The Lives of the Poets of Great Britain and Ireland (1753) eBook

The Lives of the Poets of Great Britain and Ireland (1753) by Theodore Watts-Dunton

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THE LIVES OF THE POETS.

* * * *

GEOFFRY CHAUCER.

It has been observed that men of eminence in all ages, and distinguished for the same excellence, have generally had something in their lives similar to each other. The place of Homer's nativity, has not been more variously conjectured, or his parents more differently assigned than our author's. Leland, who lived nearest to Chaucer's time of all those who have wrote his life, was commissioned by king Henry VIII, to search all the libraries, and religious houses in England, when those archives were preserved, before their destruction was produced by the reformation, or Polydore Virgil had consumed such curious pieces as would have contradicted his framed and fabulous history. He for some reasons believed Oxford or Berkshire to have given birth to this great man, but has not informed us what those reasons were that induced him to believe so, and at present there appears no other, but that the seats of his family were in those countries.

Pitts positively asserts, without producing any authority to support it, that Woodstock was the place; which opinion Mr. Camden seems to hint at, where he mentions that town; but it may be suspected that Pitts had no other ground for the assertion, than Chaucer's mentioning Woodstock park in his works, and having a house there. But after all these different pretensions, he himself, in the Testament of Love, seems to point out the place of his nativity to be the city of London, and tho' Mr. Camden mentions the claim of Woodstock, he does not give much credit to it; for speaking of Spencer (who was uncontrovertedly born in London) he calls him fellow citizen to Chaucer.

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The descent of Chaucer is as uncertain, and unfixed by the critics, as the place of his birth. Mr. Speight is of opinion that one Richard Chaucer was his father, and that one Elizabeth Chaucer, a nun of St. Helen's, in the second year of Richard *ii*. might have been his sister, or of his kindred. But this conjecture, says Urry,[1] seems very improbable; for this Richard was a vintner, living at the corner of Kirton-lane, and at his death left his house, tavern, and stock to the church of St. Mary Aldermary, which in all probability he would not have done if he had had any sons to possess his fortune; nor is it very likely he could enjoy the family estates mentioned by Leland in Oxfordshire, and at the same time follow such an occupation. Pitts asserts, that his father was a knight; but tho' there is no authority to support this assertion, yet it is reasonable to suppose that he was something superior to a common employ. We find one John Chaucer attending upon Edward *iii*. and Queen Philippa, in their expedition to Flanders and Cologn, who had the King's protection to go over sea in the twelfth year of his reign. It is highly probable that this gentleman was father to our Geoffry, and the supposition is strengthened by Chaucer's first application, after leaving the university and inns of law, being to the Court; nor is it unlikely that the service of the father should recommend the son.

It is universally agreed, that he was born in the second year of the reign of King Edward *iii*. A.D. 1328. His first studies were in the university of Cambridge, and when about eighteen years of age he wrote his Court of Love, but of what college he was is uncertain, there being no account of him in the records of the University. From Cambridge he was removed to Oxford in order to compleat his studies, and after a considerable stay there, and a strict application to the public lectures of the university, he became (says Leland) "a ready logician, a smooth rhetorician, a pleasant poet, a great philosopher, an ingenious mathematician, and a holy divine. That he was a great master in astronomy, is plain by his discourses of the Astrolabe. That he was versed in hermetic philosophy (which prevailed much at that time), appears by his Tale of the Chanons Yeoman: His knowledge in divinity is evident from his Parson's Tale, and his philosophy from the Testament of Love." Thus qualified to make a figure in the world, he left his learned retirement, and travelled into France, Holland, and other countries, where he spent some of his younger days. Upon his return he entered himself in the Inner Temple, where he studied the municipal laws of the land. But he had not long prosecuted that dry study, till his superior abilities were taken notice of by some persons of distinction, by whole patronage he then approached the splendor of the court. The reign of Edward *iii*. was glorious and successful, he was a discerning as well as a fortunate Monarch; he had a taste as well for

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erudition as for arms; he was an encourager of men of wit and parts, and permitted them to approach him, without reserve. At Edward's court nothing but gallantry and a round of pleasure prevailed, and how well qualified our poet was to shine in the soft circles, whoever has read his works, will be at no loss to determine; but besides the advantages of his wit and learning, he possessed those of person in a very considerable degree. He was then about the age of thirty, of a fair beautiful complexion, his lips red and full, his size of a just medium, and his air polished and graceful, so that he united whatever could claim the approbation of the Great, and charm the eyes of the Fair. He had abilities to record the valour of the one, and celebrate the beauty of the other, and being qualified by his genteel behaviour to entertain both, he became a finished courtier. The first dignity to which we find him preferred, was that of page to the king, a place of so much honour and esteem at that time, that Richard *ii*. leaves particular legacies to his pages, when few others of his servants are taken notice of. In the forty-first year of Edward *iii*. he received as a reward of his services, an annuity of twenty marks per ann. payable out of the Exchequer, which in those days was no inconsiderable pension; in a year after he was advanced to be of his Majesty's privy chamber, and a very few months to be his shield bearer, a title, at that time, (tho' now extinct) of very great honour, being always next the king's person, and generally upon signal victories rewarded with military honours. Our poet being thus eminent by his places, contracted friendships, and procured the esteem of persons of the first quality. Queen Philippa, the Duke of Lancaster, and his Duchess Blanch, shewed particular honour to him, and lady Margaret the king's daughter, and the countess of Pembroke gave him their warmest patronage as a poet. In his poems called the Romaunt, and the Rose, and Troilus and Creseide, he gave offence to some court ladies by the looseness of his description, which the lady Margaret resented, and obliged him to atone for it, by his Legend of good Women, a piece as chaste as the others were luxuriously amorous, and, under the name of the Daisy, he veils lady Margaret, whom of all his patrons he most esteemed.

Thus loved and honoured, his younger years were dedicated to pleasure and the court. By the recommendation of the Dutchess Blanch, he married one Philippa Rouet, sister to the guardianess of her grace's children, who was a native of Hainault: He was then about thirty years of age, and being fixed by marriage, the king began to employ him in more public and advantageous posts. In the forty-sixth year of his majesty's reign, Chaucer was sent to Venice in commission with others, to treat with the Doge and Senate of Genoa, about affairs of great importance to our state. The duke of Lancaster, whose favourite passion was ambition, which demanded the assistance of learned

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men, engaged warmly in our poet's interest; besides, the duke was remarkably fond of Lady Catherine Swynford, his wife's sister, who was then guardianess to his children, and whom he afterwards made his wife; thus was he doubly attached to Chaucer, and with the varying fortune of the duke of Lancaster we find him rise or fall. Much about this time, for his successful negociations at Genoa, the king granted to him by letters patent, by the title of Armiger Noster, one pitcher of wine daily in the port of London, and soon after made him comptroller of the customs, with this particular proviso, that he should personally execute the office, and write the accounts relating to it with his own hand. But as he was advanced to higher places of trust, so he became more entangled in the affairs of state, the consequence of which proved very prejudicial to him. The duke of Lancaster having been the chief instrument of raising him to dignity, expected the fruits of those favours in a ready compliance with him in all his designs. That prince was certainly one of the proudest and most ambitious men of his time, nor could he patiently bear the name of a subject even to his father; nothing but absolute power, and the title of king could satisfy him; upon the death of his elder brother, Edward the black prince, he fixed an eye upon the English crown, and seemed to stretch out an impatient hand to reach it. In this view he sought, by all means possible, to secure his interest against the decease of the old king; and being afraid of the opposition of the clergy, who are always strenuous against an irregular succession, he embraced the opinions and espoused the interests of Wickliff, who now appeared at Oxford, and being a man of very great abilities, and much esteemed at court, drew over to his party great numbers, as well fashionable as low people. In this confusion, the duke of Lancaster endeavoured all he could to shake the power of the clergy, and to procure votaries amongst the leading popular men. Chaucer had no small hand in promoting these proceedings, both by his public interest and writings. Towards the close of Edward's reign, he was very active in the intrigues of the court party, and so recommended himself to the Prince successor, that upon his ascending the throne, he confirmed to him by the title of Dilectus Armiger Noster, the grant made by the late king of twenty marks per annum, and at the same time confirmed the other grant of the late King for a pitcher of wine to be delivered him daily in the port of London. In less than two years after this, we find our poet so reduced in his cirumstances, (but by what means is unknown) that the King in order to screen him from his creditors, took him under his protection, and allowed him still to enjoy his former grants. The duke of Lancaster, whose restless ambition ever excited him to disturb the state, engaged now with, all the interest of which he was master to promote himself to the crown; the opinions of Wickliff gained

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ground, and so great a commotion now prevailed amongst the clergy, that the king perceiving the state in danger, and being willing to support the clerical interest, suffered the archbishop of Canterbury to summon Wickliff to appear before him, whose interest after this arraignment very much decayed.[2] The king who was devoted to his pleasures, resigned himself, to some young courtiers who hated the duke of Lancaster, and caused a fryar to accuse him of an attempt to kill the king; but before he had an opportunity of making out the charge against him, the fryar was murdered in a cruel and barbarous manner by lord John Holland, to whose care he had been committed. This lord John Holland, called lord Huntingdon, and duke of Exeter, was half brother to the King, and had married Elizabeth, daughter of the duke of Lancaster. He was a great patron of Chaucer, and much respected by him. With the duke of Lancaster's interest Chaucer's also sunk. His patron being unable to support him, he could no longer struggle against opposite parties, or maintain his posts of honour. The duke passing over sea, his friends felt all the malice of an enraged court; which induced them to call in a number of the populace to assist them, of which our poet was a zealous promoter. One John of Northampton, a late lord mayor of London was at the head of these disturbances; which did not long continue; for upon beheading one of the rioters, and Northampton's being taken into custody, the commotion subsided. Strict search was made after Chaucer, who escaped into Hainault; afterwards he went to France, and finding the king resolute to get him into his hands, he fled from thence to Zealand. Several accomplices in this affair were with him, whom he supported in their exile, while the chief ringleaders, (except Northampton who was condemned at Reading upon the evidence of his clerk) had restored themselves to court favour by acknowledging their crime, and now forgot the integrity and resolution of Chaucer, who suffered exile to secure their secrets; and so monstrously ungrateful were they, that they wished his death, and by keeping supplies of money from him, endeavoured to effect it;—While he expended his fortune in removing from place to place, and in supporting his fellow exiles, so far from receiving any assistance from England, his apartments were let, and the money received for rent was never acccounted for to him; nor could he recover any from those who owed it him, they being of opinion it was impossible for him ever to return to his own country. The government still pursuing their resentment against him and his friends, they were obliged to leave Zealand, and Chaucer being unable to bear longer the calamities of poverty and exile, and finding no security wherever he fled, chose rather to throw himself upon the laws of his country, than perish abroad by hunger and oppression. He had not long returned till he was arrested by order of the king, and confined in the tower of London.

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The court sometimes flattered him with the return of the royal favour if he would impeach his accomplices, and sometimes threatened him with immediate destruction; their threats and promises he along while disregarded, but recollecting the ingratitude of his old friends, and the miseries he had already suffered, he at last made a confession, and according to the custom of trials at that time, offered to prove the truth of it by combat. What the consequence of this discovery was to his accomplices, is uncertain, it no doubt exposed him to their resentment, and procured him the name of a traytor; but the king, who regarded him as one beloved by his grandfather, was pleased to pardon him. Thus fallen from a heighth of greatness, our poet retired to bemoan the fickleness of fortune, and then wrote his Testament of Love, in which are many pathetic exclamations concerning the vicissitude of human things, which he then bitterly experienced. But as he had formerly been the favourite of fortune, when dignities were multiplied thick upon him, so his miseries now succeeded with an equal swiftness; he was not only discarded by his majesty, unpensioned, and abandoned, but he lost the favour of the duke of Lancaster, as the influence of his wife's sister with that prince was now much lessened. The duke being dejected with the troubles in which he was involved, began to reflect on his vicious course of life, and particularly his keeping that lady as his concubine; which produced a resolution of putting her out of his house, and he made a vow to that purpose. Chaucer, thus reduced, and weary of the perpetual turmoils at court, retired to Woodstock, to enjoy a studious quiet; where he wrote his excellent treatise of the Astrolabe; but notwithstanding the severe treatment of the government, he still retained his loyalty, and strictly enjoined his son to pray for the king. As the pious resolutions of some people are often the consequence of a present evil, so at the return of prosperity they are soon dissipated. This proved the case with the duke of Lancaster: his party again gathered strength, his interest began to rise; upon which he took again his mistress to his bosom, and not content with heaping favours, honours, and titles upon her, he made her his wife, procured an act of parliament to legitimate her children, which gave great offence to the duchess of Gloucester, the countess of Derby, and Arundel, as she then was entitled to take place of them. With her interest, Chaucer's also returned, and after a long and bitter storm, the sun began to shine upon him with an evening ray; for at the sixty-fifth year of his age, the king granted to him, by the title of Delectus Armiger Noster, an annuity of twenty marks per annum during his life, as a compensation for the former pension his needy circumstances obliged him to part with; but however sufficient that might be for present support, yet as he was encumbered with debts, he durst not appear publickly till his majesty again granted him his royal protection to screen him from the persecution of his creditors; he also restored to him his grant of a pitcher of wine daily, and a pipe annually, to be delivered to him by his son Thomas, who that year possessed the office of chief butler to the king.

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Now that I have mentioned his son, it will not be improper, to take a view of our author's domestical affairs, at least as far as we are enabled, by materials that have descended to our times.

Thomas his eldest son, was married to one of the greatest fortunes in England, Maud, daughter and heir of Sir John Burgheershe, knight of the garter, and Dr. Henry Burghurshe bishop of Lincoln, chancellor and treasurer of England. Mr. Speight says this lady was given him in marriage by Edward *iii*. in return of his services performed in his embassies in France. His second son Lewis was born in 1381, for when his father wrote the treatise of the Astrolabe, he was ten years old; he was then a student in Merton college in Oxford, and pupil to Nicholas Strade, but there is no further account of him. Thomas who now enjoyed the office of chief butler to his majesty, had the same place confirmed to him for life, by letters patent to king Henry *iv*, and continued by Henry VI. In the 2d year of Henry *iv*, we find him Speaker of the House of Commons, Sheriff of Oxfordshire and Berkshire, and Constable of Wallingford castle and Knaresborough castle during life. In the 6th year of the same prince, he was sent ambassador to France. In the 9th of the same reign the Commons presented him their Speaker; as they did likewise in the 11th year. Soon after this Queen Jane, granted to him for his good service, the manor of Woodstock, Hannerborough and Wotten during life; and in the 13th year, he was again presented Speaker as he was in the 2d of Henry V, and much about that time he was sent by the king, to treat of a marriage with Catherine daughter to the duke of Burgundy; he was sent again ambassador to France, and passed thro' a great many public stations. Mr. Stebbing says that he was knighted, but we find no such title given him in any record. He died at Ewelm, the chief place of his residence, in the year 1434. By his wife Maud he had one daughter named Alice, who was thrice married, first to Sir John Philips, and afterwards to Thomas Montacute earl of Salisbury: her third husband was the famous William de la Pole, duke of Suffolk, who lost his head by the fury of the Yorkists, who dreaded his influence in the opposite party, tho' he stood proscribed by the parliament of Henry VI. for misguiding that easy prince. Their son John had three sons, the second of whom, Edmund, forfeited his life to the crown for treason against Henry *vii*, by which means the estates which Chaucer's family possessed came to the crown. But to return to our poet: By means of the duke of Lancaster's marriage with his sister in law, he again grew to a considerable share of wealth; but being now about seventy years of age, and fatigued with a tedious view of hurried greatness, he quitted the stage of grandeur where he had acted so considerable a part with varied success, and retired to Dunnigton castle[3] near Newbury, to reflect at leisure upon past transactions in the

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still retreats of contemplation. In this retirement did he spend his few remaining years, universally loved and honoured; he was familiar with all men of learning in his time, and contracted friendship with persons of the greatest eminence as well in literature as politics; Gower, Occleve, Lidgate, Wickliffe were great admirers, and particular friends of Chaucer; besides he was well acquainted with foreign poets, particularly Francis Petrarch the famous Italian poet, and refiner of the language. A Revolution in England soon after this happened, in which we find Chaucer but little concerned; he made no mean compliments to Henry *iv*, but Gower his cotemporary, though then very old, flattered the reigning prince, and insulted the memory of his murdered Sovereign. All acts of parliament and grants in the last reign being annulled, Chaucer again repaired to Court to get fresh grants, but bending with age and weakness, tho' he was successful in his request, the fatigue of attendance so overcame him, that death prevented his enjoying his new possessions. He died the 25th of October in the year 1400, in the second of Henry *iv*, in the 72d of his age, and bore the shock of death with the same fortitude and resignation with which he had undergone a variety of pressures, and vicissitudes of fortune.

Dryden says, he was poet laureat to three kings, but Urry is of opinion that Dryden must be mistaken, as among all his works not one court poem is to be found, and Selden observes, that he could find no poet honoured with that title in England before the reign of Edward *iv*, to whom one John Kaye dedicated the Siege of Rhodes in prose by the title of his Humble Poet Laureat.

I cannot better display the character of this great man than in the following words of Urry. "As to his temper, says he, he had a mixture of the gay, the modest and the grave. His reading was deep and extensive, his judgment sound and discerning; he was communicative of his knowledge, and ready to correct or pass over the faults of his cotemporary writers. He knew how to judge of and excuse the slips of weaker capacities, and pitied rather than exposed the ignorance of that age. In one word, he was a great scholar, a pleasant wit, a candid critic, a sociable companion, a stedfast friend, a great philosopher, a temperate oeconomist, and a pious christian." As to his genius as a poet, Dryden (than whom a higher authority cannot be produced) speaking of Homer and Virgil, positively asserts, that our author exceeded the latter, and stands in competition with the former.

His language, how unintelligible soever it may seem, is almost as modern as any of his cotemporaries, or of those who followed him at the distance of 50 or 60 years, as Harding, Skelton and others, and in some places it is so smooth and beautiful, that Dryden would not attempt to alter it; I shall now give some account of his works in the order in which they were written, so far as can be collected from them, and subjoin a specimen of his poetry, of which profession as he may justly be called the Morning Star,

so as we descend into later times; we may see the progress of poetry in England from its great original, Chaucer, to its full blaze, and perfect consummation in Dryden.

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Mr. Philips supposes a greater part of his works to be lost, than what we have extant of him; of that number may be many a song, and many a lecherous lay, which perhaps might have been written by him while he was a student at Cambridge.

The Court of Love, as has been before observed, was written while he resided at Cambridge in the 18th year of his age.

The Craft Lovers was written in the year of our Lord, 1348, and probably the Remedy of Love was written about that time, or not long after.

The Lamentation of Mary Magdalen taken from Origen, was written by him in his early years, and perhaps Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiae was translated by him about the same time.

The Romaunt of the Rose, is a translation from the French: this poem was begun by William de Lerris, and continued by John de Meun, both famous French poets; it seems to have been translated about the time of the rise of Wickliffe's Opinions, it consisting of violent invectives against religious orders.

The Complaint of the Black Knight, during John of Gaunt's courtship with Blanch is supposed to be written on account of the duke of Lancaster's marriage.

The poem of Troilus and Creseide was written in the early part of his life, translated (as he says) from Lollius an historiographer in Urbane in Italy; he has added several things of his own, and borrowed from others what he thought proper for the embellishment of this work, and in this respect was much indebted to his friend Petrarch the Italian poet.

The House of Fame; from this poem Mr. Pope acknowledges he took the hint of his Temple of Fame.

The book of Blaunch the Duchess, commonly called the Dreme of Chaucer, was written upon the death of that lady.

The Assembly of Fowls (or Parlement of Briddis, as he calls it in his Retraction) was written before the death of queen Philippa.

The Life of St. Cecilia seems to have been first a single poem, afterwards made one of his Canterbury Tales which is told by the second Nonne: and so perhaps was that of the Wife of Bath, which he advises John of Gaunt to read, and was afterwards inserted in his Canterbury Tales.

The Canterbury Tales were written about the year 1383. It is certain the Tale of the Nonnes Priest was written after the Insurrection of Jack Straw and Wat Tyler.

The Flower and the Leaf was written by him in the Prologue to the Legend of Gode Women.

Chaucer's ABC, called la Priere de nostre Dame, was written for the use of the duchess Blaunch.

The book of the Lion is mentioned in his Retraction, and by Lidgate in the prologue to the Fall of Princes, but is now lost, as is that.

De Vulcani vene, i. e. of the Brocke of Vulcan, which is likewise mentioned by Lidgate.

La belle Dame sans Mercy, was translated from the French of Alain Chartier, secretary to Lewis *xi*, king of France.

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The Complaint of Mars and Venus was translated from the French of Sir Otes de Grantson, a French poet.

The Complaint of Annilida to false Arcite.

The Legend of Gode Women (called the Assembly of Ladies, and by some the Nineteen Ladies) was written to oblige the queen, at the request of the countess of Pembroke.

The treatise of the Conclusion of the Astrolabie was written in the year 1391.

Of the Cuckow and Nightingale, this seems by the description to have been written at Woodstock.

The Ballade beginning In Feverre, &c. was a compliment to the countess of Pembroke.

Several other ballads are ascribed to him, some of which are justly suspected not to have been his. The comedies imputed to him are no other than his Canterbury Tales, and the tragedies were those the monks tell in his Tales.

The Testament of Love was written in his trouble the latter part of his life.

The Song beginning Fly fro the Prese, &c. was written in his death-bed.

Leland says, that by the content of the learned in his time, the Plowman's Tale was attributed to Chaucer, but was suppressed in the edition then extant, because the vices of the clergy were exposed in it. Mr. Speight in his life of Chaucer, printed in 1602, mentions a tale in William Thynne's first printed book of Chaucer's works more odious to the clergy than the Plowman's Tale. One thing must not be omitted concerning the works of Chaucer. In the year 1526 the bishop of London prohibited a great number of books which he thought had a tendency to destroy religion and virtue, as did also the king in 1529, but in so great esteem were his works then, and so highly valued by the people of taste, that they were excepted out of the prohibition of that act.

The *pardoners prologue*.

Lordings! quoth he, in chirch when I preche,
I paine mee to have an have an hauteine speche;
And ring it out, as round as doth a bell;
For I can all by rote that I tell.
My teme is always one, and ever was,
(Radix omnium malorum est cupiditas)
First, I pronounce fro whence I come,
And then my bills, I shew all and some:
Our liege—lords seal on my patent!
That shew I first, my body to warrent;

That no man be so bold, priest ne clerk,
Me to disturb of Christ's holy werke;
And after that I tell forth my tales,
Of bulls, of popes, and of cardinales,
Of patriarkes, and of bishops I shew;
And in Latin I speake wordes a few,

To faver with my predication,
And for to stere men to devotion,
Then shew I forth my long, christall stones,
Ycrammed full of clouts and of bones;
Relickes they been, as were they, echone!
Then have I, in Latin a shoder-bone,
Which that was of an holy Jewes shepe.
Good men, fay, take of my words kepe!
If this bone be washen in any well,

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If cow, or calfe, shepe, or oxe swell
That any worm hath eaten, or hem strong,
Take water of this well, and wash his tong.
And it is hole a-non: And furthermore,
Of pockes, and scabs, and every sore
Shall shepe be hole, that of this well
Drinketh a draught: Take keep of that I tell!
If that the good man, that beasts oweth,
Woll every day, ere the cocke croweth,
Fasting drink of this well, a draught,
(As thilk holy Jew our elders taught)
His beasts and his store shall multiplie:
And sirs, also it healeth jealousie,
For, though a man be fall in jealous rage,
Let make with this Water his potage,
And never shall he more his wife mistrist,
Thughe, in sooth, the defaut by her wist:
All had she taken priests two or three!
Here is a mittaine eke, that ye may see.
He that has his hand well put in this mittaine;
He shall have multiplying of his graine,
When he hath sowen, be it wheat or otes;
So that he offer good pens or grotes!

Those who would prefer the thoughts of this father of English poetry, in a modern dress, are referred to the elegant versions of him, by Dryden, Pope, and others, who have done ample justice to their illustrious predecessor.

[Footnote 1: Life of Chaucer prefixed to Ogle's edition of that author modernized.]

[Footnote 2: Some biographers of Chaucer say, that pope Gregory IX. gave orders to the archbishop of Canterbury to summon him, and that when a synod was convened at St. Paul's, a quarrel happened between the bishop of London and the duke of Lancaster, concerning Wickliff's sitting down in their presence.]

[Footnote 3: Mr. Camden gives a particular description of this castle.]

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LANGLAND.

It has been disputed amongst the critics whether this poet preceded or followed Chaucer. Mrs. Cooper, author of the Muses Library, is of opinion that he preceded Chaucer, and observes that in more places than one that great poet seems to copy Langland; but I am rather inclined to believe that he was cotemporary with him, which accounts for her observation, and my conjecture is strengthened by the consideration of his stile, which is equally unmusical and obsolete with Chaucer's; and tho' Dryden has told us that Chaucer exceeded those who followed him at 50 or 60 years distance, in point of smoothness, yet with great submission to his judgment, I think there is some alteration even in Skelton and Harding, which will appear to the reader to the best advantage by a quotation. Of Langland's family we have no account. Selden in his notes on Draiton's Poly Olbion, quotes him with honour; but he is entirely neglected by Philips and Winstanly, tho' he seems to have been a man of great genius: Besides Chaucer, few poets in that or the subsequent age had

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more real inspiration or poetical enthusiasm in their compositions. One cannot read the works of this author, or Chaucer, without lamenting the unhappiness of a fluctuating language, that buries in its ruins even genius itself; for like edifices of sand, every breath of time defaces it, and if the form remain, the beauty is lost. The piece from which I shall quote a few lines, is a work of great length and labour, of the allegoric kind; it is animated with a lively and luxurious imagination; pointed with a variety of pungent satire; and dignified with many excellent lessons of morality; but as to the conduct of the whole, it does not appear to be of a piece; every vision seems a distinct rhapsody, and does not carry on either one single action or a series of many; but we ought rather to wonder at its beauties than cavil at its defects; and if the poetical design is broken, the moral is entire, which, is uniformly the advancement of piety, and reformation of the Roman clergy. The piece before us is entitled the Vision of Piers the Plowman, and I shall quote that particular part which seems to have furnished a hint to Milton in his Paradise Lost, b. 2. 1. 475.

Kinde Conscience tho' heard, and came out of
the planets,
And sent forth his sorrioues, fevers, and fluxes,
Coughes, and cardicales, crampes and toothaches,
Reums, and ragondes, and raynous scalles,
Byles, and blothes, and burning agues,
Freneses, and foul euyl, foragers of kinde!
* * * * *
There was harrow! and help! here cometh Kinde
With death that's dreadful, to undone us all
Age the hoore, he was in vaw-ward
And bare the baner before death, by right he it
claymed!
Kinde came after, with many kene foxes,
As pockes, and pestilences, and much purple
shent;
So Kinde, through corruptions killed full many:
Death came driving after, and all to dust pashed
Kyngs and bagaars, knights and popes.

* * * * * *Milton*.

----------Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisom, dark,
A lazar-house it seem'd; wherein were laid

Numbers of all diseased: all maladies
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heartsick agony, all fev'rous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, cholic-pangs
Demoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropsies and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums;
Dire was the tossing! deep the groans! despair
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch:
And over them, triumphant death his dart
Shook. P. L. b. xi. 1. 477.

* * * * *

Sir JOHN GOWER

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Flourished in the reign of Edward *iii*, and Richard *ii*. He was cotemporary with Chaucer and much esteemed and honoured by him, as appears by his submitting his Troilus and Cressida to his censure. Stow in his Survey of London seems to be of opinion that he was no knight, but only an esquire; however, it is certain he was descended of a knightly family, at Sittenham in Yorkshire. He received his education in London, and studied the law, but being possessed of a great fortune, he dedicated himself more to pleasure and poetry than the bar; tho' he seems not to have made any proficiency in poetry, for his works are rather cool translations, than originals, and are quite destitute of poetical fire. Bale makes him Equitem Auratum & Poetam Laureatum, but Winstanly says that he was neither laureated nor bederated, but only rosated, having a chaplet of four roses about his head in his monumental stone erected in St. Mary Overy's, Southwark: He was held in great esteem by King Richard *ii*, to whom he dedicates a book called Confessio Amantis. That he was a man of no honour appears by his behaviour when the revolution under Henry *iv* happened in England. He was under the highest obligations to Richard *ii*; he had been preferred, patronized and honoured by him, yet no sooner did that unhappy prince (who owed his misfortunes in a great measure to his generosity and easiness of nature) fall a sacrifice to the policy of Henry and the rage of rebellion, but he worshiped the Rising Sun, he joined his interest with the new king, and tho' he was then stone-blind, and, as might naturally be imagined, too old to desire either riches or power, yet he was capable of the grossest flattery to the reigning prince, and like an ungrateful monster insulted the memory of his murdered sovereign and generous patron. He survived Chaucer two years; Winstanly says, that in his old age he was made a judge, possibly in consequence of his adulation to Henry *iv*. His death happened in the year 1402, and as he is said to have been born some years before Chaucer, so he must have been near fourscore years of age: He was buried in St. Mary Overy's in Southwark, in the chapel of St. John, where he founded a chauntry, and left money for a mass to be daily sung for him, as also an obit within the church to be kept on Friday after the feast of St. Gregory. He lies under a tomb of stone, with his image also of stone over him, the hair of his head auburn, long to his shoulders, but curling up, and a small forked beard; on his head a chaplet like a coronet of roses; an habit of purple, damasked down to his feet, and a collar of gold about his neck. Under his feet the likeness of three books which he compiled; the first named Speculum Meditantis, written in French; the second Vox Clamantis, in latin; the third Confessio Amantis, in English; this last piece was printed by one Thomas Berthalette, and by him dedicated to King Henry VIII. His Vox clamantis, with his Chronica Tripartita, and other works, both in Latin and French, Stow says he had in his possession, but his Speculum Meditantis he never saw. Besides on the wall where he lies, there were painted three virgins crowned, one of which was named Charity, holding this device,

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En toy quies fitz de Dieu le pere,
Sauve soit, qui gist fours cest pierre.

The second writing *mercy*, with this device;

O bene Jesu fait ta mercy,
A'lame, dont la corps gisticy.

The third writing *pity*, with this decree;

Pour ta pitie Jesu regarde,
Et met cest a me, en sauve garde.

His arms were in a Field Argent, on a Chevron Azure, three Leopards heads or, their tongues Gules, two Angels supporters, and the crest a Talbot.

His *epitaph*.

Armigeri soltum nihil a modo fert sibi tutum,
Reddidit immolutum morti generale tributum,
Spiritus exutum se gaudeat esse solutum
Est ubi virtutum regnum sine labe est statum.

I shall take a quotation from a small piece of his called the Envious Man and the Miser; by which it will appear, that he was not, as Winstanley says, a refiner of our language, but on the other hand, that poetry owes him few or no obligations.

Of the Envious *man* and the *miser*.

Of Jupiter thus I find ywrite,
How, whilom, that he woulde wite,
Upon the plaintes, which he herde
Among the men, how that it farde,
As of her wronge condition
To do justificacion.
And, for that cause, downe he sent
An angel, which aboute went,
That he the sooth knowe maie.

Besides the works already mentioned our poet wrote the following:

De Compunctione Cordi, in one book.

Chronicon Ricardi secundi.

Ad Henricum Quartum, in one book.

Ad eundem de Laude Pacis, in one book.

De Rege Henrico, quarto, in one book.

De Peste Vitiorum, in one book.

Scrutinium Lucis, in one book.

De Regimine Principum.

De Conjugii Dignitate.

De Amoris Varietate.

* * * * *

JOHN LYDGATE,

Commonly called the monk of Bury, because a native of that place. He was another disciple and admirer of Chaucer, and it must be owned far excelled his master, in the article of versification. After sometime spent in our English universities, he travelled thro' France and Italy, improving his time to the accomplishment of learning the languages and arts. Pitseus says, he was not only an elegant poet, and an eloquent rhetorician, but also an expert mathematician, an acute philosopher, and no mean divine. His verses were so very smooth, and indeed to a modern ear they appear so, that it was said of him by his contemporaries, that his wit was framed and fashioned by the Muses themselves. After his return from France and Italy, he became tutor to many noblemen's sons, and for his excellent endowments was much esteemed and reverenced by them. He writ a poem called the Life and Death of Hector, from which I shall give a specimen of his versification.

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I am a monk by my profession
In Bury, called John Lydgate by my name,
And wear a habit of perfection;
(Although my life agree not with the same)
That meddle should with things spiritual,
As I must needs confess unto you all.

But seeing that I did herein proceed
At[1] his commands whom I could not refuse,
I humbly do beseech all those that read,
Or leisure have this story to peruse,
If any fault therein they find to be,
Or error that committed is by me,

That they will of their gentleness take pain,
The rather to correct and mend the same,
Than rashly to condemn it with disdain,
For well I wot it is not without blame,
Because I know the verse therein is wrong
As being some too short, and some too long.

His prologue to the story of Thebes, a tale (as he says) he was constrained to tell, at the command of his host of the Tabard in Southwark, whom he found in Canterbury with the rest of the pilgrims who went to visit St. Thomas's shrine, is remarkably smooth for the age in which he writ. This story was first written in Latin by Chaucer, and translated by Lydgate into English verse, Pitseus says he writ, partly in prose and partly in verse, many exquisite learned books, amongst which are eclogues, odes, and satires. He flourished in the reign of Henry VI. and died in the sixtieth year of his age, ann. 1440. and was buried in his own convent at Bury, with this epitaph,

Mortuus saeclo, superis superstes,
Hic jacet Lydgate tumulatus urna:
Qui suit quondam celebris Britannae,
Fama poesis.

Which is thus rendered into English by Winstanly;

Dead in this world, living above the sky,
Intomb'd within this urn doth Lydgate lie;
In former times fam'd for his poetry,
All over England.

[Footnote 1: K. Henry V.]

* * * * *

JOHN HARDING.

John Harding, the famous English Chronologer, was born (says Bale) in the Northern parts, and probably Yorkshire, being an Esquire of an eminent parentage. He was a man addicted both to arms and arts, in the former of which he seems to have been the greatest proficient: His first military exploit was under Robert Umsreuil, governor of Roxborough Castle, where he distinguished himself against the Scots, before which the King of Scotland was then encamped, and unfortunately lost his life. He afterwards followed the standard of Edward *iv*. to whose interest both in prosperity and distress he honourably adhered. But what endeared him most to the favour of that Prince, and was indeed the masterpiece of his service, was his adventuring into Scotland, and by his courteous insinuating behaviour, so far ingratiating himself into the favour of their leading men, that he procured the privilege of looking into their records and original letters,

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a copy of which he brought to England and presented to the King. This successful achievement established him in his Prince's affections, as he was solicitous to know how often the Kings of Scotland had taken oaths of fealty and subjected themselves to the English Monarchs in order to secure their crown. These submissions are warmly disputed by the Scotch historians, who in honour of their country contend that they were only yielded for Cumberland and some parcels of land possessed by them in England south of Tweed; and indeed when the warlike temper and invincible spirit of that nation is considered, it is more than probable, that the Scotch historians in this particular contend only for truth. Our author wrote a chronicle in verse of all our English Kings from Brute to King Edward *iv*. for which Dr. Fuller and Winstanly bestow great encomiums upon him; but he seems to me to be totally destitute of poetry, both from the wretchedness of his lines, and the unhappiness of his subject, a chronicle being of all others the driest, and the least susceptible of poetical ornament; but let the reader judge by the specimen subjoined. He died about the year 1461, being then very aged. From Gower to Barclay it must be observed, that Kings and Princes were constantly the patrons of poets.

On the magnificent houshold of King Richard *ii*,

Truly I herd Robert Irelese say,
Clark of the Green Cloth, and that to the houshold,
Came every day, forth most part alway,
Ten thousand folk by his messes told;
That followed the house, aye as they wold,
And in the kitchen, three hundred scruitours,
And in eche office many occupiours,
And ladies faire, with their gentlewomen
Chamberers also, and launderers,
Three hundred of them were occupied then;
There was great pride among the officers,
And of all men far passing their compeers,
Of rich arraye, and much more costous,
Then was before, or sith, and more precious.

* * * * *

JOHN SKELTON

Was born of an ancient family in Cumberland, he received his education at Oxford, and entering into holy orders was made rector of Dysso in Norfolk in the reign of Henry VIII. tho' more probably he appeared first in that of Henry *vii*. and may be said to be the

growth of that time. That he was a learned man Erasmus has confirmed, who in his letter to King Henry VIII. stileth him, Britanicarum Literarum Lumen & Decus: Tho' his stile is rambling and loose, yet he was not without invention, and his satire is strongly pointed. He lived near fourscore years after Chaucer, but seems to have made but little improvement in versification. He wrote some bitter satires against the clergy, and particularly, his keen reflections on Cardinal Wolsey drew on him such severe prosecutions, that he was obliged to fly for sanctuary to Westminster,

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under the protection of Islip the Abbot, where he died in the year 1529. It appears by his poem entitled, The Crown of Laurel, that his performances were numerous, and such as remain are chiefly these, Philip Sparrow, Speak Parrot, the Death of King Edward *iv*, a Treatise of the Scots, Ware the Hawk, the Tunning of Elianer Rumpkin. In these pieces there is a very rich vein of wit and humour, tho' much debased by the rust of the age he lived in. His satires are remarkably broad, open and ill-bred; the verse cramped by a very short measure, and encumbered with such a profusion of rhimes, as makes the poet appear almost as ridiculous as those he endeavours to expose. In his more serious pieces he is not guilty of this absurdity; and confines himself to a regular stanza, according to the then reigning mode. His Bouge of Court is a poem of some merit: it abounds with wit and imagination, and shews him well versed in human nature, and the insinuating manners of a court. The allegorical characters are finely described, and well sustained; the fabric of the whole I believe entirely his own, and not improbably may have the honour of furnishing a hint even to the inimitable Spencer. How or by whose interest he was made Laureat, or whether it was a title he assumed to himself, cannot be determined, neither is his principal patron any where named; but if his poem of the Crown Lawrel before mentioned has any covert meaning, he had the happiness of having the Ladies for his friends, and the countess of Surry, the lady Elizabeth Howard, and many others united their services in his favour. When on his death-bed he was charged with having children by a mistress he kept, he protected that in his conscience he kept her in the notion of a wife: And such was his cowardice, that he chose rather to confess adultery than own marriage, a crime at that time more subjected to punishment than the other.

The *prologue* to the *Bouge courts*.

In autumne, whan the sunne in vyrgyne,
By radyante hete, enryped hath our corne,
When Luna, full of mucabylyte,
As Emperes the dyademe hath worne
Of our Pole artyke, smylynge half in scorne,
At our foly, and our unstedfastnesse,
The tyme when Mars to warre hym did dres

I, callynge to mynde the great auctoryte
Of poetes olde, whiche full craftely,
Under as couerte termes as coulde be,
Can touche a trouthe, and cloke subtylly
With fresh Utterance; full sentcyously,
Dyverse in style: some spared not vyce to wryte,
Some of mortalitie nobly dyd endyte.

His other works, as many as could be collected are chiefly these:

Meditations on St. Ann.

--------on the Virgin of Kent.

Sonnets on Dame Anne,

Elyner Rummin, the famous alewife of England, often printed, the last edition 1624.

The Peregrinations of human Life.

Solitary Sonnets.

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The Art of dying well.

--------Speaking eloquently.

Manners of the Court.

Invective against William Lyle the Grammarian.

Epitaphs on Kings, Princes, and Nobles,

Collin Clout.

Poetical Fancies and Satires.

Verses on the Death of Arthur Prince of Wales.

* * * * *

ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

He was an author of some eminence and merit, tho' there are few things preserved concerning him, and he has been neglected by almost all the biographers of the poets. That excellent writer Mrs. Cooper seems to have a pretty high opinion of his abilities; it is certain that he very considerably refined the language, and his verses are much smoother than those of Harding, who wrote but a few years before him. He stiles himself Priest, and Chaplain in the College of St. Mary, Otory, in the county of Devon, and afterwards Monk of Ely. His principal work is a translation of a satirical piece, written originally in high Dutch, and entitled the Ship of Fools: It exposes the characters, vices, and follies of all degrees of men, and tho' much inferior in its execution to the Canterbury Tales, has yet considerable merit, especially when it is considered how barren and unpolite the age was in which he flourished. In the prologue to this he makes an apology for his youth, and it appears that the whole was finished Anno Dom.-1508, which was about the close of the reign of Henry *vii*. In elegancy of manners he has the advantage of all his predecessors, as is particularly remarkable in his address to Sir Giles Alington, his patron. The poet was now grown old, and the knight desiring him to abridge and improve Gower's Confessio Amantis, he declines it in the politest manner, on account of his age, profession, and infirmities; 'but tho' love is an improper subject, 'says he, I am still an admirer of the sex, and shall 'introduce to the honour of your acquaintance, 'four of the finest ladies that nature ever framed, 'Prudence, Temperance, Justice, and Magnanimity;' the whole of the address is exceeding courtly, and from this I shall quote a few lines, which will both illustrate his politeness and versification

To you these accorde; these unto you are due, Of you late proceeding as of their head fountayne; Your life as example in writing I ensue, For, more then my writing within it can contayne: Your manners performeth and doth there attayne: So touching these vertues, ye have in your living More than this my meter conteyneth in writing. My dities indited may counsell many one, But not you, your maners surmounteth my doctrine Wherefore, I regard you, and your maners all one, After whose living my processes, I combine: So other men instrusting, I must to you encline Conforming my process, as much as I am able, To your sad behaviour and maners commendable.

He was author of the following pieces.

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Lives of several of the Saints.

Salust's History of the Jugurthiam war translatcd into English.

The Castle of Labour, translated from the French into English.

Bale gives this author but an indifferent character as to his morals; he is said to have intrigued with women, notwithstanding his clerical profession: It is certain he was a gay courtly man, and perhaps, tho' he espoused the Church in his profession, he held their celebacy and pretended chastity in contempt, and being a man of wit, indulged himself in those pleasures, which seem to be hereditary to the poets.

* * * * *

Sir *Thomas more*.

Tho' poetry is none of the excellencies in which this great man was distinguished, yet as he wrote some verses with tolerable spirit, and was in almost every other respect one of the foremost geniusses our nation ever produced, I imagine a short account of his life here will not be disagreable to the readers, especially as all Biographers of the Poets before me have taken notice of him, and ranked him amongst the number of Bards. Sir Thomas More was born in Milk-street, London, A.D. 1480. He was son to Sir John More, Knight, and one of the Justices of the King's-Bench, a man held in the highest esteem at that time for his knowledge in the law and his integrity in the administration of justice. It was objected by the enemies of Sir Thomas, that his birth was obscure, and his family mean; but far otherwise was the real case. Judge More bore arms from his birth, having his coat of arms quartered, which proves his having come to his inheritance by descent. His mother was likewise a woman of family, and of an extraordinary virtue.

Doctor Clement relates from the authority of our author himself, a vision which his mother had, the next night after her marriage. She thought she saw in her sleep, as it were engraven in her wedding ring, the number and countenances of all the children she was to have, of whom the face of one was so dark and obscure, that she could not well discern it, and indeed she afterwards suffered an untimely delivery of one of them: the face of the other she beheld shining most gloriously, by which the future fame of Sir Thomas was pre-signified. She also bore two daughters. But tho' this story is told with warmth by his great grandson, who writes his life, yet, as he was a Roman Catholic, and and disposed to a superstitious belief in miracles and visions, there is no great stress to be laid upon it. Lady More might perhaps communicate this vision to her son, and he have embraced the belief of it; but it seems to have too little authority, to deserve credit from posterity.

Another miracle is related by Stapleton, which is said to have happened in the infancy of More. His nurse one day crossing a river, and her horse stepping into a deep place, exposed both her and the child to great danger. She being more anxious for the safety of the child than her own, threw him over a hedge into a field adjoining, and escaping likewise from the imminent danger, when she came to take him up, she found him quite unhurt and smiling sweetly upon her.

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He was put to the free-school in London called St. Anthony's, under the care of the famous Nicholas Holt, and when he had with great rapidity acquired a knowledge of his grammar rules, he was placed by his father's interest under the great Cardinal Merton, archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord High Chancellor, whose gravity and learning, generosity and tenderness, allured all men to love and honour him. To him More dedicated his Utopia, which of all his works is unexceptionably the most masterly and finished. The Cardinal finding himself too much incumbered with business, and hurried with state affairs to superintend his education, placed him in Canterbury College in Oxford, whereby his assiduous application to books, his extraordinary temperance and vivacity of wit, he acquired the first character among the students, and then gave proofs of a genius that would one day make a great blaze in the world. When he was but eighteen years old such was the force of his understanding, he wrote many epigrams which were highly esteemed by men of eminence, as well abroad as at home. Beatus Rhenanus in his epistle to Bilibalus Pitchemerus, passes great encomiums upon them, as also Leodgarius a Quercu, public reader of humanity at Paris. One Brixius a German, who envied the reputation of this young epigramatist, wrote a book against these epigrams, under the title of Antimorus, which had no other effect than drawing Erasmus into the field, who celebrated and honoured More; whose high patronage was the greatest compliment the most ambitious writer could expect, so that the friendship of Erasmus was cheaply purchased by the malevolence of a thousand such critics as Brixius. About the same time of life he translated for his exercise one of Lucian's orations out of Greek into Latin, which he calls his First Fruits of the Greek Tongue; and adds another oration of his own to answer that of Lucian; for as he had defended him who had slain a tyrant, he opposed against it another with such forcible arguments, that it seems not to be inferior to Lucian's, either in invention or eloquence: When he was about twenty years old, finding his appetites and passions very predominant. He struggled with all the heroism of a christian against their influence, and inflicted severe whippings and austere mortifications upon himself every friday and on high fasting days, left his sensuality would grow too insolent, and at last subdue his reason. But notwithstanding all his efforts, finding his lusts ready to endanger his soul, he wisely determined to marry, a remedy much more natural than personal inflictions; and as a pattern of life, he proposed the example of a singular lay-man, John Picas Earl of Mirandula, who was a man famous for chastity, virtue, and learning. He translated this nobleman's life, as also many of his letters, and his twelve receipts of good life, which are extant in the beginning of his English works. For this end he also wrote a treatise of the four last things, which he did not quite finish, being called to other studies.

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At his meals he was very abstemious, nor ever eat but of one dish, which was most commonly powdered beef, or some such saltmeat. In his youth he abstained wholly from wine; and as he was temperate in his diet, so was he heedless and negligent in his apparel. Being once told by his secretary Mr. Harris, that his shoes were all torn, he bad him tell his man to buy him new ones, whose business it was to take care of his cloaths, whom for this cause he called his tutor. His first wife's name was Jane Cole, descended of a genteel family, who bore him four children, and upon her decease, which in not many years happened, he married a second time a widow, one Mrs. Alice Middleton, by whom he had no children. This he says he did not to indulge his passions (for he observes that it it harder to keep chastity in wedlock than in a single life,) but to take care of his children and houshold affairs. Upon what principle this observation is founded, I cannot well conceive, and wish Sir Thomas had given his reasons why it is harder to be chaste in a married than single life. This wife was a worldly minded woman, had a very indifferent person, was advanced in years, and possessed no very agreeable temper. Much about this time he became obnoxious to Henry *vii* for opposing his exactions upon the people. Henry was a covetous mean prince, and entirely devoted to the council of Emson and Dudley, who then were very justly reckoned the caterpillars of the state. The King demanded a large subsidy to bestow on his eldest daughter, who was then about to be married to James *iv*. of Scotland. Sir Thomas being one of the burgesses, so influenced the lower house by the force of his arguments, (who were cowardly enough before not to oppose the King) that they refused the demands, upon which Mr. Tiler of the King's Privy-Chambers went presently to his Majesty, and told him that More had disappointed all their expectations, which circumstance not a little enraged him against More. Upon this Henry was base enough to pick a quarrel without a cause against Sir John More, his venerable father, and in revenge to the son, clapt him in the Tower, keeping him there prisoner till he had forced him to pay one hundred pounds of a fine, for no offence. King Henry soon after dying, his son who began his reign with some popular acts, tho' afterwards he degenerated into a monstrous tyrant, caused Dudley and Emson to be impeached of high treason for giving bad advice to his father; and however illegal such an arraignment might be, yet they met the just fate of oppressors and traitors to their country.

About the year 1516, he composed his famous book called the Utopia, and gained by it great reputation. Soon after it was published, it was translated both into French and Italian, Dutch and English. Dr. Stapleton enumerates the opinions of a great many learned men in its favour. This work tho' not writ in verse, yet in regard of the fancy and invention employed in composing it, may well enough pass for

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an allegorical poem. It contains the idea of a compleat Commonwealth in an imaginary island, (pretended to be lately discovered in America) and that so well counterfeited, that many upon reading it, mistook it for a real truth, in so much (says Winstanly) that some learned men, as Budeus, Johannes Plaudanus, out of a principle of fervent zeal, wished that some excellent divines might be sent hither to preach Christ's Gospel.

Much about the same time he wrote the history of Richard *iii*. which was likewise held in esteem; these works were undertaken when he was discharged from the business of the state.

Roper, in his life of our author, relates that upon an occasion in which King Henry VIII. and the Pope were parties in a cause tryed in the Star Chamber, Sir Thomas most remarkably distinguished himself, and became so great a favourite with that discerning monarch, that he could no longer forbear calling him into his service.

A ship of the Pope's, by the violence of a storm was driven into Southampton, which the King claimed as a forfeiture; when the day of hearing came on before the Lord High Chancellor, and other Judges, More argued so forcibly in favour of the Pope, that tho' the Judges had resolved to give it for the King, yet they altered their opinion, and confirmed the Pope's right. In a short time after this, he was created a Knight, and after the death of Mr. Weston, he was made Treasurer of the Exchequer, and one of the Privy Council. He was now Speaker of the House of Commons, and thus exalted in dignity, the eyes of the nation were fixed upon him. Wolsey, who then governed the realm, found himself much grieved by the Burgesses, because all their transactions were so soon made public, and wanting a fresh subsidy, came to the house in person to complain of this usage. When the burgesses heard of his coming, it was long debated whether they should admit him or no, and Sir Thomas strongly urged that he should be admitted, for this reason, that if he shall find fault with the spreading of our secrets, (says he) we may lay the blame upon those his Grace brought with him. The proud Churchman having entered the House, made a long speech for granting the subsidy, and asked several of the Members opinion concerning it; they were all so confounded as not to be able to answer, and the House at last resolved that their Speaker should reply for them. Upon this Sir Thomas shewed that the cardinal's coming into the House was unprecedented, illegal, and a daring insult on the liberty of the burgesses, and that the subsidy demanded was unnecessary; upon which Wolsey suddenly departed in a rage, and ever after entertained suspicions of More, and became jealous of his great abilities. Our author's fame was not confined to England only; all the scholars and statesmen in every country in Europe had heard of, and corresponded with him, but of all strangers he had a peculiar esteem for Erasmus, who took a journey into England in order

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to converse with him, and enter more minutely into the merit of one whose learning he had so high an opinion of. They agreed to meet first at my Lord Mayor's table, and as they were personally unknown, to make the experiment whether they could discover one another by conversation. They met accordingly, and remained some hours undiscovered; at last an argument was started in which both engaged with great keenness, Erasmus designedly defended the unpopular side, but finding himself so strongly pressed, that he could hold it no longer, he broke out in an extasy, aut tu es Morus, aut Nullus. Upon which More replied, aut tu es Erasmus, aut Diabolus, as at that time Erasmus was striving to defend very impious propositions, in order to put his antagonist's strength to the proof.

When he lived in the city of London as a justice of peace, he used to attend the sessions at Newgate. There was then upon the bench a venerable old judge, who was very severe against those who had their purses cut; (as the phrase then was) and told them that it was by their negligence that so many purse-cutters came before him. Sir Thomas, who was a great lover of a joke, contrived to have this judge's purse cut from him in the sessions house by a felon. When the felon was arraigned, he told the court, that if he were permitted to speak to one of the judges in private, he could clear his innocence to them; they indulged him in his request, and he made choice of this old judge, and while he whispered something in his ear, he slily cut away his purse; the judge returned to the bench, and the felon made a sign to Sir Thomas of his having accomplished the scheme. Sir Thomas moved the court, that each of them should bestow some alms on a needy person who then stood falsly accused, and was a real object of compassion. The motion was agreed to, and when the old man came to put his hand in his purse, he was astonished to find it gone, and told the court, that he was sure he had it when he came there. What, says More in a pleasant manner, do you charge any of us with felony? the judge beginning to be angry, our facetious author desired the felon, to return his purse, and advised the old man never to be so bitter against innocent men's negligence, when he himself could not keep his purse safe in that open assembly.

Although he lived a courtier, and was much concerned in business, yet he never neglected his family at home, but instructed his daughters in all useful learning, and conversed familiarly with them; he was remarkably fond of his eldest daughter Margaret, as she had a greater capacity, and sprightlier genius than the rest. His children often used to translate out of Latin, into English, and out of English into Latin, and Dr. Stapleton observes, that he hath seen an apology of Sir Thomas More's to the university of Oxford, in defence of learning, turned into Latin by one of his daughters, and translated again into English by another. Margaret, whose wit was superior to the rest, writ a treatise on the four last things, which Sir Thomas declared was finer than his; she composed several Orations, especially one in answer to Quintilian, defending a rich man, which he accused for having poisoned a poor man's bees with certain venomous

flowers in his garden, so eloquent and forcible that it may justly rival Quintilian himself. She also translated Eusebius out of Greek.

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Tho' Sir Thomas was thus involved in public affairs and domestic concerns, yet he found leisure to write many books, either against Heretics, or of a devotional cast; for at that time, what he reckoned Heresy began to diffuse itself over all Germany and Flanders. He built a chapel in his parish church at Chelsea, which he constantly attended in the morning; so steady was he in his devotion. He hired a house also for many aged people in the parish, which he turned into an hospital, and supported at his own expence. He at last rose to the dignity of Lord High Chancellor upon the fall of Wolsey, and while he sat as the Chief Judge of the nation in one court, his father, aged upwards of 90, sat as Chief Justice in the King's Bench; a circumstance which never before, nor ever since happened, of a father being a Judge, and his son a Chancellor at the same time. Every day, as the Chancellor went to the Bench, he kneeled before his father, and asked his blessing. The people soon found the difference between the intolerable pride of Wolsey, and the gentleness and humility of More; he permitted every one to approach him without reserve; he dispatched business with great assiduity, and so cleared the court of tedious suits, that he more than once came to the Bench, and calling for a cause, there was none to try. As no dignity could inspire him with pride, so no application to the most important affairs could divert him from sallies of humour, and a pleasantry of behaviour. It once happened, that a beggar's little dog which she had lost, was presented to lady More, of which me was very fond; but at last the beggar getting notice where the dog was, she came to complain to Sir Thomas as he was sitting in his hall, that his lady withheld her dog from her; presently my lady was sent for, and the dog brought with her, which he taking in his hand, caused his wife to stand at the upper end of the hall, and the beggar at the other; he then bad each of them call the dog, which when they did, the dog went presently to the beggar, forsaking my lady. When he saw this, he bad my lady be contented for it was none of hers. My Lord Chancellor then gave the woman a piece of gold, which would have bought ten such dogs, and bid her be careful of it for the future.

A friend of his had spent much time in composing a book, and went to Sir Thomas to have his opinion of it; he desired him to turn it into rhime; which at the expence of many years labour he at last accomplished, and came again to have his opinion: Yea marry, says he, now it is somewhat; now it is rhime, but before it was neither rhime nor reason.

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But fortune, which had been long propitious to our author, began now to change sides, and try him as well with affliction as prosperity, in both which characters, his behaviour, integrity and courage were irreproachable. The amorous monarch King Henry VIII, at last obtained from his Parliament and Council a divorce from his lawful wife, and being passionately fond of Anna Bullen, he married her, and declared her Queen of England: This marriage Sir Thomas had always opposed, and held it unlawful for his Sovereign to have another wife during his first wife's life. The Queen who was of a petulant disposition, and elated with her new dignity could not withhold her resentment against him, but animated all her relations, and the parties inclined to the protestant interest, to persecute him with rigour. Not long after the divorce, the Council gave authority for the publication of a book, in which the reasons why this divorce was granted were laid down; an answer was soon published, with which Sir Thomas More was charged as the author, of which report however he sufficiently cleared himself in a letter to Mr. Cromwel, then secretary, and a great favourite with King Henry. In the parliament held in the year 1534, there was an oath, framed, called the Oath of Supremacy, in which all English subjects should renounce the pope's authority, and swear also to the succession of Queen Ann's children, and lady Mary illegitimate. This oath was given to all the clergy as well bishops as priests, but no lay-man except Sir Thomas More was desired to take it; he was summoned to appear at Lambeth before archbishop Cranmer, the Lord Chancellor Audley, Mr. Secretary Cromwel, and the abbot of Westminster, appointed commissioners by the King to tender this oath. More absolutely refused to take it, from a principle of conscience: and after various expostulations he was ordered into the custody of the abbot of Westminster; and soon after he was sent to the tower, and the lieutenant had strict charge to prevent his writing, or holding conversation with any persons but those sent by the secretary. The Lord Chancellor, duke of Norfolk, and Mr. Cromwel paid him frequent visits, and pressed: him to take the oath, which he still refused. About a year after his commitment to the tower, by the importunity of Queen Ann, he was arraign'd at the King's Bench Bar, for obstinately refusing, the oath of supremacy, and wilfully and obstinately opposing the King's second marriage. He went to the court leaning on his staff, because he had been much weakened by his imprisonment; his judges were, Audley, Lord Chancellor; Fitz James, Chief Justice; Sir John Baldwin, Sir Richard Leister, Sir John Port, Sir John Spelman, Sir Walter Luke, Sir Anthony Fitzherbert: The King's attorney opened against him with a very opprobrious libel; the chief evidence were Mr. secretary Cromwell, to whom he had uttered some disrespectful expressions of the King's authority, the duke of Suffolk and earl of Wiltshire: He

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replied to the accusation with great composure and strength of argument; and when one Mr. Rich swore against him, he boldly asserted that Rich was perjured, and wished he might never see God's Countenance in mercy, if what he asserted was not true; besides that, Rich added to perjury, the baseness of betraying private conversation. But notwithstanding his defence, the jury, who were composed of creatures of the court, brought in their verdict, guilty; and he had sentence of death pronounced against him, which he heard without emotion. He then made a long speech addressed to the Chancellor, and observed to Mr. Rich, that he was more sorry for his perjury, than for the sentence that had just been pronounced against him: Rich had been sent by the secretary to take away all Sir Thomas's books and papers, during which time some conversation passed, which Rich misrepresented in order to advance himself in the King's favour. He was ordered again to the Tower till the King's pleasure should be known. When he landed at Tower Wharf, his favourite daughter Margaret, who had not seen him since his confinement, came there to take her last adieu, and forgetting the bashfulness and delicacy of her sex, press'd thro' the multitude, threw her arms about her father's neck and often embraced him; they had but little conversation, and their parting was so moving, that all the spectators dissolved in tears, and applauded the affection and tenderness of the lady which could enable her to take her farewel under so many disadvantages.

Some time after his condemnation Mr. secretary Cromwel waited on Sir Thomas, and entreated him to accept his Majesty's pardon, upon the condition of taking the oath, and expressed great tenderness towards him. This visit and seeming friendship of Cromwel not a little affected him, he revolved in his mind the proposal which he made, and as his fate was approaching, perhaps his resolution staggered a little, but calling to mind his former vows, his conscience, his honour, he recovered himself again, and stood firmly prepared for his fall. Upon this occasion it was that he wrote the following verses, mentioned both by Mr. Roper and Mr. Hoddeson, which I shall here insert as a specimen of his poetry.

Ey flattering fortune, loke thou never so fayre,
Or never so pleasantly begin to smile,
As tho' thou would'st my ruine all repayre,
During my life thou shalt not me begile,
Trust shall I God to entre in a while
His haven of heaven sure and uniforme,
Ever after thy calme loke I for a storme.

On the 6th of July, 1534, in the 54th year of his age, the sentence of condemnation was executed upon him on Tower Hill, by severing his head from his body. As he was carried to the scaffold, some low people hired by his enemies cruelly insulted him, to

whom he gave cool and effectual answers. Being now under the scaffold, he looked at it with great calmness, and observing it too slenderly built, he said merrily

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to Mr. Lieutenant, “I pray you, Sir, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself.” When he mounted on the scaffold, he threw his eyes round the multitude, desired them to pray for him, and to bear him witness that he died for the holy catholic church, a faithful servant both to God and the King. His gaiety and propension to jesting did not forsake him in his last moments; when he laid his head upon the block, he bad the executioner stay till he had removed aside his beard, saying, “that that had never committed treason.” When the executioner asked his forgiveness, he kissed him and said, “thou wilt do me this day a greater benefit than any mortal man can be able to give me; pluck up thy spirit man, and be not afraid to do thy office, my neck is very short, take heed therefore that thou strike not awry for saving thy honesty.”

Thus by an honest but mistaken zeal fell Sir Thomas More; a man of wit and parts superior to all his contemporaries of integrity unshaken; of a generous and noble disposition; of a courage intrepid; a great scholar and a devout christian. Wood says that he was but an indifferent divine, and that he was very ignorant of antiquity and the learning of the fathers, but he allows him to be a man of a pleasant and fruitful imagination, and a statesman beyond any that succeeded him.

His works besides those we have already mentioned are chiefly these,

A Merry Jest, How a Serjeant will learn to play a Friar, written in verse.

Verses on the hanging of a Painted Cloth in his Father’s House.

Lamentations on Elizabeth Queen of Henry *vii*, 1503.

Verses on the Book of Fortune.

Dialogue concerning Heresies.

Supplication of Souls, writ in answer to a book called the
Supplication of Beggars.

A Confutation of Tindal’s Answer to More’s Dialogues, printed 1533.

The Debellation of Salem and Bizance, 1533.

In answer to another book of Tindal’s.

Treatise on the Passion of Chrift.

——Godly Meditation.

------Devout Prayer.

Letters while in the Tower, all printed 1557.

Progymnasmata.

Responsio ad Convitia Martini Lutheri, 1523.

Quod pro Fide Mors fugienda non est, written in the Tower 1534.

Precationes ex Psalmis.

* * * * *

HENRY HOWARD, Earl of SURRY

Was son of Thomas, duke of Norfolk, and Elizabeth, daughter of Edward, duke of Buckingham. The father of our author held the highest places under King Henry VIII, and had so faithfully and bravely served him, that the nobility grew jealous of his influence, and by their united efforts produced his ruin. After many excellent services in France, he was constituted Lord Treasurer, and made General of the King's whole army design'd to march against the Scots:

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At the battle of Flodden, in which the Scots were routed and their Sovereign slain, the earl of Surry remarkably distinguished himself; he commanded under his father, and as soon as the jealousy of the Peers had fastened upon the one, they took care that the other should not escape. He was the first nobleman (says Camden) that illustrated his high birth with the beauty of learning; he was acknowledged by all, to be the gallantest man, the politest lover, and the most compleat gentleman of his time. He received his education at Windsor with a natural son of Henry VIII, and became first eminent for his devotion to the beautiful Geraldine, Maid of Honour to Queen Catherine; the first inspired him with poetry, and that poetry has conferred immortality on her: So transported was he with his passion, that he made a tour to the most elegant courts in Europe, to maintain her peerless beauty against all opposers, and every where made good his challenge with honour. In his way to Florence, he touched at the emperor's court, where he became acquainted with the learned Cornelius Agrippa, so famous for magic, who shewed him the image of his Geraldine in a glass, sick, weeping on her bed, and melting into devotion for the absence of her lord; upon sight of this he wrote the following passionate sonnet, which for the smoothness of the verse, the tenderness of expression, and the heartfelt sentiments might do honour to the politest, easiest, most passionate poet in our own times.
All soul, no earthly flesh, why dost thou fade? All gold; no earthly dross, why look'st thou pale? Sickness how darest thou one so fair invade? Too base infirmity to work her bale. Heaven be distempered since she grieved pines, Never be dry, these my sad plaintive lines.Pearch thou my spirit on her silver breasts, And with their pains redoubled musick beatings, Let them toss thee to world where all toil rests, Where bliss is subject to no fears defeatings, Her praise I tune, whose tongue doth tune the spheres, And gets new muses in her hearers ears.Stars fall to fetch fresh light from the rich eyes, Her bright brow drives the fun to clouds beneath. Her hair reflex with red strakes paints the skyes, Sweet morn and evening dew flows from her breath: Phoebe rules tides, she my tears tides forth draws. In her sick bed love fits, and maketh laws.Her dainty lips tinsel her silk-soft sheets, Her rose-crown'd cheeks eclipse my dazled sight. O glass with too much joy, my thoughts thou greets, And yet thou shewest me day but by twilight. I'll kiss thee for the kindness I have felt. Her lips one kiss would into nectar melt.

From the emperor's court he went to the city of Florence, the pride and glory of Italy, in which city his beauteous Geraldine was born, and he had no rest till he found out the house of her nativity, and being shewn the room where his charmer first drew

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air, he was transported with extasy of joy, his tongue overflowed with her praises, and Winstanly says he eclipsed the sun and moon with comparisons of his Geraldine, and wrote another sonnet in praise of the chamber that was honoured (as he says) with her radiant conception; this sonnet is equally amorous and spirited with that already inserted. In the duke of Florence's court he published a proud challenge against all comers, whether Christians, Turks, Canibals, Jews, or Saracens, in defence of his mistress's beauty; this challenge was the better received there, as she whom he defended was born in that city: The duke of Florence however sent for him, and enquired of his fortune, and the intent of his coming to his court; of which when the earl informed him, he granted to all countries whatever, as well enemies and outlaws, as friends and allies, free access into his dominions unmolested till the trial were ended.

In the course of his combats for his mistress, his valour and skill in arms so engaged the Duke to his interest, that he offered him the highest preferments if he would remain at his court. This proposal he rejected, as he intended to proceed thro' all the chief cities in Italy; but his design was frustrated by letters sent by King Henry VIII. which commanded his speedy return into England.

In the year 1544, upon the expedition to Boulogne in France, he was made field marshal of the English army, and after taking that town, being then knight of the garter, he was in the beginning of September 1545 constituted the King's lieutenant, and captain-general of all his army within the town and county of Boulogne[1]. During his command there in 1546, hearing that a convoy of provisions of the enemy was coming to the fort at Oultreaw, he resolved to intercept it; but the Rhinegrave, with four thousand Lanskinets, together with a considerable number of French under the de Bieg, making an obstinate defence, the English were routed, Sir Edward Poynings with divers other gentlemen killed, and the Earl himself obliged to fly, tho' it appears, by a letter to the King dated January 8, 1548, that this advantage cost the enemy a great number of men. But the King was so highly displeased with this ill success, that from that time he contracted a prejudice against the Earl, and soon after removed him from his command, and appointed the Earl of Hertford to succeed him. Upon which Sir William Page wrote to the Earl of Surry to advise him to procure some eminent post under the Earl of Hertford, that he might not be unprovided in the town and field. The Earl being desirous in the mean time to regain his former favour with the King, skirmished with the French and routed them, but soon after writing over to the King's council that as the enemy had cast much larger cannon than had been yet seen, with which they imagined they should soon demolish Boulogne, it deserved consideration whether the lower town should stand, as not being defensible; the council ordered him to return to England

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in order to represent his sentiments more fully upon those points, and the Earl of Hertford was immediately sent over in his room. This exasperating the Earl of Surry, occasioned him to let fall some expressions which favoured of revenge and dislike to the King, and a hatred of his Councellors, and was probably one cause of his ruin, which soon after ensued. The Duke of Norfolk, who discovered the growing power of the Seymours, and the influence they were likely to bear in the next reign, was for making an alliance with them; he therefore pressed his son to marry the Earl of Hertford's daughter, and the Dutchess of Richmond, his own daughter, to marry Sir Thomas Seymour; but neither of these matches were effected, and the Seymours and Howards then became open enemies. The Seymours failed not to inspire the King with an aversion to the Norfolk-family, whose power they dreaded, and represented the ambitious views of the Earl of Surry; but to return to him as a poet.

That celebrated antiquary, John Leland, speaking of Sir Thomas Wyat the Elder, calls the Earl, 'The conscript enrolled heir of the said Sir Thomas, in his learning and other excellent qualities.' The author of a treatise, entitled, 'The Art of English Poetry, alledges, that Sir Thomas Wyat the Elder, and Henry Earl of Surry were the two chieftains, who having travelled into Italy, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and stile of the Italian poetry, greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poetry, from what it had been before, and therefore may be justly called, The Reformers of our English Poetry and Stile.' Our noble author added to learning, wisdom, fortitude, munificence, and affability. Yet all these excellencies of character, could not prevent his falling a sacrifice to the jealousy of the Peers, or as some say to the resentment of the King for his attempting to wed the Princess Mary; and by these means to raise himself to the Crown. History is silent as to the reasons why the gallantries he performed for Geraldine did not issue in a marriage. Perhaps the reputation he acquired by arms, might have enflamed his soul with a love of glory; and this conjecture seems the more probable, as we find his ambition prompting him to make love to the Princess from no other views but those of dominion. He married Frances, daughter to John Earl of Oxford, after whose death he addressed Princess Mary, and his first marriage, perhaps, might be owing to a desire of strengthening his interest, and advancing his power in the realm. The adding some part of the royal arms to his own, was also made a pretence against him, but in this he was justified by the heralds, as he proved that a power of doing so was granted by some preceeding Monarchs to his forefathers. Upon the strength of these suspicions and surmises, he and his father were committed to the Tower of London, the one by water, the other by land, so that they knew not of each other's apprehension. The fifteenth day of January next following he was arraigned at Guildhall, where he was found guilty by twelve common jurymen, and received judgment. About nine days before the death of the King he lost his head on Tower-Hill; and had not that Monarch's decease so soon ensued, the fate of his father was likewise determined to have been the same with his sons.

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It is said, when a courtier asked King Henry why he was so zealous in taking off Surry; “I observed him, says he, an enterprizing youth; his spirit was too great to brook subjection, and ‘tho’ I can manage him, yet no successor of mine will ever be able to do so; for which reason I have dispatched him in my own time.”

He was first interred in the chapel of the Tower, and afterwards in the reign of King James, his remains were removed to Farmingam in Suffolk, by his second son Henry Earl of Northampton, with this epitaph.

Henrico Howardo, Thomae secundi Ducis Norfolciae filio primogenito. Thomae tertii Patri, Comiti Surriae, & Georgiani Ordinis Equiti Aurato, immature Anno Salutis 1546 abrepto. Et Franciscae Uxoris ejus, filiae Johannis Comitis Oxoniae. Henricus Howardus Comes Northamptoniae filius secundo genitus, hoc supremum pietatis in parentes monumentum posuit, A.D. 1614.

Upon the accession of Queen Mary the attainder was taken off his father, which circumstance has furnished some people with an opportunity to say, that the princess was fond of, and would have married, the Earl of Surry. I shall transcribe the act of repeal as I find it in Collins’s Peerage of England, which has something singular enough in it.

’That there was no special matter in the Act of Attainder, but only general words of treason and conspiracy: and that out of their care for the preservation of the King and the Prince they passed it, and this Act of Repeal further sets forth, that the only thing of which he stood charged, was for bearing of arms, which he and his ancestors had born within and without the kingdom in the King’s presence, and sight of his progenitors, as they might lawfully bear and give, as by good and substantial matter of record it did appear. It also added, that the King died after the date of the commission; likewise that he only empowered them to give his consent; but did not give it himself; and that it did not appear by any record that they gave it. Moreover, that the King did not sign the commission with his own hand, his stamp being only set to it, and that not to the upper part, but to the nether part of it, contrary to the King’s custom.’

Besides the amorous and other poetical pieces of this noble author, he translated Virgil’s AEneid, and rendered (says Wood) the first, second, and third book almost word for word:—All the Biographers of the poets have been lavish, and very justly, in his praise; he merits the highest encomiums as the refiner of our language, and challenges the gratitude and esteem of every man of literature, for the generous assistance he afforded it in its infancy, and his ready and liberal patronage to all men of merit in his time.

[Footnote 1: Dugdale’s Baronage.]

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Sir *Thomas Wyat*.

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Was distinguished by the appellation of the Elder, as there was one of the same name who raised a rebellion in the time of Queen Mary. He was son to Henry Wyat of Alington-castle in Kent. He received the rudiments of his education at Cambridge, and was afterwards placed at Oxford to finish it. He was in great esteem with King Henry VIII. on account of his wit and Love Elegies, pieces of poetry in which he remarkably succeeded. The affair of Anne Bullen came on, when he made some opposition to the King's passion for her, that was likely to prove fatal to him; but by his prudent behaviour, and retracting what he had formerly advanced, he was restored again to his royal patronage. He was cotemporary with the Earl of Surry, who held him in high esteem. He travelled into foreign parts, and as we have observed in the Earl of Surry's life, he added something towards refining the English stile, and polishing our numbers, tho' he seems not to have done so much in that way as his lordship. Pitts and Bale have entirely neglected him, yet for his translation of David's Psalms into English metre and other poetical works, Leland scruples not to compare him with Dante and Petrarch, by giving him this ample commendation.

Let Florence fair her Dantes justly boast,
And royal Rome, her Petrarchs numbered feet,
In English Wyat both of them doth coast:
In whom all graceful eloquence doth meet.

Leland published all his works under the title of Naenia. Some of his Biographers (Mrs. Cooper and Winstanley) say that he died of the plague as he was going on an embassy to the Emperor Charles V. but Wood asserts, that he was only sent to Falmo by the King to meet the Spanish ambassador on the road, and conduct him to the court, which it seems demanded very great expedition; that by over-fatiguing himself, he was thrown into a fever, and in the thirty-eighth year of his age died in a little country-town in England, greatly lamented by all lovers of learning and politeness. In his poetical capacity, he does not appear to have much imagination, neither are his verses so musical and well polished as lord Surry's. Those of gallantry in particular seem to be too artificial and laboured for a lover, without that artless simplicity which is the genuine mark of feeling; and too stiff, and negligent of harmony for a His letters to John Poynes and Sir Francis Bryan deserve more notice, they argue him a man of great sense and honour, a critical observer of manners and well-qualified for an elegant and genteel satirist. These letters contain observations on the Courtier's Life, and I shall quote a few lines as a specimen, by which it will be seen how much he falls short of his noble cotemporary, lord Surry, and is above those writers that preceded him in versification.

The *courtiers life*.

In court to serve decked with fresh araye,
Of sugared meats seling the sweet repast,
The life in blankets, and sundry kinds of playe,
Amidst the press the worldly looks to waste,

Hath with it joyned oft such bitter taste,
That whoso joys such kind of life to holde,
In prison joys, fetter'd with chains of golde.

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THOMAS SACKVILLE, Earl DORSET

Was son of Richard Sackville and Winifrede, daughter of Sir John Bruges, Lord of London.[1] He was born at Buckhurst in the parish of Withiam in Suffex, and from his childhood was distinguished for wit and manly behaviour: He was first of the University of Oxford, but taking no degree there, he went to Cambridge, and commenced master of arts; he afterwards studied the law in the Inner-Temple, and became a barrister; but his genius being too lively to be confined to a dull plodding study, he chose rather to dedicate his hours to poetry and pleasure; he was the first that wrote scenes in verse, the Tragedy of Ferrex and Perrex, sons to Gorboduc King of Britain, being performed in the presence of Queen Elizabeth, long before Shakespear appeared[2] on the stage, by the Gentlemen of the Inner-Temple, at Whitehall the 18th of January, 1561, which Sir Philip Sidney thus characterises: "It is full of stately speeches, and well founding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca's stile, and as full of notable morality, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtain the very end of poetry." In the course of his studies, he was most delighted with the history of his own country, and being likewise well acquainted with antient history, he formed a design of writing the lives of several great personages in verse, of which we have a specimen in a book published 1610, called the Mirror of Magistrates, being a true Chronicle History of the untimely falls of such unfortunate princes and men of note, as have happened since the first entrance of Brute into this Island until his own time. It appears by a preface of Richard Nicolls, that the original plan of the Mirror of Magistrates was principally owing to him, a work of great labour, use and beauty. The induction, from which I shall quote a few lines, is indeed a master-piece, and if the-whole could have been compleated in the same manner, it would have been an honour to the nation to this day, nor could have sunk under the ruins of time; but the courtier put an end to the poet; and one cannot help wishing for the sake of our national reputation, that his rise at court had been a little longer delayed: It may easily be seen that allegory was brought to great perfection before the appearance of Spencer, and if Mr. Sackville did not surpass him, it was because he had the disadvantage of writing first. Agreeable to what Tasso exclaimed on seeing Guarini's Pastor Fido; 'If he had not seen my Aminta, he had not excelled it.'

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Our author's great abilities being distinguished at court, he was called to public affairs: In the 4th and 5th years of Queen Mary we find him in parliament; in the 5th year of Elizabeth, when his father was chosen for Sussex, he was returned one of the Knights of Buckinghamshire to the parliament then held. He afterwards travelled into foreign parts, and was detained for some time prisoner at Rome. His return into England being procured, in order to take possession of the vast inheritance his father left him, he was knighted by the duke of Norfolk in her Majesty's presence[3] 1567, and at the same day advanced to the degree and dignity of a baron of this realm, by the title of lord Buckhurst: He was of so profuse a temper, that though he then enjoyed a great estate, yet by his magnificent way of living he spent more than the income of it, and[4] a story is told of him, 'That calling on an alderman of London, who had got very considerably by the loan of his money to him, he was obliged to wait his coming down so long, as made such an impression on his generous humour, that thereupon he turned a thrifty improver of his estate.' But others make him the convert of Queen Elizabeth, (to whom he was allied, his grandfather having married a lady related to Ann Bullen) who by her frequent admonitions diverted the torrent of his profusion, and then received him into her particular favour. Camden says, that in the 14th of that Princess, he was sent ambassador to Charles IX King of France, to congratulate his marriage with the Emperor Maximilian's daughter, and on other important affairs where he was honourably received, according to his Queen's merit and his own; and having in company Guido Cavalcanti, a Gentleman of Florence, a person of great experience, and the Queen-mother being a Florentine, a treaty of marriage was publickly transacted between Queen Elizabeth and her son the duke of Anjou. In the 15th of her Majesty he was one of the peers[5] that sat on the trial of Thomas Howard duke of Norfolk,[6] and on the 29th of Elizabeth, was nominated one of the commissioners for the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, and at that time was of the privy council, but his lordship is not mentioned amongst the peers who met at Fotheringay Castle and condemned the Queen; yet when the parliament had confirmed the sentence, he was made choice of to convey the news to her Majesty, and see their determination put in execution against that beauteous Princess; possibly because he was a man of fine accomplishments, and tenderness of disposition, and could manage so delicate a point with more address than any other courtier. In the succeeding year he was sent ambassador to the States of the United Provinces, upon their dislike of the earl of Leicester's proceedings in a great many respects, there to examine the business, and compose the difference: He faithfully discharged this invidious office, but thereby incurred the earl of Leicester's displeasure; who prevailed with the Queen, as he was her favourite,

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to call the lord Buckhurst home, and confine him to his house for nine months; but surviving that earl, the Queen's favour returned, and he was elected the April following, without his knowledge, one of the Knights of the most noble Order of the Garter. He was one of the peers that sat on the trial of Philip Howard, earl of Arundel. In the 4th year of the Queen's reign he was joined with the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, in promoting a peace with Spain; in which trust he was so successful, that the High Admiral of Holland was sent over by the States, of the United Provinces, to renew their treaty with the crown of England, being afraid of its union with Spain. Lord Buckhurst had the sole management of that negotiation (as Burleigh then lay sick) and Concluded a treaty with him, by which his mistress was eased of no less than 120,000 l. per annum, besides other advantages.

His lordship succeeded Sir Christopher Hatton, in the Chancellorship of the university of Oxford, in opposition to Robert Devereux, earl of Essex, Master of the Horse to the Queen, who a little before was incorporated master of arts in the said university, to capacitate him for that office; but on receipt of letters from her Majesty in favour of lord Buckhurst, the Academicians elected him Chancellor on the 17th of December following. On the death of lord Burleigh, the Queen considering the great services he had done his country, which had cost him immense expences, was pleased to constitute him in the 41st year of her reign, Lord High Treasurer of England: In the succeeding year 1599, he was in commission with Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Chancellor, and the earl of Essex, Earl-Marshal, for negotiating affairs with the Senate of Denmark, as also in a special commission for suppressing schism, and afterwards when libels were dispersed by the earl of Essex and his faction against the Queen, intimating that her Majesty took little care of the government, and altogether neglected the state of Ireland, [7] his lordship engaged in a vindication of her Majesty, and made answers to these libels, representing how brave and well regulated an army had been sent into Ireland, compleatly furnished with all manner of provisions, and like wise that her Majesty had expended on that war in six months time, the sum of 600,000 l. which lord Essex must own to be true. He suspected that earl's mutinous designs, by a greater concourse of people resorting to his house than ordinary, and sent his son to pay him a visit,[8] and to desire him to be careful of the company he kept. Essex being sensible that his scheme was already discovered by the penetrating eye of lord Buckhurst, he and his friends entered upon new measures, and breaking out into an open rebellion, were obliged to surrender themselves prisoners. When that unfortunate favourite, together with the earl of Southampton, was brought to trial, lord Buckhurst was constituted on that occasion Lord High Steward of England, and passing sentence on the earl of Essex,

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his Lordship in a very eloquent speech desired him to implore the Queen's mercy. After this, it being thought necessary for the safety of the nation, that some of the leading conspirators should suffer death, his Lordship advised her Majesty to pardon the rest. Upon this he had a special commission granted him, together with secretary Cecil, and the earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral, to call before them all such as were concerned in the conspiracy with the earls of Essex and Southampton, and to treat and compound with such offenders for the redemption and composition of their lands. After the death of Queen Elizabeth, his lordship was concerned in taking the necessary measures for the security of the kingdom, the administration being devolved on him and other counsellors, who unanimously proclaimed King James, and signed a letter March 28, 1603 to the lord Eure, and the rest of the commissioners, for the treaty of Breme, notifying her majesty's decease, and the recognition and proclamation of King James of Scotland: who had such a sense of lord Buckhurst's services, and superior abilities, that before his arrival in England, he ordered the renewal of his patent, as Lord High Treasurer for life. On the 13th of March next ensuing, he was created earl of Dorset, and constituted one of the commissioners for executing the office of Earl-Marshal of England, and for reforming sundry abuses in the College of Arms.

In the year 1608, this great man died suddenly at the Council-Table, Whitehall, after a bustling life devoted to the public weal; and the 26th of May following, his remains were deposited with great solemnity in Westminster Abbey, his funeral sermon being preached by Dr. Abbot, his chaplain, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Besides this celebrated sermon of the primate's, in which he is very lavish in his praise, Lord Chancellor Bacon, and Sir Robert Naunton, bestow particular encomiums upon him; and Sir Richard Paker observes, "That he had excellent parts, and in his place was exceeding industrious, and that he had heard many exchequer men say, there never was a better Treasurer, both for the King's profit, and the good of the subject."

By his dying suddenly at the Council-Table, his death was interpreted by some people in a mysterious manner;[9] but his head being opened, there were found in it certain little bags of water, which, whether by straining in his study the night before, in which he sat up till 11 o'clock, or otherwise by their own maturity, suddenly breaking, and falling upon his brain, produced his death, to the universal grief of the nation, for which he had spent his strength, and for whose interest, in a very immediate manner, he may be justly said to have fallen a sacrifice. Of all our court poets he seems to have united the greatest industry and variety of genius: It is seldom found, that the sons of Parnassus can devote themselves to public business, or execute it with success. I have already observed,

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that the world has lost many excellent works, which no doubt this cultivated genius would have accomplished, had he been less involved in court-affairs: but as he acted in so public a sphere, and discharged every office with inviolable honour, and consummate prudence, it is perhaps somewhat selfish in the lovers of poetry, to wish he had wrote more, and acted less. From him is descended the present noble family of the Dorsets; and it is remarkable, that all the descendants of this great man have inherited his taste for liberal arts and sciences, as well as his capacity for public business. An heir of his was the friend and patron of Dryden, and is stiled by Congreve the monarch of wit in his time, and the present age is happy in his illustrious posterity, rivalling for deeds of honour and renown the most famous of their ancestors.

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Induction to the *mirror* Of *magistrates*.

The wrathful winter hast'ning on apace,
With blustring blasts had all ybard the treene,
And old Saturnus with his frosty face
With chilling cold had pearst the tender greene:
The mantles rent, wherein enwrapped been,
The gladsome groves, that now lay overthrown,
The tapets torn, and every tree down blown.

The soil that erst so seemly was to seen, Was all despoiled of her beauteous hew, And soote fresh flowers wherewith the summers queen, Had clad the earth, new Boreas blasts down blew And small fowls flocking in their songs did rew The winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defaste, In woeful wise bewailed the summer past.

[Footnote 1: Fuller's Worthies, p.105]

[Footnote 2: Wood Ath. Qx. praed.]

[Footnote 3: Collins's peerage, 519.]

[Footnote 4: Ib. 519.]

[Footnote 5: Rapin's History of England, p. 437.]

[Footnote 6: This nobleman suffered death for a plot to recover the liberty of the Queen of Scots.]

[Footnote 7: Rapin's History of England, vol ii. p. 617.]

[Footnote 8: Rapin'a History of England, vol. ii. p. 630.]

[Footnote 9: Chron. 2d edit. p. 596.]

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THOMAS CHURCHYARD,

One of the assistants in the Mirror of Magistrates. He was born in the town of Shrewsbury[1] as himself affirms in his book made in verse of the Worthiness of Wales. He was equally addicted to arts and arms; he had a liberal education, and inherited some fortune, real and personal; but he soon exhausted it, in a tedious and unfruitful attendance at court, for he gained no other equivalent for that mortifying dependance, but the honour of being retained a domestic in the family of lord Surry: during which time by his lordship's encouragement he commenced poet. Upon his master's death he betook himself to arms; was in many engagements, and was frequently

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wounded; he was twice a prisoner, and redeemed by the charity of two noble ladies, yet still languishing in distress, and bitterly complaining of fortune. Neither of his employments afforded him a patron, who would do justice to his obscure merit; and unluckily he was as unhappy in his amours as in his circumstances, some of his mistresses treating his addresses with contempt, perhaps, on account of his poverty; for tho' it generally happens that Poets have the greatest power in courtship, as they can celebrate their mistresses with more elegance than people of any other profession; yet it very seldom falls out that they marry successfully, as their needy circumstances naturally deter them from making advances to Ladies of such fashion as their genius and manners give them a right to address. This proved our author's case exactly; he made love to a widow named Browning, who possessed a very good jointure; but this lady being more in love with money than laurels, with wealth than merit, rejected his suit; which not a little discouraged him, as he had spent his money in hopes of effecting this match, which, to his great mortification, all his rhimes and sonnets could not do. He dedicated his vorks to Sir Christopher Hatton; but addresses of that nature don't always imply a provision for their author. It is conjectured that he died about the eleventh year of Queen Elizabeth, and according to Mr. Wood was buried near Skelton in the Chancel of St. Margaret's, Westminster. By his writings, he appears a man of sense, and sometimes a poet, tho' he does not seem to possess any degree of invention. His language is generally pure, and his numbers not wholly inharmonious. The Legend of Jane Shore is the most finished of all his works, from which I have taken a quotation. His death, according to the most probable conjecture, happened in 1570. Thus like a stone (says Winstanley) did he trundle about, but never gathered any moss, dying but poor, as may be seen by his epitaph in Mr. Camden's Remains, which runs thus:

Come Alecto, lend me thy torch
To find a Church-yard in a Church-porch;
Poverty and poetry his tomb doth enclose,
Wherefore good neighbours, be merry in prose.

His works according to Winstanley are as follow:

The Siege of Leith.

A Farewell to the world.

A feigned Fancy of the Spider and the Gaul.

A doleful Discourse of a Lady and a Knight.

The Road into Scotland, by Sir William Drury.

Sir Simon Burley's Tragedy.

A lamentable Description of the Wars in Flanders in prose, and dedicated to Walsingham secretary of state.

A light Bundle of lively Discourses, called Churchyard's Charge 1580, dedicated to his noble patron the Earl of Surry.

A Spark of Friendship, a treatise on that writer, address'd to Sir Walter Raleigh.

A Description and Discourse on the use of paper, in which he praises a paper-mill built near Darthsend, by a German called Spillman.

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The Honour of the Law 1596.

Jane Shore, mistress to King Edward *iv*.

A Tragical Discourse of the unhappy Man's Life.

A Discourse of Virtue.

Churchyard's Dream.

A Tale of a Fryar and a Shoemaker's Wife,

The Siege of Edinburgh Castle.

Queen Elizabeth's reception into Bristol.

These twelve several pieces he bound together, calling them Churchyard's Chips, which he dedicated to Sir Christopher Hatton. He wrote beside,

The Tragedy of Thomas Moubray Duke of Norfolk. Among the rest by fortune overthrowne, I am not least, that most may waile her fate: My fame and brute, abroad the world is blowne, Who can forget a thing thus done so late? My great mischance, my fall, and heavy state, Is such a marke whereat each tongue doth shoot That my good name, is pluckt up by the root,

[Footnote 1: Winst. 61.]

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JOHN HEYWOOD

One of the first who wrote English plays, was a noted jester, of some reputation in poetry in his time. Wood says, that notwithstanding he was stiled Civis Londinensis, yet he laid a foundation of learning at Oxford, but the severity of an academical life not suitng with his airy genius, he retired to his native place, and had the honour to have a great intimacy with Sir Thomas More. It is said, that he had admirable skill both in instrumental and vocal music, but it is not certain whether he left any compositions of that sort behind him. He found means to become a favourite with King Henry VIII on account of the quickness of his conceits, and was well rewarded by that Monarch.[1] After the accession of Queen Mary to the throne, he was equally valued by her, and was admitted into the most intimate conversation with her, in diverting her by his merry stories, which he did, even when she lay languishing on her death-bed. After the decease of that princess, he being a bigotted Roman Catholic, and finding the protestant interest was like to prevail under the patronage of the renowned Queen

Elizabeth, he sacrificed the enjoyment of living in his own country, to that of his religion: For he entered into a voluntary exile, and settled at Mechlin in Brabant.

The Play called the Four P's being a new and and merry interlude of a Palmer, Pardoner, Poticary, and Pedler—printed in an old English character in quarto, has in the title page the pictures of four men in old-fashioned habits, wrought off, from a wooden cut. He has likewise writ the following interludes.

Between John the Husband and Tib the Wife. Between the Pardoner and the Fryer, the Curate and neighbouring Pratt. Play of Gentleness and Nobility, in two parts. The Pindar of Wakefield, a comedy. Philotas Scotch, a comedy.

This author also wrote a dialogue, containing the number in effect of all the proverbs in the English tongue, compact in a matter concerning two manner of marriages. London 1547, and 1598, in two parts in quarto, all writ in old English verse, and printed in an English character.

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Three hundred epigrams upon three hundred proverbs, in old English character.

A fourth hundred of epigrams, printed in quarto, London 1598.

A fifth hundred of epigrams, printed in quarto, London 1598.

The Spider and Fly. A Parable of the Spider and Fly, London 1556, in a pretty thick quarto, all in old English verse. Before the title is the picture of John Heywood at full length, printed from a wooden cut, with a fur gown on, almost representing the fashion of that, belonging to a master of arts, but the bottom of the sleeve reach no lower than his knees; on his head is a round cap, his chin and lips are close shaved, and hath a dagger hanging to his girdle.[2]

Dr. Fuller mentions a book writ by our author,[3] entitled Monumenta Literaria, which are said to Non tam labore, condita, quam Lepore condita: The author of English poetry, speaking of several of our old English bards, says thus of our poet. “John Heywood for the mirth and quickness of conceit, more than any good learning that was in him, came to be well rewarded by the king.”

That the reader may judge of his epigrams, to which certainly the writer just mentioned alludes, I shall present him with one writ by him on himself.

Art thou Heywood, with thy mad merry wit? Yea for sooth master, that name is even hit. Art thou Heywood, that apply’s mirth more than thrift? Yes sir, I take merry mirth, a golden gift. Art thou Heywood, that hast made many mad plays? Yea many plays, few good works in my days. Art thou Heywood, that hath made men merry long? Yea, and will, if I be made merry among. Art thou Heywood, that would’st be made merry now? Yes, Sir, help me to it now, I beseech you.

He died at Mechlin, in the year 1565, and was buried there, leaving behind him several children, to whom he had given liberal education, one of whom is Jasper, who afterwards made a considerable figure, and became a noted Jesuit.

[Footnote 1: Wood Athen, Oxon.]

[Footnote 2: Wood ubi supra.]

[Footnote 3: Worthies of London, p. 221.]

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GEORGE FERRARS,

Descended of an ancient family seated in Hertfordshire, was born there in a village not far from St. Alban's about the year 1510[1]. He was a lawyer, a historian, and a poet; he received his education at the university of Oxford, but of what college he was Wood himself has not been able to discover; he removed from thence to Lincolns'-Inn, where, by a diligent application to the law, he made considerable progress in his profession, and by the patronage of that great minister Cromwell Earl of Essex, who was himself a man of astonishing abilities, he soon made a figure at the bar. He was the menial servant of King Henry VIII.[2] and discharged his trust both in time of war and peace with great honour and gallantry, and shared that monarch's

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favour in a very considerable degree, who made him a grant in his own country, as an evidence of his affection for him. This grant of the King's happened in the year 1535; and yet in seven years afterwards, either thro' want of economy, or by a boundless confidence in his friends, he reduced his affairs to a very indifferent situation, which, perhaps, might be the reason, why he procured himself to be chosen Member for the Borough of Plymouth in the county of Devon,[3] in the Parliament summoned the thirty-third year of that King's reign. During the Sessions he had the misfortune to be arrested by an officer belonging to the Sheriffs of London, and carried to the counter, then in Bread-street. No sooner had the House of Commons got notice of this insult offered to one of their Members, than they immediately enacted a settled rule, which from that accident took place, with respect to privilege, and ever since that time the Members of the House have been exempt from arrests for debt. His Majesty likewise resented the affront offered to his servant, and with the concurrence of the Parliament proceeded very severely against the Sheriffs.

Hollinshed in his chronicle, vol 2, p. 955, gives a very full account of it. Sir Thomas Moils, knight, then Speaker of the House, gave a special order to the Serjeant of the Parliament to repair to the Compter, and there demand the delivery of the prisoner. But notwithstanding this high authority, the officers in the city refused to obey the command, and after many altercations, they absolutely resisted the Serjeant, upon which a fray ensued within the Compter-gates, between Ferrars and the officers, not without mutual hurt, so that the Serjeant was driven to defend himself with his mace of arms, and had the crown of it broken with warding off a stroke; the Sheriffs of London so far from appeasing, fomented the quarrel, and with insolent language refused to deliver their prisoner: Upon which the Serjeant, thus abused, returned to the House and related what had happened. This circumstance so exasperated the Burgesses, that they all rose and went into the Upper House, and declared they would transact no more business till their Member was restored to them. They then commanded their Serjeant again to go to the Compter with his mace, and make a second demand by their authority.—The Sheriffs hearing that the Upper House hid concerned themselves in it, and being afraid of their resentment, restored the prisoner before the Serjeant had time to return to the Compter; but this did not satisfy the Burgesses, they summoned the Sheriffs before them, together with one White, who in contempt of their dignity had taken out a writ against Ferrars, and as a punishment for their insolence, they were sent to the Tower; and ever since that period, the power and privilege of the Commons have been on the increase.

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Ferrars continued in high favour with Henry during the remainder of his reign, and seems to have stood upon good terms with Somerset Lord Protector in the beginning of Edward VI. since it appears that he attended the Protector in quality of one of the Commissioners of the Army, in his expedition into Scotland in 1548,[4] which, perhaps, might be owing to his being about the person of Prince Edward in his father's life-time. Another instance of this happened about four years afterwards, at a very critical juncture, for when the unfortunate Duke of Somerset lay under sentence of death, and it was observed that the people murmured and often gave testimonies of discontent, and that the King himself was very uneasy, those about him studied every method to quiet and amuse the one, to entertain and divert the other[5]. In order to this, at the entrance of Christmas holidays, Mr. Ferrars was proclaimed Lord Misrule, that is a kind of Prince of sports and pastimes, which office he discharged for twelve days together at Greenwich with great magnificence and address, and entirely to the King's satisfaction.

In this character, attended by the politest part of the Court, he made an excursion to London, where he was splendidly entertained by the Lord Mayor, and when he took his leave he had presents given him in token of respect. But notwithstanding he made so great figure in the diversions at court, yet he was no idle spectator of political affairs, and maintained his reputation with the learned world. He wrote the reign of Queen Mary, which tho' published in the name of Richard Grafton, in his chronicles; yet was certainly the performance of Ferrars, according to the annals of Stow, p. 632, whose authority in this case is very high. Our author was an historian, a lawyer, and a politician even in his poetry, as appears from these pieces of his which are inserted in the Mirror of Magistrates, and which are not inferior to any others that have found a place there[6]. In the early part of his life he wrote some tracts on his own profession, which gained him great reputation, and which discover that he was a lover of liberty, and not disposed to sacrifice to the crown the rights and properties of the subject. It seldom happens that when a man often changes his situation, or is forced to do so, that he continues to preserve the good opinion of different parties, but this was a happiness which Ferrars enjoyed. He was consulted by the learned as a candid critic, admired and loved by all who conversed with him.

With respect to the time of our author's death, we cannot be absolutely certain; all we know is, that he died in the year 1579, at his house in Flamstead in Hertfordshire, and was buried in the parish church; for as Wood informs us, on the eighteenth of May the same year a commission was granted from the prerogative, to administer the goods, debts, chattles, *etc*. of George Ferrars lately deceased[7]. None of our authors deliver any thing as to Mr. Ferrars's religion, but it is highly probable that he was a zealous Protestant: not from his accepting grants of Abbey-lands, for that is but a precarious proof, but from his coming into the world under the protection of Thomas Lord Cromwell, who was certainly persuaded of the truth of the protestant religion.

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Having this occasion to mention Thomas Lord Cromwell, the famous Earl of Essex, who was our author's warmest patron, I am persuaded my readers will forgive me a digression which will open to them the noblest instance of gratitude and honour in that worthy nobleman, that ever adorned the page of an historian, and which has been told with rapture by all who have writ of the times, particularly by Dr. Burnet in his history of the Reformation, and Fox in his Martyrology.—Thomas Lord Cromwell was the son of a Blacksmith at Putney, and was a soldier under the duke of Bourbon at the sacking of Rome in the year 1527. While he was abroad in a military character, in a very low station, he fell sick, and was unable to follow the army; he was observed one day by an Italian merchant to walk very pensive, and had all the appearance of penury and wretchedness: The merchant enquired of him the place of his birth, and fortune, and upon conversing with Cromwell, was so well pleased with the account he gave of himself, that he supplied him with money and credit to carry him to England. Cromwell afterwards made the most rapid progress in state-preferments ever known. Honours were multiplied thick upon him, and he came to have the dispensing of his sovereign's bounty. It happened, that this Italian merchant's circumstances decayed, and he came to England to sollicit the payment of some debts due to him by his correspondents; who finding him necessitous, were disposed to put him off, and take the advantage of his want, to avoid payment. This not a little embarrassed the foreigner, who was now in a situation forlorn enough. As providence would have it, lord Cromwell, then Earl of Essex, riding to court, saw this merchant walking with a dejected countenance, which put him in mind of his former situation. He immediately ordered one of his attendants to desire the merchant to come to his house. His lordship asked the merchant whether he knew him? he answered no: Cromwell then related the circumstance of the merchant's relieving a certain Englishman; and asked if he remembered it? The merchant answered, that he had always made it his business to do good, but did not remember that circumstance.—His lordship then enquired the reason of his coming to England, and upon the merchant's telling him his story, he so interested himself, as soon to procure the payment of all his debts.—Cromwell then informed the merchant, that he was himself the person he had thus relieved; and for every Ducat which the merchant had given him, he returned to the value of a hundred, telling him, that this was the payment of his debt. He then made him a munificent present, and asked him whether he chose to settle in England, or return to his own country. The foreigner chose the latter, and returned to spend the remainder of his days in competence and quiet, after having experienced in lord Essex as high an instance of generosity and gratitude as perhaps ever was known. This noble act of his lordship, employed, says Burnet, the pens of the belt writers at that time in panegyrics on so great a behaviour; the finest poets praised him; his most violent enemies could not help admiring him, and latest posterity shall hold the name of him in veneration, who was capable of so generous an act of honour. But to return to Ferrars.

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In our author's history of the reign of Queen Mary, tho' he shews himself a great admirer of the personal virtues of that Princess, and a very discerning and able historian, yet it is every where evident that he was attached to the protestant interest; but more especially in the learned account he gives of Archbishop Cranmer's death, and Sir Thomas Wyat's insurrection[8]. The works of this author which are printed in the Mirror of Magistrates, are as follow;

The Fall of Robert Tresilian, Chief Justice of
England, for misconstruing the laws, and expounding
them to serve the prince's affections.

The Tragedy, or unlawful murther of Thomas
of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester.

The Tragedy of Richard *ii*.

The Story of Dame Eleanor Cobham, Duchess
of Gloucester.

The Story of Humphry Plantagenet, Duke of
Gloucester, Protector of England.

The Tragedy of Edmund Duke of Somerset.

Among these the Complaints of Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, who was banished for consulting Conjurers and Fortune-tellers about the Life of King Henry VI. and whose exile quickly made way for the murder of her husband, has of all his compositions been most admired; and from this I shall quote a few lines which that Lady speaks.

The Isle of Man was the appointed place,
To penance me for ever in exile;

Thither in haste, they posted me apace,
And doubting 'scape, they pined me in a pyle,
Close by myself; in care alas the while.
There felt I first poor prisoner's hungry fare,
Much want, things skant, and stone walls, hard and bare.

The chaunge was straunge from silke and cloth of gold
To rugged fryze, my carcass for to cloath;
From prince's fare, and dainties hot and cold,
To rotten fish, and meats that one would loath:
The diet and dressing were much alike boath:

Bedding and lodging were all alike fine,
Such down it was as served well for swyne.

[Footnote 1: From manuscript note on the art of poetry.]

[Footnote 2: Biog. Brit. p. 1922.]

[Footnote 3: Willis notitia Parliam. vol 2. p. 295.]

[Footnote 4: Patten's Journal of the Scotch expedition, p. 13.]

[Footnote 5: Stow's Annal. p. 608.]

[Footnote 6: Lond. 40.]

[Footnote 7: Athen. Oxon. vol. I. col. 146.]

[Footnote 8: Grafton's Chron. p. 1350, 1351.]

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Sir *Philip Sidney*.

This great ornament to human nature, to literature, and to Britain, was the son of Sir Henry Sidney, knight of the Garter, and three times Lord Deputy of Ireland, and of lady Mary Dudley, daughter to the duke of Northumberland, and nephew to that great favourite, Robert, earl of Leicester.

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Oxford had the honour of his education, under the tuition of Dr. Thomas Thornton, canon of Christ Church. At the university he remained till he was 17 years of age, and in June 1572 set out on his travels. On the 24th of August following, when the massacre fell out at Paris, he was then there, [1] and with other Englishmen took shelter in Sir Francis Walsingham's house, her Majesty's ambassador at that court. When this storm subsided, he departed from Paris, went through Lorrain, and by Strasburgh and Heydelburgh, to Francfort, in September or October following; where he settled for some time, and was entertained, agent for the duke of Saxony. At his return, her Majesty was one of the first who distinguished his great abilities, and, as proud of so rich a treasure, she sent him ambassador to Rodolph the emperor, to condole him on the death of Maximilian, and also to other princes of Germany. The next year, 1577, he went to the court of that gallant prince Don John de Austria, Viceroy in the low countries for the king of Spain. Don John was the proudest man in his time; haughty and imperious in his behaviour, and always used the foreign ambassadors, who came to his court, with unsufferable insolence and superiority: At first he paid but little respect to Sidney on account of his youth, and seeming inexperience; but having had occasion to hear him talk, and give some account of the manners of every court where he had been, he was so struck with his vivacity, the propriety of his observations, and the lustre of his parts, that he ever afterwards used him with familiarity, and paid him more respect in his private character, than he did to any ambassador from whatever court. Some years after this, Wood observes, that in a book called Cabala, he set forth his reasons why the marriage of the queen with the duke of Anjou was disadvantageous to the nation. This address was written at the desire of the earl of Leicester, his uncle; upon which, a quarrel happened between him and the earl of Oxford, which perhaps occasioned his retirement from court for two years, when he wrote that renowned romance called Arcadia. We find him again in high favour, when the treaty of marriage was renewed; he was engaged with Sir Fulk Greville in tilting, for the diversion of the court; and at the departure of the duke of Anjou from England, he attended him to Antwerp [2].

On the 8th of January, 1582, he received the honour of knighthood from the queen; and in the beginning of the year 1585, he designed an expedition with Sir Francis Drake into America; but being hindered by the Queen, who thought the court would be deficient without him, he was made Governor of Flushing, (about that time delivered to the Queen for one of the cautionary-towns) and General of the Horse. In both these places of important trust, his behaviour in point of prudence and valour was irreproachable, and gained additional honour to his country, especially when in July 1586 he surprized Axil, and preserved the lives and reputation

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of the English army, at the enterprise of Gravelin. About that time he was in election for the crown of Poland, but the queen refused to promote this his glorious advancement, not from jealousy, but from the fear of losing the jewel of her times. He united the statesman, the scholar and the soldier; and as by the one, he purchased fame and honour in his life, so by the other, he has acquired immortality after death.

In the year 1586, when that unfortunate stand was made against the Spaniards before Zutphen, the 22d of September, when he was getting upon the third horse, having had two slain under him before, he was wounded with a musket-shot out of the trenches, which broke the bone of his thigh. The horse he rode upon was rather furiously choleric, than bravely proud, so forced him to forsake the field, but not his back, as the noblest and fittest bier (says lord Brook) to carry a martial commander to his grave. In this progress, passing along by the rest of the army where his uncle the [3] General was, and being faint with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had been wounded at the same time, wishfully cast up his eyes at the bottle; whereupon Sir Philip took it from his own mouth before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with these words, “thy necessity is yet greater than mine;” and when he had assisted this poor soldier and fellow sufferer, as he called him, he was presently carried to Arnheim, where the principal surgeons of the camp attended him.

This generous behaviour of our gallant knight, ought not to pass without a panegyric. All his deeds of bravery, his politeness, his learning, and courtly accomplishments, do not reflect so much honour upon him, as this one disinterested, truly heroic action: It discovered so tender and benevolent a nature; a mind so fortified against pain; a heart so overflowing with generous sentiments, to relieve, in opposition to the violent call of his own necessities, a poor man languishing in the same distress, before himself, that as none can read it without the highest admiration of the wounded hero, so none I hope will think me extravagant in thus endeavouring to extol it. Bravery is often constitutional; fame may be the motive to feats of arms, a statesman and a courtier may act from interest; but a sacrifice so generous as this, can be made by none but those who are good as well as great, who are noble-minded, and gloriously compassionate, like Sidney.

When the surgeons began to dress his wound, he told them, that while his strength was yet entire, his body free from a fever, and his mind able to endure, they might freely use their art; cut and search to the bottom; but if they should neglect their art, and renew torments in the declination of nature, their ignorance, or over-tenderness would prove a kind of tyranny to their friend, and reflect no honour upon themselves.

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For some time they had great hopes of his recovery; and so zealous were they to promote it, and overjoyed at its seeming approach, that they spread the report of it, which soon reached London, and diffused the most general joy at Court that ever was known.

At the same time count Hollock was under the care of a most excellent surgeon, for a wound in his throat by a musket shot; yet he neglected his own extremity to save his friend, and for that purpose sent him to Sir Philip. This surgeon notwithstanding, out of love to his master, returning one day to dress his wound, the count cheerfully asked him how Sir Philip did? he answered with a dejected look, that he was not well: At these words the count, as having more sense of his friend's wound than his own, cried out, "Away villain, never see my face again till you bring better news of that gentleman's recovery, for whose redemption, many such as I were happily lost."

Finding all the efforts of the surgeons in vain, he began to put no more confidence in their skill, and resigned himself with heroic patience to his fate. He called the ministers to him, who were all excellent men of different nations, and before them made such a confession of Christian faith, as no book, but the heart, can truly and feelingly deliver. Then calling for his will, and settling his temporal affairs, the last scene of this tragedy, was the parting between the two brothers. Sir Philip exerted all his soul in endeavouring to suppress his sorrow, in which affection and nature were too powerful for him, while the other demonstrated his tenderness by immoderate transports of grief, a weakness which every tender breast will easily forgive, who have ever felt the pangs of parting from a brother; and a brother of Sir Philip Sidney's worth, demanded still additional sorrow. He took his leave with these admonishing words, "My dear, much loved, honoured brother, love my memory; cherish my friends; their faith to me may assure you they are honest. But above all, govern your will and affections, by the will and word of your Creator. In me, beholding the end of this world with all her vanities." And with this farewel he desired the company to lead him away.

After his death, which happened on the 16th of October, the States of Zealand became suitors to his Majesty, and his noble friends, that they might have the honour of burying his body at the public expence of their government,[4] but in this they were denied; for soon after, his body was brought to Flushing, and being embarked with great solemnity on the 1st of November, landed at Tower Wharf on the 6th of the same month; and the 16th of February following, after having lain in state, it was magnificently deposited in St. Paul's Cathedral.

As the funeral of many princes has not exceeded it in solemnity, so few have equalled it in the undissembled sorrow for his loss[5] King James writ an epitaph upon him, and the Muses of Oxford lamenting him, composed elegies to his memory. It may be justly said of this great man, what a celebrated poet now living has applied to Archbishop Laud,

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Around his tomb did art and genius weep,
Beauty, wit, piety, and bravery, were undissembled
mourners.

He left behind him one child named Elizabeth, (married to the earl of Rutland) whom he had by Sir Francis Walsingham's daughter, and who unfortunately died without issue to perpetuate the living virtues of her illustrious family. She is said to have been excessively beautiful; that she married the earl of Rutland by authority, but that her affections were dedicated to the earl of Essex, and as Queen Elizabeth was in love with that nobleman, she became very jealous of this charming countess. It has been commonly reported[6] that Sir Philip, some hours before his death, enjoyned a near friend to consign his works to the flames. What promise his friend returned is uncertain, but if he broke his word to befriend the public, posterity has thank'd him, and every future age will with gratitude acknowledge the favour.

Of all his works his Arcadia is the most celebrated; it is dedicated to his sister the countess of Pembroke, who was a Lady of as fine a character, and as equally finished in every female accomplishment, as her brother in the manly. She lived to a good old age, and died in 1621. Ben Johnson has wrote an epitaph upon her, so inimitably excellent, that I cannot resist the temptation of inserting it here. She was buried in the Cathedral Church of Salisbury, among the graves of the family of the Pembrokes.

Epitaph.

Underneath this marble hearse,
Lyes the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
Death e're thou hast killed another,
Learned and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

The Arcadia was printed first in 1613 in 4to; it has been translated into almost every language. As the ancient AEgyptians presented secrets under their mystical hyeroglyphics, so that an easy figure was exhibited to the eye, and a higher notion couched under it to the judgment, so all the Arcadia is a continual grove of morality, shadowing moral and political truths under the plain and striking emblems of lovers, so that the reader may be deceived, but not hurt, and happily surprized to more knowledge than he expected.

Besides the celebrated Arcadia, Sir Philip wrote,

A dissuasive letter addressed to Queen Elizabeth; against her marriage with the duke of Anjou, printed in a book called Serinia Ceciliana, 4to. 1663.

Astrophel & Stella, written at the desire of Lady Rich, whom he perfectly loved, and is thought to be celebrated in the Arcadia by the name of Philoclea.

---------- Ourania, a poem, 1606.

An Essay on Valour: Some impute this to Sir Thomas Overbury.

Almanzor and Almanzaida, a novel printed in 1678, which is likewise disputed; and Wood says that he believes Sir Philip's name was only prefixed to it by the bookseller, to secure a demand for it.

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--------England's Helicon, a collection of songs.

--------The Psalms of David turned into English.

The true *picture* of *love*.

Poore painters oft with silly poets joyne,
To fill the world with vain and strange conceits,
One brings the stuff, the other stamps the coyne
Which breeds nought else but glosses of deceits.
Thus painters Cupid paint, thus poets doe
A naked god, blind, young, with arrows two.

Is he a god, that ever flyes the light? Or naked he, disguis'd in all untruth? If he be blind, how hitteth he so right? How is he young, that tamed old Phoebus youth? But arrowes two, and tipt with gold or lead, Some hurt, accuse a third with horney head.No nothing so; an old, false knave he is, By Argus got on Io, then a cow: What time for her, Juno her Jove did miss, And charge of her to Argus did allow. Mercury killed his false sire for this act, His damme a beast was pardoned, beastly fact.

With father's death, and mother's guilty shame,
With Jove's disdain at such a rival's feed:
The wretch compel'd, a runegate became,
And learn'd what ill, a miser-state did breed,
To lye, to steal, to prie, and to accuse,
Nought in himself, each other to abuse.

[Footnote 1: Athen, Oxon, folio, p. 226.]

[Footnote 2: Wood, p. 227.]

[Footnote 3: Earl of Leicester.]

[Footnote 4: Lord Brook's life.]

[Footnote 5: For a great many months after his death, it was reckoned indecent in any gentleman to appear splendidly dress'd; the public mourned him, not with exterior formality, but with the genuine sorrow of the heart. Of all our poets he seems to be the most courtly, the bravest, the most active, and in the moral sense, the best.]

[Footnote 6: Camden Brit. in Kent.]

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CHISTOPHER MARLOE

Was bred a student in Cambridge, but there is no account extant of his family. He soon quitted the University, and became a player on the same stage with the incomparable Shakespear. He was accounted, says Langbaine, a very fine poet in his time, even by Ben Johnson himself, and Heywood his fellow-actor stiles him the best of poets. In a copy of verses called the Censure of the Poets, he was thus characterized.

Next Marloe bathed in Thespian springs,
Had in him those brave sublunary things,
That your first poets had; his raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear;
For that fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

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His genius inclined him wholly to tragedy, and he obliged the world with six plays, besides one he joined for with Nash, called Dido Queen of Carthage; but before I give an account of them, I shall present his character to the reader upon the authority of Anthony Wood, which is too singular to be passed over. This Marloe, we are told, presuming upon his own little wit, thought proper to practise the most epicurean indulgence, and openly profess'd atheism; he denied God, Our Saviour; he blasphemed the adorable Trinity, and, as it was reported, wrote several discourses against it, affirming Our Saviour to be a deceiver, the sacred scriptures to contain nothing but idle stories, and all religion to be a device of policy and priestcraft; but Marloe came to a very untimely end, as some remarked, in consequence of his execrable blasphemies. It happened that he fell deeply in love with a low girl, and had for his rival a fellow in livery, who looked more like a pimp than a lover. Marloe, fired with jealousy, and having some reason to believe that his mistress granted the fellow favours, he rushed upon him to stab him with his dagger; but the footman being quick, avoided the stroke, and catching hold of Marloe's wrist stabbed him with his own weapon, and notwithstanding all the assistance of surgery, he soon after died of the wound, in the year 1593. Some time before his death, he had begun and made a considerable progress in an excellent poem called Hero and Leander, which was afterwards finished by George Chapman, who fell short, as it is said, of the spirit and invention of Marloe in the execution of it.

What credit may be due to Mr. Wood's severe representation of this poet's character, the reader must judge for himself. For my part, I am willing to suspend my judgment till I meet with some other testimony of his having thus heinously offended against his God, and against the best and most amiable system of Religion that ever was, or ever can be: Marloe might possibly be inclined to free-thinking, without running the unhappy lengths that Mr. Wood tells us, it was reported he had done. We have many instances of characters being too lightly taken up on report, and mistakenly represented thro' a too easy credulity; especially against a man who may happen to differ from us in some speculative points, wherein each party however, may think himself Orthodox: The good Dr. Clarke himself, has been as ill spoken of as Wood speaks of Marloe.

His other works are

1. Dr. Faustus, his tragical history printed in 4to. London, 1661.

2. Edward the Second, a Tragedy, printed in 4to. London—when this play was acted is not known.

3. Jew of Malta, a Tragedy played before the King and Queen at Whitehall, 1633. This play was in much esteem in those days; the Jew's part being performed by Mr. Edward Alleyn, the greatest player of his time, and a man of real piety and goodness; he founded and endowed Dulwich hospital in Surry; he was so great an actor, that Betterton, the Roscius of the British nation, used to acknowledge that he owed to him those great attainments of which he was master.

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4. Lust's Dominion; or the Lascivious Queen, published by Mr. Kirkman, 8vo. London, 1661. This play was altered by Mrs. Behn, and acted under, the title of the Moor's Revenge.

5. Massacre of Paris, with the death of the Duke of Guise, a Tragedy, played by the Right Honourable the Lord Admiral's servants. This play is divided into acts; it begins with the fatal marriage between the King of Navarre, and Margurete de Valois, sister to King Charles IX; the occasion of the massacre, and ends with the death of Henry *iii* of France.

6. Tamerlain the Great; or the Scythian Shepherd, a Tragedy in two parts, printed in an old black letter, 8vo. 1593. This is said to be the worst of his productions.

* * * * *

ROBERT GREEN

Received his education at the university of Cambridge, and was, as Winstanley says, a great friend to the printers by the many books he writ. He was a merry droll in those times, and a man so addicted to pleasure, that as Winstanley observes, he drank much deeper draughts of sack, than of the Heliconian stream; he was amongst the first of our poets who writ for bread, and in order the better to support himself, tho' he lived in an age far from being dissolute, *viz*. in that of the renowned Queen Elizabeth; yet he had recourse to the mean expedient of writing obscenity, and favouring the cause of vice, by which he no doubt recommended himself to the rakes about town, who, as they are generally no true judges of wit, to estimate the merit of a piece, as it happens to suit their appetite, or encourage them in every irregular indulgence. No man of honour who sees a poet endowed with a large share of natural understanding, prostituting his pen to the vilest purpose of debauchery and lewdness, can think of him but with contempt; and his wit, however brilliant, ought not to screen him from the just indignation of the sober part of mankind. When wit is prostituted to vice, 'tis wit no more; that is, it ceases to be true wit; and I have often thought there should be some public mark of infamy fixed on those who hurt society by loose writings. But Mr. Green must be freed from the imputation of hypocrisy, for we find him practicing the very doctrines he taught. Winstanley relates that he was married to a very fine and deserving lady, whom he basely forsook, with a child she had by him, for the company of some harlots, to whom he applied the wages of iniquity, while his wife starved. After some years indulgence of this sort, when his wit began to grow stale, we find him fallen into abject poverty, and lamenting the life he had led which brought him to it; for it always happens, that a mistress is a more expensive piece of furniniture than a wife; and if the modern adulterers would speak the truth, I am certain they would acknowledge, that half the money which, in the true sense of the word, is misspent

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upon those daughters of destruction, would keep a family with decency, and maintain a wife with honour. When our author was in this forlorn miserable state, he writ a letter to his wife, which Mr. Winstanly has preferred, and which, as it has somewhat tender in it I shall insert. It has often been observed, that half the unhappy marriages in the world, are more owing to the men than the women; That women are in general much better beings, in the moral sense, than the men; who, as they bustle less in life, are generally unacquainted with those artifices and tricks, which are acquired by a knowledge of the world; and that then their yoke-fellows need only be tender and indulgent, to win them. But I believe it may be generally allowed, that women are the best or worst part of the human creation: none excel them in virtue; but when they depart from it, none exceed them in vice. In the case of Green, we shall see by the letter he sent his wife how much she was injured.

"The remembrance of many wrongs offered thee, and thy unreproved virtues, add greater sorrow to my miserable state than I can utter, or thou conceive; neither is it lessened by consideration of thy absence, (tho' shame would let me hardly behold thy face) but exceedingly aggravated, for that I cannot as I ought to thy ownself reconcile myself, that thou might'st witness my inward woe at this instant, that hath made thee a woful wife for so long a time. But equal heaven has denied that comfort, giving at my last need, like succour as I have sought all my life, being in this extremity as void of help, as thou hast been of hope. Reason would that after so long waste, I should not send thee a child to bring thee charge; but consider he is the fruit of thy womb, in whose face regard not the father, so much as thy own perfections: He is yet green, and may grow strait, if he be carefully tended, otherwise apt enough to follow his father's folly. That I have offended thee highly, I know; that thou canst forget my injuries, I hardly believe; yet I perswade myself, that if thou sawest my wretched estate, thou couldst not but lament it, nay certainly I know, thou wouldst. All thy wrongs muster themselves about me, and every evil at once plagues me; for my contempt of God, I am contemned of men; for my swearing and forswearing, no man will believe me; for my gluttony, I suffer hunger; for my drunkenness, thirst; for my adultery, ulcerous sores. Thus God hath cast me down that I might be humbled, and punished for example of others; and though he suffers me in this world to perish without succour, yet I trust in the world to come, to find mercy by the merits of my Saviour, to whom I commend thee, and commit my soul."

Thy repentant husband,

for his disloyalty,

Robert green.

This author's works are chiefly these,

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The Honourable History of Fryar Bacon, and Fryar Bungy; play'd by the Prince of Palatine's servants. I know not whence our author borrowed his plot, but this famous fryar Minor lived in the reign of Henry *iii*. and died in the reign of Edward I. in the year 1284. He joined with Dr. Lodge in one play, called a Looking Glass for London; he writ also the Comedies of Fryar Bacon and Fair Enome. His other pieces are, Quip for an upstart Courtier, and Dorastus and Fawnia. Winstanley imputes likewise to him the following pieces. Tully's Loves; Philomela, the Lady Fitzwater's Nightingale; Green's News too Late, first and second part; Green's Arcadia; Green's Farewel to Folly; Green's Groatsworth of Wit.

It is said by Wood in his Fasti, p. 137, vol. i. that our author died in the year 1592, of a surfeit taken by eating pickled herrings, and drinking with them rhenish wine. At this fatal banquet, Thomas Nash, his cotemporary at Cambridge was with him, who rallies him in his Apology of Pierce Pennyless. Thus died Robert Green, whose end may be looked upon as a kind of punishment for a life spent in riot and infamy.

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EDMUND SPENSER

was born in London, and educated at Pembroke Hall in Cambridge. The accounts of the birth and family of this great man are but obscure and imperfect, and at his first setting out into life, his fortune and interest seem to have been very inconsiderable.

After he had for some time continued at the college, and laid that foundation of learning, which, joined to his natural genius, qualified him to rise to so great an excellency, he stood for a fellowship, in competition with Mr. Andrews, a gentleman in holy orders, and afterwards lord bishop of Winchester, in which he was unsuccessful. This disappointment, joined with the narrowness of his circumstances, forced him to quit the university [1]; and we find him next residing at the house of a friend in the North, where he fell in love with his Rosalind, whom he finely celebrates in his pastoral poems, and of whose cruelty he has written such pathetical complaints.

It is probable that about this time Spenser's genius began first to distinguish itself; for the Shepherd's Calendar, which is so full of his unprosperous passion for Rosalind, was amongst the first of his works of note, and the supposition is strengthened, by the consideration of Poetry's being frequently the offspring of love and retirement. This work he addressed by a short dedication to the Maecenas of his age, the immortal Sir Philip Sidney. This gentleman was now in the highest reputation, both for wit and gallantry, and the most popular of all the courtiers of his age, and as he was himself a writer, and especially excelled in the fabulous or inventive part of poetry; it is no wonder he was struck with our author's genius, and became sensible of his merit. A story is told of him

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by Mr. Hughes, which I shall present the reader, as it serves to illustrate the great worth and penetration of Sidney, as well as the excellent genius of Spenser. It is said that our poet was a stranger to this gentleman, when he began to write his Fairy Queen, and that he took occasion to go to Leicester-house, and introduce himself by sending in to Mr. Sidney a copy of the ninth Canto of the first book of that poem. Sidney was much surprized with the description of despair in that Canto, and is said to have shewn an unusual kind of transport on the discovery of so new and uncommon a genius. After he had read some stanza's, he turned to his steward, and bid him give the person that brought those verses fifty pounds; but upon reading the next stanza, he ordered the sum to be doubled. The steward was no less surprized than his master, and thought it his duty to make some delay in executing so sudden and lavish a bounty; but upon reading one stanza stanza more, Mr. Sidney raised the gratuity to two hundred pounds, and commanded the steward to give it immediately, lest as he read further he might be tempted to give away his whole estate. From this time he admitted the author to his acquaintance and conversation, and prepared the way for his being known and received at court.

Tho' this seemed a promising omen, to be thus introduced to court, yet he did not instantly reap any advantage from it. He was indeed created poet laureat to Queen Elizabeth, but he for some time wore a barren laurel, and possessed only the place without the pension [2]. Lord treasurer Burleigh, under whose displeasure Spenser laboured, took care to intercept the Queen's favours to this unhappy great man. As misfortunes have the most influence on elegant and polished minds, so it was no wonder that Spenser was much depressed by the cold reception he met with from the great; a circumstance which not a little detracts from the merit of the ministers then in power: for I know not if all the political transactions of Burleigh, are sufficient to counterballance the infamy affixed on his name, by prosecuting resentment against distressed merit, and keeping him who was the ornament of the times, as much distant as possible from the approach of competence. These discouragements greatly sunk our author's spirit, and accordingly we find him pouring out his heart, in complaints of so injurious and undeserved a treatment; which probably, would have been less unfortunate to him, if his noble patron Sir Philip Sidney had not been so much absent from court, as by his employments abroad, and the share he had in the Low-Country wars, he was obliged to be. In a poem called, The Ruins of Time, which was written some time after Sidney's death, the author seems to allude to the discouragement I have mentioned in the following stanza.

O grief of griefs, O gall of all good hearts!
To see that virtue should despised be,
Of such as first were raised for virtue's parts,
And now broad-spreading like an aged tree,
Let none shoot up that nigh them planted be;

O let not these, of whom the muse is scorned,
Alive or dead be by the muse adorned.

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These lines are certainly meant to reflect on Burleigh for neglecting him, and the Lord Treasurer afterwards conceived a hatred towards him for the satire he apprehended was levelled at him in Mother Hubbard's Tale. In this poem, the author has in the most lively manner, painted out the misfortune of depending on court favours. The lines which follow are among others very remarkable.

Full little knowest thou, that hast not try'd,
What Hell it is in suing long to bide,
To dole good days, that nights be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow
To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peers,
To have thy asking, yet wait many years.
To fret thy soul with crosses, and with care.
To eat thy heart, thro' comfortless despair;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

As this was very much the author's case, it probably was the particular passage in that poem which gave offence; for as Hughes very elegantly observes, even the sighs of a miserable man, are sometimes resented as an affront, by him who is the occasion of them. There is a little story, which seems founded on the grievance just now mentioned, and is related by some as a matter of fact [3] commonly reported at that time. It is said, that upon his presenting some poems to the Queen, she ordered him a gratuity of one hundred pounds, but the Lord Treasurer Burleigh objecting to it, said with some scorn of the poet, of whose merit he was totally ignorant, "What, all this for a song?" The queen replied, "Then give him what is reason." Spenser for some time waited, but had the mortification to find himself disappointed of her Majesty's bounty. Upon this he took a proper opportunity to present a paper to Queen Elizabeth in the manner of a petition, in which he reminded her of the order she had given, in the following lines.

I was promised on a time
To have reason for my rhime,
From that time, unto this season
I received nor rhime, nor reason.

This paper produced the intended effect, and the Queen, after sharply reproving the treasurer, immediately directed the payment of the hundred pounds the had first ordered. In the year 1579 he was sent abroad by the Earl of Leicester, as appears by a copy of Latin verses dated from Leicester-house, and addressed to his friend Mr. Harvey; but Mr. Hughes has not been able to determine in what service we was employed. When the Lord Grey of Wilton was chosen Deputy of Ireland, Spenser was recommended to him as secretary. This drew him over to another kingdom, and settled

him in a scene of life very different from what he had formerly known; but, that he understood, and discharged his employment with skill and capacity, appears sufficiently by his discourse on the state of Ireland, in which

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there are many solid and judicious remarks, that shew him no less qualified for the business of the state, than for the entertainment of the muses. His life was now freed from the difficulties under which it had hitherto struggled, and his services to the Crown received a reward of a grant from Queen Elizabeth of 3000 Acres of land in the county of Cork. His house was in Kilcolman, and the river Mulla, which he has more than once so finely introduced in his poems, ran through his grounds. Much about this time, he contracted an intimate friendship with the great and learned Sir Walter Raleigh, who was then a captain under the lord Grey. The poem of Spenser's, called Colin Clouts come home again, in which Sir Walter Raleigh is described under the name of the Shepherd of the Ocean, is a beautiful memorial of this friendship, which took its rise from a similarity of taste in the polite arts, and which he agreeably describes with a softness and delicacy peculiar to him. Sir Walter afterwards promoted him in Queen Elizabeth's esteem, thro' whose recommendation she read his writings. He now fell in love a second time with a merchant's daughter, in which, says Mrs. Cooper, author of the muses library, he was more successful than in his first amour. He wrote upon this occasion a beautiful epithalamium, with which he presented the lady on the bridal-day, and has consigned that day, and her, to immortality. In this pleasant easy situation our excellent poet finished the celebrated poem of The Fairy Queen, which was begun and continued at different intervals of time, and of which he at first published only the three first books; to these were added three more in a following edition, but the six last books (excepting the two canto's of mutability) were unfortunately lost by his servant whom he had in haste sent before him into England; for tho' he passed his life for some time very serenely here, yet a train of misfortunes still pursued him, and in the rebellion of the Earl of Desmond he was plundered and deprived of his estate. This distress forced him to return to England, where for want of his noble patron Sir Philip Sidney, he was plunged into new calamities, as that gallant Hero died of the wounds he received at Zutphen. It is said by Mr. Hughes, that Spenser survived his patron about twelve years, and died the same year with his powerful enemy the Lord Burleigh, 1598. He was buried, says he, in Westminster-Abbey, near the famous Geoffery Chaucer, as he had desired; his obsequies were attended by the poets of that time, and others, who paid the last honours to his memory. Several copies of verses were thrown after him into his grave, and his monument was erected at the charge of the famous Robert Devereux, the unfortunate Earl of Essex. This is the account given by his editor, of the death of Spenser, but there is some reason to believe that he spoke only upon imagination, as he has produced no authority to support his opinion, especially as

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I find in a book of great reputation, another opinion, delivered upon probable grounds. The ingenious Mr. Drummond of Hawthronden, a noble wit of Scotland, had an intimate correspondence with all the genius's of his time who resided at London, particularly the famous Ben Johnson, who had so high an opinion of Mr. Drummond's abilities, that he took a journey into Scotland in order to converse with him, and stayed some time at his house at Hawthronden. After Ben Johnson departed, Mr. Drummond, careful to retain what past betwixt them, wrote down the heads of their conversation; which is published amongst his poems and history of the five James's Kings of Scotland. Amongst other particulars there is this. "Ben Johnson told me that Spenser's goods were robbed by the Irish in Desmond's rebellion, his house and a little child of his burnt, and he and his wife nearly escaped; that he afterwards died in King-street [4] by absolute want of bread; and that he refused twenty pieces sent him by the Earl of Essex [5], and gave this answer to the person who brought them, that he was sure he had no time to spend them."

Mr. Drummond's works, from whence I have extracted the above, are printed in a thin quarto, and may be seen at Mr. Wilson's at Plato's Head in the Strand. I have been thus particular in the quotation, that no one may suspect such extraordinary circumstances to be advanced upon imagination. In the inscription on his tomb in Westminster Abbey, it is said he was born in the year 1510, and died 1596; Cambden says 1598, but in regard to his birth they must both be mistaken, for it is by no means probable he was born so early as 1510, if we judge by the remarkable circumstance of his standing for a fellowship in competition with Mr. Andrews, who was not born according to Hughes till 1555. Besides, if this account of his birth be true, he must have been sixty years old when he first published his Shepherd's Calendar, an age not very proper for love; and in this case it is no wonder, that the beautiful Rosalind slighted his addresses; and he must have been seventy years old when he entered into business under lord Grey, who was created deputy in Ireland 1580: for which reasons we may fairly conclude, that the inscription is false, either by the error of the carver, or perhaps it was put on when the monument was repaired.

There are very few particulars of this great poet, and it must be a mortification to all lovers of the Muses, that no more can be found concerning the life of one who was the greatest ornament of his profession. No writer ever found a nearer way to the heart than he, and his verses have a peculiar happiness of recommending the author to our friendship as well as raising our admiration; one cannot read him without fancying oneself transported into Fairy Land, and there conversing with the Graces, in that enchanted region: In elegance of thinking and fertility of imagination, few of our English authors have approached him, and

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no writers have such power as he to awake the spirit of poetry in others. Cowley owns that he derived inspiration from him; and I have heard the celebrated Mr. James Thomson, the author of the Seasons, and justly esteemed one of our best descriptive poets, say, that he formed himself upon Spenser; and how closely he pursued the model, and how nobly he has imitated him, whoever reads his Castle of Indolence with taste, will readily confess.

Mr. Addison, in his characters of the English Poets, addressed to Mr. Sacheverel, thus speaks of Spenser:

Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;
An age, that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where-e'er the poet's fancy led, pursued
Thro' pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long spun allegories, fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lyes too plain below.
We view well pleased at distance, all the sights,
Of arms, and palfries, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.
But when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.

It is agreed on all hands, that the distresses of our author helped to shorten his days, and indeed, when his extraordinary merit is considered, he had the hardest measure of any of our poets. It appears from different accounts, that he was of an amiable sweet disposition, humane and generous in his nature. Besides the Fairy Queen, we find he had written several other pieces, of which we can only trace out the titles. Among these, the most considerable were nine comedies, in imitation of the comedies of his admired Ariosto, inscribed with the names of the Nine Muses. The rest which are mentioned in his letters, and those of his friends, are his Dying Pelicane, his Pageants, Stemmata Dudleyana, the Canticles paraphrazed, Ecclesiastes, Seven Psalms, Hours of our Lord, Sacrifice of a Sinner, Purgatory, a S'ennight Slumber, the Court of Cupid, and Hell of Lovers. It is likewise said, he had written a treatise in prose called the English Poet: as for the Epithalamion Thamesis, and his Dreams, both mentioned by himself in one of his letters, Mr. Hughes thinks they are still preserved, tho' under different names. It appears from what is said of the Dreams by his friend Mr. Harvey, that they were in imitation of Petrarch's Visions.

To produce authorities in favour of Spenser, as a poet. I should reckon an affront to his memory; that is a tribute which I shall only pay to inferior wits, whose highest honour it is to be mentioned with respect, by genius's of a superior class. The works of Spenser will never perish, tho' he has introduced unnecessarily many obsolete terms into them; there is a flow of poetry, an elegance of sentiment, a fund of imagination, and an enchanting enthusiasm which will ever secure him the applauses of posterity while any lovers of poetry remain.

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We find little account of the family which Spenser left behind him, only that in a few particulars of his life prefixed to the last folio edition of his works, it is said that his great grandson Hugolin Spenser, after the restoration of king Charles *ii*. was restored by the court of claims to so much of the lands as could be found to have been his ancestors; there is another remarkable passage of which (says Hughes) I can give the reader much better assurance: that a person came over from Ireland, in King William's time, to sollicit the same affair, and brought with him letters of recommendation, as a defendant of Spenser. His name procured him a favourable reception, and he applied himself particularly to Mr. Congreve, by whom he was generously recommended to the favour of the earl of Hallifax, who was then at the head of the treasury; and by that means he obtained his suit. This man was somewhat advanced in years, and might be the same mentioned before, who had possibly recovered only some part of his estate at first, or had been disturbed in the possession of it. He could give no account of the works of his ancestor, which are wanting, and which are therefore in all probability irrecoverably lost.

The following stanzas are said to be those with which Sir Philip Sidney was first struck.

From him returning, sad and comfortless,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that villain (God from him me bless)
That cursed wight, from whom I 'scaped whylear,
A man of hell that calls himself despair;
Who first us greets, and after fair areeds
Of tidings strange, and of adventures rare:
So creeping close, as snake in hidden weeds,
Inquireth of our states, and of our Knight'y deeds.

Which when he knew, and felt our feeble hearts
Emboss'd with bale, and bitter-biting grief,
Which love had launced with his deadly darts,
With wounding words, and terms of foul reprief,
He plucked from us all hope of due relief;
That erst us held in love of ling'ring life;
Then hopeless, heartless, 'gan the cunning thief
Persuade us die, to stint all further strife:
To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife.

The following is the picture.

The darksome cave they enter, where they find,
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind;
His greasy locks, long growing and unbound,
Disordered hung about his shoulders round,

And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne,
Look'd deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw bone cheeks thro' penury and pine,
Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine,

His garments nought, but many ragged clouts,
With thorns together pinn'd and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
And him beside, there lay upon the grass
A dreary corse, whose life away did pass,
All wallowed in his own, yet luke-warm blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh alas;
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

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It would perhaps be an injury to Spenser to dismiss his Life without a few remarks on that great work of his which has placed him among the foremost of our poets, and discovered so elevated and sublime a genius. The work I mean is his allegorical poem of the Fairy Queen.

Sir William Temple in his essay on poetry, says, “that the religion of the Gentiles had been woven into the contexture of all the ancient poetry with an agreeable mixture, which made the moderns affect to give that of christianity a place also in their poems; but the true religion was not found to become fictitious so well as the false one had done, and all their attempts of this kind seemed, rather to debase religion than heighten poetry. Spenser endeavoured to supply this with morality, and to make instruction, instead of story the subject of an epic poem. His execution was excellent, and his flights of fancy very noble and high. But his design was poor; and his moral lay so bare, that it lost the effect. It is true, the pill was gilded, but so thin that the colour and the taste were easily discovered.—Mr. Rymer asserts, that Spenser may be reckoned the first of our heroic poets. He had a large spirit, a sharp judgment, and a genius for heroic poetry, perhaps above any that ever wrote since Virgil, but our misfortune is, he wanted a true idea, and lost himself by following an unfaithful guide. Tho’ besides Homer and Virgil he had read Tasso, yet he rather suffered himself to be misled by Ariosto, with whom blindly rambling on marvels and adventures, he makes no conscience of probability; all is fanciful and chimerical, without any uniformity, or without any foundation in truth; in a word his poem is perfect Fairy-Land. Thus far Sir William Temple, and Mr. Rymer; let us now attend to the opinion of a greater name. Mr. Dryden in his dedication of Juvenal, thus proceeds: The English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton in heroic poetry, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning to have been perfect poets, and yet both of them are liable to many censures; for there is no uniformity in the design of Spenser; he aims at the accomplishment of no one action; he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures, and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or preference: Every one is valiant in his own legend; only we must do him the justice to observe, that magnanimity, which is the character of prince Arthur, shines throughout the whole poem, and succours the rest when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court of Queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them that virtue which he thought was most conspicuous in them; an ingenious piece of flattery, tho’ it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish his poem in the remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but could not have been perfect because the model was not true.

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But prince Arthur, or his chief patron Sir Philip Sidney, dying before him, deprived the poet both of means and spirit to accomplish his design. For the rest, his obsolete language, and ill choice of his stanza, are faults both of the second magnitude; for notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice, and for the last he is more to be admired, that labouring under such disadvantages, his verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he has professedly imitated, has surpassed him among the Romans, and only Waller among the English."

Mr. Hughes in his essay on allegorical poetry prefixed to Spenser's works, tells us, that this poem is conceived, wrought up, and coloured with stronger fancy, and discovers more the particular genius of Spenser, than any of his other writings; and having observed that Spenser in a letter to Sir Walter Raleigh calls it, a continued allegory, or dark conceit, he gives us some remarks on allegorical poetry in general, defining allegory to be a fable or story, in which, under imaginary persons or things, is shadowed some real action or instructive moral, or as I think, says he, it is somewhere very shortly defined by. Plutarch; it is that, in which one thing is, related, and another thing understood; it is a kind of poetical picture, or hieroglyphick, which by its apt resemblance, conveys instruction to the mind, by an analogy to the senses, and so amuses the fancy while it informs the understanding. Every allegory has therefore two senses, the literal and mystical, the literal sense is like a dream or vision, of which the mystical sense is the true meaning, or interpretation. This will be more clearly apprehended by considering, that as a simile is a more extended metaphor, so an allegory is a kind of continued simile, or an assemblage of similitudes drawn out at full length.

The chief merit of this poem, no doubt, consists in that surprising vein of fabulous invention, which runs through it, and enriches it every where with imagery and descriptions, more than we meet with in any other modern poem. The author seems to be possessed of a kind of poetical magic, and the figures he calls up to our view rise so thick upon us, that we are at once pleased and distracted with the exhaustless variety of them; so that his faults may in a manner be imputed to his excellencies. His abundance betrays him into excess, and his judgment is over-born by the torrent of his imagination. That which seems the most liable to exception in this work is the model of it, and the choice the author has made of so romantic a story. The several books rather appear like so many several poems, than one entire fable. Each of them has its peculiar knight, and is independent of the rest; and tho' some of the persons make their appearance in different books, yet this has very little effect in concealing them. Prince Arthur is indeed the principal person, and has

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therefore a share given him in every legend; but his part is not considerable enough in any one of them. He appears and vanishes again like a spirit, and we lose sight of him too soon to consider him as the hero of the poem. These are the most obvious defects in the fable of the Fairy Queen. The want of unity in the story makes it difficult for the reader to carry it in his mind, and distracts too much his attention to the several parts of it; and indeed the whole frame of it would appear monstrous, were it to be examined by the rules of epic poetry, as they have been drawn from the practice of Homer and Virgil; but as it is plain, the author never designed it by these rules, I think it ought rather to be called a poem of a particular kind, describing in a series of allegorical adventures, or episodes, the most noted virtues and vices. To compare it therefore with the models of antiquity, would be like drawing a parallel between the Roman and Gothic architecture. In the first, there is doubtless a more natural grandeur and simplicity; in the latter, we find great mixtures of beauty and barbarism, yet assisted by the invention of a variety of inferior ornaments; and tho' the former is more majestic in the whole, the latter may be very surprizing and agreeable in its parts.

[Footnote 1: Hughes's Life of Spencer, prefixed to the edition of our author's works.]

[Footnote 2: Hughes ubi supra,]

[Footnote 3: Winst. p. 88.]

[Footnote 4: Dublin]

[Footnote 5: The General of the English army in Ireland.]

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JASPER HEYWOOD,

the son of the celebrated epigramatist, was born in London, and in the 12th year of his age, 1517, was sent to the University, where he was educated in grammar and logic. In 1553 he took a degree in Arts, and was immediately elected Probationer fellow of Merton College, where he gained a superiority over all his fellow students in disputations at the public school. Wood informs us, that upon a third admonition, from the warden and society of that house, he resigned his fellowship, to prevent expulsion, on the 4th of April, 1558; he had been guilty of several misdemeanors, such as are peculiar to youth, wildness and rakishness, which in those days it seems were very severely punished. Soon after this he quitted England, and entered himself into the society of Jesus at St. Omer's [1]; but before he left his native country, he writ and translated (says Wood), these things following.

Various Poems and Devices; some of which are printed in a book called the Paradise of Dainty Devices, 1574, 4to.

Hercules Furens, a Tragedy, which some have imputed to Seneca, and others have denied to be his, but it is thought by most learned men to be an imitation of that play of Euripides, which bears the same name, and tho, in contrivance and economy, they differ in some things, yet in others they agree, and Scaliger scruples not to prefer the Latin to the Greek Tragedy [2].

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Troas, a Tragedy of Seneca's, which the learned Farnaby, and Daniel Heinsius very much commend; the former stiling it a divine tragedy, the other preferring it to one of the same name by Euripides, both in language and contrivance, but especially he says it far exceeds it in the chorus. In this tragedy the author has taken the liberty of adding several things, and altering others, as thinking the play imperfect: First as to the additions, he has at the end of the chorus after the first act, added threescore verses of his own invention: In the beginning of the second act he has added a whole scene, where he introduces the ghost of Achilles rising from hell, to require the sacrifice of Polyxena! to the chorus of this act he added three stanza's. As to his alterations, instead of translating the chorus of the third act, which is wholly taken up with the names of foreign countries, the translation of which without notes he thought would be tiresome to the English reader, he has substituted in its stead another chorus of his own invention. This tragedy runs in verses of fourteen syllables, and for the most part his chorus is writ in verse of ten syllables, which is called heroic.

Thyestes, another tragedy of Seneca's, which in the judgment of Hiensius, is not inferior to any other of his dramatic pieces. Our author translated this play when he was at Oxford; it is wrote in the same manner of verse as the other, only the chorus is written in alternate rhime. The translator has added a scene at the end of the fifth act, spoken by Thyestes alone; in which he bewails his misery, and implores Heaven's vengeance on Atreus. These plays are printed in a black letter in 4to. 1581.

Langbain observes, that tho' he cannot much commend the version of Heywood, as poetically elegant, as he has chosen a measure of fourteen syllables, which ever sounds harsh to the ears of those that are used to heroic poetry, yet, says he, I must do the author this justice, to acquaint the world, that he endeavours to give Seneca's sense, and likewise to imitate his verse, changing his measure, as often as his author, the chorus of each act being different from the act itself, as the reader may observe, by comparing the English copy with the Latin original.

After our author had spent two years in the study of divinity amongst the priests, he was sent to Diling in Switzerland, where he continued about seventeen years, in explaining and discussing controverted questions, among those he called Heretics, in which time, for his zeal for the holy mother, he was promoted to the degree of Dr. of Divinity, and of the Four Vows. At length pope Gregory XIII. calling him away in 1581, he sent him, with others, the same year into the mission of England, and the rather because the brethren there told his holiness, that the harvest was great, and the labourers few [3]. Being settled then in the metropolis of his own country, and esteemed the chief provincial of the Jesuits in England, it was

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taken notice of, that he affected more the exterior shew of a lord, than the humility of a priest, keeping as grand an equipage, as money could then furnish him with. Dr. Fuller says, that our author was executed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; but Sir Richard Baker tells us, that he was one of the chief of those 70 priests that were taken in the year 1585; and when some of them were condemned, and the rest in danger of the law, her Majesty caused them all to be shipp'd away, and sent out of England. Upon Heywood's being taken and committed to prison, and the earl of Warwick thereupon ready to relieve his necessity, he made a copy of verses, mentioned by Sir John Harrington, concluding with these two;

——Thanks to that lord, that wills me good;
For I want all things, saving hay and wood.

He afterwards went to Rome, and at last settled in the city of Naples, where he became familiarly known to that zealous Roman Catholick, John Pitceus, who speaks of him with great respect.

It is unknown what he wrote or published after he became a Jesuit. It is said that he was a great critic in the Hebrew language, and that he digested an easy and short method, (reduced into tables) for novices to learn that language, which Wood supposes was a compendium of a Hebrew grammar. Our author paid the common debt of nature at Naples, 1598, and was buried in the college of Jesuits there.

[Footnote 1: Langb. Lives of the Poets, p. 249.]

[Footnote 2: Langb. ubi supra.]

[Footnote 3: Athen. Oxon.]

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JOHN LILLY,

A writer who flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; he was a Kentish man, and in his younger years educated at St. Mary Magdalen College in Oxon, where in the year 1575 he took his degree of Master of Arts. He was, says Langbaine, a very close student, and much addicted to poetry; a proof of which he has given to the world, in those plays which he has bequeathed to posterity, and which in that age were well esteemed, both by the court, and by the university. He was one of the first writers, continues Langbain, who in those days attempted to reform the language, and purge it from obsolete expressions. Mr. Blount, a gentleman who has made himself known to the world, by several pieces of his own writing (as Horae Subsecivae, his

Microcosmography, &c.) and who published six of these plays, in his title page stiles him, the only rare poet of that time, the witty, comical, facetiously quick, and unparallell'd John Lilly. Mr. Blount further says, 'That he sat 'at Apollo's table; that Apollo gave him a wreath of his own bays without snatching; and that the Lyre he played on, had no borrowed strings:' He mentions a romance of our author's writing, called Euphues; our nation, says he, are in his debt, for a new English which he taught them; Euphues, and his England began first that language, and all our

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ladies were then his scholars, and that beauty in court who could not read Euphism, was as little regarded, as she who now speaks not French. This extraordinary Romance I acknowledge I have not read, so cannot from myself give it a character, but I have some reason to believe, that it was a miserable performance, from the authority of the author of the British Theatre, who in his preface thus speaks of it; “This Romance, says he, so fashionable for its wit; so famous in the court of Queen Elizabeth, and is said to have introduced so remarkable a change in our language, I have seen and read. It is an unnatural affected jargon, in which the perpetual use of metaphors, allusions, allegories, and analogies, is to pass for wit, and stiff bombast for language; and with this nonsense the court of Queen Elizabeth (whose times afforded better models for stile and composition, than almost any since) became miserably infected, and greatly help’d to let in all the vile pedantry of language in the two following reigns; so much mischief the most ridiculous instrument may do, when he proposes to improve on the simplicity of nature.”

Mr. Lilly has writ the following dramatic pieces;

Alexander and Campaspe, a tragical comedy; play’d before the Queen’s Majesty on twelfth-night, by her Majesty’s children, and the children of St. Paul’s, and afterwards at the Black Fryars; printed in 12mo. London, 1632. The story of Alexander’s bestowing Campaspe, in the enamoured Apelles, is related by Pliny in his Natural History. Lib. xxxv. L. x.

Endymion, a Comedy, presented before Queen Elizabeth, by the children of her Majesty’s chaple, printed in 12mo. 1632. The story of Endymion’s being beloved by the moon, with comments upon it, may be met with in most of the Mythologists. See Lucian’s Dialogues, between Venus and the Moon. Mr. Gambauld has writ a romance called Endymion, translated into English, 8vo. 1639.

Galathea, a Comedy, played before the Queen at Greenwich on New year’s day, at night, by the children of St. Paul’s, printed in 12mo. London, 1632. In the characters of Galathea and Philidia, the poet has copied the story of Iphis and Ianthe, which the reader may find at large in the ninth book of Ovid’s Metamorphosis.

Maid’s Metamorphosis, a Comedy, acted by the children of St. Paul’s, printed in 12mo. 1632.

Mydas, a Comedy, played before the Queen on Twelfth-night, printed in 12mo. London, 1632. For the story, see the xith book of Ovid’s Metamorphosis.

Sappho and Phaon, a Comedy, played before the queen on Shrove-Tuesday, by the children of Paul's, and afterwards at Black-Fryars, printed in Twelves, London 1632. This story the reader may learn from Ovid's Epistles, of Sappho to Phaon, Ep. 21.

Woman in the Moon, presented before the Queen, London 1667. Six of these plays, *viz*. Alexander and Campaspe, Endymion, Galathea and Mydas, Sappho and Phaon, with Mother Bombie, a Comedy, by the same author, are printed together under the title of the Six Court-Comedies, 12mo, London 1632, and dedicated by Mr. Blount, to the lord viscount Lumly of Waterford; the other two are printed singly in Quarto.——He also wrote Loves Metamorphosis, a courtly pastoral, printed 1601.

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Sir THOMAS OVERBURY

Was son of Nicholas Overbury, Esq; of Burton in Gloucestershire, one of the Judges of the Marches[1]. He was born with very bright parts, and gave early discoveries of a rising genius. In 1595, the 14th year of his age, he became a gentleman commoner in Queen's-College in Oxford, and in 1598, as a 'squire's son, he took the degree of batchelor of arts; he removed from thence to the Middle-Temple, in order to study the municipal law, but did not long remain there[2]. His genius, which was of a sprightly kind, could not bear the confinement of a student, or the drudgery of reading law; he abandoned it therefore, and travelled into France, where he so improved himself in polite accomplishments, that when he returned he was looked upon as one of the most finished gentlemen about court.

Soon after his arrival in England, he contracted an intimacy, which afterwards grew into friendship with Sir Robert Carre, a Scotch gentleman, a favourite with king James, and afterwards earl of Somerset. Such was the warmth of friendship in which these two gentlemen lived, that they were inseparable. Carre could enter into no scheme, nor pursue any measures, without the advice and concurrence of Overbury, nor could Overbury enjoy any felicity but in the company of him he loved; their friendship was the subject of court-conversation, and their genius seemed so much alike, that it was reasonable to suppose no breach could ever be produced between them; but such it seems is the power of woman, such the influence of beauty, that even the sacred ties of friendship are broke asunder by the magic energy of these superior charms. Carre fell in love with lady Frances Howard, daughter to the Earl of Suffolk, and lately divorced from the Earl of Essex[3]. He communicated his passion to his friend, who was too penetrating not to know that no man could live with much comfort, with a woman of the Countess's stamp, of whose morals he had a bad opinion; he insinuated to Carre some suspicions, and those well founded, against her honour; he dissuaded him with all the warmth of the sincerest friendship, to desist from a match that would involve him in misery, and not to suffer his passion for her beauty to have so much sway over him, as to make him sacrifice his peace to its indulgence.

Carre, who was desperately in love, forgetting the ties of honour as well as friendship, communicated to the lady, what Overbury had said of her, and they who have read the heart of woman, will be at no loss to conceive what reception she gave that unwelcome report. She knew, that Carre was immoderately attached to Overbury, that he was directed by his Council in all things, and devoted to his interest.

Earth has no curse like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor Hell a fury like a woman scorn'd.

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This was literally verified in the case of the countess; she let loose all the rage of which she was capable against him, and as she panted for the consummation of the match between Carre and her, she so influenced the Viscount, that he began to conceive a hatred likewise to Overbury; and while he was thus subdued by the charms of a wicked woman, he seemed to change his nature, and from the gentle, easy, accessible, good-natured man he formerly appeared, he degenerated into the sullen, vindictive, and implacable. One thing with respect to the countess ought not to be omitted. She was wife of the famous Earl of Essex, who afterwards headed the army of the parliament against the King, and to whom the imputation of impotence was laid. The Countess, in order to procure a divorce from her husband, gave it out that tho' she had been for some time in a married state, she was yet a virgin, and which it seems sat very uneasy upon her. To prove this, a jury of matrons were to examine her and give their opinion, whether she was, or was not a Virgin: This scrutiny the Countess did not care to undergo, and therefore entreated the favour that she might enter masked to save her blushes; this was granted her, and she took care to have a young Lady provided, of much the same size and exterior appearance, who personated her, and the jury asserted her to be an unviolated Virgin. This precaution in the Countess, no doubt, diminishes her character, and is a circumstance not favourable to her honour; for if her husband had been really impotent as she pretended, she needed not have been afraid of the search; and it proves that she either injured her husband, by falsely aspersing him, or that she had violated her honour with other men. But which ever of these causes prevailed, had the Countess been wise enough, she had no occasion to fear the consequences of a scrutiny; for if I am rightly informed, a jury of old women can no more judge accurately whether a woman has yielded her virginity, than they can by examining a dead body, know of what distemper the deceased died; but be that as it may, the whole affair is unfavourable to her modesty; it shews her a woman of irregular passions, which poor Sir Thomas Overbury dearly experienced; for even after the Countess was happy in the embraces of the Earl of Somerset, she could not forbear the persecution of him; she procured that Sir Thomas should be nominated by the King to go ambassador to Russia, a destination she knew would displease him, it being then no better than a kind of honourable grave; she likewise excited Earl Somerset to seem again his friend, and to advise him strongly to refuse the embassy, and at the fame time insinuate, that if he should, it would only be lying a few weeks in the Tower, which to a man well provided in all the necessaries, as well as comforts of Life, had no great terror in it. This expedient Sir Thomas embraced, and absolutely refused to go abroad; upon which, on the twenty-first of April 1613,

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he was sent prisoner to the Tower, and put under the care of Sir Gervis Yelvis, then lord lieutenant. The Countess being so far successful, began now to conceive great hopes of compleating her scheme of assassination, and drew over the Earl of Somerset her husband, to her party, and he who a few years before, had obtained the honour of knighthood for Overbury, was now so enraged against him, that he coincided in taking measures to murder his friend. Sir Gervis Yelvis, who obtained the lieutenancy by Somerset's interest, was a creature devoted to his pleasure. He was a needy man, totally destitute of any principles of honour, and was easily prevailed upon to forward a scheme for destroying poor Overbury by poison. Accordingly they consulted with one Mrs. Turner, the first inventer (says Winstanley of that horrid garb of yellow ruffs and cuffs, and in which garb he was afterwards hanged) who having acquaintance with one James Franklin, a man who it seems was admirably fitted to be a Cut-throat, agreed with him to provide that which would not kill presently, but cause one to languish away by degrees. The lieutenant being engaged in the conspiracy, admits one Weston, Mrs. Turner's man, who under pretence of waiting on Sir Thomas, was to do the horrid deed. The plot being thus formed, and success promising so fair, Franklin buys various poisons, White Arsenick, Mercury-Sublimate, Cantharides, Red-Mercury, with three or four other deadly ingredients, which he delivered to Weston, with instructions how to use them; who put them into his broth and meat, increasing and diminishing their strength according as he saw him affected; besides these, the Countess sent him by way of present, poisoned tarts and jellies: but Overbury being of a strong constitution, held long out against their influence: his body broke out in blotches and blains, which occasioned the report industriously propagated by Somerset, of his having died of the French Disease. At last they produced his death by the application of a poisoned clyster, by which he next day in painful agonies expired. Thus (says Winstanley) "by the malice of a woman that worthy Knight was murthered, who yet still lives in that witty poem of his, entitled, A Wife, as is well expressed by the verses under his picture."

A man's best fortune or his worst's a wife,
Yet I, that knew no marriage, peace nor strife
Live by a good one, by a bad one lost my life.

Of all crimes which the heart of man conceives, as none is so enormous as murder, so it more frequently meets punishment in this life than any other. This barbarous assassination was soon revealed; for notwithstanding what the conspirators had given out, suspicions ran high that Sir Thomas was poisoned; upon which Weston was strictly examined by Lord Cook, who before his lordship persisted in denying the same; but the Bishop of London afterwards conversing with him, pressing the thing home to his conscience, and opening all the terrors of another life to his mind,

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he was moved to confess the whole. He related how Mrs. Turner and the Countess became acquainted, and discovered all those who were any way concerned in it; upon which they were all apprehended, and some sent to Newgate, and others to the Tower. Having thus confessed, and being convicted according to due course of law, he was hanged at Tyburn, after him Mrs. Turner, after her Franklin, then Sir Gervis Yelvis, being found guilty on their several arraignments, were executed; some of them died penitent. The Earl and the Countess were both condemned, but notwithstanding their guilt being greater than any of the other criminals, the King, to the astonishment of all his subjects, forgave them, but they were both forbid to appear at court.

There was something strangely unaccountable in the behaviour of Somerset after condemnation. When he was asked what he thought of his condition, and if he was preparing to die, he answered, that he thought not of it at all, for he was sure the King durst not command him to be executed. This ridiculous boasting and bidding defiance to his majesty's power, was construed by some in a very odd manner; and there were not wanting those who asserted, that Somerset was privy to a secret of the King's, which if it had been revealed, would have produced the strangest consternation in the kingdom that ever was known, and drawn down infamy upon his majesty for ever; but as nothing can be ascertained concerning it, it might seem unfair to impute to this silly Prince more faults than he perhaps committed: It is certain he was the slave of his favourites, and not the most shocking crime in them, it seems, could entirely alienate his affections, and it is doubtful whether the saving of Somerset or the execution of Raleigh reflects most disgrace upon his reign. Some have said, that the body of Sir Thomas Overbury was thrown into an obscure pit; but Wood, says it appears from the Tower registers, that it was interred in the chapel; which seems more probable. There is an epitaph which Winstanley has preserved, written by our author upon himself, which I shall here insert, as it serves to illustrate his versification.

The span of my days measured here I rest,
That is, my body; but my soul, his guest
Is hence ascended, whither, neither time,
Nor faith, nor hope, but only love can climb,
Where being new enlightened, she doth know
The truth, of all men argue of below:
Only this dust, doth here in pawn remain,
That when the world dissolves, she come again.

The works of Overbury besides his Wife, which is reckoned the wittiest and most finished of all, are, first Characters, or witty descriptions of the prophesies of sundry persons. This piece has relation to some characters of his own time, which can afford little satisfaction to a modern reader.

Second, The Remedy of Love in two parts, a poem 1620, Octavo, 2s.

Third, Observations in his Travels, on the State. of the seventeen Provinces, as they stood anno 1609.

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Fourth, Observations on the Provinces united, and the state of France, printed London 1631.

Sir Thomas was about 32 years old when he was murthered, and is said to have possessed an accuteness, and strength of parts that was astonishing; and some have related that he was proud of his abilities, and over-bearing in company; but as there is no good authority for the assertion, it is more agreeable to candour to believe him the amiable knight Winstanley draws him; as it seldom happens that a soul formed for the noble quality of friendship is haughty and insolent. There is a tragedy of Sir Thomas Overbury wrote by the late Richard Savage, son of earl Rivers, which was acted in 1723, (by what was then usually called The Summer Company) with success; of which we shall speak more at large in the life of that unfortunate gentleman.

[Footnote 1: Wood Athen. Oxon.]

[Footnote 2: Winst. ubi supra.]

[Footnote 3: Winst. ubi supra.]

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JOHN MARSTEN.

There are few things on record concerning this poet's life. Wood says, that he was a student in Corpus-Christi College, Oxon; but in what country he was born, or of what family descended, is no where fixed. Mr. Langbain says, he can recover no other information of him, than what he learned from the testimony of his bookseller, which is, "That he was free from all obscene speeches, which is the chief cause of making plays odious to virtuous and modest persons; but he abhorred such writers and their works, and professed himself an enemy to all such as stuffed their scenes with ribaldry, and larded their lines with scurrilous taunts, and jests, so that whatsoever even in the spring of his years he presented upon the private and public theatre, in his autumn and declining age he needed not to to be ashamed of." He lived in friendship with the famous Ben Johnson, as appears by his addressing to his name a tragi-comedy, called Male-Content: but we afterwards find him reflecting pretty severely on Ben, on account of his Cataline and Sejanus, as the reader will find on the perusal of Marsten's Epistle, prefixed to Sophonisba.—"Know, says he, that I have not laboured in this poem, to relate any thing as an historian, but to enlarge every thing as a poet. To transcribe authors, quote authorities, and to translate Latin prose orations into English blank verse, hath in this subject been the least aim of my studies."——Langbain observes, that none who are acquainted with the works of Johnson can doubt that he is meant here, if they will compare the orations in Salust with those in Cataline. On what provocation Marsten thus censured his friend is unknown, but the practice has been too frequently pursued,

so true is it, as Mr. Gay observes of the wits, that they are oft game cocks to one another, and sometimes verify the couplet.

> That they are still prepared to praise or to abhor us,
> Satire they have, and panegyric for us.——

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Marsten has contributed eight plays to the stage, which were all acted at the Black Fryars with applause, and one of them called the Dutch Courtezan, was once revived since the Restoration, under the title of the Revenge, or a Match in [1]Newgate. In the year 1633 six of this author's plays were collated and published in one volume, and dedicated to the lady viscountess Faulkland. His dramatic works are these:

Antonio and Melida, a history, acted by the children of St. Paul's, printed in 1633.

Antonius's Revenge; or the second part of Antonio and Melida. These two plays were printed in Octavo several years before the new edition.

Dutch Courtezan, a comedy frequently played at Black Fryars, by the children of the Queen's Revels, printed in London 1633. It is taken from a French book called Les Contes du Mende. See the same story in English, in a book of Novels, called the Palace of Pleasure in the last Novel.

Insatiate Countess, a Tragedy, acted at White-Fryars, printed in Quarto 1603, under the title of Isabella the insatiable countess of Suevia. It is said that he meant Joan the first queen of Jerusalem, Naples, and Sicily. The life of this queen has employed many pens, both on poetry and novels. Bandello has related her story under the title of the Inordinate Life of the Countess of Celant. The like story is related in God's Revenge against Adultery, under the name of Anne of Werdenberg, duchess of Ulme.

Male Content, a Tragi Comedy, dedicated to old Ben, as I have already taken notice, in which he heaps many fine epithets upon him. The first design of this play was laid by Mr. Webster.

Parasitaster; or the Fawn, a comedy, often presented at the Black Fryars, by the children of the queen's Revels, printed in Octavo 1633. This play was formerly printed in quarto, 1606. The Plot of Dulcimers cozening the Duke by a pretended discovery of Tiberco's love to her, is taken from Boccace's Novels.

What you will, a comedy, printed Octavo, London, 1653. This is said to be one of our author's best plays. The design taken from Plautus's Amphitrion.

Wonder of Women, or Sophonisba, a tragedy, acted at Black Fryars, printed in Octavo, 1633. The English reader will find this story described by Sir Walter Raleigh, in his history of the world. B. 5.

Besides his dramatic poetry he writ three books of Satires, entitled, The Scourge of Villany, printed in Octavo, London 1598. We have no account in what year our author died, but we find that his works were published after his death by the great Shakespear, and it may perhaps be reasonably concluded that it was about the year 1614.

[Footnote 1: The late Mr. C. Bullock, a comedian, and some time manager of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields theatre, *made* a play from that piece.]

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

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There have been some ages in which providence seemed pleased in a most remarkable manner to display it self, in giving to the world the finest genius's to illuminate a people formerly barbarous. After a long night of Gothic ignorance, after many ages of priestcraft and superstition, learning and genius visited our Island in the days of the renowned Queen Elizabeth. It was then that liberty began to dawn, and the people having shook off the restraints of priestly austerity, presumed to think for themselves. At an AEra so remarkable as this, so famous in history, it seems no wonder that the nation would be blessed with those immortal ornaments of wit and learning, who all conspired at once to make it famous.——This astonishing genius, seemed to be commissioned from above, to deliver us not only from the ignorance under which we laboured as to poetry, but to carry poetry almost to its perfection. But to write a panegyric on Shakespear appears as unnecessary, as the attempt would be vain; for whoever has any taste for what is great, terrible, or tender, may meet with the amplest gratification in Shakespear; as may those also have a taste for drollery and true humour. His genius was almost boundless, and he succeeded alike in every part of writing. I cannot forbear giving the character of Shakespear in the words of a great genius, in a prologue spoken by Mr. Garrick when he first opened Drury-lane house as Manager.

When learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes,
First rear'd the stage;——immortal Shakespear rose,
Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new,
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toiled after him, in vain.

All men have discovered a curiosity to know the little stories and particularities of a great genius; for it often happens, that when we attend a man to his closet, and watch his moments of solitude, we shall find such expressions drop from him, or we may observe such instances of peculiar conduct, as will let us more into his real character, than ever we can discover while we converse with him in public, and when perhaps he appears under a kind of mask. There are but few things known of this great man; few incidents of his life have descended to posterity, and tho' no doubt the fame of his abilities made a great noise in the age in which he flourished; yet his station was not such as to produce many incidents, as it was subject to but few vicissitudes. Mr. Rowe, who well understood, and greatly admired Shakespear, has been at pains to collect what incidents were known, or were to be found concerning him, and it is chiefly upon Mr. Rowe's authority we build the account now given.

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Our author was the son of John Shakespear, and was born at Stratford upon Avon in Warwickshire, April 1564, at it appears by public records relating to that town. The family from which he is descended was of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, being incumbred with a large family of ten children, could afford to give his eldest son but a slender education. He had bred him at a free school, where he acquired what Latin he was master of, but how well he understood that language, or whether after his leaving the school he made greater proficiency in it, has been disputed and is a point very difficult to settle. However it is certain, that Mr. John Shakespear, our author's father, was obliged to withdraw him early from school, in order to have his assistance in his own employment, towards supporting the rest of the family. "It is without controversy, says Rowe, that in his works we scarce find any traces that look like an imitation of the ancients. The delicacy of his taste, and the natural bent of his own great genius, equal, if not superior to some of the best of theirs, would certainly have led him to read and study them with so much pleasure, that some of their fine images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mixed with his own writings; so that his not copying at least something from them, may be an argument of his never having read them. Whether his ignorance of the ancients was disadvantageous to him or no, may admit of dispute; for tho' the knowledge of them might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable, but that the regularity and deference for them which would have attended that correctness, might have restrained some of that fire, impetuosity, and even beautiful extravagance, which we cannot help admiring in Shakespear."

As to his want of learning, Mr. Pope makes the following just observation: That there is certainly a vast difference between learning and languages. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot (says he) determine; but it is plain he had much reading, at least, if they will not call it learning; nor is it any great matter if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident, than that he had a taste for natural philosophy, mechanics, ancient and modern history, poetical learning, and mythology. We find him very knowing in the customs, rites, and manners of the Romans. In Coriolanus, and Julius Caesar, not only the spirit but manners of the Romans are exactly drawn; and still a nicer distinction is shewn between the manners of the Romans in the time of the former and the latter. His reading in the ancient historians is no less conspicuous, in many references to particular passages; and the speeches copied from Plutarch in Coriolanus may as well be made instances of his learning as those copied from Cicero in the Cataline of Ben Johnson. The manners of other

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nations in general, the AEgyptians, Venetians, French, &c. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of science, he either speaks or describes, it is always with competent, if not extensive, knowledge. His descriptions are still exact, and his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the nature and inherent qualities of each subject.——We have translations from Ovid published in his name, among those poems which pass for his, and for some of which we have undoubted authority, being published by himself, and dedicated to the Earl of Southampton. He appears also to have been conversant with Plautus, from whence he has taken the plot of one of his plays; he follows the Greek authors, and particularly Dares Phrygius in another, although I will not pretend, continues Mr. Pope, to say in what language he read them.

Mr. Warburton has strongly contended for Shakespear's learning, and has produced many imitations and parallel passages with ancient authors, in which I am inclined to think him right, and beg leave to produce few instances of it. He always, says Mr. Warbur-ton, makes an ancient speak the language of an ancient. So Julius Caesar, Act I. Scene *ii*.

——Ye Gods, it doth amazs me, A man of such a feeble temper should So get the start of the majestic world, And bear the palm alone.

This noble image is taken from the Olympic games. This majestic world is a fine periphrasis of the Roman Empire; majestic, because the Romans ranked themselves on a footing with kings, and a world, because they called their empire Orbis Romanus; but the whole story seems to allude to Caesar's great exemplar, Alexander, who, when he was asked whether he would run the course of the Olympic games, replied, 'Yes, if the racers were kings.'—So again in Anthony and Cleopatra, Act I. Scene I. Anthony says with an astonishing sublimity,

Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch
Of the razed Empire fall.

Taken from the Roman custom of raising triumphal arches to perpetuate their victories.

And again, Act *iii*. Scene *iv*. Octavia says to Anthony, of the difference between him and her brother,

"Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the reft"——

This thought seems taken from the story of Curtius leaping into the Chasm in the Forum, in order to close it, so that, as that was closed by one Roman, if the whole world were to cleave, Romans only could solder it up. The metaphor of soldering is extreamly exact, according to Mr. Warburton; for, says he, as metal is soldered up by metal that is more refined than that which it solders, so the earth was to be soldered by men, who are only a more refined earth.

The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, *etc*. are drawn with equal propriety. An instance of this shall be produced with regard to the Venetians. In the Merchant of Venice, Act *iv*. Scene I.

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——His losses
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down.

We are not to imagine the word royal to be a random sounding epithet. It is used with great propriety by the poet, and designed to shew him well acquainted with the history of the people, whom he here brings upon the stage. For when the French and Venetians in the beginning of the thirteenth century, had won Constantinople, the French under the Emperor Henry endeavoured to extend their conquests, in the provinces of the Grecian empire on the Terra firma, while the Venetians being masters of the sea, gave liberty to any subject of the Republic, who would fit out vessels to make themselves masters of the isles of the Archipelago and other maritime places, to enjoy their conquests in sovereignty, only doing homage to the Republic for their several principalities. In pursuance of this licence the Sanudo's, the Justiniani, the Grimaldi, the Summaripa's, and others, all Venetian merchants, erected principalities in the several places of the Archipelago, and thereby became truly, and properly Royal Merchants.

But there are several places which one cannot forbear thinking a translation from classic writers.

In the Tempest Act V. Scene *ii*. Prospero says,

--------I have------
Called forth the mutinous winds
And 'twixt the green sea, and the azured vault
Set roaring war; to the dread ratling thunder,
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak,
With his own bolt; the strong bas'd promontory,
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up
The pine and cedar; graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, op'd and let them forth
By my so potent art.

So Medea in Ovid's Metamorphoses,

Stantia concutio cantu freta; nubila pello,
Nubilaque induco, ventos abigoque, vocoque;
Vivaque faxa sua convulsaque robora terra
Et sylvas moveo; jubeoque tremiscere montes,
Et mugire solum, manesque exire sepulchris.

But to return to the incidents of his life: Upon his quitting the grammar school, he seems, to have entirely devoted himself to that way of living which his father proposed, and in order to settle in the world after a family manner, thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hatchway, said to have been a substantial Yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. In this kind of domestic obscurity he continued for some time, till by an unhappy instance of misconduct, he was obliged to quit the place of his nativity, and take shelter in London, which luckily proved the occasion of displaying one of the greatest genius's that ever was known in dramatic poetry. He had the misfortune to fall into ill company: Among these were some who made a frequent practice of Deer-stealing, and who engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecot near Stratford; for which he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought

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somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge himself of this supposed ill usage, he made a ballad upon him; and tho' this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family for some time, and shelter himself in London. This Sir Thomas Lucy, was, it is said, afterwards ridiculed by Shakespear, under the well known character of Justice Shallow.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the playhouse. Here I cannot forbear relating a story which Sir William Davenant told Mr. Betterton, who communicated it to Mr. Rowe; Rowe told it Mr. Pope, and Mr. Pope told it to Dr. Newton, the late editor of Milton, and from a gentleman, who heard it from him, 'tis here related.

Concerning Shakespear's first appearance in the playhouse. When he came to London, he was without money and friends, and being a stranger he knew not to whom to apply, nor by what means to support himself.——At that time coaches not being in use, and as gentlemen were accustomed to ride to the playhouse, Shakespear, driven to the last necessity, went to the playhouse door, and pick'd up a little money by taking care of the gentlemens horses who came to the play; he became eminent even in that profession, and was taken notice of for his diligence and skill in it; he had soon more business than he himself could manage, and at last hired boys under him, who were known by the name of Shakespear's boys: Some of the players accidentally conversing with him, found him so acute, and master of so fine a conversation, that struck therewith, they and recommended him to the house, in which he was first admitted in a very low station, but he did not long remain so, for he soon distinguished himself, if not as an extraordinary actor, at least as a fine writer. His name is painted, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he used to play: and Mr. Rowe says, "that tho' he very carefully enquired, he found the top of his performance was the ghost in his own Hamlet." "I should have been much more pleased," continues Rowe, "to have learned from some certain authority which was the first play he writ; it would be without doubt, a pleasure to any man curious in things of this kind, to see and know what was the first essay of a fancy like Shakespear's." The highest date which Rowe has been able to trace, is Romeo and Juliet, in 1597, when the author was thirty-three years old; and Richard *ii* and *iii* the next year, *viz*. the thirty-fourth of his age. Tho' the order of time in which his several pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are passages in some few of them, that seem to fix their dates. So the chorus at the end of the fourth act of Henry V by a compliment very handsomely

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turned to the Earl of Essex, shews the play to have been written when that Lord was general to the queen in Ireland; and his eulogium upon Queen Elizabeth, and her successor King James in the latter end of his Henry VIII is a proof of that play's being written after the accession of the latter of these two princes to the throne of England. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of the age he lived in, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diversions of this kind, could not but be highly pleased to see a genius arise amongst them, of so pleasurable, so rich a vein, and and so plentifully capable of furnishing their favourite entertainments. Besides the advantage which Shakespear had over all men in the article of wit, he was of a sweet, gentle, amiable disposition, and was a most agreeable companion; so that he became dear to all that knew him, both as a friend and as a poet, and by that means was introduced to the best company, and held conversation with the finest characters of his time. Queen Elizabeth had several of his plays acted before her, and that princess was too quick a discerner, and rewarder of merit, to suffer that of Shakespear to be neglected. It is that maiden princess plainly whom he intends by

——A fair vestal, throned by the West.

Midsummer night dream.

And in the same play he gives us a poetical and lively representation of the Queen of Scots, and the fate she met with,

——Thou rememb'rest Since once I sat upon a promontory, And heard a sea-maid on a dolphin's back, Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath, That the rude sea grew civil at her song, And certain stars shot madly from their spheres, To hear the sea-maid's music.

Queen Elizabeth was so well pleased with the admirable character of Falstaff in the two parts of Henry *iv*. that she commanded him to continue it in one play more, and to make him in love. This is said to have been the occasion of his writing the Merry Wives of Windsor. How well she was obeyed, the play itself is a proof; and here I cannot help observing, that a poet seldom succeeds in any subject assigned him, so well as that which is his own choice, and where he has the liberty of selecting: Nothing is more certain than that Shakespear has failed in the Merry Wives of Windsor. And tho' that comedy is not without merit, yet it falls short of his other plays in which Falstaff is introduced, and that Knight is not half so witty in the Merry Wives of Windsor as in Henry *iv*. The humour is scarcely natural, and does not excite to laughter so much as the other. It appears by the epilogue to Henry *iv*. that the part of Falstaff was written originally under the name of Oldcastle. Some of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleased to command him to alter it, upon which he made use of the name of Falstaff. The first offence was indeed avoided, but I am not sure whether the author

might not be somewhat to blame in his second choice, since it is certain, that Sir John Falstaff who was a knight of the garter, and a lieutenant-general, was a name of distinguished merit in the wars with France, in Henry V. and Henry VIth's time.

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Shakespear, besides the Queen's bounty, was patronized by the Earl of Southampton, famous in the history of that time for his friendship to the unfortunate Earl of Essex. It was to that nobleman he dedicated his poem of Venus and Adonis, and it is reported, that his lordship gave our author a thousand pounds to enable him to go through with a purchase he heard he had a mind to make. A bounty at that time very considerable, as money then was valued: there are few instances of such liberality in our times.

There is no certain account when Shakespear quitted the stage for a private life. Some have thought that Spenser's Thalia in the Tears of the Muses, where she laments the loss of her Willy in the comic scene, relates to our poet's abandoning the stage. But it is well known that Spenser himself died in the year 1598, and five years after this we find Shakespear's name amongst the actors in Ben Johnson's Sejanus, which first made its appearance in the year 1603, nor could he then have any thoughts of retiring, since that very year, a license by King James the first was granted to him, with Burbage, Philipps, Hemmings, Condel, &c. to exercise the art of playing comedies, tragedies, &c. as well at their usual house called the Globe on the other side the water, as in any other parts of the kingdom, during his Majesty's pleasure. This license is printed in Rymer's Faedera; besides it is certain, Shakespear did not write Macbeth till after the accession of James I. which he did as a compliment to him, as he there embraces the doctrine of witches, of which his Majesty was so fond that he wrote a book called Daemonalogy, in defence of their existence; and likewise at that time began to touch for the Evil, which Shakespear has taken notice of, and paid him a fine turned compliment. So that what Spenser there says, if it relates at all to Shakespear, must hint at some occasional recess which he made for a time.

What particular friendships he contracted with private men, we cannot at this time know, more than that every one who had a true taste for merit, and could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him. His exceeding candour and good nature must certainly have inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the most refined knowledge and polite learning to admire him. His acquaintance with Ben Johnson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good nature: Mr. Johnson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the stage, in order to have it acted, and the person into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly over, was just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company, when Shakespeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it, as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Johnson and his writings to the public.

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The latter part of our author's life was spent in ease and retirement, he had the good fortune to gather an estate, equal to his wants, and in that to his wish, and is said to have spent some years before his death in his native Stratford. His pleasant wit and good nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. It is still remembered in that county, that he had a particular intimacy with one Mr. Combe, an old gentleman, noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury. It happened that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe merrily told Shakespear, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to out-live him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when dead, he desired it might be done immediately; upon which Shakespear gave him these lines.

Ten in the hundred lyes here engraved,
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved:
If any man asketh who lies in this tomb?
Oh! oh! quoth the Devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.

Shakespear died in the fifty-third year of his age, and was buried on the North side of the chancel in the great church at Stratford, where a monument is placed on the wall. The following is the inscription on his grave-stone.

Good friend, for Jesus sake forbear,
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curs'd be he that moves my bones.

He had three daughters, of whom two lived to be married; Judith the elder to Mr. Thomas Quincy, by whom she had three sons, who all died without children, and Susannah, who was his favourite, to Dr. John Hall, a physician of good reputation in that county. She left one child, a daughter, who was married to Thomas Nash, Esq; and afterwards to Sir John Bernard, of Abington, but deceased likewise without issue.

His dramatic writings were first published together in folio 1623 by some of the actors of the different companies they had been acted in, and perhaps by other servants of the theatre into whose hands copies might have fallen, and since republished by Mr. Rowe, Mr. Pope, Mr. Theobald, Sir Thomas Hanmer, and Mr. Warburton.

Ben Johnson in his discoveries has made a sort of essay towards the character of Shakespear. I shall present it the reader in his own words,

'I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespear, that in writing he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, would he had blotted out a

thousand! which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chuse that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify my own character (for I lov'd the man, and do honour to his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any). He was indeed honest,

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and of an open free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopp'd. His wit was in his own power: would the rule of it had been so. Many times he fell into those things which could not escape laughter, as when he said in the person of Caesar, one speaking to him, "Caesar thou dost me wrong."

He replied, "Caesar did never wrong, but with just cause;"

'And such like, which were ridiculous; but he redeemed his vices with his virtues; there was ever more in them to be praised, than to be pardoned.' Ben in his conversation with Mr. Drumond of Hawthornden, said, that Shakespear wanted art, and sometimes sense. The truth is, Ben was himself a better critic than poet, and though he was ready at discovering the faults of Shakespear, yet he was not master of such a genius, as to rise to his excellencies; and great as Johnson was, he appears not a little tinctured with envy. Notwithstanding the defects of Shakespear, he is justly elevated above all other dramatic writers. If ever any author deserved the name of original (says Pope) it was he: [1] 'His poetry was inspiration indeed; he is not so much an imitator, as instrument of nature; and it is not so just to say of him that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him. His characters are so much nature herself, that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. The power over our passions was likewise never possessed in so eminent a degree, or displayed in so many different instances, nor was he more a matter of the great, than of the ridiculous in human nature, nor only excelled in the passions, since he was full as admirable in the coolness of reflection and reasoning: His sentiments are not only in general the most pertinent and judicious upon every subject, but by a talent very peculiar, something between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point, on which the bent of each argument, or the force of each motive depends.'

Our author's plays are to be distinguished only into Comedies and Tragedies. Those which are called Histories, and even some of his Comedies, are really Tragedies, with a mixture of Comedy amongst them. That way of Tragi-comedy was the common mistake of that age, and is indeed become so agreeable to the English taste, that though the severer critics among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences seem better pleased with it than an exact Tragedy. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comic humours, and a pleasing and well distinguished variety in those characters he thought fit to exhibit with. His images are indeed every where so lively, that the thing he would represent stands full before you, and you possess every part of it; of which this instance is astonishing: it is an image of patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he says,

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------She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'th'bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: She pin'd in thought,
And sat like patience on a monument.
Smiling at grief.

But what is characteristically the talent of Shakespear, and which perhaps is the most excellent part of the drama, is the manners of his persons, in acting and in speaking what is proper for them, and fit to be shewn by the Poet, in making an apparent difference between his characters, and marking every one in the strongest manner.

Poets who have not a little succeeded in writing for the stage, have yet fallen short of their great original in the general power of the drama; none ever found so ready a road to the heart; his tender scenes are inexpressibly moving, and such as are meant to raise terror, are no less alarming; but then Shakespeare does not much shine when he is considered by particular passages; he sometimes debases the noblest images in nature by expressions which are too vulgar for poetry. The ingenious author of the Rambler has observed, that in the invocation of Macbeth, before he proceeds to the murder of Duncan, when he thus expresses himself,

---------Come thick night
And veil thee, in the dunnest smoke of hell,
Nor heaven peep thro' the blanket of the dark,
To cry hold, hold.

That the words dunnest and blanket, which are so common in vulgar mouths, destroy in some manner the grandeur of the image, and were two words of a higher signification, and removed above common use, put in their place, I may challenge poetry itself to furnish an image so noble. Poets of an inferior class, when considered by particular passages, are excellent, but then their ideas are not so great, their drama is not so striking, and it is plain enough that they possess not souls so elevated as Shakespeare's. What can be more beautiful than the flowing enchantments of Rowe; the delicate and tender touches of Otway and Southern, or the melting enthusiasm of Lee and Dryden, but yet none of their pieces have affected the human heart like Shakespeare's.

But I cannot conclude the character of Shakespeare, without taking notice, that besides the suffrage of almost all wits since his time in his favour, he is particularly happy in that of Dryden, who had read and studied him clearly, sometimes borrowed from him, and

well knew where his strength lay. In his Prologue to the Tempest altered, he has the following lines;

Shakespear, who taught by none, did first impart,
To Fletcher wit, to lab'ring Johnson, art.
He, monarch-like gave there his subjects law,
And is that nature which they paint and draw;
Fletcher reached that, which on his heights did grow,
While Johnson crept, and gathered all below:
This did his love, and this his mirth digest,
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since outwrit all other men,
'Tis from the drops which fell from

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Shakespear's pen.
The storm[2] which vanished on the neighb'ring shore
Was taught by Shakespear's Tempest first to roar.
That innocence and beauty which did smile
In Fletcher, grew in this Inchanted Isle.
But Shakespear's magic could not copied be,
Within that circle none durst walk but he.

The plays of this great author, which are forty-three in number, are as follows,

1. The Tempest, a Comedy acted in the Black Fryars with applause.

2. The Two Gentlemen of Verona, a Comedy writ at the command of Queen Elizabeth.

3. The first and second part of King Henry *iv* the character of Falstaff in these plays is justly esteemed a master-piece; in the second part is the coronation of King Henry V. These are founded upon English Chronicles.

4. The Merry Wives of Windsor, a Comedy, written at the command of Queen Elizabeth.

5. Measure for Measure, a Comedy; the plot of this play is taken from Cynthio Ciralni.

6. The Comedy of Errors, founded upon Plautus's Maenechmi.

7. Much Ado About Nothing, a Comedy; for the plot see Ariosto's Orlando Furioso.

8. Love's Labour Lost, a Comedy.

9. Midsummer's Night's Dream, a Comedy.

10. The Merchant of Venice, a Tragi-Comedy.

11. As you Like it, a Comedy.

12. The Taming of a Shrew, a Comedy.

13. All's Well that Ends Well.

14. The Twelfth-Night, or What you Will, a Comedy. In this play there is something singularly ridiculous in the fantastical steward Malvolio; part of the plot taken from Plautus's Maenechmi.

15. The Winter's Tale, a Tragi-Comedy; for the plot of this play consult Dorastus and Faunia.

16. The Life and Death of King John, an historical play.

17. The Life and Death of King Richard *ii*. a Tragedy.

18. The Life of King Henry V. an historical play.

19. The First Part of King Henry VI. an historical play.

20. The Second Part of King Henry VI. with the death of the good Duke Humphrey.

21. The Third Part of King Henry VI. with the death of the Duke of York. These plays contain the whole reign of this monarch.

22. The Life and Death of Richard *iii*. with the landing of the Earl of Richmond, and the battle of Bosworth field. In this part Mr. Garrick was first distinguished.

23. The famous history of the Life of King Henry VIII.

24. Troilus and Cressida, a Tragedy; the plot from Chaucer.

25. Coriolanus, a Tragedy; the story from the Roman History.

26. Titus Andronicus, a Tragedy.

27. Romeo and Juliet, a Tragedy; the plot from Bandello's Novels. This is perhaps one of the most affecting plays of Shakespear: it was not long since acted fourteen nights together at both houses, at the same time, and it was a few years before revived and acted twelve nights with applause at the little theatre in the Hay market.

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28. Timon of Athens, a Tragedy; the plot from Lucian's Dialogues.

29. Julius Caesar, a Tragedy.

30. The Tragedy of Macbeth; the plot from Buchanan, and other Scotch writers.

31. Hamlet Prince of Denmark, a Tragedy.

32. King Lear, a Tragedy; for the plot see Leland, Monmouth.

33. Othello the Moor of Venice, a Tragedy; the plot from Cynthio's Novels.

34. Anthony and Cleopatra; the story from Plutarch.

35. Cymbeline, a Tragedy; the plot from Boccace's Novels.

36. Pericles Prince of Tyre, an historical play.

37. The London Prodigal, a Comedy.

38. The Life and Death of Thomas Lord Cromwell, the favourite of King Henry VIII.

39. The History of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham, a Tragedy. See Fox's Book of Martyrs.

40. The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling-street, a Comedy.

41. A Yorkshire Tragedy; this is rather an Interlude than a Tragedy, being very short, and not divided into Acts.

42. The Tragedy of Locrine, the eldest son of King Brutus. See the story in Milton's History of England.

Our age, which demonstrates its taste in nothing so truly and justly as in the admiration it pays to the works of Shakespear, has had the honour of raising a monument for him in Westminster Abbey; to effect which, the Tragedy of Julius Caesar was acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, April 28, 1738, and the profits arising from it deposited in the hands of the earl of Burlington, Mr. Pope, Dr. Mead, and others, in order to be laid out upon the said monument. A new Prologue and Epilogue were spoken on that occasion; the Prologue was written by Benjamin Martyn esquire; the Epilogue by the hon. James Noel esquire, and spoke by Mrs. Porter. On Shakespear's monument there is a noble epitaph, taken from his own Tempest, and is excellently appropriated to him; with this let us close his life, only with this observation, that his works will never be forgot, 'till that epitaph is fulfilled.—When

The cloud capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself
And all which it inherit shall dissolve,
And like the baseless fabric of a vision
Leave not a wreck behind.

[Footnote 1: Preface to Shakespear]

[Footnote 2: Alluding to the sea voyage of Fletcher.]

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JOSHUA SYLVESTER,

The translator of the famous Du Bartas's Weeks and Works; was cotemporary with George Chapman, and flourished in the end of Elizabeth and King James's reign; he was called by the poets in his time, the silver-tongu'd Sylvester, but it is doubtful whether he received any academical education. In his early years he is reported to have been a merchant adventurer.[1] Queen Elizabeth is said to have had

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a respect for him, her successor still a greater, and Prince Henry greater than his father; the prince so valued our bard, that he made him his first Poet-Pensioner. He was not more celebrated for his poetry, than his extraordinary private virtues, his sobriety and sincere attachment to the duties of religion. He was also remarkable for his fortitude and resolution in combating adversity: we are further told that he was perfectly acquainted with the French, Italian, Latin, Dutch and Spanish languages. And it is related of him, that by endeavouring to correct the vices of the times with too much asperity, he exposed himself to the resentment of those in power, who signified their displeasure, to the mortification and trouble of the author. Our poet gained more reputation by the translation of Du Bartas, than by any of his own compositions. Besides his Weeks and Works, he translated several other productions of that author, namely, Eden[2], the Deceit, the Furies, the Handicrafts, the Ark, Babylon, the Colonies, the Columns, the Fathers, Jonas, Urania, Triumph of Faith, Miracle of Peace, the Vocation, the Daw; the Captains, the Trophies, the Magnificence, &c. also a Paradox of Odes de la Nove, Baron of Teligni with the Quadrians of Pibeac; all which translations were generally well received; but for his own works, which were bound up with them, they received not, says Winstanley, so general an approbation, as may be seen by these verses:

We know thou dost well,
As a translator
But where things require
A genius and fire,

Not kindled before by others pains,
As often thou hast wanted brains.

In the year 1618 this author died at Middleburgh in Zealand, aged 55 years, and had the following epitaph made on him by his great admirer John Vicars beforementioned, but we do not find that it was put upon his tomb-stone.

Here lies (death’s too rich prize) the corpse interr’d
Of Joshua Sylvester Du Bartas Pier;
A man of arts best parts, to God, man, dear;
In foremost rank of poets best preferr’d.

[Footnote 1: Athenae Oxon. p. 594.]

[Footnote 2: Winstanley, Lives of the Poets, p. 109.]

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SAMUEL DANIEL

Was the son of a music master, and born near Taunton in Somersetshire, in the year 1562. In 1579 he was admitted a commoner in Magdalen Hall in Oxford, where he remained about three years, and by the assistance of an excellent tutor, made a very great proficiency in academical learning; but his genius inclining him more to studies of a gayer and softer kind, he quitted the University, and applied himself to history and poetry. His own merit, added to the recommendation of his brother in law, (John Florio, so well known for his Italian Dictionary) procured him the patronage of Queen Anne, the consort of King James I. who was pleased to confer on him the honour of being one of

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the Grooms of the Privy-Chamber, which enabled him to rent a house near London, where privately he composed many of his dramatic pieces. He was tutor to Lady Ann Clifford, and on the death of the great Spenser, he was appointed Poet Laureat to Queen Elizabeth. Towards the end of his life he retired to a farm which he had at Beckington near Philips Norton in Somersetshire, where after some time spent in the service of the Muses, and in religious contemplation, he died in the year 1619. He left no issue by his wife Justina, to whom he was married several years. Wood says, that in the wall over his grave there is this inscription;
Here lies expecting the second coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the dead body of Samuel Daniel esquire, that excellent poet and historian, who was tutor to Lady Ann Clifford in her youth, she that was daughter and heir to George Clifford earl of Cumberland; who in gratitude to him erected this monument to his memory a long time after, when she was Countess Dowager of Pembroke, Dorset and Montgomery. He died in October, Anno 1619.

Mr. Daniel's poetical works, consisting of dramatic and other pieces, are as follow;

1. The Complaint of Rosamond.

2. A Letter from Octavia to Marcus Antonius, 8vo. 1611.

These two pieces resemble each other, both in subject and stile, being written in the Ovidian manner, with great tenderness and variety of passion. The measure is Stanzas of seven lines. Let the following specimen shew the harmony and delicacy of his numbers, where he makes Rosamond speak of beauty in as expressive a manner as description can reach.

Ah! beauty Syren, fair inchanting good,
Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes;
Dumb eloquence whose power doth move the blood,
More than the words or wisdom of the wife;
Still harmony whose diapason lies, Within a brow; the key
which passions move,
To ravish sense, and play a world in love.

3. Hymen's Triumph, a Pastoral Tragi-Comedy presented at the Queen's Court in the Strand, at her Majesty's entertainment of the King, at the nuptials of lord Roxborough, London, 1623, 4to. It is introduced by a pretty contrived Prologue by way of dialogue, in which Hymen is opposed by avarice, envy and jealousy; in this piece our author sometimes touches the passions with a very delicate hand.

4. The Queen's Arcadia, a Pastoral Tragi-Comedy, presented before her Majesty by the university of Oxford, London 1623, 4to.

5. The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses, presented in a Masque the 8th of January at Hampton-Court, by the Queen's most excellent Majesty and her Ladies. London 1604, 8vo. and 1623, 4to. It is dedicated to the Lady Lucy, countess of Bedford. His design under the shapes, and in the persons of the Twelve Goddesses, was to shadow out the blessings which the nation enjoyed, under the peaceful reign of King James I. By Juno was represented Power; by Pallas Wisdom and Defence; by Venus, Love and Amity; by Vesta, Religion; by Diana, Chastity; by Proserpine, Riches; by Macaria, Felicity; by Concordia, the Union of Hearts; by Astraea, Justice; by Flora, the Beauties of the Earth; by Ceres, Plenty; and by Tathys, Naval Power.

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6. The Tragedy of Philotas, 1611, 8vo. it is dedicated to the Prince, afterwards King Charles I.

This play met with some opposition, because it was reported that the character of Philotas was drawn for the unfortunate earl of Essex, which obliged the author to vindicate himself from this charge, in an apology printed at the end of the play; both this play, and that of Cleopatra, are written after the manner of the ancients, with a chorus between each act.

7. The History of the Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster, a Poem in eight books, London, 1604, in 8vo. and 1623, 4to. with his picture before it.

8. A Funeral Poem on the Death of the Earl of Devonshire, London, 1603, 4to.

9. A Panegyric Congratulatory, delivered to the King at Burleigh-Harrington in Rutlandshire, 1604 and 1623, 4to.

10. Epistles to various great Personages in Verse, London, 1601 and 1623, 4to.

11. The Passion of a Distressed Man, who being on a tempest on the sea, and having in his boat two women (of whom he loved the one who disdained him, and scorned the other who loved him) was, by command of Neptune, to cast out one of them to appease the rage of the tempest, but which was referred to his own choice. If the reader is curious to know the determination of this man's choice, it is summed up in the concluding line of the poem.

She must be cast away, that would not save.

12. Musophilus, a Defence of Learning; written dialogue-wise, addressed to Sir Fulk Greville.

13. Various Sonnets to Delia, 57 in number.

14. An Ode. 15. A Pastoral. 16. A Description of Beauty. 17. To the Angel Spirit of Sir Philip Sidney. 18. A Defence of Rhime. All these pieces are published together in two volumes, 12 mo. under the title of the poetical pieces of Mr. Samuel Daniel.

But however well qualified our author's genius was for poetry, yet Langbain is of opinion that his history is the crown of all his works. It was printed about the year 1613, and dedicated to Queen Anne. It reaches from the state of Britain under the Romans, to the beginning of the reign of Richard *ii*. His history has received encomiums from various hands, as well as his poetry: It was continued by John Trusul, with like brevity and candour, but not with equal elegance, 'till the reign of Richard *iii*. A.D. 1484. Mr. Daniel lived respected by men of worth and fashion, he passed through life without tasting many of the vicissitudes of fortune; he seems to have been a second rate genius, and a

tolerable versifier; his poetry in some places is tender, but want of fire is his characteristical fault. He was unhappy in the choice of his subject of a civil war for a poem, which obliged him to descend to minute descriptions, and nothing merely narrative can properly be touched in poetry, which demands flights of the imagination and bold images.

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Sir *John Harrington*,

Born at Kelston near the city of Bath, was the son of John Harrington esquire, who was imprisoned in the Tower in the reign of Queen Mary, for holding a correspondence with the Lady Elizabeth; with whom he was in great favour after her accession to the crown, and received many testimonies of her bounty and gratitude. Sir John, our author, had the honour to be her god-son, and both in respect to his father's merit, and his own, he was so happy to possess her esteem to the last[1]. He had the rudiments of his education at Eaton; thence removing to Cambridge, he there commenced master of arts, and before he arrived at his 30th year, he favoured the world with a translation of the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto, by which he acquired some reputation. After this work, he composed four books of epigrams, which in those times were received with great applause; several of these mention another humorous piece of his called Misacmos Metatmorphosis, which for a while exposed him to her Majesty's resentment, yet he was afterwards received into favour. This (says Mrs. Cooper) is not added to the rest of his works, and therefore she supposes was only meant for a Court amusement, not the entertainment of the public, or the increase of his fame. In the reign of King James I. he was created Knight of the Bath[2], and presented a manuscript to Prince Henry, called a Brief View of the State of the Church of England, as it stood in Queen Elizabeth and King James's reign in the year 1608. This piece was levelled chiefly against the married bishops, and was intended only for the private use of his Highness, but was some years afterwards published by one of Sir John's grandsons, and occasioned much displeasure from the clergy, who did not fail to recollect that his conduct was of a piece with his doctrines, as he, together with Robert earl of Leicester, supported Sir Walter Raleigh in his suit to Queen Elizabeth for the manor of Banwell, belonging to the bishopric of Bath and Wells, on the presumption that the right reverend incumbent had incurred a Premunire, by marrying a second wife.

Sir John appears to be a gentleman of great pleasantry and humour; his fortune was easy, the court his element, and which is ever an advantage to an author, wit was not his business, but diversion: 'Tis not to be doubted, but his translation of Ariosto was published after Spenser's Fairy Queen, and yet both in language and numbers it is much inferior, as much as it is reasonable to suppose the genius of Harrington was below that of Spenser.

Mrs. Cooper remarks, that the whole poem of Orlando is a tedious medley of unnatural characters, and improbable events, and that the author's patron, Cardinal Hippolito De Este, had some reason for that severe question. Where the devil, Signior Ludovico, did you pick up all these damned lies? The genius of Ariosto seems infinitely more fit for satire than heroic poetry; and some are of opinion, that had Harrington wrote nothing but epigrams, he had been more in his own way.

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We cannot certainly fix the time that Sir John died, but it is reasonable to suppose that it was about the middle, or rather towards the latter end of James I's reign. I shall subjoin an epigram of his as a specimen of his poetry.

In CORNUTUM.

What curl'd pate youth is he that sitteth there,
So near thy wife, and whispers in her eare,
And takes her hand in his, and soft doth wring her.
Sliding his ring still up and down her finger?
Sir, 'tis a proctor, seen in both the lawes,
Retain'd by her in some important cause;
Prompt and discreet both in his speech and action,
And doth her business with great satisfaction.
And think'st thou so? a horn-plague on thy head!
Art thou so-like a fool, and wittol led,
To think he doth the bus'ness of thy wife?
He doth thy bus'ness, I dare lay my life.

[Footnote 1: Muses Library, p. 296.]

[Footnote 2: Ubi supra.]

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THOMAS DECKER,

A poet who lived in the reign of King James I. and as he was cotemporary with Ben Johnson, so he became more eminent by having a quarrel with that great man, than by all his works. Decker was but an indifferent poet, yet even in those days he wanted not his admirers; he had also friends among the poets; one of whom, Mr. Richard Brome, always called him Father; but it is the misfortune of little wits, that their admirers are as inconsiderable as themselves, for Brome's applauses confer no great honour on those who enjoy them. Our author joined with Webster in writing three plays, and with Rowley and Ford in another; and Langbaine asserts, that these plays in which he only contributed a part, far exceed those of his own composition. He has been concerned in eleven plays, eight whereof are of his own writing, of all which I shall give an account in their alphabetical order.

I. Fortunatus, a comedy, printed originally in 4to but with what success, or when acted, I cannot gain any account.

II. Honest Whore, the first part; a comedy, with the humours of the Patient Man, and the Longing Wife, acted by the Queen's Servants, 1635.

III. Honest Whore, the second part, a comedy; with the humours of the Patient Man, the Impatient Wife; the Honest Whore persuaded by strong arguments to turn Courtezan again; her refusing those arguments, and lastly the comical passage of an Italian bridewel, where the scene ends. Printed in 4to, London 1630. This play Langbaine thinks was never exhibited, neither is it divided into acts.

IV. If this be not a good play the devil is in it; a comedy, acted with great applause by the Queen's majesty's servants, at the Red-Bull, and dedicated to the actors. The beginning of this play seems to be writ in imitation of Machiavel's novel of Belphegor, where Pluto summons the Devils to council.

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Match me in London, a Tragi-Comedy, often presented, first at the Bull's head in St. John's-street, and then at a private house in Drury-lane, called the Phoenix, printed in 4to. in 1631.

VI. Northward Ho, a comedy, often acted by the children of Paul's, printed in 4to. London, 1607. This play was writ by our author and John Webster.

VII. Satyromastix, or the untrussing the humourous poet, a comical satire, presented publickly by the Lord Chamberlain's servants, and privately by the children of Paul's, printed in 4to, 1602, and dedicated to the world. This play was writ on the occasion of Ben Johnson's Poetaster, for some account of which see the Life of Johnson.

VIII. Westward Ho,[1] a comedy, often acted by the children of Paul's, and printed in 4to. 1607; written by our author and Mr. Webster.

IX. Whore of Babylon, an history acted by the prince's servants, and printed in 4to. London 1607. The design of this play, by feigned names, is to set forth the admirable virtues of queen Elizabeth; and the dangers she escaped by the happy discovery of those designs against her sacred person by the Jesuits and bigotted Papists.

X. Wyatt's History, a play said to be writ by him and Webster, and printed in 4to. The subject of this play is Sir Thomas Wyat of Kent, who made an insurrection in the first year of Queen Mary, to prevent her match with Philip of Spain.

Besides these plays he joined with Rowley and Ford in a play called, The Witch of Edmonton, of which see Rowley.

There are four other plays ascribed to our author, in which he is said by Mr. Phillips and Winstanley to be an associate with John Webster, *viz*. Noble Stranger; New Trick to cheat the Devil; Weakest goes to the Wall; Woman will have her Will; in all which Langbaine asserts they are mistaken, for the first was written by Lewis Sharp, and the other by anonymous authors.

[Footnote 1: This was revived in the year 1751, at Drury-lane theatre on the Lord Mayor's day, in the room of the London Cuckolds, which is now discontinued at that house.]

* * * * *

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER

Were two famous dramatists in the reign of James I. These two friends were so closely united as authors, and are so jointly concerned in the applauses and censures

bestowed upon their plays, that it cannot be thought improper to connect their lives under one article.

Mr. *Francis Beaumont*

Was descended from the ancient family of his name, seated at Grace dieu in Leicestershire,[1] and was born about the year 1585 in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. His grandfather, John Beaumont, was Master of the Rolls, and his father Francis Beaumont, one of the Judges of the Common Pleas. Our poet had his education at Cambridge,[2]but of what college we are not informed, nor is it very material to know.

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We find him afterwards admitted a student in the Inner-Temple, but we have no account of his making any proficiency in the law, which is a circumstance attending almost all the poets who were bred to that profession, which few men of sprightly genius care to be confined to. Before he was thirty years of age he died, in 1615, and was buried the ninth of the same month in the entrance of St. Benedictine's Chapel, within St. Peter's Westminster. We meet with no inscription on his tomb, but there are two epitaphs writ on him, one by his elder brother Sir John Beaumont, and the other by Bishop Corbet. That by his brother is pretty enough, and is as follows:

On Death, thy murderer, this revenge I take:
I slight his terror, and just question make,
Which of us two the best precedence have,
Mine to this wretched world, thine to the grave.
Thou should'st have followed me, but Death to blame
Miscounted years, and measured age by fame.
So dearly hast thou bought thy precious lines;
Thy praise grew swiftly, so thy life declines.
Thy muse, the hearer's queen, the reader's love
All ears, all hearts, but Death's could please and move.

Our poet left behind him one daughter, Mrs. Frances Beaumont, who lived to a great age and, died in Leicestershire since the year 1700. She had been possessed of several poems of her father's writing, but they were lost at sea in her voyage from Ireland, where she had lived sometime in the Duke of Ormond's family. Besides the plays in which Beaumont was jointly concerned with Fletcher, he writ a little dramatic piece entitled, A Masque of Grays Inn Gentlemen, and the Inner-Temple; a poetical epistle to Ben Johnson; verses to his friend Mr. John Fletcher, upon his faithful Shepherd, and other poem's printed together in 1653, 8vo. That pastoral which was written by Fletcher alone, having met with but an indifferent reception, Beaumont addressed the following copy of verses to him on that occasion, in which he represents the hazard of writing for the stage, and satirizes the audience for want of judgment, which, in order to shew his versification I shall insert.

Why should the man, whose wit ne'er had a stain,
Upon the public stage present his vein,
And make a thousand men in judgment sit
To call in question his undoubted wit,
Scarce two of which can understand the laws,
Which they should judge by, nor the party's cause.
Among the rout there is not one that hath,
In his own censure an explicit faith.
One company, knowing thy judgment Jack,

Ground their belief on the next man in black;
Others on him that makes signs and is mute,
Some like, as he does, in the fairest sute;
He as his mistress doth, and me by chance:
Nor want there those, who, as the boy doth dance
Between the acts will censure the whole play;
Some, if the wax lights be not new that day:
But multitudes there are, whose judgment goes
Headlong, according to the actors clothes.

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Mr. Beaumont was esteemed so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Johnson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censures; and it is thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving most of his plots.

[Footnote 1: Jacob's Lives of the Poets.]

[Footnote 2: Wood.]

* * * * *

Mr. JOHN FLETCHER

Was son of Dr. Richard Fletcher, Lord Bishop of London, and was born in Northamptonshire in the year 1576. He was educated at Cambridge, probably at Burnet-college, to which his father was by his last will and testament a benefactor[1]. He wrote plays jointly with Mr. Beaumont, and Wood says he assisted Ben Johnson in a Comedy called The Widow. After Beaumont's death, it is said he consulted Mr. James Shirley in forming the plots of several of his plays, but which those were we have no means of discovering. The editor of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays in 1711 thinks it very probable that Shirley supplied many that were left imperfect, and that the players gave some remains of Fletcher's for Shirley to make up; and it is from hence (he says) that in the first act of Love's Pilgrimage, there is a scene of an ostler transcribed verbatim out of Ben Johnson's New Inn, Act I. Scene I. which play was written long after Fletcher died, and transplanted into Love's Pilgrimage, after printing the New Inn, which was in the year 1630, and two of the plays printed under Fletcher's name. The Coronation and The Little Thief have been claimed by Shirley as his; it is probable they were left imperfect by the one, and finished by the other. Mr. Fletcher died of the plague in the forty ninth year of his age, the first of King Charles I. An. 1625, and was buried in St. Mary Overy's Church in Southwark.

Beaumont and Fletcher, as has been observed, wrote plays in concert, but what share each bore in forming the plots, writing the scenes, &c. is unknown. The general opinion is, that Beaumont's judgment was usually employed in correcting and retrenching the superfluities of Fletcher's wit, whose fault was, as Mr. Cartwright expresses it, to do too much; but if Winstanley may be credited, the former had his share likewise in the drama, for that author relates, that our poets meeting once at a tavern in order to form the rude draught of a tragedy, Fletcher undertook to kill the king, which words being overheard by a waiter, he was officious enough, in order to recommend himself, to lodge an information against them: but their loyalty being unquestioned, and the relation of the circumstance probable, that the vengeance was only aimed at a theatrical monarch, the affair ended in a jest.

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The first play which brought them into esteem, as Dryden says, was Philaster, or Love lies a Bleeding; for, before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully, as the like is reported of Ben Johnson before he writ Every Man in his Humour. These authors had with the advantage of the wit of Shakespear, which was their precedent, great natural gifts improved by study. Their plots are allowed generally more regular than Shakespear's; they touch the tender passions, and excite love in a very moving manner; their faults, notwithstanding Beaumont's castigation, consist in a certain luxuriance, and stretching their speeches to an immoderate length;[2] however, it must be owned their wit is great, their language suited to the passions they raise, and the age in which they lived is a sufficient apology for their defects. Mr. Dryden tells us, in his Essay on Dramatic Poetry, that Beaumont and Fletcher's plays in his time were the most pleasing and frequent entertainments of the stage, two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespear's or Johnson's; and the reason he assigns is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and a pathos in their most serious plays which suits generally with all men's humours; but however it might be when Dryden writ, the case is now reversed, for Beaumont and Fletcher's plays are not acted above once a season, while one of Shakespear's is represented almost every third night. It may seem strange, that wits of the first magnitude should not be so much honoured in the age in which they live, as by posterity;[3] it is now fashionable to be in raptures with Shakespear; editions are multiplied upon editions, and men of the greatest genius have employed all their power in illustrating his beauties, which ever grow upon the reader, and gain ground upon perusal. These noble authors have received incense of praise from the highest pens; they were loved and esteemed by their cotemporaries, who have not failed to demonstrate their respect by various copies of verses at different times, and upon different occasions, addressed to them, the insertion of which would exceed the bounds proposed for this work. I shall only observe, that amongst the illustrious names of their admirers, are Denham, Waller, Cartwright, Ben Johnson, Sir John Berkenhead, and Dryden himself, a name more than equal to all the rest. But the works of our authors have not escaped the censure of critics, especially Mr. Rhymer the historiographer, who was really a man of wit and judgment, but somewhat ill natured; for he has laboured to expose the faults, without taking any notice of the beauties of Rollo Duke of Normandy, the King and No King, and the Maids Tragedy, in a piece of his called The Tragedies of the Last Age considered, and examined by the practice of the ancients, and by the common sense of all ages, in a letter to Fleetwood Shepherd esquire. Mr. Rymer sent one of his books as a present to Mr. Dryden, who in the blank leaves

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before the beginning, and after the end of the book, made several remarks, as if he intended to publish an answer to that critic, and his opinion of the work was this[4]; “My judgment (says he) of this piece, is, that it is extremely learned, but the author seems better acquainted with the Greek, than the English poets; that all writers ought to study this critic as the best account I have seen of the ancients; that the model of tragedy he has here given is extremely correct, but that it is not the only model of tragedy, because it is too much circumscribed in the plot, characters, &c. And lastly, that we may be taught here justly to admire and imitate the ancients, without giving them the preference, with this author, in prejudice to our own country.”

Some of Beaumont and Fletcher’s plays were printed in quarto during the lives of their authors; and in the year 1645 twenty years after Fletcher’s death, there was published in folio a collection of their plays which had not been printed before, amounting to between thirty and forty. At the beginning of this volume are inserted a great number of commendatory verses, written by the most eminent wits of that age. This collection was published by Mr. Shirley after shutting up the Theatres, and dedicated to the earl of Pembroke by ten of the most famous actors. In 1679 there was an edition of all their plays published in folio. Another edition in 1711 by Tonson in seven volumes 8vo. containing all the verses in praise of the authors, and supplying a large omission of part of the last act of Thierry and Theodoret. There was also another edition in 1751. The plays of our authors are as follow,

1. Beggars Bush, a Comedy, acted with applause.

2. Bonduca, a Tragedy; the plot from Tacitus’s Annals, b. xiv. Milton’s History of England, b. ii. This play has been twice revived.

3. The Bloody Brother, or Rollo Duke of Normandy, a Tragedy, acted at the Theatre at Dorset-Garden. The plot is taken from Herodian’s History, b. iv.

4. Captain, a Comedy.

5. Chances, a Comedy; this was revived by Villiers duke of Buckingham with great applause.

6. The Coronation, a Tragi-Comedy, claimed by Mr. Shirley as his.

7. The Coxcomb, a Comedy.

8. Cupid’s Revenge, a Tragedy.

9. The Custom of the Country, a Tragi-Comedy; the plot taken from Malispini’s Novels, Dec. 6. Nov. 6.

10. Double Marriage, a Tragedy.

11. The Elder Brother, a Comedy,

13. The Faithful Shepherdess, a Dramatic Pastoral, first acted on a twelfth-night at Somerset House. This was entirely Mr. Fletcher's, and instead of a Prologue was sung a Dialogue, between a priest and a nymph, written by Sir William Davenant, and the Epilogue was spoken by the Lady Mordant, but met with no success.

13. The Fair Maid of the Inn, a Comedy; part of this play is taken from Causin's Holy Court, and Wanley's History of Man.

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14. The False One; a Tragedy, founded on the Adventures of Julius Caesar in Egypt, and his amours with Cleopatra.

15. Four Plays in One, or Moral Representations, containing the triumphs of honour, love, death and time, from Boccace's Novels.

16. The Honest Man's Fortune, a Tragi-Comedy; the plot from Heywood's History of Warner.

17. The Humourous Lieutenant, a Tragi-Comedy, still acted with applause.

18. The Island Princess, a Tragi-Comedy, revived in 1687 by Mr. Tate.

19. A King and No King, a Tragi-Comedy, acted with applause.

20. The Knight of the Burning Pestle, a Comedy, revived also with a Prologue spoken by the famous Nell Gwyn.

21. The Knight of Malta, a Tragi-comedy.

22. The Laws of Candy, a Tragi-Comedy.

23. The Little French Lawyer, a Comedy; the plot from Gusman, or the Spanish Rogue.

24. Love's Cure, or the Martial Maid, a Comedy.

25. The Lover's Pilgrimage, a Comedy; the plot is taken from a novel called the Two Damsels, and some incidents from Ben Jonson's New Inn.

26. The Lovers Progress, a Tragi-Comedy; built on a French romance called Lysander and Calista.

27. The Loyal Subject, a Comedy.

28. The Mad Lover, a Tragi-Comedy.

29. The Maid in the Mill, a Comedy. This was revised and acted on the duke of York's Theatre.

30. The Maid's Tragedy; a play always acted with the greatest applause, but some part of it displeasing Charles *ii*, it was for a time forbid to be acted in that reign, till it was revived by Mr. Waller, who entirely altering the last act, it was brought on the stage again with universal applause.

31. A Masque of Grays Inn Gentlemen, presented at the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth and the Prince Palatine of the Rhine, in the Banqueting House at Whitehall. This piece was written by Mr. Beaumont alone.

32. Monsieur Thomas, a Comedy. This play has been since acted on the stage, under the title of Trick for Trick.

33. Nice Valour, or the Passionate Madman, a Comedy.

34. The Night-walker, or the Little Thief, a Comedy, revived since the Restoration with applause.

35. The Noble Gentleman, a Comedy; this was revived by Mr. Durfey, and by him called The Fool's Preferment, at the Three Dukes of Dunstable.

36. Philaster, or Love lies a Bleeding, a Tragi-Comedy. This was the first play that brought these fine writers into esteem. It was first represented at the old Theatre in Lincolns Inn Fields, when the women acted by themselves.

37. The Pilgrim, a Comedy; revived and acted with success.

38. The Prophetess, a Tragi-Comedy. This play has been revived by Mr. Betterton, under the title of Dioclesian, an Opera.

39. The Queen of Cornish, a Tragi-Comedy.

40. Rule a Wife and Have a Wife, a Comedy.

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41. The Scornful Lady, a Comedy; acted with great applause.

42. The Sea Voyage, a Comedy; revived by Mr. Durfey, who calls it The Commonwealth of Women. It would appear by the lines we have quoted p. 141, life of Shakespear, that it was taken from Shakespear's Tempest.

43. The Spanish Curate, a Comedy, several times revived with applause; the plot from Gerardo's History of Don John, p. 202, and his Spanish Curate, p. 214.

44. Thiery and Theodoret, a Tragedy; the plot taken from the French Chronicles, in the reign of Colsair *ii*.

45. Two Noble Kinsmen, a Tragi-comedy; Shakespear assisted Fletcher in composing this play.

46. Valentinian, a Tragedy; afterwards revived and altered by the Earl of Rochester.

47. A Wife for a Month, a Tragedy; for the plot see Mariana and Louis de Mayerne Turquet, History of Sancho, the eighth King of Leon.

48. The Wild-Goose Chace, a Comedy, formerly acted with applause.

49. Wit at Several Weapons, a Comedy.

50. Wit without Money, a Comedy, revived at the Old House in Lincolns Inn Fields, immediately after the burning of the Theatre in Drury Lane, with a new Prologue by Mr. Dryden.

51. The Woman Hater, a Comedy, revived by Sir William Davenant, with a new Prologue in prose. This play was writ by Fletcher alone.

52. Women pleased, a Comedy; the plot from Boccace's Novels,

53. Woman's Prize, or the Tanner Tann'd, a Comedy, built on the same foundation with Shakespear's Taming of a Shrew; writ by Fletcher without Beaumont.

Mr. Beaumont writ besides his dramatic pieces, a volume of poems, elegies, sonnets, &c.

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THOMAS LODGE

Was descended from a family of his name living in Lincolnshire, but whether born there, is not ascertained. He made his first appearance at the university of Oxford about the year 1573, and was afterwards a scholar under the learned Mr. Edward Hobye of Trinity College; where, says Wood, making very early advances, his ingenuity began first to be observed, in several of his poetical compositions. After he had taken one degree in arts, and dedicated some time to reading the bards of antiquity, he gained some reputation in poetry, particularly of the satiric species; but being convinced how barren a foil poetry is, and how unlikely to yield a competent provision for its professors, he studied physic, for the improvement of which he went beyond sea, took the degree of Dr. of that faculty at Avignon, returned and was incorporated in the university in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign: Afterwards settling in London, he practised physic with great success, and was particularly encouraged by the Roman Catholics, of which persuasion it is said he was.

Our author hath written

Alarm against Usurers, containing tried experiences against worldly abuses, London 1584.

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History of Forbonius and Prisaeria, with Truth's Complaint over England.

Euphue's Golden Legacy.

The Wounds of a Civil War livelily set forth, in the true Tragedies of
Marius and Sylla, London 1594.

Looking Glass for London and England, a Tragi-Comedy printed in 4to. London 1598, in an old black letter. In this play our author was assisted by Mr. Robert Green. The drama is founded upon holy writ, being the History of Jonah and the Ninevites, formed into a play. Mr. Langbain supposes they chose this subject, in imitation of others who had writ dramas on sacred themes long before them; as Ezekiel, a Jewish dramatic poet, writ the Deliverance of the Israelites out of Egypt: Gregory Nazianzen, or as some say, Apollinarius of Laodicea, writ the Tragedy of Christ's Passion; to these may be added

Hugo Grotius, Theodore Beza, Petavius, all of whom have built upon the foundation of sacred history.

Treatise on the Plague, containing the nature, signs, and accidents of the same, London 1603.

Treatise in Defence of Plays. This (says Wood) I have not yet seen, nor his pastoral songs and madrigals, of which he writ a considerable number.

He also translated into English, Josephus's History of the Antiquity of the Jews, London 1602. The works both moral and natural of Seneca, London 1614. This learned gentleman died in the year 1625, and had tributes paid to his memory by many of his cotemporary poets, who characterised him as a man of very considerable genius. Winstanley has preserved an amorous sonnet of his, which we shall here insert.

If I must die, O let me chuse my death: Suck out my soul with kisses, cruel maid! In thy breasts crystal balls, embalm my breath, Dole it all out in sighs, when I am laid; Thy lips on mine like cupping glasses clasp; Let our tongues meet, and strive as they would sting: Crush out my wind with one straight-girting grasp, Stabs on my heart keep time while thou dost sing. Thy eyes like searing irons burn out mine; In thy fair tresses stifle me outright: Like Circe, change me to a loathsome swine, So I may live forever in thy sight. Into heaven's joys can none profoundly see, Except that first they meditate on thee.

When our author wishes to be changed into a loathsome swine, so he might dwell in sight of his mistress, he should have considered, that however agreeable the metamorphosis might be to him, it could not be so to her, to look upon such a loathsome object.

[Footnote 1: Langbaine's Lives of the Poets.]

[Footnote 2: There is a coarseness of dialogue, even in their genteelest characters, in comedy, that appears now almost unpardonable; one is almost inclined to think the language and manners of those times were not over-polite, this fault appears so frequent; nor is the great Shakespear entirely to be acquitted hereof.]

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[Footnote 3: May not this be owing to envy? are not most wits jealous of their cotemporaries? how readily do we pay adoration to the dead? how slowly do we give even faint praise to the living? is it a wonder Beaumont and Fletcher were more praised and versified than Shakespear? were not inferior wits opposed, nay preferred, to Dryden while living? was not this the case of Addison and Pope, whose works (those authors being no more) will be read with admiration, and allowed the just pre-eminence, while the English tongue is understood.]

[Footnote 4: Preface to Fletcher's plays.]

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Sir JOHN DAVIES

Was born at Chisgrove, in the parish of Tysbury in Wiltshire, being the son of a wealthy tanner of that place. At fifteen years of age he became a Commoner in Queen's-college, Oxford 1585, where having made great progress in academical learning, and taken the degree of Batchelor of arts, he removed to the Middle-Temple, and applying himself to the study of the common law, was called to the bar; but having a quarrel with one Richard Martyn, (afterwards recorder of London) he bastinadoed him in the Temple-hall at dinner-time, in presence of the whole assembly, for which contempt, he was immediately expelled, and retired again to Oxford to prosecute his studies, but did not resume the scholar's-gown. Upon this occasion he composed that excellent poem called Nosce Teipsum[1]. Afterwards by the favour of Thomas lord Ellesmere, keeper of the Great Seal, being reinstated in the Temple, he practised as a counsellor, and became a burgess in the Parliament held at Westminster 1601. Upon the death of Queen Elizabeth our author, with Lord Hunsdon, went into Scotland to congratulate King James on his succession to the English throne. Being introduced into his Majesty's presence, the King enquired of Lord Hunsdon, the names of the gentlemen who accompanied him, and when his lordship mentioned John Davies, the King presently asked whether he was Nosce Teipsum, and being answered he was, embraced him, and assured him of his favour. He was accordingly made Sollicitor, and a little after Attorney-general in Ireland, where in the year 1606, he was made one of his Majesty's serjeants at law, and Speaker of the House of Commons for that kingdom. In the year following, he received the honour of knighthood from the King at Whitehall. In 1612 he quitted the post of Attorney-general in Ireland, and was made one of his Majesty's English serjeants at law. He married Eleanor Touchet, youngest daughter of George lord Audley, by whom he had a son, an idiot who died young, and a daughter named Lucy, married to Ferdinand lord Hastings, and afterwards Earl of Huntingdon. His lady was a woman of very extraordinary character; she had, or rather pretended to have a spirit of prophecy, and her predictions received from a voice which she often heard, were generally wrapped up in dark and

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obscure expressions. It was commonly reported, that on the sunday before her husband's death, she was sitting at dinner with him, she suddenly burst into tears, whereupon he asking her the occasion, she answered, "Husband, these are your funeral tears," to which he replied, "Pray therefore spare your tears now, and I will be content that you shall laugh when I am dead." After Sir John's death she lived privately at Parston in Hertfordshire, and an account was published of her strange and wonderful prophecies in 1609. In 1626 Sir John was appointed lord chief justice of the King's-bench, but before the ceremony of his installation could be performed he died suddenly of an apoplexy in the fifty-seventh year of his age, and was buried in the church of St. Martin's in the Fields. He enjoyed the joint applauses of Camden, Ben Johnson, Sir John Harrington, Selden, Donne, and Corbet; these are great authorities in our author's favour, and I may fairly assert that no philosophical writers ever explained their ideas more clearly and familiarly in prose, or more harmoniously and beautifully in verse. There is a peculiar happiness in his similies being introduced more to illustrate than adorn, which renders them as useful as entertaining, and distinguishes them from any other author.

In quality of a lawyer Sir John produced the following pieces:

1. A discovery of the true causes why Ireland was never entirely subdued until his Majesty's happy reign; printed in 4to. London 1612, dedicated to the King with this Latin verse only.

Principis est virtus maxima nosse suos.

2. A declaration of our sovereign lord the King, concerning the title of his Majesty's son Charles, the prince and duke of Cornwall; London 1614.

His principal performance as a poet, is a Poem on the Original, Nature, and Immortality of the Soul, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. It was republished by Nahum Tate, 1714, addressed to the Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, who was a great admirer of our poet, and the editor gives it a very just and advantageous character. Without doubt it is the Nosce Teipsum so much admired by King James, printed 1519, and 1622, mentioned by Wood; to which were added by the same hand:

Hymns of Astrea in acrostic verse; and Orchestra, or a poem expressing the antiquity and excellency of dancing, in a dialogue between Penelope and one of her Woers, containing 131 stanzas unfinished. Mr. Wood mentions also epigrams, and a translation of several of King David's Psalms, written by Sir John Davies, but never published.

Nosce Teipsum.

Why did my parents send me to the schools,
That I, with knowledge might enrich my mind,
Since the desire to know first made men fools
And did corrupt the root of all mankind.

For when God's hand, had written in the hearts,
Of our first parents all the rules of good,
So that their skill infus'd, surpass'd all arts,
That ever were before or since the flood.

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And when their reason's eye was sharp and clear,
And (as an eagle can behold the sun)
Cou'd have approach'd th' eternal light as near,
As th' intellectual Angels could have done.

Even then, to them the spirit of lyes suggests,
That they were blind because they saw not ill;
And breath'd into their incorrupted breasts
A curious wish, which did corrupt their will.

[Footnote 1: Muses library p. 332.]

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THOMAS GOFF.

A Gentleman who flourished in the reign of King James I. He was born in Essex, towards the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, about the year 1592. In his youth he was sent to Westminster-school, and at the age of eighteen, he was entered student of Christ's-college in Oxford[1]. Being an industrious scholar, says Langbaine, he arrived to be a good poet, a skilful orator, and an excellent preacher. In the year 1623 he was made batchelor of divinity, and preferred to a living in Surry called East-Clanden: there he married a wife who proved as great a plague to him as a shrew could be; she was a true Xantippe to our ecclesiastical Socrates, and gave him daily opportunities of puting his patience to the proof; and it is believed by some, that this domestic scourge shortened his days. He was buried at his own parish church at Clanden, the 27th of July, 1627. He writ several pieces on different subjects, amongst which are reckoned five plays. Careless Shepherdess, a Tragi-comedy, acted before the King and Queen at Salisbury court with great applause. Printed in 4to,1656, with an Alphabetical Catalogue of all such plays as ever were to that time published. 2. Courageous Turk, or Amurath I. a Tragedy, acted by the students of Christ-church in Oxford, printed in 8vo, London 1656. For the plot consult Knolles's History of the Turks. 3. Orcites, a Tragedy, acted by the students of Christ's-church in Oxford, printed in 8vo, London 1656. 4. Raging Turk, or Bajazet *ii*. a tragedy acted by the students in Christ's-church in Oxford, printed in 8vo. London 1656. This play was written with the two foregoing tragedies, when the author was master of arts, and student of Christ's-church, but not printed till after his decease. 5. Selinus, Emperor of the Turks, a Tragedy, printed in 4to, London 1638. This play in all probability was never exhibited, because it is not divided into acts. The author calls this the first part; and in his conclusion, as he stiles it, or epilogue, he promises a second part, saying,

If this first part, gentles, do like you well;
The second part shall greater murders tell.

The plot is founded on the Turkish history in the reign of Selinus I. Mr. Philips and Mr. Winstanley have ascribed a comedy to this author, called Cupid's Whirligig, tho' Democritus and Heraclitus were not more different in their temper, than his genius was opposite to comedy, besides the true author was one Mr. E. S. who in his dedicatory epistle says,

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“That being long pregnant with desire to bring forth something, and being afterwards brought to bed, had chose his friend Mr. Robert Hayman to be godfather, not doubting but his child would be well maintained, feeing he could not live above an hour with him; and therefore he entreated him when he was dead, that he might be buried deep enough in his good opinion, and that he might deserve this epitaph;

Here lies the child that was born in mirth,
Against the strict rules of child-birth;
And to be quit, I gave him to my friend,
Who laught him to death, and that was his end.”

The reason of my making this digression, is to shew, that such ridiculous unmeaning mirth, is not likely to have fallen from Mr. Goff, as he was a grave man, and nothing but what was manly droped from his pen. In the latter part of his life he forsook the stage for the pulpit, and instead of plays writ sermons, some of which appeared in print in the year 1627. To these works may be added his Latin funeral oration, at the divinity school, at the obsequies of Sir Henry Saville, printed in 4to, Oxon 1622; another in Christ’s-church cathedral, at the funeral of Dr. Goodwin, canon of that church, printed in London 1627.

[Footnote 1: Langbaine’s Lives of the Poets, 223.]

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Sir *Fulk Greville*, Lord *Brooke*,

Sprung from an honourable family in Warwickshire; he was educated both at Oxford and Cambridge, and introduced to court by an uncle in the service of Queen Elisabeth, who received him into her favour, which he had the happiness to preserve uninterupted to her death. At the coronation of James I, he was created Knight of the Bath, and soon after obtained a grant of the ruinous castle of Warwick. He was next appointed sub-treasurer, chancellor of the Exchequer, and privy counsellor, and then advanced to the degree of a baron, by the title of lord Brooke of Beauchamps-court, and one of the lords of the bed-chamber to his Majesty. This noble author was the friend of Sir Philip Sidney, than which a greater compliment cannot be bestowed. As he was a poet and a man of wit he was held in the highest esteem in that courtly age; but he added to genius, a gallantry of spirit, and was as fine a soldier as a writer. Winstanley gives an instance of his prowess in arms.

“At the time (says he) when the French ambassador came over to England to negotiate a marriage between the duke of Anjou, and Queen Elizabeth, for the better entertainment of the court, solemn justs were proclaimed, where the Earl of Arundel, Frederick lord Windsor, Sir Philip Sidney, and he, were chief challengers against all comers; in which challenge he behaved himself so gallantly, that he won the reputation

of a most valiant knight. Thus you see that tho' case be the nurse of poetry, the Muses are also companions to Mars, as may be exemplified in the characters of the Earl

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of Surry, Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir Fulk Greville."

As our Author loved and admired the ladies, it is somewhat extraordinary, that he died a batchelor; for in all that courtly age, he could not find one on whom to confer the valuable prize of his heart. As he was himself a learned man, and possessed a variety of knowledge, so he patronized many necessitous candidates for fame, but particularly Camden, whom he caused by his interest to be made King at Arms. He was likewise very liberal to Mr. Speed the celebrated chronologer: finding him a man of extensive knowledge, and his occupation and circumstances mean, so that his genius was depressed by poverty, he enabled him to prosecute his studies, and pursue the bent of his genius without being obliged to drudge at a manual employment for his bread. Speed in his description of Warwickshire writes thus of lord Brook, "Whose merit (says he) towards me I do acknowledge, in setting my hand free from the daily employments of a manual trade, and giving it full liberty thus to express the inclination of mind, himself being the procurer of my present estate." He passed thro' life in a calm of prosperity and honour, beloved by his equals, reverenced by his inferiors, and a favourite at court; but when he was about seventy years of age, this life of undisturbed tranquility, was sacrificed to the resentment of a villain, and a catastrophe of the most tragical kind closed the days of this worthy man.

One Haywood, who had been many years in his service, and had behaved with fidelity and honour, expostulated with him freely (while they were alone) for his not having received a due reward for his services. His lordship enraged at his presumption, and giving way to his passion, reprimanded him very severely for his insolence; for which the villain being now wrought up to the highest degree of fury, took an opportunity to stab him with his dagger through the back into the vitals, of which wound he instantly died, September 30, 1628.

The murderer then struck with remorse, horror and despair, and all the natural attendants of his guilt, retired to his chamber, and having secured the door, fell upon the same weapon with which he had assassinated his master, and anticipated on himself the justice reserved for the hand of an executioner. Lord Brooke was interred in Warwickshire, under a monument of black and white marble[1], whereon he is stiled, Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney.

His works are chiefly these, *viz*.

Alaham, a Tragedy; printed in folio 1633. This play (says Langbaine) seems an imitation of the ancients; the Prologue is spoken by a ghost. This spectre gives an account of each character, which is perhaps done after the manner of Euripides, who introduced one of the chief actors as the Prologue, whose business it was to explain all those circumstances which preceded the opening the stage. He has not in one scene

throughout introduced above two speakers, in compliance with Horace's rule in his *Art of Poetry*;

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nec quarta loqui persona laboret.

Mr. Langbaine professes himself ignorant from whence the plot is taken, neither can he find the name of any such Prince as Alaham, that reigned in Ormus, where the scene lyes, an island situated at the entrance of the Persian Gulph, which is mentioned by Mr. Herbert[2] in his account of Ormus.

Mustapha, a Tragedy, printed in folio 1633. This play likewise seems to be built on the model of the ancients, and the plot is the same with that of lord Orrery's tragedy of the same title, and taken from Paulus Jovius, Thuanus, &c. Both these plays are printed together in folio, London, 1633, with several other poems, as a Treatise on Human Learning; An Inquisition upon Fame and Honour; A Treatise of Wars. All these are written in a stanza of six lines, four interwoven, and a couplet in base, which the Italians call Sestine Coelica, containing one hundred and nine sonnets of different measures. There are in this volume two letters; the one to an honourable Lady, containing directions how to behave in a married state; the other addressed to his cousin Grevil Varney, then in France, containing Directions for Travelling. His lordship has other pieces ascribed to him besides those published under his name, The Life of Sir Philip Sidney, printed at the beginning of the Arcadia. His Remains, or Poems of Monarchy and Religion, printed in 8vo. London 1670. Philips and Winstanley ascribe a play to him, called Marcus Tullius Cicero, but this is without foundation, for that play was not written, at least not printed, 'till long after his lordship's death. Having now given some account of his works, I shall sum up his character in the words of Mrs. Cooper, in her Muses Library, as it is not easy to do it to better advantage.

"I don't know (says she) whether a woman may be acquitted for endeavouring to sum up a character so various and important as his lordship's; but if the attempt can be excused, I don't desire to have it pass for a decisive sentence. Perhaps few men that dealt in poetry had more learning, or real wisdom than this nobleman, and yet his stile is sometimes so dark and mysterious, that one would imagine he chose rather to conceal, than illustrate his meaning. At other times his wit breaks out again with an uncommon brightness, and shines, I'd almost said, without an equal. It is the same thing with his poetry, sometimes so harsh and uncouth as if he had no ear for music, at others, so smooth and harmonious as if he was master of all its powers."

The piece from which I shall quote some lines, is entitled,

A *treatise* of *human learning*.

The mind of man is this world's true dimension;
And knowledge is the measure of the minde:
And as the minde in her vast comprehension,
Contains more worlds than all the world can finde.

So knowledge doth itself farre more extend,
Than all the minds of men can comprehend.

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A climbing height it is without a head,
Depth without bottome, way without an end,
A circle with no line invironed,
Not comprehended, all it comprehends;
Worth infinite, yet satisfies no minde,
'Till it that Infinite of the God-head finde.

[Footnote 1: Fuller's Worthies of Warwickshire, p. 127.]

[Footnote 2: Travels, third Edition, p. 114.]

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JOHN DAY.

This author lived in the reign of King James I. and was some time student in Caius College in Cambridge. No particulars are preserved concerning this poet, but that he had connection with other poets of some name, and wrote the following plays:

1. Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green, with the Merry Humour of Tom Stroud, the Norfolk Yeoman, several times publicly acted by the Prince's Servants; printed in 4to. London, 1659; for the plot, as far as it concerns history, consult the writers in the reign of King Henry VI.

2. Humour out of Breath, a Comedy, said to have been writ by our author, but some have doubted his being the real author of it.

3. Isle of Gulls, a Comedy, often acted in the Black Fryars, by the children of the Revels, printed in 4to. London, 1633. This is founded upon Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia.

4. Law Tricks, or Who Would Have Thought It? a Comedy, several times acted by the children of the Revels, and printed in 4to. 1608.

5. Parliament of Bees, with their proper characters, or a Bee-Hive furnished with Twelve Honey-Combs, as pleasant as profitable, being an allegorical description of the ancients of good and bad men in those days, printed in 4to. London, 1641.

6. Travels of Three English Brothers, Sir Thomas, Sir Anthony, and Mr. Robert Shirley, a History, played by her Majesty's Servants, printed in 4to. London, 1607, and dedicated to Honour's Favourites and the entire friends of the family of the Shirleys. In the composition of this play our author was assisted by William Rowley, and Mr. George Wilkins; the foundation of it may be read in several English Writers, and Chronicles, and it is particularly set down in Dr. Fuller's Worthies, in his description of Sussex. When

our author died cannot be justly ascertained, but Mr. Langbaine has preserved an elegy written on him, by his friend Mr. Tateham, which begins thus:

Don Phoebus now hath lost his light,
And left his rule unto the night;
And Cynthia, she has overcome
The Day, and darkened the sun:
Whereby we now have lost our hope,
Of gaining Day, into horoscope, &c.

In this manner he runs on: like a gentleman in Lincolns Inn, who wrote an ingenious poem upon the transactions between a Landlord and his Tenant Day, who privately departed from him by Night, printed in a single sheet, London, 1684. To shew the parallel, the following lines are sufficient.

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How Night and Day conspire a secret flight;
For Day, they say, is gone away by Night.
The Day is past, but landlord where's your rent?
You might have seen, that Day was almost spent.
Day sold, and did put off whate'er he might,
Tho' it was ne'er so dark, Day wou'd be light.

* * * * *

Sir WALTER RALEIGH

Was descended of an ancient family in Devonshire, which was seated in that county before the conquest[1], and was fourth son of Walter Raleigh, esquire, of Fards, in the parish of Cornwood. He was born in the year 1552 at Hayes, a pleasant farm of his father's in the parish of Budley, in that part of Devonshire bordering Eastward upon the Sea, near where the Ottery discharges itself into the British Channel; he was educated at the university of Oxford, where, according to Dr. Fuller, he became a commoner of Oriel College, as well as Christ Church, and displayed in his early years a great vivacity of genius in his application to his studies. Some have said, that after leaving the university, he settled himself in the Middle-Temple, and studied the law, but this opinion must be erroneous, since he declares afterwards on his trial, that he never read a word of law 'till he was prisoner in the Tower. In 1569, when he was not above 17 years of age, he was one of the select troop of a hundred gentlemen voluntiers, whom Queen Elizabeth permitted Henry Champernon to transport into France, for the assistance of protestant Princes there[2], but of what service they were, or what was the consequence of the expedition, we have no account. So great a scene of action as the whole kingdom of France was at that period, gave Raleigh an opportunity of acquiring experience, and reading characters, as well as improving himself in the knowledge of languages and manners, and his own History of the World contains some remarks which he then made of the conduct of some great generals there, of which he had himself been witness. After our author's return from France, he embarked in an expedition to the northern parts of America, with Sir Humphry Gilbert, his brother by the mother's side, that gentleman having obtained the Queen's Patent to plant and inhabit such parts of it as were unpossessed by any Prince with whom she was in alliance; but this attempt proved unsuccessful by means of the division which arose amongst the Voluntiers. The next year, 1580, upon the descent of the Spanish and Italian forces in Ireland under the Pope's banner, for the support of the Desmonds in their rebellion in Munster, he had a captain's commission under the lord Grey of Wilton, to whom at that time the famous Spenser was secretary; but the chief services which, captain Raleigh performed, were under Thomas earl of Ormond, governor of Munster. He surprized the Irish Kerns at Ramile, and having inclosed them, took every rebel upon the spot, who did not fall in

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the conflict. Among the prisoners there was one laden with Withies, who being asked, what he intended to have done with them? boldly answered, to have hung up the English Charles; upon which Raleigh ordered him to be immediately dispatched in that manner, and the rest of the robbers and murderers to be punished according to their deserts[3]. The earl of Ormond departing for England in the spring of the year 1581, his government of Munster was given to captain Raleigh; in which he behaved with great vigilance and honour, he fought the Arch rebel Barry at Clove, whom he charged with the utmost bravery, and after a hard struggle, put to flight. In the month of August, 1581, captain John Gouch being appointed Governour of Munster by the Lord Deputy, Raleigh attended him in several journies to settle and compose that country; but the chief place of their residence was Cork, and after Gouch had cut off Sir John Desmond, brother to the earl of Desmond, who was at the head of the rebellion, he left the government of that city to Raleigh[4], whose company being not long after disbanded upon the reduction of that earl, the slaughter of his brother, and the submission of Barry, he returned to England. The Lord Deputy Grey having resigned the sword in Ireland towards the end of August, 1582, the dispute between him and Raleigh, upon reasons which are variously assigned by different writers, was brought to a hearing before the council table in England, where the latter supported his cause with such abilities as procured him the good opinion both of her Majesty, and the Lords of the Council, and this, added to the patronage of the earl of Leicester, is supposed to be one considerable occasion of his preferment, though it did not immediately take place, nor could the hopes of it restrain him from a second expedition with his brother Sir Humphry Gilbert to Newfoundland, for which he built a ship of 200 tons called The Bark Raleigh, and furnished it compleatly for the voyage, in which he resolved to attend his brother as his Vice-Admiral. That fleet departed from Plymouth the 11th of June, 1583, but after it had been two or three days at sea, a contagious distemper having seized the whole crew of Raleigh's ship, obliged him to return to that port; however by this accident, he escaped the misfortune of that expedition; for after Sir Humphry had taken possession of Newfoundland, in the right of the crown of England, and assigned lands to every man of his company, and failed three hundred leagues in the voyage home with full hopes of the Queen's assistance to fit out a fleet next year, he unfortunately perished; for venturing rashly in a frigate of but ten tons, he was on the ninth of September that year at midnight swallowed up in an high sea, another vessel suffered the same fate, and even the rest returned not without great hazard and loss[5]: but this ill success could not divert Raleigh from pursuing a scheme of such importance to his country as those discoveries

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in North America. He drew up an account of the advantage of such a design, and the means of prosecuting it, which he laid before the Queen and Council, who were so well satisfied with the probability of success, that on the 25th of March, 1584, her Majesty granted him letters patent, in favour of his project, containing free liberty to discover such remote heathen and barbarous lands, as were not actually possessed by any Christian prince, nor inhabited by Christian people. Immediately upon this grant, Raleigh chose two able and experienced captains, and furnished them with two vessels fitted out at his own expence, with such expedition that on the 27th of April following they set sail for the West of England, taking their course by the Canary Islands, where they arrived on the 10th of May, towards the West Indies; and that being in those days the best and most frequented rout to America, they passed by the Carribbe Islands in the beginning of June, and reached the Gulph of Florida on the 2d of July, sailing along the shore about one hundred and twenty miles before they could find a convenient harbour. At last they debarked in a very low land, which proved to be an island called Wohoken; and after taking formal possession of the country, they carried on a friendly correspondence with the native Indians, who supplied them with a great variety of fish and venison, and gave them furs, and deerskins in exchange for trifles. Thus encouraged by the natives, eight of the company in a boat, went up the river Occam twenty miles, and next day in the evening they came to an island called Roanah, which was but seven leagues from the place where their ships lay. Here they found the residence of the Indian chief, whose name was Grangamineo, whose house consisted of nine apartments built of Cedar, fortified round with sharp pieces of timber: His wife came out to them, and ordered the people to carry them from the boat on their backs, and shewed them many other civilities. They continued their intercourse with the natives for some time, still viewing the situation of the adjacent country, and after having obtained the best information they could of the number and strength of the Indian nations in that neighbourhood, and of their connexions, alliances, or contests with each other, they returned about the middle of September to England, and made such an advantageous report of the fertility of the soil, and healthiness of the climate, that the Queen favoured the design of settling a colony in that country, to which she was pleased to give the name of Virginia[6].

About two months after, Raleigh was chosen Knight of the Shire for his county of Devon, and made a considerable figure in parliament, where a bill passed in confirmation of his patent for the discovery of foreign countries. During the course of this sessions, he received the honour of knighthood from her Majesty, a distinction the more honourable to him, as the Queen was extreamly cautious in confering titles; and besides the patent for discoveries, she granted him, about the same time, a power to license the vending of wines throughout the kingdom, which was in all probability very lucrative to him; but it engaged him in a dispute with the university of Cambridge, which had opposed one Keymer, whom he had licensed to sell wine there, contrary to the privileges of that university.

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The parliament being prorogued, Raleigh, intent upon planting his new colony in Virginia, set out his own fleet of seven sail for that country, under the command of his cousin Sir Richard Greenville, who after having visited the country, left behind him an hundred and seven persons to settle a colony at Roanah; in his return to England, he took a Spanish prize worth 50000 l. but this was not the only circumstance of good fortune which happened to Raleigh this year; for the rebellion in Ireland being now suppressed, and the forfeited lands divided into Signiories, among those principally who had been instrumental in the important service of reducing that country; her Majesty granted him one of the largest portions, consisting of twelve thousand acres in the counties of Cork and Waterford, with certain privileges and immunities, upon condition, of planting and improving the same, to which the other grantees were obliged.

In the year 1586 we find our author so highly advanced in the Queen's favour, so extremely popular on account of his patronage of learned men, ard the active spirit he exerted in business, that her Majesty made him seneschal in the dutchy of Cornwall. But these distinctions incurred the usual effects of court preferment, and exposed Sir Walter to the envy of those who were much inferior to him in merit; and even the earl of Leicester himself, who had formerly been his great patron, became jealous of him, and set up in opposition to him, his nephew the young earl of Essex. The Comedians likewise took the liberty to reflect upon Raleigh's power, and influence upon the Queen; which her Majesty resented so highly as to forbid Tarleton, the most celebrated actor of that age, from approaching her presence.

Raleigh, sollicitous for the prosperity of the plantation in Virginia, sent out new supplies from time to time, some of whom were obliged to return home; and the general alarm spread over the nation on account of the Spanish invasion, threw all things into disorder.

About the beginning of the year 1587 he was raised to the dignity of captain of her majesty's guard, which he held together with the place of lord-warden of the Stannaries, and lieutenant-general of the county of Cornwall. From this time till the year 1594, we find Sir Walter continually engaged in projecting new expeditions, sending succours to colonies abroad, or managing affairs in Parliament with consummate address.

In the year 1593, we find Father Parsons the jesuit charging him with no less a crime than atheism, and that he had founded a school in which he taught atheistical principles, and had made a great many young gentlemen converts to them; the most considerable authority to countenance the suspicions of Sir Walter's religion, is that of Archbishop Abbot, who in a letter dated at Lambeth, addressed to Sir Thomas Roe, then an ambassador at the Mogul's court, expressly charges Sir Walter with doubting God's being and omnipotence[7]; but it is highly probable Sir Walter's opinions might be misrepresented by his enemies, or wrong conclusions drawn from those which he maintained; and it would be a shocking injustice to the memory of so great a man to suspect him of irreligion, whose writings contain not the least trace of it, and whose History of the World in particular breathes a strong spirit of real and genuine piety.

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In the heighth of his favour with the Queen, he fell under her majesty's displeasure, for being enamoured of Mrs. Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of the Queen's maids of honour, whom he debauched; and such it seems was the chastity of these times, that a frailty of that sort was looked upon as the highest offence Her Majesty was so exasperated, that she commanded him to be confined several months, and after his enlargement forbid him the court, whence the poor lady was likewise dismissed from her attendance about the maiden queen, who appeared in this case the champion of virginity. Sir Walter soon made her an honourable reparation by marriage, and they were both examples of conjugal affection and fidelity. During the time our author continued under her majesty's displeasure for this offence, he projected the discovery of the rich and extensive empire of Guiana, in the south of America, which the Spaniards had then visited, and to that day had never conquered. For this purpose, having collected informations relating to it, he sent an old officer to take a view of the coast, who returned the year following with a very favourable account of the riches of the country, which he had received from some of the principal Cassiques upon the borders of it. This determined Raleigh's resolution, who provided a squadron of ships at a very great expence, and the lord high admiral Howard, and Sir Robert Cecil conceived so good an opinion of the design, that both concurred in it. He personally engaged in the attempt, and with no great number of ships so far explored the unknown country, that he made greater progress in a few months than the Spaniards had done for many years, and having satisfied himself of the certainty of the gold mines of the country, he returned home with honour and riches the latter end of the summer 1595, and in the year following published in quarto An Account of the Voyage and Discoveries, dedicated to lord admiral Howard and Sir Robert Cecil.

The next year Sir Walter was so far restored to the Queen's favour, that he was engaged in the important and successful expedition to Cadiz, in which the earl of Essex and lord admiral Howard were joint commanders, and Raleigh of the council of war, and one of the admirals. In this, as in all his other expeditions, he behaved with equal conduct and courage. After his return from the successful expedition under the earl of Essex, he promoted a reconciliation between that nobleman and secretary Cecil, in consequence of which he was himself fully reinstated in the Queen's favour, and had the command of captain of the guard restored to him with other marks of her forgiveness.

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In 1597 he was employed in the island voyage as rear admiral, the earl of Essex having the chief command, and the lord Thomas Howard the post of vice-admiral. The design of it was to defeat and destroy at Ferol, as well as in the other ports of the enemy, the Spanish fleet intended for a new expedition against England and Ireland; and to seize upon such Indian fleets of treasure, as they should meet with belonging to the king of Spain, to conquer, restrain, and garrison, most of the Isles of the Azores, and especially the Terceras. But the success of this expedition did not answer the greatness of the preparations for it; the jealousy of the earl of Essex the commander, obstructing the services which Sir Walter's abilities might otherwise have performed. In the council of war, which was held before the isle of Flores, it was resolved that the general and Sir Walter should jointly attack the island of Fyal; where the latter waited seven days for his lordship, and hearing nothing of him, called a council of war, in which it was determined that Raleigh should attempt the town himself, which he did with astonishing bravery and success. Essex finding himself deprived of the honour of taking Fyal, was exasperated to such a degree, that he broke some of the officers who had behaved with great gallantry under Raleigh, and some of his sycophants alledged that Raleigh himself deserved to lose his head for breach of articles in landing without his lordships orders. Upon their return to England the earl endeavoured to transfer the miscarriages of the expedition upon Raleigh, and gained to his side the populace, whom Sir Walter never courted, and whose patronage he scorned; but the Queen herself was not well pleased with the earl's conduct, since it was judged he might have done more than he did; and his proceedings against Sir Walter in calling his actions to public question, were highly disapproved [8].

The next important transaction we find Raleigh engaged in, was in 1601, when the unfortunate earl of Essex, who had calumniated him to the king of Scotland, and endeavoured all he could to shake his interest, was so ill advised by his creatures, as to attempt a public insurrection. Raleigh was active in suppressing it: the earl pretended that the cause of his taking arms was to defend himself against the violence of his personal enemies, the lord Cobham and Raleigh having formed a design of murdering him; tho' on the other hand it is pretty certain, that Sir Ferdinand Gorges, one of the earl's accomplices, afterwards accused Sir Christopher Blount, another of them, for persuading him to kill, or at least apprehend, Sir Walter; which Gorges refusing, Blount discharged four shots after him in a boat. Blount acknowledged this, and at the time of his execution asked Sir Walter forgiveness for it; which he readily granted.——While the earl garisoned his house, Sir Walter was one of those who invested it, and when his lordship was brought to his trial, he with forty of the queen's guard

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was present upon duty, and was likewise examined with relation to a conference which he had upon the Thames the morning of the insurrection with Sir Ferdinando Gorges. At the execution of Essex, six days after, in the Tower, Raleigh attended, probably in his character of captain of the guard, and stood near the scaffold that he might the better answer if Essex should be desirous of speaking to him, but retired before the earl's execution, because the people seemed to take his appearance there in a wrong light; tho' he afterwards repented of it, as the earl expressed an inclination to see and speak with him before his death, which was in all probability to have asked Raleigh's forgiveness for having traduced, and calumniated him in order to colour his own rash designs.

In 1602 our author sold his estate in Ireland, to Mr. Boyle, afterwards earl of Cork, and about Midsummer he settled his estate of Sherbone on his son Walter, on account of a challenge which he had received from Sir Amias Preston, who had been knighted at Cadiz by the earl of Essex; which challenge Sir Walter intended to accept, and therefore disposed his affairs in proper order. The cause of their quarrel does not appear, but they were afterwards reconciled without proceeding to a duel[9].

The death of Queen Elizabeth on the 24th of March 1602-3 proved a great misfortune to Raleigh; James her successor having been prejudiced against him by the earl of Essex, who insinuated that Raleigh was no friend to his succession, nor had any regard for his family. And these prejudices were heightened by secretary Cecil in his private correspondence with that pusilanimous, jealous prince, before he ascended the Throne of England, or at least immediately upon that event; for tho' Raleigh and Cecil had united against Essex, yet after the ruin of that earl and his party, their seeming friendship terminated in a mutual struggle for a superiority of power. But there is another important cause of James's disgust to Sir Walter, which is, that he, lord Cobham, and Sir John Fortescue, would have obliged the king to articles before he was admitted to the throne, and that the number of his countrymen should be limitted; which added to the circumstance of Sir Walter's zeal to take off his mother, inspired his majesty with a confirmed aversion to him; and indeed the tragical end of the queen of Scots is, perhaps, the greatest error with which the annals of that glorious reign is stained. Raleigh in vain endeavoured to gain the affection of the new king, which he attempted by transfering on secretary Cecil the blood of the earl of Essex, as well as that of his royal mother; but this attempt to secure the affections of a weak prince, ended in his ruin, for it exasperated Cecil the more against him; and as Sir Walter was of an active martial genius, the king, who was a lover of peace, and a natural coward, was afraid that so military a man would involve him in a war, which he hated above all things in the world. Our author was soon removed from his command as captain of the guard, which was bestowed upon Sir Thomas Erskin, his majesty's favourite as well as countryman[10], the predecessor to the earl of Mar, whose actions, performed in the year 1715, are recent in every one's memory.

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Not long after his majesty's ascending the throne of England, Sir Walter was charged with a plot against the king and royal family; but no clear evidence was ever produced that Raleigh had any concern in it. The plot was to have surprized the king and court, to have created commotions in Scotland, animated the discontented in England, and advanced Arabella Stuart, cousin to the king, to the throne. Arabella was the daughter of lord Charles Stuart, younger brother to Henry lord Darnly, and son to the duke of Lenox. She was afterwards married to William Seymour, son to lord Beauchamp, and grandson to the earl of Hertford; and both were confined for the presumption of marrying without his majesty's consent, from which they made their escape, but were again retaken. Lady Arabella died of grief, and Mr. Seymour lived to be a great favourite with Charles I. Raleigh persisted in avowing his ignorance of the plot, and when he came to his trial, he behaved himself so prudently, and defended himself with so much force, that the minds of the people present, who were at first exasperated against him, were turned from the severest hatred to the tenderest pity. Notwithstanding Sir Walter's proof that he was innocent of any such plot, and that lord Cobham, who had once accused him had recanted, and signed his recantation, nor was produced against him face to face, a pack'd jury brought him in guilty of high treason. Sentence of death being pronounced against him, he humbly requested that the king might be made acquainted with the proofs upon which he was cast. He accompanied the Sheriff to prison with wonderful magnanimity, tho' in a manner suited to his unhappy situation. Raleigh was kept near a month at Winchester in daily expectation of death, and in a very pathetic letter wrote his last words to his wife the night before he expected to suffer[11], in which he hoped his blood would quench their malice who had murdered him, and prayed God to forgive his persecutors, and accusers. The king signed the warrant for the execution of the lords Cobham and Grey, and Sir Griffin Markham, at Winchester, pretending, says lord Cecil, to forbear Sir Walter for the present, till lord Cobham's death had given some light how far he would make good his accusation. Markham was first brought upon the scaffold, and when he was on his knees, ready to receive the blow of the ax, the groom of the bedchamber produced to the sheriff his Majesty's warrant to stop the execution; and Markham was told that he must withdraw a while into the hall to be confronted by the Lords. Then Lord Grey was brought forth, and having poured out his prayers and confession, was likewise called aside, and lastly Lord Cobham was exposed in the same manner, and performed his devotions, though we do not find that he said one word of his guilt or innocence, or charged Raleigh with having instigated him; all which circumstances seem more than sufficient to wipe off from the memory of Raleigh the least suspicion of any plot against James's person or government.

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He was remanded to the Tower of London with the rest of the prisoners, of whom Markham afterwards obtained his liberty, and travelled abroad. Lord Grey of Wilton died in the Tower; Lord Cobham was confined there many years, during which, it is said, he was examined by the King in relation to Raleigh, and entirely cleared him; he afterwards died in the lowest circumstances of distress.

In February following a grant was made by the King of all the goods and chattels forfeited by Sir Walter's conviction to the trustees of his appointing for the benefit of his creditors, lady and children. After 12 years confinement in the Tower, in March 1615 he was released out of it, by the interposition of the favourite Buckingham; but before he quitted that place he saw the earl of Somerset committed there for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and afterwards condemned, which occasioned Sir Walter to compare his own case with that of the earl's, and to remark, 'That the whole History of the World had not the like precedent of a King's prisoner to purchase freedom, and his bosom favourite 'to have the halter, but in scripture, in the case of Mordecai and Haman;' on hearing which, the King is said to have replied, that Raleigh might die in that deceit, which afterwards proved true, for the King pardoned the infamous Somerset, a murderer, and executed Raleigh, a brave and an honest man, equally to the astonishment of the world. Sir Walter being now at large, had the means of prosecuting his old scheme of settling Guiana, which he had so much at heart, that even during his imprisonment, he held a constant correspondence with that country, sending thither every year, or every second year, a ship, to keep the Indians in hopes of being relieved from the tyranny of the Spaniards, who had again encroached upon them, and massacred many, both of the inhabitants and of Raleigh's men. In these ships were brought several natives of the country, with whom he conversed in the Tower, and obtained all possible informations concerning it. Upon such informations he offered his scheme for prosecuting his discovery to the court before he undertook it in person: nor were there any doubts either as to the improbability of the design, or its unlawfulness, notwithstanding the peace made with Spain, otherwise the King would not have made such grants, as he did, even at that time, which shews that he was then convinced, that Sir Walter had in his first voyage discovered and taken possession of that country for the crown of England, and consequently that his subjects were justly intitled to any benefits that might arise from its discovery, without the least respect to the pretensions of the Spaniards: Besides, when Sir Walter first moved the court upon this subject, the Spanish match was not thought of, and the King's necessities being then very pressing, he may be presumed to have conceived great hopes from that discovery, though he might afterwards change his opinion, when he grew so unreasonably fond of that match.

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In 1616, he obtained a royal commission to settle Guiana at the expence of himself and his friends; he was appointed General, and Commander in Chief of this enterprize, and Governor of the new country, which he was to settle with ample authority; a power was granted him too, of exercising martial law in such a manner as the King's Lieutenant General by sea or land, or any Lieutenants of the counties of England had. These powers seem to imply a virtual pardon to Raleigh, and perhaps made, him less solicitous for an actual one. Meantime Gondemar the Spanish ambassador, by his address, vivacity, and flattering the humours of James, had gained a great ascendency over him, and began to make a great clamour about Raleigh's preparations, and from that moment formed schemes of destroying him. The whole expence of this expedition was defrayed by Raleigh and his friends; the fleet consisted of about seven sail. On the 17th of November, 1617, they came in sight of Guiana, and soon after to anchor, in five degrees off the river Caliana, where they remained till the 4th of December. Raleigh was received with great joy by the Indians, who not only assisted him with provisions, and every thing else in their power, but offered him the sovereignty of their country if he would settle amongst them, which he declined to accept.[12] His extreme sickness for six weeks prevented him from undertaking the discovery of the mines in person, and was obliged to depute captain Keymis to that service; and accordingly on the 4th of December, ordered five small ships to sail into the river Oronoque. When they landed, they found a Spanish garrison between them and the mine, which sallying out unexpectedly, put them in confusion, and gave them battle. In this conflict young Raleigh was killed, and by a fatal mistake, captain Keymis did not prove the mine, but burnt and plundered the Spanish garrison, and found amongst the governor's papers one, which informed him, that Raleigh's expedition had been betrayed, and that he was to be sacrificed to the Spaniards. Upon Keymis's unsuccessful attempt, Raleigh sharply rebuked him for his mistake, and a deviation from his orders, which so much affected that captain, that he shot himself in his own cabin, and finding the wound not mortal, he finished his design by a long knife with which he stabbed himself to the heart. In this distressful situation Raleigh returned home, and found on his arrival at Plymouth, a declaration published against him; at which he took the alarm, and contrived to convey himself out of the kingdom in a vessel hired for that purpose by an old officer of his; but changing his opinion in that respect, he proceeded in his journey to London.

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Yet thinking it proper to gain time for the appeasing his majesty, by the assistance of one Maneuric a French quack, he counterfeited sickness for several days, during which he wrote his apology. However on the 7th of August he arrived at London, where he was confined in his own house; but having still good reasons not to trust himself to the mercy of the court, he formed a design to escape into France, which Sir Lewis Stackley, who was privy to, and encouraged it, discovered, and Sir Walter being seized in a boat upon the river below Woolwich, was a second time, on the 10th of August, committed to the Tower; but tho' his death seemed absolutely determined, yet it seemed difficult to find a method of accomplishing it, since his conduct in the late expedition could not be stretched in law to such a sentence. It was resolved therefore, to sacrifice him to the resentment of Spain, in a manner so shameful, that it has justly exposed the conduct of the court to the indignation of all succeeding ages, and transmitted the pusillanimous monarch with infamy to posterity. They called him down to judgment upon his former sentence passed fifteen years before, which they were not then ashamed to execute. A privy seal was sent to the judges to order immediate execution, on which a conference was held Friday the 24th of Oct. 1688, between all the judges of England, concerning the manner, how prisoners who have been attainted of treason and set at liberty, should be brought to execution. In consequence of their revolution, a privy seal came to the King's-Bench, commanding that court to proceed against Sir Walter according to law, who next day received notice of the council to prepare himself for death; and on Wednesday the 28th of that month, at 8 o'clock in the morning, was taken out of bed in the hot fit of an ague, and carried to the King's-Bench, Westminster, where execution was awarded against him. The next morning, the 29th of October, the day of the lord-mayor's inauguration, a solemnity never perhaps attended before with a public execution, Sir Walter was conducted by the sheriffs of Middlesex to the Old Palace Yard in Westminster, where mounting the scaffold, he behaved with the most undaunted spirit, and seeming cheerfulness. The bishop of Salisbury (Tohon) being surprized at the hero's contempt of death, and expostulating with him upon it; he told him plainly that he never feared death, and much less then, for which he blessed God, and as to the manner of it, tho' to others it might seem grievous, yet for himself he had rather die so than in a burning fever. This verifies the noble observation of Shakespear, that all heroes have a contempt of death; which he puts in the mouth of Julius Caesar when his friends dissuaded him from going to the Senate-House.

Cowards die many a time before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders, I have heard of yet,
It seems to me most strange, that men should fear,
Seeing that death, the necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.——

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Sir Walter eat his breakfast that morning, smoaked his pipe, and made no more of death, than if he had been to take a journey. On the scaffold he conversed freely with the Earl of Arundel and others of the nobility, and vindicated himself from two suspicions; the first, of entering into a confederacy with France; the second, of speaking disloyally of his Majesty. He cleared himself likewise of the suspicion of having persecuted the Earl of Essex, or of insulting him at his death. He concluded with desiring the good people to join with him in prayer, to that great God of Heaven, "whom (says he) I have grievously offended, being a man full of vanity, who has lived a sinful life, in such callings as have been most inducing to it: For I have been a soldier, a sailor, and a courtier; which are courses of wickedness and vice." The proclamation being made that all men should depart the scaffold, he prepared himself for death, gave away his hat and cap, and money to some attendants that stood near him. When he took leave of the lords, and other gentlemen that stood near him, he entreated the Lord Arundel to prevail with the King that no scandalous writings to defame him, should be published after his death; concluding, "I have a long journey to go, and therefore will take my leave." Then having put off his gown and doublet, he called to the executioner to shew him the axe, which not being presently done; he said, "I pray thee let me see it; don't thou think I am afraid of it;" and having it in his hands he felt along the edge of it, and smiling, said to the sheriff; "This is a sharp medicine, but it is a physician for all diseases." The executioner kneeling down and asking him forgiveness, Sir Walter laying his hand upon his shoulder granted it; and being asked which way he would lay himself on the block, he answered, "So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies." His head was struck off at two blows, his body never shrinking nor moving. His head was shewn on each side of the scaffold, and then put into a red leather bag, and with his velvet night-gown thrown over, was afterwards conveyed away in a mourning coach of his lady's. His body was interred in the chancel of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, but his head was long preserved in a case by his widow, who survived him twenty-years.

Thus fell Sir Walter Raleigh in the 66th year of his age, a sacrifice to a contemptible administration, and the resentment of a mean prince: A man of so great abilities, that neither that nor the preceding reign produced his equal. His character was a combination of almost every eminent quality; he was the soldier, statesmen, and scholar united, and had he lived with the heroes of antiquity, he would have made a just parallel to Caesar, and Xenophon, like them being equal master of the sword and the pen. One circumstance must not be omitted, which in a life so full of action as his, is somewhat extraordinary, *viz*. that whether he was on board his ships upon

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important and arduous expeditions, busy in court transactions, or pursuing schemes of pleasure, he never failed to dedicate at least four hours every day to study, by which he became so much master of all knowledge, and was enabled, as a poet beautifully expresses it, to enrich the world with his prison-hours[13]. As the sentence of Raleigh blackens but his King, so his memory will be ever dear to the lovers of learning, and of their country: and tho' he makes not a very great figure as a poet, having business of greater importance continually upon his hands; yet it would have been an unpardonable negligence to omit him, as he does honour to the list, and deserves all the encomiums an honest mind can give, or the most masterly pen bestow; and it were to be wished some man of eminent talents, whose genius is turned to biography, (of such at present we are not destitute) would undertake the life of this hero, and by mixing pleasing and natural reflexions with the incidents, as they occur, not a little instruct and delight his countrymen; as Raleigh's life is the amplest field for such an attempt to succeed in.

His works are,

Orders to be observed by the commanders of the fleets and land companies, under the conduct of Sir Walter Raleigh, bound for the South parts of America, given at Plymouth 3d May 1617.

The Dutiful Advice of a Loving Son to his Aged Father.

A Brief Relation of Sir Walter Raleigh's Troubles; with the taking away the lands and castle of Sherburn from him and his heirs, which were granted to the Earl of Bristol.

Maxims of State.

The Prerogatives of Parliament.

The Cabinet Council; containing the Arts of Empires and Mysteries of State.

A Discourse touching a Marriage between Prince Henry of England, and a Daughter of Savoy.

A Discourse touching a War with Spain, and of the Protesting the Netherlands.

A Discourse of the original and Fundamental Cause of natural, arbitrary, necessary, and unnatural War.

A Discourse of the inventions of Ships, Anchors, and Compass,

Observations concerning the Royal Navy, and Sea service. To Prince Henry.

Observations touching Trade and Commerce with the Hollanders and other Nations.

A Voyage for the Discovery of Guiana.

An Apology for the Voyage to Guiana.

A Letter to Lord Carew touching Guiana.

An Introduction to a Breviary of the History of England; with the Reign of William the Conqueror.

The Seat of Government.

Observations on the Causes of the Magnificence and Opulence of Cities.

The Sceptic.

Instructions to his Son.

Letters.

Poems.

I shall give a specimen of Sir Walter's poetry in a piece called the Vision of the Fairy Queen.

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Methought I sawe the grave where Laura lay;
Within that temple, where the vestal flame;
Was wont to burne: and passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tombe fair love, and fairer virtue kept,
All suddenly I sawe the Fairy Queene:
At whose approach the soul of Petrarche wept
And from henceforth, those Graces were not scene;
For they this queen attended; in whose steede
Oblivion laid him down in Laura's hearse:
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed.
And grones of buried ghosts the Heavens did perse;
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for 'griefe,
And curst th' accesse of that celestial thief.

But the most extraordinary work of Sir Walter's is his History of the World, composed in the Tower; it has never been without its admirers; and I shall close the account of our author's works, by the observation of the ingenious author of the Rambler upon this history, in a paper in which he treats of English Historians, No. 122.—"Raleigh (says he) is deservedly celebrated for the labour of his researches, and the elegance of his stile; but he has endeavoured to exert his judgment more than his genius, to select facts, rather than adorn them. He has produced a historical dissertation, but has seldom risen to the majesty of history."

[Footnote 1: Prince's Worthies of Devon.]

[Footnote 2: Camdeni Annales Elizabethae, p. 172. Edit. Batav. 1625.]

[Footnote 3: Hooker, fol. 167.]

[Footnote 4: Case's History of Ireland, fol. 367.]

[Footnote 5: Captain Haynes's Report of Sir Humphry Gilbert's voyage to Newfoundland, vol. iii. p. 149.]

[Footnote 6: Oldys, fol. 125.]

[Footnote 7: Birch's life of Raleigh.]

[Footnote 8: Letter of Rowland White, Esq; to Sir Robert Sidney, November 5, 1597.]

[Footnote 9: Oldys, fol. 167.]

[Footnote 10: Oldys, fol. 157.]

[Footnote 11: Raleigh's remains, vol. ii. p. 188.]

[Footnote 12: Letter to his lady from Caliana, November 14, 1617.]

[Footnote 13: Thompson.]

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DR. JOHN DONNE

An eminent poet, and divine of the last century, was born in London in the year 1573. His father was a merchant, descended from a very ancient family in Wales, and his mother from Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England. He was educated in his father's house under a tutor till the 11th year of his age[1], when he was sent to Oxford; at which time it was observed of him, as of the famous Pica Mirandula, that he was rather born wise than made so by study. He was admitted commoner of Harthall, together with his younger brother, in Michaelmas term 1584.[2] By advice of his relations, who were Roman Catholics, he declined taking the oath tendered upon the occasion of taking

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degrees. After he had studied three years at the University, he removed to Cambridge, and from thence three years after to Lincoln's-Inn. About this time his father died, and left him a portion of 3000L. He became soon distinguished at Lincoln's-Inn, by his rapid progress in the law. He was now eighteen years of age, and as yet had attached himself to no particular denomination of Christians, and as his relations were bigotted to the Romish faith, he was induced to examine the controversy, and to embrace publickly that which appeared to him to be best supported by the authority of the scriptures. He relinquished the study of the law, and devoted himself entirely to that of the controverted points between the Protestants and Catholics, which ended in a thorough conviction of the truths of the reformed religion.

In the years 1596 and 1597 Mr. Donne attended the Earl of Essex in his expeditions against Cadiz and the Azores Islands, and stayed some years in Italy and Spain, and soon after his return to England he was made secretary to lord chancellor Egerton. This probably was intended by his lordship only as an introduction to a more dignified place; for he frequently expressed a high opinion of his secretary's abilities; and when he afterwards, by the sollicitation of his lady, parted with him, he observed that he was fitter to be a secretary to a Monarch than to him. When he was in the lord chancellor's family, he married privately without the consent of her father, the daughter of Sir George More, chancellor of the Garter, and lord lieutenant of the Tower, who so much resented his daughter's marriage without his consent, that he procured our author's dismission from the chancellor's service, and got him committed to prison. Sir George's daughter lived in the lord chancellor's family, and was niece to his lady. Upon Sir George's hearing that his daughter had engaged her heart to Donne, he removed her to his own house in Surry, and friends on both sides endeavoured to weaken their affection for each other, but without success; for having exchanged the most sacred promises, they found means to consummate a private marriage. Our author was not long in obtaining his liberty, but was obliged to be at the expence of a tedious law-suit to recover the possession of his wife, who was forcibly detained from him. At length our poet's extraordinary merit and winning behaviour so far subdued Sir George's resentment, that he used his interest with the Chancellor to have his son-in-law restored to his place; But this request was refused; his lordship observing, that he did not chuse to discharge and re-admit servants at the request of his passionate petitioners. Sir George had been so far reconciled to his daughter and son, as not to deny his paternal blessing, but would contribute nothing towards their support, Mr. Donne's fortune being greatly diminished by the expence of travels, law-suits, and the generosity of his temper; however his wants were in a great measure

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prevented by the seasonable bounty of their kinsman Sir Francis Wooley, who entertained them several years at his house at Pilford in Surry, where our author had several children born to him. During his residence at Pilford he applied himself with great diligence and success to the study of the civil and canon law, and was about this time sollicited by Dr. Morton, (afterwards lord bishop of Durham) to go into holy Orders, and accept of a Benefice the Doctor would have resigned to him; but he thought proper to refuse this obliging offer. He lived with Sir Francis till that gentleman's death, by whose mediation a perfect reconciliation was effected between Mr. Donne and his father-in-law; who obliged himself to pay our author 800L. at a certain day as his wife's portion, or 20L. quarterly for their maintenance, till it was all paid.

He was incorporated master of arts in the university of Oxford, having before taken the same degree at Cambridge 1610.

About two years after the reconciliation with his father, he was prevailed upon with much difficulty to accompany Sir Robert Drury to Paris[3] Mrs. Donne, being then big with child and in a languishing state of health, strongly opposed his departure, telling him, that her divining soul boaded some ill in his absence; bur Sir Robert's importunity was not to be resisted, and he at last consented to go with him. Mr. Walton gives an account of a vision Mr. Donne had seen after their arrival there, which he says was told him by a person of honour, who had a great intimacy with Mr. Donne; and as it has in it something curious enough, I shall here present it to the reader in that author's own words[4]

"Two days after their arrival there, Mr. Donne was left alone in that room in which Sir Robert and he and some other friends had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour; and as he left so he found Mr. Donne alone, but in such an extasy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him; insomuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence; to which he was not able to make a present answer, but after a long and perplexed pause did at last say: I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you; I have seen my wife pass twice by me through this room with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms. To which Sir Robert replied, sure Sir, you have slept since you saw me, and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake. To which Mr. Donne's reply was, I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you; and am as sure that at her second appearing she stopt and looked me in the face and vanished." Rest and sleep had not altered Mr. Donne's opinion next day, for then he confirmed his vision with so deliberate a confidence, that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true. It

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is an observation, that desire and doubt have no rest, for he immediately sent a servant to Drury-House, with a charge to hasten back and bring him word “whether Mrs. Donne was dead or alive, and if alive in what condition she was as to her health.” The twelfth day the messenger returned with this account; “that he found and left Mrs. Donne very sad and sick in her bed; and that after a long and dangerous labour she had been delivered of a dead child, and upon examination the birth proved, to be on the same day, and about the very hour Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber.”——After Donne’s return from France, many of the nobility pressed the King to confer some secular employment upon him; but his Majesty, who considered him as better qualified for the service of the church than the state, rejected their requests, tho’ the Earl of Somerset, then the great favourite, joined in petitioning for his preferment. About this time the disputes concerning the oaths of allegiance and supremacy being agitated, Mr. Donne by his Majesty’s special command, wrote a treatise on that subject, entitled, Pseudo Martyr, printed in 4to, 1610, with which his Majesty was highly pleased, and being firmly resolved to promote him in the church, he pressed him to enter into holy orders, but he being resolved to qualify himself the better for the sacred office by studying divinity, and the learned languages deferred his entering upon it three years longer, during which time he made a vigorous application to these branches of knowledge, and was then ordained both deacon and priest, by Dr. John King, then bishop of London. Presently after he was appointed one of the chaplains in ordinary to his Majesty, and about the same time attending the King in a progress, he was created Dr. in divinity, by the university of Cambridge, by the particular recommendation of that Prince[5] His abilities and industry in his profession were so eminent, and himself so well beloved, that within the first year of his entering into holy orders, he had the offer of fourteen benefices from persons of quality, but as they lay in the country, his inclination of living in London, made him refuse them all. Upon his return from Cambridge his wife died, and his grief for her loss was so great, that for some time he betook himself to a retired and solitary life: Mrs. Donne died in the year 1617, on the seventh day after the birth of her twelfth child. She left our author in a narrow unsettled state with seven children then living, to her he gave a voluntary assurance, that he would never bring them under the subjection of a step-mother, and this promise he faithfully kept. Soon after the death of his wife, he was chosen preacher of Lincoln’s-Inn, and in the year 1619 appointed by King James to attend the earl of Doncaster, in his embassy to the Princes of Germany, and about 14 months after his return to England, he was advanced to the deanery of St. Paul’s. Upon the vacancy of the deanery, the King sent an order

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to Dr. Donne, to attend him the next day at dinner: When his Majesty sat down, he said, “Dr. Donne, I have invited you to dinner, and though you sit not down with me, yet I will carve to you of a dish that I know you love well; for knowing you love London, I do therefore make you dean of St. Paul’s, and when I have dined, then do you take your beloved dish home to your study, say grace there to your self, and much good may it do you[6].” Soon after, another vicarage of St. Dunstan in the West, and another benefice fell to Dr. Donne. ’Till the 59th year of his age he continued in perfect health, when being with his eldest daughter in Essex, in 1630, he was taken ill of a fever, which brought on a consumption; notwithstanding which he returned to London, and preached in his turn at court as usual, on the first friday in Lent. He died on the 31st day of March 1631, and was buried in the cathedral church of St. Paul’s, where a monument was erected over him. Walton says that amongst other preparations for death, he made use of this very remarkable one. He ordered an urn to be cut in wood, on which was to be placed a board of the exact heighth of his body: this being done, he caused himself to be tied up in a winding sheet in the same manner that dead bodies are. Being thus shrouded, and standing with his eyes shut, and with just so much of the sheet put aside, as might discover his thin, pale, and death-like face, he caused a skilful painter to draw his picture. This piece being finished, was placed near his bed-side, and there remained as his constant remembrance to the hour of his death.

His character as a preacher and a poet are sufficiently seen in his incomparable writings. His personal qualifications were as eminent as those of his mind; he was by nature exceeding passionate, but was apt to be sorry for the excesses of it, and like most other passionate men, was humane and benevolent. His monument was composed of white marble, and carved from the picture just now mentioned of him, by order of his executor Dr. King, bishop of Chichester, who wrote the following inscription,

Johannes Donne, S.T.P.

Post varia studia, quibus ab annis tenerimus fideliter,
Neo infeliciter, incubit,
Instinctu et impulsu spiritus sancti, monitu et horatu,
Regis Jacobi, ordines sacros amplexus,
Anno sui Jesu 1614, et fuae aetatis 42,
Decanatu hujus ecclesiae indutus 27 Novembris 1621,
Exutus morte ultimo die Martii 1631.
Hic, licet in occiduo cinere, aspicit eum,
Cujus nomen est oriens.

Our author’s poems consist of, 1. Songs and Sonnets. 2. Epigrams. 3. Elegies. 4. Epithalamiums, or Marriage Songs. 5. Satires. 6. Letters to several Personages. 7. Funeral Elegies. 8. Holy Sonnets. They are printed together in one volume 12mo.

1719, with the addition of elegies upon the author by several persons. Mr. Dryden in his dedication of Juvenal to the earl of Dorset, has given Dr. Donne the character of the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of our nation, and wishes his satires and other works were rendered into modern language. Part of this wish the world has seen happily executed by the great hand of Mr. Pope. Besides the Pseudo-Martyr, and volume of poems now mentioned, there are extant the following works of Dr. Donne, *viz*.

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Devotions upon emergent Occasions, and several steps in sickness, 4to. London 16. Paradoxes, Problems, Essays, Characters, &c. to which is added a Book of Epigrams, written in Latin by the same author, and translated into English by Dr. Main, as also Ignatius his conclave, a Satire, translated out of the original copy written in Latin by the same author, found lately amongst his own papers, 12mo. London 1653. These pieces are dedicated by the author's son, Dr. John Donne, to Francis Lord Newport.

Three Volumes of Sermons, in folio; the first printed in 1640, the second in 1649, and the third in 1660.

Essays on Divinity, being several disquisitions interwoven with meditations and prayers before he went into holy orders, published after his death by his son, 1651.

Letters to several persons of honour, published in 4to. 1654. There are several of Dr. Donne's letters, and others to him from the Queen of Bohemia, the earl of Carlisle, archbishop Abbot, and Ben Johnson, printed in a book, entitled A Collection of Letters made by Sir Toby Mathews Knt. London 1660, 8vo.

The Ancient history of the Septuagint, translated from the Greek of Aristeus, London 1633, 4to. This translation was revised, and corrected by another hand, and printed 1685 in 8vo.

Declaration of that Paradox or Thesis, that Self-Homicide is not so naturally a sin that it may not be otherwise, London, 1644, 1648, &c. 4to. The original under the author's own hand is preserved in the Bodleian Library. Mr. Walton gives this piece the character of an exact and laborious treatise, 'wherein all the laws violated by that act (self murder) are diligently surveyed and judiciously censured.' The piece from whence I shall take the following quotation, is called a Hymn to God the Father, was composed in the time of his sickness, which breathes a spirit of fervent piety, though no great force of poetry is discoverable in it.

A *hymn* to *god* the *father*.

Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, tho' it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sin through which I run,
And do run still, tho' still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that in which I have won,
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin, which I did shun,
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?

When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, when I have spun,
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear, that at my death, thy son,
Shall shine, as he shines now, and heretofore,
And having done that, thou hast done,
I ask no more.

[Footnote 1: Walton's Life of Donne]

[Footnote 2: Wood vol. v. col. 554.]

[Footnote 3: Walton p. 29].

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[Footnote 4: Life ubi supra p. 52].

[Footnote 5: Walton, p. 39, 41.]

[Footnote 6: Walton ut Supra, p. 46]

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MICHAEL DRAYTON

A Renowned poet, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth, James and Charles I. sprung from an ancient family, originally descended from the town of Drayton in Leicestershire, [1] but his parents removing into Warwickshire, he was born there, as he himself declares in his Poly-olbion, Song 13. A little village called Harsul in that county claims the honour of his birth, by which accident it is raised from obscurity; he was born in the year 1573, according to the most accurate computation that can be made from the dates of his works. When he was but very young he gave such discoveries of a rising genius as rendered him a favourite with his tutors, and procured him the patronage of persons of distinction. In the year 1573, being then but about ten years of age, he was page to some honourable person, as may be collected from his own words: In some of his epistles to Henry Reynold esquire, it appears that even then he could construe his Cato, and some other little collections of sentences, which made him very anxious to know, what sort of beings the poets were, and very pressing upon his tutor to make him, if possible, a poet. In consequence of this he was put to the reading of Virgil's Eclogues, and 'till even then, says one of his Biographers, he scorned any thing that looked like a ballad, though written by Elderton himself. This Elderton was a famous comedian in those days, and a facetious companion, who having a great readiness at rhiming, composed many catches on Love and Wine, which were then in great vogue among the giddy and volatile part of the town; but he was not more celebrated for drollery than drinking, so that he obtained the name of the bacchanalian buffoon, the red-nosed ballad-maker, &c. and at last by the excessive indulgence of his favourite vice, he fell a martyr to it 1592, and Mr. Camden has preserved this epitaph on him, which for its humour, I shall here give a place.

Dead drunk, here Elderton does lie;
Dead as he is, he still is drie.
So of him it may well be said,
Here he, but not his thirst, is laid.

If after this our author did not finish his education at the university of Cambridge, it is evident from the testimony of Sir Alton Cohain, his intimate friend, who mentions him in his Choice Poems of several Sorts, that he was for some time a student at Oxford; however, he is not taken notice of by Wood, who has commemorated the most part of

the writers who were educated there. In 1588 it appears from his poem, entitled Moses his Birth and Miracles, that he was a spectator at Dover of the Spanish invasion, which was arrogantly stiled Invincible, and it is not improbable that he was engaged in some military employment there, especially as we

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find some mention made of him, as being in esteem with the gentlemen of the army. He early addicted himself to the amusement of poetry, but all who have written of him, have been negligent in informing us how soon he favoured the public with any production of his own. He was distinguished as a poet about nine or ten years before the death of Queen Elizabeth, but at what time he began to publish cannot be ascertained. In the year 1593, when he was but 30 years of age, he published a collection of his Pastorals; likewise some of the most grave poems, and such as have transmitted his name to posterity with honour, not long after saw the light. His Baron's wars, and England's heroical Epistles; his Downfals of Robert of Normandy; Matilda and Gaveston, for which last he is called by one of his contemporaries, Tragdiographus, and part of his Polyolbion were written before the year 1598, for all which joined with his personal good character; he was highly celebrated at that time, not only for the elegance and sweetness of his expressions, but his actions and manners, which were uniformly virtuous and honourable; he was thus characterised not only by the poet; and florid writers of those days, but also by divines, historians, and other Scholars of the most serious turn and extensive learning. In his younger years he was much beloved and patronized by Sir Walter Aston of Tixhall in Staffordshire, to whom for his kind protection, he gratefully dedicates many of his poems, whereof his Barons Wars was the first, in the spring of his acquaintance, as Drayton himself expresses it; but however, it may be gathered from his works, that his most early dependance was upon another patron, namely, Sir Henry Goodere of Polesworth, in his own county, to whom he has been grateful for a great part of his education, and by whom he was recommended to the patronage of the countess of Bedford: it is no less plain from many of his dedications to Sir Walter Ashton, that he was for many years supported by him, and accommodated with such supplies as afforded him leisure to finish some of his most elaborate compositions; and the author of the Biographia Britannica has told us, 'that it has been alledged, that he was by the interest of the same gentleman with Sir Roger Ashton, one of the Bedchamber to King James in his minority, made in some measure ministerial to an intercourse of correspondence between the young King of of Scots and Queen Elizabeth:' but as no authority is produced to prove this, it is probably without foundation, as poets have seldom inclination, activity or steadiness to manage any state affairs, particularly a point of so delicate a nature.

Our author certainly had fair prospects, from his services, or other testimonies of early attachment to the King's interest, of some preferment, besides he had written Sonnets, in praise of the King as a poet. Thus we see Drayton descending to servile flattery to promote his interest, and praising a man as a poet contrary to his own judgment, because he was a King who was as devoid of poetry as courage.

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He welcomed his Majesty to his British dominions with a congratulatory poem printed in 4to, 1603. The same year he was chosen by Sir Walter Aston one of the esquires who attended him, when he was with others created knight of the Bath at the coronation of his Majesty. It no where appears, that ever our author printed those poems in praise of his Majesty; and the ungrateful reception they met, as well as the disagreeable experience of the universal degeneracy at court, so different from that of the Maiden Reign, might extinguish all hope of raising himself there.

In the year 1613 he published the first part of his Poly-olbion. It is a chorographical description of the rivers, mountains, forests, castles; &c. in this Island, intermixed with the remarkable antiquities, rarities, commodities, &c. This part is addressed to Prince Henry, the promising son of James I. by whose encouragement it was written. He had shewed Drayton some singular marks of his favour, and seems to have admitted him as one of his poetical pensioners, but dying before the book was finished, he lost the benefit of his patronage. In this volume there are eighteen songs, illustrated with the notes of the learned Mr. Selden, and there are maps before every song, whereby the cities, mountains, forests, rivers, &c. are represented by the figures of men and women. It is interwoven with many episodes, such as the conquest of this Island by the Romans, the arrival of the Saxons, the Danes and Normans, &c. And bishop Nicholson observes, that Poly-olbion affords a much more accurate account of this kingdom and the Dominion of Wales than could have been expected from the pen of a poet. How poetically our author has conducted and executed his plan, is admirably expressed by the ingenious Dr. James Kirkpatrick, in a beautiful poem of his called the Sea-Piece. Canto *ii*. which I cannot here omit transcribing.

Drayton, sweet ancient bard, his Albion sung,
With their own praise, their ecchoing vallies rung;
His bounding muse o'er every mountain rode,
And ev'ry river warbled where he flow'd.

In 1619 came out his first folio-volume of poems. In 1622 the second part of his Poly-olbion was published, making in all thirty books or songs. In 1622 we find him stiled Poet Laureat: It is probable this appellation of Poet Laureat was not confined and restricted as it is now to his Majesty's Servant known by that title, who at that time it is presumed was Ben Johnson, because it was bestowed promiscuously as a mark of any poet's excellency in his profession.

In 1627 was published the second volume of his poems, containing the battle of Agencourt, in stanzas of eight lines. The mysteries of Queen Margaret in the like stanzas. Nymphidia, or the Court of Faeries. The Quest of Cynthia, another beautiful piece, both reprinted in Dryden's Miscellanies. The Shepherd's Sirena; also the Moon Calf; Satire on the Masculine Affectations of Women, and the the

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effeminate disguises of the Men, in those times. Elegies upon several occasions. These are introduced by the vision of Ben Johnson on the Muse of his friend Michael Drayton, wherein he very particularly enumerates and praises his several compositions. In 1630 he published another volume of poems in 4to, intitled the Muses Elizium, in ten sundry Nymphals, with three different poems on Noah's flood; Moses his birth and miracles, and David and Goliath. The pastoral poems are addressed to Edward Sackville Earl of Dorset, and Lord Chamberlain, who had now made him one of his family. His divine poems are written in verse and various measures, and are dedicated to the Countess of Dorset; and there are some sublime images in them. At the end of the first divine poem, there are copies of verses in praise of the author, by Bcal Sapperton, in Latin; Mr. John Fletcher, and Thomas Andrews in English; the last of whom is very lavish in displaying the great extent of our poet's fame.

In 1631 Mr. Drayton died, or as it is expressed in his monumental inscription, exchanged his laurel for a crown of glory. He was buried among the poets in Westminster-Abbey, and the handsome table monument of blue marble which was raised over his grave the same year, is adorned with his effigies in busto, laureated. On one side is a crest of Minerva's cap, and Pegasus in a scutcheon on the other. Sir Aston Cokain composed an elegy upon him: and Ben Johnson is said to have been the author of his epitaph, which is written in letters of gold upon his monument, with which I shall here present the reader.

Epitaph.

Do pious marble let thy readers know
What they, and what their children owe
To Drayton's name, whose sacred dust
We recommend unto thy trust:
Protect his memory, and preserve his story,
Remain a lasting monument of his glory;
And when thy ruins shall disclaim,
To be the treasure of his name;
His name, that cannot fade shall be,
An everlasting monument to thee.

Mr. Drayton enjoyed the friendship and admiration of contemporary wits, and Ben Johnson who was not much disposed to praise, entertained a high opinion of him, and in this epitaph has both immortalized himself and his friend. It is easy for those who are conversant with our author's works to see how much the moderns and even Mr. Pope himself copy Mr. Drayton, and refine upon him in those distinctions which are esteemed the most delicate improvements of our English versification, such as the turns, the pauses, the elegant tautologies, &c. It is not difficult to point out some depredations

which have been made on our author by modern writers, however obsolete some of them may have reckoned him. In one of his heroical epistles, that of King John to Matilda, he has the following lines.

Th' Arabian bird which never is but one,
Is only chast because she is alone,
But had our mother nature made them two,
They would have done, as Doves and Sparrows do.

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These are ascribed to the Earl of Rochester, who was unexceptionably a great wit. They are not otherwise materially altered, than by the transposure of the rhimes in the first couplet, and the retrenchment of the measure in both. As the sphere in which this author moved was of the middle sort, neither raised to such eminence as to incur danger, nor so deprest with poverty as to be subject to meanness, his life seems to have flowed with great tranquility; nor are there any of those vicissitudes and distresses which have so frequently fallen to the lot of the inspired tribe. He was honoured with the patronage of men of worth, tho' not of the highest stations; and that author cannot be called a mean one, on whom so great a man as Selden (in many respects the most finished scholar that ever appeared in our nation) was pleased to animadvert. His genius seems to have been of the second rate, much beneath Spencer and Sidney, Shakespear and Johnson, but highly removed above the ordinary run of versifyers. We shall quote a few lines from his Poly-olbion as a specimen of his poetry.

When he speaks of his native county, Warwickshire, he has the following lines;

Upon the mid-lands now, th' industrious Muse doth fall,
That shire which we the heart of England well may call,
As she herself extends the midst (which is decreed)
Betwixt St. Michael's Mount, and Berwick bordering Tweed,
Brave Warwick, that abroad so long advanc'd her Bear,
By her illustrious Earls, renowned every where,
Above her neighbr'ing shires which always bore her head.

[Footnote 1: Burton's Description of Leicestershire, p. 16, 22]

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Dr. *Richard Corbet*, Bishop of *Norwich*,

Was son of Mr. Vincent Corbet, and born at Ewelb in Surry, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was educated at Westminster school, and from thence was sent to Oxford, 1597, where he was admitted a student in Christ-church. In 1605, being then esteemed one of the greatest wits of the University, he took the degree of Master of Arts, and afterwards entering into holy orders, he became a popular preacher, and much admired by people of taste and learning. His shining wit, and remarkable eloquence recommended him to King James I, who made him one of his chaplains in ordinary, and in 1620 promoted him to the deanery of Christ's-church; about which time he was made doctor of divinity, vicar of Cassington, near Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, and prebendary of Bedminster-secunda, in the church of Sarum.[1]

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While he was dean of Christ's church, he made verses on a play acted before the King at Woodstock, called Technogamia, or the marriage of Arts, written by Barten Holiday the poet, who afterwards translated Juvenal. The ill-success it met with in the representation occasioned several copies of verses, among which, to use Anthony Wood's words, "Corbet dean of Christ's-church put in for one, who had that day it seems preached before the King, with his band starched clean, for which he was reproved by the graver sort; but those who knew him well took no notice of it, for they have several times said, that he loved to the last boy's play very well." He was elected, 1629, Bishop of Oxford, in the room of Dr. Hewson, translated to the See of Durham. Upon the promotion of Dr. White to Ely he was elected bishop of Norwich.

This prelate married Alice, daughter of Dr. Leonard Hutton, vicar of Flower in Northamptonshire, and he mentions that village in a poem of his called Iter Boreale, or a Journey Northward. Our author was in that celebrated class of poets, Ben Johnson, Dr. Donne, Michael Drayton, and others, who wrote mock commendatory verses on Tom Coryate's [2] Crudities. He concurred likewise with other poets of the university in inviting Ben Johnson to Oxford, where he was created Master of Arts. There is extant in the Musaeum Ashmoleanum, a funeral oration in Latin, by Dr. Corbet, on the death of Prince Henry, Anno Dom. 1612;[3] This great man died in the year 1635, and was buried the upper-end of the choir of the cathedral church of Norwich.

He was very hospitable and a generous encourager of all public designs. When in the year 1634 St. Paul's cathedral was repaired, he not only contributed himself, but was very diligent in procuring contributions from others. His works are difficult to be met with, but from such of his poems as we have had occasion to read, he seems to have been a witty, delicate writer, and to have had a particular talent for panegyric. Wood says, a collection of his poems was published under the title of Poetica Stromata, in 8vo. London 1647. In his Iter Boreale, or Journey Northward, we meet with a fine moral reflexion on the burial place of Richard *iii*. and Cardinal Wolsey, who were both interred at Leicester; with which we shall present the reader as a specimen of his poetry.

Is not usurping Richard buried here,
That King of hate, and therefore slave of fear?
Dragg'd from the fatal Bosworth field where he,
Lost life, and what he liv'd for,—Cruelty:
Search, find his name, but there is none: O Kings,
Remember whence your power and vastness springs;
If not as Richard now, so may you be,
Who hath no tomb, but scorn and memory.
And tho' from his own store, Wolsey might have
A Palace or a College for his grave,
Yet here he lies interred, as if that all
Of him to be remembered were his fall.

Nothing but Earth on Earth, no pompous weight
Upon him, but a pebble or a quoit.
If thou art thus neglected, what shall we,
Hope after death, that are but shreds of thee!

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The author of the Biographia Britanica tells us, that he found in a blank leaf of his poems, some manuscript verses, in honour of Bishop Corbet signed J.C. with which, as they are extremely pretty, and make a just representation of his poetical character, we shall conclude this life.

In flowing wit, if verses writ with ease,
If learning void of pedantry can please,
If much good humour joined to solid sense,
And mirth accompanied with innocence,
Can give a poet a just right to fame,
Then Corbet may immortal honour claim;
For he these virtues had, and in his lines,
Poetic and heroic spirit shines;
Tho' bright yet solid, pleasant, but not rude,
With wit and wisdom equally endued.
Be silent Muse, thy praises are too faint,
Thou want'st a power this prodigy to paint,
At once a poet, prelate, and a saint.

[Footnote 1: Athen. Oxon. vol. I. col. 600—I.]

[Footnote 2: Winstanley.]

[Footnote 3: Wood. ubi. supra. fol. 509.]

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EDWARD FAIRFAX.

All the biographers of the poets have been extremely negligent with respect to this great genius. Philips so far overlooks him, that he crowds him into his supplement, and Winstanley, who followed him, postpones our author till after the Earl of Rochester. Sir Thomas Pope Blount makes no mention of him; and Mr. Jacob, so justly called the Blunderbus of Law, informs us he wrote in the time of Charles the first, tho' he dedicates his translation of Tasso to Queen Elizabeth. All who mention him, do him the justice to allow he was an accomplished genius, but then it is in a way so cool and indifferent, as shews that they had never read his works, or were any way charmed with the melody of his verses. It was impossible Mr. Dryden could be so blind to our author's beauties; accordingly we find him introducing Spencer and Fairfax almost on the level, as the leading authors of their times; nay tacitly yielding the palm in point of harmony to the last; by asserting that Waller confessed he owed the music of his numbers to Fairfax's Godfrey of Bulloign. The truth is, this gentleman is perhaps the only writer down to Sir William Davenant, who needs no apology to be made for him, on account of the age in

which he lived. His diction is so pure, elegant, and full of graces, and the turn of his lines so perfectly melodious, that one cannot read it without rapture; and we can scarcely imagine the original Italian has greatly the advantage in either, nor is it very probable that while Fairfax can be read, any author will attempt a new translation of Tasso with success. Mr. Fairfax was natural son of Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton, and natural brother to Sir Thomas Fairfax, the first who was created Baron of Cameron. His younger brother was knighted, and slain at the memorable siege of Ostend, 1601, of which place he was some time governor[1].

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When he married is not on record, or in what circumstances he lived: But it is very probable, his father took care to support him in a manner suitable to his own quality, and his son's extraordinary merit, he being always stiled Edward Fairfax, Esq; of Newhall in Fuystone, in the forest of Knaresborough. The year in which he died is likewise uncertain, and the last account we hear of him is, that he was living in 1631, which shews, that he was then pretty well advanced in years, and as I suppose gave occasion to the many mistakes that have been made as to the time of his writing. Besides the translation of Godfrey of Bulloigne, Mr. Fairfax wrote the history of Edward the Black Prince, and certain eclogues, which Mrs. Cooper tells us are yet in manuscript, tho' (says she) "by the indulgence of the family, from whom I had likewise the honour of these memoirs, I am permitted to oblige the world with a specimen of their beauties." He wrote also a book called, Daemonologie, in which he shews a great deal of ancient reading and knowledge; it is still in manuscript, and in the beginning he gives this character of himself[2]. "I am in religion neither a fantastic Puritan, nor superstitious Papist, but so settled in conscience, that I have the sure ground of God's word to warrant all I believe, and the commendable ordinances of our English Church, to approve all I practise; In which course I live a faithful Christian, and an obedient, and so teach my family." The eclogues already mentioned are twelve in number, all of them written after the accession of King James to the throne of England, on important subjects, relating to the manners, characters, and incidents of the times he lived in: they are pointed with many fine strokes of satire, dignified with noble instructions of morality, and policy, to those of the highest rank, and some modest hints to Majesty itself. The learning contained in these eclogues is so various and extensive, lhat according to the opinion of his son, who has written long annotations on each, no man's reading besides his own was sufficient to explain his references effectually. As his translation of Tasso is in every body's hand, we shall take the specimen from the fourth eclogue, called Eglon and Alexis, as I find it in Mrs. Cooper's collection.

Eglon and *Alexis*.

Whilst on the rough, and heath-strew'd wilderness
His tender flocks the rasps, and bramble crop,
Poor shepherd Eglon, full of sad distress!
By the small stream, fat on a mole-hill top:
Crowned with a wreath of Heban branches broke:
Whom good Alexis found, and thus bespoke.

Alexis.

My friend, what means this silent lamentation?
Why on this field of mirth, this realm of smiles
Doth the fierce war of grief make such invasion?

Witty Timanthes[3] had he seen, e’re whiles,
What face of woe thy cheek of sadness bears,
He had not curtained Agamemnon’s

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tears.
  The black ox treads not yet upon thy toe,
  Nor thy good fortune turns her wheel awaye;
  Thy flocks increase, and thou increasest so,
  Thy straggling goates now mild, and gentlely;
  And that fool love thou whipst away with rods;
  Then what sets thee, and joy so far at odds?

[Footnote 1: Muses Library, p. 343.]

[Footnote 2: Muses Library, p. 344.]

[Footnote 3: Timanthes the painter, who designing the sacrifice of Iphigenia, threw a veil over the face of Agamemnon, not able to express a father's anguish.]

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THOMAS RANDOLPH,

A Poet of no mean genius, was born at Newnham, near Daintry in Northamptonshire, the 15th of June, 1605; he was son of William Randolph of Hams, near Lewes in Sussex, was educated at Westminster school, and went from thence to Trinity College in Cambridge, 1623, of which he became a fellow; he commenced Master of Arts, and in this degree was incorporated at Oxon[1], became famous (says Wood) for his ingenuity, being the adopted son of Ben Johnson, and accounted one of the most pregnant wits of his age. The quickness of his parts was discovered early; when he was about nine or ten years old he wrote the History of the Incarnation of Our Saviour in verse, which is preserved in manuscript under his own hand writing. Randolph receives from Langbaine the highest encomium. He tells his readers that they need expect no discoveries of thefts, for this author had no occasion to practice plagiary, having so large a fund of wit of his own, that he needed not to borrow from others. Were a foreigner to form a notion of the merit of the English poets from reading Langbaine, they would be in raptures with Randolph and Durfey, and others of their class, while Dryden, and the first-rate wits, would be quite neglected; Langbaine is so far generous, that he does all he can to draw obscure men into light, but then he cannot be acquitted of envy, for endeavouring to shade the lustre of those whose genius has broke through obscurity without his means, and he does no service to his country while he confines his panegyric to mean versifiers, whom no body can read without a certain degree of contempt.

Our author had done nothing in life it seems worth preserving, or at least that cotemporary historians thought so, for there is little to be learned concerning him. Wood says he was like other poets, much addicted to libertine indulgence, and by being too free with his constitution in the company of his admirers, and running into fashionable excesses, he was the means of shortening his own days. He died at little Haughton in Northamptonshire, and was buried in an isle adjoining to the church in that place, on the 17th of March, 1634. He had soon after a monument of white marble, wreathed about with laurel, erected over his grave at the charge of lord Hatton

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of Kirby. Perhaps the greatest merit which this author has to plead, is his attachment to Ben Johnson, and admiration of him: Silius Italicus performed an annual visit to Virgil's tomb, and that circumstance reflects more honour upon him in the eyes of Virgil's admirers, than all the works of that author. Langbaine has preserved a monument of Randolph's friendship for Ben Johnson, in an ode he addressed to him, occasioned by Mr. Feltham's severe attack upon him, which is particularized in the life of Ben; from this ode we shall quote a stanza or two, before I give an account of his dramatic compositions.

Ben, do not leave the stage,
'Cause 'tis a loathsome age;
For pride, and impudence will grow too bold,
When they shall hear it told,
They frighted thee; stand high as is thy cause,
Their hiss is thy applause.
Most just were thy disdain,
Had they approved thy vein:
So thou for them, and they for thee were born;
They to incense, and thou too much to scorn.

Wilt thou engross thy store
Of wheat, and pour no more,
Because their bacon brains have such a taste
As more delight in mast?
No! set them forth a board of dainties, full
As thy best muse can cull;
Whilst they the while do pine,
And thirst 'midst all their wine,
What greater plague can hell itself devize,
Than to be willing thus to tantalize?

The reader may observe that the stanzas are reasonably smooth, and mark him a tolerable versifier. I shall now give some account of his plays.

1. Amyntas, or the Impossible Dowry, a Pastoral acted before the King and Queen at Whitehall. 2. Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher; presented in a private shew, to which is added the Conceited Pedlar. 3. Jealous Lovers, a Comedy, presented to their Majesties at Cambridge, by the students of Trinity College. This play Langbaine thinks the best of Randolph's, as appears by an epilogue written by Mrs. Behn, and printed in her collection of poems published in 8vo, 1681; it was revised and printed by the author in his life-time, being ushered into the world with copies of verses by some of the best wits, both of Oxford and Cambridge. 4. Muses Looking Glass, a Comedy, which by the

author was first called The Entertainment; as appears from Sir Aston Cokaine's Works, who writ an encomium on it, and Mr. Richard West said of it,

> Who looks within this clearer glass will say,
> At once he writ an ethic tract and play.

All these dramatic pieces and poems were published in 1668; he translated-likewise the second Epod of Horace, several pieces out of Claudian, and likewise a dramatic piece from Aristophanes, which he calls Hey for Honesty, Down with Knavery, a pleasant comedy printed in 4to. London 1651. A gentleman of St. John's College, writes thus in honour of our author;

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Immortal Ben is dead, and as that ball,
On Ida toss'd so in his crown, by all
The infantry of wit. Vain priests! that chair
Is only fit for his true son and heir.
Reach here thy laurel: Randolph, 'tis thy praise:
Thy naked skull shall well become the bays.
See, Daphne courts thy ghost; and spite of fate,
Thy poems shall be Poet Laureate.

[Footnote 1: Athen. Oxon. p. 224.]

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GEORGE CHAPMAN

Was born in the year 1557, but of what family he is descended, Mr. Wood has not been able to determine; he was a man in very high reputation in his time, and added not a little to dramatic excellence. In 1574, being well grounded in grammar learning, he was sent to the university, but it is not clear whether to Oxford or Cambridge; it is certain that he was sometime in Oxford, and was taken notice of for his great skill in the Latin and Greek languages, but not in logic and philosophy, which is the reason it may be presumed, that he took no degree there. After this he came to London, and contracted an acquaintance, as Wood says, with Shakespear, Johnson, Sidney, Spenser and Daniel. He met with a very warm patronage from Sir Thomas Walsingham, who had always had a constant friendship for him, and after that gentleman's decease, from his son Thomas Walsingham, esquire, whom Chapman loved from his birth. He was also respected, and held in esteem by Prince Henry, and Robert earl of Somerset, but the first being untimely snatched away, and the other justly disgraced for an assassination[1], his hopes of preferment were by these means frustrated; however, he was a servant either to King James I. or Queen Anne his consort, through whose reign he was highly valued by all his old friends, only there are some insinuations, that as his reputation grew, Ben Johnson, naturally haughty and insolent, became jealous of him, and endeavoured to suppress, as much as possible, his rising fame[2], as Ben, after the death of Shakespear, was without a rival.

Chapman was a man of a reverend aspect, and graceful manner, religious and temperate, qualities which seldom meet (says Wood) in a poet, and was so highly esteemed by the clergy, that some of them have said, "that as Musaeus, who wrote the lives of Hero and Leander, had two excellent scholars, Thamarus and Hercules, so had he in England in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth, two excellent imitators in the same argument and subject, *viz*. Christopher Marlow, and George Chapman." Our author has translated the Iliad of Homer, published in folio, and dedicated to Prince Henry, which is yet looked upon with some respect. He is said to have had the spirit of a poet

in him, and was indeed no mean genius: Pope somewhere calls him an enthusiast in poetry. He likewise translated the Odyssey, and the Battle of Frogs and Mice, which were published

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in 1614, and dedicated to the earl of Somerset; to this work is added Hymns and Epigrams, written by Homer, and translated by our author. He likewise attempted some part of Hesiod, and continued a translation of Musaeus AErotopegnion de Herone & Leandro. Prefixed to this work, are some anecdotes of the life of Musaeus, taken by Chapman from the collection of Dr. William Gager, and a dedication to the most generally ingenious and only learned architect of his time, Inigo Jones esquire, Surveyor of his Majesty's Works. At length, says Wood, this reverend and eminent poet, having lived 77 years in this vain, transitory world, made his last exit in the parish of St. Giles's in the Fields, near London, on the 12th day of May, 1655, and was buried in the yard on the South side of the church in St. Giles's: soon after a monument was erected over his grave, built after the manner of the old Romans, at the expence, and under the direction of his much loved worthy friend Inigo Jones, whereon is this engraven, Georgius Chapmannus, Poeta Homericus, Philosophus verus (etsi Christianus Poeta) plusquam Celebris, &c.

His dramatic works are,

All Fools, a Comedy, presented at the Black Fryars, and afterwards before his Majesty King James I. in the beginning of his reign, and printed in 4to. London 1605. The plot is taken, and the characters formed upon Terence's Heautontimorumenos. The Prologue and Epilogue writ in blank verse, shew that in these days persons of quality, and they that thought themselves good critics, in place of fitting in the boxes, as they now do, sat on the stage; what influence those people had on the meanest sort of the audience, may be seen by the following lines in the Prologue written by Chapman himself.

Great are the gifts given to united heads;
To gifts, attire, to fair attire the stage
Helps much; for if our other audience see,
You on the stage depart before we end,
Our wit goes with you all, and we are fools.

Alphonsus Emperor of Germany, a Tragedy, often acted with applause at a private house in Black Fryars, by the servants of King Charles I. printed in 4to. London 1654. This play, though it bears the name of Alphonsus, was writ, as Langbaine supposes, in honour of the English nation, in the person of Richard, Earl of Cornwal, son to King John, and brother to Henry *iii*. He was chosen King of the Romans in 1527. About this time Alphonsus, the French King was chosen by other electors. Though this King was accounted by some a pious prince, yet our author represents him as a bloody tyrant, and, contrary to other historians, brings him to an unfortunate end, he supposing him to be killed by Alexander, son to Lorenzo de Cipres his secretary, in revenge of his father, who was poisoned by him, and to compleat his revenge, he makes him first deny his Saviour in hopes of life, and then stabs him, glorying that he had at once destroyed both

body and soul. This passage is related by several authors, as Bolton's Four last Things, Reynolds of the Passions, Clark's Examples, &c.

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Blind Beggar of Alexandria, a Comedy, printed 1598, dedicated to the earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral. Bussy d'Amboise, a Tragedy, often presented at St. Paul's, in the reign of King James I. and since the Restoration with great applause; for the plot see Thuanus, Jean de Serres, and Mezeray, in the reign of King Henry *iii*. of France. This is the play of which Mr. Dryden speaks, when in his preface to the Spanish Fryar, he resolves to burn one annually to the memory of Ben Johnson. Some have differed from Mr. Dryden in their opinion of this piece, but as the authorities who have applauded, are not so high as Mr. Dryden's single authority, it is most reasonable to conclude not much in its favour.

Bussy d'Amboise his Revenge, a Tragedy, printed 1613, and dedicated to Sir Thomas Howard. This play is generally allowed to fall short of the former of that name, yet the author, as appears from his dedication, had a higher opinion of it himself, and rails at those who dared to censure it; it is founded upon fiction, which Chapman very justly defends, and says that there is no necessity for any play being founded on truth.

Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles, Duke of Byron, Marshal of France, in two plays, acted at the Black Fryars in the reign of King James I. printed in 4to. London 1608, dedicated to Sir Thomas Walsingham.

Caesar and Pompey, a Roman Tragedy, printed 1631, and dedicated to the Earl of Middlesex.

Gentleman Usher, a Comedy, printed in 4to. London 1606. We are not certain whether this play was ever acted, and it has but an indifferent character.

Humourous Day's Mirth, a Comedy; this is a very tolerable play.

Mask of the Two Honourable Houses, or Inns of Court, the Middle-Temple, and Lincoln's-Inn, performed before the King at Whitehall, on Shrove Monday at night, being the 15th of February, 1613, at the celebration of the Royal Nuptials of the Palsgrave, and the Princess Elizabeth, &c. with a description of their whole shew, in the manner of their march on horseback, from the Master of the Rolls's house to the court, with all their noble consorts, and shewful attendants; invented and fashioned, with the ground and special structure of the whole work by Inigo Jones; this Mask is dedicated to Sir Edward Philips, then Master of the Rolls. At the end of the Masque is printed an Epithalamium, called a Hymn for the most happy Nuptials of the Princess Elizabeth, &c.

May-Day, a witty Comedy, acted at the Black Fryars, and printed in 4to. 1611.

Monsieur d'Olive, a Comedy, acted by her Majesty's children at the Black Fryars, printed in 4to. 1606.

Revenge for Honour, a Tragedy, printed 1654.

Temple, a Masque.

Two Wise-men, and all the rest Fools, or a Comical Moral, censuring the follies of that age, printed in London 1619. This play is extended to seven acts, a circumstance which Langbaine says he never saw in any other, and which, I believe, has never been practised by any poet, ancient or modern, but himself.

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Widow's Tears, a Comedy, often presented in the Black and White Fryars, printed in 4to. London 1612; this play is formed upon the story of the Ephesian Matron. These are all the plays of our author, of which we have been able to gain any account; he joined with Ben Johnson and Marston in writing a Comedy called Eastward-Hoe; this play has been since revived by Tate, under the title of Cuckolds Haven. It has been said that for some reflections contained in it against the Scotch nation; Ben Johnson narrowly escaped the pillory. See more of this, page 237.

[Footnote 1: See the Life of Overbury.]

[Footnote 2: Wood's Athen. Oxon.]

* * * * *

BEN JOHNSON,

One of the best dramatic poets of the 17th century, was descended from a Scots family, his grandfather, who was a gentleman, being originally of Annandale in that kingdom, whence he removed to Carlisle, and afterwards was employed in the service of King Henry VIII. His father lost his estate under Queen Mary, in whose reign he suffered imprisonment, and at last entered into holy orders, and died about a month before our poet's birth[1], who was born at Westminster, says Wood, in the year 1574. He was first educated at a private school in the church of St. Martin's in the Fields, afterwards removed to Westminster school, where the famous Camden was master. His mother, who married a bricklayer to her second husband, took him from school, and obliged him to work at his father-in-law's trade, but being extremely averse to that employment, he went into the low countries, where he distinguished himself by his bravery, having in the view of the army killed an enemy, and taken the opima spolia from him.

Upon his return to England, he applied himself again to his former studies, and Wood says he was admitted into St. John's College in the university of Cambridge, though his continuance there seems to have been but short. He had some time after this the misfortune to fight a duel, and kill his adversary, who only slightly wounded him in the arm; for this he was imprisoned, and being cast for his life, was near execution; his antagonist, he said, had a sword ten inches longer than his own.

While he lay in prison, a popish priest visited him, who found his inclination quite disengaged as to religion, and therefore took the opportunity to impress him with a belief of the popish tenets. His mind then naturally melancholy, clouded with apprehensions, and the dread of execution, was the more easily imposed upon. However, such was the force of that impression, that for twelve years after he had gained his liberty, he continued in the catholic faith, and at last turned Protestant, whether from conviction or fashion cannot be determined; but when the character of

Ben is considered, probability will be upon the side of the latter, for he took every occasion to ridicule religion in his

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plays, and make it his sport in conversation. On his leaving the university he entered himself into an obscure playhouse, called the Green Curtain, somewhere about Shoreditch or Clerkenwell. He was first an actor, and probably only a strolling one; for Decker in his Satyromastix, a play published in 1602, and designed as a reply to Johnson's Poetaster, 'reproaches him with having left the occupation of a mortar trader to turn actor, and with having put up a supplication to be a poor journeyman player, in which he would have continued, but that he could not set a good face upon it, and so was cashiered. Besides, if we admit that satire to be built on facts, we learn further, that he performed the part of Zuliman at the Paris Garden in Southwark, and ambled by a play-waggon on the high-way, and took mad Jeronymo's part to get service amongst the mimicks[2].' Shakespear is said to have first introduced him to the world, by recommending a play of his to the stage, at the time when one of the players had rejected his performance, and told him it would be of no service to their company[3]. His first printed dramatic performance was a Comedy, entitled Every Man in his Humour, acted in the year 1598, which being soon followed by several others, as his Sejanus, his Volpone, his Silent Woman, and his Alchymist, gained him so high a reputation, that in October 1619, upon the death of Mr. Samuel Daniel he was made Poet Laureat to King James I. and on the 19th of July, the same year, he was created (says Wood) Master of Arts at Oxford, having resided for some time at Christ Church in that university. He once incurred his Majesty's displeasure for being concerned with Chapman and Marston in writing a play called Eastward-Hoe, wherein they were accused of having reflected upon the Scotch nation. Sir James Murray represented it to the King, who ordered them immediately to be imprisoned, and they were in great danger of losing their ears and noses, as a correction of their wantonness; nor could the most partial have blamed his Majesty, if the punishment had been inflicted; for surely to ridicule a country from which their Sovereign had just come, the place of his nativity, and the kingdom of his illustrious forefathers, was a most daring insult. Upon their releasement from prison, our poet gave an entertainment to his friends, among whom were Camden and Selden; when his aged mother drank to him[4] and shewed him a paper of poison which she had designed, if the sentence of punishment had been inflicted, to have mixed with his drink after she had first taken a potion of it herself.

Upon the accession of Charles I. to the crown, he wrote a petition to that Prince, craving, that as his royal father had allowed him an annual pension of a hundred marks, he would make them pounds. In the year 1629 Ben fell sick, and was then poor, and lodged in an obscure alley; his Majesty was supplicated in his favour, who sent him ten guineas. When the messenger delivered the sum, Ben took it in his hand, and said, "His Majesty has sent me ten guineas because I am poor and live in an alley, go and tell him that his soul lives in an alley."

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He had a pension from the city of London, from several of the nobility and gentry, and particularly from Mr. Sutton the founder of the Charterhouse.[5] In his last sickness he often repented of the profanation of scripture in his plays. He died the 16th of August 1637, in the 63d year of his age, and was interred three days after in Westminster Abbey; he had several children who survived him.

Ben Johnson conceived so high an opinion of Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden by the letters which passed between them, that he undertook a journey into Scotland, and resided some time at Mr. Drummond's seat there, who has printed the heads of their conversation, and as it is a curious circumstance to know the opinion of so great a man as Johnson of his cotemporary writers, these heads are here inserted.

"Ben, says Mr. Drummond, was eat up with fancies; he told me, that about the time the Plague raged in London, being in the country at Sir Robert Cotton's house with old Camden, he saw in a vision his eldest son, then a young child, and at London, appear unto him, with the mark of a bloody cross on his forehead, as if it had been cut with a sword; at which amazed, he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Mr. Camden's chamber to tell him; who persuaded him, it was but an apprehension, at which he should not be dejected. In the mean time, there came letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague. He appeared to him, he said, of a manly shape, and of that growth he thinks he shall be at the resurrection. He said, he spent many a night in looking at his great toe, about which he had seen Tartars, and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians fight in his imagination.

"That he had a design to write an epic poem, and was to call it Chrologia; or the Worthies of his Country, all in couplets, for he detested all other rhime. He said he had written a discourse on poetry, both against Campion and Daniel, especially the last, where he proves couplets to be the best sort of verses." His censure of the English poets was as follows:

"That Sidney did not keep a decorum, in making every one speak as well as himself. Spenser's stanza pleased him not, nor his matter; the meaning of the allegory of the Fairy Queen he delivered in writing to Sir Walter Raleigh, which was, that by the bleating beast he understood the Puritans; and by the false Duessa, the Queen of Scots. Samuel Daniel was a good honest man, had no children, and was no poet, and that he had wrote the civil wars without having one battle in all his book. That Drayton's Poly-olbion, if he had performed what he promised to write, the Deeds of all the Worthies, had been excellent. That Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas was not well done, and that he wrote his verses before he understood to confer; and those of Fairfax were not good. That the translations of Homer and Virgil in long Alexandrines were but prose. That Sir John Harrington's Ariosto

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of all translations was the worst. He said Donne was originally a poet; his grandfather on the mother's side, was Heywood the epigramatist. That Donne for not being understood would perish. He affirmed, that Donne wrote all his best pieces before he was twenty years of age. He told Donne, that his Anniversary was prophane, and fall of blasphemies, that if it had been written on the virgin Mary it had been tolerable. To which Donne answered, that he described the idea of a woman but not as she was. That Sir Walter Raleigh esteemed fame more than conscience; the best wits in England were employed in making his history. Ben himself had written a piece to him on the Punic war, which he altered and put in his book. He said there was no such ground for an heroic poem, as King Arthur's fiction, and Sir Philip Sidney had an intention of turning all his Arcadia to the stories of King Arthur. He said Owen was a poor pedantic school-master, sucking his living from the posteriors of little children, and has nothing good in him, his epigrams being bare narrations. He loved Fletcher, Beaumont and Chapman. That Sir William Alexander was not half kind to him, and neglected him because a friend to Drayton. That Sir R. Ayton loved him dearly; he fought several times with Marston, and says that Marston wrote his father in Law's preachings, and his father in law his comedies."

Mr. Drummond has represented the character of our author in a very disadvantageous, though perhaps not in a very unjust light. "That he was a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others, rather chusing to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which was one of the elements in which he lived; a dissembler of the parts which reigned in him; a bragger of some good that he wanted: he thought nothing right, but what either himself or some of his friends had said or done. He was passionately kind and angry; careless either to gain or to keep, vindictive, but if he was well answered, greatly chagrined; interpreting the best sayings and deeds often to the worst. He was for any religion, being versed in all; his inventions were smooth and easy, but above all he excelled in translation. In short, he was in his personal character the very reverse of Shakespear, as surly, ill-natured, proud and disagreeable, as Shakespear with ten times his merit was gentle, good-natured, easy and amiable." He had a very strong memory; for he tells himself in his discoveries that he could in his youth have repeated all that he had ever written, and so continued till he was past forty; and even after that he could have repeated whole books that he had read, and poems of some select friends, which he thought worth remembring.

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Mr. Pope remarks, that when Ben got possesion of the stage, he brought critical learning into vogue, and that this was not done without difficulty, which appears from those frequent lessons (and indeed almost declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his first plays, and put into the mouths of his actors, the Grex, Chorus, &c. to remove the prejudices and inform the judgement of his hearers. Till then the English authors had no thoughts of writing upon the model of the ancients: their tragedies were only histories in dialogue, and their comedies followed the thread of any novel, as they found it, no less implicitly than if it had been true history. Mr. Selden in his preface to his titles of honour, stiles Johnson, his beloved friend and a singular poet, and extols his special worth in literature, and his accurate judgment. Mr. Dryden gives him the title of the greatest man of the last age, and observes, that if we look upon him, when he was himself, (for his last plays were but his dotages) he was the most learned and judicious writer any theatre ever had; that he was a most severe judge of himself as well as others; that we cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it; that in his works there is little to be retrenched or altered; but that humour was his chief province.

Ben had certainly no great talent for versification, nor does he seem to have had an extraordinary ear; his verses are often wanting in syllables, and sometimes have too many.

I shall quote some lines of his poem to the memory of Shakespear, before I give a detail of his pieces.

To the memory of my beloved the author Mr. *William Shakespear*, and what he hath left us.

To draw no envy (Shakespear) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame:
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man nor muse can praise too much.
’Tis true, and all men’s suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For silliest ignorance, on these may light,
Which when it sounds at best but ecchoes right;
As blind affection, which doth ne’er advance
The truth; but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
A crafty malice might pretend his praise,
And think to ruin where it seem’d to raise.
These are, as some infamous baud or whore,
Should praise a matron: What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and indeed,
Above th’ ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin. Soul of the age!
Th’ applause, delight, the wonder of the stage!

My Shakespear rise; I will not lodge thee by,
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye,
A little further to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while the book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;

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I mean with great but disproportion'd muses:
For if I thought, my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou did'st our Lily outshine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlow's mighty line.

He then goes on to challenge all antiquity to match Shakespear; but the poetry is so miserable, that the reader will think the above quotation long enough.

Ben has wrote above fifty several pieces which we may rank under the species of dramatic poetry; of which I shall give an account in order, beginning with one of his best comedies.

1. [6] Alchymist, a comedy, acted in the year 1610. Mr. Dryden supposes this play was copied from the comedy of Albumazer, as far as concerns the Alchymist's character; as appears from his prologue prefixed to that play, when it was revived in his time.

2. Bartholomew Fair, a comedy, acted at the Hope on the Bankside, October 31, in 1614, by the lady Elizabeth's servants, and then dedicated to James I.

3. Cataline's conspiracy, a tragedy, first acted in the year 1611. In this our author has translated a great part of Salust's history; and it is when speaking of this play, that Dryden says, he did not borrow but commit depredations upon the ancients. Tragedy was not this author's talent; he was totally without tenderness, and was so far unqualified for tragedy.

4. Challenge at Tilt, at a Marriage, printed 1640.

5. Christmas's Masque, presented at court 1616.

6. Cloridia, or the Rites of Cloris and her Nymphs, personated in a Masque at court, by the Queen and her Ladies, at Shrove Tide, 1630.

7. Cynthia's Revels, or the Fountain of Self-love, a comical Satire, first acted in the year 1600, by the then children of Queen Elizabeth's chapel, with the allowance of the Master of the Revels, printed in folio, 1640.

8. The Devil is an Ass, a Comedy, acted in the year 1616.

9. Entertainment of King James in passing his Coronation, printed in folio, 1640.

10. Entertainment in Private of the King and Queen on May-day in the morning, at Sir William Cornwallis's house at Highgate, 1604.

11. Entertainment of King James and Queen at Theobald's, when the house was delivered up, with the possession to the Queen, by the earl of Salisbury 1607, the Prince of Janvile, brother to the Duke of Guise being then present.

12. Entertainment in particular of the Queen and Prince, their Highnesses at Althrope at the Lord Spenser's, 1603, as they came first into the kingdom.

13. Entertainment of the Two Kings of Great Britain and Denmark, at Theobald's, July 24th 1606, printed 1640.

14. Every Man in his Humour, a Comedy, acted in the year 1598, by the then Lord Chamberlain's servants, and dedicated to Mr. Camden. This play has been often revived since the restoration.

15. Every Man out of his Humour, a comical Satire, first acted 1599, and dedicated to the Inns of Court. This play was revived 1675, at which time a new Prologue and Epilogue were spoke by Jo. Haynes, written by Mr. Duffel.

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16. Fortunate Isles, and their Union celebrated, in a Masque, designed for the Court on Twelfth-Night, 1626.

17. Golden Age Restored, in a Masque, at Court 1615, by the Lords and Gentlemen, the King's servants.

18. Hymenaei, or the Solemnities of a Masque, and Barriers at a Marriage, printed 1640. To this Masque are annexed by the author, Notes on the Margin, for illustration of the ancient Greek and Roman Customs.

19. Irish Masque, at Court, by the King's servants.

20. King's Entertainment at Welbeck in Nottinghamshire, at the House of the Right Honourable William, Earl of Newcastle, at his going to Scotland, 1633.

21. Love freed from Ignorance and Folly, a Masque.

22. Love Restored, in a Masque, at Court, 1630.

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

24. Magnetick Lady, or Humours Reconciled, a Comedy, acted at the Black Fryars, and printed 1640. This play was smartly and virulently attacked by Dr. Gill, Master of St. Paul's school, part of which, on account of the answer which Ben gave to it, we shall take the trouble to transcribe.

But to advise thee Ben, in this strict age,
A brick-hill's better for thee than a stage;
Thou better know'st a Groundfil for to lay
Than lay a plot, or Groundwork of a play,
And better canst direct to cap a chimney,
Than to converse with Chlio, or Polyhimny.

Fall then to work in thy old age agen,
Take up thy trug and trowel, gentle Ben,
Let plays alone; or if thou need'st will write,
And thrust thy feeble muse into the light;
Let Lowen cease, and Taylor scorn to touch,
The loathed stage, for thou hast made it such.

These lines are without wit, and without poetry; they contain a mean reflexion on Ben's original employment, of which he had no occasion to be ashamed; but he was paid in kind, and Ben answers him with equal virulence, and in truth it cannot be said with more wit or poetry, for it is difficult to determine which author's verses are most wretched.

Shall the prosperity of a pardon still
Secure thy railing rhymes, infamous Gill,
At libelling? shall no star chamber peers,
Pillory, nor whip, nor want of ears,
All which thou hast incurred deservedly,
Nor degradation from the ministry
To be the Denis of thy father's school,
Keep in thy bawling wit, thou bawling fool.
Thinking to stir me, thou hast lost thy end,
I'll laugh at thee, poor wretched Tyke, go send
Thy boltant muse abroad, and teach it rather
A tune to drown the ballads of thy father.
For thou hast nought to cure his fame,
But tune and noise, and eccho of his shame.
A rogue by statute, censured to be whipt,
Cropt, branded, flit, neck-flockt: go, you are stript.

25. Masque, at the Lord Viscount Hadington's Marriage at Court, on Shrove Tuesday at night, 1608.

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26. Masque of Augurs, with several Antimasques, presented on Twelfth Night, 1608.

27. Masque of Owls, at Kenelworth, presented by the Ghost of Captain Cox, mounted on his Hobby-Horse, 1626.

28. Masque of Queens celebrated from the House of Fame, by the Queen of Great Britain with her Ladies at Whitehall, 1609.

29. Masque, presented in the house of lord Hay by several noblemen, 1617, for the French ambassador.

30. Metamorphosed Gypsies, a Masque, thrice presented to King James, 1621.

31. Mercury vindicated from the Alchymist's, at Court.

32. Mortimer's Fall, a Tragedy, or rather a fragment, being just begun and left imperfect by his death.

33. Neptune's Triumph for the return of Albion, in a Masque, at court.

34. News from the New World discovered in the Moon, presented 1620 at court.

35. Oberon, the Fairy Prince, a Masque, of Prince Henry's.

36. Pan's Anniversary, or the Shepherd's Holiday, a Masque, 1625.

37. Pleasure reconciled to Virtue, a Masque, presented at court, 1619.

38. Poetaster, or his Arraignment, a comical Satire, first acted in the year 1601.

39. Queen's Masques, the first of Blackness, presented 1605; the second of Beauty, was presented at the same court 1608.

40. Sad Shepherd, or a Tale of Robin Hood, a Pastoral.

41. Sejanus's Fall, a Tragedy, acted in the year 1603. This play has met with success, and was ushered into the world by nine copies of verses, one of which was writ by Mr. Chapman. Mr. Gentleman has lately published a Tragedy under the same title, in which he acknowledges the parts he took from Johnson.

42.[6] Silent Woman, a Comedy, first acted in the year 1609. This is reckoned one of Ben's best comedies; Mr. Dryden has done it the honour to make some criticisms upon it.

43. Speeches at Prince Henry's Barriers, printed in folio 1640.

44. Staple of News, a Comedy, acted in the year 1625.

45. Tale of a Tub, a Comedy.

46. Time vindicated to himself and to his Honour, presented 12 nights, 1623.

47.[6] Volpone, or the Fox, a Comedy, first acted in the year 1605; this is one of his acted plays.

48. Case is altered, a Comedy, acted and printed 1609.

49. Widow, a Comedy, acted at the private house in Black Fryars.

50. New Inn, or the Light Heart, a Comedy, acted 1629. This play did not succeed to his expectation, and Ben being filled with indignation at the people's want of taste, wrote an Ode addressed to himself on that occasion, advising him to quit the stage, which was answered by Mr. Feltham.

Thus have we given a detail of Ben Johnson's works. He is allowed to have been a scholar, and to have understood and practised the dramatic rules; but Dryden proves him to have likewise been an unbounded plagiary. Humour was his talent; and he had a happy turn for an epitaph; we cannot better conclude his character as a poet, than in the nervous lines of the Prologue quoted in the Life of Shakespear.

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After having shewn Shakespear's boundless genius, he continues,

Then Johnson came instructed from the school To please by method, and invent by rule. His studious patience, and laborious art With regular approach assay'd the heart; Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays, For they who durst not censure, scarce could praise.

[Footnote 1: Drummond of Hawthornden's works, fol. 224. Edinburgh Edition, 1711.]

[Footnote 2: Birch's Lives of Illustrious Men.]

[Footnote 3: See Shakespear]

[Footnote 4: See Drummond's works.]

[Footnote 5: Wood.]

[Footnote 6: The Alchymist, the Fox, and the Silent Woman, have been oftner acted than all the rest of Ben Johnson's plays put together; they have ever been generally deemed good stock-plays, and been performed to many crowded audiences, in several separate seasons, with universal applause. Why the Silent Woman met not with success, when revived last year at Drury Lane Theatre, let the new critics, or the actors of the New Mode, determine.]

* * * * *

Thomas Carew, Esq;

Was descended of a very ancient and reputable family of the Carews in Devonshire, and was brother to Matthew Carews, a great royalist, in the time of the rebellion; he had his education in Corpus Christi College, but he appears not to have been matriculated as a member, or that he took a scholastic degree[1]; afterwards improving his parts by travelling, and conversation with ingenious men in the Metropolis, he acquired some reputation for his wit and poetry. About this time being taken notice of at court for his ingenuity, he was made Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and Sewer in ordinary to King Charles I. who always esteemed him to the last, one of the most celebrated wits about his court[2]. He was much esteemed and respected by the poets of his time, especially by Ben Johnson. Sir John Suckling, who had a great kindness for him, could not let him pass in his session of poets without this character,

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault,
That would not well stand with a Laureat;
His muse was hide-bound, and the issue of's brain
Was seldom brought forth, but with trouble and pain.

The works of our author are,

Poems; first printed in Octavo, and afterwards being revised and enlarged, there were several editions of them made, the third in 1654, and the fourth in 1670. The songs in these poems were set to music, or as Wood expresses it, wedded to the charming notes of Mr. Henry Lawes, at that time the greatest musical composer in England, who was Gentleman of the King's Chapel, and one of the private musicians to his Majesty.

Coelum Britannicum; A Mask at Whitehall in the Banquetting House, on Shrove Tuesday night February 18, 1633, London 1651. This Masque is commonly attributed to Sir William Davenant. It was performed by the King, the duke of Lenox, earls of Devonshire, Holland, Newport &c. with several other Lords and Noblemen's Sons; he was assisted in the contrivance by Mr. Inigo Jones, the famous architect. The Masque being written by the King's express command, our author placed this distich in the front, when printed;

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Non habet ingenium: Caesar sed jussit: habebo
Cur me posse negem, posse quod ille putat.

The following may serve as a specimen of the celebrated sonnets of this elegant writer.

Boldness in *love*.

Mark how the bashful morn in vain
Courts the amorous marigold
With sighing blasts, and weeping rain;
Yet she refuses to unfold.
But when the planet of the day
Approacheth with his powerful ray,
Then she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.

So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy;
If thy tears and sighs discover
Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy
The just reward of a bold lover:
But when with moving accents thou
Shalt constant faith and service vow,
Thy Celia shall receive those charms
With open ears, and with unfolded arms.

Sir William Davenant has given an honourable testimony in favour of our author, with which I shall conclude his life, after observing that this elegant author died, much regretted by some of the best wits of his time, in the year 1639.

Sir William Davenant thus addresses him,

Not that thy verses are so smooth and high
As glory, love, and wine, from wit can raise;
But now the Devil take such destiny!
What should commend them turns to their dispraise.
Thy wit's chief virtue, is become its vice;
For every beauty thou hast rais'd so high,
That now coarse faces carry such a price,
As must undo a lover that would buy.

[Footnote 1: Wood's Athen. Oxon. p. 630. vol. i.]

[Footnote 2: Wood's ubi supra.]

* * * * *

Sir *Henry Wotton*.

This great man was born in the year 1568, at Bocton Hall in the county of Kent, descended of a very ancient family, who distinguished themselves in the wars between the Scotch and English before the union of crowns. The father of Sir Henry Wotton, (according to the account of the learned bishop Walton,) was twice married, and after the death of his second wife, says the bishop, 'his inclination, though naturally averse to all contentions, yet necessitated he was to have several suits of law, which took up much of his time; he was by divers of his friends perswaded to remarriage, to whom he often answered, that if he did put on a resolution to marry, he seriously resolved to avoid three sorts of persons, namely,

Those that had children,
law suits, were of his kindred:

And yet following his own law suit, he met in Westminster Hall with one Mrs. Morton, the widow of a gentleman of Kent, who was engaged in several suits in law, and observing her comportment, the time of her hearing one of her causes before the judges, he could not but at the same time compassionate her condition, and so affect her person, that though there were in her a concurrence of all those accidents, against which he had so seriously resolved, yet his affection grew so strong, that he then resolved to sollicit her for a wife, and did, and obtained her.'

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By this lady he had our author, who received the rudiments of his education from his mother, who was it seems a woman of taste, and capable of inspiring him with a love of polite accomplishments. When he became fit for an academical education, he was placed in New College in Oxford, in the beginning of the year 1584, where living in the condition of a Gentleman Commoner, he contracted an intimacy with Sir Richard Baker, afterwards an eminent historian. Sir Henry did not long continue there, but removed to Queen's College, where, says Walton, he made a great progress in logic and philosophy, and wrote a Tragedy for the use of that college, called Tarroredo. Walton tells us, 'that this tragedy was so interwoven with sentences, and for the exact personating those passions and humours he proposed to represent, he so performed, that the gravest of the society declared, that he had in a flight employment, given an early and solid testimony of his future abilities.'

On the 8th of June, says Wood, 1588, he as a member of Queen's College, supplicated the venerable congregation of regents, that he might be admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, which desire was granted conditionally, that he should determine the Lent following, but whether he was admitted, or did determine, or took any degree, does not appear in any of the university registers; though Mr. Walton says, that about the twentieth year of his age, he proceeded Master of Arts, and at that time read in Latin three lectures de Ocello. During the time he was at the university, and gaining much upon mankind by the reputation of his abilities, his father, for whom he had the highest veneration, died, and left him a hundred marks a year, to be paid out of one of his manors of great value. Walton proceeds to relate a very astonishing circumstance concerning the father of our author, which as it is of the visionary sort, the reader may credit, or not, as he pleases; it is however too curious to be here omitted, especially as the learned prelate Walton already mentioned has told it with great earnestness, as if he was persuaded of its reality.

In the year 1553, Nicholas Wotton, dean of Canterbury, uncle to our author's father, being ambassador in France in the reign of queen Mary, dreamed, that his nephew Thomas Wotton, was disposed to be a party in a very hazardous project, which if not suddenly prevented, would issue in the loss of his life, and the ruin of his family; the dean, who was persuaded of the importance of his own dream, was very uneasy; but lest he should be thought superstitious, he resolved to conceal the circumstance, and not to acquaint his nephew, or any body else with it; but dreaming the same a second time, he determined to put something in execution in consequence of it; he accordingly wrote to the Queen to send for his nephew Thomas Wotton out of Kent, and that the Lords of the Council might examine him about some imaginary conspiracy, so as to give

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colour for his being committed to Jail, declaring that he would acquaint her Majesty with the true reason of his request, when he should next be so happy to pay his duty to her. The Queen complied with the dean's desire, who at that time it seems had great influence with that bigotted Princess. About this time a marriage was concluded between the Queen of England, and Philip, King of Spain, which not a little disobliged some of the nobility, who were jealous left their country by such a match should be subjected to the dominion of Spain, and their independent rights invaded by that imperious monarch. These suspicions produced an insurrection, which was headed by the duke of Suffolk and Sir Thomas Wyat, who both lost their lives in the attempt to prevent the match by seizing the Queen; for the design was soon discovered, easily defeated, and those two persons, with many more, suffered on a scaffold.

Between Sir Thomas Wyat and the Wotton's family, there had been a long intimacy, and Sir Thomas had really won Mr. Wotton over to his interest, and had he not been prevented by imprisonment, he afterwards declared that he would have joined his friend in the insurrection, and in all probability would have fallen a sacrifice to the Queen's resentment, and the votaries of the Spanish match.

After Sir Henry quitted the university of Oxford, he travelled into France, Germany and Italy, where he resided above nine years, and returned to his own country perfectly accomplished in all the polite improvements, which men of sense acquire by travelling, and well acquainted with the temper and genius of the people with whom he had conversed, and the different policy of their governments. He was soon taken notice of after his return, and became secretary to the famous Robert Devereux, earl of Essex, that unfortunate favourite, whose story is never exhibited on the stage, says Mr. Addison, without affecting the heart in the most sensible manner. With his lordship he continued in the character of secretary 'till the earl was apprehended for his mutinous behaviour towards the Queen, and put upon his trial. Wotton, who did not think it safe to continue in England after the fall of his master, retired to Florence, became acquainted with the Great Duke of Tuscany, and rose so high in his favour, that he was entrusted by him to carry letters to James VI. King of Scots, under the name of Octavio Baldi, in order to inform that king of a design against his life. Walton informs us, that though Queen Elizabeth was never willing to declare her successor, yet the King of Scots was generally believed to be the person, on whom the crown of England would devolve. The Queen declining very fast, both through age and visible infirmities, "those that were of the Romish persuasion, in point of religion, knowing that the death of the Queen, and establishing her succession, was the crisis for destroying or supporting the Protestant religion in this nation, did therefore improve all opportunities for preventing a Protestant Prince to succeed her; and as the pope's excommunication of Queen Elizabeth had both by the judgment and practice of the jesuited Papists, exposed her to be warrantably destroyed, so about that time, there were many endeavours first to excommunicate, and then to shorten the life of King James VI."

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Immediately after Wotton's return from Rome to Florence, which was about a year before the death of Queen Elizabeth; Ferdinand, the Great Duke, had intercepted certain letters, which discovered a design against the life of the King of Scots. The Duke abhorring the scheme of assassination, and resolving to prevent it, advised with his secretary Vietta, by what means a caution should be given to the Scotch Prince. Vietta recommended Wotton as a person of the highest abilities of any Englishman then at his court: Mr. Wotton was sent for by his friend Vietta to the Duke, who after many professions of trust and friendship, acquainted him with the secret, and sent him to Scotland with letters to the King, and such antidotes against poison, as till then, the Scots had been strangers to. Mr. Wotton having departed from the Duke, assumed the name and language of an Italian, which he spoke so fluently, and with so little mixture of a foreign dialect, that he could scarcely be distinguished from a native of Italy; and thinking it best to avoid the line of English intelligence and danger, posted into Norway, and through that country towards Scotland, where he found the King at Stirling.

When he arrived there, he used means by one of the gentlemen of his Majesty's bed-chamber, to procure a speedy and private audience of his Majesty, declaring that the business which he was to negotiate was of such consequence, as had excited the Great Duke of Tuscany to enjoin him suddenly to leave his native country of Italy, to impart it to the king.

The King being informed of this, after a little wonder, mixed with jealousy, to hear of an Italian ambassador or messenger, appointed a private audience that evening. When Mr. Wotton came to the presence chamber, he was desired to lay aside his long rapier, and being entered, found the King there; with three or four Scotch lords standing distant in several corners of the chamber; at the sight of whom he made a stand, and which the King observing, bid him be bold, and deliver his message, and he would undertake for the secresy of all who were present. Upon this he delivered his message and letters to his Majesty in Italian; which when the King had graciously received, after a little pause, Mr. Wotton stept up to the table, and whispered to the King in his own language that he was an Englishman, requesting a more private conference with his Majesty, and that he might be concealed during his stay in that nation, which was promised, and really performed by the King, all the time he remained at the Scotch court; he then returned to the Duke with a satisfactory account of his employment.

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When King James succeeded to the Throne of England, he found among others of Queen Elizabeth's officers, Sir Edward Wotton, afterwards lord Wotton, Comptroller of the Houshold, whom he asked one day, 'whether he knew one Henry Wotton, who had spent much time in foreign travel?' Sir Edward replied, that he knew him well, and that he was his brother. The King then asked, where he was, and upon Sir Edward's answering that he believed he would soon be at Paris, send for him says his Majesty, and when he comes to England, bid him repair privately to me. Sir Edward, after a little wonder, asked his Majesty, whether he knew him? to which the King answered, you must rest unsatisfied of that 'till you bring the gentleman to me. Not many months after this discourse, Sir Edward brought his brother to attend the king, who took him in his arms, and bid him welcome under the mine of Octavio Baldi, saying, that he was the most honest, and therefore the best, dissembler he ever met with; and seeing I know, added the King, you want neither learning, travel, nor experience, and that I have had so real a testimony of your faithfulness and abilities to manage an embassage, I have sent for you to declare my purposes, which is to make use of you in that kind hereafter[1]. But before he dismissed Octavio Baldi from his present attendance, he restored him to his old name of Henry Wotton, by Which he then knighted him.

Not long after this, King James having resolved according to his motto of beati pacifici, to have a friendship with his neighbouring kingdoms of France and Spain, and also to enter into an alliance with the State of Venice, and for that purpose to send ambassadors to those several States, offered to Sir Henry his choice of which ever of these employments best suited his inclination; who from the consideration of his own personal estate being small, and the courts of France and Spain extreamly sumptuous, so as to expose him to expences above his fortune, made choice of Venice, a place of more retirement, and where he could execute his embassy, and at the same time indulge himself in the study of natural philosophy, in that seat of the sciences, where he was sure to meet with men accomplished in all the polite improvements, as well as the more solid attainments of philosophy. Having informed the king that he chose to be sent to Venice, his Majesty settled a very considerable allowance upon him during his stay there; he then took his leave, and was accompanied through France to Venice, says Walton, by gentlemen of the best families and breeding, that this nation afforded.

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When Sir Henry Wotton arrived at Venice, there subsisted between the Venetians and the Pope a very warm contention, which was prosecuted by both parties with equal fury. The laity made many complaints against the two frequent practice of land being left to the church without a licence from the state, which increased the power of the clergy, already too great, and rendered their insolence insupportable. In consequence of this, the state made several injunctions against lay-persons disposing their lands in that manner. Another cause of their quarrel was, that the Venetians had sent to Rome, several articles of complaint against two priests, the abbot of Nervesa, and a canon of Vicenza, for committing such abominable crimes, as Mr. Walton says, it would be a shame to mention: Their complaints met with no redress, and the detestable practices of these monsters in holy orders still continuing, they seized their persons and committed them to prison.

The justice or injustice of such power exercised by the Venetians, produced debates between the Republic and Pope Clement VIII. Clement soon dying, Pope Paul the first, a man of unbounded insolence, and elated with his spiritual superiority, let loose all his rage against the state. He judged all resistance to be a diminution of his power, and threatened excommunication to the whole State, if a revocation was not instantly made, which the Venetians rejecting, he proceeded in menaces, and at last did excommunicate the Duke, the whole Senate, and all their dominions; then he shut up the churches, charging the clergy to forbear sacred offices to any of the Venetians, till their obedience should make them capable of absolution. The contention was thus fomented, till a report prevailed that the Venetians were turned Protestants, which was believed by many, as the English embassador was so often in conference with the Senate, and that they had made all their proceedings known to the King of England, who would support them, should the Pope presume to exercise any more oppressions. This circumstance made it appear plain enough to his Holiness, that he weakened his power by exceeding it; and being alarmed lest a revolution should happen, offered the Venetians absolution upon very easy terms, which the Republic still slighting, did at last obtain it, by that which was scarce so much as a shew of desiring it. For eight years after Sir Henry Wotton's going into Italy, he stood very high in the King's esteem, but at last, lost his favour for some time, by an accident too singular to be here omitted.

When he first went embassador to Italy, as he passed through Germany he staid some days at Augsburgh, where having been in his former travels well known by many of the first reputation in learning, and passing an evening in merriment, he was desired by Christopher Hecamore to write a sentence in his Album, and consenting to it, took occasion from some accidental conversation which happened in the company, to write a pleasant

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definition of an embassador in these words. “Legatus est vir bonus, peregre-missus ad mentiendum Republicae causa;” which he chose should have been thus rendered into English: An Ambassador is an honest Man, sent to lie abroad for the good of his Country; but the word lie, upon which the conceit turned, was not so expressed in Latin, as to admit a double meaning, or so fair a construction as Sir Henry thought, in English. About eight years after, this Album fell into the hands of Gaspar Scioppius, a restless zealot, who published books against King James, and upbraided him for entertaining such scandalous principles, as his embassador had expressed by that sentence: This aspersion gained ground, and it became fashionable in Venice to write this definition in several glass windows. These incidents reaching the ear of King James, he was much displeased with the behaviour of his embassador on that occasion, and from an innocent piece of witticism Sir Henry was like to pay very dear, by losing his master’s favour. Upon this our author wrote two apologies, one to Velserus, which was dispersed in Germany and Italy, and another to the King; both which were so well written, that his Majesty upon reading them declared, “that Sir Henry Wotton had sufficiently commutted for a greater offence.”

Upon this reconciliation, Sir Henry became more in favour with his Majesty than ever; like friends who have been for some time separated, they meet again with double fervour, and their friendship increases to a greater warmth. During the twenty years which Sir Henry was ambassador at Venice, he had the good fortune to be so well respected by all the Dukes, and the leading men of the Republic, that his interest every year increased, and they seldom denied him any favour he asked for his countrymen who came to Venice; which was, as Walton expresses it, a city of refuge for all Englishmen who were any way distressed in that Republic. Walton proceeds to relate two particular instances of the generosity, and tenderness of his disposition, and the nobleness of his mind, which, as they serve to illustrate his character, deserve a place here.

There had been many Englishmen brought by commanders of their own country, to serve the Venetians for pay, against the Turks; and those English, by irregularities, and imprudence, committed such offences as brought them into prisons, and exposed them to work in gallies. Wotton could not be an unconcerned spectator of the miseries of his countrymen: their offences he knew proceeded rather from wantonness, and intemperance, than any real principles of dishonour; and therefore he thought it not beneath him to become a petitioner for their releasement. He was happy in a successful representation of their calamities, they were set at liberty, and had an opportunity of returning to their own country in comfort, in place of languishing in jails, and being slaves at the Gallies; and by this compassionate Interposition with the Republick, he had the blessings of many miserable wretches: the highest pleasure which any human being can enjoy on this side immortality.

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Of the generosity and nobleness of his mind, Walton gives this instance;

Upon Sir Henry Wotton's coming a second time to Venice, he was employed as embassador to several of the German princes, and to the Emperor Ferdinando *ii*. and this embassy to these princes was to incline them to equitable measures, for the restoration of the Queen of Bohemia, and her descendants, to their patrimonial inheritance of the Palatinate. This was by eight months constant endeavours and attendance upon the Emperor and his court, brought to a probability of a successful conclusion, by a treaty; but about that time the Emperor's army fought a battle so fortunately, as put an end to the expected treaty, and Sir Henry Wotton's hopes, who when he quitted the Emperor's court, humbly advised him, to use his victory with moderation, which advice the Emperor was pleased to hear graciously, being well satisfied with Wotton's behaviour during his residence at his court. He then told him, that tho' the King his master was looked upon as an abetter of his enemy, yet he could not help demonstrating his regard to him, by making him a present of a rich jewel of diamonds, worth more than ten thousand pounds. This was received with all possible respect by Sir Henry; but the next morning upon his departing from Vienna, at his taking leave of the Countess of Sabrina, an Italian lady, in whose house he resided, he expressed his gratitude for her civilities by presenting her with the jewel given him by the Emperor, which being afterwards discovered, was by the Emperor taken as an affront; but Sir Henry acknowledging his gratitude for the mark of distinction shewn to him, at the same time declared, he did not chuse to receive profit from any present, given him by an enemy of his royal mistress, for so the Queen of Bohemia, the eldest daughter of the King of England, permitted him to call her.

Upon Sir Henry Wotton's return from his embassy, he signified an inclinacion to the King to be excused from any further employment in foreign affairs, to retire from the bustle of life, and spend the evening of his days in studious ease and tranquility. His Majesty in consequence of this request, promised him the reversion of an office, which was the place of Master of the Rolles, if he out-lived Sir Julius Caesar, who then possessed it, and was grown so old, that he was said to be kept alive beyond nature's course, by the prayers of the many people who daily lived upon his bounty. Here it will not be improper to observe, that Sir Henry Wotton had, thro' a generosity of temper, reduced his affairs to such a state, that he could not live without some profitable employment, as he was indebted to many persons for money he borrowed to support his dignity in his embassy, the King's appointment for that purpose being either not regularly paid, or too inconsiderable for the expence. This rendered it impossible for him to wait the death of Sir Julius Caesar; besides that place had been long sollicited by that worthy gentleman for his son, and it would have been thought an ill-natured office, to have by any means prevented it.

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It luckily happened at this time, that the Provostship of his Majesty's college at Eaton became vacant by the death of Mr. Murray, for which there were many earnest and powerful sollicitations. This place was admirably suited to the course of life Wotton resolved to pursue, for the remaining part of his days; he had seen enough of the world to be sick of it, and being now three-score years of age, he thought a college was the fittest place to indulge contemplation, and to rest his body and mind after a long struggle on the theatre of life. In his suit for this place he was happily successful, and immediately entered into holy orders, which was necessary, before he could take possession of his new office. Walton has related the particular manner of his spending his time, which was divided between attendance upon public devotion, the more private duties of religion, and the care which his function demanded from him of the affairs of the college. In the year 1639 Sir Henry died in Eaton-College, and was buried in the chapel belonging to it. He directed the following sentence to be put upon a marble monument to be erected over him.

> Hic jacit hujus sententiae primus author. Disputandi
> pruritus ecclesiarum scabies. Nomen alias
> quaere.

Which may be thus rendered into English;

> Here lyeth the first author of this sentence.
>
> The itch of disputation will prove the scab of the
> church.
>
> Enquire his name elsewhere.

Sir Henry Wotton has been allowed by all critics to be a man of real and great genius, an upright statesman, a polite courtier, compassionate and benevolent to those in distress, charitable to the poor, and in a word, an honest man and a pious christian. As a poet he seems to have no considerable genius. His versification is harmonious, and sometimes has an air of novelty, his turns are elegant, and his thoughts have both dignity and propriety to recommend them. There is a little piece amongst his collections called the World, which we shall quote, before we give an account of his works.

> The world's a bubble: and the life of man,
> Less than a span.
> In his conception wretched: from the womb,
> So to the tomb,
> Nurst from his cradle, and brought up to years,
> With cares and fears.
> Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
> But lymns in water, or but writes in dust.

Yet whil’st with sorrow here we live opprest,
What life is best?
Courts are but only superficial schools,
To dandle fools:
The rural part is turned into a den
Of savage men:
And where’s a city from vice so free,
But may be termed the word of all the three?
Domestic cares afflict the husband’s bed,
Or pains his head.
Those that live single take it for a curse,
Or do things worse,
These would have children, those that have them none,
Or wish them gone:

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What is it then to have, or have no wife,
But single thraldom, or a double strife?
Our own affections still at home, to please,
Is a disease.
To cross the seas, to any foreign soil
Peril and toil.
Wars with their noise, affright us, when they cease.
We're worse in peace.
What then remains, but that we still should cry
For being born, and being born to die.

He is author of the following works;

Epistola de Casparo Scioppio, Amberg. 1638, 8vo. This Scioppius was a man of restless spirit, and had a malicious pen; who in books against King James, took occasion from a sentence written by Sir Henry Wotton, in a German's Album, (mentioned p. 260.) to upbraid him with what principles of religion were professed by him, and his embassador Wotton, then at Venice, where the said sentence was also written in several glass windows, as hath been already observed.

Epist. ad Marc. Velserum Duumvir. Augustae Vindelicae, Ann. 1612.

The Elements of Architecture, Lond. 1624, 4to. in two parts, re-printed in the Reliquae Wottonianae, Ann. 1651, 1654, and 1672, 8vo. translated into Latin, and printed with the great Vitruvius, and an eulogium on Wotton put before it. Amster. 1649, folio.

Plausus & Vota ad Regem e scotia reducem. Lond. 1633, in a large 4to. or rather in a little folio, reprinted by Dr. John Lamphire, in a book, entitled by him, Monarchia Britannica, Oxon. 1681, 8vo.

Parallel between Robert Earl of Essex, and George late Duke of Buckingham, London 1642, in four sheets and a half in 4to.

Difference, and Disparity between the Estates, and Conditions of George Duke of Buckingham, and Robert Earl of Essex.

Characters of, and Observations on, some Kings of England.

The Election of the New Duke of Venice, after the Death of Giopvanno Bembo.

Philosophical Survey of Education, or moral Architecture.

Aphorisms of Education.

The great Action between Pompey and Caesar, extracted out of the Roman and Greek writers.

Meditations 22. [Chap. of Gen. Christmas Day]

Letters to, and Characters of certain Personages.

Various Poems.—All or most of which books, and Treatises are re-printed in a book, entitled, Reliquae Wottonianae already mentioned, Lond. 1651, 1654, 1672, and 1685, in 8vo. published by Js. Walton, at the End of Sir Henry Wotton's life.

Letters to the Lord Zouch.

The State of Christendom: or, a more exact and curious Discovery of many secret Passages, and hidden Mysteries of the Times, Lond. 1657, folio.

Letters to Sir Edmund Bacon, Lond. 1661, 8vo. There are also several Letters of his extant, which were addressed to George Duke of Buckingham, in a Book called Cabala, Mysteries of State, Lond. 1654, 4to.

Journal of his Embassies to Venice, Manuscript, written in the Library of Edward Lord Conway.

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The Propositions to the Count d'Angosciola, relating to Duels.

[Footnote 1: Walton, ubi supra.]

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GERVASE MARKHAM.

A gentleman who lived in the reign of Charles I. for whom he took up arms in the time of the rebellion, being honoured by his Majesty with a captain's commission.[1] He was the son of Robert Markham, of Cotham in the county of Nottingham, Esq; and was famous for his numerous volumes of husbandry, and horsemanship; besides what he has wrote on rural recreations and military discipline, he understood both the practice and theory of war, and was esteemed an excellent linguist, being master of the French, Italian, and Spanish languages, from all which he collected observations on husbandry. One piece of dramatic poetry which he has published, says Mr. Langbaine, will shew, that he sacrificed to Apollo and the Muses, as well as Mars and Pallas. This play is extant under the title of Herod and Antipater, a tragedy, printed 4to, 1622; when or where this play was acted, Mr. Langbaine cannot determine; for, says he, the imperfection of my copy hinders my information; for the foundation, it is built on history: See Josephus. Mr. Langbaine then proceeds to enumerate his other works, which he says, are famous over all England; of these he has wrote a discourse of Horsemanship, printed 4to. without date, and dedicated to Prince Henry, eldest son to King James I. Cure of all Diseases incident to Horses, 4to. 1610. English Farrier, 4to. 1649. Masterpiece, 4to. 1662. Faithful Farrier, 8vo. 1667. Perfect Horsemanship, 12mo. 1671. In Husbandry he published Liebault's le Maison Rustique, or the Country Farm, folio, Lond. 1616. This Treatise, which was at first translated by Mr. Richard Surfleit, a Physician, our author enlarged with several additions from the French books of Serris and Vinet, the Spanish of Albiterio and the Italian of Grilli and others. The Art of Husbandry, first translated from the Latin of Cour. Heresbachiso, by Barnaby Googe, he revived and augmented, 4to. 1631. He wrote besides, Farewell to Husbandry, 4to. 1620. Way to get wealth, wherein is comprised his Country Contentments, printed 4to. 1668. To this is added, Hunger's Prevention, or the Art of Fowling, 8vo. His Epitome, 12mo. &c.—In Military Discipline he has published the Soldier's Accidence and Grammar, 4to. 1635—-Besides these the second book of the first part of the English Arcadia is said to be wrote by him, in so much that he may be accounted, says Langbaine, "if not Unus in omnibus, at least a benefactor to the public, by those works he left behind him, which without doubt perpetuate his memory." Langbaine is lavish in his praise, and not altogether undeservedly. To have lived a military life, which too often engages its professors in a dissipated course of pleasure, and at the same time, make himself master of such a variety

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of knowledge, and yield so much application to study, entitles him to hold some rank in literature. In poetry he has no name, perhaps because he did not apply himself to it; so true is the observation that a great poet is seldom any thing else. Poetry engages all the powers of the mind, and when we consider how difficult it is to acquire a name in a profession which demands so many requisites, it will not appear strange that the sons of Apollo should seldom be found to yield sufficient attention to any other excellence, so as to possess it in an equal degree.

[Footnote 1: Langbaine's Lives, p. 340.]

* * * * *

THOMAS HEYWOOD

Lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. He was an actor, as appears from the evidence of Mr. Kirkman, and likewise from a piece written by him called, The Actor's Vindication. Langbaine calls his plays second rate performances, but the wits of his time would not permit them to rank so high. He was according to his own confession, one of the most voluminous writers, that ever attempted dramatic poetry in any language, and none but the celebrated Spaniard Lopez de Vega can vie with him. In his preface to one of his plays he observes, that this Tragi-comedy is one preserved amongst two hundred and twenty, "in which I have had either an entire hand, or at least a main finger." Of this prodigious number, Winstanley, Langbaine, and Jacob agree, that twenty-four only remain; the reason Heywood himself gives is this; "That many of them by shifting and change of companies have been negligently lost; others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their profit to have them come in print, and a third, that it was never any great ambition in me to be voluminously read." These seem to be more plausible reasons than Winstanley gives for their miscarriage; "It is said that he not only acted himself every day, but also wrote each day a sheet; and that he might lose no time, many of his plays were composed in the tavern, on the backside of tavern bills, which may be the occasion that so many of them are lost." That many of our author's plays might be plann'd, and perhaps partly composed in a tavern is very probable, but that any part of them was wrote on a tavern bill, seems incredible, the tavern bill being seldom brought upon the table till the guests are going to depart; besides as there is no account of Heywood's being poor, and when his employment is considered, it is almost impossible he could have been so; there is no necessity to suppose this very strange account to be true. A poet not long dead was often obliged to study in the fields, and write upon scraps of paper, which he occasionally borrowed; but his case was poverty, and absolute want.[1] Langbaine observes of our author, that he was a general scholar, and a tolerable linguist, as his several translations from Lucian, Erasmus, Texert,

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Beza, Buchanan, and other Latin and Italian authors sufficiently manifest. Nay, further, says he, “in several of his plays, he has borrowed many ornaments from the ancients, as more particularly in his play called the Ages, he has interspersed several things borrowed from Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Seneca, Plautus, which extremely set them off.” What opinion the wits of his age had of him, may appear from the following verses, extracted from of one of the poets of those times.[2]

The squibbing Middleton, and Heywood sage,
Th’ apologetick Atlas of the stage;
Well of the golden age he could entreat,
But little of the metal he could get;
Threescore sweet babes he fashion’d at a lump,
For he was christen’d in Parnassus pump;
The Muses gossip to Aurora’s bed,
And ever since that time, his face was red.

We have no account how much our author was distinguished as an actor, and it may be reasonably conjectured that he did not shine in that light; if he had, his biographers would scarce have omitted so singular a circumstance, besides he seems to have addicted himself too much to poetry, to study the art of playing, which they who are votaries of the muses, or are favoured by them, seldom think worth their while, and is indeed beneath their genius.

The following is a particular account of our author’s plays now extant:

1. Robert Earl of Huntingdon’s downfall, an historical Play, 1601, acted by the Earl of Nottingham’s servants.

2. Robert Earl of Huntingdon’s Death; or Robin Hood of Merry Sherwood, with the tragedy of chaste Matilda, 1601. The plots of these two plays, are taken from Stow, Speed, and Baker’s chronicles in the reign of King Richard I.

3. The Golden Age, or the Lives of Jupiter and Saturn, an historical play, acted at the Red Bull, by the Queen’s servants, 1611. This play the author stiles the eldest Brother of three Ages. For the story see Galtruchius’s poetical history, Ross’s Mystagogus Poeticus; Hollyoak, Littleton, and other dictionaries.

4. The Silver Age, 1613; including the Love of Jupiter to Alcmena. The Birth of Hercules, and the Rape of Proserpine; concluding with the Arraignment of the Moon. See Plautus. Ovid. Metamorph. Lib. 3.

5. The Brazen Age; an historical play, 1613. This play contains the Death of Centaure Nessus, the tragedy of Meleager, and of Jason and Medea, the Death of Hercules, Vulcan's Net, &c. For the story see Ovid's Metamorph. Lib. 4—7—8—9.

6. The Iron Age; the first part a history containing the Rape of Helen, the Siege of Troy, the Combat between Hector and Ajax. Hector and Troilus slain by Achilles, the Death of Ajax, &c. 1632.

7. Iron Age, the second part; a History containing the Death of Penthesilea, Paris, Priam, and Hecuba: the burning of Troy, the Deaths of Agamemnon, Menelaus, Clytemnestra, Helena, Orestes, Egistus, Pylades, King Diomede, Pyrrhus, Cethus, Synon, Thersetus, 1632, which part is addressed to the author's much respected friend Thomas Manwaring, Esq; for the plot of both parts, see Homer, Virgil, Dares Phrygius; for the Episodes, Ovid's Epistles, Metamorph, Lucian's Dialogues, &c.

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8. A Woman kill'd with Kindness, a comedy acted by the Queen's Servants with applause, 1617.

9. If you know not Me, you know Nobody; or the Troubles of Queen Elizabeth, in Two parts, 1623. The plot taken from Camden, Speed, and other English Chronicles in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

10. The Royal King, and Loyal Subject, a tragi-comedy, 1627, taken partly from Fletcher's Loyal Subject.

The Fair Maid of the West, or a Girl worth Gold, 1631. This play was acted before the King and Queen. Our author in his epistle prefixed to this play, pleads modesty in not exposing his plays to the public view of the world in numerous sheets, and a large volume under the title of Works, as others, by which he would seem tacitly to arraign some of his cotemporaries for ostentation, and want of modesty. Langbaine is of opinion, that Heywood in this case levelled the accusation at Ben Johnson, since no other poet, in those days, gave his plays the pompous title of Works, of which Sir John Suckling has taken notice in his session, of the poets.

The first that broke silence, was good old Ben,
Prepar'd before with Canary wine;
And he told them plainly, that he deserved the bays,
For his were called works, where others were but plays.

There was also a distich directed by some poet of that age to Ben Johnson,

Pray tell me, Ben, where does the mystery lurk?
What others call a play, you call a work.

Which was thus answered by a friend of his,

The author's friend, thus for the author says,
Ben's plays are works, when others works are plays.

12. Fair Maid of the West, or a Girl worth Gold, the second part; acted likewise before the King and Queen with success, dedicated to Thomas Hammond, of Gray's-Inn, Esq;

13. The Dutchess of Suffolk, an historical play 1631. For the play see Fox's Martyrology, p. 521.

14. The English Traveller, a tragi-comedy, acted at the Cock-pit in Drury-lane, 1633, dedicated to Sir Henry Appleton, the plot from Plautus Mostellaria.

15. A Maidenhead well lost, a comedy acted in Drury-lane, 1634.

16. The Four London Apprentices, with the Conquest of Jerusalem; an historical play, acted by the Queen's servants 1635. It is founded on the history of Godfrey of Bulloign. See Tasso, Fuller's history of the holy war, &c.

17. A Challenge for Beauty; a tragi-comedy, acted by the King's servants in Black-Fryers, 1636.

18. The Fair Maid of the Exchance; with the Merry Humours of the Cripple of Fen-church, a comedy, 1637.

19. The Wise Woman of Hogsden; a comedy, acted with applause, 1638.

20. The Rape of Lucrece, a Roman Tragedy, acted at the Red Bull, 1638. Plot from Titus Livius.

21. Love's Mistress, or the Queen's Mask; presented several times before their Majesties, 1640. For the plot see Apuleius's Golden Ass.

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22. Fortune by Land or Sea, a comedy; acted by the Queen's servants, 1653. Mr. Rowley assisted in the composing of this play.

23. The Lancashire Witches, a comedy; acted at the Globe by the King's servants. Mr. Brome joined with Mr. Heywood in writing this comedy. This story is related by the author in his Hierarchy of Angels.

24. Edward *iv*. an historical play, in two parts. For the story see Speed, Hollinshed and other chronicles.

This author has published several other works in verse and prose, as his Hierarchy of Angels, above-mentioned; the Life and Troubles of Queen Elizabeth; the General History of Women; An Apology for Actors, &c.

[Footnote 1: See the Life of Savage.]

[Footnote 2: Langbaine, p. 258.]

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WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT,

A Gentleman eminent for learning. The place of his birth, and his father's name, are differently assigned by authors, who have mentioned him. Mr. Loyd says[1], that he was son of Thomas Cartwright of Burford in Oxfordshire, and born August 16, in the year 1615; Mr. Wood[2], that he was the son of William Cartwright, and born at Northway, near Tewksbury in Gloucestershire in September 1611, that his father had dissipated a fair inheritance he knew not how, and as his last refuge turned inn-keeper at Cirencester; when living in competence, he procured his son, a youth of a promising genius, to be educated under Mr. William Topp, master of the free school in that town. From thence he was removed to Westminster school, being chosen a King's scholar, when compleating his former learning, under the care of Mr. Lambert Osbaldiston, he was elected a student in Christ Church in Oxford, in 1628, under the tuition of Mr. Jerumael Terrent[3], having gone through the classes of logic and philosophy with unwearied diligence, he took the degrees of Arts, that of Master being compleated in 1605. Afterwards he entered into holy orders, and gained great reputation, in the university for his pathetic preaching.

In 1642 he had the place of succentor in the church of Salisbury, conferred on him by bishop Duppa,[4] and in 1643 was chosen junior proctor of the university; he was also metaphysical reader, and it was generally said, that those lectures were never performed better than by Mr. Cartwright, and his predecessor Mr. Thomas Barlow of Queen's College, afterwards lord bishop of Lincoln.[5] This ingenious gentleman died of a malignant fever, called the Camp-disease, which then reigned in Oxford, and was fatal

to many of his contemporaries, in the 33d year of his age, 1643. His death was very much lamented by all ranks of men, and the King and Queen, then at Oxford, frequently enquired after him in the time of his sickness, and expressed great concern for his death. Mr. Cartwright was as remarkable for the endowments of his person as of his mind; his

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body (as Langbaine expresses it) “being as handsome as his soul. He was, says he, an expert linguist, understanding not only Greek and Latin, but French and Italian, as perfectly as his mother tongue; an excellent orator, and at the same time an admirable poet, a quality which Cicero with all his pains could never attain.” The editor of his works applies to him the saying of Aristotle concerning AEschron the poet, “that he could not tell what AEschron could not do,” and Dr. Fell, bishop of Oxford, said of him, “Cartwright was the utmost a man can come to.” Ben Johnson likewise so highly valued him, that he said, “My son Cartwright writes all like a man.” There are extant of this author’s, four plays, besides other poems, all which were printed together in 1651, to which are prefixed above fifty copies of commendatory verses by the most eminent wits of the university.

Langbaine gives the following account of his plays;

1. Ordinary, a Comedy, when and where acted is uncertain.

2. Lady Errant, a Tragi-Comedy; there is no account when this play was acted, but it was esteemed a good Comedy.

3, Royal Slave, a Tragi-comedy, presented to the King and Queen, by the students of Christ Church in Oxford, August 30, 1636; presented since before both their Majesties at Hampton Court by the King’s servants. As for the noble stile of the play itself, and the ready address, and graceful carriage of the students (amongst which Dr. Busby, the famous master of Westminster school; proved himself a second Roscius) did exceed all things of that nature they had ever seen. The Queen, in particular, so much admired it, that in November following, she sent for the habits and scenes to Hampton Court, she being desirous to see her own servants represent the same play, whose profession it was, that she might the better judge of the several performances, and to whom the preference was due: the sentence was universally given by all the spectators in favour of the gown, though nothing was wanting on Mr. Cartwright’s side to inform the players as well as the Scholars, in what belonged to the action and delivery of each part.[6]

4. Siege, or Love’s Convert, a Tragi-Comedy, when acted is not known, but was dedicated by the author to King Charles I. by an epistle in verse.

Amongst his poems, there are several concerning the dramatic poets, and their writings, which must not be forgot; as these two copies which he wrote on Mr. Thomas Killegrew’s plays, the Prisoner, and Claracilla; two copies on Fletcher, and one in memory of Ben Johnson, which are so excellent, that the publisher of Mr. Cartwright’s poems speaks of them with rapture in the preface, *viz*. ’what had Ben said had he read his own Eternity, in that lasting elegy given him by our author.’ Mr. Wood mentions some other works of Cartwright’s; 1st. Poemata Graeca et Latina. 2d. An Offspring of

Mercy issuing out of the Womb of Cruelty; a Passion Sermon preached at Christ Church in Oxford, on Acts ii. 23. London, 8vo. 1652. 3d. On the Signal Days of the Month of November, in relation to the Crown and Royal Family; a Poem, London 1671, in a sheet, 4to. 4th. Poems and Verses, containing Airs for several Voices, set by Mr. Henry Lawes.

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From a Comedy of Mr. Cartwright's called the Ordinary, I shall quote the following Congratulatory Song on a Marriage, which is amorous, and spirited.

I.
While early light springs from the skies,
A fairer from your bride doth rise;
A brighter day doth thence appear,
And make a second morning there.
Her blush doth shed
All o'er the bed
Clear shame-faced beams
That spread in streams,
And purple round the modest air.

II.
I will not tell what shrieks and cries,
What angry pishes, and what fies,
What pretty oaths, then newly born,
The list'ning bridegroom heard there sworn:
While froward she
Most peevishly
Did yielding fight,
To keep o'er night,
What she'd have proffer'd you e're morn.

III.
For, we know, maids do refute
To grant what they do come to lose.
Intend a conquest, you that wed;
They would be chastly ravished;
Not any kiss
From Mrs. Pris,
'If that you do
Persuade and woo:
No, pleasure's by extorting fed.

IV.
O may her arms wax black and blue
Only by hard encircling you:
May she round about you twine
Like the easy twisting vine;
And while you sip
From her full lip
Pleasures as new

As morning dew,
Like those soft tyes, your hearts combine.

[Footnote 1: Memoirs, p. 422.]

[Footnote 2: Atheniae Oxon. p. 274.]

[Footnote 3: ibid. vol. ii. col. 34.]

[Footnote 4: Athen. Oxon. col. 35.]

[Footnote 5: Preface to his Poems in 8vo. London, 1651.]

[Footnote 6: Wood.]

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GEORGE SANDYS,

A younger son of Edwin, Archbishop of York, was born at Bishops Thorp in that county, and as a member of St. Mary's Hall, was matriculated in the university in the beginning of December 1589; how long he remained at the university Wood is not able to determine. In the year 1610 he began a long journey, and after he had travelled through several parts of Europe, he visited many cities, especially Constantinople, and countries under the Turkish empire, as Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land[1]. Afterwards he took a view of the remote parts of Italy, and the Islands adjoining: Then he went to Rome; the antiquities of that place were shewn him by Nicholas Fitzherbert, once an Oxford student, and who had the honour of Mr. Sandys's acquaintance. Thence our author went to Venice, and from that returned to England, where digesting his notes, he published his travels. Sandys, who appears to have been a man of excellent parts, of a pious and generous disposition, did not, like too many travellers, turn his attention upon the modes of dress, and the fashions of the several courts which is but a poor acquisition; but he studied

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the genius, the tempers, the religion, and the governing principles of the people he visited, as much as his time amongst them would permit. He returned in 1612, being improved, says Wood, 'in several respects, by this his 'large journey, being an accomplished gentleman, as being master of several languages, of affluent and ready discourse, and excellent comportment.' He had also a poetical fancy, and a zealous inclination to all literature, which made his company acceptable to the most virtuous men, and scholars of his time. He also wrote a Paraphrase on the Psalms of David, and upon the Hymns dispersed throughout the Old and New Testament, London, 1636, reprinted there in folio 1638, with other things under this title.

Paraphrase on the Divine Poems, on Job, Psalms of David, Ecclesiastes, Lamentations of Jeremiah, and Songs collected out of the Old and New Testament. This Paraphrase on David's Psalms was one of the books that Charles I. delighted so much to read in: as he did in Herbert's Divine Poems, Dr. Hammond's Works, and Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, while he was a prisoner in the Isle of Wight[2].

Paraphrase on the Divine Poems, *viz*. on the Psalms of David, on Ecclesiastes, and on the Song of Solomon, London, 1637. Some, if not all of the Psalms of David, had vocal compositions set to them by William and Henry Lawes, with a thorough bass, for an Organ, in four large books or volumes in 4to. Our author also translated into English Ovid's Metamorphoses, London, 1627. Virgil's first book of AEneis printed with the former. Mr. Dryden in his preface to some of his translations of Ovid's Metamorphoses, calls him the best versifier of the last age.

Christ's Passion, written in Latin by the famous Hugo Grotius, and translated by our author, to which he also added notes; this subject had been handled handled before in Greek, by that venerable person, Apollinarius of Laodicea, bishop of Hierapolis, but this of Grotius, in Sandys's opinion, transcends all on this argument; this piece was reprinted with figures in 8vo. London, 1688. Concerning our author but few incidents are known, he is celebrated by cotemporary and subsequent wits, as a very considerable poet, and all have agreed to bestow upon him the character of a pious worthy man. He died in the year 1643, at the house of his nephew Mr. Wiat at Boxley Abbey in Kent, in the chancel of which parish church he is buried, though without a monument, only as Wood says with the following, which stands in the common register belonging to this church.

Georgius Sandys, Poetarum Anglorum sui saeculi Princeps, sepultus suit Martii 7 deg. stilo Anglico. Anno Pom. 1643. It would be injurious to the memory of Sandys, to dismiss his life without informing the reader that the worthy author stood high in the opinion of that most accomplished young nobleman the lord viscount Falkland, by whom to be praised, is the highest compliment that can be paid to merit; his lordship

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addresses a copy of verses to Grotius, occasioned by his Christus Patiens, in which he introduces Mr. Sandys, and says of him, that he had seen as much as Grotius had read; he bestows upon him like wife the epithet of a fine gentleman, and observes, that though he had travelled to foreign countries to read life, and acquire knowledge, yet he was worthy, like another Livy, of having men of eminence from every country come to visit him. From the quotation here given, it will be seen that Sandys was a smooth versifier, and Dryden in his preface to his translation of Virgil, positively says, that had Mr. Sandys gone before him in the whole translation, he would by no means have attempted it after him.

In the translation of his Christus Patiens, in the chorus of Act *iii*.

Jesus speaks.

Daughters of Solyma, no more
My wrongs thus passionately deplore.
These tears for future sorrows keep,
Wives for yourselves, and children weep;
That horrid day will shortly come,
When you shall bless the barren womb,
And breast that never infant fed;
Then shall you with the mountain's head
Would from this trembling basis slide,
And all in tombs of ruin hide.

In his translation of Ovid, the verses on Fame are thus englished.

And now the work is ended which Jove's rage,
Nor fire, nor sword, shall raise, nor eating age.
Come when it will, my death's uncertain hour,
Which only o'er my body bath a power:
Yet shall my better part transcend the sky,
And my immortal name shall never die:
For wheresoe'er the Roman Eagles spread
Their conqu'ring wings, I shall of all be read.
And if we Prophets can presages give,
I in my fame eternally shall live.

[Footnote 1: Athen. Oxon. p. 46. vol. ii.]

[Footnote 2: Wood, ubi supra.]

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Cary Lucius, Lord Viscount *Falkland*,

The son of Henry, lord viscount Falkland, was born at Burford in Oxfordshire, about the year 1610[1]. For some years he received his education in Ireland, where his father carried him when he was appointed Lord Deputy of that kingdom in 1622; he had his academical learning in Trinity College in Dublin, and in St. John's College, Cambridge. Clarendon relates, "that before he came to be twenty years of age, he was master of a noble fortune, which descended to him by the gift of a grandfather, without passing through his father or mother, who were both alive; shortly after that, and before he was of age, being in his inclination a great lover of the military life, he went into the low countries in order to procure a command, and to give himself up to it, but was diverted from it by the compleat inactivity of that summer." He returned to England, and applied himself to a severe course of study; first to polite literature and poetry, in which he made several successful attempts. In a very short time he became perfectly master of the Greek tongue; accurately read all the Greek historians, and before he was twenty three years of age, he had perused all the Greek and Latin Fathers.

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About the time of his father's death, in 1633, he was made one of the Gentlemen of his Majesty's Privy Chamber, notwithstanding which he frequently retired to Oxford, to enjoy the conversation of learned and ingenious men. In 1639 he was engaged in an expedition against the Scots, and though he received some disappointment in a command of a troop of horse, of which he had a promise, he went a volunteer with the earl of Essex[2].

In 1640 he was chosen a Member of the House of Commons, for Newport in the Isle of Wight, in the Parliament which began at Westminster the 13th of April in the same year, and from the debates, says Clarendon, which were managed with all imaginable gravity and sobriety, 'he contracted such a reverence for Parliaments, that he thought it absolutely impossible they ever could produce mischief or inconvenience to the nation, or that the kingdom could be tolerably happy in the intermission of them, and from the unhappy, and unseasonable dissolution of the Parliament he harboured some prejudice to the court.'

In 1641, John, lord Finch, Keeper of the Great Seal, was impeached by lord Falkland, in the name of the House of Commons, and his lordship, says Clarendon, 'managed that prosecution with great vigour and sharpness, as also against the earl of Strafford, contrary to his natural gentleness of temper, but in both these cases he was misled by the authority of those whom he believed understood the laws perfectly, of which he himself was utterly ignorant[3].'

He had contracted an aversion towards Archbishop Laud, and some other bishops, which inclined him to concur in the first bill to take away the votes of the bishops in the House of Lords. The reason of his prejudice against Laud was, the extraordinary passion and impatience of contradiction discoverable in that proud prelate; who could not command his temper, even at the Council Table when his Majesty was present, but seemed to lord it over all the rest, not by the force of argument, but an assumed superiority to which he had no right. This nettled lord Falkland, and made him exert his spirit to humble and oppose the supercilious churchman. This conduct of his lordship's, gave Mr. Hampden occasion to court him to his party, who was justly placed by the brilliance of his powers, at the head of the opposition; but after a longer study of the laws of the realm, and conversation with the celebrated Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, he changed his opinion, and espoused an interest quite opposite to Hampden's.

After much importunity, he at last accepted the Seals of his Majesty, and served in that employment with unshaken integrity, being above corruption of any kind.

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When he was vested with that high dignity, two parts of his conduct were very remarkable; he could never persuade himself that it was lawful to employ spies, or give any countenance or entertainment to such persons, who by a communication of guilt, or dissimulation of manners, wind themselves into such trusts and secrets, as enable them to make discoveries; neither could he ever suffer himself to open letters, upon a suspicion that they might contain matters of dangerous consequence, and proper for statesmen to know. As to the first he condemned them as void of all honour, and who ought justly to be abandoned to infamy, and that no single preservation could be worth so general a wound and corruption of society, as encouraging such people would carry with it. The last, he thought such a violation of the law of nature, that no qualification by office could justify him in the trespass, and tho' the necessity of the times made it clear, that those advantages were not to be declined, and were necessary to be practised, yet he found means to put it off from himself[4].

June 15, 1642, he was one of the lords who signed the declaration, wherein they professed they were fully satisfied his Majesty had no intention to raise war upon his Parliament. At the same time he subscribed to levy twenty horse for his Majesty's service, upon which he was excepted from the Parliament's favour, in the instructions given by the two Houses to their general the Earl of Essex. He attended the King to Edgehill fight, where after the enemy was routed he was exposed to imminent danger, by endeavouring to save those who had thrown away their arms. He was also with his Majesty at Oxford, and during his residence there, the King went one day to see the public library, where he was shewed, among other books, a Virgil nobly printed, and exquisitely bound. The Lord Falkland, to divert the King, would have him make a trial of his fortune by the Sortes Virgilianae, an usual kind of divination in ages past, made by opening a Virgil. Whereupon the King opening the book, the period which happened to come up, was that part of Dido's imprecation against AEneas, AEneid. lib. 4. v. 615, part of which is thus translated by Mr. Dryden,

Oppess'd with numbers in th' unequal field.
His men discouraged and himself expell'd,
Let him for succour sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects, and his sons embrace.

His Majesty seemed much concerned at this accident. Lord Falkland who observed it, would likewise try his own fortune in the same manner, hoping he might fall upon some passage that had no relation to his case, and thereby divert the king's thoughts from any impression the other might make upon him; but the place Lord Falkland opened was more suited to his destiny than the other had been to the King's, being the following expressions of Evander, on the untimely death of his son Pallas. AEneid. b. ii. verse 152, &c.

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Non haec, O Palla, dederas promissa Parenti, &c.

Thus translated by Mr. Dryden:

O Pallas! thou hast failed thy plighted word,
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword;
I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew,
What perils youthful ardour would pursue:
That boiling blood would carry thee too far;
Young as thou wert to dangers, raw to war!
O curst essay of arms, disastrous doom
Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come[5].

Upon the beginning of the civil war, his natural chearfulness and vivacity was clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit stole upon him. After the resolution of the two houses not to admit any treaty of peace, those indispositions which had before touched him, grew into a habit of gloominess; and he who had been easy and affable to all men, became on a sudden less communicable, sad, and extremely affected with the spleen. In his dress, to which he had formerly paid an attention, beyond what might have been expected from a man of so great abilities, and so much business, he became negligent and slovenly, and in his reception of suitors, so quick, sharp, and severe, that he was looked upon as proud and imperious.

When there was any hope of peace, his former spirit used to return and he appeared gay, and vigorous, and exceeding sollicitous to press any thing that might promote it; and Clarendon observes, "That after a deep silence, when he was sitting amongst his friends, he would with a shrill voice, and sad accent, repeat the words Peace! Peace! and would passionately say, that the agony of the war, the ruin and bloodshed in which he saw the nation involved, took his sleep from him, and would soon break his heart."

This extream uneasiness seems to have hurried him on to his destruction; for the morning before the battle of Newbery, he called for a clean shirt, and being asked the reason of it, answered, "That if he were slain in the battle, they should not find his body in foul linen." Being persuaded by his friends not to go into the fight, as being no military officer, "He said he was weary of the times, foresaw much misery to his country, and did believe he should be out of it e're night." Putting himself therefore into the first rank of the Lord Byron's regiment, he was shot with a musket in the lower part of his belly, on the 20th of September 1643, and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till next morning.

Thus died in the bed of honour, the incomparable Lord Falkland, on whom all his contemporaries bestowed the most lavish encomiums, and very deservedly raised altars of praise to his memory. Among all his panegyrists, Clarendon is the foremost, and of highest authority; and in his words therefore, I shall give his character to the

reader. “In this unhappy battle, (says he) was slain the Lord viscount Falkland, a person of such prodigious parts, of learning and

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knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, and so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war, than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity. He was a great cherisher of wit and fancy, and good parts in any man; and if he found them clouded with poverty and want, a most liberal and bountiful patron towards them, even above his fortune." His lordship then enumerates the unshaken loyalty and great abilities of this young hero, in the warmth of a friend; he shews him in the most engaging light, and of all characters which in the course of this work we met with, except Sir Philip Sidney's, lord Falkland's seems to be the most amiable, and his virtues are confessed by his enemies of the opposite faction. The noble historian, in his usual masterly manner, thus concludes his panegyric on his deceased friend. "He fell in the 34th year of his age, having so much dispatched the true business of life, that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter into the world with more innocency: whosoever leads such a life, needs be less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him."——As to his person, he was little, and of no great strength; his hair was blackish, and somewhat flaggy, and his eyes black and lively. His body was buried in the church of Great Tew. His works are chiefly these:

First Poems.——Next, besides those Speeches of his mentioned above,

1. A Speech concerning Uniformity, which we are informed of by Wood.

2. A Speech of ill Counsellors about the King, 1640 [6].

A Draught of a Speech concerning Episcopacy, London, 1660, 410.

4. A Discourse of the Infallibility of the Church of Rome. Oxford 1645, 410. George Holland, a Cambridge scholar, and afterwards a Romish priest, having written an answer to this discourse of the Infallibility, the Lord Falkland made a reply to it, entitled,

5. A View of some Exceptions made against the Discourse of the Infallibility of the Church of Rome, printed at Oxford, 1646, 410. He assisted Mr. Chillingworth in his book of the Religion of the Protestants, &c. This particular we learn from Bishop Barlow in his Genuine Remains, who says, that when Mr. Chillingworth undertook the defence of Dr. Pottus's book against the Jesuit, he was almost continually at Tew with my Lord, examining the reasons of both parties pro and con; and their invalidity and consequence; where Mr. Chillingworth had the benefit of my Lord's company, and of his good library.

We shall present our readers with a specimen of his lordship's poetry, in a copy of verses addressed to Grotius on his Christus Patiens, a tragedy, translated by Mr. Sandys. To the *author*.

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Our age's wonder, by thy birth, the fame,
Of Belgia, by thy banishment, the shame;
Who to more knowledge younger didst arrive
Than forward Glaucias, yet art still alive,
Whose matters oft (for suddenly you grew,
To equal and pass those, and need no new)
To see how soon, how far thy wit could reach,
Sat down to wonder, when they came to teach.
Oft then would Scaliger contented be
To leave to mend all times, to polish thee.
And of that pains, effect did higher boast,
Than had he gain'd all that his fathers lost.
When thy Capella read----------
That King of critics stood amaz'd to see
A work so like his own set forth by thee.

[Footnote 1: Wood's Athen. Oxon. vol. i. col. 586.]

[Footnote 2: Clarendon's History, &c.]

[Footnote 3: Ibid.]

[Footnote 4: Clarendon, ubi supra.]

[Footnote 5: Memoirs, &c. by Welwood, edit 1718. 12mo. p. 90—92.]

[Footnote 6: Historical Collections, p. 11. vol. 2. p. 1342.]

* * * * *

Sir JOHN SUCKLING

Lived in the reign of King Charles I. and was son of Sir John Suckling, comptroller of the houshold to that monarch. He was born at Witham, in the county of Middlesex, 1613, with a remarkable circumstance of his mother's going eleven months with him, which naturalists look upon as portending a hardy and vigorous constitution. A strange circumstance is related of him, in his early years, in a life prefixed to his works. He spoke Latin, says the author, at five years old, and wrote it at nine; if either of these circumstances is true, it would seem as if he had learned Latin from his nurse, nor ever heard any other language, so that it was native to him; but to speak Latin at five, in consequence of study, is almost impossible.

The polite arts, which our author chiefly admired, were music and poetry; how far he excelled in the former, cannot be known, nor can we agree with his life-writer already

mentioned, that he excelled in both. Sir John Suckling seems to have been no poet, nor to have had even the most distant appearances of it; his lines are generally so unmusical, that none can read them without grating their ears; being author of several plays, he may indeed be called a dramatist, and consequently comes within our design; but as he is destitute of poetical conceptions, as well as the power of numbers, he has no pretensions to rank among the good poets.

Dryden somewhere calls him a sprightly wit, a courtly writer. In this sense he is what Mr. Dryden stiles him; but then he is no poet, notwithstanding. His letters, which are published along with his plays, are exceeding courtly, his stile easy and genteel, and his thoughts natural; and in reading his letters, one would wonder that the same man, who could write so elegantly in prose, should not better succeed in verse.

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After Suckling had made himself acquainted with the constitution of his own country, and taken a survey of the most remarkable things at home, he travelled to digest and enlarge his notions, from a view of other countries, where, says the above-mentioned author, he made a collection of their virtues, without any tincture of their vices and follies, only that some were of opinion he copied the French air too much, which being disagreeable to his father, who was remarkable for his gravity, and, indeed, inconsistent with, the gloominess of the times, he was reproached for it, and it was imputed to him as the effects of his travels; but some were of opinion, that it was more natural than acquired, the easiness of his manner and address being suitable to the openness of his heart, the gaiety, wit and gallantry, which were so conspicuous in him; and he seems to have valued himself upon nothing more than the character of the Courtier and the Fine Gentleman, which he so far attained, that he is allowed to have had the peculiar happiness, of making every thing he did become him. While Suckling was thus assiduous about acquiring the reputation of a finished courtier, and a man of fashion, it is no wonder that he neglected the higher excellencies of genius, for a poet and a beau, never yet were united in one person.

Sir John was not however, so much devoted to the luxury of the court, as to be wholly a stranger to the field. In his travels he made a campaign under the great Gustavus Adolphus, where he was present at three battles and five sieges, besides other skirmishes between Parties; and from such a considerable scene of action, gained as much experience in six months, as otherwise he would have done in as many years.

After his return to England, the Civil War being then raging, he raised a troop of horse for the King's service, entirely at his own charge, so richly and compleatly mounted, that it stood him in 1200 l. but his zeal for his Majesty did not meet with the success it deserved, which very much affected him; and soon after this he was seized with a fever, and died in the 28th year of his age. In which short space he had done enough to procure him the esteem of the politest men who conversed with him; but as he had set out in the world with all the advantages of birth, person, education, and fortune, peoples expectations of him were raised to too great a heighth, which seldom fails to issue in a disappointment. He makes no figure in the history of these times, perhaps from the immaturity of his death, which prevented him from action. This might be one reason for his being neglected in the annals of the civil war: another might be, his unnecessary, or rather ridiculous shew of finery, which he affected in decorating his troop of horse. This could not fail to draw down contempt upon him, for in time of public distress, nothing can be more foolish than to wear the livery of prosperity; and surely an army would have no great reason to put much confidence in the conduct or courage of that general; who in the morning of a Battle should be found in his tent perfuming his hair, or arraying himself in embroidery.

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Mr. Lloyd, in his memoirs of our author, observes, that his thoughts were not so loose as his expressions, nor his life so vain as his thoughts; and at the same time makes an allowance for his youth and sanguine complexion; which, says he, a little more time and experience would have corrected. Of this, we have instances in his occasional discourses about religion to my Lord Dorset, to whom he was related; and in his thoughts of the posture of affairs; in both which he has discovered that he could think as coolly, and reason as justly as men of more years, and less fire.

To a Lady that forbad to love before company.

What! no more favours, not a ribbon more,
Not fan, nor muff, to hold as heretofore?
Must all the little blesses then be left,
And what was once love's gift become our theft?
May we not look ourselves into a trance,
Teach our souls parley at our eyes, not glance,
Nor touch the hand, but by soft wringing there,
Whisper a love that only yes can hear.
Not free a sigh, a sigh that's there for you,
Dear must I love you, and not love you too?
Be wise, nice fair; for sooner shall they trace,
The feather'd choristers from place to place,
By prints they make in th' air, and sooner say
By what right line, the last star made its way,
That fled from heaven to earth, than guess to know,
How our loves first did spring, or how they grow.

The above are as smooth lines as could be found among our author's works; but in justice to Suckling, before we give an account of his plays, we shall transcribe one of his letters, when we are persuaded the reader will join in the opinion already given of his works in general; it is addressed to his mistress, and has something in it gay and sprightly.

This verifies the opinion of Mr. Dryden, that love makes a man a rhimster, if not a poet.

My Dear, Dear!

Think I have kissed your letter to nothing, and now know not what to answer; or that now I am answering, I am kissing you to nothing, and know not how to go on! For you must pardon, I must hate all I send you here, because it expresses nothing in respect of what it leaves behind with me. And oh! why should I write then? Why should I not come myself? Those Tyrants, Business, Honour, and Necessity, what have they to do with with you, and me? Why Should we not do Love's Commands before theirs, whose Sovereignty is but usurped upon us? Shall we not smell to Roses, cause others do look

on, or gather them because there are Prickles, or something that would hinder us?——-Dear——I fain would and know no Hindrance——but what must come from you,——-and——why should any come? Since 'tis not I but you must be sensible how much Time we lose, it being long since I was not myself,——but——

"Yours."——

His dramatic works are,

1. Aglaura, presented at a private House in Black Fryars. Langbaine says, 'that it was much prized in his Time; and that the last Act is so altered, that it is at the pleasure of the Actors to make it a Tragedy, or Tragi-Comedy.'

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2. Brennoralt, or the Discontented Colonel; a Tragedy, presented at a private House in Black-Fryars by his Majesty's Servants.

3. Sad-one, a Tragedy. This Piece was never finished.

4. Goblings, a Tragi-Comedy, presented at a private House in Black-Fryars, by his Majesty's Servants.

* * * * *

PETER HAUSTED.

This gentleman was born at Oundle in Northamptonshire, and received his education in Queen's-College, Cambridge. After he had taken his degrees, he entered into holy orders, became curate of Uppingham in Rutlandshire; and according to Wood in his Fasti Oxon. was at length made rector of Hadham in Hertfordshire. Upon the breaking out of the civil wars, he was made chaplain to Spencer Earl of Northampton, to whom he adhered in all his engagements for the Royal Interest, and was with him in the castle of Banbury in Oxfordshire, when it was vigorously defended against the Parliament's forces. In that castle Mr. Wood says, he concluded his last moments in the year 1645, and was buried within the precincts of it, or else in the church belonging to Banbury.

This person, whom both Langbaine and Wood account a very ingenious man, and an excellent poet, has written the following pieces:

Rival Friends, a Comedy; acted before the King and Queen when their Majesties paid a Visit to the University of Cambridge, upon the 19th of March, 1631; which Mr. Langbaine thus characterizes. "It was cried down by Boys, Faction, Envy, and confident Ignorance; approved by the Judicious, and exposed to the Public by the Author, printed in 4to. Lond. 1632, and dedicated by a copy of Verses, to the Right Honourable, Right Reverend, Right Worshipful, or whatever he be, shall be, or whom he hereafter may call patron. The Play is commended by a copy of Latin Verses, and two in English. The Prologue is a Dialogue between Venus, Thetis, and Phoebus, sung by two Trebles, and a Base. Venus appearing at a Window above, as risen, calling to Sol, who lay in Thetis lap, at the East side of the Stage, canopy'd with an Azure Curtain. Our Author," continues Langbaine, "seems to be much of the Humour of Ben Johnson, whose greatest Weakness was, that he could not bear Censure, and has so great a Value for Ben's Writings, that his Scene between Loveall, Mungrel, and Hammeshin Act 3. Scene 7, is copied from Ben Johnson's Silent Woman, between True-wit, Daw, and La-fool, Act 4. Scene 5."

2. Ten Sermons preached upon several Sundays, and Saints Days, London 1636, 4to. To which is added an Assize Sermon.

3. Ad Populum, a Lecture to the People, with a Satire against Sedition, Oxon, 1644, in three Sheets in 4to.

This is a Poem, and the Title of it was given by King Charles I. who seeing it in Manuscript, with the Title of a Sermon to the People, he altered it, and caused it to be called a Lecture, being much delighted with it.

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This Author also translated into English, Hymnus, Tobaci, &c. Lond. 1651, 8vo.

* * * * *

William Drummond of *Hawthornden* Esq;

This gentleman was a native of Scotland, and a poet of no inconsiderable rank. We had at first some doubt whether he fell within our design, as being no Englishman, but upon observing that Mr. Langbaine has given a place to the earl of Stirling, a man of much inferior note; and that our author, though a Scotchman, wrote extremely pure and elegant English, and his life, that is fruitful of a great many incidents, without further apology, it is here presented to the reader.

He was born the 13th of November, 1585; his father was Sir John Drummond of Hawthornden, who was Gentleman Usher to King James VI. but did not enjoy that place long, being in three months after he was raised to his new dignity, taken away by death[1]. The family of Drummond in the article of antiquity is inferior to none in Scotland, where that kind of distinction is very much regarded.

The first years of our author's youth were spent at the high school at Edinburgh, where the early promises of that extraordinary genius, which afterwards appeared in him, became very conspicuous. He was in due time sent to the university of Edinburgh, where after the ordinary stay, he was made Master of Arts. When his course at the university was finished, he did not, like the greatest part of giddy students, give over reading, and vainly imagine they have a sufficient stock of learning: he had too much sense thus to deceive himself; he knew that an education at the university is but the ground-work of knowledge, and that unless a man digests what he has there learned, and endeavours to produce it into life with advantage, so many years attendance were but entirely thrown away. Being convinced of this truth, he continued to read the best authors of antiquity, whom he not only retained in his memory, but so digested, that he became quite master of them, and able to make such observations on their genius and writings, as fully shewed that his judgment had been sufficiently exercised in reading them.

In the year 1606 his father sent him into France, he being then only twenty-one years old. He studied at Bourges the civil law, with great diligence and applause, and was master not only of the dictates of the professors, but made also his own observations on them, which occasioned the learned president Lockhart to observe, that if Mr. Drummond had followed the practice, he might have made the best figure of any lawyer in his time; but like all other men of wit, he saw more charms in Euripides, Sophocles, Seneca, and other the illustrious ancients, than in the dry wranglings of the law; as there have been often instances of poets, and men of genius being educated to the law, so here it may not be amiss to observe, that we remember not to have met with one amongst them who continued

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in that profession, a circumstance not much in its favour, and is a kind of proof, that the professors of it are generally composed of men who are capable of application, but without genius. Mr. Drummond having, as we have already observed, a sovereign contempt for the law, applied himself to the sublimer studies of poetry and history, in both which he became very eminent. Having relinquished all thoughts of the bar, or appearing in public, he retired to his pleasant seat at Hawthornden, and there, by reading the Greek and Latin authors, enriched the world with the product of his solitary hours. After he had recovered a very dangerous fit of sickness, he wrote his Cypress Grove, a piece of excellent prose, both for the fineness of the stile, and the sublimity and piety of the sentiments: In which he represents the vanity and instability of human affairs; teaches a due contempt of the world; proposes consolations against the fear of death, and gives us a view of eternal happiness. Much about this time he wrote the Flowers of Sion in verse. Though the numbers in which these poems are wrote are not now very fashionable, yet the harmony is excellent, and during the reign of King James and Charles I. we have met with no poet who seems to have had a better ear, or felt more intimately the passion he describes. The writer of his life already mentioned, observes, that notwithstanding his close retirement, love stole upon him, and entirely subdued his heart. He needed not to have assigned retirement as a reason why it should seem strange that love grew upon him, for retirement in its own nature is the very parent of love. When a man converses with but few ladies, he is apt to fall in love with her who charms him most; whereas were his attention dissipated, and his affections bewildered by variety, he would be preserved from love by not being able to fix them; which is one reason why we always find people in the country have more enthusiastic notions of love, than those who move in the hurry of life. This beautiful young lady, with whom Mr. Drummond was enamoured, was daughter of Mr. Cunningham of Barnes, of an ancient and honourable family. He made his addresses to her in the true spirit of gallantry, and as he was a gentleman who had seen the world, and consequently was accomplished in the elegancies of life, he was not long in exciting proper returns of passion; he gained her affections, and when the day of the marriage was appointed, and all things ready for its solemnization, she was seized with a fever, and snatched from him, when his imagination had figured those scenes of rapture which naturally fill the mind of a bridegroom. As our author was a poet, he no doubt was capable of forming still a greater ideal fealt, than a man of ordinary genius, and as his mistress was, as Rowe expresses it, ‘more than painting can express,’ or ’youthful poets fancy when they love,’ those who have felt that delicate passion, may be able in some measure to judge of the severity of distress

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into which our poetical bridegroom was now plunged: After the fervours of sorrow had in some measure subsided, he expressed his grief for her in several letters and poems, and with more passion and sincerity celebrated his dead mistress, than others praise their living ones. This extraordinary shock occasioned by the young lady's death, on whom he doated with such excessive fondness, so affected his spirits, that in order as much as possible to endeavour to forget her, he quitted his retirement, and resided eight years at Paris and Rome; he travelled through Germany, France and Italy, where he visited all the famous universities, conversed with the learned men, and made an excellent collection of the best ancient Greek, and of the modern Spanish, French, and Italian books. Mr. Drummond, though a scholar and a man of genius, did not think it beneath him to improve himself in those gay accomplishments which are so peculiar to the French, and which never fail to set off wit and parts to the best advantage. He studied music, and is reported to have possessed the genteel accomplishment of dancing, to no inconsiderable degree.

After a long stay of eight years abroad, he returned again to his native country, where a civil war was ready to break out. He then found that as he could be of no service by his action, he might at least by his retirement, and during the confusion, he went to the feat of his Brother-in-law, Sir John Scott, of Scotts Tarvat, a man of learning and good sense. In this interval it is supposed he wrote his History of the Five James's, successively Kings of Scotland, which is so excellent a work, whether we consider the exact conduct of the story, the judicious reflections, and the fine language, that no Historian either of the English or Scotch nation (the lord Clarendon excepted) has shewn a happier talent for that species of writing, which tho' it does not demand the highest genius, yet is as difficult to attain, as any other kind of literary excellence. This work was received in England with as much applause, as if it had been written by a countryman of their own, and about English affairs. It was first published six or seven years after the author's death, with a preface, or introduction by Mr. Hall of Grays-Inn, who, tho' not much disposed to think favourably of the Scotch nation, has yet thus done justice to Mr. Drummond; for his manner of writing, says he, "though he treats of things that are rather many than great, and rather troublesome than glorious; yet he has brought so much of the main together, as it may be modestly said, none of that nation has done before him, and for his way of handling it, he has sufficiently made it appear, how conversant he was with the writings of venerable antiquity, and how generously he has emulated them by a happy imitation, for the purity of that language is much above the dialect he wrote in; his descriptions lively and full, his narrations clear and pertinent, his orations eloquent, and fit

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for the persons who speak, and his reflections solid and mature, so that it cannot be expected that these leaves can be turned over without as much pleasure as profit, especially meeting with so many glories, and trophies of our ancestors." In this history Mr. Drummond has chiefly followed bishop Elphiston, and has given a different turn to things from Buchanan, whom a party of the Scotch accuse of being a pensioner of Queen Elizabeth's, and as he joined interest with the earl of Murray, who wanted to disturb the reign of his much injured sister Mary Queen of Scots, he is strongly suspected of being a party writer, and of having misrepresented the Scotch transactions of old, in order to serve some scheme of policy.

In the short notes which Mr. Drummond has left behind him in his own life, he says, that he was the first in the island that ever celebrated a dead mistress; his poems consist chiefly of Love-Verses, Madrigals, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c. they were highly esteemed by his contemporaries both for the wit and learning that shone in them. Edward Philips, Milton's nephew, writes a preface to them, and observes, 'that his poems are the effects of genius, the most polite and verdant that ever the Scots nation produced, and says, that if he should affirm, that neither Tasso, Guarini, or any of the most neat and refined spirits of Italy, nor even the choicest of our English poets can challenge any advantage above him, it could not be judged any attribute superior to what he deserves; and for his history he says, had there been nothing else extant of his writings, consider but the language how florid and ornate it is; consider the order and prudent conduct of the story, and you will rank him in the number of the best writers, and compare him even with Thuanus himself: Neither is he less happy in his verse than prose, for here are all those graces met together, that conduce any thing towards the making up a compleat and perfect poet, a decent and becoming majesty, a brave and admirable heighth, and a wit flowing.' Thus far the testimony of Mr. Philips.

In order to divert himself and his friends, he wrote a small poem which he called Polemio-Middinia; 'tis a sort of Macronic poetry, in which the Scots words are put in Latin terminations. In Queen Anne's time it was reprinted at Oxford, with a preface concerning Macronic poetry. It has been often reprinted in Scotland, where it is thought a very humorous performance.

Our author, who we have already seen, suffered so much by the immature fate of his first mistress, thought no more of love for many years after her decease, but seeing by accident one Elizabeth Logan, grandchild to Sir Robert Logan, who by the great resemblance she bore to his first favourite, rekindled again the flame of love; she was beautiful in his eyes because she recalled to his mind the dear image of her he mourned, and by this lucky similarity she captivated him. Though he was near 45 years of age, he married this lady; she bore to him several children; William, who was knighted in Charles II's time; Robert, and Elizabeth, who was married to one Dr. Henderson, a physician, at Edinburgh.

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In the time of the public troubles, Mr. Drummond, besides composing his history, wrote several tracts against the measures of the covenanters, and those engaged in the opposition of Charles I. In a piece of his called Irene, he harangues the King, nobility, gentry, clergy and commons, about their mutual mistakes, jealousies and fears; he lays before them the dismal consequences of a civil war, from indisputable arguments, and the histories of past times. The great marquis of Montrose writ a letter to him, desiring him to print this Irene, as the best means to quiet the minds of the distracted people; he likewise sent him a protection, dated August, 1645, immediately after the battle of Kylsyth, with another letter, in which he highly commends Mr. Drummond's learning and loyalty. Besides this work of Irene, he wrote the Load Star, and an Address to the Noblemen, Barons, Gentlemen, &c. who leagued themselves for the defence of the liberties and religion of Scotland, the whole purport of which is, to calm the disturbed minds of the populace, to reason the better sort into loyalty, and to check the growing evils which he saw would be the consequence of their behaviour. Those of his own countrymen, for whom he had the greatest esteem, were Sir William Alexander, afterwards earl of Stirling, Sir Robert Carr, afterwards earl of Ancram, from whom the present marquis of Lothian is descended, Dr. Arthur Johnston, physician to King Charles I. and author of a Latin Paraphrase of the Psalms, and Mr. John Adamson, principal of the college of Edinburgh. He had great intimacy and correspondence with the two famous English poets, Michael Drayton, and Ben Johnson, the latter of whom travelled from London on foot, to see him at his seat at Hawthornden. During the time Ben remained with Mr. Drummond, they often held conversation about poetry and poets, and Mr. Drummond has preserved the heads of what passed between them; and as part of it is very curious, and serves to illustrate the character of Johnson, we have inserted it in his life: though it perhaps was not altogether fair in Mr. Drummond, to commit to writing things that passed over a bottle, and which perhaps were heedlesly advanced. It is certain some of the particulars which Mr. Drummond has preferred, are not much in Ben's favour, and as few people are so wise as not to speak imprudently sometimes, so it is not the part of a man, who invites another to his table, to expose-what may there drop inadvertently; but as Mr. Drummond had only made memorandums, perhaps with no resolution to publish them, he may stand acquitted of part of this charge. It is reported of our author that he was very smart, and witty in his repartees, and had a most excellent talent at extempore versifying, above any poet of his time. In the year 1645, when the plague was raging in Scotland, our author came accidentally to Forfar, but was not allowed to enter any house, or to get lodging in the town, though it was very late; he went two miles further

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to Kirrimuir, where he was well received, and kindly entertained. Being informed that the towns of Forfar and Kirrimuir had a contest about a piece of ground called the Muirmoss, he wrote a letter to the Provost of Forfar, to be communicated to the town-council in haste: It was imagined this letter came from the Estates, who were then sitting at St. Andrew's; so the Common-Council was called with all expedition, and, the minister sent for to pray for direction and assistance in answering the letter, which was opened in a solemn manner. It contained the following lines,
The Kirrimorians and Forforians met at Muirmoss, The Kirrimorians beat the Forforians back to the cross, [2]Sutors ye are, and sutors ye'll be T——y upon Forfar, Kirrimuir bears the gree.

By this innocent piece of mirth he revenged himself on the town of Forfar. As our author was a great cavalier, and addicted to the King's party, he was forced by the reformers to send men to the army which fought against the King, and his estate lying in three different counties; he had not occasion to send one entire man, but halves, and quarters, and such like fractions, that is, the money levied upon him as his share, did not amount to the maintaining one man, but perhaps half as much, and so on through the several counties, where his estates lay; upon this he wrote the following verses to the King.

Of all these forces, rais'd against the King, 'Tis my strange hap not one whole man to bring, From diverse parishes, yet diverse men, But all in halves, and quarters: great king then, In halves, and quarters, if they come, 'gainst thee, In halves and quarters send them back to me.

Being reputed a malignant, he was extremely harrassed by the prevailing party, and for his verses and discourses frequently summoned before their circular tables. In the short account of his life written by himself, he says, 'that he never endeavoured to advance his fortune, or increase such things as were left him by his parents, as he foresaw the uncertainty and shortness of life, and thought this world's advantages not worth struggling for.' The year 1649, remarkable for the beheading of Charles I. put likewise a period to the life of our author: Upon hearing the dismal news that his Sovereign's blood was shed on a scaffold, he was so overwhelmed with grief, and being worn down with study, he could not overcome the shock, and though we find not that he ever was in arms for the King, yet he may be said, in some sense, to have fallen a sacrifice to his loyalty. He was a man of fine natural endowments, which were cultivated by reading and travelling; he spoke the Italian, Spanish, and French languages as well as his mother tongue; he was a judicious and great historian, a delicate poet, a master of polite erudition, a loyal subject, a friend to his country, and to sum up all, a pious christian.

Before his works are prefixed several copies of verses in his praise, with which we shall not trouble the reader, but conclude the life of this great man, with the following sonnet from his works, as a specimen of the delicacy of his muse.

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I know, that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought,
In times great period shall return to nought;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days;
I know that all the Muses heavenly lays,
With toil of spirit, which are so dearly bought.
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought,
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail beauty like the purple flower,
To which one morn, oft birth, and death affords,
That love a jarring is, of minds accords,
Where sense, and will, bring under reason's
power:
Know what I lift, all this cannot me move,
But, that alas, I both must write and love.

[Footnote 1: The reader will please to observe, that I have taken the most material part, of this account of Mr. Drummond, from a life of him prefixed to a 4to Edition printed at Edinburgh, 1711.]

[Footnote 2: Shoemakers.]

* * * * *

William Alexander, Earl of *Stirling*.

It is agreed by the antiquaries of Scotland, where this nobleman was born, that his family was originally a branch of the Macdonalds. Alexander Macdonald, their ancestor, obtained from the family of Argyle a grant of the lands of Menstry, in Clackmananshire, where they fixed their residence, and took their sirnames from the Christian name of their predecessor[1]. Our author was born in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and during the minority of James VI. of Scotland, but on what year cannot be ascertained; he gave early discoveries of a rising genius, and much improved the fine parts he had from nature, by a very polite and extensive education. He first travelled abroad as tutor to the earl of Argyle, and was a considerable time with that nobleman, while they visited foreign countries. After his return, being happy in so great a patron as the earl of Argyle, and finished in all the courtly accomplishments, he was caressed by persons of the first fashion, while he yet moved in the sphere of a private gentleman.

Mr. Alexander having a strong propensity to poetry, he declined entering upon any public employment for some years, and dedicated all his time to the reading of the ancient poets, upon which he formed his taste, and whose various graces he seems to have understood. King James of Scotland, who with but few regal qualities, yet certainly had a propension to literature, and was an encourager of learned men, took

Mr. Alexander early into his favour. He accepted the poems our author presented him, with the most condescending marks of esteem, and was so warm in his interest, that in the year 1614, he created him a knight, and by a kind of compulsion, obliged him to accept the place of Master of the Requests[2]; but the King's bounty did not stop here: Our author having settled a colony in Nova Scotia in America, at his own expence, James made him a grant of it, by his Royal Deed, on the 21st of September, 1621, and intended to have erected the order of Baronet, for encouraging and advancing so good a work; but the three last years of that prince's reign being rendered troublesome to him, by reason of the jealousies and commotions which then subsisted in England, he thought fit to suspend the further prosecution of that affair, 'till a more favourable crisis, which he lived not to see.

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As soon as King Charles I. ascended the throne, who inherited from his father the warmest affection for his native country, he endeavoured to promote that design, which was likely to produce so great a benefit to the nation, and therefore created Sir William Alexander Lord Lieutenant of New Scotland, and instituted the order of Knight Baronet, for the encouraging, and advancing that colony, and gave him the power of coining small copper money, a privilege which some discontented British subjects complained of with great bitterness; but his Majesty, who had the highest opinion of the integrity and abilities of Sir William, did not on that account withdraw his favour from him, but rather encreased it; for in the year 1626 he made him Secretary of State for Scotch affairs, in place of the earl of Haddington, and a Peer, by the title of Viscount Stirling, and soon after raised him to the dignity of an Earl, by Letters Patent, dated June 14, 1633, upon the solemnity of his Majesty's Coronation at the Palace of Holy-rood-house in Edinburgh. His lordship enjoyed the place of secretary with the most unblemished reputation, for the space of fifteen years, even to his death, which happened on the 12th of February, 1640.

Our author married the daughter of Sir William Erskine, Baronet, cousin german to the earl of Marr, then Regent of Scotland; by her he had one son, who died his Majesty's Resident in Nova Scotia in the life time of his father, and left behind him a son who succeeded his grandfather in the title of earl of Stirling.

His lordship is author of four plays, which he stiles Monarchic Tragedies, *viz*. The Alexandraean Tragedy, Craesus, Darius, and Julius Caesar, all which in the opinion of the ingenious Mr. Coxeter (whose indefatigable industry in collecting materials for this work, which he lived not to publish, has furnished the present Biographers with many circumstances they could not otherwise have known) were written in his lordship's youth, and before he undertook any state employment.

These plays are written upon the model of the ancients, as appears by his introducing the Chorus between the Acts; they are grave and sententious throughout, like the Tragedies of Seneca, and yet the softer and tender passions are sometimes very delicately touched. The author has been very unhappy in the choice of his verse, which is alternate, like the quatrains of the French poet Pibrach, or Sir William Davenant's heroic poem called Gondibert, which kind of verse is certainly unnatural for Tragedy, as it is so much removed from prose, and cannot have that beautiful simplicity, that tender pathos, which is indispensable to the language of tragedy; Mr. Rymer has criticised with great judgment on this error of our author, and shewn the extreme absurdity of writing plays in rhime, notwithstanding the great authority of Dryden can be urged in its defence.

Writing plays upon the model of the ancients, by introducing choruses, can be defended with as little force. It is the nature of a tragedy to warm the heart, rouze the passions, and fire the imagination, which can never be done, while the story goes languidly on. The soul cannot be agitated unless the business of the play rises gradually, the scene

be kept busy, and leading characters active: we cannot better illustrate this observation, than by an example.

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One of the best poets of the present age, the ingenious Mr. Mason of Cambridge, has not long ago published a Tragedy upon the model of the ancients, called Elfrida; the merit of this piece, as a poem has been confessed by the general reading it has obtained; it is full of beauties; the language is perfectly poetical, the sentiments chaste, and the moral excellent; there is nothing in our tongue can much exceed it in the flowry enchantments of poetry, or the delicate flow of numbers, but while we admire the poet, we pay no regard to the character; no passion is excited, the heart is never moved, nor is the reader's curiosity ever raised to know the event. Want of passion and regard to character, is the error of our present dramatic poets, and it is a true observation made by a gentleman in an occasional prologue, speaking of the wits from Charles *ii*. to our own times, he says,

From bard, to bard, the frigid caution crept,
And declamation roared while passion slept.

But to return to our author's plays;

The Alexandraean Tragedy is built upon the differences about the succession, that rose between Alexander's captains after his decease; he has borrowed many thoughts, and translated whole speeches from Seneca, Virgil, &c. In this play his lordship seems to mistake the very essence of the drama, which consists in action, for there is scarce one action performed in view of the audience, but several persons are introduced upon the stage, who relate atchievements done by themselves and others: the two first acts are entirely foreign to the business of the play. Upon the whole it must be allowed that his lordship was a very good historian, for the reader may learn from it a great deal of the affairs of Greece and Rome; for the plot see Quintus Curtius, the thirteenth Book of Justin, Diodorus Siculus, Jofephus, Raleigh's History, &c. The Scene is in Babylon.

Craesus, a Tragedy; the Scene of this Play is laid in Sardis, and is reckoned the most moving of the four; it is chiefly borrowed from Herodotus, Clio, Justin, Plutarch's Life of Solon, Salian, Torniel. In the fifth Act there is an Episode of Abradates and Panthaea, which the author has taken from Xenophon's Cyropaedeia, or The Life and Education of Cyrus, lib. vii. The ingenious Scudery has likewise built upon this foundation, in his diverting Romance called the Grand Cyrus.

Darius, a Tragedy; this was his lordship's first dramatic performance; it was printed at Edinburgh in 4to. in the year 1603; it was first composed of a mixture of English and Scotch dialect, and even then was commended by several copies of verses. The Scene of this Play is laid in Babylon. The author afterwards not only polished his native language, but altered the Play itself; as to the plot consult Q. Curtius, Diodorus Siculus, Justin, Plutarch's Life of Alexander, &c. Julius Caesar, a Tragedy. In the fifth Act of this Play, my lord brings Brutus,

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Cassius, Cicero, Anthony, &c. together, after the death of Caesar, almost in the same circumstances Shakespear has done in his Play of this name; but the difference between the Anthony and Brutus of Shakespear, and these characters drawn by the earl of Stirling, is as great, as the genius of the former transcended the latter. This is the most regular of his lordship's plays in the unity of action. The story of this Play is to be found in all the Roman Histories written since the death of that Emperor.

His lordship has acknowledged the stile of his dramatic works not to be pure, for which in excuse he has pleaded his country, the Scotch dialect then being in a very imperfect state. Having mentioned the Scotch dialect, it will not be improper to observe, that it is at this time much in the same degree of perfection, that the English language was, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth; there are idioms peculiar to the Scotch, which some of their best writers have not been able entirely to forget, and unless they reside in England for some time, they seldom overcome them, and their language is greatly obscured by these means; but the reputation which some Scotch writers at present enjoy, make it sufficiently clear, that they are not much wanting in perspicuity or elegance, of which Mr. Hume, the ingenious author of Essays Moral and Political, is an instance. In the particular quality of fire, which is indispensible in a good writer, the Scotch authors have rather too much of it, and are more apt to be extravagantly animated, than correctly dull.

Besides these Plays, our author wrote several other Poems of a different kind, *viz*. Doomsday, or the Great Day of the Lord's Judgment, first printed 1614, and a Poem divided into 12 Book, which the author calls Hours; In this Poem is the following emphatic line, when speaking of the divine vengeance falling upon the wicked; he calls it

> A weight of wrath, more than ten worlds could
> bear.

A very ingenious gentleman of Oxford, in a conversation with the author of this Life, took occasion to mention the above line as the best he had ever read consisting of monysyllables, and is indeed one of the most affecting lines to be met with in any poet. This Poem, says Mr. Coxeter, 'in his *Ms*. notes, was reprinted in 1720, by A. Johnston, who in his preface says, that he had the honour of transmitting the author's works to the great Mr. Addison, for the perusal of them, and he was pleased to signify his approbation in these candid terms. That he had read them with the greatest satisfaction, and was pleased to give it as his judgment, that the beauties of our ancient English poets are too slightly passed over by the modern writers, who, out of a peculiar singularity, had rather take pains to find fault, than endeavour to excel.'

A Paraenaesis to Prince Henry, who dying before it was published, it was afterwards dedicated to King Charles I.[3]

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Jonathan; intended to be an Heroic Poem, but the first Book of it is only extant. He wrote all these Poems in the Ottavo Rima of Tasso, or a Stanza of eight lines, six interwoven, and a Couplet in Base. His Plays and Poems were all printed together in folio, under the title of Recreations with the Muses, 1637, and dedicated to the King.

The earl of Stirling lived in friendship with the most eminent wits of his time, except Ben Johnson, who complained that he was neglected by him; but there are no particulars preserved concerning any quarrel between them.

My lord seems to have often a peculiar inclination to punning, but this was the characteristic vice of the times. That he could sometimes write in a very elegant strain will appear by the following lines, in which he describes love.

Love is a joy, which upon pain depends;
A drop of sweet, drowned in a sea of sours:
What folly does begin, that fury ends;
They hate for ever, who have lov'd for hours.

[Footnote 1: Crawford's Peerage of Scotland.]

[Footnote 2: Crawford, ubi supra.]

[Footnote 3: Langbaire.]

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Joseph hall, Bishop of *Norwich*.

This prelate was born, according to his own account, July 11, 1574, in Bristow-Park, within the parish of Ashby de la Zouch, a town in Leicestershire.[1] His father was an officer under Henry Earl of Huntingdon, president of the North, who from his infancy had devoted him to the service of the church; and his mother, whom he has celebrated for her exemplary and distinguished piety, was extremely sollicitous that her favourite son would be of a profession, she herself held so much in veneration. Our author, who seems to have been very credulous in his disposition, rather religious than wise, or possessing any attainments equal to the dignity to which he rose, has preserved in his Specialities, some visions of his mother's, which he relates with an air of seriousness, sufficient to evidence his own conviction of their reality; but as they appear to have been the offspring of a disordered imagination, they have no right to a place here.

In order to train him up to the ministry, his father at first resolved to place him under the care of one Mr. Pelset, lately come from Cambridge to be the public preacher at Leicester, who undertook to give him an education equally finished with that of the university, and by these means save much expence to his father: This resolution, however, was not executed, some other friends advising his father to send him to

Cambridge, and persuaded him that no private tuition could possibly be equal to that of the academical. When our author had remained six years at Cambridge, he had a right to preferment, and to stand for a fellowship, had not his tutor Mr. Gilby been born in the same county with him, and the statutes not permitting two of the

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same shire to enjoy fellowships, and as Mr. Gilby was senior to our author, and already in possession, Mr. Hall could not be promoted. In consequence of this, he proposed to remove, when the Earl of Huntingdon, being made acquainted with this circumstance, and hearing very favourable accounts of our author, interested himself to prevent his removal. He made application to Mr. Gilby, promised to make him his chaplain, and promote him in the church, provided he would relinquish his place in the college, in favour of Mr. Hall. These promises being made with seeming sincerity, and as the Earl of Huntingdon was a man of reputation for probity, he complied with his lordship's request, and relinquished his place in the college. When he was about to enter upon his office of chaplain, to his great mortification, the nobleman on whose promises he confided, and on whom he immediately depended, suddenly died, by which accident he was thrown unprovided upon the world. This not a little affected Mr. Hall, who was shocked to think that Mr. Gilby should be thus distressed, by the generosity of his temper, which excited him to quit a certainty in order to make way for his promotion. He addressed Dr. Chadderton, then the master of the college, that the succeeding election might be stopped, and that Mr. Gilby should again possess his place; but in this request he was unsuccessful: for the Doctor told him, that Mr. Gilby was divested of all possibilty of remedy, and that they must proceed in the election the day following; when Mr. Hall was unanimously chosen into that society. Two years after this, he was chosen Rhetorician to the public schools, where, as he himself expresses it, "he was encouraged with a sufficient frequence of auditors;" but this place he soon resigned to Dr. Dod, and entered upon studies necessary to qualify him for taking orders.

Some time after this, the mastership of a famous school erected at Tiverton in Devon, became vacant; this school was endowed by the founder Mr. Blundel, with a very large pension, and the care of it was principally cast upon the then Lord Chief Justice Popham. His lordship being intimately acquainted with Dr. Chadderton, requested him to recommend some learned and prudent man for the government of that school. The Dr. recommended Mr. Hall, assuring him that great advantage would arise from it, without much trouble to himself: Our author thinking proper to accept this, the Doctor carried him to London, and introduced him to Lord Chief Justice Popham, who seemed well pleased and thanked Dr. Chadderton for recommending a man so well qualified for the charge. When Dr. Chadderton and Mr. Hall had taken leave of his lordship and were returning to their lodgings, a messenger presented a letter to Mr. Hall, from lady Drury of Suffolk, earnestly requesting him to accept the rectory of Halsted, a place in her gift. This flow of good fortune not a little surprized him, and as he was governed by the maxims of prudence, he made no

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long hesitation in accepting the latter, which was both a better benefice, and a higher preferment. Being settled at Halsted, he found there a dangerous antagonist to his ministry, whom he calls in his Specialities, a witty, and a bold Atheist: "This was one Mr. Lilly, who by reason of his travels, (says he) and abilities of discourse and behaviour, had so deeply insinuated himself into my patron, that there were small hopes for me to work any good upon that noble patron of mine; who by the suggestion of this wicked detractor, was set off from me before he knew me. Hereupon, I confess, finding the obduredness, and hopeless condition of that man, I bent my prayers against him, beseeching God daily, that he would be pleased to remove by some means or other, that apparent hindrance of my faithful labours; who gave me an answer accordingly. For this malicious man going hastily up to London, to exasperate my patron against me, was then and there swept away by the pestilence, and never returned to do any further mischief." This account given by Mr. Hall of his antagonist, reflects no great honour upon himself: it is conceived in a spirit of bitterness, and there is more of spite against Lilly's person in it, than any tenderness or pity for his errors. He calls him a witty Atheist, when in all probability, what he terms atheism, was no more than a freedom of thinking, and facetious conversation, which to the pious churchman, had the appearance of denying the existence of God; besides, had Hall dealt candidly, he should have given his readers some more particulars of a man whom he was bold enough to denominate an Atheist, a character so very singular, that it should never be imputed to any man, without the strongest grounds. Hall in his usual spirit of enthusiasm, in order to remove this antagonist of his, has recourse to a miracle: He tells us, he went up to London and died of the Plague, which he would have us to understand was by the immediate interpolition of God, as if it were not ridiculous to suppose our author of so great importance, as that the Supreme Being should work a miracle in his favour; but as it is with natural so is it with spiritual pride, those who are possessed by either, never fail to over-rate their own significance, and justly expose themselves to the contempt of the sober part of mankind.

Our author has also given us some account of his marriage, with the daughter of Mr. George Winniff, of Bretenham; he says of her, that much modesty, piety, and good disposition were lodged in her seemly presence. She was recommended to him, by the Rev. Mr. Grandig his friend, and he says, he listened to the recommendation, as from the Lord, whom he frequently consulted by prayer, before he entered into the matrimonial state. She lived with him 49 years.

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Not long after Mr. Hall's settlement at Halsted, he was sollicited by Sir Edmund Bacon to accompany him in a journey to the Spa in Ardenna, at the time when the Earl of Hertford went ambassador to the archduke Albert of Brussels. This request Mr. Hall complied with, as it furnished him with an opportunity of feeing more of the world, and gratified a desire he had of conversing with the Romish Jesuits. The particulars of his journey, which he has preserved in his Specialities, are too trifling to be here inserted: When he came to Brussels, he was introduced by an English gentleman, who practiced physic there, to the acquaintance of father Costrus; who held some conversation with him concerning the miracles said to be lately done, by one Lipsieus Apricollis, a woman who lived at Zichem. From particular miracles, the father turned the discourse to the difference between divine and diabolical miracles; and he told Mr. Hall, that if he could ascertain that one miracle ever was wrought in the church of England, he would embrace that persuasion: To which our author replied, that he was fully convinced, that many devils had been ejected out of persons in that church by fasting and prayer. They both believed the possibility and frequency of miracles; they only differed as to the church in which miracles were performed. Hall has censured father Costrus, as a barren man, and of superficial conversation; and it is to be feared, that whoever reads Hall's religious works will conclude much in the same manner of him. They departed from Brussels soon after this interview between father Costrus and our author, and met with nothing in their journey to and return from the Spa, worth relation, only Mr. Hall had by his zeal in defending his own church, exposed himself to the resentment of one Signior Ascanio Negro, who began notwithstanding Mr. Hall's lay-habit, to suspect him to be a clergyman, and use some indecent freedoms with him in consequence of this suspicion. Our author to avoid any impertinence which the captain was likely to be guilty of towards him, told him, Sir Edmund Bacon, the person with whom he travelled, was the grandchild of the great lord Verulam, High Chancelor of England, whose fame was extended to every country where science and philosophy prevailed, and that they were protected by the earl of Hertford, the English embassador at Brussels. Upon the Italian's being made acquainted with the quality of Sir Edmund, and the high connections of the two travellers, he thought proper to desist from any acts of impertinence, to which bigotry and ignorance would have excited him. Hall returned to England after being absent eighteen months, and was received but coldly by Sir Robert Drury his patron; there having never been much friendship between them. In consequence of this, Mr. Hall came to London, in search of a more comfortable provision; he was soon recommended by one Mr. Gurrey, tutor to the Earl of Essex, to preach before Prince Henry at

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Richmond. Before this accident Mr. Hall had been author of some Meditations, whom Mr. Gurrey told him, had been well received at Henry's court, and much read by that promising young Prince. He preached with success, for the Prince desired to hear him a second time, and was so well pleased with him, that he signified an inclination of having him attend about his court. Mr. Hall's reputation growing, he was taken notice of by persons of fashion, and soon obtained the living of Waltham, presented him by the Earl of Norwich.

While he exercised his function at Waltham, the archdeacon of Norwich engaged him to interest himself in favour of the church of Wolverhampton, from which a patrimony was detained by a sacrilegious conveyance. In the course of this prosecution, our author observes, "that a marvellous light opened itself unexpectedly, by revealing a counterfeit seal, in the manifestation of razures, and interpolations, and misdates of unjustifiable evidences, that after many years suit, Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, upon a full hearing, gave a decree in favour of the church."

During Mr. Hall's residence at Waltham, he was thrice employed by his Majesty in public service. His first public employment was to attend the Earl of Carlisle, who went on an embassy to France, and during his absence his Majesty conferred upon him the deanery of Worcester. Upon his return, he attended the King in a journey to Scotland, where he exerted himself in support of episcopacy, in opposition to the established ministry there, who were Presbyterians. Having acquired some name in polemical divinity, and being long accustomed to disputations, the King made choice of him to go to the Netherlands, and assist at the synod of Dort, in settling the controverted points of faith, for which that reverend body were there convened. Hall has been very lavish in his own praise, while he acted at the synod of Dort; he has given many hints of the supernatural assistance he was blessed with: he has informed us, that he was then in a languishing state of health; that his rest was broken, and his nights sleepless; but on the night preceding the occasion of his preaching a Latin sermon to the synod, he was favoured with, refreshing sleep, which he ascribes to the immediate care of providence. The states of Holland, he says, "sent Daniel Heinsius the poet to visit him, and were so much delighted with his comportment, that they presented him with a rich medal of gold, as a monument of their respect for his poor endeavours." Upon our author's returning home, he found the church torn to pieces, by the fierce contentions which then subsisted concerning the doctrines of Arminius: he saw this with concern, and was sensible true religion, piety, and virtue, could never be promoted by such altercation; and therefore with the little power of which he was master, he endeavoured to effect a reconciliation between the contending parties: he wrote what he calls a project of pacification, which was presented

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to his Majesty, and would have had a very happy influence, had not the enemies of Mr. Hall misrepresented the book, and so far influenced the King, that a royal edict for a general inhibition, buried it in silence. Hall after this contended with the Roman Catholics, who upon the prospect of the Spanish match, on the success of which they built their hopes, began to betray a great degree of insolence, and proudly boast the pedigree of their church, from the apostles themselves. They insisted, that as their church was the first, so it was the best, and that no ordination was valid which was not derived from it. Hall in answer to their assertions, made a concession, which some of his Protestant brethren thought he had no right to do; he acknowledged the priority of the Roman Church, but denied its infallibility, and consequently that it was possible another church might be more pure, and approach more to the apostolic practice than the Romish. This controversy he managed so successfully, that he was promoted to the see of Exeter; and as King James I. seldom knew any bounds to his generosity, when he happened to take a person into his favour, he soon after that removed him from Exeter, and gave him the higher bishoprick of Norwich; which he enjoyed not without some allay to his happiness, for the civil wars soon breaking out, he underwent the same severities which were exercised against other prelates, of which he has given an account in a piece prefixed to his works, called, Hall's hard Measure; and from this we shall extract the most material circumstances.

The insolence of some churchmen, and the superiority they assumed in the civil government, during the distractions of Charles I. provoked the House of Commons to take some measures to prevent their growing power, which that pious monarch was too much disposed to favour. In consequence of this, the leading members of the opposition petitioned the King to remove the bishops from their seats in Parliament, and degrade them to the station at Commons, which was warmly opposed by the high church lords, and the bishops themselves, who protested against whatever steps were taken during their restraint from Parliament, as illegal, upon this principle, that as they were part of the legislature, no law could pass during their absence, at least if that absence was produced by violence, which Clarendon has fully represented.

The prejudice against the episcopal government gaining ground, petitions to remove the bishops were poured in from all parts of the kingdom, and as the earl of Strafford was then so obnoxious to the popular resentment, his cause and that of the bishops was reckoned by the vulgar, synonimous, and both felt the resentment of an enraged populace. To such a fury were the common people wrought up, that they came in bodies, to the two Houses of Parliament, to crave justice, both against the earl of Strafford, and the archbishop of Canterbury, and, in short, the whole bench of spiritual

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Peers; the mob besieged the two Houses, and threatened vengeance upon the bishops, whenever they came out. This fury excited some motion to be made in the House of Peers, to prevent such tumults for the future, which were sent down to the House of Commons. The bishops, for their safety, were obliged to continue in the Parliament House the greatest part of the night, and at last made their escape by bye-ways and stratagems. They were then convinced that it was no longer safe for them to attend the Parliament, 'till some measures were taken to repress the insolence of the mob, and in consequence of this, they met at the house of the archbishop of York, and drew up a protest, against whatever steps should be taken during their absence, occasioned by violence. This protest, the bishops intended should first be given to the Secretary of State, and by him to the King, and that his Majesty should cause it to be read in the House of Peers; but in place of this, the bishops were accused of high treason, brought before the bar of the House of Peers, and sent to the Tower. During their confinement, their enemies in the House of Commons, took occasion to bring in a bill for taking away the votes of bishops in the House of Peers: in this bill lord Falkland concurred, and it was supported by Mr. Hambden and Mr. Pym, the oracles of the House of Commons, but met with great opposition from Edward Hyde, afterwards earl of Clarendon, who was a friend to the church, and could not bear to see their liberties infringed.

The bishops petitioned to have council assigned them, in which they were indulged, in order to answer to the charge of high treason. A day was appointed, the bishops were brought to the bar, but nothing was effected; the House of Commons at last finding that there could be no proof of high treason, dropt that charge, and were content to libel them for a misdemeanor, in which they likewise but ill succeeded, for the bishops were admitted to bail, and no prosecution was carried on against them, even for a misdemeanor.

Being now at liberty, the greatest part of them retired to their dioceses, 'till the storm which had threatened them should subside. Bishop Hall repaired to Norwich, where he met, from the disaffected party, a very cold reception; he continued preaching however in his cathedral at Norwich, 'till the order of sequestration came down, when he was desired to remove from his palace, while the sequestrators seized upon all his estate, both real and personal, and appraized all the goods which were in the palace. The bishop relates the following instance of oppression which was inflicted on him; 'One morning (says his lordship) before my servants were up, there came to my gates one Wright, a London trooper, attended with others requiring entrance, threatening if they were not admitted, to break open the gates, whom, I found at first sight, struggling with one of my servants for a pistol which he had in his hand; I demanded

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his business at that unseasonable time; he told me he came to search for arms and ammunition, of which I must be disarmed; I told him I had only two muskets in the house, and no other military provision; he not resting upon my word, searched round about the house, looked into the chests and trunks, examined the vessels in the cellar; finding no other warlike furniture, he asked me what horses I had, for his commission was to take them also; I told him how poorly I was stored, and that my age would not allow me to travel on foot; in conclusion, he took one horse away.'

The committee of sequestration soon after proceeded to strip him of all the revenue belonging to his see, and as he refused to take the covenant, the magistrates of the city of Norwich, who were no friends to episcopal jurisdiction, cited him before them, for giving ordination unwarrantably, as they termed it: to this extraordinary summons the bishop answered, that he would not betray the dignity of his station by his personal appearance, to answer any complaints before the Lord Mayor, for as he was a Peer of the realm, no magistrate whatever had a right to take cognizance of his conduct, and that he was only accountable to the House of Lords, of which he was one. The bishop proceeds to enumerate the various insults he received from the enraged populace; sometimes they searched his house for malignants, at other times they threatened violence to his person; nor did their resentment terminate here; they exercised their fury in the cathedral, tore down the altar, broke the organ in pieces, and committed a kind of sacrilegious devastation in the church; they burnt the service books in the market-place, filled the cathedral with musketeers, who behaved in it with as much indecency, as if it had been an alehouse; they forced the bishop out of his palace, and employed that in the same manner. These are the most material hardships which, according to the bishop's own account, happened to him, which he seems to have born with patience and fortitude, and may serve to shew the violence of party rage, and that religion is often made a pretence for committing the most outrageous insolence, and horrid cruelty. It has been already observed, that Hall seems to have been of an enthusiastic turn of mind, which seldom consists with any brilliance of genius; and in this case it holds true, for in his sermons extant, there is an imbecility, which can flow from no other cause than want of parts. In poetry however he seems to have greater power, which will appear when we consider him in that light.

It cannot positively be determined on what year bishop Hall died; he published that work of his called Hard Measure, in the year 1647, at which time he was seventy-three years of age, and in all probability did not long survive it.

His ecclesiastical works are,

A Sermon, preached before King James at Hampton-Court, 1624.

Christian Liberty, set forth in a Sermon at Whitehall, 1628.

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Divine Light and Reflections, in a Sermon at Whitehall, 1640.

A Sermon, preached at the Cathedral of Exeter, upon the Pacification between the two Kingdoms, 1641.

The Mischief of Faction, and the Remedy of it, a Sermon, at Whitehall on the second Sunday in Lent, 1641.

A Sermon, preached at the Tower, 1641.

A Sermon, preached on Whitsunday in Norwich, printed 1644.

A Sermon, preached on Whitsunday at Higham, printed 1652.

A Sermon, preached on Easter day at Higham, 1648.

The Mourner in Sion.

A Sermon, preached at Higham, printed 1655.

The Women's Veil, or a Discourse concerning the Necessity or Expedience of the close Covering the Heads of Women.

Holy Decency in the Worship of God.

Good Security, a Discourse of the Christian's Assurance.

A Plain and Familiar Explication of Christ's Presence, in the Sacrament of his Body and Blood.

A Letter for the Observation of the Feast of Christ's Nativity.

A Letter to Mr. William Struthers, one of the Preachers at Edinburgh.

Epistola D. Baltasari Willio. S.T.D.

Epistola D. Lud. Crocio. S.T.D.

Reverendissimo Marco Antonio de L'om. Archiep. Spalatensi.

Epistola decessus sui ad Romam dissuasiva.

A Modest Offer.

Certain Irrefragable Propositions, worthy of serious Consideration.

The Way of Peace in the Five Busy Articles, commonly known by the name of Arminius.

A Letter concerning the Fall Away from Grace.

A Letter concerning Religion.

A Letter concerning the frequent Injection of Temptations.

A Consolatory Letter to one under Censure.

A Short Answer to the Nine Arguments which are brought against the Bishops sitting in Parliament.

For Episcopacy and Liturgy.

A Speech in Parliament.

A Speech in Parliament, in Defence of the Canons made in Convocation.

A Speech in Parliament, concerning the Power of Bishops in secular things.

The Anthems for the Cathedral of Exeter.

All these are printed in 4to, and were published 1660. There are also other Works of this author. An Edition of the whole has been printed in three Vols. folio.

Besides these works, Bishop Hall is author of Satires in Six Books, lately reprinted under the title of Virgidemiarum, of which we cannot give a better account than in the words of the ingenious authors of the Monthly Review, by which Bishop Hall's genius for that kind of poetical writing will fully appear.

He published these Satires in the twenty third year of his age, and was, as he himself asserts in the Prologue, the first satirist in the English language.

I first adventure, follow me who list,
And be the second English satyrist.

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And, if we consider the difficulty of introducing so nice a poem as satire into a nation, we must allow it required the assistance of no common and ordinary genius. The Italians had their Ariosto, and the French their Regnier, who might have served him as models for imitation; but he copies after the ancients, and chiefly Juvenal and Persius; though he wants not many strokes of elegance and delicacy, which shew him perfectly acquainted with the manner of Horace. Among the several discouragements which attended his attempt in that kind, he mentions one peculiar to the language and nature of the English versification, which would appear in the translation of one of Persius's Satires: The difficulty and dissonance whereof, says he, shall make good my assertion; besides the plain experience thereof in the Satires of Ariosto; save which, and one base French satire, I could never attain the view of any for my direction. Yet we may pay him almost the same compliment which was given of old to Homer and Archilochus: for the improvements which have been made by succeeding poets bear no manner of proportion to the distance of time between him and them. The verses of bishop Hall are in general extremely musical and flowing, and are greatly preferable to Dr. Donne's, as being of a much smoother cadence; neither shall we find him deficient, if compared with his successor, in point of thought and wit; but he exceeds him with respect to his characters, which are more numerous, and wrought up with greater art and strength of colouring. Many of his lines would do honour to the most ingenious of our modern poets; and some of them have thought it worth their labour to imitate him, especially Mr. Oldham. Bishop Hall was not only our first satyrist, but was the first who brought epistolary writing to the view of the public; which was common in that age to other parts of Europe, but not practised in England, till he published his own epistles. It may be proper to take notice, that the Virgidemiarum are not printed with his other writings, and that an account of them is omitted by him, through his extreme modesty, in the Specialities of his Life, prefixed to the third volume of his works in folio.

The author's postscript to his satires is prefixed by the editor in the room of a preface, and without any apparent impropriety. It is not without some signatures of the bishop's good sense and taste; and, making a just allowance for the use of a few obsolete terms, and the puerile custom of that age in making affected repetitions and reiterations of the same word within the compass of a period, it would read like no bad prose at present. He had undoubtedly an excellent ear, and we must conclude he must have succeeded considerably in erotic or pastoral poetry, from the following stanza's, in his Defiance to Envy, which may be considered as an exordium to his poetical writings.

Witnesse, ye muses, how I wilful sung
These heady rhimes, withouten second care;
And wish'd them worse my guilty thoughts among;
The ruder satire should go ragg'd and bare,
And shew his rougher and his hairy hide,
Tho' mine be smooth, and deck'd in carelesse pride.

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Would we but breathe within a wax-bound quill,
Pan's seven-fold pipe, some plaintive pastoral;
To teach each hollow grove, and shrubby hill,
Each murmuring brook, each solitary vale
To found our love, and to our song accord,
Wearying Echo with one changelesse word.

Or lift us make two striving shepherds sing,
With costly wagers for the victory,
Under Menalcas judge; while one doth bring
A carven bowl well wrought of beechen tree,
Praising it by the story; or the frame,
Or want of use, or skilful maker's name.

Another layeth a well-marked lamb,
Or spotted kid, or some more forward steere,
And from the paile doth praise their fertile dam;
So do they strive in doubt, in hope, in feare,
Awaiting for their trusty empire's doome,
Faulted as false by him that's overcome.
Whether so me lift my lovely thought to sing,
Come dance ye nimble Dryads by my side,
Ye gentle wood-nymphs come; and with you bring
The willing fawns that mought their music guide.
Come nymphs and fawns, that haunts those shady groves,
While I report my fortunes or my loves.

The first three books of satires are termed by the author Toothless satires, and the three last Biting satires. He has an animated idea of good poetry, and a just contempt of poetasters in the different species of it. He says of himself, in the first satire.

Nor can I crouch, and writhe my fawning tayle,
To some great Patron for my best avayle.
Such hunger-starven trencher-poetrie,
Or let it never live, or timely die.

He frequently avows his admiration of Spenser, whose cotemporary he was. His first book, consisting of nine satires, appears in a manner entirely levelled at low and abject poetasters. Several satires of the second book reprehend the contempt of the rich, for men of science and genius. We shall transcribe the sixth, being short, and void of all obscurity.

A gentle squire would gladly entertaine
Into his house some trencher-chaplaine;

Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
And that would stand to good conditions.
First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
While his young maister lieth o'er his head.
Second, that he do on no default,
Ever presume to sit above the salt.
Third, that he never change his trencher twise.
Fourth, that he use all common courtesies;
Sit bare at meales, and one halfe raise and wait.
Last, that he never his young maister beat,
But he must ask his mother to define,
How manie jerkes she would his breech should line.
All these observed, he could contented bee,
To give five markes and winter liverie.

The seventh and last of this book is a very just and humorous satire against judicial astrology, which was probably in as high credit then, as witchcraft was in the succeeding reign.

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The first satire of the third book is a strong contrast of the temperance and simplicity of former ages, with the luxury and effeminacy of his own tines, which a reflecting reader would be apt to think no better than the present. We find the good bishop supposes our ancestors as poorly fed as Virgil's and Horace's rustics. He says, with sufficient energy,

Thy grandsire's words favour'd of thrifty leekes,
Or manly garlicke; but thy furnace reekes
Hot steams of wine; and can a-loose descrie
The drunken draughts of sweet autumnitie.

The second is a short satire on erecting stately monuments to worthless men. The following advice is nobly moral, the subsequent sarcasm just and well expressed.

Thy monument make thou thy living deeds;
No other tomb than that true virtue needs.
What! had he nought whereby he might be knowne
But costly pilements of some curious stone?
The matter nature's, and the workman's frame;
His purse's cost: where then is Osmond's name?
Deserv'dst thou ill? well were thy name and thee,
Wert thou inditched in great secrecie.

The third gives an account of a citizen's feast, to which he was invited, as he says,

With hollow words, and [2] overly request.

and whom he disappointed by accepting his invitation at once, and not Maydening it; no insignificant term as he applies it: for, as he says,

Who looks for double biddings to a feast,
May dine at home for an importune guest.

After a sumptuous bill of fare, our author compares the great plenty of it to our present notion of a miser's feast—saying,

Come there no more; for so meant all that cost;
Never hence take me for thy second host.

The fourth is levelled at Ostentation in devotion, or in dress. The fifth represents the sad plight of a courtier, whose Perewinke, as he terms it, the wind had blown off by unbonnetting in a salute, and exposed his waxen crown or scalp. 'Tis probable this might be about the time of their introduction into dress here. The sixth, which is a fragment, contains a hyperbolical relation of a thirsty foul, called Gullion, who drunk Acheron dry in his passage over it, and grounded Charon's boat, but floated it again, by

as liberal a stream of urine. It concludes with the following sarcastical, yet wholesome irony.

> Drinke on drie foule, and pledge Sir Gullion:
> Drinke to all healths, but drink not to thyne owne.

The seventh and last is a humorous description of a famished beau, who had dined only with duke Humfrey, and who was strangely adorned with exotic dress.

To these three satires he adds the following conclusion.

> Thus have I writ, in smoother cedar tree,
> So gentle Satires, penn'd so easily.
> Henceforth I write in crabbed oak-tree rynde,
> Search they that mean the secret meaning find.
> Hold out ye guilty and ye galled hides,
> And meet my far-fetched stripes with waiting sides.

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In his biting satires he breathes still more of the spirit and stile of Juvenal, his third of this book being an imitation of that satirist's eighth, on Family-madness and Pride of Descent; the beginning of which is not translated amiss by our author. The principal object of his fourth satire, Gallio, would correspond with a modern Fribble, but that he supposes him capable of hunting and hawking, which are exercises rather too coarse and indelicate for ours: this may intimate perhaps, that the reign of the great Elizabeth had no character quite so unmanly as our age. In advising him to wed, however, we have no bad portrait of the Petit Maitre.

Hye thee, and give the world yet one dwarfe more,
Such as it got when thou thy selfe was bore.

His fifth satire contrasts the extremes of Prodigality and Avarice; and by a few initials, which are skabbarded, it looks as if he had some individuals in view; though he has disclaimed such an intention in his postscript (now the preface) p. 6. lin. 25, &c. His sixth sets out very much like the first satire of Horace's first book, on the Dissatisfaction and Caprice of mankind—Qui fit Mecaenas; and, after a just and lively-description of our different pursuits in life, he concludes with the following preference of a college one, which, we find in the Specialities of his life, he was greatly devoted to in his youth. The lines, which are far from inelegant, seem indeed to come from his heart, and make him appear as an exception to that too general human discontent, which was the subject of this satire.

'Mongst all these stirs of discontented strife,
Oh let me lead an academick life;
To know much, and to think we nothing know;
Nothing to have, yet think we have enowe;
In skill to want, and wanting seek for more;
In weele nor want, nor wish for greater store.
Envy, ye monarchs, with your proad excesse,
At our low sayle, and our high happinesse.

The last satire of this book is a severe one on the clergy of the church of Rome. He terms it POMH-PYMH, by which we suppose he intended to brand Roma, as the Sink of Superstition. He observes, if Juvenal, whom he calls Aquine's carping spright, were now alive, among other surprising alterations at Rome,

—that he most would gaze and wonder at, Is th' horned mitre, and the bloody hat, The crooked staffe, their coule's strange form and store, Save that he saw the fame in hell before.

The first satire of the fifth book is levelled at Racking Landlords. The following lines are a strong example of the taste of those times for the Punn and Paronomasia.

While freezing Matho, that for one lean fee
Won't term each term the term of Hillary,
May now, instead of those his simple fees,
Get the fee-simples of faire manneries.

The second satire lashes the incongruity of stately buildings and want of hospitality, and naturally reminds us of a pleasant epigram of Martial's on the same occasion, where after describing the magnificence of a villa, he concludes however, there is no room either to sup or lodge in it. It ends with a transition on the contumely with which the parasites are treated at the tables of the great; being a pretty close imitation of Juvenal on the same subject. This satire has also a few skabbarded initials.

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In his third, titled, [Greek: KOINA PHIAON], where he reprehends Plato's notion of a political community of all things, are the following lines:

Plato is dead, and dead is his device,
Which some thought witty, none thought ever wise:
Yet certes Macha is a Platonist
To all, they say, save whoso do not list;
Because her husband, a far traffick' man,
Is a profess'd Peripatician.

His last book and satire, for it consists but of one, is a humorous ironical recantation of his former satires; as the author pretends there can be no just one in such perfect times as his own. The latter part of it alludes to different passages in Juvenal; and he particularly reflects on some poetaster he calls Labeo, whom he had repeatedly lash'd before; and who was not improbably some cotemporary scribler.

Upon the whole, these satires sufficiently evince both the learning and ingenuity of their author. The sense has generally such a sufficient pause, and will admit of such a punctuation at the close of the second line, and the verse is very often as harmonious too, as if it was calculated for a modern ear: tho' the great number of obsolete words retained would incline us to think the editors had not procured any very extraordinary alteration of the original edition, which we have never seen. The present one is nearly printed; and, if it should occasion another, we cannot think but a short glossary at the end of it, or explanations at the bottom of the pages, where the most uncouth and antiquated terms occur, would justly increase the value of it, by adding considerably to the perspicuity of this writer; who, in other respects, seems to have been a learned divine, a conscientious christian, a lover of peace, and well endued with patience; for the exercise of which virtue, the confusions at the latter end of his life, about the time of the death of Charles I. furnished him with frequent opportunities, the account of his own hard measures being dated in May 1647. We have met with no other poetical writings of the bishop's, except three anthems, composed for the use of his cathedral-church; and indeed, it seems as if his continual occupation after his youth, and his troubles in age, were sufficient to suppress any future propensity to satirical poetry: which we may infer from the conclusion of the first satire of his fourth book.

While now my rhimes relish of the ferule still,
Some nose-wise pedant saith; whose deep-seen skill
Hath three times construed either Flaccus o'er,
And thrice rehears'd them in his trivial flore.
So let them tax me for my hot blood's rage,
Rather than say I doated in my age.

[Footnote 1: Specialities of this bishop's life prefixed to his works.]

[Footnote 2: Slight.]

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RICHARD CRASHAW.

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Son of an eminent divine named William Crashaw, was educated in grammar learning in Sutton's-Hospital called the Charter-House, near London, and in academical, partly in Pembroke-Hall, of which he was a scholar, and afterwards in Peterhouse, Cambridge, of which he was a fellow, where, as in the former house, he was distinguished for his Latin and English poetry. Afterwards he took the degree of master of arts; but being soon after thrown out of his fellowship, with many others of the University of Cambridge, for denying the Covenant during the time of the rebellion, he was for a time obliged to shift for himself, and struggle against want and oppression. At length being wearied with persecution and poverty, and foreseeing the calamity which threatened and afterwards fell upon his church and country, by the unbounded fury of the Presbyterians, he changed his religion, and went beyond sea, in order to recommend himself to some Popish preferment in Paris; but being a mere scholar was incapable of executing his new plan of a livelihood. Mr. Abraham Cowley hearing of his being there, endeavoured to find him out, which he did, and to his great surprize saw him in a very miserable plight: this happened in the year 1646. This generous bard gave him all the assistance he could, and obtained likewise some relief for him from Henrietta Maria the Queen Dowager, then residing at Paris. Our author receiving letters of recommendation from his Queen, he took a journey into Italy, and by virtue of those letters became a secretary to a Cardinal at Rome, and at length one of the canons or chaplains of the rich church of our lady of Loretto, some miles distant from thence, where he died in 1650.

This conduct of Crashaw can by no means be justified: when a man changes one religion for another, he ought to do it at a time when no motive of interest can well be supposed to have produced it; for it does no honour to religion, nor to the person who becomes a convert, when it is evident, he would not have altered his opinion, had not his party been suffering; and what would have become of the church of England, what of the Protestant religion, what of christianity in general, had the apostles and primitive martyrs, and later champions for truth, meanly abandoned it like Crashaw, because the hand of power was lifted up against it. It is an old observation, that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church; but Crashaw took care that the church mould reap no benefit by his perseverance. Before he left England he wrote poems, entitled, Steps to the Temple; and Wood says, "That he led his life in St. Mary's church near to Peterhouse, where he lodged under Tertullian's roof of angels; there he made his nest more glad than David's swallow near the house of God, where like a primitive saint he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day. There he pen'd the poems called Steps to the Temple for Happy Souls to climb to Heaven by.

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To the said Steps are joined other poems, entitled, The Delights of the Muses, wherein are several Latin poems; which tho' of a more humane mixture, yet are sweet as they are innocent. He hath also written Carmen Deo Nostro, being Hymns and other sacred Poems, addressed to the Countess of Denbigh. He is said to have been master of five languages, besides his mother tongue, *viz*. Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, and Spanish."

Mr. Crashaw seems to have been a very delicate and chaste writer; his language is pure, his thoughts natural, and his manner of writing tender.

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WILLIAM ROWLEY.

An author who lived in the reign of Charles I. and was some time a member of Pembroke-Hall in Cambridge. There are no particulars on record concerning this poet. He was beloved, says Langbaine, by Shakespear, Johnson, and Fletcher, and writ with the former the British Merlin, besides what he joined in writing with poets of the third class, as Heywood, Middleton, Day, and Webster.

The author has six plays in print of his own writing, which are as follows;

1. A New Wonder, a Woman never vext, a Comedy, acted Anno 1632. The Widow's finding her wedding Ring (which she dropt crossing the Thames) in the Belly of a Fish, is taken from the Story of Polycrates, in the Thalia of Herodotus.

2. A Match at Midnight, a Comedy, acted by the Children of the Revels, 1633. Part of the Plot is taken from a Story in the English Rogue, Part the fourth.

3. All's lost by Lust, a Tragedy, acted at the Phoenix in Drury-lane by the Lady Elizabeth's Servants, 1633. This is esteemed a tolerable Play.

4. Shoemaker's a Gentleman, a Comedy, acted at the Red-Bull, 1638. This Play was afterwards revived at the Theatre in Dorset-Garden. Plot from Crispin and Crispianus; or the History of the Gentle Craft.

5. The Witch of Edmonton, a Tragi-Comedy, acted by the Prince's Servants at the Cock-pit in Drury-Lane, 1658. This Play was afterwards acted at Court with Applause.

6. The Birth of Merlin, a Tragi-Comedy, 1662. The Plot from Geofrey of Monmouth. Shakespear assisted in this Play. He joined with Middleton in his Spanish Gypsies, Webster in his Thracian Wonder.

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THOMAS NASH.

A versifier in the reign of King Charles I. was educated in the university of Cambridge, and was designed for holy orders. He was descended from a family in Hertfordshire, and was born at Leostoff in Suffolk. Whether he obtained any preferment in the church, or was honoured with any great man's patronage, is no where determined. It is reasonable to believe the contrary, because good fortune is seldom without the evidence of flattery, or envy, whereas distress and obscurity, are almost inseparable companions.

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This is further confirmed in some lines vehemently passionate, in a performance of his called Piers Penniless; which to say nothing of the poetry, are a strong picture of rage, and despair, and part of which as they will shew that he was no mean versifier, shall be quoted by way of specimen. In the abovementioned piece of Piers Penniless, or Supplication to the Devil, he had some reflections on the parentage of Dr. Harvey, his father being a rope-maker of Saffron-Walden. This produced contests between the Doctor and him, so that it became a paper war. Amongst other books which Mr. Nash wrote against him, was one entitled, Have with ye, to Saffron Walden; and another called, Four letters confuted. He wrote likewise a poem, called, The White Herring and the Red. He has published two plays, Dido Queen of Carthage, in which he joined with Marloe: and Summers last Will and Testament, a Comedy. Langbaine says, he could never procure a sight of either of these, but as to the play called, See me, and See me not, ascribed to him by Winstanley, he says, it is written by one Drawbridgecourt Belchier, Esq; Thomas Nash had the reputation of a sharp satirist, which talent he exerted with a great deal of acrimony against the Covenanters and Puritans of his time: He likewise wrote a piece called, The Fourfold way to Happiness, in a dialogue between a countryman, citizen, divine, and lawyer, printed in 4to. London, 1633.

In an old poem called the return to Parnassus; or a scourge for Simony, Nash's character is summed up in four lines, which Mrs. Cooper thinks is impartially done.

Let all his faults sleep in his mournful chest,
And there for ever with his ashes rest!
His stile was witty; tho he had some gall:
Something he might have mended——so may all

From his *piers penniless*.

Why is't damnation to despair and die,
When life is my true happiness disease?
My soul! my soul' thy safety makes me fly
The faulty means that might my pain appease,
Divines, and dying men may talk of Hell;
But, in my heart, her sev'ral torments dwell!
Ah! worthless wit to train me to this woe!
Deceitful arts, that nourish discontent!
Ill thrive the folly that bewitched me so!
Vain thoughts adieu, for now I will repent!
And yet my wants persuade me to proceed,
Since none take pity of a Scholar's need!

Forgive me God, altho' I curse my birth,
And ban the air wherein I breath a wretch!
Since misery hath daunted all my mirth
And I am quite undone, thro' promise breach
O friends! no friends! that then ungently frown,
When changing fortune casts us headlong down!

Without redress, complains my careless verse,
And Midas ears relent not at my moan!
In some far land will I my griefs rehearse,
'Mongst them that will be moved when I shall groan!
England adieu! the soil that brought me forth!
Adieu unkind where still is nothing worth!

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JOHN FORD,

A Gentleman of the Middle-Temple, who wrote in the reign of Charles I. He was a well-wisher to the muses, and a friend and acquaintance of most of the poets of his time. He was not only a partner with Rowley and Decker in the Witch of Edmonton, and with Decker in the Sun's Darling; but wrote likewise himself seven plays, most of which were acted at the Phaenix in the Black-Fryars, and may be known by an Anagram instead of his name, generally printed in the title-page, viz,

Fide Honor.

His genius was more turned for tragedy than comedy, which occasioned an old poet to write thus of him:

Deep in a dump, John Ford was alone got,
With folded arms, and melancholy hat.

These particulars I find in Mr. Langbaine, who gives the following account of his plays;

1. Broken Heart, a Tragedy, acted by the King's Servants at the private House in Black-Fryars, printed in 4to. London 1633, and dedicated to Lord Craven, Baron of Hamstead-Marshal: The Speaker's Names are fitted to their Qualities, and most of them are derived from Greek Etymologies.

2. Fancies Chaste and Noble, a Tragi-Comedy, acted by the Queen's Servants, at the Phoenix in Drury Lane, printed 4to. London 1638, and dedicated to Lord Randel Macdonell, Earl of Antrim, in the Kingdom of Ireland.

3. Ladies Tryal, a Tragi-Comedy, acted by both their Majesties Servants, at the Private House in Drury-Lane, printed 4to. London, 1639.

4. Lover's Melancholy, a Tragi-Comedy, acted at a Private House in Black-Fryars, and publickly at the Globe by the King's Servants, printed 4to. London 1629, and dedicated to the Society of Gray's-Inn. This Play is commended by four of the author's Friends, one of whom writes the following Tetrastich:

'Tis not the language, nor the fore-placed rhimes
Of friends, that shall commend to after times
The lover's melancholy: It's own worth
Without a borrowed praise shall see it forth.

The author, says Langbaine, has imbellished this Play with several fancies from other Writers, which he has appositely brought in, as the Story of the Contention between the Musician and the Nightingale, described in Strada's academical Prolusions, Lib. ii. Prol. 6.

5. Love's Sacrifice, a Tragedy, received generally well, acted by the Queen's Servants, at the Phoenix in Drury-Lane; printed 4to. Lond. 1663. There is a copy of verses prefixed to this Play, written by James Shirley, Esq; a dramatic writer.

6. Perkin Warbeck, a Chronicle History, and strange Truth, acted by the Queen's Servants in Drury-Lane, printed 4to. 1634, and dedicated to William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle. This Play, as several of the former, is attended with Verses written by four of the Author's friends. The Plot is founded on Truth, and may be read in all the Chronicles of Henry *vii*.

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7. Sun's Darling, a Moral Mask, often presented by their Majesties Servants at the Cock-pit in Drury-Lane, with great Applause, printed in 4to. London 1657, dedicated to the Right Hon. Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. This Play was wrote by our author and John Decker, but not published till after their decease. A Copy of Verses written by Mr. John Tateham is the Introduction to the Mask, at the Entry whereof the Reader will find an Explanation of the Design alluding to the Four Seasons of the Year.

8. 'Tis Pity she's a Whore, a Tragedy, printed in 4to. Mr. Langbaine says, that this equals if not exceeds any of our author's performances, and were to be commended did not he paint the incestuous love between Giovanni, and his Sister Annabella, in too beautiful colours. I have not been able to ascertain the year in which this author died; but imagine from circumstances, that it must have been some time before the Restoration, and before the Year 1657, for the Sun's Darling, written between him and Decker was published in 1657, which Mr. Langbaine says, was after their Decease.

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THOMAS MIDDLETON

Lived in the reign of King Charles I. he was cotemporary with Johnson, Fletcher, Maslinger and Rowley, in whose friendship he is said to have shared, and though he fell much short of the two former, yet being joined with them in writing plays, he arrived at some reputation. He joined with Fletcher and Johnson in a play called The Widow, and the highest honour that is known of this poet, is, his being admitted to make a triumvirate with two such great men: he joined with Massinger and Rowley in writing the Old Law; he was likewise assisted by Rowley in writing three plays[1]. We have not been able to find any particulars of this man's life, further than his friendship and connection already mentioned, owing to his obscurity, as he was never considered as a genius, concerning which the world thought themselves interested to preserve any particulars.

His dramatic works are,

1. The Five Gallants, acted at the Black Fryars.

2. Blur, Mr. Constable, or the Spaniard's Night Walk, a Comedy, acted by the Children of St. Paul's School, 1602.

3. The Phaenix, a Tragedy, acted by the Children of St. Paul's, and also before his Majesty, 1607; the story is taken from a Spanish Novel, called the Force of Love.

4. The Family of Love, a Comedy, acted by the children of his Majesty's Revels, 1608.

5. The Roaring Girl, or Moll Cutpurse, acted by the Prince's Players, 1611; part of this play was writ by Mr. Decker.

6. A Trick to catch the Old One, a Comedy, acted both at St. Paul's and Black Fryars before their Majesties, with success, 1616.

7. The Triumphs of Love and Antiquity, a Masque, performed at the Confirmation of Sir William Cokain, General of his Majesty's Forces, and Lord Mayor of the city of London, 1619.

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8. The Chaste Maid of Cheapside, a pleasant Comedy, acted by the Lady Elizabeth's servants, 1620.

9. The World toss'd at Tennis, a Masque, presented by the Prince's servants, 1620.

10. The Fair Quarrel, a Comedy, acted in the year 1622, Mr. Rowley assisted in the composing this Play.

11. The Inner Temple Masque, a Masque of Heroes, represented by the Gentlemen of the Inner-Temple, 1640.

12. The Changeling, a Tragedy, acted at a private house in Drury Lane, and Salisbury Court, with applause, 1653, Mr. Rowley joined in writing this play; for the plot see the story of Alsemero, and Beatrice Joanna in Reynolds's God's Revenge against Murder.

13. The Old Law, or a New Way to Please You, a Comedy, acted before the King and Queen in Salisbury Court, printed 1656. Massenger and Rowley assisted in this Play.

14. No Wit, No Help like a Woman's, a Comedy, acted in the year 1657.

15. Women, beware Women, a Tragedy, 1657. This Play is founded on a Romance called Hyppolito and Isabella.

16. More Dissemblers besides Women, a Comedy, acted 1657.

17. The Spanish Gypsies, a Comedy, acted with applause, both at the private house in Drury Lane, and Salisbury Court, 1660; in this Play he was assisted by Mr. Rowley. Part of it is borrowed from a Spanish Novel called the Force of Blood, written originally by Cervantes.

18. The Mayor of Queenborough, a Comedy, acted by his Majesty's servants, 1661. For the plot see the Reign of Vartigas, by Stow and Speed.

19. Any Thing for a Quiet Life, acted at the Globe on the Bank Side. This is a game between the Church of England, and that of Rome, wherein the former gains the victory.

20. Michaelmas Term, a Comedy; it is uncertain whether this play was ever acted.

21. A Mad World, my Masters, a Comedy, often acted at a private house in Salisbury Court with applause.

[Footnote 1: Langbaine's Lives of the Poets, p. 370.]

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End of the First *volume*.