

THE
Retrospective Review.

FOR 'T OF THE OLDE FIELDS, AS MEN SAY,
COMETH ALL THIS NEW CORN PRO YERE F'Y LRES,
AND OUT OF OLDE BOOKES, IN 'OOD FAITH,
COMETH ALL THIS NEW SCIENCE THAT MEN LIKE

CHICAGO.

VOL. XII.



LONDON:

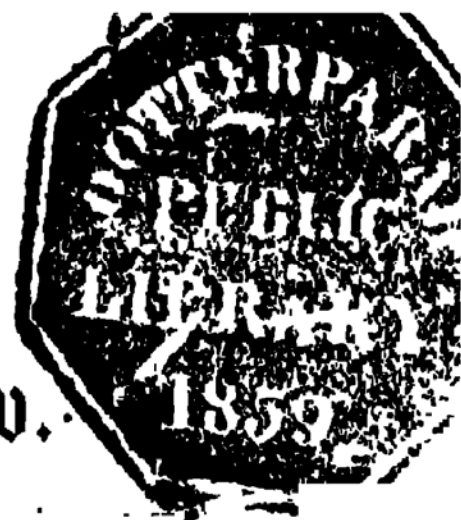
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THE
Retrospective Review.

VOL. XII. PART I.

ART. I.—*The Plays acted before the University of Cambridge*

THE prejudice modern readers have taken against every thing earlier than the productions of their own century, by giving us a proof of their indolence, affords a still stronger one, that their attainments are superficial. Those precocious wits, who say better things than they know, and write more than they read, furnish congenial food for this numerous class, who are either unwilling or unable to submit to the laws which justly impose on man the labour of penetrating into the mine, before he is permitted to possess the metal. Perhaps, indeed, the contracted ideas of some former antiquaries, who have launched indiscriminate condemnation against pursuits differing from their own, and their conclusive dogma that estimates value by age, have conduced in no small degree to injure the very cause they wished to advocate. The acrimony of a Ritson has probably deterred many from drinking at a pure stream, than the one newly cut from the parent river. But, without justifying the moroseness of these laborious writers, it is impossible not to censure those who affect to ridicule pursuits, the utility of which they are not qualified to appreciate. *Qui non intelligit, aut taceat, aut discat*, was the motto the astrological Dr. Dee put to his *Monas Hieroglyphica*; upon which Queen Elizabeth declared with unusual liberality “that if he would disclose unto her the secrets of that book, she would *et discere et facere*.” Whereupon her Majesty had a little perusal of the same with him; and then, in most heroical and princely wise, did comfort him, and

encourage him in his studies, philosophical and mathematical.” To many who study only the ephemeral hot-pressed authors of our own age, we might apply the quaint but nervous expressions of Stephen Gosson, “ You know it is a notable point of folly, for a man to toast himself by his neighbour’s fire, and never bestir him to keep any warmth in his own chimney: as great a madness is it in many readers, when they are taught, not to seek to maintain it of their own; which is, to content themselves with the glorious blaze of another man’s knowledge, whereby they outwardly get some colour in their cheeks, but within they are dusky, dark, and obscure.” Still less can any justification be offered, for indulging in abuse against the pursuits of others, because we can unfortunately instance many eminent men, who have committed themselves upon similar occasions. Sir Isaac Newton is said to have sneered at Dr. Bentley, and Bishop Hare, for squabbling, as he expressed it, about an old play book. Warburton has commented on the fact, in his preface to Shakespeare.

Such censures are among the follies of men, immoderately given up to one science, and ignorantly undervaluing all others. It is in this all-pervading spirit of illiberality, that the drama itself has been at different periods assailed, from the era of Tertullian, and the Fathers, to that of Jeremy Collier, and the Puritans of our own times. William Prynne, its most voluminous antagonist, affirms in his elaborate book, to Scourge Stage Players, that he has therein cited against them no less than fifty-five Synods and Councils, seventy Fathers and Christian writers before the year 1200, one hundred and fifty foreign and domestic Protestant and Popish authors since, and forty heathen Philosophers and Poets. In despite of it, the drama still continues to instruct and amuse us.

“———There have been more, in some one play,
Laugh’d into wit and virtue, than hath been
By twenty tedious lectures drawn from sin
And foppish humours.”

* *Life of Dr. Dee*, appended to *Hearn’s Journ. Glaston. Chron.*

+ “ *Octavius* — Yet all admire
Author. The paper ?

Octavius. Yes; ten shillings every quite;
The type is Bulmer’s, just like Boydell’s plays:
So Mister Hayley shines in Milton’s rays.

• In one glaz’d glare tracts, sermons, pamphlets &c,
And hot-press’d nonsense claims a dignity.”

Pursuits of Literature, p. 229. Ed. 1808.

So fully impressed with this opinion is a Cambridge divine, that, not twenty years ago, he preached four sermons in the University Church in support of them.—Before his day, Archbishop Tillotson was not backward to give testimony in their favour, by declaring, they put some follies and vices out of countenance, which could not be so decently reprov'd, nor so effectually exposed and corrected, any other way. A history of the stage (says Mr. Burke) is no trivial thing to those who wish to study human nature, in all shapes and positions. It is of all things the most instructive, to see, not only the reflections of manners, and characters of several periods, but the modes of making their reflection, and the manner of adapting it at those periods to the taste and disposition of mankind. The stage, indeed, may be considered as the republic of active literature, and its history, as the history of that state. In our own times, we find how closely it is connected with the prevailing taste and fashion, and there is no doubt, but that it has always been so, from the days when comedy and tragedy were no higher than the exhibitions of our itinerant mountebanks, until those of Tom and Jerry, where imaginary sprees upon the stage are practically imitated in the streets.

A just theatrical representation is the best picture of human nature; with this peculiar attendant advantage, that in this instructing academy, the young spectator may frequently learn the manners of the world, without encountering its perils. Besides, as pleasure is the object in view of the greater part of mankind, (and most justly so, whilst this object is continued under the guidance of reason,) all well-regulated States have judged it proper, both in a political and moral sense, to have some public exhibitions, for the entertainment of the people. In tracing the rise and progress of the drama, the purposes to which it has been applied, and the important consequences that have arisen from it, a source of investigation is opened alike instructive to the philosopher, and gratifying to the feelings of the poet. Our limits, indeed, will only allow us to give that general account of it, which is more particularly connected with the subject of the present article, **THE LATIN PLAYS ACTED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.**

In the opinion of Voltaire, religious plays came first from Constantinople, where the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides were represented, till the fourth century. About this period Gregory Nazianzen, an archbishop and poet, with a view of banishing pagan plays from the stage at Constantinople, composed many sacred dramas, taken from stories in the old and new Testament, intended to be substituted for the Greek tragedies, with hymns in lieu of choruses. These have not survived the inimitable compositions over which they triumphed

for a time : only one of them, a tragedy, called *Χριστος πασχων*, or Christ's passion, is now extant.*

In the prologue, it is said to be in imitation of Euripides, and that this is the first time the Virgin Mary has been produced on the stage. Warton, in his history of English poetry, † has, however, given us a more early and singular specimen of the representation of sacred history.—Some fragments of an ancient Jewish play, in Greek Iambics, are preserved in Clemens Alexandrinus : it is on the Exodus, or departure of the Israelites from Egypt, under their leader and prophet Moses. The principal characters are Moses, Sapphira, and God from the Bush, or God speaking from the burning bush.—Moses delivers the prologue, or introduction, in a speech of sixty lines, and his rod is turned into a serpent on the stage. The author of this piece is Ezechiel, a Jew, who is called the tragic poet of the Jews : whether a theatre existed among them, is a curious speculation.

These compositions, passing first into Italy, suggested the writing of mysteries, which, from thence, found their way into France, and the rest of Europe.—They appear to have originated among the ecclesiastics ; and were, most probably, first acted, at least with any degree of form, by the monks. The only persons who could read, were in the religious societies ; and they were glad to have in their own hands the direction of a popular amusement, capable of rivalling the scandalous pantomimes and buffooneries exhibited at fairs, by the itinerant minstrels, whom the merchants carried with them for the purpose of attracting customers.

It is not the province of this article to enter into the comparative degree of antiquity that the English Stage possesses over those of other countries of Europe. A difficulty must always attend the inquiry, from the doubts that exist, whether the earliest recorded performances of each country were accompanied with dialogue, or were mere pantomimical exhibitions. The language of Matthew of Paris, however, when speaking of the plays acted in the Abbey of Dunstable, ‡ and in London, in

* See *Greg. Nazianzeni Opera*, l. ii. p. 253, &c. edit. Parisiis, fol. 1630 ; there is opposite a Latin version by U. Roilletus : the Tragedy of Grotius, called *Christus Patiens*, is quite different.

† See vol. ii. p. 371, 372.

‡ The earliest writer of Latin plays, after the fall of the Roman Empire, was Rosiritha, a Nun, A. D. 970, whose dramatic compositions are published in a very rare and beautiful book, printed at Nuremberg, about 1500. See *Vade, Trithemius*, &c.

Reuchlin, a learned German, was the first dramatic writer of that nation : he is said to have opened a theatre at Heidelberg.

Guilielmus Druræus wrote plays, that were acted at Douay, the

the twelfth century, can scarcely be deemed equivocal, but as referring to written compositions. One argument, in favour of their having been united with dialogue, is grounded on the circumstance, that a specimen of the Corpus Christi Pageant, instituted at York, early in the thirteenth century, is yet in existence amongst the archives of that city. These early spectacles were called miracles: the Play of St. Catherine, acted at Dunstable, about the year 1110, by the boys of the Abbey School,

beginning of the seventeenth century, called *Aluredus, Mors, and Reparatus*. See Edit. Duaci. 12mo. 1628. Josephus Simon also wrote plays that were acted at Douay, at Rome, at Naples, at Seville, and other places: the edition of Rome, 1748, 8vo. contains *Zeno Tragædia*; and *Mercia Tragædia*, acted at the English College, at Rome, 1648. It was represented six times with great applause. *Zeno* exists in MS. in the Harleian Collection, 5024; and in the University Library, Cambridge; (li--6--35,) it was acted before the University, in the year 1631. Dramatic pieces on scriptural subjects were written by Nicholaus Caussin, a Jesuit, called *Solyma, Nabuchodonosor, and Felicitas*: he also wrote *Theodoricus, and Hermingildus*.—see edit. Parisiis, 12mo. 1629. Nicolaus Vernuleus wrote ten Tragedies, called, *Conradinus, Crispus, Theodoricus, Henricus Octavus, Joanna Darcia, Stanislaus, Ottocarus, Thomas Cantuariensis, Eustachius, and Gorcomienses*. See edit. Lovanii. 8vo. 1631. Nicodemus Frischlinus wrote six comedies, *Rebecca, Susanna, Hildegard, Julius Redivivus, Priscian Vapulans, Helvetio Germani*; and two Tragedies, *Venus, and Dido*. See edit. Argentorati, 12mo. 1621. Grotius wrote *Sophompaneas*, a tragedy, and *Christus Patiens*, a Tragedy. See edit. Amst. 1635. 12mo.—Joannes Jacomotus wrote *Agrippa Ecclesiomatrix*, a tragedy, printed at Geneva, 8vo. 1597. Christopherus Schonæus wrote a Christian Terence, *Terentius Christianus*, containing the two tragedies of *Tobæus* and *Juditha*, to which is added *Pseudostratistes, fabula jocosa ac ludicra*, Lond. 8vo. 1641: but the best edition of his plays is that of Plantin, 8vo. 1598, divided into three parts, the first containing *Nehemias, Saulus, Naaman* and *Josephus*; the second part printed at Colonia, 8vo. 1609, containing six comedies, *Susanna, Daniel, Triumphus Christi, Typhlus, Pentecoste, and Ananus*: and the third part containing *Baptistes, Dyscoli Pseudostratiotæ, Cuneæ, and Vitulus*. Vincentius Guinijus wrote a tragedy called *Ignatius*, printed by Plantin, 12mo. 1637.

Coriolanus Martiranus wrote *Christus*, a tragedy: printed at Naples, in 12mo. 1556. Xystus Betuleius wrote *Judith*, a Tragi-comedy: printed at Darmstad, by Balthasar Auleander, 12mo. without a date. Theodorus Rhodius wrote sacred Dramas, *Simson, Agagus, and Hagne*; a tragedy, *Colignius*; and two comedies, *Debora, and The-saurus*: printed at Franckfort, in 12mo. 1615; also another Tragedy, *Josephus*: printed at Darmstad, in 12mo. 1619. Others may be mentioned, but these will be perhaps sufficient.

and written by Geoffrey, a learned Norman, was, perhaps, the first of the kind that was ever attempted, and the first trace of theatrical representation which appeared in England. To this succeeded the Chester Mysteries, so called, because acted in that city. The researches of Mr. Markland,* upon this head, enable us to date them before the year 1328. They, as well as the Coventry Mysteries, afford various proofs, that their composers did not adhere too rigidly to the text of Scripture, but introduced many licentious pleasantries, calculated to relieve the solemnity of the plot, and amuse the audience. In a play of the old and new Testament, Adam and Eve are both exhibited on the stage naked, and conversing about their nakedness; this very pertinently introduces the next scene, in which they have coverings of fig-leaves.† In the *Deluge*, the quarrel between Noah and his wife forms a prominent feature: After some dialogue between Noah, Shem, Ham, and Japhet, and their wives, we find the following stage directions. “Then Noe, with all his family shall make a signe, as though they wrought uppon the shippe with divers instruments; and after that, God shall speake to Noe.” “Then Noe shall go into the arke with all his familye, his wife excepte.” But his wife declares she will not stir

“ Out of this toune ;

But I have my gossepes everich one !”

At length, Shem and his brethren put her on board by force; and upon Noah’s welcoming her, “welcome, wife, into this boate,” she gives him a box on the ear: adding,

“ Take thou that for thy note.”

In the *Millere’s Tale*, of Chaucer, when Nicholas is conferring with John the Carpenter, he asks him,

“ Hast thou not herd (quod Nicholas) also
The sorwe of Noe with his felawship,
Or, that he might get his wif to ship.”‡

It is impossible to trace this absurd dispute, except to the stage: plays of miracles were the common amusement in Lent;§ and the Carpenter would be more likely to draw his notions of divinity from them, than from his Bible.

* “ See *History of the Chester Mysteries*,” privately printed for the Roxburgh Club.

† See Malone’s *Hist. of the English Stage*.

‡ See *Canterbury Tales*, v. 3538. ed. Tyrwhitt.

§ See Chauc. *Wife of Bath’s Prol.* v. 6132, &c.

Our Universities soon adopted this popular species of amusement. In the year 1350, William de Leune, and Isabel his wife, gave, at their admission into the Gild of *Corpus Christi*,* twenty shillings, in alms, twelve-pence for wax, and expended, in *Ludo Filiorum Israelis*, half-a-mark. This is the earliest example we have of theatrical exhibitions in the University of Cambridge; though, from the wording of the above extract, it would appear they had existed before that time. The murder of the Innocents was undoubtedly a very favourite plot in the age when these performances prevailed. It occurs among the religious plays of Coventry and York; and in the Townly MS. a play with a similar title was acted at Coustance, in the year 1417; and in Hawkins's origin of the English Drama, we have a Mystery, entitled *Candlemas-day, or the killing of the Children of Israel*. See *Retros. Rev.* vol. i. p. 339, 340.

It was a custom, not only then subsisting, but of very high antiquity, to act tragedies and comedies in the University of Paris: and not forty years after the representation of the *Filii Israelis*, in the year 1386, in the fragment of an ancient account roll of the dissolved College of Michael-House, Cambridge, the following expense is entered: "*Pro pallio brusdato, et pro sex larvis et barbīs in comēdia!*" For an embroidered pall, or cloak, and six visors, and six beards, for the Comedy." There can be little doubt, but that Cambridge occasionally had its share in hearing some of the numerous moralities and interludes, that were written in the two next centuries, especially since the Bilious Bale, one of its members, was a voluminous writer of them, and translated into Latin the next we shall notice. But all information concerning these academic amusements ceases until the year 1544: from which time, down to the usurpation of Cromwell, Latin plays were annually (as there is every reason to suppose) acted in the different Colleges. The most celebrated actors were the men of Trinity, St. John's, and King's Colleges: with the exceptions of two Plays at Christ's, [*Pammachius*, and *Gammer Gurton's Needle*,] three at Queen's [*Lelia*, *Senile Odium*, and *Valetudinarium*,] and two at Clare Hall; [*Ignoramus*, and *Club Law*,] no other Colleges acted them. Masters of arts, bachelors, and under-graduates, without any distinction, were the performers. The practice was well known to Shakspeare, who notices it in *Hamlet*, Act iii. Scene ii.

* "*Hamlet*. My Lord, you played once in the University, you say?"

Pol. That did I, my Lord; and was accounted a good actor.

* See Masters's *Hist. of Corpus Christi Coll.* p. 5.

Haml. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed in the Capitol; Brutus killed me."

The Play of *Julius Cæsar* was performed at Christ Church, Oxford,* in 1582: and several years before, a Latin play, on the same subject, was acted in the College of Beauvais, at Paris. The Oxford one was written by Dr. Gedes, chaplain to Queen Elizabeth. He is said, by Ward, to have spent his younger years in 'poetical fancies, and composing plays, mostly tragedies.—There is a play, without a date, bearing the same title, privately acted by the students of Trinity College, Oxford.—Thomas May wrote one, which still exists in manuscript.

At this time, 1544, Bishop Gardiner was Chancellor, and Dr. Parker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, Vice-Chancellor, when a matter fell out, (to use the words of Strype,†) which gave the said Chancellor great disgust, and made a great dust for some time in the University, and likewise created the Vice-Chancellor no small trouble to execute the orders sent him down from his Chancellor. The cause was this. An interlude was played at Christ's College publicly, (but, as was suggested, against the mind of the Master and President,) wherein the Popish manner of lent-fasting, and the ceremonies, were exposed. Somebody soon carried the tale unto the Chan-

* Many Latin Plays were acted in the University of Oxford; the most celebrated are *Vertumnus*, and *Bellum Grammaticale*. But we know of no less than twenty-one others to have been represented,—*Absalom*, *Alba*, *Archipropheta*, *Dido*, *Kermophus*, *Marcus Geminus*, *Meleager*, *Nero*, *Pharamus*, *Progne*, *Regicidium*, *Rivales*, *Spurius*, *Thomachia*, *Thibaldus*, and *Ulysses Redux*. To these may be added *Homo*, *tragedia*, written by Thomas Atkinson, fellow of St. John's; and dedicated to Laud: it exists in MS. in the Harleian Collection, No. 6925. Wood says he was a Cambridge man, but see *Athen. Oxon.* edit. Bliss, *Fasti*, p. i. pp. 239, 386, 450, 456; and *Atalanta*, *comædia*, written by Phillip Parsons, 1612 and dedicated to Laud: it exists in the Harleian Collection, No. 6924. To these may be added *Amoribus Perinthi et Tjanthes*, a Comedy written by William Burton, 1696; see *Wood's Athen. Oxon.* viii. p. 155.—*Nectar et Ambrosia*, a tragedy, by Edmund Campian, see *Wood's Athen. Oxon.* v. i. p. 475; and one in English, *Technojamia*, or the *Marriage of the Arts*, by Barten Holiday. The most celebrated actors in the sister University were the men of Christ Church, St. John's, and Trinity: we are not aware what any were represented in other Colleges, unless we take into the account the Christmas festivities at Merton, mentioned in Anthony Wood's Life.

† See *Life of Archbishop Parker*, v. i., p. 35, 36, ed. Oxford, 1821.

cellor; and he made a heavy ado about it. He would have come down himself, as he said, if his occasions had permitted him, to examine into the matter. But he required Parker, his Vice-Chancellor, to assemble the Masters and Heads of Colleges, with the Doctors of the University, and declaring this matter, he should require them to assist in the trial of the truth, concerning the said tragedy, that that order which was established in the church might not by any be presumed to be contradicted, nor that to be reprov'd, which by the King's Majesty was allowed. He added, 'that Oxford lived quietly with fewer privileges; and that there were, that would that Cambridge had as few as they.'

The acting of this Latin play, *Pammachius*, would naturally be offensive to the Popish Prelate; being a most dangerous libel upon the Papistical ceremonies, then unabolished, and of which he was a most bigotted advocate. The Catholic worship afforded a much better hold for ridicule, than the religion of the Reformers. The Papists seldom answered these attacks made upon them; and when they did, it was generally by calling to their aid the miracles worked by their saints, or by the legends that related how the incredulity of those who did not believe "that God was in form of bread," had been overcome by the personal appearance of Christ.—There exist many tales of this kind in verse, unpublished, some of them by no means destitute of merit, either in plot, or in composition; and in the reign of Henry the Eighth, an interlude was written, called *Every Man*, in defence of the church of Rome.

The tragedy of *Jephtha*, taken from the eleventh chapter of the book of Judges, dedicated to Henry VIII. and written both in Latin and Greek, by a very learned divine in 1546, John Christopherson, one of the first fellows of Trinity, afterwards Master, Dean of Norwich, and Bishop of Chichester, was among the shows exhibited at Christmas; it was the last of a religious nature.—Buchanan has a tragedy on the same subject: there is an Italian one, by Benedict Capuano, on the same subject: and a third is mentioned by William Prynne, in his *Histrionastrix*, by Du Plessis Moruay.—The subject was probably introduced on the English stage, which may account for three lines in *Hamlet*, Act ii. Scene 2—

"*Haml.* O *Jephtha*, judge of Israel,—what a treasure had'st thou!

Pol. What treasure had he, my lord?

Haml. Why! one fair daughter, and no more;
The which he loved passing well."

Upon Saturday, the fifth of August, 1564, Queen Elizabeth

visited Cambridge :* after having been welcomed by a notable speech from the Public Orator, presented with four pair of Cambridge double gloves, edged and trimmed with two laces of fine gold ; and six boxes of fine comfits and other conceits ; she went to King's College Chapel, and " thanked God, that had sent her to this University, where she, altogether against her expectation, was so received, that, she thought, she could not be better." On the *Sunday* morning, she attended worship there again, and heard a Latin sermon. In the evening, the chapel was fitted out at her own cost, for the *Aulularia* of Plautus ; † a stage was erected the whole breadth of the chapel ; upon the south wall was hung a cloth of state, with the appurtenances and half path, for her majesty. In the Rood-loft, another stage for ladies and gentlewomen to stand on. There was, before her majesty's coming, made in the King's College Hall, a great stage. But, because it was judged by divers to be too little, and too close for her highness, and her company, and also far from her lodging, it was taken down. The building was lighted, by each of the guards holding in his hand a torch staff ; " no other lights were occupied ; and would not suffer any to stand upon the stage, save a very few upon the north side. And the guard stood upon the ground, by the stage side, holding their lights." During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, plays were exhibited in the public theatres on Sundays, as well as on other days of the week. Hence, Strype, in his additions to Stowe's *Survey of London*, says, these plays being commonly acted on Sundays, and other festivals, the churches were forsaken, and the play-houses thronged. The license granted by the queen, in 1574, to the celebrated actor, James Burbage, (whose concise epitaph of *Erin Burbage*, is well known to all,) allows them out of the hours of prayer. We have, therefore, not so much reason to be surprised at this circumstance ; particularly when we know, that she not only witnessed a Play of Plautus in King's College Chapel, on a Sunday, but did not scruple to be present at that of *Marcus Geminus*, on the same day of a subsequent year, in Christ Church Hall, Oxford.

On the next day, Monday, she heard the tragedy of *Dido*, coming about nine o'clock, as on the night before. Mr. Warton has described it as a performance in English ; but it ap-

* Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, fol., l. vii., p. 34, &c.

† Roger, Kelke, D.D. Archdeacon of Stowe, 1563, Master of Magdalen College, is said to have acted in this play, and to have transferred beauties to it unknown before. He died 1575, and was buried in St. Mary's Church, in Cambridge, with an epitaph long since defaced, but preserved in *Willis's Cathedrals*, v. ii. p. 130.

pears from an account of her Majesty's visit, composed in Latin, by Nicholas Robinson, afterwards Bishop of Bangor,* that it was written in Latin: "*Virgili' nis versibus maxima ex parte compositum,*" by Edward Haliwell,† a Fellow of the College; and different from the *Dido* performed at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1583: no doubt, Oxford could have furnished poets enough, without being indebted to a rival University. It is called by the learned Welsh prelate, *Novum opus sed venustum et elegans, et doctorum calculis comprobatum, nisi forte sua longitudine, delicatos et morosos nonnihil offendat.*—It was acted by King's College men only. There is one on the same subject, written by Nicodemus Frischlinus. On Tuesday, at the accustomed hour, she heard the play of *Ezechias* in English verse, written by Nicholas Udall,‡ and "handled by King's College men only." The same prelate says, "*Mirum vero quantum factiarum, quantum leporis in re tam seriâ ac sanctâ, et veritalis tamen certâ serie nunquam interrupta,*" and worthy for a queen to behold.

Great preparations were made to represent the *Ajar Flagellifer* in Latin; but whether the queen was "weary with ryding in the forenoone, and disputations after dinner; or whether anie private occasion letted the doinge thereof, was not commonly knowen." So she departed early the next morning, and did not hear it, "to the great sorrow, not only of the players, but of the whole University."

This visit occasioned the well-known controversy concerning the antiquity of the two Universities: the Cambridge public orator, in his harangue, unfortunately decreed the superiority to his own; and Dr. Caius wrote a book in defence of the

* Extant in *Baker's MS. Collections*, see x. p. 181, and printed in Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, v. iii.

† John Ritwise, it would seem, had nothing to do with the composition of this play. Mr. Hatcher, who collected an account of all the provosts, fellows, &c. of King's College, Cambridge, now in MS. in the Bodleian, expressly says it was written by Edward Haliwell. Hatcher's account was deemed of such value and accuracy, that Thomas Hearne was at the trouble of transcribing the whole of his work.

* He also wrote *De Papatu*, probably acted by his scholars at Eton; for that they used to act plays in the Christmas holidays, appears in the following *Status Scholæ Etonensis*, 1560.—"Circiter Festum D. Andreae Ludi Magister eligere solet pro suo arbitrio scenicas fabulas optimas et quam accommodatissimas, quas pueri Feriis Notalitiis subsequentibus non sine ludorum elegantia, populo spectante, publice aliquando peragant, &c. Interdum etiam exhibet Anglico sermone contextas fabulas siquæ habeant acumen et leporem."

assertion. Bryan Twynne appeared against him, with a book quite as large, and quite as angrily written. After each had resolutely maintained facts, which no human records could possibly prove, the opinions of all remained unchanged, and the world, without entering into their chimerical speculations, are now content to know which produces the most eminent men, not which was first founded; or if they enter into a comparison at all, it is the one made by Professor Porson, "that they are two children, both of them old enough to become better than they are." In return for all the expense Queen Elizabeth had caused the University, she made them publicly a Latin speech in St. Mary's, wherein she promised to build and endow a College, which promise she never performed. The only benefit she conferred upon it, was bestowing a pension of twenty pounds per year, with the title of "her scholar," upon Mr. Thomas Preston, then Fellow of King's College, afterwards Master of Trinity Hall, who pleased her by his disputing with Mr. Cartwright,* and by his excellent acting in the tragedy of *Dido*.

In the year 1566, a second play was acted in Christ's College; the original title of which runs thus: A ryght pythy, pleasant, and merrie comedie: intytulcd *Gammer Gurton's Needle*;† played on the stage not long agoe, in Christes Colledge, in Cambridge; made by Mr. S., Master of Arts, &c., 4to. black letter, 1575.

The bursar's book of Christ's College contains the following entry:—"1566. For the carpenter's setting upp the scaffold at the plaie, xxd." In the investigation that was made concerning the Latin play of *Pammachius*, it appeared, that the expense of acting it was twenty pounds; and from a passage in Dr. Rainold's *Th' Overthrow of Stage Playes*, composed, with considerable learning, against the representation of certain Latin plays,—*Ulysses Redux*, *Rivales*, and *Meleager*,—written by Gager, a student of Christ Church, Oxford, we learn, that amongst other enqumities objected to in them, was the sum

* Cartwright had dealt most with the Muses, Preston with the Graces, adorning his learning with comly carriage, graceful gesture, and pleasing pronunciation. Cartwright disputed like a poet, Preston like a gentle scholar, being a handsome man; and the queen (upon parity of deserts) always preferred properness of person, in conferring her favours. His epitaph is in Trinity Hall Chapel, nearly defaced, in these words,

"Conderis hoc tumulo Thoma Prestone, Scholarem
Quem dixit Princeps Elizabetha suum.

• The canopy carried over her head is now in the Register Office.

† For a full account of this comedy, we refer to our 3d No., Art. IV., one of the series of articles on the *History of the Early English Drama*.

of thirty pounds "for trimming up a stage, and borrowing robes out of the revels." It seems strange, that Rainolds should have attacked the sister University, when the same evil, if it was an evil, prevailed in an equal nay, greater, degree in his own. Though his work may be called, "*A notable Looking-glasse for Colde Christians*, and coming from a man of rare and incomparable gifts, envied and yet admired of his very enemies for his learning, judgment, and pietie," it does not throw any information upon the state of the drama at this period. There is little argument in the book, for the author disputes Gager's positions *seriatim*, citing in the margin a long list of authorities, Christian and Heathen. The printer of it says, in the preface to the reader, "That Maister Gager, upon the last rejoinder of Maister Rainoldes, let goe his holde, and, in a Christian-like modestie, yeelded to the truth;" but in the latest accounts on the other side the Oxford student tells the Cambridge Puritan to forbear writing any more. •

The early practice of performing plays in the Universities was a circumstance highly instrumental to the growth and improvement of the drama. Whilst the people were amused with interludes of Skelton and Bale, the scholars were composing and acting plays in imitation of Plautus and Terence, and hence ideas of a legitimate fable were imperceptibly derived. It is well known to all, that the first moveable scene was at the comedy of *Vertumnus*, acted before King James, in 1605, at Oxford; but not when the stage had attained nearly its summit of perfection,

"Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major." •

We find, in some of the Colleges, statutes framed to regulate the tragedies and comedies exhibited in the halls at Christmas. About the middle of this sixteenth century, in the original draught of the statutes of Trinity College, one of the chapters, according to Mr. Warton, is entituled, *De Præfecto Ludorum qui Imperator dicitur*, under whose direction and authority Latin comedies and tragedies are to be performed. Another title to this statute is, *De Comædiis ludisque in Natali Christi exhibendis*.

"Novem domestici lectores, quo juvenus majore cum fructu tempus Natalis Christi terat, bini ac bini singulas comœdias, tragœdiæve exhibeant, excepto primario lectore, quem per se solum unam comœdiam, aut tragœdiam exhibere volumus. Atque hascæ omnes comœdias, seu tragœdias, in aula privatim vel publicè prædictis duodecim diebus, vel paulo post pro arbitrio magistri, et octo seniorum agendas curent: quod quidem si non præstiterint, pro unaquâque comœdia seu tragœdiâ omissâ, singuli eorum quorum negligentia omissâ sit decem solidis mulctetur."—C. xxiv.

This is the statute as it now stands in the printed copy in Trinity College library; but Warton, who had consulted the manuscripts of Tom Rawlinson in the Bodleian, has preserved us some farther information upon the subject. He says, "With regard to the peculiar business and office of Imperator,* it is ordered, that one of the masters of arts shall be placed over the juniors, every Christmas, for the regulation of their games and diversions at that season of festivity. At the same time, he is to govern the whole society in the hall and chapel, as a republic committed to his special charge, by a set of laws, which he is to frame in Latin and Greek verse. His sovereignty is to last during the twelve days of Christmas, and he is to exercise the same power on Candlemas-day. During this period, he is to see that six *Spectacles*, or *DIALOGUES*, be presented. His fee is forty shillings." In the Colleges at Oxford, there was established a Christmas Prince, *Princeps Natalitius*, or Lord of Misrule: indeed, in all the Inns of Court, at this time, Masters of the Revels were appointed. There is much very curious information concerning these shows and pedantic absurdities, in Dugdale's *Origines Juridicales*. We should be astonished at the present day, to hear of a lord chancellor taking an active part in these uncouth ceremonies; yet the Earl of Leicester, the Lord Chancellor Hatton, with the judges of the King's Bench and Court of Common Pleas, no doubt, found infinite pleasure (such were the ideas of the age) in beholding "the huntsman come into the hall with a purse-net, and with a cat, both bound at the end of a stall; and with them nine or ten couple of hounds, with the blowing of hunting horns; and seeing the fox and cat set upon by the hounds, and killed beneath the fire."† These festivities, lasting for the same number of days, are exactly similar to the Saturnalia;—then the masters waited upon the servants, like the Lord of Misrule. They were now common, and well known to foreigners as a heathenish peculiarity belonging to the English. Polydore Vergil, in conjunction with William Prynne, inveighed resolutely against such fantastic mummeries only remaining in England; and said, that all pious Christians ought eternally to abominate them.‡ However, neither the Peter-penny collecting historian, nor the crop-eared lawyer, could, by their arguments, prevail upon the Universities to

* In Hymeshagen's Latin poems, 12mo. Darmstad, 1619, there is an epigram addressed to Henricus Rinckins, *Ludi Moderati Scheimensis*, v. p. 27.

† Dugdale's *Orig.* edit. 2nd., p. 156.

‡ Polydore Vergil, l. vii., c. 2.

relinquish them; for, about this time, the heads of Colleges consulted “to debar the students this liberty allowed them at Christmas; but some grave governors mentioned the good use thereof, because, thereby, in twelve days, they more discover the dispositions of scholars than in twelve months before.”* It is certain, they were productive of some licentious enormities, and incompatible with houses of learning and religion; and, in consequence, more regular representations were now made before the different societies. The occult philosopher, Dr. Dee, in his life, written by himself,† says he was the first to reform them, “and caused their Christmas magistrate first named and confirmed an emperor. The first was Mr. Thomas Dun, a very goodly man of person, stature, and complexion, and well learned, also.”

He, also, further informs us, that he exhibited in the refectory of his college before the University, the *Ερηνη*, or *Par*, of Aristophanes, accompanied with a piece of machinery, for which he was taken for a conjurer; with the performance of the Scarabeus, his flying up to Jupiter’s palace, with a man and his basket of victuals, on her back; whereat was great *wondering*, and many *vain reports* spread abroad, of the means how that was effected. “The plays acted in Cambridge were acted in the halls, with the exception of those at King’s College, which were acted in the chapel.” Roger Ascham, while on his travels in Flanders, says, in one of his epistles, written about 1550, “That the city of Antwerp as much exceeds all other cities, as the refectory of St. John’s Hall, Cambridge, exceeds itself when furnished, at Christmas, with its theatrical apparatus for acting plays.” *The Hospital of Lovers* was acted in St. John’s College, Oxford, in the refectory, before the King and Queen, Aug. 30, 1636.

In the year 1579, the tragedy of *Richard the Third*, written in Latin verse by Thomas Legge,‡ LL.D. Master of Caius College, was acted in St. John’s College.§ It still exists in MS. in the University library. Sir John Harrington, in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, prefixed to the translation of Ariosto, says, “For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that

* Fuller, his *Meditations on the Times*, Lond. 12mo. 1647, p. 139.

† See *Dr. Dee’s Life*, appended to *Hearn’s Joann. Glastoniensis Chronica*.

‡ He, also, wrote another play, called, *The Destruction of Jerusalem*, acted with great applause. There existed a portrait of him in Caius library, a few years ago. He was buried in the chapel, where his monument may still be seen.

§ *Comitiis Baccalaurorum*.

which was played at St. John's, in Cambridge, of *Richard the Third*, would move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terrifie all tyrannous-minded men from following their foolish ambitious humours, seeing how his ambition made him kill his brother, his nephews, his wife, beside infinit others; and, last of all, after a short and troublesome raigne, to end his miserable life, and to have his body harried after his death." Heywood, in his *Actor's Vindication*, mentions this play as acted in St. John's so essentially, "that had the tyrant Phalaris beheld his bloody proceedings, it had mollified his heart, and made him relent at the sight of his inhuman massacres." The play still exists in manuscript in the University library, and in Emmanuel College library; each copy divided into three parts, with the original actors' names in the Emmanuel copy.

In the year 1586, a childish imitation of *Richard the Third* was acted at Trinity College, written by Henry Lacey, one of its fellows.* From a passage in Nash's *Have with You to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey his Hunt is up*, it appears that one of the fellows cried, 'ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs,' when his whole part was no more than,—urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma." Shakspeare's *King Richard the Third* first appeared, according to his best editor, in 1593. Richard Burbage is introduced in the play acted at St. John's, in 1605, called, *The Return from Parnassus*, as instructing a Cambridge scholar how to play the part of King Richard the Third, in which Burbage was greatly admired. That he represented this character, is ascertained by Bishop Corbet, who, in his *Iter Bonæale*, speaking of his host at Leicester, tells us,—

" ——— When he would have said, 'King Richard died;
And call'd, 'a horse! a horse!' he Burbage cried."

In the year 1590, or a little earlier, the comedy of *Pedantius* was acted at Trinity College. It was certainly acted before

* "Let here the lyke noyse be made as before, as soone as the Lord Stanley hath spoken, who followith the rest to the field. After a little space, let the Lord Northumberland come with his barde from the fiede, at whose speache lett the noyse cease."

This is among the manuscripts in *The Harleian Collection*, Nos. 2412 and 6926. It contains many curious stage-directions, like the following:—"After the lyke noyse made agayne, lett souldiours runne from the fiede over the stage, on after on another, flingge of their harness, and, at length, some come haltinge, as wounded."

The second stage-direction Reed attributes to Lacey's plays. Both of them are in Legge's *Richard the Third*.

1591, being mentioned by Sir John Harrington in his *Apologia for Poetrie*,* prefixed to Ariosto, printed in that year. "Then for comedies," says Sir John Harrington, "how full of harmless myrth is our Cambridge *Pedantius*, and the Oxford *Bellum Grammaticale*?" Nash, in his book called *Strange News*, printed in 1593, ascribes this play to Matthew Wingfield. It was printed in 12mo., 1631, and is seldom met with having the frontispiece, where Dromodotus is said to be a portrait of Beard,† Oliver Cromwell's schoolmaster. A manuscript of it is in Trinity College library. As this play is a work of much humour, and has attracted, from the supposed personality of its design, more notice than the generality of these plays, it may be well to give a brief analysis of its fable and characters. The plot of it, as detailed in the Argumentum prefixed, is sufficiently simple.—Crobulus, formerly a servant of Chremulus, was in love with Lydia, a slave of the old man, Charondas. Lydia had another suitor, in the person of the pedagogue Pedantius; but Crobulus is the favoured admirer. Charondas, however, her master, insists upon thirty pounds, as a condition of the manumission of his slave. Crobulus, at last, by a hoax played off by himself and his friends, induces Pedantius to pay the money, while he obtains the girl for himself.

The characters are painted with a great deal of spirit; more, as may be guessed from the above outline, in the style of broad farce than of genteel comedy. The play is opened by a dialogue between Crobulus and his servant Pogglostus; in which the former, who, from ancient experience, may be supposed to be an adept in the science, endeavours to open to the latter, who is a mere tyro in the school, the mysteries of servitorship, and its necessary qualifications. The next person introduced on the stage is one not alluded to in the sketch of the story, but one who plays notwithstanding a very prominent part in almost every scene,—Dromodotus, a philosopher. His peculiarities are worthy of attention, as they show the turn which philosophical investigation took at that day, and the light in which it was looked upon. The debut of Dromodotus is sufficiently characteristic.

"*Dro.* Zenith.

Cro. Rivalis mei Ped : familiaris est, Dromodotus philosophus.

Dro. Nadir.

* Reprinted in *Essays on Ancient Poetry*, v. ii., p. 135.

† By some he is mentioned as the author.

Cro. Vel frater potius germanus.

Dro. Horizon.

Cro. Nam certe has utrasque eadem dedit orbi Maria mater.

Dro. Ursa major.

Cro. Quos ego ambos hodie dolis doctis meis docebo quanti sit sapere.

Dro. Κοσμος, μακροκοσμος, το παν, Universum."

Dromodotus proceeds to inquire of Crobulus where he can meet with his friend Pedantius; and, after a long burlesque argument upon the merits of philosophy, Crobulus retires, and makes room for the hero Pedantius. A tedious disputation ensues upon the nature of love, in which Dromodotus endeavours to rid his friend of a passion so hostile, as our readers are well aware, to the advancement of philosophical research. Pogglostus cuts short the argument, by committing highway robbery upon the persons of both combatants; and thus the first act concludes.

In the succeeding acts, which it is unnecessary to go through minutely, the peculiarities of the two literati are sometimes contrasted with each other, sometimes brought out in dialogues with their respective pupils, or with Lydia, the heroine of the piece, who is as pretty, and as pert, and as willing to be married, as any chambermaid pictured by Hooke or Mönchick. The character of Pedantius will remind the reader sometimes of a few touches in the colouring of his better-known friend Dominic Sampson, especially when the pedantry is softened in the play, as it is frequently in the novel, by a slight admixture of pathos. "O Clotho!" he exclaims, when he is deceived into a belief of the death of his mistress, "O Clotho, Atropos, et tu fatum!—(dictum quidem a *fando*, sed nefandum fatum, cui irascor ex animo,)—O fallacem hominum spem, fragilemq: fortunam!" The play abounds with bad puns, and with allusions to particular University studies and customs, which will be, in part, payment for the labour and weariness attendant on many of the scenes. Dromodotus and Pedantius are still, perhaps, to be met with, under different modifications, at either of our sister Universities.

The next in chronological order is *Roxana*, a tragedy; perhaps the best written play that was performed before the University. If it does not equal the more justly celebrated comedy of *Ignoramus*, (represented in the ensuing reign of James the First,) in the variety and admirable issue of its contrivances, it far surpasses it in the beauty of its language, and the elegance of its latinity. Speaking upon this play, Dr. Johnson says, in his *Life of Milton*, "That he once heard Mr. Hampton, the translator of Polybius, remark, that Milton

was the first Englishman who, after the revival of letters, wrote Latin verses with classic elegance. If any exceptions can be made, they are very few. Vudon and Ascham, the pride of Elizabeth's reign, however they have succeeded in prose, no sooner attempt verse than they provoke derision. If we produced any thing worthy of notice before the elegies of Milton, it was, perhaps, Alabaster's *Roxana*." His *Pentaglott Lexicon*, and his tragedy, justify the high character the Oxford antiquary has given him. "He was," says Anthony Wood, "the rarest poet and Grecian that any age or nation produced." His play was acted several times in Trinity College Hall, and so admirably and so pathetically, that a gentlewoman present thereat, upon hearing the last words, *sequar, sequar*, so hideously pronounced, fell distracted, and never after recovered her senses.* The first edition was a surreptitious one, in small 12mo., 1632, which induced the author to publish a correct copy in the same year, having a well engraved frontispiece, and the title of, *Roxana tragedia a plagiarii unguibus vindicta, aucta, et agnita ab authore Gulielmo Alabastro. Londini, excudebat Gulielmus Jones, 1632.* This is followed by a Latin dedication to Radulphus Freeman, Eques Auratus, wherein he complains, that after his tragedy, the work of two weeks, had, according to his wishes, died a natural death, some plagiary brought it out from its obscurity, and caused it to be acted as a performance of his own. To which he added so many more faults, that he seemed to strive with him which of the two should commit most. He then says, "Quid facerem? An paterer vagari librum sceleratum, qui nomen meum si non à fronte, tamen à tergo gereret? Vel si rex septuagenario propior, Musas juveniles procarer, ingenio jam moriente, et conditione vitæ abhorrente vicit paterna indoles, et fetum juventutis à curâ senis non deponerem. Revocari igitur ad calculos plurima quæ admisisset crimina, vel ex ingenio proprio, vel pravo amanuensium consortio." Both editions are very scarce: the later one, the *true* edition, is seldom, or ever, to be met with. A manuscript copy exists in the University library.

* It may be reasonably supposed, from the practice the

* *Anglorum Speculum*, p. 789. This book was written by Winstanley, but a different author from the writer of *The Lives of the English Poets*, and of a book called *English Worthies*, printed 1687. In the copy we consulted, formerly the learned Thomas Baker's, a manuscript note, in his hand-writing, says, "The author of *Anglorum Speculum* has borrowed freely from Dr. Fuller: what he has added, I have not observed."

students had had in these exhibitions, that they had attained a considerable degree of skill and address; we accordingly, from this time, find the University adopting them as a part of the entertainment at the reception of princes, and other eminent personages. And prefixed to a map of Cambridge, in the second part of *Braunii Civitates, &c.*, is an account of the University, by Gulielmus Soonus, 1575, in which curious memoir we are told, that even Plautus, Terence, or Seneca, if they could have witnessed them, would have been delighted and astonished at the grace and elegance displayed by the students in these spectacles: *Januarium, Februarium, et Martium menses, ut noctis tædia fallant in spectaculis populo exhibendis ponunt tantâ elegantiâ, tantâ actionis dignitate, cæ vocis et vultus moderatione, eâ magnificentiâ, ut si Plautus, aut Terentius, aut Seneca revivisceret, mirarentur suas ipsi fabulas, majoremque quam cum inspectante populo Romano agerentur, voluptatem credo caperent. Euripidem vero, Sophoclem, et Aristophanem, etiam Athenarum suarum tæderet.*

Rainolds was the only author who dared to attack the plays acted before the University; even that excessively rare, and nervously written book, called, *The Schoole of Abuse; containing a pleasaunt invective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters; and such-like Caterpillers of a Commonwealth: a Discourse as pleasaunt for gentlemen that favour learning, as profitable for all that will follow virtue, by Stephen Gosson, Stud. Oxon;* says no more than that, "Sundry are the abuses, as well of Universities as other places; but they are such as neither become me to touch, nor every idle head to understand. It is not good for every man to travell to Corinth; nor lawfull for all to talk what they list, or write what they please, least their tongs run before their wits, or their pens make havoc of their paper, and so, wading too farre in other men's manners, whilst they fill their bookes with other men's faults they make their volums no better than an apothecary's shop of pestilent drugges, a quackesalver's budget of filthy receites, and a huge chaos of fowl disorder." And in his other book, equally rare, called, *Playes refuted in fiue actions,** written against Thomas Lodge's *Play of Playes*, (in defence of them,) he only says, "That so subtill is the devill, that under the colour of recreation in London, and of exercise of learning in

* Although Gosson wrote against plays, he had first written three, called *Cataline's Conspiracies*, *The Comedie of Captaine Morris*, and *Praise at Parting*, a morality, none of which were ever printed; and for this effusion of Christian ink, he gives us no better excuse than that "Semel insanivimus omnes."

the Universities, by seeing of playes, he maketh us to join with the Gentiles in their corruption." And Prynne* says no more concerning theatrical exhibitions in the University than "That our Universities, though they tolerate and connive at, yet they give no public approbation to their private interludes, which are not generally received into all Colleges, but onely practised in some private houses, (perchance, once in three or four yeares,) and that by the particular statutes of those houses, made in times of popery, which require some Latine comedies, for learning-sake onely, to bee acted now and then; which playes, as they are composed, for the most part, by idle brains, who affect not better studies, and acted by gentle bloods and lusty swash-bucklers, who prefer an ounce of vaine-glorv, ostentation, and strutting on the stage, before a pound of learning; or by such who are sent to the University, not so much to obtain knowledge, as to keepe them from the common ryot of gentlemen in these dayes; like little children whom their parents send to school, the rather to keep them from under feet in the streets, which careful mothers greatly feare." Heywood, in his *Apology for Actors*, says, "That in the time of his residence at Cambridge, he had seen tragedies, comedies, histories, pastoralls, and shows, publicly acted, in which *graduates*, of good place and reputation, had been specially parted. This was held necessary for the emboldening of their *junior* scholars, to arm them with audacity against they came to be employed in any public exercise, and make them bold sophisters, to argue pro et contra, to compose their syllogisms, cathegoricke, or hypotheticke."

Milton can hardly be said to attack the plays acted before the University, since all he says against them is comprised in one sentence. He objects to the system of academical education as it then existed, because those *designed for orders* were permitted to act plays, "writhing and unbending their clergy limbs to all the antick and dishonest gestures of Trincalos, buffoons, and bawds; prostituting the shame of that ministry which they had, or were near having to the eyes of courtiers and court ladies, their grooms and mademoiselles." This is little in character with the sentiments he expresses in his *Elegiacs to Carolus Deodatus*, where, at some length, he relates the pleasures arising from the theatre. But his defenders will probably say, that he considered plays only criminal when they were acted by academics.

Whether or not these books corrected the evils they complained of, we cannot now ascertain. From the outcry

against the drama, loud as it was, and long as it continued, some good effects resulted, as there did from a similar outcry, which was raised by Collier, against the stage, in more modern times. However, whilst this academical controversy was carrying on, the more dreadful *scourge* of the plague rendered it necessary for the vice-chancellor and heads of Colleges, on July 17, 1593,* to address the Lord Burleigh, and state their objections to shows and plays as likely to increase the dangers of such a pestilence, as, from the life itinerant performers led, they were more likely, from their visiting various towns, to spread the infection. On July the 29th, a letter was sent to both Universities, prohibiting such spectacles during its continuance. That to Cambridge sets forth, that "As common players do ordinarily resort to the University, there to recite interludes and plays, some of them being full of lewd example, and most of vanity, besides the gathering together of multitudes of people, whereby is great occasion, also, of divers other inconveniences; we have thought good to require, you, the Vice-Chancellor, with the assistance of the heads of the Colleges, to take special order that hereafter there may be no plays or interludes of common players be used or set forth, either in the University, or in any place within the compass of five miles, &c. Moreover, because we are informed that there are divers inmates received into sundry houses in the town, whereby the town doth grow overburthened with people, being a thing dangerous in this time of infection, and that causeth the prices of victuals, and all other things, to be raised,† and doth breed divers other inconveniences."

These letters, it will be seen, were not directed against the plays performed by the students, and, accordingly, those were continued; for, in 1595, there were comedies acted at King's, but what they were we have no means of ascertaining. From a paper ‡ in the Register Office, it appears there were great disturbances at one of them, occasioned by the exclusion of certain members of the University, whose indignation manifested itself by their breaking the windows, to the amount of fifty-eight shillings and two-pence. The rioters being summoned before the Vice-Chancellor, were reprimanded, and discharged upon the payment of the glazier's bill. Upon

* MS. Lansdown, 75, v., printed in Strype's *Annals*, vol. iv., p. 163.

† "Where rye was at 18*d.* or 20*d.* the bushell, and wheat 8 groats; now it is risen to 3*s.* 2*d.* rye, and 5*s.* 4*d.* wheat."—Blakeway's *History of Stewsbury*.

‡ Nos. 13. 12.

the third of January, 1596, the comedy of *Silvanus* was acted, in what College we cannot tell, neither by whom it was written. In the same year, *Hispanus* was acted, "in die comitali." Of this we are in the same ignorance as the other. In, 1597, *Machiavellus* was acted, probably at St. John's, as it was written by D. Wiburne, a fellow of the College; in which play there is a Jew,* but very unlike Shylock. He is a shrewd intriguing fellow, of considerable humour, who, to obtain possession of a girl, puts a number of tricks on the Machiavel of the piece, and generally outwits him. In one scene, he overhears his rival despairing of success with the father of his mistress, and expressing a wish that he had some instrument wherewith to put an end to his misery. On this, he lays a knife in his way, but first takes care to whet it. To *The Merchant of Venice*, or *Gernutus*, the Latin play was indebted. These three are in the possession of Mr. Douce, who, it is to be hoped, will some day publish them. In this year, also, as Fuller † affirms, but, according to other authorities, in 1599, the comedy of *Club Law* was represented. Dr. Farmer was in possession of a manuscript play, without a title, which, from its tendency to abuse the mayor and corporation of Cambridge, has been supposed to be *Club Law*. Mr. Hawkins, in his edition of *Ignoramus*, thinks, that as it is wholly founded on the expectation of a visit from King James, and refers to events which happened in his reign, it does not seem probable that it was the *Club Law* that was performed in this year. Fuller has preserved some information concerning this play:—it is to be doubted whether it now exists. He relates, "That the gownsmen conceiving themselves injured by the townsmen, the particulars whereof," he says, "I know not, betook themselves, for revenge, to their wits; and having procured a discovery of some town privacies from Miles Gouldsbrough, one of their own corporation, composed in English a merry but abusive comedy, which they called *Club Law*, and which was acted at Clare Hall, in 1597-8. The mayor and his brethren, and their wives, were invited to see it, or, rather, to see themselves abused in it; for the scholars had not only enabled themselves to imitate and ridicule the habits, gestures, language, jests, and expressions of the townsmen, but had even borrowed the townsmen's own best clothes to perform their respective parts in. At the performance it was so contrived, that the townsmen, being rivetted in on both sides by scholars, should have no opportunity of departing till the play was over, and should, therefore, be com-

pelled to sit out the whole performance. The mayor and townsmen complained to the lords of the privy-council, of the insult thus offered to them, but obtained no further redress than a promise from some of them, that they would shortly come to Cambridge; and, in order the better to judge of the subject of complaint, and to proportion the punishment to the nature and degree of the offence, would direct the comedy to be again performed before themselves, and in the presence of the townsmen. Rather, however, than submit to a second representation, the townsmen thought it prudent to drop all further thoughts of redress.

Party feelings between two honourable rivals are always bad; but much more so when they outstrip the bounds of moderate controversy, and shew themselves in violent assault and outrage. Two centuries ago, such paltry jealousies existed in an eminent degree: we have, in our day, the satisfaction of knowing, that they exist no longer. The retrospective view of them in the nineteenth century, will, therefore, excite a laugh against them, rather than a participation from any one in such illiberal and absurd ideas. The disturbances at King's were nothing more than what would be now called, in the underivable slang of the day, *a row*: there was then no other ill blood evinced by the excluded gowmsmen, than a breakage of the windows; but in February 1600, a premeditated attack was made by the men of Trinity at their comedies, upon those of St. John's. The case, sufficiently puerile, was investigated in the vice-chancellor's court: one can scarcely tell which party deserves most censure, the school-boy malevolence of the one, or the absurd irritability of the other. But all will now be more inclined to ridicule and laugh at the folly displayed by both, than to embrace the monstrous opinions which prevailed at the period. The fellows and scholars of St. John's exhibited "a bill of complaint against certayne injuries and outrages committed against them, by the stage-keepers of Trinity College."* From the evidence of sixty witnesses, the assault was clearly proved. The chamber-maid at the Sun† declared upon oath, that she heard some Trinity men say, "that if the two cooks of St. John's came to the comedies, they should come badly off;—and upon the previous Tuesday, Carre, a scholler of Trinity College, pupil unto Mr. Bartin, counseyllled Sir Probeyn,‡ a student of St. John's, to beware how he came

* MS. in the Register Office. 6 104.

† Lord Clarendon in his life, written by himself, speaks of sleeping at the Sun, opposite Trinity College.

‡ The writer of this article is informed by a very learned antiquarian, that he remembers when Bachelors of Arts were always called Sir.

amongst the crowds the night following, and thereat he gave this reason;—that their *skulls*, by the appointment of some of their fellows, had gathered and layd up in the tower as many stones as would fill a large studye. The goodwife Freshbien deposed, that upon the Wednesday night, four schollers, more or less, of Trinity Colledge, coming into her shopp for tobacco, at what tyme she knew not, spoke to her of the provision of stones layd up; and also of some bucketts to be provided to fetch water from her conduyt, to poure downne upon St. John's, mene. Then comes the testimony of six boys who carried up the stones, and that of divers others. Pratt, of St. John's, standing facing Trinity, by the trompeteres, received a grievous wound, from a stone cast from the touere; and Mr. Massey, master of arts, upon being brought in by one stage-keeper, was turned out by another; and, as he descended the hall steps, was felled to the ground by a club: upwards of twenty-five proved that clubs were used, and that the stage-keepers, during all the time of the comedy, walked the court, inquiring for men of St. John's." The case, from the number of witnesses examined, must have occupied a considerable length of time: the records consulted give us no information concerning its decision.

Most of our early dramatic pieces were performed in the yards of inns, in which, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the comedians, who then first united themselves in companies, erected an occasional stage. The spectators, viewed the performance from the galleries or corridors, which, at that time, generally ran round the court-yards at inns: many of which may still be seen in the City of London, and the Borough, and some slight remains of them exist in the Eagle Inn-yard, and the Falcon-yard, Cambridge. In the latter, there are remains on one side of two tiers of railed galleries, of one tier on the opposite side, and one tier at the end: the stage, we may reasonably suppose, was on the fourth side. The Falcon Inn ceases to exist there, but the area still bears the name. There are slight vestiges of a gallery of this nature at the Black Bear Inn-yard, Cambridge; where, upon May the 28th, 1600, an interlude was performed, at which one "Dominus Pepper was seen with an improper habit, having deformed long locks of unseemly sight, and great breaches, undecent for a graduate or scholar of orderly carriage; therefore, the said Pepper was commanded to appear presently, and procure his hair to be cut or powled, and which being done, the said Pepper returning to the consistory, was then suspended *ab omni gradu suscepto et suscipiendō*."* In this extract, two

* MS. in the Register Office. 9, 78. In October 1312, an order was made by St. John's and Trinity College, that every young man who appeared in Hall or Chapel in pantaloons or trowsers, should be considered as absent.

prevailing fashions of the beginning of the 17th century are mentioned, -the long hair, and the large breeches or trunk hose : each of these peculiarities are frequently noticed by the writers of that period. Stubbe, in his rare book called the *Anatomy of Abuses*, says, that the new-fangled breeches were of Parisian origin; they were made ridiculously large, and stuffed out with rags, until they were brought to an enormous size. "A lamentable complaint of the poor country men against *great hose*,"* exists in the Harleian collection, and an act passed to restrain such absurdities. A picture of them is in the frontispiece to the Latin play of *Pedantius*.† The practice of wearing long hair afforded a pretext to the learned puritan, William Prynne, to write a book (his scarcest) upon the *Unloveliness of Love-locks*:‡ like most of his works, it contains hundreds of quotations, and sully justifies that part of his severe epitaph, where he is called,

" This grand scripturient paper-spiller ;
This endless, needless, margin-filler."

His work was followed by Hall's *Comarum Aκοσμία*: *The loathsomenesse of long haire*; § a small book, equally scarce, and much more curious. In this we are told, that "periwigs of false-coloured hair"|| (which begins to be rife, even amongst scholars in the Universities,) are utterly unlawful, and are condemned by Christ himself; that the wearing of long hair is condemned and forbidden by the word of God. From Ezekiel lxiv. 20, they shall not shave their heads, nor suffer their locks to grow long, they shall only *poll* their heads. Both the extremes are here forbidden; shaving, on the one hand; and long hair on the other. But polling, as a mean between both, is commanded; and, that not a light kind of *polling*, or a *polling* at large of some part of the head, but it must be a strict *polling* or rounding of the whole head. Look abroad into the world, and see whether the vilest men do not usually wear the longest locks. Tell me whether ragged rascals, nasty varlets, raggamuffian soldiers, tinkers, crate-carriers, gaol-birds, &c. &c. are not partakers with thee in this ruffianly guise? and if so, I should think one

* Part printed in Strutt's *Manners and Customs*, v. iii., p. 85; and Boswell's excellent edition of Malone's edition of *Shakspeare*, v. ix. p. 53.

† 12mo. 1631.

‡ Lond. 4to. 1628.

§ By Thomas Hall, B.D. and Pastor of Kingsnorton. Lond. 12mo. 1654. Appended are divers reasons and arguments against painting, spots; naked backs, breasts, arms, &c.

|| See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii., Scene 3. "And her hair shall be of what colour it please God;" and Act iii., Scene iv.; and the various notes upon those passages.

need not bid thee change thy fashion." He afterwards writes, that "the gravest and godliest divines and Christians in our nation, whose examples the younger sort should imitate) do still wear, and formerly did wear the shortest hair: witness Cartwright, Perkins, Reynolds, Rogers, Abbot, Dodd, Brinsley, Hildersham, Herring, Fen, Whately, Prideaux, &c. In their works, they plead for it; in their lives, they practised it; (as many now living can testify) and the effigies of many of them which are to be seen at this day in Oxford Library."* Siquh-ton, another divine and Trichotomist, says, that Absalom's hair was his halter, and that our long-haired gentlemen ought to make use thereof; besides, how strangely do men cut their hairs; some all before, some all behind, some long round about, their crowns being cut short like cootes, or Popish priests, and friars; some have long locks at their ears, as if they had four ears, or were prick-eared; some have a little long lock only before, hanging down to their noses, like to the tail of a weasel; every man being made a fool at the barber's pleasure, or making a fool of the barber for money to make him such a fool.†"

Having brought the Latin plays down to the beginning of the seventeenth century, we shall now lay before our readers the names of some to which we have been unable to assign any date, and concerning which we possess but scanty information.

Clytophon. Manuscript, in Emmanuel College Library, Cambridge: at the end is written Gulielmus Bretonus possessor Georgius Ainsworthius scriptor: whether scriptor applies to the author, or the transcriber, we shall leave our readers to decide.

Parthenia. Manuscript, in Emmanuel College Library, Cambridge.

Euribates. Manuscript, in Emmanuel College Library, Cambridge, written by Crouse of Caius College.

Pseudomasia. Manuscript, in Emmanuel College Library, Cambridge, written by Mewe, a fellow of the College.

* See pp. 15, 17, 59, 75.

† These were not the only books written upon this absurd subject; another, entitled "A testimony against Periwigs and Periwig-making, and playing on instruments of music among Christians, or any other in the days of the Gospel, being several reasons against these things, by John Mulliner;" was printed in 1677, 4to, without the name of the place: the author himself belonged to the town of Northampton. In the first page, he states "the reasons why he left off his employment, and how it was with him as to his inward condition before he joined the people called Quakers."

Zelotypus. Manuscript, in Emmanuel, and Trinity College Libraries, Cambridge.

Pastor Fidus. Manuscript, in the University Library, acted at King's College.

Leo Armenus, tragædia, sive ludit in humanis divina potentia rebus. Manuscript, in the University Library: prefixed is the argument: "Leo Armenus orientis imperator sacrarum imaginum hostis acerrimus cum diu multumque rem catholicam vexasset tandem impietatis pœnas persolvit. Nam Michael Balbus detectâ conjuratione ad flammâs damnatus, ipsa Christi nascentis nocte vincula perfringit, cæsoque per amicos Leone imperator eligitur totamque Leonis familiam exartit."

Herodes. Manuscript, in the University Library, written by Gulielmus Goldingham, and dedicated in a Latin epistle to Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst. Daniel Heinsius wrote a tragedy of the same name, *Herodes Infantida*, printed by Elzevir, small 8vo. 1632.

Fucus; sive Histrionastix. Manuscript, in the Bodleian; the prologue contains this line, which establishes the fact that these plays were acted annually,

Ut Academiam comædiis quotannis parturientem.

Leander. Manuscript, in the University Library; another copy, with the actors' names, exists in Emmanuel College Library. When this play was acted, or by whom it was written, is unknown: it appears to have considerable merit, though very long: two lines from an old prologue show that it was held in esteem by the poets who flourished at the period it was performed;

" You must not here expect to-day,
Leander, Labyrinth, or Loyola."

Tomumbeius; sive Sultania in Ægypti imperii everso? tragædia nova: anno Salutis, E. Salterno Bristovenssis. Manuscript, in the Bodleian.

Confessor. Manuscript, in the Bodleian: it bears the name of T. Sparowe: the *Cantabrigiæ Graduati* has a Thomas Sparowe admitted B.A. of Trin. Coll. 1673; this may be written by him; though we recollect, when we consulted the manuscript, it appeared, from something in the prologue, to have been written before 1666.

Hymenæus. Manuscript, in St. John's College Library, Cambridge.

Catilena Triumphans, a comedy, in Trinity College Library.
• One, imperfect, without name, date, &c. in Trinity College Library.

Another, imperfect, without name, date, &c. in Trinity College Library.

The following plays we are able to arrange chronologically, and affix the names of the Colleges where they were represented, and those of the authors by whom they were written.

Names of Plays.	Authors.	Printed	Manuscripts.	In what College.	Acted.
<i>Ludus Filiorum Israelis</i>	Corpus Christi	1350
<i>Pammachius</i>	Christ's	1544
<i>Jeptha</i>	J. Christopherson	Trinity	1546
<i>Dido</i>	E. Halliwell	King's	1564
<i>Aulularia Plauti</i>	King's	1564
<i>Ezechias</i>	N. Udall	King's	1564
<i>Grammar Gurton's Needle</i>	J. Still	Christ's	1566
<i>Pua Aristophanis</i>	Trinity	..
<i>Ricardus Tertius</i> ..	T. Legge	..	Emmanuel and Univer. Lib.	St. John's	1579
<i>Ricardus Tertius</i> ..	H. Lacey	..	Harleian Coll.	Trinity	1586
<i>Pedantius</i>	Beard	1631	1590
<i>Roxana</i>	Alabaster	1632	1590
<i>Lelia</i>	Queen's	1590
<i>Silvanus</i>	F. Douce, Esq.	1596
<i>Hispanus</i>	Ditto	1596
<i>Machiavellus</i>	D. Wiburne	..	Ditto	St. John's	1597
<i>Club Law</i>	G. Ruggle	Clare Hall	1599
<i>The Return from Parnassus</i>	1606	St. John's	1606
<i>Scyros</i>	Brooke	..	Trin. Univ. and Emman. College Libraries	Trinity	1612
<i>Adelphe</i>	Trinity Coll. Lib.	Trinity	1612
<i>Emilia</i>	Cecil	Trinity	1614
<i>Ignoramus</i>	Ruggle	5 edits.	Trinity	1614
<i>Albumazar</i>	Tomkis	1615 1634 1780	Trinity	1614
<i>Melanthe</i>	Brookes	1615	Trinity	1614
<i>Sicclides</i>	Fletcher	King's	1614
<i>Worke for Cutlers</i>	1615	1615
<i>Lingua</i>	Brewer	6 edits.	Trinity	1616 1620
<i>Fraus Honesta</i>	Stubbe	1632	Trin. & Em. College Lib.	Trinity	1616 1626
<i>Lotola</i>	Hackett	1648	Trinity Coll. Lib.	1622
<i>Stoicus Vapulans</i>	1648	St. John's	..
<i>Cancer</i>	1648
<i>Labyrinthus</i>	Hawkesworth	1636	University Lib.	1622
<i>Senile Odium</i>	Hausted	1633	Queen's	1630 1633
<i>Rival Friends</i>	Hausted	1632	1631

<i>Jealous Lovers</i>	Randolph	1632	Trinity	1631
<i>Scno</i>	Simon	1648	Brit. Mus. and Univer. Lib.	1631
<i>Sculis Amor</i>	Bodleian.	1635
<i>Valetudinarium</i>	Johnson	..	Saint John's, Queen's, Em- manuel, and Univer. Lib.	Queen's 1637
<i>Cornelianum Dolium</i>	Randolph	1638	1638
<i>Naufragium Jocu- lure</i>	Cowley	1638	Trinity 1638
<i>Paria</i>	Vincent	1648	Emmanuel Lib.	Trinity 1641
<i>The Guardian</i>	Cowley	1650	Trinity 1641
<i>The Grateful Fair</i> .	Smart	Pembroke 1747

The Returne from Parnassus, or Scourge of Simony,* was acted by the students of St. John's, in 1606: of its author we know nothing more than that he was certainly a poet, and that he has written a very pleasing comedy. He censures with great ease and severity the poets and actors of his time; and upon the hints thrown out against the clergy, Dr. Wilde laid the foundation of his play called *Benefice*.

In the prologue we are told, as the fact really is, "that what is presented, is but a slubbered invention; and if our wisdom obscure the circumstance, our kindness will pardon the substance." The plot will be best given in the author's own words;

We only show a scholar's discontent.

In scholar's fortunes, twice forlorn and dead,

Twice hath our weary pen erst laboured:
Making them pilgrims in Parnassus' hill,
Then penning their return with ruder quill.
Now we present unto each pitying eye,
The scholar's progress in their misery;
To you we seek to show a scholar's state,
His scorned fortunes, his un pity'd fate:

beyond these there is nothing to excite interest: though the comedy, for the light it throws upon English manners and feelings at the period it was written, and for the occasional strains of poetry and humour it contains, is well worth a perusal.

In 1612, Prince Charles and the Count Palatine of the Rhine, (who, early in the ensuing year, married the Princess Elizabeth his sister,) visited Cambridge. The University received them with the same kind of entertainment as that with which they had received Queen Elizabeth,—scholastic disputa-

* Reprinted in Hawkins and Dodsley.

tions in the morning, and Latin plays at night. They remained in the University two days, and took up their abode at Trinity College Lodge.—Upon the first nig' t, the comedy of *Adelphe* was performed: it still exists in manuscript in Trinity College Library, without the author's name, bearing upon it the date of 1662, which will authorise the assertion, that it was again acted in that year. It commenced at seven o'clock *aut circiter*, and continued until one in the morning; we have, therefore, no reason to be surprised when the unpublished record consulted* tells us that the Count Palatine slept the greater part of it. Prince Charles was very attentive, and “notwithstanding it was so long, seemed to listen with very good patience and great contentment.” However, both of them, upon their return to Newmarket, complained of its immoderate length and stupidity.† The next night the *Pastoral of Scyros* was represented; this exists in manuscript in the same library; there is also a copy in the University Library which gives the actors' names: amongst them are those of Hackett, afterwards bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, and author of *Loiola*; and of Stubbe, author of *Fraus Honesta*.—The scene of *Scyros* is laid in the island of that name in the Ægean Sea, in the valley of Alcander, and the time is twelve hours. It was written by Brookes, a fellow of Trinity, who wrote another pastoral, *Melanthe*.—A third copy of *Scyros* is in Emmanuel College Library, having the 30th instead of the 3d of March 1612, for Prince Charles's visit.

In 1614, Cambridge received another royal visit; it was this time visited by King James. It appears rather surprising that he had not curiosity to come to it earlier, as his winter hunting excursions from Royston brought him within so short a distance. He was entertained in a manner befitting his character, and, indeed, upon this occasion the University seems to have outdone the hospitality, magnificence, and scenical exhibitions, displayed towards his predecessor. The learned antiquary, Mr. Pegge, has given, in the twenty-sixth volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, ‡ a minute of what passed during his stay: this paper affords another proof of the accuracy with which Rapin wrote the history of our nation. “The king made his entry upon the seventh of March, attended with as much solemnity and concourse of gallants and great men, as the hard weather and extreme foul ways would permit. The prince came along with him, but not the queen, by reason as it

* Apud Coll. Caii Cantab.

† See *Winwood's Memorials*, v. iii. p. 240.

‡ Extracted from a MS. in the possession of Sir Edward Derring, *Gent. Mag. sub anno 1756.*

was said that she was not invited; which error is rather imputed to their chancellour than to the scholars, that understand not these courses.* We choose to express ourselves in the words of the writers we consult, rather than in our own, because the simplicity of their language is better suited to the circumstances they narrate. The Earl of Suffolk, lord treasurer, is said to have kept his table at St. John's at the expense of a thousand pounds a day; whether this account is correct, even his contemporaries doubt, but the expense may be estimated by the proportion of wine that was drunk, no less a quantity than twenty-six tuns in five days. The king and prince lay at Trinity, where the plays were represented: the hall was so ordered for room, that above two thousand people were conveniently placed as spectators. Upon the first night was performed by St. John's men, *Emilia*, a comedy written by Mr. Cecill, a member of the College. It is uncertain whether a copy can now be found: in its absence we must be satisfied with what scanty information the following sentence contains. "The chief part consisted of a counterfeit Sir Edward Ratcliffe, a foolish tutor of physic, which proved but a lean argument; and though it were larded with pretty shows at the beginning and end, and with somewhat too broad speech for such a presence, yet it was still dry."† Upon the second night was performed the admirable and well-known comedy of *Ignoramus*. We pass over this performance with reluctance; but as it is intended to form the subject of another article, to speak more concerning it now would only be anticipating our future purpose. Upon the third night an English comedy called *Albumazar*, written by Mr. Tomkis of Trinity, was performed: this has been printed in 1615, 1634, and in a more attainable shape in Dodsley's *Collection of old Plays*.‡ It holds a very exalted situation among the English plays, and has occasioned some controversy whether or not it formed the model of Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*.

Upon the fourth night was acted *Melanthe*, a Latin pastoral, written by Dr. Brookes of Trinity. A fifth play was prepared by Phineas Fletcher of King's, entitled *Sicelides*, a Piscatory: the king departed in the morning, but this play was acted at the author's college in the evening. The serious parts of it are mostly written in rhyme, with chorusses between the acts. Perindus's telling Armillus the story of Glaucus, Scylla, and Circe, in the first act, is taken from *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, l. xii., and Atyches's fighting with and killing the ork that was to

* See *Miscellaneous State Papers*, from 1501 to 1726, 4to. Lond. 1778, vol. i. p. 394.

† See *Miscellaneous State Papers*, v. i. p. 394.

‡ See vol. vii. p. 125.

have devoured Olinda, is an imitation of the story of Perseus and Andromeda in *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, l. ii., or the deliverance of Angelica from the monster by Ruggiero, in the *Orlando Furioso*, c. x. The scene lies in Sicily; the time two hours.*

The king was so highly pleased with the comedy of *Ignoramus*, that upon the thirteenth of May in this year he visited Cambridge again, to hear it a second time. The play now received some few alterations and additions: it began at eight o'clock, and ended about one: the king laughed exceedingly, and oftentimes with his hands, and by words, applauded it. Trinity College Hall was again fitted up for its representation; at the lower end of the stage the doctors were placed; next to the stage, the regents and non-regents in gowns; in the body of the hall other strangers according to their qualities; the upper end of the hall, beyond the stage, was wholly reserved for the king and prince's followers, and for the courtiers. The Earl of Suffolk at the former visit is said to have expended, in five days, the sum of five thousand pounds; the king, probably wishing to cause the University little trouble or expense, remained in it at this time but two days, during which period only one comedy was performed.

The *Returne from Parnassus* was called by its author a *Show*. In 1615 another was performed, entitled *Worke for Cutlers*; or, a *Merry Dialogue between Sword, Rapier, and Dagger*: its author is unknown, and the interlude itself almost equally so; it may be classed among the very scarcest of the early English dramas.

Between the years 1616 and 1620, the comedy of *Lingua* was acted at Trinity College. The play itself has been reviewed in a former number of the *Retrospective*, vol. ii., 270. An extraordinary anecdote concerning it has been preserved by Winstanley, the authenticity of which there is little probability of knowing. He says that, when this play was acted at Cambridge, Oliver Cromwell performed in it: in consequence of this part of his information, we have assigned it to the above period. But he further states, that his acting the character of Tactus gave him his first ambitious ideas: having obtained the contested coronet, he makes this spirited declaration:

Roses, and bays, pack hence! this crown and robe,
 My brows and body circles and invests;
 How gallantly it fits me! Sure the slave
 Measur'd my head that wrought this coronet.
 They lie, that say complexions cannot change.*
 My blood's ennobled, and I am transform'd

* See *Biographia Dramatica*, v. iii. p. 368.

Unto the sacr'd temper of a king.
 Methinks I hear my noble parasites
 Styling me Cæsar, or great Alexander,
 Licking my feet, &c. &c.

It is absurd enough, to attribute the part which Cromwell took in the agitations of the times, to any occurrence of this sort, though the fact of his having performed in the play may not be improbable.

The two objections urged in the review of *Lingua*, to this anecdote, may thus be obviated: the play was published first in 1607, whence it does not follow that it was only acted in that year: we have had examples of the same play being performed twice, and it is natural to suppose that so excellent a play as this would have a second representation. The objection urged by its reviewer, "that as Oliver Cromwell belonged to Sidney College, and it was exhibited at Trinity College, a circumstance that alone controverts the fact," certainly does not controvert the fact, because, from consulting the names of the actors placed opposite their respective characters in the different manuscript Latin plays, we find performers from all Colleges.

In the year 1616, Phillip Stubbe's comedy of *Fraus Honesta* was performed at Trinity, of which College he was a fellow. It was printed in 12mo. 1632. Trinity College Library has a manuscript copy, and the Emmanuel one has the actors' names placed opposite their characters. It bears the date of 1626, though, a few lines above, it bears the date of 1616; it is immaterial which year it was acted in, and, therefore, we assign it to the earlier date. It is a play of very little merit; it has no character which fixes the attention of the reader; but abounds, like a bad French comedy, with "*Lepidi servi*," "*juvenes amasii*," "*avari senes*," and all the other paraphernalia of common-place intrigue. There are several parts in which indecency is made to supply the place of something better, and none which induce us to turn it over again for the purpose of analysis or quotation.

Upon February the 28th, 1623, Bishop Hacket's play of *Loiola* was acted before King James, and again before him upon March the 12th, in the same year. It was printed in 1648, together with *Stoicus Vapulans*, *Cancer*, and *Paria*, all supposed to be represented at the same time: the two first probably were, but the latter was performed before King Charles, and will be noticed, under his visit to the University. *Loiola* is a play, as may be supposed from the title, written in ridicule of the Jeusits and their founder. Much of the humour of it of course

is lost to us ; it is in a coarse and common-place vein of satire. It contains, however, some very curious and interesting passages. In one, *Loiola* introduces, in *propriâ personâ*, all the Jesuitical virtues “ *Cæca Obedientia*,” “ *Pseudo-miraculum*,” “ *Regicidium*,” “ *Index Expurgatorius*,” “ *Equivocatio*,” “ *Arrogantia*.” We recommend this scene entire to the notice of young debutants on the Catholic question. In this play we find the introduction of the rhyming songs, which are to be met with in the *Paria* of very considerable merit, and in some other plays. At the conclusion of the third act, *Loiola* is threatened with immediate suspension to a tree, and a song is chaunted on the occasion.

“ *Jo.* Hem autem epicedium, nihil unquam scriptum est magis lamentabil,

Titulus sic se habet ; “ *Jodocus et seculares Monachi Valedicunt Loiolæ pridie ante suspendium.*”

O vos Monachi et fratres, &c. p. 120.

In *Stoicus Vapulans*, we have a substantial representation of the passions. *Appetitus*, *Concupiscibilis*, *Irascibilis*, *Lætitia*, *Voluptas*, and many others of the same family, successively are introduced whipping and scourging the *Stoic* in every variation of circumstance and metre. Like most other allegories, it is heavy and uninteresting, and disposes us to join heartily in the observation of the Epilogus ;

“ *Spectatores, vidistis jam satis Stoicum Vapulantem.*”

Of the *Cancer* we have nothing particular to say ; and the attention of the reader has been already too long claimed for scenes which are now almost as completely forgotten as those of *Brutus* or the *Apostate*.

Probably at the second visit of King James in March, 1622, the play of *Labyrinthus* was performed : a manuscript copy in the University Library ascribes it to Hawkesworth, a former fellow of Trinity College ; this copy contains the actors' names, among which the author himself is one. The fable of the play is very obscure, and occasionally so decidedly *contra bonos mores*, that we may almost wish it were more so. There is, however, much talent displayed in the conduct of it, and parts of the dialogue would not disgrace writers of a far more classical age. The following auto-biographical sketch of *Tiberius*, the character played by the author himself, may serve as a specimen.

Tib. “ Sat est in vitâ ægritudinem, sola quæ advaniant ultro :

Ne queras : Vitam æquam, certam, mediam, nec luxu obsitam
Nec depressam sordibus, (hah) rem ego, Jupiter, quantivis duco
pretii.

Æris alieni nihil habeo, ne nummum : mei habeo
(Dii illud sospitent) quantum sat est et mihi,

Et amico forsân in loco (est Diis gratia.)

Deos colo, ut par est :—templa non fatigo,

Litigant alii quibus est animus :

• Non ego me foro leviter crediderim.

Amore, comitate, et benignâ imprimis operâ

Res agi satius est, quam lite et querimoniâ.

Sim exul ; et sum : an propterea de somno, de risu quid dempserim ?

Ne tantillum.

Hor.—Lepidum senem !”

In this, as in many other of the plays, we are amused by a curious jumble of dialects and dates. We find, in the *dramatis personæ* for instance, after Tiberius, Lepidus, Cassander, Horatius, and many other gentlemen of undisputed classical lineage, “Don Pedro Paches d’ Alcantara,” who, we suspect, would find considerable difficulty in making out a title to his place.

In 1630, the festivities at Christmas entirely ceased : a broadside printed this year, and issued by order of the vice-chancellor, commands that “*Nemo in festivitate natalitiâ cum lychnis aut larris, neve cum tubis aut tympanis exeat à Collegio suo.*” January 7th, 1630 ; that no one shall go out of his College upon the festal of the nativity with torches or masks, or with trumpets and drums. This was the first blow the annual spectacles received : in a few years after this period, the more polished exhibition of comedies was fated to cease likewise. *Senile Odium* was acted between 1630 and 1633 : it has a copy of Latin verses prefixed, written by Milton’s friend, Mr. Edward King of Christ’s College, which places it after or in the former year, and it was printed in the latter year. The title is, *Senile Odium, comædia Cantabrigiæ publicè Academicis recitata in Collegio Reginali ab ejusdem Collegii juventute. Autore P. Hausted. Lusimus innocui. Cantabrigiæ: ex’ Academiæ celeberrimæ typographiâ 1633, 12mo.* After Mr. King’s commendatory verses, come some written by Kemp, and Rogers, both of Queen’s College, where it was acted : from the former set, we learn it was the author’s first production. The scene lies at Frankfort : the time is twenty-four hours. Peter Hausted was born at Oundle, in Northamptonshire, and educated at Queen’s College, Cambridge. He was a violent loyalist, and adhered to the royal party in all their engagements until his death. He was chap-

lain to Spencer, Earl of Northampton, and was with him in the Castle of Banbury, in Oxfordshire, at the time when it made so vigorous a defence against the parliamentary army. At this place he died, and is supposed to be buried either within its precincts, or else in the church belonging to Banbury.* Cambridge, formerly more fortunate than within the last century in receiving royal visits, entertained, in March 1631, King Charles and his Queen Henrietta. The particulars of what passed during their stay, no printed or manuscript state-papers disclose: at least, a most diligent search on our part, has not brought them to light. In their absence, our readers must be content with the very scanty materials we possess. Two comedies were certainly acted before them; the one, Peter Hausted's *Rival Friends*; the other, Thomas Randolph's† *Jealous Lovers*. The first play was printed in 1632,‡ and bears testimony to the author's uneasiness under censure. He states, that it was "acted before the King and Queen's majesties, when, out of their princely favour, they were pleased to visit the University on the 19th day of March, 1631. Cried down by boys, faction, envy, and confident ignorance; approved by the judicious, and exposed to the public censure by the author." His dedication is in the same style, being a copy of verses inscribed to "the Right Honourable, Right Reverend, Right Worshipful, or whatsoever he be, or shall be, whom I hereafter may call patron." Though it appears from this, that he had been roughly criticised, yet it is commended by a copy of Latin and two copies of English verses. The other play, the *Jealous Lovers*, was printed in 1632, 1634, 1668, and in all the subsequent editions of Randolph's works. The title page sets forth, that it was presented, before their majesties, by the students of Trinity College. It is commended by four copies of English, and five copies of Latin verses; the last, written by Thomas Vincent, author of *Paria*, alludes, in the following lines, to its favourable reception before King Charles:

* See *Wood's Fasti Oxonienses*, p. ii. p. 50.

† See *Biograph. Dramatica*, v. iii. pp. 209, 210.

‡ It was during this visit, that what Oldys relates, passed between Randolph and Queen Henrietta Maria: she upon some occasion pleasantly objected to Randolph,

Pauper ubique jacet;

to which he wittily replied,

In thalami, Regina, tuis hac nocte jacerem,

Si verum hoc esset, Pauper ubique jacet!

I felix, oculos dudum prædatus, et aures,
 Censuramque ipsam sub jugo mitte gravem.
 Qui meruit Carolo plausum spectante, popello
 Non est cur metuat displicuisse rudi.

It is esteemed the best of Randolph's works,—but it is useless to draw comparisons between his writings, all of which are deserving the highest praise for their knowledge of human nature, and for their poetry. He is ingeniously supposed, by Mr. Douce, to be the author of *Cornelianum Dolium*. As we know not when it was acted, this will be the fittest place to notice that comedy. It is “*inter rarissimos*,” and our book-collecting readers may congratulate themselves upon the possession of a copy. The title-page is, *Cornelianum Dolium, comædia lepidissima, optimorum judiciis approbata, et Theatrali Corypho, nec immeritò, donata, palma choralis apprimè digna. Auctore, T. R. ingeniosissimo hujus ævi Heliconio.*

*Ludunt dum juvenes, lasciviunt Senes,
 Senescunt juvenes, juvenescunt Senes.*

Lond. 1638, 12mo. A neatly engraved frontispiece, by Marshall, represents Cornelius in the sweating-tub, undergoing rigorous discipline for his irregularities.* Adjoining the tub, stand his three female acquaintances; to whom he utters a most sincere farewell,

“*Valete O Veneres Cupidinesque,
 Sedeo in Veneris Solio, in Dolio doleo.*”

* The cure of Cornelius's complaint was formerly effected by guaiacum, or mercurial unctions.: and in both cases the patient was kept up very warm and close. In England, they used a *tub* for this purpose; on the continent, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. And, as for the unction, it was sometimes continued for thirty-seven days, and during this time, there was, necessarily, an extraordinary abstinence required. Hence Shakspeare says,

Be a whore still! they love thee not that use thee;
 Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
 Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
 For *tubs*, and baths; bring down rose-cheek'd youth
 To the *tub-fast*, and the diet.

Timon of Athens, Act iv. Scene 3.

Some account of the sweating-tub, with a cut of it, may be seen in *Ambrose Parrey's Works*, by Johnson, p. 48. The inquisitive reader will learn more, upon consulting the notes to the above passage from Shakspeare, in *the best edition* of his works, vol. xiii. pp. 371, 372.

After a dedication to Alexander Radcliffe, *Baiensis Miles*, come two and a half pages *omnibus et singulis*, and then the Argument. Being in a learned language, we may venture to notice it, as giving the plot of the comedy, and a specimen of the Latinity. “Cornelius ex nimia licentiâ suâ ægrè se habens, et jam morti (nec minus quàm omnes expectant) appropinquans è grabato se paululum sublevans, omnes dehortatur ab iis lenociniis, quibus ipse in adultâ ætate indulserat : meretricias artes et earum astutias apertè narrat. Cornelius in extremis positus, à Peregrino Neapolitano, præter omnem spem, pristinae incolumitati restituitur. Suadet interim Neapolitanum, ut eum pro mortuo daret ; quò fama ipsius mortis per totum oppidum increbesceret : et eo hoc facit, quò emeritam actionem caperet de iis pellicibus et latrunculis, qui tantam sibi injuriam intulissent : Quod quidem (nec sine magno periculo) præstat : Sepeliri enim se mandat, uno cum ingenti thesauri mole : Quem eadem nocte quâ ipse sepultus est, Lurcanio et Latrunculus, duo egregii latrones, uno cum consilio et consensu meretricum, effractis sacrarii portis, eruere et eripere quærunt. Removentur saxa, reseratur cista, in quâ positus est Cornelius : quâ reclusâ, et se super pedes erigente Cornelio, tanto metu perculsi sunt, at sacris ædibus relictis, dementes excurrunt ; eâque dementiâ correpti, insolentius se gerunt, donec communi voto et vöce, ne eorum rabies alius etiam vim inferret, Fatuano, vulgo Bedlam, sunt traditi ; et pellices, quæ conscia consules erant facti, Plagiario, vulgò Bridewell, sunt mandatæ. Residuum temporis fructuosè expendit Cornelius, multum distribuens æris publicis Gymnasiis.”

Valetudinarium was written by William Johnson, a fellow of Queen's College, where it was acted, February the sixth 1637. The scene lies at Bartholomew's Hospital, London. There is a copy of this play in Queen's, St. John's, Emmanuel, and the University Libraries. The Emmanuel copy formerly belonged to Archbishop Sancroft. The copy in the University Library contains the stage directions, and thus opens : “after the prologue is spoken, let there be a great cry without of *ignis, ignis, incendium, incendium*, which done, let Mimulus enter with a bucket.” A rhyming Latin song, without any merit, at the end of the fourth act, is set to music.

Upon the tenth of February 1638, *Naufragium Joculare* was performed at Trinity College ; written by Cowley, before he had taken his B.A. degree : Dr. Johnson censures this composition, for being written without due attention to the ancient models, and, indeed, justly ; for, it is certainly the very worst of the Latin plays we have read, and mere prose. It was printed first in 12mo, 1631, with a Latin dedication in verse, to Dr. Comber, Dean of Carlisle, and head of his College ; a second edition was

inserted in the collection of his works, published in three volumes, 8vo., in 1712. As it is not our intention at any future period to notice this work particularly, for, in reality, it is not worth the trouble, having neither the facility of a popular, nor the accuracy of a learned work, it may be dismissed with a few words. The author of the *Poetical Decameron** thinks, very ingeniously, that Cowley took the idea of his play from Junius's book, called *The Drunkard's Character, or a true Drunkard with such sins as reign in him,*" wherein is this passage; "And have you not heard what Athenæus relates, how a tavern was, by the fancy and imagination of a drunken crew, turned into a gally; who having a tempest in their heads, caused by a sea of drinke within, verily thought this tap-house on land, a pinface at sea; and the present storm so vehement, that they unladed the ship, throwing the goods out at window, instead of overboard, calling the constable Neptune, and the officers Tritons; whereupon some got under the tables, as if they lay under hatches, another holding a great pot for the mast; all crying out, that so many brave gentlemen should be cast away." Or, if Cowley did not draw his plot from this book, he might, with more probability, as the same author conjectures, take it from Heywood's play of the *English Traveller*, printed five years before either, in which the scene described by Athenæus is humorously brought upon the stage. (See *Retros. Rev.* vol. xi.)

Upon March the 12th, 1641, Prince Charles passed through Cambridge, on his way to York, when he was entertained by the representation of *Paria*, written by Thomas Vincent, and by the *Guardian*, a second play, written by Cowley, before he was Master of Arts, and performed like his former one at Trinity College. The author of the *Guardian* says, "it was but rough-drawn by him, yet it was acted with good approbation."

Being printed during his absence from his country, he considered it as injurious to his reputation, and, accordingly, upon his return, he changed it almost entirely, and brought it before the public, under the new title of the *Cutter of Coleman Street*. Though he, at considerable length, in the preface, vindicates the character of it from the aspersions of disloyalty, the play was condemned on the stage, and whatever power of fixing attention and exciting merriment it may possess, it seems now almost entirely to be forgotten. The minute reader will find some interesting information concerning this play, in Dr. Johnson's life of the author; but as it relates entirely to it under its latter title, in which form it was not represented before the University, it does not come within the limits of this article.

It may now reasonably be asked, why these performances by Masters of Arts and Students were discontinued? This question cannot be positively answered, since no University record, now existing, expressly prohibits them. This change is to be explained by political events. Our latest was in 1641,* the civil war broke out in the ensuing year, and, as is usual in times of general calamity, all public diversions and recreations were laid aside. By an ordinance of September the second, 1642, it was declared, that, "whereas public sports do not well agree with public calamities, nor public stage-plays with the seasons of humiliation; this being an exercise of sad and pious solemnity; the other being spectacles of pleasure, too commonly expressing lascivious mirth and levity; it is, therefore, declared, that while these sad causes, and set times of humiliation continue, public stage-plays shall cease and be forborne; instead of which, are recommended to the people of this land, the profitable duties of repentance, and making their peace with God."† This ordinance caused, without a doubt, the complete suppression of the Academic theatricals: if any one should think otherwise, they must confess, that they were entirely abolished by the year 1647, when a more severe law was passed, "that all actors in plays for time to come, being convicted, shall be publicly whipped; and all spectators of plays, for every offence are to pay five shillings." But the state of the University, during these seven years of tumult and bloodshed, did not admit of its accustomed amusements: when three hundred soldiers of the parliamentary army were quartered in St. John's College, and all the plate of that and other societies lent to relieve the distresses of the king, the few students who remained would be little likely, and from the loyalty many of them evinced, little disposed, to promote their former amusements. The temper, indeed, of the faction was completely changed: a few years before, it presented every where a scene of profligacy and vicious pleasure. But now came in fashion a form of godliness, which, through the means of puritans, precisians, and presbyterians, and under the mask of religion,

* The fact of *Adelphe* having been performed in 1662, does not militate against this opinion, taking it generally; though one play should have been performed after a lapse of twenty years, we well know that no other was, until the year 1747, when Christopher Smart's comedy of the *Grateful Fair* was represented at Pembroke College. Cowley's *Guardian* was the last play following its precursors in regular order, and according to established custom, and may, therefore, be considered the last that was publicly represented.

† *Rushworth's Collections*, v. i. p. iii. p. l.

worked a complete reformation in public manners. It is to these causes, strengthened by the circumstance of our not knowing any play dated after the year 1641, that we say, with the civil war, the public performance of Latin and English plays ceased in the University of Cambridge.

ART. II.—*Two Choice and Useful Treatises: the one, Lux Orientalis; or, an Inquiry into the Opinion of the Eastern Sages, concerning the Pre-existence of Souls, being a Key to Unlock the Grand Mysteries of Providence, in relation to Man's Sin and Misery. The other, a Discourse of Truth, by the late Reverend Dr. Rush, Lord Bishop of Dromore, in Ireland: with Annotations on them both. London, 1682.*

In the common Biographical Dictionary, to which alone we have present reference, the first of these works is not enumerated among the writings of its author, the well known Seducismus Triumphatus Glanvill. It is not, indeed, deserving of particular notice for any extraordinary merit of its own; but, in connection with his other works, becomes curious, as a further evidence of the excursive imagination of the writer, whom not even orthodoxy, and preferment, could keep altogether quiet and confiding. Glanvill was a clergyman of the church by law established; that is to say, a rigid calvinist and zealous republican, proud of being chaplain to old Francis Rouse, one of Cromwell's Lords, until the Restoration satisfied him of his error, when he was re-ordained, got a vicarage and a rectory, and the appointment of chaplain to the king. In the opinions of a church so established, and backing its other influential reasons by such self-evident merits, we have no doubt he had a most relying faith; he was assuredly an obedient servant, bowing to all its decisions, and conforming to all its directions; but the delight, and almost gratitude, of his mind was refining and speculating upon every thing not so pre-determined and established; and the nearer it approached to, without touching upon, interdicted subjects, the more it satisfied and delighted him. He begins the preface to this work, by observing, "It is none of the least commendable indulgencies of our church, that she allows a latitude of judging in points of speculation;" neither could it have been in the eyes of a man, whose whole intellectual existence was passed in speculation. Glanvill delighted to conjure up "unreal mockeries," and to contend with these shadowy nothings—to feed and pamper his imagination,

until the only realities, to him, were unreal,—the incomprehensible, the only thing he could understand. Though, in some things, and at a very humble distance, not unlike Sir Thomas Brown, they differed in this, that as the *pia mater* of the one was not stretched with what he justly and expressively calls “wingy mysteries,” the *pia mater* of the other was blown up by such vapours to the consistency of a rapidly ascending balloon. Yet, with all his follies, Glanvill was one that early and strenuously opposed the exclusive authority of Aristotle and the schoolmen, and the then revived artificial and merely logical philosophy; was an early member of the Royal Society; and, indirectly, an encourager of sound reasoning and rational learning. The truth we suspect to have been, that a faith in Aristotle was not one of the thirty-nine articles; and logical precision was not convenient to so excursive and “errant” a genius. More conclusive reasons were, indeed, assigned by an enemy, namely, that he could not construe the one, and did not understand the other: but, as “honest Antony Wood,” who reports it, assures us the man was much given to slander, we treat the opinion as libellous, though Wood himself, who professes to have known Glanvill, makes no other mention of his learning than that he was “a great master of the English language, expressing himself therein with easy fluency, and in a manly, yet, withal, a smooth style.”

Glanvill was certainly born “an age too late,” or many ages too soon. He was, we believe, a quietist,—a mystic,—a disciple of the great Dr. Henry More, “the profound restorer and refiner of almost extinct Platonism,”—a pre-existent,—one of the last educated men who wrote in favour of demonology and witchcraft. As we do not quite comprehend the utility of these abstruse speculations, we shall not presume to offer an opinion on them, lest we should come under the censure passed, in the preface to the last mentioned and most celebrated, of his works, on such “narrow and confined spirits, who account all discourses needless that are not for their particular purposes, and judge all the world to be of the size and genius of those within the circle of their knowledge and acquaintance; so that, with a pert and pragmatick insolence, they censure all the braver designs and notices that lie beyond their ken, as nice and impertinent speculations: an ignorant and proud injustice;—hence it comes to pass, that the greatest and worthiest things that are written, or said, do always meet with the most general neglect and scorn; since, the lesser people, for whom they were not intended, are quick to shoot their bolt, and to condemn what they do not understand, and because they do not.”

Although, in the very name and title-page of this work, it professes to be an *Inquiry into the opinion of the eastern Sages concerning the pre-existence of Souls*, it would have been very contrary to the habitude and disposition of its author to have troubled himself with any other opinion than his own, or that of his oracle, Dr. Henry More. The eastern doctrine is but a text which he expounds, and his argument is, briefly,—That the continual creation of a soul for each separate body, as it comes into the world, is inconsistent with the divine attributes; for all the works of God bear His image, and are perfect in their kind; and He being pure, what comes from Him, proportionable to its capacity, partakes of His perfection: and how would it agree with divine goodness to put pure and immaculate spirits into bodies that would defile them? or with divine wisdom thus to make and destroy! to give a capacity for nobleness and yet an incapacity of acting nobly, from the gross habitude of that sensual body to which the spirit is bound? or with divine justice to subject a spirit, that came, perhaps, immediately before, righteous, pure, and immaculate, from the hands of its creator, to eternal torments? And yet we are taught, that as soon as born, and even in the womb, ‘we are obnoxious to eternal wrath.’” Constant creation being then abandoned, he considers the possibility of traduction, which he holds to be impossible; for if the parent beget the soul out of nothing, it will be pure and clean as if God himself were its creator; for the parents can only transmit their natural, and not their moral, pravities, and if the soul be but a particle or decerption of its parent, then is the last guilty of all the sins that ever were committed since Adam; therefore, it was the opinion of “the Indian Brachmans, the Persian Magi, the Egyptian Gymnosophists, the Jewish Rabbins, some of the Grecian philosophers, and Christian fathers, (this is the *Lux Orientalis*,) that the souls of men were created all at first; and, at several times and occasions, upon forfeiture of their better life and condition, ‘dropt down into their terrestrial bodies;” which is the more rational opinion; is not contrary to Scripture; and was commonly received in the times of Jesus. These are profound speculations, with which we dare not presume to interfere; but we are curious to know how it happens that souls forfeit their better life and condition just in numbers corresponding with the creation of bodies, and by what law of forfeiture the souls are made to correspond and keep pace with Mr. Malthus’s law of population. Then follows a consideration of the objections to pre-existence, which, in some points, is really well argued. Thus he says, if it be

“ Urged, that had we lived and acted in a former state, we should,

doubtless, have retained some remembrance of that condition ; but we having no memory of any thing backwards before our appearance upon this present stage, it will be thought to be a considerable presumption, that pre-existence is but a fancy.

“ But I would desire such kind of reasoners to tell me, how much they remember of their state and condition in the womb, or of the actions of their first infancy. And I could wish they would consider, that not one passage in an hundred is remembered of their grown and riper age : nor doth there scarce a night pass but we dream of many things which our waking memories can give us no account of ; yea, old age, and some kinds of diseases, blot out all the images of things past, and, even in this state, cause a total oblivion. Now, if the reasons why we should lose the remembrance of our former life be greater than are the causes of forgetfulness in the instances we have produced, I think it will be clear, that this argument hath but little force against the opinion we are inquiring into. Therefore, if we do but reflect upon that long state of silence and inactivity that we emerged from, when we came into these bodies, and the vast change we underwent by our sinking into this new and unwonted habitation, it will appear to the considerate, that there is greater reason why we should have forgotten our former life than any thing in this ; and if a disease, or old age, can rase out the memory of past actions, even while we are in one and the same condition of life, certainly so long and deep a swoon as is absolute insensibility and inertness may, much more reasonably, be thought to blot out the memory of another life, whose passages, probably, were nothing like the transactions of this ; and this, also, might be given as another reason of our forgetting our former state, since, usually, things are brought to our remembrance by some like occurrences.”

After thus disposing of other arguments that, he conceives, might, *à priori*, be urged against his theory, he proceeds to adduce many in its favour, in which, however, he is not equally successful. There is nothing extraordinary in this. In all such subtle speculations as are necessarily bottomed rather on the imagination than the reason, however guarded, it is almost of course. These arguments are certainly not worth notice, and may be easily inferred from the hypothesis he builds up at the conclusion, and which is imaginative, and beautiful enough to deserve abridgement, and sufficiently conclusive for the gratification of all intellectual idlers. It is briefly, that as nature proceeds, in all changes, by progression and gentle gradations, it is not reasonable to believe that, intimately as the soul is, in this state, mingled with the body, it would, on changing its state, be altogether stript of corporiety ; neither therefore, by parity of reasoning, that a pure spirit could have been at once so intimately mingled with the body, on first entering this state.—He, therefore, concludes that the soul, hath always a

tenuous and subtle body, though we know not its nature. That it is in the nature of the soul itself to delight only in the contemplation of immaterial objects, as virtue, knowledge, and divine law; but it is equally the nature of the matter with which it is united to delight only in objects of sense, "Now, it cannot, with equal vigour, exercise itself both ways together; and, consequently, the more it is taken up in the higher operations, the more prompt and vigorous it will be in these exercises, and less so about those that concern the body, and *è converso*." It is, therefore, natural to believe that, agreeable to the divine wisdom and goodness, in making all creatures as perfect as their nature admitted, and placing them in situations most agreeable to their nature, "the souls of men were, at first, in the highest invigoration of the spiritual and intellectual faculties," while "the lower powers, or life, of the body was languid and remiss;" so that "the most tenuous, pure, and simple matter being the fittest instrument for the most vigorous and spiritual faculties," it was, at first, united with such, and passed whole ages, probably, in the contemplation of virtue, and in the realms of light and blessedness. But, though thus created happy, it was in its nature mutable; and the purer spirit, after long and vigorous exercise, it may be, begin to remit its sublimest operations; in which time of remission, "the lower may advance, and more lively display themselves, than they could before. And now they begin to convert towards the body, and warmly to resent the delights and pleasures thereof." Then the sense of what is grateful and pleasant, gets head over the apprehension of what is just and good; and the lower faculties, having greater exercise, become vigorously awakened, while the higher are proportionably shrunk up, and the æthereal body contracts grossness and impurity; and thus such a change is wrought in the soul, as may spoil its "congruity or celestial body;" and thus, we may be presumed to have fallen from our first state of felicity, that state being only agreeable to the condition of our creation; and thus we proceed in our descent, progressively, through, what he calls the Aërial and then to the Terrestrial state. After this, the progress, either by further debasement or returning, is dependant on the refreshed and returning vigour of the nobler faculties. Where the spirit is sufficiently invigorated and refreshed, it succeeds, by degrees, in mortifying and subduing the body, and becomes fitted for the Aërial state, which is one step on its return; and so *è converso* in its further descent.

We hope that, in this brief extract, the question is fairly stated; but there is, throughout the work, such "a profligate waste of words,"—what Wood, we suppose, calls "easy flu-

ency,"—that it is sometimes difficult to discover the meaning of them.

The accompanying *Discourse of Truth*, is, as stated in the title-page, written by Dr. Rush, the friend of Jeremy Taylor, and his successor in the bishoprick of Dromore. It is another subtle speculation, but less so, and, we think, much more ably argued than the former. The purpose of it is, to show that things are what they are, and that there are mutual respects and relations, eternal, immutable, and, in order of nature, antecedent to any understanding, either created or uncreated, as that, "Homo est animal rationale; triangulum est quod habet tres angulos;" which are not arbitrary dependancies upon the will, decrees, or understanding of God, but necessary and eternal truths; and that the divine understanding cannot be the fountain of the truth of things, nor the foundation of the references of one to another. That denying this would lead to the most gross and horrid absurdities; for, if the mutual respects and relations of things be not eternal and indispensable, then there could be no such thing as divine wisdom and knowledge, which is an apprehension, not by deduction, but intuition, of the natures and mutual respects and relations of things; for there could be no such natures or mutual respects, if such things be only by his arbitrary imagination; for, then he can "unimagine that imagination;" and all that before stood in relation, shall now stand in opposition;—neither could there be any such thing as right and wrong, or any assurance of future happiness to man;—and "lying, swearing, envy, malice, nay, hatred of God and goodness itself, may be the most acceptable service to God, and the readiest way to happiness;" and as to the large and ample promises of Jesus, God could will that they were not promised; or if there be no "intrinsic relation betwixt veracity and perfection," but a mere arbitrary respect dependant on His will, "then, as an evidence of His sovereign will, He might damn all mankind; or, as the greatest evidence, damn all that have put faith in the words of Christ or the apostles, and take those only into heaven and happiness, who have been the greatest sinners and worst of men."

• The annotations, which form so large a portion of the volume, were written by Dr. Henry More himself, although no otherwise named than as one not unskilled in these kind of speculations.

ART III.—*Acts and Ordinances of the Long Parliament.*

In a former number,* it was attempted to give a general and comprehensive view of the financial measures adopted by the leaders of the Commonwealth, with reference to the forfeited estates of delinquents; in the present, we will give a few instances of the mode in which these measures were carried into execution by the agents interested in the management of them. In order to this, let us first contemplate the portraiture of one of these agents, by the hands of one, who (in his day) was esteemed a master-painter.

“ *The character of a Country Committee-man, with the ear-mark of a Sequestrator.*”

“ A Committee-man, by his name, should be one that is possessed; there is number enough in it to make an epithet for *Legion*; he is *persona in concreto*; (to borrow the solecism of a modern statesman,) you must translate it by the *Red-Bull Phrase*, and speak as properly: Enter seven devils *solus*. It is a well-trussed title, that contains both the Number and the Beast; for a Committee-man is a noun of multitude; he must be spelled with figures, like Antichrist wrapped in a pair-royal of sixes. Thus, the name is as monstrous as the man, a complex notion, of the same lineage with accumulative treason. For his office it is the heptarchy, or England's fritters; it is the broken meat of a crumbling prince, only the royalty is greater; for it is here, as it is in the miracle of loaves, the voyder exceeds the bill of fare. The pope and he ring the changes; here is the plurality of crowns to one head,—join them together, and there is a harmony in discord. The triple-headed turnkey of heaven, with the triple-headed porter of hell. A Committee-man is the reliques of regal government, but, like holy reliques, he out-bulks the substance whereof he is a remnant. There is a score of kings in a committee, as, in the reliques of the cross, there is the number of twenty. This is the giant with the hundred hands, that wields the sceptre; the tyrannical bead-roll, by which the kingdom prays backward, and at every curse drops a Committee-man. Let *Charles* be waved, whose condescending clemency aggravates the defection, and makes *Nero* the question—better a *Nero* than a *Committee*. There is less execution by a single bullet than by case-shot.

“ Now, a committee-man is a party-coloured officer. He must be drawn like *Janus* with cross and pile in his countenance; as he relates to the soldiers, or faces about to his fleecing the country. Look upon him martially, and he is a justice of war; one that has bound his *Dalton* up in buff, and will needs be of the quorum to the best commanders. He is one of *Mars* his lay-elders, he shares in the govern-

* See vol. ix. p. 122.

ment, though a non-conformist to his bleeding Rubrick. He is the like sectary in arms, as the Platonic is in love; keeps a fluttering in discourse, but proves a haggard in the action. He is not of the soldiers, and yet of his flock. He is an emblem of the golden age (and such, indeed, he makes it to him) when so tame a pigeon may converse with vultures. Methinks, a Committee hanging about a governor, and bandileers dangling about a furred alderman, have an anagram resemblance. There is no syntax between a cap of maintenance and a helmet. Who ever knew an enemy routed by a grand jury and a *Billa vera*? It is a left-handed garrison, where their authority perches; but the more preposterous, the more in fashion; the right-hand fights, while the left rules the reins. The truth is, the soldier and the gentleman are like *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Pancha*: one fights at all adventures to purchase the other the government of the island. A Committee-man, properly, should be the governor's mattress to fit his truckle, and to new-string him with sinews of war; for his chief use is to raise assessments in the neighbouring wapentake.

“The country people being like an Irish cow that will not give down her milk, unless she sees her calf before her: hence it is, he is the garrison's dry-nurse,—he chews their contribution before he feeds them: so the poor soldiers live like *Trochilus*, by picking the teeth of this sacred crocodile.

“So much for his warlike or ammunition-face, which is so preternatural, that it is rather a vizard than a face; Mars in him hath but a blinking aspect, his face of arms is like his coat, *Partie per pale*, soldier and gentleman, much of a scantling.”

“Now to enter his taxing and deglubing face, a squeezing look, like that of *Vespasianus*, as if he were bleeding over a close-stool.

“Take him thus, and he is in the inquisition of the purse an authentic gypsie, that nips your bung with a canting ordinance; not a murdered fortune in all the country but bleeds at the touch of this malefactor. He is the spleen of the body politic, that swells itself to the consumption of the whole. At first, indeed, he ferreted for the parliament, but since that he has got off his cope he set up for himself. He lives upon the sins of the people, and that is a good standing dish too. He verifies the axiom, *Eisdem nutritur ex quibus componitur*; his diet is suited to his constitution; I have wondered often, why the plundered countrymen should repair to him for succour: certainly, it is under the same notion, as one whose pockets are picked goes to *Moll Cut-purse*, as the predominant in that faculty.

“He out-dives a Dutchman; gets a noble of him that was never worth sixpence; for the poorest do not escape, but, Dutch-like, he will be dreyning, even in the driest ground. He aliens a delinquent's estate with as little remorse as his other holiness gives away an heretic's kingdom; and for the truth of the delinquency, both chapmen have as little share of infallibility. *Lye* is the grand salad of arbitrary government, executor to the star-chamber and the high commission; for those courts are not extinct; they survive in him like dollars changed into single money. To speak the truth, he is the universal tribunal; for since the times all causes fall to his cognizance as, in a great in-

fection, all the diseases turn oft to the plague. It concerns our masters (the parliament) to look about them; if he proceedeth at this rate, the jack may come to swallow the pike, as the interest often eats out the principal. As his commands are great, so he looks for a reverence accordingly. He is punctual in exacting your hat, and to say right, is his due; but by the same title as the upper garment is the vails of the executioner. There was a time, when such cattle would hardly have been taken upon suspicion for men in office, unless the old proverb were answered,—that the beggars make a free company, and those the wardens. You may see what it is to hang together. Look upon them severally, and you cannot but fumble for some threads of charity. But oh! they are termagants in conjunction! like fiddlers, who are rogues, when they go single, and, joined in consort, gentlemen musicianers. ‘I care not, if I untwist my Committee-man, and so give him the receipt for this grand catholicon.

“ Take a state-martyr; one that, for his good behaviour, hath paid the excise of his ears, so suffered captivity by the land-piracy of ship-money; next, a primitive freeholder; one that hates the king because he is a gentleman, transgressing the Magna Charta of delving Adam. Add to these, a mortified bankrupt, that helps out his false weights with some scruples of conscience, and with his peremptory scales can doom his prince with a *MENE TEKEL*. These, with a new blue stocking’d-justice, lately made of a good basket-hilted yeoman, with a short-handed clerk tacked to the rear of him, to carry the knap-sack of his understanding; together with two or three equivocal sirs, whose religion, (like their gentility,) is the extract of their acres; being, therefore, spiritual, because they are earthly; not forgetting the man of the law, whose corruption gives the *Hogan* to the sincere juncto. These are the simples of this precious compound; a kind of Dutch hotch-potch, the *Hogan Mogan* Committee-man.

“ The Committee-man hath a side-man, or rather a setter, (hight a sequestrator,) of whom you may say, as of the great sultan’s horse,—where he treads, the grass grows no more. He is the state’s cormorant; one that fishes for the public, but feeds himself; the misery is, he fishes without the cormorant’s property, a rope to strengthen the gullet, and to make him disgorge. A sequestrator! He is the devil’s nut-hook; the sign with him is always in the clutches. There are more monsters retain to him, than to all the limbs in anatomy. It is strange, physicians do not apply him to the soles of the feet in a desperate fever; he draws far beyond pigeons. I hope some mountebank will slice him, and make the experiment. He is a tooth-drawer once removed; here is the difference—one applauds the grinder, the other the grist. Never, till now, could I verify the poet’s description, that the ravenous harpy had a human visage. Death himself cannot quit scores with him; like the demoniac in the gospel, he lives among tombs; nor is the holy water, shed by widows and orphans, a sufficient exorcism to dispossess him. Thus the cat sucks your breath, and the fiend your blood; nor can the brotherhood of witch-finders, so sagely instituted, with all their terrors, wean the familiars.”

“ But, once more, to single out my embossed Committee-man;

his face (for, I know, you would fain see an end of him) is either a whipping audit, when he is wrung in the withers by a committee of examinations, (and so the sponge weeps out the moisture which he had soaked before) or else he meets his passing-peal in the clamorous meeting of a gut-foundered garrison : for the hedge-sparrow will be feeding with the cuckoo, till he mistake his commons and bites off her head. Whatever it is, it is within his desert : for what is observed of some creatures, that, at the same time, they trade in productions three stories high, suckling the first, big with the second, and clicketing for the third. A committee-man is the counterpart ; his mischief is superfœtation, a certain scale of destruction ; for he ruins the father, beggars the son, and strangles the hopes of all posterity."

(*Cleveland's Works*, 1687, page 72.)

It was after this fashion, that the wits of poor Charles's court amused themselves, and each other, in their little world of Oxford, by laughing at the formidable opponents, who were so shortly to become their masters ; and, though we would not undertake to display the hidden meaning of half the evanescent allusions with which the foregoing piece of satire abounds, we find it sufficiently intelligible to justify, in a great degree, the opinion of the day, which placed Cleveland at the head of the poets and pamphleteers of the Cavalier party. His character of a London "Diurnal-maker," which immediately follows, is no less remarkable for point and humour ; and his bantering correspondence with the parliament officer, who summoned the garrison of Newark to surrender, (though we doubt whether his antagonist had not rather the advantage of him, even in the use of those bloodless weapons on which he most prided himself) afford a most lively sketch of the manners of the times, which we shall gladly insert in another part of our work.

It is to the brilliancy of imagination displayed by such writers as Cleveland and Butler, succeeded by a host of wits cast in the same mould, who came in after them at the Restoration, no less than to the exalted qualities of an historian, possessed by Clarendon, and revived (after the lapse of a century) in Hume, with the same prepossessions and prejudices, that is mainly to be ascribed the prevalence of false and distorted notions respecting the characters, talents, and motives of the great founders of our English commonwealth, from which their memories ought to have been kept sacred by the consideration of the vast obligation we lie under to them for the possession of all that is most valuable in our laws and liberties, and of the ties of descent and affinity by which we are most of us, in some way or other, connected with them. It is difficult to say upon what principle the habitual veneration in which we hold the names of our grand-fathers and great grand-fathers, should be

taught to fail us at the moment when we reach the most memorable and eventful period of our domestic annals, even though it burst out again (as from behind a cloud) with redoubled lustre, upon our ascending to the fabled glories of the Elizabethan era. The same blood flowed in the veins of the Long Parliament's champions which had circulated through those of the conquerors at Agincourt and the opposers of the Armada;—the same which tinged the waves of Trafalgar, and deluged the plains of Waterloo. Were they not, equally,

“ Those noblest English,
Who fetch'd their blood from fathers of war-proof?”

Are we not equally bound to

“ Dishonour not our mothers, and attest
That those whom we call fathers did beget us?”

Or are we permitted, in our zeal for (so-termed) loyalty, and our abhorrence of (so-named) rebellion, to forget that the stiff-rumped Puritans, whom we hold up to ridicule, were, nevertheless, (the major part of them,)

“ Good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, and who shew'd
The mettle of their pasture?”

Or that, with all the hypocritical grimace which we are so apt (upon the testimony of their sworn enemies) to impute to them,

“ There were none so mean and base
That had not noble lustre in their eyes?”

“ Some historians,” says May, in his preface to *The History of the Parliament*, “ who seem to abhor direct falsehood, have, notwithstanding, dressed truth in such improper vestments as if they brought her forth to act the same part that falsehood would; and taught her, by rhetorical disguises, partial concealments, and invective expressions, instead of informing, to seduce a reader, and carry the judgment of posterity after that bias which themselves have made.” And, in treating of the history of such a period, it seems that we cannot, even at our present distance from it, too carefully keep in mind what the same historian says respecting it. “ The subject of this work is a civil war; a war, indeed, as much *more than civil*, and as full of miracle, both in the causes and

effects of it, as was ever observed in any age; a war as cruel as unnatural, that has produced as much rage of swords, as much bitterness of pens, both public and private, as was ever known; and divided the understandings of men, as well as their affections, in so high a degree, that scarce could any virtue gain due applause, any union give satisfaction, or any relation obtain credit, unless amongst men of the same side. It were, therefore, a presumptuous madness to think that this poor and weak discourse, which can deserve no applause from either side, shall obtain from both so much as pardon; or that they should here meet in censure, which in nothing else have concurred."

That species of national vanity which feeds and exalts itself at the expense of other nations, conceived to be less favoured by Providence, or less worthy of its favour, deserves, perhaps, no greater commendation than a similar exercise of the same faculty in individuals would merit. There are points, however, which will arise, both in the cases of individuals and of nations, where comparison is alike unavoidable, and not to be censured; and, of all public events of this nature, the Revolutions, of England in the seventeenth, and of France in the eighteenth, century, are those which most forcibly impel, and most triumphantly justify, the proudest estimate of superiority. The one was distinguished by the constant semblance, and by the general observance,—the other, by the utter disregard, and most profligate contempt and abandonment,—of law, and of all social and moral restraint. It would be both curious and profitable to pursue this line of inquiry through all its ramifications, and the result would afford, in every instance, a like cause of honest gratification: but our present business is with the financial part of the system; and here we apprehend, that nothing can more distinctly mark the national character, than the regular and consistent method of proceeding adopted by our victorious parliament with regard to its humble adversaries, compared with the forced and arbitrary confiscations, and exterminating massacres, of the club governments of Paris. For the principles by which the measures of our commonwealth rulers were directed to be regulated, we have only to refer to those ordinances of which an outline has already been given; but for the mode and spirit of the execution, the most direct historical evidence is afforded by that vast and (until very lately) undigested mass of documents collected at the State-paper office, under the title of "Royalist Composition Papers," the bare knowledge of the existence of which, we imagine to be sufficient to prevent any future historian of those times from pretending to the execution of his task without the previous inspection of them. It may be safely assumed,

that the liberality of government will not refuse access, under proper regulations, whenever sought for so important an object.

For the purpose of biographical illustration, we will leave it to be inferred, from a single instance with which we have been favoured, how much may be gathered from a diligent inspection of these singularly interesting documents. It is the case of Inigo Jones, the celebrated architect—of whom all we learn from his present biographers, with relation to his sufferings from sequestration, is, that, having acquired a handsome fortune under the royal favour, it was subsequently much impaired by his losses during the rebellion—“for, as he had a share in his royal master’s prosperity, so he had a share too in his ruin.”—To which is added, that, “during the usurpation, he was constrained to pay £545, by way of composition for his estate as a malignant.”—(See *Chalm. Biog. Dict.* vol. 19.)

The following entry in the books of the Committee of Sequestrations, will not only supply what is deficient, but correct some important errors, in this commonly received statement; as it will appear from it, that his fine, which was originally assessed at £557. 18s. 5d., being the rate of one-tenth upon the amount of his property, as delivered in by him, was increased, upon his own voluntary offer, to £1000, which latter sum appears to have been accepted as in full discharge of all future demands, whether by reason of concealment of property, or of grounds of delinquency not apparent on the face of his submission, does not very clearly appear—although it may, we think, be inferred that a favour was intended to be done him by the acceptance.

“ *Inigo Jones, of London, Esq.*

“ His delinquency that he absented from his dwelling-house in Scotland Yard, by Whitehall, for about three years past, but, hath never been in the king’s quarters by all this time, as he deposeth, but in the parliament quarters, and is a very aged infirm man, scarce able to walk abroad.

“ He hath taken the national covenant before William Barton, minister of John Zacharyes, London, the 10th of April, 1645, and the negative oath here the same day

“ He compounds upon a particular delivered in under his hand, by which he doth submit to such fine, &c.; and by which it doth appear,

“ That he is possessed of a certain messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, new built, upon the north-west corner of a certain court called Scotland Yard, by Whitehall, in the county of Middlesex; holden by demise from one Elizabeth Bazill, late of Blackfriars, London, widow, for the remainder of a term of forty-one years, beginning

the 20th of January, 1630; whercupon £16. rent per annum is reserved, which was before the troubles over and above the rent reserved £30—for which his fine at two years is £60.

“ There is owing to him in debts from the king and queen’s majesties £2090, 2s. 9d., and other debts from other persons, mentioned in his particular, £168.

“ He is possessed of goods and mathematical instruments, which he valueth to be worth £700; and saith, that he left in ready money and plate, in a friend’s hands of his, when he left this city, to the value of £2000 and upwards, which he saith is questionable whether he shall get it again into his hands or not; all which estate last mentioned amounteth unto the sum of £4958. 11s. 6d. For which his fine, at a tenth, is £495. 18s. 6d.

“ So his whole fine is £557. 18s. 5d.”

“ But he saith and confesseth, that in regard he did proffer unto Sir Henry Vane, sen. that, forasmuch as he hath no issue, and so as his sequestration may be taken off, and he may be cleared from paying any five-and-twentieth, &c., that then he would pay in £1000. for to have these discharges; he is yet ready to hold his word, and pay so much in the whole, so as he may be discharged, as he hath now again offered.

“ Resolution of the Committee.

“ Fine—£1000. He offers it.”

Our next specimen of delinquency shall be taken from a no less celebrated personage, whose fame has recently been revived and adorned with all the graces of poetical imagery, in one—certainly not the least admirable—of the historical romances of the author of *Waverley*—the heroic Countess of Derby. The reader (and who is not the reader?) of *Peeveril of the Peak*, will thank us for the illustration.

“ *A charge of delinquency exhibited against the Countess of Derby, before the commissioners for advance, by Robert Massie, of Warrington.*

“ That the said countess was in the Isle of Man with her husband (now in arms, &c.) on or about the 30th of June last; and within a short time she went from thence to the Scots king—and that the said countess did, when Captain Bradshaw (who was a commander under the Earl of Derby,) brought divers prisoners of the parliament’s side into the said Isle, *blame the said Captain Bradshaw, that he did not cast those prisoners overboard and drown them; for that they were traitors and rebels, (meaning, in regard to their king,) and that they came from a rebellious place, (to wit, Liverpool,) being bound for Carrickfergus, in Ireland. Allowed, 2d Jan. 1650.*”

The fairest and most impartial method of ascertaining the effect of the sequestrating and compounding laws upon the bulk of persons of consideration and property throughout the

country, would be, however, by selecting the cases of a few individuals of that class of society, not particularly distinguished for the share taken by them in the troubles of the time; and, if of any historical importance, not as warriors or statesmen, but merely as having being forced by local circumstances into a temporary notoriety, which ceased with the restoration of public order, and a return to the usual course of things in the interchanges of social and domestic life. We have been allowed access to some private papers, which, in addition to the public sources of information already alluded to, will render the task of such a research more than ordinarily interesting, with reference to the case of Sir John Acland, of Columbjohn, the ancestor of the present highly respected member for the county of Devon, a royalist gentleman of great worth and reputation, whom (nevertheless) the casual events of the war alone elevated to a station in which he was (we may presume) unwillingly conspicuous in a certain district, and during a limited period of our great civil distractions.

“At the commencement of the war,” (we are now quoting from the Summary of Transactions in the West of England, prefixed by Mr. Lysons to his *History of Devonshire* in the *Magna Britannia*,) “the whole county of Devon was in the hands of the committees, and the majority of the inhabitants, particularly in the north part of the county, attached to the cause of the parliament.” In October, 1642, the city of Exeter received a parliament garrison, and became the head quarters of their general, the Earl of Stamford; and, notwithstanding the successes which attended the arms of the Cornish royalists, and the army under Sir Ralph Hopton, during the greater part of the following year, we are told that, “Late in the summer of 1643, the king had no force in the county, except a small garrison at Columbjohn, the seat of Sir John Acland, which was some check upon the garrison at Exeter. Sir John Berkeley was then sent into Devonshire with a regiment of horse, to take the command of the king’s forces, to recruit their numbers, and take measures for blockading Exeter. After the capture of Bristol, Prince Maurice was sent into the west as commander-in-chief. He found Sir John Berkeley’s forces, much augmented by new levies from the country, straitly besieging Exeter, with his guards close to the gates.” That city surrendered on the 4th of September, 1643, and remained from that time the principal garrison and chief hope of the royalists in the west, until its ultimate subjugation by Fairfax. On the 26th of July, 1644, the king came thither, in his pursuit of the Earl of Essex; and was, with his army, again quartered there, ‘and about Bradninch, Crediton, &c.’ in the immediate neighbourhood, on his return from that expedition in August.

During the course of that year, which (as far as relates to the affairs of the west) was principally occupied by the unsuccessful siege of Plymouth, the scene gradually changed in its aspect towards the contending parties. "In September, 1645, the clubmen of Devon declared for the parliament. From this time, nothing but a series of disastrous events happened to the royal party in Devonshire; nor is it to be wondered at, that these disasters should have been hastened by the cruelties and oppressions of Sir Richard Grenville, the licentious conduct of Lord Goring, and the dissensions among all the king's generals."—"In the midst of these dissensions, Sir Thomas Fairfax, commander-in-chief of the parliament army, entered Devonshire, and pursued his victorious career, till he had reduced every town and fortress in the county. Lord Goring, who had been quartered at Poltimore,* with fifteen hundred horse, retired into Exeter;" and, soon afterwards, having quitted his command, withdrew to the continent. Fairfax made himself master of Tiverton, on the 19th of October, and, after its reduction, Poltimore, Bishop's Clyst, and Stoke Canon, (all on the eastern side, and within three or four miles of the city,) were made parliament garrisons. Other places, situated to the north and west, were in like manner occupied. On the 25th of January, 1645-6, Powderham Castle, (the ancient seat of the Courtenays, then in the occupation of Sir Amos Ameredith, who had married the widow of the late Colonel Francis Courtenay,†) was taken by Colonel Hammond, and Mamhead, (the seat of Sir Peter Ball,) another royalist garrison, in the same neighbourhood, was abandoned. The city of Exeter, now entirely surrounded, was summoned by Fairfax, on the 27th of January, and the blockade commenced on the 9th of February. Various other transactions in the northern and western parts of the county withdrew the attention of the general during that and the following month; but, at length, on the 31st of March, 1646, we find him at Columbjohn, his army being quartered at Silvertown. On the 3d of April, a treaty was commenced at Poltimore, and carried on till the 9th, when the city was surrendered upon articles.

* We have been particular in these dates, as necessary to the full understanding of what follows, and have only to add, that Columbjohn, (the theatre of so large a part of the events

* This was the seat of Sir John Bampfylde, a gentleman attached to the parliament cause; and still remains that of his descendants.

† The then Sir William Courtenay was too young to have taken any part in the troubles; but his father-in-law's name occurs in the list of compounders.

recorded) of which the old entrance gate and chapel are all that now remains, (the family having since removed their residence to Kellerton, at a mile's distance,) became thus unhappily distinguished, less, probably, on account of its strength as a fortress, than from its situation at five miles distance from, and commanding the eastern approach to, the western capital.

We have seen that, in the summer of 1643, the house of Columbjohn was employed as a royalist garrison, to keep in check the parliament forces at Exeter. It was at this period the jointure house of the Lady Elinour Vincent, (Sir John Acland's mother,) who, after the death of her first husband, Arthur Acland, Esq., had become the wife of Sir Francis Vincent, and appears to have then been in her second widowhood.

The earliest document we have to refer to, is dated 22d August, 1643, and indorsed, "The grant of eight oxen of the Lady Button's, for £20."

"Forasmuch as the Lady Vincent hath been heretofore plundered by the militia forces of cattle, horses, sheep, and other goods, to the value of £400., and being now possessed of eight oxen, (lately the goods of the Lady Martha Button, *who is disaffected to his majesty's service,*) These are to authorise the said Lady Vincent to detain and keep the said oxen to her own proper use, she paying forthwith the moiety of the value of them to the use of his majesty's army. The marshal general is to value the said oxen, and return the money to the tre".... (probably, *treasury*.) "Given under my hand, this 22d Aug. 1643.

(Signed) JOHN BERKELEY."

Indorsed, "A note of my Lady's losses"—and, in another place, "A note of my Lady Vincent's damages by parliament."

"A particular of cattle, horses, and sheep, plundered by commission from Richard Evans and others.

Imprimis,	8 oxen	£50.
Item,	ix steers	36.
Item,	vi yearlings	12.
Item,	1 bay mare	20.
Item,	xi kine and ii bulls	70.
Item,	vij heifers	32.
Item,	ij coach horses	30.
Item,	vj other horses and colts	60.
Item,	55 sheep (whereof 30 fat, and 15 lambs)			35.
Item,	The loss and hindrance in not fretting and tilling the ground this year			200.
	Sum total £vi. (£600)."			

If the eight oxen belonging to the Lady Button, after deducting therefrom the moiety of the value for the use of the

king's army, were the only compensation to this unfortunate dowager, in lieu of all these losses, it must be admitted that her loyalty (whether forced or voluntary) had already cost her sufficiently dear.

In the autumn of 1645, a short time previous to the entry of Fairfax into Devonshire, and the investment of Exeter, this good lady died, having (as it appears) by a nuncupation will, made in her last sickness, disposed of all her property "among her son, Sir John Acland, his lady, and children"—and (of the date of the 6th of September in that year,) we have the following "Note of plate at Killerton, taken and sent to London"—probably for the sake of safe custody—since it does not appear upon the face of the document that it relates to plundered articles. It is curious, as exhibiting the interior of an English country gentleman's plate cupboard, in the time of Charles the First.

"Imprimis, One great voyder and knife, with my Lady Vincent's arms thereon.

"Item, One basin and ewer. One washing basin and ewer. Two great flaggons. *One skinker.* Two candlesticks. Two bowls, *with bears' heads.* *One great salt,* with my lady's arms. Two hooped tankards, the one with my lady's arms. Six plates, *with bears' heads.* One chaffing dish. Six saucers, with my lady's arms. One dozen of spoons, with the letter E. One great dish for cream, with Sir F. and my lady's arms. One fruit dish, *parcell-gilt.* One posset, with a cover and cock to it. One little caudle cup, with three legs and cover. One other posset, with cover and three legs. One silver snuffer. One goblet, embossed. One stone tankard, hooped, and crowned with silver. One skillet, with my lady's arms. One little cup, with two bows. One cullender and scumming dish. Long spoon for preserves. One porringer. One little cup, with one bow. Perfuming pan. Fruit dish. Pestle and Mortar. One tankard, with a great belly. One porringer. One gilt cup with cover."

Our loyal baronet—he had been invested with that dignity only the year preceding*—was not destined to enjoy the fruits of the inheritance which thus devolved upon him. Ano-

* Lord Clarendon assigns to him the honour of having, at this period, *alone* sustained the royal cause in the county of Devon. His patent of baronet, granted the day of , 1644, is said to have been lost during the confusion that followed, and the title was dropped by his two elder sons and grandson, who were successively entitled to assume it after him. It was not till after the accession of his third son, Sir Hugh Acland, (commonly styled the fifth baronet) that the grant was renewed with precedence according to the date of the first creation.

ther curious document, in his own hand-writing, will explain the nature and extent of the losses which he incurred almost immediately on coming into possession of it. It is indorsed—

“ A particular of my quartering, payments, and disbursements, for the parliament army, and towards the parliament, during the leaguer before Exeter, 1645, and since.” And the following are its contents—

“ Imprimis, 71 acres of hay £71.

Item, 34 acres of oats £68.

3 acres of beans £9.

Item, 12 fat cattle £60. Eighty fat sheep £40.

Six hogshheads of cyder £6. Ten hogs £20.

In barley and malt £20. In wheat straw £20

Item, Bought in provisions, when all this was spent £30.

Item, The houses of Columbjohn and Killerton, during this time, were rifled and spoiled, to the value of £35.

Item, Paid during this time to the garrison of Poltimore, for taxes, £12 14s.

Item, To the garrison of Stoke Cannon, £7.

Item, To Lieut. Bernard, for quartering, £4.

Item, Quartering and payments at other places during the time, £40.

Lost in horses by the parliament army, then and before, which were plundered away, £—

Item, Paid towards my composition at Goldsmith's Hall £863.

Item, Expended about the perception thereof, and since, being put to a great trouble by one *Evans** of Exeter, Brewer, £—

Item, All my household goods are detained from me, and seized by the said Evans, to the value of £—

Item, All my Estate hath been sequestered by the parliament since August 1646; insomuch, that I was debarred from granting of Estates, to raise money to pay my fine at Goldsmith's Hall, and other debts, to my damage, of (at least) £1500.

Item, My house is plundered by the Earl of Stamford's men, to the loss of (at least) £—”

Indorsed on this is the following—

“ Disbursements towards the king's service.

I raised two regiments of foot at my own expense, which cost me, £—

Driven from my house into Cornwall, where I remained for the space of, £—

Lost in houses by the Lord Goring's men, and other his Majesty's soldiers, £—

Quartering of soldiers and extraordinary charges in Exeter during the siege, £—

* See and compare the preceding character of a sequestrator.

Disbursed and spent when I was High Sheriff, which was before my Estate fell into my hands, £——”

Upon what particular occasion this calculation was made, does not distinctly appear. It is among the private papers of the family already alluded to, and may have been compiled merely for private satisfaction; but it has more the appearance of having been intended to form the basis of a representation to be made to the existing government, by way of set-off (perhaps) against further exactions. At all events, it was at a period subsequent to the baronet's having been admitted to his first composition.

On the 9th of April, 1646, we have seen that the city of Exeter surrendered to the parliament forces, under Sir Thomas Fairfax, upon articles dated the day preceding, the substance of which is to be found in Rushworth, and other collections. Sir John Acland was included in the articles; and we are next presented with a letter from the general to the Speaker of the House of Commons, recommending him to the benefit of a composition. It is a mere formal paper, but will serve to shew the manner in which this business was ordinarily conducted.

“ SIR, according to the articles agreed unto upon the surrender of Exeter, I do recommend unto your consideration Sir John Acland, of Columbjohn, in the county of Devon, knight, (a gentleman of quality in this county) for a moderate composition for his estate, and desire you will present this my request on his behalf to the honourable House of Commons, that he may partake of their favour therein accordingly. He seemed to be very sincere in continuing for the future obedient unto the parliament's commands. And, upon his address unto you, I hope he will give that further satisfaction, as to deserve your favour. Having no more to trouble you with, I rest your humble servant,
FAIRFAX.”

Exeter, April, 14th, 1646.”

“ To the Honourable Wm. Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons. *Vera Copia.*”

On the 22d of July, 1646, his fine was set by the committee of Goldsmith's Hall, in the alternation, at £1727,* for one-tenth, and at £4318, for one-third of the value of his returned property; and on the 4th of August, on payment of £863. 18s. (the moiety of the smaller sum) his sequestrator was suspended by an order, of which the following is a copy:

* The following paper explains the principles of the computation.

Rents of assize, (in lots) per ann.	£154	2s.	8d.	At 6 years' value,	£924	16s.
Demesnes of inheritance, per ann.	320	0s.	0d.	At 2 years' value,	640	0s.
In lease for one and two lives, per ann.	53	12s.	0d.	At 1 year's value,	53	12s.
In expectance	110			At 1 year's value,	110	0s.
In high rent and day rent paid to me, not improveable, for which we desire abatement.	14	11s.	0d.		£1728	8s.

“ At the committee for compounding with delinquents, 4th Aug. 1646; Whereas, by an order of the honourable House of Commons, (23d Feb. 1645.) this committee are authorised, and enabled to suspend the sequestration of such delinquents as shall compound with the said committee, they having paid the moiety of the said fine, and given security for the other moiety; &c. these are to certify, &c. that John Acland, of Columbjohn, in the county of Devon, Esq. (it seems, they did not acknowledge the validity of his baronet's patent—) hath accordingly appeared at this committee, and submitted to the fine imposed on him, in manner as is by the said orders directed, and paid and secured the same. And hereof, all committees, sequestrators, &c. are to take notice, and upon sight hereof, to conform hereto, and forbear to proceed upon the sequestration, to the prejudice of the estate, real or personal, of the said John Acland, compounded for according to a particular delivered under his hand, a copy whereof is herewith sent you. *Unless there shall be any further estate discovered, not mentioned in the said particulars*; provided always, that the said John Acland do sue forth a pardon under the great seal within six weeks after his composition shall be allowed of by both houses of parliament,

“(To the committee of parliament, for the county of Devon; and all others whom it may concern.)”

While Sir John was in London, prosecuting the affairs of this composition, his lady, with the family, appears to have been left at Exeter; the family seat being in the hands of the sequestrator, and, probably, in too dismantled a state to be occupied as a residence.

Their condition, during this anxious period, may be collected from the following letter of the lady* (dated, the 25th July, 1646,) to the steward or agent employed in transacting the business.

“ CHARLES KNIGHT,—I expected every week that you would have sent for money to be returned up unto you; but hearing nothing from you to that purpose, Mr. Turpin would not suffer me to return any unto you until now. You shall now receive £600 from me, which is all you must expect from me, being all I have. You write, I must have patience, and expect better times. I was never in a sadder condition than now, seeing the many troubles your master is in, and feeling so many of my own. I have taken the best order I can concerning my goods, within doors and without; so that now I am master of nothing. Yet I have eight soldiers (horsemen) put upon me. I am fain to buy all the provision for them and their horses. Where I intended to send my boys to school the sickness is fallen in, so that now I know not how to dispose of them. It is very ill for them being

* This lady, who appears from her letters to have been a woman of great sense and understanding, was the daughter of Sir Francis Vincent (who married for his second wife Sir John Acland's mother) by a former marriage.

with me, by reason I am subject to all companies, and from all places ; so that I fear myself and them daily ; and, therefore, would have you get me some convenient place out of the town, where I might have a lodging for some short time ; for I intend to come off with my children within this fortnight, and then to place them abroad for their learning, and then (if it be thought fit) myself to turn back again. Send this letter to your master ; and, if he like of it, you may send a coach for me. If not, I must make the best shift I can here. Your master writ for Anthony Croft to come up, who says he will not move until he knows upon what terms, and under twelve pounds a year he will not serve. Turpin desires you to be well advised in the appraising of the goods ; *for if you appraise them too low, the after-clap will be worse than the first.* Pray continue your care in the business, and I hope God will send a good end unto it ; and so I bid you farewell, and remain your friend,

ELIZABETH ACLAND.

“ Fail not to excuse me to your master for not writing this week. I have so much business lies on my hands, that I know not how to bestow myself.”

The letter which follows, written by the same unfortunate lady, is worthy of preservation, not only on account of the personage to whom it is addressed, but as throwing additional light on the circumstances of the case, and affording an explanation of the reason for the employment of an agent, instead of suing out his commissions in person. It is indorsed, “ My lady’s letter to Colonel Cromwell, 2nd August, 1646.”

“ SIR,—I received such ample testimony of your love when you were pleased to quarter at my house, as that I cannot sufficiently express my thankfulness for the same. My husband (I hear) hath made his composition at Goldsmiths’ Hall, which, indeed, is so high, as that he must be forced to sell his land for payment thereof ; and yet, nevertheless, *I do much fear that when the same shall be reported to the House, his fine may be augmented,* in regard he is constant amongst the number of delinquents, and, in some degree, excepted on the propositions : but I hope the articles of Exeter, if observed, will clear him. He is not a little fearful to come within the precincts of London ; being engaged for many public debts for the king, (which, if arrested, he must lye for it,) so that he is at present debarred from waiting on you, or any other of his friends. Therefore, Sir, I make bold to present you with this, my request, by my son, that when his business comes to be reported to the House by the committee, you will be pleased well to give your voice on his behalf, which will be a great addition to your former favours to me, and oblige me evermore ready to demonstrate myself your most humble servant,

ELIZABETH ACLAND.”

“ Columbjohn, 23rd July, 1646.”

The fear of augmentation, expressed in the foregoing

letter, soon became verified; and the following petition, and order made upon it, explain the grounds of surplusage and the nature of the subsequent proceedings.

“ The copy of Sir John Acland’s Petition to the Committee of Goldsmiths’ Hall, March 27, 1647.

“ To the right honourable, &c., Sheweth,

“ That your petitioner did compound with this committee, according to the articles of Exeter, and his fine by them set at £1727, whereof £863 10s. was paid, and the remainder secured to be paid in November.

“ That on 3rd September, 1646, the fine was advanced to a greater sum, which your petitioner has sought to redress, claiming the benefit of the articles by a petition which is in the hands of a member of the House.

“ This advance of fine begot his stay of the second payment, with which he humbly acquainted the committee before the day of the second payment, and offered payment if he might enjoy the benefit of the composition and articles.

“ That, for want of this payment, petitioner’s estate is now lately anew sequestered, and upon pretence of his particular, herein presented, was undervalued.

“ That, on 3rd September, the surplusage was granted, by order of the House of Commons, to Richard Evans, to recompense his losses and damages he pretended to have received by petitioner.*

“ That the said Evans, without ever calling petitioner to it, or any examination by this committee taken, prevailed on them to have an order from this committee to the commissioners in the county of Devon and city of Exeter, the contents whereof petitioner knows not, nor can obtain a copy.

“ That the said Evans thereupon proceeded to make a survey of petitioner’s lands, and a certificate from the committee of the county to this committee concerning them, and from the committee of the city, a certificate of goods formerly sold, bonâ fide, by petitioner to one Turpin.

* Among the royalist composition papers, we have “ A particular of the goods of Sir John Acland, Bart., which were attached at the suit of Mr. Richard Evans, the 3rd day of May, 1646, by Richard Trigger and William Cholwill two of the sergeants at mace of the city of Exon.” Also, “ A perfect inventory of the lands and estates of Mr. John Acland, of Columbjohn, Esq., valued by Capt. Henry Newbery, sequestrator, and John Hawkins, Thomas Osborne (constables,) Edward Eveleigh, and Richard Musgrave, with the true value, that his tenements and what his yearly rent, what he enjoyed at the time of his composition, were valued at per annum, before the troubles, 25th September, 1646.” These are curious documents; but we cannot afford space for their transcription.

“ That this committee hereupon authorised the committee of the county and city to deliver to Evans the surplus certified, and to be aiding and assisting to him therein. And all this, although directed by the House of Commons, the informations should be examined, yet was not your petitioner, nor any for him, called hereunto, either here or in the county; but is, by the said Evans, rifled in his whole estate, and his goods, compounded for, violently taken away; whereby his second payment hath been disabled, *petitioner ever since lying under* (as he doth at this present) *a sharp sickness.*

“ The premises considered, petitioner humbly tenders his second payment, and thereupon prayeth the sequestration newly laid on may be suspended, as formerly it was by this committee. That Evans’s informations, directed to be examined by the House of Commons, may so be with indifferency, and petitioner thereunto called, and not concluded by Evans’s certificate, penned *ex parte*, only, and your petitioner’s estate and family thereby ruined.

“ And your petitioner, &c.”

“ *Order for Review, &c.*

“ Goldsmiths’ Hall. By the committee, 2nd May, 1647.

“ Upon the petition of John Acland of (&c.) Esq., that further consideration may be had of the certificate of surplusage of his estate, omitted in the particular delivered in by him to the committee, which was granted, by order of the House of Commons, to Mr. Evans, of Exeter, it was ordered, that the business be referred to your care; and you are hereby authorised and required to call both parties before you, and to hear what can be said and objected on either side; and, upon due examination and full satisfaction given you in that business, that you make a speedy return thereof to the committee. And for your more certain proceedings therein, we have sent you copies of the particulars returned hither, of which Mr. Acland is to have copies, if he desire it: and in the interim, that all deeds, writings, and evidences, belonging to the said Mr. Acland or his estate, remaining in your custody, or under your power, may be preserved from defacing and prejudice, and kept in safety until he be enabled, by order from this committee, to recover them.”

(“ To the Committee and Sequestrators for the City of Exeter.”)

“ At the Standing Committee of Devon, 15th June, 1647.

“ It is ordered (&c.) that the several agents for sequestration who have sequestered the estate of John Acland, of Columbjohn, Esq., mentioned in his particular, and compounded for at Goldsmiths’ Hall, shall pay unto Mrs. Elizabeth Acland, his wife, *the fifth part of all the clear yearly value* they shall receive out of the said estate, for the maintainance of her and her children, until further order.”
(Signed, &c.)

The following are papers without date or signature, but

tending to afford still further explanation of the circumstances already referred to. We conceive, that their historical importance ought, by no means, to be estimated according to the subject to which they immediately relate. *Mutatis mutandis*, they will apply to the situation of half the property in the kingdom, exposed to the insolence and rapacity of the sequestrators, for whose acts it can hardly be said, however, that the government itself was fairly answerable.

“ ——— 1st.—That Sir John Acland was in Exeter at the time of the surrender thereof to Sir Thomas Fairfax, and had the benefit of the articles.

“ 2nd.—That, by the articles, he was not to be molested or troubled for four months, and had liberty thereby to dispose of his goods, which accordingly he did, to Mr. Henry Turpin, for £500.

“ 3rd.—That about the 30th of May, 1646, the serjeant of Exeter, with eight or ten musqueteers, came to the house of the said Sir John Acland, and attached his goods, as they said, for £100, at the suit of Mr. Evans, the said Evans standing at the street door in the mean time.

“ 4th.—The said Evans afterwards demands £200 more upon the said goods.

“ 5th.—In January following, the serjeant delivered up the keys of the goods into the court, (the said Evans undertaking to save him harmless,) which the said Evans took into his custody, and shortly after broke open the outer door of the house, where his goods were, and accordingly possessed himself of said goods,

“ 6th.—In ——— term, afterwards, the said Sir John Acland put bail to his action to answer the case.

“ Whether Sir John, being a freeman of the town, could have his goods attached without notice ? ”

The next paper is without date or signature.

“ (Qu.) That the Lady Acland's jointure was settled on her since these troublesome times, and since Sir John, her husband, was declared a delinquent.

“ Resp. That Sir J. A. was not able to settle a jointure on his wife until after the death of his mother, the Lady Vincent, in whom the sole power of the whole estate remained during her life, and she would, by no means, condescend to the levying of a fine to settle a jointure.

“ 2nd Query.—That Sir John Acland settled a very large jointure on his wife, &c., the more in regard he was there upon composition at Goldsmiths' Hall, merely to defraud upon the state.

“ Resp. 1.—That Sir J. hath settled no more on his lady in jointure than was first agreed on by Sir Francis Vincent, her ladyship's father, upon her intermarriage with Sir John.

“ 2.—That he compounded, at two years' value, for all the demesnes and estates mentioned in her jointure.

“ 3.—Sir John was willing to grant the larger jointure, in regard he left many young children, which will be a burthen to her.

“ That Sir John Acland hath levied a fine in confirmation of the jointure.

“ If it be urged by Evans, or Mr. Rowe in his behalf, that my Lady Acland hath broken open the chapel door, and taken out some goods there,

“ Resp.—When she came to Killerton, (her own house,) and wanting all necessaries of bedding, stools, &c. for the present to supply her want, she, having a great family both of children and servants, because they should not lie out of doors, upon straw, did, before sufficient witnesses, cause the door to be opened, and took out thence some small implements, which she is ready to answer. And this she did by reason of her then great necessity, and no committee then sitting to appeal for an order.”

From these printed papers somewhat more may be inferred, than from the petition and order of the committee above cited, as to the grounds of the threatened surcharge; but we are not furnished with sufficient documents from which to infer either the validity or the futility of the excuses. The two following entries in the books of the committee prove, however, that they were taken into consideration and ultimately accepted; and with them we shall close the series of our documentary evidence.

“ 7th April, 1648.—According to order of this honourable house, of 28th March, 1648, whereby it was referred to examine the business touching Sir John Acland, (a delinquent,) and to state the whole matter of fact concerning him in relation to the articles of Exeter, we have accordingly examined the same, and do find, that the said Sir John Acland, being in arms against the parliament, was in Exeter at the surrender, (as by certificate from Sir Thomas Fairfax, &c.); that he petitioned this committee to be admitted to compound on the 30th of April, 1646, (which was within the time limited by the said articles,) and did proceed to his composition accordingly; but in respect that the said Sir John Acland was, by name, excepted in the propositions sent to Uxbridge, to compound at one-third of his estate, this committee thought fit, upon their report to the House, to present his fine both ways, viz. at £1727, according to the articles, (being two years' value,) and at £4318, as at a third (according to the propositions). That the said Sir John Acland did pay into the treasury of this committee a moiety of the lesser fine, and gave security to pay such further sum as both Houses should order. That upon the report of the said fines to the House, the higher fine was voted to stand; and that, in default of payment of the remainder, according to his security, this committee did proceed to revoke their former order for suspension of the sequestration, and to sequester him anew until he should satisfy the same according to the vote of both Houses.

Which is the true state of the matter, and hereby left to consideration."

"13th June, 1648. £1727 ordered to be accepted for the fine of Sir John Acland, a delinquent in arms against the parliament, he coming in upon the articles of Exeter at the surrender thereof."

Our loyal baronet, if still living at the date of the last mentioned order,* could have survived it but a few hours, since we find a resolution of the standing committee of Devon, dated the 22nd of August, and made in pursuance of another order of the 16th of June, 1648, for the delivering, "unto the executors or administrators of John Acland, of Columbjohn, Esq., deceased," of all such writings of the said Mr. Acland as they had in their custody. And this is followed by the petition of the widow, that she might be permitted to enjoy her "small jointure."

To this may be added, that, in a letter from Nicholas Rowe, (a commissioner for the city of Exeter,) dated 7th April, 1648, inclosing "a list of such delinquents and papists, together with the value of such persons' estates as are now in sequestration," &c., in which list the name of Sir John Acland occurs as "a notorious delinquent," the writer states the following query:—"I beseech you, tell me your opinion in this, If a delinquent die under sequestration, and make no composition, is the sequestration absolutely to be discharged upon his death?" We do not find any answer to this question; but under date 30th May, 1650, his name is entered as "discharged" from the sequestration.

In the case of one Ralph Richards, we are presented with some curious particulars, both as to the part taken by Sir John Acland in the beginning of the disturbances, and the nature of the informations on which the charge of delinquency was ordinarily exhibited. We give the depositions in the order in which we find them. The first of these depositions (referring to those upon which the charge was originally founded) is in favour of the delinquent, and appears to have been taken on the occasion of some application being made to mitigate his fine.

"Depositions, 13th October, 1650. James Erisey, of Ware, (gentleman,)—That during the time the king's army was before Exon, deponent had frequent conferences with the said Richards, and found that he did respect the parliament, and lean to that side, more than the king. That he knows Thomas Halmore, who is reputed a drunkard

* His death is stated in the Baronetage to have taken place the preceding year!

and *incontinent* ;* and that what is presented by him against the said Richards is out of malice.

“ John Levell, of Thorveston, yeoman,—That Richards was constable of Hayridge Hundred at the time of the siege, and well affectioned to the parliament, &c.; that Thomas Helmore was constable of Cadleigh, and believes his presentment is out of malice, in revenge for a former prosecution against Helmore as a collector, in which Richards had given evidence.”

Then follows the deposition of Helmore referred to by the two former, and which is, in substance, that he (deponent) being a prisoner to the king's party at Columbjohn House, Richards brought in a warrant under the hands of the parliament commissioners, and then declared to Mr. Acland, that he had prosecuted too many of them already; and then voluntarily brought in unto the said Acland a horseman and arms, and said, he would freely give the same unto him for the service (Columbjohn being then a garrison for the king). Upon which, Acland said, “ Then now I see there is some goodness in thee ;” and, afterwards, Richards did send in provision to the garrison.

Also, the depositions of John Moggridge, of Cadleigh, yeoman,—That, he being sent by Mr. Nutcombe with a letter to Mr. Acland at Columbjohn, (then being a garrison,) the said Richards was then there present. At that time, Mr. Acland demanded what he (Richards) did there? To which Richards replied, that he had brought him a horse, and said, “ I will freely give him to you for the service.” Mr. Acland further demanded, why he had not brought a man and arms. Whereto Richards replied, that he had done so already. Mr. Acland then said, “ I thought thee, Richards, hadst been a rebel; but now I see thou art an honest man.” And that afterwards, when Colonel Wilding had sent forth warrants for bringing in provisions for the parliament army at Taunton, deponent, being then with Mr. Nutcombe, as constable of the hundred of Bampton, he (Wilding) sent deponent with a warrant to Richards, who, on delivery thereof, demanded, “ How durst thou deliver such a warrant unto me ?” To which deponent replied, he knew not what it was; and Richards said, if deponent brought any more such warrants, he would see him hanged, whatsoever did become of him.

“ Information, (grounded on the above depositions,) May 29, 1650.—That Ralph Richards, of Thorveston, in the county of Devon, did, about five years since, send a man and arms to Sir John Acland to Columbjohn, at the time when the king's party kept a garrison there

* This is a truly *Hudibrastic* reason for impeachment of veracity.

to serve in the King's army against the parliament, and by his threats, and through his means, caused divers to do the like. Also, at the same time, did find ammunition for the use of the said garrison."

We cannot take our leave of this baronet, without remarking the singularity that Prince, who, in his *Worthies of Devon*, devotes his first article to the praises of another Sir John Acland, (the great uncle of our loyalist, by whom the estates of Columbjohn and Killerton were first acquired to the family,) makes no mention of his descendant, although so great a sufferer in a cause which he constantly represents as entitling its advocates to the reward of martyrdom. For ourselves, we make no apology for a length of detail which, to some, may appear (perhaps) unimportant and frivolous, conceiving that a few pages of *The Retrospective Review* cannot be filled more properly than in illustrating, by the cause of an individual, the nature of proceedings which embraced, in their effects, so large a portion of the property of the kingdom; and it is probable that we may, at no distant period, recur to the subject.

ART. IV.—MISSALE ROMANUM, *ex decreto Sacrosancti Concilii Tridentini restitutum; PII V. Pont. Max. jussu Editum, &c.* 8vo. Parisiis, 1604.

Every body knows that, according to Sir Thomas Lethbridge's prediction, and the prophetic terrors of the old women of Wells and its vicinity, "the Irish Catholics were to have come over in about the month of March last, to cut the throats of us English Protestants; every body knows, that they had some good reason for not coming at that time, and that their blood-thirsty design is only put off, not abandoned. A Catholic's taste for roasted heretics is too decided, to allow us the least shadow of rational hope:—

" Fee, fy, fo, fum!
They smell the blood of the Englishmen;
Be they alive, or be they dead,
They will crush our bones, and eat them for bread."

A good friend of ours, in ———shire, whose stake in the Protestant establishment is not more than a thousand a year, has assured us of his positive knowledge, that not only is a design on foot to instal the very reverend the Vicar Apostolic in the Protec-

tant primate's throne, but that his own living has been conferred on the reverend Patrick O'Shaugnesey, P. P., and that Lord Arundel's retired shoe-black is nominated for parish-clerk. It is undeniable, that transactions of this kind took place in the damnable reign of the bloody papist, Mary. No scepticism can reject this fact; and as such things have been, why may they not be again?

Before the enacting of this tragedy, which will put an end, at once, to our religion and our Review, we propose to take advantage of the interim, by shewing-up some of the leading idolatries of the Romish church. We intend to die like martyrs: we wish it to be said hereafter that we also wrote, and were roasted; and when the lion-shower of Smithfield shall point out, in after times, the spots where the faggots of the nineteenth century were piled, we wish him to enumerate ours amongst the most illustrious; and when he has told some gaping rustic that "there was the Archbishop's, there the Lord Chancellor's stake," he may add, "and there was the faggot of a Retrospective Reviewer!" Before we are spitted, as we assuredly shall be, we shall endeavour to do all in our power to deserve so glorious a fate; and how can we begin better than by printing the result of a few inquiries into *the Sacrifice of the Mass*?

Now, let it be remarked, that we have nothing to do with the doctrine. The differences between the reformed and the unreformed churches are, by no means, so plainly marked as to render this safe ground. Mr. Wix, who has been labouring these twenty years, to amalgamate the two sects, finds no great difficulty in the doctrinal part of the operation. He thinks there is more in the diversity of form than substance; and he is probably right in believing, that a creed is an easier thing to change than a hierarchy. Opinions do little more than identify the persons who possess that substance of orthodoxy, *the incorporeal hereditament*, as the lawyers have cunningly called the *corporeal* part of the church establishment. So, at least, Mr. Wix seems to think, and we shall not quarrel with such authority.

We shall, therefore, leave opinions to shift for themselves, and attach ourselves to the consideration of the exterior form in which those opinions have been clothed in the Catholic ritual. This is more a matter of romance than of theology. Not but that it suggests reflections of deep importance to the philosopher,—and in that view the reader may consider it, if he prefer instruction to amusement; but it is, also, a fit subject for poetical imaginations, to observe with what nice attention to stage effect "the pomp and circumstance" of the greatest

of the seven sacraments has been *got up* by the managers of the Vatican.

In the Catholic church, the ceremonial has completely excluded the contemplative and moralizing—we are careful not to say moral—forms, into which religion naturally runs under a simpler exterior. It has none of the metaphysical disquisition, and but little of the sentimental piety, which are the respective resources of the men and the women where there is nothing for the eye to rest on but the four walls of a rectangular meeting-house, and a coloured deal reading-desk. With the exception of the worship of the Virgin, and the prayers for the dead,—two beautiful episodes of the Romish mythology,—there is little but outward shew and glitter. The effect is mainly produced by sensual objects. It has been the policy of the Catholic church to render the theatrical part of worship as attractive and absorbing as possible. This is the natural policy of all churches pretending to universal empire. Their object is to deaden the intellectual faculties, to repress the spirit of inquiry, to stifle any feeling that might lead to the least diminution of the clerical despotism. They have no need of the speculation and enthusiasm which are essential to the existence of smaller sects. The feelings, the passions, the affections of the human heart, over which the sectarian pastors exercise an influence at once so easy and so powerful, are avoided as dangerous, or rejected as useless, instruments, by the directors of these iron superstitions. The dogmatic part of their theology is remarkable for its dry formality; the poetical, for its cold and barren exaggerations. Every thing like beauty and fervour of expression, or elegance of fancy; every thing pathetic, every thing affectionate, every thing which stirs the imagination, or warms the heart; is rigidly excluded. In this respect, the Catholic ritual is strikingly different from the splendid, the beautiful, the poetical superstition of antiquity. Both were equally religions for the eye and the ear; both equally delighted in pictures, music, and odours: but the one was furnished with statues from the hand of Praxiteles, with poetry from the lips of Pindar; her priestesses were taught to move with the most captivating grace, to sing with the sweetest cadence; the whole pageant was at once an object of reverence and wonder to the illiterate, and of elegant amusement to the refined. But the religion of Greece and Rome, in the state in which we view it, was the work of a polished age and a cultivated priesthood, grafted on the barbaric stock of their ancestral superstition. The Romish edition of Christianity was a coarse dish served up by Vandal hands to Vandal appetites. Equally adapted to the taste of those for whose subjec-

tion it was framed, it was neither in the power nor was it the interest of its framers to invest it with the elegance and beauty of paganism. In politics, the diadem of the Cæsars had given place to the iron crown; and a similar change occurred in the religion of Italy. At no period, and amongst no people, did clerical despotism extend a more undisguised dominion than was exercised throughout Europe by the Romish church, about the age of Gregory the Seventh. Rulers, and priests, and people, were sunk into an equal stupidity. The church was in the zenith of its power; the human mind in the depth of abasement. What kind of liturgy, what species of ceremonial, would be generated by such a priesthood for such a people, it is easy to divine. We believe, that the Romish Missal lays claim to a date not later than the time we mention. Some parts are, undoubtedly, of greater, others of less, antiquity; but the whole work bears the impress of the most barbarous of the feudal ages.

The points of difference and comparison between the pagan and Romish mythologies, which we have just described, have been happily seized and depicted with more than his usual force by an author of the last century, whose reputation was once as much above as it is now below his real merits; —we mean Lord Shaftesbury. We shall quote two passages, in which the comparison we speak of is thus delineated.

“The common heathen religion, especially in its latter age, when adorned with the most beautiful temples, and rendered more illustrious by the munificence of the Roman senate and succeeding emperors, ran wholly into pomp, and was supported chiefly by that sort of enthusiasm, which is raised from the external objects of grandeur, majesty, and what we call *august*. On the other side, the Egyptian or Syrian (read, papal) religions, which lay more in mystery and concealed rites, having less dependence on the magistrate, and less of that decorum of art, politeness, and magnificence, ran into a more pusillanimous, frivolous, and mean kind of superstition; ‘The observation of days, the forbearance of meats, and the contention about traditions, seniority of laws, and priority of godships, (read, saintships).’

Summus utrinque

Inde furor vulgo, quod numina vicinorum

Odit uterque locus; quum solos credat habendos

Esse deos, quos ipse colit.”

The second passage is still more in point, and does credit to the author's penetration, of which, indeed, he seldom exhibited any lack, when his affected style and disorderly way of writing permitted him to think of the sense as well as the manner of his composition.

“ I shall conclude with observing how ably the Roman-Christian, and once Catholic, church, by the assistance of their converted emperors, proceeded in the establishment of their growing hierarchy. They considered wisely the various superstitions and enthusiasms of mankind, and proved the different kinds and force of each. All these seeming contrarieties of human passion they knew how to comprehend in their political model and subservient system of divinity. They knew how to make advantage, both from the high speculations of philosophy, and the grossest ideas of vulgar ignorance. *They saw there was nothing more different than that enthusiasm which ran upon SPIRITUALS, according to the simpler views of the divine existence, and that which ran upon EXTERNAL PROPORTIONS, magnificence of structures, ceremonies, processions, quires, and those other harmonies which captivate the eye and ear.* On this account, they even added to this latter kind, and displayed religion in a yet more gorgeous habit of temples, statues, paintings, vestments, copes, mitres, purple, and the cathedral pomp. With these arms, they could pursue the victorious Goths, and secure themselves an Attila, when their Cæsars failed them.”

Nothing can be juster than the distinction here taken between the faith of the spirit and the devotion of the eye and the ear. We have before observed, that this is the distinguishing characteristic of the Catholic mode of worship, and that of the other sects of Christendom,—for, with regard to numbers, the rest may be fairly called sects. We shall have occasion to observe this prominent feature of the papal faith throughout the remainder of this article.

The literary mediocrity of the Romish ritual would be quite sufficiently accounted for upon the hypothesis we have already stated; namely, the indifference to literary excellence, resulting from the barbarousness of the age in which it was composed. But there was something more than indifference; something more than the absence of a motive to write well, from the want of a public competent to appreciate and reward merit of that kind; there was an absolute hostility to classical refinement of style and grace of composition, which began to be regarded, in the decline of the ancient religion, as rags of their idolatrous worship. To be sure, it seems somewhat squeamish in a priesthood who had borrowed so much of the pagan ceremonial, to reject the heathen style of writing on such a ground; although the fact is not incapable of solution. It is one thing to steal a ceremony from the pagan church, and another to imitate the genius of the pagan writers. Be this, however, as it may, nothing is more fully established than the fact. Sparks of the spirit of Omar have not unfrequently appeared in the councils of a Christian priesthood. So early as the sixth century, Gregory, the most illustrious of the

Roman pontiffs, waged open war with the arts and letters of antiquity. In one of his letters to a bishop of the Gallican church, he expresses himself in the following unmeasured terms :—

“Pervenit ad nos, quod sine verecundiâ memorare non possumus, fraternitatem tuam *grammaticam* quibusdam exponere. Quam rem ita molestè suscepimus, ac sumus vehementiùs aspernati, ut ea quæ prius dicta fuerunt, in gemitum et tristitiam verteremus, quia in uno se ore cum Jovis laudibus Christi laudes non capiunt. Unde si post hoc evidenter ea, quæ ad nos perlata sunt, falsa esse claruerint, nec vos *nugis et secularibus literis* studere contigerit, Deo nostro gratias agimus, qui cor vestrum maculari blasphemis nefandorum laudibus non permisit.” (*Gregorii Op.*, Epist. 48, lib. 9, Paris, 1533.)

“We are informed of what we cannot mention without shame, that your fraternity have instructed certain persons in *grammar*. Which we have taken grievously to heart; because the praises of Jupiter and of Christ are inconsistent in the same mouth. Whence, if this turn out to be a false report, and it should prove that you have not applied yourselves to *these trifles and secular letters*, we shall thank God that he has not permitted your hearts to be defiled by these blasphemies.” (We have given only the sense of the passage.)

In the dedication, or first preface to his morals, after some feeble declamation against the study and art of speech, he proceeds in the following strain; betraying, as has been well remarked, his inveterate hatred to ancient learning, as well as the natural effect of this zealot passion, in his own barbarity of style :—

“Unde et ipsam artem loquendi, quam magisteria disciplinæ exterioris insinuant, servare despexi. Nam sicut hujus quoque epistolæ tenor enunciat, non metacismi collisionem fugio: non barbarismi confusionem devito, situs motusque præpositionum casusque servare contemno: quia indignum vehementer existimo, ut verba cœlestis oraculi restringam sub regulis Donati.”

“Hence I contemn the art of writing; for, as this very letter shews, (it does, indeed!) I am indifferent both to correctness of style and grammar, since I hold it derogatory to Holy Writ, that its language should be submitted to the rules of criticism.”

A liturgy composed under such auspices is not likely to be distinguished by elegance of style; it may be supposed to accord, in most particulars, with the account we have given of the liturgy of the Romish church.

It may seem somewhat singular, that *The Book of Common Prayer*, which is chiefly compiled from the Romish liturgy, should be marked by characters so different from those we have

described, as appertaining to the Catholic ritual. There is something, no doubt, in the modifications introduced by the translators in the tone and expression, but infinitely more in the style. It is extremely difficult to arrive at an unbiassed judgment on the merits of a composition with which we have been familiar from our infancy ; which we lisped in the arms of the nurse ; and which we have been taught, in our progress to manhood, to regard with partial veneration ; more especially when there is so much beauty and pathos, so much brevity and vigour, so much, in short, of the best characteristics of elegance, as are to be found in our Book of Prayer. Be this, however, as it may, the difference in style alone,—the one being in the purest English, the other in the most corrupted Latin,—is amply sufficient to account for the apparent inconsistency in our account of the Catholic liturgy. We shall come, bye-and-bye, to parts of the latter which correspond with passages in the former, and which will exhibit the contrast we speak of in so obvious a form, as to spare the necessity of further disquisition on the subject.

It is well known, that the Sacrifice of the Mass is the great leading mystery of the Romish church ; a mystery, of whose importance, dignity, and divinity, it exceeds the strength of the human mind to attain the most distant conception — *profunda sunt quippe nimis, et sacro tecta velamine*—it is too deep for mental penetration, and hidden by a sacred veil from the eye of flesh and blood. The terror, the reverence, the apprehension, with which so mysterious a sacrifice is calculated to affect the imagination of the votary, is not even adequately described by Saint Ambrose.—“ *Quantâ cordis contritione, et lacrymarum fonte, quantâ reverentiâ et tremore, quantâ corporis castitate et animæ puritate istud divinum et celeste sacrificium est celebrandum, ubi caro Christi in veritate sumitur : ubi sanguis Christi in veritate bibitur : ubi summis ima conjunguntur : ubi adest præsentia sanctorum angelorum : ubi Christus est sacerdos et sacrificium, mirabiliter et ineffabiliter constitutus !* ”——“ With what contrition of the heart and store of weeping, with what reverence and trembling, with how great purity of body and mind, is so divine and heavenly a sacrifice to be consummated, in which the very body of Christ is eaten, and the very blood of Christ is drunk ; in which, what is mortal is conjoined with what is immortal ; in which the holy angels are witnesses ; in which Christ, by an ineffable and stupendous miracle, is, at once, the priest and sacrifice ! ”

In the compilation of this portion of the ritual, the Romish clergy may, therefore, be supposed to have expended their whole stock of ingenuity. And such is, in fact, the case.

If we had intended, like Eustace, to describe the ceremonial of the mass, although we never witnessed its celebration at St. Peter's, we should, probably, draw a similar picture, as far, at least, as the difference of descriptive power would have permitted, to that with which he has presented us. This, however, is not our object. We want to look a little behind the scenes, and to scrutinize the effect this show is meant to exercise on the mind as well as on the eye. Our critique will be less imposing, but, probably, not less instructive.

On the literary pretensions of the Missal we have already made some remarks. We have described the latinity as the most barbarous of the middle ages, and the style as a tissue of barren exaggerations, of which the imaginative part consists in expressing ordinary ideas in adjectives of the superlative degree, and in attempting to make up in big words what was wanting in copiousness of thought and felicity of diction. When we add, that the dogma is happily suited to the style; that it is equally distinguished by a straining after sublimity by means of out-of-the-way ideas and images; we have finished the description. For an example, taken at random, the reader is presented with the "Rythmus Sti. Thomæ ad sacram Eucharistiam;" or, "St. Thomas's rhymes for the Lord's Supper."

“ Adoro te devotè, latens Deitas,
Quæ sub his figuris verè latitas.
Tibi se cor meum totum subjicit,
Quia te contemplans totum deficit;
Visus, gustus, tactus in te fallitur,
Sed additu solo tutè creditur.
Credo quidquid dixit Dei Filius,
Nihil veritatis hoc verbo verius.
In cruce latebat sola deitas,
Sed hic latet simul et humanitas.
Ambo tamen credens atque confitens,
Peto quod petivit latro pœnitens.
Plagas sicut Thomas non intueor,
Deum tamen meum te confiteor.
Fac me tibi semper magis credere,
In te spem habere, te diligere.
O memoriale mortis domini!
Panis verus, vitam præstans homini:
Præsta meæ menti de te vivere,
Et te illi semper dulce sapere.
Pie Pelicane Jesu Domine,
Me immundum munda tuo sanguine:”

Cujus una stilla salvum facere,
 Totum mundum posset omni scelere,
 Jesum quem velatum nunc aspicio,
 Quando fiet istud, quod tam sitio;
 Ut te revelata cernens facie,
 Visu sim beatus tuæ gloriæ?"

It is difficult to name any of the minor tricks of writing which St. Thomas has not pressed into his service in this delectable composition. Jingling alliterations, triple rhymes, childish antitheses, but more childish mysticism;—such are the staple commodities of this rhyming dialectician. St. Thomas was as good a logician (for we take this to be the *Angelic Doctor*) as the Calvinistic disputant, Watts. Both were indifferent rhymesters; but, strange as it may seem, the Catholic was much the worse of the two.

We have Johnson's authority for excluding religious topics from the domain of poetry. His reasons need not be repeated; but there is one remark of his which applies peculiarly to this hymn. It occurs, we believe, in his *Life of Waller*.—"Whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; Infinity cannot be amplified; Perfection cannot be improved." We do not question this position; but it is, surely, within the competence of poetry to preserve, if it cannot augment, the natural dignity of such topics. Because they cannot be made more sublime, it does not follow that they should be rendered mean.

The following loose paraphrase will convey but an imperfect notion of the original. It would be difficult, in any translation, to do it the justice it deserves. St. Thomas was a worthy subject for the pen of Sternhold and Hopkins, however unjust they may have been to the merits of David.

"Devoutly I adore Thee, latent God,
 Verily present in these elements
 Of outward bread and wine! for so my heart,
 Unable to conceive Thee, trusts, through faith,
 Implicitly, whate'er the fallible sense
 Of sight, and touch, and odour would persuade,
 Not doubting whatso'er the Son of God
 Hath spoken. On the cross, though only God
 Were present, here both God and man; which I
 Believe, however sensual proofs oppugn,
 'And trusting, like the penitent thief, in Thee!
 Ah, make me still confess Thee more and more;

Assent, believe, not question, but adore !
Thou sweet memorial of a Saviour's death,
True bread, that nourishest eternal life,
May my soul feed on thee, and taste thee sweetly !
Lord Jesu ! pious pelican ! unlock
The fountain of thy bosom o'er my soul,
From which one drop would purge a guilty world !
Jesus, whom now I gaze on, though unseen,
When shall I drink, who am so much athirst ?
When shall I see thee face to face revealed,
Beatified in thy beatitude !"

This, however, is somewhat too solemn, as well as too free a paraphrase. Let us try it in plain prose.

" I adore thee devoutly, Oh latent Deity, who art truly concealed beneath these figures ! My whole heart submits itself to Thee, because it is wholly incapable of contemplating Thee. Sight, taste, touch are deceived in Thee ; but we safely draw near Thee and believe. I believe whatsoever the Son of God hath said ; no truth is truer than that word.* The Deity alone was concealed on the cross ; but here his humanity is concealed also. Believing and confessing both, I pray for what was asked by the repentant thief. I do not, like Thomas, see thy wounds, but, nevertheless, I confess Thee to be my God. Make me ever believe more in Thee, hope in Thee, love Thee. Oh, memorial of the Lord's death ! true bread, giving life to man, let my mind always live on Thee, and taste thee always sweetly. Pious pelican, Lord Jesu, cleanse me unclean with thy blood, of which one drop could save the whole world from all wickedness. Jesus, whom I now behold veiled, when will that happen which I so much thirst for ; that, seeing thy face unveiled, I may be blessed in the sight of thy glory ? Amen."

Such was the taste of a despotic church and barbarous age ! And such were the strains in which the most illustrious of the Catholic sophisters celebrated the doctrine of the TRANSUBSTANTIATION ! " 'Tis a pity," some puritan has said, " that the Devil should have all the good tunes :"—he might have added, for aught the Catholic church can shew, " and all the good poetry."

It is both amusing and instructive, if, indeed, we should not rather say both ludicrous and horrible, to observe that the doctrinal point of St. Thomas Aquinas's ballad was sometimes made the burden of a more melancholy song, and served up at a less innocent spectacle than a high mass. To have criticised these doggrel rhymes in the reign of Henry VIII., with half the freedom we have ventured on at present, would have subjected us to greater inconveniences than we should have had either zeal or faith enough to have incurred. We subjoin a specimen of the mode in which a *reviewal* of such performances

was answered in the days of the bluff tyrant, Hal. The account is contained in a letter of the time-serving prelate, Cranmer, lately published by Mr. Ellis, in his *Original Letters, &c.*, and which the more curious reader may find at length in the second volume of that work, in all the glory of the *old original* spelling. Having given an account of the atrocious divorce of Queen Katharine, the pliant Archbishop goes on to say, that,

“ Other news have we none notable, but that one Fryth, which was in the Tower in prison, was appointed by the king’s grace to be examined before me, my Lord of London, my Lord of Winchester, my Lord of Suffolk; my Lord Chancellor, and my Lord of Wiltshire, whose opinions were so notably erroneous, that we could not dispatch him, but were fain to leave him to the determination of his Ordinary, (diocesan) which is the Bishop of London. His said opinion is of such nature, that he thought it not necessary to be believed as an article of our faith, that there is the very corporal presence of Christ within the host and sacrament of the altar, and holdeth of this point most after the opinion of *Æcolampadius*. And, surely, I myself sent for him three or four times to persuade him to leave that his imagination; but for all that we could do therein, he would not apply to any counsel, notwithstanding now he is at a final end with all examinations; for my Lord of London hath given sentence, and delivered him to the secular power, *where he looketh every day to go unto the fire.*”

It has somewhere been said by Cicero—we believe in the *De Natura Deorum*—that mankind had run through every species of superstitious madness, except eating the deity they worshipped.* It did not occur to him, that even this might be exceeded by burning those who eschewed the repast, or partook of it “after the opinion of *Æcolampadius*.”

How much wiser the reasoning of the Procureur of that “*Abbaye de Chanoines réguliers*,” whose fame is recorded in the *Glutton’s Almanack*, concerning the same point of doctrine:—“*Il y a trop de vin dans ce monde pour dire la messe; il n’y en a point assez pour faire tourner les moulins; donc il faut le boire!*”

The first passage we shall notice, in what is called the *Ordinarium Missæ*—the Common Service of the Mass—or, as it is entitled in our Common Prayer, the Communion Service, is the General Confession. It is well known, that the greater part of the Common Prayer is extracted, with more or less alteration, from the Breviary and Missal of the Catholic church. In the following Confession, the change has been so great, as to leave little in the translation of our church, but the general

* *Ecquem tam amentem esse putas, qui illud, quo vescatur, Deum credat esse?*

idea of the original. Perhaps the greater dignity of the Reformed Confession is no less owing to the difference of doctrine than of style. Both are, undoubtedly, to be considered. The Catholic Confession is little more than a catalogue of saints; whilst the Protestant is a pathetic enumeration of omitted duties, negligences, and offences, which relate to the daily interests of mankind, and are most affecting to the human heart. As to the language, the Latin is rude and barbarous; whilst the English, in spite of "the gouty joints and darning-work of *whereunto, wherebys, thereof, therewiths,* and the rest," is the pure style of a vigorous and wholesome period of English writing. The theatrical character which pervades the worship of the Romish church, is to be remarked in the prettiness of striking the breast at each self-accusation, in the words 'mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.'

"Confiteor Deo omnipotenti, beatæ Mariæ semper Virgini, beato Michaeli Archangelo, beato Joanni Baptistæ, Sanctis Apostolis Petro et Paulo, omnibus Sanctis et vobis, fratres" (or by the people, "tibi, pater): quia peccavi nimis cogitatione, verbo, et opere." (*percutit sibi pectus, dicens*) "Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa. Ideò precor beatam Mariam semper Virginem, beatum Michaelem Archangelum, beatum Joannem Baptistam, Sanctos Apostolos Petrum et Paulum, omnes Sanctos, et vos fratres, orare pro me ad Dominum Deum nostrum."

"I confess to almighty God, to the blessed Virgin Mary, to the blessed Archangel Michael, to the blessed John the Baptist, to the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, to all saints, and to you, brethren" (or, by the people, "to you, Father :) that I have sinned too much in thought, word and deed:" (*he strikes his breast, three times, as he repeats*) "my fault, my fault, my great fault. Therefore, I beseech the blessed Virgin Mary, the blessed Archangel Michael, the blessed John the Baptist, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, all saints, and you, brethren, to pray for me to the Lord our God."

"Almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Maker of all things, Judge of all men; we acknowledge and bewail our manifold sins and wickedness, which we from time to time most grievously have committed, by thought, word, and deed, against thy divine Majesty, provoking most justly thy wrath and indignation against us. We do earnestly repent, and are heartily sorry for these our misdoings; the remembrance of them is grievous unto us; the burden of them is intolerable." Have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us, most merciful Father; for thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ's sake, forgive all that is past, and grant that we may ever hereafter serve and please thee in newness of life, to the honour and glory of thy name."

If compared with the General Confession in the common service, this contrast is still more striking. Of the 'Gloria in Excelsis,' from which the English is a pure translation, we shall simply observe the difference of the readings in the first sentence.

We have it, "Glory be to God on high, and in earth peace, good will towards men." How much more convenient, and how much more accordant to practice, is the Latin version, "in terrá, pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis"—"in earth, peace to men of good will!"

Of the Nicene Creed, which follows, something may be usefully said both to the Latin and English, the Catholic and Protestant, reader, in the way of verbal explanation.

Faith, says the Apostle, *comes by hearing*; but unless hearing convey ideas, we should hear in vain. We are fully persuaded, that by nine-tenths of the hearers of the Nicene Creed, not a glimpse of its real meaning is perceived. The words as they stand are unintelligible; they require the key of interpretation.

"Credo in unum Dominum, filium Dei unigenitum;—the only-begotten Son." But why, only-begotten?

We are told, in the *Appendix ad Leviathan*, that before the publication of this creed, there were certain heretics who taught that Christ was not the begotten, but adoptive Son of God: others held him to be the Son, but after a different sense from that received by the church. This, therefore, together with the words "Deum de Deo, Lumen de Lumine, verum Deum de vero Deo,—God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God;" that is to say, God begotten of God, is a declaration against that obsolete heresy. For a similar purpose were inserted the words "Genitum, non factum—begotten, not made."

The phrase "Light of Light" is more obscure. Luther found a type of *Consubstantiation*, in red-hot iron; as it contained both light and heat, (or fire and metal, we forget which,) so the sacrament comprised both the body of Christ, and the element of bread; in the language of the schools, *panevity* and *deity*. This analogy, however ingenious, wants the merit of novelty. The primitive fathers had adopted a similar mode of illustrating the doctrine of the Trinity. They found, their similitude in the triple essence of fire, heat, and light: the fire they assigned to the Father, the light to the Son, and the heat to the Holy Ghost. It unfortunately happens, that these are not three Hypostases, being merely accidents of matter; but the grossness of the age was satisfied with this fantastic simile. Christ, therefore, being the Light, to ensure the doctrine they had just propounded, of his being God begotten of God, they added by way of illustration, that he was also Light of Light; not as attributing a new essence, but only "pro adjutorio fidei," for the confirmation of faith; and to prevent the possibility of error, this was further clenched by the expression "Very God of very God."

The remaining obscurity of this creed is contained in the

expression, "one baptism for the remission of sins." St. Cyprian, about seventy years before the council of Nice, held a provincial council in Africa, in which it was deemed that heretics should be re-baptized before reception into the bosom of the church. The Nicene divines intended to reprobate this dogma, by the words "One baptism."

Having cleared up these obscurities, we may observe, that in this creed we meet with the fatally celebrated phrase of "consubstantial with the Father." The contests which arose between those who maintained the Saviour to be "of the *same* substance," and those who held him to be "of the *like* substance with the Father," entailed an endless succession "of bickerings, banishments, and homicides," on the ancient church.

Beyond this, there is little to remark on the Nicene Creed. The original Greek partakes of the coarseness of the times, and the Latin more so. This symbol has been retained long since the occasion has passed away, to which its composition was owing; but this is little to be regretted in one respect, since it has been made the subject of some of the most splendid compositions of which the music of the church can boast.

The Preface, or the prayers introductory to the consecration of the sacrament, are sublime in both languages: but here, in spite of the Latinity, it is impossible to deny that the original is rather weakened than elevated, by the translation. It is one of the finest parts of either Catholic or Protestant devotion. The commencement is singularly beautiful; if that term may be applied to words so solemn and majestic.

V. SURSUM CORDA.

R. Habemus ad Dominum.

V. Gratias agamus Domino Deo nostro.

R. Dignum et justum est.

Vere dignum et justum est, æquum et salutare, nos tibi semper et ubique gratias agere, Domine Sancte Pater Omnipotens, æterne Deus: Per Christum Dominum nostrum, per quem majestatem tuam laudant Angeli, adorant Dominationes, tremunt Potestates, Cœli Cœlorumque Virtutes ac beata Seraphim sociâ exultatione concelebrant: Cum quibus et nostras voces, ut admitti jubeas deprecamur, supplicii confessione dicentes, Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth: Pleni sunt cœli et terra gloriâ tuâ. Osanna in excelsis: Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini: Osanna in excelsis.

P. Lift up your hearts.

A. We lift them up unto the Lord.

P. Let us give thanks unto our Lord God.

A. It is meet and right so to do.

It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto thee, O Lord, Holy Father, Almighty, Everlasting God: *Through Christ, our Lord, through whom the Angels praise thy majesty, the Dominations adore thee, the Powers tremble, the Heavens and the Virtues of the Heavens, and the blessed Seraphim celebrate thee with one exultation: amongst whom we intreat that our voices may be admitted, humbly confessing thee, and saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, Heaven and earth are full of thy glory: Hosanna in the highest: Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest.*

Et idèd cum Angelis et Archangelis, cum Thronis et Dominationibus, cumque omni militia cœlestis exercitus hymnum gloriæ tuæ canimus, sine fine dicentes, Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth: Pleni sunt cœli et terrâ gloriâ tuâ. Osanna in excelsis: Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini: Osanna in excelsis.

Therefore, with Angels and Archangels, *with Thrones and Dominations*, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious name, continually praising thee and saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts; heaven and earth are full of thy glory; glory be to thee, O Lord most high.

We decline the task of criticising these productions: we merely observe, that whatever may be gained in doctrine, by omitting the pageant of the celestial hierarchy—"the Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers"—something, it will easily be admitted, is lost in poetry.

Instead of pursuing the regular service of the mass, we shall now turn aside to some of the least unpoetical portions, which we find scattered throughout the services set aside for particular days. * One of the most celebrated is the hymn for the great feast of *Corpus Christi*, a composition of St Thomas Aquinas. We select the following stanzas. "

Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem,
Lauda ducem et pastorem,
In hymnis et canticis;
Quantum potes, tantum aude,
Quia major omni laude,
Nec laudare sufficis.

* * * *

Dogma datur Christianis,
Quod in carnem transit panis,
Et vinum in sanguinem:
Quod non capis, quod non vides
Animosa firmat fides
Præter verum ordinem.

* * * *

A sumente non concisus,
Non confactus, non divisus,
Integer accipitur:
Sumit unus, sumunt mille,
Quantum isti, tantum ille,
Nec sumptus consumitur.

Bone pastor, panis vere,
Jesu, nostri miserere,
Tu, nos parce, nos tuere
Tu nos bona fac videre
In terræ viventium.

Tu qui cuncta scis, et vales,
Qui nos pascis hic mortales,
Tuos ibi commensales,
Cohæredes et sociales
Fac sanctorum civium.

With joyous hymns, Oh, Sion, sing
Thy Saviour, shepherd, guide and king:
To themes, like this to-day, belong
The chiefest praise of sacred song,
Too weak, though all its skill be spent
On this stupendous argument!

The bread is changed to flesh, the wine
To blood; so speaks the word divine.
Though reason hesitate, and sense
Repugn the holy evidence;
Nature denies the word in vain,
Faith, to the humble, makes all plain.

* * * *

Who eats or drinks the sacred food,
Receives his Saviour's flesh and blood;
Though thousands crowd the heavenly
board,
Each, for himself, receives the Lord;
For Christ, though multiplied, is still
Himself and indivisible!

Jesu! good shepherd, living bread,
Pity, protect us, watch and lead;
And stretch forth thy forgiving hand,
To guide us to thy promised land.

Thou, by whose grace all good is sent,
Omniscient and Omnipotent!
When life and all its pangs are past,
Oh, let us join thy saints at last;
To us, their fellow-guests, be given
A joint inheritance in heaven!

Our translation is a loose one ; we have no time to be more literal ; but of this the reader may be assured, that it is difficult for any version not to excel the original.

The first stanzas of the hymn to the Holy Ghost, appropriated to the feast of Pentecost, contain a touch of poetry, and a few lines of something resembling pathos, which are far more worthy to be cited.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte cœlitus
Lucis tuæ radium.
Veni, pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium.

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium ;
In labore requies,
In æstu temperies,
In fletu solatum !

Come, Holy Ghost ! One ray of love
From that perennial fount above,
Shoot down into my breast ;
Come, father of the fatherless,
Whom none, but thou, console or bless,
Hearts' hope, hearts' light, hearts' rest.
Thou art our souls' most loving guest,
Of all her comforters the best,
Her stay and solace here ;
Rest to the weary and the poor,
Who suffer long and travail sore,
With none but thee to cheer !

For our last example, we shall select the Service of the Dead. There is no feeling of the human heart which so naturally inclines it to religion, as the hopeless regret for the departed ; and the wisdom of our reformers may be questioned, if not their orthodoxy, in rejecting the most affecting, the most pathetic, the most poetical, and, what is more, the most pious and devout service which human lips can utter to the Deity. The pure and unmixed love of God will never be so fervent, as that reliance on his Providence, which is mingled with human feelings. This is the true secret of the fervent piety of Fenelon, and the mystics of his and all religions. Filled with ardent benevolence to mankind ; or, as is a more common case, with passionate regret for departed friends, or equally passionate regard for living ones ; they mingle this feeling in their prayers, and call it all love of God. The observation is any thing but new ; we believe it to be unquestionably accurate. Even in the barbarous jargon of the Catholic service, it is difficult, it is impossible, to hear without emotion this pious prayer, and much more to utter it :—

“ Suscipe sacrificium, Domine, quod tibi pro animâ matris meæ offero ; eique gaudium sempiternum in regione vivorum concede ; *meque cum illâ, felicitati sanctorum conjunge.*”

“ Accept, O Lord, this sacrifice which I offer for the soul of my mother ; grant that she may partake of everlasting joy in the Land of the living, and that I may rejoin her in the happiness of thy saints !”

What would this have been in the beautiful style of the Common Prayer?

According to its usual system, the Catholic church has intermingled ideas of horror and alarm with this consoling service. It delights in representations of future torments; and this is not peculiar to that church. When religion is turned into a state-engine, its *object* is terror. To comfort the miserable, to animate the desponding, to console in the misfortunes of life, by holding out hopes of the future; none of these are the designs of state-theology. To alarm, to agitate, and thereby domineer; to govern this world by means of the next; has always been its favourite end. For this purpose, nothing could be better adapted than the celebrated dirge "in commemoration of all the faithful departed," well known to all who have attended to this species of literature, and peculiarly familiar to the musician, as the ground-work of Mozart's *Requiem*.

We are fortunate, in being able to borrow a much better version than any we could have executed ourselves. It is Roscommon's; and has only the defect, almost inseparable from translations out of this liturgy, of giving an incorrect idea of the original, by excelling it.

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favillâ,
Teste David cum Sybillâ.

The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole earth in ashes lay,
As David and the Sybils say.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

What horror shall invade the mind,
When the strict judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find!

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

The last loud trumpet's wond'rous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations underground.

Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Nature and death shall, with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the judge with conscious eyes.

Liber scriptus proferatur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quicquid latet apparebit;
Nil inultum remanebit.

The judge ascends his awful throne,
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Dum vix justus sit securus?

O then! what interest shall I make,
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake.

Rex tremenlæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

Thou mighty formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ;
Ne me perdas illâ die.

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost.

Quærens me sedisti lassus, Redemisti, crucem passus : Tantus labor non sit cassus!	Thou, who for me didst feel such pain, Whose precious blood the cross did stain, Let not those agonies be vain.
Justæ judex ultionis, Donum fac remissionis Ante diem rationis.	Thou, whom avenging powers obey, Cancel my debt, (too great to pay,) Before the sad accounting-day.
Ingemisco tanquam reus, Culpâ rubet vultus meus : Supplicanti parce Deus.	Surrounded with amazing fears, Whose load my soul with anguish bears, I sigh, I weep ; accept my tears.
Qui Mariam absolvisti, Et latronem exaudisti, Mihi quoque spem dedisti :	Thou, who wert moved by Mary's grief, And, by absolving of the thief, Hast given me hope, now give relief :
Preces meæ non sunt dignæ, Sed tu bonus fac benignè, Ne perenni cremer igne.	Reject not my unworthy prayer, Preserve me from that dangerous snare, Which death and gaping hell prepare.
Inter oves locum præsta, Et ab hædis me sequestra, Statuens in parte dextra.	Give my exalted soul a place Among thy chosen right-hand race ; The sons of God, and heirs of grace.
Confutatis maledictis, Flammis acerbis addictis, Voca me cum benedictis.	From that insatiable abyss, Where flames devour, and serpents hiss, Promote me to thy seat of bliss.
Oro supplex et acclinis, Cor contritum quasi cinis ; Gere curam mei finis.	Prostrate my contrite heart I rend, My God, my Father, and my Friend, Do not forsake me in my end.
Lacrymosa dies illa, Quâ resurget ex favillâ Judicandus homo reus : Huic ergo parce, Deus ! Pie Jesu Domine, Dona eis requiem.	Well may they curse their second breath, Who rise to a reviving death ; Thou great Creator of mankind, Let guilty man compassion find.

We would willingly return to some of the less terrific portions of this service, but our space, already too much occupied with extracts, forbids it.

The rest of our remarks will be less laudatory : the farther we advance, the less matter we find for praise.

Turn over the next page after this affecting service, and we find ourselves knee-deep in puerilities : a receipt for making holy water, by exorcising the creatures of water and salt in the name of the holy Trinity :—a benediction of the paschal lamb, which contains an almost whimsical request for a blessing on the creature of flesh, “*quam nos famuli tui ad laudem tuam sumere desideramus,*” which we may interpret “*bless this creature on which thy servants desire to dine in thy honour :*”—a benediction of the wax candles, and sundry blessings for various occasions ; one on the launching of a ship, another, on a new house, a new bed, a field for the building of a church ; which latter, by the bye, is not expunged from some reformed liturgies. The grasping disposition of the church left nothing unvisited by curse or benediction. It met its votaries at every turn ; by their fire-sides and in their beds, as well as at their daily occu-

pations, and in the public haunts of business: now blessing a branch of palm, or a wax candle, and now openly praying for the universal empire of the church, "that God might pacificate, unite and guard it, subjecting to it principdoms and powers throughout the whole world."—"ut eam purificare, adunare et custodire dignetur; toto orbe terrarum, subjiciens ei principatus et potestates." Pretensions so extensive and various must needs be variously characterised by sublimity, extravagance, and folly. We can readily laugh when the priest turns rat-catcher, and blesses the church from vermin; we can smile when the orani-benevolence of the deity is besought to have compassion on "all souls deceived by the fraud of the 'devil," meaning our own souls, and those of all heretics and schismatics; we can despise the malignant bigotry which just deigns to admit, that God may "compassionate even "Jewish perfidy," and, accordingly, prefers a prayer "pro perfidis Judæis," that the veil may be lifted from their hearts; but we regard with unmingled pity the prayer for the eternity of that Empire, which, having survived the shocks of two thousand centuries, has at last wholly crumbled into dust. "Respice ad Romanum benignus Imperium. Look mercifully on the Roman Empire!"

Alas! the petition was even then, two hundred years ago, preferred for an empty name; but the connection between the Papacy and the Empire still lived in historical recollections, and endeared the Imperial name to the Romish clergy.

"If a man," says Hobbes, "consider the original of this great Ecclesiastical dominion, he will easily perceive, that the Papacy is no other than the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire, sitting crowned upon the grave thereof: for so did the Papacy start up on a sudden out of the ruins of that Heathen Power."

So much for the literature and music of the Missal. We now come to the ceremonial portion, from which we shall only select those parts which more directly tend to prove our assertion, as to the vigilance with which every thing like the exercise of reason was excluded from the celebration of this MYSTERY. The object seems to have been to bury the mind under a load of minute observances, so as to withdraw attention altogether from the matter to the manner of the rite. At the same time, the most trivial ceremony was invested with awful importance. To omit the striking of the breast, the bending of the knee; to hold the fore-finger and thumb in one position, when they ought to have been held in another; to spill one drop of the consecrated wine or break off one crum of the holy bread; to have officiated with a full stomach, instead of an empty one;—such are the enormities to which the church has affixed her greatest penalties. We do not ask what becomes of morality

amidst this endless mass of mummeries; the devotee is too busy to think of that. But we suspect it to be far easier to bow and sidle into heaven, than to get there by virtue of a good life and meritorious conduct.

We certainly find it difficult to imagine a more humiliating system of ceremonies than that with which we are presented in the Catholic Rubric. In the following account of it, the reader may take us at our word, however satirical he may be inclined to think our description, for we shall merely translate from the book. The satire lies entirely in the subject; it is none of ours. We shall pass rapidly over the *ritus celebrandi missam*. These, though sufficiently amusing, are serious, when compared with the chapter “*de defectibus circa missam occurrentibus*.” Even there, however, something may be picked up for the reader’s edification and amusement.

First, having prepared every thing in the sacristy; having dog’s-eared his missal at the places proper for the day, and put on, of the ten thousand garments, those whose colour is appropriate—let the priest proceed to the altar with downcast eyes, a grave step, and erect carriage, (“*oculis demissis, incessu gravi, erecto corpore*.”) If he pass before the great altar, (“*altare majus*,” or, as the French say, “*maître-autel*,”) in his way, let him bow to it, with his head covered; if before the place in which the sacrament is contained, let him bend the knee; if before an altar where the host is elevated, let him bow the knee and adore it uncovered, &c. &c. Then follow rules for officiating in the presence of divers dignitaries, such as the pope, cardinal, bishop, and the like, who have each their appropriate ceremony. Then come a series of prostrations; bowing to the crucifix, kissing the altar, signing with the cross, incensing the altar, the crucifix, the sacred elements, the assistants—according to the nature of the mass. At another stage, the officiating priest, spreading his hands over the altar, kisses it in the middle; then joining his hands on his breast, and casting his eyes downwards, he turns himself to the left hand towards the people, and extending and joining his hands, as before, he exclaims—“The Lord be with you!”—after which notable operation, he turns back again with similar solemnities. He then holds out his hands before his breast, with the palms towards each other, but taking care not to spread his fingers, of which the tips must not be higher than the shoulders, beyond which, also, the hands must not be extended. In this posture, he goes through a further portion of the ceremony, with the requisite dippings and bowings at the names of Jesus, or the Virgin, or other saint in whose commemoration he officiates. At a further period, after reading the gospel, he raises the book and kisses it, at the same time uttering the distich,

“ Per Evangelica dicta
Deleantur nostra delicta”—

unless in masses for the dead, in which the kissing is omitted; or in presence of the pope or cardinal, or other dignitary, in which case the book is presented to the more august osculation of those reverend persons. To skip an infinity of similar “tricks before high heaven,” when he comes to the consecration of the sacred wafer, he is directed to take it between the thumb and fore-finger of his right hand, and holding it in the same manner with both hands, to utter the secret words of consecration, gazing on it intently, devoutly, fixedly; after which, holding it in the same manner, with the other fingers stretched out and close together, he kneels and adores it. Then raising himself as much as he conveniently can, he elevates the host, and keeping his eyes fixed upon it, he reverently exhibits it to the worship of the people, after which he replaces it on the altar, and keeps his fingers in the position we have described, till he washes them after the communion.

It is impossible to go through all the fopperies with which the ceremony is concluded, or even a thousandth part of them. We must leave the secret prayers, the change of garments, which they have of all the colours of the rainbow, “white, black, and grey, and all their trumpery,” to the research of those readers whose curiosity may be more circumstantial than our own.

A ceremony, so replete with details, must needs be liable to frequent omissions and mistakes. What these omissions are, and how important, may be learned from that part of the Rubric which treats of the defects occurring in the celebration of the mass. The following is a specimen of the nature and consequence of these errors.

Defects may occur either in the sacred elements themselves, or in the form of consecration; or, lastly, in the officiating minister. Of these defects, some affect the validity of the sacrament; others only tend to the scandal of the church, or the private detriment of the priest.

As to the elements of the sacrament; these must be wheaten bread and wine of the vine. If the bread be not of wheat-corn, or if the wheat be so adulterated with other grain as to lose its character of wheaten bread, the sacrament is invalid. If the wafer be made of rose or any other artificial water, it is doubtful whether the sacrament be valid or not. If the bread be putrescent, but not putrid, or if it be not unleavened after the manner of the Latin church, the sacrament is valid, but the minister incurs a grievous sin. If a consecrated wafer be accidentally lost;—if, for instance, it be blown away by the wind,

or disappear by miracle, or be run away with by a mouse or any other animal, and cannot be recovered; then let another be consecrated, and let the animal be killed, if possible, and burnt, and let the ashes be cast into the sacristy or beneath the altar.

If the wine be sour or putrid, or made of unripe grapes, or mixed with so much water as to lose its specific appearance of wine, the sacrament is invalid. But if it be only a little sour, or putrescent, or mixed with rose or other distilled water, the sacrament is valid, but the priest sins grievously.

Defects of form relate chiefly to the words of consecration. These are the same in the mass as in the Communion Service of the Church of England, and which are somewhat too solemn for insertion in this list of puerilities. If the priest change these words, so that their meaning be altered, the sacrament is invalid. If he add any thing, which does not change the meaning, the sacrament is complete, but the minister commits a heinous sin.

In the officiating priest, five things are chiefly to be considered; the intention, the state of mind, the state of body, the disposition of the sacerdotal garments, and the integrity of the ministration itself. In all these, defects may occur.

There is defect in the intention, when the priest is not in earnest, but celebrates with a jocular design—we suppose, of mocking the solemnity. This case is not impossible. There is a story of a French bishop, who declared on his death-bed that he had never administered the sacrament in earnest, for the purpose of invalidating the ordination of all who had received orders at his hands. The motive seems to have been a strange one; an abstract hatred of the faith of which he was a dignified minister. The defect in intention rendered fresh ordination necessary. That was easily performed. But what was the consequence to those who had died with this bishop's baptism? And still more, to those who had been married by this jocular bishop, and whose children's legitimacy depended on the integrity of his *intention*? Let Sanchez or Escobar decide.

If there should be eleven wafers upon the altar, and the priest intend to consecrate only ten, without determining which the ten shall be, the intention is defective for want of fixity, and the consecration void. But if, thinking them to be only ten, his intention had been to consecrate all the wafers on the altar, the consecration conforms with the intention, and is, therefore, canonical. Wherefore, says the Rubric, for the purpose of avoiding perplexity, the minister should always intend to consecrate *all* the wafers on the altar;—a rule which, together with its reasons, a Catholic metaphysician may probably contrive to understand. We profess no claim to such acute-

ness. If the minister's thoughts be wool-gathering at the moment of consecration, the church will complete the sacrament, if the intention were not defective when the service was first begun; in which case, the priest is said to have an intention, but only a virtual one. *Virtual* is a pretty word, when something is wanted to be said, and nothing meant.

If the minister be suspended, degraded, or excommunicated, or if he be in mortal sin, there is a defect in the state of mind, which does not vitiate the sacrament, but heaps coals of fire upon the priest. If, during the performance of mass, the minister should recollect that he stands in any of these predicaments—a strange after-thought enough, but the church overlooks no contingencies,—he should leave the ceremony unfinished, *unless he apprehend the public scandal.*

In the state of body, defects may occur from several causes. And first, it is a rule of the church that neither priest nor communicant shall taste of food or drink after midnight, before the sacrament. If the minister take it even in the shape of medicine, and in however minute a quantity, he is incapable of celebrating mass. If, however, he should have eaten before midnight, and the food remain undigested, he does not sin in performing mass; but it is better to abstain. If fragments of food be swallowed, which stuck in the teeth, he is not incapacitated, *if they were swallowed as saliva, and not as food.* The case is the same, if a drop or two be unintentionally swallowed in the act of washing the mouth.

The minuteness with which the Catholic church has enumerated every species of pleasurable sensation, for the purpose of confession, and avoiding defects in the state of body, has often been touched on by Protestants, sometimes with indignation; sometimes, and more properly, with ridicule. Those pleasures which she denied in the reality to her unmarried priesthood, appear to have engrossed their imaginations in a singular degree. They are anathematized in the usual spirit of malignity with which all men are apt to regard those pleasures from whose possession they are utterly debarred. To our own eyes, there is no crime so heinous in others, as that which we are not likely to fall into; no virtue so great as that we are compelled to practise. What was the language of that pious brachman, to whom the acme of moral perfection consisted in a chair of nails? With what just indignation did he regard the ragged good works of his less ascetic neighbour, when compared with the merit of sitting on a three-inch spike! The worldling may easily boast, that,

“ He gives to the poor, and lives well with the rich,—
But how many nails does he stick in his breech?”

In proportion, therefore, to the greatness of those pleasures which are derived from the passion of love, has the Catholic theology denounced it. It is the consummation of all iniquity; and the least savour of this unholy leaven is abominable to the celibacy of the church.

But to minds, like those of the Romish priesthood, so often occupied in examining every form of this Proteus-passion, it will be difficult, on many occasions, to repress some troublesome recollections, and some uneasy desires. After poring over a page of casuistry—for instance, those chapters in Sanchez which treat of the subject so minutely, and in such copious detail; but still more, after listening to the confession of some timid girl or modest matron, hesitated between fear and shame, and the more stimulating from its ambiguity, some thoughts will possibly occur to the most rigid in the decline of the evening, or in the wakefulness of the night, to which the austerity of Catholic morals has affixed the blot of sin. To these suggestions of beneficent Nature, which nothing but superstition could render criminal, the church, in the persons of her clergy, has found a lucky solution. They are nick-named, illusions of the devil. An illusion of the devil incapacitates for the celebration of mass, and is classed under the logical head of defects in the state of body.

It is difficult to touch upon this subject without offence. It is, however, well worth examination, and occupies an extensive chapter in the book of the human mind. In the whole circle of Romish divinity, there is nothing which elucidates more minutely the genius of that imperious church; nothing which more distinctly shews on what principles of human nature the power of superstitious systems is ultimately built. Let the reader peruse a few pages of any one of the endless works, which the school-men have sent forth upon this subject, and compare them with the corresponding chapters in the laws of Menu. He will find that nothing need be changed but *names*; the things are substantially the same.

To return from this digression. Defects may occur in the act of administering mass, which are not classed amongst the preceding heads: As for instance, if the sacrament is performed without wax candles; on an unconsecrated altar; or after the time allotted for its solemnization, which commences at sunrise, and ends at mid-day. The mass is defective for want of the proper sacerdotal garments, or furniture for the altar; or in consequence of the absence of those who assist the priest; or on account of an improper assistant—as a female, or others incompetent to minister at the altar. A brazen or glass cup and paten is defective; they should be of gold, silver, or tin. If the priest officiate with the head covered, unless with dispensa-

tion for that purpose; or repeat the ceremony without a missal, although he may know it by heart; the mass is incomplete. If, before consecration, the minister should be taken ill, or should faint or die, the sacrament should be discontinued; but if such an accident should happen after the consecration of the wafer, or of both elements, it should be finished by another priest. If, after the former of these accidents, the first minister be still able to communicate, and there be only one wafer on the altar, this must be divided between him and the priest who concludes the sacrament.

If a fly, or a spider, or any other substance (*aliud aliquid*) should fall into the chalice before consecration, let the wine be flung beneath the altar; but, if after consecration, and the priest should feel sick at the circumstance, let him take out the fly or spider, and wash it with wine; and when mass is over, let him burn the animal, and cast the wine into the sacristy. But if he feel no nausea, and fear no danger, let him swallow the blood, fly and all.

If any poisonous or emetic substance *should have fallen* into the cup, the consecrated wine must be poured into another chalice, and fresh wine and water consecrated. After mass, the poisoned element must be sopped up with linen or tow, which being afterwards dried and burned, should be cast into the sacristy. The same is to be observed of a poisoned host; and when we remember how frequently it has happened, that poison has *fallen into* the chalice and been administered *accidentally* in the wafer, we can hardly think the precaution useless.

If, by the negligence of the priest, a drop of Christ's blood (we use the words of the Rubric) should fall upon the table, *let it be licked up with the tongue*, and let that part of the table be planed: but if it fall upon the stone of the altar, let it be licked up; and let the place be washed, and the water of the washing cast into the sacristy. If it be spilled upon the altar-linen, or the carpet before the altar, they are to be washed, with the same formality, and the stained portions cut out, dried, and burned. If the consecrated host, or any portion of it, fall upon the floor, let it be reverently picked up; let the place where it fell be cleansed and planed, if possible, as before.

If the priest vomit the eucharist, and the elements (*species consecratae*) appear, *let them be again reverently taken*. But if this produce nausea, then let the holy elements be carefully separated, and placed in some holy place. If the elements do not appear, let the contents of the stomach be burned, and the ashes cast into the sacristy.

Enough! Enough! "Oh, wretched Greeks! who in a way of superstition run so easily into the relish of barbarous notions, and bring into religion that frightful mein of sordid and vilify-

ing devotion, ill-favoured humiliation and contrition, abject looks and countenances, consternation, protestations, disfigurements, and, in the act of worship, distortions, constrained and painful postures of the body, wry faces, beggarly tones, mummings, grimaces, cryings!" Such was the language of Plutarch to his countrymen, in the decay of their political and moral greatness, and the decline of their civilization. But to the votary of the Romish faith, who had never been taught to approach the presence of the Deity with that manly decency, the *στύμα δίκαιον* of the heathen worshipper, so incompatible with "the prostration of understanding and will" which is inculcated as the chief merit of the Catholic Christian's devotion, these words might have been aptly addressed in the zenith of his church's ascendancy.

It is, surely, clear beyond dispute, that this is not a liturgy, this is not a ceremonial, for the capacities or taste of a refined people. We again eschew all interference with the doctrine; that may be right or wrong, and the ritual may still be barbarous. It may, however, be said, that the Catholic religion is poetical. It is true, the Catholic faith has both persecuted itself, and been persecuted, into poetry. What neither its masses, nor its music, nor its form and ceremony, nor its fasts and feasts, nor its confessions and penances, its wax candles, and holy water, and a collection of rags and tatters which would set up Monmouth Street for ever; what neither its pope, and its cardinals, its archbishops, bishops, priests, deacons, acolytes; from him who sits in St. Peter's Chair, with the scarlet robe about his shoulders, "the Servant of the Servants of God," to the lowest sacristan, who

" Is yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven ;"—

what, neither its pilgrimages, its dirty linen, and shoes lined with boiled or raw pease, nor its controversies, nor its divinity, nor its councils, could effect for it, has been done by persecution. Hatred and pity are rich mines for the poet to dig in. The Smithfield burnings, the throat-cuttings of St. Bartholomew—the endless list of religious murders which stain the annals of Catholicism, justify all the hatred they excite; whilst the sufferings of the Catholics in later days, and, more than all, the long desolation of Ireland, beget a conflicting sentiment, which the actual sight of those miseries ripens, at least into pity, where it does not change it into indignation. The horror of Catholicism will, probably, be soon extinct; but the romance it generated will remain, and for ever invest that once terrible religion with so much of a poetical character as springs from the sub-

lime. Compassion for a fallen faith will endow it with those attributes of poetry which are still more affecting; and there are few, except those who are unwittingly actuated by the spirit they impute, exclusively, to the Romish creed, who cannot sympathize at present with the filial expressions of the poet—more beautiful than any hymn of his church; in which he pours out his devotion to her declining age and dishonoured fortune;—

“ Thy rival 'was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd;
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd:
She wooed me to temples, while thou layest hid in caves;
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves:
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet I would rather be,
Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee!”

ART. V.—*A short Account of the Conversion to Christianity of Solomon Duitsch, lately a learned Rabbín and Teacher of several Synagogues. Extracted from the original, published in the Dutch Language by Himself, and improved with a Preface and Remarks, by the Reverend Mr. Burgmann, Minister of the Protestant Lutheran Chapel in the Savoy. Now first translated into English. London, 1771.*

The Jews are the most extraordinary people, and their history is the most interesting history, in the world. For ages out of number, they have not possessed one square mile of territory, and they still look forward to universal dominion;—for generation after generation they have run a troubled stream in the greater stream of the population of all nations, without once assimilating with any;—every where they live separately and alone, sojourners rather than home-dwellers. They have at all times possessed great wealth, and, at times, great power; once, they had among them the greatest general information, in comparison with their numbers, and the most learned men, without comparison, that Europe could then boast of; they have been also the most ignorant as a body, and had fewer men of eminence among them; they were at one time, in Spain particularly, indirectly possessed of great civil power; and at other times, and for long intervals together, they have been the most abject and miserable race throughout all Europe; their persecutions have been fearful even to remember, and dreadful beyond all precedent; and yet they are one, and still a people.

Of late years indeed, at least in this country, the current

has set the opposite way to persecution. Cumberland's Jew is quite another man from Shakspeare's Jew, or the Jew of Malta; and who can believe that Rebecca is a lineal descendant of the "Ebraike peple," that slew young "Hew of Lincoln!" But so it is! and, thanks to the genius of our countrymen, the feeling of the ages in which they severally lived has had permanency given to it in their immortal works: for, when the Lady Prioress talked of

"the serpent, Sathanas,
That hath in Jewe's herte his waspe's nest,"

we may be quite sure that Chaucer had the authority of many such ladies for such sentiments; and for the purity of conduct and beautiful humanity of Rebecca, the modern poet had the voucher for its possible truth in the agreement of all men of sense; and both facts, as far as the philosophy of mind is concerned, prove only that poets as well as Jews, and Jews as well as poets, (a much more important point to establish,) are very much the children of circumstances. When lady prioresses talked after this fashion, and other ladies and gentlemen too agreed with her in opinion; when the Jews were every where persecuted, despised, or hated—spit on, trampled on, and bearded;—their sufferings made a jest, and the law made an instrument of infliction; was it not in human nature that "the serpent, Sathanas," should dwell in their hearts? But the progress of knowledge has been accompanied with progressive liberality, and this feeling is much more distinctly to be traced in our poets than our historians. In the lady prioress's tale, there is not one redeeming circumstance for the poor Jews; they are isolated beings, cut off from human society; in the want of all human sympathy, they stand out naked and bare for universal hate and detestation.

But in Shakspeare and in Marlowe, the Jews have not much the worst of it. They act, indeed, and suffer, agreeable to the expectation of "the grounded understanders;" but, in both poets, there is a "still small voice" of truth, shewing that their actions are not a mere voluntary played off by a nature different from ordinary humanity, but one of ordinary humanity warped, strained, and tortured into distortion and hideousness, by the cruelty and injustice of others. This has been well shewn of Shakspeare's Jew, but justice has never been done to the inimitable truth of his predecessor. We know not how it may dove-tail with the rest of this article; but as the work under review has somewhat disappointed us, we feel very much disposed to say a word or two on "old Kit Marlowe's" play, or rather of Barabbas; a Jew drawn with as perfect a Hebrew

spirit as the Sampson of Milton; and the more especially, as we think Mr. Lamb, the very best of living dramatic critics, has certainly mistaken the character. Neither is it altogether beside the purpose, when speaking of the past and present condition of the Jews.

“Shylock,” says Mr. Lamb, “in the midst of his savage purpose, is a man; his motives, feelings, resentments, have something human in them. Barabbas is a mere monster, brought in with a large painted nose to please the rabble. He kills in sport, poisons whole nunneries, invents infernal machines.” Now, but we speak with becoming deference, this judgment seems to us altogether erroneous. Barabbas is anything but a monster. He is just one of those subjects on which a philosopher might read a lecture on human nature;—he is an evidence of the entire moulding of the desires, affections, and even of the will, by the prejudices and persecutions of society. “If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?” might be as truly spoken by Barabbas as by Shylock; and his motives, feelings, and resentments had “something human in them,” while his wrongs were within human bearing, or his revenge within human compass. “If the inhumanity of Barabbas be the more extravagant, and indiscriminate, he is less a volunteer in wickedness. The nature of Barabbas, before he is despoiled of his property, and his character afterwards, are distinct things. There is to the full as much humanity in Barabbas as in Shylock, and more, while there was any proportion in their sufferings. If we may take his daughter’s word, Shylock’s house, even in his prosperity, was no very pleasant place, and his conduct had raised no very passionate affection in the daughter. Not so Barabbas. Abigail never deserted him, till he deserted himself, made mad with wrongs;—in the depth of their misery, what says she?—

“Not for myself, but aged Barabbas,
Father, for thee lamenteth Abigail.”

And, indeed, if we may believe the men themselves, which has the more humanity? Barabbas, in all the triumphs of his prosperity and success, never forgets his daughter among his blessings—

“I have no charge, nor many children,
But *one sole daughter*, whom I hold as dear
As Agamemnon did his Iphigene.”

So much for the “monster.” But the “man” would have his daughter “dead at his feet,” so his “jewels were in her ear”—

“hearsed, so the ducats were in her coffin.” Barabbas loved his daughter; he loved his riches; he loved himself;—

“Let them combat, conquer, and kill all,
So they spare me, my daughter, and my wealth;”—

there was nothing else left for him to love. If his affections were thus limited, it was because he could find nothing else in the world that sympathised with him. As to “cozening, extorting, and tricks belonging unto brokery,” ’twas his vocation, and “’tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.” Besides, the world had left him no other. It had directed his ambition, as it had confined his feeling and humanity;—“Jews come not to be kings.”

This was Barabbas to the hour of his gross wrongs; to the hour that he was despoiled of every thing, and left houseless and friendless; and not by the savage and brute violence of one man, but by the want of common sympathy in all men. To insults offered in common to Shylock, and his whole tribe, he had learned to “duck” and “kiss his hand;” as his sufferings were common, so was his revenge limited to ill-wishing; but here his injuries were exclusive, and his own. “Let me be used as my brethren are,” was asked and was refused him; he then felt with the Duke of Gloucester, “I have no brother, I am like no brother,” and might and did add, in his heart, let

“love, which grey beards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me.”

All men, in opinion, justified the wrong done to him, without which it could not have been done, and they equally shared his hatred; even his revenge was not more desolating than his enemies were universal.

There is nothing throughout to contradict the supposition that the active malignity of Barabbas was then; and not till then, engrafted on him; and in the mad relation of his atrocities to Ithamore, and the scene where he receives his concealed gold from Abigail, there is much in support of it. From that hour, the whole aim and purpose of his life was changed: his ruling passions,—his love of his daughter, and his love of wealth,—were swallowed up in hate: he was cut off by one frightful wrong from all humanity, even the humanity in his own heart. When he exclaims, before he was assured of Abigail’s success, “here lives my soul’s sole hope,” he was too poor to hate, too impotent to dream of revenge; he speaks of his money, therefore, as of that on which his actual exis-

tence was depending, and with an enthusiasm that his poverty still left as a master-passion ; but once possessed of it, even in the first transport of possession, it is not only "strength to my soul," but "death to mine enemies;" from that hour, he neither thought nor cared for money, but as a powerful instrument to redress his wrongs ; the loss of "a hundred tuns of wine," he dismisses with the snap of a finger:—

" I have wealth enough ;
For now, by this, has he kiss'd Abigail."

Ludowick was now within his grasp. As to his extravagant relation to Ithamore,—his "killing sick people groaning under walls,—his poisonings,—his practices in Germany and Italy,"—it is the mere trickery of the imagination ; he joys in what he would do, as in what he had done. Perhaps, too, he had some secret purpose in familiarising Ithamore to such an employment. Neither does he reject the first slave for the avowed reason that "a stone of beef" would not maintain those "chops," but because he was somewhat of Cæsar's judgment, and wanted not men that "sleep o' nights." Even the lean Ithamore he questions as to his breeding and bringing up ; but, being satisfied of this, he has no scruples about a stone of beef ; he is as generous as an emperor:—"be true and secret, thou shalt want no gold;" nor is it clear that he afterwards gives Borza the money so reluctantly, but that it might excite suspicion to be more liberal to a slave.

Thus much for Barabbas. But the history of Barabbas is the history of the whole tribe ; and more may be learned from this single fiction of the poet's, of the long and obstinate maintaining, and the possible ultimate conversion of this extraordinary people, than from the dull reality of all the Solomon Duitsch's that ever existed. The Jews are, and ever have been, a separate and distinct people, because they were ever treated as such ; their very birth-place was to them no home ; with their countrymen they were allowed no fellowship ; they were separated from others, for none would associate with them ; they intermarried from necessity, for who would intermarry with them ? they were not drawn together by their own prejudices, so much as shut in by the prejudices of others ; their bond of union, and that never strong, was but the persecution and contempt they suffered. But the spell is broken. The rigour and injustice of the law is done away, and even the more bitter and more painful law of opinion,

" Far worse to bear
Than violence,"——

is quietly giving way. And what is the consequence? Fifty years since, there was not, probably, a working Jew in all London:—they were all dealers; traffickers on a scale proportioned to their means, and that traffic restricted to some few trades. It followed, of course, in the world's opinion, that they would not work. Now, there is hardly a trade wherein Jews are not actual labourers. They associate readily enough with others, now others will associate with them: they are becoming a part of the common family; and this will do more for their conversion than all the societies specially engaged in that work put together.

Another fact to be deduced from the history of the Jews may be of service even now. We hear every where of the persecution and intolerance of certain sects, as the result of certain opinions; but persecution was common to an age, and not peculiar to a sect, or the consequence of any particular opinions. The Jews, who suffered most,—who had no city of refuge in the whole world,—were themselves persecutors. It was quite as fearful for a Jew to dissent from Judaism, as for a Christian to differ from the Christianity established by law. The Jews, indeed, possessed no municipal power; and if the son of Abraham became a convert to Christianity, they had only to shun and to hate, to injure him by secret ways, or, if opportunity offered, in the same darkness to attack his life. But if the seceder was not backed by the power of his new associates,—if he dissented from one without assenting to another,—if they could call upon the civil power to punish, by shewing that he dissented equally from both, there were no means they had not recourse to, no sacrifices they were not willing to make, to punish, and to persecute even to death. The sufferings of Acosta is a proof of this.—Descended from a family of converted Jews, and brought up a Catholic, he became dissatisfied with the new religion of the family, and returned to Judaism. Upon further inquiry, he entertained suspicions of Judaism, only, indeed, of certain ceremonies, and was instantly excommunicated. He afterwards wrote a work, wherein he contended that the resurrection of the dead was not taught by Moses. Already shunned by the Jews, his mental sufferings now became dreadful; even his own family refusing to have communication with him; his dissent was a plague-spot on his forehead, and he was shunned by all. But this was not sufficient to satisfy the Jews. The promulgation of this new opinion they believed to be an offence against Christianity; and accordingly they, the Jews, the suffering, and long and then persecuted Jews, became, not as before, tacitly, but directly, persecutors, summoning him before a Christian tribunal for an offence against Christianity, where he was subjected

to fine and imprisonment. For fifteen years they shut him out from all associates, and when, with a broken and humbled spirit, he read his recantation, and they could no longer refuse him admission into the synagogue, they never ceased to watch his minutest actions; and, availing themselves of the omission of some one of their many ceremonials, he was again excommunicated. Personal and corporal punishment they could not subject him to, but with his consent; but who has not imagination sufficient to feel the pain, the agony, of solitude, amidst numbers? of total separation from all society? of hatred and contempt, where we most desire love and respect? The spirit, even of Acosta, could not hold out for ever: again he signed a public confession of his errors; but before he could be re-admitted, he was publicly, in the open synagogue, subjected to corporal punishment, and then laid on his back at the door, that all who passed might trample on him. To live shut out from all human association, and to live after such self-abasement, were equally impossible; and, driven mad by suffering, Acosta put an end to his existence.

Solomon Duitsch, the "learned Rabbin," whose "wonderful conversion" is the subject of the volume before us, had a very different course to run. He was converted to the established faith, to the creed of the powerful, and above a century later than Acosta. Acosta was a man of a quick and searching spirit; and however extraordinary the changes in his opinion, they were not unaccompanied with personal sacrifice, and were, beyond question, the result of inquiry and conviction. Duitsch, on the contrary, judging from the work before us, was a poor creature of unsettled temper and weak judgment; who, so far from sacrificing any thing to his new opinions, no sooner became a convert than he became a pensioner, and was, we suspect, a trout of that description which is more easily caught with tickling than a barbed hook. His conversion is just one of those miraculous absurdities suited to the taste of the vulgar. It was, professedly, not the result of reason and deliberation, not founded on inquiry and patient investigation; but he had "a call,"—we mean literally,—for he heard a voice saying to him, "Arise out of darkness." Another time it was more particular, adding, "Alas, poor sinner! all thy good works, thy fasting, washing, and chastisement, can profit thee nothing. No; thou must come to Christ the crucified:" and this sort of ventriloquism is made the foundation of an entire faith; for, at that time, he hardly knew what Christianity meant, and had not read one word of the New Testament. But we will let him tell his own story.

Solomon Duitsch, as he here informs us, was born in Hungary, in the year 1734, and, in 1747, made profession of his faith,

agreeable to the usage among the Jews. He studied seven years at Prague, and then, on his returning home, married "Leentild, daughter of that wealthy Jew, Solomon Cohen, who, according to the Jewish opinion of piety, bore an unblemished character, and under whose roof I lived in the happy state of matrimony."

His first wife dying suddenly, within a few years, left him a daughter six months old. Upon this, Deutsch began to moralize, and he tells us "it was the first means by which the eternal love of God chose more effectually to work upon his heart." He did not, however, leave it to work long, for, in little more than three months, he married Sara, the second daughter of that same "wealthy Jew, Solomon Cohen," and the sister of his first wife. Deutsch, notwithstanding his evident inclination for the daughters of the "wealthy Jew," seems to have had no great passion for their company: "being," says he, "exceedingly fond of the Talmud, I commonly staid in my study till after midnight;" and midnight study had the effect on Solomon, it often has on weak minds, which is told with all the supernatural nonsense of our modern Methodist tracts; he hears strange noises, sees strange visions, is struck with "inexpressible fear and terror,"—"a cold sweat covered my face, and I felt, as it were, the agonies of death. The world seemed now too confined for me: yea, I desired every instant, that the earth would open her mouth and swallow me up like Korah." His wife, whom he designates as "subtle, cunning, and serpent-like," although, by his own confession, he lived "very comfortably" with her, as well as her sister, until she was driven from her home by its gloom and melancholy, if not by his madness, reasons with him very sensibly, and very affectionately. "Upon this, my wife, who had heard my weeping and grieving, entered my closet, with the child in her arms, and addressed me in the following words: "O my dear! Why weepest thou? What does so grievously affect thy heart? Thou art quite consumed with grief, and almost no more resembling a human being. This is the ready way to bring bodily sickness upon thyself, and at last lose thy senses; so that thou wilt be a shame and reproach to me and my family. Are not thy brethren, the Jews, in the right to scorn and deride thee? Where is thy reason, in forfeiting thy honour and good name so foolishly? The greatest part of them lay the blame upon me, for my indulging thee so much in thy studies, and not raising thy spirits by taking a walk, and playing at cards, or going to musical entertainments with me. But, alas! they little know how often I have endeavoured to divert thee from melancholy thoughts. Pray, think on me, and have pity on this innocent babe in my arms." This, however, not succeeding, she returned to her parents; and soon after, he tells us, "the Rabbines and elders assembled, and unanimously

agreed to blot or strike out my name from amongst the living, meaning their communion. They compelled me not only to write a letter of divorce to my wife, but they also excommunicated me from their community." How they compelled him to write a letter of divorce Solomon does not tell us, unless he means by excommunication, which is a very novel way, and not very likely to succeed with a man who had received "a call," and was therefore, or was about to be, self-excommunicated. But the reasons of this interference of the Rabbins and Elders, is not to us very intelligible, and we suspect Solomon intended it should not be. "His thoughts," it appears, were employed to find out Christ," but it does not appear that he told his wife so, and the Rabbins, we presume, could not read his thoughts. But they too might have overheard "the call;" and we cannot otherwise understand the grounds of his expulsion. It was not from suspicion of his dabbling with interdicted subjects, for his reading was confined to the Talmud; even the Bible he had scarcely looked into, for he acknowledges, some time after, "I bought a Hebrew Bible; and began now, for the first time, to read it from the beginning;" and as to the New Testament, it was not till afterwards, that he possessed one; and was then tricked into the purchase by a soldier, Solomon himself mistaking it, as he acknowledges, for "the last will of some great prince and king," but thought it would assist him in learning German. But the whole of this, his excommunication and his conversion, is a mystery; for, long before he had met with this "last will of some great king," or had read, or could read, one line or one word of it, or, to use his own words, "could give account or reason for my faith," he was able to see and to oppose the subtle errors of the Romish church. The heretics, he says, some Priest told him, were 'a set of people who, it is true, believe in Christ, but have no faith in the Virgin Mary, and St. Joseph.' "From this moment I thought within myself, who can convince me that the Roman Catholic religion is the true religion? and can prove that the heretics have revolted or separated themselves from the Roman Catholics? It may be that they themselves have dissented from the former, in the like manner as Israel, in former times, separated from Juda, and worshipped the idols on Mount Ephraim. It is possible that amongst those whom they call heretics, the true religion is only to be found." This is argued like a Protestant Doctor; and being merely intuitive, a sort of theological instinct, how can we poor, prosing fellows, who are accustomed to wade through volumes, to seek for knowledge, and to dig deep and wearily, for it, presume to judge such a man. His knowledge, like his faith, "surpasseth all understanding;" the Rabbins of such a tribe may have an equal instinct in discover-

ing people that are tainted with it. A Rabbin might, indeed, insinuate that this wonderful instinct for Christianity was first mentioned when he was fed and clothed by Christians; and a Romanist, that these feeders and cloaiers were heretics. But this would be a vile insinuation.

However, we must admit, that this early and resolute faith of Solomon's, for which he half insinuates he was turned out of the Synagogue, does throw a little suspicion on his after conduct. The more especially, as we find him, long after "the call," and long after he had possessed and read the New Testament itself, accepting the office of Rabbi among the Jews of Arnheim, and afterwards at Wesel. But one of the reasons assigned for accepting the office, ought, perhaps, to quiet our scruples. "I wished greatly," he says, "to enjoy some rest for studying the gospel with more attention." Truly, the Jews of Arnheim must have been greatly benefited by so conscientious a Rabbi. But faith Solomon certainly had, a faith in the gullibility of other people; for it was not till driven a second if not a third time from out the Synagogue, and wandering about in actual want, and without a home; and when the conversion of the Jews was become a fashion in Germany, and converts were taken into pay and supported; that his early "call," and his early faith, and all the miracles that brought him to the faith, drew from him a public profession.

We confess, we have been altogether disappointed in this book, and have little inclination to pursue our narrative. Any pleasure in the narration itself is out of the question; we never, indeed, expected it. But, like most other people, we feel a great interest in the Jews, not so much theologically, as psychologically;—we desire to be admitted into the deep mystery of the human heart and mind, and the Jews are a phenomenon in this way, which we would willingly comprehend, and include under known and recognized principles; we, therefore, desire to understand their feelings and opinions, and the grounds and strength of those opinions; and nothing would throw more light on these, than the honest confession of some one who became, from reason and conviction, a convert to Christianity. But Solomon Deutsch was a drivelling imposter. When a man professes to have no ground whatever for abandoning one opinion and adopting another,—for leaving Judaism, in which he was educated, and embracing Christianity, of which he was utterly ignorant, even to the name of the book which contained its doctrine,—but direct miracles, known only to himself;—when we see him disregarding all these miraculous interferences so long as it was his interest, and only declaring them when his interest pointed the opposite way;—we have no hesitation in treating him as a cheat, and throwing his book aside as of no

use in the philosophy of mind ; another specimen, therefore, and we have done. It appears that at Amsterdam, he determined to hear a sermon, and knowing nothing of the Dutch language, he very naturally, but, as it afterwards appeared, unnecessarily, sought out for a German preacher ; but was disappointed after all, for the sermon was in Dutch ; notwithstanding which, he gives us the very words of the text, and then adds, " It is known to the all-knowing God alone, who searcheth the heart and reins, with what emotions of heart I remember this sermon, even to this very day ; and much more what my soul felt at the hearing it. I was so transported in spirit by the explication of the text, that it seemed to me as if the minister spake plain Hebrew, so perfectly could I understand every word he said."

ART. V.—*Amorum Troile et Cresseidæ, libri duo priores Anglo-Latine, per Franc. Kinaston. Oxon. 1635. 4to.*

Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide* was the first example of a regular serious narrative poem, on a large scale, in the English language. It may be considered as our oldest epic, to use the word in its common, though sufficiently vague, acceptation ; and for a long time, with the exception of the *Knyghtes' Tale* by the same author, it continued to be the only one. Hence, it was held in that value which always attaches to the *first* of any thing, and which adheres to it even for some time after it has been superseded by more beautiful and finished specimens of the same kind. It was revered as the earliest work in which the powers of English, as a cultivated language, were developed ; its author was regarded as the Virgil of his country ; his poem was made the foundation of the fictions of subsequent writers ; and, according to a practice common in former ages, when, as a contemporary critic expresses it, " the notion of the perishableness of modern tongues, and of the necessity of preserving works worthy to last, by embalming them in the immortal language of Rome," was not yet exploded, it was thought expedient, upwards of two centuries after its publication, to translate it into Latin. We have deemed this translation worthy of notice as a literary curiosity, and as one of the most successful specimens of a rare species of composition—rare, we mean, when attempted on so large a scale ; for the practice itself, of writing Latin verses in vernacu-

lar metres, is of old standing, and has been applied to a great variety of subjects; from the early hymns of the Romish church, (many of them celebrated for their beauty) to the sportive *jeux d'esprits* of our own days.* We cannot say much in praise of this species of composition. Like other devices, in which two things, each by itself pleasing and familiar to us, but wholly unallied to each other, are forced into combination, it is productive of pleasure indeed, but a pleasure purely fantastic, and incapable of long continuance, unless sustained by some other and more durable source of interest. Such are the whimsically-compounded figures of barbarian sculpture; such is macarozic verse, of which we shall have another occasion to speak; such, to ascend a little higher, is that joco-serious style of poetical narrative, which has lately become so fashionable from merits not its own; and the glaring contrasts of which, compared with the easy shading of Whistlecraft, serve to illustrate the difference between a natural mode of writing and an unnatural one. But what bears the most analogy to the practice of which we are now speaking, is the attempt at naturalizing the Greek and Roman metres in various modern languages: on both, especially on the latter, eminent wits have been employed; and in neither case with any extraordinary success. To say the truth, neither of these experiments has had a fair trial; for on the one hand, our Latin rhymers have generally, if not universally, written as if the Roman pronunciation was precisely the same with the modern; and on the other, later writers at least have substituted modern accent for ancient quantity, so that, instead of naturalizing the Roman metres, they have merely introduced new varieties into their own metrical system. Thus, Dr. Watts's and Dr. Southey's sapphics are merely repetitions of a particular form of the English ten-syllable verse, wound up with a shorter species of line, which, though less common, is equally English. Such attempts, however, may by a happy accident produce excellent harmony of the vernacular kind; as in the last-mentioned writer's *Vision of Judgment*, a poem more abused than read, and of which the assailants, in their animosity to its.

* Sometimes, as in the Leonine verses, the ancient Roman metres are employed, with the addition of rhyme. The oldest instance which we remember of this is a hymn of Damasus, who was Bishop of Rome, A.D. 366-384.

“ Martyris ecce dies Agathæ
 Virginis emicat eximiæ,
 Christus eam sibi qua sociat,
 Et diadema duplex decorat:” &c.

author, and their eagerness to expose its great and manifold absurdities, forgot to notice the many instances, both of rhythmical and poetical beauty, which it contained. But this is digression.

Sir Francis Kinaston, the author of the translation before us, figures in Anthony Wood's compilation as one of the minor worthies of Oxford. Having studied at that university, and afterwards at Cambridge, he went to court, where, "being esteemed a man of parts, he was knighted in 1618, and afterwards made esquire of the body to Charles I." He was the author, or at least the chief promoter, of an abortive project for a college in London, under the name of *Musæum Minervæ*, for the education of the gentry and nobility in the liberal arts, of which he was also appointed the first president. He appears, indeed, to have held a high reputation with his contemporaries for scholarship and various accomplishments, though, according to the chronicle, he was "more addicted to the superficial parts of learning, poetry and oratory, wherein he excelled, than learning and philosophy." One other fact Anthony records concerning him, which we leave to the judgment of our brethren of the philosophical journals. "This is the person who, by experience, falsified the alchymist's report, that a hen, being fed for certain days with gold, beginning when Sol was in Leo, should be converted into gold, and should lay golden eggs; but indeed became very fat." Besides the present work, he wrote *Leoline and Sydanis*, a poetical romance, which Peck commends, and *Cynthiades, Sonnets to his Mistress*. His death happened between 1640 and 50. If the above account be rather meagre, it is at least proportioned to the importance of the subject.

From the dedication to the second book (which is inscribed to John Rous, the Oxford librarian, as the first is to his equally distinguished brother, Patrick Young,) it appears that it was the author's intention, in case this specimen should be approved of by the learned public, to complete the translation, with the addition of short notes to the whole; but this design was frustrated by his death, an event of which he seems to have had some presentiment at the time of publishing this work. In his preface, he assigns a motive for his undertaking, which would in our days appear rather a paradoxical one; that of rescuing Chaucer from the neglect to which his obsolete language had condemned him, by rendering him generally intelligible.

"Video Chaucerum nostrum, hujus insulæ ornamentum et poësis decus egregium, non solum senescentem, et sub obsoleto et jam spreto Anglici vetustis idiomatis vestimento vilescentem, sed (pro dolor) prorsus tabescentem et ferme emortuum. Cujus deploratæ conditioni dum aveo ferre suppetias,—visum est mihi consultissimum,

illum nova lingua donare, et novato rhythmī et carminis genere decorare; eumque perenni Romani eloquii columna fulcire, et per omnia sæcula (quantum in nobis est) stabilem et immotum reddere."

To the same purpose the commendatory poems, fifteen in number. Thus Cartwright:

" 'Tis to your happy cares we owe, that we
Read Chaucer now without a dictionary."

Another, addressing the original, says:

" ——— Thou hast a friend, that while
He studies to translate, his Latin style
Hath English'd thee, and cunningly in one
Fram'd both a comment and translation."

Another advises him to extend the same favour to Spenser. One piece, by "William Barker, M.A., Fellow of New College," is worth quoting for its happiness, and the zeal it shews for the poetical honour of Chaucer.

" I'm glad, the stomach of the time's so good,
That it can relish, can digest strong food;
'That learning's not absurd; and men dare know
How poets spake three hundred years ago.
Like travellers, we had been out so long,
Our native was become an unknown tongue,
And homebred Chaucer unto us was such,
As if he had been written in High Dutch:
Till thou the height didst level, and didst pierce
The depth of his inimitable verse.
Let others praise thy how, I admire thy what:
'Twas noble, the adventure to translate
A book not tractable to ev'ry hand,
And such as few presum'd to understand.
Those upstart verse-wrights, that first steal his wit,
And then pronounce him dull; or those that sit
In judgment of the language they ne'er view'd,
And, because they are lazy, Chaucer's rude;
Blush they at these fair dealings, which have shewn
Thy worth, and yet reserv'd to him his own?"*

* In this piece, the old form *Æneids* occurs in the singular: "a second *Æneids*." *The Æneids* (and, in the same manner, the *Iliads* and

Last, comes a Fellow of All Souls, according to whom

“ ——— Time can silence Chaucer's tongue,
But not his wit, which now among
The Latins hath a louder sound,
And what we lost, the world hath found.”

Of the translation, thus extolled, we proceed to offer a few specimens. If they are not such as altogether to justify these partial eulogies, they are entitled to the praise of very tolerable Latin, perfect clearness of style, and unembarrassed fluency; and they certainly answer the character given of them in one respect; they are more universally intelligible than the original. Considering the difficulties of his task, Sir Francis must be allowed to have acquitted himself with much dexterity; and he deserves praise for the fidelity with which he adheres to his original, in spite of the temptations afforded by so ornamental a language as the Latin.

We now proceed to our extracts from the translation. The exordium is very well rendered in parts.

“ The double sorrow of Troilus to tellen,
That was King Priamus's sonne of Troy,
In loving how his aventurès fellen
From woe to woe, and after out of joy,
My purpose is, ere that I partè fròy [from ye].
Thou, 'Thesiphone, thou help me for t' endite
Theis woful vers, that wepen as I write,

To thee I clepe, thou goddesse of torment,
Thou cruell furie, sorowing ever in paine,
Helpe me that am the sorowful instrument
That helpeth lovers, as I can complaine:
For wellè fit (thè soothè for to saine)
A woful wight to have a drery feare,
And to a sorowfull tale a sorie cheare.

For I, that god of lovè's servants serve,
Ne dare to love for mine unlikelynesse,
Prayen for speed, all should I therefore sterve,
So farre am I fro his helpe in derknesse.
But, nàthelesse, if this may done gladnesse

the *Odusseys*) appear to have been considered as the proper name of the poem. In a copy of verses of King Charles the Second's time, we have, “ Down go the *Iliads*, down goes the *Æneidos*.”

To any lover, and his cause availe,
Have he my thanke, and mine be the travaile."

"Dolorem Troili duplicem narrar.,
Qui Priami regis Trojæ fuit gnatus,
Ut primum illi contigit amare,
Ut miser, felix, et infortunatus
Erat, decessum ante sum conatus.
Tisiphone fer opem recensere
Hos versus, qui, dum scribo, visi flere.

Te invoco, et numen tuum infestum,
Dira crudelis, dolens semper pœnis;
Me juva, qui sum instrumentum mœstum,
Amantes queri docens his Camœnis:
Nam convenit humentibus et genis
Tristem habere tremulum pavorem,
Historiam mœstam vultûs et mœrorem.

Nam ego, qui Cupidinis servorum
Sum servus, et amare nunquam ausus,
Pro bono statu oro tamen eorum;
Tam longe inops tenebris sum clausus.
Nil minus si hoc gaudia aut plausus
Amanti ulli feret, vel solamen,
Illi sint grates, meum sit gravamen."

Troilus's deportment at the festival, where he first met Cresseide, is thus described. She appears amidst the concourse (St. 26.)—

"—— in her blackè wede—
—— she stood full low and still alone,
Behindè other folke in little drede,
And nigh the dorè under shamès dred,
Simple of attire and debonaire of chere,
With full assured looking and manere.

This Troilus as he was wont to guide
His yongè knights, he lad hem up and doune
In thilkè largè temple on every side,
Beholding aie the ladies of the tounè,
Now here, now there, for no devotionne.
Had he to none, to reven (bereave) him his rest,
But gan to praise and lacke whome he lest.

And in his walke full fast he gan to waiten
 If knight or squier of his companie
 Gan for to sike, or let his eyen baiten
 On any woman, that he could espie,
 He wouldè smile, and hold it a follie,
 And say hem thus: O Lord, she sleepeth soft
 For love of thec, when thou turnst full oft.

I have heard tell (pardieu) of your living,
 Ye lovers, and eke your lewd observances,
 And which [what] a labour folke have in winning
 Of lovè, and in keeping such doutaunces,
 And when your pray [prey] is lost, woe and penaunces:
 O, veric foolès, blind and nice be ye,
 There is not one can ware by another be.

* * * *

Within the temple he went him forth playing
 This Troilus, of every wight about,
 Now on this ladie, and now on that looking,
 Whereso she were of towne, or of without:
 And upon case befell, that through a rout
 His eyè pierced, and so deepe it went
 Till on Creseide it smote, and there it stent.

And sodainly for wonder wert astoned,
 And gan her het behold in thriftie wise:
 O very God (thought he) wher hast thou woned
 That art so faire, and goodly to devise?
 Therewith his hartè gan to spread and rise,
 And softè sighed, leste mèn might him heare,
 And caught ayen [again] his firstè playing chere

She was not with the most of her stature,
 But all her lymmès so well answering
 Were unto womanhood, that creature
 Was never lassè maunish in seeming:
 And eke the purè wise of her meaning
 Shewed well, that men might in her gesse
 Honour, estate, and womanly noblesse.

Tho Troilus, right wonder well withall,
 Gan for to like her meaning and her chere,
 Which somdele 'deignous was, for she let fall
 Her tooke a little aside, in such manere
 Ascaunces, what may I not stonden here?

And after that, her looking gan she light,
That never thought him seen so good a sight.

And of her looke in him there gan to quicken
So great desire, and such affection,
That in his hartès bottom gave to sticken
Of her his fire, and deepest impression :
And though he erst had pored up and down,
Then was he glad his hornès in to shrinken,
Unnethes wist he how to looke or winke.

She thus in blacke, liking to Troilus,
Over all thing he stood for to behold ;
But his desire, or wherefore he stood thus,
He neither chere made, ne word thereof told ;
But from aserre, his maner for to hold,
On other thing sometime his looke he cast,
And eft on her, while that the service last."

" ——— - Nigra stola
Vestita, sed præ omnibus venusta :
Nil minus sedit illa semper sola,
Et pone omnes sellula angusta,
Et juxta fores, ut pudore onusta :
Amictûs tenuis, et benignæ mentis,
Aspectûs satis firmi et fidentis.

Hic Troilus pro more (ut solebat)
Juvenciles equites pone se sequentes
Per fani spatia ampla perducebat,
Assidue urbis dominas intuentes,
Nunc huc, nunc illuc sese convertentes ;
Sed hoc non fecit studio amandi,
Probandi gratia est, vel improbandi.

Observans sedulo dum spatiatur
Si armiger ullusve equester edat
Suspiria, vel intentius tueatur
Ullam mulierem, quam is videbat,
Subsannans, tunc ineptias has videbat,
Sic dicens: Ædepol, dormit segura
Amasia tua, dum tua strata dura.

Abunde (herçle) audivi ærumnarum
Amantium, quot angores observando

Amasii habent, quantum et curarum
 Conciliando amorem, et servando
 Quot dubia, et quam mœsti ii sunt quando
 Amissa præda : o [edà] stulti estis
 Qui moniti cavere non potestis.

* * * * *

“ Per templum ibat indies ludendo
 Hic Troilus, et obviam fit cuivis,
 Nunc hanc, nunc illam dominam intuendos,
 Seu esset illa advena, seu civis ;
 Tum casu factum est (sic visum Divis)
 Per cœtum ejus oculus vagabatur
 Crescidam usque, et ibi morabatur.

Et subito stupore mens afflata,
 Intentius illam cœpit contemplari,
 Dicens ; Dii boni ! ubi es morata,
 Quæ tam decora es, et digna amari ?
 Hinc pectus ejus cœpit dilatari,
 Suspirans clam, ut nemo audiebat,
 Et rursus lætam frontem is fingebat.

Non justam illa excessit staturam,
 At omnes artus erant congruentes
 Tam apte sexui, ut creaturam
 Minus virilem nullam intuentes
 Cernerent cuncti gestus et prudentes
 Monstrabant illa esse nihil secus,
 Præter honorem et muliebrem decus.

Exinde Troilus mire incipiebat
 Gestus et vultus ejus approbare,
 Aliquantulum superbos, nam vertebat
 Hirquis transversis, ac si diceret, Fare,
 An non et mihi licitum hic stare ?
 Et postea ora sua serenabat,
 Tam pulchrum se vidisse nil putabat.

Et ex aspectu [ejus] tunc cœpere
 Tam magna desideria oriri,
 Ut cordis imo cœperit hæerere
 Illius specimen, et sculptum iri ;
 Quamvis hoc is noluerit resciri ;
 Tunc lubens cœpit cornua breviare,
 Vix audens tueri aut vix nictare.

Sic atra indutam Troilus amabat,
 Præ cæteris et eam suspiciebat :
 Sed desiderium, quare et sic stabat,
 Nec verbis, nec in vultu is prodebat :
 Sed e longinquo (morem sic tenebat)
 Quandoque ad alia oculos deflexit,
 Et rursus illam protinus aspexit."

The song of Troilus is rendered as follows. (St. 58, "If no love is," &c.)

"Si non sit amor, Dii! quid est quod sentio?
 Et si sit amor, quidnam est vel quale?
 Si bonus sit, malorum unde inventio?
 Si malus sit, portentum non est tale,
 Quum omnis cruciatus et lethale
 Vulnus sit gratum: misera quam conditio!
 Quanto plus bibo, tanto magis sitio.

Si ardeo voluntate non invita,
 Unde hic luctus meus est progressus?
 Si damnum placens, quorsum queror ita?
 Nescio cur sisto, quum non sim defessus;
 O dulces ærumnas quas sum perpessus!
 Quî fit, me angat dolor tam immensus,
 Ni prius datus sit meus assensus?

Quod si assensum do, injuste tum
 Conqueror: huc et illuc sic jactatus,
 Navigio sine gubernaculo sum,
 In mari medio inter duos flatus,
 Quorum oppositus est semper status.
 Hei mihi! quale est hoc quod nunc adior?
 Nam æstuans algeo, algeus æstu morior."

One more stanza from the first book: the original is a little in the manner of classical poetry. (St. 135, "She of whom rest all thy woe," &c.)

Quæ jam causa est doloris,
 Posthac solamen fiet tui amoris.

En ipsa tellus quæ fert mala lólia,
 Herbas salubres sæpe etiam tollit;
 Juxta urticæ aspera et dura folia
 Germinat rosa redolens et mollis:
 Proximus valli stat et altus collis,
 Obscuram noctem sequitur læta dies,
 " Laborum etiam finis grata quies."

The second book, after the usual prelude, commences as follows. (St. 8, " In May that mother is of monethes glad," &c.)

" In Mæio mensium læto genitore,
 " Cum flosculi cyanei, albicantes,
 ' Redivivi sunt, quos Hyems fecit iners,
 Et balsamo sunt campi redundantes,
 Cum Phœbus radios projicit micantes
 E niveo Tauro, vibrans jubar clarum,
 Factum est Maii tertio Nonarum,

Quod Pandarus, qui fatus tam scidenter,
 Amoris sensit asperos jaculatus,
 Et quamvis is disseruit tam prudenter,
 Amando tamen color est mutatus;
 Et isto die sensit cruciatus
 Tales, ut lecto suo decumbebat,
 Quo ante lucem sæpius se vertebat."

He is awakened by the nightingale.

" Et surgens properat indui vestimentis,
 Negotii memor quod tunc faciendum
 Pro Troilo, facinoris et ingentis:
 Amica est luna ad iter capessendum;
 Ergo hoc tempus non prætermittendum;
 Nam neptis ejus atria petit citius:
 Introitus deus Janus sit propitius.

Ad neptis suæ palatia cum venisset,
 Ubi est Domina mea, is dicebat?

Monstrabant famuli; quam cum reperisset,
 Illa cum tribus aliis sedebat
 In atrio quodam, ubi audiebat
 Virgunculam Thebarum perlegentem
 Historiam, et legendo iis placentem.

Cui Pandarus ait, Jubeo te salvere,
 Mea Domina, et cœtum hunc urbanum.
 [Vale] patre [refert] gratus ades vere
 Et surgens suam illi dedit manum,
 Dicens, Per tres has noctes (non est vanum)
 Somnavi de te ; Dii non vertant damno :
 Et juxta se locavit illum scamno.

Immo [ait is] propitiis Diis, mea neptis," &c.

We give part of the ensuing conversation, the first link of the chain of contrivances by which the kind-hearted Pandarus brings about the union of his friend and his niece. Cresseida speaks. (St. 36, "But for the love of God I you besech," &c.)

" Sed oro te amorem per Deorum,
 Is tu cum sis quo soleo sperare,
 Mitte ambages longas has verborum,
 Et mihi nepti quicquid lubet fare.
 Hoc dicto, illi basium cœpit dare,
 Dicens, Libenter, mea chara neptis :
 Tu meis quæso annue jam cœptis.

Vultu demisso Cresseida tum tacet,
 Et Pandarus tussiens parum, enarrare
 Cœpit ; et dixit, Quamvis, neptis, placet
 Multis sermones arte exornare,*
 Et sic benevolentiam captare ;
 Quum verbis multam operam impendunt,
 Ad certam metam cuncta tamen tendunt.

Et cum sermonis omnis vis sit scopus,
 Et res, quam suadeo, adeo sit directa,
 Processum longum facere non est opus
 Tibi, quæ mihi adeo es dilecta.
 His dictis (oratione imperfecta)
 Cœpit tueri illam recta facie,
 Et dixit : Speculo tali multum gratiæ.

Tum secum : Sic sermonem si extensum
 Aut, longum fecerim, illam sic morari,

* "I am no orator, as Brutus is."

Ejusdem parvum illa habebit sensum,
 Et eam vellem jam hallucinari;
 Ingenia namque tenera suspicari
 Solent, cum non intelligant rem clare;
 Me captui ergo volo accommodare.

Et sedulo inspexit ejus vultum,
 Quod illa advertens, statim dixit isti,
 Dii! quare intueris me tam multum?
 Anne antehac tu nunquam me vidisti?
 Immo (ait ille) sæpe meministi;
 Sed jam ariolabar tua fata,
 Et nunc sciemus an sis fortunata.

Beneficium unicuique est porrectum
 Statutis horis, id si vult accipere;
 At si is volens spernet ut neglectum
 Cum venerit, aut voluerit abjicere,
 Sors non dicatur hominem decipere,
 Sed propria sua acedia * et segnitia;
 Et talis incusandus de pigritia.

Sors læta manet te, o neptis chara,
 Si tibi placens fuerit et grata;
 Et sedes cito capere illam para,
 Ne forte fugiat te, aut sit ablata.
 Quid amplius tibi dicam pro re nata?
 Des mihi manum: non est orbe toto
 Tam felix ac tu, meo saltem voto.

Et cum jam loquar animo sincero,
 Ista quæ tibi antehac sum fatus;
 Et te amore prosequar tam vero,
 Ac ullus qui in toto orbe natus;
 Per omnia illa, quæ sum attestatus,
 Si irata sis, aut falsum me dicturum
 Credas, me nunquam temet revisurum.

Ne timeas, nec tremas præ pavore,
 Neu palleat facies, color nec mutetur;

* Ἀκηδία.

Nam crede, nihil mali in me fore ;
 Et quamvis tibi novum hoc videtur,*
 Nil in me nisi verum reperietur.
 Et si, quod dicam, esset indecorum,
 Tu non a me andires quidquam horum.

'Nunc, patruæ (inquit illa) sodes oro
 Sis brevis, et quid hoc sit dic repente :
 Nam quid tu dices, timeo et ignoro,
 Ac etiam aveo scire tota mente.
 Nam bono sive malo existente
 Ede ; nec sinas me hoc metu stare.
 Sic faciam, (inquit is) vis auscultare ?

Mea neptis, regis filius dilectus,
 Qui se tam bene et digne semper gerit,
 Et omnibus est numeris perfectus,
 Ternobilis Troilus sic te deperit,
 Ut (ni tu misereris) amor erit
 Ejus exitium ; amplius quid dicatur ?
 Fac nunc quod vis, vivat, an moriatur ?"

The appearance of Troilus, on his triumphal return from battle through the city, is thus given.

“ Hic Troilus equo fulvo insidebat,
 Excepto capite, panoplia armatus ;
 Et saucius erat equus, et mittebat
 Sanguinem lento gradu incitatus :
 Tam nobile spectaculum nemo ratus
 Vidisse se ; præstantior non ingentis
 Gradivi facies, Dei armipotentis :
 •
 Tam similis erat viro bellicoso,
 Et militi pleno magnanimitatis. •
 Nam is non solum corde animoso
 Erat, sed corpore etiam strenuo satis,
 Cum membris omni ex parte valde ornatis ;
 Tam juvenilis, vividus, est visus,
 Videre illum erat Paradisus.

Ut galea vicies fissa est, monstratum
 Per vittam, quæ a tergo ei pendeat ; •

* And though my tale as-now be to you new— • •

Machæris, hastis, scutum penetratum,
 In quo vis sagittarum inhærebat,
 Quam nec cornu nec nervus perferebat.*
 Clamabat plebs, En nostrum gaudium pulchrum,
 Post fratrem ejus, Trojæ etiam fulcrum."

We shall conclude with an extract considerably longer than any of the preceding; it is the soliloquy of Creseide in her chamber, after returning from the spectacle. (St. 99, "let us tourne fast unto Creseide," &c.

- jam aliquid dicatur
 De Creseida, quæ capite resedit
 Submisso, ubi sola meditatur
 Quæ tandem resolutio induatur,
 Si patruus suas nollet jam cessare
 Pro Troilo ad illam perorare.

Et papæ, ut cœpit sic argumentari
 De hac materia sola, cum sedebat;
 Quid fieri oportet, et quid cogitari,
 Hæc multifariam secum differebat;
 Nunc cor incaluit, et nunc cor algebat:
 Et jam oportet scribere quæ putabat,†
 Meus sicut auctor prius dictitabat.

Putabat firmum Troili quod vultum
 Aspectu nosset, et humanitatem:
 Et sic dicebat: Quamvis non est multum
 Amare illum, propter dignitatem
 Tamen præclarum est, hilaritatem
 Caste, et cum tali Domino rem habere:
 Sic illi possim, mihi et, placere.

Etiam scio illum regis mei natum,
 Et cum tueri me sic delectetur,
 Si ejus vultum fugerem ut ingratum,
 Is forsitan mihi valde irascetur;
 Quo res pejori statu collocetur.
 Imprudens forem odium comparare,
 Fervente ubi in gratia possum stare.

—————Many an arrow—————
 That thirled had hornè, nerfc, and rinde.
 Fo: cogitabat.

In omnibus est modus et mensura.
Nam quamvis aliquis ebrium vetet esse
Virum, ut omnis tamen creatura
Omnino potu careat, non necesse.
Nam cum dolorem ille mentis fessæ
Ferat pro me, non debeo illum spernere,
Cum bene cupiat, quantum possum cernere.

Comperti etiam mihi sunt jampridem
Illius mores : nec superbus vere,
Nec ostentator audit, habeo fidem ;
Plus sapit, tale vitium quam fovere :
Ultero ego nolo illum sic mulcere
Ut justam ansam dem ei ostentandi ;
Me nunquam vinciet tali vinclo amandi.

Nunc posito hoc, sit difficultatis,
Quod is me amat homines opinentur.
Quid hoc ad me foret indignitatis ?
An eum impediam ? certe non decenter.
Ac etiam mulieres oppidum per hoc totum,
Nec eæ pejores ;* omnibus est notum.

Opinor etiam quod sit dignus frui
Totius urbis domina venustissima,
(Honoris nempe, habita cura sui)
Nam certe ejus virtus est dignissima,
Hectoris nisi, quæ est præstantissima ;
Et tamen juris mei est ejus vita,
En, amor et sors mea voluit ita.

Quod is me amat nemo demiretur,
Nam ipsamet scio (Jove sed propitio
Hoc per me nemini unquam reveletur)
Quod sum pulcherrima omnium judicio :
Nam forma mea omni parcat vitio,
Trojugenæ sic omnes volunt dicere ;
Quid mirum tunc si gaudeat me aspicere ?

Sum mulier etiam proprii mei juris
(Diis gratias) secundum meum morem,

* An Anglicism ; " nor are they the worse for it" • •

Et juvenilis, libera à vinclis duris,
 Non habeo zelotypiam, nec dolorem,
 Nolo maritum me superiorem.
 Nam aut zelotypi sunt, et dominantes ;
 Aliarum aut mulierum amantes.

Quid faciam? quorsum vivo sic formosa?
 Nonne amem si sic mihi visum fuerit?
 Quid? ædepol non sum religiosa [a nun]:
 Quanquam cor meum figere libuerit
 Super hoc milite qui sic placuerit,
 Dum honor meus famaue servetur,
 Hoc mihi jure vitio non vertetur.

Sed velut Martio, cum sol splendeat clare,
 Mutatur sæpe facies formosa,
 Cum venti nubem cœperint fugare,
 Quæ solem velat umbra tenebrosa ;
 Sic mentem cogitatio nebulosa
 Transit, quæ omnes alias obtegebât ;
 Et præ timore tantum non cadebat.

Hæc erat: Hei! cum meæ potestatis
 Jam sim, cur amem sic periclitari
 Securitatem meæ libertatis?
 Heu! cur tam fatuum ausa meditari?
 Annon, in aliis possum contemplari
 Illorum gaudium pavidum, graves curas?
 Non amat, qui non sentit, vices duras.

/ morem nam plenissimum nimborum,
 Molestum vitæ genus scio fore.
 Nam semper aliquid est dissidiorum,
 Et nubes aliquæ super solis ore.
 Præterea nos misellæ in dolore
 Nequimus aliud agere quam plorare ;
 Miseria est nostra planctus et potare.*

Tam præsto sunt et pravæ linguæ fari
 Calumnias; viri et sunt fallaces ita;

* ——— We wretched women nothing conne (can),
 Whan us is too, but wepe and sit and thinke ;
 Our wretche (wretchedness) is this, our ownè wo to drinke.

Et prout forma cœperit mutari,
Sic amor; nova amica est quæsitâ;
Quæcunque injuria facta, non oblita.
Nam quamvis hi se lacerant ob amorem,
In fine minus sentiunt dolorem.

Quam frequens est et legere et videre
De in nos fœminas prodicione?
Quamobrem talis amor sit, tenere
Nequeo; nec ubi sit amissione;*
Nam nemo capit, mea opinione,
Quid fit de eo; en prorsus ignoratur;
Quod fuit nil in nihilum mutatur.

Quam sedulam et me oportet esse
Placere de amore garrientibus!
Et adulari illis est necesse,
Quamvis sit nulla causa obloquentibus;
Mulcendi tamen verbis, sunt placentibus.
Sed quis rumores reprimat linguarum,
Aut sonitum pulsarum campanarum?

Et postea cœpit mentem serenare,
Et sic dicebat: Is qui nil conatur,
Nil perficit aut peragit præclare.—
Cor tremit, et dum aliud meditatur,
Nunc dormit spes, nunc metus suscitatur;
Nunc calet, friget nunc: sed inter moras
Surrexit, et ad lusus exit forâs.*

ART. VII.—*The Character of a London Diurnall, with severall select Poems, by the same Author. Printed in the yeere 1647. 4to.; pp. 50.*

Poems, by J. C., with Additions, never before printed. Printed in the year 1657. Small octavo; pp. 107.

* To what fine (end) is such love I cannot seem,
(Or what becommeth it, whan it is go (gone).)

Poems, by John Cleaveland. With Additions, never before printed. Printed by W. Shears, 1659. Small octavo; pp. 244.

J. Cleaveland Revived: Poems, Orations, Epistles, and other of his genuine incomparable Pieces, never before publisht. With some other exquisite Remains of the most eminent Wits of both the Universities that were his Contemporaries. London: printed for Nathaniel Brooks, at the Angel, in Corn-hill, 1659. Small octavo; pp. 127.

Poems, by John Cleaveland. With Additions, never before printed. London: printed for John Williams, 1661. pp. 236; small octavo.

Poems, by John Cleaveland. London: printed by W. Shears, 1662. Small octavo; pp. 238.

J. Cleaveland Revivèd: Poems, Orations, Epistles, and other of his genuine incomparable Pieces, &c. This fourth edition, besides many other never before publisht additions, is enriched with the Author's Midsummer Moon, or Lunacy Rampant, &c., now at last publisht from his original Copies, by some of his intrusted Friends. London: printed for Nathaniel Brooks, at the Angell, in Gresham College, 1668. Small octavo; pp. 182.

Poems, by John Cleaveland; with Additions, never before printed. London: printed by J. R. for John Williams, 1666. pp. 230; small octavo.

Clevelandi Vindicia; or Cleveland's Genuine Poems, Orations, Epistles, &c., purged from the many false and spurious ones which had usurped his name, and from innumerable Errours and Corruptions in the true Copies. To which are added many Additions never printed before. With an account of the Author's Life; Published according to the Author's own Copies. London: printed for Obadiah Blagrave, at the sign of the Bear, in St. Paul Church Yard, near the little north door, 1677. Octavo; pp. 239.

The Works of Mr. John Cleveland; containing his Poems, Orations, Epistles, collected into one volume, with the Life of the Author. London: printed by R. Holt, for Obadiah Blagrave, 1687. Octavo; pp. 546.

While the first edition and sheets of *Paradise Lost* were slowly struggling through the mists of bigotry and party prejudice into public reputation, the Poems of Cleveland were poured forth in innumerable impressions. The reverse is now the singular contrast; and Cleveland has had the fate of

those poets, described' in Johnson's life of Cowley, who, "paying their court to temporary prejudices, have been at one time too much praised, and at another too much neglected." Cleveland was a *Court* poet; and Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips, appears to have been fully aware of the import of this branch of poetical business, in the following character of Cleveland, in his *Theatrum Poetarum, or Compleat Collection of the Poets*, (1675, 12mo.)—"John Cleveland, a notable high-soaring witty loyalist of Cambridge, whose verses, in the time of the Civil War, began to be in great request, both for their wit, and zeal to the king's cause, for which, indeed, he appeared the first, if not only, eminent champion in verse against the Presbyterian party; but most especially against the Kirk and Scotch Covenant, which he prosecuted with such a satirical fury, that the whole nation fares the worse for it, lying under a most grievous poetical censure. In fine, so great a man has Cleveland' been in the estimation of the generality, in regard his conceits were out of the common road, and wittily far-fetched, that grave men, in outward appearance, have not spared, in my hearing, to affirm him the BEST OF ENGLISH POETS; and let them think so still, who ever pleases, provided it be made no article of faith."

The County Antiquarians and Historians, for once, have agreed on a birth-place. John Cleveland was the son of the Reverend Thomas Cleveland, M.A., vicar of Hinckley, and rector of Stoke, in the county of Leicester. Our poet, his eldest son, was born in 1613, at Loughborough, where his father was then assistant to the rector. The genealogists will find ample information concerning the paternal pedigree, in Nash's *History of Worcestershire*, and in Nichols's *History of Hinckley*: and to the latter work (whose ingenious author was a descendant of the family,) we are indebted for some curious particulars of our biographical account. The family was originally' from the North Riding of Yorkshire, and derived their name from a large tract of country still called *Cleveland*.

Cleveland was educated at Hinckley, under the reverend Richard Vynes, subsequently so distinguished among the Presbyterian party: David Lloyd, in his *Memoirs of Persons who suffered for Charles I.*, says that Cleveland owed "the heaving of his natural fancy, by choicest elegancies in Greek and Latin, more elegantly Englished, (an exercise he improved much by,) to Mr. Vines, there schoolmaster." In his fifteenth year our poet was removed to Cambridge, and admitted of Christ's College, 4th September, 1627, and took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1631. He was afterwards elected Fellow of St. John's College in the same university, to which

he had migrated; and there took his degree of Master of Arts, in 1635. He resided at Cambridge many years, and was the tutor of several pupils of distinguished literary and ecclesiastical rank: Dr. John Lake, bishop of Man, Bristol, and Chichester, and Dr. Drake, vicar of Pontefract, whose initials, J. L. and S. D., are prefixed to the *Clevelandi Vindicie*, 1677, were his pupils; and the editors of that edition of his poems which they dedicated to Dr. Turner, bishop of Rochester and Ely, also one of Cleveland's pupils. He did not take holy orders, but was admitted on the law line, (2nd November, 1640, Register of St. John's,) and afterwards on that of physic (31st January, 1642, *ibid.*). He did not, however, practise either of these professions; but, remaining at College, became Rhetoric Reader, and composed the speeches of the society, and the epistles to eminent persons, many of which are inserted in his works, and particularly reputed for the purity and terseness of the Latin style. Bishop Lake says, "he lived about nine years, the delight and ornament of that society. To the service he did it, the library oweth much of its learning, the chapel much of its pious decency, and the college much of its renown." Cleveland, personally and strenuously, exerted himself to prevent the re-election of Cromwell for Cambridge, in 1641 (after the first election of Cromwell for that town, by a well-known stratagem, in 1640). When the election was over, and the Puritans had succeeded in returning the future Protector, Cleveland's discernment, it is said, predicted the future consequences: Dr. Lake, his biographer, writes, that "no man had more sagacious prognosticks;" and, as an illustration, asserts, that the poet, on the termination of the election, exclaimed, with much passionate zeal,—"that single vote had ruined both church and state." It is observable, however, that this prediction, like many other prophecies, was not published till *after* the event.

On the breaking out of the Civil Wars, Cleveland was the first, and, indeed, the only poetical champion of the royal cause. On the first successes of the parliament party in the eastern counties, Cleveland joined the royal army, and the king's head-quarters at Oxford. He was here, of course, much admired and courted for his satirical poems on the Puritanical party. The earliest and the most popular of these satires was that on the Scottish Covenanters, intitled *The Rebel Scot*. In Fuller's original portrait of the poet, taken at Oxford, he is drawn holding a paper, inscribed, *The Rebel Scot*; an engraving of which is prefixed to the seventh volume of Nichols's *Select Colletion of Miscellaneous Poems*, 1781, 12mo. We shall extract this poem, the title of which, to prevent the present uncourteous application, we must palliate to our Scot-

tish readers. It was intended for a *party* rather than a *national* satire, as evidently appears by Cleveland's excepting the *loyal* Scots. The poem was originally published in the anonymous quarto edition of 1647. The historical events which occasioned its composition, and the individual characters alluded to, are too well known to need any detailed narration.

The Rebel Scot.

“How! Providence! and yet a Scottish crew?
 Then Madam Nature wears black patches too.
 What! shall our nation be in bondage thus
 Unto a land that truckles under us?
 Ring the bells backward: I am all on fire;
 Not all the buckets in a country quire
 Shall quench my rage. A poet should be fear'd,
 When angry, like a comet's flaming beard.
 And where's the stoic can his wrath appease
 To see his country sick of Pim's disease,
 By Scotch invasion to be made a prey
 To such pig-wiggin myrmydons as they?
 But that there's charm in verse, I would not quote
 The name of Scot without an antidote,
 Unless my head were red, that I might brew
 Invention there, that might be poison too.
 Were I a drowsy judge, whose dismal note
 Disgorgeth halts as a juggler's throat
 Doth ribbons: could I (in Sir Emp'rick's tone)
 Speak pills in phrase, and quack destruction,
 Or roar like Marshall, that Geneva bull,
 Hell and damnation a pulpit full:
 Yet to express a Scot to play that prize,
 Not all those mouth granadoes can suffice:
 Before a Scot can properly be curst,
 I must (like Hocus) swallow daggers first.

Come, keen iambicks, with your badger's feet,
 And, badger-like, bite till your teeth do meet;
 Help, ye tart satirists, to imp my rage,
 With all the scorpions that should whip this age.
 Scots are like witches; do but whet your pen;
 Scratch till the blood come; they'll not hurt you then.
 Now as the martyrs were inforc'd to take
 The shapes of beasts, like hypocrites at stake,
 I'll bait my Scot so, yet not cheat your eyes:
 A Scot within a beast is no disguise.

No more let Ireland brag her harmless nation
 Fosters no venom, since the Scot's plantation :
 Nor can ours feign'd antiquity maintain ;
 Since they came in, England hath wolves again.
 The Scot that kept the Tower might have shewn
 (Within the grate of his own breast alone)
 The leopard and the panther, and ingrost
 What all those wild collegiates had cost
 The honest high-shoes, in their termly feet,
 First to the salvage lawyer ; next to these
 Nature herself doth Scotchmen beasts confess,
 Making their country such a wilderness ;
 A lafid that brings in question and suspense
 God's omnipresence, but that Charles came thence ;
 But that Montrose, and Crawford's loyal band,
 Aton'd their sins, and christ'ned half the land.
 Nor is it all the nation hath these spots ;
 There is a Church, as well as Kirk of Scots.
 As in a picture where the squinting paint
 Shews fiends on this side, and on that side saint,
 He that saw hell, in 's melancholy dream,
 And in the twilight of his fancy's theme,
 Scar'd from his sins, repented in a fright,
 Had he view'd Scotland, had turn'd proselyte ;
 A land where one may pray with curst intent,
 Oh, may they never suffer banishment !
 Had Cain been Scot, God would have chang'd his doom ;
 Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home.
 Like Jews they spread, and as infection fly,
 As if the Devil had ubiquity.
 Hence 'tis they live at Rover's, and defy
 This or that place ; rags of geography.
 They're citizens o' th' world ; they're all in all ;
 Scotland 's a nation epidemical.
 And yet they ramble, not to learn the mode
 How to be drest, or how to lisp abroad :
 To return knowing in the Spanish shrug,
 Or which of the Dutch States a double jug
 Resembles most, in belly or in beard :
 (The card by which the mariners are steer'd).
 No, the Scots-errant fight, and fight to eat ;
 Their ostrich stomachs make their swords their meat.
 Nature with Scots as tooth-drawers hath dealt,
 Who use to hang their teeth upon their belt.

Yet wonder not at this their happy choice ;
The serpent's fatal still to Paradise.
Sure England hath the hemorrhoids, and these
On the north posture of the patient seize
Like leeches : thus they physically thirst
After our blood, but in the cure shall burst.
Let them not think to make us run o' th' score,
To purchase villainage, as once before,
When an act pass'd to stroke them on the head,
Call them good subjects, buy them gingerbread.
Nor gold, nor acts of grace ; 'tis steel must tame
The stubborn Scot. A prince that would reclaim
Rebels by yielding, doth like him, or worse,
Who saddl'd his own back to shame his horse.
Was it for this you left your leaner soil,
Thus to lard Israel with Egypt's spoil ?
They are the Gospel's life-guards : but for them,
The garrison of new Jerusalem !
What would the brethren do ? The cause ! the cause !
Sack possets, and the fundamental laws !
Lord ! what a goodly thing is want of shirts !
How a Scotch stomach, and no meat, converts !
They wanted food and raiment ; so they took
Religion for their seamstress, and their cook.
Unmask them well ; their honours and estate,
As well as conscience, are sophisticate.
Shrive but their titles, and their money poise,
A laird and twenty pounds, pronounc'd with noise,
When constru'd, but for a plain yeoman go,
And a good sober two-pence, and well so.
Hence, then, you proud impostors, get you gone ;
You Picts in gentry and devotion ;
You scandal to a stock of verse ; a race
Able to bring the gibbet in disgrace.
Hyperbolus, by suffering, did traduce
The Ostracism, and sham'd it out of use.
The Indian, that heaven did forswear,
Because he heard the Spaniards were there,
Had he but known what Scots in hell had been,
He would, Erasmus-like, have hung between :
My Muse hath done. A voider for the nonce ;
I wrong the devil should I pick their bones.
That dish is his ; for when the Scots decease,
Hell, like their nation, feeds on barnacles,

A Scot, when from the gallows-tree got loose,
Drops into Styx, and turns a Scotland goose.*

This satire on the Scottish Covenanters was succeeded by a second denunciation, entitled, *The Scots' Apostacy*. In Winstanley's words, "he prosecuted this subject with such satirical fury, that the whole nation fares the worse for it, lying under a most grievous poetical censure." The bulls of the popes, and the fulminations of John Knox, by their respective adherents, were considered fatal; but they did not terminate the human race, nor bury truth so deep that she could not be disinterred.

Our poet was no less vigorous as a panegyrist, as may be seen in his *Rupertismus*, his *Elegy on my Lord of Canterbury*, and divers other panegyrics in the collection. Many of the most contemptible political characters of the times are artificially ornamented with the Roman cement of this laureat and daubing art.

We will, however, in the following extract, prove the *poetical* character of Cleveland; and it is deeply to be regretted, that a *political* bias should have abstracted him from the pure worship of the Muses.

Upon Phillis, walking in a morning before sun-rising.

"The sluggish morn, as yet undress'd,
My Phillis brake from out her rest,
As if she'd made a match to run
With Venus, usher to the sun.
The trees (like yeomen of her guard,
Serving more for pomp than ward,
Rank'd on each side with loyal duty,
Wave branches to enclose her beauty.
The plants; whose luxury was lopp'd,
Or age with crutches underpropp'd,
Whose wooden carcasses are grown
To be but coffins of their own,
Revive, and, at her general dole,
Each receives his ancient soul.

* In the editions of Cleveland, 1668 and 1677, there is a Latin version of *The Rebel Scot*, entitled *Rebellis Scotus*. Wood mentions, in *The Athenæ Oxonienses*, article, "Gawen," that a translation was made by Gawen; and we think that the version in those editions is the one alluded to, and was written by Gawen, not by Cleveland.

The winged chorist'ers began
To chirp their matins; and the fan
Of whistling winds, like organs, play'd
Unto their voluntaries, made
The waken'd earth in odours rise
To be her morning sacrifice.
The flowers, call'd out of their beds,
Start and raise up their drowy heads;
And he that for their colour seeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where roses mix no civil war
Between her York and Lancaster.
The marigold, whose courtier's face
Echoes the sun, and doth unlace
Her at his rise, at his full stop
Packs and shuts up her gaudy shop,
Mistakes her cue, and doth display;
Thus Phillis antedates the day.

These miracles had cramp'd the sun,
Who, thinking that his kingdom's won,
Powders with light his frizzled locks,
To see what saints his lustre mocks.
The trembling leaves through which he play'd,
Dappling the walk with light and shade,
(Like lattice-windows) give the spy
Room but to peep with half an eye,
Lest her full orb his sight should dim,
And bid us all good night in him;
Till she would spend a gentle ray,
To force us a new-fashion'd day.

But what new-fashion'd palsy 's this,
Which makes the boughs divest their bliss?
And, that they might her footsteps straw,
Drop their leaves with shivering awe;
Phillis perceives, and, (lest her stay
Should wed October into May,
And as her beauty caus'd a Spring,
Devotion might an Autumn bring,
Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
But left the sun her curate light."

The encouragement of a coarse vein of satire, imitative of the rich ore of Butler's wit, was too often the fault of Cleveland. In the critical language of the day, these far-fetched

attempts were not inaptly termed "conceits:" the poets of the period were estimated in proportion to the extravagance with which they indulged in absurd antithesis and pyramidal imagery. Thus, says a learned contemporary doctor, "Cleveland was a general artist, an eminent poet. His epithets were pregnant with metaphors, carrying in them a difficult plainness, difficult at the hearing, plain at the considering thereof. His lofty fancy may seem to slide from the top of one mountain to the top of another, so making to itself a constant level and champion of continued elevations." Such was the excellence which the poets then cultivated and the critics admired. Every endeavour was made, by the poets of this class, to vitiate and vulgarize their genius. Most of them, therefore, were "eminently successful" in effectually destroying their talents and their lasting fame. Cleveland, however, did not so effectually accomplish this suicide. The following poem, "Mark Anthony," and the vulgar parody by himself, called "The Author's Mock-Song to Mark Anthony," is a striking specimen of this wanton spirit of self-destruction. What would have been thought of a parody on Lycidas by John Milton?

Mark Anthony.

“When as the nightingale chanted her vespers,
 And the wild forester couch'd on the ground,
 Venus invited me, in the evening whispers,
 Unto a fragrant field with roses crown'd :
 Where she before had sent
 My wishes complement,
 Unto my heart's content,
 Play'd with me on the green.
 Never Mark Anthony
 Dallied more wantonly
 With the fair Egyptian queen.

First, on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feasted,
 Thence fear of suffocating made me retire :
 Next on her warmer lips, which, when I tasted,
 My duller spirits made active as fire :
 Then we began to dart
 Each at another's heart,
 Arrows that knew no smart,
 Sweet lips and smiles between.
 Never Mark, &c.

Waiting a glass to plait her amber tresses,
 • Which, like a bracelet rich, decked my arm,

Gaudier than Juno wears, when as she graces
Jove with embraces more stately than warm ;
Then did she peep in mine
Eyes humour chrystalline ;
I in her eyes was seen,
As if we one had been.
Never Mark, &c.

Mystical grammar of amorous glances,
Feeling of pulses, the physic of love ;
Rhetorical courtings and musical dances,
Numb'ring of kisses arithmetic prove.
Eyes like astronomy,
Straight-limb'd geometry,
In her heart's geometry
Our wits are sharp and keen.
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Egyptian queen."

The Author's Mock-song to Mark Anthony.

"When as the night-raven sung Pluto's matins,
And Cerberus cried three amens at an howl ;
When night-wand'ring witches put on their pattens,
Midnight as dark as their faces are foul :
Then did the furies doom
That the night-mare was come ;
Such a mis-shapen groom
Puts down Su. Pomfret clean.
Never did Incubus
Touch such a filthy sus,
As this foul gipsy quean.

First on her gooseberry cheeks I mine eyes blasted,
Thence fear of vomiting made me retire
Unto her bluer lips, which when I tasted,
My spirits were duller than dun in the mire.
But then her breath took place,
Which went an usher's pace,
And made way for her face ;
You may guess what I mean.
Never did Incubus
Touch such a filthy sus,
As this foul gipsy quean.

Like snakes ingend'ring were platted her tresses,
 Or like slimy streaks of ropy ale,
 Uglier than envy wears, when she confesses
 Her head is periwigg'd with adders' tail.

But as soon as she spake,
 I heard a harsh mandrake;
 Laugh not at my mistake,
 Her head is epicene.
 Never did, &c.

Mystical magic of conjuring wrinkles,
 Feeling of pulses, the palmestry of hags,
 Scolding out belches for rhetoric, twinkles
 With three teeth in her head, like to three gags.
 Rainbows about her eyes,
 And her nose weatherwise;
 From them th' almanack lies
 Frost, pond, and rivers clean.
 Never did, &c."

The most polished and poetic compositions in the collection of Cleveland's poems, are those entitled, "The Senses' Festival" and "Fuscara, or the Bee Errant." We have only space to insert the latter. It would alone stamp the character of the author.

Fuscara, or the Bee Errant.

"Nature's confectioner, the bee,
 Whose suckets are moist alchymy,
 The still of his refining mould,
 Minting the garden into gold;
 Having rifled all the fields
 Of what dainties Flora yields,
 Ambitious now to take excise
 Of a more fragrant paradise,
 At my Fuscara's sleeve arriv'd,
 Where all delicious sweets are hiv'd.
 The airy freebooter distrains
 First on the violet of her veins,
 Whose tincture, could it be more pure
 His ravenous kiss had made it bluer:
 Here did he sit and essence quaff,
 Till her coy pulse had beat him off;

That pulse, which he that feels may know
Whether the world's long-liv'd or no.
The next he preys on is her palm,
That alm'ner of transpiring balm ;
So soft, 'tis air but once remov'd,
Tender as 'twere a jelly glov'd.
Here, while his canting drone-pipe scann'd
The mystic figures of her hand,
He tipples palmestry, and dives
On all her fortunes-telling lives :
He bathes in bliss, and finds no odds
Betwixt her nectar and the gods'.
He perches now upon her wrist,
A proper hawk for such a fist,
Making that flesh his bill of fare,
Which hungry cannibals would spare :
Where lilies, in a lovely brown,
Inoculate carnation.
Her Argent skin with Or so stream'd,
As if the milky way were cream'd ;
From hence he to the woodbine bends,
'That quivers at her fingers' ends,
'That runs divisions on the three,
Like a thick branching pedigree.
So, 'tis not her the bee devours,
It is a pretty maze of flowers ;
It is the rose that bleeds, when he
Nibbles his nice phlebotomy.
About her finger he doth cling,
I' th' fashion of a wedding ring,
And bids his comrades of the swarm
Crawl on a bracelet 'bout her arm.
'Thus, when the hovering publican
Had suck'd the toll of all her span,
Turning his draughts with drowsy hums,
As Danes carouse by kettle drums,
It was decreed, that posy glean'd,
The small familiar should be wean'd :
At this the errant's courage quails ;
Yet, aided by his native sails,
'The bold Columbus still designs
To find her undiscover'd mines :
To th' Indies of her arm he flies,
Fraught both with east and western prize ;

Which, when he had in vain essay'd,
 Arm'd like a dapper lance-presade,
 With Spanish pike he broach'd a pore,
 And so both made and heal'd the sore:
 For as in gummy trees there's found
 A salve to issue at the wound,
 Of this her breach the like was true,
 Hence trickled out a balsam too.
 But, oh! what wasp was't that could prove
 Ratilias to my Queen of Love?
 The King of Bees now jealous grown,
 Lest her beams should melt his throne;
 And finding that his tribute slacks,
 His burgesses and state of wax
 Turn'd to an hospital, the combs
 Build rank and file like beadsmen's rooms;
 And what they bleed, but tart and sour,
 Match'd with my Danae's golden show'r,
 Life-honey all, the envious elf
 Stung her, 'cause sweeter than himself.
 Sweetness and she are so allied,
 The bee committed parricide."

We must now reluctantly return to the satiric poetry, which constitutes much the largest portion of the works.

The elastic consciences of the Fanatics; the she-evangelists or Perelope ladies, who wrought Bible stories in needle-work; the true nature of a Puritan's "platonick love;" the white and swivel eyes, necks awry, hollow cheeks, and "backs with hills on which you might place a windmill" of the Gospellers, are the copious sources of the lively satire of the poet. Cromwell, of course, does not escape. The following is "the Definition of a Protector."—

"What's a *Protector*? He's a stately thing.
 That apes it in the non-age of a king.
 A tragic actor, Cæsar in a clown;
 He's a brass farthing stamped with a crown.
 A bladder blown with others' breath puffed full,
 Not the *Perillus*, but *Perillus'* bull.
 Æsop's proud ass veil'd in the lion's skin.
 An outward saint lin'd with a devil within.
 An echo whence the royal sound doth come,
 But just as a barrel-head, sounds like adrum.

Fantastic image of the Royal head,
 The brewer's, with the king's arms, quartered :
 He is a counterfeit'd piece, that shows
 Charles his effigies with a copper nose.
 In fine, he's one we must Protector call,
 From whom the King of Kings protect us all !"

PROTECTOR } O, Portet C. R !
 Anagram. }

The "models of new religion," the assembly, the committees, and the eccentric parliaments of the commonwealth, liberally shared his notice. "Smectinnus, or the Club Divines," "in their wire drawn or spun-out name," are visited with humorous severity. He finishes them to his own satisfaction by writing—

"I could by letters now untwist the rabble,
 Whip *Smec* from constable to constable,
 But there I leave you to another dressing,
 Only kneel down and take your father's blessing ;
 May the queen-mother justify your fears,
 And stretch her patent to your leather ears."—

The motley composition of the mixed assembly of divines and militant laymen, "like Jews and Christians in a ship together," is well satirised in a parody on the church service, called *A Lenten Letany*, "composed for a confiding brother, for the benefit and edification of the faithful ones." This parodical liberty, prior to Mr. Canning's and Mr. Hone's, proves that parties are not so delicate in the selection of their weapons as they would advise their adversaries to be. We extract the following—

• "From villainy drest in the doublet of seal,
 From three kingdoms bak'd in one common-weal,
 From a gleek of Lords Keepers of one poor seal,
Libera nos, &c.

From a Chancery writ, and a whip and a bell,
 From a justice of peace that never could spell,
 From Colonel Pride and the vicar of hell,
Libera nos, &c.

• From Neat's feet without socks, and three penny-pies,
 From a new sprung light, that will put out one's eyes,
 From Goldsmiths' hall, the Devil, and Excise,
Libera nos, &c.

From two hours' talk, without one word of sense,
 From liberty still in the future tense,
 From a parliament's long-wasted conscience,
 Libera nos, &c.

The Second Part.

That if it please thee to assist
 Our agitators and their list,
 And hemp them with a gentle twist,
 Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to suppose
 Our actions are as good as those
 That gull the people through the nose,
 Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee here to enter,
 And fix the rumbling of our centre,
 For we live all at peradventure,
 Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to unite
 The flesh and bones unto the sprite,
 Else, faith and literature, good night!
 Quæsumus te, &c.

That it might please thee, O that we
 May each man know his pedigree,
 And save that plague of heraldry,
 Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee in each shire,
 Cities of refuge, Lord, to rear,
 That failing brethren may know where,
 Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to abhor us,
 Or any such dear favour for us,
 That thus have wrought thy people's sorrows,
 Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to embrace
 Our days of thanks and fasting face,
 For robbing of thy holy place,
 Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to adjourn
The day of judgment, lest we burn,
For lo! it is not for our turn,

Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to commit,
A Close Committee there to sit,
No devil to a human wit!

Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to dispense
A little for convenience,
Or let us play upon the sense,

Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to embalm
The saints in Robin Wisdom's psalm,
And make them musical and calm,

Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee, since 'tis doubt
Satan cannot throw Satan out,
Unite us and the Highland rout,

Quæsumus te, &c."

We must now close our long and "elegant extracts." There are some poems, in the later editions, of a gross and immoral character, but that is by no means the general complexion of Cleveland's Works. From the beautiful specimens of poetic conception in Cleveland, our readers, we are sure, will regret with us, that subjects of vulgar and party humour obtruded themselves on the satiric propensities of the poet. He was a great admirer of the Augustan age of the British Poetry and Drama; and his poems abound with ardent and elegant tributes of respect and admiration to the genius of Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher. Cleveland was a member of a club of wits and loyalists, frequented by Butler. The author of Hudibras was a great admirer of Cleveland's wit, and the pages of that incomparable work are much more indebted to Cleveland than can be traced in the notes of Dr. Grey. The learned and ingenious Dr. Farmer had marked many passages in his copy of Cleveland's poems, which Butler had imitated.

The poem in Randolph's Works, called the *Hermaphrodite*, was the production of Cleveland; and on the authority of Wood, the verses in Cleveland's Works, called "*The Archbishop's of York's Revolt*," are the property of Thomas Weaver, author of "*Songs and Poems of Love and Drollery*," Oct. 1654."

Although Cleveland was a zealous and fearless military partisan of the royal cause, yet his name and services are not connected with any of the remarkable occurrences of those extraordinary times. We, therefore, shall not prolong this article with any uninteresting biographical details. In 1655, he was seized at Norwich, as "a person of great abilities," adverse and dangerous to the reigning government. The particulars of his examination are preserved in Thurlow's *State Papers*, 1742, fol. vol. iv., p. 185. Major General Hayes apprehended him as comprised in the second class of persons disaffected to the government. Among the reasons of judgment sent up to the Protector and Council are—"4. Mr. Cleveland liveth in a genteel garb; yet he confesseth, that he hath no estate but £20 per annum, allowed by two gentlemen, and £30 per annum by Mr. Cooke.—5. Mr. Cleveland is a person of great abilities, and so able to do the greater disservice: all of which we humbly submit," &c.

For these excellent "reasons," Cleveland was imprisoned at Yarmouth. He there wrote, and forwarded a petition to the Protector, justly admired for the boldness and honesty of its address: it was, notwithstanding, successful, and procured his enlargement.

"Cleveland's Petition to Oliver Cromwell, late Protector.

"May it please your Highness,
 "Rulers within the circle of their government have a claim to that which is said of the Deity; they have their centre everywhere, and their circumference no where. It is in this confidence, that I address to your Highness, as knowing no place in the nation is so remote, as not to share in the ubiquity of your care; no prison so close, as to shut me up from partaking of your influence. My Lord, it is my misfortune, that after ten years of retirement from being engaged in the difference of the State, having wound myself up in a private recess, and my comportment to the public being so inoffensive, that in all this time, neither fears or jealousies have scrupled at my actions: Being about three months since at Norwich, I was fetched with a guard before the Commissioners, and sent prisoner to Yarmouth, and if it be not a new offence to make enquiry where I offended, (for hitherto my faults are kept as close as my person,) I am induced to believe, that next to the adherence to the royal party, the cause of my confinement is the narrowness of my estate; for none stand committed whose estate can bail them; I only am the prisoner, who have no acres to be my hostage. Now, if my poverty be criminal, (with reverence be it spoken,) I must implead your Highness, whose victorious arms have reduced me to it, as accessary to my guilt. Let it suffice, my Lord, that the calamity of the war hath made us poor; do not punish us for it. Who ever

did penance for being ravished? Is it not enough that we are stript so bare, but it must be made in order to a severe lash? must our scars be engraven with new wounds? must we first be made cripples, then beaten with our own crutches? Poverty, if it be a fault, it is its own punishment; who suffers for it more, pays use upon use. I beseech your Highness, put some bounds to our overthrow, and do not pursue the chace to the other world: can your thunder be levelled so low as our grovelling conditions? Can that towering spirit, that hath quarried upon kingdoms, make a steep at us, who are the rubbish of those ruins? Methinks, I hear your former achievements interceding with you not to sully your glories with trampling on the prostrate, nor clog the wheels of your chariot with so degenerate a triumph. The most renowned heroes have ever with such tenderness cherished their captives, that their swords did but cut out work for their courtesy. Those that fell by their prowess sprung up by their favours, as if they had struck them down, only to make them rebound the higher. I hope your Highness, as you are the rival of their fame, will be no less of their virtues; the noblest trophy, that you can erect to your honour, is to raise the afflicted. And, since you have subdued all opposition, it now remains that you attack yourself, and with acts of mildness vanquish your victory. It is not long since, my Lord, that you knock'd off the shackles from most of our party, and by a grand release did spread your clemency as large as your territories. Let not new proscriptions interrupt our Jubilee. Let not that your lenity be slandered as the ambush of your further rigour. For the service of his majesty (if it be objected) I am so far from excusing it, that I am ready to alledge it in my vindication: I cannot conceive fidelity to my prince should taint me in your opinion; I should rather expect it should commend me to your favour; had not we been faithful to our king, we could not have given ourselves to be so to your Highness; you had then trusted us gratis, whereas, now we have our former loyalty to vouch us. You see, my Lord, how much I presume upon the greatness of your spirit, that dare prevent my indictment with so frank a confession, especially in this, which I may so justly deny, that it is almost arrogancy in me to own it; for the truth is, I was not qualified enough to serve him; all that I could do, was to bear a part in his sufferings, and give myself up to be cherished with his fall; thus my charge is double, (my obedience to my sovereign, and, what is the result of that, my want of a fortune;) Now, whatever reflections I have on the former, I am a true penitent for the latter. My Lord, you see my crimes. As to my defence, you bear it about you; I shall plead nothing in my justification, but your Highness's clemency, which as it is the constant inmate of a valiant breast, (if you graciously please to extend it to your supplicant, in taking me out of this withering duration,) your Highness will find, that mercy will establish you more than power; though all the days of your life were as pregnant with victories, as your twice auspicious third of September.

‘ Your Highness’s humble, and submissive petitioner,

“ J. C. CLEVELAND.”

Cleveland died of an intermittent fever, on the 29th April, 1658. He was buried in St. Michael Royal Church, College Hill, London; and Bishop Pearson honoured his private virtues, and the consistency of his public character, by preaching his funeral sermon. (Lloyd's *Mem.* p. 168. Fuller's *Worthies*, p. 135.)

There are numerous "elegies on the memory of Mr. John Cleveland," "offered to the memory of that incomparable poet;" and verses "on Mr. J. Cleveland, pictured with his laurel," prefixed to the editions of his poems; but their authors were not inspired with the spirit of the poet they eulogised.

An anagram, also, was a necessary discovery, emblematical of his genius,—

*John Cleveland,
Heliconian dew.*

His "effigies" are detailed in Granger. R. White, sc. 12mo. Before his Works, 1653.—A bust crowned with laurel, 1658, (no Engraver's name,) prefixed to ed. 1659. Johannes Cleveland, in a clerical habit, before his works 1677, probably fictitious, as he was never in holy orders. And John Cleveland, Æt. 32: a medallion, Fuller; J. Basire.

ART. VIII.—*The Works of that famous English Poet, Mr. Edmund Spenser. Lond. 1679. fol.*

"Give a dog a bad name," says the adage, "and hang him;" there being little chance of his ever losing it. In the same way, if a man once obtain a good reputation, he will retain it for a long time, even when he does not really deserve it. It is a great while before truth lays bare the deception; some people will not take the trouble to think at all, and some are unwilling to relinquish an opinion which has once taken root in their minds. But at some lucky revolution of the wheel of time, truth at last drops out, and is found by the man who has boldness enough to make use of his eyes. Edmund Spenser, the celebrated author of the *Fæerie Queene*, also produced various smaller poems, most of which were written before his great allegorical work. The fame of the *Fæerie Queene* has carried along the stream the minor productions which preceded it, and they have continued to occupy a large space in the editions of the poet's works. Spenser having obtained a certain degree of

reputation for his poetical genius, the whole of his minor productions, without reference to their intrinsic merits, have been duly published with that which indisputably deserved to be so; and they have been duly lauded for that which it was supposed ought to be the characteristics of his writings. In the eulogiums heaped upon Spenser's minor poems, little discrimination has, in our opinion, been exercised; the judgment of the critic seems to have been hood-winked, and his taste deprived of the faculty of distinguishing the good from the bad, the soul and spirit from the mere corporeal substance, which is mortal and ought to be inhumed. This blind devotion to a name is not confined to Spenser, it has been paid to other men of genius; the least scrap of whose writings, the very dross of whose intellect, has been gathered up and preserved with idolatrous veneration. We do not censure the critic for collecting the immature or careless effusions of a celebrated man—they may be useful in assisting him to form an estimate of the mind of the writer, or, at least, of the steps by which he arrived at excellence, and they may furnish data for conclusions with respect to the science of mind. What we reprobate is, that productions of this kind are not judged by their real value, but by the celebrity of the author, by whose fame they are embalmed and consecrated. Editions are multiplied, and the reputation of the author may, in the end, suffer from the indiscriminating praise which has been bestowed upon him. Such has been the case with Spenser's minor poems, the merit of which, with one or two exceptions, we will venture to say, would not, if they had been the only offspring of his muse, have prevented their sinking into oblivion. They have been buoyed up by the support of their more meritorious and enduring companion, the *Faerie Queene*, which, nevertheless, has not received its due share of public attention in later times, although a sufficient meed of praise has been awarded to it by the critics. Notwithstanding that we are prepared to pass a tolerably harsh opinion upon the former, we have a deep veneration for the author's genius. The wonderful fertility of invention, the richness of imagination, the poetical prodigality of the *Faerie Queene* has our unfeigned admiration. The design, it is true, might have been more judiciously framed, and the interest of the reader more deeply excited; but nothing can surpass the correctness and propriety of his description, whether real or allegorical. We are now speaking generally, for there are undoubtedly many defects in that extraordinary poem; but as it is not our business to point them out in this place, we shall proceed to the more immediate object of this paper, the consideration of Spenser's less important poems. Thinking that very few readers will voluntarily go through these smaller pieces, which alto-

gether occupy a considerable space, we have determined to extract so much as is really good, and thereby enable those who wish to have some knowledge of Spenser's less valuable effusions, to obtain it at a comparatively small expense of time.

Spenser made his first public appearance, as a poet, in 1578, at the age of twenty-five. His first essay, *The Shepherd's Calendar*, was received with considerable praise. It consists of twelve eclogues, named after the twelve months, and it might have been expected to contain in each eclogue something applicable to the month after which it is named. This, however, is not the case; the names are nothing more than signs to distinguish one eclogue from another. These poems are not marked by any peculiar descriptions of seasons or of scenery: they consist of a mixture of love, theology, and panegyric on Queen Elizabeth. Spenser has, apparently for the purpose of giving them a more rustic air, clothed them in antiquated diction, so antiquated, indeed, that his friend and commentator, E. K., thought it necessary to accompany them, even on their first publication, with a gloss or explanation of the obsolete terms. The poet's object being, therefore, to approximate his pastorals to what might be considered the language and station of the interlocutors, it is strange that he should have so far departed from nature and common sense, as to introduce them discussing questions of theology; and reasoning upon the relative merits of the Catholic and Protestant faiths. Such disquisitions are totally out of character, they are alien from the simplicity of pastoral life; they pre-suppose a state of civilization wholly inconsistent with the ignorance of "shepherd swains." They contain, however, some, although but a small quantity of, poetry; and we can only account for their popularity, for they went through five editions in the author's life-time, from the circumstance of their being almost the earliest productions in the English language in this kind of composition. "For eclogue and pastoral poesie," says Puttenham,* in enumerating the celebrated poets of his time, "Sir. Philip Sidney and Maister Challoer, and that other gentleman [Spenser] who wrote the late Shepherdes Callender." These eclogues were dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney, who praises them, though but slightly, in his *Defence of Poesy*. "The Shepherd's Calendar," says he, "has much poetry in the eclogues and worth the reading, if I be not deceived."

The eclogue of February contains a fable of the Oak and the Brier, the descriptions of which are worth quoting.

* *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589.

" There grew an aged tree on the green,
 A goodly oak sometime had it been,
 With arms full strong and largely displaid,
 But of their leaves they were disaraid :
 The body big and mightily pight,
 Thoroughly rooted and of wondrous height :
 Whylom had been the king of the field,
 And mochel mast to the husband did yield,
 And with his nuts larded many swine.
 But now the grey moss marred his rine,
 His bared boughs were beaten with stofms,
 His top was bald, and wasted with worms,
 His honour decayed, his branches sere.

Hard by his side grew a bragging breere,
 Which proudly thrust into th' element
 And seemed to threat the firmament.
 It was embellished with blossoms fair,
 And thereto aye wonned to repair
 The shepherds' daughters to gather flowers,
 To paint their garlands with his colours ;
 And in his small bushes used to shrowd
 The sweet nightingale singing so loud :
 Which made this foolish breere wex so bold,
 That on a time he cast him to scold
 And sneb the good oak for he was old."

The description of the combat between Love and the Shepherd Thomalin is pleasingly written; and as no other part worthy of being presented to the reader occurs to us, unless we except the fable of the Kidd and the Fox, which is too long for quotation, we shall extract it.

" It was upon a holy day,
 When shepherds' grooms have leave to play,
 Yeast to go a shooting,
 Long wandring up and down the land,
 With bow and bolts in either hand,
 For birds in bushes tooting;

At length within the ivy tod,
 (There shrouded was the little god)
 I heard a busy bustling ;
 I bent my bow against the bush,
 List'ning if any thing did rush,
 But then heard no more rustling.

Tho' peeping close into the thicket,
 Might see the moving of some quick,
 Whose shape appeared not;
 But were it fairy, fiend, or snake,
 My courage earn'd it to awake,
 And manfully thereat shot.

With that sprang forth a naked swain,
 With spotted wings, like peacock's train,
 And laughing leap'd to a tree.
 His gilden quiver at his back,
 And silver bow which was but slack,
 Which lightly he bent at me.

That seeing, I level'd again,
 And shot at him with might and main,
 As thick as it had hailed.
 So long I shot that all was spent,
 Tho' pumy stones I hastily hent,
 And threw. But nought availed.

He was so nimble and so wight,
 From bough to bough he leaped light,
 And oft the pumies catched,
 Therewith afraid I ran away;
 But he that carst seem'd but to play,
 A shaft in earnest snatched,

And hit me running in the hecl,
 For then I little smart did feel,
 But soon it sore increased;
 And now it rankleth more and more,
 And inwardly it festreth sore,
 Ne wote I how to cease it."

Mother Hubbard's Tale appears to have been one of his earliest productions, although not published until 1591. Spenser informs us, that it was composed in the "raw conceit of his youth;" but it is certainly the best and most agreeable of his smaller pieces. As we propose to make a few extracts from this piece, it will be necessary to give some account of it. It purports to be one of several tales told to the author, by his friends, to beguile a season of sickness, and he was so delighted with it, that he determined to write it down as nearly as possible in the words of honest Mother Hubbard. The tale con-

sists of certain strange adventures which betided the fox and the ape; who, after having opened their mutual grievances and disappointed hopes, determine to seek their fortunes abroad. The morning succeeding this doughty resolution, as soon as the light peeped out of "heaven's windows," they betook themselves on their journey.

They first call a council, as to the vocation they should adopt; and, being discontented with the unequal distribution of the good things of the world, which they consider ought to be enjoyed in common, thus anticipating the view of the ingenious author of the *Political Justice*, on this subject, they elect to turn beggars, as being the freest agents in the world; but imagining that, without some passport, they might run into danger, they agree that the ape shall play the soldier, he having "a manly semblance and small skill in arms," and that the fox shall wait upon him as his attendant. They gain and abuse the confidence of an honest husbandman, run away, and then turn priests, a change of business which presents several occasions for a few satirical strokes at that venerable order. They meet with a "formal priest," who asks them for and receives their license.

"Which when the priest beheld, he view'd it nere,
 As if therein some text he studying were;
 But little else (God wote) could thereof skill;
 For, read he could not, evidence, nor will,
 Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
 Ne make one title worse, ne make one better:
 Of such deep learning little had he need,
 Ne yet of Latin, ne of Greek, that breed
 Doubts 'mongst divines, and difference of texts,
 From whence arise diversity of sects,
 And hateful heresies, of God abhor'd:
 But this good Sir did follow the plain word,
 Ne medled with their controversies vain;
 All his care was, his service well to sain,
 And to read homelies on holidays,
 When that was done, he might attend his plays;
 An easie life, and fit high God to please."

They next appear at court, where they meet with great success; but their misdeeds become so enormous, that they are soon obliged to fly. The poet here takes an opportunity to contrast a good with a bad courtier. These portraits are executed with considerable force and point, and convey a tolerably good idea of the manners of the poet's contemporary courtiers.

" Yet the brave Courtier, in whose beautilous thought,
 Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
 Doth loath such base condition, to backbite
 Anies good name for envy or despite :
 He stands on terms of honourable mind,
 Ne will be carried with the common wind
 Of courts inconstant mutabilitie,
 Ne after ever tattling fable flie ;
 But hears, and sees the follies of the rest,
 And thereof gathers for himself the best,
 He will not creep, nor crouch with fained face :
 But walks upright with comely steadfast pace,
 And unto all doth yield due curtesie :
 But not with kissed hand below the knee,
 As that same apish crue is wont to do :
 For he disdain himself t'embase there-to.
 He hates foul leasings, and vile flattery,
 Two filthy blots in noble gentery ;
 And lothful idleness he doth detest,
 The canker-worm of every gentle brest :
 The which to banish with fair exercise
 Of knightly feats, he daily doth devise."

* * * * *

" Thus when this courtly gentleman with toil
 Himself hath wearied, he doth recoil
 Unto his rest, and there with sweet delight
 Of musick's skill revives his toiled spright ;
 Or else with loves, and ladies gentle sports,
 The joy of youth, himself he recomforts :
 Or lastly, when the body list to pause,
 His mind unto the Muses he with-draws ;
 Sweet lady Muses, ladies of delight,
 Delights of life, and ornaments of light,
 With whom he close confers with wise discourse,
 Of Nature's works, of heaven's continual course,
 Of forrain lands, of people different,
 Of kingdoms' change, of divers government,
 Of dreadful battails, of renowned knights ;
 With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights
 To like desire and praise of noble fame,
 The only up-shot whereto he doth aim :
 For all his mind on honour fixed is,
 To which he levels all his purposes,

And in his prince's service spends his days,
Not so much for to gain, or for to raise
Himself to high degree, as for his grace,
And in his liking to win worthy place,
Through due deserts and comely carriage,
In what-so please employ his personage.
'That may be matter meet to gain him praise ;
For he is fit to use in all assays,
Whether for arms and warlike amenance,
Or else for wise and civil governance.
For he is practiz'd well in policy,
And thereto doth his courting most apply :
To learn the enterdeal of princes strange,
To mark th' intent of counsels, and the change
Of states, and eke of private men some-while,
Supplanted by fine falsehood and fair guile ;
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T'enrich the storehouse of his powerful wit,
Which through wise speeches, and grave conference,
He daily ekes, and brings to excellence.

Such is the rightful Courtier in his kind :
But unto such the ape lent not his mind ;
Such were for him no fit companions,
Such would descry his lewd conditions :
But the young lusty gallants he did chose
To follow, meet to whom he might disclose
His witless pleasance, and ill-pleasing vain.
A thousand ways he them could entertain,
With all the thriftless games that may be found,
With mumming and with masking all around,
With dice, with cards, with balliards far unfit,
• With shuttlecocks, misseeming manly wits
With courtizans and costly riotize,
Whereof still somewhat to his share did rise :
Ne them to pleasure, would he sometimes scorn
A Pander's coat (so basely was he born ;)
'There-to he could fine loving verses frame,
And play the poet oft. But ah ! for shame,
Let not sweet poets' praise, whose only pride
Is vertue to advance, and vice deride,
Be' with the work of losels wit defam'd,
Ne let such verses poetry be nam'd ;
Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
Maugre the sacred muses, and it make

A servant to the vile affection
 Of such, as he depended most upon,
 And with the sugry sweet thereof allure
 Chaste ladies' ears to fantasies impure.
 To such delights the noble wits he led
 Which him reliev'd, and their vain humors fed
 With fruitless follies, and unsound delights.
 But if, perhaps, into their noble sprights
 Desire of honour, or brave thought of arms,
 Did ever creep, then, with his wicked charms
 And strong conceits, he would it drive away,
 Ne suffer it to house there half a day.
 And when-so love of letters did inspire
 Their gentle wits, and kindly wise desire,
 That chiefly doth each noble mind adorn,
 Then he would scoff at learning, and eke scorn
 The sectaries thereof, as people base,
 And simple men, which never came in place
 Of world's affairs, but in dark corners mewd,
 Muttred of matters, as their books them shewd,
 Ne other knowledge ever did attain,
 But with their gowns their gravity maintain.
 For them he would his impudent lewd speach
 Against God's holy ministers oft reach,
 And mock divines and their profession :
 What else then did he by progression,
 But mock high God himself, whom they profess ?
 But what car'd he for God or godliness ?
 All his care was himself how to advance,
 And to uphold his courtly countenance."

The miseries of a courtier hunting for a place are described with a strength of feeling and a pregnant brevity of expression, which has made the passage one of the most celebrated of his poems.

" Full little knowest thou that hast not tride
 What hell it is, in suing, long to bide :
 To lose good days that might be better spent ;
 To waste long nights in pensive discontent ;
 To speed to day, to be put back to morrow ;
 To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow ;
 To have thy princes grace, yet want her peers ;
 To have thy asking, yet wait many yeers ;
 To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares ;
 To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs :

To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."

The two adventurers, after leaving court, are tempted to avail themselves of the opportunity presented by the king of the forest being asleep, to steal his crown and sceptre, and his hide, which he had "doft for heat." The fox on this, as on all other occasions, supports his character of a cunning politician; but it requires considerable persuasions to allay the fears of the ape, who is destined to perform the theft. The manner in which he effects this piece of treason, which is succeeded by an usurpation, and speedy disgrace, is very cleverly described.

"Loth was the ape (though praised) to adventure,
Yet faintly 'gan into his work to enter,
Afraid of every leaf that stirr'd him by,
And every stick that underneath did ly;
Upon his tiptoes nicely he up went,
For making noise, and still his ear he lent
To every sound that under heaven blew,
Now went, now stept, now crept, now backward drew,
That it good sport had been him to have eyd:
Yet at the last (so well he him applyd,)
Through his fine handling, and his cleanly play,
He all those royal signs had stoln away,
And with the fox's help them borne aside,
Into a secret corner unespide."

Muiopotmos; or, the Fate of the Butterfly, is a very pleasant little poem, in which Spenser's descriptive powers are shewn to great advantage. The description of Clarion, the youthful butterfly, is very elegant and poetical.

"The fresh young fly, in whom the kindly fire
Of lustful youth began to kindle fast,
Did much disdain to subject his desire
To loathsome sloth, or hours in ease to wast,
But joy'd to range abroad in fresh attire,
Through the wide compass of the airy coast,
And with unwearied wings each part t'inquire,
Of the wide rule of his renowned sire.
For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from his lower tract he dar'd to fly
Up to the clouds, and thence, with pineons light,
To mount aloft unto the crystal sky,

To view the workmanship of heaven's hight :
 Whence, down descending, he along would fly
 Upon the streaming rivers, sport to find ;
 And oft would dare to tempt the troublous wind.

So, on a summer's day, when season mild
 With gentle calm the world had quieted,
 And high in heaven Hyperion's fiery child
 Ascending, did his beams abroad dis-spread,
 Whiles all the heavens on lower creatures smild ;
 Young Clarion, with vauntful lustyhed,
 After his guise did cast abroad to fare,
 And thereto 'gan his furnitures prepare.

His breast-plate first, that was of substance pure,
 Before his noble heart he firmly bound,
 That mought his life from iron death assure,
 And ward his gentle corps from cruel wound ;
 For it, by art, was framed to endure
 The bit of baleful steel, and bitter stound,
 No less than that which Vulcane made to shield
 Achilles life from fate of Troyan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
 An hairy hide of some wild beast, whom he,
 In salvage forest, by adventure slew,
 And reft the spoil his ornament to be ;
 Which, spreading all his back with dreadful view,
 Made all that him so horrible did see,
 Think him Alcides, with the lyon's skin,
 When the Næmæan conquest he did win.

Upon his head his glistering burganet,
 The which was wrought by wonderous device,
 And curiously engraven, he did set :
 The metal was of rare and passing price ;
 Not Belbo steel, nor brass from Corinth fet,
 Nor costly Oricalh from strange Phœnice ;
 But such as could both Phœbus arrows ward,
 And th' hailing darts of heaven beating hard.
 Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
 Strongly butlaunched towards either side,

Like two sharp spears, his enemies to gore :
Like as a warlike brigandine applide
To fight, lays forth her threatful pikes afore,
The engines which in them sad death do hide :
So did this fly out-stretch his fearful horns,
Yet so as him their terrour more adorns.

Lastly, his shiny wings as silver bright,
Painted with thousand colours, passing far
All painters' skill, he did about him dight :
Not half so many sundry colours are
In Iris' bow, ne heaven doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with many a twinkling star,
Nor Juno's Bird in her eye-spotted train,
So many goodly colours doth contain."

Clarion being thus prepared, addresses himself to his journey.

"The woods, the rivers, and the medows green,
With his air-cutting wings he measured wide,
Ne did he leave the mountains bare unseen,
Nor the rank grassie fens delights untride.
But none of these, however sweet they been,
Mote please his fancy, nor him cause t' abide :
His choiceful sense with every change doth fit,
No common things may please a wavering wit.

To the gay gardens his unstaied desire
Him wholly carried, to refresh his sprights :
There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
Pours forth sweet odors, and alluring sights ;
And Art, with her contending, doth aspire
T' excel the natural with made delights ;
And all that fair or pleasant may be found,
In riotous excess doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth fly,
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes survey with curious, busie eye,
Of every flowre and herb there set in order ;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feet their silken leaves deface,
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore, with most variety,
 And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet,)
 He casts his glutton sense to satisfy,
 Now sucking of the sap of herbs most meet,
 Or of the dew, which yet on them doth lie;
 Now in the same bathing his tender feet;
 And then he peareth on some branch thereby,
 To weather him, and his moist wings to dry."

He is, at length, caught in the web of Arognol, a spider, the ancient enemy of his house, and

"There the fond fly entangled, struggled long
 Himself to free thereout, but all in vain;
 For striving more, the more in laces strong
 Himself he tide, and wrapt his wings twain
 In limy snares the subtil louns among;
 That in the end he breathless did remain,
 And all his youthly forces idly spent,
 Him to the mercy of th' avenger lent.

Which, when the griesly tyrant did espy,
 Like a grim lyon rushing with fierce might
 Out of his den, he seized greedily
 On the resistless prey, and, with fell spight,
 Under the left wing strook his weapon sly
 Into his heart, that his deep groining spight,
 In bloody streams, forth fled into the air,
 His body left the spectacle of care."

The piece, entitled *The Ruins of Time*, discloses its subject in its name. Its principal feature is the lamentation of the city of Verulam, under the emblematical representation of a female over the decay of her towers and palaces; in the course of which, the lady takes occasion to moralize on the transitory nature of human things, and, afterwards, adverts to the death of the Earl of Leicester. To the commendation of this nobleman and his family, the poem is, in fact, especially devoted. The general subject is undoubtedly a fine one, but the poet has made but little of it; the poem containing neither grandeur, sublimity, nor pathos. His reflections on the instability of terrestrial institutions and human affairs are not to be compared to the eloquent and imaginative moralizations of Jeremy Taylor, in his *Holy Dying*. There is something spirit-stirring, however, in the interrogations in the following stanzas.

“ Look back, who list, upto the former ages,
 And call to count, what is of them become :
 Where be those learned wits and antique sages,
 Which of all wisdom knew the perfect somme :
 Where those great warriors, which did overcome
 The world with conquest of their might and main,
 And made one mear of th' earth and of their reign ?

What now is of th' Assyrian lyoness,
 Of whom no footing now on earth appears ?
 What of the Persian bear's outrageousness,
 Whose memory is quite worn out with years :
 Who of the Grecian libbard now ought hears,
 That over-ran the east with greedy powre,
 And left his whelps their kingdoms to devoure ?

And where is that same great seven-headed beast,
 That made all nations vassals of her pride,
 To fall before her feet at her beheast,
 And in the neck of all the world did ride ?
 Where doth she all that wondrous wealth now hide ?
 With her own weight down pressed now she lies,
 And by her heaps her hugeness testifies.”

The Tears of the Muses consists of the complaints of the nine Muses over the decay of learning, patronage, &c. ; complaints which few people, acquainted with Spenser's life, will think he had a right to make, with reference to any personal neglect or discouragement. These pieces are chiefly worthy of notice on account of the harmony of the numbers.

Of the *Visions of the World's Vanity*, we have nothing more to say, than that they are tolerable exemplifications of their subject. *Daphnaida*, which was published in 1591-2, is an elegy on the death of a lady of the Howard family ; very long, very dull, and very unnatural.

In the year 1595, Spenser published *Colin Clout's come Home again*, a sort of pastoral, giving an account of his return to England, of his presentation to Queen Elizabeth, and of several persons attached to the court. It might be highly interesting at the time it was written, but its chief interest is now lost ; it possesses nothing striking, either in character or description, to attract a modern reader.

In the same year appeared his *Astrophiel*, a series of poems on the death of Sir Philip Sidney. It is very remarkable, that

Spenser, in celebrating the memory and death of his amiable and gallant patron, for whom he appears to have entertained much affection, should hardly display a single particle of feeling. These poems are the very essence of conceit and pedantry, and never once awaken the slightest emotion in the reader. The mere prose narration of his death is worth a thousand of such verses.

An absurd passion prevailed at this time, of clothing all subjects in a pastoral dress. Spenser was either too indolent or wanted originality to strike out a new path, and he adopted the fashion, which is one of the most stupid fictions that ever was invented, and can only be rendered agreeable by consummate genius, which can throw a halo around every thing. Spenser has produced nothing like Milton's beautiful poem, *Lycidas*; in fact, he has introduced into *Astrophel* little, if anything, original, either in thought or expression, to elevate it above mediocrity. *The mourning Muse of Thestylis* is, perhaps, the best of these poems, and is remarkable for the metre in which it is written,—iambic lines of three feet,—and for the peculiar melody with which he has invested it. A specimen is given in the following lines, the first eight of which are much praised by T. Warton. The subject is the grief of Stella for the loss of *Astrophel*.

“The blinded archer-boy,
 Like lark in showre of rain,
 Sate bathing of his wings,
 And glad the time did spend
 Under those crystal drops,
 Which fell from her fair eyes,
 And at their brightest beams
 Him proynd in lovely wise;
 Yet sorry for her grief,
 Which he could not amend,
 The gentle boy ’gan wipe her eyes,
 And clear those lights,
 Those lights, through which
 His glory and his conquests shine.
 The Graces tuckt her hair,
 Which hung, like threds of gold,
 Along her ivory brest,
 The treasure of delights.
 All things with her to weep,
 It seemed, did incline;

The trees, the hills, the dales,
 The caves, the stones so cold.
 The ayr did help them moune,
 With dark clouds, rain, and mist,
 Forbearing many a day
 To clear it self again."

We should not do justice, however, to Spenser, if we omitted to quote a portrait of Sidney, contained in the piece called *An Elegy, or Friend's Passion for his Astrophel*, the third stanza of which is particularly good.

"Within these woods of Arcadie,
 He chief delight and pleasure took,
 And on the mountain Parthenie,
 Upon the crystal liquid brook,
 The Muses met him ev'ry day,
 That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended down the mount,
 His personage seem'd most divine;
 A thousand graces one might count
 Upon his love chearful einc:
 To hear him speak, and sweetly smile,
 You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractive kind of grace,
 A full assurance given by looks,
 Continual comforts in a face,
 The lineaments of Gospel books:
 I trow, that count'nance cannot lie,
 Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

Was never eye did see that face,
 Was never ear did hear that tongue,
 Was never mind did mind his grace,
 That ever thought the travel long:
 But eyes, and ears, and ev'ry thought,
 Were with his sweet perfections caught."

The poems of our author which were next printed, are his *Amoretti*, or Sonnets, written, it is said, on the lady whom he afterwards married, and published in 1596. A bad sonnet is one of the dullest things in creation, and a series of them

absolutely intolerable. Those in question are, for the most part, cold, passionless, and conceited; indeed, we actually feel it a task to get through them. We shall be able, however, to select two or three sonnets which are worth quoting, not only as specimens of the poet's manner, but as possessing some degree of merit.

Spenser describes, in a very pleasing style, the quiet happiness of married love.

“The doubt which ye misdeem, fair love is vain,
 That fondly fear to lose your liberty,
 When losing one, two liberties ye gain,
 And make him bound that bondage earst did fly.
 Sweet be the bands, the which true love doth ty,
 Without constraint, or dread of any ill :
 The gentle bird feels no captivity
 Within her cage, but sings, and feeds her fill.
 Where pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
 The league 'twixt them, that loyal love hath bound ;
 But simple truth and mutual good will,
 Seeks with sweet peace to salve each others' wound :
 There faith doth fearless dwell in brasen towre,
 And spotless pleasure builds her sacred bowre.”

The seventy-third sonnet, though turning on a conceit, is prettily expressed.

“Being myself captived here in care,
 My heart, whom none with servile bands can ty,
 But the fair tresses of your golden hair,
 Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly.
 Like as a bird, that in one's hand doth spy
 Desired food, to it doth make his flight :
 Even so my heart, that wout on your fair eye
 To feed his fill, flies back unto your sight,
 Do you him take, and in your bosom bright
 Gently encage, that he may be your thrall :
 Perhaps he there may learn, with rare delight,
 To sing your name and praises over all.
 That it hereafter may you not repent
 Him lodging in your bosom to have lent.”

And the following one is in a rather more impassioned strain, than is usual with him.

- " Fair bosom, fraught with vertue's richest treasure,
 The nest of love, the lodging of delight,
 The bowre of bliss, the paradice of pleasure,
 The sacred harbour of that heavenly spright;
 How was I ravisht with your lovely sight,
 And my frail thoughts too rashly led astray?
 Whiles diving deep through amorous insight,
 On the sweet spoil of beauty they did pray.
 And 'twixt her paps, like early fruit in May,
 Whose harvest seem'd to hasten now apace,
 They loosely did their wanton wings display,
 And there to rest themselves did boldly place:
 Sweet thoughts, I envy your so happy rest,
 Which oft I wisht, yet never was so blest."

We shall only quote two more sonnets, which are better than the rest.

- " Fair is my love, when her fair golden hairs,
 With the loose wind ye waving chance to mark:
 Fair when the rose in her red cheek appears,
 Or, in her eyes, the fire of love doth spark.
 Fair when her brest like a rich laden bark,
 With precious merchandize she forth doth lay;
 Fair when that cloud of pride, which oft doth dark
 Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.
 But fairest she, when so she doth display
 The gate with pearls and rubies richly dight
 Through which her words so wise do make their way,
 To bear the message of her gentle spright:
 The rest be works of Nature's wonderment,
 But this the work of hearts' astonishment."

* * * * *

- " Let not one spark of filthy lustful fire
 Break out, that may her sacred peace molest:
 Ne one light glance of sensual desire
 Attempt to work her gentle mind's unrest;
 But pure affections bred in spotless brest,
 And modest thoughts, breath'd from well-temper'd spirits,
 Go visit her, in her chaste bowre of rest,
 Accompani'd with angel-like delights.
 There fill your self with those most joyous sights
 The which my self could never yet attain:

But speak no word to her of these sad plights,
 Which her too constant stiffness doth constrain ;
 Only behold her rare perfection,
 And bless your fortune's fair election."

The poet grows warmer in his Epithalamion. As specimens, the two following stanzas may be selected :

"Wake now, my love, awake ; for it is time
 The rosie morn long since left Tithon's bed,
 All ready to her silver coach to clime,
 And Phœbus 'gins to show his glorious head.
 Hark ! how the chearful birds do chaunt their laies,
 And carrol of love's praise.
 The merry lark her mattins sings aloft,
 The thrush replies, the mavis descant plays,
 The ouzel shrils, the fuddock warbles soft ;
 So goodly all agree with sweet consent,
 To this day's meriment.
 Ah ! my dear love, why do ye sleep thus long,
 When meeter were that ye should now awake,
 T'await the coming of your joyous make,
 And hearken to the birds love-learned song,
 The deawie leaves among ?
 For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring."

* * * * *

"Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
 So fair a creature in your town before ?
 So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
 Adorn'd with beauties grace and vertues store :
 Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
 Her forehead ivory white,
 Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
 Her lips like cherries, charming men to bite,
 Her brest like to a bowl of cream uncrudded,
 Her paps, like lilies, budded,
 Her snowie neck like to a marble towre,
 And all her body like a palace fair,
 Ascending up, with many a stately stair,
 To honour's seat, and chastities sweet bowre :—
 Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
 Upon her so to gaze ?

Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring."

The four hymns in honour of love and beauty were published in 1596, and were dedicated to the Countesses of Cumberland and Warwick. The dedication is not a little curious, and manifests something very like insincerity. The ladies were, probably, of a serious turn.

"Having," he says, "in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two hymns in the praise of love and beauty, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which being too vehemently carried with that kind of affection, do rather suck out poison to their strong passion, than honey to their honest delight; I was moved by the one of you two most excellent ladies, to call in the same. But, being unable so to do, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and, by way of retraction, to reform them, making (instead of those two Hymns of earthly or natural Love and Beauty) two others, of heavenly and celestial. The which I do dedicate joyntly unto you two honourable sisters, as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true love and beauty, both in the one and the other kind: humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble service, in lieu of the great graces and honourable favours which ye daily shew unto me, until such time as I may, by better means, yield you some more notable testimony of my thankful mind and dutiful happiness. And even so I pray for your happiness."

There is nothing in the hymn in honour of Love which strikes us as particularly worthy of being extracted; but some exceedingly beautiful lines, partly of a metaphysical cast, occur in the hymn in honour of Beauty.

"Thereof, as every earthly thing partakes,
Or more or less by influence divine,
So it more fair accordingly it makes,
And the gross matter of this earthly mine
Which closeth it, thereafter doth refine,
Doing away the dross which dims the light
Of that fair beam, which therein is empight.

For through infusion of celestial powre,
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full spirits privately doth poure
Through all the parts, that to the lookers sight
They seem to please. That is, thy soveraign might,

O Cyprian Queen, which flowing from the beam
Of thy bright star, thou into them dost stream.

That is the thing which giveth pleasant grace,
To all things fair, that kindleth lively fire,
Light of thy lamp, which shining in the face,
Thence to the soul darts amorous desire,
And robs the hearts of those which it admire ;
Therewith thou pointest thy son's pois'ned arrow,
That wounds the life, and wastes the inmost marrow.

How vainly, then, do idle wits invent,
That beauty is nought else, but mixture made
Of colours fair, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And pass away, like to a summer's shade,
Or that it is but comely composition
Of parts well measur'd, with meet disposition.

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th' eyes unto the hart,
And therein stir such rage and restless stowre,
As nought but death can stint his dolours smart ?
Or can proportion of the outward part
Move such affection in the inward mind,
That it can rob both sense and reason blind ?

Why do not then the blossoms of the field,
Which are araid with much more orient hew,
And to the sense most dainty odours yield,
Work like impression in the looker's view ?
Or why do not fair pictures like powre shew,
In which, oft-times, we nature see of art
Excel'd, in perfect limming every part ?

But, ah ! believe me, there is more than so,
That works such wonders in the mind of men.
I, that have often prov'd, too well it know ;
And who so list the like assays to ken,
Shall find by trial, and confess it then,
That beauty is not, as fond men misdeem,
An outward shew of things, that only seem.

For that same goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheeks are sprinkled, shall decay ;

And those sweet rosie leaves, so fairly spread
Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, even to corrupted clay.
That golden wire, those sparkling stars so bright,
Shall turn to dust, and lose their goodly light.

But that fair lamp, from whose celestial ray
That light proceeds which kindleth Love's fire,
Shall never be extinguisht, nor decay,
But, when the vital spirits do expire,
Unto her native planet shall retire :
For it is heavenly born, and cannot die,
Being a parcel of the purest sky."

In speaking of the imagination of the lover, which "sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt," the poet remarks,—

"In which, how many wonders do they read
To their conceit, that others never see,
Now of her smiles, with which their souls they feed,
Like gods with nectar in their banquets free,
Now of her looks, which like to cordials be ;
But when her words' embassy forth she sends,
Lord, how sweet musick that unto them lends !

Sometimes upon her forehead they behold
A thousand Graces masking in delight,
Sometimes, with her eye-lids they unfold
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which, to their sight,
Do seem like twinkling stars in frosty night :
But on her lips, like rosie buds in May,
So many millions of chaste pleasures play."

The two hymns of Heavenly Love and Beauty are by no means of an inspired kind.

The same year (1596) he produced his *Prothalamion*, in honour of the double marriage of Lady Elizabeth and Lady Catherine Somerset. This piece, though defective as a poem, contains a good deal of poetical imagery, but it is chiefly distinguished for the peculiar melody of its stanzas, an example of which we subjoin.

"There in a meadow, by the river's side,
A flock of Nymphs I chanced to espy,

All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
 With goodly greenish locks, all loose, untide,
 As each had been a bride,
 And each one had a little wicker basket,
 Made of fine twigs, entrained curiously,
 In which they gather'd flowers to fill their flasket;
 And, with fine fingers, cropt full feateously
 The tender stalks on hie.
 Of every sort, which in that meadow grew,
 They gathered some; the violet pallid blew,
 The little dazie, that at evening closes,
 The virgin lillie, and the primrose trew,
 With store of vermeil roses,
 To deck their bridegrooms' posies,
 Against the bfidale day, which was not long:
 Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song!"

We believe, the foregoing extracts include nearly the whole of what is really admirable in the minor poems of Spenser. That they are not more spirited, more poetical, and more natural, is owing to the indolent turn of his mind, which rather inclined him to follow than to lead others. There was a voluptuous repose about him which prevented him from leaving the beaten track, which induced him to rest satisfied with the subjects on which poetical talent was ordinarily exercised, and with the forms of composition in which they were invented, models on which natural sentiment, and the simple language of passion, were sacrificed to absurd fictions and cold ingenuity. His smaller pieces are, in consequence, very far from being attractive; they are, in fact, for the most part, actually dull. *The Faerie Queene* is of a different stamp. It was written at a more mature age, and was the great foundation on which he was to build his fame; his spirit was sharpened, and his energy more excited. *The Faerie Queene* is occasionally languid, but very seldom, if ever, dull: we have not the same sense of weariness in reading it, that we feel in the perusal of the greater part of the pieces we have been discussing. Another reason for this difference is, that *The Faerie Queene* is a narrative, embracing a series of adventures which constantly keep the poet alive; he never has to stop or hunt for subjects to descant upon; but being once embarked in the stream, he is carried vigorously down it. Almost all his minor poems, on the contrary, may be called mere *voluntaries*, in the composition of which the poet does not manifest any thing like earnestness or enthusiasm; and yet he has extended some of them to a

very considerable length. Two or three of those pieces, however, are either wholly, or in part, of a narrative kind, and in these Spenser appears to be animated with an additional degree of vigour, as, for instance, in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, *the Fate of the Butterfly*, and the fables of *the Oak and the Brier*, and *the Kid and the Fox*, in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, undoubtedly the best of his minor pieces. We now take our leave of the Minor Poems of Spenser, which we have treated with great freedom, but, at the same time, with impartiality; in dismissing them in this way, however, we cannot help recommending to those who delight in the world of fiction, to devote a few spare hours to the perusal of the *Faerie Queene*, which has not met the attention which it really deserves.

ART. IX.—*The Life of Mr. Thomas Firmin, late Citizen of London. Written by one of his most intimate Acquaintance. With a Sermon on Luke x. 36, 37, preached on the Occasion of his Death. Together with an Account of his Religion, and of the present State of the Unitarian Controversy. London: Printed and sold by A. Baldwin, in Warwick Lane. 1698.*

This very interesting little volume exhibits the portrait of one of the worthiest men that ever existed; and is otherwise important, as shewing how the virtues of integrity, benevolence, and perseverance, may exalt an individual above the artificial distinctions of rank, and neutralize the prejudices against humble station, mean occupation, and religious dissent.

The ideas of nobleness, generosity, influence, and authority, do not very readily associate with our notions of a shopkeeper; and yet Mr. Firmin, a shopkeeper, of Leadenhall-street, was one of the finest examples of these united attributes. His virtues did not raise him out of his line of life, but they made him admirable in the discharge of its duties; and serve to prove a most flattering truth, that there is nothing in the practice of the lower branches of commerce which unfits a man for the discharge of the highest functions of a citizen and social being, which unfits him for the companionship of the great and the good—which unfits him from the pursuit and investigation of truths of the most important and the most useful kind.

The progress of education will still further shew, that there is not the slightest necessity for a tradesman to be either ignorant, vulgar, or coarse; though, in the present state of things,

it would be very difficult to convince a person of fashion that bad English and bad manners do not necessarily go along with the counter, and the yard-wand, and the scales. Mr. Firmin, however, joined the strictest attention to his business with the most benevolent and enlightened projects for the benefit of his fellow-citizens. He never neglected his customers, and yet he enjoyed the society and engaged the friendship of some of the greatest men of his time. A more useful, a more active, a more happy, and a more respectable life, was, probably, never led by any other human being, than by Thomas Firmin.

The extracts we shall make from this little volume will fully bear us out in all we have said. It is written with great simplicity, and carries evident marks of being composed by a friend who valued the worth which long intimacy had made him well acquainted with.

We will quote the opening of the Memoir, which puts the reader in possession of the facts relative to the early life of Mr. Firmin.

“The long acquaintance and intimate friendship I had with Mr. Firmin are, I confess, warrantable causes that so many do expect from me an account of his memorable life. If some other man would answer the public expectation with more address, as to expression, method, number, and value of observations and reflections; in a word, more ambitiously: yet I will not be wanting in sincerity or truth.

“Thomas Firmin was born at Ipswich, in Suffolk, in the month of June, anno 1632, being the son of Henry Firmin, and of Prudence, his wife. Henry and Prudence, as they did not overflow with wealth of the world, so neither was their condition low or strait. God gave them,—the wish of Solomon,—neither poverty nor riches; but that middle estate and rank which containeth all that is valuable and desirable in wealth, without the gaudery, vanity, and temptations, that generally adhere to riches. But these two were very considerable in their degree, or place, both as to esteem and plenty, by means of their sobriety, diligence, and good conduct, the effects of their piety. They were of the number of those who were then called Puritans, by the looser sort of people, who were wont to impute precisianism, or affected puritanism, to such as were more devout, and, withal, more conscientious and exemplary, than is ordinary, though in the way of the Church of England.

“When he was of capable years for it, they put their son, Thomas Firmin, to an apprenticeship in London, under a master who was, by sect or opinion, an Arminian, a hearer of Mr. John Goodwyn. Our young man, accompanying his master to the elegant and learned sermons of Mr. Goodwyn, soon exchanged the harsh opinions of Calvin, in which he had been educated, for those more honourable to God, and more accountable to the human reason, of Arminius and the Remonstrants. And now it was that he learned, as was the

commendable custom of those times, to write short-hand; at which he was so dexterous, that he would take into a book any sermon that he heard, word for word, as it was spoke by the preacher, if the sermon were not delivered with too much precipitance. Of this he made a double use, both then, and in the very busiest part of his life; for if the sermon was considerable for judicious morality, or weighty arguments, he often read it, in his short-hand notes, for his own further improvement, and then took the pains to write it out, in words at length, for the benefit of his acquaintance. He left behind him a great many little books of that kind; sermons, copied fair from his short-hand notes, which, not seldom, are *multum in parvo*.

“As to his demeanor in his apprenticeship; he was so nimble in his motions in taking down, opening goods to chapmen, &c., that some gave him the name of Spirit. And in making his bargain, his words and address were so pleasing and respectful, that, after some time, the customers rather chose to deal with Thomas than with the master of the shop; or if a bargain stuck between a customer and his master, he would decide the difference to the liking of both.”

We then arrive at his commencement in trade, and get a further insight into the nature of his character and motives.

“So soon as he was made free he began to trade for himself, though his first stock was but about £100. By the opinion he had raised of himself among the merchants and others, and the love he had gained among his master’s customers, the neighbourhood, and a great number of incidental acquaintance, he overcame the difficulties of so weak and incompetent a beginning; so that in the year 1660 he married a citizen’s daughter with £500 portion.

“From his first setting up (as they speak) for himself, he would be acquainted with all persons that seemed to be worthy; foreigners, as well as English, more especially ministers. He seldom dined without some such at his table; which, though somewhat chargeable to his then slender abilities, was of great use to him afterwards, both in relation to the poor and the public; for out of his large acquaintance and multitude of friends, he engaged the powerful interest of some, and the weighty purses of others, in some of those great designs of charity, or other services to the public, for which I shall hereafter account.

“Now, also, it was that he happened on Mr. Bidle, who much confirmed him in his Arminian tenets, and carried him a great deal further. Mr. Bidle persuaded him, that the unity of God is a unity of person as well as of nature; that the Holy Spirit is, indeed, a person, but not God. He had a great and just esteem of Mr. Bidle’s piety, exemplariness, and learning; and is that friend, mentioned in *Mr. Bidle’s Life*, who gave Mr. Bidle his bed and board till he was sent prisoner by Protector Oliver Cromwell to the Isle of Scilly; and when there, Mr. Firmin, with another friend, procured for him a yearly pension of 100 crowns from the Protector, besides what he obtained from other friends, or gave himself.

“ Mr. Firmin’s diversion, in this part of his life, was gardening; for which purpose he cultivated a piece of ground at Hoxton, not a mile from London; where he raised flowers, and, in time, attained no small skill in the art of gardening, in the culture of flowers, herbs, greens, and fruit-trees of all sorts. I have often borne in company to his garden; but either going or coming back he used often to visit the poor and sick. This was one of Mr. Bidle’s lessons,—that it is a duty not only to relieve, but to visit, the sick and poor, because they are hereby encouraged and comforted, and we come to know of what nature and degree their straits are; and that some are more worthy of assistance than others; and their condition being known, sometimes we are able to assist them by our counsel or our interest much more effectually than by the charity we do or can bestow upon them.

“ Before I pass to the next scene of Mr. Firmin’s life, I am obliged to take notice, that by his first wife he had a son and a daughter; the former lived to man’s estate, but died a bachelor about seven years before his father. The mother of these two children died while Mr. Firmin was (occasionally) at Cambridge, managing there some affairs of his trade: her death was accompanied with this remarkable circumstance. Mr. Firmin dreamed at Cambridge, that he saw his wife breathing her last; whereupon early in the morning he took horse for London; but on the way thither he met the messenger who was sent to give him notice of her decease.

“ Another necessary remark belonging to this part of his life is, that though hitherto his wealth was no more than a competence, considering his liberal humour, and the multitude of his acquaintance; yet he was even then a most kind brother, uncle, and kinsman: of which the reader may take account in this following transcript, being the copy of a paper written by one of his nearest relations, and who hath lived with him above thirty years, and was a great part of that time his partner; being a person of great sobriety, diligence, integrity, and prudence. ‘ He had many relations, of several degrees, who stood in need of his care and help; to whom he was a very kind brother, uncle, and kinsman: besides, the great pains he took to promote them, as it lay in his way or power: his loss by some of them, for whom he advanced money, and his disbursements for others of them, amounted to very considerable sums; a good part of which was not long after his first beginning in the world; which was the greater prejudice to him, because then his own circumstances required money to carry on his trade with ease and advantage. Be sure, he had them more occasion for his money, than when he was arrived to a very considerable estate, which he did not till about seventeen years before his death. His estate at about seventeen years before his decease, was three times greater than when he died, though then considerable. He might easily have increased it as much as he diminished it, had he set his heart on riches; but, those he never valued in comparison with doing good: and I have often heard him say, he would not die worth more than five thousand pounds.’ ”

It will have been perceived by those who know any thing of the history of Unitarianism, that Mr. Firmin belonged to that class of Christians; and we believe that he is esteemed by them one of the most conspicuous ornaments of their persuasion. This sect has always been viewed with jealousy by the believers in the more orthodox creeds; and even in these more liberal times, Unitarianism is a heresy to which toleration is extended with a more niggardly hand, than to any other of the more remarkable deviations from the received faith. In the days of Mr. Firmin, however, whether a more tolerant spirit really and practically prevailed, or whether the character of the man disarmed even theological wrath, we find him associating with the most celebrated characters of the Established Church, as a friend whom they esteemed and respected, and whose labours of charity and benevolence they delighted to join. There are many parts of the following passage which will not be read in the present day without lively feelings of surprise.

“During the imprisonment of Mr. Bidle at Scilly, Mr. Firmin was settled in Lombard Street, where, first Mr. Jacomb, then Dr. Oulran, was minister: with these two, being excellent preachers, and learned men, he maintained a respectful and kind friendship; which was answered as affectionately and cordially on their parts. Now, also, he grew into intimacy with Dr. Whichcot, Dr. Worthington, Dr. Wilkins, Mr. Tillotson: Dr. Wilkins was afterwards Bishop of Chester, Mr. Tillotson (for he was not yet made Doctor) Archbishop of Canterbury; but in their dignity, and to the very last, Mr. Firmin had the same place and degree in their esteem and friendship, that at any time formerly he had. While Dr. Tillotson preached the Tuesday’s lecture at St. Lawrence, so much frequented by all the divines of the town, and by a great many persons of quality and distinction; when the Doctor was obliged to be at Canterbury, where he was dean, or was out of town, either for diversion or health; he generally left it to Mr. Firmin to provide preachers for his lecture, and Mr. Firmin never failed to supply his place with some very eminent preacher; so that there never was any complaint on the account of Dr. Tillotson’s absence; and this Mr. Firmin could easily do, for now there was hardly a divine of note, whether in London, or in the country that frequented London, but Mr. Firmin was come acquainted with him. Which thing helped him much to serve the interests of many hopeful young preachers and scholars; candidates for lectures, schools, cures, or rectories; for whom he would solicit with as much affection and diligence, as other men do for their sons, or near relations.

“See here a trader, who knew no Latin or Greek, no logic or philosophy, compassed about by an incredible number of learned friends, who differed so widely in opinion from him, and were continually attacking him for his supposed errors; yet could they never remove him from the belief of the unity of God, nor did their importunities, or his resistance, break off, or so much as lessen the friendship between them;

certain arguments of the extraordinary wit and good address of our friend.

“ Her late majesty Queen Mary of most happy memory, having heard much of Mr. Firmin’s usefulness in all public designs, especially those of charity, and that he was heterodox in the articles of the Trinity, the divinity of our Saviour, and the satisfaction; she spoke to Archbishop Tillotson, and earnestly recommended it to him, to set Mr. Firmin right in those weighty and necessary points. The Archbishop answered, that he had often endeavoured it; but Mr. Firmin having so early and long imbibed the Socinian doctrine, was not now capable of a contrary impression. However, his Grace published his Sermons, formerly preached at St. Lawrence’s, concerning those questions, and sent Mr. Firmin one of the first copies from the press. Mr. Firmin not convinced by his Grace’s reasonings, or his arguments from Holy Scripture, caused a respectful answer, (although some have stretched one expression too far) entituled, *Considerations on the Explications and Defences of the Doctrine of the Trinity*, to be drawn up and published, himself giving to his Grace a copy of it. I must not omit to do the Archbishop right against those who pretend, that the Archbishop, notwithstanding those sermons, was in his heart a Unitarian. For Mr. Firmin himself told me, shortly after the Archbishop had published those sermons, that going to Lambeth, and the Archbishop happening to dine in private, he sent for Mr. Firmin to him, and said to this effect; that the calumnies of people had obliged him to publish his sermons, some time since preached at St. Lawrence’s, against the tenets of Socinus; that he had sincerely preached, as he then thought, and continued still to think of those points; that, however, no body’s false imputations should provoke him to give ill language to persons who dissented conscientiously, and for weighty reasons. That he knew well this was the case of the Socinians, for whose learning and dexterity he should always have a respect, as well as for their sincerity and exemplariness. Afterwards, when Mr. Firmin gave him a copy of the Considerations; after he had read it, he only said, my Lord of Sarum shall humble your writers. Nor did he afterwards at any time express the least coldness on the account of the answer made to him, but used Mr. Firmin as formerly, enquiring, as he was wonted, how does my son Giles? so he called Mr. Firmin’s son, by his second wife.”

We may also quote this paragraph, as shewing the way in which the Unitarians esteemed themselves in relation to the Established Church. The author is speaking of the persecution of the Unitarians in Poland.

“ A toleration or liberty of religion, once tapped, will soon run all out; for break it but in one instance, or party, and you have disannulled the whole reason of it, and all the pleas for it. The malice of any whomsoever against the English Unitarians, comes now too late; they less dissent from the church (if they are at all dissenters) than any other denomination of dissenters, therefore let those dissenters

look to it, who have promoted a bill, in name and pretext, against immorality and blasphemy, in truth and real design against the Unitarians. I said King Charles granted a brief for the Polonian Protestants, who had assisted in banishing the Polonian Unitarians; this brief Mr. Firman promoted as much as in him lay: I find he received of nine dissenting congregations, £110: 16s. 10d. And in another book I find the sum of £568: 16s. 0½d. collected on the same account."

We will now collect some anecdotes of the benevolence and the other remarkable traits of character in this excellent man.

"In the year 1665 was a great plague, of which there died in that one year, in London only, near 100,000 persons: most of the wealthier citizens removed themselves and children into the country; so did Mr. Firmin, but left a kinsman in his house, with order to relieve some poor weekly, and to give out stuff to employ them in making such commodities as they were wont.' He foresaw that he should be hard put to it, to dispose of such an abundance of commodities as these poor people would work off, in so long time, for him only: but when he returned to London, a wealthy chapman (who was greatly pleased with his adventurous charity) bought an extraordinary quantity of those goods; so that he incurred no loss, at that time, by employing the poor.

"The year after the sickness came the fire, by which the city of London sustained the damage of £10,000,000 sterling. Mr. Firmin, with his neighbours, suffered the loss of his house in Lombard-street, and took (thereupon) a house and warehouse in Leadenhall-street. But now his fine spirit and generous way of trading were so well known, that in a few years he so improved his stock, that he rebuilt his house, and built also the whole court (excepting two or three houses) in which he lived. And having now provided sufficiently for himself and family, he began to consider the poor.

"His first service to them, or rather to God in their persons, was the building a warehouse by the water-side, for the laying up corn and coals, to be sold to the poor in scarce and dear times, at moderate and reasonable rates, at the rates they had been purchased, allowing only for loss (if any should happen) by damage of the goods while kept.

"He went on with his trade in Lombard-street till the year 1676, at which time I estimate he was worth about £9,000. If we consider, that this estate was raised from a beginning of about £100, in an ordinary way of trade, and in about twenty years' time, to what a mighty wealth would it have grown, in the hands of such a manager, in his remaining twenty or one and twenty years', had not his ingenit liberality, great mind, and zeal of serving the Divine Majesty, turned his endeavours a contrary way, to support and to raise others, while he lessened and impaired himself? For this year he erected his warehouse in Little Britain, for the employment of the poor in the linen manufac-

ture. Let us hear what Archbishop Tillotson (then but Dean Tillotson) says of this design of Mr. Firmin, in his funeral sermon on Mr. Gouge, Anno 1681: 'He (Mr. Gouge) set the poor of St. Sepulchre's parish (where he was minister) to work, at his own charge. He bought flax and hemp for them to spin; when spun, he paid them for their work, and caused it to be wrought into cloth, which he sold as he could, himself bearing the whole loss. This was a very wise and well-chosen way of charity; and in the good effect of it a much greater charity, than if he had given to those very persons (freely and for nothing) so much as he made them to earn by their work; because, by this means he rescued them from two most dangerous temptations, idleness and poverty.' This course so happily devised, and begun by Mr. Gouge, gave, it may be, the first hint to that useful and worthy citizen, Mr. Tho. Firmin, of a much larger design; which has been managed by him, some years in this city, with that vigour and good success, that many hundreds of poor children, and others who lived idle before, unprofitable both to themselves and the public, now maintain themselves, and are also some advantage to the community. By the assistance and charity of many excellent and well disposed persons, Mr. Firmin is enabled to bear the unavoidable loss and charge of so vast an undertaking; and by his own forward inclination to charity, and unwearied diligence and activity, is fitted to sustain, and go through the incredible pains of it. *Sermon on Mr. Gouge, p. 62, 63, 64.*"

Many details are given with respect to the management of this great spinning or work house; but we can only afford space to make the following quotation respecting it.

"Concerning this workhouse and the spinners, Mr. Firmin would often say that 'To pay the spinners, to relieve 'em with money begged for 'em, with coals, and shirting, was to him such a pleasure as magnificent buildings, pleasant walks, well cultivated orchards and gardens, the jollity of music and wine, or the charms of love or study, are to others.' I am persuaded, he said no more than the truth; for Mr. James, who was his apprentice, journeyman, and partner, upwards of thirty years, gives this account of his uncle's expence on this and other charities: Comparing and balancing his expences and losses with his gains, he might have left an estate behind him of at least £20,000, if he had not given and spent it in public and private charities, buildings, and other good works; whereas now his estate amounts to no more than a sixth part of that sum. But it was his settled resolution not to be richer: he told me but little before he died, that were he now worth £40,000 he would die but very little richer than he then was; I incline to think he would have died much poorer; for such a sum would have engaged him in such vast designs for his province, the poor, that probably, he would have gone beyond the expence he intended at first for them. I have heard his physician blame him sometimes that he did not allow himself competent time for his dinner, but hastened to Garraway's Coffee House about his affairs.

But those affairs were seldom, if ever, his own; he was to solicit for the poor, or in the business of some friend who wanted Mr. Firmin's interest, or he was to meet on some design relating to the public good. In these matters his friends, that were not quick in their dispatches, had reason oftentimes to complain of him as not giving them sufficient time to dispatch business with him, for he was nimble above most men, in apprehension, in speech, judgment, resolution, and action."

The poor debtors in prison, a class of men since become the care of a society, engaged his particular attention.

"He laboured with a particular zeal and activity in redeeming poor debtors out of prison; not only as it was charity to the persons, but out of regard to their, in the mean time, distressed and starved families: he would say, 'the release of one man out of prison is a relief bestowed on his whole family.' I have sure grounds to believe that it was himself of whom he spake in his *Book of Proposals*, p. 83. 'I know one man, who, in a few years last past, with the charity of some worthy persons, has delivered some hundreds of poor people out of prison; who lay there either only for jailor's fees or for very small debts: I have reason to believe that many more have been delivered by others, and yet one shall find the prisons very full of prisoners at this time.'"

"As he discharged great numbers of prisoners, he took care for the better and easier subsistence of others, while in prison, for he would examine the prisoners concerning their usage by their keepers; and sometimes persecuted jailors before the judges for extorting unlawful fees and other exorbitant practices. I remember one of the jailors prosecuted by Mr. Firmin, made a rope, and hanged himself before the matter was determined; a strong presumption that he was conscious to himself of great faultiness, and a demonstrative proof of the great need of such prosecutions and of the virtue of him that undertook 'em."

"He continued these endeavours for poor debtors from before the year 1681 to his last breath; but being grieved that he could do nothing for debtors laid up for great sums, therefore, on behalf of such he always vigorously promoted Acts of Grace by Parliament, whereby insolvent debtors were discharged. Tho' he never was a Parliament man he had a mighty interest in both houses; and was the cause that many bills were quashed, and others passed; insomuch, that once, when an Act of Grace for poor prisoners, that was liable to have and had an ill use made of it by unconscionable or knavish people, passed the houses and royal assent, he was upbraided with it by some of the creditors, and told that it was his Act."

The following extract is long, but contains many interesting details.

"Mr. Firmin was not insensible, that sometimes people come into prisons, or otherwise become poor, more by their own negligence, idleness, riot, and pride, than by mishap and misadventure; yet he could not join with those who say hereupon they hate the poor, and

that such well deserve the straits and miseries that they bring on themselves. He was wont to answer to such reasonings, that 'It would be a miserable world indeed if the Divine Providence should act by that rule: if God should show no favour, grant no help or deliverance to us in those straits or calamities, that are the effects of our sins. If the universal Lord seeks to reclaim and better us by favours and graces, do we dare to argue against the example set by him, and against a method, without which no man living may ask anything of God?

"There is no place whatsoever, but of necessity it must have divers poor, more especially London: where every house having one or more servants, who are obliged to spend their whole wages in clothes; when these servants marry, every little mishap in the world reduces them to beggary; their small, or rather no beginnings are crushed, by every accident. Mr. Firmin had so full a sense of this, that (in some years of his life) he begged about £500 a year, which he distributed to the poor, at their houses, or at his own, by sums of 2s. 6d., or 5s., or 10s., or 15s. as he saw (or was well informed of) the necessities of the persons. The way he took, for the better effecting this charitable distribution, was, he would inquire of the most noted persons for honesty and charity, in the several parishes, who were the most necessitous and best deserving poor in that neighbourhood: he went then to their houses, that he might judge farther by their meagre looks, number of children, sorry furniture, and other circumstances, in what proportion it might be fit to assist them. He always took their names and numbers into a book, and sent a copy of so much of his book, to the persons who had intrusted him with charity, as answered to the money trusted to him by every such person: that if he so minded, he might make enquiry, by himself, or any other, concerning the truth of the account given in. But Mr. Firmin's fidelity grew to be so well known, that after a few years, divers of his contributors would not receive his accounts. I know a certain person, whose hand was with Mr. Firmin in all his charities: I should not exceed, I believe, if I said, that in twenty-one years' time he hath given by Mr. Firmin's hand, or at his recommendation, five or six thousand pounds: this person hath himself told me, that Mr. Firmin was wont to bring him the accounts of his disbursements, till he was even weary of them; and (because he was so well assured of him) he desired him, not to bring him any more. Sometimes the sums brought, or sent in, to Mr. Firmin, for the poor, were such, as did enable him to spare some part to some whom he knew to be charitably disposed like himself: in that case, he would send small sums, such as 40s. or £3. sometimes more, to those his acquaintance, which sums they were to divide among the poor of their vicinage; whose names and case those friends were to return to him. He hath sent to me, and divers others that I know of, many such sums; in Christmas time, in hard weather, and times of scarcity.

"In these distributions, Mr. Firmin sometime considered others, besides the mere poor; particularly the poorer sort of ministers: I doubt not he hath made use of many hands besides mine; but by me he hath sent (of his own proper motion) divers times the sum of 40s.,

Sometimes two guineas, to ministers that were good preachers, and exemplary, but their vicariage, curacy, or lecture, small. I have known that he has sent no less than £100 to a clergyman in debt, or oppressed with many children, when he hath been well assured, that the person was a man of probity and merit. He asked me once, concerning Mr. P. of Gr. Ch. what sort of man he was? I answered, his mind was much above his purse: he was charitable, curious, learned; a father among young scholars, who were promising men; but his living not above £80 or £90 a year. Mr. Firmin said, 'I have done considerable for that man:' I answered, as I thought myself obliged; you may take it on my word, that your liberality was never better placed. Afterwards I met the widow of Mr. P. in London; I desired her to accept half a pint of wine, at the next tavern: while we were together, I asked her, whether there had not been some acquaintance between her husband and Mr. Firmin. She said, the acquaintance was not much, but the friendship great; she said, her husband was acquainted with many persons of quality, that he had experienced their liberality through the whole course of his life; because his address, as well as his merit, was so remarkable. She said, that of so many benefactors to Mr. P., Mr. Firmin had done most for him, both in life and death: when her husband died, his estate would not pay his debts; she was advised hereupon, by a clergyman, to propose a composition with the creditors: that seeing every one could not be fully paid, yet all of them might receive part of their debt. She consulted Mr. Firmin, by letter, about this; he approved the advice, and was one of the first that subscribed the composition: but withal, sent her a letter, wherein he remitted his whole debt; and desired to see her, when her affair was cleared, and she at quiet. When she came to him, he said, he had missed in his aim, in what he designed to procure for her, but he would do something himself: shortly after, he sent her a good Norwich stuff, that very well clothed her and her four children. She told me this, with many tears; to which I had the more regard, because I had long known her to be a virtuous and very prudent woman."

• We have no space for enumerating the various objects which, in the course of a most active life, engaged the attention of Mr. Firmin; neither can we further record more remarkable specimens of his charitable munificence. We refer our readers to the valuable little volume itself, both as a register of important facts, and as one of the most consolatory and satisfactory works of the kind we remember to have met with. He who wishes to learn how to look upon human nature in the most favourable light, should study the character of this virtuous shopkeeper. He who wishes to accumulate as much of pure and sincere happiness, in the brief space of life, as is possible, may learn from Thomas Firmin, that the surest plan he can pursue is, the cultivation of a large benevolence. The last scenes of his illness and the summary of his character, with an account of his per-

sonal appearance, will leave a strong impression on the mind of the reader, and thus make a suitable conclusion to this paper.

“ I return once more to our dear Firmin, to take leave of him for ever. He had very much weakened his otherwise strong and firm constitution, by his manifold charitable employments, &c. having been sometimes liable to jaundies, often afflicted with colics, and scarce ever without a cough; his lungs had long been ptyical. He would often return home so tired and depressed in his spirits, that his pulse was scarce to be felt, or very languid: he would then take a little rest in his chair, and start up out of it, and appear very vigorous in company, especially where any good was to be done. The more immediate cause of his death was a fever which seized his spirits, beginning with a chillness and shivering, and then a heat ensued. He was at the same time afflicted both in his lungs with a great shortness of breath, not having strength to expectorate, and also with such terrible pains in his bowels, that for many hours nothing could be made to pass him. He had for many years been troubled with a large rupture. All which made his sickness very short. He had wished in his lifetime, that he might not lie above two days on his last sick bed; God granted to him his desire; he lay not so long by eight hours: and December 20, about two of the clock in the morning, Anno 1697, he died.

“ During his decumbiture, he was visited by his most dear friend, the Bishop of Gloucester: What passed between them his lordship hath made me to know, under his own hand, in these words. Mr. Firmin told me he was now going: ‘ and I trust,’ said he, ‘ God will not condemn me to worse company than I have loved, and used, in the present life.’ I replied, ‘ that he had been an extraordinary example of charity; the poor had a wonderful blessing in you: I doubt not, these works will follow you; if you have no expectation from the merit of them; but rely on the infinite goodness of God, and the merits of our Saviour.’ Here he answered, ‘ I do so: and I say, in the words of my Saviour: when I have done all, I am but an unprofitable servant.’ He was in such an agony of body, for want of breath, that I did not think fit to speak more to him, but only give him assurance of my earnest prayers for him, while he remained in this world. Then I took solemn and affectionate farewell of him; and he of me.

“ It is usual to conclude lives with a character of the persons, both as to their bodies, and the qualities of their minds: therefore, I must further add, Mr. Firmin was of a lower stature, well proportioned; his complexion fair and bright; his eye and countenance lively; his aspect manly, and promising somewhat extraordinary; you would readily take him for a man of good sense, worth, and dignity. Walking or sitting, he appeared more comely than standing still; for his mien and action gave a gracefulness to his person.

“ The endowments, inclinations, and qualities of his mind, may be best judged by the account we have given of his life. It appears, he was quick of apprehension, and dispatch, and yet almost indefatigably industrious; properties that very rarely meet in the same man.

He was, besides, inquisitive and very ingenious; that is, he had a thirst of knowing much; and his fine and mercurial wit enabled him to acquire a large knowledge, with little labour, but he was utterly against subtilities in Religion. He could not dissemble; on the contrary, you might easily perceive his love or anger, his liking or dislike: methoughts, in both these respects he was rather too open; but both are the effects of sincerity, and arguments of an honest mind. He never affected proudly the respects of others, whether above or below him: with which I was the better satisfied, because it follows, that his charities proceeded not from any affectation of honour, or glory among men; but from the love of God and his afflicted brother. He was facetious enough, but without affecting it; for he valued, what indeed himself excelled in, judgment, rather than wit. He was neither presuming nor overbold, nor yet timorous; a little prone to anger, but never excessive in it, either as to measure or time: which acrasies, whether you say of the body or mind, occasion great uneasiness, and sometimes great calamities and mischiefs, to persons who are ridden by those passions. If the mind is turbulent by strong passions of any sort, the life is seldom serene and calm; but vexed with griefs and misadventure. His manner of conversing was agreeable; so that seldom any broke friendship with him. Being well assured in himself of his own integrity, he could even unconcernedly hear that this or that man spoke ill of him."

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