Being at the end of my Lord Salisburie's table with Inigo Jones, and demanded by my Lord, Why he was not glad? My Lord, said he, yow promised I should dine with yow, bot I doe not, for he had none of his meate; he esteemed only that his meate which was of his own dish.[1]

He heth consumed a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, feight in his imagination.[2]

Northampton was his mortall enimie for beating, on a St. George's day, one of his attenders: He was called before the Councell for his Sejanus, and accused both of poperie and treason by him.[3]

Sundry tymes he hath devoured his bookes, *i.*[*e.*] *sold them all for necessity.*[4]

He heth a minde to be a churchman, and so he might have favour to make one sermon to the King, he careth not what therafter sould befall him: for he would not flatter though he saw Death.[5]

At his hither comming, Sr Francis Bacon said to him, He loved not to sie Poesy goe on other feet than poeticall Dactylus and Spondaeus.[6]

XIV.

His narrations of great ones.

He never esteemed of a man for the name of a Lord.[7]

Queen Elizabeth never saw her self after she became old in a true glass; they painted her, and sometymes would vermilion her nose. She had allwayes about Christmass evens set dice that threw sixes or five, and she knew not they were other, to make her win and esteame herself fortunate. That she had a membrana on her, which made her incapable of man, though for her delight she tried many. At the comming over of

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the energy of his character was impressed upon every act of his life," and that "more wine was drunk at the altar in the poet's day than in ours." But while thus admitting the anecdote to be characteristic both of the man and of the times, he goes on to say that it is "foisted" into the Conversations by Drummond, by whom it was most probably "wantonly invented to discredit" Jonson!

[1] The younger Cecil died May 24, 1612, so that this must have taken place before the quarrel with Inigo, and most probably either in July, 1606, or May, 1607. See the two *Entertainments at Theobalds*, vol. ii. p. 583 and 585. But Jonson, we may well believe, never let an opportunity slip of asserting the dignity of letters.

[2] Jonson was a free liver, and loved generous wines. He seems to be describing sleepless nights during a well earned attack of gout.

[3] *Sejanus his Fall* was "first acted in the yeare 1603, by the King's Maiesties Servants." One of the "principall Tragœdians" being "Will. Shakespeare." It was unequivocally condemned by the "multitude:"

> "Who screwed their scurvy jaws and looked awry,
> Like hissing snakes adjudging it to die,
> When wits of *gentry* did applaud," &c.

See vol. i. p. 271. As Jonson tells us that the printed copy "is not (in all numbers) the same with that which was acted on the public stage," it is impossible to say what matters of "treason" the original may not have contained. It is impossible not to smile at an accusation of popery coming from Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, the very man against whom Lady Bacon warns her sons Anthony and Francis as "a dangerous intelligencing man, and no doubt a subtile papist inwardly; a very instrument of the Spanish papists." In another place she calls him *subtiliter subdolus*, and a "subtle serpent." He was a son of the Poet Earl of Surrey.

[4] Jonson was thus a *helluo librorum* in a double sense. But besides the occasional selling of books it must always be remembered that no man ever made a better use of them while in his possession, or was more generous in giving them. "I am fully warranted in saying that more valuable books given by individuals to Jonson are yet to be met with than by any person of that age. Scores of them have fallen under my own inspection, and I have heard of abundance of others." Gifford, vol. i. p. li.

[5] The successful clerical careers of Joseph Hall and John Donne were often in Jonson's mind (see *Discoveries, ante*). Besides, his own father had been a "minister."

[6] Alluding of course to Jonson's performing the journey to Scotland on foot. It is delightful to think of the kindly feeling which existed between the Prince of Philosophers and this great poet and scholar.

[7] No man that ever breathed, not even his namesake Samuel, had a more independent spirit than Ben Jonson.

Monsieur, ther was a French chirurgion who took in hand to cut it, yett fear stayed her and his death.[1] King Philip had intention by dispensation of the Pope to have maried her.

Sir P. Sidneye's Mother, Leicester's sister, after she had the litle pox, never shew herself in Court therafter bot masked.[2]

The Earl of Leicester gave a botle of liquor to his Lady, which he willed her to use in any faintness; which she, after his returne from Court, not knowing it was poison, gave him, and so he died.[3]

Salisbury never cared for any man longer nor he could make use of him.[4]

My Lord Lisle's daughter, my Lady Wroth, is unworthily maried on a jealous husband.[5]

Ben one day being at table with my Lady Rutland, her Husband comming in, accused her that she keept table to poets, of which she wrott a letter to him [Jonson], which he answered. My Lord intercepted the letter, but never chalenged him.[6]

My Lord Chancelor of England wringeth his speeches from the strings of his band, and other Councellours from the pyking of their teeth.[7]

Pembrok and his Lady discoursing, the Earl said, The woemen were men's shadowes, and she maintained them. Both appealing to Johnson, he affirmed it true; for which my Lady gave a pennance to prove it in verse: hence his epigrame.[8]

Essex wrote that Epistle or preface befor the translation of the last part of Tacitus, which is A. B. The last book the gentleman durst not translate for the evill it containes of the Jewes.[9]

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[1] Jonson had opportunities, beyond any literary man of his generation, of collecting information regarding the secret history of Elizabeth's Court. This story of the Chirurgion, if true, would account for the Queen's extraordinary conduct to *Monsieur*. See Froude's *History*, *passim*.

[2] This is referred to by Lord Brooke in his Life of Sir Philip Sidney. "The mischance of sickness having cast such a kind of veil over her excellent beauty, she chose rather to hide herself from the curious eyes of a delicate time, than come upon the stage of the world with any disparagement."—P. C.

[3] Sir Walter Scott quotes this passage in the Introduction to *Kenilworth*, p. x., and appears to give credit to it. The famous satirical epitaph on the Earl of Leicester is also given in Kenilworth (note to Chap. xxiv.) from the MS. copy in the Hawthornden papers. Mr. Laing suggests that it may have been communicated to Drummond by Jonson.

"Here lies a valiant warrior,
Who never drew a sword;
Here lies a noble courtier,
Who never kept his word;
Here lies the Earle of Leister,
Who governed the Estates;
Whom the' Earth could never living love,
And the just Heaven now hates."

[4] Both Burghley and Salisbury were intensely selfish in their distribution of patronage. Their great kinsman Francis Bacon, in a letter of advice to Buckingham, tells him to "Countenance and encourage and advance able men in all kinds, degrees, and professions. For in the time of the Cecils, the father and the son, able men were by design and of purpose suppressed."

[5] Lady Mary was the daughter of Robert, Earl of Leicester, younger brother of Sir Philip Sidney. Jonson dedicated *The Alchemist* to her (vol. ii. p. 2). See also Epigram ciii. p. 248 *b*. She was married to Sir Robert Wroth, of Durance, co. Middlesex.

[6] Lady Rutland being unhappy in her marriage, cultivated her hereditary talent for literature, and loved to have men of letters about her. "Chalenged," of course, means "took to task."

[7] The Lord Chancellor during Jonson's visit to Scotland was Francis Bacon. It is interesting to know the action which he employed when "the fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end" (see *Discoveries*, p. 400, *ante*). By the "pyking of their teeth," I think Jonson means that what was mere play to Bacon was serious toil to others.

[8] See the graceful and ingenious song at p. 267 *a*. Lady Pembroke was eldest daughter and co-heiress of Gilbert Talbot, 7th Earl of Shrewsbury. Clarendon says that Pembroke's domestic life was "most unhappy," for he paid much too dear for his wife's fortune by taking her person into the bargain."

[9] This piece of information is very interesting, for the Epistle or Preface is remarkable in itself, and would not shame any writer even of that age. Here is a brief extract: "In these foure bookes of the storie thou shalt see all the miseries of a torne and declining State: the Empire usurped: the Princes murdered: the people wavering: the souldiers tumultuous: nothing un

The King said Sir P. Sidney was no poet. Neither did he see ever any verses in England to the Scullor's.[1]

It were good that the half of the preachers of England were plain ignorants, for that either in their sermons they flatter, or strive to shew their own eloquence.[2]

XV.

HIS OPINIONE OF VERSES.

That he wrott all his first in prose, for so his Master, Cambden, had learned him.

That verses stood by sense without either colours or accent; *which yett other tymes he denied.*[3]

A great many epigrams were ill, because they expressed in the end what sould have been understood by what was said. That of S. Joh. Davies, 'Some loved running verses,' *plus mihi complacet.*

He imitated the description of a night from Bonifonius his *Vigilium Veneris.*[4]

He scorned such verses as could be transponed.

> "Wher is the man that never yett did hear
> Of faire Penelope, Ulisses Queene?
> Of faire Penelope, Ulisses Queene,
> Wher is the man that never yett did hear?"[5]

XVI.

OF HIS WORKES.

That the half of his Comedies were not in print.[6]

He hath a pastorall intitled The May Lord.[7] His own name is Alkin, Ethra the Countesse of Bedfoord's, Mogibell Overberry, the old Countesse of Suffolk ane inchan-

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lawfull to him that hath power, and nothing so unsafe as to be securely innocent." This "last part of Tacitus" was translated by Sir Henry Savile, and was regarded by Jonson in a very different light from the translation of the *Annals* by Richard Greenwey (see *post*, p. 491), and the Epigram to Savile, No. xcv. p. 245). In those days of intense religious feeling, when in particular the Old Testament was looked to for the daily rule of life, readers might have been shocked to find the Jews described by the great historian from a pagan point of view. A better reason may have been that this Book V. is a mere fragment.

[1] This is one of the earliest specimens of that "wut" for which, according to Sydney Smith, the countrymen of King James are now distinguished. Had he delivered these opinions seriously, they might have been easily refuted from his own writings. One sonnet of his composition is devoted to the loss which the muses sustained in the death of Sidney; and another "Decifring the Perfyte Poete" might almost be taken as a picture of Jonson himself, and the very opposite therefore of "the Scullor."

[2] Bishop Latimer's sermons would have been discourses after Jonson's own heart.

[3] I see no contradiction here. During the long conversations between the two poets verses of every sort and kind must have come under discussion, and it is easy to understand that while Jonson would, of course, prefer meaning to sound, he would still not admit that good sense alone constituted poetry.

[4] See *ante*, p. 472.

[5] These are the opening lines of Sir John Davies' "Orchestra, or a Poeme of Dauncing, judicially prooving the true observation of tune measure, in the Authenticall and laudable use of Dauncing." London, 1596. Jonson has another fling at this couplet, see *post*, p. 489.

[6] How much it is to be regretted that Jonson did not mention (or Drummond omit to record) the names of the Comedies written before 1619, and not then in print. *Bartholomew Fair* and *The Devil is an Ass* are the only ones known to us, as against at least seven that had been published.

[7] This is the only record left of what, judging by the powers displayed in *The Sad Shepherd*, must have been a delightful poem. Gifford calls Drummond's harmless criticism at the end a "libel which his treacherous friend, whose prudence was almost equal to his malignity, kept to himself, at least while the poet lived!" (See vol. ii. p. 487.) For the sake of this last hit Gifford had reluctantly to give up the notion that Drummond was the person aimed at in the Prologue to *The Sad Shepherd.*

> "But here's an heresy of late let fall,
> That mirth by no means fits a Pastoral:
> Such say so who can make none, he presumes:
> Else there's no scene more properly assumes
> The sock."

teress; other names are given to Somersett's Lady, Pembrook, the Countesse of Rutland, Lady Wroth. In his first storie, Alkin commeth in mending his broken pipe. *Contrary to all other pastoralls, he bringeth the clownes making mirth and foolish sports.*

He hath intention to writt a fisher or pastorall play, and sett the stage of it in the Lowmond lake.[1]

That Epithalamium that wants a name in his printed Workes was made at the Earl of Essex['s] mariage.[2]

He is to writt his foot Pilgrimage hither, and to call it a Discoverie.[3]

In a poem he calleth Edinborough[4]

"The heart of Scotland, Britaines other eye."

A play of his, upon which he was accused, The Divell is ane Ass; according to *Comedia Vetus*, in England the Divell was brought in either with one Vice or other: the play done the Divel caried away the Vice, he brings in the Divel so overcome with the wickedness of this age that thought himself ane Ass. Παρεργους is discoursed of the Duke of Drounland: the King desired him to conceal it.[5]

He hath commented and translated Horace['s] Art of Poesie:[6] it is in Dialogue wayes; by Criticus he understandeth Dr. Done. The old book that goes about, The Art of English Poesie, was done 20 yeers since, and keept long in wrytt as a secret.

He had ane intention to have made a play like Plautus['s] Amphitrio, but left it of, for that he could never find two so like others that he could persuade the spectators they were one.[7]

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[1] Here again is another opening for deep regret. Jonson evidently fully appreciated Highland scenery, thereby upsetting the theory of Macaulay, that the taste for such matters depended on roads, bridges, snug beds, and good dinners. (See Hist. chap. xiii.) After his return to England he wrote to Drummond for some promised particulars concerning Loch Lomond, in communicating which Drummond added, "a map of Inch Merionach, which may by your book be made most famous." See vol. i. pp. xlvi. xlvii.

[2] See vol. ii. p. 18. The names were given in the original 4to, but in the interval between 1606 and 1616, when the folio was published, events had occurred which rendered this marriage one of the most memorable for shame and guilt of any recorded in history.

[3] See the *Execration upon Vulcan*, *ante*, p. 321, where in enumerating the works destroyed he mentions—

"Among
The rest my journey into Scotland sung
With all the Adventures."

[4] If this Poem had all been written in the spirit of the single line preserved—

"The heart of Scotland, Britaine's other eye,"

Edinburgh, on the *ex pede Herculem* principle, may have lost a poetic tribute not second to any that has been paid to her by the most illustrious of her sons.

[5] This is one of the Comedies which Jonson referred as "not in print." The spelling of Divell for Devil is the author's own, and I regret that, in this particular case at least, it was not retained by Gifford. The schemes by which *Meercraft* proposed to raise *Fitzdottrel* to the Dukedom of Drowndland are among the richest scenes in Comedy, but some of the details may have given offence to James, or perhaps have made him apprehensive that they might open the eyes of some of the "woodcocks" who helped to replenish his exchequer. See vol. ii. p. 235, &c.

[6] Jonson's translation of the *Ars Poetica* was accompanied by a vast body of notes, forming a critical commentary in a dialogue form, which, judging from the powers displayed in certain portions of *The Discoveries*, must have been of the very highest value. These all perished in the fire (*circa* 1623), which destroyed so many of his labours. In his *Execration upon Vulcan*, he places them in the first rank of his losses, and calls them—

"I dare not say a body, but some parts
There were of search and mastery in the Arts;
All the old Venusine, in poetry
And lighted by the Stagyrite, could spy,
Was there made English."

[7] Mr. Laing here says, "If the spectators were so persuaded they could not possibly relish the play." It is absolutely necessary, however, that the performers should be so much alike as to justify to the audience the confusion on which such a plot turns. In our own times there have been two

XVII.

OF HIS JEASTS AND APOTHEGMS.

At what tyme Henry the Fourth turn'd Catholick, Pasquill had in his hand a book, and was asked by Morphorius What it was? he told him, It was gramer. Why doe ye studie gramer, being so old? asked Morphorius. Because, ansuered he, I have found a positive that hath no superlative, and a superlative that wants a positive: The King of Spain is Rex Catholicus, and is not Catholicissimus; and the French King Christianissimus, yett is not Christianus.

When they drank on him he cited that of Plinie that they had call'd him *Ad prandium, non ad pœnam et notam.*

And said of that Panagyrist who wrott panagyriques in acrostics, windowes crosses, that he was *Homo miserrimæ patientiæ.*

He scorned Anagrams; and had ever in his mouth[1]

"Turpe est difficiles amare nugas,
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum."

A Cook who was of ane evill lyfe, when a minister told him He would to hell; askt, What torment was there? Being ansuered Fyre. Fire (said he), that is my play-fellow.

A Lord playing at Tenis, and having asked those in the gallerie Whither a strock was Chase or Losse? A Brother of my Lord Northumberland's[2] answered, it was Loss. The Lord demanded If he did say it? I say it, said he, what are yow? I have played your worth! said the Lord. Ye know not the worth of a gentleman! replyed the other. And it proved so, for ere he died he was greater than the other. Ane other English Lord lossed all his game, if he had seen a face that liked him not he stroke his balls at that gallerie.

Ane Englishman who had maintained Democritus' opinion of atomes, being old, wrott a book to his son (who was not then six years of age), in which he left him arguments to maintain, and answer objections, for all that was in his book; only, if they objected obscuritie against his book, he bid him answer, that his Father, above all names in the world, hated most the name of Lucifer, and all open writters were *Luciferi.*

Butlar excommunicat from his table all reporters of long poems, wilfull disputers, tedious discoursers: the best banquets were those wher they mistered no musitians to chase tym.

The greatest sport he saw in France was the picture of our Saviour with the Apostles eating the Pascall lamb that was all larded.

At a supper wher a gentlewoman had given him unsavoury wild-foul, and therefter, to wash, sweet water; he commended her that shee gave him sweet water, because her flesh stinked.

He said to Prince Charles of Inigo Jones, that when he wanted words to express the greatest villaine in the world, he would called him ane Inigo.

Jones having accused him for naming him, behind his back, A foole: he denied it; but, says he, I said, He was ane arrant knave, and I avouch it.[3]

One who fired a Tobacco pipe with a ballet [ballad] the next day having a sore-head, swoare he had a great singing in his head, and he thought it was the ballet: A Poet should detest a Ballet maker.

He saw a picture painted by a bad painter, of Easter, Haman and Assuerus. Haman courting Esther in a bed, after the fashion of ours, was only seen by one leg. Assuerus

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brothers of the name of Webb, who so closely resembled each other in voice and appearance that when carefully dressed for the purpose it was impossible to distinguish them. This extraordinary likeness led to the revival of the *Comedy of Errors*, when for perhaps the first and last time the two Dromios were adequately represented.

[1] He may have been quizzing Drummond for his *Mæliades, i.e.*, Miles a Deo. But he had himself worked in Charles James Stuart as *Claims Arthurs Seate*, see *ante* p. 64 *a*.

[2] I cannot identify this "brother of my Lord Northumberland's."

[3] It is worth while noting that as early as 1619, Jonson repeated these sarcasms against Inigo Jones.

back was turned, with this verse over him, And wilt thou, Haman, be so malitious as to lye with myne own wyfe in myne house?

He himselfe being once so taken, the Goodman said, I would not believe yee would abuse my house so.

In a profound contemplation a student of Oxeford ran over a man in the fields, and walked 12 miles ere he knew what he was doing.

One who wore side hair being asked of ane other who was bald, why he suffered his haire to grow so long, answered, It was to sie if his haire would grow to seed, that he might sow of it on bald pates.[1]

A Painter who could paint nothing but a rose, when ane Innkeeper had advised with him about ane ensing, said, That a horse was a good one, so was a hare, but a rose was above them all.

A little man drinking Prince Henrie's health between two tall fellowes, said, He made up the H.

Sir Henry Wotton, befor his Majesties going to England, being disguised at Leith on Sunday, when all the rest were at church, being interrupted of his occupation by ane other wenche who came in at the door, cryed out, "Pox on thee, for thou hast hindered the procreation of a chyld," and betrayed himself.[2]

A Justice of Peace would have commanded a Captaine to sit first at a table, because, sayes he, I am a Justice of Peace; the other drawing his sword comanded him, for, sayeth he, I am a Justice of War.

What is that, the more yow cut of it, groweth still the longer?—A Ditch.

He used to say, that they who delight to fill men extraordinarie full in their own houses, loved to have their meate againe.

A certain Puritain minister would not give the Communion save unto 13 at once: (imitating, as he thought, our Master.) Now, when they were sett, and one bethinking himself that some of them must represent Judas, that it sould not be he returned, and so did all the rest, understanding his thought.

A Gentlewoman fell in such a phantasie or phrensie with one Mr. Dod, a puritan preacher, that she requeested her Husband that, for the procreation of ane Angel or Saint, he might lye with her; which having obtained, it was but ane ordinarie birth.

Scaliger writtes ane epistle to Casaubone, wher he scorns his [us?] Englishe speaking of Latine, for he thought he had spoken English to him.

A Gentleman reading a poem that began with

> "Wher is the man that never yet did hear
> Of fair Penelope, Ulysses Queene?"

calling his Cook, asked If he had ever heard of her? Who answering, No, demonstrate to him,

> "Lo, ther the man that never yet did hear
> Of fair Penelope, Ulysses Queene!"[3]

A waiting woman having cockered with muskadel and eggs her mistresse page, for a shee meeting in the dark, his mistress invaded; of whom she would of such boldness have a reason. "Faith, Lady (said hee) I have no reason, save that such was the good pleasure of muskadel and eggs."

A Judge comming along a hall, and being stopped by a throng, cried *Dominum cognoscite vestrum*. One of them ther said, They would, if he durst say the beginning of that verse (for he had a fair wyfe): *Actæon ego sum*, cryed he, and went on.

A packet of letters which had fallen over board was devored of a fish that was tane

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[1] In *The Staple of News*, vol. ii. p. 308 *b*, mention is made of—

> "A precept for the wearing of long hair,
> To run to seed to sow bald pates withal."

[2] See Izaak Walton's *Life of Sir Henry Wotton* for an account of his being sent by the Grand Duke of Florence on a secret mission to Edinburgh. To avoid England he went by way of Norway.

[3] See note [5], *ante*, p. 486.

at Flushing, and the letters were safely delivered to him to whom they were written at London.

He scorned that simplicitie of Cardan about the peeble stone of Dover, which he thought had that vertue, keeped betweene one's teeth, as to save him from being sick.

A scholar expert in Latine and Greke, but nothing in the English, said of hott broath that he would make the danger of it: for it could not be ill English that was good Latine, *facere periculum.*

A translatour of the Emperours lyves, translated Antonius Pius, Antonie Pye.[1]

The word Harlott was taken from Arlotte, who was the mother of William the Conquerour; a Rogue from the Latine, Erro, by putting a G to it.[2]

Sr Geslaine Piercy asked the Major of Plimmouth, Whether it was his own beard or the Town's beard that he came to welcome my Lord with? for, he thought, it was so long that he thought every one of the Town had eked some part to it.

That he stroke at Sr Hierosme Bowes' breast, and asked him If he was within.

An epitaph was made upon one who had a long beard,

"Here lyes a man at a beard's end," &c.[3]

He said to the King, his master, M. G. Buchanan, had corrupted his eare when young, and learned him to sing verses when he sould have read them.[4]

Sr Francis Walsingham said of our King, when he was Ambassadour in Scotland, *Hic nunquam regnabit super nos.*

Of all his Playes he never gained two hundreth pounds.

He had oft this verse, though he scorned it:

"So long as we may, let us enjoy this breath,
For nought doth kill a man so soon as Death."

* * * * *

Heywood the Epigrammatist being apparelled in velvet by Queen Mary, with his cap on in the presence, in spight of all the Gentlemen, till the Queen herself asked him what he meaned? and then he asked her, If he was Heywood? for she had made him so brave that he almost had misknowen himself.[5]

His Impressa was a compass with one foot in center, the other broken, the word, *Deest quod duceret orbem.*[6]

Essex, after his brother's death, Mr. D'Evreux,[7] in France, at tilt had a black shield void, the word, *Par nulla figura dolori.* Ane other tyme, when the Queen was offended at him, a diamond with its own ashes, with which it is cutt, about it the word, *Dum formas minuis.*

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[1] This book is well known. But, after all, why is Antony Pye more absurd than Mark Antony?

[2] This derivation, which passed current long after Jonson's days, is now altogether exploded. The original form of the word is believed to be *horelet*, or little *hore*, as the word was at first spelled, being directly derived from *to hire*. *Rogue* is considered to be the past tense of the Anglo-Saxon verb *wregan*, to conceal, to cloak.

[3] Mr. Laing found this epitaph among the Hawthornden MSS

"At a beard's end here lies a man,
The odds 'tween them was scarce a span;
Living, with his wombe it did meet,
And now, dead, it covers his feet."

[4] The Scotch practice of elocution still leans, I believe, in this direction. Sir Walter Scott's recitation, and nothing could be more effective, was a notable example in point.

[5] John Heywood (d. *circ.* 1565) was the maternal grandfather of John Donne, the poet and divine (see *ante*, p. 477). He was a friend of Sir Thomas More, and an inflexible Catholic, which, more than his verse, commended him to Queen Mary. On her death he went into exile, a circumstance which, according to Warton, moved the wonder of Anthony Wood, who could not understand how a *poet* could have so much principle. Had he been compelled to read his works the cause of wonder might have been removed.

[6] The mutual dependence of the legs of a pair of compasses was often in Jonson's mind.

[7] Walter Devereux was slain at the siege of Rouen. "His father," writes Sir E. Brydges, "is said to have originally conceived a higher opinion of his abilities than of those of his elder brother."—*Collins' Peerage*, vol. vi. p. 9, note.

He gave the Prince, *Fax gloria mentis honestæ.*[1]

He said to me, that I was too good and simple, and that oft a man's modestie made a fool of his witt.[2]

His armes were three spindles or *rhombi;* his own word about them, *Percunctabor* or *Perscrutator.*[3]

His Epitaph, by a companion written, is,[4]

"Here lyes BENJAMIN JOHNSON dead,
And hath no more wit than [a] goose in his head;
That as he was wont, so doth he still,
Live by his wit, and evermore will."

Ane other

Here lyes honest Ben,
That had not a beard on his chen."[5]

XVIII.

MISCELLANIES.

John Stow had monstrous observations in his Chronicle, and was of his craft a tailour.[6] He and I walking alone, he asked two criples, what they would have to take him to their order.

In his Sejanus he hath translated a whole oration of Tacitus: the first four bookes of Tacitus ignorantly done in Englishe.[7]

J. Selden liveth on his owne, is the Law book of the Judges of England, the bravest man in all languages; his booke "Titles of Honour," written to his chamber-fellow Heyward.[8]

Tailor was sent along here to scorn him.[9]

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[1] This is the motto of the Nova Scotia Baronets, whose order was instituted in 1625. It was probably given to them by Prince Charles.

[2] *Pace* William Gifford, there is some evidence, and every presumption that this is a just estimate of Drummond's character.

[3] Mr. Laing states here that "Mr. J. P. Collier is in possession of a title page of a copy of the *Diana* of Montemayor, which formerly belonged to Ben Jonson, and upon the title page he has written his name, with the addition of the words *Tanquam Explorator.*

[4] Mr. Laing says, "These lines are also found in the Hawth. MSS., with some verbal alterations, entitled 'B. Johnson, his Epitaph, told to me by himselfe; not made by him.'"

[5] As represented in the best portrait, Jonson had thin black whiskers, and hardly any beard. The jokes previously recorded against beards had, no doubt, been made by way of repartee. In compensation he had a huge fell of jet black hair, which in his younger days must have given great dignity to his manly and thoughtful face.

[6] John Stow was born in 1525, forty-eight years before Jonson. He was also very poor before his death. He seems to have thought that the infirmity of old age and poverty put him on a level with the begging cripples.

[7] Jonson's own notes to *Sejanus* prove the whole tragedy to be a mosaic of translations from, and allusions to the great Roman writers, who had described the events or lashed the vices of that time. Mr. Laing is puzzled to reconcile this disparaging remark on the Translation with what Jonson had previously said about Savile in his Epigram (p. 95). But it is evident that he could never have used the words "first four books," with regard to the *History*, when there are only four books altogether. He must have spoken here of the *Annals* of Tacitus, from the "first four books" of which, and not from the *History*, Jonson drew the materials of his *Sejanus*.

[8] The *Titles of Honor*, London, 1614, has a long dedication "To my most beloved Friend and Chamberfellow, Master Edward Heyward." This "bravest man in all languages" reciprocated Jonson's admiration.

[9] Hear what Taylor himself says on this point. "Reader, these Travailes of mine into Scotland, were not undertaken, neither in imitation, or emulation of any man, but onely devised by myselfe, on purpose to make triall of my friends, both in this kingdome of England, and that of Scotland, and because I would be an eye-witness of divers things, which I had heard of that Country; and whereas many shallow-brained Critickes, doe lay an aspersion on me, that I was set on by others, or that I did undergoe this project, either in malice or mockage of Master BENJAMIN JONSON, I vow by the faith of a Christian that their imaginations are all wide, for he is a Gentleman to whom I am so much obliged for many undeserved courtesies that I have received from him, and from others by his favour, that I durst never to be so impudent or ungratefull, as either to suffer any man's perswasions, or mine own instigation, to incite me to make so bad a requitall for so much goodnesses formerly received."

Jonson indeed seems to have altogether acquitted his friend, the Sculler, from understanding

Cambden wrot that book "Remaines of Bretagne."[1]

Joseph Hall the harbenger to Done's Anniversarie.[2]

The epigrame of Martial, *Vir verpium* he vantes to expone.

Lucan, Sidney, Guarini, make every man speak as well as themselves, forgetting decorum, for Dametas sometymes speaks grave sentences.[3] Lucan taken in parts excellent, altogidder naught.

He dissuaded me from Poetrie, for that she had beggered him, when he might have been a rich lawer, physitian, or marchant.[4]

Questioned about English, *them*, *they*, *those*. *They* is still the nominative, *those* accusative, *them* newter; collective, not *them men*, *them* trees, but *them* by itself referred to many. *Which*, *who*, be relatives, not *that*. *Flouds*, *hilles*, he would have masculines.

He was better versed, and knew more in Greek and Latin, than all the Poets in England, and quintessence their braines.[5]

He made much of that Epistle of Plinius, wher *Ad prandium*, *non ad notam* is: and that other of Marcellinus, who Plinie made to be removed from the table; and of the grosse turbat.

One wrote one epigrame to his father, and vanted he had slain ten, the quantity of *decem* being false. An other answered the epigrame, telling that *decem* was false.

S. J. Davies' epigrame of the whoores C. compared to a coule.

Of all styles he loved most to be named Honest, and hath of that ane hundreth letters so naming him.

He had this oft,—

"Thy flattering picture, Phrenee, is lyke thee
Only in this, that ye both painted be."[6]

---

the purposes for which, with some reason, he imagined him to have been "sent" by others; as is evident by his treatment of Taylor when he came across him in Scotland.

"Now the day before I came from Edenborough I went to Leeth, where I found my long approved and assured good friend, Master Benjamin Johnson, at one Master John Stuart's house: I thanke him for his great kindnesse towards me; for at my taking leave of him, he gave me a piece of gold of two and twenty shillings to drink his health in England; and withall willed me to remember his kind commendations to all his friends. So with a friendly farewell, I left him as well as I hope never to see him in a worse estate; for he is amongst Noblemen and Gentlemen that knowe his true worth, and their own honours, where with much respective love he is worthily entertained."

Jonson evidently intended that the man who was "sent to scorn him" should have to make a flourishing report of him.

[1] Camden's "Remains concerning Britain" was published in 1605 without the author's name. His great work the *Britannia* had been published in 1586, and passed through eight editions before the end of 1590, during the very year in which he was laying the young Jonson (and the world) under such obligations.

[2] See Donne's *Poems*, ed. 1669, p. 291, where the *Progress of the Soul*, *The Second Anniversary* is prefaced by *The Harbinger to the Progress*. As a satirist Bishop Hall is not excelled by Dryden and Pope, while as a writer of sermons he rivals Jeremy Taylor.

[3] He had already made this remark about the *Arcadia* (*ante*, p. 470).

[4] Jonson's vigorous talents and extraordinary industry would have insured his success in any pursuit, and he had such a passion for letters that we may be sure the pen would have been constantly in his hand whatever his profession might have been. He is a great poet certainly, though not of the highest class, but rather one after Sir Joshua Reynolds' heart, as being the possessor of great general powers forced in a particular direction. I find the following remark in Coleridge's handwriting in the margin of Charles Lamb's copy of the folio Beaumont and Fletcher, and I transcribe it because it seems to be more applicable to Jonson than to the man whose writings suggested it. "A noble subject for the few noble minds capable of treating it would be this. What are the probable, what the possible defects of *Genius*, and of each given *sort* of *Genius*! and of course what defects are psychologically impossible? This would comprise what semblance of *Genius* can Talent supply? and what *Talent*, united with strong feeling for Poetry, aided by *Taste* and *Judgment*? And how are the effects to be distinguished from those of Genius? Lastly, what degree of Talent may be produced by an intense desire of the end (ex. gr. to be and to be thought a Poet) without any natural, more than general, aptitude for the means?"

[5] The last part of this remark is somewhat obscure, but there can be little doubt that in the whole line of our poets, from Chaucer to Tennyson, Jonson stands unrivalled in this respect. Gifford, indeed—and he was a most competent judge—was of opinion that in the vastness of range of his learning, no Englishman had gone beyond him.

[6] Jonson says in his "Discoveries," *ante*, p. 396, that in his youth he could have "repeated all that he had ever made," and that it so continued till he was past forty. Even in later life he says,

In his merry humor he was wont to name himself The Poet.

He went from Lieth homeward the 25 of January 1619, in a pair of shoes which, he told, lasted him since he came from Darnton, which he minded to take back that farr againe: they were appearing like Coriat's: the first two dayes he was all excoriate.[1]

If he died by the way, he promised to send me his papers of this Country, hewen as they were.[2]

I have to send him descriptions of Edinbrough, Borrow Lawes, of the Lowmond.[3]

That piece of the Pucelle of the Court was stolen out of his pocket by a gentleman who drank him drousie, and given Mistress Boulstraid; which brought him great displeasure.[4]

XIX.

He sent to me this Madrigal:

"ON A LOVERS DUST, MADE SAND FOR ANE HOURE GLASSE.[5]

"Doe but consider this smal dust here running in the glasse
by atomes moved,
Could thou believe that this the bodie ever was
of one that loved?
And, in his Mistresse flaming playing like the flye,
turned to cinders by her eye?
Yes, and in death, as lyfe unblest
to have it exprest
Even ashes of Lovers find no rest."

And that which is (as he said) a Picture of himselfe.[6]

"I can repeat whole books that I have read, and poems of some selected friends, which I have liked to charge my memory with." Donne was one of the chief of his selected friends, and was the author of this epigram. (See his Works, 1669, p. 94). Jonson was forty-six years old when he visited Drummond.

[1] Darnton may be supposed to be Darlington. The name of Tom Coryate must have been a fertile subject of joking. The news of his death at Surat in December, 1617, had most probably not reached Scotland in January, 1619.

[2] Had Jonson's Journals reached us, even "hewen as they were," they would no doubt have thrown a flood of light on the Borders and Southern Highlands at the most interesting period of their history, when the clans in both parts had begun to find that harrying, and lifting, and rebellion were no longer to be recognised as honourable and rather engaging pursuits. Among many other points of resemblance between two very great men, no one has mentioned that Ben Jonson was the first distinguished Englishman who visited the Highlands, as Samuel Johnson was to visit the Hebrides.

[3] Drummond did not forget his promise, as evidenced by a letter of July 1st, 1619.

[4] See *ante*, p. 473.

[5] These verses, in an altered form, will be found, *ante*, p. 285. It is proper to repeat here the "cordial, respectful, and affectionate" address with which they were prefaced.

"To the Honouring Respect
Born
To the Friendship contracted with
The Right Virtuous and Learned
MASTER WILLIAM DRUMMOND,
And the Perpetuating the same by all Offices of
Love Hereafter,
I, Benjamin Jonson,
Whom he hath honoured with the leave to be called his,
Have with my own hand, to satisfy his Request,
Written this imperfect Song,
On a Lover's Dust, made Sand for an
Hour-glass."

[6] See "My Picture left in Scotland," *ante*, p. 286. These were headed with the following brief inscription, which may be regarded as a continuation of the longer one in the last note; "Yet that love when it is at full may admit heaping, receive another, and this a Picture of myself."

I doubt that Love is rather deafe than blinde,
For else it could not bee,
That shee
Whom I adore so much, should so slight mee,
And cast my sute behinde:
I'm sure my language to her is as sweet,
And all my closes meet
In numbers of as subtile feete
As makes the youngest hee,
That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree.

"O! but my conscious feares,
That flye my thoughts betweene,
Prompt mee that shee hath seene
My hundred of gray haires,
Told six and forty yeares,
Read so much waste, as she cannot embrace
My mountaine belly, and my rockye face,
And all these, through her eies, have stop'd her eares."

January 19, 1619.

He [Jonson] is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to losse a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him (especiallie after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth); a dissembler of ill parts which raigne in him, a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinketh nothing well bot what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kynde and angry; careless either to gaine or keep; vindicative, but, if he be well answered, at himself.[1]

For any religion, as being versed in both. Interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst. Oppressed with fantasie, which hath ever mastered his reason, a generall disease in many Poets. His inventions are smooth and easie; but above all he excelleth in a Translation.[2]

When his play of a Silent Woman was first acted, ther was found verses after on the stage against him, concluding that that play was well named the Silent Woman, ther was never one man to say Plaudite to it.[3]

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[1] I have no doubt that Drummond, a valetudinarian and "minor poet," was thoroughly borne down by the superior powers, physical and mental, of Jonson, and heartily glad when he saw the last of his somewhat boisterous and somewhat arrogant guest. The picture drawn by one who thus felt himself "sat upon" at every turn was not likely to be a flattering one, and yet there is nothing in the Conversations to lead us to expect that the portrait given at the end of them would be composed almost entirely of shadows. But may we not suppose that on the 24th of January, 1619, on his way to Leith, Jonson may have passed the night at Hawthornden, and full of the idea of returning home and warmed with the generous liquors, for the abundance and quality of which

"The heart of Scotland, Britain's other eye"

has always been famous, have forgotten that he was at the table of a prim Scotch laird, and dreaming himself already in the Apollo or at the Mermaid, given vent to each feeling as it rose, whether vanity, scorn, contempt, ridicule, mistrust, boasting, love of country and friends, passionate kindness, regardlessness of money and gain, eagerness to conquer, and readiness to own himself vanquished. Had Drummond waited till time and distance had mellowed his feelings, he would, I am persuaded, have employed some such terms as I have here substituted for the harsher sounding synonymes actually recorded.

[2] The spirit of toleration and respect for honest difference of religious opinion, which Jonson had arrived at by study and reflection, must have led him to be regarded as a "very Gallio" by the average Scotchman of his age; while his great and various experience of Courts and Courtiers, doubtless caused him to express anything but blind confidence in the large promises and smooth excuses of the Great. What follows about the characteristics of his poetry is quite consistent with what we know to have been his own honest belief, although surely no poet has ever been farther from allowing fancy to master reason. Enough has been already said of his peculiar ideas about translation.

[3] This amusing circumstance was in all likelihood derived from Jonson's own mouth, and at the worst is innocent and probable enough; but Gifford (vol. i. p. 402) must needs say of it, "The story is highly worthy of the hypocrite who picked it up; and not at all discreditable to the loads of malignant trash which the reporter has so industriously heaped together to fling at Jonson!"

NOMINAL INDEX TO THE "CONVERSATIONS."

Jonsonus Virbius: or, the Memory of Ben Jonson.

REVIVED BY THE FRIENDS OF THE MUSES.

MDCXXXVIII.

THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

It is now about six months[1] since the most learned and judicious poet, B. JONSON, became a subject for these Elegies. The time interjected between his death and the publishing of these, shows that so great an argument ought to be considered, before handled; not that the Gentlemen's affections were less ready to grieve, but their judgments to write. At length the loose papers were consigned to the hands of a Gentleman,[2] who truly honoured him (for he knew why he did so). To his care you are beholding that they are now made yours. And he was willing to let you know the value of what you have lost, that you might the better recommend what you have left of him, to your posterity.

Farewell.

E. P.

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[1] *It is now about* six months.] Jonson died on the sixth of August, 1637; the Poems must therefore have appeared about the beginning of March, 1638. [Here and in the Memoir (vol. i. p. lix.), the date of Jonson's death seems to have been altered from the Old Style to the New—Sir Edward Walker, Garter, has left the following record of the fact—"Thursday, 17 August. Died at Westminster, Mr. Benjamin Johnson, the most famous, accurate, and learned poet of our age, especially in the English tongue, having left behind him many rare pieces, which have sufficiently demonstrated to the world his worth. He was buried the next day following, being accompanied to his grave with all or the greatest part of the nobilitye and gentry then in the towne."—(*Notes and Queries*, 1st Series, vi. 405.)—F. C.]

[2] This "gentleman," we find in Howell's Letters, was Dr. Bryan Duppa, Bishop of Winchester. Nor was the present collection of tributary offerings the only praise of this excellent man. The patron of learning when learning was proscribed,—for the greater part of what is beautiful and useful in the writings of Mayne, Cartwright, and many others, religion and literature are indebted to the fostering protection of Doctor Bryan Duppa. He was born at Greenwich, 10th March, 1588, admitted of Christ Church, Oxford, from Westminster School, in May, 1605. After passing through various honourable situations in the University and at Court, he was successively consecrated Bishop of Chichester, Salisbury, and Winchester, and died at his favourite residence, at Richmond, the 26th March, 1662. Charles II. visited him on his deathbed, and begged his blessing on his bended knees.

There is great pleasure in opposing these honourable and liberal proofs of the good understanding which subsisted between contemporary poets to the slight and imperfect premises from which dramatic editors have laboured to deduce proofs of most opposite and disgraceful feelings.—GILCHRIST.

An Eglogue
ON THE DEATH OF BEN JONSON.
BETWEEN MELIBŒUS AND HYLAS.

MELIBŒUS.

Hylas, the clear day boasts a glorious sun,
Our troop is ready, and our time is come:
That fox who hath so long our lambs destroyed,
And daily in his prosperous rapine joyed,
Is earthed not far from hence; old Ægon's son,
Rough Corilas, and lusty Corydon,
In part the sport, in part revenge desire,
And both thy tarrier and thy aid require.
Haste, for by this, but that for thee we stayed,
The prey-devourer had our prey been made:
Hyl. Oh! Melibœus, now I list not hunt,
Nor have that vigour as before I wont;
My presence will afford them no relief,
That beast I strive to chase is only grief.
Mel. What mean thy folded arms, thy downcast eyes,
Tears which so fast descend, and sighs which rise?
What mean thy words, which so distracted fall
As all thy joys had now one funeral?
Cause for such grief, can our retirements yield?
That follows courts, but stoops not to the field.
Hath thy stern step-dame to thy sire revealed
Some youthful act, which thou couldst wish concealed?
Part of thy herd hath some close thief conveyed
From open pastures to a darker shade?
Part of thy flock hath some fierce torrent drowned?
Thy harvest failed, or Amarillis frowned?
Hyl. Nor love nor anger, accident nor thief,
Hath raised the waves of my unbounded grief:
To cure this cause, I would provoke the ire
Of my fierce step-dame or severer sire,
Give all my herds, fields, flocks, and all the grace
That ever shone in Amarillis' face.
Alas, that bard, that glorious bard is dead,
Who, when I whilom cities visited,
Hath made them seem but hours, which were full days,
Whilst he vouchsafed me his harmonious lays:
And when he lived, I thought the country then
A torture, and no mansion, but a den.
Mel. JONSON you mean, unless I much do err,
I know the person by the character.
Hyl. You guess aright, it is too truly so,
From no less spring could all these rivers flow.
Mel. Ah, Hylas! then thy grief I cannot call
A passion, when the ground is rational.
I now excuse thy tears and sighs, though those
To deluges, and these to tempests rose:
Her great instructor gone, I know the age
No less laments than doth the widowed stage,
And only vice and folly now are glad,
Our gods are troubled, and our prince is sad:
He chiefly who bestows light, health, and art,
Feels this sharp grief pierce his immorta heart,
He his neglected lyre away hath thrown,
And wept a larger, nobler Helicon,
To find his herbs, which to his wish prevail,
For the less love should his own favourite fail:
So moaned himself when Daphne he adored,
That arts, relieving all, should fail their lord.
Hyl. But say, from whence in thee this knowledge springs,
Of what his favour was with gods and kings.
Mel. Dorus, who long had known books, men, and towns,
At last the honour of our woods and downs,
Had often heard his songs, was often fired
With their enchanting power, ere he retired,
And ere himself to our still groves he brought,
To meditate on what his muse had taught:
Here all his joy was to revolve alone,
All that her music to his soul had shown,
Or in all meetings to divert the stream
Of our discourse; and make his friend his theme,
And praising works which that rare loom hath weaved,
Impart that pleasure which he had received.

So in sweet notes (which did all tunes excell,
But what he praised) I oft have heard him tell
Of his rare pen, what was the use and price,
The bays of virtue and the scourge of vice:
How the rich ignorant he valued least,
Nor for the trappings would esteem the beast;
But did our youth to noble actions raise,
Hoping the meed of his immortal praise:
How bright and soon his Muse's morning shone,
Her noon how lasting, and her evening none.
How speech exceeds not dumbness, nor verse prose,
More than his verse the low rough tunes of those,
(For such, his seen, they seemed,) who highest reared,
Possest Parnassus ere his power appeared.
Nor shall another pen his fame dissolve,
Till we this doubtful problem can resolve,
Which in his works we most transcendant see,
Wit, judgment, learning, art, or industry;
Which *till* is never, so all jointly flow,
And each doth to an equal torrent grow:
His learning such, no author old nor new,
Escaped his reading that deserved his view,
And such his judgment, so exact his test,
Of what was best in books, as what books best,
That had he joined those notes his labours took,
From each most praised and praise-deserving book,
And could the world of that choice treasure boast,
It need not care though all the rest were lost:
And such his wit, he writ past what he quotes,
And his productions far exceed his notes.
So in his works where aught inserted grows,
The noblest of the plants engrafted shows,
That his adopted children equal not,
The generous issue his own brain begot:
So great his art, that much which he did write,
Gave the wise wonder, and the crowd delight,
Each sort as well as sex admired his wit,
The he's and she's, the boxes and the pit;
And who less liked within, did rather choose,
To tax their judgments than suspect his muse.
How no spectator his chaste stage could call
The cause of any crime of his, but all
With thoughts and wills purged and amended rise,
From th' ethic lectures of his comedies,
Where the spectators act, and the shamed age
Blusheth to meet her follies on the stage;
Where each man finds some light he never sought,
And leaves behind some vanity he brought;
Whose politics no less the minds direct,
Than these the manners, nor with less effect,
When his Majestic Tragedies relate
All the disorders of a tottering state,
All the distempers which on kingdoms fall,
When ease, and wealth, and vice are general,
And yet the minds against all fear assure,
And telling the disease, prescribe the cure:
Where, as he tells what subtle ways, what friends,
(Seeking their wicked and their wished-for ends)
Ambitious and luxurious persons prove,
Whom vast desires, or mighty wants do move,
The general frame to sap and undermine,
In proud Sejanus, and bold Catiline;
So in his vigilant Prince and Consul's parts,
He shews the wiser and the nobler arts,
By which a state may be unhurt upheld,
And all those works destroyed, which hell would build.
Who (not like those who with small praise had writ,
Had they not called in judgment to their wit)
Used not a tutoring hand his to direct,
But was sole workman and sole architect.
And sure by what my friend did daily tell,
If he but acted his own part as well
As he writ those of others, he may boast,
The happy fields hold not a happier ghost.
Hyl. Strangers will think this strange, yet he (dear youth)
Where most he past belief, fell short of truth:
Say on, what more he said, this gives relief,
And though it raise my cause, it bates my grief,
Since fates decreed him now no longer lived,
I joy to hear him by thy friend revived.

Mel. More he would say, and better (but I spoil
His smoother words with my unpolished style),
And having told what pitch his worth attained,
He then would tell us what reward it gained:
How in an ignorant, and learned age he swayed,
(Of which the first he found, the second made)
How he, when he could know it, reaped his fame,
And long out-lived the envy of his name:
To him how daily flocked, what reverence gave,
All that had wit, or would be thought to have,
Or hope to gain, and in so large a store,
That to his ashes they can pay no more,
Except those few who censuring, thought not so,
But aimed at glory from so great a foe:
How the wise too, did with mere wits agree,
As Pembroke, Portland, and grave Aubigny;
Nor thought the rigidest senator a shame,
To contribúte to so deserved a fame:
How great Eliza, the retreat of those
Who, weak and injured, her protection chose,
Her subjects' joy, the strength of her allies,
The fear and wonder of her enemies,
With her judicious favours did infuse
Courage and strength into his younger muse.
How learned James, whose praise no end shall find
(But still enjoy a fame pure like his mind),
Who favoured quiet and the arts of peace,
(Which in his halcyon days found large encrease)
Friend to the humblest if deserving swain,
Who was himself a part of Phœbus' train,
Declared great JONSON worthiest to receive
The garland which the Muses' hands did weave;
And though his bounty did sustain his days,
Gave a more welcome pension in his praise.
How mighty Charles amidst that weighty care,
In which three kingdoms as their blessing share,
Whom as it tends with ever watchful eyes,
That neither power may force, nor art surprise,
So bounded by no shore, grasps all the main,
And far as Neptune claims, extends his reign;
Found still some time to hear and to admire,
The happy sounds of his harmonious lyre,
And oft hath left his bright exalted throne,
And to his Muse's feet combined his own:[1]
As did his Queen, whose person so disclosed
A brighter nymph than any part imposed,
When she did join, by an harmonious choice,
Her graceful motions to his powerful voice:
How above all the rest was Phœbus fired
With love of arts, which he himself inspired,
Nor oftener by his light our sense was cheered,
Than he in person to his sight appeared,
Nor did he write a line but to supply,
With sacred flame the radiant god was by.
Hyl. Though none I ever heard this last rehearse,
I saw as much when I did see his verse.
Mel. Since he, when living, could such honours have,
What now will piety pay to his grave?
Shall of the rich (whose lives were low and vile,
And scarce deserved a grave, much less a pile)
The monuments possess an ample room,
And such a wonder lie without a tomb?
Raise thou him one in verse, and there relate
His worth, thy grief, and our deplored state;
His great perfections our great loss recite,
And let them merely weep who cannot write.
Hyl. I like thy saying, but oppose thy choice;
So great a task as this requires a voice
Which must be heard, and listened to, by all,
And Fame's own trumpet but appears too small.
Then for my slender reed to sound his name,
Would more my folly than his praise proclaim,
And when you wish my weakness sing his worth,
You charge a mouse to bring a mountain forth.
I am by nature formed, by woes made, dull,
My head is emptier than my heart is full;
Grief doth my brain impair, as tears supply,
Which makes my face so moist, my pen so dry.

[1] In his Masques.—*Old Copy.*

Nor should this work proceed from woods
and downs,
But from the academies, courts, and towns;
Let Digby, Carew, Killigrew, and Maine,
Godolphin, Waller, that inspired train,
Or whose rare pen beside deserves the grace,
Or of an equal, or a neighbouring place,
Answer thy wish, for none so fit appears,
To raise his tomb, as who are left his heirs:
Yet for this cause no labour need be spent,
Writing his works, he built his monument.
Mel. If to obey in this thy pen be loth,
It will not seem thy weakness, but thy sloth:
Our towns prest by our foes invading might,
Our ancient druids and young virgins fight,
Employing feeble limbs to the best use;
So JONSON dead, no pen should plead excuse.
For Elegies, howl all who cannot sing,
For tombs bring turf, who cannot marble
bring,
Let all their forces mix, join verse to rhyme,
To save his fame from that invader, Time;
Whose power, though his alone may well
restrain,
Yet to so wished an end, no care is vain;
And Time, like what our brooks act in our
sight,
Oft sinks the weighty, and upholds the light.
Besides, to this, thy pains I strive to move
Less to express his glory than thy love:
Not long before his death, our woods he
meant
To visit, and descend from Thames to
Trent,
Mete with thy elegy his pastoral,
And rise as much as he vouchsafed to fall.
Suppose it chance no other pen to join
In this attempt, and the whole work be
thine?—
When the fierce fire the rash boy kindled,
reigned,
The whole world suffered; earth alone
complained.
Suppose that many more intend the same,
More taught by art, and better known to
fame?
To that great deluge which so far destroyed,
The earth her springs, as heaven his
showers employed.
So may who highest marks of honour wears,
Admit mean partners in this flood of tears;
So oft the humblest join with loftiest things,
Nor only princes weep the fate of kings.
Hyl. I yield, I yield, thy words my
thoughts have fired,
And I am less persuaded than inspired;
Speech shall give sorrow vent, and that re-
lief,
The woods shall echo all the city's grief:
I oft have verse on meaner subjects made,
Should I give presents and leave debts un-
paid?
Want of invention here is no excuse,
My matter I shall find, and not produce,
And (as it fares in crowds) I only doubt,
So much would pass, that nothing will get
out,
Else in this work which now my thoughts
intend
I shall find nothing hard, but how to end:
I then but ask fit time to smooth my lays,
(And imitate in this the pen I praise)
Which by the subject's power embalmed,
may last,
Whilst the sun light, the earth doth sha-
dows, cast,
And, feathered by those wings, fly among
men,
Far as the fame of poetry and BEN.

FALKLAND.[1]

TO THE MEMORY OF

BENJAMIN JONSON.

If Romulus did promise in the fight,
To Jove the Stator, if he held from flight
His men, a temple, and performed his vow:
Why should not we, learned JONSON, thee
allow
An altar at the least? since by thy aid,
Learning, that would have left us, has been
stayed.
The actions were different: that thing
Required some mark to keep't from perish-
ing;
But letters must be quite defaced, before
Thy memory, whose care did them restore.

BUCKHURST.[2]

[1] With the success usually attendant upon his endeavours to philosophize, Horace Walpole has laboured to depreciate the character of this amiable and high-spirited man, who joined with the popular party in resisting royalty, till he discovered that their aims were directed not against the encroachments of prerogative, but against the crown itself. He then took up arms for the king, and bravely fell at the fatal battle of Newbury, the 20th September, 1643.—GILCHRIST. See p. 340 of this volume.

[2] Richard Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, son of Edward, Earl of Dorset, by Mary, daughter and heir of Sir George Curson, of Croxall, in Derbyshire, married Frances, daughter and heir to

TO THE MEMORY OF

HIM WHO CAN NEVER BE FORGOTTEN,

MASTER BENJAMIN JONSON.

Had this been for some meaner poet's herse,
I might have then observed the laws of verse:
But here they fail, nor can I hope to express
In numbers, what the world grants numberless;
Such are the truths, we ought to speak of thee,
Thou great refiner of our poesy,
Who turn'st to gold that which before was lead;
Then with that pure elixir raised the dead!
Nine sisters who (for all the poets lies)
Had been deemed mortal, did not JONSON rise
And with celestial sparks (not stol'n) revive
Those who could erst keep winged fame alive:
'Twas he that found (placed) in the seat of wit,
Dull grinning ignorance, and banished it;
He on the prostituted stage appears
To make men hear, not by their eyes, but ears;
Who painted virtues, that each one might know,
And point the man, that did such treasure owe:
So that who could in JONSON'S lines be high
Needed not honours, or a riband, buy;
But vice he only shewed us in a glass,
Which by reflection of those rays that pass,
Retains the figure lively, set before,
And that withdrawn, reflects at us no more;
So, he observed the like decorum, when
He whipt the vices, and yet spared the men:
When heretofore, the Vice's only note,
And sign from virtue was his party-coat;
When devils were the last men on the stage,
And prayed for plenty, and the present age.

Nor was our English language, only bound
To thank him, for he Latin Horace found
(Who so inspired Rome, with his lyric song)
Translated in the macaronic tongue;
Clothed in such rags, as one might safely vow,
That his Mæcenas would not own him now:
On him he took this pity, as to clothe
In words, and such expression, as for both,
There's none but judgeth the exchange will come
To twenty more, than when he sold at Rome.
Since then, he made our language pure and good,
And us to speak but what we understood,
We owe this praise to him, that should we join
To pay him, he were paid but with the coin
Himself hath minted, which we know by this,
That no words pass for current now but his.
And though he in a blinder age could change
Faults to perfections, yet 'twas far more strange
To see (however times, and fashions frame)
His wit and language still remain the same
In all men's mouths; grave preachers did it use
As golden pills, by which they might infuse
Their heavenly physic; ministers of state
Their grave dispatches in his language wrate;
Ladies made curt'sies in them, courtiers legs,
Physicians bills;—perhaps, some pedant begs
He may not use it, for he hears 'tis such,
As in few words a man may utter much.
Could I have spoken in his language too,
I had not said so much, as now I do,
To whose clear memory I this tribute send,
Who dead's my Wonder, living was my Friend.

JOHN BEAUMONT, Bart.

Lionel, Earl of Middlesex, by whom he had three sons and three daughters. He succeeded his father as Earl of Dorset, in 1652, and dying in 1677 was succeeded by his son Charles the poet. —GILCHRIST.

[1] The family of Beaumont boasts a royal descent; there is a letter of King John's to one of the Beaumonts, preserved in Rymer's Fœdera, acknowledging the consanguinity. The baronet before us was the eldest son of the author of "Bosworth Field," and other poems: he was born at Grace-dieu in Leicestershire, in 1607. In the rebellion, which followed hard upon the composition of this poem, Sir John Beaumont took up arms, obtained a colonel's commission, and was slain at the siege of Gloucester, 1644.—GILCHRIST.

[See *ante*, p. 290 of this volume.—F. C.]

TO THE MEMORY OF

MASTER BENJAMIN JONSON.

To press into the throng, where wits thus strive
To make thy laurels fading tombs survive,
Argues thy worth, their love, my bold desire,
Somewhat to sing, though but to fill the quire:
But (truth to speak) what muse can silent be,
Or little say, that hath for subject, thee?
Whose poems such, that as the sphere of fire,
They warm insensibly, and force inspire,
Knowledge, and wit infuse, mute tongues unloose,
And ways, not tracked to write and speak disclose.
But when thou put'st thy tragic buskin on,
Or comic sock of mirthful action,
Actors, as if inspired from thy hand,
Speak beyond what they think less, understand;
And thirsty hearers, wonder-stricken, say,
Thy words make that a truth, was meant a play.
Folly, and brain-sick humours of the time,
Distempered passion, and audacious crime,
Thy pen so on the stage doth personate,
That ere men scarce begin to know, they hate
The vice presented, and there lessons learn
Virtue from vicious habits to discern.
Oft have I seen thee in a sprightly strain,
To lash a vice, and yet no one complain;
Thou threw'st the ink of malice from thy pen,
Whose aim was evil manners, not ill men.
Let then frail parts repose, where solemn care
Of pious friends their Pyramids prepare;
And take thou, BEN, from Verse a second breath,
Which shall create Thee new, and conquer death.

Sir THOMAS HAWKINS.[1]

TO THE MEMORY OF

MY FRIEND, BEN JONSON.

I see that wreath which doth the wearer arm
'Gainst the quick strokes of thunder, is no charm
To keep off death's pale dart; for, JONSON, then
Thou hadst been numbered still with living men:
Time's scythe had feared thy laurel to invade,
Nor thee this subject of our sorrow made.
Amongst those many votaries that come
To offer up their garlands at thy tomb,
Whilst some more lofty pens in their bright verse,
(Like glorious tapers flaming on thy herse)
Shall light the dull and thankless world to see,
How great a maim it suffers, wanting thee:
Let not thy learned shadow scorn, that I
Pay meaner rites unto thy memory:
And since I nought can add but in desire,
Restore some sparks which leaped from thine own fire.
What ends soever other quills invite,
I can protest, it was no itch to write,
Nor any vain ambition to be read,
But merely love and justice to the dead,
Which raised my fameless muse; and caused her bring
These drops, as tribute thrown into that spring,
To whose most rich and fruitful head we owe
The purest streams of language which can flow.

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[1] *Sir Thomas Hawkins*, Knt., was the grandson of Thomas Hawkins, Esq.—of a family resident at the manor of Nash, in the parish of Boughton under the Bleau, in Kent, from the time of Edward III.—who attained the age of 101 years, and died on the 15th March, 1588, and lies buried in the north chancel of the church of Boughton, under a tomb of marble, which bears honourable testimony to his services to King Henry VIII., and speaks of him as a man of great strength and lofty stature.

The friend of Jonson was the eldest of seven sons of Sir Thomas Hawkins of Nash, and married Elizabeth, daughter of George Smith of Ashby Folvile, in Leicestershire, by whom he had two sons, John and Thomas, both of whom he survived, and dying without issue in 1640, was succeeded in a considerable patrimony by Richard, his brother and heir, the lineal descendant of whom, Thomas Hawkins, Esq., was living at Nash in 1790.

Sir Thomas translated Caussin's Holy Court, several times reprinted in folio: the Histories of Sejanus and Philippa, from the French of P. Mathieu; and certain Odes of Horace, the 4th edition of which is before me, dated 1638. In a poem before the latter he is celebrated by H. Holland for his skill in music.—GILCHRIST.

For 'tis but truth; thou taught'st the ruder age,
To speak by grammar; and reform'dst the stage;
Thy comic sock induced such purged sense,
A Lucrece might have heard without offence.
Amongst those soaring wits that did dilate
Our English, and advance it to the rate
And value it now holds, thyself was one
Helped lift it up to such proportion,
That, thus refined and robed, it shall not spare
With the full Greek or Latin to compare.
For what tongue ever durst, but ours, translate
Great Tully's eloquence, or Homer's state?
Both which in their unblemished lustre shine,
From Chapman's pen, and from thy Catiline.
All I would ask for thee, in recompense
Of thy successful toil and time's expense
Is only this poor boon; that those who can,
Perhaps, read French, or talk Italian;
Or do the lofty Spaniard affect,
(To shew their skill in foreign dialect)
Prove not themselves so' unnaturally wise
They therefore should their mother-tongue despise;
(As if her poets both for style and wit,
Not equalled, or not passed their best that writ)
Until by studying JONSON they have known
The heighth, and strength, and plenty of their own.
Thus in what low earth, or neglected room
Soe'er thou sleep'st, thy BOOK shall be thy tomb.
Thou wilt go down a happy corse, bestrewed
With thine own flowers, and feel thyself renewed,
Whilst thy immortal, never-withering bays
Shall yearly flourish in thy reader's praise:
And when more spreading titles are forgot,
Or, spite of all their lead and sear-cloth, rot;
Thou wrapt and shrined in thine own sheets wilt lie,
A Relic famed by all posterity.

HENRY KING.[1]

TO THE MEMORY OF

BENJAMIN JONSON.

Might but this slender offering of mine,
Crowd 'midst the sacred burden of thy shrine,
The near acquaintance with thy greater name
Might style me wit, and privilege my fame,
But I've no such ambition, nor dare sue
For the least legacy of wit, as due.
I come not t' offend duty, and transgress
Affection, nor with bold presumption press,
'Midst those close mourners, whose nigh kin in verse,
Hath made the near attendance of thy hearse.
I come in duty, not in pride, to shew
Not what I have in store, but what I owe;
Nor shall my folly wrong thy fame, for we
Prize, by the want of wit, the loss of thee.
As when the wearied sun hath stol'n to rest,
And darkness made the world's unwelcome guest,
We grovelling captives of the night yet may
With fire and candle beget light, not day;
Now he whose name in poetry controls,
Goes to converse with more refined souls,
Like country gazers in amaze we sit,
Admirers of this great eclipse in wit.
Reason and wit we have to shew us men,
But no hereditary beam of BEN.
Our knocked inventions may beget a spark,
Which faints at least resistance of the dark;
Thine like the fire's high element was pure,
And like the same made not to burn, but cure.
When thy enraged Muse did chide o' the stage,
'Twas to reform, not to abuse the age.
—But thou'rt requited ill, to have thy herse,
Stained by profaner parricides in verse,

[1] Henry King, eldest son of Dr. John King, Bishop of London, was born at Wornal in Buckinghamshire, in January, 1592. He was educated first at Thame, afterwards at Westminster, and lastly at Christ Church, Oxford, where he was entered in 1608. He was successively chaplain to James I., Archdeacon of Colchester, residentiary of St. Paul's, Chaplain in Ordinary to Charles I., Dean of Rochester, and lastly Bishop of Chichester, in which place he died 1st October, 1669, and was buried in the Cathedral. The writings of Bishop King are for the most part devotional, but in his "Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonnets," 8vo, 1657, there is a neatness, an elegance, and even a tenderness, which entitle them to more attention than they have lately obtained.—GILCHRIST.

Who make mortality a guilt, and scold,
Merely because thou'dst offer to be old:
'Twas too unkind a slight'ning of thy name,
To think a ballad could confute thy fame;
Let's but peruse their libels, and they'll be
But arguments they understood not thee.
Nor is't disgrace, that in thee, through age spent,
'Twas thought a crime not to be excellent:
For me, I'll in such reverence hold thy fame,
I'll but by invocation use thy name,
Be thou propitious, poetry shall know,
No deity but Thee to whom I'll owe.

HEN. COVENTRY.[1]

AN ELEGY

UPON BENJAMIN JONSON.

Though once high Statius o'er dead Lucan's hearse,
Would seem to fear his own hexameters,
And thought a greater honour than that fear,
He could not bring to Lucan's sepulchre;
Let not our poets fear to write of thee,
Great JONSON, king of English poetry,
In any English verse, let none whoe'er,
Bring so much emulation as to fear:
But pay without comparingthoug hts at all
Their tribute—verses to thy funeral;
Nor think whate'er they write on such a name,
Can be amiss: if high, it fits thy fame;
If low, it rights thee more, and makes men see,
That English poetry is dead with thee;
Which in thy genius did so strongly live.—
Nor will I here particularly strive,
To praise each well composed piece of thine;
Or shew what judgment, art, and wit did join
To make them up, but only (in the way
That Famianus honoured Virgil) say,
The Muse herself was linked so near to thee,
Whoe'er saw one, must needs the other see;
And if in thy expressions aught seemed scant,
Not thou, but Poetry itself, did want.

THOMAS MAY.[2]

AN ELEGY

ON BEN JONSON.

I dare not, learned Shade, bedew thy herse
With tears, unless that impudence, in verse,
Would cease to be a sin; and what were crime
In prose, would be no injury in rhyme.
My thoughts are so below, I fear to act
A sin, like their black envy, who detract;
As oft as I would character in speech
That worth, which silent wonder scarce can reach.
Yet I, that but pretend to learning, owe
So much to thy great fame, I ought to shew
My weakness in thy praise; thus to approve,
Although it be less wit, is greater love:
'Tis all our fancy aims at; and our tongues
At best, will guilty prove of friendly wrongs.
For, who would image out thy worth, great BEN,
Should first be what he praises; and his pen
Thy active brains should feed, which we can't have,
Unless we could redeem thee from the grave.
The only way that's left now, is to look
Into thy papers, to read o'er thy book;
And then remove thy fancies, there doth lie

---

[1] Henry Coventry, son of the lord keeper, was educated at All Souls' College, Oxford, of which he was a fellow, and where, on the 31st August, 1636, the degree of M.A. was conferred upon him by the king in person; he took a degree in law the 26th June, 1638. He suffered much for the royal cause in the rebellion, but upon the restoration of the king he was made groom of the bedchamber to Charles II., sent upon embassies to Breda and Sweden, and on the 3rd July, 1672, was sworn one of the principal Secretaries of State. In 1680 he resigned his high office, and died at his house, near Charing Cross, on the 5th December, 1686, aged 68 years. He was buried in St. Martin's Church. — GILCHRIST.

[2] Thomas May,—the son of Thomas May, Esq., who purchased the manor of Mayfield Place, in Sussex (formerly an archiepiscopal palace, and afterwards the seat of the Greshams), and who was knighted at Greenwich in 1603, and died in 1616,—was born in 1595, educated at Sidney College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and was admitted of Gray's Inn the 6th August, 1615. In 1617 he joined with his mother, Joan May, and his cousin, Richard May, of Eslington, in alienating the estate of Mayfield to John Baker, Esq., whose descendants have ever since enjoyed it. May's attachment to Charles I., and his subsequent apostacy, — his dramatic writings and translations, and his history of the parliament, are sufficiently known. He died—*already dead-drunk*—the 13th November, 1650.—GILCHRIST.

[See *ante*, p. 294, and note [1], p. 295 of this volume.—F. C.]

Some judgment, where we cannot make, t' apply
Our reading: some, perhaps, may call this wit,
And think, we do not steal, but only fit
Thee to thyself; of all thy marble wears,
Nothing is truly ours, except the tears,
O could we weep like thee! we might convey
New breath, and raise men from their beds of clay
Unto a life of fame; he is not dead,
Who by thy Muses hath been buried.
Thrice happy those brave heroes, whom I meet
Wrapt in thy writings, as their winding sheet!
For, when the tribute unto nature due,
Was paid, they did receive new life from you;
Which shall not be undated, since thy breath
Is able to immortal, after death.
Thus rescued from the dust, they did ne'er see
True life, until they were entombed by thee.
You that pretend to courtship, here admire
Those pure and active flames, love did inspire:
And though he could have took his mistress' ears,
Beyond faint sighs, false oaths, and forced tears;
His heat was still so modest, it might warm,
But do the cloistered votary no harm.
The face he sometimes praises, but the mind,
A fairer saint, is in his verse enshrined.
He that would worthily set down his praise,
Should study lines as lofty as his plays.
The Roman worthies did not seem to fight
With braver spirit, than we see him write;
His pen their valour equals; and that age
Receives a greater glory from our stage.
Bold Catiline, at once Rome's hate and fear,
Far higher in his story doth appear;
The flames those active furies did inspire,
Ambition and Revenge, his better fire
Kindles afresh; thus lighted, they shall burn,
Till Rome to its first nothing do return.
Brave fall, had but the cause been likewise good,
Had he so, for his country, lost his blood!
Some like not Tully in his own; yet while
All do admire him in thy English style,
I censure not; I rather think, that we
May well his equal, thine we ne'er shall see.

DUDLEY DIGGS.[1]

TO THE IMMORTALITY OF MY LEARNED FRIEND,

MASTER JONSON.

I parlied once with death, and thought to yield,
When thou advised'st me to keep the field;
Yet if I fell, thou wouldst upon my herse,
Breathe the reviving spirit of thy verse.
I live, and to thy grateful Muse would pay
A parallel of thanks, but that this day
Of thy fair rights, thorough th' innumerous light,
That flows from thy adorers, seems as bright,
As when the sun darts through his golden hair
His beams diameter into the air.
In vain I then strive to encrease thy glory,
These lights that go before make dark my story.
Only I'll say, heaven gave unto thy pen
A sacred power, immortalizing men,
And thou dispensing life immortally,
Dost now but sabbatise from work, not die.

GEORGE FORTESCUE.[2]

AN ELEGY UPON THE

DEATH OF BEN JONSON,

THE MOST EXCELLENT OF ENGLISH POETS.

What doth officious fancy here prepare?—
Be't rather this rich kingdom's charge and care

---

[1] Dudley Digges, son of Sir Dudley Digges, Master of the Rolls, was born at Chilham in Kent, 1612. He became a commoner in University College, Oxford, in 1629, took his B.A. degree in 1631, the year following was made probationer-fellow of All Souls', as founder's-kin, and in 1635 was licensed M.A. He was a man of strong parts and considerable attainments, and was firmly attached to the service of the king. He died at an early age, of a malignant fever called the *Camp disease*, and was buried in the chapel of All Souls' College, October, 1643.—GILCHRIST.

[2] I am unable to mention anything concerning George Fortescue, further than his having some commendatory verses prefixed to Rivers's Devout Rhapsodies, 4to, 1648; Sir John Beaumont's Bosworth Field, 8vo, 1629; and Sir Thomas Hawkins's translation of some of Horace's Odes, 4th edition, 8vo, 1638.—GILCHRIST.

To find a virgin quarry, whence no hand
E'er wrought a tomb on vulgar dust to stand,
And thence bring for this work materials fit:
Great JONSON needs no architect of wit;
Who forced from art, received from nature more
Than doth survive him, or e'er lived before.
And, poets, with what veil soe'er you hide
Your aim, 'twill not be thought your grief, but pride,
Which, that your cypress never growth might want,
Did it near his eternal laurel plant.
Heaven at the death of princes, by the birth
Of some new star, seems to instruct the earth,
How it resents our human fate. Then why
Didst thou, wit's most triumphant monarch, die
Without thy comet? Did the sky despair
To teem a fire, bright as thy glories were?
Or is it by its age, unfruitful grown,
And can produce no light, but what is known
A common mourner, when a prince's fall
Invites a star t' attend the funeral?
But those prodigious sights only create
Talk for the vulgar: Heaven, before thy fate,
That thou thyself might'st thy own dirges hear,
Made the sad stage close mourner for a year;
The stage, which (as by an instinct divine,
Instructed,) seeing its own fate in thine,
And knowing how it owed its life to thee,
Prepared itself thy sepulchre to be;
And had continued so, but that thy wit,
Which as the soul, first animated it,
Still hovers here below, and ne'er shall die,
Till time be buried in eternity.
But you! whose comic labours on the stage,
Against the envy of a froward age
Hold combat! how will now your vessels sail,
The seas so broken and the winds so frail,
Such rocks, such shallows threat'ning everywhere,
And JONSON dead, whose art your course might steer?
Look up! where Seneca and Sophocles,
Quick Plautus and sharp Aristophanes,
Enlighten yon bright orb! doth not your eye,
Among them, one far larger fire, descry,
At which their lights grow pale? 'tis JONSON, there
He shines your Star, who was your Pilot here.

W. HABINGTON.[1]

UPON BEN JONSON,

THE MOST EXCELLENT OF COMIC POETS.

Mirror of poets! mirror of our age!
Which her whole face beholding on thy stage,
Pleased and displeased with her own faults endures,
A remedy, like those whom music cures.
Thou not alone those various inclinations,
Which nature gives to ages, sexes, nations,
Hast traced with thy all-resembling pen,
But all that custom hath imposed on men,
Or ill-got habits, which distort them so,
That scarce the brother can the brother know,
Is represented to the wondering eyes,
Of all that see or read thy Comedies.
Whoever in those glasses looks may find,
The spots returned, or graces of his mind;
And by the help of so divine an art,
At leisure view, and dress his nobler part.
Narcissus cozened by that flattering well,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here, discovering the deformed estate
Of his fond mind, preserved himself with hate.
But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
In flesh and blood so well, that Plato had

[1] William Habington, the son of Thomas Habington, of Hendlip, in Worcestershire, by Mary Parker, sister to the Lord Mounteagle, to whom the mysterious letter was sent by which the Gunpowder Plot was discovered, was born at his father's seat on the 5th November, 1605. He was educated in the religion of his father at Paris and St. Omer's. He married Lucy, daughter of Lord Powis, the Castara of his muse, and died on the 30th November, 1654. The poems of Habington, though aspiring to none of the higher classes of poetry, are tolerably musical in their numbers, and indicate a purity of morals and gentleness of manners in their author: they must have been at one period popular, since they passed through three impressions between 1635 and 1640. Indeed, his merits have been rewarded with unusual liberality, his comedy found a place in Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays; his Life of Edward IV. was admitted into Bishop Kennet's Compleat History of England, and the volume of poems before spoken of has been lately reprinted.—GILCHRIST.

Beheld what his high fancy once embraced,
Virtue with colours, speech, and motion graced.
The sundry postures of thy copious muse,
Who would express, a thousand tongues must use:
Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy art;
For as thou couldst all characters impart,
So none can render thine, who still escapes,
Like Proteus in variety of shapes,
Who was nor this nor that, but all we find,
And all we can imagine in mankind.

E. WALLER.[1]

UPON THE POET OF HIS TIME

BENJAMIN JONSON,

HIS HONOURED FRIEND AND FATHER.

And is thy glass run out? is that oil spent,
Which light to such tough sinewy labours lent?
Well, BEN, I now perceive that all the Nine,
Though they their utmost forces should combine,
Cannot prevail 'gainst Night's three daughters, but
One still will spin, one wind, the other cut.
Yet in despight of spindle, clue, and knife,
Thou, in thy strenuous lines, hast got a life,
Which, like thy bay, shall flourish every age,
While sock or buskin move upon the stage.

JAMES HOWELL.[2]

AN OFFERTORY AT THE TOMB OF THE FAMOUS POET

BEN JONSON.

If souls departed lately hence do know
How we perform the duties that we owe
Their reliqués, will it not grieve thy spirit
To see our dull devotion? thy merit
Profaned by disproportioned rites? thy herse
Rudely defiled with our unpolished verse?—
Necessity's our best excuse: 'tis in
Our understanding, not our will, we sin;
'Gainst which 'tis now in vain to labour, we
Did nothing know, but what was taught by thee.
The routed soldiers when their captains fall
Forget all order, that men cannot call
It properly a battle that they fight;
Nor we (thou being dead) be said to write.
'Tis noise we utter, nothing can be sung
By those distinctly that have lost their tongue;
And therefore whatsoe'er the subject be,
All verses now become thy ELEGY:
For, when a lifeless poem shall be read,
Th' afflicted reader sighs, BEN JONSON'S dead.
This is thy glory, that no pen can raise
A lasting trophy in thy honoured praise;
Since fate (it seems) would have it so exprest,
Each muse should end with thine, who was the best:
And but her flights were stronger, and so high,
That time's rude hand cannot reach her glory,
An ignorance had spread this age, as great
As that which made thy learned muse so sweat,
And toil to dissipate; until, at length,
Purged by thy art, it gained a lasting strength;
And now, secured by thy all-powerful writ,
Can fear no more a like relapse of wit:
Though (to our grief) we ever must despair,
That any age can raise thee up an heir.

JOHN VERNON.[3]
è Societ. In. Temp.

TO THE

MEMORY OF BEN JONSON.

The Muses' fairest light in no dark time;
The wonder of a learned age; the line
Which none can pass; the most proportioned wit
To nature, the best judge of what was fit;
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen;
The voice most echoed by consenting men;
The soul which answered best to all well said
By others, and which most requital made;

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[1] Edmund Waller born in 1605, died of a dropsy, the 1st October, 1687.—GILCHRIST.

[2] James Howell, the author of "Familiar Epistles," is so well known that it seems scarcely necessary to say more than that he was born at Abernant, in Carnarvonshire, educated at Jesus College, Oxford, and died in November, 1666, and was buried in the Temple Church.—GILCHRIST.

[3] John Vernon was the son and heir of Robert Vernon, of Camberwell, in the county of Surrey, Knt.; he was admitted of the Inner Temple the 15th October, 2nd Charles I. (1626), and was called to the bar the 15th October, 1634.—GILCHRIST.

Tuned to the highest key of ancient Rome,
Returning all her music with his own,
In whom with nature study claimed a part,
And yet who to himself owed all his art :
Here lies BEN JONSON ! Every age will look
With sorrow here, with wonder on his Book.

J. C.

TO THE SAME.

Who first reformed our stage with justest laws,
And was the first best judge in your own cause :
Who, when his actors trembled for applause,

Could (with a noble confidence) prefer
His own, by right, to a whole theatre ;
From principles which he knew could not err.

Who to his Fable did his persons fit,
With all the properties of art and wit,
And above all, that could be acted, writ.

Who public follies did to covert drive,
Which he again could cunningly retrive,
Leaving them no ground to rest on, and thrive,

Here JONSON lies, whom, had I named before,
In that one word alone, I had paid more
Than can be now, when plenty makes me poor.

JOHN CLEVELAND.[1]

TO THE
MEMORY OF BEN JONSON.

As when the vestal hearth went out, no fire
Less holy than the flame that did expire,
Could kindle it again : so at thy fall
Our wit, great BEN, is too apocryphal
To celebrate the loss, since 'tis too much
To write thy Epitaph, and not be such.
What thou wert, like th' hard oracles of old,
Without an extasy cannot be told.

We must be ravished first ; thou must infuse
Thyself into us both the theme and muse.
Else (though we all conspired to make thy herse
Our works), so that 't had been but one great verse,
Though the priest had translated for that time
The liturgy, and buried thee in rhyme,
So that, in metre we had heard it said,
Poetic dust is to poetic laid :
And though, that dust being Shakspeare's, thou might'st have
Not his room, but the poet for thy grave ;
So that, as thou didst prince of numbers die
And live, so now thou might'st in numbers lie,
'Twere frail solemnity : verses on thee
And not like thine, would but kind libels be ;
And we (not speaking thy whole worth) should raise
Worse blots, than they that envied thy praise.
Indeed, thou need'st us not, since above all
Invention, thou wert thine own funeral.
Hereafter, when time hath fed on thy tomb,
Th' inscription worn out, and the marble dumb,
So that 'twould pose a critic to restore
Half words, and words expired so long before ;
When thy maimed statue hath a sentenced face,
And looks that are the horror of the place,
That 'twill be learning, and antiquity,
And ask a SELDEN to say, this was thee,
Thou'lt have a whole name still, nor need'st thou fear
That will be ruined, or lose nose, or hair.
Let others write so thin, that they can't be
Authors till rotten, no posterity
Can add to thy works ; they had their whole growth then
When first born, and came aged from thy pen.

[1] Amid much coarseness, indelicacy, and quaintness, "the genuine remains of John Cleveland" contain many examples of nervous thought and unaffected tenderness. Though educated under a Puritan minister, he rejected the frigid tenets and anti-monarchical feelings of the sectaries, and satirized their disloyalty and hypocrisy without mercy. When his zeal and perseverance in the royal cause had brought his person under restraint, the dignified and manly terms in which he remonstrated with Cromwell, and which under a meaner usurper would have put his life in jeopardy, extorted from the Protector his liberty. He was born at Loughborough in 1613, educated at Christ's and St. John's Colleges, Cambridge, and died in Gray's Inn, on the 29th April, 1658 :—greatly lamented by the royalists.—GILCHRIST.

Whilst living thou enjoyedst the fame and sense
Of all that time gives, but the reverence.
When thou'rt of Homer's years, no man will say
Thy poems are less worthy, but more gray:
'Tis bastard poetry, and of false blood
Which can't, without succession, be good.
Things that will always last, do thus agree
With things eternal; th' at once perfect be.
Scorn then their censures, who gave out, thy wit
As long upon a comedy did sit
As elephants bring forth; and that thy blots
And mendings took more time than Fortune plots:
That such thy drought was, and so great thy thirst,
That all thy plays were drawn at the Mermaid first;
That the king's yearly butt wrote, and his wine
Hath more right than thou to thy CATILINE.
Let such men keep a diet, let their wit
Be racked, and while they write, suffer a fit:
When they've felt tortures which out-pain the gout,
Such as with less, the state draws treason out;
Though they should the length of consumptions lie
Sick of their verse, and of their poem die,
'Twould not be thy worse scene, but would at last
Confirm their boastings, and shew made in haste.
He that writes well, writes quick, since the rule's true,
Nothing is slowly done, that's always new.
So when thy FOX had ten times acted been,
Each day was first, but that 'twas cheaper seen;[1]
And so thy ALCHEMIST played o'er and o'er,
Was new o' the stage, when 'twas not at the door.
We, like the actors, did repeat; the pit
The first time saw, the next conceived thy wit:
Which was cast in those forms, such rules, such arts,
That but to some not half thy acts were parts:
Since of some silken judgments we may say,
They filled a box two hours, but saw no play.
So that th' unlearned lost their money; and
Scholars saved only, that could understand.
Thy scene was free from monsters; no hard plot
Called down a God t' untie th' unlikely knot:
The stage was still a stage, two entrances
Were not two parts o' the world, disjoined by seas.
Thine were land-tragedies, no prince was found
To swim a whole scene out, then o' the stage drowned;
Pitched fields, as Red Bull wars, still felt thy doom;
Thou laid'st no sieges to the music room;
Nor wouldst allow, to thy best Comedies,
Humours that should above the people rise.
Yet was thy language and thy style so high,
Thy sock to th' ancle, buskin reached to th' thigh;
And both so chaste, so 'bove dramatic clean,
That we both safely saw, and lived thy scene.
No foul loose line did prostitute thy wit,
Thou wrot'st thy comedies, didst not commit.
We did the vice arraigned not tempting hear,
And were made judges, not bad parts by th' ear.
For thou ev'n sin did in such words array,
That some who came bad parts, went out good play.
Which, ended not with th' epilogue, the age
Still acted, which grew innocent from the stage.
'Tis true thou hadst some sharpness, but thy salt
Served but with pleasure to reform the fault:
Men were laughed into virtue, and none more
Hated Face acted than were such before.
So did thy sting not blood, but humours draw,
So much doth satire more correct than law;
Which was not nature in thee, as some call
Thy teeth, who say thy wit lay in thy gall:
That thou didst quarrel first, and then, in spite,
Didst 'gainst a person of such vices write;
That 'twas revenge, not truth; that on the stage
Carlo was not presented, but thy rage;
And that when thou in company wert met,
Thy meat took notes, and thy discourse was net,

[1] [Meaning that each day was as crowded as the first had been, only that the spectators were admitted at a cheaper rate than on the first day. —J. P. COLLIER.]

We know thy free vein had this innocence,
To spare the party, and to brand th' offence;
And the just indignation thou wert in
Did not expose Shift, but his tricks and gin.
Thou mightst have used th' old comic freedom, these
Might have seen themselves played like Socrates;
Like Cleon, Mammon might the knight have been,
If, as Greek authors, thou hadst turned Greek spleen;
And hadst not chosen rather to translate
Their learning into English, not their hate:
Indeed this last, if thou hadst been bereft
Of thy humanity, might be called theft;
The other was not; whatsoe'er was strange,
Or borrowed in thee: did grow thine by the change,
Who without Latin helps hadst been as rare
As Beaumont, Fletcher, or as Shakspeare were:
And like them, from thy native stock couldst say,
Poets and Kings are not born every day.

J. MAYNE.[1]

IN THE MEMORY OF THE
MOST WORTHY BENJAMIN JONSON.

Father of poets, though thine own great day,
Struck from thyself, scorns that a weaker ray
Should twine in lustre with it, yet my flame,
Kindled from thine, flies upwards tow'rds thy name.
For in the acclamation of the less
There's piety, though from it no access.
And though my ruder thoughts make me of those,
Who hide and cover what they should disclose;
Yet, where the lustre's such, he makes it seen
Better to some, that draws the veil between.
And what can more be hoped, since that divine
Free filling spirit took its flight with thine?
Men may have fury, but no raptures now;
Like witches, charm, yet not know whence nor how;
And, through distemper, grown not strong but fierce,
Instead of writing, only rave in verse:
Which when by thy laws judged, 'twill be confessed,
'Twas not to be inspired, but be possessed.
Where shall we find a muse like thine, that can
So well present and shew man unto man,
That each one finds his twin, and thinks thy art
Extends not to the gestures but the heart?
Where one so shewing life to life, that we
Think thou taught'st custom, and not custom thee?
Manners, that were themes to thy scenes still flow
In the same stream, and are their comments now:
These times thus living o'er thy models, we
Think them not so much wit, as prophecy;
And though we know the character, may swear
A Sybil's finger hath been busy there.
Things common thou speak'st proper, which though known
For public, stampt by thee grow thence thine own:
Thy thoughts so ordered, so expressed, that we
Conclude that thou didst not discourse, but see,
Language so mastered, that thy numerous feet,
Laden with genuine words, do always meet
Each in his art; nothing unfit doth fall,
Shewing the poet, like the wiseman, All.
Thine equal skill thus wresting nothing, made
Thy pen seem not so much to write as trade.
That life, that Venus of all things, which we
Conceive or shew, proportioned decency,

[1] Jasper Mayne, whose entertaining comedies have endeared his name to dramatic readers, was born at Hatherly in Devon, 1604, educated at Westminster, and afterwards at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the degrees of B.A. 1628, and M.A. 1631. Ejected from his vicarages of Pyrton and Cassington by the Parliamentary visitors, he found an asylum under the roof of the Earl of Devonshire, and the storm subsiding, was restored to his livings, made Canon of Christ Church and Archdeacon of Chichester. He died the 6th December, 1672. His character has been thus briefly and boldly sketched: "*Ingenio sanè fælicissimo et eruditione propemodum omnigena locupletato, fruebatur; theologus accurate doctus et annunciator evangelii disertus: Poeta porro non incelebris et ob sales ac facetias in precio habitus.*"—GILCHRIST.

Is not found scattered in thee here and there,
But, like the soul, is wholly everywhere.
No strange perplexed maze does pass for plot,
Thou always dost untie, not cut the knot.
Thy labyrinth's doors are opened by one thread
That ties, and runs through all that's done or said:
No power comes down with learned hat and rod,
Wit only, and contrivance is thy god.
'Tis easy to gild gold; there's small skill spent
Where even the first rude mass is ornament:
Thy muse took harder metals, purged and boiled,
Laboured and tried, heated, and beat and toiled,
Sifted the dross, filed roughness, then gave dress,
Vexing rude subjects into comeliness.
Be it thy glory then, that we may say,
Thou run'st where th' foot was hindered by the way.
Nor dost thou pour out, but dispense thy vein,
Skilled when to spare, and when to entertain:
Not like our wits, who into one piece do
Throw all that they can say, and their friends too;
Pumping themselves, for one term's noise so dry,
As if they made their wills in poetry.
And such spruce compositions press the stage,
When men transcribe themselves, and not the age:
Both sorts of plays are thus like pictures shewn,
Thine of the common life, theirs of their own.
Thy models yet are not so framed, as we
May call them libels, and not imag'ry;
No name on any basis: 'tis thy skill
To strike the vice, but spare the person still.
As he, who when he saw the serpent wreathed
About his sleeping son, and as he breathed,
Drink in his soul, did so the shot contrive,
To kill the beast, but keep the child alive:
So dost thou aim thy darts, which, even when
They kill the poisons, do but wake the men;
Thy thunders thus but purge, and we endure
Thy lancings better than another's cure;
And justly too: for th' age grows more unsound
From the fool's balsam, than the wiseman's wound.
No rotten talk brokes for a laugh; no page
Commenced man by th' instructions of thy stage;
No bargaining line there; provoc'tive verse;
Nothing but what Lucretia might rehearse;
No need to make good countenance ill, and use
The plea of strict life for a looser muse.
No woman ruled thy quill; we can descry
No verse born under any Cynthia's eye:
Thy star was judgment only, and right sense,
Thyself being to thyself an influence.
Stout beauty is thy grace; stern pleasures do
Present delights, but mingle horrors too:
Thy muse doth thus like Jove's fierce girl appear,
With a fair hand, but grasping of a spear.
Where are they now that cry, thy lamp did drink
More oil than the author wine, while he did think?
We do embrace their slander: thou hast writ
Not for dispatch but fame; no market wit:
'Twas not thy care, that it might pass and sell,
But that it might endure, and be done well:
Nor wouldst thou venture it unto the ear,
Until the file would not make smooth, but wear;
Thy verse came seasoned hence, and would not give;
Born not to feed the author, but to live:
Whence 'mong the choicer judges risse a strife,
To make thee read as classic in thy life.
'Those that do hence applause, and suffrage beg,
'Cause they can poems form upon one leg,
Write not to time, but to the poet's day:
There's difference between fame, and sudden pay.
These men sing kingdoms' falls, as if that fate
Used the same force to a village, and a state;
These serve Thyestes' bloody supper in,
As if it had only a sallad been:

Their Catilines are but fencers, whose fights rise
Not to the fame of battle, but of prize.
But thou still put'st true passions on ; dost write
With the same courage that tried captains fight ;
Giv'st the right blush and colour unto things,
Low without creeping, high without, loss of wings ;
Smooth, yet not weak, and by a thorough care,
Big without swelling, without painting fair,
They, wretches, while they cannot stand to fit,
Are not wits, but materials of wit.
What though thy searching wit did rake the dust
Of time, and purge old metals of their rust?
Is it no labour, no art, think they, to
Snatch shipwrecks from the deep, as divers do?
And rescue jewels from the covetous sand,
Making the sea's hid wealth adorn the land?
What though thy culling muse did rob the store
Of Greek and Latin gardens to bring o'er
Plants to thy native soil? their virtues were
Improved far more by being planted here.
If thy still to their essence doth refine
So many drugs, is not the water thine?
Thefts thus become just works; they and their grace
Are wholly thine: thus doth the stamp and face
Make that the king's, that's ravished from the mine;
In others then 'tis ore, in thee 'tis coin.
Blest life of authors! unto whom we owe
Those that we have, and those that we want too:
Thou art all so good, that reading makes thee worse,
And to have writ so well's thine only curse.
Secure then of thy merit, thou didst hate
That servile base dependence upon fate;
Success thou ne'er thoughtst virtue, nor that fit,
Which chance, and th' age's fashion did make hit;
Excluding those from life in after-time,
Who into poetry first brought luck and rhyme;
Who thought the people's breath good air; styled name
What was but noise; and, getting briefs for fame,
Gathered the many's suffrages, and thence
Made commendation a benevolence.
Thy thoughts were their own laurel, and did win
That best applause of being crowned within.
And though th' exacting age, when deeper years
Had interwoven snow among thy hairs,
Would not permit thou shouldst grow old, 'cause they
Ne'er by thy writings knew thee young; we may
Say justly, they're ungrateful, when they more
Condemned thee, 'cause thou wert so good before.
Thine art was thine art's blur, and they'll confess
Thy strong perfumes made them not smell thy less.
But, though to err with thee be no small skill,
And we adore the last draughts of thy quill:
Though those thy thoughts, which the now queasy age,
Doth count but clods, and refuse of the stage,
Will come up porcelain-wit some hundreds hence,
When there will be more manners and more sense;
'Twas judgment yet to yield, and we afford
Thy silence as much fame, as once thy word:
Who like an aged oak, the leaves being gone,
Wast food before, art now religion;
Thought still more rich, though not so richly stored,
Viewed and enjoyed before, but now adored.
Great soul of numbers, whom we want and boast;
Like curing gold, most valued now thou art lost!
When we shall feed on refuse offals, when
We shall from corn to acorns turn again;
Then shall we see that these two names are one,
JONSON and POETRY, which now are gone.

W. CARTWRIGHT.[1]

[1] The plays and poems of William Cartwright are too well known to dramatic readers to render a minute account of his life necessary or even excusable. Wood, whose narrative corresponds with the calculation of Humphrey Mosely, a printer to whom literature is much indebted, says that he was born in 1611, educated first at Cirencester, afterwards at Westminster, and lastly at Oxford, where, in 1628, he was admitted student of Christ Church, and where, in 1635, he took

AN ELEGY

UPON BEN JONSON.

Now thou art dead, and thy great wit and name
Is got beyond the reach of chance or fame,
Which none can lessen, nor we bring enough
To raise it higher, through our want of stuff;
I find no room for praise, but elegy,
And there but name the day when thou didst die:
That men may know thou didst so, for they will
Hardly believe disease or age could kill
A body so informed, with such a soul,
As, like thy verse, might fate itself control.
But thou art gone, and we like greedy heirs,
That snatch the fruit of their dead father's cares,
Begin to inquire what means thou left'st behind
For us, pretended heirs unto thy mind:
And myself, not the latest 'gan to look
And found the inventory in thy Book;
A stock for writers to set up withal:
That out of thy full comedies, their small
And slender wits by vexing much thy writ
And their own brains, may draw good saving wit;
And when they shall upon some credit pitch,
May be thought well to live, although not rich.
Then for your songsters, masquers, what a deal
We have? enough to make a commonweal
Of dancing courtiers, as if poetry
Were made to set out their activity.
Learning great store for us to feed upon,
But little fame; that, with thyself, is gone,
And like a desperate debt, bequeathed, not paid
Before thy death has us the poorer made.
Whilst we with mighty labour it pursue,
And after all our toil, not find it due.

JO. RUTTER.[1]

TO THE

MEMORY OF IMMORTAL BEN.

To write is easy; but to write of thee
Truth, will be thought to forfeit modesty.
So far beyond conceit thy strengths appear,
That almost all will doubt, what all must hear.
For, when the world shall know, that Pindar's height,
Plautus his wit, and Seneca's grave weight,
Horace his matchless nerves, and that high phrase
Wherewith great Lucan doth his readers maze,
Shall with such radiant illustration glide,
(As if each line to life were propertied)
Through all thy works; and like a torrent move,
Rolling the muses to the court of Jove,
Wit's general tribe will soon entitle thee
Heir to Apollo's ever verdant tree.
And 'twill by all concluded be, the stage
Is widowed now; was bed-rid by thy age.
As well as empire, wit his zenith hath,
Nor can the rage of time, or tyrant's wrath
Encloud so bright a flame: but it will shine
In spight of envy, till it grow divine.
As when Augustus reigned, and war did cease,
Rome's bravest wits were ushered in by peace:
So in our halcyon days, we have had now
Wits, to which, all that after come, must bow.
And should the stage compose herself a crown
Of all those wits, which hitherto she has known:
Though there be many that about her brow,
Like sparkling stones, might a quick lustre throw;
Yet, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Jonson, these three shall
Make up the gem in the point vertical.
And now since JONSON'S gone, we well may say,
The stage hath seen her glory and decay.

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the degree of Master of Arts. In 1642 the editor of this collection (B. Duppa), appointed him his successor in the Church of Salisbury. On the 12th of April, 1643, he was chosen Junior Proctor of the University of Oxford, where he died on the 29th of the November following,

"Praised, wept, and honoured by the muse he loved."—GILCHRIST.

[1] Joseph Rutter translated the Cid from the French of Corneille, the first part of which was presented with success at the Cockpit. He was also author of a pastoral tragi-comedy, called the Shepherd's Holiday, 8vo, 1635. The particulars of his life are, it is believed, altogether unknown.—GILCHRIST.

[See p. 295 of this volume, and note.—F. C.]

Whose judgment was't refined it? or who
Gave laws, by which hereafter all must go,
But solid JONSON? from whose full strong quill,
Each line did like a diamond drop distil,
Though hard, yet clear. Thalia that had skipt
Before, but like a maygame girl, now stript
Of all her mimic jigs, became a sight
With mirth to flow each pleased spectator's light;
And in such graceful measures did discover
Her beauties now, that every eye turned lover.
Who is't shall make with great Sejanus' fall,
Not the stage crack, but th' universe and all?
Wild Catiline's stern fire, who now shall show,
Or quenched with milk, stilled down by Cicero?
Where shall old authors in such words be shown,
As vex their ghosts, that they are not their own?
Admit his muse was slow. 'Tis judgment's fate
To move, like greatest princes, still in state.
Those planets placed in the higher spheres,
End not their motion but in many years;
Whereas light Venus and the giddy moon,
In one or some few days their courses run.
Slow are substantial bodies: but to things
That airy are, has nature added wings.
Each trivial poet that can chant a rhyme,
May chatter out his own wit's funeral chime:
And those slight nothings that so soon are made,
Like mushrooms, may together live and fade.
The boy may make a squib; but every line
Must be considered, where men spring a mine:
And to write things that time can never stain,
Will require sweat, and rubbing of the brain.
Such were those things he left. For some may be
Eccentric, yet with axioms main agree.
This I'll presume to say. When time has made
Slaughter of kings that in the world have swayed:
A greener bays shall crown BEN JONSON's name,
Than shall be wreathed about their regal fame.
For numbers reach to infinite. But he
Of whom I write this, has prevented me,
And boldly said so much in his own praise,
No other pen need any trophy raise.

OW. FELTHAM.[1]

TO THE MEMORY

OF BEN JONSON.

I do not blame their pains, who did not doubt
By labour, of the circle to find out
The quadrature; nor can I think it strange
That others should prove constancy in change.
He studied not in vain, who hoped to give
A body to the echo, make it live,
Be seen, and felt; nor he whose art would borrow
Belief for shaping yesterday, to-morrow:
But here I yield; invention, study, cost,
Time, and the art of Art itself is lost.
When any frail ambition undertakes
For honour, profit, praise, or all their sakes,
To speak unto the world in perfect sense,
Pure judgment, JONSON, 'tis an excellence
Suited his pen alone, which yet to do
Requires himself, and 'twere a labour too
Crowning the best of Poets: say all sorts
Of bravest acts must die without reports,

[1] It seems somewhat remarkable that nothing should be known of the author of a book so popular as Feltham's "Resolves" has always been, beyond the bare circumstances related by Oldys in his MS. notes on Langbaine, of his father, Thomas Feltham, being a Suffolkman, and that Owen was one of three children. Although Owen has many poems scattered up and down, it is upon his prose work that his fame depends; and his "Resolves," though by no means free from pedantry, is rational and pious, and shows a mind of no ordinary strength and attainments. If Feltham was indeed the author of the ode in answer to Ben Jonson's address to himself (which is printed by Langbaine, and afterwards by him called Mr. Oldham's), it must be owned that by the present effusion he was equally ready to do homage to the general merits of the departed bard; nor did he deteriorate the value of his offering by the coldness of delay.

Si bene quod facias, facias cito: nam cito factum,
Gratum erit; ingratum, gratia tarda facit.

GILCHRIST.

Count learned knowledge barren, fame abhorred,
Let memory be nothing but a word;
Grant JONSON th' only genius of the times,
Fix him a constellation in all rhymes,
All height, all secrecies of wit invoke
The virtue of his name, to ease the yoke
Of barbarism; yet this lends only praise
To such as write, but adds not to his bays:
For he will grow more fresh in every story,
Out of the perfumed spring of his own glory.

GEORGE DONNE.[1]

A FUNERAL SACRIFICE TO THE SACRED MEMORY OF HIS THRICE HONOURED FATHER,

BEN JONSON.

I cannot grave nor carve; else would I give
Thee statues, sculptures, and thy name should live
In tombs, and brass, until the stones or rust
Of thine own monument mix with thy dust:
But nature has afforded me a slight
And easy muse, yet one that takes her flight
Above the vulgar pitch. BEN, she was thine,
Made by adoption free and genuine;
By virtue of thy charter, which from heaven,
By Jove himself, before thy birth was given.
The sisters nine this secret did declare,
Who of Jove's counsel, and his daughters are.
These from Parnassus' hill came running down,
And though an infant did with laurels crown.
Thrice they him kist, and took him in their arms,
And dancing round, encircled him with charms.
Pallas her virgin breast did thrice distil
Into his lips, and him with nectar fill.
When he grew up to years, his mind was all
On verses; verses, that the rocks might call
To follow him, and hell itself command,
And wrest Jove's three-fold thunder from his hand.
The satyrs oft-times hemmed him in a ring,
And gave him pipes and reeds to hear him sing;
Whose vocal notes, tuned to Apollo's lyre,
The syrens, and the muses did admire.
The nymphs to him their gems and corals sent;
And did with swans, and nightingales present,
Gifts far beneath his worth. The golden ore,
That lies on Tagus or Pactolus' shore,
Might not compare with him, nor that pure sand
The Indians find upon Hydaspes' strand.
His fruitful raptures shall grow up to seed,
And as the ocean does the rivers feed,
So shall his wit's rich veins the world supply
With unexhausted wealth, and ne'er be dry.
For whether he, like a fine thread does file
His terser poems in a comic style,
Or treats of tragic furies, and him list
To draw his lines out with a stronger twist;
Minerva's, nor Arachne's loom can shew
Such curious tracts; nor does the spring bestow
Such glories on the field, or Flora's bowers,
As his work, smile with figures and with flowers.
Never did so much strength, or such a spell
Of art, and eloquence of papers dwell.
For whilst that he in colours, full and true,
Men's natures, fancies, and their humours drew
In method, order, matter, sense and grace,
Fitting each person to his time and place;
Knowing to move, to slack, or to make haste,
Binding the middle with the first and last:
He framed all minds, and did all passions stir,
And with a bridle guide the theatre.
To say now he is dead, or to maintain
A paradox he lives, were labour vain:
Earth must to earth. But his fair soul does wear
Bright Ariadne's crown; or is placed near,
Where Orpheus' harp turns round with Læda's swan:
Astrologers, demonstrate where you can
Where his star shines, and what part of the sky
Holds his compendious divinity.

---

[1] George Donne, the mediocrity of whose muse is compensated in some measure by the warmth of his friendship, appears to have limited his endeavours to measured praises of his companions' labours. He was evidently familiar with several poets of eminence, and has commendations prefixed to the plays of Massinger and Ford, as well as before the writings of authors of inferior fame.—GILCHRIST.

There he is fixed; I know it, 'cause from thence,
Myself have lately received influence.
The reader smiles; but let no man deride
The emblem of my love, not of my pride.

SHACKERLEY MARMION.[1]

ON THE BEST OF ENGLISH POETS,

BEN JONSON,

DECEASED.

So seems a star to shoot; when from our sight
Falls the deceit, not from its loss of light;
We want use of a soul, who merely know
What to our passion, or our sense we owe:
By such a hollow glass, our cozened eye
Concludes alike, all dead, whom it sees die.
Nature is knowledge here, but unrefined,
Both differing, as the body from the mind;
Laurel and cypress else had grown together,
And withered without memory to either:
Thus undistinguished, might in every part
The sons of earth vie with the sons of art.
Forbid it, holy reverence, to his name,
Whose glory hath filled up the book of fame!
Where in fair capitals, free, uncontrolled,
JONSON, a work of honour lives enrolled:
Creates that book a work; adds this far more,
'Tis finished what unperfect was before.
The muses, first in Greece begot, in Rome
Brought forth, our best of poets hath called home,
Nurst, taught, and planted here; that Thames now sings
The Delphian altars, and the sacred springs.
By influence of this sovereign, like the spheres,
Moved each by other, the most low (in years)
Consented in their harmony; though some
Malignantly aspected, overcome
With popular opinion, aimed at name
More than desert: yet in despight of shame
Even they, though foiled by his contempt of wrongs,
Made music to the harshness of their songs.
Drawn to the life of every line and limb,
He (in his truth of art, and that in him)
Lives yet, and will, whilst letters can be read;
The loss is ours; now hope of life is dead.
Great men, and worthy of report, must fall
Into their earth, and sleeping there sleep all:
Since he, whose pen in every strain did use
To drop a verse, and every verse a muse,
Is vowed to heaven; as having with fair glory,
Sung thanks of honour, or some nobler story.
The court, the university, the heat
Of theatres, with what can else beget
Belief, and admiration, clearly prove
Our POET first in merit, as in love:
Yet if he do not at his full appear,
Survey him in his Works, and know him there.

JOHN FORD.[2]

UPON THE

DEATH OF MASTER BEN JONSON.

'Tis not secure to be too learned, or good,
These are hard names, and now scarce understood:
Dull flagging souls with lower parts, may have
The vain ostents of pride upon their grave,
Cut with some fair inscription, and true cry,
That both the man and Epitaph there lie!
Whilst those that soar above the vulgar pitch,
And are not in their bags, but studies rich,

---

[1] Shackerley Marmion, heir of the Shackerleys of Little Longsdon, in Derbyshire, was the eldest son of Shackerley Marmion, lord of the manor of Aynho, in Northamptonshire, where the poet was born in January, 1602. Wood has attributed the dissipation of the family estate to the Shackerley before us, from the habitual prodigality of poets; but the estate was alienated by the elder of the name in the 13th year of James I., when the poet was only 13 years of age. The poet Shackerley was educated at Thame, and afterwards at Wadham College, where, in 1624, he took his Master of Arts degree. He joined Sir John Suckling's memorable regiment, and died after a short illness in 1639.

[2] John Ford was the second son of Thomas Ford, Esq., of Bagtor, a hamlet in the parish of Ilsington, in Devonshire, where the poet was baptized the 17th April, 1589. On the 6th November, 1602, Ford was entered of the Middle Temple, and while there published "Fame's Memorial, or the Earl of Devonshire, deceased," a poem, 4to, 1606. He wrote for the stage as early as 1613, and as he ceased his dramatic labours in 1639, it is likely he did not long survive that period.—GILCHRIST.

He has left several plays, some of which possess considerable merit, and has commendatory verses prefixed to the writings of his contemporaries.—GILCHRIST.

Must fall without a line, and only be
A theme of wonder, not of poetry.
He that dares praise the eminent, he must
Either be such, or but revile their dust :
And so must we, great Genius of brave
verse !
With our injurious zeal profane thy herse.
It is a task above our skill, if we
Presume to mourn our own dead elegy ;
Wherein, like bankrupts in the stock of
fame,
To patch our credit up, we use thy name ;
Or cunningly to make our dross to pass,
Do set a jewel in a foil of brass :
No, 'tis the glory of thy well-known name,
To be eternized, not in verse but fame.
JONSON ! that's weight enough to crown thy
stone :
And make the marble piles to sweat and
groan
Under the heavy load ! a name shall stand
Fixed to thy tomb, till time's destroying hand
Crumble our dust together, and this all
Sink to its grave, at the great funeral.
If some less learned age neglect thy pen,
Eclipse thy flames, and lose the name of
BEN,
In spight of ignorance thou must survive
In thy fair progeny ; that shall revive
Thy scattered ashes in the skirts of death,
And to thy fainting name give a new breath;
That twenty ages after, men shall say
(If the world's story reach so long a day)
Pindar and Plautus with their double quire
Have well translated BEN the English lyre.
What sweets were in the Greek or Latin
known,
A natural metaphor has made thine own :
Their lofty language in thy phrase so drest,
And neat conceits in our own tongue ex-
prest,
That ages hence, critics shall question make
Whether the Greeks and Romans English
spake.
And though thy fancies were too high for
those
That but aspire to Cockpit-flight, or prose,
Though the fine plush and velvets of the
age
Did oft for sixpence damn thee from the
stage,
And, with their mast and acorn stomachs
ran
To the nasty sweepings of thy serving-man,
Before thy cates, and swore thy stronger
food,
'Cause not by them digested, was not good;
These moles thy scorn and pity did but
raise,
They were as fit to judge as we to praise.
Were all the choice of wit and language
shown
In one brave epitaph upon thy stone,
Had learned Donne, Beaumont, and Ran-
dolph, all
Survived thy fate, and sung thy funeral,
Their notes had been too low : take this
from me,
None but thyself could write a verse for
thee.

R. BRIDEOAKE.[1]

ON

MASTER BEN JONSON.

Poet of princes, Prince of poets (we,
If to Apollo, well may pray to thee,)
Give glow-worms leave to peep, who till
thy night
Could not be seen, we darkened were with
light.
For stars t' appear after the fall of the sun,
Is at the least modest presumption.
I've seen a great lamp lighted by the small
Spark of a flint, found in a field or wall.
Our thinner verse faintly may shadow forth
A dull reflection of thy glorious worth ;
And (like a statue homely fashioned) raise
Some trophies to thy memory, though not
praise.
Those shallow sirs, who want sharp sight
to look
On the majestic splendour of thy book,

[1] Ralph, son of Richard and Cicely Brideoake, was born at Chetham Hill, near Manchester, about 1614. On the 15th July, 1630, he was admitted of Brazen Nose College, but removed to New College, where, in 1636, he was created M.A. by royal mandate. Being patronized by the Earl of Derby, he defended that nobleman's house against the parliamentary forces; but the earl being taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, Brideoake plied Lenthal with so much zeal and skill to preserve his patron's life, that, though he was unsuccessful in his object, he so interested the Speaker that he was appointed preacher to the Parliament. Notwithstanding his acceptance of this office, upon the Restoration he was appointed chaplain to Charles II., installed Canon of Windsor, Dean of Salisbury, and ultimately advanced to the see of Chichester. While in the active discharge of his episcopal duties he was seized with a fever that hastily terminated his existence, on the 5th October, 1678. He was buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where a handsome monument remains to his memory.—GILCHRIST.

That rather choose to hear an Archy's prate,
Than the full sense of a learned laureat,
May, when they see thy name thus plainly writ,
Admire the solemn measures of thy wit,
And like thy works beyond a gaudy show
Of boards and canvas, wrought by Inigo.
Ploughmen, who puzzled are with figures, come
By tallies to the reckoning of a sum;
And milk-sop heirs, which from their mother's lap
Scarce travelled, know far countries by a map.
Shakspeare may make grief merry, Beaumont's style
Ravish and melt anger into a smile;
In winter nights, or after meals they be,
I must confess, very good company:
But thou exact'st our best hours' industry;
We may read them; we ought to study thee:
Thy scenes are precepts, every verse doth give
Counsel, and teach us not to laugh, but live.
Thou that with towering thoughts presum'st so high,
(Swelled with a vain ambitious tympany)
To dream on sceptres, whose brave mischief calls
The blood of kings to their last funerals,
Learn from Sejanus his high fall, to prove
To thy dread sovereign a sacred love;
Let him suggest a reverend fear to thee,
And may his tragedy thy lecture be.
Learn the compendious age of slippery power
That's built on blood; and may one little hour
Teach thy bold rashness that it is not safe
To build a kingdom on a Cæsar's grave.
Thy plays were whipt and libelled, only 'cause
They are good, and savour of our kingdom's laws.
Histrio-Mastix (lightning like) doth wound
Those things alone that solid are and sound.
Thus guilty men hate justice; so a glass
Is sometimes broke for shewing a foul face.
There's none that wish thee rods instead of bays,
But such, whose very hate adds to thy praise.
Let scribblers (that write post, and versify
With no more leisure than we cast a dye)
Spur on their Pegasus, and proudly cry,
This verse I made in the twinkling of an eye.
Thou couldst have done so, hadst thou thought it fit;
But 'twas the wisdom of thy muse to sit
And weigh each syllable; suffering nought to pass
But what could be no better than it was.
Those that keep pompous state ne'er go in haste;
Thou went'st before them all, though not so fast.
While their poor cobweb-stuff finds as quick fate
As birth, and sells like almanacks out of date;
The marble glory of thy laboured rhyme
Shall live beyond the calendar of time.
Who will their meteors 'bove thy sun advance?
Thine are the works of judgment, theirs of chance.
How this whole kingdom's in thy debt! we have
From others periwigs and paints, to save
Our ruined sculls and faces; but to thee
We owe our tongues, and fancies remedy.
Thy poems make us poets; we may lack
(Reading thy Book) stolen sentences and sack.
He that can but one speech of thine rehearse,
Whether he will or no, must make a verse:
Thus trees give fruit, the kernels of that fruit
Do bring forth trees, which in more branches shoot.
Our canting English, of itself alone,
(I had almost said a confusion)
Is now all harmony; what we did say
Before was tuning only, this is play.
Strangers, who cannot reach thy sense, will throng
To hear us speak the accents of thy tongue
As unto birds that sing; if't be so good
When heard alone, what is't when understood!
Thou shalt be read as classic authors; and,
As Greek and Latin, taught in every land.
The cringing Monsieur shall thy language vent,
When he would melt his wench with compliment.
Using thy phrases he may have his wish
Of a coy nun, without an angry pish!
And yet in all thy poems there is shown
Such chastity, that every line's a zone.
Rome will confess that thou mak'st Cæsar talk
In greater state and pomp than he could walk:

Catiline's tongue is the true edge of swords,
We now not only hear, but feel his words.
Who Tully in thy idiom understands
Will swear that his orations are commands.
But that which could with richer language dress
The highest sense, cannot thy worth express.
Had I thy own invention (which affords
Words above action, matter above words)
To crown thy merits, I should only be
Sumptuously poor, low in hyperbole.

RICHARD WEST.[1]

TO THE MEMORY OF

BENJAMIN JONSON.

Our bays, methinks, are withered, and they look
As if (though thunder-free) with envy, strook;
While the triumphant cypress boasts to be
Designed, as fitter for thy company.
Where shall we now find one dares boldly write
Free from base flattery yet as void of spight?
That grovels not in 's satires, but soars high,
Strikes at the mounting vices, can descry
With his quick eagle's pen those glorious crimes,
That either dazzle, or affright the times?
Thy strength of judgment oft did thwart the tide
O' the foaming multitude, when to their side
Thronged plush, and silken censures, whilst it chose,
(As that which could distinguish men from clothes,
Faction from judgment) still to keep thy bays
From the suspicion of a vulgar praise.
But why wrong I thy memory whilst I strive,
In such a verse as mine to keep't alive?
Well we may toil, and shew our wits the rack,
Torture our needy fancies, yet still lack
Worthy expressions thy great loss to moan;
Being none can fully praise thee but thy own.

R. MEADE.[2]

UPON THE

DEATH OF BENJAMIN JONSON.

Let thine own Sylla, BEN, arise, and try
To teach my thoughts an angry extasy,
That I may fright Contempt, and with just darts
Of fury stick thy palsy in their hearts!
But why do I rescue thy name from those
That only cast away their ears in prose?
Or, if some better brain arrive so high,
To venture rhymes, 'tis but court balladry,
Singing thy death in such an uncouth tone,
As it had been an execution.
What are his faults (O envy!)—That you speak
English at court, the learned stage acts Greek?
That Latin he reduced, and could command
That which your Shakspeare scarce could understand?
That he exposed you, zealots, to make known
Your profanation, and not his own?

---

[1] Richard West, the son of Thomas West of Northampton, was admitted student of Christ Church, from Westminster School, in 1632; took his degrees of bachelor and master of arts, and during the rebellion joined the soldiers of his sovereign. At the restoration he became rector of Shillingston in Dorsetshire, and prebendary of Wells. He published some sermons, and has "a Poem to the pious memory of his dear brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Randolph," prefixed to the works of that excellent dramatic writer.—GILCHRIST.

[2] Robert Meade was born in Fleet Street, in 1616; after receiving the earlier part of his education at Westminster, he removed to Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the degree of M.A., and afterwards a doctor's degree in physic. When the rebellion broke out, in common with almost all the poets of his day,—he followed the fortunes of his royal and indulgent master, and was appointed by the Governor of Oxford to treat with the Parliamentary army concerning the surrender of that city. After the death of the king he followed Charles II. into France, and was employed by that monarch as his agent in Sweden. Returning into England, he died in the same house, it is said, in which he was born, the 12th Feb., 1652. He left one comedy, "The Combat of Love and Friendship," printed in 4to, 1654.—GILCHRIST.

That one of such a fervent nose, should be
Posed by a puppet in Divinity?
Fame write them on his tomb, and let him have
Their accusations for an epitaph:
Nor think it strange if such thy scenes defy,
That erect scaffolds 'gainst authority.
Who now will plot to cozen vice, and tell
The trick and policy of doing well?
Others may please the stage, his sacred fire
Wise men did rather worship than admire:
His lines did relish mirth, but so severe;
That as they tickled, they did wound the ear.
Well then, such virtue cannot die, though stones
Loaded with epitaphs do press his bones:
He lives to me; spite of this martyrdom,
BEN, is the self-same poet in the tomb.
You that can aldermen new wits create,
Know, JONSON's skeleton is laureat.

H. RAMSAY.[1]

En
JONSONUS NOSTER
Lyricorum Dramaticorumque
Coryphæus
Qui
Pallade auspice
Laurum â Græcia ipsaque Roma rapuit,
Et
Fausto omine
In Britanniam transtulit nostram:
Nunc
Invidia major
Fato, non Æmulis cessit.

Anno Dom. CIↃDIXXXVII.
Id. Nonar.

FR. WORTLEY,[2]
Bar.

IN OBITUM

BEN JONSONI

POETARUM FACILE PRINCIPIS.

In quæ projicior discrimina? quale trementem
Traxit in officium pietas temeraria musam?
Me miserum! incusso pertentor frigore, et umbrâ
Territus ingenti videor pars funeris ipse
Quod celebro; famæ concepta mole fatisco,
Exiguumque strues restringuit prægravis ignem.
Non tamen absistam, nam si spes talibus ausis
Excidat, extabo laudum JONSONE tuarum
Uberior testis: totidem quos secula norunt,
Solus tu dignus, cujus præconia spiret,
Deliquum musarum, et victi facta poetæ.
Quis nescit, Romane tuos, in utrâque triumphos
Militiâ, laurique decus mox sceptra secutum?
Virgilius quoque Cæsar erat, nec ferre priorem
Noverat: Augustum fato dilatus in ævum,
Ut regem vatem jactares regia, teque
Suspiceres gemino prælustrem Roma monarcha.
En penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos,
Munera jactantes eadem, similique beatos
Fortuna; hæc quoque sêcla suum videre Maronem,
Cæsarei vixit qui lætus imagine sceptri,
Implevitque suum Romano carmine nomen.
Utque viam cernas, longosque ad summa paratus;
En series eadem, vatumque simillimus ordo.
Quis neget incultum Lucretî carmen, et Ennî
Deformes numeros, musæ incrementa Latinæ?
Haud aliter nostri præmissa in principis ortum

---

[1] H. Ramsay was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, whence, in 1638, he contributed a poem to the "*Musarum Oxoniensium Charisteria pro serenissima Regina Maria, recens è nixus laboriosi discrimine recepta,*" printed in 4to.—GILCHRIST.

[2] Sir Francis Wortley, son of Sir Richard Wortley, of Wortley in Yorkshire, became a commoner of Magdalene College (according to Wood), in 1610, and a baronet the year following. When the Parliament took up arms in defiance of the king, Sir Edward fortified Wortley Hall, and defended it for the king's service. Upon the declining of the royal cause Sir Edward was made prisoner and committed to the Tower. Compounding for his release from imprisonment by forfeiting a large portion of his estate, he became embarrassed with debts. Wood, from whom this account is taken, has given a list of his writings; but professes to be ignorant of the time of Sir Edward's death.—GILCHRIST.

Ludicra Chauceri, classisque incompta sequentum;
Nascenti apta parum divina hæc machina regno,
In nostrum servanda fuit tantæque decebat
Prælusisse Deos ævi certamina famæ;
Nec geminos vates, nec te Shakspeare silebo,
Aut quicquid sacri nostros conjecit in annos
Consilium fati: per seros ite nepotes
Illustres animæ, demissaque nomina semper
Candidior fama excipiat; sed parcite divi,
Si majora vocant, si pagina sanctior urget.
Est vobis decor, et nativæ gratia Musæ,
Quæ trahit atque tenet, quæ me modò læta remittit,
Excitum modò in alta rapit, versatque legentem.
Sed quàm te memorem vatum Deus: O nova gentis
Gloria et ignoto turgescens musa cothurno!
Quàm solidat vires, quàm pingui robore surgens
Invaditque hauritque animam: haud temerarius ille
Qui mos est reliquis, probat obvia, magnaque fundit
Felici tantum genio; sed destinat ictum,
Sed vafer et sapiens cunctator prævia sternit,
Furtivoque gradu subvectus in ardua, tandem
Dimittit pleno correptos fulmine sensus.
Huc, precor, accedat quisquis primo igue calentem
Ad numeros sua musa vocat, nondumque subacti
Ingenii novitate tumens in carmina fertur
Non normæ legisve memor; quis ferre soluti
Naufragium ingenii poterit, mentisque ruinam?
Quanto pulchrior hic mediis qui regnat in undis,
Turbine correptus nullo: cui spiritus ingens
Non artem vincit: medio sed verus in œstro,
Princeps insano pugnantem numine musam
Edomat, et cudit suspenso metra furore.
In rabiem Catilina tuam conversus et artes
Qualia molitur; quali bacchatur hiatu?
En mugitum oris, conjurat æque Camœnæ,
Divinas furias et non imitabile fulmen!
O verum Ciceronis opus, linguæque disertæ
Elogium spirans! O vox æterna Catonis,
Cæsaream reserans fraudem, retrahensque sequaces
Patricios in cædem, et funera certa reorum!
Quis fando expediat primæ solennia pompæ,
Et circumfusi studium plaususque theatri?
Non tu divini Cicero dux inclyte facti,
Romave majores vidit servata triumphos.
Celsior incedis nostro, Sejane, cothurno
Quàm te Romani, quàm te tua fata ferebant:
Hinc magis insigni casu, celebrique ruina
Volveris, et gravius terrent exempla theatri.
At tu stas nunquam ruituro in culmine vates,
Despiciens auras, et fallax numen amici,
Tutus honore tuo, genitæque volumine famæ.
A Capreis verbosa et grandis epistola frustra
Venerat, offenso major fruerere Tonante,
Si sic crevisses, si sic, Sejane, stetisses.
O fortunatum, qui te, JONSONE, sequutus
Contexit sua fila, suique est nominis author.

T. TERRENT.[1]

VATUM PRINCIPI

BEN. JONSONO

SACRUM.

Poëtarum Maxime!
Sive tu mortem, sive ecstasin passus,
Jaces verendum et plus quam hominis funus.
Sic post receptam sacri furoris gloriam,
Cum exhaustum jam numen decoxit emerita vates
Jugique fluxu non reditura se prodegit anima,
Jacuit Sibyllæ cadaver,
Vel trepidis adhuc cultoribus consulendum.
Nulli se longius indulsit *Deus*, nulli ægrius valedixit;

[1] This poem by Thomas Terrent is a very creditable proof of his skill in the composition of Latin poetry, in which it should seem he principally exercised his muse, since we find a similar tribute prefixed by the same author to the plays and poems of Thomas Randolph.

Terrent was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the degree of Master of Arts, and was tutor of the College. He is entirely overlooked by Antony Wood, unless he be the *Jerumael* Terrent said to be the tutor of Cartwright the poet. (*Athenæ*, 2, 35), which seems not unlikely.—GILCHRIST.

Pares testatus flammas,
Dum exul, ac dum incola.
Annorumque jam ingruente vespere,
Pectus tuum, tanquam poeseos horizonta,
Non sine rubore suo reliquit :
Vatibus nonnullis ingentia prodere ; nec scire datur :
Magnum aliis mysterium, majus sibi,
Ferarum ritu vaticinantium
Inclusum jactant numen quod nesciunt,
Et instinctu sapiunt non intellecto.
Quibus dum ingenium facit audacia, prodest ignorare.
Tibi primo contigit furore frui proprio,
Et numen regere tuum.
Dum pari luctâ afflatibus indicium commisisti,
Bis entheatus :
Aliasque musis mutas addidisti, artes et scientias,
Tui plenus poeta.
Qui furorem insaniæ eximens
Docuisti, et sobrie Aonios latices hauriri.
Primus omnium,
Qui effrænem caloris luxuriem frugi consilio castigaveris,
Ut tandem ingenium sine veniâ placiturum
Possideret Britannia,
Miraretur orbis,
Nihilque inveniret scriptis tuis donandum, præter famam.
Quòd prologi igitur
Velut magnatum propylæa domini titulos proferunt,
Perpetuumque celebratur argumentum, ipse author,
Non arrogantis hoc est, sed judicantis,
Aut vaticinantis,
Virtutis enim illud et vatis est, sibi placere.
Proinde non invidiâ tantum nostrâ, sed laude tuâ
Magnum te prodire jusserunt fata,
Qui integrum nobis poetam solus exhibuisti,
Unusque omnes exprimens.
Cum frondes alii laureas decerpunt, tu totum nemus vindicas,
Nec adulator laudas, nec invidus perstringis:
Utrumque exosus,
Vel sacrificio tuo mella, vel medicinæ acetum immiscere.
Nec intenso nimis spiritu avenam dirupisti,
Nec exili nimis tubam emaculasti ;
Servatis utrinque legibus, lex ipse factus.
Unâ obsequii religione imperium nactus es:
Rerum servus, non temporum.
Ita omnium musarum amasius,
Omnibus perpetuum certamen astas.
Sit Homeri gloria
Urbes de se certantes habere, de te disputant musæ,
Qui seu cothurno niteris, inter poetas tonans pater,
Sive soccum pede comples rotundo,
Et epigrammata dictas agenda,
Facetiasque manibus exprimendas,
Adoranda posteris ducis vestigia, et nobis unus es theatrum metari.
Non arenæ spectacula scena exhibuit tua,
Nec poemata, sed poesin ipsam parturiit,
Populoque mentes, et leges ministravit,
Quibus te damnare possent, si tu poteras peccare.
Sic et oculos spectanti præstas, et spectacula ;
Scenamque condis quæ legi magis gestiat quam spectari.
Non histrioni suum delitura ingenium,
Alii, queis nullus Apollo, sed Mercurius numen,
Quibus afflatus præstant vinum et amasia,
Truduntque in scenam vitia, morbo poetæ.
Quibus musa pagis primisque plaustris apta,
Prærnoriturum vati carmen,
Non edunt, sed abortiunt ;
Cui ipsum etiam prælum conditorium est,
Novâque lucinæ fraude in tenebras emittuntur authores,
Dum poemata sic ut diaria,
Suo tantum anno et regioni effingunt,
Sic quoque Plauti moderni sales,
Ipsi tantum Plauto *σύγχρονοι* :
Et vernaculæ nimium Aristophanis facetiæ
Non extra suum theatrum plausus invenerunt :
Tu interim
Sæculi spiras quoque post futuri genium.
Idemque tuum et orbis theatrum est.
Dum immensum, cumque lectore crescens carmen,
Et perenne uno fundis poema verbo,
Tuas tibi gratulamur fœlices moras !

Quanquam quid moras reprehendimus, quas
nostri fecit reverentia?
Æternum scribi debuit quicquid æternum legi.
Poteras tu solus
Stylo sceptris majore orbem moderari.
Romæ Britannos subjugavit gladius,
Romam Britannis calamus tuus,
Quam sic vinci gestientem,
Cothurno Angliaco sublimiorem quam suis
collibus cernimus.
Demum quod majus est, ætatem nobis nostram subjicis;
Oraculique vicarius,
Quod jussit *Deus*, fides præstat sacerdos,
Homines seipsos noscere instituens.
Lingua nostra
Tibi collectanea tecum crevit,
Vocesque patrias, et tuas simùl formasti.
Nec indigenam amplius, sed JONSONI jactamus facundiam,
Ut inde semper tibi contingat tuâ linguâ celebrari;
Qui et Romam
Disertiores docuisti voces.
Mancipiali denuò iocomate superbientem,
Græciamque etiam
Orbis magistram excoluistî,
Nunc aliâ quàm Atticâ Minervâ eloquentem.
Te solo dives poteras aliorum ingenia contemnere,
Et vel sine illis evasisses ingenii compendium:
Sed ut ille pictor,
Mundo daturus par ideæ exemplar,
Quas hinc et inde pulchritudines
Sparserat natura,
Collegit artifex:
Formæque rivulos palantes in unum cogens
oceanum,
Inde exire jussit alteram sine nævo
Venerem.
Ita tibi parem machinam molito,
In hoc etiam ut pictura erat poesis:
Alii inde authores materies ingenio tuo accedunt,
Tu illis ars, et lima adderis.
Et si poetæ audient illi, tu ipsa poesis;
Authorum non alius calamus, sed author.
Scriptores diu sollicitos teipso tandem docens,
Quem debeat genium habere victurus liber.
Qui præcesserunt, quotquot erant, viarum tantùm judices fuerunt:
Tu solùm Columna.
Quæ prodest aliis virtus, obstat domino.
Et qui cæteros emendatiùs transcripseras,
Ipse transcribi nescis.
Par prioribus congressus, futuris impar,
Scenæ Perpetuus Dictator.

ROB. WARING.[1]

EPITAPHIUM
IN BEN. JONSON.

Adsta, hospes! pretium moræ est, sub isto
Quid sit, discere, conditum sepulchro.
Socci deliciæ; decus cothurni;
Scenæ pompa; cor et caput theatri;
Linguarum sacer helluo; perennis
Defluxus venerum; scatebra salsi
Currens lene joci, sed innocentis;
Artis perspicuum jubar; coruscum
Sydus; judicii pumex, profundus
Doctrinæ puteus, tamen serenus;
Scriptorum genius; poeticus dux,
Quantum O sub rigido latet lapillo!

WILLIAM BEW.[2]
N. Coll. Oxon. Soc.

[1] Robert Waring, the son of Edward Waring, of Lea in Staffordshire, and of Oldbury in Shropshire, was born in Staffordshire, in 1613, was elected into Christ Church, Oxford, from Westminster School, and took the degree of Master of Arts. In 1647 he was chosen proctor and historical professor: but, following the loyal example of his companions in taking up arms for the king, he was ejected by the Parliamentary visitors. He then travelled into France with Sir William Whitmore, "a great patron of distressed cavaliers,"—but returning to England, he contracted an inveterate disorder which terminated his existence in 1658.—GILCHRIST.

[2] William Bew was born at Hagborne in Berkshire, and after being educated at Winchester School, removed to New College, Oxford, of which he became fellow in 1637, and where he took his degree as Master of Arts in 1644. When his rebellious subjects took up arms against the king, Bew joined the soldiers of his sovereign, and had a majority of horse. Being chosen proctor for 1648, he was set aside by the Parliamentary visitors, and, being ejected from his fellowship by the same authority, he quitted England and served the Swedes in their war against the Poles. Hitherto arms appear to have been his profession,—but more peaceable times arriving, with the return of Charles II., Bew returned, and being restored to his fellow-

IN OBITUM

BEN. JONSON.

Nec sic excidimus : pars tantùm vilior audit
Imperium Libitina tuum, cælestior urget
Æthereos tractus, mediasque supervolat auras,
Et velut effusum spissa inter nubila lumen
Ingenii strictura micat : fœlicior ille,
Quisquis ab hoc victuram actavit lampada Phœbo.
In famulante faces accendimus, idque severæ,
Quod damus alterius vitæ, concedimus umbræ.
Sic caput Ismarii, cæsa cervice, Poetæ,
Nescio quid rapido vocale immurmurat Hebro,
Memnonis adverso sic stridit chordula Phœbo,
Datque modos magicos, tenuesque reciprocat auras.
Seu tu grandiloqui torques vaga frœna theatri,
En tibi vox geminis applaudit publica palmis ;
Seu juvat in numeros, palantes cogere voces
Mæoniâ JONSONE cheli, te pronus amantum
Prosequitur cœtus, studioso imitamine vatum.
BENJAMINI insignis quondam quintuplice ditis
Suffitu mensæ, densaque paropside, sed tu
Millenâ plus parte alios excedis, et auctis
Accumulas dapibus, propriâ de dote, placentam.

SAM. EVANS, *LL. Bacc.*
No. Coll. Oxon. Soc.

IN

BEN. JONSON.

Quòd martes Epico tonat cothurno,
Sive aptat Elegis leves amores,
Seu sales Epigrammatum jocosos
Promit, seu numerosiora plectro
Jungit verba, sibi secundat orsa
Cyrrhæus, nec Hyantiæ sorores
Ulli dexterius favent poetæ,
Hoc cum Mæonide sibi et Marone,
Et cum Callimacho, et simul Tibullo
Commune est, aliisque cum trecentis :
Sed quòd Anglia quotquot eruditos
Fœcundo ediderit sinu poetas
Acceptos referat sibi, sua omnes
Hos industria finxerit, laborque
JONSONI, hoc proprium est suumque totum,
Qui Poëmata fecit et Poetas.

R. BRIDEOAKE.[1]

Ιωνσωνῳ ποτε φῦντι παρεστη ποτνια Μοῦσα,
Και Βρομιος, και Ερως, και Χαριτων θιασος,
Ενϊος αρτιτοκον λαβε νεβριδι, σπαιρξε τε κισσῷ,
Λουσας και ποτισας νεκταρ τῷ βοτρυος.
Κυσσαν δι' αἱ Χαριτες, και αειθαλεεσσι ῥοδοῖσιν
Εστεφον, ηδ' ἱεροῖς βακχαριδος πεταλοις.
Κεστον τυτθος ερως, συλησας μητερα δῶκεν,
Ἀγνον θελξινοῳ φιλτρον αοιδοπολῳ·
Τοῖς δ' επι Μῶσα σοφῳ ψιθυρισματι παιδ' εμυησε,
Χρυσειας πτερυγας λικνου ὑπερσχομενη·
Χαῖρε θεῶν κηρυξ, γαιης μεγα χαρμα Βρεταννῆς.
Χαῖρ' ελπις Σκηνῶν τῶν ετι γυμνοποδων·
Ἀῖς συ χορηγησων ειτ' εμβαδως, ειτε κοθορνους,
Ἑλλαδα και Ῥωμην ες φθονον οιστρελασεις·
Γαυριοων θριγκοῖσι νεοδμητοιο Θεατρου,
Ικρι' αμειψαμενου μαρμαρεῶν ψαλιδων.
Η· και ἀπιπταμενη, βρεφεος παλαμῃσιν ενῆκε
Πλινθον, ἀρειοτερης συμβολον οικοδομῆς.

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ship, he became vicar of Ebberbury in Oxfordshire. On the 22nd June, 1679, he was consecrated Bishop of Llandaff, and died in his ninetieth year, on the 10th Feb., 1705. — GILCHRIST.

[1] Bishop of Chichester. See p. 517.

Supplementary Pieces.

TO HIS MUCH AND WORTHILY-ESTEEMED FRIEND, THE AUTHOR OF "CINTHIA'S REVENGE."

[These lines are prefixed to *Cinthia's Revenge: or Menander's Extasie. Written by John Stephens, Gent., London.* 1613. Mr. W. C. Hazlitt (to whose valuable *Hand Book* I am indebted for a knowledge of the existence of this and the three following pieces) states his conviction that "although the name of Stephens appears upon the title, internal evidence establishes the authorship of Swallow."—F. C.]

Who takes thy volume to his virtuous hand
Must be intended still to understand:
Who bluntly doth but look upon the same
May ask, *What Author would conceal his name?*
Who reads may roave,[1] and call the passage dark,
Yet may as blind men, sometimes, hit the mark.
Who reads, who roaves, who hopes to understand,
May take thy volume to his virtuous hand.
Who cannot read, but only doth desire
To understand, he may at length admire.

B. I.

[From "The New English Canaan. Containing an Abstract of New England in three Books, written upon tenne Yeares Knowledge and Experiment of the Country. [By Thomas Morton.] Amsterdam, 1627. 4to.—F. C.]

I sing the adventures of nine worthy wights,
And pity 'tis I cannot call them knights,
Since they had brawn and brain, and were right able
To be installéd of Prince Arthur's table;
Yet all of them were squires of low degree,
As did appear by rules of Heraldry.
The Magi told of a prodigious birth,
That shortly should be found upon the earth,
By Archimede's art, which they misconster
Unto their land would prove a hideous monster.
Seven heads it had, and twice so many feet,
Arguing the body to be wondrous great;
Besides a forked tail, heaved up on high,
As if it threatened battle to the sky.
The Rumour of this fearful prodigy
Did cause the effeminate multitude to cry,
For want of great Alcides' aid, and stood
Like people that have seen Medusa's head:
Great was the grief of heart, great was the moan,
And great the fear conceived by every one,
Of Hydra's hideous form and dreadful power,
Doubting in time this monster would devour
All their best flocks, whose dainty wool consorts
Itself with scarlet in all Prince's Courts.
Not Jason, nor the adventurous youths of Greece,
Did bring from Colchos any richer fleece:
In emulation of the Grecian force,
These Worthies nine prepared a wooden horse,
And, pricked with pride of like success, devise
How they may purchase glory by this prize,
And, if they give to Hydra's head the fall,
It will remain a platform unto all
Their brave achievements, and in time to come,
Per fas aut nefas they'll erect a throne.

[1] To *roave*, or *rove*, a term of archery; means here to *take a guess*.

This is already in p. 292 of this volume!

Clubs are turned trumps: so now the lot is cast
With fire and sword to Hydra's den they haste,
Mars in the ascendant, Sol in Cancer now,
And Lærna Lake to Pluto's Court must bow.
What though they are rebuked by thundering Jove,
'Tis neither gods or men that can remove
Their minds from making this a dismal day:
These nine will now be actors in this play,
And summon Hydra to appear anon
Before their witless combination.
But his undaunted spirit, nursed with meat
Such as the Cyclops gave their babes to eat,
Scorned their base accons, for with Cecrops charm
He knew he could defend himself from harm
Of Minos, Eacus, and Radamand,
Princes of Limbo, who must out of hand
Consult 'bout Hydra what must now be done.
Who having sate in Counsel one by one
Return this answer to the Stygian fiends;
And first grim Minos spake, "Most loving friends,
Hydra prognosticks ruin to our state,
And that our kingdom will grow desolate;
But if one head from thence be ta'en away,
The body and the members will decay."
"To take in hand," said Eacus, "this task,
Is such as hare-brained Phaeton did ask
Of Phœbus to begird the world about,
Which, granted, put the nether lands to rout.
Presumptuous fools learn wit at too much cost,
For life and labour both at once he lost."
Stern Radamantus being last to speak,
Made a great hum, and thus did silence break:
"What if with rattling chains or iron bands,
Hydra be bound either by feet or hands,
And after being lashed with smarting rods,
He be conveyed by Styx unto the gods,
To be accused on the upper ground
Of *læsæ majestatis;* this crime found,
'Twill be impossible from thence I trow
Hydra shall come to trouble us below."
This sentence pleased the friends exceedingly,
That up they tossed their bonnets and did cry,
"Long live our Court in great prosperity!"
The Sessions ended, some did straight devise
Court Revels, antics, and a world of joys;
Brave Christmas gambols, therewith open hall
Kept to the full, and sport the Divell and all!
Labours despised, the looms are laid away,
And this proclaimed the Stygian holiday!
In came grim Minos with his motley beard,
And brought a distillation well prepared;
And Eacus, who is as sure as text,
Came in with his preparatives the next.
Then Radamantus, last and principall,
Feasted the Worthies in his sumptuous hall.
There Charon, Cerberus, and the rout of fiends,
Had lap enough, and so their pastime ends.

The Ghyrlond of the Blessed Virgin Marie.

[From "The Female Glory; or, the Life and Death of our Blessed Lady, the holy Virgin Mary, God's own Immaculate Mother. London, printed by Thomas Harper, for John Waterson. 1635." I doubt much whether these stanzas are Jonson's.—F. C.]

Here are five letters in this blessed name,
Which, changed, a five-fold mystery design;
The M the Myrtle, A the Almonds claim,
R Rose, I Ivy, E sweet Eglantine.

These form thy ghyrlond. Whereof, Myrtle Green,
The gladdest ground to all the numbered five,
Is so implexéd, and laid in between,
As Love here studied to keep Grace alive.

The second string is the sweet Almond bloom,
Upmounted high upon Selinis crest;
As it alone, and only it, had room
To knit thy crown, and glorify the rest.

The third is from the garden called the Rose,
The Eye of flowers, worthy for his scent
To top the fairest Lily now that grows,
With wonder on the thorny regiment.

The fourth is humble Ivy, intersert
But lowly laid, as on the earth asleep,
Preservéd in her antique bed of Vert,
No faith's more firm, or flat, than where't doth creep.

But that which sums all is the Eglantine,
Which, of the field, is classed the sweetest brier,
Inflamed with ardour to that mystic shine
In Moses' bush, unwasted in the fire.

Thus Love, and Hope, and burning Charity,
Divinest graces, are so intermixed
With odorous sweets and soft humility,
As if they adored the Head whereon they're fixed.

The Reverse, on the Back Side.

These Mysteries do point to three more great,
On the reverse of this your circling crown,
All pouring their full share of graces down,
The glorious Trinity in Union met.

Daughter, and Mother, and the Spouse of God,
Alike of kin to that most blessed Trine
Of persons, yet in Union ONE divine,
How are thy gifts and graces blazed abroad!

Most holy and pure Virgin, blesséd Maid,
Sweet tree of life, King David's strength and tower,
The House of gold, the gate of heaven's power,
The Morning Star, whose light our Fall hath stayed.

Great Queen of Queens, most mild, most meek, most wise,
Most venerable Cause of all our joy,
Whose cheerful look our sadness doth destroy,
And art the spotless mirror to man's eyes

The Seat of Sapience, the most lovely Mother,
And most to be admiréd of thy sex,
Who mad'st us happy all in thy reflex,
By bringing forth GOD'S only Son, no other.

Thou throne of glory, beauteous as the Moon,
The rosy Morning, or the rising Sun,
Who like a Giant hastes his course to run,
Till he hath reached his two-fold point of Noon.

How are thy gifts and graces blazed abroad
Through all the lines of this circumference,
T' imprint in all purged hearts this virgin sense
Of being Daughter, Mother, Spouse of GOD.

B. I.

Cock Lorrel's Song.

[In the recently published volume of "Loose and Humorous Songs, from Bishop Percy's folio MS.," is a version of the Cocklorrel Song in the *Gipsies Metamorphosed* which contains a multitude of various readings, and the following six stanzas, which take the place of the single one, commencing "The jowl of a jailor served for a fish," at vol. iii. p. 156 *b*.—F. C.]

Then broiled and broacht on a butcher's prick [skewer],
The kidney came in of a Holy Sister;
This bit had almost made his devilship sick,
That his doctor did fear he would need a glister:

"For hark," quoth he, "how his belly rumbles!"
And then with his paw—*that* was a reacher—
He pulled-to a pie of a Traitor's numbles,
And the giblets of a Silent Teacher.

The jowl of a Jailor was served for a fish,
With vinegar pist by the Dean of Dunstable,
Two Aldermen lobsters asleep in a dish,
With a dried Deputye, and a souséd Constable.

These got him so fierce a stomach again
That now he wants meat whereon to feed-a;
He called for the victuals were dressed for his train,
And they brought him up an Olla podrida,

Wherein were mingled Courtiers, Clown,
Tradesmen, Merchants, Banquerouts store,
Churchmen, Lawyers, of either gown
Of Civil or Common;—Player and Whore;

Countess and Servant; Lady and Woman;
Mistress and Chambermaid; Coachman and Knight;
Lord and Huisher; Groom and Yeoman;—
Where first the fiend with his fork did light.

All which devoured, &c. &c. &c.

Ode ἀλληγορικὴ.

[These spirited, and thoroughly Jonsonian stanzas, are prefixed to a Poem, published in 1603, with the following title, "PANCHARIS: The first Booke, containing The Preparation of the Love betweene Owen Tudyr, and the Queene, long since intended to her Maiden Majestie; And now dedicated to *The Invincible James*, Second and greater Monarch of Great *Britaine*, King of *England*, *Scotland*, *France*, and *Ireland*, with the Islands adjacent. Printed at London by V.S. for Clement Knight. 1603."

This work, of which only one copy is known to exist (among Burton's books in the Bodleian) was first described in 1865 by Mr. Collier, in his *Bibliographical Catalogue*, vol. ii. p. 443, and afterwards reprinted in the following year in his "green series," or "Illustrations of our Old English Literature." Particular attention was called by him to this Ode of Jonson's, which has notwithstanding been overlooked by Mr. Hazlitt. The notices of Scotland are especially interesting, as showing for how many years before he actually visited it, the localities of his ancestral land had occupied his mind. His mention of the drinking habits of the Danes, in the same year in which *Hamlet* was first published, has hitherto escaped Shakspearian commentators.—F. C.]

I.

Who saith our times nor have nor can
  Produce us a black swan?
  Behold where one doth swim,
    Whose note and hue
Besides the other swannes admiring him,
    Betray it true:
  A gentler bird than this
Did never dint the breast of *Tamisis*.

II.

Mark, mark, but when his wing he takes,
  How fair a flight he makes!
  How upward and direct!
    Whilst pleased Apollo
Smiles in his sphere to see the rest affect
    In vain to follow.
  This swanne is only his,
And *Phœbus'* love cause of his blackness is.

III.

He showed him first the hoof-cleft spring,
  Near which the *Thespiads* sing;
  The clear *Dircæan* fount
    Where *Pindar* swam;
The pale *Pyrene* and the forked *Mount*:
    And when they came
  To brooks and broader streams,
From *Zephyr's* rape would close him with his beams.

IV.

This changed his down, till this, as white
  As the whole beard in sight,
  And still is in the breast;
    That part nor winde,
Nor sun could make to vary from the rest,
    Or alter kinde;
  So much doth virtue hate,
For style of rareness, to degenerate.

V.

Be then both rare and good: and long
  Continue thy sweet song.
  Nor let one river boast
    Thy tunes alone;
But prove the air, and sail from coast to coast:
    Salute old *Mône*.
  But first to *Cluid* stoop low,
The vale that bred thee pure, as her hills' snow.

VI.

From thence display thy wing again
  Over *Iêrna* main
  To the *Engenian* dale;
    There charm the rout
With thy soft notes, and hold them within pale
    That late were out.
  Music hath power to draw,
Where neither force can bend, nor fear can awe.

VII.

Be proof, the glory of his hand,
(*Charles Montjoy*) whose command
Hath all been harmony :
And more hath won
Upon the *Kerne*, and wildest *Irishry*
Than time hath done,
Whose strength is above strength,
And conquers all things; yea itself, at length.

VIII.

Who ever sipt at *Baphyre* river,
That heard but spight deliver
His far-admirèd acts,
And is not rapt
With entheate rage to publish their bright tracts?
But this more apt
When him alone we sing) ;
Now must we ply our aim, our swan's on wing.

IX.

Who (see) already hath o'erflown
The *Hebrid* Isles, and known
The scattered *Orcades;*
From thence is gone
To utmost *Thule;* whence he backs the Seas
To *Caledon*,
And over *Grampius* mountain
To *Loumond* lake, and *Twede's* black-springing fountain.

X.

Haste, haste, sweet singer! nor to *Tine*,
Humber, or *Owse* decline ;
But over land to *Trent:*
There cool thy plumes,
And up again, in skies and air to vent
Their reeking fumes ;
Till thou at *Tames* alight,
From whose proud bosom thou began'st thy flight.

XI.

Tames, proud of thee and of his fate
In entertaining late
The choise of *Europe's* pride,
The nimble *French*,
The *Dutch*, whom wealth (not hatred) doth divide,
The *Danes* that drench
Their cares in wine : with sure
Though slower *Spaine*, and *Italy* mature.

XII.

All which, when they but hear a strain
Of thine shall think the *Maine*
Hath sent her *Mermaides* in,
To hold them here ;
Yet, looking in thy face, they shall begin
To lose that fear ;
And (in the place) envy
So black a bird so bright a qualitie.

XIII.

But should they know (as I) that this
Who warbleth PANCHARIS,
Were *Cycnus*, once high flying
With Cupid's wing ;
Though now, by Love transformed and daily dying,
(Which makes him sing
With more delight and grace) ;
Or thought they *Leda's* white adult'rer's place

XIV.

Among the stars should be resigned
To him, and he there shrined;
Or *Tames* be wrapt from us
To dim and drown
In heaven the sign of old *Eridanus:*
How they would frown!
But these are mysteries
Concealed from all but clear prophetick eyes.

XV.

It is enough, their grief shall know
At their return, nor *Po*,
Iberus, *Tagus*, *Rheine*,
Scheldt, nor the *Maas*,
Slow *Arar*, nor swift *Rhone*, the *Loyre*, nor *Seine*,
With all the race
Of *Europe's* waters can
Set out a like, or second to our Swan.

Harry Constable — 310.
The Gondomar First Folio — 324.
Of a a person of Bacon's — 320. the subject of p. 3.

Ref. to Sh. 519 (a)

p 525 (b)

p 518 (a) —
510 (a) —

p 513 —