

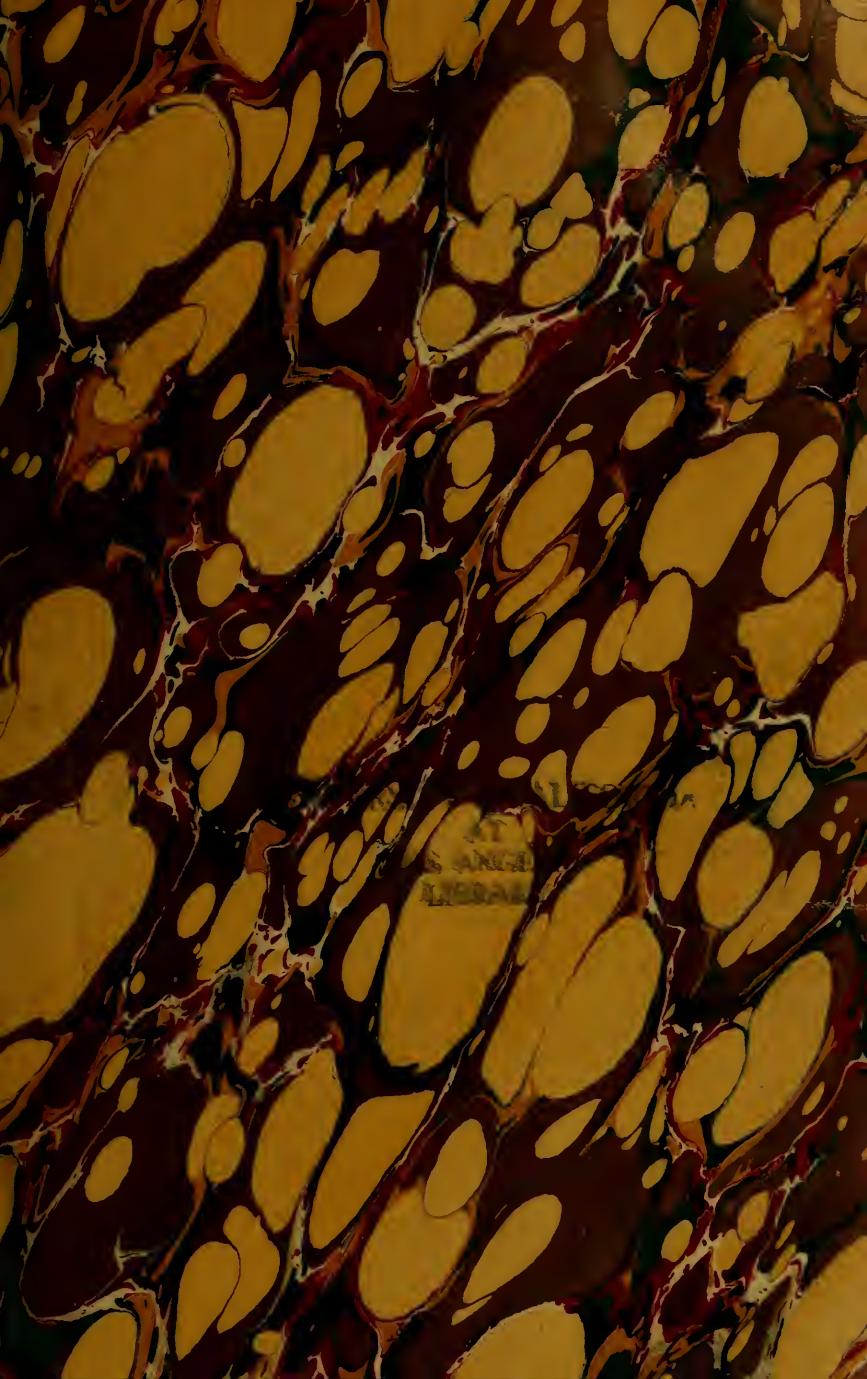
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OF

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IN ENGLISH LITERATURE,  
REVIVED.

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BY

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART. K.J. M.P.

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VOL. I.

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PREFACE

TO THE TWO FIRST VOLUMES.

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7/11/1928

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AFTER all that has been said in the various prefaces to the numerous volumes of *Censura Literaria*, and *The British Bibliographer*, it would almost seem impertinent to dwell upon the nature and objects of the present work.

Journal 25<sup>00</sup>

The First Number appeared on March 1, 1814; and every succeeding month has produced a similar portion; till at length two volumes have been completed. If there are those who think that too much time and labour have been expended in recovering that which was not worth the search, or the toil of transcript, the future Archaiologist will know better how to value such painful endeavours to furnish materials for his use. The progress of language is the progress of the human mind in cultivation and refine-

ment, and in that astonishing increase of vigour and brilliance, of which in a course of ages it is capable.

Such works, it is true, may be suited to the taste of a very limited class of readers. Rich collectors do not care for extracts, because they have the originals; and, like misers, they do not like to impart even a fragment of their treasures. Many others also, who have not the originals, feel or affect an indifference to a copy, or an extract, as beneath their notice, because it is in modern types! Most wise and enlightened judgments! What a genuine love must they have for literature! How anxious must they be to improve their knowledge, and enlarge their taste!

In consequence however of the growing curiosity for our old literature, the following works, before inaccessible, have been within these few years reprinted, and form a valuable library. The impressions have been in every instance very limited; and many of them are therefore already again out of the reach of purchase.

1. Paradise of Dainty Devises.
2. England's Helicon.
3. \*Gorgeous Gallery of gallant Devises.
4. \*Handful of Pleasant Delites.
5. \*Phœnix Nest.
6. \*England's Parnassus.
7. Higgins's Mirror for Magistrates.

\* In Heliconia.

8. Tusser's Five Hundred Points.
9. \*Greene's Philomela.
10. \*..... Arcadia.
11. \*G. Harvey's Four Letters.
12. \*Southwell's Triumph over Death.
13. \*Breton's Characters, &c.
14. G. Wither's Shepherd's Hunting.
15. .... Fidelity.
16. .... Hymns and Songs.
17. Stanley's Poems.
18. .... Anacreon.
19. W. Hammond's Poems, 1655. 61 copies.
20. Barksdale's Nympha Libethris, 40 copies.
21. †Greene's Groatsworth of Wit.
22. †Breton's Longing.
23. †..... Melancholike Humours.
24. †Raleigh's Poems.
25. †Davison's Rhapsody.
26. †Duchess of Newcastle's Poems.
27. Juliana Berners's Hawking and Hunting.
28. Puttenham's Art of Poetry.
29. Painter's Palace of Pleasure.
30. Tracts of Poetical Criticism, by Mr. Haslewood, *in the press*.
31. James I's Essays of a Prentice, in Poetry.
32. Mirror for Magistrates, entire, by Mr. Haslewood, *in the press*.

To these add the following, before given to the Public.

33. Capel's Prolusions, 1760.
34. Percy's Ballads.
35. Lord Hailes's Bannatyne Poems.

\* In Archaica.

† From the private press at Lee Priory.

36. Pinkerton's Scotch Poems.
37. Ellis's Specimens.
38. Ritson's Collections.
39. Scott's Scotch Minstrelsy.
40. Chalmers's Lyndsay.
41. Sibbald's Scotch Poetry.

When this work was commenced, it was said by some, who are more willing to discourage than to animate, to find fault than to commend, that the subject which it undertook was already exhausted. Let them look at the eleven hundred thickly printed pages, which these two volumes contain! Are they filled with extracts of common books? Is the matter trifling, or incurious? Will it not rather render the attentive reader familiar with the phraseology of our old literature; more especially its poetry? And will not this familiarity give him a double relish for Spenser, and Shakespeare, and Milton?

Here are ample specimens of Dunbar, Archbishop Parker, Drant, Marlow, Chapman, Daniell, R. Holland, John Davies of Hereford, Gervase Markham, Phaer, Golding, Barth. Yonge, C. Fitzgeffrey, K. James, H. Peacham, Lady Mary Wrothe, Barth. Chappel, R. Niccols, Sir Geo. Buc, Tho. Heywood, Geo. Wither, Sir Francis Hubart, N. Breton, C. Lever, Josh. Sylvester, R. Brathwaite, Sir Hugh Plat, R. Cocks, Bishop Hall, R. Bancroft, F. Quarles, J. Quarles, Lord Her

bert, Lord Westmø'eland, R. Chamberlayne, H. Crompton, John Hall, Tho. Philipot, Jasper Maine, Payne Fisher, E. Benlowes, R. Wild, Tho. Jordan, and Sir W. Killigrew. Of these forty-four authors, the extracts are all drawn from very rare tracts.

If it be required that the Editor should enter into nice disquisitions on the merits and character of each of these authors, a task will have been imposed on him, which requires more leisure, and probably more talents, than he possesses. Among the names just enumerated, perhaps not above seven deserve the praise of true poetical genius: these are Dunbar, Marlow, Chapman, Daniell, Breton, Bishop Hall, and Wither.

In an age of greater refinement, in a later period of literature, when the art of composition is better understood, it is more easy for an author, who aspires to the fame of a poet, to catch something of that selection of circumstances, and animation of manner, which, when they are exhibited in genuine force, bespeak the real favourite of the Muse. But when most of these writers exercised the pen, it was far otherwise: they had not learned the essential difference in the character of poetry and prose: they supposed it to consist rather in the form than in the substance; in the rhythm than in the matter. They are therefore too generally flat, dull, and tedious: but they are often profuse in thought

and language; their remarks are often just, and full of instruction; and their learning is multifarious, though somewhat pedantic.

With these faults, they yet abound in matter which is interesting to the inquirer into ancient manners; to him, who loves to revive the notice of forgotten names; to the searcher into traits of the character of those whom the grave has long covered with oblivion. So strong is the vivifying power of poetry, that even its least inspired professors reflect to us clearer pictures of the manners of past ages, than the most able authors in other departments.

But such is the brilliance of primary genius, that even the darkest ages will not repress the appearances of its true character. What vivid pictures does Chaucer give us! What a selection of circumstances! What animation of manner, and language! How does he bring out the prominent traits in the characters which he so happily draws in his *Canterbury Tales*; while we see the whole merry group on their journey, as if we were accompanying them along the Kentish road!

Then turn to Sackville, after the lapse of two centuries, and see with what a master's hand he dashes out the striking allegorical figures, which his sublime fancy dictates, in forms of astonishing brilliance and vigour! Of many of these images, the force of the conception,



and the energetic power of the language, remain to this day utterly unequalled! I speak of the celebrated *Induction to the Legend of Henry Duke of Buckingham*.

Here the fire of Genius taught what toiling Art could yet never attempt. It lifted itself at once above flat narrative and creeping details. Led on by the splendor and rapidity of its own light, it seized only leading circumstances, and left its followers to puzzle themselves and their hearers with long and intricate descriptions, and prolix stories of uninteresting minutæ, in which every successive touch of the pen served only to render the picture more dim and faint!

Yet who will call upon the Editor to confine himself, in such a work as this, to the notice of authors of pure and unqualified genius? The list, so limited, would be very brief; and perhaps the names entitled to admission would not exceed forty.

But want of time gives warning to close this preface.

Tuesday evening, March 23, 1815.



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## INTRODUCTION.

---

I HAVE lived to see a great variety of useful books, in the numerous classes of English literature, of dates between the period at which Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne and the close of the seventeenth century, which had hitherto been neglected and considered as of little more value than waste paper,—I have lived to see these books emerge within the last ten years into notice, to rise daily in price, and to have their contents examined and duly appreciated!

I consider the revival of this taste a real benefit to literature, a praise-worthy recovery of intellectual stores, which productions of a more novel attraction had pushed into oblivion, and a return to a standard not only of more solid information but often of a more chaste as well as more classical style.

It is to be lamented that Mr. Dibdin has not had time to compile his promised "*English*

*De Bure.*" It would have been a most instructive, as well as interesting work. Meanwhile I am reluctant totally to withhold the continued application of that helping hand, which for nine years \* I have given to these subjects. We know how soon small particles of information, where there is no immediate motive or storehouse to preserve them, are lost; and we know also by what sure, though imperceptible, progress these small particles accumulate into large and useful volumes. Thus an hour in a day, given to this occupation, which might otherwise be idle, leaves at the end of the year a substantial and profitable mark of its passage.

I will not anticipate objections, nor defend myself before I am censured. Let those who delight to find fault, have their own way; let them blame the ardour of my bibliographical love, and the imprudence of thus involving myself in new and unprofitable labours, when it may be said, that I have already more on my hands than I can grasp. Let it pass! I amuse myself at least; and when I am gone, shall have left some trace of my existence behind me.

If I can command the time, (to which amidst all my other avocations I look,) I will

\* In the *Censura Literaria*, ten vols. 8vo. and *British Bibliographer*, four vols. 8vo.

endeavour to mix in the matter of my future pages something which will either entertain or instruct the general reader, as well as inform him whose pursuit is merely bibliography. Mere rarity shall seldom procure a place for an article, without the aid of something intrinsically curious in the subject, nor will I preclude myself from any excursions into literature, which the spur of the occasion may prompt.

To speak indeed with confidence of the future is neither wise, nor delicate; but if I shall be so fortunate as to accomplish my wishes and my hopes, I trust that long experience in these pursuits, and the array of materials which I see ready to my hands, will enable me, by an happy selection of subjects, extracts, and remarks, to rescue the Bibliographer from the charge of dulness.

My principal aim shall be to revive those forgotten works which the most enlightened minds will admit to be among the due apparatus of a curious library; and I will endeavour to collect opinions on the characters of those works from the best authorities.

One thing which would be thought too obvious to require repetition, did not experience prove that it cannot be too often repeated, I must here observe:--that to fill up the extended purposes of literature, there is opportunity and

even demand for the toils of minds of every various talent, and of cultivation combined in every various way. That the same mind should unite every opposite excellence is the expectation of absolute folly! The expansive intellect which has wings to mount with the flights of fancy, and the heart which is tremblingly alive to moral pathos, will not suffer the being whom they inhabit to be too long detained by the technical minutiae of Bibliography.

Let not therefore the mere collector of curiosities be too fastidious in his judgment of the present publication. It is not for him alone that it is designed, but for the general purposes of extended information and solid literature.

He, who is so ill-informed or so rash as to represent a subject already exhausted, which another half century would not exhaust, deserves no reply.

S. E. B.

Feb. 4, 1814.

# RESTITUTA.



1

*De Antiquitate Britannicæ Ecclesiæ et Privilegiis Ecclesiæ Cantuariensis, cum Archiepiscopis ejusdem 70.*

*Anno Domini*

1572.



..... Absentem qui rodit amicum,  
Qui non defendit, alio culpante, solutos  
Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis,  
Fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere  
Qui nequit, hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane caveto.

~~~~~  
folio.\*  
~~~~~

This is on a richly illuminated title on vellum, with the initials of the artist, J. B. F.

---

2

*The life off the 70 Archbishopp off Canterbury, presentlye set-tinge Englished, and to be added to the 69 lately sett forth in Latin.*

\* It was afterwards printed abroad, at the beginning of the 17th Century, and a new, and splendid edition by the Rev. Samuel Drake, S.T.P. Rector of Treeston, in Yorkshire. London, printed by Bowyer, 1729, Fol.

*This number off seven-ty is so compleat a number as it is great pitie ther shold be one more: but that as Augustin was the first, so Mathew might be the last.*

*Imprinted*  
*MDLXXIII.*

Small Octavo. Sig. ff. iii.

Both these volumes are of uncommon rarity, and also of singular interest. The Archbishop himself mentions (as hereafter will be seen) having circulated only FOUR COPIES of his own work.

Mr. *Dibdin* has justly remarked that no name deserves to stand more conspicuous amongst the lovers of books, than that of ARCHBISHOP PARKER. He kept printers, engravers, and illuminators in his own Palace at Lambeth, and by these means printed only a few copies (perhaps not more than four or five) for private distribution, of his very learned and valuable work *De Antiquitate Ecclesie Anglicanæ*.

When a feeble spirit, when ill success, or overwhelming oppression, drives men into retirement, they may soothe the solitude which they cannot avoid with the cheering occupation of literature. But he, who, while he has luxury, splendor, distinction amid the enlivening concourse of society, at his command, still prefers the pure recesses of solitary study, and who busies his mind with the past and the future while the present offers seduction for all his senses, proves himself to be an intellectual being of the highest class, on whose grave flowers never fading ought to be scattered, and



whose memory should be embalmed in language of no common eloquence!

The cares too, of Archiepiscopal command, cannot, even in these days, be light. What were they in the days of PARKER, when the vengeance of the Papist on the one hand, (lately dislodged from his power,) and the encouraged zeal of the Puritan on the other, involved every step in danger, and every expression in distrust or misrepresentation?

*John Strype* has collected with admirable industry, the memorials of this great man, as well as of the other protestant Archbishops who immediately succeeded him. The massive volumes of this industrious biographer are again rising into their just estimation. We cannot peruse the thick-printed pages of this author, without deriving multitudinous information of a period fertile in events, and beset with the most intricate difficulties. The stakes of Smithfield had scarcely ceased to blaze, and the blood of martyrs had but recently flowed from the scaffold!

Pure Spirit of him, who, amid these times of turbulence and danger, could leave the pomp of office, and protection of power, to cultivate the Holy Muses, I bow to thy name with awe and reverence, and record thy written labours with fond admiration! Often as I view the dilapidated abode\* of thy rural retirement, I imagine the walls to be sanctified by thy former presence, and often as I cross the deserted fields of its domain, now harassed by the plough, and trod only by the uneducated husbandman, I behold again the forms

\* The ancient palace of Beakesbourne, to which the grounds of the Editor's residence in the country adjoin. It has long been let to farm on beneficial leases.

of the associates of learning, whom thou once cherish-  
edst there, and people again the surrounding woods  
and mansions with more cultivated and refined inha-  
bitants!

---

The Archbishop in a letter to the Lord Treasurer accompanying a *MS.* of *Gervasius Tilburiensis*, a copy of *Lambard's Perambulation of Kent*, and his own *Antiquitates Britannicæ*, apologizes, that "he had bound his book costly, and laid in colours the arms of the church of Canterbury, impaled with his own paternal coat," saying

"His Lordship might indeed note many vanities in his doings, but he thought it not against his profession to express his own times, and give some testimony of his fellow-brothers, of such of his coat, as were in place of her Majesty's reign, and when himself was thus placed. And though his Lordship might rightly blame an ambitious fancy in him, for setting out their church's arms in colours, yet he told him he might, if he pleased, relinquish the leaf, and cast it into the fire. And he had joined it but loose in the leaf for that purpose, if he so thought it meet. And as he might, if it so liked him (without great grief to him the Archbishop) cast the whole book the same way. This book he said he *had not given to four men in the whole realm*: and peradventure, added he, it shall never come to sight abroad, though some men smelling of the printing of it, were very desirous cravers of the same. He was content to refer it wholly to his judgment to stand or fall. For the present he purposed to keep it by him, while he lived, to add or mend, as occasion should serve him, or utterly to suppress it, and burn it. And thus, as he told his Lordship, he made him privy to his follies.

And for that he had *within his house*, in wages, DRAWERS OF PICTURES, and CUTTERS, (that is *Engravers*.) PAINTERS, LIMNERS, WRITERS, and BOOKBINDERS, he was bolder to take his occasion thus *Equitare in arundine longa*, so spending his wasteful time within his own walls, till Almighty God should call him out of this tabernacle."

"Of these rare Books," says Strype, "the Right Reverend Father in God, the Bishop of Ely, in his exquisite Library, has one, which in his great humanity, and readiness to forward all good learning, he hath lent to me. There is another in the public Library of the University of Cambridge. A third is in the Library of St. John's College there. And a fourth in the possession of the Reverend and learned Mr. Thomas Baker, B.D. Fellow of the said College. But the choicest of all, was lately possessed by the late most Reverend Archbishop Sancroft which was Joselyn's (his Chaplain's) own Book, (as I have been told) and corrected and enlarged in many places by his own pen. Which after came into the hands of Mr. Wharton, his Chaplain; and had he lived, would have been published with his additions, together with the *British Antiquities*." \*

Strype gives at p. 417, a minute account of the contents, ornaments, and other particulars of one of these copies, which exactly answers to the very curious copy now in the British Museum. It is sufficient to refer to this account; for though Strype's work is gradually rising into the demand which its merits deserve, it is yet too easy of access to justify so long a transcript, in addition to those which I have already given.

"But notwithstanding all the Archbishop's good deeds, and good deserts, he must go through evil report as well as good report, the lot of the servants of Christ. There was a little

\* Strype's Life of Parker, 1711. fol.

Latin Book belonging to the College aforesaid (Corpus Christi) and compiled for their use, called *Historiola*, being a M S. declaring briefly the History of the Foundation, and successive Masters of that College. This book was writ by the Archbishop's own direction about the year 1569, and still is preserved with great esteem in the College. The original by the favour of Dr. Spenser, some time Master, was shewn, and lent to me to peruse. It had here and there the Archbishop's own corrections. And when in the course of the History, the writer came to speak of Dr. Parker, in his turn Master, he treated more at large of him, both of the preferments that happened to him, and of the good works he did. But some of the Archbishop's enemies, that is certain of the *Puritan* Faction (and tis probable Aldrich the Master was privy to it) getting the copy of the Book, procured the translation of it into English, and this year (1574) printed it beyond seas (as it seems by the Letter) with foolish, scurrilous, and malicious notes in the margin; and entituled it with equal spite, *The Life of the LXX<sup>th</sup> Arcshbishop of Canterbury presently sittinge, Englished: And to be added to the sixty-nine lately set forth in Latin.* And then adding this rude jest, (shewing his good will to the Archbishop and all that high and venerable order in the See of Canterbury) viz. *This Numbre of Seventy is so compleat a Number, as it is great pity there should be one more, but that as St. Augustin was the first, so Matthew should be the last.*"

Strype then goes on to give instances of the Writer's contumelious and uncharitable marginal annotations, and reflections. The Writer, as Strype observes, gives the account of himself, "that his lot was low, and that the Archbishop knew him not."

"If he were a layman," says Strype, "as he gives himself out to be, I am apt to think it might be John Stubbs of Lincoln's Inn, whose right hand not many years after was chopped

off for bold and seditious writing. Who, as he had a bitter scoffing style, so he was a man of some parts and learning; and (being allied to *Thomas Cartwright*, a man exceedingly disaffected to the Archbishop and the Hierarchy) having married Stubbs's sister, was very probably encouraged and assisted by him. But enough of this book, and the unworthy reflections in it, upon our innocent, but deserving Archbishop."\*

The margin of the translated text of the Archbishop's Life is thus loaded with abusive comments; and to the end of it is subjoined *An address "to the Christian Reader,"* containing three sheets of bitter criticism on the Archbishop's History. A specimen of this severe libel may not be unacceptable.

“That he might signifye, that men off his estate seldome founde such counselors, as would boldlye, and freely tell them off there duetye, it happened by wise advise off the herauld, that suche armes were allotted hym (as the use for noble personages) which both might expresse the ancient armes of the stocke from whence he issued, and might admonishe hym also off his honor and office in the church, in that that starres were added to his armes. Whereunto Gualter Haddon Doctor of lawe, a man off singular learninge and authoritye (whom our most noble Queene Elizabeth appointed to be one off the Masters off the requestes, and Mathew hymselfe hadd made hym chiefe Judge off his prerogative court) very finely alluded in these verses.

\* *Stryce's Life of Parker*, p. 487. 489.

The keyes of auncient parentes tokens are,  
From Sovereigne Prince doth come the tripell  
starr.

So Vertue, learninge, power, conspire best,  
And sowe the pleasant seeds of quiet rest.  
But yet the ioes of life to end do hast,  
And man, but dust before, to dust shall wast.

Whereupon, as he acknowledgeth the  
keyes to pertayne unto hym by the la-  
we off nature, and inheritaunce, as left  
hym off his fore\*fathers, from whome  
he descended, yett he thinketh them espe-  
ciallye to agree with hym, by reason off  
his spirituall function, which is wiselie  
to open and shutt the kingdome off hea-  
uen to the Christian congregation, in  
the which meaninge, the Keies wea-  
re delivered unto Peter and unto all that  
execute that spirituall office in church of  
preachinge the gospell.

But whereas we see the keye thrise  
in his armes, that hath respecte to Pe-  
ters couenaunt made with Christ un-  
der that worde (feede) † thrise repea-  
ted.

Lastly, the starres represent that off  
Danyell: the learned shall shine as the  
brightnes off the firmament, and they  
which instructe manie in the waye off  
righteousness as starres for euer and  
euer.

As therefore the starres bringe him in-  
to the remembraunce off his spirituall au-  
thoritie and office, so also by the starr he  
learneth to remember what is required of

*\*His father  
was an ho-  
nest poore  
man, a scou-  
rer or ca-  
lender off  
worsteddes  
of Norwi-  
ch so kno-  
wne and  
taken.*

*† O deepe  
divinitie, th  
Archbisho-  
pe hath thr  
ee keyes be  
cause Chr-  
ist saied pa-  
sce, pasce.  
Nay, rather  
because he  
locketh up  
the King-  
dome of hea-  
uen soe fast  
by holdinge  
out of mini-*

him, that by the purenes off his lighte he should shine to other, and by the heavenly doctrine off the worde, should bringe againe into the lighte the congregation off Christ, which nowe a greate while hath miserably lyen hidden, and overwhelmed in grosse darknes by the tradition of men. And that he might not altogether forgett himselfe (as they are wont to doe which are sett upp alofte in the hiest roomes of the world) he was wonte to rubbe his mind with the memorye off that sentence, that all fame, æstimation, honour, all magistrat-shippes, be they off never so ample authoritye, all titles and names howe glorious soeuer theye seeme in the eyes off men for a tyme, yett at the last, as the whole world itselfe, and all brittle and transitorye thinges theye shall perishe, and decaye."

*sters that  
might pre-  
ache the worde  
and keepinge  
in of idell  
and ignoraunt  
that can doe  
nothings, that  
hardlie doth  
anie man en-  
ter thearin.*

---

He was verie carefull, and not without some charges, to seeke out the monumentes off foremer tymes, to knowe the religion of thancient fathers, and those especiallye which were off the Englishe church. Therefore in seekinge upp the cronicles off the Brittones and Englishe Saxons, which aye hidden every wheare contemned and buried in forgetfullnes, and thorough the ignorance off the Languages not wel understood, his owen especially, and his mens diligence wanted not.

And to the ende, that these antiquities might last longe and be carefullie kept, he caused them, being broughte into one place, to be well bound and trymlie couered. And yet not so contented, he indeuored to sett out in printe, certain off those auncient monumentes, whearoff he knew very fewe examples to be extante, and which he thoughte woulde be most profitable for the posteryte, to instructe them, in the faythe and religion off the elders.

Heere vpon, he caused the perpetual histories off the Inglish affaires, by Mathæus Parisiensis once a monke off Sainte Albanes, and Mathæus Florilegus, a monke off Sainte Peters in westminster, written in latin, to be printed after he had diligentlie conferred them with the examples, which he coulde gett in anye place, to the ende, that as sincerely as might be, as thauthors first left them, he mighte deliuer them into mens handes."

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The malignant commentator speaks of the Archbishop's celebrated work on *the Antiquity of the English Church* as

"Certain Rapsodies and shreds of old foreworn stories almost forgotten till lately awaked and newly sewed together in one book, as though it were some worthy monument and rich hoard wherein had been honourably buried great heaps of



the knowledge and acts of the first Christian infancy of the church of England: and yet, having rolled away that glorious grave-stone off that counterfeit title, and seeking further into it, appeareth a very painted sepulchre, gorgeously decked with that outward only name, and within full of broken shank-bones and reliques of dead carcasses; yea, nothing but a very charnell-house of brainless unlearned skulls of such men as were wicked in their life, and not worthy any memory, being dead; whose rotten bones, yet if they had been closed in lead, and well spiced and seared, and handsomely laid up together, peradventure they might have been kept from savoring yet a while: but they are so hurled together without embalming or other preservation, that the matter being of itself most unclean, is yet, by the manner of handling, if it be possible, made more unclean and filthy.

The title, as it is said, *De Antiquitate*, &c. Only a few things are said for preface, touching the first preaching of Christ in this our island: but the whole body of the book is bombasted with the swelling pomps of the Archprelates of Canterbury; wherein, as there is no such clerkly handling as is to be wondered at (for there is such confused shuffling together as if his method had been *take it among you*), so there is no such chaste dealing as were to be wished. For many bastard tales of the adulterous synagogue of Rome are intermingled; so that the greatest care of the workman seemed to be, perhaps, a little for that first part of the treatise, *De Antiquitate Ecclesiæ Britannicæ*, and much more for the second part, *De privilegiis Ecclesiæ Cantuariensis*; but most of all for this third part, *De Archiepiscopis ejusdem Septuaginta et cætera*.

For after two or three and twenty leaves spent superficially in that matter (of the antiquity, I mean, of the English church), and two or three tables (whereof one very foolish at the least), there beginneth, as it were, a new stately work, continued in two hundred and odd leaves (and yet Apex is not added) of

the lives first of the primitive fathers of that church, the foundation whereof is luckily laid in that *apostate*, not *apostle*, Augustine (for he made this church apostatate as they call it), finding religion here more sincere and Christian than he left it, having brought in nothing but uniformity in singing, sitting, and such other seemly orders of Rome ; and then descending in a row to all his successors in that See, or rather arm of the main see of Rome, even to him that presently sits and takes his ease therein. Wherein whosoever will but consume a little time shall find that to set forth the antiquity of the sincere knowledge of Jesus Christ and the first preaching thereof in this land, though it be the first in title, yet is it least and last ; in treaty set rather for a commendation to the book, than that it was in any recommendation to the author ; yea, used only for a pretence and colour to insinuate into the magnifying of that magnificent Seigniory and Archiepiscopal territory of Canterbury, and by all means possible to vaunt the pre-eminence and supereminence of that Princely Archpastor and Pastoral Arch-prince the first father, and Peter (as I may say), of which succession he maketh that superstitious monk, and wicked man, Romish Austen. Who, as he obtruded himself universal Archbishop to all England, and won it not by the word and spirit, but by the sword and blood (for he was the fire-brand of a fray, wherein one and twenty hundred monks, good men, as good men were in those days, and, in comparison of him indeed, holy saints ; besides, other men of war were all innocently slain and murdered only because they refused to submit their necks to his Archiepiscopal yoke, which they saw him so ambitiously seek ; so he the same Austen having thus gotten by conquest this universal Vice-Papacy over England, because his proceedings should be like his entry, with like apostolic humility and meekness he justled for a place where to fasten his chair, and by plain wrong (as wrong may be said between wrong-doers), wrang from the Archbishop of London (for there had been before the Archiepiscopal See, as also saith

that book), all Archiepiscopal jurisdiction, pall and cross, cum pertinenciis, and contrary even to the Pope, his holy father's commandment, translated the same to Canterbury, where it was set and settled to have and to hold to him and his successors there for ever under pain of the great excommunication, and many a black curse thundered by diverse Popes, after which, are there recited for the greater terror to scare them that should at any time attempt against that holy sacred See."\*

THE Archbishop was great-grandson of Nicholas Parker, Notary Public of the Diocese of Norwich, Principal Registrar, and Keeper of the Records of the Court of Canterbury.

His mother was Alice Monins, of a respectable family of that name in Norfolk and Suffolk, descended from a younger branch of those in Kent. She died in 1553, aged above eighty. His father, though only a calender of stuffs, bore for arms, by inheritance,—*Gules three Keys erected.*

The Archbishop had two sons, John and Matthew.† Sir John, eldest son, was knighted 1603. He married Joan, daughter of Richard Cox, Bishop of Ely, and had three sons, and two daughters:—Matthew, born 1576,—Richard, born 1577,—a third, born at Bekesbourne;—Margaret, born 1568; Jane, born 1571.

Margaret married Thomas Digges of Barham Esq. who died 1590, (son of Christopher Digges, who died 1576.) By her he had a posthumous son Thomas Digges, born July 2, 1590; and she remarried in 1596 Thomas Palmer, Gent. son to Sir Henry Palmer of Howletts in Bekesbourne, a man of note for sea affairs

\* See this libel mentioned in *Wood's Ath.* I. 688.

† Matthew, 2d son, died before his father. S. P.

in Queen Elizabeth's days, and one of her Admirals, as appears by his monument in Bekesbourne chancel.

Matthew Parker, Esq. eldest son of Sir John Parker, lived till 1645, aged seventy-five. He married Margaret daughter and coheir of Jenkin. He lived latterly, at Sittingbourne, and was Captain of the Bulwark of Dover Castle. His sole surviving daughter and heir, Frances, married John Collins, Esq. who was buried at Sittingbourne 1665, leaving a son, still living in Surry, about 1711.

Richard, second son of Sir John Parker, seems to have been in orders, and is supposed to have been a spendthrift; and there was a tradition in Benet College, that one of the Archbishop's posterity was maintained by the College, and afterwards buried at their charge.\*

## 3

*Camden's Britannia*, 1586, 8vo.

The learned Thomas Baker in a letter to Bishop Kennett, 1726, says: "Sometime ago his Grace my Lord Archbishop, inquired after an old edition of Camden's Britannia, printed 1586, 8vo. I could then only give his Grace an account of it as viewed; I have since met with a very fair copy, probably a present from the Author; and if your Lordship either thinks it worth the mentioning, or his Grace worth the accepting, I will send it up to your Lordship. It is a good voucher for F. Courayer against somewhat said by F. Le Queu concerning the *Antiq. Brit.* as not known or quoted so early." *MSS. Letters. Brit. Mus.*

\* There was in truth written either by the Archbishop, or his chaplain, *A Life of the 70th Archbishop*, which has been since added to Drake's Edition, and which seems a somewhat enlarged copy of that here noticed in Art. 2. which had been composed for an account of the Masters of his College of Benet.

*Thomæ Drantæ* ❧ *Angli Aduordingamii* ❧ *Præsul.* ❧  
*Ejusdem Sylva.*

*Approbatur ad normam præscripti regii.*

*No date or Printer's name. A thin Quarto.*

It seems to have been soon after his death, 1578.

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This collection of Latin Poems begins with a

1. A Panegyric on Queen Elizabeth.
2. Ad eandem Jobiados inscriptio.
3. Ad eandem Reginam cum Cantabrigiam veniret  
carmen pro Academiâ protentum et delatum.
3. De Edmundo Grindallo vitæ sanctimoniâ et  
literarum famâ Archipræsule celeberrimo, deque eodem  
in Cantuar. Archiepiscopatum suffecto et inaugurato.
4. Ad D. Rob. Dudleium Com. Leicestr. herum et  
patronem suum.
5. Ad Matthæum Parkerum Cantuar. Archim. il-  
lustriss. ne in obitu Matthæi filii senectutem suam  
nimirum maceret et excruciet.
6. De Gregorio Nazeanzeno, cum ejus Epigram-  
mata in Britannum sonum vertebat.
7. Ad Dominum Richardum Coortesium episcopum  
Cicestr. clarissimum, diuturnas amicitias nullatenus aut  
egrius dirimendas esse.

He represents the Bishop as his favourer in Cambridge, that he helped to bring him a Preacher at St. Paul's, was afterwards his Patron, &c.

8. *In tumulum conjugis Annæ.*

Anna Thomæ tumulo jacet hoc uxorcula Drantæ

Quæ quia bella fuit, placuitque marita marito,  
Marmore sic textit dulci devictus amore.

He was divinity preacher at Paul's by the patronage of Bishop Grindall of London.

Tunc ego cum Mariæ tractabam pulpita primo,  
Grindallus patronus erat, Paulique legebam  
Ad templum.—————

Orabam meditata loquens tres tractus in horas,  
Innumeris coram populis patriæque dynastis.

The city not agreeing with his health, he retired into the country, and after two years returned to town, and was again a London preacher.

Corpore mox æger secessi protenus urbe,  
Longius et vitam traherem : ne laberer herbâ  
In viridi.—————

Post binas urbem remeabam rursus aristas,  
Nominis et rerum spoliis nudatus in ignis  
Pauperior sed non pejor, tunc pulpita rursus  
Molior.—————

He seems to have taken a degree, and performed public exercise in Cambridge in 1565.

9. Quæstio prima in comitiis literariis Cantabrigiæ disputata anno Domini millesimo quingentesimo sexagesimo quinto.

“ *Corpus Christi non est ubique.*”

He had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, and had carried it on to the 5th Book, when the Bishop recalled him to the better studies of divinity.

10. “ *De Iliade Homeri a se inchoata, et nisi ad librum quintum producta.*

“ Non ego plus Delta vertam, cantandus Jesus  
Est mihi ——— sic jubat ipse magister  
Grindallus meus.

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex opibus Author  
 ——— cætera qui Anglica reddet Homeri.

He had likewise attempted to turn Horace into English.

11. “ *De Seipso.*

Cælo musa beat, Juvenis sua messis in herba est  
 Mens mea.

He gives an abstract of his own life.

“ Scire meos casus quisquam si forte requiris,  
 Urbe procul fueram cretus, genitore colono,  
 Increvi et studiis puer hinc sistebam honoris,  
 Grammaticas coluique tribus, et grammata trivi;  
 Dein Cantebrigiæ non pauca volumina volvi,  
 Et Latio scripsi calamo, scripsique Britanno.  
 Advolo dehinc Aulam, sed sum revocatus et ore  
 Vix vernans Pauli conscendi pulpita tectis.  
 Junior emicui lector, lateque sonabar  
 Vocibus,” &c.\*

He wrote his *Præsul* in 1575, when the Queen came to the parliament, and when he lived near St. James’s church.

His *Præsul* is dedicated to Archbishop Grindall. It congratulates the Archbishop on his late recovery. He writes his *Præsul* on the pattern of a perfect Prelate; commends his moderation and wisdom, and even his zeal for the true interest of the church and religion against the Puritan spirit of confusion; calls him in conclusion, “ Archiepiscopus omnibus suis numeris instructissimus et completissimus.”

He was installed Archdeacon of Lewes, Mar. 4, 1569, in the place of Edmund West.

\* His Ode to Lord Buckhurst the poet, shall be given hereafter, with other specimens.

In 1569 he was also presented to the prebend of Chamberlayne-wood in St. Paul's. This he resigned in 1570.

He has a copy of commendatory verses before Lod. Lloyd's *Pilgrimage of Princes*.\*

He published also

“Thoma Drantæ *Shakloki* Epigrammatis in mortem Cuthberti Scoti Apomaxis. Lond. Tho. Drant, 1565, 4to.

The following MS. Verses are before Drant's *Prasul, et Sylva*, in the copy in the British Museum.

“Lady, and life of this thine English land,  
 Chois rare and deer in parsons, gifts, and price :  
 Goodly my ledge, once did I with min hand,  
 Job min thee giue in low and loyal wise,  
 Oft in my leaues thy lauds I haue enrolde :  
 Oft in the church thy lawes I haue uphold.

Sence that thine ears I neuer colde attaine,  
 Pressed with paiz of thos that wreke my witt ;  
 Lend me thin eis : (high Dame) do not disdain,  
 Se what I say, some sence afforde him yit,  
 Whoes sences all, and sowl, and euery spritt,  
 Fain of thy fame thy praisments would inditt.

Yeares yead away, and facies faire deflowr,  
 Ceasar, and such had never shind so long  
 Their breths, and bruts had ended in one howr,  
 Ne had they flowne by voyces fit and strong,  
 Thou arte the wight shoulde haue an endles praise,  
 Whear is the mowth can b'low an endles blase.” †

\* Kennett's MSS compared with the volume itself in Brit. Mus.

† For *Drant* see Chalmers's *Biogr. Dict.* Vol. XII, and Warton's *Hist.* E.P. 111.





*His ♦ Maies- ♦ ties Poeti- ♦ call Exer- ♦ cises at va-  
cant ♦ houres. ♦*

*At Edinburgh ♦ Printed by ♦ Robert Walde-grave, ♦  
Printer to the King's ♦ Maiestie.*

*Cum Privilegio Regali.*

Within a border. On the right column, AMOR  
PACIS ALUMNUS: on the left, PAX INFESTA MALIS.

---

Quarto Sig. B.

---

COMMENDATORY SONNET.

---

TO THE

KING OF SCOTLAND.

---

WHERE others hooded with blind love do fly,  
Low on the ground with buzzard Cupid's wings,  
A heavenly love, from love of love thee brings,  
And makes thy Muse to mount above the sky.

Young Muses be not wont to fly too high;  
Age, taught by Time, such sober ditties sings,  
But thy youth flies from love of youthful things,  
And so the wings of Time doth overfly.

Thus thou disdainst all worldly wings as slow,  
Because thy Muse with Angels wings doth leave

Time's wings behind, and Cupid's wings below,  
 But take thou heed, lest Fame's wings thee deceive.  
     With all thy speed from Fame thou canst not flee,  
     But more thou flees, the more it follows thee.

HENRIE CONSTABLE.\*

“ In Serenissimum Invictissimumque Scotiæ Regem  
 Jacobum Sextum.”

Eight Greek Lines signed  
 ΔΔΡΙΑΝΟΣ Ο ΔΑΜΜΑΝ.

Then “ IDEM LATINE” signed  
 “ Hadr. Damman à Bisterveit Gandavensis Flander.”

Then “ *Aliud Ejusdem.*”

Then the following :

TO THE KING'S MAJESTY OF SCOTLAND.

IF Alexander sighed when he came  
 Unto the tomb where fierce Achilles lay :  
 If he had cause that blessed age to blame,  
 Since Homer lacks his merits to display :  
 If he with tears his sorrows did bewray,  
 To see his father Philip conquer all,  
 And that more worlds behind there did not stay,  
 Which for reward of his deserts might fall,  
 Then may I moan, our times, our judgment small,  
 Unworthy records of your sacred skill :  
 Then must our poets on new Muses call  
 To grant them gifts to emulate your skill.  
     I, like the fly, that burneth in the flame,  
     Should shew my blindness to attempt the same.

HENRIE LOK.†

\* For Henry Constable, see *Theatr. Poet. Angl.* (1800) and Park's  
*Supplement to the Harleian Miscellany.*

† For Henry Lok, see *Censura Literaria*, and Wood's *Ath.* by Bliss.

This volume consists of a Translation of THE FURIES, selected from *Du Bartas*: and THE LEPANTO, an original poem.

The Preface to the former, which my friend Mr. Gillies commends as interesting and unassuming (in his forthcoming reprint of this Monarch's *Essays of a Prentice in Poetry*,) is here copied.



#### “THE AUTHOUR TO THE READER.

Receave heere, beloued Reader, a short Poeteque discourse, which I haue selected and translated, from amongst the rest of the works of DU BARTAS: as a viue mirror of this last and most decreepid age. Heere shalt thou see clearlie, as in a glasse, the miseries of this wauering world: to wit, the cursed nature of mankinde, and the heauey plagues of God. And speciallie heere may thou learn not to flatter thyselfe, in cloaking thy odious vices with the delectable colour of vertue: an error, allace, ouer common in this hypocriticall age, not onlie in particular men of all decrees: but euen generallie in rankes, estates, and offices. But that this Treatise may seem the les obscure unto thee, I haue insert before the same, the Author's Præface and Exord of the whole worke, that thereby thou may rightlie conceave the comming in of this portion thereof. And in case thou find as well in this work, as in my LEPANTO following, many incorrect errors, both in the dytement and orthography, I must pray thee to accept this my reasonable excuse which is this. Thou considers, I doubt not, that upon the one part, I composed these things in my verie young and tender yeares: wherein nature, (except shee were a monster) can admit no perfection. And nowe on the other parte, being of riper yeares, my burden is so great and continuall, without anie intermission, that when my ingyne and age could, my affaires and fasherie will not permit mee, to remark the wrong orthography committed by the copyars of my unlegible and ragged hand, far les to

amend my proper errorrs : Yea scarcely but at stollen moments haue I the leasure to blenk upon any paper, and yet not that with free and unuexed spirit. Alwaies rough and unpolished as they are, I offer them unto thee : which beeing well accepted, will moue mee to hast the presenting unto thee, of my APOCALYPS, and also such number of the PSALMES as I haue perfited : and incourage mee to the ending out of the rest. And thus, (beloued Reader) recommending these my labours to thy freindlie acceptation, I bid thee hartilie Farewell."

Immediately after this is a Sonnet by W. Fowler, which I shall not transcribe, as it will be given in Mr. Gillies's Preface.

◆

### THE TRANSLATOR'S INVOCATION.

" O thou that mightilie does toone  
 My warbling holie Harpe,  
 And does sublime my Poèmes als  
 That I thereon do carpe,  
 And marying so my heauenly verse  
 Vnto the harpes accords,  
 Inspires my sacred Muse to sing  
 Vnto the Lord of Lords.  
 O now inflame my furious Spreit,  
 That furiously I may  
 These Furies (mankind's plagues allace),  
 With furious pen display :  
 That I his fame doe not betray,  
 Who Azure Skie doth decke  
 With blazing lights, and on the earth  
 His Trophees doth erect :  
 The loue of Heauen, the honour of earth,  
 The wonder of our age,  
 Who whill that furious bloodie MARS  
 Doth in his countrey rage,

(Alluring ORPHEUS) with his songs  
 He sweetlie doth inchaunt  
 The MUSES nyne to leaue their leeds  
 That they before did haunt ;  
 And take them to his vulgare tounge,  
 Their Ethnique heades withal  
 He crownes with holie twists and faire  
 Of LIBAN Cedres tall.  
 Then O thou guider of my Spreit,  
 And leader of my pen,  
 Graunt, that as he his subject faire  
 Doth (liberall) to me len,  
 That so he len his loftie stile,  
 His golden draughts, his grace,  
 Wherewith in variant coulors he  
 Adornes the paper's face,  
 That I may viuelie paint him forth :  
 Peace PAN, peace, prating Muse,  
 Heare PHŒBUS in a borrowed tongue  
 His owne discourses vse."

The FURIES consists of 1508 lines, and is then closed with the following :

" Thus louing Reader, as thou sees,  
 Now haue I made an end,  
 Vnto this worke which man did write,  
 But by the Lord is pen'd :  
 Wherein as I haue preast to make  
 The authour knowne to all,  
 That into Brittain Ile remaine,  
 Where he before was thrall ;  
 Within the onelie bounds of France,  
 So doubt I not thou will  
 Excuse my blotting of his face,  
 And blame my lacke of skill,

Which letteth me to imitate  
 His hard and loftie verse,  
 His arrowes headed blunt by me,  
 As earst could no waies pearce.  
 But since both profite may heerein,  
 And pleasure reaped be,  
 Though metamorphos'd all I grant,  
 And quite transform'd by me :  
 Yet ought thou justlie loue and like  
 My painefull trauels bent,  
 It is sufficient vnto me,  
 Thou know my good intent."

FINIS.



Now comes a new Title :

*The LEPAN- ♦ to of James ♦ the Sixt, King of ♦ Scot-  
 land. ♦*

*At Edinburgh ♦ Printed by ♦ Robert Waldegrave, ♦  
 Printer to the King's ♦ Maiestie.*

Within a wood-cut border of two spirited Figures;  
 on the right, VERITAS; on the left CASTITAS.



### *The Author's Preface to the Reader.*

" It fallēs out often, that the effects of mens actions comes cleane contrarie to the intent of the authour. The same finde I by experience (beloued Reader), in my poëme of LEPANTO : for although till now it haue not bene imprinted, yet being set out to the publick view of many, by a great sort of stoln copies purchast (in truth), without my knowledge or consent, it hath, for lack of a Præface, bene in some things misconstrued by sundry, which I of verie purpose thinking to haue omitted, for that the writing therof might haue tended in my opinion to some reproach of the skilfull learnednes of the Reader, as if

his braines could not haue conceaued so uncurious a worke, without some maner of Commentarie, and so haue made the worke more displeasent vnto him: it hath, by the contrary falen out, that the lack therof hath made it the more displeasent to some, through their mistaking a part of the meaning thereof. And, for that I knowe, the special thing misliked in it is, that I should seeme, far contrary to my degree and Religion, a Mercenary Poët, to penne a worke, *ex professo*, in praise of a forraine Papist bastard: I will, by setting downe the nature and order of the Poëme, resolute the ignorant of their error, and mak the other sort inexcusable of their captiousnes. The nature then of this Poëme is an argument, *a minore ad majus*, largely intreated by a Poetike comparison, beeing to the writing hereof mooued, by the stirring vppe or the league and cruell persecution of the Protestants in all countries, at the very first raging wherof, I compiled this Poëme, as the exhortation to the persecuted in the hinmost eight lines thereof doth plainlie testifie, being both begun and ended in the same Summer, wherein the league was published in France. The order of the Cantique is this: first, a Poetique Præface, declaring the mater I treat of: wherein I name not DON-JOAN, neither literally, nor any waies by description, which I behooued to haue doone, if I had penned the whole Poëme in his praise, as VIRGIL, *Arma virumque cano*, and HOMER, *Dic mihi musa virum*, of whose imitation I had not bene ashamed, if so my purpose had bene framed. Next followes my inuocation to the true God only, and not to all the He and She Saints, for whose vaine honors DON-JOAN fought in all his wars. Next after my inuocation follows the poetique History of my comparison, wherein following furth the ground of a true History, (as VIRGIL or HOMER did), like a painter shadowing with umbers a portrait els drawn in grosse, for giuing it greter viuenes, so I eike or paire to the circumstaunces of the actions, as the rules of the poeticke art will permit: which Historicke comparison continues till the

song of the Angels : in the which I compare and applie the former comparison to our present estate, taking occasion thereupon to speake somewhat of our religion. Lastlie, the Epilogue of the whole, in the last eight lines, declares fully my intention in the whole, and explaines so fullye my comparison and Argument, from the more to the lesse, as I cannot without shamefull repetition speake anie more therof. And, in a word, whatsoeuer praise I haue giuen to DON-JOAN in this Poëme ; it is neither in accompting him as first or second cause of that victorie, but onely as of a particular man, when hee falles in my way, to speake the truth of him. For, as it becomes not the honour of my estate, like an hireling, to pen the praise of any man : So it becomes farr lesse the highnes of my rancke and calling to spare for the feare or fauor of whomsoeuer liuing, to speake or write the trueth of anie. And thus crauing pardon (beloued Reader), for this longsome Apologie (beeing driuen thereto, not by nature, but by necessitie), I bid you hartely fare-well."



This Poem begins thus :

“ I sing a wondrous worke of God,  
 I sing his mercies great,  
 I sing his justice heere-withall  
 Powr'd from his holy seat.  
 To wit, a cruell Martiall warre ;  
 A bloodie battell bolde,  
 Long doubtosome fight, with slaughter huge,  
 And wounded manifold.  
 Which fought was in LEPANTOES gulfe,  
 Betwixt the baptiz'd race,  
 And circumsised Turband Turkes  
 Rencountring in that place.  
 O onely God, I pray thee thrise  
 Thrise one in persons three,



Alike Eternall, like of might,  
 Although distinct yee be,  
 I pray thee Father, through thy Sonne,  
 Thy word immortall still,  
 The great ARCHANGELL of records,  
 And worker of thy will,  
 To make thy holie Spreit my Muse,  
 And eik my pen inflame,  
 About my skill to write this worke,  
 To magnifie thy name.  
 Into the turning still of times,  
 I erre, no time can be,  
 Whoe was, and is, and times to come,  
 Confounded are all three.  
 I meane before great God in Heauen,  
 (For Sunne and Moone deuides  
 The times in Earth by houres and dayes,  
 And seasons still that slides )  
 Yet Man, whom Man must understand,  
 Must speake into this cace,  
 As man, our flesh will not permit,  
 Wee heauenlie thiugs imbrace.  
 Then, as I els began to say,  
 One day it did fall out  
 As glorious God in glistering throne  
 With Angells round about  
 Did sit, and Christ at his right hand,  
 That craftie Satan came,  
 Deceauer, Lyar, hating man,  
 And God's most sacred name,  
 This olde abuser stood into  
 The presence of the Lord ;  
 Then in this manner Christ accus'de  
 The sower of discord.  
 I know thou from that city comes,

CONSTANTINOPLE great,  
 Where thou hast by thy malice made  
 The faithles Turkes to feare ;  
 Thou hast inflamde their maddest mindes  
 With raging fire of wraith,  
 Against them all that doe professe  
 My name with feruent fayth.  
 How long, O Father, shall they thus  
 Quite vnder foote be tred,  
 By faithles folkes, who executes  
 What in this snake is bred ?  
 Then Satan answerd, Fayth, quoth he,  
 Their faith is too too small,  
 They striue methinke on either part,  
 Who farthest backe can fall.  
 Hast thou not giuen them in my hands  
 Euen boath the sides I say,  
 That I, as best doth seeme to me,  
 May use them euery way ?  
 THEN JEHOVAH, whose nod doth make  
 The heauens and mountains quake,  
 Whose smallest wrath the centres makes  
 Of all the earth to shake ;  
 Whose worde did make the world of nought,  
 And whose approving syne  
 Did stablish all even as wee see,  
 By force of voice deuine ;  
 This God began from thundering throte  
 Graue wordes of waight to bring ;  
 All christians serues my Sonne though not  
 Aright in everie thing.  
 No more shall now these Christians be  
 With Infidels opprest ;  
 So of my holie hallowed name  
 The force is great and blest.

Desist, O tempter. GABRIEL come,  
 O thou ARCHANGEL true,  
 Whome I haue oft in message sent  
 To Realmes and Townes anew.  
 Go quicklie hence to Venice Towne,  
 And put into their minds  
 To take reuenge of wrongs the Turks  
 Haue done in sundrie kinds.  
 No whistling winde with such a speed  
 From hilles can hirle ore heugh,  
 As he whose thought doth furnish speed,  
 His thought was speed aneugh."

---

" The Angell then ariu'd into  
 This artificiall Towne,  
 And chang'd in likenes of a man,  
 He walkes both vp and downe ;  
 While time he met some man of spreit,  
 And then began to say,  
 What doe we all ? me thinke we sleepe :  
 Are we not day by day  
 By cruell Turks aud infidells  
 Most spitefullie opprest ?  
 Go too, go too, once make a prooffe ;  
 No more let vs desist.  
 To bold attempts God giues successe,  
 If once assay we list."

The whole poem consists of 915 lines, besides two choruses at the end ; the first, CHORUS VENETUS, of 60 lines ; and the other, CHORUS ANGELORUM, of 92 lines.

At the end is a Sonnet which Mr. Gillies has transcribed into his Preface already mentioned.

Now follows a Third Title-Page:

*La Lèpante de Jaques VI. Roy d'Escosse, faicte françoise par le Sieur Du Bartas. Imprime a Edinburg, par Robert Walde-grave, Imprimeur du Roy. Anno Dom. 1591. Avec Privilege de sa Majestè.*

After a prose Address to the Reader, is the following

### PREFACE DU TRADVCTEUR A L'AUTHEUR.

JAQUES, si tu marchois d'un pied mortel ça bas,  
 Hardy iéntendroy de talloner tes pas :  
 J'estendroy tous mes nerfs et ma course sacrée  
 Loing, loing lairroit à dos les aisles de Borée.  
 Mais, puis qu'Aigle nouveau tu te guindes es cieux,  
 Colle bas, ie te suy seulement de mes yeux :  
 Mais plustost du desir : ou, si ie me remuë,  
 Ombre ie vole en terre et toy dedans la nué.

Hé ! fusse ie vrayment, o Phœnix Escossois,  
 Ou l'ombre de ton corps, ou l'Echo de ta voix.  
 Si ie n'auoy l'azur, l'or, et l'argent encore  
 Dont ton plumage astrè brillamment s'honore,  
 Au moins i'auroy ta forme : et si mon rude vers  
 N'exprimoit la douceur de tant d'accords diuers,  
 Il retiendroit quelque air de tes voix plus qu' humaines,  
 Mais, Pies taisez vous pour ouyr les Camænes.

In commendation of this Poem let me cite the opinion of *Dr. Gabriel Harvey*, expressed in his rare pamphlet entitled *Pierce's Supererogation*, 1593, 4to. in answer to Tom Nash. And while I do this, I cannot refrain from beginning with the preceding passages,

which relate to the *ARCADIA* of my favourite *SIR PHILIP SYDNEY*.

“ What should I speak of the two brave Knights Musidorus, and Pyrocles, combined in one excellent Knight, *Sir Philip Sydney*; at the remembrance of whose worthy and sweet virtues my heart melteth? will you needs have a written *Palace of Pleasure*, or rather a printed *Court of Honour*? Read the *Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, a gallant Legendary full of pleasurable accidents, and profitable discourses; for three things especially very notable; for amorous courting, (he was young in years;) for sage counselling, (he was ripe in judgement;) and for valourous fighting, (his sovereign profession was armes) and delightful pastime by way of Pastoral exercises, may pass for the fourth. He that will love, will learn to love of him that will teach him to live; and furnish him with many pithy and effectual instructions, delectably interlaced by way of proper descriptions of excellent personages, and common narrations of other notable occurrences; in the vein of Sallust, Livy, Cornelius Tacitus, Justin, Eutropius, Philip de Comines, Guicciardine, and the most sententious Historians that have powdered their style with the salt of discretion, and seasoned their judgement with the leaven of experience. There want not some subtle stratagems of importance, and some politic secrets of privacy: and he that would skilfully and bravely manage his weapon with a cunning fury, may find lively precepts in the gallant examples of his valiantest duellists, especially of Palladius and Daiphantus; Zetmane, and Amlus, and Amphialus; Pyrocles and Anaxius; Musidorus and Amphialus; whose lusty combats may seem heroical monomachies. And that the valour of such redoubted men may appear the more conspicuous and admirable, by comparison and interview of their contraries, smile at the ridiculous encounters of Damætas and Dorus; of Damætas and Clinius: and ever when you think upon Damætas, remember the confuting champion, more surquidrous than Anaxius, and more

absurd than *Damætas* : and if I should always hereafter call him *Damætas*, I should fit him with a name, as naturally proper to him as his own.

Gallant Gentlemen, you that honour virtue, and would enkindle a noble courage in your minds to every excellent purpose ; if Homer be not at hand, (whom I have often termed the Prince of Poets, and the poet of Princes), you may read his furious *Iliads* and cunning *Odysseys* in the brave adventures of *Pyrocles* and of *Musidorus* : when *Pyrocles* playeth the doughty fighter, like *Hector*, or *Achilles* ; *Musidorus* the valiant captain, like *Pandorus*, or *Diomedes* ; both the famous errant knights, like *Æneas*, or *Ulysses*.

Lord, what would himself have proved in fine, that was the gentleman of Courtesy, the esquire of Industry, and the knight of Valour at those years ? Live ever, sweet Book, the silver image of his gentle wit, and the golden pillar of his noble courage ; and ever notify unto the world that thy writer was the Secretary of Eloquence, the breath of the Muses ; the honey-bee of the daintiest flowers of Wit and Art ; the pith of moral and intellectual virtues ; the arm of *Bellona* in the field ; the tongue of *Suada* in the chamber ; the spirit of Practice in esse ; and the paragon of Excellency in print.

And now, while I consider what a trumpet of honour Homer hath been to stir up many worthy princes, I cannot forget a WORTHY PRINCE, that is, Homer to himself, a golden spur to nobility, a sceptre to virtue, a verdure to the spring, a Sun to the day ; and hath not only translated the two divine Poems of *Salustius Du Bartas*, his Heavenly *URANY*, and his Hellish *FURIES* ; but hath read a most valorous martial lecture unto himself in his own victorious *LEPANTO*, a short, but heroical work, in metre, but royal metre, fit for *David's* harp. *LEPANTO*, first the glory of Christendom against the Turk, and now the garland of a Sovereign Crown.

When young kings have such a care of their flourishing prime, and like *Cato*, are ready to render an account of their

vacant hours, as if April were their July, and May their August ; how should gentlemen of years employ the golden talent of their industry and travel ? with what fervency, what vigour, with what zeal, with what incessant and indefatigable endeavour ?

Fie upon fooleries ! there be honourable works to do, and notable works to read ! The afore-named *Bartas*, (whom elsewhere I have named the Treasurer of Humanity, and the Jeweller of Divinity,) for the highness of his subject, and the majesty of his verse, nothing inferior unto *Dante*, (whom some Italians prefer before Virgil or Homer,) a right inspired and enravished poet full of chosen, grave, profound, venerable, and stately matter, even in the next degree to the sacred and reverend state of heavenly divinity itself. In a manner the only poet whom Urany hath vouchsafed to laureate with her own heavenly hand ; and worthy to be alledged of divines and counsellors, as Homer is quoted of philosophers and orators. Many of his solemn verses are oracles ; and one *Bartas*, that is one French Solomon, more weighty in stern and mighty counsel than the Seven Sages of Greece. Never more beauty in vulgar languages ; but his stile addeth favour and grace to beauty ; and in a goodly body representeth a puissant soul. How few verses carry such a personage of state ? or how few arguments such a spirit of majesty ? Or where is the divine instinct that can sufficiently commend such a volume of celestial inspiration ?

What judgement hath the noble youth, the harvest of the spring, the sap of Apollo's tree, the diadem of the Muses, that leaveth the enticingest flowers of delight to reap the maturest fruits of wisdom ? Happy plants, that speedily shew forth their generous nature ; and a sovereign good possesseth those worthy minds that suffer not their affections to be inveigled or intangled with an unworthy thought ! Great exercises become great personages : as the Magnet approveth his nobility in commanding iron, and taming the sea : baser or meaner pastimes

belong unto meaner persons ; as jet discovereth his gentry in drawing chaff, hairs, and such trifles. A meet quality for jet, or pretty feat for amber, to juggle chaff, fescues, or the like weighty burdens ! but excellent minds are employed like the noble Magnes, and ever conversant either in effecting, or in perusing, or in penning, excellent works."\*



When King James had published his *Apology for the Oath of Allegiance*, and Sir Henry Savile translated it into Latin, the Latin copy was by the Popish party immediately sent to Rome, and by the Pope condemned as impious and heretical. From Rome it was sent to Suarez, who by the Pope's command was to confute and answer it. He undertook, and finished the answer, sent it to Rome, where it was highly approved, printed, and published with many solemn approbations. *Kennett's MSS. B. M.*

“ Utinam non planè sit inutilis Ecclesiæ Dei Serenissimi Regis labor. Si quis putat magnæ Britanniæ Regem in ejuſ generis scriptis alienâ industriâ opus habere, fallitur. Ipse harum controversiarum peritissimus est, et in sacris literis versatissimus. *Casaub. Epist. 684.*

Nescio Rege, publicatus liber ille aureus, Gallicè, Italicè, Teutonicè, Latinè quem rex inter *χειμηλια* esse voluit, Henrico principi, cui in privatos usus eum dicarat.

*Andr. ad Card. Bell. Apolog. Resp. † p. 124.*



\* Gabriel Harvey's *Pierce's Supererogation*, p. 51, 54.

† Kennett's MSS. (1054, p. 259.) B. M.





## 6

*The Mirrour of Modestie wherein appeareth as in a perfect Glasse, how the Lord delivereth the innocent from all imminent perils, and plagueth the blood-thirstye hypocrites with deserued punishments. Shewing that the graie heades of dooting adulterers shall not go with peace into the grave, neither shall the righteous be forsaken in the daie of trouble. By R. G. Maister of Artes. Imprinted at London by Roger Warde, dwelling at the signe of the Talbot neare unto Holburne Conduit, 1584.\**

This early work of ROBERT GREENE, is a small Octavo, and extends only to Sig. C. 6.

It has an Address to the gentle Reader's health, and a Dedication

“To the Right Honourable and Vertuous Ladie the Ladie Margaret Countesse of Darbie” to whom Robert Greene “wisheth health and increase of honour and Vertue.”

“I think,” says he, “no fitter present for your Ladyship's personage, than this Mirrour of Chastitie, because you are vertuous. The renowne of whose vertuous qualities is such, and so great, that your very foes, if you have any, shall be forced, maugre their face, to speake well, whatsoever their spiteful mindes do thinke. The fame therefore, right Honourable, of

\* Bound up in the same volume, in the British Museum, is *A Mirrhor mete for all Mothers, Matrones, and Maidens, intituled The Mirrhor of Modestie, no lesse profitable and pleasant, then necessarie to be read and practised. Imprinted at London for Edward White at the little northe-dore of Paules at the signe of the Gun.*

No date—small Octavo.

It is dedicated by E. W. to the Lady Anne, wife to the Right Worshipful Sir Thomas Lodge, Knt.

this your vertuous life, and the reporte of your Ladiship's surpassing Courtesie encouraged me to present this pamphlet to your honour's protection."

This was Lady Margaret, wife of Henry Stanley Earl of Derby, and daughter of Henry Clifford Earl of Cumberland by Lady Eleanor Brandon.

The story is that of Susannah and the Elders.

## 7

## TITUS OATES.



"Since I am entered upon curiosities," says the learned Antiquary, Thomas Baker, in a letter to Bishop Kennett, "I shall add one other concerning a man very famous, born in your Diocese, whereunto I was led by a Note at the *Continuation of Calamy*, p. 586. This Mr. OATES was the father of DR. TITUS OATES, &c.

"Titus Oates, Rutland, de Oakham, filius Samuel Oates Clerici. Annos natus 18; Literis institutus in Com. Sussex; admissus in Coll. Caii Jan. 29, 1667, (*Registr. Coll. Caii.*) Idem admissus in Coll. Joh. Subsizator, Tutore Magr. Watson, Feb. 2, 1668. (*Registr. Coll. Joh.*)

"Sam. Oates, Coll. Sidn. A. M. 1639. Sept. 2, 1645. Whereas the Vicarage of the Parish Church of Croydon in the County of Surry is, and standeth sequestered from Sam. Bernard, D.D. to the use of Sam. Oates, A.M. who is sithence deceased.—Ordered &c. *Books of the Committee for Plundered Ministers, ad An. 1645.*

“ That Titus Oates was once an Anabaptist appears from an Anabaptist Confession of Faith, &c. (printed, *penes me*. T. B.), every article or Chapter signed by Titus Oates, which I keep by me as a rarity.” *Baker's Letters, ap. Kennett's MSS.*

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## 8

THAT WHICH SEEMS BEST IS WORST.

*Expressed in a paraphrastic Transcript of Juvenal's tenth Satyre. Together with the tragicall narration of Virginia's death interserted. By W. B.*

Nec verbum verbo curabit reddere fidus  
Interpres.

The pith is Juvenal's, but not the rime.  
All that is good is his, the rest is mine.

*Imprinted by Felix Kingston, for Nathaniel Newberry, and are to be sold at his shop under St. Peter's in Cornhill, and in Pope's Head Alley, 1617. 12mo.*

WHETHER the difficulty of the undertaking, or the nature of the subject be the cause, the fact is worthy of remark, that no general translation of Juvenal was made till the latter end of the reign of Charles the First; and, perhaps, the small volume before us, if it be not too paraphrastic for that title, may be accepted as the first effort to present the stately indignation of the most powerful Roman Satirist in an English dress. When the industry with which George Steevens compiled the catalogue of “*Ancient Translations from Classick Authors*,” prefixed to his edition of Shakspeare, is considered; and it is remembered that no translation of the whole or part of the Satires of Juvenal is found

therein, the Tract before us may at least claim the merit of scarcity, which, in these times is, it must be owned, no slender praise. The merit of the Translation, for such we may consider it, is easily appreciated. To determine who is the W. B., the translator, is much more difficult. Though there is always much uncertainty in ascribing compositions to any writer upon the naked authority of the initial letters of his name, part of the reserve, necessary in such a case, is removed by the internal evidence of the work, which evinces a hand accustomed to composition, and is such as would have put the credit of few Translators of the period into the danger of disgrace.

There are two minor poets of the reign of James the First, WILLIAM BASSE, and WILLIAM BARKSTEAD, who may, in the absence of other evidence, seem to divide the claim between them.

BASSE has a tribute of praise to "poette Shakespeare," which stands at the head of the commendatory poems on the great bard; and it appears, from Warton's Life of Bathurst, that Basse had a volume of poems ready for the press, which we may conjecture the confusion of the times prevented appearing. Let it be remembered, too, that the celebrated song beginning

*"From forth my dark and dismal cell,"*

originally set to music and published by Henry Lawes, was the work of William Basse. This fact, with a further tribute to his talents, is thus recorded in Isaac Walton's scientific and fascinating volume. Peter requests his friend Corydon to sing a song for him; to which he replies, "I will sing a song if any body will sing another;

else, to be plain with you, I will sing none : I am none of those that sing for meat" (of which, by the way, the number has never been small), " but I will sing for company." Then, says Piscator, " I'll promise you I'll sing a song that was lately made *at my request*,"

probus hic amor est dignusque notari,

" by Mr. William Basse, one that hath made the choice songs of *The Hunter in his Career*, and of *Tom o' Bedlam*, and many others of note." After Corydon has finished one of Sir John Chalkhill's ditties, Peter chants a piscatory eclogue, wherein the art of Angling is moralized with a fervour which would have enchanted the heart of Mrs. Flowerdew herself.

As far as versifying is concerned, we have here evidence enough, perhaps, of the ability of Basse to furnish the rhymes; but the proof of the learning requisite for the purpose is not so apparent.

The qualification of his competitor in this respect cannot be disputed. To say nothing concerning merely English verses, BARKSTEAD, as early as 1607, had paraphrased, much after the manner of the volume before us, the interesting tale of *Myrrha, the mother of Adonis*, from the 10th Book of the *Metamorphoses*, not without an eye to Apollonius. Till, therefore, a more feasible claimant shall appear, I shall ascribe the present specimen of a translation of Juvenal to William Barkstead; and in the interim, extract a few passages as examples of his talents both as a scholar and a poet.

The Translator thus commences the poem with no violent regard to quantities ;

In all the lands, from Gades unto the East,  
To Ganges, few there are who know what's best

Or worst, though error's mist were quite removed ;  
 For what with reason is there feared or loved ?  
 What in conceit hath ere so well begun,  
 Which hath not in the end been wish'd undone ?

The following, from the "*Temporibus diris igitur, &c.*," is better poetry, though somewhat more dilated.

Thus, in those cruel times when Nero bad  
 The soldiers rifle all the goods men had,  
 They get them presently to Longine's house,  
 To Seneca's rich gardens, where they rouse,  
 And spoile, and beare away whate'er they can,  
 And then beset the house of Lateran :  
 These doe they rob, while as the poor man sleepes ;  
 Seldom the soldier in the cottage peepes.  
 Bear but a little of thy silver plate  
 At night about thee, when thou travel'st late ;  
 The sword, the speare, the shaddow of a reede  
 Shaken in moonlight, fills thee full of dreade ;  
 Whereas the empty traveller goes by,  
 And sings before a thiefe full merily.

The last couplet but one, though somewhat too diffuse, is a very poetical representation of the

*Motæ ad lunam trepidabis arundinis umbram*  
 of the original. Another excerpt, from the *Formam optat modico pueris, &c.*, will suffice to shew the vein of poetry which the author exhibits, and how far he is master of his original.

Next, now the tender mother on her knees,  
 When she but Venus' temple only sees,  
 Softly she prayes for beauty for her sonne,  
 But for her daughter she will ne'er have done.  
 They both, forsooth, must beare away the prize,  
 And be admired and wooed by each man's eyes :

Why should they not ? Did not faire Venus joy  
 To see Dan Cupid, and to busse the boy ?  
 Did not Latona smile, and laugh to see  
 How beautiful Diana seem'd to bee ?  
 Yet though this beauty make the mother glad,  
 So faire a face as once Lucretia had  
 She feares to wish ; she was too faire, alas !  
 Her ruine and her death her beautie was.  
 Her beauty 'twas which Tarquin did admire,  
 Her beauty 'twas that set his heart on fire ;  
 Her beauty 'twas which brought him to her bed,  
 Where for her beauty she was ravished ;  
 Which when she knew, she so abhorred the deed,  
 With her own hands she made her own heart bleed !

Where Juvenal slightly glances at the fate of Virginia, Barkstead quits his original, and "interserts," as he expresses it, the tragical narration of her death, with all the minuteness, but wanting much of the painful interest with which the transaction is related in the third book of Livy. This is no reproach to his talents, for it would be difficult to exceed the dramatic effect with which Livy has described it ; and our old dramatist Webster, though not deficient in vigour, in his tragedy of Appius falls short of the nervous animation of the Roman historian.

Barkstead takes up Juvenal again, at

... Filius autem

Corporis egregii miseros trepidosque parentes  
 Semper habet,

and concludes his paraphrase, as he modestly calls it, with the following verses.

But let me shew what thou *thyself* maist give,  
 One way there is, no more, in peace to live :  
 Wherein thou maist live most contentedly,  
 And that is—if thou shalt live virtuously.  
 FORTUNE, avaunt ! Were men but onely wise,  
 Thou hadst not power on them to tyrannize ;  
 And yet a Goddess of thee we must make,  
 And give thee leave in Heaven a place to take ;  
 Thou art a Goddess, and in Heaven we place thee ;  
 But, were men wise, they out of Heaven would chase thee.

O. G.

## 9

*The Shepherd's Oracles delivered in certain Eglogues.*  
 By Fra. Quarles. London, Printed by and for  
 John Marriot and Richard Marriot, and are to be  
 sold at their shop in St. Dunstan's Church-Yard,  
 Fleet Street, under the Dyall. 1646. Quarto, pp.  
 143.

This is a posthumous work of the well known  
*Author of the Emblems*. It consists of eleven Eclogues,  
 all founded on the sad political disputes of that gloomy  
 period. A short specimen will be enough.

## ECLOGUE VIII. ANARCHUS AND CANONICUS.

“ *Anarch.* Graze on, my sheep, and let your souls defy  
 The food of common shepherds ; come not nigh  
 The Babylonish pastures of this nation ;  
 They are all heathenish ; all abomination :  
 Their Pastors are profane ; and they have trod  
 The steps of Belial, not the ways of God.  
 You are a chosen, a peculiar crew,  
 That blessed handful, that selected few,



That shall have entrance ; set apart and gifted  
 For holy exercises, cleans'd, and sifted,  
 Like flour from bran, and separated from the coats  
 Of the unsanctified, like sheep from goats.  
 But who comes here ? My lambs, why graze ye  
 thus ?  
 Why stand ye frightened ? 'Tis *Canonicus* !

*Canon.* Good-morrow, Swain ! God keep thee from the  
 sorrow  
 Of a sad day ! What, speechless ! Swain, good-  
 morrow !  
 What, Shepherd ! Not a word to entertain  
 The wishes of a friend ? Good morrow, Swain !  
 Not yet ? what mean these silent common-places  
 Of strange aspects ? what mean these antic faces ?  
 I fear his costive words, too great for vent,  
 Stick in his throat, how like a Jack-a-Lent  
 He stands, for boys to spend their shrovetide throws,  
 Or, like a puppet, made to frighten crows !

*Anarch.* Thou art a limb of Satan ; and thy throat  
 A sink of poison ; thy Canonical coat  
 Is nothing but a livery of the Beast ;  
 Thy language is profane ; and I detest  
 Thy papal greetings, and that heathenish fashion  
 Of this your Antichristian salutation.  
 In brief, God keep me from the greater sorrow  
 Of thee ; and from the curse of thy good morrow !

In the last Eclogue is introduced the following  
 pointed Song, in ridicule of the Puritans.

*Anarchus.*

Know then, my Brethren, Heaven is clear,  
 And all the clouds are gone ;

The Righteous now shall flourish, and  
 Good days are coming on ;  
 Come then, my Brethren, and be glad,  
 And eke rejoice with me ;  
 Lawn sleeves and Rochets shall go down,  
 And hey ! then up go we !

We'll break the windows which the Whore  
 Of Babylon hath painted,  
 And when the Popish Saints are down,  
 Then Barow shall be sainted ;  
 There's neither Cross nor Crucifix  
 Shall stand for men to see ;  
 Rome's trash and trumperies shall go down,  
 And hey ! then up go we !

Whate'er the Popish hands have built,  
 Our hammers shall undo ;  
 We'll break their pipes, and burn their copes,  
 And put down churches too ;  
 We'll exercise within the groves,  
 And teach beneath a tree ;  
 We'll make a pulpit of a Cart,  
 And hey ! then up go we !

We'll down with all the *Varsities*,  
 Where Learning is profest,  
 Because they practise and maintain  
 The language of the Beast :  
 We'll drive the Doctors out of doors,  
 And Arts whate'er they be :  
 We'll cry both Arts and Learning down,  
 And hey ! then up go we !

We'll down with Deans and Prebends too ;  
 But I rejoice to tell ye,  
 How then we will eat pie our fill,  
 And capon by the belly.  
 We'll burn the Fathers' witty tomes,  
 And make the schoolmen flee ;  
 We'll down with all that smells of wit,  
 And hey ! then up go we !

If once that Anti-Christian crew  
 Be crush'd and overthrown,  
 We'll teach the Nobles how to crouch,  
 And keep the Gentry down.  
 Good manners have an ill report,  
 And turn to pride we see ;  
 We'll therefore cry good manners down,  
 And, hey ! then up go we !

The name of Lord shall be abhorr'd,  
 For every man's a brother ;  
 No reason why in church or state  
 One man should rule another .  
 But when the change of Government  
 Shall set our fingers free,  
 We'll make the wanton Sisters stoop,  
 And, hey ! then up go we !

Our coblers shall translate their souls  
 From caves obscure and shady :  
 We'll make *Tom T*— as good as my Lord,  
 And *Joan* as good as my Lady.  
 We'll crush and fling the marriage ring  
 Into the Roman See ;  
 We'll ask no bonds ; but e'en clap hands,  
 And, hey ! then up go we !



## Biographiana.

1. *Dr. John Mill, Principal of St. Edmund Hall. Died in 1707.*



HE was a poor child, Tabarder, and Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford.—Installed in the 4th Prebend of Canterbury, July 27, 1704.—Died of an apoplexy, June 23, 1707, ætat 63.

“ He was a ready extempore Preacher, became very early Chaplain to King Charles II. by the interest of a Pupil's father; was discovered by Bp. Fell, to have a good warm impetuous inclination to studies and labours; and was therefore by the Bishop advised to undertake the laborious task of giving a *new Edition of the Greek Testament*, with various lections; and to encourage him the Bishop promised to undertake for the charge of the impression. But upon the Bishop's death, the author was forced to take it upon himself; and by the expense of it brought himself into great difficulties, and could never have subsisted without a wife's portion.

“ He succeeded Dr. Crossthwaite in the principality of St. Edmund Hall, and had thereby the advantage of shining the brighter in it: but was so much taken up with the one thing, *his Testament*, that he had not leisure to attend to the discipline of the House, which rose and fell according to his different Vice-principals.

“ I think he talked and wrote the best Latin of any man in the University, and was the most airy and facetious in conversation—in all respects a bright man.

“ He drank very much coffee, and his apoplexy seemed owing to it.

“He would often complain of Dr. Beveridge for a narrow man in leaving the Prebendal house in Canterbury in a very bad condition, and refusing to allow one farthing towards the repairs of it.” *Kennett's MSS. apud Lan. Br. Mus.*

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2. *John Gauden, Bishop of Worcester. Died September 10, 1662.*

This Bishop is famous for the dispute about the real author of the *Εικων Βασιλικη*, of which the merits have been claimed for him.

“After a long and much inquiry and consideration, I think the truth on both sides was thus: King Charles, amidst his solitudes and sufferings, did undoubtedly pen most of those Meditations upon the particular occasions to which they were adapted; and as written by the king's own hand they were entrusted to an Essex minister, of Rayne, Mr. Edward Simonds, to convey to the press. He being interrupted by the troubles of the time, and his death, committed them to his neighbour Dr. Gauden, who being a man of a luxuriant fancy, could not let them pass through his hands without amendments and additions. He got some few chapters to be added by another hand; he himself threw in the Ejaculations and Devotions, or most of them, and fitting out a title, printed them in Holland, &c. It turned out to good account in raising greater pity and veneration for the Royal Martyr. At his son's return Dr. Gauden valued himself, not as the sole author of the book, but as the conveyancer of it, and great improver and Editor of the work. And as a challenge of reward for that service did in his manner demand the See of Winchester, and pretended to a promise of it; and when, upon the preference of Bishop Morley, he was forced to accept of Worcester, the repulse, as he thought it, stuck so close to him, that it is thought his death soon after was owing to his regret upon it.” *Ibid.*

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3. *Guy Carleton, Bishop of Chichester. Died July 6, 1685.*

Born of an ancient and genteel family in Cumberland.

“A gentleman of Sussex told me” (says Kennett), “that he had no good character but that of a good Horseman, and a good

Huntsman. He kept a good pack of dogs, and would often ride a hunting on the Downs. One of his chief Sportsmen was a Chichester Butcher. Once when the dogs were at a loss, the Bishop overtakes the Butcher, and asks him which way the hare was gone. "Gone," says the Butcher, "why by G—, my Lord, he is gone to the Devil;" "Well, well; follow after; ride on, Tom, ride on," &c.

"I have heard Mr. John Cradock, brother to Dr. Zachary Cradock, Residentiary of Chichester, say, that the Bishop's daughter was a great disputant for all the ceremonies of the church, and would often disturb the table with her zeal upon that subject." *Ibid.*

4. *Dr. Thomas Marshall, Dean of Gloucester, and Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Died April 19, 1685.*

"Whilst Mr. John Kettlewell remained at Coleshill, died the pious and learned Dr. Marshall, the industrious *Editor of the Saxon and Gothic Gospels*, and Reviver of *Septentrional learning* in the University of Oxford, Rector of Lincoln College, who left Mr. Kettlewell his executor, and in his last will gave him 20*l.* for his "faithfulness (as the words of the Will are), in executing this my last Will, whereof I make no doubt. "Item, I give my executor all my *Socinian* books, which I desire may be for his own use, and not to come into the hands of others that may be corrupted by them. I leave to him also all papers and note books written by myself." *Ibid. Life of Mr. John Kettlewell*, 8vo. p. 125.

5. *Archbishop Sheldon, died November 9, 1677.*

"I have heard that Archbishop Sheldon did not only wish for the gout, but proffered 1000*l.* to any person who would help him to it; looking upon it as the only remedy for the distemper in the head, which he feared might in time prove an apoplexy, as in fine it did, and killed him." *Ibid.* from *Dr. Pope's Life of Bishop Ward*, p. 180.

6. *Dr. John Pearson, Bishop of Chester. Died July, 1686.*

He was consecrated to that See February 9, 1672.

“ He had” (Kennett says), “ before his death his understanding very much impaired, and his senses in a manner gone. I well remember that Mr. Henry Dodwell, his great friend and fellow labourer, once told me at his house within my parish of Shottesbrooke, that in his way to or from Ireland he called to wait on the Bishop at his palace in Chester, and got into the Library, and asked to see the Bishop. After much importunity the Bishop was led in by an old woman his nurse, and taking no notice of Mr. Dodwell, he looked round upon the books, held out his hands, and cried out, “ *O sad, whose books are all these?*” At which, said Mr. Dodwell, I was so surprized, and so ashamed, that I went away without hearing any other word from him.” *Ibid.*

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7. *Dr. Robert Grove, Bishop of Chichester, died in September 1696, ætat. 62.*

“ He waited as a Chaplain on King William, with Dr. Scot, in attendance upon the Bishop of London in the General Congress at the Hague in Winter 1690; returned in the Spring 1691; was nominated to the See of Chichester April 23, 1691.

“ He left his wife and children unprovided for; the widow supported by charity, and the sons unfortunate, though they met with good friends for their father’s sake.” *Ibid.*

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8. *Dr. William Beaw, Bishop of Landaff. Died February 10, 1705.*

He was promoted to the See of Landaff 1679.

“ I have heard Archbishop Tenison complain” (says Kennett), “ that this old Bishop some very few years before he died, was very desirous to be translated to another Welsh See, and wrote to him on that subject, valuing his services, &c.; to which the Archbishop replied, that at his years he should think but of one translation—to a seat above.” *Ibid.*

9. *Elizabeth, Relict of Oliver Cromwell.*

“ Mem. on July 14, 1710, Coming from Maxey I went into the church of Narborough, County of Northampton, a Rectory in the Patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Peterborough, and saw there a very elegant south chancel or place of sepulchre, raised by the family of *Claypole*, son-in-law to Oliver Cromwell, who had a fair seat in this parish, now the possession of the Lord Fitzwilliam of Milton: wherein was interred the body of the widow of Oliver Cromwell, without any monument or inscription. I found only this entry made in the Register Book of the said Parish.

“ Anno 1665. ELIZABETH the relict of OLIVER CROMWELL sometime Protector of England, was buried November the 19th.” *Ibid.*

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10. *Dr. Francis Hawkins, Dean of Cluchester. Died in 1699.*

He was installed Dean May 12, 1688, and was succeeded by William Hayley, S. T. P. who was installed June 5, 1699.

“ Dr. Hawkins, who was Chaplain to the Tower, had merited of the Government by a zealous service among the state prisoners. He had been particularly acceptable in his dealings with *Fitzharris* before his execution, and obtaining a confession, &c. for which an arch fellow came up to the Doctor one day in the streets of London, and leaning his face towards him, cried, “ *Quæso, Domine, accipe confessionem meam;*” but the Doctor happily turned the jest, and answered, “ *Yes, Sir, I’ll take your confession when you come to be hanged.*” *Ibid.*

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11. *Dr. Edward Fowler, Bishop of Gloucester. Died August, 26, 1714.*

“ As I remember, when his Lordship once preached for me in my church of St. Botolph’s Aldgate, he told me he was born in that parish, I think in Houndsditch.”

“ He was nominated to the See of Gloucester April 23, 1691,

“ Mr. Thomas Firmin often printed ten thousand copies of the



*Scripture Catechism*, which some think was written by Dr. Worthington: but I have cause to believe, that the author was Dr. Fowler, now Bishop of Gloucester, who, in compiling it, followed the method of Dr. Worthington," &c. *Life of Thomas Firmin*, 8vo. p. 57.

"This worthy man had a very superstitious fancy in catching at the stories of Apparitions and Witches; for which reason the Earl of Shaftsbury, living in the same parish of Chelsea, in his *Letter to a Lord concerning Enthusiasm* meant him in this reflection: "Were it needful, I could put your Lordship in mind of an eminent, learned, and truly Christian Prelate, you once knew, who could have given you a full account of his belief in Fairies," &c. See the Remarks on that Letter, 1708, 8vo.

"He died at Chelsea, and was buried at Hendon, in Middlesex. *Ibid.*

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12. *Dr. William Hayley, Dean of Chichester. Died October 30, 1715.*

"William Hayley, or Healey, of All Souls College, proceeded A. M. June 23, 1680. He was afterwards Chaplain to Sir William Trumbull; Ambassador to Constantinople; and author of *A Sermon preached before the Right Honorable Earl of Berkeley, Governor of the Company of Merchants trading to the Levant Seas, at St. Peter's Church in Broad-street, London, January 30, 1686, on Prov. viii. 18. London, 1687, 4to.*

"He was presented to the church of St. Giles's in the Fields on the death of John Scott, 1695. Installed Dean of Chichester, 1699, on the death of Dr. Francis Hawkins.

"He died October 30, 1715, at his house in Great Russell Street, and was buried in the chancel of his parish church of St. Giles. Succeeded in his Deanery by Dr. Thomas Sherlock, and in his Rectory by Dr. Baker.

"He married a daughter of Sir Thomas Mears, by whom he left one daughter, and made his brother, Mr. Hayley,\* whom he had got in his room to be King's Chaplain, his sole Executor,

\* Ancestor, I presume, to a living Poet.

who was sued for rebuilding the Deanery House at Chichester, and condemned to pay 1000*l*.

“ He was a man of sharp and severe wit, and yet had the art of expressing it in a very soft and jocose manner.” *Ibid.*

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13. *Mr. John Reading, Prebendary of Canterbury, died October 26, 1667.*

“ The account given by Wood (Ath. II. 287) of this person, was chiefly procured for him by me (W. K.) while I was early acquainted with him by means of my tutor Mr. Allam. I had it by letter from my father Mr. Basil Kennett, who coming to live upon his small estate at Folkestone in Kent about 1664, was for some few years Curate to Mr. Reading at Cheriton near adjoining; and kept afterwards a long correspondence with his eldest son Mr. John Reading, who lived at Dover, and had some employment in the Post Office and Packet Boats there. The MSS. said then to be in my father's possession are now in mine.” *Ibid.*

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14 *Dr. Simon Patrick, Bishop of Ely. Died May 31, 1707.*

“ Qu. Whether he was the son of Mr. Richard Patrick, Vicar of Welton, in the diocese of Peterborough ?

“ He was consecrated Bishop of Chichester October 13, 1689; and translated to Ely in June, 1691.

Mr. Wharton, in his MS. Notes, thus writes of Dr. Patrick. “ He was a person of great learning and reputation for goodness and wisdom before he was made Bishop; but after that he lost his reputation through imprudent management, openly favouring the Dissenters, and employing none but such: whereupon he lost the love of the gentry; and therefore desired a Translation. He attempted to unite the Rectory of Petworth perpetually to his Bishopric, and brought an Act for that purpose into the House of Lords 1690; which passed there, but was rejected by the House of Commons. Confirmed Bishop of Ely July 2, 1691.

Between his nomination and confirmation he cut down the woods belonging to the See of Chichester to the value of 500*l.* although the season of cutting wood was then past.

“He had a brother, John Patrick, Preacher at the Charter House, who was collated to the first Prebend in the church of Peterborough, June 30, 1685.

“He had one only son bred up for what they call a Gentleman, and on a sudden inclined or persuaded to take orders to get church preferment. He lived to enjoy a good estate and fine new house purchased and built by his father, which, after the son’s death, was forced to be sold for debts and portions.” *Ibid.*

15. *Dr. Thomas Comber, Dean of Durham.*

“Came in upon the deprivation of Dr. Dennis Granville, Dean of Durham, 1691, upon the interest of the Duke of Leeds, who was said to receive a gratuity from him.” *Ibid.*

16. *Dr. William Lloyd, deprived Bishop of Norwich. Died January 1, 1709.*

“Elected Bishop of Llandaff, 1675; translated to Peterborough, 1679; and to Norwich, 1685.

“See many things of him in the *Life of Mr. John Kettlewell*. The character given of him by his Metropolitan is above any other that can be given. And the trust which he reposed in him is certainly so great, as nothing possibly could be greater. Whether one or other were in the right, either he in giving, or this in accepting, is not the question. How, likewise, he discharged the high trust committed to him, and with what prudence and privacy he transacted matters relating to it, so as not to give thereby any umbrage to the government, or as little as possible, will be proper for an Ecclesiastical history of those times to explain distinctly. He outlived all the Bishops except Dr. Kenn, who had made a cession of his title. Dying upon New Year’s day at Hammersmith, 1709, according to the English account.” *Ibid.*

17. *Dr. Robert Frampton, deprived Bishop of Gloucester.**Died May 25, 1709.*

“ Elected Bishop of Gloucester, 1681.

“ He was Chaplain to the Earl of Elgin, and preached the Funeral Sermon on Christian Countess Dowager of Devonshire, 1673. See *Life of the said Countess*, 1685, 8vo. p. 93.

“ See some notices of him in the *Life of Mr. John Kettlewell*, 8vo. p. 404, of whose works the Bishop was a great admirer.

“ He was one who was for preserving peace with all as much as possible, and for possessing his soul with patience till God's own time, without any human views whatever, &c.

“ He lived after his deprivation about 17 years; and as he had lived privately and inoffensively all that time, without giving any umbrage to the Government, that so in patience and long-suffering he might approve himself to God and man, he was privately also, according to his Will, interred at Standish in Gloucestershire.”  
*Ibid.*

18. *Dr. George Royse, Dean of Bristol, and Provost of Oriel College, Oxford. Died in April, 1708.*

“ The ingenious and learned Dr. Royse, who was afterwards Provost of Oriel College, was cotemporary at St. Edmund Hall with Mr. John Kettlewell, and of the same table with him. And being both persons of a quick and ready talent for managing an argument, they took pleasure in exercising each other upon arduous questions; by which mutual contest both their minds were not a little improved, though the excellency of these two did not lie in the same way.

“ As I remember” (says Kennett), “ at the approach of the Revolution he preached a bold Sermon against Popery in St. Mary's, Oxford, where the Lord Berkeley being one of his Auditors took him into notice and favour, and soon after recommended him to Dr. Tillotson, who took him for his Chaplain at Lambeth, and gave him the good Rectory of Newington, Com. Oxford, and procured for him the Deanery of Bristol. In his latter years he sunk much into drinking, and kept an ill woman,

who even came over to Windsor and waited with him when he attended at chapel to Queen Anne, as I heard there from several people to my great surprize and grief." *Ibid.*

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19. *Dr. John Goodman, Archdeacon of Middlesex. Died 1690.*

"He was Chaplain to Arthur, Earl of Essex, and owned him to be *felo de se* in the Tower, upon a sort of principle which he had too often declared both in Ireland on the occasion of an Alderman of Dublin's cutting his throat, and in England on occasion of looking on a picture of that Earl of Northumberland, who, in Queen Elizabeth's time, shot himself in the Tower, saying, "*the family was more beholden to that noble Earl than to any one of their ancestors.*" *Ibid.*

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20. *Dr. Joseph Crowther, Chanter of St. Paul's. Died December 10, 1689.*

"He was nominated to read the Greek lecture at Oxford, 1648; but the Oxford visitors would not permit him to enjoy it. He fled to France, but returning with the King, enjoyed the Greek Lecture at Oxford.

"I remember him," says Kennett, "esteemed at Oxford a very severe disputant, and very tenacious of the rules of logic. He would often moderate in the public disputations within his own Hall; but so fierce and passionate, that if the Opponent made a false syllogism, or the Respondent a wrong answer, he bade the next that sat by him *kick their shins*; and it became a proverb, *Kick-shins Crowther*. He was extremely hated at Tredington for his stiff contending with the people. They obliged him to keep a Boar: he got a black one to spite them; the *black pigs* were called *Crowthers*.

He married James, Duke of York, to the daughter of the Earl of Clarendon." *Ibid.*

21. *Dr. Thomas White, Bishop of Peterborough. So elected*  
1685.

“ The mother of Dr. Thomas White, a widow and grave matron, lived long in the family of William Brockman, Esq. of Beachborough in Kent, and was nearly related to that family, and had a jointure of estate in or near Romney Marsh holding of the court of Aldington.

“ He was an eminent Preacher in London, Chaplain to the Princess Anne, Vicar of Newark, Archdeacon of Nottingham ; a man famous for strength of body and greatness of courage. He fairly beat a trooper of the king’s Life-guard at Dartford in Kent, and made him bring the Parson’s horse into the stall from which he had moved him ; for which King Charles II. jocosely charged him with high treason.” *Ibid.*

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22. *Dr. Peter Gunning, Bishop of Ely. Died July 6,*  
1684.

Bishop Burnet in his *Vindication*, 8vo. 1696, p. 93, says, “ I passed over what he had said of my stealing many hints from Bishop Gunning, and then printing them : it is no great matter whether it be true or false ; but, as it happens, it is absurdly false. Bishop Gunning had much learning and true piety ; but his ideas were so confused, and so over subtle, that I could never learn any thing in all the time that ever I conversed with him, and so I did not wait often on him.” *Ibid.*

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23. *Henry Cornish, Esq. executed for High Treason, 1689.*

“ The Commons in a conference with the Lords about the Bill for reversing the two judgments given against Titus Oates, gave reasons of disagreement to their Lordships’ amendments, wherein they say, July 22, 1689, that the trial of Oates was at such a time when neither counsel nor witnesses durst appear for the said Titus Oates ; when perjury was countenanced by tampering with and suborning witnesses to swear falsely, by judges not daring to take notice how witnesses in latter trials had contradicted what they swore in former trials ; but suffered Mr. Cornish in particular to

be attained upon such contrary evidence, though the said contrary evidence had been twice printed before by authority." *Ibid.*—*Lords' Journ.* 1689.

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24. *John Rosewell, Canon of Windsor and Master of Eton School. Died October 30, 1684.*

"I have been well informed that Master Rosewell having chastised a boy with too much severity who died upon it, was so affected with the misfortune, that he threw up the school, grew melancholy, and even mad, fancying the king's messengers were coming to apprehend him for treason; for which reason he would not be persuaded to stir out of doors," &c. *Ibid.*

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25. *Dr. Thomas Burnet, Master of the Charter-House. Died in 1715.*

"Mr. Thomas Smelt, an excellent Grammarian, was Master of the Free School at North-Allerton, in Yorkshire, under whom were bred Dr. Hickes, Mr. Kettlewell, &c. The learned Dr. Thomas Burnet, Master of the Charter House, was also bred under him, for whom he had a particular kindness when he was his scholar, and for many years after he left the school, used to propose him as a great example to us, who came after him." *Ibid.*—*Life of Mr. John Kettlewell*, 8vo.

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26. *Mr. Thomas Rymer, Antiquary and Historiographer. Died December 14, 1713.*

"The very learned and ingenious Mr. Thomas Rymer, well known for his great critical skill in human learning, especially in poetry and history, was the scholar of Mr. Thomas Smelt, Master of the Free School of North-Allerton, and his great favourite, and in the same class with myself," (i. e. George Hickes)—*Life of Kettlewell*.

"He died December 14, and was buried December 17, 1713, in the Church of St. Clement, Danes, Middlesex. *Ibid.*

27. *Edward Waple, Archdeacon of Taunton. Died June 8,*

1712.

“ Edward Waple, B. D. installed Prebendary of Winchester April 29, 1690, on the death of Dr. Bradshaw. He was also installed Prebendary of Kilverton Prima, viz. the golden Prebend of the Church of Wells, in May, 1680; installed Archdeacon of Taunton April 22, 1682; and on the death of Dr. Bell July 26, 1683, he was made Vicar of St. Sepulchre's, London, where he continued till his death on June 8, 1712, from whence being brought from London he was on the 11th of the same month interred in a neat brick grave in the outer chapel of St. John's College in Oxford, over which against the west wall is erected a fair marble tablet by his executor, Mr. Robert Waple, with a peculiarly modest and humble inscription on it, composed by himself, as appears by his last will in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, in which are mentioned several Benefactions; which deserve not to be passed over in obscurity; viz. a Legacy of 700*l.* to this College, the place of his Education, and Patrons of his Living, besides a gift of 500*l.* in his lifetime. He also gave to the beautifying of St. Sepulchre's church 200*l.* *And an excellent and most judicious as well as numerous Collection of Books to the Library belonging to SION COLLEGE for the use of the Clergy of London:*

“ Hic jacet EDWARDUS WAPLE  
 Hujus Collegii quondam Socius,  
 Christi minister indignissimus,  
 Suo merito Peccatorum maximus,  
 Dei gratia Pœnitentium minimus.  
 Inveniat misericordiam in illo die!  
 Stet Lector Pœnitentialis hac Tabella!  
 Obiit octavo die mensis Junii  
 Anno Dom. MDCCXII.  
 Annoque ætatis suæ sexagesimo primo.”

“ This inscription was composed by himself, and put upon a fair marble Tablet, erected against the wall in the outer chapel of St. John's College, Oxford.” *Ibid.*



28. *Dr. John Sharman, Archdeacon of Sarum, died on the 27th March, 1671.*

He was appointed Archdeacon of Salisbury, 1670. He was D.D. of Cambridge, and died after a short enjoyment of his dignity March 27, 1671. He was master of Jesus College, Cambridge, where he was buried in the chapel.

Dr. W. Pope, in his *Life of Bishop Ward*, writes thus, p. 23.

“The greatest light concerning Cambridge transactions before related, I received by a few short indigested notes which Dr. Sharman had collected in order to write the Bishop’s Life. This Dr. John Sharman was the Bishop of Salisbury’s chaplain, and Archdeacon of North Wilts; a very learned person, and would (had he outlived the Bishop), been the fittest man in the world to have undertaken the task which I, for want of others, am engaged in. But he was untimely cut off by the small pox at the Bishop of Salisbury’s lodgings in Charter-house yard, March 24, A.D. 1671, many years before the Bishop, whose life he had designed to have written.

“Bishop Ward had invited Dr. Isaac Barrow to live with him, not as a Chaplain, but rather as a friend and companion; yet he did frequently do the duty if the domestic chaplain was absent. Whilst he was there the Archdeaconry of North Wilts became void by the death of Dr. Childrey, if I mistake not. This the Bishop proffered to Dr. Barrow; but he modestly and absolutely refused it.” *Ibid.*

29. *Dr. Zachary Cradock, Provost of Eton. Died in October, 1695, Ætat. 62.*

“He left Mr. John Cradock, grocer, without Aldgate, London, his younger Brother, sole Executor. Their elder Brother was an eminent Nonconformist writer.

“Dr. Cradock was esteemed the best Preacher of his age, always without notes: and yet he so little affected the popularity of it, that he would often put on his spectacles and spread a book upon the cushion that had nothing written in it.

“Archbishop Sharp, while he was himself a very popular

Preacher, used to say, that whenever he heard Dr. Cradock preach, he was ashamed to go up into the same pulpit.

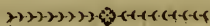
“He would talk over any subject admirably well: but if desired to write down his thoughts upon it, he had not the patience to draw up a discourse in writing. He was averse to the publishing any Sermon: the King commanded one, and he used to call it “*My Works.*” *Ibid.*

30. *Dr. Thomas Turner, Dean of Canterbury. Died October 8, 1672.*

“Son of Thomas Turner of Heckfield, in Hampshire, Alderman and Mayor of Reading in Berkshire; born in St. Giles's, Reading; admitted of St. John's College, 1610; Dean of Canterbury, 1643. He died October 8, 1672, in the evening, ætat. 81, leaving behind several sons, which he had by his wife, Margaret daughter of Sir Francis Windebank, knight, of whom Francis, Bishop of Ely, was one.

“I have often heard it reported from one of his sons, Dr. Thomas Turner, President of C. C. C. Oxon. that his father, upon mention of the Windebanks would often say, *he had been the laughing-stock and leaning-stock of that family*, meaning he had been despised and ill-used upon his first marriage, as if he had disparaged the great name and family of *Windebank*, and yet afterwards they had been glad to hang upon him, and were supported by him.

“The same Dr. Thomas Turner was used to say of his father, that he had frequently this saying, *Grammar, Logic, and Love will be always revenged upon their enemies*, meaning, they that despised the servile rules of Grammar and Logic would often betray the want of them; and they who laughed at others for being in love, were often caught in the same snare.” *Ibid.*



## Hearniana.

*Extracts from MS. Letters of Thomas Hearne,  
to James West Esq. on Subjects of  
English Bibliography.*



THE *Bodleian Letters* published in the course of last Autumn, have been generally found both interesting and instructive: and among the chief of those, the correspondence of the learned Antiquary THOMAS HEARNE. I have met with a MS. volume of Letters of the same inquisitive and laborious Author in the British Museum, from which I feel gratified in communicating the following Extracts, which I doubt not that my readers will peruse with the same avidity as I have perused them. It will hence appear that many of the books, which are now sought so eagerly, and at such high prices, were even then the objects of pursuit; and the Bibliographer need not be told, that the Library of James West,\* of which some part of the Early History is here developed, is yet recorded, as one of the few of which the richness in the curiosities of English literature has scarcely been exceeded.

There is not room in this place, (perhaps it would be superfluous in any part of this work) to draw the

\* James West was afterwards Secretary to the Treasury. His daughter and coheir married the late Lord Archer, and died his widow a few years ago. A surviving daughter is still living single in London.

character of Hearne. It is indeed sufficiently known already by the publications of Huddesford and Warton, of Dibdin and Bliss, and others. But if I had leisure, I confess I would endeavour to discriminate it still more minutely.

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1 *Letter of Thomas Hearne, to James West, Esq.*

THOS. CORYAT'S CRUDITIES.

SIR,

“ I AM surprised to hear of your sudden journey to London, and am the more concern'd to understand that 'tis occasion'd by the dangerous illness of so very near and dear a relation.

I have not yet seen Mr. Lang, to thank him for his very kind present of *Coryat's Crudities*, which is a most rare book. But I thank you heartily for your share in conveying it to me. As there are abundance of very weak idle things in that book, so there are withal very many observations, that are very good and useful, as was long since noted by *Purchas* and some others. The Author kept a Diary in which he entered whatever notes he thought memorable for many years; but what became of it after his death is uncertain, tho' 'tis probable that his mother Gertrude (who lived divers years after his death, and died in an extreme old age) destroyed it to prevent farther descants upon him. One would wish to have seen that Diary, in which without doubt were many remarks of English affairs; particularly before he travell'd beyond sea, which was not till he was turned of thirty.

I am, &c.

THO. HEARNE.

Edm. Hall, Oxford, Sept. 9, 1726.

2 *Extract of another Letter, Feb. 6, 1726.*

GEORGE CORYAT'S POEM.

“ I HAVE been told Mr. George CORYAT's Poem of *England* is printed, although neither his son Thomas, nor Mr. Wood had seen it. If it be, your curiosity will find it out. There is something in it relating to both Universities, which I should be glad to see. If this Poem be not already printed, 'tis probable it might be worth publishing by somebody, the author being styled by Dr. Caius, *Poeta Oxoniensis et cum primis elegans.*”

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3 *Extract. Feb. 19, 1726.*

JOHN LEWIS — THOMAS MADOX.

“ I NEVER saw Mr. LEWIS's *Antiquities of the Isle of Thanet*. But I have had a character of it. I knew Mr. MADOX. His learning lay in affairs of the Exchequer, and he had a pretty good share of the Common Law. But he was little versed in Classics and Philology. I was many years ago acquainted with him in Oxford when he studied for some short time at the Bodleian Library. I know not whether he had any University education.”

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4 *Extract. March 7, 1726.*

LORD SURREY'S POEMS.

“ IN a Note of the bottom of p. 7 of the 2d. vol. of Leland's *Itinerary*, I have mentioned a corrected copy of the *Earl of Surrey's Poems* among Mr. Selden's books. Which note Mr. Sergeant of the Tower observing, he desired me many years since to get these Corrections copied for him; and he

sent down his copy of those Poems for that end. Accordingly, instead of employing any one else, I copied them myself, and returned his book. I do not doubt but it came safe to his hands, tho' he never made me the least acknowledgement either by letter or word of mouth. If this book, in which I entered the corrections, be in his *Auction*, it would be worth while to secure it." \*

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5 *Extract.* March 30, 1727.

THE SAME.

"I AM glad Surrey's Poems with the MSS. corrections that I entered as I remember with my own hand from Mr. Selden's copy, were purchased by so worthy a Gentleman as you mention. I know not whether Mr. *Sergeant* had any hand in the Edition of these Poems, that came out in 1717. This later Edition is mentioned in p. 36, of *Mr. Sergeant's Catalogue*."

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6 *Extract.* Feb. 7, 1727.

WM. PRYNNE.

"*Wm. Pryn* is a writer of the lowest class. I should not have made the least inquiry after him, had not you given me the hint. But I cannot meet with the *two volumes* you speak of. Were there no other, 'tis a sufficient argument that Learning sinks, (and with it Religion), when they propose to reprint any thing done by so very mean an author.

"We are going on at the press with *the Black Book of the Exchequer*, with all convenient expedition. It is a remarkable piece of Antiquity, and will settle many things about our nobility &c. that even Sir William Dugdale himself was mistaken in.

\* Mr. West's Note. "*James Joy Esq. bought the above Copy of Surrey's Poems.*"

And there are withall many particulars not known in *Worcester's Annals*, that are to go with it."

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7 *Extract. April 3, 1729.*

EARLY PRINTING AT GREENWICH.

" THERE WAS PRINTING at *Greenwich* temp. Hen. VIII.—Old Mr. Beckford (father of the late Mr. Beckford), of Wolvercote near Oxford (a paper-maker), had a Book printed there ; but what it was, or what became of it, I know not. It will be worth your while to take notice if you should meet with any books printed at Greenwich."

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8 *Extract. April 28, 1729.*

PALMER'S BOOK ON PRINTING.

" I KNOW not what Mr. PALMER may have from Mr. *Mattaire* (who I hear is his assistant), and from the papers of honest John Bagford ; but being a mere mechanic himself, I cannot expect any curious, short, critical remarks of his own.

" The Book you have, *printed at Greenwich*, is a curiosity, as you have the happiness and good fortune to meet with many curiosities, for which and for your virtues you are much respected by," &c.

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9. *Extract. July 4, 1729.*

QU. JOHN LEWIS ?

" THE person you mention (that hath printed part of my book), is a man of a very vile character, as I have heard long since, and is very pragmatical in Kent, where he is abominated. I do not wonder at the abuse you speak of (for I have not seen the Book), since I have often heard he is a silly Fellow.

(A man of common sense would have been contented to have stolen without otherwise abusing the person he robbed.) He is an enemy to Antiquity, and is for altering originals. His catechism, I am assured, was stole, and his book, in which he pretends to History and Antiquity, I find are in no esteem.\*

“ I am sorry the Gentleman you mention should be the Publisher of lying *Bale's Book about Sir John Oldcastle*. But his name being not to it, I will suspend my judgment.”

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10 *Extract. July 15, 1729.*

ARNOLD'S CHRONICLE.

“ I HAVE got a copy of *The Customs of London* myself, which begins as yours does ; and so indeed all the copies I have heard of, begin, not excepting even that which Bale made use of, who ascribes it to one ARNOLD a citizen of London, as the compiler ; in which I believe he is right enough, since Bale lived at the time it first came out, (though he must be young then), and could hardly in that case be mistaken. Mr. Richard Smith also, (and he, you know, was very inquisitive and curious in affairs of this kind), ascribed it to *Arnold*, whom Bale and others call *Richard Arnold*. The things in the book that are different from “ *The Customs of London* ” are the *Alia*, which Bale makes Arnold to have written ; but then Dr. Pits (who otherwise follows Bale) tells us, he knows not whether or no Arnold wrote any thing else besides the *Repositoryum* (that is, Bale's word also), or *Repertory*. I have been inclined to think that the author of the Old Ballad in it, called *The Nut-brown Maid*, was *Thomas Elmham*. But this being only surmise, I did not ascribe it to him in my Edition of his History of Hen. V.

\* This must allude to the learned John Lewis of Margate, and to his Edition of *Roper's Life of More*.



11 *Extract.* Sept. 22, 1729.

THE SAME.

“CERTAINLY the 2d Edition of *Arnolde* exceeds the *first* in this, that the History at the beginning (which is much the better part of the Book), comes much lower than it does in the first. I have been told that there was lately advertized a 3d Edition. Pray let me know if there be any such thing.”

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12 *Extract.* March 24, 1729.

SAXTON'S MAPS.—RASTELL'S CHRONICLE.

“I AM glad you have got so good a set of Saxton's Maps. I cannot at present recollect any thing about T. Sekford. I have Saxton myself, a copy good enough for my use. I often consult this first collection of our maps, and I find it of great service, as I have more than once hinted in my Notes to *The Black Book*. I must observe one thing to you, and that is, that I have heard some knowing men say, that the copies of Saxton's maps that are not coloured are preferable to such as are coloured.”

“I am likewise no less pleased that you have got a fine copy of *Rastell's Chronicle*. I never saw a complete one.”

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13 *Extract.* April 24, 1730.

PATRICK GORDON.

“THE latter end of last month (as I have been informed), died at Fownehope, 4 miles from Hereford, Mr. Patrick Gordon, one of the worthiest and most learned men belonging to the Church of Hereford. He always inquired very kindly after me. He was formerly master of the Free School at Bray near Maidenhead in Berks. He was the very

first master I had for the Latin tongue ; and I learned my Accedence of him about the beginning of 1693."

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14 *Extract.* May 7, 1730.

CAXTON'S CHRONICLE.

" WYNKEN de Worde's *Fructus Temporum* is only another Edition of *Caxton's Chronicle*, stiled likewise *Fructus Temporum*, by Bale and others."

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15 *Extract.* Aug. 31, 1730.

SKELTONICAL SALUTATION.

" THERE are so many things under the title or stile of *Pyers Plowman*, that I know not what to say of that you mention. *Simon Fish*, a zealous forward man, was like enough to be the author.

" See whether Mr. Murray or yourself have an old, scarce, little thing called *A Skeltonical Salutation* in English and Latin. It begins

" O King of Spaine,  
Is it not a paine  
To thy heart and braine," &c.

" The Latin is printed in the White Letter, the English in the Black. The first leaf is wanting, being A. 1. (which perhaps contained a Title and the Author's name), otherwise my copy is perfect."

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16 *Extract.* June 24, 1731.

JULIANA BERNERS.

" I AM glad you saw John Murray's *Juliana Barnes*. I suppose it hath no date. A copy printed at St. Albans (if it can be found), is worth any money. The two or three leaves of Pynson's Edition, I have among Mr. New's transcripts, prove of service to me."



F the *Hearniana*, which I have printed in the preceding pages,\* give half the entertainment to my readers, that they have afforded to me, they will not have failed in their purpose. The opinions, on old books, of such a man as HEARNE, are invaluable to the Bibliographer. The sanction of time, added to his industry and opportunities, casts on them an interest, which no living, or *lately*-deceased, writer on the subject can convey.

\* Having been called upon for Notes to these Articles, which on the former sheet I forbore to give, lest my comments should appear obtrusive, I seize this place to add them, before the opportunity is lost.

1. *Coryat's Crudities* have continued to be an object of competition among Collectors. They were reprinted a few years ago; but this reprint is itself become scarce. Hearne's character of them is just and comprehensive. An account of George, the father, may be found in the published Volume of *Wood's Ath.* by *Bliss*.

3. *Lewis's Thanet* is an admirable piece of topography, full of a learned and rational account of the antiquities of that part of Kent, and tracing the agricultural superiority of that favoured island to the skill of the Monks in the early centuries.

4. Dr. Nott is reprinting a splendid edition of *Lord Surrey's Poems*, which will be enriched in its notes by the union of research, talents, and scholarship. A learned friend has also in the press a small impression of Lord Surrey's Translation of Virgil, for the purpose (as is supposed) of gratifying some Select Literati.

6. One cannot but smile to read this character of *Prynne*, given by *Hearne*!

7. For an account of *Early Printing*, consult *Herbert's Ames*, and *Dibdin's* new Edition of that work.

9. *John Lewis* again. Hearne's want of temper and furious prejudices in the account he gives of *Lewis*, are not very creditable to him. Lewis was a man of unquestioned abilities and learning; and of his cha-

It will probably, indeed, be observed, that these Extracts raise an higher idea of Hearne as a writer, than is produced by his premeditated works. In his Prefaces to those works, the strange jumble of irrelevant matter, which he inserts, has drawn on him the stigma of a tasteless plodder, with a voracious and indiscriminate appetite for whatever is old; with a style as formal, hard, and inelegant, as his matter is crude. In these Extracts his language is neat, concise, and not inelegant; his knowledge various and well digested; and his judgment in general correct and sound. Such perhaps have been the effects of ease and carelessness on the one hand; and on the other, of an over-anxiety to do well, which gave an harsh formality to the expression, and a false constraint, or false ambition, to the thoughts. I suspect that the only truly happy language, is that which rises in the mind together with the idea; and which thus snatches a propriety and "a grace, beyond the reach of Art." By this consentaneous act there is a coalescence of thought and diction, too exquisite to be reached by labour.

racter, I can vouch from the conversations of one whom I knew intimately in my childhood, and who had been his Curate, that I never heard any thing breathed but praise and respect. I presume Hearne's opposite politics contributed to this bitter opinion!

10. For the *Nut-Brown Maid*, as printed in *Arnold's Chronicle*, see *Censura Literaria*.

12. *Rastell's Chronicle* is among the late reprints by the Booksellers.

14. For the *Fructus Temporum* and *Caxton's Chronicle*, see the *British Bibliographer*.



17. *Extract. Feb. 6, 1730.*

JOHN SELDEN.

" I KNOW of no letters of Mr. Selden's on Dr. Langbaine's in Bodley, or any College Libraries, though perhaps there may be something that way among Dr. Barlow's Papers in Queen's College. None of Mr. Selden's papers, nor any of his Common Law Books, came to Bodley, which collection of Common Law Books was a noble one. One would think by his careless style, that Mr. Selden was an extempore writer; and yet no one laboured things more, as appears from some of his Tracts in MS. so altered and changed as they are hardly legible, plainly shewing, that he had not a ready pen, for which reason 'tis probable he might pen his letters of any note twice, and so there may be of them among his papers, which otherwise one would hardly expect." \*

18. *Letter. Oct. 7, 1731.*

TYRRELL, THE HISTORIAN—CARAUSIUS—JULIANA BERNERS  
—LORD ORRERY.

" 'TIS good news that you have so good a prospect of inspecting MR. TYRRELL'S MSS. PAPERS. You will at least have this benefit, of knowing what MSS. Historians he had met with in order to continue his History. † He shewed me many sheets of his unprinted volume, in which I remember he hath a defence of himself against Dr. George Hickes;

\* See Dr. Aikin's late publication regarding Selden, whose style is one of the hardest, and most uncouth, of any eminent writer in the English language. It is wonderful therefore that Hearne should give it the name of *careless*: labour is its characteristic.

† The value of Tyrrell's History is his constant use of the old Latin Chroniclers; whom indeed he generally translates with a dull fidelity. It is probably on this account that his volumes, which a few years ago were considered as waste paper, have lately risen much in price.

and some of this defence he wrote in my room, to which I made several objections; but whether he afterwards rectified himself I know not.

“ You do well to take such particular notice of the coins of Carausius and Allectus. The scene of their actions lay chiefly in Britain, and an English Antiquary ought to be versed in their coins, and to take an account of them whenever they fall in his way. I think I shall have occasion to take notice of Carausius in my present work of *Hemingford* or *Hemingburgh*; and perhaps too, may just touch on JULIANA BARNES, or BERNERS.

Her Book of HAWKING,\* &c. was most certainly printed once, (if not *twice*) at *St. Alban's*, and thence 'twas called *The Book of St. Alban's*, she being Abbess or Prioress of Sopewell, a Cell to *St. Alban's*. When you go to *St. Alban's* next, please to take notice whether there be any remains of that Cell. Mr. Murray seem'd, when here, to deny that her Book was printed at *St. Alban's*; but I think before he went from Oxford, I convinced him of his mistake. I find now they are fully satisfied at Christ-Church, that they have a very considerable legacy of books left them by the late *Lord Orrery*, who had been an ornament to that College, tho' I wonder how he came to cut off his son of so many.† But may be you can satisfy,

Dear Sir, Yours, &c.

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19. Letter. Nov. 15, 1732.

JULIANA BERNERS—MR. GRANGER'S COINS.

“ YOUR account hath satisfied me about the time of the death of Bishop Atterbury; and as for Ludica, King of

\* See this subject fully discussed in Mr. Haslewood's curious reprint of that Book.

† The cause of this unjust usage of his son, is fully explained, much to the son's honour, in Duncombe's Lives of this father and son, in the 2d

Mercia, since your coin is the same with what hath been already published, I shall not at present concern myself farther, tho' 'tis probable, had I been told what sort of one it is sooner, I might have taken notice thereof in *Otterbourne* and *Whethamsted*.

Since you have part of the estate that belonged to Sopewell Nunnery, I suppose you have taken care to get, among your other curiosities, *Juliana Bernes's Book*, she having been Prioress of that palace. Her book printed at St. Albans is a very great rarity, and but in few hands now, tho' it was once pretty common. I think Mr. Murray told me he had it not of that Edition, but I suppose Lord Oxford hath it, he having a vast variety of such books. I never yet asked him, nor did I ever mention to him any MS. thereof. I mention MS. because I have some years since seen MSS. thereof; and they were copied by scribes, and 'twas from one such copy, that the Edition of St. Alban's was printed; and not (as I take it) from Juliana's own original Book,\* which I fear is now quite lost, notwithstanding 'tis probable 'twas lodged in the Library of *Sopewell*.

“ In your former, you spoke of your Travels; and hinted that you would leave an account thereof for a personal conference, which to be sure would be very entertaining; I am sure it would be very pleasing to me. I doubt not but you have picked up many things of real value. I have always heard *Mr. Granger's Coins* much commended; and tho' you have been very successful in collecting, yet I could not have thought that you had equalled him in so short a time, had you not signified such a thing to, Sir,

Yours, &c.

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Edition of the *Biogr. Brit.* and the new Edit. of *Collins's Peerage* vol. vii. However eminent the talents of the Father might be, his moral character was at least equivocal.

\* On this point Mr. Haslewood's Disquisition is well worth consulting.

20. *Extract.* Oct. 30, 1733.

HUMPHREY DYSON.

“HUMPHREY DYSON is put down by Mr. Stowe, in his *Survey*, among his Authors. This Dyson was a very curious Man in collecting Books; but I do not remember to have met with any one of his own writing or publishing; may be you may. As I take it, he was only assistant to others.”

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21. *Extract.* Dec. 13, 1733.

THE SAME.

“MR. HUMPHREY DYSON was certainly a very curious man in collecting Books. I have seen many with his name on them in the Bodleian Library, when I drew up the Catalogue of that Library; and I hear of many such in other Libraries. And I should think also from his being one of Mr. Stowe's Vouchers, that he was a good Antiquary.

“I knew Mr. Mead had a fine Collection of Books, but I little thought that the Library (his Law Books excepted) would have brought Eleven Hundred Guineas. I suppose the purchaser had the Law Books before.”

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22. *Extract.* Jan. 8, 1733.

SLEZER'S THEATRUM SCOTIÆ.

“IN 1718 came out in Folio at London, THEATRUM SCOTIÆ, which I take to be no other, as it were, abating some silly interpolations, than the *Theatrum Scotiæ* that was published in 1691, at London also: the original author of which was Captain John Slezer; but his name is mentioned in neither. Nor have they done him justice in either Edition, his Descriptions being written in *Latin*, not, as printed, in English. I take the Ed. of 1691 to be the best, tho' I have



never perused it, having, as I remember, had only a slight view of it, many years ago, I think in Dr. Charlett's study. 'Tis pity the true genuine work of Capt. Slezzer were not published, which would be of better satisfaction to curious and learned men."

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23. *Extract.* Feb. 24, 1732.

GUALTERI TABULÆ SICILIÆ.

" I KNOW not whether Mr. Granger deal'd much in Books of Foreign Antiquities; otherwise I would enquire whether he had GEORGII GUALTERI ANTIQUÆ TABULÆ SICILIÆ, printed in 4to. at Messana 1624. 'Tis a Book of excellent Notes, and I formerly often looked it over with pleasure; but 'tis many years since, and I never saw, that I remember, but one copy of it. The Collector's observations are extraordinary in their kind, and the Book (unless it hath been reprinted, which I do not know that it hath) is one of the greatest rarities that I know of. Probably you may have it in your choice collection."

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24. *Extract.* Aug. 23, 1728.

DR. GILBERT KYMER,

" OF Hart Hall, was for some time that great man DR. GILBERT KYMER, Physician to Humphry Duke of Gloucester, and several times Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Which *Kymer* ought also to be reckoned amongst the famous writers of that Hall; particularly for his *Dietarium Salutis*; which he wrote for the sake of Duke Humphry. But Mr. Wood knew nothing it seems of this eminent Doctor's writings;\* and therefore he is wholly

\* Nor does this writer appear to be mentioned in *Bliss's* new Edition of *Wood's Athenæ*.

omitted by him as a writer : I shall publish some things from his DIETARIUM in my edition of *The Black Book*."

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25. *Extract. Dec. 6, 1731.*

J. BLACKMAN VITA HEN. VI.

" I RECEIVED from you on Saturday, *Compotus Revenconis Philippæ Reginae Angliæ Consortis Regis Edwardi tercii anno xxxiv. regni sui*. MS. Vol. 2. A quarto Collection of Printed Pamphlets, one of which pamphlets is, *M. Johis Blackman Vita Henrici VI. Angliæ Regis*, printed by Robert Copland. I shall take great care of both. I find in the former some things relating to Cookham and Bray in our County of Berks, which perhaps, and some few other things I may copy. 'Tis likewise probable I may transcribe some things from *Blackman*, which, tho' a printed thing, is yet to me as scarce as a MS. tho' Sir James Ware, who probably had it, did not think fit to transcribe any thing from it, for this very reason,\* because it was printed. I am glad this Prince Hen. VI. was not canonized, he being a very weak, tho' in many particulars a pious man ; and 'tis something strange to me that a man of Hen. VII<sup>th</sup>s. great understanding should attempt it." †

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26. *Extract. April 14, 1728.*

DR. LEOPOLD FINCH—MR. PROASE—MR. ANDERSON.

" DR. FINCH'S ‡ pamphlet, you speak of, is worth about 6d. There is very little in it. 'Tis reprinted in Tillot-

\* A very silly reason, when a printed book is scarce !

† We are pleased when we learn the opinions of Hearne on matters of English History, because we know them to have had the advantage of having been preceded by the most deep and patient inquiry. Yet there were subjects on which this Antiquary's mind was full of prejudice.

‡ He was Head of All-Souls' Coll. and son of an Earl of Winchelsea. See Bishop Kennett's notice of him in *Biographiana*.

son's Life. But Mr. PROASE's *Own Case*, drawn up by himself, is very well done, and is extreme scarce. It effectually carried the business for Mr. Proase, to the confusion of Dr. Finch, and his friends.

“ I am sorry for the death of Mr. Anderson, who was well vers'd in Charters. I have not yet seen his 4 vols. in 4to. relating to Mary Q. of Scots. I hope he hath not taken up with any of the many scandalous lies, that have been published by the party, on purpose to sully the reputation and posthumous fame of that truly great Lady.” \*

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27. *Extract. June 13, 1727.*

SAXON LANGUAGE.

“ THE Saxon language began to decline very visibly after the Norman conquest. William the Conqueror himself was a bitter enemy to it, especially after the opposition he found at Oxford from the friends (as there were there very many) of Edgar Atheling, who was a great patron of it, and lived to a great age. Upon Edgar's death, it lost many favourites, though it kept pretty well up for a good while after, (as you may see from that oldest piece I can now think of) of our English language, that I printed in p. 391 of *Textus Roffensis*. 'Twas much encouraged in several Abbies, particularly at Tavistock, and even at Abbington too, notwithstanding the Conqueror's being so much at this latter, when he used to reside at Andersey, just by it.”

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\* Is not this one of the Tory prejudices of Hearne? The virtues and greatness of this Queen are not quite so clear!

† See the very learned *Anglo-Saxon History*, of Mr. Sharon Turner.

28. *Extract.* Nov. 5, 1727.

ANDR. BORDE—JOHN BELLENDEN—JOHN SLEIDAN.

“*Arnold's Chronicles* \* is the same Book that others style *The Customs of London*. ANDREW BORD's *Introduction of Knowledge* is very scarce; but it may be, you will pick it up in London. JOHN BALENDEN, or BELENDEN, is the same that was Author of the old Scottish Translation of *Hector Bœtheus*. Which Translation is hard to meet with. I had a copy of it lately given me. *John Sleydon* is the same with JOHN SLEIDAN. His Commentaries and Epitome of History are very common.”

29. *Extract.* March 2, 1724.

JOHN GIBBON, THE HERALD.

“‘Tho’ you have not been able to light upon Mr. GIBBON's † *Discourse about Stonehenge*, yet the Extracts you have found, made by him from Dr. Charleton, confirm Mr. Bagford's ascribing such a Tract to him. One would think from his troubling himself so much with Judicial Astrology, that he struck in with Geoffrey Monmouth's Account of Stonehenge.”



\* *Arnold's* is among the very valuable set of Old English Chronicles lately reprinted by the Booksellers, so much to the advantage of the lovers of ancient English literature, and of the knowledge of our National Story.

† Of John Gibbon, the Herald, a Memoir may be found in *Gent. Mag.* 1796, or 1797. He belonged to the branch of the Kentish family which was settled at Rolvenden in that County. The great Historian of the Fall of Rome, erroneously supposed him to be of the same branch with himself. His *Introductio ad Blasoniam*, is a curious piece of heraldic pedantry. His copy of *Sylvanus Morgan's Sphere of Gentry*, scribbled all over with his strange but valuable MS. notes, is in the Library at Lee Priory.

*Again.—On the Same.*

“SIR William Dugdale had a respect for Mr. GIBBON, and used to say of him, that he could express himself in Latin better than most of his profession. Mr. Gibbon valued himself for this character, and would speak much in favour of classical learning. 'Tis likely he might strike in with Sir \* Inigo Jones's opinion with respect to Stonehenge, and pretend even in that point to shew some skill in the Classics, particularly in Vitruvius. But having neither seen nor had any account of the particulars of Mr. Gibbon's Tract about Stonehenge, I cannot give his opinion about it as yet. However since his MSS. are in the Herald's Office, there is some probability, that we may from thence understand the nature of it, and whether he advanced any new notions in writing upon this subject.”

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30. *Extract.* March 15, 1724.

SKELTON'S YMAGE OF YPOCRISY.

“I shall be glad to see Mr. Leneve's MS. of the *Ymage of Ypocrisy.*”



*Again.—March 29, 1725.*

“AS to SKELTON's *Image of Ypocrisy*, Skelton was one of the vilest men of that age. He was a man of no virtue. His lewdness was a sufficient answer to all his scurrilous writings. He was guilty of the very crimes he charges upon others. The matter was very plainly proved.† I have

\* I believe Hearne has knighted this Architect without any authority.

† May not the taint of Hearne's mind have prompted this very strong and uncandid character of Skelton?

read his book over," &c.—I shall quote *the Image* in my Glossary to Peter Langtoft.

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31. *Extract. July 20, 1731.*

ALEXANDER NEVILLE'S APOLOGIA, AND KETTUS.

"ALEX. Nevyl's *Apologia* is a scarce thing; so scarce that neither Dr. Tanner nor Mr. Baker knew that 'twas printed, till I told them. The copy of his *Kettus* that you gave me in 1724 hath the passage with which the Welshmen were displeas'd, and 'twas retained in the Copies of the 8<sup>o</sup>. Edition in Q. Eliz.'s time. But it seems there are two Editions in 4<sup>o</sup>. both in 1575, the first without the passage dedicated only to Archbishop Parker, (who perhaps did not allow of the passage,) the other with the passage, (and 'tis this edition you gave me) and with two dedications; viz. that to Archbishop Parker, and a new one to Archbishop Grindall. The passage is at p 132, "*Sedenim Kettiani rati*," &c. to "*Nam præterquam quod*," &c. p. 133. 'Tis probable that either yourself or some friend of yours may have both Editions in 4<sup>o</sup>. I am sure they are both in St. John's College Library at Cambridge. To be sure that without the offensive passage is the scarcest."

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32. *Extract. Dec. 23, 1728.*

TYRRELL'S HISTORY.

"MEETING lately with one Mr. Clarke, who was formerly Amanuensis to James Tyrrell, Esq. he told me Mr. Tyrrell's History, now since his death, sold a little; but that the MS volume was imperfect, and yet Mr. Tyrrell himself told me it was quite finished."

33 *Extract.* April 22, 1728.

NIC. CARR,---BARNES,---A. WOOD.

“ I AM glad you have met with another piece of Nic. Carr, an elegant and judicious writer in Latin.

“ Your little Book (printed by *Barnes*) about Oxford, is a rare thing, and of good value. I have seen more than one copy of it, tho’ I never was master of it myself. Indeed little of this kind escaped Mr. Wood, a man of vast industry.”

34. *Extract.* April 14, 1728.

MR. EYSTON.

“ YOUR Catalogue from 1535 to 1608, by J. W. is different from that by *Tho. Worthington* from 1570 to 1612, which I gave to Mr. Eyston. This Mr. Eyston was a most virtuous Gentleman, and well learned. He had a small but well collected study of Books, which I looked over, when in his life-time I used to walk over to, and lie at *Hendred*, and found among them many great rarities, some of which were little books of great curiosity. Yet among all his choice books he had not *Fitzherbert’s Life of Cardinal Allen*, but was mighty desirous of having it, not only for the sake of that great Cardinal, but also for the sake of the excellent Author, Mr. Eyston’s lady being a *Fitzherbert*, and descended from him. These *Fitzherberts* are an ancient family, and mentioned in the *Black Book of the Exchequer*, most certainly a different thing from the *Red Book*, tho’ there are many things in the one that are in the other.”

35. *Extract.* Dec. 15, 1727.

SIR SIMONDS D'EWES.

“ I HAVE often heard Mr. Bagford speak of *Sir Simonds D'Ewes's Life*, written by Sir Simonds himself. Mr. Bagford took great delight in reading it when he was at the late Earl's.\* Mr. Anstis gave that Earl several MSS; but I knew not, till you told me, that this was one of them. Methinks I should be glad to peruse this Life also, Sir Simonds being certainly a curious man, and a good antiquary; and yet his chief skill was in Parliamentary affairs; in order to which he was very diligent in consulting the Pipe Roll, and other ancient records; of which, (particularly the Pipe Roll) he made a very good use in the beginning of the Great Rebellion; for which he was much applauded by his great admirer, *Sir Roger Twisden*, and some others.”†



“ Notwithstanding what I have just said of Sir Simonds D'Ewes, he was a great boaster, and gave the world great expectations; but I am apt to think his performance would not have answered. He was better at extempore speeches than any set, judicious work. I have often heard his *Diary* is full of idle stuff. I have given a specimen of his skill in Antiquities by the speech I published in favour of Cambridge. And yet I will still allow, that he was a curious man, and good antiquary; so far as collecting and much reading render a man such, without true judgement.”‡

\* Earl of Oxford.

† Sir Simonds D'Ewes died 1650. See his Life in *Chalmers's Biogr. Dict.* XII. p. 26. His “*Journals of the Parliaments during Q. Elizabeth's reign*,” published 1682, Fol. form an useful volume.

‡ This is the very character that many critics have ascribed to Hearne himself.



36. *Extract. Jan. 13, 1727.*

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

“ YESTERDAY I just saw *Sir Isaac Newton's Chronology*. He was a very great Mathematician; but a far inferior Historian and Chronologer. This work seems to me to have been done purely for diversion. As I take it, he made use of *Sir John Marsham*, and some others, for his reading; who indeed were far beyond him in chronological affairs, though he was so much beyond them in Mathematics.”

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37. *Extract. Jan. 26, 1727.*

EARLY PRINTING.

“ I KNOW nothing of Mr. Palmer, the Printer you speak of; nor of his qualifications for writing an History of Printing. Something more than the mechanical part, for which a tradesman may be qualified, is to be understood. Many curious particulars in learning will naturally arise, which ought to be nicely considered. And a man that will do it for the information and satisfaction of scholars, should be well acquainted with old MSS. which the first Printers imitated; a thing rarely done since. The first printing in England was at Oxford; and some of the first printed things there were *Grammatical*; particularly, as I remember, certain little pieces of *John Leland* the Grammarian, the original author of what is commonly called *William Lilly's Monita Pædagogica*.”

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38. *Extract. April 22, 1728.*

THOS. WORTHINGTON'S CATALOGUS MARTYRUM.

“ YOU formerly shewed me your MS. of *Thos. Worthington's Catalogus Martyrum*. I have read the printed book more than once; nor do I remember that your MS. hath

any thing more in it; but of that I cannot judge unless I could have compared one with the other. Perhaps you may be able to do that yourself. The printed copy I gave to *Mr. Eyston* had some MS. additions. I cannot say by whom. Had *Mr. Basset*, who used to be at *Mr. Eyston's*, and was author of *The Essay for Catholic Communion*, lived longer, perhaps he might have improved that Catalogue, as indeed he was well able."

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39. *Extract. Jan. 30. 1728.*

LIFE OF RICH. II. MR. GRAVES—BP. NICHOLSON.

"*The Life of Rich. II.* is going on apace, and is like to be out much sooner than it was possible for the *Black Book* to be. I am glad I have an opportunity of printing this *Life*, that being an obscure age, and for that reason it being to be looked upon as a very valuable piece of antiquity. *Mr. Graves* is well versed in the *History of Evesham Abbey*, to whom I have therefore wrote, to see if he can discover the author's name. *Bishop Nicholson\** (as he usually does of others) speaks ignorantly of this work, without having either seen it, or had any particular account of it. I wish we could discover the author of your *MS. Life of Edw. II.*"

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40. *Extract. April 28, 1729.*

MR. WILKINSON'S COLLECTIONS FOR BERKSHIRE.

"*Mr. Wilkinson* was parson of *Lawrence* (not, as you say, *White*) *Waltham*. I do not remember him; but his name is frequently mentioned by old people to this day in

\* *Bishop Nicholson's Historical Library*, notwithstanding this censure, holds its reputation.

the parts about Lawrence Waltham, when any point of History or Antiquities is started. He was acquainted with Mr. Ashmole, and corresponded with him.\* I am glad his Library, (which I did not know before) fell into such good hands as *Mr. Leneve's*. My service to Mr Leneve, and my thanks for his readiness to let me have the use of any thing from Mr. Wilkinson's Collection. I would gladly know, whether in this Collection there be any thing relating to the *Nevilles of Billingbere*, to the *Powels* and *Weldons of Shottesbrooke*, to the *Moore*s of *Feens*, in the parish of White Waltham, and to the Roman station in Weycock Field, in the parish of Lawrence Waltham. I fancy I should take great delight in perusing any part of Mr. Wilkinson's Collection."

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41. *Extract. June 23, 1729.*

BALE'S BOOK ON SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE.

"I UNDERSTAND they have reprinted *Bale's* little Book about *Sir John Oldcastle*. I cannot imagine for what good reason, since 'tis not really in itself worth above twopence. But 'tis such things we often have from your London presses. Dr. Rawlinson hath told me, 'twas done by a good hand.— Pray what *good hand* is it?† I have at present another notion of the matter."

\* Ashmole's *Berkshires*, 3 vols. 8vo. bears an high price from its scarcity: but it by no means supplies the place of an History for that county; as it contains little more than epitaphs and crude pedigrees. In it, however, is the curious story of the mysterious death of the first wife of Dudley Earl of Leicester.

† This, if I recollect right, was done by John Lewis, already mentioned.

42. *Extract.* Dec. 25, 1729.

PROCTOR—AIRAY'S APOLOGY.

“ I HAVE *Proctor's Historie of Wyate's Rebellion*, tho' something imperfect.

“ *Airay's Apologie* is scarce ; and if I have seen it, yet I quite forget what it contains, more than that it relates to his suit in law for the Rectory of Charlton upon Otmere.”\*

43. *Extract.* March 24, 1729.

RASTELL'S CHRONICLE.

“ I AM pleased you have got a true copy of *Rastell's Chronicle*: I never saw a complete one. Mr. Murray formerly lent me his ; and what use I have made of it may be seen in Peter Langtoft. Mr. Murray's copy wants many things. My Lord Oxford has one, which I was formerly told was perfect, but Mr. Murray (as I remember) said not. I do not know of any thing at present that I have occasion for from this Chronicle ; only if you will be so kind as to let me know how the pictures of Edw. V. and Rich. III. are represented, I will take it as a favour : viz. whether the former hath the crown over and not upon his head ; and whether the latter hath a broken sceptre ; also whether the age of the latter be expressed in the Chronicle ; a particular not to be met with in many of our published writers, tho' it appears from *William Wyrcester* that he was 33.” †

\* Published after his death, by Christ. Potter, Lond. 1621, 8vo. Henry Airay, Provost of Queen's Coll. Oxford, died 1616, aged 57. See *Wood's Ath.* I. 408.

† See Walpole's *Historic Doubts*.

44. *Extract. April 24, 1730.*

BRUTE OF ENGLAND.

“MR. Murray formerly told me that he hath got a MS. of *Brute of England*. This History is called by some *The History of St. Albans*. Pray be so kind as to ask Mr. Murray how low his MS. comes.”

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45. *Extract. June 9, 1730.*

ARNOLD'S CHRONICLE.

“BE pleased to let me know whether there be any note in your copy of *The Customs of London* about the person who printed it. I have a memorandum that the 2d Edition was printed by *Pinson*.”

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46. *Extract. Aug. 31, 1731.*

OLD JOHN STURT.

“I AM sorry for the death of old *John Sturt*. It is just four years since he was here. He then told me he was 68 years of age. He was a very great man in his way. I should think he had made a curious collection of things relating to *Writing and Engraving*. As I remember Mr. Bagford suggested that there was such a collection. But poverty, it may be, forced him to part with his curiosities.”



## 12.

*The deplorable life and death of Edward the Second King of England. Together with the Downfall of the two Unfortunate Favorites, Gaveston and Spencer.*

*Storied in an excellent Poem.*

*London. Printed for Roger Michell, 1628.*

Small Octavo, pp. 150.\*

A Spurious Edition.

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## 13.

*The Historie of Edward the Second, surnamed Carnarvan, one of our English Kings. Together with the Fatall Downfall of his two unfortunate Favorites, Gaveston and Spencer. Now published by the Author thereof according to the true Originall Copie, and purged from those foule Errors and Corruptions, wherewith that spurious and surreptitious Peece, which lately came forth under the same Tittle, was too much defiled and deformed. With the addition of some other observations both of use and ornament.*

*By F[rancis] H[ubert] Knight. London.*

\* There is also a MS. which agrees with this spurious Edition in the choice and numbering of its stanzas, except that it has an additional stanza numbered 480 (which in the genuine Edition is 540) and except that it supplies stanzas 344, 345, 346, which are wanting in this spurious printed Copy, so that this MS. could not have been seen by the person who furnished the Copy for the Press. This MS. has at the end "*Some Verses upon the death of a Pigeon slain by a Fowler on a ploughed field in an April Evening, 1615.*" The Poem is subscribed INFORTUNIO.

*Printed by B. A. and T. F. for L. Chapman, and are to be sold at his shop at the upper end of Chancery Lane, 1629.*

Octavo, pp. 168.

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## 14.

*The Life of Edward II. with the Fates of Gavestone, and the Spencers. A Poem in three Cantos. To which, for the better understanding of the whole is prefixed an account of that Prince's Reign from Dr. Echard and others.*

*Done from a Manuscript.*

*Heu Pietas,*

*Heu Prisca Fides.*

*London. Printed for Tho. Harbin, at the Bible and Anchor, in the New Exchange in the Strand. 1721.*

Octavo.

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THERE is a strong opinion among those who are not infected with the *Bibliomania*, that no books, or at least no works claiming the praise of genius, have sunk into oblivion, but such as have deserved to be forgotten. I am fully conscious of the power of that undue, or adventitious, warmth of admiration, which a passion for antiquity is apt to generate in a certain class of literati: it cannot be denied that it too often misleads the judgment, and encourages a false and whimsical taste. But I am sure that the most cold and correct criticism is unjust to its own canons by the refusal to admit that there are numerous productions of former ages, which must have faded from recollection in con-

sequence of other causes than deficiency of sterling desert. If it be true that great intrinsic beauty or sublimity cannot obtain, even for a day, the public favour to many productions which are candidates for fame, may it not equally happen, that the same capricious insensibility may throw back into the shades several of those which have obtained it? Dr. Johnson seemed to think, that by the popular feeling the real pretensions of an author ought at last to be tried. After thirty years of almost unremitted attention to the progress and fate of most of the publications in our domestic Belles-Letters, I do most sincerely and coolly question this opinion! If applause and success depended upon unequivocal title to them, it must be permanent; but, since it is often otherwise, may not the same erroneous fashion, which sometimes takes up wrongly, often refuse or neglect unjustly? Collins, in his life-time, could find no readers for his Odes, those most felicitous efforts of an inspired imagination! It will be replied, that the extraordinary merits of these poems found their way; and that the world did them justice *at last!* But was this blaze of fame the legitimate and certain consequence of their beauties? I suspect far otherwise! I doubt, if the notice of the Public, which was at length attracted to them, years after death had closed the unhappy eyes of poor Collins, was not effectuated by the accidental union of the offices of editor of these exquisite productions and of a writer in the Monthly Review, in Dr. Langhorne, who, in the character of an anonymous critic, had the opportunity to stimulate the national feeling to what he had thus laudably revived! Had not this lucky coincidence taken place, it might perhaps have



been the ill-received task of some modern *Bibliomaniac*, to plead in vain for the neglected charms of this extraordinary Bard! Some of my readers may smile at this extravagant case! For my part, I seriously deny its improbability! We might have heard of the abstract, far-fetched, and unnatural cast of the poet's imagery; of the fatigue of his constant allegory; of his frigid want of human feelings, of "that which comes home to men's business and bosoms;" of the whimsical prettiness of his perpetual personification; of the cumbersome and affected splendor of his diction; of his unnatural fancies and goblin taste! We should then have been asked, if these are the merits which our factitious curiosity would impose on the public notice, if we would thus attempt to mislead the sounder appetites of the people, who might safely be left to their own undirected choice? "In short," it might have been added, "Collins has been tried once by his cotemporaries, when he had the advantage of all his friends about him, and was found wanting! for mercy's sake, leave him now to his repose! The people have judged! Disturb not the sentence of the only true tribunal!"

But if we were to admit that in reference to the very prime qualities by which a work of genius ought to be judged at the time of its production, the public voice is almost always right—still it may be safely contended, that after a lapse of centuries, there is a secondary kind of attraction and use which time has given to a great variety of books not rich in the highest and simplest qualities of excellence. For the purposes of philology, for the illustration of mental and moral habits, such books become treasures of

substantial and great value. There is, besides, a generous amusement in restoring from oblivion those who have deserved well of their companions in life.

With all the caution I can use against a rash and indiscriminate fondness for what is old, and against a weak and vain desire for the discovery of worth which others have left unheeded, I cannot refrain from pronouncing at least a measured eulogium on the powers displayed by SIR FRANCIS HUBERT,\* in the poem now before me. The fashion of these historical poems was first introduced into this nation by Lord Buckhurst, William Baldwin, and others, in the Collection of Legends, entitled *The Mirror for Magistrates*, in the reign of Q. Mary, and Q. Elizabeth her successor. The very subject and form of these productions has a fatal tendency to encourage the dulness of an unpoetical mind, and to try by unequivocal calls upon his intellectual vigour that moral, or pathetic, or sublime energy which marks the true poetical endowment. The pre-eminence of this tone in Lord Buckhurst, above all his coadjutors, is so palpable, that the most stupid reader can scarcely fail to be touched by it.

It would be absurd to lift Sir Francis Hubert, with the advantage of all the increased polish and riches of the language and mental furniture of a later period, into the rank of such a writer! But for copiousness of sentiment, and facility and harmony of diction, it seems to me that Sir Francis is so far worthy of praise, that I feel some wonder and indignation at the utter neglect which has fallen on him. †

\* Or Hobart.

† Unless, indeed, the reprint of 1721 be considered a mark of notice and fame!

The genuine Edition is thus dedicated.

“ *To his very loving Brother Mr. Richard Hubert, the Author of this historical Poëme F. H. Knight, wisheth all health and happinesse.*

“ WORTHY SIR,

“ I know that noble natures desire more to doe good, then to heare of the good they doe; and therefore without all farther complement you shall giue me leaue onely to say thus much: that (if God and Nature had not) yet your many kind and constant fauours to mee, and all mine haue made mee truely your owne: which (as I gladly acknowledge) so I would haue the World take notice, that I am both sensible of them, and thankfull for them: And now (Sir) being already deepe in your debt, I must still runne farther upon your score, by committing to your care and custodie this innocent child, not of my body, but of my braine. It is surely of full age, for *it was conceived and borne in Queen Elixabeth's time, but grew to more maturitie in King James's*; and therefore, as wee use to say, it should be now able to shift for itselfe: But I, that gaue it life, finding the weaknesse thereof, was fully resolved to keepe it still at home under mine owne wing, and not to let it see the Sunne, when loe, after twenty yeares concealement, when I thought the unfortunate Babe (like to its father) even dead to the World, I saw the false and uncomely figure of my poore childe, taken by a most unskilfull hande offered to the publicke sight and censure of every judicious eye: and though that could not, yet truely I did blush for it, to see it, so nakedly, so unworthily so mangled, and so maymed thrust into the world, that I scarce knew it, and was asham'd to owne it: And therefore, good Brother, to vindicate both it and my selfe from those grosse and senselesse errors, wherewith that false Bastard was too foulie deformed, I haue now sent it abroad to seeke its fortunes, in its own true shape, and habite: desiring your selfe and every understanding Reader (for I know it is

not for the use of euery ordinarie eye,) to looke upon that former peece with scorne and contempt, and once again to take a resurway of it, as now it appeares in its owne true feature and posture. It may bee you shall find somewhat in it, both to informe the understanding and to rectifie the affections; and if in any of the passages thereof it shall seem eyther too light, and remisse, or too bold and free, eyther too open and tart, or too sparing and reserued; that you must impute eyther to the matter, that I handle, or the parties, that I personate, which must of necessitie be drawne according to the true life, both in colours and proportion, or else the Worke will be of very little use, and of less grace and ornament, eyther to myselfe or others: And so humbly desiring the Almighty to blesse you both in soule, body, and estate; I rest, not your Servant according to the new and fine, but false phrase of the time, but in honest old English, your loving Brother, and true friend for euer :

FRAN. HUBERT."



The Poem in this genuine edition consists of 664 seven-lined stanzas, besides a Conclusion, entitled *The Author's Noli Peccare*, consisting of 7 six-lined stanzas, and a terminating couplet; together 4692 lines.

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*The Author's Preface.*

“ Rebellious thoughts, why do you tumult so ?  
 And strive to break from forth my troubled breast ?  
 Is't not enough, that I myself do know  
 The moving causes of my own unrest ?  
 Is't not enough to know myself distrest ?  
     O no : surcharged hearts must needs complain ;  
     Some ease it is, though small, to tell our pain.

Yet, wayward thoughts, retire unto your home,  
 Unto my heart, your proper home retire ;  
 There rest, in your unrest, till Death doth come,  
 And Death will come, call'd by conceal'd desire .  
 For coals rak'd up glow more than open fire,  
     And deepest streams do run with smoothest speed,  
     And silent griefs are the true griefs indeed.

But if my heart be so inur'd to groaning,  
 Or if my tongue must be the voice of sorrow,  
 Or that my pen be still injoin'd to moaning,  
 Because my night of care hath never morrow,  
 Yet of my grief thus much at least I'll borrow,  
     That for a time I may surcease mine own,  
     And tune my Muse to tell another's moan.

Another's moan to tell my Muse is tun'd,  
 (If any tune can be in jarring grief)  
 And I a king for subject have assum'd,  
 An English king, who, whilst he liv'd, was chief  
 In Honour's height, yet died without relief ;  
     So true is that which Solon once did say,  
     No man is happy till his dying day."

F. H.

*The Poem thus opens.*

It is thy sad disaster which I sing,  
 Carnarvan Edward, second of that name !  
 Thy minions' pride, thy state's ill managing,  
 Thy peers' revolt, the sequel of the same :  
 Thy life, thy death I sing, thy sin, thy shame ;  
     And how thou wast deprived of thy crown,  
     In highest fortunes cast by Fortune down ;  
 Did I say Fortune ? Nay, by Folly rather,  
 By unrespect unto the rules of state :

For let a Prince assure himself to gather,  
 As he hath planted, either love or hate ;  
 Contempt or duty ! not the works of Fate,  
 Much less of Fortune, but of due respect  
 To causes, which must needs produce effects.

As if a Prince do draw his platform right,  
 And then with courage builds upon the same,  
 His end proves happy : but by oversight  
 He that is weak, wholly subverts the frame  
 Of his own building, and doth idly blame  
 Fortune, the servant to deserving merit,  
 But the commander of the abject spirit !

In which discourse, if I shall hap to touch  
 These faults, which in our time are frequent grown,  
 Let not the gall'd offender winch, or grudge,  
 For I intend a private wrong to none ;  
 Only I would have those same errors known,  
 By which the State did then to ruin run,  
 That, warn'd by theirs, our age like sins might shun.

Nor do I mean to bound myself so much,  
 As only for to tie me to those times :  
 The causes, courses, consequences I'll touch  
 Of later ages, and of their designs :  
 And if Detraction's breath doth blast my lines,  
 Be it for me, I have for my defence  
 The privy coat of harmless innocence.

And thou, great King,\* that now dost wield our State,  
 Building on that, which former times did square,  
 O let it not be thought to derogate  
 From thy perfections, admirably rare,  
 If I some errors of these times declare :  
 " Since never State was so precisely good,  
 " But faults have 'scap'd, which could not be withstood."

\* Jacobus I.

For men are not, like God, compleat, divine,  
 " Whom neither passions, nor errors blind ;  
 " Who is not limited with any time,  
 " Nor tied to means, nor into place confin'd ;  
 " But free in all, no countercheck doth find  
 " To contradict the least part of his will,  
 " But worketh all in all, and nothing ill.

" Wheras our human actions all are mix'd ;  
 " Men live in motion, so do their designs ;  
 " Nothing is simply good, or firmly fix'd :  
 " All have defects : Nature itself declines.  
 " Darkness oft clouds the clearest sun that shines ;  
 " Our purest streams are not without their mud ;  
 " And we mistake what oft we take for good !"

Besides, Kings needs must see with others' eyes,  
 From whence mistakings cannot choose but spring ;  
 And when the offence from error doth arise,  
 Why should men cast the errors on the King ?  
 And not on those that misinform the thing ?  
 " It is the gall most banes the kingly throne,  
 " That of his faults the least part is his own !"

For he himself is blameless oft, God knows,  
 Except it be, because he doth (*not*) know  
 The noted scandals that arise from those  
 On whom he doth his favours most bestow ;  
 Which they abusing, discontents may grow  
 Against the Prince, tho' not deserving them,  
 " So apt we are e'en goodness to condemn."

Nor must we with a blacking coal strait brand  
 A Prince, a State, because of some defect !  
 Who can be free from sully, if so scann'd ?  
 But that same Prince or State deserves respect,  
 Whose actions do in general affect

And aim at good ! For in particulars  
 " None can be so compleat but often errs."

And much they are deceiv'd that think to find  
 A State without some blemish, or a stain.  
 Conceit may cast ideas in the mind,  
 And forge strange forms in the inventive brain :  
 But States consist of men, and men will retain  
 Our nature's badge, which unto all doth cleave,  
 That is, to be deceiv'd, and to deceive.

It is the sole prerogative of Heaven  
 Not to be tainted with the smallest error ;  
 But that immunity was never given  
 To Earth. ' Wise Solomon, be thou the Mirror,  
 Where all may see their frailties e'en with terror !  
 Thou, moving in perfection's highest sphere,  
 Fell from thy orb ! Who hath not cause to fear ?

The warlike trumpet, sounding to the fight,  
 Commands the hearing more than doth the reed :  
 Each eye is fixed on the eagle's flight,  
 When little wrens deserve not any heed :  
 The greatest men shall have the greatest need.  
 Mark who so list, and they shall find it tried,  
 " That all men's ears to Princes' tongues are tied."

Then let the world attend King Edward's words,  
 (The second Edward's) matter fit for moan,  
 Whose miles gave life, whose frowns did wound like swords,  
 Whilst he did sit upon the kingly throne,  
 Nor minded now nor moan'd by any one.  
 " So Time, we see, cuts down with fatal blow,  
 As well proud oaks, as humble shrubs below."

Imagine with yourselves, you see him come  
 From forth the deep dark caverns of the earth,



Starved and pin'd, nothing but skin and bone,  
 In Princely plenty suffering want and dearth,  
 As naked as an infant at his birth.

“ So pinching need doth pluck what Pride did plant,  
 And wasteful riot is repaid with want.”

And thus, poor Prince, begins his tragic plaint,  
 “ Am I the same that was first Edward's son ?

&c.            &c.            &c.



Such a subject thrown into such a form would probably incumber and weigh down to the ground even wings adapted to move vigorously thro' the air. An ordinary mind would scarcely travel with it beyond that creeping motion which never for a moment quits the earth, and goes humming on with all the prolixity of the most unanimated prose. But Hubert occasionally rises into bursts of feeling and prospects of pleasing imagery, which shew a genius gifted with the vivid wand of the Poet.

It need not indeed be observed, that the best functions of the Poet and the Historian are widely different; perhaps I may add, even opposite! One best displays his powers, when he is delineating something more beautiful than reality, that he may endeavour to gratify those longings after an higher order of existence, which affect every great mind. The other's task is to relate things as they have been, in the very order in which they have occurred: yet even here a selection of circumstances, a skill of combination, a vivacity of remark, and animation of language, lifts the man of talent a long distance above the tedious and lifeless narrator.

The following are some of the stanzas which contain *Gaveston's* seductive invitation to *Edward*, to give himself up to his pleasures.

68.

“ What maid, what man, what man of any mind,  
That is not touch'd and mov'd with music's sound ?  
Whose deep impressions work in brutish kind,  
As Dolphins ! else Arion had been drown'd.  
The salvage beasts that would not Orpheus wound,  
The senseless stones, whom Phœbus' harp did move,  
Do witness all, how all do music love !

69.

The bubbling murmur of a sliding spring,  
That seems to run with sweet, yet sullen mind,  
By which the winged quires in consort sing  
With fair-fac'd Eunuchs, (the defects of kind)  
Whose notes are answer'd by a soft still wind ;  
Some dear-lov'd dame, bearing her part with kisses,  
Who would not think that place a heaven of blisses.



72.

In heat of Summer, when the burning sun  
Doth crust the earth, are there not shady bowers ?  
Are there not rivers that do mildly run ?  
And now and then some cooling dewy showers  
To keep the beauty of the blooming flowers ?  
Wherewith our mother Earth, so fairly drest,  
Seems to invite her sons to Pleasure's feast.

73.

I will not speak of every day's delight,  
They are so various, full of rarities ;  
But are there not sweet pleasures for the night ?

Masques, revels, banquets, mirthful comedies,  
 Night-suns, kind Nature's dearest prodigies,  
 Which work in men with powerful influence,  
 As having their first life, best motion thence.

## 74.

O glorious Pieces, the best gifts of Heaven,  
 Fairer than those fair lights that make Earth fair,  
 Why were you unto wretched mortals given,  
 But to be cordials 'gainst heart-rating care,  
 By' imparting unto us your beauties rare ?  
 You are the stars which, when the sun is set,  
 Both heat and light and life in us beget.

## 75.

Hath then the mover of this glorious round  
 So wisely fitted every thing to pleasure ?  
 And seems he not his order to confound,  
 That to delight doth limit sparing measure,  
 And makes himself unworthy of such treasure ?  
 Is't ever like he would have made things thus,  
 But that they should be fully us'd by us ?

## 76.

And that I may not run about the field,  
 But keep myself in compass of the ring,  
 I will omit the rich and fruitful yield  
 Of Pleasure, pointing only at the spring,  
 The taste whereof such perfect joy doth bring,  
 As I do think no other heaven there is :  
 Heaven pardon me, if I do think amiss !

## 77.

That is, sweet Ned, the Paradise of Love,  
 The joy of life, and life of our conceit,  
 The heavenly fire, infused from above,  
 On which the Muses and the Graces wait ;  
 The body's health, heart's hope, and nature's bait,

The quintessence of pure essential sweet,  
The point, where all the lines of pleasure meet.

78.

Sweet Love, that hast sweet Beauty for thine object ;  
Kind Love, that knits in one two several hearts ;  
Great Love, to whom the greatest king is subject ;  
Pure Love, that sublimates our earthly parts,  
And makes them airy by ingenious arts !

O let my Ned, my Prince, my Jove possess  
The joys I would, but cannot well express."



I do not find this author named in the printed account of the *Hobart* family in Collins's Peerage. Yet elsewhere it is said that he was brother of Sir Henry, perhaps the same who was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and who died 1625 leaving several sons, of whom Sir Miles, the second, was ancestor of the present Earl of Buckinghamshire.\*

13.

*Regale Lectum Miseriæ: or a Kingly Bed of Miserie, in which is contained a Dreame: with an Elegie upon the Martyrdome of Charles, late King of England, of blessed Memory: and another upon the Right Honourable the Lord Capel. With a curse against the enemies of Peace; and the Authour's Farewell to England. Whereunto is added England's Sonnets. By John Quarles. The Second Edition. Printed in the Yeare, 1649. Small Octavo.*

\* See Coll. Peer. iv. 364. (new edit.)

John Quarles was son of Francis the Poet, was of Exeter College, Oxford, 1642, and bore, at 18 years of age, arms for his Majesty in the garrison at Oxford, and had afterwards a Captain's commission ; but when the royal cause declined, retired to London in a mean condition, where he maintained himself by writing. He died of the plague 1665.

The Elegy on King Charles is printed only on one side of the leaf ; on the other side is a sort of funeral curtain.

Some of the lines of this Elegy are not contemptible ; as for instance—

—————“ O had you seen his feet  
 Mounted the stage of blood, and run to meet  
 The fury of his foes ; and how his breath  
 Proclaim'd a correspondency with death ;  
 O then thy diving heart must needs have found  
 The depth of sorrow, I receiv'd, a wound  
 That Time could not recure ! O such a sight  
 Had been sufficient to have made a night  
 Within this little world, hadst thou but seen  
 What soul-defending patience stood between  
 Passion and him ; with what a pleasing grace,  
 (As if that Death had blush'd within his face)  
 He look'd upon his people, which surrounded  
 His mourning scaffold ; whilst his thoughts abounded  
 With heavenly rapture, his angelic voice  
 Taught Joy to weep, and Sorrow to rejoice :  
 Tears blinded many, that they could not see  
 So bloody, so abhorr'd a tragedy.  
 He look'd as if he rather came to view  
 His subjects, than to bid them all adieu :  
 Fear had no habitation in his breast,  
 And what he spoke was readily express'd :

Heaven's sacred orator divinely tipp'd  
 His tongue with golden languages, and dipp'd  
 His soul in Love's sweet fountain, so that all  
 That lov'd, admir'd and griev'd to see him fall :  
 Whilst he, submitting Prince, devoutly pray'd  
 That Heaven would pardon those that had betray'd  
 His body to the grave ; as from his soul  
 He had forgiven them all, and did condole  
 Their sad conditions :—having spent his breath,  
 He yielded, like a lamb, unto his death."

---

## 14.

## JOHN KNOX THE REFORMER.\*

" It is the first Edition of KNOX's HISTORY, in 8vo. out of which my quotations are taken. It is a very scarce book ; but more of them are extant among our Fanatics than all Great Britain besides. Tho' Archbishop Spotswood proves, undeniably, that the Church History ascribed to him is none of his, yet is it evident it was written by an heroical Presbyterian ; and, if good traditional authority deceive me not, one who was his familiar servant, and who perhaps had a double portion of his master's spirit, compiled it out of his materials after he was dead." *Spir. of Pop. out of Fanat. Pref.†*

" Scotia quoque soluta est decimis. Extat impressa Johannis Knoxi querela, exhibita Ministrorum nomine in Con. Edinburgi A. D. 1565, Dec. 25. Cum folium ejus octavum lego, miseret me illorum." *Andrews de Decimis. 149.‡*

\* See Dr. M'Crie's Life of Knox, lately published.

† Kennett's MSS.

‡ Ibid.

## 15.

*An Answere to a ♦ certen Libel intituled ♦ An Admonition to the ♦ Parliament ♦ By John Whitgifte ♦ D. of Divinitie ♦ 1 Cor. 8. 2. ♦ If any man thinke that he knoweth any thing ♦ he knoweth nothing yet as he ♦ ought to knowe. ♦ 1 Cor. 11. 16. If any man be contentious we have no ♦ such custome neyther the ♦ Churches of God. ♦ Gala. 5. 26. ♦ Let us not be desirous of vayne glorie pro- ♦ -voking one another, envying ♦ one another ♦ Imprinted at London ♦ by Henrie Bynneman ♦ for Humfrey Toy ♦ Anno 1572 ♦*

*4to. pp 246. with 20 pages of addition.*

*And lastly A briefe Answere to certain Pamphlets spread abroad of late, pp. 7. A briefe Viewe of the seconde Admonition, pp 6. Articles out of the former Admonition, untruly said to be falsified, pp. 6.*

*Colophon. Imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman, for Humfrey Toy, dwelling in Paules Church-yard at the signe of the Helmet. Anno 1572.*

As a proof of Whitgift's style and temper, I will copy the Address.

“ TO THE CHRISTIAN READER,

“ I am not ignorant to what dangers, especially of uncharitable and slanderous tongues, I have made myself subject by taking upon me this work. Notwithstanding my reckoning is made, and I have armed myself against the worst, being taught so to do by the opprobrious speecches of diverse, who as busy bodies intermeddling in other mens matters more than it becometh them, do thereof judge most unchristianly, and report

most untruly ; believing as partial judges whatsoever is reported, howsoever falsely and unjustly. But as I with all my heart for my part forgive them, and wish unto them more Christian hearts, indifferent ears, and charitable mouths : so do I exhort thee, Christian Reader, to abstain from all such rancour and other partial and sinister affections in reading of this my book : and think of me, as of one that, to speak the truth, to testify his conscience, to maintain the peace and quietness of the Church, to withstand erroneous opinions, or contentious doctrines, will neither spare his labour, nor his fame : and yet not so stiffly addicted to his own opinion, but that he can be contented to submit himself to better authority and reasons than he himself hath. And I beseech thee, receive this admonition at my hand : try before thou trust : believe not lightly every report : as thou hast two ears, so use them both : condemn no man before he be heard : abstain from speaking evil of any when he is not present to make thee answer ; for that is a great injury : respect not the person, but the cause ; and let not every pretended zeal carry thee headlong thou knowest not whither : and suspend thy judgment of this book, until thou hast advisedly and indifferently read the same.”

---

*Sir George Paule*, in his *Life of WHITGIFT*, gives the following account of this book.

“ Not long after (at which time her highness had summoned a Parliament) some of the principal note among these Disciplinarians thought that the fittest time either to effect their desires by some abettors in that high assembly, or at least to disperse their opinions into all the parts of the kingdom. To which end they then published a seditious treatise, entituled *An Admonition to the Parliament*; being indeed the very summary both of their opinions touching church matters, and



of their shameless slanders against the governors thereof. And albeit Doctor Whitgift considered that this libel was unworthy any serious confutation, yet in regard of the great applause it found among the green heads of the University (who were greedy of novelties) and to stop the current of so dangerous positions, he spared not his pains in writing a learned answer; therein laying open the weakness of that cause, and the strength of their malice, who so hotly pursued the same; which being published upon the year 1572, won him no less reputation with the learned sort, than the former had with the young and weaker brains: yea even those who had formerly thought the admonition unanswerable, found the rashness of their censures by the soundness of that refutation. Whereupon Master Cartwright, notwithstanding his former refusal to enter into the list with Dr. Whitgift (as is aforesaid) seeing both the walls and foundation of his new-founded Church-government already shaken and tottering, endeavoured to underprop the same with a reply. The weakness whereof Dr. Whitgift displayed in his defence of the Answer to the Admonition against the Reply.

“ But Master Cartwright (glorying belike to have the last word) published a second Reply fraught with no other stuff than had been before refuted: Yet Dr. Whitgift addressing himself to answer it, was by the advice of some (whose judgment he much esteemed) dissuaded from troubling himself, in refuting that which he had already overthrown. Amongst others who dissuaded him, the learned Dr. Whitaker was one; against whose judgment the adversary can no way justly except.

“ I have read over (saith he) a great part of the book which Master Cartwright hath lately set forth. Let me not live if ever I saw any thing more loose, and almost more childish. As for words, indeed, he hath store of them, both trim and fresh enough; but as for matter he hath none at all. Besides this, he hath not only peevish assertions touching the Prince's authority in matters sacred and ecclesiastical, but he

also flatly revolteth from us to the Camp of the Papists,\* from whom he would seem to fly with deadly hatred. And not in this cause only he is unsufferable, but in other points also he borroweth his weapons and arguments from the Papists. And in a word, as Hierome sometimes said of Ambrose, he is in his words but a trifler, and for his matter but a dreamer, and altogether unworthy to be refuted by any man of learning."

"Master Cartwright, after these controversies, thus begun and continued by himself, as you see, lived sometimes beyond the seas, now in one place, and then in another, without attaining any eminent or certain place in the Commonwealth, save only the Mastership of an Hospital in Warwick." †

## 16.

*Extract from a Letter of Mr. Thomas Baker to Bishop Kennett.*

"I am now to thank your Lordship for your good wishes, and the tender concern you express for me. But really, my Lord, I have done with the world, and the best thing you can wish me is, that I may not survive my parts, or live to be loaded with the infirmities of old age, an instance of which I have very near me, that affects me much, and makes me afraid of living too long. As I am, I bless God, I think myself very happy; and whenever it is otherwise with me, I hope God will take me to his mercy. Whatever my condition is, I hope I shall always retain a due sense of your Lordship's favours.

"T. B. Apr. 23, 1723."

\* To the Camp of the Papists.] See *Bancroft's Survey of the pretended Holy Discipline*, Chap. 23, p. 258—68, and *Sermons by Dr. Thos. Balguy*, p. 63.—(Note by Wordsworth.)

† The Life of Whitgift, by Sir George Paule, in *Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Biography*, Vol. IV. p. 329.

## WITHER'S MOTTO.

//////////  
*Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo.*  
 //////////

*London: printed for John Marriot, 1621.*

I SCARCELY know whether, in the whole range of bibliography, there is a more interesting tract than this little volume of Wither.

It consists of the purest confessions and most vivid delineations of real character and real emotions.

The works of Wither are perhaps not so rare as to warrant a very particular description; and the memoir which forms the first article of the first number of *The Bibliographer* renders any attempt at a general account of his life and writings quite out of the question at present. I shall indulge myself however in a few remarks suggested by this volume, which has been long one of my favorite companions.

The title page is a well engraved copperplate, of which a long versified description is annexed. It represents the author sitting on a rock. Beneath him is a fair domain of houses, gardens, meadows and woods, and other goodly possessions, to which he points with his right hand, in which, at the same time, he holds a ribband with the words "*nec habeo.*" At his feet is a globe of the earth, with the words "*nec curo.*" The author, meanwhile, is looking up to heaven, from which descends a stream of glory; and from his lips proceed the words "*nec careo.*"

The poem, as may be inferred from the title, relates entirely to the author's own character and feelings. It is one of those "touching moral discussions which come home to men's business and bosoms."\* The effusion of real feeling never can be contemptible. Even the reveries of the maniac, the dreams of the moping idiot, if it were possible to trace them, would afford interesting speculations to the moralist and metaphysician. It is by the unthinking and cold-hearted only, by the "conceited plodding coxcomb," that such delineations are condemned: and by his contemporaries, George Wither was invariably traduced, persecuted, and calumniated. But although living in perpetual imprisonment and perpetual woe, the light of genius was unquenchable. Clouded indeed it might be for an hour, or a day, or even for a longer interval; but its utter extinction was a consummation which the combined force of all his foes never could effect. The light of genius, the "ray from heaven," shone on him in the midst of all the horrors of external darkness, desolation, and solitary confinement. Are these the characteristics of a soul which has merited oblivion?--- After the lapse of centuries they shall continue to awaken, as at this moment they are awakening, the hearts and imaginations of kindred bards!

Of the causes which led to the miseries of Wither, I doubt not that many may be referred to the same unfortunate tendency in ordinary minds, to traduce and oppress the children of genius and sensibility, which has been the enemy of the poetical character in all ages.

The character of George Wither, amidst all his

\* *Censura Literaria.*

misfortunes, seems to have been marked by a chivalrous dignity and fortitude. But this could not prevent his experiencing the most acute mental sufferings.

Nothing, I believe, is so rare as that liberality and expansion of mind which enables its possessor to pardon the weakness and aberrations by which genius and feeling are too often accompanied. The wrangling and selfish politician; the puffed-up church dignitary, and narrow-minded and stony-hearted special pleader; the voluptuous, the frivolous, and overweening bearer of garters and coronets; the pitiful plodders over endless tables of pounds and shillings and pence;—such are the characters of whom the majority of the human race is composed: and by these, and such as these, will the frailties and errors of the man of genius and sensibility be forgiven? Oh no! It is only when the last struggles of the sufferer are long since past—when the grass waves over his tomb, and malice no longer triumphs over the “foe that is low,”\* that his strains may be praised by congenial spirits, and praised without danger of being overwhelmed by the opposing torrent of malignant detraction.

Whatever is not expressed with mathematical concinnity, precision, and quickness; whatever bears not directly upon the attainment and prolongation of sensual pleasures and contemporary applause, (than which last nothing can be more despicable) or on the accumulation of riches, is by certain persons deemed contemptible and mischievous.

When ideas rise above the ordinary routine of business—when the mind forgets to accommodate itself

\* Scott. Preface to Carey's Poems in Edin. Ann. Register, 1809.

to the petty details of office, and to the mere empty ceremonies of "that which before us lies in daily life"—when the voice falters from the pressure of ideas which are too lofty for utterance, instead of lowering itself to some commonplace mathematical truism which has been repeated times without number—when such traces of a diviner nature are manifested, the spite and malignity of such persons arise to crush and overpower them. Hence we have to lament that George Wither spent his days in a prison—that the divine Spenser lived in misery and depression—that Otway was starved to death—that Burns expired, shrieking amid the horrors of desolate poverty—and perhaps that numberless lofty spirits have died "unwept, unhonoured," overwhelmed by misfortune, before opportunity was afforded them of becoming known to the world.



WITHER'S MOTTO.

*Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo.*

Nor have I, nor want I, nor care I.

Hah! will they storne? why let them; who needs care?  
 Or who dares frown on what the Muses dare,  
 Who when they list, can for a tempest call,  
 Which thunder louder than their fury shall?  
 And if men causelessly their power contemne,  
 Will more than mortall vengeance fling on them?

With thine owne trembling spirit, thou didst view  
 These free-borne lines; that doubtst what may ensue:  
 For if thou feltst the temper of my soule,  
 And knewst my heart, thou wouldst not feare controul.

Doe not I know, my honest thoughts are cleare  
 From any private spleene, or malice here?  
 Doe not I know that none will frowne at this,  
 But such as have apparent guiltinesse;

Or such as must to shame and ruine runne,  
 As some once ayming at my fall have done?  
 And can I feare those idle scar-crows then?  
 Those bugg-bearre perils, those mere shades of men?  
 At whose displeasure they for terror sweat,  
 Whose heart upon the world's vaine love is set?

No; when this Motto first I mine did make,  
 To me I tooke it, not for fashion's sake;  
 But that it might expresse me as I am,  
 And keepe me mindefull to be still the same.  
 Which I resolve to be; for could the eye  
 Of other men within my breast espie  
 My resolution, and the cause thereof,  
 They durst not at this boldnesse make a skoffe.

Shall I be fearefull of my selfe to speake;  
 For doubt some other may exceptions take?  
 If this age hold; ere long we shall go neere  
 Of ev'ry word of our to stand in feare.  
 And (five to one) if any should confesse  
 Those sinnes in publike, which his soule oppresse;  
 Some guilty fellow (moov'd thereat) would take it  
 Unto himselfe; and so, a libell make it.  
 Nay; we shall hardly be allowd to pray  
 Against a crying sinne; lest great men may  
 Suspect, that by a figure we intend  
 To point out them: and how they doe offend.  
 As I have hope to prosper; e're I'le fall  
 To such a bondage, I'le adventure all:  
 And make the whole world mad, to heare how I  
 Will fearlesse write and raile at villainy.  
 But oh! beware (gray-hayrd Discretion sayes)  
 The dogg fights well that out of danger playes.  
 For now, these guilty times so captious be  
 That such, as love in speaking to be free;  
 May for their freedome, to their cost be shent,  
 How harmlesse e're they be, in their intent:

And such as of their future peace have care,  
Unto the times a little servile are.

Pish; tell not me of times, or danger thus:  
To doe a villainy is dangerous;  
But in an honest action, my heart knowes  
No more of feare, then dead men do of blowes.  
And to be slave to times, is worse to me  
Then to be that, which most men feare to be.

I tell thee Critike; whatsoever thou,  
Or any man, of me shall censure now:  
They, who for ought here written doe accuse,  
Or with a minde malicious taxe my Muse;  
Shall not by day awake, nor sleepe by night,  
With more contentment, in their glorie's height,  
Then I will doe, though they should lay me where  
I must, in darkenes, bolts of iron weare;  
For, I am not so ignorant, but that  
I partly know what things I may relate;  
And what an honest man should still conceale,  
I know as well, as what he may reveale.

If they be poore and base, that feare my straine,  
These poore base fellowes are afraid in vaine.  
I scorne to spurne a dogge, or strike a flye,  
Or with such grooms to soile my poesie,  
If great they were, and fallen; let them know,  
I doe abhorr to touch a wounded foe.  
If on the top of honour, yet they be,  
Tis poore weake honour, if ought done by me  
May blot, or shake the same: yea, whatsoere  
Their titles cost, or they would faine appeare,  
They are ignoblé, and beneath me farre,  
If with these Measures they distempered are.  
For, if they had true greatness, they would knowe,  
The spight of all the world were farre below  
The seate of noblest honour; and that he,  
In whom true worth, and reall vertues be,



So well is arm'd, as that he feares no wrong  
 From any tyrant's hand, or villaine's tongue.  
 Much lesse be startled at those Numbers would,  
 Where Vertue's praised, and proud Vice controul'd.

Is any man the worse if I expresse  
 My Wants, my Riches, or my Carelesnesse?  
 Or can my honest thoughts, or my content,  
 Be turn'd to any man's disparagement,  
 If he be honest? Nay, those men will finde  
 A pleasure in this picture of my minde,  
 Who honour Vertue, and instead of blame,  
 Will (as they have done) love me for the same.

You are deceiv'd, if the Bohemian State  
 You thinke I touch; or the Palatinate:  
 Or that, this ought of Eighty-eight containes;  
 The Pouders-plot, or any thing of Spaine's:  
 That their ambassador neede question me,  
 Or bring me justly for it on my knee.  
 The state of those occurrences I know  
 Too well, my raptures that way to bestow.

Nor neede you doubt, but any friend you have,  
 May play the foole, and if he list the knave,  
 For ought here written: For it is not such  
 As you suppose; nor what you feare so much.

If I had been dispos'd to satyrize,  
 Would I have tam'd my Numbers in this wise?  
 No. I have Furies that lye ty'de in chaines,  
 Bold (English-mastive-like) adventrous straines:  
 Who fearelesse 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 sharpe-fang'd Satyrist.

That therefore, you no more mis-title this,  
 I say, it is my Motto; and it is.

I'll have it so: For, if it please not me,  
 It shall not be a Satyr, though it be.

What is't to you (or any man) if I,  
 This little Poem terme as foolishly,  
 As some men do their children? Is it not  
 Mine owne Minerva, of my braines begot?  
 For ought I know, I never did intrude,  
 To name your Whelps; and if you be so rude,  
 To meddle with my Kitling (though in sport)  
 'Tis odds, but shee'l go neere to scratch you for't.

Play with your Monkey then, and let it lye:  
 Or (if you be not angry) take it pray,  
 And read it over.—————

————— So; the Critick's gone,  
 Who at these Numbers carpt; and we alone:  
 Proceede we to the matter.—————

*Nec Habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.*

Some having seene, where I this motto writ  
 Beneath my Picture, askt, what meant it.  
 And many, in my absence, doe assay,  
 What by these words they best conjecture may:  
 Some have supposed, that it doth expresse,  
 An unadvised, desperate carelesnesse.  
 Some others doe imagine, that I meant  
 In little, to set foorth a great content.  
 Some, on each member of the sentence dwell,  
 And (first) will, what I have not, seeme to tell:  
 What things I want not, they will next declare:  
 And then they gesse, for what I doe not care.  
 But that they might not from my meaning err,  
 I'le now become mine own interpreter.

Some things I have, which here I will not show;  
 Some things I want, which you shall never know:  
 And sometime I (perchance) doe carefull grow;  
 But we, with that, will nothing have to doe.  
 If good occasion be thereof to speake;  
 Another time, we may the pleasure take.

That, which to treat of, I now purpose (therefor,)  
Is what I neither have, nor want, nor care for.

*Nec Habeo.*

And first; that no man else may censure me,  
For vaunting what belongeth not to me:  
Heare what I have not; for, I'le not deny  
To make confession of my poverty.

I have not of my selfe, the powre, or grace,  
To be, or not to be; one minute-space,  
I have not strength another word to write;  
Or tell you what I purposé to indite:  
Or thinke out halfe a thought, before my death,  
But by the leave of him that gave me breath.  
I have no native goodnes in my soul;  
But I was over all, corrupt and foul:  
And till another cleans'd me, I had nought  
That was not stain'd within me: not a thought.  
I have no propper merrit; neither will,  
Or to resolve, or act, but what is ill.  
I have no meanes of safety, or content,  
In ought which mine owne wisdom can invent.  
Nor have I reason to be desperate tho:  
Because for this, a remedy I know.

I have no portion in the world like this,  
That I may breathe that ayre, which common is:  
Nor have I seene within this spacious round,  
What I have worth my joy or sorrow found.  
Except it hath for these that follow binn;  
The love of my Redeemer, and my sinn.

I none of those great priviledges have,  
Which make the minions of the time, so brave.  
I have no sumptuous pallaces, or bowers  
That overtop my neighbours, with their towrs.  
I have no large demeanes or princely rents,  
Like those heroes; nor their discontents.

I have no glories from mine auncesters;  
 For want of reall worth to bragg of theirs:  
 Nor have I baseness in my pedigree;  
 For it is noble, though obscure it be.

I have no gold those honours to obtaine,  
 Which men might heretofore by Vertue gaine,  
 Nor have I witt, if wealth were given me;  
 To thinke, bought place or title, honour'd me.  
 I (yet) have no beliefe that they are wise,  
 Who for base ends, can basely temporise:  
 Or that it will at length be ill for me,  
 That I liv'd poore, to keepe my spirit free.

I have no causes in our pleading courts.  
 Nor start I at our Chancery reports.  
 No fearefull bill hath yet affrighted me,  
 No motion, order, judgement, or decree.  
 Nor have I forced beene to tedious journeys,  
 Betwixt my counsellors and my attorneys.  
 I have no neede of those long-gowned warriors,  
 Who play at Westminster unarm'd at Barriers:  
 For gamster for those Common-pleas am I,  
 Whose sport is marred by the Chancery.

I have no juggling hand, no double tongue;  
 Nor any minde to take, or doe a wrong.  
 I have no shifts or cunning sleights, on which  
 I feed my selfe, with hope of being rich.  
 Nor have I one of these, to make me poore;  
 Hounds, humors, running horses, haukes, or whore.

I have no pleasure in acquaintance, where  
 The rules of state, and ceremony, are  
 Observ'd so seriously, that I must daunce,  
 And act o're all the complements of France,  
 And Spaine, and Italy, before I can  
 Be taken, for a well-bred Englishman:  
 And every time we meet, be forc't agen,  
 To put in action that most idle sceane,

Mong these, much precious time (unto my cost)  
 And much true-hearty meaning have I lost.  
 Which having found, I doe resolve therefore,  
 To lose my time, and friendship, so no more.

I have no complements, but what may show,  
 That I doe manners, and good breeding know.  
 For much I hate, the forced, apish tricks,  
 Of those our home-disdaining politicks:  
 Who to the forraine guises are affected,  
 That English honesty is quite rejected:  
 And in the stead thereof, they furnisht home  
 With shaddowes of humanity doe come.  
 Oh! how judicious in their owne esteeme,  
 And how compleatly travelled they seeme,  
 If in the place of reall kindnesses,  
 (Which Nature could have taught them to expresse)  
 They can with gestures, lookes, and language sweet,  
 Fawne like a curtezan, on all they meete:  
 And vie, in humble and kind speaches, when,  
 They doe most proudly, and most falsely meane.

On this, too many falsely set their face,  
 Of courtship and of wisdome: but 'tis base.  
 For, servile (unto me) it doth appeare,  
 When we descend, to soothe and flatter, where  
 We want affection: yea, I hate it more,  
 Than to be borne a slave; or to be poore.  
 I have no pleasure, or delight in ought,  
 That by dissembling must to passe be brought.  
 If I dislike, I'le sooner tell them so,  
 Then hide my face beneath a friendly show.  
 For he, who to be just, hath an intent,  
 Needs nor dissemble, nor a lye invent.  
 I rather wish to faile with honestie,  
 Then to prevaile in ought by treacherie.  
 And with this minde, I'le fafer sleepe, then all  
 Our Machavillian polititians shall.

I have no minde to flatter ; though I might  
 Be made some lord's companion ; or a knight.  
 Nor shall my versa for me on begging goe,  
 Though I might starve, unlesse it did doe so.

I have no Muses that will serve the turne,  
 At every triumph ; and rejoyce or mourne,  
 Upon a minute's warning for their hire,  
 If with old Sherry they themselves inspire.  
 I am not of a temper, like to those  
 That can provide an houre's sad talke in prose,  
 For any funerall ; and then goe dine,  
 And choke my griefe, with sugar-plums and wine.  
 I cannot at the Claret sit and laugh,  
 And then, halfe tipsie, write an Epitaph ;  
 Or howle an Epicœdium for each groome,  
 That is by fraud, or nigardize, become  
 A welthy alderman : Nor, for each gull,  
 That hath acquir'd the stile of worshipfull,  
 I cannot for reward adorne the hearse  
 Of some old rotten Miser with my verse :  
 Nor like the Poetasters of the time,  
 Goe howle a dolefull Elegie in ryme,  
 For every lord or ladyship that dyes :  
 And then perplex their heires, to patronize  
 That muddy Poesie. Oh ! how I scorne,  
 Those raptures, which are free, and nobly borne,  
 Should fidler-like, for entertainment scrape  
 At strangers' windowes ; and goe play the ape,  
 In counterfeiting passion, when ther's none :  
 Or in good earnest, foolishly bemoane  
 (In hope of cursed bounty) their just death ;  
 Who, (living) merrit not, a minute's breath  
 To keepe their fame alive, unles to blow  
 Some trumpet, which their black disgrace may show.

I cannot (for my life) my pen compell,  
 Upon the praise of any man to dwell :

Unlesse I know, (or thinke at least) his worth,  
 To be the same which I have blazed forth.  
 Had I some honest suit ; the gaine of which,  
 Would make me noble, eminent, and rich ;  
 And that to compasse it, no meanes there were,  
 Unlesse I basely flatter'd some great peere ;  
 Would with that suite, my ruine I might get :  
 If on those termes I would endeavour it !

I have not bin to their condition borne,  
 Who are enclyned to respect, and scorne,  
 As men in their estates doe rise or fall :  
 Or rich, or poore, I vertue love in all.  
 And where I find it not, I doe dispise  
 To fawn on them ; how high soe'er they rise.  
 For, where proud greatnesse without worth I see,  
 Old Mordecai had not a stiffer knee.

I cannot give a plaudit (I protest)  
 When as his lordship thinks, he breakes a jeast,  
 Unles it move me ; neither can I grin,  
 When he a causeles laughter doth begin.  
 I cannot sweare him truely honourable ;  
 Because he once receiv'd me to his table :  
 And talk't, as if the Muses glad might be,  
 That he vouchsafed such a grace to me.  
 His slender worth I could not blazen so,  
 By strange hyperboles, as some would do.  
 Or wonder at it, as if none had bin  
 His equall, since King William first came in.  
 Nor can I thinke true vertue ever car'd  
 To give or take, (for praise) what I have heard.

For, if we pryze them well ; what goodly grace,  
 Have outward beauties, riches, titles, place,  
 Or such ; that we the owners should commend,  
 When no true vertues doe on these attend ?  
 If beautiful he be, what honor's that ?  
 As fayre as he, is many a begger's brat.

If we his noble titles would extoll :  
 Those titles he may have and be a fool.  
 If seats of justice he hath climb'd, (we say)  
 So tyrants, and corrupt oppressors may.  
 If for a large estate his praise we tell,  
 A thousand villaines may be prais'd as well.  
 If he his prince's good esteeme be in ;  
 Why, so hath many a bloudy traytor bin.  
 And if in these things he alone excell,  
 Let those that list, upon his praises dwell.  
 Some other worth I find, e're I have sense  
 Of any praise-deserving excellence.  
 I have no friends, that once affected were,  
 But to my heart they sit this day as neare,  
 As when I most endear'd them (though they seeme,  
 To fall from my opinion or esteeme :)  
 For pretious time in idle would be spent,  
 If I with all should alwayes complement.  
 And till my love I may to purpose show,  
 I care not wher' they think I love or no.  
 For sure I am, if any find me chang'd,  
 Their greatnes, not their meannesse, me estrang'd. R. P. G.  
 Edinburgh, March 10th 1614.

## 20

*Ad Dominum Buckhurstium, non esse Rerum affluentiam  
 Ingenii bonis anteferendam: cupere se ante mortem  
 suam de Morte scribere: peregregium et perhonorificum  
 esse apud posteros ob præstantia edita facinora  
 bene audire et famam emereri.*

## ODE MONOCOLOS.

Buckhursti, patriis splendide copiis,  
 Fælix ad faciles edite sic opes,  
 Nascendo locuples, et sine sanguine,



Sudore aut animi, aut corporis improbo.  
 Sortis divitias (sis bonus arbiter)  
 Census dic melius pluris an æstimas?  
 Nam dis, doctus et es, dic age, dic sibi  
 An Buckhurstius, an res sua dulcior.  
 Mens, an mensa epulis, arcaque nummulis  
 Inturgens? potes es farier optime.

Fortunæ esse aias ne bona plurimi:  
 Tunc Christus miser, et omnis Apostolus,  
 Aut oracula qui fuderit enthea,  
 Compluresque sophi iudice te preti  
 Nullius fuerint, tunc ego non bonus,  
 Ad rem plus hebes: at mentis, et ingeni  
 Fors est vena aliqua, hanc ego promptior  
 Urgebo, rapidi sic fuga temporis,  
 Et desiderio mens jubet intimo!

Fama musa beat, vellem equidem, baro,  
 Plectris Ausoniis, carmine et Italo  
 Mortis dicere jus, atque potentiam.  
 Laudi segnis obest plus taciturnitas,  
 Perpulchrum est populis vivere posteris,  
 Quæ flammam faculis egregios viros,  
 Est mentisque bonæ sancta superbia.

Non omnis moritur qui viret actibus,  
 Mens exulta bonos dicit ad exitus  
 Mortales operans, ac caput efficax  
 Functos ter geminis tollet honoribus:  
 Ad nomen meritis celsius ibitur.

I have before given an account of the volume of *Drant's Latin Poems*, from which this ode is extracted. This little piece is here copied, because it is addressed to one of the most illustrious geniuses of an illustrious

age; and because it contains sentiments which dignify the writer, and elevate the human mind.

I had never seen these Poems till within the last two months; but the same regrets for the preference which Lord Buckhurst gave to meaner ambitions, above those which the Muse, so profuse in her gifts to him, must have inspired, was expressed by me in a long passage of a poem called *The Wizard*, inserted in the 2d vol. of *Censura Literaria*, in 1805. With whatever confidence we speculate on the characters of those who lived ages ago, we are pleased with the sanction of cotemporaries for the opinions we have formed.

It would have been well for posterity, and I firmly believe it would have been well for the happiness and virtue of Lord Buckhurst, if he had given more of his life to the occupations of poetry, and less to those of a courtier or statesman. How wonderfully powerful he was in all those vivid and creative faculties, which, surmounting an unformed language and semi-barbarous age, could produce a long legend of high-toned images and affecting pathos, unabated by passages of flatness, or tiresome detail, or uncouth diction, his celebrated tale of *Henry Duke of Buckingham*, introduced by his noble *Induction*,\* will prove!

The extraordinary author lived at least fifty years after the composition of this Poem. How fatal must have been the air of a court, which would dry up wellsprings of such fertility and fire!

\* In BALDWIN'S *Mirror for Magistrates*, written in the reign of Q. Mary, but not inserted till the 2d edit. of that work.





## 21.

*The Gardener's Labyrinth. Containing a Discourse of the Gardener's Life, in the yearly travels to be bestowed on his plot of Earth, for the use of a Garden: with instructions for the choise of Seedes, apt times for sowing, setting, planting, and watering, and the vessels and instruments serving to that use and purpose: Wherein are set forth divers Herbers, Knots and Mazes, cunningly handled for the beautifying of Gardens. Also the Phisicke benefit of ech Herb, Plant, and Flowre, with the vertues of the distilled Waters of every of them, as by the Sequele may further appeare. Gathered out of the best approved Writers of Gardening, Husbandrie, and Phisicke: by Dydymus Mountain.*

*London Printed by Adam Islip, 1594, 4to. pp. 180,\* besides Table.*

THIS edition is not mentioned by Herbert.

## 22.

*The Same, London, Printed by Henry Ballard, 1608. 4to. pp. 180, besides Table.*

There was an earlier edition printed by Binneman.

This translation is dedicated to William Lord Burleigh, by HENRY DETHICKE, in which he speaks of "the perfectinge this English Treatise, in obedience to his promise to a friend lately interred."

The wood-cuts are curious, as shewing the whimsical disposition of the plots of a garden in those times.

\* P. 46 is misprinted 49 in this Edit.



## 23.

*The Actions of the Low Countries, written  
By Sir Roger Williams, Knight. London,  
Printed by Humfrey Lownes, for Matthew Lownes.  
1618.*

(\* \*)

Quarto, pp. 133.

DEDICATED to Sir Francis Bacon by SIR PETER  
MANWOODE, (son of Chief Baron Manwoode) from  
*St. Stephens* near Canterbury, 1 Jan. 1617, who says:

“ This part of History, having lain a long time by me, I have thought good to publish to the world; and that especially for these reasons. *First*, to incite other men of Arms to imitate in like sort their great Master Julius Cæsar, who wrote exact Commentaries, (adorned of late with observations of a worthy man of our nation) of such military actions as happened under his command. *Secondly*, to prevent lest such worthy pains should either perish, or hereafter be set forth by others as their own: a thing too much practised by some not of meanest note. *Lastly*, to make this a means of drawing the residue into light, which haply sleepeth in the custody of some other man.”

Sir Roger Williams was a native of Monmouthshire; was educated at Oxford, and died in London 1595. Wood says of this book,

“ The author being unlearned, and only tutored by experience, hath penned the said History with very exquisite judgment, he being an actor in the said actions or wars.”

It has an *Address to the Reader* by Sir John Haywarde, in which he says :

“ Touching the History itself, it is faithful and free ; wherein are found sieges, assaults, surprises, ambushes, skirmishes, battles, lively described : great variety both of persons, and of actions ; much mutability of fortune, many changes in affairs : admirable advices, unexpected events, ponderous judgments ; a phrase in a soldier’s stile, sinewy, and sweet ; full both of perspicuity and grace : in a word, I esteem it a complete History, if it were complete, I mean, if it extended to all the actions, wherein the author did serve. But whether the residue was never written, or whether it be perished, or whether it resteth in any other hand, I remain doubtful. This piece being shewed to me by a person, of whose virtues I had rather speak nothing than not enough, I did much esteem ; for that it compriseth some actions of the time, wherein I have lived : of which time I endeavour to leave a large memorial to posterity. But coming to me in a ragged hand, much maimed both in sense and in phrases, I have restored it so near as I could, both to the stile and meaning of the Author.”

Sir Roger also wrote *A brief Discourse of War, with his opinion concerning some part of military Discipline*, Lond. 1590, 4to. in which he defends the military art of his country against that of former days. He is highly commended by Dr. Gabriel Harvey, in his *Pierce’s Supererogation*, 4to. 1593, and the reader may see honourable mention of him in *Churchyard’s Wars in the Netherlands*, (Lond. 1602). See also an Epigram on him in the first book of Sir John Stradling’s Epigrams.\*

\* See Wood’s Ath. by Bliss, I. 644.

Walter Scott has reprinted this Tract on *the Actions in the Low Countries*, in the new Edition of the *Somers Tracts*.

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## 24.

*Biographers of Gen. Monke.*

JOHN PRICE, D. D. Rector of Petworth, &c. died May, 1691.

THO. GUMBLE, D. D. 1661, of Caius College, A. M. 1650, Vicar of Wicombe, Bucks, formerly Burgess for that Borough, and a zealous Commonwealth's man.

"BOTH these Doctors have left an account of *The Life and Actions of General Monke*. Dr. Price's is a very pretty book. Dr. Gumble's has much of the cold stream. Your Lordship has no doubt seen both." *T. Baker to Bp. Kennett*.

Dr. Gumble was son of John Gumble, of the parish of St. Stephen's, Norwich, and educated at the public school there; admitted a poor scholar 1642, aged 16; presented to the Church of East Lavant, in Sussex, 1663. *Ibid*.

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## 25.

*Dr. Calamy's Book.*

"DR. CALAMY'S Book being a continuation, not a new Edition, I sent for it myself, and so have stayed the longer, not receiving it till Saturday last. It is such a wilderness, and contains so many obscure persons (at least to me) that I shall not have patience to turn it over. I shall send some few observations on the University and County of Cambridge, where I am best acquainted, which yet will rather shew the author not to be very accurate than much mistaken."

“ But tho’ the account of ejected Ministers be imperfect, I could send your Lordship a pretty long list of our ejected Clergy, either not mentioned by Dr. Walker, or not upon such sure vouchers, being taken from the original Books of the Committee for plundered Ministers, which Dr. Walker had not seen, and seems not inclined to proceed any further for want of health, which I am sorry for. As indeed I am not inclined to proceed any further with Dr. Calamy, your Lordship will accept this short and imperfect account, rather as an act of obedience than of use.” *T. Baker to Bp. Kennett. 1727.*

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## 26.

*The first Booke of the Historie of the Discoverie and Conquest of the East Indias, enterprised by the Portingales, in their daungerous Navigations in the time of King Don John, the Second of that Name. Which Historie containeth much varietie of Matter, very profitable for all Navigators, and not vnpleasaunt to the Readers. Set foorth in the Portingale Language, by Hernan Lopes de Castaneda. And now translated into English by N. L. Gentleman. Imprinted at London by Thomas East, 1582, 4to. Sign. Tt. iij.*

This Translation is dedicated to Sir Francis Drake, Kt. and signed

“ Your Worships always to Command,  
Nicholas Lichefield, Gentleman.”

It is a very rare volume. The Translator says to Sir Francis, “ if it may please you to peruse and accept this in good part, I shall be greatly emboldened to proceed and publish also the second and third Book, which I am assured will neither be unpleasant nor unprofitable to the reader.”

## 27.

*A true and experimentall Discourse, upon the beginning, proceeding, and Victorious Event of the last Siege of Breda. With the antiquity and annexing of it to the House of Nassaw, and the many alterations it hath suffered by Armes and Armies, within these threescore Years.*

*Together with the prudent plots, projects, and policies of War: The Assailants' and Defendants' matchlesse manhood, in managing Martiall affaires: The misery and manner of Souldiers living, their pinching want, and fatall accidents: Strange Weapons and Instruments used by both parties in severall conflicts.*

*Lastly, their concluded Articles, with the circumstances and ordering of the Siege and Victory. Being pleasant to peruse, and profitable to observe.*

*Written by him who was an eye-witnesse of the Siege,*

WILLIAM LITHGOW.

*London Printed by J. Okes for J. Rothwell, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Churchyard, at the signe of the Sunne. 1637.*

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Quarto, pp. 55.

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IN the Prologue to the Reader, the author says:

“ Thou mayst admire to see my flying quill come unto such a low flight, as the Belgian Provinces: which formerly slighted (in the late and large Discourse of my long and fasti-



dious Travels\*) this Western Worlde : but made a step from Paris to Rome : Nay, scarce of Rome itself would my pen peruse any paines, till my face sighted Greece, and Eastern Europe. Whence there my feet footing pedestrially many Regions in Asia, and thence consequently voyaging in Africa, by two severall turnes and returns : It is a wonder, I say, to behold my remote labours fall now upon Breda in Brabant, our neighbour soile, divided from us only, as it were, by a channel of the Sea. And yet reason fortifieth my intention, since now inability of body restraineth me from any further launching abroad, and my preteriat daies of long worne time, being stricken in age, retroverteth the ancient proverbe backwards upon myself : to wit, *that young men have wide eies abroad, and old men narrow eies at home* : which now I begin reciprocally to countercambiat, being of both sayings participant."



*To his singular friend and renowned Traveller Mr.  
Lithgow.*



" Cannot this isle thy wandering mind contain,  
 When age hath crown'd thy foreign toils and sight,  
 But now that Belgia must thy steps sustain,  
 To pry where Mars involves his awful might ?  
 Thy former Travels lend the world great light,  
 And after-times thy memory shall praise :  
 But now Breda claims in thy pains a right,  
 To rouse her worth, her strength, her change, her strays ;  
 Thou bring'st remotest toils to home-bred ways,  
 And turns thy tune to sing a tragic song !  
 It's done, and well each work thy merits raise,  
*Patron of Pilgrims, Poet, Penman, long !*

\* " His Booke of nineteene years travailes, performed by three severall Voyages."

A soldier's phrase thy curious stile affords,  
 To fit the subject with their deeds and words.  
 Soar then, brave Spark, on flying wings of Fame,  
 That in this task revives thy living name !

ALEXANDER GRAHAME."



*To his peculiar associate, and pilgrimagious Brother,  
 William Lithgow.*



" From Paris once to Rome with thee I went,  
 But further off thy brave design was bent ;  
 Which thou achiev'd in two-fold Asia twice,  
 And compass'd Europe, coasted Afric thrice :  
 O curious toil ! expos'd in soils remote !  
 But rarer far that rare discourse thou wrote,  
 To light the world : and now thy quill the while  
 Shuts up Breda within this Tragic stile.

JAMES ARTHUR."



At the outset the Traveller speaks of his " truly and magnanimous Lord, Alexander Earl of Galloway ;" of Dr. Potter, Bishop of Carlisle ; of Dr. Morton, Bishop of Durham ; and Dr. Niel, Archbishop of York. At p. 14, he mentions four English Regiments at the Siege under the command of Colonels Morgan, Gowreine (*Goring*), Herbert, and Colepeper : " And then of three Scotch Regiments under the three Colonels, " the Lord Amon, Sir James Sandilands, and Sir David Balfoure."

P. 23. "There, and at this time was Captaine Crofts killed, and that Honourable Gentleman Colonell Gowreine shot in the legge with a most dangerous and pitiful hurt, to the great lamentation of many noble hearts : Besides the death and deadly wounds of many commanded gallants, and uncommanded Voluntiers, amongst whom was one *Peter Ape-slee*, (*Apsley*) shot through his cheeke and mouth, taking away two of his fore-teeth, which indeed was a sharp caveat to temper a jeering mouth."

P. 26. "Col. Sandilands was shot through the left arme, from the wrist almost to his elbow, whereof (praised be God) he is now happily convalesced."

P. 27. "To behold the assault came hither the Lord Viscount Grandeson, the Lord Craven, and certain other English Gallants, of singular note." &c.

Soon after happened a great death of Scotchmen, and shameful flight of the Dutch. Serjt. Lindsey was drowned in the moat. Lieut. Col. Henderson, whose father, Sir Robt. Henderson, a Col. lately killed at Bergen-op-zoom, was "a son of that venerable and martial race of Fordell," died in the bed of Honour. There fell also "that gallant and ever-lamented Gentleman, Capt. Williamson," and "ancient Hamilton, Perdevan's son beside Lithgow" with Lindsey, Inglis, Corbet, and young Moncrief. Sir Philip Balfour was shot in the left arm; and ancient Drummond lost a leg. Lieut. Gladstones, an aged man, was slain, as was "ancient Fargeson."

P. 45. "At the beginning and about the middle time of the Siege there remained here in the Prince's quarters for certain dayes, those two noble Lords, the Earle of Warwicke, and the Earle of Northampton; and with him was the Queene's Ma-

Jestie's Dwarf, strenuous Jeffrey, that Cyclopien creature, whose gigantisme body made the bulwarkes of Breda to tremble. But rather, I would say, this sonne of Conopas made the whole army to admire his monstrous smalnesse; who for this Bellonean practice our Champion said, he may justly, as Generall, lead an army of Pigmies to the Catopian fields, where Molon, Commander of the contrary Campe, will runne at tilt against him with the launce of a rush as long as a straw: and so leaving this memorable monument of a living statue, I returne to my purpose."

At p. 49 the traveller digresses to good news from the Eastern parts of Germany, where General Leslie commanded the vanguard at a Victory over the Imperialists, Aug. 9, 1636. Here was slain Col. Robt. Cunningham, a son of the house of Boniton upon Clyde. General Ruthwen is also commemorated; and Col. Hepburne, with Col. Hepburne the younger, his cousin, "Son and apparent heir of that ancient house of Wachtou."

"But now to return to the LESLIES, of whom there are so many valorous Colonells and Captaines, besides the aforesaid Generall, that I may justly averre it, that there are not so many of one surname within Europe, and in this age have acquisted more credit, honour, and indubitable reputation, than that heroick and *Bellonean* name hath done. Whereof Gustavus' Ghost may testifie not onely of them, but also of divers other worthy and noble Commanders, as these honourable Colonells, Mackay, now Lord of Raye; two of the surnames of Lindsey, Earles of Crawford, the noble Forbes, two of Hamilton, three of Cuninghame; the rest of the Colonells were Minroe, Lumsdale, Stewart, Keith, Baillie, Gunne, and that once highly respected commander under the Marquesse of Hannay, Sir James Ramsey, lately deceased; with sundry other like Colonells, and many Captaines of noble memory; and so from them

generally of the whole Scots, their followers, that they have been the nerves and sinews of his army ; yea, and the sword of his right hand : for as the Myrmidons were the bulwarks of Alexander's fortunes, so were they the pike and buckler of all Adolphus' most glorious achievements, as well in Prussia, Germany, as on the borders of Russia, or elsewhere, whose proper and peculiar acts, or most of them, I could seriously divulge, but time, it traitours me : neither may this present volumne permit me to engrosse any prolixious subject, (howsoever necessary) unlesse I had a proposed drift to perfect punctually in a larger relation than this, their generous and generall proceedings, their heroick exploits, and fastidious following of their adventurous labours in martiall discipline ; and so I hasten to *Finis*.

“ But what shall I say ? Scotland, now a dayes, hath no Historian, bravest Wits turn dull, Poets sing dumbe, Penmen grow deafe, and best spirits slumber. And why ? Because there is no Mecænas, as little regard, farre lesse reward of ingrateful patrones ; the praises of past worthies lie interred in the dust, and future times robbed of the necessary knowledge of things past and present, and thus in the darknesse of ingratitude, the living men murder the memory of the dead. Nay, and worse, Penmen now may not labour in their paines, because of clownish carpers, critics, calumniators, and distracted censurers, that tare the life of Vertue in pieces with their spiteful tongues ; for it is a more facile thing for a miscreant to judge than to suffer judgement himselfe : And especially some raw-mouth'd younglings, (nay rather fondlings) who being nearly Laureate, after short foure halfe yeares time spent in the Colledge, they come forth from this small commencement, (wanting wit, judgement, and understanding) like to bulls broken out from dungeons, to beate the faces of the world : Wise men are ignorant to them, the Laiety but lubbards, old men but fooles ; and they will have men of honour to honour them with the first good-morrow, the top of the table, the right hand, and the

enterey of the doore. And why? Because they are over-master'd with Art, not masters of it; having their shallow braines loaden with the empty apprehension of bottomlesse syllogismes, rotten ragges of Heathenish Philosophy, and clouted phrases of Paganisme authors, who but they? and if they rayle upon divine authority, vulgars say, they are brave schollers, hopefull youths, and well set; away, runne here and there, goe beyond sea, to teach and concionate! Some of which presumptuous crew I found here in the Leaguer before Breda, (I meane of mine owne countreyemen, and none other) whose beardlesse mouths have greater neede of more learning, knowledge, and instruction, than to dare to doe the thing they cannot doe; whose names I reserve to discover in my verbal and ordinary discourses."

## 28.

## WILLIAM LAMBARD.

*A Collection of the ancient Saxon Laws*, delivered to *Lambard* by Lawrence Nowel, which he published under the title of *Αρχαιονομια*, dedicated to Sir Wm. Cordell, from Lincoln's Inn, 1668, was revised from the MS. of *Lambard* in the hands of Selden, and published by *Mr. Abraham Whelock*, 1644, with the addition of several Saxon Canons from Sir Hen. Spelman, and the Latin Laws of Edw. Conf. and K. Will. from the Eadmerus of Selden, and the Laws of Hen. I. with a preface to these latter by Sir Roger Twisden.

Mr. Whelock gives this character of Mr. *Lambard's* translation of the Saxon:—"Dominum *Lambardum* et legum nostrarum et elegantiarum omnium callentissimum virum, miror quidem et veneror: sed annon hic plurimis in locis paraphrastentè magis quam interpretem præbuit, tute lector, judicabis." *Kennett's MSS.*

*The Running Register: recording a True Relation of the state of the English Colledges, Seminaries, and Cloysters in all forraigne parts. Together with a briefe and compendious discourse of the Lives, Practises, Coozenage, Impostures and Deceits of all our English Monk, Friers, Jesuits, and Seminarie Priests in general. By Lewis Owen.*

*Quæ nascentia sunt mala, ea crescentia peiora.*  
Stob. Serm. 44.

*London, Printed for Robert Milbourne, and are to be sold at the great South doore of Pauls. 1626.*

←○-○-○-○-○-○-○-○-○-→  
Quarto pp. 118.  
←○-○-○-○-○-○-○-○-○-→

THE Book is dedicated to “ Sir Julius Cæsar, Knight, Master of the Rowles,” where he introduces some account of himself and his book as follows.

“ RIGHT HONORABLE,

“ Having in my many yeeres trauell in forraine Countries seene with mine eyes, and by conference with others, learned the state of the Colledges, Seminaries and Cloisters, which our English Fugitiues haue in all those forraine parts, together with some part of their practises, impostures, coozenage, and deceits, their whole drifts being to alienate the hearts of his Maiesties Subjects from their Allegiance, and to possesse them with the filthy dregs of Spanish infection, and Popish Superstition: and withiall to impouerish this Kingdome, by transporting ouer into those parts, of infinit summes of money; and diuers other

hainous capitall crimes, and intollerable offences and abuses, too too long heere to be recited, I thought it my bounden dutie both to my King, Church, and Countrey, to publish the same to the view of the world, being not altogether ignorant that it is a subiect not well pleasing the humours of the English Romane-Catholikes, especially their Clergie-men: but as for the truth of those things which I haue touched, I gine them free scope and liberty to impugne and contradict it if they can," &c.

After the Dedication, follows "The Epistle to the Reader;" and immediately after, "A Catalogue of the English Colledges, Seminaries, Cloisters, and other Religious Houses, in all forraine parts."

The following extracts from the book itself are chiefly on account of their intrinsic curiosity. The work also abounds with anecdotes of those English Roman Catholics, who had fled for refuge to those religious institutions, which the Author is at so much pains to ridicule and condemn.

"Of the English Colledge at Saint Omer" (p. 14.)

"In the English Colledge at Saint Omer, the Jesuites haue a printing Presse, to print such Popish Bookes and Seditious, (yea blasphemous) Pamphlets as are written by any English Jesuite. I may very well call some of them blasphemous Pamphlets; and among all the rest, that little Pamphlet, intituled *Prurit-Anus*, which was written and twice printed in that Colledge: but the Copies for the most part taken, and at two seuerall times burned at *Pauls-Crosse* after Sermon time, about fourteene yeeres agoe. The Authours who were *Wilson* and the rest of the Jesuites there (because it was stuffed with such horrible blasphemies) were ashamed to subscribe their owne names thereunto, but borrowed a fained name of one *Horatio Dolobella* a Neapolitan. I dare boldly say, that if either *Julian* the *Apostate*, or *Lucian*



the *Atheist*, should haue undertaken the like worke, the one could not haue deuised to write more blasphemously; or the other to scoffe, and flout at God's Word more prophanely, than the Author (or to say the truth, the Authors) of that most blasphemous and scandalous Pamphlet, or Libell.

“ Their Presse is worth unto them more than foure hundred pounds yearely. For they themselves are the Authors, Correctors, Composers, and Pressemen; in so much that it doth cost them nothing but Paper and Inke; and these bookes they doe sell at an unreasonable rate: for they are not ashamed to sell a booke that containes not a quire of Paper, for five or sixe shillings; and to that purpose they haue their Factors, and Brokers in *London*, and all parts of *England*, to disperse and sell these Bookes and Pamphlets, and to transport the money unto them to *Saint Omer*.”

He relates also a story of a *Kentish-man*, whom

“ The English Jesuites tooke away with them, and brought him to a house, which they haue, not farre from their Colledge; where they locked him fast in a Chamber seuen dayes, allowing him but very small commons, for his sixe-pence a day: they gaue him *Canisius Catechisme* \* in English, and other Popish bookes to reade; together with a paire of Beads, and a yong Priest came unto him once, or twice euery day to instruct him.”

“ *Of the English Nunnes at Lisbon*” (p. 109.)

“ If any man be desirous to know further of their estate and course of life, let him reade a little Pamphlet entituled,

\* An Edition of *Canisius's Catechism* in the Scottish Dialect, was in the Library of the Duke of Roxburghe, (No. 505) of which the following is the title.

“ *Canisius's Catechisme, translated by Adam King of Edinburgh, with Kalendar, and ane schort vaye scharing how vve maye verdily præpaire us to confession leffoir the receaving of the halie sacrament. Paris. 1588.*”  
Small 12°.

*The Anatomie of the English Nunnes of Lisbon*;\* and there he shall see them liuely purtrayed out by one that was lately one of their owne fraternitie."

D. C.

## 30.

*Musarum Oxoniensium Charisteria pro Serenissima Regina Maria, recens e nixus laboriosi discrimine recepta.*

*Oxonæ, Typis Leonard Lichfield Academia Typographi, 1638, in Quarto.*

THE COPIES of Verses in this Collection consist of Greek, Latin, French, and English; the following is a list of Authors' names, according to their order in the Book.

## LATIN, GREEK, AND FRENCH.

- A. Frewen *Viccan. Oxon. et Præsidens Coll. Magd.*  
 Jacobus Herbertus, *Philippi Com. Pemb. et Montgom. filius natu tertius, è Coll. Jesu.*  
 Ja Levingston, *Baronettus Coll. Merton.*  
 Rob. Pink, *Cust. Coll. Nov.*  
 Thomas Lawrence, *Magister Coll. Bal.*  
 Guil. Strode, S. T. *Prof. Orator Publicus ex æde Christi.*  
 Ροσειρος ὁ Μεγας ἐκ τῆ Μαγδ. φροντισ. Gr.  
 J. Crowder, *Joan.*  
 Ed. Diggle, *Soc. Coll. Magd.*

\*. *The Anatomy of the English Nunnery at Lisbon*, 4to. Lond. Printed 1622 and 30.

- Ger. Langbaine, *C. Reg. S. Ob.* 1657.  
 S. Evans, *LL. Bac. N. C.*  
 Guil. Cartwright, *Art. Mag. ex Æde Ch. Ob.* 1642.  
 J. Maplet, *Art. Mag. ex Æde Ch. Ob.* 1670.  
 R. Mill, *A. M. Coll. Mag.*  
 Ed. Marow, *LL. Bac. Nov. Coll. Soc.*  
 Ναθαναήλ Ιερομόναχος ὁ Κωνωνίσιος *Εκ φροντιστῶν Βαλ. Gr.*  
 Ed. Silvester, *è Coll. Bal. Gr. A noted scholar.*  
 Hen. Killigrew, *Mag. Art. ex Æde Ch. father of Anne K.*  
 P. Allibond, *Coll. Linc. Soc.*  
 J. Beesby, *Art. Mag. Nov. Coll. Soc.*  
 M. Berkeley, *M. A. ex Æde Ch.*  
 G. Gisby, *Joan. B. D.* 1646.  
 H. May, *A. B. N. C. Soc.*  
 G. Wilde, *Joan. Bp. of Londonderry. Ob.* 1665.  
 R. Waring, *A. M. ex Æde Ch. Ob.* 1658.  
 Ant. Hodges, *A. M. è Coll. Nov.*  
 J. Hyde, *M. A. Coll. Magd.*  
 Fr. Atkins, *M. A. Coll. Wad.*  
 R. Barrel, *A. M. Coll. Magd. Soc.*  
 G. Ashwell, *A. M. et Soc. C. Wad. Ob.* 1693.  
 G. Grove, *A. M. Coll. Wad.*  
 G. Borlase, *ex Æde Ch.*  
 N. Langford, *Jurist è Coll. Nov.*  
 J. Sackvil, *Eq. de Baln. fil. nat. max. ex Æde Chr.*  
 T. Sackvil, *Eq. de Baln. fil. nat. min. ex Æde Chr.*  
 F. Hervey, *Eq. de Baln. fil. nat. max. ex Æde Ch.*  
 T. Daunt, *Arm. fil. nat. max. Col. Linc.*  
 J. Daunt, *Arm. fil. nat. sec. è Col. Linc.*  
 J. Fell, *Ædis Chr. Alum. Bp. of Oxford. Ob.* 1686.  
 T. Littleton, *Coll. Jesu Socio-Commens.*  
 R. Bride-oake, *A. M. è Coll. Nov. Bp. of Chichester.*  
*Ob.* 1678.  
 J. Dighton, *Soc. Coll. Univers.*  
 Jo. Castillion, *A. M. Nov. Coll. Dean of Rochester. Ob.* 1688.

- R. West, *A. B. ex Æde Chr.*  
 Conyers D'Arcy, *fil. nat. major. Conyers D'Arcy armig.*  
*Coll. Univers.*  
 Guil. Draper, *ex Æde Chr.*  
 Jo. Curle, *Nov. Coll. Civilist.*  
 M. Lewellin, *ex Æde Chr. Poet. Ob. 1681.*  
 G. Wallwyn, *è Coll. Joan, A. B. of East-Coker, Co. Som.*  
 Ed. Gray, *M. A. ex Æde Ch.*  
 F. Palmer, *ex Æd. Ch.*  
 Miles Criche, *A. B. ex. Æd. Ch.*  
 G. J. Arm. *Fill. Coll. Mag. Com.*  
 Ben. Master, *ex Æde Ch.*  
 Sam. Jackson, *Æd. Ch. Alum. M. D. Ob. 1674.*  
 Charles Vane, *Maistre ès Arts du Coll. de Magd. Fr.*  
 Edouard Vane, *Bach. ès Arts du Coll. de Magd. Fr.*  
 Ed. Corbet, *Soc. Merton. et Proc. Sen. Acad. Ob. 1657.*  
 Joh. Nicholson, *Coll. Mag. Proc. Jun.*  
 A. Frewen, *Vicecan. Oxon. Abp. of York. Ob. 1664.*

## ENGLISH.

- Anonymous.* To the Queene.  
 Jo. Herbert, fourth Son to *Philip Earle of Pembroke and Montgomery, of Jesus Coll.*  
 John Windebank, *Bac. Art. and Fellow of New Coll. M. D.*  
 R. Mill, *A. M. Col. Mag.*  
 Jasper Mayne, *M. A. of Ch. Ch. a poet of note.*  
 W. Cartwright of Ch. Ch. *poet.*  
 Ro. Barrell, *Coll. Magd.*  
 Edmond Vaughan, *Fellow of C. C. C. Ob. 1669.*  
 J. S. C. C. C. Sch.  
 Horatius Moore, *Armig. fil. univ. Col. Bal.*  
 J. Wither, *Art. B. C. B.*  
 J. T. Bal. *Coll.*

- Ja. Jackson.  
 Jos. Howe, M. A. Prin. Coll. Soc. of *Grendon, Bucks.*  
 Rich. Lovelace, Mag. Art. A. Glouc. fil. Guil. Lovelace  
 Eq. Aur. Nat. max. *a celebrated poet.*  
 A. Nevil, Coll. Univers.  
 Franc. Atkins, M. of Arts of Wad. Colledge.  
 H. C. Coll. Mag.  
 Ed. Gray, M. A. of Ch. Ch.  
 H. Ramsay of Ch. Ch.  
 H. Benet, Ch. Ch. *after, Earl of Arlington.*  
 E. Yorke.  
 Humphrey Hull, M. A. of Ch. Ch.  
 Charles May, Art. Bac. Joan.  
 W. Towers of Ch. Ch. *Ob.* 1666.  
 Rich. Paynter, Joan.  
 Ri. West. Bac. Art. Ch. Ch.  
 Ri. Grenvile, ex Aul. Glo.  
 R. Bride-oake, M. Art. N. C.  
 John Harris, N. C. Schol. *Warden of Winton. Ob.* 1658.  
 John Lowen of Ch. Ch. *Ob.* 1677.  
 Ralph Hare, Mag. Coll. Com.  
 R. Cary, C. C. C.  
 T. Dale, M. A. Univ. Coll.



On the last leaf we have the following Copy of  
 Verses by Leonard Lichfield, Printer to the University  
 of Oxford.

*The Printer's Close.*

MOST GRACIOUS QUEENE,

Great Joyes and Griefs are dumbe, Poets may vent  
 Their sighs in different *Language*, I'm content  
 (Who never lov'd to speak more than my owne)  
 In *English* not to *write* my mind, but *groane*.  
 Your *Priests* their vowes have on this Altar pay'd ;  
 I doe but echoe out what they have said :  
 They offer up some teares mingled with smiles,  
 So in the gaudie *Bow* sweet light beguiles  
 The sadnesse of the Cloud : here you may find  
 Something to grieve, something to please your mind :  
 As in a little orchard you may view  
 Here *Bayes* and *Roses*, *Cypresse* there and *Yew*.  
 I, like a mourner, doe not weare, but write  
 My *Riband*-favours thus in *black* and *white*.  
 My Presse hath teem'd, yet may the same sad Fate  
 That wrought your grief, make me unfortunate,  
 Unlesse you please to cast a gracious eye  
 On that which, by your lookes, must live or dye.

LEONARD LICHFIELD.

D. C.

## 31.

*Bishop Burnet's History.*

“ Bishop Atterbury said on the appearance of *Bishop Burnet's History*: “ D— him, he has told a great deal of truth; but where the Devil did he learn it?” *Cole's MSS.* *xxiii. p. 107.*

## Biographiana.

31. *Dr. Francis Turner, deprived Bishop of Ely. Died  
November 2, 1700.*



He was son of Dr. Thomas Turner, brought up at Winchester School, and thence translated to New College, Oxford; collated to a Prebend of St. Paul's, 1669; made Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, 1670; Dean of Windsor, 1683; Bishop of Rochester the same year; translated to Ely 1684. Deprived Feb. 1, 1690.

“He was of all those who were deprived, the most vigorous and active, by attempting the Restoration of the late King James; wherein being unsuccessful, he did but expose himself with his Brethren, to the resentment of a Government always jealous of them, as there was reason for it. He had indeed very particular obligations to that King, had preached also his Coronation Sermon, had a strict sense of honour, as well as conscience, and was inflexible in his principles both as to Church and State, which he thought to be very much departed from by the Compliers. There was a very close friendship contracted between him and Bishop Kenn, from the time of their having been school fellows together in Winchester school; but was never able to draw up his friend to the same height with himself in this matter. He was as zealous as any one of the seven Bishops, when King James sat upon the throne, in setting himself against the two contrary Religious Factions then united at Court; and in opposing the King's intentions

about his Declaration of Indulgence, and addressing him not to pursue that which he thought might prove prejudicial to Church or State. But he is said to have very heartily afterward repented to have gone so far herein as he did; and to have acknowledged that their going to the Tower, when they might easily have prevented the same, by entering into mutual recognizances for each other, as the King would have had them, was a wrong step taken, and an unnecessary punctilio of honour in Christian Bishops. Howsoever it was, he reflected upon all what had passed; and was so sincere as to condemn himself in whatsoever he conceived that he had not acted as became his Order and Station. He was buried at Therfield in Herts." *Kennett—from Life of Kettlewell.*

"I remember when he was Bishop of Rochester, he came to St. Mary's, when a very bright Sermon was preached by his brother of Trinity College. The Earl of Thomond sat next to the Bishop, and seeming mightily pleased with the Sermon, he asked him the name of the Preacher; the Bishop told him, it was one Mr. Turner. "*Turner,*" says my Lord Thomond, "*he can't be akin to Dr. Turner Bishop of Rochester: he is the worst Preacher in England, and this is one of the best!*" seeming not to know the Bishop, when certainly he knew him very well. I was then at St. Mary's." *Kennett.*

32 *Dr. Charles Roderick, Provost of King's College, and Dean of Ely. Died March 25, 1712. Æt. 62.*

"He was elected Provost 1689, (being then Head Master of Eton School) on the death of Dr. John Copleston, Provost of King's; was installed Prebendary of Ely, Aug. 27, 1691; and Dean of Ely, Oct. 8, 1708.

"Though he had been so long Master in a great School and College, he was of that diffident modesty, that 'tis said he never preached in his life, but when there was a legal necessity upon him. His Mastership of the School was owing to his qualifications for it, his Provostship to the affections of his Scholars, and both his Prebend and Deanery, to his having been the good-natured



Master of the sons of Nobles, and especially of the Duke of Marlborough's only son." *Ibid.*

He was a native of Bunbury in Cheshire.

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33. *Dr. Thomas Ken, deprived Bishop of Bath and Wells.*

*Died March 19, 1710.*

"Upon the accession of Q. Anne to the Crown, a proposal was made by the interest of the Lord Weymouth, that Bishop Kidder should be translated to the See of Carlisle, to make way for restoring Dr. Ken to the See of Bath and Wells. Bishop Kidder is said to have sent up his consent by the Archbishop of York; but when all things were ready, Dr. Ken declined it upon new exception to the oath of Abjuration." *Ibid.*

Dr. Ken was youngest son of Thomas Ken of Furnivals Inn, descended from the ancient Kens of Kenn Place, educated at Winchester, and thence elected to New College, Oxford.

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34. *Dr. Ralph Bathurst, Dean of Wells. Died June 14,*

*1704.*

"He was Brother to Sir Benjamin Bathurst,\* so eminent in the Service of the Court.

"While Vice-Chancellor, he had an excellent way of attending the public Exercises in the Schools, and inviting to dinner those young men, who had come off well in declaiming or disputing: which raised a noble spirit of emulation, and made him esteemed the Patron of young Scholars.

"He kept a hospitable Table, even when he himself was not able to eat; and to please the company, he had an art of seeming to eat, by mincing a hard egg, &c. And yet was pleased with his want of stomach, and could be pleasant upon it: as meeting one of the Senior Fellows in the Grove, very warm with walking, and seeming to wonder at it, the Fellow told him he had been walking that morning all round the New Park, &c. to get him a stomach to his dinner. "Poh!" said the President, "I have had no sto-

\* Ancestor to Earl Bathurst.

mach these seven years, and I would not walk cross the way to get one!" *Ibid.*

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35. *Dr. Richard Kidder, Bishop of Bath and Wells.*

*Died Nov. 26, 1703.*

He was nominated to this Bishoprick 14 June, 1691.

He was killed in his Bed at Wells, by the fall of a stack of chimnies blown down in the great storm of wind Nov. 26, or 27, 1703. His wife was also killed at the same time.

"I have heard that Mrs. Kidder was found killed in the bed: but the Bishop was a little distance on the floor. While he was Vicar of Stanground near Peterborough, (before the Bartholomew Act,) they had a fine Boy eaten up by a sow." *Ibid.*

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36. *Dr. Leopold William Finch, Warden of All-Souls, Oxford, died in Dec. 1702.*

"He was a younger son of Heneage, Earl of Winchelsea, born while his father was Ambassador abroad; had the Emperor and Prince of Orange for his Godfathers, and thence the double name of *Leopold William*. I went to school with him at Wye in Kent, which was near to his father's seat of Eastwell.

"Upon the opening of the Revolution, he was the most forward to meet his Godfather the Prince of Orange, in his way to London, to invite him to pass through Oxford, to make an offer of presenting the University Plate, &c.

"He was installed Prebendary of Canterbury 1689.

"He was arbitrary in expelling Mr. Jonas, Prouost, from a Chaplainship in that College, who by unwearied application to the Visitor, Archbishop Tillotson, got at last to be restored to his place." *Ibid.*

\* See *Hearniana*, p. 80.



I SHALL continue the *Biographiana* in this place, because it appears to me desirable to have them inserted in large masses, without too frequent interruption.



37. *Dr. Robt. South. Died July 8, 1716, æt. 82.*

“ He had a great deal of ill-nature, with a good deal of good humour and good manners in him. He labour’d very much to compose his sermons, and in the pulpit work’d up his body when he came to a piece of wit, or any notable saying. He made a demur upon submitting to the Revolution, and thought himself deceived by Dr. Sherlock, which was the true foundation of the bitter difference in writing about the Trinity. He kept up such a character of a Churchman, that upon the death of Bishop Sprat, Q. Ann offered him the Deanery of Westminster; but he refused it, being got into a love of his own way; wherein he kept a hand-maid, and left her the greatest part of his estate, which got her an able husband.” *Kennett.*

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38. *Dr. Basil Kennett, President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, died 1714.*

“ He was the 2d son of the Rev. Mr. Basil Kennett, Vicar of Postling, and Rector of Dimchurch in Kent, born at Postling in 1674, educated by his elder brother, partly in the school at *Bisiter*, and partly in the private family of Sir William Glynne at *Amersden* in Oxfordshire. Admitted Commoner of St. Edmund’s Hall, in Oxford, under the tuition of his brother, then Vice-Principal, who allowed him 40*l.* per ann. when he had not above 80*l.* coming in. He was thence elected scholar of Corpus Christi, as a native of Kent. After he had been sometime Fellow and Tutor, and a considerable writer, he went the first English Chaplain to the Factory at Leghorn; and after great difficulties and

dangers of the Inquisition, he was the happy instrument of founding and establishing that Protestant interest, and national honour, in a course of succession, (we hope) for ever. He there contracted an ill-habit of body, either by too abstemious and studious a life, or, as much suspected, by a slow poison, administered to expel Heresy from such abode in Italy. However desirous to return, he would not leave the place till he saw his successor in it, the Rev. Mr. Nathaniel Taubman. He then took a tour to Florence, Rome, Naples, and back by way of France, collecting in his travels a good treasure of books, sculptures, and other curiosities; which when he had defrayed the charge of importation was all his substance. He retired to his Fellowship, and was soon made Chaplain to Dr. Wake, Bishop of Lincoln, who gave him civil entertainment at Buckden, and a small Prebend of Lincoln. He had before his travels accepted from his brother the Vicarage of *Comb cum Harnham*, near Salisbury, where he very much improved the Vicarage House, made a generous allowance to a Curate in his absence, and resigned it as soon as he had liberty to do it." *Bp. Kennett.*

*In the Chapel of Corpus Christi College,*

H. S. E.

Basilus Kennett,

S. T. P.

Hujus Coll. Præses

MDCCLXIV,

Ætat. 41.

39. *Dr. Humphrey Gower, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, died March 27, 1711.*

"Humphrey Gower, D.D. Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, succeeded, 1688, Dr. Ralph Widdrington in the Margaret Professorship at Cambridge. Chose into the preferment in a year of trial, being then noted for his firmness, integrity, and prudent conduct in the government of his College, as he has since been for his extraordinary abilities in the chair." *Ibid.*

40. *Dr. Charles Hickman, Bishop of Londonderry, died 1713.*

“ Charles Hickman, Bishop of Londonderry, by the interest of Lord Rochester, with whom he went over Chaplain, having lost his wife in Ireland, (sister to Mrs. Hutton of Aynø) retired into England for an indolent life, and died at Fulham in Middlesex Nov. 28, 1713, buried in Westminster Abbey.” *Ibid.*

41. *Dr. William Sherlock, Dean of St Paul's, died 1707. Æt. 67.*

“ He died at Hampstead, June 19, and was buried at St. Paul's.

“ He left a widow, by whose importunity he had done many things; two sons of which he had seen the eldest, Thomas Sherlock, succeed him both in the Mastership of the Temple, and in the rich rectory of Therfield, Co. Hertf. : the younger, William, was bred at the Temple, and died there on Saturday, Feb. 28, 1718-19; and two daughters, not beloved by their mother, one of which is married to Dr. Tho. Gooche, Master of Caius College, Cambridge.

Dr. Sherlock had been suspended for refusing to take the new oath. Upon further inquiry, he satisfied his scruples, and for his own vindication therein published his “ *Case of the Allegiance due to Sovereign Powers stated and resolved with a more particular respect to the oath lately enjoined.*” This was followed by 12 Answers.

“ The design of Dr. Sherlock's book was plainly to lay down such principles as would clear the allegiance due to William and Mary, even supposing them to have no legal right. This Mr. Kettlewell could by no means agree with, and therefore wrote upon another principle—*the duty of allegiance settled upon its true grounds.*

“ On the promotion of Dr. John Tillotson Dean of St. Paul's to the Sec of Canterbury, 1691, by his recommendation to gain the man, and to soften the party, William Sherlock, S. T. P. was elected Dean.” *Ibid.*

42. *Sir John Cook, Dean of the Arches, died March 31, 1710.*

“ He was of St. John’s College in Oxford, took arms at the Revolution, and served in Ireland at the battle of the Boyne; returned to the Civil Law, and was an advocate in Doctors’ Commons. I have heard Archbishop Tenison say, that upon a vacancy of the office of the King’s Advocate General, he told his Majesty that the two persons recommended to his favour were Dr. Lane and Dr. Cook. “ Well,” said the King, “ which is the best man ?” The Archbishop answered—“ They are both good Advocates; but there is this difference, the first fought against you, the latter fought for you at the battle of the Boyne.” “ Oh,” says the King, “ I will have my own Fellow-soldier.”

“ Sir John Cook, Kt. Vicar General to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Advocate Gen. Clerk of the Pipe, a Commissioner for the Union, and one of the Commissioners for propagating the Gospel in foreign parts, died at his house in Great Knight-Rider-Street, London, March 31, 1710, æt. 42; buried at Whitechapel near his lady, who died Oct. 6, 1709.

“ His lady was a daughter of Mr. Bateman of Whitechapel, wheelwright to the Tower. She died at the same house near Doctors’ Commons, Oct. 6, 1709, and was buried in Whitechapel church, on the 11th of the same month, with a Funeral Sermon by Dr. John Clarke, Rector of St. James’s Westminster.” *Ibid.*

43. *Dr. Humphrey Hody, Archdeacon of Oxford, died Jan. 20, 1706.*

“ He was Greek Professor at Oxford, and buried in the chapel of Wadham College.

“ He was a minister’s son in Somersetshire; taken chaplain by Archbishop Tillotson, for writing against the pretensions of Mr. Dodwell, who laboured to make a schism upon the Revolution. He had first a church in London, and then the Rectory of Monk’s Risborough, Co. Bucks.” *Ibid.*

44. *Dr. John Cawley, Archdeacon of Lincoln, died Aug.*  
13, 1709.

Installed Archdeacon of Lincoln March 2, 1666.

“ He had a son whom he made official of the Archdeaconry of Lincoln ; and a daughter married to the famous Sir Godfrey Kneller, Painter.” *Ibid.*

45. *John Skelton the Poet, died June 21, 1529.*

1498, 14 Apr. Johes Skelton Poeta laureatus Lond. dioc. ad tit. Mon. de Gracii juxta turrim Lond. ordinatur Diaconus per Tho. Lond. Epum, et Presbyter die 9 Junii prox. sequente. *Reg. Savage Epi Lond.*

“ John Skelton the Poet was Tutor or Preceptor to Prince Henry, afterwards Hen. VIII.

“ Ode Erasmi Rot. *De Laudibus Britannicæ Regisq̄ Henrici Septimi*, &c, Carmine hexametro dicata illustrissimo puero Duci Henrico Erasmus Rot. P. S.

“ *Domi habes SKELTONUM unum Britanniarum literarum lumen, qui tua studia possit non solum accendere sed etiam con-*  
“ *summarc.*”

“ Johes Skeltonus Poeta laureatus Theologiæ Professor, Parochus de Dyse in Nord. comitatu, &c. animam egit 21 die Jan. 1529.” *Bale de Script. Brit.*

“ 1512, 3 Nov. Johes Skelton ad vic. de Dultyng per promot. Hugonis Ynge ad sedem Episcopalem, ad pres. Rici Abbis Glaston, et Conv.” *Reg. Castell B. W.\**

46. *Cardinal Wolsey.*

“ *A character of the insolent behaviour of Cardinal Wolsey, as given by Tho. Allen, Priest and Chaplain to the Earl of Shrewsbury, in a Letter to his Lordship, about April, 1517.*”  
*From Collect. Johnston, MS.*

\* Mr. H. Ellis did me the favour to point out to me these curious notices, which however have been already noticed in the new Edit. of *Wood's Ath.*

“Pleseth your Lordshyp to understande, upon Monday was sennight last past I delivered your Letter with the examination to my Lord Cardynal at Guildford, whence he commanded me to wait on him to the Court. I followed him and there gave attendance, and could have no answer. Upon Friday last he came from thence to Hampton Court, where he lyeth. Upon Mondaye last as he walked in the parke at Hampton Court, I besought his Grace if I might knowe, if he wolde command me anye servyce. He was not content with me that I spoke to hym. So that who shall be a suitour to him may have no other busynesse but give attendance upon his plesure. He that shall so doe, it is needful should be a wyser man than I am. I sawe no remedye, but came without answer, except I wolde have done as my Lord Dacre’s servaunt doth, who came with letters for the kynges servyce fyve moneths since, and yet hath no answer. And another servaunt of the Deputy of Calais likewise, who came before the other to Walsyngham. I heard when he aunswered them, “If ye be not contente to tarry my leysure, departe when ye wille.” This is trueth. I had rather your Lordshyp commanded me to Rome, then deliver him letters, and bringe answers to the same. When he walketh in the parke, he will suffer no servaunt to come nyghe him, but commands them awaye, as farre as one might shoot an arrow.” *Kennett.*

(See in Kennett’s next vol. (1034) various notices regarding Wolsey from Rymer, and other documents.)

In Hall’s Chronicle and elsewhere is “An account of the intrigues of Cardinal Wolsey, in privately entertaining a secret messenger from France, one *John Jokin*, and keeping him close in the house of Dr. Larke, a prebendary of St. Stephens, and every day privily speaking with him; and so he secretly remained till the 24th day of February, when he came into London, but was kept still privy, which after grew to great trouble.”

This (adds Kennett) was laying the foundation of a dishonourable peace with France, after the French King was reduced to the last extremities by the loss of the battle of Pavia, &c.

See the pension of the Queen Mother of France to the Cardinal for this service in *Rymer* XIV. p. 101.

Many steps (continues the Bishop) in this affair, like those



of the latest peace with France, after a course of glorious victories, &c. If Wolsey had a better reward than the late Ministry, he was in the eye of the world the better politician." *Ibid.*

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47. *Dr. Thomas Lynacre, died Oct. 20, 1524.*

"Born, as it is said, at Canterbury, but descended from the Lynacres of Lynacre Hall in Chesterfield, Co. Derb. collated to the church of Mersham in Kent, 1509, and of Hawkherst 1511.

"See an account of this person as one of the most eminent physicians, by Dr. Goodall in his Epistle before his *Historical Account of the Proceedings of the College of Physicians*, 4to.

"This eminent physician, like Dr. Radcliffe, had never read the Scriptures till near the time of his death, as is elegantly told by *Sir John Cheke*, in his Treatise *De Pronunciatione Græcæ Linguæ*.

"Linacer mihi perinde placere debet, atque in eo, quod cum provecta admodum inclinataque ætate esset, homo studiis morbisque fractus, et morti vicinus, cum sacerdos esset jam tum Novum Testamentum primo in manus cepisse, et ex eo aliquot Matthæi capita perlegisse fertur. Et cum quintum sextum septimumque percurrisset, abjecto iterum quantum potuit libro, jurasse, *aut hoc non fuisse evangelium, aut nos non esse Christianos.*"

"In transcribing this I remember what Dr. Mede has told to several of his friends, that he fell much into the favour of Dr. Radcliffe a few years before his death, and visited him often at Cashalton, where he observed upon occasion that there was no Bible to be found in the house. Dr. Mede had a mind to supply that defect without taking notice of it, and therefore one day carried down with him a very beautiful Bible, that he had lately bought, which had lain in the closet of K. William for his Majesty's own use, and left it as a curiosity that he had picked up by the way. When Dr. Mede made the last visit to him, he found that Dr. Radcliffe had read in it as far as about the middle of the Book of Exodus, from whence it might be inferred that he had never before read the Scriptures, as I doubt must be inferred of Dr. Linacre, from the account given by *Sir John Cheek*. *Ibid.*

48. *Dr. Peter Mew, Bishop of Winchester. Died Nov. 1706.*

“ This Bishop’s death is said to have been foretold by a youth of Winchester school, who also foretold his own.

“ The Editor of *The Antiquities of Winchester*,\* in his account of the Bishops, writes thus of Bishop Mew :

“ Peter Mews, LL.D. was born at Purse-candle in Dorsetshire, March 25, 1618, educated in Merchant Taylors’ School, London, thence elected Scholar, and afterwards Fellow of St. John’s College, Oxford; after which he was an officer in the army of K. Charles I. during the Rebellion, till the murder of that Prince in 1648. Thence he went to France, and lived in exile, in K. Charles the Second’s service, till the Restoration, and then returned to his College, by whose favour he became Rector of South Warnborough in Hampshire, afterwards of St. Mary’s in Reading, Canon of Windsor, and Prebendary of St. David’s, Archdeacon of Berkshire, and President of his College, Aug. 5, 1667. He was nominated Vice Chancellor of Oxford, Sept. 1669; was sometime Dean of Rochester, and on Feb. 2. 1672-3, during the time of his Vice Chancellorship, made *Bishop of Bath and Wells*, upon which he resigned his Presidentship, in Oct. 1663. In this diocese he was much beloved by all the loyal Gentlemen, much esteemed for his generous hospitality, and very much lamented when he was removed, tho’ to their loss, yet to his own benefit, hither Nov. 22, 1684. In June following he did signal service against the rebellious Duke of Monmouth, then in arms in the West. To conclude, after having sat here 22 years, he died at Farnham Castle in Surry, Nov. 9th, in the 89th year of his-age, and was buried in his own Cathedral.

“ Mr. Walker, in his *Sufferings of the Clergy*, p. 119, finds him ejected from a Scholarship of St. John’s College in Oxford, or a Fellowship, he knows not which.

“ He was once, as I have heard, in danger of being hanged by the Rebels. He was sometime Prebendary of Durham, and one of the Governors of the Charter-house, Canon of Windsor, as likewise of St. David’s, Archdeacon of Berks, Aug. 30, 1665,

\* Gale.

Dean of Rochester, Bishop of Bath and Wells. He gave 100*l.* to St. Paul's Cathedral." *Ibid.*

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49. *Dr. Byrom Eaton, Archdeacon of Leicester. Died in 1704.*

"Installed Archdeacon of Leicester, March 8, 1683,—D. D. 1660, of Brasen-Nose Coll.

"He had the Rectory of Newenham, near Oxford; the advowson or next presentation whereof being purchased by Mr. Adams of Magd. Coll. the old Dr. did not love to see him, and said often to him, "Come, young man, your psalm is, *Expectans expectabo*; but mine is, *Dixi custodiam.*"

"He made his Hall desolate, and then left it to dwell in a private house within the parish of St. Peter's East, Oxford, with the reputation of being rich and covetous. He had for several years neither visited his Archdeaconry, nor kept any residence in his parish, nor preached one sermon in the University, nor done any good, nor married any one of his three daughters." *Ibid.*

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50. *Dr. Abraham Campion, Dean of Lincoln. Died Nov. 21, 1701.*

"Abraham Campion, Fellow of Trinity College in Oxford; Proctor of the University in 1673; elected and admitted Professor of Moral Philosophy, 21 Nov. 1673; called to be chaplain to Archbishop Sheldon, by him collated to the Rectory of Monks Risborough, Co. Bucks, and to the golden prebend of Leyton Bosard in the Church of Lincoln. He had been tutor to John Lord Somers, and was therefore by the sole interest of his pupil preferred to the Deanery of Lincoln, void by the death of Dr. Sam. Fuller, elected thereto April 17, 1700. He married the widow of Dr. Edm. Calamy, Vicar of St. Lawrence Jewry, London.—*Ibid.*

51. *Dr. William Hopkins, Prebendary of Worcester, a learned Antiquary. Died May 18, 1700.*

“ Admitted to the first prebendal stall at Worcester, Mar. 22, 1675-6—buried in that Cathedral.

“ The Editor of *the Antiquities of Worcester*, 8vo. p. 50, 51, says, “ His singular merits require a more particular enumeration, which I briefly extract from the account published of him in a PREFACE before *Seventeen Sermons, preached by Dr. Hopkins*, and published by his very learned and intimate friend *George Hiches, D. D.* 1703, 8°. who tells us that he was born and baptized at Evesham in Worcestershire, 28 Aug. 1647, that at 13 years of age he was admitted a Commoner of Trinity College in Oxford, under the tuition of Dr. Nicholas Stratford, late Bishop of Chester, and that before he proceeded M. A. he retired to St. Mary's Hall, where he was first taken notice of by Bp. Fell, by whom he was recommended as Chaplain to Mr. Henry Coventry, then appointed Ambassador to Sweden, for which he set out 2 Sept. 1671, where he made himself no mean proficient in the Septentrional languages. Soon after his return he was promoted in this Church, which, had he lived, he had done ample justice to in accounting for her antiquities; but being snatched away, he left a rough sketch and some few papers, many of which have been communicated to the Editor of this work. On 23 June, 1678, he was presented to the Curacy of Mortlake in Surry, by the Chapter of Worcester. He was elected Master of St. Oswald's Hospital in Worcester, 16 May, 1697.” *Ibid.*

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52. *Dr. Sam. Fuller, Dean of Lincoln. Died March 4, 1699.*

“ Samuel Fuller, the son of John Fuller, Clerk, and Dorcas, his wife, was born at Stebbing in Essex, and there baptized on the 16 July 1635, as in the Register Book.

“ His father, John Fuller, (son of Thomas Fuller, Vicar of Stebbing) was born 4 Aug. and bapt. 22 Aug. 1602.

“ His said grandfather, Thomas Fuller, made his entry with his own hand in the said parish Register.

“ *A. D. 1600, nono die Septem. excessit ex hac vita Johannes Durden istius parochiæ Vicarius, a cujus temporis puncto successit Thomas Fuller in artibus Magister, prædicator, natus in ista villa ab honestis parentibus, educatus in Academia Cantabr. Coll. D. Petri, presentatus per lib. disposit. Bartholemei Brock generosi 1600, æt. 38. regn. Eliz. 43.*”

“ Thomas Fuller was admitted to the Vicarage of Hatfield Peverell in Essex, 1590; and of Little Baddow, 1596.

“ John Fuller was admitted to the Vicarage of Stebbing 1633, on the death of his father.

“ Mr. Dean Fuller had an elder brother, Dr. Thomas Fuller, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. They were both ordained before the restoration by their uncle, Dr. Thomas Fuller, Archbishop of Cassels in Ireland.

“ His said brother, Dr. Thomas Fuller, had been first Scholar of Catherine Hall, and thence elected Fellow of Christ's College. He was Chaplain to Gen. Lockhart, while Governor of Dunkirk. He was after the King's restoration presented to the Rectory of Newenby, Co. Linc. which he held with the Church of Willingale in Essex, where he died and was buried 22 March, 1701. He had been inducted to the said Rectory of Willingale 16 Dec. 1670, at the presentation of Robt. Cole, Gent.

“ Their father, Mr. John Fuller, died Minister of the church in Ironmonger-lane, London, and was there buried.

“ They had a younger brother, Francis, a Dissenting Teacher, tho' episcopally ordained\* by his uncle the Archbishop. See his *Funeral Sermon, by Jer. White*. He left a son, Francis Fuller, of St. John's in Cambridge, who studied physic, author of *Medicina Gymnastica*, who was left heir to his uncle, Dr. Sam. Fuller, Dean of Lincoln.

“ Dr. Samuel Fuller was taken Chaplain to Dr. William Fuller, Bishop of Lincoln, for name sake.

“ The Dean's Epitaph was composed by Mr. Read, Minor

\* “ This brother Francis had been Minister of Marston St. Lawrence, with the chapels annexed in the diocese of Peterborough.”

and Master of the Free School, to whom the Dean had been a special and familiar friend.

“The Dean’s distemper was in his leg upon an ill habit of body, imputed to the Lincoln ale. He was a plentiful feeder, and at sometimes a liberal drinker, tho’ in small glasses.

“His preferment to the Deanery was owing to the interest of the Lay Lords, who loved him for his hospitality and wit. K. William refused him for some time, but was prevailed on by the importunity of the Lords. He expected to have been Master of St. John’s in Cambridge, and seemed to please himself with a prospect of that station. He desired also to have been Rector of St. Clement’s Dane, and thought his interest in the Exeter family to have been great enough, because he knew how to accommodate his humour to the genius of that house. So that his picture was hung up in the drinking-room, and M. Verrio upon the stair-head drew his face for the Bacchus riding on a barrel.” *Ibid.*

53. *Dr. Joseph Beaumont, Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. Died 23 Nov. 1699, æt. 84.*

“He was appointed Master of Peter House, Cambridge,\* by the Bp. of Ely, 21 Apr. 1663, made King’s Professor of Divinity, 1672.

“He was in great esteem for his learning, and particularly for his knowledge of the Latin tongue. Whether he hath extant besides his poem entitled *Psyche* I know not.”

54. *Dr. Edward Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester. Died March 27, 1699, æt. 64.*

“He was consecrated Bishop of Worcester, Oct. 13, 1689.

“There was published at London in 1710, 8vo. for Henry Mortlock—

“*The Life and Character of that eminent Prelate, the late Dr.*

\* See Walker’s *Sufferings of the Clergy*, pt. II. p. 152.

*Edw. Stillingfleet, Lord Bishop of Worcester, together with some account of the works he hath published.*"

"This Life is said to have been drawn up by his Chaplain, Dr. Rich Bentley, in order to prefix it to the new edition of his works, in 6 vols. fol." *Ibid.*

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55. *Dr. John Saumares, Dean of Guernsey and Canon of Windsor. Died 1 Sept. 1697.*

"He was of Pembroke College, Oxford, created D. D. 1671, and in the same year Canon of Windsor, and about the same time Rector of Hartley-Wespall, in Hampshire.

"He was a man very obsequious to the Courtiers at Windsor, and used to invite and entertain them with cold treats and choice wines, by which he got a good interest among them; and when one upon that occasion told Dr. Isaac Vossius, that his brother Saumares was a great man at Court, he answered, "*Imo, aulici nostri amant stultitiam et salsamenta.*"

"Dr. Isaac Vossius was a great despiser of Dr. Saumares, and hearing him once preach in St. George's Chapel, upon that text, '*We have this treasure in earthly vessels,*' whereon he described the Apostles for such a set of simple and illiterate men, that being asked how he liked the preacher upon that subject, "*Proh Deum!*" said he, "*Vir vere Apostolicus!*" *Ibid.*

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56. *Dr. John Conant, Archdeacon of Norwich. Died March 12, 1693.*

"He was installed to this Archdeaconry 8 June, 1676, and to a Prebend of Worcester 3 Dec. 1681. These preferments he kept till his death, which happened at his cure at Northampton. He married a daughter of Mr. Edward Reynolds, Bishop of Norwich.

"I heard a story in Oxford that Mr. Conant, while Fellow of Exeter, was encouraged to court Dr. Reynolds's daughter, but had that timorous modesty in him, that he could not possibly ex-

press himself to her, till her relations left them two in a parlour, and carried away the candle, which surprize of being left in the dark, taught him to speak to her.

“ He left a son, John Conant, of Merton College, LL.D. afterwards an advocate of Doctors’ Commons, who soon however retired into Oxfordshire.” *Ibid.*

57. *George Lillye, an eminent Divine, died in 1559.*

“ George Lillye was collated to the Prebend of Kentish Town on the resignation of John Feckenham, 22 Nov. 1556.

“ On 13 Mar. 1557, he was presented by the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom he was Chaplain, to a Prebend in the church of Canterbury, vacant by the death of Richard Thornden, Bishop Suffragan of Dover.

“ *Bale*, in the marginal notes inserted with his own hand into the fol. edit. *Script. Britan.* at Basil, 1557, has added to his printed account of George Lillye, *first*, among his Latin writings, *De vita, moribus, ac fine Thomæ Cranmeri, lib. I.* “ Deum immortalem oro atque obtestor, si primum mihi hoc munus,” &c. and again, after “claruit anno Domini, 1550,” *Obiit Lilius Cantuariæ, sepultus anno Dni 1559.*

“ 1543. Towards the end of this year Paulus Jovius wrote a Description of Britain, under this title, *Descriptio Britannia, Scotia, Hybernia, et Orcadum Pauli Jovii Episcopi Nucerni.* He had the whole plan and the materials from George, son of Will. Lilye, with promise of a correct map, &c. whom therefore he highly commends.

“ Insignem ex optimis literis laudem tulit Gulielmus Lilius qui primus cives suos Latine atque diserte loqui feliciter docuit. Hujus autem filius Georgius Lilius in Italia elegantioribus studiis excultus mirifice paternum decus tuetur, condito volumine in quo Summorum Pontificum et Cæsarum Romanorum series Laconica brevitate describitur; ab eodem quoque solerti ingenio Britannia tabulam spectamus erudite graphiceque descriptam, atque adeo incisam in æs ut cum hoc opere ad certiore[m] jucundiore[m]que Regionis notitiam jungatur.”



“ 1548. Mr. George Lilye, who had before obliged Paulus Jovius, the famous Italian, with a specimen of the *Description of Britain* towards his intended work of *A Description of the World*, sent him now *An Abstract of the Lives and Characters of the most eminent English Scholars within the two last Reigns of Hen. VII. and Hen. VIII.* published by Jovius under this title:—

“ *Ad Paulum Jovium Episcopum Nucerinum, Virorum aliquot in Britannia qui nostro seculo eruditione et doctrina clari memorabilesque fuerunt Elogia per Georgium Lilium Britannicum exarata, Anno 1548.*”

“ *William Lilye*, the famous Grammarian, left behind him a son, named *George*, begotten on the body of his wife *Agnes*, and *Peter*, a Dignitary, as it seems, in the Church of Canterbury, father of another *Peter Lilye*, D.D. Archdeacon of Taunton, who died in the latter end of 1614. So *Mr. Wood in his Ath. Ox. I.* 151. But 'tis certain that *George* the eldest son was Dignitary or Preb. of Canterbury; and the younger son *Peter* not a Dignitary, but Registrar only in the Church of Canterbury, who sometimes acted as Deputy Commissary.

“ *Peter Lilly*, Register, executed the place of Commissary, vacant by the death of *Stephen Nevinson*, and supplied by *Dr. Yale*, Vicar Gen. in this see 1562.\*

“ *Visitores Commiss. 1 Edw. VI.* to visit the Dioceses of Westminster, London, Norwich and Ely, *Sir John Godsolve*, Kt. *Dr. Christopher Nevison*, *John Gosnold*, *Dr. Madewe*, Preacher, *Peter Lilye*, Register.” † *Kennett.*‡

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### 58. *Stanley Family.*

“ There is a notable tradition yet remaining in the noble family of *Stanley*, that when *K. Hen. VII.* after the execution of *Sir William Stanley*, brother to *Thomas Earl of Derby*, came a

\* Ex notis MSS. Willi. Somner.

† Strype's *Cranmer*.

‡ The substance of these notices is added by *Mr. Bliss* to his new and improved Edition of *Wood's Athenæ*, I. 298, 299.

progress into these parts, he was entertained by the Earl at his house at Lathom, and after a view of the whole house, he was conducted by his lordship to the top of the leads for a prospect of the country. The Earl's fool was in the company, who observing the King to draw near to the edge of the leads, not guarded with bannisters, he stepped up to the Earl, and pointing down to the precipice, said, *Tom, remember Will.* The King understood the meaning, and made all haste down stairs, and out of the house; and the fool long after seemed mightily concerned that his Lord had not the courage to take that opportunity of revenging himself for the death of his brother." *Kennett's MSS.* 1033, f. 47.

*Dr. Gilbert Kymer.*

IN the *Hearniana*, p. 79, under the article of this learned Physician, in which it is remarked by the laborious Antiquary, that this writer is not noticed by A. Wood, I ought in the note, (in which I have added that he is also unnoticed by Mr. Bliss, the new Editor of Wood's work,) to have rather corrected Hearne's criticism, by recalling to the Reader's mind, that the period which the *Athenæ* embraces, commences with the year 1500, and that Kymer died in 1463.

This apology is due from me, and most readily do I make it; for I am sure that I should be one of the last who would willingly detract from a work which I consider to be admirably edited; and to be a great accession to modern literature, by the revival of a Book, from which a large portion of all we know in English biography and bibliography is derived.

April 25, 1814.

## Hearniana.



Extract. April 2, 1735.

“IF it be not too much trouble, I desire you to let me know, whether there be more than two editions of RAY’S Book of *Local Words*? I remember only two; but perhaps there may be a third. Mr. Thoresby wrote a letter to him, April 27, 1703, in which he sent him an *additional list of local words*. This additional list is large; but what use Mr. Ray made of it I know not. You will find it in p. 321 of *Philosophical Letters between the late learned Mr. Ray and several of his ingenious Correspondents*. Published by W. Derham; Lond. 1718, 8vo. It is a curious and pretty subject, and many remarks of very good account might be made that way by travellers. Diverse of Mr. Thoresby’s *peculiar Northern words* are commonly used in the *South* also; which is what I think Mr. Thoresby was not appriz’d of, tho’ Mr. Ray could not be ignorant thereof, who lived so much in the Southern parts, as did also his friend and acquaintance Mr. Brokesby, who was an excellent scholar, and well-versed in Botany, and delighted much in searching into the nature of our old language.”

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Letter. Dec. 15, 1730.

TROKELOWE—LE-NEVE. B. WILLIS—TYRRELL—GEORGE  
DUCKETT.

“Your note about my mistake in my Preface to Trokelowe, is very just, and I thank you for it. I was apprized of it long before you told me of it; but not till after the Book was dispersed; and the discovery was even then too made, not by myself, but by a friend. I shall take a proper

opportunity of correcting this mistake, or slip of the pen, notwithstanding it be not material with respect to what I alledged it for, whether *Potipheræ* or *Pharaonis* be read.

“ I have, (as you desire) entered Smart Lethieullier, Esq. F. R. S and Robert New of the Middle Temple, Gent. as subscribers to *Thomas Key*, and I will take care to send their books to you.

“ I do not doubt but, if they give us a genuine Catalogue, (and 'tis such as I always wish for, let the studies of learned men be otherwise never so mean) there will appear a great number of things of very great curiosity in *Mr. Le Neve's Collection*. And I am much obliged to you for the design of sending me the Catalogue they are now printing. He was a friendly communicative man. I am very sorry he was a man of no religion.

“ I know no more about *Mr. Willis's Coins* than what I told you. It seems when he gave them, he sent for *Mr. Pointer* to tell him what they were, and to discover the use of them in History.

“ I have not yet got *Mr. Tyrrell's History of England*. If you have it by you, be so kind as to let me know what account he hath (in his authors) of *Walter Hemyngford*: I believe it must be in his 3d volume.

“ The little 8vo. *Book*, printed a few years since, containing a *Catalogue of our Religious Houses*, was written, as I am informed, by one *George Duckett, Esq.* Pray, can you give me any account of him? I have heard he was of one of the Inns of Court. There is a malicious Preface before the Book; and an Appendix at the end equally malicious; and both silly enough: but a friend of mine, since dead, who was writing an account at large (and he was a very capable man) of our English Benedictine Abbies, and it may be, of our other Abbies, (and Religious Houses too) told me he liked the Catalogue so well, that he had thought of transcribing it into his Book, leaving out the Preface and Appendix.”

*Extract. Jan. 2. 1730.*

WALTER HEMYNGFORD.

“As for *Hemingford*, I have had the use of the very MS. in Trinity College Library, that Mr. Tyrrell refers to, and find that he is under a mistake in insinuating, that it contains all Edw. II's reign, when it contains only the five first years. And whereas he signifies that *Hemingford* and *Knighton* transcribed from the *Chronicon Abendunense*, it appears to me rather, (as it did to Abp. Parker and Dr. Caius) that the author of that Chronicle transcribed from Hemingford; and I much question whether Knighton used either; I am sure it does not appear to me that he ever saw Hemingford; otherwise he would not have omitted so much of the Articles of a Contract of Marriage between Prince Edward, afterwards Edw. II. and the King of France's daughter, telling us, that he knew not where to find the rest. About which Articles I wrote to you lately; and in answer to my letter you told me very kindly how the Cotton MS. of Hemingford ends.”

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*Extract. Aug. 25, 1731.*

DR. THO. BARLOW.

“*Dr. Thomas Barlow* was a man of great reading; but I never much admired either his judgment or his principles. You having his MS. can best tell what his scheme for printing was. He was versed in the Canon Law, and in scholastic divinity, but had little affection for classic learning.”

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*Extract. Sept. 14, 1731.*

ABP. SANCROFT. TYRRELL.

“I am glad you got many of *At. p. Sancroft's Miscellanies*, who was truly a very great man in all respects; and

his piety, and the sanctity of his life, as well as his learning and integrity, were every way so compleat, that some, (tho' very wrong) have reckoned him to be the author of *The whole Duty of Man*, and of the other pieces, published as that author's.

“ I know not whether you have any acquaintance with *Col. Tyrrell of Shotover*. His father, *James Tyrrell, Esq.* finished another volume of his History, but 'twas never yet printed, and perhaps never will. It may be there is in it some account of his authors; and I would gladly know whether there be any thing concerning *John Whethamstede\** and his writings. Mr. Tyrrell had perused the Register of Whethamstede at the Herald's office, and 'tis likely he might have consulted other pieces of this learned Historian, more especially for materials for the History of K. Hen. VI. and Edw. IV. in reference to whom Whethamstede has indeed preserved many things of great notice, not to be found elsewhere. Mr. Tyrrell was a very industrious man, and had opportunities of inspecting a great variety of books, MSS. and printed; and no doubt but among his papers there must be things of very good note; at least so far as relates to a *Notitia of Books that concern, or any way touch the English History.*”

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“ *A true and summarie Report of the Declaration of some part of the Earl of Northumberland's Treasons, delivered publicly in the Court at the Star-Chamber, by the Lord Chancellor and others of her Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, learned by her Majesty's most special commandment, together with the Examinations and Depositions of sundry Persons touching the manner of his most wicked and violent murder, committed upon himself with his owne hande*

\* Hearne afterwards printed this History together with that of *Thomas Querbourne*.

*in the Tower of London, the XXth day of June, 1585.*

*In Ædibus, C. Barker, 4to."*

HIS treasons are confessed by the Catholic Priests in their *Important Considerations*, 4to. p. 45.

"The Earl of Northumberland shot himself in his Bed within the Tower of London with a dagg or pistol, charged with three bullets, on Sunday night, the 20th of June, 1585; whereupon on Wednesday following, June 23d, there assembled in the Court of Star Chamber, Sir Thomas Bromley, Kt. Lord Chancellor of England, William Lord Burleigh Lord Treasurer of England, George Earl of Shrewsbury Lord Marshal of England, Henry Earl of Derby, Robert Earl of Leicester, Charles Lord Howard of Effingham Lord Chamberlain, Henry Lord Hunsdon Lord Governor of Berwick, Sir Francis Knolles, Kt. Treasurer, Sir James Croft, Kt. Comptroller of Her Majesty's Household, Sir Christopher Hatton, Kt. Vice-Chamberlain, the Lord Chief Justice of Her Majesty's Bench, the Master of the Rolls, and the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and others. The audience was very great of Knights, Esquires, and men of other quality. The Lord Chancellor began briefly and summarily to declare, That whereas Henry, late Earl of Northumberland," &c.

"I have heard a tradition from some of the family, that the dagg or pistol was sent him enclosed in a cold pie, carried to his table without suspicion.

"I have heard Dr. Mapletoft, who travelled with the last Earl of Northumberland, say, that it helped much to confirm him in his belief of the Earl of Essex murdering himself in the Tower, because he had seen him pointing at the picture of this Henry Earl of Northumberland, and telling the then Heir of the family: '*You owe more to that brave man than to any one of your ancestors; he had the courage to save your estate for you.*'" Kennett.

“ *Christ on his Crosse : or the Holy Lamb[’s] Funer-  
all. By George Raleigh, Esquire.*

<i>Mors</i>	<i>Christi</i>
<i>Vita</i>	<i>mihi</i>

*O utinam nostros vidisti flentis ocellos !*

*At London printed by George Purslow, for Edward  
Blackm... and are to be sold at his shop at the great  
south doore of S. Pauls. 1624.”*

Small 8vo.



THIS Poem is written in six-line stanzas, and inscribed “ to the virtuous and worthy Gentlewoman, Mrs. Anne Monson, daughter to that truly noble Knight, Sir William Monson, of Kenersley in Surrey.” In this the author further implores the divine grace in favour of those “ never enough commended sisters of his patroness, Mrs. Vere Monson and Mrs. Katherine Monson ; and he refers his Poem to such favouring acceptance, because it properly claimed “ the patronage of a *woman*, being a creature by nature more inclined to pittie than man.”

Qu. What relation, or whether any, George Raleigh was to the celebrated Sir Walter ? His Poem is, in respect to style and versification, much on a par with other contemporary religious poems, and the following is perhaps as favourable a specimen of its merits as might be selected. It is taken from a page very near the close.

No sorrow long continueth, as we see,  
The winter cannot waste out all the yeere.



As time requires, we sad or merry be ;  
 Ill fare sometimes ensweet'neth better cheere.

When clouds are past, we may discerne the sky,  
 And night once past, the sunne approacheth nigh.

The glasse is runne, by which wee tooke our taske ;  
 Our tender Muse hath labor'd as she could ;  
 Her sable vaile she must of force unmaske,  
 And leave in silence what is left untold ;  
 Begging good readers, in the end of all,  
 To make good use of this her funeral.

Thus have I now cast anchor on the shore,  
 Where news of comfort to good hearts I bring.  
 After hard labour with an ebon oare  
 Washt in the current of a sable spring,  
 Where shallows hindred, there I made to rise  
 A flood of tears, distilling from mine eyes.

What I have brought, lies here in open view,  
 Nor is it strange nor common unto all :  
 What a young merchant giveth unto you,  
 Must be received, be it ne're so small :  
 You know, great riches are not gain'd in haste :  
 A little fire makes a great flame at last.

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“ *The Riddles of Heraclitus and Democritus. Printed at London by Ann Hatfield for John Norton. 1598.*”  
 4to.



On the back of the above title are these Skeltonical lines :—

Prophecies, predictions,  
 Stories and fictions,

Allegories, rimes,  
 And serious pastimes  
 For all manner men,  
 Without regarde when,  
 Or where they abide,  
 On this or that side,  
 Or under the mid line  
 Of the Holland sheetes fine,  
 Or in the Tropics faire  
 Of sunshine and cleare air,  
 Or under the pole  
 Of chimney and sea cole :

Reade they that list, understand they that can,  
*Verbum satis est to a wise man.*

The Riddles are 60 in number, and most of them in verse. Then follow the solutions in prose. Few of them will bear transcribing. Subjoined is a short and least offensive specimen :—

Many a man doth speake of mee,  
 But no man ever shall me see ;  
 For all in one do full agree.  
 That no where must my dwelling be.

Solution—*The wind or vacuity.*

Quere whether this was not the “Book of Riddles” inquired after by Slender, in the “Merry Wives of Windsor,” act i. sc. i. Simple replies, “*Book of Riddles!* why, did you not lend it to *Alice Shortcake* upon All-Hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?” Mr. Reed speaks of it as a popular book, but does not seem to have seen it.

*The Seven Seages. Translated out of Prois into Scottish  
Mectir, by John Rolland, in Dalkeith. B. L.*

THE various translations and editions of the well-known romance of "Prince Erastus, or the Seven Sages," are almost innumerable. With respect to its first origin, I confess myself unable to afford any new information, having mislaid several sheets of notes and remarks which I had collected a long time ago for this purpose, and which I do not feel inclined to search for anew; for, though enthusiastically fond of old romances, I confess that I never could attach much importance to voluminous dissertations on their origins, nor am able to perceive how the great object of all black letter studies, that of exciting and delighting the imagination, can be forwarded by such dry investigations. Add to this, that their inevitable uncertainty, from the want of sufficient *data* on which to form an opinion, must ever be dissatisfactory and disheartening. I certainly am disposed to attach more importance to the opinions of Warton on such subjects than to those of any other author. He has been censured for inaccuracy; but how much are his defects in this respect counterbalanced by his exquisite genius, which assuredly forms a better guide, on every pursuit connected with poetry, than the most laborious accuracy, when attended with dulness and insensibility. The character of Warton, indeed, stands little in need of such praise as mine to support it. But the Christian religion is not debased by the homage of the houseless mendicant; nor can a great author be degraded by praise, if it is sincere, from the humblest admirer. A

great poet resembles the beams of the luminary, from which, by the ancients, he was said immediately to derive his inspiration.\* They shine equally on the wealthiest potentate, and the lowliest of his vassals.

To those (if any such there are) who do not recollect the ground-work of "The Seven Sages," the following short abstract, by Mr. Dacier, of a MS. in the French National Library, may not be unacceptable.

"Cyrus has seven wives, but no children. At length, after putting up prayers to Heaven, he has a son, who is placed in the hands of a tutor; but the young prince, after a period of three years, deriving no benefit from his instructions, is committed to the charge of the philosopher Syntipas, who engages to complete his education, and return him to his parents at the end of six months and as many days. He is conducted to a house, on the walls of which his master had caused the planets, the history of the world, &c. to be painted for his instruction, and here becomes, within the stipulated time, so accomplished as to surpass his tutor's expectations. Syntipas, before he decides on reconducting the prince to his father, consults the stars

\* The mythology of the ancients is rendered unpleasing to the minds of many, by associations derived from the constraint and wasting toil of their early years, from the stupidity and tedious dominion of dull and tyrannical pedagogues. But it has many beauties. The idea of the Sun being the god of poetry is highly admirable. It reminds one of the Minstrel in "The Lady of the Lake."

"To minstrel meditation given,  
His reverend brow was raised to heaven,  
*As from the rising sun to claim  
A sparkle of inspiring flame:*  
His hand, reclin'd upon the wire,  
Seem'd watching the awakening fire.

concerning his destiny, and finds that his life will be in great jeopardy unless he can preserve, during seven days, a strict silence; which the prince undertakes to do. Syntipas resolves to conceal himself in the mean time, in order to avoid the natural resentment of the king on finding his son mute. Cyrus is, in fact, greatly enraged; and, being persuaded by his courtiers that Syntipas has given his son some medicine which has deprived him of speech, searches in vain for the philosopher. At length one of the king's wives undertakes to discover the cause of the prince's silence, and, in a private interview with him, attempts to seduce him to her embraces, offering to place him on the throne by putting his father to death, on condition of his taking her to his bed. The prince, struck with horror at this atrocious proposal, and unable to preserve silence, replies, "Know, wicked woman, that I am for the present prohibited from answering you; but, at the end of seven days—" and then becomes mute as before. The disappointed woman in revenge accuses him of having attempted her chastity, and he is condemned to die. The king, however, has seven philosophers, who, suspecting the falsehood of the charge, engage to employ a day each in endeavouring to dissuade the king from executing the sentence. This leads, of course, to the stories, each philosopher relating two, and the princess replying with as many. The seventh day at last arrives, and the prince, breaking silence, relates the cause of it, and exposes the wickedness of his accuser. Cyrus now propounds as a question to the philosophers, Whether, if he had put his son to death, the prince, or the lady, or himself, would have been guilty of a crime! He is not satisfied with their opinion, and the question is at last resolved by the prince himself, in an apologue, to which he adds two other whimsical stories, of which, says M. Dacier, it is difficult to comprehend the moral. The lady is then ordered into court; and having confessed her guilt, the king inquires of the philosophers what punishment she de-

serves. Very cruel tortures are proposed. She relates a story to prove that it is better to survive, even in a mutilated state, than to die. The prince then suggests, as a punishment better suited to the offence, that she should have her head shaved, and be publicly led through the city on an ass ; and this sentence is immediately carried into execution. Cyrus, enchanted with his son's wisdom, demands of Syntipas how it happened that he had acquired so much knowledge in so short a time. He ascribes it to the influence of the star under which he was born, and tells a story to shew that all education is useless, where a malignant planet has presided at the child's nativity. This is the last story ; and is followed by many moral questions put by the king to his son, who resolves them."

From Mr. Ellis's excellent work I shall quote also the following paragraph :—

" Soon after the invention of printing, the Latin "*Historia Septem Sapientum*" appeared in Germany, and there were many editions of it without date, place, or printer's name. The earliest, perhaps, which occurs with a date, was printed at Cologne by John Hoeloff, in 1490, quarto, with cuts. Translations of it soon appeared in the German, Dutch, Italian, French, Spanish, and English languages. This is our "*Seven Wise Masters*," so truly delectable, till lately, to every school-boy, the first edition of which was printed by W. Copland, without date, but between 1548 and 1567. It was also translated into Scottish metre by John Rolland, in Dalkeith, ' at the request of his *Ant Cait* (Aunt Kate) in Tanstelloun Castle, during the siege of Leith, 1560,' and printed at Edinburgh in 1578, 1592, and 1631, octavo."

The volume now before me is that referred to by Mr. Ellis ; but unluckily, in this copy, the prologue, in which the author commemorates his "*Aunt Kate*,"

is wanting. I should otherwise have transcribed that part of the work, in preference to any other. Of ROLLAND, the translator, little is known. He was the author of "A Treatise callit the Court of Venus, dividit into four Buikis," (printed 1575, 4to.) which I have never been able to discover. It is not in the Advocates' or College Libraries of Edinburgh. But who can tell what treasures may be in existence in libraries less known and resorted to? I have been informed, but I know not whether on good authority, that a few very rare volumes exist in the libraries of the Medical College and of the High School. In the library of a gentleman of rank and fortune in the north of Scotland,\* is an unique translation of the romance of Alexander into Scottish verse, probably resembling in some degree this work of Rolland, but probably also more curious and important.

Perhaps a tendency to regret is apt to arise in the mind at rendering common those very rare volumes, which it has hitherto been considered an honour to possess, or even to have had an opportunity of beholding. If this remark seems harsh or illiberal, let me be forgiven; for if it is unfounded, I know not otherwise how to account for the dislike to reprints which is often expressed by the proprietors of rare libraries. It is obvious, however, that when a book is unique, or when it has become so rare as to be almost wholly unattainable, publication alone can prevent its absolute loss and extinction. And of what use is bibliography, but as it tends to the improvement of the human mind? The value of a Caxton may be depreciated by a fac

\* The Honourable W. Maule of Panmure.

simile reprint, (though this indeed is confidently denied by judges who are best entitled to pronounce on the subject—"fac-simile reprints," they assert, "can no more depreciate a black-letter volume, than an engraving or model depreciates the original painting or busto;") but the feelings which it excites, the creations to which it gives birth, never can be depreciated. The *Morte Arthur*, the favourite volume of Milton, and Warton, and Walter Scott, may be republished, and put within the reach of every one; but the *divinæ particula auræ* of the poet will ever be as rare and as admirable as before.

But how much are the living poets of the present age assisted and gratified by having at their command at all times, and in every situation, the volumes from which they so well know how to cull immortal flowers! A few years ago, an eminent bibliographer was obliged to make a pilgrimage to a distant land, and betake himself to a strange library, for the sake of reading almost the only copy known to exist of "Frier Rush," which may now be had for a guinea, and permitted to become the sport of his children! I now can summon with a word Lord Berners's "Froissart" to my desk, (that very work over which the hero of the beautiful tale of "Longford," in *Censura Literaria*, "hung day after day, completely absorbed, and forgetful of all around him,") of which, only two years ago, I could with difficulty procure a mutilated copy for forty-five guineas!

But to return to Rolland's romance. Of himself it is needless to observe further, than that I have no means of adding any thing to the account of him given



in Sibbald's "*Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*," vol. III. p. 287; and know not that I can do better than extract, as a specimen of his style, the following story.



### THE SEVEN SAGES.

*The Tale of Pantillas, the first Doctour.*

Into a realme there dwelt a valiant knight,  
 Of noble fame, of great riches and might,  
 That had one son, my lord, now as yee have:  
 To three nurses to foster him hee gave:  
 The first nurse for to give him suck and feed,  
 The next him wash, and keep him clean at need:  
 The third to bring him into sleep and rest,  
 The noble knight for his child thought it best.  
 The knight also hee had a gay grewhound,  
 That none more swift did run upon the ground:  
 Also he had a falcon fair of flight,  
 Right swift of wing when hee lyked to light.  
 These two the knight loved above measure,  
 Because oftymes they did him great pleasure,  
 This grewhound was so swift, and of such speed,  
 When hee was loosd his prey hee caus'de ay bleed,  
 And this same prey brought to his lord anone,  
 This was one cause he loved him alone:  
 Also when that this knight went to battell,  
 If that his chance that time would not prevaile,  
 Into his mouth his horse taile would not take,  
 About his lugs oftymes hee would it shake,  
 Then youl'and cry, as hee would run quite wood,  
 So by that signe the knight well understood,  
 If at that time hee would further or no,  
 And so oftymes let him to battell go:

His haulk also was so fierce in her fight,  
 So swift in wing, and als so wonder wight,  
 That hee was never cast off to essay,  
 But without fault shee brooked ay her prey.  
 These were causes his hound and haulk hee loved,  
 Because to mirth they rais'de him oft and moved :  
 Also this knight kust all his whole intent  
 In horse running, justing, and tornament :  
 So on a day hee caused to proclame  
 At his castle for setting foorth his name,  
 Who would come there to tourney or justing,  
 Breaking of spears, and als of horse running,  
 At the set day to bee matcht should not faile,  
 This was the cry, and so to short my tale.  
 The knight himself first entered in the field  
 To the tornay with harnesse, horse, and shield.  
 Then after him past his fair ladie gent,  
 With her ladies to see the tornament.  
 Then after that past all the nourishes three,  
 The tornament for to behold and see,  
 Locking the door, leaving the child alone,  
 Trusting ishie nor entrie should be none.  
 While the torney and justing should bee done,  
 Then in all haste they should return right soone ;  
 Believing well the bairne not to wake,  
 None being there but the hound and the hauk :  
 And the young child that in the cradle lay,  
 Except these three, the rest were past away.  
 Then no man knew lay lurking in the haw  
 A great serpent, before no man did know,  
 When shee percev'd the house so desolate,  
 And none therein that durst with her debate,  
 Out of her hole soone shee put foorth her head,  
 At this infant having a cruell fead,

Who lay sleeping in the cradle alone,  
 Him to destroy at short so is shee gone :  
 The falcon this beholding where shee sate  
 Upon her perk, to do she wist not what,  
 But with her wings shee ruffled and rang her bells,  
 Almost shee had all shaken them in shels :  
 So with the noyse and bier which made the hake,  
 The good hound rose, and off his sleep did wake :  
 And when he saw that the serpent did creep  
 Towards the cradle where the child did sleep,  
 With a fell faird on the serpent hee ran,  
 And so at short these two to fight began,  
 So cruelly, that it was great marvell,  
 Which of the two at that time should prevaile :  
 One to devoure, the other to defend,  
 These two at length together did contend :  
 So long at length these two together fight,  
 Almost the hound all quite had lost his might :  
 So cruelly he was wounded in blood,  
 That all about where that the cradle stood  
 Was blood berun, that marvell was to see  
 Betwixt these two so bold bargane to bee.  
 The greyhound then perceiving his owne blood,  
 Into his heart waxt so cruell and wood,  
 With a fell faird upon the serpent ran,  
 So them betwixt a new bargane began,  
 With such malice, melancholy, and ire,  
 While one was dead, that none of them would tire,  
 Nor leave the field, while it chanc't at the last,  
 Betwixt them two the cradle ov'r they cast :  
 With bottom up, and on the torres it stood,  
 Where it was all about berun with blood :  
 So it became, and fell by God his grace,  
 That the four torres saved the child his face,

And slept still with visage toward the ground,  
 These two fighting, the serpent and the hound,  
 While at the last the hound into certaine  
 This fell serpent he hath overcome and slaine,  
 And sav'd this child from perrill in that tide ;  
 When all was done, down by the cradle side,  
 Licking his wounds lay downe this noble hound,  
 For fighting sore, and so in sleep fell sound.  
 Beside this child which in the cradle lay  
 None in the house but only the same tway :  
 The babe sleeping, and knew no kind of ill,  
 The hound wearie, and foughten foorth his fill ;  
 The serpent slaine, as I said you before,  
 The babie safe, and the hound wounded sore.  
 And so anone after this tornament,  
 Each man and woman to their ludging went.  
 To tell that day who wan the enterprise,  
 That errand now to my matter not lyes :  
 Therefore as now that thing I will let bee,  
 And let us speak of the nourishes three,  
 Who first came home, and entered in the haw,  
 So soon as they the blood and cradle saw,  
 Wringing their hands, and rying down their hair,  
 Crying, Alas, wo on us evermaire,  
 Our only child, our babe, and foster bairn  
 Is quite devour'd with a dog, and forefairn,  
 Alas for wo, alas what shall we do ?  
 Wee know no place for succour to run to.  
 If our master perchance us apprehend,  
 There is no way from his hand us defend,  
 But always shall on us come sudden dead,  
 Wee know no way where we may find remead.  
 Since so is come, let us in haste all three  
 To save our life but stay, away to flee :

Even so they did, but left the house alone,  
 But more counsell, all three away are gone,  
 And had no wit nor wisdome in their head,  
 To see whether the bairn was quick or dead.  
 Nor left the cradle, and to perceive the cace,  
 But ran away all three, crying Alace !  
 And as that they were passing foorth the street,  
 Their own mistresse they chanced for to meet  
 With her ladies coming from the tournay :  
 Shee perceiving her nurses in the way,  
 Right sore mourning, and rying down her haire,  
 All wo begun, repleat of sturt and care,  
 Soon she inquirde at them, How stands the cace ?  
 They answer'd her a thousand times, Alace,  
 What shall we say ? for words to multiplee,  
 There is no bute, all men the case may see :  
 A devil, madame, into a dog's skin,  
 Hath slain your son alone your hall within :  
 In the which dog my lord had most delite,  
 But now he hath of your son made you quite,  
 In token yet where that the cradle stood,  
 The dog sleepes still now bathed in his blood.  
 Hee was the dog that my lord loved best,  
 Hee was no dog, but with a devil possesst :  
 Therefore, ladie, for us is no remead,  
 But either flee, or else to bide the dead.  
 Therefore, madame, of us yee have mercie,  
 This is the cause that causeth us to flee.  
 This shee hearing, anone fell to the ground,  
 Without more space into a deadly sound,  
 And at last ladies caused her awake,  
 Held up her head, while shee began to talk,  
 And said, Alace, my dear son, art thou slain ?  
 Shall thou never play on my knee again ?

Shall I never with my pape see thee play ?  
 Alas, how soon art thou so went away :  
 Shall I never thee laughing on mee see ?  
 Alas, how is this dolour chaunced mee ?  
 Wherein I had mine only most pleasour,  
 Except my lord, both by tide, time, and boure,  
 Is now but doubt with a dog clean devour'd,  
 And never again to the life bee restor'd.  
 What shall I say ? This is a carefull cace,  
 Mine only son is dead and gone, alace :  
 So shee mourning in great dolour and wo,  
 The people about that seeing her right so,  
 Mourned right sore, and of her had pittie,  
 In such dolour that ladie for to see.  
 In the mean time the knight from his tornay  
 Retired home, and so saw by the way  
 His own ladie lamenting in dolour,  
 Requir'de the cause of all her displeasour.  
 She saith, My lord, alace and evermare,  
 I can not speak, for great dolour and care  
 Is hapned us, a wonder cruell cace,  
 Your son is slain for evermore, alace,  
 With your grewhound whom that so well ye lov'd,  
 Now all that love on your son hee hath prov'd,  
 Hee hath him slain in cradle where hee lay :  
 Your nourishes all three are fled away :  
 And yet the place where that the cradle stood,  
 Your hound lyeth sleeping in your son's blood :  
 This your grewhound without any help mo,  
 Your only childe all quite hath tane you fro.  
 Wherefore my self unto the houre I die  
 Shall never eat while I revenged bee  
 Upon your hound, which hath my one son slain,  
 Not in your bed shall never come again,

While hee bee dead, that caus'de my one son die,  
 But wo, alas, this is no mends to mee :  
 Howbeit it bee a sythment to my heart,  
 Yet my great wo it slockins in some part.  
 Therefore, my lord, if yee think it bee done,  
 Without delay cause slay your grewhound soon.  
 The knight hearing her sorrowfull tythance,  
 How to his son had fallen such mischance,  
 Homeward in haste but bode hee made him bown,  
 And in the crosse when he was lighted down,  
 The grewhound heard horsemen into the cloice,  
 Amongst the rest he heard his master's voice,  
 And up hee rose in the blood where hee lay,  
 To his master the hie gate came his way,  
 Faint and forefought, came fawning to his feet,  
 As hee was wont his master for to meet :  
 Into great ire, what is there more to say ?  
 With his sharp sword he clove his head in tway,  
 And that only for one word of his wife,  
 Got his reward that saved his son's life.  
 Then past the knight but bode into the haw,  
 Perceiv'd the blood, and als the cradle saw :  
 Hee lifted up the cradle as it stood,  
 Found the childe whole, and also much spilt blood,  
 Perceiving then of the serpent the head,  
 The skin and tail that had foughten to dead ;  
 And found his son withoutten want or wound :  
 Alas, he said, for my good gay grewhound,  
 That I have slain withoutten any cause,  
 But only for the void vain words and sawes  
 Of a woman, that hath talked in vain,  
 Wherthrow I have but cause my grewhound slain,  
 Which I perceive hath saved my son's life  
 From the serpent, through his debate and strife.

Wo to the houre that now I drew a sword,  
 Wo to the ear that heard my wive's word :  
 Wo to the hand that sudden stroke that gave  
 To my best hound, that my son's life did save,  
 Which I lov'd best without any compaire,  
 Except my wife, my only son and heire,  
 Which at this time hee saved from the dead,  
 And for reward now he hath lost his head,  
 But doubt I would have given a thousand pound  
 Of good money, ere I had slain my hound.  
 But since so is, I see is no remead,  
 My son is safe, and my good hound is dead,  
 That fought for him, and only sav'd his life,  
 And I him slew through one word of my wife :  
 But this time forth here I solemn a vow,  
 That ilk man shall give credence to and trow,  
 Here I forsake all tornay and justing,  
 Here I forsake all halking and hunting :  
 Here I forsake running with shield and speir,  
 Here I forsake all fates of men of weir  
 In Christendome, but yet no manlinesse,  
 Here I forsake all armour and harnesse :  
 For I will passe now to the Holy Land,  
 And fight with Jews while I may strike or stand :  
 Contrare God's foes, and thereto end my life.  
 This vowed this knight for one word of his wife,  
 That unto her gave such hastie credence,  
 Without a cause or yet experience :  
 Therefore, my lord, your good grace I require,  
 Give not so soon credence to the desire  
 Of your empresse, though shee bee diligent,  
 Against your son great leasings to invent :  
 For yee may well by this same tale perceave,  
 What the knight got that so soon credence gave



Unto his wife, and unto her words vain,  
 That sav'd his son that same hound hath he slain.  
 Therefore, good sir, and please your noble grace,  
 I would you gave no credence in this case  
 Unto your queen, to put your son to dead,  
 For ye will rew when there is no remead,  
 As did this knight, his noble hound that slew,  
 Remead bypast then hee began to rew.  
 My lord, hee said, have yee betane this tale ?  
 The emperour said, that have I done but fail :  
 For that good tale that yee have told to mee,  
 As for this day my son he shall not die.  
 The doctour said, If that yee do such thing,  
 Yee do wisely, and like a noble king :  
 Thanking your grace that only for my sake,  
 Your son's dead only yee have done to slake ;  
 And so took leave at the good emperour,  
 To his marrowes past home with all pleasure.

R. P. G.

March 14, 1814.

## PURITAN PAMPHLETS,

*With a preliminary Account of the Puritan Faction.*

Having met with a set of curious Puritan pamphlets, collected together and bound into one volume, not long after the period of their publication, I am anxious to register their whimsical titles. But it may be proper to introduce them by a short preliminary account of the *Puritan* Faction in those days.

*Isaac Walton*, in his celebrated *Life of Richard Hooker*, speaking of the temper of the times from the beginning of Q. Elizabeth's reign, says, that "those

very people that had enjoyed the desires of their hearts in a Reformation from the church of Rome, became at last so like the grave, as never to be satisfied, but were still thirsting for more and more; neglecting to pay that obedience, and perform those vows which they made in their days of adversities and fear: so that in short time there appeared three several interests, each of them fearless and restless in the prosecution of their designs. They may for distinction be called the *Active Romanists*, the *Restless Non-conformists*, (of which there were many sorts) and the *Passive, peaceable Protestant*. The counsels of the First were considered and resolved on in Rome: the Second both in Scotland, in Geneva, and in divers selected, secret, dangerous conventicles, both there, and within the bosom of our own nation: the Third pleaded their cause by established laws, both ecclesiastical and civil; and if they were active, it was to prevent the other two from destroying what was by those known laws happily established to them and their posterity."—



“ To this end\* there were many that wandered up and down, and were active in sowing discontents and sedition by venomous and secret murmurings, and a dispersion of scurrilous pamphlets and libels against the church and state, but especially against the Bishops; by which means, together with venomous and indiscreet sermons, the common people became so fanatic, as to believe the *Bishops* to be *Antichrist*; and at last some of them were given over to so bloody a zeal, and such other desperate delusions, as to find out

\* Viz. of the Second Party. *Editor.*

a text in the Revelation of St. John, that *Antichrist* was to be overcome by the *sword*.\*

*Sir George Paule*, in his *Life of Archbishop Whitgift*, first published in 1612, says, "In the year 1588 came out those hateful libels of MARTIN MAR-PRELATE: and much about the same time, *The Epitome—The Demonstration of Discipline—The Supplication—Diotrephes—The Minerals—Have you any Work for a Cooper?—Martin Junior*, alias *Theses Martinianæ—Martin Senior—More Work for a Cooper*, and other such like bastardly pamphlets, which might well be *nullius filii*, because no man durst father their births. All which were printed with a kind of wandering press, which was first set up at Moulsey, next Kingston upon Thames, and from thence conveyed to Fausley in Northamptonshire, and from thence to Norton, afterwards to Coventry, from thence to Welstone in War-

\* See this, and a great deal more on this subject, in *Walton's Life of Hooker*, in vol. iv. of *Ecclesiastical Biography*, by Wordsworth, 1810; where the learned Editor adds this note:

"In addition to what is here written by Walton, the reader will find his time amply repaid by a perusal of HOOKER'S *Preface* to his *Ecclesiastical Polity*, especially the first four sections, which present one of the most instructive and interesting pieces of moral historical painting that was ever drawn by the pencil of a master: a subject of contemplation unhappily but too necessary for these times. See also the *Preface* to *Cosins's Conspiracy for pretended Information*.

"Much information concerning the principles and practices of the Puritans, derived chiefly from their own books, and examinations instituted by authority, may be found in the two works of *Bancroft*, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, entitled *A Survey of the pretended holy Discipline*, 4to. 1593, and *Dangerous Positions and Proceedings under pretence of Reformation, and for the Presbyterial Discipline*. 1593, 4to." Wordsworth, iv. 216.

wickshire, from which place the letters were sent to another press in or near Manchester, where, by the means of Henry, that good Earl of Derby, the press was discovered in printing of *More Work for a Cooper*, which shameless libels were fraught only with odious and scurrilous calumniations against the established government, and such reverend prelates as deserved honour with uprighter judgments.

“Some of the printers, whilst they were busied about the last libel, were apprehended, who, with the entertainers and receivers of the press, were proceeded against in the Star-Chamber, and there censured; but upon their submission, at the humble suit of the Archbishop, were both delivered out of prison, and eased of their fines. The authors and penmen of some of these libels were JOHN PENRY and JOHN UDALL; the chief disperser of them was *Humphrey Newman*, a cobbler, a choice broker for such sowterly wares, and in regard of such hempenly trade, a fit person to cherish up Martin’s birds; who, as Pliny writeth, do feed so greedily upon hemp-seed, that they be oftentimes choaked therewith. Such was the unfortunate end of some of his Martin-birds, as appeareth upon record in the King’s Bench, against JOHN PENRY, Clerk, *Termino Pasch*, 1593, and at an assize in Surry against JOHN UDALL, whose pardon the Archbishop afterwards obtained.”

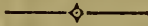


“And when, I pray you, were these classical assemblies, and these seditious stirs and hurly-burlies of Martinists, and that reforming sect put in practice? In the year 1588, at that time when the invincible

Spanish Navy was upon our coasts, and should have invaded us.”\*



“ I pass over,” says Sir George, “ many other like schisms in other parts of the realm, which this good Archbishop suppressed, and the controversies, in both universities, which by his wisdom were appeased;”—“ as also his procuring, at her Majesty’s hands, both pardon and dismissal for Master CARTWRIGHT, and the rest out of their troubles.”†



\* Wordsworth has appended this *opposite* Note; *opposite* certainly to the *present*, as to past times. “ The Puritans alledging the greatness of their numbers, and pleading for privileges and indulgences as the price of their uniting to repel the Foreign enemy, *Bancroft* demands of them,—Why, wanting your desires, would you have taken no part, if the Spaniard had come? Or purposed you to have made a more ready passage for him, by rebelling at home, before he should have come? Or would you have joined with him, if he had come? Or meant you thereby, thro’ terror, to have enforced her Majesty to your purposes, lest you should have taken some of these courses? Choose which of them you list, the best is seditious.” *Dangerous Positions*, b. iv. ch. 3. *Wordsworth*, iv. 359.

† Cartwright, who returned to Warwick, where he preached many years, died rich, it is said, by the benevolence and bounty of his followers. He expressed regret at having fomented these schisms. Edwin Sandys, when Bishop of London, thus expresses himself in a letter to Lord Treasurer Burghley:—“ There is a conventicle, or rather a conspiracy breeding in London. Certain men of ready callings are as it were in commission together to procure hands for Mr. Cartwright’s book, and promise to stand in defence thereof until death. The city will never be quiet until these authors of sedition, who are now esteemed as Gods, as FIELD, WILCOX, CARTWRIGHT, and others be far removed from the city. The people resort unto them, as in Popery they were wont to run on pilgrimage. If these idols, who are honoured for saints, and greatly enriched with gifts, were removed from hence, their honour would fall into the dust, and they would be taken for blocks, as they are.” *Strype’s Life of Whitgift*, p. 19, *Records*. *Wordsworth*, iv. 366.

“ After these stirs, thus suppressed, they began to tamper with the Earl of Essex, who was grown into a great height of favour with the Queen; and by reason that sundry of his kindred and allies were inclined that way, they so far prevailed with him, that he did privily, and far as he durst, for fear of the Queen’s displeasure, give way and countenance unto them. But upon better consideration, finding by the heady courses of some of them the danger that thereby was like to grow to her Majesty and the state, and the resolution had of all hands to cut them off, by the law aforesaid, he grew very calm, and was careful how to carry himself uprightly betwixt both. And yet the Archbishop had still a vigilant eye over him, that he could not, though he would, do any great hurt.\*

“ For to say the truth, by this due execution of the laws in the beginning, and the provident courses of the Archbishop, with the assistance and painful endeavours of *Doctor Bancroft* and *Doctor Cosins*, and the publishing of their learned and unanswerable books, the state of the Clergy was in good quiet, especially so long as Sir Christopher Hatton, the Lord Chancellor, did live.”

\* Of this nobleman (says Wordsworth) the following anecdote is told. “ When the Bishops that felt the smart of it had cried out against that lashing pamphlet, called *Martin-Mar-Prelate*, and there was a prohibition published, that no man should presume to carry it about him, upon pain of punishment; and the Queen herself did speak as much when the Earl was present: “ Why then, said the Earl, what will become of me?” And pulling the book out of his pocket, he did shew it unto the Queen. I have heard grave men, and of great judgment say, that he was the less inclined to Dr. Whitgift, a reverend divine, and his tutor also, because he was a Bishop.” *Codrington’s Life of Robert Earl of Essex*, in *Harl. Misc.*—Wordsworth, iv. 367.

“ The Lord Chancellor’s death (1591) much troubled and perplexed the Archbishop, fearing that new troubles would befall him and the Church.”



“ After the death of Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir JOHN PUCKERING was made Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, of whom, because he lived not long, I shall not have occasion to say much : but for ought I ever heard, he shewed himself a friend to the Church, unto the Archbishop and his proceedings, and acknowledged him to have been, among his other good friends, a furtherer of his advancement.

“ SIR THOMAS EGERTON, Master of the Rolls, succeeded him, May 5, 1596. Her Majesty and the State had long experience of his integrity and wisdom, as may appear by the great places which he worthily held, being first her Highness’s Solicitor, and then Attorney General. In which time, besides his many great and weighty services, he was very careful and industrious in labouring earnestly to suppress the aforesaid libellers; a lover of learning, and most constant favourer of the Clergy, and Church Government established, as also a faithful loving friend to the Archbishop in all his affairs.”\*



#### TWELVE PURITAN PAMPHLETS.

- I. “ *Whether it be mortall sinne to transgresse ciuill lawes, which be the commandementes of ciuill Magistrates.*

\* Wordsworth, iv. 370.

Since this sheet was set up at the press, Mr. D’Israeli’s *Quarrels of Authors* have appeared, in which there is an entertaining, critical, and comprehensive account of this Controversy.

“ *The judgement of Philip Melancton in his Epitome of morall philosophie.*

“ *The resolution of D. Hen. Bullinger, and D. Rod. Gualter, of D. Martin Bucer, and D. Peter Martyr, concernyng thapparel of Ministers, and other indifferent thinges.*”

(\* \*)

Small 8°. pp. 100. black letter.

Colophon. “ *Imprinted at London in Powles Church-yard, by Richard Jugge, Printer to the Queenes Maiestie. Cum privilegio Regiæ Maiestatis.*”

2. “ *An Admonition to the Parliament.*”

This is in small black letter, written, according to a MS. note, by Mr. Field, Minister of Aldermary, London, assisted by Mr. Wilcox, and revised by several of the brethren, 1572.

Two letters are annexed, one by Rodolph Gualter, Minister of the Church of God at Tigurin, to Dr. J. Parkhurst, 1566,—the other to E. G. Bishop of L. by Theodore Beza, Minister of the Church at Geneva, v. Cal. Jul. 1566: at the close of which are the following lines:

“ England, repent, Bishops relent,  
 Returne while you have space,  
 Time is at hand, by truth to stand,  
 If you have any grace.  
 Joyne now in one, that Christ alone,  
 By scepter of his word,  
 May beare the stroke, lest you provoke  
 His heavy hand and sword.”



3. "*A second Admonition to the Parliament.*"

pp. 64. besides Preface.

This the MS. note ascribes to Mr. Cartwright.

4. "*Certain Articles collected and taken (as it is thought) by the Byshops out of a little booke, entituled An Admonition to the Parliament, with an Answere to the same. Containing a confirmation of the sayde Booke in short notes.*"" *Essay.* v. 20.

" *Woe be unto them that speake good of euill, and euill of good, whych put darknesse for light, and light for darknesse, that putte bytter for sweete, and sweete for sower.*

" *The Prynter to the Reader.*

This worke is fynished, thankes be to God,  
 And he only wil keepe us from the searcher's rod.  
 And though master Day and Toy watch and warde,  
 We hope the liuing God is our sauegarde.

Let them seeke, loke, and doe now what they can,  
 It is but inventions and pollicies of man.  
 But you wil maruel where it was fynished,  
 And you shal know (perchance) when domesday is ended.

" *Imprinted we know where and whan,  
 Judge you the place and you can. J. C. J. S.*"

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On the back of this title.

" If men be dumbe, sure stones shall speake,  
 God wyll hys truthe preuaile,  
 Let men resist, it forceth not,  
 It stands when they shall quaile.

When it of men is most opprest,  
 Then God doth set in foote.

You Prelates know how true thys is,  
 Thinke then what best may boote.

You that can counsell other men,  
 Yourselves be counselled,  
 God will correct, you knowe it well,  
 Where it is well deserued.

Yeelde reason, why (none goode you haue)  
 God's church, God's orders lacke ?  
 Not God the cause, he them requires,  
 Your Lordships keep them backe.

Thinke on the time reformde to be  
 Yourselues which chiefly ought,  
 You may else kicke, you wot who sayth,  
 Its hard auayling nought.

Repent, amende, shewe forth your loue,  
 You which afflict your owne,  
 And doe your best, whole Antichriste  
 May quite be ouerthrowne.

By helpe of God, by helpe of Prince,  
 Whom God long saue and b'esse,  
 With prosperous life and earnest zeale  
 At last heauen to possesse."

5. "*The State of the Church of England, laide open in a conference between Diotrephes a Byshopp, Tertullus a Papiste, Demetrius an Usurer, Pandochus an Inn-keeper; and Paule a Preacher of the worde of God.*

" *Psal. cxxii. 6.*

" *Pray for the peace of Hierusalem, let them prosper that love hee.*

" *Revel. xiv. 9, 10.*

" *And the third Angel folowed them, saying, with a loud voice,*

*If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his marke in his forehead, or on his hand, the same shall drinke of the wine of the wrath of God."*

This is not in black letter. It runs to sig. I 2.

6. "*A Demonstration of the trueth of that Discipline which Christe hath prescribed in his worde for the gouvernement of his Church, in all times and places, vntill the end of the world.*

*"Wherein are gathered into a plaine forme of reasoning the proofes thercof out of the Scriptures, the evidence of it by the light of reason rightly ruled, and the testimonies that haue been giuen thereunto, by the course of the Church, certaine hundreths of yeares after the Apostles time, and the generall consent of the Churches rightly reformed in these latter times, according as they are alleaged and maintained in those several bookes that haue bin written concerning the same.*

*" Matt. xxi. 38.*

*"The husbandmen said among themselves, this is the heire; come, let vs kill him, and let vs take his inheritaunce.*

*" Luke xix. 27.*

*"Those mine enemies which would not that I shoulde raigne over them, bring hither, and slea them before me."*

This consists of 104 pages, besides Dedication and Address to the Reader. A MS. note ascribes it to Mr. Uvidall.

7. "*Informations, or a Protestation and a Treatise from Scotland. Seconded with D. Reignoldes his Letter to Sir Francis Knollis. And Sir Francis Knollis his Speech in Parliament. All suggesting the usurpation of Papal Bishops.*

“ 1 Corinth. xii. 5.

“ *There are diversities of Administrations, but one Lord.*

“ *Matt. xv. 13.*

“ *Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted out.*

“ *Imprinted 1608.*” pp. 94.

8. “ *The Speech of the Kirk of Scotland to her beloved Children.*

“ *Heu, heu, Domine Deus, quia ipsi sunt in persecutione tua primi, qui videntur in Ecclesia tua primatum diligere, genere principatum; impedire salutem est persequi Salvatorem.*

*Bernard.*

“ *Alace, alace, O Lord God, for they are cheefest in thy persecution, who love the first and chief places and to bear rule: to stay the course of salvation is to persecute the Saviour.*

*Bernard.*

“ *Simplicitas amentiae malitia sapientiae nomen habet virique boni usque adeo irridentur, ut fere nullus, qui irrideri possit, appareat.*

*Petrarch.*

“ *Simplicities now carieth the name of madness, malice the name of wisdom, and good men are so derided, that almost no man can be found to be derided.*

*Petrarch.*

“ *Imprinted in the year 1620.*”

This Tract runs to 125 pages.

9. “ *The confession of the true and christain Fayth, according to God’s word, and Actes of Parliament holden at Edenburghe, the eyght and twentie day of Januarie, in the yere of our Lord God, one thousande, five hundred, fourscore and one, being the foureteenth yere of the King’s reigne.*

“ *Imprinted at London, by Robert Walde-graue, dwelling without Temple barre.*”

This runs to sig. F 4. At the end is

*“ The Kinges Maiesties charge to all Commissioners and Ministers within this Realme.*

“ Seeing, that we and our Houshold haue subscribed and geuen this publick confession of our Faith, to the good example of our Subjects, we command and charge al Commissions and Ministers, to crave the same confession-of their parishioners, and proceed against the refusers, according to our Laws and order of the Church, delyuering their names and lawfull processe to the Ministers of our house with al haste and diligence, under the payne of XL pound, to be taken from their stipend, that we with the aduise of our Councell may take order with such proude contemners of God and our lawes. Subscribed with our hand, at Holyrud-hous, (1581) the 2. of March, the 14 yere of our reigne.”

10. *“ The Hurte of Hering Masse. Set forth by the faithfull Seruaunt of God, and constant Marter of Christ, John Bradforth, when he was Prisoner in the Tower of London.*

“ 3 Kinges xviii.

“ How long wyl ye halt betwene two opinions.

“ Yf the Lord be God, folow hym. But yf Baal be he, then goo after hym.”

Colophon. *Imprinted by Wyllyam Copland, for Wyllyam Martyne, and ar to be solde at his shope ioininge to the mydle North-dore of Poules, at the sygne of the blacke boye.”*

Runs to sig. F ii.

11. *“ The ryhte and trew understandynge of the Supper of the Lord, and the use therof saythfully gathered out of the holy Scriptures, worthily to be*

*embraced of all Christian people. Perused and allowed by dyverse godly lerned men, to the comfort of al the trewe congregation of Christ.*

*“ Beati qui ad cenam nuptiarum agni vocati sunt. Apo. xix.*

Colophon. *Imprynded at Londone by Johan Turke.*

This Tract is signed “THOMAS LANCASTER,” is dedicated to K. Edw. VI. and runs to sig. F iv.

12. “*The unlawfull practises of Prelates against godly Ministers, the Maintainers of the Discipline of God.*”

No Printer or date.

A short Tract, in a large clear Roman type. Runs only to sig. D iii.

#### FOUR WORKS OF SAM. CLARK.

“*A Mirror or Looking-Glass both for Saints and Sinners; wherein is recorded, as God’s great goodness to the one, so his severe judgment against the other. Whereunto is added a geographical Description of all the knowne World, as also of the chiefest Citys, both ancient and modern, &c. By Sam. Clarke.*”

In the centre of an engraved title page—

“*R. Gaywood fecit. Lond. 1671.*” Fol.

To this is added a printed title page, somewhat more full, said to be

“*Collected out of the most Classique Authors, both Ancient and Modern, with some late Examples, observed by myself and others.*

“*The first Volume.*

“ *By Sa. Clark, sometime Pastour in Bennet Fink, London.*

“ *The fourth Edition, very much enlarged: especially in the Geographical Part, wherein all the Counties in England and Wales are alphabetically described. Together with the Cities, and most remarkable things in them. As also the four chief Plantations in America.*

“ *Sancti sunt honorandi propter imitationem.*” August.

“ *London, printed by Tho. Milbourn for Robt. Clavel, Tho. Passinger, William Cadman, William Whitwood, Tho. Sawbridge, and William Birch, 1671.*”

A portrait of the Author by T. Cross, æt. 63. Oct. 10, 1663.—Arms, a fleur de luce and canton, and the same impaling a chevron between three unicorns' heads erased.

*The Same. Vol. the Second.*

*Hæc scribens studii bene de pietate mereri:  
Sed quicquid potui, Gloria, Christe, tua est.*

“ *The Marrow of Ecclesiastical History, divided into two Parts. The first containing the Life of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; with the Lives of the ancient Fathers, Schoolmen, first Reformers, and modern Divines. The second containing the Lives of Christian Emperors, Kings, and Sovereign Princes. Whereunto are added the Lives of Inferior Christians, who have lived in these latter centuries. And lastly are subjoined the Lives of many of those who by their Vertue and Valor obtained the surname of Great: Di-*

vers of which give much light to sundry places of Scripture; especially to the Prophecies concerning the Four Monarchies. Together with the lively Effigies of the most eminent of them cut in copper.

“The third Edition, corrected and somewhat enlarged, by Sa. Clark, Pastor of St. Bennet Fink, London.

“*Ut qui præceptis non accendimur, saltem exemplis in citemur, atque in appetitu Rectitudinis, nil sibi mens nostra difficile æstimet, quod perfecte peragi ab aliis videt.* Greg. Mag. L. 9. C. 43.

“Wherefore, seeing that we were compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race which is set before us. Heb. xii. 1.

“London, printed for W. B. and are to be sold by Tho. Sawbridge, at the Three Flower-de-Luces, in Little Britain, and by William Birch, at the Peacock, at the lower end of Cheepside. 1675.” Fol.\*

\* This was originally published in 4to. thus—“The Marrow of Ecclesiastical Historie, contained in the Lives of the Fathers and other learned men and famous Divines, which have flourished in the Church since Christ’s time, to this present age. Faithfully collected out of several autors, and orderly disposed according to the Centuries wherein they lived. Together with the lively effigies of most of the eminentest of them cut in copper, &c.

“London, printed by William Dugard, dwelling in Suffolk Lane, A. D. 1650.” 4to. pp. 500, besides Table.

Contains 139 Lives from *Ignatius*, who flourished in the first Century? to *William Whately*, who died in 1639.

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“A Catalogue of the Autors, out of which these Lives were collected.”



“The lives of the Fathers are many of them before their works; the rest are collected out of a Book so called.



Another portrait of the Author—"John Dunstall, sculp."

"*A General Martyrologie, containing a collection of all all the greatest Persecutions which have befallen the Church of Christ, from the Creation to our present Times; wherein is given an exact Account of the Protestant Sufferings in Queen Maries Reign: whereunto is added the Lives of thirty-two English Divines, famous in their generations for Learning and Piety.*

"*You have also lively represented the divers manners of those cruel, horrid, and inhuman sufferings, that the people of God have undergone in all ages and nations; and the effigies of some of the eminent Divines in Copper-plates.*

The Lives of Wickliff, Huss, Hierom of Prague, Frith, Bilney, Tindal, Rogers, Saunders, Hooper, Taylor, Bradford, Ridley, Latimer, Philpot, and Cranmer, are collected out of the *Book of Martyrs*.

The Lives of the Germane, French, Switzer, &c. Divines, are collected, some of them out of *Melchior Adami Vitæ Theolog.* Some out of *Boisardi Bibliothec.* Some out of *Athenæ Batavæ Jo. Meursii.* Some out of *Verheiden's Præstant. Theol. Effig.*

Some of the English out of Dr. *Holland's Heroologia Anglicana.*

*Gilpin's* Life is written by Dr. Carleton.

*Juel's* Life is before his *Apologie.*

*Whitaker's* Life is written by Dr. *Humphrede.*

*Fox,* his Life, is written by his Son.

*Willet's* Life is before his *Synopsis Pap.*

*Cowper's* Life is written by himself.

*Pareus,* his Life is written by his Son, *Phil. Pareus.*

*Bolton's* Life is written by Mr. *Bagshaw.*

*Whetelie's* Life is written by Mr. *Scudder.*

Some things I have added to diverse of these lives which I met with in other good Autors."

“ *The third Edition, corrected and enlarged, by Samuel Clark, late Pastor at St. Bennet Fink, London.*

“ *Victi sunt* { *Gentiles* } *et Idololatria eorum, non a repugnantibus,*  
 { *Papistæ* } *sed a morientibus Christianis.*

August. Epist. 42.

“ *Quo malis præsentibus durius deprimor eò de futuris gaudiis certius præsumo.* Gregor.

“ *In nothing be terrified by your adversaries, which is to them an evident token of Perdition; but to you of Salvation, and that of God.* Phil. i. 28.

“ *London, printed for William Birch, at the Peacock, at the lower end of Cheapside, 1677.*” Fol.

Portrait as last mentioned.



A satisfactory account of this laborious and useful Compiler may be found in *Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary*, where it is justly remarked, that these volumes contain much curious matter, collected from sources now dispersed, inaccessible, or lost. At the Restoration this pious man lost his preferment for Non-conformity.

The first volume of the *Mirror* is divided into three parts. The first part has 702 pages, besides two sheets of a Table. The second part, which begins the geographical description, has two title-pages, one of them engraved by Gaywood, representing the four quarters of the globe. This has 293 pages. The third part has also this title-page—“ *A true and faithful account of the four chiefest Plantations of the English America. To wit, Of Virginia, New-England, Bermudas, Bar-*

*bados. With the temperature of the Air: the nature of the Soil: the Rivers, Mountains, Beasts, Fowls, Birds, Fishes, Trees, Plants, Fruits, &c. As also of the natives of Virginia and New-England, their Religion, Customs, Fishing, Huntings, &c. Collected by Sam. Clark," &c,*

It is dedicated to his "Friends and Neighbours, that met in Bennet Fink."

The EPISTLE to the Reader says—

"This Book, which I now present unto thee, is the fruit of my spare hours, it having been my recreation for these many years, to read the best Histories which I could meet with: and for the help of my memory I have collected the eminentest and most remarkable examples which did occur, and reduced them under several heads, distinguished into several Chapters: which I have found very useful, profitable, and pleasing unto me; and presuming that they may be so to others also, I have now this fourth time published them to the world, that so they, which neither have money to buy, nor leisure to read many volumes, may find, in this little Epitome, the choicest and chiefest things that are contained in them. I have also sometimes set down more pleasant stories, which may have their use, and prevent tediousness to the reader, though in such great variety of history I suppose there is no great danger of nauseousness. But besides what I have collected out of the authors themselves, I have met with many examples in several Treatises and sermons, which have been lately published; but what I have borrowed from them I hope I shall repay with interest, by this ensuing Collection. I have also inserted some memorable examples from my own observation, and from the observation of other godly ministers, who have friendly imparted them to me, which were never before in print," &c. "*From my study in Hammersmith, this twentieth of May, 1671.*"

Then follow two copies of Commendatory Verses, both signed J. C. Then the Table of Chapters; of which the first is—" *Examples of Abstinence, Temperance, and Sobriety in Meats, Drinks, Apparel, Riches, and Household Furniture.*" These Examples are 39, contained in five pages.



The *Second Volume* of *The Mirror* begins with an Epistle to the Reader, thus—

" When I first set pen to paper, on this subject, I intended only an Addition to the Examples in my former *Mirrors*, or *Looking-Glass*: but before I had done, I found them so many as would swell into a just volume of themselves: and therefore I have methodised them into a Second Part. And as the First Part hath found such acceptance as to procure a fourfold impression; so (I presume) this will not prove less grateful. For whereas the former Examples were for the most part collected out of Heathen or Profane Authors, these mostly are gathered out of Christian and Ecclesiastical Writers: and many are added, which were never before in print; and others I could have added, but that I have been very cautious to publish nothing but what I had very good proofs of.

" The Examples contained in this Volume are principally of two sorts. First, of God's severe and signal judgments upon sturdy Stigmaticks, and notorious Debauchers," &c. "A second sort of these Examples hold forth unto us the amiableness of Piety and Virtue; how acceptable it is unto God; and what reward it often meets with even in this world," &c. "*From my study in Hammersmith.*"



Then follow Commendatory Verses

“ *To the Reverend Author, upon the second Volume of  
Examples.*”



“ Sir, the brave treatment your first volume gave,  
Whets our desires a second course to have.  
And here much rare Variety is set  
Before our eyes, which none but you could get.  
Let the loose strains of a Romantic Pen  
Pamper, and feed a vainer sort of men :  
Here the good Reader need not fear a whit  
To drown his conscience, and to lose his wit.  
Pleasure and profit both are here combin'd ;  
And a rich treasure he that seeks may find.  
Here's that may sweetly glide into his breast,  
And give to all his faculties a feast.  
And most ingeniously you do contrive  
To bury th' Student in your book alive.  
Such pleasing baits are every where design'd,  
To charm the Reader, and to catch the mind.  
What a brave study to search, and behold,  
How wisely Providence does rule the world.  
Though he move slowly, yet with iron hands  
He vindicates his patience, when the sands  
Of a just time are run. How he doth spy  
The wicked out, that give his word the lie.  
He that from thorns to gather grapes would know,  
Let him from these foul patterns fairer grow.  
For bad example, and rough providence,  
To keep out Vice are a most gallant fence.  
And the base hedge-hog, wrapt in his own hide,  
That turns his bristles t'all the world beside ;

May find that he which hugs himself too much,  
Shuns a large dwelling, and prefers a hutch.

Come, Sirs, of harmless pleasure here's a spring,  
A hive of sweetness without the least sting.

W. D."

To this is added an Epigram, signed

"*W. Duncomb.*"

This Volume runs to 775 pages.



The *Marrow of Ecclesiastical History* is dedicated to Philip Lord Wharton, and to the Lady Anne Wharton, his pious and virtuous consort. "*From my study in Hammersmith, Aug. 2, 1675.*"

Then comes an address "To the Christian Reader," signed "*Edmund Calamy,*" who observing that "it cannot but be a work very profitable to the Church of Christ, for any man to write a history of the Lives of the eminently learned and godly Ministers of former times, as a fair copy for posterity to write after, and a pattern for them to imitate," adds, "this reverend, religious, and learned Author hath undertaken this work in this ensuing treatise, and effected it so well, as that I thought it not sufficient to give a naked *Imprimator* unto it without this additional commendation both of the Author and of his work."

This is followed by another similar "*Address,*" signed "SIMEON ASH, JOHN WALL, *London, Dec. 7, 164 .*"

"If," say they, "you shall improve the manifold precious Examples, which are here presented unto your perusal, then

shall you have good cause to bless Almighty God for bringing this book into your hands. The godly and reverend Author, our ancient friend and fellow-pupil with one of us (and under the Master Thomas Hooker, in *Emanuel College*, who for his eminent abilities and glorious services, both in this and in the other England, deserves a place in the first rank of them who are here recorded) hath in this Collection imitated the Lord, who hath *A Book of Remembrance*, wherein he registers the gracious speeches, and actions of his zealous servants in evil days." &c.

“ And although the labour of our Author hath been in this Collection very great, yet he resolves, if God give life and health, to add a Second Part unto this now published: wherein, if any one will be pleased to furnish him with full and satisfactory relations of the godly life and death of any of their Christian friends, (whether Ministers or others) who have been eminent in their days, their names may be hereby perpetuated unto the service of posterity.

“ Here we might have given in a true tho’ short character of some precious servants and messengers of Christ, whose graces were admired whilst they lived, and whose memory their surviving friends do much honour, viz. Dr. Preston, Sibs, Taylor, Stoughton, &c. Mr. Rogers, Stock, Culverwell, Pemble, &c. as also Mr. Hildersham, Dod, Pierson, Herring, Ball, Nicols, Hind, and Rathband,\* who for their Christian graces, and ministerial abilities, for their services and sufferings, do deserve an honourable memorial in the Church of Christ. The latter of these, though they lived and died *Non-conformists*, yet they always kept a due distance from *Brownistical Separation*, and were zealously affected towards the *Presbyterial* Government of the Church, as the works of some of them do sufficiently witness. Through God’s grace, their judgments were never tainted with the noisome errors of those declining times, neither

\* “ Most of whose lives are since published by the author.”

were their lives stained with any such scandals, for which too many who pretend to an higher pitch of purity and saintship are justly reproached."

Now comes the Author's own Epistle, which is dated "*From my Study in Thread-Needle-Street, Dcc. 10, 1649.*"

At the end of it he says—

"What benefit this Collection of mine may afford to the learned and to ministers, I leave to their own prudence, who can best judge of it. Yet thus much I dare say, that here they shall find gathered into one Book, those things which before lay scattered in many. Here they shall see in what centuries, ages, and places, the famousest lights of the Church, both ancient and modern, have flourished. Here they shall have contracted into one little volume, the substance of that which, if it had been translated or transcribed according to the originals, would have filled many such books as this; and yet, as I suppose, nothing of worth or weight omitted. And if, together with this, they shall please to make use of my two *Martyrologies*, and my *Mirror or Looking-Glass both for Saints and Sinners*, I presume they may be stored with examples almost for every subject which they shall preach upon: and how grateful and useful to the auditories such examples are, I conceive none can be ignorant."

This is followed by two copies of Greek Comendatory Verses, signed "*Thomas Dugard, A. M. Rector Barfordiæ.*" Then two in English by *John Fuller*, Minister of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate-Street. Another by *William Jenkyn*, a London Minister. Another by the Author's son, *Sam. Clark*, A. M. Fellow of Pembroke Hall. The last by another son, *John Clark*, also Fellow of the same College.



Now come two Tables, Chronological and Alphabetical. After which is a leaf with the following Advertisement.

“ If to these lives the Reader shall please to add the *Martyrologies*, twice formerly printed, and now going to the press again, together with *the Lives*, at the end thereof, he may find a *Compendium* of the History of the Church from the beginning of the world, especially from the Apostles times to our present age; together with the various dispensations of God towards the same. In this Book (besides what is remarkable in the lives and deaths of these worthies) he may find the rise, reign, and ruin of most of the Heretics and Heresies which have molested and disquieted the peace and welfare of the Church from Christ’s to our present times.

“ In the *Second Part* he may see what eminent Emperors, Kings, and Princes God hath raised up in several ages and places to be, not only nursing-fathers, but strenuous defenders of the Church and Flock of Christ, and propagators of his glorious Gospel.

“ In the *Third Part* he may see how punctual God hath been in the accomplishment of those predictions and prophecies concerning the rise, growth, and ruin of the Four Great Monarchies, set down in sundry places of the sacred Scriptures. As also how wisely and powerfully he rules and over-rules the affairs of the world, even among the Heathen. In the *Martyrologies* he may find the torments and triumphs, the conflicts and conquests of the Worthies of Christ in all places where the light of the Gospel hath shined, who have found that Scripture of Truth fulfilled upon themselves. *2 Tim. 3, 12. All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.*”\*

\* Below are mentioned among the books published by the same author: “*Medulla Theologiæ, or the Marrow of Divinity, contained in sundry Questions and Cases of Conscience, &c. In Folio.*” “*A Volume of Lives in 4to. with six or seven little Books.*”

The *First Part* contains 504 pages, besides a Table of matter. Then comes a new title-page for the *Second Part*, with an Epistle to the Reader, and copies of commendatory verses by *Thomas Dugard*, F. P. the author's son, J. C. and his nephew, N. C. This part extends to 116 pages, besides Table. Then comes another title-page for the second *Book*, of the second *Part*. This contains eleven lives, and extends to 104 pages, besides Table. Lastly comes a *fourth* title-page before the *Lives of Eminent Men called the Great*. This ends with page 303.



The *General Martyrologie* begins with an Epistle to the Reader, dated “*From my Study in Thridneedle-Street, Oct. 10, 1659.*” Then come Commendatory Verses—two in Greek, by *Tho. Dugard*, and two in English, signed “*Eli. Awn.*” and “*J. C.*”

Next we have an *Address “to the Christian Reader of English Martyrology.”*

“History, saith one, is of noble and necessary use, because, by setting before us what hath been, it premonisheth us of what will be again: sith the self-same Fable is acted over again in the world; the persons only are changed that act it. *Eccles. i. 9.* ‘*The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be: and that which is done, is that which shall be done, and there is no new thing under the sun.*’”

He afterwards observes—

“Some may think this labour of mine superfluous, because these things have been so largely and fully handled by that faithful and laborious servant of Christ, *Master Foxe*, in his *Acts and Monuments*. But such may be pleased to take notice, that

Master Fox writes not only a *Martyrology*, but a general History of the Church ; so that had I only gathered together what lieth dispersed, and scattered in those three great Volumes of his, concerning this subject, I suppose my pains would not have been accounted, at least by some, useless. But, besides, I have turned over many other authors, out of whom I have supplied what was wanting in Master Fox, and I think made this History of the Persecutions of the English Church more complete than ever it was before."

This is followed by English verses by Thomas Dugard, and John Clark, his son.

These are succeeded by several Tables. At the end of which are—" *The names of the Authors from whence this Martyrology was collected.*

Bede's History of the Church of England.

Dr. Usher's Antiq. Eccles. Britan.

Book of Martyrs.

Hollinshed's Chronicles.

Speed's Chronicles.

Daniel's Chronicle.

Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle.

And divers old Chronicles."

" Then " the Bookseller to the Reader," giving a list of the Author's works, among which, in addition to those already mentioned, is—" *A Description of the Seventeen Provinces, commonly called the Low Countries.*" It is mentioned also that he has ready another book, called "*Flores Theologiæ.*"

The first part ends at p. 544.

Then a new title-page occurs, before the *Lives of the thirty-two English Divines.* These are

1. Dr. Collet, Dean of St. Paul's, died 1519.  
 2. Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, died 1568.  
 3. Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York, died 1588.  
 4. Richard Greenham, died 1591. He was educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, from whence he became Minister of Dry-Drayton, near Cambridge. "When *Martin Mar-Prelate* came first out, Master Greenham, being to preach at St. Mary's, in Cambridge, spake freely against that book, manifesting his dislike of the same: For (said he) the tendency of this book is to make sin ridiculous, whereas it ought to be made odious." He left Dry Drayton for London about 1588. Here he died, aged about 60. He wrote a volume of Sermons, and Treatises of Divinity.

5. Thomas Cartwright, died 1603. Born in Hertfordshire about 1535, educated at Jesus College, Cambridge. He was some years afterwards expelled the University for his violent opposition to the established discipline of the Church. He then went abroad. When the *Nonconformists* drew up an *Admonition to the Parliament*, for the Reformation of the Church, Dr. Whitgift answered it; and *Cartwright* was chosen to undertake the reply, "which he performed so well," says Clark, "that his very adversaries were heard to advance and commend him for it."\*

6. Paul Barnes, died 1617. Fellow of Christ's College, and Lecturer of St. Andrew's, in Cambridge.

7. William Bradshaw, died 1618. He was Lecturer at Christ's Church, London, &c.

8. Richard Stock, died 1626. Preacher at All-Hallows, Bread-Street.

\* But see the Notes to *Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Biography*.

9. Richard Rothwell, died 1627. Minister at Mansfield-Woodhouse, Notts.

10. Dr. John Preston, died 1628. Master of Emanuel College, Cambridge.

11. Arthur Hildersham, died 1631. Lecturer at Ashby, Co. Leic.

12. Dr. Thomas Taylor, died 1632.

13. Hugh Clark, died 1634, born at Burton on Trent, 1563. Minister of Woolstone in Warwickshire.

14. John Carter, died 1634, born at Wickham, near Canterbury, 1543. Minister of Belsted in Suffolk.

15. Dr. Richard Sibs, died 1635. Preacher at Gray's Inn.

16. Dr. Laurence Chaderton, died 1640. Master of Emanuel College.

17. John Ball, died 1640. Minister of Whitmore in Staffordshire.

18. Dr. Barnaby Potter, died 1642. Bishop of Carlisle.

19. Richard Sedgewick, died 1643. Minister at Wapping.

20. Julines Herring, died 1644. Minister at Wrenbury in Cheshire.

21. John Dod, died 1645. Minister at Fausley, Northamptonshire.

22. Robert Balsom, died 1647. Minister of Berwick.

23. Herbert Palmer, born at Wingham in Kent, 1601, died 1647. Master of Queen's College, Cambridge.

24. Samuel Crook, died 1649. Minister of Wrington, Somersetshire.

25. John Cotton, born at Derby, 1584, died 1652. Minister at Boston, in America.

26. Dr. Thomas Hill, died 1653. Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

27. Dr. William Googe, died 1653.

28. Thomas Gataker, died 1654.

29. Jeremy Whitaker, died 1654. Minister of Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey.

30. Dr. James Usher, Primate of Ireland, died 1635.

31. Richard Capel, died 1656. Minister of Pitchcombe.

32. Dr. Robt. Harris, died 1658. Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.



The second Part contains the Lives of Gustavus Ericson, King of Sweden, and of divers Christians, eminent for prudence and piety, viz.—

1. Mrs. Jane Ratcliffe, died 1638.
2. Ignatius Jordaine, died 1640.
3. Margaret Ducke, died 1646.
4. Margaret Corbet, died 1656.
5. Elizabeth Wilkinson, died 1654.
6. Gasper Coligni, Admiral of France, died 1572.
7. Ioane, Queen of Navarre, died 1572.



*The Lives of Sundry eminent Persons in this latter age. In two Parts. I. Of Divines. II. Of Nobility and Gentry of both Sexes. By Samuel Clark, sometime Pastor of Bennet Fink, London. Printed and reviewed by himself just before his death. To which is added his own Life, and the Lives of the Countess of Suffolk, Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston, Mr. Richard Blackerby, and Mr. Samuel Fairclough, drawn up by other hands.*

*Heb. xvii. 1. Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which does so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race which is set before us.*

*London, printed for Thomas Simmonds, at the Prince's Arms, in Ludgate-Street. 1683. fol.*



Part I. extends to p. 214. Part II. begins with page 89, and runs to page 216. So that a perfect copy has the appearance of being defective, if the mere paging be regarded. This is noticed in the directions to the binder.

This volume is accompanied by a good print of the Author, drawn and engraved by R. White. "*Natus Oct. 10, 1599, Denatus Dec. 25, 1682.*"

The work commences with the Preface, with the *Life of the Author*, which, being a curious piece of *autobiography*, may be perhaps reprinted entire hereafter.

Then comes an Epistle to the Reader, by *Richard Baxter*, dated Jan. 16, 168 $\frac{2}{3}$ , from which some extracts will be proper, if I find room to appreciate the character of this laborious Compiler's works.

Part I. contains the Lives of, 1. Hugh Broughton, ob. 1612. 2. Robert Boyd of Trochreg, a Scotch Divine, ob. 1627, æt. 49. 3. Dr. Twiss, Prolocutor of the Assembly of Divines, ob. 1644. 4. Mr. Thomas Wilson, Minister of Maidstone, ob. 1651. 5. Dr. Sam. Bolton, ob. 1654. 6. Rev. Richard Vines, Minister of Lawrence Jury, ob. 1655. 7. Richard Blackerby, Minister of Thurlow, in Suffolk, ob. 1648, æt. 74. 8. Ralph Robinson, Minister of St. Mary Woolnoth, in Lombard Street, ob. 1655, æt. 41. 9. John Janeway, of King's College, Cambridge, ob. 1657, æt. 24. 10. John Machin, of Seabridge, in Staffordshire, ob. 1664, æt. 40. 11. Dr. Samuel Winter, ob. 1666, æt. 63. 12. Mr. Thomas Tregross, of Penryn, in Cornwall, ob. 1670. 13. Mr. Richard Mather, of Boston, in America, ob. 1669, æt. 74. 14. Mr. Joseph Allein, of Taunton, ob. 1669, æt. 36. 15. Dr. Edmund Staunton of Bovingden in Hertfordshire, ob. 1671, æt. 71. 16. Mr. Samuel Fairclough, ob. 1677, æt. 84. 17. Mr. Thomas Wadsworth, ob. 1676, æt. 46. 18. Mr. Owen Stockton, ob. 1680, æt. 50. 19. Mr. Thomas Gouge, ob. 1681. æt. 75.

Scotch Divines—Hugh Kennedy, John Scrimger, Robert Blair, Andrew Steward, John Welch, Robert Bruce, Mr. Davidson, Patrick Simpson.

Then follow *Providences Strange and Extraordinary*, in six pages.

The *Second Part* contains the Lives of, 1. Sir Philip Sidney, ob. 1586. 2. Sir Charles Coot of Ireland, ob. 1642. æt. 65, being slain in battle near Trim. 3. John Lamot, Alderman of London, born at Colchester, 1577,



son of Francis Lamot, son of Baldwin Lamot of Ypres, in Flanders, who fled from the persecution of Duke D'Alva, and settled at Colchester, where he set up a manufacture of *Says* and *Bays*. John was brought up a merchant. He married Mrs. Ann Tivelin of Canterbury. By her he left two surviving daughters and coheirs: Hester married first to John Manning, Esq. a merchant of London, and afterwards to Sir Thomas Honeywood, of Marks Hall, in Essex, Kt. Elizabeth, the other coheir, married Maurice Abbot, son to Sir Maurice Abbot, Lord Mayor of London, who was brother to George, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Robert, Bishop of Salisbury. Mr. Lamot died July 13, 1655, æt. 79. 4. Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston of Ketton, in Suffolk, Kt. died 1653, æt. 66. 5. Mr. John Row, son of Lawrence Row, born at Shobrook, in Devonshire, 1588, died 1660, æt. 72. 6. Sir Matthew Hale,\* died 1676, æt. 67. 7. Mrs. Mary Gunter, died

\* Clark cites the following sweet paraphrase, by Sir Matthew, of some lines in Seneca's *Thyestes*.—

“ Let him, that will, ascend the tottering seat  
 Of courtly Grandeur, and become as great  
 As are his mounting wishes! As for me,  
 Let sweet repose and rest my portion be!  
 Give me some mean obscure recess; a sphere  
 Out of the road of business, or the fear  
 Of falling lower, where I sweetly may  
 Myself, and dear retirement still enjoy.  
 Let not my life or name be known unto  
 The Grandees of the Time, tost to and fro  
 By censures or applause! But let my age  
 Slide gently by, not overthwart the stage  
 Of public actions, unheard, unseen,  
 And unconcern'd, as if I ne'er had been!

1633. 8. Lady Alice Lucy, widow of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecot, in Warwickshire, died 1648. (See her funeral Sermon, preached by Mr. Thomas Dugard, Aug. 17, 1648.) 9. Mary Lady Vere, widow of Horace Lord Vere, daughter of Tracy of Toddington, died 1671, æt. 90. 10. Mrs. Katherine Clark, daughter of the Rev. Valentine Overton, Rector of Bedworth, near Warwick, born Feb. 25, 1602; married, 1625, Rev. Sam. Clarke, Minister of Shotwick, four miles beyond West-Chester, died June 21, 1675, æt. 72. She was the wife of the Biographer. Here is an Elegy on her by her grandson, J. Clark, æt. 18. 11. Mary Countess Dowager of Warwick, seventh daughter of Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork, died 1678. 12. Mrs. Margaret Baxter, wife of Mr. Richard Baxter, died June 14, 1681. She was daughter of Francis Charleton, of Shropshire, Esq. 13. Lady Mary Armyne, of the noble family of Talbot, died 1675, aged more than 80. 14. Lady Elizabeth Langham, daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, second wife to Sir James Langham, died March, 28, 1664, without issue. 15. Susanna, Countess of Suffolk, second daughter of Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, born 1627, died May 10, 1649, æt. 22.\*

And thus while I shall pass my silent days,  
 In shady privacy, free from the noise  
 And bustles of the mad world, then shall I  
 A good old innocent Plebeian die.  
 Death is a mere surprise, a very snare  
 To him that makes it his life's greatest care  
 To be a public pageant, known to all,  
 But unacquainted to himself doth fall.

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\* This was originally published in 4to. under the following title :

“ A Collection of the Lives of ten Eminent Divines, famous in their

*A Sheaf of Miscellany Epigrams, written in Latin by J[ohn] D[ønne.] Translated by J[asper] Main, D. D. 1652. pp. 16. 12m°.*

THIS *Sheaf* by Jasper Maine is subjoined to Dr.

generations for Learning, Prudence, Piety, and Painfulness in the Work of the Ministry. Whereunto is added the Live of Gustavus Ericson, King of Sweden, who first reformed Religion in that Kingdome, and of some other eminent Christians, &c.

London, printed for William Miller, at the guilded Acorn, near the little North-door in St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1662." 4to. pp. 535, besides Table.

The Epistle to the Reader is dated *From my Study in Thredneedle-Street, Oct. 10, 1661.* In this he says—

“ I am not ignorant how some of late have endeavoured to bespatter, and to bring an odium upon the names of some of our former Worthies, (whose Lives I have formerly published) as though they were *Fanatics, Anabaptists*, (because they would have their children baptised by Popish Priests) enemies to the state, traitors, &c. But the memory of them shall be blessed, when the names of these their traducers shall not,” &c.

*These Divines are,*

1. John Carter, ob. 1634.
2. Sam. Crook, ob. 1649.
3. John Cotton, ob. 1652.
4. Dr. Thos. Hill, ob. 1653.
5. Dr. Wm Gouge, ob. 1653.
6. Tho. Gataker, ob. 1654.
7. Jeremy Whitaker, ob. 1654.
8. Dr. James Usher, Primate of Ireland, ob. 1655.
9. Richard Capel, ob. 1656.
10. Dr. Robert Harris, ob. 1658.

*In the Second Part.*

Gustavus Ericson, King of Sweden, ob. 1562.

Mrs. Jane Ratcliffe, ob. 1638

Mr. Ignatius Jurdaine, ob. 1640.

Mrs. Margaret Duck, ob. 1646.

Mrs. Margaret Corbet, ob. 1656.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wilkinson, ob. 1654.

On this last Lady are two poetical Epitaphs by Dr. Edw. Reynolds and Dr. John Wallis.

Donne's *Paradoxes*, &c.\* This is here mentioned as the only poetical publication of Dr. Maine, (except two plays) who yet has had the honour of being enumerated among English Poets.

Jasper Mayne was born at Hatherleigh, in Devonshire, in 1604, educated at Oxford, and died Canon of Christchurch, and Archdeacon of Chichester, in 1672.

His commendatory Verses are to be found before many publications.

These trifles hardly afford a specimen worth selecting. The following form No. 50; and No. 52.

I die well paid, while my expiring breath  
Smiles o'er the tombs of foes made kin by death.

*Another.*

Let Heaven my soul, the foe my life, the grave  
My corpse, my fame let my sav'd country have.



\* "Paradoxes, Problems, Essayes, Characters, written by Dr. Donne, Dean of Paul's, to which is added a Book of Epigrams, written in Latin by the same author, translated into English by J. Maine, D. D. as also Ignatius his Conclave, a Satyr, translated out of the original Copy, written in Latin by the same author; found lately among his own papers, &c.

London, printed for H. Mosely, 1652. 12mo."

This is dedicated to Francis Lord Newport, Baron of High-Arcle.

*The Regi- ment of life, where- unto is added a  
 treatise of the pestilence, with the booke of chil-  
 dren, newly cor- rected and enlarged by  
 Thomas Phaire.*

Colophon :

*Imprinted at London by John Kyngston and  
 Hen- ry Sutton, dwelling in Pauls Church-  
 Yarde Anno Domini 1553.*

Very small 8vo.



THIS was DR. THOMAS PHAYER, the celebrated  
 Poet, who translated Virgil, and was a contributor to  
 the *Mirror for Magistrates*.

His Preface commences thus :

“ Although (as I doubt not) every good man wyl enterprete  
 this worke to none other ende, but to be for the comfort of  
 them that are diseased, and wyl esteeme no lesse of me by  
 whom they profyete, than thei wyl be glad to receyue the be-  
 nefites, Yet forasmuche as it is impossible to auoyde the teethe  
 of malicious enuy, I thought it not unnecessary to prevent the  
 furies of some, whyche are euer gnawing and bytyng upon them  
 that further any godly sciences. To those I protest, that in all  
 my studies I never intended nor yet doo entende to satisfye the  
 myndes of any suche pike fautes (whiche wyl doo nothyng but  
 detract and iudge other, snuffing at al that offendeth the noses  
 of their momishe affections, howe soeuer laudable it be other-  
 waies :) But my purpose is here to doo theym good that have  
 moste nede, that is to saye, children : and to shewe the reme-  
 dies that god hath created for the use of man, to distribute in  
 englyshe to them that are unlearned, parte of the treasure that  
 is in other languages, to provoke them that are of better learn-

ying, to utter their knowledge in suche lyke attemptes : fynally to declare that to the use of many, whych oughte not to be secrete for lucre of a fewe : and to communicate the fruite of my labours to them that wyl gentilly and thankfully receyue them."\*

*Certain most god-ly, fruitful, and comfortable letters of such true saintes and holy martyrs of God, as in the late bloody persecution here within this realme, gave their lyves for the defence of Christes holy gospel: written in the tyme of their affliction and cruell imprysonment.*

*Though they suffer payne among men, yet is their hope full of immortalitie.* Sap. 3.

*Imprinted at London by John Day, dwelling ouer Aldersgate, beneath Saint Martines, 1564.*

*Cum gratia et priuilegio Regie Maiestatis.*

4to. pp. 689, besides Table.

AT the back of the title, a spirited wood-cut of several Martyrs at the stake.

The writers of these Letters are 1. Abp. Craumer ; 2. Ridley, Bp. of London ; 3. Hooper, Bp. of Gloucester ; 4. Dr. Taylor, Parson of Hadley ; 5. Laurence Saunders ; 6. John Bradford ; 7. Thomas Whytlye ; 8. Robert Samuel ; 9. John Hullyer ; 10. Robert Glo-

\* See *Wood's Ath. Ox. by Bliss*, I. 316, where this edition is not mentioned : but where the dates assigned are 1540, 1546, and 1560, in which last year Pnaer died.

ver; 11. Robert Smith; 12. Bartelet Grene; 13. John Careles; 14. George Marsh; 15. John Rough; 16. Cutberte Symson; 17. William Coker; 18. Nicholas Shetterden; 19. Lady Jane Grey; 20. Steven Cotton; 21. Richard Roth; 22. Prisoners in Canterbury Castle.

At the end is a Letter of Bishop Ridley, omitted in the Table.

At p. 662 is

*A letter written by Lady Jane Grey, (at the end of a New Testament in Greek) to her sister the Lady Katherine, immediately before she suffered.*

“ I have here sent you, good sister Katherine, a Book, which although it be not outwardly trimmed with gold, yet inwardly it is more worth than precious stones. It is the Book, dear sister, of the Law of the Lord: it is his Testament and last Will which he bequeathed unto us wretches; which shall lead you unto the path of eternal joy; and if you with a good mind do read it, it shall bring you to an immortal and everlasting life. It will teach you to live, and learn you to die.

“ It shall win you more than you should have gained by the possession of your woeful father's lands. For, as if God had prospered him, you should have inherited his lands; so if you apply diligently this Book, seeking to direct your life after it, you shall be an inheritor of such riches, as neither the covetous shall withdraw from you; neither the thief shall steal; nor the moths shall corrupt.

“ Desire, with David, good Sister, to understand the Law of the Lord your God. Live still to die, if you by death may purchase eternal life. And trust not, that the tenderness of your age shall lengthen your life: for as soon, if God call, goeth the young as the old. And labour always to learn to die.

“ Defy the world, deny the devil, and despise the flesh, and delight yourself only in the Lord. Be penitent for your

sins, and yet despair not ; be strong in faith, and yet presume not : and desire, with St. Paul, to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, with whom even in death there is life. Be like the good servant, and even at midnight be waking, lest when Death cometh, and stealeth upon you like a thief in the night, you be with the evil servant found sleeping ; and lest, for lack of oil, you be found like the five foolish women, and like him that had not on the wedding garment, and so be cast out from the marriage.

“ Rejoice in Christ, as I praise God I do. Follow the steps of your master Christ, and take up your cross : lay your sins on his back, and always embrace him.

“ And as touching my death, rejoice as I do, good Sister, that I shall be delivered from this corruption, and put on incorruption. For I am assured, that I shall, for losing of a mortal life, win an immortal life. The which I pray God grant you ! Send you of his grace to live in his fear, and to die in the true Christian faith ; from the which, in God’s name, I exhort you that you never swerve, neither for hope of life, nor for fear of death. For if you will deny his truth to lengthen your life, God will deny you, and yet shorten your days. And if you will cleave unto him, he will prolong your days, to your comfort and his glory ; to the which glory God bring me now, and you hereafter, when it pleaseth him to call you.

“ Fare you well, good Sister, and put your only trust in God, who only must help you.”





“ THE LOSSE OF ELIZABETH.

“ *By Wm. Herbert. 1604.*

~~~~~

“ Faire Virgin, Empresse, royall princely maid,  
 Sprung from the damask rose, the rose's bud ;  
 Tis true as truth itselfe which men have said,  
 The end is best, though all the meanes be good.  
 She was the last and best of Henrie's blood.  
 Henry did well in all, excell in this,  
 In getting of this maid, our greatest blisse.

Astronomers did dreame, and fondly saide,  
 That twelve designed signes did rule a spehere ;  
 Virgo did guide the earth, oh heavenly Maide,  
 But now sky-teachers wise men never feare,  
 To say she is in heaven, for sure she's there.  
 Oh, she is gone, with her our pleasures fled,  
 They liv'd in her, they died when she was dead.

Bright gem of honor, Albion's glorious starre,  
 The Cynosure of England's hemisphere ;\*  
 Princess of peace, Cytherian queen of warre,  
 Rides through the clouds on her cælestial beare,  
 Conquering death's ebon dart and sharpest speare.  
 Fathers of peace put on triumphant weedes,  
 A gracious King, a gracious Queen succeedes.”

Printed in “ *A Prophecie of Cudwallader,*” &c.

¶

\* “ The Cynosure of vulgar eyes.” *Milton.*

*Poems* ♦ by ♦ *Thomas Philipot* ♦ *Master of Arts* ♦  
 (Sometimes) of *Clare Hall in Cambridge* ♦ *London*  
 ♦ *Printed by R. A. for John Wilcox* ♦ and are to  
 be ♦ sold at the *Crown in Pauls Churchyard* ♦

MDCXLVI.\* 8vo. pp. 55, besides Table.

DEDICATED to Mildmay, Earl of Westmoreland.

Address to the Reader, signed T. P.

To the Author, "Encomiasticon," signed "*Philomachus, T. C.*" 48 Poems.

P. 19. On the death of Mr. George Sandys, beginning,

"When that Arabian bird, the Phoenix dies,  
 Who on her pile of spices bedrid lies."

P. 35. On the death of Mr. Francis Quarles, beginning,

"Amongst that solemn train of friends, which sing  
 Thy dirge, great soul, and to thy name do bring," &c.

P. 17. On the death of Sir Simon Harcourt, slain at the taking in of Carigs-Main Castle in Ireland, beginning,

"May that pure flame, which heated Harcourt's breast,  
 Break from the gloomy confines of that chest."

This author was the same who published the "*Villare Cantianum*," one of our earliest County Histories.

\* Corrected in MS. to "*Feb. 3, 1645.*"

“ *R. W. against the wilfull Inconstancie of his deare foe E. T. which example may justly be a sufficient warnyng for all yong men to beware the fained fide-lytie of unconstant maydens.*”

12mo. Four leaves.

Running title—“ *The true harted R. W. to the unconstant E. T.*” of 31 stanzas.

“ ALL youthfull wights at lyberty,  
Whom Love did never thrall,  
I wish that my decay may be  
A warnyng to you all.

That have a soare bred in my brest,  
Although it be not strange,  
Yet wyll it bryng mee to the grave,  
Without some sodaine change.

For I by sute have served one  
Two yeares and somewhat more,  
And now I can no longer serve,  
My hart it is so sore.

Which hart I let to userie,  
Through greedie fond desire,  
Not doubting to receive home twain,  
When I would them requyre.

But if that everie userer  
Had such good hap as I,  
There would not be so many men  
Would use this userie.

The pryce that I have paid for love,  
Not many men do give ;  
But I my bargayne shall repent  
As longe as I do lyve.

The following stanza has the nearest pretensions to poetic figure.

I thurst my hande among the thornes,  
 In hope the rose to finde ;  
 I prickt my hand and eke my hart,  
 Yet left the rose behynde."

Colophon. *Finis. R. Witc. Imprinted at London by Richard Johnes.*"




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"The copy of a letter lately written in meeter by a yonge Gentilwoman to her vnconstant Lover : with an admonition to al yong Gentilwomen, and to all other Mayds in general to beware of mennes flattery. By Is. W. Newly joyned to a Love letter sent by a Bachelor (a most faithfull Lover) to an unconstant and faithless Mayden. Impr. at London by Rd. Jhones, dwelling in the upper end of Fleet-lane, at the signe of the Spred Egle." 12°.

#### CONTENTS.

THE Printer to the Reader ; 5 short stanzas on back of the title.

I. W. to her unconstant lover, 35 st. Finis, Is. W.

The admonition by the Auctor, 32 st. Finis, Is. W.

Then follows a second title, thus—

"A love letter, or an earnest perswasion of a lover : Sent of late to a yonge Mayden to whom he was betrothed ; who afterward being overcome with flattery, she seemed utterly to swerve from her former promise, without occasion, and so to forsake him. By W. G."

Twenty-seven stanzas in the same measure as the former, of which the last is here given, with the colophon.

“ Farewell, *a dieu* ten thousand times,  
 To God I thee commend :  
 Beseeching him his heavenly grace  
 Unto thee styll to send.

Thy friend in wealth, thy friend in woe,  
 Thy friend while lyfe shall flyth me froe ;  
 And whilst that you enjoy your breath,  
 Leave not your friend unto the death :  
 For greater praise cannot be wonne,  
 Then to observe true love begonne.

FINIS. W. G.

*Imprinted at London by Rd. Jhones.”*

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“ *Flamma sini Fumo, or Poems without Fictions, by  
 Bowl. Watkins. Ded. to the hon. Col. Sir Herbert  
 Prise, Knt.*”

THE following are its contents :—

Page.

4. Upon the mournful death of our late Sovereign  
 Ld. Cha. the First.
5. Upon the return of our most illustrious K. Cha. II.  
 from Flanders to England.
7. Upon the right honble the Lord Gen. George  
 Monk, D. of Albemarle.
11. Upon the right honble James D. of Ormond, and  
 E. of Brecknock.

13. Upon the right honble Henry Ld. Herbert, eldest son to Edw. Marquis of Worcester.
- 19 Upon the right honble Lady Mary Beauchamp of Edington, in the Co. of Wilts.
21. Upon the right honble Lady Edina Williams of Gwenrivet.
20. Upon the honble Gentlewoman Mrs. Jane Lane, who was a most happy instrument to convey our Sovereign Ld. K. Cha. out of the hands of rebels from England to Scotland.
23. Upon the fair, charitable, and piously devoted Gentlewoman Mrs. Mary Jeffreys.
24. Upon the right honble John Scudamore, Visc. Sligo, &c.
31. Upon the honble. Sir Herbert Prise, Bart. Master of the Household to Cha. the Second.
38. Upon the right worshipful Sir Henry Lingen, Knt. of Stoke in Herefordshire.
40. To his much honoured friend, Mr. John Williams, Vicar of Dwynnoch and Luel.
41. To the most incomparable Lady Goditha Prise, Lady to Sir Herbert Prise.
45. To the profound and learned Gentleman, Mr. Vincent Wing. [the astrologer.]
48. Upon the right worshipful Sir Francis Floyd, Knt. [59 ib.]
49. Upon Nature's darling, the young ingenious Gent. Mr. James Jones.
- Upon the death of the right worshipful Sir Walter Pye of the Mynde.
52. Upon the worshipful and most hospitable Gent. Andrew Barton, Esq.

55. Upon the honble Col. Sir Randolph Egerton,  
Knt.  
— Upon the fair and virtuous Gentlewoman, Mrs.  
Eliz. Gwyn of the Hay.
56. To the most courteous and fair Gentlewoman the  
pattern of modesty, &c. Mrs. Eliz. Williams of  
the same.
57. Upon the death of the right worshipful Sir An-  
thony Mansel, killed at the battle of Newbury.
64. Upon the most beautiful, hospitable, and ingenious  
Gentlewoman, Mrs. Blanch Morgan.
68. To the most affable, charitable, and ingenious  
Gent. Roger Vaughan of Moccas, Esq.
69. Upon the right worshipful Sir John Awbry of  
Lantrethit, Knt.
70. To the right worshipful Sir Richard Basset of  
Bewper, Knt.  
— Upon his much honoured friend, Major Henry  
Stedman.
71. To the worshipful Edw. Powel, Esq. of the Maes  
Mawr.  
— Upon the right worshipful Nicholas Arnold of  
Lantony, Esq.
73. Upon his most dear and pious uncle, Mr. James  
Parry, Parson of Tidstone.
83. Upon the most hospitable and courteous Gent.  
the worshipful Tho. Lewis, Esq. of Langorn.
87. Upon the worshipful and most hopeful Gent. Tho.  
Prise of Whisteton, Esq.  
— Upon the nobly minded and most pious Gentle-  
woman, Mrs. Mary Williams.
91. Upon the most learned Gent. Dr. Aurelius Wil-  
liams, Dr. of Physick.

93. Upon the sad departure of the right rev. William Nicholson from Carmarthen to Gloucester.
94. Upon the much honoured John Delahay, Esq.—  
Milborne Williams, Esq. son to Sir H. W.
97. Upon the worshipful and much deserving Gent.  
John Jeffreys of Aberenwrich, Esq.
114. Mrs. Mary Carne.
115. Upon his beloved daughter, Susanna W. æt. 36.
116. Upon Bishop Nicholson's Analysis of David's  
Psalms, and his Exposition of the Creed.

After page 126 comes "*A Looking Glass, for the Sick, and the Causes and Symptoms of Diseases, &c. in verse.*"

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To "*the Order and Solemnitie of the Creation of the high and mightie Prince Henrie, (eldest sonne to our sacred Sovereigne) Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, Earl of Chester, &c. as it was celebrated in the Parliament House on Munday, the fourth of Junne last past, &c. 1610, 4to.*" is annexed

"*Tethys Festival: or the Queenes Wake. Celebrated at Whitehall the fifth day of June, 1610. Devised by Samuel Daniel, one of the Groomes of her Maiesties most hon. priuie Chamber.*"



THIS is in Garrick's collection of Plays, H. vol. IX. 4to. in Mus. Brit. and proves to be a Masque or Pageant, "the artificial part," or machinery of which



was contrived by Inigo Jones. “Tethys, (Mater nympharum et fluviorum) Queene of the Ocean and wife of Neptunus, attended with thirteen nymphs of severall rivers, is represented by the Q. Ann, and the Ladies of her Court thus personified the several rivers.—

1. The Lady Elizabeth’s Grace—the nymph of *Thames*.
  2. The Lady Arbella—the *Trent*.
  3. Css. of Arundell—*Arun*—that runs by Arundell Castle.
  4. Css. of Darbie—*Darwent*—runs through Darbie.
  5. Css. of Essex—*Lee*—the river that bounds Essex.
  6. Css. of Dorset—*Ayr*—runs near Skipton.
  7. Css. of Mongomerie—*Severn*—rises in Mongomeryshire.
  8. Vicss. Haddington—*Rother*—a river in Sussex.
  9. Lady Eliz Gray—*Medway*—a river in Kent.
  10. Lady Eliz. Guilford—*Dulosse*
  11. Lady Kath. Petre—*Olwy*
  12. Lady Winter—*Wye*
  13. Lady Winsor—*Uske*
- } rivers in Monmouthshire.

The Duke of York presented *Zephirus*, in a short robe of green satin, embroidered with golden flowers, &c. Eight little ladies were the *Naiades*. The intermixture of verse is not much, but it is neatly performed.



“ *The Hierarchie of the blessed Angels, their Names, Orders, and Offices. The fall of Lucifer with his Angels. Written by Tho. Heywood.* ”

“ *Vita scelestā vale cœlica vita veni.* ”

“ *London, printed by Adam Islip, 1635.* ”



IN a title-page engraved by T. Cecil it is dedicated to Queen Henrietta Maria.

In the Proem to the Reader the Author says—

“ I have proposed unto you, Good Angels and Bad; the excellencie of the one, still continuing in their created purity; the refractory rebellion of the other, damning themselves to all eternity.”

The Poem consists of nine Books, with curious prose annotations to each Book.

“ *The Argument of the first Booke.* ”

*Uriel.*

*A Jove Principium, the Creator,  
Of all that live sole animator,  
Atheisme and Sadducisme disputed,  
Their tenents argued and refuted.  
A Deitie approv'd by all  
God's creatures in generall.  
Into the world how false Gods came,  
And first begun t'usurpe that name.  
A Quere made the world throughout,  
To finde this God, of whom some doubt.*

“ *The Argument of the seconde Booke.* ”

*Jophiel.*

*A God bee'ng found deny'd by none,  
It followes there can be but one :*

By the Philosophers confest,  
 And such as were of Poets best.  
 Him not the Oracle denies,  
 Nor those the ancient World held wise ;  
 Sage, Sybill, Mage, Gymnosophist,  
 All in this Vnitie persist.  
 Next, That this Pow'r so far extended  
 Can by no sence be comprehended ;  
 Neither his Essence, most Diuine,  
 Be sounded by weak Reason's line :  
 And last, what names most properly  
 Belong to this Great Deity.

*The Argument of the third Booke.*

*Zaphkiel.*

Of th' Uniuerse the Regions three,  
 And how their parts disposed bee :  
 How gouerned, and in what order,  
 In which no one exceeds it's border.  
 That Moses' arke in all respects  
 Upon this world's rare Frame reflects.  
 Both how and when by pow'r Diuine  
 The Sun and Moone began to shine.  
 The day of our blest Sauour's passion,  
 Compar'd with that of the Creation.  
 How euery Star shines in its Spheare,  
 What place they in the Zodiacke beare.  
 And of the twelue Signs a narration,  
 Their influence, aspect, and station.  
 To proue no former worlds haue bin,  
 And this must perish we liue in.  
 The vainnesse lastly doth appear  
 Of Plato's Great and Vertent Yeare.

*The Argument of the fourth Booke**Zadchiel.*

What Ternions and Classes bee  
 In the Cælestial Hierarchie.  
 In what degrees they are instated,  
 How 'mongst themselues concatenated.  
 Angels and Dæmons made apparent  
 By Ethnicks and the Scriptures warrant.  
 Of Visions, and strange Dreames that proue  
 Spirits each where at all times moue ;  
 Against their infidelitie  
 That will allow none such to bee.  
 Discourse of Fauror, Loue, and Hate,  
 Of Poetry, of Death's estate.  
 Th' Essence of Spirits ; how far they know,  
 Their pow'r in heaven and earth below.

*The Argument of the fifth Booke.**Haniel.*

The consonance and sympathie  
 Betwixt the Augels Hi-erarchie.  
 The Planets and Cælestiall Spheares,  
 And what similitude appeares  
 'Twixt one and other of the three  
 Religions that most frequent bee,  
 Jew, Christian, and Mahumetist :  
 Upon what grounds they most insist.  
 Ridiculous Tenents stood upon  
 In Mahomet's blinde Alcaron ;  
 Where he discourseth the creation  
 Of Heav'n and Angels. A relation,  
 What strange notorius Heresies,  
 By th' Priscillians and Manichees  
 Were held. The truth made most apparant  
 By Text and holy Scriptures warrant.

*The Argument of the sixth Booke.*

*Raphael.* The heart of Man bee'ng so adverse  
 To Goodnesse, and so apt to pierce  
 Things most retrusc ; a course exprest  
 On what it chiefly ought to rest.  
 A scrutinie made, where and when  
 The Spirits were created. Then,  
 Of Lucifer, the chiefe and prime  
 Of Angels in the first of time :  
 His Splendor, Pride, and how he fell  
 In battell by Prince Michael.  
 Their Fight, their Armes, the triumph great  
 Made in the heav'ns for his defeat.  
 The number that reuolted ; and  
 How long they in their grace did stand.  
 Some other doubts may plain appeare  
 Which to this argument cohere.

*The Argument of the seventh Booke.*

*Camael.* Of God's great works a serious view,  
 For which all praise to him is due.  
 The sev'rall Classes that are held  
 Amongst the Angels that rebel'd.  
 Of Lucifer the principall,  
 And his strange Figure since his Fall.  
 Of such as most in pow'r excell,  
 And of their gouernment in hell ;  
 Their Order, Offices, and Names,  
 With what prioritie each claimes.  
 The list of those that fell from blisse,  
 The knowledge that in Dæmons is,  
 And how far stretcht. Next, of their wrath  
 Tow'rds Mankinde, and what bounds it hath.  
 Discov'ry of those ginnes and snares  
 They lay t' entrap men unawares.

Of compacts common in all ages,  
And of the Astrologomages.

*The Argument of the eighth Booke.*

*Michael.* Of Sathan's Wiles and Feats prestigious,  
Appearing wondrous and prodigious ;  
Confirm'd by histories far sought.  
Of Nouels by bad Dæmons wrought ;  
And first of such is made expression,  
That still with Mankinde seek congression,  
(To whose fall they themselves apply  
Call'd Succubæ and Incubi.)  
To finde those further we desire,  
Of Water, Earth, the Aire, and Fire ;  
And what their workings be, to know  
As well above as here below.  
How Authors 'mongst themselves agree  
What Genij and Spectars bee,  
Faunes, Sylvans, and Alastores,  
Satyrs, and others like to these.  
With stories mixt, that grace may win  
From such as wee, not verst therein.

*The Argument of the ninth Booke.*

*Gabriel.* Of Spirits call'd Lucifugi  
(From flying light) I next apply  
My neere-tyr'd pen : of which be store  
In Mines where workmen dig for oare.  
Of Robin Good-fellow, and of Fairies,  
With many other strange vagaries  
Done by Hob-goblins. I next write  
Of a Noone-Diuell, and a Buttry-Sp'rite.  
Of graue Philosophers who treat  
Of the soule's essence and her seat.

The strange and horrid deaths related  
 Of learn'd Magitions, animated  
 By Sathan, the knowne truth t' abjure,  
 And study arts black and impure.  
 Of curious Science last, the vanitie,  
 Grounded on nothing but uncertaintie.  
 And that no knowledge can abide the test  
 Like that in sacred Scripture is exprest."



*Extract from Book IV. regarding English  
 Poets.*

" Our modern Poets to that passe are driven,  
 Those names are curtal'd which they first had given;  
 And as we wish'd to have their memories drown'd,  
 We scarcely can afford them half their sound.

*Rob. Greene.* Greene who had in both Academies ta'en  
 Degree of Master yet could never gaine  
 To be call'd more than Rob'n : who had he  
 Profest ought saue the Muse, serv'd and been free  
 After a seuen yeares Prenticeship ; might haue  
 (With credit too) gone *Robert* to his graue.

*Chris. Marlo.* Marlo renown'd for his rare art and wit  
 Could ne'er attain beyond the name of *Kit*,  
 Although his *Hero and Leander* did

*Thomas Kid.* Merit addition rather. Famous *Kid*

*Thomas  
 Walson.* Was call'd but *Tom*. *Tom Watson*, though he  
 wrote

Able to make Apollo's selfe to dote  
 Upon his Muse ; for all that he could striue,  
 Yet never could to his full name arriue.

*Thomas  
 Nash.* *Tom Nash* (in his time of no small esteeme)  
 Could not a second syllable redeeme.

*Francis*      Excellent *Bewmont*, in the foremost rank  
*Bewmont.*    Of the rar'st Wits, was never more than *Frank*.  
*William*      Mellifluous *Shakespeare*, whose enchanting quill  
*Shakespeare.* Commanded Mirth or Passion, was but *Will*.  
*Benjamin*    And famous *Jonson*, though his learned pen  
*Jonson.*       Be dipt in Castaly, is still but *Ben*.  
*John Flet-*    *Fletcher* and *Webster*, of that learned packe,  
*cher, John*    None of the mean'st, yet neither was but *Jacke*.  
*Webster, &c.* *Decker's* but *Tom* ; nor *May* nor *Middleton*.  
                   And hee's now but *Jacke Foord*, that once were  
                   John.

Nor speak I this that any here exprest  
 Should think themselves lesse worthy than the rest,  
 Whose names have their full syllable and sound ;  
 Or that *Frank*, *Kit*, or *Jacke* are the least wound  
 Unto their fame and merit. I, for my part,  
 (Think others what they please) accept that heart  
 Which courts my love in most familiar phrase,  
 And that it takes not from my pains or praise,  
 If any one to me so bluntly com,  
 I hold he loues me best that calls me *Tom*.  
 Hear but the learned *Buchanan*\* complaine,  
 In a most passionate elegiacke straine ;  
 And what emphaticall phrases he doth use  
 To waile the wants that wait upon the Muse.  
 The pouertie (saith he) adde vnto these,  
 Which still attends on the Aönides,  
 As if that Pænia† were their Queen and guide,  
 And vow'd amongst them euer to reside.

\* " In his Elegy, intituled—*Quam misera sit conditio doctentium literas humaniores, &c.*"

† " Pænia is Paupertas ; or of poverty. Read Aristophanes in his *Lenady*, called *Platus*."



Whether thou dost of Turkish battels sing,  
 Or tune thy low Muse to a softer string :  
 Or whether thou the gentle Socke dost weare,  
 Tickling with pleasure the spectator's eare :  
 Whether thou in the lofty buskin rage :  
 When the long tragicke robe doth brush the stage,  
 Thou, Pouertie along with thee shalt bring,  
 Whether thou Poëms write, or Poëms sing.

Seuen cities warr'd for *Homer* being dead :  
 Who liuing, had no rooffe to shrowd his head.  
 Poore *Tityrus* deplores his father's fields ;  
 Rome to the hungry *Statius* scarce bread yeelds.  
*Naso*, who many in that kinde surpast,  
 Beyond the Hyperborean Pole was cast :  
 Nor could shew cause for being thither chac'd,  
 But, that he lov'd the Sisters ; they him grac'd :  
 Nor hath the Poet's Patron's selfe\* been free  
 From the strict lawes of dire necessitie ;  
 But forc'd through want, amidst the fields and groues  
 To keepe and feed the Æmonian herds and drones.  
 Wherefore Calliope (who sung so well)  
 Did liue so long a maid, can any tell ?  
 She had not been a virgin to this houre,  
 But that (to marry her) she wanted dower.

Meane time we spend our fruitlesse hours in vaine,  
 And Age of Want and hunger doth complaine.  
 It grieues vs now although too late, at last  
 Our youth in idle studies to haue past ;  
 And what a folly 'tis, we now have found  
 To cast our seed in an vnfaithfull ground :  
 That in our youth we haue layd vp no store,  
 Which might maintaine vs when our heads'be hore ;

\* " Apollo, who kept Admetus his cattel."

And that our shaken vessel, torne and thin,  
 Can finde no easie port to harbour in.  
 Then barren Muses, seeke some other friend,  
 For I henceforth a thriving course intend.

None with fresh violets my ashes grace,  
 Or strew sweet fragrant roses in the place.\*  
 If any loues me, and intends to giue,  
 I wish to taste his bounty whilst I liue.  
 What care I, when the Fates my thread have spun,  
 Though briers and thornes my graue shall ouerrun.

Thou Tragicke Buskin, and thou Comicke Socke,  
 Prime Muses of the Novenary stocke ;  
 At length awake from your long bedded sloath,  
 And giue me but one answer from you both :  
 Whence growes this innovation ? How comes it  
 Some dare to measure mouthes for euery bit  
 The Muse shall taste ? And those, approv'd tongues  
 call,

Which have pleas'd court and city, indeed all,  
 An untun'd kennell : when the populous throng  
 Of auditors haue thought the Muses sung  
 When they but spake ? How comes it (ere he know  
 it)

A *Puny* shall assume the name of Poet ;  
 And in a Tympanous and Thrasonicke stile,  
 (Words at which th' ignorant laugh, but the learn'd  
 smile,

Because adulterate) and vnderizen'd, he  
 Should taske such artists as haue tooke degree,  
 Before he was a Fresh-man ? and because  
 No good practitioner in the Stage Lawes,  
 He miss'd th' applause he aim'd at ; hee'l devise  
 Another course, his fame t' immortalise :

\* " Epigram. ejusdem, inscript. ad amicos. Nemo meos  
 cineres violis fragralibus ornet, &c."

Imploring diuers pens, (failing in's owne)  
To support that which others have cry'd downe.

It was not so of old : *Virgil* the best  
Of Epicke Poets, neuer did contest  
'Gainst *Homer*. *Ovid* was so far from hate  
That he did rather striue to imitate  
Than maligne others : for of him we reade  
That he did honour all who did precede ;  
To loue those that came after, present, all,  
Indeed the Muses' friends in generall.

I spare to speake of those that liue ; I'embrace  
Their loues, and make Vmpires in this case,  
Who would, to curbe such insolence (I know)  
Bid such yong boys to stay in Jericho  
Vntill their beards were growne, their wits more  
staid ;

And not to censure others, till they'auē made  
Works to exceed theirs ; to abide the test  
Of rough censorious Browes ; Better's the best :  
To attract the eares and eyes of Princes. When  
They haue done this, (as some they enuy) then  
They may be admitted Free-men, and so strive  
By industry, how in that way to thrive.  
These at the Bench aime, but mistaken far,  
For they must first be brought vnto the Bar.

Perhaps too, there's some other matter in't,  
These so ambitious are to be in print ;  
And fearing their own Weaknesse, therefore raile,  
Hoping to get their bookes the better sale.  
But 'tis a foolish pride to awake those Muses  
(Which otherwise had slept) at their abuses.



## STORIES OF GHOSTS AND SPIRITS

FROM HEYWOOD'S HIERARCHIE.

*A strange History.*

“ I have read of a noble Centurion in the lower part of Germanie, of great opinion and estimation with the people, for his approued goodnesse and knowne honestie ; who reported this Discourse following : That walking one euening through a thicket or groue not farre distant from the place in which he liued, with onely one man and a boy in his company to attend him ; hee saw approaching towards him a faire and goodly company of Knights and Gentlemen ; all seeming persons of great eminence, for they were mounted on great and braue horses, and well accommodated at all points ; all which, without any salutation, in great silence past by him : In the lag of which troupe he fixt his eye with some astonishment on one, who to his present imagination had serued him and bin his Cook ; who was dead and buried some few dayes before this apparition. This fellow was as well mounted as the rest, and led an empty or spare horse by the bridle. The Centurion being a man of an undaunted spirit, went up close to him, and demanded what he was ; and whether hee were the same Cooke who had lately serued him, and whom hee had seene coffined and layd in the earth ? Who answered him againe ; That without any doubt or scruple, he was the selfe same man. His master then asked him what Gentlemen, or rather noblemen (as appeared by their habit) were those that rid before ? Whether he himself was then traouelling ? and to what purpose he led that empty horse in his hand ? To all which he replied in order : That all those horsemen were men of note and qualitie (naming to him diuers whom he knew were deceased) and that they were now vpon a voiage to the Holy-land, whether he himselfe was likewise

bound, and that spare horse was provided of purpose to do him seruice, if it so pleased him and that hee had any desire to see Hierusalem. The Centurion made answer, That with great willingnesse hee could finde in his heart to see the City, and visit the holy Sepulchre, whither (had means and leasure serued to his purpose) hee had long since intended a pilgrimage.— The other told him, Now was the time, his horse ready, no necessaries wanting; or if he intended that voyage, he could not go in better company. At which words, the bold Centurion leapt into the empty saddle, and was presently hurried away from the sight of his seruants in a moment; and the next euening, at the same houre, and in the same place, he was found by his seruants and friends, who were there seeking and inquiring after him. To whom he related his journey, and what he had seene in the Holy City; describing punctually euery monument and place of remarke. which agreed with the relations of such Trauellers and Pilgrims as had been there and brought certificate and assured testimonie from thence. He shewed vnto them likewise, an handkerchiefe which that Cooke his seruant (or rather Diuell in his likeness) had giuen him stained with blood; but told him, if at any time it were foule or durtie, he should cast it into the fire, for that was the onely way to make it cleane. He shewed them likewise a knife and sheath which he bestowed upon him, which he said was the gift of a grateful remembrance; but gaue him a great charge thereof, for (said he) the mettal is poysoned, and euery blow giuen therewith is present and immediate death."

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*Vincentius.*

"In the Councell of Basill certaine learned men taking their journey through a forrest, one of these Spirits in the shape of a Nightingall vttered such melodious tones and accents, that they were all amased, and stayed their steps to sit downe and

heare it. At length one of them, apprehending that it was not possible that such rarietie of musicke could be in a bird, the like of which hee had neuer heard, demanded of it, in the name of God, what or who it was. The Bird presently answered, I am the soule of one that is damned, and am enioyned to sing thus till the last day of the great Judgment. Which said, with a terrible shriek which amased them all, she flew away and soon vanished. The euent was, that all that heard those Syrenicall notes, presently fel into grieuous sicknesses, and soone after died."

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*A strange History of Hotherus King of Suetia and Dacia.*

" This following historie you may reede in Olaus Magnus. Hotherus, King of Suetia and Dacia, being hunting, and by reason of a thicke dampish fog wandred or strayed from his company, hee hapned vpon a syluan den or caue; which entring, he espied three faire and beautiful Virgins, who without blaming his intrusion, called him by his name and bad him welcome; doing him that obeysance and obseruance which his state required. At which he wondring, courteously demanded of them what they were. To whom one replied, That they were Virgins, into whose power all the Auspices and euent of war were giuen, and they had abilitie to dispose of them at their pleasure; and that they were present in all conflicts and battels, (though vuseen) to conferre vpon their friends honor and victorie, and to punish their enemies with disgrace and ouerthrow. Exhorting him withall, that as he tendered their fauours, hee should by no means trouble Balderus with war, who by his genealogie might claim allyance with the Gods. Which words were no sooner deliuered but the den and they disappeared together, and he was left alone in the open air without any couering. Blame him not to be

much amased at this so unexpected and sudden a prodigie ; notwithstanding after some recollection, he winding his horn, his seruants came about him, by whom he was conducted to the Court, not reuealing this vision to any. Some few years after, being vexed and prosecuted with sharpe and vnsuccessful war, he was forced to wander thorow forrests, groues, and thickets, and seeke out by-wayes, and make vntrodden paths, the better to secure himselfe. At length he light vpon another remote and desolate vault, where sate three Virgins, who notwithstanding vpon better aduisement he presumed to be the same who at their last departure scattered a garment, which he took vp, and found by experience, that all the time he wore it his body was invulnerable. They demand of him the cause of his comming thither? He presently complains vnto them of his infortunate euent in warre ; adding wihtall, That all things had hapned vnto him aduerse to their promise. To whom they answered, That he accused them vnjustly ; for though hee seldome returned an absolute Victor, yet in all his enterprises he did as much dammage, and made a great slaughter on his enemies, as he had receiued strage or execution from them : and bad him not to dispaire, for if he could by any exploit or stragem preuent the enemie of any one dish of meat which was prouided for his dyet and table, hee should without question in his next expedition gaine an assured and most remarkable victorie. Satisfied with this their liberall promise, he took his leaue, recollected his dispersed Troupes, and took the field. The night before the battel, being vigilant to suruey his Enemies Tents, and see what watch they kept, he espied three Damosels carying vp three dishes of meat into one of the Tents : whom following apace (for he might easily trace them by their steps in the dew) and hauing a Citharon about him, on which he played most curiously, he receiued meat for his musick, and returning the same way he came, the next day he gaue them a strong battel, in which the enemies were slaine almost to one man."

*A strange Water in Fin'land.*

“ In Finland (which is vnder the dominion of the King of Sweden) there is a Castle which is called the New Rock, moted about with a riuer of an vnsounded depth, the water blacke, and the fish therein very distastefull to the palate. In this are Spectars often seene, which foreshew either the death of the Gouvernor, or some prime Officer belonging to the place: and most commonly it appeareth in the shape of an Harper, sweetly singing, and dallying and playing vnder the water.”

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*Noon Diuels.*

“ There are those that are called *Spectra meridiana*, or Noon Diuels. In the Easterne parts of Russia, about haruest time, a Spirit was seene to walk at mid-day like a sad mourning Widow, and whosoeuer she met, if they did not instantly fall on their knees to adore her, they could not part from her without a leg or an arme broken, or some other as great a mischief. Wherein may be obserued, That these Spirits, of what condition soeuer, aboue all things aime at diuine worship, which is onely due vnto the Creator. Not that they are ignorant that it belongs solely to him; but that in their inexpressible malice, knowing themselues to be Rebels, and quite excluded from Grace, they would likewise draw man to accompany them in eternall perdition. Therefore all the Saints of God, since Christ established his Church here amongst the Gentiles, haue endeavoured to draw the nation from Idolatry. It is read of Saint James, That when many Diuels were sent vnto him by one Hermogenes, to assault him, hee returned them bound and disarmed. That Saint Bartholmew destroid the Idol of Aste-roth, who was worshipped in India; and shewed moreouer, that their great Alexikakon was a meere figment and imposture. So the Apostles Simon and Jude strooke dumbe those



Spirits that spake in the oracle to Varada, chiefe Generall ouer Xerxes his armie : and after restoring to them their libertie of speech, they caused that their deceit and vanitie did easily appeare. For Verada demanding of them, What the euent of the war would proue? they answered him, That it would be long and dangerous, and not onely vnprofitable, but full of dammage and great losse to both parties. On the contrary, the Apostles deriding the vanitie of the Idoll, informed him, That the Indian Embassadors were vpon the way, humbly to desire peace of him vpon any conditions whatsoeuer. Which finding to be true, Varada commanded those lying and deceitfull images to be immediately cast into the fire and burned; and had then slaine an hundred and twenty of those idolatrous priests, had not the Apostles earnestly interceded for them. I could here cite many examples to the like purpose, but let these suffice for the present."

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*Of the Spirits of the Water.*

"Of the Watry Spirits some briefe stories. The manner how the Duke of Venice yearly marrieth the ocean with a ring, and the originall thereof, though it haue nothing in it belonging vnto magicke, yet will it not much misbecome this place; therefore I begin first with that. The Duke in the feast of Christ's Ascension, commeth to a place named Bucentaur, without the two Apostle-gates, situate at the entrance of the Gulfe, and casteth a rich ring into the sea; which is no argument of superstition or inchantment, but onely a symbole or emblem of domination and rule, which by this earnest the Senat of Venice makes a contract with the ocean. The ground and first beginning of this ceremonie came from Pope Alex the third, whom Otho the sonne of Fredericke Ænobarbus so persecuted, that he was forced to fly, and to shelter himselfe in Venice, in the Monasterie of Saint Charitie,

where he liued for a time secretly and vnknowne. But, after notice being giuen to the Venetians what and who he was, they brought him thence with great honour and obseruance. He also found both their land and sea Forces ready for the seruice of him and the Church; insomuch that in a great Nauall conflict Otho was by the Venetians taken prisoner, and presented as a vassal to the Pope. For which the Pope tooke a ring from his finger, and gave it to Sebastianus Zianus, General for the Fleet, speaking thus, By vertue of my authority, whilst thou keepest this ring, thou shalt be Lord and Husband of the ocean; and annually thou and thy posterity on this day, in which thou hast obtained so glorious a victorie for the Church, shalt espouse the sea, that all men may know that the dominion of the sea is granted vnto thee, because thou hast so prosperously vnderooke the study, care, and defence of the Sea Apostolique. And this be a presage of thy benediction and thy happy successe in the future for ever. Thus *Villamontinus* sets it downe, *Lib. i. Peregrinat, cap. 34.* And *Sabel. Dec. 1. lib. 7.* out of whom the former Author extracted it."

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### *The desperate Aduenture of two Knights of Bohemia.*

"Niderius\* telleth this story: In the borders of the kingdome of Bohemia lieth a valley, in which diuers knights together was heard clattering of armour, and clamors of men, as if two armies had met in pitcht battel. Two knights that inhabited neere unto this prodigious place, agreed to arme themselves, and discouer the secrets of this inuisible army. The night was appointed, and accomodated at all assayes, they rode to the place, where they might descry two battels ready ordered for present skirmish; they could easily distinguish the colours and prauant lieries of euerie compauy: but drawing neere,

\* "*Nider, lib. vltim. Formic.*"

the one (whose courage began to relent) told the other, that he had seene sufficient for his part, and thought it good not to dally with such prodigies, wherefore further than he was he would not go. The other called him Coward, and prickt on towards the armies; from one of which an horseman came forth, fought with him, and cut off his head. At which sight the other fled, and told the news the next morning. A great confluence of people, searching for the body, found it in one place, the head in another, but neither could discern the footing of horse or man, onely the print of birds' feet, and those in myrie places, &c."

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*A strange History of a Melancholy Man.*

“ By the Spirits called Lares, or Household Gods, many men haue been driuen into strange melancholies. Amongst others I will cite you one least common: A young man had a strong imagination that he was dead, and did not onely abstaine from meat and drinke, but importuned his parents that he might be carried vnto his graue before his flesh was quite putrified. By the counsell of physitians he was wrapped in a winding sheet and laide vpon a beere, and so carried toward the church vpon men's shoulders. But by the way two or three pleasant fellowes, suborned to that purpose, meeting the herse, demanded aloud of them that followed, Whose body it was there confined and carried to buriall? They said it was such a young mans, and told them his name. Surely (replied one of them) the world is very well rid of him, for he was a man of a very bad and vitious life; and his friends may reioyce, he had rather ended his days thus, than at the gallowes. Which the yong man hearing, and vexed to be so injured, rowsed himself vp vpon the beere, and told them, That they were wicked men to do him that wrong, which he neuer deserued: and told them, That if he were aliuie, as hee was not, hee would teach

them to speak better of the dead. But they proceeding to depraue him, and giue him much more disgraceful and contemptible language, he not able to endure it, leapt from the herse; and fell about their eares with such rage and fury that he ceased not buffeting with them till quite wearied; and by his violent agitation the humours of his body altered, he awakened as out of a trance, and being brought home and comforted with wholesome dyet, he within few days recouered both his pristine health, strength, and understanding.

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*Alastores.*

“ The *Alastores* are called by Origen, (*Contra Celsum*) *Azazel*, by Zoroaster, *Carnifices*, (or *Butchers*) and *Alastares*. No mischief is hid or concealed from them; and these are neuer seene but they portend some strange disaster. As in the time of the Emperour Justinian, such Spirits were seene openly in humane shape to intrude into the society of men: after which a most fearefull pestilence followed, and whosoever was touched by any of them most assuredly died. By which contagious pest, the great city Constantinople was almost vnepeopled: and as *Paulus Diacon.*\* witnesseth, the people saw an Angell in the dead of the night go along with them, compassing the city, and walking from street to street, and from dore to dore, and so many knocks as the Spectar (by the Angels command) gaue at the doore of any house, so many persons of that family were vndoubtedly found dead in the next morning.”

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*An Alaster like an old Woman.*

“ Cardanus reporteth, That there is an antient family in Parma, named Torrelli; to whom an old seat or castle belongs,

\* “ Pet. Diac. lib. 9. rerum Romanarum, et Egob. in Chronic.”

which for the space of an hundred yeres together was haunted with one of these Alastores, who so oft as any of the houshold were to depart the world, would shew itselfe in a chimney of the great hall. A noble and illustrious lady of the same family reported, That a yong virgin lying dangerously sicke in the same house, the Spectar according to custome appeared: and when euery one expected hourelly the death of the virgin, shee presently beyond all hope recouered, and a seruant who was at that time sound and in health, fell sicke upon the sudden and died."

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### *The Indian Magi.*

"Gasper Spittelus writeth, that some Indians haue much familiaritie with these Spirits. For when they want rain, one of their magic priests with a shrill voice makes an acclamation, That all the people shall assemble to such a mountain, hauing first obserued a fast, which is, to abstaine from the eating of salt, pepper, or any thing that is boiled. That done, he lowdly calls vpon the stars, and with deuout orisons entreats of them, that they would afford them seasonable showres. Then they turn their eyes towards the lower grounds, vpon their fields and houses, taking in their hands a bowle full of charmed liquor, which they receiue from the hands of a young man of their most noble families; which they haue no sooner drunke, but they lie entranced without sence or motion. After being come to themselues, they commix honey, water, and maiz together, and with them sprinkle the aire. The next day they chuse out one of the most eminent men of their nation, both for nobilitie and age, and lay him in a bed, with a soft fire vnder it, and when he begins to sweat, they wipe off the moisture, and put in a bason, which they mingle with the bloud of a goose, and sprinkling it again into the aire, as if they meant it should touch the clouds, they then solicit the starres againe, That by the virtue of the old man's sweat, the bloud

of the goose, and the water before mixed, they may haue seasonable and temperat showres. Which if they haue, according to their desires, they giue great thanks to the starres and planets, and the priest from the people is rewarded with rich gifts and presents."

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*A strange Tale of Spectars.*

"Cardanus, speaking of fiery Spectars, amongst many others relateth this story: A friend of mine (saith he) of approued faith and honesty, traouelling one night late, from Mediola to Gallerata, when the sky was full of clouds and the weather inclining to raine; being within some foure miles of his journie's end, he saw a light, and heard the voice (as he thought) of certain cow-herds upon his left hand, and presently (a hedge only being interposed) he saw a fiery chariot couered with flames, and out of it he might heare a voice crying aloud, *Cave, cave; Beware, beware.* Being much terrified with this strange prodigie, he put spurres to his horse, and whether he galloped or rid softly, the chariot was still before him. He then betook him to his orisons and supplications vnto God. At length after the space of a full houre, hee came to a temple dedicate to the memorie of Saint Lawrence, standing iust without the gate, and there the chariot of fire, herdsmen and all, sunk into the earth, and was seen no more. Cardanus hauing disputed something of the nature of this fire, addeth, That the Gallaterans suffered the same yeare not only a great plague, but diuers other afflictions and disasters."

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*A prodigious Noise in the Aire.*

"Hieronimus Mengius writeth, that a certaine Magition in a field adjacent to the tower or citadell of Bonnonia, shewed two famous generals, Johannes Bentivolus and Robertus Sanseverinus, a spectacle in the aire, in which was heard such a

noise of drummes, clangor of trumpets, clamor of men, neighing of horses, and clashing of arms, that the spectators were afraid lest the heauen and the earth would haue met at the instant: but in all the inuironing grounds, saue onely in that place, the aire was vntroubled."

"Diodorus Siculus reporteth also, That in the Syrtes of Lybia, the Spirits of the aire are oftentimes visible, in the shape of diuers birds and beasts, some mouing, some without motion, some running, some flying, others in strange postures. But, which is most miraculous, sometimes they will come behinde men as they are traouelling, leap vp and sit vpon their shoulders; who may feele them to be much colde than either snow or ice."

*"Thesaurus Linguae Romanae et Britannicae tam accurate congestus, ut nihil pene in eo desyderari possit, quod vel Latine complectatur amplissimus Stephani Thesaurus, vel Angliae toties aucta Eliotae Bibliotheca: opera et industria Thomae Cooperi Magdalenensis.*

*"Quid fructus ex hoc Thesauo studiosi possint excerpere, et quam rationem secutus author sit in vocabulorum interpretatione et dispositione, post epistolam demonstratur.*

*"Accessit Dictionarium Historicum et Poeticum propria vocabula Virorum, Mulierum, Sectarum, Populorum, Urbium Montium, et caeterorum locorum complectens, et in his jucundissimas et omnium cognitione dignissimas historias."*

Then comes a cut of Lord Leicester's crest, *The Bear and ragged Staff*, encircled by the Garter.

“ *In Thesaurum Thomæ Cooperi Magdalenensis hexastichon  
Richardi Stephani.*

“ *Vilescat rutila dives Pactolus arena,  
Hermus, et auriferi nobilis unda Tagi.  
Vilescant Cræsi gemmæ, Midæque talenta:  
Major apud Britones eruta gaza patet.  
Hoc Wainflete tuos gens Anglica debet alumno.  
Qui vigili nobis tanta labore dedit.*

“ *Impressum Londini, 1573.*” Fol.



A LATIN dedication to Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester. Latin advertisement to the studious Reader on the manner and order of the work. Instructions in English to those who have not the advice of a master.

Commendatory Latin Verses by Alexander Nowell, Thomas Wyke of Lincoln, Thomas Valens of Lincoln's Inn, followed by three copies of Verses by Richard Stephens.

A very thick Folio.

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“ *Iter Boreale. Attempting something upon the Successful and Matchless March of the Lord General George Monck, from Scotland, to London, the last Winter, &c.*

“ *Veni, Vidi, Vici.*”

“ *By a Rural Pen.*

*London, printed on St. George's Day, being the 23d of April, 1660.*” 4to.



*Extracts.*

## I.

"THE day is broke ! Melpomene, be gone ;  
 Hag of my fancy, let me now alone :  
 Night-mare my soul no more ; go take thy flight,  
 Where traytors ghosts keep an eternal night ;  
 Flee to mount Caucasus, and bear thy part  
 With the black fowl that tears Prometheus' heart  
 For his bold sacrilege : go fetch the groans  
 Of defunct tyrants ; with them croke thy tones ;  
 Go see Alecto with her flaming whip,  
 How she firks *Nol*, and makes old *Bradshaw* skip :  
 Go make thyself away. Thou shalt no more  
 Choak up my standish with the blood and gore  
 Of English tragedies : I now will chuse  
 The merriest of the Nine to be my Muse.  
 And (come what will) I'll scribble once again ;  
 The brutish sword hath cut the nobler vein  
 Of racy poetry. Our small-drink-times  
 Must be contented, and take up with rhymes.  
 They're sorry toys from a poor Levite's pack,  
 Whose living and assessments drink no sack.  
     The subject will excuse the verse (I trow)  
     The ven'son's fat, although the crust be dow.

## II.

I he who whileom sate and sung in cage  
 My King's and Countrie's ruines, by the rage  
 Of a rebellious rout : who weeping saw  
 Three goodly kingdoms (drunk with fury) draw  
 And sheath their swords (like three enraged brothers)  
 In one anothers sides, ripping their mother's  
 Belly, and tearing out her bleeding heart ;  
 Then jealous that their Father fain would part  
 Their bloody fray, and let them fight no more,  
 Fell foul on him, and slew him at his dore.

I that have only dar'd to whisper verses,  
 And drop a tear (by stealth) on loyal heroes,  
 I that enraged at the *Times* and *Rump*,  
 Had gnaw'd my goose-quill to the very stump,  
 And flung that in the fire, no more to write  
 But to sit down poor Britain's *Heraclyte*;  
 Now sing the triumphs of the Men of War,  
 The glorious rays of the bright Northern Star,  
 Created for the nonce by heaven, to bring  
 The Wisemen of three nations to their King :  
 MONCK ! the great *Monck* ! That syllable out-shines  
 Plantagenet's bright name, or Constantine's.  
 'Twas at his rising that *our day* begun,  
 Be he the *Morning Star* to *Charles* our *Sun* :  
 He took rebellion rampant, by the throat,  
 And made the canting *Quaker* change his note ;  
 His hand it was that wrote (we saw no more)  
*Exit Tyrannus* over *Lambert's* dore :  
 Like to some subtle lightning, so his words  
 Dissolved in their scabbards Rebels swords :  
 He with success the sovereign skill hath found,  
 To dress the weapon, and so heal the wound.  
     *George* and his boyes (as spirits do, they say)  
     Only by walking scare our foes away.

## III.

Old *Holofernes* was no sooner laid,  
 Before the Idol's funeral pomp was paid,  
 (Nor shall a penny ere be paid for mee ;  
 Let fools that trusted, his true mourners be.)  
*Richard* the fourth, just peeping out of squire,  
 No fault so much as, Th' old one was his sire ;  
 For men believ'd,—though all went in his name,  
 He'd be but tennant, till the landlord came :

When on a sudden (all amaz'd) we found  
 The seven years *Babel* tumbled to the ground ;  
 And he, poor heart, (thanks to his cunning kin)  
 Was soon in *Querpo* honest *Dick* agen.  
*Exit Protector*.—What comes next? I trow,  
 Let the State-Huntsmen beat again,—So-ho  
 Cries *Lambert*, Master of the Hounds,—Here sits  
 That lusty Puss, *The Good Old Cause*,—whose wits  
 Shew'd *Oliver* such sport ; That, that (cries *Vane*)  
 Let's put her up, and run her once again :  
 She'l lead our Doggs and Followers up and down,  
 Whilst we match Families, and take the Crown.  
 Enter th' old Members ; 'twas the moneth of May  
 These Maggots in the Rump began to play.  
*Wallingford* Anglers (though they stunk) yet thought,  
 They would make baits, by which fish might be caught ;  
 And so it prov'd ; they soon by taxes made  
 More money than the Holland fishing trade.

## IV.

Now broke in Ægypt's plagues (all in a day)  
 And one more worse than theirs ;—we must not pray  
 To be deliver'd :—their scabb'd folks were free  
 To scratch where it did itch ;—so might not we.  
 That meteor *Cromwell*, though he scar'd, gave light ;  
 But we were now cover'd with horrid night :  
 Our magistracy was (like Moses' rod)  
 Turn'd to a serpent by the angry God.  
 Poor citizens, when trading would not do,  
 Made brick without straw, and were basted too :  
 Struck with the botch of taxes and excise ;  
 Servants (our very dust) were turn'd to lice ;  
 It was but turning souldiers, and they need  
 Not work at all, but on their masters feed.

Strange Catterpillars ate our pleasant things ;  
 And Froggs' croakt in the chambers of our kings.  
 Black bloody veins did in the Rump prevail,  
 Like the Philistins emrods in the taylor.

Lightning, hail, fire, and thunder Ægypt had,  
 And England guns, shot, powder, (that's as bad.)  
 And that Sea-Monster *Luwson* (if withstood)  
 Threatned to turn our rivers into blood.

And (plague of all these plagues) all these plagues fell  
 Not on an Ægypt, but our Israel.

## V.

Sick (as her heart can hold) the nation lies,  
 Filling each corner with her hideous cries ;  
 Sometimes rage (like a burning fever) heats,  
 Anon despair brings cold and clammy sweats ;  
 She cannot sleep, or if she doth she dreams  
 Of rapes, thefts, burnings, blood, and direful theams ;  
 Tosses from side to side, then by and by  
 Her feet are laid there where the head did lie :  
 None can come to her but bold Empiricks,  
 Who never meant to cure her, but try tricks :  
 Those very doctors who should give her ease,  
 (God help the patient) was her worst disease.  
 Th' Italian mountebank *Vane* tells her sure,  
 Jesuite's powder will effect the cure :  
 If grief but makes her swell, *Martin* and *Nevil*  
 Conclude it is a spice of the King's Evil.  
 Bleed her again, another cries ;—And *Scot*  
 Saith he could cure her, if 'twas—you know what :  
 But giddy *Harrington* a whimsey found,  
 To make her head (like to his brains) run round.  
 Her old and wise Physitians, who before  
 Had well nigh cur'd her, came again to th' dore,  
 But were kept out,—which made her cry the more,

Help, help, (*dear children*) Oh! some pity take  
 On her who bore you! Help for mercy sake!  
 Oh heart! oh head! oh back! oh bones! I feel  
 They've poison'd me with giving too much steel:  
 Oh give me that for which I long and cry!  
 Something that's sovereign, or else I die.

## VI.

Kind Cheshire heard;—and like some son that stood  
 Upon the bank, straight jump'd into the flood,  
 Flings out his arms, and strikes some strokes to swim;  
*Booth* ventur'd first, and *Middleton* with him,  
 Stout *Mackworth*, *Egerton*, and thousands more,  
 Threw themselves in, and left the safer shore;  
*Massy* (that famous diver) and bold *Brown*  
 Forsook his wharfe,—resolving all to drown,  
 Or save a sinking kingdom:— But, oh sad!  
 Fearing to lose her prey, the sea grew mad,  
 Rais'd all her billows, and resolv'd her waves  
 Should quickly be the bold adventurers' graves.  
 Out marches *Lambert*, like an eastern wind,  
 And with him all the mighty waters joyn'd.  
 The loyal swimmers bore up heads and breasts,  
 Scorning to think of life or interests;  
 They ply'd their arms and thighs, but all in vain;  
 The furious main beat them to shore again;  
 At which the floating island (looking back,  
 Spying her loyal lovers gone to wrack)  
 Shriekt lowder then before,—and thus she cries,  
 “ Can you, ye angry heavens, and frowning skies,  
 “ Thus countenance rebellious mutineers,  
 “ Who if they durst, would be about your ears?  
 “ That I should sink, with justice may accord,  
 “ Who let my Pilot be thrown over-board;

" Yet 'twas not I (ye righteous heavens do know)  
 " The souldiers in me needs would have it so :  
 " And those who conjur'd up these storms themselves,  
 " And first engag'd me 'mongst these rocks and shelves,  
 " Guilty of all my woes, erect this weather,  
 " Fearing to come to land, and chusing rather  
 " To sink me with themselves.—O ! Cease to frown,  
 " In tears (just heavens !) behold ! my self I drown :  
     " Let not these proud waves do't : prevent my fears,  
     " And let them fall together by the eares."

## VII.

Heaven heard, and struck th' insulting army mad ;  
 Drunk with their Cheshire tryumphs, straight they had  
 New lights appear'd ; and new resolves they take,  
 A single person once again to make.  
 Who shall be he ? Oh ! *Lambert*, without rub,  
 The fittest Divel to be Belzebub.  
 He, the fierce fiend, cast out o' the house before,  
 Return'd, and threw the house now out of dore :  
 A legion then he rais'd of armed sprights,  
 Elves, goblins, fairies, quakers, and new lights,  
 To be his under-Divels ; with this rest  
 His soul and body (Church and State) possest :  
 Who though they fill'd all countries, towns and rooms,  
 Yet (like that fiend that did frequent the tombs)  
 Churches, and sacred grounds they haunted most,  
 No chappel was at ease from some such ghost.  
 The priests ordain'd to exorcise those elves,  
 Were voted Divels, and cast out themselves :  
 Bible, or Alchoran, all's one to them,  
 Religion serves but for a stratagem .  
     The holy charms these adders did not heed,  
     Churches themselves did sanctuary need.

## VIII.

The Church's patrimony and rich store,  
 Alas ! was swallowed many years before :  
 Bishops and Deans we fed upon before,  
 They were the ribs and surloyns of the whore :  
 Not let her legs (the Priests) go to the pot,  
 (They have the pope's eye in them) spare them not :  
 We have fat benefices yet to eat,  
 (*Bell*, and our Dragon-Army must have meat ;)  
 Let us devour her limb-meal, great and small,  
 Tythe calves, geese, pigs, the pettitoes and all :  
 A vicaridge in sippets, though it be  
 But small, will serve a squeamish sectary.  
 Though Universities we can't endure,  
 There's no false Latine in their lands (be sure.)  
 Give Oxford to our horse, and let the foot  
 Take Cambridge for their booty, and fall to't.  
 Christ-Church I'll have, (cries *Vane* ;) *Disbrow* swops  
 At Trinity ; *King's* is for *Berry's* chops ;  
*Kelsey*, takes Corpus Christi ; All-Souls, *Packer* ;  
 Carve *Creed*, St. John's ; New Colledge, leave to *Hacker* ;  
*Fleetwood* cries, Weeping Maudlin shall be mine,  
 Her tears I'll drink instead of Muscadine :  
 The smaller halls and houses scarce are big  
 Enough to make one dish for *Hesilrig* ;  
 We must be sure to stop his mouth, though wide,  
 Else all our fat will be i' the fire (they cry'd :)  
 And when we have done these, we'll not be quiet,  
 Lordships, and landlords rents shall be our diet.  
 Thus talk'd this jolly crew, but still mine host,  
*Lambert*, resolves that he will rule the rost."\*

\* The Author of this poem was Dr. Rt. Wild, Rector of Aynoe, in Northamptonshire. He died 1679. The Extracts here given contain about half the poem, which was reprinted with other poems, 1668 and 1670, 8vo. *Wood's Ath.* ii. F. 21.

ELEVEN TRACTS RELATING TO VIRGINIA  
AND MARYLAND.

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1. "*True Declaration of the Estate of the Colonie in Virginia, with a confutation of such scandalous Reports as have tended to the disgrace of so worthy an enterpriser. Published by the advice and direction of the Colony of Virginia. London, printed for William Barret, and are to be sold at the black Beare, in Paul's Churchyarde, 1610,*" 4to. pp. 68.
2. "*The New Life of Virginia: Declaring the former successe and present estate of that plantation, being the second part of Nova Britannia. Published by the authoritie of his Maiesties Counsell of Virginia. London, printed by Felix Kyngston for William Welby, dwelling at the signe of the Swan, in Paul's Churchyarde, 1612,*" 4to. Sig. G iv.

Dedicated to Sir Thomas Smith of London, Governor of the Muscovia and East India Companies.

3. "*Virginia impartially examined, and left to public view, to be considered by all judicious and honest men, &c. By William Bullock, Gent. London, printed and sold by John Hammond, over against St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, 1649,*" 4to. pp. 66.

Dedicated to the Earl of Arundell, and to Lord Baltimore, with an address to his much esteemed friends, Mr. Samuel Vassell, capt. Rd. Cranley, capt. N. Davis, capt. Benjamin Cranley, capt. Will. Ryder, capt. Peter Andrews, and the rest



of the Gentlemen Adventurers to the English Plantations beyond seas.

4. "*Virginia: being a full and true Relation of the present state of the Plantation, &c. London, printed for Richard Wodenoth, at the Star under Peter's Church in Cornhill, 1649,*" 4to. pp. 19.
5. "*Virgo Triumphans: or Virginia in general, but the South Part thereof in particular, &c. Humbly presented to the Parliament, &c. By Edward Williams, Gent. London, printed by Tho. Harper for John Stephenson, at the Sun on Ludgate Hill. 1650,*" 4to. pp. 47.
6. "————— 2d. Edition, same year, with the addition of the Discovery of Silkworms, by E. W. Gent. making an addition of five pages."
7. "*Virginia's Discovery of the Silk Worms, &c. London, by the same for the same.*"

Dedication signed—"Ed. Williams." 1650, 4to. pp. 78.

At the end is a wood-cut, and a description of the Saw-Mill.

8. "*Virginia and Maryland, or the Lord Baltimore's printed case uncased and answered, &c. London, to be sold at the Crown, in Pope's Head Alley, 1655,*" 4to. pp. 52.
9. "*Public Good without Private Interests, or a compendious remonstrance of the sad state and condition of Virginia, &c. London, printed for Henry Marsh, 1657,*" 4to. pp. 27.

This appears by the Declaration to have been written by Lionel Gatford, B. D. Annexed is the Charter of Maryland, consisting of 23 pages.

10. "*Strange News from Virginia, being a true relation of a great Tempest, &c. London, printed for W. Thackeray, next door to the Dolphin, in Smithfield, 1667;*" Ato. pp. 7.
11. "*A true Relation of Virginia and Maryland, &c. By Nathaniel Shrigley, 1669. London, printed by Tho. Milbourn, for Thomas Hodson, Bookbinder, next the Blew Boar, Redcross-Street;*" Ato. pp. 5.

"*Pierides, or the Muses Mount. By Hugh Crompton, Gent. London, printed by J. G. for Charles Webb, at the Golden Boar's Head, in Saint Paul's Church-yard, 1658.*"

Small 8vo. pp. 150.



THE Author of this very scarce volume is represented by Granger,\* as a gentleman well educated, but of small fortune, who wrote from his necessities, as may be collected from an Epistle to the Reader before his *Pierides*. On turning to that Epistle, it rather seems inferable, that he had written at first for mere amusement; and then, owing to some failure in an

\* Biog. Hist. of England, iii. 100.

unknown profession, had become an avowed author from expediency. But the Epistle itself is short, and shall therefore be produced. Its stile is curious and amusing; nor is its affirmation out of date, that the time glories in the discovery of errors.

“ READER,

“ The condition of our fortunes many times unhasps our resolutions. I had bound up my Muses in a bundle, intending them only for waste paper; the employments of my profession increasing, and (as I thought) likely to continue upon me. But the succession of a worse fate having disemployed me, I resum’d the quill, that idleness might not sway; and, for want of a better labour in my ramble, gathered this sallad from Parnassus, and washt it in Helicon. But thou must find oyl and vinegar, and sugar it with thy good conceit, if thou pleasest. Errors thou shalt have many: it may please the better, since the time glories in them. Yet if thou pinch too hard, I have learned to cry *Peccavi*. Enter, and peradventure it will please: if not, the remedy is remov’d, for I have done; onely subscribing my selfe

“ Thine as thou art mine,

“ HUGH CROMPTON.”

The volume is dedicated to Mary Duchess of Richmond and Lenox, &c. and is chiefly of a lyrical cast in point of composition, but with more of a Bacchanalian and Fescennine vein than would in the present day presume to seek for patronage under the name or auspices of a lady of rank and fashion.

Winstanley, in his *Lives of the Poets*, gave his readers a *tast*, as he termed it, “of the briskness of Crompton’s Muse.” The following selected specimens

may serve to convey rather a better taste of the better character of the poetry of Crompton ; at least, of the easy effusions now under remark ; for I have not had an opportunity of inspecting an earlier miscellany by the same writer, which shall be named at the close of this article.

His introductory song has some assimilation to a celebrated modern Anacreontic.

“ Come, jolly god Bacchus, and open thy store ;  
 Let the big belly'd grapes of their burden be eased ;  
 Let thy liberality freely flow o're,  
 For 'tis by thy bounty that we are appeased :  
     It is sack that we lack,  
     It is sack that we crave,  
 It is sack that we fight for, and sack that we'll have.

Let pining Heraclitus drink of his tear,  
 And sniveling Tymon lye sick in his cell ;  
 And let the coarse bumpkin preach law in his beer ;  
 But 'ts wine makes our fame and our glory to swell :  
     It is wine makes divine  
     All our wits, and renownes,  
 The peasant with scepters, the shepherd with crowns.

Some love to weare sattin, and shine in their silk,  
 Yet quickly their fashion will alter and vary ;  
 Sometime they'll eat mutton, sometime they'll drink milk,  
 But I am for ever in time for Canary.  
     It is sack that doth make  
     All our wants to be nothing,  
 For we do esteem it both meat, drink, and clothing.

A green goose serves Easter, with gooseberries drest,  
 And July affords us a dish of green peason ;

A collar of brawn is new-year's-tide feast,  
 But sack is for ever and ever in season :  
     'Twill suffice all the wise,  
     Both at all times and places,  
 It is a good friend to all tempers and cases.

Then farewell, metheglin, thou dreg of the hives,  
 And cider, thou bastardly darling of summer ;  
 You dull the quick blood that Canary revives ;  
 Then fill me a pottle of sack in a rummer ;  
     For I'll drink till each chink  
     Be full, and 'tis but reason ;  
 For then I shall have no room to harbour treason."



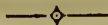
*Love's best Object.*

“ Some say, that they  
 Will only love where beauty lies :  
     But sure such lovers lose their way,  
 And Cupid blinds their slippery eyes :  
     Such gilded love  
     Unfixt will prove,  
 And various as the weather ;  
     For look when beauty doth decay,  
 Then it and love will die together.

Some say that they  
 To wealthy girls will onely share  
     Their hungry soules ;—but these, I say,  
 Deceitfull sons of Venus are :  
     For the intent  
     Of him that's bent  
 Unto such base affection,  
     Is rather riches to enjoy  
 Than virtuous parts or good complection.

Some say, that they  
 Will onely turn their wandring eyes,  
 And stragling spirits, to obey  
 The nymphs of Pallas, grave and wise.  
 Such love as this  
 Most noble is,  
 And highly to be prised ;  
 But make not wit your only prey,  
 If you by me will be advised.

But now, I vow  
 I'll tell you how it's best to love :  
 Love virtue, wealth, wit, beauty too ;  
 And this will not unhappy prove.  
 How bright and clear  
 Shall she appear  
 To a judicious lover,  
 Who, in his apprehensions, may  
 These clearly all in one discover."



*The Soliloquy.*

" I have no riches, neither know  
 I where the mines of silver grow ;  
 The golden age I cannot find,  
 Yet there is plenty in my mind :  
 'Tis wealth I crave, 'tis wealth that I require,  
 Yet there's no wealth to fill my vain desire,  
 Nor hopes thereof to still my craving lyre.

What shall I do in such a case ?  
 I am accounted mean and base :  
 Both friends and strangers frown on me,  
 'Cause I am gaul'd with poverty.

Well, let them frown ; yet I will not lament,  
 Nor value them ; though fortune has not lent  
 To me her blessings, yet I have content.

I,\* but, poor worm ! diseases pierce  
 The thin and slender universe  
 Of my poor flesh, weak flesh ! yet I  
 Can find no help nor remedy.

But yet I care not, there's a healthful wind :  
 Survey philosophy, and you shall find  
 Sick flesh is better than a sickly mind."



*The Dialogue.*

- Quest.* What mean those golden locks  
 About Rosella's head ?
- Ans.* These shew in what bewitching stocks  
 My heart lies fettered.
- Quest.* Why is her lofty brow so faire,  
 Like Eurus' cheek, so red ?
- Ans.* 'Tis her blush, and doth declare  
 Where modesty is bred.
- Quest.* Wherefore does she withdraw her eyes,  
 When I accost her beams ?
- Ans.* Because her rayes should not annoy  
 Thy sight by her extreems.
- Quest.* And wherefore does her crimson hue  
 So often change and vary ?
- Ans.* O 'tis a herald sent to you,  
 To wish you to be wary.

\* For I we should probably read *4y*.

*Quest.* What means her hands to look so white,  
As though they were of snow ?

*Ans.* This shews that love is cold and light,  
Which in her heart doth grow.

Fond youth, thou lyest, and 'tis but thy pretence ;  
I can refute thee by experience."

*In the Garden. !*

" Rosella did but look

    Upon the milk-white rosie bushes ;  
And presently each rose forsook  
    Their white, and vapor'd in Rosella's blushes.

She did but cast her eye

    Upon the blew-lipt lavenders ;  
And presently they did defie  
    Their own complexion, and did boast of hers.

The virid marjoram

    Her sparkling beauty did but see ;  
And, presently, their green became  
    All dy'd with scarlet, blushing red as she.

And when 'tis my delight

    My perisht beauty to renew ;  
Then I accost her, whose first sight  
    Then turns my pale cheeks to a crimson hue."



*The Check.*

" But stay, lie down, my soul ;

    Lie down, dear soul ! and leave  
    The world, corrupt and foul  
    With vanity, and cleave  
Unto thyself ; and, like a hermit, spend  
Thy days in silence, till thy days shall end.



He sleeps in silver peace  
 That in a cell remains,  
 Where altercations cease  
 Both from his breast and brains :  
 No revolution of the ruling state  
 Can mend or mischief his monastick fate.

No blustering blast, that blows  
 From rigid mouths of kings ;  
 No poyson'd surge, that flows  
 From worth-consuming springs,  
 Can drown his fortunes by their furious flashes,  
 Or beat his walls down by their dismal dashes."

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*The Counter-Check.*

" But stay, my soul, th'art born  
 A burning taper bright,  
 Whose lustre should adorn  
 Thy neighbour and the night :  
 Then spread thy beams, and he that shall despise  
 T' embrace thy light, may it burn out his eyes."

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*Grief.*

" Away, thou gnawing worm, fond grief !  
 Away from me, away :  
 Thy absence is my sweet relief ;  
 Then flee, without delay.  
 He that gives way to woe and sorrow,  
 May grieve to-day, and mourn to-morrow.  
 Go now into another zone,  
 Where mortal brains are light,

And press them down ;—I've need of none,  
 Since I have felt thy weight :  
 He that shall change his frown for laughter,  
 May laugh to-day, and sing hereafter.

I try'd you both, and know you well,  
 But do not like you so :  
 A light heart has no parallel ;  
 But, oh the pangs of woe !  
 Yet woe the heart can never shoot,  
 If thought be not the porter to't.

Suppose you then that all is good,  
 And in that thought repose ;  
 This will allay that fiery blood,  
 Which in thy body flows :  
 And mark me now,—for this is chief,—  
 Nothing on earth requireth grief.

If accident should chance to fall,  
 It falls from heaven above ;  
 Then let no poverty or thrall  
 Your soaring spirits move :  
 Nothing but sin can grief require ;  
 Then grieve for sin,—else, grief, expire."



### *A Quiet Mind.*

“ In midst of plenty, only to embrace  
 Calm patience, is not worthy of your praise ;  
 But he that can look sorrow in the face,  
 And not be daunted, he deserves the bays :  
 This is prosperity,—whene're we find  
 A heavenly solace in an earthly mind.

Let Cræsus then with drossie coin depress  
 His heavy heart, while mine to heaven flies ;  
 He lies tormented in a deep distress,  
 Whiles I am regent in the throne of joyes.  
 Oh ! here is happiness, when men can find  
 An empty pocket and a thankful mind.

Estates are fetters, if they are not blended  
 With charity, and not too much of care :  
 Hence is the soul not better'd, but offended ;  
 Riches with reason is a jewel rare.  
 Yet, poor or rich, be quiet ; and you'll find  
 No blessing level to a quiet mind."

The following effusion has alone an epigrammatic turn, and will remind some readers of a *bon mot* of the facetious Foote, of witty fame.

" Taylors and woodcocks both agree,  
 But not in point of skills ;  
 For both of them, we plainly see,  
 Do live by their *long bills*.

The taylors stitch, the woodcocks fly ;  
 So both be quick and nimble ;  
 The woodcock trusts unto his eye,  
 The taylor to his thimble.



The miscellany, before alluded to, was entitled Crompton's "*Fardle of Fancies, stewed in four ounces of oyl of Epigrams,*" a small volume, published in 1657, and existing perhaps in a single copy, formerly in the collection of Major Pearson.

According to the information of Winstanley, who lived not long behind, Crompton went over to Ireland, after the publication of his poems, and continued there for some time; but whether his death took place in that kingdom, the biographer was not certain.




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## GEORGE WITHER'S JUVENILIA.

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1. "*Abuses stript and whipt, or Satiricall Essayes. By George Wither. Divided into two Books. Reviewed and enlarged.*

Πολλακι τοι κι μωρος ανηρ κατακαιρηον ειπε.

"Despise not this, what ere I seem in show;  
A fool to purpose speakes sometimes you know.

"London: printed by Richard Badger, for Robert Allot, and are to be sold at his Shop at the sign of the Black Bear, in Paul's Church Yard, 1633." 12°.

2. "*Prince Henry's Obsequies, or mournful Elegies upon his Death. With a supposed Inter-locution between the Ghost of Prince Henry and Great Britain. By George Wither.*

"London, printed by Richard Badger, for Robert Allot, 1633." 12°.

3. "*A Satyre written to the King's most excellent Majesty. By George Wither, when he was Prisoner in the Marshalsey, for his first Book.*

"London, printed by Richard Badger, for Robert Allot, 1633." 12°.

4. “*Epithalamia, or Nuptiall Poems upon the most blessed and happy Marriage between the High and Mighty Prince Frederick the Fifth, Count Palatine of the Rhyne, Duke of Bavier, &c. and the most Vertuous, Gracious, and Thrice-Excellent Princess Elizabeth, sole Daughter to our dread Sovereign James, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, &c. Celebrated at White-hall the 14th of February, 1612. Written by G. Wither.*

“*London, printed by Richard Badger, for R. Allot, 1633.*” 12°.

5. “*The Shepheards Hunting, being certain Eglogues, written during the time of the Author’s Imprisonment in the Marshalsey. By George Wither, Gentleman.*

“*London, printed by Richard Badger, for Robert Allot, 1633.*” 12°.

6. “*Fidelia. By George Wither, Gent.*

“*London, printed by Richard Badger, for Robert Allot, and are to bee sold at his Shop, at the signe of the Black Bear, in Paul’s Church-yard, 1632.*” 12°.

7. “*Wither’s Motto.*

“*Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo.*

“*London, printed for John Grismond, 1633.*” 12°.

8. “*Fair Virtue, the Mistress of Phil’arete. Written by George Wither.*

“*Catul. Carm. xv.*

---

“*nihil veremur*

*Istos, qui in platea, modo huc, modo illuc,*

*In re prætereunt sua occupati.*

“ London, printed by Thomas Harper, for John Grismand, and are to be sold at his Shop, in Ivie-Lane, 1633.” 12°.



THESE are the productions on which Wither's fame as a Poet must rest.

Wither commences these *Juvenilia* with the following poetical Address—

“ *To the Reader upon these Poems.*

“ THESE JUVENILIA ( or these youth pastimes )  
 Set forth in homely and unpolish'd rhymes,  
 Let none despise : for whatsoe'er they seem,  
 They have their fate, their use, and their esteem,  
 And will be read, when those more seeming wise  
 Have far less use and shorter destinies ;  
 Nor read you them with that censorious eye,  
 As if you look't for curious't Poesy.  
 If that be sought for, others can afford  
 Large volumes, and with art far better stor'd,  
 And this our Author answers our desire,  
 If for his riper labours you inquire.

Here you shall see what Nature could impart  
 Ere he had time or means to compass Art :  
 What strains a native honesty could reach ;  
 What knowledge and what boldness it can teach :  
 And that in Truth a majesty there is,  
 Though masked in despised simpleness.

Among the learn'd this Author hath no name,  
 Nor did he this way think to purchase Fame ;  
 For when he this composed, it was more  
 Than he had read in twice twelve months before :

And by his latter studies some discern  
 That first he writ, and then began to learn.  
 Be't what it will; 'tis that he means shall pass,  
 To shew how foolish, and how wise he was.

No Critic now doth in these Poems see  
 A blemish or a scape more soon than he.  
 He knows as well as they what seems amiss  
 In these inventions, and what childish is.  
 He knows how far they differ from those lays,  
 By which the learned Poet hunts for praise :  
 And wherein those absurdities do lie,  
 Which to their thinking mar his Poesy,  
 And yet he will not mend them : for his name  
 I loved more, and higher flies his fame  
 By these despised numbers, than their pride  
 Can raise them yet, who did his lines deride.  
 And that his matter will be priz'd he knows,  
 When their fil'd language out of fashion grows.

Thus therefore, uncorrected and untrim'd,  
 You have these Poems as they first were limb'd ;  
 Which (though some may dislike) some will approve,  
 For many men will leave a pruned grove  
 And curious garden-allies, to go see  
 What pleasures in untill'd mountains be ;  
 And much delights in woods to take the shade  
 Of artless arbors, by rude Nature made.

Beside, as there be many men who long  
 To see of what complexion being young  
 Their bodies were ; and to that purpose save  
 Unalter'd those their pictures which they have.  
 So, he thus having drawn (as here you find)  
 In childish years the picture of his mind,  
 Unalter'd leaves it, that in time to come  
 It may appear how much he changeth from

The same he was : and that be seen it may,  
 How he amends, grows worse, or keeps a stay.  
 Then whether he could better this or no,  
 His purpose is some other way to show."



*Extract from the commencement of Wither's "Fair  
 Virtue, or the Mistress of Phil'arete."*

" You that at a blush can tell  
 Where the best perfections dwell,  
 And the substance can conjecture  
 By a shadow, or a picture,  
 Come, and try, if you by this,  
 Know my Mistress, who she is.  
 For, though I am far unable  
 Here to match Appelles' table,  
 Or draw Zeuxes' cunning lines,  
 Who so painted Bacchus' vines,  
 That the hungry birds did muster  
 Round the counterfeited cluster.  
 Though I vaunt not to inherit  
 Petrarch's yet unequal'd spirit ;  
 Nor to quaff the sacred well,  
 Half so deep as Astrophell :  
 Though the much commended Celia,  
 Lovely Laura, Stella, Delia,  
 (Who in former times excell'd)  
 Live in lines unparallel'd ;  
 Making us believe 'twere much  
 Earth should yield another such.

Yet, assisted but by Nature,  
 I essay to paint a creature



Whose rare worth in future years  
 Shall be prais'd as much as theirs :  
 Nor let any think amiss,  
 That I have presumed this :  
 For a gentle Nymph is she,  
 And hath often honor'd me.  
 She's a noble spark of light,  
 In each part so exquisite,  
 Had she in times passed been,  
 They had made her Beauty's Queen.  
 Then shall cowardly Despair  
 Let the most unblemish'd *fair*  
 For default of some poor art,  
 (Which her favour may impart)  
 And the sweetest beauty fade,  
 That was ever born or made ?  
 Shall of all the *fair ones*, she  
 Only so unhappy be,  
 As to live in such a time,  
 In so rude, so dull a clime,  
 Where no spirit can ascend  
 High enough to apprehend  
 Her unprized excellence,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which lies hid from common sense ?  
 Never shall a stain so vile  
 Blemish this our *Poet's Isle*.  
 I my self will rather run  
 And seek out for Helicon.  
 I will wash and make me clean  
 In the waves of Hippocrene ;  
 And in spite of Fortune's bars,  
 Climb the Hill that braves the stars :  
 Where if I can get no Muse  
 That will any skill infuse,

(Or my just attempt prefer)  
 I will make a Muse of Her,  
 Whose kind heat will soon distill  
 Art into my ruder quill.  
 By her favour I will gain  
 Help to reach so rare a strain,  
 That the learned Hills shall wonder,  
 How the untaught vallies under,  
 Met with raptures so divine,  
 Without knowledge of the *Nine*.

I, that am a Shepherd's swain,  
 Piping on the lowly plain,  
 And no other music can,  
 Than what learn'd I have of Pan.  
 I, who never sung the Lays,  
 That deserve Apollo's bays,  
 Hope not only here to frame  
 Measures which shall keep her name  
 From the spight of wasting times,  
 But, (enshrin'd in sacred rimes)  
 Place her where her form divine  
 Shall to after ages shine ;  
 And without respect of odds,  
 Vye renown with Demy Gods.

Then, whilst of her praise I sing,  
 Hearken, Valley, Grove, and Spring ;  
 Listen to me, sacred Fountains,  
 Solitary Rocks and Mountains ;  
 Satyrs, and you wanton Elves,  
 That do nightly sport yourselves ;  
 Shepherds, you, that on the reed  
 Whistle, while your lambs do feed ;  
 Aged Woods and Floods, that know  
 What hath been long times ago,

Your more serious notes among,  
 Hear, how I can in my song  
 Set a Nymph's perfections forth ;  
 And when you have heard her worth,  
 Say if such another *Lass*  
 Ever known to mortal was.

Listen, Lordings, you that most  
 Of your outward honours boast ;  
 And you, Gallants, that think scorn,  
 We to lowly fortunes born  
 Should attain to any graces,  
 Where you look for sweet embraces,  
 See, if all those vanities  
 Whereon your affection lies,  
 Or the titles, or the power,  
 By your Fathers' virtues your,  
 Can your Mistresses enshrine  
 In such a state as I will mine ;  
 Who am forced to importune  
 Favours in despite of *Fortune*.  
 Beauties, listen, chiefly you,  
 That yet know not *Virtue's* due ;  
 You, that think there are no sports,  
 Nor no honours but in Courts,  
 (Though of thousands there lives not  
 Two, but dye and are forgot :)  
 See, if any Palace yields  
 Ought more glorious than the *Fields* ;  
 And consider well if we  
 May not as high flying be  
 In our thoughts, as you that sing  
 In the chambers of a King.  
 See, if our contented minds,  
 Whom Ambition never blinds,

(We, that clad in home-spun gray,  
 On our own sweet meadows play)  
 Cannot honour (if we please)  
 Where we list, as well as these,  
 Or as well of worth approve,  
 Or with equal passions love.  
 See, if beauties may not touch  
 Our soon-loving hearts as much ;  
 Or our services effect  
 Favours, with as true respect,  
 In your good conceits to rise  
 As our painted Butterflies.

And you, Fairest, give her room,  
 When your Sex's pride doth come ;  
 For that subjects of my song,  
 To invoke these groves among,  
 To be witness of the lays,  
 Which I carrol in her praise.  
 And, because she soon will see  
 If my measures faulty be,  
 Whilst I chaunt them, let each rhyme  
 Keep a well proportion'd time :  
 And with strains, that are divine,  
 Meet her thoughts in every line.  
 Let each accent there present  
 To her soul a new content ;  
 And with ravishings so seize her,  
 She may feel the height of pleasure.

You enchanting spells, that lie  
 Lurking in sweet Poesy ;  
 (And to none else will appear,  
 But to those that worthy are)  
 Make her know there is a power  
 Ruling in these charms of your,

That transcends (a thousand heights)  
 Ordinary men's delights ;  
 And can leave within her breast  
 Pleasures not to be exprest.  
 Let her linger on each strain,  
 As if she would hear't again,  
 And were loth to part from thence  
 Till she had the quintessence  
 Out of each conceit she meets,  
 And had stor'd her with those sweets.  
 Make her by your art to see,  
 I, that am her Swain, was he,  
 Unto whom all beauties here  
 Were alike and equal dear.  
 That I could of freedom boast,  
 And of favours with the most :  
 Yet, now (nothing more affecting)  
 Sing of *Her*, the rest neglecting.  
 Make her breast, with full compassion,  
 Judge the merit of true passion ;  
 And as much my love prefer,  
 As I strive to honour *Her*.

Lastly ; you that will (I know)  
 Hear me, wh'er you should or no ;  
*You*, that seek to turn all flowers,  
 By your breath's infectious powers,  
 Into such rank, loathsome weeds,  
 As your dunghill nature breeds ;  
 Let your hearts be chaste, or here  
 Come not, till you purge them clear.  
 Mark ; and mark then what is worst,  
 For, whatere it seem at first,  
 If you bring a modest mind,  
 You shall nought immodest find.

But, if any too severe,  
 Hap to lend a partial ear ;  
 Or, out of his blindness yawn  
 Such a word, as, oh prophane :  
 Let him know this much from me,  
 If here's ought prophane, 'tis he,  
 Who applies these excellencies  
 Only to the touch of senses :  
 And, dim-sighted, cannot see  
 Where the soul of this may be.  
 Yet, that no offence may grow,  
 'Tis their choice to stay or go ;  
 Or, if any for despight  
 Rather comes than for delight,  
 For his presence I'll not pray,  
 Nor his absence : come he may.  
*Criticks* shall admitted be,  
 Though I know they'll carp at me.  
 For I neither fear nor care  
 What in this their censures are.

If the Verse here used be  
 Their dislike, it liketh me.  
 If my method they deride,  
 Let them know, Love is not tied  
 In his free discourse to chuse  
 Such strict rules as arts-men use.  
 These may prate of love, but they  
 Know him not : for he will play  
 From the matter, now and then  
 Off and on, and off again.  
 If this Prologue tedious seem,  
 Or the rest too long they deem ;  
 Let them know my love they win,  
 Though they go ere I begin,

Just as if they should attend me,  
 Till the last, and then commend me.  
 For I will for no man's pleasure  
 Change a syllable or measure ;  
 Neither for their praises add  
 Ought to mend what they think bad ;  
 Since it never was my fashion  
 To make work of recreation.  
 Pedants shall not tie my strains  
 To our antique Poets' veins ;  
 As if we in latter days  
 Knew to love, but not to praise ;  
 Being born as free as these,  
 I will sing as I shall please ;  
 Who as well new paths may run,  
 As the best before have done.  
 I disdain to make my song,  
 For their pleasures, short or long :  
 If I please, I'll end it here,  
 If I list, I'll sing this year :  
 And though none regard of it,  
 By myself I pleas'd can sit,  
 And with that contentment cheer me,  
 As if half the world did hear me.  
 But because I am assur'd,  
 All are either so conjur'd,  
 As they will my song attend  
 With the patience of a friend ;  
 Or (at least) take note that I  
 Care not much ; now willingly  
 I these goodly colours lay,  
 Wind nor rain shall wear away ;  
 But retain their purest glass,  
 When the statutes made of brass,

For some Prince's more renown,  
 Shall be wholly overthrown ;  
 Or (consum'd with canker'd rust)  
 Lie neglected in the dust.

And my reason gives direction,  
 (When I sing of such perfection)  
 First those beauties to declare,  
 Which (though her's) without her are.  
 To advance her fame, I find,  
 Those are of a triple kind.  
 Privileges she hath store,  
 At her birth, since and before.  
 She of high descents may claim,  
 Whose well-gotten honours may  
 Her deserving more display ;  
 For from heavenly race she springs,  
 And from high and mighty Kings.

At her birth, she was by Fate,  
 In those Parents fortunate,  
 Whose estates and virtues stood  
 Answerable to their blood.  
 Then the nation, time, and place,  
 To the rest may add some grace,  
 For the people, with the clime,  
 And the fashions of the time ;  
 (In all which she hath been bless'd,  
 By enjoying them at best)  
 Do not only mend the features,  
 But oft times make better natures.  
 Whereas those who hap not so,  
 Both deform'd and ruder grow.

In those climes and latter days  
 To deserve sweet Beauty's praise,



(Where so many females dwell,  
 That each seemeth to excel)  
 In more glory twenty fold,  
 Than it was in days of old,  
 When our ordinary Fair Ones  
 Might have been esteemed rare ones,  
 And have made a subject fit  
 For their bravest Poet's wit.  
 Little Rushlights or a spark  
 Shineth fairly in the dark,  
 And to him occasion gives,  
 That from sight of lesser lives,  
 To adore it; yet the ray  
 Of one torch will take away  
 All the light of twenty more,  
 That shin'd very well before.  
 So those petty Beauties, which  
 Made the times before us rich;  
 Though but sparkle seem'd a flame,  
 Which hath been increas'd by Fame,  
 And their true affections, who  
 Better never liv'd to know.  
 Whereas, her if they had seen,  
 She had sure adored been,  
 And taught ages past to sing  
 Sweeter in their Sonneting.  
 Such a ray so clear so bright,  
 Had outshined all the light  
 Of a thousand such as theirs,  
 Who were then esteemed stars,  
 And would have enlighten'd near  
 Half the world's wide hemisphere.  
 She is fairest that may pass  
 For a fair one's, where the Lass

Trips it on the country green,  
 That may equal Sparta's Queen :  
 Where (in every street you see)  
 Throngs of Nymphs and Ladies be,  
 That are fair enough to move  
 Angels, and enamour Jove.  
 She must matchless features bring,  
 That now moves a Muse to sing,  
 When as one small Province may  
 Shew more Beauties in a day  
 Than the half of Europe could  
 Breed them in an age of old.  
 Such is she, and such a lot  
 Hath her rare perfection got,  
 Since her birth, to make the colour  
 Of so true a Beauty fuller ;  
 And to give a better grace  
 To that sweetness in the face,  
 She hath all the furtherance had,  
 Noble educations add.  
 And not only knoweth all  
 Which our Ladies courtship call,  
 With those knowledges that do  
 Grace her sex, and suit thereto ;  
 But she hath attain'd to find  
 (What is rare with womankind)  
 Excellencies, whereby she  
 May in soul delighted be,  
 And reap more contentment than  
 One of twenty thousand can.

By this means had better'd been  
 All without her, and within.  
 For, it hath by adding arts,  
 To adorn her native parts,

Raised to a noble flame  
 (Which shall lighten forth her fame)  
 Those dear sparks of sacred fire,  
 Which the Muses did inspire  
 At her birth ; that she complete  
 Might with them befit a seat.

But perhaps I do amiss,  
 To insist so long on this :  
 These are superficial things,  
 And but slender shadowings,  
 To the work I have in hand ;  
 Neither can you understand  
 What her excellence may be,  
 Till herself describ'd you see.  
 Nor can mine, or any pen,  
 Paint her half so lovely then  
 As she is indeed. For here  
 Might those Deities appear,  
 Which young Paris view'd at will,  
 Naked upon Ida's hill ;  
 That I from those three might take  
 All their beauties, One to make.  
 (Those, no question well compact  
 Would have made up one exact)  
 Something, yet we miss of might  
 To express her sweetness right.  
 Juno's majesty would fit ;  
 Venus' beauty, Pallas' wit,  
 Might have brought to pattern hers,  
 In some shew'd particulars ;  
 But they never can express  
 Her whole frame or worthiness,  
 With those excellencies, which  
 Make both soul and body rich.

Pallas sometime was untoward,  
 Venus wanton, Juno froward :  
 Yea, all three infected were  
 With such faults as women are ;  
 And though falsely deifi'd,  
 Frailties had which she'll deride ;  
 By herself must therefore she,  
 Or by nothing pattern'd be.  
 And I hope to paint her so,  
 By herself that you shall know,  
 I have serv'd no common Dame,  
 Of mean worth, or vulgar fame,  
 But a Nymph that's fairer than  
 Pen or pencil portrait can.  
 And to-morrow, if you stray  
 Back again this uncouth way,  
 I my simple art will shew ;  
 But the time prevents me now.  
 For, except at yonder glade,  
 All the land is under shade,  
 That, before these ewes be told,  
 Those my wethers in the fold,  
 Ten young wainlings driven down  
 To the well beneath the town ;  
 And my lambkins changed from  
 Brome-lease to the Mead at home,  
 'Twill be far in night ; and so  
 I shall make my farther woe  
 For my stay, and be in fear  
 Somewhat has mischanced here.  
 On your way I'll therefore bring you,  
 And a song or two I'll sing you,  
 Such as I (half in despair)  
 Made when first I woo'd my Fair :

Whereunto my boy shall play,  
That my voice assist it may.



Come, my Muse, if thou disdain,  
All my comforts are bereft me ;  
No delight doth now remain;  
I nor friend, nor flock have left me :  
They are scatter'd on the plain.

Men, alas, are too severe,  
And make scoffs at Lovers' fortunes ;  
Women, hearted like the bear,  
That regards not who importunes,  
But doth all in pieces tear.

If I should my sorrows show  
Unto rivers, springs, or fountains,  
They are senseless of my woe ;  
So are groves, and rocks, and mountains,  
Then, oh whither shall I go ?

Means of harbour me to shield  
From despair, ah, know you any ?  
For nor city, grange, nor field  
(Though they lend content to many)  
Unto me can comfort yield.

I have wept and sighed to,  
For compassion to make trial :  
Yea, done all that words can do,  
Yet have nothing but denial ;  
What way is there then to woo ?

Shall I swear, protest, and vow ?

So have I done most extremely.

Should I die ? I know not how.

For, from all attempts unseemly

Love and Virtue keeps me now.

I have heard that Time prevails,

But I fear me 'tis a fable :

Time, and all endeavour fails ;

To bear more my heart's unable,

Yet none careth what it ails.

Lines to some have op't the door,

And got entrance for affection.

Words well spoken much implore,

By the Gesture's good direction :

But a Look doth ten times more.

'Tis the Eye that only reads,

To the Heart, Love's deepest lectures :

By a moving look it pleads

More than common sense conjectures,

And a way to Pity leads.

This I knowing, did observe,

(Both by words and looks complaining)

Yet for pity I may starve :

There's no hope of my obtaining,

Till I better can deserve.

Yea, and he that thinks to win

By desert, may be deceived ;

For they who have worthiest been,

Of their right have been bereaved,

And a Groom admitted in.

Therefore, Muse, to thee I call;  
 Thou (since nothing else avails me)  
 Must redeem me from my thrall.  
 If thy sweet enchantments fail me,  
 Then adieu, love, life, and all."

---

"The Whole ¶ Workes of W. Tyndall, John ¶ Frith  
 and Doct. Barnes, three ¶ worthy Martyrs, and  
 principall ¶ Teachers of the Church of England.  
 ¶ Collected and compiled in one to- ¶ gether, being  
 before scattered, and now in ¶ print here exhibited  
 to Church. ¶ To the prayse of God, and ¶ profite  
 of all good Chris- ¶ tian Readers. ¶"

~~~~~  
 "Mortui resurgent."  
 ~~~~~

"At London ¶ printed by John Daye, ¶ and are  
 to be sold at his Shop ¶ under Aldersgate, ¶ An. 1573."

Folio.



THE works of Tindall run to page 478, besides a full Index.

The works of Frith are new paged, and run to p. 171, besides Index.

The works of Dr. Barnes are again new paged, and run to p. 376, besides Index.

Lives of each of these Martyrs are prefixed, drawn out of Fox's *Actes and Monuments*.

There are two spirited wood-cuts at the beginning and end.



“ *A French and English Dictionary, composed by Mr. Randle Cotgrave: with another in English and French.*

“ *Whereunto are added sundry animadversions, with supplements of many Hundreds of Words never before printed: with accurate castigations throughout the whole work, and distinctions of the obsolete words from those that are now in use.*

“ *Together with a large Grammar, and a Dialogue consisting of all Gallicismes, with additions of the most useful and sygnificant Proverbs, with other refinements according to Cardinal Richelieu’s late Academy.*

“ *For the furtherance of young Learners, and the advantage of all others that endeavour to arrive to the most exact knowledge of the French language, this Work is exposed to Public.*

“ *By James Howell, Esq.*

“ *Inter Eruditos Cathedram habeat Polyglottes.*

“ *London, printed by Anthony Dolle, and are to be sold by Thomas Williams at the Golden Ball in Hosier Lane, 1673.*”



DEDICATORY Epistle by James Howell to the Nobility, Gentry, and Merchants of England.

This French and English Dictionary is followed by a Dictionary English and French, “ by Robert Sherwood, Londoner. London, printed in the year 1672.”





*An Author's Description of his own Feelings, in a  
Letter to the Editor.*

ON returning from my usual solace of a nightly walk through the quiet and romantic scenes of ——, I feel impelled to describe to you some of my undisguised emotions and ideas, because it appears to me that I am among mankind what a neglected volume is among books—I exist—but my existence is not like that of other beings—it is rather a kind of living death! The comparison indeed is not very natural, nor will it admit of being followed out in all respects; but perhaps it may serve as an excuse for the commencement of this correspondence; especially as, if I mistake not, *the Editor of the RESTITUTA*, proceeding on his former principles, is not likely to reject communications merely because they are not precisely in the regular form of an article of Bibliography. Besides, I have other motives for hoping that I may be forgiven for this intrusion. Though an individual with feelings such as I am about to describe is not likely to be tied down by any particular rules, it is my intention very frequently to introduce fragments of Bibliography into my lucubrations. At this moment my attention is attracted by one of the most neglected volumes of George Wither, on which probably in this very letter I shall be tempted to offer some remarks. But I proceed to give some description, in the first place, of myself and my feelings.

I am afraid I shall incur the risque of ridicule by commencing my confessions with so trifling a remark. But, on returning from my nocturnal excursion, I feel

disposed to mention, that to me the sharp easterly winds which have prevailed during this first week of May are far more congenial than the warm breezes of the south-west—they seem to cool my parched brain, and to sooth my feverish agitations. In this preference, as in all other circumstances, I am unlike the rest of mankind. Dreams *have been* mine—celestial visions of beatitude and glory—such as no language can unfold. But now neither hope, nor wish, nor apprehensions of any kind remain to me. I am therefore dead to all the purposes of life!

“ So much I feel my genial spirits droop,  
 My hopes all flat—Nature within me seems  
 In all her functions weary of herself.”

I seem therefore truly a kind of “ Phantasm”—a spectre unnaturally drawn from the tomb of his rest into scenes of life and light, in which he has no longer any interest. Hence the night to me is more congenial than the day—the tempest and the cloud more pleasing than the cheering light of the sun. To me the words of Rousseau are strictly applicable, “ Behold me then alone upon the earth, having neither brother, relative, friend, or society, but my own thoughts.”—That my mind may not be torn by the force of suppressed emotions—that it may not recoil and prey on itself—I indulge myself in writing to you. Perhaps it may afford a speculation somewhat curious to delineate the impressions produced by the passing incidents of life, (so far as I can experience any such influence) and by the scenery of nature on a mind so different from that of every other inhabitant of the earth. Probably indeed I shall for the most part be very dull—

I shall be prosing over the merits of some neglected tract, when I should be describing some wonderful adventure. I shall be telling some dull tale of Romance, when I should be satisfying the curiosity of my readers by unfolding my own history. But these faults are unavoidable. I shall disclose my real emotions, but not the hidden causes of my affliction, because I cannot disclose *them* without criminating others whose characters and conduct I wish only to be buried in oblivion. My woes are therefore the more poignant and cureless, because wrapt in a veil of mystery which must never be withdrawn.

How excellent are these lines of Lord Byron—

“ The spell is broke—the dream is flown :  
 Thus is it with life’s fitful fever ;  
 We madly smile while we should groan ;  
 Delirium is our best deceiver.  
 Each lucid interval of thought  
 Recalls the woes of Nature’s charter ;  
 And he that acts as wise men ought,  
 But lives as saints have died—a martyr !”

For what is life, if its visionary hopes and fears, and the delusions of imagination are destroyed, but a rayless void, a desert, in which there is no resting place—no gleaming lake—no spot of verdure ?

Though now neither hope, nor wish, nor a gleam of fancy remain to me, I remember since the very scenes by which I am now surrounded were a kind of Elysium !

I half promised in this letter some remarks on a volume of George Wither; but on accidentally taking up the second of Milton, my attention is so forcibly

arrested by the *Samson Agonistes*, that I cannot avoid petitioning for space for a long quotation from a poem which surely has not yet been sufficiently admired.

“ O that torment should not be confin'd  
 To the body's wounds and sores,  
 With maladies innumerable  
 In heart, head, breast, and reins ;  
 But must secret passage find  
 To the inmost mind,  
 There exercise all his fierce accidents,  
 And on her purest spirits prey,  
 As on entrails, joints, and limbs,  
 With answerable pains, but more intense,  
 Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me  
 As a lingering disease,  
 But, finding no redress, ferment and rage ;  
 Nor less than wounds immedicable  
 Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,  
 To black mortification.  
 Thoughts, my tormentors, arm'd with deadly stings,  
 Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,  
 Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise  
 Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb  
 Or medicinal liquor can assuage,  
 Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.  
 Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er  
 To death's benumbing opium as my only cure :  
 Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,  
 And sense of Heaven's desertion.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nor am I in the list of them that hope ;  
 Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless ;  
 This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,

No long petition, speedy death,  
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

Many are the sayings of the wise,  
In ancient and in modern books inrolled,  
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude ;  
And to the bearing well of all calamities,  
All chances incident to man's frail life,  
Consolatories writ  
With studied argument, and much persuasion sought  
Lenient of grief and anxious thought :  
But with the afflicted in his pangs their sound  
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune  
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint ;  
Unless he feel within  
Some source of consolation from above,  
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,  
And fainting spirits uphold.

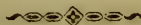
God of our fathers, what is man !  
That thou towards him with hand so various,  
Or might I say contrarious,  
Temper'st thy providence through his short course,  
Not evenly, as thou rul'st  
The angelic orders, and inferior creatures mute,  
Irrational and brute.  
Nor do I name of men the common rout,  
That, wandering loose about,  
Grow up and perish, as the summer-fly,  
Heads without name no more remember'd ;  
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,  
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,  
To some great work, thy glory,  
And people's safety, which in part they effect :  
Yet towards these thus dignified, thou oft,  
Amidst their height of noon,  
Changest thy countenance, and thy hand, with no regard

Of highest favours past  
 From thee on them, or them to thee of service.  
 Nor only dost degrade them, or remit  
 To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismissal,  
 But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high,  
 Unseemly falls in human eye,  
 Too grievous for the trespass or omission ;  
 Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword  
 Of heathen and profane, their carcasses  
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd ;  
 Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,  
 And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude.  
 If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty  
 With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,  
 Painful diseases and deform'd,  
 In crude old age ;  
 Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering  
 The punishment of dissolute days : in fine,  
 Just, or unjust, alike seem miserable,  
 For oft alike both come to evil end."

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“ *The Diuel Coniured.* London, printed by Adam Islip  
 for William Mats, dwelling in Fleet Street, at the  
 sign of the Hand and Piough. Anno 1596.”

4to. sig. M 2.



THIS scarce tract has a dedication to the right  
 honourable and learned sir John Fortescue, knt. Chan-  
 cellor of the Exchequer, which speaks of his “generall  
 and matchlesse knowledge in the purer toungs,” and  
 is subscribed to his “most bounden orator, April 15,  
 1596, T. L.” *i. e.* THOMAS LODGE.

An address to his Readers follows, in which the Author thus appreciates his performance :—

“ Sith you have long time drawn the weeds of my wit, and fed yourselves with the cockle of my conceits, I have at last made you gleaners of my harvest, and partakers of my experience. Here shall you find that which Aristotle requireth in every science, probabilitie in argument, and demonstration and truth in the end. Here shall you find the stile varying according to the matter, the matter sutable to the stile, and all of these aimed to profit. If the Title make you suspect, compare it with the matter, it will answer you : if the matter, apply it with the censures of the learned, they will countenance the same : if the handling, I repent me not ; for I had rather you should now condemn me for default in rethoricke, than (as in times past) commend my stile, and lament my judgment. Thus resolved both of the matter, and satisfied in my method, I leave the whole to your judgments ; which, if they be not depraved with envie, will be bettered in knowledge ; and if not carried away with opinion, will receive much profit.”

To receive the edifying profit which was intended from this learnedly argumentative dialogue, it requires *totum hominem, et non distractum* ; for it is fraught with most grave matter, moral counsel, religious doctrine, and erudite disquisition, derived both from the Greek philosophers and fathers of the church. It opens thus :—

“ Amidst the inhospitable mountains of Egipt (during the raigne of Constantine the renowned and religious Roman Emperor) there lived a vertuous and solitarie hermit called Anthony, who forsaking his possessions, which were great, and renouncing the world as vaine, made the poore rich by his liberalitie,

and his soule happie by his charitie. His bodily desires he suppressed by fast, his soul's perturbations by constant resist; his sollace was solitude, his pleasure, praier; his law, godlie feare; his hope, heaven; his dinner time, the sun set; his night's rest, watchful meditation. If he slept, it was standing, to mortifie his flesh; if he pray'd, it was kneeling, to shew his humilitie; his meat, bread; his sauce, salt; his drinke, water; his profession was ignorance, but in heavenly things; and his knowledge, perfect wisdom; not expressed in vanitie of words, but in vertue and practise of good deeds."

To this holy hermit many resorted, that they might derive advantage from his sage advice; and among the rest came Metrodorus of Tyre, who was better skilled in the philosophy of Plato, Empedocles, and Democritus, than in true Christian wisdom: also Asterius of Cappadocia, who for practising magic, &c. was banished Rome, and sent into Egypt: and with these met Frumentarius, an Indian, who had forsaken his country and entered the deserts, to find out father Anthony. A long and interesting conversation ensues, in which the pious hermit bears a principal share, and which is only closed by the close of day. A short extract may shew the style and argument of the recluse, in reply to an invective of Metrodorus against solitude.

"Thou reprovest my life, because solitarie; not considering this—that a good man is never lesse alone than when alone, as Themistocles said: and the sences commonly wanting their objects of offence, are lesse subject to fall. A desolate life exempteth us from dissolute desires, and where there are lesse baits of sinne, the soule is least of all soiled. Oh, philosopher! thou art blind; not in thy bodily eyes, but in the eyes of thine understanding. Sensualitie seeketh ease, devotion chastisement.



Thou cuttest down the thornes that let the way when thou journiest; thou forsakest the path that is muddie and mirie; thou fliest the climes that are cold and uninhabited: what then should let thee to mortifie thy flesh, to quicken thy spirit, to subdue thy bodie, to lighten thy soule; and to forsake the path of this world, to walke directly to celestially paradice? It is a law among your sects—for eloquence to follow Cicero; for excellence, Demosthenes; for philosophie, Plato and Aristotle; for the mathematicks, Euclide. What then letteth thee, O Metrodorus! to imitate CHRIST? whose life is a law to mine, and whose abstinence a lesson to instruct me. O that thou knewest the thing thou despisest; and wert as expert in practice as malapert in reproofe! The solitarie man, I tell thee, living on the earth, forsaketh the same; and mortified in the flesh, is planted in heaven by the Spirit. He burneth in the love of God, to banish the love of this world: he banisheth transitory tears, to receive eternal consolation: he fasteth in bodie, to be fed in soul: he depresseth himselfe, to be lifted up to heaven: he watcheth and thirsteth, to be refreshed in Paradise: he laboureth in this world, to have rest in another. Finally, flying the works of all uncleannesse, he not onely deploret the miserie of his thoughts, if they taste the world; but lamenteth likewise the default of his actions, if they do but stumble on the world. O happie contemplative men! (saith a father) whose tribulation is their sollace, whose contumelie is their glorie, whose want their abundance. Worldly as thou art, how wicked are thy counsailes. Thou persuadest me to the world, that in nothing is more noted than in impugning God. Christ willeth povertie, the world contemneth it. Christ blesseth the sorrowfull, the world flieth the haunt of the unhappie. Christ commandeth mortification, the world to cherish the bodie. O Metrodorus! I hate not my bodie, but the corruptions thereof; and I only in this love myselfe, in that I chastise myselfe. Worthilie said Leo, in a certaine sermon,

‘ So much more every man loveth himselfe, by how much he hateth himself for God’s love,’ &c.’

In the end, his inquiring visitors became converts to the opinions of holy Anthony, and from worldly-minded men were turned to zealous Christians. Night and a sudden storm put an end to their colloquy; which, if found to delight the Reader, it was the Author’s speculative intention to resume, and to entreat the colloquists to find out more matter and pleasure to yield content. He then concludes with a line of Ausonius, and with another of Martial.

“ Nemo silens placuit, brevitate loquendi.”

“ Non sunt longa quibus nihil est quod donere possis.”

¶





“ *Ane Abregement of Roland Furious, translait out of Ariost. Together with some Rhapsodies of the Author’s youthful braine. And last, ane schersing out of true felicete, composit in Scottesh meiter be Stewart of Baldyneis.*”



OF the Author of these Poems little or nothing is known. He seems to have been a Gentleman of fortune, in the reign of James VI. influenced probably by the wish to obtain distinction at court, by those literary accomplishments which were so respectable in the estimation of that monarch. But the “*divinæ particula auræ*” of the Poet was wholly wanting to second his endeavours. He has framed a sort of abridged translation of Ariosto’s *Orlando*; in which his failure is the less to be wondered at, as he terms (in a prose dedication at the beginning of the volume) the *Orlando* of this divine Poet a “*small and sectless subject.*”

In the rhapsodies of his youthful brain he has touched on almost every topic which has been rendered most interesting by other authors. He professes to be an admirer of rural scenery, and an enthusiastic lover. But his walks by moonlight, and addresses to his mistress, are alike cold, artificial, and stupid. In short, it is difficult to imagine an author more completely dependant on the imagination of his reader for whatever amusement is derived from his attempts. The longest and most tolerable of his poems is

“ *The Schersing out of trew felicete,*”  
Of which I shall transcribe a few short specimens.

There is first a long prologue, which begins in this manner—

“ Fair Uranie the michtie Muse celest,  
Me thocht appirit in my troblit rest  
Maist miscontent, and did me reprehend  
For pithless poems to my prence so pen’d,  
Thy ryms says scho are resonles and ruid,  
Syn with no constant sentence dois conclude.  
Quhow dar thow then sic dytment dull direct  
To my renownit scholer chief elect.  
Believis thow his godlie blissit braine  
Will tak delyt of thy fantastic vaine.  
Quhilk hes sic fectless frivolties don frame,  
That scairse his grace will gaze upon the same.  
And gif his hienes ons thy lines reject,  
Ilk ane about sall give thee monie ject.”

&c. &c.

Afterwards

“ *The summe of this work.*

“ As litill lark, althocht hir wings be small,  
Dois high presume to mont up in the air,  
So wold I flie, but zit I feir ane fall :  
Hope bids mak to—Stand still, says dull Despair.  
Zit clym I sall, but not with mundane eair,  
For gaine of gold, or onie warldlie gloir,  
I will ascend the way to lyfe preclair,  
And first with help of Charetie imploir ;  
Next be the fair humiliteis guid loir,  
My crowne to labour shall directlie tend,  
Syn veretie and constance sall restoir  
Me frie of vyce, than think I well to end.

For quhan experience has me teictchit plaine,  
 Be hoip I sall felicitie attaine,  
 This is the sum that I intende to dyt,  
 God grant me grace to bind it up perfyt."

Then follows the Poem itself.

" *The Mateir.*

" My sempill pen quhilk heretofair did  
 Sprent up with speid prepare the to report  
 Mair pithie purpos, prudent and perfyt,  
 His majestie will thee preserve from tort.  
 Than under schaddow of his wings resort,  
 And indeavour his hienes to delyt.  
 For quhois guid pleasour now advance thy dyt,  
 With sum sentencius michtie mateir meit,  
 To be revisit with his pregnant spreit.

I pas from ballads of poetic braine,  
 And from fantastic facill sayings vaine,  
 From sonets als, and every frivoll verse,  
 Both merie ryms and roundells and disdaine,  
 Sum seimlie subject sweitlie till explaine  
 With holie David, instantlie I scherse,  
 Thow sone of David, help my ruid reherse,  
 And with thy sacred spreit my spreit inspyre,  
 Quhilk thow send doun in touns of flamyng fire.

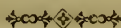
In this maist pleasand spring tym of the zeir,  
 Quhan everie branch all blomit dois appei  
 With lustie leivis greine, and blossomis quhyt,  
 Now quhan the birds on bussis makis sic beir,  
 And purifeit is the firmament maist cleir,  
 And all the ground annamelit perfyt,  
 With holsom herbs and flours of delyt,

Nor quhan Apollo brycht dois up ascend,  
To scherse out trew felicite I tend.

Soon as Aurora had the heavens o'erclod  
With celest air from blak Nocturna sched,  
Throch percing purpou barmkin of the sky,  
To this effect I bownit from my bed.  
And in preparing thence directlie sped  
Quhair this foresaid felicite did ly,  
Quhilk place precelling quhan my eis did spy,  
Maist bent I was with ane deliberat hart,  
For to pursew hir presence in that part.

Quhilk circuat was with cristalline preclair,  
Gilt all with gould, and glancand wonder fair,  
Amyds ane plaine depaint with emerald greine,  
Quhair Flora walkit in the temperate air,  
In syndrie hewis recent brycht and rair,  
Cled in her cleir and cumlie vestment cleine,  
The quhilk all balmie browderit mycht be seine,  
Braid busching out, and with parfume repleit,  
As synamon, civet, or amber sueit.

Freshe fontanis sprang beneath the cristal wall,  
Quhilk by appirans Paradise I call,  
And throuch the sam transparent did appeir,  
Both fruitful treis and tendir plantis tall,  
And everie flour and herb both great and small.  
The port was keipit of this cloister cleir,  
Be the chast virgin Charitie synceir,  
Quho audience gave with visage fair and meik,  
Quhan so to hir I did this purpose speik."



Some account of this volume, and a catalogue of  
its contents have already appeared in an article on

Scottish poetry, in the concluding number of the  
*British Bibliographer*.

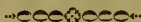
R. P. G.

Advocates' Library,  
May 27, 1814.

“ *Pierces Supererogation, or a new Prayse of the old  
Asse. A Preparatiue to certain larger Discourses,  
intituled Nashes S. Fame. Gabriell Haruey.*

“ *Il vostro malignare non giova nulla.*

“ *London, imprinted by Iohn VVolfse, 1593.*”



THE AUNSWERE TO LETTERS AND SONNETS COMMENDATORY.

“ *To my very gentle and liberall Friendes, M. Barnabe Barnes,  
M. Iohn Thorius, M. Antony Chewt, and euery fauorable  
Reader.*

“ LOUING M. Barnabe, M. Iohn, and M. Antony, (for the rest of my partiall Comenders must pardon me, till the print be better acquainted with their names) I haue lately receiued your thrise-courteous Letters, with the ouerplus of your thrise-sweet Sonets annexed: the liberallest giftes, I beleeuue, that euer you bestowed vpon so slight occasion, and the very prodigallest fruites of your flourishng wittes. Whose onely default is, not your, but my default, that the matter is nothing correspondent to the manner; and miselfe must either grosely forget miselfe, or franckly acknowledge mi simple selfe an vnworthy subiect of so worthy commendations; which I cannot read without blushing, repeate without shame, or remember without griefe, that I come so exceeding-short in so excessiue great accountes;

the summes of your rich largesse, not of my poore desert ; and percase deuised to aduertise me what I should be, or to signifie what you wish to be ; not to declare what I am, or to insinuate what I may be. Eloquence and curtesie were euer bountifull in the amplifying veine : and it hath been reputed a friendly pollicy, to encourage their louing acquaintance to labour the attainment of those perfections, which they blason in them, as already atcheiued. Either some such intention you haue, by way of stratageme to awaken my negligence, or enkindle my confidence ; or you are disposed by way of ciuility, to make me vnreasonably beholding vnto you for your extreme affection, which I must either leaue ynrequited, or recompence affection with affection, and recommende me vnto you with your owne stratageme, fitter to animate fresher spirites, or to whet finer edges. Little other vse can I, or the world reape of those great-great commendations, wherewith you, and diuers other orient wittes haue newly surcharged me, by tendring so many kinde apologies in my behalfe, and presenting so many sharpe inuectiues against my aduersaries : vnlesse also you purposed to make me notably ashamed of my cofessed insufficiency, guilty of so manifold imperfections, in respect of the least semblance of those imputed singularities. Whatsoever your intendment in an ouerflowing affection was, I am none of those that greedily surfet of selfe-conceit, or sottishly hugge their own babies. *Narcissus* was a fayre boy, but a boy : *Suffenus* a noble braggard, but a braggard : *Nestor* a sweet-tongued old-man, but an old-man : and *Tully* (whom I honour in his vertues, and excuse in his ouersightes) an eloquent selfe-loouer, but a selfe-loouer. He that thought to make himselfe famous with his ouerweening and brauing *Il'e, Il'e, Il'e*, might perhaps nourrish an aspiring imagination to imitate his *Ego, Ego, Ego*, so gloriously reiterated in his gallant Orations. Some smirking minions are fine fellowes in their owne heades, and some cranke Princookes iolly men in their owne humours : as desperate in resolution as the dowtiest ranke of errant knights ; and as coye



in phantasie, as the nicest sort of simpring damosels, that in their owne glasses find no creature so bewtifull, or amiable, as their delicious selues. I haue beheld, and who hath not seene some lofty conceites, towring very high, and coying themselues sweetly on their owne amounting winges, young feathers of old Icarus. The gay peacocke is woondrously inamored vpon the glittering fanne of his owne gorgeous taile, and weeneth himselfe worthy to be crowned the prince of byrdes, and to be enthronished in the chaire of supreme excellency. Would Christ, the greene popiniay, with his newfangled iests, as new as Newgate, were not asmuch to say, as his owne idoll. Queint wittes must haue a priuiledge to prank-vp their dainty limmes, and to fawne vpon their owne tricksie deuises. But they that vnpartially know themselues, seuerely examine their owne abilities, vprightly counterpoise defectes with sufficiencies, frankly confesse the greatest part of their knowledge to be the least part of their ignorance, aduisedly weigh the difficulties of the painfull and toylesome way, the hard maintenance of credit easely gotten, the impossible satisfaction of vnsatisfiable expectation, the vncertaine ficklenesse of priuate phantasie, and the certaine brittlenesse of publique fame, are not lightly bewitched with a fonde doting vpon their owne plumes. And they that deeply consider vpon the weaknesse of inward frailty, the casualtie of outward fortune, the detraction of enuie, the virulency of malice, the counter-pollicy of ambition, and a hundred-hundred empeachments of growing reputation: that aswell diuinely, as philosophically haue learned to looue the gentlenesse of humanity, to embrace the mildnesse of modestie, to kisse the meeknesse of humilitie, to loathe the odiousnesse of pride, to assuage the egrenesse of spite, to preuent the vengeance of hatred, to reape the sweete fruites of temperance, to tread the smooth path of securitie, to take the firme course of assurance, and to enjoy the felicitie of contentment: that iudiciously haue framed themselues to carry mindes, like their bodies and fortunes, as apperteineth vnto them, that would be loth to

ouerreach in presumptuous conceit: they, I say, and all they that would rather vnderly the reproche of obscuritie, than ouercharge their mediocritie with an illusiue opinion of extraordinary furniture, and I wott not what imaginarie complementes, are readier, and a thousand times readier to returne the greatest prayses, where they are debt, than to accept the meanest, where they are almes. And I could nominate some, that in effect make the same reckoning of Letters, Sonets, Orations, or other writings commendatory, that they do of meate without nourishment, of hearbes without vertue, of plants without fruite, of a lampe without oyle, a linke without light, or a fier without heate. Onely some of vs are not so deuoide of good manner, but we conceiue what belongeth to ciuill duty, and will euer be prest to interteine curtesie with curtesie, and to requite any frendship with frendship: vnfaignedly desirous, rather to recompense in deeds, then to glose or paint in wordes. You may easely persuade me to publish, that was long sithence finished in writing, and is now almost dispatched in print: (the amendes must be addressed in some other more materiall treatise, or more formal discourse: and haply *Nashe's S. Fame* may supply some defectes of *Pierce's Supererogation*;) but to suffer your thrise-affectionate Letters and Sonets, or rather your thrise-lauish beneuolences to be published, which so farre surmount not onely the mediocrity of my present endeouour, but euen the possibility of any my future emproouement; I could not be persuaded by any eloquence or importunacy in the world, were I not as monstrously reuiled by some other without reason, as I am excessiuey extolled by you without cause. In which case he may seeme to a discreet enemy excusable, to an indifferent frend iustificable, that is not transported with his owne passion, but relyeth on the iudgement of the learnedest, and referreth himselfe to the practise of the wisest. In the one, esteeming *Plutarch* or *Homer*, as an hundred autors; in the other, valuing *Cato* or *Scipio*, as a thousand examples. I neuer read, or heard of any respectiue or considerate person, vnder the degree of

those that might reuenge at pleasure, contemne with authority, assecure themselues from common obloquy, or commande publique reputation, (mighty men may finde it a pollicy to take a singular or extraordinary course), so carelesse of his owne credit, so recklesse of the present time, so senselesse of the posterity, so negligent in occurrents of consequence, so dissolute in his proceedings, so prodigall of his name, so deuouide of all regarde, so bereft of common sense, so vilely base, or so hugely hawtie of minde; that in case of infamous imputation, or vnworthy reproch, notoriously scattered abroad, thought it not requisite, or rather necessary, to stand vpon his owne defence according to equity, and euen to labour his owne commendation according to the presented occasion. Discourses yeeld plenty of reasons; and histories affourde store of examples. It is no vain-glory to permit with consideration, that abused Modesty hath affected with discretion. It is vanity to controwle, that true Honour hath practised: and folly to condemne, that right Wisdome hath allowed. If any dislike Immodesty indeede, despise Vanity indeede, reprocue Arrogancy indeede, or loath Vain-glory indeede; I am as forward with tongue and hart, as the foremost of the forwardest: and were my pen aunswerable, perhaps at occasion it should not greatly lagge behinde. To accomplish, or aduaunce any vertuous purpose, (sith it is now enforced to be sturring) it might easely be entreated, euen to the vttermost extent of that little-little possibility, wherewith it hath pleased the greatest to endowe it. Howbeit Curtesie is as ready to ouerload with prayse, as Malice eger to ouerthrow with reproch. Both ouershoot, as the manner is; but malice is the diuell. For my poore part, I hope the one shall do me as little harme, as fayre weather in my iorney: I am suer, the other hath done me more good then was intended, and shall neuer puddle or annoy the course of the cleere running water. Albeit I haue studied much, and learned little: yet I haue learned to gleane some handfulls of corne out of the rankest cockle; to make choice of the most fragrant flowers of humanitie, the

most vertuous hearbes of philosophie, the most soueraine fruites of gouernement, and the most heauenly manna of diuinity : to be acquainted with the fayrest, prouided for the fowlest, delighted with the temperatest, pleased with the meanest, and contented with all weather. Greater men may professe, and can atchieue greater matters : I thanke God I know the length, that is, the shortnes of mine owne foote. If it be any man's pleasure to extenuate my sufficiency in other knowledge, or practise, to empeach my ability in wordes or deedes, to debase my fortune, to abridge my commendations, or to annihilate my fame, he shall finde a cold aduersary of him, that hath layed hoat passions awatering, and might easily be induced to be the inuective of his owne non-proficiency. Onely he craueth leaue to estimate his credit, and to value his honesty, as behooueth euery man that regardeth any good : and if withall it be his vnfeigned request, that order should repeale disorder ; moderation restraine licentiousnesse ; discretion abandon vanity ; mildnesse assuage choller ; meeknesse alay arrogancy ; consideration reclaime rashnesse ; indifferency attemper passion ; Curtesie mitigate, Charity appease, and Unity attone debate : pardon him. Or in case nothing will preuaile with fury but fury, and nothing can winne desired amity but pretended hostility, that must driue out one naile with another, and beat away one wedge with another, according to the Latin prouerbe ; pardon him also, that in the resolution of a good minde will commaund what he cannot entreat, and extort what he cannot persuade. That little may be done with no great adoo ; and seeing it may as surely as easely be done, I am humbly to beseech established Wisdome to winke at one experiment of aduenturous Folly ; neuer before embarked in any such action, and euer to eschewe the like with a chary regard, where any other mediation may purchase redresse. I will not vrge what conniueance hath bene noted in as disfauorable cases : it is sufficient for me to pleade mine owne acquittal. Other prayse he affecteth not, that in a deepe insight into his innermost partes, findeth not the highest

pitch of his hope, equualent to the lowest pit of your commendation. And if by a gentle construction, or a fauorous encouragement, he seemeth any thing in others' opinion, that is nothing in his owne censure; the lesser his merite, the greater their mercy; and the barrainer his desert, the frutefuller your liberality. Whose vnmeasurable prayses I am to interpret, not as they may seeme in some bounteous conceit, but as they are in mine owne knowledge; good wordes, but vnfitly applied; frendly beneuolences, but wastfully bestowed; gallant amplifications, but slenderly deserued: what but termes of ciuility, or fauours of curtesie, or hyperboles of loue: whose franke allowance I shall not be able to earne with the study of twenty yeares more: in briefe, nothing but partiall witnesses, preiudicate iudgements, idle preambles, and in effect meere wordes. And euen so as I found them I leaue them. Yet let me not dismisse so extensiuie curtesie with an empty hand. Whatsoeuer I am, (that am the least little of my thoughtes, and the greatest contempt of mine owne hart), *Parthenophil* and *Parthenophe* embellished, the *Spanish Counsellour* Inglished, and *Shore's Wife* eternised, shall euerlastingly testify what you are: go forward in maturity, as ye haue begun in pregnancy, and behold *Parthenopoeus* the sonne of the braue Meleager *Homer* himselfe, and of the swift *Atalanta Calliope* herselfe: be thou Barnabe, the gallant poet, like Spencer; or the valiant souldiour, like Baskeruile; and euer remember *thy French seruice* vnder the braue Earle of Essex. Be thou Iohn, the many-tongued linguist, like Andrewes, or the curious intelligencer, like Bodley; and neuer forget *thy Netherlandish traine* vnder him, that taught the Prince of Nauarre, now the valorous king of France. Be thou Antony, the flowing oratour, like Dooue, or the skilfull heralde, like Clarentius; and euer remember *thy Portugal voyage* vnder Don Antonio. The beginning of vertuous proceedings is the one halfe of honourable actions. Be yourselues in hope, and what yourselues desire in effect; and I have attained some portion of my request. For you cannot

wish so exceeding well vnto me, but I am as ready with tongue and mind, to wish a great deale better vnto you; and to re-acquite you with a large vsury of most affectionate prayers, recommending you to the diuine giftes, and gracious blessings of heauen.

“ May it please the fauorable Reader to voutsafe me the curtesie of his patience, vntill he hath thoroughly perused the whole discourse at his howers of leysure, (for such scribblings are hardly worth the vacantest howers): I am not to importune him any farther; but would be glad he might finde the whole lesse tedious in the end, then some parts in the beginning or midst; or at least that one peece might helpe to furnish out amendes for an other. And so taking my leaue with the kindest farewell of a most thankfull minde, I desist from wearying him with a tedious preface, whom I am likely to tire with so many superfluous discourses. Howbeit might it happely please the sweetest intercessour, to ensweeten the bitterest gall of spite, and to encalme the roughest tempest of rage; I could cordially wish that *Nashes S. Fame* might be the period of my inuectiues: and the *excellent Gentlewoman*, my patronesse, or rather championesse in this quarrell, is meeter by nature, and fitter by nurture, to be an enchanting angell with her white quill, then a tormenting fury with her blacke inke. It remaineth at the election of one, whom God indue with more discretion.

“ At London, this 16 of Iuly, 1593. The inuiolable frend of his entire frendes,

“ GABRIELL HARVEY.”



“ *Her owne Prologue, or Demurr.*

‘ O Muses, may a woman poore, and blinde,  
A lyon-draggon, or a bull-bearc binde?  
Ist possible for puling wench to tame  
*The furibundall champion of fame?*

He brandisheth the whurlewinde in his mouth,  
 And thunderbolteth fo-confounding shott :  
 Where such a bombard-goblin, north or south,  
 With drad pen-powder, and the conquerous pott ?  
 Silly it is that I can sing or say :  
 And shall I venture such a blustrous fray ?  
 Hazard not, panting quill, thy aspen selfe :  
 Hel'e murther thy conceit, and braine thy braine :  
 Spare me, O super-domineering elfe,  
 And most *railipotent* for euer raine.

Si tibi vis ipsi parcere, parce mihi."

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“ *Her Counter-Sonnet, or correction of her owne Preamble.*

“ Scorne, frump the meacock verse, that dares not sing,  
 Drouping, so like a flagging flowre in raine :  
 Where doth the Vransy, or Fury ring,  
 That shall enfraight my stomacke with disdaine ?  
 Shall frend put vp such braggardous affrontes ?  
 Are milksop Muses such whiteliuerd trontes ?  
 Shall boy the gibbet be of writers all,  
 And none hang vp the gibbet on the wall ?  
 If dreery hobling ryme hart-broken be,  
 And quake for dread of Danter's scarecrow presse :  
 Shrew prose, thy pluckcrow implements addresse,  
 And pay the hangman pen his double fee.  
 Be spite a sprite, a termagant a bugg :  
 Truth feares no ruth, and can the great Diu'll tugg.

———Vlatrix accincta flagello.”

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“ *Her old Comedy, newly intituled.*

“ My prose is resolute, as Beuis' sworde :  
*March rampant beast in formidable hide :*

*Superrogation Squire on cockhorse ride :*  
 Zeale shapes an aunsver to the blouddiest worde.  
 If nothing can *the booted souldiour* tame,  
 Nor ryme, nor prose, nor honesty, nor shame :  
 But *Swash* will still his trompery aduance,  
 Il'e leade the *gagtooth'd fopp* a newfounde daunce.  
 Deare howers were euer cheape to pidling me :  
 I knew a glorious, and brauing knight,  
 That would be deem'd a truculent all wight :  
 Of him I scrauld a dowty comedy.  
 Sir *Bombarduccio* was his cruell name :  
 But *Gnasharduccio* the sole brute of *Fame*."



“ *L'Enuoy.*

“ See, how he brayes and fumes at me, poore lasse,  
 That must immortalise the killcowe *Asse*.”



LETTERS AND SONNETS.



“ *To the right worshipful, his especiall deare frend, M. Gabriell  
 Haruey, Doctour of Lawe.*

“ Sweet M. Doctour Haruey, (for I cannot intitule you with an epithet of lesse value, then that which the Grecian and Roman oratours ascribe to Theophrastus, in respect of so many your excellent labours, garnished with the garland of matchlesse Oratory) : if at any time either the most earnest persuasion of a deare frend, and vnusually most deare and constant, adiured thereunto by the singular vertue of your most prayse-worthy and vnmatchable wit : or the woonderfull admiration of your peerlesse conceit, embraued with so many gorgeous ornamentes



of diuine Rhetorique: or the doubtlesse successiue benefit thereof, deuoted to the glory of our English eloquence, and our vulgar Tuscanisme (if I may so terme it) may worke any plausible or respectiue motions with you, to bewtifie and enriche our age with those most praise-moouing workes, full of gallantest discourse and reason, which I vnderstand by some assured intelligence be now glowing vpon the anuile, ready to receiue the right artificiall forme of diuine workemanship: then let, I beseech you, nay, by all our mutuall friendships I coniure you, (loue and admiration of them, arming me with the placarde of farther confidence) those, and other your incomparable writings, speedily, or rather presently, shew themselues in the shining light of the sunne. That by this publication of so rare and rich discourses, our English rauens, the spitefull enemyes to all birdes of more bewtiffull wing, and more harmonious note then themselues, may shrowde themselues in their nests of basest obscurity, and keepe hospitality with battes and owles, fit consorts for such vile carions. Good sir, arise, and confound those viperous cryticall monsters, and those prophane atheistes of our commonwealth; which endeuour with their mutinous and serpentine hissing, like geese, not to arme the senatours and oratours of Rome, but to daunt, astonish, and if it were possible, to ouerthrow them. And sithence the very thunder-lightning of your admirable eloquence is sufficiently auailable to strike them with a lame palsie of tongue, (if they be not already smitten with a sencelesse apoplexy in head, which may easely ensewe such contagious catharres and reumes, as I am priuy some of them haue bene grievously diseased withall) misse not, but hitt them suerly home, as they deserue with Supererogation. You haue bene reputed euermore, since first I heard of you in Oxford, and elsewhere, to haue been as much giuen to fauour, commende, and frequent such as were approoued, or toward in learning, witt, kinde behaiour, or any good quality, as may be required in any man of your demerit: an vndoubted signe how much you loath inuectiues or any needeles contentions. I

would, (as many your affectionate frends would) it had bene your fortune to haue encountred some other Paranymphe, then such as you are now to discipline: most vnwillingly, I perceiue, but most necessarily, and not without especiall consideration, being so manifestly vrged, and grosely prouoked to defend yourselfe. But you haue ere now bene acquainted with patience perforce: and I hope the most desperate swasher of them will one day learne to shewe himselfe honester or wiser. And thus recommending your sweet endeouours, with your grauer studies, to the highest treasury of heauenly Muses, I right hartely take my leaue with a Sonet of that Muse, that honoureth the Vraney of du Bartas and yourselfe: of du Bartas elsewhere; here of him, whose excellent pages of the French king, the Scottish king, the braue Monsieur de la Nöe, the aforesayd Lord du Bartas, Sir Philip Sidney, and sundry other worthy personages, deserue immortall commendation. I thanke him very hartely, that imparted vnto me those fewe sheetes: and if all be like them, truly all is passing notable, and right singular."

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“ *Sonct.*

“ Those learned oratours, Roome's ancient sages,  
 Persuasions pith, directours of affection,  
 The minde's chiefe counsail, rhetorique's perfection,  
 The pleasaunt baulmes of peace, warre's fierce outrages :  
 Sweet Grecian prophets, whose' smooth Muse assuages  
 The furie's powerfull wrath, poison's infection :  
 Philosophers, (by causes due connexion,  
 Match't with th' effects of Nature) future ages  
 Embrauing with rich documents of Art :  
 The wisest states-men of calme commonweales :  
 The learned generall counceles, which impart  
 Diuine laws, whose wholesome physique heales

Both church and layety : all in one beholde  
 Ennobled arts, as precious stones in golde.

“ From my lodging in Holborne, this of Iune, 1593.

“ Your most affectionate,

“ BARNABE BARNES.”

“ Hauing perused my former Sonet, if it may please you, Sir, to do asmuch for your deare frends, *Parthenophil* and *Parthenophe*, they shall haue the desired fruite of their short exercise, and will rest beholding to your courteous acceptance: which they would be glad to reacquite in the loouingest manner they may. And so most affectionately recommend themselves vnto your good selfe: whose vnblemished fame they will euermore maintaine with the best bloud of their hartes, tongues, and pennes. We will not say how much we long to see the whole prayses of your two notorious enemyes, the *Asse* and the *Foxe*.”



SONET.

“ *Nash, or the confuting Gentleman.*

“ The Muse’s scornę ; the Courtier’s laughing-stock ;  
 The countrey’s coxecombe ; printer’s proper new ;  
 The cittie’s leprosie ; the pandar’s stew ;  
 Vertue’s disdayne ; Honestie’s aduerse rock ;  
 Enuie’s vile champion ; Slaunder’s stumbling block.  
 Graund oratour of cunny-catcher’s crew ;  
 Base broaching tapster of reports vntrue ;  
 Our moderne viper, and our countrey’s mock ;  
 True valor’s cancer-worme, sweet learning’s rust.  
 Where shall I find meeete colours and fit wordes,

For such a counterfaict and worthlesse matter  
 Him, whom thou raylest on at thine owne lust,  
 Sith *Bodine* and sweet *Sidney* did not flatter,  
 His inuectiue thee too much grace affordes.

“PARTHENOPHIL.”



SONET.

“*Haruey, or the sweet Doctor.*”

“*Sidney*, sweet cignet, pride of Thamesis ;  
 Apollo’s laurel ; Mars-his proud prowesse ;  
*Bodine*, register of realmes happinesse,  
 Which Italye’s, and Fraunce’s wonder is :  
*Hatcher*, with silence whom I may not misse :  
 Nor *Lewen*, rhetorique’s richest noblesse :  
 Nor *Wilson*, whose discretion did redresse  
 Our English barbarisme : adioyne to this  
 Diuineſt morall *Spencer* : let these ſpeake  
 By their ſweet letters, which do beſt vnſould,  
*Haruey*’s deſerued prayſe : ſince my Muſe weake  
 Cannot relate ſomuch as hath bene tould  
 By theſe forenam’d : then vaine it were to bring  
 New feather to his fame’s ſwift-feather’d wing.

“PARTHENOPHE.”



“*The Printer’s Advertisment to the Gentleman  
 Reader.*”

“Cvrteous Gentlemen, it ſeemed good to M. Doctour  
 Haruey, for breuity-ſake, and bicauſe he liked not ouer-long  
 preambles, or poſtambles to ſhort diſcourſes, to omit the com-  
 mendatorie Letters and Sonnets of M. Thorius, M. Chewt,

and diuers other his affectionate frendes of London, and both the Vniuersities. Which neuerthelesse are reserued to be prefixed, inserted, or annexed, either in his defensiuè Letters, enlarged with certaine new epistles of more speciall note; or in his discourses of *Nashes S. Fame*, already finished, and presently to be published, as these shall like their interteinement: of whose fauorable and plausible welcome, diuers learned and fine wittes haue presumed the best. Howbeit finally it was thought not amisse, vpon conference with some his aduised acquaintance, to make choice of some two or three of the reasonablest and temperatest Sonnets (but for variety, and to auoyde tediousnesse in the entrance, rather to be annexed in the end, then prefixed in the beginning of the present Discourses: one of the foresayd M. Thorius, an other of M. Chewt, and the third of a learned French Gentleman, Monsieur Fregeuill Gautius, who hath published some weighty treatises, aswell politique as religious, both in Latin and French; and hath acquainted M. Doctour Haruey with certaine most profitable mathematicall deuises of his owne inuention. The residue is not added by me, but annexed by the Autor himselfe: whom I humbly recommede to your courteous censure, and so rest from ouertroubling you with my vnpolished lines.”

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*Epistle dedicatory to GEORGE WITHER'S Satires,*

ENTITLED

“ABUSES STRIPT AND WHIPT.”

—•••••—  
 “To himselfe G. W. wisheth all happinesse.

“THOU, (even myselfe) whom next God, my Prince, and Country, I am most engaged unto, it is not unlikely but some will wonder why, contrary to the world's custome, I have

made choice of thy patronage for this booke, rather than the protection of such whose mightinesse might seeme better able to defend it; especially considering such a giganticke troupe of adversaries have banded themselves against virtue, that one of them, Goliath-like, dares raile upon a whole hoast of Israel. It may be (I say) some will wonder, and some scoffe at mee for it; for which cause (though to answer them with *Sic volo* had been sufficient: yet to shew I will not, like our great-ones, stand so much upon my authority as to make my will my reason) I here let you know why and for what causes I have done it. The first is this: I could not amongst all men finde any man, in my opinion, so fitting for this purpose, but either my work was unworthy, or too worthy his patronage. Secondly, it is said, *Obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit*: and I, doubting my free speech would hardly make a diapason pleasing to the eare of a common Mecænas, thought it best to hold my tongue, or speake to my selfe, whose disposition I am better acquainted with. Thirdly, seeing I know but what men appeare, and not what they are, I had rather endure the kite's tyranny, than with Æsop's doves make the sparrow-hawke my champion. Fourthly, if I have spoken truth, it is able to defend itselfe; if not, who-ere be my patron, it is I must answer for it. Fifthly, for asmuch as I know mine owne minde best, I purpose, if need be, to become mine owne advocate. Sixthly, for my owne sake I first made it, and therefore certaine I am I my selfe have most right unto it. But seventhly and lastly, (which is indeed the principall reason) I have made this Dedication to my owne selfe, even to put thee in mind, seeing thou hast here boldly begun to bid defiance to the flesh, and upon just causes quarrelled with the world, that thou take heed to thine owne words, and not through basenesse of minde, or untowardnesse of fortune, to thy everlasting disgrace faintly give over so noble a combat. If ever adversity (as t'is like enough) oppresse thee, yet remember thy owne sayings; and in despite of outward destinies, have a care to keep an undejected heatt

stil free for vertue. Or on the contrary, if ever (as 'tis unlikely) unexpected prosperity be cast upon thee, then looke to thyselfe, take to thee this poor booke of thine, wherein thou shalt see the danger of it, and be perhaps therby stayed from many a perillous enterprize, which that estate might else drive thee into. Read it weekly, daily, yea, and hourelly too. What though it bee thine owne? thou knowest man's nature to bee so uncertain and prone to forgetfulnesse, even in the best things, that thou canst not have too many memorandums. The wisest fall, and therefore every day was Philip desirous to be remembered that he was a man. Thou thinkest, I know, still to remaine what thou art; I desire in some things thou maist: but unlesse thou labour it with diligent watchfulnesse, thy affection it is at least much to be doubted, if not altogether to be despaired of. For thou hast seene many, by an alteration in their estate, been so metamorphosed, as if they were neither the same men, nor of that nation.

“ Nay, (remember it) thou thyselfe, and that but upon a bare hope or imagination of some preferment, hast beene puffed up and exalted above measure; consider now then, how much more thou hadst bin so, and what had become of thee, if God had not, by dashing those hopes, called thee to thyselfe againe? Alas, if he had answered thy *ambitious* expectations to thy desire, thou hadst been by this time past recovery; and not thought of this, but delighted in *villany*, beene ouer-mastred by *passion*, rusht into all *vanitie* and *presumption*, yet never felt any danger till it were too late to prevent it. Thou hast oft wisht thou hadst bin borne to the like means that others are; which, might it have beene so, now thou seest thou shouldst hardly or never have come to the knowledge of those things that are now shown thee. Tis true thou hast lamented to be crost in thy preferments; but thou seest since, that it might have been thy undoing if it had not been so; and maist persuade thyselfe, whether it be now or never, it will be to thy good. For tell me, hast thou not often felt, even when thou

wert busiest to prevent them, *Fond-love, Ambition, Revenge, Covetousnesse*, and such like *Passions*, then to invade thee? I see thou hast perceived it. How much more then would they have been ready to assail thee, when quite forgetting them, thou hadst wholly addicted thyselfe to the things of this *world*? Let me advise thee (my *dear selfe*) then, to make use of this, thine owne worke, it will be better to thee than al the *world*: for this good it may do thee, and to this end I made both it and the dedication thereof to thee, that if ever hereafter the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devill, or any occasion should make thee to forget this minde which thou art now in; or so blinde thy understanding, thou shouldest not perceive thy own and the world's follies as thou doest: that if thou shouldst be in that miserable state (as many are) to have no feeling of thy danger: that if thou shouldst be wofully flattered, and have no friend that dares or loves thee so well to put thee in mind of thy transgressions; that then this may shew thee what once thou wert; touch thee againe with the feeling of thy miseries; and bee unto thee that friend which, free from all faining, shall plainly tell thee what perhaps should else have never bin brought againe to thy remembrance. Look then that for thy owne sake thou respect this, however to others it may seeme a trifle. Be carefull of thy actions; for seeing thou knowest the dangerous passions whereunto man is subject, has showne his *vanities*, laid open his *weaknesse*, and sharply taxed his *presumption*: if now thou wouldest wilfully run thyselfe into the same evils, the world would upbraid thee, this booke, yea, thy conscience accuse thee, God and good men hate thee, thy fault be more odious and inexcusable; thy judgment more severe, and (which is worst) thy punishment most intolerable. I say, seek therefore (if for no other cause) so to carrie thyselfe, that at least thou maist have a good conscience before God; for, *Si deus tecum, quis contra te?* But if now having made the world thine enemy, exposed thyselfe to the malice thereof, and having so manie legions of foes without



thee, thou shouldest also, by thy negligence, suffer the invincible fortress of a sound conscience to be crazed within thee, the devill, that is alwaies watching such advantages, would quickly possesse it with so unmercifull a troope of horrors, feares, and desperations, that without God's miraculous assistance, thou wouldst grow wholly past either comfort or recovery.

“ For all the world cannot defend thee against thy conscience ; but that being with thee, thou maist prevaile against all the world. Beware then, doe not, like the Zebithum, yeeld a perfume to sweeten others, and be thyself a stinking vermine ; but let this thy owne worke bee confirmed by thine owne life and conversation ; yea, let it be a president to thyselfe : for, *Tanti erit aliis quanti tibi fuerit* : but if not, I say, if the world misesteem either it or thee, yet doe not thou therefore esteem the lesse either of thy booke or of thyselfe ; but rather let them know

That thou hast learned still thy care shall be,  
A rush for him that cares a straw for thee.

“ But now, though for these and diverse other reasons, I have to thee, my owne-selfe, committed the protection, and made the dedication of this book, yet my meaning is not that thou shouldst keepe it wholly to thine own use, but rather, seeing it is honourable to give, I have bestowed this on thee, that if thou canst, in this corrupted age, find any whom desert and thy love may make so deare to thee ; or whom thou art perswaded will gratifie, or but think well of thy honest endeavours, thou maist be liberall to them, both of these thy labours and expences.

“ But this I conjure thee, be they never so great, yet flatter not : or if hee bee a man whom thou knowest the world speakes any way justlie ill of, either tell him his fault, or leave him whollie out of thy catalogue. But because I beginne to grow tedious to my owne-selfe, since therefore I shall have opportu-

nity enough to consider with thee what is further needfull without an epistle; With my prayers for my Prince, my Countrey, my Friends, and my owne prosperitie, without any leave-taking or commendations of myselfe, I heartily wish my own soule to farewell.

“Thy Prince’s, thy Countrie’s, thy Friend’s, thine owne, whilst reason masters affection,

“GEOR. WITHER.”



“To the Reader.

“Readers, I speake to you that have understanding, when these first fruites of my infant Muses shall come to your judicious censures, doe not looke for *Spencer’s* or *Daniel’s* well-composed numbers, or the deepe conceits of now flourishing *Iohnson*. Say ’tis honest plaine matter, and there’s as much as I expect. If I have seem’d to erre in any thing, suppose me not so obstinate, or well conceited of my owne opinion, but that I may be perswaded by any that shall produce stronger reasons to the contrary. If any thing may seeme to have a doubtfull interpretation, assure yourselles the honestest meaning in it is mine; and although some may thinke I have not so well joined things together as I might have done, I know when you have considered the nature of the subject, and the diversity of things therein handled, you will accept my good will, and let my yeeres bee an excuse for that and all other ignorant oversights whatsoever. Some, no doubt, will mistake my plainnesse in that I have so bluntly spoken what I have observed, without any poeticall additions or fained allegories: I am sorry I have not pleased them therein, but should have beene more sorry if I had displeas’d myselfe in doing otherwise; for I know if I had wrapt up my meaning in darke riddles, I should have been more applauded, and lesse understood, which I nothing desire.

“I neither feare nor shame to speake the truth; and

therefore have nakedly thrust it forth without a covering. For to what end were it, if I (as some doe) had appareld my minde in the darke parables, that few or none might have understood me? I should do better to be silent; but if that writing be more in request, I may hereafter be obscure enough: yet in this 'tis not my meaning; for indeed, if I knew how, my desire is to be so plaine, that the bluntest *Iobernole* might understand me. Our grand villaines care not for a secret jerke; and well we may shew an honest wit in covertly nipping them; but either it is in vaine, cause they perceiue it not, or else ridiculous, seeing they onely understand it, who will but either malice or flout us for our labours. Many may dislike the harshnesse of the verse; but you know, although it bee not stately, yet it well enough befits the matter. And whereas I may seeme blame-worthy in mixing diuinity with humanity; yet when you have found my generall ayme, considered with what reverent respect I have done it, and what commendable authorities I may have for it, I nothing misdoubt your approbation. Those things which concerne my selfe, may seeme childish and nothing pleasing; but you must consider I had a care to please my selfe as well as others. And if the world blame me as too saucy with her, it is for want of manners; but her owne fault that would allow me no better education. To be briefe, if I have any way offended, I am so well perswaded you will mildly conster my errors and infirmities, that I rest wholly, and only on your sound and incorrupted judgments.

“ But, Readers, I meane you that are no more but Readers, I make no question if this booke come to your spelling, it will have many halting verses and disjoynted sentences: for I have had experience of your insufficiency; yet have I strived to be, for your sakes I tell you, (because I would, if it were possible, be understood) as plaine, (as they say) as a pack-saddle; and now the doubt is, some fooles will ride me. If they doe, certainly I shall bee rough and uneasie for their tendernesse.

“ Though you understand them not, yet because you see

this wants some fine phrases, and such florishes as you finde other men's writings stuf withall; perhaps you will judge me unlearned; well, and right enough: yet you will be counted but saucy cobblers to goe beyond your lasts. And if that be a fault, (did not the subject and your ignorances, require me to bee in that sort faulty) I could with ease have amended it; for it cost me (I protest) more labour to observe this plainnesse, than if I had more poetically trim'd it. But for feare if I speak much, I confound your memories, I will say no more but this, *Read, and welcome*, but censure not; for your judgement is weake, and I utterly renounce it.

Valete.

“GEOR. WITHER.”



EPIGRAMS.

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“*To Time.*”

“EPIGR. I.”

“Now swift-devouring, bald, and ill-fac't Time,  
 Dost not thou blush to see thyselfe uncloak't?  
 Oh that I knew but how to laugh in rime!  
 Faith I would doe it, though thou wish't me choakt.  
 Didst thou but see how thy faire antique shape,  
 Is now transformed to a shapelesse hew:  
 How like thou look'st to some barbarian Ape,  
 And could'st thine owne deformities ore-view,  
 Thou would'st be metamorphosed anew,  
 Run quite away, and either all amend,  
 Or wish thyselfe and all things at an end.

And yet despaire not, Time, though thou art ill;  
 (The worst that e'er (I thinke) was knowne to be,)

Thou shalt not thus deform'd continue still,  
 For I much better dayes yet hope to see.  
 When Vice, and Wrong, and Malice acted have  
 Their furious parts upon Confusion's stage,  
 Fair Vertue shall be raised from her grave,  
 And bring along with her a golden age;  
 Then we will laugh to scorne the world's vaine rage,  
 And sit and tell with joy what stormes are past,  
 And what faire daies we hoped for at last."



EPIGRAM II.

" I heare that some aske how I dare so plaine,  
 Taxe the *Abuses* that I now see raigne :  
 I muse as much they dare say ill unto it,  
 Or dare to ask me howe I dare to doe it."



" *To the Stranger.*

" Thou, that wert so unhappy first to breath  
 Without the compasse of Great Britaine's power,  
 And blest againe that Fate did thee bequeath  
 The knowledge of so rich a tongue as our;  
 If (understanding) thou dost hap to read  
 This booke, wherein thou seest my nation's shame,  
 Yet doe not thou against my countrey plead,  
 For thine (thou know'st) doth merit greater blame:  
 Our faults are many, this indeed is true;  
 But were they mōe, we are no worse than you.

“ *To the Satyro-mastix.*

“ O lord sir ! y’are deceiv’d ; I am none of those  
That write in anger or malicious spleene ;  
I have not taken pepper in the nose,  
Nor base inventer of false libels beene.  
Such ones there be indeed, such I have seene.

I envy no man for his greatnesse ; I,  
Nor seeke I any honest man’s disgrace :  
I joy in every one’s prosperity :  
I’ll not the credit of a dogg deface ;  
My adversary shall not prove the case.

Then stand back (sirrah whip-jack) with your scourge,  
Doe not incense my satyr for thy life :  
Hee’s patient enough unlesse thou urge ;  
Contentions now a days are grown too rife,  
And *he* is very backward unto strife.

If you esteeme your peace, provoke not me,  
For whilst I finde good cause and reason why,  
In spight of all that foes to satyrs be ;  
He shall (if I list) taxe iniquity,  
And tis a matter of necessity.

What? you would faine have all the *great ones* freed ;  
They must not for their vices be controlld.  
Beware ; that were a saucinesse indeed :  
But I the *great ones* to offend be bold,  
I see no reason but they should be told.

Yea, and they shall ; their faults most hurtfull be,  
And (though I will not put them to that shame)  
No great injustice in it I did see,  
If they were taxed by their proper name :  
For no sin can on earth have her full blame.

Then, *scourge of Satyrs*, hold thy whip from mine,  
Or I will make my rod lash thee and thine."



" *To the gal'd Reader.*

" Sir, he that's night-gal'd, or hath cornes on's toes,  
May blame the shoemaker, and curse his shoes ;  
But those that are acquainted with the fault,  
Can tell the reason wherefore he doth halt :  
So thou maist think (perhaps) these *satyrs* sting thee,  
Where only thy owne guiltinesse doth wring thee.  
For if thou wert from these diseases free,  
Thou would'st be quiet, as some others be.  
But 'tis well knowne *a ticklish beast hath ticks* :  
And the old proverb says, *A gald jade kicks*.  
But I'll advise thee, if thou feele it smart,  
Be rul'd by mee, and play not the foole's part ;  
Keep't to thyselfe, and there are few shall know  
If thou art touched in this booke or no.  
Thou seest thou neither art mark't out nor nam'd ;  
And therefore onely to thyselfe art sham'd :  
Now if thou stirre, at best thou shalt but make  
The countrey of thy faults more knowledge take :  
And (as indeed it justly may) divine,  
The worst faults that I write against are thine.  
Then sith to be reprov'd seems a curse,  
And to be moved makes the matter worse,  
Either to amend thy wicked life have care,  
Or like a pack-horse and an asse still beare."



" *To the impartiall Author.*

" *George*, I did ever thinke thy faithfull breast  
Contain'd a minde beyond the common sort ;

Thy very looke, and honest heart exprest,  
 And seem'd an awfull mildness to import.  
 Poets may vaunt of smooth and lofty straines ;  
 Thine with thy subject fitly doe agree.  
 But then thy Muse a better praise obtaines,  
 For whilst the greatest but *time-pleasures* be,  
 Thou unappal'd and freely speak'st the truth ;  
 Not any one for fear or lucre sparing :  
 A vertue rare in age, more rare in youth :  
 Another Cato, but I think more daring.  
 Well maist thou speed in these tempestuous times :  
 Thou soone beginst to make the world thy foe ;  
 Yet I so well doe like thine honest rimes,  
 That I could wish all poets would write so :  
 For thou the way of truth so rightly tend'st,  
 I hold them double prais'd whom thou commend'st.

“ Thy deare Friend,

“ T. H. C.”



“ *Certaine Epigrams to the King's most excellent Maiestie, the Queen, the Prince, the Princesse, and other noble and honourable Personages and Friends, to whom the Author gave any of his Books.*”

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“ *To the King's Majestie.*”

“ As he that feeds on no worse meat than quales,  
 And with choice dainties pleaseth appetite,  
 Will never have great lust to gnaw his nailes,  
 Or in a course thin diet take delight :  
 So thou, great King, that still dost over-looke  
 The learned works that are most deep, most rare,  
 Canst not perhaps my ruder *satyrs* brooke,  
 Nor dost thou for such sharp-fang'd criticks care.  
 Oh doe not yet thyselfe so much estrange



From wonted courtesie, to others showne,  
 A country dish doth often serve for change ;  
 And something here is worthy to be knowne :  
 Sharp sauce gives sweetest meat a better taste,  
 And though that this to many bitter be,  
 Thou no such sicknesse in thy stomack hast,  
 And therefore 'twill be pleasing unto thee.  
 What though I neither flatter, fawne, nor sooth,  
 My honest plainnesse shall more truly praise thee  
 Than those that in *court-language* filed smooth,  
 Strive unbeleev'd tropheis for to raise thee ;  
 My loyall heart cannot so well impart  
 The love it beares your Majesty as others :  
 The want of time, encouragement, and art,  
 My purpose in the embrio still smothers.  
 Obscurity, crosse-fates, and want of means,  
 Would have made Rome's great Maro harshly sing ;  
 But if once Cæsar to his musick leans,  
 His tunes through all the world will sweetly ring.  
 And this made English wits, late famous grown,  
 Eliza's princely hand did oft peruse  
 Their well-tun'd poems ; and her bounty shown ;  
 And that gives light and life to every Muse.  
 Oh ! had I such a star for pole to mine,  
 I'de reach a straine should ravish all the Nine.



“ *To the Queen's Majestie.*

“ Daughter, wife, sister, mother to a king,  
 And Emperesse of the North, enrich thy name ;  
 Yet thou dost chastity and wisdome bring,  
 Beauty and bounty to make up thy fame.  
 Which sith (fair Queen) my Muse hath understood,  
 She's bold into thy presence to intrude ;

Assured, honest meanings that are good  
 Shall finde acceptance there, though they seem rude.  
 Look, and behold the vanities of men,  
 Their miseries, their weaknesse, and their pride ;  
 And when described by my rurall pen,  
 Thou each particular hast here espide :  
 Think with thyselfe how blest thy fortunes be  
 T' enjoy so rare a Prince, that both knows how  
 To keep himselfe from such fell passion free,  
 And make so many mad wilde creatures bow :  
 Indeed here's vices tablet plainly drawn ;  
 Not veiled over or obscurely drawn ;  
 'Tis in a colour which shall never fade,  
 That men may blush on such a hag to fawn.  
 But if your Grace will favour what I sing,  
 Though vertue be in durance, I'll reprovee her,  
 That now-despised nymph to honour bring,  
 Set all her hidden beauties forth, and give her  
 So sweet a look, and such a deft attyre,  
 Men shal grow love-sick, and burn with desire."



*“ To Charles Prince of Wales.*

“ See here, fair off-spring of the royall stem,  
 What all the world almost is subject to ;  
 Behold it so, thou truely maist contemne,  
 And from thy heart abhorre what others do.  
 Now is the fit and onely time to season  
 That young rare-understanding breast of thine  
 With sacred precepts, good advice, and reason.  
 But there's no doubt thou wilt to good incline :  
 Inheritance, great Prince, will make it thine,  
 And were man's nature yet more prone to fall,  
 So to be born and taught would help it all.”

“ *To the Princess.* ”

“ Sweet Princess, tho’ my Muse sing not the glories  
 Of far advent’rous knights, or ladies’ loves,  
 Though here be no encomiastick stories,  
 That tender hearts to gentle pitty moves :  
 Yet in an honest homely rustick strain,  
 She lims such creatures as may you ne’er know.  
 Forgive her, though she be severe or plain,  
 Truth, that may warrant it, commanded so.  
 Yea, view it over with believe, but then  
 I am afraid you will abhorre a man.

And yet you need not ; all deserve not blame,  
 For that great prince that wooeth to be yours,  
 (If that his worth but equalize his fame)  
 Is free from any *satyr* here of ours.  
 Nay, they shal praise him ; for though they have whips  
 To make the wicked their offences rue,  
 And dare to scourge the greatest when he trips  
 Vertue shall still be certain of her due.  
 But for your sake, (if that you entertain him)  
 Oh, would he were a man as I could fain him,

Yet sweet *Elisabeth* ; that happy name,  
 If wee lost nothing else by losing thee,  
 So deare to England is, we are too blame,  
 If without tears and sighs we parted be :  
 But if thou must make blest another clime,  
 Remember our, and for that though I use  
 A crabbed subject and a churlish rime,  
 Deigne but to be the mistresse of my Muse ;  
 And I’ll change Theames, and in a lofty stile,  
 Keep thee aliye for ever in this ile.”

*“ To the Lords of his Majestie’s most honourable Privie-  
Councell.”*

“ Most honour’d Lords, I here present this book  
 To your grave censures not to shew my art :  
 N’er did you on so rude a matter look ;  
 Yet ’tis the token of an honest heart.  
 I did it not to please or flatter any,  
 Nor have I made it for the thirst of gain ;  
 For I am sure it will not humour many,  
 And I expect much hatred for my pain.  
 Here something you may see that now requires  
 Your care and providence to hav’t amended :  
 That is the height to which my Muse aspires,  
 And whereto I have all my labour tended.  
 It may be there be some out of their hate  
 Will mis-interpret what is plainly meant ;  
 Or taxe me as too saucy with the state,  
 In hope to make me for the truth be shent :  
 Yet know, great Lords, I do acknowledge here,  
 It is your wisdomes that next God maintains  
 This kingdome’s good. And from my heart I beare  
 A reverent respect unto your pains.  
 I do not, as such fain would have it seem,  
 Presume to teach your wisdomes what is best ;  
 I do not my owne knowledge so esteem :  
 Vile self-conceit I (from my heart) detest.  
 But for because I know the piercing’st eye  
 Can never into all abuses see :  
 And sith the greatest in authoritie  
 May not behold sometime so much as wee :  
 What therefore I have thought to be amisse,  
 And worth amending I have told it here :  
 I know your honours will be pleas’d in this,  
 Though some (it may be) cannot rage forbear.

But if there's any take this writing badly,  
Had it told all, it would have vext him madly."



*" To Henry Earl of South-hampton.*

" South-hampton, sith thy province brought me forth,  
And on those pleasant mountains I yet keep,  
I ought to be no stranger to thy worth,  
Nor let thy vertues in oblivion sleep.  
Nor will I; if my fortunes give me time :  
Meanwhile read this, and see what others bee.  
If thou canst lik't, and will but grace my rime,  
I will so blaze thy Hampshire springs and thee,  
Thy Arle, Test, Stowre, and Avon shall share fame  
Either with Humber, Severn, Trent, or Thame."



*" To William Earl of Pembroke.*

" Thou, whom no private ends can make unjust,  
(True noble Spirit, free from hate or guile)  
Thou, whom thy prince for thy great care and trust  
Hath plac'd to keep the entrance of this ile.  
See here th' Abuses of these wicked times ;  
I have exposed them open to thy view :  
Thy judgement is not blinded with like crimes,  
And therefore must perceive that all is true.  
Take't ; for though I seem a stranger, I know thee ;  
And for thy vertues (Pembroke) this I owe thee."



“ *To the Lord Lisle, Lord Chamberlain to the Queen.* ”

“ A Sidney being, and so nere alli'd  
 To him, whose matchlesse rare immortall pen  
 Procur'd of Fame to have him deifi'd,  
 And live for ever in the hearts of men :  
 The love my soule hath ever born that name,  
 Would certainly perswade me for your sake,  
 In honest service to adventure blame,  
 Or any open dangers undertake :  
 Yet shall not that, your titles, nor your place,  
 Your honours, nor your might, nor all you have,  
 Cause me to flatter for regard or grace ;  
 Fortune shall never make my minde a slave.  
 But seeing that your vertue shines apparant,  
 And honourable acts do speak your praise :  
 Sith Good-report hath given forth her warrant,  
 Which none (so much as by himselfe) gain-saies,  
 That (and nought else but that) compells my Muse  
 To sing your worth, and to present her own.  
 If this imperfect issue you'l peruse,  
 I'll make her in a better form be known,  
 And teach her that is now so rude and plaine,  
 To sore a pitch above the common strain.”



“ *To the Lady Mary Wroth.* ”

“ Madame, to call you best, or the most faire,  
 The vertu'st and the wisest in our daies,  
 Is now not commendations worth a haire,  
 For that's become to be each huswife's praise. 1  
 There's no degree below superlative  
 Will serve some soothing epigrammatists :

The worst they praise exceeds comparative,  
And best can get no more out of their fists.

But Art's sweet lover (unto whom I know,  
There is no happy Muse this day remains,  
That doth not to your worth and service owe,  
At least the best and sweetest of his strains)  
Vouchsafe to let this book your favour finde :  
And as I here have *Man's Abuses* shown ;  
Those Muses unto whom you are inclin'd,  
Shall make your worth and vertues so well known :  
While others' false praise shall in one's mouth be,  
All shall commend you in the high'st degree."



“ *To the Lord Ridgeway.* ”

“ Sir, you first grac'd and gratifi'd my Muse,  
Which ne'er durst trie till then what she could doe :  
That which I did, unto myselfe was news,  
A matter I was little us'd unto :  
Had you those first endeavours not approv'd,  
Perhaps I had for ever silence kept ;  
But now your good encouragement hath mov'd,  
And rous'd my spirits that before time slept ;  
For which I vow'd a gift that should be better,  
Accept this for't, and Ile be still your debter.

Here you shall see the images of men  
More savage than the wildest Irish kern :  
*Abuses whipt and stript, and whipt agen ;*  
I know your judgement can the truth discern.  
Now so you well will think of this my rime,  
I've such a minde yet to Saint Patrick's ile,  
That if my fate and fortunes give me time,  
I purpose to revisit you a while,

And make those sparks of honour to flame high,  
That rak'd up in oblivion's cinders lie."



*" To his Father.*

" Others may glory that their fathers' hands  
Have scrap'd together mighty sums of gold ;  
Boast in the circuit of new purchast lands,  
Or herds of cattel more than can be told.  
God give them joy, their wealth Ile ne'er envy,  
For you have gotten me a greater store,  
And though I have not their prosperity,  
In my conceit I am not halfe so poore.  
You learn'd me with a little to content me,  
Shew'd how to bridle passion in some measure ;  
And through your meanes I have a talent lent me,  
Which I more value than all Indie's treasure.  
For, when the almost boundlesse patrimonies  
Are wasted ; those by which our great-ones trust  
To be eterniz'd ; when their braveries  
Shall be forgotten, and their tombs be dust ;  
Then to the glory of your future line,  
Your own and my friend's sacred memorie,  
This little poore despised wealth of mine  
Shall raise a trophee of eternitie ;  
Which fretting Envy, not consuming Time  
Shall e'er abolish, or one whit offend ;  
A toplesse statue that to starres shall climbe :  
Such fortune shall my honest minde attend.  
But I must needs confesse, 'tis true, I yet  
Reap little profit in the eies of men.  
My talent yeelds small outward benefit,  
Yet I'll not leave it for the world agen.



Though't bring no gain that you by artfull sleight  
 Can measure out the earth in part or whole,  
 Sound out the center's depth, and take the height  
 Either of th' Artick or Antartick Pole ;  
 Yet 'tis your pleasure, it contentment brings ;  
 And so my Muse is my content and joy :  
 I would not misse her to be rank'd with kings,  
 How-ever some account it as a toy.

But having then (and by your means) obtain'd  
 So rich a patrimonie for my share,  
 (For which with links of love I'me ever chain'd)  
 What duties fitting for such bounties are.

Moreover, Nature brought me in your debt,  
 And still I owe you for your cares and fears :  
 Your pains and charges I do not forget,  
 Besides the interest of many yeares.  
 What way is there to make requital for it ?  
 Much I shall leave unpaid, do what I can :  
 Should I then be unthankful? I abhor it,  
 The will may serve when power wants in man.

This book I give you then ; here you shall finde  
 Somewhat to countervaile your former cost :  
 It is a little index of my minde ;  
 Time spent in reading it will not be lost.  
 Accept it, and when I have to my might  
 Paid all I can to you ; if powers divine  
 Shall so much in my happinesse delight,  
 To make you grandsire to a sonne of mine ;  
 Look what remains, and may by right be due,  
 I'll pay it him, as 'twas receiv'd from you.

“ Your loving sonne,

“ GEORGE WITHER.”



*“ To his Mother.*

“ Vngratefull is the childe that can forget  
 The Mother's many pains, her cares, her feares,  
 And therefore, though I cannot pay the debt  
 Due for the smallest drop of your kind teares ;  
 This book I for acknowledgement do give you,  
 Wherein you may perceiue my heart and minde ;  
 Let never false report of me more grieve you,  
 And you shall sure no just occasion finde.  
 Love made you apt to feare those slanders true,  
 Which in my absence were but lately sown ;  
 It was a motherly distrust in you,  
 But those that rais'd them are false villains known.  
 For though I must confesse I am indeed  
 The vilest to myselfe that lives this time ;  
 Yet to the world-ward I have tane such heed,  
 There's none can spot me with a haynous crime.  
 This I am forc'd to speak, you best know why ;  
 And I dare strike him that dare say I lye.”



*“ To his deare Friend Mr. Thomas Cranly.*

“ Brother, for so I call thee, not because  
 Thou wert my Father's or my Mother's sonne ;  
 Not consanguinity, nor wedlock laws,  
 Could such a kindred twixt us have begun :  
 We are not of one blood, nor yet name neither,  
 Nor sworn in brotherhood with alehouse quarts :  
 We never were so much as drunk together ;  
 'Twas no such sleight acquaintance joyn'd our hearts ;  
 But a long knowledge with much trial did it ;  
 (Which are to chuse a friend the best directions)

And though we lov'd both well, at first both hid it,  
 Till 'twas discover'd by alike affections.  
 Since which thou hast o'er-gone me far in shewing  
 The office of a friend : do so and spare not :  
 Lo, here's a memorandum for what's owing ; )  
 But know, for all thy kind respect I care not,  
 Unless thou'lt shew how I may service do thee,  
 Then I will sweare I am beholding to thee.

Thine G. W."



“ *To his loving Friend and Cousen-German, Mr.  
 William Wither.*

“ If that the standers of the house bewray  
 What fortunes to the owners may betide ;  
 Or if their destinies, as some men say,  
 Be in the names of any signifi'd,  
 'Tis so in thine : for that faire antique shield,  
 Borne by thy predecessors long agoe,  
 Depainted with a cleare pure *argent field*,  
 The innocencie of thy line did show.  
*Three sable crescents with a chevron gul'd*,  
 Tells that black fates obscur'd our house's light ;  
 Because the planet that our fortunes rul'd,  
 Lost her own lustre, and was darkned quite :  
 And as indeed our adversaries say,  
 The very name of *Wither* shews decay.  
 But yet despaire not, keep thy *white* unstain'd,  
 And then it skills not what thy *crescents* be.  
 What though the *moon* be now increas'd, now wan'd !  
 Learne thence to know thy live's inconstancie ;  
 Be carefull as thou hitherto hast bin,  
 To shun th' abuses man is tax'd for here :

And then that brightnesse, now eclips'd with sin,  
 When *moon* and *sun* are darkned, shall look cleare :  
 And whatsoe'er thy name may seem to threat,  
 That quality brave things doth promise thee ;  
 E'er thou shalt want thy *hare*,\* will bring thee meat,  
 And to kill care, herselfe thy make-sport be :  
 Yea, (though yet Envie's mists do make them dull)  
 I hope to see the waned orbes at full."



“ *To his School-Master, Mr. John Greaves.*

“ If ever I do wish I may be rich,  
 (As oft perhaps such idle breath I spend)  
 I do it not for any thing so much,  
 As to have wherewithall to pay my friend.  
 For (trust me) there is nothing grieves me more  
 Than this, that I should still much kindnesse take,  
 And have a fortune (to my minde) so poore,  
 That (though I would) amends I cannot make :  
 Yet, to be still as thankfull as I may ;  
 (Sith my estate no better meanes affords)  
 What I indeed receive, I do repay  
 In willingnesse, in thanks, and gentle words :  
 Then though your love doth well deserve to have  
 Better requitalls than are in my power,  
 Knowing you'l nothing *ultra posse* crave,  
 Here I have brought you some *Essaies* of our.  
 You may think much (perhaps) sith there's so many  
 Learn'd graduats, that have your pupils been ;  
 I who am none, and more unfit than any,  
 Should first presume in publike to be seen ;  
 But you have heard, those horses in the teem,  
 That with their work are ablest to go through,

\* The family crest.

So forward seldome as blind Bayard seem,  
 Or give so many twiches to the plough:  
 And so though they may better their intent,  
 Is not, perhaps, to foole themselves in print."



*" To the captious Reader.*

" What thou maist say or think now, 'tis no matter ;  
 But if thou busily imagine here,  
 Sith most of these are great ones that I flatter ;  
 Know, sacred Iustice is to me so deare,  
 Did not their vertues in my thoughts thus raise them,  
 To get an empire by them, I'de not praise them."

---

*" Elegies celebrating the happy memory of Sir Horatio  
 Veere, Baron of Tilbury, Colonell Generall of the  
 English in the United Provinces, and Master of  
 the Ordnance in England, &c.*

*" London, printed by T. Badger, for Chr. Meredith,  
 at the Crane in Paul's Church-yard, 1642."*

Small 8°.



SIR Horace Vere, the younger brother of a renowned family, had the command of the Forces sent by James I. to recover the Palatinate, when wrested from his son-in-law. He was a man, says Granger,\* of a most steady and sedate courage, and possessed that presence of mind in the greatest emergencies, which is the highest qualification of a General. To

\* Biog. Hist. of England, i. 326.

this it was owing that he made a most distinguished retreat from Spinola, the Spanish commander, having escaped with 4000 men from between his fingers. His taking of Sluys was attended with difficulties which were thought insuperable: but his military genius prevailed.

This extremely rare little volume is thus inscribed: "To the most vertuous and most noble Ladie, the Ladie Veere, late wife to the ever honored the Lord Horatio Veere, to whose happy memory be these Elegies erected, and here most humbly dedicated to her Ladyship, in due reverence to his fame and glorie."

The names of the contributors to this collection of elegiac verses are little known to poetic fame. Some modestly signed only their initials. I transcribe the entire list:

|                  |                 |
|------------------|-----------------|
| E. S.            | M. Llewelin.    |
| Richard West.    | Tho. Severne.   |
| H. R.            | J. Goad.        |
| H. Benet.        | Rich. Geale.    |
| Richard Painter. | Francis Palmer. |
| Hen. Harris.     | John Godfrey.   |
| Richard Godfrey. | Edm. Borlasse.  |
| John Borough.    | Samuel Everard. |
| Tho. Isham.      | W. Towers.      |
| Wil. Snow.       |                 |

*Richard West* may possibly have been the satirist who published the

"*The Court of Conscience, or Dick Whipper's Sessions in 1607.*"

Among the other names, Martin Llewellyn is the only personage who may be considered as a professed

poet, and his tribute I proceed to give, with a few of those that appear the best. A little hyperbole on such occasions is to be looked for, and may be forgiven.



*“ On the death of the honourable Sir Horatio Veere,  
Baron of Tilbury.*

“ Our eyes submit, teares like thy captives bow ;  
Thy force o’ercame before, thy ruine now.  
Thus old expiring oakes crush, and create  
Fame from their fall, and triumphs from their fate.  
The courage was not choler here, the flame  
Not from complexion, but from vertue came.  
Valour’s not borne of Nature, but the will ;  
They only conquer that with judgement kill.  
The fire subdues the ayre, yet his proud rayes  
Still without trophies win, still without bayes.  
The minde, not the tough flesh, was his defense ;  
He lost the feare of wounds, but not the sense.  
That were t’have been some engine, and a stroak  
Had prov’d him a burst javeline, or sword broak.  
His scarrs had then been cracks, and every blow  
Had hurt the weapon, statues conquer so.  
No such resistance here ; the veines were known  
Noble, and cleare as sapphires, yet not stone.  
The wars were not his plot ; he did not eat  
By the sword and wounds, and skirmish for his meat.  
He could be stout in peace : and the same ray  
Threw lightning in the field, in the court day.  
Eagles are eagles, though no foe appeare ;  
Good perfumes, though unchaf’d, sweet incense reare.

No conquest made him swell, an equal brow  
Sustain’d the lawrell and the cypresse bough :

The same calne view'd retreats and victories ;  
 One compos'd sense heard shoutes and elegies.

Weake spirits count their going back a doome,  
 And if they but retire, are straight o'recome.  
 Those jewels cast a faint and drowsy light,  
 Which, 'cause they are once sullied, are less bright.  
 The current stopt, grew greater here, and he  
 That did retyre a streame, return'd a sea.  
 No rudenesse made the publick shares more thin,  
 Spoiles were his purchase only, ne're his sin.  
 No rich foe made him glad, no needy pause,  
 He fought not 'gainst the booty, but the cause.  
 He punisht cities, pass'd no village by,  
 The just heat scorcht the phœnix with the fly.  
 And having now subdude the Spanish pride,  
 He saw no foe could kill him, and so dy'd.

“ M. LEWELLYN.

“ *On the death of Sir Horatio Veere, the right valiant  
 and brave Commander, Lord Baron of Tylbury, &c.*

“ Thy name, great VEERE, can valour now inspire,  
 Which once did feare infuse, and raise us higher :  
 Incite our thoughts, not able to declare  
 Thy merits ample as their actions were.

Religion was thy banner, Faith thy shield ;  
 Thou taught'st courageous Piety to wield  
 A conqueror's sword ; thy tents seem'd all to be  
 Made sanctuaries with thy purity.

Thy lamenesse was the strength of weaker states,  
 This thy foes heard, as master of their fates,  
 Which thou rul'st at thy will ; Jove's great decree,  
 Thy sword did act their truest destiny.



Lame VEERE forsook not war, but rather us'd,  
 Than his commander's staffe, and only chus'd  
 His musket's rest, armes VEERE's weaknesse sought, he  
 Only seem'd lame, because he could not fly.

Fate durst not once assault this hero arm'd :  
 Her powerfull hand, the fear of's strength had charm'd.  
 Death justly now look't pale, amaz'd to see  
 Herselfe o'resway'd by his mortality.  
 No strength against this foe she knew prevail'd ;  
 Therefore with policy she him assail'd :  
 Whilst on his quiet couch at rest he lay,  
 At unawares she forc'd his soule away.  
 No foe can boast VEERE's death, by fatall power  
 Alone subdu'de—he dyed a conqueror.

“ WIL. SNOW.”

---

“ *An Elegy to the memory of Sir Horatio Vere,  
 Baron of Tilbury.*”

“ After this long amazement, this halfe death,  
 The much astonish't world recovers breath  
 To utter her just plaints, which that great crosse  
 Depresse'd in silence. Now she feales her losse  
 As rising from a traunce. Besotting grieffe,  
 Somwhat remitted, grants us this reliefe  
 To manifest our sorrows : sighs burst forth  
 Now in articulate numbers, whilst VEERE's worth  
 Inspires and creates poets, we dare try,  
 Grieffe dictating, to sob an elegy.  
 He is an ample subject : his defects  
 Deserve to be admir'd : who but reflects  
 Upon his daring lameness, may behold  
 Perfection imitable : he well could

Limpe into Honor's bosome, when i' th' field  
 He wore his conquering sword, untaught to yeeld.  
 He seem'd a Mars incarnate ; with each looke  
 He wounded ; his majestick presence strook  
 Awe and amazement. As the timorous deere  
 Flyes the pursuer, borrowing wings of feare,  
 So did the Spaniard his assaults : VEERE's name  
 Epitomiz'd artillery ; his fame  
 Was engine, cannon, and whate're doth win  
 Submission and obedience : yet in  
 The court he could depose his frownes, and rayse  
 Such sweet yet sound discourse ; merit such prayse  
 For solid judgement and advice, as if he had  
 Courted no Pallas but of arts. He made  
 Valour grow courteous : no antipathy  
 Was found 'twixt souldier and civility :  
 In him both were united. He well knew  
 To vanquish in the schooles the practis'd crew,  
 And gaine Apollo's lawrell. No lesse charme  
 Was in his tongue than in his powerfull arme :  
 All war to him was conquest ; with that art  
 He us'd his subtle arguments to dart,  
 With which he thrèw his javelins ; for no skill  
 His opposition could out-vye or quell :  
 This living science only ignorant,  
 What sin, what a tormented conscience meant.  
 No wonder if his soule mounted on high,  
 Who could enthrone the humble dust i' th' skye.  
 VEERE's center was the pole : none ere deny'd  
 A pure intelligence, a heaven to guide.

“ RICH. GEALE.”



“ *To the happy memory of Sir Horatio Veere, Baron  
of Tilbury, &c.*

“ You that have powerfull skill to cheat the eye  
With cunning shadowes of faire imagerye ;  
That can infuse into your rare designes  
A seeming life, by well proportion'd lines,  
And give such motions too, that we admire  
Your pencill, equall with Prometheus' fire,  
Joyne phansies, and conspire in every part  
To make a generall master-piece of art.

Paint me a Mars, his fauchion in his hand,  
In his brow valour, in his eye command ;  
Throughout his face a sterne strong beauty such  
As can endure the sun-beame's scorching touch,  
Or winter's keener breath, than chose the strength  
Of close compacted limbs, rather than length :  
Let him be mounted on a fiery steed  
Of fiercest courage, and the choycest breed,  
Proud of his rider's managing, from whence  
He seems inspir'd with mind as well as sense.

For your by-draught, pitch me a battle fought,  
And almost to a certaine issue brought,  
Whereto retreat were valour, and to be  
The conquer'd was a kind of victory.

Draw some pursuing, others flying : heere  
Let divers stand, hurt not with shot but feare ;  
There youngsters, proud of easy wounds, whose skars  
More than their service shew they've been i' th' wars ;  
And there an upstart lad, who came to the field  
To make that scutcheon which was meant a shield.

Then paint the victors by the general's skill,  
Leading their foes as captives to their will ;  
Describe the famous Newport, where alone  
He excell'd other armies and his own.

Here when the souldiers, stars-like fell away,  
 He solely, like the sun, order'd the day.  
 Make him the Governour too of *Brill*, where he  
 Single did shew whole counsels policy,  
 Although some thought (and such \* too who had far  
 Search'd into th' subtle stratagem's of war)  
 The *Sluce* invincible; yet here at length  
 It must be yeilded to his person's strength.

Then make two † armies each in th' other's sight,  
 And shew how his retreat, though in the night,  
 Was not a blind designe, but prov'd to be  
 The light which sav'd them from their enemy.  
 Though he was here of all supplies bereft,  
 Yet to return he still had spirit left;  
 And as an oake, made bare by winter's cold,  
 Hath still his strength; so when forlorne, he's bold.

These done to the life, the figure will appeare  
 Presenting none but honourable VEERE;  
 In whose brave frame (for which 'twas chiefly built)  
 The noble genius of all souldiers dwelt.  
 His shade thus drawn would conquer; we should see  
 His image sent against the enemy.

And yet how poore will these perfections prove?  
 Here we might view his power, but not his love:  
 His vertues still lye hid, here no one sees  
 His forwardnesse to teach war-mysteries:  
 How he by precept and example too  
 Would shew the meanest souldier where to go.  
 One hand his prayer-book, th' other held his sword:  
 O how in him all vertues did accord!  
 Truth, valour, piety! ———

\* The Prince of Orange and others, that persuaded him not to adventure on the service, as being impregnable.

† From Opdam to Manheim.

But, painters, cease. Here draw your largest vayne;  
 Busie your thoughts, for now your hand must vayne.  
 VEERE'S more heroique parts do far out-vy  
 The rare effects of art's bold industry.

“EDM. BORLASSE.”



Edmund Borlase, whose verses have more strength of thought than those of his associates, may have been the son of Sir John Borlase, Knt. who, having had the degree of M. D. conferred on him at Leyden, settled in Chester, practised there as a physician with good success, after the year 1650. He was the author of several publications, of which Wood has given an account in *Fasti Oxon.* ii. 129.




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### “THE DYENGE CREATURE.”

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OF this devotional treatise, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, Mr. Dibdin, in his improved edition of Herbert's "*Typographical Antiquities*," vol. ii. p. 128, 9, mentions two editions, one in 1507, the other in 1514. To these may be added a third, which has escaped the industry of all our bibliographical writers. It is, like the others, a small quarto, containing sixteen leaves. Under the title,

*The dyenge creature,*

is a wood-cut of a sick man on his death bed, as de-

scribed by Dibdin, but the title is not on wood, as in the other edition, neither is there any variation in the style of the print, repeated on the next page.

It has no date, as appears from the following colophon :

*“ Here endeth a lytell treatyse of the dyenge creature. Imprynted at London in the Fletestrete, at the sygne of the sonne, by me Wynkyn de Worde.”*

On the last page, the printer's device of the sun and stars, with W. C. &c.

This tract is only valuable on account of its extreme rarity, and as a specimen of one of our best and earliest printers; but to those who collect typographical curiosities, the bare knowledge of the existence of such a volume will have its value. The general reader will find little to recommend it, as it consists only of complaints from a repentant sinner to his good angel, his conscience, faith, hope, and charity, &c. on the wickedness of his life, with their answers; and concludes with a supplication, in his behalf, by “the moder of mercy, Mary, replete with grace, pryncesse of reuth and pyte.”

The following is selected as the shortest specimen :

“ The complaynt of the dyenge creature to consyence, sayenge thus :

“ Alas, consyence, is there no helpe with you? I haue herde saye longe a go, the worlde was to curste, but I wolde hope that consyence wolde haue compassyon of my dystresse, and moche the more, that I am frendles.

*The answer of consyence to the dyenge creature.*

“ I am sory to accuse you, and excuse you I cannot; for consyence and drede haue ben b[ut] seldome from you, and

called vpon you in euery tyme and place of peryl, and bad you fle the occasyons of synne. Ye myght haue fled at that tyme, and wolde not, now ye wolde fle deth, and can not; we sholde speke for you, and dare not, and though we wold, it auayleth not. Ye must sorowfully and mekely suffre ye iugementes that ye haue deserued."

This is poor consolation, it must be owned; but the intercession and supplication of the "moder of mercy" to "our Lord Jhesu her sone," promises a more favourable issue, since "it maketh hym bolde to fasten the anker of his hope in [Christ] and trusteth fynally to make a vyage in the porte of [his] mercy."

\*\*\*\*\*

"*Theophila, or Love's Sacrifice, a divine Poem. Written by E. B. Esq. Several parts thereof set to fit aires by Mr. J. Jenkins.*

"*London, printed by R. N. sold by Henry Seile, in Fleetstreet, and Humphrey Moseley, at the Prince's Arms, in St. Paul's Church yard, 1652.*"

Fol. pp. 268.



PORTRAIT of Edward Benlowes, the author.

Dedicatory verses by

1. Jeremy Collier, A. M. of St. John's Coll. Cam.
2. Walter Montague, son of the Earl of Manchester.
3. The Pestell, Regi quondam a Sacris.
4. Arth. Wilson.
5. T. Philipot.

6. Jo. Gunden, S. T. D.
7. P. de Cardonel.
8. P. F. (viz. *Pagne Fisher.*)
9. W. Dennie, Bart.
10. Will. Davenant: *from the Tower.*

### TETHYS FESTIVAL.

IN proof of the just praise bestowed at p. 239, the following extract may be offered from Saml. Daniel's "*Tethys Festival*," 1610.

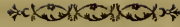
“ Are they shadowes that we see ?  
 And can shadowes pleasure give ?  
 Pleasures onely shadowes bee,  
 Cast by bodies we conceive ;  
 And are made the things we deeme,  
 In those figures which they seeme.

But these pleasures vanish fast,  
 Which by shadowes are exprest ;  
 Pleasures are not, if they last ;  
 In their passing is their best :  
 Glory is most bright and gay  
 In a flash, and so away.

Feed apace, then, greedy eyes,  
 On the wonder you behold :  
 Take it sodaine, as it flies,  
 Though you take it not to hold :  
 When your eyes have done their part,  
 Thought must length \* it in the hart.”

\* *Length*, for *lengthen*. See (if, Reader, you are a subscriber to *HERICONIA*) the '*Gorgeous Gallery of gallant devises*,' p. 22.





“ *Certaine* ♦ *worthye* *Manu-* ♦ *script* *Poems*, of great  
*antiquitie*, re- ♦ *served* long in the studie of a ♦  
*Northfolke* *Gentle-* ♦ *man*. ♦ *And now first pub-*  
*lished* ♦ *by* *J. S.*

“ *The statly* *tragedy* of *Guistard* and *Sismond*  
*The northren* *Mother’s* *Blessing*.  
*The way* to *thriste*.

“ *Imprinted at London for R. D.* ♦ *1597.*”



THE intrinsic merit of every poem must depend on the delineation of passion, and of the charms of nature and scenery, or the emotions it excites in the heart, and the pictures it presents to the eye. Of all adornment depending on the delineation of rural scenery, or the influence of the heavens, and vicissitudes of the seasons, this poem of “*Guistard and Sismond*” is wholly destitute. And of the passion of love, which ought to occupy the chief share of the composition, or of disappointment, indignation, revenge, despair, and utter misery, which predominate in the concluding part of the story, the delineation, it must be confessed, is very weak.

The story of *Tancred and Sigismund* is probably too well known from the tragedy of *Thomson*, and the *Decamerone* of *Boccacio*, to render any new detail of the incidents requisite. But, lest the circumstances should not immediately recur to the recollection of the reader, it may be right briefly to mention that *Sigismunda*, or, as she is here called, “*Sismond*,” being

debarred altogether from the enjoyment of connubial love, by the cruel and unaccountable mandates of her father, king Tancred, intrigues privately with an amiable youth of low birth, hight "Guistard." Their amours being accidentally discovered, Tancred puts to death the unfortunate lover—sends his heart in a vase to his mistress, who soon afterwards resolving not to survive a companion so much beloved—drinks poison—a catastrophe which is described by the present author in the following curious stanza :

“ Alas my woful penne sorroweth to write  
 The lamentable end of this tragedy.  
 Who couth without weeping this matter indite,  
 To se so fair a creature die so wretchedly,  
 Of beauty surmounting and well of curtesy ?  
 She tooke alas ! the viol with the potion  
 That she had made afore, and drank up the poyson.”

But perhaps the best part of the poem is that part of the first canto which describes the beginning of the heroine's amours with "Guistard."

“ Thus then hath her father determin'd utterly  
 Never to procure for her no marriage,  
 And herselfe to axe it her seemed velonye,  
 She thought therefore to take her best advantage,  
 Gif she mought espy a man of good linage,  
 So that he gentyl were to take her own choice,  
 And in the election her Fader should have no voice.

Now this noble Tancrede had in his household,  
 As in a prince's court is wont for to be,  
 Both lords and knights couragious to behold ;

Som gentlemen, som yemen, som of low degree ;  
 Among these she began to looke and see,  
 If she can any finde that were to her pleasure,  
 Whome she might euermore loue while she might endure.

So dayly in her minde she was full diligent  
 For to note each man in his demeanance ;  
 But Guistard to love is only her intent,  
 And he right well knew by the appearance  
 Of her chere and her chaung'd countenance,  
 That of brenning loue she danc'd in the trace,  
 Which hath bounde her hearte with his golden lace.

But where she set her loue he wist in no case,  
 Till ones he fortun'd to stond before this lady,  
 And she beholding him with deadly pale face,  
 Not speaking o word, she sighed greatly,  
 And anon with that she can withdraw her eye,  
 Casting downe her looke farre vnto the ground,  
 So womanly shamfast she sat a greate stound.

And when this young louer now brought in loue's daunce,  
 Of her entent had such experience,  
 He was not dull of wit, but gave attendance ;  
 Her to serue and please he did his diligence :  
 Cupid hath smitten him with so great feruence  
 Of loue, that their hearts be together bound,  
 Both perish'd with one dart, two louers with one wound.

Right ioyfull he was that he stode in such grace  
 Of this faire lady, but euer he drad fortune :  
 Alas, he seyth, thy whele turneth in litle space,  
 Thy double chere vnstable neuer will continue,  
 More variant then is the flitting Lune :  
 I feare that thou will cause my lady soueraigne  
 Upon my simple birth of daunger to disdaine.

Yet know I her heart so true and so stedfast,  
 And shee began also to proffer loue,  
 Why should I then feare, or ellis be agast,  
 Or put default in her? O mercie, God aboue!  
 For all treasure on earth it would not me behoue,  
 That my heart's ioy, my ladie hereof wist  
 That I shuld put in her any such mistrust.

And percase if that she loued mee not,  
 Yet would I in her seruice still perseuer:  
 Mee need not by reason argue, for I wot  
 Loue hath her heart imbrast me to loue euer,  
 What should I shortly say? for they had leuer  
 Ych of hem die than to part fro other,  
 More feruently they loued than sister or broder.

So betweene hem both that loued on this wise,  
 They desired only for their great pleasaunce,  
 By some sottle meane how they mought deuise,  
 For to speake togeder and haue their dalliaunce,  
 They will not put noe trist ne noe affiaunce  
 To any on liue their matter for to tell,  
 But euer to hemselues they kept it counsell:

Till it fell on a time of a sudden aduise  
 The Lady found a mean that was a great cautell,  
 As oft it faris that women bin some wise,  
 And in a sudden case they bee right suddell:  
 Shee tels him her intent by wrighting euerie deale,  
 And the letter closed in a reed-spyre  
 Shee tooke it to Guistard for to stur the fire.

Guistard remembred well that for som priuie cause  
 The reed was take to him, he did it sone onclose,  
 And when he saw the letter, made a little pause,

Sitting in a studie, and anon he rose,  
 And to reade this letter can himselfe dispose,  
 The which the Ladie made of her owne inditing ;  
 She was her owne secretarie, it was her owne writing.

The tenor of this letter was this and all the effect :

I send you greting with hart and loue entere,  
 Not bold by rehersall my counsell to detect  
 For dredful shamfastnes. Wherefore this messengere  
 Shal do this enterprise, whose countenance and chere  
 Changeth for no sham ; therefore these letters blake,  
 I pray you disdaine not to read them for my sake.

Certefying you all my hert's pleasaunce,

All my world's rest, my ioy and comferture,  
 That my life, my deth, as in a balance,  
 Dependith and hangith only in your cure,  
 In you alone is put mine Auenture :

Wherefore I require you that you be not strange,  
 For I ensure you verily my hert shall neuer change.

And I trow certain that your gentill hert

Disdeineth not my loue, nor is not dangerous,  
 Considering your birth, and your great pouerty,  
 And I a Ladie both young and beauteous :

For Cupid knoweth right well, and his moder Venus,  
 That only for your vertue and your gentilnes  
 I set my loue on you, and for no great riches.

But because also my Fader hath made an othe,

That I shall neuer wed while he is liuing,  
 To suffer me depart from him he is loth :  
 Yet, lustie youth, like as the fire brenning,

Hath chose you for my souereyn all my life enduring,  
 And also fortune of her high fauour  
 Hath shew'd me the meane to saue all our honour.

Remember there is fast by my Fader's place,  
 A dungeon deepe and strong, farre vnder ground;  
 The which at his entry has no more space  
 But an hole aboue, that litle is and round,  
 And because it is not vsed ne is found,  
 With bushes and briars it is ouergrow,  
 So that the dungeon deep ther may no man know.

Out from thilke-pit is there a secret way  
 By a posterne dore that stands full preuely,  
 Strong bars and posts, both with locke and key,  
 That leadeth to the chamber where as I  
 Am wont of custom in sleping for to lye,  
 And by great dis-use this way is out of mind,  
 This little dore, this posterne can no man finde.

Till at the last loue to whome nought is hid,  
 The which for euery sore can finde a remedye,  
 This way into my minde sone hath reducid :  
 But shortly I taried not, but hastily did me hie  
 To vnbarre and vnlock I can looke and spy,  
 And at the last with great paine and beesy labore  
 I have found all the craft for to vndoe this doore.

Be my selfe alone I went into the caue,  
 I saw the little hole where is the entering ;  
 How and in what wise ye may your selfe saue  
 Agein all manner perils in theder comming,  
 The hight and the depenes I send you be writing,  
 So that you need not dread for no misauenture,  
 Ye know where and whan you may haue your pleasure.

And after this in her inditing,  
 There was a little clause for a conclusion,  
 As is the common vsage in each writing,

Whose name should be callid subscription ;  
 She wrote ther By your owne, and made no mention  
 Of her name : till after a great stound  
 With sighing sore she added to, Sismond.

What maruaile now if he be not pensiuē ?  
 Now he hath rad this letter of comfort,  
 And from his deedly sorrow turns again to liue,  
 Sith he has almost raught the lustie port  
 Of pleasure, lust, solace, and of all disport :  
 Wherefore he hasteth full besely, and hieth  
 To meet his Ladie, as the letter specifieth.

Who now but this Guistard with his diligence,  
 To this pleasant Iourney spedith him apace :  
 Euery houre that he is out of her presence,  
 Him seemeth for to be a thousand yere of space :  
 But tho the sluggish carkasse be far fro her face,  
 Yet with the flighty wings of amorous desire  
 He is euer in her seruice brenning as the fire.

A cord he let adoun anon of great length,  
 And fast vnto a bough aboue he did it tye,  
 Fret all full of knots sufficient of strength,  
 By which into the pit he mought himself conuey ;  
 To close himselfe in ledder also he did puruey,  
 Fro bushes and fro briers to keepe him sewre :  
 And thus towards the pit he went in this armour.

The bright eye of the world, when that the shining day  
 Withdrawith, and also Titan with his sparkling light,  
 Then this young louer takith his iourney  
 Towards the foresaid pit : abiding there al night,  
 Till on the morrow Aurora shone full bright,  
 When som haukith, som huntith, som to their labour,  
 Then gins this Ladie to com out from her towre.

Remembring her well, when the night was gone,  
 Of their couenants made by iust appointment,  
 All her gentylnen and maydens euerych one  
 To her garden to sport and play she sent,  
 Feyning her to be sick, and for that intent  
 She said to her chamber ageyn she would forth right,  
 To taken rest and slepe if she might.

The dores and the windowes she closed anon ful sure,  
 Then towards the dungeon took she the right way,  
 Where she found Guistard, her hert's pleasure :  
 Ioyfully they kissed, Then she gan to say,  
 Gramercy fortune that I may see this day,  
 To speake with him that is my worldly pleasaunce,  
 In whome is all my trust and affiaunce.

She brought him to her chamber, this Lady beauteous,  
 Her fresh apparrell full lusty was and gay,  
 Her surcote of gold furryd with ermin precious,  
 A fayre mirror of loue her beauty and aray :  
 So shortly for to tell, I can no more say ;  
 But construe, if ye can, louers, what they did,  
 For I can no more, but long they there abid.

And when them seemed best they parted in sondre,  
 Not long they tary ne dayly their sports vse,  
 For dayly comming maketh men to wonder,  
 And eke long taryauce makith men to muse,  
 But chiefly womens' shrewd tongues will accuse  
 Your noble fame, and sey your life is nought,  
 Tho neuer ye do offend in word ne thought.

Wisely they provided to eschew infamy,  
 And for all thing secret mought be kept,  
 Into the garden went she full hastely,



Where that her maydens pley'd, thinking she slept,  
 And at night Guistard out of the pit crept :  
 So comming thus, and by night parting away,  
 Continued they their pleasure till after many a day.

That fortune, alas, by treason falsly compast,  
 Bewrayed all their counsell of misaenture,  
 All their lusty pleasance turned at the last  
 Into cruell deth at their departing :  
 O thou false fortune, that euer is onsure,  
 Bringing herts light to wo when they be well,  
 It seemis thou art not able for to rule thy whele !

It is next in our processe to speake of Tancrede,  
 The noble Prince her fader, which of great frequence  
 Of tender loue and ielousy, more than need,  
 So he delyted in her speche and eloquence,  
 That he vs'd of custome, vnder care's pretence,  
 To come vnto the chamber of his daughter feyre,  
 And after they had talkyd, agayne home to repeyre.

*Explicit Liber primus."*



A reprint of twenty-five copies of this volume was taken off at Edinburgh in 1811. They were immediately bought up at high prices by Bibliographers: but it is to be regretted that no memoir accompanied the new impression. Of the author indeed nothing seems to have transpired.

R. P. G.

Edin, May 10, 1814.



“ *Here begynneth the Kalendre of the newe Legende of Englande.*”

4to. 158 leaves.



THE above title is over a wood cut of the cruxifixion of our Saviour, which with the other devices are minutely described by Herbert, and repeated by Mr. Dibdin in the *Typographical Antiquities*, as well as an accurate account of the contents of the whole volume. There are three treatises; and at the back of the first title commences “ the prologe,” which says,

“ The first treatyce of this present boke is taken out of the newe legende of the sayntys of Englande, Irelande, Scotlande, and Wales, for theym that vnderstande not the Laten tonge, that they atte theyr pleasure may be occupied therwith, and be therby y<sup>e</sup> more apte to lerne the resydue when they shall here the hole Legende. And it is to vnderstande y<sup>e</sup> not oonly those sayntes that were borne in theyse countreys be in the sayde Legende, and in this lytell treatise, but also dyuerse other blessyd sayntes that were borne beyonde the see, and that came into any of these countreys, &c.”

The number of legends is 172, of which a specimen follows: and the work has for colophon—

“ *Thus endyth the kalendre of the newe Legende of Englande. Emprynted to the honour of the gloriose Seynts therin conteyned, by Richarde Pynson, prynter to our soueraygne lorde kynge Henry the VIII.*”

The second treatise, entitled

*“ Here begynneth the lyfe of seynt Birgette,”*

commences at folio c.xx. and concludes at fo. cxxxiii, having for colophon

*“ Thus endyth the Lyfe of Seynt Byrgette. Emprynted at Lōdon, in Flete strete, at the sygne of the George, by Richarde Pynson, prynter vnto the kynges noble grace, the xx daye of February, in yere of our Lorde God a M.CCCCC and xvi.”*

The third treatise has for head title—

*“ Hereafre foloweth a deuoute Boke, compylyd by mayster Walter Hylton, to a deuoute man in temperall estate, howe he shulde rule hym, whiche is ryghte expedyent for euery man, moste in especyall for theym that lyue in the medylde lyfe, and it shewyth what medelyd lyfe is, he that wyll dylygently loke vpon it may therby the soner come to some of y<sup>e</sup> hyghe vertues and blessyd lyfe that he shall rede of in the begynnyng of this present Boke, of the glorious Seyntys counteynyd in the same.”*

This portion is divided into nineteen chapters, ending with the following colophon—

*“ Thus endyth a deuoute boke, cōpylyd by mayster Water Hylton. Emprynted at Lōdon, in Fletestrete, at the signe of the George, by (Rycharde Pynson) prynter vnto y<sup>e</sup> kynges noble grace, in the yere of our Lorde God a M.CCCCC and vi,\* and endyd in the laste daye of February.”*

\* By this date appearing ten years earlier than the antecedent one, it is probable the numeral x was dropt at the press.

“ *Descancto Albano martire.*

“ Seynt Albon dwellyd in the towne of Verolame, that now is callyd Seynt Albons. And in the tyme of y<sup>e</sup> persecucion of Dioclesyan, seynt Amphibell came into Brytayne, and lodged in the house of seynt Allbon, and exortyd hym to be conuerted: And shewyd hym sumwhat of the beleue of our Lorde, and he gauē lytle credence to his techynge. And the same nyght seynt Albon sawe a vision y<sup>t</sup> betokened the misteryes of the Incarnacion, Passyon, Resurreccion, and Asscencion of our Lorde, as in the Legend apperyth. And in the mornynge he asked of seynt Amphibell what his visyon betokened, and when seynt Amphibell had declared the hole misteryes therof, how our Lorde suffred Passyon and Deth, And how he Rose agayne and assendyd to Heuyn, he sayd it was all trewe that he sayde. And anon he Belued and was Christened, And thenne he was complaynyd on that he was Christened, Wherfore he was sent for, and was Takyn as he was prayenge before a Crosse. And so he was broughte to the Judge, and there constantly he confessyd y<sup>t</sup> he was a Christen man. And so he was put in prison, and there he lay vi. monethes, and in all y<sup>t</sup> tyme there felle no rayne. And therefore y<sup>e</sup> people thynkyng y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> god y<sup>t</sup> Albon worshypped prohibited y<sup>e</sup> rayne, toke hym out of prysone, and wolde haue lette hym goo. And he seyng that they wold haue let hym goo, prayde our Lorde that his martyrdome shuld not be lette, and opynly dyspysed theyr Idollys, and soo he was had with great vyolence to be behedyd. And as he went, a ryuer that wolde haue lettyd theyr passage, by his prayer dried vppe, and oon of the knyghtys that drewe hym to his marterdome, seyng y<sup>e</sup> great myracles that our Lorde shewyd for hym, was conuertyd, and seynt Albon was behedyd the x. kalendaras of Juli, the yere of our Lorde God, CCLXXXVI. And anon the eyen of hym y<sup>t</sup> strake it of felle owte, and he was buryed at Seynt Albons, and sumwhat the Legend leuyth it for a dowte whether he lye now at Seynt Albons or at Ely, but

it semyth to be the more lyke y<sup>t</sup> he shuld lye at Seynt Albons. And in y<sup>e</sup> Legend apperith how kynge Offa repayred the monastery of Seynt Albons. And how the heresy of Pelagian began at Bangor, and how it was extyncte.”

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“ *Desancto Amphibalo martire.*

“ When seynt Amphibell had conuertyd seynt Albon, seynt Albon aduertysed hym to go oute of the Citie, and so he went into Wales. And after when seynt Albon was martyred, and a greate multytude of people sawe a bryght Pyller ascende fro his tounge to heuyn, they were conuerted, and sent for seynt Amphibell to instructe theym in y<sup>e</sup> feyth, and the messengers founde hym in Wales, prechynge to y<sup>e</sup> people, and in the meane tyme a noyse rose in the Cytie, that some of the Cytie wolde goo w<sup>h</sup> Amphibell ouer y<sup>e</sup> see, and caste away y<sup>e</sup> worshypynge of theyr goddes. Wherfore a great company of the people furyously went to hym, and when they founde hym they bounde his armes, and made hym goo before their horses barefote, and in the way he helyd a syke man. And when men of Verolame met hym they put hym to cruell martyrdome. And many seyng his constauce were conuerted, wherfore they were put to deth in his syght a m. persones, whome he commytted ioyously to our Lord. And as he was stoned he was in prayer, and sawe our Lord w<sup>t</sup> many aungelles, and seynt Albon was amonge them, and a voyce sayd y<sup>t</sup> he shuld be with his discyple in paradyse. And so aungels toke his sowle to heuyn, and all y<sup>t</sup> did any t hynge agynst hym were greuously punyssshed by y<sup>e</sup> hande of God. And y<sup>e</sup> people seyng y<sup>e</sup> ter-ryble punysshment y<sup>t</sup> folowid, were all conuertyd, and many went to Rome to do penaunce. And he was buryed at Radbourne, and lay there longe tyme vnknowen. And by reuelacion of seynt Albon his body was founde and brought to Seint Albons,”

*“ De puero Hugone a iudeis crucifixo.*

“ In the yere of our Lorde a m.cc. and lv. aboute y<sup>e</sup> feestys of seynt Peter and Paule, y<sup>c</sup> Jewys of Lyncolne stale a cristen Chylde, that was aboute the age of viii. yerys, called Hugh, and they put hym in a secrete house and fedde hym x dayes with mylke, y<sup>t</sup> he myght abyde y<sup>e</sup> gretter turmentys. And there-upon they sent to all y<sup>e</sup> townys in Englonde, wherin were any Jewys, to haue some of them to be at y<sup>e</sup> sacryfyce of this Chylde, which they entenyd to crucyfy in despyte of our Lorde Jhesu Cryste. And when they were gaderyd they appoyntyd a Juge as for Pylat, and so they Jugyd hym to deth. And then they bet hym soo that the blode folowyd, they crownyd hym with thorne, they spyt vppon hym, and mockyd hym, and euery man pryckyd hym with his knyfe, they gaue hym to drynke gall. And with great opprobryes and blasphemouse wordys, with gnasshyng of theyr teth, they callyd hym Jhesus the Cursyd prophet, and after they Crucyfyed hym, and with a spere thruste hym to the Herte. And when he was deed they toke his Body from the Crosse, and vnbowelde hym for theyr enchaumentys. After when they leyde his Bodye into the grounde, the grounde wolde not kepe it, but caste it vppe agayne, wherfore they were merueylously aferde, and threwe hym into a pytte. After y<sup>e</sup> moder of the Chylde, which made greate sorowe, and dilygently enqueryd for hym, harde say, that he was seen laste at a Jewys house pleyng with Jewys Chyldren. And so she went sodeynly into the house, and there she founde the Chylde. And vppon that suspeccon, the man that owyd the House was takyn, and he confessyd the murder, whereupon xviii of the Rychest of the Jewys of Lyncolne y<sup>t</sup> assented to the martyrdome of y<sup>e</sup> sayd blessyd chylde, were drawyn and hangyd, and the chanons of Lyncolne askyd the Body of y<sup>e</sup> sayde Chylde, and buryed hym lyke a gloryouse martyr.”\*

\* The relations of the sacrifice of Hugh of Lincoln, in the above le-

“ *De sancto Illuto abbate et confessore.* ”

“ Seynt Illute was sone to a noble knyght of kyn to kyng Arthur, and in his youthe when he was put to lernyng what-

gend, and again by the historian, Matthew Paris, agreeing in the principal events and date, 1255, are undoubtedly founded upon the same story, if not derived from the same authority. The popularity of the tale in the time of Chaucer, made him notice it at the conclusion of the tale by the Prioress as “ notable,” and happening “ but a litel while ago.” Tyrwhit’s Chaucer, vol. ii. p. 229, and note, vol. iv. p. 174. Several ballads have been written upon the same subject. To those reprinted by Percy, vol. i. p. 38, Pinkerton, vol. i. p. 75, and Jamieson, vol. i. p. 139, may be added the fragment of another, obtained some years since orally from an aged lady, whose life being clouded with unplea-sant events, must serve as an apology, if any is necessary, for her mind not perfectly retaining all the gatherings of the nursery.

“ It rains, it rains, in merry Scotland,  
 It rains both great and small ;  
 And all the children in merry Scotland  
 Are playing at the ball.  
 They toss the ball so high, so high,  
 They toss the ball so low ;  
 They toss the ball in the Jew’s garden,  
 Where the Jews are sitting a-row.  
 Then up came one of the Jew’s daughters,  
 Cloathed all in green ;  
 “ Come hither, come hither, my pretty sir Hugh,  
 And fetch thy ball again.”  
 “ I durst not come, I durst not go,  
 Without my play-fellows all ;  
 For if my mother should chance to know,  
 She’d cause my blood to fall.”  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 She laid him upon the dresser board,  
 And stuck him like a sheep ;  
 She laid the Bible at his head,  
 The Testament at his feet ;  
 The catechise book in his own heart’s blood,  
 With a penknife stuck so deep.”  
 \* \* \* \* \*

soeuer he ones herde of his mayster, he euer bare it away. After he went to kyng Arthur, where he was honourably receyued, then he went to y<sup>e</sup> kyng of Morgan, and there he was in suche fauour, that he was as the seconde to hym. And after heryng that the grounde opened and swallowed vp his seruantes for doyng wronge to seynt Cadoke, he askyd forgyuenes of seynt Cadoke, and then by counsell of seynt Cadoke, and also by monycion of an Aungell, that bad hym that he shuld neuer loue transitory things, he left the world. And of Dubrice, bysshop of Landaffe, he toke ordres, then he made a church, where he lyued a blessyd lyfe in fastyngs and prayer, he wolde laboure his owne handes, and nat trust to the laboure of any other. In the nyghts he wolde be praying in the water on his knees halfe the nyght. Seynt Sampson, Paulyne Gyldas, and Dauid, were his disciples, with many other in so great nombre that appoynted fyfye alway to be in prayer. Whenne the great wawes of the see troubled y<sup>e</sup> monasterie, by his prayers the see withdrewe his course, and lefte the grounde drye a great space, which so enduryth to this daye, and a fayre welle of fresshe water sprange in the same grounde, so beyng nyghe vnto the salte water. The kyng's bayliffe troubled the monasterie greatly, wherfore he meltyd away lyke waxe, and the kyng heryng therof, was angry, and wolde haue kylled Seint Iltute, wherfore he fledde and hidde hymselfe a yere in a caue, where euery daye he had brought to hym of the prouysyon of our Lorde a barly lofe and a pece of flesshe. Theuys that on a nyght stole his hogges, in the mornyng came agayne to the gates of the monastyre, and when they wolde nat, yet beware, but stele agayne the nexte nyght, they were tourned into stones that be there to this daye. In the ende of his lyfe he went into lytell Brytayne, and there he dyed the viii. Ide of Nouembre and lyeth at Dolence."

Eu. H.





“*Marston Moor : sive de obsidione prælioque Eboracensi Carmen; cum quibusdam Miscellaneis. Opera studioque Pagani Piscatoris Elucubratis.*

“*Londini typis Thomæ Newcomb, MDCL.*”

4to. pp. 70.



COMMENDATORY verses by

1. E. Benlowes.
2. Rob. Gardiner of the Middle Temple.
3. P. de Cardonnel.
4. Alexander Ross.
5. Th. Culpepper of the Inner Temple.
6. Joh. Sictor, Bohemus.
7. Th. Philipot.

“*Miscellanea quædam ejusdem Autoris quibus etiam accessit Threnodia in memoriam Ferd. Fisheri Equestris Præfecti. A Domino Petro de Cardonnel Decantata.*

“*Londini typis Thomæ Newcomb, MDCL.*”

LATIN Epitaph on Edward Popham Thalassiar-  
chum nuper celeberrimum.

*Irenodia Gratulatoria—Eodem Auctore—*

A long poem in Latin hexameters.

In the Epistle Dedicatory the author speaks of  
*Milton's Defence of the People*, as

“*Domini Miltoni liber pro Populo Anglicano et stili et subjecti dignitate præpollens, et non solum nostris sed et posteris abunde profuturus.*”

---

“ *Prince Henrie’s Obsequies; or mournfull Elegies upon his Death. With a supposed Inter-locution between the Ghost of Prince Henry and Great Britain. By George Wither.*

“ *London, printed by Richard Badger for Robert Allot. 1633.*”



“ *To the Right Honourable Robert Lord Sidney of Penshurst, Vicount Lisley, Lord Chamberlain to the Queen’s Majesty, and L. Governour of Vlushing, and the Castle of Ramekins, George Wither presents these Elegiak-Sonnets, and wisheth double comfort after his two-fold Sorrow.*”

---

“ Anagrams on the name of Sir WILLIAM SIDNEY, Knight, deceased.

GULIELMUS SIDNEIUS.

*En vilis gelidus sum.*

\* But \*

*Ei’ nil luge, sidus sum.*”

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THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

“ BESIDES our great and universall care,  
 (Wherein you one of our chiefe sharers are)  
 To adde more grieffe unto your griefes begun,  
 Whilest we a *Father* lost, you lost a *Son*,  
 Whose haplesse want had more apparent been,  
 But darkned by the *Other* ’twas unseen,

Which well perceiving, loth indeed was I  
 The *Memory* of one so deare should die :  
 Occasion thereupon I therefore took  
 Thus to present your Honour with this Book.  
 (Vnfained and true mournfull *Elegies*,  
 And for our *Henry* my last *Obsequies*)  
 That he which did your Son's late death obscure,  
 Might be the mean to make his fame endure.  
 But this may but renew your former woe ;  
 Indeed and I might well have doubted so,  
 Had not I known that Vertue, which did place you  
 Above the common sort, did also grace you  
 With gifts of minde to make you more excell,  
 And far more able *Passions* rage to quell.  
 You can and may with moderation moan,  
 For all your comfort is not lost with one :  
*Children* you have whose *Vertues* may renew  
 The comfort of decaying *Hopes* in you.  
 Praised be God for such great blessings giving,  
 And happy you to have such comforts living.  
 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, now cold and vile I am ;*  
 Yet in his last he seems more cheerful far,  
 And joyes with \* *Soft, mourn not, I am a star.*  
 Oh, great preferment ! What he could aspire  
 That was more high, or you could more desire ?  
 Well, since his soule in heaven such glory hath,  
 My *Love* bequeathes his grave this *Epitaph*.

EPITAPH.

Here under lies a *Sidney* : and what then ?  
 Dost think here lies but reliques of a man ?

\* The English of this *Anagram*,

Know 'tis a cabinet did once include,  
*Wit, Beauty, Sweetnesse, Court'sie, Fortitude.*

So let him rest to memorie still deare,  
 Till his *Redeemer* in the clouds appeare.  
 Mean while, accept his *will*, who meaning plain,  
 Doth neither write for Praise, nor hope of Gain.  
 And now your *Tears* and private *Griefe* forbear,  
 To turne unto our Great and Publike Care.

“ Your Honour's true honourer,

“ GEORGE WITHER.”



“ To the whole *World* in generall, and more particularly to the  
*Iles of Great-Britaine and Ireland, &c.*

“ Big-swoln with sighs, and almost drown'd in tears,  
 My *Muse* out of a dying trance up-rears ;  
 Who yet not able to expresse her moans,  
 (Instead of better utterance) here grones.  
 And lest my close-breast should her health impaire,  
 Is thus amongst you come to take the aire.  
 I need not name the griefes that on her seaze,  
 Th'are known by this beyond th' *Antipodes*.  
 But to your view some heavy rounds she brings,  
 That you may beare the burthen when she sings :  
 And that's but *Woe*, which you so high should strain,  
 That heaven's high vault might eccho't back again.  
 Then, though I have not strived to seem witty,  
 Yet read, and reading note, and noting pittie.  
 What though there's others show in this more art ?  
 I have as true as sorrowfull a heart :  
 What though *Opinion* give me not a *Name*,  
 And I was ne'er beholding yet to *Fame* :

Fate would (perhaps) my *Muse*, as yet unknown,  
 Should first in Sorrow's livery be shown.  
 Then be the witness of my discontent,  
 And see if griefes have made me eloquent :  
 For here I mourne for your-our publike losse,  
 And do my penance at the *Weeping-crosse*.

“ The most sorrowfull,  
 “ G. W.”

---

“ Death, that by stealth did wound *P. Henrie's* heart,  
 Is now ta'ne captive, and doth act the part  
 Of one o'ercome, by being too too fierce,  
 And lies himselfe dead under *Henrie's* hearse :  
 He therefore now in heavenly tunes doth sing,  
*Hell, where's thy triumph ? Death, where is thy sting ?*”

---

#### PRINCE HENRIE'S OBSEQUIES.

“ Now that beloved HENRIE's glasse is run,  
 And others' duties to his body shown ;  
 Now that his sad-sad *Obsequies* be done,  
 And publike sorrows well-nigh over-blown :  
 Now give me leave to leave all joyes at one  
 For a dull melancholy lonelinesse ;  
 To pine my selfe with a selfe-pining moan,  
 And fat my griefe with solitarinesse.  
 For if it be a comfort in distresse,  
 (As some think) to have sharers in our woes,  
 Then my desire is to be comfortlesse,  
 (My soule in publike griefe no pleasure knows.)  
 Yea, I could wish, and for that wish would die,  
 That there were none had cause to grieve but I.

## ELEG. II.

For were there none had cause to grieve but I,  
 'Twould from my *Sorrows* many sorrows take;  
 And I should mourn but for one misery,  
 Where now for thousands my poore heart doth ake.  
 Bide from me *Joy*, then, that oft from me bid'st,  
 Be present *Care*, that often present art:  
 Hide from me *Comfort*, that at all times hid'st,  
 For I will grieve with a true-grieving heart.  
 I'll glut my selfe with sorrow for the nonce,  
 What though my Reason would the same gain-say!  
 Oh, beare with my unbridled Passion once,  
 I hope it shall not much from Vertue stray:  
     Such grieffe, for such a losse, at such a season,  
     Past measure may be, but not out of reason.

## ELEG. III.

What need I for the infernall Furies' hallo?  
 Call upon darknesse, and the lonely night?  
 Or summon up Minerva or Apollo,  
 To help me dolefull Elegies endite?  
 Here wants no mention of the fears of *Styx*,  
 Of black *Cocytos*, or such fained stuffe;  
 Those may paint out their griefes with forced tricks,  
 That have not in them reall cause enough;  
 I need it not; yet for no private crosse  
 Droopes my sad soule, nor do I mourn for fashion:  
 For why! a generall, a publike losse  
 In me hath kindled a right wofull Passion.  
     Then oh, (alas) what need hath he to borrow,  
     That's pinch'd already with a feeling sorrow?

## ELEG. IV.

First for thy losse, poor world-divided *Ile*,  
 My eyes pay grief's drink-offering of teares :  
 And I set by all other thoughts awhile,  
 To feed my minde the better on my cares.  
 I saw how happy thou wert but of late  
 In thy sweet *Henrie's* hopes ; yea, I saw too  
 How thou didst glory in thy blessed state :  
 Which thou indeed hadst cause enough to doe.  
 For when I saw thee place all thy delight  
 Upon his worth ; and then when thou didst place it,  
 (And thy joy almost mounted to her height) ,  
 His haplesse end so suddenly deface it ;  
     Me thought I felt it go so near my heart,  
     Mine ak'd too with a sympathizing smart.

## ELEG. V.

For thee, Great *JAMES*, my springs of sorrow run,  
 For thee my *Muse* a heavy song doth sing,  
 That hast lost more in losing of thy *Sonne*,  
 Than they that lose the title of a King.  
 Needs must the pains that do disturbe the head  
 Disease the body throughout every part ;  
 I therefore shouldst have seem'd a member dead,  
 If I had had no feeling of this smart ;  
 But oh, I grieve, and yet I grieve the lesse,  
 Thy *Kingly gift* so well prevail'd to make him  
 Fit for a Crown of endless happinesse,  
 And that it was th' *Almightie's* hand did take him,  
     Who was himselfe a book for Kings to pore on,  
     And might have bin thy ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΝ ΔΩΡΟΝ.

## ELEG. VI.

For our faire Queen my griefe is no lesse moving,  
 There's none could e'er more justly boast of childe;  
 For he was every way most nobly loving,  
 Most full of manly courage, and yet milde.  
 Me thinks I see what heavy discontent  
 Beclouds her brow, and over-shades her eyne:  
 Yea, I do feel her loving heart lament,  
 An earnest thought conveys the griefe to mine:  
 I see shee notes the sadnesse of the Court,  
 Thinks how that here or there she saw him last:  
 Remembers his sweet speech, his gracefull sport,  
 And such like things to make her Passion last.  
 But what mean I? let griefe my speeches smother!  
 No tongue can tell the sorrows of the Mother.

## ELEG. VII.

Nor thine, sweet *Charles*, nor thine *Elizabeth*,  
 Though one of you have gain'd a Princedom by't;  
 The griefe he hath to have it by the death  
 Of his sole Brother, makes his heart deny't:  
 Yet let not sorrow's black obscuring clowd  
 Quite cover and eclipse all comfort's light.  
 Though one fair Star above our height doth shrowd,  
 Let not the earth be left in darknesse quite.  
 Thou, CHARLES, art now our hope, God grant it be  
 More certain than our last; we trust it will:  
 Yet we shall have a loving feare of thee,  
 The burned childe the fire much dreadeth still.  
 But God loves his, and what e'er sorrows threat,  
 I one day hope to see him CHARLES the Great.



## ELEG. VIII.

Then droop not, CHARLES, to make our griefes the more ;  
 God that to scourge us took away thy brother ;  
 To comfort us again kept thee in store :  
 And now I think on't, Fate could do no other.  
 Thy Father both a Sunne and *Phœnix* is ;  
 Prince HENRY was a Sunne and *Phœnix* too ;  
 And if his Orbe had been as high as his,  
 His beams had shone as bright's his Father's doe.  
*Nature* saw this, and took him quite away ;  
 And now dost thou to be a *Phœnix* trie ;  
 Well, so thou shalt (no doubt) another day,  
 But then thy Father (*Charles*) or thou must die.  
 For 'twas decreed when first the world begun,  
 Earth should have but one *Phœnix*, heaven one Sun.

## ELEG. IX.

But shall I not bemoine the sad *Elector* ?  
 Yes, *Frederick*, I needs must grieve for thee ;  
 Thou woest with woe now, but our best Protector  
 Gives joyfull ends where hard beginnings be.  
 Had we no shews to welcome thee to Court ?  
 No solemn sight but a sad Funerall ?  
 Is all our former maskings and our sports  
 Transform'd to sighs ? Are all things tragicall ?  
 Had'st thou been here at Summer, or at Spring,  
 Thou should'st not then have seen us drooping thus ;  
 But now 'tis *Autumne*, that spoiles every thing,  
 Vulgarly tearm'd the *Fall o' th' Leafe* with us.  
 And not amisse ; for well may't be the Fall,  
 That brings down blossoms, fruit, leaves, tree, and all.

## ELEG. X.

Then, stranger Prince, if thou neglected seem,  
 And hast not entertainment to thy state,  
 Our loves yet therefore do not mis-esteem ;  
 But lay the fault upon unhappy Fate.  
 Thou foundst us glad of thy arrivall here ;  
 And saw'st him whom we lov'd (poore wretched Elves ;)   
 Say, didst thou e'er of one more worthy heare ?  
 No, no, and therefore now we hate our selves.  
 We being then of such a Geni bereft,  
 Beare with our Passions ; and since one is gone ;  
 And thou must have the halfe of what is left ;  
 Oh think on us for good when you are gone :  
     And as thou now dost beare one halfe of's name,  
     Help beare out grieffe, and share thou all his Fame.

## ELEG. XI.

See, see, fair *Princesse*, I but nam'd thee yet,  
 Meaning thy woes within my breast to smother :  
 But on my thoughts they do so lively beat,  
 As if I heard thee sighing, *Oh my Brother* :  
 Me thinks I heard thee calling on his name,  
 With plaining on his too ungentle fate :  
 And sure the *Sisters* were well worthy blame,  
 To shew such spite to one that none did hate ;  
 I know thou sometime musest on his face,  
 (Fair as a woman's, but more manly-fair.)  
 Sometime upon his shape, his speech, and pase,  
 A thousand waies thy griefes themselves repaire.  
     And oh ! no marvell, since your sure-pure loves  
     Were nearer, dearer, than the Turtle Doves.

## ELEG. XII.

How often, oh, how often did he vow  
 To grace thy joyfull look'd-for Nuptials :  
 But oh, how wofull, oh, how wofull now,  
 Will they be made through these sad Funeralls !  
 All pleasing parlies that betwixt you two,  
 Publike or private have exchanged been,  
 All thou hast heard him promise for to doe,  
 Or by him in his life performed seen,  
 Calls on remembrance ; the sweet name of Sister,  
 So oft pronounc'd by him, seems to take place  
 Of *Queen* and *Empresse*, now my thoughts do whisper,  
 Those titles one day shall thy vertues grace.  
 If I speak true, for his sweet sake that's dead,  
 Seek how to raise dejected *Britain's* head.

## ELEG. XIII.

Seek how to raise dejected *Britain's* head.  
 So she shall study how to raise up thine ;  
 And now leave off thy tears in vain to shed,  
 For why ? to spare them I have powr'd out mine.  
 Pitty thy selfe, and us, and mournfull *Rhine*,  
 That hides his fair banks under flouds of grieve,  
 Thy Princc, thy Duke, thy brave Count *Palatine*,  
 'Tis time his sorrows should have some reliefe.  
 Hee's come to be another brother to thee,  
 And help thy father to another Sonne :  
 He vows thee all the service love can do thee ;  
 And though acquaintance hath with grieve begun,  
 'Tis but to make you have the better taste  
 Of that true blisse you shall enjoy at last.

## ELEG. XIV.

Thy brother's well, and would not change estates  
 With any Prince that reigns beneath the skie :  
 No, not with all the world's great Potentates,  
 His plumes have borne him to Eternity.  
 He reigns ore \* *Saturn* now, that reign'd o're him,  
 He feares no Planet's dangerous aspect :  
 But doth above their Constellations clime,  
 And earthly joys and sorrows both neglect.  
 We saw he had his Spring amongst us here,  
 He saw his Sommer, but he skipt it over.  
 And Autumne now hath ta'ne away our Deare ;  
 The reason's this which we may plain discover,  
     He shall escape (for so th' Almighty wills)  
     The stormy Winter of ensuing ills.

## ELEG. XV.

I grieve to see the wofull face o' th' Court,  
 And for each grieved member of the land ;  
 I grieve for those that make these griefes their sport,  
 And cannot their own evill understand.  
 I also grieve to see how vices swarme,  
 And vertue as despis'd grow out of date :  
 How they receive most hurt that do least harme,  
 And how poore honest Truth incurreth hate.  
 But more, much more I grieve that we do misse  
 The joy we lately had, and that hee's gone,  
 Whose living presence might have helpt all this :  
 His everlasting absence makes me mone.  
     Yea, most I grieve that *Britain's* Hope is fled,  
     And that her Darling brave Prince *Henrie's* dead.

\* *Saturn* rul'd in the hower of his death.

## ELEG. XVI.

Prince *Henrie* dead! what voice is that we heare?  
 Am I awake, or dreame I, tell me whether?  
 If this be true, if this be true, my Deare,  
 Why do I stay behinde thee to do either?  
 Alas, my fate compels me; I must bide  
 To share the mischiefs of this present age:  
 I am ordain'd to live till I have tried  
 The very worst and utmost of their rage.  
 But then why mourn I not to open view?  
 In sable Robes, according to the Rites?  
 Why is my hat without a branch of yeugh?  
 Alas, my minde no complement delights;  
     Because my grieffe that Ceremony lothes,  
     Had rather be in heart, than seem in clothes.

## ELEG. XVII.

Thrice happy had I been, if I had kept  
 Within the circuit of some little Village,  
 In ignorance of Courts and Princes slept,  
 Manuring of an honest halfe-plough tillage:  
 Or else I would I were as young agen  
 As when *ELIZA*, our last *Phœnix* died:  
 My childish yeares had not conceived then  
 What 'twas to lose a Prince so dignified.  
 But now I know: and what now doth't avail?  
 Alas, whilst others merry feel no pain,  
 I melancholy sit alone and wail:  
 Thus sweetest profit yeelds the bitter'st gain.  
     By disobedience we did knowledge get,  
     And sorrow ever since hath follow'd it.\*

\* These two lines are altered from Edit. 1617.

## ELEG. XVIII.

When as the first sad rumour fill'd mine eare  
 Of *Henrie's* sicknesse, an amazing terrour  
 Struck through my body with a shuddring feare,  
 Which I expounded but my frailtie's errour.  
 For though a quick misdoubting of the worst,  
 Seem'd to foretell my soule what would ensue ;  
 God will forbid, thought I, that such a curst  
 Or ill presaging thought should fall out true :  
 It cannot sink into imagination,  
 That *He* whose future glories we may see  
 To be at least all *Europe's* expectation,  
 Should in the prime of age despoiled be ;  
     For if a hope so likely nought avail us,  
     It is no wonder if all other fail us.

## ELEG. XIX.

Again, when one had forc'd unto mine eare  
*My Prince was dead* ; although he much protested,  
 I could not with believe his sad news heare,  
 But would have sworn and sworn again he jested.  
 At such a word, me thought, the town should sink,  
 The earth should down into the center cleave,  
 Devouring all in her hell-gaping chink,  
 And not so much as Sea or Iland leave.  
 Some Comet, or some monstrous blazing Starre  
 Should have appear'd, or some strange Prodigie ;  
 Death might have shown't us, though't had bin afar,  
 That he intended some such tyranny.  
     But God (it seemeth) did thereof dislike,  
     To shew that he will on a sudden strike.

## ELEG. XX.

Thus unbelieving I did oft enquire  
 Of one, of two, of three, and so of many :  
 And still I heard what I did least desire,  
 Yet grounded hope would give no faith to any.  
 Then at the last my heart began to feare,  
 But as I credence to my fears was giving,  
 A voice of comfort I began to heare :  
 Which to my fruitlesse *Ioy* said, *Henrie's* living ;  
 At that same word, my *Hope*, that was forsaking  
 My heart, and yeelding wholly to despaire,  
 Revived straight, and better courage taking,  
 Her crazed parts so strongly did repaire,  
 I thought she would have held it out ; but vaine :  
 For oh, e'er long she lost it quite again.

## ELEG. XXI.

But now my tongue can never make relation,  
 What I sustain'd in my last foughten field ;  
 My minde assailed with a three-fold passion,  
*Hope*, *Feare*, *Despaire*, could unto neither yeeld.  
*Feare* willed me to view the skie's black colour,  
*Hope* said, *Vpon his hopefull vertues look* ;  
*Despaire* shew'd me an universall dolour,  
 Yet fruitlesse *doubt* my heart's possession took :  
 But when I saw the *Hearse*, then I beleev'd,  
 And then my sorrow was at full, alas :\*  
 Beside, to shew I had not causelesse griev'd,  
 I was inform'd that he embowel'd was.\*  
 And 'twas subscrib'd, they found he had no gall,  
 Which I beleev'd, for he was sweetnesse all.

\* Altered from Edit. 1617.

## ELEG. XXII.

Oh cruell and insatiable *Death!*  
 Would none suffice, would none suffice but hee?  
 What pleasure was it more to stop his breath,  
 Than to have choak'd, or kill'd, or poyson'd me?  
 My life for his, with thrice three millions more,  
 We would have given as a ransome to thee;  
 But since thou in his losse hath made us poore,  
 Foule Tyrant, it shall never honour do thee:  
 For thou hast shown thy selfe a spightfull fiend;  
 Yea, Death, thou didst envie his happy state,  
 And therefore thought'st to bring it to an end;  
 But see, see whereto God hath turn'd thy hate:  
     Thou meant'st to mar the blisse he had before,  
     And by thy spight hast made it ten times more.

## ELEG. XXIII.

'Tis true, I know, Death with an equal spurn,  
 The lofty Turret, and low Cottage beats:  
 And takes impartial each one in his turn,  
 Yea, though he bribes, praies, promises, or threats.  
 Nor Man, Beast, Plant, nor Sex, Age nor Degree  
 Prevailes against his dead-sure striking hand:  
 For then, e're we would thus despoiled be,  
 All these conjoyn'd his fury should withstand.  
 But oh! unseen he strikes at unaware,  
 Disguised like a murdering *Iesuite*:  
 Friends cannot stop him that in presence are;  
 And which is worse, when he hath done his spite,  
     He carries him so far away from hence,  
     None lives that hath the power to fetch him thence.



## ELEG. XXIV.

Nor would we now, because we do believe,  
 His God (to whom indeed he did belong),  
 To crown him where he hath no cause to grieve,  
 Took him from death that sought to do him wrong.  
 But were this deare-beloved Prince of ours  
 Living in any corner of this All,  
 Though kept by *Rome's* and *Mahomet's* chiefe powers ;  
 They should not long detain him there in thrall :  
 We would rake *Europe* rather, plain the *East* ;  
 Dispeuple the whole *Earth* before the doome :  
 Stamp half to powder, and fire all the rest ;  
 No craft nor force should him divide us from :\*  
 We would break down what e're should him confine,\*  
 Though 'twere the *Alps* or hills of *Apenine*.\*

## ELEG XXV.

But what ? shall we go now dispute with God,  
 And in our hearts upbraid him that's so just ?  
 Let's pray him rather to withdraw his rod,  
 Lest in his wrath he bruise us unto dust.  
 Why should we lay his death to fate, or times ?  
 I know there hath no second causes bin,  
 But our loud-crying and abhorred crimes,\*  
 Nay, I can name the chiefest murth'ring sin :  
 And this it was, how-e'er it hath been hid ;  
*Trust not* (saith *David*) *trust not to a Prince* ;  
 Yet we hop'd lesse in God (I feare we did)  
 In jealousy he therefore took him hence.  
 Thus we abuse good things and thro' our blindnesse  
 Have hurt ourselves, and kil'd our Prince with kindnesse.

\* Altered from Edit. 1617.

## ELEG. XXVI.

Let all the world come and bewail our lot,  
 Come *Europe, Asia, Affrica*, come all :  
 Mourn *English, Irish, British*, and mourn *Scot*,  
 For his, (no, I mistake it) for our fall.  
 The prop of Vertue, and mankinde's delight  
 Hath fled the earth, and quite forsaken us ;  
 We had but of his excellence a sight,  
 To make our longings like to *Tantalus*.  
 What seek you in a man that he enjoy'd not ;  
 Wer't either gift of body or of spirit ?  
 Nay, which is more, what had he, he employ'd not,  
 To help his Countrey, and her love to merit ?  
     But see what high preferment Vertues bring,  
     Hee's of a Servant now become a King.

## ELEG. XXVII.

But soft, I mean not here to blaze his praise,  
 It is a work too mighty, and requires  
 Many a pen, and many yeares of daies :  
 My humble quill to no such task aspire's ;  
 Onely I mourn with deep-deep-sighing grones:  
 Yet could I wish the other might be done,  
 Though all the *Muses* were employ'd àt once,  
 And write as long as *Helicon* would run ;  
 But oh, I fear the Spring's already dry,  
 Or else why flags my lazy *Muse* so low ?  
 Why vent I such dull-sprighted *Poesie* ?  
 Surely 'tis sunk ; I lye, it is not so :  
     For how is't likely that should want supplies,  
     When all wee feed it with our weeping eyes ?

## ELEG. XXVIII.

May not I liken *London* now to *Troy*,  
 As she was that same day she lost her *Hector*?  
 When proud *Achilles* spoil'd her of her joy,  
 (And triumph'd on her losses) being Victor?  
 May not I liken *Henry* to that Greek,  
 That having a whole world unto his share,  
 Intended other worlds to go and seek?  
 Oh no, I may not; they unworthy are.  
 Say, whereto *England*, whereto then shall I  
 Compare that sweet departed Prince, and thee?  
 That noble King, bewail'd by *Jeremie*,  
 Of thee (Great Prince) shall the example be.\*  
 And in our mourning we will equall them\*  
 Of wofull *Iuda* and *Ierusalem*.\*

## ELEG. XXIX.

You that beheld it when the mournfull Train  
 Past by the wall of his forsaken Park,  
 Did not the very Grove seem to complain  
 With a still murmure, and to look more dark?  
 Did not those pleasant walks (oh pleasing then  
 Whilest there hee (healthfull) used to resort)  
 Look like the shades of Death neare some foule den?  
 And that place there, where once he kept his Court,  
 Did it not at his parting seem to sink?  
 And all forsake it like a cave of Sprights?  
 Did not the earth beneath his Chariot shrink,  
 As grieved for the losse of our delights?  
 Yea, his dumb steed, that erst for none would tarry,  
 Pac'd slow as if he scarce himselfe could carry.

\* Altered from Edit. 1617.

## ELEG. XXX.

But oh! when it approach'd th' impaled Court,  
 Where *Mars* himselfe envi'd his future glory,  
 And whither he in arms did oft resort,  
 My heart conceived a right tragick story.  
 Whither, Great Prince, oh, whither dost thou goe?  
 (Me thought the very place thus seem'd to say)  
 Why in black roabs art thou attended so?  
 Do not, oh do not, make such hast away.  
 But art thou captive, and in triumph too?  
 Oh me! and worse too, livelesse, breathlesse, dead.  
 How could the 'Monster-Death this mischief doe?  
 Surely the Coward took thee in thy bed.  
 For whilst that thou art arm'd within my list,  
 He dar'd not meet thee like a Martialist.

## ELEG. XXXI.

Alas, who now shall grace my Turnaments,  
 Or honour me with deeds of Chivalry?  
 What shall become of all my merriments,  
 My Ceremonies, shows of Heraldry,  
 And other Rites? who, who shall now adorn  
 Thy Sister's Nuptialls with so sweet a presence?  
 Wilt thou forsake us, leave us quite forlorne,  
 And of all joy at once make a defeasance?  
 Was this the time pick'd out by destiny?  
 Farewell, deare Prince, then, sith thou wilt be gone,  
 In spite of death go live eternally,  
 Exempt from sorrow, whilst we mortalls mone:  
 But this ill hap instruct me shall to feare,  
 When we are joyfull'st, there's most sorrow neare.

## ELEG. XXXII.

Then as he past along you might espie,  
 How the griev'd vulgar, that shed many a teare,  
 Cast after an unwilling-parting eye,  
 As loth to lose the sight they held so deare.  
 When they had lost the figure of his face,  
 Then they beheld his Roabs; his Chariot then,  
 Which being hid, their look aim'd at the place,  
 Still longing to behold him once agen:  
 But when he was quite past, and they could finde  
 No object to imploy their sight upon,  
 Sorrow became more busie with the minde,  
 And drew an Army of sad passions on;  
     Which made them so particularly mone,  
     Each amongst thousands seem'd as if alone.

## ELEG. XXXIII.

And well might we of weakest substance melt,  
 With tender passion for his timelesse end,  
 Sith (as it seem'd) the purer bodies felt  
 Some grieffe for this their sweet departed friend;  
 The Sunne, wrapt up in clouds of mournfull black,  
 Frown'd as displeas'd with such a hainous deed,  
 And would have staid, or turn'd his horses back,  
 If Nature had not forc'd him on with speed:  
 Yea, and the heavens wept a pearly dew,  
 Like very tears, not so as if it rain'd;  
 His Grandsire's Tombes, as if the stoness did rue  
 Our wofull losses, were with moisture stain'd:  
     Yea, either 'twas my easie minde's beliefe;  
     Or all things were disposed unto grieffe.

## ELEG. XXXIV.

Black was *White-hall*. The windows that did shine,  
 And double-glazed were with beauties bright,  
 Which Sun-like erst did dim the gazers' eyne,  
 As if that from within them came the light.  
 Those to my thinking seemed nothing fair,  
 And were obscur'd with woe, as they had been  
 Hung all with sack, or sable-cloth of haire,  
 Griefe was without, and so't appear'd within.  
 Great was the multitude, yet quiet tho',  
 As if they were attentive unto sorrow :  
 The very windes did then forbear to blow,  
 The Time of flight her stilnesse seem'd to borrow.  
 Yea, all the troop pac'd slow, as loth to rend  
 The earth that should embrace their lord and friend.

## ELEG. XXXV.

Me thought e'er-while I saw Prince *Henrie's* Armes  
 Advanc'd above the Capitoll of *Rome*,  
 And his keen blade, in spight of steele or charmes,  
 Gave many mighty enemies their doom ;  
 Yea, I had many hopes, but now I see,  
 They are ordain'd to be another's task ;  
 Yet of the *Stewards'* line a branch shall be,  
 T' advance beyond the *Alpes* his plumed Cask ;  
 Then I perhaps that now tune dolefull laies,  
 Amongst their zealous triumphs may presume  
 To sing at least some petty Captain's praise :  
 Mean-while I will some other work assume.  
 Or rather, sith my hopefulst Patron's dead,  
 Go to some desert and there hide my head.

## ELEG. XXXVI.

Had he been but my *Prince*, and wanted all  
 Those ornaments of *Vertue* that so grac'd him,  
 My love and life had both been at his call,  
 For that his *Fortune* had above us plac'd him :  
 But his rare hopefulness, his flying *Fame*,  
 His knowledge and his honest policie,  
 His courage much admir'd, his very name,  
 His publike love, and private curtesie,  
 Ioynd with religious firmnesse, might have mov'd  
 Pale *Envy* to have prais'd him, and sure he,  
 Had he been of mean birth, had bin below'd ;  
 For trust me his sweet parts so ravish'd me,  
     That if I erre, yet pardon me therefore,  
     I lov'd him as my *Prince*, as *Henry* more.

## ELEG. XXXVII.

Me thought his royall person did fore-tell  
 A Kingly statelinesse, from all pride cleare ;  
 His look majestick seemed to compell  
 All men to love him, rather than to feare.  
 And yet, though he were every good man's joy,  
 And the alonely comfort of his own,  
 His very name with terror did annoy  
 His forraigne foes so farre as he was known.  
*Hell* droop'd for feare, the *Turkey-Moon* look'd pale ;  
*Spain* trembled ; and the most tempestuous *Sea*,  
 (Where *Behemoth* the *Babylonish Whale*  
 Keeps all his bloody and imperious plea)  
     Was swoln with rage, for feare he'd stop the tide  
     Of her o'er-daring and insulting pride.

## ELEG. XXXVIII.

For amongst divers *Vertues* rare to finde,  
 Though many I observ'd, I mark'd none more  
 Than in Religion his firm constant minde,  
 Which I set deep upon Remembrance' score.  
 And that made *Romists* for his fortunes sorry :  
 When therefore they shall heare of this ill hap,  
 Those mints of mischiefes will extreemly glory,  
 That he is caught by him whom none shall scape ;\*  
 Yet boast not *Babel*, thou insult'st in vain ;  
 Thou hast not yet obtain'd the victory ;  
 We have a Prince still, and our King doth reigne ;  
 So shall his seed and their posterity.

For know God, that loves his and their good tenders,  
 Will never leave his faith without defenders.

## ELEG. XXXIX.

Amidst our sacred sports that very season,  
 Whilst for our Countrey and beloved *Iames*,  
 Preserved from that hell-bred Powder-Treason,  
 We rung and sung with shouts and joyfull flames :  
 Me thought upon the sudden I espi'd  
*Rome's* damned fiends an antick dance begin,  
 The *Furies* led it that our bliss envi'd,  
 And at our rites the hell-hounds seem'd to grin.  
 How now, thought I! more plots! and with that thought,  
 " *Prince Henry dead,*" I plainly heard one cry.  
 O Lord (quoth I) now they have that they sought,  
 Yet let not our gladst-day, our sadst-day dye.  
 God seem'd to heare, for he to ease our sorrow,  
 Reviv'd that day, to die again the morrow.

\* And it may be, 'twas by a Popish trap, 1617.



## ELEG. XL.

But *Britain, Britain*, tell me, tell me this,  
 What was the reason thy chiefe curse befell  
 So just upon the time of thy chiefe blisse?  
 Dost thou not know it? heare me then, I'le tell:  
 Thou wert not halfe-halfe thankfull for his care  
 And mercy that so well preserved thee;  
 His own he never did so often spare:  
 Yea, he thy Lord himselve hath served thee:  
 Yet *Laodicea* thou, nor hot nor cold,  
 Secure and carelesse dost not yet repent;  
 Thou wilt be ever over-daring bold,  
 Till thou hast vengeance upon vengeance hent.  
     But (oh) see how *Hypocrisie* doth reigne:  
     I villain, that am worst, do first complain.

## ELEG. XLI.

A foule consuming Pestilence did waste,  
 And lately spoil'd thee, *England*, to thy terrour;  
 But now, alas, a greater plague thou hast,  
 Because in time thou couldst not see thy error:  
 Hard *Frosts* thy fields and gardens have deflowr'd;  
 Hot *Summers* hath thy fruit's consumption bin;  
 Fire, many places of thee hath devour'd,  
 And all fore-warnings to repent thy sinne.  
 Yet still thou didst defer't, and carelesse sleep,  
 Which heaven perceiving, with black clouds did frown,  
 And into fouds for very anger weep;  
 Yea, the salt Sea, a part of thee did drown.  
     She drown'd a part, but oh, that part was small,  
     Now teares more salt have overwhelm'd us all.

## ELEG. XLII.

Say, why was *Henrie's* Herse so glorious?  
 And his sad *Funerall* so full of state?  
 Why went he to his Tombe as one victorious,  
 Seeming as blithe as when he liv'd of late?  
 What needed all that *Ceremonious* show?  
 And that dead living Image which they bare?  
 Could not *Remembrance* make us smart enough,  
 Vnlesse we did afresh renew it there?  
 What was it but some antique curious Rite,  
 Onely to feed the vain beholder's eyes,  
 To make men in their sorrows more delight,  
 Or may we rather on it moralize?  
     Yes, yes, it shew'd, that though he wanted breath,  
     Yet he should ride in triumph over death.

## ELEG. XLIII.

How welcome now would our deare *Henry* be,  
 After these griefes; were he no more than straid,  
 And thus deem'd dead? but fie! what *Fantasie*  
 Feeds my vain thought on? *Fate* hath that deny'd.  
 But since hee's gone, we now can call to minde,  
 His latest words, and whereto they did tend:  
 Yea, now our blunt capacities can finde,  
 They plainly did prognosticate his end.  
 Beside, we finde our *Prophesies* of old,  
 And would persuade our selves 'twas known of yore  
 By skilfull *Wizards*, and by them fore-told;  
 But then why found we not so much before?  
     Oh mark this ever, we ne'er know our state,  
     Nor see our losse before it bee too late.

## ELEG. XLIV.

From passion thus to passion could I run,  
 Till I had over-run a world of words,  
 My *Muse* might she be heard would ne'er have done ;  
 The subject matter infinite affords,  
 But there's a mean in all ; with too much grieving  
 We must not of God's providence despair,  
 Like cursed *Pagans*, or men unbeleeving.  
 'Tis true, the Hopes that we have lost were faire :  
 But we beheld him with an outward eye,  
 And though he in our sight most worthy seem'd,  
 Yet God saw more, whose secrets none can spie,  
 And finds another whom we lesse esteem'd :  
     So *Iesse's* eldest sonnes had most renown,  
     But little *David* did obtain the Crown.

## ELEG. XLV.

Let us our trust alone in God repose,  
 Since Princes fail ; and maugre *Turk* or *Pope*,  
 He will provide one that shall quail our foes.  
 We saw he did it when we had lesse hope :  
 Let's place our joyes in him, and weep for sinne,  
 Yea, let's in time amend it, and foresee,  
 (If losse of earthly hope hath grievous been)  
 How great the loss of heaven's true joys may be :  
 This if we doe, God will stretch forth his hand,  
 To stop those plagues he did intend to bring,  
 And powre such blessings on this mournfull Land,  
 We shall for *IO*, *Hallelujah* sing :  
     And our dear *JAMES*, if we herein persever,  
     Shall have a *Sonne* to grace his Throne for ever."



The stains of sorrow are in every face,  
 And CHARLES is call'd upon to take thy Place.  
 Awake, I say, in time ; and wake the rather,  
 Lest *melancholy* hurt thy Royall *Father*.  
 Thy weeping *Mother* wailes and wrings her hands,  
 Thy *Brother* and thy *Sister* mourning stands,  
 The want of that sweet company of thine  
 Inly torments the loving *Prince* of *Rhine*.

The *Beauties* of the Court are sullied o'er,  
 They seem not cheerfull as they did before.  
 The heavy *Clergie* in their Pulpits mourn,  
 And thy *Attendants* look like men forlorn.  
 Once more (I say) sweet *Prince*, once more arise,  
 See how the teares have drown'd my watry eyes ;  
 All my sweet tunes and former signes of gladnesse  
 Are turn'd to *Elegies* and Songs of sadnesse.  
 The *Trumpet* with harsh notes the aire doth wound,  
 And *Dump* is all the cheerful *Drum* can sound.  
 Through *Wales* a dolefull *Elegie* now rings :\*  
 And heavy Songs of sorrow each man sings :  
 Distressed *Ireland* too, as sad as wee,  
 Cries loud, *Oh hone, oh hone*, for want of thee.\*  
 But more, *Rome's Locusts* do begin to swarm,  
 And their attempts with stronger Hopes they arm,  
 For taking hold of this thy *Trans-mutation*,  
 They plot again a damned *Toleration*.\*  
 Yea *Hell*, to double this our sorrow's weight,  
 Is new contriving of old *Eighty-eight*.  
 Come then, and stand against it to defend us,  
 Or else their guile, their plots, or force will end us.  
 This last-last time, sweet *Prince*, I bid thee rise,  
 Great *Britons* droup already, each man flies,  
 And if thou save us not from our great foes,  
 They quickly will effect our overthrows.

\* Altered from Edit. 1617.

Oh, yet he moves not up his living head,  
 And now I fear indeed he's dead. *Spir.* He's dead.  
*Brit.* What voice was that, which from the vaulted roofe,  
 Of my last words did make so plain a prooffe?  
 What was it seem'd to speak above me so,  
 And saies, *He's dead?* Was't *Eccho*, yea, or no? *Sp.* No.  
*Br.* What? Is it some dispos'd to flout my mone?  
 Appeare: hast thou a body, or hast none? *Sp.* None.  
*Br.* Sure some illusion, oh what art? come hither,  
 My *Prince's* Ghost, or fiend, or neither? *Sp.* Neither.  
*Br.* Indeed his Ghost in heaven rests I know;  
 Art thou some *Angel* for him, Is it so? *Sp.* So.  
*Br.* Do not my reall griefes with visions feed,  
 In earnest speak, Art so indeed? *Sp.* Indeed.  
*Br.* What power sent thee now into my Coast?  
 Was it my Darling *Henrie's* Ghost? *Sp.* s' Ghost.  
*Br.* Th'art welcome then, thy presence gratefull is,  
 But tell me, lives he happily in blisse? *Sp.* y's.  
*Br.* If so much of thee may be understood,  
 Is the intent of this thy comming good? *Sp.* Good.  
*Br.* Say, hath he there the *fame* that here he had?  
 Or doth the place unto his glory adde? *Sp.* Adde.  
*Br.* May I demand what thy good errands be,  
 To whom is that he told to thee? *Sp.* To thee.  
*Br.* Oh doth he mind me yet, sweet *Spirit* say,  
 What is thy message? I'le obey. *Sp.* Obey.  
*Br.* I will not to my power one tittle misse,  
 Do but command and say, Doe this. *Sp.* Doe this.  
*Br.* But stay; it seems that thou hast made thy choyse  
 To speak with *Eccho's* most imperfect voyce:  
 In plainer wise declare why thou art sent,  
 That I may heare with more content. *Sp.* Content."

“ *The Spirit leaves his Eccho, and speakes on.*

“ *Sp.* Then heare me, *Britain*, heare me, and beleeve  
 Thy *HENRIE*'s there now where he cannot grieve.  
 He is not subject to the sly invasion  
 Of any humane or corrupted *Passion*.  
 For then (although he sorrow now forbears)  
 He would have wept himselfe to see thy teares.  
 But he (as good *Saints* are) of joyes partaker,  
 Is jealous of the glory of his Maker :  
 And though the *Saints* of *Rome* may take it to them,  
 (Much help to their damnation it will do them)  
 He will not on his *Master's* right presume,  
 Nor his small'st due unto himselfe assume.  
 And therefore *Britain*, in the name of God,  
 And on the pain of his revengefull rod,  
 He here conjures thee in thy tribulation  
 To make to God alone thy invocation ;  
 Who took him from thee that but late was living,  
 For too much trust unto his weaknesse giving.  
 Yet call'st thou on thy *Prince* still, as if he  
 Could either *Saviour* or *Redeemer* be :  
 Thou tell'st him of the wicked *Whore* of *Rome*,  
 As if that he were Iudge to give her doome.  
 But thou might'st see, were not thy sight so dim,  
 Thou mak'st meanwhile another *Whore* of him.  
 For what is't for a Creature's aide to crie,  
 But Spirit's whoredome ? (that's idolatry.)  
 Their most unpleasing breaths that so invoke,  
 The passage of th' Almighty's mercies choke :  
 And therefore if thy sorrows shall have end,  
 To God thou must thy whole devotions bend.  
 Then will thy *King* that he leave off to mone,  
 God hath ta'ne *His*, yet left him more than one.

And that he hath not so severely done,  
 As when he crav'd the *Hebrewes*' onely sonne ;  
 Because beside this little blessed store,  
 There's yet a possibility of more.  
 Goe tell the *Queen* his Mother that's lamenting,  
 There is no cause of that her discontenting.  
 And say there is another in his place,  
 Shall do his loving Sister's Nuptials grace.  
 Enforme the *Palatine*, his *Nymph of Thame*  
 Shall give his glorious *Rhine* a treble Fame :  
 And unto CHARLES, to whom he leaves his place,  
 Let this related be in any case ;  
 Tell him he may a full possession take  
 Of what his Brother did so late forsake ;  
 But bid him look to what his place is due,  
 And every vice in generall eschew :  
 Let him consider why he was his Brother,  
 And plac'd above so many thousand other.  
 Great honours have great burthens ; if y'are high,  
 The stricter's your account, and the more nigh :  
 Let him shun flatterers at any hand,  
 And ever firmly in Religion stand ;  
 Gird on his Sword ; call for the Almighty's might,  
 Keep a good conscience, fight the *Lamb's* great fight.  
 For when his Father shall surrender make,  
 The *Faith's* protection he must undertake  
 Then, CHARLES, take heed, for thou shalt heare afar,  
 Some cry Peace, peace, that have their hearts on war.  
 Let Policie Religion obey,  
 But let not Policie Religion sway :  
 Shut from thy Counsells such as have profest  
 The worship of that *Antichristian* beast.  
 For howsoe'er they dawb't with colours trim,  
 Their hands do beare his mark, their heart's on him ;



And though they seem to seek the Common's weale,  
 'Tis but the Monster's deadly wound to heale.  
 Banish all *Romish* Statists, do not sup  
 Of that dy'd-painted Drab's infectious Cup,  
 Yea, use thy utmost strength, and all thy power  
 To scatter them that would build *Babel's* tower.  
 Thou must sometime be Iudge of equity,  
 And oft survey e'en thine own Family :  
 That at thy Table none partaker bee,  
 That will not at CHRIST's board partake with thee.  
 The Lord's great Day is near, 'tis neare at hand ;  
 Vnto thy combate see thou bravely stand.  
 For him that overcomes *Christ* keeps a Crown,  
 And the great'st conquest hath the great'st renown.  
 Be mercifull, and yet in mercy just :  
 Chase from thy Court both wantonnesse and lust.  
 Disguised fashions from the land casheere,  
 Women may women, and men, men appeare.  
 The wide-wide mouth of the blasphemers tears  
 His passage unto God through all the speares,  
 Provoking him to turn his peacefull Word  
 Into a bloody double-edged sword :  
 But cut his tongue, the clapper of damnation,  
 He may fright others with his *Vlulation*.  
 The Drunkard and Adulterer, from whence  
 Proceeds the cause of dearth and pestilence,  
 Punish with losse of substance and of limbe;  
 He rather maimed unto heaven may climbe,  
 Than tumble whole to Hell, and by his sin  
 Endanger the whole state he liveth in.  
 Down, down with Pride, and overthrow Ambition.  
 Grace true Devotion, root out Superstition ;  
 Love them that love the Truth, and Vertue graces,  
 Let Honesty, not Wealth, obtain great places ;

Begin but such a course, and so persever,  
 Thou shalt have love here, and true blisse for ever.  
 Thus much for thy new *Prince*: now this to thee,  
*Britain*, it shall thy charge and duty be,  
 To tell him now what thou hast heard me say,  
 And whensoever he commands, obey:  
 So if thou wilt in minde this counsell beare;  
 Vnto thy state have due regard and care;  
 And without stay unto amendment hie,  
 Thou shalt be deare to those to whom I flie.

*Br.* Oh, stay, and do not leave me yet alone.

*Sp.* My errands at an end, I must be gone.

*Br.* Go then, but let me ask one word before.

*Sp.* My speech now fails, I may discourse no more.

*Br.* But let me crave this much, if so I may,

By *Eccho* thou reply to what I say. *Sp.* Say.

*Br.* First, tell me for his sake thou count'st most deare,  
 Is *Babel's* fall, and *Jacob's* rising neare? *Sp.* Neare.

*Br.* Can'st thou declare what day that work shall end,  
 Or rather must we yet attend? *Sp.* Attend.

*Br.* Some land must yeeld a Prince that blow to strike;  
 May I be that same land or no, is't like? *Sp.* Like.

*Br.* Then therefore 'tis that *Rome* bears us such spight.  
 Is she not plotting now to wrong our right? *Sp.* Right.

*Br.* But from her mischiefe, and her hands impure,  
 Canst thou our safe deliverance assure? *Sp.* Sure.

*Br.* Then notwithstanding this late losse befell,  
 And we fear'd much, I trust 'tis well? *Sp.* 'Tis well.

*Br.* Then flie thou to thy place, if this be true,  
 Thou God be prais'd, and griefes adieu. *Sp.* Adieu."



“ A SONNET OF DEATH,

*Composed in Latine Rimes, and paraphrastically translated  
into the same kind of verse ; both by the former Author.*

“ Heus, heus Mors percutit, et importunè,  
Quam nunquam præterit, ullus impunè.  
Abite Medici, non est sanabile  
Hoc vulnus *Θανάτῃς*; sed incurabile.

Hark, hark, Death knocks us up with importunity,  
There's none shall ever make boast of impunity.  
The *Doctor* toyles in vain, man's life's not durable,  
No med'cine can prevail, this wound's incurable.

Quid picti dominum prosunt favores ?  
Ficti quod hominum juvant amores ?  
Nec mundi vanitas, nec pompa curiæ,  
Potest resistere Mortis injuriæ.

What will the countenance of Lords or Noblemen,  
Or idle people's love help or avail thee then ?  
Nor the world's bravery, nor yet Court-vanity,  
Can stay this Monster's hand, foe to humanity.

Non curat splendidum, nec venerabile ;  
Nec pectus candidum quamvis amabile ;  
Decumbent *Principes* iniquo vulnere.  
Heu parcit nemini, quin stravit pulvere.

He knows no reverence, nor cares for any state,  
Sweet beauties move him not, tho' ne'er so delicate,  
Princes must stoop to him, he rides on martially,  
And spares not any man, but strikes impartially.

Mercede divitis nil morat cupidi,  
Nec præce pauperis (si orat) miseri,

Et frustra fallere tentas ingenio,  
Surda Rhetorici Mors est eloquio.

The rich-man's money-bags are no perswasion,  
The begger's wofull cry stirs up no passion,  
Hee'l not beguiled be by any fallacy,  
Nor yeeld to rhetorick, wit, art, nor policy.

Aspectu pallida, vultu terribilis ;  
Est tamen valida, Mors invincibilis :  
Et suas tibi (nec est formalis)  
Vir omnis sequiter, si sit mortalis.

His look's both pale and wan, yet doth it terrifie,  
He master's any man, (alas, what remedy !)  
Hee's nothing curious which way the measures be,  
But all dance after him that heare his melody.

At oh ! oh horrida, lætans necando,  
Ruit incognita, non scimus quando :  
Et statim perditur hæc mundi gloria,  
Vita sic fragilis, sic transitoria.

But wo ! of all the rest this seems most terrible,  
He comes when we know least, and then invisible,  
Then quite there endeth all worldly prosperity,  
Such is this live's estate, such his severity.

Ergo vos incolæ terrarum timidi,  
Este solliciti, vos, oh vos miseri !  
Sic (quamvis subita) hæc è carnalibus,  
Reddet vos similes, diis immortalibus.

Then oh you wretched men ! sith this is evident  
See you more carefull be, oh be more provident !  
And when he takes this life, full of incertainty,  
You shall live evermore to all eternity."



“ The whole ❖ Psalter translated into En- ❖ glish Me-  
tre, which con- ❖ tayneth an hundreth and ❖ fifty  
Psalmes. ❖ The first Quinquagene. ❖ Quoniam  
omnis terra Deus : Psallite ❖ sapienter. Psal. 47.

“ Imprinted at London by John ❖ Daye, dwelling  
ouer Aldersgate, ❖ beneath S. Martyns. ❖ Cœm gratia  
et privilegio ❖ Regiæ Maiestatis, per ❖ Decennium.”

4to. 263 leaves.



THIS version of the Psalms by Archbishop Parker is deemed by Hawkins “ a great typographical curiosity :” \* and Warton observes “ it is at this time extremely scarce, and would be deservedly deemed a fortunate acquisition to those capricious students who labour only to collect a library of rarities.” † To their account of the volume, and the analysis given by Herbert, ‡ there is little to add by way of bibliography.

It has been objected by a learned and reverend nobleman, § that the comparison with Sternhold, made by Warton in the 18th Psalm, is not fairly instituted, as that has been considered the masterpiece of Sternhold ; and the Archbishop’s best performance “ should, in all reason, have been sought for, and it would have been found, not among the sublime Psalms, but among

\* *Hist. of Music*, vol. iii. p. 504. note.

† *Hist. of Eng. Poet.* vol. iii. p. 186.

‡ *Typograph. Antiquities*, p. 678.

§ See a useful and interesting volume of select Psalms in verse, with critical remarks, &c. 1811, p. 2.

those distinguished by tenderness and feeling :” and as a specimen of the version the editor has selected the 148th Psalm.

The justness of this position it is not necessary here to examine, and the following specimens have been selected with a view to possess the reader with some knowledge of the variation of measure in this translation, which is probably the most diversified in that respect of any in our language. The Archbishop does not appear to have been always satisfied with his first effort, as several of the Psalms are repeated in another metre, and in the following instance thrice translated.



THE ARGUMENT. PSALME XXXVI.

*“ Here wycked men’s delite,  
Is paynted, what it is :  
But blyndenes deepe in (open) sight,  
In vertue whole remisse.*

1. In mydst of euill man’s hart,  
Hys sinne hath blynd hym so :  
God’s face (all whole) is set apart,  
From both hys eyes ago.
2. For he himselfe doth glose,  
In hys bewitched eyes :  
Tyll God his sinne (so foule) disclose,  
Most worthy hate to ryse.
3. Hys wordes of mought be nought,  
And kepes much guile in store :  
To cease he biddeth hys (hart and) thought,  
To worke by vertue’s lore.

*This Psalm aforesaid in another metre.*

## ARGUMENT.

*Here haue ye paynted beforne your eyes tweyne,  
 The restles witte of the fell wycked wyght,  
 How he careth and carkth for his lytheir gayne,  
 How he stotth aloft in hys power and myght,  
 And setth God and his hallowes all in despyte,  
 Whose cursed steps the iust makth his orison,  
 In lyfe not to tread to hys confusion.*

1. Mvsing vpon the variable busines,  
 That thys troublly world haunth by sea and lande,  
 My hart geueth me that sinne and wyckednes,  
 Suggestth to the wycked that he may stand,  
 Wythout any feare safely of God's hand,  
 For no feare of hym is in all hys sight,  
 Of God's law he is bereaued the shyning lyght.
2. Me fel to mynd that he wonted thus to go,  
 To flatter aye hymselfe in his own sight,  
 For sinne the venom did enchaunt hym so,  
 That in it he hase his whole delyte,  
 And thynkth in hart that all is aright,  
 But God will spye out his sinne abominable,  
 Though to the world it hath visour commendable.
3. Busily in mynd I gan to reuolue,  
 His words vnrighteous and craftely layd,  
 All truth and justice of God to dissolue,  
 But mere deceit in hipocrisy wayghed,  
 And would not be controlld of that he sayd,  
 To learne of any man he did disdayne,  
 How the very right way he mought attayne.

*This Psalm of another kynde of metre.*

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Here playne do ye see : how the earthly man,  
All sinne do commit in his hart that he can,  
No loue can him moue : of the Lord for to see,  
No feare can him stay : from hys errour to flee.*

1. The wycked in hart : as I gesse is he bent,  
All sinfull abuse : in hys lyfe to frequent :  
Of God hath he not : any feare in hys eyes,  
So wilfull he goes : in his awkly deuyse.
2. For blyndly he vseth : for to flatter himselfe,  
So pride hath hym puft : by his waltering wealth :  
Vntyll that his sinne : so behated of God,  
Found out by his search : be bewrayed by his rod.
3. The wordes of hys mouth : be vnrightfully wayed,  
In sleighty deceyt : be they craftely layed :  
Quyete ceased he hath : to behaue hym aryght,  
Good deed for to do : hath he driuen from hys syght.\*

*From Psalm xcii.*

A ioyfull thyng to man it is, the Lord to celebrate,  
To thy good name, o God so hye, due laudes to modulate.

To preach and shew thy gentlenes, in early mornyng lyght,  
Thy truth of worde to testifie, all whole by length of nyght.

Vpon the psalme, the decachord, vpon the pleasant lute,  
On sounding good sweete instruments, w<sup>t</sup> shaumes, w<sup>t</sup> harpe,  
w<sup>t</sup> flute.

For thou hast ioyed my fearefull hart, O Lord, thy workes to see,  
And I with prayse will full reioyce, these handy workes of thee.

\* In this specimen the punctuation of the original is followed.



*From Psalm c.*

O ioy all men terrestiall,  
 Reioyce in God celestiall,  
 I byd not Jews especiall,  
 But Jewes and Greekes in generall.

Serue ye thys Lord heroicall,  
 With ioy of hart effectuall,  
 Seek ye hys sight potentiall,  
 Wyth hymnes of myrth most musicall.

Know ye thys Lord imperiall,  
 As God vs made originall,  
 Not we ourselues, he vs doth call  
 Hys folke as flocke kept pastorall.

Hys gates and courtes tread vsuall,  
 Wyth laudes and hymnes poetically,  
 Geue thanks to hym continuall,  
 And blesse his name most liberally.

*A Preface to the Psalme 119.*

Made is this psalme by alphabete in octonaries folde,  
 All letters two and twentie set, as Hebrues them haue toldæ.  
 The verses all an hundred bee, threescore and iust sixtene,  
 Thus framde and knit for memorie and elegance some wene.  
 Here letters all so sortely bound do shew in mysterie,  
 Eternall health may sure be found in scripture totallie.  
 Verse yokt by eight, Christe's rising day doth figure them in  
     some,  
 Sweete Saboth rest not here I say, I meane of world to come.  
 Peruse this psalme so wide and brode, eche verse saue one is  
     freight  
 As still in termes of law of God, most oft by voyces eyght.

Right statutes, olde precepts, decrees, cõmaundemẽts, word,  
and law,

Known iudgemẽts, domes, and witnesses, al righteous wais  
thei draw.

Enuie no man God's worde to painte, in arte by such deuse,  
Read Hebrue tonge, the tonge so sainte, and causeles be not  
nise.

Vpfolde be here God's truthes discust, right sure vs all to teache,  
So lies of man all low be thrust, full false in glosing speache."

Each of the twenty-two octagonal divisions of this psalm have the lines beginning with the same letter, in alphabetical succession. The difficulty of finding sixteen words in the letter *x*, is overpassed by the device of a capital *E* in the margin, branching by circumflex to each line. Such laborious trifles were countenanced in that age by some of the best writers.

The next psalm has prefixed the following

*“ Observations.*

“ These fiftene psalmes next following  
Be songs denamd of steps or stayers,  
For that the quiere on them dyd sing,  
The people's vowes to blisse by prayers,  
For lucky speede in theyr affayres,  
As neede and tyme as case dyd bryng :  
In wedlocke, warre, or house begonne,  
For peace, for ayde, for freedome wonne.”

To each psalme is appended a collect in prose, and they are divided into five books by head titles, according to the original, and there are three distinct titles for each *quinquagene*. At the conclusion are translations of *Gloria Patri*, *Te Deum*, &c. and the musick

i meane, contra tenor, tenor, and base of eight tunes, each subscribed “q. Talys.”

Eu. H.

“*Epithalamia, or nuptiall Poems upon the most blessed and happy Marriage between the High and Mighty Prince, Frederick the Fifth, Count Palatine of the Rhyne, Duke of Bavier, &c. and the most Vertuous, Gracious, and thrice-Excellent Princesse, Elizabeth, sole Daughter to our dread Sovereigne, Iames, By the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, &c. Celebrated at White-hall the 14. of Februarie, 1612. Written by G. Wither.*

“*London, Printed by R. Badger for R. Allot, 1633.*”



“To the All-vertuous and thrice Excellent Princess Elizabeth, sole daughter to our dread Sovereigne Iames, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, &c. and wife to the high and mighty Prince Frederick the fifth, Count Palatine of the Rhyne, Duke of Bavier, &c. Elector and Arch-sewer to the sacred Romane Empire, during the vacancy Vicar of the same, and Knight of the most Honourable Order of the Garter, George Wither wisheth all the Health, Ioyes, Honours, and Felicities of this world, in this life, and the perfections of Eternitie in the World to come.”



“*To the Christian Readers.*

“READERS, for that in my Book of *Satyricall Essaies*, I have been deemed over *Cynicall*, to shew that I am not wholly

inclined to that *Vain*; but, indeed especially, out of the duty which I owe to those incomparable *Princes*, I have, in honour of their *Royall Solemnities*, published these short *Epithalamias*: by which you may perceive (however the world think of mee) I am not of such a Churlish *Constitution*, but I can afford *Vertue* her deserved honour; and have as well an affable look to encourage *Honestie*, as a stern frown to cast on *Villany*: If the *Times* would suffer me I could be as pleasing as others; and perhaps e'er long I will make you amends for my former rigor. Mean-while I commit this unto your censures, and bid you farewell.

G. W."

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EPITHALAMION.

“ BRIGHT *Northerne* Star, and great *Minerva's* Peer,  
 Sweet *Lady* of this *Day*, *Great Britain's* Deer,  
 Lo thy poor *Vassal* that was erst so rude,  
 With his most *Rustick Satyrs* to intrude,  
 Once more like a poore *Sylvan* now draws near,  
 And in thy sacred presence dares appear.  
 Oh, let not that sweet *Bow* thy *Brow* be bent,  
 To scare him with a shaft of discontent:  
 One look with *anger*, nay, thy gentlest *frown*,  
 Is twice enough to cast a *Greater* down.  
 My will is ever never to offend  
 Those that are good, and what I here intend  
 Your *worth* compells me to. For lately griev'd,  
 More than can be exprest or well believ'd;  
 Minding for ever to abandon sport,  
 And live exil'd from places of resort;  
 Carelesse of all, I yielding to security,  
 Thought to shut up my *Muse* in dark obscurity,  
 And in content the better to repose,  
 A lonely Grove upon a Mountain chose;

East from *Caer Winn*, mid-way twixt *Arle* and *Dis*,  
 True *Springs*, where *Britain's* true *Arcadia* is.  
 But e'er I entred my intended course,  
 Great *Æolus* began to offer force.  
 The boistrous *King* was grown so mad with rage,\*  
 That all the earth was but his furie's stage.  
*Fire, Ayre, Earth, Sea*, were internixt in one ;  
 Yet *Fire*, through *Water, Earth, and Ayre* shone.  
 The *Sea*, as if she meant to whelme them under,  
 Beat on the cliffes, and rag'd more loud than thunder,  
 And whilst the vales she with salt waves did fill,  
 The *Ayre* showr'd *flouds* that drench'd our highest hill ;  
 And the proud trees that would no duty know,  
 Lay overturned twenty in a row.  
 Yea, every man for feare fell to devotion ;  
 Lest the whole Ile should have been drench'd i' th' *Ocean*.  
 Which I perceiving, conjur'd up my *Muse*,  
 The *spirit*, whose good help I sometime use,  
 And though I meant to break her rest no more,  
 I was then fain her aid for to implore.  
 And by her help indeed I came to know :  
 Why both the *Ayre* and *Seas* were troubled so.  
 For, having urg'd her that she would unfold  
 What cause she knew ; thus much at last she told :  
 ' Of late (quoth she) there is by powers divine,  
 A match concluded 'twixt great *Thame* and *Rhyns*.  
 Two famous rivers, equall both to *Nyle* ;  
 The one, the pride of *Europe's* greatest Ile,  
 Th' other, disdainig to be closely pent,  
 Washes a great part of the *Continent*.  
 Yet with abundance doth the want supply  
 Of the still-thirsting *Sea*, that's never dry.

\* He here remembers and describes the late winter, which was so exceeding tempestuous and windy.

And now, these being not alone endear'd  
 To mighty *Neptune*, and his watry Heerd,  
 But also to the Great and dreadfull *Iove*,  
 With all his sacred companies above,  
 Both have assented by their loves inviting,  
 To grace (with their own presence) this Vniting.  
*Iove* call'd a Summons, to the World's great wonder,\*  
 'Twas that we heard of late which we thought thunder.  
 A thousand Legions he intends to send them,  
 Of Cherubims and Angels to attend them :  
 And those strong windes, that did such blustering keep,  
 Were but the Tritons sounding in the Deep,  
 To warne each River, petty Stream, and Spring,  
 Their aid unto their Sovereigne to bring.  
 The Flouds and Showers, that came so plenteous down,  
 And lay intrench'd in every Field and Town,  
 Were but retainers to the nobler sort.  
 That owe their homage at the *Watric-Court* :  
 Or else the streams, not pleas'd with their own store,  
 To grace the *Thames*, their Mistris, borrow'd more.  
 Extracting from their neighbouring Dales and Hills,  
 But by consent, all (nought against their wills)  
 Yet now, since in their stir are brought to ground  
 Many fair buildings, many hundreds drown'd ;  
 And daily found of broken ships great store,  
 That lie dismembred upon every shore :  
 With divers other mischiefes known to all,  
 This is the cause that those great harms befall.  
 Whilst other things in readinesse did make,  
 Hell's hatefull Hags from out their prisons brake,†

\* The reason of the tempestuous winter.

† The cause of all such dangers as fell out during the tempestuous winter.

And spighting at this hopefull match, began  
 To wreak their wrath on Ayre, Earth, Sea, and Man.  
 Some, having shapes of Romish Shavelings got,  
 Spew'd out their venome, and began to plot  
 Which way to thwart it: others made their way  
 With much distraction thorow Land and Sea  
 Extreemely raging. But Almighty *Love*  
 Perceives their hate and envie from above:  
 Hee'll check their fury, and in irons chain'd,  
 Their liberties abus'd shall be restrain'd:  
 He'll shut them up from comming to molest  
 The merriments of *Hymen's* holy feast.  
 Where shall be knit that sacred *Gordian* knot,  
 Which in no age to come shall be forgot;  
 Which policie nor force shall ne'er untie,  
 But must continue to eternitie:  
 Which for the whole World's good was fore-decreed,  
 With *hope* expected long, now come indeed.  
 And of whose future Glory, Worth, and Merit,  
 Much I could speak with a prophetic spirit.  
 Thus by my *Muse's* deare assistance finding\*  
 The cause of this disturbance, with more minding  
 My Countrie's welfare, than mine own content,  
 And longing to behold this Tale's event,  
 My lonely life I suddenly forsook,  
 And to the *Court* again my journey took.  
 Mean while I saw the furious winds were laid;  
 The risings of the swellings waters staid.  
 The *winter* gan to change in every thing,  
 And seem'd to borrow mildnesse of the *Spring*;  
 The Violet and Primrose fresh did grow;  
 And as in Aprill trim'd both *cops* and *row*.

\* He noteth the most admirable alteration of the weather, a-while before these Nuptials.

The Citie that I left in mourning clad,  
 Drooping, as if it would have still been sad,  
 I found deck'd up in roabs so neat and trim,  
 Fair *Iris* would have look'd but stale and dim  
 In her best colours had she there appear'd;  
 The sorrows of the Court I found well clear'd,  
 Their wofull habits\* quite cast off, and tyr'd  
 In such a glorious fashion, I admir'd.  
 All her chiefe Peers, and choicest Beauties too,  
 In greater pomp than Mortalls use to doe,  
 Wait as attendants. *Iuno's* come to see;  
 Because she hears that this solemnity  
 Exceeds fair *Hippodamia's* (where the strife  
 'Twixt *her*, *Minerva*, and lame *Vulcan's* wife  
 Did first arise) and with her leads along  
 A noble, stately, and a mighty throng.  
*Venus* (attended with her rarest features,  
 Sweet, lovely-smiling, and heart-moving creatures,  
 The very fairest *jewels* of her treasure,  
 Able to move the senselesse stones to pleasure,  
 Of all her sweetest Saints hath rob'd the Shrines;  
 And brings them for the Courtier's *Valentines*.  
 Nor doth dame *Pallas* from these triumphs lurk;  
 Her noblest wits she freely sets on work.  
 Of late she summon'd them unto this place,  
 To do your *masks* and *revells* better grace.  
 Here † Mars himselfe too, clad in armour bright,  
 Hath shown his fury in a bloudlesse fight;  
 And both on Land and Water steruly drest,  
 Acted his bloody stratagem in jest:

\* The glorious preparation of this solemnity, the state whereof is here allegorically described.

† Meaning the Sea-fight, and the taking the Castle on the water, which was most artificially performed.



Which to the people (frighted by their error)  
 With seeming wounds and death did ad more terror.  
 Besides, to give a greater cause of wonder,  
*Iove* did vouchsafe a ratling peale of thunder :  
 \* *Comets* and *Meteors* by the Stars exhall'd,  
 Were from the *Middle-Region* lately call'd ;  
 And to a place appointed made repaire,  
 To shew their fiery Friscoils in the ayre,  
 People innumerable do resort,  
 As if all *Europe* here would keep one Court :  
 Yea, *Hymen*, in his safferon-colour'd weed,  
 To celebrate his rights is full agreed.  
 All this I see : which seeing, makes me borrow  
 Some of their mirth awhile, and lay down sorrow.  
 And yet not this, but rather the delight  
 My heart doth take in the much-hoped sight  
 Of these thy glories, long already due ;  
 And this sweet comfort that my eyes do view,  
 Thy happy Bridegroom, *Prince Count Palatine*,  
 Now thy best friend, and truest *Valentine* :  
 Vpon whose brow mine eye doth read the story  
 Of mighty fame, and a true future glory.  
 Me thinks I do foresee already how  
*Princes* and *Monarchs* at his stirrop bow :  
 I see him shine in steel, the bloody fields  
 Already won ; and how his proud *foe* yeelds.  
 God hath ordain'd him happinesse great store :  
 And yet in nothing he is happy more  
 Then in thy love (fair *Princesse*) for (unlesse  
*Heaven* like to *man* be prone to ficklenesse)  
 Thy fortunes must be greater in effect,  
 Than *time* makes show of, or *men* can expect.  
 Yet notwithstanding all those goods of *fate*,  
 Thy minde shall ever be above thy *state* :

\* The fire-works he alludeth to those exhalations.

For over and beside thy proper merit,  
 Our last ELIZA grants her Noble spirit  
 To be redoubled on thee ; and your *names*  
 Being both one, shall give you both one fames.  
 O, blessed thou ! and they to whom thou giv'st  
 The leave to be attendants where thou liv'st :  
 And haplesse we, that must of force let go  
 The matchlesse treasure we esteem of so.  
 But yet we trust 'tis for our good, and thine,  
 Or else thou should'st not change thy *Thame* for *Rhyne*.  
 We hope that this will the uniting prove  
 Of Countries and of Nations by your love :  
 And that from out your blessed loynes shall come  
 Another terror to the *Whore of Rome* :  
 And such a stout *Achilles* as shall make  
 Her tottering walls, and weak foundation shake :  
 For *Thetis* like, thy fortunes do require  
 Thy *issue* should be greater than his *Sire*.  
 But (*Gracious Princesse*) now since thus it fares,  
 And God so well for you and us prepares,  
 Since he hath deign'd such honours for to do you,  
 And shown himselfe so favourable to you,  
 Since he hath chang'd your sorrows and your sadnesse  
 Unto such great and unexpected gladnesse,  
 Oh ! now remember you to be at leasure,  
 Sometimes to think on him amidst your pleasure.  
 Let not these glories of the world deceive you,  
 Nor her vain favours of her selfe bereave you.  
 Consider yet for all this jollity  
 Y'are mortall, and must feel mortality :  
 And that God can, in midst of all your joyes,  
 Quite dash this pompe, and fill you with annoyes.  
 Triumphs are fit for Princes, yet we finde  
 They ought not wholly to take up the minde,

Nor yet to be let passe as things in vain ·  
 For out of all things wit will knowledge gain.  
*Musique* may teach of difference in degree,  
 The best tun'd *Common-wealths* will framed be :  
 And that he moves and lives with greatest grace,  
 That unto *time* and *measure* ties his pace.  
 Then let these things be \* *Emblemes*, to present  
 Your minde with a more lasting true content.  
 When you behold the infinite resort,  
 The glory and the splendor of the Court ;  
 What wondrous favors God doth here bequeath you ;  
 How many hundred thousands are beneath you ;  
 And view with admiration your great blisse ;  
 Then with your selfe you may imagine this ;  
 'Tis but a blast, or transitory shade,  
 Which in the turning of a hand may fade.  
 Honours which you your selfe did never win,  
 And might (had God been pleas'd) another's bin,  
 But think, if shadows have such majestie,  
 What are the glories of eternity.  
 Then by this image of a Fight on Sea,  
 Wherein you heard the thundring Canon's plea ;  
 And the flames breaking from their murthering throts,  
 Which in true skirmish fling resistlesse shots ;  
 Your wisdome may (and will no doubt) begin  
 To cast what perill a poor Souldier's in :  
 You will conceive his miseries and cares,  
 How many dangers, deaths, and wounds he shares :  
 Then though the most passe over and neglect them,  
 That *Rhetorick* will move you to respect them,  
 And if hereafter you shall hap to see  
 Such *Mimick Apes* (that Courts disgraces be)

\* Hee declares what use is to be made of these shows and triumphs, and what meditations the minde may be occupied about when we behold them.

I mean such Chamber-combatants, who never  
 Weare other Helmet than a hat of *Bever* :  
 Or ne'er board *Pinnace* but in silken sail ;  
 And in the stead of boystrous shirts of mail,  
 Go arm'd in *Cambrick* : If that such a *Kite*  
 (I say) should scorn an *Eagle* in your sight ;  
 Your wisdome judge (by this experience) can  
 Which hath most worth, *Hermaphrodite* or *Man*.  
 The night's strange prospects\* made to feed the eies,  
 With artfull fires mounted in the skies ;  
 Graced with horrid claps of sulphury thunders,  
 May make you minde th' Almighty's greater wonders.  
 Nor is there any thing but you may thence  
 Reap inward gain, as well as please the sense.  
 But pardon me (*oh fairest*) that am bold  
 My heart thus freely, plainly to unfold.  
 What though I know you knew all this before,  
 My love this shews, and that is something more.  
 Do not my honest service here disdain,  
 I am a faithfull though an humble *Swain*.  
 I'm none of those that have the means or place,  
 With shows of cost to do your *Nuptials* grace :  
 But onely master of my own desire,  
 Am hither come with others to admire.  
 I am not of those *Heliconian* wits,  
 Whose pleasing strains the *Court's* known humour fits  
 But a poor rurall *Shepherd*, that for need,  
 Can make sheep musick on an *Oaten* reed :  
 Yet for my love (I'le this be bold to boast)  
 It is as much to you, as his that's most.  
 Which since I no way else can now explain,  
 If you'll in midst of all these *glories* deigne,  
 To lend your ears unto my *Muse* so long,  
 She shall declare it in a *Wedding-song*."

\* Fire-works.

## EPITHALAMION.

“ *Valentine*,\* good-morrow to thee,  
 Love and service both I owe thee :  
 And would wait upon thy pleasure,  
 But I cannot be at leasure :  
 For I owe this *day* as debtor  
 To (a thousand times) thy better.

*Hymen* now will have effected  
 What hath been so long expected :  
*Thame*, thy *Mistris*, now unwedded,  
 Soon must with a *Prince* be bedded :  
 If thou’lt see her *Virgin* ever,  
 Come and do it now or never.

Where art thou, oh faire *Aurora* ?  
 Call in *Ver* and Lady *Flora* :  
 And you daughters of the *Morning*,  
 In your neat’st and feat’st adorning :  
 Cleare your fore-heads and be sprightfull,  
 That this *day* may seem delightful.

All you *Nymphs* that use the Mountains,  
 Or delight in Groves and Fountains :  
*Shepherdesses*, you that dally,  
 Either upon Hill or Valley :  
 And you daughters of the Bower,  
 That acknowledge *Vesta*’s power.

Oh! you sleep too long ; awake yee,  
 See how *Time* doth overtake yee.  
 Hark, the Lark is up and singeth,  
 And the house with echoes ringeth.

\* The marriage being on S. Valentine’s day, the Authour shews it by beginning with the salutation of a supposed Valentine.

Pretious howers why neglect yee,  
 Whilst affaires thus expect yee?

Come away upon my blessing,  
 The *Bride-Chamber* lies to dressing :  
 Strow the wayes with leaves of *Roses*,  
 Some make *garlands*, some make *poses* :  
 'Tis a favour and may joy you,  
 That your *Mistris* will employ you.

Where's *Sabrina*\* with her daughters,  
 That doe sport about her waters :  
 Those that with their Locks of Amber,  
 Haunt the fruitfull hills of Camber : †  
 We must have to fill the number,  
 All the *Nymphs* of *Trent* and *Humber*.

Fie, your hast is scarce sufficing,  
 For the *Bride's* awake and rising.  
 Enter *beauties*, and attend her,  
 All your helps and service lend her :  
 With your quaints't and new'st devises  
 Trim your Lady, faire *Thamises*.

See, shee's ready, with *joyes* greet her,  
 Lads, go bid the *Bride-groom* meet her .  
 But from rash approach advise him,  
 Lest a too-much joy surprise him.  
 None I e'er knew yet that dared  
 View an *Angell* unprepared.

Now unto the *Church* she hies her ;  
*Envy* bursts if she espies her ;  
 In her gestures as she paces,  
 Are united all the *Graces* :

\* Severn.

† Wales.

Which who sees, and hath his senses,  
Loves in spight of all defences.

O most true Majestick *Creature* !  
*Nobles*, did you note her feature ?  
Felt you not an inward motion,  
Tempting *Love* to yeeld devotion ;  
And as you were even desiring,  
Something check you for aspiring ?

That's her *Vertue* which still tameth  
Loose desires, and bad thoughts blameth :  
For, whilst others were unruly,  
Shee observ'd *Diana* truly :  
And hath by that means obtained  
Gifts of her that none have gained.

Yon's the *Bride-groom*, d'ye not spie him ?  
See how all the *Ladies* eye him.  
*Venus* his perfection findeth,  
And no more *Adonis* mindeth.  
Much of him my heart divineth,  
On whose brow all *Vertue* shineth.

Two such *Creatures Nature* would not  
Let one place long keep ; she should not :  
One shee'll have, she cares not whether,  
But our *Loves* can spare her neither.  
Therefore e'er we'll so be spighted,  
They in one shall be united.

*Nature's* selfe is well contented  
By that means to be prevented.  
And behold, they are retyred,  
So conjoyn'd as we desired :  
Hand in hand not onely fixed,  
But their hearts are intermixed.

Happy they, and we that see it,  
 For the good of *Europe* be it.  
 And heare *heaven* my devotion,  
 Make this *Rhine* and *Thame* an *Ocean*,  
 That it may with might and wonder,  
 Whelm the pride of *Tyber*\* under.

Now yon *Hal*† their persons shrowdeth,  
 Whither all this people crowdeth :  
 There they feasted are with plenty,  
 Sweet *Ambrosia* is no dainty.  
 Grooms quaffe *Nectar* ; for there's *Meeter*,  
 Yea, more costly wines and sweeter.

*Young men*, all for joy go ring yee,  
 And your merriest *Carols* sing yee :  
 Here's of *Damzels* many choices,  
 Let them tune their sweetest voices.  
 Fet the *Muses* too to cheare them,  
 They can ravish all that heare them.

*Ladies*, 'tis their *Highnesse*' pleasures  
 To behold you foot the Measures :  
 Lovely gestures addeth graces  
 To your bright and Angel faces.  
 Give your active mindes the bridle,  
 Nothing worse than to be idle.

Worthies, your affaires forbear yee,  
 For the *State* a-while may spare ye :  
 Time was that you loved sporting,  
 Have you quite forgot your Courting ?  
 Joy the heart of *Care* beguileth,  
 Once a-yeare *Apollo* smileth. ‡

\* *Tyber* is the river which runneth by Rome.

† *White-Hall*.

‡ *Semel in anno ridet Apollo*.



*Fellow Shepherds* how, I pray you,  
 Can your *flocks* at this time stay you ?  
 Let us also hie us thither,  
 Let's lay all our wits together,  
 And some *Pastorall* invent them,  
 That may shew the *love* we meant them.

*I myselfe*, though meanest stated,  
 And in Court now almost hated,  
 Will knit up my *Scourge*,\* and venter  
 In the midst of them to enter ;  
 For I know there's no disdain'g,  
 Where I look for entertaining.

See, me thinks the very *season*, †  
 As if capable of Reason,  
 Hath lain by her native rigor ;  
 The fair *Sun-beams* have more vigor.  
 They are *Æol's* most endeared,  
 For the *Ayr* is still'd and cleared.

*Fawns*, and *Lambs*, and *Kids* doe play  
 In the honour of this *day*.  
 The shrill *Black-bird* and the *Thrush*  
 Hop about in every bush :  
 And amongst the tender twigs  
 Chaunt their sweet harmonious jigs.

Yea, and mov'd by this example,  
 They do make each Grove a Temple :  
 Where their time the best way using,  
 They their Summer-loves are chusing.

\* *Abuses stript and whipt.*

† He noteth the mildenesse of the winter, which, excepting that the beginning was very windy, was as temperate as the spring.

And unlesse some *Churle* do wrong them,  
There's not an od bird among them.\*

Yet I heard as I was walking,  
Groves and hills by *Ecchoe's* talking :  
Reeds unto the small brooks whistling,  
Whil'st they danc'd with pretty rustling.  
Then for us to sleep 'twere pittie,  
Since dumbe creatures are so witty.

But, oh *Titan*, thou dost dally,  
Hie thee to thy *Westerne valley* :  
Let this night one hower borrow,  
She shall pay't again to morrow,  
And if thoul't that favour do them,  
Send thy Sister *Phæbe* to them.

But shee's come her selfe unasked,  
And brings *Gods* and *Heroes* masked.†  
None yet saw, or heard in story,  
Such immortall, mortall glorie.  
View not without preparation,  
Lest you faint in admiration.

Say, my *Lords*, and speak truth barely,  
Mov'd they not exceeding rarely ?  
Did they not such praises merit,  
As if *flesh* had all been *spirit* ?  
True indeed, yet I must tell them,  
There was one did far excell them.

\* Most men are of opinion, that this day every bird doth chuse her mate for that yeare.

† By these he meanes the two Masques, one of them being presented by the Lords, the other by the Gentry.

But (alas) this is ill dealing,  
*Night* unwares away is stealing :  
 Their delay the poor *Bed* wrongeth,  
 Which for *Bride* with *Bridegroom* longeth :  
 And above all other places,  
 Must be blest with their embraces.

Revellers, then now forbear yee,  
 And unto your rests prepare yee :  
 Let's a-while your absence borrow,  
 Sleep to night, and dance to morrow.  
 We could well allow your Courting,  
 But 'will hinder better sporting.

They are gone, and night all lonely,  
 Leaves the *Bride* with *Bridegroom* onely.  
*Muse* now tell, (for thou hast power  
 To flie thorough wall or tower)  
*What contentments their hearts cheareth,*  
*And how lovely she appeareth.*

And yet do not ; tell it no man,  
*Rare conceits* may so grow common,  
 Do not to the *Vulgar* show them,  
 ('Tis enough that thou dost know them)  
 Their ill hearts are but the Center,  
 Where all misconceivings enter.

But thou, *Luna*, that dost lightly  
 Haunt our downs and forrests nightly :  
 Thou that favour'st generation,  
 And art help to procreation,  
 See their *Issue* thou so cherish,  
 I may live to see it flourish.

And you *Planets*, in whose power  
 Doth consist the lives of our ;  
 You that teach us *Divinations*,  
 Help with all your *Constellations*,  
 How to frame in *Her* a creature,  
 Blest in fortune, wit, and feature.

Lastly, oh you *Angells*, ward them ;  
 Set your sacred *Spels* to guard them ;  
 Chase away such fears or terrours,  
 As not being, seem through errors :  
 Yea, let not a *dream's* molesting,  
 Make them start when they are resting.

But THOU chiefly, most adored,  
 That shouldst onely be implored :  
*Thou* to whom my meaning tendeth,  
 Whither e'er in shew it bendeth :  
*Let them rest to night from sorrow,*  
*And awake with joy to morrow.*

Oh, to my *request* be heedfull,  
 Grant them *that*, and all things needfull.  
 Let not these my strains of Folly  
 Make true prayer be unholy :  
 But if I have here offended,  
 Help, forgive, and see it mended.

Daigne me *this*. And if my *Muse's*  
 Hasty issue she peruses ;  
 Make it unto her seem gratefull,  
 Though to all the World else hatefull :  
 But how e'er, yet *Soule* persever,  
 Thus to wish her good for ever."



" Thus ends the *Day*, together with my Song ;  
 Oh, may the joyes thereof continue long !  
 Let *Heaven's* just all-seeing sacred power,  
 Favour this happy Mariage-day of your ;  
 And blesse you in your chast embraces so,  
 We *Britains* may behold before you go  
 The hopefull issue we shall count so deare,  
 And whom unborn his foes already feare.  
 Yea, I desire that all your sorrows may  
 Never be more than they have been to day.  
 Which hoping ; for acceptance now I sue,  
 And humbly bid your *Grace* and *Court* adieu.  
 I saw the sight I came for ; which I know  
 Was more than all the world beside could show,  
 But if amongst *Apollo's* Laies you can  
 Be pleas'd to lend a gentle eare to *Pan* ;  
 Or think your Country *Shepherd* loves as deare  
 As if he were a *Courtier* or a *Peere* :  
 Then I, that else must to my *Cell* of pain,  
 Will joyfull turn unto my *flock* again ;  
 And there unto my fellow-Shepherds tell,  
 Why you are *lou'd* ; wherein you do excell.  
 And when we drive our *flocks* a field to graze them,  
 So chaunt your praises, that it shall amaze them :  
 And think that *Fate* hath new recall'd from death,  
 Their still lamented sweet *Elixabeth*.  
 For though they see the *Court* but now and then,  
 They know desert as well as greater men :  
 And honour'd *Fame* in them doth live or die,  
 As well as in the mouth of *Majestie*.  
 But taking granted what I here intreat ;  
 At heaven for you my *devotions* beat :

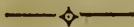
And though I feare, *Fate* will not suffer me  
 To do you service where your *Fortunes* be :  
 How e'er my skill hath yet despised seem'd,  
 (And my unripped wit been mis-esteem'd)  
 When all this costly *show* away shall flit,  
 And not one live that doth remember it ;  
 If *Envie's* troubles let not to persevere ;  
 I'll finde a means to make it known for ever."



*Certain Epigrams concerning Marriage.*

EPIGRAM I.

" 'Tis said ; in Marriage above all the rest,  
 The Children of a King finde comforts least,  
 Because without respect of Love or Hate,  
 They must, and ought be ruled by the State :  
 But, if *contented Love, religious Care,*  
*Equalitie in State and years* declare  
 A happy match, (as I suppose no lesse)  
 Then rare and great's ELIZA's happinesse."



EPIGRAM II.

" God was the first that marriage did ordain,  
 By making One, Two ; and Two One again."



EPIGRAM III.

" Souldier, of thee I ask, for thou canst best,  
 Having known sorrow, judge of joy and rest,  
 What greater blisse, than after all thy harmes,  
 To have a wife that's fair and lawfull thine ;  
 And lying prison'd 'twixt her Ivory armes,

There tell what thou hast scap'd by powers divine ;  
 How many round thee thou hast murder'd seen ;  
 How oft thy soule hath been neare hand expiring :  
 How many times thy flesh hath wounded been :  
 Whilst shee thy fortune and thy worth admiring,  
 With joy of health, and pittie of thy pain,  
 Doth weep and kisse, and kisse and weep again."



## EPIGRAM IV.

" Faire *Hellen* having stain'd her husband's bed,  
 And mortall hatred 'twixt two kingdomes bred,  
 Had still remaining in her so much good,  
 That *Heroes* for her lost their dearest bloud :  
 Then, if with all that ill such worth may last,  
 Oh, what is shee worth that's as fair and chast !"



## EPIGRAM V.

" Old *Orpheus* knew a good wive's worth so well,  
 That when his dy'd, he follow'd her to hell :  
 And for her losse at the *Elyzian* Grove,  
 He did not onely Ghosts to pittie move,  
 But the sad Poet breath'd his sighs so deep ;  
 'Tis said the devills could not chuse but weep."



## EPIGRAM VI.

" Long did I wonder, and I wonder much,  
 Rome's Church should from her *Clergie* take that due :  
 Thought I, Why should she that contentment grutch ?  
 What, doth she all with continence indue ?  
 No, But why then are they debar'd that state ?

Is she become a fo unto her own ?  
 Doth she the members of her body hate ?  
 Or is it for some other cause unshown ?  
 Oh, yes ; They finde a woman's lips so dainty,  
 They tye themselves from one, 'cause they'll have twenty.



EPIGRAM VII.

“ Women, as some men say, unconstant be ;  
 'Tis like enough, and so no doubt are men :  
 Nay, if their scapes we could so plainly see,  
 I feare that scarce there would be one for ten.  
 Men have but their own lusts that tempt to ill ;  
 Women have lusts, and men's allurements too :  
 Alas, if their strengths cannot curb their will,  
 What should poor women that are weaker do ?  
 Oh, they had need be chaste, and look about them,  
 That strive 'gainst lust within, and knaves without them.”

FINIS.

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THE Editor may perhaps be asked, Why he has thought proper to insert in this work entire reprints of two of Wither's pieces, the *Obsequies of Prince Henry*, and the *Epithalamia*. He answers, Because they are short, and yet, in his conception, would not have borne a separate republication. They are far from being among the best of Wither's poems ; yet they contain many curious passages.

The more Wither's works are examined, those at least which were published before the Civil Commo-  
 tions, and before the author became actively engaged



in the political warfare of those unhappy times, the more they will be found to deserve praise for merits of many various kinds.

Perhaps it may not be totally out of place here to preserve a few more scattered materials (in addition to those brought forward in other places) for a future regular Life of the Poet. Some account of his descendants is about to appear in the Preface to the forthcoming reprint of *The Shepherd's Hunting*.— Here follows a copy of the earlier pedigree from the Visitation Book of Hampshire, in 1634.

*Pedigree of George Wither the Poet.*

Thomas Wither of the county of Lancaster, Esq. left three sons.

Robert Wither, third son, came to Manydowne in Hampshire, and there lived, leaving issue.

Thomas Wither of Manydowne, who married Joane, daughter and heir of Richard Mason of Sydmonton in Hampshire, and had three sons, John, Thomas, and Richard.

John, eldest son, of Manydowne, who married Anne, daughter of — Ayliffe of Skeynes in Hampshire, had three sons, John, Richard, and George, (which last married Avelyn, daughter of John Shank, and had Gilbert, Thomas, John, and Reignold; and the said Gilbert was father of George, William, Reignold, and Henry.)

Richard Wither, second son of John Wither and Anne Ayliffe, was of Manydowne, and married a daughter of William Poynter of Whitchurch in Hampshire, by whom he had four sons, John, George (*father of the Poet*), Otho, and Ferdinando.

John Wither of Manydowne, eldest son, married Jane, daughter of John Love of Basing in Hampshire, and had five sons, William, Anthony, John, James, and Richard. William, eldest son, was of Manydowne, and married Susan, daughter of Paul Risley of Chetwood in Buckinghamshire, and had issue, John, Paul, and Susan.

George Wither (second son of Richard Wither, by the daughter of -- Poynter) had issue three sons, viz. George Wither,\* *the Poet*, James Wither, and Anthony Wither.†

In almost all Wither's poems we can collect something of his private history. This is the case with his interesting and beautiful folio volume of *Emblems*, 1634, illustrated by the curious cuts of *Crispin Pass*, a volume, which with its embellishments the Editor is making extensive preparations to reprint. For instance, in the 27th Emblem of the first book, under a print of two men engaged in a combat of swords in the street, with a woman looking from a window, and this motto

“ *Ubi Helena, ibi Troia.*”

“ *Where Helen is, there will be war,  
For death and lust companions are.*”

“ Their foolish guise I never could affect,  
Who dare for any cause the stews frequent ;  
And thither, where I justly might suspect  
A strumpet liv'd, as yet I never went.  
For where, as fools pretend, they go to seek  
Experience, where more ill than good they see,

\* Vis. Co. Hants, 1634, Harl. MSS. 1544, p. 218.

† The name of the Poet's mother was Anne Serle.

They venture for their knowledge, Adam-like,  
And such as his will their achievements be."

So again in the 36th *Emblem* of the *second book*,  
in which sceptres, crowns, and mitres are represented  
perishing in smoke or flames.

"Some better arguments, than yet I see,  
I must perceive, and better causes, why  
To those gay things I should addicted be,  
To which the vulgar their affections tie.  
I have consider'd sceptres, mitres, crowns,  
With each appurtenance to them belonging,  
My heart hath search'd their glories and renowns,  
And all the pleasant things about them thronging ;  
My soul hath truly weigh'd, and took the measure  
Of riches, which the most have so desired ;  
I have distill'd the quintessence of pleasure,  
And seen those objects that are most admired.  
I likewise feel all passions and affections,  
That help to cheat the reason, and persuade  
That those poor vanities have some perfections,  
Whereby their owners happy might be made.

Yet when that I have rous'd my understanding,  
And cleans'd my heart from some of that corruption,  
Which hinders in me Reason's free commanding,  
And shews things without veils or interruption,  
Then they, methinks, as fruitless do appear,  
As bubbles, wherewithal young children play,  
Or, as the smoke, which in our *Emblem* here,  
Now makes a shew, and strait consumes away.  
Be pleased, O God, my value may be such  
Of every outward blessing here below,  
That I may neither love them overmuch,  
Nor underprize the gifts thou shalt bestow.

But know the use of all these fading smokes,  
And be refresh'd by that, which others choaks.

“ *A ♦ pleasant History ♦ of ♦ Roswall and Lillian.\** ”

DECLARING

“ *The occasion of Roswall his removing from his native Kingdom to the Kingdom of Bealm, and what befell him on his journey from his Steward: The entertainment he met with from an aged Wife: His education at school, with his fortunate admission to be servant to Lillian, the King's only Daughter, with whom she fell deeply in love. The Reward of the three Lords by whom he attained the honour of the three dayes justing before the Marriage of the Steward, who was known to be a Traitor, and therefore justly executed; with the renewed wished-for Marriage betwixt Roswall and Lillian: His thankfull remembrance of his friends; the number of his children, and their good fortune;—all worthy reading.* ”

EDINBURGH,

Printed by I. H. Anno, 1663.’



THIS romance was very popular in Scotland even till within the last thirty years. But the edition from which the following extract is taken is extremely rare, (perhaps unique) and differs considerably from the modern impressions, which are now also quite forgotten and unattainable. The story, abridged by Mr. Ellis, may be found in vol. iii. of his “*Specimens;*”

\* Taken from a copy printed in black letter, in the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh, June 1814.

which it would be needless to quote, as they are in the hands of every Bibliographer.



“ Now will ye list a little space,  
 And I shall send you to solace :  
 You to solace, and be blyth,  
 Hearken, ye shall hear belyve  
 A tale that is of veritie,  
 If ye will hearken unto me.



In *Naples* lived there a King,  
 Had all the lands in governing,  
 Who had a Lady fair and young,  
 Whose name was called *Lillian* :  
 This Lady pleasant was and fair,  
 Bare him a son, which was his Heir,  
 Whose name was called *Roswall* :  
 Of fairer heard I never tell ;  
 Princes to him could not compare,  
*Ulisses* nor *Gandifere*,  
*Achillus* nor *Troyallus*,  
 Nor yet his Father *Priamus* :  
 The Knight that kept the Parent-well,  
 Was not so fair as *Roswall*.



There lived into that countrie,  
 Worthy noble Lord's three,  
 That to the King had done treason,  
 Therefore he put them in prison ;  
 And there he held them many a day,  
 Till they were aged quite away,

Aged and quite o'regrown with hair,  
 While of their lives they did despair,  
 That they knew of no remedie,  
 But looked after death daily ;  
 So it befell upon a day  
 The young Prince he went to play,  
 Him to play and to solace,  
 And so it happened in that case,  
 Toward the Prison he is gone  
 To hear thir Lords making their moan,  
 He sate down and a little staid  
 To hearken what thir Lords said :  
 They said, dear God, have mind of us,  
 Even for the sake of dear Jesus,  
 Who bought us with his precious blood,  
 And for us dyed on the rood,  
 To help us, if thy will it be,  
 And of this Prison make us free.



The young Prince did hear their moan,  
 He heard their mourning and their groan,  
 Then to his Chamber he is gone,  
 Heavy in heart, as sad as stone ;  
 He sate down and did foresee,  
 How best thir Lords might helped be,  
 And so he thought upon a wyle,  
 The King how he might best beguile ;  
 A custome then had the Jaylors,  
 Who kepted ay the Prisoners,  
 After the doors all locked were,  
 Unto the King the keyes to bear,  
 The King used them to lay  
 Under his bed-head privily.

The Prince soon perceiving had,  
 Where the King the keyes laid :  
 And on a night he watch did keep  
 Till that the King was fallen asleep :  
 He took the keyes full privilie,  
 And to the Prison gone is he,  
 Who did deliver thir Lords three  
 Bade them passe home to their countrie :  
 And then they swore by sweet Jesus,  
 If ever ye mister help of us,  
 We shall you help unto your need :  
 Glad was he having done the deed.  
 The keyes laid under his Father's head,  
 And went and sleept as he were dead.



The King rose and eke the Queen,  
 The Principal, and Lords bedeen ;  
 They went to messe and then to dine,  
 The Jaylors all did come in syne,  
 Asked from the King the keyes,  
 Which to deliver did him please :  
 Then to the Prison they went in fear,  
 To give the Lords their dinner there ;  
 But when they came all were away,  
 They knew not what to do nor say.  
 The Prisoners away were gone,  
 How or what way known to none.  
 The King was then so dollorous,  
 That the three Lords were scaped thus :  
 He sayes, O Lord, how may this be,  
 That thir Prisoners hath been made free :  
 Under my bed-head lay the keyes,  
 None knew thereof as God me ease.

And here I make a solemn vow,  
 Before you all my Lords now,  
 Who ere he be hath done the deed,  
 He shall be hang'd without remeed :  
 Or else so soon as I him see,  
 My own two hands his bane shall be.  
 It was reported through the Town,  
 That the young Prince the deed had done,  
 The word throughout the Pallace ran,  
 Which made the King a griued man,  
 When he the vow considered,  
 And that his son had done the deed.  
 The Queen then far more griued was :  
 She mourn'd and weeped with her face.  
 And quickly to the King went she,  
 Who kneeling down upon her knee,  
 Thus said, for him that sits on hie,  
 Let your son's fault forgiven be :  
 That may not be, Madam, he said,  
 For I a faithfull vow haue made,  
 That as soon as I may him see,  
 My own two hands his bane shall be ;  
 Therefore I pray you, day and night,  
 To keep him well out of my sight,  
 Till I send him to some countrie,  
 Where he may safely keeped be.  
 And then in haste sate down the King,  
 Wrote letters without tarrying,  
 To send his son to the King of *Bealm*,  
 For to remain in that Realm.  
 Still to continue with the King,  
 Till he sent for his home-coming,  
 Letters in haste then soon wrote he,  
 Desiring the King especiallie,



For to receive his own dear son,  
 Which for more trust was sent to him.  
 His furnishing was made ready,  
 And he got gold in great plenty."

R. P. G.

" ENCHIRIDION.

CONTAINING INSTITUTIONS,

Divine. { *Contemplative.*  
           { *Practical.*

Moral. { *Ethical.*  
           { *Oeconomical.*  
           { *Political.*

*Written by Fra. Quarles*

*London, printed by T. James for Thomas Helder,  
 at the Angel in Little Britain, 1681."*

12mo.



" Had this little piece been written at Athens or Rome, its author would have been classed with the wise men of his country." Such was the declaration of that elegant and critical scholar, the late Henry Headly of Trinity College, Oxford; a declaration that will sufficiently authorise very copious extracts, had he not further recommended the work as deserving of entire republication.

This Enchiridion of didactic morality made its first appearance in 1641; and was more than once reprinted. As the book is now of unfrequent occurrence, it may

perhaps surprise some readers that it should not again have been conducted to the press by our modern revivers of early English literature. It ought however to be recollected, that the very *name* of its author was adverse to such re-appearance, after having been branded with popular derision, by being ‘hitched into satiric rhyme.’ Subsequent vindications of his poetic merit, especially of that displayed in his *Religious Emblems*, have been successfully offered by Mr. Headley, Mr. Jackson of Exeter, Mr. Gilchrist of Stamford, &c. and the credit of Quarles, as a poet, has been honourably rescued by those ingenious critics, from the wanton sarcasms of Butler, Pope, and others. The present publication, it is presumed, will not only redeem his name from contumely as an ethical writer, but will be allowed to possess sufficient excellence to establish a well-earned reputation; since it cannot but insure the good opinion of all, who read for the purposes of moral advancement or intellectual gain.

This volume is preceded by an epistle dedicatory to Charles, Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles the second; and a brief epistle to the reader. Its contents are divided into four centuries, arranged in a table under different heads; before the second century, a short dedication is addressed to the daughter of Archbishop Usher, which, for its benignity and heavenly-heartedness, invites transcription.

“ *To the fair Branch of growing Honour and true Vertue, Mrs. Elizabeth Usher, only daughter and heir apparent to the most reverend Father in God, James, Archbishop of Armagh, lord primate of all Ireland, his Grace.\**

\* To this distinguished prelate Quarles had the honour of being Secretary, till the Irish rebellion broke out in 1641.

SWEET LADY,

I present your fair hands with this my *Enchiridion*, to begin a new decade of a blest accompt. If it add nothing to your well-instructed knowledge, it may bring somewhat to your well-disposed remembrance: if either, I have my end and you my endeavour. The service which I owe, and the affections which I bear, your most incomparable parents, challenges the utmost of my ability: wherein, if I could light you but the least step towards the happiness you aim at, how happy should I be! Go forward in the way which you have chosen; wherein if my hand cannot lead you, my heart shall follow you; and where the weakness of my power shews defect, there the vigour of my will shall make supply,

Who am covetous of your happiness,  
 in both kingdoms and worlds,  
 FRA. QUARLES."

The *heads* of the several chapters, which only occur in the 'table of contents,' are here, for the sake of perspicuity and elucidation, placed before the chapters themselves. The first century will be found to relate chiefly to states and kingdoms, princes, governors, and commanders.

CENTURY I.

*Chap. 1. Piety and Policy.*

"Piety and Policy are, like Martha and Mary, sisters. Martha fails, if Mary help not; and Mary suffers, if Martha be idle. Happy is that kingdom where Martha complains of Mary; but most happy, where Mary complies with Martha. Where Piety and Policy go hand in hand, there war shall be just, and peace honourable.

*Ch. 2. Invasion.*

Let not civil discords in a foreign kingdom encourage thee to make invasion. They that are factious among themselves are jealous of one another, and more strongly prepar'd to encounter with a common enemy. Those whom civil commotions set at variance, foreign hostility reconciles.\* Men rather affect the possession of an inconvenient good, than the possibility of an uncertain better.

*Ch. 4. Rebel.*

Let no price nor promise of honour bribe thee to take part with the enemy of thy natural Prince. Assure thyselfe whoever wins, thou art lost. If thy Prince prevail, thou art proclaimed a rebel, and branded for death; if the enemy prosper, thou shalt be reckoned but as a meritorious traitor, and not secure of thyself. He that loves the treason, hates the traitor.

*Ch. 7. Mixt Government.*

There be three sorts of government; monarchical, aristocratical, democratical; and they are apt to fall three several ways into ruin: the first, by tyranny; the second, by ambition; the last, by tumult. A common-wealth, grounded upon any one of these, is not of long continuance; but wisely mingled, each guards the other, and makes that government exact.

*Ch. 11. Climatical Advantage.*

If the territories of thy equal enemy are situated far south from thee, the advantage is thine, whether he make offensive or defensive war; if north, the advantage is his.\* Cold is less

\* How much have the events consequent on the French revolution verified the force of this observation.

\* The ci-devant Emperor of France might have confuted Quarles with advantage, before that Moscovian expedition was undertaken, which proved a snare to his inordinate ambition.

tolerable than heat: this is rather a friend to nature, than an enemy.

*Ch. 13. Composition.*

It is better for two weak kingdoms rather to compound an injury, though to some loss, than seek for satisfaction by the sword: lest, while they two weaken themselves by mutual blows, a third decide the controversie to both their ruins.—When the frog and the mouse could not take up the quarrel, the kite was umpire.

*Ch. 15. Demeanour.*

It is wisdom for him that sits at the helm of a settled state, to demean himself towards his subjects at all times, so that upon any evil accident, they may be ready to serve his occasion. He that is only gracious at the approach of danger, will be in danger when he expects deliverance.

*Ch. 18. Timely War.*

It is the excellent property of a good and wise prince to use war as he doth physick, carefully, unwillingly, and seasonably: either to prevent approaching dangers, or to correct a present mischief, or to recover a former loss. He that declines physick till he be accosted with the danger, or weakened with the disease, is bold too long, and wise too late. That peace is too precise, that limits the justness of a war to a sword drawn, or a blow given.

*Ch. 26. Nobility.*

It much conduces to the dishonour of a king, and the ill fate of his kingdom, to multiply nobility in an over-proportion to the common people. Cheap honour darkens majesty, and a numerous nobility brings a state to necessity.

*Ch. 26. Experiments.*

It is very dangerous to try experiments in a state, unless extream necessity be urgent, or popular utility be palpable. It is better for a state to connive awhile at an inconvenience, than too suddenly to rush upon a reformation.

*Ch. 30. Fortress.*

That prince who stands in fear more of his own people than strangers, ought to build fortresses in his land; but he that is more afraid of strangers than his own people, shall build them more secure in the affections of his subject.

*Ch. 31. Discovery.*

Carry a watchful eye upon dangers before they come to ripeness; and when they are ripe, let loose a speedy hand. He that expects them too long, or meets them too soon, gives advantage to the evil. Commit their beginnings to Argus's hundred eyes, and their ends to Briareus's hundred hands, and thou art safe.

*Ch. 32. True Temper.*

Of all the difficulties in a state, the temper of a true government most felicifies and perpetuates it: too sudden alterations distemper it. Had Nero tuned his kingdom as he did his harp, harmony had been more honourable, and his reign more prosperous.

*Ch. 38. Foolish Confidence.*

It is wisdom in a prince, in fair weather to provide for tempests. He that so much relies upon his people's faith, to neglect his own preparation, discovers more confidence than wisdom. He that ventures to fall from above, with hope to be caught below, may be dead ere he come to the ground.

*Ch. 41. Design.*

It is very requisite for a prince not only to weigh his designs in the flower, but likewise in the fruit. He is an unthrif of his honour that enterprises a design, the failing whereof may bring him more disgrace than the success can gain him honour.

*Ch. 43. Courage.*

Let every souldier arm his mind with hopes, and put on courage. Whatsoever disaster falls, let not his heart sink. The passage of providence lies through many crooked ways. A despairing heart is the true prophet of approaching evil. His actions may weave the webs of Fortune, but not break them.

*Ch. 44. Scandal.*

It is the part of a wise magistrate to vindicate a man of power or state-employment from the malicious scandals of the giddy-headed multitude, and to punish it with severity. Scandal breeds hatred, hatred begets division, division makes faction, and faction brings ruin.

*Ch. 46. Pillars of State.*

A kingdom is a great building, whose two main supporters are the government of the state and the government of the church. It is the part of a wise master to keep those pillars in their first place, irremoveable. If either fail, it is wisdom rather to repair it than remove it. He that pulls down the old to set up a new, may draw the roof upon his head, and ruin the foundation.

*Ch. 52. Prevention.*

It is more excellent for a prince to have a provident eye for the preventing future mischiefs, than to have a potent arm for suppressing present evils. Mischiefs in a state are like hectique fevers in a body: in the beginning, hard to be known but easie

to be cured; but let it alone awhile, it becomes more easie to be known but more hard to be cured.

*Ch. 55. Resolution.*

It is a perilous weakness in a state to be slow of resolution in the time of war. To be irresolute in determinations is both the sign and the ruin of a weak state: such affairs attend not time. Let the wise statesman therefore abhor delay, and re-lay, and resolve rather what to do, than advise what to say. Slow deliberations are symptoms either of a faint courage, or weak forces, or false hearts.

*Ch. 57. Religion.*

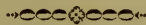
It is an infallible sign of approaching ruin in a republick, when Religion is neglected and her established ceremonies interrupted. Let therefore that prince who would be potent, be pious; and that he may punish looseness the better, let him be religious. The joy of Jerusalem depends upon the peace of Sion.




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“ *Miscellaneous Pieces of Ancient English Poesie, viz. The troublesome Raigne of King John, written by Shakespeare, extant in no Edition of his Writings. The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion’s Image, and certain Sabyne, by John Marston. The Scourge of Villanie, by the same. All printed before the year 1600: London, printed by Robert Horsefield, at the Crown in Ludgate Street, 1764.*”

8°. pp. 234.



I MERELY mention this volume of old poetry, revived by the late Rev. John Bowle, the Editor of *Don Quixote*, to recall it to the reader’s notice, as it is a useful reprint, which does not now often occur.



## Biographiana.

59. *Sir Walter Mildmay, Founder of Emanuel College, Cambridge, died 1589.*



M. Cole in his *M. S. Athen. Cantab.* in the Brit. Mus. says,

“The Master of Emanuel,” (Dr Farmer) “Oct. 2, 1780, lying at my house, pointed out to me a passage among the Notes to *Harington’s Translation of Ariosto’s Orlando Furioso*, B. 22, p. 175, from which it is evident that Sir Walter was an author as well as a Founder, and has a double claim to a niche in the Temple of Fame and honour at Cambridge, though the master with all his penetration, sagacity, industry, and labour, to his no small mortification, could never recover the book, either in public or private libraries, Booksellers’ shops, stalls, catalogues, and other places where his curiosity and zeal could suggest to him to look after it. It is probable only a few were printed for private friends in the same manner, and about the same time that Abp. Parker printed his *Translation of the Psalms*, which is not easy to be met with. The passage is this, where Sir John Harington speaking of the influence of divine justice following wicked actions, he gives this example:

“That wise and honourable counsellor, Sir Walter Mildmay, as in all other things he shewed himself an uncorrupt man to his end, so his writings and sayings were ever spiced with the reverent feare of God; for ‘*ex abundantia cordis os loquitur* :” and among other of his worth the noting, of which he himself gave me a *little volume*, when I was a boy at Eton College (the which since his death have been *published in print*) but one special verse he had to that effect in Latin, and was by me put in English, at the request of that honourable Gentleman (his son-in-law) Master William Fitzwilliams.

Ultio peccatum sequitur, delinquere noli;  
 Nam scelus admissum pœna severa premit  
 Quod si forte Deus patiendo differat iram,  
 Sera licet veneat, certa venire solet.

Flie Sinne; for sharp Revenge doth follow Sinne:  
 And wicked deeds do wrathful doomes procure,  
 If God stay longe, ere he to strike beginne,  
 Though long he stay, at last he striketh sure.

A worthie saying of a most worthie man! and thus much for the moral."\*

George Etheridge, a physician of Queen Elizabeth, dedicated in 1588, his Commentary upon Paul Egineta's Book of Medicines.

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60. *Thomas Morell, D. D of King's College, Cambridge, Rector of Buckland, in Herefordshire.*

Cole says, "Dr Morell is my old acquaintance; was born, as I take it, at Eton, where at least his mother and sister kept a boarding house, while I was of that school: but by keeping low company, especially of the musical tribe, and writing their operas, and mixing much with them, he let himself down so as not to be taken notice of in the road to preferment. His great friend, and from whose patronage he expected much, Mons. Des Noyers, Dancing-Master, and greatly intimate with Frederick, Prince of Wales, died before he could get any thing for him: though a very ingenious, good-tempered man, and a good scholar: but always in debt, and needy, so as frequently to be obliged to abscond. He had a new office created for him in our Antiquary Society about a year or two ago, (I write this June 25, 1777) where he is one of the Secretaries. He married a lady of good family of the name of Barker, but happily, I think, has no issue. One of his best performances, for he is a frequent writer, is Mr. Hogarth's *Analysis of Beauty*, which is supposed to have been written by him."

"Mr. Nichols, p. 33 of his *Life of Hogarth*, says that Dr. Benjamin Hoadley, M. D. began and finished two parts of the *Analysis of Beauty*, and Dr. Morell finished it for the Author, Mr. Hogarth."—*Cole's Ath. Cantab.*

"I value my copy," says Cole, "of the Translation of Orlando the more, though it has lost its title-page, as it was given to me by my worthy old friend, honest and most ingenious man, Soame Jenyns, Esq. so long ago as 1743, who this factious season has the fortune to be refused by the Faction of Cambridge to be their Representative in the Bear Garden of St. James's." Oct. 3, 1780

61. *Thomas Cartwright, Leader of the Nonconformists, died in 1603.*

“ Dr. Matthew Sutcliffe had objected to Master Cartwright, that by the persecution he complained of, he was grown rich ; for which a puritan writer thus reproveth him.

“ Quære of Matthew Sutcliffe, who is always carping at Master Cartwright’s purchases, why Master Cartwright may not sell the lands he had from his father, and buy other with the money, as well as some of the Bishops, who by bribery, simony, extortion, racking of rents, wasting of woods, and such like stratagems, wax rich, and purchase great lordships for their posterity ?”

“ To which Dr. Sutcliffe thus replied : ‘ I do not carp alway, no, nor once at Master Cartwright’s purchase. Let him purchase and buy at pleasure, I hinder him not ; I envy him not. Only thus much must tell him, as I did once, that Thomas Cartwright, a man that hath more lands of his own in possession than any Bishop that I know, and that fareth daintily every day, and feedeth fair and fat, and lieth as soft as any tenderling of that brood, and hath won much wealth in short time, and will leave more to his posterity than any Bishop, should not cry out either of persecution, or of excess of Bishop’s livings, whose poverty I might, but I will not disclose. He is a most happy man that with selling a cottage, and so much ground as would scarce graze three goslings, worth at the uttermost but twenty nobles yearly, can purchase two or three hundred marks land ; and gladly would I learn that secret.’ *Kennet’s MSS. from Sutcliffe’s Answer to Cartwright, 1592.*

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62. *William Watson and William Clarke, Roman Priests and Traitors, executed 1603.*

“ William Watson, priest, is a man of the lowest sort, about six and thirty years of age ; his hair betwixt a bran and flaxen : he looketh asquint, and is very purblind ; so as if he read any thing, he putteth the paper near to his eyes. He did wear his beard at length, of the same coloured hair, as is his head ; but information is given that now his beard is cut.”

“ William Clarke, priest, is a man of middle stature, inclining to the lower sort, about the age of six and thirty years: his hair is between red and yellow; he keepeth his beard close cut: he is not lean, nor corpulent, but betwixt both; rather lean.” *Kennet's MSS. from Rymer's Fœdera*, xvi. p. 500.

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63. *Dr. Peter Lillye, (grandson of William Lillye, the Grammarian) died 1614.*

EPITAPH

Upon a fair marble stone in the Chancel of the Savoy Church.

“ Here lie interred the bodies of Peter Lillye, Doctor of Divinity, one of the Brothers of the Savoy, Prebend of Paul's, and Archdeacon of Taunton, who died at the Savoy, A. D. 1614, and of Dorothy Lillye, his vertuous wife, who also died at the Savoy the 1 of June, 1627; and of Mary Lillye, their only daughter, who departed this life at Fulham, 10 Oct. 1625.” *Ibid.*

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64. *Sir James Dyer, Chief Justice, died in the beginning of 1582.*

“ In the Register Book of Great Stoughton, Com. Hunt. where Sir James Dyer had his seat, afterwards belonging to Sir Edward Coke, now (1718) in possession of my son in law, Col. John Howe, are these entries:

“ 1583. Sepultus fuit Jacobus Dyer Capitalis Justitiarius de Banco, 25 die Martii.

“ 1588. Baptizatus Richardus Dyer filius Richardi Militis, 15 die Dec.

“ 1605. Sepultus fuit Dominus Richardus Dyer Miles, 18 die Dec.

“ 1608. Baptizatus Richardus Dyer filius 2dus. Dni. Willi Dyer Mil. et. Katherinæ uxoris ejus.”

“ On the north side of the Chancel a fair monument affixed to the wall of alabaster and touch, with this inscription:

“ Here lyeth sir James Deyer, Kt. sometime Lord Chief Jus-

tice of the Common Pleas, and Dame Margaret his wife, which Dame Margaret was here interred, the 26th. day of August, in the year 1560, and he the said sir James upon the 25th of March; 1583.

“ Patruo majori charissimæque ejus conjugii  
Amantissime posuit Richardus Dyer miles.”

*On another Monument adjoining.*

“ Here lyeth sir Richard Deyer, Kt. last one of the Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber to our Sovereigne Lord King James, and Dame Mary his wife, daughter to sir William Fitzwilliams, Kt. sometime Lord Deputy of Ireland, which Dame Mary was here interred the two and twentieth day of October, in the year 1601; and he the said sir Richard the four and twentieth day of December in the year 1605.”\* *Ibid.*

#### 65. *Dr. Thomas Nevill, Dean of Canterbury.*

“ Whereas the officers of arms have lately been moved to deliver their opinion unto whom the right of the Black Cloath or Pall doth appertain which covereth the grave of any defunct after the burial; the question being wrong debated, it was called to remembrance that at the funeral of Dr. Nevill, Dean of Canterbury, in the Cathedral there, happened the like question; and it was resolved that whatsoever was laid over any grave, not in the body of the Church, but about and above the quire, was the Chanter's, and whatsoever was below, was the Sexton's. This was made evident by some testimonies of what had been received from the covering of the grave of Cardinall Chastillion, that coming into England upon some treaty, died here. And something was also proved by the testimony of aged men, that remember what was done at Dean Wotton's before his tomb was set up.

“ I, John Phillipot, Somerset Herald, was Clarencieux Camden's deputy, at the funeral of Dean Nevill, and do testify the premises to be true.

J. PHILLIPOTT, Somersett, Herald.

*Dated at the Office of Armes, 29 April, 1633.” Kennel's MSS.*

\* See in Rymer, xv. p. 350, the patent for making Sir James a Serjeant, 1 Mar. 1553.

66. *Gray the Poet.*

W. Cole in his account of the funeral of Roger Long, Master of Pembroke Hall, who died Dec. 16. 1770, aged 91, says,

“ That very day I received a letter on my getting home from Mr. Horace Walpole, to desire me to call on Mr. Gray, Fellow Commoner of Pembroke, who was at the funeral, but being at the combination room, I would not call him from his company, tho' had been at his chambers. I wrote the next day a note to him with Mr. Walpole's message, and in a jocose way I told him of the unceremonious and indecent manner of the funeral, and concluded by saying, that after what happened in the Chapel, to compleat all, they had taken the poor Master from a warm hall, and a noble fire, and flung him into a well or ditch half full of water. Mr. Gray's answer by my servant was :

“ *To Mr. Cole of Milton.*

“ How did we know, pray? Nobody here remembered another burying of the kind: shall be proud of your advice the next opportunity, which we hope will be some forty years hence. I am sorry you would not send for me last night. I shall not be able to wait on you chez vous, so soon as I would wish, for I go in a few days to town, where I shall see Mr. Walpole. Adieu! at my return we shall meet.” *Sat. 22 Dec. 1770.*

Mr. Gray's ARMS on the seal are, *a lion rampant in a border engrailed*, and CREST, *a harrow*.

“ Poor Mr. Gray little thought, no more than myself, when he wrote me the above note, that his own funeral would be next! I never saw him since that evening; tho' had frequent messages and books from him. He died at his chambers in Pembroke Hall, Tuesday, July 30, 1771, of the gout in his stomach.” *Cole's Ath. Cantab.*

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 67. *John Le Neve of Trinity College.*

“ *Fasti Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*, &c. attempted by John Le Neve, Gent, late Fellow Commoner of Trinity College in Cambridge. In the Savoy, 1716, fol. Dedicated to Bishop Fleetwood, in which and in the preface, he gives you to understand, that his enemies,

In order to put a stop to the work, maliciously contrived his imprisonment, in order to ruin both the author and the design. He says Bp. Kennet was the great and principal contributor to the work from his vast collections: and indeed I have heard Mr. Browne Willis say, that although Mr. Le Neve had the name and credit of the work, yet Bishop Kennet was the real author of it. I have added a pretty deal to it, which I may possibly some time or other extract from it, and put into some of my other MSS. that they may not be lost on the dispersion of my books." *Cole's Ath. Cantab.*

His collection of Monumental Inscriptions are well known.

Peter Le Neve was of Trinity College, Cambridge. Sir Wm. Le Neve was of Caius College.

68. *Dr. Michael Lort, D. D. Fellow of Trinity College, 1770.*

"This learned and ingenious Gentleman is of Welsh extraction, educated at Westminster school, afterwards in Trinity College, whence he removed into the family of the great ornament of his profession, and most eminent scholar, Dr. Richard Mead; to whom he was librarian till his death.

Bishop Lort Mansel is his nephew, son of a medical man\* in Pembroke-shire." *Cole.*

69. *Robt. Lamb, Bishop of Peterborough.*

"Died in the first week of Nov. 1769, at Hatfield, being taken ill on horseback in the field while hunting: a bon vivant, by which he injured his health—but much esteemed. His brother was the late Sir Matthew, steward and agent for the Earl of Salisbury, who died very rich a little before him. Both said to be ignorant in their professions, one as a divine—the other as a lawyer." *Cole.*

70. *Some MS. authorities supplying the defects of all accounts yet given of Robert Parsons, Jesuite, who died in 1610.*

"A Paper† of intelligence out of Spain to a Minister of the En-

\* Surgeon. † Collect. of Papers in 1596, vol. iii. penes Tho. Nugent, Cant. Archieps.

glish Court in 1592, advising that Father Parsons had received above 300 letters out of England, in applause and approbation of his *Book of Succession*: That my Lord Chief Justice found in the said book nothing seditious or treasonable; and so dismissed the merchants that brought them in: That the Catholics, after the book once seen, made search in the Tower, and found certain records confirming greatly the exceptions against Katherine Swinford's issue: That Father Staplcton offered to defend that book with his tongue and pen: That they design to create an English Cardinal, which, if their plot succeed, will be Father Parsons; who designs to publish two books, the one entitled *The Declaration of the King of Spain's Intention*; the second, *A Reformation of Imperfections, as well of Matters of Estate, as of Religion in England*.

The subject of *The Book of Declaration*: First, that the King's intention is not any way to annex England to the Crown of Spain, but that he will leave the election to a free Parliament, which he doubteth not, considering the commodities that may arise thereby to the country, will conclude upon the Infanta.

The subject of the *Book of Reformation*: A general reformation to be proposed in the first Parliament of all estates, especially of the errors committed in Q. Mary's days. Universities to be erected in every diocese. A form how to draw men to the Catholic Religion, without compulsion or inquisition, by conference, preaching, and good example. A form to deal with Schismatics, not to trust them or admit them to government, before they have made the spiritual exercise, &c.

Dr. Christopher Bagshaw, his Fellow-Collegiate and Fellow-Priest, gave the best account of his behaviour and expulsion at Baliol College, Oxford, which had Mr. Wood seen and considered, he could hardly have been so partial in favour of this Jesuite. See Dr. Christopher Bagshaw's *Answer to Apologie*, at the end of *Dr. Ely's Notes*, 1602, 8vo. p. 32.

The rigid Lutherans would rather agree with the Church of Rome than with the Calvinists. He that is conversant with the writings of Hunnius and Graverus, will think as I do: the first of which hath so bitterly written again Calvin, that Parsons the Jesuit furnished himself by compiling Hunnius his books.



This religious man, Father Parsons, borrowed Mr. *Dolman's* name, a secular Priest, and dedicated his book to the Earl of Essex, when he was in his . . . , which trick brought that priest into some danger then.

His ambition and steps towards a Cardinal's cap are best represented by the same Dr. Ely. His industry in getting seminaries erected, &c. Yet Dr. Cecil attributes the beginning of the seminaries in Spain to his own activity, and that Father Parsons did but build upon his foundation. *Ibid*, p. 211.

Of his false pretensions of loyalty to Q. Eliz. and his extraordinary courtship to her, see *Dr. Bagshaw's Answer* at the end of *Dr. Ely's Notes*, p. 11." *Kennet*.

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71. *Sir Philip Sydenham, Bart. of Brimpton, Somersetshire.*

"Born, I believe, between 1680 and 1690; for when I first knew him in 1726, he seemed between 40 and 50. Died a bachelor about 1744. His estate of 4000*l.* a year he much wasted by expensive living and freakish generosity. Being disappointed in love with a lady, after the match was agreed on, affected his brain. Sold the remains of his estate to his cousin Humphry Sydenham, Esq. M. P. for Exeter in several parliaments, only reserving 400*l.* a year for his life. Drank very freely; loved books of English Antiquities; collected a large library of such and of divinity, of which last he gave away many to private clergymen. Most of his books remained many years packed up in boxes, and were so when he died, he having no house to put them in; living in lodgings in various places in Holborn, Hadley, Whetstone, Friar-Barnet. Superstitious; died a Roman Catholic: never did any one considerable deed of charity, as I heard; but gave away many half-crowns to the poor, and to drawers at taverns, where he generally dined. His brain unsettled: I never heard he was confined. He was not like me, for he had no terror on his mind, or lost his limbs. I was much trusted by him; and I never imposed on him, or I might have got much from him by asking at proper times; but others I believe did." *From a MS. addition to Mr. Haslewood's copy of Lloyd's Worthies.*

“ *Fragmenta Prophetica, or the Remains of George Wither, Esq.; being a Collection of the several Predictions dispers'd throughout his Works. Some verified in the Author's life time; many yet unfulfill'd, the accomplishment whereof seem very probable. The last Work of the Author, and collected by his own hand a little before his death.*

Prov. xxii. 3.

*A prudent man foreseeth the evil.*

*London, printed, and are to be sold at Temple-Barr, and in Bishops-gate-street, 1669.”*



“ *A Preface to the following Review, offering somewhat therewith considerable.*

“ THIS *Preface*, and the following *Review*, were not without good reason personated as written by a Third person; yet perhaps may make it questionable, whether they were done by the Author of the Books abbreviated, or by another hand; but that is not material: for they express nothing save what may be by him justified in every circumstance; and therefore it shall so pass. He was thirteen years old when Queen Elizabeth reigned; and even at that time begun to observe both the works of God, and the actions of Men; so continuing to do, from time to time, whereby (with God's gracious assistance) he was preserved from grossly falling into, and persevering in those sins whereto he was naturally prone; and came into the world at a time which gave him such an experimental knowledge both of God and men, as he could not have had in many preceding

generations ; for he hath lived to see Eleven Signal Changes, in which, not a few Signal Transactions providentially occurred ; to wit, under the Government of Queen Elizabeth, King James, Charles the first, the King and Parliament together, the Parliament alone, the Army, Oliver Cromwell, Richard Cromwell, a Council of State, the Parliament again, and now King Charles the Second ; during all which times he lived in those places, and in such middling stations, between persons of the highest and lowest degree, exercised in employments which gave him opportunity to heed what was done, both by those who were above and below him. God had also bestowed upon him a faculty, which (though it be despised, and he therewith but meanly endowed) would not permit him to be altogether idle or silent ; for it compelled him to a consciencious exercise of his talent in that which he thought required at his hand ; and to take all occasions from time to time happening, to commemorate, and offer to consideration, those things whereby God might be glorified, and his countrymen benefited in some degree ; which duty (though not so well as he would) he hath so well as he could prosecuted to this day.

He begun very early, by expressing and publishing those Conceptions which the Affections and Inclinations of Youth had awakened in him ; endeavouring to season them with as much Morality and Piety as subjects of that nature are capable of ; suiting them to capacities of young men, who delight to see their own Natural Passions represented as it were in a glass ; wherein they not only met with some better things than they looked for, but with such Notions also therewith mixed, as insinuated into their hearts that seasoning, which made them much delighted with his Poems, and rendered him so generally known, that many thousands were desirous to peruse his future Writings, and to take better heed of that whereof else perhaps they had taken little or no notice, though expressed by a more elegant and learned author. It likewise encouraged him to

assume all occasions to prosecute that which might most rebound to God's glory, and the edifying of men in faith and righteousness, though it were to his personal disadvantage in carnal concernments. And God hath given him comfort therein, carrying him on hitherto through all difficulties occurring, though by impartially discharging his conscience in such a mode as had provoked many powerful persons to prosecute him with indignation; for his frequent reproofs have been very offensive, notwithstanding they were in general terms only, without personal aspersions, and with as much charity and tender respect to every man's infirmities, and unwilling failings, as to his own.

Length of time hath given him so many several occasions to declare what he thought necessary or expedient, that his published Poems and Writings amount now to about a hundred, besides many never printed; in which, though he hath exprest much to the same purpose (in various forms and words) yet the same or like occasions warrant the application of the same or like matter and words, as the practice of the holy Prophets and Apostles hath evidenced to be some times necessary, for, that medicine which operates not at one time, doth work effectually at another, on the same persons, or upon those of another constitution: meats also, variously dressed, are pleasing to their appetites, and well digested by their stomachs, who almost loathed them when often eaten cook't the same way. And so it is in this case. Wherefore he hath endeavoured to put his matter into such a dress (otherwile in prose, and otherwile in a poetical mode) that it may suit with vulgar capacities, and not be despised by the most judicious; mixing so far forth as may be decent, delight and profit, according to this old verse,

*Et prodesse solent, et delectare poetæ.*

His presuming to give counsel to them who neither desire it, nor care for his advice, hath much offended many, and made them heedless of that which might have prevented their sorrow;

but it hath pleased and benefited some ; and that makes him slight their proverb, which forbids coming to give counsel before we are called. And he hath nevertheless prosecuted the multiplying of Doctrinal Remembrances, Exhortations, Precautions and Predictions, (to prevent that which the neglect of them will produce) until they amounted to that numerousness which appears in those Books whereof this is an Abridgment. And, by considering upon whose promises and threatenings they are grounded, he hath not been afraid to predict conditionally those mercies and judgments which are promised and menaced in those Books here abbreviated. And some will find that which is not yet verified upon Wilful Delinquents to be at last as truly fulfilled as those which they have seen ; though the world hath made it one of her principles to believe and profess that prophesying hath long time ceased ; because her wise men think, as the apostle Peter said prophane men would do in the later times, who scoffingly say, ‘ Where is the promise of his coming ; for, since the Fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the Creation,’ 1 Pet. iii. 4. Indeed, prophesying is at an end, as touching saving faith, or any new fundamental articles thereto pertaining. But, the Spirit of Propheisie, as foretelling what shall come to pass in relation to those Mercies or Judgments, which shall be the reward of well-doing, and the punishment of evil-doers, in this life, is not taken away or ceased, as it hath been manifested in and by many, who have had in our dayes revelations of such things before they came to pass, and have been living witnesses of their predicting them before-hand ; as also of their being afterwards fulfilled ; and in particular of that judgment whereby the glory of London was this year consumed, (though that will not come into every man’s creed : for, before the said Fire, this Author was informed by a credible person, (who was afterward a great sufferer thereby) of a vision representing such a Conflagration in London as there befell soon after. He himself also had confused pre-apprehensions of the

like effect, when he sent forth his *Warning-piece* to *London*, published 1662, occasioned by a sudden fire in the night at Lothbury, near the middle of that city, which then consumed the house of an eminent citizen, with all the inhabitants therein. Dr. Gell, a learned and conscientious preacher to this city, seemed also to have had the like impressions upon his heart, both by what he communicated to some friends in private, and by a printed Sermon of his, preached before the Lord Mayor upon that text, Mat. 24. wherein the coming of the Son of Man is parallel'd with the coming of the flood in the days of Noah. The same Sermon contains a narrative (which he avers was attested by many witnesses) to wit, That about two years before his preaching of that Sermon, The sign of the Son of Man, even of Christ on the cross, wounded in his hands and feet, and Angels round about him, appeared at Frankendale in Germany, to the view of thousands, three hours together at mid-day. Moreover it is credibly avowed, that a book was brought to be published a little before the said fire, fore-declaring what we have seen come to pass, and was refused by the printer, because not licensed; and the same printer being afterward busy to help quench the fire, and then seeing that same person passing by, told him, he suspected his hand to be in the kindling thereof: whereto the man answered, That had he been accessory to such a wicked purpose or action, he should not have offered that to publication, whereby it might probably have been prevented; adding these words, That ere long there would be a more dreadful execution by the sword, than that was by the fire; (which, whosoever that man was, or upon what ground soever he spake, it may probably come to pass) and a famine follow that, if God should deal with us according to our demerits.

This Review is in the first place entituled, *An Eccho from the Sixth Trumpet*; because it allusively reverberateth, and echoes, as it were, to what was predicted should come to pass between the sounding of the Sixth and Seventh Trumpet, upon

pouring forth the Sixth Viol, the sad effects whereof are partly felt at this day by many who consider not from whence they proceed, that they might have been as effectual to make them happy, as they will also be to make them more miserable both here and hereafter. Now if upon the whole matter it should be questioned (as perhaps it may) upon what warrantable grounds this author presumes this generation is guilty of such and so many provocations, as have rendered it liable to God's judgments, conditionally predicted in his former writings; he thereto answers, That beside his personal knowledge thereof acquired by long experience, (and the witness which he believes the Spirit of God beareth in his heart thereunto) common fame is a good concurrent evidence (especially in this case;) for, though in many things Fame is a liar, yet in such cases as this, *Vox Vulgi* is *Vox Dei*, *The Voice of the People is the Voice of God* to their consciences, bearing witness against themselves, as justly meriting all the judgments predicted by his prophets, against such sin as they have committed: and they always carry in themselves (though seldom heeded) their accusation and sentence of condemnation.

It is no marvel if God's long-suffering is little regarded, whilst he is slow to wrath, and executes fore-threatened plagues upon some persons and places with less terror and severity than upon some other, or upon the same persons at other times: for, now when they came thick, fell heavily and more dreadfully upon them than heretofore, the greatest number are so far from being reformed, that they grow more impudent malefactors, as it was predicted it would be in these last times, wherein they on whom the Viols of Wrath should be poured forth, blasphemed when they should have repented. But this excuses not those whom God qualifies for such services (though they shall be bemired and rent in pieces by some) if they shall not seasonably proclaim and reiterate precautions and exhortations as often as just occasions are offered; and therefore this *Review of neglected Remembrances*, is thought pertinent at this

time, though they were heretofore scoffingly termed prophecies, and will at this day be as little regarded by many; and it is hoped also, this labour will not be quite lost, but have a kindly operation on those who are not hardened into a final impenitence by customary sinning, and wilfully despising God's judgments and mercies; and that they may be likewise helpful to prevent the like obduracy in those who are not totally depraved.

Many who are forgetful or heedless of fore-warnings, counsels and precepts, which concern their present duties, are so much inclined to listen after those predictions which presage their happiness or unhappiness hereafter, that, if the contrary were not apparent, it might probably be thought, they were less careful to secure their present, than their future enjoyments; for, they rake together all predictions new and old, which have a show of presaging that which they fear or hope for; entertaining each other at their Meeting-places with mutual repetitions of what they last heard to such purposes, how frivolous or improbable soever. This vanity, the seducer of mankind, and the deceitfulness of men's hearts, makes use of to divert the prosecution of their duties to God, to themselves, and to other men; and to frustrate those rational and seasonable predictions and precautions which might have prevented the greatest plagues conditionally menaced by the most holy prophets. By delighting more to hear what is to come, than what men ought to do; they seem to think all good counsels and endeavours less pertinent to their cognizance and practice, than an unprofitable, uncertain foresight of what is but conditionally predicted, and shall onely come to pass according as the conditions are performed or neglected. But, toward the cure of this distemper, human prudence can extend no further than the circumference of its own sphere.

Predictions expressed in ambiguous terms, and having neither certain significations or dependance, upon ought following or preceding, are ignorantly insisted upon as pertinent to those persons or places whereto they had probably no relation. Such



are many groundless figments cry'd about the streets, and pickt out of gypsie-like prognostications, to the abusing of ignorant people. Such are also the ridiculous Welsh Impostors, entituled *Taliefen*, the fiction termed the *Panther-Prophesie*; and Mother Shipton's *Prophesies*, so called, are thought considerable by some who suppose themselves no fools; and hereby predictions and premonitions grounded upon sound reason and divine truth, are unheeded or neglected.

However, there is and shall be a remnant preserved, who can distinguish between serious and trivial precautions; and to them, that which is here collected, will at some times be of good use, though the Author be yet in contempt, and in a suffering-condition. Let those therefore, into whose hands these come, be pleased to accept and improve them as they find cause; giving praise to God, who vouchsafeth timely fore-warnings to all places, persons and societies in every age; and memorials of that which brings on confusion and destruction to the glorifying of his righteousness, to the shame of presumptuous transgressors, and to make future times more cautious; speaking as well by the simple and mean, as by the wise and honourable, in terms fitted unto every capacity; as also in such various modes as might rouse them up out of security. And, now of late, seeing both dreadful and calm voices have been long slighted or neglected, he hath spoken to us by all the elements, yea, by pestilence, war, furious hurricanos, and devouring fire, joined together in a terrible consort: to which is added a concurrent presage in the hearts of most men, portending a general ruin, by their agreeing in that fear, how differing soever their affections and judgments be in other things; and doubtless a final execution of judgment is not far off, in regard their grand affairs in most places begin to resemble the constitution of that senate whereof it was said, That all the rest of the senators were ordered according to the pleasure of one among them; he governed by his wife, she by her child's nurse, and the nurse by her nursing.

According to our vulgar computation, this is the thousandth six hundred sixty and sixth year after our Saviour's birth, and will questionless, be a signal year, according to the pre-conjectures of many; yet, not extend to the total extirpation of his malignant kingdom, whose reign is to end in the 666th year after he was completely enthroned upon the seat of that *Beast*, which was to continue a thousand years in a declining estate, until the Mystery of Iniquity should be raised out of it to the full height; which time, (though they heeded it not) was mystically fore-declared in their own numerals, which in an orderly conjunction, according to their simple valuation, extends no further than to make MDCLXVI, comprehending the whole term limited to the Fourth Monarchy, with what should arise out of it, from the highest exaltation both of the First and Second *Beast*. The highest pitch of the First, the author believeth (as he hath frequently hinted in his Writings, published upon several occasions) was even then at full, when the Lord of Life was crucified under that power; for, till then it flourished. The number of years comprehending the Heathenish and Papal Antichristian tyranny, being MDCLXVI in the whole, was not to be reckoned as beginning immediately after Christ's birth, but after his crucifying or ascension; allotting the greatest numeral M, to wit, a thousand years, to the said First *Beast*, and DCLXVI years to the Second *Beast*, that being the number of the Name, or Power of that *Mystical Man of Sin*, whose reign will probably determine in or about the three or four and thirtieth year to come, if chronologers have truly informed us of the times past; and history rightly stated the progress of the Second *Beast*, to the height of his power, that we may know from what year to begin that number: But this is certain, though nor the year, nor the day can be precisely known, he hath not long to reign; for, all predictions will ere long end in one; and as it was said a little before the flood, God will not much longer strive with flesh; but, for the sakes of his Elect, shorten the time of Antichrist, which might else have been lengthned out to the

end of 6000 years after the creation, but that his fury will hasten his own destruction.

This —66th year shall be a preparative thereunto, though the Romanists insult, as if the Saints have mistaken the time of their Visitation; for, the late execution of judgment by devouring fire, (the like whereof, considering it was not accompanied with the sword, (was never, or very seldom heard of since the consuming of Sodom and Gomorrah) as are also other Epidemical judgments, prosecuted upon those of God's own house, not to destroy, but to purge it. When their fierce trial hath consumed the hay, stubble and Wooden Structures, which they have erected; when self-love, hypocrisie, the reliques of idolatry, and such other Babylonish corruptions (as of old, or newly crept in) are purged out; when the abominable pride, idleness and excess, which have here abounded, to the paralleling of Sodom, (considering what they wanted of what we had) are consumed, which nothing can burn up, except such irresistible fire as that of late, or somewhat thereto equivalent; and, when the saints have drunk so much of this bitter cup, as will suffice to cleanse them; then shall the Scarlet Whore, and her vaunting confederates, swallow down the dreggs, finding themselves deceived in the expectation of those consequents which their emissaries have predicted in silly rimes dispersed since the said fire, to insinuate that the executions now in act will be destructive to them onely who are departed out of their Babylon, and protested against it. For, though the purifying of God's family is thereby principally intended, the same judgments will have concurrent effects from year to year, toward the compleating of that which will be the final doom of Rome's Babylon, when 666 years, as aforesaid, are determined after their mystery of iniquity was at height.

This author believes, that the saints' last purgatory is now commencing, and that it is made signal by the fire which in this year hath eclipsed the glory, and defaced the beauty of London, which is to our Israel of God, the same which Jerusalem in

Palestine was to his Israel at that time. London was the greatest, the most famous, and the most potent of all the cities wherein the protestant religion was visibly professed in opposition to the papacy; and among other considerable circumstances, that Mercy whereby the execution of Divine Justice was managed, during this year's visitation hitherto, do manifest that they have a special relation to God's inheritance. The most magnificent and the noblest part of this ancient city was wholly and suddenly consumed; her sad inhabitants looking on, were disabled to quench it, till it had destroyed (with many thousands of other structures, great and small) above a hundred temples and oratorios, beside colleges, schools and halls; one of her temples being reputed the greatest in Christendom, and wherein the Gospel had been preached, and God worshipped, and though not at all times by all according to the purity of his sanctuary, yet by some with as much sincerity, according to the degrees of their understanding as by any other national or congregational assemblies, until humane authorities presumed to set up their posts by God's posts, and magisterially imposed more than was enjoined or required by him; which presumption was aggravated by falling from their first love to Christ and their brethren; which love is the most signal mark of his disciples; yea an over-peremptory and too stiff an adhering by all parties dissenting in judgment, to their single opinions as touching things indifferent in their own nature, hath partly (if not principally) occasioned that overflowing and complication of plagues wherewith we are now afflicted throughout these three nations, and in this our head city, in which (if we may believe travellers) both her own citizens and strangers were preserved in more safety by night and by day, and as well and civilly governed, according to moral principles and external forms of piety, as in any city throughout the world, so great, and so populous; yet the fury of the late fiery storm most raged, and made the saddest spectacle, and the most deformed marks of desolation, even in that part of the city wherein they

lived who were then reputed among the most generous, the most civil, the most charitable, and the most pious of her inhabitants; and though the best men had not the least share in that calamity, it was made tolerable by so many mercies wrapt up therewith, as do evidence, that God had a considerable number therein, and that the generality were no greater sinners than they whose dwellings escaped that judgment. The out-parts (except at the west end) were graciously spared, as Zoar was heretofore, for the sake of Lot, to be for the present time a refuge both to them who were chased away by the fire, and to their brethren, whose habitations were preserved for their joint comfort; and of this mercy the best and worst of men had equal portions, in some respects, because their time is not yet come, wherein God will be fully avenged on his and their enemies.

Though probably that fire was both kindled and increased by wicked hands, Divine Providence (who permitted those to be his executioners) carried it on as well against the wind, when it blew very strongly, as with it; and by taking away their hearts who were successfully active at other times in preventing such beginnings, permitted it to proceed so far: and when God's fiery messenger was in the height of his career, bounded his rage at paper-building, after it had broken irresistibly through thick and strong edifices of brick and stone. It is considerable also, that this fire was not permitted to extend into those contiguous buildings, streets and allies, wherein the greatest oppressors, the most prophane, the most impudent, the most debauched, and the most irreligious persons were commonly famed to have their dwellings intermixt with such as were of a civil and pious conversation; for few or no places were then touched by the fire, wherein either a publick theater, or a common gaming-house, or a notorious brothel-house, or a may-pole, or a popish chappell was at that time standing, which it may be, some think, so hallowed the places, that the fire could not prevail against them; whereas it rather demonstrates, that

this visitation extends primarily to God's own people ; and that the utter extirpation of antichrist, and his prophane associates, is deferred till a time yet to come. Yet, in the mean while, (though few lay it to heart) God will inflict upon every particular member of that wicked society, in his generation, so much of their temporal dooms as will amount to the whole at their live's end ; and therefore seeing their last doom (for aught they know) may be to-morrow, or this present hour, it will be dangerous to defer penitence, because they think the last day of judgment may be far off. This, and the preceding affirmatives will, peradventure, be distasteful to those time-pleasing parasites, (as also to them who delight in gross flatteries) who preach peace, and prognosticate glorious consequences to the proceedings of this generation. But the wrath of such will not prevent the failing of their unwarrantable expectations.

God's promises and threatnings unto all  
 Predicted are, with a conditional  
 Express or tacit ; and (although they seem  
 Pronounc'd absolutely, at some time)  
 May be reversible according to  
 Our faith, and acting what we ought to do :  
 For we are taught by many presidents,  
 That, like proceedings will have like events,  
 Till somewhat interveneth to dispense  
 Judgment and mercy with a difference.  
 Most part of what this author did predict,  
 Hath variously already took effect :  
 And, if aught is deferred, or abated,  
 Of that which was by him prognosticated  
 Against this generation, or this place,  
 'Tis meerly an effect of God's free-grace,  
 By him vouchsafed, for their sakes, by whom  
 A seed must be preserv'd till He shall come,

Whose coming and whose reign will put an end  
 To all their sufferings, who for him attend  
 In faithful patience, and he will enable  
 To bear mean while what seems intolerable.

That, nothing contained in the following *Review* may justly be suspected, as therein too lately shuffled, a Catalogue of the Imprinted Books, out of which it was gathered as they come to hand, being gotten together with much difficulty shall be added in the close, with a direction to the pages wherein their abbreviation is begun, corrected in those places where faults have escaped at the press, there being very many, by reason of the authors not being present, and there are some such gross mistakes, that he could hardly make out his own meaning. It shall mention also the years wherein the said books were the first, or a second time imprinted; in which it is to be heeded, that the Book-sellers usually postdate the first impressions, that the books may seem new a little the longer.

This is as much as shall be offered for a *Preludium* to the following *Review*; concluded with humbly desiring their prayers to whom this shall come, that this and all the author's endeavours may be sanctified to the glory of God, and to the rendering of his judgments and mercies effectual to the salvation of our souls, by true faith, hearty penitence and mutual love in Christ Jesus; and they are also desired not to impute to a corrupt self-end, his now purposed with-drawing from this city: for, he hath been this Isle's Remembrancer, and continued with this city both in her sicknesses and health, in war and peace, almost sixty years together, (with a little absence at some times) taking all occasions hitherto offered, to remember her from to time, of such things as he thought might probably conduce to her welfare; insomuch that he now knows not what he can say or do, more than he hath already said or done to that purpose; he not having so much regard vouchsafed for his good intentions, from any of her chiefs as might have been

expected for penning one speech to illustrate her Lord Mayor's pageants; though he was often (for no ill-deserving) a close prisoner within her jurisdiction, so despoiled of all whereby to clothe and feed him, that he had then perished, if a few strangers, and some of her middling and inferior citizens had not by God's mercy, been charitably inclined to compassionate his condition: that strait being still the same, and many of those now dead, some impoverished, and the remainder, for the most part, so scattered since the late pestilence and fire, that nor he nor they now know where to find each other without much difficulty; he being wearied, and almost worn out, is constrained to prepare a retreating place for himself and his consort, which he hath prepared at a lonely habitation in his native countrey, (where he neither had, or look't for much respect) thither he resolves to retire with as much speed as he can, there to wait upon God's future dispensations during the remainder of his life, or until Providence otherwise disposeth of him; not doubting but that he shall rest therewith gratefully contented, where-soever it shall be, because he hath had assurance by many demonstrations of God's good will to the whole human nature, of a special love to him; and well knows his Eternal Mercy to be infinite over all his works.

Though Lot a while in Zoar stai'd,  
 There long to abide he was afraid;  
 And many now begin to fear  
 There will be little safety here;  
 Because they see, hear, and believe  
 What makes them both to fear and grieve.  
 Yet, in his place let each man stay  
 Until God calleth him away,  
 By straitning of his path-ways here,  
 Or, by enlarging them elsewhere.  
 And, let him careful be, that whither  
 He moves, he bears not our sinnes thither;



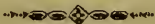
For, to what place soe'er we go,  
 The same sinns bring the same plagues too,  
 And there is means of saving-grace  
 For penitents in ev'ry place.'

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*A Postscript.*

“ THE uncertainty and changeableness of all temporal things make us accordingly mutable in our purposes. And whereas the Author of the several books here abbreviated, intended a retirement to a solitary habitation in the place of his nativity, (upon such considerations as were expressed in the Preface of this *Review*) his friends resident in and near London, not approving thereof, have perswaded him to the contrary, by making it probable, that future inconveniences would be thereby rather multiplied than diminished: now, therefore, by considering therewithall, that where God's judgments are most visible, his mercy will be there as much evidenced to all who love and trust unfeignedly in him, he resolveth to continue where he is, until he can stay there no longer, lest he may bury himself alive by removing far from them, by whose charity God hath hitherto preserved him.

There are faults escaped in the imprinting or transcribing of this *Review*, which the Author's late sickness disabled him to take notice of: the Readers are therefore desired to correct and amend them according to their own discretion.



*The names of those printed Books heretofore written by George Wither, out of which this First Part of this Review of Neglected Remembrances, Precautions, and Predictions was collected; mentioning the years in which they were the First or Second time imprinted.*

|                                                                                          |        |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| Britan's Remembrancer, imprinted 1627.                                                   | pag. 1 |
| The Author's Motto, <i>Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo</i> ,<br>imprinted 1618.           | p. 47  |
| Campo Musæ, or Field-Musings, imprinted 1644.                                            | p. 49  |
| The Dark Lanthorn, imprinted 1650.                                                       | p. 57  |
| The Perpetual Parliament, imprinted 1650.                                                | p. 69  |
| The Author's Emblems, imprinted 1634.                                                    | p. 78  |
| An Interjection, being a sudden Ejaculation cast in at<br>the Collecting of this Review. | p. 85  |
| Vaticinium Causuale, imprinted 1655.                                                     | p. 100 |
| Verses to the King's Majesty, imprinted 1662.                                            | p. 103 |
| A Thankful Retribution, imprinted 1649.                                                  | p. 109 |
| Boni Ominis Votum, imprinted 1656.                                                       | p. 115 |
| A Si Quis, or Queries, imprinted 1648.                                                   | p. 119 |
| The Author's Petition, imprinted 1648.                                                   | p. 125 |
| The Tyred Petitioner, imprinted without date.                                            | p. 128 |
| Se Defendendo, imprinted without date.                                                   | p. 132 |
| Justitarius Justificatus, impr. without date.                                            | p. 131 |
| Vox Pacifica, imprinted 1645.                                                            | p. 132 |
| Carmen Expostulatorium, imprinted 1647.                                                  | p. 146 |
| Letters of Advice, imprinted 1644.                                                       | p. 152 |
| A Cause allegorically stated, impr. 1657.                                                | p. 159 |
| Mercurius Rusticus, imprinted without date.                                              | p. 161 |
| What Peace to the Wicked, imprinted 1646.                                                | p. 163 |
| An Address to the Members of Parliament, imprinted<br>1657.                              | p. 175 |
| Halelujah, or Britan's Second Remembrancer, imprinted<br>1641.                           | p. 183 |

THE Editor has been induced to dwell longer on the works of George Wither by an opinion which he has entertained, that these entire Reprints of short Tracts, and extended extracts of others, would be acceptable to his readers. Some rumours have now reached him, which make him suspect that he has mistaken their taste. Perhaps they wish for more variety: a single number may undoubtedly be rendered more diversified by shorter articles; but the arrangement, when the work swells into volumes, will thus become much less convenient and instructive.

The Editor had hoped, by proposing to mix entire Reprints with more miscellaneous matter, he had greatly improved his plan. If his readers think otherwise, it is vain for him to contend against their opinion. Perhaps he owes it to himself to say that he will be no one's slave. His labour is unmercenary; his motive, a pure and unmingled love of literature. But he never undertook to give up his whole time, or the greater part of his time to this work. Of private avocations he will say nothing; though even they are more than enough to occupy a mind incapable of strenuous exertion and enduring fortitude. The public calls on his attention are neither few nor light. The candid peruser of his antiquarian amusements ought to know that bibliographical minutiae and literary antiquities form a very small part of his intellectual occupations.

He always flatters himself that he shall find more time for industrious illustration, and original disquisition and criticism, than the Printer's quickly succeeding calls at length allow. But as it ever was his

principle, not to refrain from doing what was in his power, because it fell immeasurably short of his wishes and hopes, he has hitherto persevered. What has been done by this perseverance, the *Censura Literaria* and *British Bibliographer* will speak. If some of his readers are now discontented, they will know how to value these things when they are gathered into a larger body.

With regard to WITHER, much as has been said of him, much yet remains to be remarked. The Preface to the *Fragmenta Prophetica*, which has been here copied entire, is very curious, and in the Editor's opinion, highly entertaining and instructive. *Mere rarity* is not the reason for which he brings it forward: and he again reminds the reader that *mere rarity* is what he never will confine himself to, though it is intended to form one feature of his work.

It may not be inapposite here to give, from the *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1675,

*The Character of Wither, by Edward Phillips.*

“GEORGE WITHER, a most profuse pourer forth of English rhyme, not without great pretence to a poetical zeal against the vices of the times, in his *Motto*, his *Remembrancer*, and other such like satirical works. Besides which he turned into English verse *the Songs of Moses*, and other *Hymns* of the Old Testament, in all which and whatever else there is of his dispersed up and down, (for his works, however voluminous, have been scarce thought worthy to be collected into a volume) whosoever shall go about to imitate his lofty

style, may boldly venture to ride post and versify: Yet because vulgarly taken for a great Poet, and by some for a *Prophet*, in regard many things are fancied to have come to pass, which he pretended to predict, he must not be omitted. But the most of poetical fancy, which I remember to have found in any of his writings, is in a little piece of pastoral poetry, called *The Shepherd's Hunting*."

This little Poem, in praise of which Phillips coincides with the present Editor, will appear in a few days, in a new type from Bensley's press; and will, it is trusted, fully justify the commendation here given.

As long as simplicity is a primary quality of genius; as long as natural sentiments shall be of more general and more permanent attraction than the perverted operations of whimsical learning or whimsical manners; as long as the inexhaustible verdure and variety of fields and forests is more delightful than the formal ingenuity of a Dutch garden; so long will the easy and unstudied charms of Wither's Muse prevail over the laborious triflings of Donne, and Crashaw, and Herbert.

That Wither was not often lax, prosaic, flat, and vulgar, no one will assert: that in his *Juvenilia*, at least, he was often highly poetical, no one who has a genuine taste will venture to deny.

But even where his pieces have not the merit of good poetry, they are always illustrative of the manners and history of the times. The unexampled facility of their language makes them less fatiguing than any writings of a similar nature.

Wither seems in this respect to have known the character of his own mind and writings well, as the following passage from the *Preface*, which I cannot refrain from repeating, that I may recall it more strongly to the reader's attention, proves :

*“ He begun very early, by expressing and publishing those Conceptions which the Affections and Inclinations of Youth had awakened in him ; endeavouring to season them with as much Morality and Piety as subjects of that nature are capable of ; suiting them to the capacities of young men, who delight to see their own Natural Passions represented as it were in a glass ; wherein they not only met with some better things than they looked for, but with such Notions also therewith mixed, as insinuated into their hearts that seasoning, which made them much delighted with his Poems, and rendered him so generally known, that many thousands were desirous to peruse his future Writings, and to take better heed of that whereof else perhaps they had taken little or no notice, though expressed by a more elegant and learned author.”*

It has been observed in another place,\* that the active and restless part which Wither took in the bloody political contests of his own time, seems inconsistent with those pure and dignified sentiments which he has expressed with every appearance of fervid sincerity, in numerous parts of his writings. It is still more inconsistent with the zeal for piety and religion which he so eloquently and sometimes even sublimely displays in many of his Hymns and Spiritual Songs.

Yet we cannot refuse to give credit to the authority of his cotemporaries, that he was of a turbulent and

\* Memoir of Wither in the *British Bibliographer*.

fanatical temper. We can only make the same exclamation on this occasion, as reflections on mankind so frequently call for—how frail and imperfect is poor humanity!

There is something surely in Poets most unpropitious to their success in worldly affairs! Wither appears to have paid the price of ambition: yet he always seems to have been poor, and disappointed, and ill-used! Perhaps it may arise from this, among other causes, that Poets' feelings are too little under their command, and that their looks and language betray too vividly the internal movements of their hearts.

An eloquent *Essay on the Infelicity of Poets* would be full of the strongest interest, and the most affecting instruction. Then we should hang with agonizing sympathy over the sorrows of Dante and Petrarch and Tasso! Over the injuries, the hunger, and the despair of Spenser! Over the blindness, the dangers, and expected condemnation of Milton! Over the frenzy of Collins, the poisoned bowl of Chatterton, the desponding indignation of Burns, and the melancholy insanity of Cowper!

But what should we say of Wither? If he has the copiousness he wants the dignity of grief. He cannot be altogether freed from the epithet of querulous. There is something beneath the lofty mind of a Poet in the constant interference in the vulgar and dirty squabbles of party animosity. We cannot therefore always pity the insults to which he subjected himself, and the mortifications which he received from the triumph of meaner talents.



“ *Enchiridion: containing Institutions, &c. Written by Francis Quarles. 1681.*”\*

CENTURY I.

*Chap. 61. Hierarchy.*

“ In a mixt Monarchy, if the Hierarchy grow too absolute, it is wisdom in a prince rather to depress it than suppress it. All alterations in a fundamental government bring apparent dangers; but too sudden alterations threaten inevitable ruin. When Aaron made a molten calf, Moses altered not the government, but reproved the governour.

*Ch. 62. Fortress.*

Before thou build a fortress, consider to what end. If for resistance against the enemy, it is useless: a valiant army is a living fortress. If for suppressing the subject, it is hurtful: it breeds jealousies, and jealousies beget hatred. If thou hast a strong army to maintain it, it adds nothing to thy strength: if thy army be weak, it conduces much to thy danger. The surest fortress is the hands of thy souldiers, and the safest citadel is the hearts of thy subjects.

*Ch. 63. Peace.*

It is a princely alchemy, out of a necessary war to extract an honourable peace; and more beseeming the majesty of a prince to thirst after peace than conquest. Blessedness is promised to the peace-maker, not to the conquerour. It is a happy state whose prince hath a peaceful hand and a martial heart; able both to use peace, and to manage war.

\* See former Extracts at p. 462.



*Ch. 67. Discontents.*

When the humors of the people are stirred by discontents or popular grief, it is wisdom in a prince to give them moderate liberty to evaporate: he that turns the humour back too hastily, makes the wound bleed inwardly, and fills the body with malignity.

*Ch. 70. Clemency and Severity.*

Clemency and mildness is most proper for a principality, and reservedness and severity for a republic; but moderation in both. Excess in the one breeds contempt, in the other hatred. When to sharpen the first, and when to sweeten the last, let time and occasion direct thy judgment.

*Ch. 71. Encouragement.*

It is very requisite for a prince that desires the continuance of peace, in time of peace to encourage and respect his commanders. When brave spirits find neglect to be the effect of quiet times, they devise all means to remove the cause, and by suggesting inducements to new wars, disturb and unsettle the old peace; bringing private honour with public danger.

*Ch. 76. League.*

It behoves a prince to be very circumspect before he make a league; which being made and then broke, it is the forfeiture of his honour. He that obtains a kingdom with the rupture of his faith, hath gained the glory of a conquest, but lost the honour of a conqueror.

*Ch. 77. New Gentry.*

Let states that aim at greatness beware lest new gentry multiply too fast, or grow too glorious. Where there's too great a disproportion betwixt the gentry and the common sub-

ject, the one grows insolent, the other slavish. When the body of the gentry grows too glorious for a corslet, there the heads of the vulgar wax too heavy for the helmet.

*Ch. 84. Popular Sects.*

It is a high point of providence in a prince, to observe the popular sects in their first rise, and with a severe hand to nip them in the bud. But being once full aged, it is wisdom not to oppose them with too strong a hand ; lest in suppressing one, there arise two. A soft current is soon stopped ; but a strong stream resisted, breaks into many, or overwhelms all.

*Ch. 91. Virtue.*

If a prince expect virtuous subjects, let his subjects have a virtuous prince. So shall he the better punish the vices of his degenerate subjects : so shall they trulier prize virtue, and follow it ; being exemplified in their prince.

*Ch. 92. Deserts.*

It is the property of a wise commander to cast an eye rather upon actions than upon persons ; and rather to reward the merits of men, than to read the letters of cadies. He that for favour or reward prefers a worthless souldier, betrays a kingdom to advance a traytor.

*Ch. 94. Confidence.*

It is the quality of a wise commander to make his souldiers confident of his wisdom, and their own strength : if any danger be, to conceal it ; if manifest, to lessen it. Let him possess his army with the justness of the war, and with a certainty of the victory. A good cause makes a stout heart, and a strong arm. They that fear an overthrow, are half conquered.

*Ch. 95. Love and Fear.*

It is requisite in a general to mingle love with the severity of his discipline. They that cannot be induced to fear for love, will never be enforced to love for fear. Love opens the heart, fear shuts it : that encourages, this compels : and victory meets encouragement, but flees compulsion.

*Ch. 96. Weighty Service.*

It is the part of a well-advised state, never to entrust a weighty service unto whom a noted inquiry or dishonour hath been done. He can never be zealous in performance of service, the height of whose expectation can rather recover a lost name, than gain a fresh honour.

*Ch. 98. Commander.*

If thou art called to the dignity of a commander, dignify thy place by thy commands. And that thou mayest be the more perfect in commanding others, practise upon thyself. Remember thou art a servant to the publick weal ; and therefore forget all private respects either of kin or friend. Remember thou art a champion for a kingdom : forget therefore all private affections either of love or hate. He that would do his country right, must not be too sensible of a personal wrong.

*Ch. 99. Foreign Inclination.*

It is the part of a wise commander, to read books not so much as men, nor men so much as nations. He that can discern the inclinations and passions of a kingdom, gains his prince a great advantage both in peace and war.

*Ch. 100. Quo Warranto.*

And you, most high and mighty princes of this lower world, who at this intricate and various game of war, vye kingdoms

and win crowns ; and by the death of your renowned subjects, gain the lives of your bold-hearted enemies ; know, there is a *Quo Warranto* whereto you are to give account of your eye-glorious actions, according to the righteous rules of Sacred Justice. How warrantable it is to rend imperial crowns from off the sovereign heads of their too weak possessors, or to snatch scepters from out the conquered hand of Heaven's anointed majesty ; and, by your vast ambitions, still to enlarge your large dominions, with kingdoms ravisht from their natural princes,—judge you ! O let your brave designs and well-weighed actions be as just as ye are glorious : and consider that all your wars, whose ends are not to defend your own possessions or to recover your dispossessions, are but princely injuries, which none but Heaven can right. But where Necessity strikes up her hard alarms, or wrong'd Religion beats her zealous marches, go on, and prosper : and let both swords and stratagems proclaim a victory, whose nois'd renown may fill the world with your eternal glory.”

*The end of the first Century.*

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“ *Diana* ♦ of *George* of ♦ *Montemayor*. ♦ *Translated out of Spanish into* ♦ *English* by *BARTHOLOMEW* ♦ *YONG* of the *Middle* ♦ *Temple*, Gentleman. ♦ *At London* printed by *Edm. Bollifant*. ♦ *Impensis G. B.* ♦ 1593.”

Fol. pp. 496.



“ *To the right honourable and my very good Lady, the Lady Rich.\**

“ **RIGHT HONOURABLE**, such are the apparent defects of arte and judgement in this new pourtraied **DIANA**, that their discoverie must needs make me blush, and abase the worke, unlesse with undeserued fauour erected upon the high and shining pillar of your honourable protection, they may seeme to the beholder lesse or none at all. The glorie whereof as with reason it can no wais be thought woorthie, but by boldly aduenturing vpon the apparent demonstration of your magnificent minde, wherein all noble vertues have their proper seate, and on that singular desire, knowledge, and delight, wherewith your Ladyship entertaineth, embraceth, and affecteth honest endeouours, learned languages, and this particular subject of **DIANA**, warranted by all vertue and modestie, as **COLLIN**, in his French dedicatorie to the illustrious Prince Lewis of Lorraine, at large setteth downe and commendeth : now presenting it to so soveraigne a light, and relying on a gracious acceptance, what can be added more to the full content, desire, and perfection of **DIANA**, and of her unworthie Interpreter, (that hath in English attire exposed her to the view of strangers,) then for their comfort and defence to be armed with the Honourable titles and countenance of so high and excellent a Patronesse ? But as certaine yeares past, my Honourable good Lady, in a publike shewe at the Middle Temple, where your Honorable presence, with many noble Lordes and faire Ladies, graced and beautified those sportes, it befell to my lot, in that woorthie assemble, unwoorthilie to performe the part of a French orator, by a dedicated speech in the same toong, and that amongst so many good conceits, and such generall skill in toongs, all the

\* This was the celebrated *Stella* of Sir Philip Sydney—married first to Lord Rich, afterwards created Earl of Warwick ; and being divorced from him, to Charles Blount, Earl of Devonshire. She was sister to the Earl of Essex. See *Memoirs of King James's Peers*.

while I was rehearsing it, there was not any whose nature, judgement and censure in that language I feared and suspected more than your Ladiship's, whose attentive eare and eie daunted my imagination with the apprehension of my disabilities, and your Ladiship's perfect knowledge in the same: Now once againe in this translation out of Spanish, (which language also with the present matter being so well knowen to your Ladiship) whose reprehension and seuerer sentence of all others may I more justly feare, then that which, Honorable Madame, at election you may herein duely giue or with fauour take away? But as then by your gracious aspect and milde countenance I flattered myselfe with your fauourable applause of the first; so now to preuent the second, I haue no other meanes, then the humble insinuation of it to your most Honorable name and clemencie, most humbly beseeching the same to pardon all those faultes, which to your learned and judicious view shall occurre. Since then for pledge of the dutifull and zealous desire I haue to serue your Ladiship, the great disproportion of your most noble estate to the qualitie of my poore condition, can affoorde nothing else but this small present, my praier shall alwaies importune the heauens for the happie increase of your high and woorthie degree, and for the full accomplishment of your most honourable and vertuous desires. From High Ongar in Essex the 28. of Nouem. 1598.

Your Honors most humbly  
 deuoted BARTHOL.  
 YONG.

“ *The Preface to diuers learned Gentlemen, and other my louing  
Friends.*

“ About nineteene yeares past, curteous Gentlemen, coming out of Spaine, into my natiue cuntry, and hauing spent welny three yeares in some serious studies and certaine affaires, with no meanes or occasion to exercise the Spanish toong, by discontinuance whereof it had almost shaken hands with me, it was my good hap to fall into the companie and acquaintance of my especiall good friend, *Edward Banister of Idesworth, in the countie of Southampton, Esq.* who perceiuing my remisseness in the said language, perswaded and encouraged me earnestly, by some good translation to recal it to her former place: And to that intent he gave me the First and Second Part of *Diana of Montemayor* in Spanish, which Booke, although I had been two yeeres in Spaine, till then I neither saw nor heard of; whose friendly care and desire to prevent so great a losse, and to preserue such an ornament in me, I confesse was the chiefe and principall cause, and therefore the onely credit, of this translation, whereby I recouered that toong again, that lay, as it were, smothered in the cinders of oblivion. The second cause of this my labour was the delight I passed in discurring most of those towns and places in it with a pleasant recordation of my pen, which mine eies so often with ioy and sorrow had beheld. The third, the resolued then intent I had neuer, howsoeuer now it hath escaped my hands, to put it in print, in prooffe whereof it hath lyen by me finished Horace’s ten and sixe yeeres more. For till then I neuer tried my vnproper vaine in making an English verse: how well or ill then the hard and strange kind of Spanish is turned, I leaue to your fauourable censure and pardon: The low and pastorall style hereof, *Montemayor* in his Epistle to the L. of Villanoua excuseth, entreating of Shepherds, though indeed they were but shadowes of great and honourable personages, and of their marriages, that not many yeeres agoe liued in the Court of Spaine whose pos-

teritie to this day liue in noble estate. But touching the Bookes following, you must understand that GEORGE of MONTEMAYOR, a Gentleman sprung out of the noble House of *Montemayor* in Portugal, after he had ended his *First Part* of DIANA, which he distributed into *seven Bookes*, intending to set forth the *Second Part*, and before his departure into Italie, where I heard he died, imparted his purpose, and the subject of his intended *Second Part* to *Alonzo Perez*, who answering his intent, wrote the *Second Part* of DIANA, contayning *eight Bookes*, promising in the end thereof to continue it with a *third part*, which yet he hath not done, although I heare he hath a purpose to do it. But *Gasper Gil Polo*, a Valentian Gentleman, who, in my opinion, excelleth for fine conceit, (whether before or after that *Alonso Perez* *Second Part* came forth) made another Part of Diana, naming it the first Part of *Enamoured Diana*; the which being diuided into five bookes, he intituled to follow in due sequence the first seuen bookes of *Diana of George of Montemayor*. And in the ende of that *First Part of Enamoured Diana* he likewise maketh a reference to another Part which he promised to set forth; the which and that of *Alonso Perez*, if euer they come to light, I leaue to some finer wit and better judgement to English, myselfe hauing done too much by launching so far into the maine, vnlesse, happily, in your fauourable judgements it may finde a friendly and temperate construction. Hauing compared the French copies with the Spanish originall, I judge the *First Part* to be exquisite; the other two corruptly done with a confusion of verse into prose, and leauing out in many places diuers hard sentences, and some leaues in the end of the *Third Part*, wherefore they are but blind guides by any to be imitated. Well might I haue excused these paines, if onely *Edward Paston, Esquier*, who heere and there for his own pleasure, as I understand, hath aptly turned out of Spanish into English some leaues that liked him best, had also made an absolute and complete Translation of all the Parts of *Diana*: the which, for his trauell in that countrey, and great knowledge in



that language, accompanied with other learned and good parts in him, had of all others, that euer I heard translate these Bookes, prooued the rarest and worthiest to be embraced. The faults escaped in the printing, the copie being verie darke and enterlined, and I loth to write it out again, I pray you, Gentlemen, pardon, since all the last terme that it was in the Presse, (hauing matters of greater consequence in charge) I could not intende the correction: aduertising you by the way that the greatest faults are at the ende of the Booke set downe, the lesse being of no moment purposely omitted. Fare ye well, and continue me in your woonted loue and fauours.

Yours in all friendly offices,  
B. Y."



This Romance, like Sydney's *Arcadia*, is full of poetry; from whence twenty-seven pieces were inserted into *England's Helicon*.

I shall select a few, not in that collection, which I shall put into modern orthography, to render them less repulsive.

*A Shepherd's Song.\**

Sighs, since you lighten not my heart,  
Why go you not, why stay you still?  
For in the end Hope doth impart  
A remedy unto mine ill.

Yet Hope to help me never stood,  
Where Reason worketh all in vain:  
Nor ever promis'd so much good,  
As Cruelty doth give me pain.

\* P. 156.

But Love and Trust give me an art,  
 And quality of such a skill,  
 That neither Hope revives my heart,  
 Nor Cruelty the same doth kill.

Mine eyes, you need not then complain,  
 With which her fair ones I have seen.  
 And what need you to fear again,  
 Since viewed by her you have been ?

And therefore Change shall have no part,  
 Nor entrance in my constant will ;  
 Though Cruelty doth kill my heart,  
 Or whether Hope remaineth still !



*The Song\* of Parisiles, for the loss of his daughter Stela,  
 who had thrown herself into the river to avoid the  
 monster Gorphorost.*

Daughter, that in this clear  
 And crystal river hast thy dwelling place  
 With Nymphs, O hearken here  
 To me a little space,  
 Parisiles, thy woful father's case!

Deny not him thy sight,  
 Who ever did for thee himself despise !  
 The absence of thy light,  
 And heavenly shining eyes,  
 Unto his soul a bitter death applies,

Which so consumes his breath,  
 That living thus, his life he doth defy :  
 For such a life is death,  
 And he would rather die  
 Than leave to live without thy company.

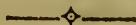
Joy now, (and do not stay)  
 An aged man, consum'd with grief, unless  
 That thou wilt have him say,  
 The love thou didst profess  
 To him, was all but feign'd, as he may guess.

Why dost thou stay so long,  
 A wretched soul with comfort to sustain ?  
 O come, and break this strong |  
 And mourning veil in twain,  
 Of his affliction, misery, and pain.

My soul, thou woult'st with glee  
 To hear this voice ! but either I am not,  
 As once I wont to be,  
 Or thou art chang'd, I wot :  
 Or thy poor father else thou hast forgot !

But first I pray to God,  
 Than such oblivion in thy breast should be,  
 My vital period  
 May finish, not to see  
 Myself forgot, of her that loved me.

Come then, my heart, and clear<sup>3</sup>  
 Thee of this doubt : this favour let me try :  
 If not, this river clear  
 Shall hide me by and by ;  
 For there with thee I mean to live or die.



*Song.\**

Times change, and shall, as we do see,  
 And life shall have an end :  
 But yet my faith shall ever be,  
 Whereon my eyes depend.

\* P. 154.

The days and moments and their scope,  
 The hours with their changes wrought,  
 Are cruel enemies to Hope,  
 And friends unto a loving thought.  
 Thoughts still remain, as we do see,  
 And Hope shall have an end !  
 But yet my faith shall not leave me,  
 Her honour to defend.

Inconstancy, in trust contriv'd,  
 Causeth great danger in conclusion ;  
 And life that is of hope depriv'd,  
 Stands not in fear of disillusion.  
 Times go and come, as we do see,  
 And Life shall have an end ;  
 But yet my Faith shall never be  
 Distain'd for foe or friend.



*Provençal Rhymes.\**

ALCIDA.

While Titan in his coach with burning beams  
 Over the world with such great force doth ride,  
 That Nymphs and their chaste companies abide  
 In woods and springs and shallow-shadow'd streams ;  
 And while the prating grasshopper replies,  
 Her song in mourning wise,  
 Shepherdess, sing  
 So sweet a thing,  
 That th' heavens may be,  
 By hearing thee,  
 Made gentle on their own accord to pour  
 Upon this meed a fresh and silver shower.

## DIANA.

Whiles that the greatest of the planets stays  
 Just in the midst between the East and West,  
 And in the field upon the mower's breast  
 With greater heat doth spread his scorching rays ;  
 The silent noise, this pleasant fountain yields,  
     Such music moves,  
     As wonder proves,  
     And makes so kind  
     The furious wind,  
 That by delight thereof their force they stay,  
 And come to blow as gently as they may.

## ALCIDA.

You running rivers, pure and crystalline,  
 That all the year do make a lively spring,  
 And beautify your banks and every thing,  
 With cowslips, lilies, and sweet columbine,  
 The cruel heat of Phœbus come not near,  
     To heat this fountain clear,  
     Nor that such sweet  
     Liquor, with feet  
     Troubled be not  
     Of sheep or goat :  
 Nor that the tears, which faithless lovers waste,  
 In these fine waters never may be cast.

## DIANA.

Green flowery mead, where Nature's curious dye  
 Hath shewn her colours diverse in their kind,  
 With trees and flowers whereto they are combin'd,  
 Which paints thee forth so fair unto the eye,  
 In thee thy boughs of verdure may not know  
     The blustering winds that blow !

Prosper, and give  
 Flowers, and live,  
 Not to be lost  
 By heat or frost :  
 Nor angry heaven in fury do not spoil ;  
 Nor hurt so fair a mead, and fertile soil !

## ALCIDA.

Here from the hurly burly, and the noise  
 Of stately courts sequester'd, every one  
 Reposedly lives by himself alone,  
 In quiet peace, in harmless sports and joys :  
 In shades sometimes, laid down on Flora's pride,  
 Near to some river's side,  
 Where birds do yield  
 Sweet notes in field ;  
 And flowers fine,  
 Odours divine ;  
 And always, with an order sovereign,  
 The meadow laughs ; the wood, the hill, the plain.

## DIANA.

The noise made here by silent gentle winds,  
 In flowery boughs, the leaves that softly shake,  
 Delighteth more, than that the people make  
 In great assemblies, where their sundry kinds  
 Of proud demeanours, and high majesties,  
 Are foolish vanities :  
 Their solemn feasts  
 Breed but unrests ;  
 Their honour's name  
 Blind errors frame ;  
 And all their holy words clean different  
 From that that in their hearts was ever meant.

## ALCIDA.

Ambition here no snares, nor nets regards ;  
 Nor Avarice for crowns doth lay her baits :  
 The people here aspire not to estates ;  
 Nor hunger after favours nor rewards :  
 From guile and fraud, and passions, as we see,  
     Their hearts are ever free.  
         Their faith's not vain,  
         But good and plain ;  
         Their malice small ;  
         They just to all,  
 Which makes them live in joy and quiet peace,  
 And in a mean sufficient for their ease.

## DIANA.

To new-found worlds, nor seas that rage and swell,  
     The simple shepherd never sails in-vain :  
     Nor to the furthest Indias, for his gain,  
 Thousands of leagues, and ducats there to tell :  
 Unto the field he comes as well content,  
     With that that God hath sent,  
         As he that spends  
         Rents without ends ;  
         And lives (perdee)  
         As merrily,  
 As he that hath great flocks upon his hills,  
 And of good ground a thousand acres tills.

This is a beautifull Pastoral, speaking the language  
 and sentiments of true poetry, which is simple, and the  
 same in all ages and countries. After the true tone  
 had been thus struck, how could the next reign run  
 into such metaphysical and disgusting discord, as marks

its verses? I remember nothing in *William Browne* or *Michael Drayton* like this.

*Sonnet.*

In this clear sun, with golden beams that shineth,  
 In the most high, divine, and rare perfection,  
 In this sweet soul and figure, that refineth  
 Our age with joys, with treasures and affection,  
 O blinding light, and face each heart's subjection,  
 Where Beauty's store to Pity's want inclineth,  
 Sweet words, but hard condition of rejection ;  
 Sweet looks, yet sight that many sorrows shrineth !  
 For these, sweet Mistress, I am thus enwrapped ;  
 For these I fear to see mine own desire,  
 And pass the time in thinking of thy treasures :  
 A case most strange, effects that never happed,  
 That seeing thee, I see my greatest pleasures,  
 And harms, when that to see thee I require.



*Sonnet.*

I play'd with Love ; Love play'd with me again ; \*  
 I mock'd him ; but I was mock'd in deed ;  
 He would not let my heart his art exceed :  
 For though a boy, yet mocks he doth disdain ;  
 A friend he is to those who do not feign :  
 My jests, it seems, do true affection breed :  
 And now if Love is not reveng'd with speed,  
 My heart can witness that with earnest pain.  
 Go, Lovers, then to jest it out apace  
 With this God Cupid, but a boy and blind,  
 And you shall see if it be good or no !  
 Thinking to have delight, you shall have woe ;  
 Seeking cold water, fire you shall find :  
 Who plays with boys, comes often to disgrace.



*Syrenus's Sonnet.*

The Gods grant you to frolic in your hall,  
 His years that so long time with nature strive,  
 And that in happy fortune you may live,  
 Free from all kind of sorrow, great or small :  
 And in your hair one hair may never fall,  
 Of jealousy a plague, eyed like a sieve.  
 Let Heavens to temporal Gods their favours give :  
 Fire, air, sea, earth, and nature at your call.  
 The rot may never touch your soundest flocks ;  
 Fear of the wolf your shades may not molest ;  
 And wily fox not fear your pretty lambs.  
 In plenty may increase your goodly stocks :  
 Two kids may yearly yeon your fruitful dams ;  
 And your fair ewes with double twinlings blest !

*Firminus's Sonnet.*

The fearful Bat, that lurks in stony wall,  
 Flies here and there, assured of her sight,  
 When that she sees the signs of darksome night  
 Approaching on, contented therewithal ;  
 But when she spies the sunny beams so bright,  
 Her fault she doth acknowledge and recall :  
 So now of late to me it did befall ;  
 For I did think there was no other light,  
 Nor beauty, than in her who did invite  
 My senses first to love : but, to my thrall,  
 When I beheld *Diana*, so bedight  
 With beauties, and sweet grace Angelical,  
 Then by and by I knew that heretofore  
 I plainly err'd : but never could do more.

*Syrenus's Sonnet.*

The open fields, the meadows fresh and green,  
 Their colour and their sign of hope had lost,  
 Having not *Sylvan* and *Selvagia* seen,  
 With whose sweet presence they did always boast.  
 The goodly vales and hills were hard and dried,  
 Without the steps that now doth make them glad;  
 Shepherds and sheep in melancholy died,  
 Deprived of their songs, that once they had.  
 Now all with pride will shew their joys again;  
 All will rejoice, as once they did before;  
 The hill, the vale, the field, the mead, and plain;  
 For merry Spring and Summer they restore.  
 Welcome, *Selvagia*, then, your joyful spring;  
 And her *Sylvanus*, that doth summer bring.

*Song.*

With sorrow, tears, and discontent,  
 Love his forces doth augment.  
 Water is to meads delight,  
 And the flax doth please the fire:  
 Oil in lamp agreeth right:  
 Green meads are the flock's desire.  
 Ripening fruit, and wheaty ears,  
 With due heat are well content;  
 And with pains and many tears  
 Love his forces doth augment.

*Parthenius's Sonnet.*

If tears we spill by loving, and bereave not  
 Our hearts of troubles, which for love we feign not,

Dainties they are of love which we obtain not ;  
 Dainties they are of love, which we conceive not.  
 If that by loving passions we desire not,  
 And sighs for love, wherewith we do complain all,  
 Dainties they are of love, which we disdain all ;  
 Dainties they are of love, which we require not.  
 The false suspects to be of all eschewed,  
 The jealousies of every mistress moved :  
 Dainties they are of love, not well advised.  
 To feign not, without why, not to be loved,  
 To think not without cause, not to be viewed :  
 Dainties they are of love, of all despised.



*Firminus's Sonnet.*

If that a small occasion had the power  
 To make thee leese thy rosie hue and colour,  
*Diana*, say, how falls it out this hour,  
 That all my woes to pity make thee duller ?  
 Hath now a little piece of paper made thee  
 So mild and gentle in so short a morrow ;  
 And cannot yet my greatest love persuade thee,  
 To make thee take compassion of my sorrow ?  
 How of myself am I myself ashamed,  
 That thou shouldst reckon of so short a writing,  
 Which cannot judge, nor understand thy graces ;  
 And yet thou wilt not bend thee to requiting,  
 Of that that's written in my heart inflamed,  
 And which hath always suffer'd thy disgraces.



*Faustus's Sonnet.*

Thou dost despise my life, as thou dost say,  
 To see me in thy loves inflam'd at least,

And yet an uncouth means thou dost suggest,  
 Which is to give me care from day to day !  
 Dost thou not see the fire to decay,  
 Wax cold, and quench'd within my loving breast,  
 With swelling tears, which trickle without rest  
 Out of mine eyes, to see the hard delay ?  
 The meed with rain her goodly green redeems,  
 The oil doth in the lamp the flame maintain,  
 And love with tears augmented is no less :  
 But Love, the lamp, and meadow, as it seems,  
 If that too much of these they do contain,  
 Is spent, is quench'd, and drowned in excess.



*Cardenia's Sonnet.*

The rest is sweet to him that wearied is,  
 Succour and aid poor wretches wish for fast ;  
 The doom of death from him, that now is cast,  
 With favour to revoke, is thought a bliss :  
 The shade in chiefest heat is not amiss,  
 Pleasant of sheep and shepherds to be past :  
 The water joys the mead, with dryness waste :  
 The frozen ground with joy the sun doth kiss.  
 But yet the glory, joy, and sweet content,  
 The wish of wishes, when the Shepherdess  
 Stays for her lover, these do far exceed.  
 Tongue, hold thy peace ; and Thought, tell my intent,  
 How great a lightening hope is in distress  
 Unto the breast, that loving flames doth breed.



*Another, by the same.*

Now do I know at last, though to my smart,  
 How far the grief of absence doth extend ;

But that this knowledge never any friend  
 Of mine may learn, I wish with all my heart.  
 Thus have I liv'd, deceived with this art,  
 Esteeming still of presence in the end :  
 But woe is me, that proof doth now commend,  
 And tells me clear of this erroneous part.  
 Come, Faustus then, with speed, and stay no more ;  
 For staying wounds my soul, and every sense :  
 Longer thy absence I cannot endure.  
 Mark well what they were wont to say of yore,  
 That by and by a hope, and confidence,  
 After an absence doth succeed most sure.

I have been induced to give these long extracts from *B. Yong's Diana*, because I believe it is but little known. The popularity of *Sydney's Arcadia* probably induced its publication.



The manner in which Poetry and Fiction follow the character of the age which produces them has been illustrated in a late Number of the *Edinburgh Review*, in a criticism upon the poems of Lord Byron, with a more than usual share of those original and extraordinary powers, which always shine so conspicuously in the articles of that department of a work distinguished by never-failing ability.

For this reason the *romantic* turn of those compositions, which were written to amuse and captivate the taste of Queen Elizabeth's reign, appeared to the last age, and up to the time of the French Revolution, unnatural, absurd, and revolting. No one, unless some great and wild genius, read Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, but

as a task, which he knew not how to believe could ever have been sincerely admired. Pope had set the example of polished diction, mellifluous verses, and epigrammatic point. Keen irony or wit, expressed with felicitous elegance and terseness, and levelled at the artificial and vapid follies of fashionable life, in an age of corrupt and heartless refinement, was the mark of perfection at which the author aimed, and which the reader was taught only to admire.

Men of loftier taste and bolder fancy early remonstrated against this chilling confinement of the noblest, the most aspiring, and most expansive of all the Arts. The two Wartons, through a long life, devoted all their critical powers and elegant and diversified learning, to encourage a wilder, more adventurous, and more imaginative tone of composition.

But it was not till the commotions of Europe broke the chains of indolence and insipid effeminacy, that the stronger passions of readers required again to be stimulated, and exercised, and soothed; and that the minor charms of correctness were sacrificed to the ardent efforts of uncontrolled and unfearing genius.

Then authors of this class began again to look back for their materials to an age of hazardous freedom, and copious and untutored eloquence: an age in which the world of words and free and native ideas was not contracted and blighted by technical critics, and cold and fastidious scholars.

Hence that, which has been called the *Black Letter Mania*, has been prompted and cherished. And hence the phraseology and stile of composition of our ancestors have again become so familiar, that their richness

of imagery and energy of sentiment no longer appear to be covered by a repulsive dress.

But still we must not, in the zeal of our admiration, in a heated and indiscriminate love of antiquity, forget to distinguish the productions of real and great genius from those of minor ingenuity; from pretenders who have caught the form, without the soul of Poetry!

If, after we have dwelt a little on some of the lately recovered works of Elizabethan authors, till we are warmed into a conviction of their merits, we turn back to our old familiar Spenser, we shall perceive that the degree in which his reputation has survived that of his cotemporaries, is far from being beyond his real superiority to them. Compared to him, all (except Sackville) are flat, prosaic, and unanimated. The energy of his thoughts, the richness and picturesque attributes of his imagery, the vigour of his language, and the flow of his versification,—how far do they leave all competitors behind him!

When we scrupulously examine the pretensions of all those numerous candidates of a whole nation, who have aspired to poetical fame, in three hundred years, we must be convinced, how very, very, rarely the genuine and strict powers of this sublime art are bestowed! Perhaps the distinctions and qualities of this high gift have never been developed with so much happy critical acumen, as of late. It is the principle of *association in our ideas* on which its success seems mainly to turn.

There is some leading idea, some prominent mark or trait in every image, round which a thousand others cling. Touch but the right, and up spring all the rest in proportion to the richness of the mind on which you

operate. Here then is the spell; the art; and when known, where is the difficulty of success?

Perhaps it is in the strength and vividness, with which the mental eye of the Poet sees; and in the ability which that gives him to select his leading feature with certainty! It is not the mind, which wanders into bye-paths and abstruse conceptions, that makes the poet of mankind, the author who pleases every age and nation: It is the mind which is more brilliantly stored than those of others with natural sentiments and natural trains of ideas!

He who can warmly sympathize in the pictures or affections described by genius, would not therefore be able himself to describe them. Genius is active; Taste is passive. The same difference exists between *Recollection* and *Recognition*.

“If this theory be true, will it account for the failure of so many attempts at poetical composition? Will it not rather increase the wonder, when the means appear to be so simple?”—Simple they may be: but they are the simplicity of nature; a simplicity, which no art can reach, nor acquirements produce!

Hence we see the semblance of all the materials of poetry; imagery, sentiment, language, versification; where the secret charm is wanting; the power which gives animation and soul: as if a painter were to throw into a picture all the ingredients of a beautiful landscape; rocks, trees, streams, light, and shade, and yet not group them properly, or throw the tints in an happy proportion on their most attractive features.

Scholarship is apt to mislead the ambition of many in these endeavours. Their ingenuity and labour pro-



duce something which gets the praise of technical critics; and capricious fashion sometimes lifts them into the current of popular favour for a little while: when too heavy to be long supported by it, they fall to rise no more.

There are authors, who, richly stored with this artificial faculty, have occasionally risen to a fainter degree of the true spirit. Such appears to have been the case of that voluminous versifier, Michael Drayton.

Such perhaps may, in a few instances, have been the case of BARTHOLOMEW YONG, if it be ever proper to admit a mere translator into these claims.

The human mind has a natural tendency to deal in visions of imaginary grandeur, or imaginary purity and virtue. The form and shape of these day-dreams bear in every country some reference to their ancient manners, and ancient superstitions. Those therefore of every European country are tinged with feudal heroism, and chivalrous gallantry. It is vain to hope that fictions, which are not built upon these early impressions, will gain a lasting interest over the popular taste of any country. On the contrary, how strikingly has this truth been exemplified by the fame and universal reception of Walter Scott's writings! The superior interest to *Madoc* and *the Curse of Kehama*, which on this account they have excited, seems to be justly explained by the writer of the article in the *Edinburgh Review*, already mentioned.

A *Pastoral Romance*, founded on manners, which perhaps bear no even distant approximation to any natural manners which ever existed, is perhaps of more capricious and transient popularity. The *Arcadia* of

Sydney therefore has long ceased to be read; and YONG'S *Diana of Montemayor* may never have been in much favour in England. But there are some of the constituents of these Romances, which are among the favourites of our general nature. Ideas of rural beauty, rural love, and rural content and quiet, are so implanted in our bosoms, that the poetry of every age and country has always seized them to captivate its hearers. It must have been prolixity, affectation, and the intermixture of a peculiar set of manners and customs, and peculiar phraseology, which gradually overcame their power to amuse, and carried them into oblivion.

An investigator, however, into Elizabethan literature may find some pleasure and some instruction in this work of Yong. The verses in which it abounds seem never to have found their way into any modern collection.

Aug. 16, 1814.

*“The Memorie of the most worthie and renowned Bernard Stuart, Lord D'Aubigni, renewed. Whereunto are added Wishes presented to the Prince at his Creation. By Walter Quin, Servant to his Highnesse.*

*Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.* Hor. Od.

*London, printed by George Purslow, 1619.”*

4to. 38 leaves.



\* Aubigny is a town in Berry in France, situated on the river Neve, and was given to John Stuart, Lord Darnley, in 1422. From him descended Bernard Stuart; and to him succeeded Robert, who was distinguished

THE author of this, it may be presumed, was not only a poet but a musician; and had held an official situation in the establishment of Henry, as well as Charles, Prince of Wales. For in the Appendix to Dr. Birch's Life of Prince Henry, p. 451, it appears that Walter Quin had a salary of fifty pounds a year, as "Teacher of Musick." He had addressed a complimentary sonnet to Sir William Alexander, (afterward Earl of Stirling) which was printed before his tragedy of *Darius*, in 1604, and the Knight returned the compliment in the present publication, which is thus inscribed by its author :

*" To the Prince, my most gracious Master.*

I, yours in zealous love and due respect,  
 Great Prince! to you present, as yours by right,  
 This true memoriall of a worthy Knight,  
 Whom, as your owne, you cannot but affect ;  
 Sith both your royall linage by him deckt,  
 As him it honour'd and his vertues bright,  
 That early shew in you their orient light,  
 Your rayes on him, and his on you reflect.  
 Vouchsafe therefore to view with gracious eye  
 These verses, though not worthy of your view  
 As mine, yet in respect that they renew  
 His fame and yours, as his, become thereby.

for valour, and became a Marshal of France. By the death of Charles Stuart, 6th duke of Richmond and Lennox, Aubigny reverted to the crown of France. But by the intercession of Charles II. with Louis XIV. he procured the grant of the territory of Aubigny to be conferred on his mistress, Louisa de Querouelle, whom he had created Duchess of Portsmouth, with remainder to her natural son, by the King of England, Charles Lennox, who was created Duke of Aubigny, &c. in 1683-4.

So favour still may the celestiall pow'rs,  
And worthiest Muses honour you and yours.

W. QUIN."

The memorable virtues and actions of the renowned Bernard Stuart, and of whatever else could be gathered concerning him, from written records and credible relations of honourable persons, to renew his memory, were by this author first collected and put forth in French: a translation of which seems annexed to his poem. But the reason which induced him, at a later period, to rewrite the memorial in *verse* rather than in prose, was "because, what he could gather, being not sufficient for a competent relation of his life, he might with more liberty and congruity enlarge the same in verse, by digressions and other amplifications, rather to confirm and illustrate, than to sophisticate the truth." This he performed in a manner somewhat creditable to his design, though the circumstantial form of narrative was not very favourable to poetic garniture. His performance thus commences :

" If, after death, to men, whose virtues rare,  
And worthy actions memorable are  
Posteritie immortall honour owe,  
Which from the Muses' powerfull art doth flow  
For their reward; and that, provok'd thereby,  
Brave minds a pace in Vertue's race may hie  
To Honour's goale: such fame is due, by right,  
To Bernard, Lord of Aubigny; that bright,  
Like to a starre, did shine in Vertue's sphere,  
Among the worthiest knights that ever were.  
Who yet hath not received his honour due,  
In prose or verse from any of the crue

Of all those learned clerks, that did adorne  
 That ancient kingdom, wherein hee was borne,  
 Or that wherein he was free denizone ;  
 And to whose kings he had great service done."

Like Hercules of yore, the hero Bernard is supposed to be alternately accosted in his nonage by Voluptuousness and Virtue, the former of whom thus solicits his attention :

" Brave youth ! if to this woman sterne and grim  
 Thou care doe give, and wilt her footsteps tread,  
 In a most irksome way she will thee lead,  
 With great turmoile and dangers manifold,  
 In Summer's parching heat and Winter's cold,  
 Through many a thorny steepe and craggy ground,  
 Wherein no pleasing mates are to be found,  
 But savage beasts and monsters fell, to whom  
 In end, a wofull prey thou shalt become.  
 But if thou wilt resolve to goe with mee,  
 In this my way, thou shalt be wholly free  
 From all such toile and danger ; passing still  
 Through flowrie fields and medowes, where at will  
 Thou maist most pleasant company enjoy,  
 And all delightfull sports without annoy."

Virtue, in her turn, thus incites him to follow her hard in course, and she prevails.

—————To please thine eyes  
 I use no curious art, without disguise  
 True and unstain'd to be ; which to thy view  
 Her inward falsehood, and my truth may shew.  
 As painful, dreadfull, dangerous, my path,  
 Yea, and pernicious, she traduced hath ;

Here vaunting to be pleasant and secure,  
 And such as might all joy to thee procure.  
 In both, she a most shamelesse liar is :  
 For that my path, though painfull, leads to blisse  
 And glory : yea, the pains thereof are sweet,  
 For that with solid inward joyes they meet :  
 Whereas her way, though pleasant she it name,  
 Leads to destruction, infamy, and shame."

At the end of the poem is a Sonnet "of his last retiring to Corstorfin;" another "of his buriall in the same place;" and several quatrains "of the Lord of Aubigny, descended from the most noble house of Lenox." To these succeed "a short Collection of the most notable places of Histories quoted," in prose. And then follow the poetic "Wishes," announced in the title-page, which are thus laconically dedicated.

" *To the Prince's Highnesse.*

" Thee to instruct it is not here my drift,  
 Great Prince!—I only wish that such thou prove,  
 As thee to be, thy royall Father's love  
 And wisdom teacheth, in his *Royall Gift.*"

By "royall gift," the *Basilicon Doron* of King James appears to be meant, which was assigned to Prince Henry, as a code of moral and political regulations for his conduct. I cite a single specimen of the poet's wishes for the Prince.

" Then wish I, that, as Justice thou shalt cherish,  
 And Clemency her sister, so thou nourish  
 Faith in performing promises,—the prop  
 Of Justice, and of Honour's height the top :

That for a certaine truth thou understand  
 This vertue rare, to be the surest band  
 Of friendship, commerce, and society,  
 And truest badge of morall honesty ;  
 That thou in word and practice it observe,  
 And never from it be induc'd to swerve :  
 And that not only for thy wished ends  
 Thou keep thy promise, or for love to friends,  
 But also to thy foes, for vertue's sake ;  
 Whereby of foes thy friends thou maist them make :—  
 That thou, but for some urgent cause, bee loth  
 T' engage thyselfe by word, but more by othe.  
 But that when thou shalt do it, no respect  
 Thy plighted faith induce thee to neglect :  
 So as thy promise just and lawfull be,  
 Which ever to be such thou must foresee ;  
 That thy respect of honesty and fame  
 May win thee of a faithfull prince the name :  
 That such perfidious counsell thou detest  
 As would remove this vertue from thy brest ;  
 Since not the purchase of a diadem  
 Can countervaile the losse of such a gem !

A French Sonnet, "A son altesse Charles;" and two tributes in Latin verse, "Ad eundem illustrissimum principem," close the publication. Two copies of this tract are all that I can trace as now extant; and this has induced an extended report of it, perhaps, beyond its importance. Quin supplied a pedantic poem, congratulatory on the marriage of Charles the First with the Princess Henrietta Maria of France, in 1625. A copy of this is preserved in the British Museum, and entitled "Gratulatio quadrilinguis in nuptiis Caroli I. et Pr. Henr. Mar. Fr." 4to.



“ *The Anatomie of Abuses: Containing, a Discoverie, or briefe summarie of such notable vices and Imperfections, as now raigne in many countreyes of the world: but (especialllye) in a famous Ilande called Ailgna: Together with most fearefull Examples of God’s Judgements, executed vpon the wicked for the same, aswel in Ailgna of late, as in other places, elsewhere. Very godly, to be reade of all true Christians: but most needefull to be regarded in Englande. Made Dialogue-wise by Phillip Stubbes. Seene and allowed, according to order.* ”

Matth. iii. vers. 2.

*Repent, for the kingdome of God is at hande.*

Lvc. xiii. vers. 5.

*I say vnto you (saith Christ) except you repent, you shall all perish.*

*Printed at London by Richard Iones, 16 August, 1583.”\**



DEDICATED to Phillip Earl of Arundell. Then Philippus Stubeus Candido Lectori, a page of Latin verses, and four copies of English verses: by C. B. in commendation of the Auctor’s lucubrations; A. D. And I. F. in commendation of the Auctor and his

\* Another edition appears to have preceded, with the date of the “ 1 Maij, 1583,” terminating with the sig. Rj. and with commendatory verses by A. D. only prefixed. (See *Cens. Lit.* vol. vi. p. 31.) Again as “ by Phillip Stvbs; and now newly reuised, recognised, and augmented, the third time by the same author... . Printed at London by Richard Jones, 1585.” Another edition, said, I believe, to be the fourth, 1595.



book. And the Avthor and his booke, a dialogue in verse. This tract extends to sig. R. in eights.

Colophon, *At London printed by Richard Jones : dwelling at the signe of the Rose and the Crowne, neere unto Holborne Bridge, 1583.*

This cynical and puritanical writer delineates the fashions, manners, and diversions of his own period so faithfully that a limited impression of the whole work would materially assist the spirit of modern researches. The following extracts are confined to the censures upon dressing the hair, and extravagance and vanity exhibited in the ruffs.

“ *The interlocutors or speakers, Sprdevs, Philoponvs.*

*Phil.* They haue great and monsterous Ruffes made either of Cambrike, Holland, Lawne, or els of some other the finest cloth that can be got for money, whereof some be a quarter of a yarde deepe, yea some more, very fewe lesse : so that they stande a full quarter of a yearde (and more) from their necks, hanging ouer their shoulder points, in steade of a vaile. But if *Æolus* with his blasts, or *Neptune* with his stormes, chaũce to hit vpon the crasie barke of their brused ruffes, then they goe flip flap in the winde like ragges that flew abroade, liyng vpon their shoulders like the dishcloute of a slut. But wot you what ? The deuill, as he in the fulnesse of his malice, first inuẽted these great ruffes, so hath he now found out also two great pillers to beare vp and maintaine this his kingdome of pride withal (for the deuill is kyng and prince ouer al y<sup>e</sup>. children of pride). The one arch or pillar whereby his kyngdome of great ruffes is vnderpropped, is a certaine kind of liquid matter whiche they call Starch, wherein the deuill hath willed them to washe and diue their ruffes well, whiche beeyng drie, will then stande

stiffe and inflexible about their neckes. The other piller is a certaine deuice made of wiers crested for the purpose, whipped ouer either with gold, thred, siluer, or silk, and this he calleth a supportasse or vnderpropper. This is to bee applied round about their neckes vnder the Ruffe, vpon the out side of the bande, to beare vp the whole frame and bodie of the ruffe, from fallyng and hangyng doune.

*Spvd.* This is a deuise passing all the deuices that euer I saw or heard of. Then I perceiue the deuill not only inuenteth mischiefe, but also ordaineth instrumentall meanes to continue the same. These bandes are so chargeable (as I suppose) that but fewe haue of them, if they haue, they are better monied then I am.

*Philo.* So fewe haue them as almost none is without them, for euery one, how meane or simple soeuer they bee otherwise, will haue of them three or fowre a peece for fallyng. And as though Cambricke, Holland, Laune, and the finest clothe that may be got any where for money, were not good enough, they haue them wrought all ouer with silke woorke, and peraduentur laced with golde, and siluer, or other costly lace of no small price: and whether they haue *argent* to maintaine this geare withall or not, it is not greatly materiall, for they will haue it by one meane or other, or els they will sell or at lest morgage their landes, (as they haue good store) on *Suter's-hill*, and *Stangate-hole*, with losse of their liues at *Tiburne* in a rope. . . .

*Philo.* Then followeth the trimming and tricking of their heades, in laying out their haire to the shewe, whiche of force must be curled, frised and crisped, laid out (a world to see) on wreathes and borders, from one eare to another. And least it should fall down, it is vnder propped with forks, wiers, and I cannot tell what, like grim sterne monsters, rather then chaste christian matrones. Then on y<sup>e</sup> edges of their boulstred haire (for it standeth crested rounde about their frontiers, and hanging ouer their faces like *pendices* or vailes, with glasse windowes on euery side) there is laied great wreathes of golde, and siluer cu-

rously wrought and cunningly applied to the temples of their heades. And for feare of lacking any thinge to set forthe their pride withall, at their hair thus wreathed and crested, are hanged *bugles* (I dare not say, *lables*) *ouches*, *rynges*, *gold*, *siluer*, *glasses*, and suche other childishe gewgawes, and foolish trinkets besides, whiche for that they be innumerable, and I, vnskillfull in womens tearmes, I cannot easily expresse. . . .

The women there vse great ruffes and neckerchers of *Holland*, *Laune*, *camericke*, and such clothe, as the greatest threed shall not be so big, as the least haire that is: And least they shuld fall downe, they are smeared and starched in the deuils liquor, I meane starche; after that dried with great diligence, streaked, patted, and rubbed very nicely, and so applied to their goodly necks, and withal vnderpropped with supportasses (as I told you before) the stately arches of pride: beyond all this they haue a further fetche, nothyng inferiour to the rest, as namely three or foure decrees of minor ruffes, placed *gradatim*, one beneath another, and al vnder the mayster Deuil ruffe, the skirtes then of these great ruffes are long and side euery way pleated, and crested full curiously, God wot. Then last of all they are either clogged with gold, siluer, or silke lace of stately price, wrought all ouer with needle worke, speckled and sparkled here and there with the sunne, the mone, and starres, and many other antiques strange to beholde. Some are wrought with open worke, downe to the midst of the ruffe and further, some with close worke, some wyth purled lace so cloied, and other gewgawes so pestered, as the ruffe is the least parte of it selfe. Sometimes they are pinned vpp to their eares, sometimes they are suffered to hange ouer theyr shoulders, like windemill sailes fluttering in the winde, and thus euery one pleaseth her selfe in her foolish deuices.'



“ *The Second Part of the Anatomie of Abuses, containing The display of Corruptions, with a perfect description of such imperfections, blemishes, and abuses, as now reigning in euerie degree require reformation for fear of God’s vengeance to be powred vpon the people and countrie, without speedie repentance, and conuersion vnto God: made dialogwise by Phillip Stubbes.* ”

*Except your righteousnes exceed the righteousnes of the Scribes and Pharises, you cannot enter into the kingdome of heauen.*

*London, printed by R. W. for William Wright, and are to be sold at his shop ioining to S. Mildred’s Church in the Poultrie, being the middle shop in the rowe.”\**



ALSO dedicated to the Earl of Arundell. Prose addresses from “the author to the reader,” and “to the christian reader, grace, mercie and peace,” signed I. F. Then English verses by “I. S. in commendation of the author and his booke.”

Extends to sig P. in eights.

Colophon. *London, printed by Roger Ward for William Wright, and are to be solde at his shop, ioyning to Saint Mildred’s Church in the Poultry, being the middle shop in the row. 1583.*

“ *The speakers, Theodorvs and Amphilogvs,*” thus commence :

*Theod.* God blesse you, my friend, and well ouertaken.

\* Copies of this edition are attached to the third edition of the first part.

*Amphilogus.* You are hartlie welcome, good sir, with all my hart.

*Theod.* How farre purpose you to trauell this way, by the grace of God ?

*Amphil.* As far as *Nodno!*, if God permit.

*Theod.* What place is that, I pray you, and where is it situaté ?

*Amphil.* It is a famous citie, and the chiefest place in *Dnalgne*, haue you not heard of it ?

*Theod.* No, truely, for I am a stranger ; &c. . . . By what prince is the same gouerned, and after what maner ?

*Amphil.* The whole realme or country of *Dnalgne* is ruled and gouerned by a noble Queene, a chaste maide, and pure virgin, who for all respects may compare with any vnder the sunne. In so much as I doubt not to call hir sacred breast the promptuarie, the receptacle, or storehouse of all true vertue and godlines. For if you speake of wisdom, knowledge and vnderstanding, hir grace is singular, yea, able at the first blush to discearne truth from falsehood, and falsehood from truth in any matter, how ambiguous or obscure soeuer : so as it may iustly be called into question whether Salomon himselfe had greater light of wisdom instilled into his sacred breast, then hir maiestie hath into hir highnes roiall minde. If you speake of learning and knowledge in the tounge, whether it be in the Latine; Greeke, French, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, or any other vsuall tong, it may be doubted whether Christendome hath hir peere, or not. If you speake of sobrietie, modestie, mansuetude, and gentleness, it is woonderfull in hir Highnesse, yea, so affable, so lowly and humble is hir grace, as she will not disdaine to talke familiarlie to the meanest, or poorest of hir Grace's subiects vpon speciall occasions. If you speake of mercie, and compassion to euery one that hath offended, I stande in suspence whether hir like were euer borne. If you speake of religion; of zeale and feruencie to the truth, or if you speake of the vp-right execution or administration of iustice, all the world can

bear witness, that herein (as in all godlinesse else) hir Highnes is inferior to none that liueth at this day. So that hir grace seemeth rather a diuine creature, then an earthly creature, a vessel of grace, mercie, and compassion, whereinto the Lord hath powred euen the full measures of his superabundant grace and heauenlie influence. The Lord increase the same in hir Highnes roiall breast, and preserue hir grace to the end of the world, to the glorie of God, the comfort of her Maiesties subjects, and confusion of all hir enemies whatsoever. . . .

*Theod.* I haue heard it saide that they vse great ruffes in *Dnalgne*, do they continue them still as they were wont to doe, or not?

*Amphil.* There is no amendement in any thing that I can see, neither in one thing nor in other, but euery day woorsen and woorsen, for they not only continue their great ruffes still, but also vse them bigger than euer they did. And wheras before they were too bad, now they are past all shame and honestie, yea most abhominable and detestable, and such as the diuell himselfe would be ashamed to weare the like. And if it be true, as I heare say, they haue their starching houses made of purpose, to that vse and end only, the better to trimme and dresse their ruffes to please the diuels eyes withall.

*Theod.* Haue they starching houses of purpose made to starch in? Now truly that passes of all that euer I heard. And do they nothing in those brothell houses (starching houses I shuld say) but onelie starch bands and ruffes?

*Amphil.* No, nothing else, for to that end only were they erected, and therefore now are consecrate to Belzebub and Cerberus, archdiuels of great ruffes.

*Theod.* Haue they not also houses to set their ruffes in, to trim them, and to trick them, as well as to starch them in?

*Amphil.* Yea marry haue they, for either the same starching houses (I had almost said farting houses) do serue the turn, or else they haue their other chambers and secret closets to the same vse, wherein they tricke vp these cartwheeles of the

diuels charet of pride, leading the direct way to the dungeon of hell.

*Theod.* What tooles and instrumentes haue they to set their ruffes withall ? For I am persuaded they cannot set them artificially inough without some kind of tooles ?

*Amphil.* Very true : and doe you thinke that they want any thing that might set forth their diuelrie to the world ? In faith sir, no, then the diuell were to blame if he should serue his clients so, that maintaine his kingdome of pride with such diligence as they doe. And therefore I would you wist it, they haue their tooles and instruments for the purpose.

*Theod.* Whereof be they made, I pray you, or howe ?

*Amphil.* They be made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as siluer, yea and some of siluer itselfe ; and it is well, if in processe of time they grow not to be gold. The fashion whereafter they be made, I cannot resemble to any thing so well as to a squirt, or a squibbe, which little children vsed to squirt out water withall, and when they come to starching and setting of their ruffes, than must this instrument be heated in the fire, the better to stiffen the ruffe. For you know heate will drie, and stiffen any thing. And if you would know the name of this goodly toole, forsooth the deuill hath giuen it to name a putter, or else a putting sticke, as I heare say. They haue also another instrument called a setting sticke, either of wood or bone, and sometimes of gold and siluer, made forked wise at both ends, and with this (*Si diis placet*) they set their ruffes. But bicause this cursed fruit is not yet grown to his full perfection of ripenesse, I will therefore at this time say no more of it, vntil I here more . . . .

*Theod.* What say you of the barbers and trimmers of men, are they so neate, and so fine fellowes as they are said to be ?

*Amphil.* There are no finer fellowes vnder the sunne, nor experter in their noble science of barbing than they be. And therefore in the fulnes of their ouerflowing knowledge (oh, ingenious heads, and worthie to be dignified with the diademe of

follie and vain curiositie) they haue inuented such strange fashions and monstrous maners of cuttings, trimmings, shauings, and washings, that you would wonder to see. They haue one maner of cut called the French cut, another the Spanish cut, one the Dutch cut, another the Italian, one the newe cut, another the old, one the brauado fashion, another of the meane fashion, one a gentleman's cut, another the common cut, one cut of the court, another of the country, with infinite the like vanities, which I ouerpasse. They haue also other kinds of cuts innumerable, and therefore when you come to be trimmed they will aske you whether you will be cut to looke terrible to your enemie, or amiable to your freend, grime and sterne in countenance, or pleasant and demure (for they haue diuers kinds of cuts for all these purposes, or else they lie.) Then when they haue done al their feats, it is a world to consider, how their mowchatowes must be preserued and laid out, from one cheke to another, yea almost from one eare to another, and turned vp like two hornes towards the forehead. Besides that, when they come to the cutting of the haire, what snipping and snapping of the cycers is there, what tricking, and trimming, what rubbing, what scratching, what combing and clawing, what trickling and toying, and al to tawe out mony you may be sure. And when they come to washing, oh how gingerly they behaue themselues therein. For then shall your mouth be bossed with the lather, or some that riseth of the balles (for they haue their sweete balles wherewith all they vse to washe) your eyes closed must be anointed therewith also. Then snap go the fingers, ful brauely, God wot. Thus this tragedy ended comes me warme clothes to wipe and dry him withall, next the eares must be picked and closed together againe artificially forsooth. The hair of nostrils cut away, and euery thing done in order comely to behold. The last action in this tragedie is the paiment of monie. And least these cunning barbers might seeme vnconscionable in asking much for their paines, they are of such a shamefast modestie, as they will aske nothing at all, but standing



to the curtesie and liberaltie of the giuer, they will receive all that comes, how much soeuer it be, not giuing anie againe, I warrant you; for take a barber with that fault, and strike off his head. No, no, such fellowes are *Raræ aues in terris, nigrisque simillimi cygnis*, Rare birds vpon the earth, and as geason as black swans. You shall haue also your orient perfumes for your nose, your fragrant waters for your face, wherewith you shall bee all to besprinkled: your musicke againe, and pleasant harmonie shall sound in your eares, and all to tickle the same with vaine delight. And in the end your cloke shall be brushed, and, God be with you, Gentleman!

*Theod.* All these curious conceits, in my iudgement, are rather done for to allure and prouoke the minds of men to be bountifull and liberall towards them, than for any good else, which they bring either to the bodie or health of man.

*Amphil.* True it is that you say, and therefore you must needs thinke they are maisters of their science that can inuent all these knacks to get money withall. But yet I must needs say (these nisities set apart) barbers are verie necessarie, for otherwise men should grow verie ougglisom and deformed, and their haire would in processe of time ouergrowe their faces, rather like monsters, than comlie sober christians. And if it be said that any man may cut off the haire one of another, I answer, they may so, but yet not in such comelie, and decent maner as these barbers exercised therein can doe, and besides they knowe that a decorum in euerie thing is to be obserued. And therefore I cannot but maruell at the beastliness of some ruffians (for they are no sober christians) that will haue their haire to growe ouer their faces like monsters and sauage people, nay rather like madmen than otherwise, hanging downe ouer their shoulders, as womens haire doth: which indeed is an ornament to them, being giuen as a signe of subiection, but in man, it is a shame and reproch, as the apostle proueth. And thus much of barbers, and their science.

Eu. H.



“ *The Institucion of a Gentleman. Anno Domini, M.D.LXVIII. Imprinted at London in Flete-strete, nere vnto saint Dunstones Church, by Thomas Marshe.*”

Oct. Extends to H. v.



DEDICATED “ To the right honorable the Lorde Fitzwater, sonne and heire to the Erle of Sussex.” Then “ the Prologue of this Booke,” wherein the writer states “ most men desire y<sup>e</sup> title of worship, but few do worke the dedes that vnto worship apperteigne: yea the marchantman thinketh not himselfe well vsed vnles he be called one of y<sup>e</sup> worshipful sort of marchants, of whom the handicraftman hath taken example, and loketh to be called maister, whose father and graundfather wer wont to be called goodmen. Thus through the title of maistershippe most men couet to clymbe the steppes of worshippe, which title had wonte to appertaine to gentlemen onely, and men of office and estimacion, I therefore according to my smal skil (not chalenginge to do the thing clerkly, but rather geuing others occasions to amende the same) haue writen this little booke, called *The Institucion of a Gentleman*, and do therein describe such a man as may be worthely called maister, not leauing vndeclared the blindnes of those whiche thinke themselues Gentlemen, onely because their fathers and auctores did discend of noble houses: Neither vnreprehended is that ignorance of those menne, which in their opinions wil not

allowe anye difference of parsons, as one manne to be better then another: wherin they shew themselues voyde of knowledge, as the man is voide of grace whych wyssheth no ordre of obedience in a commonwealthe to be obserued. Herein is also declared who is gentle and who is vngentle: what offices, condicions, qualities and maners oughte to bee in a gentleman, and how he should differ from other sortes of men, as wel in condicions and behaour as also in apparel, and ornaments to his bodye belonging, not leauing vnrehersted what games and pastimes be fit for a gentleman, and how they ought to be vsed. Finally of honor and worship therin is sumwhat rehersted, of which no man is worthy but he that by his dedes deserueth the same.”

This rare treatise is perhaps the earliest publication describing the character of the English Gentleman, and exhibits an amusing and valuable trait of national dress, manners, and amusements, as fashionable in the early part of the reign of Q. Elizabeth. Without attempting to satirise folly, or reprehend extravagance, the author shews, under the several heads following—  
 “ The institucion of a Gentleman:—Gentle gentle.—Gentle vngentle.—Vngentle gentle.—Howe Gentlemen may profit in bearing offices in a Commune wealth.—How a Gentleman may muche profite his Cuntrie in being a soldier or Captaine in the warres.—How ambassages be most mete for gentlemen.—How a gentleman, dwellyng in the contrie, may profit others by his office or otherwyse.—Howe Gentlemen should differ from other sortes of men.—What pastimes gentlemen ought to vse, how : and after what sort and what games are vnmete to be vsed.—Diceplay.—Shooting in the

long bowe.—What sort of apparel is mete for gentlemen, and what order ought to be obserued therin.—Of honour and worship.—To reade hystories and to auoyde Idlenes.—Examples of pitie.—Of Iustice.—Of wysdome.—Of Gentlenes.—Of vprightnes.—Of learnyng.—Of peace.—Of drunkennes.—Of Tyranny.—Of Carnall lust.—Of euill intent.—Of iust reuerence taken for murdre.” From which may be extracted, for the iuxta position of the preceding article,

“ *What sort of apparel is mete for gentlemen, and what order ought to be obserued therin.*

“ In garments and apparel belonging to the body, three principal points are to be noted. The first that a gentleman do not excede in to much costly aray, Secondly that his garments be cleane and comly made, keping alway a good maner or fãcion, Thirdly that he do weare y<sup>e</sup> same passing al other sorts in cleanelines, shewing therby that as a gentlemã ought to passe and excell others in Gentlenes and sobre lyfe, so ought he also in ciuilitie of outward things, as in cleane wearing of his garments, being therin an example to others of cleanelines, but not of gorgeousness. Herein the Italyans be most worthy of prayse, who be neither ouer gorgeouse nor costly in their apparel, neither be they (as we call it) carterlike, but vse cleane garmẽts, fine, and wel facioned. Also certain Romans before them were much allowable in this pointe, euen so muche as their historyes make mẽcion of such noble men as vsed to weare simple and lowly apparell, as for example, A noble Roman, called *Lucius Scipio*, caused his statue or Image to be made and set vp in the Capitole of Rome, and vpon the backe of the ymage was formed a cloke, and vppon the feete therof a peyre of slippers, because *Scipio* in his life time vsed to weare such homely apparell. Lykewyse *Lucius Cilla*, an Emperoure, thought it not dyshonoure to hys

Gentry to walke openly in the streets of Naples, wering vpon his backe a mantle, and on hys feete a paire of slippers.

Moreouer *M. Cato pretor*, *M. Scavrius* and others vsed alwayes to weare simple apparel, beyng themselues men of hyghe authoritye and estimation. Also *Cicero* writeth certayn preceptes touching apparel, whych are neyther to exceade in costly aray, neither to weare wylde nor monstrous sortes of garmentes, nor to haue them rude or carterlike: but a measure as wel to be kept herein, as in al other thinges. Furthermore it is said that matter of record as yet doth remaine, bearing witness of a certayne kinge of Englande which caused his doublets to be halfe stocked wyth foresleues of veluet, called in those dayes poignettinge of a doublette: whych (me semeth) was a goodly example. And as it is to be thought that the kynge was able to haue boughte hym a whole doublet of veluet, for it is to be feared that sum ther be whych are vnable to vse their gorgeous apparel with long continuau<sup>ce</sup>, So that wher this Emperour, this king, and these other noble men before rehearsed, thoughte no scorne to weare simple apparel, lyled with vertue, what dishonor the<sup>e</sup> soundeth to those gentle which were princely garments furred wyth folly? A folly I saye it is to consume and spende that in deckyng the body of one man whych may bee better bestowed to the profyte of many, and to the reliefe of a greater nombre, then are mentained by the making of one man's garments. The sum of C pound is not to bee accompted in these dayes to bee bestowed of apparell for one gentleman, but in times past a Chamblet gowne was a garment whych dwelt with an Esquyre of England twentye yeres.

Then floryshed the laudable simplicitie of Englande, thenne were wee conquerours, and not scollers, applyinge oure myndes to learne euer newe tryfel in weryng our apparel. The Englishe man chaungeth daily the facion of his garmentes, sum time he delighteth in manye gardes, weltes, pinckes and pounces, sum time agayne to the contrary, hee weareth his

garments as pleyn as a sacke, yet fayleth he not to chaug also that plaineness if any other new fangle be inuented: this is the vanitie of his delite.

The frenchman deliteth in coloures so many as be in the rainebow, he foloweth chiefly the peacocke in his freshnes, and vseth agletes, studdes, perles, embroidery, colors vpon colors, with pincks and rases infinite.

The Spanyard exceedeth with the most and passeth the bonds of measure in costly aray, wherin it cannot be iustly sayde y<sup>t</sup> hee standeth excusable, but runneth into vanitie emonge the rest.

The Dutchemanne and the Lance knyghte thought they aboude in manye iaggess, cuttes, and superfluous sloppes, yet in an other poynte they are prayse worthy, and differ muche from the Englishman, that is to say, they neuer chaug but kepe alwayes one facion in their garmentes: whych constancy compared with the vanitie of their cuttes, they are lesse to be blamed the<sup>m</sup> any other nacions before reherced. And wheras the Frenchman beareth in his apparel a face of pride, the Spaniard blame worthy for to much costlye aray, and the Duchman a spoyler of much cloth, al these may truely say agayne that dayly new facioning and changing of apparel betokeneth inconstancy, and wauering of mind, whych thing is a great blemishe to the honour of a gentleman. Therefore if I were worthy to prescribe an order in wearing of garmentes, he whych leaueth costly araye, and vseth comblie apparell, wel facioned, folowing the righte order y<sup>t</sup> a gentleman oughte for to dooe, suche one should in that poynt be most commended: whyche thyng if it were once brought to passe, and the commoditie therof perfectly knowne, I thinke all gentlemen woulde easely contente themselues therewythe, and leaue ryche and pryncelye apparell to be worne of yonge prynces whose age and nobilyty agreeth therwyth, in whom also no excesse is allowed.



“*The Historie of Guicciardin, containing the Warres of Italie and other Parties, continued for many yeares under sundry Kings and Princes, together with the variations and accidents of the same: And also the Arguments, with a Table at large, expressing the principall matters through the whole historie.*

*Reduced into English by Geffray Fenton.*

*Mon heur viendra.*

[Vantroullier's device, with the motto—*Anchora Spei.*]

*Imprinted at London by Thomas Vantroullier, dwelling in the Black Friars by Ludgate, 1579.”*

Fol. pp. 1184.



DEDICATION to Queen Elizabeth, at the close of which he says:

“ I forbear to make declaration to your Majesty of the life and learning of the first author of this Book; a matter testified with sufficient credit and reputation in the high Negotiations and Employments, which he managed long time under great Princes, Popes, and Commonweals: And I am bold, (contrary to the customs of some writers) to leave to particulate in my Epistle, any part of the Argument, which with so great gravity he hath digested at large in so great a volume. Only the man, for his integrity and roundnes, was such one, as whose virtues were far from all suspicion of partiality, favour, hatred, love, reward, or any other property of human affection, which might have force to corrupt or turn from the truth the mind of a wri-

ter: And for the general matter of his work, it doth not only contain the wars and divers accidents happened in Italy and other parts for almost forty years, but also he doth so distinctly set down the causes, the counsels, and the fortunes of every principall party introduced into those actions, that by his study and judgement is made easy to the reader, the way to all those sweet and plentiful fruits, which with painfulness are sought for in Histories of this nature.

And for my own part, wherein all my dedications heretofore, not my will, which was always warranted by the gracious demonstration of your Majesty, but my manner of life, instituted upon private customs and exercises, hath holden me from approaching the authority of this place, afore which nothing ought not to be presented which hath not a full perfection of spirit and study: yet now, taking my reason of the work, and observing the examples and inducements of others in like oblations, I am bold, under fear and humility, to prostrate these my last pains afore that divine moderation of mind which always hath holden for acceptable all things respecting learning or virtuous labours: Humbly beseeching your right Excellent Majesty, that where the work is now to appear in the open view of the world, and stand before the uncertain judgments of so many and sundry strange humours of men, you will vouchsafe to let it pass under the happy name of your Majesty, and under your gracious authority to give it defence and favour against the emulation of such, as either through malice or ignorance may rise up to interpret me and my labours sinisterly. The Lord bless your Majesty with a long and peaceable life, and confirm in you, to the comfort of your people, that course of well-tempered government by the benefit whereof they have so long lived under the felicity of your name. At my lodgings, near the Tower of London, v<sup>11</sup> Januarii, 1578.

Your Majesty's humble and true Subject,

GEFFRAY FENTON."



Sir Geoffrey Fenton died 1608. His daughter married the first Earl of Cork. Soon after this publication, Sir Geoffrey went to Ireland under the patronage of Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton, and was sworn into the Privy Council there, 1581. See *Chalmers's Biograph. Dict.* xiv. p. 199.

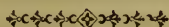
There was a subsequent edition of this translation in 1599. The present is not mentioned by Tanner, Chalmers, &c.

*“ A Funerall Sermons preached the xxvi day of November in the yeare of our Lord MDLXXVI, in the parishe Church of Caermarthyn, By the Reverend Father in God, Richard, by the permission of God, Bishoppe of Saint Davys, at the buriall of the Right Honourable Walter Earle of Essex and Ewe, Earl Marshall of Irelande, Viscount Hereford and Bourghcher, Lord Ferrers of Chartley, Bourghcher, and Lousin, of the most Noble Order of the Garter, Knight.*

*Imprinted at London by Henry Denham, dwelling in Pater noster Row, at the signe of the Starre.*

*Anno Domini. 1577.”*

4to. sig. F ii.



AT the back of the title page the Earl's arms, fifty-nine quarterings within the Garter.

## DEDICATION.

*“ To the Right Honourable my very good L. Robert Earl of Essex and Ewe, Viscount of Hereforde and Bourgchier, Lorde ferrers of Churtley, Bourgchier and Louayne, hir Maiesties Warde, &c.*

“ My Lord, your absence lately from the Funerall of my L. your Father, was lamented by such in Wales as would gladly have beheld the lively image of him in you : and if the tenderesse of your yeares, unmeete for so tedious and unseasonable traueyle, had not by necessitie disappoynted their hope, then should the lamentable speeche of that grave and reverent Father, the Byshop of S. Davies (expressed wyth abundaunce of dolour and teares) have left in you a deepe impression of griefe for the intollerable losse of so Honorable a parent. But it may be iudged that God hath turned your absence to your more benefit. Since, the importunacie of such as loue and honour you, and who couet to haue your Father’s vertues discende with his inheritance, hath obtained the publishing of that learned Sermon : wherein your L. may at good leysure view in the just report of his lyfe and death the paterne and forme of true nobilitie.

The Heroicall discription that the Byshop maketh of Nobilitie, comparing it to a mountayne from which foure famous ryvers must issue, (the mountaine true Religion, the rivers Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance) is a rule to you : first to follow your Father in truth of religion, then to be, as he was, wyse, iust, valiaunt, and temperate. The natural and unforced courtesie and affability that was in your Father, and that excellent mixture of disposition and aptnesse, both for warre and peace, doth promise to the worlde a singular perfection in you hereafter. For as your Grandfather, who dyed in his young yeares, dyd make shewe of much more honour then was in the Noble Viscount his Father : and this our Earle by famous actions dyd altogether eclips the vertuous hope conceyued

of your Grandfather: so considering that God in nature continueth as it were the race by outward shew of good partes in you, and that you haue more aduantage of education both by the place where you liue, and by the honour and wisdom of your patrones then your Grandfather or your Father had, we cannot but hope of a further degree of excellencie in you to ouershine the goodnesse both of your Father and Grandfather. Some people there be that can hardly discerne betwene honour and profit, that doe ouer muche thinke of the disadvantage offered you by the Earle your Father, in diminishing some part of his patrimonie in his forrayne seruices, and will wish you perhaps with a contrarie course to deserue more of your heire and woorse of the worlde: But as I wish in you a liberall frugality under this rule and protestation, that nothing can be profitable that is not honest: so to deserue well (as your Father dyd) of your Soueraigne and Countrey in matters appertayning to hir Maiestie's obedience, rather throw the helue after the hatchet, and leaue your raynes to be repayed by your Prince, then any thing to degenerate from Honorable liberalitie. And as in attempting great things, it is good to be circumspect and wyth judgement wysely to foresee the ende before you beginne: so hauing entered into any Honourable attempt that may be iustly grounded upon reason, follow the same with such inuincible constancie in all extremities, as your Father dyd, for so shall you iustly deserue lyke testimonie as hir Maiestie gaue to him in hir gracious letters: namely, that he was a rare Jewell of hir Realme, and an ornament of hir Nobilitie.

True Religion and wisdom (upon whom Iustice dependeth) doe proceede from God by grace, and therefore by inuocation, prayer, and studie to be obtayned: but the other Vertues, as fortitude, temperaunce, courtesie, affabilitie, liberalitie, and constancie, be peculiar to your house, descending by nature, and grafted as it were in your principles, so that to degenerate into the loathsome contraries of these, and insteade of habite of vertue, to disguyse yourselfe with vice, shall be harder to you, and more impossible for the contrarietie of your nature,

then to attayne in good things to the perfection of excellencie. And to the end that you may know what you are by birth and bloud, and that you shoulde not by ignoraunce and lacke of knowlege of yourselfe, doe any thing unworthy of the Noble houses from whence you are discended: a welwiller of yours hath ioyned to this Sermon (amongst other Epitaphes contayning your Father's due prayes) his stately discent in well digested Latine verses: not to puffe you up with any swelling vaniteis, but to giue you a reason how you beare your Armour and Badges of Honour, and to remember you what errour you enter into, if you should blemish the vertues of your Noble Auncestors, or to doe any thing, as I sayde, unworthy your birth and calling.

Lastly, my L. haue alwayes before your eyes the feare of God, and the counselle of the Earle your Father at his death: namely, that you shoulde euer be mindeful of the moment of tyme assigned both to your Father and Grandfather, the eldest hauing attained but to sixe and thirtie yeares, to the ende that upon consideration of the short course of lyfe that you in nature are to look for, you might so employ your tender yeares in vertuous studies and exercises, as you might in the prime of your youth become a man well accomplished to serue hir Maiestie and your countrey, aswel in warre as peace: whereunto he commaunded you to bende all your indeauours, and with these conditions heaped his blessings upon you. I pray therefore that God will increase these conditionall blessinges, and the causes

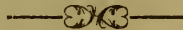
of them in you to the end that hir Maiestie may thinke of you hereafter, as of a true servant and humble sub-

ject, one of the pillers of hir estate, hir Ma-

iestie's kinsman by many alliances, and the

sonne of a most Noble Father. Your

L. at commandement E. W.



Then follow copies of verses on the Earl's pedigree, Latin, Hebrew, Welsh, and French, with curious genealogical tables, and shields of arms, cut in wood, in the margins; including a coat of Ferrers, Earl of

Derby, with 20 quarterings, and Bouchier, Earl of Essex, with 22 quarterings.

The Sermon concludes in these words :

“ O noble Earl of Essex, in thy tyme the Pearle of Nobilitie : the myrrour of Vertue and woorthy qualities : the childe of Chyualrie : the beautiful flower of Englande : the precious Jewell and comfort of Wales : the trustie stay of Irelande : thy lyfe was most honourable : thy worthinesse incomparable : thy death precious in the sight of God, for thou dyedst in the Lord a right inheritour of the euerlasting kingdome of heauen — Wherefore by authoritie of the heauenly oracle S. John was commaunded to write, thou art to be pronounced blessed for euer. Our sinnes hath shortned thy life, so that we coulde enioye the same no longer. Thou hast notwithstanding bequeathed thy body to be buried amongst us here in Wales. Of very duetie therefore, O Noble Earle, thy Tombe shall be with us in reuerence, estimation and honour, the fame and name of thy Nobilitie, valiauntnesse, vertue and worthinesse, shal neuer be forgotten, but shal lyue and be kept with us in memorie from generation to generation whyle the world standeth. Deare beloued audience, because the tyme is spent, here wyll I abruptly make an end, and neither deale with the thyrde part of my first diuision, nor make recapitulation of any matter I haue spoken of. Onely let us pray that God of hys mercy graunt us grace to consider his holy will and pleasure, declared unto us by so many messengers, and especially by this that we now receyue in the death of this noble Magistrate. And that we may learne to dye in the Lorde as he hath done, and that together wyth him and all the elect of God, we may participate a joyfull resurrection in the world to come, through our Saviour Jesus Christ ; to whome wyth the Father and the Holy Ghost, be laude honour, and prayse, for euer, and ener. Amen.

*Handwritten flourish*

## Hearniana.



*Extract. April 19, 1725.*

ROGER WENDOVER. SAINT CUTHBERT.

“ROGER Wendover is in the Cotton library, but he was never printed. I know nothing more of him at present, than what is said by those that have writ about our Historians. If, as some say, both Matth. Paris and Matth. Westminster extracted a vast deal from him, perhaps little of moment about our History will be found in him besides what appears in them.

You were so kind as to shew me formerly your M. S. (the original book of Robert Hegg's legend) of St. Cuthbert. You afterwards told me that you lent it to Dr. Tanner. I suppose you read it all over, and I should be glad to know whether the M. S. bears hard (as the printed book does) upon the Monks, and endeavours to render the whole history of St. Cuthbert ridiculous.”

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*Extract. May 8, 1725.*

MR. ANSTIS.

“MR. Anstis's new book about the Kts. of the Bath was compiled and printed within three weeks, as he very lately told me in a letter. Francis Thynne, Lancaster Herald, writ upon this subject, and his M. S. in folio is now in being. Mr. Anstis hath a copy of it.”

Extract. June 4. 1725.

ST. WENEFRIDE.

“ I AM glad you took the opportunity of consulting the *Liber Festivalis* or *Festialis* in the Cottonian library. It seems that M. S. hath got the homily upon St. Wenefride, which is wanting in the printed books. I found it also in Mr. Ward's M. S. which, I suppose, does not varie in any thing that is material from the Cottonian. The late Bishop of Ely had no recourse to this book, when he was writing upon this subject. Nor indeed was I then aware of it, otherwise I should have informed him, at the same time I sent him the rhythmical account of St. Wenefride from a M. S. in Bodley, together with *Robertus Salopiensis's* life of her, that I got transcrib'd for him from the same library. His lordship told me his design was to hinder superstitious Pilgrims from making fruitless journeys to the Holy Well; but indeed when his book came out, it had a contrary effect. For upon reading it, and hearing it read, many more flocked thither than there did before. And many persons of good judgment concluded, upon weighing what had been alledged by the Publisher, that most of his proofs, against the being of such a lady as St. Wenefride were very weak, and that he had been highly injurious to the memory of *Robertus Salopiensis*, whom he makes a great villain, whereas, on the contrary, he was a very religious, conscientious, good man, and so was also *Elerius* the Britain, that likewise writ about her. Allowances must be made for different ages. Devotion hath been now and then attended with credulity. Hence some things that are judged incredible have crept into writings much older than either *Elerius* or *Robertus Salopiensis*. Of this you may have instances in *Ruinart* and others. And yet I should not from hence by any means be inclined to diminish the number of the martyrs, as the Bishop, as well as my friend Mr. Dodwell (and even the late Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of Worcester, as I found by conversing with him) were.”

Extract. Nov. 4, 1726.

THE SAME.

“THOMAS Goldwell, Bp. of St. Asaph, a person of a holy life and great learning, who for the sake of religion (for he was a Roman Catholick) went beyond sea after Q. Eliz. came to the crown, (and he died at Rome) writ an account of St. Wenefrid, and of the Holy well, and the antiquities thereof in Flintshire. But I am uncertain whether it was ever printed. Perhaps you may have an opportunity of enquiring. The said Bp. Goldwell was very much esteemed by Cardinal Baronius and other eminent men.”

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Extract. Sept. 26, 1727.

JOHN NORDEN.

“As to John Norden, it is above a year since I look'd over his *Survey of Cornwall*, being put into my hands for that end; but I had it so little while that I could not consider it so well as otherwise I might have done. I remember I wrote a letter afterwards about it to Mr. Christopher Bateman, as I was desired. This description of Cornwall is part of his *Speculum Britannicæ*, to which *Speculum* he wrote a Preparative, which is printed in about three sheets in 8vo. A friend of mine (now dead) sold a copy of the said Preparative to the late Bp. of Ely, Dr. John Moore, viz. before he was Bishop. Mr. Norden also printed a Book in a pot folio of all the Counties of England, with the distance of one town from the other. There is also a map of Hampshire of Mr. Norden's doing, (rarely to be seen) in a sheet of paper.

The M. S. which I saw of Mr. Norden's Cornwall had draughts of several remarkable particulars, but it wanted the map. There was formerly a M. S. of this work in St. James's Library, where there was likewise a M. S. of Boston of Bury. But both these (with many besides) as I take it, are now wanting there.”



*Extract. Nov. 16, 1727.*

DU FRESNE.

“DU FRESNE was a very great man, and I am glad you have sent me his Epitaph. I had not seen it before. Three or four years since I saw proposals for a new Edition of his *Gloss. Med. and Inf. Lat.* but having heard nothing since, I suppose the design dropp'd. Nor indeed do they now carry on in France those great and noble works they did in a late reign. Learning, it seems, dwindles among them, as it does every day among us.”

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*Extract. Jan. 31, 1727. [O. S.]*

THE SAME, AND JAMES II.

“YOU sent me Du Fresne's Epitaph, (which I have printed in Elmham) and at the same time told me, you would send me the inscription on the fine monument of the Church of St. Andrew of Scotland, where the brain of a certain Prince is interred, if I had it not before. I forgot to tell you, I had it not, so shall be very glad to receive it from you. Perhaps hereafter things relating to that most horribly abused, and most unjustly abdicated king may be great Curiosities.”

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*Extract. Feb. 20, 1727.*

THE SAME.

“I THANK you for the inscription on K. James II. I thought it had been in Scotland, but I see now that it is at Paris, and upon consulting one of my MSS. I find I had it before; yet I am nevertheless oblig'd to you for your Copy. According to my account 'twas not his Brain, but his Heart that was deposited in the Chapel of the Scotch College at Paris.”

*Extract. Jan. 21, 1730.*

ANTIQUITIES AND HISTORY OF COLCHESTER.

“ I AM glad you had some discourse with Mr. Gray of Colchester, who is a Barrister of Law, and I do not doubt he hath many curiosities. I am sure he not only told me of such formerly, but promised to shew them to me, if I were to come into those parts. I have a note of some of them, being papers relating to Monastic affairs. Since that he hath taken up the amuzing study of Coins, a good use of which may be made in History; but for Catalogues, most things of that nature have been exhausted by Crew and others; so that instead of repetition, 'twere better to account for only such as are omitted by them, and at the same time give some short curious dissertations upon them. Mr. Gray may have an opportunity of writing little curious notes upon Coins found at Colchester, if he will (what he seems inclined to) undertake an account of the Antiquities of Colchester. I saw him here on Sept. 28 last, at which time he gave me a silver coin, with ΜΑΣΣΑ for ΜΑΣ-ΣΑΛΙΗΤΩΝ (for it belongs to Marseilles, which was built by the Phocians) on it.

Mr. Gray at that time told me, that Mr. Holman of Halstede in Essex had got large extracts of Domesday Book and other Records relating to the County of Essex. These Extracts were probably Sir Simonds Dewes's. I find he is since dead. He was a puritan, I think a presbyterian teacher. He had got a great many old Chartularies and other Curiosities in Antiquities. Perhaps these likewise (at least some of them) belonged to Sir Simond Dewes. Some years since (tho' he was but a mean scholar) he collected and drew up an account in a particular manner of the History and Antiquities of Essex, but instead of publishing it, he made money of it, by taking fees of such as came to him for resolution, of which sort there were many, and should he have printed it, his trade that way would have been spoiled. May be you can tell me more.”

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