relentless
cleis?
Thou wouldst have lost the Phoenix, had
the kind
Been trusted to thee; not to itself assigned.
Look on thy sloth, and give thyself undone,
(For so thou art with me) now she is gone:
My wounded mind cannot sustain this
stroke.
It rages, runs, flies, stands, and would
provoke
The world to ruin with it; in her fall,
I sum up mine own breaking, and wish all.
Thou hast no more blows, Fate, to drive
at one;
What's left a poet, when his Muse is gone?
I feel I am dead, and know it not! I feel
Nothing I do; but like a heavy wheel,
Am turned with another's powers: my
passion
Whirls me about, and, to blaspheme in
fashion,
I murmur against God, for having ta'en
Her blessed soul hence, forth this valley vain
Of tears, and dungeon of calamity!
I envy it the angels' amity,
The joy of saints, the crown for which it
lives,
The glory and gain of rest, which the
place gives!
Dare I profane so irreligious be,
To greet or grieve her soft euthanasia!
So sweetly taken to the court of bliss,
As spirits bad stolen her spirit in a kiss,
up off her pillow and deluded bed;
And left her lovely body unthought dead!
Indeed she is not dead! but laid to sleep
In earth, till the last trump awake the
sheep
And goats together, whither they must
come
To hear their judge, and his eternal doom;
To have that final retribution,
Expected with the flesh's restitution.
For, as there are three natures, schoolmen
call
One corporal only, th' other spiritual,

Like single; so there is a third commixt,
Of body and spirit together, placed be-
twixt
Those other two; which must be judged
or crowned:
This, as it guilty is, or guiltless found,
Must come to take a sentence, by the
sense
Of that great evidence, the Conscience,
Who will be there, against that day pre-
pared,
To accuse or quit all parties to be heard!
O day of joy and surety to the just,
Who in that feast of resurrection trust!
That great eternal holiday of rest
To body and soul, where love is all the
quest!
And the whole banquet is full sight of God,
Of joy the circle and sole period!
All other gladness with the thought is
barred,
Hope hath her end, and Faith hath her
reward!
This being thus, why should my tongue
or pen
Presume to interpel that fulness, when
Nothing can more adorn it than the seat
That she is in, or make it more complete?
Better be dumb than superstitious:
Who violates the Godhead, is most vicious
Against the nature he would worship. He
Will honoured be in all simplicity,
Have all his actions wondered at, and
viewed
With silence and amazement; not with
rule,
Dull and profane, weak and imperfect eyes,
Have busy search made in his mysteries!
He knows what work he hath done, to call
thk guest
Out of her noble body to this feast:
And give her place according to her blood
Amongst her peers, those princes of all
good!
Saints, Martyrs, Prophets, with those
Hierarchies,
Angels, Arch-angels, Principalities,
The Dominations, Virtues, and the Powers,
The Thrones, the Cherube, and Seraphic
bowers,
That, planted round, there sing before the
Lamb
A new song to his praise, and great I AM:

¹ 7V? save her from the seize
Of vulture Death, and those relentless cleis.]
The last word is uncommon: is it a dif-
ferent pronunciation of the word *claws*, adopted
by the poet for the sake of rhyme *f* or is it a

real corruption of some other word?—WHAL,
Cleis is common enough in our old poets: it
is a genuine term, and though now confounded
with *claws*, was probably restricted at first to
some specific class of animals.

And she doth know, out of the shade of death,

What 'tis to enjoy an everlasting breath!
To have her captive spirit freed from ilchsh,
And on her innocence, a garment fresh
And white as that put on : and in her hand
With boughs of palm, a crowned victrix
stand !

And will you, worthy son, sir, knowing
this,
Put black and mourning on ? and say you
miss

A wife, a friend, a lady, or a love ;
Whom her Redeemer honoured hath above¹
Her fellows, with the oil of gladness,
bright

In heaven's empire, and with a robe of
light?

Thither you hope to come ; and there to
find

That pure, that precious, and exalted mind
You once enjoyed: abhorst space severs ye,
Compared unto that long eternity,
That shall rejoin ye. Was she, then, so
dear

When she departed? you will meet her
there,

Much more desired, and dearer than be-iv're,
By all the wealth of blessings, and the store
Accumulated on her, by the Lord
Of life and light, the Son of God, the
Word!

There all the happy souls that ever were
Shall meet with gladness in one theatre ;
And each shall know there one another's
face,

By beatific virtue of the place.

There shall the brother with the sister walk,
And sons and daughters with their parents
talk;

But all of God ; they still shall have to say,
But make him All in All, their Theme,
that day;

That happy day that never shall see night!
Where he will be all beauty to the sight ;
Wine or delicious fruits unto the taste ;

A music in the ears will ever last ;
Unto the scent, a spicery or balm ;
And to the touch, a flower like soft as palm.

He will all glory, all perfection be,
God in the Union, and the Trinity !

That holy, great and glorious mystery,
Will there revealed be in majesty !

By light and comfort of spiritual grace ;
The vision of our Saviour face to face

In his humanity! to hear him preach
The price of our redemption, and to teach
Through his inherent righteousness, in
death,

The safety of our souls and forfeit breath!

What fulness of beatitude is here ?

What love with mercy mixed doth appear,
To style us friends, who were by nature
foes ?

Adopt us heirs by grace, who were of those
Had lost ourselves, and prodigally spent
Our native portions and possessed rent?

Vet have all debts forgiven us, and advance
By imputed right to an inheritance

In his eternal kingdom, where we sit
Equal with angels, and co-heirs of it.

Nor dare we under blasphemy conceive
Illi¹ that shall be our supreme judge, should
leave

Himself so un-informed of his elect,
Who knows the hearts of all, and can
dissect

The smallest fibre of our flesh ; he can
Find all our atoms from a point t' a span :
Our closest creeks and corners, and can
trace

Each line, as it were graphic, in the face.
And best he knew her noble character,
For 'twas himself who formed and gave it
her.

And to that form lent two such veins of
blood,

As nature could not more increase the
flood

Of title in her ! all nobility

But pride, that schism of incivility,
She had, and it became her ! she was fit
T' have known no envy but by suifngit!

She had a mind as calm as she was fair;
Not tost or tioubled with light lady-air,

But kept an even gait, as some straight tree
Moved by the wind, so comely moved shfc.

And by the awful manage of her eye,
She swayed all bus'ness in the family.

To one she said, do this, he did it; so
To another, move, he went; to a third, go,

He ran ; and all did strive with diligence
T' obey, and serve her sweet cominade-

ments.
She was in one a many parts of life ;

A tender mother, a discreeter wife,
A solemn mistress, and so good a friend,

So charitable to religious end
In all her petite actions, so devote,

As her whole life was now become one note

¹ Whom her Redeemer, &c.] The Apotheosis abounds in scriptural allusions, which I have left to the reader; as well as the numerous pas-
sages which Milton has adopted from it, and which this edition has as usual overlooked, while running afmr Dante and Thomas Aquinaa,

Of piety and private holiness.
She spent more time in tears herself to
dress

For her devotions, and those sad essays
Of sorrow, than all pomp of gaudy days ;
And came forth ever cheered with the rod
Of divine comfort, when she had talked
with God.

Her broken sighs did never miss whole
sense;

Nor can the bruised heart want eloquence :
For prayer is the incense most perfumes
The holy altars, when it least presumes.

And hers were all humility! they beat
The door of grace, and found the mercy-
seat.

In frequent speaking by the pious psalms
Her solemn hours she spent, or giving alms.
Or doing other deeds of charity,

To clothe the naked, feed the hungry. She
Would sit in an infirmity whole days

Poring, as on a map, to find the ways
To that eternal rest, where now she hath
place

By sure election and predestined grace I
She saw her Saviour, by an early light,
Incarnate in the manger, shining bright
On all the world ! she saw him on the cross
Suffering and dying to redeem our loss :
She saw him rise triumphing over death,
To justify and quicken us in breath;
She saw him too in glory to ascend
For his designed work the perfect end
Of raising, judging and rewarding all
The kind of man, on whom his doom
•ould fall!

All this by faith she saw, and framed a
plea,

In manner of a daily apostrophe,
To him should be her judge, true God,
true Man,

Jesus, the only-gotten Christ ! who can,
As being redeemer and repairer too
Of lapsed nature, best know what to do,
In that great act of judgment, which the
Father

Hath given wholly to the Son (the rather
As being the son of man) to shew his
power,

His wisdom, and his justice, in that hour,
The last of hours, and shutter up of all ;
Where first his power will appear, by
call

Of all are dead to life; his wisdom show
In the discerning of each conscience so;
And most his justice, in the fitting parts,
And giving dues to all mankind's deserts !

In this sweet extasy she was rapt hence.
Who reads, will pardon my intelligence,
That thus have ventured these true strains
upon,

To publish her a saint. MY MUSE is GONE I

;;' *pic fat is mcmoriam*

quam preestas

VenelicT, tucc -ilhi strissim.

Mar It. dign. Digbeie

Hanc 'Ano©snEIN, tibi, tuisque sacro.

THE TENTH,
BEING HER INSCRIPTION, OR GROWN,
IS LOST.



Leges Convivales.

LEGES CONVIVALES.] Nothing can be more pure and elegant than the latinity of these "Laws." In drawing them up, Jonson seems to have had the rules of the Roman entertainments in view ; as collected with great industry by Lipsius.

As Whalley printed the old translation of these Rules, I have retained it. The poetry, however, has little merit, and the original is not always correctly rendered ; but there is no better : a version somewhat anterior to this appeared in a volume of *Songs and other Poems*, by Alex. Drome, London 1661.

LEGES CONVIVALES.

*Quodfelixfaustumque convivis in
Apollitie sit.*

1 NEMO ASYMBOLUS, NISI UMBRA, IUUC
VENITO.

2 IDIOTA, INSULSUS, TRISTIS, TURPIS, ,
ABESTO. GULÆ

3 ERUDITI, URBANI, HILARES, HONESTI,
ADSCISCUNTOR.

4 NEC LECIVK FCEMTN.: REPUDIANTOR.
5 IN AI'PARATU QUOD CONVIVIS COR-
KUET NARES NIL ESTO.

6 EPULE DELECTU POTIUS QUAM
SUMPTU PAKANTOR.

7 OBSONATOR ET COQUUS CONVIVARUM
PERITI SUNTO.

RULES FOR THE TAVERN ACADEMY;

OR, LAWS FOR THE BEAUX ESPRITS.

From the Latin of BEN JONSON, engraven
in Marble over the Chimney, in the
APOLLO of the Old Devil Tavern,¹ at
Temple-Bar; that being his Club-Room.

Non verbum reddere verbo.

I.

1 As the fund of our pleasure, let each
pay his shot,
Except some chance friend, whom a
member brings in.

2 Far hence be the *sad*, the *lewd fop*, and
thew ;
For such have the plagues of good com-
pany been.

¹ *Apollo of the Old Devil Tavern.*] The modern
revolutions of this tavern, as far as they are
known, have been kindly transmitted to me by
J. Dent, Esq., one of the principal partners in
the banking-house of Child and Co. " Mr.
Taylor, of the parish of St. Bride's London, Esq.,
appears by indenture October 1734, to have been
the owner of the two messuages or tenements
close to the east of Temple Bar, of which the
one known by the name of St. Dunstan's, or the
old Devil Tavern, was then in the occupation of
John Goostrey.—Taylor sold this property to
Richard Andrews of St. Dunstan's parish, July

II.

3 Let the *learned* and witty, the, 'Oz, "Wand
W.

The *generous* and *honest*, compose our
free state ;

4 And the *more* to exalt our delight whilst
we stay,

Let none be debarred from his choice
female mate.

in.

5 Let no scent offensive the chamber
infest.

6 Let fancy, not cost, prepare all our
dishes.

7 Let the caterer mind the taste of each
guest,

And the cook, in his dressing, comply
with their wishes.

1766.—Andrews parted with it to Mess. Child, in
June 1787 for 2800l. By these gentlemen the
Devil Tavern was pulled down soon after they
bought it, and the present buildings in Child's
Place erected on its site. In this tavern was
the room known by the name of the Apollo, in
which was held the APOLLO CLUB established
by the celebrated Ben Jonson. Over the door
in gold letters on a black ground were painted
his verses beginning " Welcome all," Sec, and
above them was placed a bust of the poet—both
these are still in the possession of Messrs. Child:
—the Rules of the club, said to have been a-

- 8 DE DISCUBITU NON CONTENDITOR.
9 MINISTRI A DAPIBUS, OCULATI ET MUTI,
A POCULIS, AURITI ET CELEBES SUNTO.
10 VINA PURIS FONTIBUS MINISTRENTOR AUT VAPULET HOSPESES.
11 MODERATIS POCULIS PROVOCARE SODALES PAS ESTO.
12 AT FABULIS MAGIS QUAM VINO VELITATIO FIAT.
13 CONVIVE NEC MUTI¹ NEC LOQUACES SUNTO.
14 DE SERIIS AC SACRIS POTI ET SATURI NE DISSERUNTO.
15 FIDICEN, NISI ACCERSITUS, NON VENITO.

IV.

- 8 Let's have no disturbance about taking places,
To shew your nice breeding, or out of vain pride.
9 Let the drawers be ready with wine and fresh glasses,
Let the waiters have eyes, though their tongues must be ty'd.

V.

- 10 Let our wines without mixture or stum, be all fine,
Or call up the master, and break his dull noddle.
xi Let no sober bigot here think it a sin,
To push on the chirping and moderate bottle.

VI.

- 13 I jt the contests be rather of books than of wine.
13 Let the company be neither noisy nor mute.
14 Let none of things serious, much less of divine,
When belly and head's full, profanely dispute,

graved on black marble, and fixed up in the same room, were no longer there, (a) when Messrs. Chile¹ had possession given them of the premises. The other tenement above alluded to, was called the King's Arms and Civet Cat, William Wintle, tenant:—this was added to the present premises of Messrs. Child and Co,

() They were probably removed by Andrews. The Apollo, of which a print was published in 1774, appears to have been a handsome room, large and lofty, and furnished with a gallery for

- 16 ADMISSE RISU, TRIPUDIIS, CHOREIS, CANTU, SALIBUS,
OMNI GRATIARUM FESTIVITATE SACRA CELEBRANTOR.
17 JOCI SINE FELLE SUNTO.
18 INSIPIDA POEMATATA NULLA RECITANTOR.
19 VERSUS SCRIBERE NULLUS COGITOR.
20 ARGUMENTATIONS TOTIUS STREPITUS ABESTO.
21 AMATORIIS QUERELIS, AC SUSPIRIIS LTBKR ANGULUS ESTO.
22 LAPITHARUM MORE SCYPHIS PUGNARE, VITREA COLLIDERE, FENESTRAS EXCUTERE, SUPPELECTILRM DILACERARE NEFAS ESTO.

VII.

- 15 Let no saucy fidler presume to intrude, Unless he is sent for *to vary our bliss.*
16 With mirth, wit, and dancing, and singing conclude,
To regale every sense, with delight in excess.

VIII.

- 17 Let raillery be without malice or heat.
18 Dull poems to read let none privilege take.
19 Let no poetaster command or intreat
Another extempore verses to make.

IX.

- 20 Let argument bear no unmusical sound, Nor jars interpose, sacred friendship to grieve.
21 For generous lovers let a corner be found, Where they in soft sighs may their passions relieve.

X.

- 22 Like the old Lapithites, with the goblets to fight,
Our own 'mongst offences unpardoned will rank,
Or breaking of windows, or glasses, for spight,
And spoiling the goods for a rakehellly prank.

about the year 1706; the bar of this tavern being now part of their kitchen. The original sign (still in existence) of the banking-house, was the full blown marigold exposed to a meridian sun, with this motto round it, *Aituimon Am'.*—J. D. 1816.

AI CONVIVE NON MULTI.

music. It was frequently used for balls, &c., and here Dr. Kenrick gave, about 1775, his *Lictur' on Skakspear*t.

23 QUI FORAS VEL DICTA, VEL FACTA
ELIMINET, ELIMINATOR.

XI.

23 Whoever shall publish what's said, or
what's done,
Be he banished for ever our assembly
divine.

24 NEMINEM REUM POCULA FACRU NFO.
FOCUS PERBNNIS ESTO.

24 Let the freedom we take be perverted
by none,
To make any guilty by drinking good
wine.

VERSES PLACED OVER THE DOOR AT THE ENTRANCE INTO
THE APOLLO.

Welcome all who lead or follow,
To the Oracle of APOLLO—
Here he speaks out of his pottle,
Or the tripos, his tower bottle:
All his answers are divine,
Truth itself doth flow in wine.
Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
Cries old SJM, the king of skinkers;¹
He the half of life abuses,
That sits watering with the Muses.
Those dull girls no good can mean us;

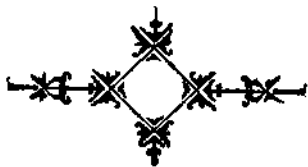
¹ Cries old Sim, the king of skinkers] Old Sim means Simon Wadloe, who then kept the Devil tavern; and of him probably is the old catch, beginning,

Wine it is the milk of Venus,⁸
And the poet's horse accounted:
Ply it, and you all are mounted.
'Tis the true Phosbian liquor,
Cheers the brains, makes wit the quicker.
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
And at once three senses pleases.
Welcome all who lead or follow,
To the Oracle of APOLLO,

O RARE BEN JONSON 1

Old Sir Simon the king.—WHAL

* Wine it is the milk of Venus. (From the Greek Anacreontic,
Otm yoAa Apo&rqc.—WHAL)



Translations from the Latin Poets.

HORACE HIS ART OF POETRY.

HORACE OF THE ART OF POETRY.] This translation, which was probably among the earliest works of Tonson, was not given to the press till some time after his death, when it was published in 1640, with some other pieces, in 2^{no}, by John Benson, with a dedication to Lord Windsor, who, as the writer says, "rightly knew the worth and true esteem both of the author and his learning, being more conspicuous in the judgment of your lordship and other sublime spirits than my capacity can describe."

Many transcripts of this *vens. o.* got abroad; these differed considerably from one another, and all perhaps from the original copy. In the three which have reached us, though all were published nearly at the same time, variations occur in almost every line. To notice them would be both tedious and unprofitable: suffice it to say that I have adopted the text of the folio 1640, as, upon the whole, the most correct, though exceptions may occasionally be met with in the smaller editions.

It was for this poem that our author compiled the vast *body* of notes which was destroyed in the conflagration of his study. After this, he seems to have lost all thoughts of the press—indeed age and disease were advancing fast upon him, if, as I conjecture, the fire took place about 1623, and left him as little heart as power to venture again before a public, not in general too partial to his labours.

The small edition is prefaced by several commendatory poems, one of which only appears to be written on occasion of the present version. This is by the celebrated Lord Herbert of Chesham, and is addressed "to his friend Master Ben Jonson, on his Translation."

" 'Twas not enough, Ben Jonson, to be thought
Of English poets best, but to have brought,
In greater state, to their acquaintance, one
Made equal to himself and thee; that none
Might be thy second: while thy glory is
To be the HORACE of our times, and his."

* Jonson was followed (at unequal periods) by three writers, who in the century succeeding his death (for I have neither leisure nor inclination to go lower) published their respective versions of the *Art of Poetry*. It may amuse the reader, perhaps, to listen for a moment to what they say of our poet, and of one another. Roscommon begins—

"I have kept as close as I could both to the meaning, and the words of the author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive me if he were alive; and I have often asked myself that question. I know this is a field,

Per quem magnis equos Aurunccefixit alumnus,

but with all respect due to the name of Ben Jonson, to which no man pays more veneration than I; it cannot be denied, that the constraint of rhyme, and a literal translation (to which Horace in his book declares himself an enemy) has made him want a comment in many places."

Oldham follows:

"I doubt not but the reader will think me guilty of an high presumption in venturing upon a translation of the *Art of Poetry* after two such great hands have gone before me in the same attempts: I need not acquaint him that I mean Ben Jonson and the Earl of Roscommon; the one being of so established an authority, that whatever he did is held as sacred, the other having lately performed it with such admirable

success, as almost cuts off all hope in any after pretenders, of ever coming up to what he has done."

The last is Henry Ames:

" 'Tis certain my Lord Roscommon has not only excelled in justness of version and elegance of style, but has given his poet all the natural beauties and genteel plainness of the English dress; but his lordship rid with a slack rein, and freed himself at once from all the incumbrance and perplexity of rhyme; and sure it must be confessed some difficulty to be circumscribed to syllables and sounds: Mr. Oldham, indeed, has very skilfully touched the Horatian lyre, and worked it into musical harmony; but so modernized the poem, and reduced it to the standard of his own time, that a peevish reader may not only be disgusted at want of the poetical history, but think himself privileged to except against all such freedoms in any one but Mr. Oldham.

"Ben Jonson (with submission to his memory), by transgressing a most useful precept, has widely differed from them both; and trod so close upon the heels of Horace, that he has not only cramped, but made him halt, in (almost) every line."

[When Jonson read this translation to Drummond there was a preface attached to it "where he hath an Apologie of a play of his, St. Baitholomee's Faire." The translation itself was composed in 1604 "in my Lord Aubany's house," ten years before the preface was written.—F. C.]

Horace of the Art of Poetry.¹

IF to a woman's head a painter would
Set a horse-neck, and divers feathers fold
On every limb, ta'en from a several creature,
Presenting upwards a fair female feature,
Which in some swarthy fish uncomely ends:
Admitted to the sight, although his friends,
Could you contain your laughter? Credit

me,
This piece, my Pisos, and that book agree,
Whose shapes, like sick men's dreams, are
feigned so vain,

As neither head nor feet one form retain.
But equal power to painter and to poet,
Of daring all, hath still been given; we
know it:

[And both do crave, and give again, this
leave.

Yet, not as therefore wild and tame should
cleave

Together; not that we should serpents see
With doves; or lambs with tigers coupled be.

In grave beginnings, and great things
profest,

Ye have oft-times, that may o'ershine the
rest,

A scarlet piece or two stitched in: when or
Diana's grove, or altar, with the bor-
D'ring circles of swift waters that intwine
The pleasant grounds, or when the river
Rhine,

Horatius de Arte Poetica.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;
Spectatum adnans risum teneatis amici?
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulae fore librum
Persimilem, cujus, velut ocri somnia, vanae
Finguntur species: ut nee pes, nee caput
uni
Reddatur formae. Pictoribus, atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit sequa po-
testas.

Scimus; et hanc veniam petimusque, da-
musque, vicissim:

Sed non ut placidis coeant imitatio, non ut
Serpentes avibus gementur, tigris agni.

Inceptis gravibus plerunque, et magna
professis

Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter
Assuitur pannus: cum lucus, et ara Dianae,
Et prorepantis aquae per amoenos ambitus
aros,

Aut ilumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describi-
tur arcus.

¹ We are not to look for grace and beauty in this translation: the poet's design being to give as close a version of the text, as the different genius of the two languages would admit. But

Jonson will be found perfectly to understand his author, and to exhibit his meaning with his usual vigour and conciseness of style.—WHAL.

Or rainbow is described. But here was now
No place for these. And, painter, haply thou
Know'st only well to paint a cypress-tree.
What's this? If he whose money hireth
thee

To paint him, hath by swimming hopeless
scaped,

The whole fleet wrecked? A great jar to
be shaped,

Was meant at first; why forcing still about
Thy labouring wheel, comes scarce a
pitcher out?

In short, I bid, let what thou work'st upon,
Be simple quite throughout, and wholly one.

Most writers, noble sin' and either son,
Are, with the likeness of the truth, undone.
Myself for shortness labour, and T grow
Obscure. This, striving to run smooth,
and flow,

Hath neither soul nor sinews. Lofty he
Professing greatness, swells; that, low by
lee,

if it reeps on the ground; too safe, afraid of
storm.

This seeking, in a various kind, to form
One thing prodigiously, paints in the woods
, A dolphin, and a boar amid the floods.

shunning faults to greater fault doth
lead,

When in a wrong and artless way we tread.

The worst of statuary, here about
Fh' Emilian school, in brass can fashion out
The nails, and every curled hair disclose;

Sed nunc non erat his locus: et fortasse
cupressum

Scis simulare: quid hoc, si fractis enatit
exspes

Navibu', aere dato qui pingitur? amphora
coepit

Jrnstitui; currente rota, cur urceus exit?

Denique sit, quod vis, simplex duntaxat et
unum.

Maxima pars vatium, pater, et juvenes
patre digni,

Decipimur specie recti: brevis esse laboro,
Obscurus no: sectantem loevia, nervi

Deficiunt animique: professus grandia,
turget:

Serpit humi, tutus nimium, timidusque
procellae.

Qui variare cupit rem prodigaliter unam,
Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.

In vitium ducit culpae fuga, si caret arte.
Æmilium circa ludum faber imus, et
ungues

Exprimet, et molles imitabitur aere capillos;
Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum

NOT. III.

But in the main work hapless: since he
knows

Not to design the whole. Should I aspire
To form a work, I would no more desire
To be that smith, than live marked one of
those,

With fair black eyes and hair, and a wry
nose.

Take, therefore, you that write, still,
matter fit

Unto your strength, and long examine it,
Upon your shoulders: prove what they will
bear,

And what they will not. Him, whose
choice doth rear

His matter to his power, in all he makes,
Nor language, nor clear order e'er forsakes;

The virtue of which order, and true grace,
Or I am much deceived, shall be to place

Invention: now to speak; and then defer
Much, that might now be spoke, omitted
here

Till fitter season; now, to like of this,
Lay that aside, the epic's office is.

In using also of new words, to be
Right spare, and wary: then thou speak'st
to me

Most worthy praise, when words that
common grew

Are, by thy cunning placing, made mere new.
Yet if by chance, in uttering things abstruse,

Thou need new terms; thou mayst, with-
out excuse,

Nesciet. Hunc ego me, si quid componere
curem,

Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere
naso,

Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.
Surnite materiam vestris, qui scribitis,
sequam

Viribus, et versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri. Cui lecta potenter
erit res,

Nee facundia deseret hunc, nee lucidus
ordo.

Ordinis hęc virtus erit, et Venus, aut ego
fallor,

Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici;
Pleraque differat, et presens in tempos
omittat;

Hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carminis
auctor.

In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis,
Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum

Reddiderit junctura novum. Si forte" ne-
cesse est

Indiciis monstrare recentibus abditareruns;

B B

Feign words unheard of to the well-trussed
race

Of the Cethegi; and all men will grace,
And give, being taken modestly, this leave,
And those thy new and late coined words
receive,

50 they fall gently from the Grecian spring;
And come not too much wrested. What's
that thing

A Roman to Caecilius will allow,
Or Plautus, and in Virgil disavow,
Or Varius? why am I now envied so,
If I can give some small increase? when lo,
Cato's and Ennius' tongues have lent much
worth,

And wealth unto our language, and brought
forth

New names of things. It hath been ever
free,

And ever will, to utter terms that be
Stamped to the time. As woods whoss
change appears

Still in their leaves, throughout the sliding
years,

The first-born dying, so the aged state
Of words decay, and phrases born but late
Like tender buds shoot up, and freshly
grow.

Ourselves, and all that's ours, to death we
owe:

Whether the sea received into the shore,

Fingere cinctus non exaudita Cethegis
Cpntinget, dabiturque licentia, sumpta
pudenter.

Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba
fidem, si

Graeco fonte cadant, pared detorta. Quid
autem

Caecilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademp-
tum

Virgilio Varioque? Ego cur, acquirere pauca
51 possum, invidetur: cum lingua Catonis,
et Enni

Sermonem patrium ditaverit, et nova rerum
Nomina protulerit? Licuit, semperque
licebit,

Signatum praesente nota producere nomen.
Uf sylvae loliis pronos mutantur in annos,
IrVima cadunt; ita verborum vetus intent
setas,

Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata,
vigetque.

Debemur morti DOS nostraque; sive recep-
tus

Terri Neptunus, classes AquUnibus arcet,
Regis opus; sterilisve dju palus, aptaque

remi,

That from the north the navy safe doth
store,

A kingly work; or that long barren fen
Once rowable, but now cloth nourish men
In neighbour towns, and feels the weighty
plough;

Or the wild river, who hath changed now
His course, so hurtful both to grain and
seeds,

Being taught a better way. All mortal deeds
Shall perish: so far off it is, the state,
Or grace of speech, should hope a lasting
date.

Much phrase that now is dead, shall be
revived,

And much shall die, that now is nobly
lived,

If custom please; at whose disposing will
The povv c-r and ruU: of speaking resteth still.

The gcsts of kings, great captains, and
sad vvirs,

What number best can fit, Homer declares.
In verse unequal matched, first sour
laments,

After men's wishes, cro'ned in their events,
Were also closed: but who the man should
be,

That first sent forth the dapper elegy,
All the grammarians strive; and yet ir
court

Before the judge it hangs, and waits report, i

Vicinas urbes alit, et grave sentit aratrum:
Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus
amnīs;

Doctus item melius. Mortalia facta peribunt,
Nedum sermonum stet honos, et gratia
vivax.

Multa renascentur, quae jam cecidisse,
cadentque

Quae nunc sunt in honore, vocabula, si
volet usus;

Quern penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma
loquendi.

Res gestae regumque, ducumque, et
tristia bella

Quo scabi possent numero, monstravit
Homerus.

Versibus impariter junctis querimonia
primum,

Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.

Quis tamen exiguos elegos emisit auctor, -
mmatiqi certant, et adhuc sub judice
lis est.

Mus adedit fidibus divos pueros quodeorum,
Et pugilem victorem, et equum certamine
primura,

Et juvenum curas, et libera vina referre.

Unto the lyric strings, the muse gave grace
 To chant th' gods, and all their god-like
 race,
 The conquering champion, the prime horse
 in course,
 Fresh lovers business, and theivine's free
 source.
 Th' Iambic armed Archilochus to rave,
 This foot the socks took up, and buskins
 grave,
 As fit t' exchange discourse; averse to win
 On popular noise with, and do business in.
 The comic matter will not be exprest¹
 In tragic verse; no less Thyestes' feast
 Abhors low numbers, and the private
 strain
 Fit for the sock: each subject should re-
 tain
 The place allotted it, with decent thews.
 If now the turns, the colours, and right
 hues
 v Of poems here described, I can nor use,
 Jtfor know t'observe: why (i'the Muse's
 name)
 Am I called poet? wherefore with wrong
 shame,
 I'ersely modest, had I rather owe
 'o ignorance still, than either learn or
 Til know?

Archilochum proprio rabies armavit
 i'ambo.
 Hunc socci cepere pedem, grandesque
 cothurni,
 Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares
 Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agen-
 dis.
 Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non
 it' vult.
 Indignatur item privatis, ac prope socco
 Dignis carminibus celebrari ccena Thyestce.
 Singula queseque locum teneant sortita de-
 center.
 Descriptas servare vices Operumque colores
 Cur ego, si nequeo, ignoroque poeta salu-
 tor?
 Cur nescire, pudens prave, quam discere
 malo?
 Interdum tamen, et vocem comedia tollit,

The Comic matter &c.] Oldham, who in his translation of this poem removes the scene from Romp to London, has adapted this passage to bur author's dramatic characters:

**Volpous and Mores' will not admit
 Of Catiline's high strains, nor is it At**

Yet sometime doth the Comedy excite
 Her voice, and angry Chremes chafes out-
 right
 With swelling throat: and oft the tragic
 wight
 Complains in humble phrase. Both Tele-
 phus,
 And Peleus, if they seek to heart-strike us
 That are spectators, with their misery,
 When they are poor, and banished, must
 throw by
 Their bombard-phrase, and foot-aud-half-
 foot words:
 'Tis not enough, th' elaborate Muse affords
 Her poems beauty, but a sweet delight
 To work the hearers' minds still to their
 plight.
 Men uicos still, with such as laugh are
 prone
 To laughter; so they grieve with those that
 moan;
 If tliou wouldst have me weep, be thou
 first dio'vned
 Thyself in u'irs, then me thy loss will
 wound,
 Peleus, or Telephus. If you speak vile
 And ill-penned things, I shall or sleep or
 smile.
 Sad language fits sad looks, stuffed me-
 nacmgs

Iratusque Chremes tumido clelitigat ore,
 Et tragicus plerumque dolet serrnone pe-
 destii
 Telephus, et Peleus, cum pauper, et exul
 utcrque,
 Projicit ampullas, et sesquipodalia verba,
 Si curat cor spcctantis tetigisse querela.
 Non satis est pulchra esse poemata: dulcia
 sunt,
 Et quocunque volent animum auditoris
 agunto.
 Ut ridentibus arident, ita flentibus adflent
 Humani vultus. Si vis me flere, dolendum
 est
 Primurn ipsi tibi: tune tua me infortunia
 tocdent
 Telephe, vel Peleu: malè si mandata
 loqueris,
 Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. Tristia moestum

To make *Sejanus* on the Stage ~~appear~~
 In the lpy dress which cwiç persons weft,"
 Not only the translation, a' is said above, hut
 the arrangement of the text, mainly i f f e r s in the
 folio and Hippo editions. I have left both as I
 found them, not knowing what part of either pro-
 ceeded from Jonson.

The angry brow, the sportive wanton things;

And the severe speech ever serious.
For nature, first within doth fashion us,
To every state of fortune; she helps on,
Or urgeth us to anger; and anon
With weighty sorrow hurls us all along,
And tortures us: and after, by the tongue
Her truchman, she reports the mind's each throe.

If now the phrase of him that speaks, shall flow

In sound, quite from his fortune; both the rout,

And Roman gentry, jeering, will laugh out.

It much will differ, if a god speak, than,
Or an heroic; if a ripe old man,
Or some hot youth, yet in his flourishing course;

Wher some great lady, or her diligent nurse;

A vent'ring merchant, or the farmer free
Of some small thankful land: whether hebe
Of Colchis born, or in Assyria bred;
Or with the milk of Thebes, or Argus, fed.
Or follow fame, thou that dost write, or feign

Things in themselves agreeing: if again
Honoured Achilles' chance by thee be seized,

Keep him still active, angry, unappeased,

Vultum verba decent t iratum, plena minarum:

Ludentem, lasciva: severum, seria dictu.

Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem

Fortunarum habitum: juvat, aut impellit ad iram,

Aut ad humum mcerore gravi deducit, et angit:

Post effort animi motus interprete lingua.

Si dicentis enint fortunis absona dicta,
Roman! tollent equites peditesque cacinnum.

Interit multum, Davusne loquatur, an heros,

Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente iuventutâ

Fervidus: an matrona potens, an sedula twtrix:

Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli:
Colchus, an Assyrius: Thebis nutritus, an Argus.

Ant fiamnam sequent, aut sibi convenientia finge

Sharp and contemning laws at him should aim,

Be nought so TDOVC him but his sword let claim.

Medea make brave with impetuous scam;
Ino bewailed, Ixion false forsworn;
Poor lo wandering, wild Orestes mad:
If something strange, that never yet was had

Unto the scene thou bring'st, and dar'st create

A mere new person; look he keep his state

Unto the last, as when he first went forth,
Still to be like himself, and hold his worth.

'Tis hard to speak things common properly";

And thou mayst better bring a rhapsody
Of Homer's forth in acts, than of thine own,
First publish things unspoken and unknown.

Yet common matter thou thine own mayst make,

If thou the vile broad trodden ring forsake,
For, being a poet, thou mayst feign, create,
Not care, as thou wouldst faithfully translate,

To render word for word: nor with th'sleight

Of imitation, leap into a streight,
From whence thy modesty, or poem's law
Forbids thee forth again thy foot to draw.

Scriptor. Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem,

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.

Sit Medea ferox invictaque, flebilis Ino,
Perfidus Ixion, lo vaga, tristis Orestes.

Si quid inexpertum scenae committis, e, audes

Personam formare novam; servetur ad imum

Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.

Difficile est proprie communia dicere; tuque

Rectus Iliacum carmen deducis in acrus,
Quam si proferres ignota, indictaque primus.

Publica materies privati juris erit; si

Nee circa vilem, patulumque moraberis orbem:

Nee verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus

Interpres; nee desilies imitator in arcum,
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut opens lex.

Nor so begin, as did that circler late,
I sing a noble war, and Priam's fate.
What doth this promiser such gaping
 worth
Afford? The mountains travailed, and
 brought forth
Ascorned mouse! O, how much better this,
Who nought assays unaptly, or amiss?
Speak to me, muse, the man, who after
 Troy was sacked,
Saw many towns and men, and could their
 manners tract.
He thinks not how to give you smoke from
 light,
But light from smoke, that he may draw
 his bright
Wonders forth after: as Antiphates,
Scylla, Charybdis, Pol', hcmē, with these:
Nor from the brand, 'with which the life
 did burn
Of Meleager, brings he the return
Of Diomedē; nor Troy's sad war begins
From the two eggs that did disclose the
 twins.
He ever hastens to the end, and so
(As if he knew it) raps his hearer to
The middle of his matter; letting go
What he despairs, being handled, might
 not show:
And so well feigns, so mixeth cunningly
Falsehood with truth, as no man can
 espY

Nee sic incipies, ut scriptor cyclicus olim:
Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bel-
 lum.
Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor
 hiatū?
Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.
Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inept:
Die mihi Musa, virum, captae post tem-
 pora Trojæ,
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et
 virbes.
Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare
 lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula pro-
 mat,
Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope
 Charybdim:
Nee reditum Diomedis ab interitu Me-
 leagri.
Nee gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab
 ovo.
Semper ad eventum festinat, et in medias
 res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit: et
 que

Where the midst differs from the first; or
 where
The last doth from the midst disjoined
 appear.
Hear what it is the people and I desire:
If such a one's applause thou dost re-
 quire,
That carries till the hangings be ta'en down,
And sits till th' epilogue says Clap, or
 Crown:
The customs of each age thou must ob-
 serve,
And give their years and natures, as they
 swerve,
Fit rights. The child, that now knows how
 to say,
And can tread firm, longs with like lads to
 play;
Soon angry, and soon pleased, is sweet, or
 sour,
He knows not why, and changeth every
 hour.
Th' unbearded youth, his guardian once
 being gone,
Loves dogs and horses; and is ever one
I' the open field; is wax-like to be wrought
To every vice, as hardly to be brought
To endure counsel: a provider slow
For his own good, a careless letter-go
Of money, haughty, to desire soon moved,
And then as swift to leave what he hath
 loved.

Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relin-
 quit.
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet.
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet
 imum.
Tu quid ego, et populus mecum desideret,
 audi.
Si plausoris eges aulaea manentis, et usque
Sessuri, donec cantor, vos plaudite, dicat;
Etatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,
Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus, et
 annis.
Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, et pede
 certo
Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, et
 iram
Colligit, ac ponit temere, et mutatur in
 horas.
Imberbis juvenis tandem custode remoto,
Gauclet equis canibusque, et aprici gramine
 campi,
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,
Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus aeris,
Sublimis, cupidusque, et amata relinquere
 pernix.

These studies alter now, in one grown man ;
His bettered mind seeks wealth and friendship ; than
Looks after honours, and beware to act
What straightway he mist labour to retract.

The old man many evils do girt round ;
Either because he seeks, and having found,
Doth wretchedly the use of things forbear,
Or does all business coldly, and with fear ;
A great deferrer, long in hope, grown numb

With sloth, yet greedy still of what's to come :

Froward, complaining, a commender glad
Of the times past, when he was a young lad ;

And still correcting youth, and censuring.
Man's coming years much good with them do bring :

As his departing take much thence, lest then

The parts of age to youth be given, or men

To children; we must always dwell, and stay

In fitting proper adjuncts to each day.
The business either on the stage is done,
Or acted told. But ever things that run
In at the ear, do stir the mind more slow
Than those the faithful eyes take in by show,

Conversæ studiis, aetas, animusque virilis
Quærit opes, et amicitias: inservit honori:
Commisisse cavet, quod mox mulare laboret.

Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda, vel quod

Quærit, et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti:

Vel quod res omnes timide gelideque ministrat;

Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusque futuri,
Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis æti
Sepuero: censor, castigatque minorum,
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum;

Multa recedentes adimunt, ne forte scnilis
Mædantur juveni partes, pueroque viriles,
Semper in adjunctis, ævoque morabimur aptis.

Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur,

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus,
et quæ

And the beholder to himself doth render.
Yet to the stage at all thou mayst not tender

Things worthy to be done within, but take
Much from the sight, which fair report will make

Present anon: Medea must not kill
Her sons before the people, nor the ill-
Natured and wicked Atreus cook to th' eye
His nephew's entrails; nor must Progne fly
Into a swallow there; nor Cadmus take
Upon the stage the figure of a snake.

What so is shown, I not believe, and hate.

Nor must the fable, that would hope the fate

Once seen, to be again, called for, and played,

Have more or less than just five acts: nor laid,

To have a god come in; except a knot
Worth his untying happen there: and not
Any fourth man, to speak at all, aspire.

An actor's parts, and office too, the quite
Must maintain manly; nor be heard sing

Between the acts, a quite clean other thing
Than to the purpose leads, and fittly grees.

It still must favour good men, and to these
Be won a friend; it must both sway and bend

The angry, and love those that fear offend.

Ipsæ sibi tradit spectatorem. Non tamen intus

Digna geri, promissæ in scenam: multa que tolles

Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.

Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet: Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius

Atreus;

Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.

Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

Neve minor, quinto, neu sit productione actu

Fabula, quæ posci vult, et spectata reponi.
Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus

Incident: nec quarta loqui persona laboret.
Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile

Defendat, neu quid medios intercinat actus,
Quod non proposito conducat, et hæreat aptè.

Ille bonis faveatque, et conciletur amiofe;
Et regat iratos, et amet peccare timentet.

Praise the spare diet, wholesome justice,
laws,

Peace, and the open ports, that peace
doth cause.

Hide faults, pray to the gods, and wish
aloud

Fortune would love the poor, and leave
the proud.

The hau'boy, not as now with latten
bound,

And rival with the trumpet for his sound,
But soft, and simple, at few holes breathed
time

And tune too, fitted to the chorus' rhyme,
As loud enough to fill the seats, not yet
So over-thick, but where the people met,

They might with ease be numbered, being
a few

Chaste, thrifty, modest folk, that came to
view.

But as they conquered and enlarged their
bound,

That wider walls embraced their city round,
And they uncensured might at feasts and
plays

Steep the glad genius in the wine whole
days,

Both in their tunes the licence greater grew,
And in their numbers; for alas, what knew

The idiot, keeping holiday, or drudge,
Clown, townsman, base and noble mixt, to
judge?

Ille dapes laudet mensas brevis: ille salu-
brem

Tustitiam, legesque, et apertis otia portis.

Ille tegat commissa, deosque precetur, et
orct,

Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalcho vincta,
tubsequē

~mula, sed tenuis, simplex foramine paucō
Aspirare, et adesse choris erat utilis, atque

Nondum spissanimis complere sedilia flatu.

Quo 'sanē populus numerabilis, utpote
parvus,

Et frugi, castusque verecundusque coibat.

Postquam cospit agros extendere victor, et
urbem

Lator amplecti murus, vinoque diurno,
Placari Genius festis impune diebus,

Accessit numerisque modisque licentia
major.

Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberque la-
borum,

Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?
Sic priscae motumque, et luxuriam addidit
art!

Thus to his ancient art the piper lent
Gesture and R;ot, whilst he swooping went

In his trained gown about the stage; so
grew

In time to tragedy, a music new.

The rash and headlong eloquence brought
forth

Unwonted language: and that sense of
worth

That found out profit, and foretold each
thing

Now dittered not from Delphic riddling.

Thespis is said to be the first found out
The Tragedy, and carried it about,

Till then unknown, in carts, wherein did
ride

Those that did sing, and act: their faces
died

With lees of wine. Next Eschylus, more
late

Brought in the visor, and the robe of state,
Built a small timbered stage, and taught
them talk

Lofty and grave, and in the buskin stalk.

He too, that did in tragic verse contend
For the vile goat, soon after forth did send

The rough rude satyrs naked, and would try,
Though sour, with safety of his gravity,

How he could jest, because he marked
and saw

The free spectators subject to no law,

Tibicen, traxitque vagus per pulpta vestem.

Sic etiam fidibus voces crevfire severis,

Et twlit eloquium insolitum facundia
præcepss.

Utiliumque sagax rerum, et divina futuri
Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.

Ignotum Tragicæ genus invenisse Cam-
mcnæ

Dicitur, et plaustis vexisse poe'mata
Thespis,

Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti faedfous
ora.

Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor
honestæ

Æschylus, et modicis instravit pulpita
tignis,

Et docuit magnumque loqui nitique co-
thurno.

Carminē qui tragico vilem certavit ob
hircum,

Mox etiam agrestes satyros nudavitjet asper
Incolūmi gravitatejocum tentavit: eo quod

Illecebris erat, et grata novitate morandus
Spectator, functusque sacris, et potos,
exlex.

Having well eat and drunk, the rites being done,

Were to be staid with softnesses, and won
With something that was acceptably new.
Yet so the scoffing satyrs to men's view,
And so their prating to present was best,
And so to turn all earnest into jest,
As neither any god were brought in there,
Or semi-god, that late was seen to wear
A royal crown and purple, be made hop
With poor base terms through every baser
shop :

Or whilst he shuns the earth, to catch at air
And empty clouds. For tragedy is fair,
And far unworthy to blurt out light rhymes ;
Rat as a matron drawn at solemn times
To dance, so she should shamefaced differ
far

From what th' obscene and petulant satyrs
are.

Nor I, when I write satyrs, will so love
Plain phrase, my Pisos, as alone I' approve¹
Mere reigning words : nor will I labour so
Quite from all face of tragedy to go,
As not make difference, whether Davus
speak,

And the bold Pythias, having cheated weak
Simo, and of a talent wiped his purse ;
Or old Silenus, Bacchus' guard and nurse.

I can out of known gear a fable frame,
And so as every man may hope the
same ;

Verum ita risores, ita commendare
dicaces

Convenient satyros, it& vertere seria ludo :
Ne, quicunque deus, quicunque adhibe-
bitur heros,

Regali conspectus in auro nuper, et ostro,
Migret in obscuras humili sermone ta-
bernas ;

Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes, et inania
capet,

Effutire leves indigna tragoedia versus :
Ut festis matrona moveri jussa diebus
Interit satyris paulum pudibunda pro-
tervis.

Non ego inornata, et dominantia no-
nu'na solum,

Verbaque, Pisones, satyrorum scriptor
amabo :

Nee sic enitar tragico differre color
Ut nihil intersit, Davusne loquatur, an
audax

Pythias emuncto lucrata Simone talentum ;
An custos, famulusque dei Silenus alumni.

Ex noto fictum carmen sequar, ut sibi
quivis

Yet he that offers at it may sweat much,
And toil in vain : the excellence is such
Of order and connexion ; so much grace
There comes sometimes to things of mean-
est place.

But let the Fauns, drawn from their groves,
beware,

Be I their judge, they do at no time dare,
Like men street-born, and near the hall,
rehearse

Their youthful tricks in over-wanton verse ;
Or crack out bawdy speeches, and unclean.

The Roman gentry, men of birth and
mean,

Will take offence at this : nor though it
strike

Him th.it buys schichs blanched, or chance
to like

The nut-crackers throughout, will they
therefore

Receive or give it an applause the more.

To these succeeded the old comedy,
And not without much praise, till liberty

Fell into fault so far, as now they saw
Her licence fit to be restrained by law :

Which law received, the chorus hold his
peace,

His power of foully hurting made to cease.

Two rests, a short and long, th' iambic
frame ;

A foot, whose swiftness gave the verse the
name

Speret idem : sudet multum frustra que la-
boret

Aus idem : tantum series junctura que
pollet :

Tantum de medio sumptis accedit ho-
noris.

Silvis deducti caveant, me iudice, Fauni,
Ne velut innati tñvns, ac penè forenses,

Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus
iinquam,

Aut immunda crepant, ignominiosaque
dicta.

Offenduntur enim, quibus est equus, et
pater, et res :

Nee, si quid fricti ciceris probat, et nucus
emptor,

Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve corona.

Succesit vetus his Comoedia non sine
multa

Laude, sed in vitium libertas excidit, et vim
Dignam lege regi. Lex est accepta, cho-
rusque

Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.

Syllaba longa brevi subjecta vocatur
iambus,

Of Trimeter, when yet it was six-paced,
But mere Iambics all, from first to last.
Nor is't long since they did with patience
take
Into their birth-right, and for fitness sake,
The steady Spondees; so themselves do
bear
More slow, and come more weighty to the
ear:
Provided, ne'er to yield, in any case
Of fellowship, the fourth or second place.
This foot yet, in the famous Trimeters
Of Accius and Ennius, rare appears:
So rare, as with some tax it doth engage
Those heavy verses sent so to the stage,
Of too much haste, and negligence in part,
Or a worse crime, the ignorance of art.
But every judge hath not the faculty
To note in poems breach of harmony;
And there is given too unworthy leave
To Roman poets. Shall I therefore weave
My verse at random, and licentiously?
Or rather, thinking all my faults may spy,
Grow a safe writer, and be wary driven
Within the hope of having all forgiven.
'Tis clear this way I have got off from blame,
But, in conclusion, merited no fame.
Take you the Greek examples for your light,
In hand, and turn them over day and night.

PCS citus : unde etiam trimetris accrescere
jussit
Nomen Iambeis, cum senos redderet ictus,
Primus ad extremum similis sibi: non ita
pridem
Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad
aures,
Spondaeos stabiles in jura paterna recepit
Commodus, et patiens: non ut de sede
secunda
Cederet, aut quarta socialiter: hic et in
Accl
Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, et Ennii.
In scenam missos magno cum pondere
versus,
Aut operae celeris nimium, cura que ca-
rentis,
Aut foratae premit artis crimine turpi.
Non quivis videt immodulata poemata
judex:
Et data Romania venia est indigna poetis,
Idcirco vager, scribamque licenter? an
omnes
Visuros peccata putem mea? tutus, et
intra
Sperem venix cautus? vitavi denique culpam,
Non laudem merui? Vos exemplaria
Græca

Our ancestors did Plautus' numbers praise,
And jests; and both to admiration raise
Too patiently, that I not fondly say,
Tf either you or I know the right way
To part scurrility from wit; or can
A lawful verse by th' ear or finger scan.
Our poets too left nought uncrowned here;
Nor did they merit the less crown to wear,
In daring to forsake the Grecian tracts,
And celebrating our own home-born facts;
Whether the garbled tragedy they wrought,
Or 'twere the gowned comedy they taught.
Nor had our Italy more glorious been
In virtue, and renown of arms, than in
Her language, if thetelay and care t' have
mended,
Had not our every poet like offended.
Rut you, Pompilius' offspring, spare you not
To tax that verse, which many a day and
blot
Have not kept in; and (lest perfection fail)
Not ten times o'er corrected to the nail,
Because Democritus believes a wit
Happier than wretched art, and doth by it
Exclude all sober poets from their share
In Helicon; a great sort will not pare
Their nails, nor shave their beards, but to
bye-paths
Retire themselves, avoid the public baths j

Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.
At nostri proavi Plautinos, et numeros, et
Laudavere sales: nimium patienter utrum-
que,
Ne dicam stulte, mirati; si modo ego, et
vos
Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,
Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus, et
aure.
Nil intentatum nostri liquere poetæ,
Nee minimum meruere decus, vestigia
Græca
Ausi deserere, et celebrare domestica facta:
Vel qui preteritas, vel qui docuere togatas.
Nec virtute foret, clarisve potentius armis,
Quam lingua, Latium, si non offenderet
unum-
quemque poetarum limce labor, et mora.
Vos, 6
Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite,
quod non
Multa dies, et multa litura coercuit, atque
Perfectum decies non castigavit ad tin-
guem.
Ingenium misera quia fortunatus arte
Credidit, et excludit sanos Helicone poetas
Democritus, bona pars non unguis ponere
curat,

For so they shall not only gain the
worth,
But fame of poets, they think, if they come
forth

And from the barber Licinus conceal
Their heads, which three Anticyras cannot
heal.

O I left-witted, that purge every spring
For choler ! if I did not, who could bring
Out better poems? but I cannot buy
My title at the rate, I'd rather, I,
Be like a whetstone, that an edge can put
On steel, though't self be dull, and cannot
cut.

1 writing nought myself, will teach them
yet
Their charge and office, whence their wealth
to fet,

What nourisheth, what formed, what begot
The poet, what becometh, and what not,
"hither truth may, and whither error
bring.

The very root of writing well, and spring
Is to be wise ; thy matter first to know,
Which the Socratic writings best can
show:

And where the matter is provided Mil],
There words will follow, not against their
will.

He that hath studied well the debt, and
knows

What to his country, what his friends he
owes,

Non barbam; secreta petit loca, balnea
vitat.

Nanciscetur enim pretium, nomenque
poetse,

Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nun-
quam

Tonsori Licino commiserit. O ego Isevus,
Qui purgor bilem sub verm tcmporis
horam.

Non alms faceret mcliora poemata : vcrum,
Nil tanti est: ergo fungar vice cotis,
acutum

Reddere quas ferrum valet, exsors ipsa
secandi.

Munus et ofncium, nil scribens ipse,
docebo ;

Unde parentur opes : quid alat formatque
poetam :

Quid deceat, quid ndn: quo virtus, quo
ferat error,

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium
et fons.

Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendit
chartæ;

What height of love a parent will fit best,
What brethren, what a stranger, and his
guest;

Can tell a statesman's duty, what the arts
And office of a judge are, what the parts
Of a brave chief sent to the wars: he
can,

Indeed, give fitting dues to every man.
And I still bid the learned maker look
On life and manners, and make those his
book,

Thence draw forth true expressions. For
sometimes,

A poem of no grace, weight, art, in
rhymes

With specious places, and being humoured
right,

More strongly takes the people with de-
light,

And better stays them there than all fine
noise

Of verse, mere matterless, and tinkling
toys.

The muse not only gave the Greeks a
wit,

But a well-compassed mouth to utter it.
Being men were covetous of nought but
j]raise:

Our Roman youths they learn the subtle
ways

How to divide into a hundred parts
A pound, or piece, by their long computing
arts:

Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequen-
tur.

Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, et quid
amicis:

Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus,
et hospes:

Quod sit conscripti, quod iudicis officium :
quæ

Partes in bellum missi ducis, ille profecto
Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.
Respicere exemplar vitoe, morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere
voces.

Interdum speciosa locis, morataque recte"
Fabula, nullius Veneris, sine pondere, et
arte,

Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque mo-
ratur,

Quam versus inopes rerum, tjugoeque cri-
norai.

Graius mgenium, Graiis deditore rotunt3b
Musa xkjui, prater laudeni, nullius avaris.

Romam pueri longis rationibus assim
Discunt in partes centum didueere, Dicat

There's Albin's son will say, Subtract an ounce
 From the five ounces, what remains? pronounce
 A third of twelve you may; four ounces.
 Glad,
 He cries, good boy, thou'lt keep thine own.
 Now add
 An ounce, what makes it then? the half-pound just,
 Six ounces. O, when once the cankered rust,
 And care of getting, thus our minds hath stained;
 Think we, or hope there can be verses feigned
 In juice of cedar worthy to be steeped,
 And in smooth cyptess boxes to be kept?
 Poets would either profit or delight;
 Or mixing sweet and fit, teach life the right.
 Orpheus, a priest, and speaker for the gods,
 First frightened men, that wildly lived, at odds,
 From slaughters, and foul life; and for the same
 Was tigers said, and lions fierce to tame.
 Amphion too, that built the Theban towers,
 Was said to move the stones by his lute's powers,
 And lead them with soft songs, where that he would.

Filius Albin, si de quincunce remota est
 Uncia, quid superat? poterat dixisse triens:
 eu,
 Rem poteris servare tuam: reedit uncia:
 quid fit?
 Semis: ad hsec animos aerugo, et cura
 peculi,
 Cum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina
 fingi
 Posse linenda cedro, et laevi servanda cu-
 presso?
 Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poe'tae,
 Aut simul et jucunda, et idonea dicere
 vitæ.
 Sylvestres homines sacer, interpresque
 deorum,
 Csedibus et victu faedo deterrat Orpheus,
 Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres, rabidosque
 • leones:
 Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ oonditor
 arcis,
 Saxa movers sono testudinis, et preca
 blaoda

This was the wisdom that they had of old,
 Things sacred from profane to separate;
 The public from the private; to abate
 Wild raging lusts; prescribe the marriage
 good;
 Build towns, and carve the laws in leaves
 of wood.
 And thus at first, an honour, and a name
 To divine poets, and their verses came.
 Next these, great Homer and Tyrtseus set
 On edge the masculine spirits, and did
 whet
 Their minds to wars with rhymes they did
 rehearse;
 The oracles too were given out in verse;
 All way of life was shewn; the grace of
 kings
 Attempted by the muses tunes and strings;
 Plays were found out, and rest, the end and
 crown
 Of their long labours, was in verse 'et
 down:
 All which I tell, lest when Apollo's named,
 Or muse, upon the lyre, thou chance b'
 ashamed.
 Be brief in what thou wouldst command,
 that so
 The docile mind may soon thy precepts
 know,
 And hold them faithfully; for nothing
 rests,
 But flows out, that o'erswelleth in full
 breasts.

Ducere quo vellet. Fuit hæc sapientia
 quondam,
 Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis,
 Concubitu prohibere vago; dare jura ma-
 ntis,
 Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.
 Sic honor, et nomen divinis vatibus, atque
 Carminibus venit: posthos insignis Home-
 rus,
 Tyrtasusque mares animos in Martia
 bella
 Versibus exacuit: dictæ per carmina
 sortes,
 Et vitæ monstrata via est, et gratia regum
 Pieris tentata modis, ludusque repertus,
 Et longorum operum finis: ne forte" pu-
 dori
 Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.
 Quicquid præcipies esto brevis: ut citò
 dicta
 Perceptant animidociles, teneantque fideles.
 Omne supervaeum pleno de pectore roa-
 nat

Let what thou feign'st for pleasure's sake,
 be near
 The truth ; nor let thy fable think what-
 e'er
 It would, must be: lest it alive would
 draw
 The child, when Lamia 'as dined, out of
 her maw.
 The poems void of profit, our grave men
 Cast out by voices ; want they pleasure,
 then
 Our gallants give them none, but pass them
 by ;
 But he hath every suffrage, can apply
 Sweet mixt with sour to his reader, so
 As doctrine and delight together go.
 This book will get the Sosn money ; this
 Will pass the seas, and long as nature is,
 With honour make the far-known author
 live.
 There are yet faults, which we would
 well forgive,
 For neither doth the string still yield that
 sound
 The hand and mind would, but it will re-
 sound
 Oft-times a sharp, when we require a flat:
 Nor always doth the loosed bow hit that
 Which it doth threaten. Therefore, where
 I see
 Much in the poem shine, I will not be

Ficta, voluptatis causa, sint proxima veris
 Nee quodcunque volet, poscat sibi fabula
 credi:
 Neu pransas Lamiae vivum puerum extra-
 hat alvo.
 Centuriae seniorum agitant expertia frugis:
 Celsi praetercunt austera poemata Rham-
 nes.
 Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
 Lectorum delectando, pariterque monendo.
 Hie meret aara liber Sosis: hie ct mare
 transit,
 Et longum noto scriptori prorogat sevm.
 Sunt delicta tamen quibus ignovisse ve-
 limus.
 Nam neque chorda sonum reddit, quern
 vult manus, et mens,
 Poscentique gravem, persaepe remittit acu-
 tum:
 Nee semper feriet, quodcunque minabitur
 arcus.
 Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego
 paucis
 Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
 Aut humana parum cavit natura: quid
 ergo?

Offended with few spots, which negligence
 Hath shed, or human frailty not kept
 thence,
 How then ? why as a scrivener, if h' offend
 Still in the same, and warned will not mend,
 Deserves no pardon; or who'd play, and
 sing
 Is laughed at, that still jarreth on one
 string;
 So he that flaggeth much, becomes to me
 A Chasrilus, in whom if I but see
 Twice or thrice good, I wonder; but am
 more
 Angry. vSometimes I hear good Homer
 snore ;
 But I confess, that in a long work, sleep
 May, with some right, upon an author
 creep.
 As painting, so is poesy. Some man's
 hand
 Will take you more, the nearer that you
 stand ;
 As some the farther off ; this loves the dark;
 This fearing not the subtlest judge's mark,
 Will in (he light be viewed : this once the
 sight
 Doth please, this ten times over with de-
 light.
 You, sir, the elder brother, though you
 are
 Informed rightly, by your father's care,

Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,
 Quamvis est monitus, venia caret; et ci-
 tharæodius
 Ridetur, chorda qui semper oberrat eadem:
 Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, fit Chaerilus
 ille,
 Quem bis terque bonum cum risumiror; et
 idem
 Indignor : quandoque bonus dormitat Ho-
 inerus.
 Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere som-
 num.
 Ut pictura, poesis erit: quae, si propius
 stes,
 Te capiet magis, et quædam, si longius
 abstes.
 Hæc amat obscurum ; volet hæc sub luce
 videri,
 Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acu-
 men.
 Hasc placuit semel: hæc decies repetita
 placebit.
 O major juvenum, quamvis, et voce pa-
 terna
 Fingeris ad rectum, et per te sapis, hoc tibi
 dictum

And of yourself too understand ; yet mind
This saying : to some things there is as-
signed

A mean, and toleration, which does well:
There may a lawyer be, may not excel;
Or pleader at the bar, that may come short
Of eloquent Messala's power in court,
Or knows not what Cæcellius Aulus can ;
Yet there's a value given to this man.

But neither men, nor gods, nor pillars
meant,

Poets should ever be indifferent.

As jarring music doth at jolly feasts,
Or thick gross ointment but offend the
guests :

As poppy, and Sardan honey; 'cause with-
out

These, the free meal might have been well
dra'n out:

So any poem, fancied, or forth-brought
To bettering of the mind of man, in aught,
If ne'er so little it depart the first
And highest, sinketh to the lowest and
worst.

He that not knows the games, nor how
to use

His arms in Mars his field, he doth refuse;
Or who's unskilful at the quoit, or ball,
Or trundling wheel, he can sit still from all;
Lest the thronged heaps should on a
laughter take:

Yet who's most ignorant, dares verses
make.

Tolle memor : certis medium, et tolerabile
rebus

Recte concedi: consultus juris, et actor
Causarum mediocris, abest 'irtute deserti
Messaia, nee scit quantum Cæcellius
Aulus:

Sed tameri in pretio est. Mediocribus esse
poëtis

Non homines, non dl, non concessere co-
lumnæ.

Utgratas inter mensas symphoniadiscors,
, Et crassum unguentum, et Sardo cum melle
papaver,

Offendunt; poterat duci quia cœnasine istis:
Sic animis natum inventumque poema ju-
vandis,

Si paulum a summo discessit, vergit ad
imum.

Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet
armis,

Indoctusque pilsediscive, trochive, quiescit,
Ne spissæ risum tollant impune coronæ.

Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere: quid
nō?

Why not? I'm gentle, and free born, do
hate

Vice, and am known to have a knight's
estate.

Thou, such thy judgment is, thy know-
ledge too,

Wilt nothing against nature speak or do ;
But if hereafter thou shalt write, not fear
To send it to be judged by Metius' ear,
And to your father's, and to mine, though't
be

Nine years kept in, your papers by, yo' are
free

To change and mend, what you not forth
do set.

The writ, once out, never returned yet.
'Tis now inquired which makes the nobler
verse,

Nature, or art. My judgment will not
pierce

Into the profits, what a mere rude brain
Can ; or all toil, without a wealthy
vein:

So doth the one the other's help require,
And friendly should unto one end con-
spire.

He that's ambitious in the race to touch
The wished goal, both did, and suffered
much

While he was young; he sweat, and freezed
again,

And both from wine and women did ab-
stain.

Liber, et ingenuus, præsertim census eque-
strem

Summam nummorum, vitioque ; remotus
ab omni.

Tu mihi mitta dices, faciesve Minerva.
Id tibi judicium est, ea mens, si quid tamen
ohm

Scripseris, in Met! descendat iudicis aures,
Et patris, et nostras, nonumquc prematur
in annum.

Membris mētibus positis delere licebit,
Quod non edidicis. Nescit vox missa re-
verti.

Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quocumque est: ego nee studium sine divite
vena,

Nee rude quid prosit video ingenium ; al-
terius sic

Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amic6.
Qui studet optatam cursu contingere
metam,

Multa tuht fecitque puer: sudavit, et alsit,
Abstinit Venere, et vino: qui Pythica
cantat

Who since to sing the Pythian rites is heard,
Did learn them first, and once a master
feared.

But now it is enough to say, I make
An admirable verse. The great scurf take
Him that is last, I scorn to come behind,
Or of the things that ne'er came in my
mind

To say, I'm ignorant. Just as a crier
That to the sale of wares calls every buyer;
So doth the poet, who is rich in land,
Or great in moneys out at use, command
His flatterers to their gain. But say he can
Make a great supper, or for some poor man
Will be a surety, or can help him out
Of an entangling suit, and bñng't about:
I wonder how this happy man should know
Whether his soothing friend speak truth
or no.

But you, my Piso, carefully beware
(Whether yo'are given to, or giver are)
You do not bring to judge your verses, one,
With joy of what is given him, over-gone:
For he'll cry Good, brave, better, ex-
cellent!

Look pale, distil a shower (was never
meant)

Out at his friendly eyes, leap, beat the
groun',

As those that hired to weep at funerals
swoun,

Cry, and do more than the true mourners: so
The scoffer the true praiser doth out-go.

Tibicen, didicisti, prius, extimuitque magis-
trum.

Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira po&nata
pango:

Occupet extremum scabies, mihi turpe re-
linqui est,

Et quod non didici, sane nescire fateri.

Ut praeco ad merces turbam qui cogit
emendas,

Adsentatores jubet ad lucrum ire poe'ta
Dives agris, dives positus in fcnore nummis.
Si verò est, unctum qui recte ponere possit,
Et spondere levi pro paupere, et enpere
atris

Litibus implicitum; mirabor, si sciet inter-
noscere mendacem verumque beatus ami-
cum.

Tu seu donaris, seu quid donare voles cui,
Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum
Laetitia; clamabit enim, Pulchre, bene,
recte.

Pallescit super his: etiam stillabit amids
Ex oculis rorem, saliet, tundet pede terrain.
Ut qui conduct! plorant in funere, dicunt,

Rich men are said with many cups to ply,
And rack with wine the man whom they
would try,

If of their friendship he be worthy or no:
When you write verses, with your judge
do so:

Look through him, and be sure you take
not mocks

For praises, where the mind conceals a
fox.

If to Quintilius you recited aught,
He'd say, Mend this, good friend, and
this. 'Fis naught.

If you denied you had no better strain,
And twice or thrice had 'ssayed it, still in
vain:

He'd bid blot all, and to the anvil bring
These ill-torned verses to new hammering.
Then if your fault you rather had defend
Than change; no word or work more
would he spend

In vain, but you and yours you should
love still

Alone, without a rival, by his will.

A wise and honest man will cry out
shame

On artless verse; the hard ones he will
blame,

Blot out the careless with his turned pen;
Cut off superfluous ornaments, and when

They're dark, bid clear this: all that's
doubtful wrote

Reprove, and what is to be changed note;

Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo:
sic

Derisor vero plus laudatore movetur.

Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,

Et torquer' mero, quern perspexisse labo-
rent,

An sit amicitia dignus: si carmina condes,
Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe la-
tentes.

Quintilio, si quid recitares, corrige, sodes,
Hoc, aiebat, et hoc: melius te posse ne-
gares,

Bis, terque expertum frustra; delere jubebat,
Et male tornatos incudi reddere versus.
Si defendere delictum, quam vertere malles,
Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam sume-
bat inanem,

Quin sine rivali teque et tua solus amares,
Vir bonus et prudeas, versus reprehendit
inertes,

Culpabit duos, incompitis allinet atrum
Transverso calamo signum, ambitiosa re-
cidet

Oraamenta, parum Claris lucem data fcogel:

Become an Aristarchus. And not say
Why should I grieve my friend this trifling
way?

These trifles into serious mischiefs lead
The man once mocked, and suffered wrong
to tread.

Wise sober folk a frantic poet fear ;
And shun to touch him, as a man that
were

Infected with the leprosy, or had
The yellow jaundice, or were furious
mad,

According to the moon. But then the
boys

They vex, and follow him with shouts and
noise;

The while he belcheth lofty verses out,
And stalketh, like a fowler, round about,

Busy to catch a black-bird, if he fall
Into a pit or hole, although he call

And cry aloud, Help, gentle country-
men!

There's none will take the care to help him
then ;

For if one should, and with a rope make
haste

To let it down, who knows if he did cast
Himself there purposely or no, and would
Not thence be saved, although indeed he
could ?

Arguet ambiguum dictum, mutanda notabit:
Fiet Aristarchus, nee dicet, Cur ego ami-
cum

Offendam in nugis ? hanc nugæ sena ducent
In mala, semel derisum, excepturnque
sinistræ.

Ut mala quæ scabies, aut morbus re-
gius urget,

Aut fanaticus error, et iracunda Diana,
Vesantum tetigisse timent, fugiuntque poe-
tam,

Qui sapiunt: agitant pueri, incautique
sequuntur.

Hic dum sublimes versus ructatur, et errabj
Si veluti merulis intentus decedit auceps

In puteum, foveamve, licet Succurrere,
longum

Clamet 16 cives ! non sit qui tollere curet.

Si quis curet opem ferre, et demittere
funem,

Qui scis, an prudens hue se dejecerit,
rictus

Scrivan noit ? dicam, tliculique poeUe

I'll tell you but the death and the disease
Of the Sicilian poet Empedocles :
He, while he laoured to be thought a god
Immortal, took a melancholic, odd
Conceit, and into burning „Etna leapt.
Let poets perish, that will not be kept.
He that preserves a man against his will,
Doth the same thing with him that would
him kill.

Nor did he do this once; for if you can
Recall him yet, he'd be no more a man,
Or love of this so famous dea-th lay by.

His cause of making verses none knows
why,

Whether he pissed upon his father's grave,
Or the sad thunder-stroken thing he have
DefiMd, touched; but certain he was
mad,

And as a bear, if he the strength but
had

To force the grates that hold him in, would
fright

All: so this grievous writer puts to flight
Learned and unlearned, holding whom
once he takes,

And there an end of him reciting makes;
Not letting go his hold, where he draws
food,

Till he drop off, a horse-leech, full of
blood.

Narrabo interitum. Deus immortalis ha-
ben

Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus
Etnam

Insiluit. Sit jus, liceatque perire poetis.
Inviturn qui servat, idem facit occidenti.

Nee semel hoc fecit: nee si retractus erit,
jam

Fiet homo: et ponet famosse mortis amo-
rem.

Nee satis apparet, cur versus facit:et:
utrum

Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bi-
dental

Moverit incestus: certe furit, ac, velut
ursus,

Objeetos caveae valuit si frangere clathros,
Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acer-
bus.

Quern verò arripuit, tenet occiditque le-
gendo

NOD mlsura cutem nisi plena uuoris
hirs.

THH PRAISES OF A COUNTRY
LIFE.

Happy is he, that from all business clear,
As the old race of mankind were,
With his own oxen tills his sire's left lands,
And is not in the usurer's bands :
Nor soldier-like, started with rough alarms,
Nor dreads the sea's enraged harms :
But flies the bar and courts, with the proud
boards,
And waiting-chambers of great lords.
The poplar tall he then doth marrying twine
With the grown issue of the vine ;
And with his hook lops off the fruitless race,
And sets more happy in the place :
Or in the bending vale beholds afar
The lowing herds there grazing are :
Or the prest honey in pure pots doth keep
Of earth, and shears the tender sheep :
Or when that autumn through the fields
lifts round
His head, with mellow apples crowned,
How plucking pears, his own hand grafted
had,
And purple-matching grapes, he's glad !
With which, Priapus, he may thank thy
hands,
And, Sylvan, thine, that kept'st his lands !
Then now beneath some ancient oak he may
Now in the rooted grass him lay,
Whilst from the higher banks do slide the
floods ;
The soft birds quarrel in the woods,
The fountains murmur as the streams do
creep,
And all invite to easy sleep.
Then when the thund'ring Jove, his snow
and showers
Are gathering by the wintry hours :
Or hence, or thence, he drives with many
a hound
Wild boars into his toils pitched round :
Or strains on his small fork his subtle nets
For th' eating thrush, or pit-falls sets :
And snares the fearful hare, and new-come
crane,
And 'counts them sweet rewards so ta'en.
Who amongst these delights, would not
forget
Love's cares so evil and so great ?

HORAT. OD. UB. V. OD. II.
VITÆ RUSTICS LAUDES.

Beatus ille,' qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet sulis,
Solutus omni fœnore :
Nee excitatur classico miles truci,
Nee horret iratum mare :
Forumque vital, et superba civium
Potentiorum hmina.
Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine
Alias maritat populos :
Inutilesque falce ramos amputans,
Fehiores mseret :
Aut in rcducta valle mugientium
Prospectat errantes greges :
Aut pressa puns mella condit amphoris,
Aut tondet infirmas oves :
Vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
Autumnus arvis exultit :
Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pyra,
Cerlandern et uvam purpuræ,
Qua muneretur te, Priape, et te, pater
Sylvane, tutor finium !

Libet jacere modo sub antiqua ilie ;
Modo in tenaci gramme.
Labuntur altis interim ripis aque :
Queruntur in sylvis aves,
Fontesque lymphis obstreput manantibus,
Somnos quod invitet leves.

At cum tonentis annus hibernus Jovis
Imbres nivesque comparat ;
Aut trudit acres hinc, et hinc multa cane
Apros in obstantes plagas :
Aut amite levi rara tendit retia ;
Turdis edacibus dolos ;
Pavidumque leporem, et advenam laqueo
gruem,
Jucunda captat præmia :
Quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet,
Hæc inter obliviscitur ?

¹ *Beatus ille*, &c.] This ode seems to have been a peculiar favourite with the poets of our author's age. It is translated by Sir John Beaumont, Randolph, and others; but by none of them with much success. Denham had not yet propagated his manly and judicious sentiments on translation, and the grace and freedom of poetry were sacrificed by almost general consent

to a strict and rigid fidelity. As these versions have no date, it is not possible to say whether they were the exercises of the schoolboy or the productions of riper age. None of them were committed to the press by the poet.

[Jonson read this translation to DrummamL, and admired it"—F. G.]

But if, to boot with these, a chaste wife
meet

For household aid, and children sweet;
Such as the Sabin.es, ora sun-burnt blmvse,
Some lusty qmek Apuhan's pouise,
Todeekthc hallowed heard) with oll'vood
fired

Against the husband comes home tired;
That penning Hlhl fil id ihck m hurdles by,
Their swelling udders doth draw dry :
And from the sweet tub "iuc ol this year
takes,

And unbought viands ready makes.
Not Lueiine oysters I could thui more
prize,

Nor turbot, nor biihl gulden-eyes :
If with bright, floods, the winter-troubled
much,

Into our seas send any such :
The Ionian godwit, nor the ginny hen
Could not go down in belly then
More sweet than olives, that new-gathered
be

From fattest branches of the tree :
Or the herb sorrel, that loves meadows still,
Or mallows loosing bodies ill :
Or at the feast of bounds, the lamb then
slam,

Or kid forced from the wolf again,
Among these cates how glad the sight doth
come

Of the fed flocks approaching home :
To view the weary oxen draw, with bare
And fainting necks, the turnod shaie !
The wealthy household swarm of bondmen
met,

And 'bout the steaming chimney set !
These thoughts when usurer Alphms, now
about

To turn mere farmer, had spoke out;
'Gainst the ides, his moneys he gets in with
pain.

At the calends puts all out again.

ODE I. BOOK IV.

To VENUS.

Venus, again thou mov'st a war
Long intermitted, pray thee, pray thee
spare:

I am not such, as in the reign
Of the good Cynara I was : refrain
Sour mother of sweet Loves, forbear
To bend a man now at his fiftieth year
Too stubborn for commands so slack :

Go where youths' soft entreaties call thee
back.

VOL. III

Quod si pudica mulier in partem juvet
Domuin, atquedulces liberos,

(Sabma cjuahs, ant perusta solibus
Pernicis uxor Appuh

Sacrum vctusti extuat ligris focum
Lasi sub adventum vin)

Ckiudensquc tctxis cratibus Isetum pecus
Distenta siccet ubera ;

Et horna clulci vina promens dolio
Dapes inemptas apparet;

Non me Lucrina juverint conchyliis,

Magisve rhombus, aut scari
Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus

Hyems ad hoc vertat mare :

Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum:
Non attagen Ionicus

Jucundior, quam lecta de pinguissimis
Oliva ramis arborum :

Aut herba lapatin prata amantis, et gravi
Malva; salubres eorpon ;

Vel agna feti s cojsa terminalibus :
Vel huidus ereptus lupo.

Has inter epulas, ut juvat pastas oves
Vide re properanteis domum !

Videre fesos omerem invcrsurn boves
Collo trahentes languido !

Positosque vcrnas, diis examen domus,
Circum reudentes lares I

Haec ubi locutus foenerator Alphius,
Jam jam iuturus rusticus,

Oinnem relegit idibus pecuniam ;
Quærit calendis ponere.

HORACE, ODE I. LIB. IV.

AD VENEREM.

Intermissa Venus diu,

Rursusbella moves: parceprecor, preoail
Non sum quahs eiam bonoe

Sub regno C'ynarne : desine dulcium
Mater sæva Cupidinum,

Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis : abi

QuO blandæ juvenum te revocant preces,

More timely hie thee to the house,
With thy bright swans, of Paulus Maxi-
mus:

There jest and feat, make him thine host,
If a fit liver thou dost seek to toast ;
For he's both noble, lovely, YOUNG,
And for the troubled client liles IN
tongue:

Child of a hundred arts, and far
Will he display the ensigns of thy war.
And when he smiling finds INS grno:

With thee 'bo'e all his rivals' gifts take
place,

He'll thee a marble statue make
Beneath a sweet-'ood roof near Alba
lake.

There shall thy dainty nosuil take
In many a gum, and for thy soft ears'
sake

Shall verse be set to harp and lute,
And Phrygian hau'boy, not without the
flute.

There twice a day in sacred lays,
The youths and tender maids shall sing
thy praise:

And in the Salian manner meet
Thrice 'bout thy altar with their ivory
feet.

Me now, nor wench, nor wanton boy,
Delights, nor credulous hope of mutual
joy;

Nor care I now healths to propound,
Or with fresh flowers to girt my temples
round.

But why, oh why, my Ligurine,
Flow my thin tears down these pale
cheeks of mine ?

Or why my well-graced words among
With an uncomely silence fails my
tongue ?

Hard-hearted, I dream every night
I hold thee fast I but fled hence, with the
light,

Whether in Mars his field thou be,
Or Tyber's winding streams, I follow
thee.

Tempestivius in dofno
Pauli purpureis ales oloribus,
Comessabere Maximi,
Si torrere jeeur quacris idoneum,
Namque et nobilis, et decens,
Et pro solidtis non tacitus reis.
Ef centum puer artmm,
Late sigiia ieret miiitft tuae.
Kl-quaudoqnepotentior
Largi munenbus risent a;muli,
Albanos prope to lacus
Ponet marmoream sub trabe cyprea.

Illie plurima naribus
Duces turn, lyneque, et Berecynthifi
Delectnberr tibia
Mistis carminibus non sine fistula,
Illic bis puen die,
Numen cum tncris virginibus tuum
Laiulantes, pede candido
In morem Salium ter quatient humuin.
Me nee foennna nee puer
Jam, nee spes ammi credula muttii,
Nee certare juvat mero :
Nee vincere novis temporis floribus.

Sed cur, heu 1 Ligiirine, cur
Manat rara meas laehryma per genas ?
Cur facunda parum-decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua silcntio ?
Nocturnis te ego sommis
Jam captum tenco, jam volucrom sequor :
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles,

ODE IX. BOOK III. TO LYDIA,
DIALOGUE OF HORACE AND LYDIA.

Hor. Whilst, Lydia, I was loved of thee,
And 'bout thy ivory neck no youth did fling
His arms more acceptably fnv,
I thought me richer than the Persian king.

Lyd. Whilst Horace loved no mistress
more,
Nor after Chloe did his Lydia sound ;
In name, I went all names before,
The Roman Ilia was not more renowned.

Hor. 'Tis true, I'm Thracian Chloe's, I,
Who sings so sweet, and with such cunning
plays.

As, for her, I'd not lear to die,
So fate would give her life and longer days.

Lyd. And I am mutually on fire
With gentle Calais, Thunne Ormth's son,
For whom I doubly would expire,
So fate would let the boy a long thread run.

Hor. But say old love return should
make,
And us disjoined force to her brazen yoke ;
That I bright Chloe off should shake,
And to left Lydia, now the gate stood ope?

Lyd. Though he be fairer than a star;
Thou lighter than the bark of any tree,
And than rough Adria angrier far ;
Yet would I wish to love, live, die with thee.

FRAGMENT OF PETRON. ARBITER
TRANSLATED.

Doing, a filthy pleasure is, and short;
And done, we straight repent us of the
sport:

Let us not then rush blindly on unto it,
Like lustful beasts that only know to do it:
For lust will languish, and that heat decay.
But thus, thus, keeping endless holiday,
Let us together closely lie and kiss,
There is no labour, nor no shame in this ;
This hath pleased, doth please, and long
will please ; never
Can this decay, but is beginning ever.

¹ *Donee gratus*, &c.] This little piece has always been a favourite. Granger, whose knowledge of our old writers did not extend much beyond their portraits, tells us that the first English version of this Ode was made by Herick. The *Hesperides* were not published till

ODE IX. LIB. III. AD LYDIAM,
DIALOGUS HORATI ET LYDIAE.

Hor. Donee gratus eram tibi,¹
Nee quisquam potior brachia Candidas
Cervici juvenis dabat;
Persarum vigui rege beator,

Lyd. Donee non alia magis
Arsk-ti, nrque erat Lydia post Chioe'n,
Multi Lydia nommis
Romana vigui clarior Ilia.

Hor. Me nunc Thrcssa Chloe' regit,
Dulces docta modos, et citharas sciens :
Pro qua non metuum mori,
Si parcent nairna' fata superstiti.

Lyd. Me torret face mutua
Thunni Calais films Ornithi:
I'ro quo his patiar mori,
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

fftir. Quid si prisca redit Venus,
Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloe
Rejclceque patet janua Lydice ?

Lyd. Quamquam sidere pulchrior
Ille est, tu levior cortice, et improbo
Iracundior Adria,
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

FRAGMENTUM PETRON, ARBITR.

Foeda est in coitu, et brevis voluptas,
Et tnedet Veneris statim peractæ.
Non ergo ut pecudes libidinosæ,
Ccoci protinus irruamus illuc :
Nam langueseit amor pentque flamma,
Sed sic, sic, sine fine feriat,
Et tecum jaceamus osculantes :
Hic nullus labor est, nitorque nullus ;
Hoc juvat, juvat, et diu juvabit:
Hoc noil deficit, incipitque semper.

1648, and to say nothing of the translation before us, a dozen perhaps had appeared before that period. I have one by Francis Davlson as early as 1608, but neither is this the first ;—the matter, however, is of no great moment

EPIGRAM OF MARTIAL, viii. 77,
TRANSLATED.

Liber, of all thy friends, thou sweetest
care,
Thou worthy in eternal flower to fare,
If thou best wise, with Syrian oil let shine
Thy locks, and rosy garlands crown thy
head;
Dark thy clear glass with old Falernian
wine,
And heat with softest love thy softer bed.
He, that but living half his days, dies
such,
Makes his life longer than 'twas given him,
much.

MARTIAL. EPIG. Lib. x. 47,
TRANSLATED.-'

The things that make the happier life are
these,
Most pleasant Martial; Substance got with
ease,
Not laboured for, but left thee by thy Sire ;
A soil not barren ; a continual fire ;
Never at law ; seldom in office gownd ;
A quiet mind, free powers, and body sound ;
A wise simplicity ; friends alike stated ;
Thy table without art, and easy rated ;
Thy night not drunken, but from cares laid
waste,
No sour or sullen bed-mate, yet a chaste ;
Sleep that will make the darkebt hours swift-
paced ;
Will to be what thou art, and nothing more ;
Nor fear thy latest day, nor wiith theieiore.

¹ *Liber, of all thy friends, &c.*] This must be exempted from what in the *Life of Dry den*, arc called the "jaw-btalking translations of Ben Jonson." It is, in fact, the most beautiful of all the versions of this elegant poem. Though it numbers only line for line with the original, it clearly and fully expresses the whole of its meaning, and is besides, spirited and graceful in a high degree. It unfortunately escaped the researches of Hurd.

EPIGRAMMA MARTIALIS, Lib. viii.
Ep. 77-

Liber, amicorum dulcissima cura tuonim,
Liber in aterna vivere digrie rosa;
Si sapis, Assyrio .semper tibi crlnis amomo
Splendeat, et cingant florea sarta, caput:
Candida mgrescarit vetulo crystallà Fa-
lerno,
Et caleat blando mollis amore thorus.
Qui sic, vel medio finitus vixit m ævo,
Longior huic facta. est, quam data vita
fuit.

MARTIALIS. EPIG. Lib. x. 47.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,
Jucundissmie Mauialis, hæc sunt:
Res nori parta labore, sed relictæ;
Non ingratus ager; focus perennis;
Lis nunquain; toga iara; meus quieta;
Vires mgenuoe, salubre corpus;
Prudens simphcitas; pares amici;
Convictus facilis; sine arte mensa;
Nox non ebria, sed soluta cuns;
Non tnstis torus, et tamen pudicus;
Somnus, qui faciat breves tenebras:
Quod sis, esse vehs, mhlque mali:
Summum nee metuas diem, nee optes.

² [In a conversation at Hnwthornden (No. ii. post) Jonson recommended Ihummond to study Martini, and added that he had translated his Epigram *Vitam qua faciunt beatiorem, &c.* The above verses were discovered by Mr. Collier at Dulwich in Jonson's handwriting, and are no doubt the translation alluded to. Mr. Collier printed them in his "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," p. 54—F. C.)



Timber; or, Discoveries made upon Men and Matter.

AS THEY HAVE FLOWED OUT OF HIS DAILY READINGS, OR HAD
THEIR REFLUX TO HIS PECULIAR NOTION OF THE TIMES:

Tecum habita, ut noris quam sit tibi curta supellex.—PERS. Sat. 4.

[To your own breast in quest of worth repair,
And blush to find how poor a stock is there.—GIFFORD.]

SYLVA.

Rerum, et sententiarum, quasi ὕλη dicta a multiplici materia, et varietate, in iis contntd. Quemadmodum enim vulgo solemus infimam arborum, nascentium indiscriminatim multitudinem Sylvam dicere: Ita etiam libros suos in quibus variæ et diversæ materiæ opuscula temere congesta erant, Sylvas appellabant antiqui, Timber-trees.

DISCOVERIES.] From the fol. 1641. These are among "the last drops of Jonson's quill." A few occasional remarks of an early date may, perhaps, be found here ; but there is internal evidence that the greater number of them were made subsequently to 1630, when he was *prest by extremities*, and struggling with want and disease for *breath*.

Those who derive all their knowledge of Jonson from the commentators on Shakespeare, will not (if they should condescend to open these pages), be unprofitably employed in comparing the manly tone, the strong sense, the solid judgment, the extensive learning, the compressed yet pure and classical diction of the declining poet, with the dull, cold, jejune, pompous, and parasitical pedantry of Hurd and others, whom they have been called on to admire, principally, as it should seem, for the supercilious and captious nature of their criticisms on his labours.

Explorata; or, Discoveries.

Fortuna.—111 Fortune never crushed that man, whom good Fortune deceived not. I therefore have counselled my friends, never to trust to her fairer side, though she seemed to make peace with them : but to place all things she gave them so, as she might ask them again without their trouble; she might take them from (hem, not pull them ; to keep always a distance between her and themselves'. Hcknows not his own strength, that hath not met adversity. Heaven prepares good men " ith crosses ; but no ill can happen to a good man. Contraries are not mixed. Yet, that which happens to any man, may to every man. But it is in his reason what he accounts it, and "ill make it.

Casus.—Change into extremity is very frequent, and easy. As when a beggar suddenly grows rich, he commonly becomes a prodigal ; for to obscure his former obscurity, he puts on not and excess.

Consilia.—No man is so foolish but may give another good counsel sometimes; and no man is so wise but may easily err, if he will take no other's counsel but his own. But very few men are wise by their own counsel ; or learned by their o'n teaching. For he that was only taught by himself, had a fool to his master.

Fania.—A Fame that is wounded to the world, would be better cured by another's apology than its own: for few can apply medicines well themselves. Besides, the man that is once hated, both his good, and his evil deeds Oppress him. He is not easily emergent.

Negotia.—In great affairs it is a work of difficulty to please all. And oft-times we lose the occasion of carrying a business well, and thoroughly, by our too much haste. For Passions are spiritual rebels, and raise sedition against the understanding.

Amor Patria.—There is a necessity all men should love their country : he that professeth the contrary, may be delighted with his words, but his heart is there.

Itigenia.—Natures that me hardened to evil you shall sooner break, than make straight ; they are like poles that are crooked and dry; there is no attempting them.

Applausus.—We praise (he things we hear with much more willingness than those we see ; because we envy the present and reverence the past, thinking ourselves instructed by the one and overlaid by the other.

Optmo.—Opinion is a light, vain, crude, and imperfect thing, settled in the imagination ; but never arriving at the understanding, there to obtain the tincture of reason. We labour with it more than truth. There is much more holds us, than presseth us. An ill fact is one thing, an ill fortune is another ; yet both oftentimes sway us alike by the enor of our thinking.

Impostura.—Many men believe not themselves, what they would persuade others ; and less do the things which they would impose on others : but least of all know what they themselves most confidently boast. Only they set the sign of the cross over their outer doors, and sacrifice to their gut and their groin in their inner closets.

Jactura vita.—What a deal of cold business doth a man mis-spend the better part of life in ! in scattering compliments, tendering visits, gathering and venting news, following feasts and plays, making a little winter-love in a dark corner.

Hypocrita.—Puritanus hypocrita est haereticus, quern opinio propriae perspicacise, qua sibi videtur, cum paucis in ecclesiadogmatibus, erroresquosdam animadvertisse, de statu mentis deturbavit: unde sacro furore percitus, phrenetice pug-

nat contra magistrate, sic ratus obedi-
tiam præstare Deo.

Mutua auxilia.—Learning needs rest: Sovereignty gives it. Sovereignty needs counsel: Learning affords it. There is such a consociation of offices, between the Prince and whom his favour breeds, that they may help to sustain his power, as he their knowledge. It is the greatest part of his liberality, his favour: and from whom doth he hear discipline more willingly, or the arts discoursed more gladly, than from those whom his own bounty and benefits have made able and faithful?

Cognit. universi.—In being able to counsel others, a man must be furnished with an universal store in himself, to the knowledge of all Nature: that is the matter, and seed plot; there are the seats of all argument and invention. But especially you must be cunning in the nature of Man: there is the variety of things which are as the elements, and letters, which his art and wisdom must rank and order to the present occasion. For we see not all letters in single words; nor all places in particular discourses. That cause seldom happens wherein a man will use all arguments.

Consiliarii adjunct. Profitat, Sapientia.—The two chief things that give a man reputation in counsel, are the opinion of his Honesty, and the opinion of his Wisdom: the authority of those two will persuade, when the same counsels uttered by other persons less qualified are of no efficacy or working.

Vita recta.—Wisdom without honesty is mere craft and cozenage. And therefore the reputation of honesty must first be gotten; which cannot be but by living well. A good life is a main argument.

Obsequentia.—*Humanitas.*—*Sollicitudo.*—Next a good life, to beget love in the persons we counsel, by dissembling our Knowledge of ability in ourselves, and avoiding all suspicion of arrogance, ascribing all to their instruction, as an ambassador to his master, or a subject to his sovereign; seasoning all with humanity and sweetness, only expressing care and solicitude. And not to counsel rashly, or on the sudden, but with advice and meditation: (*Dat nox consilium.*) For many foolish things fall from wise men, if they speak in haste, or be extemporal. It therefore behoves the giver of counsel to be

circumspect; especially to beware of those, with whom he is not thoroughly acquainted, lest any spice of rashness, folly, or self-love appear, which will be marked by new persons, and men of experience in affairs.

Modestia.—*Parrhesia.*—And to the prince, or his superior, to behave himself modestly, and with respect. Yet free from flattery, or empire. Not with insolence, or precept; but as the prince were already furnished with the parts he should have, especially in affairs of state. For in other things they will more easily suffer themselves to be taught, or reprehended: they will not willingly contend. But hear (with Alexander) the answer the musician gave him, *Absit, 6 rex, ut in melius hæc scias, quam ego*

Perspicinitas.—*Elcquantia.*—A man should so deliver himself to the nature of the subject when of lie speaks, that his hearer may take knowledge of his discipline with some delight: and so apparel fair and good matter, that the studious of elegance be not defrauded; redeem arts from their rough and binkey seats, where they lay hid and overgrown with thorns, to a pure, open, and flowery light; where they may take the eye and be taken by the hand.

Naiura non effcata.—I cannot think Nature is so spent and decayed, that she can bring forth nothing worth her former years. She is always the same, like herself; and when she collects her strength, is abler still. Men are decayed, and studies: she is not.

Non nimium credendum antiquitati.—I know nothing can conduce more to letters, than to examine the writings of the ancients, and not to rest in their sole authority, or take all upon trust from them; provided the plagues of judging and pronouncing against them be away; such as are envy, bitterness, precipitation, impudence, and scurrie scoffing. For to all the observations of the ancients, we have our own experience: which if we will use, and apply, we have better means to pronounce. It is true they opened the gates, and made the way that went before us; but as guides, not commanders; *Noii domini nostri, sed duces fieri.* Truth lies open to all; it is no man's several. *Paict omnibus veritas;*

nondum est occupata. Multum ex illa, etiamfuturils relicta est.

Dissent ire licet, sed cum ratione.—If in some things I dissent from others, whose wit, industry, diligence, and judgment I look up at, and admire; let me not therefore hear presently of ingratitude, and rashness. For I thank those that have taught me, and vull ever: but yet dare not think the scope of their labour and inquiry was to envy their posterity what they also could add and find out.

Non mihi credendum sed veritati.—If I err, pardon me: *Nidla ars samuel et inventa est, cl absoluta.* [do not desire to be equal to those that went before; but to have my reason examined with theirs, and so much faith to be given them, or me, as those shall evict. I am neither author nor fautor of any sect. I will have no man addict himself to me; but if I have any thing right, defend it as Truth's, not mine, save as it conduceth to a common good. It profits not me to have any man fence or fight for me, to flourish, or take a side, bland for Truth, and 'tis enough.

Scientific liberates.—Arts that respect the mind were ever reputed nobler than those that serve the body: though we less can be without them. As tillage, spinning, weaving, building, &c. without which we could scarce sustain life a day. But these were the works of every hand; the other of the brain only, and those the most generous and exalted wits and spirits, that cannot rest, or acquiesce. The mind of man is still fed with labour: *Opere pascitur.*

Non vulgusunt.—There is a more secret cause: and the power of liberal studies lies more hid, than that it can be wrought out by profane wits. It is not every man's way to hit. They are men, I confrs, that set the caract and value upon things, as they love them; but science is not every man's mistress. It is as great a spite to be praised in the wrong place, and by a wrong person, as can be done to a noble nature.

Honesta ambitio.—If divers men seek fame or honour by divers ways; so both be honest, neither is to be blamed: but they that seek immortality, are not only worthy of love, but of praise.

Maritus improbus.—He hath a delicate wife, a fair fortune, and family to go to be

welcome; yet he had rather be drunk with mine host and the fiddlers of such a town than go home.

Afflictio pia magistra.—Affliction teacheth a wicked person some tune to pray. Prosperity never.

Dophortis facilis descensus Averni.—The devil take all.—Many might go to heaven with half the labour they go to hell, if they would venture their industry the right way, but the devil take all (quoth ho) that was is^s choked in the mill-dam, with his tour last words in his mouth.

Acgulus cursu superat.—A cripple in the way out-travels a footman, or a post out of the way.

Prodigo nummi nauci.—Bags of money to a prodigal person, me the same that chem-stones are with some boys, and so thrown away.

Mundact sordida.—A woman, the more curious she is about her face, is commonly the more careless about her house.

Debitum deploratum.—Of this spilt water, there is a little to be gathered up: it is a desperate debt.

Latro sesyuipecdalis.—The thief* that had a longing at the gallows to commit one robbery more, before he was hanged.

And like^t the German lord, when he went out of Newgate into the cart, took order to have his arms set up in his last herborough: said he was taken, and committed upon suspicion of treason; no witness appearing against him: but the judges entertained him most civilly, discoursed with him, offered him the courtesy of the rack; but he confuted, &c.

Calumniat fructus.—I am beholden to calumny, that she hath so endeavoured, and taken pains to belie me. It shall make me set a surer guard on myself, and keep a better watch upon my actions.

Impertinent.—A tedious person is one a man would leap a steeple from, gallop down any steep hill to avoid him; forsake his meat, sleep, nature itself, with all her benefits, to shun him. A mere impertinent: one that touched neither heaven nor earth in his discourse. He opened an entry into a fair room, but shut it again presently. I spake to him of Garlic, ho

* With a great belly.

† Comes de Schortenhein

answered Asparagus: consulted him of marriage, he tells me of hanging, as if they went by one and the same destiny.

BcUum Scribentium.—What a sight it is to see writers committed together by the ears for ceremonies, syllables, points, colons, commas, hyphens, and the like? lighting as for their fires and their altars; and angry that none are lighted at their noises and loud brayings under their asses skins.

There is hope of getting a fortune without digging in these quarries. *Sea meliôr (in omne) ingenio, animoque quam fortuna sum usus.*

Pingue solum lassat; sed juval ipse labor.

Differentia inter Doctos et Sciolos Wits made out their several expeditions then, for the discovery of truth, to find out great and profitable knowledges, had their several instruments for the disquisition of arts. Now there are certain *sciolos* or smatterers, that are busy in the skirts and outsides of learning, and have scarce any thing of old literature to commend them. They may have sonic edging or trimming of a scholar, a welt or so: but it is no more.

Impostprim fucus.—Imposture is a specious thing: yet never worse than when it feigns to be best, and to none discovered sooner than the simplest. For truth and goodness are plain and open, but imposture is ever ashamed of the light.

Ititnittlawm motio.—A puppet-play must be shadowed, and seen in the dark: for draw the curtain, *Et sordet gesticulatio.*

Principes, et Administri.—There is a great difference in the understanding of some princes, as in the quality of their ministers about them. Some would dress their masters in gold, pearl, and all true jewels of majesty: others furnish them with feathers, bells, and ribands; and are therefore esteemed the fitter servant? But they are ever good men, that must make good the times: if the men be naught, the times will be such. *Finis expectandus est in unoquoque hominum; animalis ad mutationem promptissimo.*

Scitum Hispanicum.—It is a quick saying with the Spaniards, *Artes inter heredes non dividi.* Yet these have inherited their father's lying, and they brag of it. He is a narrow-minded man, that affects a triumph in any glorious study; but to triumph in a lie, and a lie themselves

have forged, is frontless. Folly often goes beyond her bounds; but Impudence knows none.

Non nova res livor.—Envy is no new thing, nor was it born only in our times. The ages past have brought it forth, and the coming ages will. So long as there are men fit for it, *quorum odium virtute relictâ placet*, it will never be wanting. It is a barbarous envy, to take from those men's virtues, which because thou canst not arrive at, thou impotently despair'st to imitate. 'Tis it a crime in me that I know that, which others had not yet known, but from me? or that I am the author of many things, which never would have come in thy thought!, but that I taught them? It is a new, but a foolish, way you have found out, that 'thou you cannot equal, or come near me doing, you would destroy or ruin with evil speaking: as if you had bound both your wits and natures prentices to slander, and then came forth the best artificers, when you could form the foulest calumnies.

Nil gratius protervo lib.—Indeed nothing is of more credit or request now, than a petulant paper, or scoffing verses; and it is but convenient to the times and manners we live with, to have then the worst writings and studies flourish, when the best begin to be despised. Ill arts begin where good end.

Jam liters sordent.—*Pastus hodiern.* *Ingen.*—The time was when men would learn and study good things, not envy those that had them. Then men were had in price for learning; now letters only make men vile. He is upbraidingly called a Poet, as if it were a most contemptible nickname: but the professors, indeed, have made the learning cheap. Hailing and tinkling Rhymers, whose writings the vulgar more greedily read, as being taken with the Scurrility and petulancy of such wits, He shall not have a reader now, unless he fear and lie. It is the food of men's natures; the diet of the times! Gallants cannot sleep else. The writer must lie, and the gentle reader rests happy, to hear the worthiest works misinterpreted, the clearest actions obscured, the innocentest life traduced: and in such a licence of lying, a field so fruitful of slanders, how can there be matter wanting to his laughter? Hence comes the epidemical infection: for how can they escape the contagion of the

writings, whom the virulency of the calumnies hath not staved off from reading.

Sed secufi morbus.—Nothing doth more invite a greedy reader, than an unlooked-for subject. And what more unlooked-for, than to see a person of an unblamed life made ridiculous or odious, by the artifice of lying? but it is the disease of the age: and no wonder if the world, growing old, begin to be infirm: old age itself is a disease. It is long since the sick would began to doat and talk idly: would she had but doated still! but her dotage is now broke forth into a madness, and become a mere frenzy.

Alastoris malitia.—This Alastor, who hath left nothing unsearched, or unassailed, by his impudent and licentious lying in his aguish writings (for he was in his cold quaking fit all the while); what hath he done more, than a troublesome base cur? barked and made a noise afar off; had a fool or two to spit in his mouth, and cherish him with a musty bone? but they are rather enemies of my fame than me, these barkers.

Mali Choragi fuere.—It is an art to have so much judgment as to apparel a lie well, to give it a good dressing; that though the nakedness would shew deformed and odious, the suiting of it might draw their readers. Some love any strumpet (be she never so shop-like or meretricious) in good clothes. But these, nature could not have formed them better, to destroy their own testimony, and overthrow their calumny.

Hear-say news.—That an elephant, in 1630, came hither ambassador from the great Mogul (who could both write and read) and was every day allowed twelve cast of bread, twenty quarts of Canary sack, besides nuts and almonds the citizens' wives sent him. That he had a Spanish boy to his interpreter, and his chief negotiation was to confer or practise with Archy, the principal fool of state, about stealing hence Windsor-castle, and carrying it away on his back if he can.

Lingua sapientis, potitis quàm loquentis.—A wise tongue should not be licentious and wandering; but moved, and, as it were, governed with certain reins from the heart and bottom of the breast: and it was excellently said of that philosopher, that there was a wall or parapet of teeth

set in our mouth, to restrain the petulancy of our words; that the rashness of talking should not only be retarded by the guard and watch of our heart, but be fenced in and defended by certain strengths placed in the mouth itself, and within the lips. But you shall see some so abound with words, without any seasoning or taste of matter, in so profound a security, as while they are speaking for the most part they confess to speak they know not what.

O! the two (if either were to be wished) I would rather have a plain downright wisdom, than a foolish and affected eloquence. For what is so furious and Bethlem-like, as a vain sound of chosen and excellent words without any subject of sentence or science mixed?

Optanda.—*Thersites Homeri.*—Whom the disease of talking still once possesseth, he can never hold his peace. Nay, rather than he will not discourse he will hire men to hear him. And so heard, not hearkened unto, he comes off most times like a mountebank, that when he hath praised his medicines, finds none will take them, or trust him. He is like Homer's *Thersites*.

Ἀμετροπῆς, ἀκριτόμυθος; speaking without judgment or measure.

*Loquax magis, quàm facundus. Salts loquentiæ, sapientiæ parum.**

Γλώσσης τοι θησαυρὸς ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἀριστος. Φειδῶλης, πλειστή δὲ χάρις κατὰ μέτρον λόγου.†
Opt intus est homine lingua thesaurus, et ingens

Gratiâ, quæ parcis mensurat singula verbis.

Homer I Ulysses.—*Demacatus Plutarchi.*—Ulysses in Homer is made a long-thinking man before he speaks; and Epaminondas is celebrated by Pindar, to be a man, that though he knew much yet he spoke but little. Demacatus, when on the bench he was long silent, and said nothing; Ælie asking him, if it were folly in him, or want of language? he answered, *A fool would never hold his peace.‡* For too much talking is ever the indice of a fool.

Dum facit indoctus poterit cordatus haberi; Is nwbos animi namque tacendo tegit.§

Nor is that worthy speech of Zeno the philosopher to be past over with the note of ignorance; who being invited to a feast

* Salust. † Hesiodus.

‡ Vid. Zeuxidis pict. Serm. ad Megabizum. § Plutarch.

in Athens, where a great prince's ambassadors were entertained, and was the only person had said nothing at the table; one of them with courtesy asked him, What shall we return from thee, Zeno, to the prince our master, if he asks us of thee? Nothing, he replied, more, but that you found an old man in Athens that knew to be silent amongst his cups. It was near a miracle to see an old man silent, since talking is the disease of age; but amongst cups makes it fully a wonder.

Argute dictum.—It was wittily said upon one that was taken for a great and grave man so long as he held his peace: This man might have been a counsellor of state till he spoke: but having spoken, not the beadle of the ward. Ἐχμυθία. Pythag. ἰ/υdm laudabilis! γλώσσης πρὸ τῶν ἄλλων κράτει, θεοῖς ἐπόμενος. *Linguae cohibe, præ aliis omnibus, ad Deorum exemplum* Digito compesce labellum.†*

Acutius cernitur villia quam virtutes.—There is almost no man but he sees clearer and sharper the vices in a speaker, than the virtues. And there are many, that with more ease will find fault with what is spoken foolishly, than that can give allowance to that wherein you are wise silently. The treasure of a fool is always in his tongue, said the witty comic poet;‡ and it appears not in anything more than in that nation, whereof one, when he had got the inheritance of an unlucky old grange, would needs sell it; § and to draw buyers, proclaimed the virtues of it. Nothing ever thrived on it, saith he. No owner of it ever died in his bed; some hung, some drowned themselves; some were banished, some starved; the trees were all blasted; the swine died of the measles, the cattle of the murrain, the sheep of the rot; they that stood were ragged, bare, and bald as your hand; nothing was ever reared there, not a duckling or a goose. *Hospitium fuerat calamitatis.*¶ Was not this man like to sell it?

Vulgi expectatio.—Expectation of the vulgar is more drawn and held with newness than goodness; we see it in fencers, in players, in poets, in preachers, in all where fame promiseth any thing; so it be new, though never so naught and depraved,

they run to it, and are taken. Which shews that the only decay, or hurt of the best men's reputation with the people is, their wits have out-lived the people's palates. They have been too much or too long a feast.

Claritas patris.—Greatness of name in the father oft-times helps not forth, but overwhelms the son; they stand too near one another. The shadow kills the growth; so much, that we see the grandchild come more and oftener to be heir of the first, than doth the second: he dies between; the possession is the third's.

Rloquaitia.—Eloquence is a great and diverse thing: nor did she yet ever favour any man so much as to become wholly his. He is happy that can arrive to any degree of her grace. Yet there are who prove themselves masters of her, and absolute lords; but I believe they may mistake their evidence: for it is one thing to be eloquent in the schools, or in the hall; another at the bar, or in the pulpit. There is a difference between mooting and pleading; between fencing and fighting. To make arguments in my study, and confute them, is easy; where I answer myself, not an adversary. So I can see whole volumes dispatched by the umbratral doctors on all sides: but draw these forth into the just lists; let them appear *sub dio*, and they are changed with the place, like bodies bred in the shade; they cannot suffer the sun or a shower, nor bear the open air: they scarce can find themselves, that they were wont to domineer so among their auditors: but indeed I would no more choose a rhetorician for reigning in a school, than I would a pilot for rowing in a pond.

Amor et Odium.—Love that is ignorant, and hatred have almost the same ends: many foolish lovers wish the same to their friends, which their enemies would: as to wish a friend banished, that they might accompany him in exile; or some great want, that they might relieve him; or a disease, that they might sit by him. They make a causeway to their country by injury, as if it were not honeter to do nothing than to seek a way to do good by a mischief.

Injuria.—Injuries do not extinguish courtesies: they only suffer them not to appear fair. For a man that doth me an injury after a courtesy, takes not away

*Vide Apuleium.

† Juvenal. ‡ Plautus.

§ Trill, act ii. sc. 4. ¶ Mart. lib. i. ep. 85.

that courtesy, but defaces it: as he that writes other verses upon my verses takes not away the first letters, but hides them.

Beneficia.—Nothing is a courtesy, unless it be meant us: and that friendly and lovingly. We owe no thanks to rivers, that they carry our boats; or winds, that they be favouring and fill our sails; or meats, that they be nourishing. For these are what they are necessarily. Horses carry us, trees shade us, but they know it not. It is true, some man may receive a courtesy, and not know it; but never any man received it from him that knew it not. Many men have been cured of diseases by accidents; but they were not remedies. I myself have known one helped of an ague by falling into a water; another "hipped out of a fever: but no man would ever use these for medicines. It is the mind, and not the event, that distinguished! the courtesy from wrong. My adversary may offend the judge with his pride and impertinences, and I win my cause; but he meant it not me as a courtesy. I scaped pirates by being shipwrecked, was the wrack a benefit therefore? No: the doing of courtesies aright, is the mixing of the respects for his own sake, and for mine. He that doeth them merely for his own sake, is like one that feeds his cattle to sell them: he hath his horse well dressed for Smithfield.

Valor rerum.—The price of many things is far above what they are bought and sold for. Life and health, which are both inestimable, we have of the physician: as learning and knowledge, the true tillage of the mind, from our school-masters. But the fees of the one, or the salary of the other, never answer the value of what we received, but served to gratify their labours.

Memoria.—Memory, of all the powers of the mind, is the most delicate and frail: it is the first of our faculties that age invades. Seneca, the father, the rhetorician, confesseth of himself he had a miraculous one; not only to receive, but to hold. I myself could, in my youth, have repeated all that ever I had made, and so continued till I was past forty: since, it is much decayed in me. Yet I can repeat whole books that I have read, and poems of some selected friends, which I have liked to charge my memory with. It was wont to be faithful to me, but shaken with age now, and sloth, which weakens the

strongest abilities, it may perform somewhat, but cannot promise much. By exercise it is to be made better, and serviceable. Whatsoever I pawned with it while I was young and a boy, it offers me readily, and without stops: but what I trust to it now, or have done of later years, it lays up more negligently, and oftentimes loses; so that I receive mine own (though frequently called for) as if it were new and borrowed. Nor do I always find presently from it what I do seek: but while I am doing another thing, that I laboured for will come: and what I sought with trouble, will offer itself when I am quiet. Now in some men I have found it as happy as nature, who, whatsoever they read or pen, they can say without book presently: as if they did then write in their mind. And it is more a wonder in such as have a swift style, for their memories are commonly slowest; such as torture their writings, and go into council for every word, must needs fix somewhat, and make it their own at last; though but through their own vexation.

Comit. suffragia.—Suffrages in parliament are numbered, not weighed: nor can it be otherwise in those public councils, where nothing is so unequal as the equality: for there, how odd soever men's brains or wisdoms are, their power is always even and the same.

Stare à partibus.—Some actions, be they never so beautiful and generous, are often obscured by base and vile misconstructions, either out of envy, or ill-nature, that judgeth of others as of itself. Nay, the times are so wholly grown to be either partial or malicious, that if he be a friend, all sits well about him, his very vices shall be virtues; if an enemy, or of the contrary faction, nothing is good or tolerable in him: insomuch that we care not to discredit and shame our judgments, to soothe our passions.

Deus in creaturis.—Man is read in his face; God in his creatures; but not as the philosopher, the creature of glory, reads him: but as the divine, the servant of humility: yet even he must take care not to be too curious. For to utter truth of God (but as he thinks only) may be dangerous; who is best known by our not knowing. Some things of him, so much as he hath revealed, or commanded, it is not only lawful but necessary for us to

know: for therein our ignorance was the first cause of our wickedness.

Veritas proprium hominis.—Truth is man's proper good; and the only immortal thing was given to our mortality to use. No good Christian or ethnic, if he be honest, can miss it: no statesman or patriot should. For without truth all the actions of mankind are craft, malice, or what you will, rather than wisdom. Homer says, he hates him worse than hell-mouth, that utters one thing with his tongue, and keeps another in his breast. Which high expression was grounded on divine reason: for a lying month is a stinking pit, and murders with the contagion it venteth. Beside, nothing is lasting that is feigned; it will have another face than it had, ere long. As Euripides saith, "No he ever grows old."

Nullum "uitium sine patrocinio.—It is strange there should be no vice without its patronage, that, when we have no other excuse, we will say we love it; we cannot forsake it. As if that made it not more a fault. We cannot, because we think we cannot, and we love it because we will defend it. We will rather excuse it than be rid of it. That we cannot, is pretended; but that we will not, is the true reason. How many have I known, that would not have their vices hid? nay, and to be noted, live like Antipodes to others in the same city? never see the sun rise or set, in so many years; but be as they were watching a corpse by torch light; would not sin the common way, but held that a kind of rusticity; they would do it new, or contrary, for the infamy; they were ambitious of living backward; and at last arrived at that, as they would love nothing but the vices, not the vicious customs. It was impossible to reform these natures; they were dried and hardened in their ill. They may say they desired to leave it; but do not trust them: and they may think they desired it, but they may lie for all that: they are a little angry with their follies now and then; marry they come into grace with them again quickly. They will confess they are offended with their manner of living: like enough; who is not? When they can put me in security that they are more than offended, that they hate it, then I willarken to them; and perhaps believe them: but many now a days love and hate their ill together.

De vere argutis.—I do hear them say often, some men are not witty, because they are not everywhere witty; than which nothing is more foolish. If an eye or a nose be an excellent part in the face, therefore be all eye or nose! I think the eyebrow, the forehead, the cheek, chin, lip, or any part else, are as necessary, and natural in the place. But now nothing is good that is natural: right and natural language seems to have least of the wit in it; that which is writhed and tortured, is counted the more exquisite. Cloth of bodkin or tissue must be embroidered; as if no face were fair that were not powdered or painted? no beauty to be had, but in wresting and writhing our own tongue? Nothing is fashionable till it be deformed; and this is to write like a gentleman. All must be affected, and preposterous as our gallants' clothes, sweet bags, and night dressings: in which you would think our men lay in, like ladies, it is so curious.

Censura de poetis.—Nothing in our age, I have observed, is more preposterous than the running judgments upon poetry and poets; when we shall hear those things commended, and cried up for the best writings, which a man would scarce vouchsafe to wrap any wholesome drug in; he would never light his tobacco with them. And those men almost named for miracles, who yet are so vile, that if a man should go about to examine and correct them, he must make all they have done but one blot. Their good is so entangled with their bad, as forcibly one must draw on the other's death with it. A sponge dipt in ink will do all.

—*Comitetur Punica librum*

Spongia—

Et paulo post,

*Non possunt . . . multæ . . . lituræ
una litura potest.**

Cestius.—*Cicero.*—*Heath.*—*Taylor.*—*Spenser.*—Yet their vices have not hurt them: nay, a great many they have profited; for they have been loved for nothing else. And this false opinion grows strong against the best men; if once it take root with the ignorant. Cestius, in his time, was preferred to Cicero, so far as the ignorant durst. They learned him without book, and had him often in their mouths: but a man cannot imagine that

* Mart. 1. iv. epig. 10.

thing so foolish, or rude, but will find and enjoy an admirer; at least a reader or spectator. The puppets are seen now in despite of the players: Heath's epigrams, and the Skuller's poems have their applause. There are never wanting, that dare prefer the worst preachers, the worst pleaders, the worst poets; not that the better have left to write, or speak better, but that they that hear them judg.' worse; *Non illi pejus dicunt, sed hi corrupti insudicant.* Nay, if it were put to the question of the Water-rhymer's works, against Spenser's, I doubt not but they would find more suffrages; because the most favour common vices, out of a prerogative the vulgar have to lose their judgments and like that which is naught.

Poetry, in this latter age, hath proved but a mean mistress to such as have wholly addicted themselves to her, or given thenames up to her family. They who have but saluted her on the by, and now and then tendered their visits, she hath done much for, and advanced in the way of their own professions (both the law and the gospel) beyond all they could have hoped or done for themselves without her favour. Wherein she doth emulate the judicious but preposterous bounty of the time's grantees: who accumulate all they can upon the parasite, or fresh-man in then- friendship; but think an old client, or honest servant, bound by his place to write and starve.

Indeed the multitude commend writers as they do fencers or wrestlers; who if they come in robustiously, and put for it with a deal of violence, are received for the braver fellows: when many times their own rudeness is a cause of their disgrace; and a slight touch of their adversary gives all that boisterous force the foil. But in these things the unskilful are naturally deceived, and judging wholly by the bulk, think rude things greater than polished; and scattered more numerous than composed: nor think this only to be true in the sordid multitude, but the neater sort of our gallants: for all are the multitude; only they differ in clothes, not in judgment or understanding.

De Shakespeare nostrat.—Augustus in *Hat*.—I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thou-

sand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who choose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour: for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantisie, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Suffraginandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, "Cæsar thou dost me wrong." He replied, "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause," and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

Ingeniorum discrimina. Not. 1.—In the difference of wits I have observed there are many notes: and it is a little maistry to know them; to discern what every nature, every disposition will bear: for, before we sow our land, we should plough it. There are no fewer forms of minds than of bodies amongst us. The variety is incredible, and therefore we must search. Some are fit to make divines, some poets, some lawyers, some physicians: some to be sent to the plough, and trades.

There is no doctrine will do good where nature is wanting. Some wits are swelling and high; others low and still: some hot and fiery, others cold and dull; one must have a bridle, the other a spur.

Not. 2.—There be some that are forward and bold; and these will do every little thing easily. I mean that is hand-by and next them, which they will utter unretarded without any shamefastness. These never perform much, but quickly. They are what they are, on the sudden; they shew presently like grain, that scattered on the top of the ground, shoots up, but takes no root; has a yellow blade, but the ear empty. They are wits of good promise at first, but there is an *ingenistitium*: * they stand still at sixteen, they get no higher.

Not. 3.—You have others that labour only to ostentation; and are ever more busy about the colours and surface of a work than in the matter and foundation: for that is hid, the other is seen.

Not. 4.—Others, that in composition are nothing but what is rough and broken: *Quæ per salebras, atque saxa cadunt.** And if it would come gently, they trouble it of purpose. They would not have it run without rubs, as if that style were more strong and manly, that stroke the ear with a kind of unevenness. These men err not by chance, but knowingly and willingly; they are like men that affect a fashion by themselves, have some singularity in a ruff, cloak, or hat-band; or their beards specially cut to provoke beholders, and set a mark upon themselves. They would be reprehended, while they are looked on. And this vice, one that is authority with the rest, loving, delivers over to them to be imitated; so that oft-times the faults which he fell into, the others seek for: this is the danger, when vice becomes a precedent.

Not. 5.—Others there are that have no composition at all, but a kind of tuning and rhyming fall, in what they write. It runs and slides, and only makes a sound. Women's poets they are called, as you have women's tailors;

They write a verse as smooth, as soft as cream;
In which, there is no torrent, nor scarce stream.

You may sound these wits, and find the depth of them with your middle linger. They are cream-bowl, or but puddle deep.

Not. 6.—Some that turn over all books, and are equally searching in all papers, that write out of what they presently find or meet, without choice; by which means it happens, that what they have discredited and impugned in one work, they have before or after extolled the same in another. Such are all the essayists, even their master Montaigne. These, in all they write, confess still what books they have read last; and therein their own folly, so much that they bring it to the stake raw and Undigested: riot that the place did need it neither; but that they thought themselves furnished, and would vent it.

Not. 7.—Some again (who after they have got authority, of, which is less, opinion, by their writings, to have read much) dare presently to feign whole books and authors, and lye safely. For what never was, will not easily be found, not by the most curious.

Not. 8.—And some, by a cunning protestation against all reading, and false veneration of their own naturals, think to divert the sagacity of their readers from themselves, and cool the scent of their own fox-like thefts; when yet they are so rank as a man may find whole pages together usurped from one author; their necessities compelling them to read for present use, which could not be in many books; and so come forth more ridiculously and palpably guilty than those, who because they cannot trace, they yet would slander their industry.

Not. 9.—But the wretchered are the obstinate contemners of all helps and arts; such as presuming on their own naturals (which perhaps art-excellent) dare deride all diligence, and seem to mock at the terms, when they understand not the tilings; thinking that way to get off wittily with their ignorance. These are imitated often by such as are their peers in negligence, though they cannot be in nature: and they utter all they can think with a kind of violence and indisposition unexamined, without relation either to person, place, or any fitness else; and the more wilful and stubborn they are in it, the more learned they are esteemed of the multitude, through their excellent vice of judgment: who think those things the stronger, that have no art; as if to break, were better than to open; or to rent asunder, gentler than to loose.

Not. 10.—It cannot but come to pass, that these men who commonly seek to do more than enough, may sometimes happen on something that is good and great; but very seldom: and when it comes, it doth not recompense the rest of their ill. For their jests, and their sentences (which they only and ambitiously seek for) stick out, and are more eminent; because all is sordid, and vile about them; as lights are more discerned in a thick darkness, than a faint shadow. Now because they speak all they can (however unfitly) they are thought to have the greater copy; where the learned use ever election and a mean;

* Martial lib. II. epig. 32.

they look back to what they intended at first, and make all an even and proportioned body. The true artificer will not run away from naluic as he were afraid of her : or depart from life and the likeness of truth ; but speak to the capacity of his hearers. And though his language differ from the vulgar somewhat, it shall not fly from all humanity, with the Tamerlanes, and Tamer-Chains of the late age, which had nothing in them but the scenical strutting and furious vociferation, to warrant them to the ignorant gapers. He knows it is his only art, so to carry it as none but artificers perceive it. In the meantime, perhaps, he is called barren, dull, lean, a poor writer, or by what contumelious word can come in their cheeks, by these men, who without labour, judgment, knowledge, or almost sense, are received or preferred before him. He gratulates them, and their fortune. Another age, or juster men, will acknowledge the virtues of his studies, his wisdom in dividing, his subtlety in arguing, with what strength he doth inspire his readers, with what sweetness he strokes them ; in inveighing, what sharpness ; in jest, what urbanity he uses : how he doth reign in men's affections : how invade, and break in upon them ; and makes their minds like the thing he writes. Then in his elocution to behold what word is proper, which hath ornaments, which height, what is beautifully translated, where figures are fit, which gentle, which strong, to shew the composition manly : and how he hath avoided faint, obscure, obscene, sordid, humble, improper, or effeminate phrase ; which is not only praised of the most, but commended (which is worse) especially for that it is naught.

Ignorantia animæ.—I know no disease of the soul but ignorance ; not of the arts and sciences, but of itself: yet relating to those it is a pernicious evil, the darkener of man's life, the disturber of his reason, and common confounder of truth ; with which a man goes groping in the dark, no otherwise than if he were blind. Great understandings are most racked and troubled with it : nay, sometimes they will rather choose to die than not to know the things they study for. Think then what an evil it is, and what good the contrary.

Scientia.—Knowledge is the action of the Soul, and is perfect without the senses, as having the seeds of all science and

virtue in itself; but not without the service of the senses ; by these organs the Soul works : she is a perpetual agent, prompt and subtle ; but often flexible and erring intangling herself like a silkworm : but her reason is a weapon with two edges, and ruts through. In her indagatifems oft-times new scents put her by, and she takes in errors into her by the same conduits she doth truths.

Otium,—Studiorum.—Ease and relaxation are profitable to all studies. The mind is like a bow, the stronger by being unbent. But the temper in spirits is all, when to command a man's wit, when to favour it. I have known a man vehement on both sides, that knew no mean, either to intermit his studies, or call upon them again. When he hath set himself to writing, he would join night to day, press upon himself without release, not minding it, till he fainted ; and when he left off, resolve himself into all sports and looseness again, that it was almost a despair to draw him to his book ; but once got to it, he grew stronger and more earnest by the ease. His whole powers were renewed ; he would work out of himself what he desired ; but with such excess as his study could not be ruled ; he knew not how to dispose his own abilities, or husband them, he was of that immoderate power against himself. Nor was he only a strong but an absolute speaker, and writer ; but his subtlety did not shew itself ; his judgment thought that a vice : for the ambush hints more that is hid. He never forced his language, nor went out of the highway of speaking, but for some great necessity or apparent profit : for he denied figures to be invented for ornament, but for aid ; and still thought it an extreme madness to bend or wrest that which ought to be right.

Stili eminentia.—*Virgil - Tully.*—*Salust.*—*Plato.*—It is no wonder men's eminence appears but in their own way. Virgil's felicity left him in prose, as Tully's forsook him in verse. Salust's orations are read in the honour of story ; yet the most eloquent Plato's speech, which he made for Socrates, is neither worthy of the patron, or the person defended. Nay, in the same kind of oratory, and where the matter is one, you shall have him that reasons strongly, open negligently ; another that prepares well, not fit so well. And this happens not only to brains, but to bodies. One

can wrestle well, another run well, a third leap, or throw the bar, a fourth lift, or stop a cart going : each hath his way of strength. So in other creatures, some dogs are for the deer, some for the wild boar, some are fox-hounds, some otter-hounds. Nor are all horses for the coach or saddle, some are for the cart and pamers.

De claris Oratoribus.—I have known many excellent men, that would speak suddenly, to the admiration of their hearers ; who upon study and premeditation have been forsaken by their own wits, and no way answered their fame: their eloquence was greater than their reading; and the things they uttered better than those they knew: their fortune deserved better of them than their care. For men of present spirits, and of greater wits than study, do please more in the things they invent than in those they bring. And I have heard some of them compelled to speak out of necessity, that have so minutely exceeded themselves as it was letter both for them and their auditory that they were so surprised not prepared. Nor was it safe then to cross them for their adversary, their anger made them more eloquent. Yet these men I could not but love and admire, that they returned to their studies. They left not diligence (as many do) when their rashness prospered; for diligence is a great aid, even to an indifferent wit; when we are not contented with the examples of our own age, but would know the face of the former. Indeed, the more we confer with, the more we profit by, if the persons be chosen.

Dominus Verulamius.—One, though he be excellent and the chief, is not to be imitated alone : for never no imitator ever grew up to his author; likeness is always on this side truth. Yet there happened in my time one noble Speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language where he could spare or pass by a jest) was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in that he uttered. No member of his speech that consisted of his own graces. His hearers would not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he

spoke; and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was, lest he should make an end.

*Scriptorum Catalogus.**—Cicero is said to be the only wit that the people of Rome had equalled to their Empire. *Ingenium par imperio.* We have had many, and in their several ages (to take in but the former *seculum*) Sir Thomas Moore, the elder Wiat, Henry, Earl of burrey, Chaloner, Smith, Eliot, B. Gardiner, were for their times admirable; and the more, because they began eloquence with us. Sir Nicholas Bacon was singular, and almost alone, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's time. For Philip Sidney, and Mr. Hooker (in different matter) grew great masters of wit in a language, and in whom all vigour of invention and strength of judgment met. The Karl of Essex, noble and high; and Sir Walter Raleigh, not to be contemned, either for judgment or style. Sir Henry Savile, grave, and truly lettered; Sir Edwin Sandys, excellent in both; Lord Egerton, the Chancellor, a grave and great orator, and best when he was provoked. But his learned and able (though unfortunate) successor, is he who hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue, which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome. In short, within his view, and about his times, were all the wits born that could honour a language or help study. Now things daily fall, wits grow downward, and eloquence grows backward: so that he maybe named and stand as the mark and ækun of our language.

De Augmentis Scientiarum.—*Julius Cæsar.*—Lord St. Alban.—I have ever observed it to have been the office of a wise Patriot, among the greatest affairs of the State, to take care of the Commonwealth of Learning. For schools, they are the Seminaries of State; and nothing is worthier the study of a statesman than that part of the Republic which we call the Advancement of Letters. Witness the care of Julius Caesar, who in the heat of the civil war writ his books of Analogy, and dedicated them to Tully. This made the

* Sir Thomas Moore. Sir Thomas Wiat. Henry, Earl of Surrey. Sir Thomas Chaloner. Sir Thomas Smith. Sir Thomas Eliot. Bishop Gardiner. Sir Nicholas Bacon L.K. Sir Philip Sidney. Master Richard Hooker. Robert, Earl

of Essex. Sir Walter Raleigh. Sir Henry Savile. Sir Edwin Sandys. Sir Thomas Egertott, L.C. Sir Francis Bacon, L.C.

In the folio this word is *pressly* I should like to have printed it *presty*, i.e. readily.—I.C.

late Lord St. Alban entitle his work *Novum Organum* : which though by the most of superficial men, who cannot get beyond the title of Nominals, it is not penetrated nor understood, it really openeth all defects of learning -whatsoever, and is a book *Quilongum noto scriptori proroget ævum.*

My conceit of his Person was never increased toward him by his place or honours : but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many Ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength ; for Greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest.

De Corruptela Morum. — There cannot be one colour of the mind, another of the wit. If the mind be staid, grave, and composed, the wit is so ; that vitiated, the other is blown and deflowered. Do we not see, if the mind languish, the members are dull? Look upon an effeminate person, his very gait confesseth him. If a man be fiery, his motion is so ; if angry, 'tis troubled and violent. So that we may conclude wheresoever manners and fashions are corrupted, language is. It imitates the public riot. The excess of feasts and apparel are the notes of a sick state ; and the wantonness of language, of a sick mind.

De rebus mundanis. — If we would consider what our affairs are indeed, not what they are called, we should find more evils belong to us than happen to us. How often doth that, which was called a calamity, prove the beginning and cause of a man's happiness? And, on the contrary, that which happened or came to another with great gratulation and applause, how it hath lifted him but a step higher to his ruin ! As if he stood before, where he might fall safely.

Vulgi Meres. *Vulgi Meres-Morbus comitialis.* — The Vulgar are commonly ill-natured, and always grue ring against their Governors :

* Horat. de Art. Poetica. [It is worth noting that the folio for *proroget* reads *porriget*, which most probably Jonson wrote. His own translation of the line is "With honour make the far-known author live."—F. C.]

which makes that a prince has more business and trouble with them, than ever Hercules had with the. Bull or any other beast, by how much they have more heads than will be reined with one bridle. There was not that variety of beasts in the ark, as is of beastly natures in the multitude ; especially when they come to that iniquity to censure their sovereign's actions. Then all the counsels are made good, or bad, by the events : and it falleth out that the same facts receive from them the names, now of diligence, now of vanity, now of majesty, now of fury ; where they ought wholly to hang on his mouth, as lie to consist of himself, and not others' counsels.

Princes. — After God, nothing is to be loved of man like the Prince : he violates nature that doth it not with his whole heart. For when he hath put on the care of the public good and common safety, I am a wretch, and put off man, if I do not reverence and honour him in whose charge all things divine and human are placed. Do but ask of nature why all living creatures are less delighted with meat and drink that sustains them, than with vengery that wastes them? and she will tell thee, the first respects but a private ; the other a common good, propagation.

De cod cm.—Orpheus Hymn. — He is the arbiter of life and death : when he finds no other subject for his mercy, he should spare himself. All his punishments are rather to correct than to destroy. Why are prayers with Orpheus said to be the daughters of Jupiter, but that princes are thereby admonished that the petitions of the wretched ought to have more weight with them than the laws themselves.

De opt. Rege Jacobo. — It was a great accumulation to his majesty's deserved praise, that men might openly visit and pity those, whom his greatest prisons had at any time received, or his laws condemned,

De Princ. adjuncts. — *Sed verè prudens hand concipi posît Priticcps nisi—simul et bonus.* — *Lycurgm.* — *Sylla.* — *Lysander.* — *Cyrus.* — Wise, is rather the attribute of a prince, than Learned or Good. The learned man profits others rather than himself ; the good man, rather himself than others ; but the prince commands others, and doth himself. The wise Lycurgus gave no law but what himself kept. Sylla and Lysander did not so ; the one living extremely dissolute himself, inforced

frugality by the laws ; the other permitted those licences to others, which himself abstained from. But the Prince's prudence is his chief art and safety. In his counsels and deliberations he foresees the future times : in the equity of his judgment, he hath remembrance of the past, and knowledge of what is to be done or avoided for the present. Hence the Persians gave out their Cyrus to have been nursed by a bitch, a creature to encounter it, as of sagacity to seek out good; shewing that Wisdom may accompany fortitude, or it leaves to be, and puts on the name of Rashness.

DC Malign, Studentium.—There be some men are born only to suck out the poison of books : *Habent venenum pro victu ; imò, pro del tens.* And such are they that only relish the obscene and foul (lungs in Poets; which makes the profession taxed. But by whom? Men that watch for it; and (had they not had this nint) are so unjust valuers of Letters, as they think no learning good but what brings in gain. It shews they themselves would never have been of the professions they are, hut for the profits- and fees. But if another learning, well used, can instruct to good life, inform manners, no less persuade and lead men, than they threaten and compel, and have no reward; is it therefore the worse study? I could never think the study of Wisdom confined only to the Philosopher; or of Piety to the Divine; or of State to the Politic: but that he which can feign a Commonwealth (which is the Poet) can govern it with counsels, strengthen it with laws, correct it with judgments, inform it with religion and morals, is all these. We do not require in him mere Elocution, or an excellent faculty in verse, but the exact knowledge of all virtues, and their contraries; with ability to render the one loved, the other hated, by his proper embattaling them. The philosophers did insolently, to challenge only to themselves that which the greatest generals and gravest counsellors never durst. For such had rather do, than promise the best things.

Controvers. Scriptores. — *More Andabatarun qui clausis oculis pugnant.* — Some controverters in divinity are like swaggerers in a tavern, that catch that which stands next them, the candlestick, or pots; turn everything into a weapon: ofttimes they fight blindfold, and both beat the air. The one milks a he-goat, the other holds under a sieve. Their argu-

ments are as fluxive as liquor spilt upon a table, which with your finger you may drain as you will. Such controversies, or disputations (carried with more labour than profit) are odious; where most times the truth is lost in the midst, or left untouched. And the fruit of their fight is, that they spit one upon another, and are both defiled. These fencers in religion I like not.

Morbi.—The body hath certain diseases that are with less evil tolerated than removed. As if to cure a leprosy a man should bathe himself with the warm blood of a murthred child: so in the church, some errors may be dissimuled with less inconvenience than they can be discovered.

Jactantia intemptiva.—Men that talk of their own benefits are not believed to talk of them because they have done them, but to have done them because they might talk of them. That which had been great if another had reported it of them, vaniseth, and is nothing, if he that did it speak of it. For men, when they cannot destroy the deed, will yet be glad to take advantage of the boasting, and lessen it.

Adulatio. — I have seen that Poverty makes men do unfit things; but honest men should not do them; they should gain otherwise. Though a man be hungry, he should not play the parasite. That hour wherein I would repent me to be honest, there were ways enow open for me to be rich. But Flattery is a fine pick-lock of tender ears; especially of those whom fortune hath borne high upon their wings, that submit their dignity and authority to it by a soothing of themselves. For indeed men could never be taken in that abundance with the springes of others' flattery, if they began not there; if they did but remember how much more profitable the bitterness of truth were, than all the honey distilling from a whorish voice, which is not praise, but poison. But now it is come to that extreme folly, or rather madness, with some, that he that flatters them modestly, or sparingly, is thought to malign them. If their friend consent not to their vices, though he do not contradict them, he is nevertheless an enemy. When they do all things the worst way, even then they look for praise. Nay, they will hire fellows to flatter them with suits and suppers, and to prostitute their judgments. They have *livery-friends*, friends of the dish, and of the spit, that wait their turns as my lord has his feasts and guests.

De vitâ humanâ.—I have considered our whole life is like a Play: wherein every man forgetful of himself, is in travail with expression of another. Nay, we so insist in imitating others, as we cannot (when it is necessary) return to ourselves; like children, that imitate the vices of stammerers so long, till at last they become such; and make the habit to another nature, as it is never forgotten.

De Piis et Probis.—Good men are the stars, the planets of the ages wherein they live, and illustrate the times. God did never let them be wanting to the world: as Abel, for an example of innocency, Enoch of purity, Noah of trust in God's mercies, Abraham of faith, and so of the rest. These, sensual men thought mad, because they would not be partakers or practicers of their madness. But they, placed high on the top of all virtue, looked down on the Stage of the world, and condemned the Play of Fortune. For though the most be players, some must be spectators.

Mores Aulici.—I have discovered that a feigned familiarity in great ones, is a note of certain usurpation on the less. For great and popular men feign themselves to be servants to others, to make those slaves to them. So the fisher provides bait for the trout, roach, dace, &c. that they may be food to him.

Impiorum querela.—*Augustus.*—*Varus, —Tiberius.*—The complaint of Caligula was most wicked of the condition of his times, when he said, They were not famous by any public calamity, as the reign of Augustus was, by the defeat of Varus and the legions; and that of Tiberius, by the falling of the theatre at Fidenæ; whilst his oblivion was eminent, through the prosperity of his affairs. As that other voice of his was worthier a headman than a head, when he wished the people of Rome had but one neck. But he found (when he fell) they had many hands. A tyrant, how great and mighty soever he may seem to cowards and sluggards, is but one creature, one animal.

Nobilitum ingenia.—I have marked among the Nobility, some are so addicted to the service of the Prince and commonwealth, as they look not for spoil; such are to be honoured and loved. There are others, which no obligation will fasten on; and they are of two sorts. The first are such as love their own ease; or, out of

vice, of nature, or self-direction, avoid business and care. Yet these the Prince may use with safety. The other remove themselves upon craft and design, as the architects say, with a premeditated thought to their own, rather than their Prince's profit. Such let the Prince take heed of, and not doubt to reckon in the list of his open enemies.

Principum varia.—*Firmissima veró omnium basis jus hæreditarium Principis.*—There is a great variation between him that is raised to the Sovereignty by the favour of his Peers, and him that comes to it by the suffrage of the people. The first holds with more difficulty; because he hath to do with many that think themselves his equals, and raised him for their own greatness and oppression of the rest. The latter hath no upbraiders, but was raised by them that sought to be defended from oppression; whose end is both the easier and the honestest to satisfy. Beside, while he hath the people to friend, who are a multitude, he hath the less fear of the nobility, who are but few. Nor let the common proverb (of he that builds on the people builds on the dirt) discredit my opinion: for that hath only place where an ambitious and private person, for some popular end, trusts in them against the public justice and magistrate. There they will leave him. But when a Prince governs them, so as they have still need of his administration (for that is his Art) he shall ever make and hold them faithful.

dementia.—*Machiavell.*—A Prince should exercise his cruelty not by himself, but by his ministers; so he may save himself and his dignity with his people, by sacrificing those when he list, saith the great doctor of state, Machiavell. But I say, he puts off man, and goes into a beast, that is cruel. No virtue is a Prince's own, or becomes him more, than this Clemency: and no glory is greater than to be able to save with his power. Many punishments sometimes, and in some cases, as much discredit a Prince, as many funerals a physician. The state of things is secured by Clemency; severity represseth a few, but irritates more. The lopping of trees makes the boughs shoot out thicker; and the taking away of some kind of enemies,

* *Haud infima ars in prindpe, ubi lenitas ubi severitas—plus polleat in commune bonum caller.*

increaseth the number. It is then most gracious in a Prince to pardon, when many about him would make him cruel; to think then how much he can save, when others tell him how much he can destroy; not to consider what the impotence of others hath demolished, but what his own greatness can sustain. These are a Prince's virtues: and they that gave him other counsels, are but the Hangman's factors.

dementia tutela optima.—He that is cruel to halves (snith the said St. Nicholas) loseth no less the opportunity of his cruelty than of his benefits: for then to use his cruelty is too late; and to use his favours will be interpreted fear and necessity, and so he loseth the thanks. Still the counsel is cruelty. But Princes, by hearkening to cruel counsels, become in time obnoxious to the authors, their flatterers and ministers; and are brought to that, that when they would they dare not change them; they must go on, and defend cruelty with cruelty; they cannot alter the habit. It is then grown necessary, they must be as ill as those have made them: and in the end they will grow more hateful to themselves than to their subjects. Whereas, on the contrary, the merciful Prince is safe in love, not in fear. He needs no emissaries, spies, intelligencers, to entrap true subjects. He fears no libels, no treasons. His people speak what they think, and talk openly what they do in secret. They have nothing in their breasts that they need a cypher for. He is guarded with his own benefits.

Religio. Palladium Homeri.—*Euripides.*—The Strength of Empire is in Religion. What else is the Palladium (with Homer) that kept Troy so long from sacking? nothing more commends the Sovereign to the subject than it. For he that is religious, must be merciful and just necessarily: and they are two strong ties upon mankind. Justice is the virtue that innocence rejoiceth in. Yet even that is not always so safe, but it may love to stand in the sight of mercy. For sometimes misfortune is made a crime, and then innocence is succoured no less than virtue. Nay, often-times virtue is made capital; and through the condition of the times it may happen, that that maybe punished with our praise. Let no man therefore murmur at the actions of the Prince, who is placed so far above him. If he offend, he hath

his discoverer. God hath a height beyond him. But where the Prince is good, Euripides saith, "God is a guest in a human body."

Tyranni.—*Sejanus.*—There is nothing with some Princes sacred above their majesty; or profane, but what violates their sceptres. But a prince, with such a council, is like the god Terminus, of stone, his own landmark; or (as it is in the fable) a crowned lion. It is dangerous offending such an one; who being angry, knows not how to forgive: that cares not to do anything for maintaining or enlarging of empire; kills not men, or subjects; but destroyeth whole countries, armies, mankind, male and female, guilty or not guilty, holy or profane; yea, some that have not seen the light. All is under the law of their spoil and licence. But I rinces that neglect their proper office thus, their fortune is often-times to draw a Sejanus to be near about them, who will at last affect to get above them, and put them in a worthy fear of rooting both them out and their family. For no men hate an evil Prince more than they that helped to make him such. And none more boastingly weep his ruin, than they that procured and practised it. The same path leads to rum which did to rule, when men profess a licence in government. A good King is a public Servant.

Illiteratus princeps.—A Prince without letters is a Pilot without eyes. All his government is groping. In sovereignty it is a most happy thing not to be compelled; but so it is the most miserable not to be counselled. And how can he be counselled that cannot see-to read the best counsellors (which are books;) for they neither flatter us, nor hide from us? He may hear, you will say; but how shall he always be sure to hear truth? or be counselled the best things, not the sweetest? They say Princes learn no art truly, but the art of horsemanship. The reason is, the brave beast is no flatterer. He will throw a Prince as soon as his groom. Which is an argument, that the good counsellors to Princes are the best instruments of a good age. For though the Prince himself be of most prompt inclination to all virtue; yet the best pilots have needs of mariners, besides sails, anchor, and other tackle.

Character principis.—*Alexander Magnus.*—If men did know what shining fetters,

gilded miseries, and painted happiness, thrones and sceptres were, there would not be so frequent strife about the getting or holding of them: there would be more Principalities than Princes: for a Prince is the pastor of the people. He ought to shear, not to flay his sheep; to take their fleeces, not their fells. Who were his enemies before, being a private man, become his children now he is public. He is the *soul* of the commonwealth, and ought to cherish it as his own body. Alexander the Great was wont to say, "He hated that gardener that plucked his herbs or flowers up by the roots." A man may milk a beast till the blood come: churn milk, and it yieldeth butter; but wring the nose, and the blood followeth. He is an ill prince that so pulls his subjects' feathers, as he would not have them grow again: that makes his Exchequer a receipt for the spoils of those he governs. No, let him keep his own, not affect his subjects'; strive rather to be called just than powerful. Not, like the Roman tyrants, affect the surnames that grow by human slaughters: neither to seek war in peace, or peace in war; but to observe faith given, though to an enemy. Study piety toward the subject; shew care to defend him. Be slow to punish in diverse cases; but be a sharp and severe revenger of open crimes. Break no decrees, or dissolve no orders, to slacken the strength of laws. Choose neither magistrates civil or ecclesiastic, by favour or price: but with long disquisition and report of their worth, by all suffrages. Sell no honours, nor give them hastily; but bestow them with counsel, and for reward; if he do, acknowledge it (though late) and mend it. For princes are easy to be deceived: and what wisdom can escape, where so many court-arts are studied? But above all, the prince is to remember, that when the great day of account comes, which neither magistrate nor prince can shun, there will be required of him a reckoning for those whom he hath trusted, as for himself, which he must provide. And if piety be wanting in the priests, equity in the judges, or the magistrate be found rated at a price, what justice or religion is to be expected? which are the only two attributes make kings a-kin to gods; and is the Delphic sword, both to kill sacrifices, and to chastise offenders.

De gratiosit.—When a virtuous man is

raised, it brings gladness to his friends, grief to his enemies, and glory to his posterity. Nay, his honours are a great part of the honour of the times: when by this means he is grown to active men an example, to the slothful a spur, to the envious a punishment.

Divites.—*Heredes ex asse.*—He which is sole heir to many rich men, having (beside his father's and uncles') the estates of divers his kindred come to him by accession, must needs be richer than father or grandfather: so they which are left heirs *ex asse* of all their ancestors' vices; and by their good husbandry improve the old, and daily purchase new, must needs be wealthier in vice, and have a greater revenue or stock of ill to spend on.

Fures publici.—The great thieves of a state are lightly the officers of the crown; they hang the less still, play the pikes in the pond, eat whom they list. The net was never spread for the hawk or buzzard that hurt us, but the harmless birds; they are good meat.

*Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.**
Non role accipitri tenditur, neque milvio.†

Lewis XI.—But they are not always safe though, especially when they meet with wise masters. They can take down all the hull and swelling of their looks; and like dexterous auditors, place the counter where he shall value nothing. Let them but remember Lewis the Eleventh, who to a clerk of the exchequer that came to be Lord Treasurer, and had (for his device) represented himself sitting on fortune's wheel, told, he might do well to fasten it with a good strong nail, lest turning about, it might bring him where he was again. As indeed it did.

DC bonis et mails.—*De innocentia.*—A good man will avoid the spot of any sin. The very aspersion is grievous; which makes him choose his way in his life as he would in his journey. The ill man rides through all confidently; he is coated and booted for it. The oftener he offends, the more openly; and the fouler, the fitter in fashion. His modesty, like a riding coat, the more it is worn, is the less cared for. It is good enough for the dirt still, and the ways he travels in. An innocent man needs no eloquence; his innocence is instead of it:

* Juvenalis.

†

Plautus.

else I had never come off" so many times from these precipices, whither men's malice hath pursued me. It is true, I have been accused to the lords, to the king, and by great ones: but it happened my accusers had not thought of the accusation with themselves; and so were driven, for want of crimes, to use invention, which was found slander: or too late (being entered so far) to seek starting-holes for their rashness, which were not given them. And then they may think what accusation that was like to prove, when they that were the engineers feared to be the authors. Nor were they content to feign things against me, but to urgethings; feigned by the ignorant against my profession; which though, from their hired and mercenary impudence, I might have passed by, as granted to a Nation of Barkers, that let out their tongues to lick others' sores; yet I durst not leave myself undefended, having a pah of ears unskilful to hear lies, or have those things said of me which I could truly prove of them. They objected making of verses to me, when I could object to most of them, their not being able to read them, but a- worthy of scorn. Nay, they would offer to urge mine own writings against me; but by pieces (which was an excellent way of malice) as if any man's context might not seem dangerous and offensive, if that which was knit to what went before were defrauded of his beginning; or that things by themselves uttered might not seem subject to calumny, which read entire, would appear most free. At last they upbraided my poverty: I confess she is my Domestic; sober of diet, simple of habit, fruga; painful, a good conseller to me, that keeps me from cruelty, pride, or other more delicate impertinences, which are the nurse-children of riches. But let them look over all the great and monstrous wickednesses, they shall never find those in poor families. They are the issue of the wealthy giants and the mighty hunters: whereas no great work, or worthy of praise or memory, but came out of poor cradles. It was the ancient poverty that founded commonweals, built cities, invented arts, made wholesome laws, armed men against vices, rewarded them with their own virtues, and preserved the honour and state of nations till they betrayed themselves to riches.

Amor nummi.—Money never made any nan rich, but his mind. He that can order himself to the law of nature, is not only

without the sense, but the fear of poverty. O! but to strike blind the people with our wealth and pomp, is the thing! what a wretchedness is this, to thrust all our riches outward, and be beggars within; to contemplate nothing but the little, vile, and sordid things of the world; not the great, noble, and precious? we serve our avarice: and not content with the good of the earth that is offered us, wesearch and dig for the evil that is hidden. God offered us those things, and placed them at hand, and near us, that he knew were profitable for us; but the hurtful he laid deep and hid. Yet do we seek only the tilings whereby we may pensh; and bring them forth, when God and nature hath buried them. We covet superfluous things, when it were more honour for us, if we would contemn necessary. What need hath nature of silver dishes, multitudes of waiters, delicate pages, perfumed napkins? she requires meat only, and hunger is not ambitious. Can we think no wealth enough, but such a state, for which a man may be brought into a prcunire, begged, proscribed, or poisoned? O! if a man could restrain the fury of his gullet, and groin, and think how many tires, how many kitchens, cooks, pastures, and ploughed lands; what orchards, stews, ponds, and parks, coops and garners he could spare; what velvets, tissues, embroideries, laces he could lack; and then how short and uncertain his life is; he were in a better way to happiness than to live the Emperor of these delights, and be the Dictator of fashions; but we make ourselves slaves to our pleasures; and we serve Fame and Ambition, which is an equal slavery. Have not I seen the pomp of a whole kingdom, and what a foreign king could bring hither? Also to make himself gazed and wondered at, laid forth as it were to the shew, and vanish all away in a day? And shall that which could not fill the expectation of few hours, entertain and take up our whole lives? when even it appeared as superfluous to the possessors, as to me that was a spectator. The bravery was shewn, it was not possessed; while it boasted itself, it perished. It is vile, and a poor thing, to place our happiness on these desires. Say we wanted them all. Famine ends famine.

De mollibus et effæminatis.—There is nothing valiant or solid to be hoped for from such as are always kempt and perfumed, and every day smell of the tailor;

the exceedingly curious, that are wholly in mending such an imperfection in the face, in taking away the morphew in the neck, or bleaching their hands at midnight, gumming and bridling their beards, or making the waist small, binding it with hoops, while the mind runs at waste: too much pickiness is not manly. Not from those that will jest at their own outward imperfections, but hide their ulcers within, their pride, lust, envy, ill-nature, "ith all the art and authority they can. These persons are in danger; for whilst they think to justify their ignorance by impudence, and their persons by clothes and outward ornaments, they use but a commission to deceive themselves: where, if "e will look with our understanding, and not our senses, we may behold virtue and beauty (though covered with rags) in their brightness; and vice and deformity so much the fouler, in having all the splendour of riches to gild them, or the false light of honour and power to help them. Yet this is that wherewith the world is taken, and runs mad to gaze on: clothes and titles, the birdlime of Fools.

De stultitiâ.—What petty things they are we wonder at? like children, that esteem every trifle, and prefer *fairing* before their fathers; what difference is between us and them? but that we are dearer fools, coxcombs at a higher rate? They me pleased with cockleshells, whistles, hobby-horses, and such like; we, with statues, marble pillars, pictures, gilded roofs, where underneath is lath and lime, perhaps loam. Yet we take pleasure in the lie, and are glad we can cozen ourselves. Nor is it only in our walls and ceilings, but all that we call happiness is mere painting and gilt; and all for money: what a thin membrane of honour that is? and how hath all true reputation fallen, since money began to have any? yet the great herd, the multitude, that in all other things are divided, in this alone conspire and agree; to love money. They wish for it, they embrace it, they adore it; while yet it is posset with greater stir and torment than it is gotten.

De sibi molestis.—Some men what losses soever they have, they make them greater: and if they have none, even all that is not gotten is a loss. Can there be creatures of more wretched condition than these, that continually labour under their own misery, and others' envy? a man should study other things, not to covet, not to fear, not to repent him: to make his base such as no

tempest shall shake him: to be secure of all opinion, and pleasing to himself, even for that wherein he displeaseth others: for the worst opinion gotten for doing well, should delight us. Wouldst not thou be just but for fame, thou ought'st to be it with infamy: he that would have his virtue published, is not the servant of virtue, but glory.

Periculosa melancholia.—It is a dangerous thing when men's minds come to sojourn with their affections, and their diseases eat into their strength: that when too much desire and greediness of vice hath made the body unfit, or unprofitable, it is yet gladdened with the sight and spectacle of it in others; and for want of ability to be an actor, is content to be a witness. It enjoys the pleasure of sinning, in beholding other, sin; as in dicing, drinking, drabbing, &c. Nay, when it cannot do all these, it is offended with his own narrowness, that excludes it from the universal delights of mankind; and oftentimes dies of a Melancholy, that it cannot be vicious enough.

Fahcc species fugiendâ—I am glad when I see any man avoid the infamy of a vice; but to slum the vice itself were better. Till he do that, he is but like the apprentice, who being loth to be spied by his master coming forth of Black Lucy's, went in again; to whom his master cried, The more thou runnest that way to hide thyself, the more thou art in the place. So are those that keep a tavern all day, that they may not be seen at night. I have known lawyers, divines, yea, great ones, of this heresy.

Deciptur specie.—There is a greater reverence had of things remote or strange to us, than of much better, if they be nearer, and fall under our sense. Men, and almost all sort of creatures, have their reputation by distance. Rivers, the farther they run, and more from their spring, the broader they are, and greater. And where our original is known, we are the less confident: among strangers we trust fortune. Yet a man may live as renowned at home, in his own country, or a private village, as in the whole world. For it is virtue that gives glory; that will endenizen a man everywhere. It is only that can naturalize him. A native, if he be vicious, deserves to be a stranger, and cast out of the commonwealth as an alien.

Dejectio Aulic.—A dejected countenance.

and mean clothes, beget often a contempt, but it is with the shallowest creatures; courtiers commonly: look up even with them in a new suit, you get above them straight. Nothing is more short-lived than pride; it is but while their clothes last: stay but while these are worn out, you cannot wish the thing more wretched or dejected.

Poesis. et pictura.—Plutarch.—Poetry and Picture are arts of a like nature, and both are busy about imitation. It was excellently said of Plutarch, poetry was a speaking picture, and picture a mute poesy. For they both invent, feign, and devise many things, and accommodate all they invent to the use and service of nature. Yet of the two the Pen is more noble than the Pencil; for that can speak to the understanding; the other but to the sense. They both behold pleasure and profit, as their common object: but should abstain from all base pleasures, lest they should err from their end, and while they seek to better men's minds, destroy their manners. They both are born artificers, not made. Mature is more powerful in them than study.

De Pictura.—Whosoever loves not Picture, is injurious to truth, and all the wisdom of Poetry. Picture is the invention of heaven, the most ancient, and most akin to nature. It is itself a silent work, and always of one and the same habit: yet it doth so enter and penetrate the inmost affection (being done by an excellent artificer) as sometimes it overcomes the power of speech and oratory. There are divers graces in it; so are there in the artificers. One excels in care, another in reason, a third in easiness, a fourth in nature and grace. Some have diligence and comeliness; but they want majesty. They can express a human form in all the graces, sweetness and elegance; but they miss the authority. They can hit nothing but smooth cheeks; they cannot express roughness or gravity. Others aspire to truth so much, as they are rather lovers of likeness than beauty. Zeuxis and Parrhasius are said to be contemporaries: the first found out the reason of lights and shadows in Picture; the other more subtly examined the lines.

De stylo.—Pliny.—In Picture light is required no less than shadow: so in style, height as well as humbleness. But beware they be not too humble; as Pliny pronounced of Regulus's writings. You would think them written not on a child, but by a child. Many, out of their own obscene apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words; as *occupy*, *nature*, and the like: so the curious industry in some of having all alike good, hath come nearer a vice than a virtue.

Deprogres. Picturæ—Picture took her feigning from Poetry; from Geometry her rule, compass, lines, proportion, and the whole symmetry. Parrhasius was the first who won reputation by adding symmetry to picture: he added subtlety to the countenance, elegance to the hair, love-lines to the face, and by the public voice of all artificers, deserved honour in the outer lines. Eupompus gave it splendour by numbers and other elegancies. From the Optics it drew reasons by which it considered how things placed at distance, and afar off, should appear less: how above or beneath the head should deceive the eye, &c. So from thence it took shadows, recessor, light, and heightnings. From Moral Philosophy it took the soul, the expression of senses, perturbations, manners, when they would paint an angry person, a proud, an inconstant, an ambitious, a brave, a magnanimous, a just, a merciful, a compassionate, an humble, a dejected, abase, and the like; they made all heightnings bright, all shadows dark, all swellings from a plane, all solids from breaking. See where he complains of their painting Chimaeras,† by the vulgar unaptly called Grotesque; saying, that men who were born truly to study and emulate nature, did nothing but make monsters against nature, which Horace so laughed at.‡ The Art Plastic was moulding in clay, or potters earth anciently. This is the parent of statuary sculpture, graving, and picture; cutting in brass and marble, all serve under her. Socrates taught Parrhasius and Clito (two noble statuaryes) first to express manners by their looks in imagery. Polygnotus and Aglaophon were ancients. After them Zeuxis, who was the law-giver to all painters; after, Parrhasius. They

* Parrhasius. Eupompus. Socrates. Parrhasius. Clito. Polygnotus. Aglaophon. Zenxis. Parrhasius. Raphaël de Urbino. Mich. Angelo Buonarota. Titian. Antony de Correg. Sebast.

† Plin. lib. 35, c. 2, 5, 6, and 7. Vitruv. lib. 8, and 7.

‡ Hoiat. in Arte Poet.

were contemporaries, and lived both about Philip's time, the father of Alexander the Great. There lived in this latter age six famous painters in Italy, who were excellent and emulous of the ancients : Raphael de Urbino, Michael Angelo Buonarota, Titian, Antony of Correggio, Sebastian of Venice, Julio Romano, and Andrea Sartorio.

Parasiti ad mensam.—These are flatterers for their bread, that praise all my oraculous lord does or says, be it true or false : invent tales that shall please ; make baits for his lordship's ears ; and if they be not received in what they offer at, they shift a point of the compass, and turn their tale, presently tack about, deny what they confessed, and confess what they denied ; fit their discourse to the persons and occasions. What they snatch up and devour at one table, utter at another : and grow suspected of the master, hated of the servants, while they enquire, and reprehend, and compound, and delate business of the house they have nothing to do with : they praise my lord's wine, and the sauce he likes ; observe the cook and bottle-man, while they stand in my lord's favour, speak for a pension for them ; but pound them to dust upon my lord's least distaste, or change of his palate.

How much better is it to be silent, or at least to speak sparingly ! for it is not enough to speak good but timely things. If a man be asked a question, to answer ; but to repeat the question before he answer is well, that he be sure to understand it, to avoid absurdity : for it is less dishonour to hear imperfectly, than to speak imperfectly. The ears are excused, the understanding is not. And in things unknown to a man, not to give his opinion, lest by the affectation of knowing too much, he lose the credit he hath by speaking or knowing the wrong way, what he utters. Nor seek to get his patron's favour, by embarking himself in the factions of the family : to enquire after domestic simities, their sports or affections. They are an odious and Vile kind of creatures, that fly about the house all day, and picking up the filth of the house, like pies or swallows carry it to their nest (the lord's ears) and often-times report the lies they have feigned, for what they have seen and heard.

Imó serviles.—These are called instruments of grace and power with great

persons ; but they are indeed the organs of their impotency, and marks of weakness. For sufficient lords are able to make these discoveries themselves. Neither will an honourable person enquire who eats and drinks together, what that man plays, whom this man loves, with whom such a one walks, what discourse they held, who sleeps with whom. They are base and servile natures, that busy themselves about these disquisitions. How often have I seen (and worthily) these censors of the family undertaken by some honest rustic, and cudgelled thriftily ? These are commonly the off-sco'vring and dregs of men that do these things, or calumniate others : yet I know not truly which is worse ; he that maligns all, or that praises all. There is as great a vice in praising, and as frequent, as in detracting.

It pleased your lordship of late, to ask my opinion touching the education of your sons, and especially to the advancement of their studies. To which, though I returned somewhat for the present, which rather manifested a will in me, than gave any just resolution to the thing propounded ; I have upon better cogitation called those aids about me, both of mind and memory, which shall venture my thoughts clearer, if not fuller, to your lordship's demand. I confess, my lord, they will seem but petty and minute things I shall offer to you, being writ for children, and of them. But studies have their infancy, as well as creatures. We see in men even the strongest compositions had their beginnings from milk and the cradle ; and the wisest tarried sometimes about apting their mouths to letters and syllables. In their education, therefore, the care must be the greater had of their beginnings, to know, examine, and weigh their natures : which though they be proner in some children to some disciplines ; yet are they naturally prompt to taste all by degrees, and with change. For change is a kind of refreshing in studies, and infuseth knowledge by way of recreation. Thence the school itself is called a play or game : and all letters are so best taught to scholars. They should not be affrighted or deterred in their entry, but drawn on with exercise and emulation. A youth should not be made to hate study before he know the causes to love it ; or taste the bitterness before the sweet ; but called on and allured, intreated and praised : yea, when he deserves it

not. For which cause I wish them sent to the best school, and a public, which I think the best. Your lordship, I fear, hardly hears of that, as willing to breed them in your eye, and at home, and doubting their mariners may be corrupted abroad. They are in more danger in your own family, among ill servants (allowing they be safe in their school-master) than amongst a thousand boys, however immodest. Would we did not spoil our own children, and overthrow their manners ourselves by too much indulgence ! To breed them at home is to breed them in a shade ; where in a school they have the light and heat of the sun. They are used and accustomed to things and men. When they come forth into the commonwealth, they find nothing new, or to seek. They have made their friendships and aids, some to last their age. They hear what is commanded to others as well as themselves. Much approved, much corrected ; all which they bring to their own store and use and learn as much as they hear. Eloquence would be but a poor thing, if we should only converse with singulars ; speak but man and man together. Therefore I like no private breeding. I would send them where their industry should be daily increased by praise ; and that kindled by emulation. It is a good thing to inflame the mind, and though ambition itself be a vice, it is often the cause of great virtue. Give me that wit whom praise excites, glory puts on, or disgrace grieves ; he is to be nourished with ambition, pricked forward with honour, checked with reprehension, and never to be suspected of sloth. Though he be given to play, it is a sign of spirit and liveliness, so there be a mean had of their sports and relaxations. And from the rod or ferule, I would have them free, as from the menace of them ; for it is both deformed and servile.

De stylo, et Optimo scribendi genere.—For a man to write well, there are required three necessities : to read the best authors, observe the best speakers, and much exercise of his own style. In style to consider what ought to be written, and after what manner ; he must first think and excogitate his matter, then choose his words, and examine the weight of either. Then take care in placing and ranking both matter and words, that the composition be comely, and to do this with diligence and often. No matter how slow the style be

at first, so it be laboured and accurate ; seek the best, and be not glad of the forward conceits, or first words, that offer themselves to us ; but judge of what we invent, and order what we approve. Repeat often what we have formerly written ; which beside that it helps the consequence, and makes the juncture better, it quickens the heat of imagination, that often cools in the time of setting down, and gives it new strength, as if it grew lustier by the going back. As we see in the contention of leaping, they jump farthest, that fetch their race largest : or, as in throwing a dart or javelin, we force back our arms, to make our loose the stronger. Yet, if we have a fair gale of wind, I forbid not the steering out of our sail, so the favour of the gale deceive us not. For all that we invent doth please us in the conception or birth, else we would never set it down. But the safest is to return to our judgment, and handle over again those things the easiness of which might make them justly suspected. So did the best writers in their beginnings ; they imposed upon themselves care and industry ; they did nothing rashly : they obtained first to write well, and then custom made it easy and a habit. By little and little their matter shewed itself to them more plentifully ; their words answered, their composition followed ; and all, as in a well-ordered family, presented itself in the place. So that the sum of all is, ready writing makes not good writing ; but good writing brings on ready writing : yet, when we think we have got the faculty, it is even then good to resist it ; as to give a horse a check sometimes with a bit, which doth not so much stop his course, as stir his mettle. Again, whether a man's *genius* is best able to reach thither, it should more and more contend, lift, and dilate itself, as men of low stature raise themselves on their toes, and so oft-times get even, if not eminent. Besides, as it is fit for grown and able writers to stand of themselves, and work with their own strength, to trust and endeavour by their own faculties ; so it is fit for the beginner and learner to study others and the best. For the mind and memory are more sharply exercised in comprehending another man's things than our own ; and such as accustom themselves, and are familiar with the best authors, shall ever and anon find somewhat of them in themselves, and in the expression of their minds, even when they feel it not, be able to utter

something like theirs, which hath an authority above their own. Nay, sometimes it is the reward of a man's study, the praise of quoting another man fitly : and though a man be more prone, and able for one kind of writing than another, yet he must exercise all. For as in an instrument, so in style, there must be a harmony and consent of parts.

Præcipiendi modi.—I take this labour in teaching others, that they should not be always to be taught, and I would bring my precepts into practice: for rules are ever of less force and value than experiments; yet with this purpose, rather to shew the right way to those that come after, than to detect any that have slipt before by error, and I hope it will be more profitable. For men do more willingly listen, and with more favour, to precept, than reprehension. Among divers opinions of an art, and most of them contrary in themselves, it is hard to make election; and therefore though a man cannot invent new things after so many, he may do a welcome work yet to help posterity to judge rightly of the old. But arts and precepts avail nothing, except nature be beneficial and aiding. And therefore these things are no more written to a dull disposition, than rules of husbandry to a barren soil. No precepts will profit a fool, no more than beauty will the blind, or music the deaf. As we should take care that our style in writing be neither dry nor empty; we should look again it be not winding, or wanton with far-fetched descriptions; either is a vice. But that is worse which proceeds out of want, than that which riots put of plenty. The remedy of fruitfulness is easy, but no labour will help the contrary; I will like and praise some things in a young writer; which yet, if he continue in, I cannot but justly hate him for the same. There is a time to be given all things for maturity, and that even your country-husbandman can teach; who to a young plant will not put the prying-knife, because it seems to fear the iron, as not able to admit the scar. No more would I tell a green writer all his faults, lest I should make him grieve and faint, and at last despair. For nothing doth more hurt than to make him so afraid of all things, as he can endeavour nothing. Therefore youth ought to be instructed betimes, and in the best things; for we hold those longest we take soonest: as the first scent

of a vessel lasts, and the tinct the wool first receives; therefore a master should temper his own powers, and descend to the other's infirmity. If you pour a glut of water upon a bottle, it receives little of it; but with a funnel, and by degrees, you shall fill many of them, and spill little of your own; to their capacity they will all receive and be full. And as it is fit to read the best authors to youth first, so let them be of the openest and clearest.' As Livy before Sallust, Sidney before Donne: and beware of letting them taste Gower, or Chaucer at first, lest falling too much in love with antiquity, and not apprehending the weight, they grow rough and barren in language only. When their judgments are firm, and out of danger, let them read both the old and the new; but no less take heed that their new flowers and sweetness do not as much corrupt as the others' dryness and squalor, if they choose not carefully. Spenser, in affecting the ancients, writ no language; yet I would have him read for his matter, but as Virgil read Ennius. The reading of Homer and Virgil is counselled by Quintilian, as the best way of informing youth and confirming man. For, besides that the mind is raised with the height and sublimity of such a verse, it takes spirit from the greatness of the matter, and is tinted with the best things. Tragic and Lyric poetry is good too, and Comic with the best, if the manners of the reader be once in safety. In the Greek poets, as also in Plautus, we shall see the economy and disposition of poems better observed than in Terence; and the latter, who thought the sole grace and virtue of their fable the sticking in of sentences, as ours do the forcing in of jests.

FaIs. quercl fugiend.—Platonis peregrinatio in Italiam.—We should not protect our sloth with the patronage of difficulty. It is a false quarrel against nature, that she helps understanding but in a few, when the most part of mankind are inclined by her thither, if they would take the pains; no less than birds to fly, horses to run, &c., which if they lose, it is through their own sluggishness, and by that means become her prodigies, not her children. I confess nature in children is more patient of labour in study, than in age; for the sense of the pain, the judgment of the labour is

• Livy. Sallust. Sidney. Donne. Gower. Chaucer. Spenser. Virgil. Ennius. Homer. Quintilian. Plautus. Terence.

absent, they do not measure what they have done. And it is the thought and consideration that affects us more than the weariness itself. Plato was not content with the learning that Athens could give him, but sailed into Italy, for Pythagoras' knowledge: and yet not thinking himself sufficiently informed, went into Egypt, to the priests, and learned their mysteries. He laboured, so must we. Many things may be learned together, and performed in one point of time; as musicians exercise their memory, their voice, their fingers, and sometimes their head and feet at once. And so a preacher, in the invention of matter, election of words, composition of gesture, look, pronunciation, motion, useth all these faculties at once: and if we can express this variety together, why should not divers studies, at divers hours, delight, when the variety is able alone to refresh and repair us? As when a man is "cary of writing, to read; and then again of leading, to write. Wherein, howsoever we do many things, yet are we (in a sort) still fresh to what we begin; we are recreated with change, as the stomach is with meats. But some will say, this variety breeds confusion, and makes that either we lose all or hold no more than the last. Why do we not then persuade husbandmen that they should not till land, help it with marie, lime, and compost? plant hop-gardens, prune trees, look to I beehives, rear sheep, and all other cattle at once? It is easier to do many things and continue, than to do one thing long.

Precept. element.—It is not the passing through these learnings that hurts us, but the dwelling and sticking about them. To descend to those extreme anxieties and foolish cavils of grammarians, is able to break a wit in pieces, being a work of manifold misery and vainness, to be *elementarii senes*. Yet even letters are as it were the bank of words, and restore themselves to an author, as the pawns of language: but talking and eloquence are not the same; to speak, and to speak well, are two things. A fool may talk, but a wise man speaks, and out of the observation, knowledge, and use of things, many writers perplex their readers and hearers with mere nonsense. Their writings need sunshine. Pure and neat language I love, yet plain and customary. A barbarous phrase hath often made me out of love with a good sense, and doubtful

writing hath wracked me beyond my patience. The reason why a poet is said that he ought to have all knowledges is, that he should not be ignorant of the most, especially of those he will handle. And indeed, when the attaining of them is possible, it were a sluggish and base thing to despair. For frequent imitation of anything becomes a habit quickly. If a man should prosecute as much as could be said of everything, his work would find no end.

De orationis dignitate.—*Εὐκαλομαθεῖα.*—*Metaphor a.*—Speech is the only benefit man hath to express his excellency of mind above other creatures. It is the Instrument of Society; therefore Mercury, who is the president of language, is called *Deorum hominumque interpres*. In all speech, words and sense are as the body and the soul. The sense is, as the life and soul of language, without which all words are dead. Sense is wrought out of experience, the knowledge of human life and actions, or of the liberal arts, which the Greeks called *Ei/Kv/cAoITcuSetai*. Words are the people's, yet there is a choice of them to be made. For *Verborum delectus origo est eloquent ice*. * They are to be chose according to the persons we make speak, or the things we speak of. Some are of the camp, some of the council-board, some of the shop, some of the sheep-cote, some of the pulpit, some of the bar, &c. And herein is seen their elegance and propriety, when we use them fitly, and draw them forth to their just strength and nature, by way of translation or metaphor. But in this translation we must only serve necessity (*Nam temcrk nihil transfcrtur d prudenti*), or commodity, which is a kind of necessity: that is, when we either absolutely want a word to express by, and that is necessity; or when we have not so fit a word, and that is commodity; as when we avoid loss by it, and escape obscurity, and gain in the grace and property which helps significance. Metaphors far-fet hinder to be understood; and affected, lose their grace. Or when the person fetcheth his translations from a wrong place. As if a privy-counsellor should at the table take his metaphor from a dicing-house, or ordinary, or a vintner's vault; or a justice of peace draw his similitudes from the mathe-

* Julius Cæsar. Of words, sec Hor. de Art. Poet. Quintil. L 8. Ludov. Vives, p. 6 and 7.

[I have ventured to substitute *obscureness* for the *obscurance* of the folio and Gifford.—F. C.]

matics, or a divine from a bawdy-house, or taverns; or a gentleman of Northamptonshire, Warwickshire, or the Midland, should fetch all the illustrations to his country neighbours from shipping, and tell them of the main-sheet and the bounh. Metaphors are thus many times deformed, as in him that said, *Castratam mo'te Africani rempublicatn*. And another, *Sircus curia Glauciam*. And *Cana nive con spit it Alpes*. All attempts that are new in this kind are dangerous, and somewhat hard before they be softened with use. A inan coins not a new word without some peril and less fruit; for if it happen to be received, the praise is but moderate; if refused, the scorn is assured. Yet we must adventure; for things at first hard and rough, are by use made tender and gentle. It is an honest error that is committed, following great chiefs.

Consuetudo.—*Perspicuitas, Venustas*.—*Attthontas*.—*Virgil*.—*Lucretius*.—*Chaucerism*.—*Paronomasia*.—Custom is the most certain mistress of language, as the public stamp makes the current money. But we must not be too frequent with the mint, every day coining, nor fetch words from the extreme and utmost ages; since the chief virtue of a style is perspicuity, and nothing so vicious in it as to need an interpreter. Words borrowed of antiquity do lend a kind of majesty to style, and are not without their delight sometimes. For they have the authority of years, and out of their intermission do win themselves a kind of grace-like newness. But the eldest of the present, and newest of the past language, is the best. For what was the ancient language, which some men so dote upon, but the ancient custom? yet when I name custom, I understand not the vulgar custom; for that were a precept no less dangerous to language than life, if we should speak or live after the manners of the vulgar; but that I call custom of speech, which is the consent of the learned; as custom of life, which is the consent of the good. Virgil was most loving of antiquity; yet how rarely doth he insert *agwai*, and *pictai*! Lucretius is scabrous and rough in these; he seeks them: as some do *Chaucerisms* with us, which were better expunged and banished. Some words are to be culled out for ornament and colour, as we gather flowers to strow

houses, or make garlands; but they are better when they grow to our style; as in a meadow, where though the mere grab's and greenness delight?, yet the variety of flowers doth heighen and beautify. Marry we must not play or riot too much with them, as in Paronomasias; nor use too swelling or ill-sounding words; *Qua per salebras, altaque saxa cadunt*. It is true there is no sound but shall find soint' lovers, as the bitterest confections are grateful to some palates. Our composition must be more accurate in the beginning and end than in the midst, and in the end more than in the beginning; for through the midst the stream bears us. And this is attained by custom more than care or diligence. We must express readily and fully, not profusely. There is difference between a liberal and prodigal hand. As it is a great point of art, when our matter requires it, to enlarge and veer out all sail; so to take it in, and contract, is of no less praise, when the argument doth ask it. Either of them hath their fitness in the place. A good mail always profits by his endeavour, by his help, yea, when he is absent, nay, when he is dead, by his example and memory. So good authors in their stvie: a strict and succinct style is that, where you can take away nothing without loss, and that Joss to be manifest.

De Stylo.—*Tacitus*.—*The Laconic*.—*Suetonius*.—*Seneca* and *Fabianus*.—The brief style is that which expresseth much in little. The concise style, which expresseth not enough, but leaves somewhat to be understood. The abrupt style, which hath many breaches, and doth not seem to end, but fall. The congruent and harmonious fitting of parts in a sentence hath almost the fastening and force of knitting and connexion; as in stones well squared, which will rise strong a great way without mortar.

Periodi.—*Obscuritas offundit tenebras*.—*Superlatio*.—Periods are beautiful, when they are not too long; for so they have their strength too, as in a pike or javelin. As we must take the care that our words and sense be clear; so if the obscurity happen through the hearer's or reader's want of understanding, I am not to answer for them, no more than for their not listening or marking; I must neither find them ears nor mind. But a man cannot put a word so in sense, but something about it will illustrate it, if the writer understand

[The foH5 and Gifford read *newness*; a pal-gable misprint in the format case.—F. C.]

himself. For order helps much to perspicuity, as confusion hurts. *Rectitudo lucem adfert; obliquitas et circumductio offuscat.* We should therefore speak what we can the nearest way, so as we keep our gait, not leap; for too short may as well be not let into the memory, as too long not kept in. Whatsoever loseth the grace and clearness, converts into a riddle; the obscurity is marked, but not the value. That perissheth, and is passed by, like the pearl in the fable. Our style should be like a skein of silk, to be carried and found by the right thread, not ravelled and perplexed; then all is a knot, a heap. There are words that do as much raise a style, as others can depress it. Superlative and over-muchness amplifies. It maybe above faith, but never above a mean. It was ridiculous in Cestius, when he said of Alexander:

Fremitt oceanas, quasi indignetur, quid terras rehnuas;

'But propitiously from Virgil:

*Credas innare revulsas
Cycladas.*

He doth not say it was so, but seemed to be so. Although it be somewhat incredible, that is excused before it be spoken. But there are hyperboles which will become one language, that will by no means admit another. As *Eos esse P. R. exercitus, qui coelum postint perumpere*, 'who would say this with us but a madman? Therefore we must consider in every tongue what is used, what received. Quintilian warns us, that in no kind of translation, or metaphor, or allegory, we make a turn from what we began; as if we fetch the original of our metaphor from sea and billows, we end not in flames and ashes: it is a most foul inconsequence. Neither must we draw out our allegory too long, lest either we make ourselves obscure, or fall into affectation, which is childish. But why do men depart at all from the right and natural ways of speaking? sometimes for necessity, when we are driven, or think it fitter to speak that in obscure words, or by circumstance, which uttered plainly would offend the hearers. Or to avoid obscurement, or sometimes for pleasure and variety, as travellers turn out of the highway, drawn either by the commodity of a foot-path, or the delicacy or freshness of the fields. And all this is called *σχηματισμῶν*, or figured language.

' Caesar. Comment, circa fin.

Oratio imago animi.—Language most shews a man: Speak, that I may see thee. It springs out of the most retired and inmost parts of us, and is the image of the patient of it, the mind. No glass renders a man's form or likeness so true as his speech. Nay, it is likened to a man: and as we consider feature and composition in a man, so words in language; in the greatness, aptness, sound, structure, and harmony of it.

Structura et statura, sublimis, humilis, pu-mila.—Some men are tall and big, so some language is high and great. Then the words are chosen, their sound ample, the composition full, the absolution plentiful, and poured out all grave, sinewy, and strong. Some are little and dwarfs; so of speech it is humble and low, the words poor and flat, the members and periods thin and weak, without knitting 01 number.

Mediocrisplana et placida.—The middle arc of a just stature. There the language is plain and pleasing; even without stopping, round without swelling; all well-torned, composed, elegant, and accurate.

Vitiosa oratio, vasta—tmmens—enormis—affectata—objecta.—The vicious language is vast and gaping, swelling and irregular: when it contends to be high, full of rock, mountain, and pointedness: as it affects to be low, it is abject and creeps, full of bogs and holes. And according to their subject these styles vary, and lose their names: for that which is high and lofty, declaring excellent matter, becomes vast and tumorous, speaking of petty and inferior things: so that which was even and apt in a mean and plain subject, will appear most poor and humble in a high argument. Would you not laugh to meet a great counsellor of state in a flat cap, with his trunk hose, and a hobby-horse cloak, his gloves under his girdle, and yond haberdasher in a velvet gown, furred with sables? There is a certain latitude in these things, by which we find the degrees.

Figura.—The next thing to the stature, is the figure and feature in language; that is, whether it be round and straight, which consists of short and succinct periods, numerous and polished, or square and firm, which is to have equal and strong parts everywhere answerable and weighed.

Cutis sive Cortex' Compositio.—The third is the skin and coat, which rests in the well-joining, cementing, and coagmen'

tation of words; when as it is smooth, gentle, and sweet, like a table upon which you may run your finger without rubs, and your nail cannot find a joint; not horrid, rough, wrinkled, gaping, or chapt: niter these, the flesh, blood, and bones come in question.

Caruosa — *adipata* — *red uu dan r.* — We say it is a fleshy style, when there is much periphrasis and circuit of words; and when with more than enough, it grows fat and corpulent; *anina orationis*, full of suet and tallow. It hath blood and juice when the words are proper and apt, their sound sweet, and the phrase neat and picked. *Oratio uncta, et bene pata.* lint where there is redundancy, both the blood and juice are faulty and vicious: *Redum Lit sanguine quid multo plus dicit, quant necesse est.* Juice in language is somewhat less than blood; for if the words be but becoming and signifying, and the sense gentle, there is juice; but where that wanteth, the language is thin, flagging, poor, starved, scarce covering the bone, and shews like stones in a sack.

Jejuna macilenta, strigosa. — *Ossea, et nervosa.* — Some men, to avoid redundancy, run into that; and while they strive to have no ill blood or juice, they lose their good. There be some styles again, that have not less blood, but less flesh and corpulence. These are bony and sinewy; *Ossa habent, et nervos.*

Notæ domini Sti. Albani de doctrin, intemper. — *Dictator.* — *Aristotelcs.* — It 'vas well noted by the late lord St. Alban, that the study of words is the first distemper of learning; vain matter the second; and a third distemper is deceit, or the likeness of truth; imposture held up by credulity. All these are the cobwebs of learning, and to let them grow in us, is either sluttish, or foolish. Nothing is more ridiculous than to make an author a dictator, as the schools have done Aristotle. The damage is infinite knowledge receives by it; for to many things a man should owe but a temporary belief, and a suspension of his own judgment, not an absolute resignation of himself, or a perpetual captivity. Let Aristotle and others have their dues; but if we can make farther Discoveries of truth and fitness than they, why are we envied? Let us beware, while we strive to add, we do not diminish, or deface; we may improve, but not augment. By discrediting

falsehood, truth grows in request. We must not go about, like men anguished and perplexed, for vicious affectation of praise: but calmly study the separation of opinions, find the errors have intervened, awake antiquity, call former times into question; but make no parties with the present, nor follow any fierce undertakers, mingle no matter of doubtful credit with the simplicity of truth, but gently stir the mould about the root of the question, and avoid all digladiations, facility of credit, or superstitious simplicity, seek the consonancy and concatenation of truth; stoop only to point of necessity, and what leads to convenience. Then make exact animadversion where style hath degenerated, where flourished and thrived in choiceness of phrase, round and clean composition of sentence, sweet falling of the clause, varying an illustration by tropes and figures, weight of matter, worth of subject, soundness of argument, life of invention, and depth of judgment. This is *monte potiri*, to get the hill; for no perfect discovery can be made upon a flat or a level.

DC optima scriptore. — *Cicero.* — Now that I have informed you in the knowing these things, let me lead you by the hand a little farther, in the direction of the use, and make you an able writer by practice. The conceits of the mind are pictures of things, and the tongue is the interpreter of those pictures. The order of God's creatures in themselves is not only admirable and glorious, but eloquent: then he who could apprehend the consequence of things in their truth, and utter his apprehensions as truly, were the best writer or speaker. Therefore Cicero said much, when he said, *Dicere recte: nemo potest, nisi qui prudenter intelligent.* The shame of speaking unskillfully were small, if the tongue only thereby were disgraced; but as the image of a King, in his Seal ill represented, is not so much a blemish to the wax, or the signet that sealed it, as to the prince it representeth; so disordered speech is not so much injury to the lips that give it forth, as to the disproportion and incoherence of things in themselves, so negligently expressed. Neither can his mind be thought to be in tune, whose words do jar; nor his reason in frame, whose sentence is preposterous; nor his elocution clear and perfect, whose utterance breaks itself into fragments and uncertainties. Were it not a dishonour to a mighty prince, to have the majesty of his

embassage spoiled by a careless Ambassador? and is it not as great an indignity, that an excellent conceit and capacity, by the indiligence of an idle tongue, should be disgraced? Negligent speech doth not only discredit the person of the Speaker, but it discrediteth the opinion of his reason and judgment; it discrediteth the force and uniformity of the matter and substance. If it be so then in words, which fly and escape censure, and where one good phrase begs pardon for many incongruities and faults, how shall he then be thought wise, whose penning is thin and shallow? how shall you look for wit from him, whose leisure and head, assisted with the examination of his eyes, yield you no life or sharpness in his writing?

De stylo epistolari.—*I ventio.*—In writing there is to be regarded the Invention and the Fashion. For the Invention, that ariseth upon your business whereof there can be no rules of more certainty, or precepts of better direction given, than conjecture cap lay down from the several occasions of men's particular lives and vocations: but sometimes men make baseness of kindness: As "I could not satisfy myself till I had discharged my remembrance, and charged my letters with commendation to you:" or, "My business is no other than to testify my love to you, and to put you in mind of my willingness to do you all kind offices:" or, "Sir, have you leisure to descend to the remembering of that assurance you have long posset in your servant, and upon your next opportunity make him happy with some commands from you?" or the like; that go a begging for some meaning, and labour to be delivered of the great burthen of nothing. When you have invented, and that your business be matter, and not bare form or mere ceremony, but some earnest, then are you to proceed to the ordering of it, and digesting the parts, which is had out of two circumstances. One is the understanding of the persons to whom you are to write; the other is the coherence of your sentence. For men's capacity to weigh what will be apprehended with greatest attention or leisure; what next regarded and longed for especially, and what last will leave satisfaction, and (as it were) the sweetest memorial and belief of all that is past in his understanding whom you write to. For the consequence of sentences, you must be sure that every clause do give

the Q. one to the other, and be bespoken ere it come. So much for invention and order.

Modus.—*I. Brevitas.*—Now for Fashion; it consists in four things, which are qualities of your style. The first is brevity: for they must not be treatises or discourses (your letters) except it be to learned men. And even among them there is a kind of thrift and saving of words. Therefore you are to examine the clearest passages of your understanding, and through them to convey the sweetest and most significant words you can devise, that you may the easier teach them the readiest way to another man's apprehension, and open their meaningfully, roundly, and distinctly; so as the reader may not think a second view cast away upon your letter. And though respect be a part following this, yet now here, and still I must remember it, if you write to a man, whose estate and cense, as senses, you are familiar with, you may the bolder (to set a task to his brain) venture on a knot. But if to your superior you are bound to measure him in three farther points: first, your interest in him; secondly, his capacity in your letters; thirdly, his leisure to peruse them. For your interest or favour with him, you are to be the shorter or longer, more familiar or submiss, as he will afford you time. For his capacity, you are to be quicker and fuller of those reaches and glances of wit or learning, as he is able to entertain them. For his leisure, you are commanded to the greater briefness, as his place is of greater discharges and cares. But with you' betters, you are not to put riddles of wit, by being too scarce of words: not to cause the trouble of making brevities by writing too riotous and wastfully. Brevity is attained in matter, by avoiding idle compliments, prefaces, protestations, parentheses, superfluous circuit of figures and digressions: in the composition, by omitting conjunctions [*not only, but also; both the one and the other, whereby it cometh to pass*] and such like idle particles, that have no great business in a serious letter but breaking of sentences, as oftentimes a short journey is made long by unnecessary baits.

Quintilian.—But, as Quintilian saith, there is a briefness of the parts sometime' that makes the whole long; as, I came to the stairs, I took a pair of oars, they launched out, rowed apace, I landed at the Court gate, I paid my fare, went up to the presence, asked for my lord, I was admitted. All this is but, I went to the Court, and

spake with my lord. This is the fault of some Latin writers, within these last hundred years, of my reading; and perhaps Seneca may be appeached of it; I accuse him not.

a, Perspuitas.—The next property of epistolary style is Perspicuity, and is oftentimes by affectation of some wit ill angled for, or ostentation of some hidden terms of art. Few words they darken speech, and so do too many; as well too much light hurteth the eyes, as too little; and a long bill of chancery confounds the undeisting as much as the shortest note; therefore let not your letters be penned like English statutes, and this is obtained. These vices are eschewed by pondering your business well and distinctly concerning yourself, which is much furthered by uttering your thoughts, and letting them as well come forth to the light and judgment of your own outward senses, as to the censure of other men's ears; for that is the reason why many good scholars speak but fumblingly; like a rich man, that for want of particular note and difference, can bring you no certain ware readily out of his shop. Hence it is, that talkative shallow men do often content the hearers more than the wise. But this may find a speedier redress in writing, where all comes under the last examination of the eyes. First mind it well, then pen it, then examine it, then amend it, and you may be in the better hope of doing reasonably well. Under this virtue may come Plainness, which is not to be curious in the order as to answer a letter, as if you were to answer to interrogatories. As to the first, first; and to the second, secondly, &c. but both in method to use (as ladies do in their attire) a diligent kind of negligence, and their sportive freedom: though with some men you are not to jest, or practise tricks; yet the delivery of the most important things may be carried with such a grace, as that it may yield a pleasure to me conceit of the reader. There must be store, though no excess of terms; as if you are to name *store*, sometimes you may call it choice, sometimes plenty, sometimes copiousness, or variety; but ever so, that the word which comes in lieu, have not such difference of meaning, as that it may put the sense of the first in hazard to be mistaken. You are not to cast a ring for the perfumed terms of the time, as *accommodation*, *complement*, *spirit*, &c., but Use them properly in their place, as others.

3. Figur.—There followeth Life and

Quickness, which is the strength and sinews, as it were, of your penning by pretty sayings, similitudes, and conceits; allusions to some known history, or other common place, such as are in the *Courtier*; and the second book of Cicero *de oratore*.

4. Discretio.—The last is, respect to discern what fits yourself, him to whom you write, and that which you handle, which is a quality fit to conclude the rest, because it doth include all. And that must proceed from ripeness of judgment, which, as one truly saith, is gotten by four means, God, nature, diligence, and conversation. Serve the first well, and the rest will serve you.

De Poetica.—We have spoken sufficiently of Oratory, let us now make a diversion to Poetry. Poetry, in the primogeniture, had many peccant humours, and is made to have more now, through the levity and inconstancy of men's judgments. Whereas indeed it is the most prevailing eloquence, and of the most exalted charact. Now the discredits and disgraces are many it hath received, through men's study of depravation or calumny; their practice being to give it diminution of credit, by lessening the professors' estimation, and making the age afraid of their liberty: and the age is grown so tender of her fame, as she calls all writings Aspersions.

That is the state word, the phrase of court (Placentia College) which some call Parasites Place, the Inn of Ignorance.

D. Hieronymus.—Whilst I name no persons, but deride follies, why should any man confess or betray himself? why doth not that of S. Hierome come into their mind, *Ubi generates tst de vitUs disputatio, ibi nullius esse persona injuriam*? Is it such an inexcusable crime in poets, to tax vices generally, and no offence in them, who, by their exception, confess they have committed them particularly? Are we fallen into those times that we must not

Auriculas ttneras myrdavi ro&tre ver' f'

R&nedti vofam Semp#r ven'ws erat, ndm spes.—*Sexus f&min.*—If men may fry no means write freely, or speak truth, but when it offewds not; why do physicians cure with sharp medicines or corrosives? Is not the same equally lawful to the cure of the mind, that is in the cure of

the body? Some vices, you will say, are so foul, that it is better they should be done than spoken. But they that take offence where no name, character, or signature doth blazon them, seem to me like affected as women, who if they hear any thing ill spoken of the ill of their sex, are presently moved, as if the contumely respected their particular: and on the contrary, when they hear good of good women, conclude that it belongs to them all. If I see any thing that toucheth me, shall I come forth a betrayer of myself presently? No, if I be wise, I'll dissemble it; if honest, I'll avoid it, lest I publish that on my own forehead which I saw there noted without a title. A man that is on the mending hand will either ingenuously confess or wisely dissemble his disease. And the wise and virtuous will never think any thing belongs to themselves that is written, but rejoice that the good are warned not to be such; and the ill to leave to be such. The person offended hath no reason to be offended with the writer, but with himself; and so to declare that properly to belong to him, which was so spoken of all men, as it could be no man's several, but his that would wilfully and desperately claim it. It sufficeth I know what kind of persons I displease, men bred in the declining and decay of virtue, betrothed to their own vices; that have abandoned or prostituted their good names; hungry and ambitious of infamy, invested in deformity, enthralled to ignorance and malice, of a hidden and concealed malignity, and that hold a concomitancy with all evil,

What is a Poet ?

Potta.—A poet is that which by the Greeks is called *καλὸν εἰσέχον, ὁ ποιητής*, a maker, or a feigner: his art, an art of imitation or feigning; expressing the life of man in fit measure, numbers, and harmony, according to Aristotle; from the word *ποιεῖν*, which signifies to make, or feign. Hence he is called a poet, not he which writeth in measure only, but that feigneth and formeth a fable, and writes things like the truth. For the fable and fiction is, as it were, the form and soul of any poetical work or poem.

What mean you by a Poem ?

Poema.—A poem is not alone any work, or composition of the poet's in many or few verses; but even one alone verse sometimes makes a perfect poem. As when

Aeneas hangs up and consecrates the arms of *Abas* with this inscription:

*Aeneas hæc de Danaïs victorious arma**

And calls it a poem, or carmen. Such are those in *Martial*;

Omnia, Castor, emis: sic fiet, ut omnia vendas.†

And,

Pauper videri Cinna vult, et est pauper

Horatius.—*Lucretius*.—So were *Horace's* odes called *Carmina*, his lyric songs. And *Lucretius* designs a whole book in his sixth:

Quod in primo quoque carmine claret,

Epicum.—*Dramaticum*.—*Lyricum*.—*Elegiacum*.—*Epigrammat*.—And anciently all the Oracles were called *Carmina*; or whatever sentence was expressed, were it much or little, it was called an *Epic*, *Dramatic*, *Lyric*, *Elegiac*, or *Epigrammatic* poem.

But how differs a Poem from what we call Poesy ?

Poesis.—*Artium regina*.—*Poet*, *differentia*.—*Grammatic*.—*Logic*.—*Rhetoric*.—*Ethica*.—A poem, as I have told you, is the work of the poet; the end and fruit of his labour and study. Poesy is his skill or craft of making; the very fiction itself, the reason or form of the work. And these three voices differ, as the thing done, the doing, and the doer; the thing feigned, the feigning, and the feigner; so the poem, the poesy, and the poet. Now the poesy is the habit, or the art; nay, rather the queen of arts, which had her original from heaven, received thence from the Hebrews, and had in prime estimation with the Greeks, transmitted to the Latins and all nations that professed civility. The study of it (if we will trust Aristotle) offers to mankind a certain rule and pattern of living well and happily, disposing us to all civil offices of society. If we will believe Tully, it nourished! and instructed! our youth, 4lights our age, adorns our prosperity, comforts our adversity, entertains us at home keeps us company abroad travels with us, watches, divides the times of our earnest and sports, shares in our country recesses and recreations; inasmuch as the wisest and best learned have thought

Virg. *Æn* lib 3

† *Martial*, lib. 8. epig. 19

her the absolute mistress of manners, and nearest of kin to virtue. And whereas they entitle philosophy to be a rigid and austere poesy; they have, on the contrary, styled poesy a dulcet and gentle philosophy, which leads on and guides us by the hand to action, with a ravishing delight and incredible sweetness. But before we handle the kinds of poems, with their special differences; or make court to the art itself, as a mistress, I would lead you to the knowledge of our poet, by a perfect information what he is or should be by nature, by exercise, by imitation, by study, and so bring him down through the disciplines of grammar, logic, rhetoric, and the ethics, adding somewhat out of all, peculiar to himself, and worthy of your admittance or reception.

I. *Ingenium*.—*Seneca*.—*Plato*.—*Aristotle*.—*Helicon*.—*Pegasus*.—*Parnassus*.—*Ovid*.—First, we require in our poet or maker (for that title our language affords him elegantly with the Greek) a goodness of natural wit. For whereas all other arts consist of doctrine and precepts, the poet must be able by nature and instinct to pour out the treasure of his mind; and as *Seneca* saith, *Ahquando secundum Anacreontem insanire jucundum esse*, by which he understands the poetical rapture. And according to that of *Plato*, *Frusfra poeticas fores sui compos pulsavit*. And of *Aristotle*, *Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiae fuit*. *Nec potest grande ahquid, et supra ceteros loqui, nisi mota mens*. Then it riseth higher, as by a divine instinct, when it contemns common and known conceptions. It utters somewhat above a mortal mouth. Then it gets aloft, and flies away with his rider, whither before it was doubtful to ascend. This the poets understood by their *Helicon*, *Pegasus*, or *Parnassus*; and this made *Ovid* to boast:

*Est deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo :
Sedibm aethereis spiritus ille venit.*

Lipsius.—*Petron*. in *Fragm*.—And *Lipsius* to affirm; *Scio, poetam nemi-nem prestantem fuisse, sine parte quadam uberioris divince aura*. And hence it is that the coming up of good poets (for I mind not mediocres or imos) is so thin and rare among us. Every beggarly corporation affords the state a mayor, or two bailiffs yearly; but *Solus rex, aut poeta, non quotanni nascitur*. To this perfection of

nature in our poet, we require exercise of those parts, and frequent.

2. *Exercitatio*.—*Virgil*.—*Scaliger*.—*Valer*. *Maximus*.—*Euripides*.—*Alcestis*.—If his wit will not arrive suddenly at the dignity of the ancients, let him not yet fall out with it, quarrel or be over-hastily angry; offer to turn it away from study in a humour; but come to it again upon better cogitation; try another time with labour. If then it succeed not, cast not away the quills yet, nor scratch the wainscot, beat not the poor desk; but bring all to the forge and file again; torn it anew. These is no statute law of the kingdom bids you be a poet against your will, or the first quarter; if it come in a year or two, it is well. The common rhymers pour forth verses, such as they are, *ex iempore*; but there never comes from them one sense worth the life of a day. A rhymers and a poet are two things. It is said of the incomparable *Virgil*, that he brought forth his verses like a bear, and after formed them with licking. *Scaliger* the father writes it of him, that he made a quantity of verses in the morning, which afore night he reduced to a less number. But that which *Valerius Maximus* hath left recorded of *Euripides* the tragic poet his answer to *Alcestis*, another poet, is as memorable as modest: who, when it was told to *Alcestis*, that *Euripides* had in three days brought forth but three verses, and those with some difficulty and throes; *Alcestis*, glorying he could with ease have sent forth an hundred in the space; *Euripides* roundly replied, Like enough; but here is the difference, thy verses will not last those three days, mine will to all time. Which was [as much] as to tell him he could not write a verse. I have met many of these rattles, that made a noise and buzzed. They hal their hum, and no more. Indeed, things wrote with labour deserve to be so read, and will last their age.

3. *Imitatio*.—*Horatius*.—*Virgil*.—*Statius*.—*Homer*.—*Horat*.—*Archil*.—*A* *Icaeus* &c.—The third requisite in our poet, or maker, is imitation, to be able to convert the substance or riches of another poet to his own use. To make choice of one excellent man above the rest, and so to follow him till he grow very he, or so like him, as the copy may be mistaken for the principal. Not as a creature that swallows what it takes in crude, raw, or indigested; but that feeds with an appetite, and hath a stomach to concoct, divide, and turn all into nourish-

ment. Not to imitate servilely, as Horace saith, and catch at vices for virtue; but to draw forth out of the best and choicest flowers, with the bee, and turn all into honey, work it into one relish and savour : make our imitation sweet; observe how the best writers have imitated, and follow them. How Virgil and Statius have imitated Homer; how Horace, Archilochus; how Alcæus, and the other lyrics; and so of the rest.

4. *Lectio.*—*Parnassus.*—*Helicon.*—*Ars coron.*—*M. T. Cicero.*—*Simylus.*—*Stob.*—*Horat.*—*Aristot.*—But that which we especially require in him, is an exactness of study, and multiplicity of reading, which maketh a full man, not alone enabling him to know the history or argument of a poem, and to report it; but so to master the matter and style, as to shew he knows how to handle, place, or dispose of either with elegancy, when need shall be. And not think he can leap forth suddenly a poet, by dreaming he hath been in Parnassus, or having washed his lips, as they say, in Helicon. There goes more to his making than so: for to nature, exercise, imitation, and study, art must be added, to make all these perfect. And though these challenge to themselves much, in the making up of our maker, it is art only can lead him to perfection, and leave him there in possession, as planted by her hand. It is the assertion ofully, if to an excellent nature, there happen an accession or confirmation of learning and discipline, there will then remain somewhat noble and singular. For, as Simylus saith in Stobæus, *Ουτε φύσις ικανή γίνεται τέχνης*

απερ, ουτε παν τεχνη μη φύσιν κερτημενη 'without art, nature can never be perfect; and without nature, art can claim no being. But our poet must beware, that his study be not only to learn of himself; for he that shall affect to do that, confessed! his ever having a fool to his master. He must read many, but ever the best and choicest: those that can teach him anything, he must ever account his masters, and reverence: among whom Horace, and (he that taught him) Aristotle, deserved to be the first in estimation. Aristotle was the first accurate critic, and truest judge; nay, the greatest philosopher the world ever had: for he noted the vices of all knowledges, in all creatures; and out of many men's perfections in a science, he formed still one art. So he taught us two offices together, how we ought to judge rightly of others,

and what we ought to imitate specially in ourselves. But all this in vain, without a natural wit, and a poetical nature in chief. For no man, so soon as he knows this, or reads it, shall be able to write the better; but as he is adapted to it by nature, he shall grow the perfecter writer. He must have civil prudence and eloquence, and that whole; not taken up by snatches or pieces, in sentences or remnants, when he will handle business, or carry counsels, as if he came then out of the declaimed gallery, or shadow furnished but out of the body of the state, which commonly is the school of men.

Virorum schola respub.—*Lysippus.*—*Apelles.*—*Nævius.*—The poet is the nearest borderer upon the orator, and expreseth all his virtues, though he be tied more to numbers, is his equal in ornament, and above him in his strengths. And (of the kind) the comic comes nearest; because in moving the minds of men, and stirring of affections (in which oratory shews, and especially approves her eminence) he chiefly excels. What figure of a body was Lysippus ever able to form with his graver, or Apelles to paint with his pencil, as the comedy to life expresseth so many and various affections of the mind? There shall the spectator see some insulting with joy, others fretting with melancholy, raging with anger, mad with love, boiling with avarice, undone with riot, tortured with expectation, consumed with fear: no perturbation in common life but the orator finds an example of it in the Scene. And then for the elegancy of language, read but this inscription on the grave of a comic poet:

*Immortales mortales sifas esset flere,
Flerent divæ Camazna Nceviurn Poctam;
Itaque postquam est Orcino tradilus the-
sauro,
Obliti sunt Romæ lingua, loqui Latina.*

L. Ælius Stilo.—*Plautus.*—*M. Varro.*—Or that modest testimony given by Lucius Elius Stilo upon Plautus, who affirmed, *Musas, si latine loqui voluissent Plautino sermonefnisse loquuturas.* And that illustrious judgment by the most learned M. Varro of him, who pronounced him the prince of letters and elegancy in the Roman language.

Sophocles.—I am not of that opinion to conclude a poet's liberty within the narrow limits of laws which either the grammarians or philosophers prescribe. For before they found out those laws, there

were many excellent poets that fulfilled them; amongst whom none more perfect than Sophocles, who lived a little before Aristotle,

Demosthenes.—*Pericles.*—*Aloibiades.*—Which of the Greeklings durst ever give precepts to Demosthenes? or to Pericles (whom the age surnamed heavenly) because he seemed to thunder and lighten with his language? or to Alcibiades, who had rather nature for his guide than art for his master?

Aristotle.—But whatsoever nature at any time dictated to the most happy, or long exercise to the most laborious, that the wisdom and learning of Aristotle hath brought into an art; because he understood the causes of things: and what other men did by chance or custom, he doth by reason; and not only found out the way not to err, but the short way we should take not to err.

Euripides.—*Aristophanes.*—Many things in Euripides hath Aristophanes wittily reprehended, not out of art, but out of truth. For Euripides is sometimes peccant, as he is most times perfect. But judgment when it is greatest, if reason doth not accompany it, is not ever absolute.

Cens. Seal, in Lil. Germ.—*Horace.*—To judge of poets is only the faculty of poets; and not of all poets, but the best. *Nemo infelicis de poetis judicavit, qudm gut de poetis scripsit*[†] But some will say critics are a kind of tinkers, that make more faults than they mend ordinarily. See their diseases and those of grammarians. It is true, many bodies are the worse for the meddling with; and the multitude of physicians hath destroyed many sound patients with their wrong practice. But the office of a true critic or censor is, not to throw by a letter anywhere, or damn an innocent syllable, but lay the words together, and amend them; judge sincerely of the author, and his matter, which is the sign of solid and perfect learning in a man. Such was Horace, an author of much civility; and (if any one among the heathen can be) the best master both of virtue and wisdom; an excellent and true judge upon cause and reason; not because he thought so, but because he knew so, out of use and experience.

Cato the grammarian, a defender of Lucilius.^f

*Cato grammaticvs, Latina syren,
Qui solus legit, et facit pottos*[†]

Quintilian of the same heresy, but rejected.[‡]

Horace his judgment of Chaerillus defended against Joseph Scaliger.[§] And of Laberius against Julius.

But chiefly his opinion of Plautus^f vindicated against many that are offended, and say it is a hard censure upon the parent of all conceipt and sharpness. And they wish it had not fallen from so great a master and censor in the art; whose bondmen knew better how to judge of Plautus, than any that dare patronize the family of learning in this age, who could not be ignorant of the judgment of the times in which he lived, when poetry and the Latin language were at the height; especially being a man so conversant and inwardly familiar with the censures of great men, that did discourse of these things daily amongst themselves. Again, a man so gracious, and in high favour with the emperor, as Augustus often called him his witty manling (for the littleness of his stature); and, if we may trust antiquity, had designed him for a secretary of estate, and invited him to the place, which he modestly prayed off, and refused.

Terence.—*Menander.*—Horace did so highly esteem Terence's comedies, as he ascribes the art in comedy to him alone among the Latins, and joins him with Menander.

Now let us see -what may be said for either, to defend Horace's judgment to posterity, and not wholly to condemn Plautus.

The parts of a comedy and tragedy.—vThe parts of a comedy are the same with a tragedy, and the end is partly the same; for they both delight and teach: the comicks are called *διγυροαοι* of the Greeks, no less than the tragicks.

Aristotle.—*Plato.*—*Homer.*—Nor is the moving of laughter always the end of comedy, that is rather a fowling for the people's delight, or their fooling. For as Aristotle says rightly, the moving of laughter is a fault in comedy, a kind of turpi-

[†] Senec. de brev. vit. cap. 13. et epist. 88.
[†] Heins. de Sat. 265. [‡] Pag. 267.

pag. 270, 271. Pag. 273, et seq.

¶ Pag. in comm. 153, et seq.

tude, that depraves some part of a man's nature without a disease. As a wry face without pain moves laughter, or a deformed vizard, or a rude clown dressed in a lady's habit, and using her actions; we dislike, and scorn such representations, which made the ancient philosophers ever think laughter unfitting in a wise man. And this induced Plato to esteem of Homer as a sacrilegious person, because he presented the gods sometimes laughing. As also it is divinely said of Aristotle, that to seem ridiculous is a part of dishonesty, and foolish.

The wit of the old comedy.—So that what either in the words or sense of an author, or in the language or actions of men, is awry, or depraved, doth strangely stir mean affections, and provoke for the most part to laughter. And therefore it was clear, that all insolent and obscene speeches, jests upon the best men, injuries to particular persons, perverse and sinister sayings (and the rather unexpected) in the old comedy did move laughter, especially where it did imitate any dishonesty, and scurrility came forth in the place of wit; which, who understands the nature and genius of laughter, cannot but perfectly know.

Aristophanes. — *Plautus.* — Of which Aristophanes affords an ample harvest, having not only outgone Plautus, or any other in that kind; but expressed all the moods and figures of what is ridiculous, oddly. In short, as vinegar is not accounted good until the wine be corrupted; so jests that are true and natural seldom raise laughter with the beast multitude. They love nothing that is right and proper. The farther it runs from reason or possibility with them, the better it is.

Socrates'—Theatrical wit.—What could have made them laugh, like to see Socrates presented, that example of all good life, honesty, and virtue, to have him hoisted up with a pulley, and there play the philosopher in a basket; measure how many foot a flea could skip geometrically, by a just scale, and edify the people from the ingine. This was theatrical wit, right stage-jesting, and relishing a play-house, invented for scorn and laughter; whereas, if it had savoured of equity, truth, perspicuity, and candour, to have tasten a wise, or a learned palate, — spit it out presently! this is bitter and profitable; this instructs

and would inform us: what need we know anything that are nobly born, more than a horse-race, or a hunting-match, our day to break with citizens, and such innate, mysteries?

The cart.—This is truly leaping from the stage to the tumbrel again, reducing all wit to the original dung-cart.

{Of the magnitude and compass of any fable, epic or dramatic.

What the measure of a fable is.—*The fable or plot of a poem defined.*—*The epic fable, differing from the dramatic.*—To the resolving of this question, we must first agree in the definition of the fable. The fable is called the imitation of one entire and perfect action, whose parts are so joined and knit together, as nothing in the structure can be changed, or taken away, without impairing or troubling the whole, of which there is a proportionable magnitude in the members. As for example: if a man would build a house, he would first appoint a place to build it in, which he would define within certain bounds: so in the constitution of a poem, the action is aimed at by the poet, which answers place in a building, and that action hath his largeness, compass, and proportion. But as a court or king's palace requires other dimensions than a private house; so the epic asks a magnitude from other poems: since what is place in the one, is action in the other, the difference is in space. So that by this definition we conclude the fable to be the imitation of one perfect and entire action, as one perfect and entire place is required to a building. By perfect, we understand that to which nothing is wanting; as place to the building that is raised, and action to the fable that is formed. It is perfect perhaps not for a court, or king's palace, which requires a greater ground, but for the structure we would raise; so the space of the action may not prove large enough for the epic fable, yet be perfect for the dramatic, and whole.

What we understand by whole.—whole we call that, and perfect, which hath a beginning, a midst, and an end. So the place of any building may be whole and entire for that work, though too little for a palace. As to a tragedy or a comedy, the action may be convenient and perfect that would not fit an epic poem in magnitude. So a lion is % perfect creature in himself,

though it be less than that of a buffalo or a rhinoceros. They differ but in specie : either in the kind is absolute; both have their parts, and either the whole. Therefore, as in every body, so in every action, which is the subject of a just work, there is required a certain proportionate greatness, neither too vast, nor too minute. For that which happens to the eyes when we behold a body, the same happens to the memory, when we contemplate an action. I look upon a monstrous giant, as Tityus, whose body covered nine acres of land, and mine eye sticks upon every part : the whole that consists of those parts will never be taken in at one entire view. So in a fable, if the action be too great, we can never comprehend the whole together in our imagination. Again, if it be too little, there ariseth no pleasure out of the object; it affords the view no stay; it is beheld, and vanisheth at once. As if we should look upon an ant or pismire, the parts fly the sight, and the whole considered is almost nothing. The same happens in action, which is the object of memory, as the body is of sight. Too vast oppresseth the eyes, and exceeds the memory; too little, scarce admits either.

What the utmost bound of a fable.—Now in every action it behoves the poet to know which is his utmost bound, how far with fitness and a necessary proportion he may produce and determine it; that is, till either good fortune change into the worse, or the worse into the better. For as a body without proportion cannot be goodly, no more can the action, either in comedy or tragedy, without his fit bounds : and every bound, for the nature of the subject, is esteemed the best that is largest, till it can increase no more: so it behoves the action in tragedy or comedy to be let grow, till the necessity ask a conclusion; wherein two things are to be considered; first, that it exceed not the compass of one day; next that there be place left for digression and art. For the episodes and digressions in a fable are the same that household stuff and other furniture are in a house. And so far from the measure and extent of a fable dramatic.

What by one and entire.—Now that it should be one, and entire. One is considerable two ways; either as it is only separate, and ty itself, or as being composed of many parts, it begins to be one, as those parts grow, or are wrought to-

gether. That it should be one the first way alone, and by itself, no man that hath tasted letters ever would say, especially having required before a just magnitude and equal proportion of the parts in themselves. Neither of which can possibly be if the action be single and separate, not composed of parts, which laid together in themselves, with an equal and fitting proportion, tend to the same end; Which thing out of antiquity itself hath deceived many, and more this day it doth deceive.

Hercules.—*Theseus.*—*Achilles.*—*Ulysses.*—*Homer and Virgil.*—*Æneas.*—*Venus.*—So many there be of old, that have thought the action of one man to be one; as of Hercules, Theseus, Achilles, Ulysses, and other heroes; which is both foolish and false, since by one and the same person many things may be severally done, which cannot fitly be referred or joined to the same end : which not only the excellent tragic poets, but the best masters of the epic, Homer and Virgil saw. For though the argument of an epic poem be far more diffused and poured out than that of tragedy; yet Virgil writing of Æneas, hath pretermitted many things. He neither tells how he was born, how brought up, how he fought with Achilles, how he was snatched out of the battle by Venus; but that one thing, how he came into Italy, he prosecutes in twelve books. The rest of his journey, his error by sea, the sack of Troy, are put not as the argument of the work, but episodes of the argument. So Homer laid by many things of Ulysses, and handled no more than he saw tended to one and the same end.

Theseus.—*Hercules.*—*Juvenal* & *Codrus.*—*Sophocles.*—*Ajax.*—*Ulysses.*—Contrary to which, and foolishly, those poets did, whom the philosopher taxeth, of whom one gathered all the actions of Theseus, another put all the labours of Hercules in one work. So did he whom Juvenal mentions in the beginning, "hoarse Codrus," that recited a volume compiled, which he called his Theseide, not yet finished, to the great trouble both of his hearers and himself; amongst which there were many parts had no coherence nor kindred one with another, so far they were from being one action, one fable. For as a house, consisting of diverse materials, becomes one structure and one dwelling; so an action, composed of diverse parts, may become one fable, epic or dramatic. For example, to

a tragedy, look upon Sophocles his Ajax : Ajax, deprived of Achilles' armour, which he hoped from the suffrage of the Greeks, disdains ; and growing impatient of the injury, rageth, and turns mad. In that humour he doth many senseless things, and at last falls upon the Grecian flock, and kills a great ram for Ulysses : returning to his senses, he grows ashamed of the scorn, and kills himself; and is by the chiefs of the Greeks forbidden burial. These things agree and hang together not as they were done, but as seeming to be done, which made the action whole, entire, and absolute.

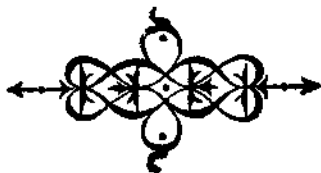
The conclusion concerning the whole, and the parts.— Which are episodes.—Ajax and Hector.—Homer.—For the whole, as it consisteth of parts; so without all the parts **it is** not the whole ; and to make it

absolute, is required not only the parts, but such parts as are true. For a part of the whole was true ; which if you take away, you either change the whole, or it is not the whole. For if it be such a part, as being present or absent, nothing concerns the whole, it cannot be called a part of the whole : and such are the episodes, of which hereafter. For the present here is one example ; the single combat of Ajax with Hector, as it is at large described in Homer, nothing belongs to this Ajax of Sophocles.

You admire no poems but such as run like a brewer's cart upon the stones, hobbling :

*Et, quæper salebras, altaque saxa cadunt.
Accius et quidquid Pacuviusque vomunt.
Attonitusque legis terrai, frugiferai.'*

★ Martial, lib. II. epig. 91.



The English Grammar,¹

MADE BY BEN JONSON FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL STRANGERS,
OUT OF HIS OBSERVATION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, NOW SPOKEN
AND IN USE,

Consuetude, certissima loquendi magistra, utendumque plane sermone, ut nummo, cui publica forma est.—QUINCTIL.

Nan obstant hæ discipline? per illas eunt ibitis sed circa illas hærentibus.—QUINCTIL.

Major adhuc restat labor, sed sank sit cum venid, si gratia carebit: boni enim artificis fartes sunt gttampattissima possit omittere.—SCALIG. lib. I. c. 25.

Negue enim optimi artificis est, omnia perscui.—GALLENUS.

Expdired grammatico, etiam, si quædam nesciat.—QUINCTIL,

THE PREFACE.

The profit of Grammar is great to strangers, who are to live in communion and commerce with us, and it is honourable to ourselves: for by it we communicate all our labours, studies, profits, without an interpreter.

We free our language from the opinion of rudeness and barbarism, wherewith it is mistaken to be diseased: we shew the copy of it, and matchableness with other tongues; we ripen the wits of our own children and youth sooner by it, and advance their knowledge.

Confusion of language, a Curse.

Experience breedeth Art: Lack of Experience, Chance.

Experience, Observation, Sense, Induction, are the four triers of arts. It is ridiculous to teach anything for undoubted truth, that sense and experience can confute. So Zeno disputing of *Quies*, was confuted by Diogenes, rising up and walking.

In grammar, not so much the invention, as the disposition is to be commended: yet we must remember, that the most excellent creatures are not ever born perfect; to leave bears, and whelps, and other failings of nature.

¹ The Grammar which Jonson had prepared for the press was destroyed in the conflagration of his study. What we have here, therefore, are rather the materials for a grammar than a perfect work.

Jonson had formed an extensive collection of Grammars, which appears to have been both curious and valuable. Howell writes to him in 1629 that, "according to his desire, he had, with some difficulty, procured Dr. Davies's Welsh Grammar, to add to *those many* which he already had."—*Letters*, Sec. v. a6; and Sir Francis Kynaston, in speaking of the old infinitives, *tellen*, &c., says—"Such words ought rather to be esteemed as elegancies, since it appears by a most ancient Grammar written in the Saxon tongue and character, which I once saw in the hands of my most learned and celebrated friend, Master Ben Jonson, that the English tongue in Chaucer's time," &c. Much more might be produced to the same effect; but enough is given to show (what indeed was already sufficiently apparent), that our author never trifled with the public, nor Attempted to handle any subject of which he had not made himself a complete and absolute master.

Tk' GmmmarwM&r printed in the fol. 1640, three years after the author's death, The title was drawn up by the editors of that volume.

The English Grammar.

CHAP. I.

OF GRAMMAR, AND THE PARTS.

*Grammar is the art of true and well-speaking a language : the writing is but an Accident.

The parts of Grammar are

Etymology †

Syntax,

the true notation of words, the right ordering of them.

‡ A word is a part of speech, or note, whereby a thing is known, or called ; and consisteth of one or more syllables.

§ A syllable is a perfect sound in a word, and consisteth of one or more letters.

¶ A letter is an indivisible part of a syllable, whose prosody ¶ or right sounding is perceived by the power ; the orthography, or right writing, by the form.

** Prosody and orthography* are not parts of grammar, but diffused like the blood and spirits through the whole.

* *jul. Cæsar Scalier*, de caus. Ling. Lat. Grammatici unus finis est recte loqui. Neque necesse habet scribere. Accidit enim scriptura voci, neque aliter accribere debemus, quam loquamur.—*Ramm* in tlefinis. pag. 30.

Grammatica est ars bene loquendi.

† Veteres, ut *Varro*, *Cicero*, *Quinctilianus*, Etymologiam in notatione vocum statuere.

‡ Dictionis natura prior est, posterior orationis. Ex usu veterum Latinorum, Vox, pro dictione scripta accipitur: quoniam vox esse possit. Est articulata, quæ scripto excipi, atque exprimi valeat: inarticulata, quæ non. Articulata vox dicitur, quæ genus humanum utitur distinctim, a cæteris animalibus, quæ muta vocantur: non, quod sonum non edant; sed quia soni eorum nullis exprimantur proprie litterarum notis.—*Smithus* de recta, et emend. L. Latin script.

§ Syllaba est elementum sub accentu.—*Scalig.*, lib. 2.

Littera est pars dictionis indivisibilis. Nam quæcumque sunt litteræ quædam duplices, una tamen tantum littera est. sibi quæque sonum unum certum servans.—*scalig.*

Et *Smithus*, ibid. Littera pars minima vocis articulata.

¶ Natura litteræ tribus modis intelligitur;

CHAP. II.

OF LETTERS AND THEIR POWERS. II

In our language we use these twenty and four letters, A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. V. W. X. Y. Z. a. b. c. d. e. f. g. h. i. k. l. m. n. o. p. q. r. s. t. v. w. x. y. z. The great letters serve to begin sentences, with us, to lead proper names, and express numbers. The less make the fabric of speech.

Our numeral letters are,

I	1
V	5
X	10
L	50
C	100
D	500
M	1000

‡ All letters are either vowels or consonants; and are principally known by their powers. The figure is an Accident.

nomine, quo pronunciatur; potestate, quæ valet; figura, quæ scribitur. At potestas est sonus ille, quo pronunciari, quæ etiam figura debet imitari; ut his Prosodiam Orthographia sequatur.—*Asper*.

** Prosodia autem, et Orthographia partes non sunt; sed, ut sanguis, et spiritus pro corpore universum fusæ.—*Seal*, ut supra. *Ramus*, pag. 31.

† Littera, a lineando; unde, linere, lineaturæ, litteræ, et litteræ. Neque enim a litteris litteræ quæ delerentur; prius enim factæ, quam deletæ sunt. At formæ potius, atque outia? rationem, quam interitus, habeamus.—*Seal*, ibid.

‡ Littera genus quoddam est, cujus species primariæ duæ vocalis et consonans, quarum natura, et constitutio non potest percipi, nisi prills cognoscantur differentia formales, quibus factum est, ut inter se non conveniant.—*Seal*, ibid.

§ Litteræ differentia generica est potestas, quam nimis rudi consilio veteres Accidens appellarunt. Est enim forma quædam ipse flexus in voce, quasi in materia, propter quæ flexum fit; ut vpcalis per se possit pronunciari: Muta non possit. Figura autem est accidens ab arte institutum; potestque attributa mutari. *Jul. Cess. Seal, ibidem*. De vi, ac potestate litterarum tam accurate scripserunt Antiqui, quam de

' A vowel will be pronounced by itself: a consonant not without the help of a *fiz&i*,[†] either before or after.

The received vowels in our tongue are,
a. e. i. o. u.

t Consonants be either *mutes*, and close the sound, as *b, c, d, g, k, p, q, t*. Or *half vowels*, and open it, *asf. l, m, n, r, s, x, z*.

H is rarely other than an *aspiration* in power, though a *letter* in form.

W and Y have shifting and uncertain seats as shall be shown in their places.

CHAP. III.

OF THE VOWELS.

All our *vowels* are sounded doubtfully. In quantity, (which is time) long or short. Or, in accent, (which is tune) sharp or flat. Long in these words, and their like :

Debating, congling, expiring,
opposing, enduring.

Short in these:

Stomaching, severing, vanquishing,
ransoming, picturing.

Sharp in these :

Hate, mete, bite, ndte, piile.

Flat in these :

Hat, met, bit, nbt, pull

[Omnes Vocales ancipites sunt; (i. e.) mod6 longae, modo breves : eodem tarnen modo semper depictae (nam scriptura est imitatio sermonis, ut pictura corporis. Scriptio vocum pictura. *Smithus*] et eodem sono pronunciatse. Nisi quod vocalis longa bis tantum temporis in effando retinet, quam brevis. Ut recte cecinit ille de vocalibus.

Temporis unius brevis est, ut longa duorum.]

A

With us, in most words, is pronounced less than the French *d* ; as in

art, act, apple, ancient

But when it comes before *'*, in the end of a syllable, it obtaineth the full French sound, and is uttered with the mouth and

throat wide opened, the tongue bent back from the teeth, as in

all, small, gall, fall, tall, call

So in the syllables where a consonant followeth the *'*, as in

salt, malt, balm, calm.

[Literoe hujus sonus est omnium gentium fere communis. Nomen autem, et figura multis nationibus est diversa. *Scalig. et Ramus.*

Dionysius ait a e *ειφωβητατον*, x plenitudine vocis.

Teren. Manrus.

A, prima locum littera sic ab ore, sumit, Immunia, rictu patulo, tenere labra : Linguarum neccsse est ita pundulium reduci,

Ut nisis in illam valeat subire vocis, Nee partibus ullis aliquos ferire dentes.]

E

Is pronounced with a mean opening the mouth, the tongue turned to the inner roof of the palate, and softly striking the upper great teeth. It is a letter of divers note and use ; and either soundeth, or is silent. When it is the last letter, and soundeth, the sound is sharp, as in the French *'*. Example in *mt, set, agree, ye', she* ; in all, saving the article *the*.

Where it endeth, and soundeth obscure and faintly, it serves as an accent to produce the vowel preceding : as in *made, stdme, stripe, ore, cure*, which else would sound, *mad, stem, strip, or, cur*.

It altereth the power of *c, g, s*, so placed, as in *hence*, which else would sound *henc* ; *swinge*, to make it different from *swing* ; *use*, to distinguish it from *us*.

It is mere silent in words where *'* is coupled with a consonant in the end ; as *whistle, gristle, brittle, fickle, thimble*, &c.

Or after *v consonant*, or double *s*, as in *love, glove, move, redress, crosse, losse*.

Where it endeth a former syllable, it soundeth longish, but flat ; as in, *derive, prepare, resolve*.

Except in *derivatives*, or compounds of

quavis alias uae professionis parte. Elaborarunt in hoc argumento Varro, rrisicianus, Appion, ille, qui cymbalum dicebatur mundi : et inter rhetores non postremi iudicii, Dionysius Halicarnassaeus, Caius quoque Caesar, et Octavius Augustus. *Smith. ibid.*

Litterae, quae per seipsas possint pronuciari, vocales sunt ; quae non, nisi cum aliis consonante.

Vocalium nomina simplici sono, nee differentia potestate, proferantur.

Coispanantes, additis vocalibus, quibusdam praepositis, aliis postpositis.

† Ex consonantibus, quorum nomen incipit k Consonante, Mutae sunt ; quarum a vocali, semi-vocales : Mutae non indit appellatas, quod parum sonarent, sed quod nihil

the sharp *e*, and then it answers the *primitive* or *simple* in the first sound; as
agreeing, & agree; foreseeing, offoresee;
being, of be.

Where it endeth a last syllable, with one or mo consonants after it, it either soundeth flat and full; as in
descent, intent, amend, offend, rest, best.

Or it passeth away obscured, like the faint *i*; as in these,
written, gotten, open, sayeth, &c.

Which two letters *e* and *i* have such a nearness in our tongue, as oftentimes they interchange places; as in

enduce, for induce: enditc, for indite:
her for hir.

[Triplicem differentiam habet: primam, mediocnis rictus: secundam, linguae, eamque duplicem; alteram, interioris, nempe infVxfio ad interius ccelum palati; alteram genquinos prementis. Tertia est labri inferioris,

Ramus, lib. 2.

Duas primas Terentianus notavit;
 tertiam tacuit.

Terentianus I.

E, quae sequitur, vocaladissonaest priori; quia deprimit altum modico tenore nctum, et rcmotos premit hinc, et hinc molares.

Apud latinos, *e* latius sonat in adverbio *benc*, quam in adverbio *here*: hujus enim post riorem vocalem exilius pronuntiabant; ita, ut ctiam in maxime exillem sonum transiunt *herl*. Id, quod latius in multis quoque patet: ut ab *Eo*, verbo, deductum, *ire, Us*, et eis: *diis, et dels: febrem, febrim: turrem, turrin: priore, et priori: Rum. et Scalig.*

Et propter hanc vicinitatem (ait Quinct.) *e* quoque loco *i* fuit: ut *Menerua, leber, magester; pro Minerva, liber, magister.]*

I

Is of a narrower sound than *e*, and uttered with a less opening of the mouth, the tongue brought back to the palate, and striking the teeth next the cheek-teeth.

It is a letter of a double power.

As a vowel in the former, or single syllables, it hath sometimes the sharp accent; as in

binding, minding, pining, whining,
wiving, thriving, mine, thine.

Or all words of one syllable qualified by But the flat in more, as in these, *Hil, bitter, giddy, little, incident, and the like.*

In the derivatives of sharp primitives, it keepeth the sound, though it deliver over

the primitive consonant to the next syllable: as in

divi-ning, requi-ning, repi-ning.

For, a consonant falling between two vowels in the word, will be spelled with the latter. In syllables and words, composed of the same elements, it varieth the sound, now sharp, now flat: as in

give, give, alive, live, drive, driven,
title, title.

But these, use of speaking, and acquaintance in reading, will teach, rather than rule.

, in the other power, is merely another letter, and would ask to enjoy another character. For where it leads the sounding vowel, and beginneth the syllable, it is ever a consonant; as in

James, John, jest, jump, conjurer, perjured,
And before diphthongs; as jay, Joy,
juice, having the force of the Hebrew's jod,
and the Italian's Gi.

[Porrigit ictum genuine prope ad ipsos

Minimumque renidet supero tenuis labello.
Terent.

I vocalis sonos habet tres: suum, exillem: alterum, latiore proprioreque ipsi *e*; et tertium, obscuriorem ipsius *u*, inter quae duo *Y* graecae vocalis sonus continetur: ut non inconsult6 Victorinus ambiguum illam quam adduximus vocem, per *Y* scribendam esse putarit, *Optimus.*

Scalig.

Ante consonantem, semper est vocalis. Ante vocalem ejusdem syllabae consonans.

Apud Hebraeos, perpetuo est consonans; ut apud Graecos vocalis.

Ut in *Giacente, Giesu, Gioconda, Giustitia.]*

O

Is pronounced with a round mouth, the tongue drawn back to the root; and is a letter of much change and uncertainty with us.

In the long time it naturally soundeth sharp, arid high; as in

chosen, hosen, holy, folly;
dpen, over, ndte, thro'te.

In the short time more flat, and akin to *u*; as

cosen, dosen, mother
brother, love, prove.

In the diphthong sometimes the *O* is sounded; as

dug hi, sought, ndught,
wrought, mow, sow.

But oftener upon the *u*; as in *sbund, bdund, how, now, thou, cow.*

In the last syllables, before *n* and *w*, it frequently loseth [its sound]; as in *person, action, willow, billow*.

It holds up, and is sharp, when it ends the word, or syllabe; as in

qd, fro, so, not.

Except in *A*, the preposition; *two*, the numeral; *do*, the verb, and the compounds of it; as *undb*, and the derivatives, as *doing*.

It varieth the sound in syllables of the same character, and proportion; as in *shove; glove, grove*.

Which double sound it hath from the *Latin*; as

Voltus, vultus; vyltis, voltis.

[*O* pronunciatur rotundo ore, lingua ad radices hypoglossis reducta. *ὁ μικρον*, et *ὁ μέγα*, unica tantum nota, sono different!.

Proferitur, ut.

Ut *oo*, vel *ou* Gallicum.

Una quoniam sat habitum esse notare forma, Pro temporibus quae gretinium ministret usum.

Igitur sonitum reddere voles minori, Retrorsus adactam modice teneto linguam, Rictu neque magno sat erit patere labra, At longior alto tragicum sub oris antro Molita, rotundis acuit sonum labellis.

Terent.

Differentiam *o* paryi valde distinctam Franci tenent: sed scriptura valde confundant *O*, scribunt perinde ut proferunt. At *w* scribunt mod6 per *au*, modd per *ao*, quae sonum talem minimi sonant, qui simplici, et rotundo motu oris proferri debet.

Quanta sit affinitas (*o*) cum (*u*) ex Quinct. Plinio, Papyriano notum est. Quid enim *o* et *u*, permutatae invicem, ut *Hecobe*, et *Notrix*, *Culchides*, et *Pulixena*, scriberentur? sic nostri praeceptores, *Cervom*, *Servomque u* et *o* litteris scriperunt; Sic dederont, probaveront, Romanis olim fiilftre, Quinct. lib. i.

Deinque *o*, teste Plinio apud Priscianum, aliquot Italiae civitates non habebant; sed loco ejus ponebant *u*, et maxime Umbri, et Tusci. Atque *u* contra, teste apud eundem Papyriano, multis Italiae populs hi Hawi non erant; sed utebantur *o*; unde Romanorum quoque vetustissimi in multis didcnpibus, loco ejus *o* posuerunt: Ut *publicum*, pro *puHicum*; *polcrum*, pro *pulcmm*; *colpam*, pro *culpam*.)

V

Is sounded with a narrower and mean Compass, and some depression of the middle of the tongue, and is like our *t*, a

letter of a double power. As a vowel, it soundeth thin and sharp, as in *ust*; thick and flat, as in *us*.

It never endeth any word for the nakedness, but yieldeth to the termination of the diphthongew, as in *new, trew, knew*, &c, or the qualifying *e*, as in *sue, dve*, and the like.

When it Teadeth a silent vowel in a syllabe it is a consonant; as in *save, reve, prove, love*, &c. Which double force is not the unsteadfastness of our tongue, or uncertainty of our writing, but fallen upon us from the *f.atin*.

[Quam scribere Grains, nisi jungat *Y*, nequibit

Hane edere vocem quoties paramus ore,

Nitamur ut *U* dicere, sic citetur ortus

Productus autem, coguntibus labellis

Natura soni pressi altius meabit.

Terentian.

Et alibi.

Græca diphthongus *ow*, literis tamen nostris vacat,

Sola vocalis quod *u* complet hunc satis sonum.

Ut in titulis, fabulis *Terentii* præpositis. Græca *Menandru*: Græca *ApoHodoru*, pro *Μενανδρου*, et *Ἀπολλοδωρου*, et quidem, ne quis de potestate vocalis hujus addubitare possit, etiam & mutis animalibus testimonium *Plautus* nobis exhibuit e *Peniculo Menechmi* ME. Egon dedi? *Pe*. tu, * tu, inquam, vin' afferri noctuam,

Quæ *tu*, *fa*, usque dicat tibi: nam nos jam nos defessi sumus.

Erg6 ut ovium balatus ijra literæ sonum: sic noctuarum cantus, et cuculi apud Aristophaneni sonum hujus vocalis vindicabit. Nam, quando *u* liquescit, ut in *quis*, et *sanguis*, habet sonum communem cum *Y* grgscæ, *χ' ἀποθ' ὁ κόκκυξ εἶποι κόκκυ*. Et quando *Coccyx* dixit *Coccy*.

Consonans ut *u* Gallicum, vel Digamma proferitur.

Hanc et modo quam diximus *J*, simul jugatas,

Verum est spacium stimere, vinque consonatum.

Ut quæque tamen constiterit loco priore: Nam *si* *juga* quis nominet, *y* consona net.

Terent.

Versa *vice* fit prior *V*, sequatur *ilia*, ut in *vidt*.]

¹ [Gifford altered leadth to followeth; but it seems better to Alter soundw to silent See ants, 439 b, for the word lead—"F. C]

W

Is but the Fgeminated in the full sound, and though it have the seat of a *consonant* with us, the power is always *vowelidi*, even where it leads the *vowel* in any syllable ; as, if you mark it, pronounce the two *uu*, like the Greek *ov*, quick in passage, and these words,
ov-ine, ov-ant, ov-ood, ov-ast, sov-ing, sov-am ; will sound, *wine, want, wood, wast, swing, Swam*.

So put the aspiration afore, and these words,

hov-at, hov-ich, hov-ell, hov-ether ;

Will be, *what, which, wheel, whether*.

In the *diphthongs* there will be no doubt, as in *draw, straw, sow, know*.

Nor in *derivatives*, as *knowing, sowing, drawing*.

Where the double *w* is of necessity used, rather than the single *u*, lest it might alter the sound, and be pronounced *knowing, swing, droving ;*

As in *saving, having*.

[Ut Itali proferunt *Edoardo* in *Edouardo*, et Galli, *ou-y*.

Sufi-vis, suadeo, etiam Latini, ut *sou-avis*, &c. At quid attinet duplicare, quod simplex queat sum' cere ? Proinde *W* pro copia Characterum non reprehendo, pro nova litera certe non agnosco. Veteresque *Angto-Saxones* pro ea, quando nos *W* solemus uti, figuram istius modi *p* solebant conscribere, quæ non multum differt ab ea, qua et hodie utimur simplici, dum verbum inchoet.—*Smithus* de reack et amend. *L. A. Script.]*

Y

Is also mere *vowelish* in our tongue, and hath only the power of an «*, even where it obtains the seat of a *consonant*, as in *young, yonker*.

Which the Dutch, whose primitive it is, write *lank, lunker*.

And so might we write

iouth, ies, ioke, fonder, iard, ielk ;

youth, yes, yoke, yonder, yard, yelk.

But that we choose *y*, to distinguish from *j consonant*.

In the *diphthong* it sounds always if as in

may, say, way Joy, toy, they.

And to the ends of words ; as in

deny, reply, defy, cry.

Wffih sometimes are miffen by but qualified by c

But where two *ii* are sounded, the first will be ever a *y* ; as in *derivatives ; denying, replying, defying**

Only in the words received by us from the Greek, as *syllabi, tyrant*, and the like, it keeps the sound of the thin and sharp *u*, in some proportion. And this we had to say of the *vowels*.

[*Siquidem eandem pro v. græco retinet: Certe alium quam i, omni in loco reddere debebat sonum.*]

CHAP. IV.

OF THE CONSONANTS.

B

Hath the same sound with us as it hath with the Latin, always one, and is uttered with closing of the lips.

[*Nobis cum Latinis communfe.—Smith*.

Nam muta jubet comprimi labella,

Vocalis at intus locus exitum ministrat.

Terent.

B, Labris per spiritus impetum reclusis edicimis.—Mart, cap.]

C

Is a letter which our forefathers might very well have spared in our tongue ; but since it hath obtained place both in our writing and language, we are not now to quarrel with *orthography* or *custom*, but to note the powers.

Before *a, u*, and *o*, it plainly sounds *k*, *chi*, or *kappa* ; as in

cable, cobble, cudgel.

Or before the *liquids, l* and *r* ; as in

clod, crust.

Or when it ends a former syllable before a *consonant* / as in

acquaintance, acknowledgment, action.

In all which it sounds strong.

Before *e* and *i* it hath a weak sound, and hisseth like *s* ; as in

*certain, center, civil, citizen, whence**

Or before the *diphthongs* [whose first vowel is *e* or *i*] ; as in

cease, deceive.

Among the English Saxons it obtained the weaker force of *chi*, or the Italian *c* ; as in

cafil, cam, did, cyrce

Which wette pronounced

chapel, chance, child, thureh.

It is sounded with the top of the tongue, striking the upper **teeth**, and rebounding against the **palate**.

[*Litera Androgyne, natura nee mas, nee*

foemina, et titnrmqtie est neutrum. Monstrum literse, non litera; Ignorantise specimen, non artis.—*Smithus*.

Quomodo nunc utimur vulgo, aut nullas, aut nimias habet vires: Nam modo *k* sonat, modo *s*. At si litera sit a *k* et *s* diversa, suum debet habere sonum. Sed nescio quod monstrum, aut Empusa sit, quae modo *mas*, modo foemina, modo serpens, modo comix, appareat; et per ejusmodi imposturas, pro suo arbitrio, tam *s* quam *k* exigit aedibus, et fundis suis: Ut jure possint hae duse literae contendere cum *c* per edictum, unde *vi*: Neque dubito quin, ubi sit praetor aequus facile *c* cadet caussa.

Apud *Latinos* *c* eandem habuit formam, et characterem, quem *Styxa* apud *Gracos* veteres.

An hsec fuit occasio, quod ignorantia, confusioque eundem, apud imperitos, dederit sonum *C*, quem *S*, nolo anlmare.

Vetustae illius *Anglo-Saxonicae* linguae et scriptionis peritiores condendunt, apud illos atavos nostros *Anglo-Saxones*, *C* literam, maxima, ante *e* et *i* eum habuisse sonum, quem, et pro tenui *rov Chi*, sono agnoscimus: et *Itali*, maxime *Hetrusci*, ante *e* et *i* hodie usurpant. *Idem ibidem*.

C molaribus super linguae extrema appulsi exprimitur.—*Mart. Cap.*

C pressius urget: sed et hinc, hincque remittit,

Quo vocis adhaerens sonus explicatur ore. *Terent.]*

D

Hath the same sound, both before and after a "vowel" with us, as it hath with the *Latins*; and is pronounced softly, the tongue a little affecting the teeth, but the nether teeth most.

[*D* appulsi linguae circa dentes superiores innascitur.

At portio dentes quotiens suprema linguae Pulsaverit imos, modiceque curva summas,

Tune *D* sonitum perficit, explicatque vocem.—*Terent.]*

F

Is a letter of two forces with us; and in them both sounded with the nether lip rounded, and a kind of blowing out; but gentler in the one than the other.

The more general sound is the softest, and expresseth the Greek *o*; as in

faith, field, fight force.
Where it sounds «#

The other is *ev*, or *vau*, the digamma of *Claudius*; as in

cleft, of cleave; left, of leave.

The difference will best be found in the word *of*, which as a preposition sounds *ov*, *of* [speaking of a person or thing.]

As the adverb of distance,

off, far off.

[Litera a graeca *o* recedit lenis, et hebes sonus.—*Idem*.

Vau consona, *Varrone* et *Dydimo* testibus, nominata est *g*. figura *a*, *Claudia* *Cassare* facta etiam est. Vis ejus, et potestas est eadem, quae Digamma Aelici, ut ostendit *Terentianus* in *v* consona.

V, vade, veni, refer; teneto vultum:

Crevisse sonum perspicis, et coiese erasum,

Unde Aeliosi litera fingitur Digammos. *g*, quasi *eu*, contrarium *F*, quae sonat *Ø*.]

G

Is likewise of double force in our tongue, and is sounded with an impression made on the midst of the palate.

Before *a*, *o*, and *u*, strong; as in these, gate, got, gut.

Or before the aspirate *A*, or liquids *I* and *l*; as in

ghost, glad, grant.

Or in the ends of the words; as in long, song, ring, swing, eg, leg, lug, dug.

Except the qualifying *e* follow, and then the sound is ever weak; as in

age, stage, hedge,

sledge, judge, drudge.

Before *it*, the force is double; as in

guile, guide, quest, guise.

Where it soundeth like the French *gu*. And in

guin, guerdon, languish, anguish*

Where it speaks the Italian *gu*.

Likewise before *e* and *i*, the powers are confused, and uttered now strong, now weak; as in

get, geld, give, } long.
gittem, finger, }

In

genet, gentle, gin, } weak.
gibe, ginger, }

But this use must teach: the one sound being warranted to our letter from the Greek, the other from the Latin throughout.

[Spiritus eum pafeto.—*Mart. Cap.*

De sono quidem hujus literse satis COD-stat: Sed distinctionis caussa Characteriwn illi dederunt aliqui hunc & ut secenatur

A G. Nam ut *Græci* in secunda conjugatione tres habent literas, *K, y, x*, tenuem, mediam, densam; *Angli* quatuor habent, rata proportione sibi respondentes, *ka, ga, ce, 35 e*. Illae simplices, et apertae; hae stridulæ, et compressæ; illæ mediæ linotice officio sonantur; hæ summa lingua ad interiores illis, supcriomm dentium gingivas efflantur. Quodque est *ka* ad *ga*: Idem est *ce* ad *E*.—*Smithus, Ibid.*

Voces tamen plerasque, quas Meridionales *Angli* per hunc sonum *roð* & pronunciant in fine: Boreales per *G* proferunt: ut in voce *Pons*, nos *briz*: Illi *brig*. In ruptura, *brec*: illi *brek*. Maturam avem ad volandum, nos *flig*.—*Ibid.*

Apud *Latinos* proximum ipsi *C* est *G*. Itaque *Cneum* et *Gneum*, dicebant: Sic *Curculionem*, et *Gurulionem*: Appulsa enim ad palatum lingua, modieello relicto intervallo, spiritu tota pronuntiatur.

Seal, de causis. L. L.

Et *Terentianus*.

"Sic amurca, quæ vetuste sæpe" per *c* scribitur.

Æsse per *g* profcrendum credidit plurimi.

Quando *ἄμορῃ* Græca vox est; *γάμμα* origo præfatur.

Apud *Germanos* semper profertur *v*—

We will leave *H* in this place, and come to

K

Which is a letter the *Latins* never acknowledged, but only borrowed in the word *kalendæ*. They used *qu* for it. We sound it as the Greek; and as a necessary letter, it precedes and follows all vowels, ut.

It goes before no consonants but *n*; as in

knave, knel, knot, &c.

And */*, with the quiet *e* after; as in *mickle, fickle, trickle, fickle.*

Which were better written without the *c*, if that which we have received for orthography would yet be contented to be altereu. But that is an emendation rather to be wished than hoped for, after so long a reign of *ill custom* amongst us.

It followeth the *s* in some words; as in *skape, skour, skirt, skirmish, skrape, skuller*. *K*, which do better so sound, than if written with *c*.

[Cum kalendæ Græcam habebant diductionem et sonum, *κατα* Græcam sunt mutuatæ literam *Roman*!, tit eas exprimerent. Et, credo tamen, fecerunt ea forma, ut, et

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C Romanum efformarent, quod haberet adjunctum, quasi retr6 bacillum, ut robur ei adderent ista formal *K*: nam *C* Romanum stridulum quiddam, et mollius sonat, quam *K* Græcum.

Est et lisee litera *Gallis* plane supervacanea, ant certci *qu* est. Nam *qui, qua; quod, quid*, nulla. pronunciant differentia, ne minima quidem, a *ki, ke, kod, kid, faucibus, palatoque* formatur.—*Capel.*

Romani in sua serie non habebunt.]

L

Is a letter *half-vowelish*; which, though the *Italians* (especially the *Florentines*) abhor, we keep entire with the *Latins*, and so pronounce.

It melteth in the sounding, and is therefore called a *liquid*, the tongue striking the root of the palate gently. It is seldom doubled, but where the vowel sounds hard upon it; as in

hell, bell, kill, shrill, trull, full

And, even in these, it is rather the haste, and superfluity of the pen, that cannot stop itself upon the single *l*, than any necessity we have to use it. For, the letter should be doubled only for a following syllable's sake; as in

killing, beginning, begging, swimming.

[Lingua, palatoque dulcescit.—*M. Cap.* Et sic *Dtonys* *γλυκύτατος*, *issimam* literam nominat.

Qui nescit, quid sit esse *Semi-vocalem*, ex nosti& lingua facile poterit discere: Ipsa enim litera *L* quandam, quasi *vocalem*, in se videtur continere, ita ut juncta *tnutce* sine *vocali* sonum faciat; ut

abl, stabl, fabl, &c.

Quæ nos scribimus cum *e*, in fine, vulg6 *able, stable, fable.*

Sed certè illud *e* non tam sonat hlc, quam fuscum illud, et fcemininum *Francorum e*: Nam nequicquam sonat.

Alii hasc haud inconsult6 scribunt

abil, stabil, fabul;

Tanquam a fontibus

habilis, stabilis, fabula;

Verius, sed nequicquam proficiunt. Mam consideratius auscultanti, hee *i*, nee est, sed tinnitus quidam, *vocal* is naturam habes, quæ naturaliter his *iiquidis* inest.]

M

Is the same with us in sound as with the *Latins*. It is pronounced with a kind of humming inward, the lips closed; open and full in the beginning, obscure in *UM* end, and meanly in the midst.

F F

[Labris imprimitur.—*M. Capella.*

Mugit intus additum, ac cœcum sonum,

Terent.

Triplex sonus hujus literæ *M Obscurum*, in extremitate dictionum sonat, ut *ternplum*; *Apertum*, in principio; ut *magnus*; *Mediocre*, in mediis; at *umbra*. Prise.]

N

Ringeth somewhat more in the lips and nose; the tongue striking back on the palate, and hath a threefold sound, *shrill* in the end, *full* in the beginning, and *flat* in the midst.

They are letters near of kin, both with the Latins and us.

[Quartæ sonitus fingitur usque sub palato, Quo spiritus anceps coeat naris, et oris.

Terent.

Lingud, dentibus appulsd collidit.

Mart. Cap.

Splendidissimo sono in fine : et stibremulo pleniore in principiis; mediocri in medio.—*Jul. C. Seal.*]

P

Breaketh softly through the lips, and is a tetter of the same force with us as with the Latins.

[Labris spiritu erumpit,—*Mar. Cap.*

Pellit sonitum de mediis foras labellis.

Ter. Maurus.]

Q

Is a letter we might very well spare in our *alphabet*, if we would but use the serviceable *k* as he should be, and restore him to the right of reputation he had with our forefathers. For the English Saxons knew not this halting *Q*, with her waiting woman *M* after her; but expressed

quail, quail,
quest, quest,
quick by quick,
quill, kuill.

Till *custom*, under the excuse of expressing enfranchised words with us, intreated her into our language, in

quality, quantity,
quarrel, quinesctinct, &c.

And hath now given her the best of *k*'s possessions.

[Est Htera mendica, supposititia, veri tervtis, manca, et decrepita; et sine *u*, tanquam bacillo, nihil potest: et cum *u* nihil valet amplius quam *k*.

Qualis qualis est, hanc jam habemus,

sed semper cum præcedente SUE *u*, ancilia superba.—*Smithus.*

Namque *Q* præmissa semper *u*, simul mugit sibi,

Syllabam non editura, ni comes sit tertia

Quælibet vocalis.—*Ter. Mau.*

Diomedes ait *Q* esse compositam ex *c* et *u*.

Appulsu palati ore restricto profertur.

M. Cap.}

&

Is the *dog's* letter, and hurreth in the sound; the tongue striking the inner palate, with a trembling about the teeth. It is sounded firm in the beginning of the words, and more *liquid* in the middle and ends; as in

rarer, ripet.

And so in the Latin,

[Vibrat tremulis ictibus aridum sonoren

Ter. M.

Sonat hlc de nare canina

Litcra—*Pers. Sat. i.*

jR Spin turn lingua crispante, corraditur.

M. Cap.

Dionysius τῶν ἀλογικῶν γενεσιῶν τῶν ἁπλοῦν.
e congenerous generosissimam appellavit. }

S

Is a most easy and gentle letter, and softly hisseth against the teeth in the pronunciation. It is called the *serpent's* letter, and the chief of the *consonants*. It varieth the powers much in our pronunciation, as in the beginning of words it hath the sound of weak *c* before vowels, *diphthongs*, or *consonants*; as

salt, say, small, sell,
shrik, shift, soft, &c.

Sometimes it inclineth to *g*; as in these, *muse, use, rose, nose, wise*, and the like: where the latter vowel serves for the mark or accent of the former's production.

So, after the *half-vowels*, or the obscure *e*; as

bells, gems, wens, burs,
chimes, rimes, games.

Where the vowel sits hard, it is commonly doubled.

[*S* promptus in ore, agiturque pone dentes, Sic lenis et unum ciet auribus susurrum.

Quare non est merita, ut a *Pindaro* diceretur *Σαρπηδόνησις* quoque oum ipsum expellit, rejicitque ad serpentes, maluit canem irratem imitari, quam arboris naturales susorros sequi.—*Seal**

Est *Consonantium* prima, et fortissima hæc litera, ut agnoscit *Terentianus*.
Ram.

Vivida est hæc inter omnes, atque densa litera,
 Sibilum facit dentibus verberatis.

M. Cap.

Quoties litera media *vocalium* longarum, vel subjecta longis esset, geminabitur; ut *Causa*, *Cassus*. *Quintil.*

T

Is sounded with the tongue striking the upper teeth, and hath one constant power, save where it precedeth *I* and that followed by a vowel; as in
faction, *action*, *generation*, *corruption*, where it hath the force of *s*, or *c*.

[*T*qua superis dentibus intima est origo Summa satis est ad sonitum fenre lingua.

Ter.

T. appulsu lingua, dentibusque appulsis exciditur.—*M. Cap.*

Lacine [*factio*, *actio*, *generatio*, *corruptio*, *vitium*, *otium*, &c.]

X

Is rather an abbreviation, or way of short writing with us, than a letter: for it hath the sound of *k* and *s*. It begins no word with us, that I know, but ends many; as

ax, *kex*, *six*, *fox*, *box*,
 which sound the same with these,
backs, *knacks*, *knocks*, *locks*, &c.

[*X* potestatem habet *cs*, et *gs* / ut

ex crux tfrux, appareat.

Quorum obliqui casus sunt

Crusts et *Frvgis*.

Ram. in Gram, *tx V&rrone**
X quicquid *c* et *s* formavit, exsistilat.

CapitU.

Neque *Latini*, neque *Nos* ilia multum utimur,]

Z

Is a letter often heard amongst us, but seldom seen; borrowed of the Greeks at first, being the same with *E*; and soundeth a double *w*. With us it hath obtained another sound, but in the end of words; as

muse, *mane*, *nose*,
hose, *gaze*, as.

Never in the beginning, save with rustic people, that have

sed, *say*, *xit* *xo*, *some*,
 and the like for

said, *say*, *sit*, *so*, *some*.

Or in the body of words indenizeden; as
wture, *zeal*, *zephyre*, &c.

[*Z* vero ideirco *Appius Claudius* detestatur; quod dentes mortui, dum exprimitur, imitator.—*M. Capel.*

\$ Compendium duarum literarum est *gri*, in unanota, et compendium *Orthographic*, non *Prosodies*; quia hie in voce non una litera effertur, sed duce distinguuntur. Compendium ineleganter, et fallacitdr inventum. Sonus enim, not4 illf significatug, in imam syllabam non pcrpetuo concluditur, sed dividitur, aliquando. Ut in illo *Pliuti* loco. *Non Atth txxw*, sed *Sicilissat*, pro *ἀττικίσει, σικελίσει*, Græcis; et ubj initium facit, est *δσ*, non *σσ*, sicuti *σδσ*, non *σσδσδ* *δσδσ*—*Ram. in lib. 2.J*

H

Whiether it be a letter or no, hath been much examined by the ancients, and by some too much of the Greek party condemned, and thrown out of the *alpha* &tt as an *aspirate* merely, and in request only before vowels in the beginning of words, and after *x*, where it added a strong spirit which the Welsh retain after many *consnants*. But be it a letter, or spirit, we have great use of it in our tongue, both before and after vowels. And though I dare not say she is (as I have heard one call her) the *quætn-mother of consonants*; yet she is the life and quickening of them.

What her powers are before vowels and *diphthongs*, will appear in
hall, *heal*, *hill*, *kol*, *how*, *Aew*, *holiday*, &c.

In some it is written, but sounded without power; as

host, *honest*^ *humble*;
 where the vowel is heard without the *aspiration*; as *ost*, *onest*, *-amble*,

After the vowel it sounds; as in *ah*, and *oh*.

Beside, it is coupled with divers *tonsonants*, where the force varies, and fe particularly to be examined.

We will begin with *Ck*.

Ch

Hath the force of the Greek *#* or *«*, in many words derived from the Greek; as in *charact*, *Christian*, *chronicle*, *archangel*, *monarch*.

In mere English words, or retched from the Latin, the force of the Italian *e*,
chaplain, *chast*, *chest*, *chops*.
chin, *chuff*, *churl*.

Gh

la only a piece of ill writing with us : if we could obtain of *custom* to mend it, it were not the worse for our language or us: for the *g* sounds just nothing in
trough, cough, might, night, &c.

Only the writer was at leisure to add a superfluous letter, as there are too many in our *pseudography*.

Ph & Rh

Are used only in Greek infranchised words ; as,

Philip, physic, rhetoric, Rhodes, &c.

Sh

Is merely English, and hath the force of the Hebrew ש *shin*, or the French *ch* ; as in

*shake, shed, shine, show,
shrink, rush, blush.*

Th

Hath a double and doubtful sound, which must be found out by use of speaking ; sometimes like the Greek *θ* ; as in
thief, thing, lengthen, strengthen, loveth, &c.

In others, like their *S*, or the Spanish *d* ; as

*this, that, then, thence,
those, bathe, bequeath.*

And in this consists the greatest difficulty of our *alphabet*, and true writing : since we have lost the Saxon characters *ᚠ* and *ᚨ* that distinguished

ᚠe,	} from	{	pick,
ᚠin,			pin,
ᚠine,			phreo,
ᚠo			phrive.

Wh

Hath been enquired of in w. And this for the letters.

Ch

[Nulli dubium est, faucibus emicet quod ipsi]

H literasive estnota, quae spiret anhelum.
Ter.

ijy, contracts paulum faucibus, ventus exhalat.—*Mar. Cap.*

Vocalibus apte, sed et anteposita cunctis *Hastas, Hederas*, quum loquor, *Hister, Hospes, Hujus*.

Sotm patitur quatuor ante *consonances*, *Grtyfs* quoties nominibus *Latina* forma

as, quando *Chores Phillide. Rhamnes,*
Thima, dico

Rect6 quidem in hac parte *Grtecissant nostri Walli.*—*Smithus.*

H vero κατ' ἔξωθεν aspiratio vocatur. Est enim omnium literarum spirituosissima, vel spiritus potius ipse. Nullius, aut quam minimum egens officii eorum, quæ modo nominavimus instrumenta literarum formandarum.

H extrinsecus ascribitur omnibus *Vocalibus*, ut minimum sonet; *Consonantibus* autem quibusdam intrinsecus.

Omnis litera, sive vox, plus sonat ipsa sese, cum postponitur, quam cum anteponitur. Quod *vocalibus* accidens esse videtur ; nee si tollatur ea, perit etiam vis significationis ; ut, si dicam *Erennius*, absque aspiratione, quamvis vitium videar facere, intellectus tamen integer permanet. *Consonantibus* autem si cohereret, ut ejusdem penitus substantiae sit, et si auferatur, significationis vim minuat prorsus ; ut, si dicam, *Cremcs*, pro *Chremes*. Unde h. a. c. considerata ratione, *Græcorum* doctissimoi singulas fecerunt eas quoque literas, ut pro *th θ*, pro *ph φ*, pro *chi χ*—*Ram.*]

Gh

[Sonum illius *g* quoeant, quibus ita libet scribere ; aures profecto meae nunquam in his vocibus sonitum ρου *g* poterant haurire.

Smithus de rect. et emend.]

Ph & Rh

[Litera *o* apud *Græces*, *p* aspirata.]

Sh

[Si quis error in literis ferendus est, cum corrigi queat, nusquam in ulio sono tolerabilior est, quam in hoc, si scribatur *Sh* ; et si scribatur per *th*. Nam *has dux* quandam violentiam grandioris spiritus in proferendo requirunt, quam *Cæterae* literæ.—*IdtA,*

Th

[Hac litera sive caractere, quam spinatn, id est, *Porne*, nostri *Proavi* appellabant, *Avi* nostri, et qui proxime ante libripunt impressionem vixfrunt, sunt abusi, ad omnia ea scribenda, quæ nunc magno znagistrorum errore per *th* scribimus ; ut

pe. pou. pat. pum. peso. pte.

Sed ubi mollior exprimebatur sonus perni scribebant : ubi durior in eodem sulco ; molliorem appello ilium, quem *Anglo-Saxones* per *i* s durior, quem per *i* exprimebant. Nam illud *Saxonum* respondet illi sono, quem vulgaris Græca lingua facit, quando pronunciant suum

aut *Hispani* d, literam suam molliorem, ut cum veritatem, *verdad* appellant. Spina autem *ilia* p, videtur referre prorsus *Græcorum*. At *th* sonum *Ō* non recte dat. Nam si non esset alia deflexio vpcis, nisi aspirationis additæ, æque facile fuit *Græcis* *τφ ρ* aspirationem adjungere, quam *τφ ρ*.]

CHAP. V.

OF THE DIPHTHONGS.

Diphthongs are the complexions or couplings of vowels, when the two letters send forth a joint sound, so as in one syllable both sounds be heard; as in

Ai, or Ay,
aid, maid, said, pay, day, way.
Au, or Aw,
audience, author, aunt, law, saw, draw.

Ea,
earl, pearl, meat, seat, sea, flea.
To which add *yea* and *flea*; and you have at one view all our words of this termination.

Ei,
sleight, streight, weight,
theirs, peint, feint,
Ew,
few, strew, dew, anew.
Oi, or Oy,
point, joint, soil, coil,
joy, toy, boy.

Oo,
good, food, mood, brood, &c.

Ou, or Ow,
rout, stout, how,
now, bow, low.

Vi, or Vy,
buye, or buie; juice, or juyce.

These nine are all I would observe; for to mention more, were but to perplex the reader. The *Oa*, and *Ee*, will be better supplied in our *orthography* by the accenting *e* in the end; as in

brdde, l6de, c6de, bdtc, que'ne, sine.

Neither is the double *ee* to be thought on, but in *derivatives*; as *trees, sees,* and the like, where it is as two syllables. As for *eo*, it is found but in three words in our tongue,

yeoman, people, jeopard.
Which were truer written,
ytman, pttle, jepard.

And thus much shall suffice for the *diphthongs*.

The *triphthong* is of a complexion rather to be feared than loved, and would fright the young *grammarian* to see him: I therefore let him pass, and make haste to the *notion*—

CHAP. VI.

OF THE SYLLABBS.

A *Syllabe* is a part of a word that may of itself make a perfect sound; and is sometimes of one only letter *j* sometimes of more.

Of one, as in every first vowel in these words:

a. *a-bated.*
e. *e-clipsed.*
i. *i-magined.*
o. *o-mitted.*
u. *u-surped.*

A *syllabe* of more letters is made either of vowels only, or of consonants joined with vowels.

Of vowels only, as the *diphthongs*,
at, in *Ai ton, ai-ding.*
au, in *au-tere, au-dients.*
ea, in *ea-sie, ea-ting.*
el, in *ei-ry* of hawks.
ew, in *ew-er, &c.*, and in the *triphthong* *yea*.

Of the vowels mixed; sometimes but with one consonant, as *to*; sometimes two, as *try*; sometimes three, as *best*; or four, as *nests*; or five, as *stumps*; otherwhile six, as the latter *syllabe* in *restraints*; at the most they can have but eight, as *strengths*.

Some *jy*//*tf&y*, as

the, then, there, that,
with, and which,

are often compendiously and shortly written; as

e en ere t
y y y y
th ch
w and w

which whoso list may use; but *orthography* commands it not: a man may forbear it, without danger of falling into *pramunire*.

Here order would require to speak of the quantity of syllables, their special prerogative among the Latins and Greeks; whereof so much as is constant, and derived from nature, hath been handled already. The other, which grows by position, and placing of letters, as yet (not through default of our tongue, being able enough to receive it, but our own carelessness, being negligent to give it) is ruled by no art. The pruid*

pal cause whereof seemeth to be this; because our *verses* and *rythmes* (as it is almost with all other people, whose *language* is spoken at this day) are *natural*, and such whereof *Aristotle* speaketh e' *rw* & *Torxefitaayma* *lu*, that is, made of a *natural* and *voluntary* composition, without regard to the *quantity* or *syllabes*.

This would ask a larger time and field than is here given for the examination: but since I am assigned to this province, that it is the *lot* of my *age*, after thirty years conversation with men, to be *clemcutarius senex*, I will promise and obtain so much of myself, as to give, in the heel of the book, some spur and incitement to that which I so reasonably seek. Not that I would have the *vulgar* and *practised* way of making abolished and abdicated (being both sweet and delightful, and much taking the ear) but to the end our *tongue* may be made equal to those of the renowned countries Italy and Greece, touching this particular. And as for the difficulty, that shall never withdraw, or put me off from the attempt: for neither is any excellent thing done with ease, nor the compassing of this any whit to be despaired: especially when *Quintilian* hath observed to me, by this *natural rythme*, that we have the other *artificial*, as it were by certain *marks* and *footing*, first traced and found out. And the Grecians themselves before *Homer*, as the Romans likewise before *Livius Andronicus*, had no other *metres*. Thus much therefore shall serve to have spoken concerning the *parts of a word*, in a *letter* and a *syllabe*.

It followeth to speak of the common *affections*, which unto the Latins, Greeks, and Hebrews, are two; the *accent* and *notation*. And first,

CHAP. VII. OF THE ACCENT.

The *accent* (which unto them was a *tuning* of the voice, in lifting it up, or letting it down) hath not yet obtained with us any sign; which notwithstanding were most needful to be added; not wheresoever the force of an *accent* lieth, but where, for want of one, the word is in danger to be *mistuned*; as in

a I will *promise* and *obtain* to *muck* of *myself* to, &c.] It may be considered as a loss to posterity, that it does not appear he (Ben Jonson) ever performed the promise here made,

abdsed, *excessive*, *bestfied*,
obtdn, *ungddly*, *surrender*.

But the use of it will be seen much better by collation of words, that according unto the divers place of their *accent*, are diversly pronounced, and have divers significations. Such are the words following, with their like; as

differ, *defer*; *d&ert*, *dese'rt*; *fre¹sent*, *presheit¹* *r*, *fuse*, *refuse*; *tibject*, *objct*; *incense*, *inctnse*; *convert*, *convrt*; *torment*, *torment*, &c.

In original *nouns*, *adjective* or *substantive*, derived according to the rule of the writer of *analogie*; the *accent* is intreated to the first; as in

fdtherliness, *mdtherliness*
pttrmptory, *kdberdasher*.

Likewise in the *adverbs*,

brdtherly, *sisterly*.

All *nouns* *disyllabic* simple, in the first, as

btliet, *hdnour*, *credit*,
silver, *surety*.

All *nouns* *trisyllabic*, in the first;
cduntenance, *jtopardy*, &c.

All *nouns* compounded in the first, of how many *syllabes* soever they be; as
tennis-court keeper, *chimney-sweeper*.

Words simple in *able*, draw the *accent* to the first, though they be of four *syllabes*; as

sdciable, *tolerable*.

When they be compounded, they keep the same *accent*; as

insdciable, *intolerable*.

But in the way of comparison, it altereth thus: some men are *sdciable*, some *insociable*; some *tolerable*, some *intolerable*; for the *accent* sits on the *syllabe* that puts difference; as

sincerity, *insincerity*.

Nouns ending in *tion*, or *sion*, are accented in *antepenultim*; as

condition, *infusion*, &c.

In *ty*, a *Latinis*, in *anteptnultima*; as
verity, *charity*, *simplicity*

In *ence*, in *antepenultima*; as
pestilence, *abstinence*,
sustenance *c6nsequence*.

All verbs *disyllabic* ending in *er*, *el*, *ry*, and *ish*, *accent* in *prim*; as

cdver, *cancel*, *carry*, *bdry*,
levy, *ravish*, &c.

with respect to adjusting the quantity of syllabes. *Preface to Ward's Essays upon the English Language*, P. S.—WHAL.

Verbs made of nouns follow the *accent* of the nouns ; as

to blanket, to basquet.

All verbs coming from the Latin, either of the *supine*[^] or otherwise, hold the *accent* as it is found in the first person present of those Latin verbs: as from

dm'mo, Animate;

cdlebro, celebrate.

Except words compounded *of/ado*; as

liqueficio, liquefie

And of *stafuo* ; as

constituo, constitute.

All variations of verbs hold the *accent* in the same place as the *theme*,

I dminate, thou dminatest, &c.

And thus much shall serve to have opened the fountain of *orthography*. Now let us come to the *notation* of a word.

CHAP. VIII.

THE NOTATION OF A WORD,

Is when the original thereof is sought out, and consisteth in two things, the *kind* and the *figure*.

The *kind* is to know whether the word be a *primitive*, or *derivative*; as

man, love,

are *primitives*;

manly, lover,

are *derivatives*.

The *figure* is to know whether the word be *simple*, or *compounded*; as

learned, say, are simple;

unlearned, gain-say, are compounded.

In which kind of composition, our English tongue is above all other very hardy and happy, joining together after a most eloquent manner, sundry words of every kind of speech ; as

mill-horse, lip-wise, self-lovt,

twy-light, there-about,

not-with-standing, by-cause,

cut-purse, never-the-less.

These are the common *affections* of a word : his divers sorts now follow. A word is of *number*, or *without number*. Of *number* that word is termed to be, which signifieth a number *singular*, or *plural*.

* *Compositio,*

Sapsg tria coagmentantur nomina; ut, a foot-ball player, a tennis-court-keeper.

Sapissim duo substantia; ut, hand-kerchief, rain-bow, eye-Sore, table-napkin, head-ach, κεφαλαλγία.

Substantium cum verbo; ut, wood-bjnd.

Pronomen cum substantivo; ut, self-love, εἰς αὐτῆς; self-freedom, αὐτονομία.

Singular, which expresseth one only thing; as

tree, book, teacher.

Plural, when it expresseth more things than one ; as

trees, books, teachers.

Again a word of number is *finite* or *infinite*. *Finite* which varieth his number with certain ends; as

man, men; run, runs;

horse, horses.

Infinite, which varieth not; as

true, strong, running, &c.

both in the *singular* and *plural*,

Moreover, a word of number is a *noun* or a *verb*. But here it were fit we did first number our words, or parts of speech, of which our language consists.

CHAP. IX.

OF THE PARTS OF SPEECH.

In our English speech we number the same parts with the Latins.

Noun,

Adverb,

Pronoun,

Conjunction,

Verb,

Proposition,

Participle,

Interjection.

Only we add a ninth, which is the *article*: and that is two-fold ;

Finite, as the.

Infinite, as a.

Infinite is set before *nouns appellatives*; as

the horse, the tree;

the earth, or specially

the nature of the earth.

Proper names and *pronouns* refuse *articles*, except for *emphasis* sake ; as

the Henry, Henries,

the only He of the town.

Where *he* stands for a *noun*, and signifies *man*.

The *infinite* hath a power of declaring and designing uncertain or infinite things ; as

a man, a house.

This *article* *a* answers to the German *ein*, or the French or Italian *articles*, de-

Verbum cum substantive; ut, a puff-check, φυσινάθος. Draw-well, draw-bridge.

Adjectivum cum substantival ut, New-ton, νεατονίς. Handi-craft χειροποισία.

Adverbium cum substantive; ut, down fall.

Adverbium cum participio; ut, up-rising, down-lying.

rived from *one*, not *numeral*, but *præposi-*
tive; as

a house, *ein hause*. Ger,
tine maison. French,
una casa. Italian.

The is put to both numbers, and answers
to the Dutch *article*, *der*, *die*, *das*.

Save that it admits no inflection.

CHAP. X.

OF THE NOUN.

All nouns are words of *number*, singular
or plural.

They are common,
proper,
personal.

And are all substantivi
or
adjective.

Their accidents are
gender, *case*, *declension*.

i. Masculine. Of the genders there are
six. First, the masculine,
which comprehendeth all
males, or what is understood under a
masculine species; as *avngels*, *men*, *stars*: and (by
prosopopœia) the *months*, *-winds*, almost all
the *planets*.

a. Feminine. Second, the feminine,
which compriseth *women*,
and *female species*;
islands, *countries*, *cities*;

and some rivers with us; as
Severn, *Avon*, *Sec*.

3. Neuter. Third, the neuter or
feigned gender: whose no-
tion conceives neither sex:
under which are comprised all *inanimate*
things, a *skip* excepted: of whom we say,
she sails well, though the name be *Her-
cules*, or *Henry*, or the *Prince*. As *Terence*
called his comedy *Eunuchus*, per *vocabu-
lum artis*.

4. Epicene. Fourth, the promiscuous,
or *epicene*, which under-
stands both kinds: espe-
cially, when we cannot make the difference;
as, when we call them *horses*, and *dogs*, in
the *masculine*, though there be *bitches* and
mares amongst them. So *Isfowls*, for the
most part, we use the *feminine*; as of
eagles *hawks*, we say, *she flies well*; and
call them *geese*, *ducks*, and *doves*, which they
fly at.

5. Doubtful Fifth, the common, or
rather doubtful gender, we
use often, and with ele-
gance; as in

cousin, *gossip*, *friend*, *neighbour*, *enemy*,
servant, *thief*, &c., when they may be of
either sex.

The sixth is, the com-
'The common of three mon of three genders; by
which a noun is divided
into *substantive* and *adjective*. For a *sub-
stantive* is a noun of one only gender, or
(at the most) of two: and an *adjective* is a
noun of three genders, being always in-
finite.

CHAP. XI.

OF THE DIMINUTION OF NOUNS,

The common affection of nouns is *dimi-
nution*. A diminutive is a noun noting
the diminution of 'his primitive.

The diminution of substantives hath
these four divers terminations.

El. *part*, *parcel*; *cock*, *cockrel*.

Et. *capon*, *caponet*; *poke*, *pocket*; *baron*,
baronet.

Ock. *hill*, *hillock*; *bull*, *bullock*.

Ing. *goose*, *goslift*; *duck*, *duckling*.

So from the adjective, *dear*, *darling*.

Many diminutives there are, which ra her
be abusions of speech, than any proper
English words. And such for the most
part are *men's* and *women's names*: names
which are spoken in a kind of flattery,
especially amongst familiar friends and
lovers; as

Richard, *Dick*; *William*, *Will*;
Margery, *Madge*; *Mary*, *Mai*.

Diminution of adjectives is in this one
end, *ish*; as

white, *whitish*; *green*, *greenish*.

After which manner certain adjectives of
likeness are also formed from their *sub-
stantives*; as

devil, *devilish*; *thief*, *thievish*;
colt, *coltish*; *elf*, *elvish*.

Some nouns steal the form of *diminn*'
tion, which neither in signification shew it,
nor can derive it from *a primitive*; as
gibbet, *doublet*, *peevish*.

CHAP. XII.

OF COMPARISONS.

These then are the common *a'ctions* 'Qi'
of substantives and adjectives: there follow
certain others not general to them both,
but proper and peculiar to each one. The
proper *a'ction* therefore of adjectives is
comparison: of which, after the *positive*,
there be two degrees reckoned, namely,
the *comparative*, and the *superlative*.

The *comparative* is a degree declared by the *positive* with this adverb *more*; as
wiser, or more wise.

The *superlative* is declared by the *positive*, with this adverb *most*; as
wisest, or most wise.

Both which degrees are formed of the *positive*; the *comparative*, by putting to *er*; the *superlative*, by putting to *,st*, as in these examples:

learned, *learneder*, *learnedest*;
simple, *simpler*, *simplest*;
trew, *trewer*, *trewest*;
black, *blacker*, *blackest*;

From this general rule a few special words are excepted; as

good, *better*, *best*;
ill, *worse*, *worst*;
little, *less*, *least*;
muck, *more*, *most*.

Many words have no comparison; as
reverend, *puissant*;
victorious, *renowned*.

Others have both degrees, but lack the *positive*, as

former, *foremost*.

Some are formed of *adverbs*; as
wisely, *wiselier*, *wiseliest*;
justly, *justlier*, *justliest*.

Certain *comparisons* form out of themselves; as

less, *lesser*;
worse, *worser*.

CHAP. XIII.

OF THE FIRST DECLENSION.

And thus much concerning the *proper affection of adjectives*: the *proper affection of substantives* followeth; and that consisteth in declining.

A *declension* is the *varying of a noun substantive into divers terminations*. Where, besides the *absolute*, there is as it were a *genitive case*, made in the singular number, by putting to *s*.

Of *declensions* there be two kinds: the first maketh the plural of the singular, by adding thereunto *s*; as

tree, *trees*;
thing, *things*;
steeple, *steeples*.

So with *s*, by reason of the near affinity of these two letters, whereof we have spoken before:

park, *parks*; *buck*, *bucks*;
dwarf, *dwarfs*; *path*, *paths*;

And in this first declension, the *genitive*

plural is all one with the *plural absolute*; as

Sing. { *father*,
 fathers, } Plu. { *fathers*,
 fathers.

General Exceptions. Nouns ending in *g*, *s*, *sh*, *g*, and *ch*, in the declining take to the *genitive singular i*, and to the *plural e*; as

Sing. { *Prince*[^],
 Princes[^] } Plu. { *Princes*,
 Princes,

so *rose*, *bush*, *age*, *breech*, &c. which distinctions not observed, brought in first the monstrous syntax of the pronoun *his* joining with a noun betokening a possessor; as the *prince his house*, for the *princes house*.

Many words ending in diphthongs or vowels take neither *i* nor *s*, but only change their *diphthongs* or vowels, retaining their last *consonant*, or one of like force; as

mouse, *mice* or *meece*;
louse, *lice* or *leece*;
goose, *geese*; *foot*, *feet*;
tooth, *teeth*.

Exception of number. Some nouns of the *first declension* lack the *plural*; as

rest, *gold*, *silver*, *bread*,

Others the *singular*; as
riches, *goods*.

Many being in their principal signification *adjectives*, are here declined, and in the plural stand instead of *substantives*; as

other, *others*; *one*, *ones*;
hundred, *hundreds*; *thousand*, *thousands*;
necessary, *necessaries*; and such like,

CHAP. XIV.

OF THE SECOND DECLENSION.

The *second declension* formeth the *plural* from the *singular*, by putting to *n*; which notwithstanding it have not so many nouns as hath the former, yet lacketh not his difficulty, by reason of sundry exceptions, that cannot easily be reduced to one general head: of this former is

oxe, *oxen*; *hose*, *hosen*.

Exceptions. *Man* and *woman*, by a contraction, make *men* and *women*, instead of *manen* and *womanen*. *Cow* makes *kine* or *keene*: *brother*, for *brotheren*, hath *brithren*, and *brethren*: *child* formeth the *plural* by adding *r* besides the root; for we say not *childen*, which, according to the rule given before, is the right formation, but *childem*, because that sound is more pleasant to the ears.

Here the *genitive plural* is made by adding *s* unto the *absolute* ; as

Sing. { *child*, } Plur. { *children*,
 { *childs*, } { *childrens*.

Exceptions from both *declensions*. Some nouns have the *plural* of both *declensions*; as

house, *houses*, and *housen* ;
eye, *eyes*, and *eyen* ;
shoe, *shoes*, and *shoon*.

CHAP. XV.

OF PRONOUNS.

A few irregular *nouns*, varying from the general precepts, are commonly termed *pronouns* ; whereof the first four, instead of the *genitive*, have an *accusative* case; as

I,	Plur.	{	<i>We</i> ,	<i>Thou</i> ,	\	Plur.	{	<i>You</i>
			<i>Us</i> .	<i>Thee</i> ,				<i>or</i>

He, she that all three make in the plural, *they*, *them*.

Four *possessive**: *my*, or *mine*: plural, *our*, *ours*. *Thy*, *thine* : plural, *you*, *yours*. *His*, *hers*, both in the plural making *their*, *theirs*.

As many *demonstratives*: *this*: plural, *these*. *That*: plural, *those*. *Yon*, or *yonder*, same.

Three *interrogates*, whereof one requiring both *genitive* and *accusative*, and taken for a substantive: *who* ? *whose* ? *whom* ? The other two *infinite*, and adjectively used, *what*, *whether*.

Two *articles*, in gender and number infinite, which the Latins lack : *a*, *the*.

One *relative*, *which*: one other signifying a reciprocation, *self*: plural, *selves*.

Composition of *pronouns* is more common;

my-self, *our-selves*.

thy-self, *your-selves*,

him-self,

her-self,

it-self,

Plural, *them-selves*.

This-same, *that-same*, *yon-same**, *yonder-same*, *self-same*,

CHAP. XVI.

OF A VERB.

Hitherto we have declared the whole *etymology* of *nouns*; which in easiness and shortness, is much to be preferred before the Latins and the Grecians. It remaineth with like brevity, if it may be, to prosecute the *etymology* of a *verb*. A *verb* is a word of number, which hath both *time* and *per-*

son. *Time* is the difference of a *verb*, by the *present*, *past*, and *future*, or to *come*. A *verb finite* therefore hath three only *times*, and those always *imperfect*.

The first is *fat present*; as
amo, I love.

The second is the *timptast*; as
antabam, I lovea.

The third is the *future* ; as
Ama, *amato*: love, love.

The other *times* both *imperfect*; as
amem, *amarem*, *amabo**.

And also *perfect* as
amavi, *amaverim*, *amaveram*, *amavissem*, *amavero*, we use to express by a *syntax*, as shall be seen in the proper place.

The *future* is made of the *present*, and is the same always with it.

Of this *future* ariseth a *verb infinite*, keeping the same termination ; as likewise of the *present*, and the *time past*, are formed the *participle present*, by adding of *ing*; as

love, *loving*.

The other is all one with the *time past*.

The *passive* is expressed by a *syntax*, like the *times* going before, as hereafter shall appear.

A *person* is the special difference of a *verbal* number, whereof the *present*, and the *time past*, have in every number three.

The second and third *person singular* of the *present* are made of the first, by adding *est* and *eth* ; which last is sometime shortened into *2* or *s*.

Hie *time fast* is varied, by adding in like manner in the second *person singular* *est*, and making the third like unto the first.

The *future* hath but only *two persons*, the second and third ending both alike.

The *persons plural* keep the termination of the *first person singular*. In former times, till about the reign of King Henry VIII., they were wont to be formed by adding *en*; thus,

loven, *saven*, *complainen*.

But now (whatsoever is the cause) it hath quite grown out of use, and that other so generally prevailed, that I dare not presume to set this afoot again: albeit (to tell you my opinion) I am persuaded that the lack hereof well considered will be found a great blemish to our tongue. For seeing *time* and *person* be, as it were, the right and left-hand of a *verb*, what can the maiming bring else, but a lameness to the whole body?

And by reason of these two differences, a verb is divided two manner of ways.

First, in respect of *persons*, it is called *personal*, or *impersonal*.

Personal, which is varied by three persons; as

love, loyest, loveth.

Impersonal, which only hath the third person; as

behoveth' irketh.

Secondly, in consideration of the *times*, we term it *active*, or *neuter*.

Active' whosa participle past may be joined with the verb *am* ; as

' am loved, thou art hated.

Neuter, which cannot be coupled ; as

pertain, die, live.

This therefore is the general forming of a verb, which must to every special one hereafter be applied.

CHAP. XVII.

OF THE FIRST CONJUGATION.

The varying of a verb by persons And times, both *finite* and *infinite*, is termed a *conjugation* : whereof there be two sorts. The first fetcheth the *time past* from the *present*, by adding *ed*; and is thus varied :

Pr. *love, lovest, loveth.* Pl. *love, love, love.*

Pa. *loved, loved'st, loved.* Pl. *loved, loved, loved.*

Fu. *love, love.* Pl. *love, love'*

Inf. *love.*

Part. pr. *loving'*

Part. past, *loved.*

Verbs are oftentimes shortened ; as

sayest, sest; would, woud ;

should, shoud: holpe, hope;

But this is more common in the leaving cutoff, ' as

loved'st, fat lovedest;

ruVd' rubbed; took'st, tookest.

Exception of the *time past*, for *ed*, have *dot t*; as

licked, lickt; leaved, left;

gaped, gap't; blushed' blush't.

Some verbs ending in *d*, for avoiding the concourse of too many consonants, do cast it away; as

lend, lent; spend' spent; gird, girt.

Make, by a rare contraction, is here turned into *made*. Many verbs in the *time past* vary not at all from the *present*; such are *cast, hurt' cost, burst, &c.*

CHAP. XVIII.

OF THE SECOND CONJUGATION.

And so much for the, rrf conjugation

being indeed the most usual forming of a verb, and thereby also the common inn to lodge every strange and foreign guest. That which followeth, for anything I can find (though I have with some diligence searched after it), entertaineth none but natural and home-born words, which though in number they be not many, a hundred and twenty, or thereabouts; yet in variation are so divers and uncertain, that they need much the stamp of some good *logic* to beat them into proportion.

We have set down that, that in our judgment agreeth best with reason and good order. Which notwithstanding, if it seem to any to be too rough hewed, let him plane it out more smoothly, and I shall not only not envy it, but, in the behalf of my country, most heartily thank him for so great a benefit; hoping that I shall be thought sufficiently to have done my Jart, if in towling this bell, I may draw others to a deeper consideration of the matter: for, touching myself, I must needs confess, that after much painful churning, this only would come, which here we have devised.

The *second conjugation* therefore tumeth the *present* into the *time past* by the only change of his letters, namely, of vowels alone, or consonants also.

Verbs changing vowels only, have no certain termination of the *participle past*, but derive it as well from the *present*, as the *time past*: and that other-while differing from either, as the examples following do declare.

The change of vowels is, either of *simple* vowels, or of *diphthongs*; whereof the first goeth by the order of vowels, which we also will observe.

An *a* is turned into *oo*.

Pres. *shake, shakest' shaketh.* Pl. *shake, shake' shake.*

Past, *shook, shookest' shook.* Pl. *shook' shook' shook.*

Fut. *shake, shake.* Pl. *shake, shake.*

Inf. *shake.*

Part. pre. *shaking.*

Part. pa. *shaken.*

This form do the verbs *take, wake, forsake'* and *hang* follow; but *hang* in the *time past* maketh *hung'* not *hangan*.

Hereof the verb *am* is a special exception, being thus varied:

Pr. *am' art' is.* PL *arc' are' 'res* or *be, be, be'* of the unused word *be, foist, beth*, in the singular.

Past was, wast' was; or, were, wert, were. PL *were, wen, wen,*

Fut. *be, be.* Plur. *be, be.*

Inf. *be.*

Part. pr. *being.*

Part. past. *been.*

Ea maketh, first, *e* short:

Pr. *lead.* Past. *led.* Part. pa. *led.*

The rest of the *times* and *persons*, both singular and plural, in this and the other verbs that follow, because they jump with the former examples and rules in every point, we have chosen rather to omit, than to thrust in needless words.

Such are the verbs, *eat, beat* (both making participles past; besides *tf* and *bet*, or *eaten* and *beaten*), *spread, shead, dread, sweat, shread, tread.*

Then *a*, or *o*, indifferently:

Pr. *break.*

Past. *brake, or broke.*

Par. pa. *broke, or broken.*

Hither belong, *speak, swear, tear, cleave, wear, steal, bear, shear, weave.* So *get*, and *help*; but *holpe* is seldom used, save with the poets.

* is changed into *a*.

Pr. *give.*

Past. *gave.*

Par. pa. *given.*

So *bid*, and *wt*.

And here sometimes * is turned into *a* and *o* both.

Pr. *win.*

Past. *wan, or won.*

Par. pa. *won.*

Of this sort *wet fling, ring, wring, sing, sting, stick, spin, strick, drink, sink, spring, begin, stink, shrink, swing, swim.*

Secondly, long *[ee]* into *e*.

Pr. *reede.*

Past. *read.*

Par. pa. *read.*

Also *eed, meet, breed, bleed, speed.*

Then into *o*; as

Pr. *seetfi.*

Past. *sod.*

Par. pa. *sod, or soden.*

Lastly, into *aw*; as

Pr. *see.*

Past. *saw.*

Par. pa. *seen.*

O hath *a*

Pr. *come,*

Past. *came,*

Par. pa. *come.*

And here it may besides keep its proper vowel.

Pr. *run.*

Past. *ran, or run.*

Par. pa. *run.*

oo maketh *o*.

Pr. *choose,*

Past. *chose,*

Par. pa. *chosen.*

And one more, *shoot, shof* In the participle past, *shot, or shorten.*

Some pronounce the verbs by the diphthong *ew, chewse, shewt*; and that is Scottish-like.

CHAP. XIX.

OF THE THIRD CONJUGATION.

The change of diphthongs is of *ay, y, aw*, and *ow*: all which are changed into *ew*.

ay. { Pr. *slay,*
Past. *slew,*
Par. pa. *slain.*

y > { Pr. *fly,*
Past. *flew.*
Par. pa. *flyne or flown.*

aw. { Pr. *draw.*
Past. *drew.*
Par. pa. *drawn.*

ow. { Pr. *know.*
Past. *knew.*
Par. pa. *knoivn.*

This form cometh oftener than the three former; as *snow, grow, throw, blow, crow.*

Secondly, *y* is particularly turned sometimes into the vowels *i* and *o*.

i. { Pr. *byte.*
Past. *bit.*
Par. pa. *bit, or bitten,*

Likewise, *hyae, quyte, chyde, stryde, sfyae.*

o. { Pr. *hyght.*
Past. *hoght.*
Par. pa. *hoght.*

So *shine, strive, thrive.*

And as *y* severally frameth either *e* or *o*; so may it jointly have them both.

Pr. *ryse.*
Past. *rise, or rose.*
Par. pa. *rise, or risen.*

To this kind pertain, *smyte, wryte, byde, ryde, clymb, dryve, clyve.*

Sometimes into the diphthong *ay* and *ou*; as

ay. { Pr. *lye.*
Past. *lay.*
Par. pa. *lien, or lain.*

ou. { Pr. *fynd.*
Past. *found.*
Par. pa. *found.*

So *bynd, grynd, wynd, fyght.*

Last of all. *aw* and *ow* do both make *e*.

e. { Pr. *fall,*
Past. *fell,*
Par. pa. *fallen.*

Such is the verb *fraught*; which Chaucer, in the *Man of Law's Tale*:
This merchants have done, freight their shifts new.

o. { Pr. *hold,*
 Past. *held,*
 Par. pa. *held or holden.*

Exceptions of the *time past*.

Some that are of the *first conjugation* only, have in the *participle past*, besides their own, the form of the second, and the third; as

hew, hewed, and hewn,
mow, mowed, and mowen.
load, loaded, and loaden.

CHAP. XX.

OF THE FOURTH CONJUGATION.

Verbs that convey the *time past* for the *present*, by the change both of vowels and consonants, following the terminations of the *first conjugation*, end in *d*, or *t*.

Pr. *stand,*
 Pa. *stood.*

Such are these words,

Pr. *wolle, wolt, wollc.*
 Pa. *wold or would, wouldest,*
would,

Fut. *wolle, wall.*

The *infinite times* are not used.

Pr. { *can, canst, can.*
 Pa. { *colde* or could,*
 Fut. { *shall, sholt, sholl.*
 Pa. { *sholde or should.*

The other *times* of either verb are lacking.

Pr. { *hear,*
 Pa. { *heard,*
 Pr. { *sell,*
 Pa. { *sold.*

So *tell, told.*

Of the other sort are these, and such like.

Pr. { *feel,*
 Pa. { *felt.*

So *creep, sleep, weep, keep, sweep, mean.*

Pr. { *teach.*
 Pa. { *taught.*

To this form belong *think, retch, seek, reach, catch, bring, work*; and *buy* and *owe*, which make *bought* and *ought*.

Pr. { *dare, darest, dare,*
 Pa. { *durst, durst, durst,*
 Pr. { *may, mayst, may.*
 Pa. { *might, mightest, might.*

These two verbs want the other *times*.

* An old English word, for which now we commonly use *shall*, or *shawll*.

A general exception from the former conjugations. Certain verbs have the form of either conjugation; as

hang, hanged, and hung.

So *cleave, shear, sting, climb, catch, &c*

CHAP. XXI.

OF ADVERBS.

Thus much shall suffice for the *etymology* of words that have number, both in a *noun* and a *verb*: whereof the former is but short and easy; the other longer, and wrapped with a great deal more difficulty. Let us now proceed to the *etymology* of words without number.

A word without number is that which without his principal signification noteth not any number. Whereof there be two kinds, an *adverb* and a *conjunction*.

An *adverb* is a word without number that is joined to another word; as

well learned,
he fighteth valiantly,
he disputeth very subtly.

So that an *adverb* is as it were an *adjective* of *nouns, verbs, yea, and adverbs* also themselves.

Adverbs are either of *quantity* or *quality*. Of *quantity*; as

enough, too-much, altogether.

Adverbs of quality be of divers sorts: First, of *number*; as *once, twice, thrice*. Secondly, of *time*; as *to-day, yesterday, then, by and by, ever, when*.

Thirdly of *place*; as *here, there, where, yonder*.

Fourthly, in *affirmation*, or *negation*; as

7, or ay, yes, indeed, no, not, nay.

Fifthly, in *wishing, calling, and exhorting*:

Wishing; as *O, if*.

Calling; as *ho, sirrah.*

Exhorting; as *so, so; there, there.*

Sixthly, in *similitude* and *likeness*; as *so, even so, likewise, even as.*

To this place pertain all *adverbs of quality* whatsoever, being formed from *nouns*, for the most part, by adding *ly* • as *just, justly; true, truly; strong, strongly; name, namely.*

Here also *adjectives*, as *well positive* as *compared*, stand for *adverbs*:

When he least weeneth, soonest shall he fall.

Interjections, commonly so termed, are in *right adverbs*, and therefore may justly

lay title to this room. Such are these that follow, with their like ; as

ah, alas, woe, fie, tush, ha, ha, he.

st, a note of silence: *Rr*, that serveth to set dogs together by the ears : *hrr* to chase birds away.

Prepositions are also a peculiar kind of *adverts*, and ought to be referred hither. *Prepositions* are *separable* or *inseparable*.

Separable, are for the most part of time &&& place; as

among, according, without, afore, after, before, behind, under, upon, beneath, over, against, besides, near.

Inseparable prepositions are they which signify nothing, if they be not compounded with some other word ; as

re, 'n, in release, unlearned.

CHAP. XXII.

OF CONJUNCTIONS.

A *conjunction* is a word without number, knitting divers speeches together : and is *declaring*, or *reasoning*. *Declaring*, which uttereth the parts of a sentence : and that again is *gathering*, or *separating*. *Gathering*, whereby the parts are affirmed to be true together : which is *coupling* or *con-*

ditioning. *Coupling*, when the parts are severally affirmed ; as

and, also, neither.

Conditioning, by which the part following dependeth, as true, upon the part going before ; as

if, unless, except.

A *separating conjunction* is that whereby the parts (as being not true together) are separated; and is

severing,

or

sundring.

Severing, when the parts are separated only in a certain respect or reason ; as

but, although, notwithstanding.

Sundring, when the parts are separated indeed, and truly, so as more than one cannot be true ; as

either, whether, or.

Reasoning conjunctions are those which conclude one of the parts by the other; whereof some render a reason, and some do infer.

Rendering are such as yield the cause of a thing going before ; as

for, because.

Infering, by which a thing that cometh after is concluded by the former; as

therefore, wherefore, so that, insomuch that.



The Second Book of the English Grammar.

OF SYNTAX.

CHAP. I. OF APOSTROPHUS.

As yet we have handled *etymology*, and all the parts thereof, Let us come to the consideration of the *syntax*.

Syntax is the second part of *grammar*, that teacheth the construction of words; 'whereunto *apostrophus*,' an affection of words coupled and joined together, doth belong.

Apostrophus is the rejecting of a vowel from the beginning or ending of a word. The note whereof, though it many times, through the negligence of writers and printers, is quite omitted, yet by right should, and of the learner sort hath his sign and mark, which is such a semi-circle (') placed in the top.

In the end a vowel may be cast away, when the word next following beginneth with another; as,

*TK outward man decayeth ;
So th' inward man getteth strength.
,," utter such words of pure love, and
friendship,*

*What then may we look for' ify' once
begin to hat' f*

Gower, lib. i. de Confess. Amant,
*If thou' rt of his company tell forth, my
son,
It is tim' f awatofrom sleep.*

Vowels suffer also this *apostrophus* before the consonant A.

Chaucer, in the 3rd book of Troilus.
*For of fortunes sharp adversitie,
The worst kind of infortune is this :
A man f have been in prosperite,
And it to remember when it passed is.*

The first kind then is common with the Greeks; but that which followeth,

* The Latins and Hebrews have none.

Is proper to us, which though it be not of any, that I know, either in writing or printing, usually expressed : yet considering that in our common speech nothing is more familiar (upon the which all precepts are grounded, and to the which they ought to be referred) who can justly blame me, if, as near as I can, I follow nature's call.

This rejecting, therefore, is both in vowels and consonants going before:

*There is no fire, there is no sparke,
There is no dore, which may charke.*
Gower, lib. iv.

*Who answered, that he was not privy
to it, and in excuse seem'd to be very
sore displeased with the matter, that
his men of war had done it, without
his commandment or consent.*

CHAP. II. OF THE SYNTAX ON ONE NOUN WITH ANOTHER.

Syntax appertained, both to words of number, and without number, where the want and superfluity of any part of speech are two general and common exceptions. Of the former kind of *syntax* is that of a noun, and verb.

The *syntax* of a noun, with a noun, is in number and gender; as

*Esau could not obtain his father's
blessing, though he sought it with
tears.*

*Jezabel was a wicked woman, far she
slew the Lord's prophets.*

*An idol is no God, for it is made with
hands.*

In all these examples you see *Esau* and *he*, *Jezabel* and *she*, *idol*, and *it*, do agree in the singular number. The first example also in *the masculine gender*, the second in

the *feminine*, the third in the *neuter*. And in this construction (as also throughout the whole English *syntax*) order and the placing of words is one special thing to be observed. So that when a substantive and an adjective are immediately joined together, the adjective must go before ; as

Plato shut poets out of his common-wealth, as effeminate writers, unprofitable members and enemies to virtue.

When two substantives come together, whereof one is the name of a possessor, the other of a thing possessed, then hath the name of a possessor the former place, and that in the *genitive* :

All man's righteousness is like a defiled cloth.

Gower, lib. i:
An owlfieth by night,
Out of all other birds' sight.

But if the thing possessed go before, then doth the preposition ycome between :

Ignorance is the mother of Error.

Gower, lib.
So that itproveth well therefore
The strength of man is sone lore.

Which preposition may be coupled with the thing possessed, being in the *genitive*.

Nort. in Arsan.

A road made into Scanderbech's country by the Duke of Mysia's men: for, the Duke's men of Mysia.

Here the *absolute* serveth sometimes instead of a *genitive* :

All trouble is light, which is endured for righteousness sake.

Otherwise two substantives are joined together by apposition.

Sir Thomas More, in King Richard's story :

George, Duke of Clarence, was a prince at all points fortunate.

Where if both be the names of possessors; the latter shall be in the *genitive*.

Foxe, in the ad volume of Acts and Monuments :

King Henry the Eight, married with the Lady Katherine his brother, Prince Arthur's wife.

The general exceptions:
The *substantive* is often lacking.

Sometime without small things, greater cannot stand. Sir Thomas More.

[The verb is also often wanting :]

Chaucer:

For some folk wol be won for riches,
And some folk for strokes and some
folk for gentleness :

Likewise the adjective :

It is hard in prosperity to preserve true religion, true godliness, and true humility.

Lidgate, lib. 8, speaking of Constantine,
That whilome had the divination
As chief monarch, chief prince, and
chief president
Over all the world, from east to Occident.

But the more notable lack of the *adjectives* is in the want of the *relative*;

In the things which we least mistrust,
the greatest danger doth often lurk.

Gower, lib. 2:

Forthy the wise men ne demen
The things after that there they semen;
But, after that, which they know, and
find.

Psal. 118, 22. The stone the builders refused: for, which the builders refused.

And here, besides the common wanting of a substantive, whereof we spake before: there is another more special, and proper to the *absolute*, and the *genitive*.

Chaucer, in the 3d book of Fame.

This is the mother of tidings.
As the sea is mother of wells, and is
mother of springs.

Rebecca clothed Jacob with garments of his brothers.

Superfluity also of nouns is much used:

Sir Thomas More: Whose death King Edward (although he com' manded it) when he wist it was done, pitiously bewailed it, and sorrowfully repented it.

Chaucer, in his Prologue to the Man of Law's Tale:

Such law, as a man yeveth another wight,
He should himself use it by right.

' In Greek and Latin this want were allowable; the Hebrews notwithstanding use it

Gower, lib. i :

*For, whoso woll another blame,
He seeketh oft his owne shame.*

Special exceptions, and first of number.
Two singulars are put for one plural :

*All authority and custom of "men, ex-
alted against the word of God, must
yield themselves prisoners.*

Gower:

*In thine aspect are all a litch,
The poor man, and eke the rich.*

The second person plural is for reve-
rence sake to one singular thing :

Gower, lib. i :

*O good father deare,
Why make ye this heavy cheare.*

Where also after a verb plural, the sin-
gular of the noun is retained :

*' know you are a discreet and faithful
man, and therefore am come to ask
your advice.*

Exceptions of *Genders*.

The articles *he* and *it*, are used in each
other's *gender*.

Sir Thomas More: *The south wind some-
time swelleth of himself before a tem-
pest.*

Gower, of the Earth :

*And for thy men it delve, and ditch,
And earen it, with strength of plough:
Where it hath of himself enough
So that his need is least.*

,'also followeth for the feminine: Gower,
lib. 4:

*He swore it should nought be let,
That, if she have a daughter bore'
That it ne should beforelore.*

CHAP. III.

OF THE SYNTAX OF A PRONOUN WITH A NOUN.

The articles *a* and *the* are joined to sub-
stantives common, never to proper names
of men.

William Lambert in the Perambulation
of Kent:

*The cause only, and not the death maketh
martyr.*

Yet, with a proper name used by a me-
taphor, or borrowed manner of speech,
both articles may be coupled :

Who avoucheik the manifest and
VOL.ro.

*knoinv truth, ought not therefore to be
called a Goliath, that is a monster, and
impudent fellow, as he was.*

Jewel against Harding:

*You have adventured yourself to be the
noble David to tonquer this giant,*

Nort. in Arsan.

*And if ever it were necessary, now it
is, when many an Athanasius, many
an Atticus, many a noble prince, and
godly personage lieth prostrate at
your feet for succour.*

Where this metaphor is expounded. So,
when the proper name is used to note
one's parentage, which kind of nouns the
grammarians call patronymics :

Nort. in Gabriel's Oration to Scander-
bech:

*For you know well enough the wiles of
the Ottomans.*

*Perkin Warbeck, a stranger born,
feigned himself to be a Planfagenet.*

When a substantive and an adjective are
joined together, these articles are put be-
fore the adjective:

A good conscience is a continual feast.

Gower, lib. i.

*For false semblant hath evermore
Of his counsel in company,
The dark untrue hypocrisy.*

Which construction in the article *a*, not-
withstanding, some adjectives will not ad-
mit:

Sir Tho. More:

*Such a serpent is ambition, and desire
of vain-glory.*

Chaucer:

*Under a shepherd false, and negligent,
The wolfe hath many a sheep and lamb
to rent.*

Moreover both these articles are joined
to any cases of the Latins, the vocative only
excepted : as,

*A man saith. The strength of a man.
I sent to a man. I hurt a man.
I was sued by a man.*

Likewise, The apostle testifieth: the zeal
of the apostle: give ear to the apostle:
follow the apostle: depart not from the
apostle.

So that in these two pronouns, the whole
construction almost of the Latins is con-
tained. The agreeeth to any number; *a*
only to the singular, save when it is joined

with those adjectives which do of necessity require a plural:

The conscience is a thousand witnesses.

Lidgate, lib. i:

*Though for a season they sit in high
cheers,
Their fame shall fade within a few
years.*

A goeth before words beginning "ith consonants; and before all vowels (*diphthongs*, whose first letter is *y* or *w*, excepted) it is turned into *an*:

Sir Thomas More :

*For men use to write an evil turn in
marble stone; but a good turn they
write in the d-ist.*

Gower, lib. r:

*For all shall die; and all shall pass
As was a lion as an ass.*

So may it be also before *h*.

Sir Thomas More:

*What mischief worketh the proud enter-
prise of oil high heart?*

A hath also the force of governing before a noun:

Sir Thomas More:

*And the protector had layd to her for
manner sake, that she was a counsell
with the Lord Hastings to destroy
him.*

Chaucer, 2nd book of *Troilus* :

*And on his way fast homeward he sped,
And Troilus he found alone in bed.*

Likewise before the participle present, *a*, *an*, have the force of a *gerund*.

Nort. in *Arsan*:

*But there is some great tempest a brew-
ing towards us.*

Lidgate, lib. 7:

*The king was slain, and ye did absent,
In a forest an hunting, when thai he
went,*

The article *the*, joined with the adjective of a noun proper, may follow after the substantive;

Chaucer:

*There chanticleer the fair
Was wont, and eke his wives to repair.*

Otherwise it varieth from the common tale. Again, this article by a *synecdoche* doth restrain a general and common name to some certain and special one:

Gower, in his Prologue:

*The Apostle writeth unto us all,
And saith, that upon us is fall
TK end of the world :*

for Paul. So by the philosopher, Aristotle; by the poet, among the Grecians, Homer; with the Latins, Virgil, is understood.

This and that being demonstratives; and what the interrogative, are taken for sub-
stantives:

Sir John Cheeke, in his Oration to the Rebels:

*Ye rise for religion: what religion
taught you that?*

Chaucer, in the *Reve's Tale* :

And this is very sooth, as I you tell.

Ascham, in his discourse of the affairs of Germany:

*A -wonderful folly in a great man
himself, and some piece of misery in
a whole commonwealth, where fools
chiefly and flatterers, may speak
freely what they will; and good men
shall commonly be shent, if they speak
what they should.*

What, also for an adverb of partition .*

Lambert:

*But new, in our memory, what by the
decay of the haven, and what by
overthrow of religious houses, and
loss of Calice, it is brought in a
mariner to miserable nakedness and
decay.*

Chaucer, 3rd book of *Troilus* :

*Then wot I well, she might never fail
Forto been hoipen, what at your instance,,
What at ymtr other friends governance.*

That is used for a relative:

Sir John Cheek:

*Sedition is an aposteam, which, when
it breaketh inwardly, putteth the
state in great danger of recovery;
and corrupteth the whole common-
wealth with the rotten fury, that
hath putrified with. For, with
which.*

They, and those, are sometimes taken, as it were, for articles:

Fox, and volume of Acts, &c

*That no kind of disquittness should be
procured against them of Bdrl and
Zurick,*

* In the other tongues, *quid* have not the force of partition, nor *illud*, *c*, *cuius*, of a relative.

Gower, lib. 2:

*My brother hath US all sold
To them of Rome.*

The pronoun, *these*, hath a rare use, being taken for an adjective of similitude: '*is neither the part of an honest man to tell these tales; nor of a wise man to receive them.*'

Lidgate, lib. 5:

*Lo, how these princes proud and vetchless,
Have shameful ends which cannot live
in peace.*

Him, and *them*, be used reciprocally for the compounds, *himself*, *themselves*.

Fox: *The garrison desired that they might depart with bag and baggage.*

Chaucer, in the Squire's Tale:

*So deep in grain he dyed his colours,
Right as a serpent hideth him under
flowers.*

His, *their*, and *theirs*, have also a strange use; that is to say, being *possessive*, they serve instead of primitives:

Chaucer:

*And shortly so far forth this thing went,
That my will was his will's instrument.*

Which in Latin were a solecism: for there we should not say, *SUæ voluntatis*, but *voluntatis ipsius*.

Pronouns have not the articles, *a* and *the* going before; *which*, the *relative*, *self*, and *same* only excepted: *The same lewd cancred carle practiseth nothing, but how he may overcome and oppress the faith of Christ, for the which, you, as you know, have determined to labour and travel continually.*

The *possessives*, *my*, *thy*, *our*, *your*, and *their*, go before words; as *my land*, *thy goods*; and so in the rest: *mine*, *thine*, *ours*, *yours*, *hers*, and *theirs* follow as it were in the *genitive* case; as, *these lands are mine*, *thine*, &c.

His doth infinitely go before, or follow after: as, *his house is a fair one*; and, *this house is his*.

Chaucer:

*And he was wise, hardy secret, and rich,
Of these three points, nas none Mm lych.*

Certain adjectives include a *partition*; *From the head doth life and motion flow to the rest of the members.*

The comparative agreeth to the parts compared, by adding this *preposition*, *than*:

Chaucer, 3rd book of Fame:

*What did this Æolus, but he
Took out his black trump of brass,
That blacker than the diuel WAS.*

The superlative is joined to the parts compared by this *preposition* of.

Gower, lib. i:

*Pride is of every miss the prick;
Pride is the worst vice of all wick.*

Jewel:

The friendship of truth is best of all.

Oftentimes both degrees are expressed by these two adverbs, *more*, and *most*: as *more excellent*, *most excellent*. Whereof the latter seemeth to have his proper place in those that are spoken in a certain kind of excellency, but yet without comparison: *Hector was a most valiant man*; that is, *interfortissimos*.

Furthermore, these adverbs, *more* and *most*, are added to the comparative and superlative degrees themselves, which should be before the positive:

Sir Thomas More:

Forasmuch as she saw the cardinal more readier to depart than the remnant; for not only the high dignity of the civil magistrate, but the most basest handicrafts are holy, when they are directed to the honour of God.

And this is a certain kind of English Atticism, or eloquent phrase of speech, imitating the manner of the most ancientest and finest Grecians, who, for more *emphasis* and vehemencies sake, used so to speak.

Positives are also joined with the *preposition of*, like the superlative:

CHAP. IV.

OF THE SYNTAX OF ADJECTIVES.

Adjectives of quality are coupled with *pronouns* accusative cases.

'The Latins comparative overneth an ablative; their superlative a genitive plural. The Greeks both comparative and superlative hath a genitive; but la neither tongue is a sign going between.

Elias was the only man of all the prophets that was left alive.

Gower, lib. 4:

*The first point of sloth I call
Lachesse, and is the chief of all.*

CHAP. V.

OF THE SYNTAX OF A VERB WITH A NOUN.

Hitherto we have declared the syntax of a noun: the syntax of a verb followeth, being either of a verb with a noun, or of one verb with another.

The syntax of a verb with a noun is in number and person; as

I am content. You are mis-informed.

Chaucer's 2nd book of Fame:

*For, as flame is but lighted smoke;
Right so is sound ayr ybroke.*

I, myself, and ourselves, agree unto the first person: *thou, you, ye, thyself, yourselves*, the second: all other nouns and pronouns (that are of any person) to the third. Again, *I, we, thou, he, she, they, who*, do ever govern; unless it be in the verb *am*, that requireth the like case after it as is before it. *Me, us, thee, her, them, him, whom*, are governed of the verb. The rest, which are absolute, may either govern, or be governed.

A verb impersonal in Latin is here expressed by an English impersonal, with this article *it* going before; as oportet, it behoveth; decet, it becometh. General exceptions:

The person governing is oft understood by that went before: *True religion glorieth them that honour it; and I a target unto them that are a buckler unto it*,

Chaucer:

Womens counsels brought us first to woe,

And made Adam from Paradise to go.

But this is more notable, and also more common in the future; wherein for the most part we never express any person, not so much as at the first:

Fear God. Honour the king.

Likewise the verb is understood by some other going before:

Nort. in Arsan.

*When the danger is most great, natural strength most feeble, and divine aid most needful**

Certain pronouns, governed of the verb, do here abound.

Sir Thomas More:

And this I say although they were not abused, as now they be, and so long have been, that I fear me ever they will be.

Chaucer, 3rd book of Fame:

*And as I wondred me, ywis
Upon this house.*

Idem in Thisbe:

*Sheristher up with a full dreary heart:
And in cave with dreadful fate she start.*

Special exceptions.

Nouns signifying a multitude, though they be of the singular number, require a verb plural.

Lidgate, lib. 2:

*And wise men rehearsen in sentence
Wherefolk be drunken, there is no resistance.*

This exception is in other nouns also very common; especially when the verb is joined to an adverb or conjunction: *// is preposterous to execute a man, before he have been condemned.*

Gower, lib. i:

*Although a man be wise himselfe,
Yet is the wisdom more of twelve.*

Chaucer:

*Therefore I readdy this counsel take,
Forsake sin, ere sin you forsake.*

In this exception of number, the verb sometime agreeth not with the governing noun of the plural number, as it should, but with the noun governed: as *Riches is a thing oft-times more hurtful than profitable to the owners*. After which manner the Latins also speak: *Omnia pontus erat*. The other special exception is not in use.*

CHAP. VI.

OF THE SYNTAX OF A VERB WITH A VERB.

When two verbs meet together, whereof one is governed by the other, the latter is put in the infinite, and that with this sign *to*, coming between; as, *Good men ought to join together in good things.*

* Which notwithstanding the Hebrews use very strangely: *Kullain tazubu uboina*, Job xvii. 10. All they return ye and come now.

But *will, do, may, can, shall, dare* (when it is in transitive), *must* and *let*, when it signifieth a sufferance, receive not the sign.

Gower:

To God no man may be fellow.

This sign set before an *infinite*, not governed of a *verb*, changeth it into the nature of a noun.

Nort. in Arsan.

To win is the benefit of fortune: but to keep is the power of wisdom.

General exceptions.

The verb governing is understood:

Nort. in Arsan:

For if the head, which is the life and stay of the body, betray the members, must not the members also needs betray one another; and so the whole body and head go altogether to utter wreck and destruction f

The other general exception is wanting.*

The special exception. Two verbs, *have* and *am*, require always a participle *past* without any sign: as, 'am pleased; thou art hated. Save when they import a necessity or conveniency of doing anything: in which case they are very eloquently joined to the *infinite*,† the sign coming between:

By the example of Herod, all princes are to take heed how they give ear to flatterers.

Lidgate, lib. i:

Truth and falseness in what they have done,

May no while assemble in one per son.

And here those *times* which in *etymology* we remembered to be wanting, are set forth by the *syntax* of verbs joined together. The *syntax* of *imperfect times* in this manner.

The presents by the *infinite*, and the verb, *may, or can*; as for *amem, amarem*; 'may love, I might love. And again; 'can love, I could love.

1" & futures are declared by the *infinite*, and the verb *shall, or will*; as *amabo, I shall or will love*.

Amavero addeth thereunto *have*, taking the nature of two divers *times*; that is, of the *uture* and the *time past*.

I shall have loved: or
' will have loved.

The *perfect times* are expressed by the verb *have*; as

amavi, amaveram.

I have loved, I had loved.

Amaverim, and amavissem add *might* unto the former verb; as

' might have loved.

The *infinite past* is also made by adding *have*; as

amavisse, to have loved.

Verbs *passive* are made of the participle *past*, and *am* the verb; *amor* and *amabar*, by the only putting to of the verb; as

amor, 'am loved;

amabar, I was loved'

Amer and *amarer* have it governed of the verb *may* or *can*; as

Amer, I may be loved; or 7 can be loved.

Amarer, I might be loved; or ' could be loved.

In *amabor* it is governed of *shall, or will*; as

I shall, or will be loved.

CHAP. VII.

OF THE SYNTAX OF ADVERBS.

This therefore is the *syntax* of words, having *number*; there remaineth that of words without *number*, which standeth in *adverbs* or *conjunctions*. *Adverbs* are taken one for the other; that is to say, *adverbs* of likeness, for *adverbs* of time; As he spake those words, he gave up the ghost.

Gower, lib. i:

Anone, as he was meek and tame,

He found towards his God the same.

The like is to be seen in *adverbs* of time and *place*, used in each others stead, as among the Latins and the Grecians.

Nort. in Arsan.

Let us not be ashamed to follow the counsel and example of our enemies, where it may do us good.

Adverbs stand instead of *relatives*:

Lidgate, lib. i:

And little worth is fairness in certain
In a person, where no virtue is seen.

* So in the Greek and Latin, but in Hebrew this exception is often, *Esai.* vi. 9; which Hebraism the New Testament is wont to retain by turning the Hebrew *infinite* either into a

verbal) ἀκούσας, *Matth.* xiii. 14; or participle, ἰδὼν εἰδὼν, *Act.* vii. 34.

† A phrase proper unto our tongue, save that the Hebrews seem to have the former. *Job* xx, 23. When he is to fill his belly.

Nort. to the northern rebels :
*Few women storm against the marriage
 of priests, but such as have been
 priests harlots i or fain would be'*

Chaucer in his ballad :
*But great God disposeth,
 And maketh casual by his providence
 Such things as frail man purposeth.
 For those things, which.*

Certain *adverbs* in the syntax of a substantive and an adjective meeting together, cause *a*, the article, to follow the adjective.

Sir Tohn Cheek:
*O! with what spite was sundred so
 noble a body from so godly a mind.*

Jewel:
*It is too light a labour to strive for
 names.*

Chaucer:
*Thou art at ease, and hold thee well
 therein.
 As great a praise is to keep well, as
 win.*

Adjectives compared, when they are used *adverbially*, may have the article *the* going before.

Jewel:
*The more enlarged is your liberty' the
 less cause have you to complain.*

Adverbs are wanting.

Sir Thomas More:
*And how far be they off that would help,
 as God send grace, they hurt not; for,
 that they hurt not.*

Oftentimes they are used without any necessity, for greater vehemency sake; as, *then—afterward; again, once more.*

Gower:
*He saw also the bowes spread
 Above all earth, in which wert
 The kind of all birds there.*

Prepositions are joined with the accusative cases of pronouns.†

Sir Thomas More:
*I exhort and require you, for the love
 that you have borne to me, and for the*

*love that I have borne to you, and for
 the love that our Lord beareth to us
 all.*

Gower, lib. 1:
*For Lucifer, with they that fell,
 Bare pride with him into hell.*

They may also be coupled with the possessive': mine, thine, ours, yours, his, hers, theirs.

Nort. to the rebels :
*Think you her majesty, and the wisest
 of the realm, have no care of their
 own souls, that have charge both of
 their own and yours ?*

These *prepositions* follow ‡ sometimes the nouns they are coupled with: *God hath made princes their subjects guides, to direct them in the way, which they have to walk in.*

But *ward*, or *wards*; and *toward*, or *towards*, have the same syntax that *versus* and *adversus* have with the Latins; that is, the latter coming after the noun, which it governeth, and the other contrarily.

Nort. in Paul Angel's Oration to Scanderbech:

*For his heart being unclean to God-ward, and spiteful towards men,
 doth always imagine mischief,*

Lidgate, lib. 7:
*And south-ward runneth to Caucasus,
 And folk 'Scythie, that bene laborious.*

Now as before in two articles *a* and *the*, the whole construction of the Latins was contained; so their whole rection is by *prepositions* near-hand declared; where the preposition of hath the force of the genitive, *to* of the dative; *from, of, in, by*, and such like of the ablative; as, *the praise of God. Be thankful to God. Take the cock of the hoop. I was saved from you, by you, 'nyourhouse.*

Prepositions matched with the participle present, supply the place of *gerunds*; as in *loving, of loving, by loving, with loving, from loving, &c.*

Prepositions do also govern *adverbs*.§

* The Greek article is set before the positive also; Theocrit. i. y. *Τὸν, εἰς τὸ καλὸν τοῦ λαοῦ.*

† In Greek and Latin they are coupled; one with one oblique case, some with another.

‡ The Hebrews set them always before.

§ The like nature in Greek and Hebrew have *prepositions* matched with the infinite, at *τὸ ἀγαθόν.*

U This in Hebrew is very common: *from new*, that is, from this time; whence proceed those Hebraisms in the *New Testament*, *ἀπὸ τότε, ἀπὸ τοῦ νῦν,*

Lidgate, lib. 9:

Sent from above, as she did understand.

General exceptions: divers prepositions are very often wanting, whereof it shall be sufficient to give a taste in those that above the rest are most worthy to be noted.

Of, in an adjective of partition:

Lidgate, lib. 5:

*His lieges eche one being of one assent
To live and die with him in his intent.*

The preposition *touching*, concerning, or some such like, doth often want, after the manner of the Hebrew *Lamed*:

Gower:

*The privates of mans heart,
They speak, and sound in his car,
As though they loud winds were.*

Riches and inheritance they be given by God's providence, to whom of his wisdom he thinketh good: for touching riches and heritance, or some such like preposition.

If, is somewhat strangely lacking;

Nort. in Arsan.

*Unwise are they that end their matters
with, Had I wist.*

Lidgate, lib. i:

For we were not this prudent ordinance.

*Some to obey, and above to gye
Destroyed were all worldly policy.*

The superfluity of prepositions is more rare:

Jewel:

The whole university and city Oxford.

Gower:

*So that my lord touchend of this.
I have answered, how that it is.*

CHAP. VIII.

OF THE SYNTAX OF CONJUNCTIONS.

The syntax of conjunctions is in order only; *neither* and *either* are placed in the beginning of words; *nor* and *or* coming after.

Sir Thomas More;

*He can be no sanctuary-man, for
hath neither discretion to desire it,
nor malice to deserve it.*

Sir John Cloek;

*Either by ambition you seek landlines,
much unfit for you; or tycwttou*-*

*ness, ye fa unsalable, a thing likely
enough in you, or else oyfolly' ye if
not content with your estate, a fancy
to be plucked out of you.*

Lidgate, lib. 2:

*Wrong, clyming up of states and de-
grces)*

*Either by murder, or by false treasons
Asketh a fall, for their Jina Ilguerdons.*

Here, for *nor* in the latter member, **ne** is sometimes used:

Lambert:

*But the archbishop set himself against
it, affirming plainly, that he neither
could, ne would suffer it.*

The like syntax is also to be marked in so, and as, used comparatively; for when the comparison is in quantity, then so goeth before, and as followeth.

Aschatn:

*He hateth himself, and hasteth hi sown
hurt, that is content to hear none so
gladly as either a fool or & flatterer'*

Gower, lib. i:

*Men wist in thilk time none
Bo, air a wight, as she was one.*

Sometime for so, as cometh in.

Chaucer, lib. 5, Troil.

*And said, I am, albeit to you no joy,
As gentle a man as any wight in Proy.*

But if the comparison be in quality, then it is contrary.

Gower;

*For, as the fish, tfile dry
Mote in default of water aye:
Right so without air, or hve,
No man, ne beast' might thrive,*

And, in the beginning of a sentence, serveth instead of an admiration: And, what a notable sign of patience was it in Job, not to murmur against the Lord,

Chaucer, 3rd book of Fame:

*What, quoth she, and be ye woodf
And, weneyefor to do good,
And, for to have of that no fame f*

Conjunctions of divers sorfr arc taken one for another: as, But, a severing junction' for a conditionings

Chaucer in the Man of Law's Ifclac

*But it wen vntk ike it' ey'n of nit
mind,*

*With which men seen after they been
blind.*

Sir Thomas More:

*Which neither can they have, but you
give it; neither can you give it, if
ye agree not.*

The self-same syntax is in *and*, the
coupling conjunction;

The Lord Berners in the Preface to his
Translation of Froisart:

*What knowledge should we have of
ancient things past, and history
were not.*

Sir John Cheek:

*Ye have waxed greedy now upon cities,
and have attempted mighty spoils,
to glut up, and you could your
wasting hunger.*

On the other side, for, a cause-renderer,
hath sometime the force of a severing one.

Lidgate, lib. 3 :

*But it mayfall a Drewry in his right,
To outrage a giant for all his great
might'*

Here the two general exceptions are
termed, *Asyndeton*, and *Polysyndeton*.

Asyndeton when the conjunction wanteth:

*The universities of Christendom are
the eyes, the lights, the leaven, the
salt, the seasoning of the world.*

Gower:

*To whom her heart cannot heal.
Turn it to woe, turn it to weal.*

Here the *sundering conjunction*, or, is
lacking, and in the former example *and*,
the *coupler*.

Polysyndeton is in doubling the *conjunc-*
tion more than it need to be:

Gower, lib. 4:

*So, whether that he frieze, or sweat,
Or 't' f'c in, or 't'e be out,
H will be idU all about.*

CHAP. IX.

OF THE DISTINCTION OF SENTENCES.

All the parts of *Syntax* have already
been declared. There resteth one general
affection of the whole, dispersed thorough
every member thereof, as the blood is
thorough the body; and consisteth in the
breathing, when we pronounce any *sentence*.
For, whereas our breath is by nature so
short, that we cannot continue without a
•tay to speak long together; it was
thought necessary as well for the speaker's
MM, AS for the plainer deliverance of the

things spoken, to invent this means,
whereby men pausing a pretty while, the
whole speech might never the worse be
understood.

These distinctions are either of a *perfect*
or *imperfect* sentence. The distinctions of
an *imperfect* sentence are two, a *subdis-*
tinction and a *comma*.

A *subdistinction* is a mean breathing,
when the word serveth indifferently, both
to the parts of the sentence going before
and following after, and is marked thus (:).

A *comma* is a distinction of an *imper-*
fect sentence, wherein with somewhat a
longer breath, the sentence following is
included; and is noted with this shorter
semicircle (,).

Hitherpertaineth a *parenthesis** wherein
two commas include a sentence:

Jewel:

*Certain falshoods (by mean of good
utterance) have sometimes more likely-
hood of truth than truth itself.*

Gower, lib. i:

*Division (the gospel saith),
One house upon another laith.*

Chaucer, 3rd book of Fame:

*For timeylost (this know ye)
By no way may recovered be.*

These imperfect distinctions in the *syntax*
of a substantive and an adjective, give the
former place to the substantive;

Ascham :

*Thus the poor gentleman suffered grief;
great for the pain ; but greater for
the spite.*

Gower, lib. 2. Speaking of the envious
person:

*Though he a man see vertuous^
And full of good condition;
Thereof maketh he no mention.*

The distinction of a *perfect* sentence
hath a more full stay, and doth rest the
spirit, which is a *pause* or *aperiod*,

A *pause* is a distinction of a sentence,
though perfect in itself yet joined to
another, being marked with two pricks. (:)

A *period* is the distinction of a sentence,
in all respects *perfect*, and is marked with
one full prick over against the lower part
of the last letter, thus (.)

If a sentence be with an *interrogation*,
we use this note (?)

Sirjohn Cheek:

*Who can ptrswade, where treason it
riwe reason f and might rvleth*

*right; and it is had for lawful
whatsoever is lustful; and comma-
tioners are better than commis-
sioners; and common woe is named
commonwealth?*

Chaucer, 2nd book of Fame :

Loe, is it not a great mischance,

To let a fool have governance

Of things that he cannot demaln ?

Lidgate, lib. i :

For, if wives be found variable,

Where shall husbands find other stable ?

If it be pronounced with an admiration,
then thus (!)

Sir Thomas More :

*O J-r-d God, the blindness of our
mortal nature,*

Chaucer, 1st book of Fame :

Alas! iwhat harm doth apfiarence,

When it is false i?i existence I

These distinctions (whereof the first is commonly neglected), as they best agree with nature, so come they nearest to the ancient stays of sentences among the Romans and the Grecians. An example of all four, to make the matter plain, let us take out of that excellent oration of Sir John Cheek against the rebels, whereof before we have made so often mention :

*When common order of the law can
take no place in unruly and dis-
obedient subjects; and all men will
of wilfulness resist with rage, and
think their own violence to be the
best justice: then be wise magis-
trates compelled by necessity to seek
an extreme remedy, where mean
salves help not, and bring in the
martial law where none other law
serveth.*

GTFORD has taken innumerable liberties with the text of this *Grammar*. In the very few cases where the change, or removal, or insertion, of a word or two, was absolutely necessary, I have allowed his reading to remain : in all others I have silently restored Jonson's own words. To justify my departure in this instance from the intention with which I commenced the printing of these volumes, viz., the reproduction *verbatim et literatim* of Gifford's text, I subjoin in parallel columns two specimens taken from p. 435, *ante*, which will speak for themselves.

FOLIO, 1640.

Z

Is a letter often heard amongst us, but seldom seen; borrowed of the Greeks at first, being the same with £; and soundeth a double ss. With us it hath obtained another sound, but in the end of words ; as

*muse, maze, nose,
hose, gaze, as.*

Never in the beginning, save with rustic people, that have

zed, zay, zit, zo, some,
and the like, for
mid, say, sit, so, som'.

H

An aspirate merely, and in request only before vowels in the beginning of words,

GIFFORD, 1816.

Z

Is a letter often heard among us, but seldom seen ; borrowed of the Greeks at first, being the same with £; and soundeth in the middle as double ss, though in the end of many English words (where 'tis only properly used) it seems to sound as s; as in *maze, gaze.*

And on the contrary, words writ with j sound like s ; as *muse, nose, hose, as.*

Never in the beginning, save in the West country people, that have *zed, May, 'it, zo, zome,* and the like; for *said, say, sit, so, some.*

B

An aspirate merely, and in request only before vowels in the beginning of words.

and after #, where it added a strong spirit which the Welsh retain after many consonants. . . . And though I dare not say she is (as I have heard one call her) the *queen mother of consonants*, yet she is the life and quickening of them.

The Welsh retain it still after many consonants. . . . And though I dare not say she is (as I have heard one call her) the *queen mother of consonants*, yet she is the life and quickening of c, g, j, w; as also r when derived from the aspirate Greek p; as *cheat, ghost, alphabet, shape, that, what, rhapsody*.

Of which more hereafter.

So **also** with the paragraphs (p. 456 *I*) about *commas* and *suMisanctions*> where, as will be seen below, the practice of the present time was substituted by Gifford for Jonson's peculiar ideas, according to which the *comma* is what is now called the *semicolon*, and a *sub distinction* what is now called a *comma*. This is quite in accord with the other half of this system of marking. As a dot over a period (.) denotes a lesser distinction than the period itself, so a dot over a comma (;) denoted a lesser distinction than the comma itself. When the commentators were burying Shakspeare under their notes, it is curious that this passage of Jonson should have escaped them as an illustration of the line in *Hamlet*—

"And stand a *comma*, 'tween their amities."

FOLIO, 1640.

These distinctions are either of *& perfect* or *Imperfect* sentence. The distinctions of an *imperfect* sentence are two, a *comma*, and a *semicolon*.

A *comma* is a mean breathing, when the word serveth indifferently, both to the parts of the sentence going before and following after, and is marked thus (,).

A *semicolon* is a distinction of an *imperfect* sentence, wherein with somewhat a longer breath, the sentence following is included; and is noted thus (;).

Hither pertaineth a *parenthesis*, wherein two *commas* include a sentence;

GIFFORD, 1816.

These distinctions are either of *ft perfect* or *imperfect* sentence. The distinctions of an *imperfect* sentence are two, a *subdis-Union* and a *comma*.

A *sub distinction* is a mean breathing, when the word serveth indifferently, both to the parts of the sentence going before and following after, and is marked thus (;).

A *comma* is a distinction of an *imperfect* sentence, wherein with somewhat a longer breath, the sentence following is included; and is noted this shorter *semicircle* (,).

Hither pertaineth a *pare?ithesis*, wherein two *commas* include a sentence:



Miscellaneous Pieces.

[By the time that Gifford arrived at the end of the eighth volume of his edition of Jonson (p. 338 of vol. iii. of this reprint) he seems to have got tired of the work, and in many instances made a most capricious use of his materials. This is particularly manifest with regard to the MS. volume, containing the "monumental verses," alluded to in his note (i) p. 354 *a*. He had evidently at first intended to include these gatherings among the *Onderwoods*, as at this particular point there is the greatest confusion in the numbering. There are two pieces numbered xcii. ; two xciii. ; and a jump all at once from xcv. to cvi. At last, by omitting some of the best pieces, and altering and curtailing others, he managed to cram the rest into a note, extending over ten pages. I have ventured to rescue them from this ignominious position, and to add the pieces which Gifford left out, as also three or four more, which have crept to light since his time.—F. C.]

BEN JONSON AND WILLIAM, EARL OF NEWCASTLE.

Jonson's connexion with the family of this distinguished nobleman was close and of long continuance. He has monumental verse¹ on several of its members; those which follow are extracted from the MS. volume in the British Museum,

"CHARLES CAVENDISH¹ TO HIS POSTERITY.

Sons, seek not me among these polished
stones,

These only hide part of my flesh and bones,
Which, did they e'er so neat and proudly
dwell,

Will all turn dust, and may not make
me swell.

Let such as justly have outlived all praise,
Trust in the tombs their careful friends do
raise ;

I made my Life my monument. and yours.
Than which there's no material more
endures,

¹ Sir Charles Cavendish, who thus addresses his children, was the third son of Sir William Cavendish, deservedly known and esteemed as the faithful and confidential servant of Cardinal Wolsey. He died in 1618, and was succeeded in his vast estates by his eldest son, William, the munificent friend and protector of our poet

Nor yet inscription like it writ but that;
And teach your nephews it to emulate :
It will be matter loud enough to tell
Not when I died, but how I lived—fare-
well."

* EPITAPH ON LADY KATHERINE OGLE.³

She was the light (without reflex
Upon herself) of all her sex,
The best of women !—Her whole life
Was the example of a wife,
Or of a parent, or a friend !
All circles had their spring and end
In her, and what could perfect be
And without angles, IT WAS SHE.—

All that was solid in the name
Of virtue ; precious in the frame,
Or else magnetic in the force,
Or sweet, or various, in the course;
What was proportion, or could be
By warrant called just symmetry
In number, measure, or degree
Of weight or fashion, IT WAS SHE.—

Her soul possess her flesh's state
In freehold, not as an inmate,

This lady, the second wife of Sir Charles Cavendish, and mother of the Duke of Newcastle, was the daughter and coheir of Cuthbert, Lord Ogle. She outlived her husband several years, and was declared ag to in 26a8.

And when the flesh here shut up day,
 Fame's heat upon the grave did stay,
 And hourly brooding o'er the same,
 Keeps warm the spice of her good name,
 Until the ashes turned be
 Into a Phoenix—WHICH is SHE."

Ὁ ζῆς κατέιδε χρόνιος ἐς τὰς διφθίρας.

'Tis a record in heaven. You that were
 Her children, and grandchildren, read it
 here ;

Transmit it to your nephews, friends, allies,
 Tenants and servants: have they hearts and
 eyes

To view the truth and own it? Do but look
 With pause upon it: Make this page your
 book!

Your book? your volume! Nay, the state
 and story!

Code, Digests, Pandects of all female glory!
 Diphthera Jovis.

For this did Katherine Lady Ogle die
 To gain the crown of Immortality;
 Eternity's Great Charter; which became
 Her right, by gift and purchase of the
 Lamb.

Sealed and delivered to her, in the Light
 Of Angels, and all witnesses of light,
 Both saints and martyrs, by her loved
 Lord,

And this a copy is of the Record.

¹ This Jane was the eldest daughter of Lord Ogle, and sister of the lady just mentioned. She married Edward, eighth Karl of Shrews-

EPITAPH ON THE LADY JANE.

I could begin with that grand form *Here lies*
 (And bid thee, reader, bring thy weeping
 eyes

To see who 'tis—) a noble countess, great
 In blood, in birth, by match and by her
 state,

Religious, wise, chaste, loving, gracious,
 good,

And number attributes unto a flood;

But every table in this church can say

A list of epithets, and praise this way;

No stone in any wall here but can tell

Such things of every body, and as well—

Nay, they will render one's descent to hit

And Christian name too with a herald's wit.

But I would have thee to know something
 new,

Not usual in a lady, and yet true,

At least so great a lady—she was wife

But of one husband, and since he left life,

But sorrow she desired no other friend,

And her, she made her inmate, to the end.

To call on sickness still to be her guest,

Whom she with sorrow first did lodge,
 then feast

Then entertains, and as death's harbinger,

So woo'd at last that he was won to her

Importune wish, and by her loved lord's
 side

To lay/herhere, inclosed, his second bride;

Where, spight of death, next life, for her
 love's sake

This second marriage will eternal make.¹

bury (younger brother of the Gilbert so often noticed), and died in 1625, having survived Jier husband about seven years.

AN INTERLUDE, &c.

The volume from which the foregoing were taken, contains also an Interlude, never yet noticed by the poet's biographers. It has neither title nor date; but appears to have been written by Jonson for the christening of a son of the Earl of Newcastle, to which the King or the Prince (both seem to have been present), stood godfather. It consists principally of the unrestrained and characteristic tattle of three gossips; and though the language may appear somewhat too free for the present times, yet as a matter of curiosity, I have ventured to subjoin it.

The Scene is the Earl of Newcastle's house, in the Black Friars.

"At th' entrance to the Banquet

A FORESTER.

Sir, you are welcome to the forest: you have seen a battle upon a table, now you see a hunting. I know not what the game will prove, but the ground is well clothed with trees. The most of these deer will come to hand—if they take cover, sir, down with the woods, for the hunting is meant to be so royal as trees, dogs, deer, all mean to be a part of the quarry.

In the Passage.

DUGGS, wet nurse; KECKS, dry nurse;
and HOLDBACK, midwife.

Duggs. Are they coming? where? which are the gossips?

Kecks. Peace, here they come all.

Duggs. I'll up and get me a standing behind the arras.

Hold. You'll be thrust there, i'faith, nurse.

Kecks.

Hold. No; he with the blue riband, peace!

Kecks. O, sweet gentleman! he a gossip I he were fitter to be a father, i'faith.

Hold. So they were both, an 'twere fortune's good pleasure to send it.

At the Banquet.

HOLDBACK enters with the child, DUGGS and KECKS.

Hold. Now heaven multiply your highness and my honourable lord too, and my good lady the countess. I have one word for you all, *Welcome*,¹ which is enough to the wise, and as good as a hundred, you know. This is my day. My lords and my ladies, how like you my boy? is't not a goodly boy? I said his name would be Charles when I looked upon Charles' wain t'other night. He was born under that star—I have given measure, i'faith, he'll prove a pricker by one privy mark that I found about him. Would you had such another, my lord gossips, every one of you, and as like the father. O what a glad woman and a proud should I be to be seen at home with you upon the same occasion!

Duggs. Come, come, never push for it, woman; I know my place. It is before, and I would not have you mistake it.

JfCecks. Then belike my place is behind.

Duggs. Be it where it will, I'll appear.

Hold. How now, what's the matter with you two?

Duggs. Why, Mistress Kecks, the dry nurse, strives to have place of me.

Kecks. Yes, Mistress Duggs, I do indeed.

¹ It appears that the table represented a hunting scene in sweetmeats. We cannot easily conceive the enormous sums expended in constructing those banquets. Every object of art or nature was represented in them; and castles and towers and towns were reared of marzipane of a size that would confound the faculties of the confectioners of these degenerate days. The

courtier, like the citizen, was a *most fierce devourer of plums*, and the ships, bulwarks, forests, &c., that were not eaten on the spot, were conveyed into the pockets of the guests, and carried off, without stint and without shame.

² A short question was probably overlooked by the scribe.

Hold. What I afore the Prince 1 are you so rude and uncivil?

Kecks. Why not afore the Prince? {worshipped might he be} I desire no better judge.

Hold. Nol and my Lord Chancery here? Do you know what you say? Go to, nurse, ha' done, and Jet the music have their play. You have made a joyful house here, i'fdith; the glad lady within in the straw, 1 hope, has thanked you for her little Carl, the little Christian—such a comfortable day as this will even make the father ready to make adventure for another, in my conscience. Sing sweetly, I pray you, an you have a good breast, out with it for my lord's credit.

SONG,

If now as merry you could be

As you are welcaine here,
Who wait would have no time to see
The meanness of the cheer.

But you that deign the place atid lord
So much of bounty and grace,
Read not the banquet on his board,
But that within his face.

Where if, by' engaging of his heart
He yet could set forth more,
The world would scarce afford a part
Of such imagined store.

All had been had that could be wished
Upon so rich a pawn,
Were it ambrosia to be dished,
Or nectar to be drawn.

Duggs. How, dame! a dry nurse better than a wet nurse?

Kecks. Ay. Is not summer better than winter?

Duggs. O, you dream of a dry summer.
Kecks. And you are so wet, you are the worse again. Do you remember my Lady Kickingup's child, that you gave such a bleach to 'twas never clear since?

Duggs. That was my Lady Kickingup's own doing (you dry chip you), and not mine.

Kicks. 'Twas yours, Mrs. Wetter—and you shrunk in the wetting for't, if you be remembered; for she turned you away, I am sure.—Wet moons, you know, were ever good weed-springers.

Duggs. My moon's no wetter than thine, goody CiftUdle-tiaker, You for making of costly caudles, as good a nurse as I!

Hold. Why, can I carry no sway nor

stroke among you! Will ye open yourselves thus, and let every one enter into your secrets?—Shall they take it up between you in God's name? Proffer it 'em. I am nobody, I, I know nothing!—I am a midwife of this month! I never held a lady's back till now, you think,

Duggs. We never thought so, Mistress Holdback.

ffold. Go to, you do think so, upon that point, and say as much in your behaviour! Who, I pray you, provided your places for you? was't not I? When upon the first view of my lady's breasts, and an inspection of what passed from her, with the whfce wine, and the opal cloud, and my suffumigation.—I told her ladyship at first she was sped, and then upon her pain after drinking the mead and hydromel, I assured her it was so without all peradventure—I know nothing! And this, when my lord was deportunate with me to know my opinion whether it was a boy of a girl that her ladyship went withal, I had not my signs and my prognostics about me—as the goodness of her ladyship's complexion, the coppidness of her belly, on the right side, the lying of it so hi&h in the cabinet, to pronounce it a boy! Nor I could not say and assure tijton the difference of the paps, Vrheh the right breast grew harder, the nipple red, rising like a strawberry, the milk white and thick, and standing in pearls upon my nail {the glass and the slide-stone}; a boy for my money I nor when the milk dissolved not in water, nor scattered, but sunk—a boy still! No, upon the very day of my lady's labour, when the wives came in, I offered no wagers, not the odds, ay, three to one? Having observed the moon the night before, and her ladyship set her right foot foremost, the, right pulse beat quicker and stronger, and her right eye grown and sparking! I assure your lordship I offered to hold master doctor a Discretion it was a boy; and if his doctorship had laid with me and ventured, his worship had lost his discretion.

Kecks. Why, mistress, here's nobody calls your skill in question; we know that you can tell when a woman goes with a tympany, the mole, or the mooncalf.

field. Ay, and whether it be the flesh mole, or the wind mole, or the wftermsthe, I thank God, and our mistress Natutt: she is God's chambermaid, and the midwife IB hers.—We can examine virginity and frigidity, the sufficiency and capability

of the persons ; by our places we urge all the conclusions. Many a good thing passes through the midwife's hand, many a merry tale by her mouth, many a glad cup through her lips : she is a leader of wives, the lady of light hearts, and the queen of the gossips.

Kecks. But what is this to us, Mistress Holdback? the which is the better nurse, the wet or the dry?

Hold. Nay, that make an end of between yourselves. I am sure I am dry with talking to you. Give me a cup of hippoeras.

Duggs. Why, see there now whether dryness be not a defect out of her own mouth, that she is fain to call for moisture to wet her! Does not the infant do so when it would suck? What stills the child when it's dry but the teat?

Kecks. But when it is wet, in the blankets, with your superfluities, what quiets it then? It is not the two bottles at the breasts, that when you have emptied you do nothing but drink to fill again, will do it. It is the opening of him, and bathing of him, and the washing and the cleansing, and especially the drying that nourishes the child—clearing his eyes and nostrils, wiping his ears, fashioning his head with stroking it between the hands, clapping a piece of scarlet on his mole, forming his mouth for kissing again he come at age, careful laying his legs and arms straight, and swathing them so justly as his mother's maids may leap at him when he bounces out on his blankets. These are the offices of a nurse!—a true nurse. What beauty would ever behold him hereafter if I now by negligence of binding should either make him cramp-shouldered, crooked-legged, splay-footed, or by careless placing the candle in a light should send him forth into the world with a pair of false eyes! No, 'tis the nurse, and by excellence the dry nurse, that gives him fashionable feet, legs, hands, mouth, eyes, nose, or whatever, in member else, is acceptable to ladies.

Duggs. Nay, there you wrong Mistress Holdback, for it is she that gives him measure, I'm sure.

Hold. Ay, and I'll justify his measure.

Duggs. And what increases that measure, but his milk, his sucking, and his batten-
ing?

Kecks. Yes, and your eating and drinking to get more; your decoctions and caudles, spurgings, bathing, and boxing your breasts ;—thou mis-proud creature, I am ashamed of thee!

Duggs. How enviously she talks! as if any nearer or nobler office could be done the child than to feed him, or any more necessary and careful than to increase that which is his nutriment, from both which I am truly and principally named his nurse.

Kecks. Principally! O the pride of thy paps! Would I were the ague in thy breasts, for thy sake, to bore 'em as full of holes as a cullender—as if there were no nutriment but thy milk, or nothing could nurse a child but sucking! Why, if there were no milk in nature, is there no other food?—How were my lady provided else against your going to men, if the toy should take you, and the corruption of your milk that way?

Duggs. How! I go to man, and corrupt my milk, thou dried eel-skin!

Kecks. You, mistress wet-eel-by-the-tail, if you have a mind to it. Such a thing has been done.

Duggs. I defy thee, I, thou onion-eater! And, now I think on't, my lady shall know of your close diet, your cheese and chibbols, with your fresh tripe and garlick in private,—it makes a sweet perfume i' the nursery! as if you had swallowed surreverence. Ah, the pity such a one should ever come about any good body's child! thou 't stifle it with thy breath one of these mornings.

Kecks. Indeed you had like to have overlaid it the other night, and prevented its Christendom, if I had not looked unto you when you came so bedewed out of the wine cellar, and so watered your couch, that, to save your credit with my lady next morning, you were glad to lay it upon your innocent bed-fellow, and slander him to his moth?rho'vplentifully he had sucked I This was none of your dry feasts now, this was a soaker.

Hold. Ay, by my faith, was't; an you overflow so it is even time to stop the breach and pack you both hence—here comes a wise man will tell us anothei tale.

*Enter a Mathematician.*¹

Tis clear, in heaven all good aspects agree To bless with wonder this nativity;
But what needs this so far our star extend
When here a star shines that doth far transcend

In all benevolence, and sways more power
To rule his whole life, than that star his hour?

¹ Le. an astrologer.

For in a prince are all things, since they
all

To him as to their end in nature fall,
As from him being their fount, all are pro-
duced,

Heaven's right through his, where'er he
rules, diffused :

This child then from his bounty shall re-
ceive,

Judgment at all things, what to take or
leave;

Matter to speak, and sharpness to dispute
Of every action, both the root and fruit,

Truly foreseeing in his each fit deed,
Wisdom to attempt and spirit to proceed;

In mirth ingenious he shall be, in game
He shaU gain favour, in things serious,
fame.

Dissensions shall be shun and peace pur-
sue,

Friendships, by frailties broke, he shall re-
new.

Virtue by him shall gain again her youth,
And joy as much therein as in her truth.

All helpless chances he shall free endure,
And, perils past, at length survive secure ;

This is the song wherewith his fates are
full,

That spin his thread out of the whitest
wool'

SONG.

A battle, a battle I O that you had bin
To ha' seen but the delicate sport is
within,

And how the two nurses do roar !

The dry-nurse she swears

T' have the wet by the ears

And in fellowship calleth her whore,

And sayeth she will pay her score :

Now the wet-nurse doth water the place,

And while they do jangle

The midwife doth wrangle

And is very near in the same case I

She spurgeth,

She urgeth,

And lays down the law:

They fight

And they bite

And not wave her a straw:

Then off goeth her grave velvet hat,

And up comes her tail
Ay, and rather than fail.

She lets fly at them both with that,
And her drum it goes twiddle-dum-twat:
But they beat her with many a thump;

And now to assuage
The height of her rage

They are cooling her down at the pump !

*The Watermen of Black Friars are then
introduced into the Hall, with a*

SONG.

They say it is merry when gossips do
meet,

And more to confirm ft, in us you may
see't,

For we have well tasted the wine in the
street,

And yet we make shift to stand on our
feet.

As soon as we heard the Prince would be
here,

We knew by his coming we should have
good cheer;

A boy for my lady !—then every year,
Cry we—for a girl will afford us but beer.

Now, Luck, we beseech thee that all things
may stand

With my lady's good liking, that my lord
takes in hand ;

That still there come gossips the best in the
land

To make the Black Friars compare with the
Strand:

That we may say
Another day,

My Lord be thanket

We had such a banquet

At Charles' christening

Was worth the listening,

After a year

And a day, for I fear

We shall not see

The like will be

To sample he,

While working the Thattmi

Unless tbeajames!

A SONG OF THE MOON.

To the wonders of the Peak
 I am come to add and speak,
 Or as some would say to break
 My mind unto you ;
 And I swear by all the light
 At my back I am no sprite,
 But a very merry wight
 Piest in to see you.

I had somewhat elbe to say,
 But have lost it by the way ;
 I shall think on't ere't be day :
 The Moon commends her
 To the merry beards m hall,
 Those turn up and those that fall,
 Morts and mirkms that wag' all,
 Tough, foul, or tender.

And as either news or mirth
 Rise or fall upon the earth
 She desires of every birth
 Some taste to send her :
 Specially the news of Darby
 For, if there or peace or war be,
 To the Peak it is so hard by,
 She soon will hear it.

If there be a cuckold major
 That his wife head ; for n' wager
 As the standard shall engage her
 The Moon will hear it ;
 Though she change as oft as she
 And of circle be as Ircs,
 Or her quarters higher be
 Yet do not hear it.

Or if any strife betide
 For the breeches with the bride,
 'Tis but th' next neighbour ride
 And she is pleased ;
 Or it be the gossip's hap
 Each to pawn her husband's cap
 At Pern Waker's good ale-tap
 Her mind is eased.
 Or by chance if in their grease
 Or their ale, they break the peace,
 Forfeiting their drinking lease
 She will not seize it.

A SONG.

Fresh as the day, and new as are the hours,
 Our first of fruits, that is the prime of flowers,
 Bied by your br -ath on this low bank of ours,
 Now in a gnrl. iml by the Graces knit
 Upon this obelisk, advanced for it,
 We offer as a circle the most fit,
 To crown the years, which you begin,
 great king,
 And you with them, as father of our spring'.

To THE MOST NOBLE AND ABOVE HIS
 TITLES, ROBERT, EARLE OF SOMER-
 SET. [Sic] TO HIM ON HIS WEDDING-
 DAY, 1613.]

[These lines, first printed in *Notes and Queries*, 1st S. vol. v. p. 193, were found in the poet's autograph, pasted into the "virtuous Somerset's" own copy of the 1640 folio, headed by the following inscription, "These verses were made by the author of this book, and were delivered to the Earl of Somerset upon his Lordship's wedding-day." Gifford, see *ante*, p. 18, was not aware of the existence of these lines when he says, "it is to Jonson's praise that he took no part in the celebration of this marriage." The allusions to "The Wife" which "thy friend did make," have a terrible significance when the fate of Sir Thomas Overbury is remembered.—F. C.]

They are not those, are present with their
 face,
 And clothes, and gifts, that only do thee
 grace
 At these thy nuptials; but whose heart, and
 thought
 Do wait upon thee : and their Love not
 bought.
 Such wear true Wedding robes, and are true
 Friends,
 That bid God give thee joy, and have no
 ends
 Wh' I do, early, virtuous Somerset,
 And pray thy joys as lasting be as great.
 Not only this but every day of thine
 With the same look, or with a bettershine.
 May she, whom thou for spouse to-day dost
 take,
 Outbee that Wife in worth thy friend did
 make:

And thou to her that Husband may exalt
Hymen's amends to make it worth his
fault

So be there never discontent, or sorrow,
 To rise with either of you on the mor-
 row.

So be your concord, still, as deep as
 mute;

And every joy in marriage turn a fruit;
 So may those marriage pledges comforts
prove,

And every birth increase the heat of Love ;
 So, in their number, may you never see
 Mortality, till you immortal be.

And when your years rise more than would
be told

Yet neither of you seem to the other old.
 That all that view you then and late may
 say,

Sure this glad pair were married but this
 day!

BEN JONSON.

AN EPIGRAM TO MY JOVIAL GOOD FRIEND
 MR. ROBERT DOVER, ON HIS GREAT
 INSTAURATION OF HIS HUNTING AND
 DANCING AT COTSWOLD.

[From the *Annalia Dubrensia*, "a collection of encomiastic verses," says Mr. Bolton Corney, "somewhat like those on Sidney, or Bodley, or Camden—composed and published in honour of Mr. Robert Dover, the founder of an annual meeting for rustic sports upon the Cotswold Hills, in the reign of James I. The volume, small 4to, is dated 1636, and contains the effusions of more than thirty poets."—See *Notes and Queries*, 3rd S. ix. 100.]

I cannot bring my muse to drop ies
 "Twixt Cotswold and the Olympic exercise,

But i can tell thee, DOVER, how thy games
 Renew the glories of our blessed *James* :

How they do keep alive his memory
 With the glad country and posterity ;
 How they advance true love and neighbour-
 hood,

And do both church and commonwealth the
 good

In spite of hypocrites, who are the worst
 Of subjects. Let such envy till they burst.

BEN JONSON.

PREFIXED TO FARNABY'S JUVENAL.

(Jonson had a high opinion of Farnaby as an editor; see the inscription in a copy of his *Martial*, given in a note, vol. i. p. li.; and also the text at the same place for Farnaby's manly and eloquent recognition of Jonson's own merits.—F. C.]

Temporibus lux magna fuit Juvenalis avitis,
 Moribus, ingeniis, divitiis vitiis,

Tu lux es luci, Farnabi: operisque fugasti
 Temporis et tenebras, ingenii radiis.

Lux tua parva quidem mole est, sed magna
 rigore,

Sensibus et docti pondere judicii.
 Macte : tuo scriptores, lectoresque laboro
 Per te alii vigeant, per te alii videant.

BEN JONSONIUS.

A FRAGMENT OF ONE OF THE LOST
 QUATERNIONS OF EUPHEME.

See *ante*, p. 357.

You worms (my rivals), whiles she was
 alive,

How many thousands were there that did
 strive

To have your freedom? For their sakes
 forbear

Unseemly holos in her soft skin to wear ;
 But, if you must (as what worm can ab-
 stain?)

Taste of her tender body, yet refrain,
 With your disordered eatings, to deface her,
 And feed yourselves so as you most may
 grace her.

First, through yon ear-tips see you work a
 pair

Of holes, which as the moist enclosed air
 Turns into water, may the cold drops take
 And in her ears a pair of jewels make.

That done, upon her bosom make your feast,
 Where, on a cross, carve Jesus in her breast.
 Have you not yet enough of that soft skin,
 The touch of which in times past might
 have bin

Enough to ransom many a thousand soul
 Captived to love ? Then hence your bodies
 soul

A little higher ; when I would you have
 This epitaph upon her forehead grave ;

Living, she was fair, young, and full of wit;
 Dead, all her faults are in her forehead writ.³

¹ For the meaning of the word "vies," see
 Note, vol. i. p. 400.

² *Notes and Queries*, 3rd S. viii. 195.
³ From *Notes and Queries* 1st S. iii 367,

MASTER JONSON'S ANSWER TO MASTER WITHER.'

WITHER.

Shall I wasting in despair
 —Die because A woman's fair,
 Or my cheeks make pale with care
 'Cause another's rosie are?
 Be she fairer than the day
 Or the flowery meads of May,
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be blind,
 'Cause I see a woman's kind,
 Or a well disposed nature
 Joined In a comely feature?
 Be she kind, or meeker than
 Turtle dove, or pelican,
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues make
 Me to perish for her sake,
 Or her merit's value known
 Make me quite forget my own?
 Be she with that goodness blest,
 That may merit name of best,
 If she seem not so to me,
 What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortunes seem too high
 Should I play the fool and die?
 He that bears a noble mind
 If not outward help he find,
 Think what with them he would do
 That without them dares to woo?
 And unless that mind I see,
 What care I how great she be?

Great, or proud, or kind, or fair,
 I will ne'er the more despair,
 If she love me, then believe
 I will die ere she shall grieve:
 If she slight me when I woo,
 I can slight and bid her go.
 If she be not fit for me,
 What care I for whom she be?

JONSON.

Shall I my affections slack
 'Cause I see a woman's black,
 Or myself with care cast down
 'Cause I see a woman's brown?
 Be she blacker than the night
 Or the blackest jet insight,
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how black she be?

Shall my foolish heart be burst
 'Cause I see a woman's curst,
 Or a thwarting hoggish nature
 Joined in as bad a feature?
 Be she curst, or fiercer than
 Brutish beast or savage man,
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how curst she be?

Shall a woman's vices make
 Me her vices quite forsake,
 Or her faults to me made known
 Make me think that I have none?
 Be she of the most accurst,
 And deserve the name of worst;
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how bad she be?

'Cause her fortunes seem too low
 Shall I therefore let her go?
 He that bears an ample mind
 And with riches can be kind,
 I think how kind a heart he'd have
 If he were some servile slave;
 And if that same mind I see,
 What care I how poor she be?

Poor, or bad, or curst, or black
 I will ne'er the more be slack,
 If she hate me, then believe
 She shall die ere I will grieve.
 If she like me when I woo,
 I can like and love her too;
 If that she be fit for me,
 What care I what others be?

[Dr. Bliss copied this playful and ingenious parody from a "volume of peculiar rarity." A Description of Love, with certain Epigrams, Elegies and Sonnets, and also Master Johnson's

answer to Master Withers. With the Boy of Ludgate, and Hie Song of the Beggar, London, 1625.—F. C.]

TO MY DETRACTOR.

My verses were *commended*, thou dar'st say,
And *they were very good*; yet thou think'st
nay;

For thou objectest (as thou hast been told)
The envied returns of forty pound in gold.
Fool! do not rate my rhymes : I've found
thy vice

Is to make cheap the lord, the lines, the
price.

But howl thou on, I pity thee, poor cur,
Till thou hast lost thy noise, thy foam, thy
stir,

To be known what thou art, a blatant
beast,

By barking against me. Thou look'st at
least

I now would write on thee ! No, wretch;
thy name

Shall not work out unto it such a fame.

Thou art not worth it. Who will care to
know

If such a tyke as thou e'er wert or no?

A mongrel cur, thou shouldst stink forth
and die

Nameless and noisome as thy infamy !

No man will tarry by thee, as he goes,

To ask thy name if he have half his nose,
But fly thee like the Pest. Walk not the
street

Out in the dog-days, lest the killer meet
Thy noddle with his club, and dashing
forth

Thy dirty brains, men smell thy want of
worth.

[Gifford printed a very imperfect copy of
these verses, and pronounced them not to
be Jonson's.—See *ante*, p. 350 £.—F. C.]



Ben Jonson's Conversations with Drummond.

[The recovery of these Notes is one of the innumerable services rendered to the literature of his country by Mr. David Laing. I have not the pleasure and honour of his personal acquaintance, but my father always regarded him with genuine affection and respect; and I have inherited the feeling. I extract the following from his introductory remarks to the Shakspeare Society reprint:—

¹⁴ While examining some of the manuscript collections of Sir Robert Sibbald, a well-known antiquary and physician in Edinburgh, I was agreeably surprised to find in a volume of *Adversaria* what bears very evident marks of being a literal transcript of Drummond's original notes. The volume has no date, but was probably anterior to 1710, when Sibbald was in his seventieth year. It is transcribed with his own hand; and the volume containing it was purchased after his death, with the rest of his MSS., for the Faculty of Advocates, in 1723. He might either have been a personal acquaintance of Sir William Drummond, or have obtained the use of the original papers through his friend, Bishop Sage, who contributed to the publication of Drummond's Works in 1711. At all events, Sir Robert Sibbald was merely an industrious antiquary, with considerable learning and unwearied assiduity, and no doubt copied these Notes on account of the literary information they contained; while his character is a sufficient warrant for the accuracy of the transcript. Conceiving it, therefore, to be a literary document of considerable interest, after communicating it to Sir Walter Scott, and other gentlemen well qualified to judge of its genuineness—and no doubt has ever been expressed on this head—it was communicated to a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries and printed in the *Archæologia Scotica* as a sequel to the Account of the Hawthornden Manuscripts."—F, C]

Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden.

CERTAIN INFORMATION AND MAKERS OF BEN JOHNSON'S TO W. DRUMMOND.

I.

That he had an intention to perfect an Epick Poeme intituled Heroologia, of the Worthies of this Country rowed by Fame ; and was to dedicate it to his Country: it is all in couplets, for he detesteth all other rimes. Said *ha* had written a Discourse of Joesie both against Campion¹ and Daniel,² especially this last, wher he proves couplets to be the bravest sort of verses, especially when they are broken, like Hexameters; and that crosse rimes and stanzaes (because the purpose would lead him beyond 8 lines to conclude) were all forced.

II.

He recommended to my reading Quintilian (who he said would tell me the faults of any Verses as if he lived with me), and Horace, Plinius Secundus Epistles, Tacitus, Juvenall, Martiall; whose Epigrame *Vitam qua faciunt beatiorem*, &c., he hath translated.

III.

HIS CENSURE OF THE ENGLISH POETS WAS THIS :

That Sidney did not keep a decorum in making every one speak as well as himself. Spenser's stanzaes pleased him not, nor his matter; the meaning of which Allegoric be Had delivered in papers to Sir Walter Raughlie.

Samuel Daniel was a good honest man, had no children; but no poet.

That Michael Drayton's Polyolbion, if [he] had performed what he promised to write (the deeds of all the Worthies) had been excellent; His long verses pleased him not.

That Silvester's translation of Du Bartas was not well done ; and that he wrote his verses before it, ere he understood to conferr Nor that of Fairfax his.

¹ " Observations in the Art of English Poesie. By Thomas Campion. Wherein It is demonstratively proved, and by example confirmed, that the English tooing will receive several kinds of numbers, proper to itself, which are all in this booke set forth, and were never before this time by any man attempted. Printed at London by Richard Field for Andrew Wise. 1602."

² Daniel's Reply to Campion was published in 1602 in a volume with the following title: "A Panegyricke Congratulatory delivered to the King's most excellent Majesty at Burleigh Harrington, in Rutlandshire. By Samuel Daniel. Also certaine Epistles, with a Defence of Kyme heretofore written, and now published by the author." *Carmen arnat, quisquis carmine dtena gerit.* At London, printed by V. S. for Edward Blount.

³ This translation was discovered by Mr. Collier at Dulwich. See *ante*, p. 388.

⁴ See *post*, xii. p. 478. This communication took place most probably in 1580, when Raleigh visited Spenser at Kilcolman Castle, and listened to the—

" Rude rhymes the which a rustick muse did wear,
In savadge soyle, far from Pamasso mount."

⁵ See Gifford's note on this passage, *ante*, p. 258.

⁶ Neither Ben Jonson nor Samuel Johnson have been fortunate in their criticisms of Falrick's Tassa. James I. is said to have valued it "above all other English poetry."

That the translations of Homer and Virgill in long Alexandrines were but prose.¹

That [Sir] John Harrington's Ariosto, under all translations, was the worst. That when Sir John Harrington desired him to tell the truth of his Epigrammes, he answered him, that he loved not the truth, for they were Narrations, and not Epigrammes.

That Warner, since the King's coming to England, had marred all his Albion's England.

That Donne's Anniversary was profane and full of blasphemies; that he told Mr. Donne, if it had been written of the Virgin Marie it had been something; to which he answered, that he described the Idea of a Woman, and not as she was. That Donne, for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging.⁴

That Shakspeer wanted art.⁵

¹ Chapman's complete "Iliad" was first published about 1612, and his "Odyssey" about 1614. Keats' noble sonnet, *On first looking into Chapman's Homer*, is familiar to every reader, and (*post.* p.475). Jonson himself had one passage of the 11th Iliad by heart. The translation of Virgil, by Thomas Phaer, Esquire, and Thomas Twynne, Gentleman, is a work of a very inferior order.

This remark is quite in accordance with what Gifford gives (*ante*, p. 225) as Jonson's idea of an Epigram: "a short poem chiefly restricted to one idea, and equally adapted to the delineation and expression of every passion incident to human life." Only it must not be *narrative*. The translation of the "Orlando Furioso" was published in 1589.

³ "Albion's England Or Historical Map of the same Island: prosecuted from the Lives, Actes, and Labors, of Saturne, Jupiter, Hercules, and Æneas: Originall of the Bruton and Englishmen, and occasion of the Britons their first arrivall in Albion. . . . With Historical intermixtures, Invention, and Vanitie, profitably, briefly, and pleasantly performed in Verse and Prose, by William Warner. London 1586." The *marring* referred to by Jonson will be found in the edition of 1582, when he added "the most chiefe Alterations and Accidents happening unto and in the happie Raigne of our now most Sovraigne Lord King James. Not barren in Varietie of Inventive and Historical Intermixtures."

⁴ It is impossible to read Donne's "Anatomic of the World. The first Anniversary," and "The Progress of the Soul. The second Anniversary," without admitting the truth of Jonson's criticism. They were written as Funeral Elegies on Mistress Elizabeth Drury, of whom he says—

"The thought's of her breast
Satan's rude officers could ne'er arrest;
As these prerogatives being met in one
Made her a *Sovereign State*; Religion
Made her a *Church*; and these two made her *AIL*
She who was all this *AIL*, and could not fall
To worse by company (for she was still
More Antidote than all the word was ill),
She, she doth leave it, and by Death survive
All this in Heaven, whither who doth not strive
The more because she's there," &c. &c.

The Virgin Mary herself is represented in a much less exalted position—

"Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid
Toy in not being that which men have said.
Where she is exalted more for being good,
Than for her interest of Mother-hood."

It happened, singularly enough, that very much the same idea which he had expressed about Mistress Drury was employed on himself "by some unknown friend," who, says Walton, "writ this epitaph with a coal over his grave the next day after his burial"—

"Reader! I am to let thee know
Donne's body only lies, below;
For, could the grave his soul comprise,
Earth would be richer than the skies."

With regard to "not keeping of accent" read, or try to read, Donne's "Lines to Ben Jonson, 6 Jan., 1603."—*Donne's Works*, 1669, p. 197.

* This innocent, and, in one sense, just observation, was, in the 1711 version removed from its proper place, and prefixed to his subsequent remark (p. 480) about Bohemia; and the words *and sometimes sense* were mischievously interpolated by the compiler to serve as a connecting link between the two remarks.

That Sharpham, Day, Dicker, were all rogues; and that Minshew was one.¹
 That Abram Francis, in his English Hexameters, was a foole,
 That next himself, only Fletcher and Chapman could make a Mask.⁸

IV.

MIS JUDGEMENT OF STRANGER POETS WAS :

That he thought not Bartas a Poet, but a Verser, because he wrote not fiction.⁴

He cursed Petrarch for redacting verses to Sonnets; which he said were like that
 Tirrant's bed, wher some who where too short were racked, others too long cut short.

That Guarini, in his Pastor Fido, keept not decorum, in making Shepherds speek as
 well as himself could.

That Lucan, taken In parts, was good divided; read altogidder, merited not the
 name of a Poet.

That Bonefonius Vigilium Veneris was excellent.⁶

¹ Edward Sharpham was the author of *The Fleirc*, 1607, and *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607; which last is remarkable as containing a passage of easy cantering prose anticipating the idea about the "prentice hand," so exquisitely employed by Robert Burns in one of his most famous songs. He was a member of the Middle Temple.

John Day had been a student of Caius College, Cambridge. Mr. W. C. Hazlitt gives the titles of seven plays, the first of which was published in 1606. *The Bristol Tragedy*, not included in the above, was acted by the Lord Admiral's servants in 1602. There is a contemporary epigram given in the *Biographia Dramaticct* which bears out Jonson's character of him. He afterwards (p. 478) calls him a "base fellow."

Thomas Dekker was a man of very considerable ability, and a ready and popular writer. When at his best, there is a dance in his words that even now carries a reader along with him. Tjpson makes game of him very happily in *The Poetaster*, and Dekker hits him hard in return in his *Satiro-Mastix*.

John Minsheu, or Joannes Minshants, as he preferred to call himself, is now only remembered as the compiler of the *Ductor in Linguas*, or "Guide into the Tongues, with their agreement and consent one with another, as also their Etymologies, that is, the Reasons and Derivations of all or the most part of words, in these nine languages, viz.—

i. E n g l	} s h . 6 {	. Spanish.
a. Low Dutch.		7- atine.
3. High Dutch.		a Greeke.
4. French.		9. Hebrew, Ec.

Which are so laid together (for the helpe of memorie) that any one with ease and facilitie, may not only remember foure, five, or more of these Languages so laid together, but also, by their Etymologies under the name, know the Nature, Propertie, Condition, Effect, Matter, Forme, Fashion, or end of things thereunder contained." The compiler may have been a "rogue," but he has certainly not scamped his work. This old work is perfectly invaluable to any student of Elizabethan literature.

Abraham Fraunce was a protegee' of Sir Philip Sidney's. He was the author of the "Countess of Pembroke's Joychurch, 1591, 92," and of "The Countess of Pembroke's Emanuel, 1591." Both were written in "English Hexameters." Peele (1593) speaks of him as—

"Our English Fraunce,
 A peerless sweet translator of our time."

Mr. Dyoe quotes a couple of his Hexameters—

"Now had fiery Phlegon his dayes revolution ended,
 And his snoring snowt with salt waves all to bewashed."

See Dyce's account of R. Greene and his Writings, p. 27.

Jonson has here omitted the name of Francis Beaumont, who, aided only by Sir Francis Bacon, had composed the "Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn," in the year 1613. But Beaumont had died in 1616, and Jonson probably was speaking of living authors only.

Hallam characterizes the best known poem of Du Bartas (*La Semaine*) as a "mass of bad taste and bad writing."

Jonson had previously found the same fault with *The Arcadia*. He was careful to avoid it in his own beautiful fragment of *The Sad Shepherd*.

⁶ For a notice of Jean Bonnefons (Bonnefonius), see vol. i. p. 406 b. Hallam speaks of him with contempt, and in particular says that his "Latinity is full of gross and obvious errors;" adding, however, that "he has been thought worthy of several editions, and has met with more favourable judges than myself."

That he told Cardinal de Perron, at his being in France, anno 1613, who shew him his translations of Virgill, that they were naught.¹

That the best pieces of Ronsard were his Odes.²

All this was to no purpose, for he [Jonson] neither doeth understand French nor Italianes.

v.

He read his translation of that Ode of Horace, *Beatus ille quiprocul negotiis, &c.*, and admired it. Of an Epigram of Petronius, *Fceda et brevis est Venerts voluptas*; concluding it was better to lie still and kisse . . .

To me he read the preface of his Arte of Poesie, upon Horace [s] Arte of Poesie, wher he heth an Apologie of a play of his, St. Bartholomee's Faire: by Criticus is understood Done. Ther is an Epigram of Sir Edward Herbert's befor it; the [this] he said he had done in my Lord Aubanie's house ten yeers since, anno 1604.³

The most common place of his repetition was a Dialogue pastoral between a Shepherd and a Shepherdesse about singing.⁴ Another, Parabostes Pariane with his letter; ? that Epigram of Gout; my Lady Bedford's bucke; his verses of drinking, *Drinke to me bot with thyne eyes*,⁵ *Swell me a Bowie*,⁶ *lc*. His verses of a Kisse,⁷

" Bot kisse me once and faith I will be gone;
And I will touch as harmlesse as the bee
That doeth but taste the flower and flee away."

That is, but half a one :

" What should be done but once, should be done long."

He read a satyre of a Lady come from the Bath;⁸ Verses on the Pucelle of the Court, Mistriss Boulstred, whose Epitaph Done made;⁹ a Satyre, telling there was no abuses

¹ Cardinal de Perron, says Hallam, was "a man of great natural capacity, a prodigious memory, a vast knowledge of ecclesiastical and profane antiquity, a sharp wit, a pure and eloquent style, and such readiness in dispute that few cared to engage him." As the conversation no doubt took place in Latin, the Cardinal, acute and learned as he was, would find his match in Jonson, who, when he told him that his translations were "naught," only meant that according to his own unrelaxing idea of what a "version" ought to be, paraphrases, however elegant, were worthless and misleading.

² Hallam entirely agrees with this dictum of Jonson, for while condemning his other works as at once ridiculously pedantic and barbarous, he adds that his *Odes* "have a spirit and grandeur which show him to have possessed a poetical mind."

³ See Gifford's note, vol. i. p. xiv. 6. I think it far more likely that Jonson conversed with the Cardinal in Latin than in French. Samuel Johnson, a century and a half later, had an excellent book knowledge of French, but when he visited Paris, Boswell tells us he "was generally very resolute in speaking Latin." And Bishop Hall, the great poet, born within a twelvemonth of Jonson, expressly tells us that he conversed in Latin when he was abroad.

⁴ For these two translations, see *ante*, pp. 384, 387.

⁵ See Gifford's introduction to the *Art of Poetry*, *ante*, p. 367. A difficulty has been started about these dates, but, to my thinking, quite unnecessarily. The specification of "ten years sauce" does not refer to the date of the conversation, but to the date of the preface, which must have been written in 1614, when *Bartolomew Fair* was produced. For Sir Edward Herbert's "Epigram," see vol. i. p. cix. a.

⁶ This must have been "The Musical Strife, a Pastorall Dialogue." See *ante*, p. 284.

⁷ "Parabostes Pariane."

⁸ "That Epigram of Gout" is no doubt the Epigram No. cxviii., *On Gut*. See *ant*, p. 353 b. Epigram No. lxxiv., To Lucy, Countess of Bedford. See *ante*, p. 241 b.

⁹ "The Forest," No. be., To Celia. See *ante*, p. 268.

¹¹ See *The Poetaster*, act in. sc. x. Vol. i. p. 223 a.

¹² See "Underwoods," No. vii., *ante*, p. 282 b. The last line has hitherto been printed as prose.

¹³ Mr. Laing had not traced these lines.

¹⁴ "Underwoods," No. lxxviii., *ante*, p. 328 b. There is bitter personality about these lines, and the hatred would not be lessened when, as we learn (*post*, p. 403), they were stolen from Jonson's pocket and taken to the lady. Donne wrote two Elegies upon her, the latter of which is singularly beautiful, and was evidently written before that which precedes it. (See his Works, 1669, pp. 253, 258.) It seems incredible that Donne's verses and Jonson's should be about the same person. See *Notes and Queries*, 3rd Series, vol. iv. p. 198, for yet another Elegy; but this, although bearing Jonson's initials, cannot possibly have come from the same pen that wrote the former attack.

to write a satyre of, and [in] which he repeateth all the abuses in England and the World. He insisted in that of Martialis *Vitam qua faciunt beatwrtm.*

VI.

HIS CENSURE OP MY VERSES WAS :³

That they were all good, especiallie my Epitaphe of the Prince, save that they smelled too much of the Schooles, and were not after the fancie of the tyme : for a child (sayes he) may writte after the fashion of the Greeks and Latine verses in running ; yett that he wished, to please the King, that piece of Forth Feasting had been his owne.

m

He esteemeth John Done the first poet in the world in some things :³ his verses of the Lost Chaine he heth by heart; and that passage of the Calme, *That dust and feathers doe not stirr all was so quiet.*⁴ Affirmeth Done to have written all his best pieces ere he was 25 years old.

Sir Edward [Henry] Wotton's] verses of a happie lyfe,⁵ he hath by heart; and a

¹ For Jonson's translation of this Epigram, see p. 388 of this volume. It was recovered by Mr. Collier.

² It cannot be too often repeated that *Censure* in Jonson's time meant nothing more than *Opinion* or *Judgment* does now. The "Epitaphe of the Prince" must be the "Tears on the death of Mæliades," the anagram of *Miles a Deo*. It was published in 1613, immediately after the death of Prince Henry, and the "Forth Feasting" in 1617, on the occasion of James paying, "with salmon-like instinct," a visit to Scotland. There is a modest honesty about this entry of Drummond's, sufficient of itself to establish his character.

³ Any reader who struggles manfully to understand Donne, will certainly endorse Jonson's "censure." When he says afterwards (p. 477) that "Donne from not being understood would perish," he shows that the difficulty of reading him was hardly less in his own time than in ours. Coleridge has, both in rhyme and prose, described his style—

"With Donne, whose Muse on dromedary trots
Wreathes iron pokers into true-love-knots ;
Rhyme's sturdy cripple, Fancy's maze and clue,
Wit's forge and fire-blast, Meaning's press and screw !"

"Wonder-excitinp: vigour, intenseness and peculiarity of thought, using at will the almost boundless stores of a capacious memory, and exercised on subjects where we have no right to expect it—this is the wit of Donne."

"The Lost Chaine" is Elegie xii. at p. 81 of the 1660 edition of his works. Some vigorous and humorous oburgation at the end of this piece is much in Jonson's own style. "The Calm" is at p. 147. Any person who has been becalmed in the Tropics, or voyaged in an iron boat in the Red Sea in the month of September, will acknowledge the extraordinary force and truth of Donne's picture—

"In one place lay
Feathers and dust to-day and yesterday.

Who live that miracle do multiply
Where walkers in hot ovens do not die.
If in despite of these we swim, that hath
No more refreshing than a brimstone bath ;
But from the sea unto the ship we turn
Like parboiled wretches on the coals to burn."

Tfct "Elegie on the Untimely Death of the incomparable Prince Henry," mentioned a few lines below, was first published in 1613. Sir Edward Herbert is better known as Lord Herbert of Cherbury. It would require a subtle critic to distinguish between Donne's natural and simulated "obscureesse." Izaak Walton goes further than Jonson, and says that most of Donne's piece were written before he was twenty.

⁸ Mr. Collier discovered these verses in the handwriting of Ben Jonson among the Aleye papers at Julwich. He doubtless wrote them from recollection, and as they differ materially from

peice, of Chapman's translation of the 13 of the Iliads, which he thinketh well done.

That Done said to him, he wrotht that Epitaph on Prince Henry, *Look to me, Faith,* to match Sir Ed: Herbert in obscurenesse.

He hath by heart some verses of Spenser's Calender, about wyne, between Coline and Percy.

the printed copy, they may well find a place in this note. With Jonson, as with the Last Minstrel—

" Each blank in faithless memory void
The Poet's glowing thought supplied."

" How happy is he borne and taught,
That serveth not another's will!
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And silly truth his highest skill

" Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soule is still prepared for death,
Untied to the world with care
Of Princes' grace or vulgar breath.

" Who hath his life from humors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neyther flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great.

" Who envieth none whom chance doth rayse,
Or vice ; who never understood
How swordes give slighter wounds than prayse,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

" Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lead;
And entertaynes the harmless day
With a well-chosen booke or friend.

" This man is free from servile bandes
Of hope to rise or feare to fall;
Lord of himselfe, though not of landet,
And having nothing, yet hath all."

COLLIER'S *Memoirs of Edward Alley*, 5'.

' Sit Henry Wotton was the author of the famous definition of an amhassador as a "man sent abroad to lie for the good of his country." This saying came to the ear of James, and gave him mortal offence.

' Instead of "Coline and Percy," it should have been "Cuddie and Percie,"^M see Collier's Spenser, vol. i, p. xiS. Who cannot fancy he hears Jonson repeating these lines J and "caverned rlawthornden" re-echoing the words ?

" Whoever casts to compass wightye prise,
And thinks to throw out thondring words of threate,
Let pour in lavish cups and thriftie bits of meate,
For Bacchus fruit is friend to Phoebus wise ;
And when with Wine the brain begins to sweate,
The numbers flow as fast as spring doth rise.

Thou kenst not Percie how the rhyme should rage,
O ! if my temples were distaind with wine,
And girt in girlonds of wild Yvie twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teache her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With quaint Bettona in her equipage J"

Mr. Hales, the last biographer of Spensar (Globe edition, 1869), quotes these *Conversations* from the wretched edition of 17x1!

viii.

The conceit of Done's Transformation, or Mere, 't, 'x&nf,¹ was, that he sought the soule of that aple which Eva pulled, and thereafter made it the soule of a bitch, then of a shee wolf, and so of a woman: his general purpose was to have brought in all the bodies of the Hereticks from the soule of Cain, and at last left it in the bodie of Calvin: Of this he never wrotte but one sheet, and now, since he was made Doctor, repenteth highlie, and seeketh to destroy all his poems,

ix.

That Petronius, Plinius Secundus, Tacitus, spoke best Latine; that Quintiliane's 6, 7, 8, bookes were not only to be read, but altogether digested. Juvenal, Perse, Horace, Martiall, for delight; and so was Pindar. For health, Hippocrates.

Of their Nation, Hooker's Ecclesiasticall historic (whose children are now beggars), for church matters.² Selden's Titles of Honour, for Antiquities here; and ane book of the Gods of the Gentiles, whose names are in the Scripture, of Selden's.³

Tacitus, he said, wrott the secrets of the Councill and Senate, as Suetonius did those of the Cabinet and Courte.

x.

For a Heroik poeme, he said, ther was no such ground as King Arthur's fiction; and that S. P. Sidney had ane intention to have transform'd all his Arcadia to the stories of King Arthure.⁴

xi.

HIS ACQUAINTANCE AND BEHAVIOUR WITH POETS LIVING WITH HIM.

Daniel was at jealousies with him.⁵

¹ Donne's "Metempsychosis, or Progress of the Soul," bears the date of 16th August, 1601, when Donne was twenty-eight years old. It commences,

"I sing the progress of a deathless soul,
Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not controul,
Placed in most shapes."

The "one sheet" must have held fifty-two stanzas of ten lines each. One of the most striking passages is in condemnation of killing fish. Had Izaak Walton forgotten this when he wrote his *Life*? Jonson (see *Discoveries*, p. 398 a), seems to allude to Donne as one of the persons who gained advancement in their professions by having only "saluted Poetry on the by," instead of haying, like himself, "wholly addicted himself to her."

This statement does not at all agree with what Izaak Walton says of Hooker's family. He left four daughters—Alice, Cicely, Jane, and Margaret—all of whom were traced by Walton. Perhaps Jonson merely meant that they were not so well off as such a man's children ought to have been.

Selden's "Titles of Honor," a small quarto, was first published in 1614. It is prefaced by an Epistle from Jonson, which will be found in the "Underwoods" (*ante*, p. 301). His *De Dits Syris*, *Syntagmata Duok*, a history of the Idol deities of the Old Testament, was published in 1617. A copy of it, "with autograph and MS. notes by Ben Jonson," was sold at Bright's sale for i. xaur.

⁵ No man ever had a sounder judgment in literary matters than Jonson. Not only did the subject of Arthur attract Spenser and Sidney, but Milton often pondered over it; and

"Dryden in immortal strain,
Had raised the table round again,
But that a ribald King and Court
Bade him toil on to make them sport"

The subject then sunk into the hands of Blackmore, in common with Queen Elizabeth and the Creation. At last in our own day it has been happily taken up by Mr. Tennyson and Lord Lytton.

⁷ As Gifford says, "Jonson's disinclination to Daniel broke out rather early." He ridicules him in *Every Man in his Humour* see vol. i. p. 58 a; and sneers at him in *The Silent Woman*, vol. i. p. 415 b⁷ and again in *The Staple of News*, vol. ii. p. 310 a. See also *The Forst*, vol. Hi, p. 973 3, where, speaking of Lucy, Countess of Bedford, he says—

"Tho' she have a better verser got
(Or Poet, in the Court account), than I,
And who doth me, though I not him, envy."

Drayton feared him ; and he esteemed not of him.¹

That Francis Beaumont loved too much himself and his own verses.²

That Sir John Roe loved him ; and when they two were ushered by my Lord Suffolk from a Mask, Roe wroth a moral Epistle to him, which began, *That next to playes, the Court and the State were the best. God threateneth Kings, Kings Lords, [as] I'ords do us*³

He beat Marston, and took his pistoll from him.⁴

Sir W. Alexander was not half kinde unto him, and neglected him, because a friend to Drayton.⁵

That Sir R. Aiton loved him dearly.⁶

Nid Field was his schollar, and he had read to him the Satyres of Horace, and some Epigrames oi Martiall.

That Markam (who added his English Arcadia) was not of the number of the Faithfull, i. [e.] Poets, and but a base fellow.⁷

¹ This remark seems to justify the doubt which many men had as to Jonson's real feeling towards Drayton. Jonson himself records the fact in the opening lines of his *Vision, on the muses of his friend, MicJiael Drayton*, prefixed to the second volume of that poet's works in 1627 :

" It hath been questioned, Michael, if I be
A friend at all; or, if at all, to thee."

See the *Underwoods*, ante, pp. 291, 093.

² This appears altogether to dispose of the assertion of Dryden, that " Beaumont was so accurate a judge of plays that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure ; and 'tis thought used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots.

These verses are printed as Donne's at p. 197 of the 1669 edition of his works. " Ushered out" is a mild phrase for what appears actually to have taken place, as Roe urges him to

" Forget we were thrust out. It is but thus
God threatens Kings, Kings Lords, as Lords do us."

The lines are dated 6th January, 1603, that is, Twelfth Night of 1604, the first Christmas which James and his queen had passed in England. The Masque for the occasion was provided by Samuel Daniel, and was called *The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses*. Is it not just possible that Daniel may have suggested, or at least not interfered to prevent, the summary removal of the author of *The Poetaster*, and have thus given cause to Jonson's repeated assertion as to the *envious* feelings with which his brother poet regarded him ? The interesting circumstance of Jonson being " thrust out" from the palace, and " threatened" by the Lord Chamberlain, has hitherto, as far as I know, passed unnoticed by the Shakspearian critics. Lord Suffolk, if he was in any way to blame in the matter, must have been quite forgiven before Jonson wrote him the Epigram No. lxxvii., ante, p. 238 a.

³ There must in those days have been a good deal of rough horse-play among the hot-headed, high-spirited young writers of all work, and Jonson's strength and training would give him a great advantage over most of his companions. It is not easy to fix the date of this scuffle, but it was certainly before 1604, when Marston dedicated his *Malcontent* to BENJ. JONSONIO, AMICO suo CANDIDO ET CORDATO. See vol. i. p. xxiv., xxix.

⁴ Sir William Alexander was the author of *Darius, Croesus, Tfa Alexandrian, and Julius Cdrfw*—or, as he called them collectively, *The Monarchicke Tragedies*. He is better known as Earl of Stirling, a title which he received from Charles I. Here is further confirmation of the general belief as to Jonson's dislike of Drayton.

⁵ " Apart from the other poets, under the tomb of Henry V. is Sir Robert Ayton, secretary to Queen Henrietta Maria [? Anne of Denmark], and ancestor of his modern namesake, the author of *The Lays of the Cavaliers*. He is the first Scottish poet buried here, and claims a place from his being the first in whose verses appears the *Auld Lang Syne*. His bust is by Farelli, from a portrait by Vandyck."—*Dean Stanley's Westminster Abbey*, p. 300.

⁶ Nathan Field, " a distinguished player, second perhaps only to Burbage," was born in 1587 in the parish of St. Giles Without, Cripplegate. Jonson pays him a high compliment in *Bartholomew Fair*, see vol. ii. p. 199. He did full justice to the poet's tuition, and became well known as a dramatic author.

⁷ The work referred to by Tonson is " The English Arcadia. Alluding his beginning from Sir Philip Sydnes' ending. 2607. The title-page of a second edition, or of the completion of this continuation, announces it to be " full of various deceptions, and much interchangeable matter of wit." Gervase Markham, however, is only now remembered by his " Maister-Peece, containing all Knowledge belonging to the Smith, Farrier, or Horse-leech." From the extraordinary and ludicrous nature of the remedies, and the pretentiousness of the anatomical con, ft it one of the n»^tamiisgmbc>ckswithwhichlamap^ainted.

That such were Day and Middleton.¹

That Chapman and Fletcher were loved of him.²

Overbury was first His friend, then turn'd his mortall enimie.'

XII.

PARTICULARS OF THE ACTIONS OF OTHER POETS; AND APOTHEGMES.

That the Irish having rob'd Spenser's goods, and burnt his house and a little child new born, he and his wyfe escaped; and after, he died for lake of bread in King Street and refused 20 pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, and said, He was sorrie he had no time to spend them. That in that paper S. W. Roughly had of the Allegories of his Fayrie Queen, by the Elating Beast the Puritans were understood, by the false Duessa the Q. of Scots.

That Southwell was hanged; yet so he had written that piece of his, the Burning Babe, he would have been content to destroy many of his.³

¹ The Works of Thomas Middleton were collected by Mr. Dyce and published in five volumes. It is a disputed point whether his *Witches* preceded or followed *Macbeth*; Malone ended by being of the latter opinion, but Gifford was strenuous the other way. Middleton held the office of "Chronologer of the City," and on his death in 1627 was succeeded by Ben Jonson. See note, vol. i. p. lvi.

² Jonson was eighteen years younger than Chapman, and three years older than Fletcher. He survived them both.

³ Tin Manningham's "Diary" (Cam. Soc. 1868), under date 15th February, 1602—3, is the following entry:—"Ben Johnson, the poet, now lives upon one Townesend and scorns the world (*Tho. Overbury*)." Overbury was not more than twenty-two or three at the date of this entry; and although it has an unfriendly air about it, I cannot agree with Mr. Lang that he could have been Jonson's "mortall enimie" at this early date. See Jonson's Epigram upon him (*ante*, p. 252), which in all probability was not written before 1610. See also *post*, p. 478.

⁴ All Spenser's biographers have said that he died on the 16th January, 1599; but it is evident, from Chamberlain's letter to Carleton of the 17th of that month, that Saturday the 13th was really the day. Prefixed to the *Faerie Queen* is a "Letter of the Author's to the most noble and valorous Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight, expounding his whole intention in the course of the work;" but although Spenser writes it in order that his friend "may as in a handfull erie at the discourse," it conveys only a portion of the information which must have been conveyed in the longer paper to which Jonson refers.

⁵ Robert Southwell was born in 1560, and after being ten times tortured was executed at Tyburn 21st February, 1555. The following copy of the poem which Jonson so much admired is taken from Mr. David Laing's notes to these *Conversations*:—

"As I in hoary Winter's night
 Stood shivering in the snow,
 Surprised I was with sudden heat,
 Which made my heart to glow;
 And lifting up a fearful eye
 To view what fire was near,
 A pretty Babe, all burning bright,
 Did in the air appear;
 Who scorched with excessive heat,
 Such floods of tears did shed,
 As though his floods should quench his flames
 Which with his tears were bred.
 Alas! (quoth he), but newly born
 In fiery heats I fry,
 Yet none approach to warm their hearts
 Or fed my fire but I;
 My faultless breast the furnace is,
 The fuel wounding thorns;
 Love is the fire, and I sighs the smok,
 The ashes shames and scorns;
 The faul justice layeth on,
 And mercy blows the coals,
 The rightfull itt this furnace wrought
 Afe Men's defiled souls:

Francis Beaumont died ere he was 30 years of age.¹

Sir John Roe was an infinit spender, and used to say, when he had no more to spende he could die. He died in his armes of the pest, and he [Jonson] furnished his charges 20 lb.; which was given him back.

That Drayton was chalenged for intitling one book *Mortimeriados*.⁸

That S. J. Davies played in ane Epigrame on Dratpn's, who, in a sonnet, concluded his Mistriss might been the Ninth Worthy; and said, he used a phrase like *Dametas* in *Arcadia*, who said, For wit his Mistrisse might be a gyant.

Done's grandfather, on the mother side, was Heywood the Epigramatist. That Done himself, for not being understood, would perish.⁹

For which as now on fire I am
To work them, to their good,
So will I melt into a bath,
To wash them in my blood,
With this he vanished out of sight,
And swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto mind
That this was Christmas Day."

¹ Francis Beaumont was born 1586 (thirteen years after Jonson), and died 1616.

⁸ It is much to be regretted that we are not better acquainted with the history of the Roe family. See *ante*, pp. 229, 231, 246, 256. Jonson appears to have been most warmly attached to Sir John, whom he calls *amicus probatissimus*; another, William, he held in the highest esteem; and Sir Thomas Roe, the ambassador to the Court of the Great Mogul, was as worthy to represent England in the East, and played his part as wisely and nobly, as Hastings or Wellesley. The detailed information which he collected on that embassy may still exist in the State Paper Office or the Bodleian Library, and, if discovered, should certainly be printed.

That is, he was found fault with by the pedants of 1596 for styling a poem in "one book" *Mortimeriados*. The *Lamentable civell ivarres of Edward the Second and the Barrens*. "Grammaticasters," says Drayton, in a subsequent improved edition, "have quarrel'd at the title of *Mortimeriados*, as if it had been a sin against Syntaxis to have inscribed it in the second case. But not their idle reproof hath made me now abstain from fronting it by the name of *Mortimer* at all, but the same better advice which hath caused me to alter the whole." He complied with their murmurs and changed his stanza as well as his title, P.C. 1842.

The Epigram, and the Sonnet that provoked it, are here subjoined. The latter may be much altered from its original form:—

" TO THE CELESTIAL NUMBERS.

" To this our world, to learning and to Heaven,
Three Nines there are, to every one a Nine,
One number of the Earth, the other both Divine,
One woman now makes three odd numbers even.
Nine orders first of Angels be in Heaven,
Nine Muses do with Learning still frequent,
These with the gods are ever resident.
Nine worthy women to the world were given:
My worthy One to these Nine Worthies addeth,
And my fair Muse one Muse unto the Nine,
And my good Angel (in my soul divine)
With one more Order these Nine Orders gladdeth
My Muse, my Worthy, and my Angel, then
Makes every one of these three Nines a Ten."

" IN DECJUM.

"Audacious painters have Nine Worthies made,
But poet Decius, more audacious far,
Making his mistress march with men of war,
With title of Tenth Worthy doth her lade:
Methinks that Gull did use his terms as fit,
Which termed his Love 'a Giant for her Wit'"

⁹ See the previous note, p. 474, as to Donne's not being "understood." Campbell calls him the "best good-natured man with the worst-natured Muse;" but adds, "Yet there is a beauty of thought which at intervals rises from his chaotic imagination like the form of Venus smiling on the waters." Warburton, with characteristic arrogance, has described Donne's Sermons as full of "jingles and play on words;" on which Coleridge remarks, "I have, and that most carefully, read Dr. Donne's sermons, and find none of these jingles. The great art of an orator—to make

That Sir W. Raughley esteemed more of fame than conscience. The best wits of England were employed for making his Historic. Ben himself had written a piece to him of the Punick 'arro, which he altered and set in his booke.¹

S. W. hath written the lyfe of Queen Elizabeth, of which thier is [are] copies extant.

Sir P. Sidney had translated some of the Psalmes, which went abroad under the name of the Countesse of Pembrock.²

Marston wroth his Father-in-lawes preachings, and his Father-in-law his Commedies.³ Sheakspear, in a play, brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwrack in Bohemia, wher ther is no sea noer by some 100 miles.⁴

Daniel wroth Civill Warres, and yett hath not one batle in all his booke.⁵

The Countess of Rutland was nothing inferior to her Father Sir P. Sidney in poesie.⁶ Sir Th.: Ovrburie was in love 'vjth In:i, and enused Ben to read his Wyffe to her, which he, with ane excellent grace, did, and praised the author. That the morne thereafter he discor'd with Ovrburie, who would have him to intend a sute that was unlawful. The lines my Lady keep'd in remembrance, *He comes to'o' near who comes, to be*

whatever he talks of appear of importance—this, indeed, Donne has effected with consummate skill." With regard to his decent, Walton says that he was born of "good and virtuous parents," and that "by his mother he was descended of the family of the famous and learned Sir Thomas More, sometime lord chancellor of England; as also from that worthy and laborious judge Rastall, who left posterity the vast statutes of the law of this nation most exactly abridged."

¹ It appears from a MS. in the British Museum, quoted by Mr. Tytler, that Raleigh had himself given much attention to "the dominion of the Tyrians and Carthaginians by sea," and the "seafights of the Grecians and Carthaginians." Mr. Tytler considered that the vast collections made by Raleigh for his work might yet be recovered. Making every allowance for the receipt of such Heteary assistance as Jonson refers to, there can be no doubt that the "History of the World" has justly added to Raleigh's renown. Oliver Cromwell told his son Richard to "recreate" himself with it: "It is a Body of History, and will add much more to your understanding than fragments of story" (2nd April, 1650). And Dugald Stewart speaks with admiration of certain passages % which the illustrious prisoner had anticipated some of "the soundest logical conclusions of the eighteenth century."

The only form in which these Psalms "went abroad" must have been in MS. copies, as they were certainly not printed till 1823. Walpole only speaks of them as being "said" to be preserved at Wilton. Of the *Arcadia*, even, the first edition was not issued till some years after Sidney's death.

³ See vol. i. p. xlv, where Gifford has satisfactorily identified William Wilkes, Rector of Barford St. Martin, in Wiltshire, and chaplain to King James, as the father-in-law of Marston.

⁴ See vol. i. p. xhii., for GirTord's note on this passage. Shakespeare copied the blunder from the novel from which he borrowed the story. It is worth while to note that the *Winters Tale* was not in print when Jonson made this natural and harmless remark.

⁵ The Civill Warres between the Houses of Lancaster and Yorke, corrected and continued by Samuel Daniel, one of the Groomes of his Majesties most honorable Privie Chamber. London, 1609. This was the first complete edition of the work to which Jonson alludes.

⁶ Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland, had been dead six or seven years when this conversation took place; and Jonson had already published his opinion of her extraordinary poetical talents. See ante, p. 240 and p. 271. The mysterious winding up of Drummond's note is too well explained by the following passage in Beaumont's "Elegy,"

"As soon as thou couldst apprehend a grief,
Thre were enough to meet thee; and the chief
Blessing of women, marriage, was to thee
Nought but a sacrament of misery;
For whom thou hadst, if we may trust to fame,
Could nothing change about thee but thy name;
A name which who (that were again to do't)
Would change without a thousand joys to boot
In all things else thou rather led'st a life
Like a betrothed virgin than a wife."

JOYCE'S *Beaumont and Fletcher*, vol X pl. p. 508.

That shrewd critic and antiquary, C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, pointed out that the line which Lady Rutland kept in remembrance was afterwards appropriated by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. It occurs in *The Lady's Resolve*, written on a window soon after her marriage, 17x3:

"Let this great maxim be my Virtue's guide;
In part she is to blame that has been tried;
He comes too near that comes to be denied?"

denied. Beaumont wrot that Elegie on the death of the Countess of Rutland; and in effect her husband wanted the half of his. [sic in MS.] in his travells.

Owen is a pure pedantique schoolmaster, sweeping his living from the posteriors of little children; and hath no thinge good in him, his Epigrammes being bare narrations.

Chapman hath translated Musaeus, in his verses, like his Homer.

Flesher and Beaumont, ten yeers since, hath written the Faithfull Shipheardesse, a Tragicomedie, well done.

- Dyer died unmarried.

- Sir P. Sidney was no pleasant man in countenance, his face being spoiled with Dimples, and of high blood, and long; that my Lord Lisle, now Earle of Worster, hi eldest son, resemblth him.

XIII.

OF HIS OWNE LYFE, EDUCATION, BIRTH, ACTIONS.

His Grandfather came from Carlisle, and, he thought, from Anandale to it: he served King Henry 8, and was a gentleman.¹ His Father losed all his estate under Queen Marie, having been cast in prisson and forfeitted; at last turn'd Minister: so he was a minister's son. He himself was posthumous born, a moneth after his father's t&ceasc; brought up poorly, putt to school by a friend (his master Cambden); after taken

¹ Hallam says, "Owen's Epigrams, a well-known collection, were published in 1607; unequal enough, they are sometimes neat, and more often witty; but they scarcely aspire to the name of poetry."

² This must refer to the *Hero and Leander* commenced by Marlowe, and finished by Chapman. Marlowe's share was the First and Second Book, or Sestiad, and, as I believe, a portion of the Fifth, im "uding the episode of Tirza. " In their time it was supposed that the Musaeus who wrote the Greek poem on which these Sestiads were founded was in very deed the ancient Athenian bard whom modern criticism has dismissed from his position as the flesh and blood predecessor of Hesiod and Homer, and fixed in *nubibus* along with Orpheus and other semi-mythological personages." The work of Marlowe and Chapman cannot be called even a paraphrase, and as a translation must have excited Jonson's indignation more than the Homer. He quotes the *Hero and Leander* in *Every Man in his Humour*. See vol. i. p. 390.

³ Beaumont had no share in *The Faithful Shepherdess*. It was first produced about x6xo, see vol. ii. p. 510, and utterly condemned by

"The wise and many-headed beast that sits
Upon the life and death of Plays and Wits."

See ante, p. 290 b.

⁴ Sir Edward Dyer was generally coupled with Sidney in contemporary estimation. He is celebrated by Taylor, the water poet, in a couplet quoted by Mr. Dyce (Greene's Life, p. 36):

"Spenser and Shakspeare did in art excell,
Sir Edward Dyer, Greene, Nash, Daniell."

The reader must be careful to observe that there is a comma after *excell*.

⁵ Mr. Laing remarks on this passage, "As Jonson was only thirteen at the rime of Sidney's death in 1586, and then moved in a very different sphere of life, it is very unlikely that he could have known anything of his personal appearance. But Jonson was born at Charing Cross and educated at Westminster School, and must have known the faces of the principal courtiers who thronged daily to Whitehall, as well as those of his schoolfellows and relations. How, above all, would such a boy as Jonson take note of such a man as the poetical and heroic Philip Sidney; while the circumstances of his death would brand the features for ever on his recollection.

⁶ The following note by the late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, himself a member of a most distinguished border family, close neighbours to Annandale, furnishes the best comment on what Jonson says of his ancestors. See also vol. i. p. vm., note:—

"If Ben's grandfather went, as Jonson supposed, from Annandale to Carlisle, which lies very near it, he must have pronounced and written, if he could write, his name *Johnstons*. I believe there never was a *Johnson* heard of in Annandale or its vicinity; but it was the nest of the *Johnstones*; the lairds of the Lochwood, ancestors of the Marquises of Annandale, were the chiefs of the clan, and this consisted of many considerable clans of the name of Johnstone, the lairds of Wamphray, Sowdean, Lockerby, Gretna, &c. I have examined as many of their pedigrees as I possess, in order to ascertain if Benjamin were ever a family name among them, but have not found it in Annandale."

After the Reformation there was a great run upon the Scriptures for Christian names.

from it, and put to ane other craft (*I think was to be a wright or bricklayer*),¹ which he could not endure; then went he to the Low Countries; but returning soone he betook himself to his wonted studies. In his service in the Low Countries, he had, in the face of both the camps, killed ane enemie and taken *opima spolia* from him,² and since his comming to England, being appealed to the fields, he had killed his adversarie, which had hurt him in the arme, and whose sword was 10 inches longer than his; for the which he was emprissoned, and almost at the gallows.³ Then took he his religion by trust, of a priest who visited him in prisson. Thereafter he was i' yeares a Papist.⁴

He was Master of Arts in both the Universities, by their favour, not his studie.⁵
He marled a wyfe who was a shrew, yat honest: 5 yers he had not bedded with he?, but remayned with my Lord Aulbanie.⁶

In the tyme of his close imprisonment, under Queen Elizabeth, his judges could get nothing of him to all their demands but I and No. They placed two damn'd villains to catch advantage of him, with him, but he was advertised by his keeper: of the Spies he hath ane epigrame?

When the King came in England at that tyme the pest was in London, he being in the country at Sir Robert Cotton's house with old Cambden, he saw in a vision his eldest sone, then a child and at Indon, appear unto him with the mark of a bloodie crosse on his forehead, as if it had been cutted with a suord, at which amazed he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Mr. Cambden's chamber to tell him; who perswaded him it was but ane apprehension of his fantasie, at which he could not be disjected; in the mean tyme comes there letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague. He appeared to him (he said) of a manlie shape, and of that growth that he thinks he shall be at the resurrection.

¹ The trade, no doubt, was that of a layer of bricks. Peter Levins in his *Manipulus Vocabulorum*, A.D. 1570, translates *Wright* by *Faber lignarius*, but *Faber* by itself would have been more accurate.

Jonson refers to his military career with conscious pride in his Epigram *To Tittle Soldurs*, ante, p. 250 b.

² See Vol. i. p. 'iii., and note. Mr. Collier in his *Memoirs of Altey*, p. 50, has printed a letter Of Philip Henslowe's to his address, which for the first time revealed the name of Jonson's adversary. "26M of September, 158.—Sence yow weare with me I have lost one of my company which hurteth nte greatly, that I Gabrell, for he is slayen in Hogesden fyldes by the hands of bergemen Jonson, bricklayer; therefore I wold fayne have a Httell of your counseil yf I cowlde." Henslowe no doubt adds "bricklayer" to Jonson's name in bitterness of spirit for the loss of Gabriel Spenser, an actor whom he found it difficult to replace. That most inaccurate of all gossips, Aubrey, made out that the victim was no less a man than Christopher Marlowe, who more than five years before had been laid in his bloody grave at Deptford.

³ See Oidbrd's remarks on this conversion, vol. i. p. jdii., and note.
⁴ There is some difficulty here, for according to Antony Wood he was not created I.M.A. of Oxford till the 19th of July, 1619, immediately after his return from Scotland. His words are, "Benjamin Jonson, the father of English poets and poetry, and the most learned and judicious of the comedians, was then actually created Master of Arts in a full House of Convocation." Would it be contrary to University usage, to suppose that the degree had already been bestowed upon him in an informal manner? His *Volpone* (11th Feb. 1607-8) is dedicated, "To the most noble and tapst equal Sisters, the two Famous Universities." See vol. i. p. 322.

⁵ Jonson dedicated his *Saganus* to the "no less noble by virtue than blood, JEsme, Lord Aulbanie," and addressed one of his best "Epistles" to Katherine, his wife. See ante, 273. There is also an Epigram (p. 256) commencing—

"If there a hdpde that man would thankful b,
If I should fail In gratitude to thee,
To whom I am so bound, loved Aubigny I"

⁶ The Epigram No. lix. p. 236 a. So much vigilance was required to bafle the evil triowd plots against the Queen, that the trade of spying became a very flourishing one. The most zealous and daring tools of the Jesuits were found among the converts, such as Jonson then waft.

In 1603, year of Elizabeth's death, 30,578 persons died of the plague in Loadon aloee. See ante, p. 233 b, for the Lines which Jonson wrote on this occasion—

"Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;
My sin was too much hope of thee, loved boy;
Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay——"

A he TOM Mvnyars old in 1603, he must have Wen bom ia 1596) and ifh' had an tldef litter

He was delated by Sir James Murray to the King, for writting something against the Soots, in a play Eastward Hoe, and voluntarily imprisonned himself with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them. The report was, that they should then [have] had their ears cut and noses. After their delivery, he banqueted all his friends; there was Carnden, Selden, and others; at the midst of the feast his old Mother dranke to him, and shew him a paper which she had (if the sentence had taken execution) to have mixed in the prisson among his drinke, which was full of lustie strong poison' and that she was no ohurle, she told, she minded first to have drunk of it herself.

He had many quarrells with Marston, beat him, and took his pistol from him,' wrote his Poetaster on him; the beginning of them were, that Marston represented him in the stage, in his youth given to venerie. He thought the use of a maide nothing in comparison to the wantoness of a wyfe, and would never have ane other mistress. He said two accidents strange befell him: one, that a man made his own wyfe to court him, whom he enjoyed two yeares ere he knew of it, and one day finding them by chance, was passingly delighted with it; ane other, lay divers tymes with a woman, who shew him all that he wished, except the last act, which she would never agree unto.

S. W. Raulighe sent him governour with his Son, anno 1613, to France. This youth being knavishly inclyned, among other pastimes (as the setting of the favour of damosclls on a cwd-piece), caused him to be drunken, and dead drunk, so that he knew not wher he was, thereafter laid him on a carr, which he made to be drawn by pioners through the streets, at every corner showing his governour stretched out, and telling them, that v/as a more lively image of the Crucifix then any they had: at which sport young Raughlie's mother delighted much (saying, his father young was so inclyned), though the Father abhorred it.¹

He can set horoscopes, but trusts not in them.⁴ He with the consent of a friend cousened a lady, with whom he had made ane appointment to meet ane old Astrologer, in the suburbs, which she keepled; and it was himself disguised in a longe gowne and a whyt' beard at the light of aimm burning candles, up in a little cabinet reached unto by a ledder.

Every first day of the new year he had 20lb. sent him from the Earl of Pembrok to buy bookes.⁵

After he was reconciled with the Church, and left of to be a recusant, at his first communion, in token of true reconciliation, he drank out all the full cup of wyne.⁶

(see vol. t. p. xiv. and arttt, p. 220 a) the father must have been married at least as early as 1594, when he was twenty-one years old. Gifford speaks of this piece of the *Conversations*, as one of the "spiteful attempts made by the vile calumniator Drummond to injure Jonson!"

Mr. Collier thinks ("Hist. Dram. Poetry," vol. L p. 356) that *Eastward Ho I* was acted before the end of 1604. In some few of the printed copies of 1605 there is one passage about the Scots which is omitted in the great majority of the existing copies. But there is not enough point in it to justify its quotation here. Jonson was again in trouble about a play in 1605. On this occasion his fellow prisoner was George Chapman. See his letter to Cecil, vol. i. p. xhx. The old mother producing the paper of "lustie strong poison" before Camden and Selden and Jonson would n'ke A fine subject for a painter.

¹ See ante, note, p. 477.

² Raleigh's son Walter accompanied his father on his last fatal expedition, and was slain in an ambush on the banks of the Onnoco on New Year's Day, 1618, in his twenty-third year. He had Wen matriculated at Corpus so early ft 1607, and in his Oxford career had difference' with his tutors, in which, as in the present case, he was applauded by his mother and condemn'd' by his father after patient inquiry. It is strange that Mr. Edwards, the author of the latest *And be it Life of Ralugh* (a vote. 8vo, 1866) should have been ignorant of the existence of this note of Drummond's. Among Aubrey's MSS. was a note, said to have been in Izaak Walton's hand-writing, in which it is mentioned that Jonson accompanied a son of Raleigh's on his travels, and that they had an angry parting. But Walton was in extreme old age when he wrote the note, and antedated the employment by about twenty years. See Aubrey's *Letters*, &c., vol III. p. 416. Gifford was thus misled into a denial of the truth of the tradition. See note, vol I p. Lxii.

³ It was hardly necessary to record that the author of *Th' Alchemist* had studied astrology, Or that he disbelieved in the results obtained from it.

⁴ A generous deed could not have been performed in a more delicate m'nnr, and Jonson more than repaid it by telling the latest posterity that to be "Pembroke's ifltitUSf" might be Waated of in the same breath with being "Sidney's sister."

⁵ In reference to this statement, Gifford says that "Jonson's feelings were aways to be and

Being at the end of my Lord Salisburie's table with Inigo Jones, and demanded by my Lord, Why he was not glad? My Lord, said he, yow promised I should dine with yow, bot I doe not, for he had none of his meate; he esteemed only that his meate which was of his own dish.¹

He heth consumed a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, feight in his imagination.²

Northampton was his mortall enimie for beating, on a St. George's day, one of his attenders: He was called before the Councill for his Sejanus, and accused both of poiperie and treason by him.³

Sundry tymes he hath devoured his bookes, '[.] sold them all for necessity'

He heth a minde to be a churchman, and so he might have favour to make one sermon to the King, he careth not what thereafter sould befall him: for he would not flatter though he saw Death.⁴

At his hither comming, S^r Francis Bacon said to him, He loved not to sic Poesy goe on other feet than poetically Dactylus and Spondaeus.⁵

XIV.

HIS NARRATIONS OP GREAT ONES.

He never esteemed of a man for the name of a Lord.⁶

Queen Elizabeth never saw her self after she became old in a true glass; they painted her, and sometymes would vermilion her nose. She had allwayes about Chnstmass evens set dice that threw sixes or five, and she knew not they were other, to make her win and escame herself fortunate. That she had a membrana on her, which made her incapable of man, though for her delight she tried many. At the comming over of

the energy of his character was impressed upon every act of his life," and that "more wine was drunk at the altar in the poet's day than in ours." But while thus admitting the anecdote to be characteristic both of the man and of the times, he goes on to say that it is "foisted" into the *Conversations* by Drummond, by whom it was most probably "wantonly invented to discredit" Jonson!

¹ The younger Cecil died May 24, 1612, so that this must have taken place before the quarrel with Inigo, and most probably either in July, 1606, or May, 1607. See the two *Entertainments at Theobalds*. . . . i opportunity
slip of asserting the dignity of letters.

Jonson was a free liver, and loved generous wines. He seems to be describing sleepless nights during a well earned attack of gout.

² *Sejanus his Fall* was "first acted in the yeare 1603, by the King's Majesties Servants." One of the "principal Tragedians" being "Will. Shakespeare." It was unequivocally condemned by the "multitude."

**"Who screwed their scurvy jaws and looked awry,
Like hissing snakes adjudging it to die,
When wits of gentry did applaud," &c.**

See vol. i. p. 7t. As Jonson tells us that the printed copy "is not (in all numbers) the same with that which was acted on the public stage," it is impossible to say what matters of "treason" me original may not have contained. It is impossible not to smile at an accusation of popery coming from Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, the very man against whom Lady Bacon warns her sons Anthony and Francis as "a dangerous intelligencing man, and no doubt a subtle papist inwardly; a very instrument of the Spanish papists." In another place she calls him *sub-uter su&ttolus*, and a "subtle serpent." He was a son of the Poet Earl of Surrey.

³ Jonson was thus a *helluo librorum* in a double sense. But besides the occasional selling of books it must always be remembered that no man ever made a better use of them while in his possession, or was more generous in giving them. "I am fully warranted in saying that more valuable books given by individuals to Jonson are yet to be met with than by any person of that age. Scores of them have fallen under my own inspection, and I have heard of abundance of others." Gifford, vol. i. p. h.

⁴ The successful clerical careers of Joseph Hall and John Donne were often in Jonson's mind (see *Discordia* at t). Besides, his own father had been a "minister."

⁵ AlludmR of course to Jonson's performing the journey to Scotland on foot. It is delightful to flunk of the kindly feeling which existed between the Prince of Philosophers and this great poet and scholar.

⁶ No man that
than Ben Jonson.

ai Samuel, had a more independent spirit

Monsieur, ther was a French chirurgion who took in hand to cut it, yett fear stayed her and his death.¹ King Philip had intention by dispensation of the Pope to have married her.

Sir P. Sidneye's Mother, Leicester's, sister, after she had the litle pox, never shew herself in Court thereafter bot masked.²

The Earl of Leicester gave a bottle of liquor to his Lady, which he willed her to use in any faintness ; which she, after his returne from Court, not knowing it was poison, gave torn, and so he died.³

Salisbury never cared for any man longer nor he could make use of him.⁴

My Lord Lisle's daughter, my Lady Wroth, is unworthily married on a jealous husband.⁵

Ben one day being at table with my Lady Rutland, her Husband comming in, accused her that she kept table to poets, of which she wrott a letter to him [Jonson], which he answered. My Lord intercepted the letter, but never chalenged him.⁶

My Lord Chancellor of England wringeth his speeches from the strings of his band, and other Councillours from the pyking of their teeth.⁷

Pembrok and his Lady discoursing, the Earl said, The woemeh were men's shadowes, and she maintained them. Both appealing to Johnson, he affirmed it true ; for which my Lady gave a pennance to prove it in verse: hence his epigram.⁸

Essex wrote that Epistle or preface befor the translation of the last part of Tacitus, which is A. B. The last book the gentleman durst not translate for the evill it contains of the Jewes.⁹

¹ Jonson had opportunities, beyond any literary man of his generation, of collecting information regarding the secret history of Elizabeth's Court. This story of the Chirurgion, if true, would account for the Queen's extraordinary conduct to *Monsieur*. See Fronde's *History, passim*.

This is referred to by Lord Brooke in his Life of Sir Philip Sidney. "The mischance of sickness having cast such a kind of veil over her excellent beauty, she chose rather to hide herself from the curious eyes of a delicate time, than come upon the stage of the world with any disparagement."—P. C.

Sir Walter Scott quotes this passage in the Introduction to *Kenilworth*, p. x., and appears to give credit to it. The famous satirical epitaph on the Earl of Leicester is also given in *Kenilworth* (note to Chap. xxiv.) from the MS. copy in the Hawthornden papers. Mr. Laing suggests that it may have been communicated to Drummond by Jonson,

"Here lies a valiant warrior,
Who never drew a sword ;
Here lies a noble courtier,
Who never kept his word ;
Here lies the Earle of Leicester,
Who governed the Estates ;
Whom the Earth could never living lore,
And the just Heaven now hates."

² Both Burghley and Salisbury were intensely selfish in their distribution of patronage. Their great kinsman Francis Bacon, in a letter of advice to Buckingham, tells him to "Countenance and encourage and advance able men in all kinds, degrees, and professions. For in the time of the Cecils, the father and the son, able men were by design and of purpose suppressed."

Lady Mary was the daughter of Robert, Earl of Leicester, younger brother of Sir Philip Sidney. Jonson dedicated *The Alchemist* to her (vol. ii. p. 2). See also Epigram ciii. p. 2480. She was married to Sir Robert Wroth, of Durance, co. Middlesex.

Lady Rutland being unhappy in her marriage, cultivated her hereditary talent for literature, and loved to have men of letters about her. "Challenged," of course, means "took to task."

⁷ The Lord Chancellor during Jonson's visit to Scotland was Francis Bacon. It is interesting to know the action which he employed when "the fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end" (see *Discoveries*, p. 400, ante). By the "pyking of their teeth," I think Jonson means that what was mere play to Bacon was serious toil to others.

See the graceful and ingenious song at p. 267 a. Lady Pembroke was eldest daughter and co-heiress of Gilbert Talbot, 7th Earl of Shrewsbury. Clarendon says that Pembroke's domestic life was "most unhappy," for he paid much too dear for his wife's fortune by taking her person into the bargain.

⁹ This piece of information is very interesting, for the Epistle or Preface is remarkable in itself, and would not shame any writer even of that age. Here is a brief extract: "In these foure bookes of the storie thou shalt see all the miseries of a torne and declining State : the Empire usurped: the Princes murdered: the people wavering: the souldiers tumultuous; nothing un

The King said Sir P. Sidney was no poet. Neither did lie see ever any verses in England to the Scullers.

It were good that the half of the preachers of England were plain ignorant!, for that either in their sermons they flatter, or strive to shew their own eloquence'

XT.

HIS OPINIONS OF VERSES.

That he wrott all his first m prose, for so his Master, Cambden, had learned him.

That verses stood by sense without either colours or accent; *which yett othr tymes k\$ denied'*

A great many epigrams were ill, because they expressed in the end what sould have been understood by what was said, That of S. Joh- Davies, 'Some loved running verses,' *plus mihi complacet.*

He imitated the description of a night from Bonifonia his *Vigilium Vin&i'.*

H scomed such verses as could be transported.

"Wher is the man that never yett did hear
Of faire Penelope, UHsses Queene f
Of faire Penelope, UliSSs Queene,
Wher is the man that never yett did hearf"

XVI.

OF HIS WORKES.

That the half of his Comedies were not in print.'

He hath a pastorall intituled The May Lord.' His own name is Alkin, Ethra the Countesse of Bedford's, Mogibell Overberry, the old Countesse of Suffolk ane inchan-

lawfull to him that hath power, and nothing so unsafe as to be securely innocent" This "last part of Tacitus" was translated by Sir Henry Savile, and was regarded by Jonson in a very different light from the translation of the *Annals* by Richard Greenwey (see, ay., p. 491), and the Epigram to Savile, No. xc. p. 245). In those days of intense religious feeling, when m particular the Old Testament was looked to for the daily rule of life, readers might have been shocked to find the Jews described by the great historian from a pagan point of view. A better reason may have been that this Book V. is a mere fragment.

This is one of the earliest specimens of that "wut" for which, according to Sydney Smith, the countrymen of King James are now distinguished. Had he delivered these opinions seriously, they might have been easily refuted from his own writings- One sonnet of his composition is devoted to the loss which the muses sustained in the death of Sidney; and another "Decifring the Perfyte Poete" might almost be taken as a picture of Jonson himself, and the very opposite therefore of "the Scullor."

Bishop Latimer's sermons would have been discourses after Jonson's own heart.

I see no contradiction here. During the long conversations between the two poets verses of every sort and kind must have come under discussion, and it is easy to understand that while Jonson would, of course, prefer meaning to sound, he would still not admit that good sense alone constituted poetry.

See ante, p. 473.

'These are the opening lines of Sir John Davies' "Orchestra, or a Poeme of Dauncing, judicially proving the true observation of tune measure, in the Authentick and laudable use of Dauncing. London, 1596." Jonson has another fling at this couplet, see jfarl, p. 469.

How much it is to be regretted that Jonson did not mention (or Drummond omit to record) the names of the Comedies written before 1619, and not then in print. *Bartholomew Fair* and *The Devil is at Ass* are the only ones known to us, as against at least seven that had been published.

This is the only record left of what, judging by the powers, displayed in *Th' Sad Shitkrd*, must have been a delightful poem. Gifford calls Drummond's harmless criticism at the end a "libel which his treacherous friend, whose prudence was almost equal to his malignity, kept to himself, at least while the poet lived!" (See vol. II p. 487.) For the sake of this kst hit Gifford had reluctantly to give up the notion that Drummond was the person aimed at M tht *Prologue to The Sad Shitkrd*.

"But here's an heresy of late let fell.

That mirth by no means fin a Pastoral :

Such ay so who can make none, he pretuamr

to-Meter

to some more properly someone

teress; other names are given to Somerset's Lady, Pembroke, the Countesse of Rutland, Lady Wroth. In his first stone, Alkin commeth in mending his brojcen pipe. *Contrary to all other pastoralls, he bringeih the clownes making mirth and foolish sports.*

He hath intention to writt a fisher or pastorall play, and sett the stage of it in the Lowmond lake.¹

That Epithalamium that wants a name in his printed Workes was made at the Earl of Essex's marriage.²

He is to writt his foot Pilgrimage hither, and to call it a Discoverie.³

In a poem he calleth Edinborough⁴

"The heart of Scotland, Brittaines other eye."

A play of his, upon which he was accused, The Divell is ane Ass; according to *Comedia Vetus*, in England the Divell was brought in either with one Vice or other: the play done the Divel caried away the Vice, he brings in the Divel so overcome with the wickedness of this age that thought himself ane Ass. Uapepyovs is discoursed of the Duke of Drounland: the King desired him to conceal it.⁵

He hath commented and translated Horace[s] Art of Poesie:⁶ it is in Dialogue wayes; by Criticus he understandeth Dr. Done. The old book that goes about, The Art of English Poesie, was done 20 yeers since, and kept long in wyrtt as a secret.

He had ane intention to have made a play like Plautus[s] Amphitrio, but left it of, for that he could never find two so like others that he could persuade the spectators they were one.⁷

¹ Here again is another opening for deep regret. Jonson evidently fully appreciated Highland scenery, thereby upsetting the theory of Macaulay, that the taste for such matters depended on roads, bridges, snug beds, and good dinners. (See Hist. chap. xiii.) After his return to England he wrote to Drummond for some promised particulars concerning Loch Lomond, in communicating which Drummond added, "a map of Inch Merionach, which may by your book be made most famous." See vol. i. pp. xlii. xlvii.

² See vol. ii. p. 18. The names were given in the original 410, but in the interval between 1606 and 1616, when the folio was published, events had occurred which rendered this marriage one of the most memorable for shame and guilt of any recorded in history.

³ See the *Execration upon Vulcan*, ante, p. 321, where in enumerating the works destroyed he mentions—

"Among
The rest my journey into Scotland sung
With all the Adventures."

⁴ If this Poem had all been written in the spirit of the single line preserved—

"The heart of Scotland, Britaine's other eye,"

Edinburgh, on the *ex pede Hercule* principle, may have lost a poetic tribute not second to any that has been paid to her by the most illustrious of her sons.

⁵ This is one of the Comedies which Jonson referred as "not in print." The spelling of Divell for Devil is the author's own, and I regret that, in this particular case at least, it was not retained by Gifford. The schemes by which *Meercraft* proposed to raise *Fitzdotrel* to the Dukedom of Drowndland are among the richest scenes in Comedy, but some of the details may have given offence to James, or perhaps have made him apprehensive that they might open the eyes of some of the "woodcocks" who helped to replenish his exchequer. See vol. ii. p. 335, &c.

⁶ Jonson's translation of the *Ars Poetica* was accompanied by a vast body of notes, forming a critical commentary in a dialogue form, which, judging from the powers displayed in certain portions of *The Discoveries*, must have been of the very highest value. These all perished in the fire (1633), which destroyed so many of his labours. In his *Execration upon Vulcan*, he placet them in the first rank of his losses, and calls them—

"I dare not say a body, but some parts
There were of search and mastery in the Arts;
All the old Venusine, in poetry
And lighted by the Stagyrte, could spy,
Was there made English."

⁷ T Mr. Lain' here says, "If the spectators were so persuaded they could not possibly reHsk the play," It is absolutely necessary, however, that the performers should be so much alike as to justify the confusion on which such a plot turns. In our own times there have been "W"

XVII.

OF HIS JEASTS AND APOTHEGMS.

At what tyme Henry the Fourth turn'd Catholick, Pasquill had in his hand a book, and was asked by Morphorius What it was? he told him, It was gramer. Why doe ye studie gramer, being so old? asked Morphorius. Because, answered he, I have found a positive that hath no superlative, and a superlative that wants a positive: The King of Spain is Rex Cathohcus, and is not Cathoiicbsimus; and the French King Christianissimus, yett is not Christianus.

When they drank on him he cited that of Plmie that they had call'd him *Ad prandium, non ad poenam et noiam*.

And said of that Panagyrist who wrott panagyriques in acrostics, windowes crosses, that he was *Homo miscrrimce patientia*.

He scorned Anagrams; and ha' ever in his in juth¹

" Turpe est dimciles amare nugas.
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum."

A Cook who was of ane eviil lyfe, when a minister told him He would to hell; askt, What torment was there? Being answered Fyre. Fire (said he), that is my play-fellow.

A Lord playing at Tennis, and having asked those in the gallerie Whither a strock was Chase or Losse? A Brother of my Lord Northumberland's² answered, it was Loss. The Lord demanded If he did say it? I say it, said he, what are yow? I have played your worth! said the Lord. Ye know not the worth of a gentleman I replied the other. And it proved so, for ere he died he was greater than the other. Ane other English Lord losted all his game, if he had seen a face that liked him not he stroke his balls at that gallerie.

Ane Englishman who had maintained Democritus' opinion of atomes, being old, wrott a book to his son (who was not then six years of age), in which he left him arguments to maintain, and answer objections, for all that was in his book; only, if they objected obscuritie against his book, he bid him answer, that his Father, above all names in the world, hated most the name of Lucifer, and all open writers were *Luciferi*.

Butlar excommunicat from his table all reporters of long poems, wilfull disputers, tedious discourers: the best banquets were those wher they mitered no musitiens to chasetym.

The greatest sport he saw in France was the picture of our Saviour with the Apostles eating the Pascall lamb that was all larded.

At a supper wher a gentlewoman had given him unsavoury wild-foul, and thereafter, to wash, sweet water; he commended her that shee gave him sweet water, because her flesh stinked.

He said to Prince Charles of Inigo Jones, that when he wanted words to express the greatest villaine in the world, he would called him ane Inigo.

Jones having accused him for naming him, behind his back, A foole: he denied it; but, says he, I said, He was ane arrant knave, and I avouch it.

One who fired a Tobacco pipe with a ballet (ballad) the next day having a sore-head, swoare he had a great singing in his head, and he thought it was the ballet: A Poet should detest a Ballet maker.

He saw a picture painted by a bad painter, of Easter, Haman and Assuerus. Haman courting Esther in a bed, after the fashion of ours, was only seen by one leg. Assuerus

brothers of the name of Webb, who so closely resembled each other in voice and appearance that when carefully dressed for the purpose it was impossible to distinguish them. This extraordinary likeness led to the revival of the *Comedy of Errors*, when for perhaps the first and last time the two Dromios were adequately represented.

He may have been quizzing Drummond for his *Meeliades*, i.e., Miles a Deo. But he had himself worked in Charles James Stuart as *Claims Arthurs Seate*, see ante p. 64 z.

¹ I cannot identify this "brother of my Lord Northumberland's."

² It is worth while noting that as early as 16x9, Jonson repeated these tarcaims against Inigo Jones.

back was turned, with this verse over him, And wilt thou, Haman, be so malicious as to lye with myne own wyfe in myne house?

He himselfe being once so taken, the Goodman said, I would not believe yee would abuse my house so.

In a profound contemplation a student of Oxeford ran over a man in the fields, and walked 12 miles ere he knew what he was doing.

One who wore side hair being asked of ane other who was bald, why he suffered his haire to grow so long, answered, It was to sie if his haire would grow to seed, that he might sow of it on bald pates.¹

A Painter who could paint nothing but a rose, when ane Innkeeper had advised with him about ane ensing, said, That a horse was a good one, so was a hare, but a rose was above them all.

A little man drinking Prince Henrie's health between two tall fellowes, said, He made up the H.

Sir Henry Wotton, befor his Majesties going to England, being disguised at Leith on Sunday, when all the rest were at church, being interrupted of his occupation by ane other wenche who came in at the door, cryed out, "Pox on thee, for thou hast hindered the procreation of a chyld," and betrayed himself.

A Justice of Peace would have commanded a Captaine to sit first at a table, because, sayes he, I am a Justice of Peace; the other drawing his sword comanded him, for, sayeth he, I am a Justice of War.

What is that, the more yow cut of it, groweth still the longer?—A Ditch.

He used to say, that they who delight to fill men extraordinarie full in their own houses, loved to have their meate againe.

A certain Puritain minister would not give the Communion save unto 13 at once: (imitating, as he thought, our Master.) Now, when they were sett, and one bethinking himself that some of them must represent Judas, that it could not be he returned, and so did all the rest, understanding his thought.

A Gentlewoman fell in such a phantasie or phrensie with one Mr. Dod, a puritan preacher, that she requested her Husband that, for the procreation of ane Angel or Saint, he might lye with her; which having obtained, it was but ane ordinarie birth.

Scaliger writtes ane epistle to Casaubone, wher he scorns his [us?] Enghshe speaking of Latine, for he thought he had spoken English to him.

A Gentleman reading a poem that began with

"Whcr is the man that never yet did hear
Of fair Penelope, Ulysses Queene I"

calling his Cook, asked If he had ever heard of her? Who answering, No, demonstrate to him,

"Lo, ther the man that never yet did hear
Of fair Penelope, Ulysses Queene I"³

A waiting woman having cockered with muskadel and eggs her mistresse page, for a shee meeting in the dark, his mistress invaded; of whom she would of such boldness have a reason. "Faith, Lady (said hee) I have no reason, save that such was the good pleasure of muskadel and eggs."

A Judge coming along a hall, and being stopped by a throng, cried *Dominum cognoscit vestrū*. One of them ther said, They would, if he durst say the beginning off that verse (for he had a fair wyfe): *Actceon ego sum*, cryed he, and went on.

A packet of letters which had fallen over board was devored of a fish that was tane

¹ In *Tkt Stapl' of News*, vol. ii. p. 308 b, mention is made of—

"A precept for the wearing of long hair,
To run to seed to sow bald pates withal."

² See Izaak Walton's *Life of Sir Henry Wotton* for an account of hit being sent by the Grand Duke of Florence on a secret mission to Edinburgh. To avoid England he went by way of Norway.

³ See note 'a'tt, p. 486

at Flushing, and the letters were safely delivered to him to whom they were written at London.

He scorned that simplicitie of Cardan about the peeble stone of Dover, which he thought had that vertue, keepe betweene one's teeth, as to save him from being sick.

A. scholar expert in Latine and Greke, but nothing in the English, said of hott broath that he would make the danger of it: for it could not be ill English that was good Latine, *facere ptericulum*,

A translatour of the Emperours lyves, translated Antonius Pius, Antonie Pye.¹

The word Harlott was taken from Arlotte, who was the mother of William the Conquerour; a Rogue from the Latine, Erro, by putting a G to it.

8' Geslaine Piercy asked the Maior of Plimmouth, Whether it was his own beard or the Town's beard that he came to welcome my Ixrd with? for, he thought, it was so long that he thought every one of the Town had eked some part to it.

That he stroke at S' Hierosme Bowes' breast, and asked him If he was within.

An epitaph was made upon one who had a long beard,

"Here lyes a man at a beard's end," &c.⁸

He said to the King, his master, M. G. Buchanan, had corrupted his eare when young, and learned him to sing verses when he sould have read them.⁴

S' Francis Walsingham said of our King, when he was Ambassadour in Scotland, *Hie nunquam regnabit super nos*.

Of all his Playes he never gained two hundred pounds.

He had oft this verse, though he scorned it:

"So long as we may, let us enjoy this breath,
For nought doth kill a man so soon as Death."

Heywood the Epigrammatist being apparelled in velvet by Queen Mary, with his cap on in the presence, in apight of all the Gentlemen, till the Queen herself asked him what he meant? and then he asked her, If he was Heywood? for she had made him so brave that he almost had misknownen himself.⁵

His Impressa was a compass with one foot in center, the other broken, the word, *Deest quod duceret orbem*

Essex, after his brother's death, Mr. D'Evreux,⁷ in France, at tilt had a black shield void, the word, *Par nulla figura dolori*. Ane other tyme, when the Queen was offended at him, a diamond with its own ashes, with which it is cutt, about it the word, *Dumformas minuis*.

¹ This book is well known. But, after all, why is Antony Pye more absurd than Mark Antony?

² This derivation, which passed current long after Jonson's days, is now altogether exploded. The original form of the word is believed to be *horelet*, or *hore*, as the word was at first *peUed*, being directly derived from *to hire*. *Rogue* is considered to be the past tense of the Anglo-Saxon verb *wrcgan*, to conceal, to cloak.

³ Mr. Laing found this epitaph among the Hawthornden MSS

"At a beard's end here lies a man,
The odds 'tween them was scarce a spa;
Living, with his wombe it did meet,
And now, dead, it covers his feet."

⁴ The Scotch practice of elocution still leans, I believe, in this direction. Sir Waltir Scott's recitation, and nothing could be more effective, was a notable example in point.

⁵ John Heywood (d. circ. 1565) was the maternal grandfather of John Donne, the poet and divine (see *ante* p. 477). He was a friend of Sir Thomas More, and an inflexible Catholic, which, more than his pise, commended him to Queen Mary. On her death he went into exile, a circumstance which, according to Warton, moved the wonder of Anthony Wood, who could not understand how a poet could have so much principle. Had he been compelled to read his forki the cause of wonder might have been removed.

⁶ The truttid dependence of the legs of a pair of compasses was often in Jonson's mind.

⁷ Walter Devereux was slain at the siege of Rouen. "His father," writes Sir E. Brydgp, "U said to have originally conceived a higher opinion of his abilities than of those pif JÜ9 ojaer brother."—*Collins' Peerage*, vol. * p. 9, note.

He gave the Prince, *Fax gloria mentis honest*
 He said to me, that I was too good and simple, and that oft a man's modestie made
 a fool of his witt.²

His armes were three spindles or *rhombi*; his own word about them, *Percunctabor*
 or *Perscrutator*³

His Epitaph, by a companion written, is,⁴

" Here lyes BENJAMIN JOHNSON dead,
 And hath no more wit than fa]l goose in his head;
 That as he was wont, so doth he still,
 Live by his wit. and evermore will."

Ane other

Here lyes honest Ben
 That had not a beard on his chen."

XVIII.

MISCELLANIES.

John Stow had monstrous observations in his Chronicle, and was of his craft a
 tailor.⁵ He and I walking alone, he asked two criples, what they would have to take
 him to their order,

In his Sejanus he hath translated a whole oration of Tacitus : the first four bookes of
 Tacitus ignorantly done in Englishe.⁷

J. Selden liveth on his owne, is the Law book of the Judges of England, the bravest
 man in all languages; his booke "Titles of Honour," written to his chamber-fellow
 Heyward.

Tailor was sent along here to scorn him.⁹

¹ This is the motto of the Nova Scotia Baronets, whose order was instituted in 1623. It was probably given to them by Prince Charles.

² Pace William Gifford, there is some evidence, and every presumption that this is a just estimate of Drummond's character.

³ Mr. Laing states here that "Mr. J. P. Collier is in possession of a title page of a copy of the *Diana* of Moittemayor, which formerly belonged to Ben Jonson, and upon the title page he has written his name, with the addition of the word *Tanaum Explorer*."

⁴ Mr. Laing says. These lines are also found in the *Hawth. MSS.*, with some verbal alterations, entitled "B. Johnson, his Epitaph, told to me by himselfe; not made by him."

⁵ As represented in the best portrait, Jonson had thin black whiskers, and hardly any beard. The jokes previously recorded against beards had, no doubt, been made by way of repartee. In compensation he had a huge fell of jet black hair, which in his younger days must have given great dignity to his manly and thoughtful face.

⁶ John Stow was born in 1525, forty-eight years before Jonson. He was also very poor before his death. He seems to have thought that the infirmity of old age and poverty put him on a level with the begging cripples.

⁷ Jonson's own notes to *Sejanus* prove the whole tragedy to be a mosaic of translations from, and allusions to the great Roman writers, who had described the events or lashed the vices of that time. Mr. Laing is puzzled to reconcile this disparaging remark on the Translation with what Jonson had previously said about Savile in his Epigram (p. 95). But it is evident that he could never have used the words "first four books" with regard to the *History*, when there are only four books altogether. He must have spoken here of the *Annals* of Tacitus, from the "first four books" of which, and not from the *History*, Jonson drew the materials of his *Sejanus*.

⁸ The *Titles of Honor*, London, 1614, has a long dedication "To my most beloved Friend and Chamberfellow, Master Edward Heyward." This "bravest man in all languages" reciprocated Jonson's admiration.

⁹ Hear what Taylor himself says on this point "Reader, these Travailles of mine into Scotland, were not undertaken, neither in imitation, or emulation of any man, but onely devised by my selfe, on purpose to make triall of my friends, both in this kingdom of England, and that of Scotland, and because I would be an eye-witness of divers things which I had heard of that Country; and whereas many shallow-brained Criticks, doe lay an aspersions on me, that I was set on by others, or that I did undergoe this project, either in mahce or mockage of Master BENJAMIN JOHNSON, I vow by the faith of a Christian that their imaginations are all wide for he is a Gentleman to whom I am so much obliged for many undeserved courtesies that I h'Y' received from him, and from others by his favour, that I durst never to be so impudent or ungrateful, as either to suffer any man's perswasions, or mine own instigation, to incite me to n'flbe
 "O had a requital for so much goodnesses formerly received,"

Jonson indeed seems to have altogether acquitted his friend, the Sculler, from understanding

Cambden wrot that book "Remaines of Bretagne."¹

Joseph Hall the harbinger to Done's Anniversarie.³

The epigram of Martial, *Vir-verpium* he vantes to expone.

Lucan, Sidney, Guarini, make every man speak as well as themselves, forgetting decorum, for Dametas sometyms speaks grave sentences.⁸ Lucan taken in parts excellent, altogether naught.

He dissuaded me from Poetrie, for that she had beggered him, when he might have been a rich lawer, physitian, or marchant.⁴

Questioned about English, *them, they, those*. *They* is still the nominative, *those* accusative, *them* newter; collective, not *them men*, *them trees*, but *them* by itself referred to many. *Which, who*, be relatives, not *that*. *Flouds, hillcs*, he would have masculines.

He was better versed, and knew more in Greek and Lain, than all the Poets in England, and quintessence their braines.⁵

He made much of that Epistle of Plinms, wher *Adprandium, non ad nolam* is; and that other of Marcellinus, who Plmie made to be removed from the table; and of the grosse turbat.

One wrote one epigrame to his father, arid wanted he had slain ten, the quantity of *decem* being false. An other answered the epigrame, telling that *decem* was false.

S.J. Da vies' epigrame of the whoores C. compared to a coule.

Or all styles he loved most to be named Honest, and hath of that ane hundreth letters so naming him.

He had this oft,—

"Thy flattering picture, Phrenee, is lyke thee
Only in this, that ye both painted be."

the purposes for which, with some reason, he imagined him to have been "sent" by others; as is evident by his treatment of Taylor when he came across him in Scotland.

"Now the day before I came from Edenborough I went to Letch, where I found my long approved and assured good friend, Master Benjamin Johnson, at one Master John Stuart's house: I thanke him for his great kindnesse towards me; for at my taking leave of iijm, he gave me a piece of gold of two and twenty shillings to drinke his health in England; and withall willed me to remember his kind commendations to all his friends. So with a friendly fawell, I left him as well as I hope ntver to see him in a worse estate; for he is amongst Noblemen and Gentlemen that knowe his true worth, and their own honours, where with much respective love he is worthily entertained.

Jonson evidently intended that the man who was "sent to scorn him" should have to make a flourishing report of him.

Camden's "Remains concerning Britain" was published in 1605 without the author's name. His great work the *Britannia* had been published in 1586, and passed through eight editions before the end of 1500, during the very year in which he was laying the young Jonson (and the world) under such obligations.

See Donne's *Poems*, ed. 1669, p. 291, where the *Progress of the Soul*, *The Second Anniversary* is prefaced by *The Harbinger to the Progress*. As a satirist Bishop Hall is not excelled by Dryden and Pope, while as a writer of sermons he rivals Jeremy Taylor.

He had already made this remark about the *Arcadia* (*ante*, p. 470).

Jonson's vigorous talents and extraordinary industry would have insured his success in any pursuit, and he had such a passion for letters that we may be sure the pen would have been constantly in his hand whatever his profession might have been. He is a great poet certainly, though not of the highest class, but rather one after Sir Iohn Beaumont's bent; as being the possessor of great general powers forced in a particular direction. I find the following remark in Coleridge's handwriting in the margin of Charles Lamb's copy of the folio Beaumont and Fletcher, and I transcribe it because it seems to be more applicable to Jonson than to the man whose writings suggested it. "A noble subject for the few noble minds capable of treating it would be this. What are the probable, what the possible defects of *Genius*, and of each given sort of *Genius*? and of course what defects are psychologically impossible? This would comprise what semblance of *Genius* can Talent supply? and what *Talent*, united with strong feeling for Poetry, aided by *Taste* and *Judgment*! And how are the effects to be distinguished from those of *Genius*? Lastly, what degree of *Talent* may be produced by an intense desire of the end (ex. gr. to be and to be thought a poet) without any natural, more than general, aptitude for the means?"

The last part of this remark is somewhat obscure, but there can be little doubt that in the whole line of our poets, from Chaucer to Tennyson, Jonson stands unrivalled in this respect. Gifford, indeed—and he was a most competent judge—was of opinion that in the vastness of range of his learning; no Englishman had gone beyond him.

Jonson says in his "Discoveries," *ante*, p. 396, that in his youth he could have "repeated all that he had ever made," and that it so continued till he was past forty. Even in later life he says.

In his merry humor he was wont to name himself The Poet.

He went from Lieth homeward the 25 of January 1619, in a pair of shoes which, he told, lasted him since he came from Darnton, which he minded to take back that fair againe: they were appearing like Coriat's: the first two dayes he was all excoriate.¹

If he died by the way, he promised to send me his papers of this Country, hewen as they were.²

I have to send him descriptions of Edinbrough, Borrow Lawes, of the Lowmond.³

That piece of the Pucelle of the Court was stolen out of his pocket by a gentleman who drank him drousie, and given Mistress Boulstraid; which brought him great displeasure.⁴

XIX.

He sent to me this Madrigal:

"ON A LOVERS DUST, MADE SAND FOR ANE HOURE GLASSB."

"Doe but consider this smal dust here running in the glasse
by atomes moved,
Could thou believe that this the bodie ever was
of one that loved?
And, in his Mistresse flaming playing like the flye,
turned to cinders by her eye?
Yet, and in death, as lyfe unblest
to have it exprest
Even ashes of Lovers find no rest"

And that which is (as he said) a Picture of himselfe.'

1 "I can repeat whole books that I have read, and poems of some selected friends, which I have liked to charge my memory with." Donne was one of the chief of his selected friends, and was the author of this epigram. (See his Works, 1669, p. 94). Jonson was forty-six years old when he visited Drummond.

2 Darnton may be supposed to be Darlington. The name of Tom Corvate must have been a fertile subject of joking. The news of his death at Surat in December, 1617, had most probably not reached Scotland in January, 1619.

3 Had Tonson's Journals reached us, even "hewen as they were," they would no doubt have thrown a flood of light on the Borders and Southern Highlands at the most interesting period of their history, when the clans in both parts had begun to find that harrying, and lifting, and rebellion were no longer to be recognised as honourable and rather engaging pursuits. Among many other points of resemblance between two very great men, no one has mentioned that Ben Jonson was the first distinguished Englishman who visited the Highlands, as Samuel Johnson was to visit the Hebrides.

4 Drummond did not forget his promise, as evidenced by a letter of July ist, 1619.

5 See ante, p. 473.

6 These verses, in an altered form, will be found, ante, p. 285. It is proper to repeat here the "cordial, respectful, and affectionate" address with which they were prefaced.

"To the Honouring Respect
Bom
To the Friendship contracted with
The Right Virtuuous and Lea med
MASTER WILLIAM DRUMMOND
And the Perpetuating the same by all Office! of
Love Hereafter,
I, Benjamin Jonson,
Whom he hath honoured with the leave to be called U!
Have with my own hand, to satisfy his Request,
Written this imperfect Song,
OB a Lover's Dust, made Sand for an
Hour-glass."

7 S My Kcture left in Scotland, w a , p. 286. These we re headed with the following brief inscription, which may be regarded as a continuation of the longer one in the last note: "Yet that flowbiit Uatfxminiayadintheap receive another, and this a Picture of myself."

' I doubt that Love is rather deafe than blinde,
 If it else it could ttot be,
That shee
 Whom I adore so much, should so slight mee
 Aad cast my sute behind' :
 I'm sure my language to her is as sweet'
 And all my closes meet
 In numbers of as subtle feete
 As makes the youngest hee,
 That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree.

" O ! but my conscious feares,
 That flye my thoughts betweene,
 Prompt race that shee hath seene
 My hundred of gray hairees,
 Told six and forty yeares,
 Read so much waste, as she cannot embrace
 My mountaine bally, and my rockye face,
 And all these, through her eies, have stop'd her cares."

January 19, 1619.

He [Jonson] is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to IOSM a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him (especiallie after drink, which if one of the elements in which he liveth); a dissembler of ill parts which raigne in him a braggier f some gvod that he wanteth; thinketh nothing well bot what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kynde and angry; careless either to gaine or keep; vindicative, but, if he be well answered, at himself.

For any religion, as being versed in both. Interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst. Oppressed with fantasie, which hath ever mastered his reason, a generall disease in many Poets. His inventions are smooth and easie; but above all he excelleth in a Translation.'

Whn his play of a Silent Woman was first acted, ther was found verses aft' t in the stage against him, concluding that thaj play was well named the Silnt Woman, titir was never one man to say Plaudite to it.

¹ I have no doubt that Drummond, a valetudinarian and "minor poet," Was thoroughly bofne down by the superior powers, physical and mental, of Jonson, and heartily glad when he saw the last of his somewhat boisterous and somewhat arrogant guest. The picture drawn by one who thus felt himself "sat upon" at every turn was not likely to be a flattering owe, and yet there is **nothing in the Conversations to lead us to expect that the portrait given at the end of them would be composed almost entirely of shadows.** But may we not suppose that on the **24th of January, 119,** on 's way to 'et, ouson may have passed the night at Hawthornden, and full of the idea of returning home and warmed with the generous liquors, for the abundance And quality of which

"The heart of Scdtktd, Britain's other eye"

ias always Uea temous, have forgotten that he was at the tabl' of A prim Scotch laird, and dreaming himself already in the Apollo or at the Mermaid, given the to etch feelinf as It rtse, whether **vaunty, scorn, contempt, ridicule, mistrust, boasting, love of country and friends, passionate kindness, regardlessness of money and gain, eagerness to conquer, and readiness to own himself vanquished.** Had Drummond waited till time and distance had mellowed his feelings, he would, I am persuaded, have employed some such terms as I have here substituted for the harsher sounding synonyms actually recorded.

² **The spirit of toleration and respect for honest difference of religious opinion, which Jonson had arrived at by study and reflection, must have led him to be regarded as a "very Gallio" by the average Scotchman of his age; while his great and various experience of Courts and Counsers, doubtless caused him to express anything but blind confidence in the large promises and smooth excuses of the Great.** What follows about the characteristics of his poetry is quite consistent with what we know to have been his own honest belief, although surely no poet has ever been farther from allowing fancy to master reason. Enough has been already said of his peculiar ideas about translation.

³ This amusing circumstance Was !ft all likelihood derived from Jonson's own mouth and at the worst in innocent and probable enough; but Gifford (vol. i. p. 402) must needs say of it, "The story is highly worthy of the hypocrite who picked it up and not at all discreditable to the leads ctf tnaluuitt truth whioh tile reporter hat 'd industriously heap-ed together uftlag at

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Jonsonus Virbius : or, the Memory of Ben Jonson.

REVIVED BY THE FRIENDS OF THE MUSES.

MDCXXXVIII.

THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

It is now about six months¹ since the most learned and judicious poet, B. JONSON, became a subject for these Elegies. The time interjected between his death and the publishing of these, shows that so great an argument ought to be considered, before handled ; not that the Gentlemen's affections were less ready to grieve, but their judgments to write. At length the loose papers were consigned to the hands of a Gentleman,² who truly honoured him (for he knew why he did so). To his care you are beholding that they are now made yours. And he was willing to let you know the value of what you have lost, that you might the better recommend what you have left of him, to your posterity.

Farewell.

E. P.

¹ [... ft new a&out six months.] Jonson died on the sixth of August, 1637: the Poems must therefore have appeared about the beginning of March, 1638. [Here and in the Memoir (vol. i. p. lix.), the date of Jonson's death seems to have been altered from the Old Style to the New—Sir Edward Walker, Garter, has left the following record of the fact—"Thursday 17 August. Died at Westminster, Mr. Benjamin Johnson, the most famous, accurate, and learned poet of our age, especially in the English tongue, having left behind him many rare pieces, which have sufficiently demonstrated to the world his worth. He was buried the next day following being accompanied to his grave with all or the greatest part of the nobilitye and gentry then in the towne."—(*Notes and Queries*, 1st Series, vi. 405.)—F. C.]

² This "gentleman," we find in Howell's Letters, was Dr. Bryan Duppa, Bishop of Winchester. Nor was the present collection of tributary offerings the only praise of this excellent man. The patron of learning when learning was proscribed,—for the greater part of what is beautiful and useful in the writings of Mayne, Cavtwright, and many others, religion and literature are indebted to the fostering prothr HOD of Doctor Bryan Duppa. He was born at Greenwich toth March, 1588, admitted of Chr v Omrch Oxford, from Westminster School, in May, 1605. 'After passing through various honourable situations in the University and at Court, he was successively consecrated Bishop of Chichester, Salisbury, and Winchester, and died at his favourite residence at Richmond, the 26th March, 1662 Charles II. visited him on his deathbed, and begged his blessing on his bended knees.

There is great pleasure in opposing these honourable and liberal proofs of the good understanding which subsisted between contemporary poets to the slight and imperfect premises from which dramatic editors have laboured to deduce proofs of most opposite and disgraceful feeling.—

AN ECLOGUE
ON THE DEATH OF BEN JONSON.
BETWEEN MELTBCEUS AND HYLAS.

MELTBCEUS.

Hylas, the clear day boasts a glorious sun,
Our troop is ready, and our time is come:
That fox who hath so long our lambs de-

stroyed,
And daily in his prosperous rapine joyed,
Is earthed not far from hence; old Egon's

son,
Rough Corilas, and lusty Corydon,
In part the sport, in part revenge desire,
And both thy tarrier and thy aid require.
Haste, for by this, but that for thee we

stayed,
The prey-devourer had our prey been made:

Hyl. Oh! Melibceus, now I list not hunt,
Nor have that vigour as before I wont;
My presence will afford them no relief,
That beast I strive to chase is only grief.

Mel. What mean thy folded arms, thy
downcast eyes,

Tears which so fast descend, and sighs
which rise?

What mean thy words, which so distracted
fall

As all thy joys had now one funeral?
Cause for such grief, can our retirements
yield?

That follows courts, but stoops not to the
field.

Hath thy stern step-dame to thy sire re-
vealed

Some youthful act, which thou couldst
wish concealed?

Part of thy herd hath some close thief con-
veyed

From open pastures to a darker shade?

Part of thy flock hath some fierce torrent
drowned?

Thy harvest failed, or Amarillis frowned?

Hyl. Nor love nor anger, accident nor
thief,

Hath raised the waves of my unbounded
grief:

To cure this cause, I would provoke the ire
Of my fierce step-dame or severer sire,

Give all my herds, fields, flocks, and all
the grace

That ever shone in Amarillis' face.

Alas, that bard, that glorious bard is dead,

Who, when I whilom cities visited,
Hath made them seem but hours, which

were full days,

VOL. III.

Whilst he vouchsafed me his harmonious
lays:

And when he lived, I thought the country
then

A torture, and no mansion, but a den.

Mel. JONSON you mean, unless I much
do err,

I know the person by the character.

Hyl. You guess aright, it is too truly so,
From no less spring could all these rivers

flow.

Mel. Ah, Hylas! then thy grief I cannot
call

A passion, when the ground is rational.
I now excuse thy tears and sighs, though

tijoe
To deluges, and these to tempests rose:

Her great instructor gone, I know the age
No less laments than doth the widowed

stage,
And only vice and folly now are glad,

Our gods are troubled, and our prince is
jad:

lie chiefly who bestows light, health, and
art,

Feels this sharp grief pierce his immorta
heart,

lie his neglected lyre away hath thrown,
And wept a larger, nobler Helicon,

To find his heirs, which to his wish pre-
vail,

For the less love should his own favourite
fail:

So moaned himself when Daphne he
adored,

That arts, relieving all, should fail their
lord.

Hyl. But say, from whence in thee this
knowledge springs,

Of what his favour was with gods and
kings.

Mel. Dorus, who long had known
books, men, and towns,

At last the honour of our woods and
downs,

Had often heard his songs, was often fired
With their enchanting power, ere he re-

tired,
And ere himself to our srlf groves he

brought,
To meditate on what his muse had taught:

Here all his joy was to revolve alone,
All that her music to his soul had shown,

Or in ail meetings to divert the stream
Of our discourse; and make his friend his

theme,
And praising works which that rare loom

hath weaved,
Impart that pleasure which he had received.

K K

So in street notes (which did all tunes
 excell,
 But what he praised) I oft have heard him
 tell
 Of his rate pen, what was the use and
 price,
 The bays of virtue and the scourge of
 vice:
 How the rich ignorant he valued least,
 Nor for the trappings would esteem the
 beast;
 But did our youth to noble actions raise,
 Hoping the meed of his immortal praise:
 How bright and soon his Muse's morning
 shone,
 Her noon how lasting, and her evening
 none.
 How speech exceeds not dumbness, nor
 verse prose,
 More than his verse the low rough tunes
 of those,
 (For such, his seen, they seemed,) who
 highest reared,
 Possest Parnassus ere his power appeared.
 Nor shall another pen his fame dissolve,
 Till we this doubtful problem can resolve,
 Which in his works we most transcendent
 see,
 Wit, judgment, learning, art, or industry;
 Which *it* is never, so all jointly flow,
 And each doth to an equal torrent grow:
 His learning such, no author old nor new,
 Escaped his reading that deserved his view,
 And such his judgment, so exact his test,
 Of what was best in books, as what books
 best,
 That had he joined those notes his labours
 took,
 From each most praised and praise-de-
 serving book,
 And could the world of that choice trea-
 sure boast,
 It need not care though all the rest were
 lost:
 And such his wit, he writ past what he
 quotes,
 And his productions far exceed his notes.
 So in his works where aught inserted
 grows,
 The noblest of the plants engrafted shows,
 That his adopted children equal not,
 The generous issue his own brain begot:
 So great his art, that much which he did
 write,
 G've the wise wonder, and the crowd de-
 light,
 Each Sort as well as Sex admired his wit.
 The he's and she's, the boxes and the
 pit;

And who less liked within, did rather
 choose,
 To tax their judgments than suspect his
 muse.
 How no spectator his chaste stage could
 call
 The cause of any crime of his, but all
 With thoughts and wills purged and
 amended rise,
 From th' ethic lectures of his comedies,
 Where the spectators act, and the shamed
 age
 Blusheth to meet her follies on the stage;
 Where each man finds some light he never
 sought,
 And leaves behind some vanity he brought;
 Whose politics no less the minds direct,
 Than these the manners, nor with less
 effect,
 When his Majestic Tragedies relate
 All the disorders of a tottering state,
 All the distempers which on kingdoms fall,
 When ease, and wealth, and vice arc
 general,
 And yet the minds against all fear assure,
 And telling the disease, prescribe the cure:
 Where, as he tells what subtle ways, what
 friends,
 (Seeking their wicked and their wished-for
 ends)
 Ambitious and luxurious persons prove,
 Whom vast desires, or mighty wants do
 move,
 The general frame to sap and undermine,
 In proud Sejanus, and bold Catiline;
 I So in his vigilant Prince and Consul's parts,
 • He shews the wiser and the nobler arts,
 I By which a state may be unhurt upheld,
 I And all those works destroyed, which hell
 I would build.
 Who (not like those who with small praise
 had writ,
 Had they not called in judgment to their
 wit)
 Used not a tutoring hand his to direct,
 But was sole workman and sole architect.
 And sure by what my friend did daily tell,
 If he but acted his own part as well
 As he writ those of others, he may boast,
 The happy fields hold not a happier ghost
 Hyl. Strangers will think this strange,
 yet he (dear youth)
 Where most he past belief, fell short of
 truth:
 Say on, what more he said, this gives relief,
 And though it raise my cause, it bates my
 grief,
 I Since fates decreed him now no longer lived,
 ! I joy to hear him by thy friend revived.

Md. More he would say, and better
 (but I spoil
 His smoother words with my unpolished
 style),
 And haying told what pitch his worth
 attained,
 He then would tell us what reward it
 gained:
 How in an ignorant, and learned age he
 swayed,
 (Of which the first he found, the second
 made)
 How he, when he could know it, reaped
 his Fame,
 And long out-lived the envy of his name:
 To him how daily flocked, what reverence
 gave,
 All that had wit, or would be thought to
 have,
 Or hope to gain, and in so large a store,
 That to his ashes they can pay no more,
 Except those few who censuring, thought
 not so,
 But aimed at glory from so great a foe:
 How the wise too, did with mere wits
 agree,
 As Pembroke, Portland, and grave Au-
 bigny;
 Nor thought the rigidest senator a shame,
 To contribute to so deserved a fame:
 How great Eliza, the retreat of those
 Who, weak and injured, her protection
 chose,
 Her subjects' joy, the strength of her allies,
 The fear and wonder of her enemies,
 With her judicious favours did infuse
 Courage and strength into his younger
 muse.
 How learned James, whose praise no end
 shall find
 (But still enjoy a fame pure like his mind),
 Who favoured quiet and the arts of peace,
 (Which in his halcyon days found large
 increase)
 Friend to the humblest if deserving swain,
 Who was himself a part of Pthebus' train,
 Declared great JONSON worthiest to receive
 The garland which the Muses' hands did
 weave;
 And though his bounty did sustain his
 days,
 Gave a more welcome pension in his praise.
 How mighty Charles amidst that weighty
 care,
 In which three kingdoms as their blessing
 share,
 Whom as it tends with ever watchful eyes,
 That neither power may force, nor art
 surprise,
 So bounded by nb shore, grasps all the
 main,
 And far as Neptune claims, extends his
 reign;
 Found still dome time to hear and to ad-
 mire,
 The happy sounds of his harmonious lyre,
 And off hath left his bright exalted throne,
 And to his Muse's feet combined his own:
 As did his Queen, whose person so disclosed
 A brighter nymph than any part imposed,
 When she did join, by an harmonious choice,
 Her graceful motions to his powerful voice:
 How above all the rest was Phoebus fired
 With love of arts, which he himself inspired,
 Nor oftener by his light our sense was
 cheered,
 Than he in person to his sight appeared,
 Nor did he write a line but to supply,
 With sacred flame the radiant god was by.
HyL Though none I ever heard this last
 rehearse,
 I saw as much when I did see his verse.
Mel. Since he, when living, could such
 honours have,
 What now will piety pay to his grave?
 Shall of the rich (whose lives were low and
 vile,
 And scarce deserved a grave, much less a
 pile)
 The monuments possess an ample room,
 And such a wonder lie without a tomb?
 Raise thou him one in verse, and there re-
 late
 His worth, thy grief, and our deplored
 state;
 His great perfections our great loss recite,
 And let them merely weep who cannot write.
HyL I like thy saying, but oppose thy
 choice;
 So great a task as this requires a voice
 Which must be heard, and listened to, by all,
 And Fame's own trumpet but appears too
 small.
 Then for my slender reed to sound his name,
 Would more my folly than his praise pro-
 claim,
 And when you wish my weakness sing his
 worth,
 You charge a mouse to bring a mountain
 forth.
 I am by nature formed, by woes made, dull,
 My head is emptier than my heart is full;
 Grief doth my brain impair, as tears supply,
 Which makes my face so moist, my pen SO
 dry.

Nor should this work proceed from woods
and downs,

But from the academies, courts, and towns;
Let Digby, Carew, Kiliigrew, and Maine,
Godolphin, Waller, that inspired train,
Or whose rare pen beside deserves the grace,
Or of an equal, or a neighbouring place,
Answer thy wish, for none so fit appears,
To raise his tomb, as who are left his heirs:
Yet for this cause no labour need be spent,
Writing his works, he built his monument.

Afcl. If to obey in this thy pen be loth,
It will not seem thy weakness, but thy sloth:
Our towns prest by our foes invading might,
Our ancient druids and young virgins fight,
Employing feeble limbs to the best use;
So JONSON dead, no pen should plead excuse.

For Elegies, howl all who cannot sing,
For tombs bring turf, who cannot marble
bring,

Let all their forces mix, join verse to rhyme,
To save his fame from that invader, Time;
Whose power, though his alone may well
restrain,

Yet to so wished an end, no care is vain;
And Time, like what our brooks act in our
sight,

Oft sinks the weighty, and upholds the light.
Besides, to this, thy pains I strive to move
Less to express his Elory than thy love:
Not long before his death, our woods he
meant

To visit, and descend from Thames to
Trent,

Mete with thy elegy his pastoral,
And rise as much as he vouchsafed to fall.
Suppose it chance no other pen to join
In this attempt, and the whole work be
thine?—

When the fierce fire the rash boy kindled,
reigned,

The whole world suffered; earth alone
complained.

Suppose that many more intend the same,
More taught by art, and better known to
fame?

To that great deluge which so far destroyed,
The earth her springs, as heaven his
showers employed.

So may who highest marks of honour wears,
Admit mean partners in this flood of tears;
So oft the humblest join with loftiest things,
Nor only princes weep the fate of kings.

Hyl. I yield, I yield, thy words my
thoughts have fired,
And I am less persuaded than inspired;
Speech shall give sorrow vent, and that re-
lief,

The woods shall echo all the city's grief;
I oft have verse on meaner subjects made,
Should I give presents and leave debts un-
paid?

Want of invention here is no excuse,
My matter I shall find, and not produce,
And (as it fares in crowds) I only doubt,
So much would pass, that nothing will get
out,

Else in this work which now my thoughts
intend

I shall find nothing hard, but how to end;
I then but ask fit time to smooth my lays,
(And imitate in this the pen I praise)

Which by the subject's power embalmed,
may last,

Whilst the sun light, the earth doth sha-
dows, cast,

And, feathered by those wings, fly among
men,

Far as the fame of poetry and BEN.

FALKLAND.¹

TO THE MEMORY OF

BENJAMIN JONSON.

If Romulus did promise in the flight,
To Jove the Stator, if he held from flight
His men, a temple, and performed his vow:
Why should not we, learned JONSON, thee
allow

An altar at the least? since by thy aid,
Learning, that would have left us, has been
stayed.

The actions were different: that thing
Required some mark to keep't from perish-
ing;

But letters must be quite defaced, before
Thy memory, whose care did them restore.
BUCKHURST.¹

¹ With the success usually attendant upon his endeavours to philosophize, Horace Wai-pole has laboured to depreciate the character of this amiable and high-spirited man, who joined with the popular party in resisting royalty, till he discovered that their aims were directed not against the encroachments of pre-rogative, but against the crown itself. He

then took up arms for the king, and bravely fell at the fatal battle of Newbury, the 20th September, 1643. —GILCHRIST. See p. 340 of this volume.

¹ Richard Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, son of Edward, Earl of Dorset, by Mary, daughter and heir of Sir George Cusaon, of Croxall, in Derbyshire; married Fntncftty daughter and heir to

TO THE MEMORY OF

HIM WHO CAN NEVER BE FORGOTTEN,
MASTER BENJAMIN JONSON.

Had this been for some meaner poet's herse,
I might have then observed the laws of
verse:

But here they fail, nor can I hope to express
In numbers, what the world grants num-
berless;

Such are the truths, we ought to speak of
thee,

Thou great refiner of our poesy,
Who turn'st to gold that which before was
lead;

Then with that pure elixir raised the dead 1
Nine sisters who (for all the poets lies)

Had been deemed mortal, did not JONSON
rise

And with celestial sparks (not stol'n) revive
Those who could erst keep winged fame
alive:

'Twas he that found (placed) in the seat of
wit,

Dull grinning ignorance, and banished it;
He on the prostituted stage appears

To make men hear, not by their eyes, but
ears;

Who painted virtues, that each one might
know,

And point the man, that did such treasure
owe:

So that who could in JONSGN'S lines be
high

Needed not honours, or a riband, buy;
But vice he only shewed us in a glass,

Which by reflection of those rays that
pass,

Retains the figure lively, set before,
And that withdrawn, reflects at us no more;

So, he observed the like decorum, when
He whilst the vices, and yet spared the
men:

When heretofore, the Vice's only note,
And sign from virtue was his party-coat;

When devils were the last men on the
stage,

And prayed for plenty, and the present age.

Lionel, Earl of Middlesex, by whom he had three
sons and three daughters. He succeeded his
father as Earl of Dorset, in 1652, and dying in
1677 was succeeded by his son Charles the poet
— GILCHRIST.

1. The family of Beaumont boasts a royal de-
scent; there is a letter of King John's to one of
the Beaumonts, preserved in Kymer's *Foedera*,
acknowledging the **consanguinity**. to **baronet**

Nor was our English language, only
bound

To thank him, for he Latin Horace found
(Who so inspired Rome, with his lyric song)

Translated in the macaronic tongue;
Clothed in such rags, as one might safely

vow,
That his Maecenas would not own him
now:

On him he took this pity, as to clothe
In words, and such expression, as for both,

There's none but judgeth the exchange will
come

To twenty more, than when he sold at
Rome.

Since then, he made our language pure and
good,

And us to speak but what we understood,
We owe this praise to him, that should we

join
To pay him, he were paid but with the
coin

Himself hath minted, which we know by
this,

That no words pass for current now but
his.

And though he in a blinder age could
change

Faults to perfections, yet 'twas far more
strange

To see (however times, and fashions frame)
His wit and language still remain the same

In all men's mouths; grave preachers did it
use

As golden pills, by which they might infuse
Their heavenly physic; ministers of state

Their grave dispatches in his language
wrote;

Ladies made curt'sies in them, courtiers
legs,

Physicians bills;—perhaps, some pedant
begs

He may not use it, for he hears 'tis such,
As in few words a man may utter much.

Could I have spoken in his language too,
I had not said so much, as now I do,

To whose clear memory I this tribute send,
Who dead's my Wonder, living was my

Friend.

JOHN BEAUMONT, Bart.

before us was the eldest son of the author
of "Bosworth Field," and other poems: he was
born at Grace-dieu in Leicestershire, in 1607.
In the rebellion, which followed hard upon the
composition of this poem, Sir John Beaumont
took up arms, obtained a colonel's commission,
and was slain at the siege of Gloucester, 1644.—
GILCHRIST.

CS0 *attas*te, p. 190 of this folrM—F. GJ

TO THE MEMORY OF

MASTER BENJAMIN JONSON.

To press into the throng, where wits thus
strive

To make thy laurels fading tombs survive,
Argues thy worth, their love, my bold de-
sire,

Somewhat to sing, though but to fill the
quire:

But (truth to speak) what muse can silent
be,

Or little say, that hath for sutuect, thee?
Whose poems such, that as the sphere of
fire,

They warm insensibly, and force inspire,
Knowledge, and wit infuse, mute tongues
unloose,

And ways, not tracked to write and speak
discloses.

But when thouput'st thy tragic buskin on,
Gf comic sock of mirthful action,
Actors, as if inspired from thy hand,
Speak beyond what they think less, un-
derstand;

And thirsty hearers, wonder-stricken, say,
Thy words make that a truth, was meant a
play.

Folly, and brain-sick humours of the time,
Distempered passion, and audacious crime,
Thy pen so on the stage doth personate,
That ere men scarce begin to know, they
hate

The vice presented, and there lessons
learn

Virtue from vicious habits to discern.

Oft have I seen thee in a sprightly strain,
To lash a vice, and yet no one complain;
Thou threw'st the ink of malice from thy
pen,

Whose aim was evil manners, not ill men.
Let then frail parti repose, where solemn
care

Of pious friends their Pyramids prepare;

son of Thomas Hawkings, Esq.—of a family resident at the manor of Nash, in the parish of Boughton uiaer the Bleaii, in Kent, from the time of Edward III.—who attained the age of 101 years, and died on the 15th Marq, 1584, and lies buried in the north chancel of the church of Boughton, under a tomb of marble, which bears honourable testimony to his services 19 King Henry VIII., and speaks of him as a man of great strength and lofty stature.

friend of Jonson was the eldest of seven sons of Sir Thomas Hawkings of Nash, and married Elizabeth, daughter of George Smith of

And take thou, BEN, from Verse a second
breath,
Which shall create Thee new, and con-
quer death.

Sir THOMAS HAWKINS.

TO THE MEMOKY OF

MY FRIEND, BEN JONSON.

I see that wreath which doth the wearer arm
'Gainst the quick strokes of thunder, is no
charm

To keep off death's pale dart; for, JONSON,
then

Thou hadst been numbered still with living
men:

Time's scythe had feared thy laurel to in-
vade,

Nor thee this subject of our sorrow made.

Amongst those many votaries that come
To offer up their garlands at thy tomb,
Whilst some more lofty pens in their bright
verse,

(Like glorious tapers flaming on thy herse)
Shall fight the dull and thankless world to
see,

How great a maim it suffers, wanting thee;
Let not thy learned shadow scorn, that I
Pay meaner rites unto thy memory:

And since I nought can add but in desire,
Restore some sparks which leaped from
thine own fire.

What ends soever other quills invke,
I can protest, it was no itch to write,
Nor any vain ambition to be read,
But merely love and justice to the dead,
Which raised my fameless muse; and
caused her briftg

These drops, as tribute thrown into that
spring,

To whose most rich and fruitful head we
owe

The purest streams of language which can
flow.

Athby Folvflo, in Leicestershire, by whom h
had two sons, John and Thomas, both of whom
he survived, and dying without is'me in 160,
was succeeded in a considerable patrimony by
Richard, his brother and heir, the lineal de-
scendant of whom, Thomas Hawkings, Esq., was
living at Nash in 1700.

Sir Thomas translated Caussin's Holy Court,
several times reprinted in folio: the Histories
of Sejanus and Phihppa, from the French of
P. Mathieu; and certain Odes of Horace, the
4th edition of which is before me, dated 1638.
nappem before the latter he is celebrated by
H. HicUttid for Uisskiu in muc.—GILCHRIST.

For 'tis but truth; thou taught'st the ruder
age,

To speak by grammar; and reform'dst the
stage;

Thy comic sock induced such purged
sense,

A Lucrece might have heard without of-
fence.

Amongst those soaring wits that did dilate
Our English, and advance it to the rate
And value it now holds, thyself was one
Helped lift it up to such proportion,
That, thus refined and robed, it shall not
spare

With the full Greek or Latin to compare.
For what tongue ever durst, but ours,
translate

Great Tully's eloquence, or Homer's state?
Both which in their unblemished lustre
shine,

From Chapman's pen, and from thy Cati-
line.

All I would ask for thee, in recompense
Of thy successful toil and time's expence
Is only this poor boon; that those who can,
Perhaps, read French, or talk Italian;
Or do the lofty Spaniard affect,

(To shew their skill in foreign dialect)
Prove not themselves so' unnaturally wise
They therefore should their mother-tongue
despise ;

(As if her poets both for style and wit,
Not equalled, or not passed their best that
writ)

Untill by studying JONSON they have known
The heighth, and strength, and plenty of
their own.

Thus in what low earth, or neglected
room

Soe'er thou sleep'st, thy BOOK shall be thy
tomb.

Thou wilt go down a happy corse, be-
strewned

With thine own, flowers, and feel thyself re-
newed,

Whilst thy immortal, never-withering bays
Shall yearly flourish in thy reader's praise:
And when more spreading titles are forgot,
Or, spite of all their lead and sear-cloth,
rot;

Thou wrapt and shrined in thine own sheets
wilt lie,

A Relic famed by all posterity.
HENRY KING.'

TO THE MEMORY OF
BENJAMIN JONSON.

Might but this slender offering of mine,
Crowd 'midst the sacred burden of thy
shrine,

The near acquaintance with thy greater
name

Might style me wit, and privilege my fame,
But I've no such ambition, nor dare sue
For the least legacy of wit, as due.

I come not t' offend duty, and transgress
Affection, nor with bold presumption press,
'Midst those clote mourners, whose nigh
kin in verse,

Hath made the near attendance of thy
hearse.

I come in duty, not in pride, to shew
Not what I have in store, but what I owe;
Nor shall my folly wrong thy fame, for we
Prize, by the want of wit, the loss of thee.

As when the wearied sun hath stol'n to
rest,

And darkness made the world's unwelcome
guest,

We grovelling captive of the eight yet
may

With fire and candle beget light, not day ;
Now he whose name in poetry controls,

Goes to converse with more refined souls,
Like country gazers in amaze we sit,

Admirers of this great eclipse in wit.

Reason and wit we have to shew us men,
But no hereditary beam of BEN.

Our knocked inventions may beget a spark,
Which faints at least resistance of the dark;
Thine like the fire's high element was pure,
And like the same made not to bum, but
cure.

When thy enraged Muse did chMe o' the
stage,

Twas to reform, not to abuse the age.

—But thou'rt requited ill, to have thy heiae.,
Stained by profaner parricides in verse,

¹ Henry King, eldest son of Dr. John King, Bishop of London, was born at Wornal in Buckinghamshire, in January, 1592. He was educated first at Thame, afterwards at Westminster, and lastly at Christ Church, Oxford, where he was entered in 1608. He was successively chaplain to James I., Archdeacon of Colchester, residentiary of St. Paul's, Chaplain, in Ordinary to Charles I., Dean of Rochester, and lastly Bishop

of Chichester, in which place he died 1st October, 1669, and was buried in the Cathedral. The writings of Bishop King are for the most part devotional, but in his Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonnets," 8vo, 1657, there is a neatness, an elegance, and even a tenderness, which entitle them to more attention than they have lately obtained.—GILCHRIST.

Who make mortality a guilt, and scold,
Merely because thou'dst offer to be old :
Twas too unkind a slight'ning of thy name,
To think a ballad could confute thy fame;
Let's but peruse their libels, and they'll be
But arguments they understood not thee.
Nor is't disgrace, that in thee, through age
spent,

Twas thought a crime not to be excellent:
For me, I'll in such reverence hold thy
fame,

'Twas but by invocation useth thy name,
Be thou propitious, poetry shall know,
No deity but Thee to whom I'll owe.

HEN. COVENTRY.¹

AN ELEGY

UPON BENJAMIN JONSON.

Though once high Statius o'erdead Lucan's
hearse,

Would seem to fear his own hexameters,
And thought a greater honour than that
fear,

He could not bring to Lucan's sepulchre;

Let not our poets fear to write of thee,

Great JONSON, king of English poetry,

In any English verse, let none whoe'er,

Bring so much emulation as to fear:

But pay without comparing ths at all

Their tribute—verses to thy funeral;

Nor think what'e'r they write on such a

name,

Can be amiss: if high, it fits thy fame;

If low, it rights thee more, and makes men

see,

That English poetry is dead with thee;

Which in thy genius did so strongly live.—

Nor will I here particularly strive,

To praise each well composed piece of
thine;

¹ Henry Coventry, son of the lord keeper, was educated at All Souls' College, Oxford, of which he was a fellow, and where, on the 31st August, 1636, the degree of M.A. was conferred upon him by the king in person; he took a degree in law the 26th June, 1638. He suffered much for the royal cause in the rebellion, but upon the restoration of the king; he was made groom of the bedchamber to Charles II., sent upon embassies to Breda and Sweden, and on the 3rd July, 1672, was sworn one of the principal Secretaries of State. In 1680 he resigned his high office, and died at his house, near Charing Cross, on the 5th December, 1686, aged 68 years. He was buried in St. Martin's Church. — GILCHRIST.

Thomas May,—the son of Thomas May, Esq., who purchased the manor of May field

Or shew what judgment, art, and wit did
join

To make them up, but only (in the way
That Famianus honoured Virgil) say,
The Muse herself was linked so near to thee,
Whoe'er saw one, must needs the other see;
And if in thy expressions aught seemed
scant,

Not thou, but Poetry itself, did want.

THOMAS MAY.¹

AN ELEGY

ON BEN JONSON.

I dare not, learned Shade, bedew thy herse
With tears, unless that impudence, in verse,
Would cease to be a sin; and what were
crime

In prose, would be no injury in rhyme.

My thoughts are so below, I fear to act

A sin, like their black envy, who detract;

As oft as I would character in speech

That worth, which silent wonder scarce

can reach.

Yet I, that but pretend to learning, owe

So much to thy great fame, I ought to shew

My weakness in thy praise; thus to ap-

prove,

Although it be less wit, is greater love:

Tis all our fancy aims at; and our tongues

At best, will guilty prove of friendly wrongs.

For, who would image out thy worth, great

BEN,

Should first be what he praises; and his pen

Thy active brains should feed, which we

can't have,

Unless we could redeem thee from the

grave.

The only way that's left now, is to look

Into thy papers, to read o'er thy book;

And then remove thy fancies, there doth lie

Place, in Sussex (formerly an archiepiscopal palace, and afterwards the seat of the Greshams), and who was knighted at Greenwich in 1603, and died in 1616,—was born in 1505, educated at Sidney College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and was admitted of Gray's Inn the 6th August, 1615. In 1617 he joined with his mother, Joan May, and his cousin, Richard May, of Eslington, in alienating the estate of May field to John Baker, Esq., whose descendants have ever since enjoyed it. May's attachment to Charles I., and his subsequent apostacy, — his dramatic writings and translations, and his history of the parliament, are sufficiently known. He died—*already dead-drunk*—the 13th November, 1650. — GILCHRIST. [See ante, p. 394, and note¹, p. 995 of this volume.—F. C.]

Some judgment, where we cannot make, t'
apply

Our reading: some, perhaps, may call this
wit,

And think, we do not steal, but only fit
Thee to thyself; of all thy marble wears,
Nothing is truly ours, except the tears,

O could we weep like thee! we might
convey

New breath, and raise men from their beds
of clay

Unto a life of fame; he is not dead,
Who by thy Muses hath been buried.

Thrice happy those brave heroes, whom I
meet

Wrapt in thy writings, as their winding
sheet!

For, when the tribute unto nature due,
Was paid, they did receive new life from
you;

Which shall not be undated, since thy breath
Is able to immortal, after death.

Thus rescued from the dust, they did ne'er
see

True life, until they were entombed by thee.
You that pretend to courtship,¹ here admire

Those pure and active flames, love did in-
spire:

And though he could have took his mis-
tress' ears,

Beyond faint sighs, false oaths, and forced
tears;

His heat was still so modest, it might warm,
But do the cloistered votary no harm.

The face he sometimes praises, but the mind,
A fairer saint, is in his verse enshrined.

He that would worthily set down his
praise,

Should study lines as lofty as his plays.
The Roman worthies did not seem to fight

With braver spirit, than we see him write;
His pen their valour equals; and that age

Receives a greater glory from our stage.
Bold Catiline, at once Rome's hate and

fear,

Far higher in his story doth appear;
The flames those active furies did inspire,

Ambition and Revenge, his better fire

Kindles afresh; thus lighted, they shall
burn,

Till Rome to its first nothing do return.
Brave fall, had but the cause been likewise

good,
Had he so, for his country, lost his blood!

Some like not Tully in his own; yet while
All do admire him in thy English style,

I censure not; I rather think, that we
May well his equal, thine we ne'er shall see.

DUDLEY DICES.²

TO THE IMMORTALITY OF MY LEARNED
FRIEND,

MASTER JONSON.

I parlied once with death, and thought to
yield,

When thou advised'st me to keep the field;
Yet if I fell, thou wouldst upon my horse,

Breathe the reviving spirit of thy verse.
I live, and to thy grateful Muse would

pay
A parallel of thanks, but that this day
Of thy fair rights, thorough th' innumerable

light,
That flows from thy adorers, seems as

bright,
As when the sun darts through his golden

hair
His beams diameter into the air.

In vain I then strive to encrease thy glory,
These lights that go before make dark my

story.
Only I'll say, heaven gave unto thy pen
A sacred power, immortalizing men,

And thou dispensing life immortally,
Dost now but sabbatise from work, not die.

GEORGE FORTESCUE.²

AN ELEGY UPON THE

DEATH OF BEN JONSON,

THE MOST EXCELLENT OF ENGLISH
POETS.

What doth officious fancy here prepare?—
Be't rather this rich kingdom's charge and

care

¹ Dudley Digges, son of Sir Dudley Digges, Master of the Rolls, was born at Chilham in Kent, 1612. He became a commoner in University College, Oxford, in 1629, took his B.A. degree in 1631, the year following was made probationer-fellow of 'All souls', as founder's-kin, and in 1635 was licensed M.A. He was a man of strong parts and considerable attainments, and was firmly attached to the service of the king. He died at an early age, of a malignant fever called the *Camp disease*, and was

buried in the chapel of All Souls' College, October, 1643.—GILCHRIST.

² I am unable to mention anything concerning George Fortescue, further than his having some commendatory verses prefixed to Rivers's *Devout Rhapsodies*, 4to, 1648; Sir John Beaumont's *Bosworth Field*, 8vo, 1629; and Sir Thomas Hawkins's translation of some of Horace's *Odes*, 4th edition, 8vo, 1638.—GILCHRIST.

To find a virgin quarry, whence no hand
E'er wrought a tomb on vulgar dust to
stand,
And thence bring for this work materials
fit:

Great JONSON needs no architect of wit;
Who forced from art, received from nature
more

Than doth survive him, or e'er lived before.

And, poets, with what veil soe'er you hide
Your aim, 'twill not be thought your grief,
but pride,

Which, that your cypress never growth
might want,

Did it near his eternal laurel plant.

Heaven at the death of princes, by the
birth

Of some new star, seems to instruct the
earth,

How it renews our human fate. Then why
Didst thou, wit's most triumphant monarch,
die

Without thy comet? Did the sky despair
To teem a fire, bright as thy glories were?

Or is it by its age, unfruitful grown,
And can produce no light, but what is
known

A common mourner, when a prince's fall
Invites a star t' attend the funeral?

But those prodigious sights only create
Talk for the vulgar; Heaven, before thy
fate,

That thou thyself might'st thy own dirges
hear,

Made the sad stage close mourner for a
year;

The stage, which (as by an instinct divine,
Instructed,) seeing its own fate in thine,

And knowing how it owed its life to thee,
Prepared itself thy sepulchre to be;

And had continued so, but that thy wit,

Which as the soul, first animated it,
Still hovers here below, and ne'er shall die,
Till time be buried in eternity.

But you! whose comic labours on the
stage,

Against the envy of a froward age

Hold combat! how will now your vessels
sail,

The seas so broken and the winds so frail,
Such rocks, such shallows threat'ning
everywhere,

And JONSON dead, whose art your course
might steer?

Look up! where Seneca and Sophocles,
Quick Plautus and sharp Aristophanes,
Enlighten yon bright orb! doth not your
eye,

Among them, one far larger fire, descry,
At which their lights grow pale? 'tis
JONSON, there

He shines your Star, who was your Pilot
here.

W. HABINGTON.¹

UPON BEN JONSON,

THE MOST EXCELLENT OF COMIC POETS.

Mirror of poets! mirror of our age!

Which her whole face beholding on thy
stage,

Pleased and displeased with her own faults
endures,

A remedy, like those whom music cures.

Thou not alone those various inclinations,

Which nature gives to ages, sexes, nations,

Hast traced with thy all-resembling pen,

But all that custom hath imposed on men,

Or ill-got habits, which distort them so,

That scarce the brother can the brother
know,

Is represented to the wondering eyes,

Of all that see or read thy Comedies.

Whoever in those glasses looks may find,

The spots returned, or graces of his mind;

And by the help of so divine an art,

At leisure view, and dress his nobler part.

Narcissus cozened by that flattering well,

Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,

Had here, discovering the deformed estate

Of his fond mind, preserved himself with
hate.

But virtue too, as well as vice, is sad

ID flesh and blood so well, that Plato had

¹ William Habington, the son of Thomas Habington, of Hendlip, in Worcestershire, by Mary Parker, sister to the Lord Mounteagle, to whom the mysterious letter was sent by which the Gunpowder Plot was discovered, was born at his father's seat on the 5th November, 1605. He was educated in the religion of his father at Paris and St. Omer's. He married Lucy, daughter of Lord Powis, the Castara of his muse, and died on the 30th November, 1654. The poems of Habington, though aspiring to none of the higher classes of poetry, are toler-

ably musical in their numbers, and indicate a purity of morals and gentleness of manners in their author: they must have been at one period popular, since they passed through three impressions between 1635 and 1640. Indeed, his merits have been rewarded with unusual liberality, his comedy found a place in Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays; his Life of Edward IV. was admitted into Bishop Kennet's Compleat History of England, and the volume of poems before spoken of has been lately reprinted.—GILCHRIST.

Beheld what his high fancy once embraced,
Virtue" with colours, speech, and motion
graced.

The sundry postures of thy copious muse,
Who would express, a thousand tongues *gives*
must use:

Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy art;
For as thou couldst all characters impart,
So none can render thine, who still escapes,
Like Proteus in variety of shapes,
Who was nor this nor that, but all we find,
And all we can imagine in mankind.

E. WALLER.¹

UPON THE POET OF HIS TIME

BENJAMIN JONSON,

HIS HONOURED FRIEND AND FATHER.

And is thy glass run out? is that oil spent,
Which light to such tough sinewy labours
lent?

Well, BEN, 'now perceive that all the Nine,
Though they their utmost forces should
combine,

Cannot prevail 'gainst Night's three daugh-
ters, but

One still will spin, one wind, the other cut.
Yet in despite of spindle, clue, and knife,
Thou, in thy strenuous lines, hast got a life,
Which, like thy bay, shall flourish every age,
While sock or buskin move upon the stage.

JAMES HOWELL.

AN OFFERTORY AT THE TOMB OF THE FAMOUS POET

BEN JONSON.

If souls departed lately hence do know
How we perform the duties that we owe
Their rebukes, will it not grieve thy spirit
To see our dull devotion? thy merit
Profaned by disproportioned rites? thy
herse

Rudely defiled with our unpolished verse?—
Necessity's our best excuse: 'tis in
Our understanding, not our will, we sin;
'Gainst which 'tis now in vain to labour, we
Did nothing know' but what was taught

by *Waller*.

¹ Waller born in 1605, died of a drowsy, tip 1st October, 1687.—GILCHRIST.

² Jame? Howell the author of "Familiar Epistles," is so well known that it seem' scarcely necessary to say more than that he was born at Abernant, in Camarvonshire, educated at Jesus College, Oxford, and died in November, 1666,

The routed soldiers when their captains
a

Forget all order, that men cannot call
It properly a battle that they fight;
Nor we (thou being dead) be said to write.
Tis noise we utter, nothing can be sung,
By those distinctly that have lost their
tongue;

And therefore whatsoe'er the subject be,
All verses now become thy ELEGY:
For, when a lifeless poem shall be read,
Th' afflicted reader sighs, BEN JONSON'S
dead.

This is thy glory, that no pen can raise
A lasting trophy in thy honoured praise;
Since fate (it seems) would have it so ex-
prest,

Each muse should end with thine, who was
the best:

And but her flights were stronger, and so
high,

That time's rude hand cannot reach her
glory,

An ignorance had spread this age, as great
As that which made thy learned muse so
sweat,

And toil to dissipate; until, at length,
Purged by thy art, it gained a lasting
strength;

And now, secured by thy all-powerful writ,
Can fear no more a like relapse of wit:

Though (to our grief) we ever must
despair,

That any age can raise thee up an heir.

JOHN VERNON.³
Societ. In. Temp.

TO THE

MEMORY OF BEN JONSON.

The Muses' fairest light in no dark time;
The wonder of a learned age; the line
Which none can pass; the most propor-
tioned wit

To nature, the best judge of what was fit;
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen;
The voice most echoed by consenting men:
The soul which answered best to all well
said

By others, and which most requital made;

and was buried in the Temple Church.—Gil'-CHRIST.

John Vernon was the son and heir of Robert Vernon, of Camberwell, in the county of Surrey, Knt.; he was admitted of the Inner Temple the 15th October, 2nd Charles I. (1636), and was called to the bar the 15th October, 1634.—GIL-CHRIST.

Tuned to the highest key of ancient Rome,
Returning all her music with his own,
In whom with nature study claimed a part,
And yet who to himself owed all his art:

Here lies BEN JONSON ! Every age will
look

With sorrow here, with wonder on his
Book.

J.C.

TO THE SAME.

Who first reformed our stage with justest
laws,

And was the first best judge in your own
cause:

Who, when his actors trembled for applause,

Could (with a noble confidence) prefer
His own, by right, to a whole theatre ;
From principles which he knew could not
err.

Who to his Fable did his persons fit,
With all the properties of art and wit,
And above all, that could be acted, writ.

Who public follies did to covert drive,
Which he again could cunningly retrieve,
Leaving them no ground to rest on, and
thrive,

Here JONSON lies, whom, had I named
before,

In that one word alone, I had paid more
Than can be now, when plenty makes me
poor.

JOHN CLEVELAND.¹

TO THE

MEMORY OF BEN JONSON.

As when the vestal hearth went out, no fire
Less holy than the flame that did expire,
Could kindle it again : so at thy fall
Our wit, great BEN, is too apocryphal
To celebrate the loss, since 'tis too much
To write thy Epitaph, and not be such.
What thou wert, like th' hard oracles of
old,

Without an extasy cannot be told.

¹ Amid much coarseness, indelicacy, and quaintness, "the genuine remains of John Cleveland" contain many examples of nervous thought and unaffected tenderness. Though educated under a Puritan minister, he rejected the frigid tenets and anti-monarchical feelings of the sectaries, and satirized their disloyalty and hypocrisy without mercy. When his zeal and perseverance in the royal cause had brought his

We must be ravished first; thou must in-
fuse

Thyself into us both the theme and muse.
Else (though we all conspired to make thy
herse

Our works), so that 't had been but one
great verse,

Though the priest had translated for that
time

The liturgy, and buried thee in rhyme,
So that, in metre we had heard it said,

Poetic dust is to poetic laid :

And though, that dust being Shakspeare's,
thou might'st have

Not his room, but the poet for thy grave ;
So that, as thou didst prince of numbers
die

And live, so now thou might'st in numbers
lie,

'Twere frail solemnity : verses on thee
And not like thine, would but kind libels
be;

And we (not speaking thy whole worth)
should raise

Worse blots, than they that envied thy
praise.

Indeed, thou need'st us not, since above all
Invention, thou wert thine own funeral.

Hereafter, when time hath fed on thy
tomb,

Th' inscription worn out, and the marble
dumb,

So that 'twould pose a critic to restore
Half words, and words expired so long be-
fore ;

When thy maimed statue hath a sentenced
face,

And looks that are the horror of the place,
That 'twill be learning, and antiquity,

And ask a SELDEN to say, this was thee,
Thou'lt have a whole name still, nor need'st
thou fear

That will be ruined, or lose nose, or
hair.

Let others write so thin, that they can't be
Authors till rotten, no posterity

Can add to thy works ; they had their whole
growth then

When first burn, and came aged from thy
pen.

person under restraint, the dignified and manly
terms in which he remonstrated with Crom-
well, and which under a meaner usurper would
have put his life in jeopardy, extorted from the
Protector his liberty. He was born at Lough-
borough in 1613, educated at Christ's and St.
John's Colleges, Cambridge, and died in Gray's
Inn, on the 29th April, 1658 :—greatly lamented
by the royalists.—GILCHRIST.

Whilst living them enjoyedst the fame and sense

Of all that time gives, but the reverence.

When thou'rt of Homer's years, no man will say

Thy poems are less worthy, but more gray: Tis bastard poetry, and of false blood

Which can't, without succession, be good.

Things that will always last, do thus agree

With things eternal; th' at once perfect be.

Scom then their censures, who gave out, thy wit

As long upon a comedy did sit

As elephants bring forth; and that thy blots

And mending took more time than Fortune plots:

That such thy drought was, and so great thy thirst,

That all thy plays were drawn at the Mermaid first;

That the king's yearly butt wrote, and his wine

Hath more right than thou to thy CATILINE.

Let such men keep a diet, let their wit Be racked, and while they write, suffer a fit:

When they've felt tortures which out-pain the gout,

Such as with less, the state draws treason out;

Though they should the length of consumption she

Sick of their verse, and of their poem die, 'T would not be thy worse scene, but would at last

Confirm their boastings, and shew made in haste.

He that writes well, writes quick, since the rule's true,

Nothing is slowly done, that's always new.

So when thy Fox had ten times acted been, Each day was first, but that 'twas cheaper seen;

And so thy ALCHEMIST played o'er and o'er, Was new o' the stage, when 'twas not at the door.

We, like the actors, did repeat; the pit

The first time saw, the next conceived thy wit:

Which was cast in those forms, such rules, such arts,

That but to some not half thy acts were parts:

parts:

parts:

parts:

parts:

parts:

parts:

parts:

parts:

parts:

parts:

Since of some silken judgments we may say, They filled a box two hours, but saw no play.

So that th' unlearned lost their money; and Scholars saved only, that could understand.

Thy scene was free from monsters; no hard plot

Called down a God t' untie th' unlikely knot:

The stage was still a stage, two entrances

Were not two parts o' the world, disjoined by seas.

Thine were land-tragedies, no prince was found

To swim a whole scene out, then o' the stage drowned;

Pitched fields, as Red Bull wars, still felt thy doom;

Thou laid'st no sieges to the music room; Nor wouldst allow, to thy best Comedies,

Humours that should above the people rise. Yet was thy language and thy style so high,

Thy sock to th' ancle, buskin reached to th' thigh;

And both so chaste, so 'bove dramatic clean, That we both safely saw, and lived thy scene.

No foul loolie line did prostitute thy wit, Thou wrot'st thy comedies, didst not commit.

We did the vice arraigned not tempting hear,

And were made judges, not bad parts by th' ear.

For thou ev'n sin did in such words array, That some who came bad parts, went out good play.

Which, ended not with th' epilogue, the age Still acted, which grew innocent from the stage.

'Tis true thou hadst some sharpness, but thysalt

Served but with pleasure to reform the fault: Men were laughed into virtue, and none more

Hated Face acted than were such before, So did thy sting not blood, but humours draw,

So much doth satire more correct than law; Which was not nature in thee, as some call

Thy teeth, who say thy wit lay in thy gall: That thou didst quarrel first, and then, in spite,

Didst 'gainst a person of such vices write; That 'twas revenge, not truth; that on the stage

Carlo was not presented, but thy rage; And that when thou in company wert met,

Thy meat took notes, and thy discourse was not.

was not.

was not.

was not.

was not.

was not.

was not.

was not.

was not.

¹ [Meaning that each day was as crowded as the first had been, only that the spectators were admitted at a cheaper rate than on the first day.]

-J. P. COLLIER]

We know thy free vein had this innocence,
To spare the party, and to brand th' offence;

And the just indignation thou wert in
Did not expose Shift, but his tricks and gin.
Thou mightst have used th' old comic freedom, these

Might have seen themselves played like
Socrates;

Like Cleon, Mammon might the knight
have been,

If, as Greek authors, thou hadst turned
Greek spleen;

And hadst not chosen rather to translate
Their learning into English, not their hate:
Indeed this last, if thou hadst been bereft
Of thy humanity, might be called theft;
The other was not; whatsoe'er was strange,
Or borrowed in thee: did grow thine by the change,

Who without Latin helps hadst been as
rare

As Beaumont, Fletcher, or as Shakspeare
were:

And like them, from thy native stock
couldst say,

Poets and Kings are not born every day.
J. MAYNE.¹

IN THE MEMORY OF THE
MOST WORTHY BENJAMIN
JONSON.

Father of jpoets, though thine own great
day,

Struck from thyself, scoms that a weaker
ray

Shouldtwine in lustre with it, yet my flame,
Kindled from thine, flies upwards tow'rds
thy name.

For in the acclamation of the less
There's piety, though from it no access.

And though my ruder thoughts make me of
those,

Who hide and cover what they should dis-
close;

Yet, where the lustre's such, he makes it
seen

Better to some, that draws the veil between.

And what can more be hoped, since that
divine

Free filling spirit took its flight with thine?
Men may nave fury, but no raptures now;

Like witches, charm, yet not know whence
nor how;

And, through distemper, grown not strong
but fierce,

Instead of writing, only rave in verse:
Which when by thy laws judged, 'twill be

confessed,
'Twas not to be inspired, but be possessed.

Where shall we find a muse like thine,
that can

So well present and shew man unto man,
That each one finds his twin, and thinks

thy art
Extends not to the gestures but the heart?

Where one so shewing life to life, that we
Think thou taught'st custom, and not cus-
tom thee?

Manners, that were themes to thy scenes
still flow

In the same stream, and are their com-
ments now:

These times thus living o'er thy models, we
Think them not so much wit, as prophecy;

And though we know the character, may
swear

A Sybil's ringer hath been busy there.
Things common thou speak'st proper,

which though known
For public, stamp by thee grow thence
thine own:

Thy thoughts so ordered, so expressed, that
we

Conclude that thou didst not discourse, but
see,

Language so mastered, that thy numerous
feet,

Laden with genuine words, do always meet
Each in his art; nothing unfit doth fall.

Shewing the poet, like the wiseman, All'
Thine equal skill thus wresting nothing,

made
Thy pen seem not so much to write as
trade.

That life, that Venus of all things, which
we

Conceive or shew, proportioned decency.

¹ Jasper Maytte, whose entertaining comedies have endeared his name to dramatic readers, was born at Hatherly in Devon, 1604., educated at Westminster, and afterwards at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the degrees of B. A. 1626, and M. A. 1631. Ejected from his vicarages of Pyrtton and Cassington By the Parliamentary visitors, he found an asylum under the roof of the Earl of Devonshire, and the storm sub-

siding, was restoted to his livings, made Canon of Christ Church and Archdeacon of Chitelister. He died the 6th December, 1672. life character has been thus briefly and boldly sketched: " In genio same Falicisino et eraditions Propoerto dum Onnigene Locupletato Fraebutoe theorp- gues accurate doctus et annunciator evangein disertus: Poetaporrnonincelebrisetob sales acfacetiasinpreciohabitus"—GILCHRIST.

Is not found scattered in thee here and there,

But, like the soul, is wholly everywhere.

No strange perplexed maze does pass for plot,

Thou always dost untie, not cut the knot.

Thy labyrinth's doors are opened by one thread

That ties, and runs through all that's done or said:

No power comes down with learned hat and rod,

vVit only, and contrivance is thy god.

'Tis easy to gild gold; there's small skill spent

Where even the first rude mass is ornament:

Thy inuse took harder mefals, purged and boiled,

Laboured and tried, heated, and beat and toiled,

Sifted the dross, filed roughness, then gave dress,

Vexing rude subjects into comeliness.

Re it thy glory then, that we may say,

Thou run'st where th' foot was hindered by the way.

Nor dost thou pour out, but dispense thy vein,

Skilled when to spare, and when to entertain:

Not like our wits, who into one piece do

Throw all that they can say, and their friends too;

Pumping themselves, for one term's noise so dry,

As if they made their wills in poetry.

And such spruce compositions press the stage,

When men transcribe themselves, and not the age:

Bdth sorts of plays are thus like pictures shewn,

Thine of the common life, theirs of their own.

Thy models yet are not so framed, as we May call them libels, and not imag'ry;

No name on any basis: 'tis thy skill

To strike the vice, but spare the person still.

As he, who when he saw the serpent wreathed

About his sleeping son, and as he breathed, Drink in his soul, did so the shot contrive,

To kill the beast, but keep the child alive: So dost thou aim thy darts, which, even when

They kill the poisons, do but wake the

thence;

Thy thunders thus but purge, and we endure

Thy lancements better than another's cure;

And justly too: for th' age grows more unsound

From the fool's balsam, than the Wiseman's wound.

No rotten talk brokes for a laugh; no page

Commenced man by th' instructions of thy stage;

No bargaining line there; provoc'tive verse,

Nothing but what Lucretia might rehearse; No need to make good countenance ill, and use

The plea of strict life for a looser muse.

No woman ruled thy quill; we can descry No verse born under any Cynthia's eye:

Thy star was judgment only, and right sense,

Thyself being to thyself an influence.

Stout beauty is thy grace; stern pleasures do

Present delights, but mingle horrors too:

Thy muse doth thus like Jove's fierce girl appear,

With a fair hand, but grasping of a spear. Where are they now that cry, thy lamp

did drink

More oil than the author wine, while he did think?

We do embrace their slander: thou hast writ

Not for dispatch but fame; no market wit: 'Twas not thy care, that it might pass and sell,

But that it might endure, and be done well: Nor wouldst thou venture it unto the ear,

Until the file would not make smooth, but wear;

Thy verse came seasoned hence, and would not give;

Born not to feed the author, but to live:

Whence 'mong the choicer judges risse a strife,

To make thee read as classic in thy life.

Those that do hence applause, and suffrage beg,

'Cause they can poems form upon one leg, Write not to time, but to the poet's day:

there's difference between fame, and sudden pay.

These men sing kingdoms' falls, as if that fate

Used the same force to a village, and ft state;

These serve Thyestes' bloody supper in'

As if it had only a sallad been:

Their Catiines arc but fencer;,, whose fights
 rise
 Not to the fame of battle, but of prize.
 But thou still put'st true paeons on ; dost
 v'ite
 With the same courage that tiled captains
 fight;
 Giv'st the right blush and colour unto
 things,
 Low without creeping, high without, loss of
 wings;
 Smooth, yet not weak, and by a thorough
 care,
 Big without swelling, without painting fair,
 They, wretches, while they cannot stand to fit,
 Are not wits, but materials of wit.
 What though thy searching wit did rake
 the dust
 Of time, and purge old metals of their rust ?
 Is it no labour, no art, think they, to
 Snatch shipwrecks from the deep, as divers
 do ?
 And rescue jewcK from the covetous sand,
 Making the sea's hid wealth adoin the land ?
 What though thy culling muse did rob the
 store
 Of Greek and Latin gardens to bring o'er
 Plants to thy native soil ? their virtues were
 Improved far more by being planted here.
 If thy still to their essence doth refine
 So many drugs, is not the water thine ?
 Thefts thus become just works; they and
 their grace
 Are wholly thine: thus doth the stamp and
 face
 Make that the king's, that's ravished from
 the mine;
 In others then 'tis ore, in thee 'tis coin.
 Blest life of authois ! unto whom we owe
 Those that we have, and those that we want
 too:
 Thou art all so good, that reading makes
 thee worse,
 And to have writ so well's thine only curse.
 Secure then of thy merit, thou didst hate
 That servile base dependence upon fate ;
 Success thou ne'er thoughtst virtue, nor
 that fit,
 Which chance, and th' age's fashion did
 make hit;
 Excluding those from life in after-time,
 Who into poetry first brought luck and
 rhyme;

Who thought the people's breath good air;
 styled name
 What was but noise ; and, getting briefs
 for fame,
 Gathered the many's suffrages, and thence
 Made commendation a benevolence.
 Thy thoughts were their own laurel, and
 did win
 That best applause of being crowned within.
 And though th' exacting age, when
 deeper years
 Had interwoven snow among thy hairs,
 Would not permit thou shouldst grow old,
 'cause they
 Ne'er by thy writings knew thee young: we
 may
 Say justly, they're ungrateful, when they
 more
 Condemned thee, 'cause thou wert so good
 before.
 Thine art was thine art's blur, and they'll
 confess
 Thy strong perfumes made them not smell
 thy less.
 But, though to err with thee be no small
 skill,
 And we adore the last draughts of thy quill:
 Though those thy thoughts, which the now
 queasy age,
 Doth count but clods, and refuse of the stage,
 Will come up porcelain-wit some hundreds
 hence,
 When there will be more manners and
 more sense;
 'Twas judgment yet to yield, and we afford
 Thy silence as much fame, as once thy
 word :
 Who like an aged oak, the leaves being gone,
 Wast food before, art now religion ;
 Thought still more rich, though not so richly
 stored,
 Viewed and enjoyed before, but now
 adored.
 Great soul of numbers, whom we want
 and boast;
 Like curing gold, most valued now thou
 art lost!
 When we shall feed on refuse offals, when
 We shall from corn to acorns turn again ;
 Then shall we see that these two names are
 one,
 JONSON and POETRY, which now are gone.
 W. CARTWRIGHT.¹

¹ The plays and poems of William Cartwright are too well known to dramatic readers to render a minute account of his life necessary or even excusable. Wood, whose narrative corresponds with the calculation of Humphrey Mosely, a

printer to whom literature is much indebted, say that he was born in 1611, educated first at Cirencester, afterwards at Westminster, and lastly at Oxford, where, in 1628, he was admitted student of Christ Church, and where, in 1635, he took

AN ELEGY
UPON BEN JONSON.

Now thou art dead, and thy great wit and
name
Is got beyond the reach of chance or
fame,
Which none can lessen, nor we bring
enough
To raise it higher, through our want of stuff;
I find no room for praise, but elegy,
And there but name the day when thou
didst die:
That men may know thou didst so, for
they will
Hardly believe disease or age could kill
A body so informed, with such a soul,
As, like thy verse, might fate itself control.
But thou art gone, and we like greedy
heirs,
That snatch the fruit of their dead father's
cares,
Begin to inquire what means thou left'st
behind
For us, pretended heirs unto thy mind :
And myself, not the latest 'gan to look
And found the inventory in thy Book ;
A stock for writers to set up withal :
That out of thy full comedies, their small
And slender wits by vexing much thy writ
And their own brains, may draw good
saving wit ;
And when they shall upon some credit
pitch,
May be thought well to live, although not
rich.
Then for your songsters, masquers, what a
deal
We have? enough to make a commonweal
Of dancing courtiers, as if poetry
Were made to set out their activity.
Learning great store for us to feed upon,
But little fame; that, with thyself, is gone,
And like a desperate debt, bequeathed, not
paid
Before thy death has us the poorer made.
Whilst we with mighty labour it pursue,
And after all our toil, not find it due.
JO. RUTTER.¹

the degree of Master of Arts. In 1642 the editor of this collection (B. Dappa), appointed him his successor in the Church of Salisbury. On the 12th of April, 1643, he was chosen Junior Proctor of the University of Oxford, where he died on the 29th of the November following,

" Praised, wept, and honoured by the muse he loved."—GILCHRIST.

VOL. III.

TO THE
MEMORY OF IMMORTAL BEN.

To write is easy ; but to write of thee
Truth, will be thought to forfeit modesty
So far beyond conceit thy strengths al ;
pear,
That almost all will doubt, what all must
hear.
For, when the world shall know, that Pin-
dar's height,
Plautus his wit, and Seneca's grave weight,
Horace his matchless nerves, and that high
phrase
Wherewith great Lucan doth his readers
maze,
Shall with such radiant illustration glide,
(As if each line to life were propertied)
Through all thy works; and like a toncud
move,
Rolling the muses to the court of Jove,
Wit's general tribe will soon entitle thee
Heir to Apollo's ever verdant tree.
And 'twill by all concluded be, the stage
Is widowed now ; was bed-rid by thy age.
As well as empire, wit his zenith hath,
Nor can the rage of time, or tyrant's wrath
Encloud so bright a flame: but it will shine
In spite of envy, till it grow divine.
As when Augustus reigned, and war did
cease,
Rome's bravest wits were ushered in by
peace:
So in our halcyon days, we have had now
Wits, to which, all that after come, must
bow.
And should the stage compose herself a
crown
Of all those wits, which hitherto she has
known :
Though there be many that about her brow,
Like sparkling stones, might a quick lustre
throw;
Yet, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Jonson, these
three shall
Make up the gem in the point vertical.
And now since JONSON'S gone, we well
may say,
The stage hath seen her glory and decay.

¹ Joseph Rutter translated the *Cid* from the French of Corneille, the first part of which was presented with success at the Cockpit. He was also author of a pastoral tragi-comedy, called *the Shepherd's Holiday*, 8vo, 1635. The particulars of his life are, it is believed, altogether unknown.—GILCHRIST.

[See p. 295 of this volume, and note.—F. C.]

Whose judgment was't refined it? or who
Gave laws, by which hereafter all must go,
But solid JONSON? from whose full strong
quill,

Each line did like a diamond drop distil,
Though hard, yet clear. Thalia that had
skipt

Before, but like a maygame girl, nowstript
Of all her mimic jigs, became a sight
With mirth to flow each pleased spectator's
light;

And in such graceful measures did dis-
cover

Her beauties now, that every eye turned
lover.

Who is't shall make with great Sejanus'
fall,

Not the stage crack, but th' universe and
all?

Will Catiline's stern fire, who now shall
show,

Or quenched with milk, stilled down by
Cicero?

Where shall old authors in such words be
shown,

As vex their ghosts, that they are not their
own?

Admit his muse was slow. Tis judg-
ment's fate

To move, like greatest princes, still in state.
Those planets placed in the higher spheres,
End not their motion but in many years;
Whereas light Venus and the giddy moon,
In one or some few days their courses, run.
Slow are substantial bodies: but to things
That airy are, has nature added wings.

Each trivial poet that can chant a rhyme,
May chatter out his own wit's funeral
chime:

And those slight nothings that so soon are
made,

Like mushrooms, may together live and
fade.

The boy may make a squib; but every line
Must be considered, where men spring a
mine:

i It seems somewhat remarkable that nothing should be known of the author of a book so popular as Feltham's "Resolves" has always been, beyond the bare circumstances related by Oldys in his MS. notes on Langbaine, of his father, Thomas Feltham, being a Suffolkman, and that Owen was one of three children. Although Owen has many poems scattered up and down, it is upon his prose work that his fame depends; and his "Resolves," though by no means free from pedantry, is rational and pious, and shows a mind of no ordinary strength and attainment'. If Feltham was indeed th' author

And to write things that time can never
stain,

Will require sweat, and rubbing of the
brain.

Such were those things he left. For some
may be

Eccentric, yet with axioms main agree.
This I'll presume to say. When time has
made

Slaughter of kings that in the world have
swayed:

A greener bays shall crown BEN JONSON'S
name,

Than shall be wreathed about their regal
fame.

For numbers reach to infinite. But he
Of whom I write this, has prevented me,

And boldly said so much in his own praise,
No other pen need any trophy raise.

OW. FELTHAM.¹

TO THE MEMORY

OF BEN JONSON.

I do not blame their pains, who did not
doubt

By labour, of the circle to find out
The quadrature; nor can I think it strange
That others should prove constancy in
change.

He studied not in vain, who hoped to give
A body to the echo, make it live,

Be seen, and felt; nor he whose art would
borrow

Belief for shaping yesterday, to-morrow:
But here I yield: invention, study, cost,

Time, and the art of Art itself is lost.
When any frail ambition undertakes

For honour, profit, praise, or all their sakes,
To speak unto the world in perfect sense,

Pure judgment, TONSON, 'tis an excellence
Suited his pen alone, which yet to do

Requires himself, and 'twere a labour too
Crowning the best of Poets: say all sorts

Of bravest acts must die without reports,

of the ode in answer to Ben Jonson's address to himself (which is printed by Langbaine, and afterwards by him called Mr. Oldham's), it must be owned that by the present effusion he was equally ready to do homage to the general merits of the departed bard; nor did he deteriorate the value of his offering by the coldness of delay.

*Si bene quod facias, facias cito: nam city fas
tum,
Gratum frit; ingratum, gratia tardafacit.*

Cap. cxxxvii.

Count learned knowledge barren, fame abhorred,
 Let memory be nothing but a word ;
 Grant JONSON th' only genius of the times,
 Fix him a constellation in all rhymes,
 All height, all secrecies of wit invoke
 The virtue of his name, to ease the yoke
 Of barbarism ; yet this lends only praise
 To such as write, but adds not to his bays:
 For he will grow more fresh in every
 story,
 Out of the perfumed spring of his own
 glory.

GEORGE DONNE.¹

A FUNERAL SACRIFICE TO THE SACKED
 MEMORY OF HIS THRICE HONOURED
 FATHER,

BEN JONSON.

I cannot grave nor carve; else would I give
 Thee statues, sculptures, and thy name
 should live
 In tombs, and brass, until the stones or
 rust
 Of thine own monument mix with thy dust:
 But nature has afforded me a slight
 And easy muse, yet one that takes her flight
 Above the vulgar pitch. BEN, she was thine,
 Made by adoption free and genuine ;
 By virtue of thy charter, which from heaven,
 By Jove himself, before thy birth was given.
 The sisters nine this secret did declare,
 Who of Jove's counsel, and his daughters
 are,
 These from Parnassus' hill came running
 down,
 And though an infant did with laurels crown,
 Thrice they him kist, and took him in their
 arms,
 And dancing round, encircled him with
 charms.
 Pallas her virgin breast did thrice distil
 Into his lips, and him with nectar fill.
 When he grew up to years, his mind was all
 On verses; verses, that the rocks might call
 To follow him, and hell itself command,
 And wrest Jove's three-fold thunder from
 his hand.
 The satyrs oft-times hemmed him in a ring,
 And gave him pipes and reeds to hear him
 sing;

Whose vocal notes, tuned to Apollo's lyre,
 The syrens, and the muses did admire.
 The nymphs to him their gems and corals
 sent;
 And did with swans, and nightingales pre-
 sent,
 Gifts far beneath his worth. The golden
 ore,
 That lies on Tagus or Pactolus' shore,
 Might not compare with him, nor that pure
 sand
 The Indians find upon Hydasps' strand.
 His fruitful raptures shall grow up to seed,
 And as the ocean does the rivers feed,
 So shall his wit's rich veins the world supply
 With unexhausted wealth, and ne'er be
 dry.
 For whether he, like a fine thread does file
 His terser poems in a comic style,
 Or treats of tragic furies, and him list
 To draw his lines out with a stronger
 twist;
 Minerva's, nor Arachne's loom can shew
 Such curious tracts ; nor does the spring
 bestow
 Such glories on the field, or Flora's bowers,
 As his work, smile with figures and with
 flowers.
 Never did so much strength, or such a
 spell
 Of art, and eloquence of papers dwell.
 For whilst that he in colours, full and true,
 Men's natures, fancies, and their humours
 drew
 In method, order, matter, sense and grace,
 Fitting each person to his time and place ;
 Knowing to move, to slack, or to make
 haste,
 Binding the middle with the first and last:
 He framed all minds, and did all passions
 stir,
 And with a bridle guide the theatre.
 To say now he is dead, or to maintain
 A paradox he lives, were labour vain ;
 Earth must to earth. But his fair soul does
 wear
 Bright Ariadne's crown; or is placed near,
 Where Orpheus' harp turns round with
 Laeda's swan:
 Astrologers, demonstrate where you can
 Where his star shines, and what part of the
 sky
 Holds his compendious divinity.

¹ George Donne, the mediocrity of whose muse is compensated in some measure by the warmth of his friendship, appears to have limited his endeavours to measured praises of his companions' labours. He was evidently familiar

with several poets of eminence, and has commendations prefixed to the plays of Massinger and Ford, as well as before the writings of authors of inferior fame.—GILCHRIST.

There he is fixed; I know It, 'cause from
thence,
Myself have lately received influence.
The reader smiles; but let no man deride
The emblem of my love, not of my pride.
SHACKERLEY MARMION.¹

ON THE BEST OF ENGLISH POETS,
BEN JONSON,
DECEASED.

So seems a star to shoot; when from our
sight

Falls the deceit, not from its loss of light;
We want use of a soul, who merely know
What to our passion, or our sense we owe:
By such a hollow glass, our cozened eye
Concludes alike, all dead, whom it sees die.
Nature is knowledge here, but unrefined,
Both differing, as the body from the mind;
Laurel and cypress else had grown to-
gether,

And withered without memory to either :
Thus undistinguished, might in every part
The sons of earth vie with the sons of art.
Forbid it, holy reverence, to his name,
Whose glory hath filled up the book of
fame!

Where in fair capitals, free, uncontrolled,
JONSON, a work of honour lives enrolled :
Creates that book a work; adds this far
more,

'Tis finished what unperfect was before.
The muses, first in Greece begot, in Rome
Brought forth, our best of poets hath called
home,

Nurst, taught, and planted here; that
Thames now sings

The Delphian altars, and the sacred springs.
By influence of this sovereign, like the
spheres,

Moved each by other, the most low (in
years)

Consented in their harmony; though IOTO
Malignantly aspected, overcome
With popular opinion, aimed at name
More than desert: yet in despite of
shame

Even they, though foiled by his contempt
of wrongs,

Made music to the harshness of their songs.
Drawn to the life of every line and limb,
He (in his truth of art, and that in him)
Lives yet, and will, whilst letters can be
read;

The loss is ours ; now hope of life is dead.
Great men, and worthy of report, must fall
Into their earth, and sleeping there sleep all:
Since he, whose pen in every strain did use
To drop a verse, and every verse a muse,
Is vowed to heaven; as having with fair
glory,

Sung thanks of honour, or some nobler
story.

The court, the university, the heat
Of theatres, with what can else beget
Belief, and admiration, clearly prove
Our POET first in merit, as in love:

Yet if he do not at his full appear,
Survey him in his Works, and know him
there.

JOHN FORD.¹

UPON THE
DEATH OF MASTER BEN JONSON,

'Tis not secure to be too learned, or good,
These are hard names, and now scarce un-
derstood :

Dull flagging souls with lower parts, may
have

The vain ostents of pride upon their grave,
Cut with some fair inscription, and true cry,
That both the man and Epitaph there lie !
Whilst those that soar above the vulgar
pitch,

And are not in their bags, but studies rich,

¹ Shackerley Marmion, heir of the Shackerleys of Little Longsdon, in Derbyshire, was the eldest son of Shackerley Marmion, lord of the manor of Aynho, in Northamptonshire, where the poet was born in January, 1602. Wood has attributed the dissipation of the family estate to the Shackerley before us, from the habitual prodigality of poets; but the estate was alienated by the elder of the name in the 13th year of James I. when the poet was only 13 years of age. The poet Shackerley was educated at Thame, and afterwards at Wadham College, where, in 1624, he took his Master of Arts degree. He joined Sir John Suckling's memorable regiment, and died after a short illness in 1639.

He has left several plays, some of which possess considerable merit; and has commendatory verses prefixed to the writings of his contemporaries,—

GILCHRIST.
² John Ford was the second son of Thomas Ford, Esq., of Bagtor, a hamlet in the parish of Ilsington, in Devonshire, where the poet was baptized the 17th April, 1589. On the 6th November, 1602, Ford was entered of the Middle Temple, and while there published "Fame's Memorial, or the Earl of Devonshire, deceased," a poem, 410, 1606. He wrote for the stage as early as 1613, and as he ceased his dramatic labours in 1630, it is likely he did not long survive that period—GILCHRIST.

Must fall without a line, and only be
A theme of wonder, not of poetry.
He that dares praise the eminent, he must
Either be such, or but revile their dust :
And so must we, great Genius of brave
verse!

With our injurious zeal profane thy herse.
It is a task above our skill, if we
Presume to mourn our own dead elegy ;
Wherein, like bankrupts in the stock of
fame,

To patch our credit up, we use thy name ;
Or cunningly to make our dross to pass,
Do set a jewel in a foil of brass :
No, 'tis the glory of thy well-known name,
To be eternized, not in verse but fame.

JONSON I that's weight enough to crown thy
stone :

And make the marble piles to sweat and
groan

Under the heavy load ! a name shall stand
Fixed to thy tomb, till time's destroying hand
Crumble our dust together, and this all
Sink to its grave, at the great funeral.

If some less learned age neglect thy pen,
Eclipse thy flames, and lose the name of
BEN,

In spite of ignorance thou must survive
In thy fair progeny ; that shall revive
Thy scattered ashes in the skirts of death,
And to thy fainting name give a new hi cath ;
That twenty ages after, men shall say
(If the world's story reach so long a daay)
Pindar and Plautus with their double quire
Have well translated BEN the English lyre.

What sweets were in the Greek or Latin
known,

A natural metaphor has made thine own :
Their lofty language in thy phrase so drest,
And neat conceits in our own tongue ex-
prest,

That ages hence, critics shall question make
Whether the Greeks and Romans English
spake.

And though thy fancies were too high for
those

That but aspire to Cockpit-flight, or prose,

Though the fine plush and velvets of the
age

Did oft for sixpence damn thee from the
stage,

And, with their mast and acorn stomachs
ran

To the nasty sweepings of thy serving-man,
Before thy cates, and swore thy stronger
food,

'Cause not by them digested, was not good ;
These moles thy scorn and pity did but
raise,

They were as fit to judge as we to praise.
Were all the choice of wit and language
shown

In one brave epitaph upon thy stone,
Had learned Donne, Beaumont, and Ran-
dolph, all

Survived thy fate, and sung thy funeral,
Their notes had been too low : take this
from me,

None but thyself could write a verse for
thee.

R. BRIDECAKE.¹

ON

MASTER BEN JONSON.

Poet of princes, Prince of poets (we,
If to Apollo, well may pray to thee,) (iive glow-worms leave to peep, who till
thy night

Could not be seen, we darkened were with
light.

For stars t' appear after the fall of the sun,
Is at the least modest presumption.

I've seen a great lamp lighted by the small
Spark of a flint, found in a field or wall.

Our thinner verse faintly may shadow forth
A dull reflection of thy glorious worth ;

And (like a statue homely fashioned) raise
Some trophies to thy memory, though not
praise.

Those shallow sirs, who want sharp sight
to look

On the majestic splendour of thy book,

¹ Ralph, son of Richard and Cicely Bridcake, was born at Chatham Hill, near Manchester, about 1614. On the 15th July, 1630, he was admitted of Brazen Nose College, but removed to New College, where, in 1636, he was created M.A. by royal mandate. Being patronized by the Earl of Derby, he defended that nobleman's house against the parliamentary forces; but the earl being taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, Bndeoake plied Lenthal with so much zeal and skill to preserve his patron's life, that, though he was unsuccessful in

his object, he so interested the Speaker that he was appointed preacher to the Parliament. Notwithstanding his acceptance of this office, upon the Restoration he was appointed chaplain to Charles II., installed Canon of Windsor, Dean of Salisbury, and ultimately advanced to the see of Chichester. While in the active discharge of his episcopal duties he was seized with a fever that hastily terminated his existence, on the 5th October, 1678. He was buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where a handsome monument remains to his memory.—GILCHRIST.

That rather choose to hear an Archy's
prate,

Than the fall sense of a learned laureat,
May, when they see thy name thus plainly
writ,

Admire the solemn measures of thy wit,
And like thy works beyond a gaudy show
Of boards and canvas, wrought by Inigo.
Ploughmen, who puzzled are with figures,
come

By tallies to the reckoning of a sum;
And milk-sop heirs, which from their
mother's lap

Scarce travelled, know far countries by a
map.

Shakspeare may make grief merry, Beau-
mont's style

Ravish and melt anger into a smile;
In winter nights, or after meals they be,
I must confess, very good company:

But thou exact'st our best hours' industry;
We may read them; we ought to study
thee:

Thy scenes are precepts, every verse doth
give

Counsel, and teach as not to laugh, but
live.

Thou that with towering thoughts pre-
sum'st so high,

(Swelled with a vain ambitious tympany)
To dream on sceptres, whose brave mis-
chief calls

The blood of kings to their last funerals,
Learn from Sejanus his high fall, to prove

To thy dread sovereign a sacred love;
Let him suggest a reverend fear to thee.

And may his tragedy thy lecture be.
Learn the compendious age of slippery
power

That's built on blood; and may one little
hour

Teach thy bold rashness that it is not safe
To build a kingdom on a Caesar's grave.

Thy plays were whipt and libelled, only
cause

They are good, and savour of our king-
dom's laws.

Histrion-Mastix (lightning like) doth wound
Those things alone that solid are and
sound.

Thus guilty men hate justice; so a glass
Is sometimes broke for shewing a foul face,

There's none that wish thee rods instead of
bays,

But such, whose very hate adds to thy praise.
Let scribblers (that write post, and versify

With no more leisure than we cast a dye)
Spur on their Pegasus, and proudly cry,

This verse I made in the twinkling of an eye.

Thou couldst have done so, hadst thou
thought it fit;

But 'twas the wisdom of thy muse to sit
And weigh each syllable; suffering nought
to pass

But what could be no better than it was.
Those that keep pompous state ne'er go in
haste;

Thou went'st before them all, though not
so fast.

While their poor cobweb-stuff finds as quick
fate

As birth, and sells like almanacks out of
date;

The marble glory of thy laboured rhyme
Shall live beyond the calendar of time.

Who will their meteors 'bove thy sun ad-
vance?

Thine are the works of judgment, theirs of
chance.

How this whole kingdom's in thy debt 1 we
have

From others periwigs and paints, to save
Our ruined skulls and faces; but to thee

We owe our tongues, and fancies remedy'
Thy poems make us poets; we may lack
(Reading thy Book) stolen sentences and
sack.

He that can but one speech of thine re-
hearse,

Whether he will or no, must make a verse:
Thus trees give fruit, the kernels of that
fruit

Do bring forth trees, which in more branches
shoot.

Our canting English, of itself alone,
(I had almost said a confusion)

Is now all harmony; what we did say
Before was tuning only, this is play.

Strangers, who cannot reach thy sense, will
throng

To hear us speak the accents of thy tongue
As unto birds that sing; if't be so good

When heard alone, what is't when under-
stood!

Thou shalt be read as classic authors; and,
As Greek and Latin, taught in every land.

The cringing Monsieur shall thy language
vent,

When he would melt his wench with com-
pliment.

Using thy phrases he may have his wish
Of a coy nun, without an angry pish i

And yet in all thy poems there is shown
Such chastity, that every line's a zone.

Rome will confess that thou mak'st Cæsar
talk

In greater state and pomp than he could
walk;

Catiline's tongue is the true edge of swords,
We now not only hear, but feel his words.

Who Tully in thy idiom understands
Will swear that his orations are commands.

But that which could with richer language dress
The highest sense, cannot thy worth express.

Had I thy own invention (which affords
Words above action, matter above words)
To crown thy merits, I should only be
Sumptuously poor, low in hyperbole.

RICHARD WEST.¹

TO THE MEMORY OF BENJAMIN JONSON.

Our bays, methinks, are withered, and they look

As if (though thunder-free) with envy, strook ;

While the triumphant cypress boasts to be
Designed, as fitter for thy company.

Where shall we now find one dares
boldly write
Free from base flattery yet as void of
spight?

That grovels not in 's satires, but soars
high,

Strikes at the mounting vices, can descry
With his quick eagle's pen those glorious
crimes,

That either dazzle, or affright the times?
Thy strength of judgment oft did thwart
the tide

O' the foaming multitude, when to their
side

Thronged plush, and silken censures, whilst
it chose,

(As that which could distinguish men from
clothes,

Faction from judgment) still to keep thy
bays

From the suspicion of a vulgar praise.

But why wrong I thy memory whilst I
strive,

In such a verse as mine to keep't alive ?

Well we may toil, and shew our wits the
rack,

Torture our needy fancies, yet still lack
Worthy expressions thy great loss to
moan;

Being none **can** fully praise thee but thy
own.

R. MEADE.²

UPON THE DEATH OF BENJAMIN JONSON.

Let thine own Sylla, BEN, arise, and try
To teach my thoughts an angry extasy,
That I may fright Contempt, and with just
darts

Of fury stick thy palsy in their hearts !
But why do I rescue thy name from
those

That only cast away their ears in prose ?
Or, if some better brain arrive so high,
To venture rhymes, 'tis but court bal-
ladry,

Singing thy death in such an uncouth
tone,

As it had been an execution.

What are his faults (O envy !)—That you
speak

English at court, the learned stage acts
Greek ?

That Latin he reduced, and could com-
mand

That which your Shakspeare scarce could
understand ?

That he exposed you, zealots, to make
known

Your profanation, and not his own ?

¹ Richard West, the son of Thomas West of Northampton, was admitted student of Christ Church, from Westminster School, in 1632 ; took his degrees of bachelor and master of arts, and during the rebellion joined the soldiers of his sovereign. At the restoration he became rector of Shillingston in Dorsetshire, and prebendary of Wells. He published some sermons, and has "a Poem to the pious memory of his dear brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Randolph," prefixed to the works of that excellent dramatic writer.—GILCHRIST.

² Robert Meade was born in Fleet Street, in 1616; after receiving the earlier part of his education At Westminster, he removed to Christ

Church, Oxford, where he took the degree of M.A., and afterwards a doctor's degree in physic. When the rebellion broke out, in common with almost all the poets of his day,—he followed the fortunes of his royal and indulgent master, and was appointed by the Governor of Oxford to treat with the Parliamentary array concerning the surrender of that city. After the death of the king he followed Charles II. into France, and was employed by that monarch as his agent in Sweden. Returning into England, he died in the same house, it is said, in which he was born, the 12th Feb., 1652. He left one comedy, "The Combat of Love and Friend, ship," printed in 410,1654.—GILCHRIST.

That one of such a fervent nose, should be
Posed by a puppet in Divinity?

Fame write them on his tomb, and let him
have

Their accusations for an epitaph :
Nor think it strange if such thy scenes
defy,

That erect scaffolds 'gainst authority.

Who now will plot to cozen vice, and tell

The trick and policy of doing well?

Others may please the stage, his sacred
fire

Wise men did rather worship than ad-
mire:

His lines did relish mirth, but so severe ;

That as they tickled, they did wound the
ear.

Well then, such virtue cannot die, though
stones

Loaded with epitaphs do press his bones :

He lives to me ; spite of this martyrdom,

BEN, is the self-same poet in the tomb.

You that can aldermen new wits create,

Know, JONSON'S skeleton is lauréat.

H. RAMSAY.¹

En

JONSONUS NOSTEK

Lycorum Dramaticorumque

Coryphaeus

Qui

Pallacle auspice

Laurum a Graecia ipsaque Roma

rapuit,

Et

Fausto omine

In Britanniam transtulit

nostram :

Nunc

Invidia major

Fato, non Emulis

cessit.

Anno Dom. CIDDIXXVII.

Id. Nonar.

FR. WORTLEY,²
Bar.

IN OBITUM

BEN JONSONI

POETARUM FACILE PRINCIPIS.

In quæ projiciordiscrimina? quale tremen-
tem

Traxit in officium pietas temeraria musam?

Me miserum ! incusso perteritor frigore, et
umbra

Territus ingenli videor pars funeris ipse

Quod celebro ; famae concepta molefatisco,

Exiguumque strues restringuit prae-gravis
ignem.

Non tamen abstistam, nam si spes talibus
ausis

Excidat, extabo laudum JONSONK tuarum

UBERIOR testis: totidem quos secularorunt,

Solus tu dignus, cujus praeconia spiret,

Deliquum musarum, et victi facta poetse.

Quis nescit, Romane tuos, in utraque
triumphos

Militia, laurique decus mox scepra secu-
rum?

Virgilius quoque Caesar erat, nee ferre prio-
rem

Noverat : Augustum fato dilatus in asvum,

Ut regem vatem jactares regia, teque

Suspiceres gemino praelustrem Roma mo-
narcha.

En pemtus toto divisos orbe Britannos,

Munera jactantes eadem, sunilique beatos

Kortuna; hasc quoque secla suum videre
Maronem,

Caisarer vixit qui laetus imagine sceptri,

Implevitque suum Romano carmine no-
men.

Utque viamcernas, longosque ad summa
paratus;

Enseries eadem, vatumquesimillimusordo.

Quis neget incultum Lucreti carmen, et
Enni

Deformes numeros, musse incrementa La-
tinae?

Haud aliter nostri praemissa in principis
ortum

¹ H. Ramsay was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, whence, in 1638, he contributed a poem to the *"Musarum Oxoniensium Chartisteria pro serenissima Regina Maria, recens e nixus laboriosi discrimine recepta"* printed in 410.—GILCHRIST.

² Sir Francis Wortley, son of Sir Richard Wortley, of Wortley in Yorkshire, became a commoner of Magdalene College (according to Wood), in 1610, and a baronet the year following.

When the Parliament took up arms in defiance of the king, Sir Edward fortified Wortley Hall, and defended it for the king's service. Upon the declining of the royal cause Sir Edward was made prisoner and committed to the Tower. Compounding for his release from imprisonment by forfeiting a large portion of his estate, he became embarrassed with debts. Wood, from whom this account is taken, has given a list of his writings; but professes to be ignorant of the time of Sir Edward's death.—GILCHRIST.

Ludicra Chauceri, classisque incompta sequentum;

Nascenti apta parum divina hsec machina regno,

In nostrum servanda fuit tantaeque decebat Praelussisse Deos aevi certamina famas;

Nee genius vetes, nee te Shakspeare silem

Aut quicquid sacri nostros coniecit in annos Consilium fati: per seros ite nepotes

Illustres animae, demissaque nomina semper

Candidior fama excipiat; sed parcite divi, Si majora vocant, si pagina sanctior urget.

Est vobis decor, et nativae gratia Musae, Quae trahit atque tenet, quae me modo

laeta remittit, Excitum modo in alta rapit, versatque legentem.

Sed quam te memorem vatium Deus: O nova gentis

Gloria et ignoto turgescens musa cothurno! Quam solidat vires, quam pingui robore

surgens Invaditque hauritque animam: baud temerarius ille

Qui mos est reliquis, probat obvia, magnaue fundit

Felici tantum genio: sed destinat ictum, Sed vafer et sapiens cunctator praevia sternit,

Furtivoque gradu subvectus in ardua, tandem

Dimittit pleno correptos fulmine sensus. Hue, precor, accedat quisquis primo

igne calentem Ad numeros sua musa vocat, nondumque subacti

Ingenii novitate tumens in carmina fertur Nou normas legisse memor; quis ferre

soluti Naufragium ingenii poterit, mentisque ruinam?

Quanto pulchrior hie mediis qui regnat in undis,

Turbine correptus nullo: cui spiritus ingens Non artem vincit: medio sed verus in cestro,

Princeps insane pugnantis numine musam Edomat, et cudit suspense metra furore.

In rabie Catilina tuam conversus et artes

Qualia molitur; quali bacchatur hiato? En mugitum oris, conjurat seque Cameense,

Divinas furias et non imitabile fulmen! Overum Cicerone opus, Imguaeque disertae

Elogium spirans! O vox aeterna Catonis, Cassaream reseras fraudem, retrahensque

sequaces Patricios in casdem, et funera certa reorum!

Quisfando expediat primae solennia pompas, Et circumfusi studium plaususque theatri?

Non tu divini Cicero dux inclyte facti, Romave majores vidit servata triumphos.

Celsior incedis nostro, Sejane, cothurno Quam te Romani, quam te tua fata ferebant:

Hinc magis insigni casu, celebrique ruina Volveris, et gravius terrent exempla theatri.

At tu stas nunquam ruituro in culmine vates,

Despiciens auras, et fallax numen amici, Tutus honore tuo, gentitaeque volumine

famae. A Capreis verbosa et grandis epistola frustra Venerat, offenso major fruerere Tonante,

Si sic crevisses, si sic, Sejane, stetisses. O fortunatum, qui te, JONSONE, sequutus

Contextit sua fila, suique est nominis author.

T. TERRENT.¹

VATUM PRINCIPI

BEN. JONSONO

SACRUM.

Poe'tarum Maxime!

Sive tu mortem, sive ecstasin passus, Jaces verendum et plus quam honoris

funus. Sic post receptam sacri furoris gloriam,

Cum exhaustum jam numen decoxit emerita vates

Jugique fluxu non reditura se prodegit anima,

Jacuit Sibyllas cadaver, Vel trepidis adhuc cultoribus consulendum.

Nulli se longius indulsit Deus, nulli aegrius valedixit;

¹ This poem by Thomas Terrent is a very creditable proof of his skill in the composition of Latin poetry, in which it should seem he principally exercised his muse, since we find a similar tribute prefixed by the same author to the plays and poems of Thomas Randolph.

Terrent was educated at Christ Church, Ox-

ford, where he took the degree of Master of Arts, and was tutor of the College. He is entirely overlooked by Antony Wood, unless he be the *Jerumae* Terrent Mid to be the tutor of Cartwright the poet. (*Athena*, a. 35), which seems not unlikely.—GILCHRIST.

Pares testatns flammas,
 Dnrn exul, ac dum incolā.
 'nnorūque jam ingruente vespere,
 Pectus tuum, tanquā poeseos horizonta,
 Non sine robore suo reliquit:
 Vatibus nortnullis ingentia prodere; nee
 scire datur:
 Magnum aliis mysterium, majus sibi,
 Ferarum ritu vaticinantium
 Inclusum jactant numen quod nesciunt,
 Et instinctu sapiunt non intellecto.
 Quibus dum ingenium tacit audacia,
 prodest ignorare.
 Tibi primo contigit furore frui pro-
 prio,
 Et numen regere tuum.
 Dum pari luctu, afflatibus indicium
 commisisti,
 Bis entheatus:
 Aliasque musis mutas addidisti, artes
 et scientias,
 Tui plenus poeta.
 Qui furorem insaniae eximens
 Docuisti, et sobrie Aonios latice hau-
 riri.
 Primus omnium,
 Qui effrasnem caloris luxuriei frugi con-
 silio castigaveris,
 Ut tandem ingenium sine venia placi-
 turum
 Possideret Britannia,
 Miraretur orbis,
 Nihilque inveniret scriptis tuis donandum,
 praeter famam.
 Quod prologi igitur
 Velut magnatum propylaeodominum titulos
 proferunt,
 Perpetuumque celebratur argumentum,
 ipse author,
 Non arrogantis hoc est, sed judicantis,
 Aut vaticinantis,
 Virtutis enim illud et vatis est, sibi
 placere.
 Proinde non invidia tantum nostra, sed
 laude tua
 Magnum te prodire jusserunt fata.
 Qui integrum nobis poetam solus ex-
 hibuisti,
 Unuscuique omnes exprimens.
 Cum frondes alii laureas decerpunt, tu
 totum nemus vindicas,
 Nee adulator laudas, nee invidus per-
 stringis:
 Utrumque exosus,
 Vel sacrificio tuo mella, vel medicines ace-
 tum immiscere.
 Nee intense nimis spiritu avenam di-
 rupisti,
 Nee exili nimis tubam emaculasti;

Servatis utrinque legibus, lex Ipse
 factus.
 Una obsequii religione imperium nactus es:
 Rerum servus, non temporum.
 Ita omnium musarum amasius,
 Omnibus perpetuum certamen astas.
 Sit Homeri gloria
 Urbes de se certantes habere, de te dispu-
 tant musae,
 Qui seu cothurno niteris, inter poetas to-
 nans pater,
 Sive soccum pede complex rotundo,
 Et epigrammata dictas agenda,
 Facetiasque manibus exprimen-
 das,
 Adoranda posteris ducis vestigia, et nobis
 unus es theatrum metari.
 Non arenas spectacula scena exhibuit
 tua,
 Nee poemata, sed poesin ipsam par-
 tuiti,
 Populoque mentes, et leges ministravit,
 Quibus te damnare possent, si tu poteras
 peccare.
 Sic et oculos spectanti praestas, et
 spectacula;
 Scenamque condis quae legi magis gestiat
 quam spectari.
 Non histrioni suum delitura ingenium,
 Alii, quibus nullus Apollo, sed Mer-
 curius numen,
 Quibus afflatus praestant vnum et
 amasia,
 Truduntque in scenam vitia morbo
 poetae.
 Quibus musa pagis primisque plaustis
 apta,
 Praemoriturum vati carmen,
 Non edunt, sed abortiunt;
 Cui ipsam etiam praelum conditorium
 est,
 Novaque lucinos fraude in tenebras emit-
 tuntur authores,
 Dum poemata sic ut diaria,
 Suo tantum anno et regioni effluunt,
 Sic quoque Plauti moderni sales,
 Ipsi tantum Plauto
 Et vernaculae nimium Aristophani
 facetiae
 Non extra suum theatrum plausus invene-
 runt:
 Tu interim
 Seculi spiras quoque post futuri ge-
 nium.
 Idemque tuum et orbis theatrum est.
 Dum immensum, cumque lectore dresiens
 carmen,
 Et perenne uho fundis poema verbo,
 Tuas tibi gratulamur felices moras!

Quaquam quid moras reprehendimus, quaa
nostri fecit reverentia?
Sternum scribe debuit quicquid eeter-
num legi.

Poteras tu solus
Stylo sceptris majore orbem modermi.
Romas Britannos subjugavit gladius,
Romam Britannis calamus tuus,
Quam sic vinci gestientem,
Cothurno Angliaco sublimiorem quam suis
collibus cernimus.
Demurn quod majus est, setatem nobis nos-
tram subjicis;

Oraculique vicarius,
Quod jussit *Deus*, fides prestat sacer-
dos,
Homines seipsos noscere instituens.

Lingua nostra
Tibi collectanea tecum crevit,
Vocesque patrias, et tuas simul formasti.
Nee indigenam amplius, sed JONSONI jac-
tamus facundiam,
Ut inde semper tibi oontingat tua lingua
celebrari;

Qui et Romam
Disertiores docuisti voces.
Municipalidenno iocomatesuperbientem,
Grseciamque etiam
Orbis magistratam excoluisti,
Nunc alia quam Attica Minerva eloquen-
tem.

Te solo dives poteras aliorum ingenia con-
temnere,
Et vel sine illis evasisse ingenii com-
pendium:

Sed ut ille pictor,
Mundo daturus par ideas exemplar,
Quas bine et inde pulchritudines
Sparserat natura,
Collegitartifex:

Formæque rivulos palantes in unum cogens
oceanum,
Inde exire jussit alteram sine nsevo
Venerem.

Ita tibi parem machinam molito,
In hoc etiam ut pictura erat poesis:
Alii inde authores tnatereleft ingenio tuo
accidunt,

Tu illis ars, et lima adderis.
Et si poetse audient illi, tu ipsa
poesis;
Authorum non alius calamus, sed
author.

Scriptores diu sollicitos teipso tandem
docens,
Quern debeat genium habere victurus
liber.

Qui præcesserunt, quotquot erant, viarum
tantum judices fuerunt:
Tu solum Columna.

Quæ prodest aliis virtus, obstat
domino.

Et qui cseteros emendatius tran-
scripseras,

Ipse transcribi nescis.
Par prioribus congressus, futuris
impar,

Scenæ Perpetuus Dictator.
ROB. WARING.¹

EPITAPHIUM

IN BEN. JONSON.

Adsta, hospes I pretium morse est, sub isto
Quid sit, discere, conditum sepulchre.
Socci deliciæ ; decus cothurni ;
Scenæ pompa ; cor et caput theatri ;
Linguarum sacer helluo ; perennis
Defluxus venerum ; scatebrasalsi
Currus lene joci, sed innocentis j
Artisperspicuum jubar ; coruscum
Sydus ; judicii pumex, profundus
Doctrinæ puteus, tamen serenus ;
Scriptorum genius ; poeticus dux,
Quantum O sub rigido latet lapillo I

WILLIAM BEW.^s
N. Coll. Oxon. Soc.

¹ Robert Waring, the son of Edward Waring, of Lea in Staffordshire, and of Oldbury in Shropshire, was born in Staffordshire, in 1613, was elected into Christ Church, Oxford, from Westminster School, and took the degree of Master of Arts. In 1647 he was chosen proctor and historical professor: but, following the loyal example of his companions in taking up arms for the king, he was ejected by the Parliamentary visitors. He then travelled into France with Sir William Whitmore, "a great patron of distressed cavaliers,"—but returning to England, he contracted an inveterate disorder which terminated his existence in 1658.—GILCHRIST.

William Bew was born at Hagborne in

Berkshire, and after being educated at Winchester School, removed to New College, Oxford, of which he became fellow in 1637, and where he took his degree as Master of Arts in 1644. When his rebellious subjects took up arms against the king, Bew joined the soldiers of his sovereign, and had a majority of hoise. Being chosen proctor for 1648, he was set aside by the Parliamentary visitors, and, being ejected from his fellowship by the same authority, he quitted England and served the Swedes in their war against the Poles. Hitherto arms appear to have been his profession,—but more peaceable times arriving, with the return of Charles II., Bew returned, and being restored to his fellow-

IN OBITUM

BEN. JONSON.

Nee sic excidimus: pars tantum vilior audit
Imperium Libitina tuum, cælestior urget
Mthereos tractus, mediasque supervolat
auras,

Et velut effusum spissa inter nubila lumen
Ingenii strictura micat: foelicior ille,
Quisquis ab hoc victuram actavit lampada
Phebo.

In famulante faces accendimus, idque
severæ,

Quod damus alterius vitas, concedimus
umbræ.

Sic caput Ismarii, cæsa cervice, Poetæ,
Nscio quid rapido vocale immurmurat

Hebro,
Memmonis adverso sic stridit chordula
Phoebo,

Datque modos magicos, tenuesque reci-
procal auras.

Seu tu grandiloqui torques vaga frcena
theatri,

En tibi vox geminis applaudit publica pal-
mis;

Seu juvat in numeros, palantes cogere voces
Mæonia JoNSONE cheli, tepronusamantum
Prosequitur coetus, studioso imitamine va-
tum.

BENJAMINI insignis quondam quintuplice
ditis

Suffitu mensæ, densaque paropside, sed tu
Millena plus parte alios excedis, et auctis
Accumulas dapibus, propria de dote, pla-
centam.

SAM. EVANS, LL. Bacc.
No, Coll. Oxon. Soc.

ship, he became vicar of Ebberbury in Oxford-
shire. On the 22nd June, 1679, he was conse-
crated Bishop of Llandaff, and died in his nine-

BEN. JONSON.

Quod martes Epico tonat cothurno,
Sive aptat Elegis leves amores,
Seu sales Epigrammatum jocosa
Promit, seu numerosiora plectro
Jimgit verba, sibi secundat orsa
Cyrrrhaus, nee Hyantise sorores
Ulli dexterius favent poetæ,
Hoc cum Moeonide sibi et Marone,
Et cum Callimacho, et simul Tibullo
Commune est, aliisque cum trecentis:
Sed quod Anglia quotquot eruditos
Excundo ediderit sinu poetas
Acceptos referat sibi, sua omnes
Hos industria nuxerit, labosque
JONSONI, hoc propnum est suumquetotum,
Qui Poemata fecit et Poetas.

R. BRIDEOAKE.¹

Ἰωνσωνε ποτὲ φῦρτι παρῆσθη ποτνια Μοῦσα,
Καὶ Βρομῖος, καὶ Ἔρως, καὶ Χαρῖτων θιάσῃς,
Ἐνὶος ἀρτίτοκον λαβὲ νεβρίδι, σπαιρᾷ τε κισσῷ,
Λουσας καὶ ποτίσας νεκτάρ τῷ βοτρυῶς.
Κυσσοῦν δι' αἱ Χαρίτες, καὶ ἀειθαλεῖσσι ῥοδοῖσιν
Ἐστέφαν, ἢ δ' ἱεροῖς βακχαρίδους πετάλοισιν
Κεστον τυτθὸς ἔρως, στήθεσας μητέρα δάκν',
Ἄγγον δελζίνῳ φίλτρῳ αἰδοπολίῳ.
Τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ Μῦσα σοφῇ νύβρισματι παῖδ' ἐμνήστ',
Χρυσείας πτερυγὰς λίκνου ὑπερσχομένη
Χαῖρε θεῶν κρηνῇ, γαίης μέγα χάριμα Βρεταννῆς.
Χαῖρ' ἑλπίς Ἰκκῶν τῶν ἐπὶ γυμνοποδῶν
Ἄϊς σὺ χωρηγῆσθαι εὖτ' ἐμβαδῶς, εἴτε κοθορνῶς,
Ἑλλάδα καὶ Ῥωμὴν ἐς φθόνον οἰστρελάσεις.
Γαυρίων θρασυκαίσι νεοδμητοῖο Θεατροῦ,
Ἰερὶ ἐμειψάμενον μαρμαρεῶν ψαλίδων.
Ἢ καὶ ἀτιπταμένη, βρεφὸς παλαμῶν ἐν ἡπείῃ
Πλίνθον, ἀρειότερης συμβάλων οἰκοδομῆς.

tieth year, on the 10th Feb., 1705. GIL-
CHRIST.

Bishop of Chichester. See p. 517.



Supplementary Pieces.

TO HIS MUCH AND WORTHILY-ESTEEMED FRIEND, THE
AUTHOR OF "CINTHIA'S REVENGE."

[These lines are prefixed to *Cinthias Revenge; or Menander's Extasie*. Written by John Stephens, *Gent.*, London. 1613. Mr. W. C. Hazlitt (to whose valuable *Hand Book* I am indebted for a knowledge of the existence of this and the three following pieces) states his conviction that "although the name of Stephens appears upon the title, internal evidence establishes the authorship of Swallow."—F. C.]

Who takes thy volume to his virtuous hand Must be intended still to understand : Who bluntly doth but look upon the same May ask, <i>What Author would conceal his name?</i> Who reads may roave¹. and call the pas- sage dark,	Yet may as blind men, sometimes, hit the mark. Who reads, who roaves, who hopes to understand, May take thy volume to his virtuous hand. Who cannot read, but only doth desire To understand, he may at length admire. B. I.

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[From "The New English Canaan. Containing an Abstract of New England in three Books, written upon tenne Yeares Knowledge and Experiment of the Country. [By Thomas Morton.] Amsterdam. 1627. 4to.—F. C.]

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
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| <p>I sing the adventures of nine worthy<br/>wights,<br/>And pity 'tis I cannot call them knights,<br/>Since they had brawn and brain, and were<br/>right able<br/>To be installed of Prince Arthur's table ;<br/>Yet all of them were squires of low degree,<br/>As did appear by rules of Heraldry.<br/>The Magi told of a prodigious birth,<br/>That shortly should be found upon the<br/>earth,<br/>By Archimede's art, which they mis-<br/>conster<br/>Unto their land would prove a hideous<br/>monster.<br/>Seven heads it hod, and twice so many<br/>feet,<br/>Arguing the body to be wondrous great;<br/>Besides a forked tail, heaved up on high,<br/>As if it threatened battle to the sky.<br/>The Rumour of this fearful prodigy<br/>Did cause the effeminate multitude to cry,<br/>For want of great Alcides' aid, and stood<br/>Lake people that have seen Medusa's head:</p> | <p>Great was the grief of heart, great was the<br/>moan,<br/>And great the fear conceived by every one,<br/>Of Hydra's hideous form and dreadful<br/>power,<br/>Doubting in time this monster would<br/>devour<br/>All their best flocks, whose dainty wool<br/>consorts<br/>Itself with scarlet in all Prince's Courts.<br/>Not Jason, nor the adventurous youths of<br/>Greece,<br/>Did bring from Colchos any richer fleece :<br/>In emulation of the Grecian force,<br/>These Worthies nine prepared a wooden<br/>horse,<br/>And, pricked with pride of like success,<br/>devise<br/>How they may purchase glory by this prize.<br/>And, if they give to Hydra's head the fall,<br/>It will remain a platform unto all<br/>Their brave achievements, and in time to<br/>come,<br/><i>Per fas aut nefas</i> they'll erect a throne.</p> |
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<sup>1</sup> To roav' or rove, a term of archery ; means here to *take a guess*.

Clubs are turned trumps: so now the lot  
 is cast  
 With fire and sword to Hydra's den they  
 haste,  
 Mars in the ascendant, Sol in Cancer  
 now,  
 And Lerna Lake to Pluto's Court must  
 bow.  
 What though they are rebuked by thun-  
 dering Jove,  
 'Tis neither gods or men that can re-  
 move  
 Their minds from making this a dismal  
 day:  
 These nine will now be actors in this play,  
 And summon Hydra to appear anon  
 Before their witless combination.  
 But his undaunted spirit, nursed with  
 meat  
 Such as the Cyclops gave their babes to  
 eat,  
 Scorned their base accons, forwith Cecrops  
 charm  
 He knew he could defend himself from  
 harm  
 Of Minos, Eacus, and Radamand,  
 Princes of Limbo, who must out of hand  
 Consult 'bout Hydra what must now be  
 done.  
 Who having sate in Counsel one by one  
 Return this answer to the Stygian fiends ;  
 And first grim Minos spake, "Most loving  
 friemie,  
 Hydra prognosticks ruin to our state,  
 And that our kingdom will grow deso-  
 late;  
 But if one head from thence be ta'en  
 away,  
 The body and the members will decay."  
 "To take in hand," said Eacus, "this  
 task,  
 Is such as hare-brained Phaeton did ask  
 Of Phoebus to begird the world about,  
 Which, granted, put the nether lands to  
 rout.  
 Presumptuous fools learn wit at too much  
 cost,  
 For life and labour both at once he lost."  
 Stern Radarnantus being last to speak,  
 Made a great hum, and thus did silence  
 break :  
 "What if with rattling chains or iron  
 bands,  
 Hydra be bound either by feet or hands,  
 And after being lashed with smarting rods,  
 He be conveyed by Styx unto the gods,  
 To be accused on the upper ground  
 Of *lasts majestatis*; this crime found,  
 'Twill be impossible from thence I trow  
 Hydra shall come to trouble us below."  
 This sentence pleased the friends ex-  
 ceedingly,  
 That up they tossed their bonnets and did  
 cry,  
 "Long live our Court in great prosperity !"  
 The Sessions ended, some did straight  
 devise  
 Court Revels, antics, and a world of joys ;  
 Brave Christmas gambols, therewith open  
 hall  
 Kept to the full, and sport the Divell and  
 all !  
 Labours despised, the looms are laid away,  
 And this proclaimed the Stygian holiday !  
 In came grim Minos with his motley beard,  
 And brought a distillation well prepared ;  
 And Eacus, who is as sure as text,  
 Came in with his preparatives the next.  
 Then Radarnantus, last and principall,  
 Feasted the Worthies in his sumptuous  
 hall.  
 There Charon, Cerberus, and the rout of  
 fiends,  
 Had lap enough, and so their pastime ends.



## The Ghyrlond of the Blessed Virgin Marie.

[From "The Female Glory; or, the Life and Death of our Blessed Lady, the holy Virgin Mary, God's own Immaculate Mother. London, printed by Thomas Harper, for John Waterson. 1635." I doubt much whether these stanzas are Jonson's,—F. C.]

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>Here are five letters in this blessed name,<br/>Which, changed, a five-fold mystery<br/>design;<br/>The M the Myrtle, A the Almonds claim,<br/>R Rose, I Ivy, E sweet Eglantine.<br/>These form thy ghyrlond. Whereof,<br/>Myrtle Green,<br/>The gladdest ground to all the num-<br/>bered five,<br/>Is so implexe'd, and laid in between,<br/>As Love here studied to keep Grace alive.<br/>The second string is the sweet Almond<br/>bloom,<br/>Upmounted high upon Selinis crest;<br/>As it alone, and only it, had room<br/>To knit thy crown, and glorify the rest.<br/>The third is from the garden called the<br/>Rose,<br/>The Eye of flowers, worthy for his scent</p> | <p>To top the fairest Lily now that grows,<br/>With wonder on the thorny regiment.<br/>The fourth is humble Ivy, intersert<br/>But lowly laid, as on the earth asleep,<br/>Preserved! in her antique bed of Vert,<br/>No faith's more firm, or flat, than<br/>where't doth creep.<br/>But that which sums all is the Eglantine,<br/>Which, of the field, is classed the<br/>sweetest brier,<br/>Inflamed with ardour to that mystic<br/>shine<br/>In Moses' bush, unwasted in the fire.<br/>Thus Love, and Hope, and burning<br/>Charity,<br/>Divinctst graces, are so intermixed<br/>With odorous sweets and soft humility,<br/>As if they adored the Head whereon<br/>they're fixed.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

## The Reverse, on the Back Side.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
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| <p>These Mysteries do point to three more<br/>great,<br/>On the reverse of this your circling<br/>crown,<br/>All pouring their full share of graces<br/>down,<br/>The glorious Trinity in Union met.<br/>Daughter, and Mother, and the Spouse of<br/>God,<br/>Alike of kin to that most blessed Trine<br/>Of persons, yet in Union ONE divine,<br/>How are thy gifts and graces blazed<br/>abroad!</p> | <p>Most holy and pure Virgin, blesseM Maid,<br/>Sweet tree of life, King David's strength<br/>and tower,<br/>The House of gold, the gate of heaven's<br/>power,<br/>The Morning Star, whose light our Fall<br/>hath stayed.<br/>Great Queen of Queens, most mild, most<br/>meek, most wise,<br/>Most venerable Cause of all our joy,<br/>Whose cheerful look our sadness doth<br/>destroy,<br/>And art the spotless mirror to man's eye!</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

The Seat of Sapience, the most lovely  
 Mother,  
 And most to be admire'd of thy sex,  
 Who mad'st us happy all in thy  
 reflex,  
 By bringing forth GOD'S only Son, no  
 other.  
 Thou throne of glory, beauteous as the  
 Moon,  
 The rosy Morning, or the rising Sun,

Who like a Giant hastes his course to run,  
 Till he hath reached his two-fold point of  
 Noon.

How are thy gifts and graces blazed abroad  
 Through all the lines of this circum-  
 ference,  
 T'imprint in all purged hearts this virgin  
 sense  
 Of being Daughter, Mother, Spouse of GOD.  
 B. I.

## Cock Lorrel's Song.

[In the recently published volume of "Loose and Humorous Songs, from Bishop Percy's folio MS.," is a version of the Cocklorrel Song in the *Gipsies Metamorphosed* which contains a multitude of various readings, and the following six stanzas, which take the place of the single one, commencing "The jowl of a jailor served for a fish," at vol. iii. p. 156 b—F. C.]

Then broiled and broacht on a butcher's  
 prick [skewer],  
 The kidney came in of a Holy Sister;  
 This bit had almost made his devilship  
 sick,  
 That his doctor did fear he would need  
 a glister:

"For hark," quoth he, "how his belly  
 rumbles!"  
 And then with his paw—that was a  
 readier—  
 He pulled to a pie of a Traitor's numbles,  
 And the giblets of a Silent Teacher.

The jowl of a Jailor was served for a fish,  
 With vinegar pist by the Dean of Dun-  
 stable,  
 Two Aldermen lobsters asleep in a dish,  
 With a dried Deputy, and a soused  
 Constable.

These got him so fierce a stomach again  
 That now he wants meat whereon to  
 feed-a;  
 He called for the victuals were dressed for  
 his train,  
 And they brought him up an Olla po-  
 drida,

Wherein were mingled Courtiers, Clown,  
 Tradesmen, Merchants, Banquerouts  
 store,  
 Churchmen, Lawyers, of either gown  
 Of Civil or Common;—Player and  
 Whore;

Countess and Servant; Lady and Woman;  
 Mistress and Chambermaid; Coachman  
 and Knight;  
 Lord and Huisher; Groom and Yeoman;—  
 Where first the fiend with his fork did light  
 All which devoured, &c. &c. &c.



# Ode αλληγορικῇ.

[These spirited, and thoroughly Jonsonian stanzas, are prefixed to a Poem, published in 1603, with the following title, "PANCHARIS : The first Booke, containing The Preparation of the Love betweene Owen Tudyr, and the Queene, long since intended to her Maiden Majestic; And now dedicated to *The Invincible James*, Second and greater Monarch of Great Britaine, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, with the Islands adjacent. Printed at London by V.S. for Clement Knight. 1603."

This work, of which only one copy is known to exist (among Burton's books in the Bodleian) was first described in 1865 by Mr. Collier, in his *Bibliographical Catalogue*, vol. ii. p. 443, and afterwards reprinted in the following year in his "green series, or Illustrations of our Old English Literature." Particular attention was called by him to this Ode of Jonson's, which has notwithstanding been overlooked by Mr. Hazlitt. The notices of Scotland are especially interesting, as showing for how many years before he actually visited it, the localities of his ancestral land had occupied his mind. His mention of the drinking habits of the Danes, in the same year in which *Hamlet* was first published, has hitherto escaped Shakspearian commentators.—F. C.]

## i.

Who saith our times nor have nor can  
Produce us a black swan ?  
Behold where one doth swim,  
Whose note and hue  
Besides the other swannes admiring him,  
Betray it true:  
A gentler bird than this  
Did never dint the breast of *Tamisis*,

## ii.

Mark, mark, but when his wing he  
takes,  
How fair a flight he makes 1  
How upward and direct 1  
Whilst pleased Apollo  
Smiles in his sphere to see the rest affect  
In vain to follow.  
This swanne is only his,  
And *Phosbus*' love cause of his blackness is,

## iii.

He showed him first the hoof-cleft spring,  
Near which the *Ttespiads* sing;  
The clear *Dircæan* fount  
Where *Pindar* swam;  
The pale *Pyrene* and the forked *Mount*  
And when they came  
To brooks and broader streams,  
from *Zephyt*'s rape would close him with  
his be  
vol.iii.

## iv.

This changed his down, till this, as white  
As the whole beard in sight,  
And still is in the breast;  
That part nor winde,  
Nor sun could make to vary from the rest,  
Or alter kinde;  
So much doth virtue hate,  
For style of rareness, to degenerate.

## v.

Be then both rare and good : and long  
Continue thy sweet song.  
Nor let one river boast  
Thy tunes alone;  
But prove the air, and sail from coast to  
coast:  
Salute old Mone.  
But first to *Wuid* stoop low,  
The vale that bred thee pure, as her hills'  
snow.

## vi.

From thence display thy wing again  
Over *Ierna* main  
To the *Engenian* dale;  
There charm the rout  
With thy soft notes, and hold them within  
pate  
That late were out.  
Music hath power to draw,  
Where neither force can bend, nor fear can  
awe'



## VII.

Be proof, the glory of his hand,  
 (*Charles Montjoy*) whose command  
 Hath all been harmony :  
 And more hath won  
 Upon the *Kerne*, and wildest *Irishry*  
 Than time hath done,  
 Whose strength is above strength,  
 And conquers all things; yea itself, at  
 length.

## VIII.

Who ever sipt at *Baphyre* river,  
 That heard but spight deliver  
 His far-admired acts,  
 And is not rapt  
 With enthreate rage to publish their bright  
 tracts?  
 But this more apt  
 When him alone we sing);  
 Now must we ply our aim, our swan's on  
 wing.

## IX.

Who (see) already hath o'erflown  
 The *Hebrid* Isles, and known  
 The scattered *Orcades*;  
 From thence is gone  
 To utmost *Thule*; whence he backs the  
 Seas  
 To *Caledon*,  
 And over *Grampius* mountain  
 To *Loumond* lake, and *Twedes* black-  
 springing fountain.

## X.

Haste, haste, sweet singer I nor to *Tint*,  
*Humber*, or *Owse* decline ;  
 But over land to *Trent*:  
 There cool thy plumes,  
 And up again, in skies and air to vent  
 Their reeking fumes;  
 Till thou at *Tames* alight,  
 From whose proud bosom thou began'st  
 thy flight

## XL

*Tames*, proud of thee and of his fate  
 In entertaining late  
 The choise of *Europè*' pride,

The nimble *French*'  
 The *Dutch*, whom wealth (not hatred) doth  
 divide,  
 The *Danes* that drench  
 Their cares in wine : with sure  
 Though slower *Spaine*, and *Italy* mature.

## XII.

All which, when they but hear a strain  
 Of thine shall think the *Maine*  
 Hath sent her *Mermadies* in,  
 To hold them here ;  
 Yet, looking in thy face, they shall begin  
 To lose that fear ;  
 And (in the place) envy  
 So black a bird so bright a qualitie.

## XIII.

But should they know (as I) that this  
 Who warbleth *PANCHARIS*,  
 Were *Cygnus*, once high flying  
 With *Cupid's* wing;  
 Though now, by Love transformed and  
 daily dying,  
 (Which makes him sing  
 With more delight and grace);  
 Or thought they *Leda's* white adultr'er's  
 place

## XIV.

Among the stars should be resigned  
 To him, and he there shrined;  
 Or *Tames* be wrapt from us  
 To dim and drown  
 In heaven the sign of old *Erlidanns*.  
 How they would frown !  
 But these are mysteries  
 Concealed from all but dear prophetick  
 eyes.

## XV.

It is enough, their grief shall know  
 At their return, nor *Po*,  
*Iberus*, *Tagus*, *Rheine*,  
*Scheldt*, nor the *Maas*,  
 Slow *Arar*, nor swift *Rhont*, the *Leyrt*,  
 nor *Seine*,  
 With all the race  
 Of *Europe's* waters can  
 Set out a like, or second to our Swtful



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