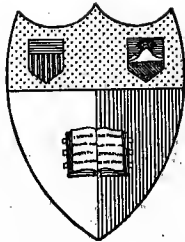


THE WHITE KING

OR CHARLES THE FIRST





Cornell University Library
Ithaca, New York

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME OF THE
SAGE ENDOWMENT FUND
THE GIFT OF
HENRY W. SAGE

1891

F 15 '38

FEB 1 1949 J R

JR JAN 8 '55

~~APR 25 1966 CN~~

~~OCT 24 1966 A~~

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY



3 1924 088 000 553

DA
390
A219
v.2

THE WHITE KING;

OR,

CHARLES THE FIRST,

AND THE

Men and Women, Life and Manners, Literature
and Art of England in the first half of the
17th Century.

BY

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON :

GEORGE REDWAY, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1889.

K
M

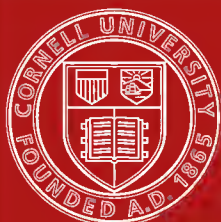
CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

AA96091

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY
CORNELL

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THREE NOBLE LADIES: MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEW- CASTLE—LADY ANNE FANSHAWE—MRS. HUTCHINSON	1
II. THE ARTS IN ENGLAND DURING THE REIGN OF CHARLES I. —I. MUSIC - - - - -	40
III. THE ARTS IN ENGLAND DURING THE REIGN OF CHARLES I. —(<i>Continued</i>).—II. THE DRAMA - - - - -	70
IV. THE ARTS IN ENGLAND DURING THE REIGN OF CHARLES I. —(<i>Continued</i>).—III. PAINTING AND ARCHITECTURE -	122
V. LITERATURE IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I. — I. THE COURTLY POETS - - - - -	179
VI. LITERATURE IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.—(<i>Continued</i>). —II. THE SERIOUS POETS - - - - -	226
VII. MEN OF LETTERS IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I. -	319
APPENDIX—NOTES AND CORRECTIONS - - - - -	351
INDEX - - - - -	359



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

THE WHITE KING.



CHAPTER I.

THREE NOBLE LADIES : MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE
—LADY ANNE FANSHAWE—MRS. HUTCHINSON.

THE memoirs of the three famous Englishwomen whose names and titles are prefixed to this chapter help the reader to an intelligent conception of the domestic life of England, among the cultivated classes, in the reign of Charles I.—a domestic life of which any country might be proud, for it was brightened by all the social graces, and consecrated by unsullied purity and unfading affection.

The 'true story' of Duchess Margaret is told by herself in a work of singular simplicity, characterized by no inconsiderable literary talent: 'Nature's Pictures drawn by Fancy's Pencil to the Life. Written by the Thrice Noble, Illustrious, and Excellent Princess, the Lady Marchioness of Newcastle. In this volume'—so runs the title-page of the edition of 1656—'there are several feigned Stories of Natural Descriptions, as Comical, Tragical, and Tragicomical, Poetical, Romancical, Philosophical, and Historical, both in Prose and Verse, some all Verse, some all Prose, some mixt, partly Prose, and partly Verse. Also, there are some Morals and some Dialogues: but they are as the advantage, Loaves of Bread as a Baker's Dozen: and a true Story at the latter End, wherein there is no feigning.' Of this true story I shall furnish an epitome.

Margaret Lucas, daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, a gentleman of ancient family and large estate, was born in 1624. She was the youngest of eight children, and still an infant when her father died. Her education and nurture befitted her birth, and were both carefully and lovingly supervised by her mother, who must have been a woman of strong character as well as of exceptional parts. 'My birth 'was not lost,' she says, 'in my breeding; for as my sisters was, or had been bred, so was I in plenty, or rather with superfluity; likewise we were bred virtuously, modestly, civilly, honourably, and on honest principles; as for plenty, we had not only for necessity, conveniency, and decency, but for delight and pleasure to a superfluity. 'Tis true we did not riot, but we lived orderly; for riot, even in Kings' Courts and Princes' Palaces, brings ruin without content or pleasure, when order in less fortunes shall live more plentifully and deliciously than Princes that live in a hurly-burly, as I may term it, in which they are seldom well served, for disorder obstructs; besides, it doth disgust life, distract the appetites, and yield no true relish to the senses; for pleasure, delight, peace, and felicity live in method and temperance.'

The Duchess then goes into more detail respecting her bringing up:

'As for our garments, my mother did not only delight to see us neat and cleanly, fine and gay, but rich and costly, maintaining us to the height of her estate, but not beyond it, for we were so far from being in debt before those wars, as we were rather beforehand with the world, buying all with ready money, not on the score. For although, after my father's death, the estate was divided between my mother and her sons, paying such a sum of money for portions to her daughters, either at the day of their marriage or when they should come to age, yet by reason she and her children agreed with a mutual consent, all their affairs were managed so well, as she lived not in a much lower condition than when my father lived. 'Tis

true my mother might have increased her daughters' portions by a thrifty sparing, yet she chose to bestow it on our breeding, honest pleasures, and harmless delights, out of an opinion that if she bred us with needy necessity, it might chance to create in us sharking qualities, mean thoughts, and base actions, which she knew my father, as well as herself, did abhor.

'Likewise we were bred tenderly, for my mother naturally did strive to please and delight her children, not to curse or torment them, terrifying them with threats or lashing them with slavish whips, but instead of threats reason was used to persuade us, and instead of lashes the deformities of vice was discovered, and the graces and virtues were presented unto us. Also we were bred with respectful attendance, every one being severally waited upon; and all the servants in general used the same respect to her children (even those that were very young) as they did to herself, for she suffered not her servants either to be rude before us or to domineer over us, which all vulgar servants are apt, and oftentimes which some have leave to do. Likewise she never suffered the vulgar serving-men to be in the nursery among the nursemaids, lest their rude love-making might do unseemly actions, or speak unhandsome words in the presence of her children, knowing that youth is apt to take infection by ill examples, having not the reason of distinguishing good from bad. Neither were we suffered to have any familiarity with the vulgar servants or conversation, yet caused us to demean ourselves with an humble civility towards them, as they with a dutiful respect to us; not because they were servants were we so reserved, for many noble persons are forced to serve through necessity, but by reason the vulgar sort of servants are as ill-bred as meanly born, giving children ill-examples and worse counsel.'

That Margaret Lucas was fortunate in the possession of a thoughtful and sagacious mother is evident from the educational system by which she and her sisters profited.

They were instructed in all sorts of virtues—that is, accomplishments, such as singing, dancing, playing on the virginals, reading, writing, working, and the like, but their whole time was not given to them; and above and beyond them Lady Lucas placed the great essentials of high thinking and plain living, desiring that they should be bred virtuously, modestly, civilly, honourably, and on honest principles. A family thus admirably trained necessarily clung together with a singular and surpassing affection. Two of the brothers were married and three of the sisters, yet they lived happily with their mother, especially when she was at her country house. Margaret Lucas rehearses the ‘recreations’ in which she—as yet too young to join in them—observed that her sisters most indulged. ‘Their customs were in winter time to go sometimes to plays, or to ride in their coaches about the streets to see the concourse and recourse of people, and in the spring time to visit the Spring Garden, Hyde Park, and the like places; and sometimes they would have music, and sup in barges upon the water. These harmless recreations they would pass their time away with, for I observed they did seldom make visits, nor never went abroad with strangers in their company, but only themselves in a flock together, agreeing so well that there seemed but one mind amongst them.’

In 1643 Margaret Lucas became one of the maids of honour to Queen Henrietta Maria, whom she accompanied in her flight from England, and with whom she resided for nearly two years at Paris. In 1625 she was married to that splendid and chivalrous nobleman, the Marquis (afterwards created Duke) of Newcastle, the match being on both sides one of pure affection. ‘He wooed me for his wife,’ she says; and who could reject so gallant and generous a cavalier—albeit he was a widower, and some years her senior? ‘Though I did dread marriage,’ she says, ‘and shunned men’s company as much as I could, yet I could not, nor had not the power to refuse him, by reason my affections were fixed on him, and he was the only person I

ever was in love with.' The devotion to her lord here stimulates her into such a passion of eloquence that sentence runs into sentence with an unrestrainable vehemence. I quote the passage *literatim et verbatim* :

'Neither was I ashamed to own it, but gloried therein, for it was not amorous love; I never was infected therewith; it is a disease, or a passion, or both, I only know by relation, not by experience. Neither could title, wealth, power, or person entice me to love; but my love was honest and honourable, being placed upon merit, which affection joyed at the fame of his worth, pleased with delight in his wit, proud of the respects he used to me, and triumphing in the affections he professed for me, which affections he both confirmed to me by a deal of time, sealed by constancy, and assigned by an unalterable decree of his promise, which makes one happy in despite of fortune's powers; for though misfortune may and do oft dissolve base, wild, loose, and ungrounded affections, yet she hath no power of those that are united either by merit, justice, gratitude, duty, fidelity, or the like; and though my lord hath lost his estate, and banished out of his country for his loyalty to his King and country, yet neither despised poverty nor pinching necessity could make him break the bonds of friendship or weaken his loyal duty to his King or country.'

The Marquis removed to Antwerp soon after his marriage, and resided there until the fall of the Commonwealth opened the way for the return of himself and many other distressed fugitives to their native country. During his adversity Margaret proved herself a noble helpmate, and both husband and wife relieved the weariness of exile by the pursuit of letters. The house they lived in had been occupied by the great Dutch painter Rubens, and belonged to his widow. It contained a magnificent museum, collected by the artist, which the duke afterwards purchased for £1,000. Here the Marchioness wrote and published (in 1653) a volume of 'Poems and Fancies,' in

which will be found the graceful and flowing verses entitled, 'The Pastimes and Recreation of the Queen of Fairies in Fairyland.' She paid a visit to England in the hope of inducing the Council of State to grant her, from her husband's confiscated estates, an income sufficient for the due maintenance of her dignity;* but her errand proved hopeless, and the Marquis and Marchioness kept up their household at Antwerp through the generosity of their creditors, who trusted implicitly in the great English nobleman's honour, and believed that he would one day be restored to his rightful position.

At the Restoration they returned to England, and the Marquis—who was then raised to the strawberry leaves—having recovered a great portion of his estates, employed himself with patient assiduity in the discharge of the burdens upon them, in the repair of his rural seats, and the cultivation of the land, which had been almost entirely neglected. He found time, however, to assist his wife in her numerous compositions; and this splendid pair begot between them a dozen folio volumes of plays and poems, disquisitions and essays—all exhibiting the manifest signs of a great deal of cleverness, though overlaid with eccentricity and with egotism; an egotism so colossal and so unconcealed, however, that one is entirely unable to ridicule it. How frank it is, and how amusing, let the reader judge. The Duchess sums up her own character, and this is what she makes of it:

'I have been honourably born and nobly matched. I have been bred to elevated thoughts, not to a dejected spirit. My life hath been ruled with honesty, attended by modesty, and directed by truth. But since I have writ in general thus far of my life, I think it fit I should speak something of my humour, particular practice and disposition.

'As for my humour, I was from childhood given to

* She tells us that, while in London on this business, she went three or four times to the concerts of 'one Mr. Lawes,' Henry Lawes, the friend of Milton, and one of the best musicians of his time.

contemplation, being more taken or delighted with thought than in conversation with a society, in so much as I would walk two or three hours, and never rest, in a musing, considering, contemplating manner, reasoning with myself of everything my senses did present; but when I was in the company of my natural friends, I was very attentive of what they said and did, but many times I did observe their actions. Whereupon my reason as judge, and my thoughts as accusers, or excusers, or approvers and commenders, did plead, or appeal to accuse, or complain thereto; also, I never took delight in closets, or cabinets of toys, but in the variety of fine clothes, and such toys as only were to adorn my person. Likewise I had a natural stupidity towards the learning of any other language than my native tongue, for I could sooner and with more facility understand the sense than remember the words, and for want of such memory makes me so unlearned in foreign languages as I am.

‘As for my practice, I was never very active, by reason I was given so much to contemplation. Besides, my brothers and sisters were for the most part serious, and staid in their actions, not given to sport nor play, nor dance about, whose company I keeping made me so too. But I observed that, although their actions were staid, yet they would be very merry amongst themselves, delighting in each other’s company. Also, they would in their discourse express the general actions of the world, judging, condemning, approving, commending, as they thought good, and with those that were innocently harmless they would make themselves merry therewith.

‘As for my study of books, it was little; yet I chose rather to read than to employ my time in any other work or practice; and when I read what I understood not, I would ask my brother, the Lord Lucas, he being learned, the sense or meaning thereof. But my serious study could not be much, by reason I took great delight in attiring, fine dressing, and fashions, especially such fashions as I

did invent myself, not taking that pleasure in such fashions as were invented by others. Also, I did dislike any should follow my fashions, for I always took delight in a singularity, even in accoutrements, of habits.'

Confirmation to this frank confession is furnished by Pepys in his immortal diary: 'But my Lady Newcastle going with her coaches and footmen all in velvet; herself with her velvet cap, her hair about her ears, many black patches about her mouth, without anything about her neck, and a black vest fitted to the body.'

The Duchess continues her agreeable self-analysis. Her evident satisfaction with all her 'gifts and graces' is so delightfully simple and unaffected that the reader can't for the life of him feel offended at it:

'But whatsoever I was addicted to, either in fashion of clothes, contemplation of thoughts, actions of life, they were lawful, honest, honourable, and modest, of which I can avouch to the world with a great confidence, because it is a pure truth. As for my disposition, it is more inclining to be melancholy than merry; but not crabbed or peevishly melancholy, but soft, melting, solitary, and contemplating melancholy; and I am apt to cry rather than laugh—not that I do often either of them. Also, I am tender-natured, for it troubles my conscience to kill a fly, and the groans of a dying beast strike my soul. Also, where I place a particular affection, I love extraordinarily and constantly, yet not fondly, but soberly and observingly; not to hang about them as a trouble, but to wait upon them as a servant. But this affection will take no root, but where I think or find merit, and have leave from Divine or moral laws. Yet I find this passion so troublesome, as it is the only torment to my life, for fear any evil misfortune, or accident, or sickness, or death, should come unto them, insomuch as I am never fully at rest.

'Likewise I am grateful, for I never received a courtesy but I am impatient and troubled until I can return it. Also, I am chaste, both by nature and education, insomuch

as I do abhor an unchaste thought.'—From the prominence given by the Duchess to a virtue which is commonly supposed to be inherent to herself, are we to assume that she knew of many ladies of high degree who could not have pretended to it?—'Likewise I am seldom angry, as my servants may witness for me, for I rather chose to suffer some inconveniences than disturb my thoughts, which makes me wink many times at their faults. But when I am angry, I am very angry; but yet it is soon over, and I am easily pacified, if it be not such an injury as may create a hate. Neither am I apt to be exceptious or jealous; but if I have the least symptoms of this passion, I declare it to those it concerns, for I never let it lie smothering in my breast to breed a malignant disease in my mind which might break out into extravagant passions or railing speeches, or indiscreet actions; but I examine moderately, reason soberly, and plead gently in my own behalf, through a desire to keep those affections I had, or at least thought to have. And truly I am so vain as to be so self-conceited, or so naturally partial, to think my friends have as much reason to love one another, since none can love more sincerely than I, and it were an injustice to prefer a fainter affection, or to esteem the body more than the mind.

'Likewise,' continues this simple-minded panegyrist of her own immeasurable good qualities, 'I am neither spiteful, envious, nor malicious. I repine not at the gifts that nature or fortune bestows upon others, yet I am a great emulator. For though I wish none worse than they are, yet it is lawful for me to wish myself the best, and to do my honest endeavour thereunto, for I think it no crime to wish myself the exactest of nature's work, my thread of life the longest, my chain of destiny the strongest, my mind the peaceablest, my life the pleasantest, my death the easiest, and [myself] the greatest saint in heaven. Also to do my endeavour, so far as honour and honesty doth allow of, to be the highest on fortune's wheel, and to hold the wheel from turning if I can. And if it be commendable to

wish another good, it were a sin not to wish my own; for as envy is a vice, so emulation is a virtue. But emulation is in the way to ambition, or, indeed, it is a noble ambition. But I fear my ambition inclines to vainglory, for I am very ambitious; yet 'tis neither for beauty, wit, titles, wealth, or power, but as they are steps to raise one to fame, a tower which is to live by remembrance in after ages.

'Likewise I am what the vulgar call proud: not out of a self-conceit, or to slight or condemn any, but scorning to do a base or mean act, and disdainng rude or unworthy persons, insomuch that if I should find any that was rude or too bold, I should be apt to be so passionate as to affront them if I can, unless discretion should get betwixt my passion and their boldness, which sometimes perchance it might, if discretion should crowd hard for place. For though I am naturally bashful, yet in such a cause my spirits would be all on fire, otherwise I am so well-bred as to be civil to all persons of all degrees or qualities. Likewise I am so proud, or, rather, just to my lord, as to abate nothing of the quality of his wife, for if honour be the marks of merit to his Majesty's royal favour, who will favour none but those that have merit to deserve, it were a baseness for me to neglect the ceremony thereof. Also in some cases I am naturally a coward, and in other cases very valiant—as, for example, if any of my nearest friends were in danger. I should never consider my life in striving to help them, though I were sure to do them no good, and would willingly, nay, cheerfully, resign my life for their sakes. Likewise I should not spare my life if honour bids me die; but in a danger where my friends or my honour is not concerned or engaged, but only my life to be unprofitably lost, I am the veriest coward in nature—as upon the sea, or any dangerous places, or of thieves, or fire, or the like. Nay, the shooting of a gun, though but a pop-gun, will make me start and stop my hearing, much less have I courage to discharge one. Or if a sword should be held

against me, although but in jest, I am afraid. Also as I am not covetous, so I am not prodigal, but of the two I am inclining to be prodigal, yet I cannot say to a vain prodigality, because I imagine it is to a profitable end. For perceiving the world is given, or apt to honour the outside more than the inside, worshipping show more than substance, and I am so vain, if it be a vanity, as to endeavour to be worshipped rather than not to be regarded, yet I shall never be so prodigal as to impoverish my friends, or go beyond the limits or facility of our estate. And though I desire to appear to the best advantage whilst I live in the view of the public world, yet I could most willingly exclude myself, so as never to see the face of any creature but my lord as long as I live, including myself like an anchorite, wearing a frieze gown, tied with a cord about my waist.

‘But I hope my readers will not think me vain for writing my life, since there have been many that have done the like, as Cæsar, Ovid, and many more, both men and women, and I know no reason I may not do it as well as they. But I verily believe some consuming readers will scornfully say, Why hath this lady writ her own life? Since none cares to know whose daughter she was, or whose wife she is, or how she was bred, or what fortune she had, or how she lived, or what humour or disposition she was of. I answer that it is true; that ’tis to no purpose to the readers, but it is to the authoress, because I write it for my own sake, not theirs. Neither did I intend this piece for to delight, but to divulge; not to please the fancy, but to tell the truth, lest after-ages should mistake, in not knowing I was daughter to one Master Lucas, of St. John’s, near Colchester, in Essex, second wife to the Lord Marquis of Newcastle, for my lord having had two wives, I might easily have been mistaken, especially if I should die and my lord marry again.’

The later and brighter years of their wedded life the Duke and his Duchess spent at their town house in

Clerkenwell Close, where Evelyn visited them, and was 'much pleased with the extraordinary fanciful habit, garb, and discourse of the Duchess;' and when in the country, at Welbeck Abbey, in Nottinghamshire, and at Bolsover Castle, in Derbyshire, seats about six or seven miles apart. The Duchess died in London, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, January 7th, 1674. A stately monument in the Abbey bears record in words written by herself, that 'Here lies the loyall Duke of Newcastle and his Duchess, his second wife, by whom he had no issue. Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas, of Colchester: *a noble familie, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous.** This Duchess was a wise, wittie, and learned lady, which her many books do well testifie. She was a most virtuous and a loving and carefull wife, and was with her lord all the time of his banishment and miseries, and when he came home never parted from him in his solitary retirements.'

Of her literary merits the estimate formed by Sir Egerton Brydges seems very fair. That she had talents as well as virtues, which raised her above the multitude, must, I think, be conceded. But she wanted that primary and indispensable quality of 'taste,' which was essential to their proper application and employment. 'Her powers, with the aid of a little more arrangement, of something more of scholastic polish, and of a moderate exertion of maturer judgment, might have produced writings which posterity would have esteemed both for their instruction and amusement.'

Among the Duchess's many productions the most noteworthy was her biography of her husband—a work which, in Charles Lamb's opinion, was a jewel for which no casket was too rich. No more curious or interesting monument of conjugal devotion was ever erected. Every page breathes

* 'I am very much pleased,' says Addison, 'with a passage in the inscription on a monument to the late Duke and Duchess of Newcastle,' and he proceeds to quote the words we have italicised. [*Spectator*, No. 99.]

of her adoration of that splendid cavalier, and offers the most attractive glimpses possible of chivalrous loyalty and absorbing affection, combined with eccentricity and extravagance of thought, feeling, and diction. Sometimes her admiration of her husband is pushed to such an extreme that one is tempted at first to suppose that she is quietly laughing at him; further consideration, however, shows that she is always sincere and in earnest, and that her lord was to her in reality what she represents him to be to the reader. In the third part of her memoir she treats of the Duke's natural humour, disposition, qualities, virtues, and the like, and uses language of such elaborate flattery as surely never before or since was publicly applied to any husband by any wife. First, she describes his power; second, his misfortunes and obstructions; third, his loyalty and sufferings; fourth, his prudence and wisdom, which have been 'sufficiently apparent both in his public and private actions and employments, for he hath such a natural inspection and judicious observation of things, that he sees beforehand what will come to pass, and orders his affairs accordingly;' fifth, his blessings, which show him to have been the special favourite of heaven; sixth, his honours and dignities; seventh, the entertainments he made for Charles I.; eighth, his education; ninth, his natural wit and understanding, which 'appears by his delight in poetry—for I may justly call him *the best lyric and dramatic poet* of this age;' tenth, his natural humour and disposition—'my lord may justly be compared to Titus, the Deliciæ of mankind, by reason of his sweet, gentle, and obliging nature;' eleventh, his outward shape and behaviour; twelfth, his discourse, 'as free and unconcerned as his behaviour, pleasant, witty, and instructive;' thirteenth, his habit. 'He accouters his person according to the fashion, if it be one that is not troublesome and uneasy for move of heroic exercises and actions. He is neat and cleanly, which makes him to be somewhat long in dressing, though not so long as many effeminate persons are. He shifts ordinarily

once a day, and every time when he uses exercise, or his temper is more hot than ordinary.' Fourteenth, his diet. In this 'he is so sparing and temperate that he never eats nor drinks beyond his set proportion, so as to satisfy only his natural appetite. He makes but one meal a day, at which he drinks two good glasses of small beer, one about the beginning, the other at the end thereof, and a little glass of sack in the middle of his dinner, which glass of sack he also uses in the morning for his breakfast, with a morsel of bread. His supper consists of an egg and a draught of small beer.' Fifteenth, his recreation and exercise; and sixteenth, his pedigree.

Was ever husband so glorified before?

Not the least attractive portion of this attractive book is the wife's dedication of her loving labours to the husband whom they celebrate. I am not sure but that it brings out the points of her character more effectively than any other of her compositions, and, such being my opinion, I shall transcribe some of the more notable passages:

'My Noble Lord,' she begins, 'it hath always been my hearty prayer to God, since I have been your wife, that, first, I might prove an honest and good wife, whereof your Grace must be the only judge. Next, that God would be pleased to enable me to set forth and declare to after-ages the truth of your loyal actions and endeavours for the service of your king and country . . . and (I) have accordingly writ the history of your lordship's life, which, although I have endeavoured to render as perspicuous as ever I could, yet one thing I find hath much darkened it, which is, that your Grace commanded me not to mention anything or passage to the prejudice or disgrace of any family or particular person (although they might be of great truth, and would illustrate much the actions of your life), which I have dutifully performed, to satisfy your lordship, whose nature is so generous, that you are as well pleased to obscure the faults of your enemies as you are to divulge the virtues of your friends. And certainly, my lord, you

have had as many enemies and as many friends as ever any one particular person had, and I pray God to forgive the one and prosper the other. Nor do I so much wonder at it, since I, a woman, cannot be exempt from the malice and assertions of spiteful tongues, which they cast upon my poor writings, some denying me to be the true authoress of them; for your Grace remembers well that those books I put out first, to the judgment of this censorious age, were accounted not to be written by a woman. . . . I have made known that your lordship was my only tutor, in declaring to me what you had found and observed by your own experience, for I being young when your lordship married me, could not have much knowledge of the world. *But it pleased God to command his servant nature to indue me with a poetical and philosophical genius even from my birth*, for I did write some books in that kind before I was twelve years of age, which you count of good order and method, I would never divulge. . . .

‘Truly, my lord, I confess that for want of scholarship I could not express myself so well as otherwise I might have done in those philosophical writings I published first; but after I was returned with your lordship into my native country, and led a retired country life, I applied myself to the reading of philosophical authors, of purpose to learn those names and words of art that are used in schools, which at first was so hard to me that I could not understand them, but was fain to guess at the sense of them by the whole context, and so writ them down as I found them in those authors, at which my readers did wonder, *and thought it impossible that a woman could have so much learning and understanding in terms of art and scholastical expressions*. So that I and my books are like the old epilogue mentioned in “Esop,” of a father and his son who rode on an ass through a town when his father went on foot, at which sight the people shouted and cried shame, that a young boy should ride and let his father, an old man, go on foot. Whereupon the old man got upon the

ass and let his son go by ; but when they came to the next town the people exclaimed against the father, that he a lusty man should ride and have no more pity of his young and tender child but let him go on foot. Then both the father and his son got upon the ass, and, coming to the third town, the people blamed them both for being so unconscionable as to over-burden the poor ass with their heavy weight. After this both father and son went on foot and led the ass, and when they came to the fourth town the people railed as much at them as even the former had done, and called them both fools for going on foot when they had a beast able to carry them. The old man, seeing he could not please mankind in any manner, and having received so many blemishes and aspersions for the sake of his ass, was at last resolved to drown him when he came to the next bridge. But I am not so passionate to turn my writings for the various humours of mankind and for their finding fault, since there is nothing in this world, be it the noblest and most commendable action whatsoever, that shall escape blameless.

‘As for my being the true and only authoress of them your lordship knows best, and my attending servants are witness that I have had none but my own thoughts, fancies, and speculations to assist me ; and as soon as I have set them down I send them to those that are to transcribe them and fit them for the press. Whereof, since there have been several, and amongst them such as only could write a good hand, *but neither understood orthography nor had any learning* (I being then in banishment with your lordship, and not able to maintain learned secretaries), which hath been a great disadvantage to my poor works, and the cause that they have been printed so false and so full of errors.

‘I have been a student even from my childhood ; and since I have been your lordship’s wife I have lived for the most part a strict and retired life, as is best known to your lordship, and, therefore, my censurers cannot know much

of me, since they have little or no acquaintance with me. 'Tis true I have been a traveller both before and after I was married to your lordship, and *sometimes show myself at your lordship's command in public places or assemblies*; but yet I converse with few. Indeed, my lord, I matter not the censures of this age, but am rather proud of them; for it shows that my actions are more than ordinary, and, according to the old proverb, "It is better to be envied than pitied." For I know well, that it is merely out of spite and malice, whereof this present age is so full that none can escape them, and they'll make no doubt to stain even your lordship's loyal, noble, and heroic actions, as well as they do mine, though yours have been of war and fighting, mine of contemplating and writing. Yours were performed publicly in the field, mine privately in my closet. Yours had many thousand eye witnesses, mine none but my waiting-maids. But the great God that hath hitherto blessed both your grace and me, will, I question not, *preserve both our fames to after ages*, for which we shall be bound most humbly to acknowledge His great mercy.'

LADY ANNE FANSHAWE.

A not less notable example of conjugal devotion is furnished by Lady Anne Fanshawe; and her wifely love has the merit of being free from the extravagant and almost servile adoration in which the Duchess of Newcastle indulged. She, like the Duchess, has written her 'Autobiography,' but in a very different strain: she is as modest and unaffected as the Duchess is vain and artificial. Both were excellent wives; but Lady Fanshawe was the nobler woman. Quite unconsciously, and with evident truthfulness, she paints her own character in her charmingly frank and simple pages; and it is a character which one cannot but respect and admire. A tender and loving disposition was combined with a courageous heart; and her whole life, which was darkened at one time by many dangers and privations, was informed by a spirit of the truest and tenderest piety.

Anne Harrison was the eldest daughter of Sir John Harrison, of Balls, in the county of Herts, by Margaret, daughter of Robert Fanshawe, Esq., of Fanshawe Gate. She was born in St. Olave's, Hart Street, London, on the 25th of March, 1625; and there she spent the first fifteen winters of her life until her mother's death in 1640. She was educated by her mother with tender care and wise discretion. All the advantages 'that time afforded' were placed within her reach, and she was taught how to avail herself of them. But she had a great partiality for riding, running, and all active pastimes. 'In short,' she says, 'I was that which we grown people call a hoyting girl; but to be just to myself, I never did mischief to myself or people, nor one immodest word or action in my life.' On her mother's death she began to reflect, and, as an offering to her memory, flung away 'those little childnesses which had formerly possessed her, and took charge of her father's house and family, which she ordered to his entire satisfaction.'

Her father, as might be expected, espoused the King's cause, and followed the Court to Oxford. Thither he summoned his daughters, not thinking it safe for them to remain in the metropolis, where the Puritan party was dominant. His estate having been sequestered by the Parliament, they were reduced to great poverty—'living in a baker's house in an obscure street, and sleeping in a bad bed in a garret, with bad provisions, no money, and little clothes.' 'We had the perpetual discourse,' she says, 'of losing and gaining towns and men; at the windows the sad spectacle of war, sometimes plague, sometimes sicknesses of other kind, by reason of so many people being packed together, as, I believe, there never was before, of that quality; always in want, yet I must needs say that most bore it with a martyr-like cheerfulness. For my own part, I began to think we should all, like Abraham, live in tents all the days of our lives.' The King acknowledged her father's sacrifices by the offer of a baronetcy; but on the ground of poverty it was respectfully declined.

In 1644 she lost her brother William, in consequence of a fall from his horse, which was shot under him in a skirmish the year before; and on the 18th of May she was married to Mr. Richard Fanshawe, a gentleman of fine character and cultivated mind, in Wolvercot Church, two miles from Oxford. She was then in her twentieth year, and her husband about thirty-six. Fanshawe had been appointed Secretary of War to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., with a promise from the King that he should be preferred as soon as occasion offered it; but 'both his fortune,' says Lady Fanshawe, 'and my promised portion, which was made £10,000, were both at that time in expectation, and we might truly be called merchant adventurers, for the stock we set up our trading with did not amount to twenty pounds betwixt us. But, however, it was to us as a little piece of armour is against a bullet, which if it be right placed, though no bigger than a shilling, serves as well as a whole suit of armour; so our stock bought pen, ink, and paper, which was your father's trade, and by it, I assure you, we lived better than those that were born to £2,000 a-year as long as he had his liberty.'

Whilst living in this happy state of love and poverty, Mr. Fanshawe, in 1644, was honoured by the University of Oxford with its degree of Doctor of Laws. Early in the following March, he attended the Prince to Bristol, but his wife, in consequence of her confinement, was unable to accompany him. The circumstances of this first separation are told by Lady Fanshawe with exquisite simplicity. 'It was the first time we had parted a day since we married. He was extremely afflicted, even to tears, though passion was against his nature; but the sense of leaving me with a dying child, which did die two days after, in a garrison town, extremely weak, and very poor, were such circumstances as he could not bear with, only the argument of necessity. And, for my own part, it cost me so dear, that I was ten weeks before I could go alone; but he, by all op-

portunities, wrote to me to fortify myself, and to comfort me in the company of my father and sister, who were both with me, and that as soon as the Lords of the Council had their wives come to them, I should come to him, and that I should receive the first money he got, and hoped it would be suddenly. By the help of God, with these cordials I recovered my former strength by little and little, nor did I in my distressed condition lack the conversation of many of my relations then in Oxford, and kindnesses of very many of the nobility and gentry, both for goodness sake, and because your father being then in good employment, they found him serviceable to themselves or friends, which friendships were better distinguished between his place and person than your father.'

Mrs. Fanshawe joined her husband in May, at which time he was appointed Secretary to the Prince of Wales; but the plague breaking out in Bristol, they proceeded with the Prince to Pendennis Castle, near Falmouth, and thence, in April, 1646, to the Scilly Islands. Here their sufferings far exceeded any they had undergone at Oxford. There were but three beds in the little house which they occupied. The house consisted only of four rooms, or rather partitions, two low rooms, and two little lofts, to which the sole access was by a ladder. In one loft the owner of the house kept the dried fish in which he dealt, and this became the sleeping-quarters of Mr. Fanshawe's two clerks; the other one for 'the rest of the servants.' Of the two rooms one was allotted to Mrs. Fanshawe's sister. The first night she and her husband slept in this wretched tenement she felt intolerably cold, and next morning discovered that her bed 'was near swimming with the sea,' which the owner afterwards obligingly informed her 'it never did but at spring-tide.' This was not all: they were practically destitute of clothes, and meat, and fuel, and may be said to have begged their daily bread of God, for they thought every meal their last. The loyalty which, without murmur, endured these privations, must, after all, have been some-

thing more than a sentiment; it may be said almost to have assumed the proportions of a religion.

The fugitives were more hospitably entertained in Jersey, where Mrs. Fanshawe gave birth to her second child. The husband's employment in the Prince's service ceasing on the latter's departure for Paris, he and his wife went on a visit to his brother, who was lying ill at Caen. Thence Mrs. Fanshawe was sent to England to see if she could raise some money to meet their current necessities. She succeeded in obtaining permission for her husband to compound for his estates in the sum of £300, and also to return. In this way it fell to the lot of Mr. Fanshawe to wait frequently upon the King during his detention at Hampton Court. Mrs. Fanshawe went three times to pay her duty to him. 'The last time I ever saw him,' she says, 'when I took my leave, I could not refrain weeping: when he had saluted me, I prayed to God to preserve his Majesty with long life and happy years. He stroked me on the cheek, and said, "Child, if God pleaseth, it shall be so, but both you and I must submit to God's will, and you know what hands I am in." Then turning to Mr. Fanshawe, he said, "Be sure, Dick, to tell my son all that I have said, and deliver those letters to my wife; pray God bless her! I hope I shall do well." And taking him in his arms, said, "Thou hast ever been an honest man, and I hope God will bless thee, and make thee a happy servant to my son, whom I have charged in my letter to continue his love and trust to you," adding, "I do promise you that if ever I am restored to my dignity I will bountifully reward you both for your service and sufferings." Thus did we part from that glorious man, that within a few months after was murdered, to the grief of all Christians that were not forsaken by God.'

In the following October the Fanshawes crossed from Portsmouth to France. The day before their embarkation they had a narrow escape. While walking by the seaside, about a mile from their lodgings, two Dutch men-of-war shot

bullets at them so near that they heard them whistle past. Mrs. Fanshawe called to her husband to make haste back, and very naturally began to run; but he altered not his pace, remarking calmly, 'If we must be killed, it were as good to be killed walking as running.' They returned to England in April, 1648, by way of Jersey, in order to fetch their infant daughter, whom they had left there under the care of Lady Carteret. In September Mr. Fanshawe attended the Prince of Wales on board the fleet in the Downs, part of which had declared for the King, and part for the Parliament. The Prince resolved to reduce the latter to obedience; but the ships were separated by a storm, and no action took place. Three months afterwards, Mr. Fanshawe went to Paris on the Prince's affairs, and was followed by his wife. They spent six weeks in the gay capital very pleasantly, being distinguished by the notice of Queen Henrietta Maria and the Princess Royal, and their suite, which included Edmund Waller, the poet, and his wife.

At Calais they met the Earl of Stafford, Sir Kenelm Digby, and others of their countrymen. The Governor of Calais feasted them on one occasion very hospitably, and much excellent discourse passed—the largest share of the talking being done by Sir Kenelm, who, according to his wont, indulged in extraordinary narratives, to the great applause and wonder of the French company at table. 'The concluding one was,' says Mrs. Fanshawe, 'that barnacles, *a bird in Jersey*, was first a shell-fish to appearance, and from that, sticking upon old wood, became in time a bird. After some consideration, they unanimously burst out into laughter, believing it altogether false; and, to say the truth,' adds Mrs. Fanshawe, with charming ignorance, '*it was the only thing true he had discoursed with them*' (!).

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Fanshawe—true wife and heroic woman—ventured again into England, in the hope of raising funds for the maintenance of the family. Mr. Fanshawe was sent to Flanders, and from thence, in the

following February, to Ireland, to receive whatever sums Prince Rupert could levy by the fleet under his command; but the experiment proved unsuccessful. At her husband's desire, Mrs. Fanshawe proceeded with her children to join him, after a very hazardous voyage. They took up their residence at Red Abbey, a house belonging to Dean Boyle, near Cork, and for six months enjoyed a delightful tranquillity and repose—welcome enough to the young wife (she was not yet twenty-five), who, in her brief married life, had passed through so many harsh experiences—hunger and poverty, perils by land and perils by water—almost approaching the Apostolic record—and in them all had displayed an even temper and a very real though unpretending courage.

The sunny sky, however, was soon overcast. The sad news came to her of the death of her second son, Henry, and shortly afterwards of the landing of Cromwell, who swept through Ireland like a storm of fire, and crushed it into sullen silence. Cork declared for the Commonwealth in November, 1649. At the time, Mr. Fanshawe was away on business at Kinsale; and his wife, who was lying ill in bed with a broken wrist, and was also pregnant, had to face alone this unexpected danger.

'At midnight,' she says, 'I heard the great guns go off, and thereupon I called up my family to rise, which I did as well as I could in that condition. Hearing lamentable shrieks of men, women, and children, I asked at a window the cause; they told me they were all Irish, stripped and wounded, and turned out of the town, and that Colonel Jeffries, with some others, had possessed themselves of the town for Cromwell. Upon this I immediately wrote a letter to my husband, blessing God's providence that he was not there with me, persuading him to patience and hope that I should get safely out of the town, by God's assistance, and desired him to shift for himself, for fear of a surprise, with promise that I would secure his papers.

'So soon as I had finished my letter I sent it by a faithful

servant, who was let down the garden-wall of Red Abbey, and, sheltered by the darkness of the night, he made his escape. I immediately packed up my husband's cabinet, with all his writings, and near £1,000 in gold and silver, and all other things both of clothes, linen, and household stuff that were portable [and] of value; and then, about three o'clock in the morning, by the light of a taper, and in that pain I was in, I went into the market-place with only a man and maid, and, *passing through an unruly tumult with their swords in their hands*, searched for their chief commander, Jeffries, who, whilst he was loyal, had received many civilities from "Mr. Fanshawe." I told him it was necessary that upon that change I should remove, and I desired his pass that would be obeyed, or else I must remain there: I hoped he would not deny me that kindness. He instantly wrote me a pass, both for myself, family, and goods, and said he would never forget the respect he owed Mr. Fanshawe. With this I came *through thousands of naked swords*'—(observe here, and in the other passage we have italicized, Mrs. Fanshawe's happy vigour of expression)—'to Red Abbey, and hired the next neighbour's cart, which carried all that I could remove; and myself, sister, and little girl Nan, with three maids and two men, set forth at five o'clock in November, having but two horses amongst us all, which we rid on by turns. In this sad condition I left Red Abbey, with as many goods as were worth £100, which could not be removed, and so were plundered. We went ten miles to Kinsale, in perpetual fear of being fetched back again; but by little and little, I thank God, we got safe to the garrison, where I found your father the most disconsolate man in the world, for fear of his family, which he had no possibility to assist; but his joys exceeded to see me and his darling daughter, and to hear the wonderful escape we, through the assistance of God, had made.'

A week or two after this startling incident Mr. Fanshawe was commissioned by the exiled King to convey an impor-

tant despatch to King Philip IV. of Spain. On their journey he and his wife passed through Limerick, where Mr. Fanshawe met in consultation the Bishop of Londonderry and the Earl of Roscommon, who was then Lord Chancellor of Ireland. The Bishop and Mr. Fanshawe taking their leave of the Earl, he held a light at the stairs' head to facilitate their descent, but in some way missed his footing, fell to the ground, and struck his head with such force against the stone pavement as to fracture it in three places. The catastrophe delayed the departure of the Fanshawes for about a month, during which they were hospitably entertained at Lord Inchiquin's, and enjoyed 'vast plenty of fish and fowl'—edibles to which Mr. and Mrs. Fanshawe had long been unaccustomed. Thence they went to the house of Lady Honor O'Brien, daughter of the Earl of Thomond, where Mrs. Fanshawe saw a real ghost! To her children she gives the following account of it, evidently in complete good faith :

'I was surprised by being laid in a chamber, when, about one o'clock, I heard a voice that wakened me. I drew the curtain, and in the casement of the window I saw, by the light of the moon, a woman leaning into the window, through the casement, in white, with red hair and pale and ghastly complexion. She spoke loud, and in a tone I had never heard, thrice, "A horse"; and then, with a sigh more like the wind than breath, she vanished, and to me her body looked more like a thick cloud than substance. I was so much frightened that my hair stood on end, and my night-clothes fell off. I pulled and pinched your father, who never woke during the disorder I was in, but at last was much surprised to see me in this fright, and more so when I related the story and showed him the window opened. Neither of us slept any more that night, but he entertained me with telling me how much more these apparitions were usual in this country than in England; and we concluded the cause to be the great superstition of the Irish, and the want of that knowing faith which should de-

fend them from the power of the Devil, which he exercises among them so very much.

‘About five o’clock the lady of the house came to see us, saying she had not been in bed all night, because a cousin O’Brien of hers, whose ancestors had owned that house, had desired her to stay with him in his chamber, and that he died at two o’clock, and she said: “I wish you to have had no disturbance; for ’tis the custom of the place that, when any of the family are dying, the shape of a woman appears in the window every night till they be dead. This woman was many years ago got with child by the owner of this place, who murdered her in his garden, and flung her into the river under the window; but truly I thought not of it when I lodged you here, it being the best room in the house.” We made little reply to her speech, but disposed ourselves to be gone suddenly.’

In February, 1650, Mr. Fanshawe and his wife embarked at Galway on board a Dutch ship for Malaga. It was fated, apparently, that our noble English gentlewoman should have an opportunity of again displaying her fortitude under entirely novel conditions. She describes her adventure with her usual unaffectedness:

‘When we had just passed the Straits, we saw coming towards us, with full sail, a Turkish galley well manned, and we believed we should be all carried away slaves, for this man had so laden his ship with goods for Spain, that his guns were useless, though the ship carried sixty guns. He called for brandy, and after he had well drunken, and all his men, which were near two hundred, he called for arms, and cleared the deck as well as he could, resolving to fight rather than lose his ship, which was worth £30,000. This was sad for us passengers; but my husband bid us women be sure to keep in the cabin, and not appear, which would make the Turks think that we were a man-of-war; but if they saw women, they would take us for merchants and board us. He went upon the deck, and took a gun and bandoliers and sword, and, with the rest of the ship’s

company, stood upon deck expecting the arrival of the Turkish man-of-war. This beast, the captain, had locked me up in the cabin. I knocked and called long to no purpose, until, at length, the cabin-boy came and opened the door. I, all in tears, desired him to be so good as to give me his blue and brown cap he wore, and his tarred coat, which he did, and I gave him half-a-crown; and putting them on, and flinging away my night-clothes, I crept up softly and stood upon the deck by my husband's side, as free from sickness and fear as, I confess, from discretion; but it was the effect of that passion which I could never master.

‘By this time the two vessels were engaged in parley, and so well satisfied with speech and sight of each other's forces, that the Turk's man-of-war tacked about, and we continued our course. But when your father saw it convenient to retreat, looking upon me, he blessed himself, and snatched me up in his arms, saying: “Good God, that love can make this change!” and though he seemingly chid me, he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage.’

Why does not some artist put upon eloquent canvas this touching and romantic example of conjugal devotion, as true and impassioned as that of Gertrude von Wart, though more happy in its conditions? It seems to me an exceedingly pretty picture—the fair young wife, with her sleek curls half hidden by the cabin-boy's blue and brown cap, and her slender figure partly disguised by the tarred coat—which cannot fail to have revealed, however, her shapely ankles and small white feet—standing by the side of her husband, as, armed to the teeth, he held his post on the vessel's deck, expectant every moment of a roar from the great guns of the Turkish pirate, and of a scattering of wounds and death!

For his services in Spain Mr. Fanshawe was created a Baronet. He was afterwards employed in Scotland by the Royalist party, and received the custody of the Great Seal

and Privy Signet. Having followed Charles II. in his English campaign, he was taken prisoner at the Battle of Worcester, conveyed to London, and imprisoned in Whitehall, where he was closely confined for ten weeks, in instant expectation of death. Be sure that his wife's love was not wanting to him in this desperate strait. Every morning at four, with a dark lantern in her hands, she made her way, alone and on foot, from her lodging in Chancery Lane to Whitehall. Then she would stand under his window, and call him softly; and he, answering, would put his head out, and hold sweet converse with her. He directed her how to intercede for his life and liberty with Cromwell, who had a great respect for Sir Richard, and would gladly have enrolled him in his own service.

'Being one day,' she says, 'to solicit him for my husband's liberty for a time, he bid me bring the next day a certificate from a physician that he was really ill. Immediately I went to Dr. Bates, that was by chance both physician to Cromwell and to our family, who gave me one very favourable in my husband's behalf. I delivered it at the Council Chamber, at three of the clock that afternoon, as he commanded me, and he himself moved that, seeing they could make no use of his imprisonment, whereby to lighten them in their business, that he might have his liberty upon four thousand pounds bail, to take a course of physic, he being dangerously ill. Many spoke against it, but most Sir Henry Vane, who said he would be as instrumental, for aught he knew, to hang them all that sat there, if ever he had opportunity; but if he had liberty for a time, that he might take the Engagement before he went out; upon which Cromwell said: "I never knew that the Engagement was a medicine for the scorbutic." They, hearing their General say so, thought it obliged him, and so ordered him his liberty upon bail. His eldest brother and his sister Bidell and self were bound in £4,000; and the latter end of November he came to my lodgings.'

Husband and wife were at Bath in August, 1652, and after-

wards spent the winter months at Bonford, in Hertfordshire. The Earl of Stafford having placed at their disposal a house in Tankersly Park, the family removed thither in March, 1653; and it was there that Fanshawe renewed his early acquaintance with the Muses, and completed his excellent translation from Camoëns. The death of a favourite daughter drove them from Tankersly in July, 1654; and after a brief sojourn at Homerton, in Hunts, they repaired to London, and resided there until July, 1656. The severe illness of Lady Fanshawe occasioned their removal to Bath, where they were sojourning when the great Protector died in September, 1658. Sir Richard, nine months afterwards, obtained permission to leave England; and he and his wife joined each other in Paris late in 1659. In November they had an interview with Charles II., who promised them his future protection—a promise which, like most of his royal promises, he very imperfectly fulfilled. When the King embarked for England, however, he ordered Sir Richard to attend him in his own ship; and a frigate was appointed to convey his family. The morning after the King's arrival at Whitehall, Lady Fanshawe, with some of her kinswomen, waited upon him to offer their congratulations; and with his usual happy grace he assured her of his royal favour, at the same time presenting her husband with his portrait set in diamonds.

To the first Parliament of Charles II. Sir Richard was returned as member for the University of Cambridge. As his wife puts it, 'he had the good fortune to be the first chosen and the first returned member of the Commons House in Parliament, after the King came home; and this cost him no more than a letter of thanks, and two brace of bucks, and twenty broad pieces of gold to buy them wine.'

Lady Fanshawe intimates that Clarendon was jealous of the influence her husband enjoyed with the King; and to remove him from the royal closet procured his appointment as Ambassador to Portugal, to negotiate the marriage with

the Princess Katharine. This may be the case ; but his appointment on so delicate and confidential a mission shows what trust was placed in his tact, prudence, and sagacity. He returned to England in December, his wife having remained in London, where she gave birth to a daughter in January, 1662. In the following year Sir Richard was again sent on an embassy to Lisbon ; but this time he took with him his family ; and Lady Fanshawe records many agreeable experiences of their voyage, reception, and residence. In January, 1664, he was appointed Ambassador to the Court of Madrid ; and perhaps the brightest part of Lady Fanshawe's work is that which she has devoted to her Spanish travel—so vivid are her descriptions, so accurate her judgments, and so keen and accurate is her faculty of observation. As, however, it throws no fresh light upon her character, we are content to pass it over, with a single exception, and that purely personal ; for we quote only the fond and faithful prayer which she offered up after the birth (at Madrid) of her son Richard (August 6th) :

‘O ever-living God, through Jesus Christ, receive the humble thanks of Thy servant for Thy great mercy to us in our son, whom I humbly desire Thee, O Jesus, to protect, and to make him an instrument of Thy glory. Give him Thy Holy Spirit, O God, to be with him all the days of his life ; direct him through the narrow paths of righteousness, in faith, patience, charity, temperance, chastity, and a love and liking of Thy blessed will, in all the various accidents of this life. This, with what outward blessings Thou, O Heavenly Father, knowest needful for him, I beg of Thee, not remembering his sins nor the sins of us his parents, nor of our forefathers, but Thy tender mercy, which Thou hast promised shall be over all Thy works, and for the blessed merits of our only Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ ; to Whom, with Thee and the Blessed Spirit, be all honour and glory, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. Amen.’

In January, 1665, Sir Richard Fanshawe went on a

mission to Lisbon, returning to Madrid early in the following March. On the 17th of December, 1665, he concluded a treaty with the Spanish Minister, which, however, the King refused to ratify, and he was recalled. In March, 1666, Lord Sandwich arrived to replace him. There can be little doubt but that this undeserved disgrace, brought about by Court intrigue, had a fatal effect on Sir Richard Fanshawe's health. On Sunday, the 6th of June, he introduced his successor at a private audience to the King of Spain. On the following Tuesday he was seized with an ague, which rapidly developed into a malignant inward fever, and of this he died on Sunday, the 20th, an hour before midnight.

The broken-hearted wife, after recording in her diary the sad event which terminated her married happiness, writes down the following prayer :

'O All-Powerful good God, look down from heaven upon the most distressed wretch upon earth! See me with my soul divided,* my glory and my guide taken from me, and in him all my comfort in this life; see me staggering in my path, which made me expect a temporal blessing for a reward of the great integrity, innocence, and uprightness of his whole life, and his patience in suffering the insolency of wicked men whom he had to converse with upon the public employment, which Thou thoughtest fit, in Thy wisdom, to exercise himself in. Have pity on me, O Lord, and speak peace to my disquieted soul, now sinking under this great weight, which, without Thy support, cannot sustain itself. See me, O Lord, with five children, a distressed family, the temptation of the change of my religion, the want of all my friends, without counsel, out of my country, without any means to return with my sad family to our own country, now in war with most part of Christendom. But above all, my sins, O Lord, I do lament with shame and confusion, believing it is them for which I receive this great punish-

* Is this a reminiscence of the Latin poet's, 'dimidium animæ meæ'?

ment. Thou hast showed me many judgments and mercies which did not reclaim me, nor turn me to Thy holy conversation, which the example of our blessed Saviour taught. Lord, pardon me; O God, forgive whatsoever is amiss in me; break not a bruised reed. I humbly submit to Thy justice; I confess my wretchedness, and know I have deserved not only this, but everlasting punishment. But, O my God, look upon me through the merits of my Saviour, and for His sake save me. Do with me and for me what Thou pleasest, for I do wholly rely on Thy mercy, beseeching Thee to remember Thy promises to the fatherless and widow, and make me to fulfil Thy will cheerfully in this world; humbly beseeching Thee that, when this mortal life is ended, I may be joined with the soul of my dear husband, and all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear, in everlasting praises of Thy holy Name. Amen.'

Lady Fanshawe made immediate arrangements for embalming the body of her beloved husband, and conveying it to England. Before her departure, the Queen Regent of Spain offered her a pension, and liberal provision for her children, if she and they would embrace the Roman Catholic faith. It is needless to say that the offer was refused. Having disposed of her plate, furniture, and horses, she left Madrid in complete privacy on the 8th of July, and proceeded to Bilboa; thence, by way of Bayonne and Paris, to England, where she arrived on the 2nd of November; and on the 26th she interred her husband's remains in Allhallows Church, Stratford. They were removed, in May, 1671, to a vault in the Lady Chapel, in Ware Church, where a handsome mural monument preserves the claims to remembrance of the translator of 'the *Lusiad*' of Camoëns, and the 'Pastor Fido' of Guarini.

Lady Fanshawe survived her husband several years, which she spent in rural retirement at Hartingford Bury, in Hertfordshire, occupying herself with the education of her children and the composition of her 'Memoirs.' She died on the 20th of January, 1679-80, in her fifty-

fifth year, and was buried by the side of the husband whom she had so tenderly loved, and whose memory she had so fervently worshipped.

MRS. LUCY HUTCHINSON.

To the reign of Charles I. also belongs the charming story of the married life of Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, as told by herself with so much modest eloquence and winning gravity in her 'Memoirs' of her eminent husband, the Puritan soldier. Like that of the two Fanshawes, theirs was a love which endured unto death, giving way beneath no earthly trial, however sharp; but, on the contrary, strengthening and deepening as each more fully understood the other's worth. It was no sudden passion kindled into life by the influence of personal beauty, but a strong, ardent, and yet sober affection, based upon a knowledge of common tastes and sympathies, and kindred aims and purposes. Lucy Apsley, the daughter of judicious and noble-minded parents, was gifted by nature with a quick understanding, which a wisely liberal education carefully developed. She learned to speak and read French and Latin with elegance and ease, while she acquired a considerable proficiency in the lighter accomplishments of music, dancing, and needlework. From her mother she seems to have imbibed that profound sense of religion and the religious life which gave to her character a singular elevation and dignity. Not that she was at all ascetically inclined, or addicted to excesses of pietetic fervour; she was moderation itself in thought and conduct, and while she spent a portion of her Sundays in explaining the things of God to the domestics of her father's household, she did not consider it a sin 'to learn or hear witty songs, amorous poems, and twenty other things of that kind.' We may add that, by general report, she was possessed of rare personal charms, realising Milton's ideal of the first woman:

'Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.'

Colonel John Hutchinson, her future husband, was the son of Sir Thomas Hutchinson and Lady Margaret Biron (one of the Biron or Byrons of Newstead). His wife and biographer presents him to us as a gentleman of graceful person, excellent address, and refined mind; and we know from other sources that his capacity rose far above the ordinary standard, that his conduct was unstained, and his life governed by a deep and enduring sense of duty. His literary attainments, and his skill in all active exercises, drew attention upon him even in a time when these were the usual accomplishments of young men of good birth. On a visit to Richmond he made the acquaintance of a young sister of Lucy Apsley, and accompanying her on one occasion to her mother's house, found on an old shelf a few Latin works, about the ownership of which he not unnaturally inquired. He was informed that they belonged to the elder sister. Some further questions brought out particulars relative to this elder sister and her pursuits, which greatly excited the curiosity of the grave young Puritan, with his high views of life and its responsibilities. The more he heard of her, the stronger became the interest she awakened, until he himself began to wonder at the way in which his thoughts constantly reverted to a stranger whom he had never seen. One day there was a large party at the house, and a song was sung which elicited general admiration. A gentleman present remarked that it was written by a lady of the neighbourhood. Mr. Hutchinson, fancying something of rationality in the sonnet beyond the customary reach of a she-wit, said he could scarcely believe it was a woman's. 'But his informant persisted, and added that the writer was Miss Lucy Apsley, in whose praise he waxed enthusiastic. "I cannot rest," said Mr. Hutchinson, "until this lady returns. I must be acquainted with her." "You must not expect that, sir," was the reply; "she will not be acquainted with gentlemen. However this song may have stolen forth, she is extremely unwilling to have her perfections known. She lives only in the enjoyment of

herself, and has not the humanity to communicate that happiness to any of our sex.”

It so happened, however, that not long afterwards Mr. Hutchinson fell in with this admirable young gentlewoman, and at once perceived that she exceeded the most glowing anticipations his fancy had formed ; while she, on her part, was surprised by an unusual liking in her soul for a gentleman whose countenance and graceful mien promised an extraordinary ‘person.’ It was not, however, what novelists term ‘a case of love at first sight.’ But as they studied each other’s high qualities of mind and heart, a warm affection sprung up between them, and a respect and an esteem which gradually matured into a love strong, deep, and trustful. ‘I shall pass by,’ she says composedly, ‘all the little amorous relations which, if I would take pains to relate, would make a true history of a more handsome management of love than the best romances describe, but these are to be forgotten as the vanities of youth, not worthy to be mentioned among the greater transactions of his life.’ Who will not regret that the writer thought thus lightly of what, to her posterity, would have been not the least interesting passages in her book ? One would have sacrificed a good deal of heavier literature to have obtained so sweet and true an account of the love-making of a pair of Puritan lovers as Mrs. Hutchinson’s pen could not fail to have drawn !

We may take it, however, as certain that Mr. Hutchinson’s passion for Lucy Apsley was just such a passion as a noble-minded English gentleman will always feel towards the pure true gentlewoman who has honoured him with her preference. It was steadfast and earnest and full, but under firm control. He loved her better than his life (writes Mrs. Hutchinson, with proud simplicity), with a tenderness and a kindness inexpressible, and had a most high, obliging esteem for her ; yet still considered honour, religion, and virtue above her ; nor ever suffered the intrusion of such a dotage as should blind him to her imperfections ; these

he looked upon with such an indulgent eye as did not abate his love and esteem for her, while it augmented her care to blot out all those spots which might make her appear less worthy of the respect he paid her; 'and thus, indeed,' says the modest wife, 'he soon made her more equal to him than he found her. It was not her face that he loved; her virtues were his mistress, and those, like Pygmalion's statue, were of his own making, for he polished and gave form to what he found with all the roughness of the quarry about it; but meeting with a compliant subject for his own wise government, he found as much satisfaction as he gave, and never had occasion to remember his marriage among his infelicities.'

On the day that the friends of both parties met to complete the marriage settlements, Lucy Apsley fell ill of the small-pox. For a long time her life was despaired of, and for many months the hideous traces of the fell disease marred and scarred her countenance, though they could not destroy its sweetness and nobility of expression. Mr. Hutchinson, however, if not insensible to her personal gifts, had been chiefly attracted by the charms of her mind and disposition; he married her as soon as she could quit her chamber, though the priest and all who saw her were affrighted to look upon her. God rewarded his manly constancy by her complete recovery. At the time of their nuptials (1638) the bride was eighteen years of age, and the husband only twenty-three. For a couple of tranquil years Mr. Hutchinson played the useful if unambitious part of an English country gentleman; but he was soon drawn into the fierce currents of political strife which were then agitating all England, and, as might have been expected from his views and character, declared himself on the side of the Parliament. The value set upon his adhesion may be apprised from the fact that, young as he was, the important post of Governor of Nottingham was given to him. But though immoveable in the maintenance of his religious and political principles, he gave no counten-

ance to fanaticism of temper or eccentricity of habit. 'The name of Roundhead,' says his wife, 'was very ill applied to Mr. Hutchinson, who had a fine head of curling hair, and wore it in a becoming manner.' Therefore 'the godly' would not allow that he was religious; he did not carry his phylacteries on his breast for all men to stare at; he did not cut his hair as a badge of piety, nor adopt the canting phrases of Pharisaic speech.

In the councils of the party, however, his opinion daily carried greater authority; and Nottingham showed its sense of his services by returning him as its representative to Parliament. Afterwards, he was nominated to serve on the High Court of Justice called into existence for the trial of King Charles I., and he consented to the sentence of death passed by its members, though not without very considerable hesitation. A Republican by conviction, he could not accept the personal rule of Cromwell; and he retired from public affairs, taking up his residence, with his wife and children, at his seat of Owthorpe, in Northamptonshire. The years which he spent in this rural retreat were the happiest period of his life; but the Restoration came, and overclouded the scene, and Colonel Hutchinson, on a charge of high treason, was arrested, sent to the Tower, and thence transferred to Sandown Castle on the coast of Kent. During his imprisonment his wife waited upon him with the most devoted tenderness, daily walking to and fro to share his confinement during the permitted hours, and using every effort, though in vain, to obtain his release. The rigorous treatment to which he was subjected induced a severe illness, which he bore with a cheerfulness that was in no slight degree sustained by her indefatigable affection. In the autumn of 1664, however, she was compelled to go to Owthorpe for her children, and for some supplies that were essential to her husband's comfort. 'At the time of her departure he seemed very well; and was so confident of seeing Owthorpe again that he gave her directions concerning planting trees, and many other things belonging

to the house and gardens.' A few days afterwards, on returning from his customary walk along the seashore, he complained of shivering and of pain in his bones. He rapidly grew worse; it was soon evident that death had laid upon him its inevitable grasp. When apprised of his condition, he said, in the calmest tones: 'The will of the Lord be done; I am ready.' He then expressed his wishes in reference to the disposal of his estates, giving strict injunctions that in all things the children should be guided by their mother. 'And tell her,' he said, 'that as she is above other women, so must she on this occasion show herself a good Christian, and above the pitch of ordinary minds.' His last words were a reference to his wife: 'Alas! how will she be grieved?' And so he passed away.

I shall now introduce the portrait which that beloved and loving wife has drawn of her husband, and, it may be said, by a kind of reflex action, of herself; for what he was to her in all things, so was she to him, with just that difference which was rendered necessary by their difference of position. And if all men were like Colonel Hutchinson, would not their wives resemble Mrs. Hutchinson?

'His affection to his wife was such, that whosoever would draw out a rule of honour, kindness, and religion to be practised in that estate, need no more but exactly draw out his example. Never man had a greater passion for a woman, nor a more honourable esteem of a wife; yet he was not uxorious, nor remitted he that just rule which it was her honour to obey, but managed the reins of government with such prudence and affection that she who could not delight in such an honourable and advantageous subjection must have wanted a reasonable soul.

'He governed by persuasion, which he never employed but to things honourable and profitable to herself; he loved her soul and her honour more than her outside, and yet he had ever for her person a constant indulgence exceeding the common, temporary passion of the most uxorious fools. If he esteemed her in a higher rate than she in herself

could have deserved, he was the author of that virtue he doated on, while she only reflected his own glories upon him. All that she was was *him* while he was here, and all that she is now, at last, is but his pale shade.

‘So liberal was he to her, and of so generous a temper, that he hated the mention of severed purses, his estate being so much at her disposal that he never would receive an account of anything she expended. So constant was he in his love, that when she ceased to be young and lovely he began to show most fondness. He loved her at such a generous rate as words cannot express. Yet even this, which was the highest love he or any man could have, was bounded by a superior—he loved her in the Lord as his fellow-creature, not his idol; but in such a manner as showed that an affection founded on the just rules of duty far exceeds in every way all the irregular passions in the world. He loved God above her and all the other dear pledges of his heart, and for His glory cheerfully resigned them.’

CHAPTER II.

THE ARTS IN ENGLAND DURING THE REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

I. MUSIC.

IN the quarter of a century which, roughly speaking, may be described as covered by the reign of Charles I., it cannot be said that in England the art of music made any great advance. Instrumentally, our composers limited themselves, or were confined, to the invention of a coranto or a galliard, a symphony or intermezzo, written for the viol or the virginals; vocally, their efforts for the Church, the stage, and the chamber did not go beyond anthems, madrigals, songs, and catches. Yet some among them were men with a fine sense of melody, and a natural genius which, if developed by favourable circumstances, must have raised them to a conspicuous rank among the world's composers, and enriched us with compositions of equal originality and beauty. For their own fame they were born too soon—they were born while their art was still young and unfledged; yet it must not be forgotten that their labours largely helped forward the great cause of musical progress, though they themselves did not live to enjoy the result, just as the coral-insects which lay the foundations of the fairy rings and atolls of the Pacific die before those exquisite structures are lifted above the waves.

Glancing, first, at the department of sacred music, we meet with an honoured name in that of Orlando Gibbons, to whom the Church was indebted for the introduction into

her services of a richer and more elaborate style, with more melodic fulness, and greater ingenuity of canonic contrivance. He was born at Cambridge in 1583, was educated as a chorister in one of the college chapels, and on the 31st of March, 1604, appointed organist in the Chapel Royal. In this position he built up a great reputation as a composer and executant, and among his pupils numbered Matthew Locke and Ellis Gibbons. In 1600, under the title of 'Fantasies in Three Parts,' he wrote several pieces for 'viols in concert,' which were among the earliest in England printed from engraved plates. In the following year he was associated with Dr. John Bull and William Bird in the production of 'Parthenia,' 'the first musicke printed for the virginalls.' In 1612 appeared his 'First Set of Madrigals and Motets of Five Parts;' and in 1614 he wrote several psalm-tunes for George Wither's 'Hymns and Songs for the Church.' In 1622 he accumulated the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Music at Oxford, along with his friend William Heyther, whose academical exercise, according to Wood, he wrote (May 17th); his own exercise was, it is said, the eight-part anthem, 'O clap your hands.' In the year following he received the coveted appointment of organist at Westminster Abbey. As organist of the Chapel Royal, he was commanded to attend the nuptials of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, which were celebrated at Canterbury on June 14th, 1625, and he composed the music for the occasion. But while lodging in Canterbury he was seized with the small-pox, and of this fell disease he died on Whit Sunday, in the forty-fifth year of his age. He was buried in the cathedral, where his widow erected a monument to his memory, with an encomiastic epitaph which is quaint enough to bear transcription: 'Orlando Gibbons, Cantabrigiæ inter Musas et Musicum nato; sacræ R. Capellæ organistæ, spherorum harmoniæ, digitorum pulsæ, æmulo, cationem complurium, quæque cum non canunt minus quam canuntur, conditori; Viro integerrimo, et cujus vita cum arte suavissimis moribus concordissime certavit; ad

nuptias C. R. cum M.B. Dorobern ; accito ictuque heu ! sanguinis crudo et crudeli fato extincto, choroque cœlesti transcripto, die Pentecostes A.D.R. MDCXXV. ; Elizabetha conjux, septemque ex eo liberorum parens, tanti vix doloris superstes, mœrentis^a, mœrentis^o.’

The published compositions of Gibbons include pieces, anthems, and services—among which last that in F is, perhaps, the most admired. It is varied and artistic in structure, and pure in harmony. The ‘Hosanna’ is also, very justly, held in high esteem. Dr. Tudway valued Gibbons as a composer very high among our Church musicians. ‘None of the later composers,’ he says, ‘could ever make appear so exalted a faculty in compositions for the Church, except that most excellent artist, Orlando Gibbons, whose whole service, with several anthems, are the most perfect pieces of Church composition which have appeared since the time of Tallis and Bird ; the air is so solemn, the fugues and other embellishments are so just and naturally taken, that they must warm the heart of anyone who is *endued with a soul fitted for divine raptures.*’

A contemporary of Gibbons, born many years before him (in 1558), but outliving him by nearly eight years, was Dr. Nathaniel Giles, who died, aged 75, on the 24th January, 1633. He took his bachelor’s degree at Oxford in 1585, and his doctor’s degree—*longo intervallo*—in 1622. He succeeded Gibbons as organist of the Chapel Royal. His compositions are antiquated in character, but illustrate the soundness of his scientific knowledge and the extent of his natural abilities.

Another contemporary, belonging also to the scientific school, was Elway Bevin, a Welshman. He was a pupil of Tallis, and through his influence was appointed Organist of Bristol in 1589. In 1605 he was admitted as a Gentleman Extraordinary of the Chapel Royal ; but, in 1605, having gone over to the Roman communion, was deprived of both his offices. He wrote many admirable composi-

tions, but is best remembered by his 'Briefe and Short Introduction to the Art of Musicke, to teach how to make Discount of all proportions that are in use; very necessary for all such as are desirous to attaine Knowledge in the Art, and may by practise, if they can sing, soone be able to compose three, four, and five parts, and also to compose all sorts of canons that are usuall, by these directions; of two or three parts in one upon the Plain Song' (London, 1631). Mr. Barrett remarks that, before the publication of this treatise, the contrivance of canons was one of those little mysteries which the musicians kept to themselves, or permitted none but their favourite pupils to acquire a knowledge of. Every canon when given in print was an enigma, the solution of which was known only to the enlightened few. Sometimes, in accordance with the growing fancy of the period and the want of correct taste in matters of pictorial art, the canons were disposed in the form of crosses, in circles, in squares, and in similar shapes 'very pleasant to behold,' but very difficult to sing or play. Bevin's book makes the art of composing canons as plain and simple as it can be. His precepts as to general composition are few and brief; but he gives rules for the construction of canons,* and a variety of examples of all the possible forms in which they are capable of being put together, even to the extent of sixty parts. His fellow-musicians were probably not pleased with him for having exposed one of the secrets and devices of their trade. It is a singular thing that, after the appearance of Bevin's book, there were very few examples of canons in fancy shapes to be found; his exposure of the art removed the mystery.

Of his talents as a composer his service in D minor, printed by Dr. Boyce, is, with its fulness of harmony and dignity of style, a fair specimen.

* Speaking of a canon three in one, he says, with unintentional irreverence—and some ingenuity—'A canon three in one hath resemblance to the Holy Trinity, for as they are three distinct parts comprehended in one: the leading part hath reference to the Father, the following part to the Sonne, the third to the Holy Ghost.'

We must not overlook Thomas Tomkins, though the name has a repellent look about it. He was born at Gloucester, about 1586; admitted a chorister of Magdalen, Oxford, in 1596; appointed clerk in 1604, and usher in the school in 1606—gradations of preferment very interesting and profitable to Thomas Tomkins when alive; but to us of the present day of the very smallest importance. In 1617 he took his degree of Bachelor of Music; became a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal in 1612, and afterwards organist—leading a quiet, uneventful, but no doubt useful life. He was the author of several Services and Anthems; of ‘Songs three, four, five, and six parts;’ and of the ‘*Musica Deo Sacra et Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*, or Music dedicated to the Honour and Service of God, and to the Use of Cathedrals and other Churches of England, especially of the Chapel Royal of King Charles I.’ It is said of him that he was the first to introduce vocal solos into his anthems; and to make use, in his harmonic arrangements, of what is known as a discord of double suspension.

A more illustrious name is that of Dr. William Child. He was a native of Bristol, and a pupil of Elway Bevin. At the age of twenty-six he graduated Bachelor in Music at Oxford (1631), and two years later succeeded Dr. Nathaniel Giles as organist and master of the children. In 1636 he was preferred to the post of organist of St. George’s Chapel, Windsor; and, after the Restoration, to a similar situation in the chapel at Whitehall. He was also one of Charles II.’s chamber or private musicians. As a composer he exhibits none of the inventiveness or boldness of original genius; his style is modelled on that of Orlando Gibbons, except that he affects a greater simplicity. His works include a number of ‘Psalms for Three Voices,’ catches and canons, anthems, and secular songs entitled ‘Court Ayres.’ His counterpart at times is so easy and familiar that the choir-men of Windsor, it is said, were wont to ridicule it; whereupon he composed his rich and complex service in D major—much admired by Charles I.—as a proof of his scientific

mastery; but the scoffers then declared that he was not the author of it.

Childe lived through the reigns of the four Stuarts, far into that of William III., dying on the 31st of March, 1697, at the ripe age of ninety-one. He was a man of munificent disposition, and bequeathed £20 towards the erection of a town-hall at Windsor, and £50 for charitable purposes. At his own expense he repaired the choir of St. George's Chapel, expending on the work the arrears of his salary, which had accumulated for many years. He was interred in the chapel, and his gravestone is lettered with an epitaph embodying the kind of conceit so dear to our forefathers :

'Go, happy soul, and in the seats above,
Sing endless hymns of thy great Maker's love!
How fit in heavenly songs to bear thy part,
Before well practised in the sacred art.
While hearing us, sometimes the choir divine
Will sure descend, and in our consort join ;
So much the music thou to us hast given
Has made our earth to represent their heaven.'

What a strange conception is this of the Eternal World!—a gigantic concert-room, where a 'divine choir' is occupied in the performance of endless harmonies!

Benjamin Rogers may rightly be included among the musicians of this period, though, like Child, he lived into the reign of William III. He was born at Windsor in 1614, and during his boyhood enjoyed the advantage of the sound teaching of Dr. Giles; by which he profited so well that, while quite a young man, he was appointed organist of Christ Church, Dublin. In 1641 he returned to Windsor, where he subsisted upon a small yearly pension granted to him as a former chorister of the Chapel, and upon the fees he received from his pupils. He had already essayed the work of composition, and in 1653 wrote some 'Airs for Viols and Organ,' which found their way to the Court of the Archduke Leopold, and were greatly admired. Through the friendship of Dr. Ingelo, of Eton College, he obtained a mandate from the Lord Protector to the University of

Cambridge to confer upon him the degree of Bachelor of Music (1658). When Dr. Ingelo accompanied Lord Commissioner Whitlocke, Ambassador to Sweden, as chaplain, he took with him some of his friend's compositions, and they were performed several times before Queen Christina 'with great liking.' At the Restoration a grand banquet was given by the Corporation of London, at Guildhall, to Charles II., the Dukes of York and Gloucester, and the two Houses of Parliament. For this memorable occasion Dr. Ingelo wrote a poem, the 'Hymnus Eucharisticus,' which Rogers set to music; and the result was a composition of much merit, that has survived down to this day. Every year, on the 22nd of July, it forms part of the grace performed at the 'Gaudy,' at Magdalen College, Oxford, and it is also sung on the top of the tower at five o'clock on May-day morning.

In 1662 he regained his station in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, with the addition of a salary as clerk of the choir, and an honorarium of £12 per annum for occasional assistance to Dr. Childe, the organist, and he was soon afterwards appointed organist of Eton College. Through the intervention of his friend, Dr. Pain, he was made, in July, 1664, organist of Magdalen College, Oxford; but he did not enter on the active discharge of his duties until January, 1665. It was agreed that he should receive the exceptionally large stipend of £60, together with lodgings in the College. When some of the fellows murmured at this liberality, they were answered that 'it was little enough for a man of that quality, at a time when organists were scarce.' In 1685, at the age of seventy-one, he forfeited this well-paid post, partly through his own errors of omission and commission, and partly through the misconduct of his daughter; but the College granted him a pension of £30 a year. He continued to reside in Oxford, and died there, in 1698, at the age of 84.

Let it be added that he took his degree of Mus. Doc. on the 12th of July, 1669, and that his academic exercise was

the first music performed in the Sheldonian Theatre, on the third day after its opening. His compositions consist of 'Court Airs' (Pavans, Almaignes or Allemands, Corantos, Sarabands, in two parts); 'Hymns and Anthems for Two Voices;' and numerous Services and Anthems, distinguished by their melodic sweetness and their clear and accurate harmonies. Every churchgoer is familiar with his Services; of his anthems the best known are 'Behold, now praise the Lord;' 'Lord, who shall dwell;' and 'Teach me, O Lord.' Anthony Wood records that 'his compositions for instrumental music, whether in two, three, or four parts, have been highly valued, and thirty years ago, or more, were always first called for, taken out, and played, as well in the public music-school as in private chambers; and Dr. Wilson, the professor, the greatest and most curious judge of music that ever was, usually wept when he heard them well performed, as being wrapt up in an ecstasy: or, if you will, melted down, while others smiled, or had their hands and eyes lifted up at the excellency of them.'

This Dr. Wilson, 'the greatest and most curious judge of music that ever was'—had he lived unto these times, what would he have said of the cacophonous chaos that nowadays so often passes as 'music'?—was John Wilson, a Kentishman, who belonged to the chapel of Charles I. As a lutanist, it is said that he surpassed all his contemporaries; and his performances gave so much pleasure to the royal virtuoso as to establish between him and the performer terms of the easiest familiarity. His merits as a composer, however, can hardly be considered to justify the preservation of his name. His works, so far as we know, are the 'Psalterium Carolinum,' set in three parts, with an organ or theorbo accompaniment, 1657; 'Cheerful Airs or Ballads,' first composed for a single voice, and afterwards arranged for three voices, 1660; 'Airs for a voice alone, to a theorbo or bass viol;' and 'Divine Services and Anthems,' 1663. Reference must also be made to the compositions preserved in a MS. volume (in the Bodleian Library), curiously bound

in blue Turkey leather, with silver clasps, and presented by their author to the University with the injunction that it was not to be opened by any one until after his death. It includes musical settings of some of the Horatian *carmina*, and of passages from Ausonius, Claudian, Statius, and Petronius Arbiter, which are utterly deficient in original power, and even in scientific form.

Wilson, who received his Doctor's degree from the University of Oxford, was appointed its professor of music in 1656. He resided in Baliol College until, after the Restoration—having been appointed chamber musician to Charles II., and on the death of Lauro, to his post in the Chapel Royal—his duties called him to London, where he died in 1679, aged about 78.

To the honour of Adrian Balten, who was born at Winchester about 1590, became vicar-choral of Westminster Abbey in 1614, and in 1624 organist and vicar-choral of St. Paul's, and died in London at the close of the Civil War, it is to be recorded that he first introduced into church music the use of 'bars' to mark the time and place of accent of the melody. He probably imitated this from Henry Lawes, who employed bars in his secular compositions.

One of the most learned contrapuntists of his time was Thomas Warwick, the father of Charles I.'s loyal attendant, Sir Philip Warwick. He was organist of Westminster Abbey, and of the Chapel Royal. His *tour de force* seems to have been a song in forty parts, performed before Charles I. by forty singers, among whom was Benjamin (afterwards Dr.) Rogers. We must also speak of the industrious and ingenious Eustace Phillips, who, at the early age of nineteen, was admitted clerk at New College, Oxford—became organist of Magdalen—took the degree of Bachelor of Music, and in 1639 was appointed professor of music. When the Civil War broke out, he fled to France, embraced the Catholic faith, and by Queen Henrietta Maria was engaged as organist; but in a few months he returned to

England, and found shelter under the roof of the Caryls of Sussex.

A more eminent name is that of John Jenkins, which carries us across the boundary of sacred music into the domain of the secular. He wrote extensively for the viol, and is the first instrumental composer of whom England can boast. Very few particulars of his life are on record; but Ward tells us that he found liberal patrons in Mr. Dering and Mr. Hanson l'Estrange of Norfolk; and that in the family of the latter gentleman he spent many happy years. His compositions include fantasias for viols in five or six parts, and twelve sonatas for two violins and a bass, with a thorough-bass for the organ, which rose into great popularity both here and abroad. He set to music a great number of songs, and part of a poem entitled 'Theophila, or Love's Sacrifice,' written by Edward Benlowes, 1651.

Jenkins was also the author of the curious composition known as 'The Five Bell Consort.' About 1668 was published a book entitled 'Tintalogia, or the Art of Ringing,' which attracted the public curiosity, and suggested to Jenkins the idea of composing a piece in which the music of the bells should be imitated. I confess that in 'The Five Bell Consort' the imitation is not very clear to my ears; but that the reader may judge for himself I transcribe a few bars:

The musical score is presented in three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle staff is also in treble clef and includes the tempo marking "Slow", and the bottom staff is in bass clef. All three staves share the same key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The notation includes various note values such as quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and beams connecting notes.

The White King.

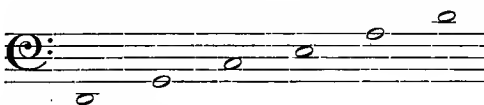
The image displays two systems of musical notation for a piece titled "The White King." Each system consists of three staves: a treble clef staff at the top, a middle treble clef staff, and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The first system includes a trill (tr) in the first staff and a fermata in the second staff. The second system includes a trill (tr) in the first staff and a fermata in the second staff, with the word "bis" written above the final note of the first staff.

Of music for keyed instruments I do not find that any new compositions were introduced between the date of the publication of 'Parthenia' and 1657, when a book of Exercises for the Virginals was brought out by Orlando Gibbons, Rogers, Bell, and others. The virginals, it may be convenient to state, resembled in form a small piano; it had a compass of four octaves, and each note had but one string, which was struck by a quilled jack acted on by the finger-key. As its range was limited, so its volume was inconsiderable and its quality poor; and it is impossible not to pity the musician whose genius could find no better medium for its eloquent utterances. Yet a reference to 'The Queen's Command,' composed by Orlando Gibbons, about 1655—the first music ever printed for the virginals—will show that he was able to develop a cunning piece of harmony, which in its ingenuity and intricacy would do no discredit to a modern composer.

According to Johnson, the virginals derived its name from the circumstance that the performers on it were chiefly young females. Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Elizabeth were both famous for their skill upon it. Its successor was the spinet, which was the immediate precursor of the piano.

It was during this period that instrumental music in parts exercised the skill and science of the composer. Originally called in to strengthen and support the voice in madrigals, it was soon discovered to be of value and interest in itself; and the discovery threw open a vast field for musical activity. Pieces of three, four, five, and six parts, wholly written for viols and other instruments, were composed under the general name of 'fantasies.' This polyphonic instrumental music, partly from its intrinsic merit and partly from its novelty, became so attractive that motets and madrigals were converted into lessons and symphonies, and performed as 'fantasies' or 'fancies.' The instruments thus employed consisted of viols of different sizes; and the practice of instrumental union was so general and so popular that almost every family, with any pretension to taste or culture, boasted of its 'chest,' or choir, composing two trebles, two tenors, and two basses. Their viols were all *fretted*, and their compass was as follows :


Bass Viol,
or
Viol da Gamba.



Tenor Viol,
or
Viol da Braccia*
(Braccis).

and the

Treble Viol.



The image shows three staves of musical notation. The first staff is for Bass Viol or Viol da Gamba, with a C-clef and a range of notes from G2 to G3. The second staff is for Tenor Viol or Viol da Braccia, with a C-clef and a range of notes from G2 to G3. The third staff is for Treble Viol, with a C-clef and a range of notes from G2 to G3. The notes are: G2, A2, B2, C3, D3, E3, F3, G3.

* So called because held with the arm; the larger viol da gamba was placed between the legs. The treble viol was a little larger than the modern violin.

'The necessity,' says Dr. Busby, 'instrumental performers were under of confining their execution to vocal compositions (for there was yet no instrumental music in parts, properly so denominated) limited their practice and checked the progress of manual facility. For agility and accent, grace and expression, there was no scope. If in the natural progression of things, instrumental composition was afterwards attempted, by Orlando Gibbons, and other of the great masters, which did but discover their ignorance of the true nature of instrumental music, the state of instrumental performance might be admitted as an ample excuse for their deficiency. Since viols were *fretted*, the powers of the bow were unknown; and if to this disadvantage we add the narrow limits of the instrumental scales, we shall perceive how little was left to the efforts of genius in this department of composition. Yet the composers were satisfied with themselves, and the public with their labours, for neither the composers nor the public had heard anything better.'

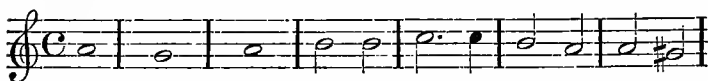
Turning to the stage, we find music gradually assuming a more and more important part in theatrical entertainments. In 1603-4, James I. granted a license to a company of players, which authorized them to perform musical interludes, but not masques. The latter kind of scenic representation was not long, however, before it found its way before the public; and there can be no question that, in England, it was the immediate precursor of the opera. It was in the masque that Englishmen originally made acquaintance with the Italian musical forms. The *stilo recitativo* was introduced for the first time into Ben Jonson's 'Masque of Lethe' (written wholly in rhyme), which was presented 'in the house of the Right Honourable the Lord Hay, by divers of noble quality, his friends, for the entertainment of Monsieur le Baron de Tour, Extraordinary Ambassador for the French King.' The music seems to have been furnished by Nicholas Lanier. The success of this attempt induced Ben Jonson to produce another piece of the same character,

but with larger scope for the musician. This was the beautiful 'Vision of Delight,' presented at Court in Christmas, 1617, which, with its airs, recitative, chorus and dances, constituted in effect a complete miniature opera.

But the assistance of music was sought in the regular drama as well as in the masque, and few were the tragedies or comedies not enriched with songs or instrumental symphonies and accompaniments. We know what exquisite lyric gems 'of purest ray serene' shine in the plays of Shakespeare, of Ben Jonson, of Beaumont and Fletcher, and of most of their contemporaries! As far back, indeed, as the middle of the sixteenth century this practice was adopted. A song occurs in the first English comedy, 'Gammer Gurton's Needle,' 1552; vocal music is introduced into the tragi-comedy of 'King Cambyses'; and a chorus winds up each act of George Gascoigne's tragedy of 'Jocasta,' 1556. Later on, we read of 'symphonies and roundlets, cornets and flutes, hautbois and drums,' as well as of 'ballads and lays, laments and songs, and sweet and sonorous voices,' either singly or in harmony. Allusions in Shakespeare to this stage use of music are numerous. A 'flourish of trumpets' is of frequent occurrence. In the 'Merchant of Venice' comes in a 'flourish of trumpets.' One of the witches in Macbeth 'charms the air to give a sound.' The Duke, in 'Twelfth Night,' calls for a repetition of the instrumental symphony that has pleased him: 'That strain again; it had a dying fall.' And in 'Richard II.' the unhappy King exclaims: 'Music do I hear? Ha, ha! keep time. How sour sweet music is when time is broke and no proportion kept!'

At this time the vocal music of the stage was sufficiently various. It branched out into solos, duets, trios, dialogues, choruses; but in the home circle, amateurs were confined almost exclusively to the madrigal. In this description of vocal music, England had always been rich; and the store was felicitously augmented by Gibbons, Este, and others. Then came a variety, in the shape of airs in four or more

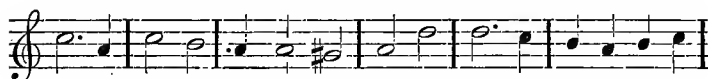
parts, followed by ballads with accompaniment for lute or viol. The desire for novelty led to fresh efforts on the part of composers; and those lively and ingenious harmonic forms known as canons, rounds, and catches were next invented. The earliest known are to be studied in 'Pam-melia, Music's Miscellany, or, Mixed Variety of pleasant Roundelays and delightful Catches of 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 parts in one' (1609); and many of them will be found very skilfully and effectively put together. For one of the shortest rounds I must find space:



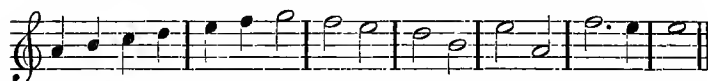
Love, love, sweet love, for ev - er - more fare-well to



thee, for For-tune hast de - ceiv - ed me, de - ceiv - ed me:



For-tune, my foe most con - tra - ry, hath wrought me this mi - se-



-ry; but yet my love, my sweet love, fare-well to thee, fare-well to thee.

Some consideration must be given to the subject of masques, from the important place which they hold in the amusements of the period, and from their artistic value as combining in one gracious whole the attractions of poetry, painting, music, song, dancing, and scenic contrivance. While the public theatre was conducted in the rudest and most unadorned style, without scenery or any of the charming illusions of the stage, the Court revelled in dramatic exhibitions of the costliest character, in which

the genius of the poet was supplemented by the art of the musician and the ingenuity of the machinist. Of late years we have witnessed a wonderful advance in stage scenery. Macready, and Charles Kean, and Henry Irving have laboured to put before the spectator the ideal world of the dramatist with such completeness as to delude him into a momentary belief in its reality. Yet it may be doubted whether in picturesqueness, in inventive fancy, and in costly accessories they have ever surpassed the creations of Ben Jonson as illustrated by Lawes and Inigo Jones. No one will think lightly of them who has ever carefully studied them; no one who knows what their representation involved in the way of artistic taste and contrivance and copious fancy will underrate those 'entertainments on which three to five thousand pounds were expended, and on some public occasions ten and twenty thousand. 'To the aid of the poetry, composed by the finest poets, came the most skilful musicians and the most elaborate mechanists; Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones and Lawes blended into one piece their respective genius; and Lord Bacon, and Whitelocke and Selden, who sat in committee for the last great masque presented by Charles I., invented the devices, composed the procession of the masquers and the anti-masquers; while one took the care of the dancing or the brawlers, and Whitelocke the music—the sage Whitelocke! who has chronicled his self-complacency on this occasion by claiming the invention of a *Coranto*, which for thirty years afterwards was the delight of the nation, and was blessed by the name of "Whitelocke's *Coranto*," and which was always called for two or three times over whenever that great statesman came to see a play'!

Gifford, in his 'Life of Ben Jonson,' has some excellent remarks on this kind of theatrical entertainments, in the invention of which Ben Jonson was *facile princeps*:

'The masque, as it attained its highest degree of excellence, admitted of dialogue, singing, and acting; these were

not independent of one another, but combined, by the introduction of some ingenious fable, into one harmonious whole. When the plan was formed, the aid of the sister-arts was called in; for the essence of the masque was pomp and glory. Moveable scenery of the most splendid and costly kind was lavished on the masque; the most celebrated masters were employed on the songs and dances; and all that the kingdom afforded of vocal and instrumental excellence was employed to embellish the exhibition. Thus magnificently constructed, the masque was not committed to ordinary performers. It was composed, as Lord Bacon says, for princes, and by princes it was played. Of these masques, the skill with which their ornaments were designed, and the inexpressible grace, with which they were executed, appear to have left a vivid impression on the mind of Jonson. His genius awakes at once, and all his faculties attune to sprightliness and pleasure. He makes his appearance, like his own *Delight*, "accompanied with Grace, Love, Harmony, Revel, Sport, and Laughter."

The 'vivid impression' of which Gifford speaks shows itself very clearly in Jonson's note to his '*Masque of Blackness*,' presented at Whitehall on Twelfth Night, 1605. 'The honour and splendour of these spectacles,' he says, 'was such in the performance as, could those hours have lasted, this of mine, now had been a most unprofitable work. But when it is the fate even of the greatest and most absolute births to need and borrow a life of posterity, little had been done in the study of magnificence in these, if presently with the rage of the people, who (as a part of greatness) are privileged by custom to deface their carcasses, the spirits had also perished. In duty, therefore, to that Majesty, who gave them their authority and grace, and, no less than the most royal of predecessors, deserves eminent celebration for these solemnities, I add this later hand to redeem them as well from ignorance as envy.' He proceeds to describe the stage decorations, which were of a very elaborate character. 'First,' he says, 'was drawn

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

‘Oceanus, presented in a human form, the colour of his flesh blue, and shadowed with a robe of shagreen; his head gray, and horned, as he is described by the ancients; his hands of the like mixed colour. He was garlanded with algæ, or sea-grass, and in his hand a trident.

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

‘Then entered the masquers, which were tender nymphs, negroes, and the daughters of Niger, attended by so many of the Oceania, which were their light-bearers.

‘The masquers were placed in a great concave shell, like mother-of-pearl, curiously made to move on those waters and rise with the billow: the top thereof was stuck with a chevron of lights, which, indented to the proportion of the shell, struck a glorious beam upon them, as they were

scated one above another : so that they were all seen, but in an extravagant order.

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

The poet goes on to describe the masquers as all dressed alike in azure and silver, with an antique dressing of feathers and jewels interlaced with ropes of pearl. The light-bearers were in sea-green, waved about the skirts with gold and silver ; their hair loose and flowing, garlanded with sea-grass, in which glittered branches of coral.

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

That the machinery employed must have been of a very complex character, we know from Jonson’s masque of ‘Neptune’s Triumph’ (1624). In this, when the curtain rose, nothing was visible on the stage but two erected pillars. In due time, however, the island of Delos rose on the vision of the audience, and disclosed the masquers, properly grouped. Next the heavens opened, revealing Apollo, Mercury, and the Muses ; and to the singing of Apollo and the Muses the island moved forward until it touched the shore. After awhile the island receded, and the perspective of a maritime palace was discovered ; after which a second prospect of the sea was shown, with a fleet.

riding on its waves. The music, on this occasion, was rendered by five lutes, three cornets, and ten voices.

The masque of 'Chloridia' was invented by Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones, and represented by Queen Henrietta Maria and her ladies at Shrove-tide, 1630. The ornament which went about the scene was composed of foliage or leaves heightened with gold, and interwoven with all kinds of flowers, while 'naked children' disported among the branches, and in the midst appeared the word 'Chloridia,' surrounded by a great garland.

On the rising of the curtain the spectator saw before him a landscape, consisting of low green hills planted with young trees and brightened with flowers. From hollows among the hills glided fountains, which in the distance seemed all to unite in one broad shining river; and over the whole spread a serene sky, with transparent clouds, throwing upon the scene a great lustre. Gradually a bright cloud appeared upon the horizon, and within it sat 'a plump boy in a changeable garment,' representing Zephyrus; while on the other side, in a purple-tinted cloud, rose the Spring—a beautiful maid, clad in an upper robe of green, and underneath a white robe wrought with flowers. After a duet between Zephyrus and the Spring, the former passed away through the air and the latter descended to the earth, where she was received by the Naiades. By-and-by the anti-masque was introduced, and, the underground opening, out of the chasm came a Dwarf 'post from hell,' riding on a curtal, with cloven feet, and attended by two lacqueys. These danced, and made the first entry or scene of the anti-masque. In the second entry Cupid, Jealousy, Disdain, Fear, and Dissimulation danced together. In the third the Queen's Dwarf, richly apparelled as a prince of hell, and attended by six infernal spirits, executed a dance. The fourth entry began with 'a horrid storm,' out of which entered the nymph Tempest with the Four Winds and danced. Fifth change: Lightnings, three in number, their habits glistening, expressing that effect in their motion.

Sixth entry: Thunder. Seventh: Rain. Eighth: Snow. Then the tempest ceased, and the scene changed into the bower of Chloris, wherein was an arbour wrought of goldsmith's work, beautified with festoons and garlands of all sorts of fragrant flowers. Beyond, in the distant sky, glowed a rainbow. In the most eminent place of the bower sat the Goddess, accompanied with fourteen Nymphs, in white apparel. After a song the Goddess and her Nymphs descended into the room and danced the entry of the grand masque. After another song and dance the farther prospect of the scene changed into air, with a low landscape, in part covered with clouds, and at the same time the heaven opened, revealing Juno and Iris, with many airy spirits above them throned among the clouds. Then out of the earth rose up a hill, and on its summit a globe, and on the globe Fame standing with her trumpet in her hand, while four persons, representing Poesy, History, Architecture, and Sculpture, were seated on the hill-slopes, who, together with the Nymphs, Floods, and Fountains, made up a full choir. And the choir sang, and Fame sang also, as, with expanding wings, she slowly mounted up to heaven.

The inventors of these intricate and beautiful scenic changes can have had nothing to learn, I think, from the modern machinist or scene-painter; and I am sure that they were animated by a deep poetic feeling, which the modern machinist or scene-painter is too often unblest with.

The elder Disraeli furnishes some interesting particulars of Thomas Campion's 'Memorable Masque,' which amply confirm the assertion I have hazarded. Its subject was 'Night and the Hours.' The first scene was a double valley: one side with dark clouds hanging before it, on the other a green vale with trees, and nine golden ones of fifteen feet high, from which grove, towards 'the state,' or the seat of the King, was a broad descent to the dancing-place. The bower of Flora was on the right, the house of Night on the left, between them a hill, hanging like a cliff

over the grove. The bower of Flora was spacious, garnished with flowers and flowery branches, with lights among them. The house of Night, ample and stately, with black columns studded with golden stars; within, nothing but clouds and twinkling stars; without, artificial bats and owls, continually moving. On the King entering the great hall the hautboys out of the wood on the top of the hill entertained the time till Flora and Zephyr appeared, busily gathering flowers from the bower, and throwing them into baskets held by two Silvans, attired in changeable taffeta. I may find room for the dainty little song which they sang meanwhile:

‘Now hath Flora robbed her bowers
To befriend this place with flowers;
 Strew about! strew about!
Divers, divers flowers affect
For some private dear respect;
 Strew about! strew about!
But he’s none of Flora’s friend
That will not the rose commend;
 Strew about! strew about!’

The masque inventors, as we have seen, usually divided the scene into two parts, one of which was temporarily concealed from the spectators. In the Lords’ masque, which cost £1,086 8s. 11d., produced at the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to Frederick, the Elector Palatine, the scene was partitioned off from the roof to the floor. The lower part being first discovered, a wood appeared in perspective, the innermost part being of ‘releave or whole round,’ the rest painted. On the left was a cave, and on the right a thicket, from which emerged Orpheus. At the back part of the scene, on the curtain falling suddenly, the upper part broke on the spectators—a heaven of clouds of all hues; the stars vanished and the clouds dispersed, artificial fire blazed about the house of Prometheus—a bright luminous cloud, reaching from the heavens to the earth, whence descended the eight maskers with the unison of a full song, and at the end of their descent the cloud broke in twain, and a portion of it, as if with a wind, was

blown across the stage. Meanwhile the wood in the under part of the scene was gradually changing, and opening up an airy perspective, with portions on either side, and silver statues of fair women, together with exquisite architectural ornaments, which seemed all of goldsmith's work. That the dimensions of the proscenium corresponded to the magnificence of the scene is evident from the fact that sometimes as many as forty voices and instruments were distributed in various parts.

'It seems,' says Disraeli, 'that as no masque-writer equalled Jonson, so no machinist rivalled Inigo Jones. I have sometimes caught,' he adds, 'a groan from some unfortunate poet, whose beautiful fancies were spoilt by the bungling machinist. One says: "The *order of this scene* was carefully and ingeniously disposed, and as happily put in act (for the *motions*) by the King's master carpenter;" but he adds, "the *painters*, I must needs say (not to belie them) lent small colour to any, to attribute much of the spirit of these things to their pencil." Poor Campion, in one of his masques, describing where the trees were gently to sink, etc., by an engine placed under the stage, and in sinking were to open, and the masquers appear out at their tops, etc., adds this vindictive marginal note: "Either by the *simplicity, negligence, or conspiracy* of the *painter*, the passing away of the trees was somewhat hazarded, though the same day they had been shown with much admiration, and were left together to the same night;" that is, they were worked right at the rehearsal, and failed in the representation, which must have perplexed the nine masquers on the tops of these nine trees. But such accidents were only vexations crossing the fancies of the poet; they did not materially injure the magnificence, the pomp, and the fairy world opened to the spectators.'

As I have pointed out, the performance of these picturesque and poetical spectacles was at first confined to the Court and the private mansions of the nobility, while the characters introduced into them were represented by the

most illustrious personages. Henrietta Maria was passionately fond of them, and not seldom assumed the principal rôle, acting with great vivacity and refinement. 'Chloridia,' to which I have already referred, was enacted by her and her principal ladies; and it was upon her personations of this kind that Prynne so coarsely commented in his 'Histrio-Mastix.' In 1631 'Tempe Restored,' written by Aurelian Townshend, and decorated by Inigo Jones, was performed by her Majesty and her female courtiers. Nor did the grave and melancholy King withhold his appearance from the mimic scene. In 1630 Charles and thirteen of his nobles produced the 'Love's Triumph' of Ben Jonson. So great was the rage for these 'combined entertainments,' as, I suppose, they would nowadays be called, that in 1633 no fewer than five were performed before the Court at different places. One of these was James Shirley's 'Triumphs of Peace,' of which an elaborate account was drawn up by Lord Commissioner Whitelocke. It was represented at Whitehall, on Candlemas night (February 2nd), by sixteen gentlemen selected from the four Inns of Court. The management of the music being entrusted to Whitelocke, he selected Henry Lawes and Simon Ives to set 'the aiers, tunes, and songs,' for which they received the sum of £100. The expense of the orchestra amounted, it is said, to £1,000. The performance was preceded by a grand public cavalcade, the actors in which were so splendidly attired that their clothes cost £10,000; and the ensemble, according to Whitelocke, was the most splendid and glorious that ever was seen in England.*

Whitelocke composed for this occasion the coranto to which brief reference has been made. 'I was so conversant with the musicians,' he says, 'and so willing to gain their favour, especially at this time, that I composed one air myself, with the assistance of Mr. Ives, and called it

* The names of the Masquers, with the house or inn of Court to which each belonged, and an epigram addressed to each, are preserved in a little book by Francis Lenton, called 'The Inns of Court Anagrammatist; or, The Masquers Masqued in Anagrammes' (4to, 1634).

Whitelocke's Coranto, which, being cried up, was first played publicly by the Blackfriars Music, who were then esteemed the best of common musicians in London. Whenever I came to that house (as I did sometimes in those days, though not often) to see a play, the musicians would presently play *Whitelocke's Coranto*; and it was so often called for that they would have it played twice or thrice in an afternoon. The Queen, hearing it, would not be persuaded that it was made by an Englishman; because, she said, it was fuller of life and spirit than the English airs used to be; but she honoured the *Coranto* and the maker of it with her Majesty's royal commendation. It grew to that request that all the common musicians in this town, and all over the kingdom, got the composition of it, and played it publicly in all places for above thirty years after.'

The reader may be pleased to see a specimen of this remarkable composition, which was as popular in the reign of Charles I. as is 'The Blue Danube' or 'The See-Saw' in that of Queen Victoria:

The image displays a musical score for 'Whitelocke's Coranto'. It consists of three systems, each with a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The music is written in a simple, rhythmic style characteristic of 17th-century dance music. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a treble staff starting on a quarter note G4 and a bass staff starting on a quarter note G2. The second system continues the melody in the treble staff with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment. The third system concludes the excerpt with a final cadence in both staves.



In the same year (1633) was produced at Whitehall the 'Cœlum Britannicum,' written by Thomas Carew. The music was by Henry Lawes, the scenery by Inigo Jones, and the characters were represented by the King and Queen, the Duke of Lennox, the Earls of Devonshire and Holland, and other noblemen. This was one of the most successful masques 'invented' and performed in the reign of Charles I.

The following year witnessed the production, however, of 'Comus,' the masque of masques, pre-eminent in fulness of poetic strength, in refinement of tone, in elevation of aim. The circumstances under which Milton wrote this exquisite poem of Christian purity are well known. It was presented at Ludlow Castle in 1634, then the residence of the Earl of Bridgewater, as Lord President of Wales, and was acted by the Earl's sons and his young daughter, the Lady Alice Egerton. The story was suggested, it is said, by an adventure which had taken place in the Earl's family not long before; but the fanciful details were borrowed, to some extent, from the 'Comus' of Erycius Puteanus and the 'Old Wives' Tale' of George Peele.

'Comus' was written at the request of Henry Lawes, who composed the music to it—namely: the songs 'Sweet Echo,' 'Sabrina Fair,' 'Back, Shepherds, Back;' the passages beginning 'To the ocean now I fly,' and 'Now my task is smoothly done;' Sabrina's song, 'By the rushy fringed banks;' the dance of the attendants of Comus; and some other short instrumental movements.

The masque continued to gain in popularity. In 1635 (February 24th) was performed, at the Duke of York's

palace in the Middle Temple, 'The Triumphs of the Prince d'Amour,'* the music by Henry Lawes, the poetry by Sir William Davenant. In 1636, 'The King and Queen's Entertainment' † (performed at Richmond on September 12th), the music by Charles Colman; and in 1637 (on the Sunday after Twelfth Night), at Whitehall, 'Britannia Triumphans,' by Sir William Davenant and Inigo Jones. In 1638 we hear of 'Spring's Glory,' ‡ a masque written by Thomas Nabbs, and 'The Temple of Love,' by Sir William Davenant; and in the following year, of 'Salmacida Spolia,' by Sir William Davenant, the music by Lewis Richard—the last in which Charles I. and his Queen took part (January 21st). The scenes, machinery, and decorations were invented by Inigo Jones.

One of the most eminent and popular composers engaged in the musical setting of these entertainments was Henry Lawes, the friend of Milton, to whose generous praise, rather than to any merits of his own, is due the preservation of his name and fame to our own time. 'Harry,' exclaims the poet,

'Harry, whose tuneful and well measured song
 First taught me English music how to span
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan
 With Midas' ears, committing short and long;
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
 With praise enough for envy to look wan;
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
 That with smooth air couldst humour best our tongue.'

The musician thus magnificently eulogised was the elder son of Thomas Lawes, a vicar-choral of the cathedral church of Salisbury, and was born at Dinton, in Wiltshire,

* Written in three days at the request of the gentlemen of the Inner Temple, by whom it was presented before the Elector Palatine. Henry Lawes was assisted in the music by his brother William.

† 'The King and Queen's Entertainment at Richmond, in a masque presented by the most illustrious Prince, Prince Charles,' was produced to meet the wish of Henrietta Maria to see the Prince—then a child of six—dance.

‡ 'Spring's Glory, vindicating Love by Temperance,' 'sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus.' Moralized in a Maske by Thomas Nabbes.

in the last days of 1595.* Giving early indication of musical ability, he was placed under the tuition of Giovanni Coperario, an English musician, who, having studied in Italy, had Italianized his patronymic, John Cooper, after a fashion more common in later days than in his own. In January, 1625, he was sworn in epistoler, and, in the following November, a gentleman of the Chapel Royal. His next appointment was that of Clerk of the Cheque, after which he was engaged for the private band of Charles I. His reputation as a musician must already have been established when, in 1633, he was selected, along with Simon Ives, to compose the music for the famous masque, 'The Triumphs of Peace,' produced on so costly a scale by the gentlemen of the four Inns of Court. In the same year he collaborated with Thomas Carew in their masque of 'Cælum Britannicum.' Afterwards he set to music George Sandys' new version of the Psalms. In 1634 he composed the music for Milton's 'Comus';† and thenceforward his pen was kept in almost constant employment. The various miscellanies published by John Playford and others, such as the 'Select Musical Ayres and Dialogues' (1652, 1653, and 1659), 'The Treasury of Music' (1659), were enriched by many of his melodious and graceful compositions. The lyrics of Waller owed much to his skilful setting, and the poet was not slow to do justice to the musician's ability:

' Let those who only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a song,
Content themselves with ut, re, mi ;
Let words of sense be set by thee.'

Fenton, in a note to these lines, remarks 'that the best poets of that age were ambitious of having their verses composed by this incomparable artist.'

'Incomparable' is of course an adjective to which he can lay no claim. In genuine musical ability he was inferior to Gibbons and Childe; but he was gifted with a vein

* He was baptized on the 1st of January, 1595-6.

† And performed the part of the Attendant Spirit.

of fluent melody, and he was more attentive than any of his contemporaries or predecessors—at least, in secular music—to the significance and accent of the words which he married to his ingenious airs or recitatives. This happy combination of words and music was quite a novelty to English ears, and was the great secret of the popularity which he enjoyed in his lifetime. We may note that he was always careful to select words of high poetic merit.

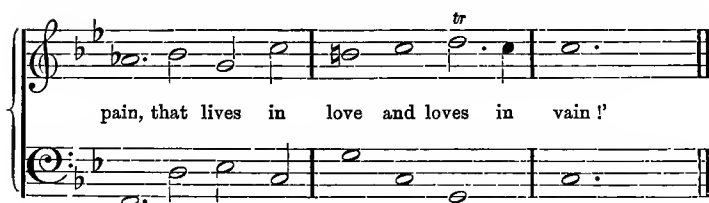
During the Civil War and the brief space of the Commonwealth he maintained his family and himself by working hard as a composer and a teacher. At the Restoration he regained his post in the Chapel Royal, and he composed the anthem 'Zadok the Priest,' for Charles II.'s coronation. He died on October 21st, 1662, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

In addition to the works above-mentioned, Lawes composed, in conjunction with his brother William, 'Choice Psalms put into Music for Three Voices, 1648,' also several anthems; the songs in William Cartwright's plays; the Christmas Songs in Herrick's 'Hesperides,' and 'Lyrics and Dialogues for One, Two, and Three Voices,' 1653. He joined Dr. Colman, Henry Cooke, and George Hudson in composing the music for Davenant's 'First Day's Entertainment of Music at Rutland House,' in 1656.

From the 'Lyrics and Dialogues' I select a short song by this composer:

A lov - er once I did es - py, with bleed-ing

heart and weep-ing eye; he wept and cried, 'How great his



In concluding this sketch of music in England in Charles I.'s reign, it should be noted that there existed a large public ready and anxious to support musical entertainments, and to welcome every variety of musical composition. The study of music was never more common among families of wealth and rank; nor at any time, probably, was it more favoured as an accomplishment by their male members. Prince, peer, and poet—if we may be allowed the alliteration—delighted to practise upon lute or viol, and to join in the rounds and catches which English composers were then beginning to introduce. The author of 'Paradise Lost' performed on the organ, and the grave statesman and diplomatist, Whitelocke, composed a perennially popular dance-tune. The increasing influence and credit of the musical profession is attested by the charter which Charles granted in 1636, incorporating its principal members as 'the marshal, wardens, and cominality of the art and science of Music in Westminster,' and bestowing upon them powers and privileges which extended through the whole realm.

CHAPTER III.

THE ARTS IN ENGLAND DURING THE REIGN OF CHARLES
THE FIRST.—*Continued.*

II. THE DRAMA.

THE drama, which in the reign of Elizabeth and James I. had attained so extraordinary a development of intellectual power, in the reign of Charles sank into a condition of comparative decadence. Men's minds were so busy with great political and religious questions that they could not afford the leisure for the discussion of the problems of life and death which the great Elizabethan dramatists loved to put forward in their plays, and in their brief hours of recreation preferred to seek some form of entertainment which should amuse and interest them without demanding any mental effort. Hence the popularity of the masque, which gratified the eye with beautiful scenes and graceful movements, and the ear with sweet harmonious sounds. I think it cannot be doubted that, from the beginning of the reign of Charles, the public taste for the theatre was slowly but surely on the decline, though the King and his Court no doubt were disposed to encourage this liberal pleasure; and even Milton in his happier youth praised 'the learned sock' of Ben Jonson and the 'wild wood-notes' of Shakespeare. But the stern spirit of Puritanism, which gradually deepened and strengthened its influence on the public mind, was bitterly opposed to the representations of the stage; and Prynne, in his 'Histrio-Mastix,' did but express the convictions of a large and powerful class. Had it been

otherwise the order of the two Houses of Parliament, dated September 2nd, 1642, which closed the theatres and prohibited dramatic performances, would have aroused a storm of popular indignation, and compelled the withdrawal of the obnoxious decree; but, as a matter of fact, it was accepted with very little opposition, and unquestionably found its sanction in the state of public opinion.

We learn from Howes, the continuator of Stow, that between 1570 and 1630 seventeen theatres had been built in London, and that these were of ampler dimensions and more convenient construction than their predecessors. They were divided into public and private. The former epithet might, indeed, have been applied to both; but the 'public' theatres were not completely roofed, neither were they well provided with seats, and their performances took place in the open daylight, whereas in the private theatres, such as that of the Blackfriars, the comfort of the audience was studied in all these particulars, and they were built very nearly in the present form. Yet when Prynne made his truculent attack upon 'stage-plays' only five theatres were open in the metropolis, though it is true, he adds, that these 'ancient devil's chapels' were not sufficient to 'contain their troops,' and that a sixth was being erected. He also asserts that above 'forty thousand play-books' had been printed 'within these two years,' and that they were 'more vendible than the choicest sermons.' But it is evident that these theatres and play-books were patronised almost exclusively by the nobility and gentry, and especially by the young men of the higher classes; and Prynne specially refers to 'the inns-of-court men,' who, he says, 'prove altogether lawless instead of lawyers, and forget that little learning, grace, and virtue which they had before,' because 'one of the first things they learn as soon as they are admitted is to see stage-plays and take smoke at a play-house'—accomplishments which, nowadays, young men of *all* professions seem very readily to acquire. The more serious portion of the public had evidently turned with

disgust from all theatrical representations, resenting their prevalent impurity and indecorum. For though the master of the revels was careful to remove every profane expression from the plays submitted to his censure, he could not remove the licentiousness which was interwoven with their entire structure. The dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher were those most frequently acted before Charles and his Court. Well, it is scarcely possible to modify or purge the majority of these so as to make them tolerable on our modern stage; and if they found admission into the book-shelves of the young, it is easy to understand the feeling of hostility which the Puritan cherished against stage-plays and stage-shows.

‘It was not to be expected,’ says Mr. Gardiner, ‘that the dramatic writers of the day should raise themselves far above the ignorance which prevailed universally around.’ Here, perhaps, the reader will not agree with the historian of the Stuarts, for we surely have a right to demand that the dramatist shall form and guide and elevate the public taste, and not follow or pander to it. But, at all events, the play-writers of the period, always excepting Shakespeare, stooped undisguisedly to gain the applause of their audiences by encouraging their vilest tendencies. Even Massinger, who in the force and dignity of his genius is second only to Shakespeare himself, whose ideal of a lofty and incorruptible virtue was almost as high as that of Milton, has fatally sullied his beautiful dramas (as in ‘The Duke of Milan’) by the introduction of scenes of aimless obscenity which are unessential to the working-out of the plot, and do not help in the delineation of character. ‘In vain,’ says Gardiner,* ‘he sought to still the remonstrances of his conscience by arguing that the mere representation of evil conveyed a reproof to those who had come to laugh at the coarse jest or to gloat over the indecent action. It may be that the half-felt reluctance injured his popularity. It is certain that Beaumont and Fletcher were, far more

* S. R. Gardiner’s ‘History,’ vii., 327.

than Massinger, the favourites with the playgoers of the day; and Beaumont and Fletcher had never been tired of repeating, in ever-varying forms, the wearying tale of the siege laid by vice to the defences of female chastity. In their hands the woman who succumbs to temptation is only less repulsive than the woman who resists the seducer. Familiarity with evil is the same in both, and the absence of maidenly purity repels the more when it is associated with self-conscious vanity. The reader turns away sickened from the contemplation of the female rout to seek, if he is wise, a health-giving draught from the cup of the master who drew the lineaments of Imogen and Cordelia.'

It was in 1633—the year in which Richard Ford produced his pathetic tragedy of 'The Broken Heart'—that Prynne, with shrill vehement horn, blew his loud blast against the iniquities of the stage. As early as 1624 he had submitted to Dr. Goad a portion of his invective. He dealt very strongly with the then general custom of employing boys to personate female characters, and in doing so he was amply justified. For in the dramas of the time many scenes occur which it makes one shudder to think of as represented between men and boys; and, at all events, the practice had necessarily and assuredly a corrupting influence upon the young susceptible mind. But with these arguments, unfortunately, Prynne was not content, and he committed himself to the assertion that it was, under all or any circumstances, a mortal sin for man or woman to assume the dress of the opposite sex. Dr. Goad detected the folly of so extreme a statement. 'Suppose,' said he, 'a man was besieged in his house by pagans, might he not disguise himself in his maid's apparel to escape?' 'I would rather die first,' replied Prynne.

In treating of dramatic work generally, he exhibited the same want of moderation, the same disposition to push an argument to an extreme, which render it futile and ridiculous. That a large number of English plays were immoral and pernicious was easy of proof; but this was not

enough for his fanatical spirit, and he involved in one unsparing condemnation all the plays that had ever been written, from the 'Antigone' of Sophocles or Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' down to the licentious comedies of Beaumont and Fletcher and Ford's tales of incest and murder. With a similar defectiveness of judgment, he collected unfavourable opinions from every source, and attributed to all the same standard of authority, until his original modest volume, by dint of quotations from writers of all ages, nations, and characters had expanded into a formidable quarto of upwards of a thousand pages. By 1630 it was ready for the printer. It was glanced at by Archbishop Abbot's chaplain, Dr. Goad, and duly licensed for the press. The printers finished their share of the work about the end of October, 1632, and in a few weeks' time it broke upon the world with the colossal title of—'HISTRIOMASTIX: The Players' Scourge, or Actors' Tragedie; divided into Two Parts. Wherein it is largely evidenced, by divers Arguments, by the concurring Authorities and Resolutions of sundry Texts of Scripture, of the whole Primitive Church, both under the Law and Gospell, of fifty-five Synodes and Councils, of seventy-one Fathers and Christian writers, before the year of our Lord 1200; of about one hundred and fifty foreigne and domestique Protestant and Popish Authors since; of forty Heathen Philosophers, Historians, Poets of many Heathen, many Christian Nations, Republicques, Emperors, Princes, Magistrates; of many Apostolicall, Canonicall, Imperiall Constitutions and of our owne English Statutes, Magistrates, Vniversities, Writers, Preachers. That popular Stage-Playes (the very pomps of the Divell, which we renounce in Baptism, if we believe the Fathers), are sinfull, heathenish, lewde, ungodly Spectacles, and most pernicious Corruptions; condemned in all ages as intolerable Mischiefes to Churches, to the publickes, to the manners, mindes, and soules of men. And that the Profession of Playe-poets, of Stage-players; together with the penning, acting, and frequenting of

Stage-plays, are unlawfull, infamous, and misbecoming Christians. All pretences to the contrary are here fully answered: and the unlawfulness of acting, of beholding Academicall Enterludes, briefly discussed; besides sundry other particulars, concerning Dancing, Dining, Health-Drinking, etc., of which the Table will informe you.'

Meanwhile, Abbot had died, and been succeeded on the throne of St. Augustine by a sourer spirit, Archbishop Laud. The new primate's chaplain, Heylyn, was also of a different temper to Dr. Goad, and he pounced down on the 'Histrio-Mastix,' prepared to discover in it matter for offence. It happened that, in 1629, a company of French players, who visited London, had scandalized the conventional prejudices of the public by giving the female characters to actresses. The unfortunate women were hunted from the stage, and compelled to quit the metropolis in all haste. Prynne's anger was not less deeply moved by the appearance of females on the stage than it had been by the appearance of boys. But here, again, his fanaticism led him to assume a position so extreme as to be untenable. Instead of simply enlarging on the corrupt and contaminating influences to which the drama of the day would expose the young women engaged to take part in its indelicate scenes, he at once declared that female actors, at all times and under all circumstances, deserved the most insulting epithet which the vindictiveness of men has invented for the degradation of women. Prynne's language was construed as specially applying to the Queen. He was arrested and sent to the Tower; his after punishment we have already seen. But, no doubt, he felt sufficiently revenged for his sufferings when Parliament passed the Act shutting up 'the Devil's Chapels,' and forbidding the performance of stage-plays.

We proceed now to glance at the principal dramatists of the period.

The great school of the Elizabethans was still not unworthily represented. At the accession of Charles I., Philip

Massinger was, I suppose, about forty; John Ford was about thirty-eight; Ben Jonson, fifty-one.* Though some portion of the work of the last-named was done in the reign of Charles—such as his comedies of ‘The Staple of News’ (1629) and ‘The New Inn’ (1629), and several of his masques—he belongs, unquestionably, to an earlier age, and does not fall within our present survey; Massinger is the first that properly claims our notice.

Philip Massinger, son of Arthur Massinger, a gentleman of the Earl of Pembroke’s household, was well educated, and in 1602, at the age of eighteen, entered as a commoner at St. Alban’s Hall, Oxford. Wood informs us that he owed his exhibition to the liberality of the Earl of Pembroke, and that for four years or more he addicted himself to the study of poetry and romance rather than that of logic and philosophy, which he ought to have pursued, as he was patronised to that end. He left Oxford in 1606 without taking a degree, and plunged into the wild waters of London life, with no other support than his genius, the dramatic bent of which led him to write for the stage. He began his work as a playwright as early as 1614, but his first printed play, ‘The Virgin Martyr,’ did not appear until 1622. Then came ‘The Duke of Milan’ in 1623, which was followed by ‘The Roman Lictor’ in 1629. In 1630 he produced ‘The Renegade’ and ‘The Picture’; in 1632 ‘The Emperor of the East,’ ‘The Maid of Honour,’ and ‘The Fatal Dowry.’ The drama by which he is best known, ‘A New Way to Pay Old Debts,’ was produced in 1633. It contains a consummately drawn character in Sir Giles Overreach, to which it owes its enduring popularity. ‘The Great Duke of Florence’ (1636) and ‘The Unnatural Combat’ (1639) are of inferior merit. In 1638 he produced a play, now lost, on the subject of Don Pedro the Cruel, which he called ‘King and Subject.’ When the manuscript came before the Master of the Rolls, Charles I. read it, and detecting one bold allusion to the

* He died in 1637, aged 63.

political tumult of the time, wrote with his own hand, 'This is too insolent, and to be changed.' It ran as follows (a king is supposed to be speaking):

'Moneys? We'll rain supplies which way we please,
And force you to subscribe to blanks, in which
We'll mulct you as we shall think fit. The Cæsars
In Rome were wise, acknowledging no laws
But what their swords did ratify.'

For many years Massinger was silent; but when social order began to consolidate under the firm rule of Cromwell he resumed his pen, and gave to the world his 'Bashful Lover,' 'The Guardian,' 'A Very Woman'—all these in 1655—the comedy of 'Old Law,' 1656, in which he was assisted by Rowley and Middleton; and 'The City Madam,' a powerful, but unpleasant composition, in 1659. Most authorities agree in giving this year as that of his death, which is said to have taken place very suddenly, at his own residence, near the Southwark (or Bank Side) Theatre. He went to bed in good health, and was found dead the next morning. He was interred in St. Saviour's Church-yard, Southwark, and his funeral was attended by all the comedians then in town.

Langbaine's short account of Massinger represents him as a lovable and genial man, who, no doubt, made friends easily and kept them long. 'He was extremely beloved by the poets of that age, and there were few but what took it as an honour to club with him in a play: witness Middleton, Rowley, Field, and Dekker, all of which joined with him in several labours. He was a man of much modesty and extraordinary parts, and were it not that I fear to draw envy on our poet's memory, I could produce several testimonials in confirmation of this truth. However, I will give the reader one instance for many, being the testimony of a worthy gentleman—Sir Thomas Jay:

"You may remember how you chid me, when
I ranked you equal with those glorious men,

* Massinger wrote several other plays, the manuscript of which has not come down to us.

Beaumont and Fletcher : if you love not praise,
 You must forbear the publishing of plays.
 The crafty mazes of the cunning plot ;
 The polished phrase, the sweet expressions got
 Neither by theft nor violence ; the conceit
 Fresh and unsullied ; all is of weight,
 Able to make the captive reader know,
 I did but justice when I placed you so.”

I know of no criticism on Massinger more judicious, and, at the same time, sympathetic, than that of Hallam:

‘Five of his sixteen plays are tragedies ; that is, are concluded in death ; of the rest, no one belongs to the class of mere comedy, but by the depth of the interest, the danger of the virtuous, or the atrocity of the vicious characters, as well as the elevation of the general style, must be ranked with the serious drama, or, as it was commonly termed, tragic-comedy. A shade of melancholy tinges the writings of Massinger ; but he sacrifices less than his contemporaries to the public taste for superfluous bloodshed on the stage. In several of his plays—such as the ‘Picture’ or ‘The Renegade’—where it would have been easy to determine the catastrophe towards tragedy, he has preferred to break the clouds with the radiance of a setting sun. He insulted in this his own genius, not eminently pathetic, nor energetic enough to display the utmost intensity of creation, but abounding in sweetness and dignity, apt to delineate the loveliness of virtue, and to delight in its recompense of the trial. . . Next to the grace and dignity of his sentiment, we must praise the qualities in his style. Every modern critic has been struck by the peculiar beauty of his language. In his harmonious swell of numbers, in his force and genuine idiom, we find an unceasing charm. The poetical talents of Massinger were very considerable, his taste superior to that of his contemporaries ; the colouring of his imagery is rarely overcharged ; a certain redundancy, as some may account it, gives fulness, or what the painters call *impasto*, to his style, and if it might not always conduce to effect on the

stage, is on the whole suitable to the character of his composition.'

In the delineation of character Massinger excels. A dramatist may consider himself fortunate if he contributes to the stage-world even a single definite and well-considered creation—a type of humanity which everybody recognises as possible; but Massinger contributed two or three—such as Luke in 'The City Madam,' Charolois in 'The Fatal Dowry,' and Sir Giles Overreach in 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts'—the last, a conception of terrible power, truth, and originality, which in itself is sufficient to place its author in the front rank of dramatic artists.

At a considerable distance below Massinger we must place his contemporary, John Ford. He has none of Massinger's elevation of sentiment, loftiness of aim, or pure moral tone; he takes his plots from the gutters of vice, and finds a dangerous pleasure in dallying with criminal relationships; he has no skill or success in the portraiture of character—who retains any clear recollection of the heroes or heroines of his intensely pathetic situations?—and yet his plays impress the reader deeply—move him even to tears—such is the eloquence of grief and despair which he has at his command, such is his mastery of the springs of passion. In 'The Broken Heart,' for instance, the tragic power evolved is almost Shakespearean, and in 'Tis Pity She's a Whore,' the intensity which some of the situations disclose is actually painful. As for his style, it is, as Gifford remarks, altogether original and his own—which, I presume, may be said of the style of every man who is a true poet. Without the dignity which distinguishes Massinger's, or the sweetness and airiness which characterize Fletcher's, with none of the rich and ample harmonies which Shakespeare knows so well how to weave, it is refined, facile, and melodious—is well fitted to express the pathetic tones which seem the natural notes of Ford's genius—while, at times, as in the celebrated description of

the music-duel between the nightingale and the musician—it exhibits a wonderful variety of modulation and cadence.

Either a natural gloom of disposition, or the tragic temper of his plays, all of which are concerned with unhappy or guilty love, was satirised by a contemporary epigrammatist in the well-known couplet:

‘Deep in a dumps John Ford alone was gat,
With folded arms and melancholy hat.’

One gets a glimpse of the character of the man from the anagram into which he twisted his name—‘Fide Honor’ (John Forde). It is usually printed on the title-page of his plays, and I am willing to believe that those who knew him knew that he was worthy of the boast, and in his life combined honour with faith.

Besides assisting Dekker and Cowley in ‘The Witch of Edmonton,’ and being assisted by Dekker in ‘The Sun’s Darling,’ he wrote seven plays which have been transmitted to posterity: ‘The Lover’s Melancholy,’ 1629; ‘Love’s Sacrifice,’ 1633; ‘’Tis Pity She’s a Whore,’ 1633; ‘The Broken Heart,’ 1633; ‘Perkin Warbeck,’ 1634; ‘Fancies Chaste and Noble,’ 1638; and ‘The Ladies’ Trial,’ 1639.

All that is known about their author is that he was the second son of Thomas Ford, Esq., and was born at Ilsington, in Devonshire, in April, 1586. He became a member of the Middle Temple in November, 1602. His dramatic career seems to have been compressed within the decade 1629-1639, and it may be assumed that he died soon after the beginning of the Civil War.

Another of the Caroline dramatists who merits special mention is Thomas Randolph, a scholar and a gentleman, with a fine turn for dramatic humour, whose brilliant career was abruptly terminated in 1634, at the early age of twenty-nine. He was the son of a Surrey squire, but was born at his maternal grandfather’s seat of Newnham, near Daventry, in Northamptonshire. Educated at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he took his

M.A. degree with distinction, and removed to London, where his admirable parts secured him a cordial welcome from the wise and witty, and especially from Ben Jonson, who admitted him, like Cartwright, as one of his adopted sons in the Muses. The clever young men of that day turned naturally to the stage as the fitting arena for the display of their abilities; and Randolph, at the age of twenty-five, published his comedy, or interlude, of 'Aristippus; or, The Jovial Philosopher, demonstratively proving that quarts, pints, and pottles are sometimes necessary authors in a scholar's library'—a laudation of the virtues of sack, the beverage to which, unfortunately for himself, he was over-partial. To this was added the fanciful sketch of 'The Conceited Pedlar.' In 1632 his comedy of 'The Jealous Lovers'—which displays a remarkable knowledge of life and insight into character for a young man of twenty-seven—was very successfully performed by the students of Trinity College, Cambridge. His best piece of dramatic work is, however, the comedy of 'The Muses' Looking-Glass,' published posthumously in 1638. It is written in defence of the stage, and was probably suggested by, and intended as an answer to, Prynne's 'Histrio-Mastix.' The satire is sharp and bright; the delineation of character strong, vivid, and exact; the sentiment wholesome and unexaggerated; the language easy and refined. When Dodsley says that 'it has been always esteemed as an excellent commonplace book to instruct dramatic authors in the art of drawing characters,' he resorts to exaggerated praise; but it is unquestionably a very clever and effective composition, which even now can be read with pleasure and entertainment.

As a specimen of its quality, let us take the speech of Roscius, the player, in reply to the pharisaical comments of Bird, a vendor of feathers, and Mistress Flowerden, a haberdasher's wife—'two of the sanctified fraternity of Black Friars':

'My spleen is up. And live not you by sin?
Take away vanity, and you both may break.

What serves your lawful trade of selling pins
 But to joint gewgaws, and to knit together
 Gorgets, strips, neckcloths, laces, ribbons, ruffs,
 And many other such-like toys as these,
 To make the baby bride a pretty puppet ?
 And you, sweet featherman, whose ware, though light,
 O'er weighs your conscience. What serves your trade
 But to plume folly, to give pride her wings,
 To deck vain glory ? spoiling the peacock's tail
 To adorn an idiot's coxcomb ? Oh, dull ignorance !
 How ill 'tis understood what we do mean
 For good and honest ; they abuse our sense,
 And say we live by vice—indeed 'tis true,
 As the physicians by diseases do,
 Only to cure them. They do live, we see,
 Like cooks, by pampering prodigality,
 Which are our fond accusers. On the stage
 We set an usurer to tell this age
 How ugly looks his soul : a prodigal
 Is taught by us how far from liberal
 His folly bears him. Boldly I dare say,
 There has been more by us in some one play
 Laughed into wit and virtue, than hath been
 By twenty tedious lectures drawn from sin
 And foppish humours : hence the cause doth rise—
 Men are not won by the ears so well as eyes.'

Afterwards he distinguishes thus tersely between tragedy and comedy :

'So comedies, as poets do intend 'em,
 Serve first to show our faults, and then to mend 'em.
 Upon our stage two glasses oft there be,
 The comic mirror and the tragedy :
 The comic glass is full of merry strife,
 The low reflection of a country life.
 Grave tragedy, void of such homely sports,
 Is the sad glass of cities and of courts.'

Another young man of high promise, which his short life prevented from ripening into full performance, was William Cartwright. Though but for a brief period on the world's stage, he played many parts, and each with credit—a scholar, a divine, a lyric poet, a dramatist, and a loyal servant of the King.

According to Anthony à Wood,* he was the son of a decayed gentleman, and born at Northway, near Tewkesbury, in September, 1611. He was educated at Westminster

* 'Athenæ Oxonienses,' p. 274.

as a King's Scholar, and in 1631 elected student of Christ Church, Oxford. He took his several degrees of B.A. and M.A. with much distinction, and was afterwards chosen by the House as Proctor. Having entered into holy orders, he soon became eminent for the force and eloquence of his preaching; but in November, 1643, fell a victim to a malignant fever known as the *camp-disease*, which the Royal army had introduced into Oxford.

In this young man there must have been more power and capability than found expression in his writings, or the testimony of his contemporaries would seem superfluous exaggeration. Ben Jonson, who adopted him as one of his 'sons,' said of him, 'My son Cartwright writes all like a man;' and Bishop Fell declared that 'Cartwright was the utmost man could come to.' I think it is Fuller who characterises him as 'a seraphical preacher.' The editor of his works (in the 1651 edition) applies to him Aristotle's saying about Æscheon, that 'he could not tell what Æscheon could not do;' and adds, 'It may seem strange the same man should be Tully and Virgil;' but in oratory and poetry he was 'so full and absolute, that those who best knew him knew not in which he was more excellent.' And Langbaine discusses his merits with some fulness: 'He was extremely remarkable both for his outward and inward endowments; his body being as handsome as his soul. He was an expert linguist, understanding not only Greek and Latin, but French and Italian, as perfectly as his mother-tongue. He was an excellent orator, and yet an admirable poet—a quality which Cicero, with all his pains, could not attain to. Nor was Aristotle less known to him than Cicero and Virgil; and those who heard his metaphysical lectures gave him the preference to all his predecessors. His sermons were as much admired as his other composures. . . In a word, he was of so novel a disposition, and so replete with all virtues, that he was beloved by all learned men that knew him, and admired by all strangers.'

His dramatic pieces were four in number: 'The Ordinary,'

a comedy; 'The Lady Errant,' a tragi-comedy, the scene of which is laid in Cyprus; 'The Siege, or Love's Convert,' a tragi-comedy, dedicated to Charles I.; and the tragi-comedy of 'The Royal Slave,' which was performed before the King and Queen by the students of Christ Church, Oxford, on August 30th, 1636. 'This play gave such content to their Majesties and the whole Court, as well for the stately scenes, the richness of the Persian habits, the excellency of the songs (which were set by that admirable composer, Mr. Henry Lawes), as for the noble style of the play itself, and the ready address and graceful carriage of the actors (amongst which [*sic*] Dr. Busby, the famous master of Westminster School, appeared himself, a second Roscius); that they unanimously acknowledged that it did exceed all things of that nature which they had ever seen. The Queen in particular so much admired it that, in November following, she sent for the habits and scenes to Hampton Court: she being desirous to see her own servants represent the same play (whose profession it was), that she might the better judge of the several performances, and to whom the preference was due. The sentence was universally given by all the spectators in favour of the Gown: though nothing was wanting on Mr. Cartwright's side to inform the players, as well as the scholars, in what belonged to the action and delivery of each part.'

'The Royal Slave' is founded on a supposed custom of the Persian Kings, after the conquest, 'to take one of the captives and adorn him with all the robes of majesty, giving him all privileges for three full days, that he may do what he will, and then be certainly led to death.' After a victory over the Ephesians, Arsamnes, King of Persia, selects from among the captives one Cratander, to be the 'Three Days' King, or 'Royal Slave.' He proves to be a man of noble nature, and exercises his prerogatives with equal dignity and justice. He gains the general regard and admiration, and especially commands the sympathy of Atossa, the Queen. An attempt is made to appeal to his senses, but he

scorns the pleasures with which he is surrounded, and remains true to himself. When a love-song is warbled in his hearing, he exclaims :

‘ I did expect some solemn hymn of the
Great world’s beginning, or some brave captain’s
Deserving deeds extolled to lofty numbers.’

The other Ephesian captives succumb to the sensual temptations, and are carrying off Atossa’s ladies, when Cratander meets them, dismisses the women, and threatens with punishment when they next offend. Then left alone he soliloquizes :

‘ These slaves must be repressed ; the giddy people
Are ready to transpose all crimes upon
Him that should moderate them ; so perhaps
Their faults might be accounted crime. Besides,
Snares are laid close in every path for me ;
And if a King but stumble, ’tis a precipice :
When all eyes see ’t, a blemish is a monster.
Pure Virtue then, and there, fair Honour, give me
Leave to contemplate on your beauties ; let
The strength of my imagination dwell
Upon the sight of your Divinities.’

Here Queen Atossa throws down from an upper window a chain of gold.

‘ What ? more temptations yet ? ha ! whence ? from whence ?
The heavens, I hope, don’t drop down follies too :
No arm out of the clouds ? a chain ? why this
Is but an expectation of my late
Dispersèd fetters. ’Tis rich yet, and royal ;
It cannot be the wealth of any but the Throne.
Fall out what will I’ll wear it ’till I know
From whence it came ; and if it prove a metal,
That some foul drossy mind could not endure
Should longer dwell with it, I then will cast it
With as much scorn and anger from my shoulders,
As now I do receive ’t with admiration.’

Two messengers from Ephesus, in disguise, urge upon Cratander to avail himself of his brief sovereignty to deliver his native city from the Persian power, but he considers himself bound by his oath to the King of Persia, and represses his patriotic instincts. The meaner Ephesian captives rebel against the strictness of his rule, and con-

spire with some Persian lords to assassinate him. He discovers the plot, and prepares to defeat it. Meanwhile, in an interview with Atossa, he finds how pure and lofty a sympathy exists between them, and wishes her aid, not to save her life, but to secure the welfare of both Greece and Persia. For he knows the weakness of Ephesus, that she is oppressed and without allies, and believes that her only hope of prosperity lies in the friendly protection of Persia. Having baffled the would-be murderers, he repairs to the Royal Castle, where Atossa and her ladies, in warlike habits, are keeping guard, Arsamnes and his army having gone on a military expedition. On the return of Arsamnes Atossa holds the gates until Arsamnes grants the Ephesians their laws and liberties, and to Cratander his life. There then takes place a general rejoicing, until in the midst of the dance and revel, enters a priest to demand the sacrifice of the Three Days' King. The gods, he declares, refuse to sanction the generous humanity of Arsamnes. In solemn procession Cratander goes to his death; but when he reaches the altar a sudden eclipse of the sun veils the scene in darkness, and a torrent of rain puts out the sacrificial fire. The priest declares that the gods have resolved to spare Cratander, who vows half his life to Ephesus and half to King Arsamnes.

Cartwright's poems are the ingenious expressions of a cultivated mind, but they do not kindle with the true poetic fire, and the modern reader will not fail to be surprised at the admiration they provoked in his contemporaries. The subjects are chiefly personal, and often trivial. Thus, we have a 'Panegyric to the Countess of Carlisle;' 'On the Imperfection of Christ Church Buildings;' 'On His Majesty's Recovery from the Small-Pox,' 1633; 'On the Birth of the Duke of York;' 'To Dr. Duppa:' 'On the Great Frost, 1634'; 'On Mr. Stokes, his Book on the Art of Vaulting;' 'On a Gentlewoman's Silk Hood;' 'On the Dramatic Poems of Mr. John Fletcher;' and 'To the Memory of Ben Jonson.'

The last of the great Elizabethans—the last and least—was James Shirley, who is still remembered for his fine solemn lyric, ‘The glories of his birth and state,’ though his dramatic works are almost forgotten. He was born in 1594—six years after the defeat of the Armada; and died in 1666, the year of the Great Fire of London. After receiving his preliminary education at Merchant Taylors’ he was entered at St. John’s College, Oxford. But Laud, who was then President, objected to his taking Holy Orders because he had a mole on his left cheek. No such objection was made, however, at Catharine Hall, Cambridge. But he gained no preferment in the English Church, and having gone over to the Roman Communion was compelled, throughout his life, to depend as a means of maintenance on his readiness as dramatist or his industry as an usher. In his dramatic capacity he was liberally patronised by Charles I. and Henrietta Maria; and the famous masque presented by the four Inns of Court in 1634 was invented by Shirley. For a time he served in the army, and in 1637 went to Ireland in the suite of Stafford. His play of ‘The Sisters’ was one of the best performed before the suppression of the theatres in 1642. On the outbreak of the Civil War, he attended the splendid Earl (afterwards Duke) of Newcastle in his campaigns; but when the King’s cause declined returned to London, and lived for awhile upon the charity of his friends, until he established himself at White Friars in his old vocation of schoolmaster. At the Restoration his popularity as a dramatist revived; several of his plays revisited the footlights. He was living in a thoroughfare near Fleet Street when the Great Fire of 1666 broke out; and, his house being destroyed, was removed to one in the parish of St. Giles’ in the Field, where both he and his wife died of anxiety and terror within the space of twenty-four hours, and were interred in the same grave.

Thirty-nine of Shirley’s plays have been handed down to us, and he composed four or five which were never printed: 1. ‘The Wedding,’ C., 1629; 2. ‘The Grateful Servant,’ C.,

1630 ; 3. 'The School of Compliments,' C., 1631 ; 4. 'The Changes : or, Love in a Maze,' C., 1632 ; 5. 'Contention for Honour and Riches,' a Masque, 1633 ; 6. 'The Witty Fair-One,' C., 1633 ; 7. 'The Triumph of Peace,' a Masque, 1633 ; 8. 'The Bird in a Cage,'* C., 1633 ; 9. 'The Traitor,' T., 1635 ; 10. 'The Lady of Pleasure,' C., 1637 ; 11. 'The Young Admiral,' T.C., 1637 ; 12. 'The Example,' T.C., 1637 ; 13. 'Hyde Park,' C., 1637 ; 14. 'The Gamester,' C., 1637 ; † 15. 'The Loyal Master,' T.C., 1638 ; 16. 'The Duke's Mistress,' T.C., 1638 ; 17. 'The Maid's Revenge,' T., 1639 ; 18. 'Chabot, Admiral of France,' T., 1639 ; 19. 'The Ball,' C., 1639 ; 20. 'Arcadia,' Pastoral, 1640 ; 21. 'The Humorous Courtier,' C., 1640 ; 22. 'The Opportunity,' C., 1640 ; 23. 'St. Patrick for Ireland,' Hist. Play, 1640 ; 24. 'Love's Cruelty,' T., 1640 ; 25. 'The Constant Maid,' C., 1640 ; 26. 'The Coronation,' C., 1640 ; 27. 'The Triumph of Beauty,' Masque, 1646 ; 28. 'The Brothers,' C., 1652 ; 29. 'The Sisters,' C., 1652 ; 30. 'The Doubtful Heir,' T.C., 1652 ; 31. 'The Imposture,' T.C., 1652 ; 32. 'The Cardinal,' T., 1652 ; 33. 'The Court Secret,' T.C., 1653 ; 34. 'The Politician,' T., 1655 ; 35. 'The Gentleman of Venice,' T.C., 1655 ; 36. 'Cupid and Death,' Masque, 1659 ; 37. 'The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses for Achilles' Armour,' Interlude, 1659 ; 38. 'Honor and Mammon,' C., 1659 ; and 39. 'Andromena : or, The Merchant's Wife,' T., 1660.

* As this play was printed during Prynne's imprisonment for his 'Histrio-Mastix,' Shirley prefixed to it an ironical dedication to that stalwart controversialist—'A Bird in a Cage,' quite *sui generis*.

† 'The Gamester' was acted in the presence of the King (February 6th). As far as words went the play was innocent enough. It contained no coarse jests or gross expressions. For all that, the plot was profoundly immoral, and the plot had been suggested by Charles himself. The amusement is conveyed by situations in which criminal or vicious intentions are hindered by accidental circumstances from being carried into action, and the play, as a whole, is calculated to leave the audience under the impression that foul thought and desires defile not a man unless they have been realised in action. It has often been said of Charles, that whatever his political feelings may have been, he was at least an artist and a Christian. The art of the play which he now patronized was in flagrant contradiction with the art of Shakespeare. Its morality was in no less flagrant contradiction with the morality of the Sermon on the Mount.

In the number of his plays—but in nothing else—Shirley might have boasted that he surpassed Shakespeare. He is a very unequal, and more, a very powerful writer; has no vivid sense of humour, and no command over the passions. He interests and sometimes amuses, but he never fascinates us—never holds us spell-bound by the influence and power which belong to genius, as the faculty of attraction belongs to the loadstone. ‘Shirley,’ says Hallam, ‘has no originality, no force in conceiving or delineating character, little of pathos, and less perhaps of wit; his dramas produce no deep impression in reading, and, of course, can leave none in the memory. But his mind was poetical: his better characters, especially females, express pure thoughts in pure language; he is never timid or affected, and seldom obscure; the incidents succeed rapidly, the personages are numerous, and there is a general animation in the scenes which causes us to read him with some pleasure. No very good play, nor, possibly, any very good scene, could be found in Shirley; but he has many lines of considerable beauty. Among his comedies “The Gamester” may be reckoned the best. Charles I. is said to have declared that it was “the best play he had seen these seven years,” and it has even been added that the story was of his royal suggestion. It certainly deserves praise both for language and construction of the plot, and it has the advantage of exposing vice to ridicule; but the ladies of that Court—the fair forms whom Vandyke has immortalised—must have been very different indeed from their posterity if they could sit it through.* “The Ball,” and also some more among the comedies of Shirley, are so far remarkable and worthy of being read that they bear witness to a more polished elegance of manners, and a more free intercourse in the higher class than we find in the comedies of the preceding reign. A Queen from France, and that Queen Henrietta

* The black velvet masks which they wore helped, no doubt, to spare their blushes; yet it is difficult to understand how pure-minded women could tolerate the prurience and suggestiveness of Shirley and his contemporaries.

Maria, was better fitted to give this tone than Anne of Denmark. But it is not from Shirley's pictures that we can draw the most favourable notions of the morals of that age.'

The other dramatists of Charles I.'s reign I must glance at briefly, and it will be convenient, I think, to take them in alphabetical order, rather than to attempt a classification according to their merits.

Though William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, owed his earldom to Charles I., as a dramatist he belonged to the previous reign. His tragedy of 'Darius' was produced in 1603, 'Cresus' in 1604, 'Julius Cæsar' in 1604, and 'The Alexandrian Tragedy' in 1605. He died on February 12th, 1640. Of dramatic genius he possessed not a spark. His plays are rhetorical exercises, with choruses in the classic form, and are written in ponderous quatrains, like Davenant's 'Gondibert.'

There were two Bunces contributing to the literature of the stage at this period—Alexander Bunce and Richard Bunce. The former, an attorney and a loyalist, who lampooned the Roundheads in song, epistle, and epigram, was the author of a comedy called 'The Cunning Lovers,' produced at Drury Lane with some success. The latter, it is said, was originally a menial servant of Ben Jonson, but by dint of considerable natural powers acquired a respectable reputation as a dramatist. He wrote a score of comedies, fifteen of which are extant. The best are 'The Northern Lass,' 1652; 'The Jovial Crew,' 1652; and 'The City Wit,' 1653.

To the present generation the name of Lodowick Carbell is, I suspect, unknown; but in his time the playhouses made much of him and his compositions. He was an old courtier of the King's, serving as Gentleman-of-the-Arms to Charles I., and Groom of the King's and Queen's Privy-

chamber, and afterwards attending upon Henrietta Maria in a confidential capacity. As a dramatist he was responsible for 'Arviragus and Philicia,' a tragi-comedy, printed in 1639, and revived after the Restoration, with a prologue by Dryden; 'The Deserving Favourite,' a tragi-comedy acted before Charles I. and his Queen at Whitehall, 1629; 'The Fool would be a Favourite;' 'Osmond, the Great Turk;' 'The Passionate Lover,' a tragi-comedy, twice acted before the King and Queen at Somerset House; and 'Heraclius,' a tragedy from the French of Corneille, which was never acted.

Though Medicine has always been well represented in different fields of literary effort, its professors have as a rule eschewed the stage; but among the exceptions is Dr. William Chamberlayne, or Chamberlain, who flourished as a devoted cavalier in the reign of Charles I., and wrote a tragi-comedy, 'Love's Victory,' which was printed in 1658, and twenty years later brought before the public under the title of 'Wits led by the Nose.' He was also the author of an heroic poem called 'Pharonida.'

Sir Aston Cokain was a man of some note. He was a great lover of letters, a polished gentleman, and an enthusiastic loyalist. Sprung from an old Derbyshire family, which traced its pedigree as far back as the age of the first Edward, he received a liberal education, and was sent to both the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, at the latter of which he was entered as a fellow-commoner of Trinity College. Like many of the young men of fashion of his day, he figured for awhile as a student in the Inns of Court. In 1632, at the age of twenty-four, he went the grand tour, travelling through France, Italy, Germany, and the Low Countries. During the Civil War he suffered greatly for his religion, which was that of the Roman Church, and his fervid loyalty to the King; and the losses he sustained compelled him to dispose of his patrimony.

Retiring to a small estate called Pooley, near Polesworth, in Warwickshire, he spent his declining years in the study of poetry and the company of his favourite authors. His compositions include 'A Masque for Twelfth Night,' 1639; the comedy of 'The Obstinate Lady,' 1658; 'Trapolin supposed a Prince,' a tragi-comedy, 1658; and 'Ovid's Tragedy,' 1669. His plays and poems were published in two vols. in 1669, and he died, at the age of seventy-nine, in February, 1684.

Of his poems, which are very dull and laboured, he himself speaks in the following strain :

' Plays, Eclogues, Songs, a Satire I have writ,
 A Remedy for those i' th' amorous fit,
 Love Elegies and Funeral Elegies,
 Letters of things of divers qualities,
 Encomiastic lines to works of some.
 A Masque and an Epithalamium,
 Two books of Epigrams : all which I mean
 Shall (in this volume) come upon the scene ;
 Some Divine Poems, which when first I came
 To Cambridge, I writ there, I need not name ;
 Of Dianeæ—neither my translation,
 Omitted here as of another fashion.
 For Heaven's sake name no more you say, I cloy you—
 I do obey you, Therefore (friend) God b'wy you.'

Robert Cox is described as 'an excellent comedian that lived in the reign of King Charles the First;' one who, when the ringleaders of the Rebellion and reformers of the nation suppressed the stage, betook himself to making drolls or farces: such as were 'Actæon' and 'Diana;' 'Ænone,' with the humours of 'Bumpkin;' 'Hobbinol;' 'Singing Simkin;' and 'Simpleton the Smith;' which, under the colour of rope-dancing, were allowed to be acted at the Red Bull Playhouse by stealth, and the connivance of those strait-laced governors. These parts he usually acted himself, and so naturally that once after he had played 'Young Simpleton' at a country fair a noted smith in those parts, who saw him act, came to him, and offered to take him as his journeyman, and to allow him twelve-pence a week more than the rest.

‘Nor was it in London only, but in the university likewise, that our actor was applauded; insomuch that a poetical brother took such a fancy to his acting that he was pleased to oblige him with a prologue, that he might appear in form, as he had seen the members of the college he belonged to, at the acting a play in Christmas; a part of which, for the reader’s diversion, and as a sample of the talent of this chip of Parnassus, I have set down as follows:

‘Cautious spectators, we are your relators,
Neither tilers, nor slaters, nor your vexators;
But such as will strive to please, while you sit at your ease,
And speak such words as may be spoken,
And not by any be mistaken,’ etc.

The ‘Humours’ or ‘Drolleries’ invented by Cox were simply a more or less ingenious combination of the richest comic scenes from Shakespeare, Marston, Shirley, and others into one piece, disguised by a new title. Thus ‘The Equal Match’ was concocted from Beaumont and Fletcher’s ‘Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.’ ‘The Bouncing Knight; or, The Robbers Robbed,’ was adapted from the Falstaff scenes in the second part of ‘Henry IV.’ These ‘Drolleries’ were collected by Marsh in 1662, and, ten years later, reprinted by Kirkman, who remarks in his preface: ‘As meanly as you may now think of these drolls, they were then acted by the best comedians; and, I may say, by some that then exceeded all now living; the incomparable Robert Cox, who was not only the principal actor, but also the contriver and author of most of those farces. How have I heard him cried up for his “John Swabber” and “Simpleton the Smith,” in which he, being to appear with a large piece of bread-and-butter, I have frequently known several of the female spectators and auditors to long for it; and once that well-known natural, Jack Adams, of Clerkenwell, seeing him with bread-and-butter on the stage, and knowing him, cried out: “Cuz! Cuz! give me some!” to the great pleasure of the audience.’

Sir William Davenant was a younger son of John Dave-

nant, who, in the reign of King James I., kept the Crown Inn at Oxford, of which famous city he was elected Mayor in 1621. His son, the future epic poet, lyrist, dramatist, soldier, wit, theatrical manager, and swash-buckler, was born in February, 1605. An apocryphal story, attributed by Pope to Betterton, the player, represents him as the natural son of Shakespeare, on no other ground than that Shakespeare, on his journeys between London and Stratford-on-Avon, was accustomed to put up himself and his horse under the elder Davenant's roof. Will Davenant, we are told, loved to boast of the supposed paternity, though the boast discredited his mother. He was certainly a profound admirer of the great dramatist, and one of the earliest efforts of his boyish muse was an ode to his memory. Having been educated at the Oxford Grammar School, he was entered a member of Lincoln College, but he took no degree, nor does he seem to have been long in residence there. I know not through what influence he became a page in the splendid retinue of Frances, Duchess of Richmond, nor under what circumstances he removed to the household of Sidney's friend and biographer, Fulke Greville, Lord Burke. After the unfortunate death of that chivalrous nobleman he seems to have been driven to live upon his wits, and began to write for the stage, producing in 1629 his first play, 'Albovine, King of the Lombards.' Its success encouraged him to persevere in the path of dramatic composition, and he wrote in quick succession the tragedy of 'The Cruel Brother' and the tragi-comedy of 'The Just Italian.' The patronage of Lord Treasurer Weston and Endymion Porter secured him the favour of the Court, and his fine parts introduced him to the society of the wits. In 1634 he wrote the masque of 'The Temple of Love,' for Queen Henrietta Maria and her ladies; and in the following year appeared a volume of poems, containing the Shakespearian ode already referred to, and a poem in heroic couplets entitled 'Madagascar,' which celebrated the naval exploits of Prince Rupert. The Court esteemed his

poetical powers so highly that, in 1637, on the death of Ben Jonson, he was appointed poet laureate; and, two years later, was made director of the King and Queen's company of actors at the Cockpit, in Drury Lane.

When the Civil War broke out, his Royalist sympathies led to his arrest and imprisonment. This was in May, 1641; but in the following July he obtained his release, and escaped to France. After awhile, he was sent to England in charge of a large quantity of war material for the use of the Earl of Newcastle, who made him his lieutenant-general of the ordnance. For his courage and conduct at the siege of Gloucester, in September, 1643, he was knighted by Charles I. The rapidly increasing successes of the arms of the Parliament induced him, however, again to seek refuge in France, where he went over to the Roman communion, and was attached to the mimic Court of Henrietta Maria and the Prince of Wales. While living with Lord Jermyn in the Louvre, he began his 'heroic poem' of 'Gondibert,' sending his manuscript as he wrote to Hobbes of 'The Leviathan' for his revision. Whether he wished to realise some of his poetic dreams, or whether he grew impatient of the monotonous barrenness of exile, I know not; but in 1650 he undertook to conduct a company of artificers who desired to found a settlement in Virginia. According to Aubrey, they were mostly weavers, whom he picked up in one of the prisons of Paris. But his ship was scarcely clear of the French coast before she was captured by a Commonwealth man-of-war, and carried to the Isle of Wight, where Davenant was lodged in Cowes Castle, and found ample leisure in his hours of captivity to continue his poetical *magnum opus*. He carried it down to the middle of the third book; and as he intended that there should be five books, answering to the five acts of a play, with cantos instead of scenes, he had consequently finished one half. He therefore drew up a postscript, in which he says: 'It is high time to strike sail and cast anchor, though I have run but half my course, when at the helm I here

am threatened with Death, who, though he can visit us but once, seems troublesome, and even in the innocent may beget such a gravity as diverts the music of verses.' From Cowes the poet-prisoner was removed to the Tower; but through the interposition, as some say, of two aldermen of York, whom he had once obliged, or as others, with much more probability, assert, of Milton—to whom he afterwards repaid the service in kind—he escaped the punishment of high-treason, and, though detained in confinement for a couple of years, was treated with considerable indulgence.

On his release, finding himself beset by pecuniary difficulties, he resolved on an effort to evade the law against theatrical performances; and, supported by Lord Commissioner Whitelocke, Sir John Maynard, and others, he opened a kind of theatre in disguise at Rutland House, Charter-House Yard, on the 21st of May, 1656, for what he called 'operas,' but were really 'spectacles,' in which he combined, as the elder Disraeli somewhat pompously phrases it, 'the music of Italy and the scenery of France.' His first production was 'The Siege of Rhodes,' written and invented by himself, and illustrated with musical and scenic effects, after the fashion of the Parisian theatres.

The Restoration brought with it golden times for playwright and player. Davenant then took the management of the Duke of York's company of 'comedians,' which included at that time the famous Betterton, and attracted London society to the theatre in Portugal Row, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and afterwards to the larger and more splendid house in Dorset Gardens. A clause in his patent sanctioned a great innovation, which he had also borrowed from France: 'Whereas the women's parts in plays have hitherto been acted by men in the habits of women, at which some have taken offence, we do permit and give leave for the time to come that all women's parts be acted by women on the stage.' For his new company he remodelled his 'Siege of Rochelle,' and also wrote a second

part, in which, instead of blank verse for the dialogue, he adopted the French use of rhymed couplets.

‘In the “Siege of Rhodes,”’ says Professor Morley, ‘Davenant held by the extension of that theory of Hobbes’s to contending nations as well as to contending men of the same country, which he had made the ground of Gondibert’s ambition to subdue the world. His life was too much given to low pleasures, and he was called upon to entertain the frivolous. If Davenant could have felt with Milton that he who would excel in poetry should be himself a poem, his genius had wings to bear him higher than he ever reached. Among the musical love-passions of “The Siege of Rhodes” he was still aiming at some embodiment of his thought that the nations of Christendom failed in their work for want of unity. They let the Turks occupy Rhodes because they could not join for succour. In his dedication of the published play to the Earl of Clarendon, Davenant (referring with humour to “the great images represented in tragedy by Monsieur Corneille”) says: “In this poem I have revived the remembrance of that desolation which was permitted by Christian princes, when they favoured the ambition of such as defended the diversity of religions (begot by the factions of learning) in Germany; whilst those who would never admit learning into their empire (lest it should meddle with religion, and intangle it with controversy) did make Rhodes defenceless; which was the only fortified academy in Christendom where divinity and arms were equally professed.”’

Davenant’s latest efforts were in an unfortunate direction—the adaptation of Shakespeare to the taste of the Court of Charles II. He marred and mangled with unsparing hand, betraying an equal want of poetic sympathy and constructive skill. But with no consciousness of wrong-doing he spent his later years in ease and tranquillity, passing away on the 17th of April, 1668, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He was interred in Westminster Abbey—an honour which he can hardly be said to have deserved; yet

many there 'sepultured lie' who merit the honour still less.

In all our author's ponderous folio collection of masques, tragedies, tragi-comedies, comedies, heroic poems, and what not, I find but little to entitle him to an enduring place in our poetic literature. Alas! the dust of oblivion rests upon them; and when the adventurous student disturbs it, he comes upon nothing better than dry bones, or starts only some phantom shapes, which rapidly vanish into thin air. The life-blood of genius never gave form and substance and vital force to his creations, and so they faded into a dull and dreary decay, and the world put them out of sight as things that were not worthy even of decent burial. Yet his epic poem of 'Gondibert,' published in 1651, had its admirers in its day—short as that day was—and Waller and Cowley even dared to predict for it a lasting renown. That its author had a large command of sonorous rhetorical verse, and some faculty of invention, no liberal critic will, I think, deny. He was a man of scholarship, ingenuity, and patience; but I cannot think him, in the high and true sense of the word, a poet.

'Gondibert' is an epic of chivalry, in which the story carries an esoteric significance, as designed to illustrate and recommend the study of Nature, and to deduce from it certain philosophical conclusions. It is written in ten-syllabled lines, and in quatrains—a metrical form which Davenant borrowed from Sir John Davies, and taught to Dryden. In his preface he justifies his use of it on the ground 'that it would be more pleasant to the reader, in a work of length, to give this respite or pause between every stanza (having endeavoured that such should contain a period) than to run him out of breath with continual couplets. Nor doth alternate rhyme by any lowliness of cadence make the sound less heroic, but rather adapt it to a plain and stately composing of music; and the brevity of the stanza renders it less subtle to the composer and more easy to the singer, which *in stilo recitativo*, when the story

is long, is chiefly requisite.' And he goes on, with almost incredible *naïveté*, to express the hope that the cantos of his poem—of this dreary, monotonous, semi-philosophical essay in rhyme, which has neither dramatic incident nor lyrical break, and is as tedious as Lord Lytton's 'King Arthur'—would be sung at wakes and village feasts. Heaven help the villagers who were ill-fated enough to be thrown among the audience! They could escape prostration into utter imbecility only by falling into a heavy sleep.

Briefly told, the argument is this :

Aribert, the Lombard, is Prince of Varna. His beautiful daughter, Rhodalind, who is also his heiress, is sought in marriage by two renowned warriors—Prince Oswald, a man of great worldly ambition, and Duke Gondibert, whose aims and aspirations were loftier and purer. While engaged in the chase, Gondibert falls into an ambush laid by Oswald ; in the duel which ensues he is wounded, but Oswald slain. The wounded Gondibert is carried to the house of the philosopher Astragon, which may be defined as a concrete allegory, with its garden, labelled 'Nature's Nursery,' and its 'Nature's Office and its Library,' 'The Monument of Vanished Minds,' and its threefold Temple, dedicated to 'Days of Praise, of Prayer, and of Penitence.' Here he is tenderly nursed by Astragon's daughter, Birtha—who seems intended as a type of Nature—and soon learns to love her. He applies to Astragon to sanction his suit, and in doing so gives an account of his object and purpose, which shows that Davenant was not incapable of serious and elevated thought. He desires to bring the world under the sway of a single sceptre, not to gratify a mean ambition, but in order to secure the happiness of the peoples and inaugurate a reign of peace. This accomplished, he would then abandon himself to the study of Nature in company with Birtha :

'Here all reward of conquest I would find ;
Leave shining themes for Birtha in a shade,
With Nature's quiet wonders fill my mind,
And praise her most because she Birtha made.'

Some fine lines sparkle gem-like in the dull strata of this elaborate poem. Its general tone is grave and earnest; but apart from its fatal want of human interest and the monotony of its versification, its deficiency in the ebb and flow of passion and in the lustre of imagination will explain the neglect into which it has fallen. We subjoin one or two examples of the poet's higher flights :

' And now the weary world's great medicine, Sleep,
This learned host dispensed to every guest,
Which shuts those wounds where injured lovers weep,
And flies oppressors to relieve th' oppress.

It loves the Cottage, and from Court abstains ;
It stills the seamen though the storm be high ;
Frees the grieved captive in his closest chains ;
Stops Want's hard mouth, and blinds the treacherous spy.'

The Shakespearian reminiscence in these lines cannot be overlooked. We turn to the description of the Virgin Birtha, which is not without a certain degree of poetical grace :

' Her beauty princes durst not hope to use,
Unless, like poets, for their morning theme ;
And her mind's beauty they would rather choose,
Which did the light in beauty's lanthorn seem.

She ne'er saw courts, yet courts could have undone
With untaught looks and an unpractised heart ;
Her arts, the most prepared could never shun,
For Nature spread them in the scorn of Art.

She never had in busy cities been,
Ne'er warmed with hopes, nor e'er allayed with fears ;
Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin ;
And sin not seeing, ne'er had use of tears.

But here her father's precepts gave her skill,
Which with incessant business filled the hours ;
In spring she gathered blossoms for the still ;
In autumn, berries ; and in summer, flowers.

And as kind Nature, with calm diligence,
Her own free virtue silently employs,
Whilst she, unheard, does ripening growth dispense,
So were her virtues busy without noise.'

Of his plays, I do not think it possible for the best-natured critic to say much in the way of commendation. Here and there lively passages occur ; but the grand result

of a careful perusal is to make one admire the patience of one's ancestors who sat them out contentedly, and it is to be presumed with some degree of satisfaction. The tragi-comedy of 'The Law against Lovers' is made up from Shakespeare's 'Measure for Measure' and 'Much Ado about Nothing.' Shakespeare's language is sometimes 'polished,' as, for instance :

SHAKESPEARE.	DAVENANT.
I love the people ;	I love the people ;
But do not like to stage me to their eyes :	But would not on the stage salute the crowd.
Though it do well, I do not relish well	I never relished their applause ; nor think
Their loud applause, and <i>aves</i> vehement :	The Prince has true discretion who affects it.
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion	
That does affect it.	

'A Playhouse to be Let' is styled a comedy, but really consists of several short dramatic pieces, which were originally written during the Commonwealth, and while theatrical performances were under the ban of authority. These are introduced by an introductory act, and each piece afterwards forms a separate act. The second is a translation of Molière's 'Le Cocu Imaginaire,' written in the broken-English always affected by stage Frenchmen. The third act is operatic in form, and in a succession of *tableaux* tells the story of Sir Francis Drake ; the fourth in a similar fashion tells the story of the Spanish conquest of Peru ; and the fifth is a burlesque on the story of Cæsar, Antony, and Cleopatra.

The two plays by Robert Davenport, 'The City Night-Cap,' a tragi-comedy, and the tragedy of 'King John and Matilda,' were written and acted in this reign, though not published until 1661 and 1665 respectively.

John Day, of whom we know very little more than that he was at one time a student of Caius College, Cambridge, was the author of several dramatic pieces : 'The Bristol

Tragedy; 'The Isle of Gulls;' 'Travels of Three English Brothers;' 'Humour out of Breath;' 'Law Tricks;' 'Come see a Wonder;' 'The Parliament of Bees,' a masque; and 'The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green.'

Sir John Denham wrote but one play, the tragedy of 'The Sophy,' acted at Blackfriars Theatre about 1641-2. The story—on which Robert Baron afterwards founded his drama of 'Mirza'—is to be found in Sir Thomas Herbert's 'Travels.'

Several plays bear on their title-pages the name of Henry Glapthorne, and seem to have been produced with success at the Globe and Cockpit Theatres, though they are dull with an excess of dulness which the reader feels to be a sin past forgiveness. His 'Albertus Wallenstein,' a tragedy, 1640, was presented with, it is said, 'good allowance' at the Globe in 1640; 'Argalus and Parthenia,' from Sir Philip Sidney's 'Arcadia,' at Drury Lane, 1639. 'The Hollander,' a comedy, 1635; 'The Lady's Privilege,' a comedy, 1640; and 'Wit in a Constable,' 1639, were all three produced at Drury Lane. The last-named is dedicated to Strafford (then Lord Wentworth).

To the opening years of Charles I.'s reign belong the dramatic efforts of Thomas Goffe, who was born in Essex about 1592, was educated at Westminster, and at the age of eighteen sent to Christ Church, Oxford, attained distinction as poet, orator, and preacher, took the degree of B.D., and was preferred to the cure of souls at East Clandon, in Surrey; married a wife, who proved as great a plague as a shrew could be, and died of her bad temper in July, 1627. His tragedy of 'The Courageous Turk: or, Amurath the First,' was acted by the students of Christ Church; his tragi-comedy of 'The Careless Shepherdess' at Salisbury Court, before the King and Queen; and the Christ Church students performed his 'Orestes' and his 'Raging Turk:

or, Bajazet the Second.' These plays were not printed until 1656.

Another clerical dramatist of the time was Robert Gomersal, who was born in London about 1602, was educated, like Goffe, at Christ Church, Oxford; took the degrees of B.A., M.A., and B.D., and died incumbent of Thorncombe, in Devonshire, in 1646. He was esteemed a good preacher, and published some sermons which were well received. There is more of the preacher than the poet in his tragedy of 'Lodovick Sforza, Duke of Milan.'

The title-page of 'The Rival Friends' describes it as 'a comedy acted before the King and Queen's Majesties, when, out of their princely favour, they were pleased to visit the University of Cambridge, upon 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.' The dedication, conceived in the same spirit of revolt against criticism, is inscribed to the 'Right Honourable, Right Reverend, Right Worshipful, or whatever he be, or shall be, whom I hereafter may call Patron.' When, I wonder, did the feud between authors and critics begin? At least it is as old as Job, who wickedly desired that his enemy might write a book, so that he might enjoy the luxury of reviewing it! The introduction to this comedy is certainly open to criticism: it consists of a dialogue between Venus (or Phosphor), Phœbus, and Thetis, sung by two trebles and a bass, in which Venus appears at an upper window, as just risen, and wakens Phœbus or Sol, who lies asleep in the lap of Thetis, under an azure canopy, on the east side of the stage.

Peter Hausted was a native of Oundle; was a student of Queen's College, Cambridge; took the degree of M.A., and published a volume of Sermons, which long ago passed away into oblivion.

Langbaine furnishes a quaint account of one Richard Head, who wrote several dramatic trifles, which from their titles I should judge to be of an unsavoury nature, such as, 'Venus's Cabinet Unlocked,' and 'The Floating Island, or a Voyage from Lambethania to Ram-Allia.' 'This author lived in the reigns of King Charles I. and II. He was born in Ireland, of English parents, being the son of a clergyman, who was murdered in the deplorable massacre of Ireland, in the beginning of the rebellion which broke out there on the 2nd day of October, 1641. He was educated for some small time in the University of Oxford, and afterwards exchanged his study for a bookseller's shop. He was a man extremely given to pleasure, and yet of excellent natural parts had they been improved by virtue or fixed by solidity.'

William Hemmings, who was an M.A. of Oxford, wrote 'The Fatal Contract.' It was acted with much applause by Queen Henrietta Maria's comedians, but not printed until 1653. There was so much vitality in it that it bloomed anew after the Restoration, under the title of 'Love and Revenge;' and again, in 1687, under that of 'The Eunuch.' Another play, of the same author, published posthumously (1662), is 'The Jews' Tragedy; or, Their Fatal and Final Overthrow by Vespasian and Titus his Son, agreeable to the Authentic and Famous History of Josephus.'

Thomas Heywood, a native of Lincolnshire, and a Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge, joined the players about the same time as Ben Jonson, and wrote many plays—he himself says that he had 'either an entire hand or at least a main finger in two hundred and twenty dramas'—in the reigns of Charles I. and James I. He died about 1641. Most of his dramatic compositions have been lost, and the majority were never printed, having been written for particular actors or companies, merely to serve a temporary purpose. Of those which have been handed down to us,

the best are, 'A Woman Killed with Kindness'—a pathetic story, with at least one well-conceived and one well-executed character, that of the heroine, Mrs. Framford; and 'The Loyal Subject,' 1637. He wrote also the historical play, in two parts, of 'Edward IV.'; another historical play, in two parts, 'If you know not Me, you know Nobody; or, the Troubles of Queen Elizabeth,' 1605, 1606, in which the victory over the Spanish Armada is duly celebrated. Four other historical plays: 'The Golden Age,' 1611; 'The Silver Age,' 1613; 'The Brazen Age,' 1613; and 'The Iron Age,' 1632. 'The Fair Maid of the Exchange,' comedy, 1607; 'Four Prentices of London,' 1615; 'The Rape of Lucrece,' tragedy, 1630; 'Fair Maid of the West,' comedy, 1631; 'English Traveller,' 1633; 'Maidenhead Well Lost,' 1634; 'Lancashire Witches,' comedy, in which he was assisted by Brome, 1634; 'Love's Mistress,' a masque, 1636; 'Challenge for Beauty,' tragic-comedy, 1636; 'Wise Woman of Hogsden,' 1638; and 'Fortune by Land and Sea,' in which he was assisted by William Rowley, not published until 1655.

Barton Holiday was born towards the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign; was entered a student of Christ Church, Oxford; took his degrees of B.A. and M.A; entered into holy orders in 1615, and so prospered in his profession that he became Archdeacon of Oxford. He was also appointed one of Charles I.'s chaplains; and in 1642 he was created D.D. by the King's letters. He seems, however, to have emulated the Vicar of Bray in political inconsistency, and under the Protectorate accepted the rectory of Shilton, in Berkshire. At the Restoration he surrendered this living, and made his peace with the new Government so effectually, that he was on the road to high preferment when death nipped the blossom of his hopes on the 2nd of October, 1662. He died at Iffley, and was buried in Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford.

His one dramatic production is—

'*Τεχνουργια*, or the Marriages of the Arts,' of which Anthony à Wood tells the following anecdote: This piece had been publicly acted by the Christ Church students, with indifferent success; but the wits of those times, anxious to distinguish themselves before the King, obtained permission to present it at Woodstock, on Sunday evening, August 26th, 1621. But whether it was too grave for his Majesty, or too scholastic for the audience, or whether, as some say, the actors had taken too much wine in their efforts to conquer their nervousness, it is certain that the King, in his intense weariness, made several attempts, after the first two acts, to retire. At length, however, his courtiers prevailed upon him to 'wait till the end,' out of compliment to the young actors. The incident suggested the following epigram:

'At Christ Church Marriage, done before the King,
Lest that the mates should want an offering,
The King himself did offer—what, I pray?
He offered, twice or thrice—to go away.'

I have already referred to Ben Jonson as belonging to the great Elizabethan school. His best plays were produced, however, in the reign of James I. In the reign of Charles, or from 1625 to 1635, he wrote the following masques and comedies:

'Pan's Anniversary; or, The Shepherd's Holiday,' masque, presented at Court in 1625.

'The Staple of News,' comedy, 1625.

'The Masque of Owls,' at Kenilworth, 1626.

'The Fortunate Isles and Their Union,' masque, designed for the Court on Twelfth Night, 1626.

'The New Inn; or, The Light Heart,' comedy, 1629.

'Love's Triumph through Callipolis,' masque, 1630, performed by Charles I. and his Court.

'Chloridia; or, Rites to Chloris and her Nymphs,' masque, 1630.

'The King's Entertainment, at Welbeck, in Nottinghamshire, at his going to Scotland,' 1633.

'Love's Welcome, the King and Queen's Entertainment, at Bolsover, at the Earl of Newcastle's,' the 30th of July, 1634.

'The Magnetic Lady; or, Humours Unveiled,' comedy, published posthumously, 1640. Also, 'A Tale of a Tub,' 1640.

Thomas Jordan, an actor belonging to the company at the Red Bull, lived in the reigns of Charles I. and II., and is supposed to have died in 1683. He was the author of 'Fancy's Festivals,' a masque; 'Money is an Ass,' a comedy; 'The Walks of Islington and Hogsden,' a comedy, which, on its first production, had the then extraordinary run of nineteen nights.

Henry Killigrew wrote a tragedy called 'The Conspiracy' for 'an entertainment of the King and Queen,' at York House, on the marriage of Lady Mary Villiers, daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, to Lord Charles Henry Herbert. It was afterwards acted at Blackfriars. Its author when he wrote it was only seventeen. It is said that some critics objected to the language put into the mouth of Cleander, one of the characters, who is represented as of the same age as the young dramatist, because it would have been more appropriate to a person of thirty; provoking from Lord Falkland the retort, 'Tis not altogether so monstrous and impossible for one of seventeen years to speak at such a rate, when he that made him speak in that manner, and write the whole play, was himself no older.' An edition of this play, revised by the author, with the new title of 'Pallantus and Eudora,' appeared in 1653.

John Kirke, in 1638, published a play, 'The Seven Champions of Christendom,' which had been acted with success at the Cockpit, Drury Lane, and the Red Bull, St. John's Street; and Ralph Knevet, in 1631, the pastoral play of 'Rhodon and Iris,' presented at the Florist's Feast, in Norwich. Lewis Machin was the author of an historical

comedy, 'The Dumb Knight,' acted several times by the Children of His Majesty's Revels, and printed in 1633.

Jasper Mayne was, we are told, 'a person of fame and note, as well for natural parts as acquired learning.' He was born at Hatherleigh, in Devonshire in 1604, and educated at Westminster School. At the age of nineteen he became a member of Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his degrees of B.A. and M.A. 'After which he entered into orders, and was preferred to two livings in the gift of the College, one of which was situated pretty near Oxford.' On the outbreak of the Civil War, when Charles I. held his Court in Oxford, he was one of the divines selected to preach before his Majesty. In 1646 he was made a Doctor of Divinity; but when the Puritans obtained authority in the University, he was ejected from his College, and deprived also of both his livings. An asylum was offered him, however, in the family of the Earl of Devonshire, with whom he continued to reside until the Restoration. He was then restored to his former benefices, and also appointed a canon of Christ Church, a chaplain in ordinary to his Majesty, and Archdeacon of Chichester; so that his last years were tranquil and prosperous, and he died in the odour of well-being and well-doing on the 6th of December, 1672.

Dr. Mayne was the author of several poems—probably of the well-known tribute to Shakespeare, prefixed to the folio of 1620, with the signature of J. M. S. (Jasper Mayne, Student?)—and of two dramatic compositions, 'The City Match,' a comedy, presented before the King and Queen at Whitehall, in 1639; and 'The Amorous War,' a tragic-comedy, first printed in 1648.

It is told of him that in his will he bequeathed to a servant, who, I suppose, was a lover of sack, a trunk, 'in which was somewhat that would make him drink after his death.' With eager expectation the servant forced open the treasure-chest to find in it—a *red herring*.

Cosmo Manuch or Maurice, a loyal cavalier, who fought

for King Charles, and obtained a major's commission, was the author of a couple of tragi-comedies, 'The Just General,' 1650, and 'The Loyal Lover,' 1652.

As an 'all-round man,' to use a popular phrase, Gervase Markham was conspicuous among even the most versatile of his contemporaries. He wrote, and wrote well, on husbandry and horsemanship, on rural recreations and military discipline; was versed in the practice as well as the theory of war; was esteemed a good scholar and an admirable linguist, being thoroughly acquainted with French, Spanish, and Italian. At one time his 'Discourse of Horsemanship,' 'English Farrier,' and 'Perfect Horsemen,' his 'Art of Husbandry,' and 'Way to get Wealth,' his 'Soldier's Accidence and Grammar,' were regarded as leading authorities on their respective subjects, and they may still be read with interest and advantage, their observations and directions are so sound, clear, and simple. I include him under the dramatists in virtue of his tragedy of 'Herod and Antigone,' printed in 1622. He came of a good family in Nottinghamshire, and, during the Civil War, held a captain's commission in the royal army. The date and place of his death are unknown.

Shakerley Marmion—had ever man a more knightly-sounding name?—was born at Ainhoe, in Northamptonshire, early in January, 1602. He was educated at Thame Grammar School, in Oxfordshire, and at fifteen years of age was entered a member of Wadham College, Oxford, where, in 1624, he took his M.A. degree. Wood speaks of him as 'a goodly proper gentleman, who had once in his possession seven hundred pounds per annum at least;' but this handsome fortune he completely dissipated, and then, to gain a living, trailed a pike in the Low Countries. Failing to secure the promotion he thought due to a gentleman of his pretensions, he returned to England, and was admitted one of the troop of cavaliers raised by Sir John Suckling to

serve under Charles I. in his expedition against the Scots (in 1639). But falling sick at York, he made his way back to London, and died there before the end of the year.

In his short, busy, and restless life he wrote four plays of more than average merit: 'Holland's Leaguer,' a comedy, acted at Court before Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, in 1632, with great applause; 'The Fine Companion,' a comedy, acted at Whitehall before their Majesties, in 1633; and the comedy of 'The Antiquary,' acted at the Cockpit in 1641. The character of the Antiquary, with his passion for everything that is old, and his hatred of everything new, was a distinctly original creation, which has since been reproduced on the stage under numerous disguises.

Thomas May, the historian of the Parliament, and the translator of Lucan, came of an ancient but decayed family in Sussex, and was born in 1595. He was educated at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge; after which he repaired to London, and by right of his birth and breeding, his scholarship, and his fine parts, obtained admission to the best circles of society. On the death of Ben Jonson, he competed with Davenant for the poet-laureateship; but Davenant being preferred to him, he discarded his Royalist connections, and espoused the cause of the Parliament with all that public zeal which private interests never fail to stimulate. He died suddenly, in the year 1650, and in the fifty-fifth of his age. 'Going well to bed, he was there found next morning dead, occasioned, as some say, by tying his nightcap too close under his fat chin and cheeks, which choked him when he turned on the other side.' He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and by order of the Parliament a monument was erected to his memory; but at the Restoration his remains were removed to a large pit in St. Margaret's Churchyard, and his monument was pulled to pieces.

Lord Clarendon says, in his account of him, 'that his father spent the fortune which he was born to, so that he

had only an annuity left him not proportionable to a liberal education ; yet, since his fortune could not raise his mind, he brought his mind down to his fortune by a great modesty and humility in his nature, which was not affected, but very well became an imperfection in his speech, which was a great mortification to him, and kept him from entering upon any discourse, but in the company of his very friends. His parts of nature and art were very good, as appears by his translation of Lucan (none of the easiest work of that kind), and more by his Supplement to Lucan, which, being entirely his own, for the learning, the wit, and the language, may be well looked upon as one of the best epic poems in the English language. He writ some other commendable pieces of the reign of some of our kings. He was cherished by many persons of honour, and very acceptable in all places ; yet (to show that pride and envy have their influence upon the narrowest minds, and which have the greatest semblance of humility), though he had received much countenance, and a very considerable donation from the King, upon his Majesty's refusing to give him a small pension, which he had designed and promised to another very ingenious person, whose qualities he thought inferior to his own, he fell from his duty and all his former friends, and prostituted himself to the vile office of celebrating the infamous acts of those who were in rebellion against the King ; which he did so meanly, that he seemed to all men to have lost his wits when he left his honesty ; and shortly after died miserable and neglected, and deserves to be forgotten.'

This is, of course, a partisan view, and in some respects is both inaccurate and unjust. His 'History' is no more a piece of special pleading than is Clarendon's, to which, in style and substance, it is a striking contrast. Written in terse, clear, and vigorous English, it is pleasanter reading than the great royalist's ponderous sentences.

As a dramatist, May is heavy and uninteresting. He was the author of the tragedy of 'Antigone, the Theban Princess,'

printed in 1631; 'Cleopatra,' acted in 1626, and printed in 1639; 'The Heir,' a comedy, acted by the 'Company of Revels,' in 1620, and printed in 1633; and the comedy of 'The Old Couple,' designed as 'an antidote against covetousness,' printed in 1651.

Robert Mead, the author of a comedy entitled 'The Combat of Love and Friendship,' was born in Fleet Street, London, in 1616, educated at Westminster, and afterwards at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his degree of M.A. He seems to have studied for the medical profession, but the clarion of civil war called him from the quiet of academic shades, and he took up arms for King and Church, receiving a captain's commission in the garrison at Oxford. In May, 1646, the governor of Oxford appointed him one of the commissioners to negotiate with those of the Parliament the terms of capitulation; and in the following month, having laid aside his sword, he took the degree of Doctor of Physic. He attended Charles II. into France, and was employed by him on a diplomatic mission to Sweden. Soon afterwards he returned to London, where he died, in the very same house in which he had been born, on the 12th of February, 1652.

Though Thomas Middleton lived into the reign of Charles I., he belonged to the Elizabethan school, of which he was by no means an undistinguished member, ranking perhaps with Rowley, Chapman, and Dekker. His fine tragedy, entitled 'Women beware Women,' founded on the story of Bianca Capello, is full of action, though the characters are too vicious to engage one's interest, and the style is unequal and sometimes even prosaic. No one now believes that his play of 'The Witch' suggested to Shakespeare the three weird figures in his 'Macbeth.' Middleton is most successful in his comedies. Both spirit and humour are to be found in his 'A Mad World, my Masters,' and 'A Trick to Catch the Old One.' He wrote largely in conjunction with other

authors, assisting, or assisted by, Dekker in 'The Roaring Girl,' by Rowley in 'The Fair Quarrel,' by Fletcher and Ben Jonson in 'The Widow,' by Rowley in 'The Changeling' and 'The Spanish Gipsy,' and so on. He wrote several masques and pageants; the last, in 1626, was entitled 'The Triumph of Health and Prosperity.'

Suckling, in his 'Session of the Poets,' has a caustic reference to the only dramatic composition produced by Walter Montague:

'Wat Montague now stood forth to his trial,
And did not so much as suspect a denial;
But witty Apollo asked him first of all,
If he understood his own pastoral.'

This was the pastoral or masque, entitled 'The Shepherd's Paradise,' which was acted before Charles I. by Queen Henrietta Maria and her ladies in 1632.* The scribe who prefixes recommendatory verses to the octavo edition of 1649 seems to hint at its esoteric significance and its unintelligibility to ordinary minds, for he warns his readers that

' at least good manners says,
They first should understand it or dispraise.'

It was not successful enough to encourage its young author to further dramatic efforts. Montague was the second son of the Earl of Manchester, and after having been educated at Sussex College, Cambridge, went on a tour in France, where he embraced the tenets of the Church of Rome, and for awhile devoted himself to prayer and meditation as Abbot of Nanteuil, and afterwards of St. Martin's, Rouen. He also acted as diplomatic agent for Henrietta Maria at the Papal Court, and in acknowledgment of his services both she and Charles I. endeavoured, though in vain, to obtain for him the distinction of a cardinal's hat. In England he excited much popular indignation by his

* It was this entertainment which became notorious in connection with Prynne's 'Histrio-Mastix.' See *ante*, p. 75.

suspected share in the perversion of Lady Hamilton. In 1639 he was employed by the Queen, in conjunction with Sir Kenelm Digby, to raise contributions from the English Catholics to enable the King to make war upon the Scots. Visiting France again on a secret mission, and returning the bearer of important despatches, he was arrested at Rochester and thrown into prison, though claimed by the French ambassador. He was released in 1647; but being reported by the Council of State as a dangerous person, the Parliament resolved 'that he should depart the nation within ten days, and not return without leave of the House on pain of death and confiscation of his estate.' Attending the Court of Henrietta Maria at Paris, he was appointed her Almoner. At this time, according to Clarendon, he appeared to be a man 'wholly restrained from all the vanity and levity of his former life, and perfectly mortified to the pleasures of the world, which he had enjoyed in a very great measure and excess.'

'He dedicated himself to his studies,' continues the loyalist historian, 'with great austerity, and seemed to have no affection or ambition for preferment, but to live within himself upon the very moderate exhibition he had left to him by his father; and in this melancholic retreat he had newly taken the order of priesthood, which was, in truth, the most reasonable way to satisfy his ambition, if he had any left, for both the Queen-Regent and the Cardinal could not but liberally provide for his support in that profession, which they did very shortly after: and this devout profession and new function much improved the interest and credit he always had in his old mistress; who very much hearkened to him in cases of conscience: and she confessed to the Chancellor that he was a little too bigoted in this affair.' Notwithstanding the rigour with which he insisted on the observance of the laws of the Church, when Henrietta Maria expelled the young Duke of Gloucester, because he remained firm in his adhesion to the principle of Anglicanism, he took him into his protection, and lodged him in

the Abbey of Pontoise until he was recalled to England after the Restoration.

The Abbé Montague closed a busy and chequered career some time in the closing weeks of 1669, and was buried in the church of the Hospital of Invalids, at Paris.

To William, Duke of Newcastle, one of the most splendid figures of his time, though the adulation of his wife has involved him in a certain amount of ridicule, and tended to obscure his many fine qualities, reference must be made in right of his various plays. The modern critic, with cold rectitude of judgment, may acknowledge that they are not without merit, while he declines to accept the flowing panegyric of poet-laureate Shadwell, that 'he (the Duke) was the greatest master of wit, the most exact observer of mankind, and the most accurate judge of humour that ever he knew'—unless, indeed, Shadwell had never heard of one William Shakespeare. Langbaine's more measured commendation it is easier to agree with, that 'no person since the time of Augustus better understood dramatic poetry, nor more generously encouraged poets; so that we may truly call him an *English Mæcenas*. He had a more particular kindness for that great master of dramatic poetry, the excellent Jonson, and 'twas from him that he attained to a perfect knowledge of what was to be accounted true humour in comedy.'

The only one of his four comedies written at the time with which we are concerned was 'The Country Captain,' which was acted at Blackfriars Theatre, and printed in 1649. 'The Humorous Lovers' is dated 1677; and 'The Triumphant Widow,' 1677. 'Variety,' which is generally attributed to the Duke, was also acted at Blackfriars, and printed in 1649.

Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, was a voluminous playwright. Her dramatic pieces are six-and-twenty in number, of which nineteen were printed in 1662, and the remainder

in 1668. They contain some shrewd reflections and amusing scenes; but are wholly deficient in constructive skill and dramatic power, and pervaded by a general air of dulness. The Duchess could say of them, however, as Touchstone says of Awdrey, 'Ill-favoured things, sir, but mine own;' the plots and situations being all of her own invention. The titles are as follow: 'Apocryphal Ladies,' C., 'Bell in Campo,' T., 'The Blazing World,' C., unfinished, 'The Bridals,' C., 'Comical Hash,' C., 'Convent of Pleasure,' C., 'A Female Academy,' C., *'Lady Contemplation,' C., *'Love's Adventures,' C. 'Matrimonial Trouble,' T.C., 'Nature's Three Daughters, Beauty, Love, and Wit,' C., 'Presence,' C., *'Public Wooing,' C., 'The Religious,' T.C., 'Several Wits,' C., 'Sociable Companions, or The Female Wits,' C., 'The Unnatural Tragedy,' 'Wit's Cabal,' C., and *'Truth's Glory and Death's Banquet,' T. In those marked with an asterisk she was assisted by the Duke, her husband.

A writer of some activity was Thomas Nabbs—of some activity and not a little talent. He wrote some plays and masques, all original—namely: 'Covent Garden,' acted in 1632, 'Hannibal and Scipio,' a tragedy, acted at Drury Lane in 1635, 'Microcosmus, a Moral Masque,' 1637, 'The Bride,' acted in 1638, 'Tottenham Court,' acted in 1633, 'Spring's Glory,' a Masque, 1638, and 'The Unfortunate Lover'—'a Tragedy never acted, but set down according to the intention of the author.'

Francis Quarles, the author of 'The Emblem,' wrote 'an innocent, inoffensive play' or interlude, called 'The Virgin Widow,' printed in 1649.

Thomas Rawlins was chief engraver of the Mint to both Charles I. and Charles II., and died in that employment in 1670. His tragedy of 'Rebellion,' when produced in 1640, had a run of nine nights, and was afterwards frequently

repeated. The comedy of 'Tom Essence' (founded on Molière's *Le Cocu Imaginaire*) is sometimes attributed to this accomplished gentleman.

Two dramatists, Davenport and Rawlins, and two actors, Jordan and Robinson, acted as sponsors to the tragedy of 'Messalina, the Roman Empress,' by Nathaniel Richards, acted with much applause by the Company of His Majesty's Revels, and printed in 1640. Nothing more can be said of the author than that he was a member of Caius College, Cambridge, and took his degree of LL.D. in 1634.

William Rowley takes rank, I think, as a dramatist of the third order, that is, on a level with Dekker, Le Tourneur, and Middleton. He was also a comedian of merit, and belonged to the Prince of Wales's company. That he was a man of many gifts and of genial temper may be inferred from the esteem in which he was held by the wits and poets of his time—by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Fletcher, as well as by Heywood, Day, Webster, and Middleton, with whom he frequently collaborated. Wood speaks of him as 'the ornament for wit and ingenuity of Pembroke Hall, in Cambridge,' and this is almost the only biographical fact I can find about him. He wrote, unassisted, five plays—'A New Wonder, a Woman Never Vexed,' 1632; 'All's lost by Lust,' 1633; 'A Match at Night,' 1633; 'A Shoemaker's a Gentleman,' 1638; and 'The Witch of Edmonton,' 1658. A grotesque tradition ascribes to Shakespeare a share in 'The Birth of Merlin,' 1662. He assisted Day and Williams in 'The Travels of Three English Brothers,' 1607; Middleton in 'A Fair Quarrel,' 1617; 'The World Tossed at Tennis,' 1620; 'The Changeling,' 1653; and 'The Spanish Gipsy,' 1665; Massinger and Middleton in 'Old Love,' 1656; John Webster in 'A Cure for a Cuckold,' 1661; and 'The Thracian Wonder,' 1661; and Heywood, in 'Fortune by Land and Sea,' 1665.

There was a Samuel Rowley at this time, of whom nothing

more is known than that his play, 'When You See Me You Know Me, or The Famous Chronicle History of Henry the Eighth, with the Birth and Virtuous Life of Edward, Prince of Wales,' was acted in 1632. He seems to have died a few months afterwards, for his 'Noble Spanish Soldier; or a Contract Broken justly Revenged,' published in 1634, is described as a 'posthumous piece.'

A version of Corneille's 'Cid,' 1637, to which a second part was published in 1640; and 'a pastoral tragi-comedy,' 'The Shepherd's Holiday,' acted at Whitehall in 1635, and written in tolerably smooth blank verse, were the work of one Joseph Rutter, who acted as tutor to the son of the Earl of Dorset, Lord Chamberlain to the Queen.

All that we can find recorded of William Sampson is that in the reign of Charles I. he was a retainer in the family of Sir Henry Willoughby, of Richley, in Derbyshire, and the author of a play called 'The Vow Broken, or The Fair Maid of Clifton, in Nottinghamshire,' which seems to have been frequently acted with great applause. It was printed in 1633, and dedicated to Mistress Anne Willoughby, the daughter of his patron. 'Heaven keep you,' exclaims Sampson, 'pure from any parasites and busy gossips, and send you a husband and a good one; or else may you never make a holiday for Hymen. As much happiness as tongue can speak, pen can write, heart think, or thoughts imagine, ever attend on you, your noble father, and all his noble family.'

George Sandys was the son of Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York, and was born at Bishopsthorpe, the archiepiscopal palace, in 1577. In the year of England's Salamis, 1588, he was entered of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford. A blank then occurs in his biographical record; but in 1610 he set out upon the course of travel which at that time formed a part of the education of every young man of good family, and visited

not only the chief countries of Europe, but many historic sites and scenes in the East—Constantinople, Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land. A narrative of his experiences, written by himself, was published in 1658. He spent some time in a classical pilgrimage in Italy, inspecting the antiquities and works of art of Rome and Venice; and then returned to England with his mind expanded and strengthened by the knowledge of men and manners which he had acquired. His love of poetry and refined sympathies soon found expression in numerous metrical exercises, chiefly upon religious subjects. Their devout and earnest tone makes one wonder that he selected as his principal effort in a literary direction the rendering into English verse—and very melodious and rich-coloured verse it is—of ‘the Metamorphoses of Ovid’ (1632). Upon this long popular version a contemporary wit, in ‘A Censure of the Poets’ passes a quaint eulogium :

‘Thou dainty Sands that hath to English done
Smooth sliding Ovid, and hath made him One,
With so much sweetness and unusual grace,
As tho’ the neatness of the English pace
Should tell your setting Latin, that it came
But slowly after, as though stiff or lame.’

Sandys also made a paraphrase on the Psalms, Job, Ecclesiastes, and Lamentations, and translated the first book of the ‘Æneid.’ He is entitled to a place among dramatic authors by his tragedy of ‘Christ’s Passion,’ 1640, which he adapted from the ‘Christus Patiens’ of Grotius.

He spent his closing years in the enjoyment of lettered ease, and was a member of the intellectual company which frequently assembled under Lord Falkland’s hospitable roof. He died at Bexley, in Kent, in March, 1643, and was buried in the parish church there without a monument.

Samuel Sheppard, or Shepheard, son of Dr. Harman Sheppard, a physician, was imprisoned in Whittington College, according to Oldys, for his violent diatribes against the Parliament in his weekly or tri-weekly journal *Mercurius*

Eleniticus. He was a staunch loyalist, but a poor poet. Langbaine says of him, 'He writ in the time of the Prohibition of the Stage two pamphlets, which he styles comedies, but indeed are no longer than one single act of a play that I have seen. His comedies are styled :

"Committee-men Curried; a Comedy, in two parts, represented to the View of all Men. A piece discovering the corruption of Committee-men and Excise-men; the unjust sufferings of the Royal party; the devilish hypocrisy of some Roundheads; the revolt for gain of some Ministers. Not without pleasant mirth and variety; and printed 4^o, London, 1647." This title-page led me to great expectations; but I soon found the observation true—

"Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus."

The author, indeed, has shown his reading, if not his fancy; for there is scarce a piece of Sir John Suckling that he has not plundered. His "Aglaura," "Goblins," "Brenoralt," all have paid tribute to our excise-poet; neither his verses nor prose have escaped him. This, with what he has borrowed from Sir Robert Stapleton's translation of Juvenal, Sat. i. and iii., make up the greatest part of the two comedies. But, however, I am so far obliged by my charity, and respect, and good intention of asserting loyalty, to set down his own apology in the prologue to the second part :

"The author prays you for to think the store
Of wit is wasted by those went before :
And that the fulness of the soil being spent,
Men's brains grown barren, you'd not raise the rent."

Henry Shirley was the author of a tragedy called 'The Martyred Soldier,' acted 'with great applause' at Drury Lane, 1638, and dedicated to Sir Kenelm Digby.

Dr. William Strode, who came of a good old Devonshire family, was born towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign. At nineteen years of age he was admitted a student of Christ Church College, Oxford. Entering into holy

orders, he became distinguished as a preacher, and in 1627 was chosen public orator. In 1638 he was installed canon of Christ Church, and in the same year admitted to the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He died on the 10th of March, 1644, having only just attained his forty-fifth year. Besides sermons, speeches, orations, and poems, he left behind him a tragi-comedy, entitled 'The Floating Island,' which was acted before Charles I., at Oxford, in August, 1639, by the students of Christ Church, with music by Henry Lawes. It is said that 'this play was too full of morality to please the Court, though at the same time 'twas commended by the King.'

A comedy, called 'The Miseries of Enforced Marriage,' 1637, was written by George Wilkins. Mrs. Aphra Behn made wholesale use of it in her play of 'The Town Fop.'

The reader will not fail to be struck by the large number of plays produced within the period of fifteen years, over which our survey extends. No such rate of production is now attained, or would be possible. It was not only that almost every scholar, every man who wore University distinction, every person who thought himself a wit, sought distinction in the field of dramatic composition—but that it was easy to present a constant succession of new plays, because their representation involved a trivial expenditure. No elaborate scenery had to be provided, no costly dresses or decorations. Again, 'long runs' were in those days out of the question, because the public interested in theatrical entertainments was very limited, and as night after night the theatres were attended by almost the same audiences, their patronage could be secured only by a continual presentation of novelties.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ARTS IN ENGLAND DURING THE REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST.—*Continued.*

III. PAINTING AND ARCHITECTURE.

THOUGH the art of painting flourished in England under the patronage of Charles I. and Buckingham,* no English school was as yet in existence; and the galleries formed by the King and others owed their lustre to the genius of the great continental masters. The formation of their collections must, however, have been beneficial in their influence on the public taste, and in originating and fostering a love and knowledge of the Fine Arts. Charles himself was no mean connoisseur; and his patronage was always sagaciously as well as liberally given. No gifts were more welcome to him than those which consisted of painting or statuary. Competent persons were employed to visit the Continental courts and studios, and buy up works of eminent merit, and English artists despatched to Spain and Italy and elsewhere to copy the productions of the great masters in foreign palaces and churches. Celebrated living artists met with a royal welcome if they visited England. And this leads us to speak of Rubens and Vandyck, both of whom were highly esteemed by Charles I., and during their residence in England received his personal countenance.

* In this connection must be mentioned the name of Sir Dudley Carleton (Lord Dorchester), a generous and enlightened patron, to whose fine taste and enthusiasm England owes some of the choicest works of art in her possession.

Peter Paul Rubens (born in 1577, died in 1641), one of the most famous names in the Dutch School, was both a diplomatist and a painter. It was in the former capacity that he visited England in 1639; but it was in the latter that Charles loved to distinguish him. He engaged him, for a sum of £3,000, to paint the ceiling of the Banqueting House at Whitehall, which had just been erected by Inigo Jones—the subject chosen being the Apotheosis of King James I. And as a special mark of his regard, he bestowed upon him the honour of knighthood (February 24, 1631), and presented him with a diamond ring and a hatband valued at £500. He also defrayed the charges of the entertainment of the great artist and his brother-in-law, with their suites, at Balthazar Gerbier's house, from the 7th of December, 1629, to the 22nd of February, 1630, amounting to £128 2s. 11d. While in England, Rubens painted several pictures; and amongst others an allegory, representing Peace and War, which he presented to Charles; after whose death it passed into the possession of the Genoese Dorias, and was known as 'The Family of Rubens.' It was subsequently purchased by the Marquis of Stafford, first Duke of Sutherland, who presented it in 1827 to the National Gallery.

The pictures for the Banqueting House were not completed until long after the artist's return to Antwerp; and in the State Paper Office is preserved the correspondence respecting them, which passed between him and the King's agent, Balthazar Gerbier.* The latter writes from Brussels to King Charles on September $\frac{4}{14}$, 1605, as follows :

'May it please your Majesty,

'It's now two months past I received order to take care for y^e sending of Sir Peter Rubens pictures for y^r Majtys Banqueting house, and to procure the free licents;

* These have been published and edited by Mr. W. Noël Sainsbury, under the title of 'Original Unpublished Papers, illustrative of the Life of Sir Peter Paul Rubens,' 1859.

I did, att y^t time, notice my said orders unto Sir Peter Rubens, expecting of him answeare when fitt for use to repaire to Antwerp; he replied, resolved to overpaint most of the said pieces at his owne house, cause necessary at hand, and fearing, when past the seas, to be taken by the goutt, of wh^{ch} often visited, wrote to me since to have bin most a whole month a bed of the said disease, and itt y^e cause his pictures not *fully finisht*, neither, also, mine to have sent to late Marquis d'Aytouna, for leave to passe into England, but to have received nor answeare. I had, in the interim, time to consult Mr. Sec. Windebanck whether free licents for the said pictures should be demanded in y^r Maj^{ty}s name or not, cause I conceived [myself] tied to the same duty of all servants, not to ingage their Master's name nor purse wthout expresse order; if that were subject to other interpretation, I beseech y^r Maj^{ty}, according his accoustumed Royall comity, to reflect on the meaning, for nothing in this world shalbe able to make me slow in my duty, be the charge never soe great, lesse in soe small a matter of sending pictures to a barke, w^{ch} I did intend to accompanie wth a servant of mine, till the pictures delivered at Whitehall, therefore needed nor seemed for the said comission, lesse the matter wholly remitted to an other; but y^r Maj^{ty}s pleasure shall ever be my wille. I have written again unto S^r Peter Rubens to hasten away the said pictures, as hard weather makes foule seas, and shall, as soone S^r Peter Rubens saith to be ready, see the pictures in their cases, and if need, as said, send a man expresse wth them over Zealand, recommend them to a person, who shall putt them in an English barke for London and take care the customers of Zeland breake not bulke.

I mention, in Mr. Secret^y Coke's letter, the late Infantes mouveables and Jewells are now agayne putt to publike saile; thought fitt to touch in this, that 120 pearles of 200 Crownes apeece are to be sould, the fairest of water and the perfectest, as I conceive, in the world; the other halfe of a chayne King Philip gave to his daughter, Duchesse of

Savoie; and should the late Infante have had them, if att that time bargained, she said the Marchant stood upon ten sty^{rs} more for each. If y^r Maj. were minded to have them, they are to be sould. It's what thought fitt to sett downe by

'Y^r Maj. etc.

'B. GERBIER.

'The Pearles weigh 16 graynes apeece, they are 120, to be sould at the last word for five thousand pounds starlings.'

The pictures referred to in the above were dispatched from Antwerp on the 28th of September, but did not arrive in London until the beginning of December. In November, 1637, a payment of £800 was made to Rubens on account of the £3,000 to which he was entitled. In December, £700; in May, 1638, £1,170; and in June, £330. The King also bestowed upon the great painter a chain of gold, weighing a little over eighty ounces.

The other work executed by Rubens during his brief residence in England was:

Six sketches in oil, from the story of Achilles, designed for tapestry, to be made at Sir Francis Crane's manufactory at Mortlake, for York House.

The picture of Peace and War.

The Assumption of the Virgin, painted for the Earl of Arundel. Now at Wilton.

A family picture, one of the finest executed by Rubens, both in design and colouring, of Thomas, Earl of Arundel, and the Lady Alatheia, his Countess.

George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham . . . Ludovic Stewart, Duke of Richmond . . . Vandyck (a head) . . . Sir Theodore Turquet Mayerne, the fashionable physician . . . William Fielding, Earl of Denbigh . . . George Villiers, Duke of Bucks, on horseback, with allegorical figures . . . Four portraits of Thomas, Earl of Arundel . . . Philip Howard, his grandson, when a boy (afterwards Cardinal Howard).

Rubens also painted for the King a St. George, four feet high and seven feet wide. Charles was represented as the Saint, Henrietta Maria as Cleodelinde; each figure was eighteen inches high; in the distance was Richmond, with a view of the Thames.

It was intended at one time to decorate with paintings Queen Henrietta Maria's cabinet at Greenwich, and Gerbier was instructed to negotiate with Jordaens (1594-1678) for their execution. The price fixed by Jordaens was 6,800 florins, or £680 in English money. Gerbier also applied to Rubens, who was willing to undertake the work, but only for about double his fellow-artist's terms. The ceiling alone he offered to paint for £480; Jordaens for £240. The latter artist appears to have accomplished a portion of his task, when the outbreak of the Civil War put an end to the King's artistic pleasures; the death of Rubens on the 20th of May prevented his taking any part in the royal design.

A pupil of Rubens, Abraham Diefenbach (1607-1675) was attracted to England by Charles's liberality. He was much employed, says Walpole, by William Cavendish, the brilliant Duke of Newcastle, whose highly trained horses he drew from the life, as well as views of the Duke's seats of Welbeck and Bolsover, portraits of the Duke and Duchess and their children, and designs for the illustrations prefixed to the Duke and Duchess's published compositions.

Daniel Mytens, whom Charles, in 1625, appointed to be his 'picture-drawer in ordinary,' arrived in England in the reign of James. He painted several pictures for the King and his nobles, and specimens of his fine talents may still be seen at Hampton Court, Knowle, Woburn, Althorp, and elsewhere. Walpole is responsible for the following anecdote: 'Mytens remained in great reputation till the arrival of Vandyck, who being appointed the King's principal painter, the former, in disgust, asked his Majesty's leave to retire to his own country; but the King, learning the cause of his dissatisfaction, treated him with much kindness, and told him that he could find sufficient employment both for

him and Vandyck. Mytens consented to stay, and even grew intimate, it is probable, with his rival; for the head of Mytens is one of those painted among the professors by that great master.' Mytens returned to the Hague, it would seem, in 1634.

The cavaliers of Charles's reign were fortunate in possessing an artist like Vandyck to transmit their features to posterity. Nor was the artist less fortunate in finding sitters whose refinement of countenance and picturesqueness of attire lent themselves so admirably to illustration by his pencil. It may be said of Charles and Vandyck that never were king and painter better matched; and while the painter has done much to popularise a graceful and gracious ideal of the King, the King has contributed in no small degree to the reputation of the painter. It has been happily said that Vandyck's portraits are an eloquent commentary on Lord Clarendon's history. 'Let a man read a character in my Lord Clarendon,' says Richardson, '(and certainly there never was a better painter in that kind), and he will find it improved by seeing a picture of the same person by Vandyck.'

Vandyck, as a portrait-painter, in Wornum's opinion, disputes the palm with Titian. His portraits may be inferior to those of the great Venetian artist in glow of colour and solidity of effect; in all other respects they are fully equal, if not superior. In costume, in attitude, and in individuality Vandyck must satisfy the most exacting critic; and in drawing, and in the use of light and shade, he is not less excellent. Barry, in his 'Lectures,' says that 'his pictures, particularly his portraits, were evidently painted *at once*, with sometimes a little retouching; and they are not less remarkable for the truth, beauty, and freshness of the tints, than for the masterly manner of their handling or execution.' He adds: 'His style of design is more correct and beautiful than that of Rubens. In his portraits, where he was not at liberty to avail himself, in any considerable degree, of the opposition of shadow

(particularly on the flesh), the vigour of his effects was necessarily and judiciously brought about by mere chiaro-scuro, or opposition of the several colours proper to his object and to the relatives which accompanied it.'

Antony Vandyck came to England shortly after the death of Buckingham, hoping to be introduced to the King. In this he was disappointed, and, after painting a portrait of Sir Kenelm Digby, returned to Antwerp, not a little chagrined. When Charles learned that he had come and gone, he was vexed that he had lost the opportunity of securing his services, and sent Sir Kenelm to invite him over. He was lodged among the King's artists at Blackfriars, and frequently visited both Charles and Henrietta Maria, the former delighting to sit to him, and commissioning portraits of the Queen, his children, and his courtiers. He was so charmed by the combined grace and vigour of his compositions that he conferred on him the honour of knighthood (July 5th, 1632), and soon afterwards granted him for life a pension of £200 a year.

Vandyck's chief portraits of Charles I. are: the King in his coronation robes, at Windsor Castle; the celebrated equestrian picture, also at Hampton Court, in which he is represented under an archway, his white horse led by his equerry, the Duc d'Epemon; in armour, on a dun horse, at Houghton; and the King and Queen sitting, Prince Charles very young, standing at his knee, and the Duke of York, an infant, in his mother's lap. At Balhus, in Errol, is a portrait of Lord Dacre by this master; at Cassiobury, of Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland; of Charles I. and Charles II., at Cheshunt House; of the Earl of Pembroke, in the Dulwich Gallery; at Gorhambury, of Charles I.'s Lord Treasurer, Weston, Earl of Portland, in official costume—'one of Vandyck's serious, thoughtful, and thoroughly English heads'; at Grove Park, William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, a whole-length, in black dress, Arthur Lord Capel, wearing a steel gorget over a buff jerkin, and Lady Capel; at Hatfield, members of the Cecil

family, and Algernon Earl of Northumberland, with his Countess and child; at Knole, Edward, fourth Earl of Dorset, hero of the murderous duel with Lord Bruce, fought without seconds under the walls of Antwerp in 1614, and a devoted partisan of Charles I.; Frances, third Countess of Dorset, splendidly painted in Vandyck's best style of aristocratic refinement; and Vandyck and Sir Francis Crane, the founder of the tapestry works at Mortlake—a copy of this picture in silk tapestry is preserved here; at Osterley House, the Earl of Strafford, in armour; at Panshanger, John Duke of Nassau, with his family, painted in 1634, 'one of those lordly groups which nobody ever painted like Vandyck.' At Windsor Castle there are twenty-two fine examples of his genius in the Vandyck Tower: Henri Comte de Berg; Charles I., in robes of State, with his Queen and Prince Charles; Mary Duchess of Richmond (as St. Agnes), only daughter of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham; the poets William Killigrew and Thomas Carew, painted in 1638, half-length figures, seated; Queen Henrietta Maria, in white satin dress, with a countenance 'elegant, sensuous, intellectual'*; Lady Venetia Digby, celebrated, as we have seen, for her beauty and her extraordinary life, with Cupids holding a wreath over her head, and Calumny lying bound at her feet; George and Francis Villiers, sons of the first Duke of Buckingham, brilliantly painted; † Thomas Prince of Carignan; Queen Henrietta Maria, painted for the sculptor Bernini to model from at Rome; Beatrice de Cusance, Princess of CauteCroix, beautifully painted; Children of Charles I., a masterpiece, in the centre of which Prince Charles rests his hand on a great mastiff, with the Princesses Elizabeth and Mary on his right, on his left the Princess Anne, and Prince James sitting on a stool, only partially dressed; the head of

* 'Many portraits of her pretend to be by Vandyck, but none are so lively as this.'—*Walpole*.

† 'Nothing can equal the nature, lustre, and delicacy of this sweet picture.'—*Walpole*.

Charles I., three different aspects on one canvas, front face, profile, three-quarters, painted for the guidance of Bernini in executing his bust for Whitehall [‘the melancholy head which is stamped on the memory as that of the unfortunate King’]; a full-face of Queen Henrietta Maria; Lucy, Countess of Carlisle; Sir Kenelm Digby; Charles II. at the age of eleven, in armour, with pistol in right hand; Vandyck himself, in his youth; Henrietta Maria, full length; Prince Charles at the age of nine, the Duke of York, and the Princess Mary (painted in 1638); Mary Countess of Dorset; Charles I., on a gray horse, clothed in armour, and holding a truncheon in his hand, while the Duc d’Epernon carries his helmet [‘This picture, twelve feet by nine feet, one of Vandyck’s most important works, was painted in the maturity of the artist’s powers, and is executed in his best manner. A duplicate or copy, of somewhat smaller dimensions, is at Hampton Court, and there are repetitions at Warwick Castle and Lamport Hall. This copy was sold in the Commonwealth time to Renée van Leemput, the painter, for £200, but recovered through a lawsuit by Charles II.’]; and, lastly, a three-quarters length portrait, said, with a good deal of uncertainty, to be that of Jan Stellingck, a friend of Vandyck; in St. George’s Hall, Windsor Castle, portraits of James I. and Charles I.; and in the King’s Drawing-room, Sir Balthazar Gerbier and his family.

‘In the cathedral of Gloucester,’ says Walpole, ‘are two cumbent figures of an alderman and his wife, evidently wrought from a design of Vandyck. It is a great pity the sculptor is not known, so successfully has he executed the manner of the painter. The figures, even in that tasteless attitude, are easy and graceful, and the draperies have a peculiar freedom.’

In the Lord Chamberlain’s accounts are some entries which enable us to ascertain the sums usually received by this great master for his inimitable works:

‘July 15, 1632. A warrant for a privy seale of 280*l.* to

be payed unto Sir Antony Vandyck, for diverse pictures by him made for his Majestye—viz. : for the picture of his Majestie, another of Monsieur the French King's brother, and another of the Ambassadors, at length, at 25*l.* a piece; one of the Queene's Majestie, another of the Prince of Orange, another of the Princess of Orange, and another of their son, at half length, twenty pounds a piece; for one great piece of his Majestie, the Queene, and their children, one hundred pounds; one of the Emperor Vitellius, twenty pounds; and for mending the picture of the Emperor Galba, five pounds; amounting in all to 280*l.*'

'Oct. 12, 1633. Forty pounds paid to Sir Antony Vandyck for the picture of the Queene presented to Lord Strafford.'

Vandyck painted with great rapidity, the result of his immense experience and indefatigable activity. When a French friend of his, M. Jabou, remarked on the little time he appeared to give to his portraits, which were nevertheless of such faithfulness and vivacity, the great painter replied 'that at first he worked hard, and took a great deal of pains to acquire a reputation, and with a swift hand, against the time that he should work for his kitchen.' His method of work was this: he appointed the day and hour for the person who wished to sit to him, but did not labour more than one hour on any portrait, either in rubbing in or finishing. The moment his clock warned him that the hour was past, he rose up and made a bow to the sitter to signify that he had finished, and appointed another hour on some other day; whereupon his servant appeared with a fresh pallet and pencils, whilst he turned to receive another sitter, who had come as agreed upon. In this way he secured the utmost possible expedition.

After having lightly dead-coloured the face, he put the sitter into some attitude which he had previously contrived, and on gray paper, with white and black crayons, he sketched the attitude and drapery, which he designed in a grand manner and with exquisite taste. After this he gave

the drawing to his assistants to paint after the sitter's own clothes, which, at his request, were sent to him for that purpose. When his assistants had copied these draperies, he went over that part of the picture again, and thus, by a shortened process, displayed 'all that art and truth which we at this day admire in them.' He kept in his house persons of both sexes, from whom he painted the hands; and he cultivated the friendship of ladies distinguished for beautiful hands, that he might obtain permission to copy them. It was in this way he acquired so much exactness, such delicacy, and such admirable colouring in their delineation.

Gifted with the true artistic temperament, Vandyck loved to have everything about him on a sumptuous yet refined scale. He was very fond of music, and generous to musicians. He delighted in surrounding himself with fair women, and men of wit and wisdom. During the summer, he kept open house at Eltham—where, however, no traces of his residence now remain. His lavishness and his addiction to luxurious living brought on the gout, and dispendished his fortune, which he sought to recover by the alchemist's delusion of the philosopher's stone. Charles I. found a wife for him in Maria, the daughter of Patrick Ruthven, a physician, fifth son of the Earl of Gowrie. She is described as a lady of rare beauty. Through Sir Kenelm Digby he proposed to the King to paint the walls of the Banqueting House (the ceiling of which had been adorned by Rubens) with designs in illustration of the history and procession of the Order of the Garter. The idea approved itself to Charles, and Vandyck made a sketch or sketches for him in explanation of it; but the outbreak of the Civil War prevented its adoption, and the artist's busy invention was stilled by death on the 9th of December, 1641. Cowley wrote an elegy in his honour; and Waller, we may add, has addressed him in complimentary verse.

William Dobson was, I think, the most renowned of the

native artists of the age; and some of his portraits are but little inferior to those of Vandyck, whom, by the way, he imitated carefully and successfully. Sir Joshua Reynolds has warmly commended both his style and colouring. At Forty Hall, Enfield, he is well represented in a portrait of Sir Nicholas Raynton. The fine portrait of James Compton, 5th Earl of Northampton, at Knole, though frequently ascribed to Vandyck, is more probably from Dobson's pencil; and Knole also contains his portrait of Lord Albemarle. At Hampton Court, in the public dining-room, is his picture of his wife and himself. His 'Decollation of St. John Baptist'—the saint's face is said to have been suggested by Prince Rupert's—is in the gallery at Wilton; and at Blenheim is, or was, an admirable family-piece, said by some authorities to be that of Francis Carter, an architect and scholar of Inigo Jones; by others, of William Lilly, the astrologer, though it does not appear that Lilly had any family. In the Ashmole Museum, Oxford, he is seen to much advantage in his portraits of his wife—of Sir John Tradescant the younger, his son and daughter, and his first wife—Lady Tradescant the second, and Tradescant and his friend, Zythepsa, a Quaker brewer. At Chiswick are his portraits of Inigo Jones and Thomas Hobbes. The Duke of Northumberland's Gallery includes a triple portrait of Sir Charles Cotterel, Dobson's great friend and patron, of the impulsive artist, who is warmly embracing him, and of Sir Balthazar Gerbier 'in a white waistcoat.' This Sir Charles Cotterel, when at Oxford with Charles I., was employed by the King to translate Davila's 'History of the Civil Wars of France.' The frontispiece, designed by Sir Charles, was drawn by Dobson; it represented Francis II., Charles IX., Henry III., and Henry IV., with two dogs, a Papist and a Protestant one, fighting before them.

Dobson was born in 1610, in the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn. His father held the post of Master of the Alienation Office, but spending his substance in riotous living, he apprenticed his son to one Sir Robert Peake, a

mediocre painter and a dealer in paintings. Young Dobson, highly gifted by nature, soon turned to such advantage his master's lessons, that he speedily got beyond him, and studying assiduously the pictures of Titian and Vandyck, acquired a vigorous style and an effective system of colouring. One of his early compositions, being exposed in a shop-window on Snow Hill, caught the attention of Vandyck, who ascertained the name and address of the artist, sought him out in his garret, procured for him a better lodging, and recommended him to the King. On the death of Vandyck, Dobson was appointed Serjeant-painter and groom of the privy chamber. He attended Charles to Oxford, and it is recorded that he resided there in a house in the High Street, nearly opposite St. Mary's Church. At Oxford he painted the King, Prince Rupert, and several of the nobility. There is a story, that to check an overflow of patronage which had become burdensome, he struck out the idea of requiring his sitters to pay in advance one half of the price agreed upon; so that, if this be true, Dobson was the inventor of the 'payment in advance' system, now so flourishing. The reverses which overtook the royal cause deprived the artist of his principal means of maintenance, and he was suddenly reduced from luxury and extravagance to a condition of extreme want. Involved in debt and difficulty, he was thrown into prison, whence he was rescued by the liberality of a Mr. Vaughan, of the Exchequer, whose portrait he painted, and painted in his most effective style. His sufferings, however, expedited the progress of a pulmonary disease which had already undermined his constitution, and he died, at the early age of thirty-six, in October, 1646.

George Jameson (or Jamesone) has been entitled 'the Vandyck of Scotland,' and it may be pleaded in excuse for so very flattering a designation that his works have sometimes been ascribed to the greater artist. He was the son of Andrew Jameson, an architect, and born at Aberdeen,

in 1586. At a comparatively early age he became a pupil of Rubens, at Antwerp, where Vandyck was one of his fellow-scholars. Returning to Scotland, he applied himself with much diligence to portraits in oil, though he sometimes practised in miniature, and also in historical and landscape subjects. When Charles I. visited Scotland in 1633, the magistrates of Edinburgh, knowing the King's love of art, employed Jameson to make drawings of the Scottish monarchs; and with those Charles was so well pleased that he admitted the painter to his presence, sat to him for his portrait, and rewarded him with a diamond ring from his own finger. It is sometimes stated that he granted him the privilege of wearing his hat in the royal presence; and that Jameson commemorated this act of condescension by painting himself in his own portraits with his hat on; but it is more probable that in doing so he simply imitated his master, Rubens, as well as Guido and Annibale Caracci.

One of his most frequent patrons was Sir Colin Campbell, of Glenorchy, founder of the noble house of Breadalbane, at whose seat, Taymouth Castle, is a very considerable collection of portraits executed by Jameson. The prices he received do not, however, give one an exalted idea of Sir Colin's liberality. From a MS. still preserved at Taymouth, are taken the following extracts (*in anno 1635*):

'Item, the said Sir Colin Campbell (8th Laird of Glenorchy) gave unto George Jameson, painter in Edinburgh, for King Robert and King David Bruysses, Kings of Scotland and Charles 1st, King of Great Brittain, France, and Ireland, and his Majesties Quein, and for nine more of the Queins of Scotland their portraits quhilks are set up in the hall of Balloch [now Taymouth] the sum of two hundreth thrie scor punds.'

'Mair, the said Sir Colin gave to the said George Jamieson for the Knight of Lockow's lady, and the first Countess of Argyll, and six of the ladys of Glenurquhay their portraits, and the said Sir Colin his own portrait, quhilks

are set up in the chateau of Deass of Ballock, one hundreth four scoire punds.'

From these extracts it appears that Jameson received for each of the portraits named no more than twenty pounds Scots, or £1 13s. 4d. in English money. He left, however, a considerable fortune to be divided among his three daughters. His death took place in 1644. Specimens of his artistic talent are preserved in the Aberdeen College, at Collen House, and elsewhere. They are distinguished by their delicacy and softness, but are deficient in power and individuality.

One of the cleverest of the English scholars of Vandyck was James Gandy, born 1619, died 1689. It seems uncertain whether he received instruction from the great master, or simply formed his style on close and laborious study of his works; but it is clear that he resembles him greatly in colouring, manner, and in the dignified pose of his portraits. He settled in Ireland under the patronage of the Duke of Ormond, and painted many of the Irish nobility and gentry.

Another of Vandyck's scholars was David Beck or Brok, born at Arnheim in 1621. He was much patronised by Charles I., who engaged him to give lessons in drawing to the Dukes of York and Gloucester. His facility in composition was so great as to draw from his royal patron the remark, 'Faith, Beck, I believe you could paint riding post.' The Civil War drove him from England, and he went to Sweden, whose sovereign, Queen Christina, commissioned him to execute portraits of the crowned heads of Europe for her gallery. He was accustomed to boast that from these royal sitters he received nine golden chains with medals. David Beck died in 1656.

Henry Stone, son of Nicholas Stone the sculptor, practised in Vandyck's school, and owes such reputation as still clings to his name to his faithful imitation of the master. He also

worked in statuary, but not with the success of his father. He died on the 24th of August, 1653, and was buried in St. Martin's, Covent Garden, where his epitaph speaks of him as 'having passed the greatest part of thirty-seven years in Holland, France, and Italy,' and 'achieved a fair renown for his excellency in arts and languages.' Jan de Lyne was one of Vandyck's disciples, remaining with him until his death; such was his modesty that he was content to remain unknown and unnoticed in his master's studio. Deschamps says of him that 'his works are nearly always taken for those of Vandyck. No one has approached him more closely, and no one has more nearly equalled him in merit. There is the same system of colouring; the same touch: the same delicacy. His drawing is also correct; he delineates the human hand with singular purity; he had a very noble manner.' After all, however, it was the manner of an imitator; he had no originality of invention, no native power.

George Geldorp, of Antwerp, a friend and countryman of Vandyck, was probably attracted to England by Charles I.'s repute as a patron of the arts. It was in his house in Drury Lane—a large house with a garden—that Vandyck first lodged on his arrival in London. He lived until after the Restoration, and was buried at Westminster.

Jan Lievens, of Leyden, born about 1606, made his appearance in London in 1630, and remained there for three years. He was liberally patronized by the Court, and painted portraits of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, the Prince of Wales, and some of the English nobility. Afterwards he settled at Antwerp. Harry Pot, another Dutch painter, according to Deschamps, painted Charles I. and his family, and several of the English nobility. Gerard Terburg was a popular painter of portraits and small 'conversation pieces,' who resided for a year or two in London. Mention must also be made of David Vinkenboom (born in 1578), who visited England in the early part of Charles I.'s reign,

and among other pictures of scenery and buildings, executed two 'most curious views' of the old palaces of Richmond and Theobalds. These are preserved in the Fitzwilliam collection at Cambridge.

Bartholomew van Basson, of Antwerp, was an architectural painter, but sometimes practised in the higher branches of his art. At Hampton Court is an interesting picture by him: The Prince Palatine Frederick and the Princess Elizabeth at their wedding dinner; and Charles I. and Queen Henrietta at a public dinner, is, or was, preserved at Buckingham Palace.

Cornelius Polenburg, born 1586, died 1660, was educated under Bloemart, and afterwards travelled in Italy. Walpole says of him that 'he formed a style entirely new, and though preferable to the Flemish, unlike any Italian, except in having adorned his landscape with ruins. There is a varnished smoothness and finishing in his pictures that makes them always pleasing, though simple, and too nearly resembling one another. The Roman cardinals were charmed with the neatness of his works, so also was the great Duke, but could not retain him. He returned to Utrecht, and pleased Rubens, who had several of his performances. King Charles invited him to London, where he lived in Auber Street, next door to Geldorp, and generally painted the figures in Steenwyck's perspectives. There is a curious picture at Earl Poulet's, at Hinton St. George, representing an inside view of Theobalds, with figures of the King, Queen, and the two Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery [with Richard Gibson the dwarf]. The works of Polenburg are very scarce; his scholar, John de Lis, of Breda, imitated his manner so exactly, that his pieces are often taken for the hand of his master. The best picture in England of the latter is at the Viscount Midleton's.'

Charles I. frequently commissioned Polenburg to purchase pictures for him on the Continent. Afterwards, he returned to Utrecht, where he died in 1660.

Heinrich Steenwyck, the younger, born in 1585, was patronized by Charles I., and so was his son Nicholas. John Torentius, of Amsterdam, whose audacious attacks on received opinions in faith and morals offended the magistrates of Amsterdam, and were punished by his condemnation to twenty years of captivity, came over to England, and executed some commissions for the King. He died at Amsterdam in 1650. J. Kerouen, 1590-1646, was employed by the King in taking views of scenery and palaces. John Pirtzua, an Hungarian, was in England in 1627.

At Grove Park, near Watford, is to be seen a fine portrait, by Gerard Honthorst (1592-1660), of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, the fair and stately woman whom Wotton celebrated in his lyric beginning, 'Ye meaner beauties of the skies.' Another portrait of the Queen, by the same artist, adorns the audience-chamber at Hampton Court. He is represented at Knole by a portrait of Princess Sophia of Hanover, the ancestress of our Hanoverian sovereigns; and by the famous portrait of rare Ben Jonson. In the Audience Chamber at Windsor hang his full-length portraits of Prince Frederick and Prince William of Orange. He painted for Hampton Court a large emblematic picture of Charles I. and his Queen as Apollo and Diana, and Buckingham as Mercury. For this and some other work, which he completed in six months, he received 3,000 florins, a service of silver plate for twelve persons, and a horse. Among his other pictures of English subjects are: Lucy Countess of Bedford, and James Lord Hay. For a presentation picture to Charles I. he painted 'A Musician's Family by Candle-light;' and for Lord Craven, Elizabeth of Bohemia and her family, at Combe Abbey, Warwickshire. On May 24th, 1629, the King conferred upon him an annual pension of £300.

Gerard Honthorst, known in Italy as Gherardo dalle Notti, in allusion to his powerful night-pieces, was born at Utrecht in 1592, and instructed in drawing and painting

by Bloemart. Afterwards he studied for some years at Rome, and was liberally patronized by Prince Ginistiniani. On his return to Utrecht he made a felicitous marriage, and, bearing a high reputation, soon attracted numerous pupils of rank. Sandrart, who was one of them, said that he had as many as twenty-eight at a time, each paying 100 florins yearly. His most illustrious scholars were the Queen of Bohemia and her children, among whom the Princess Sophia and the Princess Louisa (afterwards Abbess of Maubuisson) were most distinguished for talent. He came to England at Charles I.'s invitation, and continued to paint for the King after his return home. In his later life he was retained in the service of the Prince of Orange, whose palaces at the Hague, Ryswick, and Hounslandyck he decorated with poetic fables. At Ryswick he embellished a chamber with illustrations of the habits, animals, and productions of various countries, and received 800 florins in payment for his labours.

Rubens was a great admirer of this painter's powerful effects of light and shade in his night-pieces, and of his peculiar style of colouring generally. Honthorst having made a sketch of Diogenes searching by daylight, in the market-place at Athens, with a lantern, for an honest man, Rubens purchased it at a very liberal price; and the artist then completed it by painting in himself as the cynic philosopher, and Rubens as the object of his quest. This incident proved to be the beginning of an enduring friendship.

Honthorst died at the Hague in 1660.

John van Belcamp was employed under Vanderdort in copying the King's pictures, and was considered to be very successful. At Drayton Manor is a whole-length of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., which he copied from Holbein's large picture, unfortunately burnt at Whitehall. When Charles I. secretly withdrew from that palace, in the letter which he left for Colonel Whalley occurred the

following instructions: 'There are here three pictures which are not mine that I desire you to restore: my wife's picture in blue satin, sitting in a chair, you must send to Mrs. Kirk [Anne Kirk, one of the Queen's dressers]; my eldest daughter's picture, copied by Belcam, to the Countess of Anglesey; and my Lady Stanhope's picture to Carey Raleigh [son of Sir Walter]. There is a fourth, which I had almost forgot: it is the original of my eldest daughter; it hangs in this chamber over the board near the chimney, which you must send to my Lady Aubigny.'

By a vote of the Commons, Belcamp was added (June 2nd, 1649) to the number of trustees for the sale of the King's goods; and he signs, as witness, the directions for the sale in 1650. It is said that he died in 1653.

Among the foreign artists whom Charles I. invited to England, a place must be found for Orazio Lomi, generally known as Gentileschi, who was born at Pisa on July 9th, 1563, and, having learned the rudiments of painting from his uncle Ballio, and his brother Aurelio Lomi, was sent by his father to continue his studies at Rome. There he settled, and executed several works in fresco and in oil. Profiting by the companionship of Agostino Tassi, he learned to introduce figures into his landscapes. In 1622 he accompanied the Genoese Ambassador to Genoa, where he resided for some years, and finished several important works. He then visited Paris, from whence, at Vandyck's suggestion, King Charles invited him to England.* This was in 1634, and he continued, notwithstanding his great age, to work for his royal patron, chiefly at Greenwich, until his death in 1646, when he was eighty-four years old. Mr. Wornum, characterising his style, says he has much of the Bolognese school, something of the Tenebrosi, and much also of the Machinists; he was strong in his shadows and

* Charles behaved to him with regal liberality, allowing him the sum of £500 to defray the expenses of his outfit and journey, furnishing a house for him complete at a cost of £4,000, and bestowing on him a pension of £100 a year.

positive in his colour, and produced forcible effects. At Hampton Court there is a good specimen of the painter, 'Joseph flying from Potiphar's Wife.' He was to have decorated Greenwich Palace, if civil troubles had not intruded their dark shadows into the fair realms of Art; so that he was able only to complete the ceilings. Nine of these works were sold, after the King's death, for £600.

His daughter, Artemisia, born at Rome in 1590, was considered to excel her father in portraits. She, too, was patronised by King Charles, though the greater part of her life was spent at Naples, where she was as famous for her amours as for her painting. Her portrait, painted by herself, is at Hampton Court. The date of her death is unknown, but she was living at Naples in 1652.

Nicholas Laniere belonged to a family of artists. His father, Jerome, was a member of Queen Elizabeth's band of musicians. His brother, another Jerome, was skilled in painting, and Evelyn has an interesting notice of him: 'I went to see his collection of paintings,' he says, 'especially those of Julio Romano, which had surely been the King's. There were also excellent things of Polidor, Guido, Raphael, Tintoret, etc. Laniere had been a domestic servant of Queen Elizabeth, and he showed me her head, an intaglio, in a rare sardonyx, cut by a famous Italian, which he assured me was exceedingly like her.' There was also a John Laniere, who set to music two of Lovelace's ballads. Nicholas, who was born in Italy in 1568, was painter, engraver, and musician, and 'understood hands.' His chief excellence was music; as a painter he scarcely rose above mediocrity; but he was an accomplished connoisseur, and Charles I. employed him in making purchases of pictures on the Continent. He was also a successful courtier, and much associated with Vandyck. As a musical composer, he received from the Crown a salary of £200 a year. He died at the age of seventy-eight, and was buried in St. Martin's on the 4th of November, 1646.

He seems to have been an adept in all the practices of the picture-dealer. Saunderson speaks of him as the first who passed off copies for originals by tempering his colours with soot; and then, by rolling up the canvas, he made them crackle, and contract 'an air of antiquity.' Who can deny his claim to grateful remembrances by posterity?

Francis Wonters, of Lyne, a landscape painter of the school of Rubens, came to England in 1637, in the suite of the Imperial Ambassador; was much favoured at Court, and appointed chief painter to the Prince of Wales. He retired to Antwerp when the King's cause proved hopeless, and died there in 1659, being mortally wounded by the accidental discharge of a gun.

Walpole mentions an artist named Wersop, who came to England in 1641 and left in 1649, saying, 'He would never stay in a country where they cut off their king's head and were not ashamed of the action.' He belonged to the school of Vandyck, whose manner he imitated with so much felicity that his pictures were often taken for those of the master.

John de Critz was Serjeant-painter to the King, and in that capacity seems to have done all kinds of work, drawing heads, painting portraits, embellishing ceilings, repairing damaged pictures, and beautifying the royal coaches and barges. In the Painters' Company's Court-book is preserved a letter to the Company from the Earl of Pembroke, directing them to appoint certain persons of their Hall to view the King's and Queen's barges lately beautified, painted, and gilded by 'De Creety,' Serjeant-painter, and give an estimate of the work, which they did, placing the remuneration at £280, with some other expenses. A memorandum in the Serjeant-painter's own hand gives the following particulars: 'John de Critz demaundeth allowance for these parcells of Worke following, viz.:—For repayreing,

refreshing, washing and varnishing the whole body of his Majesty's privy barge and mending with fine gould and faire colours many and divers parts thereof, as about the chair of state, the doores, and most of the antiques about the windowes that had been galled and defaced, the two figures at the entrance being most new coloured and painted, the Mercury and the lion that are fixed to the stemes of this, and the new barge being in several places repayred both with gould and colours, as also the taffarils on the top of the barge in many parts gilded and strewed with fayre byse. The two figures of Justice and Fortitude, most an end, being quite new painted and gilded. The border on the outside of the hulk being new layd with fayre white and trayled over with greene according to the custome heretofore—and for baying and colouring the whole number of the oares for the row-barge, being thirty-six.' It must be owned that this was quite a novel departure on the part of a Serjeant-painter; and we find it impossible to conceive of Sir Francis Leighton or Sir John Millais as painting and gilding the *Victoria and Albert!* But then De Critz was neither a Millais nor a Leighton.

At Grove Park there is a portrait of Charles I.'s daughter, the Princess Mary, by Adrian Hanneman, a native of the Hague, who came to England in the reign of King Charles, worked for some time under Mytens, and continued here sixteen years. Returning to Holland, he became the favourite painter of the Princes of Orange, and died in 1680. He painted, for a certain Herr van Wenwing, two usurers counting their money. While engaged upon this picture, being in want of money, he obtained a loan from his patron, which, when the picture was finished, Wenwing would fain have deducted from the purchase-money. 'Nay,' said Hanneman, 'all the money I borrowed I have put into the picture, and it is what the misers are counting.'

Francis Barlow, a native of Lincolnshire, was a meritorious animal painter, and illustrated several books of birds,

besides painting ceilings with birds 'for noblemen and gentlemen in the country.' Symonds says he lodged in Drury Lane, and received £8 for a picture of fishes. The hearse employed to carry the coffin of Monk, Duke of Albemarle, was designed by him. He lived to a ripe old age, and died in 1702.

About 1619 Sir Francis Crane established at Mortlake, in Surrey, some considerable works for weaving pictorial tapestry in imitation of the celebrated royal tapestry works of France. His enterprise was warmly encouraged by James I., who gave him £2,000 towards the cost of the buildings. At first he worked upon old patterns, or used designs obtained from abroad; but in 1623 he secured the services of Francis Clein or Klein, a native of Rostock, then in the employment of the King of Denmark. James granted him the privileges of English citizenship, and settled on him an annuity for life of £100. Clein's artistic facility and Crane's administrative energy made the undertaking a complete success, and the Mortlake works turned out many large and costly pieces of tapestry, which found ready purchasers. I have already mentioned the portraits in silk tapestry of Crane and Vandyck, which are preserved at Knole. The Lord Keeper Williams paid £2,500 for the 'Four Seasons,' worked in tapestry. Charles I. was a not less liberal patron. While at Madrid in 1623 he directed £500 to be paid to Crane for a set of the Months in tapestry, which he had ordered; and soon after his accession to the throne he gave him an acknowledgment of indebtedness 'for three suits of gold tapestry for our use, £6,000,' and granted him an annuity of £1,000, besides an allowance of £2,000 yearly for ten years 'for the better maintenance of the said works of tapestries.' Not long afterwards, for the further encouragement of this kind of art-work, he granted to Crane and the Duchess Dowager of Richmond the exclusive right for seventeen years of making copper farthings.

In a survey made by order of the Parliament the Tapestry

House is described as 115 feet long and 84 feet deep, containing one room 82 feet long and 20 feet broad, with twelve looms; another, half as long, with six looms; and a great room on the second floor called the limning-room. Also, on the third floor, a long gallery divided into three rooms.

Sir Francis Crane died about 1635; his brother sold his interest in the works to the King, and they were thenceforward called the King's Works. It was in order to their being copied at Mortlake that Charles I., at the suggestion of Rubens, purchased the famous cartoons of Raphael. A warrant dated December 3rd, 1639, is in existence, directed to 'Sir James Palmer, Kn^t Governor of his Ma^{es} Workes, for making of Hangings at Mortlake,' ordering him to sell to 'the Earle of Holland 5 pieces of Hangings of the story of the Apostles being of the second sort, for the some of £886 17s. 6d., being the price his Ma^{te} allowed for the same.' The Mortlake tapestry seems to have been very popular. In one of Oldham's 'Satires' occurs a reference to it:

'Here some rich piece
Of Rubens or Vandyck presented is,
There a rich suit of Moreclack-tapestry,
A bed of damask or embroidery.'

The Francis Clein to whose inventive ability the Mortlake works owed much of their prosperity, was long a resident of Mortlake, where five children were born to him. His labours were not confined, however, to tapestry designs. At Somerset House he painted a ceiling 'with histories and compartments in gold.' The exterior of Wimbledon House he painted in fresco; and he ornamented Bolsover and other gentlemen's seats of the first rank. He also made designs for various artists, particularly for several of Hollar's plates to Virgil and Æsop. He died in 1658.

Graham, in his 'English School,' speaks of John Hoskins as 'bred a face-painter in oil, but, afterwards taking to miniature, far exceeded what he did before; he drew King

Charles, his Queen, and most of the Court, and had two considerable disciples, Alexander and Samuel Cooper, the latter of whom became much the more eminent limner.' Hoskins died in February, 1664.

Anne Carlisle was much admired for her copies from Italian masters; and Graham says she was so much esteemed by Charles I. that he presented her and Vandyck on one occasion with a supply of ultramarine which cost him £500. She died about 1680.

John Petitot, who brought to perfection the invention of portraits in enamel, was born at Geneva in 1607. He was intended for a jeweller; and, having frequent occasion to use enamel, attained so rich a tone of colour, that Bordier, afterwards his brother-in-law, concluded that 'if Petitot would apply himself to portraits, he might carry the art to great perfection. Both of them wanted several colours, which they knew not how to prepare for the fire; but their attempts proved very successful. They then came to England, and from Sir Theodore Mayerne, Charles I.'s chief physician, learned the chemical process of the principal colours which ought to be employed in enamel, surpassing the famous vitrifications of Venice and Limoges.'

By Mayerne, Petitot was introduced to the King, who knighted him, and provided him with an apartment in Whitehall. Devoting himself to painting portraits in enamel, he became the object of very extensive patronage; but his best performances were his copies from Vandyck. The magnificent whole length of Rachel de Rouvigny, Countess of Southampton, in the Duke of Devonshire's collection, is painted from Vandyck's original, and is characterized as 'the most capital work in enamel in the world.' It measures nine inches three-quarters high by five inches three-quarters wide; and though the enamel in some trifling parts is not perfect, the execution is the boldest and the colouring the richest and most beautiful

imaginable. It is dated 1642. Petitot also executed very fine miniatures of Charles I. and his Queen, James Duke of York, Henrietta of Orleans, and the Duke of Buckingham.

After the fall of his royal patron, Petitot went to Paris; but Bordier remained in London some time longer, and was employed by the Parliament to paint a memorial of the victory of Naseby for presentation to their general, Sir Thomas Fairfax. A description of this curiosity is furnished by Walpole. 'It consists of two round plates, each but an inch-and-half diameter, and originally served, I suppose, for the top and bottom of a watch, such enamelled plates being frequent to old watches instead of crystals. On the outside of that which I take for the bottom, is a representation of the House of Commons. Nothing can be more perfect than these diminutive figures; of many, even the countenances are distinguishable. On the other piece, within, is delineated the Battle of Naseby; on the outside is Fairfax himself on his chestnut horse, men engaging at a distance. The figure and horse are copied from Vandyck, but with a freedom and richness of colouring perhaps surpassing that great master.'

Petitot died in 1691, at the age of eighty-four.

Andrew Kearne, a German, was a sculptor in the employment of Nicholas Stone the elder. He died in England. John Schurman, also a German, was another of Stone's assistants. Among the works which he produced was a marble statue of Sir Thomas Lucy, for Charlecote in Warwickshire, for which he received eighteen pounds, and fifty shillings for polishing and glazing.

Edward Pierce was an artist of considerable merit, who painted historical, architectural, and landscape subjects, but was chiefly employed in painting altar-pieces and ceilings for the London churches, which, unfortunately, were all destroyed in the Great Fire. He worked for several years under Vandyck; died soon after the Restora-

tion, and was buried at Stamford. His son, Edward Pierce the younger, attained to eminence in his father's profession. He executed the statues of Sir Thomas Gresham and Edward III. at the Royal Exchange; and built St. Clement's Church under Sir Christopher Wren's direction. He also carved the four dragons on the Monument, for £50 each. He lived and died in his house at the corner of Surrey Street, Strand, and was buried at St. Mary's le Savoy, in 1698.

The French sculptor, Hubert le Sœur, came to England about 1630, and executed a considerable number of commissions, though few of his works are now in existence here. To him belong, however, the figures of Sir George Villiers and the monument of Sir Thomas Richardson, in Westminster Abbey; and the fine equestrian statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross, in which the dignified grace of the figure and the handsome proportions of the horse must be visible even to an uninstructed eye. 'This piece was cast in 1633 in a spot of ground near the church of Covent Garden, and not being erected before the commencement of the Civil War, it was sold by the Parliament to John Rivet, a brazier, living at the Dial, near Holborn Conduit, with strict orders to break it in pieces. But the man produced some fragments of old brass, and concealed the statue and horse underground till the Restoration.' It was placed in its present position in 1678. The beautifully carved pedestal testifies to the plastic skill of Grinling Gibbons.

As carvers in wood and stone Enoch Wyat, Zachary Taylor, and John Osborn were of fair repute. Martin Johnson was a celebrated engraver of seals, and also esteemed as an excellent landscape painter. Among the chasers and embossers of plate, Christian van Vianen, of Nuremberg, was liberally encouraged by Charles I., who seems to have thought no branch of art-work, however inconsiderable, unworthy of his munificent patronage. Vianen executed a

quantity of fine furniture for St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and pieces of plate of various character for the King and some of his wealthiest nobles.

Francis Fanelli, who chiefly practised casting in metal, flourished during the reign of Charles I., and executed two busts of Lady Venetia Digby—on one of which was inscribed the beautiful line, 'Uxorem vivam amare voluptas, defunctam religio;' a bust of Lord Herbert of Cherbury; ingeniously modelled miniature figures in brass, such as St. George and the Dragon, a Centaur and a Woman, a Cupid and a Turk, for William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle; and the figures of Charles I. and his Queen, the gift of Archbishop Laud, which adorn the Quadrangle of St. John's College, Oxford. The busts of Lady Cottington and Robert Leyton, in Westminster Abbey, were cast by Fanelli; and the highly wrought bust of Charles I. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

In comparing his work with that of Le Sœur, a higher degree of finish, but less boldness of design, is observable. Fanelli copied with greater delicacy the lace and drapery of Vandyck's portraits—his favourite models—the design being merely that of a portrait in marble. Substituting form for colour, it invariably partakes more of 'Gothic stiffness' than of classic ease and grace. His busts have indeed a 'Roman air'—probably acquired in the school of Bernini.

A few words must be given to the medallists of this reign.

It is supposed that Nicholas Briot, graver of the Mint to the King of France, visited England towards the close of the reign of James I., but he did not obtain the favour of the Court until after the accession of King Charles. He was the first, or one of the first, to propose the coinage of money by a mill and press. In 1631 his process was tested by a special commission, and in the next year we find him engaged in the service of the Mint. He was called in to execute the Coronation medal of Charles I., when he was

inaugurated at Edinburgh, on the 18th of June, 1633. It was the first piece struck in Britain with a legend on the edge, and was, it is said, the only one ever issued out of gold found in Scotland. On the obverse is the King's bust, crowned and robed, with his titles. On the reverse, a thistle growing, and the motto: 'Hinc nostræ crevere rosæ.' Around the edge runs the legend: 'Ex auro ut in Scotia reperitur: Briot fecit Edinburgi, 1633.' There is a specimen in the British Museum.

Thomas Simon, a pupil of Briot's, was distinguished by the royal favour, until, at the outbreak of the Civil War, he declared for the Parliament. Charles then bestowed his patronage on Thomas Rawlins, who was not only a cymelista, or sculptor in gold and precious stones, but a dramatist, who produced, in 1640, a play called 'The Rebellion,' and afterwards a comedy, entitled 'Tom Essence.' While the King was at Oxford, in 1647, he struck a medal to commemorate the action of Kington Field; and in the following year, when negotiations had failed between Charles and the Parliament, another, which bore on the reverse a sword and a branch of laurel, with the legend 'In utrumque paratus.' He was appointed engraver to the Mint in 1648. He died in 1670.

The architect without equal or second in the reign of Charles was INIGO JONES—

'Who,' says Horace Walpole, 'if a table of fame like that in *The Tatler* were to be found for men of real and indisputable genius in every country, would save England from the disgrace of not having her representative among the arts. She adopted Holbein and Vandyck, she borrowed Rubens, she produced Inigo Jones. Vitruvius drew up his grammar, Palladio showed him the practice, Rome displayed a theatre worthy of his imitation, and King Charles was ready to encourage, employ, and reward his talents.'

He was born in 1572, in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's Cathedral. His father, Ignatius Jones, was a wealthy London citizen, a cloth-worker, and a Catholic. Of his

education and early training we know nothing, and can conjecture nothing, except that by some means or other he obtained a fair knowledge of Latin. His nephew tells us, however, that he was distinguished by his strong inclination to drawing, or designing, and was particularly taken note of for his skill in the practice of landscape-painting. There is a story, however, that he was apprenticed to a joiner, and this seems to be confirmed by Ben Jonson's satirical allusion to 'In-and-in Medley, which serves a joiner's craft.' What seems certain is, that his talents attracted the favourable notice of William Earl of Pembroke, who sent him to prosecute his studies in France and Italy.* How long he remained abroad is not exactly known; his works attest that he made admirable use of his time, visited the principal cities, carefully examined the finest buildings, and from the monuments of antiquity deduced the enduring principles of his art.

He acquired in Italy a great reputation for genius and scholarship, which induced Christian IV. to invite him to Denmark and appoint him his architect. He had been some time possessed of this honourable post when King Christian, whose sister was the wife of James I., paid a visit to England in 1606, and was accompanied by Inigo Jones. Such is the current statement; but there must be some error in it, for Leland, in his *Collectanea*, expressly asserts that when James I. made a royal progress to Oxford in 1605, 'one Mr. Jones, a great traveller,' was employed to produce the grand masque with which the University desired to entertain the King, and was paid £50 for his services, though he 'performed but little to what was expected.' However this may be, we know that soon after his return to England he was appointed architect to Queen Anne and Prince Henry, and rapidly rose in the favour of King James.

Inigo Jones was fortunate in his opportunity. A desire

* Walpole divides the expense of this tour between the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Arundel. Other authorities assert that it was defrayed by Jones's family.

existed for a new style of domestic architecture. Since the era of the Reformation, Gothic had fallen into disrepute; and the Tudor architecture, which was inferior to the Gothic in magnificence and to the Greek in elegance, but combined almost every element of the picturesque externally, with ample provision for household comfort internally, had ceased to attract the public taste, or had been grossly corrupted by the efforts of the Italian artists whom Henry VIII. encouraged to engraft upon it some characteristics of the classic style. 'It was plastered upon Gothic,' says Walpole, 'and made a barbarous mixture. Regular columns, with ornaments neither Grecian nor Gothic, and half embroidered with foliage, were crammed over frontispieces, façades, and chimneys, and lost all grace by wanting simplicity.' This lasted until late in the reign of James I., and in fact is known as 'Jacobean,' or 'King James's Gothic.' At first Jones himself worked in this direction. He did not feel strong enough, probably, to depart at a single stride from the prevailing style; and in adopting it he enlarged its enormities. His attempt to disguise heaviness of design by profusion of ornament, led him to the erection of buildings so cumbrous, though not without majesty, as the north and south sides of the quadrangle of St. John's College, Oxford. 'There is no doubt that in these and other buildings he wilfully departed from approved models of purity, in search of the original and picturesque. He desired to exhibit something striking and new; and it must be acknowledged by all who will look at some of those structures, dismissing all preconceived notions of architecture from their minds, that they are splendid and massive, and present an image of stability which too few of our public edifices possess. We can observe a gradual advance from grotesque grandeur to simplicity and elegance—as the nation approved, he was emboldened to take another step, and thus feeling his way in public confidence, he ventured at last to produce those pure and classic designs in which none of the Gothic or

Tudor alloy mingled. This, however, was the fruit of long and patient study; meantime he found other employments, which at that time had no small influence in ushering him to distinction.' He was called in to assist the poets in the production of those elaborate spectacles, or masques, introduced by Anne of Denmark, in which the Stuart-Kings so greatly delighted, supplying the scenes, and the machinery, and the painted representations of gods and goddesses, nymphs, satyrs, and other mythic or allegorical personages. But the poets sometimes felt themselves unfairly dwarfed by the predominance of their coadjutor, and that his ingenious devices pleased the spectators more than their elaborate verse, we may infer from Ben Jonson's apostrophe, in which a strain of bitterness is obvious enough:—

'O shows, shows, mighty shows!
 The eloquence of masque! what need of prose,
 Or verse or pun, to express immortal you?
 You are the spectacles of state 'tis true.
 You ask no more than certain politic eyes,
 Eyes that can pierce into the mysteries
 Of many colours, read them and reveal
 Mythology there printed on slit deal;
 Or to make boards to speak! there is a task!
 Painting and carpentry are the soul of masque.
 Pack with your peddling party to the stage,
 This is the money-get mechanic age.'

The first Court spectacle in which Jones came to the assistance of Ben Jonson was the 'Masque of Blackness,' performed at Whitehall on Twelfth Night, 1605-6.

In 1606 poet and architect were associated in 'The Masque of Hymen,' produced at the wedding of Robert, Earl of Essex, and Lady Frances, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, and performed by all the youth and beauty of the Court. Jonson speaks of it as an exquisite bit of pageantry, which was not wanting either in riches, or strangeness of the habits, delicacy of dances, magnificence of the scene, or divine rapture of music. 'Only the envy was, that it lasted not still, or, now it is past, cannot by imagination, much less description, be recovered to a part of that spirit with which

it glided by.' In the dresses and ornaments of the actors and actresses, and the ingenuity and variety of the scene, Inigo Jones undoubtedly displayed a rare faculty of invention, and a picturesque, if somewhat barbaric, taste.

On the night of the Masques (which, says the poet, were two, one of men, the other of women), the scene being drawn, an altar was discovered, bearing an inscription, in letters of gold: 'Ioni, Oimae, Mimae, Unioni, Sacr'—which implied that both it, the place, and all the succeeding ceremonies, were sacred to Marriage or Union, over which Juno presided. Then entered five pages, attired in white, and bearing each a taper of virgin wax; behind them, one representing a bridegroom—his hair short, and bound with parti-coloured ribands, and gold twist; his garments purple and white.

On the other side, Hymen, the god of Marriage, in a saffron-coloured robe, with white under-vestments, yellow socks, a veil of yellow silk on his left arm, his head crowned with roses and marjoram, in his right hand a torch of pine.

After him a youth attired in white, bearing another light, of white thorn; under his arm, a little wicker flasket shut: behind him two others in white, the one carrying a distaff, the other a spindle. Betwixt these, a 'personated bride,' her hair flowing and loose, and sprinkled with gray; on her head a garland of roses, like a turret; her garments white; and on her back, a wether's fleece hanging down; her zone, or girdle, of white wool fastened with the Herculean knot.

In the midst went the Auspices (or Paranympths); after them, in several coloured silks, a couple of singers, one of whom bore the water, the other the fire. Last of all came the musicians, diversely attired, all crowned with roses; and the following song was sung:

'Bid all profane away;
None here may stay
To view our mysteries,

But who themselves have been
 Or will in time be seen,
 The self-same sacrifice.
 For Union, mistress of these rites,
 Will be observed with eyes
 As simple as her nights.

Chorus.

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

It must be confessed that this is little better than doggerel; nor throughout the Masque does the poet's verse rise above mediocrity, though there is a pretentious show of learning, as for example:

'Care of the ointments Unxia doth profess,
 Juga, her office to make one of twain:
 Gamelia sees that they should so remain.
 Fair Iterduca leads the bride her way;
 And Domiduca home her steps doth stay;
 Cinxia, maid, quit of her zone, defends,
 Telia, for Hymen, perfects all, and ends.'

The whole interest, for the audience, lay in the work done by the scene-painter and the machinist,—which is true, perhaps, of some much later dramatic compositions! At one part, we are told, the characters danced 'a most neat and curious measure, full of subtilty and device, which was so excellently performed, as it seemed to take away that spirit from the invention, which the inventor gave to it: and left it doubtful, whether the forms flowed more perfectly from the author's brain, or their feet. The strains were all notably different, some of them formed into letters, very signifying to the name of the Bridegroom, and ended in the manner of a chain, linking bands.' Music, and dances, and brave dresses contributed, no doubt, to produce a successful 'show.'

In 'The Masque of Queens,' in which the poet introduces a group of witches preparing their fatal cauldron, and singing a diabolical lyric descriptive of its unsavoury contents, Jones created a kind of Hall of Eblis belching out smoke and

flame, from the midst of which emerged the hags of night, with a hollow and infernal music. 'The device of their attire,' says Ben Jonson, 'was Master Jones's, with the invention and architecture of the whole scene and machine; only I prescribed them their properties of vipers, snakes, bones, herbs, roots, and other ensigns of their magic.'

The death of Prince Henry deprived Inigo of his post as the Prince's architect, and in the following year he went to Italy; where he resumed his studies of classic architecture, with much advantage to his own style, which was thenceforward distinguished by greater purity and refinement. On his return to London, early in 1616, he was appointed Surveyor of his Majesty's Works, with a remuneration of eight shillings and fourpence a day, and an allowance of £46 a year for house rent. He was also provided with an official costume or livery, of which the royal order for its supply affords some curious particulars. The Master of the Wardrobe is commanded to give him 'five yards of broad cloth for a gown, at 26s. 8d. the yard; five yards and a half of baize to line the same, at 5s. the yard; for furring the same gown, 10s.; and for making the same, 10s. And further our pleasure and commandment is, that yearly, henceforth, at the feast of All Saints, ye deliver, or cause to be delivered unto the said Inigo Jones, the like parcels for his livery, with the furring and making of the same, as aforesaid, during his natural life.'

The defects of Jones's character arose from his vanity and vehement temper; the excellences centred in his geniality, kindness of nature, and generosity. Soon after his appointment he showed, in a very striking manner, his liberality of disposition. 'The office of his Majesty's Works,' says Webb, his son-in-law, 'of which he was supreme head, having through extraordinary occasions, in the time of his predecessor, contracted a great debt amounting to several thousand pounds, he was sent for to the Lords of the Privy Council, to give them his opinion what course might be

taken to ease his Majesty of it, the exchequer being empty and the workmen clamorous. When he, of his own accord, voluntarily offered not to receive one penny of his own entertainment, in what kind soever due, until the debt was fully discharged. And this was not only performed by him himself, but upon his persuasion the Comptroller and Paymaster did the like also, whereby the whole arrears were discharged.'

There is a curious entry in the records of the Council of a payment of £20 to Inigo Jones and others, officers of his Majesty's Works, for certain scaffolding made by them, at the Lord Chamberlain's order, for the trial of the Earl and Countess of Somerset. The Countess was the Lady Frances Howard, for whose earlier marriage to Robert, Earl of Essex, Inigo Jones, in conjunction with Ben Jonson, had, only a few years before, invented the 'Masque of Hymen.'

A favourite dream of Inigo and of his royal master was of a palace, sumptuous and stately, to be raised on a scale worthy of the royalty of Britain. The King's impecuniosity prevented the realization of the architect's noble design, all except that portion at Whitehall, known as the Banqueting House, from a window of which Charles I., on that cold gray February morning, thirty years later, stepped out to meet his death. It was begun in 1619, and became the scene, in Charles's reign, of many a splendid night-revel and gorgeous entertainment. In 1620 our architect received the royal commission to investigate the mystery of Stonehenge; a task for which he was not in the least fitted by the direction of his previous studies or the state of archæological science in his time. To his execution of it neither industry nor intelligence was wanting; yet, so far as he was concerned, the mystery remained a mystery; for he could arrive, after all his labours, at no better conclusion than that this great memorial of pre-historic Britain was 'a temple of the Tuscan order, raised by the Romans some time between Agricola and Constantine, and consecrated to the god Cælus

—the origin of all things'! That this was actually our architect's preposterous hypothesis, and that we are not putting any exaggerated construction upon his language, the reader who turns to his 'Stonehenge Restored,' published by his son-in-law, Webb, in 1635, three years after the author's death, may satisfy himself readily. No doubt the spirit of Inigo, wandering in the Elysian shades, was sorely disturbed at the indiscretion of his son-in-law in thus revealing to an astonished world this credulity of a man who might have been supposed capable of better things.

Charles I. continued to the architect the patronage which he had received from his predecessor. He was employed in putting upon the stage some of the gorgeous masques in which the King delighted even more keenly than his father had done, and the restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral was entrusted to his hands. Both of those engagements were destined to bring sorrow and disappointment. The beautiful and sumptuous pageantry which he devised for the Court masques exposed him to the savage satire of Ben Jonson; and his designs for the restoration of St. Paul's involved him in a controversy with the Parliament, which ended in a prosecution and a heavy fine. To the Gothic structure of old St. Paul's, he had the bad taste to attach a portico in the Greek or classic style—a beautiful piece of work in itself, but a monstrosity in the situation which he chose for it. Conceived on a scale of grandeur, the west-front of the ancient cathedral measured 161 feet in length, and 162 feet high from the ground to the top of the cross. At each angle rose a tower to the height of 140 feet, while over them dominated the central peak, ornamented with pinnacles, terminating in a cross, and forming a screen to the main roof of the building. The whole of this façade was of the Corinthian order rusticated, and though cumbersome in its parts, was picturesque in effect. But it was otherwise with the beautiful portico which projected from this main part of the building. The portico was 120 feet

in length, and it rose 66 feet to the summit of the balustrade. There was no pediment; the part of a pediment being performed by the picturesque rusticated peak already described. There were in all fourteen fluted columns, eight in front and three on each side; these columns, including capitals and bases, measured 46 feet in height. On the parapet, corresponding with each column, was inserted a pedestal, breaking forward, and rising nine inches above the carrier, serving at once as a blocking to the balusters and a support to a statue—of which there were to be ten in all, representing princes and benefactors of the church.

‘This most magnificent and stately portico,’ says Dugdale, ‘the King erected at his own charge at the west, and here he placed the statues of his father and himself, for a lasting memorial of this their advancement of so glorious a work; which portico was intended to be as an ambulatory for such as usually walk in the body of the church and disturb the solemn service of the choir.’ Formerly the nave of the cathedral had been a favourite resort with quidnuncs and idlers desirous of hearing and repeating the news; and in Dekker’s ‘Gull’s Horn-book’ occurs a chapter of advice, ‘How a gallant should behave himself in Paul’s Walk.’ The old poet describes the strange scenes then enacted beneath the sacred roof. ‘What swearing is there!’ he exclaims, ‘what shouldering, what jostling, what jeering, what biting of thumbs to beget quarrels!’ Inigo Jones’s portico was intended to remove this reproach.

In 1620 broke out the quarrel between Ben Jonson and the architect. They had worked together on the ‘Masque of Chloridia,’ which was successfully produced at Whitehall before Charles and his Court; and Jones’s share in it gave especial satisfaction. When the masque was published, it bore on its title-page the announcement: ‘Inventors, Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones.’ The proud and irritable temper of Ben Jonson kindled at this conjunction on almost equal terms of poet and scene-maker; but his wrath waxed stronger still when he discovered that Inigo was dissatisfied

because his name was not printed first. He turned to his pen to avenge himself, and a fierce diatribe against Inigo was soon the talk of the town, which, however, was not to any considerable extent on the angry poet's side. Thus ran the satire:—

'O wise surveyor, wiser architect,
That wisest Inigo, who can reflect
On the new priming of thy old sign-posts,
Reviving with fresh colours the pale ghosts
Of thy dead standards; or with marvel, see
Thy twice-conceived, thrice paid-for imagery,
And not fall down before it, and confess
Almighty Architecture, who no less
A goddess is than painted cloth, deal board,
Vermilion, lake, or crimson, can afford
Expression for
What makes your wretchedness to brag so loud
In town and court? Are you grown rich and proud?
Your trappings will not change you—change your mind!
No velvet suit you wear will alter kind.'

Jones was partial to much bravery of attire, and loved to flaunt about in rich velvets, lace, and silk embroidery.

'What is the cause you pomp it so, I ask?
And all men echo, you have made a masque.
I chime that, too, and I have met with those
That do cry up the machine and the shows—
The majesty of Juno in the clouds,
And peering forth of Iris in the shrouds:
The ascent of Lady Fame, which none could spy,
Not they that sided her, Dame Poetry,
Dame History, Dame Architecture, too,
And Goody Sculpture brought with much ado,
To hold her up! O shows, shows—mighty shows,
The eloquence of masques!'

Even this vigorous attack was not sufficient to exhaust the poet's wrath, and in his comedy, 'The Tale of a Tub,' he introduced his old coadjutor in the ridiculous figure of In-and-in Medley. But the dramatist had lost his old vigour of invention and force of execution; and this character is deficient in humour, and not so much a satire as a caricature. Medley is represented as getting up a masque at the bidding of the authorities of Kentish Town. Says Squire Tub: 'Can any man make a masque here in this company?' 'A masque!' asks Pan; 'what's that?'

Scriben replies: 'A mummary or a show, with vizards and fine clothes.' 'Then,' says Clinch, 'there stands the man can do't, sir; Medley the joiner, In-and-in of Islington: The only man at a disguise in Middlesex.' It is proposed that Scriben shall write it. But no—Scriben asserts that In-and-in Medley will insist on doing it alone:

'. . . he will join with no man,
Though he be a joiner, in design he calls it;
He must be sole inventor—In-and-in
Draws with no other in 's project, he will tell you,
It cannot else be *feasible* or *condure*.'

Favourite words of Inigo's, which Ben Jonson employs again and again. Medley is made to choose his subject from a domestic incident which occurs beside him, and, still insisting that no one shall interfere, he proceeds to the formation of his plans, and the contrivance of his puppets.

Jonson's play was performed at Court on the 16th of January, 1634, but never repeated. Inigo naturally resented the coarse ridicule so unsparingly heaped upon him, and on complaining to the King was gratified with a promise that further representations should be prohibited. Charles himself was much offended by Ben Jonson's ungenerous satire. James Howell, writing to the angry poet, says: 'I heard you censured lately at Court, that you have lighted too foul upon Sir Inigo, and that you write with a porcupine's quill dipt in too much gall; excuse me that I am so free with you, it is because I am in no common way of friendship yours.' This remonstrance failing to move his truculent friend, Howell wrote again: 'If your spirit will not let you retract, yet you shall do well to repress any more copies of the satire on the royal architect; for, to deal plainly with you, you have lost some ground at Court by it: and as I hear, from a good hand, the King, who hath so great a judgment in poetry as in all other things else, is not well pleased therewith.' Jonson then repented or relented, and recalled and destroyed, as he supposed, every copy; but, in some way, one escaped destruction, was given by Vertue to Whalley, and by Whalley published; so that posterity can

judge for itself of the nature of Ben Jonson's invective when it was inspired by wounded pride.

Jones continued to supply the Court with masques down to 1640, when Charles's attention was perforce given to sterner stuff. He was still engaged in the restoration of St. Paul's, which involved him in a quarrel with the Parliament, because he had demolished St. Gregory's Church on the plea that it greatly impaired the effect of the restored Cathedral. Soon afterwards, as the Civil War extended, he lost his situation as surveyor, and the Parliament made him pay a fine of £545 to save his estate from confiscation. The small fortune that remained to him he buried in Scotland Yard, along with the moneys of his friend Stone, the builder; but as the site of this conjunct deposit was known to four of his workmen, Jones and his friend, under cover of a dark night, removed their store to a secret corner in Lambeth Marsh.

The severest affliction which befell him in his declining years was the stoppage of the works of his invention by Parliament before they were completed, and the maltreatment and contumely to which they were exposed. Tradition says that the dejected old man might often be seen in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's and Whitehall, gazing sadly on their unfinished splendour. From one of the windows of the latter his royal patron had stepped forth upon the scaffold. The walls of the former had long ceased to echo with the sublime music of the Anglican liturgy. The stately portico, with its beautiful Corinthian pillars, was converted into shops and stalls for seamstresses and other traders; the statues had been thrown down, and broken into pieces. The sight was too much for him; he had outlived the ordinary span of life, and was not strong enough to encounter the downfall of his hopes and the frustration of his ambition. He died at Somerset House in June, 1653, aged 80, and was buried in the Church of St. Benet, Paul's Wharf, where a monument erected to his memory was destroyed in the Great Fire of London.

‘Neither friends nor foes have preserved enough to satisfy us as to the domestic manners and personal character of this distinguished man. Of his looks we may judge by his portraits, which are among the finest that Vandyke painted; of his fortitude we have a specimen in his manly conduct before that fierce House of Commons which trampled upon the Court and Crown; of the generosity of his actions the country had the benefit when he resigned his salary to pay the debts of his predecessor; and of his sumptuous spirit, let a princely income spent in maintaining a state worthy of his talents, and in entertaining the learned, the gifted, and the noble, be the proof. He was fond of distinction—vain of the countenance of the Court and the notice of the great; and by a certain stateliness of manners, splendour of dress, and free and generous mode of life, supported the station to which his genius had raised him. . . .

‘In knowledge of design he had merit of a high order. There is a singular strength and elegance of combination in his structures—a unity and harmony of parts such as no English architect has ever surpassed. He was often massive but seldom heavy; and where his plans were not modified by mingling with other works, he has shown an accuracy of eye, and a happy propriety of taste, which Wren alone approaches. . . .

‘The genius of Inigo, however, loved less the simple majesty of the Grecian school than the picturesque splendours of Palladio: and it must be confessed that, for domestic purposes at least, the varied combinations which the revival of architecture in Italy permitted, are far more suitable to us than the severe simplicity of Athens. The columns, rank over rank, the recesses, the arcades, the multiplied entablatures, the balustrades, and tower above tower, of the modern architecture, must not be looked upon as the innovations of men who went a devious way without a purpose: these changes were in truth conceded in obedience to the calls of climate, of customs, of religion and of society;

and were Pericles raised from the dead, he could not but acknowledge that windows are useful for light, and chimneys necessary for heat in Britain, though he might demur to the domes, and towers, and balustrades of our mansions and palaces.'

There can be no doubt that Jones executed some very fine work ; there can be as little that he executed much which was mediocre and tasteless. The church in Covent Garden is an example of the latter ; though the blame is partly attributable, perhaps, to the nobleman who commissioned its erection. According to the old story, when the Earl of Bedford sent for Inigo, he told him he wanted a church for the parishioners of Covent Garden, but added, that he would not incur any considerable expense. In short, he said he would not have it much better than a barn. 'Well, then,' exclaimed the architect, 'you shall have the handsomest barn in England.' But, in truth, there is nothing handsome about it ; and 'the total absence of ornament is not compensated by mere correctness of proportions.' Albyns, in Essex, is one of Jones's earlier houses ; it is Jacobean Gothic throughout, and by no means deficient in picturesqueness of effect. Round about London there are several specimens of his architectural style. As, for instance, Charlton House (1607-1612), which is a good example—quaint, elaborately ornamented, and impressive ; closely resembling that other Charlton (in Wiltshire), which Jones built about the same time. It is of red brick and stone ; its ground-plan that of a capital E, with projecting wings and richly decorated porch, a square turret at each end, and a balustrade along the summit. Noticeable in the interior are the huge central hall, panelled with oak, and everywhere covered with ornament ; a grand staircase of chestnut, 'fancifully carved' ; a principal dining-room, with chapel adjoining ; a grand saloon, with an elaborately designed ceiling, and a rich and lofty chimney-piece ; and a commanding oak gallery on the north.*

* Jones lived at Charlton in a house which he had built for himself ; afterwards known as Cherry Garden Farm.

Chevening, now the seat of Earl Stanhope, was built by Jones in 1630 for Lord Dacre. It is a large and stately mansion, having a centre with attached Ionic columns and wings; but has undergone considerable modification.

The famous rusticated gate at Chiswick was originally erected in 1625 for the Lord Treasurer Middlesex, at Beaufort House, Chelsea. When Beaufort House was demolished in 1738, Sir Hans Sloane gave the gate to the Earl of Burlington, who removed it to Chiswick.

Forty Hall, at Enfield, was built by Jones in 1629-32 for Sir Nicholas Raynton.

Going farther afield, we note that Jones designed the noble façade of Wilton House, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke. Cashiobury, in Hertfordshire, is attributed to him. He designed Ambresbury, in Wiltshire, but it was executed by his scholar and son-in-law, Webb. The splendid pile of Cobham Hall, in Kent, was his; at least, the central building, which gives character and dignity to the whole. The Grange, in Hampshire, is another of his erections; so is Coleshill, in Berkshire, which he built in 1650. He was employed to rebuild Castle Ashby, and finished one front; but there, and also at Stoke Park, in Northamptonshire, he was interrupted by the Civil War. Chilham Castle, Kent, is said to have been designed by him; and one of his happiest conceptions was 'The Queen's House,' at Greenwich, now occupied by the Royal Naval School. It is conjectured that he superintended the building of York House, as well as of Burley-on-the-Hill, in Rutlandshire, both belonging to the first Villiers. The latter was raised upon magnificent substructions and terraces, the rival in point of situation and extent of Belvoir Castle. It was destroyed by the army of the Parliament in 1645. Lastly, we must claim for him Crewe Hall, in Cheshire, and Sherbourne, in Gloucestershire.

Of the other department in which Inigo Jones exercised his inventive ability, we may note some particulars. He was more or less actively concerned in the following masques:

‘Hymenæe, or, Solemnities of Masque and Barriers;’ performed on Twelfth Night, 1606, upon occasion of the marriage of Robert, Earl of Essex, and the Lady Frances, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk. Written by Ben Jonson. Master Alphonso Ferabosco sung; Master Thomas Giles made and taught the dances.

‘Tethys’s Festival;’ a masque, presented on the creation of Henry, Prince of Wales, June 5th, 1610. The words by S. Daniel; the scenery contrived and described by Master Inigo Jones. This was called the Queen’s Wake. Daniel admits that its success was due to the machinery, and the contrivance and ornaments of the scene.

‘A Masque at Whitehall, on the nuptials of the Palsgrave and the Princess Elizabeth, February 16, 1613, invented and fashioned by our kingdom’s most artful and ingenious architect, Inigo Jones; digested and written by the ingenious poet, George Chapman.’ [Chapman was an intimate friend of Inigo, and dedicated to him his translation of *Musæus*.]

‘Pan’s Anniversary;’ a masque at Court before King James I., 1625. Inventors: Inigo Jones and Ben Jonson.

‘Love’s Triumph,’ 1630; by the King and nobility. The same inventors.

‘Chloridia;’ the Queen’s Masque at Court, 1630. The same.

‘Albion’s Triumph;’ a masque presented at Court by the King’s Majesty and his Lords, on Twelfth Night, 1636, by Inigo Jones and Ben Jonson.

‘The Temple of Love;’ a masque at Whitehall, presented by the Queen and her ladies, on Shrove Tuesday, 1634, by Inigo Jones, surveyor, and William Davenant.

‘*Cœlum Britannicum*;’ a masque at Whitehall in the Banqueting House, on Shrove Tuesday night; and the inventors, Thomas Carew, Inigo Jones.

A Masque, presented by Prince Charles, September 12, 1636, after the King and Queen came from Oxford to Richmond.

‘*Britannia Triumphans*;’ a masque presented at Whitehall by the King and his Lords on Twelfth Night, 1637.

‘*Salmacidæ Spolia*,’ a masque presented by the King and Queen at Whitehall, on Tuesday, January 21, 1639. The invention, ornaments, scenes and apparitions, with their descriptions, were made by Inigo Jones, surveyor-general of His Majesty’s Works; what was spoken or sung by William Davenant, His Majesty’s servant.

‘*Love’s Mistress*; or, *The Queen’s Masque*.’ Three times presented before their Majesties, and afterwards acted at the Phœnix Theatre, in Drury Lane, 1636. Written by Thomas Heywood, who says: ‘When this play came a second time to the royal view, Her gracious Majesty then entertaining his Highness at Denmark House upon his birthday, Mr. Inigo Jones gave an extraordinary lustre to every act, nay, almost to every scene, by his excellent inventions; upon every occasion changing the stage, to the admiration of all the spectators.’

Among the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum, are preserved some of Jones’s designs for ground-plots and profiles of scenes.

NOTE.

THE MASQUES.

IN further illustration of this subject, and in explanation of the ingenuity and resource brought to bear upon the invention and representation of the Masque, I propose to furnish an outline of ‘*The Temple of Love*,’ presented by the Queen and her ladies at Whitehall, 1634, written by Davenant, and put upon the stage by Inigo Jones.

Davenant thus describes the Argument:

‘Divine Poesie (the Secretary of Nature) is sent by Fate to Indamora, Queen of Natsinga, to signify the time prefixed was come, when by the influence of her beauty (attended with those lesser lights, her contributory Ladies), the Temple of Chaste Love should be re-established in this island;

which Temple being long sought for by certain Magicians (enemies to Chaste Love) intending to use it to their intemperate ends, was by Divine Poesie hidden in mists and clouds ; so as the Magicians, being frustrate of their hopes, sought by enchantments to hinder all others from finding it ; and by this imposture many Noble Knights and Ladies have been tempted and misled. The fame of this Temple of Love being quickly spread over all the Eastern world, influenced a company of noble Persian youths, borderers on India, to travel in quest of it ; who arriving, were by the illusions of the Magicians and their spirits of several regions, almost seduced, as others had been. But Divine Poesie appearing, discovered unto them some part of the Temple unshadowed, and prophesied of the time when Indamora and her train should arrive to effect this miracle ; which, though it seems somewhat hard doctrine to most young men, yet these being spirits of the highest rank, forsaking the false Magicians and their allurements, were resolved to entertain themselves to contemplate on this apparition until the coming of the glorious Indian Queen, at whose sight they, being inspired with chaste flames, might be permitted by their faithful observance and legitimate affections to enter and enjoy the privileges of that sacred Temple. Then Divine Poesie sends Orpheus, her chief priest, in a barque (assisted by the Brachmani and Priests of the Temple, who meet him on the shores) to calm the seas with his harp ; that a Maritime Chariot, prepared by the Indian Sea-gods, might safer and more swiftly convey them to achieve this noble adventure ; after whose landing, having paid their ceremonies by moving in harmonical and numerous figures, Sunesis and Thelema (which intimate the understanding and the will) joining together, the True Temple appears, and Chaste Love descends to invoke the last and living hero (Indamora's royal lover), that he may help and witness the consecration of it.'

It is obvious that abundant scope is here provided for scenic display and sensational effects, and we shall soon see

that the opportunities afforded by the poet were by no means neglected by the artist.

But first let us note the names of the performers :

The Queen's Majesty, Lady Marquess Hamilton, Lady Mary Herbert, Countesses of Oxford, Berkshire, Carnarvon, Newport ; Lady Herbert, Lady Katherine Howard, Lady Anne Carr, Lady Elizabeth Fielding, Lady Thimleby, Mistress Dorothy Savage, Mistress Victory Cary, Mistress Neville.

The lords and others that presented the noble Persian Turks :

The Duke of Lennox, the Earls of Newport and Desmond, Viscount Grandison ; Lords Russel and Doncaster, Masters Thomas Weston, George Goring, and Henry Murray.

We now come to the opening scene. A stage six feet high was erected in the Banqueting House, and upon it 'an Ornament of a new Invention agreeable to the subject,' consisting of Indian trophies. On the one side, upon a basement, sat a naked Indian on a whitish elephant, his legs shortening towards the neck of the beast, his tire and bases of several coloured feathers, representing the Indian monarchy. On the other side, an Asiatic, in the habit of an Indian Borderer, riding on a camel ; his turban and coat differing from that of the Turk's, figured for the Asian monarchy. Over these hung shields like compartments. In the one over the Indian was painted a sun rising, and in the other a half-moon ; these were supported each on the capital of a great pilaster, which bore up a large frieze or border with a cornice. In this, over the Indian, lay the figure of an old man, with long white hair and beard, representing the flood Tigris ; on his head a wreath of canes and sedge, and leaning upon a great urn, out of which flowed a stream of water ; in 'an extravagant posture' stood a tiger.

At the other end of this frieze lay another naked man, representing Meander, the famous river of Asia, who likewise had a great silver urn, and by him a unicorn.

In the midst of this border was fixed a rich compartment,

and behind it a crimson drapery, part of which was supported by naked children 'tacked up in several pleats,' and the rest at each end of the frieze was tied with a great knot, and thence hung down in folds to the bottom of the pedestals. In the midst of this compartment, in an oval, blazed the legend, 'TEMPLUM AMORIS.' All these figures were in their natural colours, larger than life-size, and the compartments glowed with gold. Such was the appearance of the proscenium.

The rising of the curtain disclosed a fanciful landscape. Near the spectators flourished a spacious grove of shady trees; and afar off, on a mount, with a winding way to the summit, was seated a pleasant bower environed with young trees; in the lower part the walks were planted with cypress, representing the place where the souls of the ancient poets are feigned to reside. While the spectators gazed on this leafy scene, out of the heavens gradually broke a great rosy cloud, which, as it partly descended, opened, and showed in its centre a beautiful woman, her long curling hair crowned with laurel, a spangled veil hanging from the back of her head, and her figure clothed in an azure garment sprinkled with golden stars. By her side was a milk-white swan. This fair creature represented Divine Poesy; and out of the groves came forth to meet her a company of the ancient great poets, such as Demodorus, Fæmius, Homer, Hesiod, Terpander, and Sappho, with laurel-wreaths on their heads, and attired in robes of various colours. Then Divine Poesy began to sing:

As cheerful as the morning's light
Comes Indamora from above
To guide those lovers that want sight,
To see and know what they should love.
Her beams into each breast will steal,
And search what every heart doth mean;
The sadly wounded she will heal,
And make the foully-tainted clean.
Rise you from your dark shades below
That first gave words an harmony,
And made false love in numbers flow,
Till vice became a mystery.

The White King.

And when I've purified that air
 To which death turned you long ago,
 Help with your voices to declare
 What Indamora comes to show.

Chorus of the Poets.

Soul of our Science ! how inspired we come
 By thee restored to voices that lay dumb
 And lost in many a forgotten tomb.

Divine Poesie.

Y' are spirits all ; and have so long
 From flesh and frailty absent been,
 That sure though love should fill your song
 It could not relish now of sin.

The Poets.

Vex not our sad remembrance with our shame !
 We have been punished for ill-gotten fame,
 For each loose verse tormented with a flame.

Divine Poesie.

Descend then, and become with me
 The happy orgaus to make known
 For an harmonious embassy
 Our great affair to yonder throne.

Divine Poesie then addresses a compliment to the King, and the Chorus of Poets, playing on their instruments, chant a strain which implies that their residence is in the shades, but that a celestial lodging is reserved for the poets of Charles's 'inverted days.' The scene then changes into mists and clouds, through which glimpses of a temple are faintly discernible. From subterranean caves emerge three Magicians, one more eminent than the rest, their habits, of strange fashions, denoting their qualities, and their persons deformed. From their dialogue it is apparent that they are much disturbed because Divine Poesie has decreed that the mists which have so long obscured the Temple of Love are to be dispelled by Queen Indamora, who, with her ladies, will teach everywhere the pure doctrine of Platonic love. A fourth Magician enters to announce the approach of a band of nine Parian youths, who are prepared to accept these doctrines, and with Indamora worship at true love's shrine. To prevent this result, the Magicians resort to their art, and summon to do their bidding the Spirits of the Four Elements, and also—

‘ A sect of modern devils ;⁷
Fine precise fiends that hear the devout close
At every virtue but their own, that claim
Chambers and tenements in Heaven, as they
Had purchased them, and all the angels were
Their harbingers.’

We are then introduced to the Antimask of the Spirits: the Fiery Spirits all in flames, and their vizards of a choleric complexion; the Airy Spirits with sanguine vizards, their garments and caps all of feathers; the Watery Spirits all overwrought with scales, and equipped with fishes’ heads and fins; and the Earthy Spirits wearing garments bedecked with leafless trees and bushes, with serpents and other little animals here and there about them, and on their heads barren rocks.

Afterwards some deboshed and quarrelling men, with a loose wench amongst them, were brought in by the fiery Spirits. By the Spirits of Air, amorous men and women in ridiculous habits, and Alchemists. By the Spirits of Water, drunken Dutch spirits; and by the Spirits of Earth, witches, usurers, and fools.

Next entered ‘ a Modern Devil, a sworn enemy of Poesie, Musick, and all ingenious arts, but a great friend to murmuring, libelling, and all sorts of discord, attended by his factious followers; all which was expressed by their habits and dance.’

These were followed by three Indians of quality, and Indamora’s train, strangely habited, and strangely dancing. A Persian page leaped in before them, and addressed the audience:

‘ Hey, hey, how light I am ! all soul within,
As my dull flesh were melted through my skin,
And though a page when landed on this shore,
I now am grown a brisk Ambassador !
From Persian Princes too, and each as fierce
A lover as did ever sigh in verse !
Give audience then, you ladies of this Isle !
Lord, how you lift your fans up now, and smile !
To think, forsooth, they are so fond to take
So long a journey for your beauty’s sake !
For know, th’ are come ! but sure, ere they return,
Will give your female ships some cause to mourn !

For I must tell you that about them all
There's not one grain but what's Platonical !
So bashful, that I think they might be drawn
(Like you) to wear close hoods or veils of lawn . . .'

After some more of this very mild kind of fun, the page retires ; and enter the noble Persian youths, apparelled in Asian coats of sea-green that reached to the knee, with buttons and loops before, cut up square to the hips, and returned down with two short skirts. The sleeves of the coat were large and seamless, cut short to the bend of the arm, and hanging down long behind, trimmed with buttons as those of the breast. Out of this came a sleeve of white satin embroidered, and the basis, answerable to the sleeve, hung down in gathering underneath the shortest part of their coat. On their heads they wore Persian turbans silvered underneath, and wound about with white cypress, and one fall of a white feather before.

When their dance was ended, mist and clouds vanished, and the scene was changed to a calm sea, the billows of which beat gently on a rocky shore. The land beyond was of a mountainous character, diversified with trees of strange form and colour, and here and there 'several Arbors like Cottages,' and beasts and birds unlike those of our own country, to express an Indian landscape. The sea was studded with several islands, and a far-off continent melted away to the horizon.

Out of a creek sailed an antique bark, adorned with sculpture finishing in scrolls ; and on the poop a great mask of a sea-god's head, and everywhere enriched with embossed work of silver and gold. In the centre sat Orpheus with his barque, clothed with a white robe and a carnation mantle on his shoulders, and attended by persons habited as seamen, the pilots and guiders of the bark. He, as he played, was answered by the voices and instruments of the Brachmani, joined with the priests of the Temple of Love, 'in extravagant habits suiting to their titles.' Whilst this bark moved gently on the sea, heaving and setting and

sometimes rolling, it turned and returned to the port whence it came. The Song of the Brachmani, in answer to Orpheus his harp, was as follows :

Hark ! Orpheus is a seaman grown ;
No winds of late have rudely blown,
Nor waves their troubled heads advance !
His harp hath made the winds so mild,
They whisper now as reconciled,
The waves are soothed into 'a dance.

See how the list'ning dolphins play !
And willingly mistake their way
As when they heard Arion's strains !
Whom once their scaly ancestor
Conveyed upon his back to shore,
And took his music for his pains.

We priests that know love's sacrifice,
Our Orpheus greet with ravished eyes ;
For by this calmness we are sure
His harp doth now prepare the way
That Indamora's voyage may
Be more delightful and secure.

And now the enchanted mists shall clear,
And Love's true temple straight appear
(Long hid from men by sacred power),
Where noble virgins still shall meet,
And breathe their orisons, more sweet
Than is the spring's ungathered flower.

The barque having put into port, the masquers next appeared in a car made of 'a spongy rock stuff, mixed with shells, seaweed, coral, and pearl,' borne upon an axle-tree with nimbus wheels of gold, these wheels having flat spikes like the blade of an oar coming out of the waves. This chariot was drawn by sea-monsters, and rode softly over the undulating sea ; while Indamora, Queen of Natsinga, sat enthroned in a rich seat in the highest part, the back of which was 'a great skallop-shell.' The habit of the masquers was of Isabella colour and watchet, with bases in large panes cut through, all over richly embroidered with silver ; and the dressing of their heads was of silver, with small falls of white feathers tipped with watchet. The chorus sang as follows :

She comes ! each princess in her train hath all
 That wise enamoured poets beauty call !
 So fit and ready to subdue ;
 That had they not kind hearts which take a care
 To free and counsel whom their eyes ensnare,
 Poor lovers would have cause to rue.

More welcome than the wandering seaman's star
 When in the night the wind makes causeless war,
 Until his barque so long is tost,
 That sails to rags are blown ; the main-yard bears
 Not sheet enough to wipe and dry those tears
 He shed to see his rudder lost.*

The song ended, all the fore-part of the sea was in an instant changed to dry land—a mechanical effect which will bear comparison with those now accomplished on the stage—and Indamora, with her 'contributory' ladies, descended into the room, and made their entry. Then, for intermezzo, the music again began, and the Chorus were called upon :

The planets, though they move so fast,
 Have power to make their swiftness last ;
 But see, your strength is quickly gone !
 Yet move by sense and rules of art,
 And each hath an immortal part,
 Which cannot tire ; but they have none.

Let then your soft and nimble feet
 Lead, and in various figures meet
 Those stranger knights, who, though they came
 Seduced at first by false desire,
 You'll kindle in their hearts a fire,
 Shall keep love warm, yet not inflame.

At first they wear your beauty's prize,†
 Now offer willing sacrifice
 Unto the virtues of the mind ;
 And each shall wear when they depart
 A lawful though a loving heart,
 And wish you still both strict and kind.

After the masquers had rested a while, they danced a second dance, and the Queen having seated herself by the King's side 'under the State,' the scene was changed into

* Technically, I believe that a sheet means a rope ; and a similar mistake in nautical phraseology is made by Allan Cunningham ('A wet sheet and a flowing sea'). But Davenant means by it the main-sail, which, apparently, he would have his seaman use as a pocket-handkerchief to wipe and dry his tears.

† Query, 'At first they did your beauties prize?'

the true Temple of Chaste Love. This temple, instead of columns, had terms of young satyrs bearing up the returns of architrave, frieze, and cornice, all enriched of goldsmith's work; the farther part of the temple, running far from the eye, was designed of another kind of architecture, with pilasters, niches, and statues, and in the midst a stately gate adorned with columns and their ornaments, and a frontispiece on the top, all of which seemed to be of burnished gold. Into this temple enter Sunesis and Thelema: Sunesis, a man of noble aspect and richly attired; his garment of cloth of gold reaching down below his knees, and girded with a tuck at the waist, with wide sleeves turned up; his mantle of watchet fastened on both shoulders, and hanging long down behind, a garland of Sinope on his head, with a flame of fire issuing out of it; his buskins were yellow, wrought with gold. Thelema, a young woman in a robe of changeable silk, girt with several rucks under her breast and beneath her waist, and great leaves of silver about her shoulders, hanging down to the midst of her arms; upon her head a garland of great marigolds, and puffs of silvered lawn between; and at her shoulders were angel's wings. These sang a duet, assisted by the Choir:

SUNESIS AND THELEMA.

Sunesis.

Come, melt thy soul in mine, that when unite,
We may become one virtuous appetite.

Thelema.

First breathe thine into me; thine is the part
More heavenly, and doth more adorn the heart.

Both.

Thus mixed, our love will ever be discreet,
And all our thoughts and actions pure;
When perfect Will and strengthened Reason meet,
Then Love's created to endure.

Chorus.

Were Heaven more distant from us, we would strive
To reach 't with prayers to make this union thrive.

During the performance of this duet and chorus, softly from the highest heaven descended a bright, transparent

cloud, which in mid-air opened wide, and out of it came Amianteros, a chaste Love, clad in carnation and white, holding two garlands of laurel in his hand, and with laurel on his head. As he descended, the cloud returned to its original place. Amianteros, on reaching earth, was conducted by Sunesis and Thelema, Divine Poesie, Orpheus, and the rest of the poets up to the State, the great chorus following at a distance:

Song, by Amianteros.

Whilst by a mixture thus made one
Y'are th' emblem of my Deitie,
And now you may in yonder throne
The pattern of your union see.

Softly as fruitful showers I fall,
And th' undiscerned increase
Is of more precious worth than all
A plenteous Summer pays a Spring.

The benefit it doth impart
Will not the barren earth improve,
But fructify each barren heart
And give eternal growth to Love.

Sunesis.

To Charles, the mightiest and the best,
And to the darling of his breast—
Who will b' example as by power—
May youthful blessings still increase,
And in their offspring never cease
Till Time's too old to last an hour.

Chorus.

These wishes are so well deserved by thee,
And thought so modest too by Destiny,
That Heaven hath sealed the grant as a Decree.

After which all the characters retired to the scene, and Indamora and her ladies begin the revels with the King and the lords, which continued the most part of the night. 'Thus ended this Masque, which, for the newness of the invention, variety of scenes, apparitions, and richness of habits, was generally approved to be one of the most magnificent that hath been done in England.'

CHAPTER V.

LITERATURE IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

I. THE COURTLY POETS.

IN the fore front of the Caroline poets we place the name of Edmund Waller, not because he was the greatest, but because his life was synchronous with the Stuart period, and because he represents the transition in English poetry from the Elizabethan school to that which is illustrated by the great fame of Pope. He was born in 1605, or soon after the accession of James I.; he died in 1687, a year before the deposition of James II. Thus he was an eye witness of the notable events which make up one of the most fascinating and important chapters in English history; of the rise and fall of Somerset; of the brilliant career, with its fatal close, of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; of Prince Charles's romantic expedition to Spain; of the conflict between the Monarchy and the Parliament; of the Civil War and the ruin of the throne; of the Protectorate, and its triumphs by land and sea; of the Restoration, and the hideous profligacies of a demoralised Court; of Titus Oates' plots, and a foreign fleet in the Medway; of Monmouth's disastrous insurrection; of a second conflict between the Monarchy and the Parliament, happily settled in a different way from the first; and of the proximate downfall of the Stuart dynasty. He was the contemporary of Clarendon; Pym, Hampden, and Cromwell; of Fairfax, Prince Rupert, and Blake; of Shaftesbury, Lauderdale, and the first and second Buckingham, of Algernon Sidney and Lord William Russell; and in literature, of

Herrick, Milton, and Dryden—three men to whom he was vastly inferior, yet whose reputation for more than a hundred years he completely eclipsed. Among these eminent persons Waller contrived to hold his own, though he was neither a great poet nor a great man; and it cannot but be attractive to inquire how he came to occupy and maintain an historic position of so much independence.

Edmund Waller was born on the 3rd of March, 1605, at Coleshill, which was then in Herts, but is now in Buckinghamshire. He came of an old and reputable family, whose genealogical tree was green and vigorous as far back as the reign of Henry VI. His mother was the sister of John Hampden, and this connection made him a cousin of Oliver Cromwell. As he grew up among the leafy shades of Coleshill, he must frequently have visited the then quiet country towns which were to be associated with him in his riper life—Amersham, which he was to represent in Parliament; Wycombe, where he was to play the part of a country squire; and Beaconsfield, where he was to die and be buried. It is characteristic of the wealth of associations which everywhere make hallowed ground of our hamlets and villages, our groves and meadows, that Beaconsfield also recalls to us the illustrious names of Burke and Disraeli, with neither of whom would the most partial admirer of Mr. Edmund Waller venture to compare him.

Waller's father died during his son's infancy, leaving him a fortune of £3,500 a year, equal to about £10,000 at the present value of money. Under his mother's careful management this income increased instead of diminishing; so that at his majority he came into possession of an inheritance which made him one of the richest men in England, as he was certainly the most opulent of poets in England or elsewhere. When he went to Court he contrived to carry off from all competitors a handsome and wealthy City heiress, Mistress Anne Banks, who survived her marriage only three years, and dying, left all her property to the fortunate young man. *Vires acquirit eundo*; it is

the rich who make money. Waller was educated at Eton and Cambridge; but took no University distinctions, plunging into public affairs at an age when most youths are still *in statu pupillari*. It is said that he was a Member of Parliament in his sixteenth or seventeenth year, but the evidence is not satisfactory. It is certain, however, that his wealth and his precocious talents secured him a very early appearance on the public stage. He tells us himself of a singular scene of which he was witness on the 30th of December, 1621, when he was still a few weeks short of his seventeenth birthday. That was the day on which James I., dissatisfied with the free speaking of his Parliament, went down to Whitehall, sent for the Commons' Journals, and in the presence of the Council and the judges tore out with his own hands the page on which the Commons had written their protestation, hoping, he said, that thereafter he would hear no more about liberty of speech.

That day at dinner, the Bishops of Winchester and Durham stood behind the King's chair. James, still fevered in his blood, asked the two prelates whether he could not take the money of his subjects when he wanted it, without the sanction of Parliament. 'God forbid, sir, but you should,' replied Neile of Durham; 'you are the breath of our nostrils.' 'Well, my Lord of Winchester,' said James, turning to Bishop Andrewes, 'what say you?' 'Sir,' was the mild reply, 'I have no skill to judge of Parliamentary cases.' 'No put off, my lord,' exclaimed the King; 'answer me presently.' 'Then, sir, I think it is lawful for you to take my brother Neile's money, for he offers it.' Waller tells us that the company greatly enjoyed the Bishop's skilful evasion, but that it was eminently distasteful to James, who bided his opportunity to retort upon it coarsely.

To this early period of Waller's life are attributed his verses, 'To the King on his Navy;' but internal evidence shows that if written in 1621, they must have been revised at a later date. What is characteristic about them is the

smoothness of the couplets or distichs which Waller had already learned to write. As, for example :

‘Where’er thy navy spreads her canvas wings
Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings ;
The French and Spaniard, when thy flags appear,
Forget their hatred and consent to fear,
So Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,
And when he pleased to thunder part the fray.’

Two years later he ventured on a more ambitious effort—to celebrate in verse Charles’s escape from disaster on his return voyage from Spain. The Prince was rowing back by night from Santander, where he had disembarked some Spanish guests, when the wind rose suddenly, and nearly drove his barge out to sea. Fortunately, Sir Sackville Trevor, who commanded *The Defiance*, perceived the Prince’s danger, and threw out ropes with lanterns attached, which one of the crew contrived to seize, and the barge was quickly hauled aboard. This incident forms the central point of Waller’s poem, which, however, deals vigorously and ingeniously with the whole episode of Charles’s expedition ‘in Search of a Wife,’ and presents a regular and well-balanced style of versification which anticipated Pope—or, rather, which Pope imitated—in polish and fluency, though it is without the later poet’s rapidity of antithesis. ‘Such writing as this,’ remarks Mr. Gosse, ‘which Waller was master of in 1623, was not imitated by a single poet for nearly twenty years ; yet he persisted in it, and lived to see the entire English Parnassus absorbed by it. We must admit that the man who could effect such a revolution, and show from youth to age so intrepid a constancy of manner, deserves the closest attention from the student of style.’

It is said that the poet is born not made. This may be true of the great Masters of Song ; of a Spenser and a Milton, a Dryden and a Pope, a Byron and a Wordsworth, a Tennyson and a Browning—and of such men it may be affirmed, I think, that their work as poets absorbs the greater part of their lives—but it hardly applies to the

minor singers, the artificial versifiers, who turn to poetical composition as a recreation, and educate themselves slowly and carefully in their art, without being moved by any spontaneous, irresistible impulse. Certainly in Waller's earlier manhood there was nothing to show that the poet's calling was his. He played the fine gentleman *d merveille*; went to Court; sat in the House of Commons for Chipping Wycombe (August, 1625), and for Amersham (1627); and made his chief *coup* in life by winning the hand of the rich heiress of whom I have already spoken. As he carried her off from a certain Mr. Crofts, whom the Court favoured, he found it advisable to retire with his bride to his country seat, Hallbarn, near Beaconsfield, where he turned to his books to occupy his leisure, and in the winter of 1628, produced another *pièce d'occasion*, 'On his Majesty's receiving the News of the Duke of Buckingham's Death.'

Waller lost his wife in childbed in the second year of their marriage. He sought consolation in the study of the classics, and the witty and learned companionship of his friend and kinsman, George Morley (afterwards Bishop of Winchester), who, being as indigent as he was scholarly, was glad to accept Waller's hospitality for the most part of ten years. It was chiefly through Morley's influence that Waller began to 'cultivate the Muses' with serious purpose, his real or pretended passion for Lady Dorothy Sidney, eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester, affording him a happy and opportune subject. He began by addressing her as Dorothea; but, before long, he substituted the not very felicitous 'Sacharissa' as her poetical name; and for some years carried on a poetical courtship, very mellifluous and dignified, but without a trace of real feeling, until it was summarily terminated by her marriage to 'another.' Compare his smooth stanzas with the love poems of the Elizabethans, and we become aware at once that we have passed into quite a different atmosphere—into a different social condition; from the romantic, chivalrous, passionate love-making of the old time into the polished conventionalities and eloquent

commonplaces of the new. The 'Sacharissa' poems, with two exceptions, are little better than superior album-verses, but they serve to show how ingeniously and politely a fine gentleman in the first Charles's reign could make love. The two exceptions are the almost perfect lyrics: 'Go, lovely rose!' and 'In a Girdle.' These are as felicitous in idea as in expression.

In 1637, a company was started, under George Chaddock, to 'develop the resources' (as we should say nowadays) of the Summer or Bermuda Islands. Whether Waller had an interest in the company does not appear, but he held land in the islands; and it has been conjectured that with a view to calling attention to the fair field for speculation which they afforded, he wrote his well-known miniature epic, 'The Battle of the Summer Islands,' in which he describes in fluent, perspicuous, and picturesque couplets, a struggle between the islanders and a couple of spermaceti whales which had run ashore in a shallow bay. A brief specimen will exhibit its merits and demerits, and the passage we select seems to have been in Byron's mind when he was writing 'The Island.' Thus sings Waller:

'For the kind spring which but salutes us here,
 Inhabits there and courts them all the year;
 Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live,
 At once they promise what at once they give;
 So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
 None sickly lives or dies before his time;
 Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst
 To show how all things were created first.
 The tardy plants in our cold orchards placed
 Reserve their fruits for the next age's taste;
 There a small grain in some few months will be
 A fine, a lofty, and a spacious tree.'

It was in 1639 that the Lady Dorothy put an abrupt end to Mr. Waller's poetical wooing by marrying Lord Spencer, who was almost immediately created Earl of Sunderland. Their married life was as happy as it was brief. The young husband fell on the King's side at the Battle of Newbury, and for the remainder of a long life Sacharissa remained faithful to his memory. It is said

that meeting the poet after long years she asked him when he would again make such beautiful verses about her. 'Madam,' was the reply, 'when you are again as young and as handsome!' I confess that I believe neither in the question nor the reply. But that Waller could be guilty of a good deal of bad taste when he liked, we infer from the letter which he wrote to Sacharissa's younger sister in July, 1639, soon after Sacharissa's marriage :

'MADAM,

'In this common joy at Penshurst I know none to whom complaints may come less unseasonable than to your Ladyship; the loss of a bed-fellow being about equal to that of a mistress: and therefore you ought, at least, to pardon, if you consent not to, the imprecations of the deserted; which just heaven no doubt will hear!

'May my Lady Dorothy (if we may yet call her so) suffer so much, and have the like passion for this young Lord, whom she has prefer'd to the rest of mankind, as others have had for her! And may this love, before the year go about, make her taste of the first curse imposed on woman-kind, the pains of becoming a mother! May her first-born be none of her own sex! nor so like her, but that he may resemble her Lord as much as herself!

'May she that always affected silence and retiredness, have her house filled with the noise and number of her children; and hereafter of her grandchildren! and then, may she arrive at that great curse so much declined by fair ladies, old age! May she live to be very old, and yet seem young; be told so by her glass, and have no aches to inform her of the truth! And when she shall appear to be mortal, may her Lord not mourn for her, but go hand in hand with her to that place, where we are told there is neither marrying, nor giving in marriage! that being there divorced, we may all have an equal interest in her again! My revenge being immortal, I wish all this may also befall their posterity to the world's end, and afterwards!

‘To you, Madam, I wish all good things; and that this loss may in good time be happily supply’d with a more constant bed-fellow of the other sex.

‘Madam, I humbly kiss your hand, and beg pardon for this trouble, from

‘Your Ladyship’s most humble servant,

‘EDM. WALLER.’

This is not the letter of a man who had been really in love, nor is it the letter of a man with true poetic sensibilities.

Another *pièce d’occasion* was suggested to Waller by the restorations effected in St. Paul’s Cathedral at the King’s expense. It does not seem to me so good as Mr. Gosse thinks it; but Sir John Denham was pleased to make a very flattering allusion to it and its author in the first edition of his ‘Cooper’s Hill:’

‘Paul’s, the late theme of such a Muse, whose flight
Has bravely reached and soared above thy height;
Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
Secure while thee the best of poets sings,
Preserved from ruin by the best of Kings.’

When the Civil contention began, Waller at first was on the popular side, as might have been expected from the nephew of Hampden, and the cousin of Cromwell; and he was chosen to conduct the impeachment of Judge Crawley for having given a decision in favour of ship-money.* But his courtly sympathies soon drew him towards the other side, and the debates of the House afford evidence of his dissatisfaction with the proceedings of Pym and Hampden. When Pym moved ‘the Additional Instruction,’ Waller used language so strong that the Puritan majority compelled him to withdraw it. In the debates on Episcopacy he had warmly defended the government of the Church by Bishops. In the debates on Strafford’s impeachment he had pressed

* This speech was printed, and 20,000 copies of it were sold, it is said, in one day.

every point which could tell for the Earl; and when he asked what were the fundamental laws which the Minister was accused of having subverted, had provoked from Maynard the sharp reply that if he did not know, he had no business to sit in that House. He was, in fact, one of the Moderate politicians, who wished to see small reforms accomplished, and arbitrary taxation rendered impossible, but were unprepared for any sweeping changes in Church or State. In 1642, he sent £1,000 to King Charles at Nottingham, towards the support of his army, and in his place in Parliament offered a stout opposition to the measures of the Puritans.

The House, however, seems still to have placed some confidence in him, for he was one of the Commissioners whom the Commons appointed, after the Battle of Edgehill, to treat with the King at Oxford. They found Charles walking in the garden of Christ Church, and as they kissed hands in the order of procedure, Waller was the last to pay this homage. 'Though you are the last, Mr. Waller,' said Charles, 'you are not the worst, nor the least in our favour'—a significant speech, which after events explained. For while he remained at Oxford he settled the details of the notorious plot which, if successful, must have greatly influenced the course of events. The method of proceeding was to be this: several persons in the city were to form a committee to hold intelligence with both armies, the Court, and the Parliament, to take a general survey of the affections of all men within the bills of mortality, and to consider of arms and all provisions of war. The particulars of the design itself were,—to possess themselves of the King's children; to secure, under pretence of bringing them to a legal trial, several members of both houses, especially Lords Say and Wharton, Pym, Stapleton, Hampden and Strode, the Lord Mayor, and the Committee for the Militia; to seize upon the forts, magazines, gates, and other places of importance in the city, together with the Tower, and let

in the King's forces; and, in the meantime, to resist all payments imposed by order of Parliament for the support of their armies. For their authority they had a commission from the King empowering them to make levies both of men and money, which a certain Lady Aubigny, being permitted by the Parliament to go to Oxford on her private affairs, had brought thence concealed in her hair. How the design came to be exploded has been hitherto a matter of uncertainty; but Sir Symons D'Ewes, in his famous Diary, asserts that Lord Devon wrote from Oxford a letter to his wife, warning her to leave London; and that a day or two later, one Hassel boasted that London would shortly be in flames. It is said that a servant of Waller's, who had overheard some consultations, conveyed information of the conspiracy to Pym. Others say that intelligence was furnished to the Speaker, who on the 31st of May, when the members were holding solemn fast in St. Margaret's, caused them to be summoned to a special session, and laid it before them. The Puritan authorities acted with vigorous promptitude. The particulars of the plot were published for the satisfaction of the public; and Waller and his chief confederate, Tompkins, his brother-in-law, were immediately arrested. A gallows was quickly erected opposite Tompkins's house in Holborn, and his body was swinging from it before nightfall. A similar fate befell Challoner, another of the conspirators. But Waller, as a member of parliament, and a man of wealth and influence, could not be so summarily disposed of. He was brought to the bar of the House, and allowed to plead for himself before his expulsion from it, which was regarded as an indispensable preliminary to his trial by court-martial. His speech was of the most cowardly and self-debasing character, and contained an ample exposure of all the acts and designs, and even of the random propositions and loose discourses, of his friends and associates. Sir Symons D'Ewes furnishes a graphic description of the scene :*

* Harl. MSS., 165, fol. 144.

‘ He was clothed in mourning, as if he had been going to execution itself, and his demeanour was also composed to a despairing dejectedness, and when he came to the Bar he kneeled down, and so continued kneeling, until myself and some others who stood near to the Bar bade him stand up. For his great fear that he shall be executed for this conspiracy (which he much more deserved than Mr. Tompkins, his brother-in-law, who had already suffered, although he had been merely drawn into the same by the said Mr. Waller, whose sister he had married) did almost compel him to say or do anything, and certainly he would have deserved and would have found much more pity than he did, had he not a little before coming to the House basely accused Algernon, Earl of Northumberland, to have been privy to this conspiracy, whom upon his first examination he had denied, and yet divers of the House seeing his sad and dejected condition at the Bar whom they had formerly heard speak in public with so much applause, could not forbear shedding of tears. One thing was most remarkable, that he did look exceeding well, the reason of which was easily guessed at by those who had heard of his secret actions, for, having been a widower for many years, he was so extremely addicted and given to the use of strange women as it did for the most part alter his very countenance, and make him look as if his face had been parboiled, being naturally of a very pleasing and well-tempered complexion.’

The eloquence of his speech was not less conspicuous than its abjectness, but the House could not condone his grave offence. He was expelled, and handed over to the Army; was tried by court-martial, found guilty and sentenced to death. But a reprieve was granted by the Earl of Essex, and after a year’s imprisonment, on payment of a fine of £10,000, he was allowed to transport himself and his shame to France, where he settled with his family at Rouen in the spring of 1644. His fortune was still sufficient to maintain him there in a good deal of splendour; but he soon removed to Paris, where he dispensed a most

liberal hospitality for seven or eight years. While he was at Rouen he published his collected poems—in 1645—and we may cite as a proof of his popularity that two printed editions appeared in the same year. He then went on a tour in Italy, and in March, 1646, falling in at Venice with John Evelyn, a Mr. Abdy, and a Captain Wray, the four agreed to form a travelling party. Evelyn records that from Venice they went on to Vicenza, and thence to Lodi; where he, the grave and sober Evelyn, was caught peeping at the governor of the city who was being shaved, and to escape pains and penalties, had to take to his heels, and scud through the streets, like a hunted schoolboy, to the Jesuits' Church,—assuming, when the Swiss guard came up, an air of innocent simplicity, which imposed completely upon them.

At Milan Dr. Ferrarius showed them the Borromean Library. There, too, they were entertained at dinner by a Scotch Colonel, who afterwards took them into his stable, and, mounting a spirited horse, against the groom's advice, was crushed to death before the eyes of his guests, the animal rearing with him against the wall. They sailed up the Lago Maggiore; crossed the Alps, undergoing many unpleasant experiences; and arrived at Geneva, where Evelyn had an attack of small-pox, and Waller made the acquaintance of Dr. Diodati, Milton's friend. In July they went on to Lyons, and afterwards to Roanne, where they hired a boat, and rowed down the Loire to Orleans. 'Sometimes we footed it through pleasant fields and meadows; sometimes we shot at fowls and other birds. Nothing came amiss: sometimes we played at cards, whilst others sung, or were composing verses; for had we not the great poet, Mr. Waller, in our company?'

Waller at length grew weary of exile, and when the Protector was firmly seated in his chair of state, bethought himself of his cousinship, and petitioned for leave to return to England. Cromwell used at times to visit old Mrs. Waller at Beaconsfield, and his friendship with the mother

probably disposed him to leniency towards the son. Waller's request was granted, and the poet thereupon broke forth into a pæan of panegyric, which has all the antithetical tricks and conceits of Donne, with a flow and ease of versification that is entirely Waller's own. In his vivid picture of the proud position to which England had attained under the great Protector's rule, we see the patriot as well as the poet :

' Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth hath all that nature craves ;
And all that's rare as tribute from the waves.
As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky ;
So, what our earth and what our heav'n denies,
Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies.
The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow ;
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine ;
And, without planting, drink of every wine.
To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs ;
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims ;
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow,
We plough the deep and reap what others sow.
Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds,
Stout are our men and warlike are our steeds.'

Waller attained to no very high rank as a poet, but as a man of honour his place was low indeed. He anticipated the Trimmers of a later generation, and out-heroded the Vicar of Bray. It is recorded of him that he once said in the House, ' Let us look first to our safety, and then to our honour.' The first part of his injunction he was careful to comply with ; the second he ignored altogether. He thought of his safety first and last. It may be that the peril he incurred in his exploded plot deprived him of whatever little courage he had previously possessed. At all events, after lauding Charles I. as ' a mixture of divinity and love,' he indites a warm eulogium on Cromwell :

' With such a chief the meanest nation blest,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest.'

' Heaven, that hath placed this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and its states to awe,

In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader and the greatest isle.*

On Cromwell's death he inscribes a third poem to the luckless Richard, and at the Restoration is just as ready to do homage to Charles II., though surely even Waller's worldly nature must have felt a shiver of reluctance when he wrote :

'Faith, Law, and Piety, that banished train,
Justice and Truth, with you return again.'

The panegyric on the King was vastly inferior to the panegyric on the Protector, as Charles himself good-humouredly remarked to the poet, eliciting the happy retort—so admirable both as a compliment and an apology—'Poets, sir, succeed better in fiction than in truth !'

In the Court of Charles II. Waller made a conspicuous figure. Though past the grand climacteric, he was as alert in mind and as nimble in body as in the prime of his manhood. Perhaps he owed this mental and physical vigour to his habit of water-drinking ; a habit not calculated, one would have thought, to assure his popularity with Charles and his roystering gallants. But it is said that the King took no offence at his temperance, because he had the dexterity to accommodate his discourse to the pitch of the others' as it sank. He was too fine a wit and too good a story-teller to be ostracised, even by such a wine-bibber as Halifax, who swore that there was only one man in England he would allow to stay in the room with him unless he drank, and that was Ned Waller.†

* Whatever may have been Waller's faults, no one can doubt or deny his patriotism. In none of our early poets will be found a stronger or manlier assertion of England's power and position. And in this eulogium on Cromwell and Cromwell's country, for it is both, he reaches, as it seems to me, his highest mark as a poet. There are stanzas in it of which Dryden might have been proud to boast—which, in his 'Annus Mirabilis,' he may be thought to have echoed.

† He seems sometimes to have relapsed. Aubrey writes : 'Waller had but a tender, weak body, but was always very temperate. Made him damnable drunk at Somerset House, when at the Water Stairs he fell down and had a cruel fall. 'Twas a pity to use such a sweet swan so inhumanly.'

When the Provostship of Eton fell vacant in 1665, Waller applied for it. The King granted it to him readily enough, but Clarendon, as Lord Chancellor, refused to seal the deed, on the ground that the College statutes excluded laymen. Waller was not the man to forget this ill turn; and when, in 1667, Buckingham moved the prosecution of the Chancellor, Waller supported his motion in the House of Commons, both by his voice and his vote. Clarendon, however, had his revenge after all; and in his wonderful gallery of portraits has included one of Waller, which is not wanting in depth of shadow.*

In 1668, on the death of Dr. Allestre, Waller made another grasp at the Provostship, but the Fellows un-animously gave their votes for Dr. Zachary Cradock. His disappointment was so keen that he urged Charles II. to bring the matter before the Privy Council; and the best lawyers in England argued for three days the moot point whether the King could modify the statutes in Waller's favour. Eventually the decision went against him. After awhile Waller recovered his good humour, and was to some extent solaced, in 1671, by being nominated one of the Lords Commissioners of Plantations. He sat in Parliament to the very last: as Member for Hastings from 1661 to 1678, for Chipping Wycombe from 1678 to 1685, and for Saltash from 1685 until his death. Altogether his parliamentary life extended over five-and-forty years, and as a graceful and eloquent speaker he was always sure of a hearing. Thomas Rymer says of him:

‘From James to James they count time o’er and o’er,
In four successive reigns a senator;
On him, amidst the legislative throng,
Their eyes and ears and every heart they hung;
Within those walls if we Apollo knew,
Less could he warm, nor throw a shaft so true;
What life, what lightning, blanched around the Chair!
It was no House, if Waller was not there!’

* As, for instance, when he says: ‘His company was acceptable where his spirit was odious; and he was at least pitied where he was detested.’

Bishop Burnet confirms this tribute to his oratorical powers ; he was the delight, says the Bishop, of the House of Commons.

In his old age the liberal and constitutional sympathies which he had exhibited at the beginning of his career seem to have revived. He was strongly opposed to the arbitrary measures of James II., the effect of which he was sagacious enough to foresee : 'He will be left,' said he, 'high and dry like a whale upon the strand.' It is said that he was engaged in the political combinations which preceded the Revolution, and that he sent his son on a mission to the Prince of Orange. He retained his alacrity of mind and body to the last, as we learn from Saint-Evremond's epigram, written in 1684 :

' Waller, qui ne sait rien des maux de la vieillesse,
Dont la vivacité fait honte aux jeunes gens,
S'attache à la beauté pour vivre plus long temps,
Et ce qu'on nommerait dans un autre faiblesse,
Est en ce rare esprit une sage tendresse,
Qui le fait résister à l'injure des ans.'

I regret very much that Lord Macaulay deprives Waller of an honour which had previously illuminated his old age ; but he gives to John Windham, member for Salisbury, the effective speech against standing armies (Nov. 12, 1685), which the editor of the Parliamentary History had attributed to the poet.

In 1686, at the age of eighty-one, having been brought by the near approach of death to dwell upon serious themes, Waller composed a poem in six cantos, and in the graceful couplets he may almost be said to have invented, upon 'Divine Love.' The last twelve lines, which he dictated—being unable to hold his pen—just before he died, are equal to any that he wrote in his prime, and though often quoted, will bear quotation again and yet again, from the dignity of the thought and the grave rhetoric of the expression :

' The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er ;
So calm are we when passions are no more ;

For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made ;
Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home ;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.'

Not long before his death he purchased a small property at Coleshill, saying, quaintly, that he would die, like the stag, where he was roused. But this wish was not to be fulfilled. A dropsical attack seized him while he was still at Beaconsfield, and the King's surgeon gave it as his opinion that the old poet-courtier could not recover. A few days afterwards, on the 21st of October, 1687, he tranquilly passed away, with his children and servants surrounding his bed, and receiving his last words.

Waller as a poet is remarkable not so much for what he himself wrote, as for what he made others write. He led the way in which spirits greater than his own followed nimbly, just as the pioneer is often inferior to the man whom he precedes in the wilderness. Dryden and Pope adopted his method of versification, which was the unavoidable reaction on the bold and irregular versification of the Elizabethan school—adopted it, improved it, and completed it. The heroic couplet, with its evenly balanced parts and rounded rhymes, was unquestionably Waller's ; and though his successors discovered of how much more it was capable than he had achieved, and made it their chief metrical form, this is the merit he can incontestably claim. When the Renaissance was dying, and the old forms of romantic poetry had fallen into a disorganised and relaxed condition, an astringent was needed 'to brace the textures and condense the solids of literature. 'In the great romance of Rabelais,' says Mr. Gosse,* 'we find Ponocrates

* E. Gosse, 'From Shakespeare to Pope,' 1885. For Waller's writings see the edition by Fenton, Edinburgh, 1740.

purging Gargantua with the hellebore of Anticyra to make him forget all that his other masters had taught him. This harsh restorative, this herbal secret of forgetfulness, was presented to English poetry in the nick of time by what we must be allowed to call, for want of a better term, the genius of Waller. While the function of most leaders of literature is to refresh and extend the mind, to explore new fields of beauty, to throw the windows of the soul wide open to fresh airs from the world of nature, it was Waller's duty to capture and imprison the imagination, to seize English poetry by the wings, and to shut it up in a cage for a hundred and fifty years, to win a position as the leader of imaginative literature by narrowing its scope and rigidly reducing its resources.'

On the whole I should be inclined to speak of Edmund Waller as a man who wrote poetry without being a poet, and shaped and moulded an artistic form of verse without being an artist. His contemporaries and immediate successors, however, ranked him among the masters of Song, and Elijah Fenton promised immortality to Sacharissa because she had had the good fortune to be celebrated by so great a poet :

'Secure beneath the wing of withering time,
Her beauties flourish in ambrosial prime ;
Still kindling rapture, see ! she moves in state
Gods, nymphs, and heroes on her triumph wait.'

But what if the tables have been turned, and if it is the fame of the beauty that keeps green the memory of the poet ?

ROBERT HERRICK.

Three weeks before the death of Milton the grave closed over a poet of very different mould, Robert Herrick, the poet of 'The Hesperides.' In the temper of their lives and the character of their genius the antithesis was complete. No greater contrast can well be imagined than between Herrick, the gay lyrist of English Epicureanism, whose

philosophy was summed up in the Horatian maxim 'Carpe diem,' who was conscious of no elevated motive or sacred purpose, and the great Puritan poet, with his profound sense of duty, his intense religious conviction, and his lofty zeal for the welfare of his country. Though Herrick's poems were all written in Charles I.'s reign, in tone and spirit they seem really to belong to that of Charles II. His lyrics breathe the true spirit of the Restoration. They were much more in harmony with the spirit of the time when King and courtiers devoted their energies to the pursuit of pleasure, than at the date of their publication, when England was divided into two hostile camps, and the minds of men were occupied with the great struggle begun and maintained in the interest of civil and religious freedom. However this may be, Herrick is a true lyricist, and as a lyricist has few equals among our English poets. In his ingenious hands the English language acquires a novel plasticity, assuming the most graceful and attractive forms. Rhymes seem to flow with a wonderful ease at his bidding; and he commands an apparently inexhaustible supply of felicities of expression—those choice and rare and happy turns of phrase which linger in the memory like strains of sweet music. No doubt he elaborated his verses with the most sedulous skill, but he was an adept in the art that conceals art; and few if any of our poets are more successful in producing the impression that his song like a bird's comes of its own sweet will—like water from a crystal fountain, spontaneous and inexhaustible. He lifts up his voice among the flowers and the green leaves, with notes as melodious and natural as those of the mavis.

An accent of melancholy is sometimes to be detected in Herrick's bright, blithe verse; but it is the melancholy of Paganism,—the pleasure-seeker's sorrow as he tastes the dregs in the wine-cup, as his spirit sinks at the shortening of the days and the fading of the flowers. Anon he rouses himself, pulls himself together (as the phrase goes),—but it is with a forced merriment, and there is a shade on his

brow and a quiver on his lip, while he cries: 'Let us be merry, friends and brothers! Let us be merry—for to-morrow we die. To-day the feast and the garlands and the singing-girls; to-morrow, the cypress-wreaths, the mourners, and the sad strains of the *Nænia*!' It is not that he has grown weary of the hollowness and unreality of his pleasures; it is not that the Dead Sea fruit has crumbled into ashes in his mouth; but that all is so]soon coming to an end. This is the thought which interrupts his hilarious song with a sudden cadence of pain. He weeps to see the daffodils passing away, because it reminds him of the instability of human affairs, the brief span of human existence—a span so brief that between the coming and the going there is only a hurried, crowded, and confused dream.

'We have short time to stay as you ;
 We have as short a spring ;
 As quick a growth to meet decay
 As you or anything ;
 We die,
 As your hours do ; and dry
 Away
 Like to the summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning-dew
 Ne'er to be found again.'

We have here and elsewhere in Herrick's poetry no hint of a brighter future, no suggestion of immortality: it is the old Pagan creed, and to be sure it sits unbecomingly upon the English priest.

As might be expected, there is no earnestness in Herrick's religious poetry. I do not say that it is intentionally insincere, but it is certain that he fails to put his heart into his sacred songs; it has happily been said of him that he sings to the old heathen tunes. 'Even at his prayers, his spirit is mundane, and not filled with heavenly things.' He carries his gay jocularly into the awful presence of the sanctuary: in his 'Dirge of Jephthah's Daughter' he introduces allusions to the seventeenth century as alien, as remote as possible, from his subject. But he is most at

home, of course, when singing of his real or ideal mistresses, of bright eyes and sweet blossoms, of wassail-bowls and morris-dances, of all that is picturesque and jovial in country life, of rural wakes and races, of the may-pole and the harvest-field: when dealing with such themes as these, his verse is always vivid and vigorous, always musical and full of repose, though, unfortunately, not always decent. 'I sing,' he says,

'I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers ;
I sing of may-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes.
I write of faith, of love ; and have access
By these to sing of cleanly wantonness ;
I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,
Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris.
I sing of time's trans-shifting ; and I write
How roses first came red and lilies white.
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab and of the Fairy King.
I write of Hell ; I sing, and ever shall,
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.'

Herrick is a poet for the summer time, for golden noons, and warm sweet twilights, when our bosom's lord sits lightly on its throne, and we are pleasantly inclined to listen for awhile to the strains of careless lyres, and to watch the free dances of rustic maids.

Mr. Edmund Gosse* has very agreeably said of him that 'he was the earliest English poet to see the picturesqueness of homely country life, and all his little landscapes are exquisitely delicate. No one has ever known better than Herrick how to seize, without effort and yet to absolute perfection, the pretty points of modern social life. Of all those poems of his none surpasses "Corinna's going a-Maying," which has something of Wordsworth's faultless instinct and clear perception. The picture given here of the slim boys and the girls in green gowns going out singing into the corridors of blossoming whitethorn, when the morning sun is radiant in all its "fresh-quilted colours,"

* Edmund Gosse, 'Seventeenth Century Studies,' pp. 127, 128.

is ravishing, and can only be compared for its peculiar charm with that other where the maidens are seen at sunset, with silvery naked feet, and dishevelled hair crowned with honeysuckle, bearing cowslips home in wicker-baskets. Whoever will cast his eye over the pages of the "Hesperides" will meet with myriads of original and charming passages of this kind :

" Like to a sober, solemn stream
Banked all with lilies, and the cream
Of sweetest cowslips filling them "—

the 'cream of cowslips' being the rich yellow anthers of the water-lilies. Or this, comparing a bride's breath to the faint sweet odours of the earth :

" A savour like unto a blessèd field,
When the bedabbled morn
Washes the golden ears of corn."

Or this, a sketched interior :

" Yet can thy humble roof maintain a choir
Of singing crickets by the fire,
And the brisk mouse may feed herself with crumbs,
Till that the green-eyed kitling comes."

'Nor did the homeliest details of the household escape him. At Dean Prior his clerical establishment consisted of Prudence Baldwin, his ancient maid, of a cock and hen, a goose, a tame lamb, a cat, a spaniel, and a pet pig, learned enough to drink out of a tankard; and not only did the genial vicar divide his loving attention between the various members of this happy family, but he was wont, a little wantonly, one fears, to gad about to wakes and wassailings, and to increase his popular reputation by showing off his marvellous learning in old rites and ceremonies. These he has described with loving acuteness, and not these only, but even the little arts of cookery do not escape him. Of all his household poems not one is more characteristic and complete than the "Bride Cake" :

" This day, my Julia, thou must make
For Mistress Bride the wedding-cake ;

Knead but the dough, and it will be
To paste of almonds turned by thee,
Or kiss it, then, but once or twice,
And for the bride-cake there'll be spice.”

Herrick was born in Cheapside, London, and baptized on the 23rd of August, 1591. His father died in the following year, falling from an upper window,—an accident or a suicide, as you may please to view it. Of the earlier life of the poet we know but two facts—that he was apprenticed, in 1607, to his uncle, a wealthy goldsmith in Wood Street, and that he made the acquaintance of Ben Jonson,—which would necessarily introduce him to the wits and merry spirits of the town. We know from his poems that he enjoyed very thoroughly the open-air life of the period,—bathing with other youths, on most summer evenings, in the then translucent Thames, or rowing up the river as far as Kingston and Hampton Court in the pleasant company of ‘soft-smooth virgins.’ In 1615, he entered St. John’s College, Cambridge, as a fellow-commoner; whence he seems to have removed to Trinity Hall. In 1620 he became a Master of Arts, and in that year or soon afterwards took holy orders, though he remained at Cambridge until 1629, the year of his mother’s death. That he was very poor we can discern from his yearly appeals to his rich uncle for ten pounds to purchase books with, though we will not undertake to say that the money, when received, was always expended in this direction. We should rather conjecture that some of it went in merry entertainments to merry companions, at which he would perhaps ‘rehearse a lyric verse’ over a cup of canary. How he obtained promotion in the Church it is difficult to imagine,—for few men have ever been less fit for the cure of souls;* nevertheless, in October, 1629, he was presented by Charles I. to

* Here is a truly Pagan confession :

‘ I fear no earthly powers,
But care for crowns of flowers ;
And love to have my beard
With wine and oil besmeared.
This day I’ll drown all sorrow :
Who knows to live to-morrow ?’

the vicarage of Dean Prior, near Buckland, in Devonshire. Poor Herrick! His tastes, his natural gifts, and his accomplishments fitted him to shine in the gay circles of London Society, and he was relegated to the companionship of Devonshire boors. Never was round peg forced into squarer hole! He did his best, however, to be cheerful in his adverse circumstances; and amused his superabundant leisure by singing the gracefullest, daintiest songs imaginable to fictitious Antheas, Silvias, and Corinnas,—celebrating a certain dark-eyed bright-haired beauty, named Julia, whom he had known and loved in his Cambridge days,—and writing in his easy, vigorous verse about rural customs and peculiarities, while he drank full draughts of generous liquor, or taught his pet pig to drink out of a tankard, or chatted airily with his faithful servant Prue.

In 1648, under the Puritan regime, he was ejected from his benefice. Not that he had given any offence to the reigning powers by political activity, for if nothing of the literature of the time had come down to us except this man's poetry, we might not have known that there had been such a thing as a Civil War, or such men as Buckingham and Strafford, Falkland and Hyde, Pym and Hampden, Fairfax and Cromwell. Returning to London he published his 'Hesperides,' a volume of lyrics and epigrams and miscellanies, so-called because they were children of the West—begotten in the bland Western air of Devonshire. In the previous year he had given to the world some soberer but less successful strains, his 'Noble Numbers; or, Pious Pieces,' and these two volumes comprise all his poetical works. At the age of 57 he ceased to sing.

During the Commonwealth period he lived in Westminster, supported by the charity of relations and the alms of the wealthier Royalists. After the Restoration he was replaced in his Devonshire Vicarage (1662), and probably with the burden of old age upon him, learned to appreciate its quiet and seclusion. A brief entry in the parochial register of Dean Prior closes the record of his life: 'Robert

Herrick, vicker, was buried ye 15th day of October, 1674.' He was in his 84th year when he died.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

There will be a certain propriety in following up our sketch of Waller with that of one of his earliest disciples—the friendly critic who linked his name as ‘the best of poets’ with that of ‘the best of beings’—who was himself associated with Waller by a greater than either of them*—who was among the first and by no means the worst of our topographical poets—I mean, Sir John Denham. There is not a little of his poetry that demands our respect; there is a good deal in his life that commands our pity. His life and his poetry, taken together, make him, I think, an interesting figure.

Denham, like Waller, was a man of gentle birth and good condition. His father was Sir John Denham, Knt., of Little Horseley in Essex, Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, and his mother a daughter of Lord Mellisfont, in the peerage of Ireland. He was born in Dublin, in 1615; but his father being recalled to England in 1617, as Baron of the English Exchequer, he received his education in England, and, at the age of sixteen, was entered a Gentleman Commoner of Trinity College, Oxford. He remained there for three years. According to Aubrey, he was ‘the dreamingest fellow alive,’ except when the sound of the dice awoke him from his poetical reveries. ‘He was looked upon as a slow, dreaming young man, and more addicted to gaming than study: they could never imagine he would ever enrich the world with the issue of his brain as he afterwards did.’ But this, on Aubrey’s part, we may accept as a reflection suggested by the event. At school or college

* ‘The excellence and dignity of rhyme were never fully known till Mr. Waller taught it, but this sweetness of his lyric poesy was afterwards followed in the epic by Sir John Denham, in his “Cooper’s Hill,” a poem which, for the majesty of the style, is, and ever will be, the exact standard of good writing.’—DRYDEN, in his *Dedication* to his tragedy of *The Rival Ladies*.

we take contemporaries as they are, and do not trouble ourselves to invent for them impossible futures. In 1634 he became a Member of Lincoln's Inn, intending, or being intended, to follow the profession in which his father had prospered so highly. But the mania for gambling did not desert him; 'he was much rooked by gamesters, and fell acquainted with that unsanctified crew to his ruin.' The paternal allowance was again and again exhausted; and on Sir John's remonstrating with the young gambler, and threatening to disinherit him, he wrote and printed an eloquent little *Essay against Gaming*, in which he denounced most effectively the vice that held him in its fetters. This he sent to his father, whom it seems to have pacified, for at his death he bequeathed to him a considerable fortune.

Another of Aubrey's anecdotes shows that the young law-student was as fond of practical jokes as young law-students are to this day supposed to be. 'He was generally temperate in drinking; but one time, when he was a student of Lincoln's Inn, having been merry at the tavern with his comrades, late at night a frolic came into his head, to get a plasterer's brush and a pot of ink, and blot out all the signs between Temple Bar and Charing Cross, which made a strange confusion the next day, as it was in Term time; but it happened that they were discovered, and it cost him and them some moneys. This I had from R. Estcourt, Esquire, who carried the ink-pot.'

Denham found time between his legal studies and illegal amusements to cultivate a taste for poetry. How many stanzas he penned to his mistress's eyebrows we know not; but the earliest of his efforts which time has spared is a paraphrase of the Second Book of the 'Æneid,' which he entitled 'The Destruction of Troy.' It was written in 1636, but not published until twenty years later, when Denham prefixed to it 'An Essay on Translated Verse,' in which he lays down a theory so sound that one wishes his practice had been in accordance with it. 'As speech is the apparel

of our thoughts,' he says, 'so are there certain garbs and modes of speaking, which vary with the times; the fashion of our clothes being not more subject to alteration than that of our speech: and this I think Tacitus means, by that which he calls "Sermonum temporis istius auribus accommodatum;" the delight of change being as due to the curiosity of the ear as of the eye; and therefore, if Virgil must needs speak English, it was fit he should speak not only as a man of this nation, but as a man of this age.' The Essay is brief, but full of good matter pithily worded and forcibly put.

In January, 1638, died the elder Denham. He was buried at Egham, where he had for some years resided, having built for himself a house called *The Place*—'a house very convenient,' writes Aubrey, 'not great, but pretty, and healthily situated: in which his son Sir John (though he had better seats) took most delight.' His monument in the church is an extraordinary structure. It represents him in his shroud, rising from the tomb amidst a chaos of skeletons, wreaths, and Latin inscriptions, and within a setting of Corinthian columns. The fortune which came to the young heir he spent in two or three years at the gaming-table. Thereafter he seems to have led a more serious life, and to have gradually felt his way towards a literary reputation. In 1641 he brought out at the Blackfriars Theatre a tragedy, entitled, 'The Sophy,' the plot of which was borrowed from Sir W. Herbert's 'Travels.' The same story was adopted, five or six years later, by Robert Bacon, in his play of 'The Mirza.' 'I am not ignorant,' wrote Bacon, 'that there is a tragedy abroad of this subject, entitled "The Sophy;" but it may be said of me as Terence makes his prologue to his "Eunuchus" speak of him (though in a cause somewhat different):

' "Sed eas fabulas factas prius
Latinas scisse sese, id vero pernegat."

I had finished three complete acts of this tragedy before I saw that; nor was I discouraged from proceeding, seeing

the most ingenious author of that has made his scene quite another story from this.' Bacon objects against Denham that he violated the truth of history by killing off Abbas, whereas he really survived his son's murder for several years. But, by doing so, Denham deepened the tragic interest of his piece, and the public made no quarrel with the dramatist's license. The play was acted with applause; and extorted from Waller a confession that Denham had 'broken out like the Irish rebellion, threescore thousand strong, when no one was aware or the least suspected it.' In his 'Session of the Poets,' Suckling links it with Denham's masterpiece :

'Then in came old Denham, that limping old bard,
Whose fame on the "Sophy" and "Cooper's Hill" stands ;
And brought many stationers, who swore very hard
That nothing sold better, except 'twere his lands.'

The play was published in 1642. It is written in the style of the classical drama, with little change of scene, and less variety of language ; but the plot is not without interest, and the characters are something more than abstractions. Allusions to the great political struggle, which was so rapidly challenging the arbitrament of the sword, occur here and there. That, for instance, the following passage refers to King Charles, and the ill-counsel he received, cannot be doubted :

'It is the fate of princes that no knowledge
Comes pure to them, but passing through the eyes
And ears of other men it takes a tincture
From every channel ; and still bears a relish
Of flattery or private ends.'

In tracing the history of the Civil War, one cannot but be struck with the small extent to which it interrupted the everyday life of the nation. Men bought and sold, made love and married, artists painted, and poets wrote, while the fate of their country's liberties was being decided upon sanguinary battle-fields. Thus, in 1642, the year in which armed hosts were being mustered and marshalled to decide the great assize, Denham published not only his successful

tragedy, but a new descriptive poem, in which not a single echo is caught of all the dreadful clamour that sounded over the land; and from its placid pages one might readily imagine that it was composed in a time of the profoundest, happiest tranquillity. His house at Egham looked out upon the green top of Cooper's Hill, and he must often have ascended its grassy sides, and enjoyed from its summit the fine wide prospect which it overlooks. This, then, he took as his subject, celebrating it in verse almost as smooth as Waller's, and much more robust; producing the earliest and most celebrated local poem in the language—one which Dryden pronounced 'the exact standard of good writing'; while Pope declared that—

'On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow;'

and Somerville, in feebler strain, enjoins upon us to—

'Tread with respectful awe
Windsor's green glades; where Denham, tuneful bard,
Charmed once the list'ning Dryads with his song,
Sublimely sweet.'

'Sublimely sweet'?—apt alliteration, but infelicitous criticism! In 'Cooper's Hill' there is nothing sublime or sweet; but much that is manly, honest, and true; so that one would form from it a higher opinion of the man and his character than his biography would seem to justify. The reflections are grave and judicious; the sentiment is pure and even lofty; the expression is sometimes fluent, and always dignified. The four first lines, the well-known apostrophe to the Thames, are not to be found, it is said, in the first, but were added in the second edition:

'O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full.'

The entire passage in which they occur is, however, tersely and nervously written, as will be seen from the following quotation:

'My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames amongst the wanton valleys strays;

Thames, the most loved of all the ocean's sons
 By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
 Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
 Like mortal life to meet eternity ;
 Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
 Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold,
 His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore.
 O'er which he kindly spreads his gracious wing,
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring ;
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like mothers which their infants overlay.
 Nor, with a sudden and impetuous wave,
 Like profane kings, resumes the wealth he gave ;
 No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil,
 But, God-like, his unwearied bounty flows,
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does.'

The Civil War broke out, and military employment was found for Denham. He was sent as Governor to Farnham Castle, but proved to be unfitted for the post, and abandoning or being recalled from it, he made his way to the King, who was then holding his Court at Oxford. He was afterwards entrusted with several civil commissions. We find him, in 1647, in Charles's train at Caversham ; and he tells us that one morning, while walking with him in the garden, his Majesty smiled and said that he could give him news of himself, for that he had just seen some verses of his making. These were the stanzas prefixed to Fanshawe's 'Pastor Fido,' a copy of which had probably been just conveyed into the royal hands. Charles's comment was characteristic. He said he liked them well enough, but would advise him to write no more : for when men were young and had little else to do, they might vent the out-comings of their fancy in that way ; but when they were thought fit for more serious employments, if they still persisted in that course, it would look as if they minded not the way to any better. Denham professes to have taken to heart the royal counsel ; and it is certain that he wrote little more, except a paraphrase of 'Cato Major on Old Age' (*De Senectute*) and some lively triplets 'Against Love.'

In the same year (1647) Denham was entrusted by Henrietta Maria with a message for the King, who was then in the hands of the Army; and he remained with him until, in November, he effected his escape from Hampton Court. Denham stayed in London; and in April, 1648, claims to have had a share in 'conveying' the young Duke of York from his guardian, the Earl of Northumberland, and carrying him, disguised as a girl, across to Middleburgh. He joined Charles II.'s exiled Court, and in 1650 was sent by the King on an embassy to the King of Poland. On the decease of Inigo Jones in 1652 he was appointed Surveyor of his Majesty's Buildings. His lack of architectural skill was hardly a serious defect, when the King had not a house which he could call his own.

At the Restoration he was created a Knight of the Bath. The chroniclers speak of him at this time as 'old and limping'; but in 1665, when he married the fair but frail Miss Brooke, a niece of the Earl of Bristol and a beautiful girl of eighteen, who had already attracted the attentions of the Duke of York, he was only fifty years of age. It is said that she kept her virtue before marriage, but afterwards yielded to the solicitations of the Duke, who, according to Pepys, used to follow her up and down the presence-chamber like a dog. 'The Duke of York,' says the gossiping old diarist, who has transmitted so much Court scandal to posterity, 'is wholly given up to his new mistress, my Lady Denham, going at noonday with all his gentlemen to visit her in Scotland Yard; she declaring she will not be his mistress, as Mrs. Price, to go up and down the Privy Stairs.' She figures also in the pages of De Grammont. In the circumstances it is difficult to suppose that Sir John could have had any grounds for relying on her fidelity; yet his dishonour seems to have affected him deeply, producing at all events a temporary disturbance of mind. 'His madness first appeared,' says Aubrey, 'when he went from London to see the famous free-stone quarries in Portland, in Dorset. When he came within a mile of it

he turned back to London again, and would not see it. He went to Hounslow and demanded rents of lands he had sold many years before; but it pleased God that he was cured of this distemper, and wrote excellent verses, particularly on the death of Abraham Cowley, afterwards.' Lord Lisle supplies confirmatory evidence in a letter to Sir William Temple, dated September 26th, 1667: 'Poor Sir John Denham is fallen to the ladies also. He is at many of the meetings, at dinners, talks more than ever he did, and is extremely pleased with those that seem willing to hear him, and from that obligation exceedingly praises the Duchess of Monmouth and my Lady Cavendish. If he had not the name of being mad, I believe in most companies he would be thought wittier than ever he was. He seems to have few extravagances besides that of telling stories of himself, which he is always inclined to.' Further testimony is supplied by Anthony Wood: 'Upon some discontent arising from a second match he became crazed for a time, and so, consequently, contemptible among vain fops. Soon after, being cured of his distemper, he wrote excellent verses on the death of Abraham Cowley, the prince of poets, and some months after followed him.' The curious reader may also refer to the bitter verses entitled, 'A Panegyric upon Sir John Denham's Recovery from his Madness,' which are included in Butler's 'Posthumous Works.'

The scandal of the time attributed the death of the poet's beautiful wife to poison, and fastened the crime upon her husband. 'As no person,' says Count Hamilton, 'entertained any doubt of his having poisoned her, the populace of his neighbourhood threatened to tear him in pieces as soon as he should come abroad; but he shut himself up to bewail her death, until their fury was appeased by a magnificent funeral, at which he distributed four times more burnt wine than had ever been drunk at any funeral in England.' Aubrey asserts that Lady Denham was 'poisoned by the hands of the Countess of Rochester with

chocolate,' and another authority implicates the Duchess of York. But as Lady Denham's illness was of some duration, it probably arose from natural causes. She died on the 7th of January, 1667. Her husband survived her a year and three months, expiring at his house at Whitehall on the 10th of April, 1668.

From the 'Elegy of Cowley,' written a few months before his death, we extract a brief passage :

'Old Chaucer, like the morning-star,*
To us discovers day from far ;
His light those mists and clouds dissolved
Which our dark nation long involved ;
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.
Next, like Aurora, Spenser rose
Whose purple blush the day foreshows.
The other then with his own fires
Phœbus, the poets' god, inspires ;
By Shakespeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines.
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.'

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

One of the most extravagant and reckless of the Cavaliers, —the hero of the wildest and most daring adventures, though his courage was by no means above suspicion,—an accomplished courtier with a ready wit, a truculent swashbuckler, and a poet of admirable genius,—a man of fine presence and attractive manners,—Sir John Suckling combined in his character a hundred contradictions, and into his brief life of two and thirty years crowded the incidents of half a score of ordinary lives.

He was born at Twickenham in February, 1608-9, the son of Sir John Suckling, who served James I. as a Secretary of State, and Charles I. as Comptroller of the Household, yet is lightly described by Aubrey as 'a dull

* Compare Tennyson, 'A Dream of Fair Women : ' 'Chaucer, the morning-star of song.'

fellow.' When only eleven years old, this precocious boy, who, it is said, conversed in Latin at the age of five, was sent to the University of Cambridge, where he remained three or four years. His father's death, in 1627, setting him free from all control, he sat out on an European tour, a kind of second rate Don Quixote, in search of romance and adventure. For four years he wandered through France, Italy, Spain and Germany, and eventually offered his sword to Gustavus Adolphus. In command of a troop he fought in front of Glogau and Magdeburg, was present in these battles, and in the campaign in Silesia accomplished some extraordinary exploits, which render almost incredible the stories told of his pusillanimity in later years. At length he wearied of the hardships of a military career, and returned to England, where his fame, his wealth, his handsome person, and his parts made him a conspicuous figure in Charles's court.

Cursed with a temper which needed the gratification of constant excitement, Suckling entered upon a career of brilliant extravagance. He maintained a splendid household; no courtier shone in braver attire; his entertainments were not to be surpassed in gorgeous profusion. There was generally a stroke of inventive fancy about them, however, as when, on one occasion, he gave a banquet only to the young and beautiful, and at the last course, when the covers were removed, the dishes were found to be loaded with silken hose, gloves, and garters of the most delicate workmanship. He was a great lover of bowls, then the favourite game in England; and would often show his prowess at Piccadilly Hall,—described by Lord Clarendon as 'a fair house for entertainment and gaming, with handsome gravel walks with shade, and where was an upper and lower bowling-green, whither very many of the nobility and gentry of the best quality resorted, both for exercise and conversation.' Among the many stories related to his discredit is one to the effect that his sisters once followed him there, while he was thus engaged, and implored him, with tearful eyes, not

to hazard their all. In his 'Session of the Poets' he banters himself on his partiality for the game :

'Suckling next was called, but did not appear ;
But straight one whispered Apollo i' th' ear,
That of all men living he cared not for't,
He loved not the muses so well as his sport ;
And prized black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit ;
And Apollo was angry, and publicly said—
'Twere fit that a fine were set on's head.'

Spence, in his 'Anecdotes of Books and Men,' which he mostly gathered from Pope, includes several stories about Suckling, not of a very flattering tenour. Pope professed to have heard them from Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, who gave as his authority, Frances, Countess of Dorset. This lady, who died in 1642, had, in the golden prime of her young beauty, broken her marriage-vows in her infatuation for Suckling. She was so vain of his admiration of her that, whenever he celebrated her charms in verse, she herself used to send it to the printer ; and the Duke declared that she boasted to him of the liberties she had allowed her reckless gallant. One wonders, therefore, that she should have been so ready to blacken his character ! One of her stories was, that he had bribed the principal card-makers of Paris to engrave certain marks on their cards, which, as these were known only to himself, gave him a great advantage over those who played with him. The statement, however, is absurd.

Among the Strafford Letters (vol. i., pp. 336, 337) is one from the Rev. G. Garrard, dated November 10, 1634, giving an account of an affair in which Suckling failed to maintain his reputation for courage. It runs as follows :

'I now come to a Rodomontade of such a nature as is scarce credible. Sir John Sutling (*sic*), a young man, son to him that was Comptroller, famous for nothing before but that he was a great gamester, was suitor to a daughter of Sir Henry Willoughby's in Derbyshire, Heir to a Thousand a Year. By some friend he had in court, he got the King to write for him to Sir Henry Willoughby, by

which means he hoped to get her ; for he thought he had interest enough in the affections of the young woman, so her father's consent could be got. He spoke somewhat boldly that way, which coming to her knowledge, she entreated a young gentleman, who also was her suitor, a brother of Sir Kenelm Digby's, to draw a paper in writing which she dictated, and to get Sir John Sutling's hand unto it : therein he must disavow any interest he hath in her, either by promise, or other ways. If he would undertake this, she said, it was the readiest way he could use to express his affection to her. He willingly undertakes it, gets another young man, a Digby, into his company, and, having each of them a man, goes out upon this adventure, intending to come to London, where he thought to find him : but meeting Sutling on the way, he saluted him, and asked him whither he was going ? He said on the King's business, but would not tell him whither, though he pressed him, if not to Sir Henry Willoughby's ? He then drew forth his paper, and read it to him, and pressed him to underwrite it ; he would not, and with oaths confirms his denial. He told him he must force him to it. He answers, nothing could force him. Then he asked him, whether he had any such promises from her as he gave out, in that he said he would not satisfy him. Mr. Digby then falls upon him with a cudgel, which being a yard long, he beat out upon him almost to an handful, he never offering to draw his sword, Sutling's two men standing by, and looking on. Then comes in Philip Willoughby with his men, a proper gentleman, a man held stout, and of a very fair reputation, who was assistant to Sutling in all his wooing business. Mr. Digby presseth him also to avow by word of mouth, that Sutling hath no such interest in his kinswoman as he pretended. He denies to do it ; whereupon he struck him three or four blows on the face with his fist. Then they cried out that they were the King's prisoner's [messengers ?], and that they should have some other time to speak with them. This report comes quickly to London,

Sir Kenelm Digby comes to Hampton Court before the King came up; to his friends there, avows every particle of this business. Since, Sutling and Philip Willoughby are both in London, but they stir not. Also Sir Henry Willoughby and his daughter are come hither, Laurence Whitaker being sent by the King for them. One affront he did them more, for finding them the next day after he had so used them in a great chamber at Sir Henry Willoughby's, he asked the young gentlewoman what she did with such baffled fellows in her company? Incredible things to be suffered by Flesh and Blood, but that England is the land of peace.'

Aubrey says that, at an entertainment given shortly afterwards by Lady Moray, his mistress, Lady Dorset, reproached him for his cowardice, and that some other ladies had their 'flirts.' His hostess good-naturedly interfered on his behalf. 'Well,' she said, 'I am a merry wench, and will never forsake an old friend in disgrace; so come and sit down by me, Sir John.' The wit did as he was bidden, and soon, by his light and sparkling humour, made the company forgetful of his misadventure.

The sumptuousness of his tastes is shown in the luxurious equipment which he provided for his drama of 'Aglaura,' produced at Black Friars in 1638. The dresses of the actors were of a gorgeous description; no tinsel was used—all was 'pure gold and silver.' The pageants—and there is little else in the drama—was 'got up' on a scale which a London *impresario* of the present day would find it difficult to excel. 'Aglaura' does not do justice to Suckling's undoubted genius. He was not fitted to cope with themes of deep and serious interest. He was at his best when his subject was of a more familiar character, or when he was trilling his delightfully audacious love songs, with their charming air of manly defiance, in such exquisite contrast to the humility and devotion of the Elizabethan school. With this splendid young poet there was no cowering before his mistress's frown—no humbling himself

on bended knees at her haughty feet—no vehement supplications to be forgiven—no despairing sighs. If the lady were obdurate, he tossed his plumed hat high in the air, and danced out of her presence with a gay laugh and a snatch of merry song. Thus, in ‘Aglaura’—which by the way was so contrived that, by the means of an alteration in the last act, it could be concluded either as a comedy or a tragedy*—he puts into the mouth of Orasmes a daring ditty, which admirably expresses his buoyant, vivacious humour :

‘ Why so pale and warn, fond lover ?

 Prithee, why so pale ?

Will, when looking well can’t move her,

 Looking ill prevail ?

 Prithee, why so pale ?

‘ Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?

 Prithee, why so mute ?

Will, when speaking well can’t win her,

 Saying nothing do’t ?

 Prithee, why so mute ?

‘ Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move :

 This cannot take her.

If of herself she will not love,

 Nothing can make her :

 The devil take her !

Having very considerably crippled his fortune, Suckling retired for awhile to Bath, taking with him Davenant to act as his literary amanuensis. To this date belongs, I suppose, the amusing incident, related by Aubrey, which reads like a page out of a Spanish novel. Aubrey represents the party as composed of three—of Suckling, Davenant, and Jacob Young. In a handsome carriage, with a good supply of books and several packs of cards, they travelled by easy stages to their destination, and halted for the first night at Marlborough. While strolling on the neighbouring uplands, they fell in with some buxom country wenches, who were drying their clothes upon bushes. Young was so impressed with the good looks of the comeliest, that, having found an opportunity of expressing his admiration, he obtained from her a promise that she would meet him there that night. Unfortunately for

* A device imitated by Sir Robert Howard in his ‘Vestal Virgin.

him, his friends, who were on the other side of the hedge, overheard the conversation, and resolved that Young should be disappointed. They were accustomed to play cards until a late hour; but on this occasion Young pretended fatigue, and retired early to his chamber. When the landlady soon afterwards entered with supper, Suckling and Davenant, affecting the deepest concern, informed her that their poor friend's *mad fit* was coming on; and as it was probable he would soon become outrageous, they implored her to lock the door of his apartment, and have a stalwart ostler in attendance to prevent him from destroying himself. About midnight, the success of their plot was complete. Young had managed to break open his door, and was stealing downstairs to make his way from the inn, when the ostler stopped him, and bade him bear God in mind and not think of self-destruction. Young, in his confusion, stormed and threatened, and at length grew so furious that the ostler seized him in his arms, and carried him back into his room. Then the good landlady, thinking him to be weak and despondent, brought him a 'a porringer of caudle to' comfort him, which the enraged and disappointed gallant threw in her face. We are told that Suckling and Davenant were convulsed with laughter by the prosperous ending of their joke.

It was probably at Bath that Suckling composed his plays, which include, besides 'Aglaura,' 'The Discontented Colonel,' afterwards revised and renamed 'Brennoralt,' the comedy of 'The Goblins,' and the unfinished tragedy of 'The Sad One.' In 'Brennoralt' which is vigorously written, the satire seems directed against the insurgent Scotch, under the name of Lithuanians.* The scene of 'The Goblins' lies in Francelia. 'Reginella' is an indifferent copy of Shakespeare's 'Miranda;' and 'The

* In 'Brennoralt' occur the exquisite lines which Steele in *The Tatler* (No. 40), quotes with approbation:

'Her face is like the milky way i' the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name.'

This is a genuine stroke of genius.

Goblins, though counterfeit, have borrowed some touches from Ariel. It is to be noted, to Suckling's credit, that he was an open and enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare.

In 1638, Suckling published his famous 'Ballad upon a Wedding'—the wedding being that of Roger Boyle, Lord Broghill (afterwards Earl of Orrery) with Lady Margaret Howard. It is the most perfect epithalamium of its kind that ever was written. Each of the two and twenty stanzas composing it, is inimitable in its brisk music, its eager nimbleness, its deft alacrity. The imagery is always in happy harmony with the tone of the versification; the ballad character is never lost for a moment. The humour is frank and free; and notwithstanding the hazardous character of the subject, there is very little to which the nicer taste of the present age can object. And for this we may well be grateful, when one thinks of what Sedley or Rochester would have perpetrated. I suppose it is well known to all my readers; yet I cannot resist the temptation to repeat the three finest stanzas, which convey a picture of the bride:

'Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light:
But, oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

'Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy bears comparison,
(Who sees them is undone),
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Kathrine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

'Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared to what was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face;
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in Júly.'

Well has it been said that 'with the lip described in this stanza all the world has been in love.'

Suckling was the first writer in English of those critical

'sessions' or meetings of the poets for the purpose of settling their claims to superiority, which were afterwards imitated by Rochester, Sheffield and others, and, in our own time, by Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Browning, and Robert Buchanan. Sir John's 'Sessions of the Poets,' published about 1637, seems to have been dashed off at full speed and in one sitting. It has all the irregularity of a first sketch, and was obviously intended for revision and after correction, though what it might thus have gained in metrical accuracy it would perhaps have lost in spirit. The 'poets' and 'wits of the town' introduced are Selden, the jurist; Sandys, the translator of Ovid; Kenelm Digby; Chillingworth, the controversialist; May, the translator of 'Lucan'; Sir Toby Matthews; Sidney Godolphin; Ben Jonson; the ever-memorable Hales; Lord Falkland; Waller; Davenant; Thomas Carew.

Suckling's retirement at Bath was of no long duration. The King could not endure the absence of the brightest wit of his Court, and a man who was something more than a wit; for on the serious side of his character might be found a cool judgment and a correct appreciation of his royal master's difficulties. He was loyal to the heart's core; and when Charles marched to the Border in 1639, raised a hundred troopers, at an expense of £12,000, for the service of the Crown. His men were well armed and well mounted, and looked resplendent in their white doublets, scarlet breeches, and scarlet coats, hats, and feathers. The expedition afforded them no opportunity of winning distinction; and on their return the satirists made merry at the contrast between the great show and the small achievement. A lampoon by Sir John Mennes, written to a lively tune, became very popular.* It began:

'Sir John he got on an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to go,
With a hundred horse, without remorse,
To keep ye from the foe.

* In 'Mnsarum Deliciæ,' i., 81.

'No carpet knight ever went to fight
 With half so much bravado ;
 Had you seen but his look, you would swear on a book,
 He'd conquer a whole armado.'

Another and more scurrilous ballad ran as follows:*

'Sir John got on a honny brown beast
 To Scotland for to ride-a ;
 A brave buff coat upon his back,
 A short sword by his side-a ;
 Alas ! young man, we Sucklings can
 Pull down the Scottish pride-a.

'He danced, and pranced, and pranked about
 Till people him espy-a ;
 With pye-balled apparel, he did so quarrel,
 As none durst come him nigh-a.
 But soft, Sir John, ere you come home,
 You will not look so high-a.

'Both wife and maid, and widow prayed
 To the Scots he would be kind-a ;
 He stormed the more, and deeply swore
 They should no favour find-a.
 But if you had been at Berwick and seen,
 He was in another mind-a.

'His men and he, in their jollity,
 Did quarrel, drink, and quaff-a !
 Till away he went, like a jack of Lent ;
 But it would have made you laugh-a,
 How away they did creep like so many sheep,
 And he like an Essex calf-a.

'They prayed him to mount and ride in the front,
 To try his courage good-a ;
 He told them the Scots had dangerous plots,
 As he well understood-a ;
 Which they denied, but he replied,
 " It's a shame for to shed blood-a."

'He did repent the money he spent,
 Got by unlawful game-a ;
 His curled locks could endure no knocks,
 Then let none go again-a
 Such a carpet knight as durst not fight,
 For fear he should be slain-a.'

There is no reason to believe that the charges implied in these malignant rhymes are true. 'We have such detailed information on that campaign,' says Professor Gardiner,

* 'Vox Borealis, or Northern Discoverie,' 1641.

‘that if Suckling had performed any special act of cowardice it would have been heard of.’

When Strafford lay a prisoner in the Tower, and the long contention between King and Parliament was approaching its climax, this splendid courtier came forward with a bold plan for relieving Charles from his difficulties. His advice was embodied in a letter addressed to Henry Jermyn, the Queen’s trusted counsellor. He said, rightly enough, that the King was being ruined because he remained passive. If he wished to recover the affection of his subjects he must show that he could act, and must separate himself from those detested counsellors who had involved him in their own unpopularity. The Queen, too, for her husband’s sake, must learn to sacrifice her personal preferences. It was easy enough for an English King to be popular if he wished it. The people had not acquired as yet any sentiment of reverence for their Parliamentary leaders; whereas loyalty to the Crown was a traditional policy which might readily be revived. Finally, the King was recommended to outbid the Parliamentary leaders by conceding all, and more than all, that was desired. This was sound advice, and the advice of an acute observer; and had Charles acted upon it—which, however, his character rendered impossible—the result of the struggle might have been different. Professor Gardiner complains that Suckling did not specify the concessions he would have had the King offer. But this was hardly to be done within the limits of a single letter; nor if it could have been done was it necessary, for Charles himself was well aware of the conditions that would alone satisfy the Parliament.

Nothing discouraged by the failure of his advice, Suckling next consulted with Jermyn as to the feasibility of engaging the army to intervene in support of the King. For this purpose it was necessary, in the first place, to secure the command of the army; and as the Earl of Northumberland was known to be anxious to surrender his authority as general, they selected the Earl of Newcastle as his suc-

cessor, and arranged with him that, if the need arose, he should bring the army to the King's assistance. But as so magnificent a nobleman would decline the trouble of attending to the details of military discipline, it was necessary to choose a new lieutenant-general, and the choice of the conspirators fell upon Colonel George Goring, known in history as 'dissolute Goring,' a man of courage and capacity, but thoroughly unscrupulous and untrustworthy. Another actor in the plot was a Captain Chudleigh, who became the intermediary between the officers of the army and Suckling and Jermyn. With all these details the Queen was made acquainted from the first: they were laid before Charles when the scheme had assumed some degree of consistency. With his usual want of decision he pronounced it not feasible, and listened to an alternative plan proposed by Henry Percy, which was much more moderate, and, it may safely be said, much less likely to be successful. Percy would not listen to the proposed appointment of Goring nor consent that the army should be marched to London; whereupon Goring, perceiving that he was to gain no personal advantage, revealed the plot to Lord Newport, an active member of the Opposition in the House of Lords, and through him it became known to Pym and other leading members of the Commons. The knowledge proved fatal to Strafford, for few in either House could regard with equanimity 'a conjunction between an acquitted Strafford and an army of Royalist political tendencies.' But so far as the conspirators are concerned, it was not thought advisable at the time to take any action against them.

Suckling, however, a few weeks later, made another attempt to save Strafford by placing at the King's disposal an armed force. The Portuguese ambassador was made use of for this purpose. By authorizing him to raise soldiers in England an excuse was found for bringing armed men together in London.* 'For some little time Suckling had been busily engaged, with the aid of a certain Captain

* S. R. Gardiner, ix., 348, 349.

Billingsley, in inducing men to give in their names for the Portuguese service. The men were collected with a very different object. . . . Billingsley made his appearance at the Tower with an order from the King to the Lieutenant, Sir William Balfour, to admit him into the fortress with a hundred men. Balfour was a good Scotchman, and refused to let him in. He gave information of what had occurred to the Parliamentary leaders. For Charles's purpose nothing worse could have happened. . . . Coming as it did after so many other intimations of an appeal to force, this act left the worst possible impression. The danger seemed all the greater because no one knew its actual dimensions. It was known in the city on Sunday that Suckling had brought sixty armed men to a tavern in Bread Street, and had dismissed them with orders to return on Monday evening.' Pym then made known (May 5th, 1641) to the Commons the information he had received respecting the Army Plot; and that same night Percy, Suckling, and Jermyn fled from London, and succeeded in effecting their escape to France. Davenant the poet, who had been to some slight extent implicated in the affair, was less fortunate: he was captured and thrown into prison. In the following August the Commons formally declared Suckling, Jermyn, and Percy to have been guilty of treason.

The later career of Suckling is involved in some obscurity. It is said that from France he passed into Spain, and while at Madrid was caught in the toils of the Inquisition, and subjected to horrible tortures, because he refused to embrace the Roman Catholic religion. He contrived however, to make his way back to Paris, where, with body and mind broken by all he had undergone, he committed suicide some time in the autumn of 1642. Pope, however, gave to Spence a very different, and, it must be said, a very improbable account of the poet's death. 'Sir John Suckling,' he says, 'died about the beginning of the Civil War. He entered warmly into the King's interests, and was sent over to the Continent by him, with some letters

of great importance to the Queen.' This is glaringly incorrect; for Henrietta Maria did not quit England until nine months after Suckling's flight. 'He arrived late at Calais, and in the night his servant ran away with his portmanteau, in which were his money and papers. When he was told of this in the morning, he immediately inquired which way his servant had taken; ordered his horses to be got ready instantly; and, in putting on his boots, found one of them extremely uneasy to him; but, as the horses were at the door, he leaped into the saddle and forgot his pain. He pursued his servant so eagerly that he overtook him two or three posts off; recovered his portmanteau, and soon after complained of vast pain in one of his feet, and fainted away with it. When they came to pull off his boots, to fling him into bed, they found one of them full of blood. It seems, his servant, who knew his master's temper well, and was sure he would pursue him as soon as his villany should be discovered, had driven a nail up into one of his boots in hopes of disabling him from pursuing him. Sir John's impetuosity made him regard the pain only just at first, and his pursuit hurried him from the thoughts of it for some time after: however, the wound was so bad, and so much inflamed, that it flung him into a violent fever, which ended his life in a very few days. This incident, strange as it may seem, might be proved from some original letters in Lord Oxford's collection.'

Lady Oxford seems to have told the same story, which, notwithstanding its circumstantiality, is undoubtedly a fiction, to the antiquary, Oldys. In his MS. notes on Langbaine, Oldys has made a memorandum: 'Recollect where I have got down the story my Lord told me he had from Dean Chetwood, who had it from Lord Roscommon, of Sir John's being robbed of a casket of gold and jewels, when he was going to France, by his valet, who, I think, poisoned him, and so stuck the blade of a pen-knife in Sir John's boot to prevent his pursuit of him, as wounded him in-

curably in the heel besides. 'Tis in one of my pocket-books; white vellum cover, I think; the white journal that is not gilt.'

Suckling's Miscellaneous Poems, including the fine verses on Lady Carlisle, and the Dream, were first collected posthumously in 1648, under the title of 'Fragmenta Aurea.' His poetical and dramatic works have been carefully brought together and edited by Mr. William Carew Hazlitt, in two vols., 1874. I cannot agree with those who think they do not justify his fame. His work, it is true, was not of the high order of a Spenser's or a Milton's, but of its kind it was supremely good. What he did no other writer could have done, and this establishes his originality. His songs, apparently so slight, are master-pieces of execution, and as Mr. Gosse admits, set the fashion for half a century or more. Indeed I am not sure that their influence is wholly extinct even to this day. What a fresh frank manliness there is about them, as when he breaks forth, with that gay laugh of his :

' Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together !'

and follows it up with no protestations of 'undying devotion,' but a buoyant promise that he is like to love—how long, think you?—why '*three more*, if it prove fine weather!' This is in the true spirit of the cavalier—of him who loves and rides away. But he can write in a tenderer tone, when he chooses; and, as in his 'Ballad upon a Wedding,' can charm your ears with the daintiest music conceivable.

CHAPTER V.

LITERATURE IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.

II. THE SERIOUS POETS.

THE greatest of the poets of the seventeenth century,—the poet of 'Paradise Lost,'—belongs, in the full maturity of his poetic genius, to the reign of Charles II. Good and great work he had done before the rise of the Commonwealth; but his best and greatest was done after its fall. If we have little else for which to thank the Restoration, we have to thank it, I believe, for the immortal epic which, even more certainly than the 'Divina Commedia,' is the epic of Heaven and Hell. But for the obscurity and privacy to which it relegated Milton, he might never have enjoyed the leisure and the opportunities of self-concentration without which its composition would have been impossible. When the majestic idea of his great poem rose upon his mind, he was thirty-two years of age; but he found no time to make it a reality and a living thing during the restless history of the Civil War and the Commonwealth. For Milton was something more than a poet, he was a patriot and a man of action, with sympathies tremblingly alive to the country's loud cry for liberty and order. In the fierce struggle which occupied the energies of England during the memorable ten years from 1640 to 1649, he was impelled, by the strength of his convictions and the force of his character, to play a conspicuous part; and to public affairs he gave ungrudgingly the resources of his mighty intellect. Meanwhile, with the exception of

a few sonnets, his muse was silent. Those bright and picturesque Italian pastorals, 'L'Allegro,' with its becoming mirth, and 'Il Penseroso,' with its attractive melancholy, were written while he lingered in his earlier manhood among the orchard-blooms of Horton. The 'Comus' which reflects as in a mirror the grave purity of his mind, and the pathetically beautiful melody of 'Lycidas,' were composed in 1637. Two years later, the death of his friend Diodati drew from him his 'Epitaphium Damonis,' and thenceforth, for some score of busy years, he devoted his intellectual powers to the service of his country. His wonderful activity knew no pause of weariness, it swept the whole field of conflict; Church Discipline, Divorce, the Freedom of the Press, Education, Civil Government—on all these pregnant subjects he had much to say, to which it was good for his countrymen to listen, and he said it in such grand trumpet-tones that the most hostile were compelled to give him their ears.

In their estimates of Milton's prose style, critics differ widely; some, in their polite alarm at its extravagance, forgetting its strength and copiousness. 'Is he truly a prose-writer?' says Taine; and he continues, by way of answering his own question,—'Entangled dialectics, a heavy and awkward mind,'—who but a Frenchman would have invented epithets so inappropriate?—'fanatical and furious rusticity'—this is said of a man whose genius was steeped in classicism—'an epic grandeur of sustained and superabundant images, the blast and the recklessness of implacable and all-powerful passion, the sublimity of religious and logical exaltation: we do not recognize in these features a man born to explain, persuade, and prove.' But it was no purpose of Milton to explain or persuade—he overwhelmed. Like a shock of cavalry, he charged the errors and sophisms of his opponents, and straightway they went down before him. How could he stop to explain or persuade when the enemy were arrayed in front of him—the minions of Absolutism and Prelacy, the deadly foes of Freedom?

One might as well have expected Cromwell's Ironsides to halt on the battle-rent plain, and reason with Rupert and his cavaliers! Milton's prose is the prose of a poet, or rather, perhaps, of an orator. It teems with images and illustrations; it breaks upon the ear in full, harmonious cadences; it frequently rolls along with a glorious measured rhythm, like the sweep of an ample river. No doubt it is often rugged and sometimes exuberant; but this ruggedness is when his genius is over-mastered by the fervour of his emotions, and this exuberance arises in the astonishing wealth of his resources. He did not feel the necessity of thrift like meaner men; and so the great flood of his eloquence storms onward irresistible and continuous, bearing with it both gold and mud.

It is in the 'Areopagitica'—that noble plea for the freedom of the press, which so completely accomplished its object that in England, at least, no serious or successful effort has since been made to curb the free expression of free thought—Milton's prose is found in its fullest dignity. The title is borrowed from the 'Areopagitic' oration of Socrates. But nothing more; for between the serene grace of the Greek orator and the kindling glow and prophet-like fervour of the English controversialist one can detect no points of similarity.* The 'Areopagitica' warms with Milton's life-blood; throbs and thrills with the fire of enthusiasm from the first line to the last. The trumpet-strain never falters; the broad, strong pinions never droop or weary in their lofty flight. He who would know the full capabilities of our English language, to what heights it can reach, into how grand an organ-music it can swell, should read and re-read the 'Areopagitica.' 'Though all the winds of doctrine,' says Milton, 'were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her

* Except this: the Areopagitic Oration was an appeal to the High Court of Areopagus to reform its own institution. The 'Areopagitica' was an appeal to the High Court of Parliament to retrace its movement against the press.

strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; whoever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clearer knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva—framed and fabrict already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, whereas we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures—early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute. When a man hath been labouring the hardest labour in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument, for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valour enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty: she needs no politics, no stratagems, no licensings to make her victorious; these are the shifts and defences that Error uses against her power.'

The following fine passage could have been written only by a man who was a poet at heart:

'Truth, indeed, came over into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape, most glorious to look on; but when He ascended, and His Apostles after Him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the god Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds.

From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, lords and commons, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming. He shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal pattern of loveliness and perfection.'

And this outburst in praise of books is absolutely lyrical:

'Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are: nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself—kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.'

The 'Areopagitica' was written in 1644, when Milton was in his thirty-sixth year.

He was born in Bread Street, Cheapside, on the 9th of December, 1608; the son of John Milton, a respectable and well-to-do London scrivener, who came of a decayed Oxfordshire family. This John Milton was a musician of considerable merit, who, in 1601, had joined a company of musical composers—twenty, or thereabouts, in number—in the publication of twenty-five madrigals, under the affected title of 'The Triumphs of Oriana;' and again, in 1614, entered into a similar partnership for setting to music 'The Tears and Lamentations of a Sorrowful Soul.' It is said that 'he composed an *Il Domine* of forty parts,

for which he was rewarded with a gold medal and chain by a Polish prince;’ and to Ravenscroft’s ‘Psalms’ he contributed the beautiful and still popular tunes of ‘York’ and ‘Norwich.’ Of the tenor part of ‘York’ we are told that, at one time, ‘half the nurses in England were wont to sing it by way of lullaby.’ In his poem, ‘Ad Patrem,’ Milton alludes to his father’s musical skill :

‘Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
Dividuumque deum genitorque, puerque tenemus.’

Himself a man of exceptional parts, he did not fail to recognise his son’s intellectual promise, and was careful to provide him with a liberal education. He was placed at first under Thomas Young, a Puritan minister, to whom he afterwards inscribed his fourth elegy and the first of his Latin epistles; and afterwards was sent to St. Paul’s School, where the learned Alexander Gill was then in charge. Already the youth had begun to know the pleasures and pains of laborious days and sleepless nights. Says Aubrey: ‘When Milton went to school, he studied very hard, and sate up very late, commonly till twelve or one o’clock, and his father ordered the maid to sit up for him.’ He himself says, ‘Ab anno ætatis duodecimo vix unquam ante mediam noctem à lucubrationibus cubitum discederem.’ His studies were largely poetical: he read Spenser and Sylvester’s translation of *Du Bartas* with delighted attention, and to both was indebted for suggestions which he afterwards developed in his own work. Aubrey says that Milton began to write poetry when he was only ten years old. He was fifteen when he produced his translations of the 114th and 136th Psalms.

At St. Paul’s began his acquaintance with Charles Diodati, the son of an Italian Protestant, who had settled in London, and practised successfully as a physician. The acquaintance ripened into a friendship, which only death could break up. Diodati left school for Oxford, two years before Milton; but they maintained a close correspondence,

and when Diodati was at home, visited each other frequently. A Greek letter from Diodati to Milton is extant, in which he refers to a holiday he and Milton were to enjoy together next day upon the Thames, and expresses a natural hope for fine weather. In February, 1625, at the age of sixteen and two months, John Milton was admitted a pensioner of Christ's College, Cambridge. There he applied himself diligently to the practice of Latin verse; and composed very graceful elegies on the death of his married sister's first-born and that of Bishop Andrewes. He was in the habit of sending his compositions for criticism to his old tutor, Alexander Gill, with whom he carried on a frequent epistolary interchange. On the 26th of March, 1629, he graduated as B.A.; and on the following Christmas-day, at the age of twenty-one, wrote his beautiful hymn on 'The Coming of Christ's Nativity.' At this time he seems to have aspired to be the poet of the Church's year; for, on the 1st of January, he wrote an ode on 'The Circumcision,' and at Easter began one on 'The Passion,' which, however, he abruptly threw aside. 'This subject,' he writes, 'the author finding to be above the years he had when he wrote it, and not being satisfied with what was begun, left it unfinished.'

His father had designed Milton for the profession of the Church, and Milton had willingly acquiesced; but further study and reflection raised in his mind conscientious objections which he was unable to overcome. 'By the intention of my parents and friends,' he says, in his 'Reason of Church Government,' 'I was destined as a child to the service of the Church, and in mine own resolutions. Till coming to some maturity of years, and perceiving what tyranny had invaded the Church, that he who would take orders must subscribe Slave, and take an oath withal, which unless he took with a conscience that he would relish, he must either straight perjure or split his faith; I thought better to prefer a blameless silence before the sacred office

of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing.'

In 1631 the young poet commemorated in a brief but fine epitaph the unexpected death of the young Marchioness of Winchester—an event which was commemorated by several other poets, and among them by the veteran Ben Jonson. In the same year, on his birthday, he wrote the remarkable sonnet in which he solemnly dedicates himself to God's service :

'Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven :
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.'

And, as in his great Taskmaster's eye, Milton thenceforward lived and worked, with a deep sense of the responsibility that lay upon him to employ his powers in the advancement of truth and freedom.

In 1632 Milton left the University, and retired to his father's house at Horton, in Buckinghamshire—occasionally visiting London to gather intelligence of the stirring events that were then shaping English history to such great ends, to maintain his old friendships, and to purchase books and music. He was at that time an exceedingly comely young man, a little under the middle height, and slender, but of a well-knit figure, and a vigorous frame, with a delicately fair complexion, dark gray eyes, a little weakened by study, a well-shaped, resolute mouth, a noble forehead, and an oval face, shaded by clustering masses of light-brown hair. He resided at Horton nearly six years (from the end of July, 1632, to April, 1638), devoting himself to severe and systematic study :

'Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri,'

reading through all the Greek and Latin writers, and gathering up that wide and profound knowledge of which we find such ample evidence in his great epic. 'At my

father's country residence,' he says, 'whither he had retired to pass his old age, I, with every advantage of leisure, spent a complete holiday in reading over the Greek and Latin authors.' He read not only the Greek authors, 'down to the time when they ceased to be Greek,' and the principal Latin writers, but actively traced the obscure history of the Lombards, Franks, and Germans, until they received their freedom at the hand of King Rudolph. 'Hear me,' he writes to his friend Diodati, 'and suffer me for a moment to speak without blushing in a more lofty strain. Do you ask what I am meditating? By the help of heaven, an immortality of fame. But what am I doing? *πτεροφῶ*. I am letting my wings grow, and preparing to fly, but my Pegasus has not yet feathers enough to soar aloft in the fields of air.' 'It is my way,' he remarks, 'to suffer no impediment, no love of ease, no avocation whatever, to chill the ardour, to break the continuity, or divert the completion of my literary pursuits.*' Probably no man ever prepared himself for the poet's high vocation with more sedulous self-devotion, with more comprehensive study, or with a loftier purpose. He could not be content with little things: he aimed at the composition of a master-work which the world should not willingly let die—which should rank with 'the Iliad' of Homer, and 'the Æneid' of Virgil—and as he read, and studied, and meditated, this object was ever present to his mind, its guiding thought and inspiration.

If he did not feel strong enough 'to soar aloft in the fields of air,' he ventured to try his wings in lowlier flights which proved their growing vigour and activity. At Horton he wrote his 'Arcades,' his masque of 'Comus,' his

* Italian was one of his acquisitions. To Bonmatthæi he writes: 'I, who certainly have not merely wetted the tip of my lips in the stream of these languages, but, in proportion to my years, have swallowed the most copious draughts, can yet sometimes retire with avidity and delight to feast on Dante, Petrarch, and many others; nor has Athens itself been able to confine me to the transparent wave of its Ilissus, nor ancient Rome to the bank of its Tiber, so as to prevent my visiting with delight the stream of the Arno and the hills of Fiesole.'

'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso,' and his 'Lycidas.' In each of these may be traced the influence of the scenery—soft, fair, and pastoral, with its 'meadows trim,' and its 'shallow brooks and rivers wide'—which surrounded his rural home. In the neighbourhood of Horton was Harefield Place, the seat of the Countess Dowager of Derby, and here the Countess's grandchildren performed before her the exquisite pastoral fancy of 'Arcades'—The Arcadians—with music composed by Henry Lawes. A more extended effort was the masque of 'Comus,' in which Henry Lawes was again the musical collaborator. This was written for the Earl of Bridgewater, Lord President of Wales, and was acted by his two sons and daughters at Ludlow Castle on the 29th of September, 1634. The conditions of a masque are skilfully combined with the claims of the higher poetry. To gratify local feeling, Sabrina, the nymph of the Severn, is introduced; the prevailing taste for masquerade was met by the presentation of Comus and his rabble rout; there were songs and dances, which in such an entertainment were of course indispensable; and yet the whole is suffused with a rare atmosphere of poetic beauty, elevation, and purity. Milton's tact, and at the same time his innate delicacy, are shown by the way in which he finds parts for Lord Bridgewater's children—not clothing them in any stage disguise, but putting them on the stage in their own persons.

'Comus' is quite original, but it contains indications that Milton had read the 'Old Wives' Tale' of George Peele, and the 'Comus' of Erycius Puteanus (Hendrick Van der Putte), and was probably familiar with Fletcher's 'Faithful Shepherdess.' It is, in effect, an allegory of life and the world—of the temptations that beset the wayfarer, and of the victory a pure, chaste, and truthful soul may win over them. Written with consummate skill, the rhythmical language, and the happy allusions, and the picturesque images finely express and set off the chaste beauty of the sentiments; and 'Comus' remains one of the delights of

our literature—a work of art for which we shall in vain seek a parallel or a companion.

The 'Lycidas' is an elegy occasioned by the death of Edmund King, a Fellow of Christ's College, who was drowned on the voyage from Chester to Dublin in the long vacation of 1637. It is magnificent but laboured. It wants the glow of personal passion, but yet it bears the mark of the writer's strong individuality, and shows us the contemplative student of Cambridge, with his inclinations towards church ceremonies and holy days, developing into the austere and thoughtful Puritan, whose mind is constantly fixed upon the dread possibilities of the future. That loftiness of aspiration which distinguishes Milton from all other poets finds expression in its majestic verse. King was a young man of high promise, who had assiduously prepared himself to do his work in life. Behold, he is cut off before the blossom can ripen into fruit. When such is the uncertainty that besets human action, why devote the hours to labour which may never accomplish any lasting result? Were it not better done to sport with Amaryllis in the shade, or play with the tangles of Neæra's hair? Milton repudiates so craven a conclusion:

'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Love:
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'

The attack upon the Church and her clergy comes as a discordant strain into this high-pealing organ-music, and the reader is glad when the poet lapses softly into rich pastoral notes that breathe of 'valleys low' and the 'quaint enamelled eyes'—

'That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.'

The conclusion is tender and unassuming, and the last line

has a personal reference to the poet's thoughts of travel—
'To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.'

'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso' are companion poems, intended to illustrate by contrast the intellectual moods, the mirth and gravity of a well-balanced mind. The mirth, therefore, is never hilarious or jocund; the gravity is never despondent or pessimistic. The mirth is that of the daytime, bright and sunny; the melancholy, that of a placid night, echoing with the music of the nightingale, and luminous with the beauty of the moonlight. Both the mirth and the melancholy are that of a scholar and a poet, who has in himself innumerable resources for making day and night equally happy and fruitful. The descriptive passages, it may be added, are the obvious work of a scholarly recluse, who knows more about books and music than about rural sights and sounds—has a strong sympathy with nature, but no intimate knowledge of it. Compare them with Tennyson's landscapes, and their want of truth and truthful colouring will at once be felt. But, then, it was no object of Milton to write a descriptive poem. He aimed only at reflecting the feelings with which the student contemplates Nature under certain differences of circumstance. And though the immediate scenery of Horton lends effective touches to his verse, Milton makes no attempt to sketch it with any idea of minuteness.

The 'antiperistasis' which the two odes work out is structurally indicated. We have, first, the repudiation of 'loathed Melancholy' in the one, and of 'vain deluding Joys' in the other; next, an invitation to 'heart-easing Mirth,' paralleled by an invitation to 'the pensive man devout and pure;' then the parentage of Mirth, whom lovely Venus bore to ivy-crowned Bacchus (or, as some say, Aurora to Zephyr), and that of divinest Melancholy, daughter of Saturn and bright-haired Vesta, is described, and their companions are indicated. We have, afterwards, a song of the morning companioned by an evening-song; a walk in the sunny day, and another in the moonlight pale,

leading us, in the one poem, to Night and the innocent social pleasures; in the other to Night, its celestial mysteries and its lovely study of the great poets; and concluding in each with an invocation to Music:

‘Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse;
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long-drawn out.
 Then let the pealing organ blow
 To the full-voiced quire below,
 In service high and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into extasies,
 And bring all heaven before mine eyes.’

To ‘fresh woods and pastures new,’ Milton betook himself in April, 1638, when, attended by one man-servant, he set out on a Continental tour. On his arrival at Paris he obtained, through the English ambassador, an introduction to Groot or Grotius, then ambassador at the French Court for the Queen of Sweden. Grotius ‘took the visit kindly, and gave him entertainment suitable to his worth and the high commendations he had heard of him.’ From Nice, he sailed to Geneva, visited Leghorn and Pisa, stayed two months at Florence, and then, by way of Siena, proceeded to Rome. In the Eternal city he spent a couple of months, and while there wrote those Latin epigrams in praise of the celebrated cantatrice, Señora Baroni. At Naples he was introduced to Munro, Marquis of Vilia, the friend and biographer of Tasso; in a poem addressed to whom, he expressed his desire, if he could find him such a patron, to celebrate in verse King Arthur and his chivalry. He had intended to go on to Sicily and Greece, but ‘the melancholy intelligence,’ he says, ‘of the civil commotions in England’ made him alter his purpose; for he thought it base to be travelling for amusement abroad while his fellow citizens were fighting for liberty at home—‘*Turpe enim existimabam, dum mei cives de libertate dimicarent, me animi causâ, etiam perigrinari.*’

Returning by way of Rome, where he spent another two months, he visited Lucca; lingered for a month among the waterways of Venice, and having shipped his collection of books and music to England, travelled through Vienna to Milan, and crossed the Alps to Geneva, where he made the acquaintance of Giovanni Diodati, the uncle of his old college-friend. Then through France he returned home, after an absence of fifteen months. He notes that, notwithstanding the temptations of social life abroad, he preserved intact his purity of mind and character—*‘Deum hic rursus testem in vocem, me his omnibus in locis ubi tum multa licent, ab omni flagitio ac probro, integrum atque intactum vixisse, illud perpetuo cogitantem, si hominum latere oculos possum, Dei certe non posse.’*

On his return he heard of the death of his friend, Charles Diodati, and consecrated to his memory some polished verses, entitled *‘Epitaphium Damonis,’* in which he repeated his intention of writing an epic poem on some portion of early British history.

In London, the poet lodged at the house of one Russel, a tailor, in St. Bride’s Churchyard, Fleet Street, and undertook the education of his two nephews, John and Edward Philips, whose mother, Milton’s sister, had married a second time. But his rooms being small and inconvenient, with no space for his library, he took *‘a pretty garden-house in Aldersgate Street, at the end of an entry, and therefore the fitter for his turn, besides that there are few streets in London more free from noise than that.’* There he undertook the education of his pupils on enlightened principles, seeking to enliven the study of the sciences with that of languages, or rather, to subordinate the study of languages to the acquisition of scientific knowledge. While thus engaged, he was frequently sketching out plans of sacred dramas, and dwelling more particularly upon such subjects as *‘Paradise Lost,’ ‘Abram from Moria, or Isack Redeemed,’ ‘The Deluge,’ ‘Sodom,’* and *‘Baptistes.’* Nor did he relax in his patient work of self-culture; but

made himself master of the Eastern languages—Chaldee, Syriac, and Hebrew. With his pupils he went through the best French and Italian authors, and every Sunday was devoted to theology.

The second or controversial period of his life began in 1641, when, observing the inferiority of the Puritan divines in learning and ability to the prelates of the Church of England, he came to their assistance with ‘A Treatise on the Reformation touching Church Discipline in England, and the Causes that hitherto have hindered it,’ in which he argued against prelacy as always opposed to liberty, and inclined to claim and exercise irresponsible power. In this pamphlet he hints at some great poetical work as the destined fruition of his genius—‘Then amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, some one may perhaps be heard offering at high strains, in new and lofty measures, to sing and celebrate Thy divine mercies and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages.’

The learned and witty Bishop Hall, of Norwich, had published ‘An Humble Remonstrance in favour of Episcopacy,’ to which an answer was formulated by five Puritan ministers, under the collective *nom de plume* of ‘Smectymnuus,’ formed of the initials of their names, Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstow. This evoked from the pen of Archbishop Usher a confutation, called ‘The Apostolical Institution of Episcopacy.’ Milton again entered the lists—a more formidable champion than any whom the bishops had yet encountered—with his pamphlet, ‘Of Prelatical Episcopacy; and whether it may be deduced from the Apostolical Times by virtue of those Testimonies which are alleged to that purpose in more late Treatises, one whereof goes under the name of “James, Archbishop of Armagh.”’ The war of words now raged vehemently; reply was met by counter-reply, and that by rejoinder and re-rejoinder: men’s minds grew heated, and of this heat there was enough and to spare in Milton’s ‘Animadversions

on the Remonstrant's Defence against "Smectymnuus," in which he assailed Bishop Hall with unusual license.

Milton's object in these treatises was to overthrow the Episcopal government of the English Church, and assimilate it to the simple, and, as he deemed, the more Scriptural model of the reformed Churches in other countries, which he also wished to emulate in strictness of discipline as well as in purity of doctrine. But, as abroad the Presbyterian discipline was united to a Republican form of government, he attempted to prove that the existence of the hierarchy was not essential to the security of the Throne. He denied the apostolical institution of bishops; and, as he contended for the greatest degree of orderly freedom in the Church as in other societies, he accused prelacy as the natural ally and instrument of tyranny. He advocated the sweetest and gentlest form of paternal discipline, the independent ministry of each congregation, and expressed a wish that the Angel of the Gospel might ride on his way, doing his proper business, conquering the high thoughts and proud reasonings of the flesh. 'As long as the Church,' he said, 'in true imitation of Christ, can be content to ride upon an ass, carrying herself and her government along in a mean and simple guise, she may be, as she is, a lion of the tribe of Judah, and in her humility all men will, with loud hosannas, confess her greatness.'

At this period (1643) Milton's father came to reside with his son, living 'wholly retired,' says Philips, 'to his rest and devotion, without the least trouble imaginable.' At Whitsuntide, when in his thirty-fifth year, the poet took to wife a certain Mary Powell, the bright, handsome, and lively daughter of Mr. Powell, a justice of the peace in Oxfordshire. The Miltons and the Powells had long maintained friendly relations; so that the wife and husband might have been supposed to have known something of each other's character and mode of life. It soon appeared, however, that between them there was rising that most immovable of all barriers, incompatibility of taste and temper. The gay

young wife, not eighteen years old on her marriage-day, accustomed to the free living and constant variety of a Cavalier gentleman's household, soon wearied of 'the philosophical life' led by her scholar-husband. She complained to her friends; and her friends, instead of encouraging her to sympathize with her husband's tastes and pursuits, wished her to spend the rest of the summer with them. She was allowed to accept the invitation, on condition that she returned at Michaelmas. Michaelmas came, but Mrs. Milton failed to come with it, and her husband's letters and messages were treated with contempt.

Ultimately perceiving that she was firm in her resolve to separate from him, Milton, with his usual thoroughness of action, decided to repudiate her; and to justify the repudiation published, in 1644, his treatise, in two books, on 'The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce,' in which, however, he argued the question on general grounds, and without any reference to his unhappy personal experience. Addressing the Parliament, and the Westminster Assembly, which was then sitting, he asked that among contemplated reforms might be included a revision of the common law, in order that indisposition, unfitness, or contrariety of mind, arising from a cause in nature unchangeable, hindering, and ever likely to hinder, the main benefits of conjugal society, which are solace and peace, might be pronounced a sufficient reason for divorce. 'It is less breach of wedlock,' he said, 'to part, with wise and quiet consent betimes, than still to foil and profane that mystery of joy and union with a polluting sadness and perpetual distemper: for it is not the outward continuity of marriage that keeps whole that covenant, but whosoever does most according to peace and love, whether in marriage or in divorce, he it is that breaks marriage least; it being so often written that "Love only is the fulfilling of every commandment."' In a second pamphlet, published soon after the former, he sought to confirm his opinions by translating and abridging Martin Bucer's views,

under the title of 'The Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce.'

It was in this year that he wrote his noble prose-poem, 'Areopagitica: a Speech of Mr. John Milton for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, to the Parliament of England;' in protest against an ordinance passed by the Lords and Commons in June, 1643, 'for the regulating of printing, and for suppressing the great late abuses and frequent disorders in printing many false, scandalous, seditious, libellous, and unlicensed pamphlets, to the great defamation of religion and government.' He also published, in the same year, his brief but weighty tractate 'On Education,' indicating the lines on which a practical and comprehensive system of instruction should be conducted. We may note that Milton had enlarged the number of his pupils, among whom were included Sir Thomas Gardiner, of an Essex family, and the son and nephew of Lady Ranelagh.

He returned in the following year to the important question which affected so profoundly his domestic happiness; and discussed the religious aspect of divorce in his '*Tetrachordon* [*i.e.* four-stringed]: or Expositions upon the Four Chief Places in Scripture which treat of Marriage, or Nullities in Marriage,' following it up with 'Colasterion' [*i.e.* a place of punishment], a reply to an anonymous pamphlet, recommended by Caryl, the dull and prolix author of a Commentary on Job. The stress and strain of a Civil War would hardly dispose men to consider with much attention a theological argument on the extent to which divorce was allowable, or the nature of the Scriptural limitations of it. But it seems that his teaching was accepted by a party who were ridiculed as 'divorcers' or 'Miltonists'—to whom a contemporary versifier, in a translation of the 'Electra' of Sophocles, alludes:

'While like the forward Miltonist
We our nuptial knot untwist.'

And the Presbyterian Divines at Westminster, therefore,

summoned Milton before the House of Lords, but the Lords, 'whether approving the doctrine, or not favouring his accusers, did soon dismiss them.' So far as he was personally concerned, the question was settled in another way. Always ready to convert thought into action, Milton began to pay his addresses to a beautiful and accomplished young lady, the daughter of Dr. Davis, but while pressing his suit, he sometimes visited a relative named Blackborough, who lived near St. Martin's-le-Grand, and on one of these occasions his wife suddenly came out of an inner room, threw herself on her knees before him, and implored his forgiveness. To this submission she was incited, one may suppose, by jealousy of Miss Davis and by the wreck of the Royal cause which had compromised her father's position, and rudely checked the pleasant current of her life. Milton hesitated at first; but 'partly his own generous nature,' says Philips, 'more inclinable to reconciliation than to perseverance in anger or revenge, and partly the strong intercession of friends on both sides, soon brought him to an act of oblivion, and a fine league of peace.' Husband and wife seem to have been thoroughly reconciled,* and Milton, with the assistance of his brother Christopher, a lawyer, interposed to save the Powell family from ruin.

In this eventful year Milton moved to a larger house in the Barbican, and his rising fame was attested by a collected edition of his earlier poems, both Latin and English. In 1646, Anne, his first daughter, was born, and born lame. In 1647 his father died; his second daughter, Mary, was born; and he removed to a house in Holborn, looking back on the pleasant open space of Lincoln's Inn Fields. The great interests of the day—the political struggle on which the destinies of England depended—so absorbed Milton's thoughts at this time that for awhile he put aside his indefatigable pen, watching for an opportunity to do the Commonwealth a

* Yet that her desertion of him rankled in Milton's mind is evident from the scene with Dalila in 'Samson Agonistes,' written twenty-two years afterwards.

citizen's honest service. This opportunity arose in the spring of 1649, when his active public career was commenced by his appointment to the Council of State as Secretary for Foreign Tongues. In this capacity his name was soon to be carried by the trumpet of fame over the whole civilized world.

A few days after the execution of Charles I., Richard Royston, the publisher, issued a book which produced (to use a modern term, often misapplied, but in this instance fully justified) an extraordinary 'sensation.' As a clever and effective political 'move' it has perhaps never been surpassed, except by the publication of the famous ballad 'Lillibullero.' This book has for its title "*Εἰκὼν βασιλική*" ('The Royal Image'), 'The Portraiture of His Sacred Majesty in his Solitudes and Sufferings.' Written in the first person, it professed to be the composition of King Charles himself, to explain the policy he had adopted, and indirectly to reveal the sanctity of his character. It is now known that, with the exception of two sections, it was written by Dr. John Gauden, incumbent of Bocking in Essex, who while engaged upon it, showed it to the Rev. Anthony Walker, Rector of Fifield. More scrupulous than Gauden, Walker objected to the representation of Charles as the author, provoking from Gauden the ingenious reply—'Look on the title, 'tis *The Portraiture*, etc., and no man draws his own picture.' Walker accompanied Gauden on a visit to Dr. Brian Duppa, Bishop of Salisbury, and left him and the Bishop to enjoy some private conversation, after which Gauden told him that the Bishop approved of his book, but suggested that sections should be added on 'The Ordinance against the Common Prayer Book,' and 'Their Denying His Majesty the Attendance of his Chaplains' (now Sections xvi. and xxiv.) which he agreed to write. When completed, the book was sent to Charles I., who, while a prisoner at Carisbrooke, corrected it in his own handwriting, with a good deal of care. But as events moved very quickly, Dr. Gauden and his friends thought it advis-

able to publish at once, without waiting for the King's revision or his sanction. The published sheets were corrected by Mr. Simmonds, an expelled minister, and the last portion of the manuscript was placed in the publisher's hands on December 23rd, 1648. The Marquis of Hertford afterwards explained to Mrs. Gauden that the King was reluctant to allow the book to appear as his own; but his friends pressed upon him that as Cromwell and other leaders of the army had got a great reputation with the people for parts and piety, it were well that it should bear the King's name, and he then took to think over it. When published, its real authorship was known to the Marquis of Hertford, Lord Capel, Bishop Duppa, and Bishop Morley. Dr. Gauden's claim was fully acknowledged by Charles II., and the Duke of York. He was made Bishop of Exeter, and afterwards of Worcester, but never considered himself sufficiently rewarded for his services. And, perhaps, he was not, for to the *Eikon Basilike* was due the creation of the Martyr-saint legend, which so long imposed on the national conscience, and even on the imagination of our historians, surrounding the King with a false atmosphere, and obstructing the course of fair and candid criticism. At the time of its publication its effect was enormous. The forty-eight thousand copies which, in a twelvemonth, were circulated at home and abroad, excited a sympathy with the dead King that reacted in favour of Monarchy, and proved a formidable obstacle to the successful establishment of the Commonwealth. Charles II. said that if it had been published a week sooner, it would have saved his father's life. It achieved something more wonderful than this in blotting out of the national mind for nearly two centuries the memory of Charles's mistaken and dangerous policy.

To counteract the extraordinary influence of Gauden's work, the Council of State called into requisition the pen of their famous Secretary, who had already replied to the Presbyterian faction in his 'Tenure of Kings and Magistrates,' and now prepared an argument to be read and

understood by the people at large. It was 'published by Authority,' with the significant title of "*Εικονοκλαστής*" [the Image-breaker]; and in trenchant fashion disposed of the pretended royal arguments, section by section. Toland asserts that Milton received £1,000 for the performance.

In the same year Milton began a History of England, but discontinued it on reaching the Conquest; and, also, 'Observations on the Articles of Peace between the Earl of Ormond and the Irish.' He was at this time residing in Scotland Yard; and it was here he wrote his first reply to Salmasius. Claude de Saumaise (Latinized into 'Salmasius') was a famous scholar, with as much learning as Milton, whom Prince Charles (Charles II.) employed to produce an apologia for his royal father, and a panegyric of Monarchy. Accordingly he published his '*Defensio Regia pro Carolo I. Ad Serenissimum Magnæ Britanniæ regem Carolum II., Filium natu majorem, Hæredem et successorem legitimum,*' which was received with immense favour by all European royalists. Christina of Sweden invited the author to her Court, protesting that she could not be happy without him, and treating him with such exceptional distinction that, when she visited him to enjoy a private morning gossip, she would light his fire with her own hands. Some of his friends, however, viewed with regret his abandonment of the principles he had formerly advocated, and regretted his indiscriminate adulation of absolute rule and rulers.

The Council of State called upon Milton to reply to this indictment of the people of England, thus openly delivered in the face of Europe. The poet's vigour of health had failed him; he had lost the sight of his left eye, and was warned that he would lose the sight of the other, if he did not desist from literary work. But he felt it to be his duty to vindicate the action of the leaders of England before Europe, and to assert that great truth of 'government by and through the people,' which they had maintained at the cost of so much contumely and suffering. In these circum-

stances he wrote his 'Defensio pro Populo Anglicano contra Claudii Salmasii Defensionem Regiam,' and soon afterwards found himself afflicted with blindness. The burden was heavy to bear; but he bore it with chivalrous fortitude, sustained by the conviction that he had served his country well, and struck a stalwart blow on behalf of a patriot's cause. Writing to his friend and former pupil, Cyriack Skinner, he said, with the majestic simplicity of a Hebrew prophet:

'Yet I argue not
Against heaven's hand or will, or bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty's defence, my noble task.
Of which all Europe rings from side to side;
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.'

It was this book which secured for Milton a European reputation. Christina of Sweden was magnanimous enough to read it, and to praise it, informing Salmasius that he was beaten; whereupon Salmasius, who was in indifferent health, shook the dust off his feet at her palace gates, and retired to Spa, to kill himself by drinking inordinately of its mineral waters. Politicians and soldiers inquired of each other, 'Who was this new and formidable controversialist, with so much learning, so trenchant a logic, and so vigorous a style?' Isaac Voss, when Heinsius put to him the universal question, replied, 'I have learned all about this Milton from my Uncle Junius, who cultivates his friendship; and informs me that he serves the Parliament in foreign affairs; is a master of many languages; is not of noble, but, as they say, of gentle birth; young, kindly-natured, affable, and gifted with many other virtues.'

It should be noted here that the 'Uncle Junius' who furnished this information had resided in England since 1620, and for thirty years had officiated as librarian to the Earl of Arundel (the Earl of the Arundelian Marbles celebrity). His well-known love for the early languages of Europe had

induced Archbishop Usher, when he discovered an old English MS., which proved to be the only copy extant of Cædmon's 'Paraphrase,' to give it to Junius as the one man in Europe likeliest to make good use of it. And it is easy to believe that Junius showed it to his friend, whose poetical tastes and aspirations he would certainly be familiar with, before his departure from England in 1650. Two years later he printed it at Amsterdam.

Salmasius, with considerable skill and eloquence, but with an impetuosity which involved him in numerous errors both of argument and diction, endeavoured to maintain the divine right of Kings—to prove that a King absorbs the supreme power of the Kingdom, and is responsible only to God. With greater skill and eloquence, Milton contended for the uncontrolled sovereignty of the people, which he asserted to be agreeable both to the laws of God and of nature. He argued that by the laws of God and nature, and by the municipal laws of England, an English King might be brought to trial and death; that the laws of God on this point agreed exactly with the laws of nature; and that it is a fixed and unimpregnable maxim of the natural laws that the senate and the people are superior to Kings. If asked by what consideration of right or justice Charles I. was dethroned, he answered by that law which God and nature had created. Whatever tends to the universal good of the whole State must, for that very reason, be just and lawful. And a people bound by an oath is delivered from that obligation, when a lawful prince becomes a tyrant, or sinks into sloth and voluptuousness. The rule of justice, the law of nature, in such a case necessarily releases a people from their allegiance. Milton, after enunciating these doctrines, which nowadays, at all events in England, are accepted truisms, goes on to confirm them from the annals of ancient nations. He shows that the Jewish Kings were subject to the same laws as the Jewish people. He traces a similar equality in Egypt and Persia, through the histories of Greece and Rome. He brings forward the authority of

the Old Testament, of the Gospel, of the Fathers. He obtains a strong confirmation of his argument from the usage and constitution of our government in early British history, through the Saxon and Norman periods, and traces the supreme power of the legislature to the reign of Charles.

In this year, 1650, a son was born to Milton, but he died while in his infancy. In the following year he removed to a pretty garden house, with a fine prospect of St. James's Park, now 19, York Street, Westminster. On the 2nd of May, 1652, he lost his wife, who died after giving birth to a daughter, named Deborah. This domestic affliction, however, did not stay or impede his active and vigorous pen. Salmasius had been prevented from replying to his great opponent by his ill-health (he died in 1653); but the King's cause was made the occasion of another appeal to Europe in 1652, which was entitled '*Regii Sanguinis Clamor ad Cælum* ('The Cry of Royal Blood to Heaven.')

It was the work of one Peter de Moulin, afterwards made Prebendary of Canterbury; but Milton supposed its author to be a Protestant Divine, named Alexander More, son of the Principal of the Protestant College in Languedoc. This More was a man of infamous character, the hero of at least three love-intrigues with waiting-maids; and Milton in his '*Second Defence of the People of England*,' published in 1654, lashed him with scorpion whips of invective, which drew blood. More actually cowered before the storm of sarcasm, irony, and reproach which his assailant hurled at his dishonoured head. 'There is one More,' wrote Milton, 'part Frenchman and part Scot, so that one country or one people cannot be quite overwhelmed with the whole infamy of his extraction; an unprincipled miscreant, and proved, not only by the general testimony of his enemies, but even by that of his dearest friends, to be a monster of perfidy, falsehood, ingratitude, malevolence, the perpetual slanderer, not only of man, but of woman, whose chastity he is no more accustomed to regard than their reputation.' But the '*Second Defence*,' which for majesty and strength of style

is one of the most remarkable of Milton's prose writings, contains a good deal that is more valuable than this reference to a libertine. Apart from its elaborate justification of the actions and policy of the Parliament, it presents some vivid characters of public men, not less discriminating and much more vigorously eloquent than Clarendon's. We pass over those of Fairfax and Bradshaw to make some extracts from that of Cromwell.

'Oliver Cromwell,' he says, 'was sprung from a line of illustrious ancestors, who were distinguished for the civil functions they sustained under the Monarchy, and still more for the part which they took in restoring and establishing true religion in this country. In the vigour and maturity of his life, which he passed in retirement, he was conspicuous for nothing more than for the strictness of his religious habits and the innocence of his life; and he had tacitly cherished in his breast that flame of piety which was afterwards to stand him in so much stead on the greatest occasions, and in the most critical exigencies. In the last Parliament which was called by the King, he was elected to represent his native town, when he soon became distinguished by the justness of his opinions, and the vigour and decision of his counsels. When the sword was drawn, he offered his services, and was appointed to a troop of horse, whose numbers were soon increased by the pious and the good, who flocked from all quarters to his standard; and in a short time he almost surpassed the greatest generals in the magnitude and the rapidity of his achievements. Nor is this surprising; for he was a soldier disciplined to perfection in the knowledge of himself. He had either extinguished, or by habit had learned to subdue, the whole host of vain hopes, fears, and passions which infest the soul. He first acquired the government of himself, and over himself acquired the most signal victories; so that on the first day he took the field against the external enemy, he was a veteran in arms, consummately skilled in the toils and exigencies of war. It is not possible for me, in the

narrow limits in which I circumscribe myself on this occasion, to enumerate the many towns which he has taken, the many battles which he has won. The whole surface of the British Empire has been the scene of his exploits and the theatre of his triumphs; which alone would furnish ample materials for a history, and want a copiousness of narration not inferior to the magnitude and diversity of the transactions. This alone seems to be a sufficient proof of his extraordinary and almost supernatural virtue, that by the vigour of his genius, or the excellence of his discipline, adapted not more to the amenities of war than to the precepts of Christianity, the good and the brave were from all quarters attracted to his camp, not only as to the best school of military talents but of piety and virtue; and that, during the whole war, and the occasional intervals of peace, amid so many vicissitudes of faction and of events, he retained, and still retains, the obedience of his troops, not by largesses or indulgence, but by his sole authority and the regularity of his pay. In this instance his fame may rival that of Cyrus, of Epaminondas, or any of the great generals of antiquity. Hence he collected an army as numerous and as well equipped as anyone ever did in so short a time; which was uniformly obedient to his orders, and dear to the affections of the citizens; which was formidable to the enemy in the field, but never cruel to those who laid down their arms; which committed no lawless ravages on the persons or the property of the inhabitants; who, when they compared their conduct with the turbulence, the intemperance, the impiety, and the debauchery of the Royalists, were wont to salute them as friends, and consider them as guests. They were a stay to the good, a terror to the evil, and the warmest advocates for every exertion of piety and virtue. . . . While you, O Cromwell, are left among us, he hardly shows a proper confidence in the Supreme, who distrusts the security of England; when he sees that you are in so special a manner the favoured object of the Divine regard. . . .

‘In the state of desolation to which we were reduced, you, O Cromwell! alone remained to conduct the Government and to save the country. We all willingly yield the palm of sovereignty to your unrivalled ability and virtue, except the few among us who, either ambitious of honours which they have not the capacity to sustain, or envious of those which are conferred on one worthier than themselves, or else not knowing that nothing in the world is more pleasing to God, more agreeable to reason, more politically just, or more generally useful, than that the supreme power should be vested in the best and wisest of men. Such, O Cromwell, all acknowledge you to be; such are the services which you have rendered as the leader of our councils, the general of our armies, and the father of our country.’

Milton’s book is not, I suspect, very generally read, for most of us abandon the study of Latin when we leave our schools and colleges. One more extract, therefore, may be permitted us. We take it from the concluding appeal, impressive in its chaste and serious eloquence, to the English people.

‘It is of no little consequence, O citizens, by what people you are governed, either in acquiring liberty or in retaining it when acquired. And unless that liberty which is of such a kind as arms can neither procure nor take away, which alone is the fruit of piety, of justice, of temperance and unadulterated virtue, shall have taken deep root in your minds and hearts, there will not long be wanting one who will snatch from you by temperance what you have acquired by arms. War has made many great whom peace makes small. If, after being released from the toils of war, you neglect the arts of peace—if your peace and your liberty be a state of warfare, if war be your only virtue, the summit of your praise—you will, believe me, soon find peace the most adverse to your interests. Your peace will be only a more distressing war; and that which you imagined liberty will prove the worst of slavery. Unless by the means of piety,

not frothy and loquacious, but operative, unadulterated and sincere, you clear the horizon of the mind from those mists of superstition which arise from the ignorance of true religion, you will always have those who will bend your necks to the yoke as if you were brutes; who, notwithstanding all your triumphs, will put you up to the highest bidder, as if you were mere booty made in war; and who will find an exuberant source of wealth in your ignorance and superstition. Unless you will subjugate the propensity to avarice, to ambition, and sensuality, and expel all luxury from yourselves and your families, you will find that you have cherished a more stubborn and intractable despot at home than you ever encountered in the field; and even your very bowels will be continually teeming with an intolerable progeny of tyrants. Let these be the first enemies whom you subdue; let this constitute the campaign of peace; such triumphs are difficult indeed, but bloodless; and far more honourable than those trophies which are purchased only by slaughter and by rapine. Unless you are victors in this service, it is in vain that you have been victorious over the despotic enemy in the field. For if you think it is a grander, a wiser, or more beneficial policy to invent subtle expedients for increasing the revenue, to multiply our naval and military force, to rival in craft the ambassadors of foreign states, to form skilful treaties and alliances, than to administer unpolluted justice to the people, to redress the injured, and to succour the distressed, and speedily to restore to every one his own, you are involved in a cloud of error; and too late will you perceive, when the illusion of those mighty benefits has vanished, that, in neglecting these, which you now think inferior considerations, you have been precipitating only your own ruin and despair. . . . You, therefore, who wish to remain free, either instantly be wise, or, as soon as possible, cease to be fools; if you think slavery an intolerable evil, learn obedience to reason and the government of yourselves; and finally bid adieu to your discussions, your

jealousies, your superstitions, your outrages, your rapine, and your lusts.'

Then, changing into a personal strain, he nobly says :

'With respect to myself, whatever turn things may take, I thought that my exertions on the present occasion would be serviceable to my country ; and as they have been cheerfully bestowed, I hope that they have not been bestowed in vain. And I have not circumscribed my defence of liberty within any petty circle around me, but have made it so general and comprehensive that the justice and the reasonableness of such uncommon occurrences, explained and defined, both among my countrymen and among foreigners—which all good men cannot but approve—may serve to exalt the glory of my country and to excite the imitation of posterity. If the conclusion do not answer to the beginning, that is their concern. I have delivered my testimony, I would almost say, have erected a monument that will not readily be destroyed, to the reality of those singular and mighty achievements which were above all praise. As the epic poet, who adheres at all to the rules of that species of composition, does not profess to describe the whole life of the hero whom he celebrates, but only some particular action of his life, as the resentment of Achilles at Troy, the return of Ulysses, or the coming of Æneas into Italy ; so it will be sufficient, either for my justification or apology, that I have heroically celebrated at least one exploit of my countrymen—I pass by the rest, for who could write the achievements of a whole people ? If, after such a display of courage and of vigour, you basely relinquish the path of virtue, if you do anything unworthy of yourselves, posterity will sit in judgment on your conduct. They will see that the foundations were well laid, that the beginning (nay, it was more than a beginning) was glorious ; but with deep emotions of concern will they regret that those were wanting who might have completed the superstructure. They will lament that perseverance was not conjoined with such exertions and such virtues.

They will see that there was a rich harvest of glory, and an opportunity afforded for the greatest achievements, but that more were wanting for the execution; while they were not wanting who could rightly counsel, exhort, inspire, and bind an unfading wreath of praise around the brows of the illustrious actors in so glorious a scene.'

In 1654 Milton, through the influence of an inherited tendency to gout, and the effect of excessive study, became totally blind—blind in the nerve of sight, not in the eyes themselves; a disease then known as *gutta serena*, but now as *amaurosis*. To assist him in the discharge of his official duties, Andrew Marvell, the poet, was afterwards appointed. In 1656, feeling the want of gentle companionship, and of motherly care for his three daughters, whose ages in that year were ten, nine, and four respectively, he took to himself a second wife, Catharine Woodcock, who, in the following year, died in childbed. He lamented her with deep affection, as his sonnet to her memory shows, in which occurs a touching reference to the fact that he had never seen her:

' And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint—
Came, vested all in white, pure as her mind :
Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight,
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight :
But, oh ! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night !'

Having retired from the field of political strife, Milton, with his irrepressible literary activity, sketched out numerous minor compositions, and began the outlines of the great poem on which he intended to base his claim to the grateful recollection of posterity. At the Restoration he thought it prudent to seek the asylum of a friend's house in Bartholomew Close; but though the Commons voted his prosecution, and ordered his 'Iconoclastes' and 'Defence of the People of England' to be burnt by the hangman, he escaped personal injury. He was arrested, it is true, but his friends, among whom, it is said, was Davenant, soon

procured his release, and prevented him from being included among the exceptions to the Act of Oblivion passed on the 29th of August.

In 1661 he published his 'Accidence Commenced Grammar,' dedicating his powerful intellect to the compilation of those humble works which he thought might be of advantage to the great cause of Education. For about a year he lived in Holborn, near Red Lion Square; but in 1662 he removed to Jewin Street, Aldersgate, where, by the advice of his physician, Dr. Paget, he again married. He was then fifty-four years old, and he chose for his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Edward Minshull, whose age probably did not exceed twenty-one. She proved a tender and devoted helpmate, but the advent of so young a stepmother was exceedingly unwelcome to Milton's daughters; and, whatever qualifications he may have sought and found in his wives, parity of age does not seem to have been one of them. After his marriage he lodged for awhile with Millington, the book auctioneer, described as 'a man of remarkable elocution, wit, sense, and modesty.' Thence he removed to a small house in Artillery Walk, by Bunhill Fields, where he resided for the rest of his life. I do not remember to have seen any explanation attempted of Milton's frequent changes of abode, but he was continually on the wing. Change of scene was, perhaps, a necessity for his health.

His mode of life at this time was particularly simple. He rose at four in summer, and at five in winter; dressed; heard a chapter of the Hebrew Bible, and spent until seven in meditation. Then he breakfasted; listened to reading; and dictated to his amanuensis until noon. From twelve to one he walked, or exercised himself in a swing. At one dinner was served—always a moderate, and even an abstemious repast; after which, until six, he dictated, or was read to, or recreated himself with music. The evening was set apart for converse with his friends—and ah, what copious, rich, and varied talk was his! 'He was delightful company,' said his daughter, Deborah; 'the life of the con-

versation, not only on account of his flow of subject,—which, as he knew everything, never ran thin or slow—‘but of his unaffected cheerfulness and civility.’ Supper at eight, then a pipe, and immediately afterwards the poet retired to rest.

The Great Plague breaking out in London, Milton employed his young friend, Elwood, the Quaker, who acted as reader to him, to find a shelter for himself and his family at Chalfont St. Giles, a picturesque Buckinghamshire village. Here he was visited by Elwood as soon as he was commodiously settled. ‘After some common discourses had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his, which being brought, he delivered it to me, bidding me take it home with me and read it at my leisure, and when I had so done return it to him with my judgment thereupon. When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled “Paradise Lost.” After I had, with the best attention, read it through, I made him another visit, and returned him his book, with the acknowledgment of the favour he had done me in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him; and, after some further discussion about it, I pleasantly said to him, “Thee hast said much here of “Paradise Lost,” but what hast thou to say of Paradise Found?” He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then broke off that discourse and fell upon another subject. After the sickness was over, and the City well cleaned and become safely habitable again, he returned thither [March or April, 1666]. But when afterwards I went to wait on him there (which I seldom failed of doing whenever any occasions drew me to London), he showed me his second poem, called “Paradise Regained,” and in a pleasant tone said to me, ‘This is owing to you; for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.’

It appears, then, that ‘Paradise Lost’ was completed before the end of 1665, and we may assume that ‘Paradise Regained’ was written before April 27th, 1667, the date of

the poet's agreement with Samuel Simmons, the publisher, to sell him the copyright of 'Paradise Lost' for £5, with an additional payment of £5 when 1,300 copies had been sold, and of another £5 after the sale of 1300 copies of the second edition, and of the third edition also—each edition to consist of 1500 copies. Two editions were sold in Milton's lifetime, so that he received ten pounds for his immortal work, and his widow eight pounds for her remaining interest in the copyright. Divided at first into two books, it was published in a small quarto volume at three shillings. No 'Arguments' were then prefixed to the books; nor was there preface, note, or introduction. Before any copies could be sold the poem had to be licensed, and the Archbishop of Canterbury's Chaplain, the Rev. Thomas Tomkyns, hesitated to pass it because he suspected a political meaning in the well-known simile . . .

' . . . As when the sun, new-risen,
Looks through the horizontal, misty air
Shorn of his beams; or, from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs . . . '

His suspicions, however, were happily dispelled, and Milton gave to his country the immortal work of which he had dreamed in the leafy shades of Horton—the work on which he had bestowed all the resources of his genius, all the wealth of his imagination, all the pomp and splendour of his marvellous erudition.

There are certain masterpieces in the world's literature with which criticism has now no concern, and 'Paradise Lost' is one of them. It has become part and parcel of that precious heritage which each generation with reverent hand receives from its predecessor and in its turn transmits to its successor, to admire and enjoy and be thankful for. It has its defects, no doubt, for it was conceived and expressed by a human intellect; but the world has long ago resolved to take no account of these, any more than it would of a flaw or blemish in a marble by Phidias or

Praxiteles. To criticise it would be an impertinence, but to study it is the bounden duty of every thoughtful Englishman. And, so doing, he should direct his attention to such points as Milton's indebtedness to Cædmon and Vondel; the traces in its rich and sonorous versification, with its subtly distributed harmonies and felicitous cadences, of Milton's partiality for Marlowe, and, more particularly, Spenser; its rhythmical characteristics; the varied evidences of the poet's immense scholarship; the effect of his Calvinistic theology upon his development of the subject; his happy selection of epithets; his vignettes of rural scenery; and, finally, the relation of his poem to the religious thought of the age. Next, he should compare it with the 'Faery Queen,' which presents one side or aspect of the great and difficult problem of which 'Paradise Lost' sets forth the other. Thus, as it is the object of Spenser's poem to indicate the aspiration of mankind towards God, so it is that of Milton's to

' Assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men ;'

and in both the main motive is the secular contention between the principles of Good and Evil, as exhibited in 'Paradise Lost' in the councils of Providence, and in 'The Faery Queen' in the struggling, scorning, sorrowing human soul. The reproach sometimes levelled against Puritanism that it was hostile to the poetic spirit, is easily disposed of when we remember that it gave us Spenser and Milton.

'Paradise Lost' divides naturally into three parts, each consisting of four books. Part I., books 1 to 4, describes the war in heaven between good and evil, the overthrow of evil and its fall into hell, and the renewal of the conflict upon earth with the soul of man for prize and victim. Part II., books 5 to 8, forms a kind of interlude or intermezzo, in which the events that preceded man's creation are related by the Archangel Raphael. And Part III., books 9 to 12, resumes and completes the story of the mighty war, with the disaster of man's fall, and its immediate conse-

quences, and the Archangel Michael's vision of his ultimate regeneration and the eternal triumph of Good. 'Paradise Regained,' though pitched in a lower key, is, in reality, Part IV., books 13 to 16, and brings before us the realization of the Archangelic vision in Christ's victory over the Tempter in the Wilderness. On 'the highest pinnacle' of the glorious Temple of Jerusalem, which from afar off shone

'Like a mount
Of alabaster topt with golden spires,'—

Divine Good, in the person of Our Saviour, wins the last battle in that tremendous contest which, long before, began in Heaven's wide champaign. Angelic choirs break forth into anthems of victory :

'Now Thou hast avenged,
Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regained lost Paradise,
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent.'

We know what, in their several ways, Shelley and Tennyson have done to mould our language into new and beautiful forms of poetic expression ; but Milton surpasses them—and all others—as an artist in verse. As Dr. Guest says : 'His verse almost ever fits the subject, and so insensibly does poetry blend with this—the last beauty of exquisite versification—that the reader may sometimes doubt whether it be the thought itself, or merely the happiness of its expression, which is the source of a gratification so deeply felt.' There is an organ-roll of music, diversified at appropriate times by the soft strains of dulcimers and recorders, which bears us onward in full delight from the opening words to the last. It is conceived on the largest scale—the musician employs all the vast resources of his art—everything is grand and pure and sublime. 'There are no such vistas and avenues of verse,' says Lowell, 'as Milton's. In reading "Paradise Lost" one has a feeling of spaciousness such as no other poet gives. He showed from the first that larger style which was to be

his peculiar distinction. The strain heard in his earlier productions is of a higher mood as regards metrical construction than anything that had thrilled the English ear before, giving no uncertain augury of him who was to show what sonorous metal lay silent, till he touched the keys in the epical organ-pipes of our various language, that have never since felt the strain of such prevailing breath.'

With 'Samson Agonistes,' written in 1667, and published in 1671, Milton closed his great career. It is a choral drama, after the Greek example, and in its severest style, and beyond all his works is infused with the poet's strong individuality. Here the main task and progress of his life find their final expression. For twenty years he had laboured in the struggle against religious and civil tyranny, and to the superficial observer it seemed clear that the battle had gone against him and his cause. But the poet is, by virtue of his office, a seer, and Milton foresaw the ultimate triumph of the principles he had advocated, just as the blind and aged Samson foresees and compasses the overthrow of the Philistines. Milton's last words as a poet were true to the creed of his life :

' All is best, though oft we doubt
 What the unsearchable dispose
 Of Highest Wisdom brings about,
 And ever best found in the close.
 Oft He seems to hide His face,
 But unexpectedly returns,
 And to His faithful champion hath in place
 Bore witness gloriously.'

'In composing this piece,' says Pattison, 'he fulfilled more than one cherished intention. "Samson" is a drama; and though Milton had, after mature deliberation, chosen the epic poem for his chief work, it was not without secretly reserving the intention to repeat the experiment of a drama, in which the Greek model should be even more closely adhered to than in "Comus." Milton's taste had been offended by the want of art and regularity of the English drama, and he tried to give a specimen of a tragedy in conformity with the rigidest type. In "Samson" not only

are the unities of time and place observed, but dialogue is varied by choral odes; no division of act or scene is made, but the transitions are managed by the intervention of a chorus of compatriots and sympathizers. How much, in composing this piece, Milton's thoughts were occupied with the question of form is proved by his choosing to preface it by some remarks with a bearing on that point only. He says nothing in this preface which could point the references to his own fate and fortunes. The prefatory remarks are apologetic, and explain why he has adopted the dramatic form, in spite of the objections of religious men to the stage, and why he has modelled his drama after the ancients and Italians.

' Besides reviving the more correct form of drama, Milton's intention in "Samson" is to offer one which in substance is free from the coarse buffooneries of the Restoration stage. Though taste and friendship both forbade his naming Dryden or any living dramatist, we see of whom he is thinking when he would "vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day, with other common interludes, suffering through the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity, or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people."'

Three years after 'Paradise Lost' was given to the world, Milton published his 'History of England,' comprising the fable of Geoffrey of Monmouth, continued only so far as the Norman invasion. It is written, on the whole, with studied simplicity; but here and there its author rises into his old strain of exalted eloquence. As, for instance, at the close of his second book, where he says:

' Thus expired the great empire of the Romans; first in Britain, soon after in Italy itself, having borne chief sway in this island, though never thoroughly subdued, or all at once in subjection, if we reckon from the coming in of

Julius to the taking of Rome by Alaric, in which year Honorius wrote those letters of discharge into Britain, the space of 462 years. And with the empire fell also what before in the Western world was chiefly Roman: learning, valour, eloquence, history, civility, and even language itself—all these together, as it were, with equal power, diminishing and decaying. Henceforth we are to steer by another sort of authors; near enough to the things they write, as in their own country, if that would serve; in time not much belated, some of equal age; in expression barbarous, and to say how judicious I suspend awhile: this we must expect; in civil matters to find them dubious relaters, and still to the best advantage of what they term the Holy Church, meaning indeed themselves; in most other matters of religion blind, astonished, and struck with superstition as with a planet; in one word, monks. Yet these guides, when can be had no better, must be followed; in gross, it may be true enough; in circumstances each man, as his judgment gives him, may reserve his faith or bestow it.'

In 1673 was published his 'Treatise of True Religion, Heresie, Schism, Toleration, and what best Means may be used against the Growth of Popery,' in which he laid down as his principle of toleration agreement in the sufficiency of Scripture, and extended his hand to all who based their opinions upon the sacred writings. He excluded the Papists because they appeal to other testimonies. In this year he also reprinted his 'Juvenile Poems,' with some additions and corrections; and in the following year published a book of logic for the instruction of students in philosophy ('*Artis Logica plenior Institutio*'), and his familiar letters in Latin.

The poet had long suffered severely from gout, which had now made great inroads upon his constitution; and feeling the rapid approach of death, he engaged his brother Christopher to make his will. He passed away without pain on Sunday, the 8th of November, 1674, at his house

in Bunhill Fields, in the 66th year of his age, and was buried next his father in the chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

Nearly a century and a half after his death Milton's exposition of his religious views, a treatise entitled, 'De Doctrinâ Christianâ,' was discovered in the State Paper Office, and published, with a careful and exact translation, by Bishop Sumner. It is chiefly interesting from its revealing the fact that the poet in his later years had become a convert to Arianism, and because it suggested to Macaulay his celebrated essay.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Foremost among the noble contributions which the Church of England has made to English literature must be placed the poems of GEORGE HERBERT. They breathe a purity of thought, a devotional feeling, and a sweetness of metrical utterance which are not often found in such intimate combination; like a posy of scented flowers, in which no one balmy odour rises distinct from the general fragrance. They are, in fact, the poems of a poet; so much as this cannot be said of the poetry of many of his contemporaries; but, in all things and always, Herbert was one of the glorious company of sweet singers. In fine spontaneous verse he clothed his prayers, his reflections, his sympathies, his aspirations. He lived, as it were, in an atmosphere of poetry; or, it would be better to say that poetry was his daily bread, the nutriment of his existence. The rigid critic censures his remote images and quaint devices; and even his admirers defend them half-heartedly on the plea that they belonged to the age, like the conceits of the Marinists, or were impressed upon him by the example of his mother's friend, Dr. Donne. No doubt he owed something, as every poet does, to the spirit of his time; but these characteristics are essentially his own—the notes of his style, the methods of his music. He goes

dressed in singing robes of his own devising; they are appropriate to him, and suit him as they would no other. 'Quaint' is he? Well, yes; but this quaintness is the outcome of what Professor Gardiner happily calls 'his irresistible tendency to detect a hidden meaning in the most unexpected objects of sense.' Everything is of sacred importance to him, and he desires to convey his sense of its importance in a way the reader cannot misunderstand. Our ears have of late been accustomed to such smoothness and continuity of melody, such evenness of pace, that they are at first offended by the wayward or daring measures of the elder poets; but the fancies and inventions of Herbert are as much part and parcel of his genius, as, of Milton's, his measured pomp of style and sweeping rhetoric. But I contend that Herbert is a consummate musician, and a master of all the more dignified forms of expression. Take, for example, the following stanzas from his poem on 'Home':

'Come, Lord, my head doth bend, my heart is sick,
 While Thou dost ever, ever stay :
 Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
 My spirit gaspeth night and day :
 Oh, show Thyself to me,
 Or take me up to Thee !

'Nothing but drought and dearth, but bush and brake,
 Which way see'er I look, I see ;
 Some may dream merrily, but when they wake
 They dress themselves and come to Thee :
 Oh, show Thyself to me,
 Or take me up to Thee !'

Or for elegance and subdued fancy take the poem entitled 'Aaron,' in which every line is perfect, and every word well chosen, and aptly fitted :

'Holiness in the head ;
 Light and perfections in the breast ;
 Harmonious bells below, raising the dead,
 To lead them unto life and rest—
 Thus are true Aarons drest.

'Profaneness in my head ;
 Defects and darkness in my breast ;
 A noise of passions ringing me for dead
 Unto a place where is no rest—
 Poor priest, thus am I drest !

‘ Only another Head
I have, another heart and breast,
Another music, making live, not dead,
Without whom I could have no rest—
In Him I am well drest.

‘ Christ is my only head,
My alone only heart and breast,
My only music, striking me even dead,
That to the old man I may rest,
And he in Him new drest.

‘ So, holy in my head,
Perfect and light in my clear breast,
My doctrine turned by Christ, who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do rest.
Come, people : Aaron’s drest.’

A conspicuous characteristic of George Herbert’s poetry is its profound sympathy with Nature. It is true that he derived much of his inspiration from the holy Temple, and delighted to make use of its symbols and hallowed ceremonies ; but he gathered more from that other Temple, God’s beautiful world. Images came to him unbidden from the green hills and the shadowy valleys, from the tender grasses and the choice blossoms, from the shifting clouds and the noiseless stellar spheres, from the ringing woods and the glancing sunbeams. The song of the birds finds a constant echo in his verse. The radiance of the rainbow gilds it, and the lightning shoots across it a lurid splendour. He who loved God so much could not but love God’s world. He found ‘a heaven in a wild flower.’ His garden was a type and miniature of Paradise ; and on behalf of his birds and blooms he would offer up a petition to the falling rain :

‘ Rain, do not hurt my flowers, but gently spread
Your honey-drops ; press not to smell them here ;
When they are ripe their odour will ascend,
And at your lodging with their thanks appear.’

His keen sensibility is apparent in such a line as this :

‘ I once more smell the dew and rain,’

which in its vividness reminds one of Keats’s exclamation, that he could feel the daisies growing over him. This is a love of nature which does not expatiate in passages of

studied description or elaborate enthusiasm, but makes itself felt everywhere by a number of unconscious, spontaneous touches.

More particularly, however, is Herbert the poet of the Church of England, his deep love and adoration of which he never grows weary of expressing. He reverences every emblem, every nook and corner of the Sanctuary, every outward and visible sign of that inward and spiritual grace which made the strength and happiness of his life. It is the loadstone of his thoughts, the well-spring of his imagination, the living fire that kindles his heart and mind. From porch to altar every stone carries with it, to Herbert's loving soul, a promise or a benediction. His poetry is consecrated to the Temple, and to the service of its Founder: 'My God,' he exclaims, 'a verse is not a crown, no point of honour or gay suit, no hawk, or banquet, or renown, nor a good sword, nor yet a lute. Nor is it office, art, or news; nor the exchange, or busy hall.' What is it then? Why,

'. . . . that which, while I use,
I am with Thee: and "Most take All."'

It is in this spirit that he kneels humbly at the altar-steps, and enjoys a pure delight in building up his verse in such a form as always to remind him of the Holy Temple.

<p style="text-align: center;">'A broken altar, Lord, Thy servant rears, Made of a heart, and cemented with tears,</p>
--

<p style="text-align: center;">Whose parts are as Thy hand did frame; No workman's tool hath touched the same.</p>
--

<p style="text-align: center;">A heart alone Is such a stone As nothing but Thy power doth cut. Wherefore each part Of my hard heart Meets in this frame, To praise Thy name:</p>

<p style="text-align: center;">That, if I chance to hold my peace, These stones to praise Thee may not cease.</p>

<p style="text-align: center;">Oh! let Thy blessed sacrifice be mine, And sanctify this Altar to be Thine!</p>
--

In reading Herbert, we cannot fail to be struck by his power of deep and original thought. Each subject that he takes up he exhausts, presenting it in a number of new lights, striking out from it an abundance of happy suggestions; and in all this borrowing from no other writer, but trusting wholly to his own splendid resources. His faculty of condensation is remarkable. He packs up in a line or couplet what less affluent poets would spread over a diffuse page. His stanzas are so many caskets of precious things, each filled to the brim. In all his poems this compactness is very noticeable; but in none is it more conspicuous than in the following:

‘Prayer, the Church’s banquet, angel’s age,
God’s breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding heaven and earth;
Engine against the Almighty, sinner’s tower,
Reversed thunder, Christ’s side-piercing spear.
The six days’ world transposing in an hour,
A kind of tune which all things hear and fear;
Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,
Exalted manna, gladness of the best,
Heaven in ordinary, man well drest,
The milky way, the bird of Paradise,
Church bells beyond the stars heard, the soul’s blood,
The land of spices, something understood.’

There is another characteristic feature of Herbert’s poetry—its praise of work—its recognition of the honour, value, and duty of work. The poet was not one of those idle saints who stand apart from the great currents of the world’s life, and, folding their hands in prayer, leave to others the stress and strain of the struggle. He teaches that no work is too mean or humble if it be done in God’s service; that we are not to go afar in search of it, but to take up that which lies close at hand. Carlyle himself does not preach the gospel of labour in more fervent tones. As thus:

‘Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how the business may be done.’

And again:

‘Fly idleness, which yet thou can’st not fly
By dressing, mistressing, and compliment.

If those take up thy day, the sun will cry
 Against thee ; for his light was only lent.
 God gave thy soul brave wings ; put not those feathers
 Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.'

Once more :

'Life is a business, not good cheer,
 Ever in wars,
 The sun still shineth there or here ;
 Whereas the stars
 Watch an advantage to appear.

'Oh that I were an orange tree,
 That busy plant !
 Then should I ever laden be,
 And never want
 Some fruit for him that dressèd me.'

To understand Herbert aright, it is necessary to know something of his life, with its baffled ambitions and unsatisfied longings—the shadow of disease that overcast it—the self-sacrifice that glorified it—the consciousness of weakness that tormented it—the constant struggle between a sense of the blessedness of rest and a continual eagerness for action that occupied it. 'The Temple' is a reflex of this intellectual and spiritual contention ; and much of its value arises from the force and exactness with which it portrays the higher aspirations of a soul that feels the insufficiency of this world as a sphere for its energies. It was this which Richard Baxter perceived when he said : 'Next the Scripture poems, there are none so savoury to me as Mr. George Herbert's. . . . As Seneca takes with me more than all his contemporaries, because he speaketh things by words feelingly and seriously, like a man that is past jest, so Herbert speaks to God like a man that really believeth in God, and whose business in the world is most with God—heart-work and heaven-work make up his book.' In 'The Temple' occurs the fine poem upon 'Man,' in which the poet reaches the high-water mark of achievement. 'The most philosophic, as well as the most comprehensive of his writings, it stands by itself, and has enlisted the admiration even of those furthest removed from him in creed, and caste, and time. Embodying his recognition of the

mysterious relationship of the chief of created beings to his Creator and to the universe, it seems to anticipate centuries of discovery. The faculty which can range from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, discerns the hidden links by which the world is woven together, and poetry prophesies what science proves.'

George Herbert was born on the 3rd of April, 1593, at Montgomery Castle. He came of a good stock; 'of a family,' says Izaak Walton, 'that hath been blessed with men of remarkable wisdom, and a willingness to serve their country, and, indeed, to do good to all mankind; for which they are eminent.' His father was Richard Herbert, who died in 1597—his mother, Magdalen Newport, youngest daughter of Sir Richard Newport. She bore to her husband seven sons and three daughters, which, she would say, was Job's number, and Job's distribution, and would as often bless God, 'that they were neither defective in their shapes, nor in their reason.' One of her sons was the chivalrous Edward Herbert whom Charles I. created Lord Herbert of Cherbury. George, who was the fifth, spent much of his childhood under her particular care, and profited by it. In his twelfth year he was sent to Westminster School, under the supervision of Dr. Neile, Dean of Westminster, and Mr. Richard Ireland, head-master. There 'the beauties of his pretty behaviour and wit shined and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age, that he seemed to be marked out for piety, and to become the care of heaven, and of a particular good angel to govern and guide him.'

Having made acquaintance with the classic languages of Greece and Rome, and attained the distinction of a King's Scholarship, he was elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, in May, 1609. There he was at least as conspicuous by his purity of behaviour and refinement of manners as by his capacity and diligence. He became a ripe scholar in French, Italian, and Spanish, and was well versed in Hebrew. His leisure was chiefly spent in the practice of

music, which he loved with a rare passion, saying, with deep feeling, that it relieved his drooping spirits, composed his distracted thoughts, and raised his weary soul so far above earth that it gave him an earnest of the joys of Heaven before he possessed them. In 1612, at the age of nineteen, he published two Latin poems on the death of Prince Henry, the English Marcellus—a national misfortune which seems to have set in motion the pens of all the young rhymesters of the time. In 1618 he took his degree of M.A. He composed also a series of Latin poems in defence of the ceremonies of the Church against Andrew Melville. 'If the reader misses in these sarcastic poems,' says Professor Gardiner, 'any manifestation of high spiritual devotion, they need not, on that account, be set down as a mere offering upon the altar of courtiership. Herbert was a ceremonialist by nature. The outward sign was to him more than to most men the expression of the inward fact. His religion fed itself upon that which he could handle and see, and that quaintness which strict criticism reprehends in his poetry, was the effect of his irresistible tendency to detect a hidden meaning in the most unexpected objects of sense.'

Herbert now began to feel, like most young men of ability, the want of a career. Devout as he was, he had no inclination to adopt the clerical profession. He thought that he could serve God in another way, and in a way more agreeable to his young ambition. He wanted, in fact, to serve two masters. He was well pleased when, in 1619, he was appointed Public Orator to the University. 'It is the finest place in the University,' he wrote exultantly, 'though not the gainfullest; yet that will be about £30 per annum. But the commodiousness is beyond the revenue, for the Orator writes all the University letters, be it to the King, Prince, or whoever comes to the University. To requite these pains, he takes place next to the doctors, is at all their assemblies and meetings, and sits above the proctors.' His love of distinction, however, did not make him forgetful of better things. 'This dignity hath no such earnest-

ness in it,' he says, 'but it may very well be joined with heaven; or if it lead to others, yet to me it should not, for aught I yet know.'

In his new position one of his earliest tasks was to express the University's thanks to James I. for his gift of a copy of his 'Basilicon Doron.' The thanks were conveyed in such elegant Latin, and embroidered with such fine conceits, that the gratified sovereign inquired of Lord Pembroke the writer's name, and whether he knew him. Pembroke replied that he was his kinsman, but that he loved him more for his learning and virtue than because he was of his name and family. With a smile James asked that he might be allowed to love him also, for he took him to be 'the jewel' of the University. At this time James was frequently invited to Cambridge, where he was entertained with dramatic performances by the fellows, and elaborate compliments by the Orator. In these visits he was generally accompanied by Lord Bacon and Bishop Andrewes, with whom George Herbert formed a friendship which lasted until death. 'There fell to be a modest debate betwixt them,' says Walton, 'about predestination and sanctity of life; of both which the Orator did, not long after, send the Bishop some safe and useful aphorisms in a long letter written in Greek; which letter was so remarkable for the language and reason of it, that after the reading it, the Bishop put it into his bosom, and did often show it to many scholars, both of this and foreign nations; but did always return it back to the place where he first lodged it, and continued it so near his heart till the last day of his life.'

A man of exceptional gifts is sometimes mistaken as to the sphere in which he could exercise them most efficiently. While Herbert's thoughts were turned towards a political life, it is clear that he had not the practical commonsense essential for success in it, nor the necessary plasticity of conscience. On Prince Charles's return from his burlesque Quixotry in Spain, bent upon war as a salve for his wounded

pride, Herbert welcomed him to Cambridge in an oration replete with the usual compliments, but containing also some unusual plain-speaking. He was a lover of peace, and he could not advocate war. All that his sense of right would allow him to say—and it was much too little for Prince Charles—was, that he would consent to believe every war unavoidable to which the King, whose sympathies were notoriously pacific, gave his sanction.

While Herbert was still lingering on the threshold of the world, and rehearsing in his mind that old problem of the Choice of Hercules, which comes as a trial to so many sensitive spirits, the two friends died in whom he had chiefly placed his hopes of further advancement, the Duke of Richmond and the Marquis of Hamilton. The accession of Charles to the throne boded him no favour. Disappointed and discontented, he betook himself to a friend's house in Kent, where he lived in so profound a seclusion that his health suffered; if, indeed, it did not suffer more from his mental perplexities. In after years Herbert referred to this critical period in his poem on 'Affliction':

'Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town;
Thou did'st betray me to a lingering look,
And wrap me in a gown:
I was entangled in a world of strife
Before I had the power to change my life. . . .

'Yet lest, perchance, I should too happy be
In my unhappiness;
Turning my purge to food, Thou throwest me
Into more sicknesses.
Thus doth Thy cross bias me, not making
Thine own gifts good; yet me from my ways taking.'

At length he resolved to take orders; but the clerical profession was not then esteemed very highly, and 'a Court friend' wrote to dissuade him from entering on so mean an employment for a man of his high birth and rare endowments. 'It hath been formerly judged,' said Herbert in reply, 'that the domestic servants of the King of Heaven should be of the noblest families on earth, and though the

iniquity of the late times hath made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of priest contemptible, yet will I labour to make it honourable by consecrating all my learning and all my poor abilities to advance the glory of that God that gave them; knowing that I can never do too much for Him that hath done so much for me as to make me a Christian. And I will labour to be like my Saviour, by making humility lovely in the eyes of all men, and by following the merciful and meek example of my dear Jesus.'

He seems, however, to have hesitated still, and he was a layman when Bishop Williams, in July, 1626, promoted him to the prebend of Leighton Bromswold, in Huntingdonshire. This brought him to a decision, and he was at once admitted to deacon's orders. His first care was to visit the church that had thus passed into his custody, and finding it in a ruinous condition, he gave orders for its restoration. The cost was defrayed by himself and his friends. 'He made it so much his whole business,' says Walton, 'that he became restless till he saw it finished, as it now stands; being, for the workmanship, a costly mosaic; for the form, an exact cross; and, for the decency and beauty, the most remarkable parish church that this nation affords. He lived to see it so wainscoted as to be excelled by none; and, by his order, the reading-pew [desk] and pulpit were a little distant from each other, and both of an equal height. For he would often say, "They should neither have a precedence nor priority of the other; but, that prayer and preaching being equally useful, might agree like brethren, and have an equal honour and estimation."' "

In 1627 his mother died. His love and reverence for her, and his deep grief at her loss, gave birth to the 'in memoriam' poem of the 'Parentalia,' with its touches of simple pathos and expressions of tender sensibility. We may reasonably conclude that it was owing to the effect of this heavy affliction on a naturally feeble frame that he resigned his Oratorship, and retired to the house of his brother, Sir Henry Herbert, at Woodford, in Essex, where

he remained for a twelvemonth in a precarious condition. Symptoms of pulmonary disease led to his removal to Lord Danvers's, at Dantsey, in Wiltshire. By his adoption of an abstemious regimen, by refraining from excessive study, and by enjoying open-air exercise and cheerful conversation, his health improved; and he then declared his determination to take upon himself the duties of the priesthood, and to marry. The lady on whom his affection had settled was a Miss Danvers, a woman of culture, ability, and Christian character; their marriage proved eminently happy, and he found in her a sympathetic friend and helpmate.

In 1630, about three months after his marriage, he was presented by the King, at the request of his kinsman, Lord Pembroke, to the vicarage of Bemerton and Fugglestone (near Wilton), which, after much spiritual conflict, and great apprehension lest he should prove unequal to the work, he accepted, by the advice and authority of Bishop Laud. He was formally inducted on the 21st of April, 1630. 'When he was shut into the church, being left there alone to toll the bell (as the law requires), he stayed there so much longer than an ordinary time before he returned to those friends that stayed expecting him at the church-door, that his friend, Mr. Woodnot, looked in at the church-window, and saw him lie prostrate on the ground before the altar'—praying to the Master for strength to do his duty by the souls committed to his charge.

At this time he was still in deacon's orders; but in the following week he was admitted to the priesthood.

In his new sphere of labour he contrived to reconcile the life of action after which he had sighed at Cambridge, with that instinct of devout restfulness which was dominant in his character. All his energies were devoted to the fulfilment of the responsibilities which he recognised as having devolved upon him. The restoration of the parish church and rebuilding of the parsonage were his primary undertakings; but the great work which he undertook was 'the reducing of man to the obedience of God.' 'Every

gift of ability,' he said, 'is a talent to be accounted for'; and no gift of his was allowed to lie unused. In his manual of 'A Priest to the Temple; or, The Country Parson, his Character, and Rule of Holy Life,' he has created an ideal standard, very difficult of attainment, but that he himself was the very type and pattern of what he drew is beyond dispute.

It was his habit to select his text from the Gospel for the day; and his sermon was always filled with homely illustrations and sound counsels embodied in plain, forcible language, which could be understood by the common people. He took great pleasure in explaining the meaning of the Church's Services and the connection of their various parts; nor did he forget to trace each consecutive phase of the Church's Year, bringing out its appropriate lessons and dwelling upon the significance of its memorable events. Every Sunday afternoon he gave half an hour to catechizing his congregation. Twice a day during the week he attended prayers in the chapel attached to his parsonage. The example of a life so pure and holy told powerfully upon his people. His sincerity, his zeal, his humble piety, attracted to the daily services the large majority of his parishioners, besides many of the gentry from the surrounding districts. And some of the 'meaner sort' did so love and reverence him that they would stop the plough when his 'saint's bell' rang to prayers, that they might offer their devotions to God simultaneously with him, after which they would resume their daily toil.

Herbert's principal recreation was music, on the wings of which his spirit seemed to soar to Heaven. He was an admirable musician, both in theory and practice, and composed many 'divine hymns and anthems,' which he sang to his lute or viol. Twice a week he walked along the banks of the river to Salisbury that he might enjoy the sweet singing of the Cathedral choir; and on his return would say, with a sigh of thankfulness, 'That the time he spent in prayer and Cathedral music elevated his soul, and was

his heaven upon earth.' Prior to his return to Bemerton on these occasions, he would usually take part in singing and playing at an appointed private music meeting; and referring to this practice would remark: 'Religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rule to it.' He found in music a medicine for the wounded spirit, a satisfaction for disappointed hopes, a charm against the pangs of disease; it soothed, encouraged, and subdued him.

'Sweetest of sweets, I thank you; when displeasure
Did through my body wound my mind,
You took me thence, and in your house of pleasure
A dainty lodging me assigned.'

In praying and preaching, in works of love and mercy, George Herbert completed the idyll of his life at Bemerton. Latterly he was so enfeebled by the ravages of disease, that he was confined to his house in the adjacent chapel, where, in spite of his physical weakness, he read prayers twice a day. On one occasion, perceiving the pain which the exercise entailed, chided him gently for attempting it. He confessed that it tried him; but added that his life could not be better spent than in the service of His Master, Who had done and suffered so much for him. 'But I will not be wilful,' he added, 'for though my spirit be willing, yet I find my flesh is weak. And, therefore, Mr. Bostock shall be appointed to read prayers for me to-morrow, and I will now be only a hearer of them, till this mortal shall put on immortality.'

Cheered by the society of his friend, Mr. Woodnot, and by the loving attentions of his devoted wife, George Herbert's gentle spirit daily drew nearer to the border of the Silent Land. His serenity was that of a soul resting securely on the hope of the future life in Christ; and all his aspirations and anticipations breathed, as it were, a foretaste of heaven. The Sunday before his death, rising suddenly from his couch, he touched his lute with tremulous fingers, and sang:

‘My God, my God,
My music shall find Thee,
And every string
Shall have his attribute to sing.’

After tuning his instrument, he accompanied himself while he sang a verse from his well-known poem on Sunday :

‘The Sundays of man’s life,
Threaded together on Time’s string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious King ;
On Sundays, Heaven’s door stands ope,
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.’

‘Thus he sang on earth,’ says Walton, ‘such hymns and anthems as the angels and he now sing in heaven.’

On the day of his death, he turned to Mr. Woodnot, and said: ‘My dear friend, I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God but sin and misery; but the first is pardoned, and a few hours will soon put a period to the latter, for I shall suddenly go home and be no more seen.’ Mr. Woodnot reminded him of his many acts of charity, and of his restoration of Leighton Church. ‘They be good works,’ said Herbert, ‘if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and not otherwise.’ As the day advanced, he grew more restless; and his uneasiness became so visible that his wife, his three nieces, and Mr. Woodnot remained constantly by his bed, moved by his evident pain, and yet unwilling to lose the sight of him whom they so loved and revered. Observing him to fall into a sudden agony, his wife, with an outburst of emotion, inquired of him how he did, and received for answer, ‘That he had passed a conflict with his last enemy, and had overcome him by the merits of his Master, Jesus.’ His last words were: ‘I am ready to die. Lord, forsake me not now my strength faileth me; but grant mercy for the merits of my Jesus. Lord, Lord, now receive my soul!’ Then, without a struggle, he passed away to his rest.

Two poets who belong to the school of Herbert, though unequally influenced by him, and differing considerably from each other, now demand our notice,—RICHARD CRASHAW and HENRY VAUGHAN. At their best, both over-top and excel their master, but they frequently descend to depths which Herbert never sounds, his general excellence being more sustained. Both Vaughan and Crashaw are inspired by a profound religious feeling: Vaughan's piety, however, is broader and more liberal than that of Crashaw, who is fettered by the ceremonialism of the Roman Catholic Church. Pope said of Crashaw that he wrote like a gentleman for his own amusement; and it is clear that he piles fancy upon fancy, and conceit upon conceit, out of the intellectual pleasure the process affords him, and altogether indifferent to the effect it may produce on the reader. He is like a man crowding his little parterre with an excess of glittering flowers, though the eye of the observer is wearied and perplexed by such a confusion of colours. Yet at his best, when he gets rid of his Euphuistic excesses, he writes with strenuousness and fervour; while, intense as is the passion of his devotional poems, into his secular verse he puts both vivacity and grace. It will show the compass of his singing powers if we contrast the opening stanzas of his 'Wishes to a Supposed Mistress'—which are full of fine images and display what Coleridge calls 'the opulence of his invention'—with the passionate lines that form the peroration of his poem of 'The Flaming Heart':

' Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible she
That shall command my heart and me ;

' Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of Destiny ;

' Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps tread our earth ;

' Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine ;

‘Meet you her, my wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye called, my absent kisses.

‘I wish her, beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire or glist’ring shoe-tie.’

‘The Flaming Heart’ originated in Crashaw’s unfortunate partiality for the mystic writings of the Seraphical St. Theresa, who in pictures is usually represented with Seraphim beside her :

‘Oh, thou undaunted daughter of desires !
By all thy dower of lights and fires ;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove ;
By all thy lives and deaths of love ;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they ;
By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning’s draught of liquid fire ;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul and sealed thee His ;
By all the heaven thou hast in Him
(Fair sister of the Seraphim !)
By all of Him we have in thee ;
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die.’

The date of Crashaw’s birth is generally given as 1616, but Dr. Grosart fixes it in 1612. He was the son of the Rev. William Crashaw, preacher at the Temple, and a divine of the strictest Puritan school ; was educated at the Charterhouse ; elected a scholar of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, on July 6, 1632 ; became a matriculated pensioner on March 26, 1632, and a Bachelor of Arts in 1634. In November, 1636, he was transferred to Peterhouse, of which college he was elected a Fellow in 1637 ; and he graduated as Master of Arts in 1638. For some years he lived almost entirely in St. Mary’s Church, near Peterhouse, ‘like a primitive saint, offering more prayers by night than others usually offer in the day,’ and fostering that strain of devotional mysticism which runs through all his poems. In company with other loyalists he was ejected from the University by the Earl of Manchester on the 11th of June, 1644.

While at Cambridge he published (in 1634) a little volume of Latin verse, entitled, 'Epigrammatorum Sacrorum Liber,' in which occurs the felicitous conceit on Christ's miracle at Cana :

'Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit ;'

so happily translated as :

'The conscious water saw its God, and blushed.'

About the same time he came under the influence of Nicholas Ferrar, of Little Gidding, whose mixture of Anglicanism, æstheticism, and high ritual, foreshadowed the High Church development of our own days, and probably prepared him for his conversion to Catholicism, which took place after his arrival in France in 1646. In this year he published (in Paris) his English poems, under the title of 'Steps to the Temple, Sacred Poems, with other Delights of the Muses.' The sacred compositions, his anonymous editor reminds us, are 'steps for happy souls to climb Heavenly.' The 'Delights of the Muses' are entirely secular. In the former he pours out lyrical raptures to the Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and St. Mary Magdalen, breathing a fervour like that of the most passionate human love ; but he is inspired with the profoundest enthusiasm where he celebrates the famous Carmelite nun, St. Theresa. Whatever one may think of his anthropomorphism and strange mystical reveries, we cannot doubt his sincerity, as with tireless song he sings of—

'A hundred thousand loves and graces,
And many a mystic thing
Which the divine embraces
Of the dear Spouse of Spirits with them will bring ;
For which it is no shame
That dull mortality must not know a name.'

Perhaps he is seen to the highest advantage as a master of metrical forms in his translations, which are no frigidly literal transcriptions of the original, but rather the richest and most glowing paraphrases—like one of those lovely symphonies which a Beethoven or a Mendelssohn elaborates

from the simplest themes. In these he brings into play all the resources of verbal harmony. With deft artistic hand he embroiders the material which he has taken up with wonderful devices of gold and silver and precious stones. Let the reader compare his 'Music's Duel' with the so-called original of the Jesuit lecturer, Strada,* and he will see that it is the glorious enlargement, in the finest woof of colours conceivable, of a commonplace sketch; it is like a landscape painted by Turner on a sign-board. As much may be said, I think, of his expansion of Marino's 'Sospetto d'Herode.' We borrow a couple of illustrations which Dr. Grosart has pointed out.

Here is the plain and unadulterated Marino :

'The flowers all round and the verdure appear
To feel the strength of the plague, the anger of winter.'

Says Crashaw :

'The fields' fair eyes saw her, and said no more,
But shut their flowing lids for ever.'

Marino says :

'He sees also shining from heaven,
With beauteous ray, the wondrous star.'

This with Crashaw becomes :

'He sees heaven blossom with a new-born light,
On which, as on a glorious stranger, gazed
The golden eyes of night.'

The same process of comparison may be instituted between the *Stabat Mater* and Crashaw's 'Pathetical Descant on the devout Plain Song of the Church.'

At Paris, to pursue the record of Crashaw's simple life, he was introduced to Queen Henrietta Maria, by his friend Cowley, and by her was recommended, it is said, to Cardinal Pallotta, then Governor of Rome, who made him his private secretary. His horror at the iniquities of the Eternal City provoked him into such vigorous denunciations that his life was in danger; and to deliver him from his enemies,

* The original is to be found in his 'Prolusiones,' 1617. It has been imitated, gracefully enough, by John Ford, in his play of 'The Lover's Melancholy,' 1629.

the Cardinal procured him a canonry in the Church of Loretto (April, 1649). There, in a few weeks, he died—not without suspicion of having been poisoned—and Cowley laid upon his grave a memorial wreath in the shape of the well-known Elegy which hails him as both ‘saint and poet.’

There is no reader of our earlier poetry in whose recollection does not linger, like the echoes of an exquisite strain of music, that fine, clear poem of Henry Vaughan, which he dedicates to the ‘dear departed’—to those who have crossed the dark waters to the shining shores beyond. It is to be found, I suppose, in all our Anthologies; but as one never wearies of the sweet breath of the rose, so one never grows tired of good poetry, and the reader will be glad to greet again the following verses, however familiar he may be with them :

‘They are all gone into the world of light!

And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

‘It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun’s remove.

‘I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

‘Oh, holy Hope! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them me
To kindle my cold love.

‘Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
Shining no where, but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!’

Herbert’s influence upon Vaughan was direct and permanent. His poem of ‘The Queer’ (or, as we should now say, The Riddle), was obviously suggested by Herbert’s ‘The Quip’; ‘The Mutiny’ by ‘The Cellar’; ‘Rules and Maxims’ by ‘The Church Porch.’ The tone is Herbert’s; devout and trustful, rather than hopeful; with a crushing

sense of the weariness and nothingness of life weighing down man's intellectual energies. But he cherishes a love of Nature which is stronger and deeper even than his master's; probably because he had seen more of its majesty among the mountains and valleys of Wales. Vaughan, in his most exalted moods, soars to celestial heights, whither it is good for us to follow him rejoicing.

As a smaller, but not unimportant matter, and one which is certainly characteristic, we may note that Vaughan is the first of our poets to recommend Early Rising, and he does so in a most charming manner, with much happy imagery and many apt and wise suggestions. I take a few lines from the passage in question, which the reader will find in his 'Silex Scintillans':

' Yet never sleep the sun up ; prayer should
Dawn with the day : there are set awful hours
'Twi'x heaven and us ; the manna was not good
After sunrising ; far day sullies flowers :
Rise to prevent the sun ; sleep doth sin's glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

' Walk with thy fellow creatures ; note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn ; each bush
And vale doth know I AM. Can'st thou not sing ?
Oh, leave thy cares and follies ! Go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

' Serve God before the world ; let Him not go
Until thou hast a blessing ; then resign
The whole unto Him ; and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine ;
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on and have an eye to heaven.'

Vaughan was born at Newton-by-Usk, in Brecknockshire, in 1621. He and his twin-brother were entered at Jesus College, Oxford, in 1638. When the contention between King and Parliament came to a crisis, Henry, on account of his active Royalism, was thrown into prison. In 1646 he published a volume of 'Secular Poems'—love-poems, neither very poetical nor very edifying—which he afterwards endeavoured to suppress. He had been educated for the law, but his mature tastes led him to adopt the

profession of medicine; and having taken the degree of M.D., he settled down in Brecon to practise as a physician. During a severe illness, his thoughts were directed to religious themes, and it was probably at this time that he began to experience Herbert's spiritual influence. The result was a volume of sacred poetry under the title of 'Silex Scintillans' (Sparks from a heart of flint), published in 1650; a second part of which appeared in 1656. Meanwhile, in 1651, his brother, Thomas Vaughan, collected some of his earlier poems, and published them under the title of '*Olor Iscanus* (The Swan of Usk); select Poems and Translations by Henry Vaughan, Silurist'—Silurist, because born in the part of Wales anciently inhabited by the British tribe of the Silures. A volume of prose devotions, 'The Mount of Olives,' was published in 1652; and, two years later, another prose volume, 'Flores Solitudinis.' Vaughan thereafter sank into silence, and for thirty years confined himself to the exercise of his profession. He died on the 23rd of April, 1695.

Among the Serious Poets, by right of the productions of his later manhood, George Wither claims a place. In truth, he is to the Puritans of his time what Herbert and Vaughan were to the Churchmen—the voice and exponent of their religious feelings. Yet on one side of his poetical genius he approximates to the Cavalier love-singers, and rivals Suckling himself in buoyant gaiety, and in airy defiance of the wiles of Beauty. Some twelve or thirteen years before the latter surprised and delighted the world with the brisk audacity of his 'Why so pale and worn, fond lover?', Wither, in his 'Fidelia,' had broken out into the melodious, careless indifference of his so-called 'Sonnet':

' Shall I, wasting in despaire
Dye, because a woman's faire ?'

In his youth he was by no means unwilling that there should be 'cakes and ale,' nor that 'ginger should be hot i' the mouth,' too—he could sing of love and fair women,

and kiss a pair of ripe lips as lightly as any ruffler among his companions: but by degrees the seriousness of the time began to weigh upon him; he saw the full gravity of the issues the country was summoned to decide; and his conscience prohibited him from indulging in the profane and dangerous trifling affected by the Cavalier poets. His genius, however, could at all times boast of its great characteristic of spontaneity; he sang with ease and freshness—and he sang to the winter-blasts as readily as to the breezes of summer. His address to Poetry—which had been the solace and satisfaction of his prison-hours, is worthy of its subject—enriched by delicacy of sentiment and playfulness of fancy:

‘ Poesy, thou sweet’st content
That e’er Heaven to mortals lent;
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to nought but earth are born,
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee!
Though our wise ones call it madness,
Let me never taste of gladness,
If I love not thy maddest fits
Above all their greatest wits,
And though some, too seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn
What makes knaves and fools of them.’

This brief quotation will show that Wither added to his many other merits a rare skill in the management of octosyllabic verse. In range and colour he is scarcely surpassed, and his frequent felicities of expression have been carefully dwelt upon by Charles Lamb. But in graver forms of versification he is not less an adept; he writes with strength and yet with flexibility, with subtle refinement, and yet with power. And through all the artistic variations of his music one feels and honours the movement of a pure soul, of an elevated intellect, just as through the transparent medium of an alabaster vase one sees the pure radiance of a golden lamp.

Among the serious poets of the period we are considering, no insignificant place is claimed by William Habington. He was the author of a series of poems, to which he gave the title of 'Castara'—this being the name by which he chose to celebrate the lady whom, after long and arduous wooing, he eventually married. The series is arranged on a unique plan, so as to form a kind of orderly exposition of the author's feelings and reflections as a lover, a husband, and a devout Catholic; and it has the distinction of being the first poem in the English language in which wedded love is recognised as an adequate subject. The themes taken in hand by the poet are four in number: The Mistress, the Wife, the Friend, and the Holy Man, and each of these is treated with delicacy, true poetic grace, and a purity almost without parallel. The first part contains the poems which he addressed to 'Castara' during his courtship; the second, those which he composed after their marriage; the part called 'The Friend,' is a collection of *in memoriam* pieces; and the fourth consists wholly of devotional poems, written in a strain of the most intense Romanism. All these poems have many merits, with some grave defects. The gravest is, that they never soar very high; the poet's wing was too feeble to reach the top of Parnassus. Again, there is a great want of form; Habington was too little of an artist, and seldom took the trouble to polish and set his gems, or even to separate them from common stones and rubbish. His judgment was constantly at fault; an indifferent stanza is so contrived as to mar the effect of a very fine one; a noble thought is degraded by being thrown into juxtaposition with something mean and commonplace. On the other hand, he delights us with passages which are exquisite in idea and expression; with fine musical couplets which fill the ear like the roll of an organ, and felicitous lines which sparkle like threads of gold. He is always manly, and always tender in his manliness; always in earnest, like one who values man's honour and woman's chastity as Heaven's two greatest gifts. He is as serious as George Herbert

himself, and sometimes almost as fanciful, though in his love-verse his inspiration seems to come from Sir Philip Sidney. His delicacy of sentiment, however, is beyond that of the Elizabethan, and assures us that Habington was one who had very early conquered and learned to keep under subjection the lust of the eye and the pride of life.

The gracefulness of his fancy is seen in such passages as the following: 'To Roses in the Bosom of Castara

- 'Ye blushing virgins happy are
In the chaste nunnery of her breasts,^o
For he'd profane so chaste a fair
Whoe'er should call them Cupid's nests.
- 'Transplanted thus how bright ye grow,
How rich a perfume do ye yield?
In some close garden cowslips so
Are sweeter than i' th' open field.
- 'In those white cloisters live secure
From the rude blasts of wanton breath,
Each hour more innocent and pure,
Till you shall wither into death.
- 'Then that which living gave you room,
Your glorious sepulchre shall be :†
There wants no marble for a tomb,
Whose breasts hath marble been to me.'

His sonnet 'To Castara, softly singing to her harp' has a noble close:

- 'And ravished nightingales, striving too high
To reach thee, in the emulation die;
And thus there will be left no bird to sing
Farewell to the waters, welcome to the spring.'

Melodious, with an anticipation of Herrick, are the concluding lines of the lyric 'To Cupid, upon a dimple in Castara's cheek':

- 'Lily, rose, and violet
Shall the perfumed hearse beset!
While a beauteous sheet of lawn
O'er the wanton corpse is drawn;
And all lovers use this breath:
"Here lies Cupid blest in death."

^o Imitated by Lovelace:—'That from the nunnery of thy chaste breast.'

† Imitated by Herrick in his stanzas 'Upon the Roses in Julia's Bosom':—'Die when you will your sepulchre is known.'

In another poem we come upon a forcible expression: 'The dumb music of the spheres;' another has, 'the weeping magic of my verse;' and a third opens thus happily:

'Th' Arabian wind, whose breathing gently blows
Purple to th' violet, blushes to the rose.'

Again we read of 'the lesser people of the air,' which is pretty, if nothing more; of 'the starry senate of the night;' (in the sonnet, 'Love's Anniversary') that 'virtuous love is one sweet endless fire;' and of 'the fine rhetoric of clothes.' Contemplating the death of his friend Talbot, he says that thenceforward virtue will live only in some hermit's solitary cell:

'So 'mid the ice of the far northern sea
A star about the Arctic circle may
Than ours yield clearer light, yet that light shall
Serve at the frozen pilot's funeral'—

an idea which he probably gathered from some record of early Arctic adventure. The following couplet is strong, terse, and significant (from *Elegy* viii.):

'The bad man's death is horror; but the just
Keeps something of his glory in his dust.'

In the opening poem of the fourth occur these admirable lines:

'Ye glorious wonders of the skies,
Shine still, bright stars,
Th' Almighty's mystic characters!'

Here is a good and impressive image:

'For I have seen the pine,
Famed for its travels o'er the sea,
Broken with storms and age decline,
And in some creek unpitied rot away.'

Our concluding example of this poet's verse is taken from the poem in the fourth part, 'Nox nocti indicat scientiam.'

'When I survey the bright
Celestial sphere:
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear.*

* Not the only instance that Habington had read Shakespeare with attention. Compare 'Romeo and Juliet,' act i., sc. 5:

'Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of Night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.'

- ' My soul her wing doth spread,
And heavenward flies,
Th' Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.
- ' For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.
- ' No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character
Removed far from our human sight,
- ' But if we steadfast look
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.
- ' It tells the conqueror,
That far-stretched power,
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour ;
- ' That, from the farthest North,
Some nation may
Yet undiscovered issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway.
- ' Some nation, yet shut in
With hills of ice,
May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice.
- ' And then they likewise shall
Their ruin have ;
For as yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.
- ' Thus, then, celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life confute.
- ' For they have watched since first
The world had birth ;
And found sin in itself accurst,
And nothing permanent on earth.'

No one will deny the charm of this nobly solemn poem, in which not a feeble line or unworthy image detracts from the impressive effect.*

* A full critical analysis of the 'Castara' will be found in Sir Egerton Brydges' 'Censura Literaria.'

William Habington, of Hindlip, in Worcestershire, was born on the 4th or 5th of November, 1605. He came of an old Catholic stock—his father had been an enthusiastic partisan of Mary, Queen of Scots, and deeply concerned in Babington's conspiracy—and was educated after the strictest Catholic fashion at St. Omer's and in Paris. The Jesuits pressed him strongly to take the vows of their order; but he refused, and to escape their importunity, returned to England, where he completed his education under his father's supervision, and gave special attention, it is said, to the study of history. Falling in love with Lucia, or Lucy, the daughter of William, Lord Powis, he discovered that he was a poet, and began to celebrate her in verse under the name of Castara; and 'it would seem that, as "a lady of rare endowments and beauty," she was fully deserving of all the fine things her poet-lover has said in her honour. With considerable affluence of invention he has sung of her, and about her, and to her—now celebrating her frown or smile, now addressing her when 'looking upon him,' now replying when she inquired why he loved her, now transfixed with the sad thought that 'Castara may die,' now immortalising 'the dimple in her cheek,' and now recalling with delight 'a trembling kiss' snatched when he parted from her. The lady was by no means indifferent to his wooing; but her father desired for her a suitor more nearly her equal in rank and wealth, and for some time the course of their true love did not run smoothly. Eventually Lord Powis withdrew his opposition; the poet won his mistress; and the happy couple spent some tranquil years at Hindlip, apparently undisturbed by the storms of civil war. Anthony Wood accuses him of having 'run with the times,' which, perhaps, he did; for 'the times' were unfavourable to active independence on the part of a Catholic gentleman, whose best chance of security lay in his escaping public notice. And it is evident enough from his writings that public life would have had no attraction for him. He was not fitted to excel in the

council or in the field. His mind was filled with grave thoughts of death and eternity; his books were his friends and his companions; and he found his happiness in the sweet domesticities of a home brightened by the presence of the only woman he had ever loved. But in the great contention which divided England into two hostile parties, it was impossible that his sympathies should be given to Puritans and, as he would consider them, rebels; and he speaks with ardour of

‘A pure devotion to the King,
In whose just cause whoever fights must be
Triumphant.’

Habington died, while yet in the prime of manhood, on the 30th of November, 1654. He was interred in the family vault at Hindlip Church.

Besides his ‘*Castara*,’ he wrote a ‘*History of Edward IV., King of England*’ (1640), the ground-work of which had been begun by his father. It is written in a rhetorical and ornate style, which rises occasionally into genuine eloquence.

Like most of his contemporaries, he tried his hand at dramatic composition, and wrote a tragi-comedy, ‘*The Queen of Arragon*,’ which he presented to the Earl of Pembroke, Charles I.’s Lord Chamberlain. It was acted at Court, and at the Blackfriars Theatre. Dodsley reprinted it in his collection of ‘*Old Plays*.’

The first edition of the ‘*Castara*’ was published in 1634. A second appeared in the following year; and a third, enlarged, in 1640. As I have already stated, to each part is prefixed a kind of prologue in prose, describing the characters, respectively, of a Mistress, a Wife, a Friend, and a Holy Man. If the character of ‘the Wife’ be a portrait of the Lady Lucy, Habington must have been a most fortunate husband!

George Wither was born at Bentworth, in Hampshire, in 1588, the year of the Armada. Happy they who could associate their birth-year with the deliverance of England

by the bravery of England's sons! At the beginning of James I.'s reign, he was sent to Oxford, where, at Magdalen College, he spent two happy years in lettered delights; but he was recalled, only too soon, to look after the family interests. In 1605, or perhaps later, he went up to Lincoln's Inn to study for the Law, and formed a close friendship with William Browne, the gentle and picturesque author of 'Britannia's Pastorals.' 'The friendship,' says Mr. Arnold, 'was a very important one for Wither. The two wrote in friendly rivalry, and often in intimate co-partnership, and we shall hardly err in laying great stress upon Browne's influence during the first period of Wither's poetry.' In 1612, Wither, like all the other young English versifiers, published a lament for Prince Henry, in the form of 'a supposed interlocution between the Ghost of Prince Henry and Great Britaine.' In the following year, at the age of twenty-five, he dealt a blow in the interests of public morality, and denounced the vice and irreligion of the age in his 'Abuses Stript and Whipt; or, Satirical Essays, by George Wither, divided into Two Books.' These satires deal with the ordinary passions of mankind, such as Love, Lust, Hate, Envy, Revenge, and Avarice, and it is difficult to understand why denominations so impersonal and general should have offended the authorities. He upheld the office of bishop, and gave more praise to Abbot or Laud than either deserved. But they were fearlessly and frankly written, with the force that sincerity always gives:

'What? you would fain have all the great ones freed,
 They must not for their vices be controlled:
 Beware: that were a sauciness indeed:
 But if the great ones to offend be bold,
 I see no reason but they should be told.'

The great ones objected, however, to this plain-speaking, and the plain-speaker was imprisoned in the Marshalsea. While in prison he translated a Greek poem on 'The Nature of Man,' and wrote the vigorous pastorals, which contain much of his best work, 'The Shepherd's Hunting: being certain Eclogues written during the time of the

Author's Imprisonment in the Marshalsey.' On his liberation he renewed his friendship with Browne, and the two poets wrote in harmonious conjunction 'The Shepherd's Pipe.' This was in 1615; to which year belongs also the first edition of his 'Fidelia,' a poetical epistle from a forsaken maid to her faithless lover. At the end is given the immortal song, 'Shall I, wasting in despair?'—to which I have already referred—a song that will always hold its place among our lyrical masterpieces. Wither's 'Motto'—*Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo* ('I have not, want not, care not')—a kind of autobiographic, or, at least, egotistical composition, in three books, appeared in 1618. In the preface he says: 'The language is but indifferent, for I affected emotion rather than words; the method is none at all; for I was loath to make a business of a recreation.' He adds, with unnecessary self-depreciation, and as a concession to more serious views of life, the result of enlarged experience: 'The foolish "Canterbury Tale" in my "Scourge of Vanity" (which I am now almost ashamed to read over), even that hath been by some praised for a witty passage.' The moral of the 'Motto' seems to be embodied in the line—'He that supplies my want hath took my care.'

It must be owned that Wither's pen was sufficiently prolific. Besides bringing together, in 1622, his earlier poems under the unflattering title of 'Juvenilia,' he published in the same year his 'Fair Virtue, the Mistress of Philarete, written by himself.' Philarete (*i.e.* Lover of Virtue) is the hero of 'The Shepherd's Hunting.' He asserts his independence as a poet in this graceful seven-syllabled verse, just as he asserted his freedom as a man in the political strife of the time:

'Pedants shall not tie my strains
To our antique poets' veins,
As if we in latter days
Knew to live, but not to praise.
Being born as free as these,
I will sing as I shall please,
Who as well new paths may run
As the best before have done.'

During the severe visitation of the Plague which darkened the streets of London with mourning in 1625, George Wither behaved with great courage, carrying help and consolation to the sick. It made a deep impression on his mind and conscience, and he recorded his experiences as well as his reflections in a poem which the nature of the subject renders unpleasant reading, entitled, 'Britain's Remembrance: containing a Narration of the Plague lately Past; a Declaration of the Mischiefs present, and a Prediction of Judgments to come (if Repentance prevent not). It is dedicated (for the Glory of God) to Posteritie; and to These Times (if they Please), by George Wither.' Here Wither's Puritanism first asserts itself plainly; and a marked change is visible in tone of thought and feeling. It is interesting to note that the type was set up by Wither himself; he could not 'get allowance,' he says, 'to do it publicly.' He now abandoned his secular songs, his strains in praise of fair women and beautiful landscapes, and expressed his regret that his Muse had ever stooped to such trivial subjects. He made a metrical translation of the Psalms in 1632, and in 1635 published his 'Emblems'—poetical expositions of a number of Dutch engravings, which exercised, apparently, a deadening influence upon his powers. At this period he was still a Constitutional politician, desiring a pacific issue to the contention between King and Parliament; but as the quarrel proceeded, he ranged himself in opposition to the King, and sold his paternal estate in order to raise, in the Puritan cause, a troop of cavalry. He published, in 1641, his noble poem of 'Hallelujah,' in which he rises to celestial heights on a strong and rapid wing.

In 1642 Wither was made Governor of Farnham Castle. He was accused of deserting his post, and in the same year the castle was ceded to Sir William Waller. Continuing to fight on the side of the Parliament, he rose to the rank of a Major, was taken prisoner, and, it is said, owed his life to the intervention of Sir John Denham, who naively pleaded that so long as Wither lived, he (Denham) would not be regarded

as the worst poet in England. The 'prosperity of a jest' lies in the effect it has; and if Denham's quip saved his brother-poet's life, everybody will agree that it was one of the best jokes ever made. But Denham, we will hope, did not really entertain the critical view which it embodied. Even *his* egotism could hardly place Wither below himself as a poet.

Wither still continued to take an active part in the great struggle. He was one of Lord Protector Cromwell's Major-Generals, and was placed in charge of the county of Surrey. From the sequestered estates of the Royalists he obtained, without harsh or unfair dealing, a considerable fortune; but at the Restoration was summarily stripped of his new acquisitions. Thereupon he resumed his indefatigable pen, and remonstrated vehemently and incessantly against the injustice with which he rightly considered the ruling powers had visited him; his complaints, however, were declared to be libels, and he was again thrown into prison. Though treated with a good deal of severity, he contrived to issue a number of poems and satires; until, feeling the contest an unequal one, he agreed at length to give a bond for good behaviour, and was released in 1663. He was then a white-haired man of 75, but his varied experiences had not quenched his spirit, nor had years greatly impaired his mental powers, and in his prison lucubrations will be found not a little of the old fire and fancy—of the old independence—of the old love of truth and freedom.

The venerable poet lived to see the Great Plague and the Great Fire, and went into his rest on the 2nd of May, 1667.

His life, if we had had more space, would have been worth telling at greater length. His poetry is worth higher and fuller criticism. Why it should have fallen into such general oblivion it is difficult to conjecture; for it contains much that deserves a perpetual popularity, and in pathos, tenderness, and beauty, is superior to that of most of his contemporaries. It is so good and great because it is the utterance of a good and great soul; for Wither loved the truth, and pursued it with ardour, and in his life and poetry.

reflects all that was best and highest in Puritanism. His religion is grave but not ascetic; he is in full and active sympathy with the beauty of holiness; and looking round upon the fair world of summer sunshine and summer flowers, he feels that it is good, and with a joyful heart exclaims:

‘Other blessings, many more
At this time enjoyed may be;
And in this my song therefore,
Praise I give, O Lord, to Thee!’

To the Serious Poets belongs the poet of ‘the Emblems,’ Francis Quarles, he whom Phillips styled ‘the darling of our plebeian judgments.’ He was born, in the spring of 1592, at Stewards, in Romford Town Ward, in the county of Essex; was educated in a private school, and afterwards entered at Christ’s College, Cambridge. About 1612 he removed to Lincoln’s Inn, and studied for the legal profession—‘not so much,’ says his widow, ‘out of desire to benefit himself thereby, as his friends and neighbours, but to compose suits and differences between them’—a philanthropic intention with which our legal practitioners are not generally credited. His birth and fortune opened up to him the exciting careers of public life, but his natural inclination was towards retirement and meditation, and his temperament was melancholy, if not austere. ‘He was neither so unfit for court preferment,’ we are told, ‘nor so ill-beloved there, but that he might have raised his fortunes thereby, if he had had any inclination that way; but his mind was chiefly set upon devotion and study, yet not altogether so much but that he faithfully discharged the place of cup-bearer to the Queen of Bohemia’—Wotton’s ‘Queen of Hearts.’

The grave, sad view which the young student had already learned to take of life, may be understood by a perusal of his first work, ‘A Feast for Worms, in a Poem on the History of Jonah’ (1620)—a strange book to proceed from the pen of a young man of twenty-eight, but eloquent enough as a proof of the influence which Puritanism was

exercising on the thoughtful minds of the day. In the same year appeared his 'Pentalogia; or, the Quintessence of Meditation,' and in the year following his 'Hadassa, or the History of Queen Esther,' both of which exhibit an almost gloomy spirit of reflection, and the poet's characteristic merits and defects; much vigour and robustness of thought and fancy, which, unfortunately, are not controlled by taste and judgment; considerable freedom and fulness of colouring; an occasional epigrammatic terseness of phrase; and an intense devotional fervour, which finds expression in funereal images and extravagant conceits. In this busy year of production Quarles was in Ireland, and acting as secretary to Archbishop Usher.

'Hadassa' was written in decasyllabic couplets; so also was 'Argalus and Parthenia,' a poem, in three books, founded on an episode in Sidney's 'Arcadia' (1622). In 1624 Quarles was again prolific. First came his 'Job Militant, with Meditations Divine and Moral,' of which Fuller quaintly says, that 'his verses are done to the life, so that the reader may see his sores, and through them the anguish of his soul.' There is no small quantity of dross; but he who searches carefully will be rewarded for his toil by many nuggets of pure gold. That, at his best, he could write with combined strength and fluency, the following passage should convince the reader:

'Even as a nurse whose child's imperfect pace,
Can hardly lead his feet from place to place,
Leaves her fond kissing, sets him down to go,
Nor does uphold him for a step or two;
But when she finds that he begins to fall,
She holds him up, and kisses him withal;—
So God from man sometimes withdraws His hand
Awhile, to teach His infant faith to stand;
But when he sees his feeble strength begin
To fail, He gently takes him up again.'

It was in this year that Quarles lost his dearest friend, the son of Bishop Aylmer, who had stood towards him in the same loving relation that Arthur Henry Hallam, in our own day, held towards Tennyson. He was carried off by

the plague; and Quarles hastened to lay upon his grave an 'in memoriam' garland in his 'Alphabet of Elegies.' 'Reader,' he says, in his few prefatory sentences, 'give me leave to perform a necessary duty, which my affection owes to the beloved memory of that reverend prelate, my much honoured friend, Dr. Ailmer. He was one whose life and death made as full and perfect a story of worth and goodness as earth could suffer, and whose pregnant virtues deserve as faithful a register as earth can keep. In whose happy remembrance I have here trusted these Elegies to deserve your favour. Had he been a lamp to light me alone, my private griefs had been sufficient; but being a sun whose beams reflected on all, all have an interest in his memory.'

Of the beauty of these Elegies I venture upon one specimen :

'No, no ; he is not dead : the march of Fame,
 Honour's shrill herald, would preserve his name,
 And make it live, in spite of death and dust,
 Were there no heaven, no other trust.
 He is not dead : the Sacred Nine deny
 The soul that merits fame should ever die.
 He lives ; and when the latest breath of Fame
 Shall want her trump to glorify a name,
 He shall survive ; and these self-closed eyes
 That now lie slumb'ring in the dust shall rise,
 And, filled with endless glory, shall enjoy
 The perfect vision of eternal joy.'

The false rhyme of the last couplet is the single blot on this piece of melodious versification.

In 1625 Quarles published his 'Sion's Elegies wept by Jeremie the Prophet,' and his 'Sion's Sonnets, sung by Solomon the King, and Paraphrased.' These, with his other elegies and sonnets, he collected in 1630 under the title of 'Divine Poems.' The volume also contained 'The Historie of Sampson,' one of the poorest and most tedious of his compositions. In 1632 he produced his 'Divine Fancies, Digested into Epigrams, Meditations, and Observations;' and in 1635—the year in which Wither published his 'Collection of Ancient and Modern Emblems'—the

ripest growth of his genius, his 'Emblems, Divine and Moral,' a series of poems written in illustration of certain emblematic pictures. The majority are original; but some are translated or paraphrased from the 'Pia Desideria' of the Jesuit, Herman Hugo, who himself was largely indebted to Andrew Alcialis, the author of 'Emblematum Libellus,' who died in 1550. This 'Libellus,' published at Milan in 1522, established, if it did not introduce, a new style of emblem literature—the classical in the place of the simply grotesque and humorous, or of the heraldic and mythic.

Quarles's 'Emblems' attained an immediate popularity, as might be expected in an age which still relished the Later Euphuism, and took delight in the conceits of the Marinists. They were 'in wonderful veneration,' says Anthony Wood, 'among the vulgar.' They were not less acceptable to the learned, for Fuller speaks of this 'visible poetry' as 'excellent,' 'catching therein the eye and the fancy at one draught, so that he hath out-Alciated therein in some men's judgment.' Their merits are undoubtedly very great; the intellectual strength is so abundant, the expression so varied and vigorous, the invention so fertile, the thought so deep and solid. As Thoreau says, he uses language almost as greatly as Shakespeare; and if there be not much 'straight grain' in him, there is plenty of 'tough-worked timber'—material, in fact, to fit out half a dozen ordinary poets.

As Quarles's book is easily accessible (there is a capital edition with exceedingly clever illustrations by the late C. H. Bennett), I do not propose to burden my pages with quotations; but to a couple of beautiful images which have, as it seems to me, quite a Shakesperian touch, the reader's attention shall be directed:

'Look how the stricken hart, that wounded flies
O'er hills and dales and seeks the lower grounds
For running streams, the whilst his weeping eyes
Beg silent mercy from the following hounds;
At length, 'embost he droops, drops down, and lies
Beneath the burden of his bleeding wounds.'

‘Mark how the widowed turtle, having lost
 The faithful partner of her loyal heart,
 Stretches her feeble wings from coast to coast,
 Hunts every path, thinks every shade doth part
 Her absent love, and how, at length unsped,
 She rebetakes her to her lonely bed.’

Quarles allowed himself three years of quiet, and then published his ‘Hieroglyphics of the Life of Man,’ which, in soberness of colouring and gravity of tone, reflect the temper of the nation in those years of political and religious trial. In his prefatory remarks, the poet describes them as ‘an Egyptian dish drest in the English fashion. . . . They (the Egyptians) at their feasts, used to present a Death’s head at the second course; this will serve for both.’ Ingenuities of form and conceits of expression are plentiful. Sometimes the language is as intricate as the structure of the verse is fanciful. Here are a couple of pyramidal stanzas :

‘Behold,
 How short a span,
 Was long enough of old,
 To measure out the life of man !
 In those well-tempered days ; his time was then
 Surveyed, cast up, and found but three score years and ten.’

‘How soon
 Our new-born light
 Attains to full-eyed noon !
 And this, how soon to gray-haired night !
 We spring, we bud, we blossom, and are blast,
 Ere we can count our days : our days they flee so fast !’

do not envy the captious son of Zoilus who fails to appreciate the rich resounding music of these measured and stately stanzas. And as for their metrical eccentricity, is it less pleasing or more remarkable than the triolets and rondeaux and other French-fashioned ingenuities which we have been taught to admire during recent years?

It was probably at the instigation of the Countess of Dorset, to whom Quarles had dedicated his ‘Hieroglyphics,’ that the Earl procured for him, in 1639, the comfortable

post of Chronologer to the City of London,* at a yearly salary of one hundred nobles (or £38 6s. 8d.), equal, at the present value of money, to about £260. He held this appointment until his death in 1644; and, according to his wife, 'would have given the City (and the world) a testimony that he was their faithful servant therein, if it had pleased God to bless him with life to perfect what he had begun.'

In 1641 appeared the 'Enchiridion,' in prose, 'containing Institutions Divine, Contemplative, Practical, Ethical, Economical, Political;' a book which deserves more attention than it has received, being the harvest of a strong and healthy mind which experience and reflection had brought to maturity. It is divided into two sections, of which the first is dedicated to Prince Charles (Charles II.), and the second to that 'fair branch of growing honour and virtue, Mistress Elizabeth Usher,' only daughter of the learned Archbishop. There is in it wisdom enough to fill many pages of a book of 'Choice Extracts,' and it is worthy of a place on the same shelf as Bacon's 'Essays.'

Both as Loyalist and Churchman Quarles regarded with anxiety the clouds which every year gathered more darkly on the horizon. Like Falkland, he sighed for peace. His love to his king and country, says his widow, was manifest in that he used his pen and poured out his continual prayers and tears to quench the miserable fires of discord and dissension, while too many others sought to enlarge them with daily fuel. In his 'Thoughts upon Peace and War,' as well as in his 'Prayers and Meditations,' his feelings of loyalty and of patriotism--patriotism, that is, from the loyalist's point of view--are strongly expressed. They found vent, in a coarser form, in some political satires--one of which, with the burden 'Shy, boys, up go we!' became widely popular. These directed against him

* It is, we suppose, to this appointment that Pope alludes in the well-known lines:

'The Hero William and the Martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore and one pensioned Quarles.'

the anger of the Puritan party, which passed into action on Quarles's publication of his pamphlet, 'The Loyal Convert,' in which he justified the employment of Roman Catholics in the King's army. The Parliament ordered the confiscation of his property, and that he should be denounced as a Papist—a charge which so deeply wounded him that he fell into a mortal illness. As he lay on his death-bed, he showed much anxiety that his memory should be cleared from this groundless imputation, particularly requesting that his friends would make it known that he lived and died in the true Protestant religion. He passed away on the 8th of September, 1644, leaving a widow and eighteen children.

In addition to the works already mentioned, Quarles wrote an elegy on his friend, Dr. Wilson, 'Solomon's Recantation, a Poem on Ecclesiastes,' 'The Shepherd's Oracles,' and a comedy called 'The Virgin Widow.' These were all published after his death. 'The Virgin Widow' is rather an interlude than a regular play, and was never acted.

Another of the serious poets—like Quarles, a loyalist and a Churchman, yet strongly impressed by the deeper views of life and the grave aspects of religious questions with which the Puritans had rendered the age familiar—was Abraham Cowley. In the reign of Charles I. he was the favourite poet of the Court and the educated classes; even Waller ranked next to him in popularity. 'The history of his reputation,' says Mr. Ward, 'offers an easy text for a discourse on the variations of the standard of taste. A marvel of precocity, widely known as a poet at fifteen; the poetical wonder of Cambridge; so famous at thirty that pirates and forgers made free with his name on their title-pages while he was serving the exiled Queen; issuing, in self-defence, at thirty-eight, a folio of his poems which was destined to pass through eight editions in a generation; accepted by his literary contemporaries, men of cultivated intelligence, as not only the greatest among themselves, but

greater than all that had gone before ; buried in state at Westminster by the side of Chaucer and Spenser, and ranked by his biographer, a sober critic, as equal not only to them but to "the authors of that true antiquity, the best of the Greeks and Romans," in thirty years he had sunk out of notice, and his name had become a mere memory, mentioned *honoris causâ*, but no more.'

Writing in 1700, Dryden was of opinion that Cowley must always be thought a great poet, though he was no longer esteemed a great writer. Addison discriminated not unfairly between his fine qualities and *les défauts de ces qualités* in a passage which may be quoted, because to many readers it will be unfamiliar. After commenting upon Chaucer and Spenser, he says :*

'Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'errun with wit, and lavish of his thought :
His tunes too closely on the reader press ;
He never had pleased us, had he pleased us less.
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise ;
As in the milky-way a shining white
O'erflows the heavens with one continued light ;
That not a single star can show his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name
The unnumbered beauties of thy verse with blame ;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess,
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouthed Pindar to thy lyre ? . . .
Well pleased in thee he soars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler flight.'

Elsewhere he refers to what he calls his 'mixed wit'—that is, a wit which has in it a mixture of the true and the false. And in No. 62 of *The Spectator* he enlarges upon this point : 'As true wit,' he says, 'consists in the resemblance of ideas, and false wit in the resemblance of words ; there is another kind of wit, which consists partly in the resemblance of ideas, and partly in the resemblance of words ; which, for distinction sake, I shall call mixt wit. This kind of wit is

* 'Account of the Greatest English Poets' (1694), ll. 32-51.

that which abounds in Cowley, more than in any author that ever wrote.'

Two editions of Cowley's works appeared in the opening years of the eighteenth century; yet in 1737 Pope inquired, with an air of triumph, 'Who now reads Cowley?' Forty-two years later was published Johnson's 'Life of Cowley, the poet,' containing so copious, and on the whole so sympathetic an account of his writings,* that it satisfied the general reader then, and has satisfied him since, until the dust of oblivion has gathered over the productions of the poet who was once considered the equal of Chaucer and Spenser. Charles Lamb did not fail to appreciate the *merum sal* that is to be found in them by those who look for it without prejudice; and Sir Egerton Brydges had a natural bias in favour of neglected ancients. We come next to Hallam, probably the most unimaginative writer who has ever sat in judgment upon poets and their works. His estimate of Cowley was considerably on the depreciatory side. 'Cowley's "Mistress,"' he says, 'is the most celebrated performance of the miscalled metaphysical poets.† It is a series of short amatory poems, in the Italian style of the age, full of analogies that bear no semblance of truth, except from the double sense of words and thoughts that unite the coldness of subtlety with the hyperbolical extravagance of counterfeited passion. A few Anacreontic poems, and some other light pieces of Cowley, have a spirit and raciness very unlike these frigid conceits; and in the ode on the death of

* Johnson, however, summed up in his favour. 'It may be affirmed,' he says, 'without any encomiastic fervour, that he brought to his poetic labours a mind replete with learning, and that his pages are embellished with all the ornaments which books could supply; that he was the first who imparted to English numbers the enthusiasm of the greater ode, and the gaiety of the less; that he was equally qualified for sprightly sallies and for lofty flights; that he was among those who freed translation from servility, and instead of following his author at a distance, walked by his side; and that, if he left versification yet improvable, he left likewise from time to time such specimens of excellence as enabled succeeding poets to improve it.'

† The term is Johnson's, and was applied by him to Dr. Donne, Cowley, and their congeners, who had no claim to it, but may more properly be classified as the Later Euphuists or the Fantastic School.

his friend Mr. Harvey, he gave some proofs of real sensibility and poetic grace. The Pindaric odes of Cowley contain, like all his poetry, from time to time, very beautiful lines, but his faults are still of the same kind; his sensibility and good sense—nor has any poet more—are choked by false taste; and it would be difficult to fix on any one poem in which the beauties are more frequent than the blemishes. Johnson has selected the elegy on "Crashaw" as the finest of Cowley's works. It begins with a very beautiful couplet, but I confess that little else seems, to my taste, of much value. The "Complaint," probably better known than any other poem, appears to me the best in itself. His disappointed hopes give a not unpleasing melancholy to several passages. But his Latin ode in a similar strain is much more perfect. Cowley, perhaps, upon the whole, has had a reputation more above his deserts than any English poet; yet it is very easy to perceive that some who wrote better than he did not possess so fine a genius.'

It might be supposed that French criticism, with its superstitious reverence for academic canons, would find little to praise and much to condemn in Abraham Cowley. This is what M. Henri Taine has to say of him*: 'He possesses all the capacity to say whatever pleases him, but he has precisely nothing to say. The substance has vanished, leaving in its place an empty form. In vain he tries the epic, the Pindaric style, all kinds of stanzas, odes, short lines, long lines; in vain he calls to his assistance botanical and philosophical similes, all the erudition of the University, all the recollections of antiquity, all the ideas of new science: we groan as we read him. Except in a few descriptive verses, two or three graceful tendernesses, he feels nothing, he speaks only; he is a part of the brain. His collection of amorous verses is but a vehicle for a scientific test, and serves to show that he has read the authors, that he knows geography, that he is well versed in anatomy, that he has a smattering of medicine and astronomy, that he has

* Taine, 'History of English Literature,' i. 328-330.

at his service comparisons and allusions enough to ransack the brains of his readers. . . . You say to yourself that, after all, Cowley had perhaps talent; you find that he had in fact one, a new talent, unknown to the old masters, the sign of a new culture, which needs other manners, and announces a new society. Cowley had these manners, and belongs to this society. . . . He was less a poet, that is, a seer, a creator, than a literary man, I mean a man who can think and speak, and who, therefore, ought to have read much, learned much, written much, ought to possess a calm and clear mind, and be accustomed to polite society, sustained conversation, pleasantry. In fact, Cowley is an author by profession, the oldest of those who in England deserve the name.'

By these various judgments the reader will be assisted to determine the place that Abraham Cowley ought to occupy in the Pantheon of English Poetry. If it be difficult to understand the enthusiasm he excited among his contemporaries, it is almost as difficult to understand the disrepute into which he has fallen in these later days. That he was never, and could be never, a popular poet with those who are capriciously designated 'the million,' one can easily see; but with the men of thought and culture, one might suppose, he would always have been able to hold his own. He is so thoroughly scholastic that to the scholastic he should have continued to appeal with some degree of success. It is impossible to disguise the fact that he is a disappointing poet. He is often on the verge of rising into the clear and serene region of the higher poetry; but, somehow or other, his wings seem to fail him at the opportune moment. You feel a sudden and swift delight, as if he were carrying you with him into that loftier atmosphere; but, all at once, the poet comes to the ground, bringing you thither also, sorely vexed and confused with the unexpected fall. He was a man of affairs, and played his part in the great political drama of the age; but we find no reflex of its pathos, its passion, or its movement in his

unemotional verse. There is seldom any display of deep feeling: even when he writes of love, it is as a kind of academic exercise, and he occupies himself in expressing the ingenuities of the intellect rather than the affections of the heart. His love-poems are, in fact, *tours de force*, executed in honour of imaginary mistresses. But his gravest fault, and that to which he owes his permanent unpopularity, is his want of a refined critical taste. He did not know when to blot: he wrote down every far-fetched image, every intricate conceit that occurred to him, as if he were wholly unable to discriminate between the apt and the incongruous, or to feel the tediousness of his forced analysis. Heaven bestowed many rare gifts upon our poet, but not that supreme one of a sound judgment. And so it happened, to his eternal misfortune, and the weary reader's perpetual concern, that he lingered among thorny wildernesses and barren wastes as if they had been oases of bloom and fragrance.

Yet, on the other hand, at intervals—and these intervals were neither few nor far between—Cowley puts forth the power and majesty of genius. His manliness of thought and his moral fervour compel our admiration, as in his noble verses on Lord Falkland; or he charms and surprises us by the playfulness of his fancy, as in his 'Anacreontics.' Strength is not wanting in his 'Pindaric Odes'—a form of composition which he invented; neither strength, nor freedom, nor dignity, as you may see in his Odes to Brutus and Mr. Hobbes, in the 'Elegy to Crashaw,' and the 'Monody on the Death of Mr. William Harvey;' the reflections are so just and elevated, and the expression is frequently so felicitous, that they force from the most prejudiced reader a reluctant acknowledgment of the poet's merits. Few of our latter-day writers could reach the standard which Cowley has reached in these; and with their evidence before us it would be unjust and absurd to deny to Cowley a high rank in the great company of English singers. The truth is, that he wrote like a true poet when

his subject made a demand upon his full powers, and when he was in accord with his subject: his failures took place when he thought it necessary to exercise his ingenuity and parade his learning—the besetting weakness of so many of the men of the later Renaissance.

Abraham Cowley was born in London, in 1618. He was the posthumous son of a respectable Cheapside stationer, who left to him, as yet unborn, and to his six other children, a sum of £140 each. His mother's influence proved sufficient to procure him a King's Scholarship at Westminster; but he had already astonished and delighted his friends by the extraordinary precocity of his intellect. A copy of Spenser used to lie in his mother's parlour; 'with which,' he says, 'he was so infinitely delighted, and which by degrees so filled his head with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers that he had read him all over before he was twelve years old.' Two years earlier, he had composed a remarkable romantic epic, entitled 'Pyramus and Thisbe,' which contains clear proofs of his acquaintance with Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' In 1630, he advanced a step further, and wrote the tragical tale of 'Constantia and Philetus,' extending to nearly seven hundred lines. By the age of fifteen, he had got together sufficient materials for a volume, which, with the title of 'Poetical Blossoms,' his friends published in 1633. It was received by the public with extraordinary favour, which, as the work of so young a singer, it certainly deserved. In 1636 it reached a second edition, but was considerably enlarged, and among the new matter were the fine stanzas in which he described his ideal of life:

' Books should, not business, entertain the light,
 And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.
 My house a cottage, more
 Than palace, and should fitting be
 For all my use, no luxury.
 My garden painted o'er
 With nature's hand, not art's; and pleasures yield
 Horace might envy in his Sabine field.'

In his eighteenth year he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, carrying with him the manuscript of his pastoral drama of 'Love's Riddle,' which was published in 1638, with a portrait of the young author. 'This boyish drama,' says Mr. Gosse, 'is one of the most readable things that Cowley ever executed, and is in distinct following, without imitation, of Randolph's "Jealous Lovers." It is written in good blank verse, with considerable sprightliness of dialogue, and with several threads of intrigue that are held well in hand, and drawn skilfully together at last. Callidora, the heroine, flies from her father's court, and Act I. describes her arrival and welcome by some vulgar but amusing shepherds; the next act shows how anguished at her loss every one at her father's court is, but especially her lover Philotes; and the rest of the action, of course, records the vicissitudes that prevent their reunion until the fifth act.'

In the same year as 'Love's Riddle' Cowley published his Latin comedy, 'Naufragium Jocularé.' He continued his literary and scholastic efforts until the strain and stress of the Civil War compelled him, in 1641, to migrate, like his friend Crashaw, to Oxford, then the headquarters of the Royalist party. Yet he had as good fortune, he says, as could have befallen him in such a tempest, for it had cast him into the favour of one of the best persons (Lord Falkland), and into the Court of one of the best princesses of the world. Having been appointed Secretary to Queen Henrietta Maria, he accompanied her to Paris in 1646, and was employed on various confidential and important missions. Afterwards, to him was entrusted the delicate task of deciphering the King's secret correspondence; and of maintaining communications with the Royalist leaders in Scotland and Ireland. In 1655 he returned to England, in order that, 'under pretence of privacy and retirement, he should take occasion of giving notice of the posture of things in this country.' But his presence was quickly discovered, and he was kept under close surveillance till

Cromwell's death in 1658, when he made his way back to France, and remained there until the Restoration.

When the King came to his own again, Cowley had good reason to expect some adequate reward for his faithful services ; but his weighty claims were ignored, and he had resolved on emigrating to America, when he discovered that he had not sufficient funds to defray the expense of the voyage. Through the generous friendship of the Duke of Buckingham and Lord St. Albans, he was placed at last beyond the reach of pecuniary anxiety, and then he resolved to fulfil his early dream of retirement from the world. 'He was now weary,' says Bishop Sprat, 'of the vexations and formalities of an active condition. He had been perplexed with a long compliance to foreign manners. He was satiated with the arts of the Court, which sort of life, though his virtue had made innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. Immediately he gave over all pursuit of honour and riches in a time when, if any ambitious or covetous thoughts had remained in his mind, he might justly have expected to have them readily satisfied. In his last seven or eight years he was concealed in his beloved obscurity, and possessed that solitude which from his very childhood he had always most passionately desired. Though he had frequent invitations to return into business, yet he never gave ear to any persuasions of profit or preferment. His visits to the City and Court were very few ; his stays in town were only as a passenger, not as an inhabitant. The places that he chose for the seats of his declining life were two or three villages on the banks of the Thames.'

In 1661 Cowley published 'A Discourse by Way of Vision concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell,' a masterly piece of sonorous eloquence and grave political thought ; and in the following year, two books 'on Plants' in Latin verse, which were translated by Nahum Tate, and published after their author's death. Still continuing his literary pursuits, which afforded him the chief pleasure of his life, he reprinted, in 1663, under the title of 'Verses on

Several Occasions,' some poems which had previously appeared in his 'Essays in Verse and Prose,' and added some later compositions, including the 'Ode on the Death of Harvey,' the great physiologist. In the following year died his friend and disciple, Mrs. Katherine Phillips, 'the matchless Orinda,' to whom he dedicated a memorial ode remarkable for its unmeasured eulogy.

His first rural retirement was at Barn-Elms; but it did not agree so well with his bodily health as with his peace of mind. 'The chief cause of this,' says his biographer, 'was that out of haste to be gone away from the tumult and noise of the city, he had not prepared so healthful a situation in the country as he might have done.' The consequence was an attack of low fever, from which he does not seem ever to have recovered completely. Evelyn, in his 'Diary,' records two visits which he paid to the poet at this time: 'May 14th, 1663. Went to Barnes to visit my excellent and ingenious friend Abraham Cowley.' 'June 2nd, 1664. To Barn-Elms, to see Abraham Cowley after his sickness.' Both Evelyn and Cowley were among the earliest supporters of the Royal Society, and their interest in scientific investigation was doubtlessly a strong tie between them.

It was now that the intervention of Buckingham and Lord St. Albans obtained for him the lease of some lands at Chertsey belonging to Henrietta Maria, worth about £300 per annum. In 1665 he removed thither, and had the good fortune which happens to so few of us of realizing a cherished ideal. In his 'Essay on Greatness,' he expresses a wish for 'a little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast.' The house was to be of brick, 'with decent wainscot and pretty forest-work hangings,' surrounded by herb and flower and fruit gardens. Happy man! The destiny which presides over human affairs gave him all this—except, indeed, that the house was half timber—gave him house, garden, orchard. And yet there was something wanting; the Arcadia he had dreamed of was not forthcoming, and its shepherds and

nymphs were ill replaced by the rough country lads and lasses of Surrey. And in his charming 'Essay on the Dangers of an Honest Man in Much Company' he makes confession: 'I thought when I first went to dwell in the country, that without doubt I should have met there with the simplicity of the old poetical Golden Age. I thought to have found no inhabitants there but such as the shepherds of Sir Philip Sidney in Arcadia, or of Mons. d'Urfè upon the banks of Lignon! and began to consider with myself which way I might recommend no less to posterity the happiness and innocence of the men of Chertsey; but, to confess the truth, I perceived quickly by infallible demonstrations that I was still in Old England, and not in Arcadia or La Forrest.'

Cowley's entrance on his Surrey Arcadia was inauspicious. He writes to his friend Sprat as early as the 20th of May (1665) in a despondent strain: 'The first night that I came hither,' he says, 'I caught so great a cold, with a defluxion of rheum, as made me keep my chamber ten days. And, two after, had such a bruise on my ribs with a fall, that I am yet unable to turn myself in my bed. This is my personal fortune here to begin with. And, besides, I can get no money from my tenants, and have my meadows eaten up every night by cattle put in by my neighbours. What this signifies, or may come to in time, God knows: if it be ominous, it can end in nothing less than hanging.'

Dr. Sprat carries on the tale to the end, which came two years later. 'Having languished under this for some months,' he says, 'he seemed to be pretty well cured of its ill symptoms. But in the heat of the last summer, by staying too long amongst his labourers in the meadows, he was taken with a violent defluxion, and stoppage in his breast and throat. This he at first neglected as an ordinary cold, and refused to send for his usual physicians till it was past all remedies; and so in the end, after a fortnight's sickness, it proved mortal to him.'*

* Pope repeated to Spence the following scandal: 'Cowley's death was occasioned by a mean accident, whilst his great friend Dean Sprat

Cowley died on the 20th July, 1667. His remains were conveyed, with all the imposing pageantry of an aquatic funeral, to London, and solemnly interred in Westminster Abbey.

'Oh, early lost! What tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led!'

The first edition of Cowley's works appeared in 1656. Other issues followed, which included his later compositions in prose and verse. A complete edition (the tenth), in three vols. octavo, appeared in 1707. His writings divide into six sections, namely: 1. *Miscellanies*, comprehending the *Anacreontiques*. These are poems preserved by accident, their author tells us, out of a much larger number; some written in early youth, and some in his maturity. The 'Anacreontics' are easily and gracefully written. 2. *The Mistress*: a collection of love poems, about one hundred in number, first published in 1647. The author explains them as fictitious addresses to a fictitious lady-love. There is as much frigidity as fiction in them; they might have been written, as Johnson says, for penance by a hermit or for hire by a philosophical rhymist who had only heard of another sex. 3. *The Pindarique Odes*. Of this form of composition Cowley, as I have said, was the inventor, and in introducing it to the reader he thinks it necessary to be apologetic. 'The digressions are many and sudden,' he says, 'and sometimes long, according to the fashion of all lyrics, and of Pindar above all men living. The figures are unusual and bold even to temerity, and such as I durst not

was with him on a visit. They had been together to see a neighbour of Cowley's, who, according to the fashion of those times, made them too welcome. They did not set out for their walk home till it was too late, and had drunk so deep that they lay out in the fields all night. This gave Cowley the fever that carried him off. The parish still talk of the drunken Dean.' There is no confirmatory evidence of this improbable story, which, by the way, in some of its details, bears a strong resemblance to the account given by Aubrey of the circumstances of Shakespeare's last illness.

* Pope, 'Windsor Forest.'

have to do withal in any other kind of poetry; the numbers are various and irregular, and sometimes, especially some of the long ones, seem harsh and uncouth if the just measures and cadences be not observed in the pronunciation. So that almost all the sweetness and numerosity (which is to be found, if I mistake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated) lies in a manner wholly at the mercy of the reader.' Some of the odes are fine in sentiment and language; in most, the versification is vigorous, and not inharmonious in its irregularity; but they are overloaded with those conceits and analogies which so often took Cowley's genius captive, and deprived it of all its strength. 4. *The Davideis* is an epic poem, of which only four out of the canonical twelve books were ever finished; and the world would have borne the loss of these four without a tear. Its dulness is prodigious, and its ingenuity overpowering; but David, as a sweet singer, might well have inspired a more heroic strain. I remember, however, five good lines, which I think even Johnson praises:

'Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise;
 He who defers his work from day to day,
 Does on a river's bank expecting stay
 Till the old stream that stopped him shall be gone,
 Which runs, and as it runs, for ever shall run on.'

An admirable plea for sound poetry, in the preface, reads like an anticipation of 'Paradise Lost.' 'It is not without grief and indignation that I behold that divine science employing all her inexhaustible riches of wit and eloquence, either in the wicked and beggarly flattery of great persons, or the wretched affectation of scurril laughter, or at best on the confused antiquated dreams of senseless fables and metamorphoses. Amongst all holy and consecrated things which the devil ever stole and alienated from the service of the Deity; as altars, temples, sacrifices, prayers, and the like; there is none that he so universally and so long usurped as poetry. It is time to recover it out of the tyrant's hands, and to restore it to the kingdom of God,

who is the Father of it. It is time to baptize it in Jordan, for it will never become clean by bathing in the water of Damascus.' 5. *Verses on Various Occasions*. These include the fine 'Hymn to Night' and 'The Ode to the Royal Society.' 6. *Several Discourses by way of Essays in verse and prose*. Cowley's prose is admirable; and the essays are excellent reading both for matter and manner.

While Cowley was at Cambridge, Prince Charles (Charles II.) paid the University a visit in 1641, and the authorities thought it necessary to put before him a dramatic entertainment. In all haste Cowley put together a crude and incoherent piece, which, under the name of *The Guardian*, was acted before the Prince on March 12th. Its author was fully conscious of its immaturity. 'Made,' he says, 'and acted before the Prince, or rather, neither made nor acted, but rough-drawn only, and repeated; for the haste was so great, that it could neither be revised or perfected by the author, nor learned without book by the actors, nor set forth in any measure tolerably by the officers of the College.' To this he refers in his Prologue :

'Accept our hasty zeal; a thing that's played
Ere 'tis a play, and acted ere 'tis made.
Our ignorance, but our duty too, we show;
I would all ignorant people would do so.
At other times, expect our wit and art;
This comedy is acted by the heart.'

After the Restoration he remodelled, rewrote, and rechristened this youthful dramatic effort, and as 'The Cutter of Coleman Street' it was produced at the Duke of York's private theatre, but unfavourably received (1663). Dryden, who, with Sprat (afterwards Cowley's biographer), attended the first performance, informed Dennis that 'when they told Cowley how little favour had been shown him, he received the news of his ill success not with so much firmness as might have been expected from so great a man.' Langbaine notes that it met 'with some opposition at its representation from those who envied the author's unshaken loyalty to the

Prince and the royal cause in the worst of times, but afterwards I suppose the author's preface dispelled all those clouds raised by the faction ; and I have seen it acted with universal applause, and I believe, generally speaking, all unbiassed judges that have read, or seen it acted, will give it the approbation of an excellent comedy.'

CHAPTER VII.

MEN OF LETTERS IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

THE two great prose writers of the time were Milton and Jeremy Taylor. Of the prose writings of the former I have spoken in a previous chapter while dealing with his poetical works; and it is to the latter that I shall now direct the reader's attention. Generally speaking, the prose style of the writers of the period shows, as might be expected, an advance in flexibility and compactness when compared with that of the Elizabethan age, while retaining its sonorousness, its rhythmical march, its amplitude, and pomp. A great writer's style is, so to speak, almost a part of himself, and reflects, as in a mirror, his individuality. He has something to say, and he says it in his own manner, making it express his thought and feeling with the requisite distinctness, as a musical instrument expresses the thought and feeling of the performer; but, nevertheless, he is to some extent affected by the influence of the time; and Ruskin, in the reign of Victoria, does not write as he would have written in the reign of Elizabeth. And so with Jeremy Taylor; though no man's style was ever more thoroughly his own creation, it was necessarily in general accord with the prevailing form of expression; and you may trace not a likeness but a correspondence between it and that of Milton. It was a rich, an elaborate, and a prolix style—a style of long sentences, in which phrase is piled upon phrase; a style possible only in a period when man had abundant leisure to think and read, and writers addressed themselves to a select circle of readers, instead of to the general public;

a style possible only to an author whose mind was big with mighty reflections, whose memory was stored with the learning of ages, and whose imagination supplied him with a continuous flow of beautiful and appropriate allusion and comparison.

The special characteristic of Jeremy Taylor's style is its stately music, which has a fulness in it like that of an organ. Lecky has happily compared it to 'a deeply-murmuring sea with the sunlight on it.' When every deduction has been made that a cold and severe critic can claim; when we have admitted his occasional exuberance, the over-amplitude of his imagery, the occasional lapse into what, to our modern taste, seems grotesque and objectionable—it still remains true that he is unquestionably one of the three or four or five greatest masters of English prose. His style is more animated and plastic than that of Lord Bacon; more sweeping and harmonious than that of Hooker; more majestic than that of South. While Sir Thomas Browne approaches nearer to him than does any other writer, he falls short of Taylor in the matter of picturesque allusiveness and poetical sensibility. In allusiveness he is unequalled. From the accumulated treasures of reading, observation, experience, and reflection, he draws without stint image and simile, metaphor and illustration. Not less conspicuous is the grandeur of his conceptions, which are those of a man living always in the pure serene air of spiritual thought. The greatest ideas were his ordinary food. He dealt with them as freely and easily as smaller minds deal with their paltry common-places. Pathos, terror, sublimity, tenderness, he struck each chord of the manifold lyre with equal skill. He handled with the same felicity the radiant pencil of a Claude Lorraine and the powerful brush of a Salvator Rosa. He could paint scenes with the graciousness of a Spenser or the lurid power of a Dante.

Here are a few brief specimens of the distinctive features of his manner :

‘The love of the Divine Architect has scattered the firmament with stars as a man sows corn in his fields.’

‘So, here I saw a rose newly springing from the clefts of its bud, and at first it was as fair as the morning and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb-fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness and decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head and broke its stalk, and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces.’

‘The sun, approaching towards the gates of the morning, first opening a little eye of heaven and sending away the spirit of darkness, and giving light to a cock, and calling up the lark to matins, and by-and-by gilding the fringes of a cloud, peeping over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns—like those which decked the brow of Moses when he was forced to wear a veil because himself had seen the face of God!’

‘For so doth the humble ivy creep at the foot of the oak, and leans upon its lowest base, and begs shade and protection, and to grow under its branches, and to give and take mutual refreshment, and pay a friendly influence for a mighty patronage; and they grow and dwell together, and are the most remarkable of friends and married pairs of all the leafy nation.’

The love of Nature which filled the soul of this great writer rejoiced in ‘the breath of Heaven, not willing to disturb the softest stalk of a violet;’ in ‘the gentle wind shaking the leaves with a refreshment and cooling shade;’ in ‘the rainbow, half made of the glory of light, and half of the mixture of a cloud;’ and in ‘the fountain, swelling over the green turf.’ In the Divine handiwork he found a continued source of inspiration, and he was one of the very first of our writers who endeavoured to lead the soul through Creation up to Creation’s God: ‘Let everything you see represent to your spirit the excellency and the power of

God ; and let your conversation with the creatures lead you unto the Creator ; and so shall your actions be done more frequently with an eye to God's presence, by your often seeing Him in the glass of the Creation. In the face of the sun you may see God's beauty ; in the fire you may feel His heart warming ; in the water His gentleness to refresh you ; it is the dew of Heaven that makes your field give you bread.'

The following quotation may be compared with the grand passage which closes Raleigh's 'History of the World.'

'All the successions of time, all the changes of nature, all the varieties of light and darkness, the thousand thousands of accidents in the world, and every contingency to every man and every creature, doth preach one funeral sermon, and calls us to look and see how the old sexton Time throws up the earth and digs a grave, where we must lay our sins or our sorrows, and sow our bodies, till they rise again in a fair or an intolerable eternity.

'The river that runs slow and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass, is drawn into little hollownesses, and spends itself in smaller portions, and dies with diversion ; but when it runs with vigorousness and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted by little avocations, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels. So is a man's prayer ; if it moves upon the feet of an abated appetite, and wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every object it meets, it cannot arrive at heaven ; but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desires, a swift motion and a hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermedial regions of clouds, and stays not till it dwells at the foot of the Throne, where Mercy sits, and thence sends holy showers of refreshment. I deny not but some little drops will turn aside, and fall from the full channel by the weakness of the banks and hollowness of the passage ; but the main course is still continued ; and although the most earnest and devout

persons feel and complain of some looseness of spirit and unfixed attentions, yet their love and their desire secure the main portions, and make the prayer to be strong fervent and effectual.'

Jeremy Taylor, the son of a Cambridge barber,* and sprung from the same family as the martyr Dr. Rowland Taylor, was born on the 16th of August, 1613. The elements of grammar and mathematics he learned from his father, who was 'reasonably well-educated.' At the early age of three, he was sent to Perse's Grammar School, then recently founded; ten years later, he entered Caius College as a sizar, or poor scholar. He was not the only Cambridge student at that period who was destined to make his mark in the literature or history of his country; for among his contemporaries were George Herbert, afterwards the sweet singer of 'The Temple'; Oliver Cromwell, then an undergraduate at Sidney Sussex College; and at Christ's College, the future poet of Puritanism, John Milton, then in the very flush and fervour of his gracious and graceful youth. Henry More, the great light of the school of philosophical theology, and Ralph Cudworth, a writer of much solidity, were also among Taylor's contemporaries.

The course of study adopted at this time in the English universities was unsuited to develop Taylor's earlier intellectual gifts, though it may not have been unprofitable as a discipline for ordinary minds. Bacon has spoken contemptuously of 'the subtlety and curiosity' of the old scholastic philosophy; and Milton characterizes its 'ragged notions and babblements' as 'an asinine feast of thistles and brambles.' Still it must have acted on the intellect like a whetstone on a razor, polishing it and giving it an edge; and it would serve to increase, by way of contrast, the delight with which the young scholar would turn to the treasures of Greek and Latin literature.

* The social position of the barber in Charles I.'s reign was very different to that which he occupies in our own days.

In 1631 he took his Bachelor's degree, and was soon afterwards elected to a fellowship. Before proceeding to his M.A. degree, he took holy orders, though, like the illustrious Usher, he had not completed his twenty-first year. His career and work in life was determined by one of those providential circumstances which, with strange irreverence, men call accidents. At the request of Risdén, a college-companion, he preached at St. Paul's Cathedral, where the comely young man, rich in personal attractions as in mental endowments, produced a strong and deep impression. With his florid and youthful beauty, his sweet and pleasant air, and his sublime and learned discourse, 'he seemed,' says his friend, Bishop Rust, 'like some young angel newly descended from the visions of glory.' The fame of this new star travelled to Lambeth; and Archbishop Laud, who was never slow to assist and recognise the promise of genius, wisely provided the young preacher with an opportunity for further study and cultivation by appointing him to a fellowship at All Souls', Oxford, a distinction of no ordinary value. Subsequently, he selected him as one of his chaplains. During his residence at Oxford, he became the object of general esteem and affection by the suave courtesy of his manners, and the grace and power of his preaching.

In 1637, through the recommendation of Laud, he was presented to the rectory of Uppingham, in Rutlandshire, where he spent some years of peace and happiness. The Primate continued to be his faithful patron, and on November 5th, 1638, appointed him to preach at St. Mary's, Oxford, in the famous pulpit since occupied by so many illustrious men. In reference to the sermon which he preached on this occasion, old Anthony Wood tells a wild and wonderful story of Taylor's meditated secession to the Church of Rome, pretending that the Vice-Chancellor interpolated certain passages in the sermon with the view of inducing the Romanists to reject his overtures. The fabrication is absurd in the extreme, and so far as it can

have any basis at all, must have found it in Taylor's acquaintance with the learned Franciscan, Sancta Clara, the Queen's chaplain. Taylor's strong hostility to the errors and pretensions of the Papacy is clearly apparent in all his writings: and his want of sympathy with the Roman discipline was significantly proved by his marriage, on the 27th of May, 1639, with Mistress Phoebe Landisdale or Langsdale. This lady bore him three sons, the youngest of whom, William, died in May, 1642, and was soon afterwards followed to the grave by his mother.

The division of England into antagonistic factions by the great constitutional struggle between Charles I. and his Parliament was, no doubt, a source of great anxiety to Taylor; and he must have felt the imprisonment of his friend and patron, Laud, not only as a personal loss, but as an evil omen for the peace and security of the Church. As a matter of course, Taylor was a loyalist; and when the King retired to Oxford, Taylor followed him as his domestic chaplain. It was by Charles's command that he published, in 1642, his vindication of the Episcopal government of the Church, entitled, 'Episcopacy Asserted.' The cogent reasoning of this admirable treatise was regarded as a complete refutation of the Puritan theory of the purity of the priesthood; and the book was 'backed and encouraged by many petitions to his Majesty and both Houses of Parliament, not only from the universities, whom it most concerned, but from several counties of the kingdom.' Its author was rewarded by the King with the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

The anger of the Puritan party in the Commons was gratified by the sequestration of Taylor's living at Uppingham. His rectory-house was pillaged; his family were turned out of doors. Homeless and almost penniless, he followed the marches and counter-marches of the royal army, and thus acquired that familiarity with military affairs which crops up in so many images and allusions in his sermons. Early in 1644, we find him with the King's

forces in Wales ; and at the siege of Cardigan Castle he was taken prisoner. His captors dealt with him in kindly fashion, and speedily released him ; after which he endeavoured to maintain his family and himself as a schoolmaster at Llanvihangel Aberbythic, in Carmarthenshire. Writing to Lord Hatton, he says : ‘ In this great storm which hath dashed the vessel of the Church all to pieces, I have been cast upon the coast of Wales, and, in a little boat, thought to have enjoyed that rest and quietness which, in England, in a greater, I could not hope for. Here I cast anchor, thinking to ride safely ; the storm followed on with so impetuous violence that it broke a cable, and I lost my anchor ; and here again I was exposed to the mercy of the sea, and the gentleness of an element that could neither distinguish things nor persons. And but that He who stillest the raging of the sea and the noise of His waves, and the madness of His people, had provided a plank for me, I had been lost to all the opportunities of content or study. But I know not whether I have been more preserved by the courtesies of my friends, or the gentleness and mercies of a noble enemy—for the barbarous people showed us no little kindness ; for, having kindled a fire, they received us all because of the present rain and the cold. And now since I have come ashore, I have been gathering a few sticks to warm me, a few books to entertain my thoughts, and divert them from the perpetual meditation of my private troubles and the public dyscrasy ; but those which I could obtain were so few and so impertinent, and unuseful to any great purposes, that I began to be sad upon a new stock, and full of apprehension that I should live unprofitably, and die obscurely, and be forgotten, and my bones thrown into some common charnel-house, without any name or note to distinguish me from those who only served their generation by filling the number of citizens.’

It was about this time that he found a second wife in the person of Mrs. Joanna Bridges, a lady of good means and position ; and a friend in Lord Carbery, whose seat of

Golden Grove was situated in the same parish in which lay Taylor's 'quiet work.' Lord Carbery had the singular good fortune to be associated, directly or indirectly, with three men of the greatest literary eminence: Jeremy Taylor was his friend and guest; Milton's 'Comus' was partly inspired by his wife, the Lady Alice Egerton; and Butler, the author of 'Hudibras,' was at one time his private secretary. Taylor continued to carry on his school with the help of William Nicholson, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, and William Wyatt, afterwards Prebendary of Lincoln; and in conjunction with Wyatt he compiled for the use of his scholars a 'Grammar,' published in 1647. It was in the same year that he laid the foundation of his lasting fame by the publication of his 'Liberty of Propheying'—a lofty and most eloquent defence and exposition of the doctrines of the Catholic Faith as held by the Church of England. In his dedicatory epistle to Lord Halton he remarks, that it was written in poverty and tribulation, without books or leisure to consult them—a circumstance which increases our admiration of the learning that infuses every page. As we trace the happy sequences of its well-ordered argument, and rejoice in its picturesque variety and poetic opulence of imagery and illustration, we feel that in itself it vindicates the justice of Coleridge's panegyric on its author as 'the most eloquent of divines, I had almost said, of men; and if I had, Demosthenes would nod approval, and Cicero express assent.' Bishop Heber thinks that 'on a work so rich in intellect, so renowned for charity, which contending sects have rivalled each other in approving—which was the first, perhaps, since the earlier days of Christianity to teach those among whom differences were inevitable, the art of differing harmlessly, it would be almost impertinent to enlarge in commendation.' Had its author never written another book, the Christian Church would, for this one, have owed him no ordinary debt of gratitude; for scarcely any mightier advocacy of the cause of religious tolerance has proceeded from the pen of ecclesiastic or layman.

Looking upon the Apostle's Creed as a succinct statement of the great truths of the religion of Christ, he asserted that all subsidiary dogmas were superfluous or indifferent, and that a man might disavow them without discrediting his orthodoxy. With some slight occasional wavering, when harassed by the violence of Irish Presbyterianism, Taylor maintained this bold and liberal position to the last. 'I thought,' he wrote, 'it might not misbecome my duty and endeavours to plead for peace, and charity, and forgiveness and permissions mutual, although I had reason to believe that such is the iniquity of man, and they so indisposed to receive real impresses, that I had as good plough the sands, or till the air, as persuade such doctrines which destroy men's interests, and serve no end but the great end of a happy eternity, and what is in order to it. But because the events of things are in God's disposition, and I know them not—and because, if I had known, my good purposes would be totally as ineffectual as to others—yet my own designation and purpose would be of advantage to myself, who might, from God's mercy, expect the retribution which He is pleased to promise to all pious intendments; I resolved to encounter with all objections, and to do something to each. I should be determined by the consideration of the present distemperatures and necessities, by my own thoughts, by the questions and scruples, the sects and names, the interests and animosities which, at this day, and for some years past, have exercised and disquieted Christendom.'

That is a fine saying of Taylor's, that God places a watery cloud in the eye, so that when the light of heaven shines on it, it may produce a rainbow to be a sacrament and a memorial that God and the sons of men do not love to see a man perish. Such rainbows were often flung by the mercy of God across the clouds of Taylor's life. He experienced, it is true, many sharp strokes of adversity, but the wounds they inflicted were afterwards healed by the sovereign balm of the sympathy of friends. 'When the north wind blows,' he says, 'and it rains sadly, none but fools sit down

in it and cry ; wise people defend themselves against it with a warm garment, a good fire, and a dry roof.' All these he found at Golden Grove, Lord Carbery's beautiful seat. Green woods, and the songs of birds, and the ripple of the Towy, combined their delights for his pleasure, and helped to stimulate his imagination. The fine metaphors and apposite similes with which he so freely ornamented his luxuriant prose, were suggested to him by the broad uplands and leafy hollows of the valley between Carmarthen and Llandovery. Conspicuous in the green landscape rose the undulating crest of Grongar Hill, which Dyer has celebrated in his pleasant pastoral poem. The picture was just such an one as Taylor, who, though he wrote in prose, was a true poet, loved to contemplate : ' I am fallen,' he writes, into the hands of publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me—what now ? Let me look about me. They have left me the sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me ; and I can still discourse : and unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience ; they have still left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the Gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them too ; and still I sleep and digest. I eat and drink ; I read and meditate. I can walk in my neighbour's pleasant fields, and see the variety of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights—that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God Himself.'

In 1648 Taylor published 'The Life of Christ ; or, The Great Exemplar,' the preface to which breathes his usual liberality of view, and is rendered peculiarly valuable by its vigorous generalisations of important truths. He seeks to prove that the perceptive part of true religion, the moral law, as taught by Nature, by Moses, and our Lord, is in all its parts absolutely 'reasonable ;' in other words, eminently and peculiarly fitted to subserve the object for which man

was made, of 'living happily.' The work itself is thoroughly practical; it elucidates the teaching of the labours and character of Christ, and applies it to the reader's benefit. Chronological order is not strictly followed; and of course Taylor does not anticipate the 'negative criticism' which of late years has been applied so perseveringly to the Gospel narrative. Defects of plan are obvious, and to topics of comparative unimportance an undue space is sometimes allotted; but these and other faults are as nought compared with the beauty and splendour of the work as a whole, and the spiritual insight, the knowledge of the human heart, the profound pathos which underlies particular passages.

Of the 'Holy Living and Holy Dying,' also produced at Golden Grove, the most popular of Jeremy Taylor's compositions, and probably the most popular, as it seems to us incomparably the best, of all English devotional writings, it would be as superfluous as presumptuous to speak in praise. How many aching hearts, how many weary minds, have sought and found consolation in its pages! How many consciences have they awakened—how many souls have they moved, purified, and exalted! When John Wesley had read the chapter 'On Purity of Intention,' he was so deeply touched by it, so overcome, that he thenceforth resolved to devote his whole life to God, all his thoughts and words and deeds—being thoroughly convinced that there was no medium, but that every part of life must either be a sacrifice to God or to one's self. It has been said that in the 'Holy Living and Dying' are the 'Paradise Lost and Regained' of devotional literature, with their sublime strains softened by the singular beauty of the Christian 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso.' With Keble we are ready to exclaim, 'Audiamus jam illum bene beateque vivendi ac moriendi Antistitem.' To the depressed, the feeble, the weary; to the broken spirit and the fainting heart as to the trusting, undoubting soul; to the enthusiasm of youth, the aspiration of manhood, the contentment

of old age—these consecrated pages come with a balm and a benediction; for their writer speaks as if his lips had been touched with a live coal from the altar of God. They glow with the sweet pure sunshine of heaven; in each eloquently musical period we seem to catch the echoes of angelic songs. ‘All images of rural delight, the rose and the lily, the lark at heaven’s gate, the various incidents of sun and shade, the shadows of trees, the gilding of clouds, the murmuring of waters—whatever charms the eye, or comforts the heart, or enchants the ear—is collected in these pictures of the religious character.’ We best appreciate the excellence of Taylor’s manual when we compare it with the devotional treatises of the Roman Church; and the comparison is the more valuable because it brings out the sober teaching and the manly moderation of the Church of England. For with all Taylor’s sweetness, there is no effeminacy; with all his strictness of discipline, no asceticism. While appealing to the heart, the soul, the conscience, he is not unmindful of the claims of the intellect and the understanding. He never fails to be practical and self-reliant: his earnestness is governed by good sense, and never drivels away into a sensuous sentimentalism. In this one sentence, which, I think, only an English Churchman, or, at all events, only an English Christian, would have written, is to be found condensed Jeremy Taylor’s theory of the true regimen of life: ‘God hath given every man work enough to do, that there shall be no room for idleness, and yet hath so ordered the world that there shall be place for devotion. He that hath the fewest businesses in the world is called upon to spend more time in the dressing of his soul: and he that hath the most affairs, may so order them that they shall be a service of God.’

We have overstepped the chronological limits of our design, but it seems desirable to supply, in a concise statement, the remaining events of our author’s life. In 1655 he applied the name of Lord Carbery’s house to a book of devotion, ‘The Golden Grove; or, a Manual of Holy

Prayers and Litanies, fitted to the days of the week ; also, Festival Hymns, according to the manner of the Christian Church.' In his preface to this delightful volume he expresses his profound regret at the disasters which had overtaken the Church of England, and his intense love for her 'sacraments so adorned and ministerial,' and her 'circumstances of religion so useful and apt for edification.' He also dwells in vigorous language on the arbitrary and unchristian conduct of the Puritan preachers. At a time when Taylor's liberal views on the subject of religious toleration were approved by only a very few enlightened minds, we need not be surprised that his animadversions provoked the wrath of the dominant party. Taylor was again arrested and imprisoned. He was not long detained in imprisonment ; but soon after his release, he once more offended the ruling powers, and was committed to Chipstow Castle. The treatment meted out to him was, however, very courteous and considerate.

In his captivity he was as indefatigable as ever ; adding twenty-five discourses to the collection already published ; and producing his '*Unum Necessarium* ; or, The Doctrine and Practice of Repentance, describing the Necessities and Measures of a Strict, a Holy, and a Christian life, and rescued from Popular Errors.'

This polemical treatise involved him in new troubles. In attacking the Calvinistic dogma of original sin, he employed language which not only provoked the anger of the Calvinistic or Puritan theologians, but called forth the censure also of some of the divines of his own church. Disapprobation was strongly expressed by Bishop Warner, of Rochester ; while the venerable Sanderson deplored, with much warmth, and even with tears, Taylor's departure from the cautious and Scriptural doctrine of the Church of England, regretting, with the old priestly intolerance which Taylor had denounced in his '*Liberty of Prophesying*,' the 'misery of the times which did not admit of suppressing, by authority, so perilous and unseasonable novelties.' It

must be admitted, however, that Taylor was not sufficiently guarded in his language. His theory, which Coleridge has sharply criticised, has been traced to his dislike of the Augustinian teaching on this point, and is probably more acceptable now, than it was in his own day; though John Evelyn, the author of the 'Sylva,' wrote to him that he had perused it with satisfaction and profit. The controversial storm which it raised about its writer's head was very grievous to him. 'I have been so pushed at,' he writes, 'by herds and flocks of people that follow anybody that whistles to them, or drives them to pasture, that I am afraid of any truth that seems chargeable with irregularity.'

On being released from confinement he still remained in Wales, paying occasional visits to London and its neighbourhood, to see Evelyn, whose friendship he valued highly, and at whose residence, Sayes Court, near Greenwich, he met with Robert Boyle, the philosopher; Wilkins, the vigorous theorist; and the ingenious Berkeley, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne.

Evelyn was anxious that Taylor should settle in London, in order that he might more freely enjoy his company; but Taylor was unable or unwilling to remove his family thither. In 1657 he received a pension from his generous friend, which 'disburdened him of many anxieties; since he had been sorely inconvenienced by the *res angustæ domû*, and suffered much from family troubles, losing two of his sons through an attack of small-pox.'

In 1658 the Earl of Conway, with the assistance of Evelyn, prevailed upon our great preacher and teacher to accept a lectureship at Lisnagarvy, or, as it is now called, Lisburn, in the north of Ireland. This hesitation was due, in the first place, to the fact that the lectureship had to be shared with a Presbyterian ['I like not,' he wrote, 'the condition of being a lecturer under the dispose of another, nor to serve in any semicircle where a Presbyterian and myself shall be, like Castor and Pollux, the one up and the other down']; and in the second, to the smallness of the

stipend. In the summer, however, he took up his residence at Portmore, Lord Conway's seat on Lough Neagh, about eight miles from Lisburn, in the heart of some of the loveliest scenery in Ireland. No more fitting dwelling-place could have been found for a man of Taylor's warm imagination; and he grew so attached to it that for the remainder of his life he seldom moved his tent elsewhere. He loved its beauty, its quiet, its seclusion. To Evelyn he wrote: 'My retirement in this solitary place hath been, I hope, of some advantage to me as to the state of religion, in which I am yet but a novice, but, by the goodness of God, I see fine things before me whither I am contending. It is a great, but a good work; and I beg of you to assist me with your prayers, and to obtain of God for me that I may arrive at the height of love and union with God, which is given to all those souls who are very dear to God.' It is said that, for the purpose of study or devotion, it was his practice to retreat to some of the romantic islets which sleep on the bosom of the lake.

Even in this tranquil asylum, however, he was harassed by the malice of fanaticism. 'A Presbyterian and a madman,' he wrote, 'have informed against me as a dangerous man to their religion, and for using the sign of the Cross in baptism.' He was conveyed to Dublin, but obtained a speedy acquittal.

Genius does not always know its best work; and the world has declined to endorse Taylor's overweening estimate of his great book of casuistry, the '*Ductor Dubitantium*; or, The Rule of Conscience in all her General Measures,' which he dedicated to Charles II., and published in June, 1660. He regarded it as the main pillar of his fame. In recent years it has found warm admirers in Dean Milman and the Rev. John Hunt, who declares it to be 'the greatest work on Moral Philosophy produced by the English Church.' But I fear its general treatment of a subject not very attractive in itself is too tedious, doubtful, and confused for modern readers to exercise the necessary patience in

searching out its real beauties and doing justice to its various excellences. Its object is thus defined: 'The whole measure and rule of conscience is the law of God, or God's will signified to us by nature or revelation; and by the several measures, and times, and parts of its communication it hath obtained several names—the law of nature—the consent of nations—right reason—the Decalogue—the Sermon of Christ—the canons of the Apostles—the laws ecclesiastical and civil of princes and governors—fame, or the public reputation of things, expressed by proverbs and other instances and manners of public honesty. . . . These being the full measures of right and wrong, of lawful and unlawful, will be the rule of conscience, and the subject of the present book.'

The view now generally accepted that Christian ethics are best taught by the illustration and application of general principles, has rendered obsolete a considerable portion of Taylor's elaborate argument; yet I cannot help thinking that in spite of admitted defects, the 'Ductor Dubitantium' may still be advantageously consulted by the student—and more particularly that fine chapter in which from cumulative circumstantial proof the truth of Christianity is sought to be established. A careful analysis of this *magnam opus*, as Taylor fondly thought it, has been made by Bishop Heber, in his biography of the author; and by the Rev. John Hunt, in his 'History of Religious Thought.'

Two months after the publication of the 'Ductor Dubitantium,' appeared 'The Worthy Communicant,' in which Taylor eloquently and earnestly enlarges on the blessings to be derived from the holy receiving of the Lord's Supper, and furnishes the minister with directions for dealing with difficult cases of conscience. In a vividly written passage he speaks of the Sacramental Mystery as having been made intricate, like a doctrine of philosophy, by explanations, and difficult by the assertion and dissolution of distinctions. 'So,' he says, 'we sometimes espy a bright cloud formed into an irregular figure; which, as it is observed by un-

skilful and fantastic travellers, looks like a curtain to some, and as a castle to others; some tell that they saw an army with banners, and it signifies war; but another, wiser than his fellows, says that it looks like a flock of sheep, and foretells plenty; and all the while it is nothing but a shining cloud, by its own mobility and the activity of a wind cast into a contingent and artificial shape; so it is in this great mystery of our religion, in which some espy strange things which God intended not; and others see not what God hath plainly told.'

It was a shame and a reproach to Charles II. and his ecclesiastical advisers that, at the Restoration, when the Church of England was re-established, no adequate preferment was found for the greatest of English divines. For the author of 'Holy Living and Holy Dying,' 'The Liberty of Prophecy,' and the 'Ductor Dubitantium,' nothing better was found than a poor Irish bishopric, that of Down and Connor, to which he was nominated on the 6th of August, 1660. His consecration took place on the 27th of January, 1661, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, where 'the whole ceremony was conducted without any confusion or the least clamour heard, save many prayers and blessings from the people, although the throng was great, and the windows throughout the whole passage of the procession, to and from the Cathedral, filled with spectators.' In the following May, at the opening of the Irish Parliament, he preached a remarkable sermon, in which he once more enforced his old doctrine of religious tolerance, and admonished his hearers to oppose no man on account of his religious opinions, to deal equal justice to men of every creed, and do as God does, who in judgment remembers mercy. He was severely tried, however, by the Puritans of his diocese, who mostly belonged to the extreme sect of Calvinists and Covenanters, and repudiated alike his profession of religious Liberalism and his devoted attachment to the Anglican ritual and government; and in the sermon which he preached before

the University of Dublin, and published in 1662, under the title of *Vicæ Intelligentia*, it may plainly be seen that his indignation at their narrow and domineering spirit almost got the better of his attachment to the principle of toleration. He insisted strongly on the duty of obedience to ecclesiastical superiors, and condemned an excess of pity for 'weak consciences,' when it is not their consciences but their profits that are really in question. These sentiments, however, are not absolutely in conflict with his usual large-mindedness, and originated not so much in any new-born liking for ecclesiastical power as in his innate antipathy to illegality and disorder.

In April, 1661, in acknowledgment of his 'virtue, wisdom, and industry,' he was appointed to the adjacent diocese of Dromore, in conjunction with the sees which he already held. He still resided at Portmore; and the main portion of the considerable income he was now enjoying he expended upon good works in his three dioceses. He annually apprenticed four children to pursuits which offered them a fair prospect of a decent livelihood, maintained many youths of promise at the University, and rebuilt the choir of Dromore Cathedral. He had troubles in his dioceses, both with the Puritans and the Roman Catholics; but the influence of his genius and character soon became predominant. His domestic afflictions were graver and more enduring. The elder of his two sons was killed in a duel with an officer of his own regiment. He had intended the younger for the Church, but he was beguiled by the attractions of the Court—plunged into the worst excesses of that dissolute age, and a feeble constitution giving way beneath the unwise pressure put upon it, he fell a victim to his folly in August, 1667.

This last grievous blow, however, was mercifully spared to the saintly bishop. He had suffered greatly from the melancholy death of his elder son, and had no strength to resist a sudden and violent attack of fever in the last days of July. He sank rapidly, and on the 3rd of August entered

into his rest, at the comparatively early age of fifty-four. His remains were interred in the choir of the Cathedral-church of Dromore.

‘To sum up all,’ says Bishop Rust, his successor and earliest biographer, ‘this great prelate had the good humour of a gentleman, the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the acuteness of a schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, the wisdom of a counsellor, and the piety of a saint.’ High praise, and yet not exaggerated; for, as a Presbyterian writer admits, there are few names, upon the whole, which shine with a richer or a grander lustre. When that of Jeremy Taylor is no longer remembered with reverence, then, as Hazlitt remarks, genius will have become a mockery, and virtue an empty shade. ‘We will venture to assert,’ says an Edinburgh reviewer, ‘that there is in any one of the prose folios of Jeremy Taylor more fine fancy and original imagery, more brilliant conceptions and glowing expressions—more new figures and new applications of old figures—more, in short, of the body and soul of poetry, than in all the odes and epics that have since been produced in Europe.’ We conclude with Coleridge’s elegant eulogium, who, when referring to Taylor’s admitted defects, excuses them on the plea that ‘he would have been too great for man, if he had not occasionally fallen below himself.’

Some famous books, which have entered into possession of immortal authority, were published in England in the reign of Charles I. There was John Selden’s learned and exhaustive treatise, ‘*Mare Clusum*, The Closed Sea; or, On the Dominion of the Sea. Two Books. In the first it is demonstrated that the sea, from the law of nature or of nations, is not common to all men, but is the subject of property equally with the land. In the second, the King of Great Britain is asserted to be lord of the circumfluent sea, as an inseparable and perpetual appendage of the British Empire.’ This was published in 1634. Six years later appeared his elaborate and learned work, ‘*De Jure Naturali*

et Gentium juxta [secundum] Disciplinam Ebracorum,' in which he traced the opinions of the Jews on the law of nature and nations, or of moral obligation, as distinct from the Mosaic law; the former being a law to which they held all mankind to be bound. In these days of easy reading, Selden's weighty tomes would be put on the *Index Expurgatorius* of the circulating libraries; but there can be no doubt that the 'De Jure Naturali' is 'among the greatest achievements in erudition that any English writer has produced.'

All Selden's books are learned; but the learning is moulded and arranged by a strong, clear, and judicial intellect. We owe to him the 'History of Tithes;' the 'Treatise on Titles of Honour,' which no later work has superseded; and his very interesting account of the 'Marmora Arundelliana'—the antiquities brought from the East by the Earl of Arundel. He was born on December 16th, 1584, and died November 30th, 1654. In the great political struggle which culminated in the Civil War, the part he took was that of a Constitutionalist. 'He was a person,' says Clarendon, 'whom no character can flatter, or transmit any expressions equal to his merit and virtue. He was of so stupendous a learning in all kinds and in all languages—as may appear in his excellent writings—that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant amongst books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing; yet his humanity, affability, and courtesy were such, that he would have been thought to have been in the best courts, but that his good-nature, charity, and delight in doing good exceeded that breeding. His style in all his writings seems harsh, and sometimes obscure, which is not wholly to be imputed to the abstruse subjects of which he commonly treated, out of the paths trod by other men, but to a little undervaluing the beauty of style, and too much propensity to the language of antiquity; but in his conversation he uses the most clear discourse, and had the best faculty of making hard things easy, and presenting them to the understanding, that hath been known.'

In 1628, John Earle, fellow of Merton College, Oxford, who died Bishop of Salisbury, five years after the Restoration, published his 'Micro Cosmographie; or, A Piece of the World Discovered in Usages and Characters'—the first of a long line of books in which character-types have been made the subject of more or less satirical study. In the same year appeared William Harvey's 'De Motu Sanguinis et Cordis,' in which the great physician made known his discovery of the circulation of the blood; and Owen Feltham's 'Resolves, Divine, Political, and Moral,' consisting of nearly one hundred and fifteen short essays, in good and vigorous English, on things human and divine.

Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton, died in 1639, after having held his provostship for fifteen years. The 'Reliquiæ Wottonianæ; or, A Collection of Lives, Letters, Poems, with Characters of Sundry Personages, and other Incomparable Pieces of Language and Art'—many of which were written in Charles I.'s reign—were published posthumously in 1651. His friend, John Hales, Fellow of Eton, one of the leaders of the English School of Rational Theology, owes his reputation with posterity to the 'Golden Remains of the Ever Memorable Mr. John Hales,' published in 1659, three years after his death.

Henry More, the Christian Platonist, a disciple of Iamblichus and Plotinus, and one of the most remarkable men of his time, lived on through the Protectorate and the reigns of Charles II. and James II., dying in the year preceding the latter's deposition, at the age of seventy-three (1614-1687). His exposition of the new Platonism was given in poetic form, though with striking absence of the poetic spirit, in his 'Ψυχώδια Platonica; or, A Platonical Song of the Soul,' published in 1642, and republished in 1647, with prefaces and interpretations, as 'Philosophical Poems.' It is divided into four books: the first, 'Psychozoia' (life of the soul), contains 'a Christian Platonickall Display of Life;' the second, 'Psychathanasia,' discusses the immortality of the soul; the third, 'Antipsychopannychia,' is a confutation of

the sleep of the soul after death; and the fourth, 'Antimonopystia,' refutes the doctrine of the unity of souls. More also wrote 'The Threefold Cabbala,' a literal, philosophical, and moral interpretation of the first three chapters of Genesis.

Though Thomas Hobbes, one of the most precise and luminous of our English philosophers, was sixty years old when Charles I. died, his principal works were written during the Protectorate and the reign of Charles II. He published, it is true, in 1642, his 'Elementa Philosophica de Cive;' but its English version, 'Philosophical Rudiments concerning Government and Society,' did not appear until 1651. That entertaining writer, Thomas Fuller, whose quaint turns of wit, original reflections, and keen insight into character are so refreshing—the immortal author of 'The Worthies'—was forty when Charles's career terminated on the black scaffold at Whitehall, and had already done some of his best work, such as 'The History of the Holy War,' in 1639, and his collection of essays and sketches, entitled 'The Holy and Profane State,' in 1642. Four years previously, Dr. John Wilkins (1614-1672), afterwards Bishop of Chester, published, when only twenty-four years of age, a book of high fancy and lively invention, entitled 'The Discovery of a New World; or, A Discourse tending to prove that it is probable there may be another Habitable World in the Moon: with a Discourse concerning the Possibility of a Passage thither.' A single specimen of the writer's vivacity must suffice. Premising that a journey to the moon may, some time or other, be accomplished in six months, he considers how the adventurous traveller is to subsist for so long a period without diet or sleep. '1. For Diet. I suppose there could be no trusting to that fancy of Philo the Jew, who thinks that the music of the spheres should supply the strength of food. Nor can we well conceive how a man should be able to carry so much luggage with him as might serve for his viaticum in so tedious a journey. 2. That if he could, yet he must have some time

to rest and sleep in. And I believe he shall scarce find any lodgings by the way. No inns to entertain passengers, nor any castles in the air—unless they be enchanted ones—to receive poor pilgrims or errant knights. And so, consequently, he cannot have any possible hopes of reaching thither.' As to sleep, he says, 'Seeing we do not then spend ourselves in any labour, we shall not, it may be, need the refreshment of sleep. But if we do, we cannot desire a softer bed than the air, where we may repose ourselves firmly and safely as in our chambers.' Food, however, is not so easily dispensed with, and to meet this difficulty he hazards the following suggestion: 'Since our bodies will then be devoid of gravity, and other impediments of motion, we shall not at all spend ourselves in any labour, and so, consequently, not much need the reparation of diet; but may, perhaps, live altogether without it, as those creatures who, by reason of their sleeping for many days together, have not spent any spirits, and so not wanted any food, which is commonly related of serpents, crocodiles, bears, cuckoos, swallows, and such like. To this purpose Mendoza reckons up divers strange relations: as that of Epimenides, who is storied to have slept seventy-five years; and another of a rustic in Germany, who, being accidentally covered with a hay-rick, slept there for all the autumn and the winter following without any nourishment.'

In 1640, the ingenious divine published a strong defence of the astronomical system developed by Copernicus and Galileo, 'A Discourse concerning a New Planet: Tending to prove that 'tis probable our Earth is one of the Planets.' And in the following year, his active mind having been diverted to the subject of secret and swift communication, he wrote his 'Mercury, or the Secret and Swift Messenger: Showing how a Man may with privacy and speed communicate his Thoughts to a Friend at any Distance.'

Thenceforth he was silent until eight years after the Restoration, when he issued his most interesting and not least suggestive work, 'An Essay towards a Real Character

and a Philosophical Language.' He occupied the see of Chester for four years, and died in 1668.

William Chillingworth's famous work, 'The Religion of Protestants: A Safe Way to Salvation,' appeared in 1637. Its author died in 1644 at the early age of forty-two. Bred a Protestant, he was converted in his young manhood to Romanism, and went to study at the Jesuits' College at Douai. Thence he returned to Oxford, and the further pursuit of theological study led him to renounce Romanism, and take up his old religion, though with a strong tendency to wider views than the formularies of the Church then authorized. He objected to the Athanasian Creed, and refused to subscribe to the Thirty-Nine Articles. There is something very manly and noble in his allusion to his changes of religious opinion: 'I knew a man,' he says, 'that of a moderate Protestant turned a Papist, and the day that he did so was convicted in conscience that his yesterday's opinion was an error. The same man, afterwards, upon better consideration, became a doubting Papist, and of a doubting Papist a confirmed Protestant. And yet this man thinks himself no more to blame for all these changes than a traveller who, using all diligence to find the right way to some remote city, did yet mistake it, and after find his error and amend it. Nay, he stands upon his justification so far as to maintain that his alterations, not only to you, but also from you, by God's mercy, were the most satisfactory actions to himself that ever he did, and the greatest victories that ever he obtained over himself and his affections, in those things which in this world are most precious.'

The 'Ninety-Six Sermons' of Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester (1555-1626), who had had the felicity to enjoy the confidence and regard of three successive sovereigns, and whose death called forth a lament from the youthful Milton, were published in 1631, five years after their author's decease. Andrewes was a man of great

learning and fine wit; a profound theologian; a safe counsellor; and a successful preacher. He was called by his contemporaries *Stella Prædicantium*.

Sir Robert Filmer's defence of absolute monarchy, 'The Anarchy of a Limited and Mixed Monarchy,' appeared in 1646; Sir John Spelman's 'Concilia and Decreta' in 1639; Sir Richard Baker's 'Chronicle of the Kings of England unto the Death of King James,' in 1641.

Lastly, one of the most industrious writers of the time was James Howell (1594-1666), who did good and honest work in several departments of literature, in history, biography, poetry, letter-writing, and even fiction. Peter Fisher says of him, 'He may be called the Prodigie of his Age, for the variety of his Volumes, for from his "Party of Trees" to his "Party of Beasts," there hath passed to the press above forty of his Works on various Subjects. . . . And 'tis observed, that in all his Writings there is something still New, whether in the Matter, Method, or Fancy, and in an untrodden Tract.' Howell is still remembered and esteemed for his entertaining letters, 'Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ' (1645, 1647, 1650, 1655), and his 'Londinopolis' (1657); but special reference must be made to his 'Dodona's Grove' (1640), because it is, I believe, the only work of fiction published in Charles I.'s reign. It is a kind of allegory, neither ingenious in construction nor exact in execution, yet not without a certain value from its description of the state of Europe, and more particularly of England, immediately before the outbreak of the Civil War.

The following alphabetical list of eminent writers living in the reign of Charles I. will show that the literary activity of the time was very considerable:

Alabaster, William, Prebendary of St. Paul's, (1567-1640): His Latin tragedy of 'Roxana' was published in 1632.

Alexander, William, Earl of Stirling (1580-1640). 'Recreations with the Muses,' published in 1637.

Andrewes, Lancelot, Bishop of Winchester (1555-1626).

Ashmole, Elias (1617-1692,—‘the greatest virtuoso and curioso that ever was known or read of in England before his time.’)

Aubrey, John (1626-1710).

Ayton, Sir Robert (1570-1638). His songs and lyrics, in 1637, were printed in the ‘*Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum.*’

Baker, Sir Richard (1568-1644).

Ball, John (1585-1640), Puritan divine. His ‘Treatise of Faith’ was published in 1632.

Bamfylde, Francis, d. 1684.

Boyle, Robert (1627-1691).

Boyle, Roger, Earl of Orrery (1626-1679).

Bramhall, John, Archbishop of Armagh (1593-1663).

Brome, Alexander (1620-1666), ‘the English Anacreon.’

Browne, Sir Thomas (1605-1682).—‘*Religio Medici,*’ 1643; ‘*Pseudoxia Epidemica,*’ 1646.

Browne, William (1590-1645).

Bunyan, John (1628-1688).

Burton, Robert (1576-1639), author of ‘The Anatomy of Melancholy’—one of the quaintest, most learned, most heterogeneous, and most entertaining books ever written—a chaos of reflections, allusions, facts, fancies, and quotations.

Butler, Samuel (1602-1680).

Calamy, Edmund (1600-1666).

Carew, Thomas (1589-1639).

Chapman, George (1557-1634).

Chillingworth, William (1602-1644).

Clarendon, Earl of, Edward Hyde (1608-1674).

Cleveland, John (1613-1659).—‘The Character of a London Diurnall,’ 1644-1647; ‘*Monumentum Regale*; or, A Tombe erected for that Incomparable and Glorious Monarch, Charles I.,’ 1649.

Corbet, Richard, Bishop of Oxford and Norwich, (1582-1635). His ‘Poems’ were posthumously published in 1635.

Cotton, Charles (1630-1687).

Cotton, Sir Robert Bruce (1570-1631).

Cowley, Abraham (1618-1667).

Crashaw, Richard (1616-1650).

Croft, Herbert, Bishop of Hereford (1603-1691).

Cudworth, Ralph, D.D. (1617-1688).—‘The True Nature of the Lord’s Supper,’ 1642; ‘The Union of Christ and the Church Shadowed,’ 1642, etc.

Davenant, Sir William (1605-1668).

Dekker, Thomas (1570-1641).

Denham, Sir John (1615-1668).

Donne, John, D.D. (1573-1631).

Drayton, Michael (1563-1632).

Drummond, William, of Hawthornden, (1585-1649).

Dryden, John (1631-1701).

Dugdale, Sir William (1605-1685).

Evelyn, John (1620-1706).

Falkland, Viscount, Henry Cary (1576-1633).

Falkland, Viscount, Lucius Cary (1610-1643).

Fanshawe, Sir Richard (1608-1660).

Fisher, Payne (1616-1693), wrote ‘Marston-Moore, sive De Obsidione Prælioque Eboracensi Carmen,’ etc.

Flatman, Thomas (1635-1688).

Fludd, Robert (1571-1637)—wrote ‘Philosophia Mosaica,’ etc.—one of the English Rosicrucians.

Ford, John (1586-1639).

Fuller, Thomas (1608-1661).

Madingley, John
(1605-1654)

Hacket, John, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry (1592-1670), ‘Christian Consolation,’ etc.

Hall, George, Bishop of Chester (1612-1668).

Hall, Joseph (Bishop of Norwich (1574-1656), ‘the master satirist of his age, obscure and quaint at times, but full of nerve and picturesque illustration.’

Hammond, Henry, D.D. (1605-1660).

Harrington, James (1611-1677), author of ‘The Commonwealth of Oceana.’

Herbert, George (1593-1633).

Herrick, Robert (1591-1674).

Heylin, Peter (1600-1662), author of 'Microcosmus,' 'Life of Archbishop Laud,' etc.

Heywood, Thomas (died 1640).

Hobbes, Thomas (1588-1679), 'Warden of the Peak,' 1628; 'De Civi,' 1646.

Holdsworth, Richard (1590-1649), author of 'The Valley of Vision,' etc.

Holland, Philemon (1552-1636), translator of Livy, Suetonius, etc.

Holyday, Barton, (1593-1661).

Hoskins, John (1566-1638), 'The Art of Memory,' etc.

Howard, Sir Robert (1626-1698).

Howe, John (1630-1705), Puritan divine.

Howell, James (1594-1666).

Jacomb, Thomas (1622-1687), Puritan divine.

Johnston, Arthur (1587-1641), 'Elegia,' 1628; 'Parerga, 1632: 'Epigrammata,' 1633; 'Musæ Anticæ,' 1635.

Jonson, Ben (1574-1637).

Joyner, William (1622-1706).

King, Henry, Bishop of Chichester (1591-1667), 'A Deep Groane fetched at the Funerall of the Incomparable and Glorious King Charles I,' 1649; 'The Psalms of David turned into Metre,' 1651; 'Poems,' 1657.

Kynaston, Sir Francis (1587-1642), 'Musæ Querelæ de Regis in Scotiam Profectione,' 1633; 'Musæ Aulicæ Arthuri Johnstoni, interpretæ F. K.,' 1635; 'Corona Minervæ,' 1635; and 'Leoline and Sydanis, an Heroick Romance,' 1642.

Leigh, Sir Edward (1603-1671), 'Treatise of Divine Promises, 1633; 'Analecta Cæsarum Romanorum,' 1635; 'Critica Sacra,' 1639.

Leighton, Robert, Archbishop of Glasgow (1613-1684), 'Commentary on the Epistles of St. Peter,' etc.

L'Estrange, Sir Roger (1616-1704).

Lightfoot, John, D.D. (1602-1676), 'Emblion: or Miscellanies, Christian and Judicial,' 1629; 'Observations on Genesis,' 1642; 'Gleanings out of Exodus,' 1643; 'Harmony of the Evangelists,' 1644-50.

Lisle, William (died 1637), poet and antiquary, 'The Fair Ethiopian,' 1631; 'Seven Strains of the Soul,' 1635.

Lithgow, William (1580-1640), traveller and poet, 'Scotland's Tears,' 1625; 'Scotland's Welcome to King Charles,' 1633; 'The Last Siege of Breda,' 1637; 'The Gushing Teares of Godly Sorrow,' 1640; 'Tracts on London,' 1643; and 'The Siege of Newcastle,' 1645. Lithgow also published an account of his nineteen years of travel in Europe, Asia, and Africa, during which he walked no fewer than 36,000 miles.

Lovelace, Richard (1618-1658).

Markham, Gervase (1570-1655), soldier and poet, and miscellaneous writer.

Marmion, Shakerley (1602-1639).

Marston, John (1595-1633).

Marvell, Andrew (1620-1678).

Massinger, Philip (1584-1640).

May, Thomas (1595-1650); poet, dramatist, and historian.

Middleton, Thomas (1570-1627).

Milton, John (1608-1674).

Montrose, Marquis of, James Graham (1612-1650), wrote several beautiful lyrics.

More, Henry (1614-1687).

Munday, Anthony (1544-1633).

Nabbes, Thomas (1600-1645), 'Microcosmus, a Morall Masque,' printed in 1637.

Naunton, Sir Robert (1563-1635). His 'Fragmenta Regalia' was first printed in 1641.

Needham, Marchmont (1620-1678), was, perhaps, the first professional journalist in England.

Newcastle, Duchess of (1624-1673).

Newcastle, Duke of (d. 1676).

Osborn, Francis (1589-1658), miscellaneous writer.

Peacham, Henry (1575(?) - 1650). 'Valley of Varietie,' 1638; 'The Gentleman's Exercise,' 1639; 'A Merry Discourse between Meum and Tuum,' 1639; 'The Art of Living in London,' 1642, etc.

Prynne, William (1600-1669). 'Histrio-Mastix,' 1633; 'News from Ipswich,' 1657, etc.

Quarles, Francis (1592-1644).

Randolph, Thomas (1605-1634).

Ray, John (1628-1705).

Ross, Alexander (1590-1654). 'Three Decades of Divine Meditations,' 1630; 'Virgilius Evangelizans,' 1634; 'A Century of Divine Meditations,' 1646; 'Mystagogus Poeticus,' 1647, etc.

Rowley, William, dramatist.

Rutherford, Samuel (1600-1661). 'A Peaceable and Temperate Plea for Paul's Presbyterie in Scotland,' 1642; 'The Divine Right of Church Government,' 1646, etc.

Sancroft, William, Archbishop of Canterbury (1616-1693).

Sanderson, Robert, Bishop of Lincoln (1587-1663). 'De Juramenti Obligatione,' 1647; the most celebrated of the English casuists.

Sandys, George (1577-1644).

Selden, John (1584-1654).

Sherburne, Sir Edward (1618-1702), poet.

Shirley, James (1594-1666).

Sibbes, or Sibbs, Richard (1577-1635). 'The Fountain Sealed,' 1627; 'Saints' Cordials in Sundry Sermons on Special Occasions,' 1629; 'Bruised Reeds and Smoaking Flax,' 1631; 'Soul's Conflict with Itself and Victory over Itself by Faith,' 1635; 'Divine Meditation and Holy Contemplations,' 1638, etc., etc.

Spelman, Sir Henry (1562-1641). 'Concilia, Decreta, Leges, Institutiones, in re Ecclesiarum Orbis Britannici,' 1629, 1649; 'A Protestant's Account of his Orthodox Holding in Matters of Religion,' 1642.

Stanley, Thomas (1625-1698), poet and philosopher.

Suckling, Sir John (1602-1641).

Taylor, Jeremy, Bishop of Down and Connor, and of Dromore (1613-1667).

Taylor, John (1580-1654), the so-called 'Water Poet.'

Temple, Sir William (1628-1698).

Thurloe, John (1616-1668).

Usher, James, Archbishop of Armagh (1586-1656), 'Britannicarum Ecclesiarum Antiquitates et Primordia,' 1639; 'The Original of Bishops and Metropolitans,' 1641; 'Vox Hiberniæ—or, rather, the Voyce of God from Ireland,' 1642; 'The Principles of the Christian Religion,' 1644.

Vaughan, Henry (1621-1695).

Waller, Edmund (1605-1687).

Walton, Izaak (1593-1683), wrote his memoir of Donne the poet in 1640. The lives of Walton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson were published during the Commonwealth and in the reign of Charles II. 'The Compleat Angler' appeared in 1653.

Webster, John.

Whitelocke, Bulstrode (1605-1676), lawyer and statesman, whose 'Memoirs of English Affairs' are of high historical value.

Wilkins, John, Bishop of Chester (1614-1672).

Williams, John, Archbishop of York (1582-1650).

Wishart, George, Bishop of Edinburgh (1609-1671), 'De Rebus Auspiciis Sacrissimi et Potentissimi Caroli, D.G., Brit. Regis, sub anno 1644, et duobus sequentibus,' 1647.

Wither, George (1588-1667).

Wood, Anthony à (1632-1685).

Wotton, Sir Henry (1568-1639), 'A Parallel between Robert, late Earl of Essex, and George, late Duke of Buckingham,' 1641, etc., in 'Reliquiæ Wottonianæ,' 1651.

APPENDIX.

NOTES AND CORRECTIONS.

Page 9, line 3, *for* 'herself' *read* 'her sex.'

Page 29, line 1, *for* 'Bonford' *read* 'Burford.'

Page 30, line 13, *for* 'accurate' *read* 'impartial.'

Page 31, note, *for* 'dimidium animæ' *read* 'animæ dimidium.'

Page 32. Sir Richard Fanshawe's 'Il Pastor Fido (translated from Guarini), with other Poems and Discourses of Civil Wars of Rome,' was published in 1676; his 'Original Letters' in 1702. Lady Fanshawe's 'Memoirs' were edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, 1829.

Page 33. Mrs. Hutchinson's 'Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson' have been frequently reprinted. We have used the 1822 edition. See also 'Colonel John Hutchinson, His Imprisonment and Usage,' in vol. iii. of the 'Harleian Miscellany.'

Page 40. See Dr. Charles Burney, 'History of Music from the Earliest Ages,' 4 vols.; Sir J. Hawkins, 'General History of the Science and Practice of Music,' 5 vols.; Sir G. Grove, 'Dictionary of Music,' 3 vols.; W. A. Barratt, 'English Church Composers,' 1 vol. Cf. Fetis, 'Histoire Générale de la Musique,' 3 vols.

Page 60. For Thomas Campion (1540-1623), see his 'Description of a Maske, presented before the Kinge's Majestie,' 1607; 'Description of a Maske presented at Whitehall,' 1614; W. C. Hazlitt, 'Early English Literature,' and Nicholls' 'Progresses and Processions of James I.,' vol. ii. (1828).

Page 67. John Coperario, or Cooper, was the musical instructor of the children of James I. He composed the music to Campion's 'Songs of Mourning bewailing the Untimely Death of Prince Henry,' 1613, and for 'The Masque of Flowers,' presented at Whitehall on Twelfth Night, 1614. Also, a set of 'Fancies' for the organ for Charles I. He died during the Protectorate.

Page 72. Langbaine, 'Account of English Dramatik Poets,' 1691; 'The English Drama and Stage under the Tudor and Stuart Princes' (Roxburgh Library), 1869; 'British Drama,' edited by Sir Walter Scott, 1810, 1811; W. C. Hazlitt, 'Handbook to the Popular Poetical and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain,' 1867; Ward, 'English Dramatic Literature,' etc.

Page 76. The 'Dramatic Works' of Massinger have been edited by Gifford (1813), Hartley Coleridge (1839), and Lieut.-Col. Cunningham. Five of his best plays are published in 'The Mermaid Series' (1887), with an appreciative Memoir by Arthur Symonds. In Mr. Leslie Stephen's 'Hours in a Library' will be found a good critical notice. Massinger died on the 16th or 17th of March, 1638, and was buried on the 18th. It is said that he and Fletcher are buried in the same grave: friends in life, and in death not divided.

Page 79. John Ford's 'Dramatic Works' have been edited by Weber, in 2 vols., 1811; and by Gifford (new edition, 1869). A fine criticism will be found in A. C. Swinburne's 'Essays and Studies.' 'By the might of a great will,' he says, 'seconded by the force of a great hand, he won the place he holds against all odds of rivalry in a race of rival giants. In that gallery of monumental men and mighty memories, among or above the fellows of his god-like craft, the high figure of Ford stands steadily erect; his name is ineffaceable from the scroll of our great writers; it is one of the loftier landmarks of English poetry.'

Page 80. W. Carew Hazlitt published an edition of Randolph's 'Poetical and Dramatic Works' in 1875.

Page 82. William Cartwright's 'Comedies, Tragi-Comedies, and Poems' form a small octavo volume, published in 1651. His 'Poems' are also included in the 'English Poets' (vol. vi.). His play of 'The Ordinary' (written about 1634, and first printed as above) is given in Dodsley's 'Old Plays,' etc.

Page 87. James Shirley was born in the parish of St. Mary Woolchurch, London, on the 13th of September, 1596 (not 1594, as on page 87), eight (not six) years after the defeat of the Armada. According to Mr. Gosse, he was appointed master at St. Albans Grammar School in 1623, having previously taken Orders in the Church of England, and received a living in or near St. Albans, which he resigned on joining the Church of Rome. According to Mr. Dyce, he repaired to Ireland in 1637. Mr. Gosse gives reasons for thinking that he went in the early part of 1636. After the Battle of Marston Moor it is thought that he retired to France with his patron, the Lord (afterwards Duke of) Newcastle; but he soon returned to England.

He and his wife were interred in one grave on the 29th of October, 1666. He was then 70 years and 3 weeks old.

For 'St. Giles' in the Field,' line 6 from the bottom, read 'St. Giles-in-the-Fields.'

To the list of plays given on pp. 87, 88 must be added 'The Country Captain,' printed from a MS. in 1883 by A. H. Bullen.

'In Shirley's own time,' says Mr. Gosse, 'his style was recognised as being "discreet, sober, and sweet-tempered." These qualities were particularly admirable in an age that was hurrying to decay, and attempting to recover its vitality by mere storm and

excess. Shirley's style is uniform in an extraordinary degree, and the level country over which his muse reigns, with its broad, flowery meadows, slow streams, and rich woods, is charming rather than striking, and pleases us without creating astonishment or rapture. His comedies are polite and amusing without grossness; his tragedies inspire pity rather than terror or indignation. He is a remarkably elegant and competent writer, whose high position in the second rank is never likely again to be seriously assailed.

The dates attached to the plays, as given in our list, show when they were first *printed*. The order of their production on the stage would seem to be as follows: 'The School of Compliment' (at first entitled 'Love's Tricks'), 1625; 'The Maid's Revenge,' 1626, and 'The Brothers,' 1626; 'The Witty Fair One,' 1628; 'The Wedding,' 1629; 'The Grateful Servant,' 1629; 'The Traitor,' 1631; 'Love's Cruelty,' 1631; 'The Changes, or Love in a Maze,' 1632; 'The Bird in the Cage,' 1632; 'Hyde Park,' 1632; 'The Ball' (in which Shirley was assisted by Chapman), 1632; 'The Young Admiral,' 1632; 'The Gamester,' 1633; 'The Example,' 1634; 'The Opportunity,' 1634; 'The Coronation,' 1635; 'Chabot, Admiral of France' (mainly by Chapman), 1635; 'The Royal Master' (partly Fletcher's), 1635; 'The Lady of Pleasure,' 1635; 'The Royal Master,' 1636?; 'The Doubtful Heir,' 'The Constant Maid,' 'The Humorous Courtier,' 'The Arcadia,' and 'St. Patrick for Ireland,' between 1637 and 1640: the dates of production of 'The Country Captain,' 'The Gentleman of Venice,' 'The Politician,' 'The Imposture,' 'The Cardinal,' and 'The Sisters' cannot be determined exactly, but must range between Shirley's return to England and the closing of the theatres by order of the Parliament.

Shirley's dramatic works and poems were edited, with notes, by John Gifford, and a memoir, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, in 6 vols., in 1833. In the 'Mermaid Series' a volume is devoted to five of his plays: 'The Witty Fair One,' 'The Traitor,' 'Hyde Park,' 'The Lady of Pleasure,' and 'The Cardinal,' and his masque of 'The Triumph of Peace,' with an introduction by Mr. Edmund Gosse (1888).

Shirley was also the author of 'Via ad Latinam Linguam Complinata,' 1649; 'Grammatica Anglo-Latina,' 1651; and 'The Rudiments of Grammar,' 1656.

Page 89, line 3, for 'and more' read 'and never.'

Page 90. For William Alexander, Earl of Stirling (1580-1640), see Horace Walpole's 'Royal and Noble Authors.' His 'Poems' are given in the fifth volume of the 'English Poets' (ed. Chalmers).

Page 90, lines 18, 19, and 20. An egregious misprint is thrice repeated—*Bunce* for *Brome*. Alexander Brome (1620-1666), from

his festal lyrics, obtained the title of 'The English Anacreon.' Thus Cotton addresses him :

'Anacreon, come, and touch thy jolly lyre,
And bring in Horace to thy choir.'

His 'Poems' are printed in the 'English Poets' (vol. vi.). See also 'The Covent Garden Drollery; a Collection of all the choice Songs, Poems, Prologues, and Epilogues of Alexander Brome,' 1672.

Richard Brome (died 1652) was a member of Ben Jonson's school. His 'Jovial Crew' (revived in 1731, with music by Dr. Arne) may be seen in Dodsley's 'Old Plays.'

Page 91. Chamberlayne was a poet as well as a dramatist; and his heroic poem of 'Pharronida' tells 'an interesting story in uncouth rhymes, and mingles sublimity of thought and beauty of expression with the quaintest conceits and the most awkward inversions.' Such is the criticism of Southey: of its justice the reader may judge for himself, as both the 'Pharronida' and the play of 'Love's Victory' were published (3 vols. in 1) in 1820.

Page 92. Sir Aston Cokayne (or Cokain) was born in 1608, according to some authorities, which would make him only seventy-five when he died.

Page 96, last line, *for* 'Rochelle' *read* 'Rhodes.'

Page 99, line 11, *for* 'Varna' *read* 'Verona.'

Page 101. Sir William Davenant's works, poetical and dramatic, were issued in a ponderous folio, 1672-73. His 'Poems' are also printed in the sixth volume of 'The English Poets' (Chalmers).

Page 101. Robert Davenport's tragi-comedy of 'The City Night-Cap' will be found in Dodsley's 'Old Plays' (vol. xi.), and the 'Ancient British Drama' (vol. iii.). It is founded partly on Cervantes' story of 'The Curious Impertinent' (in 'Don Quixote') and partly on the 7th novella, 7th day, of Boccaccio's Decameron.

Page 101. For John Day, see Wood's 'Athenæ Oxonienses.' 'The Isle of Gulls' is dated 1606; 'The Traavailes of the Three English Brothers—Sir Thomas, Sir Anthony, and Mr. Robert Shirley,' written in conjunction with W. Rowley and G. Wilkins, 1607; 'Humour out of Breath,' 1608 (reprinted for the Percy Library in 1860); 'Law Trickes, or Who Would Have Thought It?' 1608; 'The Parliament of Bees' (a succession of satirical allegories in rhyme, in which all the characters are bees), 1640; and 'The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green, with the Merry Humour of Tom Strowd, the Norfolk Yeoman,' written in partnership with Henry Chettle, acted in April, 1600, but not printed until 1650.

Page 102. Two of Glassthorne's plays, 'Albertus Wallenstein' and 'The Ladies' Priviledge,' are printed in Dodsley, vol. xiv.

Page 104. See Heywood's 'Fair Maid of the West,' with Life, by J. Payne Collier, published by the Shakespeare Society in 1850; also, published by the same Society, with Introduction and Notes by Field, the 'First and Second Parts' of his 'Edward the Fourth,' 1842; also, by the same Society, edited by Collier, his 'Royal King and Loyal Subject,' and 'A Woman Killed with Kindness,' 1850; also, by the same Society and editor, the historical play on Queen Elizabeth, 1851; and, by the same Society and editor, 'The Golden Age' and 'The Silver Age,' 1850. The Percy Society reprinted, in 1842, his 'Marriage Triumph.'

Page 105, line 3, for 'Framford' read 'Frankford.'

Page 107. Henry Killigrew was born in 1612, died in 1690.

Page 108, line 26, for '1620' read '1623.' Mayne's play of 'The City Match' is reprinted among Dodsley's 'Old Plays.'

Page 109. Gervase Markham was born in 1570, died 1655. He had the temerity to attempt a continuation of Sir Philip Sidney's 'Arcadia.' His chief work in verse seems to have been 'The Poem of Poems; or, Sion's Muse: containyng the Divine Song of King Solomon, divided into Eight Eclogues,' printed in 1596. His 'Cheap and Good Husbandrie for all Beasts and Fowles' bears date 1614. His 'Way to Save Wealth, Notable Things, The Complete Husbandman, The Husbandman's Jewel, and New Book of Knowledge' were collected in one volume (16mo.) in 1697; and his 'Traces of the Beloved,' and 'Marie Magdalen's Lamentations' (1601) were reprinted by Dr. Grosart in the 2nd vol. of his 'Miscellanies in Fuller's Worthies' Library,' 1871.

Page 110. Shakerley Marmion's 'Antiquary' is reprinted in the 10th vol. of Dodsley's 'Old Plays;' and his 'Fine Companion' in the 4th vol. of the 'Old English Drama' (1830). His poem, 'The Legend of Cupid and Psyche,' was edited by S. W. Singer in 1820. For Life, see Wood's 'Athenæ Oxonienses.'

Page 111. May's plays of 'The Heir' and 'The Old Couple' will be found in vols. i. and iii. respectively of the 'Ancient British Drama' (edited by Sir Walter Scott, 1810). An edition of his 'History of the Long Parliament,' by Baron Masères, appeared in 1812.

Page 112. Thomas Middleton was born in 1570, died in 1627. His dramatic works were carefully edited (in 5 vols.) by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, in 1840. There is also an excellent edition by Mr. A. C. Bullen. Five of his plays—'A Trick to Catch the Old One,' 'The Changeling,' 'A Chaste Maid in Cheapside,' 'Women beware Women,' and 'The Spanish Gipsy'—are printed in a volume of the 'Mermaid Series,' 1887, edited by Havelock Ellis, with an introduction by A. C. Swinburne, who says: 'The merit of his good comedies does not indeed consist in any new or subtle study of character, any Shakespearian creation or Jonsonian invention of humour or of men: the spendthrifts and

the misers, the courtesans and the dotards are figures borrowed from the common stock of stage tradition : it is the vivid variety of incident and intrigue, the freshness and ease and vigour of the style, the clear straightforward energy and vivacity of the action that the reader finds most praiseworthy in the best comic work of such ready writers as Middleton and Dekker. The dialogue has sometimes touches of real humour and flashes of genuine wit ; but its readable and enjoyable quality is generally independent of these. Very witty writing may be very dreary reading, for want of natural animation and true dramatic movement ; and in these qualities, at least, the rough-and-ready work of our old dramatists is seldom, if ever, deficient.'

I have referred, in the first volume (page 21), to Middleton's play, 'A Game at Chess,' produced in 1624.

Page 116, line 5, for 'Awdrey' read 'Audrey.'

Page 116. From Nabbs' (or Nabbes') 'Microcosmus' I extract the following charming lyric :

' Welcome, welcome, happy pair,
To those abodes where spicy air
Breathes perfume, and every sense
Doth find his object's excellence ;
Where's no heat nor cold extreme,
No winter's ice, no summer's scorching beam :
Where's no sun, yet never night,
Day always springing from eternal light.
All mortal sufferings laid aside,
Here in endless bliss abide.'

Page 117. Rowley was also the author of a lively and animated picture of London in the early Stuart period, entitled 'A Search for Money ; or, the Lamentable Complaint for the Losse of the Wandering Knight, Mounsieur l'Argent ; or, Come along with me, I know thou lovest Money' (1609), reprinted for the Percy Society in 1840.

Page 118. The poetical works of Sandys were collected and edited by the Rev. R. Hooper, in 2 vols., 1872. His 'Voyage to the East' is included in Purchas (vol. ii.).

Page 122. See Horace Walpole's 'Anecdotes of Painting in England,' edited by Dallaway, 1828 ; M. Bryan's 'Dictionary of Painters and Engravers,' ed. Stanley, 1849 ; Rev. M. Pilkington, 'Dictionary of Painters,' ed. Allan Cunningham, 1840 ; A. Cunningham, 'Lives of British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects,' 1830 ; Peter Cunningham, 'Life of Inigo Jones,' etc., 1848 ; S. Redgrave, 'Dictionary of Artists of the English School,' 1874, etc., etc.

Page 123. See Dr. G. P. Waagen, 'Kunstwerke und Kunstler,' 1837-39 ; 'Works of Art and Artists in England,' 1838 ; and 'Rubens,' 1840.

Page 127. See J. Richardson, 'Works on Painting,' edited by his son, 1773; R. N. Wornum, 'Epochs of Painting,' 1864; W. H. Carpenter, 'Vandyck and his Contemporaries,' 1844; and James Barry, 'Lectures on Painting' (in his 'Works,' 2 vols., 1809).

Page 139, last line but one, for 'Notti' read 'Notte.'

Page 140, line 2, for 'Ginistiniani' read 'Giustiniani.'

Page 146. See Graham, 'Historical View of Literature and Art in Great Britain,' 1871; and Lady Callcott's 'Essays on Painting.'

Page 179. The term 'Courtly Poets' is borrowed from the late Archdeacon Hannah's choice little volume.

Page 180. Waller's Poetical Works were edited by Fenton in 1729; and by Robert Bell, 1866. See also Mr. Edmund Gosse's charming monograph, 'From Shakespeare to Pope' (1885), containing a pleasant narrative of the poet's life and an exhaustive criticism of his poetry, to which I have frequently been indebted.

Page 196. Dr. Grosart edited the 'Complete Poems' of Herrick in 1877, and a careful 'Selection,' edited by F. T. Palgrave, was published in the same year. There are also editions by Maitland, 1825, and W. C. Hazlitt, 1869. For criticism see Mr. Edmund Gosse's 'Seventeenth Century Studies.' His 'Hesperides' form a volume in 'The Canterbury Poets' (1887), with notes by Herbert P. Horne, and introduction by Ernest Rhys.

Page 203. Sir J. Denham's 'Poems and Translations' were published in 1769 (7th edition). See also Chalmers's 'English Poets,' vol. vii.

Page 205, lines 28 and 29, for 'Bacon' read 'Baron.'

Page 206, line 2, the same correction is necessary.

Page 211. Suckling's 'Works' (Poems, Plays, and Letters) were published in 1770. A selection, with notes and a Life, by the Rev. Alfred Suckling, in 1836; and 'Poems, Plays, and Other Remains, with Account of the Author,' by W. Carew Hazlitt, 1874.

Page 226. The work upon Milton is, undoubtedly, Professor Masson's exhaustive 'Life of John Milton in connection with the History of his Time,' 1858-76. Few of our poets, except Shakespeare, have had so many biographers and editors, and I can specify but a few of the more important: Phillips, 1694; F. Peck, 1740; Dr. Bird, 1753; Rev. H. J. Todd, 1801; Rev. J. Mitford, 1851; Sir Egerton Brydges, 1853; J. Stebbing, 1840; Prose Works, ed. by Dr. Symmons, 1806; by J. A. St. John, 1848-64. 'Original Papers, Illustrative of Milton's Life and Writings,' ed. by W. D. Hamilton for the Camden Society, 1859. 'Concordance,' by C. D. Cleveland, 1867.

Page 236. In the quotation from 'Lycidas' occur two misprints:

second line, 'glistening' should be 'glistening;' and fifth line, 'Love' should be 'Jove.'

Page 248. In the quotation from the Sonnet to Cyriac Skinner, read, in the second line, 'nor' for 'or'—*i.e.*, 'nor bate a jot;' and in line 7 read 'talks' for 'rings.'

Page 262. The first line of the quotation from 'Samson Agonistes' should read 'All is best, though we oft doubt.'

Page 265. A careful and complete edition of Herbert's 'Works' we owe to the industry and good taste of Dr. A. B. Grosart, who reprinted Izaak Walton's well-known 'Life' (1875).

Page 280. Crashaw's 'Poems' were edited by W. A. Turnbull, 1858, and included in 'The Fuller Worthies' Library,' 1873.

Page 284. Henry Vaughan's 'Works in Verse and Prose' complete, have been edited by Dr. A. B. Grosart, 4 vols., 1871.

Page 288. See Habington's 'Castara,' with Preface and Notes by Elton, 1812.

Page 294. For Wither see Wood, 'Athenæ Oxonienses,' and Sir E. Brydges, 'Censura Literaria.' His 'Hymns and Songs of the Church' were edited by Edward Farr in 1856, and his 'Hallelujah' by Farr in 1857.

Page 304. A complete edition of Cowley's 'Works' was published in 1707; of his 'Prose Works' in 1827. Bishop Hunt's edition of his 'Select Works' in 1777. His 'Life,' by Bishop Thomas Sprat (of Rochester) was published in 1688. See also Mr. E. Gosse's 'From Shakespeare to Pope,' 1885.

Page 314. The reference is to the Rev. J. Spence's 'Anecdotes of Books and Men' (Singer's edition, 1820).

Page 318. There is an admirable edition of Bishop Jeremy Taylor's 'Works' (with Life) by Bishop Heber, 15 vols., 1839, revised by Eden in 1847. There are biographies by Hughes, 1831; by Croly and Stebbing, 1834; by Henry Rogers, 1851, prefixed to editions of the Bishop's writings; and, in a separate form, by Bonney, 1815; and R. Aris Willmott, 1847.

Page 340. For Sir Henry Wotton, see Izaak Walton's famous 'Lives,' and Hannah's 'Courtly Poets.'

Page 340. For Henry More see Principal Tulloch's 'Rational Theology in the Seventeenth Century,' 2 vols., 1872; and the folio edition of his 'Philosophical Writings,' 1712.

INDEX TO VOL. II.

- | A. | C. |
|--|---|
| <p>ADDISON, quoted, 12, 305, 306
 'Aglaura,' Suckling's drama of,
 215, 216
 Alphabetical list of eminent
 writers, 344-350
 Andrewes, Bishop, 343, 314
 'Areopagitica,' the, 227-230
 Aubrey, quoted, 192, 203, 204,
 205, 209, 210, 215, 216, 217,
 231</p> | <p>Campion, Thomas, 60, 61, 62
 Canons, in music, 43
 Carbell, Lodowick, 90, 91
 Carew, Thomas, 65
 Carlisle, Anne, painter, 147
 Chamberlayne, Dr. William, 91
 Charles II., anecdotes of, 192,
 208
 Childe, Dr. William, musician,
 44, 45
 Chillingworth, William, 343
 'Chloridia,' Masque of, by Ben
 Jonson and Inigo Jones, 161
 Clarendon, Earl of, quoted, 193,
 212, 339
 Clein, Francis, artist, 145
 Cokain, Sir Aston, 91, 92
 'Comus,' by Milton, 65, 235,
 236
 'Cooper's Hill,' poem of, 207,
 208
 Coranto, Whitelocke's, 55, 63-65
 Courtly Poets, the, 180-225, 357
 Cowley, Abraham, memoir of,
 304-318, 358
 Cox, Robert, 92, 93
 Crane, Sir Francis, his tapestry
 works, 145, 146
 Crashaw, Richard, memoir of,
 280-284
 Critz, John de, Serjeant-painter,
 143, 144
 Cromwell, Oliver, 28; Waller's
 panegyric upon, 191, 192;
 Milton's character of, 251-253</p> |
| <p>B.</p> <p>Baker, Sir Richard, 344
 'Ballad upon a Wedding,' quoted,
 218
 Balton, Adrian, 48
 Banqueting-house built by Inigo
 Jones, 158
 Barlow, Francis, artist, 144, 145
 Baron, Robert, 203, 204
 Barrett, quoted, 43
 Barry, quoted, 127, 128
 Basson, Bartholomew van, artist,
 138
 Baxter, Richard, quoted, 270
 Beck, David, artist, 136
 Belcamp, John van, artist, 140,
 141
 Bevin, Elway, musician, 42, 43
 'Blackness, Masque of,' by Ben
 Jonson and Inigo Jones, 154
 Books, Milton on, 230
 Briot, Nicholas, medallist, 150,
 151
 Broome, Alexander, dramatist, 90
 Broome, Richard, dramatist, 90</p> | |

- D.
- Davenant, Sir William, his masques, 66; memoir of, 93-97; his 'Siege of Rhodes,' 97; his 'Gondibert,' 98-100
- Davenport, Robert, 101
- Day, John, 101, 102
- Denham, Sir John, his tragedy, 102; his 'Cooper's Hill,' quoted, 186; memoir of, 203-211
- Denham, Lady, 209
- Diefenbach, artist, 126
- Disraeli the elder, quoted, 62
- 'Divine Love,' by Waller, quoted, 194, 195
- Dobson, William, memoir of, 132-134
- Drama, the English, in the reign of Charles I., 70-75
- Drolleries invented by Cox, 93
- Dryden, quoted, 203, 207
- E.
- Earle, Bishop, 340
- Eikon Basilike, history of the, 245, 246
- 'Emblems, The,' by Quarles, 301, 302
- England, Waller's description of, 191
- Epitaph on Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, 12; on Dr. W. Childe, 45; on Orlando Gibbons, 41; on Waller, 194
- Evelyn, John, quoted, 142
- Ewes, Sir Symonds D', quoted, 188, 189
- F.
- Fanelli, Francis, worker in metal, 150
- Fanshawe, Lady Anne, autobiography of, 17; her birth and breeding, 18; her marriage, 19; her sufferings during the Civil War, 20-24; her ghost story, 25, 26; her adventure, 27; her interview with Cromwell, 28; her later years, 30, 31; her death, 32
- Fanshawe, Sir Richard, his marriage, 19; his services to Charles I., 20, 22, 25; his imprisonment, 18; his release, 28; his later career, 29, 30; his death, 31
- 'Fantasies' for musical instruments, 51
- Feltham, Owen, 350
- Fenton, quoted, 196
- Ferrar, Nicholas, 282
- Filmer, Sir Robert, 344
- 'Five Bill Consort, The,' 49, 59
- Ford, John, notice of, 79, 80, 352
- Fuller, Thomas, 341
- G.
- 'Gamester, The,' 88, 89
- Gandy, James, artist, 136
- Gardiner, S. R., quoted, 72, 73, 88, 220, 221, 222, 223, 266
- Geldorp, George, artist, 137
- Gentileschi, Artemisia, 142
- Gentileschi, Orazio Lomi, notice of, 141, 142
- Gerbier, Sir Balthazar, letter from, 123-125
- Ghost story, a, 25, 26
- Gibbons, Orlando, the musician, memoir of, 40-42
- Gifford, William, quoted, 55, 56
- Giles, Dr. N., 42
- Glapthorne, Henry, 102
- Goad, Dr., 73, 74
- Goffe, Thomas, dramatist, 102, 103
- Gomersal, Robert, 103
- Gosse, Edmund, quoted, 182, 195, 196, 199, 200, 225, 311
- Guest, Dr., quoted, 26
- H.
- Habington, William, 288-292
- Hallam, quoted, 78, 89, 306, 307

Hamilton, Count, quoted, 210
 Hanneman, Adrian, anecdote of, 144
 Harvey, William, 340
 Hausted, Peter, dramatist, 103
 Head, Richard, dramatist, 104
 Heber, Bishop, quoted, 327
 Hemmings, William, dramatist, 104
 Herbert, George, memoir of, 265-279
 Herrick, Robert, memoir of, 196-203
 Heywood, Thomas, dramatist, 105, 106
 'Histrio-Mastix,' by William Prynne, 74, 75
 Hobbes, Thomas, 341
 Holiday, Barton, Archdeacon of Oxford, 105
 Honthorst, Gerard, pictures by, 139; memoir of, 140
 Hoskins, John, artist, 146, 147
 Howell, James, quoted, 162, 344
 Hutchinson, Colonel, character of, 37-39
 Hutchinson, Mrs. Lucy, memoir of, 33-39
 Hymen, Masque of, by Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones, 154-156
 'Hymnus Eucharisticus,' by Rogers, 46

J.

Jameson, George, 134-136
 Jenkins, John, musician, 49
 Johnson, Dr., quoted, 306
 Johnson, Martin, engraver, 149
 Jones, Inigo, his masques, 55, 58, 59, 62, 63, 65, 167, 168; memoir of, 151-168; character of his work, 164; his principal buildings, 165, 166
 Jonson, Ben, his 'Masque of Lethe,' 52; quoted, 56-58; his 'Masque of Blackness,'

58; of 'Neptune's Triumph,' 58, 59; of 'Chloridia,' 59, 60; 'Love's Triumph,' 63; quoted, 83; his plays, 106, 107; quarrels with Inigo Jones, 161-163
 Jordaens, 126
 Jordan, Thomas, dramatist, 107

K.

Kearne, Andrew, sculptor, 148
 Kerouen, John, artist, 139
 Killigrew, Henry, dramatist, 107
 Kirke, John, dramatist, 107, 108

L.

Langbaine, quoted, 77, 83, 104, 120, 317, 318
 Laniere, Nicholas, notice of, 142, 143
 Laud, Archbishop, 75
 Lawes, Henry, the musician, his concerts, 6; composes music to masques, 63, 65, 66; memoir of, 66-68
 Le Sœur, Hubert, sculptor, 149
 Lievens, Jan, artist, 137
 Lowell, John Russell, quoted, 261, 262
 Lyne, Jan de, 137

M.

Magdalen College, Oxford, 46
 Manuch, Cosmo, 108, 109
 'Mare Clausum,' 338
 Marino, 283
 Markham, Gervase, works of, 109
 Marmion, Shakerley, plays of, 109, 110
 Masques by Ben Jonson, 52, 53; their splendid accessories, 55, 56; of 'Blackness,' 56; 'Neptune's Triumph,' 58; 'Chloridia,' 59; 'Memorable Masque,' 60; 'The Lords,' 61; 'Tempe Restored,' 63; 'Love's Triumph,' 63; 'Triumphs of Peace,' 63; 'Cælum

- Britannicum,' 65; 'Comus,' 66; later productions, 66; account of, 166-168; 'The Temple of Love,' 168, 169
 Massinger, Philip, notice of, 76-79, 352
 May, Thomas, the scholar, 110-112
 Mayne, Jasper, 108
 Mead, Robert, dramatist, 112
 Middleton, Thomas, plays of, 112, 113, 355, 356
 Mennes, Sir John, ballad by, 219, 220
 Milton, his 'Comus,' 65; quoted, 66; memoir of, 226, 265
 Montagu, Walter, dramatist, 113
 More, Henry, 340, 341
 'Muses' Looking-glass, The,' 81
 Music introduced on the stage, 53
 Music, progress of, in England, 51-54
 Mytens, Daniel, artist, 126, 127
- N.
- Nabbs, Thomas, dramatist, 106
 Newcastle, Duke of, memoir of, 12, 13; comedies of, 115
 Newcastle, Margaret, Duchess of, her autobiography, 1; her education, 2-4; her marriage, 5; her married life, 6; her self-description, 6-11; her death, 12; her memoir of her husband, 12-17; plays of, 115, 116
- O.
- Oldham, the poet, quoted, 146
- P.
- Painting, progress of, in England, 122
 'Pammelia,' or Music's Miscellany, 54
 'Paradise Lost,' 258-261
 'Parthenia,' music for the virginals, 41
- Pattison, quoted, 262, 263
 Paul's Cathedral, St., 159, 160
 Paul's Walk, 160
 Piritzna, John, artist, 139
 Petitot, John, painter on enamel, 147, 148
 Phillips, Eustace, musician, 48
 Pierce, Edward, artist, 148, 149
 Polenburg, Cornelius, artist, 138
 Pope, quoted, 207
 Pot, Harry, artist, 137
 Prynne, his attack on stage-plays, 71, 73
- Q.
- Queens, Masque of, 156, 157
 Quarles, Francis, play by, 116; memoir of, 298, 304
- R.
- Randolph, Thomas, notice of, 80-82
 Rawlins, Thomas, plays by, 116, 117; medallist, 151
 Recreations of the young, 4
 Richards, Nathaniel, play by, 117
 Richardson, quoted, 127
 'Rival Friends, The,' a play, 103
 Rogers, Benjamin, musician, 45-47
 Rounds introduced, 54
 Rowley, Samuel, plays of, 167, 168
 Rowley, William, dramatist, 117
 Royal Slave, the, 84-86
 Rubens, his house, 5; his work in England, 123; account of, 124; pictures by, 125, 126
 Rutter, Joseph, dramatist, 118
- S.
- Sacharissa, Waller's heroine, 183-186
 Salmasius, 247-249
 St. Paul's Cathedral, 159
 Sampson, William, dramatist, 118

- Sandys, George, poet, 118, 119
 Saunderson, quoted, 143
 Schurman, John, sculptor, 148
 Selden, John, 338, 339
 Serious Poets, the, 226-318
 'Session of the Poets,' by Suckling, quoted, 206, 213, 219
 Shakespeare, quoted, 53
 Sheppard, Samuel, dramatist, 119, 120
 Shirley, Henry, dramatist, 120
 Shirley, James, 87-90, 352, 353
 Somerville, quoted, 47
 Spence, quoted, 213, 223, 224, 314, 315
 Spelman, Sir John, 344
 Sprat, Bishop, quoted, 312, 314
 Stage decorations, 56-62
 Steenwyck, Heinrich, 139
 Stilo Recitativo, the, introduced, 52
 Stirling, Earl of, 90
 Stone, Henry, notice of, 137
 Stafford Letters, the, quoted, 213, 214
 Strode, Dr. William, dramatist, 120, 121
 Suckling, Sir John, quoted, 113, 206, 213, 216, 217, 218, 225; memoir of, 211-225
 'Summer Islands, the, Battle of,' quoted, 185
- T.
- Taine, Henri, quoted, 227, 307, 308
 Tapestry works at Mortlake, 145, 146
 Taylor, Bishop Jeremy, memoir of, 319-338
 'Technogamia,' by Barton Holiday, anecdote of, 106
 'Temple of Love, The,' plot of, 168, 169; performers, 170; outline of, with quotations, 170-178
 Terburg, Gerard, artist, 137
 Theatres in London, 71
 Tintalugia; or, Art of Ringing, 49
 Torentius, John, artist, 139
 Tomkins, Thomas, musician, 44
 Tudway, Dr., quoted, 42
- V.
- Vandyck, account of, 127-132; anecdotes of, 131
 Vaughan, Henry, memoir of, 284-286
 Vianen, Christian van, 149
 Vinkenboom, David, artist, 137, 138
 Viols, 51
 Virginals, the, 31
- W.
- Waller, Edmund, memoir of, 180-196
 Walpole, Horace, quoted, 126, 129, 130, 138, 143, 148, 151, 153
 Walton, Izaak, quoted, 271, 273, 275, 266, 278
 Ward, quoted, 304
 Warwick, Thomas, musician, 48
 Wersop, an artist, anecdote of, 143
 Whitelocke, his Coranto, 55, 63, 65
 Wilkins, Bishop, 341, 342
 Wilkins, Dr. George, 121
 Wilson, Dr. John, musician, 47, 48
 Wither, George, criticism of, 286, 287; memoir of, 293, 304
 Wonters, Francis, 143
 Wood, Anthony, quoted, 47, 82, 106, 210
 Wornum, Ralph, quoted, 141
 Wotton, Sir Henry, 340

THE END.

