Cavalier Poets

Clarence M. Lindsay

CAVALIER POETS

BY

CLARENCE M. LINDSAY

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CHARLES I.

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Preface

THE Commonwealth could certainly boast of one great singer, for Milton far outshines the lesser literary lights of his age.

On the other hand the party of the King could lay claim to a goodly number of poets, of varying merit, to be sure, who appear to have been equally ready with pen or sword in support of their cause.

The Cavalier poets form a distinctive group. English literature has certainly gained much from their productions, for though their verses were not always of that solid sort as would appeal to Puritan taste, they were far from being entirely frivolous and licentious.

The Cavalier was well versed in love and gallantry, and we must of course expect to find his songs more or less tinged with the

manners and the mode of life which were his.

In considering the licentiousness which sometimes tainted the purity of his verse, we must make allowance for the age in which he lived. Lines unfit for modern ears, would have given little or no offense in that bygone period.

There are passages in the works of Lovelace and his compeers that are to be counted among the rarest gems of verse; gems which should live even if the very names of the gallant authors be lost in the mist of years.

As to the cause for which the Cavaliers contended, we in our day, can look back and view more calmly the fierce strife between King and Parliament, when England was writhing in the throes of civil war.

But what chivalrous and generous soul will not thrill with sympathy for those doughty men, who held to their allegiance, though they might lose fortune, liberty, or even life itself in consequence.

Fearful, indeed, were the sufferings of some of these royalists at the hands of their

enemies, and no assumed cloak of righteousness can make less odious the excesses of the party of the Parliament.

"But, sacred Saviour! with Thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such as, Thou knowest, do not know what
they do."

So wrote Charles the First during his captivity in Carisbrooke Castle, and it is well if we share his charity towards those whose efforts for reform were so stained with blood.

CLARENCE M. LINDSAY.

Colonel Richard Lovelace

RICHARD LOVELACE.
From an original Picture at Dulwich College.

Cavalier Poets

Chapter

I

Colonel Richard Lovelace

IT IS doubtful if among all the followers of Charles the First, there was a finer example of the true Cavalier, loyal, noble and courageous, than the distinguished Colonel Lovelace.

This gentleman was the son of Sir William Lovelace, of Kent. Before he became a courtier he composed two dramatic pieces, "The Scholar," and "The Soldier." The latter play was never acted, as the theatres were closed after 1636. He took a master's degree at Cambridge, and was for some time an

officer in the army. In 1642 the people of Kent deputed Lovelace to deliver their petition to the House of Commons, asking that the King be restored to his rights. As it happened, this petition gave such offense that Lovelace was committed to the Gate-house prison, from which place were sent those lines addressed to Althea, containing the well-known couplet:

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

He was only released on finding bail to an enormous amount not to pass beyond the lines of communication.

All his patrimony was spent in the King's behalf before 1646. In that year he formed a regiment for the service of the French king, and was wounded at Dunkirk.

His mistress, Lucy Sacheverel, whom he addresses under the name of Lucasta, hearing that he had died of his wounds at Dunkirk, married another.

Returning to England in 1648, he was again

imprisoned, nor was he released till after the death of the King.

Lovelace, who when at Gloucester Hall, Oxford, was "accounted the most amiable and beautiful person that eye ever beheld," became poor both in body and purse, "was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes, and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places." He died in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane, London, in April, 1658.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

When love, with unconfinèd wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;

When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When linnet-like, confinèd, I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercy, sweetness, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
The enlargèd winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I choose
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

TO LUCASTA.

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that, when I am gone,
You or I were alone;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suage
The foaming blue-god's rage;
For, whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and lands be 'twixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls:
Above the highest sphere we meet,
Unseen, unknown; and greet as angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' the skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In heaven,—their earthly bodies left behind.

SONG.

Amarantha, sweet and fair,
Oh, braid no more that shining hair!
Let it fly, as unconfined,
As its calm ravisher, the wind;
Who hath left his darling, th' east,
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.
Every tress must be confest,
But neatly tangled, at the best;
Like a clue of golden thread
Most excellently ravelèd.

Colonel Richard Lovelace.

Do not, then, wind up that light
In ribands, and o'ercloud in night,
Like the sun's in early ray;
But shake your head and scatter day.

ON LELY'S PORTRAIT OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

See what an humble bravery doth shine,
And grief triumphant breaking through each line,
How it commands the face! So sweet a scorn
Never did happy misery adorn!
So sacred a contempt that others show
To this (o' the height of all the wheel) below;
That mightiest monarchs by this shaded book
May copy out their proudest, richest look.

ORPHEUS TO THE BEASTS.

Here, here, oh here, Eurydice—
Here was she slain—
Her soul 'stilled through a vein;
The gods knew less

That time divinity,
Than even, even these
Of brutishness.

O could you view the melody,
Of every grace,
And music of her face,
You'd drop a tear;
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye,
Than now you hear.

Ah me, the little tyrant thief
As once my heart was playing,
He snatch'd it up, and flew away,
Laughing at all my praying.

Proud of his purchase, he surveys,
And curiously sounds it;
And though he sees it full of wounds,
Cruel still on he wounds it.

And now this heart is all his sport,
Which as a ball he boundeth,
From hand to hand, from breast to lip,
And all its rest confoundeth.

Then as a top he sets it up,
And pitifully whips it;
Sometimes he clothes it gay and fine,
Then straight again he strips it.

He covered it with false belief,
Which gloriously showed it;
And for a morning cushionet
On 's mother he bestowed it.

Each day with her small brazen stings
A thousand times she raced it;
But then at night, bright with her gems,
Once near her breast she placed it.

Then warm it 'gan to throb and bleed,
She knew that smart and grieved;
At length this poor condemnèd heart,
With these rich drugs reprieved.

She washed the wound with a fresh tear,
Which my Lucasta dropped;
And in the sleeve silk of her hair
'Twas hard bound up and wrapped.

She probed it with her constancy,
And found no rancour nigh it;
Only the anger of her eye
Had wrought some proud flesh nigh it.

Then pressed she hard in every vein,
Which from her kisses thrilled,
And with the balm healed all its pain
That from her hand distilled.

But yet this heart avoids me still,
Will not by me be owned;
But, fled to its physician's breast,
There proudly sits enthroned.

Sidney Godolphin

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN.
From a Drawing by Bulfinch in the Collection at Strawberry Hill.

Chapter II

Sidney Godolphin

"Thou art dead, Godolphin, who lov'dst reason true,
Justice and peace; soldier belov'd, adieu!"

SO SANG Thomas Hobbes, of the great Godolphin, to whose brother, Francis, he dedicated his "Leviathan."

The poet was a native of Cornwall, and educated at Exeter College. He was early in public life, being elected member for Helston, in 1628; again to the Short Parliament, in March, 1640, and to the Long Parliament, in October, 1640. An adherent of Strafford, he was one of the last royalist members to leave the House. He made a speech of warn-

ing upon the breaking out of the civil war, and departed to raise a force in his native Cornwall. He joined Sir Ralph Hopton's army, which, crossing the Tamar, advanced into Devonshire.

In a skirmish at Chagford he was shot, and his remains were laid to rest in the chancel of Okehampton Church.

He has been described as a very small man (Suckling refers to him as "little Cid"), shy, sensitive and melancholy, though universally admired.

Hobbes, whom we have already quoted, and whose regard for Godolphin appears to have been amply returned by the poet, thus speaks in praise of this accomplished Cavalier:

"I have known clearness of judgment, and largeness of fancy, strength of reason and graceful elocution; a courage for the war, and a fear for the laws; and all eminently in one man; and that was my most noble and honoured friend, Mr. Sidney Godolphin."

Sidney Godolphin.

LOVE.

'Tis affection but dissembled,
Of dissembled liberty,
To pretend thy passion changed
With changes of thy mistress' eye,
Following her inconstancy.

Hopes which do from favour flourish,
May perhaps as soon expire
As the cause which did them nourish,
And disdained they may retire;
But love is another fire.

But if beauty cause thy passion,
If a fair, resistless eye
Melt thee with its soft expression,
Then thy hopes will never die,
Nor be cured by cruelty.

'Tis not scorn that can remove thee,
For thou either wilt not see
Such loved beauty not to love thee,
Or will else consent that she
Judge not as she ought of thee.

Thus thou either canst not sever
Hope from what appears so fair,
Or, unhappier, thou canst never
Find contentment in despair,
Nor make love a trifling care.

There are seen but few retiring
Steps in all the paths of love,
Made by such who in aspiring
Meeting scorn their hopes remove,
Yet even these ne'er change their love.

Sir William Davenant

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.
From an original Picture.

Chapter III

Sir William Davenant

THIS poet, though born the son of a vintner, at Oxford, rose to be Laureate of England, and for his services to the Crown received the honor of knighthood.

In the civil war he was a lieutenant-general of ordnance, and rendered further service by conducting negotiations between the King and his advisers at Paris.

He was twice confined in the Tower. The first time he succeeded in making good his escape to France, but later returned, and distinguished himself in the royal cause.

After a time Davenant sailed for Virginia as a colonial projector. But the vessel was taken by one of the parliamentary ships of war,

and the poet lodged in prison at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. In the year 1650 he was removed to the Tower preparatory to trial, but after two years' imprisonment, obtained his release. It is stated that Milton interceded for him.

After the Restoration, when the tables were changed, Davenant interfered in behalf of the blind bard.

The laureate enjoyed the favor of the second Charles, and continued to write and superintend the performances of his plays, till death overtook him in 1668.

His fame as a poet has dwindled, though he was once regarded as an extraordinary genius, as witness the following lines, addressed to him by his intimate friend and fellow-poet, Sir John Suckling:

"Thou hast redeemed us, Will, and future times
Shall not account unto the age's crimes
Dearth of pure wit: since the great lord of it,
Donne, parted hence, no man has ever writ

So near him in 's own way: I would commend
Particulars; but then, how should I end
Without a volume? every line of thine
Would ask, to praise it right, twenty of mine."

SONG.

The lark now leaves his watery nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings,
He takes his window for the east,
And to implore your light, he sings,
Awake, awake, the moon will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
Who look for day before his mistress wakes:
Awake, awake, break through yon veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.

ON THE CAPTIVITY OF THE COUNTESS OF ANGLESEY.

O whither will you lead the fair
And spicy daughter of the morn,
Those manacles of her soft hair,
Princes, though free, would fain have worn.

What is her crime? What has she done?
Did she by breaking beauty stay,
Or from his course mislead the sun,
So robbed your harvest of a day?

Or did her voice, divinely clear,
Since lately in your forest bred,
Make all the trees dance after her,
And so your woods disforested?

Run, run! pursue this gothic rout,
Who rudely love in bondage keep;
Sure all old lovers have the gout,
The young are overmatched, and sleep.

TO THE QUEEN.

Fair as unshaded light, or as the day
In its first birth, when all the year was May;

Sir William Davenant.

Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
Unfolded bud, swell'd by the early dew;
Smooth as the waters first appeared,
Ere tides began to strive, or winds were heard;
Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far
Than in their sleep forgiven hermits are.

You that are more than our discreeter fear
Dares praise, with such full art, what make you here?
Here, where the summer is so little seen,
That leaves, her cheapest wealth, scarce reach at green;
You come, as if the silver planet were
Misled awhile from her much injured sphere;
And, t' ease the travels of her beams to-night,
In this small lanthorn would contract her light.

THE SOLDIER GOING TO THE FIELD.

Preserve thy sighs, unthrifty girl,
To purify the air;
Thy tears, to thread instead of pearl
On bracelets of thy hair.

The trumpet makes the echo hoarse
And wakes the louder drum;
Expense of grief makes no remorse
When sorrow should be dumb.

For I must go where lazy Peace
Will hide her drowsy head,
And, for the sport of kings, increase
The number of the dead.

But first I'll chide thy cruel theft:
Can I in war delight
Who, being of my heart bereft,
Can have no heart to fight?

Thou know'st the sacred laws of old
Ordained a thief should pay,
To quit him of his theft, sevenfold
What he had stol'n away.

Thy payment shall but double be;
O then with speed resign
My own seducèd heart to me,
Accompanied with thine.

Alexander Brome

ALEXANDER BROME.
From a scarce Print by Loggan prefixed to his Songs and Poems.

Chapter IV

Alexander Brome

THIS Cavalier, who during the civil war distinguished himself by his attachment to the cause of Charles I., "was of so jovial a strain that among the sons of Mirth and Bacchus, to whom his sack-inspired songs have been so often sung to the spritely violin, his name cannot choose but be immortal, and in this respect he may well be styled the English Anacreon." And such was his title among the Cavaliers.

Most of the songs and epigrams that were published against the Rump have been ascribed to him. A strenuous loyalist and the bac-

chanalian songster of the party of the King, he enjoyed, no doubt, great popularity in his day.

In Walton's "Lives," the lyric poems of Brome are referred to as—

"Those cheerful songs which we
Have often sung with mirth and merry glee,
As we have marched to fight the cause
Of God's anointed and His laws."

THE RESOLVE.

Tell me not of a face that's fair,
Nor lip and cheek that's red,
Nor of the tresses of her hair,
Nor curls in order laid;
Nor of a rare seraphic voice,
That like an angel sings;
Though if I were to take my choice,
I would have all these things.
But if that thou wilt have me love,
And it must be a she;
The only argument can move
Is, that she will love me.

Alexander Brome.

The glories of your ladies be
But metaphors of things,
And but resemble what we see
Each common object brings.
Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,
Lilies their whiteness stain:
What fool is he that shadows seeks,
And may the substance gain!
Then if thou'lt have me love a lass,
Let it be one that's kind,
Else I'm a servant to the glass
That's with Canary lined.

PALINODE.

No more, no more of this, I vow!
'Tis time to leave this fooling now,
Which few but fools call wit.
There was a time when I begun,
And now 'tis time I should have done
And meddle no more with it:
He physic's use doth quite mistake,
Who physic takes for physic's sake.

My heat of youth, and love, and pride,
Did swell me with their strong spring-tide,
Inspired my brain and blood;

And made me then converse with toys
Which are called Muses by the boys,
And dabble in their flood.
I was persuaded in those days
There was no crown like love and bays.

But now my youth and pride are gone,
And age and cares come creeping on,
And business checks my love:
What need I take a needless toil
To spend my labour, time, and oil,
Since no design can move?
For now the cause is ta'en away
What reason is 't the effect should stay?

'Tis but a folly now for me
To spend my time and industry
About such useless wit:
For when I think I have done well,
I see men laugh, but can not tell
Where 't be at me or it.
Great madness 'tis to be a drudge,
When those that cannot write dare judge.

Besides the danger that ensu'th
To him that speaks or writes the truth,
The premium is so small:

Alexander Brome.

To be called Poet and wear bays,
And factor turn of songs and plays,—
This is no wit at all.
Wit only good to sport and sing
Is a needless and an endless thing.

Give me the wit that can't speak sense,
Nor read it but in 's own defence,
Ne'er learned but of his Gran'am!
He that can buy and sell and cheat
May quickly make a shift to get
His thousand pound per annum;
And purchase without more ado
The poems, and the poet, too.

James Grahame, Marquis of Montrose

JAMES GRAHAM,
Marquis of Montrose.

Chapter V

James Grahame, Marquis of Montrose

THERE is no grander figure in the bloody history of the civil war, than that of the Marquis of Montrose, called "the Great." He was the very flower of the Scottish Cavaliers, and the King sent him a commission, naming him Captain-General and Lieutenant-Governor of Scotland. The Marquis, who had won victory after victory, hoped to enter England and there crush the enemies of King Charles. But he met with defeat at the battle of Philiphaugh, upon the borders, and retreated to the Highlands.

Many of his followers deserted him, and the King commanding him to save himself by leaving the kingdom, he escaped to Norway in disguise.

After the beheading of the King, Montrose landed in Scotland with a small army, to strike for the rights of the Prince. They were defeated; and their leader escaping, wandered about in disguise. Hunger and fatigue oppressed him, and he finally gave himself up to Macleod of Assynt, a former adherent, feeling sure of protection. But Macleod delivered up his one-time leader to the Covenanters, for which act of infamy he was rewarded with four hundred bolls of meal.

The Marquis was condemned to death without a trial. It was ordered that his head should be affixed to an iron pin, and set on the pinnacle of the west gavel of the new prison of Edinburgh. He said he was much indebted to the Parliament for the great honor they had decreed him, adding "that he was prouder to have his head placed upon the top of the prison, than if they had decreed a golden statue to be erected to him in the marketplace,

or that his picture should be hung in the King's bed-chamber."

The Presbyterian clergy attempted to draw from Montrose a confession of political crimes.

He acknowledged that, as a man, he had many sins to repent of, but that towards his country and his King he had "a conscience void of offense."

When the time came, he courageously ascended the gibbet, and met his end like the brave man he was. It is said that a great shudder ran through the crowd, and sobs and groans arose on the air.

Thus passed the heroic spirit of that great defender of Church and State, who stood undaunted even in the bitter hour of death.

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest monarchy;

For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thine heart,
I'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe;
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou kick or vex me sore,
As that thou set me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thine heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to vie with me,

Or if committees thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful, then,
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before;
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee more and more.

UNHAPPY IS THE MAN.

Unhappy is the man
In whose breast is confined
The sorrows and distresses all
Of an afflicted mind.

The extremity is great:
He dies if he conceal,—
The world's so void of secret friends,—
Betrayed if he reveal.

Then break, afflicted heart!
And live not in these days,
When all prove merchants of their faith,—
None trusts what other says.

For when the sun doth shine,
Then shadows do appear;
But when the sun doth hide his face
They with the sun retire.

Some friends as shadows are,
And fortune as the sun;
They never proffer any help,
Till fortune hath begun;

But if, in any case,
Fortune shall first decay,
Then they, as shadows of the sun,
With fortune run away.

LINES INSCRIBED BY MONTROSE UPON THE WINDOW OF HIS JAIL.

Let them bestow on every airth a limb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To Thee, my Maker! in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake—

James Grahame.

Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air;
Lord! since thou knowest where all these atoms are,
I'm hopeful Thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident Thou'lt raise me with the just.

LINES UPON THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

Great, good and just! could I but rate
My grief to thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to such a strain
As it should deluge once again;
But since thy loud-tongued blood demands supplies
More from Briareus' hands than Argus' eyes,
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds.

Sir Roger L'Estrange

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE.
From an original by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Chapter VI

Sir Roger L'Estrange

THIS gallant soldier and bold adherent of the unfortunate King Charles, was the son of Sir Hammond L'Estrange, himself a zealous royalist.

"Like father, like son," was borne out in the case of Sir Roger, who fought for his sovereign in the rebellion and had the misfortune to be captured by the parliamentary army. He was tried and condemned to death. For almost four years he lay in prison in constant expectation of being led forth to execution.

In this connection the following lines by the unfortunate Cavalier are of interest:

"I defy any man to produce another gentleman in the King's dominions, under any circumstances, that hath suffered so many illegal, arbitrary, and mean injustices from any of the abusers of the King's bounty, as I have done; insomuch that after a sentence of death for his Majesty, betwixt three and four years in Newgate, and a matter of seven and thirty years' faithful service to the Crown, the bread hath been taken out of my mouth and in a large proportion shared amongst some of those very people that pursued the late King to the block. Nor do I look for any more advantage for the future."

The foregoing paragraph was published in 1680, for L'Estrange, after his release from prison, lived on, even well into the reign of Queen Anne.

Editor, pamphleteer, translator and poet, Sir Roger made a name for himself, and though the bulk of his work may be forgotten, the verses upon the "Liberty of the Imprisoned Royalist," will serve as a continual memorial of this gallant supporter of the royal cause.

Though the reader may find a resemblance between these verses and Lovelace's "To Althea from Prison," yet, as Miss Mitford justly remarks, "These imprisoned Cavaliers think and feel alike, and must needs speak the same language."

THE LIBERTY OF THE IMPRISONED ROYALIST.

Beat on, proud billows! Boreas, blow!
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof!
Your incivility shall know
That innocence is tempest-proof.
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a gaol,
A private closet is to me,
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty.
Locks, bars, walls, leanness, though together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

I, whilst I wished to be retired,
Into this private room was turned;
As if their wisdoms had conspired
A salamander should be burned;
And like a sophy who would drown a fish,
I am condemned to suffer what I wish.

The cynic hugs his poverty,
The pelican her wilderness;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus.
Contentment cannot smart; Stoics, we see,
Make torments easy by their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
I as my mistress' favours wear;
And then, to keep my ancles warm,
I have some iron shackles there.
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call gaol, doth prove my citadel.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking he had his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife
Did only wound him to a cure.
Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant
Mischief, oft-times proves favour in the event.

Sir Roger L'Estrange.

Here sin for want of food doth starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, not let sin in.
Malice of late's grown charitable sure;
I'm not committed, but I'm kept secure.

I'm in this cabinet locked up,
As some high-prized margarite;
And, like some great Mogul or Pope,
Am cloistered up from public sight.
Retiredness is a point of majesty;
And thus, proud Sultan, I'm as great as thee!

When once my Prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem;
And then to smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience too from him.
Now not to suffer shows no loyal heart;
When kings want ease, subjects must learn
to smart.

What though I cannot see my King,—
Either in 's person, or—his coin;
Yet contemplation is a thing
Which renders what I have not mine:
My King from me what adamant can part?
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart.

My soul is free as ambient air,
Although my baser parts be mew'd;
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
To company my solitude;
And though rebellion may my body bind,
My King can only captivate my mind.

Have you not seen the nightingale
A pilgrim cooped into a cage,
And heard her tell her wonted tale,
In that her narrow hermitage?
Even then her charming melody doth prove
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am the bird whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corpse confine,
Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free.
And though I'm mew'd, yet I can chirp and sing,
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my King!

Sir John Suckling

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.
From an original Picture in the Ashmolvan Museum, Oxford.

Chapter VII

Sir John Suckling

"Tender and great, true poet, dauntless heart,
We cannot see with eyes as clear as thine.
A sordid time dwarfs down the race of men,
They may not touch the lute or draw the sword
As thou didst, half immortal."
JOHN, LORD DE TABLEY.—*On a Portrait of Sir John Suckling.*

THE above lines, though certainly highly eulogistic, may be considered as painting in fairly correct colors, the character of the gallant poet-Cavalier.

"Great" he undoubtedly was in his own circle; "true poet" is a title to which he can lay unquestioned claim; but his "dauntless heart" seems to have failed him in at least one notable instance.

Sir John, at the expense of twelve thousand pounds, raised a troop of horse for the service of the Crown. It was certainly a gorgeous band of horsemen, in "white doublets, scarlet breeches, and scarlet coats, hats and feathers." And probably many a lady's heart was broken before these gay troopers left for the seat of action. But at length, when they encountered the enemy on the English border, instead of fighting bravely for the King, they took to their heels. But let it be said that it was not alone Suckling's "one hundred" that fled. As the poet himself remarks: "Posterity must tell this miracle, that there went an army from the south, of which there was not one man lost nor any man taken prisoner."

In the encounter recorded, Suckling appears to have only yielded to a universal panic. It is known that he made a campaign under the renowned Gustavus Adolphus, during which he was present in three battles and five sieges.

Another incident in which Suckling cuts a contemptible figure, was the result of a quarrel with Sir John Digby. It seems that the former, with two or three friends, set upon

Digby when he was leaving the theatre. Digby, who was a powerful man and an excellent swordsman, crossed swords with his assailants, aided only by his servant. And Suckling and his adherents were put to an ignominious flight.

The poet took a very active part in Lord Strafford's projected escape from the Tower. The plot being discovered by the Commons, Suckling was voted guilty of treason. He fled into France, where he survived his escape but a few days.

There is much wit, grace and variety in the verses of Suckling, tainted sometimes with the over-freedom of expression indulged in at that period. The goddess of his poetry was Lady Frances Cranfield, daughter of Lionel, first Earl of Middlesex, and wife of Richard Sackville, fifth Earl of Dorset.

SONG.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame; this will not move:
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The d——l take her!

SONG.

I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine:
For if from thine thou wilt not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on 't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain,
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
O love, where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out:
For when I think I'm best resolv'd
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine:
For I'll believe I have her heart,
As much as she hath mine.

CONSTANCY.

Out upon it, I have lov'd
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on 't is, no praise
Is due at all to me;
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen in her place.

LOVING AMISS.

Honest lover whosoever!
If in all thy love there ever
Was one wavering thought, thy flame
Were not still even, still the same,
Know this:
Thou lovest amiss
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again and love anew.

Sir John Suckling.

If when She appears i' the room
Thou dost not quake and art struck dumb,
And in striving this to cover
Dost not speak thy words twice over,
Know this:
Thou lovest amiss
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again and love anew.

If fondly thou dost not mistake
And all defects for graces take,
Persuade thyself that jests are broken
When she hath little or nought spoken,
Know this:
Thou lovest amiss
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again and love anew.

If when thou appear'st to be within,
Thou lett'st not men ask and ask again,
And when thou answerest, if it be
To what was ask'd thee properly,
Know this:
Thou lovest amiss
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again and love anew.

If when thy stomach calls to eat
Thou cutt'st not fingers 'stead of meat
And, with much gazing on her face,
Dost not rise hungry from thy place,
Know this:
Thou lovest amiss
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again and love anew.

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect lover
And, desiring to love true,
Thou dost begin to love anew,
Know this:
Thou lovest amiss
And to love true,
Thou must begin again and love anew.

SONG.

When, dearest, I but think of thee,
Methinks all things that lovely be
Are present, and my soul delighted;
For beauties that from worth arise
Are like the grace of deities,
Still present with us, though unsighted.

Thus whilst I sit, and sigh the day
With all his borrow'd lights away,
Till night's black wings do overtake me,
Thinking on thee, thy beauties then,
As sudden lights do sleeping men,
So they by their bright rays awake me.

Thus absence dies, and dying proves
No absence can subsist with loves
That do partake of fair perfection;
Since in the darkest night they may
By love's quick motion find a way
To see each other by reflection.

The waving sea can with each flood
Bathe some high promont that hath stood
Far from the main up in the river:
O, think not then but love can do
As much, for that's an ocean too,
Which flows not every day, but ever!

TO A LADY THAT FORBADE TO LOVE BEFORE COMPANY.

What! no more favours? Not a ribbon more,
Nor fan nor muff to hold as heretofore?

Must all the little blisses 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,
Not touch the hand, nor 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 his way,
That fled from heaven to earth, than guess to know
How our loves first did spring, or how they grow.

Thomas Carew

THOMAS CAREW.
From a Picture by Vandyke in His Majesty's Collection at Windsor Castle.

Chapter VIII

Thomas Carew

THIS loyal singer was descended from an ancient Oxfordshire family, and was educated at Oxford.

Returning from travels abroad, he obtained the notice and patronage of the King, and was appointed Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and Server in Ordinary to His Majesty. Furthermore, Charles, who had a high opinion of the wit and abilities of Carew, bestowed upon him the royal domain of Sunninghill (part of the forest of Windsor).

His life as a courtier seems to have been passed in a strain of loose revelry; but his

excesses are not to be wondered at, considering the age in which he flourished.

"He died," says Clarendon, "with the greatest remorse for that license, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity, that his best friends could desire."

Some of his short amatory verses are most admirable, and serve to keep alive the memory of a poet, who, I fear, would otherwise be well-nigh forgotten.

In composition he was slow.

"His muse was hard-bound, and the issue of 's brain
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain."

But this is not necessarily a fault, and probably added grace and polish to his verses. He is certainly entitled to a place among the Cavalier poets, whose muse shed such lustre over the troubled reign of the Martyr King.

Thomas Carew.

SONG.

Give me more love or more disdain;
The torrid or the frozen zone
Brings equal ease unto my pain;
The temperate affords me none;
Either extreme, of love or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be love,
Like Danaë in a golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture hopes; and he's possessed
Of heaven that's but from hell released;
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain;
Give me more love or more disdain.

SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties, orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more if east or west
The phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies!

DISDAIN RETURNED.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thought and calm desires;
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes!

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolv'd heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or calls an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream;
But the warm sun thaws the benumb'd earth,
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth

To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo, and the bumble bee;
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world the youthful spring.
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the long'd-for May.
Now all things smile.

SWEETLY BREATHING, VERNAL AIR.

Sweetly breathing, vernal air,
That with kind warmth doth repair
Winter's ruins; from whose breast
All the gums and spice of the East
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye
Gilds the morn, and clears the sky;
Whose dishevelled tresses shed
Pearls upon the violet bed;
On whose brow, with calm smiles drest
The halcyon sits and builds her nest;
Beauty, youth, and endless spring
Dwell upon thy rosy wing!

Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
Down whole forests when he blows,

With a pregnant, flowery birth,
Canst refresh the teeming earth.
If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what's fair or good,
If he scatter our choice flowers,
If he shake our halls or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us,
Thou canst stroke great Aeolus,
And from him the grace obtain,
To bind him in an iron chain.

"AMONGST THE MYRTLES AS I WALKED."

Amongst the myrtles as I walked,
Love and my sighs thus intertalked;
"Tell me," said I, in deep distress,
"Where may I find my shepherdess?"

"Thou fool," said Love, "know'st thou not this,
In everything that's good she is?
In yonder tulip, go and seek;
There thou may'st find her lip, her cheek.

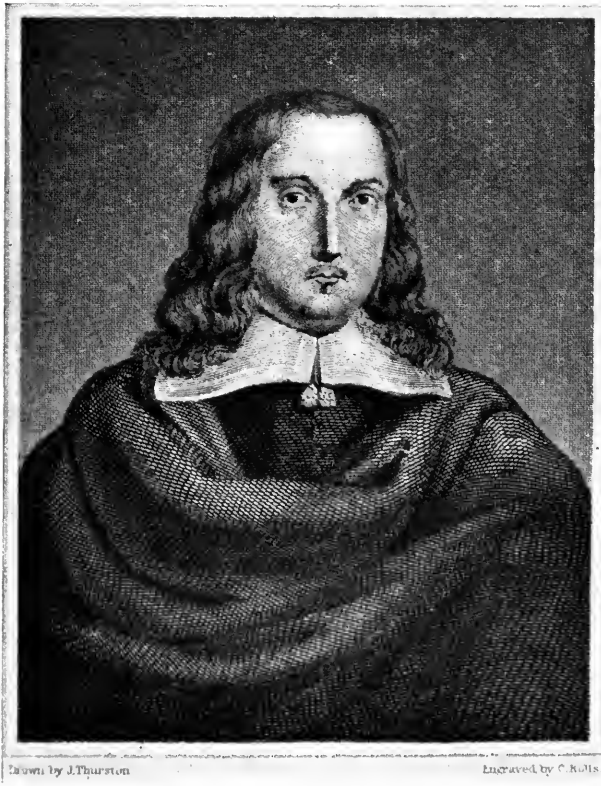
"In yon enamoured pansy by;
There thou shalt have her curious eye.
In bloom of peach, in rosy bud;
There waves the streamers of her blood.

"In brightest lilies that there stand,
The emblems of her whiter hand.
In yonder rising hill there smell
Such sweets as in her bosom dwell."

"'Tis true," said I: and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts a union;
But on a sudden all was gone.

With that I stopt: said Love, "These be,
Fond man, resemblances of thee;
And, as these flowers, thy joys shall die,
Even in the twinkling of an eye;
And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
Like these short sweets thus knit together."

William Chamberlayne



WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE.
From a Print by Hertocks prefixed to his Pharonnida.

Chapter IX

William Chamberlayne

OF THIS poet but little seems to be known. In fact, his merits as a bard are not such as to entitle him to more than a brief notice.

He was born in 1619, and we learn that he practised as a physician at Shaftesbury. He served in the royal army, and was in the battle of Newbury, on the 27th of October, 1644.

At the Restoration, he published, "England's Jubilee; or, a Poem on the Happy Return of his Sacred Majesty, Charles the Second."

After his death in 1689, he was buried in the churchyard of the Holy Trinity, Shaftes-

bury, and a monument was erected to him by his son, Valentine Chamberlayne.

His long poem, entitled "Pharonnida," is not without many passages of noticeable beauty, which are worthy of preservation. Southey acknowledged his indebtedness to Chamberlayne for many hours of delight.

UNHAPPY LOVE.

(From Pharonnida.)

"Is 't a sin to be
Born high, that robs me of my liberty?
Or is it the curse of greatness to behold
Virtue through such false optics as unfold
No splendour, 'less from equal orbs they shine?
What heaven made free, ambitious men confine
In regular degrees. Poor Love must dwell
Within no climate but what's parallel
Unto our honour'd births; the envied fate
Of princes oft these burdens find from state,
When lowly swains, knowing no parent's voice
A negative, make a free, happy choice."

And here she sighed; then with some drops, distill'd
From Love's most sovereign elixir, filled
The crystal fountains of her eyes, which, ere
Dropped down, she thus recalls again: "But ne'er,
Ne'er, my Argalia, shall these fears destroy
My hopes of thee: Heaven! let me but enjoy
So much of all those blessings, which their birth
Can take from frail mortality; and Earth,
Contracting all her curses, cannot make
A storm of danger loud enough to shake
Me to a trembling penitence; a curse,
To make the horror of my suffering worse,
Sent in a father's name, like vengeance fell
From angry Heav'n, upon my head may dwell
In an eternal stain—my honour'd name
With pale disgrace may languish—busy fame
My reputation spot—affection be
Term'd uncommanded lust—sharp poverty,
That weed that kills the gentle flow'r of love,
As the result of all these ills, may prove
My greatest misery—unless to find
Myself unpitied. Yet not so unkind
Would I esteem this mercenary band,
As those far more malignant powers that stand,
Arm'd with dissuasions, to obstruct the way

Fancy directs; but let those souls obey
Their harsh commands, that stand in fear to shed
Repentant tears: I am resolved to tread
Those doubtful paths, through all the shades of fear
That now benights them. Love, with pity hear
Thy suppliant's prayer, and when my clouded eyes
Shall cease to weep, in smiles I'll sacrifice
To thee such offerings, that the utmost date,
Of death's rough hands shall never violate."

"THE MORNING HATH NOT LOST HER VIRGIN BLUSH."

The morning hath not lost her virgin blush,
Nor step, but mine, soiled the earth's tinselled robe.
How full of heaven this solitude appears;
This healthful comfort of the happy swain;
Who from his hard but peaceful bed roused up,
In his morning exercise saluted is
By a full quire of feathered choristers,

William Chamberlayne.

Wedding their notes to the enamoured air!
Here nature in her unaffected dress
Plaited with valleys, and embossed with hills
Enchas'd with silver streams, and fringed
with woods,
Sits lovely in her native russet.

OF VIRGIN PURITY.

The morning pearls,
Dropt in the lily's spotless bosom, are
Less chastely cool, ere the meridian sun
Hath kissed them into heat.

Sir Edward Sherburne

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE.

Chapter X

Sir Edward Sherburne

THIS Cavalier, distinguished for his loyalty and vicissitudes, was born in 1618, and succeeded his father as Clerk of the Ordnance, having obtained a reversion of the office.

The civil war breaking out, Sherburne, being a royalist and Roman Catholic, was deprived of his place by order of the House of Lords, on Aug. 17, 1642. For some months he was in the custody of the usher of the Black Rod. Released in October, he repaired to Nottingham and joined the King, who made him Commissary-General of artillery.

He was present at the battle of Edgehill.

On the surrender of Oxford, in June, 1646, Sherburne removed to London, and resided in the Middle Temple, with a relative named Thomas Povey. He was in sore straits, as his estate had been seized, as well as his personal property, including his valuable library, "which was great and choice, and accounted one of the most considerable belonging to any gent. in or near London."

At the Restoration he lost his place at the ordnance. Though restored to office on petition, the emoluments, which he now shared with Francis Nicholls, were greatly reduced.

In a petition for compensation in 1661, he claimed that he "kept the train of ordnance together, to serve as a troop in the field in the decline of the late King's cause, and preserved the ordnance records, so that it is now restored to its primitive order and constitution."

Sherburne died on Nov. 4, 1702, and was buried in the chapel of the Tower of London. A memorial tablet, erected by his kinsman, Sir Nicholas, bears a lengthy inscription in Latin, said to be composed by himself.

Sir Edward Sherburne.

THE HEART-MAGNET.

Shall I, hopeless, then pursue
A fair shadow that still flies me?
Shall I still adore and woo
A proud heart that does despise me?
I a constant love may so,
But, alas! a fruitless show.

Shall I by the erring light
Of two crossing stars still sail,
That do shine, but shine in spite,
Not to guide but make me fail?
I a wandering course may steer
But the harbour ne'er come near.

Whilst these thoughts my soul possess
Reason passion would o'ersway,
Bidding me my flames suppress
Or divert some other way:
But what reason would pursue,
That my heart runs counter to.

So a pilot, bent to make
Search for some unfound-out land,
Does with him the magnet take,
Sailing to the unknown strand:
But that, steer which way he will,
To the lovèd North points still.

FALSE LYCORIS.

Lately, by clear Thames, his side,
Fair Lycoris I espied,
With the pen of her white hand
These words printing on the sand:
None Lycoris doth approve
But Mirtillo for her love.
Ah, false Nymph, those words were fit
In sand only to be writ:
For the quickly rising streams
Of Oblivion and the Thames
In a little moment's stay
From the shore washed clean away
What thy hand had there impressed,
And Mirtillo from thy breast.

A MAIDEN IN LOVE WITH A YOUTH BLIND OF ONE EYE.

Though a sable cloud benight
One of thy fair twins of light,
Yet the other brighter seems
As 't had robbed its brother's beams,
Or both lights to one were run
Of two stars, now made one sun.

Sir Edward Sherburne.

Cunning Archer! Who knows yet
But thou wink'st my heart to hit!
Close the other too, and all
Thee the god of Love will call.

James Shirley

JAMES SHIRLEY.
From an original Picture in the Bodleian Gallery.

Chapter XI

James Shirley

THIS prolific writer is perhaps best remembered as the author of the verses entitled, "Death's Final Conquest," said to have "chilled the heart" of the King's great enemy, Oliver Cromwell. It is interesting to note that this same song was a favorite with Charles the Second.

As a dramatist, Shirley published between the years 1625 and 1666 no less than thirty-nine plays.

In the civil wars he followed his patron, the Earl of Newcastle, to the field; but on the decline of the King's cause he returned to Lon-

don. The theatres were now closed, so Shirley kept a school at Whitefriars, where he educated many eminent characters.

The Restoration does not appear to have mended his fortunes.

The great fire of London, in 1666, drove the poet and his family from their house in Whitefriars. Shortly after, he and his wife died, both on the same day.

UPON HIS MISTRESS SAD.

Melancholy, hence and get
Some piece of earth to be thy seat,
Here the air and nimble fire
Would shoot up to meet desire:
Sullen humour leave her blood,
Mix not with the purer flood,
But let pleasures swelling here;
Make a spring-tide all the year.

Love a thousand notes distilling,
And with pleasure bosoms filling,
Charm all eyes that none may find us,
Be above, before, behind us;

And while we thy raptures taste,
Compel Time itself to stay,
Or by forelock hold him fast,
Lest occasion slip away.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

The glories of our birth and state,
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Sceptre and crown,
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor, crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

TO ODELIA.

Health to my fair Odelia! Some that know
How many months are past
Since I beheld thy lovely brow,
Would count an age at least;
But unto me,
Whose thoughts are still on thee,
I vow
By thy black eyes, 'tis but an hour ago.

That Mistress I pronounce but poor in bliss
That, when her servant parts,
Gives not as much with her last kiss
As will maintain two hearts
Till both do meet
To taste what else is sweet.
Is 't fit
Time measure love, or our affection it?

Cherish that heart, Odelia! that is mine:
And if the North thou fear,
Dispatch but from thy southern clime
A sigh, to warm thine here!
But be so kind
To send by the next wind:
'Tis far,
And many accidents do wait on war.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

I would the God of Love would die,
And give his bow and shafts to me:
I ask no other legacy:
This happy fate I then would prove,
That, since thy heart I cannot move
I'd cure and kill my own with love.

Yet why should I so cruel be,
To kill myself with loving thee,
And thou a tyrant still to me?
Perhaps, could'st thou affection show
To me, I should not love thee so,
And that would be my medicine too.

Then choose to love me or deny,
I will not be so fond to die,
A martyr to thy cruelty:
If thou be'st weary of me, when
Thou art so wise to love again,
Command, and I'll forsake thee then.

THE LOOKING-GLASS.

When this crystal shall present
Your beauty to your eye,
Think! that lovely face was meant
To dress another by.
For not to make them proud
These glasses are allowed
To those are fair,
But to compare
The inward beauty with the outward grace,
And make them fair in soul as well as face.

LINES FROM "THE BROTHERS."

Her eye did seem to labour with a tear,
Which suddenly took birth, but overweigh'd,
With its own swelling, dropt upon her bosom,
Which, by reflection of her light appeared
As nature meant her sorrow for an ornament.

James Shirley.

After, her looks grew cheerful, and I saw
A smile shoot graceful upward from her eyes,
As if they had gained a victory o'er grief;
And with it many beams twisted themselves,
Upon whose golden threads the angels walk
To and again from heaven.

Sir John Denham

SIR JOHN DENHAM.
From the original in the Collection of the Earl of Chesterfield.

Chapter XII

Sir John Denham

THIS poet was well-born, being the only son of Sir John Denham, a baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, and of Eleanor, daughter of Sir Ganet More, baron of Mellefont.

At Oxford, whither he was sent in 1631, he was considered "as a dreaming young man, given more to dice and cards than study." Small promise here of future greatness.

When he removed to Lincoln's Inn, three years later, he still retained his devotion to "dice and cards," but being severely reproved, repented, and wrote "An Essay on Gaming."

This did not prevent him from returning to his old habits, for after the death of his father, he lost several thousand pounds that had been left him.

When the civil war commenced, Denham was High Sheriff of Surrey, and he proceeded to take up arms for the King, being made governor of Farnham Castle.

From here he was driven by Sir William Waller, in 1642, and sent prisoner to London, but was allowed to retire to Oxford, where he stayed for nearly five years, and was treated with much consideration.

His estate was sold by the Long Parliament. The poet, Wither, who was a captain in the parliamentary army, petitioned for a grant of Denham's property, and in fact, temporarily held Egham. But it happened soon afterwards, that Wither was made prisoner by the royalists. Sir John begged the King to pardon him, on the ground that while Wither lived, he "should not be the worst poet in England."

At the Restoration the poet was rewarded for his loyalty. Several grants of land and

valuable leases were accorded him, and he was made surveyor of the King's buildings and a Knight of the Bath.

Dr. Johnson says that "Denham is deservedly considered as one of the fathers of English poetry."

His poem of "Cooper's Hill" is of too great length to print here in its entirety. The lines quoted, descriptive of the Thames, will serve to give an idea of that composition.

Denham was also the author of the tragedy, "The Sophy," which was so successful that Sir Edmund Waller said of him: "He broke out, like the Irish rebellion, three score thousand strong, when nobody was aware, or in the least suspected it."

THE THAMES.

(From "Cooper's Hill.")

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays;
Thames, the most loved of all the ocean's sons

By his old sire, to his embrace runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no remembrance hold,
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring,
And then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil,
But Godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common, as the sea or wind.
When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours:

Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants;
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

ON THE EARL OF STRAFFORD'S TRIAL AND DEATH.

Great Strafford! worthy of that name, though all
Of thee could be forgotten by thy fall,
Crushed by imaginary treason's weight,
Which too much merit did accumulate.
As chemist's gold from brass by fire would draw,
Pretexts are into treason forged by law.
His wisdom such, at once it did appear
Three kingdoms' wonder, and three kingdoms' fear,
While single he stood forth, and seemed, although
Each had an army, as an equal foe;

Such was his force of eloquence, to make
The hearers more concerned than he that spake,
Each seemed to act that part he came to see,
And none was more a looker-on than he.
So did he move our passions, some were known
To wish, for the defense, the crime their own.
Now private pity strove with public hate,
Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate.
Now they could him, if he could them forgive;
He's not too guilty, but too wise, to live:
Less seem those facts which treason's nick-name bore
Than such a feared ability for more.
They after death their fears of him express,
His innocence and their own guilt confess.
Their legislative frenzy they repent,
Enacting it should make no precedent.
This fate he could have 'scaped, but would not lose
Honour for life, but rather nobly chose
Death from their fears than safety from his own,
That his last action all the rest might crown.

Sir Richard Fanshawe

SIR RICHARD FANSHAW.
From a scarce Print by Faithorne prefixed to his Funeral Sermon.

Chapter XIII

Sir Richard Fanshawe

THIS zealous royalist was the son of Sir Henry Fanshawe, remembrancer of the Irish Exchequer, and the brother of Thomas, Lord Fanshawe.

He joined the King's supporters, and was Secretary at War to Prince Rupert. At Oxford, where he united with King Charles, he met Anne Harrison, the daughter of another royalist, and married her at Wolvercote Church, two miles from Oxford, May 18, 1644.

In November, 1648, Sir Richard was in Ireland, assisting in the rallying of those who were loyal to the King. The following year

Ormonde sent him to consult with Charles, but he returned very soon. It is related that Lady Fanshawe was by herself in Cork when that place was seized by Colonel Jeffries, in Cromwell's behalf; but she procured a pass to enable her to meet her husband at Kinsale.

The King issued an order granting Fanshawe and other members of his family an augmentation of arms, in consideration of their well-tried loyalty.

After the Restoration Sir Richard received the appointment of ambassador to Spain and Portugal, and it was in Madrid that he died, in the year 1666.

Aside from his own poems, Fanshawe translated the "Lusiad," of Camoens, and the "Pastor Fido," of Guarini. In these translations he seems to have been particularly happy. Sir John Denham thus addresses Fanshawe, on his translation of Guarini's work:

"That servile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Those are the laboured births of slavish brains,

Not the effect of poetry, but pains.
Cheap, vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations and translators too.
They but preserve the ashes; thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame."

THE ROYALIST.

(Written in 1646.)

Come, pass about the bowl to me;
A health to our distressed King!
Though we're in hold, let cups go free,
Birds in a cage do freely sing.
The ground does tipple healths apace,
When storms do fall, and shall not we?
A sorrow dare not show its face,
When we are ships and sack's the sea.

Pox on this grief, hang wealth, let's sing,
Shall kill ourselves for fear of death?
We'll live by the air which songs doth bring,
Our sighing does but waste our breath:

Then let us not be discontent,
Nor drink a glass the less of wine;
In vain they'll think their plagues are spent,
When once they see we don't repine.

We do not suffer here alone,
Though we are beggar'd, so's the King;
'Tis sin t' have wealth, when he has none;
Tush! poverty's a royal thing!
When we are larded well with drink,
Our heads shall turn as round as theirs,
Our feet shall rise, our bodies sink
Clean down the wind, like cavaliers.

Fill this unnatural quart with sack,
Nature all vacuums doth decline,
Ourselves will be a zodiac,
And every month shall be a sign.
Methinks the travels of the glass
Are circular like Plato's year,
Where everything is as it was;
Let's tipple round; and so 'tis here.

A ROSE.

Thou blushing rose, within whose virgin leaves
The wanton wind to sport himself presumes,

Whilst from their rifled wardrobe he receives
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes!

Blown in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon:
What boots a life which in such haste forsakes thee?
Thou'rt wondrous frolic being to die so soon:
And passing proud a little colour makes thee.

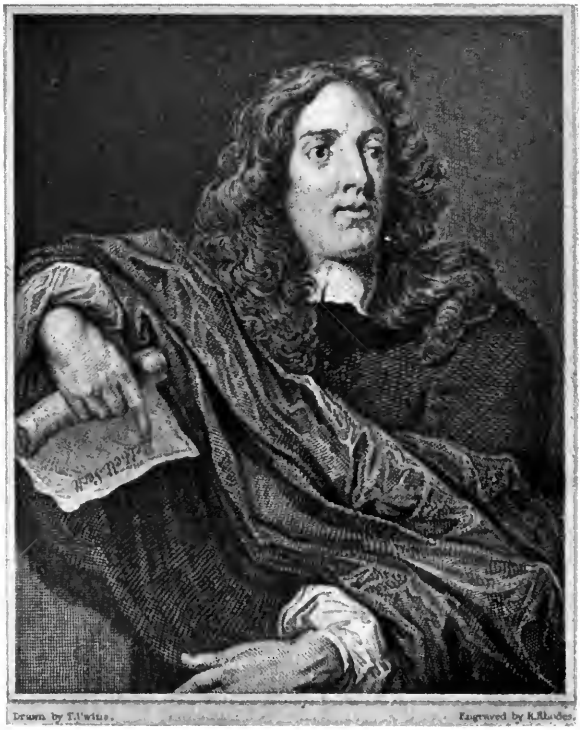
If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,
Know, then, the thing which swells thee is thy bane;
For the same beauty doth in bloody leaves
The sentence of thy early death contain.

Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet flower,
If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn:
And many Herods lie in wait each hour
To murder thee as soon as thou art born;
Nay, force thy bud to blow; their tyrant breath
Anticipating life, to hasten death.

OF BEAUTY.

Let us use it while we may
Snatch those joys that haste away!
Earth her winter coat may cast,
And renew her beauty past:
But, our winter come, in vain
We solicit Spring again;
And when our furrows snow shall cover
Love may return, but never lover.

John Cleiveland



JOHN CLEIVELAND, M.A.
From a Picture by Fuller in the possession of Mrs. Isted.

Chapter XIV

John Cleiveland

WE ARE told that Cleiveland was the first writer who came forth as a champion of the royal cause in English verse. And well did he wield his pen, being the "loudest and most strenuous" poet of that same cause.

He was born at Loughborough, Leicestershire, in June, 1613, and was baptized the twentieth of the same month.

For nine years he lived at Cambridge, "the delight and ornament of St. John's society. What service as well as reputation he did it, let his orations and epistles speak; to which

the library oweth much of its learning, the chapel much of its pious decency, and the college much of its renown."

One of Cleiveland's orations addressed to Charles I. when on a visit to Cambridge, in 1641, pleased the monarch, who called him and gave him his hand to kiss, commanding that a copy of the oration be sent after him to Huntingdon.

Cleiveland was with the royalist army at Oxford. Was promoted to the office of judge-advocate under Sir Richard Willis, the governor, and remained with the garrison of Newark until the surrender.

In 1655 he was seized at Norwich, and placed in prison, "being a person of great abilities, and so able to do the greater disservice."

General Lesley does not appear to have feared the power of Cleiveland's pen, for when the poet had been brought before him, charged with having some political poems in his pocket, the General said: "Is this all ye have to charge him with? For shame! let the poor fellow go about his business and sell his ballads."

The poet, after his seizure at Norwich, was

released by Cromwell, and three years later died in London.

THE DEFINITION OF A PROTECTOR.

What's a Protector?. He's a stately thing
That apes it in the non-age of a King:
A tragic actor, Cæsar in a clown;
He's a brass farthing stamped with a crown:
A bladder blown, with other breaths puffed full;
Not the Perillus, but Perillus' bull:
Aesop's proud Ass veiled in the Lion's skin;
An outward saint lined with a Devil within:
An echo whence the royal sound doth come,
But just as a barrel-head sounds like a drum:
Fantastic image of the royal head,
The brewer's with the King's arms quarterèd:
He is a counterfeited piece, that shows
Charles his effigies with a copper nose:
In fine, he's one we must Protector call;—
From whom the King of kings protect us all.

THE PURITAN.

With face and fashion to be known
For one of sure election,

With eyes all white and many a groan,
With neck aside to draw in tone,
With harp in 's nose, or he is none:
See a new teacher of the town,
O the town, O the town's new teacher!

With pate cut shorter than the brow,
With little ruff starched you know how,
With cloak like Paul, no cape I trow;
With surplice none, but lately now;
With hands to thump, no knees to bow:
See a new teacher of the town,
O the town, O the town's new teacher!

With coz'ning cough and hollow cheek,
To get new gatherings every week,
With paltry change of AND *to* EKE,
With some small Hebrew, and no Greek,
To find out words where stuff's to seek:
See a new teacher of the town,
O the town, O the town's new teacher!

With shop-board breeding and intrusion,
With some outlandish institution,
With Ursin's catechism to muse on,
With System's method for confusion,
With grounds strong laid of mere illusion:
See a new teacher of the town,
O the town, O the town's new teacher!

With rites indifferent all damnèd,
And made unlawful, if commanded,
Good works of Popery down banded,
And moral laws from him estrangèd,
Except the Sabbath still unchangèd:
See a new teacher of the town,
O the town, O the town's new teacher!

With speech unthought, quick revelation,
With boldness in predestination,
With threats of absolute damnation,
For YEA *and* NAY *hath some salvation*
For his own tribe, not every nation:
See a new teacher of the town,
O the town, O the town's new teacher!

With after-licence cost a crown,
When bishop new had put him down,
With tricks called repetition,
And doctrine newly brought to town,
Of teaching men to hang and drown:
See a new teacher of the town,
O the town, O the town's new teacher!

With flesh provisions to keep Lent,
With shelves of sweetmeats often spent,
Which new maid bought, old lady sent,

Though to be saved a poor present,—
Yet legacies assure the event:
See a new teacher of the town,
O the town, O the town's new teacher!

With troops expecting him at th' door,
That would hear sermons, and no more,
With noting tools, and sighs great store,
With Bibles great to turn them o'er
While he wrests places by the score:
See a new teacher of the town,
O the town, O the town's new teacher!

With running text, the named forsaken,
With FOR *and* BUT, *both by sense shaken,*
Cheap doctrines forced, wild uses taken,
Both sometimes one, by mark mistaken,
With anything to any shapen:
See a new teacher of the town,
O the town, O the town's new teacher!

With new-wrought caps, against the canon,
For taking cold, though sure he ha' none;
A sermon's end, where he began one,
A new hour long, when 's glass had ran one,
New use, new points, new notes to stand on:
See a new teacher of the town,
O the town, O the town's new teacher!

THE END.

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