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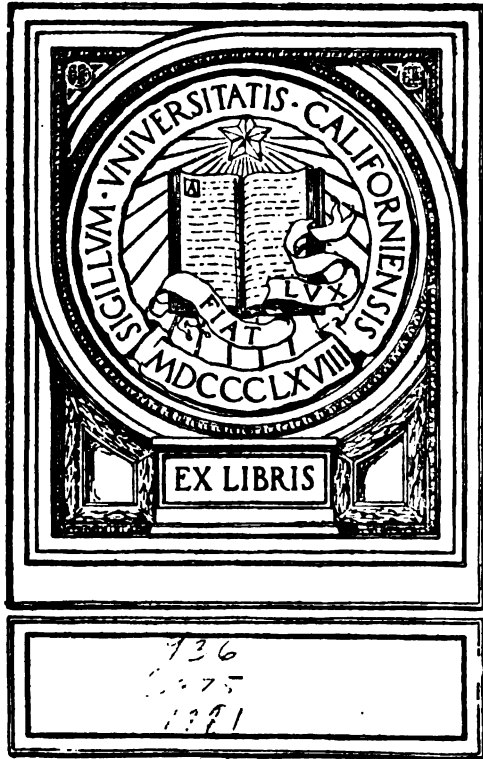
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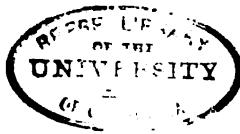
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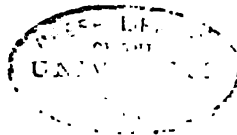
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NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND EDITED:  
WITH MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION AND NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,  
PORTRAITS, &c.

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.

ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.—VERSE.

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION—POETICAL BLOSSOMS—SYLVA—LOVE'S RIDDLE—NAUFRAGIUM  
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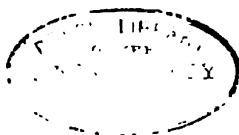
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*PORTRAIT OF COWLEY Engraved by ALAIS. . . . . to face Title-page.*

OTHER PORTRAIT IN *MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.*



To

THE REV. WILLIAM PHILPOT, M.A.

*AUTHOR OF 'A POCKET OF PEBBLES WITH A FEW SHELLS :'*

*"Being Fragments of Reflection, now and then with a Cadence, made up mostly by the Sea-shore :"*

I DEDICATE, ADMIRINGLY AND GRATEFULLY, THIS FIRST WORTHY EDITION OF THE WORKS OF COWLEY.

THE LAPSE OF TIME HAS MADE THY VERY NAME  
POETICAL ; AND MORE, IT STIRS OUR LOVE,  
E'EN AS 'TWERE OF A PERSONAL FRIEND, ABOVE  
THE MISTS THAT NOW, *COWLEY*, BECLOUD THY FAME.  
AS, WHEN THE SUN IS SET, A SWIFT-SHOT FLAME  
GLEAMS IN THE SKIES, AND UPWARDS STILL DOTH MOVE,  
TOUCHING WITH ROSY SPLENDOUR STREAM AND GROVE,  
SO, *COWLEY*, 'TIS WITH THEE. I MAY NOT CLAIM  
THAT THOU ART NOW IN MEN'S MOUTHS AS OF OLD,  
OR FOR THY WORKS THE LUSTRE ONCE THEY HELD ;  
BUT PLEASANT MEMORIES STILL THY NAME ENFOLD.  
THOUGHT—FANCY—ENGLISH RARE, OF DAYS OF ELD  
WERE THINE : AND TO A CHOSEN FEW, TO-DAY,  
THEY STILL ARE DEAR ; *PHILPOT*, THOU'LT NOT GAINSAY.

*ALEXANDER B. GROSART.*





## MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

### I.—BIOGRAPHICAL.

IT goes without saying that the 'Life' of ABRAHAM COWLEY by DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON—first of those 'Lives'<sup>1</sup> that on the instant took their place among the classics of our Literature—must remain *the* Life of him, albeit the lover of Cowley—and he has lovers—will decline Mr. Thomas Humphrey Ward's dictum, that it has 'eclipsed for almost every one the works of its subject.'<sup>2</sup> Nevertheless, it is its *criticism* that has been its preserving salt. As a Life, in common with most of the 'Lives,' it is inaccurate as well as meagre, and the facts so given as rather to furnish pegs upon which to hang *grandiose* dissertation or texts from which to preach sonorous platitudes seasoned with spite, than to tell the Life-story. Of Dean (afterwards Bishop) Sprat's earlier 'Life,'—written first in Latin before the Latin poems (1668), and then in English before the folio of the Works (1669)—his successor pronounces this summary judgment:—"The Life of Cowley, notwithstanding the penury of English biography, has been written by Dr. Sprat, an author whose pregnancy of imagination and elegance of language have deservedly set him high in the ranks of literature, but his zeal of friendship or ambition of eloquence, has produced a funeral oration rather than a history: he has given the character, not the life of

Cowley; for he writes with so little detail, that scarcely anything is distinctly known, but all is shown confused and enlarged through the mist of panegyric."<sup>1</sup> There is an element of truth in this verdict, but a living and rarely-capable critic (EDMUND W. GOSSE, Esq.) has pronounced differently and more righteously, in (as a whole) a delicious paper on Cowley, thus:—"His fame was more materially served by Sprat, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, who published a Life of Cowley, which is one of the very best examples of memorial prose or elegiac monograph in the language, being pure, elegant, and forcible in style, and full of fine thought."<sup>2</sup> A third 'Life' is found in its place in the great folios of the '*Biographia Britannica*,' which, in text and notes and annotated notes by DR. ANDREW KIPPIS and JOSEPH TOWERS, supplies abundant if ill-assorted materials.<sup>3</sup> From all these and various subsidiary and scattered sources, I have deemed it advisable to re-write the Life: nor shall I fail to work into it whatever is preserveworthy in them. It is to be deplored that utterly disproportionate search and research have added very slightly to the biographical *data*. Specifically, I have been more than disappointed that none of the mass of his 'familiar letters' which Sprat certainly possessed, has been traced. I cannot believe that he destroyed them, though by a morbid and mistaken conscientiousness, he decided

<sup>1</sup> Throughout I use Cunningham's edn. *et supra*. MATTHEW ARNOLD does not include the life of Cowley in his 'specimens' of Dr. Johnson's finest work, recently issued.

<sup>2</sup> The English Poets: Selections with Critical Introductions . . . . . 1880: vol. ii. p. 235.

<sup>1</sup> As before, l. p. 3.

<sup>2</sup> In 'Cornhill' for December 1876, page 736. 1.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. iv. 1779.

not to publish them. MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, assuming that he did 'destroy' them, ends her bright Essay on our Poet with uncharacteristic vehemence:—'I cannot conclude without a word of detestation towards Sprat, who, Goth and Vandal that he was, destroyed Cowley's familiar letters.'<sup>1</sup>

ABRAHAM COWLEY was the 'posthumous son of THOMAS COWLEY, citizen and stationer, and of the parish of St. Michael le Querne, a church in Cheapside, destroyed in the Great Fire, and not rebuilt' So wrote the late Peter Cunningham in his edition of Dr. Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets' (3 vols. 8vo, 1854 (Murray) i. 3), but not having given his authority, subsequent writers have ignored his discovery. The necessary corroboration has been since supplied by my admirable friend, COLONEL CHESTER of Bermondsey, in his 'Marriage, Baptismal, and Burial Registers of the Collegiate Church or Abbey of St. Peter, Westminster' (1876), as follows:—'There will be found among the wills in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury one of Thomas Cowley, who described himself as a citizen and stationer of London, and of the parish of St. Michael le Quern. It was dated 24 July 1618, and was proved 11 August following by his relict Thomasine. In it occurs this passage: "Whereas God hath blessed me with six children, *besides the child or children which my wife Thomasine now goeth withal*, viz., Peter, Audrey, John, William, Katherine, and *Thomas*, I give to each, and to the child or children my wife now goeth withal, £140, at the age of twenty-one or marriage," etc. The date of this will, and the fact that the poet was born after that date, in the same year—admitting the improbability of similar circumstances occurring in another family of this uncommon name at this precise period—seem to point conclusively to the testator as his father. But

<sup>1</sup> Recollections of a Literary Life, or Books, Places and People: 2 vols. 8vo, 1857: vol. i. p. 65.

there is other evidence. This Thomas Cowley appointed as one of the overseers of his will, his *brother-in-law Humphrey Clarke*. Abraham Cowley, the poet, in his will, dated 18 September 1665, and proved 31 August 1667, made his brother *Thomas* his sole heir and executor, and in the will of this Thomas Cowley, also of Chertsey, dated 20 May, and proved 1 September 1669, the first direction is that the legacies given by his late dear brother Abraham Cowley in his last will, and not yet paid, be at once discharged. It is certain, therefore, that the poet and this last Thomas Cowley were *brothers*; and that the latter was a son of the Thomas Cowley who died in 1618, the fact that he bequeathed £200 to his *cousin Humphrey Clarke* affords at least probable evidence, which is strengthened by the fact that he also bequeathed £100 to the Stationers' Company. And again, neither the burial of Thomas Cowley, senior, nor of any Cowley, nor the baptism of Abraham, occurs in the parish register of St. Dunstan in the West, in the year 1618, or anywhere about that time, and it is there that they should be found, if the poet's father was "a grocer in Fleet Street, near Chancery Lane." The early registers of St. Michael le Quern are unfortunately lost, so that no data can be obtained from them; but it seems from the foregoing facts almost, if not quite, certain, that the poet was the posthumous son of Thomas Cowley, citizen and stationer of London, and Thomasine his wife.'<sup>1</sup>

As incidentally noticed by Colonel Chester, all the prior authorities (Aubrey, Wood, Johnson, *Biographia Britannica*, etc., etc.) had stated that our Poet was born 'at London, in Fleet Street, near the end of Chancery Lane, in the parish of St. Dunstan in the West,' in the year 1618, and described his father as a 'grocer.' On this Dr. Johnson

<sup>1</sup> Pp. 166-7.—One cannot but rejoice that this distinguished American should have recently been given the honorary degree of D.C.L. by Oxford. There are few more *thorough* Genealogists, as there is no more willing helper of fellow-labourers.



observes atrabilliously,—‘his father was a grocer, whose condition Dr. Sprat conceals under the general appellation of a citizen; and what would probably not have been less carefully suppressed, the omission of his name in the register of St. Dunstan’s parish gives reason to suspect that his father was a ‘sectary.’ All this is beside the mark. As simple matter-of-fact Thomas Cowley (as his will shows<sup>1</sup>) was a ‘citizen’ of London, and that was no ‘general appellation,’ but a definite distinction, and one to be proud of as ever was Roman of his; while inasmuch as ‘Sectaries’ (Nonconformists being meant to be exprobrated by the term) as well as Churchmen were registered in their own parishes, the absence of entry in St. Dunstan’s does not at all give reason to suspect that he was a ‘sectary.’ There is little doubt that he was a Churchman as his eminent son was. Besides, the absence of entry from St. Dunstan’s Register is explained by Cunningham’s and Colonel Chester’s corrections.

The word ‘posthumous,’ in addition to the pathos of it, guides us approximately to the birth-date. His father died in August (1618). His will was dated 24th July (same year); so that Abraham, who was ‘the child’ with which the widow then ‘went,’ must have been born between August and December. His death in his 49th year on 28th July 1667, similarly guides us back to 1618, and after 28th July. In relation to the other members of the family, whose names have already been given, Colonel Chester notes that there was an important error in Cunningham’s abstract of the father’s will, which gave the poet a brother *Andrew*, instead of a sister *Audrey*, and thus led to the further mis-statement that he had an ‘only sister Katherine.’<sup>2</sup> Then further, these family names pleasantly recall to us Cowley’s in-

imitable ‘Chronicle,’ with its exquisite celebration of ‘Thomasine,’ his mother’s name, and ‘Katherine’ and ‘Audrey’ (as ‘Audria’), his sisters’ names. The sunny page is made sunnier by the knowledge of this.

Left full and sole executrix, the widowed mother of our Poet, if not ‘wealthy,’ as Mr. Gosse puts it (as before), was not in straits. Probably a couple of thousand pounds, or equal to five thousand pounds to-day, fell to her (upwards of £1000 being destined for the children’s portions on reaching twenty-one or marriage). One is glad to be able to conclude that the cradle of Master Abraham was rocked in a home of comparative comfort.

The birth-year—1618—is a noticeable one.<sup>1</sup> It marked the autumn of the splendid Elizabethan - Jacobean literary summer. SHAKESPEARE and FRANCIS BEAUMONT were only about two years dead. ‘RARE BEN,’ JOHN FLETCHER, PHILIP MASSINGER, JOHN FORD, Sir JOHN DAVIES, JOHN MARSTON, of the giants of ‘The Mermaid,’ still survived. FRANCIS BACON was ‘in the shadows.’ Whilst (probably) he was an infant of a month or two, ‘puking in the nurse’s arms,’ RALEIGH was beheaded (29th October 1618). Almost contemporary with his birth were ANDREW MARVELL (1620), HENRY VAUGHAN, Silurist (1621), while ‘MILTON was ten years of age, DENHAM three, SUCKLING nine years, and LOVELACE only a few weeks older than himself.’<sup>2</sup>

Of his childhood we have delightful glimpses in his charming Essay ‘Of Myself.’ The reader would not forgive me if I did not adduce a portion of his account of his early years. It thus runs:—

‘As far as my Memory can return back into my past Life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing what the World, or Glories, or Business of it were, the natural Affections of my Soul gave me a secret Bent of Aversion

<sup>1</sup> See the Will *in extenso* and for the first time, in Appendix A. to this Introduction.

<sup>2</sup> As before, p. 167.

<sup>1</sup> The *Alumni Westmonasterienses* (1852, *ut infra*) misdates the birth-year 1621 (page 110).

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Gosse, as before, p. 719.

from them, as some Plants are said to turn away from others, by an Antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to Man's Understanding. Even when I was a very young Boy at School, instead of running about on Holy-days, and playing with my Fellows; I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the Fields, either alone with a Book, or with some one Companion, if I could find any of the same Temper.'

(Vol. II. p. 339/s, ll. 13-25.)

Again:—

'But, how this Love came to be produc'd in me so early, is a hard Question: I believe I can tell the particular little Chance that filled my Head first with such Chimes of Verse, as have never since left ringing there: For I remember when I began to read, and to take some Pleasure in it, there was wont to lye in my Mother's Parlour (I know not by what accident, for she her self never in her Life read any Book but of Devotion) but there was wont to lye *Spencer's Works*. This I happen'd to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the Stories of the Knights, and Giants, and Monsters, and brave Houses, which I found every where there: (Tho' my Understanding had little to do with all this) and by degrees with the Tinkling of the Rhyme and Dance of the Numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve Years old, and was thus made a Poet as irremediably as a Child is made an Eunuch.'

(*Ibid.* p. 340/x, ll. 16-32.)

On the latter, Dr. Johnson thus 'improves,' as the Puritans phrased it—'Such are the accidents which, sometimes remembered, and perhaps sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind and propensity for some certain science or employment, which is commonly called genius. The true genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction.'<sup>1</sup>

Curiously enough even 'The List of the Queen's Scholars of St. Peter's College, Westminster,' *i.e.* renowned Westminster School, does not inform us when Master Cowley entered the school. I have searched in vain equally Joseph Welch's original edition and the 'new edition' by 'An Old King's Scholar' (1852) for an earlier entry than 1636—of which anon. It is certain that so early as his tenth year he had written considerable poetry, viz., the epical romance of *Pyramus*

<sup>1</sup> As before, page 4.

and *Thisbe*, 'one of the most extraordinary instances of precocity in the whole annals of literature: indeed, to find a parallel to it, we must leave the art of poetry altogether, and note what was done by Mozart in music, or Lucas van Leyden in engraving.'<sup>1</sup> This was in 1628. In 1629-30 he composed another little epic called *Constantia and Philetus*, being then in his twelfth year. By 1633 he had 'accumulated such a store of poems that his friends determined to hide the treasure no longer from the world.'<sup>2</sup> A volume appeared early in that year with the title '*Poetical Blossoms, by A. C.*' It is a dainty quarto of thirty-two leaves. It is a bibliographical rarity, and 'great spoil' for the book-hunter. Facing the title-page is a large engraving by Vaughan, enclosing a portrait of the author, aged thirteen. A difficulty is, that though self-evidently drawn from the life and self-authenticating, there are not only other miniature contemporary portraits, but these varying in the impressions, *e.g.* that prefixed to 'Sylva' (1636) differs *toto caelo* from the one before 'Love's Riddle' (1638), though bearing the legend 'Vera Effigies Abraham Cowley Alumni Scholæ West. Ætatis Suse. 13,' and both, from that of 1633—all being now before me. The nose in that of 'Love's Riddle' is Cromwellian, and in the 'Sylva' is a decided pug. I suspect the explanation is that the later were manipulated into imaginative (supposed) 'improvements' on the more simple and natural child-face of the original volume of 1633. The others have above a young angel grasping a quill-pen and holding a laurel wreath over the youthful poet's head. I have met with unlettered proofs in all stages, and each presents something slightly different. We must assume that Vaughan's engraving was accepted as true. Accordingly of this portrait a faithful facsimile from a fine impression is prefixed to our Second Volume. It is a

<sup>1</sup> Mr Gosse, as before, p. 719.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

handsome fresh face. At the University, with long curls falling on his shoulders (as here, and more vividly in the miniature by Zinc, formerly at Strawberry Hill, and exquisitely engraved by Romney for the Works of 1809) 'he must without doubt have been an elegant youth in the fashion of the day, even if with none of the superlative beauty of John Milton, "the Lady of Trinity."<sup>1</sup>

'Poetical Blossomes' was dedicated naturally to the Dean of Westminster—subsequently the statesman-prelate Archbishop Williams—and 'commendatory poems' were adjoined from two school-fellows—Benjamin Masters (misprinted Maers) and Robert Meade—the former author also of kindred verses on the birth of the Duke of York (1633), and of another set in the 'Charisteria' in 1638—the latter still in a manner remembered by his posthumously printed comedy of 'Love and Friendship'—in the Stationer's preface to which, it is said that his name *per se* was ornament for any title-page, 'he having been a person whose eminent and general abilities have left him a character pretious and honourable to our Nation.'<sup>2</sup> 'Pyratnus and Thisbe,' in 'Poetical Blossomes,' is dedicated in verse 'To the Worshipful, my very loving Master, Lambert Osbalston, Chiefe Schoole-master of Westminster Schoole' and thus opens :—

'My childish Muse is in her Spring ; and yet  
Can onely shew some budding of her Wit.'

and closes :—

'How soone will they grow Fruit? How will they  
flourish  
That had such beames their Infancie to nourish !  
Which being sprung to ripenesse, expect then  
The best, and first fruites, of her gratefull Pen.'<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gosse as before, p. 724.

<sup>2</sup> See Alumni Westm. as before, p. 705 for Masters, pp. 705-6 for Meade. Wood—not given to praise—describes Meade as 'a learned man,' and 'a great lover of humilty' (A. O. i. 342-4: Fasti, i. 468, 500: ii. 3, 98, 210. It is to be noted also that like Cowley himself, Meade was son of a stationer. I am not aware whether the still *quick* Nonconformist religious writer, Matthew Meade, was of his stock.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. I. p. 14.

From all these facts it is clear that Master Abraham Cowley was at famous Westminster as early as 1628 or 1629. One peculiarity of his education at School has given rise to a good deal of misdirected criticism. Sprat tells that 'he was wont to relate that he had this defect in his memory at that time, that his teachers never could bring it to retain the ordinary rules of grammar.' Dr. Johnson comes down upon this elephantinely and egregiously—'This is an instance of the natural desire of man to propagate a wonder. It is surely very difficult to tell anything as it was heard, when Sprat could not refrain from amplifying a commodious incident, though the book to which he prefixed his narrative contained its confutation. A memory admitting some things and rejecting others, an intellectual digestion that concocted the pulp of learning, but refused the husks, had the appearance of an instinctive elegance, of a particular provision made by nature for literary politeness. But in the author's own honest relation the marvel vanishes: "He was," he says, "such an enemy to all constraint, that his master never could prevail on him to learn the rules without book." He does not tell that he could not learn the rules, but that, being able to perform his exercises without them, and being an "enemy to constraint," he spared himself the labour.' The whole of this is mere logomachy. Sprat states the thing tersely, does not 'amplify' it as a 'commodious incident,' neither magnifies it into a 'marvel,' as alleged. Had his Critic continued the quotation, it would have been seen that he and not Sprat was mistaken. For he proceeds—'However, he supply'd that want, by conversing with the Books themselves, from whence these Rules had been drawn. That no doubt was a better way, though much more difficult, and he afterwards found this benefit by it, that having got the Greek and Roman languages,

as he had done his own, not by precept but use, he practis'd them not as a Scholar but a Native.' All this is strictly warranted by Cowley's own words left out by Johnson: for he continues—'I was then too, so much an enemy to all constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me to learn without book the common rules of grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercises out of my own reading and observation'—(Of Myself, Essay XI.) Which being interpreted plainly means, as Sprat indicates, that he acquired his grammatical knowledge as many do their musical—by the ear, and not by mastery of the notes and laws of harmony—to wit, from reading books, not mastering the details of grammar; no 'marvel,' *certes*, still an interesting biographical fact, and one common to other ultimate masters of Style. Speaking generally of his attendance at Westminster his first Biographer says—'The first years of his youth were spent in Westminster School, where he soon obtain'd and increas'd the noble Genius peculiar to that place.' . . . 'The first beginning of his Studies was a familiarity with the most solid and unaffected Authors of Antiquity, which he fully digested not only in his memory but his judgment. By this advantage he learnt nothing while a Boy, that he needed to forget or forsake, when he came to be a man. His mind was rightly reason'd at first, and he had nothing to do but still to proceed on the same Foundation on which he began.'

As before stated, the first and only entry in *Alumni Westmonasteriensis* (p. 110) is of 1636—

1636

A. Cowley was a candidate for Cambridge, but not elected.

There must be some mistake in this entry; for the records of Trinity College, Cambridge, show, that he left Westminster in

1636, and was made a scholar of Trinity in that year. Probably the Funds only admitted, at the time of the election, of sending the four to Christ Church, Oxford, and the four to Trinity College, Cambridge, entered on the same page with the memorandum of Cowley's non-election. Whether it were so or no, his 'passage' through Westminster School was a brilliant and prodigious one. For not only was it while King's Scholar there that he published his 'Poetical Blossomes' (1633), but he had likewise written his 'Love's Riddle' during the same premature period. This was stated in the title-page when it was published in 1638—'Written at the time of his being King's Scholler in Westminster Schoole.' He brought a vast reputation to the University—a second edition, with notable additions as we shall see onward, of his 'Poetical Blossomes' having been published just as he was leaving Westminster for Cambridge. In all probability he carried copies of this new edition of his 'Poetical Blossomes' with him, and one of these must have fallen into the hands of no less than RICHARD CRASHAW. For by far the most noticeable thing in relation to the reception of the little volume is a poem that that 'sweet Singer' addressed to Cowley, and printed in his 'Delights' (1648). Its exquisitely-turned allusions to the 'Poetical Blossomes' dates it for us; and so at this point we shall read it, not perhaps as of the highest of Crashaw's workmanship, but as characteristic and biographically of first interest:—

*Vpon Two Greene Apricoakes sent to COWLEY  
by SIR CRASHAW.*

Take these, Time's tardy truants, sent by me  
To be chastis'd (sweet friend) and chide by thee.  
Pale sons of our Pomona! whose wan cheekes  
Have spent the patience of expecting weekes,  
Yet are scarce ripe enough at best to show  
The redd, but of the blush to thee they ow.  
By thy comparrison they shall put on  
More Summer in their shame's reflection,

Than ere the fruitfull Phoebus' flaming kisses  
 Kindled on their cold lips. O had my wishes  
 And the deare merits of your Muse, their due,  
 The yeare had found some fruit early as you ;  
 Ripe as those rich composures Time computes  
 Blossoms, but our blest tast confesses fruits.  
 How does thy April-Autumae mocke these colde  
 Progressions, 'twixt whose terms poor June grows old!  
 With thee alone he weares no beard, thy braine  
 Gives him the morning World's fresh gold againe.  
 'Twas only Paradiçe, 'tis onely thou,  
 Whose fruit and blossoms both blesse the same bough.  
 Proud in the patterne of thy pretious youth,  
 Nature (methinks) might easily mend her growth.  
 Could she in all her births but coppie thee,  
 Into the publick yeare's proficiencie :  
 No fruit should have the face to smile on thee  
 (Young master of the World's maturitie)  
 But such whose sun-borne beauties what they borrow  
 Of beames to day, pay back again to morrow,  
 Nor need be double-gilt. How then must these  
 Poor fruites looke pale at thy Hesperides !  
 Faine would I chide their slownesse, but in their  
 Defects I draw mine own dull character.  
 Take them, and me in them acknowledging,  
 How much my Summer waites upon thy Spring.<sup>1</sup>

He left behind him among his school-fellows the warmest personal regard, and among his teachers such Pleasures of Hope as rather belonged to the Pleasures of Imagination.<sup>2</sup> He would find himself with friends and fellow Westminster Boys. For turning back upon the names of the successive 'elections' to Cambridge from Westminster, I see from 1628 to 1636 a consider-

<sup>1</sup> The Complete Works of Richard Crashaw in Fuller Worthies' Library: vol. i. pp. 269-70.

<sup>2</sup> One of the Masters, JOHN JORDAN (ad Master), on whose death Cowley wrote a vivid poem, must have greatly loved and been beloved by him. Even the awful Dr. Busby, 'Head Master,' appears to have 'softened' toward him miraculously ('iron tears down Pluto's cheek'). Onward, a little inedited letter from Cowley to him will be given. A floating epigram by our Poet when at School I may as well place here:—

EPIGRAM on the Power of Love.

N.B.—This is delivered down by tradition as a production of Cowley; and was spoken at the Westminster-school election, on the following subject, *Nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.* Ovid.

Sol Daphne sees, and seeing her admires,  
 Which adds new flames to his celestial fires ;  
 Had any remedy for Love been known,  
 The god of Physick, sure, had cur'd his own.

(Works of Cowley: 3 vols. 12°, 1809 (Sharpe): vol. ii. p. 116.)

able number of these—alas! none of any after notability. WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT went to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1628, but SUCKLING, FANSHAW, CLEVELAND, and above all, RICHARD CRASHAW, were all at Cambridge.<sup>1</sup>

SPRAT—with slight intercalations of ours—thus describes his career at the University:—

'With these extraordinary hopes he was removed to Trinity Colledge in Cambridge, where by the progress and continuance of his Wit, it appear'd that two things were join'd in it, which seldom meet together, that it was both early-ripe and lasting. This brought him into the love and esteem of the most eminent members of that famous Society and [he is addressing the once prominently-known MATTHEW CLIFFORD] principally of your Unkle Mr. [Edmund] Fotherby [son of Sir John Fotherby of Barham, Kent, and grandson of Dr. Martin Fotherby, Dean of Canterbury], whose favours he since abundantly acknowledged when his Benefactor had quite forgot the obligation. His Exercises of all kinds are still remembred in that University with great applause, and with this particular praise, that they were not only fit for the obscurity of an Academical life, but to have been shown on the true Theater of the World. There it was that before the twentieth year of his age, he laid the design of divers of his most Masculine Works, that he finish'd long after. In which I know not whether I should most commend, that a mind so young should conceive such great things, or that it should be able to perfect them with such felicity.

'The first occasion of his entering into business was the Elegy that he writ on Mr. [William] Harvey's [Harvey's] Death; wherein he described the highest Characters of Religion, Knowledge, and Friendship, in an age when most other men scarce begin to learn them. This brought him into the acquaintance of Mr. John Harvey, the Brother of his deceased Friend, from whom he received many Offices of kindness through the whole course of his life, and principally this, that by his means he came into the service of my Lord *St. Alban's*.<sup>2</sup>

More summarily Johnson:—

'In 1636 he was removed to Cambridge, where he continued his studies with great intenseness; for he

<sup>1</sup> Alumni West., pp. 100-111.

<sup>2</sup> As Sprat's 'Life' is found in all the folios and onward, no specific references are given in this Introduction. The life is short, and our quotations accordingly readily traced.

is said to have written, while he was yet a young student, the greater part of his 'Davideis'—a work of which the materials could not have been collected without the study of many years, but by a mind of the greatest vigour and activity.<sup>1</sup>

These land-marks of progress at 'Trinity' I take mainly from *Alumni Westmonasteriensis* :—

Scholar of Trinity, 1636.

3d edn. of 'Poetical Blossoms,' 1637.

*Naufragium Ioculare Comœdia* : 'Publicè Coram Academicis Acta, in Collegio SS. et individue Trinitatis. 4to Nonas Feb. An. Dom. 1638.'

Took degree of B.A., 1639.

Chosen a minor fellow of Trinity, 1640.

Chosen a major fellow in 1642.

Proceeded M.A. of Cambridge, in due course.<sup>2</sup>

During the lapse of these years—the earlier at least—whilst doubtless as 'intense' over his studies proper as his Biographers affirm, he must have been occupied upon those Poems that were by-and-bye collected under the general titles of 'Miscellanies' and 'The Mistress.' Certain Elegies enable us to fix dates for some of them, e.g. on Sir Henry Wotton, 1639, and Sir Anthony Vandyke in 1641. The visit of Prince Charles (afterwards Charles II.) to Cambridge in March 1641, gave occasion to the composition and production of his comedy called '*The Guardian*.' It was rather off-hand, rough and ill-digested, but not without wit and even humour—as onward (II. Critical) will be shown.

The later landmark dates bring us to the 'testing' time—as in these Memorial-Introductions I have had repeatedly to accentuate—between allegiance to the King (Charles I.) and the Kingdom ('*this England*'), or as between loyalty to the titular head and treason to the Nation. Cowley elected to 'side' with the Monarch; and doubtless in so doing believed he was seeking the best interests of his country. But it was inevitable

that so pronounced a Royalist should be 'deprived' and 'ousted' of his 'places' in the University—all the more that in his Satire of 'The Puritan and the Papist' (1646), he had libelled truculently and heartlessly under the nickname of 'Puritan' the noblest men and women of the Commonwealth, from their Leaders to the Roundhead 'commonalty.'<sup>3</sup> He fills his niche in the great folio of JOHN WALKER, M.A.'s 'Attempt towards recovering an Account of the Numbers and Sufferings of the Clergy of the Church of England, Heads of Colleges, Fellows, Scholars, etc., who were Sequester'd, Harass'd, etc. in the late Times of the Grand Rebellion' (1714), along with Dr. Thomas Comber (to whom '*Naufragium Ioculare*' of 1638 was dedicated as '*Doctissimo Gravissimoque Viro*'), Dr. Cheney Row, Dr. Meredith, Herbert Thorndike, Dr. John Sherman, and many others, including his school-fellow Samwaies.<sup>4</sup> It was a '*Grand Rebellion*,' though in far other sense than either Clarendon or his followers meant—a rebellion or rising up of freemen against the personal despotism of a weak and mendacious as treacherous sovereign, and the inauguration of that magnificent 'limited monarchy' and large freedom which in our Laureate's words broaden down 'from precedent to precedent.'

He himself modestly describes his 'Ejection' and its results, in his Essay, Of Myself :—

'With these Affections of Mind, and my Heart wholly set upon Letters, I went to the University; but was soon torn from thence by that violent publick Storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every Plant, even from the Princely Cedars to me the Hyssop. Yet I had as good Fortune as could have befallen me in such a Tempest; for I was cast by it into the Family of one of the best Persons, and into the Court of one of the best Princesses in the World. Now tho' I was here engag'd in Ways most contrary to the Original Design of my Life, that is, into much Company, and no small Business, and into a daily Sight of Greatness, both Militant and Triumphant (for that was the State then of the *English* and *French*

<sup>1</sup> As before, p. 6.

<sup>2</sup> As before, p. 110.

<sup>3</sup> See Appendix B.

<sup>4</sup> Walker, Part II. pp. 160-1.

Courts), yet all this was so far from altering my Opinion, that it only added the Confirmation of Reason to that which was before but Natural Inclination. I saw plainly all the Paint of that kind of Life, the nearer I came to it; and that Beauty which I did not fall in Love with, when, for ought I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me, when I saw that it was Adulterate. I met with several great Persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any Part of their Greatness was to be lik'd or desir'd, no more than I would be glad, or content to be in a Storm, tho' I saw many Ships which rid safely, and bravely in it. A Storm would not agree with my Stomach, if it did with my Courage. Tho' I was in a Croud of as good Company as could be found any where, tho' I was in Business of great and honourable Trust, tho' I eat at the best Table, and enjoy'd the best Conveniences for present Substante that ought to be desir'd by a Man of my Condition, in Banishment and publick Distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old School-Boy's Wish in a Copy of Verses to the same effect.

Well then; I now do plainly see  
This busie World and I shall ne'er agree, &c.  
(Vol. II. p. 340, col. 1, l. 27, from bottom.)

I cannot think it is doing injustice to Cowley to adjudge the secret of *his* Loyalty and Royalism (as of many others) to a personal *sentiment* rather than to principle and conscience. It is to be noted that he singles out 'the best of Princesses,' *id est*, Queen Henrietta Maria. He came under the spell of her 'gracious manner,' and possibly of the King's. His heart, not his head, ruled and over-ruled him. That he was (if the expressive vulgarism be allowable) weak-kneed as against 'The Commonwealth' is demonstrated by the suppressed page of 'The Preface' to his first folio of 1656—a page which Dr. Johnson was not very careful to know, or knowing, thus lightly dismissed:—'This year [1656] he published his Poems, with a Preface, in which he seems to have inserted something, suppressed in subsequent editions, which was interpreted to denote some relaxation of his loyalty.'<sup>1</sup> Then more pungently as became *the* Moralist—'From the obloquy which the appearance of submission to the usurpers brought upon him,

<sup>1</sup> As before, p. 10.

his biographer has been very diligent to clear him, and indeed it does not seem to have lessened his reputation. His wish for retirement we can easily believe to be undissembled: a man harassed in one kingdom, and persecuted in another, who, after a course of business that employed all his days and half his nights in ciphering and deciphering, comes to his own country and steps into a prison, will be willing enough to retire to some place of quiet and of safety. *Yet let neither our reverence for a genius, nor our pity for a sufferer, dispose us to forget that, if his activity was virtue, his retreat was cowardice.*<sup>2</sup> Even Walker (of and in the 'Sufferings') has his gird at him:—'In 1656, he returned into *England*, and was for some time under Trouble, *but* at length complying (even too much as far as I can learn) with some in Power, he got an Order to be created M.D. (as he afterwards actually was) at Oxford.'<sup>3</sup>

For the first time, so far as I can ascertain, the unmutilated 'Preface' of 1656 is reprinted in the Appendix (C) to this Memorial-Introduction; and here the suppressed page must find a place:—

. . . Stopt the work;]

'for it is so uncustomary, as to become almost *ridiculous*, to make *Lawrel* for the *Conquered*. Now though in all *Civil Dissentions*, when they break into open hostilities, the *War* of the *Pen* is allowed to accompany that of the *Sword*, and every one is in a maner obliged with his *Tongue*, as well as *Hand*, to serve and assist one side which he engages in; yet when the event of *battel*, and the unaccountable *Will* of *God* has determined the controversy, and that we have submitted to the conditions of the *Conqueror*, we must lay down our *Pens* as well as *Arms*, we must *march* out of our *Cause* it self, and *dismantle* that, as well as our *Town* and *Castles*, of all the *Works* and *Fortifications* of *Wis* and *Reason* by which we defended it. *We* ought not sure, to begin ourselves to revive the remembrance of those times and actions for which we have received a *General Amnestie*, as a *favor* from the *Victor*. The truth is, neither *We*, nor *They*, ought by

<sup>1</sup> As before, pp. 10-11. It is only fair to preserve Sprat's Vindication. I relegate it to Appendix D. of this Introduction. I place beside it, however, Dr. Johnson's earlier and fuller statement from 'The Rambler,' No. 6, on Cowley's retreat.

<sup>2</sup> Part II. pp. 160-1.

the Representation of *Places and Images* to make a kind of *Artificial Memory* of those things wherein we are all bound to desire, like *Themistocles*, the *Art of Oblivion*. The enmities of *Fellow-Citizens* should be, like that of *Lovers*, the *Redintegration of their Amity*. The Names of *Party*, and *Titles of Division*, which are sometimes in effect the whole quarrel, should be extinguished and forbidden in Peace under the notion of *Acts of Hostilities*. And I would have it accounted no less unlawful to *rip up old wounds*, then to *give new ones*; which has made me not onely abstain from printing any thing of this kinde, but to burn the very copies, and inflict a severer punishment on them myself, then perhaps the most rigid Officer of *State* would have thought that they deserved.'  
[As for the ensuing Book, . . .

I give full weight to Sprat's Vindication (in Appendix D.) I have no wish to speak harshly of Cowley for his (shall I say?) timorousness or intended fluency of adaptation to circumstances in order to a quiet life, much less for his yearning like many greater men of the period for 'New England;' but, it was not by men of such stuff, on either side, that the 'Grand Rebellion' was fought out. Spite of his indubitable 'compliance' he evidently convinced himself that through-out he had been staunch in his Royalism, as witness his half-pathetic, half-comical indignation with those who found in his original 'Guardian,' and its transformation, 'Cutter of Coleman Street,' quizzical portraitures of the 'faded' Cavaliers. We may pause here to let the aggrieved Loyalist vindicate himself:—

'The first clamour which some malicious persons raised, and made a great noise with, was, That it was a piece intended for abuse and Satyre against the King's party. Good God! Against the King's party? After having served it twenty years during all the time of their misfortunes and afflictions, I must be a very rash and imprudent person if I chose out that of their Restitution to begin a Quarrel with them. I must be too much a Madman to be trusted with such an Edg'd Tool as Comedy.'

(Vol. I. p. 175, col. 1, l. 22, onwards.)

Just so, he might be 'sane,' but it was hardly 'prudent,' in the recollection of his 'Preface' of 1656, so to over-'protest and protest,' with choler.

It thus appears that when 'ejected' from

Trinity he found a haven in Oxford, at St. John's. That it was with heart-ache and foreboding he left Cambridge, we have pathetic proof in his fine Latin Elegy addressed to his University and printed in his folios, which throbs with emotion. The Reader who loves Cowley, and really wishes to know him, will gladly study this Elegy, which here follows first in the Latin, and next 'speaking English'—by the cultured poetic skill of my dear friend, the Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A., of Londesborough, the 'sweet Singer' of 'Wood-Notes and Church Bells.'

## I. ELEGIA

DEDICATORIA;

AD

ILLUSTRISSIMAM

Academiam

CANTABRIGIENSEM.

HOC tibi de Nato ditissima Mater agens  
 Eriguum immensi pignus Amoris habe.  
 Heu meliora tibi depromere dona volentes  
 Astringit gratas parclor arca manus.  
 Tunc tui poteris vocem hic agnoscere Nati  
 Tam male formatam, dissimilemque tua?  
 Tunc hic materni vestigia sacra decoris,  
 Tu Speculum poteris hic reperire tuum?  
 Post longum, dices, Coulei, sic mihi tempus?  
 Sic mihi speranti, perfide, multa redita?  
 Quae, dices, Saga Lemurisque Deaque nocentes,  
 Hunc mihi in Infantis supposuere loco?  
 At Tu, sancta Parens, crudelis tu quoque, Nati  
 Ne tractes dextrâ vulnera cruda rudi.  
 Hei mihi, quid Fato Genitris accedis iniquo?  
 Sit Sors, sed non sis Ipsa Noverca mihi.  
 Si mihi natali Musarum adolescere in arvo,  
 Si bene dilecto luxuriare solo,  
 Si mihi de doctâ licuisset plenius undâ  
 Haurire, ingentem si satiare sitim,  
 Non ego degeneri dubitabis ore redirem,  
 Nec legeres Nomen fusa rubore meum.  
 Scis bene, scis quae me Tempestas publica Mundi  
 Raptatrix vestro sustulit è gremio,  
 Nec pede adhuc firmo, nec firmo dente, negati  
 Poscentem querulo murmure Lactis opem.  
 Sic quondam aerium Vento bellante per equos,  
 Cum gravidum Autumnus saeva flagellat Hyems,



Immatura suâ velluntur ab arbore poma  
 Et vi victa cadunt; *Arbor* et ipsa gemit.  
 Nondum succus inest terræ generosus avitæ,  
 Nondum *Sol* roseo redditur ore *Pater*.  
 O mihi jucundum *Gratia* super omnia *Nomen*!  
 O penitens toto corde receptus *Amor*!  
 O pulchræ sine *Lusu* *Ædes*, vitæque beatæ,  
*Splendida Paupertas*, ingenitæque decor!  
 O clara ante alias, magnorum nomine *Regnus*  
*Digna Domus*! *Trini* nomine digna *Dei*!  
 O nimium *Ceræris* cumulati munere *Campi*,  
 Posthabitis *Bona* quos colit illa jugis!  
 O sacri *Fontes*! et sacre *Vatibus* *Umbra*,  
 Quas recreant *Avium Pieridæ*que, chori!  
 O *Camus*! *Phæbo* nullus quo gratior annis!  
 Annibus *auriferis* invidiosus *inops*!  
 Ah mihi si vestræ reddat bona gaudia sedis,  
 Detque *Deus* doctâ posse quiete frui;  
 Qualis eram cum me tranquillâ mente sedentem  
 Vidisti in ripâ, *Came* serene, tuâ;  
 Mulcentem audisti puerili flumina cantu;  
 Ille quidem immerito, sed tibi gratas erat.  
 Nam, meminî ripâ cum tu dignatus utraqûe,  
 Dignatum est totum verba referre nemus.  
 Tunc liquidis tacitisque simul mea vita diebus,  
 Et similis vestræ candida fluxit aquæ.  
 At nunc cœnoscæ luces, atque obice multo  
 Rumpitur ætatis turbidus ordo mese.  
 Quid mihi *Sequand* opus, *Tamesis*ve aut *Thyridis*  
*unda* ?  
 Tu potis es nostram tollere, *Came*, sitim.  
 Fœlix qui nunquam plus *uno* viderit *avne*!  
 Quique eadem *Salicis* littora more colit!  
 Fœlix cui non tentatus sordescere *Mundus*,  
 Et cui *Pauperis* nota nitere potest!  
 Tempore cui nullo misera *experientia* constat,  
 Ut res humanas sentiat esse *Nihil*!  
 At nos exemplis *Fortune* instruit opimis,  
 Et documentorum satque superque dedit.  
 Cum *Capitis* avulsam *Diadema*, infractaque *Sceptra*,  
 Contusasque *Hominum Sorte* minante minas,  
*Parcarum* *Iudas*, et non tractabile *Fatum*,  
 Et veras fundo vidimus orbis opes.  
 Quis poterit fragilem post talia credere puppim  
 Infami scopulis naufragisque *Mari* ?  
 Tu quoque in hoc *Terræ* tremuisti, *Academia*, *Motu*,  
 (Nec frustra) atque sedes contremuere tuse.  
 Contremuere ipse *pacata Palladis* arces;  
 Et timuit *Fulmen* *Lauræ* sancta novum.  
 Ah quanquam iratum, pestem hanc avertere *Numen*,  
 Nec saltem *Bellis* ista licere, velit!  
 Nos, tua progenies, perreamus; et ecce, perimus!  
 In nos jus habeat: Jus habet omne malum.  
 Tu stabilis brevium genus immortale nepotum  
 Fundes; nec tibi *Mars* ipse *superstes* erit.  
 Semper plena manens uteri de fonte parenti  
 Formosas mittes *ad* *Mare* *Mortis* aquas.  
 Sic *Venus* humanâ quondam, *Dea* sauciâ dextrâ,  
 (Namque solent ipsi *Bella* nocere *Deis*)

Imploravit opem superùm, questusque clevit,  
 Tinxit adorandus candida membra cruor.  
 Quid quereris? contemne *breves* *secura* dolores;  
 Nam tibi ferre *Necem* *vulnera* nulla valent.

## II. TRANSLATION.

A DEDICATORY ELEGY  
 TO THE  
 MOST ILLUSTRIOUS UNIVERSITY  
 OF CAMBRIDGE.

MOTHER most rich, from thy poor son to thee  
 This scanty pledge of vast affection see.  
 Ah, better gifts for thee I fain would pour  
 Had but my grateful hands a larger store.  
 Will thy son's voice in these poor strains be known,  
 So badly formed and so unlike thy own?  
 The sacred footsteps of a Mother's grace  
 Here wilt thou find?—the mirror of thy face?  
 Cowley, thou'lt say, after so many days  
 Hoped for, dost bring such disappointing lays?  
 What wicked fairies in their wanton play  
 Have placed a changeling where my infant lay?  
 Nay holy parent, art thou cruel too  
 Thy son's fresh wounds with rough hand to renew?  
 Alas, unkindly dost thou come to me?  
 Fate, but not thou, my stepmother may be!  
 If in the Muses' home, had been my lot  
 To spend my growing years and wander not,  
 And to luxuriate in that well-loved spot;  
 If at that learned fountain-head to lie  
 Drinking, and my huge thirst to satisfy;  
 With doubtful lips your ear I should not claim,  
 Nor blushing would you read my worthless name.  
 You know what tempest with world-wrecking sway,  
 From your dear bosom snatched me quite away,  
 A helpless babe with querulous voice that cried  
 For the sustaining nourishment denied.  
 So when a warring wind has rent the air,  
 And Winter rains harsh blows on Autumn fair—  
 The apples from the trees unripe are torn:  
 Vanquished by violence, they lie forlorn:  
 The mother-trees are heard to sigh and mourn:  
 Not yet earth's generous juice has filled their veins,  
 Not yet the sun painted his rosy stains.  
 O name of Cambridge, O most pleasant sound!  
 Deep in my heart the love of thee is found.  
 Fair, without luxury, thy Halls are seen;  
 And happy are the lives led there, I ween:  
 A splendid poverty, of meanness shorn,  
 A comeliness and beauty, noble-born:  
 Dearest abode of all, worthy the name  
 Of mighty Kings—nay, worthy to proclaim  
 The Triune God, and spread abroad His fame;  
 O fields too richly piled with Ceres' gifts,

Which o'er her own loved Etna she uplifts !  
 O sacred fountains and O sacred shades,  
 Where poets wander, nor the world invades !  
 While choirs of singing birds refresh the ear,  
 And all the tuneful Muses hover near !  
 O Cam, Apollo thee most pleasant deems,  
 Though poor, yet envied by gold-bearing streams !  
 Ah, if God would your dear delights restore,  
 The learned leisure on your happy shore ;  
 Such as you saw me, with a tranquil mind  
 Upon your bank, O Cam serene, reclined ;  
 And heard me soothe, with boyish song your wave—  
 Of little worth—to you it pleasure gave.  
 For I remember when each bank would deign,  
 Nay, all the woodland to repeat my strain,  
 Then smooth and silent my life's course flowed on,  
 White as the light which on your waters shone.  
 Now dim my suns, and all my turbid days  
 Broken and vexed and rolled o'er troubled ways.  
 For Seine or Thames or Tyber, what care I ?  
 Thou, Cam alone my thirst canst satisfy !  
 Happy who sees a single stream—no more—  
 And, like a willow, haunts the self-same shore !  
 Happy to whom the untrod world looks base,  
 Thine poverty reveals a shining face !  
 To whom the sad experience ne'er is brought,  
 To deem all human interests as Nought !  
 But us has Fortune taught with all her lore,  
 And given us proofs of it, enough and more.  
 We have beheld a royal head and crown  
 And broken sceptre rudely tumbled down,  
 And human threats crushed by Fate's threatening  
 frown :

The sports of Destiny, which none can guide,  
 And the world's wealth upturned with ruin wide.  
 Who now will trust his frail bark to the shocks  
 Of the rude sea—its shipwrecks and its rocks ?  
 Thou too hast trembled in this great earthquake,  
 O Cambridge, and hast felt thy halls to shake :  
 Trembled the very towers of Pallas mild,  
 And feared the laurel tree new lightning wild.  
 Ah, would that God would turn this plague away,  
 (Though angry) nor give up to War's fell sway  
 These halls and towers that stand in fair array.  
 Let us, thy offspring, Alma Mater, die ;  
 'Tis done as soon as spoken—low we lie.  
 Upon our heads let Justice wreak its wrath ;  
 All kinds of wrong and misery Justice hath !  
 Steadfast thou shalt build up a deathless race  
 Of dying sons, nor shalt to death give place !  
 For ever full remaining thou shalt send  
 From thy womb's fount perennial, without end,  
 Thy bounteous streams of youth that draw sweet breath  
 To that still sea of all-devouring Death.  
 So Venus once, wounded by human hand,  
 (For against wounds in war not Gods can stand),  
 Asked help of Heaven and ceased not to complain,  
 Her white limbs coloured with a wondrous stain.  
 Why dost complain ? These short-lived griefs despise ;

Secure against all wounds that men devise,  
 Death never can avail to close thine eyes !<sup>1</sup>

SPRAT is sufficiently explicit and defensive on this crisis in his Worthy's story. I therefore fall back upon him :—

'When the Civil War broke out, his affection to the King's Cause drew him to *Oxford*, as soon as it began to be the chief seat of the Royal Party. In that University he prosecuted the same Studies with a like success. Nor in the meantime was he wanting to his duty in the War itself, for he was present and in service in several of the King's Journeys and Expeditions. By these occasions and the report of his high deserts, he speedily grew familiar to the chief men of the Court and the Gown, whom the Fortune of the War had drawn together. And particularly, though he was then very young, he had the entire friendship of my Lord *Falkland*, one of the Principal Secretaries of State. That affection was contracted by the agreement of their Learning and Manners. For you may remember Sir, [*Clifford*] we have often heard Mr. *Cowley* admire him, not only for the profoundness of his Knowledge, which was applauded by all the World, but more especially for those qualities which he himself more regarded, for his generosity of Mind, and his neglect of the vain pomp of humane greatness.'

Dr. Johnson similarly individualises 'the kindness and confidence' of 'those who attended the King,' and 'amongst others, of Lord Falkland, whose notice cast a lustre on all to whom it was extended' (i. 7).

Sir John Eliot's great '*Negotium Posterorum*'<sup>2</sup> lifts the curtain on the men and events in Oxford. It is a pitiable spectacle that is presented, much as if one were shown sane men and women ('gentlemen' and 'fair ladies') adjusting their perukes and patches respectively, while an earthquake was shaking the solid earth beneath them, or a tempest crashing above them 'threatening ruin.' Edgehill had driven 'the King's Party' to Oxford ; and Newbury and Marston Moor came after, and shattered the delusive hopes of king and cavalier. The Queen fled to Paris ; and

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix E. for Academic Verses.

<sup>2</sup> Two vols. 4°, 1662, edited by me.

Abraham Cowley, breaking away from his scholarly studies, accompanied, or shortly after followed her. He became Secretary to Lord Jermyn, afterwards Earl of St. Alban's. Of this period and onward, I shall again allow his first Biographer to speak :—

'During the heat of the Civil War, he was settled in my Lord S<sup>t</sup> Alban's Family, and attended her Majesty the Queen-Mother, when by the unjust persecution of her Subjects, she was forced to retire into *France*. Upon this wandering condition of the most vigorous part of his life, he was wont to reflect, as the cause of the long interruption of his Studies. Yet we have no reason to think that he lost so great a space of Time, if we consider in what business he employ'd his banishment. He was absent from his native Country above twelve years; which were wholly spent either in bearing a share in the distresses of the Royall Family, or in labouring in their Affairs. To this purpose he performed several dangerous journeys into *Jersey*, *Scotland*, *Flanders*, *Holland*, or wherever else the King's Troubles requir'd his attendance. But the chief Testimony of his Fidelity, was the laborious service he underwent in maintaining the constant correspondence between the late King and the Queen his Wife. In that weighty Trust he behaved himself with indefatigable integrity, and unsuspected secrecy. For he cypher'd and decypher'd with his own hand the greatest part of all the Letters that passed between their Majesties, and manag'd a vast Intelligence in many other parts: which for some years together took up all his days, and two or three nights every week.'

His Letters, which we have for the first time reproduced from the '*Miscellanea Aulica*' (in our Vol. II. pp. 343-353), furnish specimens of the correspondence carried on. Sooth to say it must have been unkindly taskwork for such a genuine bookish man as was Cowley. SPRAT continues :—

'At length upon his present Majestie's removal out of *France*, and the Queen Mother's staying behind, the business of that nature passed of course into other hands. Then it was thought fit by those on whom he depended, that he should come over into *England*, and under pretence of privacy and retirement, should take occasion of giving notice of the posture of things in this Nation. Upon his return he found his Country groaning under the oppression of an unjust Usurpation. And he soon felt the effects

of it. For while he lay hid in *London*, he was scis'd on by a mistake, the search having been intended after another Gentleman, of considerable note in the King's Party. Being made a Prisoner, he was often examined before the Usurpers, who tryed all imaginable ways to make him serviceable to their ends. That course not prevailing, he was committed to a severe restraint; and scarce at last obtained his liberty upon the hard terms of a Thousand pound Bail, which burden Dr. [Sir Charles] Scarborough very honourably took upon himself. Under these Bonds he continued till the general redemption. Yet taking the opportunity of the Confusions that followed upon Cromwell's death, he ventured back into *France*, and there remained in the same Station as before, till near the time of the King's return.'

It is not worth while at this time o' day, and with the verdict won by THOMAS CARLYLE and JOHN FORSTER, and J. L. LANGFORD—to name only these—for the so-called 'Usurpers,' to traverse the royalist objurgations and falsehoods, or such language as this. I would only put it before every judicial mind if a 'bond' of £1000 were 'hard terms' for the release of a man whose object (as his Biographer avows) was to be a 'Spy' for the Queen-mother, and 'the Prince' (Charles II.), 'under pretence of privacy and retirement'? or if it is matter for wonder that one placed so near the royal exiles were 'suspect,' and dealt with accordingly? As for the allegation that the 'Usurpers' tried 'all imaginable ways to make him serviceable to their ends,' it refutes itself.

Within these busier and (in a sense larger) events and pre-occupations, three minor things demand record and emphasis—

*First*.—As every one knows who knows anything of our literary history, RICHARD CRASHAW in 1646 was also a Royalist 'fugitive' in Paris. *He* had no friend 'at Court,' and sank sorrowfully soon into uttermost destitution. Cowley, who had been his 'inward friend' at Cambridge, discovered this, and brought him timeous help and wealth of sympathy and reverence. I, for

one, place far above political plots and spying, 'cyphering and decyphering,' the verse-memorial that remains of this friendship in (a) The fine poems on sending of Apricots and on Hope—though both preceded this time; (b) The publication of Crashaw's daintily-illustrated Poems 'Carmen Deo Nostro, Te Decet Hymnus,' 1652.<sup>1</sup> Onward (II. Critical) I shall bring up the glorious poem 'On Mr. Crashaw,' *that is* on his death, as well as the other two named. But meanwhile one gladly 'turns aside' from the dissonances and antagonisms and rivalries and measureless selfishnesses of these exiled Royalists and Royalists to this sweet idyll of Cowley and Crashaw's intercourse in Paris.

*Second.*—His Love-Poems, entitled 'The Mistress or Seueral Copies of Love-Verses' appeared in 1647, prior to his rejoining the Queen in that year, and be it specially noted, prior to the surrender of Charles (I.) to the Protector.<sup>2</sup> Of these and the traditional criticism from Dr. Johnson until now, that has been perpetrated about them, I shall have more to say (II. Critical). But at this point, it is pleasant to learn by such a publication, that spite of his 'troubles,' all was not gloom and despondency. The Royalists indeed—as a rule—were not given to melancholy. They laughed their genial if ill-timed laughter even in the face of 'the lean fellow that beats all conquerors.' Evidence remains that Cowley held aloof from their gaieties and frivolities and uncleanness.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See my edition of the complete Poems of Crashaw, in Fuller Worthies' Library, 2 vols. 1872.

<sup>2</sup> The Preface of the Publisher clumsily disguises the Author's own furnishing of the 'copy.' It seems a mere *ruse*, understandable in the circumstances.

<sup>3</sup> Pepys supplies a memorable anecdote of the King (Charles II.) on the authority of Cowley, Thus—'Dec. 8, 1666. Mr. Pierce did also tell me as a great truth, as being told it by Mr. Cowley, who was by, and heard it, that Tom Killigrew should publicly tell the King that his matters were coming into a very ill state; but that yet there was a way to help all. Says he, "There is a good, honest, able man, that I could name,

*Third.*—Other Books appeared: In 1648 a Satire entitled 'The Four Ages of England' was published audaciously with his name on its title-page, and in the same year another called 'A Satire against Separatists' with 'A. C. Generosus' on its title-page, and which was interpreted as standing for 'Abraham Cowley, Gentleman.' Neither was really his. He formally disavowed the former as represented by one of its ages, 'The Iron Age,' in the 'Preface' of 1656. In 1650, 'The Guardian' was surreptitiously published; and though he denounced its publication, we are thankful that it was 'printed.' There are racier things in it than in its smoothed form of 'Cutter of Coleman Street.' In 1656—prepared in prison as is certified by SPRAT, in his vindication of his Loyalty, and so another addition to Books written in Prison—came the folio of the 'Works of A. Cowley,'—of whose contents I shall have a good deal to submit in the sequel (II. Critical).

Apart from outward circumstances, amusingly if darkly set forth by his Biographer, as our Country 'groaning under the oppression of an unjust usurpation' (ahem!) it was a very different literary England to which he theftuously returned. BEN JONSON had died the autumn after his going to Cambridge (August 16, 1637), JOHN FORD and THOMAS CAREW had followed shortly (1639), PHILIP MASSINGER at a still briefer interval (March 17, 1640), NATHANIEL FIELD, and SIR JOHN SUCKLING the next year (1641). Even WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT (1643), FRANCIS

that if your Majesty would employ, and command to see all things well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in employing his lips and fists about the Court, and hath no other employment; but if you would give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it." This, he says, is most true; but the King do not profit by any of this, but lays all aside, and remembers nothing, but to his pleasures again; which is a sorrowful consideration' (Mynors Bright's Pepys, vol. iv. p. 180). Truly it was Saul among the prophets when 'Tom Killigrew' assumed the function of the Seer.

QUARLES (1644), and WILLIAM DRUMMOND, of Hawthornden (1649), and loved and lamented RICHARD CRASHAW (1650), were all gone over to the majority. ROBERT HERRICK was still 'about town' (his *Hesperides* published in 1647/8), and Dr. HENRY MORE working on his 'Psyche.' WYCHERLEY (born 1640) was only in his earlier breeches : OTWAY (born 1651) in petticoats or little beyond. From JOHN MILTON, then in the prime of his splendid manhood, he was sundered by an abyssmal chasm.

Freed from prison, though still probably under surveillance, he proceeded to Oxford, and there took the degree of M.D. His book '*De Plantarum*,' shows—not over-pleasantly sometimes—that he had 'inter-meddled' with anatomy and *materia medica*. It may have been that his original intention was to become a Physician. Be this as it may, his Biographer held the thing to have been a mask. Dr. Johnson, recurring to the 'something' in the 'Preface' of 1656, and the 'compliance,' thus gathers up the threads of the story :—

'He then took upon himself the character of physician, still, according to Sprat, with intention "to dissemble the main design of his coming over;" and as Mr. [Anthony] Wood relates, "complying with some of the men then in power (which was much taken notice of by the Royal Party), he obtained an order to be created doctor of physic, which being done to his mind (whereby he gained the ill-will of some of his friends), he went into France again, having made a copy of verses on Oliver's death"—[the last a mis-report apparently of the 'Vision'].<sup>1</sup>

'This,' proceeds the great Moralist, 'is no favourable representation, yet even in this not much wrong can be discovered. How far he complied with the men in power is to be inquired before he can be blamed. It is not said that he told them any secrets, or assisted them by intelligence, or any other act. If he only

<sup>1</sup> Wood seems to insinuate that the 'Verses' were in laudation of Cromwell. Dr. Johnson justly remarks 'Of the verses on Oliver's death, in which Wood's narrative seems to imply something encomiastic, there has been no appearance. There is a discourse concerning his government, indeed, with verses intermixed, but such as certainly gained its author no friends among the abettors of usurpation' (as before, p. 22).

promised to be quiet, that they in whose hands he was might free him from confinement, he did what no law of society prohibits.

'The man whose miscarriage in a just cause has put him in the power of his enemy may, without any violation of his integrity, regain his liberty or preserve his life by a promise of neutrality: for the stipulation gives the enemy nothing which he had not before; the neutrality of a captive may be always secured by his imprisonment or death. He that is at the disposal of another may not promise to aid him in any injurious act, because no power can compel active obedience. He may engage to do nothing, but not to do ill.

'There is reason to think that Cowley promised little. It does not appear that his compliance gained him confidence enough to be trusted without security, for the bond of his bail was never cancelled; nor that it made him think himself secure, for at the dissolution of Government which followed the death of Oliver, he returned into France, where he resumed his former station and stayed till the Restoration. "He continued," says his biographer, "under these bonds till the general deliverance" [I intercalate that Dr. Johnson substitutes this for 'redemption'—significantly]: it is therefore to be supposed that he did not go to France and act again for the King without the consent of his bondsman; that he did not show his loyalty at the hazard of his friend, but by his friend's permission"—[a generous 'supposition' that I am willing to believe]. 'A doctor,' finally, says Johnson, 'of physic, however, he was made at Oxford in December 1657; and in the commencement of the Royal Society, of which an account has been given by Dr. Birch, he appears busy among the experimental philosophers with the title of Dr. Cowley.'<sup>2</sup>

The main outcome of his 'physician' episode, is his '*De Plantarum*':—

'There is no reason,' continues 'the Life,' 'for supposing that he ever attempted practice; but his preparatory studies have contributed something to the honour of his country. Considering botany as necessary to a physician, he retired into Kent to gather plants; and, as the predominance of a favourite study affects all subordinate operations of the intellect, botany in the mind of Cowley turned into poetry. He composed in Latin several books on plants, of which the first and second display the qualities of herbs, in elegiac verse; the third and fourth, the beauties of flowers, in various measures; and the fifth and sixth, the uses of trees, in heroic numbers.'<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> As before, pp. 11-12.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

A copy of the volume containing the first two books of his 'De Plantarum' was sent to his old master, terrible Dr. Richard Busby. A little letter that accompanied it may be introduced at this point :—

' To the Rev. Dr. RICHARD BUSBY.

' SIR,—I should have made you this mean present before, but that I have been out of town; and as some things are too great, so this is too little to be sent far. If I were not well acquainted with your candour, and your particular favour to me, it would be madness to venture this criminal in the presence of so great and so long-practised a judge of these matters. It may be a fitter entertainment for some of your scholars than for yourself, and is a more proportionable companion for the hyssop than the cedars of Lebanon. I ask, therefore, your pardon for this liberty, and am, with great respect, Sir,

' Your most humble, and most faithful servant

' A. COWLEY.'<sup>1</sup>

Prior to the publication of his 'De Plantarum,' a minor incident took place, of which there is a bright little memorial. 'There was,' says the biographer of 'The Great Lord Fairfax,' CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM,—'a gay and brilliant wedding at Bolton Percy Church on September 15, 1657, attended by all the families in the neighbourhood, and COWLEY, the Duke's best man, wrote the following sonnet in honour of the occasion :—

" Now blessings to thy noble choice betide,  
Happy and happy-making bride!  
Though thou art of a victorious race,  
And all their rougher victory dost grace  
With gentle triumphs of thy face,  
Permit us in this milder war to prize  
No less thy yielding heart than thy victorious eyes,  
Nor doubt the honour of that field  
Where thou didst first o'ercome ere thou didst yield.  
And though thy father's martial name  
Has filled the trumpets and the drums of fame,  
Thy husband triumphs now no less than he,  
And it may justly questioned be  
Which was the happest conqueror of the three."

The "husband" was GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, the "bride" that Mary Fairfax, whom her venerated father

<sup>1</sup> From Nichols' *Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century*, . . . vol. iv. 1822 (2d Series): p. 395—Letters to Dr. Busby, with a tremendous portrait of him.

delighted to call his "Moll," and who had for tutor no less than ANDREW MARVELL,—in whose poems she has a secure immortality. The wretched after-career of the Duke still lay far ahead in the future. Cowley happily was gone before the worst. Alas, "Mary" (styled "Princess" on her tomb in Henry VII's chapel) lived on till 20th October 1704.<sup>1</sup>

In 1660, the Exile returned to England in hot-haste to put to press a vast Pindarique '*Ode on his Majesty's Restoration and Return*.' In 1661 he published '*A Discourse by way of Vision concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell*.' In 1663 he collected '*Verses on Several Occasions*.'

Well has Mr. Gosse observed :—

'It was to be supposed that if any man deserved reward, it was he who with so much purity of purpose and devoted service had given the best years of a flourishing youth to the despairing cause of the king, and who, in spite of all temptations, had never wavered in his active fidelity. But Cowley was not the man to win honours in such a court as that of Charles II. Of austere life, a sincere and even rigid religionist, an earnest lover of scholarship and holy living, he was looked upon with suspicion by the gay butterflies that flocked to Whitehall. Charles himself, who admired his genius and respected his character, was prejudiced against him by spiteful tongues, who pointed to certain pacific passages in his writings, as if they proved his lukewarmness in the royalist cause. Nothing could be more wantonly unjust. In point of fact, Charles was too ready to embrace his enemies and let his friends shift for themselves. The poets, however, managed to provide for themselves. The easy Turn-coat, Waller, came skipping back to court: Herrick regained his vicarage and Roscommon his wealth and influence. "In that year when manna rained on all, why should the Muses' fleece only be dry?" lamented Cowley, who found himself alone unwatered by the golden shower of preferments.'<sup>2</sup>

SPRAT weightily tells 'the conclusion of the whole matter,' and I know not that I can

<sup>1</sup> P. 372. I have a bulky volume of Notes of Sermons in Mary Fairfax's extraordinary handwriting. Such note-taking was the usage at Nunappleton House.

<sup>2</sup> As before, p. 734.

do better than here give his narrative in completeness :—

' Upon the King's happy Restauration, Mr. Cowley was past the fortieth year of his Age ; of which the greatest part had been spent in a various and tempestuous condition. He now thought he had sacrificed enough of his life to his curiosity and experience. He had enjoyed many excellent occasions of observation. He had been present in many great revolutions, which in that tumultuous time disturb'd the Peace of all our Neighbour-States, as well as our own. He had nearly [— closely] beheld all the splendour of the highest part of mankind. He had lived in the presence of Princes, and familiarly conversed with greatness in all its degrees, which was necessary for one that would contemn it aright : for to scorn the pomp of the World before a man knows it, does commonly proceed rather from ill Manners, than a true Magnanimity.

' He was now weary of the vexations and formalities of an active condition. He had been perplexed with a long compliance to Foreign Manners. He was satiated with the Arts of Court : which sort of life, though his virtue had made innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. These were the reasons that moved him to forgo all Publick Employments, and to follow the violent inclination of his own mind, which in the greatest throng of his former business, had still called upon him, and represented to him the true delights of solitary Studies, of temperate Pleasures, and of a moderate Revenue, below the malice and flatteries of Fortune.

' At first he was but slenderly provided for such a retirement, by reason of his Travels, and the Afflictions of the Party to which he adhered, which had put him quite out of all the roads of gain. Yet, notwithstanding the narrowness of his Income, he remained fixed to his resolution, upon his confidence in the temper of his own mind, which he knew had contracted its desires into so small a compass, that a very few things would supply them all. But upon the settlement of the Peace of our Nation, this hinderance of his design was soon remov'd : for he then obtain'd a plentiful Estate, by the favour of my Lord St. Alban's, and the bounty of my Lord Duke of Buckingham ; to whom he was always most dear, and whom he ever respected, as his principal Patrons. The last of which great men, you know, Sir, it is my duty to mention, not only for Mr. Cowley's sake, but my own : though I cannot do it, without being asham'd, that having the same Encourager of my Studies, I should deserve his Patronage so much less.

' Thus he was sufficiently furnished for his retreat. And immediately he gave over all pursuit of Honour and Riches, in a time, when, if any ambitious or covetous thoughts had remain'd in his mind, he might justly have expected to have them readily satisfied. In his last seven or eight years he was concealed in his beloved obscurity, and possess'd that solitude, which from his very childhood he had always most passionately desired. Though he had frequent invitations to return into business, yet he never gave ear to any perswasions of Profit or Preference. His visits to the City and Court were very few : his stays in Town were only as a Passenger, not an Inhabitant. The places that he chose for the seats of his declining life, were two or three Villages on the bank of the Thames. During this recess, his mind was rather exercised on what was to come, than what was past ; he suffered no more business, nor cares of life to come near him, than what were enough to keep his soul awake, but not to disturb it. Some few Friends and Books, a cheerful heart, and innocent Conscience were his constant Companions. His Poetry indeed he took with him, but he made that an Anchorite, as well as himself : he only dedicated it to the service of his Maker, to describe the great images of Religion and Virtue wherewith his mind abounded. And he employed his Musick to no other use, than as his own *David* did towards *Saul*, by singing the praises of God and of Nature, to drive the evil spirit out of men's minds.'

We must return upon these more general statements of SPRAT. Specifically, he had been 'promised,' both by Charles I. and Charles II., the 'Mastership of the Savoy,' which was the 'Rachel' for which he tells us in 'The Complaint' he had served and waited 'twice seven years' in vain, and even without a substituted 'Leah.' Such a post over so splendid a charity—though in decadence at the period—would have been just such as he could have filled effectively, and at same time have commanded 'learned leisure.' Anthony a-Wood states that 'he lost it by certain persons enemies to the Muses.'<sup>1</sup> It fires one's blood to-day to know that his supplanter was one of the KILLIGREWS, viz., Henry, brother of the notorious Tom Killigrew, 'groom of the

<sup>1</sup> Wood, A. O., as before.

bed-chamber to Charles II., and elder brother of Lady Shannon, one of that monarch's many mistresses.<sup>1</sup> This disappointment was succeeded by another, for, as Dr. Johnson puts it:—

'The neglect of the Court was not his only mortification: having, by such alteration as he thought proper, fitted his old comedy of the "Guardian" for the Stage, he produced it [8th Dec. 1661] under the title of "Cutter of Coleman-street." It was treated on the Stage with great severity, and was afterwards censured as a satire on the King's party. Mr. Dryden, who went with Mr. Sprat to the first exhibition, related to Mr. Dennis, "that, when they told Cowley how little favour had been shown him, he received the news of his ill success not with so much firmness as might have been expected from so great a man." What firmness they expected, or what weakness Cowley discovered, cannot be known. He that misses his end will never be as much pleased as he that attains it, even when he can impute no part of his failure to himself; and when the end is to please the multitude, no man, perhaps, has a right, in things admitting of gradation and comparison, to throw the whole blame upon his judges, and totally to exclude diffidence and shame by a haughty consciousness of his own excellence. For the rejection of this play it is difficult now to find the reason: it certainly has, in a very great degree, the power of fixing attention and exciting merriment.'<sup>2</sup>

Against this retailed gossip of 'rejection' and charges of 'disaffection,' two things are to be placed, (a) The spirited and in no wise 'despondent' vindication of himself and his purpose in 'Cutter of Coleman Street' in the Preface of the published Play: (b) An entry in Downes' *Roscius Anglicanus* (12° 1708, p. 25), 'This comedy being acted so perfectly well and exact; it was performed a whole week with a full audience.' We also know that it was 'acted' not only at Cambridge, but several times afterwards privately during the prohibition of the Stage, and publicly at Dublin, and always with applause.<sup>3</sup> Moreover, Pepys has this contemporary notice:—

<sup>1</sup> Loftie's Memorials of the Savoy (1878), p. 152.

<sup>2</sup> As before, pp. 13-14.

<sup>3</sup> Langbaine's Lives, p. 82.

'1662, December 16. After dinner to the Opera [the Duke's House, or D'Avenant's Theatre], where there was a new play (Cutter of Coleman Street) made in the year 1658, with reflections much upon the late times; and it being the first time, the pay was doubled, and so to save my money my wife and I went into the gallery, and there sat and saw very well; and a very good play it is. It seems of Cowley's making.'<sup>1</sup>

Pepys' opinion may not go for much. Still the performance of the Play for 'a whole week, with a full audience,' must modify the strong statements of 'Mr. Dryden' and the rest. At the same time the Author's own Preface certainly confirms the further 'Note' of Downes (as before)—'Note. This play was not a little injurious to the Cavalier indigent officers, especially the characters of Cutter and Worm.' Probably the absence from the performance of the King and Court most galled Cowley, and revived his earlier 'vehement desire' for retirement, albeit Dr. Johnson was justified in designating Anthony Wood 'morose,' in respect of his account of that retirement, which thus runs:—'Not finding that preferment conferred upon him which he expected, while others for their money carried away most places, he retired discontented into Surrey.'<sup>2</sup> 'Weary' and 'sick of heart' in view of the hollowness of Court and Courtiers (with rare exceptions), had better expressed his feeling. I daresay on the rule that a gad-fly's sting is more irritating and intolerable to the bovine hide than a blow or wound, Cowley was as much annoyed by a satiric poem that circulated at the time, as by the larger wrong (or neglects). For all these unlucky incidents, as well as the publication of 'The Complaint,' where the poet described himself as 'the melancholy

<sup>1</sup> Mynor Bright's edn. (1877), i. 389. Later, under date 9th August 1668, we have this entry: 'To the Duke of York's play-house, and there saw "The Guardian," formerly the same, I find, that was called Cutter of Coleman Street; a silly play' (v. 329). Years before this Pepys had written:—'19th Feb. 1660/1, I took coach home and spent the evening in reading of a Latin play, the *Navfragium Jocularis*' (i. 261).

<sup>2</sup> As before, pp. 15-16.



Cowley,' and his laudatory verses on Tuke's 'Adventures of Five Hours,' were thus spitefully brought together:—

' Savoy-missing Cowley came into court,  
Making apologies for his bad play :  
Every one gave him so good a report,  
That Apollo gave heed to all he could say :  
Nor would he have had, 'tis thought, a rebuke,  
Unless he had done some notable folly ;  
Writ verses unjustly in praise of Sam Tuke,  
Or printed his pitiful Melancholy.'

Looking over Sprat's narrative—as already quoted in full—Dr. Johnson, to whom a walk down Fleet Street was 'opening Paradise' and 'the country' an infliction, summarises and moralises on the Poet's retirement. Once more this must be given in integrity:—

' So differently are things seen! and so differently are they shown! but actions are visible, though motives are secret. Cowley certainly retired; first to Barn-elms, and afterwards to Chertsey, in Surrey. He seems, however, to have lost part of his dread of the "hum of men" (*L'Allegro* of Milton). He thought himself now safe enough from intrusion, without the defence of mountains and oceans; and instead of seeking shelter in America, wisely went only so far from the bustle of life as that he might easily find his way back, when solitude should grow tedious. His retreat was at first but slenderly accommodated; yet he soon obtained, by the interest of the Earl of St. Alban's and the Duke of Buckingham, such a lease of the Queen's lands as afforded him an ample income. By the lover of virtue and of wit it will be solicitously asked if he now was happy. Let them peruse one of his letters accidentally preserved by Peck, which I recommend to the consideration of all that may hereafter pant for solitude.

“ TO DR. THOMAS SPRAT.

“ CHERTSEY, 21 May, 1665.

“ The first night that I came hither I caught so great a cold, with a defluxion of rheum, as made me keep my chamber ten days; and, two after, had such a bruise on my ribs with a fall, that I am yet unable to move or turn myself in my bed. This is my personal fortune here to begin with. And, besides, I can get no money from my tenants, and have my meadows eaten up every night by cattle put in by my neighbours. What this signifies, or may come to in time, God knows; if it be ominous it can end in

nothing less than hanging. Another misfortune has been, and stranger than all the rest, that you have broke your word with me, and failed to come, even though you told Mr. Bois that you would. This is what they call *monstri simile*. I do hope to recover my late hurt so farre within five or six days (though it be uncertain yet whether I shall ever recover it) as to walk about again. And then, methinks, you and I, and the Dean might be very merry upon St. Anne's Hill. You might very conveniently come hither the way of Hampton town, lying there one night. I write this in pain, and can say no more: *Verbum sapienti.*”<sup>1</sup>

It is too large an induction from a chance-preserved single letter of this kind to hold, that the retirement to Barn-elms and Chertsey was made up of such accidents and incidents. Doubtless Cowley met with disappointments and chagrins; but he was too genuinely a lover of Nature not to have had many pleasures in his 'garden' and 'meadows.' It would appear that he had somewhat high-flown and innocently ingenuous expectations of 'perfect peace' in the country. Possibly he was too much of an amateur to 'manage' the practical oversight of farms, self-taken or leased. None the less there must have been an inner satisfaction that he was at long-last out of the turmoils and orgies of 'High Life above Stairs.' When a man can jest and play on his sorrows, the 'trouble' is not very pungent, and Cowley did jest and play on his: *e.g.*

' I thought when I went first to dwell in the country, that without doubt I should have met there with the simplicity of the old poetical age; I thought to have found no inhabitants there, but such as the shepherds of Sir Philip Sidney in Arcadia, or of Monsieur d'Urfé upon the banks of Lignon; and began to consider with myself which way I might recommend, no less to posterity, the happiness and innocence of the men of Chertsey; but to confess the truth, I perceived quickly, by infallible demonstrations, that I was still in Old England, and not in Arcadia or La Forrester.'<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Appendix to Life of Cromwell, p. 81.

<sup>2</sup> Cowley—*The Dangers of an Honest Man in much Company*. Johnson's 'Dick Shifter' ('The Idler,' No. 71) is an admirable carrying out of Cowley's desire by a Cockney amit with the charms of rural life as described by poets. Cunningham's Johnson's Lives, i. 17.

He did not long 'enjoy the pleasure or suffer the uneasiness of solitude.'<sup>1</sup>

He set his house in order for 'the end' timeously—as his Will declares. We must now read it as follows, from Cunningham, in Johnson's 'Lives' (i. 62-64):—

'TESTAMENT.'

'In the name of God Almighty, to whom bee for ever all glory, Amen. I, ABRAHAM COWLEY, of Chertsea, in the county of Surrey, beeing at present by God's mercy in perfect health and understanding, and well considering the uncertainty of human life, most especially in these tymes of sicknes and mortality, doe, in attendance of God's blessed pleasure concerning my life or death, make and declare this my last Will and Testament as followeth. I humbly recommend my soule to that greates God from whom I had it, beseeching him to receive it into his bosome for the merits of his sonne, the saviour of sinners, amongst whome I am one of the greatest, and my body to the earth, from whence it came, in hopes of a happy resurrection. O Lord, I believe, help my unbelief; O Lord, I repent, pardon the weakness of my repentance.

'All my worldly goods, moneys, and chattels, I bequeath to my brother Thomas Cowley,<sup>2</sup> whome I doe hereby constitute my sole heyr and executor, hee paying out of y<sup>e</sup> estate, w<sup>ch</sup> it has pleased God to bestowe upon me, much above my deserts, these ensueing Legacies.

'I leave to my neveu — Cowley (if he bee yete alive) ten pounds; To my cosen Benjamin Hind, towards his education in learning, fifty pounds; To my cosen — Gauton, of Nutfield, in Surrey, for y<sup>e</sup> same use of his eldest sonne, fifty pounds; To my cosen Mary Gauton, twenty pounds; To Thomas Fotherby, of Canterbury, Esquire,<sup>4</sup> one hundred pounds, w<sup>ch</sup> [I] beseech him to accept of as a small

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Johnson, as before, p. 17.

<sup>2</sup> This is the indorsement in Cowley's handwriting.

<sup>3</sup> For his three brothers he always maintained a constant affection: and having survived the two first, he made the third his heir.—Sprat's *Life of Cowley*, in a *Letter to Martin Clifford*. Thomas is the youngest of the children named in the will of the poet's father.

His brother lived in the King's Yard, i.e. the King's Arms Yard in the city.—*Letter from Cowley to Evelyn, Chertsey*, May 13, 1667.

<sup>4</sup> Uncle of Martin Clifford of the Charter House. Cowley acquired his friendship at Trinity College, Cambridge. 'This brought him into the love and esteem of the most eminent members of that famous society, and principally of your uncle, Mr. Fotherby, whose favours he since abundantly acknowledged, when his benefactor had quite forgot the obligation.'—Sprat's *Life of Cowley*.

remembrance of his ancient kindness to mee; To Sir Will Davenant, twenty pounds; to Mr. Mart Clifford,<sup>1</sup> twenty pounds; To Mr. Thomas Sprat, twenty pounds; To Mr. Thomas Cook,<sup>2</sup> twenty pounds; To Dr. Charles Scarborough, twenty pounds; To Dr. Thomas Croyden, twenty pounds; To my mayd, Mary (besides what I ow her, and all my wearing linae), twenty pounds; To my servant, Thomas Waldron, ten pounds and most of my wearing clothes at my brother's choise; To Mary, my brother's mayd, five pounds; To the poore of the town of Chertsea, twenty pounds.

'I doe farther leave to the Honourable John Hervey,<sup>3</sup> of Ickworth, Esquire, my share and interest in his Highnes the Duke of York's Theater.<sup>4</sup> And to y<sup>e</sup> Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> the Earl of S<sup>t</sup> Albans, my Lord, and once kind Master, a Ring of ten pounds, onely in memory of my duty and affection to him, not being able to give anything worthy his acceptance nor hee (God bee praised) in need of any gifts from such persons as I.

'If anything bee due to mee from Trinity College [Cambridge], I leave it to bee bestowed in books upon y<sup>e</sup> library; and I leave besides to Doctor Robert Crane, Fellowe of y<sup>e</sup> said College, a

<sup>1</sup> Of Martin Clifford, usually called Mat Clifford, little is known. Wood mentions, in his manuscript additions to his own copy of the *Athenae Oxonienses*, that he was a Lieutenant in Thomas, Earl of Ossory's regiment, in 1660; for which he quotes Merc. Pub., p. 510. He was elected from Westminster to Trinity College, Cambridge, made Master of the Charter House 17th Nov. 1671, and died 10th Dec. 1677.—Malone's *Life of Dryden*, p. 95.

He is said to have had a hand in 'The Rehearsal,' performed for the first time on the 7th Dec. 1671; and to have been the author of 'Four Letters' on Dryden's Poems, printed in 4to, 1687, ten years after his death. The last letter is dated Charter House, July 1, 1671.

<sup>2</sup> 'He (Mr. Cowley) told me the last time that ever I saw him . . . of which his friend Mr. Cook is a witness.'—Sprat's *Life of Cowley*.

<sup>3</sup> John Hervey, of Ickworth, Treasurer of the Household to Catherine, queen of Charles II., ob. 18th Jan. 1679-80. 'The first occasion of his entering into business was the elegy that he wrote on Mr. Hervey's death. This brought him into the acquaintance of Mr. John Hervey, the brother of his deceased friend, from whom he received many offices of kindness through the whole course of his life, and principally this, that by his means he came into the service of my Lord St. Alban's.'—Sprat's *Life of Cowley*.

Mr. Hervey's mother was Susan Jermyn, daughter of Sir Robert Jermyn, of Rushbrook, grandfather to Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Alban's. Ickworth and Rushbrook are in Suffolk, near Bury St. Edmunds. In a damp gallery at Ickworth I saw in 1830 a highly interesting but sadly neglected portrait of Cowley's friend Hervey.

<sup>4</sup> Cowley's comedy, 'Cutter of Coleman Street,' was first acted at the Duke's theatre. Sir William Davenant was the patentee of the theatre.

Ring of five pounds valew, as a small token of  
of freindship.

'I desire my dear friend, M<sup>r</sup> Thomas Sprat, to  
trouble himselfe with y<sup>e</sup> collection and revision of all  
such writings of mine (whether printed before or not)  
as hee shall thinke fit to be published, Beseeching him  
not to let any passe which hee shall judge unworthy  
of the name of his friend, and most especially nothing  
(if anything of y<sup>e</sup> kind have escaped my pen) w<sup>ch</sup>  
may give the least offence in point of religion or good  
manners. And in consideration of this unpleasant  
task, I desire him to accept of my Study of  
Books.<sup>1</sup>

'This I declare to bee my last Will and Testament.  
Lord have mercy upon my soul. Written by my  
own hand, signed and sealed, at Chertsea, this 28th  
day of September, 1665.

'ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Signed and sealed in  
the presence of

'Thomas Waldron.<sup>2</sup>

'The Mark of † John Symonds,  
Wheelwright, of Chertsey.'<sup>3</sup>

Even years before he had looked 'Death  
in the face,' as witness his Epitaph while still  
alive. It has been frequently translated. I  
avail myself of W. CULLEN BRYANT'S, made  
in ignorance of others, as he thus introduces  
it:—

'The task of translating such lines is not easy, but  
here is an attempt to put the thought into English  
verse:—

THE LIVING AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

Here, Stranger, in this lowly spot,  
The buried Cowley finds, at last,  
Rest from the labours of his lot,  
And leaves life's follies with the past,

<sup>1</sup> 'Mr. Cowley in his will recommended to my care the revis-  
ing of all his works that were formerly printed, and the collect-  
ing of those papers which he had designed for the press. And  
he did it with this particular obligation, *That I should be sure  
to let nothing pass that might seem the least offence to religion  
or good manners.* A caution which you [Martin Clifford] will  
judge to have been altogether needless. For certainly, in all  
ancient or modern times, there can scarce any author be found  
that has handled so many different matters in such various sorts  
of style, who less wants the correction of his friends, or has  
less reason to fear the severity of strangers.'—Sprat's *Life of  
Cowley*, 1666.

<sup>2</sup> The poet's man-servant. See the body of the will.

<sup>3</sup> Cunningham's 'Johnson's Lives,' as before, pp. 62-64.

In not unseemly low estate,  
Nor meanly slothful, though retired,  
Well hath the poet learned to hate  
The wealth by staring crowds admired.

Yea, speak of him as dead; for see  
How little earth is now his share;  
And, Stranger, pray that light may be  
Its burden, and may bring no care.

Strew flowers; they please the living dead;  
Here roses ere they wither strew,  
And o'er his yet warm ashes shed  
The sweetest-smelling herbs that grow.'  
(As before, pp. 380|1).

He seems to have suffered again much  
during the one winter he spent at Chertsey,  
but to have recovered in the spring; but  
through staying over long in the meadows  
one summer evening, superintending his  
labourers, he caught a cold, which he  
neglected. Within a fortnight he was gone,  
'departing' on July 28, 1667, in his 49th  
year, at the Porch-house towards the west  
end of Chertsey.

Mr. Gosse sums up:—

'With his death his glory flourished. King Charles  
declared "that Mr. Cowley had not left behind him  
a better man in England." On August 3, he was  
laid in Westminster Abbey, beside the ashes of  
Chaucer and Spenser. The Earl of Orrery composed  
a funeral poem, and Sir John Denham, himself in a  
few months to die, wrote an elegy, beginning "Old  
Chaucer like the morning star," which is quoted in  
all works on English literature. All the poets of the  
day wrote "Pindarique Odes," in imitation of the  
transcendent poet of that form of verse, and his  
heroic couplet became the despair of all gentlemen  
who wrote with care.

"He who would worthily adorn his hearse,  
Should write in his own way, in his immortal verse,"

said Thomas Higgons, who indited a very good  
Pindaric ode to his memory' . . . 'George Duke of  
Buckingham raised a monument to his memory in  
Westminster Abbey, and so crowned with unusual  
honour, and lighted by the funeral flambeaux of  
temporal and spiritual peers, this poet also, like his

obscurer brethren, went down into the place where all the incidental advantages of life are as if they had not been.<sup>1</sup>

Rather—for what was mortal only 'went down'—went UP to take his place as 'a good man' among the Immortals, through the

mercy of that divine Lord and Saviour to Whom in a corrupt age ABRAHAM COWLEY surrendered himself with a sweet and pathetic humility.<sup>1</sup>

Pass we now to regard our Worthy as POET and as MAN in

## II. CRITICAL.

I place here, in the outset, Cowley's address 'To the Royal Society,' with certain notes and illustrations upon it from ARCHBISHOP TRENCH'S 'Household Book of English Poetry' (2d edition, 1870):—

### To the ROYAL SOCIETY.

'Philosophy, the Great and only Heir  
Of all that Human Knowledge, which has bin  
Unforfeited by Man's rebellious Sin,  
Though full of years He do appear,  
(Philosophy, I say, and call it, He,  
For whatsoe'er the Painter's Fancy be,  
It a Male-Virtu seems to me)  
Has still been kept in Nonage 'till of late,  
Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vast Estate:  
Three or four thousand years one would have thought,  
To ripeness and perfection might have brought  
A Science so well bred and aurst,  
And of such hopeful parts too at the first.  
But, oh, the Guardians, and the Tutors then,  
(Some negligent, and some ambitious men)  
Would ne're consent to set him Free,  
Or his own Natural Powers to let him see,  
Lest that should put an end to their Autoritie.

That his own business he might quite forgit  
They' amused him with the sports of wanton Wit,  
With the Deserts of Poetry they fed him,  
Instead of solid meats t' encrease his force:  
Instead of vigorous exercise, they led him  
Into the pleasant Labyrinths of ever-fresh Discours:  
Instead of carrying him to see  
The Riches which doe hoorded for him lye,  
In Nature's endless Treasure,  
They chose his Eye to entertain  
(His curious but not covetous Eye)  
With painted Scenes, and Pageants of the Brain.

Some few exalted Spirits this latter Age has shown,  
That labour'd to assert the Liberty  
(From Guardians, who were now Usurpers grown)  
Of this Old Minor, still captiv'd Philosophy;  
But 'twas Rebellion call'd to fight  
For such a long-oppressed Right.  
Bacon at last, a mighty Man, arose,  
Whom a wise King and Nature chose,  
Lord Chancellour of both their Laws,  
And boldly undertook the injur'd Pupil's cause.

Autority, which did a Body boast,  
Though 'twas but Air condens'd, and stalk'd about,  
Like some old Giant's more Gigantic Ghost,  
To terrifie the learned Rout  
With the plain Magique of true Reason's Light,  
He chac'd out of our sight;  
Nor suffer'd living Men to be misled  
By the vain shadows of the Dead:  
To Graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd Phantome  
led.

He broke that Menstrous God which stood  
In midst of th' Orchard, and the whole did claim,  
Which with a useless Sith of Wood,  
And something else not worth a name,  
(Both vast for shew, yet neither fit  
Or to Defend, or to Beget;  
Ridiculous and senseless Terrors!) made  
Children and superstitious Men afraid.  
The Orchard's open now, and free;  
Bacon has broke that Scar-crow Deltie;  
Come, enter, all that will,  
Behold the rip'ned fruit, come gather now your Fill  
Yet still, methinks, we fain would be  
Catching at the Forbidden Tree,  
We would be like the Deltie,  
When Truth and Falshood, Good and Evil, we  
Without the Senecs' aid within our selves would see;  
For 'tis God only who can find  
All Nature in his Mind.

<sup>1</sup> As before, p. 736.

<sup>1</sup> For various details on his death, epitaph, portraits, etc. see Appendix F.

From Words, which are but Pictures of the Thought,  
 (Though we our Thoughts from them perversely drew)  
 To Things, the Mind's right Object, he it brought ;  
 Like foolish Birds to painted Grapes we flew ;  
 He sought and gather'd for our use the Tru ;  
 And when on heaps the chosen Bunches lay,  
 He prest them wisely the Mechanic way,  
 'Till all their juyce did in one Vessel joyn,  
 Ferment into a Nourishment Divine,

The thirsty Soul's refreshing Wine.  
 Who to the life an exact Piece would make,  
 Must not from other's Work a Copy take ;  
 No, not from Rubens or Vandike ;  
 Much less content himself to make it like  
 Th' Ideas and the Images which ly  
 In his own Fancy, or his Memory.  
 No, he before his Sight must place  
 The Natural and Living Face ;  
 The real Object must command  
 Each Judgment of his Eye, and Motion of his Hand.

From these and all long Errors of the Way,  
 In which our wandring Predecessors went ;  
 And like th' old Hebrews many Years did stray,  
 In Deserts but of small extent,  
 Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last ;  
 The barren Wilderness he past,  
 Did on the very Border stand  
 Of the blest promis'd Land,  
 And from the Mountain's Top of his Exalted Wit,  
 Saw it himself, and shew'd us it.  
 But Life did never to one Man allow  
 Time to Discover Worlds, and Conquer too ;  
 Nor can so short a Line sufficient be  
 To fadome the vast depths of Nature's Sea :  
 The work he did we ought t' admire,  
 And were unjust if we should more require  
 From his few years, divided 'twixt th' Excess  
 Of low Affliction, and high Happiness.  
 For who on things remote can fix his Sight,  
 That's always in a Triumph or a Fight ?

From you, great Champions, we expect to get  
 These spacious Countries but discover'd yet ;  
 Countries where yet instead of Nature, we  
 Her Images and Idols worship'd see :  
 These large and wealthy Regions to subdu,  
 Though Learning has whole Armies at command,  
 Quarter'd about in every Land,  
 A better Troop she ne're together drew.  
 Methinks, like Gideon's little Band,  
 God with Design has pickt out you,  
 To do these noble Wonders by a Few :  
 When the whole Host he saw, They are (said he)  
 Too many to Oresome for Me ;  
 And now he chuses out his Men,  
 Much in the way that he did then :  
 Not those many, whom he found  
 Idely extended on the ground,

To drink, with their dejected head,  
 The Stream, just so as by their Mouths it fled :  
 No, but those Few who took the Waters up,  
 And made of their laborious Hands the Cup.

Thus you prepar'd ; and in the glorious Fight  
 Their wondrous pattern too you take :  
 Their old and empty Pitchers first they brake,  
 And with their Hands then lifted up the Light ;  
 Is ! Sound too the Trumpets here !  
 Already your victorious Lights appear ;  
 New Scenes of Heaven already to espy,  
 And Crowds of golden Worlds on high ;  
 Which from the spacious Plains of Earth and Sea,  
 Could never yet discover'd be,  
 By Sailers or Chaldeans watchful Eye.  
 Nature's great Works no Distance can obscure, ✓  
 No smalness her near Objects can secure ;  
 Y' have taught the curious Sight, to press  
 Into the privatest recess  
 Of her imperceptible Littleness.  
 She with much stranger Art than his who put  
 All th' Iliads in a Nut,  
 The numerous works of life does into atomes shut.  
 Y' have learn'd to Read her smallest Hand,  
 And well begun her deepest Sense to Understand. }

Mischief and tru Dishonour fall on those,  
 Who would to laughter or to scorn expose  
 So Virtuous and so Noble a Design,  
 So Humas for its Use, for Knowledge so Divine.  
 The things which these proud men despise, and call  
 Impertinent, and vain, and small,  
 Those smallest things of Nature let me know ✓  
 Rather than all their greatest Actions Doe,  
 Whoever would Deposed Truth advance  
 Into the Throne usurp'd from it,  
 Must feel at first the Blows of Ignorance,  
 And the sharp Points of Envious Wit.  
 So when, by various turns of the Celestial Dance,  
 In many thousand years,  
 A Star, so long unknown, appears,  
 Tho' Heaven it self more beauteous by it grow,  
 It troubles and alarms the World below,  
 Does to the Wise a Star, to Fools a Meteor show.

With Courage and Success you the bold work begin ;  
 Your Cradle has not Idle bin :  
 None e're but Hercules and you could be  
 At five years Age worthy a History.  
 And ne're did Fortune better yet  
 Th' Historian has pickt out you :  
 As you from all Old Errors free  
 And purge the Body of Philosophy ;  
 So from all Modern Follies He  
 Has vindicated Eloquence and Wit.  
 His candid Stile like a clean Stream does slide,  
 And his bright Fancy all the way  
 Does, like the Sun-shine in it play ;

It does like Thames, the best of Rivers, glide,  
 Where the God does not rudely overturn,  
 But gently pour the Crystal Urn,  
 And with judicious hand does the Whole Current guide.  
 'T has all the Beauties Nature can impart,  
 And all the comely Dress, without the paint of Art.'  
 (Vol. I. pp. 69-71).

On ll. 19-40 his Grace annotates :—' Compare with these lines, inferior indeed, but themselves remarkable, and showing how strongly Cowley felt on this matter; which occur in his *Ode to Dr. Harvey*, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood :—

" Thus Harvey sought for truth in Truth's own book,  
 The creatures ; which by God Himself was writ,  
 And wisely thought 'twas fit,  
 Not to read comments only upon it,  
 But on the original it self to look.  
 Methinks in art's great circle others stand  
 Locked up together, hand in hand ;  
 Every one leads as he is led ;  
 The same bare path they tread,  
 And dance like fairies a fantastick round,  
 But neither change their motion nor their ground."

'The same thought re-appears, and again remarkably expressed, although under quite different images, in his *Ode to Mr. Hobbs*. These are a few lines :—

" We break up tombs with sacrilegious hands,  
 Old rubbish we remove ;  
 To walk in ruins like vain ghosts we love,  
 And with fond divining wands  
 We search among the dead  
 For treasures buried ;  
 Whilst still the liberal earth does hold  
 So many virgin mines of undiscovered gold."

'Dryden, in some remarkable lines addressed to Dr. Charleton, expresses the same sense of the freedom with which Bacon had set free the study of nature, and the bondage from which he had delivered it :—

" The longest tyranny that ever swayed  
 Was that wherein our ancestors betrayed  
 Their freeborn reason to the Stagirite,  
 And made his torch their universal light.  
 So truth, while only one supplied the State,  
 Grew scarce and dear, and yet sophisticate ;  
 Still it was bought, like emp'ric wares, or charms,  
 Hard words, sealed up with Aristotle's arms."

Then follows this judicial and penetrating summing-up :—

'Hallam has said that "Cowley upon the whole has had a reputation more above his deserts than any English poet," adding, however, that "some who wrote better had not so fine a genius." Hallam's verdict may be true; but a man's contemporaries have some opportunities of judging which subsequent generations are without. They judge him not only by what he does, but by what he is; and oftentimes a man is more than he does; leaves an impression of greatness on those who come in actual contact with him, such as is only inadequately justified by aught which he leaves behind him, while yet in one sense it is most true. Many a man's embodiment of himself in his writing is below himself; some men's, strange to say, is above them, or, at all events, represents most transient moments of their lives. But I should be disposed to question this assertion, judging Cowley merely by what he has left behind him. With a poem like this before us, so full of thought, so full of imagination, being in fact nothing less than the first book of the *Novum Organum* transfigured into poetry, we may well pause before jumping to the conclusion that his contemporaries were altogether wrong when they rated him so highly as they did. How they did esteem him, lines like these of Denham, the fragment of a larger poem, not without a worth of their own, will show :—

" Old mother Wit and Nature gave  
 Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have ;  
 In Spenser and in Jonson Art  
 Of slower Nature got the start ;  
 But both in him so equal are,  
 None knows which bears the happiest share.  
 To him no author was unknown,  
 Yet what he wrote was all his own,  
 He melted not the ancient gold,  
 Nor with Ben Jonson did make bold  
 To plunder all the Roman stores  
 Of poets and of orators.  
 Horace's wit and Virgil's state  
 He did not steal but emulate !  
 And when he would like them appear  
 Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear."  
 (pp. 404-6).

I go back upon ARCHBISHOP TRENCH'S words, 'We may well pause before jumping to the conclusion that his contemporaries were altogether wrong when they rated him so highly as they did;' for from a *motif* that

will appear in the sequel, it is vital to a right estimate of Cowley, that we realise who they were who 'rated him so highly' even when the *glamour* of his personal presence was long gone.

Every one knows the question asked by POPE—seventy years after his death :—

'Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,  
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;  
Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art,  
But still I love the language of his heart.'

Every one does not know the strangely tender tribute of the same poet in his Windsor-Forest, fittingly uniting Denham and Cowley :—

*by died  
7 on the  
the*  
'Here his first lays majestic Denham sung,  
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.  
O early lost! what tears the river shed,  
When the sad pomp along his banks was led!  
His drooping swans on every note expire,  
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.  
Since Fate relentless stopp'd their heav'nly voice,  
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice.  
Who now shall charm the shades, where Cowley  
strung  
His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?'

There was sense of prodigious loss beneath that unwonted emotion.

Turning next to ADDISON in his *Account of the greatest English Poets*, addressed to Mr. Henry Sacheverell, April 3, 1694, we find this, critical no doubt, yet open-eyed and full of reverence toward our Poet :—

'Great Cowley then, a mighty Genius, wrote  
O'rerun with wit, and lavish of his thought:  
His turns too closely on the reader press;  
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.  
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes  
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise;  
As in the milky way a shining white  
O'erflows the heav'ns with one continued light;  
That not a single star can shew his rays,  
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.  
Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name  
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame.  
Thy fault is only wit in its excess;  
But wit like thine in any shape will please.

What Muse but thine can equal hints inspire,  
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre?  
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd strain,  
And forc'd expressions, imitate in vain.  
Well-pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight,  
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a  
nobler flight.

Blest man! whose spotless life and charming lays  
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise.  
Blest man! who now shall be for ever known  
In Sprat's successful labours, and thy own.'

A century after Cowley's death COWPER, in his 'Task,' speaking of his own residence in the country, says :—

'There too enamoured of the life I loved

I studied, prized, and wished that I had known  
Ingenious Cowley.'

More recently CHARLES LAMB lovingly tells how 'very dear' Cowley was to him. To-day I can testify in relation to this my edition of the Works, and the general title in honour of him of 'The Chertsey Worthies' Library,' I have a sheaf of letters from scholarly and cultured men far and near, to whom these Works are welcome beyond all price; while over the Atlantic WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT put his whole mind and heart into a delightful paper about them (*North American Review*, June, 1877).

Bibliographically, no books are more swiftly snapped up in their rare original little quartos and duodecimos, and indeed in any worthy form, e.g. Dr. Aikin's three natty little volumes, 1809. Accordingly, in the light of these earlier and later and present-day opinions and feelings, such supercilious assumption as that of Mr. T. H. Ward, M.A., in his 'Selections from the English Poets' (4 vols. 1880), that Cowley is to be 'pooh-pooh'd' and held as irrevocably 'effaced,' is to my mind the superlative of uncritical and shallow mis-judgment, and a literary blunder and offence combined. I must confess, too, that there is an element of the *grotesque* in my friend Mr. EDMUND W. GOSSE's fancy that *he* is the 'last of his

admirers ;' for, as I believe, there never has been a generation since he died, in which Cowley has not had an inner circle of readers and students, so in this living present they are co-equal in number with those who really 'intermeddle' with and care for our early literature, and I repudiate and protest against any man, be he who he may, counting the neglect and scorn of a certain type of literary man for the true verdict, and emphatically I must repudiate and protest against the indignity in Mr. Gosse's own most brilliant Paper, where he asks, 'Why restore a memory justly dishonoured, why recall to our attention a writer whose verses were but galvanised at the outset, and now are long past all hope of revival?' Much more modest and wiser,—in evident recollection of Archbishop Trench's words,—and not untouched of pathos, are the sentences that answer his own questions, and conclude :—

'In the first place, if the judgment of a whole generation has unanimously set an unambitious man on a pedestal of supreme reputation, I am more ready to doubt my own perception than to stigmatise so many cultivated persons with folly. No poet universally admired in his own age can be wholly without lasting merit. In the second place, Cowley in particular, whether judged as a man or as a *littérateur*, or even as a poet more or less malformed, has qualities of positive and intrinsic merit. I trust that my citations have at least proved so much. For the rest, I confess that I found a particular fascination in the study of these maimed and broken poets, these well-strung instruments upon whose throbbing strings Destiny has laid the pressure of her silencing fingers. The masters of song instil me with a sort of awe. I feel embarrassed when I write of Milton. But Cowley has surely grown humble in the long years of his exile, and he will not exact too much homage from the last of his admirers.'

Eloquent nonsense! Cowley is as 'humble' but no humbler to-day than in his lifetime, and stands as worthy of his contemporary homage as ever. That is to say, with every possible deduction and every concession to variation in the standard of taste, and the enrichment of our literature since, I affirm

and shall demonstrate that there is sufficient QUANTITY and KIND of poetic genius in Abraham Cowley to warrant not only the 'revival' of his works as is now done, but to justify a claim and a conviction that now and 'for all time' these Works will win and retain 'fit audience.' I am very well aware that your wooden HALLAMS and hasty snatch-and-run critics, who are extremely ignorant of the books they profess to 'introduce,' and 'select' for our benefit, sneer at such credulity of enthusiasm. None the less against the whole tribe of such do I deliberately postulate that there is in Cowley the very 'stuff of immortality' in manifold ways. By this I do not for a moment mean to assert, that the Works taken collectively and cumulatively are *quint* to-day, or deserving to be in men's thoughts or mouths. So far from this, I accept, to a considerable extent, Dryden's statement of the broad characteristics of Cowley :—

'One of our late great Poets,' says he, 'is sunk in his reputation, because he could never forgive any conceit which came in his way; but swept, like a drag-net, great and small. There was plenty enough, but the dishes were ill sorted; whole pyramids of sweet-meats for boys and women; but little of solid meat for men. All this proceeded not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment; neither did he want that in discerning the beauties and faults of other poets; but only indulged himself in the luxury of writing; and perhaps knew it was a fault, but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reason, though he must always be thought a great Poet, he is no longer esteemed a good writer: and for ten impressions, which his works have had in so many successive years, yet at present a hundred books are scarcely purchased once a twelvemonth: for, as my last Lord Rochester said, though somewhat profanely, *not being of God, he could not stand.*'—(*Dedic. of Juvenal, 1693.*)

The ink was scarcely dry of that, when a 'new edition' of Cowley's entire Works was published, and in a very short interval another, and still another; with an expenditure on 'copper-plates' that none but an author known by the shrewdest of men to be read,



could have borne payingly. Besides, had it been otherwise, when John Dryden so wrote, Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Sir Thomas Browne were probably not selling at the rate of 'a hundred books a year.' So that 'glorious John's' arithmetical criticism goes for little, or only against the age that so allowed its 'great ones' to be (temporarily) eclipsed. As for the metaphor of the drag-net, it is weightily and sorrowfully true; but the misery is that your modern critic of a certain school, because the drag-net inevitably brings up all manner of refuse and rubbish, is blind as a bat to the abundance of silver-gleaming, jewel-spotted salmon and other great and noble fish that it has enclosed and delivered; and so, while it is similarly true that our Poet's substantive defect is lack of judgment, the selecting eye and ear, the very defect is often and often neighbored by some supreme thought, or imaginative touch, or musical stanza, or line that ought to secure forgiving silence on the other—much as when your diamond 'spills its drop of light' out of poorest surrounding dross, you promote the gem to its rightful place, though you leave behind the dross.

I hope sufficient has been said thus far to show that it is not becoming, that it is mere literary impertinence based on ignorance, to glibly talk of such a man as COWLEY being 'effaced' or unworthy of revival in this nineteenth century. To Readers prepared to be reverent, modest, sympathetic in approaching the Works of a man who was named 'great' by those beside whom the critics of the hour are mere pigmies, I venture to submit narrative and critical remarks, by way of introduction to the two noble tomes now placed in their hands, under these headings:—

- I. THE EARLY POEMS.
- II. THE LOVE-POEMS.
- III. THE PINDARIC ODES AND 'DAVIDEIS.'
- IV. THE ENDURING POEMS AND PROSE.

- V. CHARACTERISTICS — (a) *Thought*,  
(b) *Imagination*, (c) *Passion*,  
(d) *Originality*, (e) *Quaint Oddity*,  
(f) *Wordsworthian Seeingness toward Nature*.

## VI. THE PROSE.

## VII. NOTICEABLE ESTIMATES.

## VIII. THE MAN.

I. THE EARLY POEMS. I have already (I. Biographical) cited Mr. Gosse's verdict on the 'Poetical Blossomes' as 'one of the most extraordinary instances of precocity in the whole annals of literature.' The same paper thus more fully puts it:—

'Let any reader of *Pyramus and Thisbe* consider how naive, artless, and infantine are the writings of the very cleverest child of ten that he has ever known when compared with this first work of Cowley's. After more than two hundred years it remains still readable—much more readable, in fact, than many of its author's more elaborate poems of maturity. The story of that "palpable-gross play" that well beguiled Theseus and Hippolyta to laughter, is here told in all tragic seriousness, but not without several signs, such as "the sucking of odoriferous breath," that show Cowley to have been familiar with the drama so unsuccessfully produced at Athens with Bottom for the heroine. The boy-poet has been ambitious enough to invent a new stanza, and a rather good one too, as will be acknowledged from this example. Thisbe finds Pyramus dead, and after tearing her golden hair:—

"She blames all-powerful Jove, and strives to take  
His bleeding body from the moistened ground;  
She kisses his pale face till she doth make  
It red with kissing, and then seeks to wake  
His parting soul with mournful words, his wound  
Washes with tears that her sweet voice confound."

*Pyramus and Thisbe* is a work which few of the adult poets of that day would have been ashamed of writing. It contains mistakes of rhyme and grammar that might be so easily corrected, that they form an interesting proof that the poem was not touched up for the press by older hands, but in other respects it is smooth and singularly mature. The heroic verse in which it is written is nerveless, but correct, and the story is told in a straightforward way, and with a regular progress, that are extraordinary in so young a child. . . . 'The amazing promise of *Pyramus and Thisbe* is hardly justified by the cleverness of

the poem written two years later, *Constantia and Philetus*. There is here hardly any sign at all of immaturity, but a far worse fault than childishness has stepped in. Instead of being like the puerile poem of a little boy, it is like the correct and tedious work of some man that never can be famous. In point of grammar and rhyme there is great advance apparent, and we see the justice of the pretty phrase Cowley afterwards used in speaking of these juvenile pieces, "that even so far backward there remain yet some traces of me in the little footsteps of a child;" for the language has already begun to take the same ingenious turns and involutions that characterise *The Mistress* and the *Odes*. It is indeed singular that, at the age of twelve, the child should be so much the father of the man, as to produce this most Cowleyan stanza, illustrative of the author's high-flown rhetoric, as much as those I have just referred to, are of his ingenuity:—

"Oh! mighty Cupid! whose unbounded sway  
Hath often ruled the Olympian Thunderer,  
Whom all celestial deities obey,  
Whom men and gods both reverence and fear!  
Oh, force Constantia's heart to yield to Love,  
Of all thy works the Master-piece 'twill prove."

*Constantia and Philetus* is an extremely tragical tale, not so briefly or so simply told as *Pyramus and Thisbe*, and padded out by "songs" and "letters," to the extent of nearly 700 lines, an extraordinary feat, of course, for so young a child. Of the other pieces in the volume, the *Elegy on Dudley, Lord Carlton*, an imitation of Ben Jonson, must date from the year of that statesman's death, 1631; *The Dream of Elysium* is almost a very charming reverie on the poets of old, and the dreams of neo-pagan romance; we say "almost," for something of the essence of poetry is wanting.<sup>1</sup>

I read some of this *cum grano salis*—as shall appear in the sequel—but the phenomenon of such a volume as 'Poetical Blossomes' is *per se* of itself enough to vindicate for Cowley a place in every critical examination of our literature, as in every discussion of the possibilities of human intellect. It is important, therefore, to accentuate that these 'Poetical Blossomes' were really the production of a child from its tenth to its thirteenth and fourteenth year. We have the Poet's own express statements made in the face of

<sup>1</sup> In 'Cornhill,' as before, pp. 790-1.

scores of witnesses who could have confuted them had they been one jot or tittle untrue or exaggerate. Thus in his *Epistle* added to the 1636 edition of 'Poetical Blossomes,' he modestly says:—

'I should not bee angry to see any one burne my *Pyramus and Thisbe*, nay, I would doe it my selfe, but that I hope a pardon may easily be gotten for the errors of *ten yeeres* age. My *Constantia and Philetus* confesseth me *two yeeres* older when I writ it. The rest were made since upon severall occasions, and perhaps doe not belie the time of their birth.'<sup>2</sup>

It is the more needful to recall the Author's own words repeated elsewhere, that there has been singular and continuous-traditional blundering on the matter. Looking at the date of the original publication of 'Poetical Blossomes,' viz., 1633, successive Biographers and Critics have said that the inscription on the frontispiece-portrait inscribed 'setat 13' was a mistake, and should have been '15,' and that not '13' but '15' was the correct date of the 'Poems.' The correctors have to be corrected. Though not published till 1633, when the Poet was in his fifteenth year, the portrait represents him at the age of thirteen, and that age was fixed on doubtless as marking the latest-composed poem in the volume, viz., as above, the *Elegy on Dudley, Lord Carlton*, 1631. But besides this correction of the correctors, let it be kept in express recollection that his tenth year belongs to 1628-9, and his thirteenth to 1631-2.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Vol. I. p. 19.

<sup>2</sup> I do not forget the following statement in 'Of Myself'—'That I was then of the same Mind as I am now (which I confess I wonder at my self) may appear by the latter End of an Ode, which I made when I was then but thirteen Years old, and which was then Printed with many other Verses.' Seeing that the Verses in question commencing '*This only grant me, that my Meane may lye*' did not appear in the 'Poetical Blossomes' of 1633, it would appear that there must have been some other and now lost 'printed' but not published collection, although I suspect it was a lapse of memory altogether of Cowley's and Sprat's. This does not however affect the fact that these remarkable Verses belong to his thirteenth year. The poem was first 'published' in *Sylva* of 1636, and is quoted onward in full.

Scrutinising the 'Poetical Blossomes,' it is further important to keep in recollection what Mr. Gosse emphasises, that the 'mistakes of rhyme and grammar that might so easily be corrected but are left uncorrected,' attest that these Poems were left intact, untouched 'for the press by older hands.' So that we have in 'Poetical Blossomes' the genuine compositions of practically a child, and who, so far from 'lisping,' writes his 'numbers' unmistakably and musically. It strikes me, therefore, that it is worth-while at this point, to note fair typical examples of juvenile 'mistakes' or defects, guided thereto (of choice) by the Author's own after-corrections. As stated in the related 'Note' (Vol. I. p. 2) I deemed it expedient (to say the least) to return upon and reproduce the original texts in integrity. Accordingly that is what is furnished in their places. Nevertheless it is interesting and suggestive to observe the later 'improvements' (so called). I begin at the opening of *Constantia and Philetus*. In st. 1, l. 4, for 'sorrowfull' later was printed 'wofull,' and in l. 5, for the original couplet ll. 5-6 :—

'Assist me, this sad story to rehearse  
You Gods, and be propitious to my verse.'

was substituted—

'Aid me, ye Gods, this Story to rehearse  
This mournful Tale, and fauour every Verse.'

St. 2, l. 4, for 'Renown'd (as mirror of all Italie)' was displaced by 'Famed for the Beauty of all Italy'—both somewhat elliptical. In st. 4, l. 4, the 'th' before 'smelling' was dropped. In st. 5, the structure and rhymes were changed, e.g.—

'Her wit excell'd all praise, all admiration,  
Her speech was so attractive, it might be  
A means to cause great Pallas' indignation,  
And raise an envie from that Deity.'

reads thus—

'Her Wit excelling Praise, ev'n all admire,  
Her Speech was so attractive, it might be  
A Cause to raise the mighty Pallas' Ire,  
And stir up Envy from that Deity.'

St. 7, l. 1, 'The scornfull Boy Adonis' is actually 'improved' into 'A Scornful Boy Adonis!' St. 10 by minute verbal alterations is utterly de-characterized, as thus—

'Soone as the morne peep'd from her rosie bed,  
And all Heauen's smaller lights expulsed were ;  
She by her friends and neere acquaintance led  
Like other Maids, oft walkt to take the ayre ;  
Aurora blusht at such a sight vnknowne,  
To behold cheekes were redder then her owne'—

changed into this—

'Soon as the Morning left her rosie Bed,  
And all Heaven's smaller lights were driven away :  
She by her Friends and her Acquaintants led,  
Like other Maids, would walk at Break of Day :  
Aurora blush'd to see a Sight unknown,  
To behold Cheeks more beauteous than her own'

—a successful evaporation of all the poetry in the stanza, especially the informing thought of the twofold 'redness.' In st. 11, the false rhyme of l. 1, 'them' is corrected by 'follows still her Train,' and while the penultimate line is left untouched, the last is smoothened from 'From her, since shee had stolne away his heart' into 'From her, whose Eyes had stole away his Heart.' Similarly in st. 12, the closing couplet which originally runs—

'His state but small, so Fortune did decree,  
But Love being blind hee thus could neuer see'—

appears as—

'Small his Estate, unfitting her Degree,  
But blinded Love could no such Difference see.'

In st. 13, a seemingly trivial new reading shows that the Author in making it did not attend to his own context. In the immediately preceding line 'Love' is named, and of him it is next said that though blind he 'by chance had hit his heart aright,' i.e. Philetus's; but the later version now reads, 'Yet he by Chance had hit this heart aright.' So also the much stronger and terser lines—

'Had blowne the fire, that would destroy him quite,  
Vnlesse such flames might like in her beget'—

are 'corrected' into—

'Blowing a Fire, that would destroy him quite,  
Unless such Flames within her Heart should rise.'

In st. 14, l. 5, 'wept' is turned into the less *realistic* and less passionate, 'prayed.' Poor still is the new reading in st. 15, l. 1, of 'whose unbounded Sway' for 'whose all-commanding sway,' and poorer yet in st. 16, l. 5, 'whose charming Light' for 'who with their ravishing light,' and scarcely less so the alteration of the simpler 'Doe onely give contentment to my sight' into 'More than the World besides does please my Sight.' In st. 17 'revised' we find this—

'Those who contemn thy sacred Deity,  
Laugh at thy Power, make them thine Anger know,  
I faultlesse am, what Honour can it be,  
Only to wound your Slave, and spare your Foe.  
Here Tears and Sighs speak his imperfect Moan  
In Language far more moving than his own.'

Compare the broken—intentionally broken,  
but much more congruous original—

'Those who contemns thy sacred Deity,  
And mocke thy Power, let them thine anger know,  
I faultlesse am; nor can't an honour be  
To wound your slave alone, and spare your Foe.  
Here teares and sighes speake his imperfect moane,  
In language far more dolorous then his owne.'

In st. 19, the last two lines originally read—

'So that it seemes Aurora wept to heare,  
For the verdant grassee was dew'd with many a teare.'

They are 'improved' into—

'It mov'd Aurora, and she wept to hear,  
Dewing the verdant Grass into many a Tear.'

Thus is it throughout *CONSTANTIA AND PHILETVS*. Passing now to *Pyramus and Thisbe*, which, as belonging to the Poet's 10th year while the other is of his 12th, it was still more *fundamental* to reproduce in integrity, the revision is slighter but equally an effacement of not only the child-marks, but (in my judgment) of the *character* of the poem. In the opening stanzas there are changes of tense, e.g. st. 3, l. 1, 'did bend' reads 'doth bend,' and l. 2, 'And doth prepare' is

changed into 'whets and prepares.' In st. 9, l. 2, 'dolorous,' as before, is turned into 'mourneful,' while the revision of a brilliant line in st. 11, l. 2, 'And dimm'd the lovely splendor of their sight,' perpetrates this enormity, 'And *damm'd* the lovely Splendor of their Sight.' St. 15, in the original appears thus—

'What though our cruell parents angry bee?  
What though our friends (alas) are too vniked?  
Time now propitious may asnow deny,  
And soone hold backe fit opportunity.  
*Who lets slip Fortune, her shall never find.  
Occasion once passed by, is bold behind.'*

Later this reads in l. 3, as 'Time that now offers quickly may deny.' But I quote this stanza rather to note a singular *lapsus* of Mr. Gosse (as before) in his paper on Cowley, thus—'One conceit is startling enough to be commemorated'—

"Who lets slip Fortune, her shall never find:  
Occasion, once past by, is bold behind."

But no other such absurdity occurs in the whole of the fifty-three stanzas' (thirty-five, not fifty-three).<sup>1</sup> My good friend detects 'absurdity' where there is none, as witness the Emblem-books and a hundred parallels in all our poets. In st. 16, l. 3, the evident misprint of 'pleased' is corrected by 'pleaded.' In st. 18, l. 1, 'sweet' is changed into 'fair,' and l. 4, 'Against her Pyramus for to exclaime' into 'Against her dearest Pyramus t' exclaim.' In st. 19 the opening originally is thus—

'Heere doubtfull thoughts broke off her pleasant song,  
Against her lous; for staying, shee gan crie.'

This is 'revised' into—

'Here doubtful thoughts broke off her pleasant song,  
And for her lover's stay sent many a sigh.'

In st. 20, l. 5, the much more expressive historical present 'doe' is altered into 'did.' In st. 24, l. 2, 'subtil'—a thorough boy's

<sup>1</sup> In the copy of his paper in *Cornhill*, kindly forwarded to me, it gives me pleasure to notice that Mr. Gosse has erased the passage—a good second-thought.

word got hold of—is 'corrected' into 'yielding,' and so, in l. 6, 'cunning' into 'artful.' In st. 25, l. 1, for 'gainst Fate he gan t' exclayme' is substituted 'at Fate he did exclaim!' Kindredly transmuting verse into prose, in st. 26, l. 1, 'This spoke, he his sharpe sword drew,' reads 'This spoke, he drew his fatal sword,' and again, l. 2, 'Receive thou my red blood' is 'Receive my crimson blood.' To harmonise with the prior needless change, st. 27, l. 3, for 'And as vpon the crimson'd ground' is changed into 'And as upon the colour'd ground,' and worse still, for, l. 4, 'His blood spirted vp vpon the mulberries' reads 'His blood had dropt upon the mulberries,' the latter a fault—seeing it was achieved, 'As on the ground he lies'—comparable with Robert Montgomery's hero's amazing performance, as wickedly immortalised by Macaulay. In st. 28, l. 1, 'At last came Thisbe' is altered into 'At last fair Thisbe,' and 'being she' (l. 2) into 'since she'—the former, like the recurring 'for that,' preferable as retaining the idiom of the day. In st. 29, l. 1, 'from' is changed into 'thro,' and, l. 4, 'In what perplexity did she sad remaine' reads 'Ah! how perplext did her sad soul remain,' and, l. 6, 'All signes of raging sorrow she expressed,' thus, 'And every sign of raging grief express'd.' So in st. 30, l. 1, 'She cries 'gainst mighty Jove' is tamed down into 'She blames all-powerful Jove,' and, l. 5, 'and's wound' into 'his wound,' and, l. 6, 'that' into 'which.' In st. 31, l. 2, 'thee and I' is 'corrected' into 'Thee and me,' and in st. 32, l. 6, 'Death will force me goe from thee' into 'will force me soon from thee.' In st. 34, l. 3-4,

'O stay (blest Soule) that so wee twaine  
May goe together, where wee shall remaine  
In endless Ioyes' . . .

are changed into

'O stay (blest Soule) a while refrain,  
That we may go together, and remain  
In endless Joy.' . . .

In st. 35, l. 3, 'Many a teare they spent, but all in vaine,' reads, 'Much they did weep and grieve, but all in vain,' and, l. 5, 'They both were layed in one grave, life done' is changed to 'Both in one grave were laid when life was done.' Few will differ from me that even in themselves the 'improvements' of the author's revision are in scarcely a single instance such, while none will disagree that in relation to the 'Poetical Blossoms,' what we want to-day is the boy-poet's workmanship not the man's. And yet until now—owing to the well-known collective edition of 1707-11 (3 vols. 8vo of Sprat) having reprinted the 'revised' not the original text—students have had no opportunity of studying the *phenomenon* (I recur to the word) presented in a child of ten composing such a poem as *Pyramus and Thisbe*, and of twelve such another as *Constantia and Philetus*. That in 'Poetical Blossoms' we have a phenomenon deserving examination, not a mere literary curiosity, may be demonstrated by a very few quotations. Thus in *Pyramus and Thisbe*, whether it be reminiscent or not, there was the poet's indefinable touch in the italicised lines of st. 7:—

'Ort to the friendly cranny they resort,  
And feeds themselves with the celestiall ayre  
Of odoriferous breath; no other sport  
They could enjoy, yet thinke the time but short:  
And wish that it again renewed were,  
To sucke each other's breath for ever there.'

But finest of all is a metaphor that seems to me perfect in itself and perfectly wrought, in this of Venus plotting mischance for Thisbe:—

'Thus *Beauty* is by Beantle's meanes vndone,  
Striuing to close these eyes that make her bright;  
Iust like the Moone, which soekes t' eclipse the Sun,  
Whence all her splendor, all her beames doe come:  
'So she, who fetcheth lustre from theyr sight,  
Doth purpose to destroy theyr glorious light.'  
(Vol. I. p. 16, c. 1.)

From any one, much more from a boy of ten, I must hold for remarkable this maxim

and *bit* of description of a cave's darkness combined :—

'*Fears expells all reasons ; shes doth run  
Into a darksome cave, ne'rre seems by Sun.*'  
(Vol. I. p. 16, c. 2.)

Then I like extremely the 'sweet simplicity' of the epitaph :—

'Underneath this marble stone,  
Lie two Beauties joy'n'd in one.  
Two whose Loves, Death could not sever,  
For both liv'd, both dy'd together.  
Two whose Soules, being too divine  
For Earth, in their own spheres now shine.  
Who have left their Loves to Fame,  
And their earth to earth againe.'

'Rare Ben' might have put that into the 'Underwoods.'

Very noticeable in *Constantia and Philetus* is the prelude aspiration, given its ultimate and imperishable form in 'What shall I do to be for ever known,' as thus :—

'Lines . . . I leave my rime,  
They in my death's revenge, may conquer time.'  
(Vol. I. p. 7, col. 1.)

But the two years' later poem has no such arresting things in it as above from *Pyramus and Thisbe*. I note a very few, in part italicized :—

'These doubts like Scylla and Caribdis stand,  
Whilst Cupid a blind Pilot doth command.'  
(*Ibid.* p. 8, c. 1.)

'Hee who acquainteth others with his moane,  
Addes to his friend's grief, but not cures his owne.'  
(*Ibid.*)

'Like Birds that flutter 'bout the gyn, till tane,  
Or the poore Fly caught in Arachne's net :  
Euen so I sported with her Beautye's light,  
Till I at last grew blind with too much sight.'  
(*Ibid.*)

'Fairrest (quoth he) whom the bright Heavens do cover  
Do not these teares, these speaking teares, despise :  
And dolorous sighes of a submissive Lover,  
Thus strucke to the earth by your all-dazeling Eyes.'  
(*Ibid.* c. 2.)

'Her eyes, that conquer'd all they shone vpon,  
Shot through his glutton eyes.'  
(*Ibid.* p. 10, c. 1.)

'But in his soule that should be the best store  
Of surest riches, he was base and poore.'  
(*Ibid.*)

These must suffice from the two larger poems. Two of the shorter I cannot, without wrong, in any way mutilate—the first belonging to 1631 or 13th year, the other to a probably earlier year, as its first line has a favourite word in *Constantia and Philetus*, viz., 'expuls'd.' I ask the student who really would know Cowley to 'ponder' these. To my thinking there is very remarkable vigour in the Elegie, and yet more remarkable imagination in the 'Dream,' and in the latter such iridescent gleams as mark the Maker off from the mere Rhymster. Let these two poems and the brief citations from the larger represent the Early Poems or 'Poetical Blossoms' :—

## AN ELEGIE

ON THE

*Death of my loving Friend and Cousen, MR. RICHARD  
CLERKE, late of LINCOLNES-Inne, Gentleman.*

'*It was decreed by steadfast Destinie,  
(The World from Chaos turn'd) that all should Die.  
He who durst fearless gaze black Acheron  
And dangers of th' infernal Region,  
Leading Hell's triple Porter captivate,  
Was overcome himselfe, by conquering Fate.  
The Roman TULLIE's pleasing Eloquence,  
Which in the Barus did lock up every Sense  
Of the rapt hearer ; his mellifluous breath  
Could not at all charme unremorsefull Death,  
Nor SOLON, so by Greece admir'd, could save  
Himselfe, with all his Wisdoms, from the Graue.  
Stern Fate brought MARO to his Funerall flame,  
And would have ended in that fire his Fame :  
Burning those lofty Lines, which now shall be  
Time's conquerors, and out-last Eternitie.  
Euen so lov'd CLERKE from Death no scape could find  
Though armed with great ALCIDES' valiant mind.  
He was adorn'd in yeares, though farre more young,  
With learned CICERO's, or a sweeter Tongue,  
And could dead VIRGIL heare his lofty strain,  
Hee would condemne his owne to fire againe.  
His youth a SOLON'S Wisdome did presage,  
Had envious Time but given him SOLON'S age.  
And all that in our Ancestors hath bin  
Of any Vertue, earth now lost in him.  
Who would not therefore now if Learning's friend,  
Betwaxe his futall and untimely end :  
Who hath such hard, such unrelenting Eyes,  
As not to weepe when so much Vertus dyes ?  
The God of Poets doth in darknesse shrowd  
His glorious face, and weepes behind a Cloud.*

*The dolefull Muses thinking now to write  
Sad Elegies, their teares confound their sight :  
But him to Elisium's lasting Ioyes they bring,  
Where winged Angels his sad Requiem sing.'*

## A DREAME OF ELYSIUM.

Phosbus expuls'd by the approaching Night  
Blush'd, and for shame clos'd in his bashfull light,  
While I with leaden MORPHEVS overcome,  
The Muse, whom I adore, enter'd the roome.  
Her hayre with looser curiositie,  
Did on her comely back dishevel'd lye.  
Her eyes with such attractive beauty shone,  
As might have wak'd sleeping ENDYMION.  
Shee bid me rise, and promis'd I should see  
Those Fields, those mansions of Felicitie,  
We mortals so admire at : Speaking thus,  
She lifts me vp vpon wing'd Pegasus,  
On whom I rid ; Knowing where ever she  
Did goe, that place must needs a Temple bee.  
No sooner was my flying Courser come  
To the blest dwellings of Elisium :  
When straight a thousand vnknown Ioyes resort,  
And hemm'd me round : Chast love's innocuous sport.  
A thousand sweets, bought with no following Gall,  
Ioyes, not like ours, short, but perpetuall.  
How many objects charme my wand'ring eye,  
And bid my soule gaze there eternally ?  
Heere in full streames, BACCHVS thy liquor flowes,  
Nor knowes to ebbe : here LOVE's broad Tree bestowes  
Distilling Hony, heere doth Nectar passe  
With copious current through the vardant grasse.  
Here HYACINTH his fate writ in his lookes,  
And thou NARCISVS louing still the brookes,  
Once louely boyes ; and Acis now a Flower,  
Are nourish'd, with that rarer herbe, whose power  
Created the war's potent God ; heere grows  
The spotlesse Lilly, and the Blushing Rose,  
And all those diuers ornaments abound,  
That variously may paint the gawdy ground.  
No willow, sorrowe's garland, there hath roome,  
Nor Cypresse, sad attendant of a Tombe.  
None but APOLLO's tree, and th' Ivi twine  
Imbracing the stout Oake, the fruitfull Vine,  
And trees with golden Apples loaded downe,  
On whose faire toppes sweet PHILOMEL alone,  
Vaindful of her former misery,  
Tunes with her voice a rauishing Harmony.  
Whilst all the murmuring brookes that glide along  
Make vp a burthen to her pleasing song.  
No Scritch-owle, sad companion of the night,  
Or hideous Rauena with prodigious flight  
Presaging future ill. Nor Progne, thee  
Yet spotted with young Itis tragedy,  
Those Sacred bowers receiue. There's nothing there,  
That is not pure, immaculate, and rare.  
Turning my greedy sight another way,  
Vnder a row of storme-contemning Bay,

I saw the Thracian singer with his lyre  
Teach the deafe stones to heare him, and admire.  
Him the whole Poets Chorus compas'd round,  
All whom the Oake, all whom the Lawrell crown'd ;  
There banish'd OVID had a lasting home,  
Better then thou couldst giue ingratefull Rome ;  
And LVCAN (spight of Nero) in each vaine  
Had eury drop of his spilt bloud againe :  
HOMER, Sol's first borne, was not poore or blinde,  
But saw as well in body as in minde.  
TULLIE, graue Cato, SOLON, and the rest  
Of Greece's admir'd Wisemen, here possest  
A large reward for their past deeds, and gaine  
A life, as euerlasting as theyr Fame.

By these, the valiant Heroes take their place,  
All who sterne Death and perils did imbrace  
For Vertue's cause. Great ALEXANDER there  
Laughs at the Earth's small Empier, did weare  
A nobler Crowne, then the whole world could give.  
There did HORATIVS, COCLVS, SCÆVA live,  
And valiant DECIVS, who now freely cease  
From warre, and purchase an Eternal peace.

Next them, beneath a Myrtle bowre, where Doves,  
And gall-lesse Pidgeons built theyr nests, all Loves  
Faithfull perseuerers with amorous kisses,  
And soft imbraces, taste their greediest wishes.  
LEANDER with his beautilous Hero playes,  
Nor are they parted with diuiding Seas.  
PORCIA inioyes her BRVTVS, Death no more  
Can now divorce theyr wedding, as before.  
THISBE her PIRAMVS kiss'd, his THISBE hee  
Embrac'd, each blest with t' other's companie.  
And every couple alwayes dancing, sing  
Eternall ditties to Elisium's King.  
But see how soone these pleasures fade away,  
How neere to Evening is delight's short Day ?  
For th' watchfull Bird, true Nuncius of the Light,  
Straight crow'd : and all these vanish'd from my sight,  
My very Muse her selfe forsooke me too,  
My grieft and wonder wak'd : What should I doe ?  
Oh ! let me follow thee (sayd I) and goe  
From life, that I may Dreame for ever so.  
With that my flying Muse I thought to claspe  
Within my armes, but did a Shadow graspe.

*Thus chiefest Ioyes, glide with the swiftest streame,  
And all our greatest Pleasure's but a Dreame.'*

(Vol. I. pp. 17, 18, 19.)

'Sylva' added to 'Poetical Blossomes' of 1636 further supplies us with an intermediate poem, *i.e.* belonging to his 13th year, as delightfully told in his Essay 'Of Myself.' It is there called 'A Vote' (= Vow) elsewhere 'A Wish.' I take it to be felicitously done all through, alike in warp and woof, matter and form. Let the capable Reader judge :—

*A Vote.*

'Lest the misconstr'ing world should chance to say,  
 I durst not but in secret murmurs pray,  
     To whisper in *Jove's* care,  
 How much I wish that funerals,  
 Or gape at such a great one's fall,  
     This let all ages heare,  
 And future tymes in my soule's picture see  
 What I abhorre, what I desire to bee.

I would not be a Puritane, though he  
 Can preach two houres, and yet his sermon bee  
     But halfe a quarter long ;  
 Though from his old mechanic trade  
 By vision hee 's a Pastor made,  
     His faith was growne so strong.  
 Nay though he thinke to gayne salvation,  
 By calling th' Pope the whore of Babylon.

I would not bee a Schoolemaster, though hee  
 His rods no lease then *Pascas* deemes to bee,  
     Though hee in many a place,  
 Turnes *Lilly* oftner then his gownes ;  
 Till at the last hee make the nownes,  
     Fight with the verbes apace.  
 Nay though hee can in a Poeticke heate,  
 Figures, borne since, out of poore *Virgill* beate.

I would not bee Iustice of Peace, though hee  
 Can with equality divide the fee,  
     And stakes with his Clarke draw :  
 Nay though hee sit upon the place,  
 Of Iudgement with a learned face  
     Intricate as the Law.  
 And whil'st hee mulcts enormities demurely,  
 Breaks *Priscian's* head with sentences securely.

I would not bee a Courtier, though hee  
 Makes his whole life the truest Comedy :  
     Although hee bee a man  
 In whome the *Taylor's* forming Art,  
 And nimble Barber clayme more part  
     Then Nature herselfe can.  
 Though, as hee uses men, 'tis his intent  
 To put off death too, with a complement.

From Lawyers' tongues, though they can spin with ease  
 The shortest cause into a Paraphrase,  
     From usurers' conscience  
 (For swallowing up young heyres so fast,  
 Without all doubt they'le choakt at last)  
     Make mee all innocene  
 Good Heaven ; and from thy eyes, O Iustice keepe,  
 For though they bee not blind, they 're oft asleepe.

From Singing-men's Religion ; who are  
 Always at Church just like the Crowes, 'cause there  
     They build themselves a nest.  
 From too much Poetry, which shines  
 With gold in nothing but it's lines,  
     Free, O you powers, my brest.

And from Astronomy, within the skyes  
 Finds fish, and bulls, yet doth but Tantalize.

From your Court Madam's beauty, which doth carry  
 At morning May, at night a January.

From the grave citty brow  
 (For though it want an R, it has  
 The letter of *Pythagoras*)

Keepe me O fortune now  
 And chines of beefe innumerable send mee,  
 Or from the stomacke of the Guard defend me.

This only grant me : that my meanes may ly  
 Too low for envy, for contempt too high ;

Some honour I would have,  
 Not from great deeds, but good alone ;  
 Th' ignote are better then ill knowne ;

Rumor can ope the grave.  
 Acquaintance I would hug, but when 't depends  
 Not from the number, but the choyse of friends.

Bookes should, not businesse, intertayne the light,  
 And sleepe, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a cottage more  
 Then pallace, and should fitting bee  
 For all my use, no luxurie.

My garden painted ore  
 With nature's hand, not arts and pleasures yield :  
*Horace* might envy in his *Sabine* field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space ;  
 For hee that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,  
 These unbroken sports, and happy state,  
 I would not feare, nor wish my fate,

But boldly say each night,  
 To morrow let my Sunne his beames display,  
 Or in Clouds hide them ; *I have liv'd to day.*

(Vol. I. pp. 25-26.)

Of another kind, redolent of mature not  
 boyish humour, is the story of his boy-visit  
 to the Law Courts (L 19, 'Boy get you gon').

It too must be given :—

*A Poeticall revenge.*

'*Westminster-Hall* a friend and I agreed  
 To meet in ; hee (some busines 'twas did breed  
 His absence) came not there ; I up did goe,  
 To the next Court ; for though I could not know  
 Much what they ment, yet I might see and heare  
 (As most spectators doe at Theater)  
 Things very strange ; Fortune did seeme to grace  
 My coming there, and helpt me to a place.  
 But being newly settled at the sport,  
 A Semy-gentleman of th' Innes of Court  
 In a Sattin suite, redeem'd but yesterday ;  
 One who is ravish't with a Cockpit play,  
 Who prays God to deliver him from no evil  
 Besides a *Taylor's* bill, and feares no Devill



Besides a Serjeant, thrust mee from my seate ;  
 At which I gan to quarrell, till a neate  
 Man in a ruffe, (whome therefore I did take  
 For Barrister) open'd his mouth and spake,  
 Boy get you gon, this is no schoole : Oh no !  
 For if it were, all you gown'd men would goe  
 Vp for false Lattin : they grew straight to bee  
 Inceast ; I feard they would have brought on mee  
 An Action of Trespasse, till th' young man  
 Aforesaid in the Sattin suite, began  
 To strike mee ; doubtlesse there had bene a fray,  
 Had not I providently skipp'd away  
 Without replying ; for to scould is ill  
 Where every tongue's the clapper of a Mill,  
 And can outsound *Homer's Gradivus* ; so  
 Away got I : but ere I farre did goe,  
 I flung (the Darts of wounding *Poesrie*)  
 These two or three sharpe curses backe ; may hee  
 Bee by his Father in his study tooke  
 At *Shakespeare's* Playes, instead of my *L. Cooke*.  
 May hee (though all his writings grow as soone  
 As *Butters'* out of estimation)  
 Get him a Poet's name, and so nere come  
 Into a Sergeant's, or dead Iudge's roome.  
 May he (for 'tis sinne in a Lawyer)  
 True Latin use to speake, even at the Barre ;  
 May he become some poore Physitian's prey,  
 Who keeps men with that conscience in delay  
 As he his Clyents doth, till his health bee  
 As farre-fetch'd as a Greeke Nowne's pedigree,  
 Nay, for all that, may the disease bee gone  
 Never but in the long Vacation.  
 May Neighbours use all quarrels to decide ;  
 But if for Law any to *London* ride,  
 Of all those Clyents may no one be his,  
 Vnlesse he come in *Forma Pauperis*.  
 Grant this you Gods, that favour *Poesry*,  
 That so at last these ceaselesse tongues may be  
 Brought into reformation, and not dare  
 To quarrell with a threadbare black, but spare  
 Them who beare Schollers' names, lest some one take  
 Spleene, and another *Ignoramus* make.'

(Vol. I. pp. 26-7.)

There are other things in 'Sylva' that I must reserve for the *Enduring Poems*, albeit all of those thus far quoted might well be there placed, according to their representative character in our literature.

So much lies before us still that I may not linger on these *Early Poems*. I therefore only notify the most precious and memorable association with the 'Poetical Blossomes' beyond even *Crashaw's* Poem on them. It had struck myself, and years ago was put in the margin of one of my copies of Milton ;

but my friend Mr. E. W. Gosse having forestalled me, I gladly let him tell it :—

'White Cowley was posing as the Child-genius at Westminster [I must intercalate that 'posing' is hardly the word, seeing that the child was in nowise forward or self-asserting] a youth ten years his senior was about to retire to a solitude at Horton which was to enrich English poetry with some of its most exquisite and most perfect treasures. *It is possible that the fame of Cowley's precocity had reached the ears of Milton, when he lamented, in his first Sonnet* [?] that no bud or blossom adorned his late spring, such as endured "more timely-happy spirits,"' (p. 721).

One has only to recall the Sonnet, to be satisfied that it *was* of the 'Poetical Blossomes' Milton was thinking. Here it is, from the original text, viz., from

### POEMS

of Mr. *John Milton*, BOTH ENGLISH and LATIN, Compos'd at several times.—Printed by his true Copies (&c.). 1645.

#### SONNET VII.

'HOW soon hath Time the subtle thief of youth,  
 Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth yeer !  
 My hasting dayes flie on with full career,  
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.  
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,  
 That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,  
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,  
 That som more timely-happy spirits indu'th.  
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
 It shall be still in strictest measure eev'n,  
 To that same lot, however mean, or high,  
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n ;  
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
 As ever in my great task Master's Eye.'

I like to believe not only that the word 'blossom' was meant to point to 'Poetical Blossomes,' but deeper, that the supreme Poet's 'universal eye' saw among these 'Blossomes' in *Constantia and Philetus*, this line

'Till I at last grew blind with too much sight,

and long after transformed it into 'dark with excess of bright.' It will not be hard to the student (by help of our Glossarial Index) to trace Cowleyan words in the mightier Poet.

'Love's Riddle' also belongs to the Early Poems, bearing as it does on its title-page that it had been 'written at the time of his being King's Scholler in Westminster Schoole,' *id est*, not later than early in 1636 (when he proceeded to Cambridge) or in his 18th year. On this 'pastoral Comedy' Dr. Johnson pronounces: 'This comedy is of the pastoral kind, which requires no acquaintance with the living world, and therefore the time at which it was composed adds little to the wonders of Cowley's minority' (as before, p. 5)—a criticism that proves the Moralist had never glanced beyond the title-page, not to say that there is of course as real a 'living world' in the country as ever in city. With more knowledge, but with passing forgetfulness in the outset, Mr. Gosse writes of it with pleasant discursiveness thus—

'There can be no doubt that in longing to go to Cambridge, as we know that Cowley did, the desire of associating with Randolph was not the least inducement [surely not—seeing that Randolph unhappily died March 1634, and Cowley knew he could not leave Westminster until 1636, as he actually then and only then did?] His *Love's Riddle* proves that he was familiar with *The Jealous Lovers*, printed in 1632.' . . . 'He was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, and proceeded thither with the ms. of his pastoral drama of *Love's Riddle*, written about the age of sixteen, in his pocket. Though Randolph was unhappily dead, there were others who would welcome the boy-genius to the banks of the Cam. Suckling, Cleveland, Fanshawe, and Crashaw were all at Cambridge; and with the last of these, at any rate, he struck up an immediate friendship. It is probable also that the needy and forlorn Butler, in some obscure corner of a college, was picking up such odd scraps of learning as vary the pages of *Hudibras*. Cowley, with a different fate, came into port with flowing sails, and lost no time in winning a position. In 1637 a third edition of the *Poetical Blossoms* was published, and in 1638 his pastoral comedy of *Love's Riddle*. This made what was then considered a very dainty little volume, adorned with a portrait of the young author, pretty but pertly smiling, while a florid angel descends from heaven with a great quill pen in one hand, and in the other a garland of laurel that he lays on the flowing silky locks. A prologue to Sir Kenelm Digby ["of whose

acquaintance," says Dr. Johnson, "all his contemporaries seem to have been ambitious"] apologises that

"The style is low, such as you 'll easily take  
For what a swain might say or a boy make."

'This boyish drama is one of the most readable things that Cowley ever executed, and is in distinct following, without imitation, of Randolph's *Jealous Lovers*. It is written in good blank verse, with considerable sprightliness of dialogue, and with several threads of intrigues that are held well in hand, and drawn skilfully together at last. Callidora, the heroine, flies from her father's court, and Act 1 describes her arrival and welcome by some vulgar but amusing shepherds; the next act shows how anguished at her loss every one at her father's court is, but especially her lover Philistus; and the rest of the action, of course, records the vicissitudes that prevent their reunion until the fifth act. I have no space to quote, but may in passing be permitted to refer to the last scene of the second act, as containing a passage of genuine and delightful humour. In *Love's Riddle* there is much, I have said, to praise; but there is an absence of many qualities that Cowley never possessed, and which are essential to pastoral poetry. There is no genuine passion, no knowledge of the phenomena of nature, no observant love of birds or flowers, or the beauties of country life. All the exquisite touches that illuminate the *Faithful Shepherdess* are eminently absent; nor have we in the precocious humour of the world-wise boy any equivalent for the sweet garrulous music of Chalkhill or Browne' (as before, pp. 723-4).

To the closing deductions and criticism a fourfold answer is easy (1) You do not look for such 'knowledge' in a boy of 16: (2) The author of the 'Faithful Shepherdess' wrote at an age when he might have been our Poet's father, and *he*, on the other hand, has none of Love's Riddle's 'humour': (3) There is no ground for comparison between either Chalkhill or William Browne, seeing they wrote nothing 'dramatic,' although the renowned 'Britannia's Pastorals' verbally suggest a parallel: (4) There are things in *Love's Riddle* very much more noteworthy than anything in Chalkhill, and declarative of genius sustained onward from 'Poetical Blossoms.'

I trust my Readers will turn to *Love's*

*Riddle* for themselves, and surrender a day till far on in the night to it, and secure me— thanks, for its genuine reproduction. How trippingly goes this of Alupis in Act 1, sc. 1 :—

'*Call.* Why art thou madde?

*Alu.* What if I bee?

I hope 'tis no discredit for me Sir?  
For in this age who is not? I 'le prove it to you :  
Your Citizen, hee's madde to trust the Gentleman  
Both with his weares and wife. Your Courtier,  
Hee's madde to spend his time in studying postures,  
Cringes, and fashions, and new complements ;  
Your Lawyer, hee's madde to sell away  
His tongue for money, and his Client madder  
To buy it of him, since 'tis of no use  
But to undoe men, and the Latine tongue ;  
Your Schollers, they are madde to breake their braines,  
Out-watch the Moone, and look more pale then shee,  
That so when all the Arts call him their Master,  
Hee may perhaps get some small Vicaridge,  
Or be the Vsher of a Schoole ; but there's  
A thing in blacke called Poet, who is ten  
Degrees in madnesse above these ; his meanes  
Is what the gentle Fates please to allow him  
By the death or marriage of some mighty Lord,  
Which hee must solemnize with a new Song.

*Cal.* This fellowe's wit amazeth me ; but friend,  
What doe you think of lovers?

*Alu.* Worst of all ;

Is't not a pretty folly to stand thus,  
And sigh, and fold the armes, and cry my *Calia*,  
My soule, my life, my *Calia*, then to wring  
One's state for presents, and one's brayne for Sonnets?  
O ! 'tis beyond the name of Phrenzie.

*Cal.* What so Satyricke Shepheard ; I beleeve  
You did not learne these flashes in the Woods ;  
How is it possible that you should get  
Such neere acquaintance with the Cite manners,  
And yet live here in such a silent place ;  
Where one would thinke the very name of City  
Could hardly enter.' (Vol. I. pp. 37-8.)

How clever this hit (*italicised*) at the Physician, through the Law's delay !

'*Cal.* Strive to be my Physitian.

*Alu.* The good Gods forbid it ; I turne Physitian?  
My Parents brought me up more piously,  
Then that I should play booty with a siknesse,  
Turne a consumption to men's purses, and  
Purge them worse then their bodies, and set up  
An Apothecarie's shop in private chambers ;  
Live by revenew of close-stooles and urinals,  
Deferre off sick men's health from day to day  
*As if they went to law with their disease.*  
No, I was borne for better ends, then to send away

His Majestie's subject's to hell so fast,  
As if I were to share the stakes with *Charon.*'  
(Vol. I. p. 38, col. 1.)

Of kin is another gird at the vociferous  
Preacher :—

'Why, I could talke out  
An houre or so, but then I want a cushion  
To thump my precepts into.'  
(*Ibid.* p. 38, col. 1.)

'No knowledge of the phenomena of  
nature, no observant love of birds or flowers  
or the beauties of country life?' What are  
these, Master Gosse?

'How red his cheekes are ! so our garden apples  
Looke, on that side where the hot Sun salutes them.'  
(*Ibid.* p. 40, col. 2.)

'*Bell.* I am bold to bring  
A garland to you ; 'tis of the best flowers  
Which I could gather ; I was picking them  
All yesterday,

*Cal.* How you oblige me to you !  
I thanke you sweetest : How they flourish still !  
Sure they grow better, since your hand had nipt them.

*Bell.* They will doe ; when your brow hath honour'd  
them,  
Then they may well grow proud, and shine more freshly.'  
(*Ibid.* p. 44, col. 2.)

'In this happy place  
(Happy her presence made it) she appear'd,  
And breath'd fresh honours on the smiling trees :  
Which owe more of their gallantry to her  
*Then to the musky kisses of the West wind.*  
Ha ! sure 'tis she ! Thus doth the Sunne breake forth  
From the blacke curtaine of an envious cloud.'  
(*Ibid.* p. 47, col. 1.)

'*Bell.* What would you doe, that thus you urge my  
stay?

*Flo.* Nothing I swear that should offend a Saint,  
Nothing which can call up thy maiden bloud  
To lend thy face a blush, nothing which chaste  
And vertuous sisters can deny their Brothers ;  
I doe confesse I love you, but the fire  
In which *You* courted his ambitious Mistris,  
Or that by holy men on Altars kindled,  
Is not so pure as mine is ; I would only  
Gaze thus upon thee ; feed my hungry eyes  
Sometimes with those bright tresses, which the wind  
Farre happier then I, plays up and downe in,  
And sometimes with thy cheekes, those rosy twins ;  
Then gently touch thy hand, and often kist it,  
Till thou thy selfe shouldst checke my modesty  
And yield thy lips.' (Ibid. p. 48, col. 2.)

This obligation to amorous ditties owes, I believe, its original to the fame of Petrarch, who, in an age rude and uncultivated, by his tuneful homage to his Laura, refined the manners of the lettered world, and filled Europe with love and poetry. But the basis of all excellence is truth : he that professes love ought to feel its power. Petrarch was a real lover, and Laura doubtless deserved his tenderness. Of Cowley, we are told by Barnes (*Barnesii Anacreontem*, Cambridge, 12°, 1705), who had means enough of information, that, whatever he may talk of his own inflammability, and the variety of characters by which his heart was divided, he in reality was in love but once, and then never had resolution to tell his passion. This consideration cannot but abate, in some measure, the reader's esteem for the work and the author. To love excellence is natural ; it is natural likewise for the lover to solicit reciprocal regard by an elaborate display of his own qualifications. The desire of pleasing has in different men produced actions of heroism, and effusions of wit ; but it seems as reasonable to appear the champion as the poet of an "airy nothing," and to quarrel as to write for what Cowley might have learned from his master Pindar to call, the "dream of a shadow." It is surely not difficult, in the solitude of a college, or in the bustle of the world, to find useful studies and serious employment. No man needs to be so burthened with life as to squander it in voluntary dreams of fictitious occurrences. The man that sits down to suppose himself charged with treason or peculation and heats his mind to an elaborate purgation of his character from crimes which he was never within the possibility of committing, differs only by the infrequency of his folly from him who praises beauty which he never saw, complains of jealousy which he never felt, supposes himself sometimes invited and sometimes forsaken, fatigues his fancy and ransacks his memory for images which may exhibit the gaiety of hope or the gloominess of despair, and dresses his imaginary Chloris or Phyllis sometimes in flowers fading as her beauty, and sometimes in gems lasting as her virtues' (as before pp. 7-8).

deceiving) to have his testimony taken even against himself. Neither would I here be misunderstood, as if I affected so much gravity, as to be ashamed to be thought really in love. On the contrary, I cannot have a good opinion of any man who is not at least capable of being so. But I speak it to excuse some expressions (if such there be) which may happen to offend the severity of supercilious readers : for much excess is to be allowed in love, and even more in poetry, so we avoid the two unpardonable vices in both, which are obscenity and profaneness, of which I am sure, if my words be ever guilty, they have ill represented my thoughts and intentions.—(Preface, p. 51, etc.)

Onward in the 'Life' we find this—

'The next class of his poems is called "The Mistress," of which it is not necessary to select any particular pieces for praise or censure. They have all the same beauties and faults, and nearly in the same proportion. They are written with exuberance of wit, and with copiousness of learning ; and it is truly asserted by Sprat, that the plenitude of the writer's knowledge flows in upon his page, so that the reader is commonly surprised into some improvement. But, considered as the verses of a lover, no man that has ever loved will much commend them. They are neither courtly nor pathetic, have neither gallantry nor fondness. His praises are too far sought, and too hyperbolic, either to express love or to excite it ; every stanza is crowded with darts and flames, with wounds and death, with mingled souls, and with broken hearts.' . . . 'Cowley's "Mistress" has no power of seduction : "she plays round the head, but reaches not the heart." Her beauty and absence, her kindness and cruelty, her disdain and inconstancy, produce no correspondence of emotion. His poetical account of the virtues of plants, and colours of flowers, is not perused with more sluggish frigidity. The compositions are such as might have been written for penance by a hermit, or for hire by a philosophical rhymer who had only heard of another sex ; for they turn the mind only on the writer, whom, without thinking on a woman but as the subject for his task, we sometimes esteem as learned, and sometimes despise as trifling, always admire as ingenious, and always condemn as unnatural' (pp. 39-40).

In the context of this latter passage the Moralist refers and passingly appropriates Addison's illustrations of 'Mixed Wit,' (Spectator No. 62); and as this fine specimen of our earlier literary criticism unquestionably hits a blot in 'The Mistress' and in the poetry of Cowley generally, it is only candid to reproduce it, not to say that we of to-day will profit by studying such deliberative thought-laden criticism. First of all I take his account of the nature of 'mixed wit' from one of the notes to his translations from Ovid's *Metamorphosis* :—

'Mr. Locke in his *Essay of Human Understanding* has given us the best account of wit in short that can any where be met with. *Wit*, says he, *lies in the*

*assemblage of Ideas and putting those together with quickness and variety wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy.* Thus does true wit, as this incomparable author observes, consist in the likeness of Ideas, and is more or less wit, as this likeness is more surprising and unexpected. But as *true wit* is nothing else but a similitude in Ideas, so is *false wit* the similitude in words, whether it lyes in the likeness of letters only, as in anagram and acrostic; or of syllables, as in doggerel rhimes; or whole words, as Puns, Echos, and the like. Besides these two kinds of false and true wit, there is another of a middle nature, that has something of both in it: when in two Ideas, that have some resemblance with each other, and are both expressed by the same word, we make use of the ambiguity of the word, to speak that of one Idea included under it, which is proper to the other. Thus, for example, most languages have hit on the word which properly signifies *Fire* to express *Love* by (and therefore we may be sure there is some resemblance in the Ideas mankind have of them); from hence the witty poets of all languages, when they have once called Love a Fire consider it no longer as the passion, but speak of it under the notion of a real fire, and as the turn of wit requires, make the same word in the same sentence stand for either of the ideas that is annexed to it. When Ovid's Apollo falls in love, he burns with a new flame; when the Sea-nymphs languish with this passion, they kindle in the water: the Greek Epigrammatist fell in love with one that flung a snow-ball at him, and therefore takes occasion to admire how fire could be thus concealed in snow. In short, whenever the poet feels anything in his love that resembles something in fire, he carries on this agreement into a kind of allegory; but if, as in the preceding instances, he finds any circumstances in his love contrary to the nature of fire, he calls his love a fire, and by joining this circumstance to it, surprises his reader with a seeming contradiction.'

Next in Spectator No. 62, Addison observes that this sort of 'mixed wit' abounds in Cowley more than in any other author that ever wrote, and he then gives examples of it, all taken from 'The Mistress,' as thus:—

'Cowley observing the cold regard of his mistress's eyes, and at the same time their power of producing love, in him, considers them as burning-glasses made of ice; and finding himself able to live

in the greatest extremities of love, concludes the torrid zone to be habitable. When his mistress has read his letter written in juice of lemon, by holding it to the fire, he desires her to read it over a second time by love's flames. When she weeps, he wishes it were inward heat that distilled those drops from the limbeck. When she is absent, he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty degrees nearer the pole, than when she is with him. His ambitious love is a fire, that naturally mounts upwards; his happy love is the beams of heaven, and his unhappy love flames of hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a flame that sends up no smoke; when it is opposed by counsel and advice, it is a fire that rages the more by the winds blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a tree, in which he had cut his loves, he observes, that his written flames had burnt up and withered the tree. When he resolves to give over his passion, he tells us, that one burnt like him for ever dreads the fire. His heart is an Aetna that instead of Vulcan's shop, encloses Cupid's forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his love in wine, is throwing oil upon the fire. He would insinuate to his mistress, that the fire of love, like that of the sun (which produces so many living creatures) should not only warm, but beget. Love, in another place, cooks pleasure at her fire. Sometimes the poet's heart is frozen in every breast, and sometimes scorched in every eye. Sometimes he is drowned in tears, and burnt in love, like a ship set on fire in the middle of the sea. . . . The reader may observe in every one of these instances, that the poet mixes the qualities of fire with those of love; and in the same sentence, speaking of it both as a passion and as a real fire, surprises the reader with these seeming resemblances or contradictions, that make up all the wit in this kind of writing.'

Acknowledgment is made, however, that Cowley, from whom the critic had taken these examples of 'mixed wit,' had as much '*true wit*' as any author that ever wrote, 'and indeed all other talents of an extraordinary genius.'

More of this old-fashioned discourse anon.

Very much more discriminating and to the point than Johnson, is SPRAT's 'apology' (in its old sense of 'vindication') for the Love-Poems. It must also be given here, as follows:—

'The variety of Arguments that he has manag'd is so large, that there is scarce any particular of all the

passions of men, or works of Nature, and Providence, which he has pass'd by undescrib'd. Yet he still observes the rules of Decency with so much care, that whether he inflames his Reader with the softer Affections, or delights him with inoffensive Raillery, or teaches the familiar manners of Life, or adorns the discoveries of Philosophy, or inspires him with the Heroick Characters of Charity and Religion : To all these matters that are so wide asunder, he still proportions a due figure of Speech, and a proper measure of Wit. This indeed is most remarkable, that a man who was so constant and fix'd in the Moral Ideas of his mind, should yet be so changeable in his Intellectual, and in both to the highest degree of Excellence.

'If there needed any excuse to be made, that his Love-verses should take up so great a share in his Works, it may be alleged that they were compos'd when he was very young. But it is a vain thing to make any kind of Apology for that sort of Writings. If Devout or Virtuous men will superciliously forbid the minds of the young, to adorn those subjects about which they are most conversant : They would put them out of all capacity of performing graver matters, when they come to them. For the exercises of all men's Wits, must be always proper for their Age, and never too much above it : And by practice and use in lighter Arguments, they grow up at large to excel in the most weighty. I am not therefore asham'd to commend Mr. Cowley's *Mistress*. I only except one or two Expressions, which I wish I could have prevail'd with those that had the right of the other Edition, to have left out. But of all the rest I dare boldly pronounce, that never yet so much was written on a subject so Delicate, that can less offend the severest rules of Morality. The whole passion of Love is intimately describ'd, with all its mighty Train of Hopes, and Joys, and Disquiets. Besides this amorous tenderness, I know not how in every Copy, there is something of more useful Knowledge very naturally and gracefully insinuated, and every where there may be something found, to inform the minds of wise men, as well as to move the hearts of young Men, or Women.'

As representative of present-day criticism, unconsciously tinged if not shaped by traditionary, I take MR. E. W. GOSSE in that noteworthy paper in Cornhill, whence I have already drawn so much. I let this always suggestive writer speak in full :—

'Even in the Civil Wars, poetry was read and published. In 1647, the year before the *Hesperides*

was brought out, an edition, probably pirated ['improbably' I intercalate] of Cowley's love-cycle, called *The Mistress*, was issued in England. From the last of these pieces we learn, or are intended to believe, that Cowley wrote them in three years, during which time he was tormented with a love-passion that he saw at last to be hopeless. It is just possible that, like Waller, he was really devoted to some lady of rank beyond his reach, but the poems themselves breathe no ardour or tenderness, and such a supposition is directly at variance with his own singularly frank exposition of the genesis of the books ['Poets are scarce thought freemen,' etc.—already given]. *The Mistress* was fated to become one of the most admired books of the age. It was a pocket compendium of the science of being ingenious in affairs of the heart ; and its purity and scholastic phrase recommended it to many who were no judges of poetry, but very keen censors of sobriety. To us it is the most unreadable production of its author, dry and tedious, without tenderness, without melancholy, without music. Here and there we find a good rhetorical line, such as,

"Love is the soul of body and soul of me"

[more accurately

'Love which is Soule to Body, and Soule of mee'] ;

and, what is very curious, almost all the pieces lead off with a sonorous and well-turned phrase. But not one is readable throughout ; not one is even ridiculous enough for quotation. All are simply dull, overloaded with ingenious, prosaic fancy, and set to eccentric measures of the author's invention, that but serve to prove his metrical ineptitude. It is not correct to say that these poems continue and cultivate to excess, the over-ornate style of the philosophical poets of the generation before. When Habington loads his pages with tasteless conceits, he over-colours his style in the manner learned from Lyly, Marini, and Gongora. So Donne, in a more brilliant and masculine way, errs in the introduction of unsuitable and monstrous ornament. But Cowley is hardly ornamented at all, and his heresy is not so much that of Marini as that of the inflated prosaic French poets of the class of Saint Amant. He seizes an idea, perhaps sensible, perhaps preposterous, but in no case beautiful, he clothes this idea with illustration drawn, not from external nature or objects of any kind, but from the supposed phenomena of the human mind. I think we can trace all this pedantic ingenuity to the personal training, and example of Dr. Henry More, who was the great oracle of English Platonism at Cambridge during Cowley's residence there, and whose extraordinary volume of *Philosophical Poems*, published in 1640, may, I think, be constantly found reflected in the lyrics of the younger poet. And in considering why these poems of Cowley's were popular,

we must not forget to note that the prose writings of More, and others of his stamp, were greatly delighted in by the 17th century, and now entirely unread ['a huge mistake,' I again intercalate]. The taste for these ingenuities and paradoxical turns of thought came like a disease, and passed away. So Cowley, who confidently believed that time to come would admit him to have been "Love's last and greatest prophet," and who was quoted as having written what ensphered the whole world of love, is now justly denied the humblest place, among the erotic poets. One piece alone [So there is 'one' after all—see 'not one' back a bit, I once more intercalate] must be excepted in this sweeping condemnation. The poem called *The Wish* is so simple, sincere and fresh, that we are disposed to wonder at finding so delicious a well in such an arid desert ['Well then I now do plainly see,' etc.—given onward]. The moral purity of Cowley's muse in so licentious a time, must not pass without praise, if only to rebut the foolish and fanatic rage of such critics as the Rev. Edmund Elys,<sup>1</sup> who sought after his death to persuade the public to the contrary. As a matter of fact, Cowley seldom forgot to write as became a gentleman' (pp. 726/7).

On the last point Dr. Johnson had before spoken :—

'One of the severe theologians of that time, censured him as having published a *book of profane and lascivious verses*. From the charge of profaneness, the constant tenor of his life, which seems to have been eminently virtuous, and the general tendency of his opinions, which discover no irreverence of religion, must defend him; but that the accusation of lasciviousness is unjust, the perusal of his works will sufficiently evince' (p. 39).

Transatlantic criticism must finally be briefly exemplified by William Cullen Bryant's verdict on the Love Poems in *North American Review* (as before) :—

'The forty-four poems included under the title of "The Mistress" have little to recommend them save the ingenuity of which Cowper speaks. Their subject is love, and they pursue the metaphors employed by poets to describe that passion, until they may be said to be fairly run down in the chase. There is much skill shown in the exercise of art, and there is no lack of learning, but there is no emotion. If all

<sup>1</sup> The 'severe divine' was Edmund Elys or Ellis, author of *Poemata*, 1655, and *Divine Poems*, 1658. His tractate (*wt supra*) is 'Exclamation against an Apology for Cowley's Verses,' 1670. See Wood's *Athens*, &c.

Cowley's poetry had been such, the neglect of which Pope speaks would have been fully deserved' (p. 375).

It will not be denied that I have furnished the Reader amply with everything that has been said or well could have been said against the Love-Poems of Cowley. *In limine* I hold that they are not independent judgments. Dr. Johnson must contradict Sprat, and so we have his laboured common-places, and after-critics down to the present day have echoed him. So that I must re-iterate, it is traditionary criticism, not the outcome of personal and earnest study of the Poems. Then springing out of the latter element, through the former, spite of Barnes' alleged information, the real student of the Love Poems will discern genuine emotion, real passion, and 'the language of the heart.' Of this more immediately. Even on the minimum of 'one' love ('silent love' it seems it must be pronounced), who that has loved at all knows not that the whole *gamut* of passion might be sounded, ay the more that it was but 'one' and once? Further, the *factor* of 'love' itself as in the Poet (as well as in his poems) and his 'lady-love,' is strangely left out or slenderly regarded in respect of the ingenuities and playing and sporting with conceits in these Love-Poems. Given 'love' as a living passion on either side, and much more if on both, and you have the very *fantastique* of 'conceits' illumined, almost ennobled. I saw the other night a great audience hang spell-bound on the lips of a 'Preacher.' To me it was the emptiest poorest sentimentalism of sermonising that ever I have been doomed to hear. But the considerable audience was entranced and the laudation was marvellous. How was this? Not because the 'sermon' in itself was great or good, but because the man was loved 'this side idolatry.' Those hearts yearned towards him and glorified his tinkling trivialities. Or take another illustration. Away in the Fylde Country lately I could scarcely

make my way across to my 'desired haven' from the swelling of the stream-beds that run up from the sea inland. Ordinarily they are poor, shallow, not over-odorous mud dikes (in the Dutch meaning), but on this occasion the strong vast sea had rushed up and filled and flooded every smallest inlet, bight, and creek, and so there was before me the grandeur and masterdom of the tided ocean where usually were only creeping stream and marshy lagoon. Exactly thus is it with Love in these Love-poems of Cowley. You have over and over ingenuities, dexterities, absurdities if you will, but add accorded and responsive hearts in the Writer and Receiver, and you have then, but not till then, the secret of the *potentiality* of the Poems primarily and as they were used to express the love-experiences of the time and onward. Trifles (if you will trivialities), gracefully and graciously done, make up one-half of the sunshine of love-life as of all life. Still further, while I have granted that Addison's criticism of 'mixed wit' from his stand-point hits a blot as applied to a good many of the metaphors of the Love-Poems, I cannot admit the distinction he seeks to make—fortified apparently only by the great name of Locke—between resemblances or contradictions in ideas and the same in words. Except in mere anagrams, acrostics, and so on (if even these lowest can be excluded), ideas cannot be sundered from words or words from ideas, *id est*, it is the ideas in the words not the words of ideas, that are the substance of the wit whether true or mixed. Especially in reading Cowley is this to be insisted on. When he plays on words, it is with their soul and not their body; he invariably pierces to the 'idea' within the words. So that it is misdirected criticism (*pace* Addison) to allege even the examples selected from *The Mistress* as telling against the 'true wit' of Cowley. Finally and with my whole soul I pronounce

it simple ignorance of these Love Poems, and folly, to apply such phrases as my good friend Mr. Gosse has allowed himself to do—'unreadable . . . dry and tedious, without tenderness, without melancholy, without music . . . not one is readable throughout; not one is even ridiculous enough for quotation. All are simply dull, overloaded with ingenious prosaic fancy, and set to eccentric measures of the author's invention, that but serve to prove his metrical ineptitude,' and 'he is now justly denied the humblest place among the erotic poets.' In the old sense I respectfully 'give the lie' to all this uncritically 'sweeping condemnation.' Let the Reader accompany me as I turn to 'The Mistress,' and, unless I egregiously mistake, he will very soon side with me against the not less ingrate and irreverential than (it must frankly out) stupidity of traditionary criticism. To begin with, *The Mistress* (as Bryant notified) was a tiny tome of only forty-four short poems; and yet among these forty-four we have these twin-poems 'Against Hope' and 'For Hope,'—the text of the former of which I have taken (except the word 'Archer' for 'Anchor') from Crashaw's Poems (in which it first appeared) as presenting noticeable variations<sup>1</sup>:—

*Against Hope.*

'Hope, whose weak being ruin'd is  
Alike if it succeed, or if it misse !  
Whom ill and good doth equally confound,  
And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound.  
Vain shadow; that dost vanish quite  
Both at full noon and perfect night !  
The starres have not a possibility  
Of blessing thee.  
If things then from their end we happy call,  
'Tis Hope is the most hopelesse thing of all.  
Hope, thou bold taster of delight !  
Who instead of doing, deourst it quite.  
Thou bringst vs an estate, yet leav'st vs poor  
By clogging it with legacies before.

<sup>1</sup> The Complete Works of Richard Crashaw in Fuller Worthies' Library, 2 vols. 1878: vol. i. pp. 175-7. Crashaw's Answer, as onward, pp. 178-180. See our present vol. pp. 117-118.



The joyes which we intire should wed  
Come deflour'd-virgins to our bed.  
Good fortunes without gain imported be,  
Such mighty customs paid to thee.  
For joy, like wine kep't close, doth better tast ;  
If it take air before, her spirits wast.

Hope, Fortune's cheating lottery,  
Where for one prize, an hundred blanks there be.  
Fond Archer, Hope ! who tak'st thine aime so farr  
That still or short or wide thine arrows are ;  
Thinne empty cloud which th' ey deceivies  
With shapes that our own fancy gives.  
A cloud which gift and painted now appears  
But must drop presently in teares :  
When thy false beames o're reason's light preuail,  
By *ignes fatui* for North starres we sail.

Brother of Fear, more gaily clad,  
The merryer fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad :  
Sire of Repentance, child of fond desire  
That blow'st the chymick's and the louer's fire.  
Still leading them insensibly on  
With the strong witchcraft of 'anon.'  
By thee the one does changing nature, through  
Her endlesse labyrinthas pursue ;  
And th' other chases woman ; while she goes  
More wayes and turnes then hunted Nature knowes.'

*For Hope.*

Hope, of all Ills that men endure,  
The only cheap and universal Cure !  
Thou Captiv's Freedom, and thou sick-Man's health !  
Thou Loser's Victory, and thou Beggar's wealth !  
Thou Manna, which from Heaven we eat,  
To every tast a severall Meat !  
Thou strong Retreat ! thou sure-entail'd Estate,  
Which nought has Power to alienate !  
Thou pleasant, honest, Flatterer ! for none  
Flatter unhappy Men, but thou alone !

Hope, thou first-Fruits of Happinesse !  
Thou gentle Dawning of a bright Successe !  
Thou good Preparative, without which our Joy  
Does work too strong, and whilst it cures, destroy ;  
Who out of Fortune's reach dost stand,  
And art a blessing still in hand !  
Whilst Thee, her Earnest-Mony we retain,  
We certain are to gaine,  
Whether she her bargain break, or else fulfill,  
Thou only good, not worse for ending ill !

Brother of Faith, 'twixt whom and Thee  
The joyes of Heaven and Earth divided be !  
Though Faith be Heire, and have the first estate,  
Thy Portion yet in Movables is great.  
Happinesse it selfe's all one  
In Thee, or in Possession !  
Only the Future's Thine, the Present His !  
Thine's the more hard and noble Bliss :

Best apprehender of our joyes, which hast  
So long a reach, and yet canst hold so fast !

Hope, thou sad Lover's only Friend !  
Thou Way that may'st dispute it with the End !  
For Love I fear 's a fruit that does delight  
The tast it selfe lesse than the Smell and sight.  
Fruition more deceitfull is  
Then Thou canst be, when thou dost misse ;  
Men leave thee by obtaining, and strait flee  
Some other way again to Thee ;  
And that 's a pleasant Country, without doubt,  
To which all soone returne that travaile out.'

(Vol. I. p. 118, col. 1/a.)

As never to be dissociated from Cowley's  
'Against Hope' and though fine, in part  
deep, 'For Hope' is not displaced by it, I  
pause to introduce at this point Crashaw's  
answer:—

*M. CRASHAW'S Answer for Hope.*

'Dear Hope! Earth's dowry, and Heaun's debt !  
The entity of things that are not yet.  
Subtlest, but sweet beeing ! thou by whom  
Our nothing has a definition !  
Substantial shade ! whose sweet allay  
Blends both the noones of Night and Day :  
Fates cannot find out a capacity  
Of hurting thee.  
From thee their lean dilemma, with blunt horn,  
Shrinks, as the sick moon from the wholesome  
morn.

Rich hope ! Loue's legacy, vnder lock  
Of Faith ! still spending, and still growing stock !  
Our crown-land lyes aboue, yet each meal brings  
A seemly portion for the sonnes of Kings.  
Nor will the virgin ioyes we wed  
Come lesse vnbroken to our bed,  
Because that from the bridall cheek of Blisse  
Thou steal'st vs down a distant kisse.  
Hope's chast stealth harmes no more Ioye's maiden-  
head  
Then spousal rites preiudge the marriage bed.

Fair hope ! Our earlier Heau'n ! by thee  
Young Time is taster to Eternity :  
Thy generous wine with age growes strong, not  
sour,  
Nor does it kill thy fruit, to smell thy flowre.  
Thy golden, growing head neuer hangs down  
Till in the lappe of Loue's full noone  
It falls ; and dyes ! O no, it melts away  
As doth the dawne into the Day :  
As lumps of sugar loose themselues, and twine  
Their subtile essence with the soul of wine.

Fortune? alas, above the World's low warres  
Hope walks; and kicks the curld heads of conspiring  
starres.

Her keel cutts not the wanes where these winds stirr,  
Fortune's whole lottery is one blank to her.

Her shafts and shee, fly farre above,  
And forage in the fields of light and love.  
Sweet Hope! kind cheat! fair fallacy! by thee  
We are not where nor what we be,  
But what and where we would be. Thus art thou  
Our absent presence, and our future now.

Faith's sister! nurse of fair desire!  
Fear's antidote! a wise and well-stay'd fire!  
Temper 'twixt chill Despair, and torrid Ioy!  
Queen regent in yonge Loue's minority!

Though the vext chymick vainly chases  
His fugitive gold through all her faces;  
Though Loue's more feirce, more fruitlesse, fires  
assay:

One face more fugitive than all they;  
True Hope's a glorious huntresse, and her chase,  
The God of Nature in the feilds of grace.'

'It must be confessed,' says Dr. Johnson,  
'of these writers, that if they are upon  
common subjects often unnecessarily and  
unpoetically subtle; yet where scholastic  
speculation can be properly admitted, their  
copiousness and acuteness may justly be  
admired. What Cowley has written upon  
Hope shows an unequalled fertility of inven-  
tion' (p. 33.)

Exquisite, and rendering though they do  
fatuous, the 'sweeping condemnation' re-  
counted, the poems of Hope are very far from  
standing alone. Let the Reader say whether  
there be 'no emotion, no tenderness' in this  
of

*The Change.*

'Love in her sunny Eyes does basking play;  
Love walks the pleasant Mazes of her Haire;  
Love does on both her Lips for ever stray;  
And sows and reaps a thousand Kisses there.  
In all her outward parts Love's alwaies seen;  
But, oh, he never went within.

Within Love's foes, his greatest foes abide,  
Malice, Inconstancy and Pride.  
So the Earth's face, Trees, Herbs, and Flow'rs do  
dresse,

With other beauties numberlesse;  
But at the Center, Darknesse is, and Hell;  
Their wicked Spirits, and there the Damned dwell.

With me, alas, quite contrary it fares;  
Darknesse and Death lies in my weeping eyes,  
Despair and Palenesse in my face appears.  
And Grief and Fear, Love's greatest enemies;  
But, like the Persian Tyrant, Love within  
Keeps his proud Court, and ne're is seen.

Oh take my Heart, and by that means you'll prove  
Within too stor'd enough of Love:  
Give me but Your's, I'll by that change so thrive,  
That Love in all my parts shall live.  
So powerfull is this change, it render can  
My outside Woman, and your inside Man.'

(Vol. I. p. 107, col. 1.)

Then place beside that,

*Clad all in White.*

'Fairest thing that shines below,  
Why in this robe dost thou appear?  
Wouldst thou a white most perfect show,  
Thou must at all no garment wear:  
Thou wilt seem much whiter so,  
Than Winter when 'tis clad with Snow.

'Tis not the Linnen shews so faire:  
Her skinne shines through, and makes it bright:  
So Clouds themselves like Suns appear.  
When the Sun pierces them with Light:  
So Lillies in a glass inclose,  
The Glasse will seem as white as those.

Thou now one heap of beauty art;  
Nought outwards, or within is foule:  
Condensed beams make every part;  
Thy Body's clothed like thy soule,  
Thy soule, which does it selfe display,  
Like a starre plac'd i' th' Milky way.

Such robes the Saints departed wear,  
Woven all with Light divine;  
Such their exalted Bodies are,  
And with such full glory shine.  
But oh they 'tend not mortals' Pain;  
Men pray, I fear, to both in vaine.

Yet seeing thee so gently pure,  
My hopes will needs continue still;  
Thou wouldst not take this Garment sure,  
When thou hadst an Intent to kill.  
Of Peace and yeelding who would doubt,  
When the White Flag he sees hung out?'

(*Ibid.* p. 107, col. 1/a.)

Equally dainty is the opening of

*My Heart discovered.*

'Her body is so gently bright,  
Clear and transparent to the sight,  
(Clear as fair Christall to the view,  
Yet soft as that, ere Stone it grew;)  
That through her flesh, methinks, is seen  
The brighter Soule that dwells within:

Our Eyes through th' radiant covering passe,  
And see that Lilly through its Glasse.  
I through her Breast, her Heart espy,  
As Soules in hearts do Soules despy,  
I see't with gentle Motions beat ;  
I see light in't, but find no heat.  
Within, like Angels in the Sky,  
A thousand gilded thoughts do fly.'

(Vol. I. p. 107, col. a.)

Kindred with these is 'The Vain Love';  
and whoso doubts of the reality of Cowley's  
love-experience, let him dwell on line after  
line, and especially these *burning* lines:—

*The Vain Love.*

' It far'd with me, as if a slave  
In Triumph led, that does perceive  
With what a gay Majestick pride  
His Conqueror through the streets does ride,  
Should be contented with his woe,  
Which makes up such a comely show.  
I sought not from thee a returne,  
But without Hopes or Fears did burn ;  
My covetous Passion did approve  
The Hoording up, not Use of Love.  
*My Love a kind of Dream was grown,  
A Foolish, but a Pleasant one ;  
From which I'me awakened now, but, oh,  
Prisoners to dy are awakened so.*  
For now my Fires and Wishes are  
Nothing, but Longings with Despair.  
*Despair, whose Torments no man sees  
But Lovers and the Dams'd, endure.'*

(*Ibid.* p. 108, col. 2, ll. 19-36.)

Next I note 'The Wish,' which even Mr.  
Gosse recognises as of the finest, though  
without revising his earlier 'not one':—

*The Wish.*

' Well then ; I now do plainly see,  
This busie world and I shall nere agree ;  
The very honey of all earthly joy  
Does of all meats the soonest cloy.  
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,  
Who for it can endure the stings,  
The Croud, and Bus, and Murmurings  
Of this great Hive, the City.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave,  
May I a small House, and large Garden have !  
And a few Friends, and many Books ; both true,  
Both wise, and both delightfull too !  
And since Love near wil from me flee,  
A Mistress moderately fair,  
And good as Guardian-Angels are,  
Onely beloved, and loving me !

Oh, Founts ! Oh when in you shall I  
My selfe, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy ?  
Oh Fields ! Oh Woods ! when, when shall I be made  
The happy Tenant of your shade ?  
Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood ;  
Where all the Riches lye, that she  
Has coin'd and stamp't for good.

Pride and Ambition here,  
Onely in far-fetcht Metaphors appear ;  
Here nought but winds can hurtfull Murmurs scatter,  
And nought but eccho flatter.  
The Gods, when they descended, hither  
From heaven, did alwaies chase their way ;  
And therefore we may boldly say,  
That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I,  
And one dear She, live, and embracing, dye ?  
She who is all the world, and can exclude  
In desarts, solitude.  
I should have then this only fear,  
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,  
Should all come im'itate Mee  
And so make a City here.'

(Vol. I. pp. 110-11, col. 2.)

I am sure CHARLES LAMB 'spotted' the  
gracious fooling of 'My Diet,' and of 'The  
Thiefe':—

*My Diet.*

' Now by my Love, the greatest Oath that is,  
None loves you halfe so well as I :  
I do not ask your Love for this ;  
But for heaven's sake believe me, or I dy.  
No Servant ere, but did deserve  
His Master should believe that he does serve ;  
And I'll ask no more wages, though I sterve.

'Tis no luxurious Diet this, and sure  
I shall not by 't too lusty prove ;  
Yet shall it willingly endure,  
If 't can but keep together Life and Love.  
Being your Prisoner and your slave,  
I do not Feasts and Banquets look to have,  
A little Bread and Water's all I crave.

On a sigh of Pity I a yeer can live,  
One Tear will keep me twenty at least,  
Fifty a gentle look will give ;  
An hundred years on one kind word I'll feast :  
A thousand more will added be,  
If you an Inclination have for Mee ;  
And all beyond is vast Eternity.'

(*Ibid.* p. 111, col. 1.)

*The Thiefe.*

' Thou rob'st my Daies of bus'nease and delights.  
Of sleep thou rob'st my Nights ;

Ah, Lovely Thiefe, what wilt thou doe?  
 What? Rob me of Heaven too?  
 Thou, even my prayers thou hauntest me;  
 And I, with wild Idolatry,  
 Begn, to God, and end them all, to Thee.

Is it a Sinne to Love, that it should thus,  
 Like an ill Conscience, torture us?  
 What ere I do, where ere I go,  
 (None Guiltlesse ere was haunted so)  
 Still, still, methinks thy face I view,  
 And still thy shape does me pursue,  
 As if, not you Mee, but I had murdered You.

From books I strive some remedy to take,  
 But thy Name all the Letters make;  
 What ere 'tis writ, I find that there,  
 Like Points and Comma's every where,  
 Me blest for this let no man hold;  
 For I, as Midas did of old,  
 Perish by turning every thing to Gold.

What do I seek, alas, or why do I  
 Attempt in vain from thee to fly;  
 From making thee my Deitie,  
 I gave thee then Ubiquitie.  
 My pains resemble Hell in this;  
 The divine presence there too is,  
 But to torment Men, not to give them blisse.'

(Vol. I. p. 111, col. 1/a.)

'No emotion, no tenderness,' forsooth!  
 What have we here in 'The Enjoyment,' with  
 its Elizabethan-dramatic touches, e.g. :—

*The Enjoyment.*

'Then like some wealthy Island thou shalt lye;  
 And like the Sea about it, I ;'  
 and

'I'll kisse Thee through, I'll kisse thy very Soule.'

(*Ibid.* p. 119, col. 1/a.)

Quaint and soft is 'Sleep':—

'In vain, thou drousy God, I thee invoke;  
 For thou, who dost from fumes arise,  
 Thou, who Man's Soule dost over-shade  
 With a thick Cloud, by Vapours made,  
 Canst have no Power to shut his eyes,  
 Or passage of his Spi'rits to choak,  
 Whose Flam's so pure, that it sends up no smoak.

Yet how do Tears but from some Vapours rise?  
 Tears, that bewinter all my Year?  
 The Fate of *Aegypt* I sustain,  
 And never feel the dew of Rain,  
 From Clouds within the Head appear,  
 But all my too much Moysture owe,  
 To overflowings of the Heart below.

Thou, who dost Men (as Nights to Colours doe)  
 Bring all to an Equality :

Come, thou just God, and equall me  
 A while to my disdainful She;  
 Is that condition let me ly;  
 Till Love does the favour shew;  
 Love equalls all a better way then You.

Then never more shalt thou be 'invokt by me;  
 Watchful as Spirits, and Gods I'll prove;  
 Let her but grant, and then will I,  
 Thee and thy Kinsman Death defie.  
 For betwixt Thee and them that love,  
 Never will an agreement be;  
 Thou scorn'st th' Unhappy; and the Happy Thee.'

(Vol. I. pp. 119-20, col. 2.)

Passionate and true is

*Looking on, and discoursing with his Mistress.*

'These full two Howers now have I gazing been:  
 What comfort by it can I gain?  
 To look on Heaven with mighty Gulfes between  
 Was the great Miser's greatest pain;  
 So near was he to Heaven's Delight,  
 As with the blest converse he might,  
 Yet could not get one drop of water by't.

Ah Wretch: I seem to touch her now; but, oh,  
 What boundlesse spaces do us part?  
 Fortune, and Friends, and all Earth's empty show,  
 My Lownesse, and her high Desert:  
 But these might conquerable prove;  
 Nothing does me so farre remove,  
 As her hard Soule's aversion from my Love.

So Travellers that lose their way by Night,  
 If from afarre they chance t' espy  
 Th' uncertain glimmerings of a Taper's light,  
 Take flattering hopes, and think it nigh;  
 'Till wearied with the fruitless pain,  
 They sit them down, and weep in vain,  
 And there in Darknesse and Despair remain.'

(*Ibid.* p. 122, c. 2.)

Almost fit companion for 'The Chronicle'  
 itself is

*The Inconstant.*

'I never yet could see that face  
 Which had no dart for mee;  
 From fiftene yeares, to fiftis's space,  
 They all victorious bee.  
 Love, thou'rt a Devil; if I may call thee One;  
 For sure in Mee thy name is Legion.

Colour, or Shape, good Limbes, or Face,  
 Goodnesse, or Wit in all I finde:  
 In Motion or in Speech a grace,  
 If all faile, yet 'tis Womankind;  
 And I'me so weake, the Pistoll need not bee  
 Double, or treble charg'd, to murder Mee.

If Tall, the Name of Proper slays ;  
 If faire, shee 's pleasant as the Light ;  
 If Low, her Prettinesse does please ;  
 If Black, what Lover loves not Night?  
 If yellow-hair'd, I Love, lest it should bee  
 Th' excuse to others for not loving Mee.

The Fat, like Plenty, fills my heart ;  
 The Leane, with Love makes me too so.  
 If Streight, her Bodie's Cupid's Dart  
 To mee ; if Crooked, 'tis his Bow.  
 Nay, Age it selfe does me to rage encline,  
 And strength to Women gives, as well as Wine.

Just halfe as large as Charitie  
 My richly-landed Love's become ;  
 And judg'd aright is Constancy,  
 Though it take up a larger roome.  
 Him, who loves alwaies one, why should they call  
 More constant, then the Man loves Alwaies All?

Thus with unwearied wings I flee  
 Through all Love's Gardens and his Fields ;  
 And, like the wise industrious Bee,  
 No Weed, but Honey to me yields !  
 Honey still spent this dil'igence still supplies,  
 Though I return not home with laden Thighes.

My Soul at first indeed did prove  
 Of prety Strength against a Dart,  
 'Till I this Habit got of Love ;  
 But my consum'd and wasted Heart,  
 Once burnt to Tinder with a strong Desire,  
 Since that by every Spark is set on Fire.'  
 (Vol. I. pp. 125/6.)

If ever love-autobiography was written we  
 have it in

*Love given over.*

' It is enough ; enough of time, and paine,  
 Hast thou consum'd in vaine ;  
 Leave, wretched Cowley, leave  
 Thy selfe with shadowes to deceave ;  
 Think that already lost which thou must never gaine.

Three of thy lustiest and thy freshest yeares,  
 (Toost in stormes of Hopes and Feares)  
 Like helpless Ships that bee  
 Set on fire i' th' midst o' the Sea,  
 Have all been burnt in Love, and all been drown'd in  
 Teares.

Resolve then on it, and by force or art  
 Free thy unlucky Heart ;  
 - Since Fate does disapprove  
 Th' ambition of thy Love,  
 And not one Starre in Heav'n offers to take thy part.  
 If ere I cleare my Heart from this desire,  
 If ere it home to 'his brest retire,  
 It ne're shall wander more about,  
 Tho' thousand beauties call'd it out :  
 A Lover Burnt like mee for ever dreads the fire.

The Pox, the Plague, and ev'ry small disease,  
 May come as oft as ill Fate please,  
 But Death and Love are never found  
 To give a second Wound ;  
 Wee're by those Serpents bit, but wee're devour'd by  
 these.

Alas, what Comfort is't that I am growne  
 Secure of be'ing again orethrowne ;  
 Since such an Enemy needs not feare  
 Lest any else should quarter there,  
 Who has not only sackt, but quite burnt down the  
 Towne.'

(Vol. I. p. 132, col. 1/a.)

Thus far I have advisedly limited my-  
 self to entire or nearly entire poems, to  
 guard myself against suspicion of dealing  
 unfairly with the critics and their 'not one  
 is readable throughout; not one is even  
 ridiculous enough for quotation.' I affirm  
 contrariwise 'not one' but is eminently  
 'readable,' and not one, save in merest  
 bits, is 'ridiculous.' But if we return on  
 'The Mistress,' stanzas, couplets, lines, half-  
 lines flash upon us, and still further show  
 the outrageousness of the traditionary criti-  
 cism of these Love Poems.

I can only bring together a very few of  
 the jewels that offer themselves on lightest  
 raising of the lid of this consummate casket.

1. *Passion,*

' Strike deepe thy burning arrowes in :  
 Lukewarmnesse I account a sinne,  
 As great in Love, as in Religion.  
 Come arm'd with flames, for I will prove  
 All the extremities of mighty Love.'  
 (Ib. p. 103.)

2. *Love's cruelty.*

' But quickly to my Cost I found,  
 'Twas cruell Love, not Death, had made the wound :  
 Death a more gen'rous rage doth use ;  
 Quarter to all he conquers does refuse.  
 Whilst Love with barbarous mercy saves  
 The vanquisht lives, to make them slaves.'  
 (Ib. p. 104.)

3. *Love-compliment.*

' The fairest Flowers could please noe more, neare you  
 Than painted flowers, set next to them, could doe.'  
 (Ib. p. 105.)

4. *Love and life.*

' Not that Love's Howers or Minutes are  
 Shorter then those our Being's measur'd by :

But they're more close-compacted farre,  
And so in lesser room do ly.  
Thin airy things extend themselves in space,  
Things solid take up little Place.'  
(Vol. I. p. 111.)

5. *Love-treason.*

'In vain thou bidst me to forbear;  
Obedience were Rebellion here.'  
(*Id.* p. 113.)

6. *One.*

'Variety I ask not; give me One  
To live perpetually upon.  
The person Love does to us fit,  
Like Manna, has the taste of all in it.'  
(*Id.* p. 113.)

7. *Love's shape.*

'She being so high, and I so low,  
Her power by this does greater show,  
Who at such distance gives so sure a blow.'  
(*Id.* p. 114.)

8. *Passion.*

'Keep still thy distance; for at once to me  
Goddesse and Woman too, thou canst not be.'  
(*Id.* p. 114.)

9. *Longing.*

'Teach me to Love? go teach thy self more witt;  
I chief Professor am of it.  
Teach Craft to Scots, and Thrift to Jews,  
Teach Boldness to the Stews;  
In Tyrants' Courts teach supple Flattery:  
Teach Sophisters and Jesuites to lye.  
Teach fire to burn, and winds to blow,  
Teach restlesse fountains how to flow,  
Teach the dull earth, fixt to abide,  
Teach Women-kind Inconstancy and Pride.  
See if your diligence here will usefull prove;  
But, neither, teach not me to Love.'  
(*Id.* p. 115.)

10. *Forbidden.*

'From Paradise shut for evermore,  
What good is 't that an Angel shut the Door?'  
(*Id.* p. 116.)

11. *Disdain.*

'You cannot kill my Love with your disdain,  
Wound it you may, and make it live in pain.'  
(*Id.* p. 113.)

12. *Love its own reward.*

'Although I think thou never found wilt be,  
Yet I'me resolv'd to search for thee;  
The search it selfe rewards the Pains.  
So, though the Chymick his great secret misse,  
(For neither it in Art nor Nature is)  
Yet things well worth his toyle he gains:

And does his Charge and Labour pay  
With good unsought exper'iments by the way.'<sup>1</sup>  
(Vol. I. p. 114.)

13. *Dress of Beauty.*

'The adorning thee with so much art,  
Is but a barbarous skill;  
'Tis like the poys'ning of a Dart  
Too apt before to kill.'  
(*Id.* p. 117.)

14. *Separation.*

'Not that my Love will fly away,  
But still continue, as they say,  
Sad troubled Ghosts about their Graves doe stray.'  
(*Id.* p. 118.)

15. *Martyrdom.*

'I would not, salamander-like,  
In scorching heats always to Live deare,  
But, like a Martyr, pass to Heav'n through Fire.'  
(*Id.* p. 119.)

And all this is from a tiny volume of forty-four short poems. Verily that must indeed be a meagre collection of our Love Verses that does not fetch many and many a passionate and musical contribution from 'The Mistress.' Then to give the *quietus* to the nonsense of Cowley being 'now justly denied the humblest place among the erotic poets,' there remains among his Love Poems the incomparable 'Chronicle,' over which the Moralist himself kindles into enthusiasm, as thus:—

'The "Chronicle" is a composition unrivalled and alone: such gaiety of fancy, such facility of expression, such varied similitude, such a succession of images, and such a dance of words, it is in vain to expect except from Cowley. His strength always appears in his agility; his volatility is not the flutter of a light, but the bound of an elastic mind. His levity never leaves his learning behind it; the moralist, the politician, and the critic mingle their influence even in this airy frolic of genius. To such a performance Suckling could have brought the gaiety, but not the knowledge; Dryden could have supplied the knowledge, but not the gaiety.' ('Lives,' as before, p. 36.)

<sup>1</sup> Good old Sir Richard Baker in his *Cato Variiegatus* (1636) gives us this earlier parallel:—

'Who the Philosopher's stone, to make, assay:  
Though misse the End, meets secrets by the way.'  
(*Lib.* 4. 7. p. 79.)

Here it is, and may its sunshine scatter  
the mists wherewith traditionary criticism  
would becloud the Love Poems of Cowley!—

*The Chronicle, a Ballad.*

Margarita first possess,  
If I remember well, my brest,  
Margarita first of all ;  
But when a while the wanton Maid  
With my restless Heart had plaid,  
Martha took the flying Ball.

Martha soon did it resign  
To the Beauteous Catharine.  
Beauteous Catharine gave place,  
(Though loth and angry she to part  
With the possession of my Heart)  
To Elisa's conqu'ring face.

Elisa 'till this Hour might reign,  
Had she not Evil Counsels ta'ne.  
Fundamental Laws she broke,  
And still new Favorites she chose,  
'Till up in Arms my Passions rose,  
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then and gentle Ann  
Both to reign at once began ;  
Alternately they sway'd,  
And sometimes Mary was the Fair,  
And sometimes Ann the Crown did wear,  
And sometimes Both I 'obeyed.

Another Mary then arose,  
And did rigorous Laws impose.  
A mighty Tyrant she !  
Long, alas, should I have been  
Under that Iron-scepter'd Queen,  
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,  
'Twas then a golden Time with mee.  
But soon those pleasures fled,  
For the gracious Princess dy'd  
In her Youth and Beattie's pride,  
And Judith reigned in her sted.

One Month, three Days and half an Hour  
Judith held the Sovereign Power.  
Wondrous beautiful her Face,  
But so weak and small her Wit,  
That she, to govern was unfit,  
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came  
Arm'd with a restless flame,  
And th' Artillery of her Eye.  
Whilst she proudly marcht about  
Greater Conquests to find out,  
She beat out Susan by the By.

But in her place I then obey'd  
Black-ey'd Besse her Vice-roy Maid,  
To whom ensu'd a Vacancy.  
Thousand worse Passions then possess  
The Inter-regnum of my brest.  
Bless me from such an Anarchy !

Gentle Henrietta than  
And a third Mary next began,  
Then Jone, and Jane, and Audria.  
And then a pretty Thomasine,  
And then another Katharine,  
And then a long Et cætera.

But should I now to you relate  
The strength and riches of their state,  
The Powder, Patches, and the Pins,  
The Ribbons, Jewels, and the Rings,  
The Lace, the Paint, and warlike things  
That make up all their Magazines :

If I should tell the politick Arts  
To take and keep men's hearts,  
The Letters, Embassies and Spies,  
The Frowns, and Smiles, and Flatteries,  
The Quarrels, Tears, and Perjuries,  
Numberless, Nameless Mysteries ;

And all the *Little* Lime-twigs laid  
By Matchavil the Waiting-Maid ;  
I more voluminous should grow,  
(Chiefly if I like them should tell  
All Change of Weathers that befell)  
Then Holinshead or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,  
Since few of them were long with Me.  
An higher and a nobler strain  
My present Emperess does claime,  
Heleonora, First o' th' Name,  
Whom God grant long to reign.'

(Vol. I. pp. 143-4.)

In fine, regarding the poems of 'The Mistress' as the expression of real experiences, and as having been actually sent to the object (or objects) of the Poet's passion, we must never forget how the mutual affection would 'glorify' the most trivial conceit, and give significance to the most (apparently) far-fetched allusions. It is indeed very much with the Love-Poems as with our Hymns. The great majority of these, as poetry, even as verse, do not range high ; but the devotion of praise in the Sanctuary kindles the dim into splendour, and so-to-say transmutes otherwise not lofty thought into worship. I am quite sure of this that similarly the

poems of 'The Mistress' won and retained their popularity from feeling and association.

In the Note before 'The Mistress,' I promise to notice the *various readings* as distinguished from our adopted text. I do not deem it necessary to be as full and detailed in these as with 'Poetical Blossomes,' but a few typical examples may interest. In the lines '*Written in juyce of lemon,*' st. 8, l. 4, the after-text has 'or' for 'and'; in '*Inconstancy,*' l. 9, 'more' for 'most'; in '*Platonick Love,*' st. 1, l. 4, 'And closely as our Minds together join' for 'And both our Wholes into one Whole combine'; in '*Clad all in White,*' st. 4, l. 5, for 'But oh they 'tend not mortals Pain' reads 'But they regard not mortals Pain'; in '*My heart discovered,*' l. 7, for 'Our Eyes through th' radiant covering passe' has 'Our eyes the subtile *Covering* pass'; in '*Vain-love,*' l. 33, 'For now my Fires and Wishes are' changed to 'For now th' Effects of Loving are'; in '*The Soul,*' st. 2, l. 18, for 'appear' oddly reads 'approach'; in 'The Wish,' st. 3, l. 1, for 'Oh Founts! oh when in you shall I' reads 'Oh, Fountains when in you shall I,' and, st. 5, for 'Should all come imitate Mee' reads 'Should hither throng to live like me'; in 'The Thiefe,' st. 1, l. 5, 'Thou, even my prayers thou hauntest me' is 'dost steal from me'; in 'Love and Life,' st. 4, l. 1, 'course' is changed to 'Journey,' and, l. 1, 'walks' to 'treads'; in 'The Bargain,' st. 6, l. 5, 'Yet lest the weight be counted bad' is 'And that full weight too may be had'; in the 'Prophet,' st. 1, l. 2, for 'Professor' reads 'Possessor,' and, l. 6, for 'Teach Sophisters and Jesuites to lye' read 'Teach *Jesuits* that have travell'd far to lye,' and, in st. 2, l. 8, 'Tears which shall understand, and speak' is decidedly improved into 'Words that weep and Tears that speak'; in 'The Welcome,' st. 3, l. 1, the 'not' is absurdly dropped, and, in st. 5, l. 6, for 'shut' reads 'kept'; in 'Frailty,' st. 3 is omitted; in 'The Injoyment,' st. 4, l. 5,

for 'Creeping beneath the Aegean Sea' reads 'Creeping so far beneath the sea.' These must suffice. The orthography and some grammatical forms are changed. But throughout the text of 1647 vindicates itself with only (*meo judicio*) the one exception named above.

### III. THE PINDARIC ODES AND 'DAVIDKIS.'

It would seem that in literature as in life, a mistake brings down on the maker of it that penalty which would seem only to be (reasonably and righteously) annexed to crime. There can now be little controversy over the question whether it were or were not a mistake in Cowley running his 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn' into the fantastic mould—if things so formless may be so described—of *his* Pindaric Odes. His most ardent admirers—and I am old-fashioned enough to avouch myself one—have almost nothing to say in defence of their form, silently acquiescing in Pope's 'forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art.' But in the knowledge that these (so-called) Pindaric Odes bear a very slight proportion to the quantity (apart from quality) of his Poems, it seems hard that their faults and failures should be imported into the final estimate of his genius as though they made up the bulk of his writings. Two things have combined to this result (*a*) That, as so frequently, these Pindaric Odes, in what was worst of them, became a malignant *force* in our literature that has not spent itself, as witness most of the Odes of GRAY and CONGREVE and even COLLINS earlier and of Tennyson and Lowell later: (*b*) That the Poet himself by a strange pur-deafness was willing to be judged as a Poet by these Pindaric Odes, while contemporaries were 'taken' by their high-sounding words, and so set to music their irregularities, that they caught a certain grandness (I prefer the word to grandeur) and all at the cost of his better work. As a Poet the fame of Cowley



has lost not gained by his Pindaric Odes. Their own faults and the exaggeration of these in his many miserable imitators have bulked out before your 'sweeping' critic, and overshadowed not only what of enduring there is in them, but the enduring of all his Poems. I find even a comparatively well-read man of to-day innocent of real knowledge of Cowley, but sufficiently prejudiced against him by a vague impression about his Pindaric Odes to make his Works 'sealed.' Your genuine student knows differently. He laments that ever his beloved Poet was seduced into these pseudo-Pindar imitations, but he approaches even them sympathetically and not at all as 'a superior person,' and he remembers his wealth of thought and imagination, feeling and melody and memorableness, outside of them.

Of the Pindaric Odes SPRAT gives this account:—

'The occasion of his falling on the Pindaric way of writing, was his accidental meeting with *Pindar's* Works, in a place, where he had no other Books to direct him. Having then considered at leisure the height of his Invention, and the Majesty of his Style, he try'd immediately to imitate it in *English*. And he perform'd it without the danger that *Horace* pressag'd to the man who should dare to attempt it.

'If any are displeas'd at the boldness of his Metaphors, and length of his Digression, they contend not against Mr. *Cowley*, but *Pindar* himself: who was so much reverenc'd by all Antiquity, that the place of his Birth was preserv'd as Sacred, when his Native City was twice destroyed by the Fury of two Conquerours. If the irregularity of the number disgust them, they may observe that this very thing makes that kind of Poesie fit for all manner of subjects: For the Pleasant, the Grave, the Amorous, the Heroic, the Philosophical, the Moral, the Divine. Besides this they will find, that the frequent alteration of the Rhythm and Feet, affects the mind with a more various delight, while it is soon apt to be tyr'd by the settled pace of any one constant measure. But that for which I think this inequality of number is chiefly to be prefer'd, is its nearer affinity with Prose: From which all other kinds of *English* Verse are so far distant, that it is very seldom found that the same man excells in both ways. But now this loose and

unconfin'd measure has all the Grace and Harmony of the most confin'd. And withal, it is so large and free, that the practice of it will only exalt, not corrupt our Prose: which is certainly the most useful kind of Writing of all others: for it is the style of all business and conversation.'

Coming after Sprat DR. JOHNSON is much more elaborate and 'weighty,' as thus:—

'The Pindarique Odes are now to be considered; a species of composition which Cowley thinks Panniculus might have counted in his list of the lost inventions of antiquity, and which he has made a bold and vigorous attempt to recover.

'The purpose with which he has paraphrased an Olympic and Nemæan Ode is by himself sufficiently explained. His endeavour was, not to show precisely what Pindar spoke, but his [way and] manner of speaking. He was therefore not at all restrained to his expressions, nor much to his sentiments; nothing was required of him, but not to write as Pindar would not have written.

'Of the Olympic Ode the beginning is, I think, above the original in elegance, and the conclusion below it in strength. The connection is supplied with great perspicuity, and the thoughts, which to a reader of less skill seem thrown together by chance, are concatenated without any abruptness. Though the English ode cannot be called a translation; it may be very properly consulted as a commentary.

'The spirit of Pindar is indeed not everywhere equally preserved. The following pretty lines are not such as his deep mouth was used to pour:

"[Great Rhea's son,]

If in Olympus' top where thou  
Sitt'st to behold thy sacred show,  
If in Alpheus' silver flight,  
If in my verse thou dost delight,  
My verse, O Rhea's son, which is  
Lofty as that, and smooth as this."

COWLEY: *and Olympique Ode.*

'In the Nemæan ode the reader must, in mere justice to Pindar, observe that whatever is said of the original new moon, her tender forehead and her horns, is superadded by his paraphrast, who has many other plays of words and fancy unsuitable to the original, as,

"The table which is free for every guest,  
No doubt will thee admit,  
And feast more upon thee, than thou on it."

COWLEY: *1st Nemæan Ode.*

'He sometimes extends his author's thoughts without improving them. In the Olympionic an oath is mentioned in a single word, and Cowley spends three

lines in swearing by the *Castellan Stream*. We are told of Theron's bounty, with a hint that he had enemies, which Cowley thus enlarges in rhyming prose :

"But in this thankless world the givers  
Are envied even by the receivers ;  
'Tis now the cheap and frugal fashion  
Rather to hide than pay the obligation :  
Nay, 'tis much worse than so ;  
It now an artifice does grow  
Wrongs and outrages to do,  
Lest men should think we owe."

COWLEY : *and Ol. Ode.*

'It is hard to conceive that a man of the first rank in learning and wit, when he was dealing out such minute morality in such feeble diction, could imagine, either waking or dreaming, that he imitated Pindar.

'In the following odes, where Cowley chooses his own subjects, he sometimes rises to dignity truly Pindaric; and, if some deficiencies of language be forgiven, his strains are such as those of the Theban bard were to his contemporaries :

"Begin the song, and strike the living lyre :  
Lo how the years to come, a numerous and well-fitted  
quire,  
All hand in hand do decently advance,  
And to my song with smooth and equal measures  
dance ;  
While the dance lasts, how long see'er it be,  
My music's voice shall bear it company ;  
Till all gentle notes be drown'd  
In the last trumpet's dreadful sound."

COWLEY : *The Resurrection.*

'After such enthusiasm, who will not lament to find the poet conclude with lines like these ?—

"Stop, stop, my Muse . . .  
Hold thy Pindaric Pegasus closely in,  
Which does to rage begin . . .  
—'Tis an unruly and a hard-mouth'd horse . . .  
'Twill no unskillful touch endure,  
But flings writer and reader too that sits not sure."

'The fault of Cowley, and perhaps of all the writers of the metaphysical race, is that of pursuing his thoughts to the last ramifications, by which he loses the grandeur of generality; for of the greatest things the parts are little; what is little can be but pretty, and by claiming dignity becomes ridiculous. Thus all the power of description is destroyed by a scrupulous enumeration, and the force of metaphors is lost, when the mind by the mention of particulars is turned more upon the original than the secondary sense, more upon that from which the illustration is drawn than that to which it is applied.

'Of this we have a very eminent example in the ode entitled "The Muse," who goes to *take the air* in an intellectual chariot, to which he harnesses Fancy and Judgment, Wit and Eloquence, Memory and Invention; how he distinguished Wit from Fancy, or how Memory could properly contribute to Motion, he has not explained: we are, however, content to suppose that he could have justified his own fiction, and wish to see the Muse begin her career; but there is yet more to be done.

"Let the *postilion* Nature mount, and let  
The *coachman* Art be set ;  
And let the airy *footman*, running all beside,  
Make a long row of goodly pride ;  
Figures, conceits, raptures, and sentences,  
In a well-worded dress,  
And innocent loves, and pleasant truths, and useful lies,  
In all their gaudy *ivories*."

'Every mind is now disgusted with this cumber of magnificence; yet I cannot refuse myself the four next lines :

"Mount, glorious queen, thy travelling throne,  
And bid it to put on ;  
For long though cheerful is the way,  
And life, alas ! allows but one ill winter's day."

'In the same ode, celebrating the power of the Muse, he gives her prescience, or, in poetical language, the foresight of events hatching in futurity; but having once an egg in his mind, he cannot forbear to show us that he knows what an egg contains :

"Thou into the close nests of Time dost peep,  
And there with piercing eye  
Through the firm shell and the thick white dost spy  
Years to come a-forming lie,  
Close in their sacred fecundine asleep."

'The same thought is more generally, and therefore more poetically, expressed by Casimir, a writer who has many of the beauties and faults of Cowley :

"Omnibus mundi Dominator horts  
Aptat urgendas per inane pennas,  
Pars adhuc nido latet, et futuros  
Crescit in annos."

'Cowley, whatever was his subject, seems to have been carried, by a kind of destiny, to the light and the familiar, or to conceits which require still more ignoble epithets. A slaughter in the Red Sea *new eyes the water's name*; and England, during the Civil War, was *Albion no more, nor to be named from white*. It is surely by some fascination not easily surmounted, that a writer, professing to revive the

*noblest and highest writing in verse*, makes this address to the New Year :

“Nay, if thou lov'st me, gentle year,  
Let not so much as love be there—  
Vain, fruitless love I mean ; for, gentle year,  
Although I fear  
There 's of this caution little need,  
Yet, gentle year, take heed  
How thou dost make  
Such a mistake ;  
Such love I mean alone  
As by thy cruel predecessors has been shown ;  
For, though I have too much cause to doubt it,  
I fain would try, for once, if life can live without it.”

‘The reader of this will be inclined to cry out with Prior (*‘Burlesque on Boileau’*)—

“*Ye critics, say,  
How poor to this was Pindar's style!*”

‘Even those who cannot perhaps find in the Isthmian or Nemean songs what antiquity had disposed them to expect, will at least see that they are ill represented by such puny poetry ; and all will determine that, if this be the old Theban strain, it is not worthy of revival.

‘To the disproportion and incongruity of Cowley's sentiments must be added the uncertainty and looseness of his measures. He takes the liberty of using in any place a verse of any length, from two syllables to twelve. The verses of Pindar have, as he observes, very little harmony to a modern ear ; yet by examining the syllables we perceive them to be regular, and have reason enough for supposing that the ancient audiences were delighted with the sound. The imitator ought therefore to have adopted what he found, and to have added what was wanting ; to have preserved a constant return of the same numbers, and to have supplied smoothness of transition and continuity of thought.

‘It is urged by Dr. Sprat, that the *irregularity of numbers is the very thing which makes that kind of poetry fit for all manner of subjects*. But he should have remembered, that what is fit for everything can fit nothing well. The great pleasure of verse arises from the known measure of the lines, and uniform structure of the stanzas, by which the voice is regulated, and the memory relieved.

‘If the Pindaric style be, what Cowley thinks it, *the noblest and highest kind of writing in verse*, it can be adapted only to high and noble subjects ; and it will not be easy to reconcile the poet with the critic, or to conceive how that can be the highest kind of writing in verse which, according to Sprat, *is chiefly to be preferred for its near affinity to prose*.

‘This lax and lawless versification so much concealed the deficiencies of the barren, and flattered the laziness of the idle, that it immediately overspread our books of poetry ; all the boys and girls caught the pleasing fashion, and they that could do nothing else could write like Pindar. The rights of antiquity were invaded, and disorder tried to break into the Latin : a poem on the Sheldonian Theatre,<sup>1</sup> in which all kinds of verse are shaken together, is unhappily inserted in the “*Musæ Anglicanæ*.” Pindarism prevailed about half a century ; but at last died gradually away, and other imitations supply its place.

‘The Pindaric Odes have so long enjoyed the highest degree of poetical reputation, that I am not willing to dismiss them with unabated censure ; and surely though the mode of their composition be erroneous, yet many parts deserve at least that admiration which is due to great comprehension of knowledge, and great fertility of fancy. The thoughts are often new, and often striking ; but the greatness of one part is disgraced by the littleness of another ; and total negligence of language gives the noblest conceptions the appearance of a fabric august in the plan, but mean in the materials. Yet surely those verses are not without a just claim to praise ; of which it may be said with truth, that no man but Cowley could have written them’ (as before, pp. 40-5).

CUNNINGHAM adds this note from Gifford's Ben Jonson (ix. 8)—‘Cowley mistook the very nature of Pindar's poetry, at least of such as is come down to us, and while he professed to “imitate the style and manner of his odes,” was led away by the ancient allusions and those wild and wonderful strains of which not a line has reached us. The metre of Pindar is regular, that of Cowley is utterly lawless ; and his perpetual straining after points of wit seems to show that he had formed no correcter notion of his *manner* than of his style.’ Earlier, DRYDEN having told us that our author ‘brought Pindaric verse as near perfection as was possible in so short a time’ [whatever that may mean], adds—‘But if I may be allowed to speak my

<sup>1</sup> ‘*Carmen Pindaricum in Theatrum Sheldonianum in solennibus magnifici Operis Encœniæ. Recitatum Julii die 9, Anno 1669, a Corbetto Owen, A.B., Æd. Chr. Alumno Authore.*’ 1669. 4to.

mind modestly, and without injury to his sacred ashes, somewhat of the purity of English, somewhat of more equal thoughts, somewhat of sweetness in the numbers, in one word, somewhat of a finer turn and more lyrical verse, is yet wanting.' <sup>1</sup>

CONGREVE again, grants that 'the beauty of Mr. Cowley's verses are an atonement for the irregularity of his stanzas,' and that 'though he did not imitate Pindar in the strictness of his numbers, he has very often happily copied him in the force of his figures and sublimity of his style and sentiments.' <sup>2</sup>

Mr. EDMUND W. GOSSE gathers up all prior facts and criticism in his always welcome and scholarly-discursive way, as follows :—

'In publishing these *Pindarique Odes*, Cowley performed a dangerous innovation; nothing at all like these pompous lyrics in *vers libres* had hitherto been attempted or suggested in English. [I intercalate that Cowley might have been saved his misconception of Pindar, had he read Ben Jonson's glorious Pindaric Ode 'On the Death of Sir Henry Morison'—to name only it.] In his preface he acknowledged this with a proud humility characteristic of the man. "I am in great doubt whether they will be understood by most readers, nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with the common roads and ordinary tracks of poesy. The figures are unusual and bold even to temerity, and such as I durst not have to do withal in any other kind of poetry: the numbers are various and irregular, and sometimes, especially some of the long ones, seem harsh and uncouth, if the just measures and cadences be not shewed in the pronunciation. So that almost all their sweetness and numerosity, which is to be found, if I mistake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated, lies in a manner wholly at the mercy of the reader." The readers of the day were very merciful or very uncritical, for it was chiefly on the score of those raucous odes that so many sweet words were said about "the majestic numbers of Mr. Cowley." They became the rage, and founded a whole school of imitators. Bishop Sprat states in his life of Cowley, that the poet was set thinking on this style of poetry by finding himself with the works of Pindar in a place where there were no other books. It seems

likely that this place was Jersey or some other temporary station of exile, while his head-quarters were at Paris. The fashion of irregular inflated verse of a rhetorical character was just coming into fashion in France. Although condemned by Boileau, it was frequently practised by Corneille, and still more characteristically in the last years of Cowley's life, by Racine in *Esther* and *Athalie*. But to Cowley is due the praise of inventing or introducing a style of ode which was a new thing in modern literature, and which took firm hold of our poetry until, in Collins, it received its apotheosis and its deathblow. After a hundred years appeared the *Pindaric Odes* of Gray, the last and greatest follower of Cowley. But though the chaster form of ode designed by Collins from a Greek model has ever since his day ruled in our poetic art, there has always been a tendency to return to the old standard of Cowley. As lately as our own day, Mr. Lowell's *Commemoration Ode* is a specimen of the formless poem of unequal lines and broken stanzas supposed to be in the manner of Pindar, but truly the descendant of our royalist poet's "majestick numbers." Keats, Shelley, and Swinburne, on the other hand, have restored to the ode its harmony and shapeliness. Until the days of Collins, however, the ode modelled upon Cowley was not only the universal medium for congratulatory lyrics and pompous occasional pieces, but it was almost the only variety permitted to the melancholy generations over whom the heroic couplet reigned supreme. Dryden, whose *Song on St. Cecilia's Day* directly imitates Cowley's *Ode on the Resurrection*, used it with grand effect for his rolling organ-music. The forgotten lyricists of the Restoration found it a peculiarly convenient instrument in their bound and inflexible fingers. Pope only once seriously diverged from the inevitable couplet, and then to adopt the ode-form of Cowley. Yet so rapidly had the fame of the latter declined that Pope could ask, in 1737,

"Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,  
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;  
Forgot his Epic, nay, Pindaric art,  
But still I love the language of his heart."

'The language of the heart has not much to do with the *Odes* of 1656. They are fifteen in number, and open with two paraphrases of Pindar himself, the second Olympic and the first Nemean. Following these is a praise of "Pindar's Unnavigable Song," in imitation of Horace. The remaining twelve are supposed to be original, but two are taken from the prophetic Scriptures. One on *Destiny* contains the following lines, which form a favourable example of Cowley's style of Pindarising, and of the construction of his odes. In a series of grotesque and rather

<sup>1</sup> Preface to Part 1st of *Miscellany Poems*: 1716, pp. 32, 33.

<sup>2</sup> Preface to his *Pindarique Ode to the Queen*.

unseemly images, he declares that he was taken from his mother's childbed by the lyric Muse, and that she addressed him thus as he lay naked in her hands :—

“ ‘Thou of my church shalt be ;  
Hate and renounce,’ said she,

‘Wealth, honour, pleasures, all the world for me.  
Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,  
Nor at the Exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar.  
Content thyself with the small barren praise  
That neglected verse doth raise.’  
She spake, and all my years to come  
Took their unlucky doom.

Their several ways of life let others choose,  
Their several pleasures let them use,  
But I was born for love, and for a Muse.

With fate what boots it to contend?  
Such I began, such am, and so must end.  
The star that did my being frame  
Was but a lambent flame.  
And some small light it did dispense,  
But neither heat nor influence.  
No matter, Cowley, let proud Fortune see  
That thou canst her despise no less than she does thee.

Let all her gifts the portion be  
Of folly, lust, and flattery,  
Fraud, extortion, calumny,  
Murder, infidelity,  
Rebellion and hypocrisy.

Do not thou grieve or blush to be  
As all the inspiréd tuneful men,

And all thy great forefathers were from Homer down  
to Ben.”

‘With such a sonorous alexandrine he loves to wind his odes up in a stormy close. Else, in spite of much well and nobly said, and in spite of occasional lines and couplets such as—

“ Whether some brave young man's untimely fate  
In words worth dying for he celebrate,”

which linger in the memory, the grandiose language and the broken versification unite to weary the ear and defy the memory ; nor can the *Odes* ever again take a living place in literature. But to the student they are very interesting as the forerunners of a whole current of loud-mouthed lyric invocation not yet silent after more than two centuries’ (as before, pp. 730-2).

I have stated that even in the *Pindaric Odes* there are things that show the ‘Roman hand.’ These are not easily detachable ; and hence, undeterred by traditionary criticism, I trust the student Reader will for himself turn to them. I would simply add here, to those already given, a few represen-

tative quotations that were inevitably margin-marked as I went along :—

#### 1. *Fortune.*

‘ Fortune's Favour and her Spight  
Roll with alternate Waves like Day and Night.’  
(Vol. II. p. 6.)

#### 2. *Fore-telling.*

‘ Vicissitudes which thy great Race pursue,  
E'er since the fatal Son his Father slew,  
And did old Oracles fulfil  
Of Gods that cannot lie, for they foretel but their own  
Will.’  
(*Ibid.* p. 6.)

#### 3. *Misery.*

‘ ‘Tis Madness sure Treasures to hoord,  
And make them useless as in Mines remain.’  
(*Ibid.* p. 12.)

#### 4. *Hope.*

‘ Though Happy Men the present goods possess,  
Th' Unhappy have their Share in future Hopes no less.’  
(*Ibid.*)

#### 5. *Resurrection.*

— ‘ open Tombs, and open Eyes ;  
To the long Sluggards of five thousand Years.’  
(*Ibid.* p. 16.)

#### 6. *Flying-fish.*

‘ Where never Fish did fly  
And with short silver Wings cut the low liquid Sky.’  
(*Ibid.* p. 17.)

#### 7. *Over reverence for the Past.*

‘ We break up Tombs with Sacrilegious Hands,  
Old Rubbish we remove ;  
To walk in Ruins, like vain Ghosts, we love,  
And with fond Divining Wands,  
We search among the dead  
For Treasures buried ;  
Whilst still the Liberal Earth does hold  
So many Virgin Mines of undiscover'd Gold.’  
(*Ibid.* p. 19.)

#### 8. *Bold Speculation.*

‘ The Baltique, Euxin, and the Caspian,  
And slender-limb'd Mediterranean,  
Seem narrow Creeks to thee, and only fit  
For the poor wretched Fisher-boats of Wit.  
Thy nobler Vessel the vast Ocean tries,  
And nothing sees but Seas and Skies,  
‘Till unknown regions it descries,  
Thou great Columbus of the Golden Lands of new  
Philosophies.  
Thy Task was harder much than his,  
For thy learn'd America is  
Not only found out first by thee,  
And rudely left to future Industry,

But thy Eloquence and thy Wit  
Has planted, peopled, built, and civilis'd it.'  
(Vol. II. p. 19, st. 4.)

9. *Genius of Hobbes.*

' I little thought before,  
(Nor, being my own self so poor,  
Could comprehend so vast a Store)  
That all the Wardrobe of rich Eloquence  
Could have afforded half enough,  
Of bright, of new, and lasting Stuff,  
To cloath the mighty Lambs of thy gigantick Sense.'  
(*Ibid.* st. 5.)

10. *Immortal Youth.*

' To things immortal These can do no wrong,  
And that which never is to dye, for ever must be young.'  
(*Ibid.* st. 6.)

11. *Perblindness.*

' Th' herotick exaltations of good  
Are so far from understood.  
We count them Vice : Alas our Sight's so ill,  
That things which swiftest move seem to stand still.'  
(*Ibid.* p. 22.)

12. *Dr. Scarborough.*

' The Inundations of all liquid Pain,  
And deluge Dropsie thou dost drain.  
Feavers so hot, that one would say,  
Thou might'st as soon Hell fires allay :  
The Damn'd scarce more incurable than they.'  
(*Ibid.* p. 22.)

13. *Cure of Stone.*

' It stops in vain ; like Moses, thou  
Strik'st but the Rock, and strait the Waters flow.'  
(*Ibid.* p. 23.)<sup>1</sup>

14. *Extasy.*

' I leave Mortality, and things below ;  
I have no time in Complements to waste,  
Farewel to 'ye all in haste,  
For I am call'd to go.  
A Whirlwind bears up my dull Feet,  
Th' officious Clouds beneath them meet,  
And Lo ! I mount, and Lo !  
How small the biggest Parts of Earth's proud Title show.

<sup>1</sup> This is perhaps as typical an example as could be given of Cowley's lack of judgment in selecting his metaphors. *Per se* nothing could be more legitimate than the historic miracle of the smitten rock that yielded Israel water in their extremity of suffering, but applied to the cure of the stone, and the inevitable associations with the bladder, etc., it could only be grotesque. But our Poet saw just the one aspect, oblivious of the rest. He and Quarles, and Wither, and other true Singers have done themselves infinite damage by not knowing to reject anything that presented itself to them.

Where shall I find the noble British Land?  
Lo ! I at last a Northern Speck espie,  
Which in the Sea does lye,  
And seems a Grain o' th' Sand !  
For this will any Sin, or Blood?  
Of Civil Wars is this the Meed ?  
And is it this, alas, which we  
Oh Irony of Words ! do call Great Britaine ?'  
(Vol. II. p. 25.)

15. *The destroying angel.*

' He walks about the perishing Nation,  
Ruin behind him stalks and empty Desolation.'  
(*Ibid.* p. 28.)

16. *Fear-inspired bounty.*

' But oh, the Bounty which to Fear we owe,  
Is but like Fire struck out of Stone,  
So hardly got, and quickly gone.'  
(*Ibid.* p. 35.)

17. *The Red Sea.*

' When on both sides they saw the roaring Main,  
Broke loose from his invisible Chain :  
They saw the monstrous Death and warty War  
Come rolling down loud ruin from afar.'  
(*Ibid.* p. 36.)

I have classed 'Davideis' with the Pindaric Odes, simply because I recognise the general rightness of Pope's verdict—

' Forget his EPIC, say Pindaric art.'

Had Cowley given us no more than his Pindaric Odes and his 'Epic' of 'Davideis,' he should not have come down to this day or been so tenderly regarded as he still is by the most capable men now living. And yet—one would be thankful for 'Davideis,' were it only for these two things: (a) The introductory discourse on 'Sacred Poetry,' which remains substantially valuable, and as having preceded 'Paradise Lost' and DRYDEN'S 'Prefaces,' historically and critically epoch-marking; (b) The quarry that this—perhaps justly neglected—'Epic' proved to no less than SIR WALTER SCOTT, as to others in a lesser way. It cannot be necessary that I urge my Readers to turn to the Preface to see the Poet's *motif* in designing his sacred Epic. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was the first to trace Scott's reading of 'Davideis'; and it would be unpardonable not to give his statement, as thus :—

'He was little more than a stripling when he wrote what we have of his epic, the "Davideis," of which he only furnished four books, a third of the projected number. He was then, as he told Sprat, "a young student at Cambridge." It is tedious as a narrative, but it exemplifies the character given of his poetry by Cowper. He is everywhere ingenious, if not poetical, and everywhere learned. In the third book of the "Davideis" Cowley describes the two daughters of Saul, Merab and Michal, in lines which seem to have kindled the imagination of Walter Scott, since in his "Pirate" he has taken very nearly the same characteristics for the contrasted portraits of the two daughters of Magnus Troil, Minna and Brenda. The reader may perhaps find some entertainment in comparing the parallel passages. Here are the lines of Cowley:—

"Like two bright eyes in a fair body placed,  
Saul's royal house two beauteous daughters graced—  
Merab the first, Michal the younger named,  
Both equally for different glories famed.  
Merab with spacious beauty filled the sight,  
But too much awe chastised the bold delight.  
Like a calm sea which to the enlarged view  
Gives pleasure, but gives fear and reverence too,  
Michal's sweet looks, clear and free joys did move,  
And no less strong, yet much more gentle love;  
Like virtuous kings whom men rejoice to obey,  
Tyrants themselves less absolute than they.  
Merab appeared like some fair princely tower,  
Michal some virgin queen's delicious bower.  
All beauty's stores in little and in great,  
But the contracted beams shot fiercest heat.  
A clear and lively brown was Merab's dye,  
Such as the prouder colors might envy;  
Michal's pure skin shone with such taintless white  
As scattered the weak rays of human sight.  
Her lips and cheeks a nobler red did shew  
Than e'er on fruits and flowers heaven's pencil drew.  
From Merab's eyes fierce and quick lightning came,  
From Michal's the sun's mild yet active flame.  
Merab's long hair was glossy chestnut-brown,  
Tresses of palest gold did Michal crown.  
Such was their outward form, and one might find  
A difference not unlike it in the mind.  
Merab with comely majesty and state  
Bore high the advantage of her worth and fate;  
Such humble sweetness did soft Michal show,  
That none who reach so high e'er stooped so low.  
Merab rejoiced in her racked lovers' pain,  
And fortified her virtue with disdain.  
The grief she caused gave gentle Michal grief;  
She wished her beauties less for their relief,  
Even to her captives civil; yet the excess  
Of naked virtue guarded her no less.  
Business and power Merab's large thought did vex,  
Her wit disdained the fetters of her sex.

Michal no less disdained affairs and noise,  
Yet did it not from ignorance but choice.  
In brief, both copies were more sweetly drawn,  
Merab of Saul, Michal of Jonathan."

'In Scott's romance we have this counterpart of the picture of Merab and Michal:—

"From her mother Minna inherited the stately form  
and dark eyes, the raven locks, and finely pencilled  
brows which showed that she was on one side at least  
a stranger to the blood of Thulè. Her cheek—

'O, call it fair, not pale!'

was so slightly and delicately tinged with the rose,  
that many thought the lily had an undue proportion  
in her complexion. But in that predominance of the  
paler flower there was nothing sickly or languid; it  
was the natural colour of health, and corresponded in  
a peculiar degree with features which seemed calculated  
to express a contemplative and high-minded character.  
When Minna Troil heard a tale of woe  
or of injustice, it was then her blood rushed to her  
cheeks, and showed how warm it beat, notwithstanding  
the generally serious, composed, and retiring disposition  
which her countenance and demeanour seemed to exhibit.  
If strangers sometimes conceived that her  
fine features were clouded by melancholy for which  
her age and situation could scarce have given occasion,  
they were soon satisfied, upon further acquaintance,  
that the placid mild quietude of her disposition,  
and the mental energy of a character which was but  
little interested in ordinary and trivial occurrences,  
was the real cause of her gravity; and most men,  
when they knew that her melancholy had no ground  
in real sorrow, and was only the aspiration of a soul  
beaten upon more important objects than those by  
which she was surrounded, might have wished her  
whatever could add to her happiness, but could scarce  
have desired that, graceful as she was in her natural  
and unaffected seriousness, she should change that  
deportment for one more gay. In short, notwithstanding  
our wish to have avoided that hackneyed simile of an angel,  
there was something in the serious beauty of her aspect,  
in the measured yet graceful ease of her motions,  
in the music of her voice and the serene purity of her eye,  
that seemed as if Minna Troil belonged naturally to  
some higher and better sphere, and was only the chance  
visitant of a world that was not worthy of her.

"The scarcely less beautiful, equally lovely, and  
equally innocent Brenda was of a complexion as differing  
from her sister as they differed in character,  
taste, and expression. Her profuse locks were of  
that paly brown which receives from the passing sun-  
beam a tinge of gold, but darkens again when the

ray has passed from it. Her eye, her mouth, the beautiful row of teeth which in her innocent vivacity were frequently disclosed, the fresh yet not too bright glow of a healthy complexion, tinged a skin like the drifted snow, spoke her genuine Scandinavian descent. A fairy form, less tall than that of Minna, but still more finely moulded into symmetry, a careless and almost childish lightness of step, an eye that seemed to look on every object with pleasure, from a natural and serene cheerfulness of disposition, attracted even more general admiration than the charms of her sister; though, perhaps, that which Minna did excite might be of a more intense as well as of a more reverential character.

"The dispositions of these lovely sisters were not less different than their complexions. In the kindly affections neither could be said to excel the other. But the cheerfulness of Brenda mixed itself with the every-day business of life, and seemed inexhaustible in its profusion. The less buoyant spirit of her sister appeared to bring to society a contented wish to be interested and pleased with what was going forward, but was rather placidly carried along by the stream of mirth and pleasure than disposed to aid its progress by any effort of her own. She endured mirth, rather than enjoyed it, and the pleasures in which she most delighted were those of a graver and more solitary cast."

'This portraiture is somewhat modified from Cowley's original, but the main features are the same' (as before, pp. 370-3).

Bryant continues on 'Davideis':—

'In these days we can hardly expect that anybody should read the "Davideis," save those who are attracted by what Cowper calls the ingenuity of its author,—his dexterity in stringing upon the slight thread of his narrative unexpected thoughts and remote allusions, never rejecting them because they are odd or grotesque, provided they are ingenious. But the poem contains one beautiful lyric, a serenade in the shape of a love-song, supposed to have been sung by the enamoured shepherd youth, David, under the window of Michal the daughter of Saul. It is happily versified, and the fire and enthusiasm of the initial stanzas contrast finely with the plaintiveness of the close. Appearing among the rugged numbers of the third book of the "Davideis," it scarcely seems as if it belonged there.

"Awake, awake, my Lyre,  
And tell thy silent master's humble tale  
In sounds that may prevail,  
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire.

Though so exalted she  
And I so lowly be,  
Tell her such different notes make all thy harmony.

Hark, how the strings awake!  
And though the moving hand approach not near,  
Themselves with awful fear  
A kind of numerous trembling make.  
Now all thy forces try;  
Now all thy charms apply;  
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak Lyre, thy Virtue sure  
Is useless here, since thou art only found  
To cure, but not to wound,  
And she to wound, but not to cure.  
Too weak, too well thou prove  
My passion to remove.  
Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre,  
For thou canst never tell my humble tale  
In sounds that may prevail,  
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire.  
All thy vain mirth lay by;  
Eld thy strings silent lie.  
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy master die."

'The Pindaric Odes of Cowley are read with more pleasure than the "Davideis." In the epic the reader, following the progress of the narrative, is continually stopped by conceits and loses patience; in the Odes the conceits entertain him. It is not improbable that the poet perceived how unsuited his manner of treatment was to a narrative poem, and therefore desisted from proceeding with it, although he took the pains to write over the first book of the "Davideis" in Latin verse, which he wrote with as much facility, apparently, as English' (pp. 373-4).

Sprat writes sympathetically of 'Davideis,' as follows:—

'His *Davideis* was wholly written in so young an Age; that if we shall reflect on the vastness of the Argument, and his manner of handling it, he may seem like one of the Miracles, that he there adorns, like a Boy attempting *Goliath*. I have often heard you declare, that he had finish'd the greatest part of it, while he was yet a young Student at *Cambridge*. This perhaps may be the reason, that in some few places, there is more youthfulness, and redundancy of Fancy, than his riper judgment would have allow'd. I know, Sir, you will give me leave to use this liberty of censure; for I do not here pretend to a professed Panegyrick, but rather to give a just opinion concerning him. But for the main of it, I will affirm, that it is a better instance and beginning of a Divine Poem, than I ever yet saw in any Lan-



guage. The contrivance is perfectly Ancient, which is certainly the true form of Heroick Poetry, and such as was never yet outdone by any new Devices of Modern Wits. The subject was truly Divine, even according to God's own heart. The matter of his invention, all the Treasures of Knowledge and Histories in the Bible. The model of it comprehended all the Learning of the East. The Characters lofty and various : The Numbers firm and powerful : The Digressions beautiful and proportionable : The Design to submit mortal Wit to heavenly Truths : in all there is an admirable mixture of humane Virtues and Passions, with religious Raptures.

'The truth is, Sir, methinks in other matters, his Wit excell'd most other mens : but in his Moral and Divine Works it out-did it self. And no doubt it proceeded from this Cause, that in other lighter kinds of Poetry, he chiefly represented the humours and affections of others ; but in these he sat to himself, and drew the figure of his own mind. I know it has been objected against him by some morose Zealots, that he has done an injury to the Scripture, by sprinkling all his Works with many Allusions and Similitudes that he took out of the Bible. But to these men it were a sufficient reply, to compare their own Practice with his, in this particular. They make use of Scripture Phrases and Quotations, in all their common Discourse. They employ the words of Holy Writ, to countenance the extravagance of their own opinions and affections. And why then might not he take the liberty to fetch from thence some ornament, for the innocent Passions and natural Truths, and moral Virtues which he describes ?

'This is confutation enough to that sort of men. As to the thing it self, it is so far from being a debasing of Divinity, to make some parts of it the subjects of our Fancy, that it is a sure way to establish it familiarly on the hearts of the people, and to give it a durable impression on the minds of wise men. Of this we have a powerful instance amongst the Ancients. For their Wit has lasted much longer than the Practice of any of their Religions. And the very memory of most of their Divine Worship had perished, if it had not been expressed and preserved by their Poets. But Mr. *Cowley* himself did of all men living abhor the abuse of Scripture by licentious Rallery : which ought not only to be esteemed the meanest kind of Wit, but the worst sort of ill Manners. This perhaps some men would be loth to hear proved, who practise it under the false title of a Gentile Quality : but the truth of it is unquestionable. For the ordinary ill breeding is only an indecency and offence against some particular Custom, or Gesture, or Behaviour in use : But this profaneness is a viola-

tion of the very support of humane Society, and a rudeness against the best manners, that all Mankind can practise, which is a just reverence of the Supreme Power of all the World.'

DR. JOHNSON is elaborate and critical—some might say hyper-critical, but too weighty to be over-passed, especially as he has worked into his criticism fairly representative passages all round. ARCHBISHOP TRENCH has said severely, 'Johnson's censure of poems, whether praise or blame, carries no great weight with it.'<sup>1</sup> I would limit this to his 'censure' of exquisite, dainty, delicate, subtle things ; for outside of these his 'judgment' is invariably sound, and his sturdy 'common sense' never to be imposed on by appearances. Be this as it may, the Reader will do well to 'deliberate' over the great Moralists' criticism of 'Davideis,' thus :—

'The "Davideis" now remains to be considered, a poem which the author designed to have extended to twelve books, merely, as he makes no scruple of declaring, because the *Æneid* had that number ; but he had leisure or perseverance only to write the third part. Epic poems have been left unfinished by Virgil, Statius, Spenser, and Cowley. That we have not the whole "Davideis" is, however, not much to be regretted ; for in this undertaking Cowley is, tacitly at least, confessed to have miscarried. There are not many examples of so great a work, produced by an author generally read, and generally praised, that has crept through a century with so little regard. Whatever is said of Cowley, is meant of his other works. Of the "Davideis" no mention is made ; it never appears in books, nor emerges in conversation. By the "Spectator" it has been once quoted ; by Rymer it has once been praised ; and by Dryden, in "Mac Flecknoe," it has once been imitated ; nor do I recollect much other notice from its publication till now in the whole succession of English literature.

'Of this silence and neglect, if the reason be inquired, it will be found partly in the choice of the subject, and partly in the performance of the work.

'Sacred history has been always read with submissive reverence, and an imagination over-awed and controlled. We have been accustomed to acquiesce in the nakedness and simplicity of the authentic

<sup>1</sup> Household Book of English Poetry, 3d ed. p. 423.

narrative, and to repose on its veracity with such humble confidence as suppresses curiosity. We go with the historian as he goes, and stop with him when he stops. All amplification is frivolous and vain; all addition to that which is already sufficient for the purposes of religion, seems not only useless, but in some degree profane.

'Such events as were produced by the visible interposition of Divine Power are above the power of human genius to dignify. The miracle of Creation, however it may teem with images, is best described with little diffusion of language: *He spake the word, and they were made.*

'We are told that *Saul was troubled with an evil spirit*; from this Cowley takes an opportunity of describing hell, and telling the history of Lucifer, who was, he says:—

"Once general of a gilded host of sprites,  
Like Hesper leading forth the spangled nights:  
But down like lightning, which him struck, he came,  
And roar'd at his first plunge into the flame."  
*Book I.*

'Lucifer makes a speech to the inferior agents of mischief, in which there is something of heathenism, and therefore of impropriety; and, to give efficacy to his words, concludes by *lashing his breast with his long tail*. Envy, after a pause, steps out, and among other declarations of her zeal utters these lines:—

"Do thou but threat, loud storms shall make reply,  
And thunder echo 't to the trembling sky.  
Whilst raging seas swell to so bold an height,  
As shall the fire's proud element affright.  
Th' old drudging Sun, from his long-beaten way,  
Shall at thy voice start, and misguide the day.  
The jocund orbs shall break their measur'd pace,  
And stubborn poles change their allotted place.  
Heaven's gilded troops shall flutter here and there,  
Leaving their boasting songs tun'd to a sphere."  
*Book I.*

'Every reader feels himself weary with this useless talk of an allegorical being.

'It is not only when the events are confessedly miraculous that fancy and fiction lose their effect: the whole system of life, while the Theocracy was yet visible, has an appearance so different from all other scenes of human action that the reader of the Sacred Volume habitually considers it as the peculiar mode of existence of a distinct species of mankind, that lived and acted with manners uncommunicable; so that it is difficult even for imagination to place us in the state of them whose story is related, and by consequence their joys and griefs are not easily adopted, nor can the attention be often interested in anything that befalls them.

'To the subject thus originally indisposed to the reception of poetical embellishments the writer brought little that could reconcile impatience or attract curiosity. Nothing can be more disgusting than a narrative spangled with conceits; and conceits are all that the "Davidic" supplies.

'One of the great sources of poetical delight is description, or the power of presenting pictures to the mind. Cowley gives inferences instead of images, and shows not what may be supposed to have been seen, but what thoughts the sight might have suggested. When Virgil describes the stone which Turnus lifted against *Æneas*, he fixes the attention on its bulk and weight:—

"Saxum circumspicit ingens,  
Saxum antiquum, ingens, campo quod forte jacebat  
Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis."

'Cowley says of the stone with which Cain slew his brother:—

"I saw him fling the stone, as if he meant  
At once his murder and his monument."  
*Book I.*

'Of the sword taken from Goliath, he says:—

"A sword so great, that it was only fit  
To take off his great head who came with it."

'Other poets describe death by some of its common appearances. Cowley says, with a learned allusion to sepulchral lamps, real or fabulous:—

"'Twixt his right ribs deep pierc'd the furious blade,  
And open'd wide those secret vessels where  
Life's light goes out, when first they let in air."  
*Book IV.*

'But he has allusions vulgar as well as learned. In a visionary succession of kings:—

"Joas at first does bright and glorious show,  
In life's fresh morn his fame did early crow."  
*Book II.*

'Describing an undisciplined army, after having said with elegance:—

"His forces seem'd no army, but a crowd  
Heartless, unarm'd, disorderly, and loud."  
*Book IV.*

he gives them a fit of the ague.<sup>1</sup>

'The allusions, however, are not always to vulgar things; he offends by exaggeration as much as by diminution:—

<sup>1</sup> The quick contagion Fear ran swift through all  
And into trembling fits th' infested fall.

"The king was plac'd alone, and o'er his head  
A well-wrought heaven of silk and gold was spread."  
*Book II.*

'Whatever he writes is always polluted<sup>1</sup> with some  
conceit :—

"Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth,  
Where he the growth of fatal gold does see—  
Gold, which alone more influence has than he."  
*Book I.*

'In one passage he starts a sudden question, to the  
confusion of philosophy :—

"Ye learned heads, whom ivy garlands grace,  
Why does that twining plant the oak embrace ;  
The oak for courtship most of all unfit,  
And rough as are the winds that fight with it?"  
*Book II.*

'His expressions have sometimes a degree of mean-  
ness that surpasses expectation :—

"Nay, gentle guests, he cries, since now your 're in,  
The story of your gallant friend begin."

'In a simile descriptive of the morning :—

"As glimmering stars just at th' approach of day,  
Cashier'd by troops, at last drop all away."  
*Book IV.*

'The dress of Gabriel deserves attention :—

"He took for skin a cloud most soft and bright,  
That e'er the midday sun pierc'd through with light  
Upon his cheeks a lively blush he spread,  
Wash'd from the morning beauties' deepest red ;  
An harmless flaming meteor shone for hair,  
And fell adown his shoulders with loose care ;  
He cuts out a silk mantle from the skies,  
Where the most sprightly aures pleas'd the eyes ;  
This he with starry vapours spangles all,  
Took in their prime ere they grow ripe and fall ;  
Of a new rainbow ere it fret or fade,  
The choicest piece took out, a scarf is made."  
*Book II.*

'This is a just specimen of Cowley's imagery ;  
what might in general expressions be great and  
forcible, he weakens and makes ridiculous by branch-  
ing it into small parts. That Gabriel was invested  
with the softest or brightest colours of the sky, we  
might have been told, and been dismissed to improve  
the idea in our different proportions of conception ;

<sup>1</sup> This was a favourite word with Johnson. In 'Idler,' No. 88, he talks of polluting a canvas with deformity ; in his 'Tour to the Hebrides,' of polluting the table with slices of cheese. In his 'Life of Pope' he says that Pope 'polluted his will with female resentment ;' and in his own will he bequeaths a soul to God, 'polluted by many sins.'—CUNNINGHAM.

but Cowley could not let us go till he had related  
where Gabriel got first his skin, and then his mantle,  
then his lace, and then his scarf, and related it in the  
terms of the mercer and tailor.

'Sometimes he indulges himself in a digression,  
always conceived with his natural exuberance, and  
commonly, even where it is not long, continued till  
it is tedious :—

"I th' library a few choice authors stood,  
Yet 'twas well stor'd, for that small store was good ;  
Writing, man's spiritual physic, was not then  
Itself, as now, grown a disease of men.  
Learning (young virgin) but few suitors knew ;  
The common prostitute she lately grew,  
And with the spurious brood loads now the press ;  
Laborious effects of idleness."

'As the "Davideis" affords only four books,  
though intended to consist of twelve, there is no  
opportunity for such criticisms as epic poems com-  
monly supply. The plan of the whole work is very  
imperfectly shown by the third part. The duration  
of an unfinished action cannot be known. Of  
characters, either not yet introduced, or shown but  
upon few occasions, the full extent and the nice dis-  
criminations cannot be ascertained. The fable is  
plainly implex, formed rather from the Odyssey than  
the Iliad : and many artifices of diversification are  
employed with the skill of a man acquainted with the  
best models. The past is recalled by narration, and  
the future anticipated by vision ; but he has been so  
lavish of his poetical art that it is difficult to imagine  
how he could fill eight books more without practising  
again the same modes of disposing his matter ; and  
perhaps the perception of this growing incumbrance  
inclined him to stop. By this abruptness posterity  
lost more instruction than delight. If the continua-  
tion of the "Davideis" can be missed, it is for the  
learning that had been diffused over it, and the notes  
in which it had been explained.

'Had not his characters been depraved, like every  
other part, by improper decorations, they would have  
deserved uncommon praise. He gives Saul both the  
body and mind of a hero :—

"His way once chose, he forward thrust outright,  
Nor stepp'd aside for dangers or delight."

And the different beauties of the the lofty Merab and  
the gentle Michal are very justly conceived and  
strongly painted.

'Rymer has declared the "Davideis" superior to  
the "Jerusalem" of Tasso ; "which," says he, "the  
poet, with all his care, has not totally purged from  
pedantry." If by pedantry is meant that minute  
knowledge which is derived from particular sciences

and studies, in opposition to the general notions supplied by a wide survey of life and nature, Cowley certainly errs by introducing pedantry far more frequently than Tasso. I know not, indeed, why they should be compared; for the resemblance of Cowley's work to Tasso's is only that they both exhibit the agency of celestial and infernal spirits; in which, however, they differ widely, for Cowley supposes them commonly to operate upon the mind by suggestion; Tasso represents them as promoting or obstructing events by external agency.

'Of particular passages that can be properly compared, I remember only the description of heaven, in which the different manner of the two writers is sufficiently discernible. Cowley's is scarcely description, unless it be possible to describe by negatives; for he tells us only what there is not in heaven. Tasso endeavours to represent the splendours and pleasures of the regions of happiness. Tasso affords images; and Cowley sentiments. It happens, however, that Tasso's description affords some reason for Rymer's censure. He says of the Supreme Being:—

"HÀ sotto i piedi e fato e la natura  
Ministri humilli, e 'l moto, e ch' il misura."

'The second line has in it more of pedantry than perhaps can be found in any other stanza of the poem.

'In the perusal of the "Davideis," as of all Cowley's works, we find wit and learning unprofitably squandered. Attention has no relief; the affections are never moved; we are sometimes surprised, but never delighted, and find much to admire, but little to approve. Still, however, it is the work of Cowley—of a mind capacious by nature, and replenished by study' (as before, pp. 45-52.)

Whilst I must (reluctantly) acquiesce in the general condemnation of 'Davideis,' and only wonder over the extraordinary dexterity of his putting into Latin of the first book, I must claim, nevertheless, for this poem that it holds things in it in various ways noticeable. Even in the recollection of PHINEAS FLETCHER'S 'Locusts' (Latin and English) and GILES FLETCHER'S 'Christ's Victory,' there are portraiture of that 'Hell' which Milton was to engrandeur, that remind us how 'Paradise Lost' had dim shadowy suggestions of it. It must likewise be remembered that neither Dr. HENRY MORE nor Dr. JOSEPH BEAUMONT, nor RICHARD CRA-

SHAW had then published their poems—from which Milton failed not to gather spoil, as elsewhere shown.

I deem it only due to Cowley to place here *memorabilia* that have struck myself—leaving them to speak for themselves (slightly italicised), and asking that they be read for what they are in themselves, not at all as belonging to an 'Epic.'

### 1. Hell.

'Beneath the silent Chambers of the Earth,  
Where the Sun's fruitful Beams give Metals birth;  
Where he the Growth of fatal Gold does see,  
Gold which above more Influence has than he,  
Beneath the Dens where unflinch'd Tempests lye,  
And Infant Winds their tender Voices try,  
Beneath the mighty Ocean's wealthy Caves,  
Beneath th' eternal Fountain of all Waves,  
Where their vast Court the Mother-waters keep,  
And undisturb'd by Moons in silence sleep;  
There is a Place, deep, wondrous deep below,  
Which genuine Night and Horror does o'erflow;  
No Bound controls th' unwearied Space, but Hell  
Endless as those dire Pains that in it dwell.  
Here no dear Glimpse of the Sun's lovely Face,  
Strikes through the solid Darkness of the Place;  
No dawning Morn does her kind Reds display;  
One slight weak Beam would here be thought the Day.  
No gentle Stars with their fair Gems of Light  
Offend the tyr'annous and unquestion'd Night.'

(Vol. II. p. 46, c. 1, ll. 71-90.)

### 2. Vain Rebellion.

... 'Well he knew what Legacy did place,  
The sacred Scepter in blest Judah's Race,  
From which th' Eternal Shilo was to spring;  
A Knowledge which new Hells to Hell did bring!  
And though no less he knew himself too weak  
The smallest Link of strong-wrought Fate to break;  
Yet would he rage, and struggle with the Chain;  
Lov'd to rebel, though sure that 'twas in vain.'  
(*Jb.* c. 2, ll. 117-124.)

### 3. Appeal to the Infernals by Satan.

'And now it broke his form'd Design, to find  
The gentle Change of Saul's recover'd Mind.  
He trusted much in Saul, and rag'd, and griev'd  
(The great Deceiver) to be himself deceiv'd.  
Thrice did he knock his Iron Teeth, thrice howl,  
And into Frowns his wrathful Forehead rowl,  
His Eyes dart forth red Flames, which scare the Night,  
And with worse Fires the trembling Ghosts affright.  
A Troop of ghastly Fiends compass him round,  
And greedily catch at his Lips' fear'd Sound.  
Are we such Nothings then (said he) our Will  
Cross by a Shepherd's Boy? And you yet still

Play with your *idle Serpents* here? Dares none  
 Attempt what becomes *Furies*? Are ye grown  
 Benumm'd with *Fear*, or *Virtue's* sprightless cold,  
 You, who were once (I'm sure) so *brave* and *bold*?  
 Oh my ill-chang'd Condition! oh my Fate!  
 Did I lose *Heav'n* for this?  
 With that, with his long Tail he lasht his Breast,  
 And horribly *spoke* out in *Looks* the rest.  
 The quaking Pow'rs of Night stood in Amaze,  
 And at each other first could only gaze.  
 A dreadful *Silence* fill'd the hollow Place,  
 Doubling the Native Terror of *Hell's* Face;  
 Rivers of flaming *Brimstone*, which before  
 So loudly rag'd, crept softly by the Shore;  
 No Hiss of *Snakes*, no Clank of *Chains* was known:  
 The *Souls* amidst their *Tortures* durst not groan.'  
 (Vol. II. p. 46, c. 2, ll. 125-152.)

4. *Envy and Envy's Speech.*

' *Envy* at last crawls forth from that dire Throng,  
 Of all, the direfull'st; her black Locks hung long,  
 Attir'd with curling *Serpents*; her pale Skin  
 Was almost dropt from the sharp Bones within,  
 And at her Breast stuck *Vipers* which did prey  
 Upon her panting Heart; both Night and Day  
 Sucking black *Blood* from thence, which to repair  
 Both Night and Day they left fresh *Poisons* there.  
 Her Garments were deep stain'd in human Gore,  
 And torn by her own Hands; in which she bore  
 A knotted Whip, and Bowl, that to the Brim  
 Did with green Gall, and Juice of Wormwood swim.  
 With which when she was drunk, she furious grew  
 And lash'd *her self*: thus from th' accursed Crew,  
*Envy*, the worst of *Fiends*, her self presents;  
*Envy*, good only when she her self torments.

Spend not, great *King*, thy precious rage (said she)  
 Upon so poor a Cause; shall *Mighty We*  
 The Glory of our Wrath to *him* afford?  
 Are we not *Furies* still? and *you* our *Lord*?  
 At thy dread Anger the fix'd *World* shall shake,  
 And frighted *Nature* her own *Laws* forsake.  
 Do *thou* but threaten, loud Storms shall make Reply,  
 And *Thunder* echo't to the trembling Sky;  
 Whilst raging *Seas* swell to so bold an height,  
 As shall the *Fire's* proud *Element* affright.  
 Th' old drudging *Sun* from his long-beaten Way,  
 Shall at thy *Voices* start, and misguide the *Day*.  
 The jocond *Orbs* shall break their measur'd Pace,  
 And stubborn *Poles* change their allotted Place.  
*Heav'n's* gilded *Troops* shall flutter here and there,  
 Leaving their boasting Songs tun'd to a *Sphere*;  
 Nay their *God* too—for fear *he* did, when *we*  
 Took noble *Arms* against his *Tyranny*;  
 So noble *Arms*, and in a *Cause* so great,  
 That *Triumphs* they deserve for their *Defeat*.  
 There was a *Day*! oh might I see't again  
 Though he had fiercer *Flames* to thrust us in!  
 And can such Pow'rs be by a *Child* withstood?  
 Will *Stings*, alas, or *Pebbles*, do him good?

What th' untam'd *Lion*, whet with Hunger too,  
 And *Giants* could not, that my *Word* shall do:  
 I'll soon dissolve this *Peace*.'  
 (Vol. II. p. 46, ll. 153-195.)

5. *Saul in danger from David.*

' Lo, this great Cause makes thy *dead Fathers* rise,  
 Breaks the firm *Seals* of their clos'd *Tombs* and *Eyes*.  
 Nor can their jealous *Ashes*, whilst this *Boy*  
 Survives, the *Priv'ilege* of their *Graves* enjoy.  
 Rise quickly, *Saul*, and take that *Rebel's* breath  
 Which troubles thus thy *Life*, and ev'n our *Death*.  
 Kill him, and thou'rt secure; 'tis only *He*  
 That's boldly interpos'd 'twixt *God* and *thee*,  
 As *Earth's* low *Globe* robs the high *Moon* of *Light*;  
 When this *Eclipse* is past, thy *Fate's* all bright.'  
 (Ib. p. 48, ll. 291-300.)

6. *Heaven.*

' Above the subtle Foldings of the Sky,  
 Above the well-set *Orbs*' soft *Harmony*,  
 Above those petty *Lamps* that gild the *Night*,  
 There is a Place o'erflown with hallowed *Light*;  
 Where *Heav'n*, as if it left it self behind,  
 Is stretcht out far, nor its own *Bounds* can find:  
 Here *peaceful Flames* swell up the sacred Place,  
 Nor can the *Glory* contain it self in th' endless Space.  
 For there no *Twilight* of the *Sun's* dull Ray,  
 Glimmers upon the pure and native Day.  
 No pale-fac'd *Moon* does in stolon Beams appear,  
 Or with dim *Taper* scatters *Darkness* there.  
 On no smooth *Sphæar* the restless *Seasons* slide,  
 No circling *Motion* doth swift *Time* divide;  
 Nothing is there *To come*, and nothing *Past*,  
 But an *Eternal Now* does always last.'  
 (Ib. ll. 347-362.)

7. *Full Revenge.*

' He will be else too *small* for our *vast Hate*;  
 And we must *share* in our *Revenge* with *Fate*.'  
 (Ib. p. 50, ll. 609-10.)

8. *Asceticism.*

' Instead of *Down*, hard *Beds* they chose to have,  
 Such as might bid them not forget their *Grave*.'  
 (Ib. p. 53, ll. 865-6.)

9. *Jonathan and David.*

' *Jonathan* pierc'd him through with greedy *Eye*,  
 And understood the future *Majesty*,  
 Then destin'd in the *Glories* of his *Look*;  
 He saw, and strait was with Amazement strook,  
 To see the *Strength*, the *Feature*, and the *Grace*  
 Of his young *Limbs*; he saw his comely *Face*,  
 Where *Love* and *Rev'rence* so well-mingled were;  
 And *Head*, already *crown'd* with *golden Hair*.  
 He saw what *Mildness* his bold *Spirits* did tame,  
 Gentler than *Light*, yet powerful as a *Flame*.  
 He saw his *Valour* by their *Safety* prov'd;  
 He saw all this, and as he saw, he *lov'd*.'  
 (Ib. p. 54, ll. 30-41.)

10. *Saul's Jealousy.*

'The *Dance*, and *David* his ten thousand *slew*,  
Still wound his sickly *Soul*, and still are *new*.  
Great *Acts* t' ambitious *Princes* *Treason* grow,  
So much they *hate* that *Safety* which they *own*.  
*Tyrants* dread all whom they raise high in *Place*,  
From the *Good*, *Danger*; from the *Bad*, *Disgrace*.  
They doubt the *Lords*, mistrust the *People's* hate,  
'Till *Blood* become a *Principle of State*.'  
(Vol. II. p. 56, ll. 185-192.)

11. *Beasts.*

'The sacred *Herd* march'd proud and softly by,  
Too fat and gay to think their *Deaths* so nigh.  
Hard fate of *Beasts*, more innocent than *we*!  
Prey to our *Lux'ury*, and our *Piety*!'  
(*Ib.* ll. 243-246.)

12. *Doom.*

'Unseemly *Object*! But a falling *State*  
Has always its *own* *Errors* join'd with *Fate*.'  
(*Ib.* p. 59, ll. 536-7.)

13. *Vain idol-gods.*

'To their carv'd *Gods* the frantic Women pray,  
*Gods* which as near their *Ruin* were as *they*.'  
(*Ib.* p. 60, ll. 700-1.)

14. *Gabriel.*

(*Ib.* p. 61, ll. 792-811, quoted by Johnson, as before.)

15. *Fugitive.*

'But *David's* *Haste* denies all needless *Stay*;  
To *Gath*, an *Enemy's* *Land*, he hastes away,  
Not there *secure*, but where one *Danger's* *near*,  
The more *remote* though *greater* disappear.  
So from the *Hawk*, *Birds* to *Man's* *Succour* flee,  
So from *his'd* *Ships* *Man* leaps into the *Sea*.  
There in *Disguise* he hopes unknown t' abide!  
Alas! in vain! What can such *Greatness* hide?  
Stones of small *Worth* may lye unseen by *Day*,  
But *Night* itself does the rich *Gem* betray.'  
(*Ib.* p. 83, ll. 29-38.)

16. *Asahel.*

'*Asahel*, swifter than the *Northern* *Wind*;  
Scarce could the nimble *Motions* of his *Mind*  
Outgo his *Feet*; so strangely would he run,  
That *Time* it self perceiv'd not what was done.  
Of o'er the *Lawns* and *Meadows* would he pass,  
His *Weight* *unknown*, and harmless to the *Grass*;  
Of o'er the *Sands* and hollow *Dust* would trace,  
Yet no one *Atom* trouble or displace.  
Unhappy *Youth*, whose *End* so near I see!  
There's nought but thy *Ill* *Fate* so swift as *Thee*.'  
(*Ib.* p. 84, ll. 79-88.)

17. *David putting off Saul's Armour.*

'He lost himself in that *Disguise of War*,  
And guarded seems as men by *Prisons* are.'  
(*Ib.* p. 88, ll. 539-40.)

18. *Hope.*

'Bold *Hopes* prevent slow *Phaeton's* lingering *Birth*,  
As *Saints* assur'd of *Heav'n's* enjoy't on *Earth*.'  
(Vol. II. p. 96, ll. 852-4.)

12. *Early Maturity.*

'For *Vict'ry* comes not like an *Heritage*,  
At *set* *Years*; when my *Father's* *Flock* I fed,  
A *Bear* and *Lion* by fierce *Hunger* led,  
Broke from the *Wood*, and snatch'd my *Lambs* away;  
From their grim *Mouths* I forc'd the panting *Prey*.  
Both *Bear* and *Lion* ev'n this *Hand* did kill.'  
(*Ib.* p. 88, ll. 512-17.)

IV. THE ENDURING POEMS AND PROSE.  
That there is the 'enduring,' the imperishable, in the Works of Cowley, I postulate without reserve as without hesitation. I do so also in the full knowledge of what is alleged by certain critics of the hour (emphatically of the hour) as to the irreversible passing-away of his and of others' fame. I assert in the face of such omniscient 'censure' (in the old sense) that it rests on a ludicrously narrow basis, as thus, 'We have the Cowleys and the Youngs and the Thomsons upon our shelves, but they live no longer in our hearts; their power is appreciated by critics, but their once enormous popularity has departed, never to return. Such is the uncertainty of fame!—and yet the fame of the poet is, of all fame, the most enduring.' More utter nonsense than nearly every word of this is scarcely conceivable. Who is this 'We' that presumes to represent the millions of our English-speaking race? Who gave him commission so to speak for that race? And how did he arrive at his immense conclusion that because 'We' (some literary Tailor of Tooley Street without even his two associates) have these Poets on 'our' shelves, ergo they 'live no longer' in the hearts of men? Then, that 'their power is appreciated by critics' is just the converse of the historic fact. It is your 'critics' of this kidney who in their superfluous culture do not recognise the 'power' of such as Cowley, Young, Thomson, and kindred. As for their 'once enormous popularity de-

passed,' of whom, I ask, even of the supreme names of all literature, does not this (in a sense) hold? Compare the merely scholastic and professional reading of the classics of Greece and Rome with the tide-wave of enthusiasm at the Revival of Letters when Homer and Virgil, Sophocles and Cicero, Demosthenes and Seneca, Thucydides and Sallust were the all-in-all in men's 'hearts' and in men's mouths—and such men! Or compare the 'prodigious popularity' of BACON and HOBBS and SIR THOMAS BROWNE while they lived and for generations later, with the gradual narrowing of the circle of their readers. But none worth minding we think will argue that the solidity of their 'fame' is touched by the change of its nature. To be talked about, to be personally flattered, to be continually before the world in the vulgar sense of 'prodigious popularity,' is one thing, but it is not—fame. Fame in its true and worthy sense comes from the reverence and love and intellectual and spiritual absorption of the select men and women of successive generations. And that I maintain is the kind of 'fame' that belongs to the men whom these criticlings scorn, in common with the greatest. Specifically, of Abraham Cowley, I affirm that he has an irremovable place in the History of our Literature; he has written things that all the English-speaking world over are (in Charles Lamb's phrase) 'very dear' to the most choice spirits; he has made his mark on minds that are potential on both the hither and thither side of the Atlantic; he has added to the brightness and the melody of our earth, so that suppose his poetry and prose non-existent, golden and goldening light would be absent, and lyrical cries un-uttered; he has left wise, weighty, beautiful thoughts in finest English words; he has, in short, added to the sum-total of the rich heritage that comes to men through books. I have superabundant evidence that in the vast consti-

tuency that any true English book addresses, there is an increasing not decreasing number to whom Cowley never can pale of his lustre. But most audacious is the impertinence—the oracular 'we' having delivered its small verdict,—'Such is the uncertainty of fate,' 'Fame' would not be worth the having if critics of this cantankerous and self-conceited type, had its bestowal or withdrawal in their keeping.

Speaking broadly, it is abominable ingratitude (apart from other elements) in any one who knows the benediction 'for all time' of however simple a poem or song, or *bit* of fine English prose, to seek to lessen the 'fame' of the author of such. If man or woman have added by a single phrase or line, jewels 'five-words long, that sparkle on the stretched fore-finger of Time' (as I dare to read Tennyson), he or she is of the benefactors of the race, and ought to be remembered sweetly and tenderly and lovingly. The 'benediction' may be largely anonymous and local, but none the less is it 'benediction.' Such benefactors of race and language are not so many that we can afford to 'dishonour,' much less forget them. It is a national, nay human loss to have any once worthily honoured name shorn of its nimbus or despoiled of its affection. Especially is it provincial—and that sorriest of all provincialism, Cockneyism—to ignore the multitudes on multitudes in hidden places, to whom supposed forgotten Writers (and Doers) are as precious as ever they were in their days of 'prodigious popularity.'

Following this line of observation I have nothing to say to the man who will not recognise the 'enduring' in certain of the poems of Cowley that have been already adduced in this Introduction. The critic is not to be reasoned with who will insist that the author of the poems on 'Against Hope' and 'For Hope' is 'justly dishonoured' or save self-condemningly, described,

as 'a writer whose verses were but galvanised at the outset, and now are long past all hope of revival' (cheu! cheu! that I must exclaim 'Et tu, Brute!'). I ask the Reader to turn and return on these brilliant little poems in association with Crashaw's; and perhaps it will act as a stimulus so to do to recall Archbishop Trench's inestimable words on them :—

'Johnson has justly praised the 'unequaled fertility of invention' displayed in this poem and in its pendant, *Against Hope*. To estimate all the wonder of them, they should be read each in the light of the other. In some lines of wretched criticism, which Addison has called *An Account of the Greatest English Poets*, there is one exception to the shallowness or falseness of most of his judgments about them, namely, in his estimate of Cowley, which is much higher than that of the present day, **THOUGH NOT TOO HIGH**; wherein too he has well seized his merits and defects, both of which this poem exemplifies' (as before, p. 497).

Addison's lines I have before quoted (page xxxii). As well hold as unworthy of recognition the lowly daisy and all the aggregate of good and cheer its praise in our England has been and is, as refuse undying and unstinted 'fame' and gratitude to the poet who wrote *In praise of Hope* and *Against Hope*; which small though they be, in my judgment, outweigh the entire bulk of 'The Pleasures of Hope' (albeit Thomas Campbell is not to be lowered from his niche in our great Temple of Song). But exquisite alike in substance and form as are these poems on 'Hope,' they are, as already urged, by no means solitary.

I have placed in the outset of this half of my Introduction (II. Critical) his great poem 'To the Royal Society.' I use the word 'great' advisedly, not on impulse or in indignation with the Poet's despisers. No man, unless of the most absolute poetic genius and faculty, could have worked out this noble poem as Cowley has done. Will the Reader here also turn back upon it (pp.

xxx.-xxxii.) and mark the Baconian wisdom and weight of thought, the swift yet unmis-takable characterising touch, the wealth of suggestive allusion, the splendid pomp of music, the involute yet firmly-bound structure, and the light of patriotic faith in and hope for the future of man, that lies all over it. I again gladly further strengthen my opinion from the *Household Book of English Poetry* :—

'Hallam's verdict may be true [already given, page xxxii]. But I should be disposed to question the assertion, judging Cowley merely by what he has left behind him. With a poem like this before us, so full of thought, so full of imagination, being in fact nothing less than the first book of the *Novum Organum* transfigured into poetry, we may well pause before jumping to the conclusion that his contemporaries were altogether wrong, when they rated him so highly as they did.' . . . 'Historically,' the Archbishop continues—'This poem appeared first prefixed to Sprat's *History of the Royal Society of London*, London 1667. Though not published till the year 1667, the year of Cowley's death, the book had in great part been printed, as Sprat informs us, two years before, which exactly agrees with Cowley's statement here. The position which the poem thus occupied ought not to be forgotten; otherwise the encomium on Sprat's *History* might seem dragged in with no sufficient motive, or merely out of motives of private friendship. Nor is the praise at all so exaggerated as those who know Addison's "tuneful prelate" only by his verse might suppose. The book has considerable merits, and Johnson speaks of it as in his day still keeping its place, and being read with pleasure' (as before pp. 411-12.)

He concludes :—

'Norris's fine *Ode to Dr. More*, the Cambridge Platonist, is fashioned too closely upon this to obtain all the praise which, if only it were more original in conception and execution, it would abundantly deserve' (*ib.*).<sup>1</sup>

*En passant*—It seems to have been overlooked hitherto, that it was on the suggestion of JOHN EVELYN that Cowley composed his address *To the Royal Society*. His letter and

<sup>1</sup> See John Norris's collected Poems in *Miscellanies of Fuller Worthies' Library*.



the Poet's answer have fortunately been preserved, and claim our attention here :—

'To Abraham Cowley, Esq.

'Sr,

'You had reason to be astonish'd at the presumption, not to name it affront, that I who have so highly celebrated recess, and envied it in others, should become an advocate for the enemy, which of all others it abhors and flies from. I conjure you to believe y<sup>e</sup> I am still of the same mind, & that there is no person alive who dos more honor and breathe after the life and repose you so happily cultivate and adorne by your example : But as those who prays'd dirt, a flea, and the gowte,<sup>1</sup> so have I *Publiq Employment* in that trifling Essay,<sup>2</sup> and that in so weak a style compar'd to my antagonists, as by that alone it will appeare I neither was nor could be serious ; and I hope you believe I speake my very soule to you : but I have more to say, which will require your kindness. Suppose our good friend were publishing some Eulogies on the Royal Society, and by deducing the originall, progresse, and advantages of their designe, would bespeake it some veneration in the world ? Has Mr. Cowley no inspirations for it ? Would it not hang the most heroic wreath about his temples ? Or can he desire a nobler or a fuller argument either for the softest aires or the loudest echoes, for the smoothest or briskest strokes of his Pindaric lyre ?

'There be those who aske, What have the Royal Society done ? Where their Colledge ? I neede not instruct you how to answer or confound these persons, who are able to make even these informe blocks and stones daunce into order, and charme them into better sense. Or if their insolence presse, you are capable to shew how they have layd solid foundations to perfect all noble arts, and reforme all imperfect sciences. It requires an history to recite onely the arts, the inventions, and phaenomena already absolved, improved, or opened. In a word, our Registers have outdon Pliny, Porta, & Alexis, and all the experimentists, nay, the great Verulam himselfe, & have made a nobler and more faithfull collection of real secrets, usefull and instructive, than has hitherto been shewn.—Sr, we have a Library, a Repository, & an assembly of as worthy & greate persons as the world has any ; and yet we are sometimes the subject

<sup>1</sup> Dornavius's '*Amphitheatrum Sapientiae Socraticae Jacoeris*' contains a large collection of those facetiae, in prose and verse, with which the scholars of those times relieved their serious studies.

<sup>2</sup> '*Public Employment, &c. preferred to Solitude*,' 1667. Printed in '*Miscellaneous Writings*,' 1825, 4to, pp. 501-509.

of satyr and the songs of drunkards ; have a King to our founder, and yet want a Mæcenas ; and above all a spirit like yours, to raise us up benefactors, & to compell them to thinke the designe of the Royall Society as worthy their regards, & as capable to embalme their names, as the most heroic enterprise, or any thing antiquity has celebrated ; and I am even amaz'd at the wretchednesse of this age that acknowledges it no more. But the Devil who was ever an enemy to truth, and to such as discover his praestigious effects, will never suffer the promotion of a designe so destructive to his dominion, which is to fill the world with imposture & keepe it in ignorance, without the utmost of his malice and contradiction. But you have numbers and charmes that can bind even these spirits of darknesse, and render their instruments obsequious ; and we know you have a divine hymne for us ; the luster of the R<sup>l</sup> Society calls for an ode from the best of poets vpon the noblest argument. To conclude : here you have a field to celebrate the greate and the good, who either do, or should favour the most august and worthy designe that ever was set on foot in the world : and those who are our real patrons and friends you can eternize, those who are not you can conciliate & inspire to do gallant things.—But I will add no more, when I have told you with very greate truth that I am,

'Sr, &c.

'Sayes-Court, 12 March, 1666-7.'

'From Abraham Cowley to J. Evelyn, Esq.

'Chertsea, May 13, 1667.

'Sr,

'I am asham'd of y<sup>e</sup> rudenesse I have committed in deferring so long my humble thanks for y<sup>r</sup> obliging letter w<sup>ch</sup> I received from yow at y<sup>e</sup> beginning of y<sup>e</sup> last month : my laziness in finishing y<sup>e</sup> copy of verses vpon y<sup>e</sup> Royal Society, for w<sup>ch</sup> I was engag'd before by M<sup>r</sup> Sprat's desire, & encouraged since by yow, was the caus of this delay, haueing designed to send it to yow enclosed in my letter ; but I am told now y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> History is almost quite printed, & will bee published so soon, y<sup>t</sup> it were impertinent labour to write out y<sup>t</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> you will so suddenly see in a better manner, and in y<sup>e</sup> company of better things. I could not comprehend in it many of those excellent hints w<sup>ch</sup> yow were pleas'd to give mee, nor descend to the praises of particular persons, becaus those things afford too much matter for one copy of verses, and enough for a poem, or the History itself : some part of w<sup>ch</sup> I have seen, & I think yow will bee very well satisfied w<sup>th</sup> it. I took y<sup>e</sup> boldness to show him y<sup>r</sup> letter, & hee says he has not omitted any of those

heads, though hee wants y<sup>e</sup> eloquence in expression. Since I had y<sup>e</sup> honour to receive from yow y<sup>e</sup> reply to a book written in praise of a solitary life,<sup>1</sup> I have sent all about y<sup>e</sup> town in vain to get y<sup>e</sup> author, having very much affection for y<sup>e</sup> subject, w<sup>ch</sup> is one of the noblest controversies both modern and ancient, & you have delt so civilly w<sup>th</sup> your adversary, as makes him deserve to bee look'd after. But I could not meet w<sup>th</sup> him, the books being all, it seems, either burnt or bought up. If yow pleas to do mee y<sup>e</sup> favour to lend it to mee, & send it to my brothers hous (y<sup>e</sup> was) in the King's Yard, it shall bee return'd to yow w<sup>th</sup> in a few days w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> humble thanks of y<sup>e</sup> most faithfull obedient serv<sup>t</sup>,

'A. COWLEY.'

Other 'enduring' things have thus far been given; but leaving these to the Reader's gracious re-study, I advance in my claim for Cowley, by accentuating the unerring summary estimate of him by Pope—for he has put his finger on that one thing that holds in it his 'enduring' fame. Having—as of necessity repeatedly quoted—exclaimed,

'Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,  
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit.  
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric art.'

Yet, he adds—

'Yet still, we love the language of his heart.'

I have not seen it anywhere asked, what POPE meant by 'the language of his heart.' But I imagine that Sir Philip Sidney long ago anticipates the answer, when his Muse charges him in his vain efforts to utter out his yearning towards Stella, no longer to 'study inventions fine' or 'turning of others' leaves' but

'Foole . . . looke IN THY HEART and write.'

Those poems, which were the outcome of his heart, in which intellect and imagination wrought through his affections, are his most 'enduring.' In this department of our poetical literature, I pronounce Cowley to hold a *unique* place. I cannot think of a

second to be named along with him; for *Lycidas* stands apart. In the general poverty of this class of English poetry, this is no ordinary distinction. To begin with, I take the poem simply headed 'On the death of Mr. Crashaw.' I place it here in full:—

'Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given  
The two most sacred Names of Earth and Heaven,  
The hard and rarest Union which can be  
Next that of Godhead with Humanitie.  
Long did the Muses, banisht Slaves abide,  
And built vain Pyramids to mortal pride;  
Like Moses thou (though Spells and Charms withstand)  
Hast brought them nobly home back to their Holy Land.

Ah wretched We, Poets of Earth! but Thou  
Wast Living, the same Poet which thou'rt Now.  
Whilst Angels sing to thee their ayrie divine,  
And joy in an applause so great as thine;  
Equal society with them to hold,  
Thou needst not make new Songs, but say the Old.  
And they (kind Spirits!) shall all rejoice to see  
How little less then they, Exalted Man may bee.

Still the old Heathen Gods in Numbers dwell,  
The Heavenliest thing on Earth still keeps up Hell,  
Nor have we yet quite purged the Christian Land;  
Still Idols here, like Calves at Bethel stand.  
And though Pan's Death long since all Oracles breaks,  
Yet still in Rhyme the Fieeld Apollo speaks:  
Nay, with the worst of Heathen dotage We  
(Vain Men!) the Monster, Woman, Deific;  
Find Stars, and tye our Fates there in a Fate,  
And paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place.  
What different faults corrupt our Muses thus?  
Wanton as Girls, as Old Wives, Fabulous!  
Thy spotless Muse, like Mary, did contain  
The boundless Godhead; she did well disdain  
That her eternal Verse employ'd should be  
On a less Subject then Eternitie;  
And for a sacred Mistress scorn'd to take,  
But her whom God himself scorn'd not his Spouse to  
make.

It (in a kind) her Miracle did do:  
A Fruitful Mother was, and Virgin too.

<sup>1</sup> How well (blest Swan) did Fate contrive thy Death,  
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath  
In thy great Mistress' Arms? thou most divine  
And richest Offering of Loretto's Shrine!  
Where like some holy Sacrifice 'expire,  
A Fever burns thee, and Love lights the Fire.  
Angels (they say) brought the famed Chappel there,  
And bore the sacred Load in Triumph thro' the aire.  
'Tis surer much they brought thee there, and They,  
And Thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

<sup>1</sup> Sir George Mackenzie's 'Moral Essay upon Solitude, preferring it to Public Employment,' &c. 1665.

<sup>2</sup> Diary, etc., of Evelyn (edn. 1879), vol. III. pp. 349-51.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Crashaw dy'd of a Fever at Loretto, being newly chosen Canon of that Church.

Pardon, my mother Church, if I consent  
 That Angels led him when from thee he went ;  
 For ev'n in Error sure no Danger is  
 When Joy'n'd with so much Piety as His.  
 Ah, mighty God, with shame I speak't, and grief,  
 Ah that our greatest Faults were in Belief !  
 And our weak Reason were even weaker yet,  
 Rather than thus our Wills too strong for it.  
 His Faith perhaps in some nice Tenents might  
 Be wrong ; his Life, I'm sure, was in the right.  
 And I myself a Catholick will be,  
 So far at least, great Saint, to Pray to thee.  
 Hail, Bard triumphant ! and soon care bestow  
 On us, the Poets Militant below !  
 Opposed by our old Enamy, adverse Chance,  
 Attack'd by Envy, and by Ignorance,  
 Expos'd by Beauty, tortured by Desires,  
 Expos'd by Tyrant-Love to savage Beasts and Fires.  
 Thou from low earth in nobler Flames didst rise,  
 And, like Elijah, mount Alive the skies.  
 Eliza-like (but with a wish much less,  
 More fit thy Greatness, and my Littleness)  
 Lo here I beg, (I whom thou once didst prove  
 So humble to esteem, so good to Love)  
 Not that thy Spirit might on me Doubled be,  
 I ask but *As if* thy mighty Spirit for Me.  
 And when my Muse soars with so strong a Wing,  
 'Twill learn of things Divine, and first of Thee to sing.'  
 (Vol. I. p. 146.)

I shall require to return on this incomparable memorial-poem to note how Pope remembered (some may say mis-remembered it), but independent on circumstance, where is there tribute for matter or manner more perfect? Second—if taken altogether it be second—to this, is that 'on the Death of Mr. William Hervey' which, poetically and biographically, is simply priceless. It too must be reproduced in full :—

'It was a dismal and a fearful night ;  
 Scarce could the Morn drive on th' unwilling Light,  
 When Sleep, Death's Image, left my troubled brest  
 By something liker Death possess'd.  
 My eyes with Tears did uncommanded flow,  
 And on my Soul hung the dull weight  
 Of some Intolerable Fate.  
 What Bell was that? Ah me! Too much I know.  
 My sweet Companion, and my gentle Peere,  
 Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,  
 Thy end for ever, and my Life to moan?  
 O thou hast left me all alone!  
 Thy Soul and Body, when Death's Agonie  
 Besieged around thy Noble Heart,  
 Did not with more reluctance part  
 Than I, my dearest Friend, do part from Thee.

My dearest friend, would I had dyed for thee !  
 Life and this world henceforth will tedious be.  
 Nor shall I know hereafter what to do  
 If once my Grievs prove tedious too.  
 Silent and Sad I walk about all day,  
 As sullen Ghosts stalk speechless by  
 Where their hid Treasure ly ;  
 Alas, my Treasure's gone, why do I stay ?

He was my friend, the truest Friend on earth :  
 A strong and mighty Influence joy'n'd our Birth.  
 Nor did we envy the most sounding Name  
 By Friendship given of old to Fame.  
 None but his Brethren he, and Sisters knew,  
 Whom the kind Youth prefer'd to Me ;  
 And even in that we did agree,  
 For much above my self I lov'd them too.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal Lights,  
 How oft unwearied have we spent the Nights?  
 'Till the Ledaean Stars so Famed for Love,  
 Wondred at us from above.  
 We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine ;  
 But search of deep Philosophy,  
 Wit, Eloquence, and Poetry ;  
 Arts which I loved, for they, my Friend, were Thine.

Ye Fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge say,  
 Have ye not seen us walking every day?  
 Was there a Tree about which did not know  
 The Love betwixt us two?  
 Henceforth, ye gentle Trees, for ever fade ;  
 Or your sad Branches thicker joyne,  
 And into darksome shades combine ;  
 Dark as the Grave wherein my Friend is laid.  
 Henceforth no learned Youths beneath you Sing,  
 'Till all the tuneful Birds to your bows they bring ;  
 No tuneful Birds play with their wonted cheer,  
 And call the learned Youth to hear ;  
 No whistling Winds through the glad branches fly,  
 But all with sad solemnity,  
 Mute and unmoved be,  
 Mute as the Grave wherein my Friend does ly.

To him my Muse made haste with every strain  
 Whilst it was new, and warm yet from the Brain.  
 He loved my worthless Rhymes, and like a Friend  
 Would finde out something to commend.  
 Hence, now, my Muse, thou canst not me delight ;  
 Be this my latest verse  
 With which I now adorn his Verse,  
 And this my Grief, without thy help, shall write.

Had I a wreath of Bays about my brow,  
 I should contemn that flourishing honour now ;  
 Condemn it to the Fire, and joy to hear  
 It rage and crackle there.  
 Instead of Bays, crown with sad Cypress me ;  
 Cypress which Tombs does beautifie ;  
 Not Phoebus grieved so much as I  
 For him, who first was made that mournful Tree.

Large was his Soul ; as large a soul as ere  
 Submitted to inform a Body here.  
 High as the Place 'twas shortly in Heaven to have,  
 But low, and humble as his Grave.  
 So high that all the Virtues there did come  
 As to the chiefest seat  
 Conspicuous, and great ;  
 So low that for me too it made a room.

He scorn'd this busy world below, and all  
 That we, Mistaken Mortals, Pleasure call ;  
 Was fill'd with innocent Gallantry and Truth,  
 Triumphant o'er the sins of Youth.  
 He like the Stars, to which he now is gone,  
 That shine with beams like Flame,  
 Yet burn not with the same,  
 Had all the Light of Youth, of the Fire none.

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,  
 As if for him Knowledge had rather sought.  
 Nor did more Learning ever crowded lie  
 In such a short Mortalitie.  
 Whene'er the skilful *Youth* discourst or writ,  
 Still did the Notions throng  
 About his eloquent Tongue,  
 Nor could his Ink flow faster than his Wit.

So strong a Wit did Nature to him frame,  
 As all things but his Judgement overcame ;  
 His Judgement like the Heavenly Moon did show,  
 Temp'ring that mighty Sea below.  
 Oh had he lived in Learning's World, what bound  
 Would have been able to controul  
 His over-powering Soul ?  
 We have lost in him Arts that not yet are *found*.

His Mirth was the pure Spirits of various Wit,  
 Yet never did his God or Friends forget.  
 And when deep talk and wisdom came in view,  
 Retired and gave to them their due.  
 For the rich help of Books he always took,  
 Though his own searching mind before  
 Was so with Notions written o'er  
 As if wise Nature had made that her Book.

So many Virtues joyn'd in him, as we  
 Can scarce pick here and there in Historie.  
 More then old Writers' Practice ere could reach,  
 As much as they could ever teach.  
 These did Religion, Queen of Virtues, sway,  
 And all their sacred Motions steare ;  
 Just like the First and highest Sphere  
 Which wheels about, and turns all Heaven one way,

With as much Zeal, Devotion, Pietie,  
 He always Lived, as other Saints do Dye.  
 Still with his soul severe Account he kept,  
 Weeping all Debts out, e'er he slept,  
 Then down in peace and innocence he lay,  
 Like the Sun's laborious light,  
 Which still in Water sets at Night,  
 Unsullied with his Journey of the Day.

Wondrous young Man, why wert thou made so good,  
 To be snatcht hence ere better understood ?  
 Snatcht before half of Thee enough was seen !  
 Thou Ripe, and yet thy Life but Green !  
 Nor could thy Friends take their last sad Farewell,  
 But Danger and Infectious Death  
 Malignantly seiz'd on that Breath  
 Where Life, Spirit, Pleasure always us'd to dwell.

But happy Thou, ta'ne from this frantick age !  
 Where Ignorance and Hypocrisie does rage !  
 A fitter time for Heaven no soul ere chose,  
 The Place now onely free from those.  
 There 'mong the Blest thou dost for ever shine,  
 And wheresoe'er thou cast thy view  
 Upon that white and radiant crew,  
 See'st not a Soul cloath'd with more Light then Thine.

And if the glorious Saints cease not to know  
 Their wretched Friends who fight with Life below ;  
 Thy Flame to Me does still the same abide,  
 Onely more pure and rarified.  
 There whilst immortal Hymns thou dost rehearse,  
 Thou dost with holy pity see  
 Our dull and earthly Poesie,  
 Where Grief and Misery can be joyn'd with Verse.

(Vol. I. pp. 141-2.)

Of a different make and colouring, but in  
 parts at least co-equally valuable, are the  
 lines 'On the Death of Sir Henry Wootton,'  
 thus :—

'What shall we say, since silent now is He,  
 Who when he spoke, all things would Silent be ?  
 Who had so many Languages in store,  
 That onely Fame shall speak of him in More !  
 Whom England now no more return'd must see ;  
 He's gone to Heaven on his Fourth Ambassie.  
 On earth he travell'd often ; not to say  
 H' ad been abroad, or pass'd loose Time away.  
 In whatsoever Land he chanc'd to come,  
 He read the Men and Manners, bringing home  
 Their Wisdom, Learning and their Pietie,  
 As if he went to Conquer, not to See.  
 So well he understood the most and best  
 Of Tongues that Babel sent into the West,  
 Spoke them so truly, that he had (you'd swear)  
 Not onely Lived, but been Born ev'ry where.  
 Justly each Nation's Speech to him was known,  
 Who for the World was made, not us alone.  
 Nor ought the Language of that Man be less  
 Who in his Breast had all things to express.  
 We say that Learning's endless, and blame Fate  
 For not allowing Life a longer Date.  
 He did the utmost Bounds of Knowledge finde,  
 He found them not so large as was his Minde.  
 But, like the brave Pellesan Youth, did mone  
 Because that Art had no more worlds than One.

And when he saw that he through all had past,  
He dyed, lest he should Idle grow at last.  
(Vol. I. pp. 136-7.)

Surely from a boy in his early teens this is most remarkable, and all the more interesting, in that the close reminds us of his friend Crashaw's miraculous account of the Music-Duel?—

*Ode on Prays of Poetry.*

'Tis not a *Pyramide* of marble stone,  
Though high as our ambition;  
'Tis not a tombe cut out in brass; which can  
Give life to th' ashes of a man:  
But verses only; they shall fresh appear  
Whil'st there are men to read, or hear.  
When tyme shall make the lasting brass decay,  
And eate the *Pyramide* away,  
Turning that monument wherein men trust  
Their names, to what it keeps, poore dust.  
Then, shall the *Epitaph* remayne, and bee  
New graven in Eternity.  
*Poets* by death are conquered, but the *wit*  
Of *Poets* triumph over it.  
What cannot verse? when *Thracian Orpheus* took  
His Lyre, and gently on it strooke;  
The learned stones came dancing all along,  
And kept time to the charming song.  
With artificiall pace the *Warlike Pine*,  
Th' *Elme*, and his wife the *Joy twine*,  
With all the better trees,—which er'st had stood  
Vnmoov'd,—forsooke their native wood.  
The *Lawrell* to the *Poet's* hand did bow,  
Craving the honour of his brow.  
And every loving arme embrac'd, and made  
With their officious leaves a shade.  
The beasts too, strove his auditors to bee  
Forgetting their old Tyranny.  
The fearefull *Hart* next to the *Lion* came,  
And *Wolfe* was *Shepherd* to the *Lambe*.  
*Nightingales*, harmeless *Syrus* of the ayre,  
And *Muses* of the place, were there;  
Who when their little windpipes they had found  
Vnequall to so strange a sound,  
O'rcome by art and grieffe they did expire,  
And fell upon the conquering Lyre,  
Happy, ô happy they, whose tombe might bee,  
*Mausolus*, envied by thee!  
(*Ibid.* p. 29, col. a.)

Even the *fantastique* of the poem which so far hurts it, 'To the Lord Falkland' (Vol. I. page 136), has a strange power in it. With reference to Mr. Thomas Humphrey Ward's scarcely pardonable criticism and question—'What are we to say of the political image

under which, with elephantine humour, he pretends to complain of Falkland's too great learning?—

"How could he answer't, if the State saw fit  
To question a monopoly of wit," (as before, p. 237).

good Bishop Hurd has fore-given the answer—'To question a monopoly of wit? As it had done many other monopolies. The allusion is not so far-fetched as it seems' (Works, as before, i. 163.)

Granted to the same critic, that Cowley's science is somewhat anti-poetical; yet is it a conceit engrandeured, to fetch from the 'divers species' that 'fill the air' but 'neither crowd nor mix confusedly there' a helpful symbol for the vast variety of intellectual and moral endowments in Falkland; while beneath the conceit it is a noteworthy thing how unhurtingly—

'Beasts, Houses, Trees, and Men together lye  
Yet enter undisturb'd into the Eye.'

I content myself now with the Dryden-like close—

'Such is the Man whom we require, the same  
We lent the North; untoucht as is his Fame.  
He is too good for War, and ought to be  
As far from Danger, as from Fear he's free.  
Those Men alone (and those are useful too)  
Whose Valour is the only Art they know,  
Were for sad War and bloody Battels born:  
Let Them the State defend, and He adorn.'

(Vol. I. p. 136.)

There are other poems belonging to the class of memorial-elegiac, which exemplify

<sup>1</sup> On one line of this poem to Falkland,

'All virtues, and some Customs of the Court,'

Bishop Hurd annotates thus—'The expression is remarkable, and implies that not *all* the customs of Charles the First's court were such as would be approved by a man of virtue. If any are anxious to know what these customs were, they may have their curiosity in part gratified, by turning to two remarkable letters of Lady Leicester and Lord Robert Spencer, in the collection of the Sidney papers, vol. ii. p. 472 and p. 668' (3 vols. 1809, i. 163). To your idolaters of the 'martyr' king perhaps these letters might serve as eye-openers. The evidence is complete and inextinguishable that Charles I. was an impure man. Milton did not speak without knowledge. It may be necessary to demonstrate this in the interests of historical truth and right. Canonisers of this king have small idea of the unworthiness of their saint.

'the language of his heart,' but these must represent all. I cannot conceive any one really mastering these poems without being 'led captive' by them and holding them as of those that never can die. Love has had so much devoted to it that one rejoices over such poignant and transcendent celebrations of FRIENDSHIP, at once delightful poetry and exquisite and brilliant in workmanship, intellect and imagination being interfused by affection and sorrow.

Of a different but also of a high and 'enduring' order, come 'The Motto,' the 'Ode of Wit,' 'Friendship in Absence,' and the already-given 'Chronicle' (page lix). The whole of these belong to his 'Miscellanies,' which in Johnson's words, 'contains a collection of short compositions, written, some as they were dictated by a mind at leisure, and some as they were called forth by different occasions; with great variety of style and sentiment, from burlesque levity to awful grandeur; such an assemblage of diversified excellence as no other poet has hitherto afforded' (as before, p. 34). I have named these four in this collection, though quite agreeing with the Moralist that 'to choose the best among many good, is one of the most hazardous attempts of criticism' (*ib.*). Of the first—apparently overlooking its heading of 'The Motto'—Dr. Johnson writes, 'I will venture to recommend Cowley's first piece, which ought to be inscribed "To my Muse," for want of which the second couplet is without reference. When the title is added, there will still remain a defect; for every piece ought to contain in itself whatever is necessary to make it intelligible. Pope has some epitaphs without names; which are therefore epitaphs to be let, occupied indeed for the present, but hardly appropriated' (*ib.* p. 35). Of the second, the same critic observes—'The Ode of Wit is almost without a rival. It was about the time of Cowley that *Wit*, which

had been till then used for *Intellection*, in contradistinction to *Will*, took the meaning, whatever it be, which it now (1779) bears' (*ib.*). These poems I venture to ask the student-Reader to '*know*,' and so they must find—save the last—a place here successively:—

*The Motto.*

'What shall I do to be for ever knowne,  
And make the Age to come my owne?  
I shall like Beasts or Common People dy,  
Unless you write mine Elegy;  
Whilst others great by being borne are growne;  
Their Mother's Labour, not their owne.  
In this Scale Gold, in th' other Fame does ly:  
The weight of that mounts this so high.  
These Men are Fortuns's Jewels, mock'd bright;  
Brought forth with their owne fire and light.  
If I, her vulgar stone, for either looke;  
Out of my selfe it must be strooke.  
Yet I must on; what stand is't stilles mine care?  
Sure I Fame's Trumpet heare.  
It sounds like the last Trumpet; for it can  
Raise up the buried Man.  
Unpast Alps stop mee, but I'le cut through all;  
And march, the Muses' Hanniball.  
Hence, all ye flattering Vanities that lay  
Nets of Roses in the way.  
Hence, the desire of Honours or Estate;  
And all that is not above Fate.  
Hence, Love himselfe, that Tyrant of my Dayes,  
Which intercepts my coming Praise.  
Come my best Friends, my Bookes, and lead me on;  
'Tis time that I were gone.  
Welcome, great Stagirite, and teach me now  
All I was borne to know.  
Thy Scholer's Victories thou dost far out-doe;  
He conquered th' Earth, the whole world you.  
Welcome learn'd Cicero, whose blest Tongue and Wit  
Preserves Rome's Greatnesse yet.  
Thou art the first of Or'ators; only hee  
Who best can prayse thee, next must bee.  
Welcome the Mantuan Swan, Virgil the wise;  
Whose Verse walks highest, but not flies;  
Who brought greene Poesie to her perfect age,  
And mad'st that Art, which was a Rage.  
Tell mee, ye mighty Three, what shall I doe  
To be like one of you?  
But you have climb'd the Mountaine's top, there sit  
On the calme flourishing head of it,  
And whilst with wearied steps we upward goe,  
See us, and Clouds below.' (Vol. I. p. 135.)

Next:—

*The Ode on Wit.*

'Tell me, O tell, what kinde of thing is *Wit*,  
Thou who *Master* art of it.

For the First Matter loves Variety less ;  
Less Women love 't, either in Love or Dress.

A thousand different shapes it bears,  
Comely in thousand shapes appears.  
Yonder we saw it plain ; and here 'tis now,  
Like Spirits in a Place, we know not How.

London that vents of false Ware so much store,  
In no Ware deceives us more.

For men led by the Colour, and the Shape,  
Like Zenin's Birds, fly to the painted *Grape* ;  
Some things do through our Judgement pass  
As through a Multiplying Glass,  
And sometimes, if the Object be too far,  
We take a falling Meteor for a Star.

Hence 'tis a *Wit* that greatest word of Fame  
Grows such a common Name,  
And Wits by our Creation they become,  
Just so, as Titular Bishops made at Rome.

'Tis not a Tale, 'tis not a Jest  
Admir'd with Laughter at a feast,  
Nor florid Talk which can that Title gain ;  
The Proofs of Wit for ever must remain.

'Tis not to force some lifeless Verses meet  
With their five gowty Feet.  
All every where, like Man's, must be the Soul,  
And Reason the Inferior Powers controul.  
Such were the Numbers which could call  
The stones into the Theban Wall.  
Such Miracles are ceas'd ; and now we see  
No Towns or Houses rais'd by Poetrie.

Yet 'tis not to adorn, and gild each part ;  
That shows more Cost, then art.  
Jewels at Nose and Lips but fill appear ;  
Rather then all things Wit, let none be there.  
Several Lights will not be seen,  
If there is nothing else between.  
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' Sky,  
If those be Stars which paint the Galaxie.

'Tis not when two like words make up one noise ;  
Jests for Dutch Men, and English Boys,  
In which who finds out Wit, the same may see  
In Anagrams and Acrostiques, Poetrie.  
Much less can that have any place  
At which a Virgin hides her face ;  
Such Dross the Fire must purge away ; 'tis just  
The Author blush, there where the Reader must.

'Tis not such Lines as almost crack the Stage,  
When Bajazet begins to rage.  
Nor a tall Metaphor in th' Oxford way,  
Nor the dry chips of short-hunged Seneca.  
Nor upon all things to obtrude,  
And force some odd Similitude.  
What is it then, which like the Power Divine  
We onely can by Negatives define?

In a true piece of Wit all things must be,  
Yet all things there agree.  
As in the Ark, joy'd without force or strife,  
All Creatures dwelt ; all Creatures that had Life.  
Or as the Primitive Forms of all  
(If we compare great things with small)  
Which without Discord or Confusion lie,  
In that strange Mirror of the Deitie.

But Love that moulds One Man up out of Two,  
Makes me forget and injure you.  
I took you for my self sure, when I thought  
That you in any thing were to be Taught.  
Correct my error with thy Pen :  
And if any ask me then,  
What thing right Wit, and height of Genius is,  
I'll onely shew your Lines, and say, 'Tis this.'  
(Vol. I. pp. 135-6.)

Next :—

*Friendship in Absence.*

When chance or cruel Business parts us two,  
What do our Souls I wonder do ?  
Whilst sleep does our dull Bodies tie,  
Methinks, at home they should not stay,  
Content with Dreams, but boldly flie  
'Abroad, and meet each other half the way.  
Sure they do meet, enjoy each other there,  
And mix I know not How, or Where.  
Their friendly Lights together twine,  
Though we perceive 't not to be so,  
Like loving Stars which oft combine,  
Yet not themselves their own Conjunctions know.  
'Twere an ill World, I'll swear, for ev'ry friend,  
If Distance could their Union end :  
But Love it self does far advance  
Above the Pow'r of Time and Space ;  
It scorns such outward Circumstance,  
His Time's for ever, ev'ry where his Place.

I am there with Thee, yet here with Me Thou art,  
Lodg'd in each other's Heart.  
Miracles cease not yet in Love ;  
When he his mighty Power will try,  
Absence it self does Bounteous prove,  
And strangely even our Presence Multiply.

Pure is the flame of Friendship, and divine  
Like that which in Heaven's Sun does shine ;  
Like he in th' upper ayr and sky  
Does no effects of Heat bestow,  
But as his Beams the farther fly  
He begets Warmth, Life, Beauty here below.

Friendship is less apparent when too nigh,  
Like Objects, if they touch the Eye.  
Less Meritorious then is Love,  
For when we Friends together see  
So much, so much Both One do prove,  
That their Love then seems but Self-Love to be.

Each Day think on me, and each Day I shall  
 For thee make Hours Canonical.  
 By ev'ry Wind that comes this way,  
 Send me at least a sigh or two ;  
 Such and so many I'll repay,  
 As shall themselves make Winds to get to you.

A thousand pretty ways we'll think upon  
 To mock our Separation.  
 Alas, ten thousand will not do ;  
 My Heart will thus no longer stay,  
 No longer 'twill be kept from you,  
 But knocks against the Breast to get away.

And when no Art affords me help or ease,  
 I seek with verse my griefs t' appease.  
 Just as a Bird that flies about  
 And beats it self against the Cage,  
 Finding at last no passage out,  
 It sits and sings, and so o'comes its rage.'

(*Ibid.* p. 139.)

Of a still more diverse kind, uniting in it all of his best qualities if also somewhat injured by conceits, is his Hymn to Light, than which surely there is very little in our poetical literature worked out more subtly or with more restrained simpleness of grandeur. I acquiesce in Archbishop Trench's criticism, and would now quote it as explaining why I place before the Reader his Grace's selection rather than the complete poem, albeit in omitted stanzas there are noble things.

'I have taken the liberty' says the Archbishop, 'of omitting nine [eight only] out of the twenty-six stanzas of which this fine hymn is composed; I believe that it has gained much by the omission. The sense that a poor stanza is not merely no gain, but a serious injury, to a poem, was not Cowley's; still less that willingness to sacrifice parts to the effect of the whole, which induced Gray to leave out a stanza, in itself as exquisite as any which remain, from his *Elegy*; which led Milton to omit from the Spirit's *Prologue* in *Comus* sixteen glorious lines still to be seen in the original MSS. at Cambridge, and having been often reprinted in the notes to later editions of his Poems,' (as before, p. 410).

His Grace, on ll. 45-56, adds :—

'Johnson has said, urging the immense improvement in mechanism of English verse which we owe to Dryden, and the little which had been done before him, "if Cowley had sometimes a finished line, he

had it by chance." Let Dryden have all the honour which is justly his due, but not at the expense of others. There are doubtless a few weak and poor lines in this poem even as now presented, but what a multitude of others, these twelve for example, without a single exception, of perfect grace and beauty, and as satisfying to the ear as to the mind,' (*ib.*).<sup>1</sup>

Now let the Reader give himself up to the stately music-ensphered march of this Hymn :—

'First-born of *Chaos*, who so fair didst come  
 From the old *Negro's* darksome womb !  
 Which when it saw the lovely Child,  
 The melancholy *Mass* put on kind looks and smil'd.

Thou *Tide* of *Glory*, which no *Rest* dost know,  
 But ever *Ebb*, and ever *Flow* !  
 Thou *Golden shower* of a true *Jove* !  
 Who does in *Heav'n* descend, and *Heav'n* to *Earth* make  
 Love !

<sup>1</sup> On l. 68 his Grace writes :—'This line is certainly perplexing. In all the earlier editions of Cowley which I have examined it runs thus—

"Of colours mingled, Light, a thick and standing lake."

In the modern, so far as they have come under my eye, it is printed,

"Of colours mingled light a thick and standing lake."

The line in neither shape yields any tolerable sense—not in the first, with 'Light' regarded as a vocative, which, for the line so printed, seems the only possible construction; nor yet in the second, which only acquires some sort of meaning when 'colours' is treated as a genitive plural. I have marked it as such, but am little satisfied with the result' (*ib.*).

I confess I do not see the Archbishop's difficulty. The construction is not at all infrequent contemporaneously and later, e.g., in Dr. Philip Doddridge's fine hymn :—

'Great God ! we sing that mighty hand  
 By which supported still we stand.'

there is this stanza :—

'When death shall interrupt these songs,  
 And seal in silence mortal tongues ;  
 Our *Helper*, *God*, in whom we trust,  
 Shall keep our souls and guard our dust.'

Where 'Our Helper' is defined by 'God' precisely as 'Colours mingl'd' is defined by 'Light.' True that as with Cowley the construction has not been liked, and the line has been variously printed in the Hymn Books 'Our Helper, God in whom we trust' and 'Our Helper God, in whom we trust.' But Doddridge himself wrote and punctuated,

'Our Helper, God, in whom we trust'

= Our Helper—God—in whom we trust. So self-evidently Cowley meant his line to be read 'Of colours mingl'd, Light, . . . i.e. colours mingl'd = Light. For a curious parallel with the context of 'standing lake,' see our Glossarial Index under 'standing.'



Say from what Golden Quivers of the Sky,  
Do all thy winged Arrows fly?  
Swiftness and power by Birth are thine :  
From thy great Sire they came, thy Sire the word  
Divine.

'Tis I believe, this Archery to show,  
That so much cost in Colours thou,  
And Skill in Painting dost bestow,  
Upon thy ancient Arms, the Gawdy Heav'nly Bow.

Swift as light, Thoughts their empty Carrere run,  
Thy Race is finish'd, when begun ;  
Let a Post-Angel start with Thee,  
And Thou the Goal of Earth shall reach as soon as He.  
Thou in the Moon's bright Chariot proud and gay,  
Dost thy bright wood of Stars survey ;  
And all the year dost with thee bring  
Of thousand flowry Lights thine own Nocturnal Spring.

Thou *Scythian*-like dost round thy Lands above  
The Sun's gilt Tent for ever move,  
And still as thou in pomp dost go,  
The shining pageants of the World attend thy show.

Nor amidst all these Triumphs dost thou scorn  
The humble Glow-worms to adorn,  
And with those living spangles gild  
(O Greatness without Pride !) the Bushes of the Field.

Night, and her ugly Subjects thou dost fright,  
And sleep, the lazy Owl of Night ;  
Asham'd and fearful to appear,  
They skreen their horrid shapes, with the black hemi-  
sphere

With 'em there hasts and wildly takes the Alarm,  
Of painted Dreams, a busie swarm,  
At the first opening of thine eye,  
The various Clusters break, the antick Atomes fly.

When, Goddess, thou lifst up thy wakened Head,  
Out of the Morning's purple bed,  
Thy Quire of Birds about thee play,  
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

All the World's bravery that delights our Eyes,  
Is but thy sev'ral Liveries ;  
Thou the Rich Dy on them bestowest,  
Thy nimble Pencil Plants this Landscape as thou go'st.

A Crimson Garment in the Rose thou wear'st ;  
A Crown of studded Gold thou bear'st ;  
The virgin Lillies in their White  
Are clad but with the Lawn of almost Naked Light.

The Violet, Spring's little Infant, stands,  
Girt in thy purple Swadling-bands :  
On the fair Tulp thou dost dote ;  
Thou cloath'st it in a gay and party-colour'd Coat.

With Flame condens't thou dost the Jewels fix,  
And solid Colours in it mix :  
*Flora* her self, envies to see  
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

Through the soft wayes of Heav'n, and Air, and Sea,  
Which open all their Pores to thee,  
Like a clear River thou dost glide,  
And with thy Living Stream through the close Channels  
slide.

But where firm Bodles thy free course oppose,  
Gently thy source the Land overflowes ;  
Takes there possession, and does make,  
Of Colours mingled, Light, a thick and standing Lake.

But the vast Ocean of unbounded Day  
In th' *Empyrean* Heaven does stay.  
Thy Rivers, Lakes, and Springs below,  
From thence took first their Rise, thither at last must  
Flow.'

(Vol. I. p. 166.)

Worthy to be placed side by side with the  
*Hymn to Light* is the Ode 'Of Solitude.'  
How delicious it is, how it gathers into itself  
the very peace and solemnity of the woods,  
the hastiest Reader will discern :—

'Hail, old *Patrician* Trees, so great and good !  
Hail, ye *Plebsian* Under-wood !  
Where the Poetick Birds rejoice,  
And for their quiet Nests, and plenteous Food,  
Pay with their grateful Voice.

Hail, the poor *Muse's* richest Manor Seat !  
Ye Country Houses and Retreat,  
Which all the happy Gods so love,  
That for you oft they quit their bright and great  
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a House for me erect :  
Nature, the fairest Architect,  
Who those fond Artists does despise,  
That can the fair and living Trees neglect,  
Yet the dead Timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,  
Here the soft Winds above me flying,  
With all their wanton Boughs dispute,  
And the more tuneful Birds to both replying,  
Nor be myself too mute.

A Silver Stream shall roll his Waters near,  
Gilt with the sun-beams here and there ;  
On whose enamell'd Bank I'll walk,  
And see how prettily they smile, and hear  
How prettily they talk.

Ah wretched, and too solitary he,  
Who loves not his own Company !  
He'll feel the Weight of 't many a Day,  
Unless he call in Sin or Vanity  
To help to bear 't away.

Oh Solitude, first State of Humankind !  
 Which blest remain'd, 'till Man did find  
 Ev'n his own Helper's Company.  
 As soon as two (alas ! ) together join'd,  
 The Serpent made up three.

Tho' God himself, through countless Ages thee  
 His sole Companions chose to be,  
 Thee, Sacred Solitude, alone,  
 Before the branchy Head of Number's Tree  
 Sprang from the Trunk of one.

Thou (tho' Men think thine an unactive Part)  
 Dost break and tame th' unruly Heart,  
 Which else would know no settled Pace,  
 Making it move, well manag'd by thy Art,  
 With Swiftmess and with Grace.

Thou the faint Beams of Reason's scatter'd Light  
 Dost, like a Burning-Glass, unite,  
 Does multiply the feeble Heat,  
 And fortifie the Strength, 'till thou dost bright  
 And noble Fires beget.

Whilst this hard Truth I teach, methinks, I see  
 The Monster *London* laugh at me ;  
 I should at thee see, foolish City,  
 If it were fit to laugh at Misery,  
 But thy Estate I pity.

Let but thy wicked Men from out thee go,  
 And all the fools that croud thee so,  
 Ev'n thou, who dost thy Millions boast,  
 A village less than *Islington* wilt grow,  
 A Solitude almost.

(Vol. II. p. 318.)

If the last be worthy of a place—as I have claimed—beside the *Hymn to Light*, equally worthy of a place beside 'Of Solitude' is 'The Complaint' and 'The Garden.' Here I am right glad to fortify my own judgment by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Says he—

'In the *Verses written on Several Occasions*, and in the Discourses by Way of *Essays in Verse and Prose* are some of Cowley's best things. Among these is "The Complaint," of which Dr. Johnson speaks in a tone of derision, yet it is really a beautiful poem. In none of Cowley's poems is the thought nobler, the versification more harmonious, and the expression more free, or, if we except the phrase "melancholy Cowley," more dignified. It has the interest of being a record of the poet's personal history ; the author is in earnest, and expresses himself the more naturally and impressively because with feeling. The poem takes the form of a dialogue between the poet and his Muse.

She reproaches him with quitting her service for the chances of preferment at court, where he found nothing but disappointment.

"Go, renegade ! cast up thy account,  
 And see to what amount  
 Thy foolish gains in quitting me :  
 The sale of knowledge, fame, and liberty,  
 The fruits of thy unlearned apostasy.  
 Thou thought'st if once the public storm were past  
 All thy remaining life should sunshine be.  
 Behold the public storm is spent at last ;  
 The sovereign is tossed at sea no more,  
 And thou, with all the noble company,  
 Art got at last to shore.  
 But while thy fellow-voyagers I see  
 All march'd up to possess the promised land,  
 Thou still alone, alas ! dost gaping stand  
 Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand."

'Cowley listens to this reproach, and thus retorts the censure :—

"Ah, wanton foe ! dost thou upbraid  
 The ills which thou thyself hast made  
 When in the cradle innocent I lay,  
 Thou, wicked spirit, stolest me away,  
 And my abus'd soul didst bear  
 Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where  
 Thy golden Indies in the air.

There is a sort of stubborn weeds,  
 Which if the earth but once it ever breeds,  
 No wholesome herb can near them thrive,  
 Nor useful plant can keep alive.  
 The foolish sports I did on thee bestow  
 Make all my art and labor useless now,  
 Where once such fairies dance no grass can ever grow."

'On the whole, therefore, "The Complaint" resolves itself into a very satisfactory way of accounting for the neglect of the poet to reward Cowley's attachment to the royal cause during the whole period of the civil war and the reign of Cromwell. He had tastes and occupations which unfitted him for being a courtier, and he acknowledges that he had no reason to expect any other treatment than to be passed by in favour of those who were recommended by other qualities of character. In this I see nothing unmanly or mean-spirited. We may regard the poem as a skilful setting forth of the claims of learning, genius, and virtue to the favour of the prince, and as the intimation of a resolution not to obtain it by unworthy arts. . . . 'How little of a courtier Cowley was may be fairly inferred from this, that he never abused his talent for panegyric to the praise of any of those dissolute wretches by whom Charles II. surrounded himself. He reserved his commendations for what he esteemed real worth, and it is no wonder therefore

that he failed to find favour with such a court. One of the most pleasing of his poems is that entitled "The Garden," addressed to Evelyn, the free-fancier, and author of the "Sylva," between whom and himself there existed a strong friendship, arising probably from conformity of tastes and similarity of character. This poem has the quality which gives interest to "The Complaint." The author is in earnest, and instead of elaborately toying with his subject and casting about for unexpected illustrations, expresses with warmth the thoughts that come crowding upon his mind when a country life is mentioned such as his friend Evelyn enjoyed at Sayes Court. Cowley's love of such a life, whatever Dr. Johnson may have said, was most severe and hearty. His early writings show that it was a passion with him in his youth; his "Discourses in Verse and Prose" give us the idea of one who was contented in his retirement, and one of his most elaborate and finished works is a Latin poem "On Plants" in six books, the fruit of his researches as a physician and cultivator\* (as before, pp. 376-79).

Once more let these poems, the one in full, the other by its opening, speak for themselves:—

## THE COMPLAINT.

In a deep Vision's intellectual scene,  
Beneath a Bow'r for sorrow made,  
Th' uncomfortable shade,  
Of the black Yew's unlucky grove,  
Mixt with the mourning Willow's careful gray,  
Where Reverend *Cham* cuts out his Famous Way,  
The Melancholy Cowley lay:  
And lo! a Muse appear'd to his closed sight,  
(The Muses oft in Lands of Vision play)  
Bodied, arrayed, and seen, by an internal light:  
A golden harp, with silver strings she bore,  
A wond'rous Hieroglyphick Robe she wore,  
In which all Colours, and all Figures were,  
That Nature or that fancy can create,  
That Art can never imitate;  
And with loose Pride it wanton'd in the Air.  
In such a Dress, in such a well-cloth'd Dream,  
She us'd, of old, near fair *Ismenus* Stream,  
*Pindar* her *Theban* Favourite to meet;  
A Crown was on her Head, and wings were on her Feet.

She touch'd him with her Harp, and rais'd him from  
the Ground;  
The shaken strings Melodiously Resound.  
Art thou return'd at last, said she,  
To this forsaken place and me?  
Thou Prodigal, who didst so loosely waste,  
Of all thy Youthful years, the good Estate;

Art thou return'd here, to repent too late?  
And gather husks of Learning up at last,  
Now the Rich Harvest-time of Life is past,  
And *Winter* marches on so fast?  
But, when I meant t' adopt Thee for my Son,  
And did as learn'd a Portion assign;  
As ever any of the mighty Nims  
Had to their dearest Children done;  
When I resolv'd t' exalt thy anointed Name,  
Among the Spiritual Lords of peaceful Fame;  
Thou, Changling, thou, bewitch'd with noise and show,  
Wouldst into Courts and Cities from me go;  
Wouldst see the World abroad, and have a share  
In all the follies, and the Tumults there;  
Thou wouldst, forsooth, be something in a State,  
And business thou wouldst find, and wouldst Create:  
Business! the frivolous pretence  
Of humane Lusts, to shake off Innocence;  
Business! the grave impertinence;  
Business! the thing which I of all things hate,  
Business! the contradiction of thy Fate.

Go, Renegado, cast up thy Account,  
And see to what Amount  
Thy foolish gains, by quitting me;  
The sale of Knowledge, Fame, and Liberty,  
The fruits of thy unlearn'd Apostasy.  
Thou thought'st, if once the publick storm were past,  
All thy remaining Life should sun-shine be:  
Behold the publick storm is spent at last,  
The Sovereign is tost at Sea no more,  
And thou, with all the Noble Companie,  
Art got at last to shore.  
But whilst thy fellow-Voyagers I see,  
All marcht up to possess the promis'd Land,  
Thou still alone (alas) dost gaping stand,  
Upon the naked Beach, upon the Barren Sand.

As a fair morning of the blessed Spring,  
After a tedious stormy night;  
Such was the glorious Entry of our King,  
Enriching moisture drop'd on every thing;  
Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light.  
But then (alas) to thee alone,  
One of Old *Gideon's* Miracles was shown,  
For ev'ry Tree, and every Herb around,  
With Pearly dew was crown'd,  
And upon all the quickned Ground,  
The Fruitful seed of Heaven did brooding lye,  
And nothing but the Muses Fleece was dry.  
It did all other Threats surpass,  
When God to his own People said,  
(The Men whom through long wand'rings he had led)  
That he would give them ev'n a Heav'n of Brass;  
They look'd up to that Heaven in vain,  
That Bounteous Heaven, which God did not restrain,  
Upon the most unjust to shine and Rain.

The *Rachel*, for which twice seven years and more,  
Thou didst with Faith and Labour serve,

And didst (if Faith and labour can) deserve,  
 Though she contracted was to thee,  
 Giv'n to another thou didst see ;  
 Giv'n to another, who had store  
 Of fairer, and of Richer Wives before,  
 And not a *Leak* left, thy recompence to be.  
 Go on, twice seven years more, thy fortune try,  
 Twice seven years more, God in his bounty may  
 Give thee, to fling away  
 Into the Court's deceitful Lottery.  
 But think how likely 'tis, that thou  
 With the dull work of thy unweildy Plough,  
 Shouldst in a hard and Barren season thrive,  
 Shouldst even able be to live ;  
 Thou, to whose share so little bread did fall,  
 In the miraculous year, when *Massa* rain'd on all.

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a Smile,  
 That seem'd at once to pity and revile.  
 And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,  
 The Melancholy *Cowley* said :  
 Ah wanton foe, dost thou upbraid  
 The Ills which thou thy self hast made ?  
 When in the Cradle, innocent I lay,  
 Thou, wicked Spirit, stol'st me away,  
 And my abused Soul didst bear  
 Into thy new-found Worlds, I know not where,  
 Thy Golden Indies in the Air ;  
 And ever since I strive in vain  
 My raviast Freedom to regain ;  
 Still I rebell, still thou dost Reign,  
 Lo still in Verse against thee I complain.  
 There is a sort of Stubborn Weeds,  
 Which, if the Earth but once, it ever breeds,  
 No wholsom Herb can near them thrive,  
 No useful Plant can keep alive :  
 The foolish sports I did on thee bestow,  
 Make all my Art and Labour fruitless now ;  
 Where once such Fairies dance, no grass doth ever  
 grow.

When my new mind had no infusion known,  
 Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,  
 That ever since I vainly try  
 To wash away th' inherent dye :  
 Long work perhaps may spoil thy Colours quite,  
 But never will reduce the native white :  
 To all the Ports of Honour and of gain,  
 I often steer my course in vain,  
 Thy Gale comes cross, and drives me back again.  
 Thou slack'nest all my Nerves of Industry,  
 By making them so oft to be  
 The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsie.  
 Whoever this World's happiness would see,  
 Must as entirely cast off thee,  
 As they who only Heaven desire,  
 Do from the World retire.  
 This was my Errour, This my gross mistake,  
 My self a demy-votary to make.

Thus with *Sapphira*, and her Husband's Fate,  
 (A fault which I, like them, am taught too late)  
 For all that I gave up, I nothing gain,  
 And perlah for the part which I retain.

Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse,  
 The Court, and better King t' accuse ;  
 The Heaven under which I live is fair ;  
 The fertile soil will a full Harvest bear ;  
 Thine, thine is all the Barrenness ; if thou  
 Mak'st me sit still and sing, when I should plough,  
 When I but think, how many a tedious year  
 Our patient Sovereign did attend  
 His long misfortunes fatal end ;  
 How chearfully, and how exempt from fear,  
 On the great Sovereign's will he did depend :  
 I ought to be accurs'd, if I refuse  
 To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse !  
 Kings have long hands (they say) and though I be  
 So distant, they may reach at length to me.  
 However, of all Princes, thou  
 Shouldst not reproach Rewards, for being small or slow,  
 Thou, who rewardest but with popular breath,  
 And that too after death.'

(Vol. I. pp. 169-70.)

#### THE GARDEN.

'Happy art thou, whom God does bless  
 With the full Choice of thine own Happiness ;  
 And happier yet, because thou'rt blest  
 With Prudence, how to chuse the best ;  
 In Books and Gardens thou hast plac'd aright  
 (Things which thou well dost understand ;  
 And both dost make with thy laborious Hand)  
 Thy noble, innocent Delight :  
 And in thy virtuous Wife, where thou again dost meet  
 Both Pleasures more refin'd and sweet :  
 The fairest Garden in her Looks,  
 And in her Mind the wisest Books.  
 Oh, who would change these soft, yet solid Joys,  
 For empty Shows and senseless Noise ;  
 And all which rank Ambition breeds,  
 Which seem such beauteous Flow'rs, and are such  
 pois'nous Weeds ?

When God did Man to his own Likeness make,  
 As much as Clay, tho' of the purest kind,  
 By the great Potter's Art refin'd,  
 Could the Divine Impression take ;  
 He thought it fit to place him, where  
 A kind of Heav'n too did appear,  
 As far as Earth could such a Likeness bear :  
 That Man no Happiness might want,  
 Which Earth to her first Master could afford ;  
 He did a Garden for him plant,  
 By the quick Hand of his Omnipotent Word.  
 As the chief Help and Joy of human Life,  
 He gave him the first Gift ; first, ev'n before a Wife.

For God, the universal Architect,  
 'T had been as easie to erect  
 A *Leuvre*, or *Escorial*, or a Tower  
 That might with Heav'n Communication hold,  
 As *Babel* vainly thought to do of old :  
 He wanted not the Skill or power ;  
 In the World's Fabrick those were shown,  
 And the Materials were all his own.  
 But well he knew what Place would best agree  
 With Innocence, and with Felicity :  
 And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain,  
 If any Part of either yet remain ;  
 If any Part of either we expect,  
 This may our Judgment in the Search direct ;  
 God the first Garden made, and the first City, *Cain*.

Oh blessed Shades ! O gentle cool Retreat  
 From all th' immoderate Heat,  
 In which the frantick World does burn and sweat !  
 This does the Lion-Star, Ambition's Rage ;  
 This Avarice, the Dogstar's Thirst assuage :  
 Ev'ry where else their fatal Pow'r we see,  
 They make and rule Man's wretched Destiny :  
 They neither set, nor disappear,  
 But tyrannise o'er all the Year ;  
 Whilst we ne'er feel their Flame or Influence here.  
 The Birds that dance from Bough to Bough,  
 And sing above in ev'ry Tree,  
 Are not from Fears and Cares more free,  
 Than we who lye, or sit, or walk below,  
 And should by right be Singers too.  
 (Vol. II. pp. 397-8.)

Finally—There are the *Anacreontics*<sup>1</sup>, of which the same eminent American writer (W. Cullen Bryant) gives this deliberate estimate :—

'Perhaps it is not necessary to give here any quotations from Cowley's translations of Anacreon, inasmuch as even those who never read anything else that he has written, are familiar with the most felicitous of these,—the "Ode to the Grasshopper." They are

<sup>1</sup> I have not quoted the often-quoted one on Drinking ; but I give here an answer to it, as follows :—

A Copy of Verses in Answer to Cowley's Thirsty Earth.

'The Parched earth when one would think  
 Her dusty Throat required most Drink  
 Wets but her lips, and parts y<sup>e</sup> showers  
 Among her thousand Plants and flowers :  
 These take y<sup>e</sup> small and stinted size  
 Not Drunkard like to fall but rise.  
 The sober Sea observes his Tides  
 Even by the Drunken Saylor's sides :  
 Its roaring Rivers rising high  
 Doe press into her company ;  
 She rising seems to take a Cupp  
 But other Rivers drink it up.

but few in number, eleven in all, but *they surpass the Greek originals*. They are sprightly, joyous, seemingly poured forth by one who writes verses, because he cannot help it, and they are free from the ruggedness of versification which Cowley rarely took pains to avoid. He styles them "Some Copies of Verses translated paraphrastically out of Anacreon," but there is little dilution, and what he has amplified, he has made more sprightly' (*ibid.* p. 375).

It is these Anacreontics (mainly) that Sprat must have had before him in his eulogy of Cowley as a Translator, thus :—

'Besides this imitating of *Pindar*, which may perhaps be thought rather a new sort of Writing than a restoring of an Ancient ; he has also been wonderful happy, in Translating many difficult Parts of the Noblest Poets of Antiquity. To perform this according to the Dignity of the Attempt, he had, as it was necessary he should have, not only the Elegance of both the Languages ; but the true spirit of both the Poetries. This way of leaving Verbal Translations, and chiefly regarding the Sense and Genius of the Author, was scarce heard of in *England* before this present Age. I will not presume to say, that Mr. Cowley was the absolute Inventor of it. Nay, I know that others had the good luck to recommend it first in Print. Yet I appeal to you, Sir [Clifford], whether he did not conceive it, and discourse of it, and practise it as soon as any Man.'

These half-dozen from the *Anacreontics* will satisfy the highest claim that can be made for them :—

#### I. LOVE.

'I'll sing of Heroes, and of Kings ;  
 In mighty Numbers, mighty things,  
 Begin my Muse ; but lo the strings  
 To my great Song rebellious prove ;

The Sunn (for who dares him disgrace  
 With Drink ?) who goes a steady pace  
 Baits att y<sup>e</sup> Sea but keeps good hours.  
 The Moone and Stars those mighty Powers  
 Drink not but spill y<sup>t</sup> on y<sup>e</sup> floor  
 The Sunn drank upp y<sup>e</sup> Day before.  
 And charitable Dewes bestow  
 On plants y<sup>t</sup> Dye for thirst below.  
 Nothing in Nature can be won  
 Beyond its due proportion.  
 Fill me noe more ya lestt y<sup>t</sup> Dye  
 Which would the drinker kill : for why  
 Should never a Creature sott but I,  
 Why men of more-Ale tell me why.'

Aut. Incognito 8013, Farmer MSS., Chatham Library, pp. 68-3.

The strings will sound of nought but Love.  
 I broke them all, and put on new ;  
 'Tis this or nothing sure will do.  
 These sure (said I) will me obey ;  
 These sure Heroick Notes will play.  
 Straight I began with Thundring Jove,  
 And all the immortal Powers but Love.  
 Love smiled, and from my enfeebled Lyre  
 Came gentle aires, such as inspire  
 Melting love, and soft desire.  
 Farewel then Heroes, farewel Kings,  
 And mighty Numbers, mighty Things :  
 Love tunes my Heart just to my strings.'

(Vol. I. p. 146.)

## III. BEAUTY.

' Liberal Nature did dispence  
 To all Things Arms for their defence ;  
 And some she arms with sinewy force,  
 And some with swiftness in the course ;  
 Some with Hard Hoofs, or forked Claws,  
 And some with Horns, or tusk'd jaws ;  
 And some with Scales, and some with Wings,  
 And some with Teeth, and some with Stings.  
 Wisdom to Man she did afford,  
 Wisdom for Shield, and Wit for Sword.  
 What to beauteous Woman-kind,  
 What Arms, what Armour has sh' assigned !  
 Beauty is both ; for with the Faire,  
 What Arms, what Armour can compare ?  
 What Steel, what Gold, or Diamond,  
 More Impassible is found ?  
 And yet what Flame, what Lightning ere  
 So great an Active Force did bear ?  
 They are all weapon, and they dart  
 Like Porcupines from every Part.  
 Who can, alas, their Strength express,  
 Arm'd,—when they themselves undress—  
 Cap-a-pe with Nakedness ?'

(Ibid. p. 147.)

## VI. THE ACCOUNT.

' When all the Stars are by thee told,  
 (The endless Sums of heavenly Gold)  
 Or when the Hairs are reckoned all,  
 From sickly Autumn's Head that fall,  
 Or when the drops that make the Sea,  
 Whilst all her sands thy Counters be ;  
 Thou then, and Thou alone maist prove  
 Th' Arithmetician of my Love.  
 An hundred Loves at Athens score,  
 At Corinth write an hundred more.  
 Fair Corinth does such Beauties beare,  
 So few is an Escaping there.  
 Write then at Chios seventy three ;  
 Write then at Lesbos (let me see)  
 Write mee at Lesbos ninety down,  
 Full ninety Loves, and half a One.

And next to these let me present  
 The fair Ionian Regiment.  
 And next the Carian Company,  
 Five hundred both Effectively.  
 Three hundred more at Rhodes and Crete ;  
 Three hundred 'tis I am sure Complete.  
 For arms at Crete each Face doth bear,  
 And every Eye's an Archer there.  
 Go on ; this stop why dost thou make ?  
 Thou thinkst, perhaps, that I mistake.  
 Seems this to thee too great a summe ?  
 Why many a Thousand are to come ;  
 The mighty Xerxes could not boast  
 Such different Nations in his Host.  
 On ; for my Love, if thou be'st weary,  
 Must finde some better Secretary.  
 I have not yet my Persian told,  
 Nor yet my Syrian Love's enroll'd,  
 Nor Indian, nor Arabian ;  
 Nor Cyprian Loves, nor African ;  
 Nor Scythian, nor Italian flames ;  
 There's a whole Map behinde of Names,  
 Of gentle Loves i' th' Temperate Zone,  
 And cold ones in the Frigid One,  
 Cold frozen Loves with which I pine,  
 And parched Loves beneath the Line.'

(Vol. I. p. 147-8.)

## VIII. THE EPICURE.

' Fill the Bowl with rosee Wine,  
 Around our Temple Roses twine,  
 And let us cheerfully awhile,  
 Like the Wine and Roses smile.  
 Crown'd with Roses we contemn  
 Gyges wealthy Diadem.  
 To day is Ours ; what do we feare ?  
 To day is Ours ; we have it here.  
 Let's treat it kindly, that it may  
 Wish, at least, with us to stay.  
 Let's banish Business, banish Sorrow ;  
 To the Gods belongs To Morrow.'

(Ibid. p. 148.)

## X. THE GRASSHOPPER.

' Happy Insect, what can bee  
 In happiness compared to Thee ?  
 Fed with nourishment divine,  
 The dewy Morning's gentle Wine !  
 Nature waits upon thee still,  
 And thy verdant Cup does fill ;  
 'Tis fill'd where-ever thou dost tread,  
 Nature selfe's thy Ganimed.  
 Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing ;  
 Happier then the happiest King !  
 All the Fields, which thou dost see,  
 All the Plants belong to Thee !  
 All that Summer Hours produce,  
 Fertile made with early juice !

Man for thee does sow and plough ;  
Farmer He, and Land-Lord Thou !  
Thou dost innocently joy ;  
Nor does thy Luxury destroy ;  
The Shepherd gladly heareth thee,  
More Harmonious than He.  
Thee Country Hindes with gladness hear,  
Prophet of the ripened year !  
Thee Phoebus loves, and does inspire ;  
Phoebus is himself thy Sire.  
To thee of all things upon Earth,  
Life is no longer than thy Mirth.  
Happy Insect, happy Thou,  
Dost neither Age, nor Winter know.  
But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung  
Thy fill, the flowry Leaves among,  
(Voluptuous, and Wise withal,  
Epicurean Animal !)  
Sated with thy Summer Feast,  
Thou retirest to endless Rest.'

(Vol. I. p. 148-9.)

#### XI. THE SWALLOW.

'Foolish Prater, what do'st thou  
So early at my window do  
With thy tuneless Serenade?  
Well 't had been had Tereus made  
Thee as Dumb as Philomel ;  
There his Knife had done but well.  
In thy undiscover'd Nest  
Thou dost all the winter rest  
And dreamest ore thy summer joys  
Free from the stormy season's noise :  
Free from th' Ill thou 'st done to me ;  
Who disturbs, or seeks out Thee?  
Hadst thou all the charming notes  
Of the wood's Poetick Throats,  
All thy art could never pay  
What thou'st ta'ne from me away.  
Cruel Bird, thou'st ta'ne away  
A Dream out of my arms to-day,  
A Dream that ne're must equall'd bee  
By all that waking Eyes may see.  
Thou this damage to repaire,  
Nothing half so sweet or faire  
Nothing half so good can'st bring,  
Though Men say, Thou bring'st the Spring.'

(Ibid. p. 149.)

Well now, whoever you be, Reader, do you not agree with me that in these selected Poems—independent of others—there is ample sanction for my use of the great word 'enduring'? Would not our richest and finest literature be poorer if it did not possess any one of all these? Has not the man won a right to Fame, who has left such a legacy of

Verse to his language and race? It is of the very impertinence and treason of literary criticism to dispraise or dishonour such a Benefactor. The worse for those to whom such Poetry is not more precious than gold or gems. Elsewhere I speak of the Prose. I have placed it in the heading of the present section, simply to make the claim of 'enduring' for it as well. I leave it for the moment.

V. CHARACTERISTICS—(a) *Thought*, (b) *Imagination*, (c) *Passion*, (d) *Originality*, (e) *Quaint Oddity*, (f) *Wordsworthian Seeingness toward Nature*. Unless I have failed in my purpose, the Reader is prepared by the sections of this second moiety of my Memorial-Introduction thus far, for acceptance of the specialities announced, as summarily gathering up what are *the* characteristics of Cowley's genius. Under every one of these, examples have been given, in plenty, of each. I designed this that now I might be as brief as possible.

(a.) *Thought*. Every capable Critic from earliest to latest who really has known our Worthy, has been struck with the *quantity* of thought packed into the Poems and also the Prose of Cowley. None seems to have been dashed off, but to have been meditatively worked on and built up rather than grown. It was to this excess of thoughts (rather than thought) that Addison probably pointed, when having hailed him as 'Great Cowley . . . a mighty Genius,' he wonderingly tells us that he

'wrote

O'errun with wit, and LAVISH OF HIS THOUGHT ;'  
and vividly symbolises this wealth and (in a sense) waste, thus—

'His turns too closely on the reader press ;  
He more had pleas'd us had he pleas'd us less.  
*One glittering thought* no sooner strikes our eyes  
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise ;  
*As in the milky way a shining white*  
*Oerflows the heav'ns with one continued light ;*

*That not a single star can shed his rays,  
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.'*

Then reverently and modestly—

'Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name  
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame.  
Thy fault is only wit in its excess.'

The now hackneyed but then inviolate metaphor of the 'milky way' was fetched from the Poet himself, who in his Ode of Wit, shows thorough self-scrutiny and self-adjudgment:—

" 'Tis not to adorn, and gild each part ;  
That shows more cost, than art.  
Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear ;  
Rather than all things wit, let none be there.  
Several lights will not be seen,  
If there is nothing else between.  
*Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' sky,  
If those be stars which paint the Galaxie.*" (l. 135.)

But spite of the 'doubt' and 'if,' they 'be stars,' ay worlds; and similarly your lethargic student of our literature, who is stone-blind to great thoughts that swim orb'd and splendid into his ken in swift succession, may be aggrieved by the demand made upon him if he will think-out what Cowley presents, but the 'blame' is not in the Poet but in his phlegmatic reader. For myself I am unable to read the more consummate poems of, e.g. the 'Miscellanies,' without being constrained to pause and ponder over the new and still new thoughts that flash before me, and send me away along their vast reaches and avenues (so-to-say). Here you have a recondite or 'hidden' fact, there a classical or scriptural allusion, yonder a gleam of imagination or a dainty fancy, next perhaps a ripple of wit breaking into humour, and next a diamond-like compacted truth for men's businesses and bosoms—but all set in a stratum of thought. The address 'To the Royal Society' is as thick-set with thoughts and learning as is the *Novum Organum*, or *Instauratio*, or 'Essays'; and yet the Thinker's and the Scholar's resources are borne lightly and lithely, as ever knight wore his shirt of

mail. This David is not encumbered with Saul's armour. I ask the Reader to read the address 'To the Royal Society' afresh at this point, and to add to it a re-reading of 'Against Hope,' and 'For Hope,' and mark the fulness and richness of the thought in all. Let him specially note in the address 'to the Royal Society,' among many other wonderful things, st. 3:—

' Authority, which did a Body boast,  
Though 'twas but Air condens'd, and stalk'd about,  
Like some old Giant's more Gigantic Ghost,  
To terrifie the learned Rout  
With the plain Magique of true Reason's Light,  
He chae'd out of our sight ;  
Nor suffer'd living Men to be misled  
By the vain shadows of the Dead :  
To Graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd Phantome  
fled.

He broke that Monstrous God which stood  
In midst of th' Orchard, and the whole did claim,  
Which with a useless Sith of Wood,  
And something else not worth a name,  
(Both vast for shew, yet neither fit  
Or to Defend, or to Beget ;  
Ridiculous and senseless Terrors !) made  
Children and superstitious Men afraid.  
The Orchard 's open now, and free ;  
Bacon has broke that Scar-crow Deitie ;  
Come, enter, all that will,  
Behold the rip'ned Fruit, come gather now your fill.'  
(Vol. I. p. 167.)

But as not having hitherto utilised them, I would now turn to others, perhaps as a whole scarcely so perfect in their form or workmanship, but equally distinguished by the opulence of their thoughts. Take here first the Ode upon Dr. Harvey:—

' Coy Nature, (which remain'd, though aged grown,  
A beauteous virgin still, enjoy'd by none,  
Nor seen unvail'd by any one)  
When *Harvey's* violent passion she did see,  
Began to tremble, and to flee,  
Took Sanctuary, like *Daphne*, in a tree:  
There *Daphne's* lover stopt, and thought it much  
The very Leaves of her to touch ;  
But *Harvey*, our *Apollo*, stop't not so,  
Into the Bark, and root, he after her did goe :  
No smallest Fibres of a Plant,  
For which the eyebeam's Point doth sharpness want,  
His passage after her withstood.  
What should she do? through all the moving wood,



Of Lives indow'd with sense, she took her flight ;  
*Harvey* persuas, and keeps her still in sight.  
 But as the Deer long-hunted takes a flood,  
 She leap't at last into the winding streams of blood ;  
 Of man's *Meander* all the Purple reaches made,

'Till at the heart she stayd,  
 Where turning head, and at a Bay,  
 Thus, by well-purg'd ears, was she o'reheard to say.

Here sure I shall be safe (sayd shee)  
 None will be able sure to see  
 This my retreat, but only hee,  
 Who made both it and mee.  
 The heart of Man, what Art can e're reveal ?  
 A Wall Impervious between,  
 Divides the very Parts within,  
 And doth the Heart of man ev'n from it self conceal.  
 She spoke, but e're she was aware,  
*Harvey* was with her there,  
 And held this slippery *Proteus* in a chain,  
 'Till all her mighty Mysteries she descri'd ; [= revealed  
 Which from his wit th' attempt before to hide,  
 Was the first Thing that Nature did in vain.

He the young Practise of New life did see,  
 Whil'st to conceal its toysome Poverty,  
 It for a Living wrought, both hard, and privately.  
 Before the Liver understood  
 The noble Scarlet Dye of Blood,  
 Before one drop was by it made,  
 Or brought into it, to set up the Trade ;  
 Before the untaught Heart began to beat  
 The tuneful March to vital Heat,  
 From all the Souls that living Buildings rear,  
 Whether implyd for earth, or sea, or air,  
 Whether it in the womb or egg be wrought,  
 A strict account to him is hourly b'pught,  
 How the Great Fabrick do's proceed ;  
 What time and what materials it do's need.  
 He so exactly do's the work survey,  
 As if he hir'd the workers by the day.

Thus *Harvey* sought for truth in truth's own Book,  
 The creatures, which by God himself was writ ;  
 And wisely thought 'twas fit,  
 Not to read Comments only upon it,  
 But on th' original it self to look.  
 Methinks in Art's great Circle others stand  
 Lockt up together, Hand in Hand ;  
 Ev'ry one leads as he is led ;  
 The same bare path they tread,  
 And Dance, like Fairies, a fantastick round,  
 But neither change their motion, nor their ground :  
 Had *Harvey* to this Road confin'd his wit,  
 His noble Circle of the Blood, had been untrodden yet.  
 Great Doctor ! Th' art of Curing's cur'd by thee,  
 We now thy Patient Physick see,  
 From all inveterate diseases free ;  
 Purg'd of old errors by thy Care,  
 New-dieted, put forth to clearer ayr,

It now will strong, and healthful prove ;  
 It self before Lethargick lay and could not move.

These Vseful secrets to his Pen we owe,  
 And thousands more 'twas ready to bestow ;  
 Of which, a Barbarous War's unlearned Rage,  
 Has robb'd the Ruin'd Age ;  
 O cruel loss ! as if the Golden Fleece,  
 With so much cost, and labour bought,  
 And from afarr by a Great *Hero* Brought,  
 Had sunk even in the Ports of *Greece*.  
 O cursed warre ! who can forgive thee this ?  
 Houses and towns may rise again,  
 And ten times easier it is  
 To re-build *Pauls*, than any work of his.  
 That mighty task none but himself can doe,  
 Nay, scarce himself too now ;  
 For though his Wit the force of Age withstand,  
 His Body, alas ! and time it must command,  
 And Nature now, so long by him surpass't,  
 Will sure have her Revenge on him at last.'

(Vol. I. p. 158.)

Masterful is the in-working of ancient  
 myth with present-day fact, Apollo and  
 Daphne, and the Surgeon and his search after  
 the 'circulation of the blood,' and onward,  
 the Golden Fleece and re-building of St.  
 Paul's, and grand the praise by the bare  
 enumeration of what the great physician  
 actually did, and electric the unexpected but  
 inevitable denunciation of the 'Civil War'  
 that interrupted such investigations and dis-  
 courses ; and then the pathos of the close.  
 History, biography, science, art, patriotism,  
 and cunningest march of rhythm are blended  
 and interblended in this noble poem.

I would place beside it another Ode 'To  
 Mr. Hobs,' which has all the distinctive  
 qualities of the other :—

'Vast *Bodies* of *Philosophy*  
 I oft have seen, and read,  
 But all are *Bodies* dead,  
 Or *Bodies* by *Art* fashioned ;  
 I never yet the *Living Soul* could see,  
 But in thy *Books* and *theses*.  
 'Tis only *God* can know  
 Whether the fair *Idea* thou dost show  
 Agree intirely with his own or no.  
 This I dare boldly tell,  
 'Tis so like *Truth*, 'twill serve our Turn as well.  
 Just, as in *Nature*, their *Proportions* be,  
 As full of *Concord* their *Variety*,  
 As firm the Parts upon their *Center* rest,

And all so *solid* are, that they at least  
As much as *Nature*, *Emptiness* detest.

Long did the mighty *Stagirite* retain  
The *universal intellectual Reign* ;  
Saw his own Country's short-liv'd *Leopard* slain ;  
The stronger *Roman-Eagle* did outfly,  
Ofner *renew'd* his *Age*, and saw that *dye*.  
*Mecha* it self, in spite of *Mahumet*, possess'd,  
And chas'd by a wild *Deluge* from the *East*,  
His *Monarchy* new-planted in the *West*.  
But as in time each great Imperial Race  
Degenerates, and gives some new one place :  
So did this noble *Empire* waste,  
Sunk by degrees from *Glories* past,  
And in the *School-men's* hands it perish'd quite at last.  
Then nought but *Words* it *grew*,  
And those all *Barb'rous* too.  
It *perish'd*, and it *vanish'd* there,  
The *Life* and *Soul* breath'd out became but empty *Air*.

The *Fields* which answer'd well the *Ancients' Plow*,  
Spent and out-worn return no *Harvest* now,  
In barren *Age*, wild and unglorious lye,  
And boast of *past Fertility*,  
The *poor Relief* of *present Poverty*.  
*Food* and *Fruit* we must now want :  
Unless new *Lands* we *plant*.

We break up *Tombs* with *Sacrilegious Hands*,  
Old *Rubbish* we remove ;  
To walk in *Ruins*, like vain *Ghosts*, we love,  
And with fond *Divining Wands*,  
We search among the *dead*  
For *Treasures buried* ;  
Whilst still the *Liberal Earth* does hold  
So many *Virgin Mines* of *undiscover'd Gold*.

The *Baltique*, *Euxin*, and the *Caspian*  
And slender-limb'd *Mediterranean*,  
Seem narrow *Creeks* to *thee*, and only fit  
For the poor wretched *Fisher-boats* of *Wit*.  
Thy nobler *Vessel* the vast *Ocean* tries,  
And nothing sees but *Seas* and *Shies*,  
'Till unknown *Regions* it describes,  
Thou great *Columbus* of the *Golden Lands* of *new*  
*Philosophies*.  
Thy *Task* was harder much than his,  
For thy learn'd *America* is  
Not only found out first by *thee*,  
And rudely left to *future Industry*,  
But thy *Eloquence* and thy *Wit*  
Has *planted*, *peopled*, *built*, and *civilis'd* it.

I little thought before,  
(Nor, being my *own self* so *poor*,  
Could comprehend so vast a *Store*)  
That all the *Wardrobe* of rich *Eloquence*  
Could have afforded half enough,  
Of *bright*, of *new*, and *lasting* Stuff,  
To cloath the mighty *Limbs* of thy *gigantick Sense*.

Thy solid *Reason* like the *Shield* from Heaven  
To the *Trojan Heroes* given,  
Too strong to take a *Mark* from any mortal *Dart*,  
Yet shines with *Gold* and *Gems* in every *Part*,  
And *Wonders* on it: grav'd by the learn'd *Hand of Art* ;  
A *Shield* that gives *Delight*  
Even to the *Enemies' Sight*,  
Then, when they're sure to *lose* the *Combats* by't.  
Nor can the *Snow* which now cold *Age* does shed  
Upon thy reverend *Head*,  
Quench or allay the noble *Fires* within,  
But all which thou hast *been*,  
And all that *Youth* can *be*, thou'rt yet,  
So fully still dost thou  
Enjoy the *Mankood*, and the *Bloom* of *Wit*,  
And all the *Natural Heat*, but not the *Fever* too.  
So *Contraries* on *Aetna's* Top conspire,  
Here hoary *Frosts*, and by them breaks out *Fire* ;  
A secure *Peace* the *faithful Neighbours* keep,  
Th' embolden'd *Snow* next to the *Flames* does *sleep*.  
And if we weigh, like *thee*,  
*Nature*, and *Causes*, we shall see  
That thus it *needs must be*.  
To Things *Immortal Time* can do no *Wrong*,  
And that which never is to *dye*, for ever must be *Young*.  
(Vol. II. p. 19.)

Kindred with these in the present characteristic is 'Reason: the use of it in divine matters,' which, ringed and ringed like the trunk of an oak of a thousand years, has touches of grandeur that only transiently are met with anywhere, e.g. close of st. 5. It is good-reading for your admirer of the Ages of Faith, and dealers in what are called 'mysteries':—

## REASON.

'Some blind themselves, 'cause possibly they may  
Be led by others a right way ;  
They build on Sands, which if unmoved they find,  
'Tis but because there was no Wind.  
Less hard 'tis, not to Erre our selves, then know  
If our Fore-fathers err'd or no.  
When we trust Men concerning God, we then  
Trust not God concerning Men.  
Visions, and Inspirations some expect,  
Their course here to direct.  
Like senseless Chymists their own wealth destroy,  
Imaginary Gold t' enjoy.  
So Stars appear to drop to us from skie,  
And gild the passage as they fly :  
But when they fall, and meet th' opposing Ground,  
What but a sordid Slime is found ?  
Sometimes their Fancies they 'bove Reason set,  
And Fast, that they may Dream of Meat.

Sometimes Ill Spirits their sickly souls delude,  
 And Bastard-Forms obtrude.  
 So Endor's wretched Sorceress, although  
 She Seel through his disguise did know,  
 Yet when the Devil comes up disguis'd, she cries,  
 Behold, the Gods arise.

In vain, alas, these outward Hopes are try'd ;  
 Reason within's our onely Guide.  
 Reason, which (God be prais'd !) still Walks, for all  
 Its old Original Fall.  
 And since it self the boundless Godhead joyn'd  
 With a Reasonable Mind,  
 It plainly shews that Mysteries Divine  
 May with our Reason joyn.

The Holy Book, like the Eighth Sphere, does shine  
 With thousand Lights of Truth Divine.  
 So numberless the Stars, that to the Eye  
 It makes but all one Galaxie.  
 Yet Reason must assist too, for in Seas  
 So vast and dangerous as these,  
 Our Course by Stars above we cannot know,  
 Without the Compass too below.

Though Reason cannot through Faith's Myst'ries see  
 It sees that There and such they bee ;  
 Leads to Heaven's-door, and there does humbly keep,  
 And there through Chinks and Key-holes peep.  
 Though it, like Moses, by a sad command  
 Must not come into th' Holy Land.  
 Yet thither it infallibly does Guid,  
 And from afar 'tis all Descryed.'

(Vol. I. pp. 145-6.)

It were easy almost *ad aperturam libri* to illustrate the massive thought of these poems with tenfold further examples; and as in FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE, I must hold that a Poet who gives us such quantity and quality of thought may be forgiven a good deal otherwise. But as a rule, the great thick-coming thoughts of Cowley are all set to music, if only we have ears to catch it.

(b.) *Imagination.* Without this at once highest and deepest of endowments, a Writer might be a supreme Thinker, but not possibly a Poet. BACON is an ultimate proof—for he did *not* write Shakespeare's Plays. Imagination again without substantive thought, is apt to degenerate into rhetoric, and cheat itself into the belief that that is poetry—as in your Festuses and the like. The com-

bination of 'high thought' with 'high imagination' is that rarity which we call poetic genius. I affirm that Cowley had this combination. I claim it for him on the strength of his poems of Friendship—already cited—and his *Against Hope* and *For Hope*. Take also his Lament for MR. WILLIAM HERVEY (quoted, p. lxxix.). It is interpenetrated with the lustre of imagination—not like the thin surface iridescence of the soap-bubble but rather of the humming bird, or dove's neck. Let Mr. Gosse relieve me of any charge of mere editorial hero-worship—'This excellent and gifted lad,' says he [*i.e.* Hervey], 'like another [Arthur H.] Hallam, was taken away suddenly by fever in the midst of his hopes and labours. Cowley celebrated his memory in an elegy of unusual directness and tenderness:—

" Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,  
 Have ye not seen us walking every day?  
 Was there a Tree about which did not know  
 The Love betwixt us two?  
 Henceforth, ye gentle Trees, for ever fade ;  
 Or your sad Branches thicker joyne,  
 And into darksome shades combine ;  
 Dark as the Grave wherein my friend was laid."

'This seems to prophesy of that later lovely dirge of *Thyrsis*, and the tree that knew the soul of the Scholar-Gipsy . . . the poem . . . gathers fire and force in the last stanza:—

" And if the glorious Saints cease not to know  
 Their wretched Friends who fight with Life below ;  
 Thy Flame to Me does still the same abide,  
 Onely more pure and rarified.  
 There whilst immortal Hymns thou dost rehearse,  
 Thou dost with holy pity see  
 Our dull and earthly Poesie,  
 Where Grief and Misery can be joyn'd with Verse."  
 (As before, p. 728.)

Imagination like HENRY VAUGHAN'S vision of eternity, girdles the entire poem as with 'a great ring of light.' But finer still is the Lament for RICHARD CRASHAW (quoted in full, page lxxviii), on which again I will allow the same clear-eyed critic—always so when he

doesn't put on a smoky or jaundice-yellow pair of spectacles, to the smiting a noble pair of eyes on the instant with colour-blindness—Mr. Gosse, to speak :—

'But the fine elegiac qualities of these memorial verses on Harvey [Hervey] are quickened into ardour, nay, we may almost say fired into rapture, in the lines on Crashaw. In the first case, the poignant regret of an intimate and private sorrow inspired the poem; in the second, the public loss of a poet whom Cowley might be well forgiven for fancying absolutely supreme, combined with personal grief at the loss of a friend. Friendship and Poetry were the two subjects that alone set Cowley's peculiar gifts on flame. Languid or insincere [??] on other subjects, on these two he never failed to be eloquent. In the elegy on Crashaw these combined to stimulate his lyric powers to their utmost, and the result was most brilliant. . . . Outcast and reviled as a renegade clergyman and a Papist, hardly a voice in England was raised to his [Crashaw's] honour save that of Cowley, who never failed in manly and courageous acts of fidelity. "Poet and saint," he begins, bringing all criticism in the outset, "thou art now in heaven, companion of the angels, who when they call on thee for songs, can have no greater pleasure than to hear thine old earthly hymns." "Thy spotless muse," says Cowley, "like Mary, did contain the Godhead; and did disdain to sing of any lower matter than eternity." In this strain he proceeds half through the elegy, and then in a sudden ecstasy of contemplation he cries :—

"How well (blest Swan) did Fate contrive thy Death,  
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath  
In thy great Mistress Arms? thou most divine  
And richest Offering of Loretto's shrine!  
Where like some holy Sacrifice I' expire,  
A Fever burns thee, and Love lights the Fire.  
Angels (they say) brought the famed Chappel there,  
And bore the sacred Load in Triumph thro' the aire.  
'Tis surer much they brought thee there, and They,  
And Thou, their charge, went singing all the way."

[Vol. I. p. 146.]

'But he feels it needful to apologise to the Anglican Church for saying that angels led Crashaw when from her he went, and thus the elegy finally winds up :—

"His Faith perhaps in some nice Tenents might  
Be wrong; his Life, I'm sure, was in the right.  
And I my self a Catholick will be,  
So far at least, great Saint, to Pray to thee.  
Hail, Bard triumphant! and some care bestow  
On us, the Poets Militant below!

Opposed by our old Enemy, adverse Chance,  
Attacqu'd by Envy, and by Ignorance,  
Exchain'd by Beauty, tortured by Desires,  
Expos'd by Tyrant-Love to savage Beasts and Fires.  
Thou from low earth in nobler Flames didst rise,  
And, like Elijah, mount Alive the skies.  
Elisha-like (but with a wish much less,  
More fit thy Greatness, and my Littleness)  
Lo here I beg, (I whom thou once didst prove  
So humble to Esteem, so good to Love)  
Not that thy Spirit might on me Doubled be,  
I ask but *half* thy mighty Spirit for Me.  
And when my Muse soars with so strong a Wing,  
'Twill learn of things Divine, and first of thee to sing."

[Vol. I. p. 146.]

'The reader will not want to be persuaded that these are very exquisite and very brilliant lines. Had Cowley written often in such a nervous strain as this, he had needed no interpreter or apologist to-day; nay more, Dryden, his occupation gone, would have had to pour the vigour of his genius into some other channel. The tenderness of the allusion to Crashaw's sufferings and persecution, the tact and sweetness of the plea for his saintship, the sudden passion of invocation, the modest yet fervent prayer at the close, all these are felicities of the first order' (as before, pp. 729-30.)

Mr. Gosse *de trop* adds 'of rhetorical poetry.' I substitute 'imaginative poetry'; for the love and wistfulness, the grief and yearning, are empurpled with that light that comes not 'from sea or land.' I do not care to further amplify on this. The student-Reader put on the outlook, will find that in most unlikely places imagination edges with glory many and many a strong and noble thought, again rendering the unhappy phrase 'a writer whose verses were but galvanized at the outset' no less a paradox than a sorrow.

(c.) PASSION. We have THOUGHT and in a sense IMAGINATION (or rather the smaller thing Fancy) in MARK AKENSIDE. What he lacked—and the lack of which has made the 'Pleasures of Imagination' monumental rather than 'living,' with all its fine qualities and pomp of words—was emotion or passion. Cowley had this third element in kind if less in degree than the other two. I have vindi-

cated his Love-Poems as genuine not merely artistic, as experienced not devised, as born of the heart not mere literary frost-work. I abide by what I have stated. Similarly I have invited attention to the tenderness, the softness, the sweetness, the yearning, the humanness of all his Poems of Friendship, of—to recur to Pope—the ‘language of his heart.’ These accordingly ratify my claim for him as possessing passion. The Reader will do well to turn back upon some of the poems that have been examined under other lights, and read them in this light. If he do so, he will discern Tennyson’s exclamation, wrathful and ruthless ‘I have *felt*,’ inscribed over most.

By Passion I do not mean at all the Sybil’s contortion, but I do mean the Sybil’s inspiration. The thought is not only illumined with imagination, but made to pulsate with feeling, whenever and wherever the emotional is touched. Usually it hides itself away in a line, a half-line, an elect epithet. Sometimes indignation burns to well-nigh scorching, but scarcely betrays itself except in an undertone of sarcasm. Here is one example that just offers, and as the race is not extinct to-day, I am tempted to fetch it forth :—

‘Some men their Fancies like their Faith derive,  
And think all Ill but that which Rome does give.’  
(Vol. I. p. 144, col. 2, l. 9.)

Again :—

‘His Faith, perhaps, in some nice tenents might  
Be wrong ; his Life, I ’m sure, was in the right.’  
(Of Crashaw, as before.)

How the lip curled in scorn in the former couplet, of the ritualistic apers of Popery, as to-day it would have done over our maligners of the Reformers and Reformation ! Then note the fine scorn of the ‘perhaps’ in the first line of the second couplet, over-against the ‘I’m sure’ of the second line ; and how absolute the passion of contempt toward the orthodox churchman (Protestant) whose life was ‘evil’ and not ‘right’ !

He could hit hard, as

‘Some had no thoughts at all, but star’d and gas’d.’  
(Vol. II. p. 96, l. 337.)

Again :—

‘Bless me ! how swift and growing was his Wit ?  
The Wings of Time flagg’d dully after it.’  
(*Ibid.* p. 86, l. 329.)

—far better than Dr. Johnson’s somewhat grotesque :—

‘Panting Time toll’d after him in vain.’

Once more :—

‘Writing, Man’s spiritual Physick was not then  
It self, as now, grown a Disease of Men.’  
(*Ibid.* p. 51, ll. 709-10.)

Further :—

‘An unbottom’d Gulf of Emptiness.’  
(*Ibid.* p. 52, l. 786.)

Yet again :—

‘Fancy wild Dame’ . . .  
(*Ibid.* p. 58, l. 440.)

Once more :—

‘And very much a slave, and very proud.’  
(*Ibid.* p. 315/1, l. 16.)

Finally here :—

‘And scarce ought now of that vast City’s found  
But shards and rubbish, which weak signs might keep  
Of fore-past Glory, and bid Travellers weep.’  
(*Ibid.* p. 60, l. 713.)

Having begun with Passion at its deepest in Love and passed to it as mellowed in Friendship and then as resonant in Sarcasm, I would now little more than name his Wit and Humour. This has been incidentally brought out in an earlier part of this Introduction ; but I deem it expedient to emphasise it as more particularly revealed in Love’s Riddle, Naufragium Jocularis, and Cutter of Coleman Street and Guardian. I do not marvel that his portraitures of the ‘faded’ Cavaliers as of the ‘Puritans’ sent the Reader and Hearers of the latter two into a roar. There are inimitable touches, asides, and glancing *bids* of manners-painting and character-painting that I’d right gladly

have enlarged upon if my waning appointed space demanded not repression.

(d.) *Originality.* From the outset in 'Poetical Blossomes' onward, Cowley 'thought,' 'imagined,' 'felt' for himself. An omnivorous yet cultured Reader, he kept himself robustly independent on others. He assimilated rather than appropriated when from either classical or scriptural sources he drew inspiration and impulse. His most characteristic work has this stamp of originality. SPENSER himself, though immortally praised, is scarcely traceable from first to last. He has aspiration as a boy, after Waller (l. 104, st. 9). Even 'rare Ben' and Shakespeare, though inevitably read and re-read and loved 'this side idolatry,' have left slightest impress upon him. I can only recall two reminiscences of Shakespeare. The first is in Davideis (ll. 45, ll. 51-6) :—

'Well did he know,

How a tame stream does wild and dangerous grow  
By unjust force; he now with wanton play,  
Kisses the smiling banks and glides away,  
But his known channel stopt, begins to rore,  
And swell with rage, and buffet the dull shore.'

Cf. :—

'The current that with gentle murmur glides.'  
(*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ll. 7.)

The second is in the *Elegie on the Death of Mrs. Anne Whitfield* :—

'And so she went to undiscovered Fields,  
From whence no path hope of returning yields,  
To any Traveller.'—(Vol. I. p. 28).

SAMUEL DANIEL is suggested by this :—

'gently bending down  
With natural propension to that Earth  
Which both preserv'd his Life and gave him birth.'  
(Vol. II. 396/2, l. 6.)

Compare Daniel, Sonnet 47 :—

'When thou, surcharg'd with Burthen of thy Years,  
Shalt bend thy Wrinkles homeward to the Earth.'

BUTLER came after our Poet, and so Hadibras's

'For whatsoe'r we perpetrate  
We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate.'

leaves unchallenged, his

'An unseen Hand makes all their moves.'

So too MILTON found his 'spear' for Satan and other things besides in 'Davideis' :—

'His spear the Trunk was of a lofty Tree  
Which Nature meant some tall ship's mast should be.'  
(Vol. II. 67, l. 393.)

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (as before) thus signalises some of the 'conveyings' from Cowley :—

'In looking over Cowley's poems, I have found some instances in which Pope borrowed from him without acknowledgment. It is hardly to be supposed that an author of such large original resources as Pope should do this purposely. It might be that he did it unconsciously. Here is one example. Cowley, in the "Davideis," says of the Messiah :—

"Round the whole earth His dreaded name shall sound,  
And reach to worlds that must not yet be found."

'Pope, in the "Essay on Criticism," says of the poets of Greece and Rome :—

"Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,  
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found."

'Cowley in a paraphrase of one of Horace's Epodes, says :—

"Nor does the roughest season of the sky  
Or salem jave all sports to him deny.  
He runs the mazes of the nimble hare;  
His well-mouth'd dogs' glad concert rends the air."

'These lines appear in Pope's "Windsor Forest," thus modified :—

"Nor yet when moist Ancturus clouds the sky,  
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny;  
To plains with well-breathed beagles we repair,  
And trace the mazes of the circling hare."

'But Cowley is so opulent that he can well afford to lend, and I close by assuring the reader that if he will look over Cowley's poems he will find much that, if that sort of appropriation is ever permissible, is well borrowing" (as before, p. 382).

Every one knows the still clearer misappropriation of the couplet from the elegy on Crashaw, quoted a little way back (page xcvi.).

Very familiar too is this :—

'For the whole World without a native home  
Is nothing but a prison of larger room.'  
(l. 120, col. 1, ll. 1-2.)

It needs only to recall, the original of Cowper's line :—

'God made the country, and man made the town,'  
(*Task*, Bk. I.)

in Cowley's

'God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.'

Few who use two phrases 'familiar in our mouths as household words' are aware that they belong to Cowley, as thus, 'If we compare great things with small' (I. 136, col. 1, st. 8) and the other 'by the bye,' which, occurring as it does in 'The Chronicle,' gives me an opportunity of transferring hither the sprightly introduction to it by Mary Russell Mitford :—

'The poems are singularly unequal. But as I for my own private recreation, am wont to resort to such innocent gaieties as the fathers of song have bequeathed to us, so I seldom fail to present them to my readers; and it happens that the philosopher, whom we have seen dealing with high and lofty thoughts, descanting like a hermit on the joys of solitude and the delights of the country,—and in this respect his odes are nothing inferior to his Essays;—it happens that this identical Cowley hath left behind him the pleasantest of all pleasant ballads, which could hardly have been produced by any one except a thorough man of the world. It is entitled "The Chronicle," and contains a catalogue of all the fair ladies with whom he had at different times been enamoured. Never was list more amusing. It abounds in happy traits,—especially the one which tells to half an hour how long a silly beauty may hope to retain the heart of a man of sense. The expression when the haughty Isabella, unconscious of her conquest and marching on to fresh triumphs, beats out Susan "by the bye," has passed into one of those proverbs, of which doubtless as of many other by-words, they who use them little guess the origin.

"The Chronicle" was written two hundred years ago. Ladies, dear ladies, if we could be sure that no man would open this book, if we were all together in (female) parliament assembled, without a single male creature within hearing, might we not acknowledge that the sex, especially that part of it formerly called coquette, and now known by the name of flirt, is very little altered since the days of the Merry Monarch? and that a similar list compiled by some gay bachelor of Belgravia might, allowing for differences of custom and of costume, serve very well as a companion to

Master Cowley's catalogue? I would not have a man read this admission for the world.'<sup>1</sup>

(c.) QUAIN T ODDITY.—Without accepting absolutely the commonly alleged nearness of alliance between genius and insanity, or attempting to break down the 'thin partitions' that are held to 'divide' them, it cannot be disputed that every truly original intellect forms its own vocabulary and 'Grammar of Assent' whereby to express itself. From CHAUCER to SPENSER, and from SPENSER to SHAKESPEARE, and from SHAKESPEARE to SIR THOMAS BROWNE, and from SIR THOMAS BROWNE to CHARLES LAMB, and from CHARLES LAMB to CHARLES DICKENS, THOMAS HOOD, and THOMAS CARLYLE, words have been created by each separate Thinker, and each has had his own way of looking at things. So that in a world so full of the odd and unexpected, it is inevitable that original genius will import into its written words the odd and unexpected. It is notably so with Cowley. The (unverified) tradition is that he was silent in company, not at all a 'Table Talker;' only a solitary anecdote has come down apparently of anything like repartee, to wit, his saying to Ned Howard—'Pray, Mr. Howard, if you did read your grammar, what harm would it do you?' (Pope's Letters to a Noble Lord.) But *certainly* his printed pages sparkle with wit and humour, and yield memorable things from their odd quaint way of being put. Is it SHERIDAN who has the credit of having said to some candidate for admission to a 'character' ball or entertainment, who was hesitating how to get himself up, 'go for once as a gentleman, and then it will be an effectual disguise?' I am not exactly certain at the moment; but we have it long ago in 'Cutter of Coleman Street' as thus :—'Cutter, prethee take one disguise now more at last, and put thy self into the habit of a Gentleman.' (I. 181/2, ll. 12-14.)

<sup>1</sup> Recollections of a Literary Life (as before) l. pp. 58-60.

If the Reader be on the alert, he will meet with many such pleasant 'quips and quiddities.' But by 'quaint oddity,' I intend rather Cowley's most original mode of catching hold of some out-of-the-way fact or name or incident or trait of character, and compelling it to do service in uttering his thought. I grant that his scientific research and studies in physic and *materia medica*, mar o' times his thought, and send the mind off on demeaning tracks. Nevertheless *per se*, his *fantastique* of wit, his playing with a fancy, his verbal masquerade, his grave-faced fun, his swift-darting jestfulness commend themselves to me, and all the more that all is so quietly done, being slipped in, and away. I cannot dwell on this, but it must be briefly illustrated. Turning then to the commencement of the Works, if not in 'Poetical Blossomes,' yet in the juvenile poems, we find this characteristic. Thus how felicitous is the boy-gravity hiding his sense of the absurdity of his foolish maligners in the Epistle to the 1636 edition of 'Poetical Blossomes' (I. 19). Then in his 'Vote' or Vow, could anything be better than his gird at your ecclesiastical place-hunter?

'From Singing-men's Religion; who are  
Always at Church just like the Crows, 'cause there  
They build themselves a nest.'

(Vol. I. p. 26, st. 7.)

Nor less happy is his *hit* at the grand missal-like illuminated 'presentation' poems to patrons—in vain, by starveling rhymers:—

'From too much Poetry, which shines  
With gold in nothing but its lines,  
Free ô you powers, my brest.' (*Ibid.*)

The 'Poetical Revenge' brims with fun. I suppose the last line

'spare  
Them who beare Schollers' names, lest some one take  
Splice, and another *Ignoramus* make,'

(*Ibid.* p. 27),

hints at the production of a replica of the old comedy named 'Ignoramus,' that so won King James I.

I now gladly find a place for the sequel of that lightly-touched scene in Love's Riddle formerly quoted (p. xlvi). The Lambian humour of both is surely very fine and whole-hearted, and would alone vindicate my claim of quaint oddity and humour.

'Enter Truga.

The Chronicle of a hundred years agoe!  
How many crows hath she outliv'd? sure death  
Hath quite forgot her; by this *Memento mori*  
I must invent some trick to helpe *Palamon*.

*Tru.* I am going againe to *Callidorus*,  
But I have got a better present now,  
My owne ring made of good Ebony,  
Which a yong handsome shepheard bestow'd on me  
Some fourescore years agoe; then they all lov'd me,  
I was a handsome Lasse, I was in those dayes.

*Al.* I so thou wert I'le warrant; here's good signe  
of't;

Now Ile begin the worke, Reverend *Truga*,  
Whose every Autumne shewes how glorious  
The spring-time of your youth was—

*Tru.* Are you come  
To put your mocks upon me?

*Al.* I doe confesse indeede my former speeches  
Have beene too rude and saucy; I have flung  
Madde jests too wildly at you; but considering  
The reverence which is due to age, and vertue,  
I have repented: will you see my teares?  
And beleeve them? (Oh for an onyon now!  
Or I shall laugh aloud; ha, ha, ha!)

*Aside.*

*Tru.* Alas good soule, I doe forgive you truly;  
I would not have you weepe for me; indeede  
I ever thought you would repent at last.

*Al.* You might well,  
But the right vaelewing of your worth and vertue  
Hath turn'd the folly of my former scorne  
Into a wiser reverence; pardon me  
If I say love.

*Tru.* I, I, with all my heart,  
But doe you speake sincerely?

*Al.* Oh! it grieves me  
That you should doubt it; what I spoke before  
Were lyes, the off-spring of a foolish rashness;  
I see some sparks still of your former beauty,  
Which spight of time will flourish.

*Tru.* Why, I am not  
So old as you imagined; I am yet  
But fourescore yeares. Am I a January now?  
How doe you thinke? I alwayes did beleeve  
You'd be of another opinion one day;  
I know you did but jest.

*Al.* Oh no, oh no, (I see it takes) *Aside.*  
How you bely your age—for—let me see—  
A man would take you—let me see—for—



Some forty yeares or thereabouts (I meane foure  
(hundred):

Not a jot more I sweare. *Aside.*

*Tru.* Oh no! you flatter me,  
But I looke something fresh indeed this morning.  
I should please *Callidorus* mightily,  
But I'le not goe perhaps; this fellow is  
As handsome quite as he, and I perceive  
He loves me hugely; I protest I will not *Aside.*  
Have him grow madde, which he may chance to doe  
If I should now scorne him.

*Al.* I have something here  
Which I would faine reveal to you, but dare not  
Without your licence.

*Tru.* Doe in *Pan's* name, doe; now, now.

*Al.* The comely gravity which adornez your age,  
And makes you still seeme lovely, hath so stricken  
me—

*Tru.* Alas good soule! I must seeme coy at first,  
But not too long, for feare I should quite lose him.

*Al.* That I shall perish utterly, unlesse  
Your gentle nature helpe me.

*Tru.* Alas good Shepheard!  
And in troth I faine would helpe you  
But I am past those vanities of love.

*Al.* Oh no!

Wise nature which preserv'd your life till now  
Doth it because you should enjoy these pleasures  
Which doe belong to life; if you deny me,  
I am undone.

*Tru.* Well, you should not win me  
But that I am loath to be held the cause  
Of any young man's ruine; doe not thinke it  
My want of chastity, but my good nature  
Which would see no one hurt.

*Al.* Ah pretty soule! *Aside.*

How supple 'tis like wax before the Sun!  
Now cannot I chuse but kisse her, there's the plague  
of't;

Let's then joyne our hearts, and seale them with a  
kisse.

*Tru.* Well, let us then:  
'Twere incivility to be your debtor;  
I'le give backe againe your kisse, sweet heart,  
And come in th' afternoone, I'le see you;  
My husband will be gone to sell some kine,  
And *Hylace* tending the sheepe, till then  
Farewell good Duck. *(Offers to goe.)*

But doe you heare, because you shall remember *(Turnes  
back.)*  
To come, I'le give thee here this Ebon ring;  
But doe not weare it, lest my husband chance  
To see't: Farewell Duck.

*Al.* Lest her husband chance  
To see't; she cannot deny this, here's enough;  
My Scene of love is done then; is she gone?  
I'le call her back; ho *Truga*; *Truga* ho:

*Tru.* Why doe you call me Duck?

*Al.* Only to aske one foolish question of thee:  
Ha'n't you a husband?

*Tru.* Yes, you know I have.

*Al.* And doe you love him?

*Tru.* Why doe you aske? I doe.

*Al.* Yet you can be content to make him cuckold?

*Tru.* Rather then to see you perish in your flames.

*Al.* Why art thou now two hundred yeares of age,  
Yet hast no more discretion but to thinke  
That I could love thee? ha, ha, were't mine  
I'de sell thee to some gardiner; thou wouldst serve  
To scare away the theeves as well as crowes.

*Tru.* Oh, you're dispos'd to jest I see, Farewell.

*Al.* Nay, I'me in very earnest; I love you?  
Why thy face is a vizard.

*Trug.* Leave off these tricks, I shall be angry else,  
And take away the favours I bestow'd.

*Al.* 'Tis knowne that thou hast eyes by the holes  
only,

Which are crept farther in, then thy nose out,  
And that's almost a yard; thy quarreling teeth  
Of such a colour are, that they themselves  
Scare one another, and doe stand at distance.  
Thy skin hangs loose as if it fear'd the bones  
(For flesh thou hast not) and is growne so black  
That a wilde Centaure would not meddle with thee.  
To conclude, Nature made thee when she was  
Only dispos'd to jest; and length of time  
Hath made thee more ridiculous.

*Tru.* Base villaine, is this your love?  
Give me my ring againe!

*Al.* No, no; soft there:

I intend to bestowe it on your husband;  
He'le keepe it better farre then you have done.

*Trug.* What shall I doe? *Alupis* good *Alupis*,  
Stay but a little while, pray doe but heare me.

*Al.* No, I'le come to you in the afternoone,  
Your husband will be selling of some kine  
And *Hylace* tending the sheepe.

*Tru.* Pray heare me, command me anything  
And be but silent of this, good *Alupis*;

Hugh, Hugh, Hugh.

*Al.* Yes, Yes, I will be silent,  
I'le only blow a trumpet on yon hill,  
Till all the countrey swaines are flockt about me,  
Then shew the ring, and tell the passages  
'Twixt you and me.

*Tru.* Alas! I am undone.

*Al.* Well now 'tis ripe; I have had sport enough  
Since I beheld your penitentiall teares:  
I'le propose this to you, if you can get  
Your Daughter to be married to *Palamon*  
This day, for I'le allow no longer time;  
To morrow I'le restore your ring, and sweare  
Never to mention what is past betwixt us,  
If not—you know what followes—take your choyse.

*Tru.* I'le doe my best endeavour.

*Al.* Goe make haste then,  
You know your time's but short, and use it well:  
Now if this faile, the Devil's in all wit.

*Exit Truga.*

I'll goe and thrust it forward, if it take,  
*'Tis sing away the day,*  
*For 'tis but a folly*  
*To be melancholly,*  
*Let's live here whilst we may.* *Exit.*

(Vol. I. pp. 51-a.)

From another scene, I take a portrait of your stay-at-home braggadocio soldier :—

'*Flo.* Then you have seen the City.

*Al.* I and felt it too, I thank the Divell : I'me sure  
 It sucked up in three yeares the whole estate  
 My father left, though he were counted rich :  
 A pox of forlorne Captaines, pittifull things,  
 Whom you mistake for souldiers, only by  
 Their sounding oathes, and a buffe jerkin, and  
 Some Histories which they have learn'd by rote,  
 Of battailes fought in *Perria*, or *Polonia* ;  
 Where they themselves were of the conquering side,  
 Although God knowes one of the City Captaines,  
 Arm'd with broad scarfe, feather, and scarlet breeches,  
 When he instructs the youth on Holy-dayes,  
 And is made sicke with fearfull noyse of Guna,  
 Would pose them in the art Military ; these  
 Were my first *Loeches.* (*Ibid.* p. 48, col. 1.)

And yet very little onward we have quaint daintinesses such as these :—

'*Bell.* What would you doe, that thus you urge my stay ?

*Flo.* Nothing I swear that should offend a Saint,  
 Nothing which can call up thy maiden bloud  
 To lend thy face a blush ; nothing which chaste  
 And vertuous sisters can deny their Brothers ;  
 I doe confesse I love you, but the fire  
 In which *Jove* courted his ambitious Mistis,  
 Or that by holy men on Altars kindled,  
 Is not so pure as mine is ; I would only  
 Gaze thus upon thee ; feed my hungry eyes  
 Sometimes with those bright tresses, which the wind  
 Farre happier then I, playes up and downe in,  
 And sometimes with thy cheekes, those rosy twins ;  
 Then gently touch thy hand, and often kiss it,  
 Till thou thy selfe shouldst checke my modesty  
 And yeeld thy lips ; but further, though thou shouldst  
 Like other maids with weake resistance aske it,  
 (Which I am sure thou wilt not) I'de not offer  
 Till lawfull *Hymen* joyne us both, and give  
 A licence unto my desires.

*Bell.* Which I

Need not bestow much language to oppose ;  
 Fortune and nature have forbidden it,  
 When they made me a rude and homely wench  
 You (if your clothes and carlage be not lyers),  
 By state and birth a Gentleman.

*Flo.* I hope

I may without suspicion of a boaster

Say that I am so, else my love were impudence ;  
 For doe you thinke wise Nature did intend  
 You for a Shepheardesse, when she bestow'd  
 Such paines in your creation ? would she fetch  
 The perfumes of *Arabia* for your breath ?  
 Or ransack *Pestum* of her chooyest roses  
 To adorne your cheekes ? would she bereave the rock  
 Of corall for your lips ? and catch two starres  
 As they were falling, which she form'd your eyes of ?  
 Would she her selfe, turne work-woman and spinne  
 Threads of the finest gold to be your tresses ?  
 Or rob the Great to make one *Microcosme* ?  
 And having faint quite the beauteous wonder,  
 Hide it from publike view and admiration !  
 No ; she would set it on some *Pyramide*,  
 To be the spectacle of many eyes :  
 And it doth grieve me that my niggard fortune  
 Ray's'd me not up to higher eminency ;  
 Not that I am ambitious of such honors  
 But that through them I might be made more worthy.'

(Vol. I. p. 48, col. a.)

Then, how dexterously does *Alupis* turn *Aphron's* mooning after his defunct mistress into a stinging *hit*.—

'*Ap.* But now, now, now, now, gaze eternally ;  
 Hadst thou as many eyes as the blacke night  
 They would be all too little ; seest thou *Virgo* ?

*Al.* No by my troth, there are so few on earth,  
 I should be loth to swear there's more in heaven,  
 Then onely one.

*Ap.* That was my Mistis once, but is of late  
 Translated to the height of deserv'd glory,  
 And addes new ornaments to the wondrous heavens.  
 Why doe I stay behind then, a meere nothing  
 Without her presence to give life and being ?  
 If there be any hill whose lofty top  
 Nature hath made contiguous with heaven,  
 Though it be steepe, rugged as *Neptuns*' brow,  
 Though arm'd with cold, with hunger, and diseases,  
 And all the other souldiers of misery,  
 Yet I would climbe it up, that I might come  
 Next place to thee, and there be made a starra.

*Al.* I prithees doe, for amongst all the beasts  
 That helpe to make up the coelestiall signes  
 There's a *Calfe* wanting yet.

*Ap.* But stay—

*Al.* Nay, I have learn'd enough *Astrology.*

(*Ibid.* p. 51, col. 1.)

*Naufragium Jocularè* has equally racy bits. Charles Johnson has utterly missed or transmogrified them. In 'The Mistress,' some of his oddest tricks of thought and wording occur, e.g.—

'*Her Body is my Soule ; laugh not at this,*  
 For by my life I swear it is.

'Tis that preserves my Being and my Breath,  
From that proceeds all that I do,  
Nay all my Thoughts and speeches too ;  
And separation from it is my Death.'  
(Vol. I. p. 117, st. 2. 'The Soule.')

So of Sleep :—

'Thou who dost Men (as Nights to Colours doe)  
Bring all to an Equality.'  
(*Ibid.* p. 119, st. 3.)

Then how *bizarre* is this :—

'The very Eye betraies our inward smart ;  
Love of himselfe left there a part,  
When thorough it he past into the Heart.  
Or if by chance the Face betray not it,  
But keep the secret wisely, yet  
*Like Drunkenness, into the Tongue 'twill get.*'  
(*Ibid.* p. 122, *Love's Visibility*, st. 5-6.)

Equally out o' the way, some may say  
equally preposterous, is the 'broken heart'  
pained in all its fragments, likened to a dis-  
persed army :—

'And now (alas) each little broken part  
Feels the whole pain of all my Heart :  
And every smallest corner still  
Lives with the torment which the Whole did kill.  
Even so rude Armies when the field they quit,  
And into severall Quarters get ;  
Each Troop does spoile and raise more,  
Than all joy'd in one body did before.'  
(*Ibid.* p. 123, *Heart-breaking*, st. 3 and 4.)

Similarly odd is the denunciation of  
'Discretion' in love, with its amazing  
smartly-allusion :—

'Passion's halfe blind, nor can endure  
The carefull, scrup'ulous Eyes,  
Or else I could not love, Fine sense,  
One who in Love were wise.

Men, in such tempests not about,  
Will, without griefe or paine,  
Cast all their goods and riches out,  
Themselves their Port to gaine.

As well might Martyrs, who do choose  
That sacred Death to take,

Mourn for the Clothes which they must loose,  
When they're bound naked to the Stake.'

(*Ibid.* p. 127, *Discretion*, st. 4-6.)

He could even gird at Oxford. I know  
not that it has been observed that in his Ode

of Wit, as originally printed, in st. 7, we  
read—

'Nor a tall Metaphor in th' Oxford way,'—  
(Vol. I. p. 126.)

changed later to 'bombast.'

His address to the Bishop of Lincoln on  
his enlargement from the Tower has higher  
qualities in it, but how unexpected is this !—

'You put ill Fortune in so good a dress  
That it outshone other men's Happiness.'  
(*Ibid.* p. 140, col. 1, ll. 7-8.)

THOMAS HOOD might have written the  
queer objurgatory exclamation :—

'Noe labours I, or merits can pretend  
I think, Predestination onely was my friend !'  
(*Ibid.* p. 156, st. 4.)

Anything more absurd than the huge *Ode*  
*upon His Majesty's Restoration and Return*  
is scarcely conceivable, and yet even in it  
there are things that bewray the peculiar  
genius of its author, e.g.—

'So when the wisest Poets seek  
In all their liveliest colours, to set forth  
A Picture of Heroick worth,  
(The Pious Trojan, or the Prudent Greek)  
They chuse some comely Prince of heavenly Birth,  
(No proud Gigantick son of Earth,  
Who strives ' usurp the gods forbidden seat)  
They feed him not with Nectar, and the Mead  
That cannot without Joy be eat ;  
But in the cold of want, and storms of adverse chance,  
They harden his young Virtue by degrees ;  
The beauteous Drop first into Ice does freeze,  
And into solid Chryystal next advance.  
His murder'd friends and kindred he does see,  
And from his flaming Country flee.  
Much is he lost at Sea, and much at Land,  
Does long the force of angry gods withstand.  
He does long troubles and long wars sustain,  
E'er he his fatal Birth-right gain.  
With no less time or labour can  
Destiny build up such a Man,  
Who's with sufficient virtue fill'd,  
His ruin'd Country to rebuild.'

(*Ibid.* 162, st. 13.)

Very felicitously is Tuke's 'translation'  
yclept 'The Adventures of Five Hours,' de-  
scribed as

'Metal before, Money by you 'tis grown.'  
(*Ibid.* 164.)

GEORGE CRABBE must have read diligently 'Davideis;' for in it more than anywhere else I find *his* odd quaint way of thought-equivoque (if the compound term be allowable) that is so frequent in 'Nature's sternest painter, and her best.' Thus :—

'I saw him fling the Stone, as if he meant  
At once his Murder and his Monument.'

(Vol. II. p. 47, ll. 201-2.)

But now the early Birds began to call  
The Morning forth; *up rose the Sun and Saul.*

(*Ibid.* p. 54, ll. 1-2.)

'Here beauteous Sara to great Pharo came,  
He blush'd with sudden Passion, she with Shame.'

(*Ibid.* p. 56, ll. 273/4.)

Some carve the Trunks, and breathing Shapes bestow,  
Giving the Trees more life than when they grow.'

(*Ibid.* p. 59, ll. 528/9.)

'A Sword so great, that it was only fit  
To take off his great Head who came with it.'

(*Ibid.* p. 83, ll. 13-14.)

*Picture of a Fire.*

'Men thought, so much a Flame by Art was shown,  
The Picture's self would fall in ashes down.'

(*Ibid.* p. 85, ll. 249/50.)

*Goliath.*

'The Valley now this Monster seem'd to fill;  
And we (methoughts) look'd up to him from our Hill.'

(*Ibid.* p. 87, ll. 385/6.)

'So a strong Oak, which many Years had stood  
With fair and flourishing Boughs, it self a Wood.'

(Vol. I. p. 88, ll. 591/2.)

'With thousand Corps the Ways around are strown,  
'Till they, by the Day's Flight, secure their own.'

(*Ibid.* ll. 603/4.)

I may now assume, I hope, that the quaint oddity of Cowley has been made good, and that as a mint-mark of genius, not indeed so covetable as others yet to be accentuated in any estimate of him.

(*f.*) *Wordsworthian seeingness toward Nature.*—We have found that from his youth-time onward, Cowley had set his heart on a 'small house and a large garden' (I. Biographical). The yearning never left

him. His generous and unselfish Loyalty held him fast, 'in the Court' of the exiles, and in 'evil report and good report' their 'business' became his. But the 'paint' did not cheat him. He knew that under it—as under thin veneers—was not heart of oak, but poorest pine, and that worm-holed or rotting. There was no attraction to him in the frivolous gaieties as none in the tawdry splendours of royal circles, within which there was habitual suspensive waiting for 'something to turn up' in the chapter of accidents (that Fool's Bible). So that all along he self-evidently fretted under the sentiment-ruled bondage that kept him in the palace when he fain would have been forth and 'Under the Greenwood.' But whilst I believe that the cleanness of Cowley's nature made such association with the uppermost of the upper ten in those evil days repulsive, offending as a thousand things inevitably did, his moral sense and integrity of conscience, and whilst consequently there could not fail to be a weary longing for escape from the pollutions and mendacities, friperies and riot of the 'glorious Restoration' ('the general Redemption'), and to be alone with the purity and simplicity, the clarity and freshness of 'the country,' I yet wish now to accentuate a deeper attraction. For this I must ask to be shriven of the prolepsis in designating Cowley's love for nature by these words, Wordsworthian seeingness. It is not simply that he was sincere and genuine when he wrote to JOHN EVELYN—'I never had any other desire so like to covetousness as that one which I have always had, that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of flowers and the study of nature' (as before); but that the last, '*the study of Nature*,' was the dominating *motif*. This severs him by a measureless distance from, *e.g.* Bolingbroke's professed craving for retirement. Within doors he

was bookish and scholarly, and WILLIAM COWPER himself did not more enjoy

'Bright winter fires that Summer's part supply.'

He carried also, as few of his generation did, that

'Inward eye which is the bliss of solitude.'

But beyond both was the very spirit of the Master's beautiful as consecrating injunction, 'Consider the lilies how they grow.' A single quotation will vindicate the Wordsworthian claim I make, and guide the student-Reader to mark how in most unlooked-for places and turns of expression Cowley reveals that he loved Nature with a consuming passion, and interfused it with the very light of his own soul, his soul itself the while transfigured of that Light 'that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.' Let the Nature-student who is disposed to post-date penetrative 'seeingness' toward Nature, dwell upon these (as I hold them) priceless lines in the *Essay of a Garden* :—

'Where does the Wisdom and the Power Divine  
In a more bright and sweet reflection shine?  
Where do we finer strokes and colours see  
*Of the Creator's real Poetry,*  
Than when we with attention look  
Upon the third day's volume of the Book?  
*If we could open and intend our eye,*  
*We all, like Moses, should spy*  
*Ev'n in a bush the radiant Deity.*  
But we despise these, His inferior ways,  
(Though no less full of miracle and praise)  
*Upon the flowers of heaven we gaze,*  
*The stars of earth no wonder in us raise.'*

(Vol. II. p. 329.)<sup>1</sup>

What an ineffable touch is that of the 'Burning *Bush*'! Then glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, how elect is the word '*wonder*'! Only one who had anticipated Wordsworth's perhaps too pro-

<sup>1</sup> It will seem scarcely credible that Mr. T. H. WARD, M.A., in his 'English Poets Selections' actually says 'in the poem on *The Garden* he [Cowley] sinks to his lowest' (ii. 243). After that, who would give a pinch o' snuff for such an Editor's judgment on anything literary? None the less is the 'Selections' a welcome and delightful, though a most unequal and inadequate work.

truded system, could have so written. In these lines *per se*, in my judgment, you have the back-bone thought of 'The Excursion,' as well as a pre-type of those miracles of imaginative-realistic utterances that place Wordsworth at an unapproached elevation above all other interpreters of Nature. Abundant is the evidence that Cowley too from 'meanest flower' had

'Thoughts that do lie too deep for tears.'

I ask the Reader having this thing suggested to him to follow it up much as he goes into the woods for flowers, and he will be rewarded. Your superficial 'Searcher' will only find the '*De Plantarum*' or those inscribed poems (as was the ancient sign-board 'this is a lion'), that reveal by their titles something of Nature. Thus Joseph William Jenks, M.A., 'lately Professor of Language in the Urbana University, Ohio,' in all his huge volume yclept 'the Rural Poetry of the English Language, illustrating the Seasons and Months of the Year, their Changes, Employments, Lessons and Pleasures topically Paragraphed' (Boston: John P. Jevett & Co. 1856)—not a bad book in its way—has contented himself with the Anacreontic of the 'Grasshopper.' The thoughtful vigilant reader will look everywhere, and rarely look in vain, for examples of Cowley's Wordsworthian seeingness toward Nature. Even the (poor) paraphrastic Versions of '*De Plantarum*' furnish single lines that gleam upon one with delightful surprise, as this of the bean-bloom 'with its ivory forehead and jet-black eye.'

I find a *bit* bearing on all this, though in another direction, in the Life of ARTHUR H. CLOUGH—'I have bought a Cowley, rather a scrubby 18mo, but the first edition after his death. I think Cowley has been Wordsworth's model in many of his lyrical rhythms and some of his curious felicities' (vol. i p. 102).

VI. THE PROSE. Thus far I have intentionally limited myself to the Poems; but had Cowley never written a line outside of his 'Essays' and their interwoven poems, it would have been safe to demand permanent recognition of him. Sundered in opinion when his claims as a Poet are advanced by those who know that poetry as against those who do not except superficially and traditionally, all unite in homage to the fine natural English of his 'Essays,' designating thereby all his Prose from slightest Epistle and Preface to the charming idyllic 'discourses' in the Essays proper. By a curious *lapsus* Mr. Gosse all but forgets the 'Essays,' but BYRANT (as before) remembers them with loving and reverential words:—

'Whatever may be the merit of any of his different poems, the reader finds in none of them any stain of that grossness which in the latter part of Cowley's life, after Charles II. brought his ribald court into England, had become fashionable. Everything which he wrote has a certain expression of the purity of his own character. I have sometimes wondered how it has happened that in the reprinting of old English Authors, it has never occurred to any publisher to give the public a reprint, by themselves, of the "Discourses in Verse and Prose." The PROSE of this neglected author is as graceful and natural as his poetry is ingenious, and bears witness to the largeness of his reading and the extent of his knowledge.' (Pp. 379-80.)<sup>1</sup>

Fuller and finelier is MARY RUSSELL MITFORD in introducing her choice selections from the Prose:—

'As in the case of Ben Jonson, posterity values his writings for very different qualities from those which obtained his high reputation amongst his contemporaries, so it has happened to Cowley. Praised in his day as a great poet, the head of the school of poets called metaphysical, he is now chiefly known by those PROSE ESSAYS, all too short and all too few, which, whether for thought or for expression, have rarely been excelled by any writer in any language. They are eminently distinguished for the

<sup>1</sup> The 'Bayard' little edition, extremely beautiful in its type, binding, etc., is perfunctorily and slovenly edited—the more's the pity.

grace, the finish, and the clearness which his verse too often wants. That there is one cry which pervades them—vanity of vanities! all is vanity!—that there is an almost ostentatious longing for obscurity and retirement, may be accounted for by the fact that at an early age Cowley was thrown among the cavaliers of the civil wars, sharing the exile and the return of the Stuarts, and doubtless disgusted, as so pure a writer was pretty sure to be, by a dissolute Court, with whom he would find it easier to sympathise in its misery than in its triumph' (as before, I. pp. 45-6).

It were not difficult to add abundantly to these tributes, earlier and later. WORDSWORTH, COLERIDGE, SOUTHEY, LAMB, all delighted in the 'Essays,' and in Cowley generally.<sup>1</sup> I would simply send the Reader to them—to the Prose bodily, and specifically, to the 'Discourse' of the 'Government of Oliver Cromwell,' wherein will be found a splendid portraiture of Cromwell—though put into the mouth of a fallen angel—by the instinct of truth, much as Marvell in his imperishable Horatian Ode on Cromwell has drawn the most pathetic of all word-portraits of Charles I.<sup>2</sup>—to his weighty 'Preface' to

<sup>1</sup> Elsewhere I have noted that among the books left to 'Trinity' by Dr. WHWELL, are original editions of Cowley. In his Life he aptly quotes him thus—'I am I fear on the brink of a year in which I shall be extremely absorbed in that weary trifling which people call "business." Do you recollect how heartily Cowley's muse abuses it?

"Business! the grand impertinence!  
Business," etc. (p. 444).

LORD MACAULAY had a continuous regard for Cowley both as poet and essayist. In one of his Letters he speaks of Islington as 'almost a solitude,' and that poets loved to contrast its silence and repose with the din and turmoil of 'the monster London.' He had Cowley in mind—

'Methinks I see  
The monster London laugh at me,' etc.

In his great, albeit iniquitous, onslaught on the Government, the ex-Lord Chancellor (Cairns) barbed one of his most effective passages with a couplet from Cowley. Froude's great History has in its index the name of Abraham Cowley; but another was intended. Let this be added to the '*Curiousities of Literature*' (ed. 22 vols. 8vo, 1870).

<sup>2</sup> As elsewhere promised, I place in this note Clement R. Markham's statement in respect of Cromwell and Fairfax, that Cowley's may be counter-checked by it. Having told the story of Lord Fairfax's interview with Cromwell and the Council of State, whereto he was urged to continue general, he proceeds—'Ludlow and Whitelock thought at the time that

the prescient 'Proposition for the Advancement of Learning'—a practical business-like and no merely theoretical or speculative plan, indeed nothing less than to-day's demand for the Endowment of Research—and to the Essays 'Of Myself'—'Of Obscurity'—'The Garden'—'Of Solitude'—'Of Liberty.' But *all* are good in matter and manner. I place them only a little beneath the 'Essays' of Bacon for weight and worth, and if it be not literary treason to say so, far above the 'brilliant' Essays of your sensational writers of the day. It is like a walk in the greenwood or along a tree-shaded river's bank, to 'commune' with the Prose of Cowley. There is a naturalness, an artlessness, a freshness, a directness, and a wholesomeness about it that is as nurturing as it is exhilarating, and as delightful as inspiring. It augurs a man to be ill-furnished, however otherwise 'learned' he may be, if he is not familiar with the 'warbled prose' of the recluse of Chertsey.

I will content myself now by merely adding his first Biographer's account of his Prose, commencing with his Letters and other works

Cromwell was in earnest; but afterwards, judging from subsequent events, they came to a different conclusion. Mrs. Hutchinson is more just, and seems to have been convinced of Cromwell's sincerity. He it was that suggested the appointment of a committee to wait upon the general, and he himself urged the point most persistently and with the most persuasive arguments. Assuredly this was a strange way of securing the general's resignation; but no absurdity is too gross when the object is to fix a charge of dishonesty or hypocrisy on the greatest of England's Sovereigns—Oliver Cromwell' (p. 361: of *Life of the Great Lord Fairfax*, 1870).

I must add that *of course* in an adorer of the two Charleses it was inevitable that no words could be found strong enough to vituperate their mighty antagonist. But it is a problem in manifold ways to find men keen-eyed and wise as Cowley falling down before such 'Kings' as these two Charleses. I notify in gross, some of his laudation. 'When heaven bestows the best of Kings,' *i.e.* Charles I. (Vol. I. 138, st. 8). Then on His Majesty's Restoration we have the great, good, chaste, pious Charles II. (*ib.* p. 139). At p. 162, st. 12, last four lines, we have what was not meant for blasphemy, but is perilously like it: p. 163, st. 19, last lines, a fitting close to the poem, very meek and Christian-like. Then Vol. II. 243, l. 21, 'Great Charles, our earthly God': l. 61, 'Royal Charles, that Prince of Peace': p. 244, l. 168, 'the impious Cromwell,' and p. 252, l. 1060. Finally: p. 257, l. 1550, 'Thou, long corrupted manners shalt reclaim,'—spoken of Charles II.!

that he had 'intended' (and may some 'lucky find' some day bring these Letters to light), and finally Dr. Johnson on the Essays:—

'This familiar way of Verse puts me in mind of one kind of Prose, wherein Mr. Cowley was excellent; and that is his Letters to his private Friends. In these he always express'd the Native tenderness, and innocent gayety of his mind. I think, Sir, you [Clifford] and I have the greatest Collection of this sort. But I know you agree with me, that nothing of this Nature should be publish'd: And herein you have always consented to approve of the modest Judgment of our Country-men above the practice of some of our Neighbours, and chiefly of the *French*. I make no manner of question, but the *English* at this time are infinitely improv'd in this way, above the skill of former Ages, nay, of all Countries round about us, that pretend to greater Eloquence. Yet they have been always judiciously sparing, in Printing such composures, while some other Witty Nations have tyr'd all their Presses, and Readers with them. The truth is, the Letters that pass between particular Friends, if they are written as they ought to be, can scarce ever be fit to see the light. They should not consist of fulsome Compliments, or tedious Politics, or elaborate Elegancies, or general Fancies. But they should have a Native clearness and shortness, a Domestical plainness, and a peculiar kind of Familiarity; which can only affect the humour of those to whom they were intended. The very same passages, which make Writings of this Nature delightful amongst Friends, will lose all manner of taste, when they come to be read by those that are indifferent. In such Letters the Souls of Men should appear undress'd: And in that negligent habit, they may be fit to be seen by one or two in a Chamber, but not to go abroad into the Streets.

'The last Pieces that we have from his hands are Discourses by way of Essays, upon some of the gravest subjects that concern the Contentment of a Virtuous Mind. These he intended as a real Character of his own thoughts, upon the point of his Retirement. And accordingly you may observe, that in the Prose of them, there is little Curiosity of Ornament, but they are written in a lower and humbler style than the rest, and as an unfeigned Image of his Soul should be drawn without Flattery. I do not speak this to their disadvantage. For the true perfection of Wit is, to be pliable to all occasions, to walk or fly, according to the nature of every subject. And there is no doubt as much Art,

to have only plain Conceptions on some Arguments, as there is in others to have extraordinary Flights.

'To these that he has here left scarce finish'd, it was his design to have added many others.'

'He withdrew himself out of the Crowd, with Desires of enlightning, and instructing the Minds of those that remain'd in it. It was his Resolution in that Station to search into the Secrets of Divine and Human Knowledge, and to communicate what he should observe. He always profess'd, that he went out of the World, as it was Man's, into the same World as it was Nature's, and as it was God's. The whole Compass of the Creation, and all the wonderful Effects of the Divine Wisdom, were the constant Prospect of his Senses, and his Thoughts. And indeed he enter'd with great Advantage on the Studies of Nature, even as the first great Men of Antiquity did, who were generally both Poets and Philosophers. He betook himself to its Contemplation, as well furnish'd with sound Judgment, and diligent Observation, and good Method to discover its Mysteries, as with Abilities to set it forth in all its Ornaments.

'This Labour about Natural Science was the perpetual and uninterrupted Task of that obscure Part of his Life. Besides this, we had persuaded him to look back into his former Studies, and to publish a Discourse concerning Style. In this he had design'd to give an Account of the proper sorts of Writing, that were fit for all manner of Arguments, to compare the Perfections and Imperfections of the Authors of Antiquity, with those of this present Age, and to deduce all down to the particular Use of the *English* Genius, and Language. This Subject he was very fit to perform; it being most proper for him to be the Judge, who had been the best Practiser. But he scarce liv'd to draw the first Lines of it. All the Footsteps that I can find remaining of it, are only some indigested Characters of Ancient and Modern Authors. And now for the future, I almost despair ever to see it well accomplish'd, unless you, Sir, would give me leave to name the Man that should undertake it.

'But his last and principal Design, was that which ought to be the Principal to every wise Man; the establishing his Mind in the Faith he professed. He was in his Practice exactly obedient to the Use and Precepts of our Church. Nor was he inclin'd to any Uncertainty and Doubt, as abhorring all Contention in indifferent things, and much more in sacred. But he beheld the Divisions of Christendom; he saw how many Controversies had been introduc'd by Zeal or Ignorance, and continu'd by Faction. He had there-

fore an earnest Intention of taking a Review of the Original Principles of the Primitive Church; believing that every true Christian had no better means to settle his Spirit, than that which was propos'd to *Aeneas* and his Followers, to be the End of their Wandrings, *Antiquam exquirite Matrem*.

'This Examination he purpos'd should reach to our Saviour's and the Apostles' Lives, and their immediate Successors, for four or five Centuries; 'till Interest and Policy prevail'd over Devotion. He hop'd to have absolutely compassed it in three or four Years, and when that was done, there to have fix'd for ever, without any Shaking or Alteration in his Judgment. Indeed it was a great Damage to our Church, that he liv'd not to perform it. For very much of the Primitive Light might have been expected, from a Mind that was endu'd with the Primitive Meekness and Innocence. And besides, such a Work coming from one that was no Divine, might have been very useful for this Age; wherein it is one of the principal Cavils against Religion, that it is only a matter of Interest, and only supported for the Gain of a particular Profession.'

Now for Dr. Johnson on the 'Essays'—

'After so much criticism on his Poems, the Essays which accompany them must not be forgotten. What is said by Sprat of his conversation, that no man could draw from it any suspicion of his excellence in poetry, may be applied to these compositions. No author ever kept his verse and his prose at a greater distance from each other. His thoughts are natural, and his style has a smooth and placid equability, which has never yet obtained its due commendation. Nothing is far-sought, or hard-laboured; but all is easy without feebleness, and familiar without grossness.'

VII. NOTICEABLE ESTIMATES. I have already given incidental 'estimates' of foremost men. I have now mainly in my thought the general summaries of SPRAT and of DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON. These I would furnish here *in extenso*.

I. From SPRAT's Life of Cowley.

'Of his Works that are Publish'd, it is hard to give one general Character, because of the Difference of their Subjects; and the various Forms and distant Times of their Writing. Yet this is true of them all, that in all the several Shapes of his Style, there is still very much of the Likeness and Impression of the same Mind; the same unaffected Modesty, and natural Freedom, and easie Vigour, and chearful



Passions, and innocent Mirth, which appear'd in all his Manners. We have many things that he writ in two very unlike Conditions, in the University and the Court. But in his Poetry, as well as his Life, he mingled with excellent Skill what was good in both States. In his Life he join'd the Innocence and Sincerity of the Scholar, with the Humanity and good Behaviour of the Courtier. In his Poems he united the Solidity and art of the one, with the Gentility and Gracefulness of the other.

'If any shall think that he was not wonderfully curious, in the Choice and Elegance of all his Words: I will affirm with more truth on the other side, that he had no manner of Affectation in them; he took them as he found them made to his Hands; he neither went before, nor came after the Use of the Age. He forsook the Conversation, but never the Language, of the City and Court. He understood exceeding well all the Variety and Power of Poetical Numbers; and practis'd all sorts with great Happiness. If his Verses in some Places seem not as soft and flowing as some would have them, it was his Choice, not his Fault. He knew that in diverting Men's Minds, there should be the same Variety observ'd as in the Prospects of their Eyes; where a Rock, a Precipice, or a rising Wave, is often more delightful than a smooth, even Ground, or a calm Sea. Where the Matter requir'd it, he was as gentle as any Man; but where higher Virtues were chiefly to be regarded, an exact Numerosity was not then his main care. This may serve to answer those who upbraid some of his Pieces with Roughness, and with more Contractions than they are willing to allow. But these Admirers of Gentleness without Sinews, should know that different Arguments must have different Colours of Speech; that there is a kind of Variety of Sexes in Poetry, as well as in Mankind: That as the peculiar Excellence of the Feminine kind, is Smoothness and Beauty; so Strength is the chief Praise of the Masculine.

'He had a perfect Mastery in both the Languages in which he writ; But each of them kept a just Distance from the other; neither did his *Latin* make his *English* too old, nor his *English* make his *Latin* too modern. He excell'd both in Prose and Verse; and both together have that Perfection, which is commended by some of the Ancients above all others, that they are very obvious to the Conception, but most difficult in the Imitation.

'His Fancy flow'd with great Speed, and therefore it was very fortunate to him, that his Judgement was equal to manage it. He never runs his Reader nor his Argument out of Breath. He perfectly practises the hardest Secret of good Writing, to know when

he has done enough. He always leaves off in such a manner, that it appears it was in his Power, to have said much more. In the particular Expressions there is still much to be applauded, but more in the Disposition and Order of the whole. From thence there springs a new Comeliness, besides the feature of each Part. His invention is powerful, and large as can be desir'd. But it seems all to arise out of the Nature of the Subject, and to be just fitted for the thing of which he speaks. If ever he goes far for it, he dissembles his Pains admirably well.

'The Variety of Arguments that he has manag'd is so large, that there is scarce any Particular of all the Passions of Men, or Works of Nature, and Providence, which he has pass'd by undescrib'd. Yet he still observes the Rules of Decency with so much Care, that whether he inflames his Reader with the softer Affections, or delights him with inoffensive Raillery, or teaches the familiar Manners of Life, or adorns the Discoveries of Philosophy, or inspires him with the Heroick Characters of Charity and Religion: To all these Matters that are so wide asunder, he still proportions a due Figure of Speech, and a proper Measure of Wit. This indeed is most remarkable, that a Man who was so constant and fix'd in the Moral Ideas of his Mind, should yet be so changeable in his Intellectual, and in both to the highest Degree of Excellence.'

#### Further, on the MAN—

'I might, Sir, have made a longer Discourse of his Writings, but that I think it fit to direct my Speech concerning him, by the same Rule by which he was wont to judge of others. In his Esteem of other Men, he constantly prefer'd the good Temper of their Minds, and Honesty of their Actions, above all the Excellencies of their Eloquence or Knowledge. The same course I will take in his Praise, which chiefly ought to be fix'd on his Life. For that he deserves more Applause from the most virtuous Men, than for his other Abilities he ever obtain'd from the Learned.

'He had indeed a perfect natural Goodness, which neither the Uncertainties of his Condition, nor the Largeness of his Wit could pervert. He had a Firmness and Strength of Mind, that was of proof against the Art of Poetry it self. Nothing vain or fantastical, nothing flattering or insolent appear'd in his Humour. He had a great Integrity and Plainness of Manners; which he preserv'd to the last, tho' much of his Time was spent in a Nation, and way of Life, that is not very famous for Sincerity. But the Truth of his Heart was above the Corruption of ill Examples: And therefore the Sight of them rather confirm'd him in the contrary Virtues.

'There was nothing affected or singular in his Habit, or Person, or Gesture. He understood the Forms of good Breeding enough to practise them without burdening himself, or others. He never oppress'd any Man's Parts, nor ever put any Man out of Countenance. He never had any Emulation for Fame, or Contention for Profit with any Man. When he was in Business he suffer'd others' Importunities with much Easiness: When he was out of it he was never importunate himself. His Modesty and Humility were so great, that if he had not had many other equal Virtues, they might have been thought Dissimulation.

'His Conversation was certainly of the most excellent kind; for it was such as was rather admir'd by his familiar Friends, than by strangers at first sight. He surpris'd no Man at first with any extraordinary Appearance: He never thrust himself violently into the good Opinion of his Company. He was content to be known by leisure and by degrees; and so the Esteem that was conceiv'd of him, was better grounded, and more lasting.

'In his Speech, neither the Pleasantness excluded Gravity, nor was the Sobriety of it inconsistent with Delight. No Man parted willingly from his Discourse; for he so order'd it, that every Man was satisfy'd that he had his Share. He govern'd his Passions with great Moderation. His Virtues were never troublesome or uneasy to any. Whatever he dislike'd in others, he only corrected it, by the silent Reproof of a better Practice.

'His Wit was so temper'd, that no Man had ever Reason to wish it had been less: He prevented other Men's severity upon it by his own: He never willingly recited any of his Writings. None but his intimate Friends ever discover'd he was a great Poet, by his Discourse. His Learning was large and profound, well compos'd of all Ancient and Modern Knowledge. But it sat exceeding close and handsomely upon him: It was not imboss'd on his Mind, but enamell'd.

'He never guided his Life by the Whispers, or Opinions of the World. Yet he had a great Reverence for a good Reputation. He hearken'd to Fame when it was a just Censurer: But not when any extravagant Babler. He was a passionate Lover of Liberty, and Freedom from Restraint both in Actions and Words. But what Honesty others receive from the Direction of Laws, he had by native Inclination: And he was not beholding to other Men's Wills, but to his own for his Innocence.

'He perform'd all his Natural and Civil Duties, with admirable Tenderness. Having been Born after his Father's Death, and bred up under the Discipline

of his Mother, he gratefully acknowledg'd her Care of his Education, to her Death, which was in the Eightieth Year of her Age. For his three Brothers he always maintain'd a constant Affection. And having surviv'd the two first, he made the third his Heir. In his long Dependance on my Lord St. Albans, there never happen'd any manner of Difference between them; except a little at last, because he would leave his Service; which only shew'd the Innocence of the Servant, and the Kindness of the Master. His Friendships were inviolable. The same Men with whom he was familiar in his Youth, were his nearest Acquaintance at the Day of his Death. If the private Course of his last Years made him contract his Conversation to a few, yet he only withdrew, not broke off from any of the others.

'His Thoughts were never above nor below his Condition. He never wish'd his Estate much larger. Yet he enjoy'd what he had with all innocent Freedom, he never made his present Life uncomfortable, by undue Expectations of future things. Whatever Disappointments he met with, they only made him understand Fortune better, not repine at her the more: His Muse indeed once complain'd, but never his Mind. He was accomplish'd with all manner of Abilities, for the greatest Business: If he would but have thought so himself.

'If any thing ought to have chang'd his Temper, and Disposition: It was his earnest Affection for Obscurity and Retirement. This, Sir, give me leave to condemn, even to you, who I know agreed with him in the same Humour. I acknowledge he chose that State of Life, not out of any Poetical Rapture, but upon a steady and sober Experience of Human Things. But, however, I cannot applaud it in him. It is certainly a great Disparagement to Virtue, and Learning it self, that those very things which only make Men useful in the World, should encline them to leave it. This ought never to be allow'd to good Men, unless the bad had the same Moderation, and were willing to follow them into the Wilderness. But if the one shall contend to get out of Employment, while the other strive to get into it, the Affairs of Mankind are like to be in so ill a Posture, that even the good Men themselves will hardly be able to enjoy their very Retreats in Security.

'Yet, I confess, if any deserv'd to have this Privilege, it ought to have been granted to him, as soon as any Man living, upon Consideration of the Manner in which he spent the Liberty that he got.'

Finally—

'This, Sir, is the Account that I thought fit to present the World concerning him. Perhaps it may

be judg'd, that I have spent too many words on a private Man, and a Scholar; whose Life was not remarkable for such a Variety of Events, as are wont to be the Ornaments of this kind of Relations. I know it is the Custom of the World to prefer the pompous Histories of great Men, before the greatest Virtues of others, whose Lives have been led in a Course less Illustrious. This indeed is the general Humour, But I believe it to be an Error in Men's Judgments. For certainly that is a more profitable Instruction, which may be taken from the eminent Goodness of Men of lower Rank, than that which we learn from the splendid Representations of the Battels, and Victories, and Buildings, and Sayings of great Commanders and Princes. Such specious Matters, as they are seldom deliver'd with Fidelity, so they serve but for the Imitation of a very few, and rather make for the Ostentation than the true Information of human Life. Whereas it is from the Practice of Men equal to our selves, that we are more naturally taught how to command our Passions, to direct our Knowledge, and to govern our Actions.

'For this Reason I have some Hope, that a Character of Mr. Cowley may be of Good Advantage to our Nation. For what he wanted in Titles of Honour, and the Gifts of Fortune, was plentifully supply'd by many other Excellencies, which make perhaps less Noise, but are more beneficial for example. This, Sir, was the principal End of this long Discourse. Besides this, I had another Design in it, that only concerns our selves; that having this Picture of his Life set before us, we may still keep him alive in our Memories, and by this means have some small Reparation, for our inexpressible Loss by his Death.'

Next comes Dr. Johnson's famous dissertation. *In limine*, I cannot accept the great Moralist's classification of Cowley among the (so-called) 'metaphysical poets,' so very slender is the extent of 'metaphysic' in his poetry. I believe that the Sage having elected to 'orate' (as the Americans put it) on 'metaphysical poetry,' hung his already-prepared paper on Cowley. Still the essay is matterful and suggestive, and having taken a place historically in our critical-biographical literature, cannot possibly be withheld.

## II. From Dr. Johnson's 'Lives' of the Poets.

'Cowley, like other poets who have written with narrow views, and, instead of tracing intellectual

pleasures in the mind of man, paid their court to temporary prejudices, has been at one time too much praised, and too much neglected at another.

'Wit, like all other things subject by their nature to the choice of man, has its changes and fashions, and at different times takes different forms. About the beginning of the seventeenth century appeared a race of writers that may be termed the *metaphysical poets*,<sup>1</sup> of whom, in a criticism on the works of Cowley, it is not improper to give some account.

'The metaphysical poets were men of learning, and to show their learning was their whole endeavour; but, unluckily resolving to show it in rhyme, instead of writing poetry they only wrote verses, and very often such verses as stood the trial of the finger better than of the ear; for the modulation was so imperfect, that they were only found to be verses by counting the syllables.

'If the father of criticism has rightly denominated poetry *τέχνη μιμητική*, an *imitative art*, these writers will, without great wrong, lose their right to the name of poets, for they cannot be said to have imitated anything; they neither copied nature for life, neither painted the forms of matter, nor represented the operations of intellect.

'Those, however, who deny them to be poets, allow them to be wits. Dryden confesses of himself and his contemporaries, that they fall below Donne and his contemporaries, that they fall below Donne in wit, but maintains that they surpass him in poetry.<sup>2</sup>

'If wit be well described by Pope,<sup>3</sup> as being "that which has been often thought, but was never before so well expressed," they certainly never attained, nor ever sought it; for they endeavoured to be singular in their thoughts, and were careless of their diction. But Pope's account of wit is undoubtedly erroneous:

<sup>1</sup> The designation is not fortunate; but so much respect is due to Johnson that it would be unbecoming to substitute, even if it were easy to propose, one which might be unexceptionable.—SOUTHEY: *Life of Cowper*, ii. 127.

But Johnson follows his favourite Dryden:—Donne affects the metaphysics not only in his Satires, but in his amorous verses, where Nature only should reign.—DRYDEN: *Dedication of Juvenal*, 1693.

Pope adopted the expression, when, in speaking to Spence of Cowley, he observed, 'He as well as Davenant borrowed his metaphysical style from Donne.'—*Spence by Singer*, p. 173.

The metaphysical school, which marred a good poet in Cowley, and found its proper direction in Butler, expired in Norris of Bemerton.—SOUTHEY: *Quar. Rev.* xii. 82.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Donne, the greatest wit, though not the best poet, of our nation.—DRYDEN: *Dedication of Elomora*, 1692.

Would not Donne's Satires, which abound with so much wit, appear more charming if he had taken care of his words and of his numbers? . . . I may safely say it of this present age, that if we are not so great wits as Donne, yet certainly we are better poets.—DRYDEN: *Dedication of Juvenal*, 1693.

<sup>3</sup> *Essay on Criticism*.

he depresses it below its natural dignity, and reduces it from strength of thought to happiness of language.

'If by a more noble and more adequate conception that be considered as wit which is at once natural and new, that which, though not obvious, is, upon its first production, acknowledged to be just; if it be that which he that never found it wonders how he missed, to wit of this kind the metaphysical poets have seldom risen. Their thoughts are often new, but seldom natural; they are not obvious, but neither are they just; and the reader, far from wondering that he missed them, wonders more frequently by what pre-averseness of industry they were ever found.

'But wit, abstracted from its effects upon the hearer, may be more rigorously and philosophically considered as a kind of *discordia concors*; a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike. Of wit, thus defined, they have more than enough. The most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together; nature and art are ransacked for illustrations, comparisons, and allusions; their learning instructs, and their subtlety surprises; but the reader commonly thinks his improvement dearly bought, and, though he sometimes admires, is seldom pleased.

'From this account of their compositions it will be readily inferred, that they were not successful in representing or moving the affections. As they were wholly employed on something unexpected and surprising, they had no regard to that uniformity of sentiment which enables us to conceive and to excite the pains and the pleasure of other minds: they never inquired what, on any occasion, they should have said or done; but wrote rather as beholders than partakers of human nature; as beings looking upon good and evil, impassive and at leisure; as Epicurean deities making remarks on the actions of men, and the vicissitudes of life, without interest and without emotion. Their courtship was void of fondness, and their lamentation of sorrow. Their wish was only to say what they hoped had been never said before.

'Nor was the sublime more within their reach than the pathetic; for they never attempted that comprehension and expanse of thought which at once fills the whole mind, and of which the first effect is sudden astonishment, and the second rational admiration. Sublimity is produced by aggregation, and littleness by dispersion. Great thoughts are always general, and consist in positions not limited by exceptions, and in descriptions not descending to minuteness. It is with great propriety that subtlety, which in its original import means exility of particles, is taken in its metaphorical meaning for nicety of distinction. Those writers who lay on the watch for novelty could

have little hope of greatness; for great things cannot have escaped former observation. Their attempts were always analytic; they broke every image into fragments; and could no more represent, by their slender conceits and laboured particularities, the prospects of nature, or the scenes of life, than he, who dissects a sun-beam with a prism, can exhibit the wide effulgence of a summer noon.

'What they wanted however of the sublime, they endeavoured to supply by hyperbole; their amplification had no limits; they left not only reason but fancy behind them; and produced combinations of confused magnificence, that not only could not be credited, but could not be imagined.

'Yet great labour, directed by great abilities, is never wholly lost: if they frequently threw away their wit upon false conceits, they likewise sometimes struck out unexpected truth: if their conceits were far-fetched, they were often worth the carriage. To write on their plan, it was at least necessary to read and think. No man could be born a metaphysical poet, nor assume the dignity of a writer, by descriptions copied from descriptions, by imitations borrowed from imitations, by traditional imagery, and hereditary similes, by readiness of rhyme, and volubility of syllables.

'In perusing the works of this race of authors, the mind is exercised either by recollection or inquiry; either something already learned is to be retrieved, or something new is to be examined. If their greatness seldom elevates, their acuteness often surprises; if the imagination is not always gratified, at least the powers of reflection and comparison are employed; and in the mass of materials which ingenious absurdity has thrown together, genuine wit and useful knowledge may be sometimes found, buried perhaps in grossness of expression, but useful to those who know their value; and such as, when they are expanded to perspicuity, and polished to elegance, may give lustre to works which have more propriety though less copiousness of sentiment.

'This kind of writing, which was, I believe, borrowed from Marino and his followers, had been recommended by the example of Donne, a man of a very extensive and various knowledge; and by Jonson, whose manner resembled that of Donne more in the ruggedness of his lines than in the cast of his sentiments.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cunningham adds here the following most uncharacteristically stupid criticism by Southey—

'Nothing, indeed, could have made Donne a poet, unless as great a change had been worked in the internal structure of his ears as was wrought in elongating those of Midas.—SOUTHEY: *Specimens of the Later English Poets, 1807*, vol. i. p. xxiv.' To counteract this nonsense see edn. of Donne's Poems in *Fuller Worthies' Library*, especially our Essay.

'When their reputation was high, they had undoubtedly more imitators, than time has left behind. Their immediate successors, of whom any remembrance can be said to remain, were Suckling, Waller, Denham, Cowley, Cleveland, and Milton.<sup>1</sup> Denham and Waller sought another way to fame, by improving the harmony of our numbers. Milton tried the metaphysic style only in his lines upon Hobson the Carrier. Cowley adopted it, and excelled his predecessors, having as much sentiment, and more music. Suckling neither improved versification, nor abounded in conceits. The fashionable style remained chiefly with Cowley; Suckling could not reach it, and Milton disdained it.

'Critical remarks are not easily understood without examples; and I have therefore collected instances of the modes of writing by which this species of poets, for poets they were called by themselves and their admirers, was eminently distinguished.

'As the authors of this race were perhaps more desirous of being admired than understood, they sometimes drew their conceits from recesses of learning not very much frequented by common readers of poetry. Thus Cowley on *Knowledge* :—

"The sacred tree midst the fair orchard grew;  
The phoenix Truth did on it rest,  
And built his perfum'd nest,  
That right Porphyrian tree which did true logic show.  
Each leaf did learned notions give,  
And th' apples were demonstrative:  
So clear their colour and divine,  
The very shade they cast did other lights outshine."

'On Anacreon continuing a lover in his old age :—

"Love was with thy life entwin'd,  
Close as heat with fire is join'd,  
A powerful brand prescrib'd the date  
Of thine, like Meleager's fate,  
Th' antiperistasis of age  
More inflam'd thy amorous rage."

*Elegy upon Anacreon.*

'In the following verses we have an allusion to a Rabbinical opinion concerning Manna :—

"Variety I ask not : give me one  
To live perpetually upon.  
The person Love does to us fit,  
Like manna, has the taste of all in it."

'Thus Donne shows his medicinal knowledge in some encomiastic verses :—

"In every thing there naturally grows  
A balsamum to keep it fresh and new,

If 't were not injur'd by extrinsick blows;  
Your birth and beauty are this balm in you.  
But you, of learning and religion,  
And virtue, and such ingredients, have made  
A mithridate, whose operation  
Keeps off, or cures what can be done or said."

DONNE : *To the Countess of Bedford.*

'Though the following lines of Donne, on the last night of the year, have something in them too scholastic, they are not inelegant :—

"This twilight of two years, not past nor next,  
Some emblem is of me, or I of this,  
Who, meteor-like, of stuff and form perplex,  
Whose what and where in disputation is,  
If I should call me anything, should miss.  
I sum the years and me, and find me not  
Debtor to th' old, nor creditor to th' new;  
That cannot say, my thanks I have forgot,  
Nor trust I this with hopes; and yet scarce true  
This bravery is, since these times show'd me you."

DONNE : *To the Countess of Bedford.*

'Yet more abstruse and profound is Donne's reflection upon man as a microcosm :—

"If men be worlds, there is in every one  
Something to answer in some proportion  
All the world's riches : and in good men, this  
Virtue, our form's form, and our soul's soul is."

'Of thoughts so far fetched, as to be not only unexpected but unnatural, all their books are full.

*To a Lady, who made verses for rings.*

"They, who above do various circles find,  
Say, like a ring th' equator heaven does bind.  
When heaven shall be adorn'd by thee,  
(Which then more heaven than 'tis, will be,)  
'Tis thou must write the poesy there,  
For it wanteth one as yet,  
Though the sun pass through 't twice a year,  
The sun, who is esteem'd the god of wit."

COWLEY.

'The difficulties which have been raised about identity in philosophy, are by Cowley with still more perplexity applied to love :—

"Five years ago (says story) I lov'd you,  
For which you call me most inconstant now :  
Pardon me, madam, you mistake the man;  
For I am not the same that I was then;  
No flesh is now the same 'twas then in me,  
And that my mind is chang'd yourself may see.  
The same thoughts to retain still, and intents,  
Were more inconstant far : for accidents  
Must of all things most strangely inconstant prove,  
If from one subject they 't another move :

<sup>1</sup> Crashaw and Herbert surely should have found a place in such an enumeration of names.

My members then, the father members were  
From whence these take their birth, which now are  
here.  
If then this body love what th' other did,  
'Twere incest, which by nature is forbid."

*Inconstancy.*

'The love of different women is, in geographical  
poetry, compared to travels through different coun-  
tries :—

"Hast thou not found each woman's breast  
(The land where thou hast travelled)  
Either by savages posset,  
Or wild, and uninhabited?  
What joy could'st take, or what repose,  
In countries so uncivilis'd as those?

Lust, the scorching dog-star, here  
Rages with immoderate heat ;  
Whilst Pride, the rugged Northern Bear,  
In others makes the cold too great.  
And where these are temperate known,  
The soil's all barren sand, or rocky stone."

*COWLEY : The Welcome.*

'A lover, burnt up by his affection, is compared  
to Egypt :—

"The fate of Egypt I sustain,  
And never feel the dew of rain  
From clouds which in the head appear ;  
But all my too much moisture owe  
To overflowings of the heart below."

*COWLEY : Sleep.*

'The lover supposes his lady acquainted with the  
ancient laws of augury and rites of sacrifice :—

"And yet this death of mine, I fear,  
Will ominous to her appear :  
When, sound in every other part,  
Her sacrifice is found without an heart.  
For the last tempest of my death  
Shall sigh out that too, with my breath."

*COWLEY : The Concealment.*

'That the chaos was harmonised, has been recited  
of old ; but whence the different sounds arose re-  
mained for a modern to discover :—

"Th' ungovern'd parts no correspondence knew ;  
An artless war from thwarting motions grew ;  
Till they to number and fixt rules were brought.  
Water and air be for the tenor chose ;  
Earth made the base ; the treble, flame arose."

*COWLEY.*

'The tears of lovers are always of great poetical  
account ; but Donne has extended them into worlds.  
If the lines are not easily understood, they may be  
read again :—

"On a round ball  
A workman, that hath copies by, can lay  
An Europe, Afric, and an Asia,  
And quickly make that, which was nothing, All.  
So doth each tear,  
Which thee doth wear,  
A globe, yea would, by that impression grow,  
Till thy tears mixt with mine do overflow  
This world, by waters sent from thee my heaven  
dissolved so."

*A Valediction of Weeping.*

'On reading the following lines, the reader may  
perhaps cry out—*Confusion worse confounded* :—

"Here lies a she sun, and a he moon there,  
She gives the best light to his sphere,  
Or each is both, and all, and so,  
They unto one another nothing owe."

*DONNE : Epithalamion on the Count Palatine, &c.*

'Who but Donne would have thought that a good  
man is a telescope :—

"Though God be our true glass through which we see  
All, since the being of all things is he,  
Yet are the trucks, which do to us derive  
Things in proportion fit, by perspective  
Deeds of good men ; for by their living here,  
Virtues, indeed remote, seem to be near."

'Who would imagine it possible that in a very few  
lines so many remote ideas could be brought to-  
gether?

"Since 'tis my doom, Love's undershrieve,  
Why this reprieve?

Why doth my she adwoson fly  
Incumbency?

To sell thyself dost thou intend  
By candle's end,

And hold the contract thus in doubt,  
Life's taper out?

Think but how soon the market fails,  
Your sex lives faster than the males ;  
And if to measure age's span,

The sober Julian were th' account of man,  
Whilst you live by the fleet Gregorian."

*CLEVELAND : To Julia to expedite her Promise.*

'Of enormous and disgusting hyperboles, these  
may be examples :—

"By every wind that comes this way,  
Send me at least a sigh or two,  
Such and so many I'll repay  
As shall themselves make winds to get to you."

*COWLEY.*

"In tears I'll waste these eyes,  
By Love so vainly fed ;  
So lust of old the Deluge punished."

*COWLEY.*

" All arm'd in brass, the richest dress of war,  
(A dismal glorious sight,) he shone afar.  
The sun himself started with sudden fright,  
To see his beams return so dismal bright."

COWLEY.

' An universal consternation :—

" His bloody eyes he huris round, his sharp paws  
Tear up the ground ; then runs he wild about,  
Lashing his angry tail and roaring out.  
Beasts creep into their dens, and tremble there :  
Trees, though no wind is stirring, shake with fear ;  
Silence and horror fill the place around ;  
Echo itself dares scarce repeat the sound."

COWLEY.

' Their fictions were often violent and unnatural.

*Of his Mistress bathing.*

" The fish around her crowded, as they do  
To the false light that treacherous fishes show,  
And all with as much ease might taken be,  
As she at first took me :  
For ne'er did light so clear  
Among the waves appear,  
Though every night the sun himself set there."

COWLEY.

' The poetical effect of a lover's name upon glass :—

" My name engrav'd herein  
Doth contribute my firmness to this glass ;  
Which, ever since that charm, hath been  
As hard as that which grav'd it was."

DONNE : *A Valediction of my Name  
in the Window.*

' Their conceits were sentiments slight and trifling.

*On an inconstant Woman.*

" He enjoys thy calmy sunshine now,  
And no breath stirring hears,  
In the clear heaven of thy brow  
No smallest cloud appears.  
He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,  
And trusts the faithless April of thy May."

COWLEY : *in imitation of Horace.*

' Upon a paper written with the juice of lemon,  
and read by the fire :—

" So, nothing yet in thee is seen,  
But when a genial heat warms thee within,  
A new-born wood of various lines there grows ;  
Here buds an A, and there a B,  
Here sprouts a V, and there a T,  
And all the flourishing letters stand in rows."

COWLEY.

' As they sought only for novelty, they did not  
much inquire whether their allusions were to things

high or low, elegant or gross ; whether they compared  
the little to the great, or the great to the little.

*Physic and Chirurgery for a Lover.*

" Gently, ah gently, madam, touch  
The wound which you yourself have made ;  
That pain must needs be very much,  
Which makes me of your hand afraid.  
Cordials of pity give me now,  
For I too weak for purgings grow."

COWLEY : *Counsel.*

*The World and a Clock.*

" Mahol, th' inferior world's fantastic face  
Thro' all the turns of matter's maze did trace ;  
Great Nature's well-set clock in pieces took ;  
On all the springs and smallest wheels did look  
Of life and motion, and with equal art  
Made up again the whole of every part."

COWLEY : *Davidis, Book I.*

' A coal-pit has not often found its poet ; but that  
it may not want its due honour, Cleveland has paral-  
leled it with the sun :—

" The moderate value of our guiltless ore  
Makes no man atheist, nor no woman whore ;  
Yet why should hallow'd vestal's sacred shine  
Deserve more honour than a flaming mine?  
These pregnant wombs of heat would fitter be,  
Than a few embers, for a delty.  
Had he our pits, the Persian would admire  
No sun, but warm's devotion at our fire :  
He'd leave the trotting whipster, and prefer  
Our profound Vulcan 'bove that waggoner.  
For wants he heat, or light ? or would have store,  
Of both ? 'tis here : and what can suns give more ?  
Nay, what's the sun but, in a different name,  
A coal-pit rampant, or a mine on flame ?  
Then let this truth reciprocally run,  
The sun's heaven's coalery, and coals our sun."

CLEVELAND : *News from Newcastle.*

*Death, a Voyage.*

" No family  
E'er rigg'd a soul for heaven's discovery,  
With whom more venturers might boldly dare  
Venture their stakes, with him in joy to share."

DONNE.

' Their thoughts and expressions were sometimes  
grossly absurd, and such as no figures or licence can  
reconcile to the understanding.

*A Lover neither dead nor alive.*

" Then down I laid my head,  
Down on cold earth ; and for a while was dead,  
And my freed soul to a strange somewhere fled ;  
' Ah, sottish soul,' said I,  
When back to its cage again I saw it fly ;

'Fool to resume her broken chain,  
And row her galley here again !  
Fool to that body to return  
Where it condemn'd and destin'd is to burn !  
Once dead, how can it be,  
Death should a thing so pleasant seem to thee,  
That thou should'st come to live it o'er again in  
me?"

COWLEY : *The Despair.*

*A Lover's heart, a hand grenado.*

'Wo to her stubborn heart, if once mine come  
Into the self-same room,  
'Twill tear and blow up all within,  
Like a grenado shot into a magazine.  
Then shall Love keep the ashes, and torn parts,  
Of both our broken hearts :  
Shall out of both one new one make ;  
From her 's th' alloy ; from mine, the metal take."

COWLEY : *The Given Heart.*

'The poetical propagation of light :—

"The prince's favour is diffus'd o'er all,  
From which all fortunes, names, and natures fall ;  
Then from those wombs of stars, the bride's bright  
eyes,

At every glance a constellation flies  
And sows the court with stars, and doth prevent  
In light and power, the all-ey'd firmament :  
First her eye kindles other ladies' eyes,  
Then from their beams their jewels lustrous rise ;  
And from their jewels torches do take fire,  
And all is warmth, and light, and good desire."

DONNE.

'They were in very little care to clothe their  
notions with elegance of dress, and therefore miss  
the notice and the praise which are often gained by  
those who think less, but are more diligent to adorn  
their thoughts.

'That a mistress beloved is fairer in idea than in  
reality, is by Cowley thus expressed :—

"Thou in my fancy dost much higher stand  
Than woman can be plac'd by Nature's hand ;  
And I must needs, I'm sure, a loser be,  
To change thee, as thou 'rt there, for very thee."

COWLEY : *Against Fruition.*

'That prayer and labour should co-operate, are  
thus taught by Donne :—

"In none but us are such mixt engines found,  
As hands of double office ; for the ground  
We till with them ; and them to heaven we raise :  
Who prayerless labours, or, without this, prays,  
Doth but one half, that's none."

'By the same author, a common topic, the danger  
of procrastination, is thus illustrated :—

"—— That which I should have begun  
In my youth's morning, now late must be done ;  
And I, as giddy travellers must do,  
Which stray or sleep all day, and having lost  
Light and strength, dark and tir'd, must then ride  
post."

DONNE : *To M. B. B.*

'All that man has to do is to live and die : the  
sum of humanity is comprehended by Donne in the  
following lines :—

"Think in how poor a prison thou didst lie ;  
After enabled but to suck and cry.  
Think, when 'twas grown to most, 'twas a poor inn,  
A province pack'd up in two yards of skin,  
And that usurp'd, or threaten'd with a rage  
Of sicknesses, or their true mother, age.  
But think that death hath now enfranchis'd thee ;  
Thou hast thy expansion now, and liberty ;  
Think, that a rusty piece discharg'd is flown  
In pieces, and the bullet is his own,  
And freely flies : this to thy soul allow,  
Think thy shell broke, think thy soul hatch'd but now."

DONNE : *The Progress of the Soul.*

'They were sometimes indelicate and disgusting.  
Cowley thus apostrophises beauty :—

"—— Thou tyrant, which leav'st no man free !  
Thou subtle thief, from whom nought safe can be !  
Thou murderer, which hast kill'd, and devil, which  
would'st damn me !"

COWLEY : *Beauty.*

'Thus he addresses his mistress :—

"Thou who, in many a propriety,  
So truly art the sun to me,  
Add one more likeness, which I'm sure you can,  
And let me and my sun beget a man."

COWLEY : *The Parting.*

'Thus he represents the meditations of a lover :—

"Though in thy thoughts scarce any tracts have  
been  
So much as of original sin,  
Such charms thy beauty wears as might  
Desires in dying confest saints excite.  
Thou with strange adultery  
Dost in each breast a brothel keep ;  
Awake, all men do lust for thee,  
And some enjoy thee when they sleep."

COWLEY.

*The true Taste of Tears.*

"Hither with crystal vials, lovers, come,  
And take my tears, which are love's wine,  
And try your mistress' tears at home ;  
For all are false, that taste not just like mine."

DONNE : *Twickenham Garden.*



‘This is yet more indelicate :—

“As the sweet sweat of roses in a still,  
As that which from chaf’d musk-cat’s pores doth  
trill,  
As the almighty balm of the early East ;  
Such are the sweat drops of my mistress’ breast,  
And on her neck her skin such lustre sets,  
They seem no sweat drops, but pearl coronets :  
Rank, sweaty froth thy mistress’ brow defiles.”

DONNE : *Elegia VIII.*

‘Their expressions sometimes raise horror, when they intend perhaps to be pathetic :—

“As men in hell are from diseases free,  
So from all other ills am I,  
Free from their known formality :  
But all pains eminently lie in thee.”

COWLEY : *The Usurpation.*

‘They were not always strictly curious, whether the opinions from which they drew their illustrations were true ; it was enough that they were popular. Bacon remarks, that some falsehoods are continued by tradition, because they supply commodious allusions :—

“It gave a piteous groan, and so it broke :  
In vain it something would have spoke :  
The love within too strong for ’t was,  
Like poison put into a Venice-glass.”

COWLEY : *The Heartbreaking.*

‘In forming descriptions, they looked out, not for images, but for conceits. Night has been a common subject, which poets have contended to adorn. Dryden’s “Night” is well known ; Donne’s is as follows :—

“Thou seest me here at midnight, now all rest :  
Time’s dead low-water ; when all minds divest  
To-morrow’s business, when the labourers have  
Such rest in bed, that their last church-yard grave,  
Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this.  
Now when the client, whose last hearing is  
To-morrow, sleeps ; when the condemned man,  
Who, when he opes his eyes, must shut them then  
Again by death, although sad watch he keep,  
Doth practise dying by a little sleep,  
Thou at this midnight seest me.”

‘It must be however confessed of these writers, that if they are upon common subjects often unnecessarily and unpoetically subtle ; yet where scholastic speculation can be properly admitted, their copiousness and acuteness may justly be admired. What Cowley has written upon Hope shows an unequalled fertility of invention :—

“Hope, whose weak being ruin’d is,  
Alike if it succeed, and if it miss ;

Whom good or ill does equally confound,  
And both the horns of Fate’s dilemma wound ;  
Vain shadow ! which dost vanquish quite,  
Both at full noon and perfect night !  
The stars have not a possibility  
Of blessing thee ;  
If things then from their end we happy call,  
’Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.  
Hope, thou bold taster of delight,  
Who, whilst thou should’st but taste, devour’st it quite !  
Thou bring’st us an estate, yet leav’st us poor,  
By clogging it with legacies before !  
The joys which we entire should wed,  
Come deflower’d virgins to our bed ;  
Good fortunes without gain importéd be,  
Such mighty custom’s paid to thee :  
For joy, like wine kept close, does better taste ;  
If it take air before its spirits waste.”

COWLEY : *Against Hope.*

‘To the following comparison of a man that travels, and his wife that stays at home, with a pair of compasses, it may be doubted whether absurdity or ingenuity has the better claim :—

“Our two souls therefore, which are one,  
Though I must go, endure not yet  
A breach, but an expansion,  
Like gold to airy thinness beat.  
If they be two, they are two so  
As stiff twin-compasses are two ;  
Thy soul the fixt foot, makes no show  
To move, but doth, if th’ other do.  
And though it in the centre sit,  
Yet, when the other far doth roam,  
It leans, and hearkens after it,  
And grows erect, as that comes home.  
Such wilt thou be to me, who must  
Like th’ other foot obliquely run.  
Thy firmness makes my circle just,  
And makes me end, where I begun.”

DONNE : *A Valediction forbidding Mourning.*

‘In all these examples it is apparent, that whatever is improper or vicious is produced by a voluntary deviation from nature in pursuit of something new and strange ; and that the writers fail to give delight, by their desire of exciting admiration’ (as before, pp. 18-34).

‘In the general review of Cowley’s poetry it will be found, that he wrote with abundant fertility, but negligent or unskilful selection ; with much thought ; but with little imagery ; that he is never pathetic, and rarely sublime, but always either ingenious or learned, either acute or profound.

‘It is said by Denham in his elegy,

“To him no Author was unknown ;  
Yet what he wrote was all his own.”

This wide position requires less limitation, when it is affirmed of Cowley, than perhaps of any other poet: He read much, and yet borrowed little.

'His character of writing was indeed not his own: he unhappily adopted that which was predominant. He saw a certain way to present praise; and not sufficiently inquiring by what means the ancients have continued to delight through all the changes of human manners, he contented himself with a deciduous laurel, of which the verdure in its spring was bright and gay, but which time has been continually stealing from his brows.

'He was in his own time considered as of unrivalled excellence. Clarendon represents him as having taken "a flight" beyond all that went before him; and Milton is said to have declared, that the three greatest English poets were Spenser, Shakespeare, and Cowley.

'His manner he had in common with others; but his sentiments were his own. Upon every subject he thought for himself; and such was his copiousness of knowledge, that something at once remote and applicable rushed into his mind; yet it is not likely that he always rejected a commodious idea merely because another had used it: his known wealth was so great, that he might have borrowed without loss of credit' (as before, pp. 52-53).

'His diction was in his own time censured as negligent. He seems not to have known, or not to have considered that words being arbitrary must owe their power to association, and have the influence, and that only, which custom has given them. Language is the dress of thought: and as the noblest mien, or most graceful action, would be degraded and obscured by a garb appropriated to the gross employments of rustics or mechanics; so the most heroic sentiments will lose their efficacy, and the most splendid ideas drop their magnificence, if they are conveyed by words used commonly upon low and trivial occasions, debased by vulgar mouths, and contaminated by inelegant applications.

'Truth indeed is always truth, and reason is always reason; they have an intrinsic and unalterable value, and constitute that intellectual gold which defies destruction; but gold may be so concealed in baser matter, that only a chemist can recover it; sense may be so hidden in unrefined and plebeian words, that none but philosophers can distinguish it; and both may be so buried in impurities, as not to pay the cost of their extraction.

'The diction, being the vehicle of the thoughts, first presents itself to the intellectual eye; and if the

first appearance offends, a further knowledge is not often sought. Whatever professes to benefit by pleasing, must please at once. The pleasures of the mind imply something sudden and unexpected; that which elevates must always surprise. What is perceived by slow degrees may gratify us with consciousness of improvement, but will never strike with the sense of pleasure.

'Of all this, Cowley appears to have been without knowledge, or without care. He makes no selection of words, nor seeks any neatness of phrase: he has no elegance either lucky or elaborate; as his endeavours were rather to impress sentences upon the understanding than images on the fancy, he has few epithets, and those scattered without peculiar propriety of nice adaptation. It seems to follow from the necessity of the subject, rather than the care of the writer, that the diction of his heroic poem is less familiar than that of his slightest writings. He has given not the same numbers, but the same diction, to the gentle Anacreon and the tempestuous Pindar.

'His versification seems to have had very little of his care; and if what he thinks be true, that his numbers are unmusical only when they are ill read, the art of reading them is at present lost; for they are commonly harsh to modern ears. He has indeed many noble lines, such as the feeble care of Waller never could produce. The bulk of his thoughts sometimes swelled his verse to unexpected and inevitable grandeur; but his excellence of this kind is merely fortuitous: he sinks willingly down to his general carelessness, and avoids with very little care either meanness or asperity.

'His contractions are often rugged and harsh:

"One flings a mountain, and its rivers too  
Torn up with't." *Davidis, Book III.*

'His rhymes are very often made by pronouns or particles, or the like unimportant words, which disappoint the ear, and destroy the energy of the line.

'His combinations of different measures are sometimes dissonant and displeasing; he joins verses together, of which the former does not slide easily into the latter.

'The words *do* and *did*, which so much degrade in present estimation the line that admits them, were in the time of Cowley little censured or avoided; how often he used them, and with how bad an effect, at least to our ears, will appear by a passage, in which every reader will lament to see just and noble thoughts defrauded of their praise by inelegance of language:—

"Where honour or where conscience *does* not bind,  
 No other law shall shackle me ;  
 Slave to myself I will not be ;  
 Nor shall my future actions be confin'd  
 By my own present mind.  
 Who by resolves and vows engag'd *does* stand  
 For days, that yet belong to fate,  
*Does* like an unthrift mortgage his estate,  
 Before it falls into his hand.  
 The bondman of the cloister so,  
 All that he *does* receive *does* always owe.  
 And still as Time comes in, it goes away,  
 Not to enjoy, but debts to pay !  
 Unhappy slave, and pupil to a bell !  
 Which his hour's work as well as hours *does* tell :  
 Unhappy till the last, the kind releasing knell."

COWLEY : *Ode: Of Liberty.*

'His heroic lines are often formed of mono-syllables ; but yet they are sometimes sweet and sonorous.

'He says of the Messiah :

"Round the whole earth his dreaded name shall sound,  
 - *And reach to worlds that must not yet be found."*

'In another place, of David :

"Yet bid him go securely, when he sends ;  
 'Tis Saul that is his foe, and we his friends.  
 The man who has his God, no aid can lack ;  
 And we who bid him go, will bring him back."

'Yet amidst his negligence he sometimes attempted an improved and scientific versification ; of which it will be best to give his own account subjoined to this line :

"Nor can the glory contain itself in th' endless space.'  
*Davideis*, Book I.

"I am sorry that it is necessary to admonish the most part of readers, that it is not by negligence that this verse is so loose, long, and as it were, vast ; it is to paint in the number the nature of the thing which it describes, which I would have observed in divers other places of this poem, that else will pass for very careless verses : as before :

"*And over-runs the neighbour-fields with violent course."*

"In the second book :

"*Down a precipice deep, down he casts them all.*"—

"And :

"*And fell a-down his shoulders with loose care.*"

"In the third :

"*Brass was his helmet, his boots brass, and o'er  
 His breast a thick plate of strong brass he wore.*"

"In the fourth :

"*Like some fair pine o'er-looking all th' ignobler wood.*"

"And :

"*Some from the rocks cast themselves down headlong.*"

And many more : but it is enough to instance in a few. The thing is, that the disposition of words and numbers should be such, as that, out of the order and sound of them, the things themselves may be represented. This the Greeks were not so accurate as to bind themselves to ; neither have our English poets observed it, for aught I can find. The Latins (*qui musas colunt severiores*) sometimes did it, and their prince, Virgil, always : in whom the examples are innumerable, and taken notice of by all judicious men, so that it is superfluous to collect them.

'I know not whether he has, in many of these instances, attained the representation or resemblance that he purposes. Verse can imitate only sound and motion. A *boundless* verse, a *headlong* verse, and a verse of *brass* or of *strong brass*, seem to comprise very incongruous and unsociable ideas. What there is peculiar in the sound of the line expressing *loose care*, I cannot discover ; nor why the *pine* is taller in an Alexandrine than in ten syllables.

'But not to defraud him of his due praise, he has given one example of representative versification, which perhaps no other English line can equal :

"Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise,  
 He who defers this work from day to day,  
 Does on a river's bank expecting stay  
 Till the whole stream which stopp'd him should be  
 be gone,  
*Which runs, and, as it runs, for ever will run on.*"

'Cowley was, I believe, the first poet that mingled Alexandrines at pleasure with the common heroic of ten syllables, and from him Dryden borrowed the practice, whether ornamental or licentious. He considered the verse of twelve syllables as elevated and majestic, and has therefore deviated into that measure when he supposes the voice heard of the Supreme Being.

'The Author of the "*Davideis*" is commended by Dryden for having written it in couplets, because he discovered that any staff was too lyrical for an heroic poem ; but this seems to have been known before by May and Sandys, the translators of the "*Pharsalia*" and the "*Metamorphoses*."

'In the "*Davideis*" are some hemistichs, or verses left imperfect by the author, in imitation of Virgil, whom he supposes not to have intended to complete them. That this opinion is erroneous may be probably concluded, because this truncation is

imitated by no subsequent Roman poet; because Virgil himself filled up one broken line in the heat of recitation; because in one the sense is now unfinished; and because all that can be done by a broken verse, a line intersected by a *casura*, and a full stop, will equally effect.

'Of triplets in his "Davideis" he makes no use, and perhaps did not at first think them allowable; but he appears afterwards to have changed his mind, for in the verses on the government of Cromwell he inserts them liberally with great happiness' (as before, pp. 55-59).

'It has been observed by Felton, in his Essay on the Classics, that Cowley was beloved by every Muse that he courted; and that he had rivalled the ancients in every kind of poetry but tragedy.

'It may be affirmed, without any encomiastic fervour, that he brought to his poetic labours a mind replete with learning, and that his pages are embellished with all the ornaments which books could supply; that he was the first who imparted to English numbers the enthusiasm of the greater ode, and the gaiety of the less; that he was equally qualified for sprightly sallies and for lofty flights; that he was among those who freed translation from servility, and, instead of following his author at a distance, walked by his side; and that, if he left versification yet improvable, he left likewise from time to time, such specimens of excellence as enable succeeding poets to improve it' (as before, pp. 60-61).

To those who care to see what WARTON and VICISSIMUS KNOX and BEATTIE, and even 'smaller fry,' have said for and against Cowley, I commend the 'Biographia Britannica' (1779), *s.v.*

Perhaps still more penetrative is ROBERT ARIS WILMOTT:—

'When Boswell mentioned to Johnson the saying of Shenstone [Essays on Men and Manners] that Pope had the art beyond any other writer of condensing sense, Johnson replied: "It is not true, sir; there is more sense in a line of Cowley than in a page (or a sentence, or ten lines—I [Boswell] am not quite certain of the very phrase) of Pope." He might have enlarged this criticism in his Life of Cowley: other poets may be read; he is to be studied. The multitude of his allusions cause a continual strain on the memory; and the richness of his fancy blinds the reader to the strength of his intellect; as in tropical woods the thickest trunk of the tree is hidden by the tall grass and plants, that climb up

and encircle it.' *A Journal of Summer Time in the Country*, 1849, p. 64.<sup>1</sup>

VIII. THE MAN. I made this one of the sections of my Introduction that I might thus accentuate SPRAT's loving and eloquent review of the Life, as given in full at pages cix.-cxi. I ask the Reader to return thither if he would see the wealth of esteem and more, that those who knew Cowley best, gave him. Of very few contemporaries has such affectionate and nevertheless well-weighed eulogy been left, *id est*, from a man of the calibre of Sprat.

I know not that it is needful to add much to that noble and lingeringly-told Eulogy. As man he was emphatically a WORTHY of England. Pure among the vile, patriotic among the merely courtly, noble among the venal, simple in his habits and likings among the spendthrift and foully 'gay,' and a 'fine old English gentleman.' Though given scarcely more than half his years, it will be a bad day for England when he is forgotten. I have no such fear. I know that to-day these massive tomes that enshrine on the first time worthily his Works, will pass into the 'stately homes of England' (from the Queen downward) and to select bookish and cultured readers; and they shall go down to children and children's children. I hold the man half-blockhead, half-pretender, and a pseudo-Englishman, who seeks in aught to diminish either the reverence or gratitude that must for ever be due to ABRAHAM COW-

<sup>1</sup> As Croker's Boswell shows, Swift and Gray united in opinion with Shenstone. Perhaps what differentiates the condensation of Cowley from that of Pope is that in him the thought is the main thing, while in Pope the words 'picked and packed' is so. When you ponder Cowley you discover that you have a whole horizon of thought expanded before you, with Pope only transiently will the thinking stand investigation, being meagre and as often as not mistaken. Pope's one absolute gift was that of a fiery unforgettable way of drawing a character. The pity of it is that his satire is more vital than his praise. For example the unjust, cruel, unforgivable couplet that sums up Bacon's character is known to go against a who knows his splendid eulogy of him.

LEY as Poet and Essayist and Englishman. It is pathetic and also provocative of indignation that any should be found to-day to grudge him his niche in our great Valhalla of Literature.

I close with SIR JOHN DENHAM's Elegy, written when he himself was within the shadow of his last journey: for he was not long of following his friend, having died in March 1668. Faults—iron-mould stains as it were in the marble—doubtless there are in this noble Elegy, but it is due to the Poet celebrated and celebrating, that it should here be reproduced unmutilated and in integrity:—

'On Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

*His Death and Burial amongst the Ancient Poets.*

'OLD Chaucer, like the Morning Star,  
To us discovers Day from far,  
His Light those Mists and Clouds dissolv'd,  
Which our dark Nation long involv'd;  
But he descending to the Shades,  
Darkness again the Age invades.  
Next (like *Aurora*) *Spencer* rose,  
Whose Purple Blush the Day foreshews;  
The other three, with his own Fires,  
*Phabus*, the Poets' God, inspires;  
By *Shakespear's*, *Johnson's*, *Fletcher's* Lines  
Our Stage's Lustre *Rome's* outshines:  
These Poets near our Princes sleep,  
And in one Grave their Mansion keep.  
They liv'd to see so many days,  
Till Time had blasted all their Bays:  
But Cursed be the fatal Hour  
That pluckt the fairest, sweetest Flow'r  
That in the Muses' Garden grew,  
And amongst wither'd Laurels threw.  
Time, which made them their Fame outlive,  
To *Cowley* scarce did Ripeness give.  
Old Mother Wit, and Nature, gave  
*Shakespear* and *Fletcher* all they have;  
In *Spencer*, and in *Johnson*, Art,  
Of slower Nature got the start;  
But both in him so equal are,  
None knows which bears the happy'st share;  
To him no Author was unknown,  
Yet what he wrote was all his own;  
He melted not the ancient Gold,  
Nor, with *Ben Johnson*, did make bold  
To plunder all the *Roman* stores  
Of Poets, and of Orators:  
*Horace* his Wit, and *Virgil's* State,  
He did not Steal, but Emulate,

And when he would like them appear,  
Their Garb, but not their Cloaths, did wear;  
He not from *Rome* alone, but *Greece*,  
Like *Jason* brought the Golden Fleece;  
To him that Language (though to none  
Of th' others) as his own was known.  
On a stiff Gale (as *Flaccus*<sup>1</sup> sings)  
The *Theban* Swan extends his wings,  
When through th' ætherial Clouds he flies,  
To the same pitch our Swan doth rise;  
Old *Pindar's* Flights by him are reacht,  
When on that Gale his wings are stretcht;  
His Fancy and his Judgment such,  
Each to the other seem'd too much,  
His severe Judgement (giving Law)  
His modest Fancy kept in awe:  
As rigid Husbands jealous are,  
When they believe their Wives too fair.  
His English Streams so pure did flow,  
As all that saw and tasted know.  
But for his Latin Vein, so clear,  
Strong,<sup>2</sup> full, and high it doth appear,  
That were immortal *Virgil* here,  
Him, for his Judge, he would not fear;  
Of that great Portraicture, so true  
A Copy Pencil never drew.  
My Muse her Song had ended here,  
But both their *Genii* strait appear,  
Joy and Amazement her did strike,  
Two Twins she never saw so like.  
'Twas taught by wise *Pythagoras*,  
One Soul might through more Bodies  
pass.  
Seeing such Transmigration here,  
She thought it not a Fable here.  
Such a resemblance of all parts,  
Life, Death, Age, Fortune, Nature, Arts,  
Then lights her Torch at theirs, to tell,  
And shew the World this Parallel:  
Fixt and Contemplative their Looks,  
Still turning over Nature's Books:  
Their Works, Chast, Moral, and Divine,  
Where Profit and Delight combine;  
They gilding dirt, in noble Verse  
Rustick Philosophy rehearse;  
When Heroes, Gods, or God-like Kings  
They praise, on their exalted Wings,  
To the Celestial Orbs they climb,  
And with th' Harmonious Spheres keep time:  
Nor did their Actions fall behind  
Their Word, but with like candour shin'd;  
Each drew fair Characters, yet none  
Of these they feign'd, excels their own;  
Both by two generous Princes lov'd,  
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd:  
Yet having each the same desire,  
Both from the busie Throng retire.

<sup>1</sup> His *Pindaricks*.

<sup>2</sup> His last Works.

Their Bodies to their Minds resign'd,  
 Car'd not to propagate their Kind :  
 Yet though both fell before their hour,  
 Time on their Off-spring hath no pow'r,  
 Nor Fire, nor Fate their Bays shall blast,  
 Nor Death's dark Vail their day o'rcast.'

I have now the pleasant duty in closing this Introduction, and therein my edition of Cowley's Works, and again therein the entire series of the **CHERTSEY WORTHIES' LIBRARY**, to return my right-grateful thanks to those friends who have specifically helped me in making this collection of Cowley worthy of him. I would re-name my friends **DR. WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT** of Trinity College, Cambridge : **REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A.**, Londesborough Rectory : **EDMUND W. GOSSE, Esq.**, and **DR. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON**, London ; **GEORGE H. WHITE, Esq.**, Glenthorne, Torquay ; and **REV. J. W. EBSWORTH, M.A.**, Molash Vicarage. I have likewise to acknowledge unflinching co-operation from the Librarians of all our great Public Libraries to whom I have had occasion to apply. In no single instance have I done so without cordial response.

I cannot thus end my nearly six years' task-of-love on the **CHERTSEY WORTHIES LIBRARY**, without recording the cheer it has been to me to be greeted bi-monthly by so

many pleasant letters from my constituency of Subscribers. Their 'good words' have heartened me to go forward when the burden was almost too great for one brain and hand. If some of the Worthies have exceeded in extent the original estimate made for me, so that the volumes are fully a half more, no appreciable complaint has reached me ; and I have the satisfaction of knowing that the excess has arisen almost solely from my good fortune in recovering hitherto unknown or neglected materials. I wish from my innermost heart to thank all the friends who have thus so generously and sympathetically stood by me in my single-handed and pecuniarily slenderly-rewarded labours on our early Literature. And now to-morrow to 'fresh fields and pastures new' in the **HUTH LIBRARY**, and new **SPENSER** and **SAMUEL DANIEL**—the Prospectus of all, responded to with such swift alacrity and confiding trustfulness, as while they give me impulse to better and better work, move me unutterably.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

ST. GEORGE'S VESTRY,  
 BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE,  
 1st September 1881.

## APPENDICES.

A.—WILL OF FATHER OF COWLEY. See page xi/1.

EXTRACTED FROM THE PRINCIPAL REGISTRY  
 OF THE PROBATE, DIVORCE AND ADMIRALTY  
 DIVISION OF THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

*In the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.*

'In the name of God amen. the fower and twentieth daye of Julye Anno Domini one thousand six hundred and eightene and in the sixteenth yere of the Raigne of our Sovereigne Lord Kynge James of England Fraunce and Ireland and of Scotland the one and fiftith I Thomas Cowley citizen and Stationer

of London and of the Parische of St. Michael at Querne London beyng sicke in bodye but in good and perfect memory (thankes be to God) do make this my last Will and Testament in mafi and forme folowing that is to saye First I commit my Soule to Almightye God with full assurance of remission of all my synnes thoroughe the merittes and passion of Jesus Christe my Savyour and Redeemer and my bodye to be buryed at the discretion of my Executor hereafter named and as for the disposing of that worldlie Estate as God hathe bestowed upon me

(my debtes beyng satisfied I give devise and bequeathe the same in manner and forme following that is to saye First my will and mynde is that whereas god hath blessed me with sixe children besides the childe or children which Thomasine my wife nowe goeth w<sup>th</sup> all viz. Peter Cooley Audrey Cooley John Cooley William Cooley Katherine Cooley and Thomas Cooley and to the childe or children w<sup>th</sup> my wife goeth w<sup>th</sup> all I give and bequeathe to every of them severallie the somme of one hundred and fortie pounds a peece of lawfull money of England and yf either or any of them shall happen to dye or decease this mortall life that then his her or theire portion soe deceasing to be equallie devided amongst the rest of them surviving to be payd at theire severall ages of one and twentie yeres or daye of marriage Item I give and bequeath vnto my sisters children Richard Millwood and Margery Milwood to either of them fyve poundes of lawfull money of England Item I give and bequeathe to Elizabeth Pierce my sister fyve poundes of lawfull money of England Item I give and bequeathe vnto my brothers in lawe Humphrey Clarke and Humfrey Clare and Henry Moorton and Rowland Squire to every of them fyve poundes of lawfull money of England and doe make them overseers of this my last Will and Testament desyring them to be ayding and assisting to my welbeloved wife my Executor hereafter named The rest and residue of my estate my debts satisfied my legaceys performed and my funerall discharged I give and bequeath unto Thomasine Cooley my deere and welbeloved wife whome I make my full and sole

Executrix of this my last Will and Testament In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seale the daye and yere above written—THOMAS COWLEY (LS)—Sealed published and declared by the above named Thomas Cowley the testator the fower and twentieth daye of Julye one thousand sixe hundred and eighteene for his last Will and Testament in the presence of vs—JOHN SHARPE—GEORGE BRITTRIDGE.

Probatum fuit Testamentum suprascriptum apud London coram Magro Edmundo Pope legum doctore Surrogato venerabilis viri Dñi Johannes Benet militis legum etiam Doctoris Curie Prerogative Cantuariensis Magri custodj sive commissarij legitime constituto vndecimo die Mensis Augusti Anno Dñi millesimo sexcentesimo Decimo octavo Juram<sup>to</sup>. Thomasine Cowley Relicte dicti Defuncti et Executrice in eodem Testamento nomina<sup>t</sup> Cui Commis<sup>us</sup> fuit administratio bonorum Jurium et Creditorum dicti Defuncti de bene et fideliter administrand<sup>is</sup>, &c. Ad Sancta Dei Evangelia Jurat.

(82 Meade). With reference to the spelling of the family names as 'Cooley,' it is curious to notice that as such it survives to-day not infrequently, e.g. the African Explorer and Historian, while as Cowley, save in the nobleman of the name, it seems very much to have died out.

B.—POEM OF THE PURITAN AND THE PAPIST. See page xvi/a.

THE  
PURITAN  
AND THE  
PAPIST

By M<sup>r</sup>. Abraham Cowley.



LONDON Printed for W. Davis, 1684.

THE  
PURITAN  
AND THE  
PAPIST.

A SATYR.

SO two rude Waves, by Storms together thrown,  
Roar at each other, Fight, and then grow One.  
*Religion* is a Circle; men contend,  
And Run the Round in dispute without end.  
Now in a Circle who go contrary,  
Must, at the last, meet of necessity.  
The Roman Cath'lique to advance the Cause  
Allows a Lye, and calls it *Pia Fraus*.

The *Paritas* approves, and does the same,  
 Dislikes nought in it but the *Latin name*.  
 He flows with his devices, and dares *Lye*  
 In very *deed*, in *truth*, and *verity*.  
 He whines, and sighs out *Lies* with so much ruth  
 As if he griev'd, 'cause he could ne'er speak truth.  
 Lies have possess the *Press* so, as their due,  
 'Twill scarce I fear, henceforth print *Bibles* true.  
*Lies* for their next Strong Fort ha' th' *Pulpit* chose,  
 There they throng out at th' *Preacher's Mouth* and *Nose*.  
 And how e'er gross, are certain to beguile  
 The poor *Book-turners* of the *middle Isle*;  
 Nay to th' *Almightie's* self they have been bold  
 To *eye*, and their blasphemous *Minister* told,  
 They might say false to *God*, for if they were  
 Beaten, he knew 't not, for he was not there.  
 But *God*, who their great *thankfulness* did see,  
 Rewards them straight with another *Victorie*,  
 Just such an one as *Brainford*; and sans doubt  
 Will *wearie*, er't be long, their *gratitude* out.  
 Not all the *Legends* of the *Saints* of old,  
 Not vast *Baronius*, nor sly *Suaris*, hold  
 Such plenty of apparent *Lies*, as are  
 In your own *Author*, *Jo. Browne Cleric. Par.*  
 Besides what your small *Poets*, said or writ,  
*Bro[ok]es*, *Strode*, and the *Baron of the Saw-pit* :  
 With many a *Mental Reservation*.  
 You 'll maintain *Liberty*, *Reserv'd* [your owne.]  
 For th' publique good the sums rais'd you 'll disburse ;  
*Reserv'd* [The greater part for your own Purse.]  
 You 'll root the *Cavaliers* out, every man ;  
 Faith let it be *reserv'd* here ; [If ye can.]  
 You 'll make our gracious *CHARLES*, a *Glorious King* ;  
*Reserv'd* [in *Heav'n's*,] for thither ye would bring  
 His Royal Head ; the only secure *Roome*  
 For *Kings*, where such as you, will never come.  
 To keep th' *Estates* o' th' *Subjects* you pretend ;  
*Reserv'd* [in your own *Trunkes*] You will defend  
 The *Church of England*, 'tis your *Protestation* ;  
 But that 's *New-England*, by a small *Reservation*.  
 Pow'r of *Dispensing Oaths* the *Papists* claime  
*Case* hath got leave of *God* to do the same.  
 For you do hate all *Swearing* so, that when  
 You 've Sworn an *Oath*, ye *break* it straight agen.  
 A *Curse* upon you ! which hurts most these *Nations*,  
*Cavaliers Swearing*, or your *Protestations* ?  
 Nay, though *Oaths* be by you so much abhorr'd,  
 Y' allow *God damn me* in the *Puritan Lord*.  
 They keep the *Bible* from *Lay-men*, but ye  
 Avoid this, for ye have no *Layety*.  
 They, in a *foreign* and *unknown Tongue* pray,  
 You in an *unknown Sence* your *Prayers* say :  
 So that this difference 'twixt ye does ensue,  
*Fools* understand not them, not *Wise men* you.  
 They an unprofitable zeal have got,  
 Of *Invocating Saints* that *hear them not*.  
 'Twere well you did so, nought may more be fear'd  
 In your fond *Prayers*, than that they *should be heard*.

Parallel'd in Holy Cheats.

In Publishing False News as Legends.

In Mental Reservation.

In allowing Perjuries.

In an unintelligible Worship.

To them your *Non-sence* well enough might pass,  
 They 'd ne'er see that i' th' *Divine Looking-Glass*.  
 Nay, whether you'd worship *Saints* is not known,  
 For y' have as yet of your *Religion* none.

They by *good-works* think to be justifi'd,  
 You into the same *Error* deeper slide ;  
 You think by *Works* too justifi'd to be,  
 And those *ill Works* ; *Lies*, *Treason*, *Perjuris*.  
 But oh ! your *Faith* is mighty ; that hath been,  
 As true *Faith* ought to be, of things *unseen*.  
 At *Wor'ster*, *Brainford* and *Edg-hill*, we see,  
 Only by *Faith* y' have got the *Victory*.  
 Such is your *Faith*, and some such *unseen* way  
 The *publicque Faith* at last your *debts* will pay.

They hold *free-will* (that nought their *Souls* may bind)

As the great *Priviledge* of all *Mankind*.  
 You 're here more moderate, for 'tis your intent,  
 To make 't a *Priv'ledg*, but of *Parliament*.  
 They forbid *Priests* to marry ; you worse do,  
 Their marriage you allow, yet punish too :  
 For you 'd make *Priests* so poor, that upon all  
 Who *marry*, scorn and *beggary* must fall.

They a bold pow'r o'er sacred *Scriptures* take,  
 Blot out some *Clauses*, and some new ones make.  
 Your great *Lord Jesuite Brookes* publicly said,  
 (*Brookes* whom too *little learning* hath made *Mad*)  
 That to correct the *Creed* ye should do well,  
 And blot out *Christ's descending into Hell*.  
 Repeat wild man, or you 'll ne'er change, I fear,  
 The *sentence* of your own *descending there*.

Yet modestly they use the *Creed*, for they  
 Would take the *Lord's Pray'r Root* and *Branch* away.  
 And wisely said a *Levite* of our nation,  
 The *Lord's Pray'r* was a *Popish Innovation*.  
 Take heed, you 'll grant ere long it should be said,  
 An't be but to desire your *Daily Bread*.

They keep the *people*, ignorant, and you  
 Keep both the *people* and your selves so too,  
 They *blind obedience* and *blind duty* teach,  
 You *blind Rebellion* and *blind faction* preach.  
 Nor can I blame you much, that ye advance  
 That which can onely save ye, *Ignorance* ;  
 Though *Heaven* be praised, 't has oft been proved well,  
 Your *Ignorance* is not *Invincible*.  
 Nay such bold lies to *God* himself ye vaunt,  
 As if you 'd fain keep him too, *Ignorant*.

*Limbus* and *Purgatory* they believe,  
 For lesser *Sinners*, that is, I conceive.  
 Malignants only ; you this *Trick* does please,  
 For the same *Cause* ye 've made new *Limbus*  
 Where we may be imprison'd long ere we  
 A *Day of Judgment* in your *Courts* shall see.  
 But *Pym* can, like the *Pope*, with this dispence ;  
 And for a *Bride*, deliver *Souls* from thence.

Their *Councils* claim *Infallibility*,  
 Such must your *Conventicle Synod* be :  
 And *Teachers* from all parts of th' *Earth* ye call,  
 To make 't a *Council*, *Oecumenical*.

Both hold *free-will* cation by *Wor* the one by *God* the other by *ill Works*.

*Free-will* one holds belongs to all men, the other only to *Parliament men*.

They agree in interlining *Scriptures* and *Creed*

In *Implicit Faith*.

One believes *Purgatory* here and the other erects a *Purgatory* here.

The *Assembly* *Divines* as *infallible* as a *general Council*.



They sev'ral times appoint from *Meats* & *abstain* ;  
 You now for the *Irish Wars*, a *Fast* ordain :  
 And that that Kingdom might be sure to *Fast*,  
 Ye take a Course to *Starve* them all at last.  
 Nay though ye keep no *Eves*, *Fridays*, nor *Lent*,  
 Not to *dress Meat* on *Sundays* you're Content ;  
 Then you Repeat, Repeat, and Pray and Pray ;  
 Your *Teeth* keep *Sabbath*, and *Tongues*, *Working day*.

They preserve *Reliques* ; you have few or none,  
 Unless the *Clout* sent to *John Pym* by one.  
 Or *Hollers* Rich *Widdons*, She who carry'd  
 A *Relique* in her *Wombe*, before she marry'd.

They in *Succeeding Peter* take a *Pride* ;  
 So do you ; for your *Master* ye've deny'd.  
 But chiefly *Peter's Privilege* ye choose,  
 At your own wills to *Bind* and to *Unloose*.  
 He was a *Fisherman* ; you'll be so too,  
 When nothing but your *Ships* are left to you.  
 He went to *Rome*, to *Rome* you *Backward Ride*.  
 (Though both your goings are by some deny'd.)  
 Nor is't a Contradiction, if we say,  
 You go to *Rome* the quite *Contrary way* ;  
 He dy'd o' th' *Cross* ; that Death's unusual now ;  
 The *Gallows* is most lik't, and that 's for you.

They love *Church Musick*, it offends your sense,  
 And therefore ye have *sung* it out from thence,  
 Which shews, if right your mind be understood,  
 You hate it not as *Musick* but as *Good*.  
 Your *Madness* makes you *Sing* as much as they  
*Dance*, who are bit with a *Tarantula*.  
 But do not to your selves alas appear,  
 The most *Religious Traytors* that e'er were ;  
 Because your *Troopes Singing of Psalmes* do  
 goe ;

There's many a *Traitor* has marcht *Holborn* so.  
 Nor wast your wit this holy project bore ;  
*Tweed* and the *Tyne* has seen those *Tricks* before.

They of strange *Miracles* and *Wonders* tell,  
 You are *your selves* a kind of *Miracle* ;  
 Even such a *Miracle* as in writ divine  
 We read o' th' *Devils* hurrying down the *Swine*.  
 They have made *Images* to speak, 'tis said,  
 You a dull *Image* have your *Speaker* made ;  
 And that your bounty in *offerings* might abound,  
 Y' have to that *Idol* giv'n six thousand pound,  
 They *drive out Devils* they say ; here ye begin  
 To differ, I confess ; you *let them in*.

They maintain *Transubstantiation* ;  
 You by a *Contrary Philos'phers* stone,  
 To *Transubstantiate Metals*, have the skill ;  
 And turn the Kingdoms *Gold* to *Ir'n* and *Steel*.  
 I' th' *Sacrament* ye differ, but 'tis noted,  
*Bread* must be *Flesh*, *Wine* *Blood*, if e'rt be *voted*.

They make the *Pope* their *Head*, y' exalt for him  
*Primate* and *Metropolitane*, *Master Pym* ;  
 Nay *White*, who sits i' th' *Infalible Chaire*,  
 And most infallably speaks *Nonsense* there :  
 Nay *Cromwel*, *Pury*, *Whistler*, *Sir John Wray*,  
 He who does *say* and *say*, and *say* and *say*.

Nay *Lowry* who does new *Church-Goverment* wish,  
 And *Prophecies*, like *Jonas*, 'midst the *Fish* ;  
 Who can such *various business* wisely sway,  
 Handling both *Harrings* and *Bishops* in one day.  
 Nay all your *Preachers Women*, *Boys*, and *Men*,  
 From *Master Calamy* to *Missess Ven*,  
 Are perfect *Popes* in their own *Parish* grown ;  
 For to outdoe the story of *Pope Jone* :  
 Your *Women Preach* too, and are like to be  
 The *Whores of Babylon*, as much as *She*.

They *depose Kings* by *Force* : by *Force* you 'd do it,  
 But first use *fair means* to persuade them to it.  
 They dare *kill Kings* ; and 'twixt ye here 's the strife,  
 That you dare shoot at *Kings*, to save their *Life*.  
 And what's the diff'rence, 'pray, whether he fall  
 By the *Popes Bull*, or your *Oxe General* ?  
*Three Kingdoms* thus ye strive to make your own ;  
 And like the *Pope* usurp a *Triple Crown*.

Such is your *Faith*, such your *Religion* ;  
 Let 's view your *Manners* now, and then I've done.  
 Your *Cov'ousness* let gasping *Ireland* tell,  
 Where first the *Irish Lands*, and next ye *sell*  
 The *English Blood* ; and raise *Rebellion* here,  
 With that which should suppress, and quench it there.  
 What mighty *Summs* have ye squeeze'd out o' th'  
*City* ?

Enough to make 'em *Poor* and *something Witty*.  
*Excise*, *Loans*, *Contributions*, *Pole-moneys*,  
*Bribes*, *Plunder*, and such *Parliament Priv'ledges*,  
 Are words which you ne'er learnt in *Holy Writ*,  
 'Till th' *Spirit* and your *Synod* mended it.  
 Where 's all the *Twentieth part* now which hath been  
 Paid you by some, to Forfeit the *Nineteen* ?  
 Where 's all the *Goods distrain'd*, and *Plunders* past ?  
 For you 're grown wretched, *piifering* knaves at last ;  
 Descend to *Brass* and *Pewter* ; till of late,  
 Like *Midas*, all ye toucht, must needs be *Plate*.

By what vast hopes is your *Ambition* fed ?  
 'Tis writ in *Blood* and may be plainly read.  
 You must have *Places* and the Kingdom sway ;  
 The *King* must be a *Ward* to your *Lord Say*,  
 Your *Inn'cent Speaker* to the *Roller* must rise,  
 Six thousand Pound hath made him *proud* and *wise*.  
*Kimbolton* for his *Father's place* doth call ;  
 Would be like him ; would he were, *Face* and all.  
*Isaack* would always be *Lord Mayer* and so,  
 May always be, as much as he is now.  
 For the *Five Members*, they so richly thrive,  
 That they would always be, but *Members Five*.  
 Only, *Pym* doth his *Natural right* enforce,  
 By th' *Mother's side* he 's *Master of the Horse*.  
 Most shall have *Places* by these pop'lar tricks,  
 The rest must be content with *Bishopricks*.

For 'tis against *Superstition* your intent,  
 First to root out that *great Church Ornament*,  
*Money* and *Lands* ; your *Swords* alas are drawn,  
 Against the *Bishop*, not his *Cap*, or *Lawn*.

O let not such lewd *Sacrilege* begin,  
 Tempted by *Henrie's* rich successful *Sin*.

Both for *deposing Kings* ; the one by *fair means*, the other by *Force*.

Their *Avarice*.

Their *Ambition*.

Lord *Privy Seal*.

*Pennington*.

*Henry* the monster *King* of all that age ;  
Wild in his *Last*, but wilder in his *Rage*.  
Expect not you his *Fate*, though *Hotham* thrives  
In imitating *Henry's* tricks for *Wives*,  
Nor fewer Churches hopes than *Wives* to see  
*Buried*, and then their *Lands* his own to be.

Their Tyrany.

Ye boundless Tyrants, how do you outvy,  
Th' *Athenians Thirty*, *Rome's Decemviry* ?  
In *Rage*, *Injustice*, *Cruelty* as far  
Above those men, as you in *Number* are.  
What *Mist'ries of Iniquity* doe we see ?  
*New Prisons* made to defend *Libertie* ;  
Our goods forc'd from us for propri'ti's sake ;  
And all the *Real Non-scenes* which ye make.

The Counterfeit  
grievances of the  
Kings Reign  
compared with  
the Royal ones of  
their Usurpation.

*Ship-money* was unjustly ta'en, ye say ;  
Unjustlier far, you take the *Ships* away.  
The *High Commission*, you call'd Tyranny,  
Ye did ; Good God ! what is the *High-Commissy* ?  
Ye said that gifts, and bribes preferments bought,  
By money and blood too, they now are sought.

To the King's will the *Laws* men strove to draw ;  
The *Subjects* will, is now become the *Law*.  
'Twas fear'd a *New Religion* would begin ;  
All new *Religions*, now are entred in.  
The *King Delinquents* to protect did strive ;  
What *Clubs*, *Pikes*, *Halberts*, *Lighters*, sav'd the  
*Five* ?

Viz. 1648.

You think the *Parl'ment*, like your *State of Grace*  
Whatever sins men do, they keep their place.  
*Invasions* then were fear'd against the *State*,  
And *Strode* swore last year would be eighty-eight.  
You bring in *Forraign Aid* to your designs ;  
First those great *Forraign Forces of Divines*,  
With which *Ships from America* were fraught,  
Rather may *Stinking Tobacco* still be brought  
From thence, I say ; next ye the *Scots* invite,  
Which ye term *Brotherly assistance* right ;  
For *England* you intend with them to share :  
They who alas ! but younger *Brothers* are,  
Must have the *Monels* for their *Portion* ;  
The *Houses* and the *Lands* will be your *Owns*.

We thank ye for the wounds which we endure,  
Whilst *Scratches* and slight *pricks* ye seek to cure.  
We thank ye for true real fears at last,  
Which free us from so many false ones past.  
We thank ye for the *Blood* which fats our *Coast*  
As a just debt paid to great *Stragford's* Ghost.  
We thank ye for the ill *Receiv'd*, and all  
Which yet by your good care, in time we shall.  
We thank ye, and our gratitude's as great  
As yours, when you thank' *God* for being beat.

The Character of an HOLY-SISTER.

She that can sit three *Sermons* in a day,  
And of those three, scarce bear three *Words* away.  
She that can Rob her *Husband*, to repair  
A *Budget Priest* that *Nesses* a long *Prayer*.  
She that with *Lamb-black*, purifies her *Shoes*,  
And with half *Eyes* and *Bible*, softly goes ;  
She that her *Pockets* with *Lay-Gospel* stuffs,  
And Edifies her looks with little *Ruffi*.  
She that loves *Sermons* as she does the rest,  
Still standing stiff, that longest are the best.  
She that will *Ly*, yet swear, she hates a *Lyer*,  
Except it be the man, that will *Lye* by *Aer*.  
She that at *Christenings*, thirsteth for more *Sack*,  
And draws the broadest handkerchief for *Cake*.  
She that sings *Psalms* devoutly next the street,  
And beats her maid, ith' *kitching* where none see't.  
She that will sit in shop for five hours space,  
And register the sins of all that pass.  
Damn at first *Sight*, and proudly dares to say,  
That none can possibly be sav'd, but they.  
That hangs *Religion* in a naked *Ear*,  
And judge mens hearts, according to their *Hair*.  
That could afford to doubt, who wrote best sence,  
*Moses* or *Dod* on the *Commandements*.  
She that can sigh and cry, *Queen Elisabeth*,  
Rail at the *Pope*, and scratch out sudden death.  
And for all this can give no reason why,  
This is an holy sister verily.

C.—THE UNMUTILATED PREFACE OF 1656. See page xvii/2.

At my return lately into *England*, I met by great accident (for such I account it to be, that any Copy of it should be extant any where so long, unless at his house who printed it) a *Book* entituled, *The Iron Age*, and published under my name, during the time of my absence. I wondred very much how one who could be so foolish to write so ill Verses, should yet be so Wise to set them forth as another *Man's* rather than his own ; though perhaps he might have made a better choice, and not fathered the *Bastard* upon such a person, whose stock of Reputation is, I fear, little enough for maintenance of his own numerous *Legitimate Off-spring* of that kinde. It would have been much less injurious, if

it had pleased the *Author* to put forth some of my Writings under his own name, rather than his own under mine : He had been in that a more pardonable *Plagiary*, and had done less wrong by *Robbery*, then he does by such a *Bounty* ; for no body can be justified by the *Imputation* even of another's *Merit* ; and our own course *Cloathes* are like to become us better, then those of another man's, though never so rich : but these, to say the truth, were so *deggarily*, that I my self was ashamed to wear them. It was in vain for me, that I avoided censure by the concealment of my own writings, if my reputation could be thus *Executed in Effigie* ; and impossible it is for any good *Name* to be in safety, if the

malice of *Witches* have the power to consume and destroy it in an *Image* of their own making. This indeed was so ill made, and so *useless*, that I hope the *Charm* took no effect. So that I esteem my self less prejudiced by it, then by that which has been done to me since almost in the same kind, which is, the publication of some things of mine without my consent or knowledge, and those so mangled and imperfect, that I could neither with honor acknowledge, nor with honesty quite disavow them. Of which sort, was a *Comedy* called the *Guardian*, printed in the year 1650, but made and acted before the *Prince*, in his passage through *Cambridge* towards *York*, at the beginning of the late unhappy War; or rather neither made nor acted, but rough-drawn onely, and repeated; for the haste was so great, that it could neither be revised [n]or perfected by the Author, nor learned out book by the Actors, nor set forth in any measure tolerably by the Officers of the College. After the Representation (which, I confess, was somewhat of the latest) I began to look it over, and changed it very much, striking out some whole parts, as that of the *Post* and the *Soldier*; but I have lost the *Copy*, and dare not think it deserves the pains to write it again, which makes me omit it in this publication, though there be some things in it which I am not ashamed of, taking in the excuse of my age and small experience in humane conversation when I made it. But as it is, it is onely the hasty first-*fitting* of a *Picture*, and therefore like to resemble me accordingly. From this which has hapned to my self, I began to reflect on the fortune of almost all *Writers*, and especially *Poets*, whose *Works* (commonly printed after their deaths) we finde stuffed out, either with counterfeited pieces, like false *Money* put in to fill up the *Bag*, though it adde nothing to the sum; or with such, which though of their own *Coyn*, they would have called in themselves, for the baseness of the *Allay*: whether this proceed from the indiscretion of their *Friends*, who think a vast heap of *Stones* or *Rubbish* a better *Monument*, then a little *Tomb* of *Marble*, or by the unworthy avarice of some *Stationers*, who are content to diminish the value of the *Author*, so they may increase the price of the *Book*; and like *Vintners* with sophisticate mixtures, spoil the whole vessel of wine, to make it yield more profit. This hath been the case with *Shakespear*, *Fletcher*, *Johnson*, and many others; part of whose *Poems* I should take the boldness to prune and lop away, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me; neither would I make any scruple to cut off from some the unnecessary young *Suckers*, and from others the old withered *Branches*; for a great *Wit* is no more tyed to live in a *Vast Volume*, than in a *Gigantick Body*; on the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous the less space it animates, and as *Statius* says of little *Tydeus*,

—Totos infusa per artus  
Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus :

I am not ignorant, that by saying this of others, I expose my self to some Raillery, for not using the same severe discretion in my own case, where it concerns me nearer :

But though I publish here, more then in strict wisdom I ought to have done, yet I have suppress and cast away more then I publish; and for the ease of my self and others, have lost, I believe too, more than both. And upon these considerations I have been perswaded to overcome all the just repugnances of my own modesty, and to produce these *Poems* to the light and view of the World, not as a thing that I approved of in it self, but as a lesser evil, which I chose rather then to stay till it were done for me by some body else, either surreptitiously before, or avowedly after my death: and this will be the more excusable, when the Reader shall know in what respects he may look upon me as a *Dead*, or at least a *Dying Person*, and upon my *Muse* in this action, as appearing, like the *Emperor Charles the Fifth*, and assisting at her own *Funeral*.

For to make my self absolutely dead in a *Poetical* capacity, my resolution at present, is never to exercise any more that faculty. It is, I confess, but seldom seen that the *Post* dies before the *Man*; for when we once fall in love with that bewitching *Art*, we do not use to court it as a *Mistress*, but marry it as a *Wife*, and take it for better or worse, as an *Inseparable Companion* of our whole life. But as the *Marriages of Infants* do but rarely prosper, so no man ought to wonder at the diminution or decay of my affection to *Poesie*; to which I had contracted my self so much under *Age*, and so much to my own prejudice in regard of those more profitable matches which I might have made among the richer *Sciences*. As for the *Portion* which this brings of *Fame*, it is an *Estate* (if it be any, for men are not often deceived in their hopes of *Widows*, than in their opinion of, *Exegi monumentum ære perennius*) that hardly ever comes in whilst we are *Living* to enjoy it, but is a fantastical kind of *Reversion to our own selves*: neither ought any man to envy *Poets* this posthumous and imaginary happiness, since they find commonly so little in present, that it may be truly applyed to them, which *S. Paul* speaks of the first *Christians*, *If their reward be in this life, they are of all men the most miserable*.

And if in quiet and flourishing times they meet with so small encouragement, what are they to expect in rough and troubled ones? if *Wit* be such a *Plant*, that it scarce receives heat enough to preserve it alive even in the *Summer* of our cold *Clymate*, how can it choose but wither in a long and sharp *winter*? A warlike, various, and a tragical age is best to write of, but worst to write in. And I may, though in a very unequal proportion, assume that to my self, which was spoken by *Tully* to a much better person, upon occasion of the *Civil Wars* and *Revolutions* in his time, *Sed in te in- Cic. de Clar. tuens, Brute, doleo, cujus in adolescentiam per medias Orator. laudes quasi quadrigis vehementem transversa incurrit misera fortuna Reipublica.*

Neither is the present constitution of my *Mind* more proper than that of the *Times* for this exercise, or rather divertisement. There is nothing that requires so much serenity and cheerfulness of *Spirit*; it must not be either overwhelmed with the cares of *Life*, or overcast with the

*Clouds of Melancholy and Sorrow*, or shaken and disturbed with the storms of injurious *Fortune*; it must like the *Halcyon*, have *fair weather* to breed in. The *Soul* must be filled with bright and delightful *Ideas*, when it undertakes to communicate delight to others; which is the main end of *Poesie*. One may see through the style of *Ovid de Trist.* the humbled and dejected condition of *Spirit* with which he wrote it; there scarce remains any footsteps of that *Genius*,

*Quem nec Jovis ira, nec ignes, etc.*

The *cold* of the Country had stricken through all his faculties, and benumbed the very *feet* of his *Verses*. He is himself, methinks, like one of the *Stories* of his own *Metamorphosis*; and though there remain some weak resemblances of *Ovid at Rome*, it is but as he says of *Niobe*,

*In vultu color est sine sanguine, lumina mastis  
Stant immota genis; nihil est in imagine vivum,  
Plat tamen—*

The truth is, for a man to write well, it is necessary to be in good humor; neither is *Wit* less eclipsed with the quietness of *Mind*, than *Beauty* with the *Indisposition of Body*. So that 'tis almost as hard a thing to be a *Poet* in despite of *Fortune*, as it is in despite of *Nature*. For my own part, neither my obligations to the *Muses*, nor expectations from them are so great, as that I should suffer my self on no considerations to be *divorced*; or that I should say like *Horace*,

*Quisquis erit vita, Scribam, color.*

I shall rather use his words in another place,

*Vixi Camanis nuper idonius,  
Et militari non sine gloria,  
Nunc arma defunctumque bello  
Barbiton hic paries habebit.*

And this resolution of mine does the more befit me, because my desire has been for some years past (though the execution has been accidentally diverted) and does still vehemently continue, to retire my self to some of our *American Plantations*, not to seek for *Gold*, or enrich my self with the traffick of those parts (which is the end of most men that travel thither; so that of these *Indies* it is truer than it was of the former,

*Improbos extremos currit Mercator ad Indos  
Pauperiem fugiens—)*

But to forsake this world for ever, with all the *vanities* and *Vexations* of it, and to bury my self in some obscure retreat there (but not without the consolation of *Letters* and *Philosophy*.)

*Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis.*

as my former *Author* speaks too, who has inticed me here, I know not how, into the *Pedantry* of this heap of *Latine Sentences*. And I think *Doctor Donne's Sunday in a grave* is not more useless and ridiculous then

*Poetry* would be in that retirement. As this therefore is in a true sense a kind of *Death* to the *Muses*, and a real *literal quitting* of this *World*: So, methinks, I may make a just claim to the undoubted privilege of *Deceased Poets*, which is to be read with more *favour*, then the *Living*;

*Tanti est ut placeam tibi, Perire.*

*Mark.*

Having been forced for my own necessary *justification* to trouble the *Reader* with this long Discourse of the *Reasons* why I trouble him also with all the rest of the *Book*, I shall only add somewhat concerning the several parts of it, and some other pieces, which I have thought fit to reject in this publication: As first, all those which I wrote at *School* from the age of ten years, till after fifteen; for even so far backward there remain yet some *traces* of me in the little *footsteps* of a *child*; which though they were then looked upon as *commendable extravagances* in a *Boy* (men setting a value upon *any kind of fruit* before the usual *season* of it) yet I would be loth to be bound now to read them all over *my self*; and therefore should do ill to expect that patience from *others*. Besides, they have already past through several *Editions*, which is a longer *Life* then uses to be enjoyed by *Infants* that are born before the ordinary *terms*. They had the good fortune then to find the world so *indulgent* (for considering the time of their production, who could be so hard-hearted to be *severe*?) that I scarce yet apprehend so much to be censured for *them*, as for not having made *advances* afterwards proportionable to the speed of my *setting out*, and am obliged too in a manner by *Discretion* to conceal and suppress them, as *Promises* and *Instruments* under my own hand, whereby I stood engaged for more than I have been able to *perform*; in which truly, if I have failed, I have the real excuse of the *honestest* sort of *Banrupts*, which is, to have been made *Unsolvable*, not so much by their own *negligence* and *ill-husbandry*, as by some notorious accidents and publicke disasters. In the next place, I have cast away all such pieces as I wrote during the time of the late troubles, with any relation to the differences that caused them; as among others, *three Books of the Civil War* it self, reaching as far as the first *Battal* at *Newbury*, where the succeeding *misfortunes* of the *party* stopt the *work*; for it is so uncustomary, as to become almost *ridiculous*, to make *Laurel* for the *Conquered*. Now though in all *Civil Dissentions*, when they break into open hostilities, the *War of the Pen* is allowed to accompany that of the *Sword*, and every one is in a manner obliged with his *Tongue*, as well as *Hand*; to serve and assist one side which he engages in; yet when the event of *battel*, and the unaccountable *Will of God* has determined the controversy, and that we have submitted to the conditions of the *Conqueror*, we must lay down our *Pens* as well as *Arms*, we must *march* out of our *Cause* itself, and *dismantle* that, as well as our *Town* and *Castles*, of all the *Works* and *Fortifications* of *Wit* and *Reason* by which we defended it. We ought not

*Ovid. Metam.  
lib. 6.*

*Hor. Sat. 1. l. a.  
Serr.*

*L. 3. Car. Ode 66.  
Vixi Puellis, etc.*

sure, to begin ourselves to revive the remembrance of those times and actions for which we have received a *General Amnestie*, as a *favor* from the *Victor*. The truth is, neither *We*, nor *They*, ought by the Representation of *Places* and *Images* to make a kind of *Artificial Memory* of those things wherein we are all bound to desire, like *Themistocles*, the *Art of Oblivion*. The enmities of *Fellows-Citizens* should be, like that of *Lovers*, the *Redintegration* of their *Amity*. The Names of *Party*, and *Titles of Division*, which are sometimes in effect the whole quarrel, should be extinguished and forbidden in peace under the notion of *Acts of Hostility*. And I would have it accounted no less unlawful to *rip up old wounds*, then to *give new ones*; which has made me not only abstain from printing any thing of this kind, but to burn the very copies, and inflict a severer punishment on them myself, than perhaps the most rigid Officer of *State* would have thought that they deserved.

As for the ensuing Book, it consists of four parts: The first is a *Miscellanie* of several Subjects, and some of them made when I was very young, which it is perhaps *superfluous* to tell the *Reader*; I know not by what chance I have kept *Copies* of them; for they are but a very few in comparison of those which I have lost, and I think they have no extraordinary virtue in them, to deserve more care in preservation, than was bestowed upon their *Brethren*; for which I am so little concerned, that I am ashamed of the *arrogancy* of the *word*, when I said I had lost them.

The *Second*, is called, *The Mistress*, or *Love-Verses*; for so it is, that *Poets* are scarce thought *Free men* of their *Company*, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to *Love*. Sooner or later they must all pass through that *Tryal*, like some *Mahometan Monks*, that are bound by their *Order*, once at least in their life, to make a *Pilgrimage* to *Meca*.

*In furias ignemque ruunt; Amor omnibus idem.*

But we must not always make a judgment of their *manners* from their *writings* of this kind; as the *Romanists* uncharitably do of *Besa*, for a few lascivious *Sonnets* composed by him in his youth. It is not in this sense that *Poesie* is said to be a kind of *Painting*; it is not the *Picture* of the *Poet*, but of *things* and *persons* imagined by him. He may be in his own practice and disposition a *Philosopher*, nay a *Stoick*, and yet speak sometimes with the softness of an amorous *Sappho*.

*Feret et rubus asper Amomum.*

He professes too much the use of *Fables* (though without the malice of deceiving) to have his testimony taken even against himself. Neither would I here be misunderstood, as if I affected so much gravity, as to be ashamed to be thought really in *Love*. On the contrary, I cannot have a good opinion of any man who is not at least capable of being so. But I speak it to excuse some expressions (if such there be) which may happen to offend the severity of supercilious *Readers*; for much *Excess* is to be allowed in *Love*, and even more in *Poesy*; so we

avoid the two unpardonable Vices in both, which are *Obscenity* and *Prophaneness*, of which I am sure, if my words be ever guilty, they have ill represented my *thoughts* and *intentions*. And if, notwithstanding all this, the lightness of the matter here displease any body, he may finde wherewithall to content his more serious inclinations in the weight and height of the ensuing Arguments.

For as for the *Pindarick Odes* (which is the third part) I am in great doubt whether they will be understood by most *Readers*; nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with the common Roads, and ordinary Tracks of *Poesie*. They either are, or at least were meant to be, of that kinde of *Stile* which *Dion. Halicarnassens* calls *Μεγαλοφουδοι και ηδη μετὰ θεωρητος*, and which he attributes to *Alcæus*: The digressions are many, and sudden, and sometimes long, according to the fashion of all *Lyricus*, and of *Pindar* above all men living. The *Figures* are unusual and *bold*, even to *Temeritie*, and such as I durst not have to do withal in any other kind of *Poesy*: The *Numbers* are various and irregular, and sometimes (especially some of the long ones) seem harsh and uncouth, if the just measures and cadences be not observed in the *Pronunciation*. So that almost all their *Sweetness* and *Numerosity* (which is to be found, if I mistake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated) lies in a manner wholly at the *Mercy* of the *Reader*. I have briefly described the nature of these Verses, in the *Ode* entituled, *The Resurrection*: And though the *Liberty* of them may incline a man to believe them easie to be composed, yet the undertaker will finde it otherwise.

— *Vt sibi quisvis  
Speret idem, multum sudet frustratque labores  
Ausus idem*—

I come now to the last Part, which is *Davidic*, or an *Heroical Poem* of the *Troubles* of *David*; which I designed into *Twelve Books*; not for the *Tribes*' sake, but after the *Pattern* of our Master *Virgil*; and intended to close all with that most Poetical and excellent *Elegie* of *David's* on the death of *Saul* and *Jonathan*: For I had no mind to carry him quite on to his *Anointing* at *Hebron*, because it is the custom of *Heroick Poets* (as we see by the examples of *Homer* and *Virgil*, whom we should do ill to forsake to imitate others) never to come to the full end of their *Story*; but only so near, that every one may see it; as men commonly play not out the game, when it is evident that they can win it, but lay down their *Cards*, and take up what they have won. This, I say, was the *whole Designe*, in which there are many noble and fertile Arguments behind; as, The barbarous cruelty of *Saul* to the *Priests* at *Nob*, the several flights and escapes of *David*, with the manner of his living in the *Wilderness*, the Funeral of *Samuel*, the love of *Abigail*, the sacking of *Ziglag*, the loss and recovery of *David's Wives* from the *Amalekites*, the *Witch* of *Endor*, the War with the *Philistims*, and the

Battel of *Gilboa*; all which I meant to interweave upon several occasions, with most of the illustrious *Stories* of the *Old Testament*, and to embellish with the most remarkable *Antiquities* of the *Jews*, and of other Nations before or at that *Age*. But I have had neither *Leisure* hitherto, nor have *Appetite* at present to finish the work, or so much as to revise that part which is done, with that care which I resolved to bestow upon it, and which the *Dignity* of the *Matter* well deserves. For what worthier *subject* could have been chosen among all the *Treasures* of past times, than the *Life* of this young *Prince*; who from so small beginnings, through such infinite troubles and oppositions, by such miraculous virtues and excellencies, and with such incomparable variety of wonderful actions and accidents, became the greatest *Monarch* that ever sat on the most *famous* Throne of the whole Earth? Whom should a *Poet* more justly seek to *honor*, than the highest person who ever *honored* his Profession? whom a *Christian Poet*, rather than the *man after God's own heart*, and the man who had that sacred pre-eminence above all other *Princes*, to be the best and mightiest of that Royal Race from whence *Christ* himself, according to the flesh, disdained not to descend? When I consider this, and how many other bright and magnificent subjects of the like nature, the *Holy Scriptures* affords and *proffers*, as it were, to *Poesie*, in the wise managing and illustrating whereof, the *Glory* of God *Almighty* might be joyned with the singular utility and noblest delight of *Mankind*; It is not without grief and indignation that I behold that *Divine Science* employing all her inexhaustible riches of *Wit* and *Bloquence*, either in the wicked and beggarly *Flattery* of great persons, or the unmanly *Idolizing* of *Foolish Women*, or the wretched affectation of scurril *Laughter*, or at best on the confused antiquated *Dreams* of senseless *Fables* and *Metamorphoses*. Amongst all holy and consecrated things which the *Devil* ever stole and alienated from the service of the *Deity*; as *Altars*, *Temples*, *Sacrifices*, *Prayers*, and the like; there is none that he so universally, and so long usurpt, as *Poesy*. It is time to recover it out of the *Tyrant's* hands, and to restore it to the *Kingdom* of God, who is the *Father* of it. It is time to *Baptize* it in *Jordan*, for it will never become clean by bathing in the *Waters* of *Damascus*. There wants, methinks, but the *Conversion* of *That*, and the *Jews*, for the accomplishment of the *Kingdom* of *Christ*. And as men before their receiving of the *Faith*, do not without some carnal reluctancies, apprehend the *bonds* and *fetters* of it, but finde it afterwards to be the truest and greatest *Liberty*: It will fare no otherwise with this *Art*, after the *Regeneration* of it; it will meet with wonderful variety of new, more beautiful, and more delightful *Objects*; neither will it want *Room*, by being *confined* to *Heaven*. There is not so great a *Lye* to be found in any *Poet*, as the vulgar conceit of men, that *Lying* is *Essential* to good *Poesy*. Were there never so wholesome *Nourishment* to be had (but alas, it breeds nothing but *Diseases*) out of these boasted *Feasts* of *Love* and *Fables*; yet, methinks, the unalterable continuance of the *Diet*

should make us *Nauseate* it: For it is almost impossible to serve up any *new Dish* of that kind. They are all but the *Cold-meats* of the *Ancients*, new-beated; and new set forth. I do not at all wonder that the old *Poets* made some rich crops out of these grounds; the heart of the *Soil* was not then wrought out with continual *Tillage*: But what can we expect now, who come a *Gleaning*, not after the first *Reapers*, but after the very *Beggars*? Besides, though those mad stories of the *Gods* and *Heroes*, seem in themselves so ridiculous; yet they were then the *whole Body* (or rather *Chaos*) of the *Theologie* of those times. They were believed by all but a few *Philosophers*, and perhaps some *Atheists*, and served to good purpose among the *vulgar*, (as pitiful things as they are) in strengthening the authority of *Law* with the terrors of *Conscience*, and expectation of certain rewards, and unavoidable punishments. There was no other *Religion*, and therefore that was better than *none at all*. But to us who have no need of them, to us who deride their *folly*, and are worried with their *impertinencies*, they ought to appear no better arguments for *Verses*, than those of their worthy *Successors*, the *Knights Errant*. What can we imagine more proper for the ornaments of *Wit* or *Learning* in the story of *Deucalion*, than in that of *Noah*? why will not the actions of *Samson* afford as plentiful matter as the *Labor* of *Hercules*? why is not *Leppha's daughter* as good a woman as *Iphigenia*? and the friendship of *David* and *Jonathan* more worthy celebration, than that of *Theseus* and *Perithous*? Does not the passage of *Moses* and the *Israelites* into the *Holy Land*, yield incomparably more *Poetical* variety, than the voyages of *Vlysses* or *Aeneas*? Are the obsolete thread-bare tales of *Thetes* and *Troy*, half so stored with great, heroic and supernatural actions (since *Verses* will needs *find* or *make* such) as the wars of *Joshua*, of the *Judges*, of *David*, and divers others? Can all the *Transformations* of the *Gods*, give such copious hints to flourish and expatiate on, as the true *Miracles* of *Christ*, or of his *Prophets*, and *Apostles*? what do I instance in these few Particulars? All the *Books* of the *Bible* are either already most admirable, and exalted pieces of *Poesie*, or are the best *Materials* in the world for it. Yet, though they be in themselves so proper to be made use of for this purpose; None but a good *Artist* will know how to do it: neither must we think to cut and polish *Diamonds* with so little pains and skill as we do *Marble*. For if any man design to compose a *Sacred Poem*, by onely turning a story of the *Scripture*, like Mr. *Quarles's*, or some other godly matter, like Mr. *Haywood* of *Angels*, into *Rhyme*; He is so far from elevating of *Poesie*, that he onely abases *Divinity*. In brief, he who can write a *profane Poem* well, may write a *Divine one* better; but he who can do that but ill, will do this much worse. The same fertility of *Invention*, the same wisdom of *Disposition*, the same *Judgement* in observance of *Decencies*, the same lustre and vigour of *Elocution*; the same modesty and majesty of *Number*; briefly the same kinde of *Habit*, is required to both; only this latter allows better *stuff*,

and therefore would look more deformedly, if ill dress in it. I am farre from assuming to myself to have fulfilled the duty of this weighty undertaking : But sure I am, that there is nothing yet in our *Language* (nor perhaps in *any*) that is in any degree answerable to the *Idea* that I conceive of it. And I shall be ambitious of no other fruit from this weak and imperfect attempt of mine, but the opening of a way to the courage and industry of some other persons, who may be better able to perform it thoroughly and successfully.

\* \* It is to be noted that 'Paradise Lost' appeared within thirteen years (1669) of this exaltation of sacred poetry. Curious that Cowley should have left Crashaw and Herbert un-named. Quarles and Heywood merited more generous praise. See our collective edition of Quarles (3 vols. 4°) in this series of the Chertsey Worthies' Library.

#### D.—SPRAY'S VINDICATION OF COWLEY'S LOYALTY,

#### DR. JOHNSON'S EARLIER CRITICISM OF COWLEY'S RETIREMENT,

AND

#### POEM ON THE CIVIL WAR. See page xvii/2.

'This certainly, Sir, is abundantly sufficient to justify his Loyalty to all the World; though some have endeavoured to bring it in question, upon occasion of a few lines in the Preface to one of his Books. The objection I must not pass by in silence, because it was the only part of his life, that was liable to mis-interpretation, even by the confession of those that envied his Fame. In this case perhaps it were enough to alledge for him, to men of moderate minds that what he there said was published before a Book of Poetry, and so ought rather to be esteemed as a Problem of his Fancy and Invention, than as the real Image of his Judgment. But his defence in this matter may be laid on a surer foundation. This is the true reason that is to be given of his delivering that opinion. Upon his coming over he found the state of the Royal Party very desperate. He perceived the strength of their Enemies so united, that till it should begin to break within it self, all endeavours against it were like to prove unsuccessful. On the other side he beheld their zeal for his Majestic's Cause to be still so active, that it often hurried them into inevitable ruine. He saw this with much grief. And though he approv'd their constancy, as much as any man living, yet he found their unseasonable shewing it, did only disable themselves, and give their Adversaries great advantages of riches and strength by their defeats. He therefore believed that it would be a meritorious service to the King, if any man who was known to have followed his interest, could insinuate into the Usurpers' minds, that men of his Principles were now willing to be quiet, and could persuade the poor oppressed Royalists to conceal their affections, for better occasions. And as for his own particular, he was a close Prisoner, when he writ that against which the exception is made; so that he saw it was impossible for him to pursue the

ends for which he came hither, if he did not make some kind of declaration of his peaceable intentions. This was then his opinion. And the success of things seems to prove, that it was not very ill grounded. For certainly it was one of the greatest helps to the King's Affairs, about the latter end of that Tyranny, that many of his best Friends dissembled their Counsels, and acted the same Designs, under the Disguises and Names of other Parties.

'This, Sir, you can testifie to have been the innocent occasion of these words, on which so much clamour was rais'd. Yet seeing his good intentions were so ill interpreted, he told me, the last time that ever I saw him, that he would have them omitted in the next Impression: of which his Friend Mr. Cook is a witness. However, if we should take them in the worst sense, of which they are capable: yet methinks for his maintaining one false Tenent in the Political Philosophy, he made a sufficient atonement by a continual service of twenty years, by the perpetual Loyalty of his discourse, and by many of his other Writings, wherein he has largely defended, and adorned the Royal Cause. And to speak of him not as our Friend, but according to the common Laws of Humanity; certainly that life must needs be very unblamable, which had been tried in business of the highest consequence, and practis'd in the hazardous secrets of Courts and Cabinets; and yet there can nothing disgraceful be produc'd against it, but only the error of one Paragraph, and a single Metaphor.'

Now comes Dr. Johnson's earlier and fuller statement on Cowley's wished-for retirement—*per se* true, but not tender enough, in the knowledge that from his youth he had yearned for the country:—

'These reflections arose in my mind upon the remembrance of a passage in Cowley's preface to his poems, where, however exalted by genius, and enlarged by study, he informs us of a scheme of happiness to which the imagination of a girl upon the loss of her first lover, could have scarcely given way; but which he seems to have indulged, till he had totally forgotten its absurdity, and would probably have put in execution, had he been hindered only by his reason.

"My desire," says he, "has been for some years past, though the execution has been accidentally diverted, and does still vehemently continue, to retire myself to some of our American plantations, not to seek for gold, or enrich myself with the traffick of those parts, which is the end of most men that travel thither; but to forsake this world for ever, with all the vanities and vexations of it, and to bury myself there in some obscure retreat, but not without the consolation of letters and philosophy."

'Such was the chimerical provision which Cowley had made, in his own mind, for the quiet of his remaining life, and which he seems to recommend to posterity, since there is no other reason for disclosing it. Surely no stronger instance can be given of a persuasion that content was the inhabitant of particular regions, and that a man might set sail with a fair wind, and leave behind him all his cares, incumbrances, and calamities.

'If he travelled so far with no other purpose than to bury himself in some obscure retreat, he might have found, in his own country, innumerable coverts sufficiently dark to have concealed the genius of Cowley; for whatever might be his opinion of the importunity with which he should be summoned back into public life, a short experience would have convinced him, that privation is easier than acquisition, and that it would require little continuance to free himself from the intrusion of the world. There is pride enough in the human heart to prevent much desire of acquaintance with a man, by whom we are sure to be neglected, however his reputation for science or virtue may excite our curiosity or esteem, so that the lover of retirement needs not be afraid lest the respect of strangers should overwhelm him with visits. Even those to whom he has formerly been known, will very patiently support his absence when they have tried a little to live without him, and found new diversions for those moments which his company contributed to exhilarate.

'It was, perhaps, ordained by Providence, to hinder us from tyrannising over one another, that no individual should be of such importance, as to cause, by his retirement or death, any chasm in the world. And Cowley had conversed to little purpose with

mankind, if he had never remarked, how soon the useful friend, the gay companion, and the favoured lover, when once they are removed from before the sight, give way to the succession of new objects.

'The privacy, therefore, of his hermitage might have been safe enough from violation, though he had chosen it within the limits of his native island; he might have found here preservatives against the *vassities* and *vexations* of the world, not less efficacious than those which the woods or fields of America could afford him: but having once his mind imbibited with disgust, he conceived it impossible to be far enough from the cause of his uneasiness: and was posting away with the expedition of a coward, who for want of venturing to look behind him, thinks the enemy perpetually at his heels.

'When he was interrupted by company, or fatigued with business, he so strongly imaged to himself the happiness of leisure and retreat, that he determined to enjoy them for the future without interruption, and to exclude for ever all that could deprive him of his darling satisfactions. He forgot, in the vehemence of desire, that solitude and quiet owe their pleasures to those miseries, which he was so studious to obviate; for such are the vicissitudes of the world, through all its parts, that day and night, labour and rest, hurry and retirement, endure each other; such are the changes that keep the mind in action; we desire, we pursue, we obtain, we are satiated: we desire something else, and begin a new pursuit.

'If he had proceeded in his project, and fixed his habitation in the most delightful part of the new world, it may be doubted, whether his distance from the *vassities* of life would have enabled him to keep away the *vexations*. It is common for a man who feels pain, to fancy that he could bear it better in any other part. Cowley having known the troubles and perplexities of a particular condition, readily persuaded himself that nothing worse was to be found, and that every alteration would bring some improvement; he never suspected that the cause of his unhappiness was within, that his own passions were not sufficiently regulated, and that he was harassed by his own impatience, which could never be without something to awaken it, would accompany him over the sea, and find its way to his American Elysium. He would, upon the trial, have been soon convinced, that the fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and that he, who has so little knowledge of human nature, as to seek happiness by changing any thing but his own dispositions, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove' ('The Rambler,' No. 6).



I add here the somewhat doubtful poem on 'The Civil War,' assigned to Cowley by no less than Dryden. I derive my text from his well-known Collection, of which the following is the title-page :—

The THIRD PART of  
Miscellany Poems.

Containing Variety of New  
TRANSLATIONS  
OF THE  
ANCIENT POETS:  
Together with Several  
ORIGINAL POEMS.

*By the Most Eminent Hands.*

Publish'd by Mr. DRYDEN.

*Hæc potior soboles : hinc Culi tempore carlo,  
Dulcia mella premes. . . . . Virgil. Geor. 4.  
In medium quasita reponunt. Ibid.*

LONDON :

Printed for JACOB TONSON at *Shakespeare's  
Head over-against Katherine-Street in  
the Strand.* MDCCXVI.

A separate title-page is prefixed thus :—

A  
P O E M  
ON THE  
C I V I L W A R,

Begun in the Year 1641.

By Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Not printed in any Edition of His Works.

LONDON.

Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

THE  
PUBLISHER  
TO THE  
READER.

**M** *Being accidentally with this Poem in Manuscript, and being informed that it was a Piece of the incomparable Mr. Abraham Cowley's, I thought it unjust to hide such a Treasure from the World. I remember'd that our Author, in his Preface to his Works, makes mention of some Poems, written by him on the late Civil War, of which the following is unquestionably a part. In his most imperfect and unfinished Pieces, you will discover the hand of so great a Master. And (whatever his own Modesty might have advised to the contrary) there is not one careless Stroke of his but what should be kept Sacred to all Posterity. He could Write nothing that was not worth the preserving, being habitually a Poet, and always Inspir'd. In this Piece the Judicious Reader will find the Turn of the Verse to be his; the same Copious and lively Imagery of Fancy; the same Warmth of Passion and Delicacy of Wit that sparkles in all his Writings. And certainly no Labours of a Genius so Rich in it self, and so cultivated with Learning and Manners, can prove an unwelcome Present to the World.*

A  
P O E M

On the Late

C I V I L W A R.

**W**HAT Rage does *England* from it self divide,  
More than the Seas from all the World beside !  
From every part the roaring Cannons play,  
From every part Blood roars as loud as they.  
What *English* Ground but still some Moisture bears,  
Of Young Men's Blood, and more of Mothers' Tears !  
What Airs unthicken'd with the Sighs of Wives,  
Tho' more of Maids for their dear Lovers' Lives.  
Alas, what Triumphs can this Victory shew,  
That dies us Red in Blood and Blushes too !  
How can we wish that Conquest, which bestows  
Cypress, not Bays, upon the Conquering Brows ?  
It was not so, when *Henry's* dreadful Name,  
Not Sword, nor Cause, whole Nations overcame.  
To farthest West did his swift Conquests run,  
Nor did his Glory set but with the Sun.

In vain did *Roderic* to his Hold retreat,  
 In vain had wretched *Ireland* call'd him Great.  
*Ireland!* which now most basely we begin  
 To labour more to Lose than he to Win.  
 It was not so, when in the happy East,  
*Richard* our *Mars*, *Venus's* Isle possess'd.  
 'Gainst the proud Moon, he the *English* Cross display'd,  
 Eclips'd one Horn, and th' other paler made.  
 When our dear Lives we ventur'd bravely there,  
 And digg'd our own, to gain *Christ's* Sepulchra.  
 That Sacred Tomb which should we now enjoy,  
 We should with as much Zeal fight to destroy.  
 The precious Signs of our dead Lord we scorn,  
 And see his Cross worse than his Body torn.  
 We hate it now both for the *Greek* and *Jew*,  
 To us 'tis Foolishness and Scandal too.  
 To what with Worship the fond Papist falls,  
 That the fond Zealot a curs'd Idol calls.

So 'twixt their double Madness, here 's the odds,  
 One makes false Devils, t' other makes false gods!

It was not so, when *Edward* prov'd his Cause,  
 By a Sword stronger than the *Sakique* Laws,  
 Tho' fetch'd from *Pharamond*, when the *French* did  
 fight

With Women's Hearts against the Women's Right :  
 Th' afflicted Ocean his first Conquest bore,  
 And drove Red Waves to the sad *Gallique* Shore.  
 As if he'd angry with that Element been,  
 Which his wide Soul bound with an Island in.  
 Where 's now that Spirit with which at *Crusy* we  
 And *Poictiers*, forc'd from Fate a Victory?  
 Two kings at once we brought sad Captives Home  
 A Triumph scarcely known to ancient *Rome* ;  
 Two Foreign Kings : But now, alas, we strive,  
 Our own, our own good Sovereign to Captive !

It was not so, when *Agincourt* was won ;  
 Under great *Henry* serv'd the Rain and Sun :  
 A Nobler Fight the Sun himself ne'er knew,  
 Nor when he stopp'd his Course a Fight to view !  
 Then Death's old Archer did more skillful grow,  
 And learn'd to shoot more sure from th' *English* Bow ;  
 Then *France* was her own Story sadly taught,  
 And felt how *Cesar* and how *Edward* fought.

It was not so, when that vast Fleet of *Spain*  
 Lay torn and scatter'd on the *English* Main ;  
 Through the proud World, a Virgin, Terror struck,  
 The *Austrian* Crowns and *Rome's* seven Hills she shook ;  
 To her great *Neptune* Homag'd all his Streams,  
 And all the wide-stretch'd Ocean was her *Thames*.  
 Thus our Fore-Fathers fought, thus bravely bled,  
 Thus still they live, while we alive are dead :  
 Such Acts they did, that *Rome* and *Cesar* too,  
 Might envy those, whom once they did subdue.  
 We're not their Off-spring, sure our Heralds lie,  
 But born we know not how, as now we Die ;  
 Their Precious Blood we could not venture thus :  
 Some *Cadmus* sure sow'd *Serpents'* Teeth for us ;  
 We could not else by mutual Fury fall,  
 Whilst *Rhine* and *Segnan* for our Armies call :

Chuse War or Peace, you have a Prince, you know,  
 As fit for both, as both are fit for you.

Furious as Lightning when War's Tempest came,  
 But Calm in Peace, Calm as a Lambert Flame.

Have you forgot those happy Years of late,  
 That saw nought ill, but us that were ingrate ?  
 Such Years, as if Earth's Youth return'd had been,  
 And that old Serpent *Time* had cast his Skin :  
 As Gloriously, and Gently did they move,  
 As the bright Sun that measures them above ;  
 Then only in Books the Learn'd could Misery see,  
 And the Unlearn'd ne'er heard of Misery.

Then happy *James* with as deep Quiet Reign'd,  
 As in his Heav'nly Throne, by Death he gain'd.  
 And lest this Blessing with his Life should Cease,  
 He left us *Charles*, the Pledge of future Peace.

*Charles*, under whom, with much ado, no less  
 Than sixteen Years, we endur'd our Happiness  
 'Till in a Moment in the *North* we find,  
 A Tempest conjur'd up without a Wind.

As soon the *North* her Kindness did Repent,  
 First the Peace-Maker, and next War she sent :  
 Just *Tweed*, that now had with long Peace forgot  
 On which side dwelt the *English*, which the *Scot* ;

Saw glittering Arms shine sadly on his Face,  
 Whilst all th' affrighted Fish sank down apace.  
 No Blood did then from this dark Quarrel grow,  
 It gave blunt Wounds, that bled not out till now !  
 For *Jove*, who might have us'd his Thundering Power,  
 Chose to fall calmly in a Golden Shower !  
 A way he found to Conquer, which by none  
 Of all our thrifty Ancestors was known ;  
 So strangely Prodigal of late we are,  
 We there buy Peace, and here at Home buy War.

How could a War so sad and barb'rous please,  
 But first by stand'ring those blest Days of Peace ?  
 Through all the Excrements of State they pry,  
 Like Em'pricks, to find out a Malady ;  
 And then, with desp'rate Boldness, they endeavour  
 Th' Ague to cure, by bringing in a Fever :  
 The way is sure to expel some Ill no doubt ;  
 The Plague, we know, drives all Diseases out.  
 What strange wild Fears did ev'ry Morning breed,  
 'Till a strange Fancy made us sick indeed !  
 And Cowardise did Valour's place supply,  
 Like those that kill themselves for fear to die !  
 What frantick Diligence in these Men appears,  
 That fear all Ills, and act o'er all their Fears ?  
 Thus into War we scar'd our selves ; and who  
 But *Aaron's* Sons, that the first Trumpet blew ?  
 Fond Men ! who knew not that they were to keep  
 For God, and not for Sacrifice, their Sheep.  
 The Churches first this Murd'rous Doctrine sow,  
 And learn to Kill as well as Bury now.  
 The Marble Tombs where our Fore-fathers lye,  
 Sweated, with dread of too much Company :  
 And all their sleeping Ashes shook for Fear,  
 Lest thousand Ghosts would come and shroud them  
 there.

Petitions next from ev'ry Town they frame,  
 To be restor'd to them from whom they came.  
 The same Stile all, and the same Sense does pen ;  
 Alas, they allow set Forms of Prayer to Men.  
 Oh happy we, if Men would neither hear  
 Their study'd Form, nor God their sudden Prayer.  
 They will be heard, and in unjustest wise,  
 The many-headed Rout for Justice cries.  
 They call for Blood, which now I fear does call  
 For Blood again, much louder than they all.  
 In senseless Clamours, and confused Noise,  
 We lost that rare, and yet unconquer'd Voice.  
 So when the sacred *Thracian* Lyre was drown'd,  
 In the *Dionysian* Women's mixed Sound ;  
 The wond'ring Stones that came before to hear,  
 Forgot themselves, and turn'd his Murd'ers there.  
 The same loud Storm blew the *Grave Mitre* down :  
 It blew down that, and with it shook the *Crown*.  
 Then first a *State* without a *Church* begun ;  
 Comfort thy self, dear *Church*, for then 'twas done.  
 The same great Storm, to Sea great *Mary* drove,  
 The Sea could not such dang'rous Tempests move.  
 The same drove *Charles* into the North, and then  
 Would readiller far have driven him back agen.  
 To fly from Noise of Tumults is no Shame ;  
 Ne'er will their Armies force them to the same :  
 They all his Castles, all his Towns invade,  
 He's a large Prisoner in all *England* made !  
 He must not pass to *Ireland's* weeping Shore,  
 The Wounds these Surgeons make must yield them  
 more :

He must not conquer his lewd Rebels there,  
 Least he should learn by that to do it here.  
 The Sea they subject next to their Command,  
 The Sea, that crowns our Kings, and all their Land.  
 Thus poor they leave him, their base Pride and Scorn  
 As poor as these, now mighty Men were born.  
 When strait whole Armies meet in *Charles's* Right,  
 How no Man knows ; but here they are, and Fight.  
 A Man would swear, that saw this alter'd State,  
 Kings were call'd Gods, because they could Create.  
 Vain Men ! 'tis Heaven this first Assistance brings,  
 The same is Lord of Hosts, that 'a King of Kings.  
 Had Men forsok him, Angels from above  
 (Th' *Assyrian* did less their Justice move)  
 Would all have muster'd in his righteous Aid,  
 And Thunder 'gainst your Cannon would have play'd.  
 It needs not so, for Man desires to right  
 Abus'd Mankind ; and, Wretches, you must fight.

*Worster* first saw 't, and trembled at the View,  
 Too well the Ills of *Civil War* she knew.  
 Twice did the Flames of old her Towers invade,  
 Twice call'd she in vain for her own *Sworn's* Aid.  
 Here first the Rebel Winds began to roar,  
 Brake loose from the just Fetters which they bore.  
 Here mutinous Waves above their Shoar did swell,  
 And the first Storm of that Dire Winter fell.  
 But when the two great Brethren once appear'd,  
 And their bright Heads like *Leda's* Off-spring rear'd,

When these Sea-calming Sons from *Jove* were spy'd,  
 The Winds all fled, the Waves all sunk and dy'd !  
 How fought great *Rupert*, with what Rage and Skill !  
 Enough to 've conquer'd, had his Cause been Ill.  
 Comely young Man ! and yet his dreadful Sight,  
 The Rebels' Blood to their faint Hearts does fright.  
 In vain, alas, it seeks so weak Defence ;  
 For his keen Sword brings it again from thence :  
 Yet grieves he at the Lawrels thence he bore ;  
 Alas poor Prince, they 'll fight with him no more.  
 His Virtue will be eclips'd with too much Fame,  
 Henceforth he will not Conquer, but his Name.  
 Here . . . with tainted Blood the Field did stain,  
 By his own Sacrilege, and 's Country's Curses slain.  
 The first Commander did Heaven's Vengeance show,  
 And led the Rebels Van to Shades below.

On two fair Hills both Armies next are seen,  
 Th' affrighted Valley sighs and sweats thence ;  
 Here *Angels* did with fair Expectance stay,  
 And wish'd good things to a King as mild as they ;  
 Their *Frends* with Hunger waiting did abide,  
 And Curs'd both, but spur'd on th' guilty side.  
 Here stood *Religion*, her Looks gently Sage,  
 Aged, but much more comely for her Age !  
 There *Schism* Old Hag, tho' seeming Young, appears,  
 As Snakes by casting Skins renew their Years ;  
 Undecent Rags of several Dies she wore,  
 And in her Hand torn *Liturgies* she bore.  
 Here *Loyalty* an humble *Cross* display'd,  
 And still as *Charles* pass'd by, she bow'd and pray'd.  
*Sedition* there her Crimson Banner spreads,  
 Shakes all her Hands, and roars with all her Heads.  
 Her knotty Hairs were with dire Serpents twist,  
 And ev'ry Serpent at each other hist.  
 Here stood *White Truth*, and her own Host does  
 bless,

Clad with those Arms of proof, her Nakedness.  
 There *Perjuries* like Cannons roar aloud,  
 And *Lies* flew thick, like Cannon's smoaky Cloud.  
 Here *Learning* and th' *Arts* met, as much they fear'd  
 As when the *Huns* of old and *Goths* appear'd.  
 What should they do ? unapt themselves to fight,  
 They promis'd noble Pens the Acts to write.  
 There *Ignorance* advanc'd, and joy'd to spy  
 So many that durst fight they knew not why ;  
 From those who most the slow-soul'd *Monks* disdain,  
 From those she hopes the *Monks* dull Age again.  
 Here *Mercy* waits with sad but gentle Look ;  
 Never, alas, had she her *Charles* forsok !  
 For *Mercy* on her Friends, to *Heaven* she cries,  
 Whilst *Justice* pulls down *Vengeance* from the Skies.  
*Oppression* there, *Rapine* and *Murder* stood  
 Ready, as was the Field to drink their Blood.  
 A thousand wronged Spirits amongst them mean'd,  
 And thrice the Ghost of mighty *Strafford* groan'd.

Now flew their Cannon thick thro' wounded Air,  
 Sent to defend, and kill their Sovereign there.  
 More than he them, the Bullets fear'd his Head,  
 And at his Feet lay innocently dead.

They knew not what those Men that sent them meant,  
And acted their Pretence, not their Intent.

This was the Day, this the first Day that shew'd  
How much to *Charles* for our long Peace we ow'd :  
By his Skill here, and Spirit, we understood,  
From *War* naught kept him, but his Country's  
Good.

In his great Looks what chearful Anger shone !  
Sad *War* and joyful *Triumphs* mix'd in one.  
In the same Beams of his Majestick Eye,  
His own Men Life, his Foes did Death espie.  
Great *Rupert* this, that Wing great *Wilms* leads,  
White-feather'd Conquest flies o'er both their Heads.  
They Charge, as if alone they'd beat the Foe ;  
Whether their Troops follow'd them up or no.  
They follow close, and haste into the Fight,  
As swift as strait the Rebels made their Flight.  
So swift the Miscreants fly, as if each Fear  
And Jealousie they fram'd, had met them there.  
They heard *War's* Musick, and away they flew,  
The Trumpets fright worse than the Organs do.  
Their Souls which still new By-ways do invent,  
Out at their wounded Backs perversly went.  
Pursue no more, ye *Noble Victors* stay,  
Lest too much Conquest lose so brave a Day.  
For still the Battel sounds behind, and Fate  
Will not give all, but sets us here a Rate :  
Too dear a Rate she sets, and we must pay  
One honest Man, for ten such Knaves as they.  
Streams of Black tainted Blood the Field besmear,  
But pure well-colour'd Drops shine here and there :  
They scorn to mix with Floods of baser Veins,  
Just as the nobler Moisture, Oil disdains.  
Thus fearless *Lindsey*, thus bold *Aubigny*,  
Amidst the Corps of slaughter'd Rebels lye :  
More honourably than *Essex* e'er was found,  
With troops of living Traitors circled round.  
Rest valiant Souls in Peace, ye sacred Pair,  
And all whose Deaths attended on you there :  
You're kindly welcom'd to Heaven's peaceful Coast,  
By all the Reverend Martyrs' Noble Host.  
Your soaring Souls they meet with Triumph, all  
Led by great *Stephan*, their old General.  
Go W——n, now prefer thy flourishing State,  
Above those murder'd Heroes doleful Fate.  
Enjoy that Life which thou durst basely save,  
And thought'st a Saw-pit nobler than a Grave.  
Thus many sav'd themselves, and *Night* the rest,  
*Night* that agrees with their dark Actions best.  
A dismal Shade did *Heaven's* sad Face o'erflow,  
Dark as the Night slain *Rebels* found below.  
No gentle Stars their chearful Glories rear'd,  
Asham'd they were at what was done, and fear'd  
Lest wicked Men their bold Excuse should frame  
From some strange Influence, and so veil their shame.  
To Duty thus, Order and Law incline,  
They who ne'er Err from one eternal Line.  
As just the Ruin of these Men they thought,  
As *Sisera's* was, 'gainst whom themselves had fought.

Still their Rebellious ends remember well,  
Since *Lucifer* the Great, their shining Captain fell.  
For this the Bells they ring, and not in vain,  
Well might they all ring out for thousands slain.  
For this the Bonfires their glad Lightness spread,  
When Funeral Flames might more befit their Dead.  
For this with solemn Thanks they tire their *God*,  
And whilst they feel it, mock th' Almighty's Rod.  
They proudly now abuse his Justice more,  
Than his long Mercies they abus'd before.  
Yet these the Men that true Religion boast,  
The pure and Holy, Holy, Holy, Host !  
What great Reward for so much Zeal is giv'n ?  
Why, Heaven has thank'd them since, as they thank'd  
Heaven.

Witness thou *Braunford* ! say thou ancient Town,  
How many in thy Streets fell groveling down :  
Witness the *Red-coats* wait'ring in their Gore,  
And died anew into the Name they bore !  
Witness their Men blow'd up into the Air !  
All Elements their Ruins joy'd to share.  
In the wide Air quick Flames their Bodies tore,  
Then drown'd in Waves, they're tost by Waves to Shore.  
Witness thou *Thames* ! thou wast amas'd to see  
Men madly run to save themselves in thee.  
In vain, for *Rebels* Lives thou wouldst not save,  
And down they sunk beneath thy conqu'ring Wave.  
Good Reverend *Thames*, the best belov'd of all  
Those noble Floods, that meet at *Neptunus's* Hall ;  
*London's* proud Towers, which do thy Head adorn,  
Are not thy Glory now, but Grief and Sorn.  
Thou griev'st to see the *White nam'd Palace* shine,  
Without the Beams of its own Lord and thine :  
Thy Lord which is to all as Good and Free,  
As thou kind Flood to thine own Banks canst be.  
How does thy peaceful Back disdain to bear  
The *Rebels* busie Pride at *Westminster* !  
Thou who thy self do'st without murmur'ing pay  
Eternal Tribute to thy Prince, the Sea.

To *Oxford* next Great *Charles* in Triumph came,  
*Oxford* the *British* Muses second Fame.  
Here Learning with some State and Reverence looks,  
And dwells in Buildings lasting as their Books ;  
Both now Eternal, but they had Ashes been,  
Had these *Religious Vandals* once got in.  
Not *Bodley's* Noble Work their Rage would spare,  
For *Books* they know the chief *Malignants* are.  
In vain they silence every Age before,  
For Pens of time to come will wound them more.  
The Temples' decent Wealth, and modest State,  
Had suffer'd, this their Avarice, that their Hate.  
Beggary and Sorn into the Church they'd bring,  
And make God Glorious, as they made the King.  
O happy Town, that to lov'd *Charles's* Sight,  
In these sad Times giv'st Safety and Delight,  
The Fate which *Civil War* itself doth Bless,  
Scarce would'st thou change for *Peace*, this Happiness.  
Amidst all Joys which Heaven allows thee here,  
Think on thy *Sister*, and then shed a Tear.

What Fights did this sad Winter see each Day,  
Her Winds and Storms came not so thick as they !  
Yet nought these far-lost Rebels could recall,  
Not *Marlborough's* nor *Cirencester's* Fall.  
Yet still for Peace the *Gentle Conqueror* sues,  
By his Wrath they perish, yet his Love refuse.  
Nor yet is the plain Lesson understood,  
Writ by kind Heaven, in *B[rooks]*, and *H[ampden]*'s  
Blood.

*Chad* and his Church saw where their Enemy lay,  
And with just Red new-mark'd their Holy-day.  
Fond Men, this Blow the injur'd *Crasier* struck,  
Nought was more fit to perish but thy Book.  
Such fatal Vengeance did wrong'd *Charevoov* shew,  
Where *H[ampden]* both begun and ended too.  
His curs'd Rebellion, where his Soul 's repaid  
With separation, great as that he made.  
*H[ampden]*, whose Spirit moved o'er the mighty Frame  
O' the *British* Isle, and out this Chaos came.  
*H[ampden]*, the Man that taught Confusion's Art,  
His Treasons restless, and yet noiseless Heart.  
His active Brain, like *Aetna's* Top appear'd,  
Where Treason 's forg'd, yet no Noise outward heard.  
'Twas he contriv'd what'er bold *Martyn* said,  
And all the popular noise that *Pyw* has made ;  
'Twas he that taught the *Zealous Routs* to rise,  
And be his Slaves for some fain'd Liberties.  
Him for this Black Design Hell thought most fit,  
Ah ! wretched Man, curs'd by too good a Wit.

If not all this your stubborn Hearts can fright,  
Think on the *West*, think on the *Cornish* Might :  
The *Saxon* Fury, to that far-stretch'd Place,  
Drove the torn Reliques of great *Brutus* Race.  
Here they of old did in long Safety lye,  
Compass'd with Seas, and a worse Enemy.  
Ne'er till this time, ne'er did they meet with Foes  
More Cruel or more Barbarous than those.  
Ye noble *Britains*, who so oft with Blood  
Of *Pagan Hosts*, have dy'd old *Tamar's* Flood ;  
If any Drop of mighty *Viber* still  
Or *Viber's* mightier Son your Veins does fill,  
Shew then that Spirit ; 'till all Men think by you  
The doubtful Tales of your great *Arthur* true.  
You have shewn it *Britains*, and have often done  
Things that have cheer'd the weary setting Sun.  
Again did *Tamar* your dread Arms behold,  
As just and as successful as the Old :  
It kiss'd the *Cornish* Banks, and vow'd to bring  
His richest Waves to feed th' ensuing Spring ;  
But murmur'd sadly, and almost deny'd  
All fruitful Moisture to the *Devon* side.  
Ye Sons of War, by whose bold Acts we see  
How great a thing exalted Man may be ;  
The World remains your Debtor, that as yet  
Ye have not all gone forth, and conquer'd it.  
I knew that Fate some Wonders for you meant,  
When matchless *Hopton* to your Coasts she sent,  
*Hopton* ! so wise, he needs not Fortune's Aid,  
So fortunate, his Wisdom's useless made.

Should his so often try'd Companions fail,  
His *Spirit*, alone, and *Courage* would prevail.  
*Miraculous Man* ! how would I sing thy Praise,  
Had any *Muss* crown'd me with half the *Bays*  
Conquest hath given to thee ! And next thy Name  
Should *Berkly*, *Stanning*, *Digby* press to Fame.  
*Godolphin* thee, thee *Greenvil* I'd rehearse,  
But Tears break off my Verse.  
How oft has vanquish'd *Stamford* backward fled,  
Swift as the parted Souls of those he led !  
How few did his huge Multitudes defeat,  
For most are Cyphers when the Number's great.  
Numbers alas of Men, that made no more  
Than he himself Ten thousand times told o'er.  
Who hears of *Stratton* Fight, but must confess  
All that he heard or read before, was less.  
Sad *Germany* can no such Trophy boast,  
For all the Blood these twenty Years sh' as lost.  
Vast was their *Army*, and their *Arms* were more  
Than th' Host of Hundred-handed *Gyants* bore,  
So strong their *Arms*, it did almost appear  
Secure, had neither *Arms* nor *Men* been there.  
In *Hopton* breaks, in break the *Cornish* Powers,  
Few, and scarce Arm'd, yet was th' Advantage ours.  
What doubts could be, their outward strength to win,  
When we bore *Arms* and *Magazines* within ?  
The violent Swords out-did the Muskets Ire,  
It struck the Bones, and there gave dreadful Fire :  
We scorn'd their Thunder, and the reeking Blade  
A thicker Smoak than all their Cannon made.  
*Death* and loud *Tumults* fill'd the place around ;  
With fruitless Rage fall'n Rebels bite the Ground.  
The *Arms* we gain'd, were *Wealth*, *Bodies* of the  
Foe,  
All that a full fraught Victory can bestow.  
Yet stays not *Hopton* thus, but still proceeds,  
Pursues himself through all his glorious Deeds.  
With *Hertford*, and the *Prince*, he joins his Fate,  
The *Belgian Trophies* on their Journey wait.  
The *Prince*, who oft had check'd proud *W*— fame,  
And fool'd that flying *Conquerour's* empty Name :  
'Till by his loss that fertile Monster thriv'd,  
This Serpent cut in parts, rejoin'd and liv'd.  
It liv'd and would have stung us deeper yet,  
But that bold *Greenvil* its whole fury met.  
He sold, like *Decius*, his devoted Breath,  
And left the Common-Wealth Heir to his Death.  
Hail mighty *Ghost* ! look from on high, and see  
How much our *Hands* and *Swords* remember thee.  
At *Round-way-Heath*, our Rage at thy great fall,  
Whet all our Spirits, and made us *Greenvils* all.  
One Thousand Horse beat all their numerous Power ;  
Bless me ! and where was then thy *Conqueror* !  
Coward of Fame, he flies in haste away,  
*Men*, *Arms*, and *Name* leave us the *Victor's* Prey.  
What meant those *Iron Regiments* which he brought,  
That moving Statues seem'd, and so they fought.  
No way for Death but by Disease appear'd,  
Cannon and Mines, a Siege they scarcely fear'd :

'Till 'gainst all hopes they prov'd in this sad sight,  
 Too weak to stand, and yet too slow for fight.  
 The Furies howl'd aloud through trembling Air,  
 Th' astonish'd Snakes fell sadly from their Hair ;  
 To *Leeds*'s proud Town their hasty flight they took,  
 The Towers and Temples at their entrance shook :  
 In vain their Loss they attempted to disguise,  
 And mustred up new Troops of fruitless Lies :  
*God* fought himself, nor cou'd th' Event be less,  
 Bright Conquest walks the Fields in all her dress.  
 Cou'd this white Day a Gift more grateful bring ?  
 Oh yes ! it brought bless'd *Mary* to the King !  
 In *Keynton* Field they met ; at once they view  
 Their former Victory, and enjoy a new.  
*Keynton* the Place that Fortune did approve,  
 To be the noblest Scene of War and Love ;  
 Through the glad Vail ten thousand *Cupids* fled,  
 And chas'd the wandering Spirits of *Rebels* dead ;  
 Still the lewd scent of Powder did they fear,  
 And scatter'd *Eastern Smells* through all the Air.  
 Look happy Mount, look well, for this is she,  
 That *Toyl'd* and *Travell'd* for thy Victory ;  
 Thy flourishing Head to her with Reverence bow,  
 To her thou owest that Fame which Crowns thee now.  
 From far-stretch'd Shores they felt her Spirit and Might ;  
*Princes* and *God* at any distance fight.  
 At her return well might sh' a Conquest have,  
 Whose very Absence such a Conquest gave.  
 This in the *West* : nor did the *North* bestow  
 Less Cause, their usual Gratitude to show ;  
 With much of State brave *Cavendish* led them forth,  
 As swift and fierce as Tempest from the *North* ;  
*Cavendish* whom ev'ry *Grace* and ev'ry *Muse*,  
 Kiss'd at his Birth ; and for their own did chuse.  
 So good a *Wis* they meant not shou'd excel  
 In arms, but now they see 't and like it well ;  
 So large is that rich Empire of his Heart,  
 Well may they rest contented with a Part.  
 How soon he forc'd the *Northern* Clouds to flight,  
 And struck Confusion into Form and Light !  
 Scarce did the Power Divine in fewer Days,  
 A peaceful World out of a Chaos raise.  
*Bradford* and *Leeds* propt up their sinking Fame,  
 They bragg'd of Hosts, and *Fairfax* was a Name.

*Leeds, Bradford, Fairfax Powers* are strait their own,  
 As quickly as they vote Men over thrown.  
*Bootes* from his Wain look'd down below,  
 And saw our Victory move not half so slow.  
 I see the *Gallant Earl* break through the Foes ;  
 In Dust and Sweat how gloriously he shows !  
 I see him lead the Pikes ; What will he do ?  
 Defend him Heaven ! Oh whither will he go ?  
 Up to the Cannons' Mouth he leads ! in vain  
 They speak loud Death, and threaten till they'r ta'en.  
 So *Cepaeus*, two Armies fill'd with Wonder,  
 When he charg'd *Jove*, and grappled with his Thunder,  
 Both Hosts with silence, and with terror shook,  
 As if not he, but they were Thunder-strook ;  
 The *Courage* here, and *Boldness* was no less,  
 Only the *Cause* was better, and *Success*.  
 Heaven will let nought be by their Cannon done,  
 Since at *Edghill* they sinn'd, and *Burlington*.  
 Go now, your silly *Calumnies* repeat,  
 And make all *Papists*, whom you cannot beat.  
 Let the World know some way, with whom you are  
 next,  
 And vote 'em *Turks* when they o'erthrow you next.  
 Why will you die, fond Men ? why will you buy  
 At this fond rate, your Country's Slavery ?  
 Is 't Liberty ! what are those Threats we hear ?  
 Why do you thus th' *Old* and *New Prison* fill,  
 When that's the only why, because you will ?  
 Fain would you make *God* too thus tyrannous be,  
 And damn poor Men by such a stiff Decree,  
 Is 't Property ? Why do such Numbers then,  
 From *God* beg *Vengeance*, and *Relief* from Men ?  
 Why are the *Estates* and *Goods* seiz'd on of all,  
 Whom *Covetous* or *Malicious* Men miscall ?  
 What's more our own than our own Lives ? but oh  
 Could *Yeoman's*, or could *Bourchier* find it so ?  
 The *Barbarous Coward* always us'd to fly,  
 Did know no other way to see Men die.  
 Or is't *Religion* ? What then mean your Lies,  
 Your Sacrilege and Pulpit Blasphemies ?  
 Why are all *Sects* let loose, that e'er had Birth,  
 Since *Luther's Noise* wak'd the *Leithargick Earth* ?

*The Author went no further.*

### E.—ACADEMIC LATIN POEMS, ETC. See page xi/2.

I. From 'Συμπόσια, sive Musarum Cantabrigien-  
 sium Concertus et Congratulatio ad Serenissimum  
 Britanniarum Regem Carolum, De quinto suo  
 sobole. 1637.'

*De felici partu Reginae Mariae.*

DUM more antiquo jejunia festa coluntur,  
 Et populum pascit religioſa fames ;  
 Quinta beat nostram soboles formosa Mariam ;  
 Penē iterum nobis, hęc December, ades.

Ite, quibus lusum Bacchūque Cerēque ministrant,  
 Et risum vitis lacryma rubra movet.  
 Nos sine lætitiæ strepitu, sine murmure læti :  
 Ipsa dies novit vix sibi verba dari.  
 Cum corda arcana saltant festiva chorea,  
 Cur pede vel tellus trita frequente sonet ?  
 Quidve bibat Regi, quam perdit turba, salutem ?  
 Sint mes pro tanto sobria vota viro.  
 Crede mihi, non sunt, non sunt ea gaudia vera,  
 Quę fiunt pompę gaudia vera sua.

Vicisti tandem, vicisti, casta Maria ;  
 Cedit de sexu Carolus ipse suo.  
 A te sic vinci magnus quàm gaudeat ille !  
 Vix hostes tanti vel superâsse fuit.  
 Jam tua pîus vivit, pictura at proxima fiet  
 Regia, et in methodo te peperisse juvat.  
 O bona conjugii concors discordia vestri !  
 O sancta hæc inter jurgia verus amor !  
 Non Caroli puro respirans vultus in auro  
 Tam populo (et notum est quàm placet ille) placet,  
 Da veniam, hic omnes nimitum quòd simus avari ;  
 Da veniam, hic animos quòd satiare nequis.  
 Cùmque (sed ò nostris fiat lux senior annis)  
 In currum ascendas leta per astra tuum,  
 Natorum in facie tua viva et mollis imago  
 Non minus in terris, quàm tua sculpta, regat.  
*Abrahamus Cowley, T. C.*

II. From 'Voces Votivæ ab Academicis Cantabrigiensibus pro novissimo Caroli et Mariæ Principe Filio emisse. 1640.'  
*In felicissimam Regina Mariæ fertilitatem.*

Naturæ facies renovatur quolibet anno,  
 Et sese mirum fertilis ipsa parit.  
 Sic quoque Naturæ exemplar Regina, decusque,  
 In foetu toties se videt ipsa novam.  
 Penè omnem signas tam sæpe puerpera mensem,  
 Et cupit à partu nomen habere tuo.  
 Quæque tuos toties audit Lucina labores,  
 Vix ipsa in proprio sæpius Orbe tumet.  
 Fœcundam semper spectabis, Jane, Mariam,  
 Sive hac sive illa fronte videre volas.  
 Discite, subjecti, officium : Regina Marito  
 Anna jam toties ipsa Tributa dedit.

Dum redit a sanctis non fessus Carolus aris,  
 Principis occurrit nuntia Fama novi.  
 Non mirum, existat cum proximus ipse Tonanti,  
 Vicinum attingunt quod cito vota Deum.  
 Non mirum, cùm sit tam sancta mente precatus,  
 Quod precibus merces tam properata venit.  
 Factura ò longum nobis Jæunia Festum !  
 O magnas Epulas exhibitura Fames !  
 En fundunt gemitum, et lacrymarum flumina ; turbam  
 Cum Regina ipsam parturisse putas.  
 Credibile est Puerum populi sensisse dolores ;  
 Edidit hinc mœstos flebilis ipse sonos.  
*A. Cowley, A. B. T. C.*

III. From 'Irenodia Cantabrigiensis : Ob paciferum Serenissimi Regis CAROLI Æ SCOTIA reditum Mens. Novemb. 1641.'

**E**Rgò redis, multa frontem redimitis Oliva,  
 Captivæque ingens laurea pacis adest.  
 Vicerunt alii bellis et Marte cruento ;  
 Carole, Tu solus vincere bella potes.

Te sequitur volucris mitis Victoria penna,  
 Et Famae pennas prævenit ipsa sua.  
 Te voluere sequi convulsis Orcades undis,  
 Sed retinent fixos frigora sæva pedes.  
 Te propè viderunt, ò terris major Apollo,  
 Nascentem, et Delo plus licuisse dolent.  
 Tanta decent Carolum rerum miracula ; Tecum,  
 Si pelago redeas, Insula navis eat.  
 Si terra, vestri comitentur plaustra Bootæ ;  
 Sed rota tarda gelu, sed nimis ipse piger.  
 Compositam placidè jam lætus despicit Arcton,  
 Horrentesque novo lumine adornat equos.  
 Ah nunquam rubeat civili sanguine Tueda,  
 Nec petat attonitum decolor unda mare !  
 Callisto in vetitum potius descenderet sequor,  
 Quàm vellet tantum mœsta videtur nefas.  
 Convenisse feris inter se noverat Ursis,  
 Et generi ingenium mitius esse suo.  
 Nos gens una sumus ; De Scoti nomine et Angli  
 Grammatici soli prælia rauca gerant.  
 Tam bene cognatos composit Carolus enses,  
 Tot pacem populis fundit ab ore suis.  
 Hæc illi laudem virtus immensa minorem  
 Eripuit ; nunquam bella videre potest.  
 Sic gladios solvit vaginis fulgur in ipsis ;  
 Effectûque potest vix prius ire suo.  
 Sic vigil æterno regnator Phoebus Olympo  
 Circumfert subitam quâ volat ipse diem.  
 Nil illi prodest stellarum exercitus ingens ;  
 Ut possit tenebras pellere, solus adest.

*A. Cowley, Trin. Coll. Socius.*

Note—In the original l. 8 'pedes' is made feminine and l. 19, 'Callisto' is spelled 'Calisto.'

To these published academic verses, I add the following so far as I am aware unpublished poem from Harleian MSS. 6383, the writer of which MS. speaks of his cousin Gervase Holles. I adhere to the MS. except that I correct 'yeard' by 'year' (l. 4) and substitute 'beginn y<sup>e</sup> yeare' for 'y<sup>e</sup> year beginn' (l. 9).

COOLYES VERSES VPPON MY LADY ELISABETH[']S  
 BIRTH ON CHRISTMAS EUEN 1635.

'Your picture mighty P. ingran'd in Gould  
 whiche from yowr picture doth more lustre hould  
 men to their frends for gratulation send  
 when Janus doth beginn y<sup>e</sup> year and end :  
 Nature w<sup>ch</sup>e muche from your large hand receaves  
 for new-yeares-guift to thee thyne image giues  
 of farr more worth then thy Goulds louely print  
 both for the grauer mettall & the mint :  
 what better auspice could beginn y<sup>e</sup> yeare ?  
 what richer crown for Janus head to beare ?

well may we know y<sup>e</sup> spring time forward creeps  
from th' fertile roote a new frenche lilly peeps :  
go on wise nature, and with equall care  
eache twelue month suche a new-year's guift pre-  
pare.

Thou, whom 4 kingdomes for their father know,  
art father only of 4 children now.

Oh lett y<sup>e</sup> number of thy of-spring mount  
till we thy children by thy citties count :

leauē thy self with vs diuersely, or we  
at y<sup>e</sup> fear'd day shall enuy heau'n to thee,  
whiche mayst thou late enjoy and Nestor be  
in yeares, as now thou art in prudency.  
And when ould age that ouer Princes raignes,  
bath scattered could and fayntnes through thy weyns,  
and made thee weake such tranalle to sustayn,  
mayst thou be carried there in thine owne waye.'

*A. Cowley (folio 30).*

F.—EPITAPH ON MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, NOTICES OF DEATH, PORTRAITS,  
ETC., ETC. See page xxx/2.

The quality of this Epitaph is not high. Dr. Johnson indeed could never read it without indignation because of its bad Latin and other faults. SPRAT is usually supposed to have been its author, but a contemporaneous MS. copy assigns it to SIR CHARLES SCARBOROUGH, M.D. (Notes and Queries, 1st Series, s.n.). The 'curious reader' will turn to Notes and Queries, as above. The Epitaph thus stands :—

ABRAHAMUS COULEIUS, Anglorum Pindarus,  
Flaccus, Maro, Delicia, Decus, Desiderium, sevi  
sui, hic iuxta situs est.

Aurea dum volitant late tua scripta per orbem,  
Et fama eternum vivis, divine Poeta,  
Hic placida jaceas requie: custodiat urnam  
Cana Fides, vigilantque perenni lampade Muse.  
Sit sacer iste locus, nec quis temerarius ausit  
Sacriliga turbare manu venerabile bustum.  
Intacti mancant, mancant per secula, dulcis  
COULEII cineres, seruentque immobile saxum.  
Sic vovit, votumque suum apud posteros sacratum  
esse voluit, qui viro incomparabili posuit sepul-  
chrale marmor, GEORGIUS Dux BUCKINGHAMIÆ.

Excessit e vita anno setatis sue 49, et honorifica  
pompa elatus ex sedibus Buckinghamianis, viris  
illustribus omnium ordinum exequias celebrantibus,  
sepultus est die 3 M. Augusti, Anno Domini  
1667.

In connection with his death, under August 10th, 1667, Pepys enters :—'Sir John Denham . . . Cowley he tells me is dead; who, it seems, was a mighty civil serious man; which I did not know before' (iv. 463). It would thus appear that even so consummate a gossip-monger did not hear of the Poet's

death on 28th July until 10th August. JOHN EVELYN was present at the funeral, as we learn from his Diary—'3d August 1667. Went to Mr. Cowley's funerall, whose corps lay at Wallingford House [Duke of Buckingham's], and was thence convey'd to Westminster Abbey in a hearse with 6 horses and all funeral decency, neere one hundred coaches of noblemen and persons of qualitie following; among these all the witts of the towne, divers bishops and clergymen. He was interr'd next Geoffry Chaucer and neere Spenser. A goodly monument is since erected to his memorie' (ii. 222, Bickers' edn.). During former illnesses Evelyn had visited his friend, e.g. 'May 14th, 1662/3. Dined with my Lord Mordaunt, and thence to Barnes, to visite my excellent and ingenious friend Abraham Cowley' (ii. 158): 'Jany. 2d, 1663-64. To Barne Elmes, to see Abraham Cowley after his sicknesse; and returned that evening to London' (ib. 163).

From the various (poor) 'Copies of Verses on the Death' of Cowley usually prefixed to his Works, I select one only, by Thomas Higgons—letting alone the father of the Wesleys' long Elegy and others after the pseudo-Pindaric form.

*Ode upon the death of Mr. Cowley.*

He who would worthily adorn his Herse  
Should write in his own way, in his Immortal Verse :  
But who can such Majestick Numbers write,  
With such inimitable Light ?



His high and noble Flights to reach  
 'Tis not the Art of Precept that can teach.  
 The World's grown old since *Pindar*, and to breed  
 Another such did Twenty Ages need.

At last another *Pindar* came,  
 Great as the first in Genius and in Fame ;  
 But that the first in *Greek*, a conqu'ring Language,  
 sung ;  
 And the last wrote but in an Island Tongue.  
 Wit, Thought, Invention in them both do flow,  
 As Torrents tumbling from the Mountains go.  
 Though the great *Roman* Lyrick do maintain  
 That none can equal *Pindar's* Strain ;  
*Cowley* with Words as full and Thoughts as high  
 As ever *Pindar* did, does fly ;  
 Of Kings and Heroes he as boldly sings,  
 And flies above the Clouds, yet never wets his  
 Wings.

As Fire aspiring, as the Sea profound,  
 Nothing in Nature can his Fancy bound ;  
 As swift as Lightning in its Course,  
 And as resistless in his Force.  
 Whilst other Poets, like Bees who range the Field  
 To gather what the Flowers will yield,  
 Gleam Matter with much Toil and Pain,  
 To bring forth Verses in an humble Strain ;  
 He sees about him round,  
 Possess'd at once of all that can be found :  
 To his illuminated Eye  
 All things created open lye,  
 That all his Thoughts so clear and so perspicuous be,  
 That whatsoever he describes we see ;  
 Our Souls are with his Passions fir'd,  
 And he who does but read him, is inspir'd.

*Pindar* to *Thebes*, where first he drew his Breath,  
 Though for his sake his Race was sav'd from  
 Death,  
 By th' *Macedonian* Youth, did not more Honour  
 Than *Cowley* does his Friends and Country too.  
 Had *Horace* liv'd his Wit to understand,  
 He ne'er had *England* thought a rude inhospitable  
 Land ;  
*Rome* might have blush'd, and *Athens* been  
 asham'd  
 To hear a remote *Briton* nam'd,  
 Who for his Parts does match, if not exceed,  
 The greatest Men that they did either breed.

If he had flourish'd when *Augustus* sway'd,  
 Whose peacefull Scepter the whole World obey'd,  
 Account of him *Macanas* would have made ;  
 And from the Country Shade,

Him into th' Cabinet have ta'en  
 To divert *Cæsar's* Cares, and charm his Pain :  
 For nothing can such Balm infuse  
 Into a weary'd Mind, as does a noble Muse.  
 It is not now as 'twas in former Days,  
 When all the Streets of *Rome* were strow'd with  
 Bays

To receive *Petrarch*, who through Arches rode,  
 Triumphal Arches, Honour'd, as a Demi-God,  
 Not for Towns conquer'd, or for Battels won,  
 But Vict'ries which were more his own ;  
 For Victories of Wit, and Victories of Art,  
 In which blind undiscerning Fortune had no part.

Though *Cowley* ne'er such Honours did attain,  
 As long as *Petrarch's*, *Cowley's* Name shall  
 reign ;  
 'Tis but his Dross that's in the Grave,  
 His Memory Fame from Death shall save ;  
 His Bays shall flourish, and be ever Green,  
 When those of Conquerors are not to be seen.

*Nec tibi mors ipsa superstes erit.*

Thomas Higgon.

Various authentic portraits of *Cowley* exist.  
 In the Bodleian Gallery is the original of  
*Faithorne's* well-known engraving. At Both-  
 well Castle is that which formerly belonged  
 to Clarendon. *Lely's*, representing him as  
 a shepherd, formerly at Drayton Manor, has  
 passed to the Nation with Peel's gallery of  
 paintings. I have incidentally mentioned  
*Zinc's* miniature, engraved by *Romney*, once  
 like *Lely's* at Strawberry Hill. Of other two  
 at Trinity College, Cambridge, my friend,  
 Dr. W. Aldis Wright, gives me this informa-  
 tion :—

'The portrait of *Cowley*, of which I sent you a  
 photograph, is a crayon drawing, which is in the  
 study of the Master's Lodge, and was presented to  
 the College on 11th August 1824 by Richard Clarke,  
 Esq., Chamberlain of the City of London. In the  
 right hand corner at the top of the portrait is written  
 "Abr. Cowley Aet . . ." the figures being concealed  
 by the frame, but the Master assures me the age  
 given is 22. The handwriting may be *Cowley's* own.  
 It certainly is not unlike his signatures in our books.  
 This is all I can tell you of the history of the picture.  
 Whether Mr. Clarke claimed any kinship with the  
*Cowley* family I cannot tell, for I know no more  
 about him ; but in the little volume of *Cowley's* early  
 poems is an Elegy on his friend and cousin Richard

Clerke of Lincoln's Inn, which shows a family connection between the Cowleys and the Clarks. There is another portrait of Cowley in the College Hall, a full-length figure. This was presented to us in 1752 by the Hon. Thomas Townsend, and is probably a copy from some earlier picture. It was painted by Slaughter, and represents Cowley as a man of forty or more, with long hair, and dressed in a loose blue robe, leaning against a column with a book in his hand.

After consultation with various artistic and literary friends, I decided to re-engrave Faithorne as that which had commended

itself to Bishop Sprat. This and the juvenile portrait by Vaughan (given in facsimile) seem authentically to preserve for us his presentment. The Clarke portrait—doubtless handed down by descendants of Humphrey Clarke—is so unlike any extant one that I could not accept it as a portrait of Cowley at all. In no feature does it agree with any. I have a suspicion that for Abraham Cowley we should read Abraham Clerke or Clarke, his cousin. Of course if the inscription be Cowley's this is not possible, but I doubt it.



# POETICAL BLOSSOMES.

BY

*A. C.*

---

— *fit sirculus Arbor.*

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LONDON,  
Printed by B. A. and T. F. for HENRY SEILE, and are to  
be sold at his shop at the Signe of the *Tyers-head*  
in *St. Pauls Church-yard.*  
1633.





I.

Poetical Blossomes.

1633.



NOTE.

A critical examination of the texts, has satisfied me, that the only way to get at a right estimate of Cowley, is to reproduce his earlier poems from his own original editions. Later—from 1636 to 1656—he worked on his youthful poetry and ‘improved’ it by his riper judgment and increased art, but he thereby deprived it of its primary authenticity as of its authority in marking the growth of his genius. Accordingly, instead of adopting his later and revised texts, I have recurred to the little original volumes—now all extremely rare—and given them in integrity. In the Memorial-Introduction (II. Critical) it will be interesting to record the (so-called) later ‘improvements.’ For myself the very imperfections of the youthful volumes commend them to me, while biographically and critically, it is of the last importance to have before us their inviolate text. The ‘Poetical Blossomes’—a small quarto—had prefixed to it a portrait of the Author ‘aetat. 13’ by Vaughan, within a symbolical border. This Portrait of the boy-poet has a somewhat curious history, not I believe hitherto known. See our Memorial-Introduction for it, with facsimiles, etc.

‘Pyramus and Thisbe’ and miscellaneous poems follow ‘Constantia and Philetus’ with a fresh title-page (as given) but with continuous signatures. Together, they make up ‘Poetical Blossomes.’ Notes and Illustrations to these and all the Poems—as with Quarles before—will be found at close of the volumes.

G.



P O E T I C A L  
B L O S S O M E S .

BY  
A. C.

---

—*fit surculus Arbor.*

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LONDON,  
Printed by B. A. and T. F. for HENRY SEILE, and are to  
be sold at his shop at the Signe of the *Tygers-head*  
in S<sup>t</sup>. *Pauls* Church-yard.

1633.



TO  
 THE RIGHT HONORABLE,  
 and right Reverend Father in  
 God, IOHN, Lord Bishop of  
 LINCOLNE. And Deane of  
*Westminster.*

MY LORD,

**I** Might well feare, leas't these my rude and unpolisht  
 lines, should offend your Honorable survey; but  
 that I hope your Noblenesse will rather smile at the  
 faults committed by a Child, then censure them; How-  
 soeuer I desire your Lordship's pardon, for presenting  
 things so unworthy to your view, and to accept the good  
 will of him, who in all duty is bound to be

Your Lordship's

most humble servant,

ABRA: COWLEY.

## To the Reader.

I.

**I** Call'd the buskin'd Muse MELPOMENE  
 And told her what sad Stories I would write.  
 Shee wept at hearing such a Tragedie:  
 Though wont in mournfull Ditties to delight.  
 If thou dislike these sorrowfull lines; Then know  
 My Muse with teares not with Conceits did flow.

II.

And as she my vnable quill did guide,  
 Her briny teares did on the paper fall;  
 If then unquall numbers be espied,  
 Oh Reader! doe not that my error call,  
 But thinke her teares defac't it, and blame then  
 My Muse's grieffe, and not my missing Pen.

ABRA: COWLEY.

To his deare Friend and Schoole-fellow  
 ABRAHAM COWLEY, on his  
*flourishing and hopefull*  
 BLOSSOMES.

**N**ature was say decayes, because our Age  
 Is worse then were the Times of old: The Stage  
 And Historics the former Times declare:  
 In these our latter Dayes what defects are  
 Experience teacheth. What then? Shall we blame  
 Nature for this? Not so; let vs declayne  
 Rather against our Selues: 'tis we Decay,  
 Not She: Shee is the same every way  
 She was at first. COWLEY, thou prov'st this truth.  
 Could ever former Age brag of a Youth  
 So forward at these years? Could NABO write  
 Thus young such witty Poems? TVLLI's mite  
 Of Eloquence, at this Age was not seene.  
 Nor yet was CATO's Iudgement, at Thirtene  
 So great as\* thinke. Suppose it were so; yet  
 He CIC'RO's Eloquence, TVLLY the Wit  
 Of OVID wanted: OVID too came farre  
 In Iudgement behind CATO. Therefore are  
 None of all equall unto Thee, so pretty,  
 So Eloquent, Iudicious, and Witty.  
 Let the world's spring time but produce and show  
 Such Blossomes as thy Writings are, and know  
 Then (not till then) shall my opinion be  
 That it is Nature faileth, and not wee.

\* misprinted  
 G.

BEN MAER.\* \* misprint for  
 'MASTERS.' (

To his Friend and Schoole-fellow  
 ABRAHAM COWLEY, on his  
*Poeticall Blossomes.*

**M**any, when Youths of tender Age they see  
 Expressing CATO, in their Gravities;  
 Iudgement and Wit, will oftentimes report  
 They thinke their thread of Life exceeding short.  
 But my opinion is not so of Thee,  
 For thou shalt live to all Posterity.  
 These swifts will neuer let thee dye, for Death  
 Can not bereave thee of thy fame, though breath.  
 Let snarling Critticks spend their braines to And  
 A fault, though there be none; This is my mind  
 Let him that carpeth with his viper's Tongue,\*  
 Thinke with himselfe, what he could doe as young.  
 But if the Springing blossomes, thus rare be  
 What ripen'd Fruit shall wee hereafter see.

\* misprinted  
 Tongue. G.

ROB: MEADE,  
 Condiscipulus.





# CONSTANTIA

AND

# PHILETVS.

**I** Sing two constant Lovers' various fate,  
 The hopes, and feares which equally attend  
 Their loves : Their rival's envie, Parents' hate :  
 I sing their sorrowfull life, and tragicke end.  
 Assist me, this sad story to rehearse  
 You Gods, and be propitious to my verse.

In Florence, for her stately buildings fam'd,  
 And lofty roofes that emulate the skie ;  
 There dwelt a lovely Mayd, CONSTANTIA nam'd,  
 Renown'd (as mirror of all Italie), 10  
 Her, lavish nature did at first adorne,  
 With PALLAS' soule, in CYTHEREA's forme.

And framing her attractive eyes so bright,  
 Spent all her wit in study, that they might  
 Keepe th' earth from Chaos, and eternal night ;  
 But envious Death destroyed their glorious light.  
 Expect not beauty then, since she did part ;  
 For in her, Nature wasted all her Art.

Her hayre was brighter then the beames which are  
 A Crowne to PHŒBUS, and her breath so sweet, 20  
 It did transcend Arabian odours farre,  
 Or th' smelling Flowers, wherewith the Spring doth greet  
 Approaching Summer ; teeth like falling snow  
 For white, were placed in a double row.

Her wit excell'd all praise, all admiration,  
 Her speech was so attractive, it might be  
 A meanes to cause great PALLAS' indignation,  
 And raise an envie from that Deity.  
 The maiden Lillyes at her lovely sight  
 Waxt pale with envie, and from thence grew white. 30

Shee was in birth and Parentage as high  
 As in her fortune great, or beauty rare,  
 And to her vertuous minde's nobility  
 The guilts of Fate and Nature doubled were ;  
 That in her spotlesse Soule, and lovely Face  
 Thou mightst have scene each Deity and grace.

The scornfull Boy ADONIS viewing her  
 Would VENUS still despise, yet her desire ;  
 Each who but saw, was a Competitor  
 And rivall, scorcht alike with CUPID's fire. 40  
 The glorious beames of her fayre Eyes did move,  
 And light beholders on their way to Love.

Among her many Sutors a young Knight  
 'Bove others wounded with the Majesty  
 Of her faire presence, presseth most in sight ;  
 Yet seldome his desire can satisfie  
 With that blest object, or her rareness see ;  
 For Beautie's guard, is watchfull Iealousie.

Oft-times that hee might see his Dearest-fayre,  
 Vpon his stately Jennet he in the way 50  
 Rides by her house, who neighes as if he were  
 Proud to be view'd by bright CONSTANTIA.  
 But his poore Master thought to see her, moue  
 His joy, dares show no looke betraying Loue.

Soone as the morne peep'd from her rosie bed,  
 And all Heauen's smaller lights expulsed were ;  
 She by her friends and neere acquaintance led  
 Like other Maids, oft walkt to take the ayre ;  
 AVRORA blusht at such a sight vnknowne,  
 To behold cheekes were redder then her owne. 60

Th' obsequious Louer alwayes follows them,  
 And where they goe, that way his journey feines ;  
 Should they turne backe, he would turne backe againe  
 For with his Loue, his businesse there remaines.  
 Nor is it strange hee should be loath to part  
 From her, since shee had stolne away his heart.

PHILETVS hee was call'd, sprung from a race  
 Of Noble ancestors ; But greedy Time  
 And envious Fate had laboured to deface  
 The glory which in his great Stocke did shine ; 70  
 His state but small, so Fortune did decree,  
 But Love being blind hee this could neuer see.

Yet hee by chance had hit his heart aright,  
And on Constantia's eye his Arrow whet,  
Had blowne the fire, that would destroy him quite,  
Vnlesse such flames might like in her beget.

But yet he feares, because he blinded is,  
Though he haue shot him right, her heart hee 'l misse.

Vnto *Love's* Altar therefore hee repayres,  
And offers there a pleasing Sacrifice ;  
Intreating *CYPRID* with inducing Prayers,  
To looks vpon, and ease his Miseries :  
Where having wept, recovering breath againe,  
Thus to immortal *Love* he did complaine :

*Oh CYPRID ! thou whole all-commanding sway,*  
*Hath oft-times rul'd th' Olympian Thunderer,*  
*Whom all Caestial Deities obey,*  
*Whom Men and Gods both reverence and feare !*  
*Oh force CONSTANTIA'S heart to yield to Love,*  
*Of all thy Workes the Master-piece 'twill prove.*

And let me not Affection vainly spend,  
But kindle flames in her like those in mee ;  
Yet if that guift my Fortune doth transcend,  
Grant that her charming Beauty I may see.

And view those Eyes, who with their ravishing light  
Doe onely give contentment to my sight.

Those who contemne thy sacred Deity,  
And mocke thy Power, let them thinke anger know,  
I faultlesse am ; nor can 't an honour be  
To wound your slau's alone, and spare your Foe.  
Here teares and sighs speake his imperfect mone,  
In language far more dolorous then his owne.

Home he retyr'd, his Soule he brought not home,  
Just like a Ship whil'st every mounting wave  
Tost by enraged *BOREAS* vp and downe,  
Threatens the Mariner with a gaping graue ;  
Such did his case, such did his state appeare,  
Alike distracted, betwene hope and feare.

Thinking her love he never shall obtayne,  
One morne he goes to the Woods, and doth com-  
plaine

Of his vnhappy Fate, but all in vayne,  
And thus fond *Eccho*, answers him againe.  
So that it seemes *AVRORA* wept to heare,  
For the verdant grasse was dew'd with many a teare.

### THE ECCHO.

**O**H ! what hath caus'd my killing miseries ?  
Eyes (*Eccho* said) : what hath detain'd my ease ?  
Ease ; straight the reasonable *Nymph* replies,  
That nothing can my troubled mind appease :  
Peace, *Eccho* answers. What, is any nye ?  
(*Quoth he*) : at which, she quickly utters, I.

Is't *Eccho* answers ? tell me then thy will :  
I will, shee said. What shall I get (*quoth hee*)  
By loving still ? to which shee answers, Ill,  
Ill : shall I voyd of wisht for pleasure dye ?

I ; shall not I who toyle in ceaselesse paine  
Some pleasures know ? no, shee replies againe.

*False and inconstant Nymph, thou lyst (quoth hee)*  
*Thou lyst (shee said), and I deserv'd her hate,*  
*If I should thee beloue ; beloue, (saith shee)*  
*For why thy idle words are of no weight.*  
*Waigh it (she replies) I therefore will depart :*  
*To which, resounding *Eccho* answers, part.*

Then from the Woods with sorrowfull heart he goes,  
Filling with flowing thoughts his grieued minde,  
He seeks to ease his soule-oppressing woes,  
But no refreshing comfort can he find ;  
He weeps to quench the fires that burne in him,  
But teares doe fall to the earth, flames are within.

No morning banisht darknesse, nor blacke night  
By her alternate course expul'd the day,  
Bin with *PHILETVS* by a constant rite  
At *CYPRID'S* Altars did not weepe and pray ;  
And yet had reaped sought for all his paine  
But Care and Sorrow, that was all his gaine.

But now at last the pitying God, o'recome  
By his constant votes and teares, fixt in her heart  
A golden shaft, and shee is now become  
A suppliant to Love, that with like Dart  
Hee'd wound *PHILETVS*, and doth now implore  
With teares ayd from that power she scorn'd  
before.

Little shee thinks she kept *PHILETVS'* heart  
In her scorcht breast, because her owne shee gaue  
To him. But either suffers equal smart,  
And alike measure in their torments haue :  
His soule, his griefe, his fiers, now hers are growne ;  
His heart, her mind, her loue, is his alone.

Whilst wandring thoughts thus guide her troubled  
Brain  
Seeing a Lute (being farre from any cares)  
Shee run'd this song, whose musicke did transcend  
The pleasant harmony of the rowling speares ;  
Which rauishing Notes, if when her loue was slayne,  
Shee had sung ; from *Styx* t' had cald him back againe.

### THE SONG.

**T**O whom shall I my Sorrowes show ?  
Not to Love, for he is blind.  
And my *PHILETVS* doth not know  
The inward sorrow of my mind.  
And all the senselesse walls which are  
Now round about me cannot heare.

For if they could, they sure would weepe,  
And with my griefes relent.  
Vnlesse their willing teares they keepe,  
Till I from the earth am sent,  
Then I beloue they 'l all deplore  
My fate, since I them taught before.

*I willingly would weep my share,  
If the flood would land thy Love,  
My deare PHILETUS, on the shore  
Of my heart ; but shouldst thou prove  
Afeard of the flames, know the fires are  
But bonfires for thy coming there.*

180

Then tears in envie of her speech did flow  
From her fayre eyes, as if it seem'd that there  
Her burning flame had melted hills of snow,  
And so dissolu'd them into many a teare ;  
Which Nilus-like, did quickly overflow,  
And caused soone new serpent griefes to grow.

Heere stay my Muse, for if I should recite,  
Her mournful Language, I should make you weepe  
Like her, a flood, and so not see to write,  
Such lines as I desire that they may keepe 190  
Mee from sterne death, or then I leave my rime,  
They in my death's revenge, may conquer time.

By this tyme, chance and his owne industry  
Had helpt PHILETUS forward, that he grew  
Acquainted with her<sup>e</sup> Brother, so that he  
Might, by this meanes, his bright CONSTANTIA view ;  
And as tyme seru'd, shew her his miserie ;  
And this was the first act in 's Tragedie.

Thus to himselfe sooth'd by his flattering state,  
He said ; How shall I thanke thee for this gaine, 200  
O CYPID, or reward my helping Fate,  
Who sweetens all my sorrowes, all my payne ?  
What Husband-man would any sweet refuse,  
To reape at last such fruit, his labours use ?

But waying straight his doubtful state aright,  
Seeing his griefes link't like an endless chayne,  
To following woes, he could despair delight,  
Quench his hot flames, and the fondling Loue disdaine.  
But CYPID, when his heart was set on fire,  
Had burnt his wings, who could not then retire. 210

The wounded youth, and kinde PHILOCRACTES  
(So was her Brother call'd) grew soone so deare  
So true, and constant, in theyr Amities,  
And in that league, so strictly loyned were ;  
That death it selfe could not theyr friendship sever,  
But as they liu'd in loue, they dyed together.

If one be melancholy, the other 's sad ;  
If one be sick, the other hee is ill,  
And if PHILETUS any sorrow had,  
PHILOCRACTES was partner in it still : 220  
As th' soule of Pylades and Orestes was  
In these, may we beleue Pythagoras.

Or in the Woods PHILETUS walks, and these  
Exclaimes against his fate, as too vnkind  
With speaking teares his griefes he doth declare,  
And with sad sighes tearoth the angry wind,  
To sigh ; and though it nere so cruell were,  
It roar'd to heare PHILETUS tell his care.

The Christall Brookes which gently runne betweene  
The shadowing Trees, and as they through them  
passe 230  
Water the Earth, and keepe the Meadows greene  
Giving a colour to the verdant grasse :  
Hearing PHILETUS tell his wofull state,  
In shew of grieffe runne murmuring at his Fate.

PHLOMEL answeres him againe and shewes  
In her best language, her sad Historie,  
And in a mournfull sweetnesse tels her woes,  
As if shee strove to shew her miseries  
Were greater farre then his, and sweetly sings  
To out-reach his Sorrowes, by her sufferings. 240

His sadnesse cannot from PHILOCRACTES  
Be hid, who seekes all meanes his grieffe to know,  
Seeing all mirth PHILETUS doth displease  
And Passion still pursues his conquered Foe :  
Hee therefore of his grieffe did oft enquire,  
But Love with covering wings had hid the fire.

But when his noble Friend perceived that hee  
Yeelds to vsurping Passion more and more,  
Desirous to partake his mallady,  
Hee watches him in hope to cure his sore 250  
By counsaile, and recall the poysonous Dart,  
When it, alas, was fixed in his heart.

When in the Woods, places best fit for care,  
Hee to himselfe did his past griefes recite ;  
Th' obsequious friend straight followes him, and there  
Doth hide himselfe from sad PHILETUS' sight.  
Who thus exclaimes ; for a swolne hart would breake  
If it for vent of sorrow might not speake.

*Oh ! I am lost, not in this desert Wood,  
But in loue's pathlesse Laborinth, there I 260  
My health, each ioy and pleasure counted good  
Have lost, and which is more, my liberty,  
And now am forc't to let him sacrifice  
My heart, for rash beleaving of my eyes.*

*Long have I stayed, but yet have no reliefe,  
Long have I lov'd, yet have no favour showne  
Because shee knows not of my killing grieffe,  
And I have fear'd, to make my sorrowes known ;  
For why alas, if shee should once but dart  
At me disdaine, 't would kill my subject heart. 270*

*But how should shee, ere I impart my Loue,  
Reward my ardent flame with like desire ?  
But when I speake, if shee should angry prone,  
Laugh at my flowing teares, and scorne my fire ?  
Why, hee who hath all sorrowes borne before,  
Needeth not feare to be opprest with more.*

PHILOCRACTES no longer can forbear,  
But running to his lou'd friend ; Oh ! (sayd hee)  
My deare PHILETUS be thy selfe, and swear  
To rule that Passion which now masters Thee 280  
And all thy faculties ; but if 't may not be,  
Give to thy Love but eyes that it may see.

Amazement strikes him dumbe, what shall he doe?  
Should hee reveale his Love, he feares 'twould proue,  
A hinderance, which should hee deny to show,  
It might perhaps his deare friend's anger move :  
These doubts like SCYLLA and CARIBDIS stand,  
Whilst CYPID a blind Pilot doth comand.

At last resolv'd, how shall I seeke, sayd hee,  
To excuse my selfe, dearest PHILOCRACTES ; 290  
That I from thee have hid this secrecie ?  
Yet censure not, give me first leave to ease  
My case with words, my grieffe you should have  
known  
E're this, if that my heart had bin my owne.

*I am all Love, my heart was burnt with fire  
From two bright Sunnes which doe all light disclose ;  
First kindling in my brest the flames Desire,  
But like the rare Arabian Bird, there rose  
From my heart's ashes, never-quenched Love,  
Which now this torment in my soule doth move. 300*

*Oh ! let not then my Passion cause your hate,  
Nor let thy choice offend you, or delayne  
Your antient Friendship ; 'tis alas too late :  
To call my firme affection backe againe :  
No Physicke can recure my weak'ned state,  
The wound is growne too great, too desperate.*

But Counsell sayd his Friend, a remedy  
Which never fayles the Patient, may at least  
If not quite heale your minde's infirmity,  
Asswage your torment, and procure some rest. 310  
But there is no Physitian can apply  
A Medicine ere he know the Malady.

Then heare me, sayd PHILETVS ; but why? Stay,  
I will not toyle thee with my history.  
For to remember Sorrowes past away,  
Is to reneue an old Calamity.

*Hee who acquainteth others with his moane,  
Addes to his friend's grief, but not cures his owne.*

But sayd PHILOCRACTES, 'tis best in woe,  
To have a faithfull partner of their care ; 320  
That burthen may be vndergone by two,  
Which is perhaps too great for one to beare.  
I should mistrust your love, to hide from me  
Your thoughts, and taxe you of Inconstancie.

What shall hee doe? Or with what language frame  
Excuse? He must resolute not to deny,  
But open his close thoughts, and inward flame ;  
With that, as prologue to his Tragedy,  
He sight, as if they'd coole his torment's ire,  
When they alas, did blow the raging fire. 330

When yeares first styl'd me Twenty, I began  
To sport with catching snare that Loue had set,  
Like Birds that flutter 'bout the gyn, till tane,  
Or the poore Fly caught in Arachne's net :  
Euen so I sported with her Beautye's light,  
Till I at last grew blind with too much sight.

First it came stealing on me, whilst I thought,  
'Twas easye to expulse it ; but as fire,  
Though but a sparke, soone into flames is brought,  
So mine grew great, and quickly mounted higher ; 340  
Which so haue scorcht my loue-struck soule, that I  
Still liue in torment, though each minute dye.

Who is it, sayd PHILOCRACTES, can moue  
With charming eyes such deepe affection ?  
I may perhaps assist you in your lous ;  
Two can effect more then your selfe alone.  
My counsell this thy error may reclayme,  
Or my salt teares quench thy annoying flama.

Nay, sayd PHILETVS, oft my eyes doe flow  
Like Egypt-covering Nilus nor\* yet can 350  
Asswage my heate, which still doth greater grow,  
As if my teares did but augment my flame.  
Like to the waters of th' Dodonean spring,  
That light a torch the which is put therein.

But being you desire to know her, she  
Is call'd (with that his eyes let fall a shower  
As if they faine would drown the memory  
Of his life-keeper's name) CONSTANTIA ; more  
Grieffe would not let him vtter ; Teares the best  
Expressers of true sorrow, spoke the rest. 360

To which his noble friend did thus reply :  
And was this all? What ere your grieffe would ease  
Though a farre greater taske, beleue't for thee  
It should be soone done by PHILOCRACTES ;  
Thinke all you wish perform'd ; but see, the day  
Tyr'd with its heate is hasting now away.

Home from the silent Woods, night bids them goe,  
But sad PHILETVS can no comfort find,  
What in\* the day he feares of future woe,  
At night in dreames, like truth, afright his mind. 370  
Why doest thou vex him, loue : Had 'st eyes (I say)  
Thou wouldst thy selfe haue lou'd CONSTANTIA.

PHILOCRACTES pittying his dolefull mone,  
And wounded with the Sorrowes of his friend,  
Brings him to fayre CONSTANTIA ; where alone  
He might impart his love, and eyther end  
His fruitlesse hopes, cropt by her coy disdaine,  
Or by her liking, his wish't loyes attaine.

*Fairest (quoth he) whom the bright Heavens do cover  
Do not these teares, these speaking teares, despise : 380  
And dolorous sighes of a submissive Lover,  
Thus strucke to the earth by your all-dawling Eyes.  
And do not you contemme that ardent flame.  
Which from your selfe Your owne fair Beauty came.*

*Trust me, I long have hid my love, but now  
Am forc't to shew't, such is my inward smart  
And you alone (sweet faire) the meanes doe know  
To heale the wound of my consuming heart.  
Then since it only in your power doth lie  
To kill, or save, Oh helpe! or else I die. 390*

See Philetus's Trillius:  
Answers to Trillius:  
Cressy d. 4

His gently cruel Love did thus reply ;  
I for your paine am griev'd, and would doe  
Without impeachment to Chastity  
And honour, any thing might pleasure you.  
But if beyond those limits you demand,  
I must not answer, (Sir) nor understand.

Believe me vertuous maiden, my desire  
Is chaste and pious, as thy Virgin thought,  
No flash of lust ; 'tis no dishonest fire  
Which goes as soone as it is quickly brought : 400  
But as thy beauty pure, which let not bee  
Eclipsed by disdain or cruelty.

Oh ! how shall I reply (quoth she) thou 'ast won  
My soule, and therefore take thy victory :  
Thy eyes and speeches haue my heart o'roome,  
And if I should deny thee loue, then I  
My selfe should feele his torment, for that fire  
Which is kept close doth burne with greatest ire.

Yet doe not count my yeelding, lightnesse in me,  
Impute it rather to my ardent loue ; 410  
Thy pleasing carriage long ago did win me,  
And pleading beauty did my liking moue.  
Thy eyes which draw like loadstones with their might  
The hardest hearts, won mine to leaue me quite.

Oh ! I am rapt about the reach, said hee,  
Of thought, my soule already feeles the blisse  
Of heauen ; when (sweete) my thoughts once tax but thee  
With any crime, may I lose all happinesse  
Is wisht for : but your favour here, and dead,  
May the just Gods pour Vengeance on my head. 420

Whilst he was speaking this : behold theyr fate,  
CONSTANTIA'S Father entered the roome,  
When glad PHILETVS ignorant of his state,  
Kisses her cheekes, more red then the setting Sun,  
Or else, the morne blushing through clouds of water  
To see ascending Sol congratulate her.

Iust as the guilty prisoner feareful stands  
Reading his fatal *Tæta* in the browes  
Of him, who both his life and death commands,  
Ere from his mouth he the sad sentence knowes ; 430  
Such was his state to see her father come,  
Nor wisht for, nor expected, to the roome.

The inrag'd old man bids him no more to dare  
Such bold intrudance in that house, nor be  
At any tyme with his lou'd daughter there,  
Till he had giuen him such authoritie,  
But to depart, since she her loue did shew him  
Was liuing death, with ling'ring torments to him.

This being knowne to kinde PHILOCRATES,  
He hearing his friend, bidding him banish feare, 440  
And by some letter his grieu'd minde appease,  
And shew her that which to her friendly care  
Tyme gaue no leaue to tell, and thus his quill  
Declares to her, her absent loue's will.

## The LETTER.

## PHILETVS to CONSTANTIA.

I Trust (deare soule) my absence cannot move  
You to forget, or doubt my ardent love ;  
For were there any meanes to see you, I  
Would runne through Death and all the miserie  
Fate could inflict, that so the world might say,  
In Life and Death I lov'd CONSTANTIA. 450  
Then let not (dearest sweet) our absence sever  
Our loves, let them ioy'n'd closely still together,  
Give warmth to one another, till there rise  
From all our labours, and our industries  
The long-expected fruits ; haue patience (Sweet)  
There's no man whom the Summer pleasures greet  
Before he tast the Winter ; none can say,  
Ere Night was gone, he saw the rising Day.  
So when wee once haue wasted Sorrow's night,  
The sunne of Comfort then, shall give us light. 460

PHILETVS.

This when CONSTANTIA read, shee thought her state  
Most happie by PHILETVS' Constancie,  
And perfect Love : shee thanks her flattering Fate,  
And never missing Cypid 'cause that hee  
Had pierc't her heart ; and thus shee writes agen,  
Vnfeyn'd affection guiding of her Pen.

## CONSTANTIA to PHILETVS.

Y Our absence (Sir) though it be long, yet I  
Neither forget, nor doubt your Constancie.  
Nor, need you feare, that I should yeeld vnto  
Another, what to your true Love is due. 470  
My heart is yours, it is not in my claime,  
Nor haue I power to give it away againe.  
There's nought but Death can part our soules, no time  
Or angry Friends, shall make my Love decline :  
But for the harvest of our hopes I'll stay,  
Vnlesse Death cut it, ere't be ripe, away.

CONSTANTIA.

Oh ! how this Letter did exalt his pride !  
More proud was hee of this then PHAETON  
When PHOEBUS' flaming Chariot he did guide,  
Before he knew the danger was to come. 480  
Or else then IASON, when from COLCHOS hee  
Returned, with the Fleece's victorie.

But ere the *Autumne*, which faire CERES crown'd,  
Had payd the swetting Plowman's greediest prayer ;  
And by the Fall disrob'd the gawdy ground  
Of all her Summer ornaments, they were  
By kind PHILOCRATES together brought,  
Where they this meanes t' enioy their freedome  
wrought,

Sweete Mistresse, sayd PHILETVS, since the time  
Propitious to our votes, now gives vs leave 490  
To enjoy our loves, let vs not deare resigne  
This long'd for favour, nor our selves bereave  
Of opportunity, lest it flye agen,  
Further then Love hath wings to follow him.

For when your Father, as his custome is,  
For pleasure, doth pursue the timorous Hare,  
If you'l resort but thither, I'le not misse  
To be in those Woods ready for you, where  
Wee may depart in safety, and no more  
With dreames of pleasure onely, heale our sore. 500

This both the [happy] Lovers agreed vpon,  
But ere they parted hee desires that shee  
Would blesse his greedy hearing with a Song  
From her harmonious voyce; shee doth agree  
To his request, and doth this Ditty sing,  
Whose ravishing Notes new fires to 's old doth bring.

### The SONG.

*T*ime flye with greater speed away,  
Adde feathers to thy wings,  
Till thy hast in flying brings  
That wisht for and expected Day. 510  
Comfort's sunne wee then shall see  
Though at first it dark'ned bee  
With dangers, yet those Clouds but gon  
Our Day will put his lustre on.

*Then though Death's sad night doe come,  
And wee in silence sleepe,  
Lasting day agen will greeke  
Our ravisht Soules, and then there's none  
Can part vs more; no Death, nor Friends,  
Being dead, their power o'er vs ends. 520  
Thus there's nothing can dissever,  
Hearts which Love hath' ioyned together.*

Fear of being seene, PHILETVS homeward droue,  
But ere they part she willingly doth giue  
As faithful pledges of her constant loue,  
Many a kisse, and then each other leaue,  
In grieffe, though rapt with ioy that they have found  
A way to heale the torment of their wound.

But ere the Sun through many dayes had run,  
CONSTANTIA's charming beauty had o'recome 530  
GUISCARDO's heart, and's scorn'd affection won;  
Her eyes, that conquer'd all they shone vpon,  
Shot through his glutton eyes such hot desire,  
As nothing but her loue could quench the fire.

In roofes, which Gold and *Parian* stone adorne  
Proud as the Landlord's minde, he did abound.  
In fields so fertile for theyr yearly corne,  
As might contend with scorcht Calabria's ground;  
But in his soule that should be the best store  
Of surest riches, he was base and poore. 540

Him was CONSTANTIA vrg'd continually  
By her friends to leue: sometimes they did intreate  
With gentle speeches, and milde courtesie,  
Which, when they see deserts'd by her, they threat,  
But loue too deepe was seated in her heart,  
To be worne out with thought of any smart.

Her father shortly went into the Wood  
To hunt, his friend GUISCARDO being there  
With others, who by friendship and by blood  
Wato CONSTANTIA's aged father were 550  
Alyed nere; there likewise were with these  
His beauteous daughter, and PHILOCRATES.

Being entred in the pastures woods, while they  
Pursue their game, PHILETVS being late  
Hid in a thicket, carries straight away  
His loue, and hastens his owne hasty fate.  
That come te[o] soone vpon him, and his Sunne  
Eclipsed was before it fully shone.

For when CONSTANTIA's missed, in a maze,  
Each takes a severall course, and by curst fate 560  
GUISCARDO runs, with a loue-carried pace  
Towards them, who little knew their sorrowfull state:  
So hee like bold Icarus, soaring hye,  
To Honor, fell to the depth of misery.

For when GUISCARDO sees his Riual there,  
Swelling with poysonous envy comes behind  
PHILETVS, who such fortune did not feare,  
And with his flaming sword a way doth find  
To his heart, who ere that death possess him quite,  
In these few words gaspt out his flying sprite. 570

*O see CONSTANTIA, my short race is runne,  
See how my blood the thieris ground doth dee,  
But liue thou happier then thy Love hath done,  
And when I' me dead, thinke sometime vpon me.  
More my short tyme permits me not to tell,  
For now death seasseth me, Oh my deare farewell.*

As soone as he had spoke these words, life fled  
From's wounded body, whilst CONSTANTIA, she  
Kisses his cheekes that loose their lively red,  
And become pale, and wan, and now each eye 580  
Which was so bright (is like) when life was done  
*A fallen starre, or an eclipsed Sunne.*

Thither PHILOCRATES by's fate being droue  
To accompany PHILETVS Tragedy,  
Seeing his friend was dead and sorrowfull loue  
Sate weeping o're his bleeding body, I  
Will now revenge your death said hee  
Or in your murder beare you company.

I am by Iove sent to revenge this fate,  
Nay, stay GUISCARDO, thinke not heauen in jest, 590  
'Tis vaine to hope flight can secure thy state.  
Then thrusting 's sword into the Villaine's brest,  
Here, said PHILOCRATES, thy life I send  
A sacrifice, t' appease my slaughter'd friend.

\* misprinted  
'have.' G.

But as he falls, here take reward, said hee  
 For this thy victory : with that he flung  
 His darted rapier at his enemy,  
 Which hit his head, and in his braine-pan hung.  
 With that he falles, but lifting vp his eyes,  
 Farewell CONSTANTIA : that word said, hee dies. 600

What shall shee doe? she to her Brother runnes,  
 And 's cold, and lifelesse body doth imbrace ;  
 She calls to him, hee cannot heare her moanes,  
 And with her kisses warmes his clammy face.

*My deare PHILOCRACTES, shee weeping cryes,  
 Speake to thy Sister : but no voyce replyes.*

Then running to her Loue, with many a teare,  
 Thus her mind's fervent passion shee exprest,  
 O stay (blest Soule) stay but a little here,  
 And we will both hast to a lasting rest. 610  
 Then to *Elysium's* Mansions both together  
 Wee'le journey, and be married there for ever.

But when she saw they both were dead, quoth she,  
 Oh my PHILETUS, for thy sake will I  
 Make vp a full and perfect Tragedie,  
 Since 't was for me (Deare Loue) that thou didst dye ;  
 I 'le follow thee, and not thy losse deplore,  
 These eyes that saw thee kill'd, shall see no more.

It shall not sure be sayd that you did dye,  
 And thy CONSTANTIA live since thou wast slayne : 620  
 No, no, deare Soule, I will not stay from thee,  
 But constaht been in act, as well as Name.

*Then piercing her sad brest, I come, shee cryes,  
 And Death for ever clos'd her weeping eyes.*

Her Soule being fled to it's Eternall rest,  
 Her father comes, who seeing this, hee falls  
 To th' earth, with griefe too great to be exprest :  
 Whose dolefull words my tyred Muse me calls  
 T' o'repasse, which I might gladly doe, for feare  
 That I should toyle too much, the Reader's care. 630

FINIS.









THE  
T R A G I C A L L  
H I S T O R I E  
O F  
P I R A M V S  
A N D  
T H I S B E.

---

Written  
By A. C.

— *fit furculus Arbor.*

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L O N D O N,  
Printed by B. A. and T. F. for HENRY SEILE, and are to  
be sold at his shop at the Signe of the *Tygers-head*  
in S<sup>t</sup>. *Paules* Church-yard.

1633.



To the Worshipful, my very loving Master,  
**LAMBERT OSBALSTON,**

Chiefe Schoole-master of Westminster-Schoole.

SIR,

**M**Y childish Muse is in her Spring; and yet  
Can onely shew some budding of her Wit.  
One frowne upon her Worke (learn'd Sir) from you;  
Like some unkinde storme shot from your brow,  
Would turne her Spring to withering Autumne's time:  
And make her Blossomes perish, ere their Prime;  
But if you Smile, if in your gracious Eye  
Shee an auspicious Alpha can descrie:  
How soone will they grow Fruit? How will they flourish  
That had such beames their Infancie to nourish.  
Which being sprung to ripenesse, expect then  
The best, and first fruites, of her gratefull Pen.

Yours,

Abraham Cowley.

The Tragical Historie  
of  
**P Y R A M V S**  
AND  
**T H I S B E.**

**W**Here Babylon's high Walls erected were  
By mighty NINVS wife ; two houses joya'd.  
One THESE liv'd in, PYRAMVS the faire  
In th' other : Earth ne're boasted such a paire.  
The very sencelesse walls themselves combin'd,  
And grew in one ; Just like their Master's minde.

THESE all other women did excell,  
The Queene of LOVE, lease lovely was then shee :  
And PYRAMVS more sweet then tongue can tell,  
Nature grew proud in framing them so well. 10  
But VENVS enuying they so faire should bee,  
Bids her sonne CVPID shew his crueltie.

The all-subduing God his bow did bend,  
And doth prepare his most remorselesse dart,  
Which he vnseepe vnto their hearts did send,  
And so was LOUE the cause of Beautie's end.  
But could he see, he had not wrought they smart ;  
For pity sure, would haue o'recome his heart.

Like as a bird which in a net is taine,  
By struggling more entangles in the ginne, 20  
So they who in LOUE's Laborinth remaine,  
With struing neuer can a freedome gaine :  
The way to enter 's broad ; but being in,  
No art, no labour can an *exit* win.

These Lovers, though they parents did reprove  
Their fires, and watch'd their deedes with ieaousie,  
Though in these stormes no comfort could remoue  
The various doubts and feares that coole hot loue :  
Though he nor hers, nor she his face could see,  
Yet this did not abolish LOUE's decree. 30

For age had crackd the wall which did them part,  
This the vnamate couple soone did spye,  
And heere their inward sorrowes did impart,  
Vnclading the sad burthen of they heart.  
Though LOUE be blind, this shewes he can discrie  
A way to lessen his own misery.

Oft to the friendly cranny they resort,  
And feede themselues with the coelestiall ayre  
Of odoriferous breath ; no other sport  
They could enjoy, yet thinke the time but short :  
And wish that it again renewed were,  
To sucke each other's breath for euer there.

Sometimes they did exclaime against theyr fate,  
And sometimes they accus'd imperiall IOVE ;  
Sometimes repent theyr flames : but all too late ;  
The arrow could not be recal'd ; theyr state  
Ordaind was first by IUPITER aboue,  
And CVPID had appointed they should loue.

They curst the wall that did theyr kisses part,  
And to the stones theyr dolorous words they sent,  
As if they saw the sorrow of theyr heart,  
And by their teares could vnderstand theyr smart :  
But it was hard, and knew not what they ment,  
Nor with theyr sighs (alas) would it relent.

This in effect they sayd ; *Curs'd wall, O why  
Will thou our bodies seuer, whose true loue  
Breakes thorow all thy kinty cruelty :  
For both our soules so closely joynd lie,  
That nought but angry Death can them remoue,  
And though he part them, yet they'l meet aboue.*

Abortiue teares from their faire-eyes straight flow'd,  
And dimm'd the lovely splendor of their sight,  
Which seem'd like TITAN, whilst some watry Cloud  
O're-spreads his face, and his bright beames doth shrowd  
Till VESPER chas'd away the conquered light,  
And forceth them (though loath) to bid Good night.

But e're AURORA Vsher to the Day,  
Began with welcome lustre to appeare,  
The Lovers rise, and at that crannie they  
Thus to each other, their thoughts open lay :  
With many a Sith, many a speaking Teare,  
Whose griefe the pitying Morning blusht to heare.

*Dear Love* (quoth PIRAMVS) *how long shall wee  
Like fairest Flowers, not gather'd in their Prime,  
Waste precious youth, and let advantage flee,  
Till we bewaile (at last) our Crueltys  
Vpon our selues, for Beauty though it shine  
Like Day, will quickly find an Evening time.*

*Therefore* (sweet THISBE) *let vs meet this night  
At NINUS Tombe, without the City wall,  
Vnder the Mulberrie-tree, with Berries white  
Abounding, there I enjoy our wish'd delight.  
For mounting Love stoppt in his course, doth fall,  
And long'd for yet untasted Ioy, hills all.*

What though our cruell parents angry bee?  
What though our friends (alas) are too vnkind?  
Time now propitious may anon deny,  
And soone hold backe fit opportunity.  
*Who lets slip Fortune, her shall never find.  
Occasion once pass'd by, is bald behind.*

She soone agreed to that which he requir'd,  
*For little Wooing needs, where both consent?*  
What he so long had pleased, she desir'd:  
Which VENVS seeing, with blind *Chance* conspir'd  
And many a charming accent to her sent,  
That she (at last) would frustrate their intent.

Thus *Beauty* is by *Beautie's* meanes vndone,  
Striuing to close these eyes that make her bright;  
Iust like the *Moone*, which seeks t' eclipse the *Sun*,  
Whence all her splendor, all her beames doe come:  
So she, who fetcheth lustre from their sight,  
Doth purpose to destroy their glorious light.

Vnto the *Mulberrie-tree* sweet THISBE came;  
Where hauing rested long (at last) she 'gan  
Against her PIRAMVS for to exclaime,  
Whilst various thoughts turmoile her troubled braine.  
And imitating thus the *Silver Swan*,  
*A little while before Death shee sang.*

### The SONG.

*C*ome Love, why stayest thou? The night  
Will vanish, ere wee taste delight:  
The *Moone* obscures her selfe from sight,  
Thou\* absent, whose eyes give her light.

*Come quickly Deare, be briefe as time,  
Or we by Morne shall be o'retane,  
Love's Ioy's thine owne as well as mine,  
Spend not therefore, time in vaine.*

Heere doubtfull thoughts broke off her pleasant Song,  
Against her Loue; for staying, shee gan crie,  
Her PIRAMVS shee thought did tarry long,  
And that his absence did her too much wrong,  
Then betwixt longing hope, and Jealousie,  
She feares, yet 's loth, to tax his loyaltie.

Sometimes she thinks, that he hath her forsaken;  
Sometimes, that danger hath befallen to him;  
She feares that he another loue hath taken;  
Which being but imagin'd soone doth waken  
Numberlesse thoughts, which on her heart doe sting  
Feares, that her future fate too truly sing.

While shee thus musing sate, ranne from the wood  
An angry Lyon to the cristal Springs,  
Near to that place; who coming from his food,  
His chaps were all besmeur'd with crimson blood:  
Swifter then thought, Sweet THISBE straight begins  
To fye from him; feare gaue her Swallows' wings.

As she auoids the *Lion*, her desire  
Bids her to stay, lest PIRAMVS should come,  
And be deuour'd by the sterne *Lion's* ire,  
So shee for euer burne in vnquenched fire:  
But feare expells all reasons; shee doth run  
Into a darksome Cave, nee're scene by Sun.

With hast she let her looser Mantle fall:  
Which when th' enraged *Lion* did esple,  
With bloody teeth he tore't, in peices small,  
Whilst THISBE ran and look'd not backe at all.  
For could the senselesse beast her face descrie,  
It had not done her such an injury.

The night halfe wasted, PIRAMVS did come;  
Who seeing printed in the subtil sand  
The *Lion's* paw, and by the fountaine some  
Of THISBE's garment, sorrow strooke him dumbe:  
Iust like a marble statue did hee stand,  
Cut by some skillfull grauer's cunning hand.

Recovering breath, 'gainst Fate he gan t' exclayme,  
Washing with teares the torne and bloudy weed:  
I may, sayd hee, my selfe for her death blame;  
Therefore my blood shall wash away that shame:  
*Since shee is dead, whose Beauty doth exceed  
All that fraile man can eyther heare or read.*

*This spoke, he his sharpe Sword drew, and sayd;  
Receive thou my red blood, as a due debt  
Vnto thy constant Love, to which 'tis payd:  
I straight will meet thee in the pleasant shade  
Of coole Elysium; where wee being met,  
Shall taste the Ioyes, that here we could not get.*

Then thorow his brest thrusting his sword, life hies  
From him, and he makes hast to seeke his faire.  
And as vpon the crimson'd ground hee lies,  
His blood spirt'd vp vpon the *Mulberries*:  
With which th' unspotted berries stained were,  
And ever since with *Red* they colour'd are.

At last, came THISBE from the den, for feare  
Of disappointing PYRAMUS, being she  
Was bound by promise, for to meete him there:  
But when she saw the berries changed were  
From white to blacke, she knew not certainly  
It was the place where they agreed to be.

\* misprinted  
'though.' G.

With what delight from the darke caue she came,  
Thinking to tell how she escap'd the beast ;  
But when she saw her PYRAMVS lie alaine  
In what perplexity did she sad remaine : 180  
She teares her Golden haire, and beates her brest,  
All signes of raging sorrow she exprest.

She cries 'gainst mighty IOVE, and then doth take  
His bleeding body from the moist'ned ground.  
She kisses his pale face, till she doth make  
It red with kissing, and then seekes to wake  
His parting soule with mournfull words, and 's wound  
Washes with teares, which her sweet speech confound :

But afterwards recovering breath, quoth shee,  
*(Alas) what chance hath parted thee and I ?* 190  
*O tell what euill hath befallen to thee,*  
*That of thy Death I may a Partner bee :*  
Tell THISBE, what hath caus'd this Tragedie.  
He hearing THISBE's name, lifts vp his eye.

And on his Love he rais'd his dying head :  
Where striving long for breath (at last) sayd hee,  
*O THISBE, I am hastning to the dead,*  
*And cannot heale that Wound my feare hath bred :*  
*Farewell, sweet THISBE, wee must parted bee,*  
*For angry Death will force me goe from Thee.* 200

Life did from him, hee from his Mistriss part,  
Leaving his Love to languish heere in woe.  
What shall shee doe ? How shall she ease<sup>e</sup> her heart ?  
Or with what language speake her inward smart ?  
Vsurping passion reason doth o'reflow,  
Shee swears that with her PYRAMVS she'l goe.

Then takes the Sword where with her Love was slayne,  
With PYRAMVS his crimson bloud warme still ;  
And sayd, *Oh stay, (blest Soule) that so wee twaine*  
*May goe together, where wee shall remaine* 210  
*In endlesse Ioyes, and neuer feare the ill*  
*Of grudging Friends ;* Then she her selfe did kill.

To tell what griefe their Parents did sustaine,  
Were more then my rude Quill can overcome :  
Many a teare they spent, but all in vaine,  
*For weeping calls not back the dead againe.*  
They both were layed in one Grave, life done,  
And these few words were writ vpon the Tombe.

## EPITAPH.

**U**Nderneath this Marble stone,  
*Lie two Beauties joy'n'd in one.* 220

*Two whose Loves, Death could not sever,*  
*For both liv'd both dy'd together.*

*Two whose Soules, being too diuine*  
*For earth, in their own Spheare now shine,*

*Who have left their loves to Fame,*  
*And their earth to earth againe.*

FINIS.

AN  
ELEGIE

ON

The DEATH of the Right Honourable  
DUDLEY, Lord CARLETON, *Viscount*  
DORCHESTER, late Principall Secretarie  
of State.

**T**HE infernall Sisters did a Counsell call  
*Of all the Feinds, to the blacke Stygian Hall ;*  
*The dire Tartarean Monsters, hating light ;*  
*Begat by dismal EREBUS, and night.*  
*Wheresoe're dispers'd abroad, hearing the Fame*  
*Of their accursed meeting, thither came.*  
*REVENGE, whose greedy minde no Blood can fill,*  
*And Envie, neuer satisfied with ill.*  
*Thither blind BOLDNESSE, and impatient RAGE,*  
*Resorted, with Death's neighbour, envious AGE :* 10  
*And Messengers diseases, wheresoe're*  
*Then wandring, at that Senate present were,*  
*Whom to oppresse the Earth, the Furies sent*  
*To spare the Guiltie, vex the Innocent.*  
*The Counsell thus dissolv'd, an angry fever,*  
*Whose quencklesse thirst, by Blood was sated never :*  
*Envyng the Riches, Honour, Greatnesse, Love,*  
*And Vertue (Load-stone, which all these did move)*  
*Of Noble CARLETON ; him shee took away,*  
*And like a greedy Vultur seas'd her prey :* 20  
*Weepe with mee each who eather reads or heares,*  
*And know his losse deserves his Country's teares :*  
*The Muses lost a Patron by his Fate,*  
*Virtue a Husband, and a Prop the State ;*  
*SOL's Chorus weepes, and to adorne his Herse*  
*CALLIOPE would sing a Tragick verse.*  
*And had there bin before no Spring of theirs,*  
*They would have made a HELICON with their teares.*  
A. C.

## AN ELEGIE

ON THE

Death of my loving Friend and Cousen, MR.  
RICHARD CLERKE, late of LINCOLNES-  
Inne, Gentleman.

**I**T was decreed by steadfast Destinie,  
*(The World from Chaos turn'd) that all should Die.*  
*He who durst fearlesse passe black Acheron*  
*And dangers of th' infernal Region,*  
*Leading Hell's triple Porter captivate,*  
*Was overcome himselfe, by conquering Fate.*

*The Roman TULLIE's pleasing Eloquence,  
Which in the Bares did lock up every Sense  
Of the rapt hearer; his mellifluous breath  
Could not at all charmes unremorsefull Death,* 10  
*Nor SOLON, so by Greece admir'd, could save  
Himselfe, with all his Wisdome, from the Graue.  
Stern Fate brought MARO to his Funerall Name,  
And would have ended in that fire his Fame:  
Burning those lofty Lines, which now shall be  
Time's conquerors, and out-last Eternitie.  
Even so lov'd CLERKE from Death no scape could find  
Though arm'd with great ALCIDES' valiant mind.  
Hee was adorn'd in yeares, though farre more young,  
With learned CICERO's, or a sweeter Tongue,* 20  
*And could dead VIRGIL hear his lofty strain,  
Hee would condemne his owne to fire againe.  
His youth a SOLON'S Wisdome did presage,  
Had envious Time but given him SOLON'S age.  
And all that in our Ancestors hath bin  
Of any Vertue, earth now lost in him.  
Who would not therefore now if Learning's friend,  
Bewayle his fatall and untimely end:  
Who hath such hard, such unrelenting Eyes,  
As not to weepe when so much Vertue dyes?* 30  
*The God of Poets doth in darhnasse shroud  
His glorious face, and weepes behind a Cloud.  
The dolefull Muses thinking now to write  
Sad Elegies, their teares confound their sight:  
But him to Elisyum's lasting Ioyes they bring,  
Where winged Angels his sad Requiems sing.*  
ABRAHAM COWLEY.

## A DREAM OF ELYSIUM.

**P**HŒBUS expuls'd by the approaching Night  
Blush'd, and for shame clos'd in his bashfull light,  
While I with leaden MORPHEVS overcome,  
The Muse, whom I adore, enter'd the roome.  
Her hayre with looser curiositie,  
Did on her comely back dishevel'd lye.  
Her eyes with such attractive beauty shone,  
As might have wak'd sleeping ENDYMION.  
Shee bid me rise, and promis'd I should see  
Those Fields, those mansions of Felicitie, 10  
We mortals so admire at: Speaking thus,  
She lifts me vp vpon wing'd Pegasus,  
On whom I rid; Knowing where ever she  
Did goe, that place must needs a Temple bee.  
No sooner was my flying Courser come  
To the best dwellings of Elysium:  
When straight a thousand vnknowne joyes resort,  
And hemm'd me round: Chast love's innocuous sport.  
A thousand sweets, bought with no following Gall,  
Ioyes, not like ours, short, but perpetuall. 20  
How many objects charme my wand'ring eye,  
And bid my soule gaze there eternally?  
Heere in full streames, BACCHVS thy liquor flowes,  
Nor knowes to ebbe: heere IOVE's broad Tree bestowes

Distilling Hony, heere doth Nectar passe  
With copious current through the vardant grasse.  
Here HYACINTH his fate writ in his lookes,  
And thou NARCISSVS louing still the brookes,  
Once louely boyes; and Acis now a Flower,  
Are nourish'd, with that rarer herbe, whose power 30  
Created the war's potent God; heere grows  
The spotlesse Lilly, and the Blushing Rose,  
And all those diuers ornaments abound,  
That variously may paint the gawdy ground.  
No Willow, sorrowe's garland, there hath roome,  
Nor Cypresse, sad attendant of a Tombe.  
None but APPOLLO's tree, and th' Irie twine  
Imbracing the stout Oake, the fruitfull Vine,  
And trees with golden Apples loaded downe,  
On whose faire toppes sweet PHILOMEL alone, 40  
Vnmindful of her former misery,  
Tunes with her voice a raushing Harmony.  
Whilst all the murmuring brookes that glide along  
Make vp a burthen to her pleasing song.  
No Scritch-owle, sad companion of the night,  
Or hideous Rauens with prodigious flight  
Presaging future ill. Nor Progne, thee  
Yet spotted with young Itis \* tragedy, \* misprinted  
Those Sacred bowers receiue. There's nothing 'llis. G.  
there,  
That is not pure, immaculate, and rare. 50  
Turning my greedy sight another way,  
Vnder a row of storme-contemning Bay,  
I saw the Thracian singer with his lyre  
Teach the deafe stones to heare him, and admire  
Him the whole Poets Chorus compas'd round,  
All whom the Oake, all whom the Lawrell crown'd;  
There banish'd OVID had a lasting home,  
Better then thou couldst giue ingratefull Rome;  
And LVCAN (spight of Nero) in each vaine  
Had euery drop of his split blood againe: 60  
HOMER, Sol's first borne, was not poore or blinde,  
But saw as well in body as in minde.  
TULLIE, graue Cato, SOLON, and the rest  
Of Greece's admir'd Wisemen, here possess  
A large reward for their past deeds, and gaine  
A life, as euerlasting as theyr Fame.  
By these, the valiant Heroes take their place,  
All who sterne Death and perils did imbrace  
For Vertue's cause. Great ALEXANDER there  
Laughs at the Earth's small Empier, did weare 70  
A nobler Crowne, then the whole world could giue.  
There did HORATIVS, COCLE, SCÆVA live,  
And valiant DECIVS, who now freely cease  
From warre, and purchase an Eternal peace.  
Next them, beneath a Myrtle bowre, where Doves,  
And gall-lease Pidgeons built theyr nests, all Loves  
Faithfull perseuerers with amorous kisses,  
And soft imbraces, taste theyr greediest wishes.  
LEANDER with his beautilous Hero playes,  
Nor are they parted with diuiding Seas. 80  
PORCIA inioyes her BRVTVS, Death no more  
Can now divorce theyr wedding, as before.

THISBE her PYRAMVS kiss'd, his THISBE hee  
Embrac'd, each blest with t' other's companie.  
And every couple alwayes dancing, sing  
Eternall ditties to Elysium's King.  
But see how soone these pleasures fade away,  
How neere to Evening is delight's short Day?  
For th' watchfull Bird, true Nuncius of the Light,  
Straight crow'd : and all these vanish'd from my sight, go  
My very Muse her selfe forsooke me too,  
My griefe and wonder wak'd : What should I doe?  
Oh ! let me follow thee (sayd I) and goe  
From life, that I may Dreame for ever so.

With that my flying Muse I thought to claspe  
Within my armes, but did a Shadow graspe.  
*Thus chiefest Joyes, glide with the swiftest streame,  
And all our greatest Pleasure's but a Dreame.*

ABRA : COWLEY.

FINIS.

*Some mistakes are passed in the Impression, which I  
beseech thee GENTLE READER to pardon.* VALE.

H. S.

## APPENDIX.

### EPISTLE ADDED TO 1636 EDITION OF 'POETICAL BLOSSOMES.'

#### To the Reader.

**R**EADER (I know not yet whether Gentle or no) Some, I know, have beene angry (I dare not assume the honour of their envie) at my Poeticall boldnes, and blamed in mine, what commends other fruits, earlines : others, who are either of a weake faith, or strong malice, have thought mee like a Pipe, which never sounds but when 'tis blowed in, and read me, not as *Abraham Cowley*, but *Authorem anonymum* : to the first I answer, that it is an envious frost which nippes the Blossomes, because they appeare quickly : to the latter, that hee is the worst homicide who strives to murder another's fame: to both, that it is a ridiculous follie to condemne or laugh at the starres, because the Moone and Sunne shine brighter. The small fire I have is rather blowne then extinguished by this wind. For the Itch of Poesie by being angered increaseth, by rubbing, spreads farther ; which appears in that I have ventured upon this second Edition. What though it bee neglected? It

is not, I am sure, the first booke which hath lighted Tobacco, or been employed by Cooks, and Grocers. If in all men's judgements it suffer shipwracke, it shall something content mee, that it hath pleased My selfe and the Bookseller. In it you shall finde one argument (and I hope I shall neede no more) to confute unbelievers : which is, that as mine age, and consequently experience (which is yet but little) hath increased, so they have not left my Poesie flagging behind them. I should not bee angry to see any one burne my *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, nay, I would doe it my selfe, but that I hope a pardon may easily bee gotten for the errors of ten yeeres age. My *Constantia* and *Philetus* confesseth me two yeeres older when I writ it. The rest were made since upon severall occasions, and perhaps doe not belie the time of their birth. Such as they are, they were created by me, but their fate lies in your hands ; it is only you, can effect, that neither the Booke-seller repent himselfe of his charge in printing them, nor I of my labour in composing them. Farewell.

A. C.









II.

S Y L V A.

1636.



## NOTE.

'Sylva' was first added to the 1636 edition ('second') of 'Poetical Blossomes.' The title-page will be found opposite. As with 'Poetical Blossomes,' the original text is carefully reproduced.—G.



S Y L V A  
OR  
D I V E R S C O P I E S  
O F V E R S E S

*Made upon sundry occasions by A. C.*



---

LONDON,  
Printed by E. P. for HENRY SEILE,  
and are to bee sold at his shop at the  
Signe of the Tygers-head in S.  
*Pauls Church-yard. 1636.*





# S Y L V A.

## *On his Majestie's returne out of Scotland.*

**G**reat Charles: there stop you trumpeters of fame,  
(For he who speakes his titles, his great name,  
Must have a breathing time,) *Our King*: stay  
there,

Tel't by degrees, let the inquisitive eare  
Bee held in doubt, and ere you say; *Is come*;  
Let every heart prepare a spacious roome  
For ample joyes: then *to* sing as loud  
As thunder shot from the divided cloud.

Let *Cygnus* plucke from the *Arabian* waves  
The ruby of the rocke, the pearle that paves  
Great *Neptune's* Court; let every sparrow beare  
From the three sisters' weeping barke a teare;  
Let spotted Lynces their sharpe tallons fill  
With christall fetch'd from the *Promethean* hill.  
Let *Cythera's* birds fresh wreathes compose,  
Knitting the pale-fac't lilly with the rose.  
Let the selfe-gotten Phoenix rob his nest,  
Spoyle his owne funerall pile, and all his best  
Of myrrhe, of frankincense, of *Cassia* bring,  
To strew the way for our returned King.

Let every post a *Panegyricke* weare,  
Each wall, each pillar gratulations beare:  
And yet let no man invoke a Muse;  
The very matter will it selfe infuse  
A sacred fury. Let the merry Bells  
(For unknowne joyes worke unknowne miracles)  
Ring without helpe of *Sexton*, and presage  
A new-made holyday for future age.

And if the Ancients us'd to dedicate  
A golden Temple to propitious fate,  
At the returne of any noble men,  
Of Heroes, or of Emperours, wee must then  
Raise up a double *Trophæe*; for their fame  
Was but the shaddow of our *CHARLES* his name.  
Who is there where all virtues mingled flow?  
Where no defects, no imperfections grow?  
Whose head is alwayes crown'd with victory,  
Snatch'd from *Bellona's* hand, him luxury  
In peace debilitates; whose tongue can win  
*Tullie's* owne garland, to him pride creeps in.  
On whom (like *Atlas's* shoulders) the propt state  
(As hee were *Primum Mobile* of fate)

Solely relies, him blind ambition moves;  
His Tyranny the bridled subject proves.  
But all those vertues which they all possess  
Divided, are collected in thy breast,  
Great *Charles*; let *Cæsar* boast *Pharsalia's* fight,  
*Honorius* prayse the *Parthians'* unfeyn'd flight.  
Let *Alexander* call himselfe *Jove's* peere,  
And place his Image next the Thunderer,  
Yet whil'st our *Charles* with equall ballance reignes  
'Twixt *Mercy* and *Astrea*; and mainteynes  
A noble peace, 'tis hee, 'tis onely hee  
Who is most neere, most like the Deitie.

## A Song on the same.

**H**ence clouded lookes, hence briny teares  
Hence eye, that sorrowe's livery weares.  
*What though a while Apollo please  
To visit the Antipodes?*  
*Yet hee returnes, and with his light  
Expells, what he hath caus'd, the night.*  
*What though the spring vanish away  
And with it the earth's forme decay?*  
*Yet att's new birth it will restore  
What it's departure tooke before.*  
*What though wee mist our absent King  
Erewhile? Great Charles is come agin,  
And, with his presence makes us knowe,  
The gratitude to Heaven wee owe.*  
*So doth a cruell storme impart  
And teach us Palinurus' art.*  
*So from salt fouds, wept by our eyes,  
A joyfull Venus doth arise.*

## A Vote.

I.

**L**est the misconst'ring world should chance to say,  
I durst not but in secret murmurs pray,  
To whisper in *Jove's* eare,  
How much I wish that funerall,  
Or gape at such a great one's fall,  
This let all ages heare,  
And future tymes in my soule's picture see  
What I abhorre, what I desire to bee.

## 2.

I would not be a Puritane, though hee  
Can preach two houres, and yet his sermon bee  
    But halfe a quarter long ;  
Though from his old mechanicke trade  
By vision hee 's a Pastor made,  
    His faith was growne so strong.  
Nay though he thinke to gayne salvation,  
By calling th' Pope the whore of Babylon.

## 3.

I would not bee a Schoolemaster, though hee  
His rods no lesse then *Fasces* deemes to bee, 90  
    Though hee in many a place,  
Turnes *Lilly* oftner then his gownes ;  
Till at the last hee make the nownes,  
    Fight with the verbes space.  
Nay though hee can in a Poeticke heate,  
Figures, borne sines, out of poore *Virgill* beate.

## 4.

I would not bee Iustice of Peace, though hee  
Can with equality divide the fee,  
    And stakes with his Clarke draw : 100  
Nay though hee sit upon the place,  
Of Iudgement with a learned face  
    Intricate as the Law.  
And whil'st hee mulcts enormities demurely,  
Breaks *Priscian's* head with sentences securely.

## 5.

I would not bee a Courtier, though hee  
Makes his whole life the truest Comedy :  
    Although hee bee a man  
In whome the Tayler's forming Art,  
And nimble Barber clayme more part  
    Then Nature herselfe can. 110  
Though, as hee uses men, 'tis his intent  
To put off death too, with a complement.

## 6.

From Lawyers' tongs, though they can spin with ease  
The shortest cause into a Paraphrase,  
    From usurers' conscience  
(For swallowing up young heyres so fast,  
Without all doubt they'le choakt at last)  
    Make mee all innocence  
Good Heaven ; and from thy eyes,  $\delta$  Iustice keepe,  
For though they bee not blind, they're oft asleepe. 120

## 7.

From Singing-men's Religion ; who are  
Always at Church just like the Crowes, 'cause there  
    They build themselves a nest.  
From too much Poetry, which shines  
With gold in nothing but it's lines,  
    Free,  $\delta$  you powers, my brest.  
And from Astronomy within the skyes  
Finds fish, and bulls, yet doth but *Tantalise*.

## 8.

From your Court Madam's beauty, which doth carry  
At morning May, at night a Iuanary. 130  
    From the grave citty brow  
(For though it want an R, it has  
The letter of *Pythagoras*)  
    Keepe me  $\delta$  fortune now  
And chines of beefe innumerable send mee,  
Or from the stomacke of the Guard defend me.

## 9.

This only grant me : that my meanes may ly  
Too low for envy, for contempt too high ;  
    Some honour I would have,  
Not from great deeds, but good alone ; 140  
Th' ignote are better then ill knowne ;  
    Rumor can ope the grave.  
Acquaintance I would hug, but when 't depends  
Not from the number, but the choyse of friends.

## 10.

Bookes should, not businesse, intertayne the light,  
And sleepe, as undisturb'd as death, the night.  
    My house a cottage more  
Then pallace, and should fitting bee  
For all my use, no luxurie.  
    My garden painted ore 150  
With nature's hand, not arts and pleasures yield :  
*Horace* might envy in his *Sabine* field.

## 11.

Thus would I double my life's fading space ;  
For hee that runs it well, twice runs his race.  
    And in this true delight,  
These unbroken sports, and happy state,  
I would not feare, nor wish my fate,  
    But boldly say each night,  
To morrow let my Sunne his beames display,  
Or in Clouds hide them ; *I haue liv'd to day.* 160

*A Poeticall revenge.*

**W***Estminster-Hall* a friend and I agreed  
To meet in ; hee (some busines 'twas did breed  
His absence) came not there ; I up did goe,  
To the next Court ; for though I could not know  
Much what they ment, yet I might see and heare  
(As most spectators doe at Theater)  
Things very strange ; Fortune did seeme to grace  
My coming there, and helpt me to a place.  
But being newly settled at the sport,  
A Semy-gentleman of th' Innes of Court 170  
In a Sattin suite, redeem'd but yesterday ;  
One who is ravish't with a Cockpit play,  
Who prays God to deliver him from no evill  
Besides a Taylor's bill, and feares no Devill  
Besides a Serjeant, thrust mee from my seate ;  
At which I gan to quarrell, till a neate

Man in a ruffe, (whome therefore I did take  
 For Barrister) open'd his mouth and spake,  
 Boy get you gon, this is no schools; Oh no:  
 For if it were, all you gown'd mena would goe 180  
 Vp for false Latfin: they grew straight to bee  
 Incens't, I feard they would have brought on mee  
 An Action of Trespasse, till th' young man  
 Aforesaid in the Sattia suite, began  
 To strike mee; doubtlesse there had bene a fray,  
 Had not I providently skipp'd away  
 Without replying; for to scould is fill  
 Where every tongue's the clapper of a Mill,  
 And can outsound *Homer's Gradious*; so  
 Away got I: but ere I farre did goe, 190  
 I stung (the Darts of wounding *Psosid*)  
 These two or three sharpe-curses backe; may hee  
 Bee by his Father in his study tooke  
 At *Shakespeare's* Playes; instead of my *L. Cooke*.  
 May hee (though all his writings grow as soone  
 As *Butlers* out of estimation)  
 Get him a Poet's name, and so nere come  
 Into a Sergeant's, or dead Judge's roome.  
 May he (for 'tis sinne in a Lawyer)  
 True Latin use to speake; even at the Barre; 200  
 May he become some poore Physitian's prey,  
 Who keeps men with that conscience in delay  
 As he his Clyents deoth, till his health bee  
 As farre-fetch'd as a Greeke Nowne's pedigree,  
 Nay, for all that, may the disease' bee gone  
 Never but in the long Vacation.  
 May Neighbours use all quarrels to decide;  
 But if for Law any to *London* ride,  
 Of all those Clyents may no one be his,  
 Vnlesse he come in *Forma Pauperis*. 210  
 Grant this you Gods, that favour *Poetry*,  
 That so at last these ceaselesse tongues may-be  
 Brought into reformation; and not dare  
 To quarrell with a threadbare black, but spare  
 Them who beare Schollers' names, lest some one take  
 Spleene, and another *Igoramus* make.

*To the Dutchesse of Buckingham.*

I F I should say, that in your face were scene,  
 Nature's best picture of the *Cyprian* Queene;  
 If I should swear under *Minerva's* Name,  
 Poets (who Prophets are) foretold your fame; 220  
 The future age would thinke it flatterie,  
 But to the present, which can witness be,  
 'Twould seeme beneath your high deserts, as farre,  
 As you above the rest of Women are.  
 When *Manners'* name with *Villiers'* joya'd I see,  
 How doe I reverence your Nobilitie!  
 But when the vertues of your stocke I view,  
 (Envi'd in your dead Lord, admir'd in you)  
 I halfe adore them; for what woman can  
 Besides your selfe (nay I might say what man) 230  
 Both Sexe, and Birth, and Fate, and yeeres excell  
 In mind, in fame, in worth, in living well?

O how had this begot Idolatrie,  
 If you had liv'd in the World's infancie,  
 When man's too much Religioe made the best  
 Or Deities, or Semygods at least?  
 But we, forbidden this by pietie,  
 Or, if we were not, by yeer modestie,  
 Will make our hearts an Altar, and there pray  
 Not to, but for you; ner that *England* may 240  
 Enjoy your equall, when you once are gone.  
 But what's more possible, t'-enjoy you long.

*To his very much honoured Godfather,  
 Master A. B.*

I Love (for that upon the wings of Fame  
 Shall perhaps mocks Death or time's Darts) my  
 Name.  
 I love it more because 'twas given by you;  
 I love it most because 'twas your name too.  
 For if I chance to slip, a conscious shame  
 Pluckes me, and bids me not defile your name.  
 I'm glad that Citie t' whom I ow'd before,  
 (But ah me! fate hath crost that willing score) 250  
 A Father, gave me a Godfather too,  
 And I'm more glad because it gave me you:  
 Whom I may rightly thinke, and terme to be  
 Of the whole Citie an Epitomic.  
 I thanke my carefull fate which found out one  
 (When Nature had not licenc'd my tongue  
 Farther then cryes) who should my office doe;  
 I thanke her more because she found out you.  
 In whose each looke I may a sentence see,  
 In whose each deed a teaching *Momille*. 260  
 How shall I pay this debt to you? My Fate  
 Denyes me *Indian* Pearle or *Persian* Plate.  
 Which though it did not, to requite you thus,  
 Were to send Apples to *Alcinous*,  
 And sell the cunningst way; No, when I can  
 In every Leafe, in every Verse write Man;  
 When my Quill relisheth a Schoole no more,  
 When my pen-feather'd Muse hath learnt to soare,  
 And gotten wings as well as feet; looke then  
 For equall thanks from my unwearied Pen: 270  
 Till future ages say; 'twas you did give  
 A name to me, and I made yours to live.

An Elegie on the Death of  
 Mrs. Anne Whitfield.

S Hee's dead, and like the hower that stole her hence,  
 With as much quietnesse and innocencie.  
 And 'tis as difficult a taske to win  
 Her travelling soule backe to its former Inne,  
 As force that houre, fled without tract away,  
 To turne, and stop the current of the day.

What, shall wee weepe for this? and cloath our eye  
 With sorrow, the Grave's mourning Liverie? 280  
 Or shall wee sigh? and with that pious winde  
 Drive faster on what wee already finde  
 Too swift for us, her soule? No; she who dy'd,  
 Like the sickte Sunne, when Night entombes his pride:  
 Or Trees in Autumne, when unscene decay,  
 And slow consumption steales the leaves away,  
 Without one murmur; shewes that she did see  
 Death as a good, not as a miserie.  
 And so she went to undiscovered Fields,  
 From whence no path hope of returning yeelds, 290  
 To any Traveller; and it must bee  
 Our solace now to court her memory.  
 Wee'l tell how love was dandled in her eye,  
 Yet curb'd with a beseeching gravity.  
 And how (believe it you that heare or reade)  
 Beauty and chastity met and agreed  
 In her, although a Courtier: we will tell  
 How farre her noble spirit did excell  
 Her's, may our Sexe: wee will repeate her Name,  
 And force the Letters to an Anagramme. 300  
*Whitfield* wee'l cry, and amorous windes shall bee  
 Ready to snatch that word's sweet Harmonie  
 Ere 'tis spoke out; thus wee must dull grieffe's sting,  
 And cheate the sorrow that her losse would bring.  
 Thus in our hearts wee'l bury her, and there  
 Wee'l write, *Here lyes Whitfield the chaste, and faire.*  
 Art may no doubt a statelier Tombe invent,  
 But not like this, a living Monument.

*An Elegy on the death of Iohn Littleton  
 Esquire, Sonne and heyre to Sir Thomas  
 Littleton, who was drowned leaping into  
 the water to save his younger Brother.*

AND must these waters smile againe? and play  
 About the shore as they did yesterday? 310  
 Will the Sun court them still? and shall they show  
 No conscious wrinkle furrowed on their brow,  
 That to the thirsty Travaylor may say,  
 I am accurst, goe turne some other way?  
 It is unjust; blacke fload, thy guilt is more,  
 Sprung from his losse, then all thy watery store  
 Can give thee teares to mourne for: birds shall bee  
 And beasts henceforth afraid to drinke of thee.  
 What have I said? my pious rage hath beene  
 Too hot, and acts whilst it accuseth sinne. 320  
 Thou 'rt innocent I know, still cleere, and bright,  
 Fit whence so pure a soule should take it's flight.  
 How is my angry zeale confin'd? for hee  
 Must quarrell with his love and pietie,  
 That would revenge his death; Oh I shall sinne,  
 And wish anon hee had lesse vertuous beene.  
 For when his Brother (teares for him I'de spill  
 But they're all challeng'd by the greater ill)

Strugled for life with the rude waves, hee too  
 Leapt in, and when hope no faint beame could show, 330  
 His charity shone most; thou shalt, said hee,  
 Live with mee, Brother, or I'le dye with thee;  
 And so hee did; had hee beene thine *ò Rome.*  
 Thou wouldst have call'd this death a Martyrdome.  
 And Saynted him; my conscience give me leave,  
 I'le doe so too; if fate will us bereave  
 Of him wee honor'd living, there must bee  
 A kind of reverence to his memory  
 After his death; and where more just then here  
 Where life and end were both so singular? 340  
 Of which th' one grieffe, the other imitation  
 Of all men vindicates, both admiration.  
 Hee that had only talk't with him might find  
 A little *Academy* in his mind;  
 Where *Wisdoms, Master was, and Fellowes* all  
 Which wee can good, which wee can vertuous call.  
*Reason, and Holy Feare* the *Proctors* were  
 To apprehend those words, those thoughts that erre.  
 His learning had outrun the rest of beyres.  
 Stolne beard from tyme, and leapt to twenty yeares. 350  
 And as the Sunne, though in full glorie bright,  
 Shines upon all men with impartial light,  
 And a good-morrow to the *begger* brings  
 With as full rayes as to the mightiest *Kings*;  
 So hee, although his worth just state might clayme,  
 And give to pride an honorable name,  
 With curtesy to all cloth'd vertue so  
 That 'twas not higher then his thoughts were low.  
 In 's body too no *Critique* eye could find  
 The smallest blemish to bely his mind; 360  
 Hee was all purenes, and his outward part  
 The looking-glasse and picture of his heart.  
 When waters swallow'd mankind, and did cheate  
 The hungry worme of it's expected meate;  
 When gemmes, pluckt from the shoare by ruder hands,  
 Return'd againe unto their native sands;  
 'Mongst all those spoyles there was not any pray  
 Could equall what this brooke hath stolen away.  
 Weepe then, sad Floud; and though thou 'rt innocent,  
 Weepe because fate made thee her instrument: 370  
 And when long grieffe hath drunke up all thy store,  
 Come to our eyes, and wee will lead thee more.

*A translation of verses upon the B. Virgin,  
 written in Latine by the right worshipfull*

Dr. A.

*Ave Maria.*

Once thou joycedst, and rejoyce for ever,  
 Whose time of joy shall bee expired never.  
 Who in her wombe the *Hive of comfort* beares,  
 Let her drinke *comfort's honie* with her cares.  
 You brought the word of joy, which did impart  
*An Haile*, to all; let us *An Haile* redart.  
 From you *God save* into the world there came;  
 Our *Eccho Haile* is but an emptie name. 380



*Gratia plena.*

How loaded Hives are with their honie fill'd,  
 From diverse flowres by *Chimicke* Bees distill'd :  
 How full the *Collet* with his Jewell is,  
 Which, what it cannot take, by love doth kisse :  
 How full the *Moone* is with her Brother's ray,  
 When shee drinks up with thirstie orbe the day :  
 How full of *Grace* the *Graces* dances are,  
 So full doth *Marie* of *God's* light appeare.  
 It is no wonder if with *Graces* shee  
 Bee full, who was full with the *Deitie*.

390

*Dominus tecum.*

The fall of mankind under death's extent  
 The quire of blessed *Angels* did lament,  
 And wisht a reparation to see  
 By him, who manhood joyn'd with *Deitie*.  
 How gratefull should *Man's* safety then appeare  
 T' himselfe, whose safetie can the *Angells* cheare ?

*Benedicta tu in mulieribus.*

*Death* came, and troopes of sad *diseases* led  
 To th' earth, by woeman's hand sollicit :  
*Life* came so too, and troopes of *Graces* led  
 To th' earth, by woeman's faith sollicit.  
 As our life's spring came from thy blessed wombe,  
 So from our mouth's springs of thy prayse shall come.  
 Who did life's blessing give, 'tis fit that shee,  
 Above all woemen should thrice-blessed bee.

400

*Et benedictus fructus ventris tui.*

With mouth divine the Father doth protest,  
 Hee a good word sent from his stored breast ;  
 'Twas *Christ* : which *Marie* without carnall thought,  
 From the unfathom'd depth of goodnes brought :  
 The word of blessing a just cause affords,  
 To bee oft blessed with redoubled words.

410

*Spiritus Sanctus superveniet in te.*

As when soft westwinds strooke the garden Rose,  
 A showre of sweeter aire salutes the Nose ;  
 The breath gives sparing kisses, nor with powre  
 Vnlocks the *Virgin* bosome of the flowre.  
 Soe th' *Holy Spirit* upon *Marie* blow'd,  
 And from her sacred box whole rivers flow'd.  
 Yet loos'd not thine eternall chastity,  
 Thy Rose's folds doe still entangled lie.  
 Believe *Christ* borne from an unbruised wombe,  
 So from unbruised barke the odors come.

420

*Et virtus altissimi obumbrabit tibi.*

*God* his great Sonne begot ere time begunne,  
*Marie* in time brought forth her little Sonne.  
 Of double substance, one life hee began,  
*God* without *Mother*, without *Father Man*.  
 Great is this birth, and tis a stranger deede,  
 That shee no man, then *God* no wife should neede.  
 A shade delighted the child-bearing mayde,  
 And *God* himselfe became to her a shade.  
 O strange descent ! who is light's author, hee  
 Will to his creature thus a shadow bee.

430

As unscene light did from the Father flow,  
 So did scene light from *Virgin Marie* grow.  
 When *Moses* sought *God* in a shade to see,  
 The Father shade was, *Christ* the *Deitie*.  
 Lett's seeke for day wee darknes, whil'st our sight,  
 In light finds darknes, and in darknes light.

ODE I.

*On the Prayse of Poetry.*

'Tis not a *Pyramide* of marble stone,  
 Though high as our ambition ;  
 'Tis not a tombe cut out in brasse ; which can  
 Give life to th' ashes of a man :  
 But verses only ; they shall fresh appeare  
 Whil'st there are men to read, or heare.  
 When tyme shall make the lasting brasse decay,  
 And eate the *Pyramide* away,  
 Turning that monument wherein men trust  
 Their names, to what it keepe, poore  
 dust.  
 Then, shall the *Epitaph* remayne, and bee  
 New graven in Eternity.  
*Poets* by death are conquered, but the wit  
 Of *Poets* triumph over it.  
 What cannot verse ? when *Thracian Orpheus* tooke  
 His Lyre, and gently on it strooke ;  
 The learned stones came dancing all along,  
 And kept time to the charming song.  
 With artificiall pace the *Warlike Pine*,  
 Th' *Elme*, and his wife the *Ivy twine*,  
 With all the better trees,—which er'st had stood  
 Vnmou'd,—forsooke their native wood.  
 The *Lawrell* to the *Poet's* hand did bow,  
 Craving the honour of his brow.  
 And every loving arme embrac'd, and made  
 With their officious leaves a shade.  
 The beasts too, strove his auditors to bee  
 Forgetting their old Tyranny.  
 The fearefull *Hart* next to the *Lion* came,  
 And *Wolfe* was *Shepherd* to the *Lambe*.  
*Nightingales*, harmelesse *Syrens* of the ayre,  
 And *Muses* of the place, were there ;  
 Who when their little windpipes they had found  
 Vnequall to so strange a sound,  
 O'come by art and griefe they did expire,  
 And fell upon the conquering Lyre.  
 Happy, o happy they, whose tombe might bee,  
*Mausolus*, envied by thee !

440

450

460

470

ODE II.

*That a pleasant poverty is to bee preferred  
 before discontented riches.*

I.

WHY o doth gaudy *Tagus* ravish thee,  
 Though *Neptune's* treasure-house it bee ?

Why doth *Pactolus* thee bewitch,  
Infected yet with *Midas* glorious Itch?

2.

Their dull and sleepy streames are not at all  
Like other *Fleuds*, *Poeticall*; 480  
They have no dance, noe wanton sport,  
No gentle murmur, the lov'd shore to court.

3.

No fish inhabite the adulterate fload,  
Nor can it faede the neighboring wood;  
No flower or herbe is neere it found,  
But a perpetuall winter sterves the ground.

4.

Give me a river which doth scorne to shew  
An added beauty; whose cleere brow  
May bee my looking-glasse, to see  
What my face is, and what my mind should bee. 490

5.

Here waves call waves, and glide along in ranke,  
And prattle to the smiling banke.  
Here sad *Kingsfishers* tell thy tales,  
And fish enrich the Brooke with silver scales.

6.

*Dasyes* the first borne of the teasing Spring,  
On each side their embroidery bring;  
Here *Lillies* wash, and grow more white,  
And *Dafadills* to see themselves delight.

7.

Here a fresh arbor gives her amorous shade,  
Which *Nature*, the best *Gard'ner*  
made, 500  
Here I would set, and sing rude layes,  
Such as the *Nymphes* and *me* my *selfe* should please.

8.

Thus I would wast, thus end my carelesse dayes,  
And *Robin-red-breasts* whom men prayse  
For pious birds, should when I dye,  
Make both my *monument* and *Elegie*.

## ODE. III.

To his *Mistris*.

*T*Yrian dye why doe you weare  
You whose cheekes best scarlet are?  
Why doe you fondly pln  
Pure linnens ore your skin, 510  
Your skin that 's whiter farre;  
Casting a dusky cloud before a starre?

2.

Why beares your necke a golden chayne?  
Did nature make your hayre in vayne,  
Of gold most pure and fine?  
With gemmes why doe you shine?

They, neighbours to your eyes,  
Shew but like *Phosphor*, when the *Sunne* doth rise.

3.

I would have all my *Mistris*' parts,  
Owe more to *Nature* then to *Arts*; 520  
I would not woe the dresse,  
Or one whose nights give lesse  
Contentment, then the day:  
Shee's fayre, whose beautie only makes her gay.

4.

For 'tis not buildings make a Court  
Or pompe, but 'tis the King's resort:  
If *Jupiter* downe powre  
Himselfe, and in a showre  
Hide such bright *Majestic*  
Lesse then a *golden one* it cannot bee. 530

## ODE. IV.

On the uncertainty of *Fortune*. A translation.

1.

Leave off unfit complaints, and cleere  
From sighes your brest, and from blacke clouds your  
brow;  
When the Sunne shines not with his wonted cheere,  
And fortune throws an adverse cast for you.  
That Sea which vext with *Notus* is,  
The merry *Eastwinds* will to morrow kisse.

2.

The Sun to day rides drouisly;  
To morrow 'twill put on a looke more fayre:  
Laughter and groaning doe alternatly  
Returne, and teares sport's neereest neighbours are. 540  
'Tis by the *Gods* appointed so  
That good fate should with mingled dangers flow.

3.

Who drave his Oxen yesterday,  
Doth now over the Noblest *Romanes* reigne.  
And on the *Gabii*, and the *Cures* lay  
The yoake which from his *Oxes* he had tane.  
Whom *Hesperus* saw poore and low,  
The morning's eye beholds him greatest now.

4.

If Fortune knit amongst her play  
But seriousness; he shall againe goe home 550  
To his old Country farme of yesterday,  
To scoffing people no meane jeast become.  
And with the *crowned Axe*, which hee  
Had rul'd the world, goe backe and prune some Tree.  
Nay if he want the fuell cold requires,  
With his owne *Fascis* he shall make him *frus*.

## ODE V.

*In commendation of the time we live under the  
Reigne of our gracious King Charles.*

**C**vrst be that wretch (Death's Factor sure) who brought  
Dire Swords into the peacefull world, and taught  
Smiths, who before could onely make  
The Spade, the Plowshare, and the Rake ; 560  
Arts, in most cruell wise  
Man's life t'epitomize.

## 2.

Then men (fond men alas) rid post to th' grave,  
And cut those threads, which yet the *Fates* would save :  
Then *Charon* sweated at his trade,  
And had a bigger *Ferry* made ;  
Then, then the silver hayre,  
Frequent before, grew rare.

## 3.

Then *revenge* married to *ambition*,  
Begot blacke *Warre* ; then *avarice* crept on. 570  
Then limits to each field were strain'd,  
And *Terminus* a *Godhead* gain'd.  
To men before was found,  
Besides the Sea, no bound.

## 4.

In what Playne or what River hath not beene  
Warre's story, writ in blood (sad story) scene ?  
This truth too well our *England* knowes,  
'Twas civill slaughter dy'd her *Rose* :  
Nay then her *Liine* too,  
With blood's losse paler grew. 580

## 5.

Such griefes, nay worse than these, wee now should feele,  
Did not just *Charles* silence the rage of steele ?  
He to our Land blest peace doth bring,  
All neighbour Countries envying.  
Happy who did remaine  
Vnborne till *Charles* his reigne !

## 6.

Where dreaming *Chimicks* is your paine and cost ?  
How is your oyle, how is your labour lost ?  
Our *Charles*, blest *Alchymist* (though strange,  
Beleeve it future times) did change 590  
The *Iron* age of old,  
Into an age of *Gold*.

## ODE VI.

*Vpon the shortnesse of Man's life.*

**M**Arke that swift Arrow how it cuts the ayre,  
How it out-runnes thy hunting eye !  
Vse all perswasions now, and try  
If thou canst call it backe, or stay it there.

That way it went, but thou shalt find  
No tract of 't left behind.  
Foole 'tis thy life, and the fond *Archer*, thou, 600  
Of all the time thou'st shot away  
Ile bid thee fetch but yesterday,  
And it shall be too hard a taske to doe.  
Besides repentance, what canst find  
That it hath left behind ?  
Our life is carried with too strong a tyde,  
A doubtfull *cloud* our substance beares,  
And is the *horse* of all our yeeres.  
Each day doth on a winged *whirle-wind* ride.  
*Wee* and our *Glasse* run out, and must 610  
Both render up our dust.  
But his past life who without griefe can see,  
Who never thinkes his end too neere,  
But sayes to *Fame* thou art mine *Haire*.  
That man extends life's naturall brevitie,  
This is, this is the onely way  
T' out-live *Nestor* in a day.

*An Answer to an invitation to Cambridge.*

## 1.

**N***ichols*, my better selfe, forbear,  
For if thou telst what *Cambridge* pleasure are,  
The *Schoole-boys*' sinne will light on me,  
I shall in mind at least a *Truant* bee. 620  
Tell me not how you feede your minde  
With dainties of *Philosophie* ;  
In *Ovid's Nut* I shall not finde,  
The taste once pleased me.  
O tell me not of *Logick's* diverse cheare,  
I shall beginn to loath our *Crambe* here.

## 2.

Tell me not how the waves appeare  
Of *Cam*, or how it cuts the *learned Sheire*,  
I shall contemme the troubled *Thames*,  
On her chiefe *Holiday*, even when her streames, 630  
Are with rich follie guilded ; when  
The *quondam Dungeboat* is made gay,  
Iust like the braverie of the men,  
And graces with fresh paint that day.  
When th' *Citie* shines with *Flagges* and *Pageants* there,  
And Sattin Doublets, seeme not twice a yeere.

## 3.

Why doe I stay then ? I would meet  
Thee there, but *slummetts* hang upon my feet :  
'Tis my chief wish to live with thee,  
But not till I deserve thy companie. 640  
Till then wee'l scorne to let that toy,  
Some forty miles, divide our hearts :  
Write to me, and I shall enjoy,  
*Friendship*, and *wit*, thy better parts.  
Though envious *Fortune* larger hindrance brings,  
Wee'l easely see each other : *Love* hath wings.

FINIS.





III.

# Love's Riddle.

1638.



## NOTE.

'LOVE'S RIDDLE' was originally published in 1638. Prefixed was a small portrait of the Author—on which, as before, see our Memorial-Introduction. It is reproduced in all fidelity from the exemplar bequeathed by Dr. Whewell to Trinity College, Cambridge, by the kind permission of Dr. W. Aldis Wright.

G.

L O V E S  
R I D D L E.  
A P A S T O R A L L  
C O M Æ D I E;

Written,  
At the time of his being  
Kings Scholler in *West-*  
*minster* Schoole,  
by *A. Cowley.*



L O N D O N,  
Printed by *John Dawson*, for *Henry*  
*Seile*, and are to be sold at the Tygres  
head in Fleet-street over against  
*S<sup>t</sup>. Dunstons* Church. 1638.



# To the truly Worthy, and

Noble, Sir KENELME

D I G B I E

Knight.

**T**his latter Age, the Lees of Time, has knowne,  
*Few, that have made both Pallas art, their owne;*  
*But you, Great Sir, two Lawrels weare, and are*  
*Victorious in Peace, as well as War.*  
*Learning by right of Conquest is your owne,*  
*And every liberall Art your Captive growne.*  
*As if neglected Science (for it now*  
*Wants some defenders) Aed for helpe to you.*  
*Whom I must follow, and let this for mee*  
*An earnest of my future service bee.*  
*Which I should feare to send you, did I know*  
*Your judgement only, not your Candor too.*  
*For 't was a Worke, stolne (though you'le justly call*  
*This Play, as fond as those) from Cat, or Ball.*  
*Had it beene written since, I should, I feare,*  
*Scarse have abstain'd from a Philosopher.*  
*Which by Tradition here is thought to bee,*  
*A necessarie Part in Comedie.*

*Nor need I tell you this; each line of it*  
*Betray's the Time and Place wherein 'twas writ.*  
*And I could wish, that I might safely say*  
*To th' Reader, that 'twas done but th' other day.*  
*It is not stuff'd with names of Gods, hard words,*  
*Such as the Metamorphosis affords.*  
*Nor has 't a part for Robinson, whom they*  
*At schoole, account essentiall to a Play.*  
*The stile is low, such as you'le easily take*  
*For what a Swaine might speake, and a Boy make.*  
*Take it, as early fruits, which rare appears*  
*Though not halfe ripe, but worst of all the yeare.*  
*And if it please your tast, my Muse will say,*  
*The Birch which crown'd her then, is growne a Bay.*

Yours in all observance,

A. COWLEY.



## The Scæne Sicily.

The Actors' names.

*Demophil* } two old folke of a Noble family.  
*Spodaia* }  
*Florellus* } their Children.  
*Callidora* }  
*Philistus* } two Gent. both in love with *Callidora*.  
*Aphron* }  
*Clariana,* sister to *Philistus*.

*Melarnus* } a crabbed old Shepheard.  
*Truga* } his Wife.  
*Hylace* } their Daughter.  
*Egon,* an ancient Country man.  
*Bellula,* his supposed Daughter.  
*Palamon,* a young Swaine in love with *Hylace*.  
*Alupis,* a merry Shepheard.  
*Clariana's,* Mayd.





# Actus I. Scæna I.

*Enter Callidora disguised in man's apparell.*

**M** Addefect, yee have beene traytours to your Master:  
 Where have you lead me? sure my truant mind  
 Hath taught my body thus to wander too;  
 Faintnesse and feare surprize me; Yee just gods,  
 If yee have brought me to this place to scourge  
 The folly of my love, (I might say madnessse)  
 Dispatch me quickly; send some pitying men  
 Or cruell beast to find me; let me bee  
 Fed by the one, or let mee feed the other.  
 Why are these trees so brave? why doe they weare 10  
 Such greene and fresh apparell? how they smile!  
 How their proud toppes play with the courting wind!  
 Can they behold me pine and languish here,  
 And yet not sympathize at all in mourning?  
 Doe they upbraide my sorrowes? can it bee  
 That these thick branches never seene before  
 But by the Sunne, should learne so much of man?  
 The trees in Courtiers' gardens, which are conscious  
 Of their guilt[y] Masters statelinesse and pride,  
 Themselves would pittie me; yet these—Who's there? 20

*Enter Alupis singing.*

1.

*Rise up thou mournfull Swaine,  
 For 'tis but a folly  
 To be melancholy.  
 And get thee thy pipe againe.*

2.

*Come sing away the day,  
 For 'tis but a folly  
 To be melancholly,  
 Let's live here whilst wee may.*

*Cal.* I marry Sir, this fellow hath some fire in him:  
 Methinks a sad and drowsie shepheard is 30  
 A prodigle in Nature, for the woods  
 Should bee as farre from sorrow, as they are  
 From sorrowes causes, riches and the like.  
 Haile to you swaine, I am a Gentleman  
 Driven here by ignorance of the way, and would  
 Confesse myselfe bound to you for a curtesie,

If you would please to helpe me to some lodging  
 Where I may rest my selfe.

*Alu.* For 'tis but a folly, &c.

*Cal.* Well; if the rest bee like this fellow here; 40  
 Then I have travel'd fairely now; for certainly  
 This is a land of fooles: some Colonie  
 Of elder brothers have beene planted here,  
 And begot this faire generation.  
 Prithee, good Shepheard, tell mee where thou dwelst?

*Alu.* For 'tis but a folly, &c.

*Call.* Why art thou madde?

*Alu.* What if I bee?

I hope 'tis no discredit for me Sir?

For in this age who is not? I'll prove it to you: 50  
 Your Citizen, hee's madde to trust the Gentleman  
 Both with his wares and wife. Your Courtier,  
 Hee's madde to spend his time in studying postures,  
 Cringes, and fashions, and new complements;  
 Your Lawyer, hee's madde to sell away  
 His tongue for money, and his Client madder  
 To buy it of him, since 'tis of no use  
 But to undoe men, and the Latine tongue;  
 Your Schollers, they are madde to breake their braines,  
 Out-watch the Moone, and looke more pale then shee,  
 That so when all the Arts call him their Master, 61  
 Hee may perhaps get some small Vicaridge,  
 Or be the Vsher of a Schoole; but there's  
 A thing in blacke called Poet, who is ten  
 Degrees in madnessse above these; his meanes  
 Is what the gentle Fates please to allow him  
 By the death or mariage of some mighty Lord,  
 Which hee must solemnize with a new Song.

*Cal.* This fellow's wit amazeth me; but friend,  
 What doe you think of lovers? 70

*Alu.* Worst of all;

Is't not a pretty folly to stand thus,  
 And sigh, and fold the armes, and cry my *Calia*,  
 My soule, my life, my *Calia*, then to wring  
 One's state for presents, and one's brayne for Sonnets?  
 O! 'tis beyond the name of Phrenzie.

*Cal.* What so Satyricke Shepheard? I beleeve  
 You did not learne these flashes in the Woods;  
 How is it possible that you should get  
 Such neere acquaintance with the Citie manners, 80  
 And yet live here in such a silent place;

Where one would thinke the very name of City  
Could hardly Enter.

*Alu.* Why I'll tell you Sir :

My father dyed, (you force me to remember  
A griefe that deserves teares) and left me young,  
And (if a Shepheard may be said so) rich ;  
I in an itching wantonnesse to see  
What other Swaines so wondrous at, the Citie,  
Streight sold my rurall portion (for the wealth  
Of Shepheards is their flockes) and thither went ;  
Where whil't my money lasted I was welcome,  
And liv'd in credit, but when that was gone,  
And the last piece sigh'd in my empty pocket,  
I was contem'd : then I began to soele  
How dearely I had bought experience,  
And without any thing besides repentance  
To load me, return'd back, and here I live  
To laugh at all those follies which I saw.

### Song.

*The merry waves dance up and downe, and pley,* 100

*Sport is granted to the Sea.*

*Birds are the queristers of th' empty ayre,*

*Sport is never wanting there.*

*The ground doth smile at the Spring's flowry birth,*

*Sport is granted to the earth.*

*The fire it's cheering flame on high doth roare,*

*Sport is never wanting there.*

*If all the elements, the Earth, the Sea,*

*Ayre, and fire, so merry be ;*

*Why is man's mirth so seldom, and so small,* 110

*Who is compounded of them all ?*

*Cal.* You may joycè ; but sighes befit me better.

*Alu.* Now on my conscience thou hast lost a Mistris ;

If it be so, thanke God, and love no more ;

Or else perhaps she' has burnt your whining letter,

Or kist another Gentleman in your sight,

Or else denyed you her glove, or laught at you,

Causes indeed, which deserve speciall mourning :

And now you come to talke with your God *Cupid*

In private here, and call the Woods to witnesse, 120

And all the streames which murmure when they heare

The injuries they suffer ; I am sorry

I have beene a hindrance to your meditations,

Farewell Sir.

*Cal.* Nay, good Shepheard, you mistake mee.

*Alu.* Faith, I am very chary of my health,

I would be loath to be infected Sir.

*Cal.* Thou needest not feare ; I have no disease at all  
Besides a troubled mind.

*Alu.* Why that 's the worst, the worst of all. 130

*Cal.* And therefore it doth challenge

Your piety the more ; you should the rather,

Strive to be my Physitian.

*Alu.* The good Gods forbid it ; I turne Physitian?

My Parents brought me up more piously,

Then that I should play booty with a siknesse,

Turne a consumption to men's purses, and

Purge them, worse then their bodyes, and set up  
An Apothecarie's shop in private chambers ;  
Live by revener of close-stooles and urinals, 140  
Deferre off sick men's health from day to day  
As if they went to law with their disease.

No, I was borne for better ends, then to send away  
His Majestie's subject's to hell so fast,  
As if I were to share the stakes with *Cæron*.

*Cal.* Your wit erres much :

For as the soule is nobler then the body,  
So its corruption askes a better medicine  
Then is applyed to Gouts, Catarrs, or Agues,  
And that is counsell. 150

*Alu.* So then ; I should bee

Your soule's Physitian ; why, I could talke out  
An houre or so, but then I want a cushion  
To thump my precepts into ; but tell me, pray  
What name beares your disease?

*Cal.* A fever, shepheard, but so farre above  
An outward one, that the vicissitudes  
Of that may seeme but warmth, and coolnesse only ;  
This, flame, and frost.

*Alu.* So ; I understand you, 160

You are a lover, which is by translation  
A foole, or a beast ; for I'll define you : you're  
Partly *Chamæleon*, partly Salamander,  
You're fed by th' ayre, and live i' the fire.

*Cal.* Why did you never love? have you no softnesse,  
Nought of your mother in you? if that Sun  
Which scorched me, should cast one beame upon you,  
'T would quickly melt the ice about your heart,  
And lend your eyes fresh streames.

*Alu.* 'Faith, I thinke not ; 170

I have scene all your beautyes of the Court,  
And yet was never ravisht, never made  
A dolefull Sonnet unto angry *Cupid*,  
Either to warme her heart, or else coole mine ;  
And no face yet could ever wound me so,  
But that I quickly found a remedie.

*Cal.* That were an art worth learning, and you need  
not

Be niggard of your knowledge ; See the Sunne  
Though it have given this many thousand yeares  
Light to the world, yet is as bigge and bright 180

As e're it was, and hath not lost one beame

Of his first glory ; then let charity

Perswade you to instruct me, I shall bee

A very thankfull scholler.

*Alu.* I shall : for 'tis both easily taught and learn'd,  
*Come sing away the day, &c.*

Mirth is the only physick.

*Cal.* It is a way which I have much desired  
To cheate my sorrow with ; and for that purpose  
Would faine turne shepheard, and in rurall sports 190  
Wear my life's remnant out ; I would forget  
All things, my very name if it were possible.

*Alu.* Pray let me learne it first.

*Cal.* 'Tis *Callidorus*.

*Alu.* Thanke you ; if you your selfe chance to forget it,

Come but to me I'll doe you the same curtesie ;  
 In the meane while make me your servant Sir,  
 I will instruct you in things necessary  
 For the creation of a Shepheard, and  
 Wee two will laugh at all the world securely, 200  
 And fling jests 'gainst the businesses of State  
 Without endangering our cares.

*Come, come away,*  
*For 'tis but a folly*  
*To be melancholy,*  
*Let's live here while it we stay.* *Exeunt.*

Enter *Palæmon, Melarnus, Truga, Egon,*  
*Bellata, Hyllæ,*

*Pa.* I see I am undone.

*Mel.* Come no matter for that, you love my daughter?  
 By *Pa.* but come, no matter for that; you my *Hilæe*?

*Tru.* Nay good Duck, doe not vex your selfe; what  
 though he loves her? you know she will not have him.

*Mel.* Come, no matter for that; I will vex my selfe,  
 and vex him too: shall such an idle fellow as he strive  
 to entice away honest men's children? let him goe feed  
 his flocks; but alas! he has none to trouble him; ha,  
 ha, ha, yet hee would marry my daughter.

*Pa.* Thou art a malicious deting man,  
 And one who cannot boast of any thing  
 But that shee calls thee father: though I cannot  
 Number so large a flock of sheepe as thou, 220  
 Nor send so many cheeses to the City,  
 Yet in my mind I am an Emperour  
 If but compar'd with thee,

*Tru.* Of what place I pray?  
 'Tis of some new discovered Countrey, is't not?  
*Pa.* Prithce good *Wintor* if thou wilt be talking,  
 Keepe thy breath in a little, for it smells  
 Worse then a Goat; yet thou must talke,  
 For thou hast nothing left thee of a woman  
 But lust, and tongue. 230

*Hyl.* Shepheard, here's none so taken with your wit  
 But you might spare it; if you be so lavish,  
 You'll have none left another time to make  
 The song of the forsaken Lover with.

*Pa.* I'me dumbe, my lips are seal'd, seal'd up for ever;  
 May my rash tongue forget to be interpreter,  
 And organ of my senses, if you say,  
 It hath offended you.

*Hyl.* Troth if you make  
 But that condition, I shall agree to 't quickly: 240

*Mel.* By *Pa.* well said *Girl*; what a foole was I  
 To suspect thee of loving him? but come  
 'Tis no matter for that; when e're thou art married  
 I'll adde ten sheepe more to thy portion,  
 For putting this one jest upon him.

*Egon.* Nay now I must needs tell you that your anger  
 Is groundd with no reason to maintaine it;  
 If you intend your Daughter shall not marry him,  
 Say so, but play not with his passion;  
 For 'tis inhumane wit which jeeres the wretched. 250

*Mel.* Come 'tis no matter for that; what I doe, I doe;  
 I shall not need your counsell.

*Tru.* I hope my husband and I have enough wisdome  
 To governe our owne child; if we want any  
 'Twill be to little purpose, I dare say,  
 To come to borrow some of you.

*Eg.* 'Tis very likely pritty *Mistris Mankin*,  
 You with a face lookes like a winter apple  
 When 'tis shrunke up together and halfe rotten;  
 I'de see you hang'd up for a thing to skare 260  
 The crows away before I'll spend my breath  
 To teach you any.

*Hyl.* Alas good shepheard!  
 What doe you imagine that I should love you for?

*Pa.* For all my services, the vertuous zeale  
 And constancie with which I ever wooed you;  
 Though I were blacker than a starlesse night,  
 Or consciences where guilt and horror dwell;  
 Although splay-leg'd, crooked, deform'd in all parts,  
 And but the Chao's only of a man; 270  
 Yet if I love and honor you, humanitie  
 Would teach you not to hate, or laugh at me.

*Hy.* Pray spare your fine perswasions, and set speeches,  
 And rather tell them to those stones and trees;  
 'Twill be to as good purpose quite, as when  
 You spend them upon me.

*Pa.* Give me my final answer, that I may  
 Bee either blest for ever, or die quickly;  
 Delay's a cruell rack, and kils by piece-meales. 280

*Hy.* Then here 'tis, you're an asse, 280  
 (Take that for your incivillitie to my mother)  
 And I will never love you.

*Pa.* You're a woman;  
 A cruell and fond woman, and my passion  
 Shall trouble you no more; but when I'me dead  
 My angry Ghost shall vex you worse then now  
 Your pride doth mee, Farewell.

Enter *Aphron madde, meeting Palæmon*  
*going out.*

*Aph.* Nay stay Sir, have you found her?

*Pa.* How now? what's the matter?

*Aph.* For I will have her out of you, or else 290  
 I'll cut thee into stomes, till the wind  
 Play with the shreds of thy torne body. Looke her  
 Or I will do 't.

*Pa.* Whom; or where?

*Aph.* I'll tell thee honest fellow; thou shalt goe  
 From me as an Embassador to the Sunne;  
 For men call him the eye of heaven, (from which  
 Nothing lyes hid), and tell him—doe you marke me—  
 tell him

From me—that if he send not word where shee is gone,  
 —I will—nay by the Gods I will. 300

*Eg.* Alas poore Gentleman!  
 Sure he hath lost some Mistris; beauntious women  
 Are the chiefe plagues to men.

*Tru.* Nay, not so shepherd, when did I plague any?  
*Egon.* How farre is he beyond the name of slave,  
 That makes his love his Mistris?

*Aph.* Mistris? who's that? her Ghost? 'tis shee;  
 It was her voyce; were all the fouds, the rivers,  
 And seas, that with their crooked armes embrace  
 The earth, betwixt us, I'de wade through and meet her;  
 Were all the Alpes heap'd on each other's head, 311  
 Were *Pelion* joynd to *Ossa*, and they both  
 Throwne on *Olympus* top, they should not make  
 So high a wall, but I would scal't and find her.

*Bel.* Unhappy man.

*Aph.* 'Tis empty ayre: I was too rude, too saucy.  
 And she hath left me; if shee be alive  
 What darknesse shall be thicke enough to hide her?  
 If dead, I'll seeke the place which Poets call *Elisium*,  
 Where all the soules of good and vertuous mortalls 320  
 Enjoy deserved pleasures after death.

What should I feare? if there be an *Erynnis*  
 'Tis in this brest, if a *Tisiphona*  
 'Tis here; here in this braine are all her serpents;  
 My grieffe and fury armes me.

*Pas.* By your leave Sir.

*Aph.* Now by the Gods, that man that stops my  
 journey  
 Had better have provokt a hungry Lionesse  
 Rob'd of her Whelpes, or set his naked brest  
 Against the Thunder. *Exit Aphron.* 330

*Tru.* 'Tis well hee's gone,  
 I never could endure to see these madd men.

*Mel.* Come no matter for that, *Enter Alupis*  
 For now he's gone, here comes another. *and Callidorus.*  
 But it's no matter for that neither.  
 How now? who has hee brought with him?

*Al.* Hayle to yee Shepherds, and yee beautilous  
 Nymphs,

I must present this stranger to your knowledge;  
 When you're acquainted well, you'll thanke me for 't.

*Cal.* Blest Masters of these Woods, hayle to you all,  
 'Tis my desire to be your neighbour here; 341  
 And feed my flocks (such as they are) neere yours.

This Shepherd tels me, that your gentle nature  
 Will be most willing to accept my friendship;  
 Which if yee doe, may all the Sylvan Deities  
 Bee still propitious to you; may your flocks  
 Yearely increase above your hopes or wishes;  
 May none of your young lambes become a prey  
 To the rude Wolfe, but play about securely;  
 May dearths be ever exil'd from these woods; 350  
 May your fruits prosper, and your mountaine straw-  
 beries

Grow in abundance; may no Lovers be  
 Despis'd, and pine away their yeares of Spring;  
 But the young men and maides bee stricken both  
 With equall sympathy.

*Pa.* That were a golden time; the Gods forbid  
 Mortalls to bee so happy.

*Egon.* I thanke you; and we wish no lesse to you:  
 You are most welcome hither.

*Tru.* 'Tis a handsome man;  
 I'll be acquainted with him; we most heartily  
 Accept your company. 360

*Mel.* Come no matter for that; we have enough  
 Already who can beare us company,  
 But no matter for that neither; wee shall have  
 Shortly no roome left us to feed our flocks  
 By one another.

*Alup.* What alwayes grumbling?  
 Your father and your mother scoulded sure  
 Whil'st you were getting; well, if I begin 370  
 I'll so abuse thee, and that publiquely.

*Mel.* A rott upon you; you must still be humoured;  
 But come, no matter for that; you're welcome then.

*Al.* What, beauties, are you silent?  
 Take notice of him (pray), your speaking is  
 Worth more then all the rest.

*Bel.* You're very welcome.

*Cal.* Thanke you fayre Nymph, this is indeed a  
 welcome. (*Salutes her.*)

*Bel.* I never saw, beauty and affability  
 So well conjoyn'd before; if I stay long 380  
 I shall be quite undone.

*Alu.* Nay come, put on too.

*Hyl.* You are most kindly welcome.

*Cal.* You blesse mee too much;  
 The honour of your lip is entertainment  
 Princes might wish for.

*Hyl.* Blesse me, how hee lookes!  
 And how he talks; his kisse was honey too,  
 His lips as red and sweet as early cheryes,  
 Softer then Bevers' skins. 390

*Bel.* Blesse me, how I envy her!  
 Would I had that kisse too!

*Hyl.* How his eye shines! what a bright flame it  
 shootes!

*Bel.* How red his cheekes are! so our garden apples  
 Looke on that side where the hot Sun salutes them.

*Hyl.* How well his haire become him!  
 Just like that starre which ushers on the day.

*Bell.* How faire he is! fairer then whitest blossomes!  
*Trug.* They two have got a kisse;

Why should I lose it for want of speaking? 400  
 You're welcome shepherd.

*Alu.* Come on: *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

*Tru.* Doe you heare? you are welcome.

*Alu.* Oh! here's another must have a kisse:

*Tru.* Goe you're a paltry knave, I, that you are,  
 To wrong an honest woman thus.

*Alu.* Why hee shall kisse thee, never feare it, alas!  
 I did but jest, he'll do't for all this,  
 Nay, because I will be a Patron to thee  
 I'll speake to him. 410

*Tru.* You're a slandering knave,  
 And you shall know't, that you shall.

*Al.* Nay, if you scould so lowd  
 Others shall know it too; He must stop your mouth,  
 Or you'll talke on this three houres; *Callidorus,*  
 If you can patiently endure a stinke,

Or have frequented ere the City Beare-garden,  
Prithee salute this fourscore yeares, and free me ;  
She says you 're welcome too.

*Cal.* I cry you mercy Shepheardesse, 420  
By *Pas* I did not see you.

*Tru.* If my husband and *Alupis* were not here,  
I'de rather pay him back his kisse againe,  
Then be beholding to him.

*Al.* What, thou hast don 't ?  
Well if thou dost not dye upon 't, hereafter  
Thy body will agree even with the worst  
And stinking 'st ayre in *Europe*.

*Cal.* Nay, be not angry Shepheardesse, you know  
He doth but jest as 'tis his custome. 430

*Tru.* I know it is his custome ; he was always  
Wont to abuse me, like a knave as he is,  
But I'le endure 't no more.

*Al.* Prithee good *Callidorus* if her breath  
Be not too bad, goe stop her mouth againe,  
She'le scould till night else.

*Tru.* Yes marry will I, that I will, you rascal you,  
I'le teach you to lay your frumps upon me ;  
You delight in it, doe you ?

*Al.* Prithea be quiet, leave but talking to me, 440  
And I will never jeere thee any more,  
We two will be so peaceable hereafter.

*Tru.* Well upon that condition.

*Al.* So I'me deliver'd, why how now Ladds ?  
What have you lost your tongues ? I'le have them  
cry'd,

*Palamon, Egon, Callidorus :* what ? -  
Are you all dumbe ? I pray continue so,  
And I'le be merry with myselfe.

Song.

'Tis better to dance then sing,  
The cause is if you will know it, 450  
That I to my selfe shall bring

*A poverty*

*Voluntary*

*If once I grow but a Poet.*

*Egon.* And yet me thinkes you sing.

*Al.* O yes, because here's none doe dance,  
And both are better farre then to be sad.

*Egon.* Come then let's have a round.

*Al.* A match ; *Palamon* whither goe you ?

*Pa.* The Gods forbid that I should mock my selfe, 460  
Cheate my owne mind ; I dance and weepe at once ?  
You may : Farewell. *Exit.*

*Al.* 'Tis such a whining foole ; come, come, *Melarnus.*

*Mel.* I have no mind to dance ; but come no matter  
for that, rather then breake the squares.—

*Cal.* By your leave, fayre one.

*Hil.* Would I were in her place.

*Al.* Come *Hilace*, thee and I wench, I warrant thee,  
You and your wife together. God blesse you ; so—

*For 'tis but a folly, &c. Dance. 470*

*Tru.* So there's enough, I'me halfe a weary.

*Mel.* Come no matter for that,

I have not danc't so much this yeare.

*Al.* So farewell, you'le come along with me ?

*Cal.* Yes, farewell gentle Swaine.

*Tru.* Farewell good Shepheard.

*Bel.* Your best wishes follow you.

*Hyl.* *Pas* always guide you.

*Mel.* It's no matter for that, come away. *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus primi.*





## Actus II. Scæna I.

Enter *Demophil*, *Spodaia*, *Philistus*,  
*Clariana*.

**D** *Emo*. Nay, shee is lost for ever, and her name  
Which us'd to be so comfortable, now  
Is poyson to our thoughts, and to augment  
Our misery pants forth our former happinesse :  
*O Callidora*, *O my Callidora* !  
I shall ne're see thee more.

*Spø*. If cursed *Aphron*  
Hath carryed her away, and triumphs now  
In the destruction of our hoary age  
'Twere better shee were dead ;

*Dem*. 'Twere better we were all dead ; the enjoying  
Of tedious life is a worse punishment  
Then losing of my Daughter ; Oh ! my friends,  
Why have I lived so long ?

*Cla*. Good Sir, be comforted : Brother speake to  
them.

*Spø*. Would I had dyed, when first I brought thee  
forth  
My Girle, my best Girle ; then I should have slept  
In quiet, and not wept now.

*Phi*. I am halfe a statue,  
Freeze me up quite yee Gods, and let me be  
My owne sad monument.

*Cla*. Alas ! you doe but hurt your selves with weeping ;  
Consider pray, it may be she'll come back.

*Dem*. Oh ! never, never, 'tis impossible  
As to call back sixteene, and with vaine Rhetoricke  
Perswade my life's fresh Aprill to returne ;  
Shee's dead, or else farre worse, kept up by *Aphron* ;  
Whom if I could but see, me thinks new bloud  
Would creepe into my veines, and my faint sinewes  
Renew themselves ; I doubt not but to find  
Strength enough yet to be reveng'd of *Aphron*.

*Spø*. Would I were with thee, Girle, where ere thou art.  
*Cla*. For shame good Brother, see if you can comfort  
them,

Me thinks you should say something.

*Phi*. Doe you thinke  
My griefes so light ? or was the interest  
So small which I had in her ? I a comforter ?  
Alas ! she was my wife, for we were married  
In our affection, in our vowes ; and nothing

Slept the enjoying of each other, but  
The thinne partition of some ceremonies.  
I lost my hopes, my expectations,  
My joyes, nay more, I lost my selfe with her ;  
You have a son, yet left behind, whose memorie  
May sweeten all this gall.

*Spø*. I, we had one,  
But fate's so cruell to us, and such dangers  
Attend a travelling man, that 'twere presumption  
To say we have him ; we have sent for him  
To blot out the remembrance of his sister :  
But whether we shall ever see him here,  
The Gods can only tell, we barely hope.

*Dem*. This newes, alas !  
Will be but a sad welcome to him.

*Phi*. Why doe I play thus with my misery ?  
'Tis vaine to thinke I can live here without her,  
I'll seeke her where e're she is ; patience in this  
Would be a vice, and men might justly say  
My love was but a flash of winged lightning,  
And not a Vestall flame, which always shines.

His woiing is a complement, not passion,  
Who can if fortune snatch away his Mistris,  
Spend some few teares, then take another choyce :  
Mine is not so ; Oh, *Callidora* !

*Cla*. Fye Brother, you're a man,  
And should not be shaken with every wind ;  
If it were possible to call her back  
With mourning, mourning were a piety,  
But since it cannot, you must give me leave  
To call it folly :

*Phi*. So it is ;  
And I will therefore shape some other course ;  
This dolefull place shall never see me more,  
Vnlesse it see her too in my embraces.

You sister may retyre unto my Farme,  
Adjoyning to the woods ;  
And my estate I leave for you to manage ;  
If I find her, expect me there, if not  
Doe you live happier then your Brother hath :  
*Cla*. Alas ! how can I if you leave me ? but  
I hope your resolutions may be altered.

*Phi*. Never, farewell : good *Demophil*,  
Farewell *Spodaia*, temper your lamentes ;  
If I returne we shall againe be happy.

*Spo.* You shall not want my prayers.  
*Dem.* The Gods that pittie Lovers (if there bee  
any) attend upon you.  
*Cla.* Will you needs goe?  
*Pa.* I knit delays; 'twere time I were now ready,  
And I shall sinne if I seeme dull or slow 90  
In any thing which touches *Callidora*.  
*Dem.* Oh! that name wounds me; we'le beare you  
company  
A little way; and *Clariana* looks  
To see us often at your Country Farme;  
Wee'le sigh, and grieve together. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Alupis and Palæmon.*

*Alu.* Come, come away, &c.  
Now where are all your sonnets? your rare fancies?  
Could the fine morning musick which you wak'd  
Your Mistris with, prevaile no more then this?  
Why in the Citie now your very Fiddlers' 100  
Good morrow to your worship, will get something:  
Hath she denyed thee quite?  
*Pa.* She hath undone me; I have plow'd the Sea,  
And begot storming billowes.  
*Al.* Can no persuasions move her?  
*Pa.* No more then thy least breath can stirre an oake,  
Which hath this many yeares scorn'd the fierce warres  
Of all the winds.

*Al.* 'Tis a good hearing; then  
She'le cost you no more payres of Turtle Doves, 110  
Nor garlands knit with amorous conceits:  
I doe perceive some ragges of the Court fashions  
Visibly creeping now into the woods.  
The more hee shewes his love, the more shee slights him,  
Yet will take any gift of him, as willingly  
As Countrey Justices the Hens and Geese  
Of their offending neighbours; this is right:  
Now if I lov'd this wench I would so handle her,  
I'de teach her what the difference were betwixt  
One who had scene the Court and Citie tricks, 120  
And a meere shepherd.

*Pa.* Lions are tam'd, and become slaves to men,  
And Tygres oft forget the cruelty  
They suckt from their fierce mothers; but, a woman  
Ah me! a woman! ———

*Al.* Yet if I saw such wonders in her face  
As you doe, I should never doubt to win her.  
*Pa.* How pray? if gifts would doe it, she hath had  
The daintiest Lambes, the hope of all my flock;  
I let my apples hang for her to gather; 130  
The painfull Bee did never load my hives  
With honey, which she tasted not.

*Al.* You mistake me Friend; I meane not so.  
*Pa.* How then? if Poetry would do't, what shade  
Hath not bene Auditor of my amorous pipe?  
What bankes are not acquainted with her prayes?  
Which I have sung in verses, and the shepherds  
Say they are good ones; nay they call me Poet,  
Although I am not easie to beleevs them.

*Al.* No, no, no; that's not the way. 140  
*Pa.* Why how?

If shew of griefe had Rhetorick enough  
To move her, I dare sweare she had bene mine  
Long before this; what day did ere peepe forth  
In which I wept not dulier then the morning?  
Which of the winds hath not my sighes encreas'd  
At sundry times? how often have I cryed  
*Hylace, Hylace*, till the docile woods  
Have answered *Hylace*; and every valley  
As if it were my Rivall, sounded *Hylace*. 150

*Al.* I, and you were a most rare foole for doing so:  
Why 'twas that poyson'd all; Had I a Mistris  
I'de almost beat her, by this light, I would;  
For they are much about your Spaniel's nature,  
But whilst you cry deare *Hylace, o Hylace!*  
Pitty the tortures of my burning heart,  
She'le always mince it, like a Citissen's wife,  
At the first asking; though her tickled blood  
Leapes at the very mention; therefore now  
Leave off your whining tricks, and take my counsell. 160  
First then be merry; *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

*Pal.* 'Tis a hard lesson for my mind to learne,  
But I would force my selfe, if that would helpe me.

*Al.* Why thou shalt see it will; next I would have thee  
To laugh at her, and mocke her pittifully;  
Study for jeeres against next time you see her;  
I'll goe along with you, and helpe to abuse her,  
Till we have made her cry, worse then e're you did;  
When we have us'd her thus a little while,  
Shee'le be as tame and gentle. ——— 170

*Pa.* But alas!  
This will provoke her more.

*Al.* Ile warrant thee: besides, what if it should?  
She hath refus'd you utterly already,  
And cannot hurt you worse; come, come, be rul'd;  
And follow me, we'le put it straight in practis.

*For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

*Pa.* A match; Ile try alwayes; she can but scorne me;  
There is this good in depth of misery  
That men may attempt any thing, they know 180  
The worst before hand. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Callidorus.*

How happy is that man, who in these woods  
With secure silence weares away his time!  
Who is acquainted better with himselfe  
Then others; who so great a stranger is  
To Citie follies, that he knowes them not.  
He sits all day upon some mossie hill  
His rurall throne, arm'd with his crooke, his scepter;  
A flowry garland is his country crowne;  
The gentle lambes and sheepe his loyall subjects, 190  
Which every yeare pay him their fleecy tribute;  
Thus in an humble statefinesse and majestie  
He tunes his pipe, the wood's best melody;  
And is at once, what many Monarches are not,  
Both King and Poet. I could gladly wish

To spend the rest of my unprofitable  
 And needlesse dayes in their innocuous sports,  
 But then my father, mother, and my brother  
 Recurse unto my thoughts, and straight plucke downe  
 The resolution I had built before ; 200  
 Love names *Philistus* to me, and o' th' sudden  
 The woods seeme base, and all their harmlesse pleasures  
 The daughters of necessity, not vertue.  
 Thus with my selfe I wage a warre, and am  
 To my owne rest a traytor ; I would faine  
 Goe home, but still the thought of *Aphros* frights me.  
 How now ? who 's here ? o' tis faire *Hylace*  
 The grumbling shepheard's daughter. *Enter Hylace.*  
 Brightest of all those starres that paint the woods,  
 And grace these shady habitations, 210  
 You're welcome ; how shall I requite the benefit  
 Which you bestow upon so poore a stranger  
 With your faire presence ?

*Hyl.* If it be any curtesie, 'tis one  
 Which I would gladly doe you ; I have brought  
 A rurall present, some of our owne apples :  
 My father and my mother are so hard,  
 They watch'd the tree, or else they had beene more.  
 Such as they are, if they can please your tast,  
 My wish is crown'd. 220

*Cal.* O you're too kind,  
 And teach that duty to me which I ought  
 To have perform'd ; I would I could returne  
 The halfe of your deserts ! but I am poore  
 In every thing but thanks.

*Hy.* Your acceptation only is reward  
 Too great for me.

*Cal.* How they blush ?  
 A man may well imagine they were yours,  
 They beare so great a shew of modesty. 230

*Hyl.* O you mock my boldnesse  
 To thrust into your company ; but truly  
 I meant no hurt in't ; my intents were vertuous.

*Cal.* The Gods forbid that I should nurse a thought  
 So wicked ; thou art innocent I know,  
 And pure as *Venus'* Doves, or mountaine snow  
 Which no foot hath defil'd ; thy soule is whiter  
 (If there be any possibilitie of't)  
 Then that cleere skin which cloathes thy dainty body.

*Hy.* Nay my good will deserves not to be jeer'd ; 240  
 You know I am a rude and countrey wench.

*Cal.* Farre be it from my thoughts ; I swear I honour  
 And love those maiden vertues which adorne you.

*Hy.* I would you did, as well as I doe you,  
 But the just Gods intend not me so happy,  
 And I must be contented.—I'me undone. *Ent.* *Bellula.*  
 Here's *Bellula* ; what is she growne my rivall ?

*Bell.* Blesses me ! whom see I ? *Hylace* ? some cloud  
 Or friendly mist involve me.

*Hy.* Nay *Bellula* ; I see you well enough. 250

*Cal.* Why doth the day start backe ? are you so cruell  
 To shew us first the light, and having struck  
 Wonder into us, snatch it from our sight ?  
 If Spring crown'd with the glories of the earth

Appeare upon the heavenly Ram, and straight  
 Creepe back againe into a grey-hayr'd frost,  
 Men will accuse its forwardnesse.

*Hy.* Pray heaven

Hee be not taken with her ; shee's somewhat faire ;  
 He did not speake so long a speech to mee ; 260  
 I'me sure of't, though I brought him apples.

*Bell.* I did mistake my way ; Pray pardon me.

*Hyl.* I would you had else.

*Cal.* I must thanke fortune then which lead you hither ;  
 But you can stay a little while and blesse us ?

*Bell.* Yes (and Love knowes how willingly) : alas !

I shall quite spoyle my garland ere I give it him,

With hiding it from *Hylace* ; 'Pray *Pan*

Shee hath not stolne his heart already from him,

And cheated my intentions. 270

*Hy.* I would faine be going, but if I should leave her,  
 It may be I shall give her opportunity

To winne him from me ; for I know she loveth him,

And hath perhaps a better tongue then I ;

Although I should bee loth to yeeld to her

In beauty or complexion.

*Bell.* Let me speake

In private with you ; I am bold to bring

A garland to you ; 'tis of the best flowers

Which I could gather ; I was picking them 280

All yesterday.

*Cal.* How you oblige me to you !

I thanke you sweetest : How they flourish still !

Sure they grow better, since your hand hath nipt them.

*Bell.* They will doe ; when your brow hath honour'd  
 them,

Then they may well grow proud, and shine more freshly.

*Call.* What perfumes dwell in them ?

They owe these odours to your breath.

*Hy.* Defend me, yee good Gods, I thinke he kisses her ;

How long they have beene talking ? now perhaps 290

Shee's woin' him ; perhaps he fotgets me

And will consent ; I'le put him in remembrance ;

You have not tasted of the apples yet,

And they were good ones truly.

*Call.* I will doe presently, best *Hylace*.

*Hy.* That 's some thing yet ; would he would speake so  
 alwayes.

*Cal.* I would not change them for those glorious  
 apples

Which give such fame to the *Hesperian* gardens.

*Bell.* She hath out-gone me in her present now,

But I have got a Beechen-cup at home 300

Curiously graven with the spreading leaves,

And gladsome burthen of a fruitfull vine,

Which *Damon*, the best Artist of these woods

Made and bestow'd upon me ; I'le bring that to morrow

And give it him, and then I'le warrant her

Shee will not goe beyond me.

*Hy.* What have you got a chaplet ? oh !

This is I see of *Bellula*'s composing.

*Bell.* Why *Hylace* ? you cannot make a better ;

What flowers 'pray doth it want ? 310



*Cal.* Poore soules, I pittie them, and the more,  
Because I have not benee my selfe a stranger  
To these love passions ; but I wonder  
What they can find in me worth their affection :  
Truly I would faine satisfie them both,  
But can doe neither ; 'tis fate's crime, not mine.  
*Bell.* Whither goe you shepheard?  
*Hyl.* You will not leave us, will you?  
*Cal.* Indeed I ought not,  
You have both me bought with your courtesies 320  
And should divide me.

*Hy.* Shee came last to you.  
[*Cal.*] She hath another love,  
And kills *Palamon* with her cruelty ;  
How can shee expect mercy from another ?  
[*Bell.*] In what a Labyrinth doth Love draw mortalls  
And then blindfolds them ! what a mist it throwes  
Vpon their senses ! if he be a God  
As sure he is (his power could not be so great else)  
He knows the impossibilitie which Nature 330  
Hath set betwixt us, yet entangles us,  
And laughs to see us struggle.

[*Cal.*] D' yee both love me ?  
*Bell.* I doe I'me sure.  
*Hyl.* And I as much as she.  
*Cal.* I pittie both of you, for you have sow'd  
Vpon vnthankfull sand, whose dry'd up wombe  
Nature denies to blesse with fruitfulnessse ;  
You are both fayre, and more then common graces  
Inhabeite in you both ; *Bellula's* eyes  
Shine like the lampe of Heaven, and so doth *Hylace's*. 340  
*Hylace's* cheekes are deeper dy'd in scarlet  
Then the chast morning's blushes, so are *Bellula's*,  
And I protest I love you both. Yet cannot,  
Yet must not enjoy either.

*Bell.* You speake riddles.  
*Cal.* Which time's commentarie  
Must only explaine to you ; and till then  
Farewell good *Bellula*, farewell good *Hylace*,  
I thankes you both. *Exit.*  
*Hyl.* Alas ! my hopes are strangled. *Exit.* 350  
*Bell.* I will not yet despaire : He may grow milder ;  
He bade me farewell first, and lookt upon me  
With a more stedfast eye, then upon her  
When he departed hence : 'twas a good signe ;  
At least I will imagine it to be so,  
Hope is the truest friend, and seldome leaves one. *Exit.*

*Enter Truga.*

I doubt not but this will move him,  
For they're good apples ; but my teeth are gone,  
I cannot bite them ; but for all that though,  
I'll warrant you I can love a young Fellow 360  
As well as any of them all ; I that I can,  
And kisse him too as sweetly. Oh ! here 's the mad-man.

*Enter Aphron.*

*Ap.* *Hercules, Hercules*, ho *Hercules*, where are you ?  
Lend me thy club and skin, and when I ha' done,

Ile fling them to thee againe : why *Hercules* ?  
Pox on you, are you drunke ? can you not answer ?  
Ile travell then without them, and doe wonders.

*Tru.* I quake all over, worse then any fitt  
Of the palsie which I have had this forty yeares  
Could make me doe. 370

*Ap.* So I ha' found the plot out ;  
First I'll climbe up, on Porter *Atlas'* shoulders,  
And then craule into Heaven ; and I'me sure  
I cannot chuse but find her there.

*Tru.* What will become of me if he should see me ?  
Truly he 's a good proper Gentleman ;  
If he were not mad, I would not be so 'fraid of him.

*Ap.* What have I caught thee fayrest of all women ?  
Where hast thou hid thy self so long from *Aphron* ?  
*Aphron* who hath benee dead till this blest minute ? 380

*Tru.* Ha, ha, ha, whom doth he take me for ?  
*Ap.* Thy skin is whiter then the snowy feathers  
Of *Leda's* Swannes.

*Tru.* Law you there now, —  
I thought I was not so unhandsome as they'd make me.  
*Ap.* Thy haire is brighter then the Moone's,  
Then when she spreads her beames and fills her orbe.

*Trug.* Beshrew their heart that call this Gentleman  
mad ;  
He hath his senses Ile warrant him about him,  
As well as any fellow of them all. 390

*Ap.* Thy teeth are like two Arches made of Ivory,  
Of purest Ivory.  
*Tru.* I for those few I have,  
I thinke they're white enough.

*Ap.* Thou art as fresh as May is, and thy look  
Is picture of the Spring.  
*Tru.* Nay, I am but some fourscore yeares and tenne  
And beare my age well ; yet *Atypis* sayes  
I looke like January ; but I'll teach the knave  
Another tune Ile warrant him. 400

*Ap.* Thy lips are cheryes ; let me tast them, sweet ?  
*Tru.* You have begd so handsomly.  
*Ap.* Ha ! yee good Gods defend me ! 'tis a Witch, a  
Hag.

*Trug.* What am I ?  
*Ap.* A witch, one that did take the shape  
Of my best Mistris ; but thou couldst not long  
Belye her purenesse.

*Tru.* Now he's starke mad againe upon the sudden ;  
He had some sense even now.  
*Ap.* Thou lookst as if thou wert some wicked  
woman 410

Frighted out of the grave ; defend me, how  
Her eyes doe sinke into their ugly holes,  
As if they were afraid to see the light.

*Tru.* I will not be abus'd thus, that I will not ;  
My haire was bright even now, and my lookes fresh :  
Am I so quickly changed ?  
*Ap.* Her breath infects the ayre, and sowes a pestilence  
Where e're it comes ; what hath she there ?  
I ! these are apples made up with the stings  
Of Scorpions, and the bloud of Basiliskes ; 420

Which being swallowed up, a thousand paines  
Eate on the heart, and gnaw the entrailes out.

*Tru.* Thou lyest ; I, that thou do'st,  
For these are honest apples, that they are ;  
I'me sure I gathered them my selfe.

*Ap.* From the Stygian tree ; Give them me quickly, or  
I will—

*Tru.* What will you doe ? pray take them.

*Ap.* Get thee gone quickly, from me, for I know thee ;  
Thou art *Tisiphone*.

*Tru.* 'Tis false ; for I know no such woman.  
I'me glad I am got from him, would I had  
My apples too, but 'tis no matter though ;  
I'le have a better gift for *Calliderus*  
To morrow.

*Ap.* The fiend is vanished from me,  
And hath left these behind for me to tast of,  
But I will be too cunning ; Thus I'le scatter them :  
Now I have spoyld her plot ; Vnhappy hee  
Who finds them. *Exit.*

430

*Finis Actus secundi.*





## Actus III. Scæna I.

*Enter Florellus.*

**T**He Sun five times hath gone his yearly progresse,  
 Since last I saw my Sister, and returning  
 Bigge with desire to view my native *Sicilie*,  
 I found my aged parents sadly mourning  
 The funerall (for to them it seemes no lesse)  
 Of their departed Daughter ; what a welcome  
 This was to me, all in whose hearts a veine  
 Of marble growes not, easily may conceive  
 Without the dumbe perswasions of my teares.  
 Yet as if that were nothing, and it were  
 A kind of happinesse in misery  
 If 't come without an army to attend it ;  
 As I pass'd through these woods I saw a woman  
 Whom her attyre call'd Shepherdesse, but face  
 Some disguis'd Angell, or a Silvan Goddess ;  
 It struck such adoration (for I durst not  
 Harbour the love of so divine a beauty)  
 That ever since I could not teach my thoughts  
 Another object ; In this happy place  
 (Happy her presence made it) she appear'd,  
 And breath'd fresh honours on the smiling trees ;  
 Which owe more of their gallantry to her  
 Then to the musky kisses of the West wind.  
 Ha ! sure 'tis she ! Thus doth the Sunne breake forth  
 From the blacke curtaine of an envious cloud.

*Enter Alupis, Bellula, Hylace.*

*Al. For 'tis but a Folly, &c.*

*Hyl. Wee did not send for you ; pray leave us.*

*Alw. No, by this light, not till I see you cry ;*

When you have shed some penitentiall teares  
 For wronging of *Palamon*, there may be  
 A truce concluded betwixt you and me.

*Bell. This is uncivill*

To thrust into our company ; doe you thinke  
 That we admire your wit ? pray goe to them  
 That doe, we would be private.

*Al. To what purpose ?*

You'd aske how many shepherds she hath strooken ?  
 Which is the properest man ? which kisses sweetest ?  
 Which brings her the best presents ? And then tell  
 What a fine man wooses you ; how redde his lips are ?  
 How bright his eyes are ? and what dainty sonnets  
 He hath composed in honor of your beauty ?  
 And then at last, with what rare tricks you foole him ?  
 These are your learn'd discourses ; but were all

Men of my temperance, and wisdome too,  
 You should woove us, I, and woove hardly too  
 Before you got us.

*Flo. Oh prophanenesse !*

Can hee so rudely speake to that blest virgin,  
 And not be stricken dumbe ?

*Al. Nay, you have both a mind to me, I know it ;  
 But I will marry neither ; I come hither  
 Not to gaze on you, or extoll your beauty ;  
 I come to vex you.*

*Flo. Ruder yet ? I cannot,*

I will not suffer this ; madde fellow, is there  
 No other Nymph in all these spacious woods,  
 To fling thy wilde and saucie laughter at,  
 But her, whom thy great Deity even *Pan*  
 Himselfe would honor ? doe not dare to utter  
 The smallest accent if not cloath'd with reverence ;  
 Nay, doe not looke upon her but with eyes  
 As humble and submissive as thou wouldst  
 Vpon the brow of Majesty, when it frownes ;  
 I speake but that which duty binds us all to ;  
 Thou shalt not thinke upon her, no not thinke,  
 Without as much respect and honor to her  
 As holy men in superstitious zeale  
 Give to the Images they worship.

*Bell. Oh ! this is the Gentleman courted me th' other day.*

*Al. Why ? have you got a Pattent to restraine me ?*

Or doe you thinke your glorious sute can fright me ?  
 'Twould doe you much more credit at the Theater,  
 To rise betwixt the Acts, and looke about  
 The boxes, and then cry, God save you Madame ;  
 Or beare you out in quarreling at an Ordinary,  
 And make your oathes become you ; have you showne  
 Your gay apparell every where in towne,  
 That you can afford us the sight oft, or  
 Hath that Grand Divell whose eclipsed sergeant,  
 Frighted you out of the City ?

*Flo. Your loose jests*

When they are shot at me, I scorne to take  
 Any revenge upon them, but neglect ;  
 For then 'tis rashnesse only, but as soone  
 As you begin to violate her name,  
 Nature and conscience too bids me be angry,  
 For then 'tis wickednesse.

*Al. Well, if it be so,*

I hope you can forgive the sinne that 's past,

Without the dolefull sight of trickling teares,  
For I have eyes of pumice ; I 'me content  
To let her rest in quiet, but you have given me  
Free leave t' abuse you, on the condition  
You will revenge it only with neglect.  
For then 'tis rashnesse only.

*Flo.* What are you biting ?

Where did you pick these fragments up of wit ?

*Al.* Where I pay'd deare enough a conscience for  
them ;

They should be more then fragments by their price ; too  
I bought them sir, even from the very Merchants ;  
I scorn'd to deal with your poore City pedlers, that  
sell

By retayle : But let that passe : *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

*Flo.* Then you have seene the City.

*Al.* I and felt it too, I thanke the Divell : I 'me sure  
It sucked up in three yeares the whole estate  
My father left, though he were counted rich :  
A pox of forlorne Captaines, pittifull things,  
Whom you mistake for souldiers, only by  
Their sounding oathes, and a buffe jerkin, and 110  
Some Histories which they have learn'd by roate,  
Of battailles fought in *Persia*, or *Polonia* ;  
Where they themselves were of the conquering side,  
Although God knowes one of the City Captaines,  
Arm'd with broad scarfe, feather, and scarlet breeches,  
When he instructs the youth on Holy-dayes,  
And is made sicke with fearfull noyse of Guns,  
Would pose them in the art Military ; these  
Were my first Leeches.

*Flo.* So, no wonder then you spent so fast. 120

*Al.* Pish, these were nothing :

I grew to keepe your Poets company ;  
Those are the soakers ; they refin'd me first  
Of those grosse humors that are bred by money,  
And made me streight a wit, as now you see,  
*For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

*Flo.* But hast thou none to fling thy salt upon  
But these bright virgins ?

*Al.* Yes now you are here :

You are as good a theame as I could wish. 130

*Hy.* 'Tis best for me to goe, whilst they are talking,  
For if I steale not from *Alupis'* sight,  
He 'le follow me all day to vex me. *Exit.*

*Al.* What are you vanhsbing, coy Mistris *Hylace* ?  
Nay, I 'le be with you streight, but first I 'le fetch  
*Palæmon* ; now if he can play his part  
And leave off whining, wee 'le have princely sport :  
Well, I may live in time to have the women  
Scratch out my eyes, or else scould me to death ;  
I shall deserve it richly : Farewell Sir. 140  
I have employment with the Damsell gone  
And cannot now intend you. *Exit.*

*Flo.* They're both gone,  
Direct me now good love, and teach my tongue  
Th' enchantments that thou woo'dst thy *Psyche* with.

*Bell.* Farewell Sir.

*Flo.* Oh ! be not so cruell,

Let me enjoy myself a little while,  
Which without you I cannot.

*Bell.* Pray let me goe, 150

To tend my sheepe ; there's none that lookes to them,  
And if my father misse me, he 'le so chide.

*Flo.* Alas ! thou needest not feare, for th' Wolfe  
himselfe

Though hunger what the fury of its nature,  
Would learne to spare thy pretty flocks, and be  
As carefull as the shepherds dog to guard them ;  
Nay if he should not, *Pan* would present be,  
And keepe thy tender lammes in safety for thee ;  
For though he be a God he would not blush  
To be thy servant. 160

*Bell.* Oh ! you're courtly Sir ;

But your fine words will not defend my sheepe,  
Or stop them if they wander ; Let me goe.

*Flo.* Are you so fearefull of your cattel's losse,  
Yet so neglectfull of my perishing ?

(For without you how can I choose but perish ?)  
Though I my selfe were most contemptible,  
Yet for this reason only, that I love

And honour you, I deserve more then they doe.

*Bell.* What would you doe, that thus you urge my  
stay ? 170

*Flo.* Nothing I swear that should offend a Saint,  
Nothing which can call up thy maiden bloud  
To lend thy face a blush, nothing which chaste  
And vertuous sisters can deny their Brothers ;  
I doe confesse I love you, but the fire  
In which *Jove* courted his ambitious Mistris,  
Or that by holy men on Altars kindled,  
Is not so pure as mine is ; I would only  
Gaze thus upon thee ; feed my hungry eyes  
Sometimes with those bright tresses, which the wind 180  
Farre happier then I, playes up and downe in,  
And sometimes with thy cheekes, those rosy twins ;  
Then gently touch thy hand, and often kist it,  
Till thou thy selfe shouldst checke my modesty  
And yeeld thy lips ; but further, though thou should'st  
Like other maids with weak resistance aske it,  
(Which I am sure thou wilt not) I 'de not offer  
Till lawfull *Hymes* joyne us both, and give  
A licence unto my desires.

*Bell.* Which I 190

Need not bestow much language to oppose ;  
Fortune and nature have forbidden it,  
When they made me a rude and homely wench  
You (if your clothes and carriage be not lyers,)  
By state and birth a Gentleman.

*Flo.* I hope

I may without suspicion of a boaster  
Say that I am so, else my love were impudence ;  
For doe you thinke wise Nature did intend  
You for a Shepherdesse, when she bestow'd 200  
Such paines in your creation ? would she fetch  
The perfumes of *Arabia* for your breath ?  
Or ransack *Pestum* of her choycest roses  
T' adorne your cheekes ? would she bereave the rock

Of corall for your lips? and catch two starres  
 As they were falling, which she form'd your eyes of?  
 Would she her selfe turne work-woman and spinne  
 Threds of the finest gold to be your tresses?  
 Or rob the Great to make one Microcosme?  
 And having finish quite the beauteous wonder, 210  
 Hide it from publike view and admiration!  
 No; she would set it on some Pyramide,  
 To be the spectacle of many eyes:  
 And it doth grieve me that my niggard fortune  
 Rays'd me not up to higher eminency;  
 Not that I am ambitious of such honors  
 But that through them I might be made more worthy  
 To enjoy you.

*Bell.* You are for ought I see  
 Too great already; I will either live 220  
 An undefiled virgin as I am  
 Or if I marry, not belye my birth,  
 But joyne my selfe to some plaine vertuous shepheard  
 (For *Callidorus* is so, and I will  
 be either his or no bodye's.) *Aside.*

*Flo.* Pray heare me.  
*Bell.* Alas! I have Sir, and doe therefore now  
 Prepare to answer; if this passion  
 Bee love, my fortune bids me to deny you;  
 If lust, my honesty commands to scorne you, 230  
 Farewell.

*Flo.* O stay a little! but two words: she's gone,  
 Gone like the glorious Sun, which being sette  
 Night creeps behind and covers all; some way  
 I must seeke out to win her, or what's easier  
 (And the blind man himselfe without a guide  
 May find) some way to dye; would I had beene  
 Borne a poore shepheard in these shady woods.  
 Nature is cruell in her benefits  
 And when she gives us honey, mingles gall. 240  
 She said that if she married, the woods  
 Should find a husband for her. I will wooe her  
 In Sylvan habit, then perhaps she'll love me—  
 But yet I will not, that's in vaine; I will too,  
 It cannot hurt to try. *Exit.*

Enter *Alupis*, *Palamon*, after them *Hylace*.

*Al.* Nay come, she's just behind us, are you ready?  
 When she scoulds, bee you lowdest; if she cry  
 Then laugh abundantly; thus we will vex her  
 Into a good conceit of you.

*Pal.* I'll warrant you; you have instructed me  
 enough, 250  
 Shee comes.

*Hyl.* Is't possible that *Bellula*—

*Pal.* Fayre creature—

*Hyl.* Sure thou wert borne to trouble me, who sent  
 for thee?

*Pa.* Whom all the Nymphs (though women use to be  
 As you know, envious of another's beauty)  
 Confesse the pride and glory of these woods.

*Hyl.* When did you make this speech? 'tis a most  
 neat one.

Goe, get you gone, looke to your rotting cattell,  
 You'll never keepe a wife, who are not able 260  
 To keepe your sheepe.

*Al.* Good! she abuses him

Now 'tis a miracle he doth not cry.

*Pal.* Thou whom the starres might envy 'cause they are  
 Outshone by thee on earth.

*Hyl.* Pray get you gon,

Or hold your prating tongue, for whatsoever

Thou sayest, I will not heare a syllable,

Much lesse answer thee.

*Pa.* No; I'll try that streight 270

I have a present here—

Which if you'll give me leave, I shall presume

To dedicate to your service.

*Hyl.* You're so cunning,

And have such pretty wayes to entice me with;

Come let me see it.

*Pa.* Oh! have you found a tongue?

I thought I had not beene worth an answer?

*Hyl.* How now; what tricks are these?

Give it me quickly, or— 280

*Pa.* Pray get you gon, or hold your prating tongue;

For whatsoever thou sayest I will not heare

A syllable, much lesse answer thee.

*Al.* Good boy 'faith: now let me come.

*Hyl.* This is some plot I see; would I were gone,

I had as lief see the wolfe as this *Alupis*.

*Al.* Here 's a fine Ring, I 'faith, a very pretty one;

Doe your teeth water at it Damsell? ha?

Why we will sell our sheepe, and oxen, girle,

Hang them scurvy beasts, to buy you pretty knacks, 290

That you might laugh at us, and call us fooles

And jeere us too, as farre as your wit reaches,

Bid us be gone, and when we have talkt two houres,

Deny to answer us; Nay you must stay *She offers*

And heare a little more. *to be gone.*

*Hyl.* Must I? are you

The master of my businesse? I will not.

*Al.* Faith but you shall; heare therefore and be

patient.

Ile have thee made a Lady, yes a Lady;

For when thou 'st got a chaine about thy necke 300

And comely bobes to dandle in thine eares;

When thou 'st perfum'd thy haire, that if thy breath

Should be corrupted, it might 'scape unknowne;

And then bestow'd two houres in curling it,

Uncovering thy breast hither, thine armes hither,

And had thy *Fucus* curiously lay'd on;

Thou'dst be the finest proud thing; Ile warrant thee

Thou would'st outdoe them all. So, now goe thee to her

And let me breathe a little; *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

*Hyl.* Oh! is't your turne to speake againe? no doubt

But we shall have a good oration then, 311

For they call you the learned shepheard; well

This is your love I see.

*Pa.* Ha, ha, ha,

What should I love a stone? or wooe a picture?

Alas! I must be gone, for whatsoe're

I say, you will not heare a syllable  
 Much lease answer; goe, you thinke you are,  
 So singularly handsome, when alas,  
*Galla, Menalca's* daughter, *Bellula,* 320  
 Or *Amaryllis* overcome you quite.  
*Hy.* This is a scurvy fellow; Ile fit him for 't;  
 No doubt they are; I wonder that your wisdome  
 Will trouble me so long with your vaine suits;  
 Why do you not wooe them?  
*Pa.* Perhaps I doe;  
 I'le not tell you, because you 'le envy them,  
 And alwayes be dispraising of their beauties.  
*Hy.* It shall appeare I will not; for I 'le sooner  
 Embrace a *Scorpion*, then thee, base man. 330  
*Pa.* Ha, ha, ha.  
*Alupis* do'st thou heare her? she'le cry presently:  
 Doe not despaire yet girle, by your good carriage  
 You may recall me still; some few entreatyes  
 Mingled with teares may get a kisse perhaps.  
*Hy.* I would not kisse thee for the wealth of *Sicily*  
 Thou wicked perjur'd Fellow.  
*Pal.* *Alupis*, Oh!  
 We have incenst her too much! how she lookes?  
 Prithoe *Alupis* helpe me to intreate, 340  
 You know we did but jest, deare *Hylace*.  
*Alupis*, prithoe speake, best, beauteous *Hylace*,  
 I did but doe't to try you; pray forgive me,  
 Vpon my knees I begge it.  
*Al.* Here's a pretious foole.  
*Hyl.* Do'st thou still mock me? hast thou found mere  
 wayes?  
 Thou need'st not vex thy wit to move my hate;  
 Sooner the Sunne and starres shall shine together,  
 Sooner the Wolfe make peace with tender lambes  
 Then I with thee; thou 'rt a disease to me 350  
 And wound'st my eyes. *Exit.*  
*Pal.* Eternall night involve me! if there be  
 A punishment, (but sure there is not any)  
 Greater then what her anger hath inflicted,  
 May that fall on me too? how have I fool'd  
 Away my hopes? how have I beene my selfe  
 To my owne selfe a theefe?  
*Al.* I told you this,  
 That if she should but frowne, you must needs fall  
 To your old tricks againe. 360  
*Pa.* Is this your art?  
 A lover's curse upon it; Oh! *Alupis*  
 Thou hast done worse then murdered me: for which  
 May all thy flocks pine and decay like me;  
 May thy curst wit hurt all, but most its Master;  
 May'st thou (for I can wish no greater ill)  
 Love one like me, and be, like me, contemn'd.  
 Thou 'ast all the darts my tongue can fling at thee,  
 But I will be reveng'd some other way  
 Before I dye, which cannot now be long. 370  
*Alu.* Poore Shepheard, I begin to pittie him.  
 I'le see if I can comfort him; *Palamon*,—  
*Pal.* Nay, doe not follow me; grieve, passion  
 And troubled thoughts are my companions;

Those I had rather entertaine then thee;  
 If you choose this way let me goe the other,  
 And in both parts distracted error, thee  
 May revenge quickly meet, may death meet me. *Exit.*  
*Alu.* Well, I say *Paas* defend me from a lover;  
 Of all tame mad-men certainly they're the worst. 380  
 I would not meet with two such creatures more;  
 For any good, they without doubt would put me,  
 If it be possible into a fit of sadness,  
 Though it *Be but a folly*, &c.  
 Well; I must find some plot yet to salve this  
 Because I have engaged my wit in the business,  
 And 'twould be a great scandall to the Citie  
 If I who have spent my meanes there, should not be  
 Able to cheate these shepheards. How now, how now,  
 Have we more distressed lovers here? *Enter Aphron.*  
*Aph.* No, I'me a madde man. 390  
*Al.* I gave a shrewd ghesse at it at first sight,  
 I thought thee little better.  
*Aph.* Better? why?  
 Can there be any better then a mad-man?  
 I tell thee, I came here to be a mad-man,  
 Nay, doe not disswade me from 't, I would bee  
 A very Madman.  
*Al.* A good resolution!  
 'Tis as gentile a course as you can take; 400  
 I have knowne great ones have not beene asham'd of 't;  
 But what cause pray drove you into this humour?  
*Aph.* Why a *Mistria*,  
 And such a beauteous one—do'st thou see no body?  
 She sits upon a throne amongst the starres  
 And outshines them; looke up and bee amazed,  
 Such was her beauty here,—sure there doe lye  
 A thousand vapours in thy sleepey eyes,  
 Do'st thou not see her yet? nor yet, nor yet?  
*Alu.* No in good troth. 410  
*Aph.* Thou'rt dull and ignorant,  
 Not skill'd at all in deepe Astrology;  
 Let me instruct thee.  
*Alu.* Prithoe doe, for thou  
 Art in an admirable case to teach now.  
*Aph.* I'le shew thee first all the celestiaall signes;  
 And to begin, looke on that horned head.  
*Al.* Whose is 't? *Jupiter's*?  
*Aph.* No, 'tis the *Ramme*!  
 Next that, the spacious *Bull* fills up the place. 420  
*Al.* The *Bull*? 'tis well, the fellows of the *Guard*  
 Intend not to come thither; if they did  
 The Gods might chance to lose their beefe.  
*Aph.* And then,  
 Yonder's the signe of *Gemini*, do'st see it?  
*Alu.* Yes, yes, I see one of the zealous sisters  
 Mingled in friendship with a holy Brother,  
 To beget Reformations.  
*Aph.* And there sits *Capricorne*.  
*Al.* A *Welchman* is 't not? 430  
*Aph.* There *Cancer* creeps along with gouty pace,  
 As if his feet were sleepey; there, Doe you marke it?  
*Al.* I, I, Alderman-like a-walking after dinner,

His paunch orecharg'd with capon and with white broth.

*Ap.* But now, now, now, now, gaze eternally ;  
Hadst thou as many eyes as the blacke night  
They would be all too little ; seest thou *Virgo* ?

*Al.* No by my troth, there are so few on earth,  
I should be loth to swear there's more in heaven,  
Then onely one. 440

*Ap.* That was my Mistris once, but is of late  
Translated to the height of deserv'd glory,  
And addes new ornaments to the wondring heavens.  
Why doe I stay behind then, a meere nothing  
Without her presence to give life and being ?  
If there be any hill whose lofty top  
Nature hath made contiguous with heaven,  
Though it be steepe, rugged as *Neptune's* brow,  
Though arm'd with cold, with hunger, and diseases,  
And all the other souldiers of misery, 450  
Yet I would climbe it up, that I might come  
Next place to thee, and there be made a starre.

*Al.* I prithee doe, for amongst all the beasts  
That helpe to make up the coelestiall signes  
There's a Calfe wanting yet.

*Ap.* But stay—

*Al.* Nay, I have learn'd enough *Astrology*.

*Ap.* Hunger and faintnesse have already seaz'd me ;  
'Tis a long journey thither ; I shall want  
Provision ; canst thou helpe me, gentle shepheard ? 460  
And when I am come thither I will snatch  
The Crowne of *Ariadne*, and fling 't downe  
To thee for a reward.

*Al.* No doubt you will ;

But you shall need no victuals, when you have ended  
Your toylesome journey ; kill the Ram you talke of,  
And feed your selfe with most celestiaall mutton.

*Ap.* Thou'rt in the right ; if they deny me that  
I'll pluck the Beare downe from the Artique Pole,  
And drowne it in those waters it avoids, 470  
And dares not touch ; I'll tugge the *Hyades*  
And make them to sinke downe in spite of Nature ;  
I'll meet with *Charles* his Wayne, and overturne it  
And breake the wheelles of 't, till *Botes* start  
For feare, and grow more slow then e're he was.

*Al.* By this good light he'll snuffe the Moone anon ;  
Here's words indeed would fright a Conjurer.  
'Tis pity that these huge Giganticke speeches  
Are not upon the stage ; they would doe rarely ;  
For none would understand them ; I could wish 480  
Some Poet here now, with his table-booke.

*Ap.* I'll cuffe with *Pollux*, and out-ride thee, *Castor* ;  
When the fierce Lyon roares I'll plucke his heart out  
And be call'd *Cordelion* ; I'll grapple with the Scorpion,  
Take his sting out and fling him to the earth.

*Al.* To me good Sir,

It may perhaps rayse me a great estate  
With shewing it up and downe for pence apiece.

*Ap.* *Alcides* freed the earth from savadge monsters,  
And I will free the heavens and bee call'd 490  
*Don Hercules, Alcido de secundo.*

*Al.* A brave Castilian name.

*Ap.* 'Tis a hard taske,  
But if that fellow did so much by strength,  
I may well do 't arm'd both with love and fury.

*Alap.* Of which thou hast enough.

*Ap.* Farewell thou ratte ;  
The Cedar bids the shrub adiew.

*Al.* Farewell.

*Don Hercules, Alcido de secundo.* 500  
If thou scar'st any, 'twill be by that name.  
This is a wonderfull rare fellow, and  
I like his humor mightily—who's here ?

Enter *Truga*.

The Chronicle of a hundred years agoe !  
How many crows hath she outliv'd ? sure death  
Hath quite forgot her ; by this *Memento mori*  
I must invent some trick to helpe *Palamon*.

*Tru.* I am going againe to *Callidorus*,  
But I have got a better present now,  
My owne ring made of good Ebony, 510  
Which a yong handsome shepheard bestow'd on me  
Some fourescore years agoe ; then they all lov'd me,  
I was a handsome Lasse, I was in those dayes.

*Al.* I so thou wert I'll warrant ; here's good signe  
of 't ;

Now Ile begin the worke, Reverend *Truga*,  
Whose very Autumne shewes how glorious  
The spring-time of your youth was—

*Tru.* Are you come

To put your mocks upon me ?

*Al.* I doe confesse indeed my former speeches 520  
Have beene too rude and sauncy ; I have stung  
Madde jests too wildly at you ; but considering  
The reverence which is due to age, and vertue,  
I have repented : will you see my teares ?  
And beleeve them ? (Oh for an onyon now !  
Or I shall laugh aloud ; ha, ha, ha !) *Aside.*

*Tru.* Alas good soule, I doe forgive you truly ;  
I would not have you weepe for me ; indeed  
I ever thought you would repent at last.

*Al.* You might well, 530  
But the right valewing of your worth and vertue  
Hath turn'd the folly of my former scorne  
Into a wiser reverence ; pardon me  
If I say love.

*Tru.* I, I, with all my heart,  
But doe you speake sincerely ?

*Al.* Oh ! it grieves me  
That you should doubt it ; what I spoke before  
Were lyes, the off-spring of a foolish rashnesse ;  
I see some sparks still of your former beauty, 540  
Which spight of time will flourish.

*Tru.* Why, I am not  
So old as you imagined ; I am yet  
But fourescore yeares. Am I a January now ?  
How doe you thinke ? I alwayes did beleeve  
You'd be of another opinion one day ;  
I know you did but jest.

*Al.* Oh no, oh no, (I see it takes) *Aside.*

How you bely your age—for—let me see—  
 A man would take you—let me see—for— 550  
 Some forty yeares or thereabouts (I meane four hundred)  
 Not a jot more I sweare. *Aside.*

*Tru.* Oh no ! you flatter me,  
 But I looke something fresh indeed this morning.  
 I should please *Callidorus* mightily,  
 But I'le not goe perhaps ; this fellow is  
 As handsome quite as he, and I perceive  
 He loves me hugely ; I protest I will not *Aside.*  
 Have him grow madde, which he may chance to doe  
 If I should scorne him. 560

*Al.* I have something here  
 Which I would faine reveale to you, but dare not  
 Without your licence.

*Tru.* Doe in *Pan's* name, doe ; now, now.  
*Al.* The comely gravity which adornez your age,  
 And makes you still seeme lovely, hath so stricken  
 me—

*Tru.* Alas good soule ! I must seeme coy at first,  
 But not too long, for feare I should quite lose him.

*Al.* That I shall perish utterly, unlesse  
 Your gentle nature helpe me. 570

*Tru.* Alas good Shepheard !  
 And in troth I faine would helpe you  
 But I am past those vanities of love.

*Al.* Oh no !  
 Wise nature which preserv'd your life till now  
 Doth it because you should enjoy these pleasures  
 Which doe belong to life, if you deny me,  
 I am undone.

*Tru.* Well, you should not win me  
 But that I am loath to be held the cause 580  
 Of any young man's ruine ; doe not thinke it  
 My want of chastity, but my good nature  
 Which would see no one hurt.

*Al.* Ah pretty soule ! *Aside.*  
 How supple 'tis like wax before the Sun !  
 Now cannot I chuse but kisse her, there's the plague  
 of't ;

Let's then joyne our hearts, and seale them with a kisse.

*Tru.* Well, let us then :  
 'Twere incivility to be your debtor ;  
 I'le give backe againe your kisse, sweet heart, 590  
 And come in th' afternoone, I'le see you ;  
 My husband will be gone to sell some kine,  
 And *Hylace* tending the sheepe ; till then  
 Farewell good Duck. (*Offers to goe.*)

But doe you heare, because you shall remember (*Turnes  
 To come I'le give thee here this Ebon ring ; back.*)  
 But doe not weare it, leat my husband chance  
 To see't : Farewell Duck.

*Al.* Lest her husband chance  
 To see't ; she cannot deny this, here s enough ; 600  
 My Scene of love is done then ; is she gone ?  
 I'le call her back ; ho *Truga* ; *Truga* ho :

*Tru.* Why doe you call me Duck ?  
*Al.* Only to aske one foolish question of thee :  
 Ha'n't you a husband ?

*Tru.* Yes, you know I have.  
*Al.* And doe you love him ?

*Tru.* Why doe you aske ? I doe.

*Al.* Yet you can be content to make him cuckold ?

*Tru.* Rather then to see you perish in your flames. 610

*Al.* Why art thou now two hundred yeares of age,  
 Yet hast no more discretion but to thinke  
 That I could love thee ? ha, ha, were't mine  
 I'de sell thee to some gardiner, thou wouldst serve  
 To scare away the theeves aswell as crows.

*Tru.* Oh, you're dispos'd to jest I see, Farewell.

*Al.* Nay, I'me in very earnest ; I love you ?  
 Why thy face is a vizard.

*Trug.* Leave off these tricks, I shall be angry else,  
 And take away the favours I bestow'd. 620

*Al.* 'Tis knowne that thou hast eyes by the holes only,  
 Which are crept farther in, then thy nose out,  
 And that's almost a yard ; thy quarrelling teeth  
 Of such a colour are, that they themselves  
 Scare one another, and doe stand at distance.

Thy skin hangs loose as if it fear'd the bones  
 (For flesh thou hast not) and is growne so black  
 That a wilde Centaure would not meddle with thee.  
 To conclude, Nature made thee when she was  
 Only dispos'd to jest ; and length of time 630  
 Hath made thee more ridiculous.

*Tru.* Base villaine, is this your love ?  
 Give me my ring againe ?

*Al.* No, no ; soft there :  
 I intend to bestowe it on your husband ;  
 He'le keepe it better farre then you have done.

*Trug.* What shall I doe ? *Alupis* good *Alupis*,  
 Stay but a little while, pray doe but heare me.

*Al.* No, I'le come to you in the afternoone :  
 Your husband will be selling of some kine 640  
 And *Hylace* tending the sheepe.

*Tru.* Pray heare me, command me anything  
 And be but silent of this, good *Alupis* ;  
 Hugh, Hugh, Hugh.

*Al.* Yes, Yes, I will be silent,  
 I'le only blow a trumpet on you hill,  
 Till all the countrey swaines are flockt about me,  
 Then shew the ring, and tell the passages  
 'Twixt you and me.

*Tru.* Alas ! I am undone. 650

*Al.* Well now 'tis ripe ; I have had sport enough  
 Since I behold your penitentiall teares  
 I'le propose this to you, if you can get  
 Your Daughter to be married to *Palamos*  
 This day, for I'le allow no longer time ;  
 To morrow I'le restore your ring, and sweare  
 Never to mention what is past betwixt us,  
 If not—you know what followes—take your choysse.

*Tru.* I'le doe my best endeavour.

*Al.* Goe make hast then, 660  
 You know your time's but short, and use it well ;  
 Now if this faile, the Devil's in all wit.

*Exit Truga.*

I'le goe and thrust it forward, if it take,

*I'le sing away the day,*

*For 'tis but a folly*

*To be melancholly,*

*Let's live here whilst wee may.*

*Exit.*

*Finis Actus Tertij.*





# Actus IIII. Scæna I.

Enter *Callidorus, Bellula, Florellus.*

**C***al.* Pray follow me no more, me thinks that modesty  
Which is so lively painted in your face  
Should prompt your maiden heart with feares and blushes  
To trust your selfe in so much privatnesse  
With one you know not.

*Bell.* I should love those feares  
And call them hopes, could I perswade my selfe,  
There were so much heate in you as to cause them ;  
Prithee leave me ; if thou dost hope successe  
To thine owne love, why interrupt'st thou mine? 10

*Flo.* If love cause you  
To follow him, how can you angry bee?  
Because love forces me without resistance  
To do the same to you?

*Bell.* Love should not grow  
So subtill as to play with argumenta.

*Flo.* Love should not be an enemy to reason.

*Cal.* To love is of it selfe a kind of Folly,  
But to love one who cannot render back  
Equal desire, is nothing else but madnessse. 20

*Bell.* Tell him so ; 'tis a lesson he should learne.

*Flo.* Not to love is of it selfe a kind of hardnesse,  
But not to love him who hath always woo'd you  
With chaast desires, is nothing lesse then tyranny.

*Bell.* Tell him so ; 'tis a lesson he should learne.

*Call.* Why doe you follow him that flies from you?

*Flo.* Why doe you fly from him that followes you?

*Bell.* Why doe you follow? Why doe you fly from me?  
*Call.* The Fates command me that I must not love  
you.

*Flo.* The Fates command me that I needs must love  
you. 30

*Bell.* The Fates impose the like command on me,  
That you I must, that you I cannot love.

*Flo.* Vnhappy man ! when I begin to cloath  
My love with words, and court her with perswasions,  
She stands unmov'd, and doth not cleare her brow  
Of the least wrinkle which sate there before ;  
So when the waters with an amorous noyse  
Leape up and downe, and in a wanton dance  
Kisse the dull rocke, that scornes their fond embraces,  
And darts them back ; till they with terror scattered, 40  
Drop downe againe in teares.

*Bell.* Vnhappy woman !  
When I begin to shew him all my passion,

He flies from me, and will not cleare his brow  
Of any cloud which covered it before ;  
So when the ravishing Nightingale bath tun'd  
Her mournfull notes, and silenc'd all the birds,  
Yet the deafe wind flirts by, and in disdain  
With a rude whistle leaues her.

*Cal.* We are all three 50

Vnhappy ; borne to be the proud example  
Of Love's great God-head, not his God-like goodness :  
Let us not call upon our selves those miseries  
Which love hath not, and those it hath beare bravely  
Our desires yet are like some hidden text,  
Where one word seemes to contradict another,  
They are Love's nonsense, wrapt up in thicke clouds  
Till Fate be pleas'd to write a Commentary,  
Which doubtlesse 'twill ; till then let us endure,  
And sound a parlee to our passions. 60

*Bell.* We may joyne hands though, may we not

*Flo.* We may, and lips too, may we not?

*Bell.* We may ; come let 's sit downe and talke.

*Cal.* And looke upon each other.

*Flo.* Then kisse againe.

*Bell.* Then looke.

*Call.* Then talke againe :

What are we like ? the hand of Mother Nature  
Would be quite pos'd to make our simile.

*Flo.* We are the Trigon in Love's Hemisphere. 70

*Bell.* We are three strings on *Venus'* dainty'st Lute,  
Where all three hinder one another's musick,  
Yet all three joyne and make one harmony.

*Call.* We are three flowers of *Venus'* dainty garden,  
Where all three joyne, and make one nosegay up.

*Flo.* Come let us kisse againe.

*Bell.* And looke.

*Call.* And talke.

*Flo.* Nay rather sing ; your lips are Nature's organs,  
And made for nought lesse sweet then harmony. 80

*Call.* Pray doe.

*Bell.* Though I forfeit

My little skill in singing to your wit,  
Yet I will do 't, since you command.

## Song.

*If it is a punishment to love,  
And not to love, a punishment doth prove ;  
But of all paines there's no such paine,  
As 'tis to love, and not be lov'd againe.*

*Till sixteen, parents we obey,  
After sixteen, men steal our hearts away : 90  
How wretched are we women grown,  
Whose wills, whose minds, whose hearts are no're our  
owns !*

*Call.* Thanke you.

*Flo.* For ever be the tales of *Orpheus* silent ;  
Had the same age scene thee, that very Poet,  
Who drew all to him by his harmony,  
Thou would'st have drawne to thee.

*Cal.* Come, shall we rise ?

*Bell.* If it please you, I will.

*Call.* I cannot chuse 100

But pity these two Lovers, and am taken  
Much with the serious trifles of their passion.  
Let's goe and see, if we can breake this net  
In which we all are caught ; if any man  
Aske who we are, we'll say we are Love's riddle.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Ægon, Palamon, Alupis.*

*Pa.* Thou art my better Genius, honest *Ægon*.

*Al.* And what am I ?

*Pa.* Myselfe, my soule, my friend,  
Let me hugge thee *Alupis*, and thee *Ægon* ;  
Thee for inventing it, thee for putting it 110  
In act ; But doe you thinke the plot will hold ?

*Alu.* Hold ? why I'll warrant thee it shall hold,  
Till we have ty'd you both in wedlock fast ;  
Then let the bonds of Matrimonie hold you :  
If 'twill, if that will not neither, I can tell you  
What will I'me sure ; A Halter.

*Then sing, &c.—*

*Ægon.* Come, shall we knock ?

*Al.* I doe ; For 'tis, &c.—

*Ægon.* Ho *Truga* ; who's within there ? 120

*Al.* You, *Winter*, Ho, you that the grave expected  
Some hundred yeares ago, you that intend  
To live till you turne *Skeleton*, and make  
All men awaery of you but *Physitians*,  
Pox on you, will you come ?

*Enter Truga.*

*Tru.* I come, I come, who's there ? who's there ?

*Al.* Oh, in good time !

Are you crawl'd here at last ? what are you ready  
To give your Daughter up ? the time makes hast  
Looke here, doe you know this ring ? 130

*Tru.* Harke aside I pray,  
You have not told these, have you ?

*Al.* No good Duck,

Only I told them that your mind was altered,  
And that you lik'd *Palamon*, so we three  
Came here to plot the meanes.

*Tru.* So, so, you're welcome  
Will you goe in and talke about it ? *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hylace.*

*Hyl.* I wonder why my mother should invite  
*Alupis* and *Palamon* into th' house : 140

Shee is not of my mind, nay, not the mind  
Which she her selfe was of, yesterday ;  
Besides as soone as they came in, she bids me  
To get me gone, and leave them there in private ;  
By your good favour Mother, I must be  
For this time disobedient ; here Ile hearken.

*Enter Truga, Palamon, Ægon, Alupis.*

*Ægon.* Come Ile tell you,  
You know your husband hath refused *Palamon*  
Because his meanes were not unequall only  
To his desires, but to your Daughter's portion ; 150  
To salve this grand exception of *Melarnus*  
I'll promise that *Palamon* shall be made  
My heire.

*Tru.* Alas he knowes you have a Daughter !

*Æg.* It is reported she is faine in love  
With the new shepheard ; for which cause I'll seeme  
To be incens't most sharply, and forswear  
E're to acknowledge her for child of mine.

*Tru.* 'Tis very well ;

It grieves me truly that *Palamon* should— 160

*Al.* Perish in his owne flames ; is 't not so, *Truga* ?  
I know you're gentle ; and your peevish Daughter  
Had not her cruelty from you, good soule.

*Pa.* Why doe we stay ? Each minute that we lose to  
you is onely

A minute, but to me a day at least ;  
Why are we not now seeking of *Melarnus* ?  
Why is he not yet found ? alas, that's nothing,  
Me thinks he should have given consent e're this ;  
Why are not I and beauteous *Hylace*  
Married together ? 170

*Hyl.* Soft, good hasty Lover,  
I shall quite breake the neck of your large hopes,  
Or I'me mistaken much.

*Æg.* Come let's be gone

*Truga,* Farewell. Be silent and assistant.

*Al.* Or else you know what I have ; goe, no more.

*Tru.* I'll warrant you : I am not to be taught  
At this age, I thanke *Pa*, in such a businesse.  
Farewell all. *Exeunt.*

*Al.* Come sing, &c. 180

*Hy.* I know not whether grieve or else amazement  
Seazeth me most, to see my aged Mother  
Grow so unnaturall ; I faine would weepe,  
But when I thinke with what an unfeard blow  
I shall quite dash their cunning, I can hardly  
Bridle in laughter ; Fate helps the innocent,  
Although my Mother's false, the Gods are true. *Exit.*

*Enter Clariana and her Maid.*

*Cl.* Did you command the servants to withdraw ?

*M.* I did forsooth.

*Cl.* And have you shut the doores ? *M.* Yes. 190

*Cl.* Is there none can over-heare our talke ?

*M.* Your curious enquiry much amazeth me,  
And I could wish you would excuse my boldnesse

If I should aske the reason.

*Cl.* Thou knowest well  
That thou hast found me always liker to  
Thy Kinswoman then Mistris ; that thy breast  
Has bene the Cabinet of all my secrets ;  
This I tell thee, not as an exprobration,  
But because I must require thy faith 200  
And counsell here. And therefore prithe thee swear—

*M.* Swear? to doe what?

*Cl.* To be more silent then the dead of night,  
And to thy power to helpe me.

*M.* Would my power  
To assist you were as ready as my will,  
And for my tongue that Mistris I 'le condemne  
Vnto perpetuall silence, ere it shall  
Betray the smallest word that you commit to 't.  
By all— 210

*Cl.* Nay doe not swear, I will not wrong thy vertue  
To bind it with an oath, Ile tell thee all ;  
Doth not my face seeme paler then 'twas wont?  
Doth not my eye looke as it borrowed flame  
From my fond heart? could not my frequent weepings,  
My sudden sighes, and abrupt speeches tell thee  
What I am growne?

*M.* You are the same you were,  
Or else my eyes are lyars.

*Cl.* No, I'me a wretched Lover ; could'st thou not  
Read that out of my blushes? fie upon thee ; 221  
Thou art a novice in Love's schoole I see ;  
Trust me I envy at thy ignorance,  
That canst not find out *Cupid's* characters  
In a lost Mayd ; sure thou didst never know him.

*M.* Would you durst trust me with his name ;  
Sure he had charmes about him that might tempt  
Chast Votaries, or move a Scythian rock  
When he shot fire into your chaster breast.

*Cl.* I am asham'd to tell thee, prithe thee gesse him.

*M.* Why 'tis impossible. 231

*Cl.* Thou saw'st the gentleman whom I this morning  
Brought in to be my guest.

*M.* Yes, but am ignorant, who, or from whence he is.

*Cl.* Thou shak know all ;  
The freshnesse of the morning did invite me  
To walke abroad ; there I began to thinke  
How I had lost my Brother ; that one thought  
Like circles in the water begat many ;  
Those and the pleasant verdure of the fields 240  
Made me forget the way, and did entice me  
Farther then either feare or modesty  
Else would have suffred me ; beneath an oake  
Which spread a flourishing Canopy round about,  
And was it selfe alone almost a wood,  
I found a Gentleman distracted strangely,  
Crying aloud for either food, or sleepe,  
And knocking his white hands against the ground,  
Making that groane like me ; when I beheld it,  
Pitty, and feare, both proper to us women, 250  
Drove my feet backe farre swifter then they went.  
When I came home, I tooke two servants with me

And fetch'd the gentleman ; hither I brought him,  
And with such cheare as then the house afforded,  
Replenished him ; he was much mended suddenly,  
Is now asleepe, and when he wakes I hope  
Will find his senses perfect.

*M.* You did shew

In this, what never was a stranger to you,  
Much piety ; but wander from your subject ; 260  
You have not yet discovered, who it is  
Deserves your love.

*Cl.* Fy, Fy, how dull thou art,  
Thou dost not use in other things to be so ;  
Why I love him ; His name I cannot tell thee :  
For 'tis my unhappinesse to bee  
Still ignorant of that my selfe. He comes,  
Looke, this is hee, but doe not grow my rivall if thou  
canst chuse.

*M.* You need not fear't forsooth. *Enter Aphron.*

*Cl.* Leave me alone with him ; withdraw. 270

*M.* I doe. *Exit Maid.*

*Ap.* Where am I now? under the Northerne Pole  
Where a perpetuall winter binds the ground  
And glazeth up the flouds? or where the Sun  
With neighbouring rayes bakes the divided earth,  
And drinks the rivers up? or doe I sleepe?  
Is 't not some foolish dreame deludes my fancy?  
Who am I? I begin to question that.  
Was not my countrey *Sicily*? my name  
Call'd *Aphron*, wretched *Aphron*? 280

*Cl.* Yee good Gods

Forbid ; is this that man who was the cause  
Of all the griefe for *Callidora's* losse?  
Is this the man that I so oft have curst?  
Now I could almost hate him, and me thinkes  
He is not quite so handsome as he was ;  
And yet alas he is, though by his meanes  
My Brother is gone from me, and heaven knowes  
If I shall see him more : Foole as I am,  
I cannot chuse but love him. 290

*Ap.* Cheate me not, good eyes,

What woman, or what Angel doe I see?  
Oh stay, and let me worship e're thou goest.  
Whether thou beest a Goddess, which thy beauty  
Commands me to beleeve, or else some mortall  
Which I the rather am induc'd to thinke,  
Because I know the Gods all hate me so,  
They would not looke upon me.

*Cl.* Spare these titles,

I am a wretched woman, who for pitty 300  
(Alas that I should pittie ! 't had bin better *(Aside)*  
That I had bene remorselesse) brought you hither,  
Where with some food and rest, thanks to the Gods  
Your senses are recovered.

*Ap.* My good Angell !

I doe remember now that I was madde  
For want of meat and sleepe ; thrice did the Sun  
Cheere all the world but me, thrice did the night  
With silent and bewitching darknesse give  
A resting time to every thing but *Aphron*. 310

The fish, the beasts, the birds, the smallest creature,  
 And the most despicable snor'd securely.  
 The aguish head of every tree by *Aelus*  
 Was rockt asleepe, and shooke as if it nodded.  
 The crooked mountaines seem'd to bow and slumber,  
 The very rivers ceas'd their daily murmur,  
 Nothing did watch, but the pale Moone, and I  
 Paler then shee: Griefe wedded to this toy  
 What else could it beget but franticknesse?  
 But now me thinkes, I am my owne, my braine 320  
 Swimmes not as it was wont; O brightest Virgin  
 Shew me some way by which I may be grateful,  
 And if I do't not, let an eternall Phrensie  
 Immediately seize on me.

*Cl.* Alas! 'twas only  
 My love, and if you will reward me for 't;  
 Pay that I lent you, I'll require no interest,  
 The Principall's enough.

*Ap.* You speake in mists.

*Cl.* You're loth perhaps to understand. 330

*Ap.* If you intend that I should love and honour you,  
 I doe by all the Gods.

*Cl.* But I am covetous in my demands,  
 I am not satisfied with wind-like promises  
 Which only touch the lips; I aske your heart  
 Your whole heart for me, in exchange of mine,  
 Which so I gave to you.

*Ap.* Ha! you amaze me.

Oh! you have spoken something worse then lightning,  
 That blasts the inward parts, leaves the outward  
 whole; 340

My gratitude commands me to obey you,  
 But I am borne a man, and have those passions  
 Fighting within me, which I must obey.  
 Whilst *Callidora* lives, although she bee  
 As cruell, as thy breast is soft and gentle;  
 'Tis sinne for me to thinke of any other.

*Cl.* You cannot love me then?

*Ap.* I doe, I swear,  
 Above my selfe I doe: my selfe? what said I?  
 Alas! that's nothing; above anything 350  
 But heaven and *Callidora*.

*Cl.* Fare you well then,  
 I would not doe that wrong to one I love,  
 To urge him farther then his power and will;  
 Farewell, remember me when you are gone,  
 And happy in the love of *Callidora*. *Exit.*

*Ap.* When I doe not, may I forget my selfe:  
 Would I were madde againe; then I might rave.  
 With priviledge, I should not know the griefes  
 That hurried me about, 'twere better farre 360  
 To lose the senses, then be tortured by them.  
 Where is she gone? I did not aske her name,  
 Foole that I was, alas poore Gentlewoman!  
 Can any one love me? yee cruell Gods,  
 Is't not enough that I my selfe am miserable,  
 Must I make others so too? Hee goe in  
 And comfort her; alas! how can I though?  
 Hee grieve with her, that is in illa comfort. *Exit.*

Enter *Alupis, Melarnus, Trugs, Palamon,*  
*Egon.*

*Pa.* Before when you denyed your Daughter to me  
 'Twas Fortune's fault, not mine, but since good Fate 370  
 Or rather *Egon*, better farre then Fate  
 Hath rayzd me up to what you aym'd at, riches,  
 I see not with what countenance you can  
 Coyne any second argument against me,

*Mel.* Come, no matter for that:  
 Yes, I could wish you were lesse eloquent,  
 You have a vice call'd Poesie which much  
 Displeaseth me, but no matter for that neither.

*Al.* Alas! hee'le leave that straight  
 When he has got but money; he that swims 380  
 In *Tagus*, never will goe back to *Helicon*.

Besides, when he hath married *Hylace*  
 Whom should he wooe, to praise her comely feature,  
 Her skin like falling snow, her eyes like starres,  
 Her cheekes like roses (which are common places  
 Of all your lovers' praises) Oh! those vanities,  
 Things quite as light, and foolish as a Mistris,  
 Are by a Mistris first begot, and left  
 When they leave her.

*Pa.* Why doe you thinke that Poesie 390  
 An art which even the Gods—

*Al.* Fox on your arts,  
 Let him thinke what he will; what's that to us?

*Egon.* Well, I would gladly have an answer of you,  
 Since I have made *Palamon* here my sonne,  
 If you conceive your Daughter is so good,  
 Wee will not presse you, but seeke out some other  
 Who may perhaps please me and him as well.

*Pa.* Which is impossi'—

*Al.* Rot on your possibles— 400  
 Thy mouth like a crackt fiddle never sounds  
 But out of tune; Come, put on *Trugs*  
 You'll never speake unlesse I shew the ring.

*Tru.* Yes, yes, I doe, I doe; Doe you heare sweet  
 heart?

Are you madde to fling away a fortune  
 That's thrust upon you, you know *Egon's* rich.

*Mel.* Come, no matter for that,  
 That's thrust upon me? I would faine see any man  
 Thrust ought upon me; but 's no matter for that,  
 I will doe that which I intend to doe, 410  
 And 'tis no matter for that neither, that's thrust upon me?

*Pa.* Come, what say you, *Melarnus*?

*Mel.* What say I? 'tis no matter what I say,  
 I'll speake to *Egon*, if I speake to any,  
 And not to you; but no matter for that;  
 Harke you, will you leave all the meanes you have  
 To this *Palamon*?

*Tru.* I Duck, he sayes he will.

*Mel.* Pish, 'tis no matter for that, He heare him say so.

*Eg.* I will, and here doe openly protest, 420  
 That since my *Bellula* (mine that was once)  
 Thinke her selfe wiser then her father is,  
 And will be govern'd rather by her passions,

Then by the square that I prescribe to her,  
That I will never count her as my Daughter.  
*Al.* Well acted by God *Pas* / see but what 'tis  
To have me for a tutor in these rogueries.

*Mel.* But tell me now, good neighbour, what estate  
Doe you intend to give him?

*Eg.* That estate 430  
Which Fortune and my care hath given to me ;  
The money which I have, and that 's not much,  
The sheepe and Goats.

*Mel.* And not the oxen too?

*Eg.* Yes ; every thing.

*Mel.* The Horses too?

*Eg.* I tell you, every thing.

*Al.* By *Pas* hee'le make him promise him particularly  
Each thing above the vale of a Beane's-straw.  
You'll leave him the pailles too, to milke the Kine in, 440  
And harness for the horses, will you not?

*Mel.* I, I, what else ; but 'tis no matter for that,  
I know *Palamon* 's an ingenious man,  
And love him therefore ; But 's no matter for that neither.

*Eg.* Well, since we are both agreed, why doe we  
stay here?

I know *Palamon* longs t' imbrace his *Hylace*.

*Mel.* I, I, 'tis no matter for that ; within this hour  
Wee will be ready : *Egon*, pray be you so ;

Farewell my son in Law that shall be,  
But 's no matter for that : Farewell all : 450  
Come *Truga*. *Exeunt Melarnus and Truga*.

*Eg.* Come on then, let 's not stay too long in trifling ;  
*Palamon* goe, and prepare your selfe against the time.

I'le goe acquaint my *Bellula* with your plot,  
Lest this unwelcome newes should too much grieve her,  
Before she know my meaning.

*A.* Doe, doe ; and I'le goe study  
Some new-found wayes to vex the foole *Melarnus*.

*For 'tis but a folly,  
To be melancholy, &c.* 460

Enter *Florellus*.

Whilst *Callidorus* lives, I cannot love thee.  
These were her parting words ; Ile kill him then :  
Why doe I doubt it Foole? such wounds as these  
Require no gentler med'cine ; me thinkes Love  
Frownes at me now, and sayes I am too dull,  
Too slow in his command : and yet I will not ;  
These hands are virgins yet, unstain'd with villany ;  
Shall I begin to teach them?—methinkes Piety  
Frownes at me now, and sayes, I am too weake  
Against my passions. Pietie!— 470

'Twas feare begot that Bugbeare ; for thee *Bellula*  
I durst be wicked, though I saw *Jove*'s hand  
Arm'd with a naked thunderbolt : Farewell,  
(If thou beest any thing, and not a shadow  
To fright boyes and old women) Farewell conscience,  
Goe and be strong in other petty things ;  
To Lovers come, when Lovers may make use of thee,  
Not else : and yet,—what shall I doe or say?  
I see the better way, and know 'tis better,

Yet still this devious error drawes me backward. 480  
So when contrary winds rush out and meet,  
And wrastle on the Sea with equall fury  
The waves swell into mountains, and are driven  
Now back, now forward, doubtfull of the two,  
Which Captaine to obey.

Enter *Alupis*.

*Al.* Ha, ha, Ile have such excellent sport  
*For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

*Flo.* Why here 's a fellow now makes sport of every-  
thing ;

See one man's fate how it excels another ;  
Hee can sit, and passe away the day in jollity, 490  
My musick is my sighes, whilst teares keepe time.

*Al.* Who 's here? a most rare posture !  
How the good soule folds in his armes ! he dreames  
Sure that he hugges his Mistris now ; for that  
Is his disease without all doubt : so, good,  
With what judicious garbe hee plucks his hat  
Over his eyes ; so, so, good ! better yet ;  
He cries ; by this good light, he cries ; the man  
Is carefull, and intends to water his sheepe  
With his owne teares ; ha, ha, ha, ha. 500

*Flo.* Dost thou see any thing that deserves thy laughter,  
Fond swaine?

*Al.* I see nothing in good troth but you.

*Flo.* To jeere those who are Fate's May-game  
Is a redoubled fault ; for 'tis both sinne,  
And folly too ; our life is so uncertaine  
Thou canst not promise that thy mirth shall last  
To morrow, and not meet with any rubbe ;  
Then thou mayst act that part, to day thou laugh'st at.

*Al.* I act a part? it must be in a Comedy then, 510  
I abhorre Tragedyes : besides, I never  
Practis'd this posture ; Hey ho ! woe, alas !  
Why doe I live? my musick is my sighes  
Whilst teares keepe time.

*Flo.* You take too great a licence to your wit ;  
Wit, did I say? I meane, that which you thinke so.  
And it deserves my pittie, more then anger.  
Else you should find, that blowes are heavier farre  
Then the most studied jests you can throw at me.

*Al.* Faith it will be but labour lost to beat mee ; 520  
All will not teach me how to act this part ;  
Woe 's me ! alas ! I'me a dull rogue, and so  
Shall never learne it.

*Flo.* You're unmannerly  
To talke thus sawcily with one you know not,  
Nay, hardly ever saw before ; be gone  
And leave me as you found me ; my worst thoughts  
Are better company then thou.

*Al.* Enjoy them then,  
Here 's no body desires to rob you of them. 530  
I would have left your company without bidding,  
'Tis not so pleasant ; I remember well,  
When I had spent all my money, I stood thus  
And therefore hate the posture ever since.  
D'ye'e heare? I'me going to a wedding now ;

H

If you 'ave a mind to dance, come along with me,  
 Bring your hard-hearted Mistris with you too ;  
 Perhaps I may perswade her, and tell her  
 Your Musick 's sigbes, and that your teares keepe time.  
 Will you not goe? Farewell then, good Tragical actor.  
 Now have at thee *Melarnus* : *For 'tis but a jolly, &c.*

*Exit.*

*Fl.* Thou art a Prophet, Shepheard ; She is hard  
 As rocks which suffer the continuall siege

Of Sea and wind against them ; but I will  
 Win her or lose (which I should gladly doe)  
 My selfe : my selfe? why so I have already :  
 Ho! who hath found *Florellus*? he is lost,  
 Lost to himselfe, and to his parents likewise,  
 (Who having miss'd me, doe by this time search  
 Each corner for to find me) Oh! *Florellus*,  
 Thou must be wicked, or for ever wretched :  
 Hard is the Physick, harder the disease.

550





# Actus V. Scæna I.

Enter *Alupis*, *Palæmon*, *Ægon*.

**P***A.* The Gods convert these omens into good,  
And mocke my feares; thrice in the very  
threshold,

Without its Master's leave my foot stood still;  
Thrice in the way it stumbled.

*Al.* Thrice, and thrice  
You were a foole then for observing it.  
Why these are follies the young yeares of *Truga*  
Did hardly know; are they not vanisht yet?

*Pa.* Blame not my feare: that's *Cupid's* Vsher  
alwayes;

Though *Hylace* were now in my embraces, 10  
I should haife doubt it.

*Al.* If you chanc'd to stumble.  
*Æg.* Let him enjoy his madnesse; the same liberty  
Hee 'le grant to you, when you're a Lover too.

*Al.* I, when I am, he may; yet if I were one  
I should not be dismay'd because the threshold—

*Pa.* Alas! that was not all, as I came by  
The oake to *Faunus* sacred, where the shepheards  
Exercise rurall sports on Festivalls;  
On that tree toppe an inauspicious Crow 20  
Foretold some ill to happen.

*Æg.* And because Crowes  
Foretell wet weather, you interpret it  
The raine of your owne eyes; but leave these tricks  
And let me advise you.

*Melarnus* speaking to *Hylace* within his dore.

*Mel.* Well come, no matter for that; I doe beleeve  
thee, Girle;

And would they have such sport with vexing me!  
But 's no matter for that; I 'le vex them for 't:  
I know your fiery lover will be here strait,  
But I shall coole him; but come, no matter for that!  
Goe get you in, for I doe see them comming. 31

*Æg.* Here comes *Melarnus*.  
*Pa.* Hee looks cheerefully, I hope all's well?

*Æg.* *Melarnus*, opportunely: we were a comming  
Just now unto you.

*Mel.* Yes, very likely, would you have spoken with  
me?

*Æg.* Spoken with you?  
Why, are you madde? have you forgot your promise?

*Mel.* My promise? Oh! 'tis true, I said indeed

I would goe with you to day to sell some kine; 40  
Stay but a little, I 'le be ready streight.

*Pa.* I am amaz'd; Good *Ægon*, speak to him.

*Al.* By this good light,  
I see no likelyhood of any marriage,  
Except betwixt the Kine and oxen. Harke you hither;  
A rotte upon your beasts; is *Hylace* ready?

*Mel.* It's no matter for that! who's there? *Alupis*?  
Give me thy hand, 'faith thou'rt a merry fellow;

I have not scene thee here these many dayes,  
But now I thinke on 't, it's no matter for that neither.

*Al.* Thy memory's fled away sure with thy wit. 51  
Was not I here lesse then an houre agoe

With *Ægon*, when you made the match?

*Mel.* Oh! then you 'le goe along with us,  
Faith doe; for you will make us very merry.

*Al.* I shall, if you thus make a foole of me.

*Mel.* Oh no! you 'le make you sport with vexing me,  
But mum; no matter for that neither: there  
I bob'd him privatly, I thinke.

*Æg.* Come, what's the businesse? 60

*Al.* The business? why hee's madde, beyond the cure  
Of all the herbes grow in *Anticyra*.

*Æg.* You see we have not fayl'd our word, *Melarnus*,  
I and my sonne are come.

*Mel.* Your son! good lack!

I thought, I sweare, you had no other child  
Besides your Daughter *Bellula*.

*Ægon.* Nay, then

I see you are dispos'd to make us fooles,—  
Did not I tell you that 'twas my intent 70

To adopt *Palæmon* for my son and heire?

*Al.* Did not you examine  
Whether he would leave him all, lest that he should  
Adopt some other heire to the cheese-presses,  
The milking-pailles, and creame-boules? did you not?

*Mel.* In troth 'tis well; but where is *Bellula*?

*Ægon.* Nay, pritheee leave these tricks, and tell me  
What you intend; is *Hylace* ready?

*Mel.* Ready? what else? shee's to be married  
presently,

To a young shepherd; but's no matter for that. 80

*Pa.* That's I, hence feares;  
Attend upon the infancie of love,

She's now mine owne.

*Al.* Why I; did not the crow on the oake foretell  
you this?

*Mel. Hylace, Hylace, come forth!*  
 Here's some are come to dance at your wedding,  
 And they're welcome. *Enter Hylace.*  
*Pa.* The light appears, just like the rising Sun,  
 When o're you hill it peepes, and with a draught  
 Of morning-dew salutes the day; how fast 90  
 The night of all my sorrow flies away,  
 Quite banisht with her sight!  
*Hy.* Did you call for me?  
*Mel.* Is *Damatas* come? *Fy*, how slow he is  
 At such a time? but it's no matter for that;  
 Well get you in, and prepare to welcome him.  
*Pa.* Will you be gone so quickly, Oh! bright *Hylace*  
 That blessed houre by me so often begg'd,  
 By you so oft deny'd, is now approaching. 99  
*Mel.* What, how now? what doe you kisse her? (*Exit*  
*If Damatas* were here, he would grow jealous; *Hylace.*)  
 But 'tis a parting kisse, and so in manners  
 She cannot deny it you; but it's no matter for that.  
*Al.* How?  
*Mel.* What doe you wonder at?  
 Why doe you thinke as soone as they are married,  
*Damatas* such a foole, to let his wife  
 Be kist by every body?  
*Pa.* How now? *Damatas*?  
 Why what hath he to doe with her? 110  
*Mel.* Ha, ha!  
 What hath the husband then to doe with 's wife?  
 Good: 'tis no matter for that though; he knowes what.  
*Eg.* You meane *Palamon* sure, ha, doe you not?  
*Mel.* 'Tis no matter for that, what I meane, I meane;  
 Well, rest ye merry gentlemen, I must in,  
 And see my Daughter's wedding; if you please  
 To dance with us, *Damatas* sure will thanke yee;  
 Pray bring your son and heire *Palamon* with you,  
*Bellala's* cast away, ha, ha, ha, ha! 120  
 And the poore foole *Melarnus* must be cheated,  
 But it's no matter for that; how now, *Alupis*?  
 I thought you would have had most excellent sport  
 With abusing poore *Melarnus*? that same coxcombe,  
 For hee 's a foole; but it's no matter for that,  
*Egon* hath cheated him, *Palamon* is  
 Married to *Hylace*, and one *Alupis*  
 Doth nothing else but vex him, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
 But it's no matter for that; farewell gentles,  
 Or if yee 'le come and dance, yee shall be welcome: 130  
 Will you, *Palamon*? 'tis your Mistris wedding.  
 I am a foole, a coxcombe, gull'd on every side,  
 No matter for that though; what I have done, I have  
 done.  
 Ha, ha, ha! *Exit.*  
*Eg.* How now? what are you both dumbe? both  
 thunder-strooke?  
 This was your plot *Alupis*.  
*Al.* I'le begin.  
 May his sheepe rotte, and he for want of food  
 Be forc't to eat them then; may every man  
 Abuse him, and yet he not have the wit 140  
 To abuse any man; may he never speake

More sence then he did now; and may he never  
 Bee ridde of his old wife *Truga*; may his sonne  
 In Law be a more famous Cuckold made  
 Then any one I knew when I liv'd in the City.  
*Pa.* Foole as thou art, the Sun shall lose his course,  
 And brightnesse too, ere *Hylace* her chastity.  
 Oh no! yee Gods, may she be happy alwayes,  
 Happy in the embraces of *Damatas*;  
 And that shall be some comfort to my Ghost 150  
 When I am dead; and dead I shall be shortly.  
*Al.* May a disease seize upon all his Cattle,  
 And a farre worse on him; till he at last  
 Bee carried to some Hospital! 't the City,  
 And there kill'd by a Chirurgion for experience.  
 And when hee's gone, Ile wish this good thing for him.  
 May the earth lye gently on him—that the dogges  
 May teare him up the easier.  
*Eg.* A curse upon thee!  
 And upon me for trusting thy fond counsels! 160  
 Was this your cunning trick? why thou hast wounded  
 My conscience and my reputation too;  
 With what face can I looke on the other Swaines?  
 Or who will ever trust me, who have broke  
 My faith thus openly?  
*Pa.* A curse upon thee,  
 This is the second time that thy persuasions  
 Made me not only foole, but wicked too;  
 I should have dyed in quiet else, and knowne  
 No other wound, but that of her denyall; 170  
 Goe now, and bragge how thou hast us'd *Palamon*;  
 But yet me thinkes you might have chose some other  
 For subject of your mirth, not me.  
*Eg.* Not me.  
*Al.* And yet if this had prospered (as I wonder  
 Who it should be, betray'd us, since we three  
 And *Truga* only knew it, whom if she  
 Betray'd us, I—) if this, I say had prospered,  
 You would have hugg'd me for inventing it,  
 And him for putting it in act; foolish men 180  
 That doe not marke the thing but the event!  
 Your judgements hang on Fortune, not on reason.  
*Eg.* Dost thou upbraid us too?  
*Pa.* First make us wretched,  
 And then laugh at us? believe, *Alupis*,  
 Thou shalt not long have cause to boast thy villany.  
*Al.* My villany? doe what yee can: you're fooles,  
 And there 's an end; I'le talke with you no more:  
 I had as good speake reason to the wind  
 As you, that can but hisse at it. 190  
*Eg.* Wee will doe more; *Palamon*, come away,  
 He hath wrong'd both; and both shall satisfie.  
*Al.* Which he will never doe; nay, goe and plod,  
 Your two wise braines will invent certainly  
 Politique ginnes to catch me in. *Exeunt.*  
 And now have at thee, *Truga*, if I find  
 That thou art guiltie; mum,—I have a ring.—  
*Palamon, Egon, Hylace, Melarnus*  
 Are all against me; no great matter: hang care,  
 For 'tis but a folly, &c. *Exit.* 200



Enter *Bellula*.

This way my *Callidorus* went ; what chance  
Hath snatch'd him from my sight? how shall I find him?  
How shall I find my selfe, now I have lost him?  
With yee my feet and eyes I will not make  
The smallest truce, till yee have sought him out.

*Exit.*

Enter *Callidorus* and *Florellus*.

Come, now your businesse.

*Flo.* 'Tis a fatall one,  
Which will almost as much shame me to speake,  
Much more to act, as 'twill fright you to heare it.

*Cal.* Fright me? it must be then some wickednesse ;  
I am accustom'd so to misery, 211  
That cannot do't.

*Flo.* Oh ! 'Tis a sinne, young man,  
A sinne which every one shall wonder at,  
None not condemne, if ever it be knowne ;  
Me thinks my blood shrinks back into my veines,  
And my affrighted hayres are turn'd to bristles.  
Doe not my eyes creepe backe into their cells ;  
As if they seem'd to wish for thicker darknesse,  
Then either night or death to cover them? 220  
Doth not my face looke black and horrid too?  
As black and horrid as my thoughts? ha! tell me.

*Cal.* I am a novice in all villainies ;  
If your intents be such, dismissee me, pray ;  
My nature is more easie to discover  
Then helpe you ; so, Farewell.

*Flo.* Yet stay a little longer ; you must stay ;  
You are an actor in this Tragedy.

*Cal.* What would you doe?

*Flo.* Alas ! I would doe nothing ; but I must——

*Cal.* What must you doe? 231

*Flo.* I must.——Love, thou hast got the victory——  
Kill thee.

*Cal.* Who? me? you doe but jest ;  
I should believe you, if I could tell how  
To frame a cause, or thinke on any injury  
Worth such a large revenge, which I have done you.

*Flo.* Oh no ! there's all the wickednesse ; they may  
seeme

To find excuse for their abhorred fact,  
That kill when wrongs and anger urgeth them ; 240  
Because thou art so good, so affable,  
So full of graces, both of mind and body,  
Therefore I kill thee ; wilt thou know it plainly,  
Because whilst thou art living, *Bellula*  
Protested she would never be another's ;  
Therefore I kill thee.

*Cal.* Had I beene your rivall  
You might have had some cause ; cause did I say?  
You might have had pretence for such a villany ;  
He who unjustly kills is twice a murtherer. 250

*Flo.* He whom love bids to kill is not a murtherer.

*Cal.* Call not that love that 's ill ; 'tis only fury.

*Flo.* Fury in ill is halfe excusable :

Therefore prepare thy selfe ; if any sinne  
(Though I beleeve thy hot and flourishing youth,  
As innocent as other men's nativities)  
Hath flung a spot upon thy purer conscience,  
Wash it in some few teares.

*Call.* Are you resolv'd to be so cruell?

*Flo.* I must, or be as cruell to my selfe. 260

*Call.* As sick men doe their beds, so have I yet  
Injoy'd my selfe, with little rest, much trouble :  
I have beene made the Ball of Love and Fortune,  
And am almost worne out with often playing.  
And therefore I would entertaine my death  
As some good friend whose comming I expected ;  
Were it not that my parents——

*Flo.* Here ; see, I doe not come (*Drawes two swords*  
Like a foule murtherer to intrap you falsly ; *from under his*  
Take your own choyse, and then defend your garment,  
selfe. *and offers*

*Cal.* 'Tis nobly done ; and since it must be so, *one to*  
Although my strength and courage call me woman, *Cal.*)  
I will not dye like sheepe without resistance :  
If innocence be guard sufficient,  
I'me sure he cannot hurt me.

*Flo.* Are you ready? the fatall Cuckow on yon spread-  
ing tree  
Hath sounded out your dying knell already.

*Cal.* I am.

*Flo.* 'Tis well, and I could wish thy hand  
Were strong enough ; 'tis thou deservest the victory,  
Nay, were not th' hope of *Bellula* ingraven 261  
In all my thoughts, I would my selfe play booty  
Against my selfe ; But *Bellula*——come on. *Fight.*

Enter *Philistus*.

This is the wood adjoining to the Farme,  
Where I gave order unto *Clariana*  
My sister, to remaine till my returne ;  
Here 'tis in vaine to seeke her, yet who knowes?  
Though it be in vaine I'le seeke ; to him that doth  
Propose no journey's end, no path's amisse.  
Why how now? what doe you meane? for shame, part  
Shepheards ; 290

I thought you honest shepheards had not had (*Sees them*  
So much of Court and Citee follies in you. *fighting.*

*Flo.* 'Tis *Philistus* ; I hope he will not know me,  
Now I begin to see how black and horrid  
My attempt was ; how much unlike *Florellus* ;  
Thanks to the juster Deities for declining  
From both the danger, and from me the sin.

*Phi.* 'Twould be a wrong to charity to dismissee yee  
Before I see you friends ; give me your weapons.

*Cal.* 'Tis he : why doe I doubt? most willingly, 300  
And my selfe too, best man ; now kill me, shepheard——

*Phi.* What doe you meane? (*Swounds*)  
Rise, prithee rise : sure you have wounded him.

Enter *Bellula*.

Deceive me not, good eyes ; what doe I see?  
My *Callidorus* dead? 'Tis impossible !

Who is it that lyes slaine there? are you dumbe?  
Who is 't I pray?

*Flo.* Faire Mistris—

*Bel.* Fish, faire Mistris,—

I aske who 'tis; if it be *Callidorus*— 310

*Phi.* Was his name *Callidorus*? it is strange.

*Bel.* You are a villaine, and you too a villaine;

Wake *Callidorus*, wake, it is thy *Bellula*

That calls thee; wake, it is thy *Bellula*;

Why Gentlemen? why shepheard? fye for shame,

Have you no charity? ô my *Callidorus*!

Speake but one word—

*Cal.* 'Tis not well done to trouble me;

Why doe you envy me this little rest?

*Bel.* No; I will follow thee. (Sounded.) 320

*Flo.* O helpe, helpe quickly,

What doe you meane? your *Callidorus* lives.

*Bel.* *Callidorus*!

*Flo.* And will be well immediatly, take courage,

I looke up a little: wretched as I am,

I am the cause of all this ill.

*Phi.* What shall we doe? I have a sister dwells

Close by this place; let's hast to bring them thither,

But let's be sudden.

*Flo.* As wing'd lightning is. 330

Come *Bellula*, in spite of Fortune now

I doe embrace thee.

*Phi.* I did protest without my *Callidora*

Ne're to returne, but pittie hath o'roome.

*Bel.* Where am I?

*Flo.* Where I could alwayes wish thee: in those armes

Which would enfold thee with more subtil knots,

Then amorous Ivy, whilst it hugges the oake.

*Cal.* Where doe ye beare me? is *Philistus* well?

*Phi.* How should he know my name? 'tis to me a riddle;

Nay, Shepheard, find another time to court in, 341

Make hast now with your burthen.

*Flo.* With what ease should I goe alwaies were I  
burthened thus! *Exeunt.*

### Enter *Aphron*.

She told me she was sister to *Philistus*,

Who having mist the beauteous *Callidora*,

Hath undertooke a long, and hopelesse journey

To find her out; then *Callidora*'s fled,

Without her parents' knowledge, and who knowes

When shee'le returne, or if she doe, what then?

Lambes will make peace, and joyne themselves with  
wolves 350

Ere she with me, worse then a wolfe to her:

Besides, how durst I undertake to court her?

How dare I looke upon her after this?

Foole as I am, I will forget her quite,

And *Clariana* shall hence-forth—but yet

How faire she was! what then? so's *Clariana*;

What graces did she dart on all beholders?

Shee did; but so does *Clariana* too;

Shee was as pure and white as *Parian* marble,

What then? Shee was as hard too; *Clariana* 360

Is pure and white as *Ericina's* Doves,

And is as soft, as gallsesse too as they;

Her pittie sav'd my life, and did restore

My wandring senses; if I should not love her,

I were farre madder now, then when shee found me:

I will goe in and render up my selfe,

For her most faithfull servant.

Wonderfull!

*Exit. Enter againe.*

Shee has lockt me in, and keepes me here her prisoner,

In these two chambers; what can she intend? 370

No matter, she intends no hurt, I'me sure;

I'le patiently expect her comming to me. *Exit.*

### Enter *Demophil*, *Spodaia*, *Clariana*, *Florellus*, *Callidora*, *Bellula*, *Philistus*.

*Dem.* My Daughter found againe, and son return'd:

Ha, ha! me thinks it makes me young againe.

My Daughter and my Son meet here together!

*Philistus* with them too! that we should come

To grieve with *Clariana*, and find her here.

Nay, when we thought we had lost *Florellus* too

To find them both; me thinks it makes me young  
againe.

*Sp.* I thought I never should have scene thee more,

My *Callidora*, come wench, now let's heare, 381

The story of your flight and life in the woods.

*Phi.* Doe, happy Mistris, for the recordation

Of forepast ills, makes us the sweetlier relish

Our present good.

*Cal.* Of *Aphron's* love to me, and my antipathy

Towards him, there's none here ignorant; you know too

How guarded with his love, or rather fury,

And some few men, he broke into our house

With resolution to make me the prey 390

Of his wild lust.

*Sp.* I, there's a villaine now; oh! that I had him here.

*Cal.* Oh! say not so:

The crymes which Lovers for their Mistris act

Beare both the weight and stampe of piety.

*Dem.* Come, girle; goe on, goe on. His wild lust—

*Cal.* What sudden feare shooke me, you may imagine.

What should I doe? you both were out of towne,

And most of the servants at that time gone with you;

I on the sudden found a corner out, 400

And hid my selfe till they, wearied with searching,

Quitted the house; but fearing lest they should

Attempt the same againe ere your returne,

I tooke with me money and other necessaries;

And in a sute my Brother left behind

Disguis'd my selfe; thus to the woods I went,

Where meeting with an honest merry Swaine,

I by his helpe was furnisht, and made Shepheard.

*Sp.* Nay, I must needs say for her, she was alwayes  
A witty wench. 410

*Dem.* Fish, pish: And made a Shepheard—

*Cal.* It hapned that this gentle Shepheardesse,

(I can attribute it to nought in me

Deserv'd so much) began to love me.

*Phi.* Why so did all besides, I'le warrant you ;  
Nor can I blame them, though they were my rivall.

*Cal.* Another Shepheard with as much desire  
Wooded her in vaine, as she in vaine wooed me ;  
Who seeing that no hope was left for him,  
Whilst I enjoy'd this life, t' enjoy his *Bellula*, 420  
(For by that name she 's knowne) sought to take me  
Out of the way as a partition  
Betwixt his love and him ; whilst in the fields  
Wee two were struggling, (him his strength defending,  
And me my innocence.)

*Flo.* I am asham'd to looke upon their faces.  
What shall I say ? my guilt 's above excuse.

*Cal. Philistus* ; as if the Gods had all agreed  
To make him mine, just at the nick came in  
And parted us, with sudden joy I s[w]ounded ; 430  
Which *Bellula* perceiving (for even then  
Shee came to seeke me) sudden griefe did force  
The same effect from her, which joy from me.  
Hither they brought us both, in this amazement ;  
Where being straight recover'd to our selves,  
I found you here, and you your dutifull Daughter.

*Spo.* The Gods be thank. *Dem.* Goe on.

*Cal.* Nay, you have all, Sir.

*Dem.* Where 's that Shepheard ? *Flo.* Here.

*Dem.* Here, where ? 440

*Flo.* Here, your unhappy sonne 's the man ; for her  
I put on *Sylvan* weeds, for her faire sake  
I would have stayn'd my innocent hands in blood ;  
Forgive me all, 'twas not a sin of malice,  
'Twas not begot by lust, but sacred love ;  
The cause must be the excuse for the effect.

*Dem.* You should have us'd some other meanes,  
*Florellus.*

*Cal.* Alas ! 'twas the Gods' will, Sir, without that  
I had bene undiscovered yet ; *Philistus*  
Wandred too farre, my Brother yet a Shepheard, 450  
You groaning for our losse ; upon this wheele  
All our felicity is turn'd.

*Sp.* Alas ! you have forgot the power of love, sweet-  
heart.

*Dem.* Be patient, Son, and temper your desire ;  
You shall not want a wife that will perhaps  
Please you as well, I'me sure befit you better.

*Flo.* They marry not, but sell themselves t' a wife,  
Whom the large dowry tempts, and take more pleasure  
To hugge the weakly bagges then her that brought  
them.

Let them whom nature bestowes nothing on 460  
Seeke to patch up their want by parents' plenty ;  
The beautifull, the chaste, the vertuous,  
Her selfe alone is portion to her selfe.

Enter *Egon.*

By your leave ; I come to see your Daughter,  
O ! are you there, 'tis well.

*Flo.* This is her Father.

I doe conjure you, Father, by the love  
Which parents beare their children, to make up

The match betwixt us now ; or, if you will not,  
Send for your friends, prepare a coffin for me 470  
And let a grave be dig'd ; I will be happy,  
Or else not know my misery to morrow.

*Spo.* You doe not thinke what ill may happen, husband ;  
Come, let him have her ; you have meanes enough  
For him ; the weach is faire, and if her face  
Be not a flatterer, of a noble mind,  
Although not stocke.

*Eg.* I doe not like this stragling, come along ;  
By your leave Gentlemea, I hope you will  
Pardon my bold intrusion. 480

*Cl.* You're very welcome.

What, are you going, *Beltula* ? pray stay,  
Though Nature contradicts our love, I hope  
That I may have your friendship.

*Eg. Bellula !*

*Bel.* My father calls ; farewell ; your name and memory  
In spite of Fate, I'le love ; farewell.

*Flo.* Would you be gone, and not bestow one word  
Vpon your faithfull servant ? doe not all  
My griefes and troubles for your sake sustaynd, 490  
Deserve, Farewell *Florellus* ? *Bel.* Fare you well then.

*Flo.* Alas ! how can I, Sweet, unless you stay,  
Or I goe with you ? you were pleas'd ere while  
To say you honoured me with the next place  
To *Callidorus* in your heart, then now  
I should be first : doe you repent your sentence ?  
Or can that tongue sound lease then Oracle ?

*Bel.* Perhaps I am of that opinion still,  
But must obey my Father.

*Eg. Why Bellula ?* would you have ought with her, Sir ?

*Flo.* Yes, I would have her selfe ; if constancy 501  
And love be meritorious, I deserve her ;  
Why Father, Mother, Sister, Gentlemen,  
Will you plead for me ?

*Dem.* Since 't must be so, I'le beare it patiently ;  
Shepheard, you see how much our son is taken  
With your faire Daughter ; therefore if you thinke  
Him fitting for her husband, speake, and let it  
Be made a match immediatly ; we shall  
Expect no other dowrie then her vertue. 510

*Eg.* Which only I can promise ; for her fortune  
Is beneath you so farre, that I could almost  
Suspect your words, but that you seeme more noble :  
How now, what say you, Girle ?

*Bel.* I only doe depend upon your will.

*Eg.* And I'le not be an enemy to thy good fortune.  
Take her, Sir, and the Gods blesse you.

*Flo.* With greater joy then I would take a Crowne.

*Al.* The Gods blesse you.

*Flo.* They have don't already. 520

*Eg.* Lest you should thinke when time and oft  
enjoying

Hath du'd the point and edge of your affection,  
That you have wrong'd your selfe and family,  
By marrying one whose very name, a Shepheardesse,  
Might fling some spot upon your birth, I'le tell you,  
She is not mine, nor borne in these rude woods.

*Flo.* How! you speake misty wonders.

*Ag.* I speake truths, Sir.

Some fiftene yeares agoe, as I was walking  
I found a Nurse wounded, and groning out 530  
Her latest spirit, and by her a faire child;  
And, which her very dressing might declare,  
Of wealthy parents; as soone as I came to them,  
I ask'd her who had us'd her so inhumanly:  
She answered Turkish Pirats; and withall  
Desired me to looke unto the child,  
For 'tis, said she, a Nobleman's of *Sicily*;  
His name she would have spoke, but death permitted not.  
Her as I could, I caused to be buried,  
But brought home the little Girlie with me; 540  
Where by my wive's perswasion wee agreed,  
Because the Gods had blest us with no issue,  
To nourish as our owne, and call it *Bellula*  
Whom now you see, your wife, your Daughter.

*Sp.* Is't possible? *Flo.* Her manners shew'd her noble.

*Ag.* I call the Gods to witness, this is true;  
And for the farther testimony of it,  
I have yet kept at home the furniture,  
And the rich mantle which she then was wrapt in;  
Which now perhaps may serve to some good use 550  
Thereby to know her parents.

*Dem.* Sure this is *Aphron's* sister then; for just  
About the time he mentions, I remember,  
The governour of *Pachinus*, then his Father  
Told me that certaine Pirats of *Argier*  
Had broke into his house, and stolne from thence  
With other things his Daughter, and her Nurse;  
Who being after taken, and executed,  
Their last confession was, that they indeed 560  
Wounded the Nurse, but she fled with the child,  
Whilst they were busie searching for more prey:  
Whom since her father, neither saw, nor heard of.

*Cl.* Then now I'me sure Sir, you would gladly pardon  
The rash attempt of *Aphron*, for your Daughter,  
Since fortune hath joy'n'd both of you by kindred.

*Dem.* Most willingly: *Sp.* I, I, alas! 'twas love:

*Flo.* Where should wee find him out?

*Cl.* I'll save that labour. *Exit Clariana.*

*Cal.* Where's *Hylace*, pray, shepheard? and the rest  
Of my good *Silvan* friends? me thinks I would, 570  
Faine take my leave of them.

*Ag.* I'll fetch them hither.

They're not farre off, and if you please to helpe  
The match betwixt *Hylace* and *Palamon*,  
'Twould be a good deed, I'll goe fetch them. *Exit.*

Enter *Aphron*, *Clariana*.

*Ap.* Ha! whether have you led me, *Clariana*?  
Some steepy mountaine bury me alive,  
Or rock intombe me in its stony intrayles;  
Whom doe I see?

*Cl.* Why doe you stare, my *Aphron*? 580  
They have forgiven all.

*Dem.* Come, *Aphron*, welcome,

We have forgot the wrong you did my Daughter.

The name of love hath cover'd all; this is  
A joyfull day, and sacred to great Hymen;  
'Twere sin not to be friends with all men now.

*Sp.* Me thinks, I have much adoe to forgive the  
rascall. *Aside.*

*Ap.* I know not what to say; doe you all pardon me?  
I have done wrong to yee all, yea to all those  
That have a share in vertue. Can yee pardon me? 590

*All.* Most willingly.

*Ap.* Doe you say so, faire *Virgin*?

You I have injur'd most: with love,  
With saucy love, which I henceforth recall,  
And will looke on you with an adoration,  
Not with desire hereafter; tell me, pray,  
Doth any man yet call you his?

*Cal.* Yes; *Philitus*.

*Ap.* I congratulate it, Sir.

The Gods make yee both happy: fools, as I am, 600  
You are at the height already of felicity,

To which there's nothing can be added now,  
But perpetuity; you shall not find me  
Your rivall any more, though I confesse  
I honor her, and will for ever doe so.

*Clariana*, I am so much unworthy  
Of thy love. That—

*Cl.* Goe no farther, Sir, 'tis I should say so  
Of my owne selfe.

*Phi.* How Sister? are you two so neere upon a match?

*Ap.* In our hearts, Sir, 611

Wee are already joy'n'd; it may be though  
You will be loth to have unhappy *Aphron*  
Stile you his Brother?

*Phi.* No Sir, if you both  
Agree, to me it shall not be unwelcome.

Why here's a day indeed; sure *Hymen* now  
Meanes to spend all his torches.

*Dem.* 'Tis my Son, Sir,  
New come from *travaile*, and your Brother now. 620

*Ap.* I understand not. *Dem.* Had you not a sister?

*Ap.* I had, Sir; but where now she is none knowes,  
Besides the Gods.

*Dem.* Is't not about some fiftene yeares agoe  
Since that the Nurse scap't with her from the hands  
Of Turkish Pyrats that beset the house?

*Ap.* It is, Sir.

*Dem.* Your sister lives then, and is married  
Now to *Florellus*; this is she, you shall be  
Enform'd of all the circumstances anon. 630

*Ap.* 'Tis impossible.

I shall be made too happy on the sudden.

My Sister found, and *Clariana* mine!

Come not too thick, good joyes, you will oppresse me.

Enter *Melarnus*, *Truga*, *Egon*, *Hylace*,  
*Palamon*.

*Cal.* Shepherds, you're welcome all; though I have  
lost

Your good society, I hope I shall not  
Your friendship, and best wishes.  
*Egon.* Nay, here's wonders ;  
Now *Callidorus* is found out a woman,  
*Bellula* not my Daughter, and is married 640  
To yonder Gentleman ; for which I intend  
To doe in earnest what before I jested,  
To adopt *Palamon* for my heire.

*Mel.* Ha, ha, ha !  
Come it's no matter for that ; doe you thinke  
To cheate me once againe with your fine tricks ?  
No matter for that neither. Ha, ha, ha !  
Alas ! shee 's married to *Dametas*.

*Eg.* Nay, that was your plot, *Melarnus*.  
I met with him, and he denyes it to me. 650

*Hy.* Henceforth I must not love, but honor you—to  
*Eg.* By all the Gods, I will. *Callidora*.

*Tru.* He will, he will ; Duck.  
*Mel.* Of every thing ?

*Eg.* Of every thing ; I call  
These gentlemen to witness here, that since  
I have no child to care for, I will make  
*Palamon* heire to those small meanes the Gods  
Have blest me with, if he doe marry *Hylace*.

*Mel.* Come, it's no matter for that, I scarce beleeve  
you. 660

*Dem.* Wee'le be his suretyes.  
*Mel.* *Hylace*,

What thinke you of *Palamon* ? can you love him ?  
H'as our consents, but it's no matter for that,  
If he doe please you, speake, or now, or never.

*Hyl.* Why doe I doubt, fond Girl? shee's now a woman.  
*Mel.* No matter for that, what you doe, doe quickly.

*Hyl.* My duty binds me not to be averse  
To what likes you—  
*Mel.* Why take her then, *Palamon* ; she's yours for  
ever. 670

*Pa.* With farre more joy  
Then I would doe the wealth of both the *Indyes*,  
Thou art above a father to me, *Egon*.  
W'are freed from misery with sense of joy,  
Wee are not borne so ; oh ! my *Hylace*,  
It is my comfort now that thou wert hard,  
And cruell till this day ; delights are sweetest  
When poisoned with the trouble to attaine them.

Enter *Alupis*.

*For 'tis but a folly, &c.*  
By your leave, I come to seeke a woman, 680  
That hath outlived the memorie of her youth ;  
With skin as black as her teeth, if she have any,  
With a face would fright the Constable and his watch  
Out of their wits (and that 's easily done you 'le say) if  
they should meet her at midnight.  
O ! are you there ? I thought I smelt you somewhere ;  
Come hither my she Nestor, pretty *Trugs*,  
Come hither, my sweet Duck.

*Tru.* Why ? are you not asham'd to abuse me thus,  
Before this company ?

*Al.* I have something more ; 690

I come to shew the ring before them all ;  
How durst you thus betray us to *Melarnus* ?  
*Tru.* 'Tis false, 'twas *Hylace* that over-heard you ;  
Shee told me so ; but they are married now.

*Al.* What doe you thinke to flam me ? why ho ! here's  
newes.

*Pa.* *Alupis*, art thou there ? forgive my anger ;  
I am the happiest man alive, *Alupis*,  
*Hylace* is mine ; here are wonders too ;  
Thou shalt know all anon.

*Tru.* *Alupis*, give me. *Al.* Well, rather then be  
troubled. 700

*Eg.* *Alupis*, welcome, now w'are friends I hope ?  
Give me your hand. *Mel.* And me.

*Al.* With all my heart,  
I'me glad to see yee have learn'd more wit at last.

*Cal.* This is the Shepheard, Father, to whose care  
I owe for many favours in the woods ;  
You're welcome heartily ; here's every body  
Payr'd of a sudden ; when shall's see you married ?

*Al.* Me ? when there are no ropes to hang my selfe,  
No rocks to breake my neck downe : I abhorre 710  
To live in a perpetuall Belfary ;  
I never could abide to have a Master,  
Much lesse a Mistris, and I will not marry,  
Because, *I'le sing away the day*,

*For 'tis but a folly to be melancholly,*  
*Ile be merry whilst I may.*

*Phi.* You're welcome all, and I desire you all  
To be my guests to day ; a Wedding dinner,  
Such as the sudden can afford, wee'le have ;  
Come will yee walke in, Gentlemen ? 720

*Dem.* Yes, yes,  
What crosses have yee borne before yee joyn'd !  
What seas past through before yee touch't the port !  
Thus Lovers doe, ere they are crown'd by Fates  
With Palme, the tree their patience imitates.

F I N I S.

Epilogue.

Spoken by *Alupis*.

**T**He Author bid me tell you—faith, I have  
Forgot what 'twas ; and I'me a very slave  
If I know what to say ; but only this,  
Bee merry ; that my counsell alwayes is.  
Let no grave man knit up his brow, and say, 730  
'Tis foolish : why ? 'twas a Boy made the Play.  
Nor any yet of those that sit behind,  
Because he goes in Plush, be of his mind.  
Let none his Time, or his spent money grieve ;  
Bee merry ; Give me your hands, and I'le believe.  
Or if you will not, I'le goe in, and see,  
If I can turne the Author's mind, with mee

To sing away the day,  
For 'tis but a folly  
To bee melancholly, 740  
Since that can't mend the Play.





IV.

**Naufragium Joculare.**

1638.



## NOTE.

'*Naufragium Jocularis*' appeared, like 'Love's Riddle,' in 1638 ; and is found, on its rare occurrence, bound up along with it. CHARLES JOHNSON published a paraphrastic translation of '*Naufragium Jocularis*,' under the title of '*Fortune in her Wits. A Comedy*' (1705, 4to.—Lintott). See on it in our Memorial-Introduction.—G.





N A V F R A G I V M

I O C V L A R E,

*Comœdia:*

Publicè Coram Academicis

Acta, in Collegio S S. et in-

dividuæ Trinitatis.

4<sup>o</sup>. Nonas *Feb.* An. Dom. 1638.



Authore *Abrahamo Cowley.*



Mart.———*Non displicuisse meretur,  
Festinat, Lector, qui placuisse tibi.*



L O N D I N I,

Impensis *Henrici Seile.* 1638.



Doctissimo, Gravissimoque,

Viro D<sup>o</sup>. D. Comber, Decano

Carleolensi colendissimo, & Col-

legij S. S. & individuae Trini-

tatis, Magistro vigilantissimo.

**S**iste gradum : quoniam temeraria pagina tendis,  
Aurata nimirum facta superba toga?  
Subdita Virgifero te volvat turba Tyranno ;  
Et tamen, ah, nucibus ludere pluris erit.  
I, pete, sollicitos quos tædia docta Scholarum,  
Et Logice pugno carmina scripta tenent.  
Post Ca. vel, Hip. Qualis ? ne. vel, af. vn. Quanta ? par.  
in. sin.

Destruit Edictum, destruit Ique modum.  
Tum Tu grata aderis, tum blanditis ore sonabis ;  
Setonus, dicent, quid velit iste sibi ;  
I, pete Causidicos : poteris sic culta videri,  
Et bene Romanis fundere verba modis.  
Fallor : post Ignoramum gens cautior illa est ;  
Et didicit Musas, Granta, timere tuas.  
I, pete Lectorem nullum ; sic salva latebris,  
Et poteris Criticas spernere tuta manus.  
Limine ab hoc caveas : Prochl ó, prochl ito profana.  
Disimile hic Domino nil decet esse suo.  
Ille sacri calamo reserat mysteria verbi,  
Non alia illius sancta lucerna videt.  
Talis in Altari trepidat Fax, pæne timenda,  
Et flavum attollit sic reverenda caput.  
At scio, quid dices : Nostros Academia lusus  
Spectavit ; nugæ tùm placere mese.  
Pagina stulta nimis ! Granta est Hic altera solus ;  
Vel Grantæ ipsius non Caput, at Cerebrum.  
Sed si, Authore tuo, pergas, audacior, ire :  
(Audacem quemvis candidus ille facit.)  
Accedas tanquam ad Numen formidine blandâ  
Tristis, & hæc illi paucula metra refer.  
Sub vestro auspicio natum bonus accipe carmen,  
Viventis auspiciam quod sibi vellet idem.  
Non peto, ut ista probes ; tantum, Puerilia, dicas,  
Sunt, fateor ; Puerum sed satis illa decent.  
Collegij nam qui nostri dedit ista Scholaris,  
Si Socius tandem sit, meliora dabit.

Vestri favoris studiosissimus,

A. Conley.

Ad Lectorem.

**N**on sum necius quanto cum periculo emanare in  
vulgus hæc fabulam passus sim ; tantum  
interest Spectator, an Lector sis Comædia,  
quamvis Amicus, adeo ut misellum hoc opus, quod satis  
ex se deformè est, pulchritudine suam amittere necesse  
sit, quam illi Lucerna, vestes, Actor, nobilissima  
frequentia addiderunt. Sed hoc cum cæteris commune,  
illud nostræ proprium est, quod plurimis in locis, atque,  
quod, nescio quo fato, maxime placuerunt, ne intelligi  
quidem, nisi à quibusdam possit, ut in Morionis &  
Gelasius partibus, præcipue vero cum aperitur Schola, ita  
ut hæc libro accidat, quod solet ignobilibus, qui, nisi in  
civitate sub ubique ignorantur, ita nascuntur Calendarii  
similes in usum unius tantum regionis. Sed voluntati  
amicorum satisfaciendum est, non timori meo ; & efficit  
benevolentia illa, quæ prioris meos nugæ ; & veluti  
vagitus Politicos (nam prob pudor ! ) pæne ab infantid  
negatus sum) excipisti, ut ingrati crimen subeam, si  
tibi negem lusus meos. Immemoris si formidem.  
Aliquis autem dicat vir gravissimus (& fortassis etiam  
dixit.) Eone impudentia ventum est ut horum adhuc  
Academicus, Comædiam doceat ? Quod nunquam quis-  
quam ab atate aggressus est, id ne sibi arrogat insolens  
puer ? Egone tale quid in me admisit ? Quod si crimen  
quidem sit, Illius invidia nunquam tanti erit, ut hæc  
saltem criminis expurgationem aliquam parem. Nam  
Tibi, Amice Lector, si audacia nostra placuit, Ego vel  
iterum tui causâ tam insolens ferem.

Vale.

Scena

Dunkerka.

Dramatis Personæ.

**G**nomicus. Tutor Gel. & Mor.  
Gelasmus. Hæres dives, amicus Morionis.  
Morion. Supposititius filius Polyperi.  
Dixon. Illorum servus.  
Bombardomachides. Miles.  
Eucomissa. Filia Bombardom.  
Ægle. Captiva Bombard. Æmylionis  
soror.  
Pæocas. Ancilla Eucomisse.  
Æmylio. Captivus Bomb. filius Polyperi.

Calliphanes. p. Senex.  
Calliphanes. F. Ejus filius. Ægles amasius.

Polyporus. Mercator Anglus.

Academicus 1 <sup>mus</sup>

Academicus 2 <sup>mus</sup>

Mulier.

Bajuli 2.

Κόφα ἠρώμενα. [Personæ muta.]

Lorarij 2.

Bajulus.

Exorcista.

### Prologus.

**E***Xi foras inepte; nullamne habebunt hic Comœdiam?*  
*Exi, inquam, inepte: aut incipiam ego cum Epilogo.*  
*Tun' jam Sophista junior, & modestus adhuc?*  
*Ego nihil possum, præter quod cæteri solent.*

*Sabete cives attici, & corona florentissima.*  
*Sed cedo mihi pileum, si necesse est istud agere.*  
*Vtinam illum videretis, plus hoc spectaculo*  
*Risuros vosmet credo, quam totâ in Comœdiâ.*  
*Iam nunc per rimam aliquam ad vos omnes adspicit.*  
*Nisi placidè intueamini, actum est de Puerò.*  
*Tragœdia isthæc fiet, & Naufragium verum.*  
*Dicturus modo Prologum, Novi, inquit, peccatum meum.*  
*Prodire, nisi per sonatus, in hanc frequentiam*  
*Non audeat, & plus sub rubescit purpura.*  
*Illius ergò causâ, sinite exorator siem*  
*Vt nequis Polla vitio voriat novitio,*  
*Quodque non solet fieri, insolentiam putet.*  
*Nisi fari inceptaverit, nemo est futurus eloquens.*  
*Qui modò pulpitum fortius, aut Scenam concutit,*  
*Aliquando balbutivit ac timuit loqui.*  
*Neque annos novem poscite; Non est. Spectatores optimi,*  
*Adultæ res, sed puerilis, Ludere.*  
*Vetus Polla comico cessit in convitium.*  
*Quis suum diecula invidet crepusculum?*  
*Quis viola, quod primò oritur, extinguit purpuram?*  
*Favete & huic Flori, ne tanquam Solstitialis Herbula*  
*Repentè exortus, repentind occidat.*





# NAVFRAGIVM IOCVLARE COMÆDIA.

## Actus Primus.

### Scena Prima.

*Dinon.*

(*Celeusma intus*)

**S**iquidem adaptantur humeris onera, huc me actutum  
Sequimini :  
Ego vobis prospiciam ; nimium hi nautæ at-  
trectant picem manibus :  
Mirum herclè est quin malo caveant, tam propinqu  
funibus  
Qui suum quotidie fatum quasi accuratè complicant.  
Vt clamarunt modò ! Susurrare præ his *Tempestatem*  
diceres  
Gratias habeo quod abs sese, & his suis nos amisit mare.  
Vtrumque est sequè turbulentum, & ad aspectum utrius-  
que vomeres.  
Itaque incolumem hic te videre, seriò lætor, *Dinon* :  
*Polyporus* huc me misit *Herus*, cum Filio simul  
Ejusque sodali, ut euntibus servirem peregrè, 10  
Quorum alter, naturâ bardus, nihil ultrà quæritat,  
Alter & industriam addidit, uti insaniret strenue.  
Hos ducit quasi *Tutor* eorum *Gnomicus*, ita homo.  
Qui, rectè si saperent stultos eis annum redderet,  
Nil extrâ carmina, atq; sententias loquitur carnifex :  
Vix soleas, nisi ex *Virgilio* poscet, ita poetâ abutitur.  
Hem *Dinon*, vin' tu homini stulto auscultare mihi ?  
Succenturi jam nunc gnaviter in corde *Sycophantias* :  
Nam si bolus iste tantus eripiat ex faucibus,  
Nunquam iterum occasio dabitur, fortunatus ut sies. 20  
Ignota regio ; heri stolidi, ac divites : tum ego, *Dinon*.  
Plenus fallaciæ servus, & pecuniæ indigens.  
Næ Oves commisit lupo, hos mihi qui concedidit.  
Atque eccos ipsos de navi ; eorum autem *Gnomicum* ;  
Vt magnifice infert sese ! gradiri *Iambum* crederes,  
Concedam istuc, hem *Bajuli*, an dormitis super sarcinas ?

### Scena Secunda.

*Gnomicus. Morion. Gelasimus, Dinon.*

*Gno.* Quod fœlix faustumque sit (quâ formulâ delecta-  
bantur Veteres)

Egressi optatâ Troes potantur arenâ.

Ne a *Virgilio* nostro poetarum omnium facile principe  
Quem ego honoris causâ nomino, transversum digitum, 30  
Aut unguen latum excedamus, ut pulchre in proverbio,  
*Mor.* Tutor, gratulor tibi huc adventum meum.

*Gn.* Dixisses potius tuum,  
Nam hoc esset more *Aulico*.

*Mor.* Immò utrumque mi *Tutor Gnomico*,

(*Dinon, Bajuli.*)

Quem ego honoris causâ nomino ; sed quenam est hæc  
Regio ?

Nam mihi non magis nota est de facie, quam si esset,  
Terra incognita.

*Din.* Adsunt *Bajuli* cum sarcinulis.

*Ba.* Quo portamus, Domine ?

*Din.* Ad tabernam proximam diversoriam, ego osten-  
dam locum. 40

*Gno.* Quin *Bajuli* edico vobis, quod *Simo* senex in  
Comediâ,

Vos isthæc intrò auferte ; abite ; *Dinon*, sequere ;

Non, paucis te volo.

*Mor.* *Dinon*, st ! ego paucis te volo.

Memento de vino bono.

*Din.* Here factum puta,

Nam nihil mihi potius est, quam in hæc re animo tuo  
obsequi.

*Mor.* St ! *Bajuli* ! quin dico, sistite vos mihi, *Bajuli*.

*Baj.* Quid est quod nos velis ?

*Mor.* Cavete de sarcinulis, 50

Ne quassæ sint vehementer aut jactæ in terram fortiter.

*Baj.* Numnam insunt vitra ?

*Mor.* Non, non, non, sed nolo aurum nimis premi ;

Ne forte imago regia aliquid detrimenti capiat,

Et læsæ Majestatis reus fiam ; sat sapio mihi, diis gratias.

*Exeunt Dinon, Bajuli.*

*Gn.* Pish, verbum sapienti sat est : norunt quid velis,  
abite

Audin' lætitiâ nautarum ! ferit aurea sydera clamor.

*Celeusma intus.*

*Mor.* O musicos homines ! utinam ego essem navita :

Vix me abstineo, quin clamem.

(*Clamaf*)

*Gelasio*, quid tu tristis es ? 60

*Gn.* Quid frontem, ut dicam *Metaphoricè*, caperas  
*Gelasime?*

*Gel.* Egon' tristis? non; meditabar tantum de naturâ  
maris.

Cur *Dij* Deaque malefaciant omnes, nunquam navigabo  
postea

Nam nihil navigatione magis incommodum est ingenio  
bono.

Adeo non potui modo unum jocum exprimere, quem di-  
cerem *Bajulis*.

At antequam conscendi navim solebant vel invito mihi  
effluere,

Donicum omnes dicerent, satis, satis, satis, satis est.

*Gn.* *Gelasime*, ut aridet tibi

Navigatio tua? quid jam de mari?

*Gel.* Amara res est oh! bene est, quod me ipsum  
colligo: 70

Hic primus jocus est quem dixi in his regionibus,

Et est tantum parvus jocus, meliores certè soleo.

Adeste æquo animo, & meliores audietis postea.

*Mor.* Hei ho! o hime!

*Gno.* Quid est *Morion?* cur imo gemitum de pectore  
ducis?

Secundum poetam.

*Mo.* Totus contremisco cum de rebellante meo stoma-  
cho cogitem,

O jentaculum illud, quod ego de tabulatis totum evomui!

O ova! o vinum! oh sumen! hæc omnia infelix perdidit.

Obsonavi piscibus largitè. 80

*Gn.* Quis tanta fando

*Myrmidonum*, *Dolopumve*, aut duri miles *Vlyssi* (*eupho-  
niae gratia*)

Temperet a lacrymis? video certè rectè dici a veteribus.

*Πύρ, ὄβρις, γόρυς, τριὰ κακὰ.*

Sive ut ego juvenis in Pentametrum Latinum transtuli.

Sunt tria mala viris; Ignis, Aqua, Mulier.

*Mo.* Præterea, Tutor, aliquid aliud certe, me nimis  
malè habuit,

Nam cum, ex alto terram procul prospeximus:

Continuò ut nos propriis accessimus, illa aufugit longulè!

Idque ita ego observavi ipse. 90

*Gno.* Vides ergo, quod

Post nubem *Phœbus*, *Dulcia* non meruit qui non gustavit  
amara:

Multa diuque tuli: *Difficilia* quæ pulchra!

Per varios casus per tot discrimina rerum

Tendimus in *Latium*. *Plurimæque* alia

Commodè a veteribus dicta sunt in hanc sententiam.

*Gel.* Omittis, *Morion*, tempestatem reminisci.

*Mor.* Rectè mones:

Nunquam tam malè metui ne ad caelum irem ingratiis.

*Gno.* I am-jam tracturos sidera summa putes, 100

Sed eho tu, adeon' vero metuis *ἀπρόβουρον*?

*Mor.* Quidni metuum?

Nolo tam durum in me dici quicquam vocabulum:  
*ἀπρόβουρον*?

*Gel.* Ego meherculè tunc temporis guttam non habui  
sanguinis,

Prætimore, ne sub *Ponti* *Marmore* sepultura nobis fieret.

Intelligis Tutor? ambiguum id verbum est: ludo in *τῷ*  
*Marmore*.

Numnam auditis hoc? stabo promissis meis si attenditis.

*Mo.* *Dii* te perdant, adeò in omni sermone factus es.

*Gel.* Ain' vero? tunc maledicis ingenio meo?

*Mo.* Quidni? quæso annon ad hæreditatem nati  
sumus? 110

Tun' *Filius* natu maximus doctis dictis animum applicas?

*Vitium*, *Gelasime*, vitium est.

*Gno.* Quid est adolescentes? revocate animos, maes-  
tumque timorem

Mittite, nam jam in vado sumus, cum *Proverbio*.

*Mo.* Obsecro te atque etiam oro uti ne revertamur  
domum.

Nam oppidò mihi aridet hujus loci facies.

*Gno.* Potin' igitur

Vt sustineas animum si nunquã patrèm sis visurus denuo?

*Mo.* *Hercle* vero satin' mihi exciderat Pater de memoriã?

Perquam molesta res est Pater, sed nisi fallor non sem-  
per vivunt senes. 120

*Gela.* Video me frustra esse: necesse est ut revocem  
ad me fugitivum meum ingenium.

*Mor.* Nimis diu *hercle* est, ex quo ego ebrius fui,

Atque adeo annus videtur, donicum in hæc regione probe  
madeam.

*Gela.* Tutor, cedo, quid faciendum est jam nunc: pe-  
tinusne diversorium?

Ibique omnem hanc ex animo eximimus lassitudinem?

*Mor.* Imo illic bibamus strenue.

*Gel.* Rectè, & postilla faciam carmina.

*Mor.* Atque ego dormiam.

*Gno.* Faciesne adolescens carmina?

At non constabunt tibi *Pedes* posteaquã strenuè biberis,  
*Intellectin'* *Gelasime*, quod velim per *Pedes* annon? 130

*Gela.* Ha, ha, he. *Eugepæ!* ob istuc te dictum amo  
plurimum.

At nisi eripuisse ex ore mihi, equidem prævortissem te  
Et certè magnus jocus est: donabo hunc pugillaribus,  
*Carmina*—tibi *pedes*—biberis—Ha, ha, ha, he (*scribit*.)

*Mor.* Næ istos omnes jocos *dii* perdant: nam ante  
hoc temporis

Madere potuissem, nisi quod diem malè amisimus.

*Gno.* Eamus igitur; nam scriptum in poetâ invenimus,  
*Ennius* ipse Pater nunquam nisi potus ad arma prosiluit  
dicenda

Vbi Pater, quia erat primus; *Arma*, *Metaphorice*, & alio  
loco, 140

Fœcundi calices Quem non fecere Poetam?

*Gela.* Pulcherrimè! Quem non fecere Poetam!

*Mor.* Si me certe facere possent, nunquam vel pitissa-  
rem postea.

Poetam! vah! sumne ego *Filius* *Polipori* natu maxi-  
mus?

*Gno.* Bene habet: jam vos instituem optimis secun-  
dum hunc locum atque ætatem moribus,

Docebo peregrinandi artem, atque edicam *Formulas*.

Persuadendi, deridendi, atque adoriendi homines?  
Donec omnes mortales vos admirentur æque ac me.

Sed prius intrò eamus, nam melius hanc rem præstabimus

Impleti veteris Bacchi, pinguisque ferinae. 190  
 Mor. Longè hercle melius. *Excunt.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Æmylio.*

*Æm.* Enimvero ego jam nunc incedo vir ornatissimus,  
 Meque ipse dum contemplor magis, continuò in mentem  
 venit.

Hominum catenulis suspensorum jamdiu in viâ regiâ :  
 Næ illi vestitu solent ease ad istam planè faciem.  
 Neutiquam hoc placet omen : quanquam si eveniat, hoc  
 volupe' est mihi

Quod hinc ego vestibus commodare non possim carnifici.  
 Nolo ille homo per me ditescat : sed interea temporis  
 Dii vostram fidem ! quid mihi faciendum est misero ?  
 Num fiam (qui hic rara avis est) Philosophus denuo ? 160  
 Qui possim, nisi forte Cynicus, adeò oblatrat stomachus ?  
 Num impendam operam foro, ac contorquendis Legi-  
 bus ?

At malum herclè omen est auspicari id studium, in For-  
 mâ Pauperis.

Dicit aliquis, bono ingenio es : adjuge animum Poëticae :  
 Quamobrèm vero ? adeòne parùm inops sum, ut fiam  
 magis ?

Nam hæc recta viâ't ad egestatem : præterea frustra  
 hoc sperat animus,

Nunquam ego evadam Literatus homo, sat scio,  
 Vnam de me ipso nisi si Literam longam faciam.

Quid igitur agere instituum ? nam agendum esse aliquid  
 id venter admonet :

Et Plurimum præstat manu meâ, quam Laborare in hunc  
 modum fame : 170

Quanquam cum magis cogito, quid est, opera quod con-  
 ficiat mea ?

Nisi si ad abigendos Corvos memet Hortulano collocem.  
 Quod præstare optimè poteram cum ornatu hoc formido-  
 losissimo.

At non est, uti nimium properem properare ad id muneris  
 Nam, velim nolim, sat citò ad Corvos eundum est mihi.  
 Lubet mehercule suscipere meam veterem denuo provin-  
 ciam.

Aliquid intendenda est in aliquem fallacia : hoc fixum ma-  
 neat.

### Scena Quarta.

*Æmylio, Dione.*

*Æm.* Sed quis hic homo est, qui sermonem nostrum  
 arbitratur

Ex adversâ plateâ ? 180  
 Quantum ex vultu colligo eodem laborat morbo, quo ego  
 Et multi magni viri laborarunt.

*Dis.* Herus meus *Morion* cum *Tutore Gnomico.*

Ejusdem farinae homine & *Gelasimo* sequali suo  
 Benè intus potat, ibi illi tres conveniunt optime ;  
 Hos ego nisi emungam aliqui pecuniâ,  
 Sumne ipse stultus istorum multò maximus ?

Nam heri *Polygorus* pater adprimè dives est,  
 Nescit, quid faciat auro ; at ego quid faciam scio.

*Æm.* *Ædopol* servum graphicum ! ex amussim sen-  
 tentiam meam

Locutus est adeò : hunc mihi notum esse oportuit, 190  
 Nam idem sentimus ambo, quod est in propinqua parte  
 amicitiae.

*Dis.* Age *Dione.* *Æm.* Oh, idne tibi nomen est ?

*Dis.* Nunc specimen spectitur *Dione* ingenii tui,  
 Nisi aliquam fabricam facias, non causam dico  
 Quin omnes te uno ore prædicent servum minimi pretiî,

*Æm.* A me non impetro herclè, ut abstineream diuitiis,  
 Ita hominem amo perditâ. *Dione*, salve,  
 Gaudeo sanè, quandoquidem hac salvis veneris,  
 Valustin' usque ?

*Dis.* Quisnam hæc larva est ? 200

Quantum de veste conjecto hic stipem petit ;  
 Oh ! scio quid dicturus : Miles sum, potitus hostiam,  
 Occisus jam bis in bello, confossus millies &c.

Parcas labori tuo : nihil do : benè vale.

*Æm.* Quasi non norimus nos inter nos, mitte has ur-  
 gas, *Dione.*

Vbi est Herus tuus ? pulchrè os sublinemus homini.

*Dis.* Quid (malum) vis tibi ? tun' herus nosti meum.

*Æm.* Tanquam te. *Dis.* Ita sentio.

*Æm.* Non novi fungum illum ?

Bardum, Baronem, stipitam, asinum, ovem ? 210  
 Quem tondebimus auro hodie usque ad vivam cutem.

*Dis.* Hic pol herum meum (quoloquid id est) suo appel-  
 lat nomine.

Iurares novisse hominem, itâ depinxit probè.

Quoniam verò tam familiaris es ; factio ut sciam,  
 Quod nomen tibi sit amico atque necessario meo.

*Æm.* Quasi verò oblivisci potis sis, factus es, *Dione.*  
 (*Amplēctitur.*)

*Dis.* Non, non, quæso move te abs me longius, nam  
 licet te amem,

Memini me semper odisse servulos tuos, nihil bestias.

*Æm.* Quos servulos memoras ? Ego meos reliqui domi.

*Dis.* Nempe a tergo sunt, funguntur officio suo, 220  
 Nam tu, tanquam alter Bias, omnes tuos tecum portas.

*Æm.* Ah nequam ! idem es, video, qui fuisti prius.  
 A puero te novi, semper mordebas aliquem.

*Dis.* Egon' mordebam verò ? id servuli faciunt tui.

*Æm.* Non est ut ab illis timeas, *Dione*, licet constent,  
 Me festas meas vestes non induisse hodie.

Cogitabam domi me mansurum, sed quid refert ?

Omnes me norunt, non est uti laborem de vestitu.

*Dis.* Falsum : ego te non novi, Dis gratias,

Sed rectè, mi vetus amice, adeò ornatum negligis, 230  
 Nam virtute formæ evenit, te, ut, quicquid habeas, deceat.

Sed si tenebris fortè surgeres, diligentia opus est,

Ne induas subligacula in diplodis loco,

Adeo difficile est utrumque in te distinguere.

*Æm.* *Æstive* tectus sum de industria ; sudor me emecat.

*Dis.* Consilium dabo, amice, si me audias, perbonum,  
 In rem tuam esse arbitror, ut moriaris quam primùm  
 poteris

Nam tunc te, *Ædiles* forsitan ad sepulturam duint.

Et, quod anno non fecisti, obvolutus jacebis linteo.  
*Æm.* Nolo obsonare vermes. 240  
*Dis.* Quam pediculos satius est.  
 Obsecro Amice, quo avolavit collare, & subucula?  
 Ne tantillum quidem usquequaque gerit linteï  
 Quod digitum tegat, si eum casu vulneret.  
*Æm.* Lotrix habet, quid taa?  
*Dis.* Iste galerus jam cribrum est.  
 Revereri me necesse est; operire non potes caput.  
*Æm.* Admitti solem volo: queso an id invides?  
*Dis.* Nunquam antea oculis vidi meis ambulare sterquilinum.  
*Æm.* Nunquid dignum habes familiarem ludo ludere?  
 Si serio faceres——*Dis.* Quid tum? 250  
*Æm.* Acciperem joco.  
*Dis.* Ædipol hominem perpaucorum hominum! ingenium perplacet.  
 Sed negotiosum me decet esse aliis negotiis.  
 Vale, bone vir, cum revocârim in memoriam qui sis, revoctar tibi.  
*Æm.* Obsecro, num amicum deseris? quid faciam?  
*Dis.* Teipsam pensilem.  
*Æm.* Da igitur drachmam, non placet ita prodigere de meo.  
 Quia morare, verbo expediâ quid est quod te velim.  
 In Morionem herum tuum tragulam inicere 260  
 Animum induxisti, ne nega: induxti, scio.  
 Hanc si devolvas mihimet provinciam  
 Ita argento illum circumvortam consutis dolis,  
 Vt revera me dicas postea necessarium tuum.  
 Miles hanc domum nostrae commisit fidei  
 Servandam in reditum suum *Bombardomachides*,  
 Peropportuus istic locus est, tum autem ego  
 (Dimidium mearum Laudum prætereo præ modestiâ.)  
 Ita retexo omnes mortales, quemque præhendero,  
 Vt oppidò se tactos credant modo si conspexerim. 270  
*Dis.* Vt loquitur, ne crumena pertunsa sit, mihi valide cautio'st.  
 Nimio fuit familiaris. *Æm.* Idem à te caveo *Dimon*,  
 Nam propè adstitisti: salva res, nihil tactus es.  
*Dis.* Dij me amant, quandoquidem hunc hominem  
 objecerunt mihi,  
 Iam nunc aggrediar facinus auspicio liquido.  
 Nam cum isthoc comite vel ipsi Mercurio verba darem  
 Ità omnes articulos callet sycophantiae.  
 Quod nomen tibi dicam omnia? *Æm.* *Æmylionis*.  
*Dis.* Tum bone *Æmylio* da mihi matrem, conditionem  
 accipio.  
 Dabin' verb' jusjurandum te fidelem fore? 280  
*Æm.* Do deos testes tibi: queso cui mortalium  
 Præstanda est, fidem si inter nosmet frangimus?  
 Sed moram dictis creas, dic qui sint homines,  
 Vnde, quid veniant, nam adibo, quasi ætatem nossem.  
 It dies, & nondum pecuniæ inicio unguas.  
*Dis.* In viâ tibi dicam omnia: sed cum istocceine  
 Ornatu, mi *Æmylio*? *Æm.* Fish, potin'ut quiescas?  
 Amnon vestitus tibi videor satis basilicof?  
*Dis.* Vt voles, esto: satin' ex improvise tandem  
 Amicitia tanta icta est? *Æm.* Meus bonus Genius! 290

*Dis.* Meus alter idem! *Æm.* Meus *Pilades*!  
*Dis.* Orestes meus! *Æm.* Meus—θεός ἀπὸ μηχανῆς!  
*Dis.* Mitte tricas, I præsequar.  
*Æm.* Quasi essem tam malè moratus, mi *Pilades*?  
 Peregrino semper——  
*Dis.* Vix audeo te a tergo relinquere.  
 Tibi herclè locum cedo, tu nebulo major es.  
*Æm.* Eamus ergò simul, mea commoditas.  
*Dis.* Mea opportunitas, camus.

Exeunt.

## Scena Quinta.

Gnomicus, Gelasimus, Morion, Puer.

*Gn.* Vti in primo Actu Menæchmi, Scenâ secundâ dicitur 300  
 Sepulchrum habeamus, & hunc comburamus diem.  
 Eugè Plautus, ἀπὸ τοῦ πλανός dictus! sic Horatius  
 Diem condere, & ὁ ποιητῆς Latii per excellentiam,  
 Iamque diem clauso componit vesper Olympo.  
*Gel.* An dies mortua est? ha, ha, ha, ha, an inquam  
 dies mortua'st Tutor?  
*Mor.* Moriatur sanè, aut suspendat se, si volt, *Puer*,  
 cedo vinum.  
 Hum——nullumne magi' vetus? *Pu.* Illicò, illicò (*bibit*).  
 Nullus est in totâ urbe qui tibi melius præbeat,  
 Si ejus frater esses. *Mor.* Frater, carnifex?  
 Non sum ego Polyporo unicus? sed periculum faciam.——  
 (*bibit*.) 310  
*Pu.* Vt scintillulat, quasi——*Mor.* Scintillulat? videam  
 Fortassis hoc præstat——certè scintillat probè (*bibit*).  
 Quid (malum) an captas pedes meos? *Pu.* Egon'  
 Domine?  
*Mor.* Dimidiatum tibi cyathum nunquam Tutor, por-  
 rigam.  
 Moratus sum melius——da Tutori, *Puer*, (*bibit*).  
*Pu.* Illico, illico, inquam, non possum esse hic & illic  
 simul  
*Gel.* Obstupefaciam jam ego puerum ingenio meo.  
 Adi sis. *Pu.* Maxime. *Gel.* Adesdum verò Minime.  
 Vt verbum retorqueo? quid agis Minime? *Pu.* Vides.  
*Gel.* Ita nimio exiguus fueras, ut vix herclè  
 poteram. 320  
*Pu.* Illico, illico, jam venio, jam, jam, vinum ocyus in  
 Coronam:  
*Gel.* Avolavit: unico planè dicto occidi hominem.  
 Ita omnes quibuscum loquor semper macto infortunio.  
 Hominem tetigi joci quarto Nonas Februarii sub signo  
 Rosæ. (*Scribit*).  
*Gno.* Ah parcas irridere illum *Gelasime*.  
 Ingenui vultus puer est, ingenique pudoris.  
 Adi sis propitùs: quid oculos defigis adeo? attollas caput,  
 Nescis derivari ἀπὸ θρωπῶν ἀπὸ τοῦ ἄνω ἀδρῆω?  
 Pronaque cum spectent animalia cœtera terram,  
 Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri 330  
 Iussit, & erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.  
*Gel.* Non quit respondere: ita joco interfeci modò.  
 Eugè *Gelasime*, nunquam commutatus clues.

*Mor.* Puer pete ocyūs vinum : quid horas bonas perdimus?

*Gno.* Audin' sit Coum, Massicum, vel Leucadium, Falernum, Lesbium, Cœcubum, atque audin' ne sit Aut Vaticanum, aut Vejentanum, aut Laletanum cave, Namque hæc in altam partem accepta apud Authores legimus.

*Pu.* Factum puta : Vinum ocyūs in Rosam.

*Mo.* Puer revertere sis :

*Fac* poculum teipso majus uti simul afferas.

Nam pro vitello ovi ebibere te ex cyatho poteram.

### Scena Sexta.

*Æmylio, jisdem.*

*Pu.* Quo pergis bone vir? nolunt hic fidicnem : Abi cum cantuiculis novis. *Æm.* Ain' Nanule, Ramentum! Triental hominis! Naturæ avaritia! Non licet amicos alioqui? *Pu.* Amicos tuos? In popinâ cœcâ quærites : vinum non bibunt, Nisi, fortè in Principis natali cum ex canalibus funditur.

*Æm.* Quin abi in malam rem furciferule.

*Pu.* Illico; illico. *Exit.* 350

*Æm.* Salvare vos plurimùm jubet amicus voster vetus :

Et vivos valentesque huc advenisse id volupe est mihi.

Facit hoc fortasse vestis insolentia

Vi fugiat vos memoria qui sim,

*Gel.* Non multum falleris.

*Gno.* Rem acu tetigisti, nam sic melius dictum reor.

*Æm.* At vestrum ego & memini, & semper faciam ut meminero.

Nam Morionis patri *Polyphoro* jam olim summus fui, Postquam peregrè advenientem hospitio me exceperat.

*Gno.* Næ bonâ memoria es : didicisse artem, arbitror, 360

Quam (referente Cicerone) invenisse dicitur *Simonides*.

*Æm.* *Gelasime* salve (Dii faciant ne falsus sim) salve *Morion*.

*Mor.* Ego non magis te novi quam Hominem in Lunâ. Sed si vis, salve.

*Gel.* Hunc etiam hominem ludos faciam.

Nunquid vestes etiam tuæ (ha, ha, hæ,) ablerunt peregrè?

*Æm.* Modò admodum ex bello redii, commutare non licuit.

Ita vos ut audivi advenisse properavi visere.

*Gel.* *Ædepol* vestes malas! an ex bello aufugerunt? An ostenderunt terga? tua terga hic intelligo. 370

*Æm.* Oh; benè hercè gaudeo quod significaras mihi, Nam illic jocus est, *Gelasime*, antiquum obtines.

*Gel.* Novit me iste proculdubio, non urgebo ampliùs, Ha, ha, ha! An ostenderunt terga?

Nolo jam coram peregrino, post scribam tamen.

*Æm.* Hanc mihi quam videtis, stragem effecerunt gladii, Tum galerum cernite, eccam tormentorum operam, Annon odor Pyrii pulveris objectu' st naribus?

*Gel.* O bellum quasi minimè bonum!

Ibi ego iterum; nunquam cessabo hodie. 380

*Gs.* Bella per *Æmathios* plusquam civilia campos,

Satin' hic homo excidit mihi de memoriâ?

Pudet oblivisci familiaris tam malè,

Ne superbum dicat, assimulabo quasi sciam.

Incertus sum quis siet, sed hoc nil refert,

Amicus certus in re incertâ cernitur.

*Æm.* Vi valet uxor *Polyphori*? ut senectutem fert?

*Gel.* Quasi injuriam, Malè; Si centum peregrini adsint Nunquam tamen omittam istoc scribere. (*Scrībēt.*)

*Gno.* Ohe! jam satis est: nunc salve, amice optime, 390

Disimulavi per jocum (ut aiunt) quasi non nossem prius.

*Gel.* Nostin' verò. Tutor, seriò dic nomen obsecro.

*Gs.* Nomen? quasi—versatur mihi in labris primoribus.

*Æm.* Peril: nomen amici: oh! Peripolemarchus est.

*Gno.* Dii boni! ita est profectò: sæpe obliviscimur Quæ callemus, ut proverbii facetissimè, tanquam digitos.

*Gel.* Certè quodque cum animo cogitem, quasi per nebulam memini

Me vidisse illam faciem. *Mor.* Tum ego memini quoque: Itaque propinabo tibi. Hem! Peripo—Peripolome—

Non multum refert, nosti quid velim, tibi præbibo. 400

*Gno.* Sedeamus omnes, in re omni servanda est *Methodus*.

Sic melius carpemus munera *Bacchi*. Clama puerum *Gelasime*.

*Gel.* Non parebit mihi Tutor, ità derisi modò.

*Gno.* Hous puer, ascende ad culmina tecti.

*Pu.* (*Subt.*) Statim venio, illico.

*Gno.* At citius quam coquantur asparagi. En, age seque Rumpè moras.

*Æm.* Prædam habeo: salvus sum: tres hæc *Asinos* Duse res statim pessundabunt, Ebrietas & Ego.

Eho tu! dum vos hic largiter stocamus cyathos, 410

Iube cytharistria intus nos oblectet cantuiculis.

Circumfer tu merum; da bibere plenis cantharis.

A summo incipe.

*Gno.* Peripolemarche, pulchrè admoneas.

Iuvat insanire.

*Mor.* Nimio nimis sum sanus diu.

St! Pax! oh harmoniam! ut vibrasset! (*Cantio.*)

*Gno.* Hem *Morion* clauduntur lumina somno?

*Mor.* Non, non, non.

Sine me esse nihili. *Gel.* Madet pol *Morion*. 420

*Mor.* Madeon' *Gelasime*?

An ego madeo, Tutor? cedo gladium Peripomarchides.

*Gel.* Videon' ego circumfusam illic turbam hominum?

Planè ebrius es *Gelasime*, per Deos immortales ebrius es.

*Gno.* Arma virumque cano *Trojsæ* qui primus ab oris

Italiam fato profugus—hic illius arma

Hic currus fuit—circumfer merum, carnefex.

Multum ille & terris jactatus & alto

Vi uperum, sævæ memorem—porrige mihi poculum.

Amice, benè me, benè te, benè noster *Virgilius*. 430

Arma virumque cano— (*Bibit.*)

*Mor.* Benè habet: ego iterum potabo ne me credant ebrium. (*Supra.*)

*Din.* Horunce hic ego facta et sermones legam.

Quam strenuè Genio indulgent! faxo, si vivus vivam,



Plus uti cras lacryment, quam ebiberunt hodié.  
Tum nos, si Baccho placet, in hunc modum, hilarem  
Sumemus diem, atque amantum : Ebrietatem sitio.

*Æm.* Nisi dissimulem quasi biberem, herclé me ever-  
tent cyathis,

Ita properant interire : Dii me beatum volunt.

*Mo.* Ego non sum ebrius *Gelasima.* 440

*Gel.* Neque ego.

*Mo.* Neque ego.

*Gel.* Benè igitur ; salutem tibi.

*Mo.* Enimverò ego sum ingeniosissimus.

*Gel.* At ego multò magis.

*Mo.* Tun' magis ?

*Gel.* Inquam, Magis.

*Mo.* Benè, sum tamen ingeniosissimus, hem ! propino  
tibi.

*Gel.* Vix lacrymis abstineo equidem, ità te amo *Morion.*

*Mo.* O *Gelasime!* 450

*Gel.* O *Morion!*

*Gno.* Move manus ocyûs ; (*Puer Exit.*)

(*Dimon intus sonitum facit & calensma.*)

Quid stas ? colaphû impingam tibi grandem cum Comico.

*Mo.* Dii vostram fidem ! tempestatem magnam ! eamus  
oratum Tutor.

*Gel.* Tempestatem verò ! certo certius turbo exortus  
est,

Ità vehementer conquassat navim, ut vix queam stare.

*Gno.* Ecce autem, clamorque virum, stridorque rud-  
entum !

Satin' in navi nos esse oblitus fui ? hem ! curate navitæ,

Ne navis confringatur, neve impingat forsitan in Scopu-  
lum,

Tempestas increbrescit. 460

*Din.* Pol mortales graphloos !

Perilimus, navis perlit, ad extrema se paret quisque.

Nesciunt jam vocem meam ; ego, pulchrè delusos dabo.

*Æm.* Dinonis illa vox est ; Eugepæ ! factum est  
optimè.

*Gno.* Apparent adhuc sydera : hic Pollux, illic Castor  
est. (*ad lucernas*)

*Æm.* Hem ! nauclere, nauclere inquam ! quamdiu  
vivimus ?

*Din.* Vix horæ dimidium ; perimus !

*Mo.* Heu quid faciam miser ?

Præ timore iterum vomam ; si jam undis obruar, 470

Nunquam navigabo postea.

*Æm.* Adesdum, adesdum inquam, *Gnomice.*

Viden' fluctum illum decimum ?

*Gno.* Decimæ venit impetus undæ ;

Posterior nono est, undecimoque prior.

*Gel.* O si quis bibere jam queat Salutem mihi !

Non possum non jocari hoc ipso in articulo,

Expirabo animam joco.

*Mo.* Non possum pati me mori. (*genu flectit.*)

O quoties peccavi ego ! (*bibit*) Madui quoties ! (*bibit.*) 480

Quoties scortatus sum ! (*bibit*) nunquam videbo patrem,  
Nunquam post hæc bibam, (*bibit*) abi sis uter miser.

(*frangit.*)

Convertamus nos Tutor, ad preces ; illicò.

*Gno.* Maximè :

O terque quaterque beati,

Quis ante ora Patrum, Trojæ sub mœnibus altis

Contigit oppetere.

*Pu.* Ecquid nos vocastis ?

*Æm.* Dii te perdant, ità inopportunè huc te conlicis.

Abi sis furcifer. (*extrudit*) *Gno.* Quod fit ? 490

*Æm.* Rogas ?

Vidistin' ut ad prorâ modò Deus aliquis marinus adstitit ?

*Gel.* Non, erat piscis magnus. *Æm.* Piscis ?

*Gel.* Piscis meherculè,

Mehercule, inquam, piscis, ex voce id satis colligo.

*Din.* Funes rupti sunt, disiecta vela, navis lacera est.

Actum de nobis, Socii.

*Mo.* O mortem—quid faciam ?

Obsecro atque oro vos pisces mihi parcite.

Ego filius sum Polypori natu maximus. 500

*Din.* Exonerabo hunc ego congietum in eorum capita,

Perimus, ho ! socii, perimus, absorbet nos mare, (*deicit*)

Iam, jam absorbet, perimus.

*Gn.* O nos miseros ! viden' ut aquas puppis combibit ?

Servare hanc familiam ipsa non poterit Salus,

Vt pessimè Comicus. O Peripolemarche, queso duc me  
in inferiora navis.

*Gel.* Et me, me, me, me etiam obsecro.

(*Detrudis in cellam Bombard.*)

*Mo.* Valetè ; ego jam moriar. (*caedit.*)

*Din.* Ha, ha, ha ! dii vostram fidem, rem venustam,  
& lepidam ! 510

Non potuit evenire melius, quam evenit isthæc fabrica.

*Æm.* St ! st ! *Dimon* st ! descende, altum dormiunt ;

(*Dimon descendit.*)

Næ ego multum fallor, nisi hi homines naufragium verum  
fecerint.

*Puer ingreditur.*

*Pu.* Non, non, non ; repræsentatam prius

Pecuniam oportet esse pro his quos fecerunt sumptibus,

Antequam hunc etiam auferas.

(*Morionis oculos spoliat, & dat puero pecun.*)

*Æm.* Pecuniam ? lubentissimè, lubentissimè accipe sis.

*Pu.* Iam habe tibi hunc asinum ; illicò, illicò. (*Exit.*)

*Æm.* O Iovem, cæteroque cœlites !

(*Tollunt Morionem*)

Necesse est risu spectatores emorirer 520

Si rem transferret istam in Comœdiam quispian.

*Exeunt.*



## ACTVS Secundus.

### Scena Prima.

*Dinon, Æmylio habitu Mor.*

*Din.* *Æmylio*, ecquid stas animo ? quin iterum,  
inquam, *Æmylio* :

Heredis illæ vestes sunt, vereor ne cerebro incommodent.

*Æm.* Para tibi ornatum novum, & tum mecum fabu-  
lator postea.

Quamquam insolens fecero, si sermonē feram eam servulo Fortunae haece meas sublatus animus decet.

Siquidem fidelem te praestitisti, hōm manum ad oculos.

*Din.* Faxo pol oculos meam, siquidem in os pugnōs ingeram.

*Aem.* Siquidem hercē ingeras, faxo mihi os esse senseris.

Sed ne accedas adeo; odi semper servulos tuos, nihili bestias

Scio quid diciturus, milles sum, potitus hostium 10  
Occisus bis in bello, confossus milles, &c.

Parcas labori tuo: nihili do. bene vale.

*Din.* Quasi non norimus nos inter nos, mitte nugae *Aemilio*.

*Aem.* Ego Comes *Aemilio* vocor, ne nomen nescias.

*Din.* Ergo comes & amice mi *Aemilio*, respondeas velim.

*Aem.* Rogandi copiam tibi facio audacter loquere.

*Din.* Dii te perdant nugivendule, hoc primū Deos rogo:

Nunc te, scripistin' litteras ad *Polyporum*?

*Aem.* Hum! quid ais? nos magni viri negotiis Majoribus impediti, saepe non advertimus quae dicta sunt. 20

*Din.* Exemplar litterarum ad *Polyporum* videre velim. Iamne audis?

*Aem.* Hum! Litterarum? potest fieri ut ostendam tibi.

*Din.* Potest fieri ut diminuem tibi caput nisi mittas has tricas.

*Aem.* Obloqueris mihi sic ornato? lege has, inquam, ocyus.

*Din.* Dii gratias cunctis, Marti & seorsim, meo Domino atque Amico bono, quem colo lubens. Fera inter pelagi monstra, Nerel greges, Solitā virtute fillum cepi tuum, 30  
Duosque amicos; servo nunc victos domi,  
Victore me superbientes plurimum.  
Huc properes, redimi si cupis, tantum est, Vale.

*Dus Bombardomachides.*

Obsecro an in hunc modum scribit *Bombardomachides*?

*Aem.* Sic loquitur quotidie: linguam cothurnatam gerit.

*Din.* Avi sinistrā haec res procedit, atque ex sententiā. Quid agimus nunc jam?

*Aem.* Ego agam *Bombardomachidem*.

Tu custodem; barbā induas, atque ornamenta caetera. (Induif)

Hem istuc ocyus: jam Custos purus putus es.

Abl, atque educ captivos, narra rem ordine, 40

Vt capti sint vi, armis: hic vos operibor, abi, (Exit *Din.*)

Poteram ego nunc universos Mortales ludos facere;

Equidem melpsum, pœne metuo: ne personatus *Bombardomachides* (ornat se)

Verum *Aemylionem* fallat. Adeon' perversa es, *Chlamis*?

Efficiam uti rectius; sedeas: Hei! isthaec tiara'st, *Pyramis*.

Exaedificabo cum hāc caput meum tanquam Elephantus, Turrim gesto,

Hem. Ego sum *Bombardomachidissimus*.

*Gn.* Vna salus victis nullam sperare salutem. (Intus.)

*Gel.* Quid ego tuac egi? nonne pugnā quæmadmodū Hyrcana Tigris, cum tenelli abripiuntur catuli? 50

*Din.* Strenuissimè omnium.

*Gel.* Certè: nisi multum me fallit memoria.

*Mo.* Ego etiam aliquid feci.

*Gel.* Vincatur saepe fortissimè;

Tutor, bono animo es.

*Gn.* Maxime: nam dictum est verissime,

In re malā animo si bono utare, juvat: *Di.* Sequimini.

*Aem.* Adsunt; ego nondum comparebo. (Exit.)

### Scena Secunda.

*Dinon, Gnomicus, Galasimus, Morion* (habitu *Aemyl.*)

*Mo.* Hei! Tutor! Tutor; ego non sum *Morion*.

*Gn.* Quid ais?

*Mo.* Per Deos immortales non sum, ego novi *Morionem* sat bene. 60

*Gn.* De caelo descendit γῶφθ' οὐρανῶ. Noacis teipsum.

*Mo.* Non, non, non novi mēhercule.

*Gn.* Quis igitur es? *Mo.* Quomodo ego scire possim?

*Gel.* Phy, phy, idem es.

*Mo.* Sumus? bene habet: sed undè has vestes *Galasime*.

*Gel.* Sane nescio.

*Mo.* Nescis *Galasime*? an hoc sufficit! quid ego respondeam patri?

Quid faciam? Tutor viden'?

*Gn.* Non equidem invideo miror magis—— 70

*Mo.* Hei! *Galerum*! video vos omnes per isthaec foramina.

*Gel.* Quasi fenestras habet.

*Mo.* Fenestras! imo fores: habet fores *Galasime*, hei mihi.

*Gel.* Omnes ingeniosi sunt infelices propemodum.

Vtinā cavissem isthoc crimine: parētes praedixerunt mihi.

*Mor.* Et mihi, sed ego morē gessi, & tamen vestes perdididi.

*Gn.* Ego idem te admonui, seu potius, admonitum habui

Odi puerum praecocis ingenii, inquit, Vir admirabilis.

Sed quid ego ita compe loquor in miseris?

Iam licet tibi verè dicere *Galasime*. 80  
Ingenio perii Naso Poëta meo.

*Din.* Nisi aliter vobis visum est accorsam herum,

Nam vos conventos velit. *Gn.* Immo; pro libitu tuo:

Siquid me velit, Poëta respondere docuit,

Coram, quem quæritis, adsum, Trojus *Aëneas*.

*Mor.* Mene ut videat cum his vestimentis? dic, qui sim, Tutor.

*Din.* Expectant te; cave sis titubus; atque audin' etiam?

Fac risum teneas, nam periculum id est.

*Aem.* Pish: vultum in manū habeo *Aemylis*.

*Gel.* Basilicè se infert, tanquam lapis ille Indicus, 90

Qui spectatorum omnium oculos fertur perstringere.

*Gn.* Ora humerisque Deo similis!

*Mor.* Totus horreo tremoque; ego statim vocam.

*Æm.* Tonitru cum hostes vicinus feros bellico,  
Vincere & nosmet quimus, ac vitam dare.  
Mens nostra frangi nescit, at flecti potest.

*Gn.* O quem te memorē, Miles, namque haud tibi vultus  
Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat, O Dea certē!

*Æm.* Eripere possumus lucem & lucem dare. 100  
Sic fulminantis fertur potestas Iovis,  
Medio sic bello valet Gradivus meus,  
Quid armis possim, estis vos experti satis,  
Dubimus alterna, sic visum est Fato & mihi.

*Mor.* Quid faciam? timor in posteriora decidit,  
Anima exte nostra per posticum cupit.

*Gel.* Vt bellicō loquitur! non audeo hunc hominem  
jocis ludere.

*Æm.* Ob hoc Polyporo celerem misi Nuncium,  
Hinc uti vos salvos ducat.

*Gn.* Mœcnas atavis editæ Regibus,  
O & præsidium, & dulce decus meum! 110

*Mor.* Ego iterum reviscam nam aquam vitæ loquitur.  
*Gel.* Vt jam mitescit ferox! haud multum aliter

Hyæna (mirum) ex mare in sceminam migrat,  
Boni ingenii est similitudines rerum fingere.

Et concinnam ego comparationē aliquando jocis præsero.  
*Æm.* Quis tu? vel fare nomen, vel longum sile.

*Mo.* Ego? servus tuus—

*Æm.* Quid aures tundit meas? ha!

*Mo.* Favoris tui studiosissimus.

*Æ.* Ambages mittito. 120

*Mor.* Filius natu maximus patris mei Ego.

*Æm.* Nomen rogo.

*Mor.* Vtinam esset dignum quod exaudias.

*Æm.* Frustrā sum: tuum?

*Gel.* Quemadmodum (cum bonā tuā veniā) tu vocaris  
*Bombardomachides,*

Eodem planē modō delector ego nomine *Gelasimi*  
Facetē meum nomen cum illius confero, quo illi assen-  
tari possim magis. (*Screibt.*)

Insinuavi me callidē ad *Bombardomachidem* quarto  
Nonas Feb.

*Æm.* Tuum. *Gn.* Sed si tantus amor nomen cog-  
noscere nostrum

Ququam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit 130  
Incipiam—*Gnomicus* (si tibi visum fuerit) seu *Gnomico*  
nomen est mihi.

*Æm.* Fac serve officium: rursus revortar intrō. *Exit.*

*Gel.* Certo certius abiens mihi toto annuebat capite,  
Admiratur ingenium meum: medius fidius captus.

*Mor.* Non respondebam illi rusticæ *Gelasimæ.*

Euge *Morion*; nolo me indoctum prædicent,  
Licet indigeam vestium.

*Di.* Placetne hinc vos? *Ge.* Quo?

*Di.* Vnde educti.

*Ge.* In cellam illam angustam ac tenebriosam  
obsecro? 140

Quam ego Orci januam per jocum nominavi modo.

*Di.* Scilicet; donec vos Polyporus.

*Mor.* Eamus igitur; placent tenebræ,  
Nam si diutius hos pannos conspiciam, lacrymabo lar-  
gitèr.

*Gn.* Plantus Comediam scripsit, cui Captivi titulus.  
Vates ò Plaute fueras, nam vates nomen ambiguum'st.  
Nos jam Captivi. *Δις δ' ἐτελεσθη βουλή.*

*Mor.* Tutor, Tutor, revertere sis ocyūs Tutor.

*Gno.* Quid est?

*Mor.* Nihil jam; sed aliquis momordit me de tergo:  
eamus sodes. *Exeunt.* 150

*Scena Tertia.*

*Æmylio, Dinon.*

*Æm.* Absumptus sum planissimè: *Gnomici* me expe-  
tant pedicæ.

Neque unam ex illius sententiis habeo, quā me consolær  
miserum.

Nempe hoc in more positum est, Generosus factus conti-  
nuo ut vapulet.

Incertum est quid agam, ita isthæc res subitaria'st.

Heus *Dinon*, huc te ocyūs; inquam *Dinon.* (*Intrat*  
*Dinon.*)

*Di.* Satin' es apud te? quid vis?

*Æm.* Qui possim? modò in viā—

*Di.* *Bombardomachidem*?

*Æm.* Dixti. Nullus sum.

*Di.* Quam mox aderit obsecro? 160

*Æm.* Quin adest: vix punctum temporis ad consilium  
datur.

Iacebit in fermento totus, tum loquetur meros lapides.

*Di.* Imò pistrinum, fustes, viacula: istæc ne loquetur  
plus metuo.

Nullamne expurgationem habes?

*Æm.* Hum! nimium hoc callidum est: imo sic erit—  
*Dinon*, ita facito.

*Di.* Quid?

*Æm.* Hem, tardè, nondum intelligis?

*Di.* Quid (malum) an ex vultu conjecturam capiam,  
quid me velis?

*Æm.* Ad summam domum ascendas ocyūs, & con-  
tinuo ubi ille 170

In ædes se penetrârit, fac sonitum horrendum facias.

Quasi (Intellertin'?) quasi esses Dæmon aliquis.

*Di.* Quamobrem?

*Æm.* Pish, id mora est dicere, abi.

*Di.* Abeo: sed vidistin' ipse Militem?

*Æm.* Duobus his, inquam, oculis: molestus es.

*Di.* Abeo: verum dices Dæmonem. *Exit.*

*Æm.* Ecce autem adest! morari certum est aliqui  
hominem.

*Scena Quarta.*

*Bombardomachides, Æmylio.*

*Bom.* Quis hic locus, quæ regio, quæ mundi plaga?  
Vbi sum? sub ortu Solis, an sub cardine 180

Glacialis ursæ? numquid Hesperii maris

Extrema tellus hunc dat Oceano modum!

O salve Domus, vosque Penates Dei.

Videon' te Patria? ludit an oculos meos

Imago fallax, non ludit: video satis.

*Æm.* Non opus est; mane dum, & ego te ludam satis.  
Hum—plenum id pericli est—hanc prius insistam  
viam.

*Bom.* Fores pulsabo nostras, pulsabo pede,  
Anticipat quis me? mortem quis quaerit sibi? (*Æm. pulsat.*)  
Verumne cerno corpus? an fallor malâ 190

Deceptus umbrâ? verum est; quid velit sciam.  
*Æm.* Expergiscere ensis: teque ad officium para:  
Nam sartum ex milite faciam, & comedam postea.

*Bom.* O Soelus! quis hoc Scythico natus nemore,  
Sic licet Tigris mater, aut genitor *Leo*,  
Quis unquam dixit orbis formido ultimi,  
Cannibal, humanos ore eructans cibos?  
Abibo, atque isti cedam furori locum,  
Pati nam mortem possum, at exedi pudet,  
Pars magna fortitudinis prudentia est. 200

*Æm.* Quis istic? hem! revortere, si malo caveas.  
*Bom.* Nihil formido, sed tamen totus tremo.

Ego miles juvenis, non sum, credo, falleris.  
*Æm.* Proh deos, deasque omnes! men' falli dicis?  
*Bom.* Non dico; at magni sæpè falluntur viri.

Iratu ne sis; ira nam res est mala.  
*Æm.* Tun' nosti ubi sit gentium *Bombardomachides*?  
*Bom.* Non novi.

*Æm.* At nisi jurato non credam tibi.  
*Bom.* Per cælum, & cæli faces non notum est mihi. 210  
Lingua juro, mentem injuratam gero.

*Æm.* Sed nosti probè hominem. *Bom.* Novi aliquo  
modo.

Immo fortè novi, & non novi forsitan,  
Videtur ille fortis, nec non vir bonus.  
*Æm.* Itane coram in os inimicum laudas meum?  
*Bom.* Videtur tantum dixi, non est vir bonus.

*Æm.* Rectè animum tuum advertis ad animum meum.  
Si has in aedes intrâ mensem se coiciat,  
Itâ inornatum dabo secundum virtutes suas,

Vt istum perpetuò locum pejus angue, oderit. 220  
*Bom.* Ego rus revortar: periculum sapiens fugit.  
*Æm.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, vestis commutata quid facit?  
*Bom.* Quæ verbâ fundit?—faciem vidi prius—

Quin redeas, inquam, revorti aliquandò bonum'st.  
Ipsus est; dominum servus deludis tuum?  
Quis me per auras turbo præcipitem vehet,

Atraque nube involvet, ut tantum nefas  
Eripiat oculis?  
*Æm.* Occisa res est, peril.

Advenisse salvum gaudeo; valvistin' usque athleticæ? 230  
Per jocum hoc feci adèò, joco veniam rogo.  
*Bom.* Rogas? timendum est; aliquis hic errat dolus.  
*Æm.* Nunc homini subpalsabor: experiri volui,  
Vtrum istoc sub ornatu satis delitescerem,

Tu nosti usque in initio quanquam dissimulasti sedulò,  
Operam profectò ludet, tibi verba qui daturus est.  
*Bom.* Antequam vidi, novi, per magnum Jovem,  
Sed in jocantes rursus jocari placet.

*Æm.* Scio, sed ubi est *Eucomissa* & soror mea?  
*Bom.* Sequuntur ponè, men' comitari virgines? 240  
*Æm.* Quid hic sermones caedimus: ibo illis obviam,  
Et dicam ut revortantur domum. *Bom.* Effare quamobrè.

*Æm.* Quis enim ubi hic habitabant gentium?  
*Bom.* Domi.  
*Æm.* Quid? annon mensis est cum nemo homo intro  
pedem retulit.  
*Bom.* Desine: jocari nolo.  
*Æm.* Hem! nondum hoc dixi tibi?  
Satin' oblitus fui; adèò mihi nunc jam res vetus est?  
Spectrorum, Cacadæmonum, malorum Geniorum isthæc  
habitatio'st.

Quotidie colloquantur, ejulant, gemunt, lacrymant, 250  
Crepant, exclamant, mille diversos sonos faciunt,  
Dies me defeceret, si, quæ monstra hic fiunt dicerem.  
*Bom.* Loqueris rem miram: nulla quam credet dies,  
Sed nec tacebit: bonân' hæc dicis fide?  
*Æm.* Quin, inquam, decem plus minus dies incolumi  
capite non eram,  
Tantum hæc mihi res de improvviso incussit metum.  
*Bom.* Metuistin'? non oportuit: servum meum  
Metuisse quicquam? *Æm.* Rectè, si esset similis tui.  
Here, quoniam mihi fortassis minus fidem adhibes,  
Age, ingrediamur, faxo uti omnia ipsus audias. 260  
*Bom.* Nihil timeo: sed egon' ut non credam tibi?  
Credam plus isthoc: & nihil timeo tamen.  
*Æm.* Vellem mehercule te testem hujus rei: sed fac  
ut voles.  
Ibo illis obviam, atque huc ducam nisi aliud imperes.  
*Bom.* Tam prope monstra solus hic stabo? bonè est.  
Abas—*Æmylio* redi—nil timeo tamen.  
*Æm.* Id scio: obtundis. *Bom.* Timeo nil per Iovem,  
Tantum est: abi. *Æm.* Libenter. Ha, ha, ha. (*Exit.*)  
*Bom.* Pavet animus, horret, magna pernicies adest.  
Incendor irâ, rapior, sed quo nescio, 270  
Sed rapior: Spectra in nostrâ triumphant domo?  
Facinus hoc videt summi moderator poli  
Et nondum tonitru convolvit mundum horrido?  
O Phæbe patiens, fugeris retrò licet  
Medioque ruptum merseris cælo Diem.  
*Dis.* (Supra) Oh, oh, oh.  
*Bom.* Sero occidisti—nescio quid faciam miser,  
nam aliquid audio—  
Tuque O Neptune—oh quid faciam? mortuus sum—  
Redeunt tempore; rerum quod primum est omnium.

### Scena Quinta.

*Æmylio, Eucomissa, Egla, Psecas, Bom, Servus.*

*Æm.* Quid est, here, ecquid times? *Bom.* Timeon' Ego? 280

Proh Deos Deasque omnes! æthereas prius  
Perfundet Arctos Pontus, & Siculi rapax  
Consistet æstus unda, & Ionio reges  
Matura pelago surget, ac lucem dabit  
Nox atra terris omnibus. Timeon' Ego?

*Æg.* Cacadæmones? O superos! audire hoc nomen  
mihi febris est.

*Æm.* O Venus! tu & ego, mea *Ægla* dissentimus malè.  
Nam mihi cibus & potus est, ut aiunt, de his fabularier.  
Psecas, quin Psecas, inquam, surda est hæc ancillula;

Tu vidisti Cacodæmonas, nonne? *Ps.* Non, si placet, 290

Sed novi aliquam quæ novit aliam, quæ vidit eos.

*Eu.* Quâ facie erant *Psecas*?

*Ps.* Vnus erat caninâ facie,

Ore & oculis igneis, pedibus bufonis, colore nigro, Candâ æquè longâ ac—& clamabat Boh, Boh, tanquam Leo.

*Æg.* O mirum! tota trepido.

*Eu.* Mecastor, color vertitur, Clamabat tanquam Leo—perge *Psecas*.

*Ps.* Nos omnes illico fugere. *Eu.* Tun' ergo aderas?

*Ps.* Non si placet, 299

Sed illa fugit quam novit familiaris mea Philocomasium.

*Eu.* O: jam intelligo *Psecas*, perge porro.

*Ps.* Alterum fuisse dixit

Tam similem viri, quam Aqua aquæ similis est.

Et erat nudus totum corpus. *Eu.* Totum? O Venus!

Multum, mecastor, cupio, videre istos Cacodæmonas.

*Ps.* Imo si magis noveris, *Eucomissa*, magis cuperes: Nam habuit—ha, ha, hæ, nequeo cogitans quin rideam.

*Eu.* Quid habuit *Psecas*? *Ps.* Non intelligis? habuit—

*Eu.* Quid? eloquere.

*Ps.* Tam magnam rem—Nos omnes admirari illico. 310

*Æg.* Profectò hic ipse'st Cacodæmon, *Eucomissa*, quem dixi tibi

Vidisse me secundum quietem nudius tertius in somnio.

*Eu.* Nulline Cacodæmones nocentiores istis *Psecas*?

*Ps.* Imo sunt omnium generum: nam quidam latent

Sub specie nigri felis cum sex pedibus.

Quidam sub Vespertilionis, aliorumque etiam animalium

Imo novi qui ambulat per noctem induti sindone.

Atque inde evenire solet tot quod insaniant vigiles

Cum Curatoribus pacis.

Depergunt se aliquando in ganeum, 320

Atque illic nocte totâ præ timore combunt.

Post cænam, si placet, plura de re isthâc disputabimus.

*Eu.* Nunc eamus visere spectra.

*Æg.* Viden' quis adest *Eucomissa*?

*Eu.* Mallem spectra: sed fortassis hic est ex eorum monstrorum numero.

### Scena Quinta.

*Calliphanes* Pater, *Calliphanes* Filius, *Æmylio*,  
*Eucomissa*, &c.

*Æg.* Siccine tibi pro ridiculo est, cui nuptura es brevi?

*Eu.* Citius mecastor nubam Cacodæmoni, quem dixit *Psecas*.

Tam Viri similem.

*Æg.* At ego ne Iovem præfero

In se ferentem præcium sine quo Iupiter nihil est. 330

*Cal. P.* *Bombardomachides* salve; huc te salutatum advenimus.

*Bom.* Gratias: sed multus animo occursat dolor,

En alta muri decora, & congestas trabes,

Vt omnis latè splendet infelix domus!

Quicumque regno fidit, & magnâ potens  
Dominatur aulâ, nec leves metuit Deos  
Me videat, & te Domus.

*Cal. P.* Quid ait *Æmylio*?

*Æm.* Nempe quia spectrorum plena est, id dolet.

*Cal. P.* Spectrorum? ubi sunt? (*utitur spec.*) 340

Nulla hic video *Æmylio*.

*Æm.* At intus potes sine quatuor oculis.

*Cal. F.* Si ita est Pater, utantur nostrâ domo: superest illic locus.

*Cal. P.* Nunquam vidi melius consilium dari; quid tu *Bombardomachides*?

Potes ibi oportune filiam tuam huic nostro nuptum dare.

*Bom.* Consilium bonum est, animoque arridet meo.

*Cal. F.* Sed ubi est Virgo? reliquistin' ruri?

*Bom.* Sæpe respicias; sæpe, quod quæras, adest.

*Cal. F.* Latere miror posse tam diu sidera. (*Osculatur*)

Rediisse salvas gaudeo, & meum simul 350

Hunc esse reditum credo, nam vobiscum abfui:

Condonate Amore cæco, vos si conspexi minùs.

*Eu.* Si nunquam conspicias postea lubenter tamen condonabimur,

Misericordes omnes sumus naturâ mulieres.

*Æg.* Amore cæcus es *Calliphanes*? immo oculis nimium vales,

Quod nec est, nec futurû est vides, cum nos appelles sidera.

*Cal. F.* Immo *Ægle* verum dixi! nam si cæli facibus Formosum nondum nomen imponeretur siderum,

Propter similitudinem quandam vestrum id jam nancisci poterant. 359

*Ps.* O Diana! toto corde amo has confabulatiunculas.

*Bom.* *Calliphanes*, oculis nil tale objectum est meis, Pedibus quanquam cuncta conculcavi loca

Asiæque, Europæque, Americæ atque Africæ,

Aliasque terræ partes quas taceo sciens.

*Cal. P.* Memini idem accidere olim cum essem puer, Anno abhinc—hum—Grammaticæ tum operam dedi.

Anno—hum! quinquagesimo secundo—hum! non convenit numerus,

O—quinquagesimo tertio—is profectò annus est.

*Eu.* Licetne, Pater, videre has umbras, & malos Genios?

*Bom.* Videre? nata, non timeo; fac ut voles. 370

*Eu.* Aperi sis ostium *Æmylio*.

*Æm.* Perii in perpetuum modum,

Nimio nimis metuo ut sint isti probi Cacodæmones.

Sanan' es? credin' illos aspectui tuo oblici perperam?

*Eu.* Num loquuntur?

*Æm.* Satis id quidem: sed horrendum in modum, Cave sis ne animam agas.

*Eu.* Disputabit cum illis *Psecas*.

*Ps.* Parata sum satis *Æmylio*, ante hoc temporis disputavi cum Dæmone.

*Æm.* Scio te bonâ esse voce: proculdubio illum obrues, 380

Si tympana, bombardas, tubas, & tintinnabula oris tui afferas.

*Ps.* Itáne me accipis indignis modis ? nunquid cristas erigis  
De illis vestimentis ? amabo, unde habes mi *Amylio* ?  
*Æm.* Pish, dicam tibi, cum sit otium. Quid ais *Caliphanes* ?  
*Cal. F.* Vbi clavis ? cedo mihi sis.  
*Cal. P.* Quid stas lapis ? quin aperis ?  
*Æm.* Dii te silicernium—Vnum pedem in Charontis cymbá habet (secum)  
Et altero tamen ambulat.  
*Eu.* Oh ! non audis malos Genios ?  
*Bom.* Ha ! 390  
*Cal. F.* Nihil est : crepuerunt fores.  
*Æg.* Crepuerunt ? O sordidas fores. (*Supra.*)  
*Din.* Oho, oho, oho, Vrite, fundite, tundite, vertite domum.  
*Bom.* Oh, oh—valete : & timeatis nihil.  
*Eu.* Quo abis Pater ?  
*Bom.* Videre non sustineo tot tímidos simul.  
*Exit. Bom.*  
*Eu.* O Deas ! hæc illa Leonis vox est *Psecas*.  
*Æg.* Abeamus obsecro, *Caliphanes*. (*subs.*)  
*Gno.* Flectere si nequeam superos, Acheronta movebo.  
*Cal. F.* O Poëticum Dæmonem ! 400  
*Æg.* Est furiosissimus omnium procul dubio.  
*Cal. P.* Mira sunt : nunquam vidi tale quid, nisi anno abhinc quinquagesimo tertio.  
*Mor.* O ! profecto sum in Barathro. (*Subter*)  
*Eu.* O *Psecas*, quid faciam ?  
*Ps.* Quid ? faciam periculum in disputatione. Quodnam est tibi nomen Dæmon ?  
*Æm.* Itáne ineptè stulta es ? cave ne te rapiat in maximam malam crucem.  
*Ps.* Mene ? non audet : ego illi oculos effodiã Carnifici.  
*Gn.* Τὸν πατέρα, ἰσθθὲν μέδων, κίδισσε, μέγιστε, καὶ πρόταμος, καὶ γαῖα, καὶ οἱ ὑπάρερθε καυλῶρες, 410  
Τυεῖς μάγρυποὶ ἔστε.  
*Ps.* Immo et si loquaris Hebraicè,  
Ego bene intelligo.  
*Æm.* Abi sis stulta : Græcum est hoc tibi.  
*Din.* Ohò meretrix !  
*Ps.* O scelus ! ego introibo : ne me detine.  
Involabo in faciem illi : Egon' meretrix appellabor a malo Genio ?  
Mentiris Cacodæmon, mentiris.  
*Æm.* Medius fidius hæc mulier Cacodæmon est.  
*Æg.* O Venus ! nihilne vides *Eucomissa* ? 420  
*Eu.* Maxime : ubi est ?  
*Æg.* Ingentem, nigrum ursum !  
*Eu.* Proh Deos immortales ! cum caudã Ignè.  
*Cal. F.* Vbi est ? ego nihil planè.  
*Æm.* Nihil ? circumspice : ut scintillant oculi !  
*Psecas*, cave malum : nam te devoraturus proculdubio huc venit.  
*Ps.* Oh !  
*Cal. P.* Quid aiunt *Amylio* ?  
*Æm.* Ingentem belluam illic—vide modo.  
*Cal. P.* Vbi sunt specularia mea ? Oh nisi fallor Leopardus est. 430

Quid hoc monstri ? Gæste, abeamus precatum Deos.  
*Din.* Occidam, jugulabo, interficiam, capiam, rapiam omnes illico (*sonitus supra.*)  
*Eu.* O *Ægle* ! cedo manum, & fugiamus. *Exeunt* (*Infra sonant catenæ.*)  
*Æm.* Ha, ha, hæ, descende ut te exoculer bove Cacodæmon. *Exit*  
*Din.* Venio : urite, fundite, tundite, caedite, vertite. &c. *Descendit.*

## ACTVS TERTIVS

## Scena Prima.

*Amylio, Dinon.*

*Æm.* Age, incipe *Dinon*.  
*Din.* Non, non : exemplum a te capiam.

1.

*Æm.* *Purgate cerebrum, Medici O insani,*  
*Nec sitis amplius Mortis Publicani.*  
*Oh hominum peccata Orbi*  
*Vos primum missi, postea morbi.*  
*Doctrina capiti agrotare,*  
*Et Sese voluit expurgare :*  
*Tum vestrum quidam vomitu per ora*  
*Existis, quidam per Posteriora :* 10  
*Sic natos, via est inventa,*  
*Vt vos nutrirerit Excrementa.*  
*Nos melius homines evacuamus*  
*Et loculis Clysteriam damus.*  
*Am.* O sacram rem ! scientia talis  
*Dicenda est sola Liberalis.*

2.

*Din.* *Sartores legum, stentorumque natio,*  
*Iam vobis Longa facta sit Vacatio.*  
*Vestri parentes litigarunt*  
*Tunc cum vosmet generaverunt.* 20  
*O vos miseros si uxores*  
*Similis vestri essent oris !*  
*At suos multa Clientes habuerunt*  
*Tunc vestras causas alij egerunt.*  
*Rectè : nam nulli velint haberi*  
*Causidicorum filii veri.*  
*Iam vobis fallere Lege ne sit cura,*  
*Sed fallite nobiscum Iure.*  
*Am.* O sacram rem ! &c.

3.

*Æm.* *Friget inter ignes ars tua, Alchymista,* 30  
*Argentum, nisi vivum, non habet ista.*  
*Cum qui sunt & qui fuerunt*  
*Omnes philosophi egerunt.*  
*Quem fore reris divitem*  
*Per Philosophicum lapidem ?*

*Huc adsis, hic ex lapide lucrum capis :  
Quid aliud stultus, nisi Philosophi lapis ?  
Hunc sapiens coquet, distillabit,  
Plumbeus licet, aurum dabit.*  
*Quid ex syderibus queris cursum Fati ?* 40  
*Prudentium gratiâ stulti nati.*

*Am. O sacram rem ! &c.*

4.

*Din. Præteritorum, Mathematici, vates,  
Qui præter barbam nihil jam alatis,  
Quis calum creditur magis notum,  
Quam Deo, qui id fecit totum.  
Qui illud tam se putant scire  
Illuc ut recusent ire.*

*Vos, a secretis syderum—* 48

*Am. Aufer te oculus Mathematicæ, nam adest Bombard.*

*Din. Opportunè ; nam hærerè cæpit carmen—scientia  
talis.*

*Dicenda est sola liberalis.*

*Exit.*

*Scena Secunda.*

*Bombardemachides.*

*Bom. Æmylio. Am. Hem !  
Bom. Quis somnus aures, quis vapor claudit tuas ?*

*Æmylio, rursus voce non parca tono.*

*Am. Et ego rursus tono, Hem tibi.*

*Bom. Opaca linquens Ditis inferni loca  
Nigri profundo Tartari emissus specu,  
Incertus utras oderit sedes magis.*

*Am. Quam longum est iter ad id quod vis.*

*Mihi herclè viatico usus est.* 60

*Bom. Quid dicis ? audax Dæmon (O audax nimis)*

*Nostros cruentus occupat sæpens Lares,  
Hic regnat, immo hic, regnet at nolo diu.*

*Am. Scilicet ; & hoc vis me ut sciam, qui primus id  
locutus tibi sum.*

*Bom. Locutus ? at quam parum id ? hic tonitru pares,  
Hic fulminantes stringens jambos decet.*

*Quis O Cothurnis mille sat clarum boet ?*

*Am. Meherculè cothurnorum mille jam instar habuisti  
pulchrè.*

*Bom. Est intus (virumne dicam, an potius Deum)  
Quique evocavit nubibus siccis aquas,* 70

*Egitque ad inum maria. Oceanus graves  
Interior undas sæstibus victis dedit*

*Pariterque mundus lege confusâ ætheris  
Et solem & Astra vidit.*

*Am. Orationem compendifacè ; scio quid sequitur,  
Et vetitum mare te registis ursæ, Tempori flexæ vices &c.  
Nempe hic post tot ambages tandem exorcista est.*

*Bom. Hic monstra tanta voce terrebis suâ.*

*Am. Prohibessat Superi, cave ne committas tandem,  
Vt malè dicitur tibi in sermone publico,* 80

*Si cum Istarum operarum homine negotium contrahas.*

*Bom. Mutire de me Fama non audet ; tace.*

*Am. At metuo famæ tuæ, uti me par est facere : Vbi  
is est ?*

*Bom. Mox moxque nobis aderit ; hoc lentum est ; Adest :  
Parum est & hoc, quin, Adfuit—Claves mihi.*

*Am. Quamobrem ?*

*Bom. Illius ictu noster hic cardo strepet ;*

*Ædesque viset—Verba compecas miser,*

*Peribis, at quid dixerim ? infælix Peris.* 90

*Am. O quantum est deorum, quid me jam fiet denique !*

*Itane tantum facinus tum insignitè in te admittere ?*

*Ten' claves ferre ? Ætherias prius*

*Perfundet Arctos Pontus, & Siculi rapax*

*Consistet cestus unda, & Ionio seges*

*Matura pelago surget, uti modò pulcherrimè*

*Dixisti ! I præ, sequor, subsequor te.* *Exit.*

*Bom. Cum recta dicis, laudo, consilium placet.*

*Am. Quoties hæc res in nervum penè erupit ! bona  
machina*

*Quam nequiter expetivit !*

*Scena Tertia.*

*Dinon.*

*O Dinon audistin' nos nullos esse ?* 100

*Din. Auscultavi ab ostio omnia ; Dii te infelicitent  
cum cantionibus.*

*Hoc est scilicet ante Victoriam Encomium canere.*

*Perdidisti nos planissimè. O sacram rem ! scientia  
talis*

*Dicenda est sola Liberalis. Quando aderit ille  
Cujus vox, tanquam Galli multo mane, perterret adeo  
Cacodæmonas ? Am. Modo. Din. Modo ?*

*Am. Modo : jam, & veniet hercle non ingratis meis.*

*Din. Sed enim quid de captivis.*

*Am. Manta modò : istuc ibam.*

*Nam nova atque elegans fallacia numero mihi in mentè  
fuit.* 110

*Abi sane, educ legiones tuas, traduce properè ad proximi*

*Din. Nempe in quem finem ?*

*Am. Illic (nostin' ?) scholam aliquam aperiant.*

*Aliquid aliquos doceât, ejus rei fructus longè uberrim' st.*

*Nam & ab eorum oculis concedent, & quæstum tam in-  
gentem facient,*

*Vt brevi se captos redimant præsentì pecunia.*

*Modo aliquid mirum profiteantur, & usitatum minus.*

*Din. Quid si litteras ? Am. Pol istud nunc dierum  
inuitatum satis.*

*Sed quis eas gratis discet, tantum, ut det mercedem,  
abest ?*

*Din. Cheiromantiam, Physiognomoniam, aut aliquid  
ejusmodi ?* 120

*Am. Omnes jam illas technas despicias habent ac  
nihil*

*Nisi forte puer, vapulabit necne, exquisitum est,*

*Aut Ancilla, quot maritis ac quibus nupta sit futura,*

*Din. Quid tandem ?*

*Am. Dicam. Omnes nunc homines videri volunt*

*Faceti atque elegantuli ; ad eam rem quovis pacto affec-  
tant viam ;*

*Novi qui amicos, qui vitam amittere, quam jocum  
malunt,*

Ita risum, captant, & habent quod volunt, nam mehercle sunt ridiculi

Eadem hac scabie laborat *Gelasimus*, ut qui maxime.

*Dis.* Vis itaque illos profiteri Iocandi Artem? 130

*Æm.* Tenes.

*Dis.* At enim commovere risum neque eunt, nisi deridendos se propinent.

*Æm.* Recte: hoc est jocari nunc dierum, preterea quis est qui nequit

In cognatione verborum, & sympathia quadam ludere?

Quot vocabula ad autorem pertinent, quasi destinata hujusmodi salibus?

Ea habeat in mundo omnia. Quot autem ad Philosophum?

*Ars*, Prædicabile, Arbor Porphyriana, Prædicamentalis scala,

Conversio, Fallacia, Major, Minor, Barbara, Cæsare, Celarent, Ferio, Festino, sic tollo, Dictum simpliciter, Secundum quid, Disputo ad Hominem, Reduplicative, &c. 140

Nam ad Conclusionem venio, Terminorum hic usus optinuit.

Nam cum offendas eos in Authoribus, jurabis non esse scriptos seriò.

Commoda sunt & Authorum quorundam nomina Ramus, Scotus, Faber,

Tostatus, Suarezius, Naso, Tranquillus, Suetonius, Tacitus, &c.

*Bom. Æmylio.* (intus)

*Æm.* Me vocat, illicò. Quid dixi? oh! est aliud genus salis

Deridere omnes mortales: parata sint (nam vacua pudet esse pugillaria)

Scommata in omne genus hominum; sed hi joci consistunt plurimum

In ridendo clare, in contrahendo nasum, & induendo joculari faciem.

Barba quoque mirum in modum utilis est, si attrahant bene. 150

Aliquando etiam jurent ornamentis gratia, sed Dii boni! (Pene excidit mihi) mercede conducant aliquos

Qui domi factitent, aliquos qui eant petitem foras,

Ex Conuivijs, disputationibus, Comædijs, Concionibus.

Aliquos etiam qui excribant, nam venales habere debent

Seniles, juveniles, viriles, muliebres, Generosos jocos.

Hæc & similia doce illos, abi sis, fac officium; sed audin'?

Adesto illis semper, ne liberati in pedes se coniciant. Quod ego jam faciam.

*Dis.* Effectum dabo; Iocandi artem? ha, ha, ha!

*Exit.*

O miram rem! scientia talis dicenda est sola liberalis. 160  
*Exit.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Calliphanes, p. Cal. f.*

*Cal. p.* Itane obstinate operam das facere me adversum omnia?

Ego istuc ætatis obsequens obediensque eram imperio Patriæ.

In mare ibam, rem familiarem angebam lucro.

Ten' virginem liberali facie nolle in uxorem ducere,

Cui, tantum dotis dictum est? *Cal. f.* At hodiè, Pater?

*Cal. p.* Eia! quam elegans! cras etiam dices. At hodiè Pater?

*Cal. f.* At vetant Mathematici infausta hac luce adornari nuptias.

*Cal. p.* Perit, religiosus est; jamne patrisas *Calliphanes*?

Pudet tui, pigetque.

*Cal. f.* At egrotus sum, non valeo, pater.

*Cal. p.* Immo non egrotas jam, sed malè habes *Calliphanes*. 170

Si animus ibi esset—& quid sit?

*Cal. f.* Præterea—*Cal. p.* Age, quid præterea?

*Cal. f.* Nihil est parati; solitudo in sedibus; hæccine conveniunt nuptiis?

*Cal. p.* Nempè id de industria: volumus isthoc sine tumultu peragi.

Vt ne tanti fiant sumptus, tamque in nullam rem utiles. Quid sibi volunt Hymæneum & cantituncule? quasi tu nequeas

Ire cubitum, & dare operam liberis sine auxilio fidicinis. Proin tu & illa hanc rem quasi in jussu nostro, tacite agite.

Nisi fortè *Æmylione*, & *Ægle* arbitris.

*Cal. f.* *Ægle*? maxime. 180

*Cal. p.* Abi modò; atque morem mihi gere.

*Cal. f.* Quid si nonvult, pater?

*Call. p.* Nequiquam nonvult; ità illam intus admonuit pater.

Aggredere illam amatorio more; Ah! Ego isthuc ætatis—

Sequere me sis intrò; Audin'? nisi quod imperavi facias Patrem me esse senties, atque iratum ex leni; dixi *Calliphanes*.

Dii boni; quanta est prudentia, moderari posse filio in hunc modum! *Exeunt.*

### Scena Quinta.

*Æmylio, Pscas.*

*Ps.* Quid ais *Æmylio*? amabò audistin' adhuc De nova schola? Dii vestram fidem! rem lepidam!

Vehementer cupio illam videre, & periculum facere 190

Quid in jocis possint, sentient qua mulier siem.

Non metuo sanè, ut posteriores feram.

Audistin' quam fortiter disputabam modo cum *Dæmone*!

Ne verbum quidem habuit, quo responderet mihi.

*Æm.* Plus vocem credo tuam, quam Templi Campanæ odit

Aut concionatoris rustici, qui illum Leonem vocat.

Nunquam tuam audebit auferre secum animam

(Licet suam esse noverit) quia potentia

Tantum loquendi illic manere dicitur.

*Ps.* Meritissimo tuo te eximium habeo, ità lepidè loqueris. 200



Derideri me facile patiar, si isthoc fiat modo?

Donabo te ob hos lepores, ut mihi osculum feras.

*Em.* Si me necesse est herclè, hoc pacto remunerarier, Abhorrentem feceris brevi a facetiis omnibus!

Sed auferamus ridicularia. Vin' tu fortunata fieri?

*Ps.* Equidem cupio; etsi infelix non sum. Diis gratias:

*Em.* Fac induas regillam induculam, fac gemmis splendeas,

Et filiam te esse simules *Bombardomachidis*.

*Ps.* Cupio id mecastor; sed erro quam inistas viam.

*Em.* *Gelasimus* hic in proximo vendit jocos 210

Hæres ditissimus, atque uti esse tales solent,

Merus stipes, hunc hominem admittlari pervelim.

Itaque hodie inter te atque illum nuptias cupio facere.

*Ps.* Nuptias? ha, ha, hæ! mecastor facinus lepidum!

*Em.* Sic tu tibi divitias facies, atque illum pro arbitrio reges,

Multoque tum liberius amare licebit quempiam

Quam nunc licet: ut voles eris; Ille, Vir bonus,

At ignorabit prorsus, aut ad calicem dormiet vigilans.

*Ps.* Scio; nam cum facta ero Heroïna nobilis

*Equum* est oblectare memet illo more Aulico. 220

*Emylio*, tum me vises aliquando, tui immemor

Non committam ego ut siem.

*Em.* Sed properato opu'st.

Para te ocyûs; ego te producam illuc.

*Psecas*, insiste hoc negotium sapienter & cautè.

Nam nisi sedulò fingas, quasi animum illi adjeceris,

Nihil agis. *Ps.* Pish! potin' ut molestus ne sis?

An docenda sum hoc ætatis inescare homines?

Ego vel te, *Emylio*, captare poteram: abi.

Ne sis in expectatione mihi, cum parata sim. 230

Quiescas cœtera.

*Em.* Immo non metuo, ut sis satis mala,

Te magistrum quæram mihi, unquam si defecero.

*Ps.* Docebo equidem libenter; quod possum: Abi modò *(Exit Emylio)*

Nubam sanè non gravate, sed nunquam filio

Me gravidam faciet, ad hanc rem alius

Ilius fungetur vice; ne natus ex me siet,

Mihi qui sit dedecori, atque ingenio meo. *Exit.*

*Scena Sexta.*

*Gnomicus, Gelasimus, Morion. (Schola aperitur.)*

*Gno. M. T. Cicero*, Oratorum omnium Coryphæus,

(Quo verbo ipse usus't) De Orat. secundo libro, 240

Quem oculis meis plus amo; Artem negavit esse Salis.

Erravit; Ciceronem semper ego existimavi hominem.

*Gel.* Pish! Cicero salem non habuit; quisquamne de tot vocabulis

Figurarum & Troporum nullum unquam faceret jocum?

Poteram herclè ego ab Aurora ad hoc quod est diei—

Ah Metaphora, bonum es verbum: & lepores herclè hujusmodi

Ex Academicis lectoris oratione collectos habemus pluri-mos.

O Dii boni! Jocum pulcherrimum excerpimus in Tullii Qui nudius quartus in Scholis publicis dictus est proximæ Academicæ.

Legam vobis— *(ascendit in cathed.)* 250

*Gno.* Sed ferox nimitum ne sis in Cirerone nostrum, Nam erat Eloquentiæ Pater.

*Gel.* Quid hoc? oh—Iocus magnus in Prætoris oppidani cornua—novi—

*(quærit paginam)*

Iocus in militem malè vestitum—An ostenderunt terga?—oh—

Hic exemptus't ex meis pugillaribus—& certè magnus est—hum!

Quid hoc? Ex declamationibus publicis nono die Novemb. unus jocus,

Sex demi-joci, & tres egregiæ sententiæ. Oh! memini—Ioci sacri

Et pia Hilaria—nunquam hæc vendemus—

Oh—jam inveni—Iocus magnus in Cicerone.

*Gn.* Lege; arrectisque auribus asto. 260

*Gel.* *(legit)* Ciceronis nomen vanum, Abeat nunc in Tullianum, & potest converti

Ad laudem Ciceronis in hunc modum—Cicero Oratorum Coryphæus est.

*Mor.* Tutor hoc tuum est verbum. *Gel.* Cæteri abeant in Tullianum.

*Gn.* Optimè! nam est locus in carcere, quod Tullianum appellatur.

*Mor.* Ha, ha, hæ! *Gel.* Quid rides?

*Mor.* Ha, ha, hæ: Abeat in Tullianum? ha, ha.

*Gel.* Hoc dictum in utramque partem accipi potest, est jocus ambidexter. Ibi ego

Obitèr facetus sum; audin' Tutor? *Morion* scribe isthoc.

*Mor.* Maxime.

*Gn.* Hem! suntne in mundo omnia? 270

*Gel.* Sunt in orbe terrarum: Ibi iterum: Ludo Tutor, in dictum tuum.

*Mor.* Ioc: jo.—jocus—Estne *Gelasime* cum *g, o*, vel cum *i, o?*

*Gel.* Cum *i, o*: Scripsistin'? *Mor.* Ita credo.

*Gel.* Repete: *Mor.* Dexter est

Ambo—joci. *Gel.* O scelus! est jocus ambidexter, cedo calamum

*Mor.* Maximè: in idem redit. Scripsi valdè bene Tutor.

*Gn.* Immo: insanum bene ut Comicè loquar: Ibi ego *Gelasime*—

*Gel.* At male vereor ne hoc non de gravitate mea detrahat.

Non, non, ipsi Doctores jocantur in his regionibus.

In condemnatos salsi sunt ipsi Iudices, 280

Dormiant, capite annuunt, & ille Iudicialis jocus est.

Generosi jocis solvunt Creditoribus.

Hic homines omnia joco. Promittunt joco.

Ioco jurant, joco fallunt: rem agunt divinam joco.

Pæne dixi, vivunt joco: tantum jocantur serio.

*Gn.* Atque ego ità faciam: si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sint Consule dignæ.

*Gel.* *Morion*, vide equi licitatores prope sint: an prospectus est sterilis?

*Mor.* Ioci, novi joci, optimi novi joci, quis emit novos jocos?  
*Gno.* Nullos ne nundinatus es modò? hic dies scelestus est  
 (Vt utar Comici phrase) dividendis jocis. 390  
*Gel.* Mox dabit nobis grandes bolos: ita supercilium salt.  
 Non sum ob nihilum tam ingeniosus hodiè,  
 Nunquid cessavi hoc mane lucrì facere?  
 Vendidi modo mulieri, nescio cui, duos jocos  
 In Papam *Iohannam*, quos missuram ajebat sese  
 Ad electum fratrem suum fidelem pastorem in Anglia,  
 Vnum etiam aut alterum de Clavibus & Corona triplici.  
*Gno.* Quanti emit?  
*Gel.* Vnis drachmis in jocos singulos.  
 Sed corollari loco voluit sibi unum dari 300  
 Demi—jocum in *Bellarminum*: itaque dedi, Mentiris  
*Bellarmina*.  
*Gno.* Benè habet: Capram caelestem orientem conspeximus  
 Id est, Beati sumus. Teste Erasmo Roterdamo in  
 Adagiis. Ecquid aliud?  
*Gel.* Praestitavit etiam Iusticiarius quidam quatuor  
 jocos,  
 In honorem Legis; & sex ingeniosas sententias  
 Quas in caena dicturu'st, cum vicinas quotannis accipit  
 Clientum altibus. Venit postillà Iesuita aliquis  
 (Quantum conjecturam capio, nam ornatus erat basilicum  
 in modum)  
 Et pecuniam in antecessum dedit, ut sibi facerem  
 Salsum & ingeniosum Dialogum inter Lutherum & Dia-  
 bolum. 310  
 Omitto reliquos—  
*Mor.* Pax! st! adest emptor: quid vis tibi Domine  
 Novos jocos, optimos novos jocos!

### Scena Septima.

*Iuvenis Academicus.*

*Acad.* Vellem mihi dari Archididasalum hujus  
 scholae.  
*Mor.* Dari? non, non; habebis, si vis emere tibi.  
*Ac.* Quis est Archididasalus?  
*Mor.* Ego sum *Morion*.  
*Ac.* Sed illum conventum cupio.  
*Mor.* Non me cupis?  
 Ego possum jocari aliquando. 320  
*Gel.* *Morion*, excribe sis  
 Hanc paginam.  
*Mo.* Totam? vis, credo, vitam meam Interimere.  
*Gno.* Iuvenis, eorum me praesto tibi. Coram, quem  
 quaeritis, adsum  
 Trojus *Aeneas*.  
*Ac.* Si *Aeneas* tibi nomen sit, alium volo.  
*Gno.* Non, non: sed loquor cum Poeta: is sum, quid  
 venisti loquere.  
*Ac.* Muneris nostri est moderari inter disputantes in  
 scholis publicis.

*Gn.* O! Agonotheta es, ἀγὼ τοῦ ἀγῶν & τίθημι: nam  
 sic docti vocant.  
*Ac.* Facetus videre velim; tantam libenter dabo 330  
 Mercedem, quantam alii solent, eodem qui officio functi  
 sunt.  
*Gel.* Rectè: nam si argumenta non potes, solvenda est  
 pecunia.  
*Austin'* quae dixi? *Morion* scribe hoc sis ocyus.  
*Mor.* Dii te perdant,  
 Credo te jocari solitum fuisse in utero Matris,  
 Atque ita semper facis, mihi ut facessas in scribendo ne-  
 gotium.  
*Gel.* Memento tamen, Iuvenis, in quo sis loco.  
 Ingeniosus esse non debes nimis.  
 Nullumne adhuc habes in parato joculum? 339  
*Ac.* Nullum equidem praeter, satisfacisti officio tuo!  
*Mor.* A—r—ar—s—rgu—O jam habeo—  
*Ac.* An bonam habetis copiam philosophicorum sa-  
 llium?  
*Gel.* Videbis: *Morion* cedo libellum de jocis Philoso-  
 phicis  
 Hem! legam tibi aliquos.

### Scena Octava.

*Mulier.*

*Mu.* Quis intus est?  
*Mor.* Quis haec mulier est? quid vis?  
*Mu.* Tuus es Magister Scholae?  
*Mor.* Ego sum, Ego: quid tua? Magister? maxime.  
*Mul.* Recede quaeso; est tibi quod in aurem dicam.  
 Nupta sum, si placet,  
 Imperito morum, & impuri oris Viro, 350  
 Qui me meretricem vocat; Mentiris dicit, & Canis es.  
 Itaque ego emere illi facetias volo,  
*Mor.* Nupta es imperito morum & impuri oris Viro;  
 (clara voce)  
 Qui te meretricem vocat: haec in aurem dicis mihi?  
 Non, non: quid si dolus hic latet?  
*Gno.* *Mulier*, adii sis propius.  
*Ac.* Ha, ha, ha! non abstinco quàm plaudam—ac-  
 cipe sis pecuniam. (plaudis manib.)  
 Ob isthoc credo dictum me sustollent humeris.  
*Gn.* Cujus generis facetias vis?  
*Mul.* Omnium, si placet, generum. 360  
*Gn.* *Morion*, cedò Pia hilaria, nunquam haec vende-  
 mus aliter.  
*Mul.* Non multa, si placet, pia.  
*Gno.* Non, non, pauca pro Die Dominico,  
 Vin' etiam jocos generosos?  
*Mu.* Quoscunque tibi visum'st.  
*Gn.* At aliqui lascivi sunt.  
*Mul.* Non refert, si sint tantum aliqui.  
 Indica, fac pretium. *Gn.* Non cari sunt sex minis  
 Tu verò quoniam pulchra es, & Pulchrior est virtus ve-  
 niens è corpore pulchro.  
 Sex solidis feres. *Mu.* Accipe; Dii vos sospitent. 370  
*Mor.* Nunquam sic auferes; aliquid mihi dabis.  
 (Osculatur) *Exit*.

*Ac.* Profectò, si unquam te in Academiâ uspiam viderim,

Accipiam te opiparè coctis prunis, & cervisiâ primariâ. Sed necesse est, ut confutationē Orationis componas mihi.

*Gel.* Effectum tibi dabo nunc jam; mihi facillè effluit.

*Morion,* adesdum, scribe, quæ loquor; paratus es?

*Ac.* Sed ita componas oro, ut eadem confutatione hæc, Respondeam aliis Orationibus.

*Gel.* Omnibus, si vis.

Antequam ad Disputationem deveniamus, ad aliqua tibi respondendum est, habuisti itaque in vestibulo Orationis tuæ—

*Mor.* Quid? vest—vestibulum—delectaris credo vocabulis 380

Quæ sunt scriptu difficilia.

*Gel.* Aliquid de meis laudibus, sed profecto ego ingenuè fateor me

Non meruisse tantum de meis laudibus. Dixisti porro—Dixisti porro, aliquid de Mari Philosophico—

*Ac.* Quid si non dicit?

*Gel.* Pish, ne time: nunquam quisquam omittet Mare Philosophicum—

Sed video nullas hinc natas Veneres—ha! quid ais Iuvenis?

*Ac.* Hum! hum! hum! medius fidius pulchrè.

*Gel.* Dixisti etiam quod—& tum interponas illius verba. 390

*Ac.* Quæso tu id facias; non possum quicquam interponere.

*Gel.* Benè habet: non est opus; perge ad hunc modum.

Cætera ex memoriâ dilapsa sunt, itaque sic—& tum Accingas te ad disputandum, scripsistin' *Morion*?

*Mor.* Ferè; Dilapsa sunt, itaque sic—& tum te accingas ad disputandum. (*legit*)

*Gel.* Pish; non oportuit scriptum—& tum te accingas.

*Mor.* Non? significatum hoc oportuit mihi—sed delebo tamen.

*Ac.* Nihil suprâ: O si repetere possim cum ingenioso tono.

*Gel.* Id facillimum est; audies *Morionem*, *Morion*, procede in mediûm.

Et lege Confutationem, uti ego te docui. 400

*Mor.* Tun' me docuisti? non; ego naturâ sic loquor.

Antequam ad Disputationem deveniamus ad aliqua tibi Respondendum est, habuisti itaque in vest—vestibulo Orationis

Tuæ aliquid de meis laudibus, sed profecto ego ingenuè fateor,

Me non meruisse tantum de meis laudibus, dixisti porro aliquid

De mari Philosophico, pish ne time, nunquam quisquam.

*Gel.* Quid? scripsistin' id? dele, inquam, ocyûs.

*Mor.* Quid? non est jocus? delebon' ego jocum optimum? benè, si vis— (*delet*)

Sed video nullas hinc natas Venena—

*Gel.* Quid? venena? 410

*Mor.* Maximè; annon rectè id quidem?

*Gel.* Pish! Veneres.

*Mor.* Veneres? benè; in idem redit—Cætera ex memoria dilapsa sunt,

Itaque sic—

*Ac.* Legit pol facetissime: qui datur, tanti indica.

*Gel.* Non cara'st auro contrâ; sed solido tibi destino.

*Mor.* Non, non: ponam ego precium illi, quia repetebam benè.

Viden' has vestes, jocularis nimio nimis?

Dabis mihi subligacula.

*Ac.* Hem tibi solidum—adest peregrinus— 420  
Valete; confutabo nunc omnes homines, quibuscum loquor. *Exit.*

### Scena Nona.

#### Bombardomachides.

*Gw.* Adest alius:

Quæ regio in terris nostris non plena laboris?

*Bom.* Heus! ecquid ista venditis jocos schola?

Effare & istud pande, quodcumque est mihi.

*Gno.* Dicis vera quidem, veri sed graviora fide,

Vt Ovidius in Tristibus, quem librum composuit

Postquam in exilium missus est ab *Augusto*.

Sed sine me dicere tibi cum Poëta; Dic nomen.

*Bom.* Meumne nescis nomen? O ingens scelus! 430

Dum terra cælum media libratum feret,

Nitidusque certas mundus evolvit vices,

Numerusque arenis deërit, haud nomen meum

Latebit illos.

*Gno.* Hic homo, (quantum video) nondum Virgilium legit,

Nam eandem rem cum Poëta quanto dixisset melius

In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ

Lustrabant, convexa polus dum sydera pascet

Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

*Mor.* Vix audeo herclè; Hem! fortem me præstabo.

Novos jocos, optimos novos jocos, emisne novos jocos?

*Bom.* Ain' carnufex? 442

*Mor.* Nihil, profecto nihil.

Mecum ipse loqui soleo; hic homo non jocular.

*Bom.* In profligatas hostium turmas jocos

Empturus argentum fero, argentum bonum;

Minasque quisquis numerat, inveniet duas.

(*ostendit pecun.*)

*Mor.* Ha! ha! habeo! hem tibi jocum pulcherrimum. Ad hunc modum hostibus responde. Abite in Tullianum,

Et ad laudem eorum converti potest, si dicas modo

Ne abeatis in Tullianum, ha, ha, he! 451

*Gel.* Ecquid pestis te tenet? in Ciceronem id oportet dictum.

*Mor.* Scio hoc, sed aliis applicari facillè potest; annon

Locus est in carcere quod Tullianum appellatur?

Possum ego joculari satis in loco, diis gratias.

*Gel.* Hem tibi sales militares!

*Gno.* *Alexander*, seu *Pellæus juvenis*

Nunquam est locutus meliores, exempli gratia.

Rex, inquit, Macedonicus mihi ipse dedit—

Tum dicit aliquis, Quid dedit? pecuniam? 460

Respondes facetissimè. Tergum vel Pannus dedit.

*Bom.* Sed fac lambi cuncta ut incedant pede,  
Efficias jam nunc, nam mox huc referam gradus. *Exit.*

*Gel.* *Ædipol* næ commode processimus, leptide hoc officium fungimur.

*Mor.* Pulchre nos inter nos congruimus, ingeniosi omnes sumus.

*Gno.* Servis inter se convenit ursoris, ut *Vir* omni literarum genere cultissimus.

*Gel.* Hei! obruimur multitudine. Abite, bellua estis multorum capitum,

Ha, ha, ha! multorum capitum! ha, ha! redite post prandium,

Vos qui estis bellua multorum capitum. Tutor, eamus queso ad prandium.

*Gno.* Recte, nam, ut inquit *Pœta*, 470  
Ludit permittis sobria *Musa* jocis. *Exeunt.*



## ACTVS QVARTVS.

### Scena Prima.

*Cal. Filius, Eucomissa.*

*Cal. F.* O me hominem invenustum!

*Eu.* O infortunatam me puellulam!

*Cal. F.* Amare res liberrima est, Amare tamen cogor.

*Eu.* Odisse res est liberrima, Odisse tamen vetor.

*Cal.* Cur superi, quam amemus eligunt, quæcum vivamus Patres?

*Eu.* Cur Patres in corpora potestatem habent, in animos superi?

*Cal.* Adest *Eucomissa*, aliquid ei dicerem, sed quid dicam, nescio.

*Eucomissa*— *Eu.* Quid?

*Cal.* Ne valeam, si verbum ne nuptiis

O *Eucomissa*— *Eu.* Quid? fac me ut sciam, siquid vis.

*Cal.* Egon' nihil. 11

*Eu.* Cur vocasti autem?

*Cal.* Immo tantum est, Salva sis.

Et—aliud certe volo si ad audiendum adest benignitas.

*Eu.* Adest, sed in pauca conferas.

*Cal.* Siquid unquam ego—

*Eu.* Exordia *Calliphanes*? quasi docilis reddenda sim & benevola?

Ad rem veni.

*Cal.* Verbo expediam, Vale. *Exit.*

*Eu.* Enimvero ad hoc audiendum adest benignitas. Vale, 20

Næ ego infælix puella, tam suavem quæ amasium nacta sum!

Imperpetræ hominem tenent, at Patrem multo magis, Qui huic me hodie nuptum cerrito daret. O *Æmylio*,  
(*Callipha. redit.*)

Tecum vivendum est solo, si vivendum est mihi.

Te Pater, tu me cepisti, injuriam fortunæ ultus es.

*Cal.* *Eucomissa*, salve, aliquid te rogatum oportuit qua me propter hoc exanimatum reduci tibi.

*Eu.* Satin' molestas tandem? queso te ut sanus sies.

*Cal.* Præter jus sequimurque oras, nam amare, & simus sapere,

Ne deos quidem penes est, sed *Eucomissa*; hodiè? 30

*Eu.* Ajam. *Cal.* Quid Pater?

*Eu.* Iubet, instat, urget.

*Cal.* Si hodie nuptura es mihi, cras me efferes.

*Eu.* Falsus es; nam si natham hodie, hodie moriar.

*Cal.* Epitaphium mihi fiet in Epithalamii loco.

*Eu.* Genialis mihi lectus sepulchri fungetur vice.

*Cal.* Ob lepidum isthoc dictum nunc demum places mihi.

Nunc illud est, cum te libenter pene in uxorem acciperem.

Quam vox sonabit blandum cum proximitat tua,

Quæ tum, cum negat, suavis est! 40

*Eu.* Mecastor ego

Vix jam a memet impetro, ut ne te amem,

Cum te amari nolis ita amanter facis.

*Cal.* O amore omni dulcior contentio!

*Eu.* O omni pace jurgium optabilius!

*Cal.* Sic suâ Turtures molliores Venere,

Et murmurant, & gemunt, & queruntur invicem.

Sed questus inter, gemitum, & murmur, amant.

*Eu.* Sic gratum nostris furtum cum fiat auribus.

Pax bellica inter chordas pugnantem agit, 50

Concordant simul, simul & litigant soni.

*Cal.* Per Venerem *Eucomissa*, liberalis es; si daretur optio,

Vxorem a Diis ipsis non peterem aliam.

At cætera, sponte facimus, amamus fato.

*Eu.* Gerundus igitur Fato, non Patri mos est.

*Cal.* Ne valeam, cum contemplantur faciem, si quicquam supra est,

Tam lubrica frons est, oculorum ut effundat aciem.

Cincinnati vincendis animis nati tibi.

Modestus genarum color, & qualem alise

A verecundia mutuantur, genasque semulantur labia, 60

Abeamus, nam si te conspexero diutius,

Periero, Venena mellea in medullas serpent.

Vin' te *Eucomissa* mihi in Vxorem dari?

Cupio, per Deos cupio, *Eucomissa*, loquere.

Sed ne concedas, cupio, ne concedas, tamen,

Nisi dura, & difficilis maneat, me interficis,

Nam conceptis ego verbis juriurandum dedi,

Vxorem, nisi *Æglen*—

*Eu.* *Æglen Calliphanes*? 69

*Cal.* Non, non, non, ah quid feci! aliam volui dicere.

*Eu.* Afficiam te hodie *Calliphanes*, nuncio lætabili, Si *Æglen* deperis, mutuum tecum facit.

*Cal.* Quid ais? ah noli in spem fluxam me conicere.

Men' *Ægle*? *Eu.* Oculis plus, inquam, suis.

*Cal.* Deus sum, si isthoc verum est, O *Eucomissa*,

Cedo sis manum mihi, ut supplex eam exosculer,

Ne vivam, nisi semper te feci merito maximam.

*Eu.* Accersas *Æglen*, rem tibi Authorem dabo.

Consilium unâ capiemus, intereâ temporis, Vale.

*Cal.* Nunc illud est, cum me— 80

*Eu.* Plsh, supersede istis verbis, abi.  
*Cal.* Abeo—sed *Eucomissa*—bene : abeo. *Exit.*

*Scena Secunda.*

*Amylio, Eucomissa.*

*Aem.* *Edipol* nœ hæc machina successit lepide sub manus.  
Ita parata fecerunt omnia ad jocandi artem utilia.  
Accommodavit illis *Dinon* aliquid pecuniæ præ manu  
Vnde utantur, & nunc, credo, aperuerunt Scholam.  
*Eu.* Ha ! adest, amorem meum non est uti celem amplius.  
*Amylio,* adesdum, paucis te volo.  
*Aem. Eucomissa,* salve.  
*Eu. Amylio,* hodie nuptura sum. 90  
*Aem.* Dii vortant benê.  
*Eu.* Neque à Patre impetro, aliquot uti nuptiis prodat dies.  
Estne hoc miserum ?  
*Aem.* Enimvero nihil prolixius.  
Nam eo citius virginem exues.  
*Eu.* Sed fac *Amylio,*  
Tibi me nupturam, rem tantam negligenter adeo faceres  
De improvisio duceres ?  
*Aem.* Vitam faceres periculum.  
Equidem nullis rebus prævorterem. 100  
*Eu.* Mecastor, pone ita esse.  
Ego amo te, sed adversum nos affirmat Pater,  
Quid enim ageres ?  
*Aem.* Quid ? si esset centies pater,  
Glaucoram ob oculos obitoerem, uti ne quod videt,  
videat.  
Itaque primu rogo te, vin' hodie mihi nubere ?  
*Eu.* Volo.  
*Aem.* Lepide partes tuas agis : sed da mihi firmatam fidem.  
*Eu.* Do testem Venerem.  
*Aem.* Et Martem ego tibi 110  
Me hodie te ducturum, dicta confirmemus suavio,  
O festivum facinus ! hercle vero jam nunc mihi serio uxores.  
Da suavium alterum. *Eu.* Proh deorum fidem ! os hominis !  
*Aem.* Osculandi pausam faciam, si os non placet,  
Sed aliquid noctu fiet, qua me propter ames merito.  
*Eu.* Quin aufer te, inquam, ocyús, nempe quod dixi joco  
Ten' aliam in partem accipere decet, impudens ?  
Mecastor faxo ut ne impune in me inluseris.  
Vnde isthæc confidentia' st ? quæ opes tibi ? quæ factio ?  
Servitutem servire te memineris captum manu. 120  
*Aem.* At enim liber natus sum, ac forti familia.  
*Eu.* Linguam comprime.  
Aut dicam Patri ut me intricæ coniolis.  
*Aem.* Iste hercle exitus rem lepidam pervortit malê.  
Vale igitur, si vis, ad novam scholam me conferam,  
Atque aliquos emam jocos in iracundam Virginem.

63

*Eu.* Quam inepte stulta sum ! timeo, ut severa fuerim.  
Quid si revocem ? *Amylio* redi, quid præter morem ita  
Præterque ingenium tuum eam mali consulis  
Quæ jucunde dicta sunt ? credin' me locutam serio ? 130  
*Aem.* Non, non, serio ? neque posse fæminam arbitror.  
*Eu.* Cape sis hunc anulum tibi, indignum quo doneris dono.  
Si memoria nos excidimus hic facito ut subveniat tibi.  
*Aem.* Anulum ? maximê, sed jamne locuta es serio ?  
*Eu.* O *Amylio,* si nosceres—& quidni noscas tamen ?  
*Aem.* Quidni ? quia non sum *Oedipus* : præter anulum nil intelligo.  
*Eu.* *Adeone* tardus es ? facis haud consuetudine.  
Quin, vultum legas, legas & suspiria,  
Hunc ipsum legas anulum ; sat loquor tacita.  
*Aem.* Legam hercle lubentissimus—oh—Cum annulo— 140  
Quid est ? *Eucomissa,* hoc verbum non vult legi.  
Oh—efficiam ut velit—Cum annulo animum.  
*Eu.* Ineptus es ; res alias si sic agis, Vale.  
Quid dixi ? immô Vale, sed ne abeas tamen.  
*Aem.* Hum ! sic est profectò : nam si memini bene  
Concinna facie sum ; statura commoda, & ætate integra.  
Experiar quid sit : *Eucomissa,* advorte animum.  
O *Eucomissa,* diu te amavi perditæ. *Eu.* Ha !  
*Aem.* Vsque adhuc ausus nihil, nisi oculos pascere.  
Amoris tædio enecor, nunc itaque tuum 150  
Perspicere animum, ut sese habeat velim,  
In spe atque in timore attentus sum. *Eucomissa,* loquere.  
*Eu.* Pudet confiteri ; ô, quid faciam misera ?  
Mene ? similitatem non revereris Patris ?  
Sed mitto Patrem—  
*Aem.* Missam hanc facito modestiam.  
Vin' me Maritum tibi ? verbo expeditas.  
*Eu.* Maritum ? ha ! quid si id cupiam maxime ?  
Cupiam ? non, nolo *Amylio* : habes brevissimê.  
Quid respondes ? *Aem.* Me esse infælicem ; Vale. 160  
*Eu.* Non, non : manta sis modò ; Volo, inquam, Volo  
O *Amylio,* tua sum, tuæ me commendo fidei.  
*Aem.* Et ego *Eucomissa* tuus ; præ lætitiâ, ita me dij ament ;  
Apud me non sum, sed mittamus isthæc, adsunt arbitri.

*Scena Tertia.*

*Calliphænes, Egæ, Eucomissa, Amylio.*

*Cal.* Beasti me ; hoc dicto reddidisti animum.  
Nec hominum, nec deorum iram terunci aestimo,  
*Eucomissa,—Amylio,—*Divorum vitam adepti sumus.  
*Aem.* Quid soror ? tune *Calliphænem* amas ?  
*Eg.* Meipsam minus. 169  
*Eu.* Frustrâ adhuc sumus ; quid Patri respondebimus ?  
*Cal.* Ha ! Patri ? quantâ de lætitiâ quam subito decidi ?  
Nullamne facere possumus in nuptiis fallaciam  
*Amylio ? Aem.* Non minor mea hic res agitur, quam tua,  
Itaque admonere desine.

M

*Eu.* At siquid potes *Æmylio*.

*Æm.* An hodie te uxorem commissurus est *Calliphani*?

*Eu.* Itā.

*Æm.* Dicte velle. *Eu.* Ah *Æmylio*, tam subito animum

A nobis segregas? *Æm.* Dii avortant omen.

Nemo te unquam nisi mors eripiet mihi. 180

Nunc quam rem agam accipe: hic nuptiis dictus est dies.

Veras esse credat Pater, at ne sint tamen.

Nam *Ægle* tuam vicem cum *Calliphane* noctu cubet.

Diurna ejus uxor sis ipsa in aliquod tempus.

Nam forte in diebus paucis aliud se nobis offeret.

Amolimini hinc vos properet, si consilium placet.

*Eu.* Nullum vidi melius. *Cal.* Abeamus *Ægle*.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Gnomicus, Gelasimus, Morion, Academicus secundus.*

*Gn.* Ad cathedram, ad cathedram ocyds, nam adest peregrinus,

Titubaque pede pes, densisque Viro Vir.

*Aca.* Tune es Magister Scholæ? 190

*Mor.* Hei! Magister! nemo homo

Me querit uspiam; his vestibus nimium lateo.

*Aca.* Professor jocorum *Academicus* proxima Hebdomade jocaturus est publicè.

Itaque huc me misit salutem ut vobis dicerem.

Opemque in hac re expetissit, & consilium vestrum.

Ideoque hoc munus æqui bonique ut consulatis obsecrat.

*Gel.* Pecuniam ab illo? Dii melius; meus frater est,

*Ac.* Eo accipias magis, nam fratres metuit suos.

*Gno.* Quanquam te Iocator Frater annum jam sales in hoc tempus colligentem, idque *Academidæ*, abundare oportet præceptis institutisque hujus artis propter summum & Doctoris tui ingenium & Collegit, tamen ad hanc rem, nos (ut videmur) magnam tibi emolumentum afferemus, atque hoc veluti in transitu; sæpiusculè excurro Oratoriè.

*Gel.* Præ re isthæc rem prævortam nullam,

Sed equos ipse fecit sales? *Aca.* Collegit aliquos;

Sed fecit ipse adhuc, quod sciam ego, paucissimos.

Fortè an duos tresve demi—jocos.

*Gel.* *Morion*, porrigere schedulam, 210

Illam mihi jocorum Tripodalium; nam in Anglia patria nostra

Iocorum Professori Tripodis nomen ponimus. Hem tibi!

*Aca.* An isti concinnè, in Quæstionem ejus cadent?

*Gel.* Equè herclè concinnè in Quæstionem ejus, atque in ullam aliam.

Hoc habeat propè in exordii loco, dein Quæstio autem

Sequatur è longinquo, evocabit suos ipse Terminos,

Atque si recusent ingredi, invitos trahat secum atque ingratis,

Vti non rarò factum vidimus. Hæc itaque est salutatio Auditorum omnium, ubi obiter deridendos præbet

Medicinæ, Legisque Professores, & Doctores omnes præcipiè 220

Abeque hoc nunquam quisquam plausum sibi repperit.

Sed (penè oblitus sui dicere) nullâne hic *Comœdia*

Agitur circiter hoc temporis. *Acad.* Immò verò hodiè

*Gel.* Ha, ha, hæ! vah Pœtam infortunatum nimis,

Nam quisquis is est, facetiis meis proxima Hebdomade jugulabitur.

Accipe sis hanc schedulam; scriptum hic inveniet,

Quod sufficet largiter ad deridendum omnes posthæc *Comœdias*.

*Aca.* Dii tibi dent quæ velis, benè valeas.

*Gel.* St! audin' etiam?

Tribus verbis te volo; istam Fabulam Ludos faciet. 230

Fabula (intellectin?) Ludus dicitur, jam te dimitto,

Vale.

*Exit Aca.*

### Scena Quinta.

*Æmylio (alio ornatu) Pscas, Gnom. Gel. Mor.*

*Gel.* Satin' ego oculis utilitatem obtineo, annon?

*Ædipol* virgo fortis est, efficiam ut me depercat de ingenio.

*Mor.* Principio atque hanc video, manere non possum diutius,

Ita lauta est; nimio nimi' modestus sum his vestibus.

*Æm.* Iam para te *Pscas*; si pectus sapit, duras illis dabis.

*Ps.* Pish, aliud cura, magnificè tractabo isthunc Asi-num;

O *Venus*! hæccine est illa schola? lepidus mecator locus est.

Semper ego facetias amavi multum, & nutrix mihi

Dicere folita est: Abi, abi, ut vitalis sis metuo, 240

Ita præter ætatem tuam ingeniosa es nimium,

Et ego pol ridebam: rides? inquit illa, Dii boni!

Vt hujus nunquam non meminero!

*Æm.* Pish, perge ad rem.

*Ps.* Quam sæpe res nihili otiosè hæreat in memoria?

O *Diana*! quam mihi tunc dierum pro cibo fuit jocarier?

Sæpè ad focum domi obsedimus; ego narrare fabulas,

Festivè multa dicere, omnes in cachinnos solvere,

Nulla (licet ipsa dicam) primarum artium magi' princeps extitit.

Sed ubi est Magister? videre vellem nimio, 250

Nam communicabimus inter nosmet facetias invicem,

Opem meam (satis scio) non habebit despiciatui.

Vbi est?

*Gn.* Coram, quem queritis, adsum

Trojus *Æneas*, necesse habeo novam de hac re sententiam querere.

*Ps.* O *Musas*! studuisti arti *Musicae*: illud ex *Virgilio* Acceptisti mutuum, immo ego poëtas legi.

Sic sum, non tantum verbis dici potest

Quantum re ipsa versus amo, & feci sanè

Mediocres. 260

*Gn.* Mediocribus esse poëtis

Non homines, non Dii, non concessere *Columnæ*.

*Gel.* Oh! oh! oh! incantavit me aliquis: quod ego Nunquam futurum credidi, nequeo unum concinnare adeo joculum.

Hum! sicin? Oh! tandem ad meipsum redeo.  
O cuius generis rosae invident, & pudore rubescunt solo,  
Et tum——

*Mor.* Ha, ha, ha! pulcherrimè! si ornatus essem ex meis virtutibus

Sic adirem virginem; nam deperiret istam faciem.

*Æm.* Tun' solus hic regnum possides? ubi, si placet, cæteri? 270

*Gn.* St! *Gelasime.*

*Gel.* Maximè—Pallet Luna, & se victam confitetur—  
Statim vobis adero——nec sidera——hum! isthoc non placet.

Ceciderunt plane sidera, Ceciderunt? ha, ha, ut nescienti mihi

Effluxit istic?jocus? *Gno.* Hem, *Morion*, ubi es?

*Mor.* St. ego non adsum.

*Æm.* Ha, ha, ha, an se præsens præsensem negat?  
Nisi jurato tibi, *Morion*, non credemus.

*Mor.* Per Deos non adsum.

Vt catè delusi homines! illi hic me esse nesciunt, ha, ha, ha! 280

*Gn.* An *Morion* atra bili percitu'st? id est, an delirat? Cesson' illum educere ex insidiis, ut lepidè loquar?

*Morion*, adesto. (*Educit*)

*Æm.* Ha, ha! ut stat! reclamante Philosophia

Negarem hunc esse rationalem, nisi quia risibilem video.

*Gn.* Humanum est errare: erras profecto hospes,  
Nam omnis homo est rationalis, ut acutissime observat Simplicius.

*Ps.* Nolite, obsecro, deridere, per pol quam modestus est!

*Mor.* Me laudat.

*Gel.* Euge! jam habeo. 290

*Mor.* Herclè audacter alloquar.

Salve tu, O cuius generis rosae invident, & pudore rubescunt solo.

*Gel.* O mastigiam! quæ mea est Oratio, occupat præloqui.

Vt perdidit mihi sex jocos, & tres amatorias sententias!  
*Gno.* Perge *Morion*.

*Mor.* Perge tu, si vis, ego dixi satis.

*Gno.* Adesdum *Gelasime.* Hic est jocator ille, Cui meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan,

*Ps.* Mecastor liberalis est: salve multum, te unum ex omnibus

Festivum fama magnificavit, itaque ad te huc venimus visere.

Nam me etiam lepidam vocant, etsi hanc mihi Laudem non arrogem. 300

*Gel.* Syderi equidem cuius sub auspicio natu' sum, minorem gratiam habeo,

Quam oculorum tuorum syderibus, quæ me perspexerunt modò.

Ha, ha! optimè loquor semper de improvviso,  
Quod signum est boni ingenii, procul dubiò hæc mea'st,  
Obsecro, quænam est hæc virgo?

*Æm.* Factione summa, & divitiis pollens.

*Bombardomachidis* filia'st strenuissimi ducis.

*Gel.* Nimio nimi' novi ego istum *Bombardomachidem*.  
(Hic illum derideo) sed tamen tanto meli'us.

*Æm.* Equis homo tantum stultitiæ in se possedit uspiam. 310

Quid si oblectem me cum istis? placet, heus! auditin'?  
Quoniam vosmet magnificatis ita de istis artibus.

Dabo equidem sponsonem, me vos unum singulos  
Redacturum modo jocis meis ad silentium.

Agite sultis, experiamur in hanc partem quis plus possiet.

*Ps.* Vide quid agas prius. Ego ab hujus parte stabo.

*Gel.* A mea: nescio unde hoc sit, multo sum beator  
Quam vulgus hominum, quæcunque vocem audiunt,  
Continuo me amant perditè. O superi! gratias ago,  
Multum de me meruistis; Heus, audacule, 320  
Quoniam ita vis vita interfici, ascende hanc sellulam,  
Opponam ego primus? sed miseret me tui.

*Mor.* Benè herclè facis; ego obsecundabo tibi in loco,  
Abi, audacule, abi in Tullianum.

*Æm.* Esto tu Moderator.

*Gno.* Agonotheta ero, ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀγῶν & ριθμῦ, nam sic docti vocant. Tu oppones *Morion*

Secundo in loco.

*Mor.* Rectè, recedam paululum

Et confutationem Orationis ejus meditabor mecum, 330

*Gn.* Antequam illam nosti?

*Mor.* Nosti? nemo non potest

Confutare tum cum noverit, ero singularis ego.

*Ps.* Discrucior animi, quod mos non patitur,  
Disputare fæminas publicè: vellem hos Opponentes mihi.

*Gno.* Ascendat Iocator.

Proditum est memoriæ antiquos Philosophos post multos labores sese recreare solitos fuisse. Agite igitur, hilarem hunc sumamus diem, nam arcus nimium intentus citò frangitur; habent sua Ludicra Musæ; & Apollo Musarum Parens, aliquando latet, aliquando patet. Tu vero Spartam quam nactus es, hanc orna, ut non minus, aut etiam plus modestia tua, quam ingenium appareat. Cave à Majoribus, nam ingenium non ferent, & observa semper cum Poëta, Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis.

*Æm.* Orationem tuam——

*Gn.* Nolo pati istam impudentiam, conferas te ad provinciam tuam.

*Æm.* Sapienter quidem facis, quod Orationem tuam non vis repeti.

*Gn.* Autoritate mihi ab Apolline commissa, jubeo te acquiescere.

*Ps.* Ha, ha, hæ! utinam ista mihi autoritas committeretur ab Apolline. 350

*Æm.* Non datur ars jocandi——Incipiam à Postremo Termino Iocandi, qui est Terminus Hillarii. Artem omitto, quia mos est ita facere.

Datur est verbum: nam nunc dierum Res talis non est, quædam dicuntur dari propriè & simpliciter, sed hic sensus verbi jam antiquatus est: alij vero improprie & secundum quid, ut Gradus in Academia, & in Collegiis——

*Gn.* Omitte illud verbum ; scimus quid velis.

*Æm.* Sed, ne erretis in hac re, dicam vobis, quid dandum sit, quid non, primum omnium dabitur mihi  
— si placeo—Manus vestras—sin minus—

Veniam. Dabitur Aulico nova juramenta, nam fregit omnia vetera. Ad cælum enim ire ne cogitat quidem, quia audit paucos illic esse tonsores & auctores vestiariorum, itaque nunquam oravit in tota vita, tantum aliquando dixit Deo, se ejus servum esse ter humillimum. Et tamen odit Diabolum, quia Cornutus est, eoque similior illius Creditorum Civium. Secundo Dabitur Puritanis verba ; jam enim illis silentium indicitur, si quando autem privatim prædicent, dabitur aures vestras ; nam suas amiserunt. Dabitur Academicis—

*Gn.* Nolo istud dici ; ne quos ridere hic oportuit, Erubescant aliqui : satisfecisti officio tuo. Respondere tibi vellem, sed neminem in loco meo Extrà unum novi, qui respondit nugis hujusce modi. Ascendat Opponens primus ; Disputationem in alium Differamus diem, nunc jam respondeas tantum breviter. Age ; Spartam, quam nactus es, hanc orna.

*Gel.* Faciam, sed numeram jocos meos, dum respondeam.

*Gn.* Pauperis est numerare pecus. Numeram hoc *Gelasime*, 380

Obsecro, Auditores, ut in adversam partem ne rapiatis, Quod in hoc dignitatis gradu præter morem aliquando jocos.

*Æm.* Si in eam partem peccas, facile te profecto condonabimus

Sed mihi crede, Doctissime Moderator, adhuc ab hac culpa liber es.

*Gn.* Doctissimum me vocat ; non interficiam illum hodiè.

*Gel.* Quoniam dandi regulas nobis dedisti. Ibi unus *Gnomice*

Est magnus jocos.

*Æm.* Tam magnus herclè ut videri nequeat.

*Gel.* Pish ! annon ludo in reduplicatione *roû* Dare ?

*Gn.* Est certè dimidia pars joci. 390

*Æm.* Oh ! ille, fortassè credidit,

Dimidium plus toto esse.

*Gel.* Dii, Deaque, Superi, Inferi,

Pessimis me exemplis perduint, nisi dicturus id eram.

Numeram *Gnomice* pro meo, Eripuit eum *ex animo* meo.

*Æm.* Rectam herclè instas viam, ingeniosus ut fias,

Si furaris, ego quæ dico. *Ps.* Summi est ingenii.

Sic facere, nam tuo jam te jugulat gladio.

Ibi ego etiam : pudet sanè ne mutam stare 399

Inter tot jocantes. *Gel.* Sed repetamur à diverticulo :

Dicam ergo tibi, quid dedit mihi rex *Macedonicus*—

*Æm.* Quin pergis ? *Gel.* Quia jam te oportet dicere,

Quid dedit tibi ? pecuniam ? *Æm.* Quid si nolim dicere ?

Tun' me coges ?

*Gel.* Non, sed nisi detur Ansa, quis potest joculari ?

*Æm.* Benè si me oras, dicam, ne omnino coram hac femina nobili

Ignominiosè taceas. *Gel.* Et ego sic respondeo :

Pecuniam ? non, non, non. Tergum vel pœnas dedit.

Ibi duo joci *Gnomice*. Sed obiter hoc—

Dixisti Artem jocandi non dari. Falsum ! nam ars jocandi est 410

Res ingeniosa, sed res ingeniosa datur ; nam Crede mihi res est ingeniosa Dare.

*Æm.* Caru'st hic jocus, nam tribus ab hinc petitur milliaribus.

Concionatorem nunquam audivi, textum cum perdiderit. (Ut sæpè fit) per tot circulos illum quærere.

Walli in hunc planè modum ad suam scandunt originem.

Ap Ars jocandi, Ap datur, Ap Res, Ap ingenium, Ap

Crede mihi res est ingeniosa dare.

*Gel.* Onerabas deinde maledictis Aulicos ; sed nimium rusticòs,

Iterùm *Gnomice* ; ob rusticitatem illum derideo. 420

Est & elegans quædam antithesis inter Aulicos & rusticòs.

Quæ addidisti de Puritanis, intacta prætereo,

Quoniam imitatus es illa quæ hodiè mane dixerim,

Cum illos in Novam Angliam ire jussi, cætera

Ex memoria aufugerunt.

*Ps.* Nequeo quin plaudam manibus.

Atque ita omnes vellem, cum audiant quod placet, facere.

*Gn.* Satisfecisti officio tuo : ascendat *Morion*.

*Mor.* Ità facio ; quæso ut ut jocos meos numeres *Gnomice*,

*Æm.* Hei ! cum istis vestibus disputaturus venis ? 430

Careat Modo, et Figura. Nulla est Consequentia

Inter earum partes. *Mor.* An vestes meæ tibi nocent ?

*Æm.* Ità sanè me terrebant modo, cum hic ascenderas.

*Mor.* Ha, ha, hæ ! ut me vidit, hominem terrui ; novit qui sim.

Quid cum me audierit ? Attendite, nunc incipio.

In principio orationis tuæ habuisti aliquid de meis laudibus, sed

Ego ingenue fateor, me non meruisse tantum de meis laudibus,

*Æm.* Egon' de tuis laudibus ?

Merito pol me confutare possis, si habuisses tale quid.

*Mor.* Pish ! ego hoc suppono—itaque nunc pergo, numeram *Gnomice*. 440

Dixisti porro aliquid de mari Philosophico ?

*Æm.* Quid ? de mari Philosophico ?

At illud ego adhuc ne primoribus quidem labris attigi.

Sed si animum induxisti deridere Mare Philosophicum,

Indulgebo tibi hanc veniam.

*Mor.* Non ? tum hæc tua culpa'st *Gelasime*.

Annon dicebas, quod nunquam quisquam omitteret Mare Philosophicum ?

*Ow.* Ha, ha, hæ !

*Mor.* Eoquid me ridet ? *Gn.* Perge *Morion*.

*Mor.* Pergat qui vult, si ridetis : ego satisfeci officio meo. 450

Cætera ex memoria dilapsa sunt : Et sic desino.

*descendit.*

*Gno.* Vos itaque cum meritis omnes dimitto laudibus,

Et Vitula tu dignus & hic. Arcades ambo

Et cantare pares, & respondere parati.

*Ps.* Deus bone ! quam pulchrè vos omnes processistis hodiè,

Ego vobiscum ipsa disputabo vice proxima.



Doctissime Moderator vale, dii tibi dent quæ expetia.  
*Gno.* Et longum formosa vale, vale inquit Iola.  
*Ps.* Tu *Gelasime*, sequere me sis domum, nam de arte  
 isthac est tibi  
 Quod sola soli dicam. 460  
*Gel.* Beatus sum ! libenter sequor.  
 Quantum diis magnis debeo, quod me tam lepidum fecerint !  
*Ps.* *Æmylio*, i præ, pish, omitte istas ceremonias.  
*Mor.* Ego illos comitabor, satis sum jocatus hodiè.  
*Gn.* At ego intus me recipiam, benè hodiè fecimus.

*Exeunt.*

Ite domum saturæ, venit Hesperus, ite Capillæ. *Exit.*



## ACTVS QVINTVS.

### *Scena Prima.*

*Æmylio, Dinon.*

*Æm.* Pro certon' habes advenisse *Polyporum* ?  
*Din.* Siquidem quod vidi certum'st.  
 Nisi fallant oculi.  
*Æm.* Mirum est ni fallant aliquando, si sint tui,  
 Nam tu totus, quantus quantus, nihil nisi astutia es.  
 Sed, ut placet, ubi vidisti ? ecquid idoneus visus't,  
 Ex quo argentum cudimus ? ha ! numquid est tractabilis ?  
 Vtinam accepisset literas.  
*Din.* Accepit jam in portu.  
 Et largus lacrymarum huc properat. 10  
*Æm.* Quis istud nosti ?  
*Din.* Vt vidi, suspensio gradu ibam, adstabam, com-  
 primebam animam,  
 Atque ubi cepi animum attendere, sermonem hoc captavi  
 modo.  
 Proin tu *Bombardomachidem* induas, ut accipiamus  
 hominem,  
 Hic esto ; cum rogabit, ubi habet *Bombardomachides* ?  
 Huc per posticum introducam illum tibi.  
*Æm.* At militi claves reddidi.  
*Din.* Pish ! sexcentæ sunt causæ quamobrem illas  
 possis repetere.  
 Abi modo : sed enim captivis quid faciemus ? absunt  
 perincommodè.  
*Æm.* Oh ! dicam *Polyporo* tempus nunc non esse, ut  
 illos videat, 20  
 Et jubebo cras redeat : Satin' polita sunt hæc consilia ?  
 O fors fortuna quam secundis rebus hanc mihi onerasti  
 diem !  
 Abeamus mi charissime *Dinon*.  
*Din.* O, mi suavissime *Æmylio* abeamus. *Exeunt.*

### *Scena Secunda.*

*Gelasimus, Pseas, Morion.*

*Ps.* Viden' ergo quam posthabui omnes res ingenio  
 tuo ?

Nam me in uxorem multi expetiverunt Principes,  
 Quos demisi, quia indocti erant, doloris compotes.  
*Gel.* Dii me faciant quod volunt, nisi minu' gaudeam  
 De pollentia tua (nam & ipse in mea patria  
 Sat dives & factiosus sum) quam quod hæc nuptiæ 30  
 Magno futuræ sint totius orbis commodo.  
 Namque ex te nostro quisquis suscipitur semine  
 Suis se dictis immortalis afficiet gloria,  
 Fietque Imperator jocularum optimus maximus.  
*Ps.* Cupio equidem Poëtam parere.  
*Gel.* Mea fide paries.

Nam vagiebam ego metricè, & in lactis loco  
 Heliconis aquam suxi, tum autem in Parnasso bicipiti  
 Sæpiculè somniavi, sed, ut verum fatear.  
 Nulla mihi carmina tam facili Minerva fluunt, 40  
 Quam Epigrammata, aut satyri, nam festivissimè  
 (Vt nosti) deripere homines soleo.  
*Ps.* O Musas omnes !

Quam undiquaque sententiis tuis intermisceas facetias !  
*Gel.* Ha, ha, hæc, animadvertistin' ? at peperci ego  
 dicere,

De illis, ut experirer, utrum tute per te eas intelligeres.  
*Ps.* Ah ! nunquam Patris in me inimicitias caperem  
 Tui causa, nisi intelligerem probè ingenium tuum.

*Mor.* Colloquuntur familiaritèr, metuo ne præripiat mihi  
 Illius animum, namque amo illam plus vino & saccaro 51  
 Et nisi me amet mutuo, abeat sanè in locum  
 In carcere quod Tullianum appellatur.

*Gel.* Abeamus, mea Sappho,  
 Vt à sacerdote aliquo celebretur nobis matrimonium,  
*Morion*, abi tu domum.

*Mor.* Ne me contemptim conteras ;  
 Tam ego disputabam hodiè, quam tu publicitùs.  
 Et confutavi hominem. *Ps.* Exemplis pessimis  
 Ludificator istum fruticem nisi hinc properè avolet.  
 Oh superas ! occidi, mortua sum ! Pater huc venit, nos  
 quaeritans, 60

Et stricto gladio necem hic minatur omnibus.  
*Mor.* Oh, oh, non possum aspiciere *Bombardomachi-*  
*dem*,

Nimio nimis ferox est, joculari mecum noluit modò.  
*Gel.* Tam mortui herclè sumus, quæ mare est mortuum  
 Ibi iterum, velim, nolim, non reprimo me, quin jocer,  
 Nullumne hic latibulum est ?

*Mor.* Oh ! queso ostendas aliquod,  
 In ipso foramine Acus nunc jam jacere poteram,  
 Ecquem hic habes caseum ? nam muris instar optimè  
 In illo delitesceram. 70

*Gel.* Non, non, falsus es *Morion*,  
 Nam tunc exederes latebras tuas. Vt illum derideo  
 Hoc tanto in periculo !

*Ps.* Hei mihi ! est intus dolium——  
 Vt contollit gradum ! ut oculi virent iracundia !——  
 Illic si vis temet occultare.

*Mor.* Dolium ? cedo sis, bona fæmina :  
 Nunquam me pudebit à Diogene exemplum sumere.  
 Vtinam esset plenum, evacuarem mihi quam citissimè. 80

*Ps.* Sequere me, tibi mox prospiciam *Gelasime*. 80  
 (*Exeunt Pseas, Morion*)

*Mor.* Ità, cum ego in tuto sis; dolium? magna domus est.

*Gel.* Oh! oh! audire visu' sum strepitum militis, Tergum vel pœnas illi dabo; ut mihi Rex Macedonicus.

Oh! jam venit, scio; jacebo hic, quasi essem mortuus; Nolo saltem cernere fatum meum. (*recumbit*) (*Pœnas intrat.*)

*Ps.* Ha, ha, he! *Gel.* Oh! adest!

*Ps. Gelasime,* surge, ne metuas malum.

*Gel.* Profecto, *Bombardomachides*, non duxi tuam filiam,

Neque unquam volui. *Ps.* Quid?

*Gel.* Non: quæso ne me jugules, 90

Memineris, obsecro, jocorum Militarium, quos feci tibi, Quin effecti iusper Iambi ut incedant pede.

*Ps.* O Venus! ludos lepidos. Adspice ad me *Gelasime*, Pater non adest.

*Gel.* O mea Sappho! ubi est pater tuus? obsecro an venit?

*Ps.* Neque venturus est, ex composito hoc feci adeo, Vt nobis sine Morone arbitro fierent nuptiæ.

*Gel.* Ha! scio hoc equidem, & ego etiam per industriam (*Surgit*)

Dissimulavi quasi essem timidus — sed, numnam in vado sumus? —

Annon dissimulabam lepide? — certè aliquid audio — Non venit spero. *Ps.* Ne time; sed festinato opu'st, Ne tandem fortasse serio nos pater opprimat. 101

*Gel.* Vera dicis; properemus mea Musa, mea Vrania, Vt te amo mea Polyhimne, mea Melpomene! *Exeunt.*

### Scena Tertiã.

*Æmylio* (ornatu militis) *Dinon*, *Polyporus*.

*Æm.* Intromittatur sino; fac pateat janua;

*Poly.* Tun' ille es Miles, arte tam insignis duellica?

*Æm.* Periphrasin veram nominis dicit mel.

*Pol.* Si is es, filium manu cepisti meum.

*Æm.* Si filium cepi tuum, captivo Pater es meo.

*Pol.* Huc itaque ea gratia huc veni tibi, 110

Illorum uti pro capitibus pecuniam duim,

Oro igitur me absolvas, quamprimum poteris,

Nec mora in te sit sita, quin pretium auferas,

Cupio videre ipsos; & complecti miseros,

Tam Pater capto sum, quam dudum fui libero.

*Æm.* Nunc aliqui me expectant reges; cras redeas licet.

*Pol.* Cras illud, Patri filium quaerenti annus est.

*Bom.* Oculisne claves obviam fiunt tuis? (*intus*)

*Cal. P.* Nisi jam reperiant, effringantur foribus cardines, (*intus*)

Ne mora Exorcistæ objecta sit, cum huc advenierit.

*Bom.* Edico jam nunc foribus bellum meis, 120

Posthæc ut istum timeant, efficiam, pedem.

(*Bombardom. frangit fores*)

*Æm.* Occicissim sumus, *Dinon*; Heus! quis est ad fores?

### Scena Quarta.

*Bombardomachides*, *Caliphanes*, *P. Æmylio*, *Dinon*, *Polyporus*, *servi Bombard.*

*Bom.* Oh! spectra cerno? ludit an oculos meos Imago fallax? non possum pergere Iambiocè, Ita validè timeo.

*Cal. P.* Ha! quid est? quid tremis adeo;

*Bom.* Me frigus, haud formido, ut tremam facit.

*Æm. Dinon*, in te spes omnis vertitur, sis Dæmon iterum,

Representari salus nostra non aliter potest.

*Din.* Ne responde animum, pulchrè homines vorabimus. 130

*Cal. P.* Nihil adhuc video — hum — *Leopardus* rediit,

Ipsus est *Leopardus*, quem conspexi prius.

*Din.* Oh, ho, o, ho, write, fundite, tundite, cædite, vertite, domum, ho, ho, fundite, tundite domum.

*Pol.* Quenam hæc deliramenta? suntne atra bile percuti?

*Din.* Πολλὰ ὄ θάνατα, κτάνατα, κτάνατά τε, δόχματ' ἤλθον.

*Æm.* Φρικτὰ δρακοντοειδῶν ἰδαίετο φίλα γυγάρτων.

*Pol.* Quicquid sit, aut hi homines insaniant validè, Aut aliquid monstri subest, qua fugere insistam via?

*Bom.* Oh! quæso bone Dæmon ne accedas adeo, oh!

*Poly.* Men' times vero? tam homo sum quam tu. 141

*Bombardomachidem* hic quæro.

*Bom.* Men' quaeris? obsecro;

Recedas, tecum nihil negoti est mihi. Oh! quæso.

*Din.* Πολλὰ ὄ θάνατα κτάνατα.

*Æm.* κτάνατά τε, δόχματ' ἤλθον.

*Cal. P.* Oh! metuo malè ne me persequantur Dæmones,

Quia ad nuptias injustitia mea coëgi filium.

*Bom.* Mallem in media acie, quam hic me stare loci.

Vtinam — (quid faciam?) utinam essem jam nunc mortuus,

Sed mori non possum. 150

*Pol.* Proculdubio istud somnium est.

Ità res hæc me dubium dat, ut quis sim, aut ubi, nesciam.

*Bom.* Claudam herclè oculos, videre non sustineo.

*Din.* Occidam, jugulabo, interficiam, capiam, rapiam, fundam, tundam omnes illico.

*Bom.* Immo non timeo, video profecto nihil.

*Cal. P.* Nihil? cæcus es *Bombardomachides*? accipe sis specularia. (*Bombard. manus ex-*

*Æm.* Πολυφλόβοιο θαλάσση. *tendens forte tiam*

*Bom.* Oh! *Æmylionis deiicit*)

*Æm.* O *Dinon* acta res est; emergi hinc non potest!

*Bom.* Servusne noster? facinus indignum & grave! 160

Iupiter, omni parte violentum intona.

Iaculare flammam, lumen ereptum polo

Fulminibus exple — jam possum iterum Iambiocè.

*Cal. P.* Proh Deos! siccin' te servus pro delectamento vsu'st?

Arripiant aliqui sublimem, & extinguant illic animam.

Tun' (*scelus*) pro arbitrio nos terras senes?

*Bom.* Terrere me non potuit, timui nihil.  
*Cal. P.* Non sum compos animi, ita incendor iracundia.  
 Itane istud patere *Bombardomachides*? occide eos.  
*Bom.* De fine penæ loqueris, ego pœnam volo. 170  
 Ardeo furore: tam diu cur innocens  
 Hos versor inter? tota jam ante oculos meos  
 Imago cædis errat.  
*Din.* O! dii te perdant *Æmylio*.  
*Æm.* Quin, quod ferundum est feramus æquo animo,  
 Video non licere quicquam jam pertendere.  
*Pol.* Frustrationes ego istas mirari satis nequeo.  
 Heus; estne miles hic, *Bombardomachides*?  
*Bom.* Men' ergo nescis? Ipse *Bombardomachides*  
 sum (in versu sequenti)  
*Pol.* Paratus es meum mihi jam filium reddere? 180  
*Bom.* Quem habeo filium reddam, sed nullum  
 habeo.  
*Pol.* Quæ te mala crux agitat autem? hem Litteras  
 tuas  
 Quas in portu accepi modò.  
*Bom.* Ha! Dux *Bombardomachides*?  
*Æmylio* scripsit istud: O ingens scelus!  
 Incertus, atrox, mente non sana feror  
 Partes in omnes; unde me ulcisci queam?  
 (*Verberat Dinonem & ejus barbam arripit.*)  
*Din.* Oh! obsecro te.  
*Pol.* O Dii boni! quid ego video? Dinonem servum?  
 Hem! *Dinon*! quid hic agis? ubi filius meu'st? 190  
*Din.* *Æmylio*, quid faciam in his angustiis? confitebor  
 omnia.  
*Æm.* Suspende te, si vis: Diis iratis natu' sum.  
*Cal. P.* Hi homines ingentem aliquam adornarunt fab-  
 ricam.  
 Articulatim te concedit hic servus tuus  
 Quantum adhuc video: faxo confiteantur omnia,  
 Heus Lorarii! quis intus est? Lorarii inquam!  
*Pol.* Immo deposita veste se verberibus impleant  
 invicem  
 Donec omnia ex exquisivimus, ut lubitum'st nobis.  
*Bom.* Locutus es, non malè, fiet modo.  
 Adeste servi, Dominus hoc vester jubet. (*Ingrad. Lorarii*)  
*Æm.* Strenuum me præbebo hominem; scapularum  
 mihi 201  
 Sat magna confidentia est. *Dinon*, bono animo es.  
*Din.* Quin Stoicus, inquam sum, dolorem nunquam  
 sentio.  
 Moriemur, sat scio; si præter spem quid evenit  
 In lucro deputabo esse. *Bom.* Audin' serve?  
 Flagella fac sint nobis in promptu duo.  
 (*Exit servus, & redit cum flagellis.*)  
*Cal. P.* Interea quod est temporis, tu deme illis di-  
 ploides.  
 Ha! statuæ verberæe, nos vetulos habetis ludibrio?  
 (*ponunt diploides.*)  
*Æm.* Aliud cura, Carnufex; non possum ego hoc ex-  
 nere!  
 (*ad lorarium*)  
 Vapulare herclè nolo in generosis meis vestibus, 210  
 Scio ego, quid sit vapulare.

*Din.* O miram rem! scientia talis, dicenda est sola  
 liberalis. Satin' *Æmylio* fortiter?  
*Bom.* Ridetis? at mox flumen ex oculis cadet.  
*Cal. P.* Hem! da flagella illis in manus ocyus.  
 Nisi pœnas de se strenuè sumant invicem.  
 Quasi incudem cædas illos; ac pugnis oneres.  
*Din.* Video necesse esse, ut exerceamus nosmet.  
 Age, incipiamus mea Commoditas.  
*Æm.* Mea opportunitas incipiamus.  
*Din.* Tu nebulo major es, tibi herclè locum cedo. 220  
*Cal. P.* Ludunt herclè; heus Lorarii, facite ut pugni  
 in malis hæreant.  
 Ad mortem vos ambos darem, si essetis mei.  
*Æm.* Quin abi in malam rem; nil opera opus tua  
 est, (*ad lorarium*)  
 Annon *Dinon* satis idoneus visu'st, qui me verberet?  
*Din.* Hem tibi, mi Alter idem!  
*Æm.* Meus bonus Genius! (*Se vicibus flagellant*)  
*Din.* Meus Pilades! *Æm.* Orestes meus!  
*Bom.* Hæc verberandi mihi sat methodus placet.  
 Tam similis est bello. *Cal. P.* Fecistis probè.  
 Cessate paululum, exquire nunc jam, quidvis. 230  
*Pol.* Quid filio factum est meo, cum Tutore ejus &  
*Gelasimo*?  
*Din.* Emunximus illos mucidos; & argentum effeci-  
 mus.  
*Æm.* Ex vestes, viden' ornatum Morionis tui?  
 Me multo decent magis. *Pol.* O frontes hominum!  
*Din.* Dicam omnia; animum advortite, nam fabula  
 lepidissima'st,  
 Primum omnium, appoti probè ut obdormirent, fecimus.  
*Æm.* Dein vestes Morionis pannis commutavi meis.  
*Din.* Dein, quasi captivos, in vinculis hic habuimus.  
*Æm.* Dein Scripsimus Epistolam, te ut vorsarem  
 insuper.  
*Din.* Dein spectris fictis *Bombardomachidem* perterre-  
 fecimus. 240  
*Bom.* Egonè vana ut spectra timerem scelus!  
 Adese vel jam Dæmonum turbam velim.  
*Pol.* O impudentiam! O mores! quid ego de vobis  
 tantum merui?  
*Æm.* Ha, ha! homo suavis! nos ut parceremus tibi?  
 Cum bardum genuisti, sapientium id fecisti gratia.  
 Stultus est Commune Bonum.  
*Cal. P.* Obstupesco! ita hæc res mira'st.  
*Din.* Immo nihil jam celabo, nolo, *Æmylio*,  
 Ex istis technis tibi melius sit, quam mihi.  
*Eucomissa*—*Æm.* *Dinon*! ô scelestum caput! (*Ma-*  
*gellat*) 250  
*Bom.* Muttiren' audes? pisce sis mutus magis.  
*Din.* *Æmylioni* nupsit hodiè, & Dii vortant sæliciter.  
*Bom.* Quid tangit aurem? ferte me insanæ procul,  
 Illo procellæ ferte, quo fertur dies  
 Hinc raptus, ô, quis filiam ostendet mihi?  
 Longinqua, clausa, abstrusa, diversa, invia  
 Emetiemur, nullus obstabit locus. (*Exit Bombard.*)  
*Æm.* Nunc demum perit solidè, hoc durum in corde  
 est mihi,  
 Quod mei gratia, *Fucomissa* pejus erit,

Præterquam, quod carendum est illa, nil adhuc doleo.

*Cal. P.* Si esset mea, omnem de illa animum  
Eiorem Patris, & alienarem miseram à familia. 261

Si filius meus ad hunc modum—sed nonvult, aut si  
cuperet maximè,

Captare consilii nil posset, quin olfacerem prius.

*Dis.* Immo ille proculdubio his noxiis vacuus' st.

Nihil in se culpæ unquam commisit, Tantum,  
Præter imperium tuum, & præterquam jussisti sedulo,

*Eglen* hodiè duxit. *Cal. P.* *Eglen?* non potest fieri.

Non, non, non audent: quicquid sit, videbo tamen.

Si verum est, statim cum uxore quatietur foras. *Exit.*

*Em.* Quicumque sis, peregrine, nolo precator mihi 271

Orare ut sis, nam adversus isthæc obfirmavi mala,

Sed ut pacem *Eucomissa* conciliare ab ejus Patre

Id oro, atque obsecro: age, etsi parum de te meruerim,

Popularis tuus sum. *Pol. Meus?*

*Em.* Siquidem es Anglus patria.

*Pol.* Qui istud factum est, hic servitutem servias?

*Em.* Fortunæ ædipol vitio, nam prognatus patre

Mercatore sum ditissimo, sed sic fors tulit

Cum sorore simul parvula hic ut me caperet parvulum.

*Pol.* Hei mihi! 281

*Em.* Quid lacrymas obsecro? istud me decet magis.

*Pol.* Quia miserias mihi meas hoc dicto in memoriam  
redigis.

Nam filiolamego etiam cum fratre unâ perdidit.

Vbi capti estis?

*Em.* In navi, cum in Hispaniam transmisit Pater

Mercaturæ operam dans, ac rei studens.

*Pol.* Quodnam erat navi signum?

*Em.* Castor & Pollux.

*Pol.* Dii boni, quo magis quæro, eo plus plusque con-  
venit. 290

Si est, ut hæc mihi res indicium facit,

Omnium, qui sunt in terra, sum beatissimus.

Quot annis abhinc?

*Em.* Mense proximo erunt octodecem.

*Pol.* Dii memet ex re perditâ servatum volunt.

Si isthæc vera sunt, non dubito quin sis meus.

Cæterum adest Miles, ille me certiozem faciet.

### Scena Quinta.

*Bombardom. Cal. P. Cal. F. Eucomissa, Egle.*

*Cal. P.* Quin exi, flagitium hominis, cum uxore trive-  
nifica,

Faxo, si vita mihi superet, istius obsaturabere.

*Eg.* Obsecro prolixè senex, uti quod te habet malè,  
In me totum evomas, cum illo modo in gratiam redeas.

Mea omnis culpa est; ille abs te innoxius, 302

Per Deos mea est.

*Cal. F.* Non, non, cave illi credas Pater,

Tuam in me iram derivari multo equiu' st.

Blanditiis istam meis conieci invitam in nuptias.

*Pol.* Accommoda mihi miles paululum aures tuas,

Nisi sit molestum.

*Bom.* Vrantur ira fibræ, & exardet jecur,

Vrantur inquam, loquere at quidvis tamen. 310

*Eu.* O *Emylio!* huncce in modum celebrantur  
nuptiæ?

Vereor ne eodem fiam viduus quo die nupta sum.

*Em.* Habe modo bonum animum, mea Vita, tibi nil  
faciet mali.

Meamque ne doleas vicem, nam Deos testor,

Si unâ hac nocte cubuissem in complexu tuo,

Cras illud esset, cum me vellem interfici,

Ne ulla unquam segritudo contaminaret illud gaudium.

Sed meliore in loco, diis gratias, spes sita est mea.

*Pol.* Immo omnem mihi rem explicatam dedisti pulchre.

Insperate File, salve, 320

Cum hic te conspicor; quam superat mihi

Atque abundat lætitiæ pectus! ubi soror tua est?

*Em.* Ecceam ipsam, mi pater charissime! amicitias  
quantas

Hic mihi dies obtulit! *Pol.* Iam, virgo mea es.

Ha, ha! filium & filiam? ha, ha! lacrymo gaudio.

Et tam liberaliter educatos! quis me fœlicior?

Age Miles, face te lubentem filie nuptiis.

*Bom.* Nil jam negabo, cuncta concedo, senex,

Quoniamque natam duxit, ut ducat volo.

*Em.* Audin' *Eucomissa?* iterum mihi natus videor.

*Eu.* Et ego iterum nupta; ô mi *Emylio.* 331

*Cal. p.* Quam suo mihi hic sermone arroxit aures!

Fili, quoniam istam virginem tam miserè deperis,

Difficultas a me non erit, quin pro uxore habeas.

*Cal. f.* Reverà mihi pater es, & diis ipsis proximus.

*Dis.* Tot inter gaudia, ut video, vapulandum est

mihi.

*Emylio,* volo te de communi re appellare mea, & tua.

Meministin' quo ornatu te primum invenierim

Mea profecto opera hæc omnia evenerunt tibi.

*Em.* Fœnerato hanc mihi operam, locasti, *Dinon,*

Nam mecum semper vives, suppeditabo ego tibi sumpti-  
bus. 341

*Dis.* O mea Commoditas! meus bonus Genius!

*Em.* Meruisti herculè;

Nam vel modo, mea opportunitas, quam me verberasti

strenue!

*Dis.* Meruisti herculè. Ego vel iterum, mi *Emylio,*

Voluptatis tuæ causa, defessus verberando fierem.

*Em.* Sed obsecro, mi Pater, an *Morion,* meus frater

est?

*Pol.* Nihil minus; nam cum vosnet infortunatus per-  
didi;

Ne prorsus viderer orbis, recens natum servi mei puerum

Pro meo sustuli; is hic est, quem vidistis, *Morion.* 350

### Scena Sexta.

*Gelasime, Psecas.*

Sed quem ego video? *Gelasimum,* amicum *Morionis*  
mei?

*Gelasime* salve. *Gel.* O *Polyptore* salve: necis quam

beatius ego sum!

Vbi est *Bombardomachides?* *Ps.* Illic; non vides?

*Gel.* Hic non est ille *Bombardomachides*, ad quem me insinuavi callidè.

*Ps.* Pish, credin' me ignorare patrem meum, quis siet?

*Gel.* Non, non; filius tuus *Gelasimus*, hic flexo poplite Vt sibi benedicas, obsecrat, atque ut nuptiis suis.

*Bom.* Ex ore quid venit tuo? Tun' filius meus?

*Gel.* Fortassis hoc me credis per jocum dicere, Quia' joculari semper soleo; sed profectò loquor seriò. 360 Detrahe velum, mea Musa: hem! nostin' filiam tuam?

*Om.* Ha, ha, hæ. *Ps.* Immò ne admiremini.

Ego nupsi isti Asino, sed præceptis meis, Efficiam brevi, ut moratus sit sat benè.

*Eucomissa* salve, jam sum ejusdem tecum ordinis, Colloquemur inter nosmet amicè, & capiemus consilium, Quid maritis faciendum sit, servire si nolint nobis.

*Gel.* Tun' negas filiam tuam hanc esse? *Om.* Ha, ha, hæ.

*Gel.* Quid (malum) ridetis? nullum hic dixi jocum.

*Æm.* *Gelasime*, da hoc etiam pugillaribus tuis. 370 Os mihi callidè sublitum est quarto Non. Feb.

*Gel.* Nolo sic me rideant; immò, quæ sit satis novi.

Egon' ut filiam tuam in uxorem acciperem?

Vah! ista ingeniosa est, hoc sufficit mihi.

Facetissimè à me amovi istud dedecus.

*Mor.* Oh! non possum recipere animam: quæso bona femina. (intus.)

*Æm.* Ha! quid hoc? *Ps.* Inter tot nuptias

Ne desit vinum, donabo vos pleno dolio. *Exit.*

*Cal. p.* Frustrationes ego tantas, & tam miras res,

Nullà me vidisse unquam in Comediâ meminì. 380

Ha! quid fit tandem?

### Scena Septima.

*Precas, Morion in dolio.*

*Ps.* Hem vobis vinum meum!

*Mor.* Non, non, ego non sum vinum. (in dol.) *Exit.*  
Ha! quosnam hic video? ego iterum intus me recipiam.

(ingred. iterum.)

*Gel.* Exi, exi inquam, *Diogenes*, ô *Morion*, ut ego te derideo!

*Mor.* Videon' ego patrè meum? ô, pater, tun' hic aderas?

Ego ingeniosus factus sum in his regionibus.

Iocari homines doceo. *Pol.* Posthâc ne me patrem vocites:

Nam servus meus es, quem adhuc pro filio sustuli.

*Mor.* O! tu me non nosti fortassis in his vestibus. 390

Ego sum profectò *Morion*: roga *Gelasimum*.

Nos hic Captivi sumus. *Pol.* Non, non, jam estis liberi.

Sed meus, per Deos, non es, te ad patrem tuum, Adducam iterum, cum in Angliam transmisimus.

### Scena Octava.

*Gnomicus.*

*Gel.* O Tutor! mira hic profectò evenerunt hodiè, Omnia intus scies, tu verò Tutor, & *Morion*, Mundum omnem jocularè colligite, nam in Angliam mecum redibitis,

Atque illic Cantabrigiæ istam aperiemus Scholam.

Emptores jocularum ibi habitam quamplurim.

*Mor.* Rectè; tum pater si nolis esse, ne sis amplius mihi. 400

Tutor, ego non sum filius *Polyppori* natu Maximus.

*Gn.* Enimverò, ut ait *Comicus*, Dii nos homines quasi pias habent.

*Cal. p.* Intereà ad me omnes introite ad prandium,

Frugalitèr vos accipiam. *Gn.* Consilium placet.

Siqui nunc harum rerum Spectatores adient

Cum Poëta illis dicerem. Valetè, & plaudite.

Claudite jam rivus, pueri, sat prata biberunt,

Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur invidiâ.

## EPILOGVS.

**H** Abet; peracta est fabula; nil restat denique,

Nisi ut vos valere jubed; quod ut fiat mutuo

Valere & nos etiam jubeat precor.

*Naufragium* sic non erit; nam vobis, si placuimus,

Vt acutissime observat *Gnomicus*, Vir admirabilis,

Iam nunc in vado sumus cum Proverbio.

FINIS.

## ERRATA.

*Act 1 Sc. 2. Vitra pro Vitra. Quod pro Quid. Polyppore pro Polyppori. A. 1. S. 4. Malam pro Malum. A. 1. S. 6. Nanule pro Nanule. Est pro Et. Vos pro Nos. A. 2. S. 4. Vt pro At. A. 2. S. 5. Exoscular pro Exoculer. Virite pro Vrite. A. 3. S. 2. Linqueus pro Linquens. A. 3. S. 6. Gel. pro Gno. ibid. Non, dele, ib. Non, non, non ipsi & Gel. loquitur. ib. ant. pro, unt. A. 4. S. 1. Ne pro de. A. 4. S. 2. Vxores pro Vxor es. A. 5. S. 2. Excederes pro Exederes. A. 5. S. 2. Dissimulavit, pro dissimulavi. Cætera, quæ non sunt pauca, omitto, ut porè quæ vel amicus, vel intelligens Lector excusare possit. [This note is retained, but the corrections have all been made in the text.—G.]*





V.

The Mistresse.

1647.



## NOTE.

Later editions of 'The Mistresse' than that of the first (1647) contain a few additional poems. These will be found in their places onwards, in the 'Miscellanies.' The later editions multiply the forcible-feebleness of italics preposterously. Their various readings—not numerous but noticeable—will be recorded in our Introduction (II. Critical).—G.





THE  
MISTRESSE  
OR  
SEUERALL COPIES  
OF  
LOVE-VERSES.

---

Written by MR. A. COWLEY.  
*—Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*

---

LONDON

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, & are to be  
fold at his shop at the *Princes Armes* in *St. Pauls*  
Church-yard. *Anno Dom. 1647* [8<sup>vo</sup>.]



## TO THE READER.

A correct Copy of these verses and (as I am told) written by the Authour himselfe, falling into my hands, I thought fit to send it to the Presse ; chiefly because I heare that the same is like to bee done from a more imperfect one. It is not my good fortune to bee acquainted with the Authour any further then his fame (by which hee is well knowne to all Englishmen) and to that I am sure I shall doe a service by this Publication : Not doubting but that, if these verses please his Mistresse but halfe so well, as they will generally doe the rest [of] the world, hee will bee so well contented, as to forgive at least this my boldnesse, which proceeds onely from my Love of Him, who will gaine reputation, and of my Country which will receive delight from it. I shall use no more preface, nor add one word (besides these few lines) to the Booke ; but faithfully and nakedly present it to the view, just as it came to mine, unlesse perhaps some Typographical faults get into it, which I will take care shall be as few as may be, and desire a pardon for them if there be any. Farewell.



THE  
MISTRESS:  
Or, SEVERAL COPIES of  
LOVE-VERSES.

*The REQUEST.*

1.

I Have often wish to love ; what shall I doe ?  
Me still the cruell Boy does spare ;  
And I a double taske must beare,  
First to wooe hlm, and then a Mistresse too.  
Come at last, and strike for shame ;  
If thou art any thing besides a name ;  
He thinke Thee else no God to bee ;  
But Poets rather Gods, who first created Thee.

2.

I aske not one in whom all beauties flow,  
Let me but love, what'ere she bee,  
Shee cannot seeme deform'd to me ;  
And I would have her seeme to others so.  
Desire takes wings, and strait does fly,  
It staves not dully to enquire the why.  
When I'm that thing a Lover growne,  
I shall not see with other's Eyes, scarce with mine owne.

3.

If she be coy, and soorne my noble fire,  
If her chill Heart I cannot move,  
Why I'll enjoy the very Love,  
And make a Mistresse of my own Desire.  
Flames their most vigorous heat doe hold,  
And purest light, if compass't round with cold :  
So when sharp Winter meanes most harme,  
The Spring Plants are by the Snow it selfe kept warm.

4.

But doe not touch my heart, and so be gone ;  
Strike deepe thy burning arrows in :  
Lukewarmnesse I account a sinne,  
As great in Love, as in Religion.  
Come arm'd with flames, for I will prove  
All the extremities of mighty Love.  
The excesse of heat is but a fable ;  
Wee know the torrid Zone is now found habitable.

5.

Among the Woods and Forests thou art found,  
There Bores and Lions thou dost tame ;  
Is not my heart a nobler game ?  
Let Venus Men ; and Beasts Diana wound.  
Thou dost the Birds thy Subjects make ;  
Thy nimble feathers doe their wings o'ertake :  
At every spring they chant thy praise ;  
Make me but love like them, I'll sing thee better laies.

6.

What service can mute Fishes doe to Thee ?  
Yet against them thy Dart prevales,  
Peircing the armour of thy Scales ;  
And still thy sea-borne Mother lives i' th' Sea.  
Dost thou deny only to mee  
The no great priviledge of Captivity ?  
I beg or challenge here thy Bow ;  
Either thy pittty to mee, or else thine anger show.

7.

Come ; or I'll teach the world to soorne that Bow :  
I'll teach them thousand wholesome arts,  
Both to resist and cure thy darts,  
More then thy skilfull Ovid ere did know.  
Musick of sighes thou shalt not heare,  
Nor drinke no more on wretched Lover's Teare :  
Nay, unlesse soone thou woundest mee,  
My Verses shall not only wound, but murder Thee.

*The THRALDOME.*

1.

I Came, I saw, and was undone ;  
The Light'ning did through my bones and marrow  
run ;  
A poynted paine pierc't deep my heart ;  
A swift cold trembling seiz'd on every part ;  
My head turn'd round, nor could it beare  
The Poyson that was enter'd there.

2.

So a destroying Angell's breath  
Blowes in the Plague, and with it hasty Death.  
Such was the paine, did so beginne  
To the poore wretch, when Legion entred in.  
Forgive me, God, I cri'd ; for I  
Flatter'd my selfe I was to dye.

3.

But quickly to my Cost I found,  
'Twas cruell Love, not Death, had made the wound :  
Death a more gen'rous rage does use ;  
Quarter to all he conquers does refuse.  
Whilst Love with barbarous mercy saves  
The vanquisht lives, to make them slaves.

4.

I am thy slave then ; let me know,  
Hard Master, the great Taske I have to doe :  
Who pride and scorne doe undergoe,  
In tempests and rough Seas thy Galleys row ;  
They pant, and groane, and sigh, but finde  
Their sighs encrease the angry winde.

5.

Like an Egyptian Tyrant, some  
Thou weariest out, in building but a Tombe.  
Others, with sad and tedious art,  
Labour i' th' Quarries of a stony heart ;  
Of all the Workes thou dost assigne,  
To all the severall slaves of thine,  
Employ me, mighty Love, to digge the Mine.

---

*THE GIVEN LOVER.*

1.

I'le on, for what should hinder me  
From Loving, and Enjoying Thee?  
Thou canst not those exceptions make,  
Which thin-souled under mortals take ;  
That my Fate's too meane and low ;  
'Twere pittie I should love thee so,  
If that dull cause could hinder me  
In Loving, and Enjoying thee.

2.

It does not me a whit displease,  
That the rich all honours seise ;  
That you all Titles make your owne,  
Are Vallant, Learned, Wise alone.  
But if you claim o're Women too  
The power which over Men ye doe ;  
If you alone must Lovers bee ;  
For that, Sirs, you must pardon mee.

3.

Rather then loose what does so neare  
Concerne my Life and Being here,  
I'le some such crooked wales invent,  
As you, or your Fore-Fathers went :

I'le flatter or oppose the King,  
Turn Puritan, or Any thing ;  
I'le force my Mind to arts so new :  
Grow Rich, and Love as well as You.

4.

But rather thus let me remaine,  
As Man in Paradise did reigne ;  
When perfect Love did so agree,  
With Innocence and Poverty.  
Adam did no Joynture give,  
Himselfe was Joynture to his Eve :  
Untoucht with Av'arice yet, or Pride,  
The Rib came freely back to his side.

5.

A curse upon the man who taught  
Women, that Love was to be bought ;  
Rather dote onely on your Gold,  
And that with greedy av'arice hold ;  
For if Woman too submit  
To that and sell her self for it,  
Fond Lover, you a Mistress have  
Of her, that's but your Fellow-slave.

6.

What should those Poets meane of old,  
That made their God to wooe in Gold ?  
Of all men sure They had no cause  
To Bind Love to such costly Lawes ;  
And yet I scarcely blame them now ;  
For who, alas, would not allow,  
That Women should such gifts receive,  
Could They, themselves, Be what They give ?

7.

If thou, my Deare, Thy selfe should'st prize,  
Alas, what value would suffice ?  
The Spaniard could not doe't, though hee  
Should to both Indies joynture thee.  
Thy beauties therefore wrong will take,  
If thou should'st any bargaine make ;  
To give All will befitt thee well,  
But not at Under-Rates to sell.

8.

Bestow thy Beauty then on mee,  
Freely, as Nature gave't to Thee ;  
'Tis an exploded Popish Thought  
To think that Heaven may be bought.  
Prayers, Hymns, and Prayes are the way ;  
And those my thankful Muse shall pay ;  
Thy Body, in my Verse enshrin'd,  
Shall grow immortal as thy Minde.

9.

I'le fixe thy title next in fame  
To Sacharissa's well-sung name.  
So faithfully will I declare  
What all thy wondrous beauties are,

That when, at the last great Assize,  
All Women shall together rise,  
Men strait shall cast their Eyes on Thee  
And know at first that Thou art She.

*The SPRING.*

I.

Though you be absent here, I needs must say,  
The Trees as beauteous are, and flowers as gay,  
As ever they were wont to be :  
Nay the Birds' rurall musicke too  
Is as melodious and free,  
As if they sung to pleasure you :  
I saw a Rose-bud 'ope this morne ; I'le sweare  
The blushing Morning op'ned not more faire.

2.

How could it be so faire, and you away ?  
How could the Trees be beauteous, Flowers so gay ?  
Could they remember but last year,  
How you did Them, They you delight,  
The sprouting leaves which saw you here,  
And called their Fellowes to the sight,  
Would, looking round for the same sight in vaine,  
Creepe back into their silent Barkes again.

3.

Where-ere you walk'd, trees were as reverend made,  
As when of old Gods dwelt in every shade.  
Is't possible they should not know,  
What losse of honour they sustaine,  
That thus they smile and flourish now,  
And still their former pride retaine ?  
Dull creatures ! 'tis not without cause that she,  
Who fled the God of wit, was made a Tree.

4.

In ancient times sure they much wiser were,  
When they rejoyc'd the Thracian verse to heare ;  
In vaine did Nature bid them stay,  
When Orpheus had his Song begunne,  
They call'd their wondring rootes away,  
And bad them silent to him run.  
How would those learned trees have follow'd you ?  
You would have drawne Them, and their Poet too.

5.

But who can blame them now ? for, since you're gone,  
They're here the onely Faire, and Shine alone.  
You did their Natural Rights invade ;  
Where-ever you did walke or sit,  
The thickest Bowes could make no shade,  
Although the Sunne had granted it :  
The fairest flowers could please noe more, neare you,  
Than Painted flowers, set next to them, could doe.

6.

Whene're then you come hither, that shall bee  
The time, which this to others is, to Mee.

63

The little Joyes which here are now,  
The name of Punishments doe beare ;  
When by their sight they let us Know  
How we deprived of greater are.  
'Tis you the best of Seasons with you bring ;  
This is for Beasts, and that for Men the Spring.

*Written in Juyce of Lemon.*

I.

Whilst what I write I doe not see,  
I dare thus, even to you, write Poetrie.  
Ah foolish Muse, which dost so high aspire,  
And knowest her judgement well,  
How much it does thy power excell,  
Yet darst bee read by, thy just Doome, the Fire.

2.

Alas, thou thinkest thy selfe secure,  
Because thy forme is Innocent and Pure :  
Like Hypocrites, which seeme unspotted here ;  
But when they sadly come to dy,  
And the last Fire their Truth must try,  
Scauld ore like thee, and blotted they appeare.

3.

Go then, but reverently goe,  
And, since thou needs must sinne, confesse it too :  
Confes't, and with humility cloath thy shame ;  
For thou, who else must burned bee  
An Heretick, if shee pardon thee,  
May'st like a Martyr then enjoy the Flame.

4.

But if her wisdome growe severe,  
And suffer not her goodness to bee there ;  
If her large mercyes cruelly it restraine ;  
Be not discourag'd, but require  
A more gentle Ordeall Fire,  
And bid her by Love's Flames read it again.

5.

Strange power of heat, thou yet dost show  
Like winter earth, naked, or cloath'd with snow,  
But, as the quick'ning sunne approaching neare,  
The Plants arise up by degrees,  
A suddaine paint adorne the trees,  
And all kind Nature's Characters appeare.

6.

So, nothing yet in Thee is seene,  
But when a Geniall heate warms thee within,  
A new-borne Wood of various Lines there grows ;  
Here buds an A, and there a B,  
Here sprouts a V, and there a T,  
And all the flourishing Letters stand in Rowes.

7.

Still, silly Paper, thou wilt thinke  
That all this might as well be writ with Inke.

O

Oh no ; ther's sence in this, and *Mysterie* ;  
 Thou now may'st change thy *Author's name*,  
 And to [her] *Hand* lay noble claim ;  
 For as *She Reads*, she *Makes* the words in *Thee*.

8.

Yet if thine owne unworthinesse  
 Will still, that thou art mine, not *Her's*, confesse :  
 Consume thy selfe with *Fire* before her *Eyes*,  
 And so her *Grace* and *Pitty* move ;  
 The *Gods*, though *Beasts* they do not *Love*,  
 Yet like them, when thei'r burnt in *Sacrifice*.

### INCONSTANCY.

**F**IVE Years ago (says story) I lov'd you,  
 For which you call me most inconstant now :  
 Pardon me, *Madam*, you mistake the *Man* ;  
 For I am not the same that I was than ;  
 No *Flesh* is now the same 'twas then in me,  
 And that my mind is chang'd, your selfe may see.  
 The same *Thoughts* to retain still, and *Intents*,  
 Were more inconstant farre ; for *Accidents*  
 Must of all things most strangely *Inconstant* prove,  
 If from one *Subject* they t' another move ;  
 My *Members* then, the *Father Members* were,  
 From whence *These* take their birth, which now are here,  
 If then this *Body* love what th' other did,  
 'Twere *Incest* ; which by *Nature* is forbid.  
 You might as well this *Day* inconstant name,  
 Because the *Weather* is not still the same  
 That it was yesterday ; or blame the *Year*,  
 'Cause the *Spring*, *Flowers* ; and *Autumne* *Fruit* does  
 bear.

The *World's* a *Scene* of *Changes*, and to be  
 Constant, in *Nature* were *Inconstancy* ;  
 For 'twere to break the *Laws* her self has made :  
 Our *Substances* themselves do fleet and fade ;  
 The most fixt *Being*, still doth move and fly,  
 Swift as the *Wings* of *Time* 'tis measur'd by.  
 T' imagine then that *Love* should never cease  
 (*Love* which is but the *Ornament* of these)  
 Were quite as senselesse, as to wonder why  
*Beauty* and *Colour* stay not when we dye.

### Not FAIRE.

**T**IS very true, I thought you once as faire,  
 As women in th' *Idea* are.  
 Whatever here seems *beauteous*, seem'd to be  
 But a faint *Metaphor* of *Thee*.  
 But then (methoughts) there something shin'd within,  
 Which cast this *Lustre* o're thy *Skinne*.  
 Nor could I choose but count it the *Sun's* *Light*,  
 Which made this *Cloud* appear so bright.  
 But since I knew thy falshood and thy pride,  
 And all thy thousand faults beside ;

A very *Moore* (methinks) plac'd near to *Thee*,  
 White, as his *Teeth*, would seem to be.  
 So men, (they say) by *Hell's* delusion led,  
 Have ta'ne a *Succubus* to their bed ;  
 Believe it fair, and themselves happy call,  
 'Till the cleft *Foot* discovers all :  
 Then they start from't, halfe *Ghosts* themselves with  
 fear ;  
 And *Devill* as 'tis, it does appear.  
 So since against my will I found *Thee* soul,  
 Deform'd and crooked in thy *Soule*,  
 My *Reason* strait did to my *Senses* shew,  
 That they might be mistaken too :  
 Nay when the world but knowes how false you are,  
 There's not a *Man* will think you fair.  
 Thy shape will monstrous in their fancies be,  
 They'l call their *Eyes* as false as *Thee*.  
 Be what thou wilt ; hate will present thee so,  
 As *Paritans* do the *Pope*, and *Papists* *Luther* do.

### PLATONICK LOVE.

1.

**I**Ndeed I must confesse,  
 When *Soules* mix 'tis an happiness ;  
 But not compleat 'till *Bodies* too do joyne,  
 And both our *Wholes* into one *Whole* combine :  
 But halfe of *Heaven* the *Soules* in *Glory* tast,  
 'Till by *Love* in *Heaven* at last,  
 Their *Bodies* too are plac't.

2.

In thy immortal part,  
*Man*, as well as I, thou art.  
 But something 'tis that differs *Thee* and *Me* ;  
 And we must one even in that difference be.  
 I *Thee*, both as a man and woman, prize ;  
 For a perfect *Love* implies  
*Love* in all *Capacities*.

3.

Can that for true love passe,  
 When a faire woman courts her glass ?  
 Something unlike must in *Love's* likeness be,  
 His wonder is, one and *Variety*.  
 For he, whose soule nought but a *Soule* can move,  
 Does a new *Narcissus* prove,  
 And his own *Image* love.

4.

That soules do beauty know,  
 'Tis to the *Bodie's* help they owe ;  
 If when they know't, they strait abuse that trust,  
 And shut the *Body* from't, 'tis as unjust  
 As if I brought my dearest friend to see  
 My *Mistresse*, and at th' instant *He*  
 Should steal her quite from *Me*.

*The CHANGE.*

1.

**L**ove in her sunny Eyes does basking play ;  
 Love walks the pleasant Mazes of her Haire ;  
 Love does on both her Lips for ever stray ;  
 And sows and reaps a thousand Kisses there.  
 In all her outward parts Love's alwaies seen ;  
 But, oh, he never went within.

2.

Within Love's foes, his greatest foes abide,  
 Malice, Inconstancy and Pride.  
 So the Earth's face, Trees, Herbs, and Flow'rs do dresse,  
 With other beauties numberlesse ;  
 But at the Center, Darknesse is, and Hell ;  
 There wicked Spirits, and there the Damned dwell.

3.

With me, alas, quite contrary it fares ;  
 Darknesse and Death lies in my weeping eyes,  
 Despair and Palenesse in my face appears.  
 And Grief and Fear, Love's greatest enemies ;  
 But, like the Persian Tyrant, Love within  
 Keeps his proud Court, and ne're is seen.

4.

Oh take my Heart, and by that means you'l prove  
 Within too stor'd enough of Love :  
 Give me but Your's, I'le by that change so thrive,  
 That Love in all my parts shall live.  
 So powerfull is this change, it render can  
 My outside Woman, and your inside Man.

*Clad all in White.*

1.

**F**Airest thing that shines below,  
 Why in this robe dost thou appear ?  
 Wouldst thou a white most perfect show,  
 Thou must at all no garment wear :  
 Thou wilt seem much whiter so,  
 Than Winter when 'tis clad with Snow.

2.

'Tis not the Linnen shews so faire :  
 Her skinne shines through, and makes it bright ;  
 So Clouds themselves like Suns appear,  
 When the Sun pierces them with Light :  
 So Lillies in a glass inclose,  
 The Glasse will seem as white as those.

3.

Thou now one heap of beauty art ;  
 Nought outwards, or within is foule :  
 Condensed beams make every part ;  
 Thy Body's clothed like thy soule,  
 Thy soule, which does it selfe display,  
 Like a starre plac'd i' th' Milky way.

4.

Such robes the Saints departed wear,  
 Woven all with Light divine ;  
 Such their exalted Bodies are,  
 And with such full glory shine.  
 But oh they 'tend not mortals' Pain ;  
 Men pray, I fear, to both in vaine.

5.

Yet seeing thee so gently pure,  
 My hopes will needs continue still ;  
 Thou wouldst not take this Garment sure,  
 When thou hadst an Intent to kill.  
 Of Peace and yeelding who would doubt,  
 When the White Flag he sees hung out ?

*Leaving Me, and then loving many.*

**S**O Men, who once have cast the truth away,  
 Forsook by God, do strange wild lusts obey ;  
 So the vain Gentiles, when they left t'adore  
 One Deity, could not stop at Thousands more.  
 Their zeal was senceless straight, and boundlesse grown  
 They worashipt many a Beast, and many a Stone.  
 Ah faire Apostate ! couldst thou think to flee  
 From Truth and Goodnesse, yet keep Unity ?  
 I reign'd alone ; and my bless'd Selfe could call  
 The Universall Monarch of her All.  
 Mine, mine her fair East-Indies were above,  
 Where those Suns rise that chear the world of Love ;

Where Beauties shine, like Gems of richest price ;  
 Where Corall grows, and every breath is spice :  
 Mine too her rich West-Indies were below,  
 Where Mines of Gold and [endless] treasures grow,  
 But, as, when the Pellean Conqueror di'd,  
 Many small Princes did his Crown divide,  
 So, since my Love his vanquisht world forsook,  
 Murther'd by poisons from her falshood took,  
 An hundred petty Kings claim each their part,  
 And rend that glorious Empire of her Heart.

*My Heart discovered.*

**H**ER body is so gently bright,  
 Clear and transparent to the sight,  
 (Clear as fair Christall to the view,  
 Yet soft as that, ere Stone it grew ;)   
 That through her flesh, methinks, is seen  
 The brighter Soule that dwels within :  
 Our Eyes through th' radiant covering passe,  
 And see that Lilly through its Glasse.  
 I through her Breast, her Heart espy,  
 As Soules in hearts do Soules descry,  
 I see't with gentle Motions beat ;  
 I see light in't, but find no heat.  
 Within, like Angels in the Sky,  
 A thousand gilded thoughts do fly :

Thoughts of bright and noblest kind,  
 Fair and chaste, as Mother-Minde  
 But, oh, what other heart is there,  
 Which sighs and crouds to her's so near?  
 'Tis all on flame, and does like Fire,  
 To that, as to its Heaven, aspire.  
 The wounds are many in't, and deep;  
 Still does it bleed, and still does weep.  
 Whosever wretched Heart it be,  
 I cannot chuse but grieve to see;  
 What pity in my Breast does raigne?  
 Methinks I feel [too] all its pain.  
 So torn, and so defac'd it lies,  
 That it could neer be known by t' eyes;  
 But, oh, at last I heard it groan,  
 And knew by th' Voice that 'twas mine owne.  
 So poor Alcione, when she saw  
 A shipwrackt body to'wards her draw,  
 Beat by the waves, let fall a Tear,  
 Which only then did Pitty wear:  
 But when the Corps on shore were cast,  
 Which she her husband found at last;  
 What should the wretched widow do?  
 Grief chang'd her strait; away she flew,  
 Turn'd to a Bird: And so at last shall I,  
 Both from my Murther'd Heart, and Murth'rer fly.

*Answer to the Platonicks.*

SO Angels love; so let them love for me;  
 When I'me all Soule, such shall my Love too be:  
 Who nothing here but like a Sp'rit would do,  
 In a short time, beleev'e't, 'twill be one too;  
 But 'shal our Love do what in Beasts we see?  
 Ev'n Beasts eat too, but not so wel as We.  
 And you as justly might in thirst refuse  
 The use of Wine, because Beasts Water use:  
 They tast those pleasures as they do their food;  
 Undrest they tak't, devour it raw and crude:  
 But to us men, Love cooks it at his fire,  
 And adds the poignant sawce of sharp desire.  
 Beasts do the same: 'tis true; but antient fame  
 Sayes, Gods themselves turn'd Beasts to do the same.  
 The Thund'r'er, who, without the female bed,  
 Could Goddesses bring forth from out his head,  
 Chose rather Mortals this way to create;  
 So much he 'steemd his pleasure, 'bove his state.  
 Ye talk of fires which shine, but never burne;  
 In this cold World they'lle hardly serve our turne,  
 As uselesse to despairing Lovers growne,  
 As Lambent flames, to men i' th' Frigid Zone.  
 The Sun does his pure fires on earth bestow  
 With Nuptiall warmth, to bring forth things below;  
 Such is Love's Noblest and divinest heat,  
 That warms like his, and does, like his, beget.  
 Lust you call this; a name to your's more just,  
 If an inordinate Desire be Lust:  
 Pygmalion, loving what none can enjoy;  
 More justful was, then the hot youth of Troy.

*The VAIN LOVE.*

*Loving one first because she could love no body,  
 afterwards loving her with desire.*

What new-found Witchcraft was in thee,  
 With thine own Cold to kindle Me?  
 Strange art! like him that should devise  
 To make a Burning-Glasse of Ice;  
 When Winter, so, the Plants would harme,  
 Her snow it selfe does keep them warme;  
 Fool that I was! who having found  
 A rich and Sunny Diamond,  
 Admir'd the hardness of the Stone,  
 But not the light with which it shone:  
 Your brave and haughty scorn of all  
 Was stately, and Monarchicall.  
 All Gentleness, with that esteem'd,  
 A dull and slavish vertue seem'd;  
 Should you have yielded them to me,  
 You had lost what most I lov'd in thee;  
 For who would serve one, whom he sees  
 That he can Conquer if he please?  
 It far'd with me, as if a slave  
 In Triumph led, that does perceive  
 With what a gay Majestick pride  
 His Conqueror through the streets does ride,  
 Should be contented with his woe,  
 Which makes up such a comely show.  
 I sought not from thee a returne,  
 But without Hopes or Fears did burn;  
 My covetous Passion did approve  
 The Hoording up, not Use of Love.  
 My Love a kind of Dream was grown,  
 A Foolish, but a Pleasant one:  
 From which I'me wakened now, but, oh,  
 Prisoners to dy are wakened so.  
 For now my Fires and Wishes are  
 Nothing, but Longings with Despair.  
 Despair, whose Torments no men sure  
 But Lovers and the Damn'd, endure.  
 Her scorn I doted once upon,  
 Ill Object for Affection,  
 But since, alas, too much 'tis prov'd,  
 That yet 'twas something that I lov'd;  
 Now my desires are worse, and flee,  
 At any-Impossibility:  
 Desires, which whilst so high they soare,  
 Are proud as that I lov'd before.  
 What Lover can like me complain,  
 Who first lov'd vainly, next in vaine?

*The SOULE.*

I.

If mine Eyes do ere declare  
 They' have seen a second thing that's fair;  
 Or Ears, that they have Musick found,  
 Besides thy Voice, in any Sound;



If my tast do ever meet,  
 After thy Kisse, with ought that's sweet ;  
 If my abused Touch allow  
 Ought to be smooth, or soft, but You :  
 If, what seasonable Springs,  
 Or the Eastern Summer brings,  
 Do my Smell perswade at all  
 Ought Perfume, but thy Breath to call ;  
 If all my senses Objects be  
 Not contracted into Thee,  
 And so through thee more pow'rful passe,  
 As Beams do through a Burning-Glasse ;  
 If all things that in Nature are  
 Either soft, or sweet, or fair,  
 Be not in Thee so Epitomiz'd,  
 [That nought Material's not compriz'd ;]  
 May I as worthless seem to Thee  
 As all, but Thou, appear to Mee.

## 2.

If I ever Anger know,  
 'Till some Wrong be done to you ;  
 If Gods or Kings my Envy move,  
 Without their Crowns crown'd by thy Love  
 If ever I an hope admitt,  
 Without thy Image stamp on it ;  
 Or any Fear, 'till I begin  
 To find that You'r concern'd therein ;  
 If a Joy ere come to Me,  
 That tastes of any thing but thee ;  
 If any Sorrow touch my Mind,  
 Whilst You are well, and not unkind ;  
 If I a minute's space debate,  
 Whether I shall curse and hate  
 The things beneath thy hatred fall,  
 Though all the World, my selfe and all ;  
 And for Love, if ever I  
 Appear to it again so nigh,  
 As to allow a Toleration  
 To the least glimmering Inclination ;  
 If thou alone dost not controule  
 All those Tyrants of my Soule,  
 And to thy Beauties tyest them so,  
 That constant they as Habits grow ;  
 If any Passion of my Heart,  
 By any force, or any art,  
 Be brought to move one step from Thee,  
 May'st Thou no Passion have for Mee.

## 3.

If my busie Imagination  
 Do not Thee in all things fashion ;  
 So that all Fair Species be  
 Hieroglyphick marks of Thee ;  
 If when She her sports does keep  
 (The lower Soule being all asleep)  
 She play one Dream, with all her Art,  
 Where Thou hast not the longest part.

If ought get place in my Remembrance,  
 Without some badge of thy resemblance ;  
 So that thy parts become to me  
 A kind of Art of Memory.  
 If my understanding do  
 Seek any Knowledge but of You,  
 If She do near thy Body prize  
 Her Bodies of Philosophies ;  
 If She to the Will do show  
 Ought desirable but You,  
 Or if That would not rebell,  
 Should She another Doctrine tell ;  
 If my Will do not resign  
 All her Liberty to thine ;  
 If she would not follow Thee,  
 Though Fate and Thou shouldst disagree ;  
 And if (for I a curse will give,  
 Such as shall force thee to believe)  
 My soul be not entirely Thine ;  
 May thy dear Body ne'ere be Mine.

*The PASSIONS.*

## I.

FROM Hate, Fear, Hope, Anger, and Envy free,  
 And all the Passions els that be,  
 In vain I boast of Liberty,  
 In vain this State a Freedom call ;  
 Since I have Love, and Love is all :  
 Sot that I am, who think it fit to bragge,  
 That I have no Disease besides the Plague !

## 2.

So in a zeale the Sons of Israel,  
 Sometimes upon their Idols fell ;  
 And they depos'd the powers of Hell ;  
 Baal, and Astarte down they threw,  
 And Accaron and Molock too ;  
 All this imperfect Piety did no good,  
 Whilst yet, alas, the Calfe of Bethel stood.

## 3.

Fondly I boast, that I have drest my Vine  
 With painfull Art, and that the wine  
 Is of a tast rich and divine,  
 Since Love, by mixing poyson there,  
 Has made it worse then vineger.  
 Love even the tast of Nectar changes so,  
 That Gods chose rather Water here below.

## 4.

Fear, Anger, Hope, all passions else that be,  
 Drive this one Tyrant out of Me,  
 And practise all your Tyranny.  
 The change of ills some good will do :  
 Th' oppressed wretched Indians so,  
 Being slaves by the great Spanish Monarch made,  
 Call in the States of Holland to their Aid.

## WISDOME.

'TIS mighty Wise that you would now be thought  
With your grave Rules from musty Morals  
brought :

Through which some streaks too of Div'nity ran,  
Partly of Monke, and partly Puritan ;  
With tedious Repetitions too you've tane  
Often the name of Vanity in vain.  
Things, which, I take it, friend, you'd ne'er recte,  
Should she I love, but say t' you, Come at night.  
The wisest King refus'd all pleasures quite,  
'Till Wisdome from above did him enlight ;  
But when that gifte his Ignorance did remove,  
Pleasures he chose, and plac'd them all in Love.  
And if by event the counsels may be seen,  
This wisdom 'twas that brought the Southern Queen.  
She came not, like a good old Wife, to know  
The wholesome nature of all plants that grow :  
Nor did so farre from her own Country rome,  
To cure Scal'd heads, and broken shins at home ;  
She came for that, which more befits all Wives,  
The Art of Giving, not of Saving lives.

## The DESPAIR.

1.

Beneath this gloomy shade,  
By Nature only for my sorrows made,  
I'll spend this voice in cries,  
In tears I'll wast these eyes  
By Love so vainly fed ;  
So Lust of old the Deluge punished.  
Ah wretched youth ! said I !  
Ah wretched youth ! twice did I sadly cry :  
Ah wretched youth ! the fields and floods reply.

2.

When thoughts of Love I entertaine,  
I meet no words but Never, and In vaine.  
Never (alas) that dreadfull name,  
Which fewells the infernall flame :  
Never, my time to come must wast ;  
In vaine, torments the present and the past,  
In vain, in vain ! said I ;  
In vain, in vain ! twice did I sadly cry ;  
In vain, in vain ! the fields and floods reply.

3.

No more shall fields or floods do so ;  
For I to shades more dark and silent go :  
All this world's noise appears to me  
A dull ill-acted Comedy :  
No comfort to my wounded sight,  
In the Sun's busie and impert'nent Light.  
Then down I laid my head ;  
Down on cold earth ; and for a while was dead,  
And my freed Soul to a strange Somewhere fled.

4.

Ah sottish Soule ; said I,  
When back t' its Cage again I saw it fly :  
Fool to resume his broken chain !  
And row his Galley here again !  
Fool, to that body to returne  
Where it condemn'd and destin'd is to burn !  
Once dead, how can it be,  
Death should a thing so pleasant seem to Thee,  
That thou shouldst come to live it o're again in Mee ?

## The WISH.

1.

WELL then ; I now do plainly see,  
This busie world and I shall nere agree ;  
The very honey of all earthly joy  
Does of all meats the soonest cloy.  
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,  
Who for it can endure the stings,  
The Croud, and Buz, and Murmurings  
Of this great Hive, the City.

2.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave,  
May I a small House, and large Garden have !  
And a few Friends, and many Books ; both true,  
Both wise, and both delightfull too !  
And since Love neer wil from me flee,  
A Mistresse moderately fair,  
And good as Guardian-Angels are,  
Onely beloved, and loving me !

3.

Oh, Founts ! Oh when in you shall I  
My selfe, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy ?  
Oh Fields ! Oh Woods ! when, when shall I be made  
The happy Tenant of your shade ?  
Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood ;  
Where all the Riches lye, that she  
Has coin'd and stamp't for good.

4.

Pride and Ambition here,  
Onely in far-fetcht Metaphors appear ;  
Here nought but winds can hurtful Murmurs scatter,  
And nought but echo flatter.  
The Gods, when they descended, hither  
From heaven, did alwaies chuse their way ;  
And therefore we may boldly say,  
That 'tis the way too thither.

5.

How happy here should I,  
And one dear She, live, and embracing, dye ?  
She who is all the world, and can exclude  
In desarts, solitude.

I should have then this only fear,  
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,  
Should all come im'itate Mee  
And so make a City here.

### My DIET.

I.

**N**ow by my Love, the greatest Oath that is,  
None loves you halfe so well as I :  
I do not ask your Love for this ;  
But for heaven's sake believe me, or I dy.  
No Servant ere, but did deserve  
His Master should believe that he does serve ;  
And I'll ask no more wages, though I sterve.

2.

'Tis no luxurious Diet this, and sure  
I shall not by 't too lusty prove ;  
Yet shall it willingly endure,  
If 't can but keep together Life and Love.  
Being your Prisoner and your slave,  
I do not Feasts and Banquets look to have,  
A little Bread and Water's all I crave.

3.

On a sigh of Pity I a yeer can live,  
One Tear will keep me twenty at least,  
Fifty a gentle look will give ;  
An hundred years on one kind word I'll feast :  
A thousand more will added be,  
If you an Inclination have for Mee ;  
And all beyond is vast Eternity.

### The THIEFE.

I.

**T**hou rob'st my Daies of bus'nesse and delights.  
Of sleep thou rob'st my Nights ;  
Ah, Lovely Thiefe, what wilt thou doe ?  
What ? Rob me of Heaven too ?  
Thou, even my prayers thou hauntest me ;  
And I, with wild Idolatry,  
Begin, to God, and end them all, to Thee.

2.

Is it a Sinne to Love, that it should thus,  
Like an ill Conscience, torture us ?  
What ere I do, where ere I go,  
(None Guiltlesse ere was haunted so)  
Still, still, methinks thy face I view,  
And still thy shape does me pursue,  
As if, not you Mee, but I had murdered You.

3.

From books I strive some remedy to take,  
But thy Name all the Letters make ;

What ere 'tis writ, I find that there,  
Like Points and Comma's every where,  
Me blest for this let no man hold ;  
For I, as Midas did of old,  
Perish by turning every thing to Gold.

4.

What do I seek, alas, or why do I  
Attempt in vain from thee to fly ;  
From making thee my Deitie,  
I gave thee then Ubiquitie.  
My pains resemble Hell in this ;  
The divine presence there too is,  
But to torment Men, not to give them blisse.

### All over, LOVE.

I.

**'T**IS well, 'tis well with them (say I)  
Whose short-liv'd Passions with themselves  
can dye :  
For none can be unhappy, who  
'Midst all his ills a time does know  
(Though nere so long) when he shall not be so.

2.

Whatever parts of Me remain,  
Those parts will still the Love of Thee retain ;  
For 'twas not only in my Heart,  
But like a God by powerful Art,  
'Twas all in all, and all in every Part.

3.

My 'Affection no more perish can  
Than the first Matter that compounds a Man.  
Hereafter if one Dust of Me  
Mix'd with another's Substance be,  
'Twill Leaven that whole Lump with Love of Thee.

4.

Let Nature, if she please, disperse  
My Atoms over all the Universe,  
At the last they easily shall  
Themselves know, and together call,  
For thy Love, like a Mark, is stamp'd on all.

### LOVE and LIFE.

I.

**N**OW, sure, within this twelve-month past,  
I have lov'd at least some twenty yeares or more :  
Th' Account of Love runs much more fast  
Then that, with which our Life does score :  
So though my Life be short, yet I may prove  
The great Methusalem of Love.

2.

Not that Love's Howers or Minutes are  
Shorter then those our Being's measur'd by :

But they're more close-compacted farre,  
And so in lesser room do ly.  
Thin airy things extend themselves in space,  
Things solid take up little Place.

3.

Yet Love, alas, and Life in mee,  
Are not two severall things, but purely one,  
At once how can there in it be  
A double different Motion?  
O yes, there may : for so the selfe-same Sunne,  
At once does slow and swiftly run.

4.

Swiftly his daily course he goes.  
And walks his Annuall with a statelier pace,  
And does three hundred rounds enclose  
Within one yearly Circle's space.  
[At once with double Course, in the same Spere,  
He runs the Day, and walks the Year.]

5.

When Soule does to my selfe referre,  
'Tis then my life, and does but slowly move ;  
But when it does relate to her,  
It swiftly flies, and then is love.  
Love's my Diurnall course, divided right  
'Twixt Hope and Fear, my Day and Night.

### The BARGAIN.

1.

TAke heed, take heed, thou lovely Maid,  
Nor be by glittering ills betray'd ;  
Thy selfe for Mony? oh, let no man know  
The Price of beauty fal'n so low !  
What dangers oughtst thou not to dread,  
When Love that 's Blind is by blind Fortune led?

2.

The foolish Indian that sells  
His precious Gold for beads and bells,  
Does a more wise and gainful traffick hold,  
Then thou who sell'st thy selfe for gold.  
What gaines in such a bargain are?  
Hee'lle in thy Mines dig better Treasures farre.

3.

Can Gold, alas, with Thee compare?  
The Sun that makes it's not so fair ;  
The Sun which can nor make, nor ever see  
A thing so beautiful as Thee,  
In all the journeys he does passe,  
Though the Sea serv'd him for a looking-glasse.

4.

Bold was the Wretch that cheapened Thee,  
Since Magus, none so bold as he :

Thou'rt so divine a thing, that Thee to buy  
Is to be counted Simony ;  
Too dear he'lle finde his sordid price,  
Ha's forfeited that, and the Benefice.

5.

If it be lawfull Thee to buy,  
Ther's none can pay that rate but I ;  
Nothing on earth a fitting price can be,  
But what on earth's most like to Thee.  
And that my Heart does only bear ;  
For there Thy selfe, Thy very selfe is there.

6.

So much thy selfe does in me live,  
That when for it thy selfe I give,  
'Tis but to change that piece of Gold for this,  
Whose stampe and value equall is.  
Yet lest the Weight be counted bad,  
My Soule and Body, two Grains more, I'lle adde.

### The LONG LIFE.

1.

LOve from Time's wings hath stol'ne the feathers  
sure,  
He has, and put them to his owne ;  
For howers of late as long as Daies endure,  
And very Minutes, How'rs are grown.

2.

The various Motions of the turning Year,  
Belong not now at all to Mee ;  
Each Summer's Night does Lucie's now appear,  
Each Winter Day Saint Barnabie.

3.

How long a space, since first I lov'd, it is?  
To look into a glasse I fear ;  
And am surpris'd with wonder, when I misse  
Grey haire and wrinkles there.

4.

Th' old Patriarchs age, and not their happiness too,  
Why does hard fate to us restore?  
Why does Love's Fire thus to Mankind renew,  
What the Flood washt away before?

5.

Sure those are happy people that complain  
O' the shortness of the daies of Man :  
Contract mine, Heaven, and bring them back [again]  
To th' ordinary Span.

6.

If when your gift, long Life, I disapprove,  
I too ingratefull seem to be ;  
Punish me justly, heaven ; make Her to love,  
And then 'twill be too short for Mee.

## COUNCELL.

1.

Gently, ah gently, Madam, touch  
The wound, which your self have made ;  
That pain must needs be very much,  
Which makes me of your hand affraid.  
Cordials of pitty give me now,  
For I too weak for Purgings grow.

2.

Do but a while with patience stay ;  
For Counsell yet will do no good,  
'Till Time, and Rest, and Heaven ally  
The violent burnings of my blood ;  
For what effect from this can flow,  
To chide men drunk, for being so ?

3.

Perhaps the Physick 's good you give,  
But nere to me can usefull prove ;  
Med'cines may Cure, but not Revive ;  
And I 'me not Sick, but Dead in Love.  
In Love's Hell, not his World, am I ;  
At once I Live, am Dead, and Dy.

4.

What new found Rhetorick is thine ?  
Ev'n thy Diswassions me perswade,  
And thy great power does clearest shine,  
When thy Commands are disobeyed.  
In vain thou bidst me to forbear ;  
Obedience were Rebellion here.

5.

Thy Tongue comes in, as if it meant  
Against thine Eyes t' assist my Heart ;  
But different farre was his intent ;  
For strait the Traitor took their part.  
And by this new foe Ime bereft  
Of all that Little which was left.

6.

The act I must confesse was wise,  
As a dishonest act could be ;  
Well knew the Tongue (alas) your Eyes  
Would be too strong for That, and Mee.  
And part o' the Triumph chose to get,  
Rather then be a part of it.

*Resolved to be beloved.*

1.

'TIS true, I've lov'd already three or foure,  
And shall three or foure hundred more ;  
I'le love each fair one that I see,  
'Till I finde one at last that shall love Mee.

2.

That shall my Canaan be, the fatall soile,  
That ends my wand'rings, and my toile,  
I'le settle there, and happy grow ;  
The Country does with Milk and Honey flow.

3.

The Needle trembles so, and turnes about,  
'Till it the Northern Point find out :  
But constant then and fixt does prove,  
Fix'd, that his dearest Pole as soon may move.

4.

Then may my Vessell torn and shipwrackte be,  
If it put forth again to Sea :  
It never more abroad shall rome,  
Though 't could next voyage bring the Indies home.

5.

But I must sweat in Love, and labour yet,  
'Till I a Competency get.  
They're slothful fools who leave a Trade,  
'Till they a moderate Fortune by 't have made.

6.

Variety I ask not ; give me One  
To live perpetually upon.  
The person Love does to us fit,  
Like Manna, has the Taste of all in it.

*The SAME.*

1.

FOR Heaven's sak[e], what d'you mean to do ?  
Keep me, or let me go, one of the two ?  
Youth and warm hours let me not idly loose,  
The little Time that Love does choose ;  
If alwaies here I must not stay,  
Let me be gone, whilst yet 'tis Day ;  
Lest I faint, and benighted lose my way.

2.

'Tis dismal, One so long to love  
In vaine ; 'till to love more as vain must prove :  
To hunt so long on nimble prey, 'till wee  
Too weary to take others be ;  
Alas, 'tis folly to remain,  
And wast our Army thus in vain,  
Before a City which will nere be tane.

3.

At severall hopes wisely to fly,  
Ought not to be esteem'd Inconstancy ;  
'Tis more inconstant alwaies to pursue  
A thing that alwaies flies from you ;  
For that at last may meet a bound ;  
But no end can to this be found,  
'Tis nought but a perpetual fruitlesse Round.

4

When it does Hardnesse meet and Pride,  
My Love does then rebound t' another side ;  
But if it ought that's soft and yeelding hit ;  
It lodges there, and stays in it.  
Whatever 'tis shall first love mee,  
That it my Heaven may truly be ;  
I shall be sure to giv' t' Eternity.

### The DISCOVERY.

1.

BY Heaven I'll tell her boldly that 'tis Shee ;  
Why should She asham'd or angry be,  
To be belov'd by Mee ?  
The Gods may give their Altars o're ;  
They'll smook but seldome any more,  
If none but Happy Men must them adore.

2.

The Lightning which tall Oakes oppose in vain,  
To strike sometimes does not disdain  
The humble Furzes of the Plain.  
She being so high, and I so low,  
Her power by this does greater show,  
Who at such distance gives so sure a blow.

3.

Compar'd with her all things so worthless prove,  
That nought on earth can towards her move,  
'Till 't be exalted by her Love.  
Equall to her, alas, ther's none ;  
She like a Deity is growne ;  
That must Create, or else must be alone.

4.

If there be man, who thinks himselfe so high,  
As to pretend equality,  
He deserves her lesse then I ;  
For he would cheat for his reliefe ;  
And one would give with lesser grief,  
T' an undeserving Beggar, then a Thiefe.

### Against Fruition.

NO ; thou'rt a fool, I'll swear, if ere thou grant :  
Much of my Veneration thou must want,  
When once thy kindnesse puts my Ignorance out ;  
For a learn'd Age is alwaies least devout,  
Keep still thy distance ; for at once to me  
Goddesse and Woman too, thou canst not be ;  
Thou'rt Queen of all that sees thee ; and as such  
Must neither Tyrannize, nor yeeld too much ;  
Such freedoms give as may admit command,  
But keep the Forts and Magazines in thine hand.  
Thou'rt yet a whole world to me, and dost fill  
My large ambition ; but 'tis dang'rous still,  
Lest I like the Pellean Prince should be,  
And weep for other worlds, having conquerd thee ;

When Love has taken all thou hast away,  
His strength by too much Riches will decay.  
Thou in my fancy dost much higher stand,  
Then Women can be plac'd by Nature's hand ;  
And I must needs, I'me sure, a loser be,  
To change Thee, as Thou'rt there, for very Thee.  
Thy sweetnesse is so much within me plac'd,  
That shouldst thou Nectar give, 'twould spoil the Taste.  
Beauty at first moves wonder, and delight ;  
'Tis Nature's juggling trick to cheat the sight,  
Wee admire it, whilst unknown, but after more  
Admire our selves, for liking it before.  
Love, like a greedy Hawke, if we give way,  
Does over-gorge himselfe with his own Prey ;  
Of very hopes a surfeit he'll sustain,  
Unless by fears he cast them up again ;  
His spirit and sweetnesse dangers keep alone ;  
If once he lose his sting, he growes a Drone.

### Love undiscovered.

1.

I Others may with safety tell  
The moderate Flames, which in them dwell ;  
And either find some Med'cin there,  
Or cure themselves even by Despair ;  
My Love's so great, that it might prove  
Dangerous, to tell her that I Love.  
So tender is my wound, it must not bear,  
Any salute, though of the kindest aire.

2.

I would not have her know the pain,  
The Torments for her I sustain ;  
Lest too much goodness make her throw  
Her Love upon a Fate too low.  
Forbid it Heaven my Life should be  
Weigh'd with her least Conveniencie.  
No, let me perish rather with my grief,  
Then to her disadvantage find reliefe.

3.

Yet when I dye, my last breath shall  
Grow bold, and plainly tell her all.  
Like covetous men who nere discry  
Their deare hid Treasures 'till they dye.  
Ah, fayrest Mayd, how should it chear  
My Ghost, to get from Thee a Tear !  
But take heed ; for if me thou pitiest then,  
Twenty to one but I shall live again.

### The given Heart.

1.

I Wonder what those Lovers mean, who say,  
They have given their Hearts away.  
Some good kind Lover tell me how ;  
For mine is but a Torment to me now.

2.

If so it be, one place both hearts contain,  
For what do they complain ?  
What courtesie can Love do more  
Then to joyne Hearts, that parted were before ?

3.

Wo to her stubborn Heart, if once mine come  
Into the selfe same roome ;  
'Twill tear and blow up all within,  
Like a Granado shot into a Magazin.

4.

Then shall Love keep the ashes, and torn parts,  
Of both our broken Hearts :  
Shall out of both one new one make,  
From her's, th' Allay, from mine, the Metall take.

5.

For of her heart he from the Flames will find  
But little left behind ;  
Mine only will remain entire ;  
No drosse was there, to perish in the Fire.

*The PROPHEET.*

I.

TEach me to Love ? go teach thy self more witt ;  
I chief Professor am of it.  
Teach Craft to Scots, and Thrift to Jews,  
Teach Boldness to the Stews ;  
In Tyrants' Courts teach supple Flattery :  
Teach Sophisters and Jesuites to lye.  
Teach fire to burn, and winds to blow,  
Teach restlesse fountains how to flow,  
Teach the dull earth, fixt to abide,  
Teach Women-kind Inconstancy and Pride.  
See if your diligence here will usefull prove ;  
But, neither, teach not me to Love.

2.

The God of Love, if such a thing there be,  
May learn to love from Mee.  
He who does boast that he has bin  
In every Heart since Adam's sinne,  
I'll lay my Life, nay Mistress on 't, that 's more,  
I'll teach him things he never knew before ;  
I'll teach him a Receipt to make  
Tears, which shall understand, and speak,  
I'll teach him Sighes, like those in Death,  
At which the Soule goes out too with the breath :  
Still the Soule stayes, yet still does from me runne,  
As light and heat does with the Sun.

3.

'Tis I who Love's Columbus am ; 'tis I,  
Who must new Worlds in it deasy :  
Rich Worlds, that yield of Treasure more,  
Then all that has been knowna before.

And yet like his (I fear) my Fate must be,  
To find them out for others, not for Me.  
Mee times to come, I know it, shall  
Love's last and greatest Prophet call.  
But, ah, what 's that, if she refuse  
To hear the wholesome Doctrines of my Muse ?  
If to my share the Prophet's Fate must come ;  
Hereafter Fame, here Martyrdome.

*The RESOLUTION.*

I.

THE Devill take those foolish Men,  
Who gave you first such powers ;  
Wee stood on even grounds 'till then ;  
If any odds, Creation made it ours.

2.

For shame let these weak chaines be broke ;  
Let 's our slight bonds, like Sampson, tear ;  
And nobly cast away that yoake,  
Which we nor our Fore-fathers ere could bear.

3.

French Lawes forbid the Female Reign ;  
Yet Love does them to slavery draw :  
Alas, if wee 'le our rights maintain,  
'Tis all Mankind must make a Salique Law.

*Called INCONSTANT.*

I.

HA ! ha ! you think you 've killd my fame,  
By this not understood, yet common Name :  
A Name, that 's full and proper when assigned  
To Womankind :  
But when you call us so,  
It can at best but for a Metaphor go.

2.

Can you the shore Inconstant call,  
Which still as Waves passe by, embraces all ?  
That had as leife the same waves always love,  
Did they not from him move ?  
Or can you faults with Pilots finde  
For changing course, yet never blame the wind ?

3.

Since drunk with vanity you fell,  
The things turne round to you that stedfast dwell ;  
And you your selfe, who from us take your flight,  
Wonder to find us out of sight ;  
So the same error ceases you,  
As Men in motion think the Trees move too.

*The WELCOME.*

I.

GO, let the fatted Calfs be kill'd  
My Prodigall 's come home at last,

With noble resolutions fill'd,  
And fill'd with sorrow for the past.  
No more will burn with Love or Wine ;  
But quite has left his Women and his Swine.

2.

Welcome, ah welcome, my poor Heart ;  
Welcome ; I little thought, I'll swear,  
( 'Tis now so long since we did part )  
Ever again to see thee here :  
Dear wanderer, since from me you fled,  
How often have I heard that you were dead !

3.

Hadst thou found each woman's breast  
(The Lands where thou hast travelled)  
Either by Savages possess'd,  
Or wild, and uninhabited ?  
What Joy couldst take, or what repose  
In countries so uncivilis'd as those ?

4.

Lust, the scorching Dog-starre here  
Rages with immoderate heat ;  
Whilst Pride, the rugged Northern Bear,  
In others makes the cold too great.  
And where these are temperate known,  
The Soil's all barren Land, or rocky Stone.

5.

When once or twice you chanc'd to view  
A rich, well-govern'd Heart,  
Like China, it admitted you  
But to the Frontiere-part.  
From Paradise shut for evermore,  
What good is 't that an Angel shut the Door ?

6.

Well fare the Pride, and the Disdain,  
And Vanities with Beauty joyn'd,  
I nere had seen this Heart again,  
If any Faire one had been kind :  
My Dove, but once let loose, I doubt  
Would nere returne, had not the Flood been out.

### *The Heart fled again.*

1.

**F**alse, foolish Heart ! didst thou not say,  
That thou wouldst never leave me more ?  
Behold again 'tis fled away ;  
Fled as farre from me as before.  
I strove to bring it back again,  
I cryed and hollowed after it in vain.

2.

Even so the gentle Tyrian Dame,  
When neither Grief nor Love prevail,  
Saw the dear object of her flame,  
Th' ingrateful Trojan hoist his sail :

Aloud she call'd to him to stay ;  
The wind bore him, and her lost words away.

3.

The dolefull Ariadne so,  
On the wide shore forsaken stood :  
False Theseus, whither dost thou go ?  
Afar false Theseus cut the flood.  
But Bacchus came to her reliefe ;  
Bacchus himselfe 's too weak to ease my grieffe.

4.

Ah senceless Heart, to take no rest,  
But travail thus eternally !  
Thus to be frozen in every brest !  
And to be scorcht in every Eye !  
Wandering about like wretched Caine,  
Thrust out, ill us'd by all, but by none staine !

5.

Well ; since thou wilt not here remaine,  
I'll even to live without Thee try ;  
My Head shall take the greater pain,  
And all thy duties shall supply ;  
I can more eas'ly live I know  
Without Thee, then without a Mistris thou.

### *Women's Superstition.*

1.

**O**R I'm a very Duncce, or Woman-kinde  
Is a most unintelligible thing ;  
I can no Sence, nor no Contexture finde,  
Nor their loose Parts to Method bring,  
I know not what the Learn'd may see,  
But they're strange Hebrew things to Me.

2.

By Customes and Traditions they live,  
And foolish Ceremonies of antick date ;  
We Lovers, new and better Doctrines give,  
Yet they continue obstinate :  
Preach we, Love's Prophets, what we will,  
Like Jews, they keep their old Law still.

3.

Before their Mothers' Gods they fondly fall,  
Vain Idoll-Gods that have no Sence nor Minde :  
Honour's their Ashtaroth, and Pride their Baal,  
The Thundring Beal of Woman-kind,  
With twenty other Devils more,  
Which They, as we do Them, adore.

4.

But then, like Men, both Covetous and Devout,  
Their costly Superstition loath t' omit,  
And yet more loath to issue Moneys out,  
At their own charge to furnish it.  
To these expensive Deities,  
The Hearts of Men they sacrifice.



*The SOULE.*

I.

Some dull Philosopher, when he hears me say,  
 My Soule is from me fled away ;  
 Nor has of late inform'd my Body here,  
 But in another's breast does lye,  
 That neither is, nor will be I,  
 As a Form Servient, and Assisting there.

2.

Will cry, Absurd ! and ask me, how I live,  
 And Syllogismes against it give :  
 A curse on all your vain Philosophies,  
 Which on weak Nature's Law depend,  
 And know not how to comprehend  
 Love and Religion, those great Mysteries.

3.

Her Body is my Soule ; laugh not at this,  
 For by my life I swear it is.  
 'Tis that preserves my Being and my Breath,  
 From that proceeds all that I doe,  
 Nay all my Thoughts and speeches too ;  
 And separation from it is my Death.

*E C C H O.*

I.

Tyr'd with the rough denials of my prayer,  
 From that hard she whom I obey,  
 I come in and find a Nymph, much gentler here,  
 That gives consent to all I say.  
 Ah gentle Nymph who lik'st so well,  
 In hollow, solitary Caves to dwell ;  
 Her Heart being such, into it go,  
 And do but once from thence answer me so.

2.

Complaisant Nymph, why dost thou kindly share  
 In griefs, whose cause thou dost not know !  
 Hadst thou but Eyes, as well as Tongue and Eare,  
 How much compassion wouldst thou show !  
 Thy flame, whilst living, or a flower,  
 Was of less beauty, and less ravishing power ;  
 Alas, I might as easilie,  
 Paint thee to her, as describe Her to Thee.

3.

By repercussion Beams engender Fire,  
 Shapes by reflexion shapes beget :  
 The voice it selfe, when stopt, does back retire,  
 And a new voice is made by it.  
 Thus things by opposition  
 The gainers grow ; my barren Love alone,  
 Does from her stony breast rebound,  
 Producing neither Image, Fire nor Sound.

*The Rich Rivall.*

I.

They say you'r angry, and rant mightily,  
 Because I love the same as you ;  
 Alas ! you'r very rich, 'tis true ;  
 But prithee Foole, what 's that to Love and Mee ?  
 You've Land and Money, let that serve ;  
 And know you've more by that than you deserve.

2.

When next I see my fair One, she shall know  
 How worthlesse thou art of her bed !  
 And wretch, I'll strike thee dumbe and dead,  
 With noble verse not understood by you ;  
 Whilst thy sole Rhetorick shall be  
 Joynture, and Jewells, and Our Friends agree.

3.

Pox o' your friends, that dote and domineere ;  
 Lovers are better friends then they ;  
 Let 's those in other things obey ;  
 The Fates, and Starres, and Gods must govern here.  
 Vain Names of Blood ! in Love let none  
 Advise with any Blood, but with their owne.

4.

'Tis that which bids me this bright Maid adore ;  
 No other thought has had access !  
 Did she now begg, I'de love no lesse,  
 And were she' an Empresse, I should love no more ;  
 Were she as just and true to Mee,  
 Ah, simple soule what would become of Thee !

*Against HOPE.*

I.

Hope, whose weak Being ruin'd is,  
 Alike if it succeed, and if it misse ;  
 Whom Good, or Ill does equally confound,  
 And both the Hornes of Fate's Dilemma wound !  
 Vain shadow, which dost vanish quite  
 Both at full Noon, and perfect Night !  
 The Starres have not a possibility  
 Of blessing Thee ;  
 If things then from their End we happy call,  
 'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all ;

2.

Hope, thou bold Taster of Delight,  
 Who whilst thou shouldst but tast, devour'st it quite !  
 Thou bringst us an Estate, yet leav'st us Poor,  
 By clogging it with Legacies before !  
 The Joyes which we entire should wed,  
 Come deflour'd Virgins to our bed ;  
 Good Fortunes without gain imported be,  
 Such mighty Customes paid to Thee.  
 For Joy, like Wine, kept close, does better tast,  
 If it take air before, its spirits wast.

## 3.

Hope, Fortune's cheating Lottery !  
 Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be ;  
 Fond Archer, Hope, who tak'st thy aim so farre,  
 That still, or short or wide thine arrowes are !  
 Thin, empty Cloud, which th' eye deceives  
 With shapes that our owne Fancie gives !  
 A Cloud, which guilt and painted now appears,  
 But must drop presently in tears !  
 When thy false beams ore Reason's light prevaile,  
 By Ignis fatui for North-Starrs we saile.

## 4.

Brother of Fear, more gally clad !  
 The merrier Foole o' th' two, yet quite as mad :  
 Sire of Repentance, Child of fond Desire !  
 That blows the Chymick's, and the Lover's Fire !  
 Leading them still insensibly on  
 By the strange witchcraft of Anon !  
 By Thee the one does changing Nature through  
 Her endlesse Labyrinths pursue,  
 And th' other chases Woman, whilst She goes  
 More waies and turnes then hunted Nature knows.

*For HOPE.*

## 1.

HOPE, of all Ills that men endure,  
 The only cheap and universal Cure !  
 Thou Captiv's Freedome, and thou sick-Man's Health !  
 Thou Loser's Victory, and thou Beggar's wealth !  
 Thou Manna, which from Heaven we eat,  
 To every tast a severall Meat !  
 Thou strong Retreat ! thou sure-entail'd Estate,  
 Which nought has Power to alienate !  
 Thou pleasant, honest, Flatterer ! for none  
 Flatter unhappy Men, but thou alone !

## 2.

Hope, thou first-Fruits of Happinesse !  
 Thou gentle Dawning of a bright Successe !  
 Thou good Preparative, without which our Joy  
 Does work too strong, and whilst it cures, destroy ;  
 Who out of Fortune's reach dost stand,  
 And art a blessing still in hand !  
 Whilst Thee, her Earnest-Mony we retain,  
 We certain are to gaine,  
 Whether she her bargain break, or else fulfill,  
 Thou only good, not worse for ending ill !

## 3.

Brother of Faith, 'twixt whom and Thee  
 The joyes of Heaven and Earth divided be !  
 Though Faith be Heire, and have the fixt estate,  
 Thy Portion yet in Movables is great.  
 Happinesse it selfe's all one  
 In Thee, or in Possession !

Only the Future's Thine, the Present His !  
 These's the more hard and noble Bliss ;  
 Best apprehender of our joyes, which hast  
 So long a reach, and yet canst hold so fast !

## 4.

Hope, thou sad Lover's only Friend !  
 Thou Way that may'st dispute it with the End !  
 For Love I fear's a fruit that does delight  
 The tast it selfe lesse than the Snelc and sight.  
 Fruition more deceitfull is  
 Then Thou canst be, when thou dost misse ;  
 Men leave thee by obtaining, and strait flee  
 Some other way again to Thee ;  
 And that's a pleasant Country, without doubt,  
 To which all soon returne that travaile out.

*LOVE'S INGRATITUDE.*

## 1.

I Little thought, thou fond ingratefull Sinne,  
 When first I let thee in,  
 And gave thee but a part  
 In my unwary Heart,  
 That thou wouldst ere have grown,  
 So false or strong to make it all thine owne.

## 2.

At mine owne breast with care I fed thee still,  
 Letting thee suck thy fill,  
 And daintly I nourish Thee  
 With Idle thoughts and Poetrie !  
 What ill Returnes dost thou allow ?  
 I fed thee then, and thou dost sterve me now.

## 3.

There was a time, when thou wast cold and chill,  
 Nor hadst the power of doing ill ;  
 Into my bosome did I take,  
 This frozen and benumbed Snake,  
 Not fearing from it any harme,  
 But now it stings that breast that made it warme.

## 4.

What cursed weed's this Love ! but one grain sow  
 And the whole field 'twill over-grow ;  
 Strait will it choak up and devour  
 Each wholesome herbe and beauteous flowre !  
 Nay unlesse something soon I doe,  
 T'will kill I fear my very Lawrell too.

## 5.

But now all's gone, I now, alas, complain,  
 Declare, protest, and threat in vain.  
 Since by my owne unforc't consent,  
 The Traitor has my Government,  
 And is so settled in the Throne,  
 That t'were Rebellion now to claim mine owne.

*The FRAILTY.*

1.

I Know 'tis sordid, and 'tis low ;  
 (All this as well as you I know)  
 Which I so hotly now pursue ;  
 (I know all this as well as you)  
 But whilst this cursed flesh I bear,  
 And all the Weaknesse, and the Baseness there,  
 Alas, alas, it will be alwaies so.

2.

In vain, exceedingly in vain  
 I rage sometimes, and bite my Chaine ;  
 For to what purpose do I bite  
 With Teeth, which nere will break it quite?  
 For if the chiefest Christian Head,  
 Was by this sturdy Tyrant buffeted,  
 What wonder is it, if weak I be slain?

3.

As when the Sun appears,  
 The Morning Thicknesse clears ;  
 So, when my thoughts let sadnesse in,  
 And a new Morning does begin,  
 If my Beautie's piercing ray,  
 Strike through my Trembling Eyes a suddain day ;  
 All those grave sullen Vapours melt in Tears [away].

*COLDNESSE.*

1.

AS Water fluid is, till it do grow  
 Solid and fixt by Cold ;  
 So in warm Seasons Love does loosely flow,  
 Frost only can it hold.  
 A Woman's rigour and disdain,  
 Does his swift course restrain.

2.

Though constant, and consistent now it be,  
 Yet, when kind beams appear,  
 It melts, and glides apace into the Sea,  
 And loses it selfe there.  
 So the Sun's amorous Play,  
 Kisses the Ice away.

3.

You may in Vulgar Loves find alwaies this ;  
 But my Substantial Love  
 Of a more firm and perfect Nature is ;  
 No weathers can it move :  
 Though heat dissolve the Ice again,  
 The Christall solid does remain.

*The INJOYMENT.*

1.

THEN like some wealthy Island thou shalt lye ;  
 And like the Sea about it, I ;

Thou like fair Albion, to the Sailor's Sight,  
 Spreading her beauteous Bosome all in White :  
 Like the kind Ocean I will be,  
 With loving Armes for ever clasping Thee.

2.

But I'll embrace Thee gentlier farre then so ;  
 As their fresh Banks soft Rivers do,  
 Nor shall the proudest Planet boast a power  
 Of making my full Love to ebbe one hour ;  
 It never dry nor low can prove,  
 Whilst thy unwasted Fountain feeds my Love.

3.

Such Heat and Vigour shall our Kisses bear,  
 As if like Doves wee' engendred there.  
 No bound nor rule my Pleasures shall endure,  
 In love there 's none too much an Epicure.  
 Nought shall my Hands or Lips controule :  
 I'll kisse Thee through, I'll kisse thy very Soule.

4.

Yet nothing, but the Night our sports shall know ;  
 Night that 's both blinde and silent too.  
 Alpheus found not a more secret trace,  
 His lov'd Sicilian Fountain to embrace,  
 Creeping beneath the Ægean Sea,  
 Then I will doe t' enjoy, and feast on Thee.

5.

Men, out of Wisdome, Women, out of Pride,  
 The pleasant Thefts of Love do hide.  
 That may secure thee ; but thou hast yet from Mee  
 A more infallible Security.  
 For there 's no danger I should tell  
 The Joyes, which are to me unspeakable.

*SLEEP.*

1.

IN vain, thou drousy God, I thee invoke ;  
 For thou, who dost from fumes arise,  
 Thou, who Man's Soule dost over-shade  
 With a thick Cloud, by Vapours made,  
 Canst have no Power to shut his eyes,  
 Or passage of his Spi'rits to choak,  
 Whose Flam 's so pure, that it sends up no smoak.

2.

Yet how do Tears but from some Vapours rise ?  
 Tears, that bewinter all my Year ?  
 The Fate of Ægypt I sustain,  
 And never feel the dew of Rain,  
 From Clouds within the Head appear,  
 But all my too much Moysture owe,  
 To overflowings of the Heart below.

3.

Thou, who dost Men (as Nights to Colours doe)  
 Bring all to an Equality :

Come, thou just God, and equall me  
 A while to my disdainful She ;  
 In that condition let me ly ;  
 Till Love does the favour shew ;  
 Love equals all a better way then You.

## 4.

Then never more shalt thou be' invoakt by me ;  
 Watchful as Spirits, and Gods I'll prove :  
 Let her but grant, and then will I,  
 Thee and thy Kinsman Death defie.  
 For betwixt Thee and them that love,  
 Never will an agreement be ;  
 Thou scorn'st th' Unhappy ; and the Happy Thee.

*BEAUTY.*

## 1.

**B**eauty, thou wilde fantastick Ape,  
 Who dost in every Country change thy shape !  
 Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white ;  
 Thou Flatt'rer which compliest with ev'ry sight !  
 Thou Babel, which confounds the Eye  
 With unintelligible variety !  
 Who hast no certain when, nor where,  
 But vary'st still, and dost thy selfe declare  
 Inconstant, as thy she-Professours are.

## 2.

Beauty, Love's Scene and Maskerade,  
 So gay by well-plac'd Lights, and Distance made !  
 False coyn, with which th' Imposture cheats us still ;  
 The stamp and Colour good, but Metall ill !  
 Which Light or Base we find, when we  
 Weigh by enjoyment, and examine Thee !  
 For though thy Being be but show,  
 'Tis chiefly Night which men to Thee allow :  
 And chuse t' enjoy Thee, when Thou least art Thou.

## 3.

Beauty, Thou Active, Passive Ill !  
 Which dy'st thy selfe as fast as thou dost kill !  
 Thou Tulip, who thy stock in paint dost wast,  
 Neither for Physick good, nor Smell, nor Tast.  
 Beauty, whose Flames but Meteors are,  
 Short-liv'd and low, tho' thou would'st seem a Starre,  
 Who dar'st not thine own Home descry,  
 Pretending to dwell richly in the Eye,  
 When thou, alas, dost in the Fancy lye.

## 4.

Beauty, whose Conquests still are made  
 O're Hearts by Cowards kept, or else betraid !  
 Weak Victor ! who thy selfe destroy'd must be  
 When sicknesse storms, or Time besieges Thee !  
 Thou' unwholesome Thaw to frozen Age !  
 Thou strong Wine, which youth's Feaver dost enrage,

Thou Tyrant which leav'st no man free !  
 Thou subtle thief, from whom nought safe can be !  
 Thou Murth'rer which hast kill'd, and Devill which  
 wouldst Damn me.

*The PARTING.*

## 1.

**A**S Men in Green-land left beheld the Sunne  
 From their Horizon run ;  
 And thought upon the sad halfe year  
 Of Cold and Darknesse they must suffer there :

## 2.

So on my parting Mistresse did I look,  
 With such swollen eyes my farewell took ;  
 Ah, my fair Starre, said I ;  
 Ah those bleas't Lands to which bright Thou dost flye !

## 3.

In vain the Men of Learning comfort mee ;  
 And say I'me in a warme degree ;  
 Say what they please ; I say and swear  
 'Tis beyond eighty at least, if you'r not here.

## 4.

It is, it is ; I tremble with the Frost,  
 And know that I the Day have lost ;  
 And those wild things which Men they call,  
 I find to be but Bears and Foxes all.

## 5.

Returne, returne, gay Planet of the East,  
 Of all that shines Thou much the best !  
 And as thou now descends to Sea ;  
 More fair and fresh rise up from thence to Mee.

## 6.

Thou, who in many a Prop'riety,  
 So truly art the Sun to Mee,  
 Adde one more likeness, which I'm sure you can,  
 And let Mee and my Sunne beget a Man.

*My PICTURE.*

## 1.

**H**ere, take my likeness with you, whilst 'tis so ;  
 For when from hence you go,  
 The next Sun's rising will behold  
 Me pale, and lean, and old.  
 The Man, who did this Picture draw,  
 Will swear next day my face he never saw.

## 2.

I really beleeeve, within a while,  
 If you upon this shadow smile,

Your presence will such vigour give,  
 (Your presence which makes all things live)  
 And absence so much alter Mee,  
 This will the substance, I the shadow be.

3-

When from your well-wrought Cabinet you take it,  
 And your bright looks awake it ;  
 Ah be not frighted, if you see  
 The new-soul'd Picture gaze on Thee,  
 And hear it breath a sigh or two ;  
 For those are the first things that it will doe.

4-

My Rivall Image will be then thought blest,  
 And laugh at me as dispossest :  
 But Thou, who (if I know thee right)  
 I' th' substance doth not much delight,  
 Wilt rather send again for Mee,  
 Who then shalt but my Picture's Picture be.

### The CONCEALMENT.

1.

NO ; to what purpose should I speak ?  
 No, wretched Heart, swell till you break !  
 She cannot love me if She would ;  
 And to say truth, 'twere pity that she should.  
 No, to the Grave thy Sorrows bear,  
 As silent, as they will be there :  
 Since that lov'd hand this Mortall wound do's give,  
 So handsomely the thing contrive,  
 That she may guiltlesse of it live.  
 So perish, that her killing Thee  
 May a chance-Medley, and no Murther be.

2.

'Tis nobler much for me, that I  
 By 'her Beauty, not her Anger dye ;  
 This will look justly, and become  
 An Execution ; that, a Martyrdome.  
 The censuring World will ne're refrain  
 From judging men by Thunder slaine.  
 She must be angry sure, if I should be  
 So bold to ask her to make me,  
 By being hers, happier then she.  
 I will not ; 'tis a milder Fate  
 To fall by her not Loving, then her Hate.

3-

And yet this death of mine, I fear,  
 Will ominous to her appear :  
 When, sound in every other part,  
 Her Sacrifice is found without an Heart.  
 For the last Tempest of my death  
 Shall sigh out that too with my breath.  
 Then shall the world my noble ruine see,  
 Some pittty, and some envy Mee ;  
 Then she her selfe, the mighty Shee,

63

Shall grace my fun'ralls with this truth ;  
 'Twas only Love destroy'd the gentle Youth.

### The MONOPOLY.

1.

WHAT Mines of Sulphur in my breast do lye,  
 That feed th' eternal burnings of my heart ?  
 Not Ætna flames more fierce or constantly,  
 The sounding Shop of Vulcan's smoky art ;  
 Vulcan his shop has placed there,  
 And Cupid's Forge is set up here.

2.

Here all those Arrowes' mortall Heads are made,  
 That fly so thick unseen through yeelding aire ;  
 The Cyclops here, which labour at the trade  
 Are Jealousie, Fear, Sadnesse, and Despair.  
 Ah cruel God ! and why to mee  
 Gave you this curst Monopoly !

3-

I have the trouble, not the gains of it ;  
 Give me but the disposal of one Dart ;  
 And then (I'll ask no other benefit)  
 Heat as you please your furnace in my Heart.  
 So sweet 's Revenge to me, that I  
 Upon my foe would gladly dye.

4-

Deep into 'her bosome would I strike the dart,  
 Deeper then Woman ere was struck by Thee ;  
 Thou giv'st them small wounds, and so farre from th'  
 Heart,  
 They flutter still about, inconstantly.  
 Curse on thy Goodnesse, whom we find  
 Civill to none but Womankind !

5-

Vain God ! who women dost thy selfe adore !  
 Their wounded Hearts do still retain the powers  
 To travail, and to wander as before ;  
 Thy broken Arrows 'twixt that Sex and ours  
 So 'unjustly are distributed ;  
 They take their Feathers, we the Head.

### The DISTANCE.

1.

I've follow'd thee a year at least,  
 And never stopt my selfe to rest.  
 But yet can thee o'rtake no more,  
 Then this Day can the Day that went before.

2.

In this our fortunes equall prove  
 To Starres, which govern them above ;  
 Our Starres that move for ever round,  
 With the same Distance still betwixt them found.

Q

3-

In vain, alas, in vain I strive  
The wheel of Fate faster to drive ;  
Since if a round swiftness it flye,  
She in it mends her pace as much as I.

4-

Hearts by Love strangely shuffled are,  
That there can never meet a Pare !  
Tamer then Wormes are Lovers slaine ;  
The wounded Heart ne're turnes to wound again.

### *The ENCREASE.*

1.

I Thought, I'll swear, I could have lov'd no more  
Then I had done before ;  
But you as easily might account  
'Till to the topp of numbers you amount,  
As cast up my Love's score.  
Ten thousand millions was the summe ;  
Millions of endlesse Millions are to come.

2.

I'm sure her Beauties cannot greater grow ;  
Why should my Love do so ?  
A reall cause at first did move ;  
But mine own Fancy now drives on my Love,  
With shadowes from it self that flow.  
My Love, as we in Numbers see,  
By Cyphers is encreast eternally.

3-

So the new-made, and untride Sphears above,  
Took their first turne from th' Hand of Jove ;  
But are since that beginning found  
By their own Formes to move for ever round.  
All violent Motions short do prove,  
But by the length 'tis plain to see  
That Loves 's a Motion Naturall to me.

### *LOVE's VISIBILITY.*

1.

With much of pain, and all the Art I knew,  
Have I endeavour'd hitherto  
To hide my Love, and yet all will not doe.

2.

The world perceives it, and, it may be, she ;  
Though so discreet and good she be,  
By hiding it, to teach that skill to Mee.

3-

Men without Love have oft so cunning grown,  
That something like it they have shown,  
But none that had it ever seem'd t' have none.

4-

Love 's of a strangely open, simple kind,  
Can no arts or disguises find,  
But thinks none sees it cause it selfe is blind.

5-

The very Eye betraies our inward smart ;  
Love of himselfe left there a part,  
When thorough it he past into the Heart.

6.

Or if by chance the Face betray not it,  
But keep the secret wisely, yet,  
Like Drunkenesse, into the Tongue 'twill get.

### *Looking on, and discoursing with his Mistris.*

1.

These full two Flowers now have I gazing been,  
What comfort by it can I gain ?  
To look on Heaven with mighty Gulfs between  
Was the great Miser's greatest pain ;  
So near was he to Heaven's Delight,  
As with the blest converse he might,  
Yet could not get one drop of water by't.

2.

Ah Wretch : I seem to touch her now ; but, oh,  
What boundlesse spaces do us part ?  
Fortune, and Friends, and all Earth's empty show,  
My Lownesse, and her high Desert :  
But these might conquerable prove ;  
Nothing does me so farre remove,  
As her hard Soule's aversion from my Love,

3-

So Travellers that lose their way by Night,  
If from afarre they chance t' espy  
Th' uncertain glimmerings of a Taper's light,  
Take flattering hopes, and think it nigh ;  
Till wearied with the fruitless pain,  
They sit them down, and weep in vain,  
And there in Darknesse and Despair remain.

### *Resolved to Love.*

1.

I Wonder what the Grave and Wise  
Think of all us that Love ;  
Whether our pretty Fooleries  
Their Mirth or Anger move ;  
They understand not Breath, that Words do want ;  
Our Sighes to them are insignificant.

2.

One of them saw me th' other day,  
Touch the dear hand, which I admire ;

My Soule was melting strait away,  
And dropt before the Fire.  
This silly Wiseman, who pretends to know,  
Ask't why I look'd so pale, and trembled so ?

## 3.

Another from my Mistresse' dore  
Saw mee with eyes all watry come ;  
Nor could the hidden cause explore,  
But thought some smoak was in the room ;  
Such Ignorance from unwounded Learning came ;  
He knew Tears made by Smoak, but not by Flame.

## 4.

If learn'd in other things you be,  
And have in Love no skill,  
For God's sake keep your arts from mee,  
For I'll be ignorant still.  
Study or Action others may embrace ;  
My Love's my Businesse, and my Books her Face.

## 5.

These are but trifles, I confesse,  
Which me, weak Mortall, move ;  
Nor is your busie Seriousnesse  
Lesse trifling then my Love.  
The wisest King who from his sacred brest  
Pronounc'd all Van'ity, chose it for the best.

*My FATE.*

## 1.

GO bid the Needle his dear North forsake,  
To which with trembling rev'rence it does bend ;  
Go bid the Stones a journey upward make ;  
Go bid th' ambitious Flame no more 't ascend :  
And when these false to their old Motions prove,  
Then shall I cease Thee, Thee alone to Love.

## 2.

The fast-link'd Chain of everlasting Fate  
Does nothing ty more strong, then Mee to You ;  
My first Love hangs not on your Love or Hate :  
But will be still the same, whatere you doe.  
You cannot kill my Love with your disdain,  
Wound it you may, and make it live in pain.

## 3.

Mee, mine example, let the Stoicks use,  
Their sad and cruell doctrine to maintain,  
Let all Predestinators me produce,  
Who struggle with eternal bonds in vain.  
This Fire I'me born to, but 'tis she must tell,  
Whether 't be beams of Heaven, or Flames of Hell.

## 4.

You, who men's fortunes in their faces read,  
To find out mine, look not, alas, on Mee ;  
But mark her Face, and all the Features heed ;  
For only there is writ my Destiny.

Or if Starrs shew it, gaze not on the skies ;  
But study the Astrology of her Eyes.

## 5.

If thou find there kind and propitious Rays,  
What Mars or Saturn threaten I 'le not fear ;  
I well believe the Fate of Mortal daies  
Is writ in Heaven ; but, oh my Heaven is there.  
What can men learn from Starrs they scarce can see ?  
Two great Lights rule the World ; and her two, Me.

*The HEART-BREAKING.*

## 1.

IT gave a pittious groan, and so it broke ;  
In vain it something would have spoke :  
The Love within too strong for 't was,  
Like Poison put into a Venice-Glasse.

## 2.

I thought that this some Remedy might prove,  
But, oh, the mighty Serpent Love,  
Cut by this chance in pieces small,  
In all still liv'd, and still it stung in all.

## 3.

And now (alas) each little broken part  
Feels the whole pain of all my Heart :  
And every smallest corner still  
Lives with the torment which the Whole did kill.

## 4.

Even so rude Armies when the field they quit,  
And into severall Quarters get ;  
Each Troop does spoile and ruine more,  
Then all joynd in one body did before.

## 5.

How many Loves raigue in my bosome now ?  
How many Loves, yet all of you ?  
Thus have I chang'd with evill fate  
My Monarch-Love into a Tyrant-State.

*The VSURPATION.*

## 1.

THOU 'hadst to my Soule no title or pretence ;  
I was mine owne, and free,  
'Till I had giv'n my selfe to Thee ;  
But thou hast kept me Slave and Prisoner since.  
Well, since so insolent thou'rt grown,  
Fond Tyrant, I 'le depose thee from thy Throne ;  
Such outrages must not admitted be  
In an Elective Monarchy.

## 2.

Part of my Heart by Gift did to Thee fall ;  
My Country, Kindred, and my best  
Acquaintance were to share the rest ;  
But thou, their Covetous Neighbour, drav'st out all :

Nay more, thou mak'st me worship Thee,  
And wouldst the rule of my Religion be ;  
Was ever Tyrant claim'd such power as you,  
To be both Emp'rour, and Pope too ?

3.

The publick Miseries, and my private fate  
Deserve some tears : but greedy Thou  
(Insatiate Maid !) wilt not allow  
That I one drop from thee should alienate.  
Nor wilt thou grant my sinnes a part,  
Though the sole cause of most of them thou art,  
Counting my Tears thy Tribute and thy Due,  
Since first mine Eyes I gave to You.

4.

Thou all my Joyes, and all my Hopes dost claim,  
Thou ragest like a Fire in me,  
Converting all things into Thee ;  
Nought can resist, or not encrease the Flame.  
Nay every Grief, and every Fear  
Thou dost devour, unless thy stamp it bear.  
Thy presence, like the crowned Basilisk's breath,  
All other Serpents puts to death.

5.

As Men in Hell are from Diseases free,  
So from all other Ills am I ;  
Free from their known Formality :  
But all Pains eminently lye in Thee :  
Alas, alas, I hope in vain  
My conquer'd Soul from out thine hands to gain.  
Since all the Natives there thou 'ast overthrown,  
And planted Garrisons of thine own.

### MAIDENHEAD.

1.

Thou worst Estate even of the sex that 's worst ;  
Therefore by Nature made at first,  
T' attend the weakness of our birth !  
Slight, outward Curtain to the Nuptiall Bed !  
Thou Case to buildings not yet finished !  
Who like the Center of the Earth,  
Dost heaviest things attract to thee,  
Though thou a point imaginary be.

2.

A thing God thought for Man-kind so unfit,  
That his first Blessing ruin'd it.  
Cold frozen Nurse of fiercest fires !  
Who, like the parched plains of Africk's sand,  
(A sterill, and a wild unlovely Land)  
Art always scorcht with hot desires,  
Yet barren quite, didst thou not bring  
Monsters and Serpents forth thy selfe to sting !

3.

Thou that bewitchest men, whilst thou dost dwell  
Like a close Conjur'er in his Cell !

And fear'st the daie's discovering Eye !  
No wonder 'tis at all that thou shouldst be  
Such tedious and unpleasant company,  
Who liv'st so Melancholy !  
Thou thing of subtle, slippery kind,  
Which Women lose, and yet no Man can find.

4.

Although I think thou never found wilt be,  
Yet I'me resolv'd to search for thee ;  
The search it selfe rewards the Pains.  
So, though the Chymick his great secret misse,  
(For neither it in Art nor Nature is)  
Yet things well worth his toyle he gains :  
And does his Charge and Labour pay  
With good unsought exper'iments by the way.

5.

Say what thou wilt, Chastity is no more  
Thee, then a Porter is his dore.  
In vain to honour they pretend,  
Who guard themselves with Ramparts and wish Walls,  
Them only Fame the truly valiant calls  
Who can an open breach defend.  
Of thy quick losse can be no doubt,  
Within so Hated, and so Lov'd without.

### IMPOSSIBILITIES.

1.

Impossibilities ? oh no, there 's none ;  
Could mine bring thy Heart Captive home ;  
As eas'y other dangers were o'rethrown,  
As Caesar after vanquisht Rome,  
His little Asian foes did overcome.

2.

True Lovers oft by Fortune are envy'd,  
Oft Earth and Hell against them strive ;  
But Providence engages on their side,  
And a good end at last does give ;  
At last just Men and Lovers alwaies thrive.

3.

As starres (not powerful else) when they conjoyn,  
Change, as they please, the World's estate ;  
So thy heart in Conjunction with mine,  
Shall our own fortunes regulate ;  
And to the Stars themselves prescribe a Fate.

4.

'Twould grieve me much to find some bold Romance  
That should two kind examples shew,  
Which before us in wonders did advance ;  
Not, that I thought that story true,  
But none should Fancy more, then I would doe.



5.

Through spite of our worst Enemies, thy Friends,  
Through Local Banishment from mee ;  
Through the loud Thoughts of self-concerning Ends,  
As easie shall my passage be,  
As was the Amorous Youth's o're Helles Sea.

6.

In vain the Winds, in vain the Billows roare ;  
In vaine the Starres their aid deni'd :  
He saw the Sestian Tower on th' other shore ;  
Shall th' Hellespont our Loves divide ?  
No, not th' Atlantick Ocean's boundlesse Tide.

7.

Such Seas betwixt us eas'ly conquer'd are ;  
But, gentle Maid, doe not deny  
To let thy Beams shine on me from afarre ?  
And still that Taper let me 'espy ;  
For when thy Light goes out, I sinke and dye.

*SILENCE.*

1.

Curse on this Tongue, that has my Heart betraid,  
And his great Secret open laid !  
For of all Persons chiefly She  
Should not the ills I suffer know ;  
Since 'tis a thing might dang'rous grow,  
Only in her to Pity Me :  
Since 'tis for Me to lose my Life more fit,  
Then 'tis for her to save and ransom it.

2.

Ah, never more shall thy unwilling care  
My helplesse story hear.  
Discourse and talk awake does keep  
The rude unquiet pain,  
That in my Brest does reign ;  
Silence perhaps may make it sleep :  
I'll bind that Sore up, I did ill reveal ;  
The Wound, if once it Close, may chance to Heal.

3.

No, 'twill nere heal ; my Love will never dye,  
Though it should Speechlesse lye.  
A River, ere it meet the Sea,  
As well might stay its source,  
As my Love can his course,  
Unless it joyne and mix with Thee.  
If any end or stop of it be found,  
We know the Flood runs still, though under-Ground.

*The DISSEMBLER.*

1.

U<sup>N</sup>hurt, untoucht, did I complain ;  
And terrifi'd all others with the pain :

But now I feel the mighty evill ;  
Ah, there's no fooling with the Devill !  
So wanton Men, whilst others they would fright,  
Themselves have met a real Spright.

2.

I thought, I'll swear, an handsome ly  
Had been no sinne at all in Poetry :  
But now I suffer an Arrest,  
For words were spoke by me in jest.  
Dull, sottish God of Love, and can it be  
Thou understand'st not Raillerie ?

3.

Darts, and Wounds, and Flame, and Heat,  
I nam'd but for the Rhyme, or the Conceit.  
Nor meant my verse should raised be,  
To this sad fame of Prophesie ;  
Truth gives a Dull Propriety to my stile,  
And all the Metaphors does spoile.

4.

In things, where Fancy much does reigne  
'Tis dangerous too cunningly to feigne :  
The Play at last a Truth does grow,  
And Custome into Nature goe.  
By this curst art of begging I became  
Lame, with counterfeiting Lame.

5.

My Lines of amorous desire  
I wrote to kindle and blow others' fire :  
And 'twas a barbarous delight  
My Fancy promised from the sight ;  
But now, by Love, the mighty Phalaris, I  
My burning Bull the first doe try.

*The INCONSTANT.*

1.

I Never yet could see that face  
Which had no dart for mee ;  
From fiftene yeares, to fiftie's space,  
They all victorious bee.  
Love, thou'rt a Devill ; if I may call thee One ;  
For sure in Mee thy name is Legion.

2.

Colour, or Shape, good Limbes, or Face,  
Goodnesse, or Wit in all I finde :  
In Motion or in Speech a grace,  
If all faile, yet 'tis Womankind ;  
And I 'me so weake, the Pistoll need not bee  
Double, or treble charg'd, to murder Mee.

3.

If Tall, the Name of Proper slays ;  
If faire, shee's pleasant as the Light ;  
If Low, her Prettinesse does please ;  
If Black, what Lover loves not Night ?

If yellow-hair'd, I Love, lest it should bee  
Th' excuse to others for not loving Mee.

## 4.

The Fat, like Plenty, fills my heart ;  
The Leane, with Love makes me too so.  
If Streight, her Bodie's Cupid's Dart  
To mee ; if Crooked, 'tis his Bow.  
Nay, Age it selfe does me to rage incline,  
And strength to Women gives, as well as Wine.

## 5.

Just halfe as large as Charitie  
My richly-landed Love's become ;  
And judg'd aright is Constasy,  
Though it take up a larger roome.  
Him, who loves alwaies one, why should they call  
More Constant, then the Man loves Alwaies All ?

## 6.

Thus with unwearied wings I flee  
Through all Love's Gardens and his Fields ;  
And, like the wise industrious Bee,  
No Weed, but Honey to me yields !  
Honey still spent this dil'gence still supplies,  
Though I return not home with laden Thighes.

## 7.

My Soul at first indeed did prove  
Of prety Strength against a Dart,  
'Till I this Habit got of Love ;  
But my consum'd and wasted Heart,  
Once burnt to Tinder with a strong Desire,  
Since that by every Spark is set on Fire.

*The CONSTANT.*

## 1.

**G**reat, and Wise Conqueror, who where-ere  
Thou com'st, dost fortifie, and settle there !  
Who canst defend as well as get ;  
And never hadst one Quarter beat up yet ;  
Now thou art in, Thou nere wilt part  
With one inch of my vanquisht Heart ;  
For since thou took'st it by assault from mee,  
'Tis garrison'd so strong with thoughts of Thee,  
It fears no beauteous Enemie.

## 2.

Had thy charming strength been leese,  
I'de serv'd ere this an hundred Mistresses.  
I'me better thus, nor would compound  
To leave my Pris'on to be a Vagabound.  
A Pris'on in which I still would be,  
Though every dore stood ope to Mee.  
In spite both of thy Coldnesse and thy Pride,  
All Love is Marriage on thy Lover's side,  
For only Death can them divide.

## 3.

Close, Narrow Chain, yet soft and kind,  
As that which Spi'rits above to good does bind !  
Gentle, and sweet Necessitie,  
Which does not force, but guide our Libertie !  
Your Love on Me were spent in vain,  
Since my Love still could but remain  
Just as it is ; for what, alas, can be  
Added to that which hath Infinite  
Both in Extent and Qualitie ?

*Her NAME.*

## 1.

**W**ith more then Jewish Reverence as yet  
Doe I the Sacred Name conceal ;  
When, yee kind Starres, ah, when will it bee fit  
This Gentle Myst'ry to reveal ?  
When will our Love bee Nam'd, and we possess  
That Christning as a Badge of Happiness ?

## 2.

So bold as yet no verse of mine has been,  
To weare that Gemme on any Line ;  
Nor, 'till the happy Nuptial Muse be seen,  
Shall any Stanza with it shine.  
Rest, mighty Name, 'till then ; for thou must be  
Laid downe by Her, e're taken up by Mee.

## 3.

Then all the fields and woods shall with it ring ;  
Then Echoe's burden it shall bee ;  
Then all the Birds in severall notes shall sing,  
And all the Rivers murmur Thee ;  
Then every wind the Sound shall upwards beare,  
And softly whisper 't to some Angell's Eare.

## 4.

Then shall thy Name through all my Verse be spread,  
Thick as the flowers in Meadows ly,  
And, when in future times they shall bee read,  
(As sure, I thinke, they will not dy)  
If any Critick doubt that They be mine,  
Men by that Stampe shall quickly know the Coine.

## 5.

Meane while I will not dare to make a Name  
To represent thee by ;  
Adam (God's Nomenclator) could not frame  
One that enough should signify.  
Astraea or Caelia as unfit would prove  
For thee, as 'tis to call the Di'ety, Jove.

*WEEPING.*

## 1.

**S**EE where she sits, and in what comely wise,  
Drops Teares more faire then others' Eyes !

Ah, charming Maid, let not ill Fortune see  
Th' attire thy sorrow weares,  
Nor know the beauty of thy Teares :  
For she'll still come to dresse her selfe in Thee.

2.

As starres reflect on waters, so I spye  
In every drop (me thinks) her Eye.  
The Baby, which lives there, and alwaies plays  
In that illustrious speare,  
Like a Narcissus does appear,  
Whilst in his flood the lovely Boy did gaze.

3.

Nere yet did I behold so glorious weather  
As this Sun-shine and Rain together.  
Pray Heaven her Forehead, that pure Hill of Snow,  
(For some such Fountain we must find  
To Waters of so fair a kind)  
Melt not, to feed that beauteous stream below.

4.

Ah, mighty Love, that it were inward Heat  
Which made this pretious Lymbeck sweat !  
But what, alas, ah what does it avall  
That she weeps Tears so wond'rous cold,  
As scarce the Asse's hoof can hold,  
So cold, that I admire they fall not Haile.

## DISCRETION.

1.

Discreet? What means this word Discreet?  
Use on all Discretion !  
This barbarous term you will not meet  
In all Love's Lexicon.

2.

Joynture, Portion, Gold, Estate,  
Houses, Houshold-stuffe, or Land,  
(The Low Conveniencies of Fate)  
Are Greek, no Lovers understand.

3.

Believe me, beauteous one, when Love  
Enters into a brest,  
The two first things it does remove,  
Are Friends and Interest.

4.

Passion's halfe blind, nor can endure  
The carefull, scrup'lous Eyes,  
Or else I could not love, I'me sure,  
One who in Love were wise.

5.

Men, in such tempests tost about,  
Will, without grieffe or paine,  
Cast all their goods and riches out,  
Themselves their Port to gaine.

6.

As well might Martyrs, who do choose  
That sacred Death to take,  
Mourn for the Clothes which they must loose,  
When they're bound naked to the Stake.

## The WAYTING-MAIDE.

(Suspected to Love her.)

1.

THY Mayd? ah, find some nobler theme  
Whereon thy doubts to place ;  
Nor by a low suspect blaspheme  
The glories of thy face.

2.

Alas, she makes Thee shine so faire  
So exquisitely bright,  
That her dim Lamp must disappear  
Before thy potent Light.

3.

Three hours each morne in dressing Thee,  
Maliciously are spent ;  
And make that Beauty Tyranny,  
That's else a Civill Government.

4.

The adorning thee with so much art,  
Is but a barbarous skill ;  
'Tis like the poysoning of a Dart  
Too apt before to kill.

5.

The Ministring Angells none can see ;  
'Tis not their beauty 'or face,  
For which by men they worshipt be ;  
But their high office and their place.  
Thou art my Goddess, my Saint, Shee :  
I pray to Her, onely to pray to Thee.

## COUNCELL.

1.

AH! What Advice can I receive?  
No, satisfie me first ;  
For who would Physick-Potions give  
To one that dies with Thirst?

2.

A little puffe of breath we find,  
Small fires can quench and kill ;  
But when they're great, the adverse wind  
Does make them greater still.

3.

Now, whilst you speak, it moves me much ;  
But strait I'me just the same ;  
Alas, th' effect must needs be such  
Of Cutting through a Flame.

*The CURE.*

1.

Come, Doctor, use thy roughest art.  
 Thou canst not cruell prove ;  
 Cut, burne, and torture every Part,  
 To heal me of my Love.

2.

There is no danger, if the pain  
 Should me to 'a Feaver bring ;  
 Compar'd with Heats I now sustain,  
 A Feavour is so Cool a thing,  
 (Like drink which feaverish men desire)  
 That I should hope 'twould almost quench my Fire.

*The SEPARATION.*

1.

ASK me not what my Love shall doe or be  
 (Love which is Soule to Body, and Soule of mee)  
 When I am separated from thee ;  
 Alas, I might as easily show,  
 What after Death the Soule will doe,  
 'Twill last, I 'me sure, and that is all we know.

2.

The thing call'd soule will never stirre nor move,  
 But all that while a lifelesse Carcasse prove,  
 For 'tis the Body of my Love ;  
 Not that my Love will fly away,  
 But still continue, as they say,  
 Sad troubled Ghosts about their Graves doe stray.

*The TREE.*

1.

I Chose the flouri'shing'st Tree in all the Parke,  
 With freshest Boughs, and fairest head ;  
 I cut my Love into his gentle Barke,  
 And in three dayes, behold 'tis dead !  
 My very written Flames so vi'olent be,  
 They've burnt and wither'd up the Tree.

2.

How should I live my selfe, whose heart is found  
 Deeply graven every where,  
 With the large History of many a wound,  
 Larger then thy Trunke can beare ?  
 With art as strange, as Homer in the Nut,  
 Love in my Heart has Volumes put.

3.

What a few words from thy rich stock did take  
 The Leaves and Beauties all ?  
 As a strong Poison with one drop does make  
 The Nailles and Haires to fall :  
 Love (I see now) a kind of Witchcraft is,  
 Or Characters could nere doe this.

4.

Pardon, yee Birds and Nymphes, who lov'd this Shade ;  
 And pardon mee, thou gentle Tree ;  
 I thought her name would thee have happy made,  
 And blessed Omens hop'd from Thee ;  
 Notes of my Love, thrive here (said I) and grow ;  
 And with yee let my Love doe so.

5.

Alas, poore Youth, thy love will never thrive !  
 This blasted Tree predestines it ;  
 Goe tie the dismall Knot (why shouldst thou live ?)  
 And by the Lines thou there hast writ  
 Deform'dly hanging, the sad Picture be  
 To that unlucky Historie.

*Her UNBELIEFE.*

1.

'TIS a strange kinde of Ignorance this in you !  
 That you your Victories should not spy,  
 Victories gotten by your Eye !  
 That your bright beames, as those of Comets doe,  
 Should kill, but not know How, nor Who.

2.

That truly you my Idoll might appeare,  
 Whilst all the People smell and see  
 The odorous flames I offer thee,  
 Thou sit'st, and dost not see, nor smell, nor heare  
 Thy constant sealous worshipper,

3.

They see 't too well, who at my fires repine ;  
 Nay, th' unconcern'd themselves doe prove  
 Quick-Ey'd enough to spy my Love ;  
 Nor does the Cause in thy Face clearer shine,  
 Then the Effect appears in mine.

4.

Fair Infidell ! by what unjust decree  
 Must I, who with such restlesse care  
 Would make this truth to thee appeare,  
 Must I, who preach it, and pray for it, bee  
 Damn'd by thy incredulitie ?

5.

I by thy Vnbelieve am guiltlesse slaine.  
 O have but Faith, and then that you  
 May know that Faith for to be true,  
 It shall it selfe by 'a Miracle maintaine,  
 And raise me from the Dead againe.

6.

Meane while my Hopes may seem to be orethrowne,  
 But Lovers' Hopes are full of Art,  
 And thus dispute, that since my Heart,  
 Though in thy Brest, yet is not by thee knowne,  
 Perhaps thou may'st not know thine Own.

*The GAZERS.*

1.

Come let 's go on, where Love and Youth does call ;  
 I've seen too much, if this be all.  
 Alas, how far more wealthy might I be  
 With a contented Ign'orant·Povertie?  
 To shew such stores, and nothing grant,  
 Is to enrage and vex my Want.  
 For Love to dye an Infant's lesser ill,  
 Than to live long, yet live in Child-hood still.

2.

We have both sate gazing only hitherto,  
 As Man and Wife in Picture do.  
 The richest crop of Joy is still behind,  
 And He who only Sees, in Love is blind.  
 So at first Pigmalion lov'd,  
 But th' Amour at last improv'd :  
 The Statue' it self at last a Woman grew,  
 And so at last, my Dear, should you do too.

3.

Beauty to Man the greatest Torture is,  
 Unless it lead to farther bliss  
 Beyond the tyran'ous pleasures of the Eye.  
 It grows too serious a Crueltie,  
 Unless it Heal, as well as strike ;  
 I would not, Salamander-like,  
 In scorching heats always to Live desire.  
 But, like a Martyr, pass to Heav'n through Fire.

4.

Mark how the lusty Sun salutes the Spring,  
 And gently kisses every thing.  
 His loving Beams unlock each maiden flower,  
 Search all the Treasures, all the Sweets devour :  
 Then on the Earth with Bridegroom-Heat,  
 He does still new Flowers beget.  
 The Sun himself, although all Eye he be,  
 Can find in Love more Pleasure than to see.

*The INCURABLE.*

1.

I Try'd if Books would cure my Love, but found  
 Love made them Non-sense all.  
 I apply'd Receipts of Business to my wound,  
 But stirring did the pain recall.

2.

As well might Men who in a Fever fry,  
 Mathematique doubts debate,  
 As well might men, who mad in darkness ly,  
 Write the Dispatches of a State.

3.

I try'd Devotion, Sermons, frequent Prayer,  
 But those did worse than useless prove ;

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For Pray'rs are turn'd to Sin, in those who are  
 Out of Charity, or in Love.

4.

I try'd in Wine to drown the mighty care ;  
 But Wine, alas, was Oyl to th' Fire.  
 Like Drunkards' Eyes, my troubled Fancy there  
 Did double the Desire.

5.

I try'd what Mirth and Gaiety would do,  
 And mixt with pleasant Companies ;  
 My Mirth did graceless and insipid grow,  
 And 'bove a Clinch it could not rise.

6.

Nay, God forgive me for't, at last I try'd  
 'Gainst this some new desire to stir,  
 And lov'd again, but 'twas where I espy'd,  
 Some faint Resemblances of Her.

7.

The Physick made me worse with which I strove,  
 This Mortal Ill t' expel ;  
 As wholesome Med'icines the Disease improve,  
 There where they work not well.

*HONOUR.*

1.

SHE Loves, and she confesses too ;  
 There 's then at last, no more to do.  
 The happy work's entirely done ;  
 Enter the Town which thou hast won ;  
 The Fruits of Conquest now begin ;  
 IO Triumph ! Enter in.

2.

What 's this, ye Gods, what can it be ?  
 Remains there still an Enemy ?  
 Bold Honour stands up in the Gate,  
 And would yet Capitulate ;  
 Have I o'come all real foes,  
 And shall this Phantome me oppose ?

3.

Noisy Nothing ! stalking Shade !  
 By what Witchcraft wert thou made ?  
 Empty cause of Solid harms !  
 But I shall find out Counter-Charms  
 Thy airy Devilship to remove  
 From this Circle here of Love.

4.

Sure I shall rid my self of Thee  
 By the Night's obscurity,  
 And obscurer secrecie,  
 Unlike to every other spright,  
 Thou attempt'st not men t' affright,  
 Nor appear'st but in the Light.

R

*The INNOCENT ILL.*

1.

**T**hough all thy gestures and discourses be  
Coy'd and stamp'd by Modestie,  
Though from thy Tongue ne're slipt away  
One word which Nuns at th' Altar might not say ;  
Yet such a sweetness, such a grace  
In all thy speech appear,  
That what to th' Eye a beauteous face,  
That thy Tongue is to th' Ear.  
So cunningly it wounds the heart,  
It strikes such heat through every part,  
That thou a Tempter worse than Satan art.

2.

Though in thy thoughts scarce any tracks have bin,  
So much as of Original Sin,  
Such charms thy Beauty wears as might  
Desires, in dying confest Saints excite.  
Thou with strange Adulterie  
Dost in each breast a Brothel keep ;  
Awake, all Men do lust for thee,  
And some enjoy thee when they sleep.  
Ne'er before did Woman live,  
Who to such Multitudes did give  
The Root and cause of Sin, but only Eve.

3.

Though in thy breast so quick a Pity be,  
That a Flea's Death's a wound to thee.  
Though savage, and rock-hearted those  
Appear, that weep not ev'n Romances' woes.  
Yet ne're before was Tyrant known,  
Whose rage was of so large extent ;  
The ills thou dost are whole thine own,  
Thou 'rt Principal and Instrument ;  
In all the deaths that come from you,  
You do the treble Office do  
Of Judge, of Torturer, and of Weapon too.

4.

Thou lovely Instrument of angry Fate,  
Which God did for our faults create !  
Thou Pleasant, Universal Ill,  
Which sweet as Health, yet like a Plague dost kill !  
Thou kind, well-natured Tyrannie !  
Thou chaste Committer of a Rape !  
Thou voluntary Destinie,  
Which no man can, or Would escape !  
So gentle, and so glad to spare,  
So wondrous good, and wondrous fair,  
(We know) ev'n the Destroying Angels are.

*DIALOGUE.*

1.

*She.* **W**hat have we done? what cruel passion  
mov'd thee,  
Thus to ruine her that lov'd thee?

Me thou hast robbed, but what art thou  
Thy Self the richer now?

Shame succeeds the short-liv'd pleasure ;  
So soon is spent, and gone, this thy Ill-gotten  
Treasure.

2.

*He.* We have done no harm ; nor was it Theft in me,  
But noblest Charity in Thee.  
I'll the well-gotten Pleasure  
Safe in my mem'ry Treasure ;  
What though the Flower it self do wast,  
The Essence from it drawn, does long and sweeter  
last.

3.

*She.* No : I'm undone ; my Honour Thou hast slain,  
And nothing can restore't again.  
Art and Labour to bestow,  
Upon the Carcase of it now,  
Is but t' embalm a body dead,  
The Figure may remain, the Life and Beauty's  
fled.

4.

*He.* Never, my dear, was Honour yet undone,  
By Love, but Indiscretion.  
To th' wise it all things does allow ;  
And cares not What we do ; but How.  
Like Tapers shut in ancient Urns,  
Unless it let in air, for ever shines and burns.

5.

*She.* Thou first perhaps who didst the fault commit,  
Wilt make thy wicked boast of it.  
For Men, with Roman Pride, above  
The Conquest, do the Triumph love :  
Nor think a perfect Victory gain'd,  
Unless they through the streets their Captive lead  
enchain'd.

6.

*He.* Whoe're his secret joys has open laid,  
The Baud to his own Wife is made.  
Beside what boast is left for me,  
Whose whole wealth's a Gift from Thee ?  
'Tis you the Conquerour are, 'tis you  
Who have not ta'ne, but bound, and gag'd me too.

7.

*She.* Though publick punishment we escape, the Sin  
Will rack and torture us within :  
Guilt and Sin our bosom bears ;  
And though fair, yet the Fruit appears,  
That Worm which now the Core does wast,  
When long 't has gnaw'd within will break the skin  
at last.

8.

*He.* That thirsty Drink, that Hungry Food I sought,  
That wounded Balm, is all my fault.

And thou in pity didst apply  
The kind and only remedy :  
The Cause absolves the Crime ; since Me  
So mighty Force did move, so mighty Goodness  
Thee.

9.

*She.* Curse on thine Arts ! methinks I Hate thee now ;  
And yet I'm sure I love Thee too !  
I'm angry, but my wrath will prove  
More Innocent than did thy Love.  
Thou hast this day undone me quite :  
Yet wilt undo me more should'st thou not come at  
night.

*Verses lost upon a Wager.*

I.

AS soon hereafter will I Wagers lay,  
'Gainst what an Oracle shall say :  
Fool, that I was, to venture to deny  
A Tongue so us'd to Victory !  
A Tongue so blest by Nature and by Art,  
That never yet it spoke but gain'd an Heart :  
Though what you said, had not been true  
If spoke by any else but you.  
Your Speech will govern Destiny,  
And Fate will change rather than you should ly.

2.

'Tis true if Human Reason were the Guide,  
Reason, methinks, was on my side ;  
But that's a Guide, alas, we must resign,  
When th' Authority's Divine.  
She said, she said her self it would be so ;  
And I, bold unbeliever, answer'd No.  
Never so justly sure before  
Error the Name of Blindness bore,  
For whatso're the Question be,  
There's no Man that has eyes would bet for Me.

3.

If Truth it self (as other Angels do  
When they descend to humane view)  
In a Material Form would daign to shine,  
'Twould imitate or borrow Thine,  
So daz'ling bright, yet so transparent clear,  
So well-proportion'd would the parts appear ;  
Happy the eye which Truth could see  
Cloath'd in a shape like Thee,  
But happier far the eye  
Which could thy shape naked like Truth espy !

4.

Yet this lost wager costs me nothing more  
Than what I owed to thee before.  
Who would not venture for that debt to play  
Which He were bound howe're to pay ?

If Nature gave me power to write in verse,  
She gave it me thy praises to rehearse.  
Thy wondrous Beauty and thy Wit  
Has such a Sovereign Right to it,  
That no Man's Muse for publick vent is free,  
'Till she has paid her Customs first to Thee.

*Bathing in the River.*

I.

THE fish around her crowded, as they do  
To the false light that treacherous Fishers shew,  
And with as much ease might taken be,  
As she at first took me.  
For ne'er did Light so clear  
Among the waves appear,  
Though every night the Sun himself set there.

2.

Why to Mute Fish should'st thou thy self discover,  
And not to me thy no less silent Lover ?  
As some from Men their buried Gold commit  
To Ghosts that have no use of it !  
Half their rich Treasures so  
Maids bury ; and for ought we know  
(Poor Ignorants) they're Mermaids all below.

3.

The amorous Waves would fain about her stay,  
But still new am'rous waves drive them away,  
And with swift Current to those joys they haste,  
That do as swiftly waste ;  
I laugh the wanton play to view,  
But 'tis, alas, at Land so too,  
And still old Lovers yield the place to new.

4.

Kiss her, and as you part, you am'rous Waves  
(My happier Rivals, and my Fellow Slaves)  
Point to your flow'ry Banks, and to her shew  
The good your Bounties do ;  
Then tell her what your Pride doth cost,  
And, how your Use and Beauty's lost,  
When rig'rous Winter binds you up with Frost.

5.

Tell her, her Beauties and her Youth, like thee,  
Haste without stop to a devouring Sea ;  
Where they will mixt and undistinguish'd lye,  
With all the meanest things that die.  
As in the Ocean thou  
No Privilege dost know  
Above th' impurest Streams that thither flow.

6.

Tell her, kind Flood, when this has made her sad,  
Tell her there's yet one Rem'edy to be had ;  
Show her how thou, though long since past, dost find  
Thy self yet still behind,

Marriage (say to her) will bring  
About the self-same thing.  
But she, fond Maid, shuts and seals up the Spring.

*Love given over.*

1.

**I**T is enough ; enough of time, and paine,  
Hast thou consum'd in vaine ;  
Leave, wretched Cowley, leave  
Thy selfe with shadowes to deceave ;  
Think that already lost which thou must never gaine.

2.

Three of thy lustiest and thy freshest yeares,  
(Tost in stormes of Hopes and Feares)  
Like helpless Ships that bee  
Set on fire i' th' midst o' the Sea,  
Have all been burnt in Love, and all been drown'd in  
Teares.

3.

Resolve then on it, and by force or art  
Free thy unlucky Heart ;  
Since Fate does disapprove  
Th' ambition of thy Love,  
And not one Starre in Heav'n offers to take thy part.

4.

If ere I cleare my Heart from this desire,  
If ere it home to 'his brest retire,

It ne're shall wander more about,  
Tho' thousand beauties call'd it out :  
A Lover Burnt like mee for ever dreads the fire.

5.

The Pox, the Plague, and ev'ry small disease,  
May come as oft as ill Fate please,  
But Death and Love are never found  
To give a second Wound ;  
Wee're by those Serpents bit, but wee're devour'd by  
these.

6.

Alas, what Comfort is 't that I am growne  
Secure of be'ing again overthrowne ;  
Since such an Enemy needs not feare  
Lest any else should quarter there,  
Who has not only sackt, but quite burnt down the  
Towne.

TO THE READER.

Instead of the Author's Picture in the beginning, I thought fit to fix here the following Copy of Verses, being his owne illustration of his Motto, and (as I conceive) the more lively representation of him. [This forms the opening poem of the next division, 'Miscellanies' (from 1647 text.)—G.]





VI.

Miscellanies.

1656.



## NOTE.

THESE 'Miscellanies' are from the Author's own folio of 1656, as with those of 'The Mistress' not included in its original and early texts. The whole of them appeared in the after folios and other editions. See our Introduction on several of them. As in the folios, the 'Anacreontiques' have been made part of the 'Miscellanies.'—G.



## MISCELLANIES.

*Tentanda via est qua me quoque possim  
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.*

**W**HAT shall I do to be for ever knowne,  
And make the Age to come my owne?  
I shall like Beasts or Common People dy,  
Unless you write mine Elegy;  
Whilst others great by being borne are growne;  
Their Mother's Labour, not their owne.  
In this Scale Gold, in th' other Fame does ly;  
The weight of that mounts this so high.  
These Men are fortune's Jewels, moulded bright;  
Brought forth with their owne fire and light.  
If I, her vulgar stone, for either looke;  
Out of my selfe it must be strooke.  
Yet I must on; what sound is't strikes mine eare?  
Sure I Fame's Trumpet heare.  
It sounds like the last Trumpet; for it can  
Raise up the buried Man.  
Unpast Alps stop mee, but I'll cut through all;  
And march, the Muses' Hanniball.  
Hence, all ye flattering Vanities that lay  
Nets of Roses in the way.  
Hence, the desire of Honours or Estate;  
And all that is not above Fate.  
Hence, Love himselfe, that Tyrant of my Dayes,  
Which intercepts my coming Praise.  
Come my best Friends, my Bookes, and lead me on;  
'Tis time that I were gone.  
Welcome, great Stagirite, and teach me now  
All I was borne to know.  
Thy Scholer's Victories thou doest far out-doe;  
He conquered th' Earth, the whole World you.  
Welcome learn'd Cicero, whose blest Tongue and Wit  
Preserves Rome's Greatnesse yet.  
Thou art the first of Or'ators; only hee  
Who best can praise thee, next must bee.  
Welcome the Mantuan Swan, Virgil the wise;  
Whose Verse walkes highest, but not flies;  
Who brought green Poesie to her perfect age,  
And mad'st that Art, which was a Rage.  
Tell mee, yee mighty Three, what shall I doe  
To be like one of you?  
But you have climb'd the Mountaine's top, there sit  
On the calme flourishing head of it,  
And whilst with wearied steps we upward goe,  
See us, and Clouds below.

1.

### ODE. Of WIT.

**T**ELL me, O tell, what kinde of thing is *Wit*.  
Thou who *Master* art of it.  
For the First Matter loves Variety less;  
Less Women love't, either in Love or Dress.  
A thousand different shapes it bears,  
Comely in thousand shapes appears.  
Yonder we saw it plain; and here 'tis now,  
Like Spirits in a Place, we know not How.

2.

London that vents of false Ware so much store,  
In no Ware deceives us more.  
For men led by the Colour, and the Shape,  
Like Zeuxe's Birds, fly to the painted *Grape*;  
Some things do through our Judgement pass  
As through a Multiplying Glass,  
And sometimes, if the Object be too far,  
We take a Falling Meteor for a Star.

3.

Hence 'tis a *Wit* that greatest word of Fame  
Grows such a common Name,  
And Wits by our Creation they become,  
Just so, as Titular Bishops made at Rome.  
'Tis not a Tale, 'tis not a Jest  
Admir'd with Laughter at a feast,  
Nor florid Talk which can that Title gain;  
The Proofs of Wit for ever must remain.

4.

'Tis not to force some lifeless Verses meet  
With their five gowty Feet.  
All every where, like Man's, must be the Soul,  
And Reason the Inferior Powers controul.  
Such were the Numbers which could call  
The Stones into the Theban Wall.  
Such Miracles are ceast; and now we see  
No Towns or Houses rais'd by Poetrie.

5.

Yet 'tis not to adorn, and gild each part;  
That shows more Cost, then Art.  
Jewels at Nose and Lips but ill appear;  
Rather then all things Wit, let none be there.

Several Lights will not be seen,  
If there is nothing else between.  
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' Sky,  
If those be Stars which paint the Galaxie.

## 6.

'Tis not when two like words make up one noise ;  
Jests for Dutch Men, and English Boys.  
In which who finds out Wit, the same may see  
In Anagrams and Acrostiques, Poetrie.  
Much less can that have any place  
At which a Virgin hides her face ;  
Such Dross the Fire must purge away ; 'tis just  
The Author blush, there where the Reader must.

## 7.

'Tis not such Lines as almost crack the Stage,  
When Bajazet begins to rage.  
Nor a tall Metaphor in th' Oxford way,  
Nor the dry chips of short-lunged Seneca.  
Nor upon all things to obtrude,  
And force some odd Similitude.  
What is it then, which like the Power Divine  
We onely can by Negatives define ?

## 8.

'In a true piece of Wit all things must be,  
Yet all things there agree.  
As in the Ark, joyn'd without force or strife,  
All Creatures dwelt ; all Creatures that had Life.  
Or as the Primitive Forms of all  
(If we compare great things with small)  
Which without Discord or Confusion lie,  
In that strange Mirror of the Deitie.

## 9.

But Love that moulds One Man up out of Two,  
Makes me forget and injure you.  
I took you for my self sure, when I thought  
That you in any thing were to be Taught.  
Correct my Error with thy Pen :  
And if any ask me then,  
What thing right Wit, and height of Genius is,  
I 'll onely shew your Lines, and say, 'Tis this.

*To the Lord Falkland.*

*For his safe Return from the Northern  
Expedition against the SCOTS.*

Great is thy Charge, O North ; be wise and just,  
England commits her Falkland to thy trust ;  
Return him safe : Learning would rather choose  
Her Bodley, or her Vatican to lose.  
All things that are but writ or printed there,  
In his unbounded Breast engraven are.  
There all the Sciences together meet,  
And ev'ry Art does all her Kindred greet ;  
Yet justle not, nor quarrel ; but as well  
Agree as in some common Principle.

So in an Army governed right, we see  
(Though out of several Countreys rais'd it be)  
That all their Order and their Place maintain,  
The English, Dutch, the Frenchmen and the Dane.  
So thousand divers Species fill the aire,  
Yet neither crowd nor mix confus'dly there ;  
Beasts, Houses, Trees, and Men together lye,  
Yet enter undisturb'd into the Eye.

And this great Prince of Knowledge is by Fate  
Thrust into th' noise and business of a State.  
All Virtues, and some Customs of the Court,  
Other men's Labour, are at least his Sport.  
Whilst we who can no Action undertake,  
Whom Idleness it self might Learned make,  
Who hear of nothing, and as yet scarce know  
Whether the Soots in England be or no,  
Pace dully on, oft tire, and often stay,  
Yet see his nimble Pegasus fly away.

'Tis Nature's fault, who did thus partial grow,  
And her Estate of Wit on One bestow.  
Whilst we, like younger Brothers, get at best  
But a small Stock, and must work out the rest.  
How could he answer 't, should the State think fit  
To question a Monopoly of Wit ?

Such is the Man whom we require, the same  
We lent the North ; untoucht as is his Fame.  
He is too good for War, and ought to be  
As far from Danger, as from Fear he's free.  
Those Men alone (and those are useful too)  
Whose Valour is the onely Art they know,  
Were for sad War and bloody Battels born :  
Let Them the State defend, and He adorn.

*On the Death of Sir Henry Wootton.*

What shall we say, since silent now is He,  
Who when he Spoke, all things would Silent be ?  
Who had so many Languages in store,  
That onely Fame shall speak of him in More !  
Whom England now no more return'd must see ;  
He's gone to Heaven on his Fourth Ambassie.  
On earth he travell'd often ; not to say  
H' ad been abroad, or pass'd loose Time away.  
In whatsoever Land he chanc'd to come,  
He read the Men and Manners, bringing home  
Their Wisdom, Learning and their Pietie,  
As if he went to Conquer, not to See.  
So well he understood the most and best  
Of Tongues that Babel sent into the West,  
Spoke them so truly, that he had (you 'd swear)  
Not onely Lived, but been Born ev'ry where.  
Justly each Nation's Speech to him was known,  
Who for the World was made, not us alone.  
Nor ought the Language of that Man be less  
Who in his Breast had all things to express.  
We say that Learning's endless, and blame Fate  
For not allowing Life a longer Date.

He did the utmost Bounds of Knowledge finde,  
 He found them not so large as was his Minde.  
 But, like the brave Pellsean Youth, did none  
 Because that Art had no more worlds than One.  
 And when he saw that he through all had past,  
 He dyed, lest he should Idle grow at last.

*On the Death of Mr. Jordan.*

*Second Master at Westminster School.*

**H**Ence, and make room for me, all you who come  
 Onely to read the Epitaph on this Tombe.  
 Here lies the Master of my tender Years,  
 The Guardian of my Parents' Hope and Fears ;  
 Whose Government ne're stood me in a Teare ;  
 All weeping was reserved to spend it here.  
 Come hither, all who his rare virtues knew,  
 And mourn with Me ; he was your Tutor too.  
 Let's joyn our Sighes, 'till they fly far, and shew  
 His native Belgia what she's now to doe.  
 The League of grief bids her with us lament ;  
 By her he was brought forth, and hither sent  
 In payment of all Men we there had lost,  
 And all the English Blood those wars have cost.  
 Wisely did Nature this learn'd Man divide ;  
 His Birth was Theirs, his Death the mournful pride  
 Of England ; and t' avoid the envious strife  
 Of other Lands, all Europe had his Life,  
 But we in chief ; our Country soon was grown  
 A Debter more to Him, then He t' his *Owne*.  
 He pluckt from youth the follies and the crimes,  
 And built up Men against the future times.  
 For deeds of Age are in their Causes then,  
 And though he taught but Boys, he made the Men.  
 Hence 'twas, a Master in those ancient dayes,  
 When Men sought Knowledge first, and by it Praise,  
 Was a thing full of Reverence, Profit, Fame ;  
 Father it self was but a Second Name.  
 He scorn'd the profit ; his Instructions all  
 Were like the Science, Free and Liberal.  
 He deserv'd Honors, but despised them too  
 As much as those who have them, others do.  
 He knew not that which Complement they call ;  
 Could Flatter none, but Himself least of all.  
 So true, so faithful, and so just, as he  
 Was nought on Earth, but his own Memorie.  
 His Memory, where all things written were  
 As sure and fixt as in Fate's Books they are.  
 Thus he in Arts so vast a treasure gain'd,  
 Whilst still the Use came in, and Stock remain'd.  
 And having purchas'd all that man can know,  
 He labor'd with't to enrich others now.  
 Did thus a new and harder task sustain,  
 Like those that work in Mines for others' gain.  
 He, though more nobly, had much more to do ;  
 To search the Vein, dig, purge, and mint it too.  
 Though my Excuse would be, I must confess,  
 Much better, had his Diligence been less.

But if a Muse hereafter smile on me,  
 And say, Be thou a Poet, Men shall see  
 That none could a more grateful Scholar have ;  
 For what I ow'd his Life, I'll pay his Grave.

*On his Majestie's Return out of Scotland.*

I.

**W**elcome, great Sir, with all the joy that's due  
 To the Return of Peace and You.  
 Two greatest Blessings which this age can know ;  
 For that to Thee, for Thee to Heaven we ow.  
 Others by war their Conquests gain,  
 You like a God your ends obtain ;  
 Who when rude Chaos for his help did call,  
 Spoke but the Word, and sweetly Order'd all.

2.

This happy Concord in no Blood is writ,  
 None can grudge heaven full thanks for it.  
 No Mothers here lament their Children's Fate,  
 And like the Peace, but think it comes too late.  
 No Widows hear the joocond Bells,  
 And take them for their Husbands' Knells.  
 No drop of Blood is spilt which might be said  
 To mark our joyful Holiday with Red.

3.

'Twas only Heaven could work this wond'rous thing,  
 And onely work't by such a King.  
 Again the Northern Hindes may sing and plow,  
 And fear no Harm but from the weather now.  
 Again may Tradesmen love their pain,  
 By knowing now for whom they gain.  
 The Armour now may be hung up to sight,  
 And onely in their Halls the Children fright.

4.

The gain of Civil wars will not allow  
 Bay to the Conqueror's Brow.  
 At such a Game what fool would venture in,  
 Where one must lose, yet neither Side can win ?  
 How justly would our Neighbours smile  
 At these mad quarrels of our Isle,  
 Sweld with proud hopes to snatch the whole away,  
 Whilst we Bet all, and yet for nothing Play ?

5.

How was the silver Tine frighted before,  
 And durst not kiss the armed shore ?  
 His waters ran more swiftly then they use,  
 And hasted to the Sea to tell the News.  
 The Sea it self, how rough soere  
 Could scarce believe such fury here.  
 How could the Scots and we be Enemies growne ?  
 That, and its Master Charls, had made us One.

## 6.

No Blood so loud as that of Civil war ;  
 It calls for Dangers from afar.  
 Let 's rather go, and seek out Them, and Fame ;  
 Thus our Fore-fathers got, thus left a Name.  
 All their rich blood was spent with gains,  
 But that which swells their Children's Veins.  
 Why sit we still, our Sp'rits wrapt up in Lead ?  
 Not like them whilst they Lived, but now they're Dead !

## 7.

This noise at home was but Fate's polleite,  
 To raise our Sp'rits more high.  
 So a bold Lyon, ere he seeks his prey,  
 Leashes his sides, and roars, and then away.  
 How would the German Eagle fear,  
 To see a new Gustavus there ?  
 How would it shake, though as 'twas wont to do  
 For Jove of old, it now bore Thunder too !

## 8.

Sure there are actions of this height and praise  
 Destined to Charls his days.  
 What will the Triumphs of his Battels be,  
 Whose very Peace it self is Victorie ?  
 When Heaven bestows the best of Kings,  
 It bids us think of mighty things.  
 His Valour, Wisdom, Offspring speak no less ;  
 And we, the Prophets' Sons, write not by Guess.

*On the Death of Sir Anthony Vandike,  
 The famous Painter.*

VAndike is dead ; but what Bold Muse shall dare  
 (Though Poets in that word with Painters share)  
 T' express her sadness ? Po'esie must become  
 An Art, like Painting here, an Art that 's Dumbe.  
 Let 's all our solemn grief in silence keep,  
 Like some sad Picture which he made to weep,  
 Or those who saw 't ; for none his works could view  
 Unmoved with the same Passions which he drew.  
 His Pieces so with their live Objects strive,  
 That both or Pictures seem, or both Alive.  
 Nature herself amazed, does doubting stand,  
 Which is her own, and which the Painter's Hand,  
 And does attempt the like with less success,  
 When her own work in Twins she would express.  
 His all-resembling Pencil-did out-pass  
 The mimic Imag'ry of Looking-Glass.  
 Nor was his Life less perfect then his Art,  
 Nor was his Hand less erring then his Heart.  
 There was no false, or fading Colour there,  
 The Figures sweet and well-proportion'd were.  
 Most other men, set next to him in view,  
 Appear'd more shadows then th' Men he drew.  
 Thus still he lived, 'till heaven did for him call.  
 Where reverend Luke salutes him first of all :  
 Where he beholds new sights, divinely false ;  
 And could almost wish for his Pencil there ;

Did he not gladly see how all things shine,  
 Wondrously painted in the Mind Divine,  
 Whilst he, for ever ravish'd with the show,  
 Scorns his own Art which we admire below.

Onely his beauteous Lady still he loves ;  
 (The Love of heavenly Objects Heaven *improves*)  
 He sees bright Angels in pure beams appear,  
 And thinks on her he left so like them here.  
 And you, fair Widow, who stay here alive,  
 Since he so much rejoices, cease to grieve.  
 Your joys and griefs were wont the same to be ;  
 Begin not now, blest Pair, to Disagree.  
 No wonder Death moved not his generous mind,  
 You, and a new-born You, he left behind.  
 Even Fate express his love to his dear Wife,  
 And let him end your Picture with his Life.

*Promethens ill painted.*

HOW wretched does Prometheus state appear,  
 Whilst he his Second Mis'ry suffers here !  
 Draw him no more, lest as he tortur'd stands,  
 He blame great Jove's less then the Painter's hands.  
 It would the Vultur's cruelty out-go,  
 If once again his Liver thus should grow.  
 Pity him, Jove, and his bold Theft allow ;  
 The Flames he once stole from Thee grant him now.

## O D E.

## 1.

Here's to thee, Dick ; this whining Love despise ;  
 Pledge me, my Friend, and 'till thou be'st wise.  
 It sparkles brighter far then she :  
 'Tis pure and right without decoite ;  
 And such no woman ere will be :  
 No ; they are all Sophisticate.

## 2.

With all thy servile pains what canst thou win,  
 But an ill-favour'd, and uncleanly Sin ?  
 A thing so vile, and so short-liv'd,  
 That Venus' Joys as well as she  
 With Reason may be said to be  
 From the neglected Foam derived.

## 3.

Whom would that painted Toy, a Beauty, move,  
 Whom would it e'er persuade to court and love,  
 Could a woman's Heart have seen,  
 (But, Oh, no Light does thither come)  
 And view'd her perfectly within,  
 When he lay shut up in her womb ?

## 4.

Follies they have so numberless in store,  
 That only he who loves them can have more.

Neither their sighs nor Tears are true ;  
Those idely blow, these idely fall,  
Nothing like to ours at all.  
But Sighes and Tears have Sexes too.

5.

Here's to thee again ; thy senseless sorrows drown'd ;  
Let the Glass walk, 'till all things too go round ;  
Again ; 'till these Two Lights be Four ;  
No error here can dangerous prove ;  
Thy Passion, Man, deceived thee more ;  
None Double see like Men in Love.

*Friendship in Absence.*

1.

WHEN chance or cruel Business parts us two,  
What do our Souls I wonder do ?  
Whilst sleep does our dull Bodies tie,  
Methinks, at home they should not stay,  
Content with Dreams, but boldly file  
Abroad, and meet each other half the way.

2.

Sure they do meet, enjoy each other there,  
And mix I know not How, or Where.  
There friendly Lights together twine,  
Though we perceive 't not to be so,  
Like loving Stars which oft combine,  
Yet not themselves their own Conjunctions know.

3.

'Twere an ill World, I'll swear, for ev'ry friend,  
If Distance could their Union end :  
But Love it self does far advance  
Above the Pow'r of Time and Space ;  
It scorns such outward Circumstances,  
His Time's for ever, ev'ry where his Place.

4.

I am there with Thee, yet here with Me Thou art,  
Lodg'd in each other's Heart.  
Miracles cease not yet in Love ;  
When he his mighty Power will try,  
Absence it self does Bounteous prove,  
And strangely even our Presence Multiply.

5.

Pure is the flame of Friendship, and divine  
Like that which in Heaven's Sun does shine ;  
Like he in th' upper ayr and sky  
Does no effects of Heat bestow,  
But as his Beams the farther fly  
He begets Warmth, Life, Beauty here below.

6.

Friendship is less apparent when too nigh,  
Like Objects, if they touch the Eye.

Less Meritorious then is Love,  
For when we Friends together see  
So much, so much Both One do prove,  
That their Love then seems but Self-Love to be.

7.

Each Day think on me, and each Day I shall  
For thee make Hours Canonical  
By ev'ry Wind that comes this way,  
Send me at least a sigh or two ;  
Such and so many I'll repay,  
As shall themselves make Winds to get to you.

8.

A thousand pretty ways we'll think upon  
To mock our Separation.  
Alas, ten thousand will not do ;  
My Heart will thus no longer stay,  
No longer 'twill be kept from you,  
But knocks against the Breast to get away.

9.

And when no Art affords me help or ease,  
I seek with verse my griefs t' appease.  
Just as a Bird that flies about  
And beats it self against the Cage,  
Finding at last no passage out,  
It sits and sings, and so orecomes its rage.

*To the Bishop of Lincoln, upon his Enlargement out of the Tower.*

Pardon, my Lord, that I am come so late  
T' express my joy for your return of Fate.  
So when injurious Chance did you deprive  
Of Liberty, at first I could not grieve ;  
My Thoughts a while, like you, Imprison'd lay ;  
Great Joys as well as Sorrows make a Stay ;  
They hinder one another in the Crowd,  
And none are heard, whilst all would speak aloud.  
Should ev'ry man's officious gladness hast,  
And be afraid to shew it self the last,  
The throng of Gratulations now would be  
Another Loss to you of Libertie.  
When of your freedom men the news did heare,  
Where it was wisht for, that is every where ;  
'Twas like the Speech which from your Lips does fall,  
As soon as it was heard, it ravisht all.  
So Eloquent Tully did from Exile come ;  
Thus long'd for he return'd, and ohsisht Rome,  
Which could no more his Tongue and Counsels miss ;  
Rome, the World's Head, was nothing without His.  
Wrong to those sacred Ashes I should do,  
Should I compare any to Him but You ;  
You to whom Art and Nature did dispense  
The Consulship of Wit and Eloquence.  
Nor did your fate differ from his at all,  
Because the doom of Exile was his fall,

For the whole World without a native home  
 Is nothing but a Prison of larger rooms.  
 But like a melting Woman suffer'd He,  
 He, who before out-did Humanitie.  
 Nor could his Sp'rit constant and stedfast prove,  
 Whose Art 't had been, and greatest end to Move.  
 You put ill Fortune in so good a dress,  
 That it out-shone other men's Happiness.  
 Had your Prosperity always clearly gon  
 As your high Merits would have led it on,  
 You 'ad Half been lost, and an Example then  
 But for the Happy, the least part of men.  
 Your very Sufferings did so Gracefull shew,  
 That some straight envied your Affliction too.  
 For a clear Conscience and Heroick Mind  
 In Ills, their Business and their Glory find.  
 So though less worthy stones are drown'd in night,  
 The faithful Diamond keeps his Native Light ;  
 And is oblig'd to Darkness for a ray  
 That would be more opprest then helpt by Day.  
 Your Soul then most shew'd her unconquer'd power,  
 Was stronger and more armed then the Tower.  
 Sure unkinde fate will tempt your Sp'rit no more,  
 She 'as tried her Weakness and your Strength before.  
 To oppose him still who once has Conquer'd so,  
 Were now to be your Rebel, not your Foe.  
 Fortune henceforth will more of Providence have,  
 And rather be your Friend, then be your Slave.

*To a Lady who made Posies for Rings.*

1.

I Little thought the time would ever be,  
 That I should Wit in Dwarfish Posies see.  
 As all Words in few Letters live,  
 Thou to few Words all Sense dost give.  
 'Twas Nature taught you this rare art  
 In such a Little Much to shew ;  
 Who all the Good she did impart  
 To Womankind Epitomiz'd in you.

2.

If as the Ancients did not doubt to sing,  
 The turning Years be well compared to a Ring ;  
 We'll write whaters from you we hear,  
 For that 's the Posie of the Year.  
 This Difference onely will remain,  
 That Time his former face does shew,  
 Winding into himself again,  
 But your unwearied Wit is always New.

3.

'Tis said that Conjurers have an Art found out  
 To carry Spirits confined in Rings about.  
 The wonder now will less appear,  
 When we behold your Magick here.  
 You by your Rings do Pris'ners take,  
 And chain them with your mystick Spells,

And the strong Witchcraft full to make,  
 Love, the great Dev'il, charm'd to those Circles dwells.

4.

They who above do various Circles find,  
 Say like a Ring th' Equator Heaven does bind.  
 When Heaven shall be adorn'd by thee  
 (Which then more Heav'n then 'tis will be)  
 'Tis thou must write the Posie there,  
 For it wanteth one as yet,  
 Though the Sun pass through 't twice a year  
 The Sun who is esteem'd the God of Wit.

5.

Happy the Hands which wear thy Sacred Rings,  
 They'll teach those Hands to write mysterious things.  
 Let other Rings with Jewels bright  
 Cast around their costly light,  
 Let them want no noble Stone  
 By Nature rich, and Art refin'd  
 Yet shall thy Rings give place to none,  
 But onely that which must thy Marriage bind.

*Prologue to the Guardian.  
 Before the Prince.*

WHO says the Times do Learning disallow?  
 'Tis false ; 'twas never Honor'd so as now ;  
 When you appear, Great Prince, our Night is done ;  
 You are our Morning Star, and shall be' our Sun.  
 But our Scene's London now ; and by the rout  
 We perish, if the Round-heads be about.  
 For now no ornament the Head must wear,  
 No Bays, no Mitre, not so much as Hair.  
 How can a Play pass safely, when ye know  
 Cheapside Cross falls for making but a Show?  
 Our only Hope is this, that it may be  
 A Play may pass too, made Extempore.  
 Though other Arts poor and neglected grow,  
 They'll admit Poesie which was *always* so.  
 But we condemn the fury of these days,  
 And scorn no less their Censure then their Praise.  
 Our Muse, Blest Prince, does onely 'on you relie ;  
 Would gladly Live, but not refuse to Dye.  
 Accept our hasty Zeal ; a thing that 's play'd  
 Ere 'tis a Play, and Acted ere 'tis Made.  
 Our Ignorance, but our Duty too we show ;  
 I would all Ign'rant People would do so !  
 At other Times expect our Wit or Art ;  
 This Comedy is Acted by the Heart.

*The Epilogue.*

THE Play, great Sir, is done ; yet needs must fear,  
 Though you brought all your Father's Mercies here,  
 It may offend your Highness, and we have now  
 Three hours done Treason here, for ought we know.  
 But power your grace can above Nature give,  
 It can give Pow'r to make Abortives Live.



In which if our bold wishes should be crost,  
'Tis but the Life of one poor week t' has lost ;  
Though it should fall beneath your mortal scorn,  
Scarce could it Dye more quickly then 'twas Born.

*On the Death of Mr. William Hervey.*

*Immodicis brevis est atas, & rara Senectus.*

Mart.

I.

IT was a dismal and a fearful night ;  
Scarce could the Morn drive on th' unwilling Light,  
When Sleep, Death's Image, left my troubled brest  
By something liker Death possess.  
My eyes with Tears did uncommanded flow,  
And on my Soul hung the dull weight  
Of some Intolerable Fate.  
What Bell was that ? Ah me ! Too much I know.

2.

My sweet Companion, and my gentle Peere,  
Why hast thou left me thus unkindely here,  
Thy end for ever, and my Life to moan ?  
O thou hast left me all alone !  
Thy Soul and Body, when Death's Agonie  
Besieged around thy Noble Heart,  
Did not with more reluctance part  
Then I, my dearest Friend, do part from Thee.

3.

My dearest Friend, would I had dyed for thee !  
Life and this world henceforth will tedious be.  
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do  
If once my Griefs prove tedious too.  
Silent and Sad I walk about all day,  
As sullen Ghosts stalk speechless by  
Where their hid Treasures ly ;  
Alas, my Treasure's gone, why do I stay ?

4.

He was my Friend, the truest Friend on earth :  
A strong and mighty Influence joyn'd our Birth.  
Nor did we envy the most sounding Name  
By Friendship given of old to Fame.  
None but his Brethren he, and Sisters knew,  
Whom the kind Youth preferr'd to Me ;  
And even in that we did agree,  
For much above my self I lov'd them too.

5.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal Lights,  
How oft unwearied have we spent the Nights ?  
'Till the Ledaean Stars so Famed for Love,  
Wondred at us from above.  
We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine ;  
But search of deep Philosophy,  
Wit, Eloquence, and Poetry ;  
Arts which I loved, for they, my Friend, were Thine.

6.

Ye Fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,  
Have ye not seen us walking every day ?  
Was there a Tree about which did not know  
The Love betwixt us two ?  
Henceforth, ye gentle Trees, for ever fade ;  
Or your sad Branches thicker joyne,  
And into darksome shades combine ;  
Dark as the Grave wherein my Friend is laid.

7.

Henceforth no learned Youths beneath you Sing,  
'Till all the tuneful Birds to your bows they bring ;  
No tuneful Birds play with their wonted chear,  
And call the learned Youths to hear ;  
No whistling Winds through the glad branches fly,  
But all with sad solemnitie,  
Mute and unmoved be,  
Mute as the Grave wherein my Friend does ly.

8.

To him my Muse made haste with every strain  
Whilst it was new, and warm yet from the Brain.  
He loved my worthless Rhymes, and like a Friend  
Would finde out something to commend.  
Hence now, my Muse, thou canst not me delight ;  
Be this my latest verse  
With which I now adorn his Herse,  
And this my Grief, without thy help, shall write.

9.

Had I a wreath of Bays about my brow,  
I should contemn that flourishing honor now ;  
Condemn it to the Fire, and joy to hear  
It rage and crackle there.  
Instead of Bays, crown with sad Cypress me ;  
Cypress which Tombs does beautifie ;  
Not Phoebus grieved so much as I  
For him, who first was made that mournful Tree.

10.

Large was his Soul ; as large a Soul as ere  
Submitted to Inform a Body here.  
High as the Place 'twas shortly' in Heaven to have,  
But low, and humble as his Grave.  
So high, that all the Virtues there did come  
As to the chiefest seat  
Conspicuous, and great ;  
So low that for me too it made a roome.

11.

He scorn'd this busie world below, and all  
That we, Mistaken Mortals, Pleasure call ;  
Was fill'd with innocent Gallantry and Truth,  
Triumphant ore the sins of Youth.  
He like the Stars, to which he now is gone,  
That shine with beams like Flame,  
Yet burn not with the same,  
Had all the Light of Youth, of the Fire none.

12.

Knowledge be only sought, and so soon caught,  
As if for him Knowledge had rather sought.  
Nor did more Learning ever crowd'd his  
In such a short Mortalitie.  
Whene'er the skilful *Yves* discourst or writ,  
Still did the Notions throng  
About his eloquent Toung,  
Nor could his Ink flow faster then his Wit.

13.

So strong a Wit did Nature to him frasse,  
As all things but his Judgement overcame;  
His Judgement like the heavenly Moon did show,  
Temp'ring that mighty Sea below.  
Oh had he lived in Learning's World, what bound  
Would have been able to controul  
His over-powering Soul?  
We have lost in him Arts that not yet are found.

14.

His Mirth was the pure Spirits of various Wit,  
Yet never did his God or Friends forget.  
And when deep talk and wisdom came in view,  
Retired and gave to them their due.  
For the rich help of Books he always took,  
Though his own searching mind before  
Was so with Notions written o're  
As if wise Nature had made that her Book.

15.

So many Virtues joyn'd in him, as we  
Can scarce pick here and there in Historie.  
More then old Writers' Practice' ere could reach,  
As much as they could ever teach.  
These did Religion, Queen of Virtues, sway,  
And all their sacred Motions steere;  
Just like the First and Highest Sphere  
Which wheels about, and turns all Heaven one way.

16.

With as much Zeal, Devotion, Pietie,  
He always Lived, as other Saints do Dye.  
Still with his soul severe Account he kept,  
Weeping all Debts out, e'er he slept.  
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,  
Like the Sun's laborious light,  
Which still in Water sets at Night,  
Unsuil'd with his Journey of the Day.

17.

Wondrous young Man, why wert thou made so good,  
To be snatcht hence ere better understood?  
Snatcht before half of Thee enough was seen!  
Thou Ripe, and yet thy Life but Green!  
Nor could thy Friends take their last sad Farewell,  
But Danger and Infectious Death  
Maliciously seiz'd on that Breath  
Where Life, Spirit, Pleasure always us'd to dwell.

18.

But happy Thou, ta'ne from this frantick age!  
Where Ignorance and Hypocrisie does rage!  
A fitter time for Heaven no soul ere chose,  
The Place now only free from those.  
There 'mong the Blest thou dost for ever shine,  
And whereaere thou casts thy view  
Upon that white and radiant crew,  
See'st not a Soul cloath'd with more Light then Thine.

19.

And if the glorious Saints cease not to know  
Their wretched Friends who fight with Life below;  
Thy Flame to Me does still the same abide,  
Only more pure and rarify'd.  
There whilst immortal Hymns thou dost rehearse,  
Thou dost with holy pity see  
Our dull and earthly Poetrie,  
Where Grief and Misery can be joyn'd with Verse.

O D E. *In Imitation of Horace his Ode.*

*Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa  
Perfusus, &c. Lib. 1. Od. 5.*

1.

TO whom now, Pyrrha, art thou kinde?  
To what heart-ravish't Lover  
Dost thou thy golden locks unbinde,  
Thy hidden sweets discover,  
And with large bounty open set  
All the bright stores of thy rich Cabinet?

2.

Ah simple Youth, how oft will he  
Of thy changed Faith complain?  
And his own Fortunes find to be  
So airy and so vain,  
Of so Cameleon-like an hew,  
That still their colour changes with it too?

3.

How oft, alas, will he admire  
The blackness of the Skies?  
Trembling to hear the Winds sound higher  
And see the billows rise;  
Poor unexperient'd He,  
Who ne're, alas, before had been at Sea!

4.

He' enjoys thy calmy Sun-shine now,  
And no breath stirring hears;  
In the clear heaven of thy brow  
No smallest Cloud appears.  
He sees thee gentle, fair and gay,  
And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

5.

Unhappy! thrice unhappy He,  
 T' whom Thou untried dost shine!  
 But there's no danger now for Me,  
 Since o're Loretto's Shrine,  
 In witness of the Shipwrack past  
 My Consecrated Vessel hangs at last.

*In Imitation of Martial's Epigram.*

*Si tecum mihi care Martialis, &c. L. 5. Ep. 21.*

**I**F, dearest Friend, it my good Fate might be  
 T' enjoy at once a quiet Life and Thee;  
 If we for Happiness could leisure finde,  
 And wandring Time into a Method binde;  
 We should not sure the Great Men's Favour need,  
 Nor on long Hopes, the Court's thin Diet, feed.  
 We should not Patience find daily to bear  
 The Calumnies, and Flatteries spoken there.  
 We should not the Lord's Tables humbly use,  
 Or talk in Ladies' Chambers Love and News;  
 But Books and wise Discourse, Gardens and Fields,  
 And all the Joys that unmixt Nature yields.  
 Thick Summer shades where Winter still does ly,  
 Bright Winter Fires that Summer's part supply.  
 Sleep, not controll'd by Cares, confin'd to Night,  
 Or bound in any rule but Appetite.  
 Free, but not savage or ungracious Mirth,  
 Rich Wines to give it quick and easie birth.  
 A few Companions, which our selves should chuse,  
 A Gentle Mistress, and a Gentler Muse.  
 Such, dearest Friend, such without doubt should be  
 Our Place, our Business, and our Companie.  
 Now to Himself, alas, does neither Live,  
 But sees good Suns, of which we are to give  
 A strict account, set and march thick away;  
 Knows a Man how to Live, and does he stay?

*The CHRONICLE.*

*A Ballad.*

1.

**M**argarita first possess,  
 If I remember well, my best,  
 Margarita first of all;  
 But when a while the wanton Maid  
 With my restless Heart had plaid,  
 Martha took the flying Ball.

2.

Martha soon did it resign  
 To the Beauteous Catharine.  
 Beauteous Catharine gave place,  
 (Though loth and angry she to part  
 With the possession of my Heart)  
 To Elisa's conqu'ring face.

3.

Elisa 'till this Hour might reign,  
 Had she not Evil Counsels ta'ne.  
 Fundamental Laws she broke,  
 And still new Favorites she chose,  
 'Till up in Arms my Passions rose,  
 And cast away her yoke.

4.

Mary then and gentle Ann  
 Both to reign at once began;  
 Alternately they sway'd,  
 And sometimes Mary was the Fair,  
 And sometimes Ann the Crown did wear,  
 And sometimes Both I 'obey'd.

5.

Another Mary then arose,  
 And did rigorous Laws impose.  
 A mighty Tyrant she!  
 Long, alas, should I have been  
 Under that Iron-scepter'd Queen,  
 Had not Rebecca set me free.

6.

When fair Rebecca set me free,  
 'Twas then a golden Time with mee.  
 But soon those pleasures fled,  
 For the gracious Princess dy'd  
 In her Youth and Beautie's pride,  
 And Judith reigned in her sted.

7.

One Month, three Days and half an Hour  
 Judith held the Sovereign Power.  
 Wondrous beautiful her Face,  
 But so weak and small her Wit,  
 That she to govern was unfit,  
 And so Susanna took her place.

8.

But when Isabella came  
 Arm'd with a resistless flame,  
 And th' Artillery of her Eye,  
 Whilst she proudly marcht about  
 Greater Conquests to find out,  
 She beat out Susan by the By.

9.

But in her place I then obey'd  
 Black-ey'd Besse her Vice-roy Maid,  
 To whom ensu'd a Vacancy.  
 Thousand worse Passions then possess  
 The Inter-regnum of my brest.  
 Bless me from such an Anarchy!

10.

Gentle Henrietta than  
 And a third Mary next began,

Then Jone, and Jane, and Andria.  
And then a pretty Thomasine,  
And then another Katharine,  
And then a long Et cætera.

## 11.

But should I now to you relate  
The strength and riches of their state,  
The Powder, Patches, and the Pins,  
The Ribbons, Jewels, and the Rings,  
The Lace, the Paint, and warlike things  
That make up all their Magasins :

## 12.

If I should tell the politick Arts  
To take and keep men's hearts,  
The Letters, Embassies and Spies,  
The Frowns, and Smiles, and Flatteries,  
The Quarrels, Tears, and Perjuries,  
Numberless, Nameless Mysteries !

## 13.

And all the *Little Lime-twigs* laid  
By Matchavil the Waiting-Maid ;  
I more voluminous should grow,  
(Chiefly if I like them should tell  
All Change of Weathers that befell)  
Then Holinshead or Stow.

## 14.

But I will briefer with them be,  
Since few of them were long with Me.  
An higher and a nobler strain  
My present Emperess does claime,  
Heleonora, First o' th' Name,  
Whom God grant long to reign.

To Sir William Davenant.

Upon his two first Books of Gondibert, finished before his voyage to America.

**M**Ethinks Heroick Poesie 'till now  
Like some fantastick Fairy-land did show,  
Gods, Devils, Nymphs, Witches, and Giants race,  
And all but Man, in Man's chief work had place.  
Thou like some worthy Knight, with sacred Arms  
Dost drive the Monsters thence, and end the Charms.  
Instead of those dost Men and Manners plant,  
The things which that rich Soil did chiefly want.  
Yet even thy Mortals do their Gods excell,  
Taught by thy Muse to Fight and Love so well.  
By fatal hands whilst present Empires fall,  
Thine from the Grave past Monarchies recal.  
So much more thanks from humane kind does merit  
The Poet's Fury, then the Zealot's Spirit.  
And from the Grave thou mak'st this Empire rise,  
Not like some dreadful Ghost t' affright her Eyes,  
But with more Luster and triumphant state,  
Then when it crown'd at proud Verona sate.

So will our God rebuild man's perisht frame,  
And raise him up much Better, yet the same.  
So God-like Poets do past things reberse,  
Not change, but Heighten Nature by their Verse.  
With Shame, methinks, Great Italy must see  
Her Conqu'rors raised to Life again by Thee.  
Rais'd by such powerful Verse, that Ancient Rome  
May blush no less to see her Wit orecome.  
Some men their Fancies like their Faith derive,  
And think all Ill but that which Rome does give.  
The Marks of Old and Catholick would finde,  
To the same Chair would Truth and Fiction binde.  
Thou in those beaten pathes disdainst to tread,  
And scorn'st to Live by robbing of the Dead.  
Since Time does all things change, thou think'st not fit  
This latter Age should see all New but Wit.  
Thy Fancy like a Flame its way does make,  
And leaves bright Tracks for following Pens to take.  
Sure 'twas this noble boldness of the Muse  
Did thy Desire to seek new Worlds infuse,  
And ne're did Heaven so much a Voyage bless,  
If thou canst Plant but there with like Success.

An Answer to a Copy of Verses sent me to Jersey.

**A**S to a Northern People (whom the Sun  
Uses just as the Romish Church has done  
Her Prophane Laity, and does assigne'  
Bread only, both to serve for Bread and Wine)  
A rich Canary Fleet welcome arrives :  
Such comfort to us here your *Letter* gives,  
Fraught with brisk racy Verses, in which we  
The Soil from whence they came, taste, smel, and see :  
Such is your Present to us ; for you must know,  
Sir, that Verse does not in this Island grow  
No more than Sack : One lately did not feare  
(Without the Muses' leave) to plant it here.  
But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge  
Rhymes, as ev'n set the hearers' Ears on Edge,  
Written by———Esquire, the  
Year of our Lord six hundred thirty three.  
Brave Jersey Muse ! and he's for this high stile  
Call'd to this day the Homer of the Isle.  
Alas, to Men here, no Words less hard be,  
To Rhyme with, than \*Mount Orgueil is to me.  
Mount Orgueil, which in scorn o' th' Muses' law  
With no yoke-fellow Word will dain to draw.  
Stubborn Mount Orgueil ! 'tis a work to make it  
Come into Rhime, more hard then 'twere to take it.  
Alas, to bring your Tropes and Figures here,  
Strange as to bring Camels and Elephants were.  
And Metaphore is so unknown a thing,  
'Twould need the Preface of, God save the King.  
Yet this I'll say for th' honor of the place,  
That by God's extraordinary Grace,  
(Which shows the people' have judgement, if not Wit)  
The Land is undefiled with Clinches yet.

\* The Name  
of the Castle  
in Jersey.

Which in my poor opinion, I confess,  
 Is a most singular blessing, and no less  
 Then Ireland's wanting Spiders. And so farre  
 From th' Actual Sin of Bombast too they are,  
 (That other Crying Sin o' th' English Muse)  
 That even Satan himself can accuse  
 None here (no not so much as the Divines)  
 For th' Motus primò primì to Strong Lines,  
 Well, since the soll then does not naturally beare  
 Verse, who (a Devil) would import it here?  
 For that to me would seem as strange a thing  
 As who did first Wilde Beasts into Islands bring.  
 Unless you think that it might taken be  
 As Green did Gond'ibert, in a Prize at Sea.  
 But that 's a Fortune falls not every day ;  
 'Tis true Green was made by it ; for they say  
 The Parl'ament did a noble bounty do,  
 And gave him the whole Prize, their Tenths and Fifteens  
 too.

*The Tree of Knowledge.*  
 That there is no Knowledge.  
*Against the Dogmatists.*

1.

THE sacred Tree 'midst the fair Orchard grew,  
 The Phoenix Truth did on it rest,  
 And built his perfumed Nest.  
 That right Porphyrian Tree which did true Logick shew,  
 Each Leaf did learned Notions give,  
 And th' Apples were Demonstrative.  
 So clear their Colour, and divine,  
 The very shade they cast did other Lights out-shine.

2.

Taste not, said God : 'tis mine and Angels' meat ;  
 A certain Death does sit,  
 Like an ill Worm, i' th' Core of it.  
 Ye cannot Know and Live, nor Live or Know and Eat.  
 Thus spoke God, yet Man did go  
 Ignorantly on to Know ;  
 Grew so more Blinde, and she  
 Who tempted him to this, grew yet more Blinde then He.

3.

The only Science Man by this did get,  
 Was but to know he nothing knew :  
 He straight his Nakedness did view,  
 His ignorant poor estate, and was ashamed of it.  
 Yet searches Probabilities,  
 And Rhetorick, and Fallacies,  
 And seeks, by useless pride,  
 With slight and with ring Leaves that Nakedness to hide.

4.

Henceforth, said God, the wretched Sons of earth  
 Shall sweat for food in vain,

That will not long sustain,  
 And bring with Labor forth each fond abortive Birth.  
 That Serpent too, their Pride,  
 Which aims at things deny'd,  
 That learn'd and eloquent Lust,  
 Instead of mounting high, shall creep upon the Dust.

*REASON.*

*The Use of it in Divine Matters.*

1.

SOME blind themselves, 'cause possibly they may  
 Be led by others a right way ;  
 They build on Sands, which if unmoved they find,  
 'Tis but because there was no Wind.  
 Less hard 'tis, not to Erre our selves, then know  
 If our Fore-fathers err'd or no.  
 When we trust Men concerning God, we then  
 Trust not God concerning Men.

2.

Visions, and Inspirations some expect,  
 Their course here to direct.  
 Like senseless Chymists their own wealth destroy,  
 Imaginary Gold t' enjoy.  
 So Stars appear to drop to us from skie,  
 And gild the passage as they fly :  
 But when they fall, and meet th' opposing Ground,  
 What but a sordid Slime is found ?

3.

Sometimes their Fancies they 'bove Reason set,  
 And Fast, that they may Dream of Meat.  
 Sometimes Ill Spirits their sickly souls delude,  
 And Bastard-Forms obtrude.  
 So Endor's wretched Sorceress, although  
 She Saul through his disguise did know,  
 Yet when the Devil comes up disguis'd, she cries,  
 Behold, the Gods arise.

4.

In vain, alas, these outward Hopes are try'd ;  
 Reason within's our onely Guide.  
 Reason, which (God be prais'd !) still Walks, for all  
 Its old Original Fall.  
 And since it self the boundless Godhead joyn'd  
 With a Reasonable Mind,  
 It plainly shews that Mysteries Divine  
 May with our Reason joyn.

5.

The Holy Book, like the Eighth Sphere, does shine  
 With thousand Lights of Truth Divine.  
 So numberless the Stars, that to the Eye  
 It makes but all one Galaxie.  
 Yet Reason must assist too, for in Seas  
 So vast and dangerous as these,  
 Our course by Stars above we cannot know,  
 Without the Compass too below.

## 6.

Though Reason cannot through Faith's Myst'ries see  
 It sees that There and such they bee ;  
 Leads to Heaven's-door, and there does humbly keep,  
 And there through Chinks and Key-holes peep.  
 Though it, like Moses, by a sad command  
 Must not come into th' Holy Land.  
 Yet thither it infallibly does Guild,  
 And from afar 'tis all Descryed.

*On the Death of Mr. Crashaw.*

POet and Saint ! to thee alone are given  
 The two most sacred Names of Earth and Heaven,  
 The hard and rarest Union which can be  
 Next that of Godhead with Humanitie.  
 Long did the Muses, banisht Slaves abide,  
 And built vain Pyramids to mortal pride ;  
 Like Moses thou (though Spells and Charms withstand)  
 Hast brought them nobly home back to their Holy Land.  
 Ah wretched We, Poets of Earth ! but Thou  
 Wert Living, the same Poet which thou'rt Now.  
 Whilst Angels sing to thee their ayres divine,  
 And Joy in an applause so great as thine ;  
 Equal society with them to hold,  
 Thou needst not make new Songs, but say the Old.  
 And they (kind Spirits !) shall all rejoice to see  
 How little less then they, Exalted Man may bee.  
 Still the Old Heathen Gods in Numbers dwell,  
 The Heavenliest thing on Earth still keeps up Hell,  
 Nor have we yet quite purged the Christian Land ;  
 Still Idols here, like Calves at Bethel stand.  
 And though Pan's Death long since all Oracles breaks,  
 Yet still in Rhyme the Fiend Apollo speaks :  
 Nay, with the worst of Heathen dotage We  
 (Vain Men !) the Monster, Woman, Deific ;  
 Find Stars, and tye our Fates there in a Face,  
 And Paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place.  
 What different faults corrupt our Muses thus ?  
 Wanton as Girls, as Old Wives, Fabulous !  
 Thy spotless Muse, like Mary, did contain  
 The boundless Godhead ; she did well disdain  
 That her eternal Verse employ'd should be  
 On a less Subject then Eternitie ;  
 And for a sacred Mistress scorn'd to take,  
 But her whom God himself scorn'd not his Spouse to  
 make.  
 It (in a kind) her Miracle did do ;  
 A Fruitful Mother was, and Virgin too.  
 \*How well (blest Swan) did Fate contrive thy Death,  
 And made thee render up thy tuneful breath  
 In thy great Mistress Arms ? thou most divine  
 And richest Offering of Loretto's Shrine !  
 Where like some holy Sacrifice t' expire,  
 A Fever burns thee, and Love lights the Fire.

\*Mr. Crashaw dy'd of a Fever at Loretto, being newly chosen  
 Canon of that Church.

Angels (they say) brought the famed Chappel there,  
 And bore the sacred Load in Triumph thro' the aire.  
 'Tis surer much they brought thee there, and They,  
 And Thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

Pardon, my Mother Church, if I consent  
 That Angels led him when from thee he went ;  
 For ev'n in Error sure no Danger is  
 When joy'd with so much Piety as His.  
 Ah, mighty God, with shame I speak't, and grief,  
 Ah that our greatest Faults were in Belief !  
 And our weak Reason were even weaker yet,  
 Rather then thus our Wills too strong for it.  
 His Faith perhaps in some nice Tenents might  
 Be wrong ; his Life, I'm sure, was in the right.  
 And I my self a Catholick will be,  
 So far at least, great Saint, to Pray to thee.  
 Hall, Bard triumphant ! and some care bestow  
 On us, the Poets Militant below !  
 Opposed by our old Enemy, adverse Chance,  
 Attaqu'd by Envy, and by Ignorance,  
 Exchain'd by Beauty, tortured by Desires,  
 Expos'd by Tyrant-Love to savage Beasts and Fires.  
 Thou from low earth in nobler Flames didst rise,  
 And, like Elijah, mount Alive the skies.  
 Elisha-like (but with a wish much less,  
 More fit thy Greatness, and my Littleness)  
 Lo here I beg, (I whom thou once didst prove  
 So humble to Esteem, so good to Love)  
 Not that thy Spirit might on me Doubled be,  
 I ask but *half* thy mighty Spirit for Me.  
 And when my Muse soars with so strong a Wing,  
 'Twill learn of things Divine, and first of Thee to sing.

Anacreontiques ; or, *Some Copies of Verses,*  
*translated Paraphrastically out of ANACREON.*

## I. LOVE.

I'LL sing of Heroes, and of Kings ;  
 In mighty Numbers, mighty things,  
 Begin my Muse ; but lo the strings  
 To my great Song rebellious prove ;  
 The strings will sound of nought but Love.  
 I broke them all, and put on new ;  
 'Tis this or nothing sure will do.  
 These sure (said I) will me obey ;  
 These sure Heroick Notes will play.  
 Straight I began with thundring Jove,  
 And all the immortal Powers but Love.  
 Love smiled, and from my enfeebled Lyre  
 Came gentle aires, such as inspire  
 Melting love, and soft desire.  
 Farewel then Heroes, farewell Kings,  
 And mighty Numbers, mighty Things :  
 Love tunes my Heart just to my strings.

## II. DRINKING.

**T**HE thirsty Earth soaks up the Rain,  
 And drinks, and gapes for drink again.  
 The Plants suck in the Earth, and are  
 With constant drinking fresh and faire.  
 The Sea it self, which one would think  
 Should have but little need of Drink,  
 Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,  
 So fill'd that they oreflow the Cup.  
 The busie Sun (and one would guess  
 By 's drunken fry face no less)  
 Drinks up the Sea, and when he has don,  
 The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun.  
 They drink and dance by their own light,  
 They drink and revel all the night.  
 Nothing in Nature's sober fount,  
 But an eternal Health goes round.  
 Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high,  
 Fill all the glasses there, for why  
 Should every creature drink but I,  
 Why, Man of Morals, tell me why?

## III. BEAUTY.

**L**iberal Nature did dispence  
 To all Things Arms for their defence ;  
 And some she arms with sinewy force,  
 And some with swiftness in the course ;  
 Some with hard Hoofs, or forked Claws,  
 And some with Horns, or tuaked jaws ;  
 And some with Scales, and some with Wings,  
 And some with Teeth, and some with Stings.  
 Wisdom to Man she did afford,  
 Wisdom for Shield, and Wit for Sword.  
 What to beauteous Woman-kind,  
 What Arms, what Armour has sh' assigned !  
 Beauty is both ; for with the Faire,  
 What Arms, what Armour can compare ?  
 What Steel, what Gold, or Diamond,  
 More Impassible is found ?  
 And yet what Flame, what Lightning ere  
 So great an Active Force did bear ?  
 They are all weapon, and they dart  
 Like Porcupines from every Part.  
 Who can, alas, their Strength express,  
 Arm'd,—when they themselves undress—  
 Cap-a-pe with Nakedness ?

## IV. The DUEL.

**Y**ES, I will love then, I will love,  
 I will not now Love's Rebel prove.  
 Though I was once his Enemy ;  
 Though ill-advis'd and stubborn I,  
 Did to the Combate him defy.  
 An Helmet, Spear, and mighty shield,  
 Like some new Ajax I did wield.

Love in one hand his Bow did take,  
 In th' other hand a Dart did shake.  
 But yet in vain the Dart did throw,  
 In vain he often drew the Bow.  
 So well my Armour did resist,  
 So oft by flight the blow I mist.  
 But when I thought all Danger past,  
 His Quiver empti'd quit at last,  
 Instead of Arrow, or of Dart,  
 He shot Himself into my Heart.  
 The Living and the Killing Arrow  
 Ran through the Skin, the Flesh, the Blood,  
 And broke the Bones, and scorcht the Marrow,  
 No Trench or Work of Life withstood.  
 In vain I now the Walls maintain,  
 I set out Guards and Scouts in vain,  
 Since th' En'my does within remain.  
 In vain a Breastplate now I wear,  
 Since in my Brest the Foe I bear.  
 In vain my Feet their swiftness try ;  
 For from the Body can they fly ?

## V. AGE.

**O**FT am I by the Women told,  
 Poor Anacreon, thou grow' old.  
 Look how thy Hairs are falling all ;  
 Poor Anacreon, how they fall !  
 Whether I grow old or no,  
 By th' effects I do not know.  
 This I know without being told,  
 'Tis time to Live if I grow Old.  
 'Tis time short pleasures now to take,  
 Of little Life the best to make,  
 And manage wisely the last stake.

## VI. The ACCOUNT.

**W**hen all the Stars are by thee told,  
 (The endless Sums of heavenly Gold)  
 Or when the Hairs are reckoned all,  
 From sickly Autumn's Head that fall,  
 Or when the drops that make the Sea,  
 Whilst all her sands thy Counters be ;  
 Thou then, and Thou alone maist prove  
 Th' Arithmetician of my Love.  
 An hundred Loves at Athens score,  
 At Corinth write an hundred more.  
 Fair Corinth does such Beauties beare,  
 So few is an Escaping there.  
 Write then at Chios seventy three ;  
 Write then at Lesbos (let me see)  
 Write mee at Lesbos ninety down,  
 Full ninety Loves, and half a One.  
 And next to these let me present  
 The fair Ionian Regiment.  
 And next the Carian Company,  
 Five hundred both Effectively.

Three hundred more at Rhodes and Crete ;  
 Three hundred 'tis I am sure Complete.  
 For arms at Crete each Face doth bear,  
 And every Eye 's an Archer there.  
 Go on ; this stop why dost thou make ?  
 Thou thinkst, perhaps, that I mistake.  
 Seems this to thee too great a summe ?  
 Why many a Thousand are to come ;  
 The mighty Xerxes could not boast  
 Such different Nations in his Host.  
 On ; for my Love, if thou be'st weary,  
 Must finde some better Secretary.  
 I have not yet my Persian told,  
 Nor yet my Syrian Loves enroll'd,  
 Nor Indian, nor Arabian ;  
 Nor Cyprian Loves, nor African ;  
 Nor Scythian, nor Italian flames ;  
 There's a whole Map behinde of Names,  
 Of gentle Loves i' th' Temperate Zone,  
 And cold ones in the Frigid One,  
 Cold frozen Loves with which I pine,  
 And parched Loves beneath the Line.

### VII. GOLD.

**A** Mighty pain to Love it is,  
 And 'tis a pain that pain to misa.  
 But of all pains the greatest pain  
 It is to love, but love in vain.  
 Virtue now nor noble Blood,  
 Nor Wit by love is understood ;  
 Gold alone does passion move,  
 Gold Monopolizes Love !  
 A curse on her, and on the Man  
 Who this traffick first began !  
 A curse on him who found the Oare !  
 A curse on him who digged the store !  
 A curse on him who did refine it !  
 A curse on him who first did coyn it !  
 A Curse, all curses else above,  
 On him, who us'd it first in Love !  
 Gold begets in Brethren hate,  
 Gold in Families debate ;  
 Gold does Friendship separate,  
 Gold does Civil wars create.  
 These the smallest harms of it !  
 Gold, alas, does Love beget.

### VIII. The EPICURE.

**F**ILL the Bowl with rosie Wine,  
 Around our Temple Roses twine,  
 And let us chearfully awhile,  
 Like the Wine and Roses smile.  
 Crown'd with Roses we contemn  
 Gyges wealthy Diadem.  
 To day is Ours ; what do we feare ?  
 To day is Ours ; we have it here.

Let's treat it kindly, that it may  
 Wish, at least, with us to stay.  
 Let's banish Business, banish Sorrow ;  
 To the Gods belongs To Morrow.

### IX. ANOTHER.

**U**nderneath this Myrtle shade,  
 On flowry beds supinely laid,  
 With od'rous Oyls my Head oreflowing.  
 And around it Roses growing,  
 What should I do but drink away  
 The Heat, and troubles of the Day ?  
 In this more than Kingly state,  
 Love himself shall on me waite.  
 Fill to me, Love, nay fill it up ;  
 And mingled cast into the Cup,  
 Wit, and Mirth, and noble Fires,  
 Vigorous Health, and gay Desires.  
 The Wheel of Life no less will stay  
 In a smooth then ragged way.  
 Since it equally does flee,  
 Let the Motion pleasant bee.  
 Why do we precious Ointments shower,  
 Nobler wines why do we pour,  
 Beauteous Flowers why do we spread,  
 Upon the Mon'ments of the Dead ?  
 Nothing they but Dust can show,  
 Or Bones that hasten to be so.  
 Crown me with Roses whilst I live,  
 Now your Wines and oynments give.  
 After Death I nothing crave.  
 Let me Alive my Pleasures have,  
 All are Stoicks in the Grave.

### X. The GRASHOPPER.

**H**appy Insect, what can bee  
 In happiness compared to Thee ?  
 Fed with nourishment divine,  
 The dewy Morning's gentle Wine !  
 Nature waits upon thee still,  
 And thy verdant Cup does fill ;  
 'Tis fill'd where-ever thou dost tread,  
 Nature selfe 's thy Ganimed.  
 Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing ;  
 Happier then the happiest King !  
 All the Fields, which thou dost see,  
 All the Plants belong to Thee !  
 All that Summer Hours produce,  
 Fertile made with early juice !  
 Man for thee does sow and plough ;  
 Farmer He, and Land-Lord Thou !  
 Thou dost innocently joy ;  
 Nor does thy Luxury destroy ;  
 The Shepherd gladly heareth thee,  
 More Harmonious then He.  
 Thee Country Hindes with gladness hear,  
 Prophet of the ripened year !



Thee Phoebus loves, and does inspire ;  
 Phoebus is himself thy Sire.  
 To thee of all things upon Earth,  
 Life is no longer than thy Mirth.  
 Happy Insect, happy Thou,  
 Dost neither Age, nor Winter know.  
 But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung  
 Thy fill, the flowry Leaves among,  
 (Voluptuous, and Wise withal,  
 Epicurean Animal !)  
 Sated with thy Summer Feast,  
 Thou retirest to endless Rest.

XI. *The SWALLOW.*

**F**oolish Prater, what do'st thou  
 So early at my window do  
 With thy tuneless Serenade?  
 Well't had been had Tereus made  
 Thee as Dumb as Philomel ;  
 There his Knife had done but well.  
 In thy undiscover'd Nest  
 Thou dost all the winter rest  
 And dreamest ore thy summer joys  
 Free from the stormy season's noise :  
 Free from th' Ill thou'st done to me ;  
 Who disturbs, or seeks out Thee ?  
 Hadst thou all the charming notes  
 Of the wood's Poetick Throats,  
 All thy art could never pay  
 What thou'st ta'ne from me away.  
 Cruel Bird, thou'st ta'ne away  
 A Dream out of my arms to-day,  
 A Dream that ne're must equall'd bee  
 By all that waking Eyes may see.  
 Thou this damage to repair,  
 Nothing half so sweet or faire  
 Nothing half so good can'st bring,  
 Though Men say, Thou bring'st the Spring.

*ELEGIE upon Anacreon, who was  
choaked by a Grape-Stone.*

*Spoken by the God of LOVE.*

**H**OW shall I lament thine end,  
 My best Servant, and my Friend?  
 Nay, and if from a Deity  
 So much Deified as I,  
 It sound not too profane and odd,  
 Oh my Master, and my God !  
 For 'tis true, most mighty Poet,  
 (Though I like not Men should know it)  
 I am in naked Nature less,  
 Less by much than in thy Dress.  
 All thy Verse is softer farre  
 Than the downy Feathers are  
 Of my Wings, or of my Arrows,  
 Of my Mother's Doves, or Sparrows.

Sweet as Lovers' freshest kisses,  
 Or their riper following blisses ;  
 Graceful, cleanly, smooth and round,  
 All with Venus Girdle bound ;  
 And thy Life was all the while  
 Kinde and gentle as thy Stile.  
 The Smooth-paced Hours of every day  
 Glided numerously away.  
 Like thy Verse each Hour did pass.  
 Sweet and short, like that it was.

Some do but their Youth allow me,  
 Just what they by Nature owe me,  
 The Time that's mine, and not their own,  
 The certain Tribute of my Crown ;  
 When they grow old, they grow to be  
 Too Busie, or too wise for me.  
 Thou wert wiser, and did'st know  
 None too wise for Love can grow.  
 Love was with thy Life entwinn'd  
 Close as Heat with Fire is joynd ;  
 A powerful Brand prescribed the date  
 Of thine, like Meleager's Fate.  
 Th' Antiperistasis of Age  
 More enflamed thy amorous rage ;  
 Thy silver Hairs yielded me more  
 Than even golden curls before.

Had I the power of Creation,  
 As I have of Generation,  
 Where I the matter must obey,  
 And cannot work Plate out of Clay,  
 My Creatures should be all like Thee,  
 'Tis Thou should'st their Idea bee.  
 They, like Thee, should throughly hate  
 Business, Honor, Title, State.  
 Other wealth they should not know  
 But what my Living Mines bestow ;  
 The Pomp of Kings they should confess  
 At their Crownings to be less  
 Than a Lover's humblest Guise,  
 When at his Mistress feet he lies,  
 Rumour they no more should mind  
 Than Men safe-landed do the Wind.  
 Wisdom it self they should not hear  
 When it presumes to be Severe.  
 Beauty alone they should admire ;  
 Nor look at Fortune's vain attire,  
 Nor ask what Parents it can shew ;  
 With Dead or Old 't has nought to do.  
 They should not love yet All, or Any,  
 But very Much, and very Many.  
 All their Life should gilded be  
 With Mirth, and Wit, and Gayette,  
 Well-remembring, and Applying  
 The Necessity of Dying.  
 Their chearful Heads should always wear  
 All that crowns the flowry Year.  
 They should always laugh, and sing,  
 And dance, and strike the harmonious  
 string.

Verse should from their Tongue so flow,  
 As if it in the Mouth did grow,  
 As swiftly answering their command,  
 As tunes obey the artful Hand.  
 And whilst I do thus discover  
 Th' ingredients of a happy Lover,  
 'Tis, my Anacreon, for thy sake  
 I of the Grape no mention make.

'Till my Anacreon by thee fell,  
 Cursed Plant, I loved thee well,  
 And 'twas oft my wanton use  
 To dip my Arrows in thy juice.  
 Cursed Plant, 'tis true I see,  
 Th' old report that goes of Thee,  
 That with Gyants' blood the Earth  
 Stain'd and poyson'd gave thee birth,  
 And now thou wreak'st thy ancient spite  
 On Men in whom the Gods delight.  
 Thy Patron Bacchus, 'tis no wonder,  
 Was brought forth in Flames and Thunder ;  
 In rage, in quarrels, and in fights,  
 Worse then his Tygers he delights ;

In all our heaven I think there be  
 No such ill-natured God as He.  
 Thou pretendest, Trayterous Wine,  
 To be the Muses' friend and Mine.  
 With Love and Wit thou dost begin,  
 False Fires, alas, to draw us in ;  
 Which, if our course we by them keep,  
 Misguide to Madness, or to Sleep.  
 Sleep were well ; thou hast learnt a way  
 To Death it self now to betray.

It grieves me when I see what Fate  
 Does on the best of Mankind wait.  
 Poets or Lovers let them be,  
 'Tis neither Love nor Poesie  
 Can arm against Death's smallest dart  
 The Poet's Head, or Lover's Heart.  
 But when their Life in its decline,  
 Touches the Inevitable Line,  
 All the World's Mortal to 'um then,  
 And Wine is Acquite to men,  
 Nay in Death's Hand, the Grape-Stone proves  
 As strong as Thunder is in Jove's.





VII

Occasional Verses.

1663-68.



NOTE.

THE following is our text of these Occasional Verses, save the after-noted :—

V E R S E S,  
Lately Written  
Upon Several  
O c c a s i o n s,  
By  
ABRAHAM COWLEY.

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LONDON.

Printed for Henry Herringman, and are to be  
sold at his shop on the Lower walk in  
the New Exchange. 1663 (12mo.).

On the *verso* of title-page is the Publisher's notice :—

Most of these Verses, which the Author had no intent to publish, having been lately printed at Dublin without his consent or knowledge, and with many, and some gross mistakes in the Impression, he hath thought fit for his justification in some part to allow me to reprint them here.

HENRY HERRINGMAN.

Those having a \* prefixed belong to above volume ; the others are from the folio of 1668, except the Bodleian Verses, which have been collated with the Author's holograph, and the long poem on Charles II.'s Restoration, which is taken from the original separate edition published by Herringman in 1660 (4to). 'To the Royal Society' is drawn from 'The History of the Royal Society,' second edition 1702. See Introduction on these three and others.—G.



## OCCASIONAL VERSES.

### \* *CHRIST'S PASSION.*

*Taken out of a Greek Ode, written by Mr.  
Masters of New-College in Oxford.*

I.

**E**Nough, my Muse, of earthly things,  
And inspirations but of wind ;  
Take up thy Lute, and to it bind  
Loud, and everlasting strings ;  
And on 'em play, and to 'em sing,  
The happy mournful stories,  
The Lamentable glories,  
Of the great Crucified King.  
Mountainous heap of wonders ! which do'st rise  
'Till Earth thou joynest with the Skies !  
Too large at bottom, and at top too high,  
To be half seen by mortal eye.  
How shall I grasp this boundless thing ?  
What shall I play ? what shall I sing ?  
I'll sing the mighty riddle of mysterious love,  
Which neither wretched men below, nor blessed Spirits  
above,  
With all their Comments can explain ;  
How all the whole World's Life to dye did not disdain.

2.

I'll sing the searchless depths of the Compassion Divine,  
The depths unfathom'd yet  
By reason's Plummet, and the line of Wit ;  
Too light the Plummet, and too short the line :  
How the Eternal Father did bestow  
His own Eternal Son, as ransom for his foe,  
I'll sing aloud, that all the World may hear,  
The triumph of the buried Conquerer.  
How hell was by its Pris'ner Captive led,  
And the great Slayer Death slain by the Dead.

3.

Methinks I hear of murdered men the voice,  
Mixt with the Murderers' confused noise,  
Sound from the Top of Calvarie ;  
My greedy eyes fly up the Hill, and see  
Who 'tis hangs there the midmost of the three ;  
Oh how unlike the others he !  
Look how he bends his gentle head with blessings from  
the Tree !

His gracious hands, ne're stretcht but to do good ;  
Are nail'd to the infamous wood :  
And sinful man do's fondly bind  
The Arms, which he extends t' embrace all humane  
kind.

4.

Unhappy Man, can'st thou stand by, and see  
All this as patient, as he ?  
Since he thy Sins do's bear,  
Make thou his sufferings thine own,  
And weep, and sigh, and groan,  
And beat thy Breast, and tear  
Thy Garments, and thy Hair,  
And let thy grief, and let thy love  
Through all thy bleeding bowels move.  
Do'st thou not see thy Prince, in purple clad all o're,  
Not purple brought from the Sidonian shore,  
But made at home with richer gore ?  
Dost thou not see the Roses, which adorn  
The thorny Garland, by him worn ?  
Dost thou not see the livid traces  
Of the sharp scourge's rude embraces ?  
If yet thou feelest not the smart  
Of Thorns and Scourges in thy heart,  
If that be yet not Crucified,  
Look on his hands, look on his feet, look on his side.

5.

Open, Oh ! open wide the Fountains of thine eyes,  
And let 'em call  
Their stock of moisture forth, where e're it lyes,  
For this will ask it all.  
'Twould all (alas) too little be,  
Though thy salt tears came from a Sea :  
Can'st thou deny him this, when he  
Has open'd all his vital Springs for thee ?  
Take heed ; for by his side's mysterious flood  
May well be understood,  
That he will still require some waters to his blood.

### \* *On Orinda's Poems.*

I. ODE.

**W**E allow'd You Beauty, and we did submit  
To all the Tyrannies of it ;

Ah! Cruel Sex, will you depose us too in Wit?  
 Orinda do's in that too reign,  
 Do's Man behind her in Proud Triumph draw,  
 And Cancel great Apollo's Salick Law.  
 We our old Title plead in vain,  
 Man may be Head, but Woman's now the Brain.  
 Verse was Love's fire-arms heretofore,  
 In Beautie's Camp it was not known,  
 Too many Armes besides that Conquerour bore:  
 'Twas the great Canon we brought down  
 T' assault a stubborn Town;  
 Orinda first did a bold sally make,  
 Our strongest Quarter take,  
 And so successful prov'd, that she  
 Turn'd upon Love himself his own Artillery.

## 2.

Women as if the Body were their Whole,  
 Did that, and not the Soul  
 Transmit to their Posterity;  
 If in it sometime they conceiv'd,  
 Th' abortive Issue never liv'd.  
 'Twere Shame and pitty, Orinda, if in thee  
 A Spirit so rich, so noble, and so high  
 Should unmanur'd, or barren lye.  
 But thou industriously hast sow'd and till'd  
 The fair, and fruitful field;  
 And 'tis a strange Increase, that it does yield.  
 As when the happy Gods above  
 Meet altogether at a feast,  
 A secret Joy unspeakably does move,  
 In their great Mother Cybele's contented breast:  
 With no less pleasure thou methinks shouldst see,  
 This thy no less Immortal Progenie.  
 And in their Birth thou no one touch dost find  
 Of th' ancient Curse to Woman-kind;  
 Thou bring'st not forth with pain;  
 It neither Travel is, nor Labour of the brain,  
 So easily they from thee come,  
 And there is so much room  
 In th' exhausted and unfathom'd Womb;  
 That like the Holland Countess thou may'st bear  
 A Child for ev'ry Day of all the fertile Year.

## 3.

Thou dost my wonder, would'st my envy raise,  
 If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praise;  
 Where-e'er I see an excellence,  
 I must admire to see thy well-knit sense,  
 Thy numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high:  
 Those as thy fore-head smooth, these sparkling as thine  
 eye.  
 'Tis solid, and 'tis manly all,  
 Or rather 'tis Angelical;  
 For as in Angels, we  
 Do in thy Verses see  
 Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet;  
 They are than Man more strong, and more than Woman  
 sweet.

## 4.

They talk of Nine, I know not who,  
 Female Chimera's that o'er Poets reign,  
 I ne'r could find that fancy true,  
 But have invoc'd them oft I'm sure in vain:  
 They talk of Sappho, but alas, the shame!  
 Ill manners soil the lustre of her Fame:  
 Orinda's inward virtue is so bright,  
 That like a Lanthorn's fair-enclosed Light,  
 It through the paper shines where she does write.  
 Honour and Friendship, and the Generous scorn  
 Of things, for which we were not born,  
 (Things that can only by a fond Disease,  
 Like that of Girls, our vicious Stomachs please)  
 Are the instructive Subjects of her pen,  
 And as the Roman Victory  
 Taught our rude Land, Arts and Civility,  
 At once she overcomes, enslaves, and betters Men.

## 5.

But Rome, with all her Arts, could ne'er inspire,  
 A Female Breast with such a Fire.  
 The warlike Amazonian train,  
 Who in Elysium now do peaceful reign,  
 And wit's mild Empire before Arms prefer,  
 Hope 'twill be settled in their sex by her.  
 Merlin the Seer, (and sure he would not ly,  
 In such a sacred Company,)  
 Does Prophecies of Learn'd Orinda show,  
 Which he had darkly spoke so long ago.  
 Ev'n Boadicia's angry Ghost,  
 Forgets her own misfortune, and disgrace,  
 And to her injur'd Daughters now does boast,  
 That Rome's o'rrcome at last, by' a woman of her Race.

\* ODE. *Upon occasion of a Copy of Verses  
 of my Lord Broghill's.*

## 1.

**B**E gon (said I) Ingrateful Muse, and see  
 What others thou can'st fool as well as me.  
 Since I grew Man, and wiser ought to be,  
 My Business and my Hopes I left for thee:  
 For thee (which was more hardly given away)  
 I left, even when a Boy, my Play.  
 But say, Ingrateful Mistress, say,  
 What, for all this, what didst Thou ever pay?  
 Thou'lt say, Perhaps, that riches are  
 Not of the growth of Lands, where thou dost Trade,  
 And I, as well my Country might upbraid  
 Because I have no Vineyard there.  
 Well: But in Love, thou dost pretend to Reign,  
 There thine the power and Lordship is,  
 Thou bad'st me write, and write, and write again;  
 'Twas such a way as could not miss.  
 I like a Fool, did thee Obey,  
 I wrote, and wrote, but still I wrote in vain,

For after all my expense of Wit and Pain,  
A rich, unwriting Hand, carry'd the Prize away.

## 2.

Thus I complain'd, and straight the Muse reply'd,  
That she had given me Fame.

Bounty Immense! And that too must be try'd,  
When I my self am nothing but a name.

Who now, what Reader does not strive  
T' invalidate the gift whilst w' are alive?

For when a Poet now himself doth show,  
As if he were a common Foe,

All draw upon him, all around,

And ev'ry part of him they wound,

Happy the Man that gives the deepest Blow :

And this is all, kind Muse, to thee we owe.

Then in a Rage I took

And out at Window threw

Ovid and Horace, all the chiming Crew :

Homer himself went with them too,

Hardly escap'd the Sacred Mantuan Book :

I my own Off-spring, like Agave, tore,

And I resolv'd, nay, and I think, I swore,

That I no more the Ground would Till and Sow,

Where only flowry Weeds instead of Corn did grow.

## 3.

When (see the subtil ways which Fate does find,  
Rebellious man to binde,

Just to the work for which he is assign'd)  
The Muse came in more chearful than before,

And bad me quarrel with her now no more,

Loe thy reward! look here and see,

What I have made (said she)

My Lover, and belov'd, my Broghill do for thee.

Though thy own verse no lasting fame can give,

Thou shalt at least in his for ever live.

What Criticks, the great Hectors now in Wit,

Who Rant and Challenge all Men that have writ,

Will dare t' oppose thee, when

Broghill in thy defence, has drawn his conqu'ring Pen?

I rose and bow'd my head,

And pardon ask'd for all that I had said ;

Well-satisf'd and proud,

I straight resolv'd, and solemnly I vow'd,

That from her service now I ne'r would part,

So strongly, large Rewards work on a grateful Heart.

## 4.

Nothing so soon the Drooping Spirits can raise,

As Praises from the Men, whom all men praise.

'Tis the best Cordial, and which only those

Who have at home th' Ingredients, can compose ;

A Cordial, that restores our fainting Breath,

And keeps up Life even after Death ;

The onely danger is, lest it should be

Too strong a remedie :

Lest, in removing cold, it should beget

Too violent a heat,

And into madness turn the Lethargie.

Ah ! Gracious God ! that I might see  
A time when it were Dangerous for me  
To be o're-beat with Praise !  
But I within me bear (alas) too great allayes.

## 5.

'Tis said, Apelles, when he Venus drew,  
Did naked Women for his Pattern view,  
And with his powerful fancy did refine  
Their humane shapes into a form Divine ;

None who had set could her own Picture see,

Or say, One part was drawn for me ;

So, though this nobler Painter when he writ,

Was pleas'd to think it fit,

That my Book should before him sit,

Not as a cause, but an occasion to his wit :

Yet what have I to boast, or to apply

To my advantage out of it, since I,

Instead of my own Likeness, onely find

The Bright Idea there, of the great Writer's mind ?

## Pindarique ODE.

*The Book Humbly presenting it self to the  
Universitie Librarie at Oxford.*<sup>1</sup>

## I.

**H**ail Learning's Pantheon ! Hail, the sacred Ark,  
Where all the World of Science does embark !  
Wch ever shall wthstand, and hast soe long withstood,  
Insatiate Time's devouring Flood !

Hail, Tree of Knowledge ! thy Leaves Fruit ! wch well  
Dost in y<sup>e</sup> midst of Paradise arise,

Oxford, y<sup>e</sup> Muses' Paradise !

From wch may never Sword the blest expell.

Hail, Bank of all past Ages, where they lie

T' enrich wth Interest Posteritie !

Hail, Wit's illustrious Galaxie,

Where thousand Lights into one brightnes spread ;

Hail, Living Univeristy of the Dead !

## 2.

Vnconfus'd Babel of all Toungs wch ere

The mighty Linguist Fame, or Time, the mighty Tra-  
veller,

That could speak, or this could Hear !

Majestique Monument, and Pyramide,

Where still the shapes of parted Soules abide

Embalmed in Verse ! exalted soules, wch now

Enjoy those Arts they woo'd soe well below !

Wch now all wonders printed plainly see,

That have bin, are, or are to bee,

<sup>1</sup> Liber Bibliothecæ Bodlianae, ex dono viri et poetæ optimi,  
D. Abrahami Cowley, Authoris: qui pro singulari suâ in  
Bodleium, Musasq. benevolentia, Od. MS. insequentem,  
Pindari feliciter imitatricem composuit, et manu propria exarata  
tam apposuit vi. Calend. Jul. MDCC.LVII.

In the mysterious Librarie,  
The Beautifque Bodley of the Deitie.

## 3-

Will yee into your sacred throng admit  
The meanest Brititish Wit?  
Yee Generall Councell of the Preists of Fame,  
Will yee not murmur, and disdala,  
That I a place amoungst yee claime,  
The humblest Deacon of her train?  
Will yee allow mee th' honourable chain?  
The chain of Ornament, w<sup>th</sup> here  
Your noble Prisoners proudly wear?  
A Chain w<sup>th</sup> will more pleasant seem to mee  
Then all my own Pindarick Libertie.  
Will yee to bind mee with these mighty names submit,  
Like an Apocrypha w<sup>th</sup> Holy Writ?  
What ever happy Book is chained here,  
Noe other place or people needs to fear;  
His Chaines a Passport to goe every where.

## 4-

As when a seat in Heaven,  
Is to an unmalitious Sinner given,  
Who casting round his wondrous Eye,  
Does none but Patriarchs and Apostles there espie;  
Martyrs who did their Lives bestow,  
And Saints who Martyrs' lived below;  
W<sup>th</sup> trembling and amazement hee begins,  
To recollect his frailties past and sins,  
Hee doubts almost his Station there,  
His Soul says to it selfe, How came I here?  
It fares noe otherwise w<sup>th</sup> mee,  
When I my selfe w<sup>th</sup> conscious wonder see,  
Amidst this Purified Elected Companie,  
W<sup>th</sup> hardship they, and pain,  
Did to this happines attain:  
Noe labours I, or merits can pretend;  
I think, Predestination onely was my freind.

## 5-

Ah, y<sup>e</sup> my Author had been tyed like Mee,  
To such a Place, and such a Companie I  
Instead of severall Countries, severall Men,  
And Busines w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Muses hate!  
He might have then improved y<sup>e</sup> small Estate,  
W<sup>th</sup> Nature sparingly did to him give;  
Hee might perhaps have thriven then,  
And settled vpon mee, his Child, somewhat to Live,  
T' had happier bin for Him, as well as Mee;  
For when all, alas, is donne,  
Wee Books, I mean, Yow Books, will prove to bee  
The best and noblest Conversation,  
For though some Errors will get in,  
Like Tinctures of Original Sin:  
Yet sure wee from our Father's Wit  
Draw all y<sup>e</sup> Strength and Spirite of it:  
Leaving y<sup>e</sup> grosser parts for Conversation,  
As the best Blood of Man's employ'd in Generation.

## \* ODE.

*Sitting and drinking in the Chair, made out  
of the Reliques of Sir FRANCIS DRAKE'S  
Ships.*

## I.

C Hear up my Mates, the wind does fairly blow,  
Clap on more sail, and never spare;  
Farewel all Lands, for now we are  
In the wide Sea of Drink, and merrily we go.  
Bless me, 'tis hot! another bowl of wine,  
And we shall cut the Burning Line:  
Hey Boyes! she scuds away, and by my head I know,  
We round the World are sailing now.  
What dull men are those who tarry at home,  
When abroad they might wantonly roame,  
And gain such experience, and spy too  
Such Countries, and Wonders as I do?  
But prithe good *Pilot* take heed what you do,  
And fall not to touch at *Peru*;  
With Gold, there the Vessel we'll store,  
And never, and never be poor,  
No never be poor any more.

## 2.

What do I mean? what thoughts do me misguide?  
As well upon a staff may Witches ride  
Their fancy'd Journies in the Ayr,  
As I sail round the Ocean in this Chair:  
'Tis true; but yet this Chair which here you see,  
For all its quiet now, and gravitie,  
Has wandred, and has travailed more,  
Than ever Beast, or Fish, or Bird, or ever Tree before.  
In every Ayr, and every Sea 't has been,  
'T has compas'd all the Earth, and all the Heavens 't has  
seen.  
Let not the Pope's it self with this compare,  
This is the only Universal Chair.

## 3-

The pious Wandrer's Fleet, sav'd from the flame,  
(Which did the Reliques still of *Troy* persue,  
And took them for its due)  
A squadron of immortal Nymphs became:  
Still with their Arms they row about the Seas,  
And still make new, and greater voyages;  
Nor has the first Poetick Ship of *Greece*,  
(Though now a star she so Triumphant show,  
And guide her sailing Successors below,  
Bright as her ancient freight, the shining fleece:)  
Yet to this day a quiet harbour found,  
The tide of Heaven still carries her around.  
Only *Drake's* Sacred vessel, which before  
Had done, and had seen more,  
Than those have done, or seem,  
Ev'n since they Goddesses, and this a Star has been;



As a reward for all her labour past,  
Is made the seat of rest at last.  
Let the case now quite alter'd be,  
And as thou went'st abroad the World to see;  
Let the World now come to see thee.

4.

The World will do 't; for Curiosity  
Does, no less than Devotion, Pilgrims make;  
And I my self, who now love quiet too,  
As much almost as any Chair can do,  
Would yet a journey take,  
An old wheel of that Chariot to see,  
Which *Phaeton* so rashly brake:  
Yet what could that say more than these remains of  
*Drake*?  
Great Relique! thou too, in this Port of ease,  
Hast still one Way of Making Voyages;  
The breath of fame, like an auspicious Gale,  
(The great trade-wind which ne're does fail.)  
Shall drive thee round the World, and thou shalt run,  
As long around it as the Sun.  
The straights of time too narrow are for thee,  
Lanch forth into an undiscovered Sea,  
And steer the endless Course of vast Eternitie,  
Take for thy Sail this Verse, and for thy *Pilot* mee.

*Upon the Death of the Earl of Balcarres.*

1.

'TIS folly all, that can be said  
By living Mortals of th' immortal dead,  
And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain tears we shed.  
'Tis as if we, who stay behind  
In Expectation of the wind,  
Should pity those, who pass'd this strait before,  
And touch the universal shore.  
Ah happy Man, who art to sail no more!  
And, if it seem ridiculous to grieve,  
Because our Friends are newly come from Sea,  
Though ne're so fair and calm it be;  
What would all sober men believe,  
If they should hear us sighing say:  
*Balcarres*, who but th' other Day  
Did all our Love, and our Respect command,  
At whose great parts we all amar'd did stand,  
Is from a storm, alas! cast suddenly on land?

2.

If you will say: Few Persons upon Earth  
Did more then he, deserve to have  
A life exempt from fortune, and the grave;  
Whether you look upon his Birth,  
And Ancestors, whose fame's so widely spread,  
But Ancestors, alas, who long ago are dead!  
Or whether you consider more  
The vast increase, as sure you ought,

Of honor by his Labour bought,  
And added to the former store.  
All I can answer, is, that I allow  
The privilege you plead for; and avow  
That, as he well-deserv'd, he doth enjoy it now.

3.

Though God for great and righteous ends,  
Which his unerring Providence intends,  
Erroneous mankind should not understand,  
Would not permit *Balcarres'* hand,  
That once, with so much industry and art,  
Had clos'd the gaping wounds of ev'ry part,  
To perfect his distracted Nation's Cure,  
Or stop the fatal bondage, 'twas t' endure;  
Yet for his pains he soon did him remove,  
From all th' oppression, and the woe,  
Of his frail *Bodie's* Native Soil below,  
To his Soul's true and peaceful Country above:  
So God, like Kings, for secret Causes, known  
Sometimes, but to themselves alone,  
One of their ablest Ministers elect,  
And send abroad to Treaties, which th' intend  
Shall never take effect.  
But, though the Treaty wants a happy end,  
The happy agent wants not the Reward,  
For which he Labour'd faithfully and hard;  
His just and righteous Master calls him home,  
And gives him near himself some honourable room.

4.

Noble and great endeavours did he bring  
To save his Country, and restore his King:  
And whilst the Manly half of him, which those  
Who know not Love, to be the whole suppose,  
Perform'd all parts of Virtue's vigorous Life;  
The beauteous half, his lovely Wife,  
Did all his Labors and his cares divide;  
Nor was a lame, nor paralitick side.  
In all the turnes of human state,  
And all th' unjust attacques of fate,  
She bore her share and portion still;  
And would not suffer any to be ill.  
Unfortunate for ever let me be,  
If I believe that such was he,  
Whom, in the storms of bad success,  
And all that error calls unhappiness,  
His virtue, and his virtuous Wife did still accompany.

5.

With these companions, 'twas not strange  
That nothing could his temper change.  
His own and Countrie's Ruin, had not Weight  
Enough to crush his mighty mind.  
He saw around the Hurricans of State,  
Fix'd as an Island 'gainst the waves and wind.  
Thus far the greedy Sea may reach,  
All outward things are but the Beach;  
A great Man's Soul it doth assault in vain.  
Their God himself the Ocean doth restrain

With an imperceptible chain,  
 And bid it to go back again :  
 His Wisdom, Justice, and his Piety,  
 His Courage both to suffer and to die,  
 His Virtues, and his Lady too  
 Were things Celestial. And we see  
 In spite of quarrelling Philosophie,  
 How in this case 'tis certain found,  
 That Heav'n stands still, and only Earth goes round.

\* ODE. Upon Dr. Harvey.

I.

COY Nature, (which remain'd, though aged grown,  
 A beauteous virgin still, enjoy'd by none,  
 Nor seen unvell'd by any one)  
 When *Harvey's* violent passion she did see,  
 Began to tremble, and to flee,  
 Took Sanctuary, like *Daphne*, in a tree :  
 There *Daphne's* lover stopt, and thought it much  
 The very Leaves of her to touch ;  
 But *Harvey*, our *Apollo*, stop't not so,  
 Into the Bark, and root, he after her did goe :  
 No smallest Fibres of a Plant,  
 For which the eyebeam's Point doth sharpness want,  
 His passage after her withstood.  
 What should she do ? through all the moving wood,  
 Of Lives indow'd with sense, she took her flight ;  
*Harvey* persues, and keeps her still in sight.  
 But as the Deer long-hunted takes a flood,  
 She leap't at last into the winding streams of blood ;  
 Of man's *Meander* all the Purple reaches made,  
 'Till at the heart she stayd,  
 Where turning head, and at a Bay,  
 Thus, by well-purged ears, was she o're-heard to say.

2.

Here sure I shall be safe (sayd shee)  
 None will be able sure to see  
 This my retreat, but only hee,  
 Who made both it and mee.  
 The heart of Man, what Art can e're reveal ?  
 A Wall Impervious between,  
 Divides the very Parts within,  
 And doth the Heart of man ev'n from it self conceal.  
 She spoke, but e're she was aware,  
*Harvey* was with her there,  
 And held this slippery *Proteus* in a chain,  
 'Till all her mighty Mysteries she descry'd ;  
 Which from his wit th' attempt before to hide,  
 Was the first Thing that Nature did in vain.

3.

He the young Practise of New life did see,  
 Whil'at to conceal its toylsome Poverty,  
 It for a Living wrought, both hard, and privately.

Before the Liver understood  
 The noble Scarlet Dye of Blood,  
 Before one drop was by it made,  
 Or brought into it, to set up the Trade ;  
 Before the untaught Heart began to beat  
 The tuneful March to vital Heat,  
 From all the Souls that living Buildings rear,  
 Whether implyd for earth, or sea, or air,  
 Whether it in the womb or egg be wrought,  
 A strict account to him is hourly brought,  
 How the Great Fabrick do's proceed ;  
 What time and what materials it do's need.  
 He so exactly do's the work survey,  
 As if he hir'd the workers by the day.

4.

Thus *Harvey* sought for truth in truth's own Book,  
 The creatures, which by God himself was writ ;  
 And wisely thought 'twas fit,  
 Not to read Comments only upon it,  
 But on th' original it self to look.  
 Methinks in Art's great Circle others stand  
 Lockt up together, Hand in Hand ;  
 Ev'ry one leads as he is led ;  
 The same bare path they tread,  
 And Dance, like Fairies, a fantastick round,  
 But neither change their motion, nor their ground :  
 Had *Harvey* to this Road confin'd his wit,  
 His noble Circle of the Blood, had been untrodden yet.  
 Great Doctor ! Th' art of Curing's cur'd by thee,  
 We now thy Patient Physick see,  
 From all inveterate diseases free ;  
 Purg'd of old errors by thy Care,  
 New-dieted, put forth to clearer ayre,  
 It now will strong, and healthful prove ;  
 It self before Lethargick lay and could not move.

5.

These Vaeul secrets to his Pen we owe,  
 And thousands more 'twas ready to bestow ;  
 Of which, a Barbarous War's unlearned Rage  
 Has robb'd the Ruin'd Age ;  
 O cruel loss ! as if the Golden Fleece,  
 With so much oost, and labour bought,  
 And from afarr by a Great *Hero* Brought,  
 Had sunk even in the Ports of *Greece*.  
 O cursed warre ! who can forgive thee this ?  
 Houses and towns may rise again,  
 And ten times easier it is  
 To re-build *Pausis*, than any work of his.  
 That mighty task none but himself can doe,  
 Nay, scarce himself too now ;  
 For though his Wit the force of Age withstand,  
 His Body, alas ! and time it must command,  
 And Nature now, so long by him surpass't,  
 Will sure have her Revenge on him at last.

O. D. E.

Acme and Septimius out of Catullus.

*Acmen Septimius suos Amores  
Tenens in gremio, etc.*

WHilst on *Septimius* panting Brest,  
(Meaning nothing less than Rest)  
*Acme* lean'd her loving head,  
Thus the pleas'd *Septimius* said.

My dearest *Acme*, if I be  
Once alive, and love not thee,  
With a Passion far above  
All that e're was called Love,  
In a *Lybian* desert may  
I become some Lion's prey;  
Let him, *Acme*, let him tear  
My Brest, when *Acme* is not there.

The God of Love, who stood to hear him,  
(The God of Love was always near him)  
Pleas'd and tickl'd with the sound,  
Sneez'd aloud; and all around  
The little Loves, that waited by,  
Bow'd and blest the Augurie.  
*Acme*, inflam'd with what he said,  
Rear'd her gently-bending head,  
And her purple mouth with joy,  
Stretching to the delicious Boy,  
Twice (and twice could scarce suffice)  
She kist his drunken, rowling eyes.

My little Life, my All (said she)  
So may we ever servants be  
To this blest God; and ne'er retain  
Our hated Liberty again;  
So may thy passion last for me,  
As I a Passion have for thee,  
Greater and fiercer much then can  
Be conceiv'd by Thee a Man.  
Into my Marrow is it gone,  
Fix'd and settled in the Bone,  
It reigns not only in my Heart,  
But runs like Life, through ev'ry part.

She spoke; the God of Love aloud  
Sneez'd again, and all the crowd  
Of little Loves, that waited by,  
Bow'd, and blest the Augurie.

This good Omen, thus from Heav'n,  
Like a happy signal given,  
Their Loves and Lives (all four) embrace,  
And hand in hand run all the race.  
To poor *Septimius* (who did now  
Nothing else but *Acme* grow)  
*Acme's* bosome was alone,  
The whole world's Imperial Throne,  
And to faithful *Acme's* mind  
*Septimius* was all Human kind.

If the Gods would please to be  
But advis'd for once by me,  
I'd advise 'em, when they spie  
Any illustrious Piety,  
To reward Her, if it be she;  
To reward him, if it be He;  
With such a Husband, such a Wife,  
With *Acme's* and *Septimius's* Life.

O. D. E. Upon his MAJESTIE'S  
*Restoration and Return.*

*Quod optanti Divam promittere nemo  
Auderet, volendo dies, en, attulit ultra.*  
VING.

I.

NOW Blessings on you all, ye peaceful *Stars*  
Which meet at last so kindly, and dispence  
Your universal gentle *Influence*,  
To calm the stormy *World*, and still the rage of *Wars*.  
Nor whilst around the Continent,  
*Plenipotentiary Beams* ye sent,  
Did your *Pacific Lights* disdain,  
In their large *Treaty*, to contain  
The *World* apart, o're which do reign  
Your seven fair *Brethren* of great *Charles his Wans*;  
No *Star* amongst ye all did, I believe,  
Such vigorous assistance give,  
As that which thirty years ago,  
At \* *Charls* his *Birth*, did, in despite  
Of the proud *Sun's* Meridian Light,  
His future *Glories*, and this *Year* foreshow,  
No lesse effects than these we may  
Be assur'd of from that powerful *Ray*  
Which could out-face the *Sun*, and overcome the *Day*.

2.

Auspicious *Star* again arise,  
And take thy *Noon-side station* in the skies,  
Again all *Heaven* prodigiously adorn;  
For loe! thy *Charls* again is *Born*.  
He then was *Born with*, and to *Pain*:  
*With*, and to *Joy* he's *born* again.  
And wisely for this *second Birth*,  
By which thou certain wert to bless  
The *Land* with full and flourishing *Happiness*,  
Thou mad'st of that fair *Month* thy choice,  
In which *Heaven*, *Air*, and *Sea*, and *Earth*,  
And all that's in them all does *smile*, and does *rejoyce*.  
'Twas a right *Season*, and the very *Ground*  
Ought with a face of *Paradise* to be found,  
Then when we were to entertain  
*Felicity* and *Innocence* again.

\* The *Star* that appeared at *Noon*, the *Day* of the *King's* *Birth*, just as the *King* his *Father* was riding to *St. Pauls* to give thanks to *God* for that *Blessing*.

## 3.

Shall we again (good Heaven !) that *Blessed Pair* behold,  
Which the abused *People* fondly sold  
For the bright *Fruit* of the *Forbidden Tree*,  
By seeking all like *gods* to be ?  
Will *Peace* her *Halcyon Nest* venture to build  
Upon a *Shore* with *Shipswrecks* fill'd ?  
And trust that *Sea*, where she can hardly say,  
Sh' has known these twenty Years one *calmy day* :  
Ah ! mild and gaulless *Dove*,  
Which dost the *pure* and *candid* Dwellings love :  
Canst thou in *Albion* still delight ?  
Still canst thou think it *White* ?  
Will ever fair *Religion* appear  
In these deformed *Ruins* ? Will she clear  
Th' *Angwan Stables* of her *Churches* here ?  
Will *Justice* hazard to be seen,  
Where a *High-Court* of *Justice* e're has been ?  
Will not the *Tragique Scene*,  
And *Bradshaw's* bloody *Ghost* affright her there,  
Her who shall never fear ?  
Then may *White-hall* for *Charls* his *Seat* be fit,  
If *Justice* shall endure at *Westminster* sit.

## 4.

Of all, me thinks, we least should see  
The cheerfull looks again of *Liberty*.  
That *Name* of *Cromwell*, which does freshly still  
The *Curses* of so many sufferers fill,  
Is still enough to make her stay,  
And jealous for a while remain,  
Lest as a *Tempest* carried him away,  
Some *Hurican* should bring him back again.  
Or she might justlier be afraid  
Lest that great *Serpent*, which was all a *Tayl*,  
(And in his *poys'nous* folds whole *Nations Prisoners*  
made)  
Should a third time perhaps prevail  
To joyn again, and with worse sting arise,  
As it had done, when cut in pieces twice.  
Return, return, ye *Sacred Fower*,  
And dread your perisht *Enemies* no more,  
Your fears are causeless all, and vain  
Whilst you return in *Charls* his train,  
For *God* does *Him*, that *He* might *You* restore ;  
Nor shall the world him only call,  
*Defender* of the *Faith*, but of *ye All*.

## 5.

Along with you *Plenty* and *Riches* go ;  
With a full *Tide* to every *Port* they flow,  
With a warm fruitful *wind* o're all the *Country* blow.  
*Honour* does, as ye march, her *Trumpet* sound,  
The *Arts* encompass you around,  
And against all *Alarms* of *Fear*,  
*Safety* it self bring up the *Rear*.  
And in the head of this *Anglique band*,  
Lo, how the *Goodly Prince* at last does stand  
(Oh righteous *God* !) on his *own happy Land*.

'Tis *Happy* now, which could, with so much ease,  
Recover from so desperate a *Disease* ;

A various complicated *Ill*,  
Whose ev'ry *Symptoms* was enough to *kill*,  
In which one *Part* of three *Frensey* possess'd  
And *Lethargy* the rest.

'Tis *Happy*, which no *Bleeding* does endure,  
A *Surfet* of such *Blood* to cure.

'Tis *Happy*, which beholds the *Flame*,  
In which by hostile hands it ought to burn,  
Or that which, if from *Heaven* it came,  
It did but well deserve, all into *Bonfire* turn.

## 6.

We fear'd (and almost touch'd the black degree  
Of instant *Expectation*)

That the three dreadful *Angels* we,  
Of *Famine*, *Sword* and *Plague* should here establish see ;  
(*God's* great *Trisumvirate* of *Desolation*)  
To scourge and to destroy the sinful *Nation*.  
Justly might *Heav'n*, *Protectors* such as those,  
And such *Committees* for their *Safety* impose,  
Upon a *Land* which scarcely *better Chose*.

We fear'd that the *Fanatique War*,  
Which Men against *God's Houses* did declare,  
Would, from th' *Almighty Enemy*, bring down  
A sure destruction on our *Own*.

We read th' *Instructive Histories*, which tell  
Of all those endless mischiefs, that befell  
The *Sacred Town* which *God* had lov'd so well,  
After that *fatal Curse* had once been said,  
*His Blood* be upon ours, and on our *Children's* head.  
We knew, though there a *greater Blood* was spilt,  
'Twas scarcely done with *greater Guilt*.

We know those miseries did befall,  
Whilst they rebell'd against that *Prince*, whom all  
The rest of *Mankind* did the *Love*, and *Joy*, of *Mankind*  
call.

## 7.

Already was the *shaken Nation*  
Into a wild and deform'd *Chaos* brought.  
And it was hasting on (we thought)  
Ev'n to the last of *Ills*, *Annihilation*.  
When in the midst of this confused *Night*,  
Loe, the blest *Spirit* mov'd, and *there was Light*.  
For in the glorious *General's* previous *Ray*,  
We saw a new-created *Day*.

We by it saw, though yet in *Mists* it shone,  
The *beauteous Work* of *Order* moving on.  
Where are the Men who bragg'd that *God* did bless,  
And with the marks of good *success*,  
*Signe* his allowance of their *wickedness* ?  
Vain men ! who thought the *Divine Power* to find  
In the fierce *Thunder*, and the violent *Wind* :

*God* came not 'till the *storm* was past,  
In the *still Voice* of *Peace* he came at last.  
The cruel *Business* of *Destruction*,  
May by the *Claws* of the great *Fiend* be done.

Here, here we see th' *Almighty's hand* indeed,  
Both by the *Beauty of the Work*, we see 't, and by the  
*Speed*.

## 8.

He who had seen the noble *British Heir*,  
Even in that ill disadvantageous *Light*,  
With which misfortune strives 't abuse our sight ;  
He who had seen him in his *Cloud* so bright :  
He who had seen the double *Pair*  
Of *Brothers* heavenly good, and *Sisters* heavenly fair,  
Might have perceiv'd (me thinks) with ease,  
(But *wicked men* see only what they please)  
That *God* had no intent 't extinguish quite  
The *pious King's eclipsed Right*.  
He who had seen how, by the power Divine,  
All the young *Branches* of this Royal Line  
Did in their *fire*, without *consuming*, *shine* ;  
How through a *rough Red-Sea* they had been led,  
By *Wonders* guarded, and by *Wonders* fed.  
How many yeares of trouble and distress,  
They'd wandred in their fatal *Wilderness*,  
And yet did never *murmur* or *repine* ;  
Might (me thinks) plainly understand,  
That after all these conquer'd *Tryals* past,  
Th' *Almighty Mercy* would, at last,  
Conduct them, with a strong un-erring hand,  
To their own *Promis'd Land*.  
For all the glories of the *Earth*  
Ought to be *entail'd* by right of *Birth*,  
And all *Heaven's blessings* to come down  
Upon *his Race*, to whom alone was given  
The double *Royalty* of *Earth* and *Heaven*,  
Who crown'd the *Kingly* with the *Martyr's Crown*.

## 9.

The *Martyr's Blood* was said of old to be  
The *seed* from whence the *Church* did grow.  
The *Royal Blood* which dying *Charles* did sow,  
Becomes no less the *seed* of *Royalty*.  
'Twas in *dishonour sown*,  
We find it now in *glory grown*,  
The *Grave* could but the *dross* of it devour ;  
'Twas *sown* in *weakness*, and 'tis *rais'd* in *power*.  
We now the *Question* well-decided see,  
Which *Eastern Wit* did once contest  
At the *Great Monarch's Feast*,  
Of all on *Earth* what things the *strongest* be :  
And some for *Women*, some for *Wine* did plead ;  
That is, for *Folly* and for *Rage*,  
Two things which we have known, indeed,  
*Strong* in this latter *Age*.  
But as 'tis prov'd by *Heaven* at length,  
The *King* and *Truth* have greatest *strength* ;  
When they their sacred force unite,  
And twine into one *Right*,  
No frantick *Common-wealths* or *Tyrannies*,  
No *Cheats*, and *Perjuries*, and *Lies*,  
No *Nets* of *Human Policies* ;

63

No stores of *Arms* or *Gold* (though you could joy  
Those of *Peru* to the great *London Mine*)  
No *Towns*, no *Fleets* by *Sea*, or *Troops* by *Land*,  
No deeply entrencht *Islands* can withstand,  
Or any small resistance bring,  
Against the *naked Truth*, and the *swarmed King*.

## 10.

The *foolish Lights* which *Travellers* beguile,  
End the same night when they begin ;  
No *Art* so far can upon *Nature* win  
As e'er to *put out Stars*, or long keep *Meteors in*.  
Wher's now that *Ignis Fatuus*, which e're-while  
Miss-led our *wand'ring Isle* ?  
Where's the *Impostor Cromwell* gon ?  
Where's now that *Falling-star*, his *Son* ?  
Where's the *large Comet* now, whose raging flame  
So fatal to our *Monarchy* became ?  
Which o're our heads in such proud horror stood,  
Insatiate with our *Ruine* and our *Blood* ?  
The *fiery Tayl* did to vast length extend ;  
And twice, for want of *Fuel*, did expire,  
And twice renew'd the dismal *Fire* ;  
Though long the *Tayl*, we saw at last its end.  
The flames of one triumphant *Day*,  
Which like an *Anti-Comet* here  
Did fatally to that appear,  
For ever frighted it away ;  
Then did th' allotted hour of *dawning Right*  
First strike our ravish't sight,  
Which *Malice* or which *Art* no more could stay,  
Than *Witches' Charms* can a retardment bring  
To the *Resuscitation* of the *Day*,  
Or *Resurrection* of the *Spring*.  
We welcome both, and with improv'd delight  
Bless the *preceding Winter* and the *Night*.

## 11.

Man ought his *future Happiness* to fear,  
If he be always *happy here*,  
He wants the *bleeding Mark* of *Grace*,  
The *Circumcision* of the *chosen Race*.  
If no one *part* of him supplies  
The *Duty* of a *Sacrifice*,  
He is (we doubt) reserv'd *intire*,  
As a *whole Victim* for the *Fire*.  
Besides, even in this *World* below,  
To those who never did *ill Fortune* know,  
The *good* does *nauseous* or *insipid* grow.  
Consider man's *whole Life*, and you 'l confess,  
The sharp *Ingredient* of some *bad success*.  
Is that which gives the *Taste* to all his *Happiness*.  
But the true *Method* of *Felicity*,  
Is when the worst  
Of *humane Life*, is plac'd the first,  
And when the *Child's Correction* proves to be  
The *Cause*, of *perfecting the Man*.  
Let our *weak Dayes* lead up the *Van*,

X

Let the brave *Second* and *Triarian Band*,  
 Firm against all Impression stand ;  
 The first we may *defeated* see ;  
 The *Virtue* and the *Force* of these, are sure of *Victory*.

## 12.

Such are the *years* (great *Charles*) which now we see  
 Begin their *glorious March* with *Thee* :  
 Long may their *March* to *Heaven*, and still *Triumphant*  
 be.

Now thou art gotten once before,  
*All Fortune* never shall *o'rtake* thee more.  
 To see 't again, and pleasure in it find,  
 Cast a disdainful look *behind* :  
 Things which *offend*, when present, and *affright*,  
 In *Memory*, well *painted*, move delight.  
 Enjoy then all thy *afflictions* now ;  
 Thy *Royal Father's* come at last :  
 Thy *Martyrdom's* already past,  
 And *different Crowns* to both ye owe ;  
 No *Gold* did e'er the *Kingly Temples* bind,  
 Than thine more *try'd*, and more *reg'n'd*.  
 As a choice *Medal* for *Heaven's Treasury*,  
 God did *stamp* first, upon one *Side of Thee*,  
 The *Image* of his *suffering Humanity* :  
 On th' other side, turn'd now to sight, does shine  
 The *glorious Image* of his *Power Divine*.

## 13.

So when the wisest *Poets* seek,  
 In all their liveliest colours, to set forth  
 A *Picture* of *Heroick* worth,  
 (The *Pious Trojan*, or the *Prudent Greek*)  
 They chuse some *comely Prince* of *heavenly Birth*,  
 (No proud *Gigantick son* of *Earth*,  
 Who strives 't *usurp* the *gods forbidden seat*)  
 They feed him not with *Nectar*, and the *Meat*  
 That cannot without *Joy* be eat ;  
 But in the *cold* of *want*, and *storms* of *adverse chance*,  
 They *harden* his *young Virtue* by *degrees* ;  
 The *beauteous Drop* first into *Ice* does *freeze*,  
 And into *solid Chrystal* next advance.  
 His *murder'd friends* and *kindred* he does see,  
 And from his *flaming Country* flee.  
 Much is he *lost* at *Sea*, and much at *Land*,  
 Does long the force of *angry gods* withstand.  
 He does long *troubles* and long *Wars* sustain,  
 E'er he his *fatal Birth-right* gain.  
 With no less *time* or *labour* can  
*Destiny* build up such a *Man*,  
 Who's with sufficient virtue fill'd,  
 His *ruin'd Country* to *rebuild*.

## 14.

Nor, without Cause, are *Arms* from *Heaven*  
 To such a *Hero* by the *Poets* giv'n.  
 No *human Metal* is of *Force* 't oppose  
 So many and so violent blows.

Such was the *Helmet*, *Breast-plate*, *Shield*,  
 Which *Charles* in all *Attiques* did wield :  
 And all the *Weapons Malice* e're could try,  
 Of all the several *makings* of wicked *Policy*,  
 Against this *Armour* struck, but at the stroke,  
 Like *Swords of Ice*, in thousand pieces broke.  
 To *Angels* and their *Brethren Spirits* above,  
 No show on *Earth* can sure so pleasant prove,  
 As when they *great misfortunes* see  
 With *Courage* born, and *Decency*.  
 So were they *born*, when *Wor'dster's* dismal *Day*  
 Did all the terrors of *black Fate* display ;  
 So were they born, when no *Disguises' cloud*  
 His *inward Royalty* could *shroud* :  
 And one of th' *Angels* whom just *God* did send,  
 To guard him in his noble flight,  
 (A *Troop of Angels* did him then attend)  
 Assur'd me in a *Vision* th' other night,  
 That *He* (and who could better judge than *He* ?)  
 Did then more *Greatness* in him see,  
 More *Lustre* and more *Majesty*,  
 Than all his *Coronation Pomp* can shew to *Human Eye*.

## 15.

Him and his *Royal Brothers* when I saw,  
 New marks of *honour* and of *glory*,  
 From their *affronts* and *sufferings* draw,  
 And look like *Heav'nly Saints* even in their *Purgatory* ;  
 Me-thought I saw the *three Judæan Youths*,  
 (Three *unhurt Martyrs* for the *Noblest Truths*)  
 In the *Chaldean Furnace* walk ;  
 How cheerfully and unconcern'd they talk !  
 No *hair* is sing'd, no smallest *beauty* blasted ;  
 Like *painted Lamps* they shine *unwasted*.  
 The greedy *fire* it self dares not be fed  
 With the blest *Oyl* of an *Uncoyned Head*.  
 The honourable *Flame*  
 (Which rather *Light* we ought to name)  
 Does, like a *Glory* compass them around,  
 And their *whole Body's* crown'd.  
 What are those *Two Bright Creatures*, which we see  
 Walk with the *Royal Thre*  
 In the same *Ordeal fire*,  
 And *mutual Joys* inspire ?  
 Sure they the *beauteous Sisters* are,  
 Who whilst they seek to bear their share,  
 Will suffer no *affliction* to be there.  
 Less Favour to those *Thre* of old was shown ;  
 To solace with their company,  
 The *fiery Trials* of *Adversity* ;  
*Two Angels* joy'n with *these*, the *others* had but *One*.

## 16.

Come forth, come forth, ye men of *God* beloved,  
 And let the *power* now of that *flame*,  
 Which against you so *impotent* became,  
 On all your *Enemies* be proved.  
 Come, mighty *Charls*, desire of *Nations*, come :  
 Come, you *triumphant Exile*, home.

He's come, he's safe at shore ; I hear the noise  
Of a whole *Land*, which does at *once* rejoice ;  
I hear th' united *People's sacred voice*.  
The *Sea* which circles us around,  
Ne're sent to *Land* so loud a *sound* :  
The mighty shout sends to the *Sea* a *Gale*,  
And swells up ev'ry *sail* ;  
The *Bells* and *Guns* are scarcely heard at all ;  
The *Artificial Joy's* drown'd by the *Natural*.  
All *England* but one *Bombfire* seems to be,  
One *Ætna* shooting *flames* into the *Sea*.  
The *Starry Worlds* which shine to us afar,  
Take *ours* at this time for a *Star*.  
With *Wine* all *rooms*, with *Wine* the *Conduits* flow ;  
And *We*, the *Priests* of a *Poetick* rage,  
Wonder that, in this *Golden Age*,  
The *Rivers* too should not do so.  
There is no *Stoick* sure, who would not now  
Ev'n some *Excess* allow ;  
And grant, that one *wild fit* of *cheerful folly*,  
Should end our twenty years of *dismal Melancholy*.

17.

Where's now the *Royal Mother*, where,  
To take her mighty *share*  
In this so ravishing sight,  
And with the *part* she *takes*, to add to the *Delight* ?  
Ah ! Why art *thou* not here,  
Thou always *Best*, and now the *Happiest Queen*,  
To see our *Joy*, and with new *Joy* be seen ?  
God has a *bright Example* made of *Thee*,  
To shew that *Woman-kind* may be  
Above that *Sex*, which her *Superiour* seems,  
In wisely managing the wide *Extreams*  
Of great *Affliction*, great *Felicity*.  
How well those different *Virtues* *thee* become,  
*Daughter of Triumphs*, *Wife of Martyrdom* !  
Thy *Princely Mind*, with so much *Courage*, bore  
*Affliction*, that it dares return no more ;  
With so much *Goodness* us'd *Felicity*,  
That it cannot refrain from coming back to *Thee* ;  
'Tis come, and seen to *Day*, in all it's *Bravery*.

18.

Who's that *Heroick Person* leads it on,  
And gives it, like a glorious *Bride*,  
(Richly adorn'd with *Nuptial Pride*)  
Into the hands now of thy *Son* ?  
'Tis the good *General*, the *Man of Praise*,  
Whom *God* at last in gracious pitty  
Dtd to th' *enthralled Nation* raise,  
Their great *Zerubbabel* to be,  
To loose the *Bonds* of long *Captivity*,  
And to *rebuild* their *Temple* and their *City*.  
For ever blest may *He* and *His* remain,  
Who, with a *vast*, though less-appearing gain,  
Preferr'd the *solid Great* above the *Vain*,  
And to the world this *Princely Truth* has shown,  
That more 'tis to *Restore*, than to *Usurp* a *Crown*.

Thou worthiest Person of the *Brittish Story*,  
(Though 'tis not *small* the *Brittish Glory*)  
Did I not know my *humble Verse* must be  
But ill-proportion'd to the *Height* of *Thee*,  
Thou and the *World* should see,  
How much my *Muse*, the *Foe* of *Flattery*,  
Do's make *true Praise* her *Labour* and *Design* ;  
An *Iliad* or an *Æneid* should be *Thine*.

19.

And ill should We deserve this happy *Day*,  
If no acknowledgments we pay  
To you, *great Patriots*, of the *Two*  
Most *truly Other Houses* now,  
Who have redeem'd from *hatred*, and from *shame*,  
A *Parliament's* once *venerable name* ;  
And now the *Title* of a *House* restore,  
To that, which was but *slaughter-house* before.  
If my advice, ye *Worthies*, might be ta'ne,  
Within those reverend places,  
Which now your *living presence* graces,  
Your *Marble-Statues* always should remain,  
To keep alive your useful *Memory*,  
And to your *Successors* th' *Example* be  
Of *Truth*, *Religion*, *Reason*, *Loyalty*.  
For though a firmly settled *Peace*,  
May shortly make your publick labours cease,  
The grateful *Nation* will with joy consent,  
That in *this sense* you should be said,  
(Though yet the *Name* sounds with some dread)  
To be the *Long*, the *Endless Parliament*.  
\*\*Twould be the richest furnish'd *House* (no doubt)  
If your *Heads* always stood *within*, and the *Rump-heads*  
without.

On the Queen's Repairing Somerset House.

WHEN God (the Cause to Me and Men unknown)  
Forsook the Royal Houses, and his Own,  
And both abandon'd to the Common Foe ;  
How near to ruine did my Glories go ?  
Nothing remain'd t' adorn this Princely place,  
Which Covetous hands could Take, or Rude Deface.  
In all my rooms and galleries I found  
The richest Figures torn, and all around  
Dismembred Statues of great Heroes lay ;  
Such *Naseby's* Field seem'd on the fatal Day.  
And Me, when nought for Robbery was left,  
They starv'd to death ; the gasping walls were cleft,  
The Pillars sunk, the Roofs above me wept,  
No sign of Spring, or Joy, my Garden kept ;  
Nothing was seen which could content the Eye,  
'Till Dead the impious Tyrant Here did lye.  
See how my face is chang'd, and what I am,  
Since my true Mistress, and now Foundress, came.

\* This couplet in original 4to. of 1660 in B. M. (E. 1025) under May 31, 1660.—G.

It does not fill her Bounty, to restore  
 Me as I was (nor was I small) before.  
 She imitates the Kindness to Her shown ;  
 She does, like Heaven, (which the dejected Throne  
 At once restores, fixes, and higher rears.)  
 Strengthen, Enlarge, Exalt what she Repairs.  
 And now I dare, (though proud I must not be,  
 Whil'st my great Mistress I so Humble see,  
 In all her various Glories) now I dare  
 Ev'n with the proudest Palaces compare ;  
 My Beauty, and Convenience will (I'm sure)  
 So just a boast with Modesty endure.  
 And all must to me yield, when I shall tell,  
 How I am plac'd, and Who does in me dwell.

Before my Gate a Street's broad Channel goes,  
 Which still with Waves of crowding people flows,  
 And every day there passes by my Side,  
 Up to its Western Reach, the *London Tide*,  
 The Spring-Tides of the Term ; my Front looks  
 down

On all the Pride, and Business of the Town.  
 My other Front (for as in Kings we see  
 The liveliest Image of the Deity,  
 We in their Houses should Heav'n's Likeness find,  
 Where nothing can be said to be Behind)  
 My other fair, and more Majestick Face,  
 (Who can the Fair to more Advantage place ?)  
 For ever gazes on it self below,  
 In the best Mirror that the world can show.

And here, Behold, in a long bending row,  
 How two joint Cities make one glorious Bow :  
 The Midst, the noblest place, possess'd by Me ;  
 Best to be seen by all, and all O'resee.  
 Which way soe'er I turn my joyful Eye,  
 Here the great Court, there the rich Town, I spy ;  
 On either side dwells Safety and Delight ;  
 Wealth on the Left, and Power upon the Right.  
 T' assure yet my defence, on either hand,  
 Like mighty Forts, in equal distance stand,  
 Two of the best and stateliest piles, which e're  
 Man's lib'ral Piety of old did rear,  
 Where the two Princes of th' Apostles' Band,  
 My Neighbours and my Guards, watch and command.

My warlike Guard of Ships, which farther lye,  
 Might be my Object too, were not the Eye  
 Stopt by the Houses of that wondrous Street  
 Which rides o're the broad River, like a Fleet.  
 The Stream's eternal Siege they fixt abide,  
 And the swoln Stream's Auxiliary Tide,  
 Though both their ruine with joynt power conspire,  
 Both to out-brave, they nothing dread but Fire.  
 And here my *Thames*, though it more gentle be  
 Than any Flood, so strengthened by the Sea,  
 Finding by Art his natural forces broke,  
 And bearing, Captive-like, the Arched Yoke,  
 Do's roar, and foam, and rage at the disgrace,  
 But recomposes strait, and calms his Face,  
 Is into reverence and submission strook,  
 As soon as from afar he does but look

Tow'rd's the White Palace, where that King does reign,  
 Who lays his Laws and Bridges o're the Main.

Amidst these louder Honours of my Seat,  
 And two vast Cities, troublesomely Great,  
 In a large various plain, the Country too  
 Opens her gentler blessings to my View ;  
 In me the Active and the Quiet Mind,  
 By different wayes, equal content may find.  
 If any prouder Vertuoso's Sense  
 At that part of my Prospect take offence,  
 By which the meaner Cabanes are descry'd,  
 Of my Imperial River's humbler side,  
 If they call that a Blamish, let them know,  
 God, and my God-like Mistress, think not so :  
 For the distress and the afflicted lye  
 Most in their Care, and always in their Eye.

And thou, fair River, who still pay'st to Me  
 Just Homage, in thy Passage to the Sea,  
 Take here this one Instruction as thou goest ;  
 When thy mix'd Waves shall visit every Coast,  
 When round the World their Voyage they shall make,  
 And back to Thee some secret Channels take,  
 Ask them what nobler sight they e're did meet,  
 Except thy mighty Master's Sovereign Fleet,  
 Which now triumphant o're the Main does ride,  
 The Terror of all Lands, the Ocean's Pride.  
 From hence his Kingdom's, Happy now at last,  
 (Happy, if Wise by their Misfortunes past)  
 For hence may Omens take of that success,  
 Which both their future Wars and Peace shall bless :  
 The Peaceful Mother on mild *Thames* does build,  
 With her Son's Fabricks the rough *Sea* is fill'd.

### *The Adventures of Five Hours.*

AS when our Kings (Lords of the spacious Main)  
 Take, in just wars, a rich Plate-Fleet of *Spain* ;  
 The rude unshapen Ingots they reduce  
 Into a Form of Beauty, and of use ;  
 On which the Conqueror's Image now does shine,  
 Not His whom it belong'd to in the Mine ;  
 So in the mild Contentions of the Muse  
 (The War which Peace it self loves and persues)  
 So have you home to us in triumph brought,  
 This Cargazon of *Spain* with Treasures fraught.  
 You have not basely gotten it by stealth,  
 Nor by Translation borrow'd all its wealth,  
 But by a powerful Spirit made it your own,  
 Metal before, Money by you 'tis grown.  
 'Tis currant now, by your adorning it  
 With the fair stamp of your victorious wit :

But though we praise this voyage of your Mind,  
 And though ourselves enrich by it we find,  
 We're not contented yet, because we know  
 What greater stores at home within it grow ;  
 We've seen how well you foreign Oars refine,  
 Produce the Gold of your own Nobler Mine.  
 The world shall then our Native plenty view  
 And fetch materials for their wit from you,



They all shall watch the travails of your Pen,  
And *Spain* on you shall make Reprisals then.

*On the Death of Mrs. Katherine Philips.*

I.

**C**Ruel disease? Ah, could it not suffice,  
Thy old and constant spight to exercise  
Against the gentlest and the fairest Sex,  
Which still thy Depredations most do vex?  
Where still thy Malice, most of all,  
(Thy Malice or thy Lust) does on the fairest fall?  
And in them, most assault the fairest place,  
The Throne of Empress Beauty, ev'n the Face?  
There was enough of that here to assuage,  
(One would have thought) either thy Lust or Rage;  
Was 't not enough, when thou, prophane Disease,  
Didst on this Glorious Temple seize:  
Was 't not enough, like a wild Zealot, there,  
All the rich outward Ornaments to tear,  
Deface the innocent pride of beauteous Images?  
Was 't not enough thus rudely to defile,  
But thou must quite destroy the goodly Pile?  
And thy unbounded Sacriledge commit  
On th' inward Holiest Holy of her Wit?  
Cruel disease! There thou mistook'st thy power;  
No Mine of Death can that devour,  
On her embalmed Name it will abide  
An everlasting Pyramide,  
As high as Heav'n the top, as Earth, the Basis wide.

2.

All Ages past, record, all Countreys now,  
In various kinds such equal Beauties show,  
That ev'n Judge *Paris* would not know  
On whom the Golden Apple to bestow,  
Though Goddesses to' his sentence did submit,  
Women and Lovers would appeal from it:  
Nor durst he say, Of all the Female race,  
This is the Sovereign Face.  
And some (though these be of a kind that's Rare,  
That's much, ah, much less frequent then the Fair)  
So equally renown'd for Virtue are,  
That it the Mother of the Gods might pose,  
When the best Woman for her guide she chose.  
But if *Apollo* should design  
A Woman *Laureat* to make,  
Without dispute he would *Orinda* take,  
Though *Sappho* and the famous Nine  
Stood by, and did repine.  
To be a Princess or a Queen  
Is great; but 'tis a Greatness always seen;  
The World did never but two Women know,  
Who, one by fraud, th' other by wit did rise  
To the two tops of Spiritual Dignities,  
One Female Pope of old, one Female Poet now.

3.

Of Female Poets, who had Names of old,  
Nothing is shown, but only Told,  
And all we hear of them perhaps may be  
Male-Flatt'ry only, and Male-Poetry.  
Few minutes did their Beauties Lightning waste,  
The Thunder of their voice did longer last,  
But that too soon was past.  
The certain proofs of our *Orinda's* Wit,  
In her own lasting Characters are writ,  
And they will long my praise of them survive,  
Though long perhaps too that may live.  
The Trade of Glory manag'd by the Pen  
Though great it be, and every where is found,  
Does bring in but small profit to us Men;  
'Tis but the number of the sharers crown'd.  
*Orinda* on the Female coasts of Fame,  
Ingrosses all the Goods of a Poetique Name.  
She does no Partner with her see,  
Does all the business there alone, which we  
Are forc'd to carry on by a whole Company.

4.

But Wit's like a Luxuriant Vine;  
Unless to Virtue's Prop it joyn,  
Firm and Erect towards Heaven bound;  
Tho' it with beauteous Leaves and pleasant Fruit be  
crown'd,  
It lies deform'd, and rotting on the Ground.  
Now Shame and Blushes on us all,  
Who our own Sex Superior call!  
*Orinda* does our boasting Sex out-do,  
Nor in Wit only, but in Virtue too.  
She does above our best Examples rise,  
In Hate of Vice, and scorn of Vanities.  
Never did spirit of the Manly make,  
And dipt all o're in Learning's Sacred Lake,  
A temper more Invulnerable take.  
No violent Passion could an entrance find,  
Into the tender Goodness of her Mind;  
Through walls of Stone those furious Bullets may  
Force their impetuous Way,  
When her soft Brest they hit, powerless and dead they  
lay.

5.

The Fame of Friendship which so long had told  
Of three or four illustrious Names of old,  
Till hoarse and weary with the tale she grew,  
Rejoices now t' have got a new,  
A new, and more surprizing story,  
Of fair *Leucasia's* and *Orinda's* Glory.  
As when a prudent Man does once perceive  
That in some Foreign Country he must live,  
The Language and the Manners he does strive  
To understand and practise here,  
That he may come no Stranger there;  
So well *Orinda* did her self prepare,  
In this much different Clime, for her remove,  
To the glad World of Poetry and Love.

## HYMN. To LIGHT.

1.

First-born of *Chaos*, who so fair didst come  
From the old *Negro's* darksome womb!  
Which when it saw the lovely Child,  
The melancholly *Mass* put on kind looks and smil'd.

2.

Thou *Tide of Glory*, which no *Rest* dost know,  
But ever *Ebb*, and ever *Flow*!  
Thou *Golden shower* of a true *Yove*!  
Who does in thee descend, and *Heav'n* to *Earth* make  
*Love*!

3.

Hail active *Nature's* watchful *Life* and *Health*!  
Her *Joy*, her *Ornament*, and *Wealth*!  
Hail to thy *Husband Heat*, and *Thee*!  
Thou the world's *bauteous Bride*, the *lusty Bride-*  
*groom He*!

4.

Say from what *Golden Quivers* of the *Sky*,  
Do all thy *winged Arrows* fly?  
*Swiftness* and *power* by *Birth* are thine:  
From thy *Great Sire* they came, thy *Sire* the word  
*Divine*.

5.

'Tis I believe, this *Archery* to show,  
That so much *cost* in *Colours* thou,  
And *Skill* in *Painting* dost bestow,  
Upon thy *ancient Arms*, the *Gawdy Heav'nly Bow*.

6.

Swift as *light*, *Thoughts* their *empty Carrere* run,  
Thy *Race* is *finisht*, when *begun*;  
Let a *Post-Angel* start with *Thee*,  
And *Thou* the *Goal of Earth* shall reach as soon as *He*.

7.

Thou in the *Moon's* bright *Chariot* proud and *gay*,  
Dost thy *bright wood of Stars* survey;  
And all the *year* dost with thee bring  
Of *thousand flowry Lights* thine own *Nocturnal Spring*.

8.

Thou *Scythian-like* dost round thy *Lands* above  
The *Sun's* gilt *Tent* for ever *move*,  
And still as thou in *pomp* dost go,  
The *shining Pageants* of the *World* attend thy *show*.

9.

Nor amidst all these *Triumphs* dost thou *scorn*  
The *humble Glow-worms* to *adorn*,  
And with those *living spangles* gild,  
(*O Greatness* without *Pride*!) the *Bushes* of the *Field*.

10.

*Night*, and her *ugly Subjects* thou dost *fright*,  
And *sleep*, the *lazy Owl of Night*;  
*Asham'd* and *fearful* to appear,  
They *skreen* their *horrid shapes*, with the *black hemi-*  
*sphere*

11.

With 'em there *hasts* and *wildly* takes the *Alarm*,  
Of *painted Dreams*, a *busie swarm*,  
At the *first opening* of thine *eye*,  
The *various Clusters* break, the *antick Atomes* fly.

12.

The *guilty Serpents*, and *obscener Beasts*,  
Creep *conscious* to their *secret rests*:  
*Nature* to thee does *reverence* pay,  
Ill *Omens*, and ill *Sights* removes out of the *way*.

13.

At thy *appearance*, *Grief* it self is *said*,  
To *shake* his *Wings*, and *rowse* his *Head*;  
And *cloudy care* has often *took*  
A *gentle beamy Smile*, reflected from thy *Look*.

14.

At thy *appearance*, *Fear* it self grows *bold*;  
Thy *Sun-shine* melts away his *Cold*.  
*Encourag'd* at the *sight* of *Thee*,  
To the *cheek Colour* comes, and *firmness* to the *knee*.

15.

Even *Lust*, the *Master* of a *hardned Face*,  
*Blushes* if thou *beest* in the *place*;  
To *darkness' Curtains* h' *retires*,  
In *Sympathizing Night* he *rowls* his *smoaky Fires*.

16.

When, *Goddess*, thou *liftst* up thy *wakened Head*,  
Out of the *Morning's* purple *bed*,  
Thy *Quire of Birds* about thee *play*,  
And all the *joyful world* salutes the *rising day*.

17.

The *Ghosts*, and *Monster Spirits*, that did *presume*  
A *Bodie's* *Priv'lege* to *assume*,  
*Vanish* again *invisibly*,  
And *Bodies* gain *agen* their *visibility*.

18.

All the *World's* *bravery* that *delights* our *Eyes*,  
Is but thy *sev'ral Liveries*;  
Thou the *Rich Dy* on them *bestowest*,  
Thy *nimble Pencil Plants* this *Landskape* as thou *go'st*.

19.

A *Crimson Garment* in the *Röse* thou *wear'st*;  
A *Crown of studded Gold* thou *bear'st*;  
The *virgin Lillies* in their *White*  
Are *clad* but with the *Lawn* of almost *Naked Light*.

20.

The Violet, Spring's little Infant, stands,  
Girt in thy purple Swadling-bands :  
On the fair Tulip thou dost dote ;  
Thou cloath'st it in a gay and party-colour'd Coat.

21.

With Flame condens't thou dost the Jewels fix,  
And solid Colours in it mix :  
*Flora* her self, envies to see  
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

22.

Ah, Goddess ! would thou could'st thy hand with-hold,  
And be less Liberal to Gold ;  
Didst thou less value to it give,  
Of how much care (alas) might'st thou poor Man  
relieve !

23.

To me the Sun is more delightful farr,  
And all fair Dayes much fairer are.  
But few, ah wondrous few there be,  
Who do not Gold prefer, O Goddess, ev'n to Thee.

24.

Through the soft wayes of Heav'n, and Air, and Sea,  
Which open all their Pores to thee,  
Like a clear River thou dost glide,  
And with thy Living Stream through the close Channels  
slide.

25.

But where firm Bodies thy free course oppose,  
Gently thy source the Land oreflowes ;  
Takes there possession, and does make,  
Of Colours mingled, Light, a thick and standing Lake.

26.

But the vast Ocean of unbounded Day  
In th' *Empyreal* Heaven does stay.  
Thy Rivers, Lakes, and Springs below,  
From thence took first their Rise, thither at last must  
Flow.

(*The History of the Royal Society, 2d Edition.*)

To the ROYAL SOCIETY.

I.

**P**hilosophy, the great and only Heir  
Of all that Human Knowledge, which has bin  
Unforfeited by Man's rebellious Sin,  
Though full of years He do appear,  
(Philosophy, I say, and call it, He,  
For whatso'er the Painter's Fancy be,  
It a Male-Virtu seems to me)  
Has still been kept in Nonage 'till of late,  
Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vast Estate :

Three or four thousand years one would have thought,  
To ripeness and perfection might have brought  
A Science so well bred and nurs't,  
And of such hopeful parts too at the first.  
But, oh, the Guardians, and the Tutors then,  
(Some negligent, and some ambitious men)  
Would ne're consent to set him Free,  
Or his own Natural Powers to let him see,  
Lest that should put an end to their Autoritie.

2.

That his own business he might quite forgit  
They 'amus'd him with the sports of wanton Wit,  
With the Desserts of Poetry they fed him,  
Instead of solid meats t' encrease his force :  
Instead of vigorous exercise, they led him  
Into the pleasant Labyrinths of ever-fresh Discours :  
Instead of carrying him to see  
The Riches which doe hoorded for him lye,  
In Nature's endless Treasure,  
They chose his Eye to entertain  
(His curious but not covetous Eye)  
With painted Scenes, and Pageants of the Brain.  
Some few exalted Spirits this latter Age has shown,  
That labour'd to assert the Liberty  
(From Guardians, who were now Usurpers grown)  
Of this Old Minor still, captiv'd Philosophy ;  
But 'twas Rebellion call'd to fight  
For such a long-oppressed Right.  
Bacon at last, a mighty Man, arose,  
Whom a wise King and Nature chose,  
Lord-Chancellor of both their Laws,  
And boldly undertook the injur'd Pupil's caus.

3.

Authority, which did a Body boast,  
Though 'twas but Air condens'd, and stalk'd about,  
Like some old Giant's more Gigantic Ghost,  
To terrifie the learned Rout  
With the plain Magique of true Reason's Light,  
He chac'd out of our sight ;  
Nor suffer'd living Men to be misled  
By the vain shadows of the Dead :  
To Graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd Phantome  
fled.  
He broke that Monstrous God which stood  
In midst of th' Orchard, and the whole did claim,  
Which with a useless Sith of Wood,  
And something else not worth a name,  
(Both vast for shew, yet neither fit  
Or to Defend, or to Beget ;  
Ridiculous and senceless Terrors ! ) made  
Children and superstitious Men afraid,  
The Orchard's open now, and free ;  
Bacon has broke that Scar-crow Deitie ;  
Come, enter, all that will,  
Behold the rip'ned Fruit, come gather now your Fill.  
Yet still, methinks, we fain would be  
Catching at the Forbidden Tree,  
We would be like the Deitie,

When Truth and Falshood, Good and Evil, we  
Without the Sences aid within our selves would see ;  
For 'tis God only who can find  
All Nature in his Mind.

## 4.

From Words, which are but Pictures of the Thought,  
(Though we our Thoughts from them perversly drew)  
To Things, the Mind's right Object, he it brought ;  
Like foolish Birds to painted Grapes we flew ;  
He sought and gather'd for our use the Tru ;  
And when on heaps the chosen Bunches lay,  
He prest them wisely the Mechanic way,  
'Till all their juyce did in one Vessel joyn,  
Ferment into a Nourishment Divine,

The thirsty Soul's refreshing Wine.  
Who to the life an exact Piece would make,  
Must not from other's Work a Copy take ;  
No, not from Rubens or Vandike ;  
Much less content himself to make it like  
Th' Idæas and the Images which ly  
Ih his own Fancy, or his Memory.  
No, he before his Sight must place  
The Natural and Living Face ;  
The real Object must command  
Each Judgment of his Eye, and Motion of his Hand.

## 5.

From these and all long Errors of the Way,  
In which our wandering Predecessors went.  
And like th' old Hebrews many Years did stray,  
In Desarts but of small extent,  
Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last ;  
The barren Wilderness he past,  
Did on the very Border stand  
Of the blest promis'd Land,  
And from the Mountains Top of his Exalted Wit,  
Saw it himself, and shew'd us it.  
Rut Life did never to one Man allow  
Time to Discover Worlds, and Conquer too ;  
Nor can so short a Line sufficient be  
To fadome the vast depths of Nature's Sea :  
The work he did we ought t' admire,  
And were unjust if we should more require  
From his few years, divided 'twixt th' Excess  
Of low Affliction, and high Happiness.  
For who on things remote can fix his Sight,  
That's always in a Triumph or a Fight ?

## 2.

From you, great Champions, we expect to get  
These spacious Countries but discover'd yet ;  
Countries where yet instead of Nature, we  
Her Images and Idols worship'd see :  
These large and wealthy Regions to subdu,  
Though Learning has whole Armies at command,  
Quarter'd about in every Land,  
A better Troop she ne're together drew.  
Methinks, like Gideon's little Band,

God with Design has pickt out you,  
To do these noble Wonders by a Few :  
When the whole Host he saw, They are (said he) :  
Too many to Orocome for Me ;  
And now he chuses out his Men,  
Much in the way that he did then :  
Not those many, whom he found  
Idly extended on the ground,  
To drink, with their dejected head,  
The Stream, just so as by their Mouths it fled :  
No, but those Few who took the Waters up,  
And made of their laborious Hands the Cup.

## 7.

Thus you prepar'd ; and in the glorious Fight  
Their wondrous pattern too you take :  
Their old and empty Pitchers first they brake,  
And with their Hands then lifted up the Light.  
Is ! Sound too the Trumpets here !  
Already your victorious Lights appear ;  
New Scenes of Heaven already espy,  
And Crowds of golden Worlds on high ;  
Which from the spacious Plains of Earth and Sea,  
Could never yet discover'd be,  
By Sallers or Chaldeans watchful Eye.  
Nature's great Works no Distance can obscure,  
No smallness her near Objects can secure ;  
Y' have taught the curious Sight, to press  
Into the privatest recess  
Of her imperceptible Littleness.  
She with much stranger Art than his who put  
All th' Illiads in a Nut,  
The numerous works of life does into atomes shut.  
Y' have learn'd to Read her smallest Hand,  
And well begun her deepest Sense to Understand.

## 8.

Mischief and tru Dishonour fall on those,  
Who would to laughter or to scorn expose  
So Virtuous and so Noble a Design,  
So Human for its Use, for Knowledge so Divine.  
The things which these proud men despise, and call  
Impertinent, and vain, and small,  
Those smallest things of Nature let me know  
Rather than all their greatest Actions Doe,  
Whoever would Deposed Truth advance  
Into the Throne usurp'd from it,  
Must feel at first the Blows of Ignorance,  
And the sharp Points of Envious Wit.  
So when, by various turns of the Celestial Dance,  
In many thousand years,  
A Star, so long unknown, appears,  
Tho' Heaven it self more beauteous by it grow,  
It troubles and alarms the World below,  
Does to the Wise a Star, to Fools a Meteor show.

## 9.

With Courage and Success you the bold work begin ;  
Your Cradle has not Idle bin :

None e're but Hercules and you could be  
 At five years Age worthy a History.  
 And ne're did Fortune better yet  
 Th' Historian to the Story fit :  
 As you from all Old Errors free  
 And purge the Body of Philosophy ;  
 So from all Modern Follies He  
 Has vindicated Eloquence and Wit.  
 His candid Stile like a clean Stream does slide,  
 And his bright Fancy all the way  
 Does, like the Sun-shine in it play ;  
 It does like Thames, the best of Rivers, glide,  
 Where the God does not rudely overturn,  
 But gently pour the Crystal Urn,  
 And with judicious hand does the Whole Current guide.  
 'T has all the Beauties Nature can impart,  
 And all the comely Dress, without the paint of Art.

*Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis  
 Drake's Ship, Presented to the University  
 Library in Oxford, by John Davis of  
 Deptford, Esq.*

TO this great Ship, which round the Globe has run,  
 And matcht in Race the Chariot of the Sun,  
 This *Pythagorean* Ship (for it may claim,  
 Without presumption, so deserv'd a Name,  
 By knowledge once, and transformation now)  
 In her New Shape this sacred Port allow.  
*Drake* and his Ship could not have wish'd from Fate,  
 A more blest Station, or more blest Estate.  
 For (Lo !) a Seat of endless Rest is giv'n,  
 To her in Oxford, and to him in Heaven.

\* *THE COMPLAINT.*

I.

IN a deep Vision's intellectual scene,  
 Beneath a Bow'r for sorrow made,  
 Th' uncomfortable shade,  
 Of the black Yew's unlucky green,  
 Mixt with the mourning Willow's careful gray,  
 Where Reverend *Cham* cuts out his Famous Way,  
 The Melancholy *Cowley* lay :  
 And lo ! a Muse appear'd to his closed sight,  
 (The Muses oft in Lands of Vision play)  
 Bodied, arrayed, and seen, by an internal Light :  
 A golden Harp, with silver strings she bore,  
 A wond'rous Hieroglyphick Robe she wore,  
 In which all Colours, and all Figures were,  
 That Nature or that fancy can create,  
 That Art can never imitate ;  
 And with loose Pride it wanton'd in the Air.  
 In such a Dress, in such a well-cloth'd Dream,  
 She us'd, of old, near fair *Ismenus* Stream,

*Pindar* her *Theban* Favourite to meet ;  
 A Crown was on her Head, and wings were on her Feet.

2.

She touch'd him with her Harp, and rais'd him from the  
 Ground ;  
 The shaken strings Melodiously Resound.  
 Art thou return'd at last, said she,  
 To this forsaken place and me ?  
 Thou Prodigal, who didst so loosely waste,  
 Of all thy Youthful years, the good Estate ;  
 Art thou return'd here, to repent too late ?  
 And gather husks of Learning up at last,  
 Now the Rich Harvest-time of Life is past,  
 And *Winter* marches on so fast ?  
 But, when I meant t' adopt Thee for my Son,  
 And did as learn'd a Portion assign,  
 As ever any of the mighty Nine  
 Had to their dearest Children done ;  
 When I resolv'd t' exalt thy anointed Name,  
 Among the Spiritual Lords of peaceful Fame ;  
 Thou, Changling, thou, bewitch'd with noise and show,  
 Wouldst into Courts and Cities from me go ;  
 Wouldst see the World abroad, and have a share  
 In all the follies, and the Tumults there ;  
 Thou wouldst, forsooth, be something in a State,  
 And business thou wouldst find, and wouldst Create :  
 Business ! the frivolous pretence  
 Of humane Lusts, to shake off Innocence ;  
 Business ! the grave impertinence ;  
 Business ! the thing which I of all things hate,  
 Business ! the contradiction of thy Fate.

3.

Go, Renegado, cast up thy Account,  
 And see to what Amount  
 Thy foolish gains, by quitting me ;  
 The sale of Knowledge, Fame, and Liberty,  
 The fruits of thy unlearn'd Apostacy.  
 Thou thought'st, if once the publick storm were past,  
 All thy remaining Life should sun-shine be :  
 Behold the publick storm is spent at last,  
 The Sovereign is tost at Sea no more,  
 And thou, with all the Noble Compañe,  
 Art got at last to shore.  
 But whilst thy fellow-Voyagers I see,  
 All marcht up to possess the promis'd Land,  
 Thou still alone (alas) dost gaping stand,  
 Upon the naked Beach, upon the Barren Sand.

4.

As a fair morning of the blessed Spring,  
 After a tedious stormy night ;  
 Such was the glorious Entry of our King,  
 Enriching moisture drop'd on every thing ;  
 Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light.  
 But then (alas) to thee alone,  
 One of Old *Gideon's* Miracles was shown,

For ev'ry Tree, and every Herb around,  
 With Pearly dew was crown'd,  
 And upon all the quickned Ground,  
 The Fruitful seed of Heaven did brooding lye,  
 And nothing but the Muses Fleece was dry.

It did all other Threats surpass,  
 When God to his own People said,  
 (The Men whom through long wand'rings he had led)  
 That he would give them ev'n a Heav'n of Brass ;  
 They look'd up to that Heaven in vain,  
 That Bounteous Heaven, which God did not restrain,  
 Upon the most unjust to shine and Rain.

## 5.

The *Rachel*, for which twice seven years and more,  
 Thou didst with Faith and Labour serve,  
 And didst (if Faith and labour can) deserve,  
 Though she contracted was to thee,  
 Giv'n to another thou didst see ;  
 Giv'n to another, who had store  
 Of fairer, and of Richer Wives before,  
 And not a *Leak* left, thy recompence to be.  
 Go on, twice seven years more, thy fortune try,  
 Twice seven years more, God in his bounty may  
 Give thee, to fling away  
 Into the Court's deceitful Lottery.

But think how likely 'tis, that thou  
 With the dull work of thy unweildy Plough,  
 Shouldst in a hard and Barren season thrive,  
 Shouldst even able be to live ;  
 Thou, to whose share so little bread did fall,  
 In the miraculous year, when *Manna* rain'd on all.

## 6.

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a Smile,  
 That seem'd at once to pity and revile.  
 And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,  
 The Melancholy *Cowley* said :  
 Ah wanton foe, dost thou upbraid  
 The Ills which thou thy self hast made ?  
 When in the Cradle, innocent I lay,  
 Thou, wicked Spirit, stol'est me away,  
 And my abused Soul didst bear  
 Into thy new-found Worlds, I know not where,  
 Thy Golden Indies in the Air ;  
 And ever since I strive in vain  
 My raviht Freedom to regain ;  
 Still I rebel, still thou dost Reign,  
 Lo, still in verse against thee I complain.  
 There is a sort of Stubborn Weeds,  
 Which, if the Earth but once, it ever breeds,

No wholesome Herb can near them thrive,  
 No useful Plant can keep alive :  
 The foolish sports I did on thee bestow,  
 Make all my Art and Labour fruitless now ;  
 Where once such Fairies dance, no grass doth ever-grow.

## 7.

When my new mind had no infusion known,  
 Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,  
 That ever since I vainly try  
 To wash away th' inherent dye :  
 Long work perhaps may spoil thy Colours quite,  
 But never will reduce the native white :  
 To all the Ports of Honour and of gain,  
 I often steer my course in vain,  
 Thy Gale comes cross, and drives me back again.  
 Thou slack'nest all my Nerves of Industry,  
 By making them so oft to be  
 The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsie.  
 Whoever this World's happiness would see,  
 Must as entirely cast off thee,  
 As they who only Heaven desire,  
 Do from the World retire.  
 This was my Error, This my gross mistake,  
 My self a demy-votary to make.  
 Thus with *Sephora*, and her Husband's Fate,  
 (A fault which I, like them, am taught too late)  
 For all that I gave up, I nothing gain,  
 And perish for the part which I retain.

## 8.

Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse,  
 The Court, and better King t' accuse ;  
 The Heaven under which I live is fair ;  
 The fertile soil will a full Harvest bear ;  
 Thine, thine is all the Barrenness ; if thou  
 Mak'st me sit still and sing, when I should plough,  
 When I but think, how many a tedious year  
 Our patient Sovereign did attend  
 His long misfortunes fatal end ;  
 How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,  
 On the great Sovereign's will he did depend :  
 I ought to be accur'd, if I refuse  
 To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse !  
 Kings have long hands (they say) and though I be  
 So distant, they may reach at length to me.  
 However, of all Princes, thou  
 Shouldst not reproach Rewards, for being small or slow  
 Thou, who rewardest but with popular breath,  
 And that too after death.



VII\*.—COMEDIES.

1. CUTTER OF COLEMAN STREET:

1650-1663.

2. GUARDIAN: 1650.



## NOTE.

IN the Preface to the 'CUTTER OF COLEMAN STREET' (1663) the Author thus notices a prior edition of it—'A Comedy, called the *Guardian*, and made by me when I was very Young, was Acted formerly at Camebridge, and several times after privately during the troubles, as I am told, with good approbation, as it was lately too at Dublin. There being many things in it which I disliked, and finding my self for some dayes idle, and alone in the Countrey, I fell upon the changing of it almost wholly, as it now is, and as it was play'd since at his Royal Highness's Theatre under this New name.' It is thus seen that the 'Guardian' was acknowledged by Cowley, albeit he 'disliked' in 1663 'many things in it.' We have therefore no choice in including the 'Guardian' in this complete collection of his Works. Accordingly it follows the 'Cutter of Coleman Street' as an Appendix. In various respects there is more vigour, more *abandon*, more of the characteristics of Cowley in the 'Guardian' than in the somewhat smoothened and adapted 'Cutter.' The critical student will be interested in comparing the earlier and later workmanship. 'Cutter,' says Nares *s.v.*, 'was a cant word for a swaggerer, a bully, or sharper; in one sense derived from committing acts of violence like those ascribed to the Mohocks in Addison's time; in the other from cutting purses. Cotgrave translates "A cutter (or swash buckler)," by "*ballaffreux, taillebras, fendeur de naseaux.*" Coles has, "A cutter (or robber), gladiator, latro."

How say you, wife, did I not say as much?  
He was a *cutter* and a swaggerer.

Fair Maid of Bristol. 4to. A 3.

He's out of cash, and thou know'st, by *cutter's* law we are bound  
to relieve one another.

Match at Midn. O. Pl. vii. 353.

The personages who say this are actually lying in wait to rob a traveller; so that we may fairly conclude the latter sense to be the proper one there. Cowley's Cutter of Coleman Street, or *Captain Cutter*, is a town adventurer.' In each case I have recurred to the Author's own text—with advantage, as the hastiest examination will show. See our Introduction for more on the 'Cutter of Coleman Street' and the 'Guardian.'—G.





CUTTER  
OF  
COLEMAN-STREET.  
A COMEDY.

---

The Scene *LONDON*,  
in the year 1658.

---

Written by  
ABRAHAM COWLEY.

---

*LONDON*,  
Printed for *Henry Herringman* at the Sign of the  
*Anchor* in the Lower walk in the New-Exchange.  
*Anno Dom.* 1663.





## P R E F A C E.

**A** Comedy, called the Guardian, and made by me when I was very Young, was Acted formerly at Cambridge, and several times after privately during the troubles, as I am told, with good approbation, as it has been lately too at Dublin. There being many things in it which I disliked, and finding my self for some dayes idle, and alone in the Countrey, I fell upon the changing of it almost wholly, as now it is, and as it was play'd since at his Royal Highness's Theatre under this New name. It met at the first representation with no favourable reception, and I think there was something of Faction against it, by the early appearance of some men's disapprobation before they had seen enough of it to build their dislike upon their Judgment. Afterwards it got some ground, and found Friends as well as Adversarys. In which condition I should willingly let it dye, if the main imputations under which it suffered, had been shot only against my Wit or Art in these matters, and not directed against the tenderest parts of human reputation, good Nature, good Manners, and Piety it self. The first clamour which some malicious persons raised, and made a great noise with, was, That it was a piece intended for abuse and Satyre against the King's party. Good God! Against the King's party? After having served it twenty years during all the time of their misfortunes and afflictions, I must be a very rash and imprudent person if I chose out that of their Restitution to begin a Quarrel with them. I must be too much a Madman to be trusted with such an Edg'd Tool as Comedy. But first, why should either the whole party (as it was once distinguisht by that name, which I hope is abolisht now by Universal Loyalty) or any man of virtue or honour in it, believe themselves injured or at all concerned, by the representation of the faults and follies of a few who in the General division of the Nation had crowded in among them? In all mixt numbers (which is the case of Parties) nay, in the most entire and continued Bodies there are often some degenerate and corrupted parts, which may be cast away from that, and even cut off from this Unity, without any infection of scandal to the remaining Body. The Church of Rome with all her arrogance, and her wide pretences of certainty in all Truths,

and exemption from all Errors, does not clap on this enchanted Armour of Infallibility upon all her particular Subjects, nor is offended at the reproof even of her greatest Doctors. We are not, I hope, become such Puritans our selves as to assume the Name of the Congregation of the Spotless. It is hard for any Party to be so Ill as that no Good, Impossible to be so Good as that no Ill should be found among them. And it has been the perpetual privilege of Satyre and Comedy to pluck their vices and follies though not their Persons out of the Sanctuary of any Title. A Cowardly ranting Souldier, an Ignorant Charlatanical Doctor, a foolish Cheating Lawyer, a silly Pedantical Scholar, have alwayes been, and still are the Principal Subjects of all Comedy, without any scandal given to those Honourable Professions, or ever taken by their severest Professors; And, if any good Physician or Divine should be offended with me here for inveighing against a Quack, or for finding Deacon Soaker too often in the Buttryes, my respect and reverence to their callings would make me troubled at their displeasure, but I could not abstain from taking them for very Choleric and Quarrelsome persons. What does this therefore amount to, if it were true which is objected? But it is far from being so; for the representation of two Sharks about the Town (fellows merry and Ingenious enough, and therefore admitted into better companyes than they deserve, yet withall too very scoundrels, which is no unfrequent Character at London) the representation I say of these as Pretended Officers of the Royal Army, was made for no other purpose but to show the World, that the vices and extravagancies imputed vulgarly to the Cavaliers, were really committed by Aliens who only usurped that name, and endeaoured to cover the reproach of their Indigency or Infamy of their Actions with so honourable a Title. So that the business was not here to correct or cut off any natural branches, though never so corrupted or Luxuriant, but to separate and cast away that vermine which by sticking so close to them had done great and considerable prejudice both to the Beauty and Fertility of the Tree; And this is as plainly said, and as often inculcated as if one should write round about a Signe, This is a Dog, This is a Dog, out of over-much caution lest some might

happen to mistake it for a Lyon. Therefore when this Calumny could not hold (for the case is clear, and will take no colour) Some others sought out a subtler hint to traduce me upon the same score, and were angry that the person whom I made a true Gentleman, and one both of considerable Quality and Sufferings in the Royal party, should not have a fair and noble Character throughout, but should submit in his great extremities to wrong his Niece for his own Relief. This is a refined exception, such as I little foresaw, nor should with the dulness of my usual Charity, have found out against another man in twenty years. The truth is, I did not intend the Character of a Hero, (one of exemplary virtue, and as Homer often terms such men, Unblameable,) but an ordinary jovial Gentleman, commonly called a Good Fellow, one not so conscientious as to starve rather than do the least Injury, and yet endowed with so much sense of Honour as to refuse when that necessity was removed, the gain of five thousand pounds which he might have taken from his Niece by the rigour of a Forfeiture; And let the frankness of this latter generosity to expiate for the former frailty, as may make us not ashamed of his Company, for if his true Metal be but equal to his Alloy, it will not indeed render him one of the Finest sorts of men, but it will make him Current, for ought I know, in any party that ever yet was in the World. If you be to choose parts for a Comedy out of any noble or elevated rank of persons, the most proper for that work are the worst of that kind. Comedy is humble of her Nature, and has always been bred low, so that she knows not how to behave her self with the great or the accomplished. She does not pretend to the brisk and bold Qualities of Wine, but to the Stomachal Acidity of Vinegar, and therefore is best placed among that sort of people which the Romans call *The Lees of Romulus*. If I had designed here the celebration of the Virtues of our Friends, I would have made the Scene nobler where I intended to erect their Statues. They should have stood in Odes, and Tragedies, and Epique Poems, (neither have I totally omitted those greater testimonies of my esteem of them) *Sed nunc non erant his Locus, &c.* And so much for this little spiny objection which a man cannot see without a Magnifying Glass. The next is enough to knock a man down, and accuses me of no less than Prophaness. Prophane, to deride the Hypocrisy of those men whose skulls are not yet bare upon the Gates since the publique and just punishment of it? But there is some imitation of Scripture Phrases; God forbid; There is no representation of the true face of Scripture, but only of that Visard which these Hypocrites (that is, by interpretation Actors with a Visard) draw upon it. Is it Prophane to speak of Harrison's return to Life again, when some of his friends really

profess their belief of it, and he himself had been said to promise it? A man may be so imprudently scrupulous as to find prophaness in any thing either said or written by applying it under some similitude or other to some expressions in Scripture. This nicety is both vain and endless. But I call God to witness, that rather than one tittle should remain among all my writings which according to my severest judgment should be found guilty of the crime objected, I would my self burn and extinguish them all together. Nothing is so detestably low and reckless as the derision of things sacred, and would be in me more unpardonable than any man else, who have endeavoured to root out the ordinary words of Poetry, and to plant it almost wholly with Divinity. I am so far from allowing any loose or irreverent expressions in matters of that Religion which I believe, that I am very tender in this point even for the grossest errors of Conscientious persons. They are the properest object (me thinks) both of our Pity and Charity too; They are the innocent and while Sectaries, in comparison of another kind who engraft Pride upon Ignorance, Tyranny upon Liberty, and upon all their Heresies, Treason and Rebellion. These are Principles so destructive to the Peace and Society of Mankind that they deserve to be pursued by our serious Hatred, and the putting a Mask of Sanctity upon such Devils is so Ridiculous, that it ought to be exposed to contempt and laughter. They are indeed Prophane, who counterfeit the softness of the voice of Holiness to disguise the roughness of the hands of Impiety, and not they who with reverence to the thing which the others dissemble, deride nothing but their Dissimulation. If some piece of an admirable Artist should be ill Copied even to ridiculousness by an ignorant hand, and another Painter should undertake to draw that Copy, and make it yet more ridiculous, to shew apparently the difference of the two works, and deformity of the latter, will not every man see plainly that the abuse is intended to the foolish Imitation, and not to the Excellent Original? I might say much more to confute and confound this very false and malicious accusation, but this is enough I hope to clear the matter, and is I am afraid too much for a Preface to a work of so little consideration. As for all other objections which have been or may be made against the Invention or Elocution, or any thing else which comes under the Critical Jurisdiction, let it stand or fall as it can answer for it self, for I do not lay the great stress of my Reputation upon a Structure of this Nature, much less upon the slight Reparations only of an Old and unfashionable Building. There is no Writer but may fail sometimes in point of Wit, and it is no less frequent for the Auditors to fail in point of Judgment. I perceive plainly by daily experience

that Fortune is Mistress of the Theatre, as Tully says it is of all popular Assemblies. No man can tell sometimes from whence the Invisible winds arise that move them. There are a multitude of people who are truly and only Spectators at a play, without any use of their Understanding, and these carry it sometimes by the strength of their Number. There are others who use their Understanding too much, who think it a sign of weakness or stupidity to let anything pass by them unattacked, and that the Honour of their Judgment (as some Brutals imagine of their Courage) consists in Quarrelling with every thing. We are therefore wonderfull wise men, and have a fine business of it, we who spend our time in Poetry: I do sometimes laugh, and am often angry with my self when I think on it, and if I had a Son inclined by Nature to the same folly, I believe I should bind him from it, by the strictest conjurations of a paternal Blessing. For what can be more ridiculous than to labour to give men delight, whilst they labour on their part more earnestly to take offence? to expose one's self voluntarily and frankly to all the dangers of that narrow passage to unprofitable Fame, which is defended by rude multitudes of the Ignorant, and by armed Troops of the Malitious? If we do ill, many discover it and all despise us, if we do well but few men find it out, and fewer entertain it kindly. If we commit errors there is no pardon, if we could do wonders there would be but little thanks, and that too extorted from unwilling Givers. But some perhaps may say, Was it not

alwayes thus? Do you expect a particular privilege that was never yet enjoyed by any Poet? were the ancient Græcian, or noble Roman Authors, was Virgil himself exempt from this Passibility, Qui melior multis quam tu fuit, Improbe, rebus, Who was in many things thy better far, Thou impudent Pretender? As was said by Lucretius to a person who took it ill that he was to Dye, though he had seen so many do it before him who better deserved Immortality; and this is to repine at the natural condition of a Living Poet, as he did at that of a Living Mortal. I do not only acknowledge the Præ-eminence of Virgil (whose Foot-steps I adore) but submit to many of his Roman Brethren, and I confess that even they in their own times were not secure from the assaults of Detraction (though Horace brags at last, Jam dente minus mordeor invido), but then the Barkings of a few were drown'd in the Applause of all the rest of the World, and the Poison of their Bitings extinguish'd by the Antidote of great rewards, and great encouragements, which is a way of curing now out of use, and I really profess that I neither expect, nor think I deserve it. Indolency would serve my turn instead of Pleasure; for though I comfort my self with some assurance of the favour and affection of very many candid and good natured (and yet too judicious and even Critical) persons, yet this I do affirm, that from all which I have written I never received the least benefit, or the least advantage, but on the contrary have felt sometimes the effects of Malice and Misfortune.



## The Prologue.

AS when the Midland Sea is no where clear  
 From dreadfull Fleets of *Tunis* and *Argier* ;  
 Which coast about, to all they meet with, *Foes*,  
 And upon which nought can be got but *Blowes* ;  
 The *Merchand Ships* so much their passage doubt,  
 That, though full-freighted, none dares venture out,  
 And *Trade* decayes, and *Scarcity* ensues ;  
 Just so the *timerous Wits* of late refuse,  
 Though laded, to put forth upon the *Stage*,  
 Affrighted by the *Critiques* of this age.  
 It is a *Party* numerous, watchfull, bold ;  
 They can from nought, which sailes in sight, with-hold.  
 Nor doe their cheap, though mortal, *Thunder* spare ;  
 They shoot, alas, with *Wind-gunns*, charg'd with *Air*.  
 But yet, *Gentlemen Critiques* of *Argier*,  
 For your own int'rest I'de advise ye here  
 To let this little *Forlorn Hope* goe by  
 Safe and untouched ; That must not be (you'l cry)  
 If ye be wise, it must ; Ile tell yee why.  
 There are *Seven, Eight, Nine, . . . stay . . .* there are  
 behind  
 Ten *Plays* at least, which wait but for a *Wind*,  
 And the glad *News* that we the *Enemy* miss ;  
 And those are all your own, if you spare *This*.  
 Some are but new trim'd up, others quite *New*,  
 Some by known *Shipwrights* built, and others too

By that great Author made, whoere he be,  
 That stiles himself *Person of Qualitie*.  
 All these, if we miscarry here to-day,  
 Will rather till they *Rot* in th' *Harbour* stay,  
 Nay they will back again, though they were come,  
 Ev'n to their last safe *Rode*, the *Tyring* room.  
 Therefore again I say, if you be wise,  
 Let this for once pass free ; let it suffice  
 That we your *Soveraig* power here to avow,  
 Thus humbly ere we pass, strike sail to You.

### Added at Court.

STay *Gentlemen* ; what I have said, was all  
 But forc'd submission, which I now recall.  
 Ye're all but *Pirats* now again ; for here  
 Does the true *Soveraign* of the *Seas* appear.  
 The *Soveraign* of these *Narrow Seas* of wit ;  
 'Tis his own *Thames* ; He knows and *Governs* it.  
 'Tis his *Dominion*, and *Domain* ; as Hee  
 Pleases, 'tis either *Shut* to us or *Free*.  
 Not onely, if his *Pasport* we obtain,  
 We fear no little *Rovers* of the *Main*,  
 But if our *Neptune* his calm visage show,  
 No *Wave* shall dare to *Rise* or *Wind* to *Blow*.



## The Persons.

- COLONEL JOLLY . . . *A Gentleman whose Estate was confiscated in the late troubles.*  
 MISTRIS AURELIA . . . *His Daughter.*  
 MISTRIS LUCIA . . . *His Niece, left to his Tuition.*  
 CUTTER . . . { *A merry sharking fellow about the Town, pretending to have been a Colonel in the King's Army.*  
 WORM . . . . . *His Companion, and such another fellow, pretending to have been a Captain.*  
 MR. PUNY . . . . . *A young, rich, brisk Fop, pretending to extraordinary wit, Suter to Mistris Lucia.*  
 MR. TRUMAN, Senior . . . *An old, testy, Covetous Gentleman.*  
 MR. TRUMAN, Junior . . . *His Son, in love with Mistris Lucia.*  
 MISTRIS BAREBOTTLE . . . *A Sopeboyler's widdow, who had bought Jolly's Estate, A pretended Saint. :*  
 MISTRIS TABITHA . . . *Her Daughter.*  
 MISTRIS JANE . . . . . *Mistris Lucia's Maid, a little laughing Fop.*  
 MR. SOAKER . . . . . *A little Fwdling Deacon.*  
 SEVERAL SERVANTS . . .



# C U T T E R

## O F

### C O L E M A N - S T R E E T .

#### Act I. Scene I.

*Truman Junior.*

**H**OW hard, alas, is that young Lover's fate,  
 Who has a father Covetous and Choleric !  
 What, has he made me swear ?—  
 I dare not think upon the Oath, lest I should keep it—  
 Never to see my Mistris more, or hear her speak  
 Without his leave ; And farewell then the use  
 Of Eyes and Ears ;—  
 And all this Wickedness I submitted to,  
 For fear of being Disinherited ;  
 For fear of losing Durt and Dross, I lose  
 My Mistris—There's a Lover ! Fitter much  
 For Hell than thousand perjuries could make him ;  
 Fit to be made th' Example which all Women  
 Should reproach Men with, when themselves grow false ;  
 Yet she, the good and charitable *Lucia*,  
 With such a bounty as has onely been  
 Practis'd by Heaven, and Kings inspir'd from thence, **B**  
 Forgives still, and still loves her perjurd Rebel.  
 I'le to my father strait, and swear to him  
 Ten thousand Oathes ne'r to observe that wicked one  
 Which he' has extorted from me—Here he comes ;  
 And my weak heart, already us'd to falshood,  
 Begins to waver.

#### Scene 2.

*Truman Senior, Truman Junior.*

*Trum. Sen.* Well, *Dick*, you know what you swore  
 to me yesterday, And solemnly.

I ha' been considering, and considering all Night,  
*Dick*, for your good, and me-thinks, supposing I were a  
 young man again, and the case my own (for I love to  
 be just in all things) me-thinks 'tis hard for a young  
 man, I say, who has been a Lover so long as you ha'  
 been, to break off on a suddain. Am I in the right or  
 no, *Dick* ? Do you mark me ?

*Trum. Jun.* Hard, Sir, 'tis harder much than any  
 death

Prolong'd by Tortures.

*Trum. Sen.* Why so I thought ; and therefore out o'  
 my care for your ease, I have hit upon an Expedient  
 that I think will salve the matter !

*Trum. jun.* And I will thank you for it more, Sir,  
 Than for the life you gave me.

*Trum. sen.* Why ! well said, *Dick*, and I'me glad  
 with all my

Heart, I thought upon 't ; in brief, 'tis this, *Dick* ;  
 I ha' found out another Mistris for you.

*Trum. jun.* Another ? Heaven forbid, Sir !

*Trum. sen.* I ; Another, Good-man Jack Sawce ;  
 marry come up ;

Won't one o' my choosing serve your turn, as well  
 As one o' your own ; sure I'me the older man,  
 Jack Sawce, and should be the Wiser !

*Trum. jun.* But Nature, Sir, that's wiser than all  
 Mankind,

Is Mistris in the choice of our affections ;  
 Affections are not rais'd from outward Reasons,  
 But inward Sympathies.

*Trum. sen.* Very well, *Dick*, if you be a dutiful son  
 to me, you shall have a good Estate, and so has she ;  
 There's Sympathy for you now ; but I perceive  
 You'r hankring still after Mrs. *Lucy*,  
 Do, do ! forswear your self ; do, damn your self, and be  
 a beggar too ; sure I would never undo my self, by  
 perjury ; if I had a mind to go to hell, *Cromwel* should  
 make me a Lord for 't ! I, and one of his Councel too,  
 I'de never be damn'd for nothing, for a Whim-wham  
 in a Coif. But to be short, The person I design for you  
 is Mrs. *Tabitha Baarbottle*, our neighbour the Widow's  
 daughter. What do you start at, Sirra ? I, Sirra, Jack-  
 an-apes, if you start when your father speaks to you.

*Trum. jun.* You did not think her father once I'me  
 sure

A person fit for your Alliance, when he plundered your  
 House in *Hartfordshire*, and took away the very Hop-  
 poles, pretending they were Arms too.

*Trum. sen.* He was a very Rogue, that's the Truth  
 on 't, as to the business between man and man, but as  
 to God-ward he was always counted an Upright man,

and very devout. But that's all one, I'me sure h'as rais'd a fine Estate out o' nothing by his Industry in these Times : An' I had not been a Beast too— but Heaven's will be done, I could not ha' don't with a good conscience. Well, *Dick*, I'll go talk with her mother about this matter, and examine fully what her Estate is, for unless it prove a good one, I tell you true, *Dick*, I'me o' your Opinion, not to marry such a Rogues daughter.

*Trum. jun.* I beseech you, Sir— *Exit Trum. sen.*  
It is in vain to speak to him—

Though I to save this Dung-hill an Estate  
Have done a Crime like theirs,

Who have abjur'd their King for the same cause,  
I will not yet, like them, persue the guilt,  
And in thy place, *Lucia* my lawful Sovrain,  
Set up a low and scandalous Usurper !

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* 'Tis well the old man's just gone. There's a Gentlewoman without, *Sir*, desires to speak one word with you.

*Trum. jun.* With me? who is't?

*Serv.* It should be *Mrs. Lucia* by her voice, *Sir*, but she's veil'd all over. Will you please to see her, *Sir*?

*Trum.* Will I see her, Blockhead? yes; go out and kneel to her

And pray her to come in. *(Exit Serv.)*

### Scene 3.

*Lucia (veil'd), Truman.*

*Trum.* This is a favour, Madam !  
That I as little hop'd, as I am able  
To thank you for it— But why all this muffling?  
Why a disguise, my Dearest, between us?  
Unless to increase, my desire first, and then my joy to see thee  
Thou cast this subtil night before thy beauty.  
And now like one scorch'd with some raging Fever,  
Upon whose flames no dew of sleep has falln,  
I do begin to quarrel with the Darkness,  
And blame the sloathful rising of the Morn,  
And with more joy shall welcome it, than they  
Whose icy dwellings the cold Bear o're-looks,  
When after half the years Winter and Night,  
Day and the Spring at once salutes their sight !  
Thus it appears, thus like thy matchless beauty,  
When this black Cloud is vanish'd.

*[offers to pull off the Veil.]*

Why d'ye you shrink back, my Dearest?  
I prethee let me look a little on thee :  
'Tis all the pleasure Love has yet allow'd me,  
And more than Nature does in all things else.  
At least speak to me ; well may I call it Night  
When Silence too thus joys it self with Darkness.  
Ha ! I had quite forgot the cursed Oath I made—  
Fiah ! what's an Oath forc'd from a Lover's Tongue?  
'Tis not recorded in Heaven's dreadful book,  
But scatter'd loosely by the breath that made it :

Away with it ; to make it was but a Rashness,  
To keep it were a Sin—Dear Madam—

*Offers again, but she refuses, and gives him a Note.*  
Ha ! let's see this then first !

*[He reads.]*

You know I have forgiven your unkind Oath to your Father, and shall never suffer you to be perjurd.

I come onely to let you know, that the Physician and the 'Pothecary will do this morning what we propos'd : be ready at hand, if there should be occasion for your presence ; I dare not stay one minute.

Farewel.

Now thousand Angels wait upon thee, *Lucia*,  
And thousand Blessings upon all thou do'st.

Let me but kiss your hand, And I'll dismiss you.

Ah cruel father, when thou mad'st the Oath,

Thou little thought'st that thou had'st left

Such blessings for me out of it.

*[Exeunt.]*

### Scene 4.

*Colonel Jolly, Will (his Man.)*

*Joll.* Give me the Pills ; what said the Doctor, *Will*?

*[Col. Jolly in an Indian Gown and Night-cap.]*

*Will.* He said a great deal, *Sir*, but I was not Doctor enough to understand half of it.

*Joll.* A man may drink, he says, for all these Bawbles?

*Will.* He's ill advised if he give your Worship drinking Pills, for when you were drinking last together, a Fit took you to beat the Doctor, which your Worship told him was a new Disease.

*Joll.* He was drunk then himself first, and spoke False Latin, which becomes a Doctor worse than a beating. But he does not remember that, I hope, now?

*Will.* I think he does, *Sir*, for he says the Pills Are to purge Black Choler !

*Joll.* I, Melancholy ; I shall ha' need of them then, for my old Purger of Melancholy, Canary, will grow too dear for me shortly ; my own Estate was sold for being with the King at *Oxford*. A Curse upon an old Dunce that needs must be going to *Oxford* at my years ! My good Neighbor, I thank him, Collonel *Fear-the-Lord-Barebottle*, a Saint and a Sope-boiler, bought it ; but he's dead, and boiling now himself, that's the best of 't ; There's a Cavalier's comfort ! If his damnable Wife now would marry me, it would return again, as I hope all things will at last ; and even that too were as hard a Composition for ones own, as ever was made at *Haberdashers-Hall* ; but hang her, she'll ha' none o' me, unless I were True Rich and Counterfeit Godly ; let her go to her husband ; *[takes a Pill.]* (so much for that —It does not go down so glib as an Egg in Muskadine) Now when my Nieces Portion too goes out o' my hands, which I can keep but till a handsome Wench of eighteen pleases to marry (a pitiful slender Tenure that's the truth on 't) I ha' nothing to do but to live by Plots for the King, or at least to be hang'd by 'em. *[takes the two other Pills.]* (So, go thou too) well, something must be



dome, unless a man could get true Gems by drinking, or like a Mouse in a Cheese, make himself a house by eating.

*Will.* Did you send for Colonel *Cutter* and Captain *Worm*, to come and keep me company this morning that I take Physick? They'l be loth to come to day, there's so little hope o' drinking here.

*Will.* They said they would be here, Sir, before this time;

Some Morning's draught, I believe, has intercepted 'em.

*Joll.* I could Repent now heartily, but that 'twould look as if I were compell'd to 't, and besides if it should draw me to Amendment, 'twould undo me now, till I ha' gotten something. 'Tis a hard case to wrong my pretty Niece; but unless I get this wicked Widow, I and my daughter must starve else; and that's harder yet; Necessity is, as I take it, Fatality, and that will excuse all things, O! Here they are!

### Scene 5.

*Colonel Jolly, Colonel Cutter, Captain Worm.*

*Joll.* Welcome! Men o' war, what news abroad in Town?

*Cut.* Brave news I faith! it arriv'd but yesterday by an Irish Priest, that came over in the habit of a Fish-wife; a cunning fellow, and a man o' business; he's to lie Leiger here for a whole Irish College beyond-Sea, and do all their Affairs of State. The Captain spoke with him last night at the Blew Anchor!

*Joll.* Well, and what is 't?

*Worm.* Why, Business is afloat again; the King has muster'd five and twenty thousand men in *Flanders*, as tall Fellows as any are in *Christendom*.

*Joll.* A pox upon you for a couple of gross Cheats! I wonder from what fools in what blind corners you get a dinner for this stuff.

*Cut.* Nay, there's another News that's stranger yet; but for that let the Captain Answer.

*Wor.* I confess I should ha' thought it very ridiculous, but that I saw it from a good hand beyond Sea, under Black and White, and all in *Cypher*.

*Joll.* Oh it can't miss then; what may it be, pray?

*Wor.* Why, that the Emperor of *Muscovy* has promis'd

To hand ten thousand Bears in *England* to Over-run the Country.

*Joll.* Oh! that's in revenge of the late barbarous Murder of their brethren here I warrant you!

*Cut.* Why, Colonel, things will come about again! We shall have another 'bout for 't!

*Joll.* Why all this to a friend that knows you? where were thy former Bouts, I prethee *Cutter*? where didst thou ever serve the King, or when?

*Cut.* Why every where; and the last time at *Worcester*.

If I never serv'd him since, the faults not mine; an there had been any Action——

*Joll.* At *Worcester*, *Cutter*? prethee how got's thou thither?

*Cut.* Why as you and all other Gentlemen should ha' done; I carri'd him in a Troop of Reformado Officers; most of them had been under my command before!

*Joll.* I'l be sworn they were Reformado Tapsters then; but prethee how got's thou off?

*Cut.* Why as the King himself, and all the rest of the great ones; in a disguise, if you'l needs know 't.

*Wor.* He's very cautious, Colonel, h'as kept it ever since.

*Joll.* That's too long 'i faith, *Cutter*, prethee take one disguise now more at last, and put thy self into the habit of a Gentleman.

*Cut.* I'l answer no more Prethees; Is this the Morning's-draught you sent for me to?

*Joll.* No, I ha' better news for ye both, than ever ye had from a good Irish hand; the truth is I have a Plot for yee, which if it take, ye Shall no more make monstrous Tales from *Bruges* to revive your sinking Credits in *Loyal Ale-houses*, nor inveigle into Taverns young Foremen of the Shop, or little beardless Blades of the Inns of Court, to drink to the Royal Family Parabolically, and with bouncing Oathes like Cannon at every Health; nor upon unlucky failing afternoons take melancholy turns in the Temple Walks, and when you meet acquaintance, cry, You wonder why your Lawyer stays so long with a pox to him.

*Wor.* This Physick has stirr'd ill humors in the Colonel, would they were once well purg'd, and we a Drinking again lovingly together as we were wont to do.

*Joll.* Nor make headless quarrels about the Reckoning time, and leave the house in confusion; nor when you go to bed produce ten several snuffs to make up one poor Pipe o' Tobacco!

*Cut.* Would I had one here now; I ha' n't had my morning Smoak yet, by this day!

*Joll.* Nor change your names and lodgings as often as a Whore: for as yet if ye liv'd like Tartars in a Cart (as I fear ye must die in one) your home could not be more uncertain. To day at *Wapping*, and to morrow you appear again upon *Mill-bank* (like a Duck that Dives at this end of the Pond, and rises unexpectedly at the other) I do not think *Pythagoras* his Soul e're chang'd so many dwellings as you ha' done within these two years.

*Cut.* Why, what then, Colonel? Soldiers must remove their Tents sometimes: *Alexander* the Great did it a thousand times.

*Worm.* Nine hundred, *Cutter*, you'r but a Dunce in Story;

But what's all this to th' matter, Noble Colonel? You run a Wool-gathering like a zealous Teacher; Where's the use of Consolation that you promis'd us?

*Joll.* Why thou shalt have it, little *Worm*, for these Damn'd Pills begin to make me horrible sick, and are not like to allow of long Digressions; Thus briefly then, as befits a man in my case!

When my brother the Merchant went into *Afrigue*, to follow his great Trade there—

*Wor.* How o' Devil could he follow it? why he had quite lost his memory; I knew him when he was fain to carry his own Name in Writing about him for fear lest he should forget it.

*Joll.* Oh his man *Johns*, you know, did all, yet still he would go about with old *Johns*, and thought if he did Go, he did his business himself; well, when he went he left his Daughter with a Portion o' five thousand pounds to my Tuition, and if she married without my consent, she was to have but a thousand of it. When he was gon two years he dy'd—

*Wor.* He did a little forget himself me-thinks, when he left the Estate in your hands, Collonel.

*Joll.* Hold your tongue, Captain Coxcomb; now the case is this; ye shall give me a thousand pounds for my interest and favour in this business, settle the rest upon her, and her children, or me and mine, if she ha' none (d'ee mark me? for I will not have one penny of the Principal pass through such glewy Fingers) upon these terms I'le marry her to one of you; Always provided though, that he whom she shall choose (for she shall have as fair a choice as can be between two such fellows) shall give me good assurances of living afterwards like a Gentleman, as befits her husband, and cast off the t'others company!

*Cut.* The Conditions may be admitted of, though if I have her, she'l ha' no ill bargain on't when the King comes home; but how, Colonel, if she should prove a foolish fantastical Wench, and refuse to marry either of us?

*Joll.* Why! then she shall never ha' my consent to marry any body; and she'l be hang'd, I think, first in the Friar's Rope, ere she turn Nun.

*Wor.* I'l be a Carthusian an she do!

*Joll.* If't were not for Chastity and Obedience thou mightest be so; their t'other Vow of never carrying any mony about them, thou hast kept from thy youth upwards.

*Wor.* I'le have her; I'me the better Scholar; and we're both equal Soldiers, I'me sure.

+ *Cut.* Thou, Captain *Bobadi!* what with that Ember-week face o' thine? that Razor o' thy Nose? thou look'st as if thou hadst never been fed since thou suck'st thy mother's milk. Thy cheeks begin to fall into thy mouth, that thou mightest eat them. Why thou very Lath, with a thing cut like a face at Top, and a slit at bottom. I am a man ha' serv'd my King and Country, a person of Honor, Dogbolt, and a Colonel.

*Wor.* Yes, as Priests are made now a daies, a Colonel made by thine own-self. I must confess thus much o' thy good parts, thou'rt beholding to no body but thy self for what thou art. Thou a Soldier? Did not I see thee once in a quarrel at Nine-pins behind *Sodom-lane* disarm'd with one o' the pins? Alas, good *Cutter!* there's difference, as I take it, betwixt the clattering o' Swords and Quart-pots, the effusion of Blood and Claret-wine—

*Cut.* (What a Barking little *Curr's* this?)

*Wor.* The smook o' Guns and Tobacco—nor can you, *Cutter*, fight the better, because you ha' beat an old Bawd or a Drawer; besides, what parts hast thou? Hast thou Scholarship enough to make a Brewer's Clark? Canst thou read the Bible? I'me sure thou hast not; canst thou write more than thine own name, and that in such vile Characters, that most men take them for Arabian Pot-books! Dost thou not live, *Cutter*, in the Chymserian darkness of Ignorance?

*Joll.* Chymserian, Captain, prethee let it be Chymserian!

*Wor.* I; I know some will have it so, but by this light I always call't Chymserian!

*Cut.* O brave Scholar! has the Colonel caught you in false Latin, you dance you? you'd e'en as good stick to your Captainship; and that you may thank me for, you ingrateful Pimp you, was not I the first that ever call'd you so? and said you had serv'd stoutly in my Regiment at *Newberry?*

*Joll.* Thy Regiment?—well! leave your quarrelling, Baboons, and try your fortunes fairly; I begin to be very very sick; I'le leave you, and send in my Niece to intertain you, upon my life, if you quarrel any more. As great Soldiers as you are, I'le ha' you Cashier'd for ever out o' this Garrison o' mine, look to't. *Exit Col. Joll.*

*Wor.* Come *Cutter*, wee'd e'en better play fair play with one another, than lose all to a third. Let's draw Cuts who shall accost her first when she comes in, and the t'other void the room for a little while.

*Cut.* Agreed! you may thank the Colonel for comming off so easily; you know well enough I dare not offend him at such a time as this!

*Wor.* The longest first—

(*Draw Lots.*)

*Cut.* Mine! Od's my life! here she is already!

## Scene 6.

*Lucia, Cutter, Worm.*

*Luc.* (To her self at her Entrance.)

Not choose amis? indeed I must do, Uncle, If I should choose again; especially, If I should do't out of your drinking Company? Though I have seen these fellows here, I think A hundred times, yet I so much despise 'em, I never askt their names: But I must speak to 'em now. My Uncle, Gentlemen, will wait upon you presently again, and sent me hither to desire your patience!

*Cut.* Patience, Madam, will be no virtue requisite for us, whilst you are pleas'd to stay here; Ha, ha! *Cutter!* that lit pretty pat 'faith for a beginning,

(*Worm goes out.*)

*Luc.* Is your friend going, Sir?

*Cut.* Friend, Madam?—(I hope I shall be even with him presently) he's a merry fellow that your Uncle and I divert our selves withall.

*Luc.* What is he? pray Sir.

*Cut.* That's something difficult to tell you, Madam;

But he has been all things. He was a Scholar once, and since a Merchant, but broke the first half year; after that he serv'd a Justice o' Peace, and from thence turn'd a kind o' Solicitor at *Goldsmiths-hall*; h'as a pretty Smattering too in Poetry, and would ha' been my Lady Protectress Poet; He writ once a Copy in praise of her Beauty, but her Highness gave him for it but an old Half-crown piece in Gold, which she had hoorded up before these troubles, and that discourag'd him from any further Applications to the Court. Since that, h'as been a little Agitator for the Cavalier party, and drew in one of the 'Prentices that were hang'd lately; He's a good ingenious fellow, that's the truth on't, and a pleasant Droll when h'as got a cup o' Wine in his pate, which your Uncle and I supply him with; but for matters that concern the King neither of us trust him. Not that I can say h'as betray'd any body, but he's so indigent a Varlet, that I'm afraid he would sell his Soul to *Oliver* for a Noble. But Madam, what a pox should we talk any more o' that Mole-catcher? (Now I'm out again—I am so us'd onely to ranting Whores, that an honest Gentlewoman puts me to a Non-plus!)

*Luc.* Why, my Uncle recommended him to me, Sir, as a Person of Quality, and of the same Condition with your self, onely that you had been a Colonel o' Foot, and he a Captain of Horse in his Majesty's Service.

*Cut.* You know your Uncle's Drolling humor, Madam; he thought there was no danger in the Raillerie, and that you'd quickly find out what he was; Here he comes again (*Enter Worm.*) I'll leave him with you, Madam, for a Minute, and wait upon you immediately: (I am at a loss, and must recover my self) Captain, I ha' dealt better by you than you deserv'd, and given you a high Character to her; see you do me right too, if there be occasion—I'll make bold though to hearken whether you do or no.

(*Exit Cutter, and stands at the door.*)

*Wor.* Madam, my Noble friend your Uncle has been pleas'd to honor me so far with his good Opinion, as to allow me the liberty to kiss your hands.

*Luc.* You'r welcome, Sir, but pray, Sir, give me leave

Before you enter into farther Complement  
To ask one question of you.

*Wor.* I shall resolve you, Madam, with that truth Which may, I hope, invite you to believe me In what I'm to say afterwards.

*Luc.* 'Tis to tell me your friend's Name, Sir, and his Quality, which, though I have seen him oft, I am yet ignorant of: I suppose him to be some honorable person, who has eminently serv'd the King in the late Wars.

*Cut. (at the door)* 'Tis a shrewd discerning Wench, she has hit me right already!

*Wor.* They call him Colonel *Cutter*, but to deal faithfully with you, Madam, he's no more a Colonel than you'r a Major General.

*Cut.* Ha! sure I mistake the Rogue!

*Wor.* He never serv'd his King, not he, no more than

he does his Maker; 'Tis true, h'as drunk his Health as often as any man, upon other men's charges, and he was for a little while, I think, a kind of Hector, 'till he was soundly beaten one day, and dragg'd about the room, like old *Hector o' Troy* about the Town.

*Cut.* What does this Dog mean, trow?

*Wor.* Once indeed he was very low for almost a twelve-month, and had neither money enough to hire a Barber, nor buy Sizars, and then he wore a Beard (he said) for King *Charls*; he's now in pretty good clothes, but would you saw the furniture of his Chamber! marry half a Chair, an Earthen Chamberpot without an Ear, and the bottom of an Ink-horn for a Candle-stick, the rest is broken foul Tobacco-pipes, and a dozen o' Gally-pots with Sawse in 'em.

*Cut.* Was there ever such a cursed Villain!

*Wor.* H'as been a known Cheat about the Town these twenty years.

*Luc.* What does my Uncle mean to keep him company, if he be such a one?

*Wor.* Why he's infatuated! I think, I ha' warn'd him on't a thousand times; he has some wit (to give the devil his due) and that 'tis makes us endure him, but however I'd advise your Uncle to be a little more cautious how he talks before him o' State matters, for he's shrewdly wrong'd if he be n't *Cromwell's* Agent for all the Taverns between *Kings-street* and the Devil at *Temple-bar*, indeed he's a kind o' Resident in 'em.

*Cut.* Flesh and blood can bear no longer—*Worm*, you'r a stinking, lying, perjurd damn'd Villain; and if I do not bring you, Madam, his Nose and both his Ears, and lay 'em at your feet here before night, may the Pillory and the Pox take mine; till then, suspend your judgment.

*Exit Cutter.*

*Luc.* Nay, you'r both even; just such an excellent Character did he bestow on you; Why, thou vile Wretch,

Go to the Stews, the Gaol, and there make love,  
Thou'lt find none there but such as will scorn thee!

*Wor.* Why here's brave work I'faith! I ha' carri'd it swimmingly, I'll e'en go steal away and drink a dozen before I venture to think one thought o' the business.

*Exit.*

*Luc.* Go cursed race, which stick your loathsome crimes

Upon the Honorable Cause and Party;

And to the Noble Loyal Sufferers,

A worse suffering add of Hate and Infamy.

Go to the Robbers and the Parricides,

And fix your Spots upon their Painted Vizards,

Not on the native face of Innocence.

'Tis you retard that Industry by which

Our Country would recover from this sickness;

Which, whilst it fears th' eruption of such Ulcers,

Keeps a Disease tormenting it within,

But if kind Heav'n please to restore our Health,

When once the great Physician shall return,

He quickly will I hope restore our beauty.

## Act 2. Scene 1.

*Aurelia.*

I See 'tis no small part of policy

To keep some little Spies in an Enemies quarters :  
The Parliament had reason—

I would not for five hundred pounds but ha' corrupted my Cousin *Lucia's* Maid ; and yet it costs me nothing but Sack-possets, and Wine, and Sugar when her Mistris is a bed, and tawdry Ribbons, or fine Trimm'd Gloves sometimes, and once I think a pair of Counterfeit Rubie Pendants

That cost me half a Crown. The poor Wench loves Dy'd Glass like any Indian ; for a Diamond Bob I'd have her Madenhead if I were a Man and she a Maid. If her Mistris did but talk in her sleep sometimes, o' my conscience she'd sit up all night and watch her, onely to tell me in the morning what she said ; 'Tis the prettiest diligent Wretch in her Calling, now she has undertaken't.

Her intelligence just now was very good, and May be o' consequence ; That young *Truman* is Stolen up the back way into my Cousin's Chamber. These are your grave Maids that study Romances, and will be all *Mandanas* and *Cassandras*, and never split but by the Rules of Honor ; Oh, here she comes, I hope, with fresh intelligence from the Foe's Rendezvous.

## Scene 2.

*Aurelia, Jane.*

*Jane.* Ha, ha, ha ! for the love of goodness hold me, or I shall fall down with laughing, ha, ha, ha ! 'Tis the best humor—no—I can't tell it you for laughing—ha, ha, ha ! the prettiest sport, ha, ha, ha !

*Aur.* Why, thou hast not seen him lie with her, hast thou ?

The Wench is mad ; prethee what is't ?

*Jane.* Why (hee, hei, ha !) My Mistris sits by her Servant in a long Veil that covers her from Top to Toe, and says not one word to him, because of the Oath you know that the old man forc'd his son to take after your Father had forbid him the house, and he talks half an hour, like an As as he is, all alone, and looks upon her hand all the while, and kisses it. But that which makes me die with laughing at the conceit (ha, ha, ha !) is, that when he asks her anything, she goes to the Table, and writes her answer ; you never saw such an innocent Puppet-play !

*Aur.* Dear *Jane* (kiss me, *Jane*,) how shall I do to see 'em ?

*Jane.* Why, Madam, I'll go look the key of my Mistris Closet above, that looks into her Chamber, where you may see all, and not be seen.

*Aur.* Why that's as good as the trick o' the Veil ; do, dear *Jane*, quickly, 'will make us excellent sport at night, and we'll fuddle our Noses together, shall we, dear *Jane* ?

*Jane.* I, dear Madam ! I'll go seek out the key.

*Exit Jane.*

*Aur.* 'Tis strange, if this trick o' my Cousins should beget no trick o' mine, That would be pittifull and doings.

## Scene 3.

*Aurelia, Mr. Pusey.*

*Aur.* Here comes another of her Servants ; a young rich, fantastical Fop, that would be a Wit, and has got a new way of being so ; he scorns to speak any thing that's common, and finds out some impertinent similitude for every thing. The Devil I think can't find out one for him. This Coxcomb has so little Brains too, as to make me the Confident of his Amours : I'll thank him for his Confidence ere I ha' done with him.

*Pusey.* Whose here? O Madam ! is your father out of his Metaphorical Grave yet? you understand any meaning, my dear Confident? you'r a Wit !

*Aur.* Like what, Mr. *Pusey* ?

*Pusey.* Why—like—me !

*Aur.* That's right your way, Mr. *Pusey*, its an odd similitude.

*Pusey.* But where's your Father little Queen o' Diamonds? is he extant? I long like a Woman big with Twins to speak with him !

*Aur.* You can't now possibly : There was never any Creature so sick with a disease as he is with Physick, to day, the Doctor and the 'Pothecarie's with him, and will let no body come in. But, Mr. *Pusey*, I have words o' comfort for you !

*Pusey.* What, my dear Queen o' *Shaks* ! and I have Ophir for thee if thou hast.

*Aur.* Why your Rival is forbid our house, and has sworn to his father never to see or hear your Mistris more.

*Pusey.* I knew that yesterday as well as I knew my *Credo*, but I'm the very Jew of *Malta* if she did not use me since that, worse than I'de use a rotten Apple.

*Aur.* Why that can't be, Brother Wit, why that were uncivilly done of her !

*Pusey.* O hang her, Queen of Fairies, (I'm all for Queens to day I think) she cares much for that ; No, that Assyrian Crocodile *Truman* is still swimming in her præcordiums, but I'll so ferret him out ; I'll beat him as a Bloomsbury Whore beats Hemp ; I'll spoil his Grave Dominical Postures ; I'll make him sneak, and look like a door off the hinges.

*Aur.* That's hard, but he deserves it truly, if he strive to Annihilate.

*Pusey.* Why well said, Sister Wit, now thou speak'st oddly too !

*Aur.* Well, without wit or foolery, Mr. *Pusey*, what will you give me, if this night, this very improbable night, I make you Marry my Cousin *Lucia* ?

*Pusey.* Thou talk'st like *Medusa's* head, thou astonishest me.

*Aur.* Well, in plain language as befits a Bargain ;

there's Pen and Inck in the next Chamber, give but a Bill under your hand to pay me five hundred pounds in Gold (upon forfeiture of a thousand if you fall) within an hour after the business is done, and I'll be bound Body for Body my Cousin *Lucia* shall be your Wife this night; if I deceive you, your Bond will do you no hurt, if, I do not, consider a little before-hand, whether the Work deserves the Reward, and do as you think fit.

*Pun.* There shall be no more considering than a Hasty Pudding; I'll write it an' you will, in Short-hand, to dispatch immediately, and presently go put five hundred Mari-golds in a purse for you: Come away like an Arrow out of a Scythian Bow.

*Aur.* I'll do your business for you, I'll warrant you;  
*Alloes Mon-Cher.* *Exeunt.*

## Scene 4.

*Cutter, Worm.*

*Cut.* Now I ha' thee at the place, where thou affront'st me, here will I cut thy throat.

*Wor.* You'll be hang'd first.

*Cut.* No by this light.

*Wor.* You'll be hang'd after then.

*Cut.* Not so neither; for I'll hew thee into so many morsels, that the Crowner shall not be able to give his Verdict whether 'twas the Body of a Man or of a Beast, as thou art. Thou shalt be mince-meat, *Worm*, within this hour.

*Wor.* He was a Coward once, nor have I ever heard one syllable since of his Reformation, he shall not daunt me.

*Cut.* Come on; [*Draws.*] I'll send thee presently to *Erabus* without either Bail or Main-prize.

*Wor.* Have at you, *Cutter*, an' thou hadst as many lives as are in *Plutarck*, I'd make an end of 'em all.

*Cut.* Come on, Miscreant.

*Wor.* Do, do! strike an' thou dar'st.

*Cut.* Coward, I'll give thee the advantage of the first push, Coward.

*Wor.* I scorn to take anything o' thee, Jew.

*Cut.* If thou dar'st not strike first, thou submit'st, and I give thee thy life.

*Wor.* Remember, *Cutter*, you were treacherous first to me, and therefore must begin. Come, pox upon 't, this quarrel will cost us quarts o' Wine a piece before the Treaty o' Peace be ended.

*Cut.* Here's company coming in; I'll hear o' no Treaties, *Worm*, we'll fight it out.

## Scene 5.

*Aurelia, Puny, Cutter, Worm.*

*Aur.* [*Reading.*] Five hundred neat Gentlemen-like twenty-shilling pieces, though never wash'd nor barb'd—

A curse upon him, can't he write a Bond without these sotteries?

*Pun.* Why how now Panims? fighting like two Sea-

fish in the Map? Why how now my little Gallimanfry, my *Oleopadrado* of Arts and Arms; Hold the feirce Gudgeings!

*Aur.* 'Ods my life, *Puny*, let's go in again; that's the onely way to part 'em.

*Pun.* Do, do! kill one another and be hang'd like Ropes of Onyons.

*Cut.* At your command? no, *Puny*! I'll be forc'd by no man; put up, *Worm*; we'll fight for no man's pleasure but our own.

*Wor.* Agreed! I won't make sport with murdering any man, an' he were a Turk.

*Pun.* Why now ye speak like the Pacificque Sea; we'll to the King's Poleanon, and drink all into *Pylades* again; we'll drink up a whole Vessel there to Redintegration, and that so big, that the Tun of *Heidelberg* shall seem but a Barel of Pickled Oysters to 't; mean time, thou pretty little Smith o' my good fortune, beat hard upon the Anvil of your Plot, I'll go and provide the Spankers. *Exit Puny.*

*Cut.* Your Cousin, Mrs. *Aurelia*, has abus'd us most irreverently.

*Aur.* Why what's the matter?

*Cut.* Your father recommended us two as Suters to her.

*Aur.* And she'd ha' none of you? What a foolish Girl 'tis, to stand in her own light so?

*Wor.* Nay, that's not all, but she us'd us worse than if we'd been the veriest Rogues upon the face of the whole Earth.

*Aur.* That's a little thought too much, but 'twas safer erring o' that hand.

*Cut.* I, we'r like to get much, I see, by complaining to you.

*Enter Jane.*

*Jan.* Ha, ha, ha! Here's the key o' the Closet, go up softly, Madam, ha, ha, ha! and make no noise, dear Madam, I must be gone. *Exit.*

*Aur.* Why does this little Poppitee laugh always? 'tis such a Ninny that she betrays her Mistris, and thinks she does no hurt at all, no, not she; well, wretched Lovers, come along with me now, (but softly upon your lives, as you would steal to a Mistris through her Mother's Chamber) and I'll shew you this severe *Pene-lope*, lockt up alone in a Chamber with your Rival.

*Cut.* As softly as Snow falls.

*Wor.* Or Vapors rise.

*Aur.* What are you Punish too with your Similitudes? Mum — not a word — pull off your shoes at bottom of the stairs, and follow me.

## Scene 6.

*Enter Truman junior.*

*And presently Aurelia, Cutter, and Worm appear at a little Window.*

*Tram.* Why should her cruel Uncle seek t' oppose A Love in all respects so good and equal?

He has some wicked end in 't, and deserves  
To be deceiv'd!

*Cut.* Deceiv'd? pray mark that Madam.

*Trum.* She is gone in to see if things be ripe yet  
To make our last attempt upon her Uncle;  
If our Plot fail —

*Aur.* A Plot 'i faith, and I shall Counter-plot ye.

*Trum.* In spite of our worst Enemies, our kindred,  
And a rash Oath that 's cancell'd in the making,  
We will pursue our Loves to the last point,  
And buy that Paradise though 't be with Martyrdom!

### Scene 7.

*Enter Lucia.*

*She goes to the Table and Writes whilst he Speaks, and gives him the Paper.*

*Trum.* She's come, me-thinks I see her through her  
Veil;

She's naked in my heart with all her Beauties.

*Wor.* Thou hast a Bawdy heart I 'le warrant thee.

*Cut.* Hold your peace, Coxcomb.

*Trum.* That has, I think, taken an Oath  
Quite contrary to mine, never to see  
Any thing else!

He's extreme sick, and thinks he shall die, [*Reads a paper given him by Lucia*], the Doctor and 'Pothecary have acted very well; I 'le be with him presently, go into my little Oratory, and pray for the success — [*A cry within, Mrs. Aurelia.*] I 'l pray with as much zeal as any sinner, converted just upon the point of death, prays his short time out.

[*Exeunt Truman & Lucia.*]

*Aur.* What can this mean? [*They cry within*], and the cry within there? pray let 's go down and see what 's the matter.

*Enter Will and Ralph crying.*

*Will.* Ah, Lord! my poor Master! *Mrs. Aurelia,*  
*Mrs. Aurelia.*

*Aur.* Here, what 's the business?

*Ralph.* Oh Lord! the saddest accident.

*Aur.* For the love of Heaven speak quickly.

*Will.* I cannot speak for weeping; my poor Master's  
poison'd.

*Aur.* Poison'd? how prethee, and by whom?

*Will.* Why by the strangest Accident, Mistress.

The Doctor prescrib'd one what dee' call it with a hard name, and that careless Rogue the 'Pothecaries man (mistaking one Glass for another that stood by it) put in another what dee' call it, that is a mortal poison.

*Aur.* Oh then 'tis plain, this was the Plot they talk'd of; ye heard, Gentlemen, what they said; pray follow me and bear witness.

*Exit Aurelia.*

*Cut.* Undoubtedly they had a hand in 't; we shall be brought to swear against them, *Worms.*

*Worms.* I 'l swear what I heard, and what I heard not but I 'l hang 'em. I see I shall be revenged o' that proud Tit; but it grieves me for the Colonel.

### Scene 8.

*Colonel Jolly (brought in a Chair) Aurelia, Cutter,  
Worm, Will, Ralph, other Servants.*

*Joll.* Oh! I ha' vomited out all my guts, and all my entrails —

*Aur.* Oh my dear Father!

*Joll.* I'm going, daughter — ha' ye sent the pocky Doctor and the plaguy 'Pothecary to a Justice o' Peace to be examin'd?

*Will.* Yes, Sir, your Worship's Steward and the Constable are gone with 'em; does your Worship think they did it out o' malice, and not by a mistake? if I had thought they did, I 'd a hang'd 'em presently, that you might ha' seen it done before you dy'd.

*Joll.* Huh, huh, huh! I think that Rogue the Doctor did it, because I beat him t' other day in our drinking! huh, huh, huh!

*Aur.* No, Sir, (O my dear father) no, Sir, you little think who were the Contrivers of your murder, e'en my Cousin *Luc* and her Gallant — Oh Lord — 'tis discover'd by a miraculous providence — they 'r both together in her Chamber now, and there we overheard 'em as it pleas'd — these two Gentlemen heard 'em as well as I —

*Joll.* Can they be such Monsters? Oh! I'm as hot as *Lucifer* — Oh — Oh — what did you hear 'em say? — Oh my stomach!

*Cut.* Why that they had a Plot —

*Aur.* And that the Doctor and 'Pothecary had done it very well.

*Wor.* I and your Niece ask'd if he thought the Poison were strong enough.

*Aur.* There never was such an Impudence!

*Will.* How murder will out! I always thought, fellow *Ralph*, your Mistress *Lucia* was naught with that young smooth-fac'd Varlet; do you remember, *Ralph*, what I told you in the Butteries once?

*Aur.* Here she comes! O Impudence! [*Enter Lucia.*]

*Joll.* Oh! Oh! Oh! — go all aside a little, and let me speak with her alone. Come hither, Niece — Oh! Oh — I you see by what accident 't has pleas'd — huh — huh — huh — to take away your loving Uncle, Niece! huh —

*Luc.* I see 't, Sir, with that grief which your misfortune and mine in the loss of you does require.

*Cut.* There's a Devil for you; but, Captain, (*Joll. and Luc. talk together*;) did you hear her speak o' poison, and whether it were strong enough?

*Wor.* No, but I love to strike home, when I do a business, I'm for through-stich; I'm through pac'd, what a pox should a man stand mincing?

*Luc.* I hope, Sir, and have faith, that you 'l recover! But, Sir, because the danger 's too apparent, And who (alas) knows how Heaven may dispose of you? before it grow too late (after your blessing) I humbly beg one Boon upon my knees.

*Joll.* What is 't (rise up Niece) Oh—I can deny you nothing at this time sure!

*Luc.* It is (I wo' not rise, Sir, till you grant it) That since the love 'twixt *Truman* and my self Has been so fixt, and like our fortunes equal, Ye would be pleas'd to sign before your death, The confirmation of that Love, our Contract, And when your Soul shall meet above, my father's, As soon as he has bid you welcome thither, He 'l thank you for this goodness to his daughter; I do conjure you, Sir, by his memory! By all your hopes of happiness hereafter! In a better world! and all your dearest wishes of happiness for those whom ye love most, and leave behind you here!

*Joll.* You ha' deserv'd so well o' me Niece, that 'tis impossible to deny you any thing; where's a gentle Mr. *Truman*?

*Luc.* In the next room, Sir, waiting on your will As on the Sentence of his life and death too.

*Joll.* Oh—I'm very sick—pray bring him in.

*Luc.* A thousand Angels guard your life, Sir! Or if you die, carry you up to heaven. [Exit.

*Wor.* Was there ever such a young dissembling Witch?

*Cut.* Here's Woman in perfection! The Devil's in their tails and in their tongues! Their posses both ways!

*Joll.* *Will*, *Ralph*, is *Jeremy* there too? be ready when I speak to you.

Enter *Truman*, *Lucia*, (*veil'd*.)

*Trum.* Our prayers are heard, 'tis as we wish'd, dear *Lucia*, Oh this blest hour!

*Joll.* Take him and carry him up to the Green Chamber—Oh my belly—lock him in sure there, till you see what becomes of me; if I do die, he and his Mistress shall have but an ill Match of it at *Tyburn*. Oh my Guts—lock up *Lucas* too in her Chamber.

*Trum.* What do ye mean, Gentlemen? are ye mad?

*Will.* We mean to lock you up safe, Sir, for a great Jewel as you are!

*Luc.* Pray hear me all.

*Joll.* Away with 'em.

Exit all the Servants, with *Truman* and *Lucia* several ways.

*Aur.* How do you, Sir? I hope you may o're-come it, your Nature's strong, Sir.

*Joll.* No, 'tis impossible; and yet I find a little ease, but 'tis but a flash—*Aurelia*—Oh there it wrings me again—fetch me the Cordial-glass in the Cabinet window, and the little Prayer-book; I would fain repent, but it comes so hardly—I am very unfit to die, if it would please Heaven—so, set down the Glass—there—give me—

*Aur.* The Prayer-book, Sir, 's all mouldy, I must wipe it first.

*Joll.* Lay it down too—so—it begins t' assuage a little—there lay down the Book; 'twill but trouble my Brains now I'm a dying.

Enter *Will*.

*Will.* Here's the Widow, Sir, without, and Mrs. *Tabitha* her daughter, they have heard o' your misfortune, and ha' brought Mr. *Knock-down* to comfort you.

*Joll.* How? everlasting *Knock-down*! will they trouble a Man thus when he's a dying? Sirrah! Blockhead! let in *Joseph Knock-down*, and I'll send thee to Heaven afore me; I have but an hour or two to live perhaps, and that 's not enough for him I'm sure to preach in!

*Will.* Shall Mrs. *Barebottle* come in, Sir?

*Joll.* That 's a She *Knock-down* too; well, let her come in—huh! huh! huh! I must bear all things patiently now; but Sirrah, Rogue! take heed o' *Joseph Knock-down*, thou shalt not live with ears if *Joseph Knock-down* enter.

Enter *Widow*, *Tabitha*.

*Wid.* How de' you Neighbour Colonel? how is 't? take comfort.

*Joll.* Cut off in the flower o' my age Widow.

*Wid.* Why, Man's life is but a Flower, Mr. *Jolly*, and the Flower withers, and Man withers, as Mr. *Knock-down* observ'd last Sabbath-day at Evening Exercise; But, Neighbour, you'r past the Flower, you'r grown old as well as I—

*Joll.* I' the very flower; that damn'd Quack-salver—

*Tabith.* Me-thoughts he was the ugliest fellow, Mother, And they say he 's a Papish too, forsooth.

*Wid.* I never liked a Doctor with a Red Nose; my Husband was wont to say—how do you, Mrs. *Aurelia*? comfort your self, we must all die sooner or later; to day here, to morrow gone.

*Joll.* Oh the torture of such a tongue! would I were dead already, and this my Funeral Sermon.

*Wid.* Alas poor man! his tongue I warrant yee is hot as passes; you have a better memory than I, *Tabitha*, tell him what Mr. *Knock-down* said was a Saint's duty in tormenting sicknesses: now Poison 's a great tormentor.

*Joll.* Oh! Oh!—this additional Poison will certainly make an end of me!

*Wid.* Why seek for spiritual Incomes, Mr. Colonel; I'll tell you what my Husband *Barebottle* was wont to observe (and he was a Colonel too) he never sought for Incomes but he had some Blessing followed immediately; once he sought for 'em in *Hartfordshire*, and the next day he took as many Horses and Arms in the Country as serv'd to raise three Troops; another time he sought for 'em in *Bucklersbury*, and three days after a friend of his, that he owed five hundred pounds too, was hang'd for a Malignant, and the Debt forgiven him by the Parliament; a third time he sought for 'em in *Hartfordshire*—

*Tabith.* No, Mother, 'twas in *Worcestershire*, forsooth.

*Wid.* I, Child, it was indeed in *Worcestershire*; and within two months after the Dean of *Worcester's* Estate fell to him.

*Joll.* He sought for 'em once out o' my Estate too, I thank him; Oh my head!

*Wid.* Why truly, Neighbour Colonel, he had that but for his Penny, and would have had but a hard Bargain of it, if he had not by a friend's means of the Council book'd in two thousand pounds of his Arrears.

*Cut.* For shame let's relieve him; Colonel, you said you had a mind to settle some affairs of your Estate with me, and Captain *Worm* here.

*Wid.* I'll leave you then for a while, pray send for me, Neighbor, when you have a mind to't, Heaven strengthen you; come, *Tabitha*.

*Joll.* *Aurelia*, go out with them, and leave us three together for half an hour. [*Exit Wid. Tab. Aur.*]

Stay you, *Will*, and reach me the Cordial; I begin to hope that my extreme violent fit of Vomiting and Purging has wrought out all the Poison, and sav'd my life — my Pain 's almost quite gone, but I'm so sore and faint — give me the Glass.

*Wor.* What d' you mean, Colonel? you will not doat, I hope, now you'r dying? drink I know not what there, made by a Doctor and a 'Pothecary? Drink a cup o' Sack, Man; healing Sack; you'll find your old Antidote best.

*Cut.* H'as reason, Colonel, it agrees best with your nature; 'tis good to recover your strength — as for the danger, that's past, I'm confident, already.

*Joll.* Dost thou think so, honest *Cutter*? fetch him a Bottle o' Sack, *Will*, for that news; I'll drink a little my self, one little Beer-glass.

*Cut.* Poor creature! he would try all ways to live!

*Joll.* Why if I do die, *Cutter*, a Glass o' Sack will do me no hurt I hope; I do not intend to die the Whining way, like a Girl that's afraid to lead Apes in Hell — [*Enter Will, with a Bottle and great Glass.*] So, give it me; a little fuller, — yet — it warms exceedingly — and is very Cordial. — So, — fill to the Gentlemen.

*Wor.* [*Sings.*] Let's drink, let's drink, whilst breath we have;

You'll find but cold, but cold drinking in the Grave.

*Cut.* A Catch it' faith! Roy, go down, Boy, go down, And fill us t'other quart,

That we may drink the Colonel's health.

*Wor.* That we may drink the Colonel's health.

*Both.* Before that we do part.

*Wor.* Why dost thou frown, thou arrant Clown?

Hey boyes — Tope. —

*Joll.* Why this is very cheerly! pray let's ha' the Catch that we made t' other night against the Doctor.

*Wor.* Away with't, *Cutter*; hum —

Come fill us the Glass o' Sack.

*Cut.* What Health do we lack?

*Wor.* Confusion to the Quack.

*Both.* Confound him, Confound him,

Diseases all around him.

*Cut.* And fill again the Sack,

*Wor.* That no man may Lack,

*Cut.* Confusion to the Quack,

*Both.* Confusion to the Quack,

Confound him, Confound him,

Diseases all around him.

*Wor.* He's a kind of Grave-maker,

*Cut.* A Urinal Shaker,

*Wor.* A wretched Great-taker,

*Cut.* A stinking close-Stool raker,

*Wor.* He's a Quack that's worse than a Quackner.

*Both.* He's a Quack, etc.

*Wor.* Hey, Boys — *Giago* —

*Joll.* Give me the Glass, *Will*. I 's venture once more what e're come on't, here's a Health to the Royal Traveller, and so *Finis Coramat*.

*Wor.* Come on Boys, *Vivat*; have at you agrem then. Now a Fox on the Poll, of old Politique *Noll*.

*Both.* Wee'll drink till we bring,

In Triumph back the King.

*Wor.* May he Live till he see,

Old *Noll* upon a Tree.

*Wor.* And many such as he.

*Both.* May he Live till, etc.

*Joll.* I'm very Sick again; *Will*, help me into my Bed; rest you merry, Gentlemen.

*Cut.* Nay, we'll go in with him, Captain, he shall not die this bout.

*Wor.* It's pity but he should, he dos't so bravely; come along then, kias me, *Cutter*; is not this better than quarrelling?

*Both.* May he live till he see, etc.

Hey for Fiddlers now!

[*Exeunt.*]

## Act 3. Scene 1.

*Jolly, Aurelia.*

*Joll.* 'Tis true, *Aurelia*, the Story they all agree in; 'twas nothing but a simple Plot o' the two Lovers to put me in fear o' death, in hope to work then upon my good Nature, or my Conscience, and Quack conspired with them out o' revenge; 'Twas a cursed Rogue though to give me such an unmerciful Dose of Scammony! It might ha' prov'd but an ill jest; but however, I will not be a loser by the business, ere I ha' done with't.

*Aur.* Me-thinks there might be something extracted out of it.

*Joll.* Why so there shall; I'll pretend, *Aurelia*, to be still desperately sick, and that I was really poison'd, no man will blame me after that, for whatsoever I do with my Niece. But that's not all, I will be mightily troubled in Conscience, send for the Widow, and be converted by her; that will win her heart, joynd with the hopes of my swallowing *Lascia's* portion.

*Aur.* For that point I'll assist you, Sir, Assure her that my Cousin *Lascia* is married privately this after-noon to Mr. *Pussy*.

*Joll.* I would she were, *Wench*, (for thine and my sake) her Portion would be forfeited then indeed, and she would ha' no great need of't, for that Fop's very rich.

*Aur.* Well, Sir, I'll bring sufficient proofs of that, to



satisfie the Widow, and that's all you require; be pleas'd to let the secret of the business rest with me yet a while, to morrow you shall know 't. But for my own part, Sir, if I were in your place, I'd rather patiently lose my Estate for ever, than take 't again with her.

*Joll.* Oh! hold your self contented, good frank-hearted *Aurelia*; would I were to marry such a one every week these two years: see how we differ now?

*Aur.* Bless us! what humming and hawing will be i' this house! what preaching, and houlng, and fasting, and eating among the Saints! Their first pious work will be to banish *Fletcher* and *Ben Johnson* out o' the Parlour, and bring in their rooms *Martin Mar-Prelate*, and *Posies of Holy Hony-suckles*, and a *Sawf-box* for a *Wounded Conscience*, and a *Bundle of Grapes from Canaan*. I can't abide 'em; but I'll break my sister *Tabitha's* heart within a month one way or other. But, Sir, suppose the King should come in again, (as I hope he will for all these Villains) and you have your own again o' course, you'd be very proud of a *Soap-boyley's* *Widow* then in *Hide-park*, Sir.

*Joll.* Oh! then the Bishops will come in too, and she'll away to *New-England*; well, this does not do my business; I'll about it, and send for her. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Ralph.*

*Aur.* And I'll about mine; *Ralph*, did you speak to *Mr. Pwyy* to meet me an hour hence at the back-dore in the Garden? he must not know the estate the house is in yet.

*Ralph.* Yes, forsooth, he bad me tell you, he'd no more fail you than the Sun fails *Barnaby-day*. I know not what he means by 't, but he charg'd me to tell you so, and he would bring (forsooth) his Regiment of five hundred. He's a mad-man, I think.

*Aurel.* Well, did you speak to *Mr. Soaker* to stay within too, the little Deacon that uses to drink with *Will* and you?

*Ral.* Yes, forsooth, he's in the Buttery.

*Aur.* Pray Heaven he don't forget my Instructions there! But first I have a little trick for my Lovers to begin withall, they shall ha' twenty more before I ha' done with 'em. *[Exit.]*

## Scene 2.

*Enter Truman junior.*

*Truman.* The Veil of this mistake will soon be cast away, I would I could remove *Lucia's* as easily, and see her face again, as fair, as shortly our Innocence will appear.

But if my angry father come to know our late Intelligence in this unlucky business, though we ha' fulfill'd the Letter of his Will, that which can satisfie a Lover's Conscience, will hardly do so to an old man's Passion; Ye Heavenly Powers, or take away my life, or give me quickly that for which I onely am content to keep it.

## Scene 3.

*Enter Aurelia, (vei'd.)*

Ha! I did but speak just now of Heavenly powers, And my blest Angel enters, sure they have Heard me, and promise what I prayed for. My dear *Lucia*, I thought you'd been a kind of prisoner too.

*She gives him a Paper and embraces him.*

She's kinder too than she was wont to be; My prayers are heard and granted, I'm confirm'd in 't.

*[Reads.]*

By my Maid's means I have gotten Keys both of my own Chamber and yours; we may escape if you please; but that I fear would ruine you; We lie both now in the same house, a good fortune that is not like to continue; since I have the engagement of your faith, I account my self your Wife already, and shall put my honor into your hands; about Midnight I shall steal to you; If I were to speak this I should blush, but I know whom I trust.

Yours, *Lucia*.

*Truman.* Thou dost not know me, *Lucia*, *[aside.]* And hast forgot thy self: I am amas'd.

Stay, here's a Postscript.

(Burn this Paper as soon as you have read it.)

Burn it? yes, would I had don't before,

*[Burns it at the Candle.]*

May all remembrance of thee perish with thee,

Unhappy paper!

Thy very ashes sure will not be innocent,

But flie about and hurt some chaste man's eyes,

As they do mine. *[weeps.]*

Oh, *Lucia*, this I thought of all misfortunes

Would never have befalln me, to see thee

Forget the ways of Virtue and of Honor.

I little thought to see upon our love,

That flourish'd with so sweet and fresh a Beauty,

The slimy traces of that Serpent, Lust.

What Devil has poison'd her? I know not what to say to her.

Go, *Lucia*, retire, prethee, to thy Chamber,

And call thy wandring Virtue home again;

It is not yet far gone, but call it quickly,

'Tis in a dangerous way; I will forget thy error,

And spend this night in prayers that Heav'n may do so.

*Exit Aur.*

Would she have had me been mine own Adulterer?

Before my Marriage?— Oh lust— Oh frailty—

Where in all human nature shall we miss

The ulcerous fermentations of thy heat,

When thus (alas) we find thee breaking out

Upon the comli't Visage of perfection? *[Exit.]*

## Scene 4.

*Aurelia.*

*Aur.* Pray Heaven, I ha'nt made my foolish Wit stay for me; if he talk with others of the house before me,

I'm undone. Stay, have I my Paper ready? [*Pulls out a Paper.*] Oh! that's well! my Hand I'm sure's as like hers as the Left is to the Right; we were taught by the same Master, pure Italian, there's her A's and her G's I'll swear— Oh! are you come? that's well.

### Scene 5.

*Enter Punny.*

'Tis almost four o'clock and that's the precious hour.

*Pun.* My little *Heliogabalus*, here I am, *Præsto!*

*Ans.* You'r always calling me names, Mr. *Punny*, that's unkindly done to one that's labouring for you, as I am.

*Pun.* I ha' made more haste hither than a Parson does to a Living o' three hundred and fifty pounds a year.

*Ans.* *Punny*, you'r not a man o' business I see, that's not the style o' business; Well, I ha' done, I think, the work for you, 'tis as odd a Plot as ever you heard.

*Pun.* I like it better, I love odd things.

*Ans.* Why thus then, you know Mr. *Truman* took an Oath to his father never to see my Cousin more without his leave.

*Pun.* Plish, do I know that a Lawyer loves to take money in *Michaelmas* Term?

*Ans.* A pies upon you: well, my father has made *Lucy* swear too, never to see *Truman* without his consent.

*Pun.* Good, there will be a good Bo-peep love.

*Ans.* For all this, they'r resolv'd to marry this afternoon, (nay don't interrupt me with your Fopperies, or I'll be gon) and to save their Oathes (like cunning Casuists, as all Lovers are) they'll be married in a dark room (do you mark me?), the Minister, Mr. *Soaker*, is to marry them without Book; and because they'r bound not to speak to one another (for that I forgot to tell you) they'r to signify their consent, when he asks 'em, Will you such a one— by reverences, and giving their hands; you never heard of such a humor, but their both mad—

*Pun.* Ha! ha! ha! Rare, as Fantastical as a Whirligig— but how come you to know all this, my little pretty Witch of *Lancashire*?

*Ans.* Why that I'me coming to; her Maid you must know is my Pensioner, and betrays all Counsels; And to confirm all this to you, here's her last Letter to *Truman* about the business, which my Intelligencer ha's Deliver'd to me instead of him; you know her hand, Read it all over to your self.

*Pun.* He swear by her Foot, this is her Hand,— hum— [*Reads.*] my Uncle's sick, and no Body will be at this side o' the House,—the matted Chamber— hum— In at the Back door which shall be left only put to— (ha, ha, ha!) Mr. *Soaker* with you— just at four— you must not stay long with me— (ha, ha, ha!) when 'tis done and past recovery they'll release us of our Oathes— hum— I shall not fail— yours L. (ha, ha, ha.)

*Ans.* Now he knows nothing o' the time, for that he should ha' known by this Letter; and you conceive my design, I hope? you'r not a Wit for nothing.

*Pun.* My dear *Pythagoras*, that I should go in and Marry her instead of him?

*Ans.* Right! thou'st a shrewd reach.

*Pun.* But where's old *Soaker* all this while?

*Ans.* Why, I ha' told all this to him, only naming you in all things instead of *Truman*; and that 'twas my Contrivance all for my Cosen's and your Salice; he's within at a Call, He send for him; whose there? *Mary*? call hither Mr. *Soaker*; I ha' given him five Pounds, and for so much more he'll Marry you to another to morrow, if you will.

*Pun.* I adore thee Queen *Solomon*; I had rather be Marri'd by such a Plot as this, than be Nephew to *Prester John*— He mak't a thousand Spankers.

*Enter Mr. Soaker.*

*Ans.* Oh come 'tis time Mr. *Soaker*; as soon as you ha' done leave the Marri'd couple together; He lock this Door upon you, go out at the to'ther, where shee'll come in to you.

*Pun.* 'Tis as dark as the Devil's conscience; but the best is, the Parson ha's a good *Fieri Facies*, like a Holiday, that will give some Light.

*Ans.* No! there's light enough to keep you from Stumbling within. Oh! I forgot to tell you, break a piece of Gold, and give her half, for a proof of the— do you understand me?

*Pun.* 'Tis well thought on; but *Domine Docturibus*, can you say the Service without Book are you sure?

*Soaker.* I warrant you Sir; can you Lye with her without Book afterwards?

*Pun.* Hee's a Wit too by *Juno*; all are Wits that have a finger in this Venison pasty.

*Ans.* Shee'll come immediately, go in; do not stay above half an hour; Mr. *Punny*, my Cosen will be mist else, and all spoil'd.

*Pun.* He warrant you, let's in; dear Learning lead the way.

[*They go in and Aurelia locks the Door o' the out-side.*

*Ans.* So, all's sure this way; He be with you straight.

[*Exit.*

### Scene 6.

*Enter Jolly, Cutter.*

*Joll.* So, now the Widdow's gone, I may breathe a little; I believe really that true Devotion is a great Pleasure, but 'tis a damna'd constraint and drudgery methinks, this Dissimulation of it. I wonder how the new Saints can endure it, to be always at the work, Day and Night Acting; But great Gain makes every thing seem easie; And they have, I suppose, good Lusty Recreations in private. She's gone, the Little Holy thing, as proud as *Lucifer*, with the Imagination of having been the Chosen Instrument of my Conversion from *Popery*, *Prelacy*, and *Cavalierism*; she's gone to bragg of't to *Joseph Knock-down*, and bring him to Confirm me. But

*Cutter*, thine was the best Humor that ever was begot in a Rogue's Noddle, to be Converted in an instant, the Inspiration way, by my example ! It may hap to get thee *Tabitha*.

*Cut.* Nay, and I hit just pat upon her way, for though the Mother be a kind of *Brownist*, (I know not what the Devil she is indeed) yet *Tabitha* is o' the Fifth Monarchy Faith, and was wont to go every Sunday a-foot over the Bridge to hear Mr. *Feak*, when he was Prisoner in *Lambeth* house ; she has had a Vision too her self of Horns, and strange things.

*Joll.* Pish ! *Cutter*, for the way that 's not material, so there be but enough of Nonsense and Hypocrisie ; But *Cutter*, you must reform your Habit too, a little ; Off with that Sword and Buff and greasie Plume o' Ribbons in your Hat. They'l be back here presently, do't quickly.

*Cut.* He be chang'd in an instant, like a Scene, and then He fetch 'em to you. (Exit.)

## Scene 7.

Enter Truman Senior.

*Sen. Trum.* I, there goes one of his Swaggerers ; I could ha' Swagger'd with him once—Oh ! Colonel, you'r finely Poison'd, are you not ? would I had the Poisoning o' you—where's my Son *Dick* ? what ha' you done with him ?

*Joll.* Mr. Truman—

*Trum.* True me no more than I true you—come—Colonel you'r but a Swaggering—He ha' the Law to Swagger with you, that I will.

*Joll.* First leave your Raging ; though you should rage like *Tamerlain* at the Bull, 'twould do no good here.

*Trum.* Do you call me names too ? He have an Action o' *Scandalum*. Well Colonel, since you provoke me, the *Protector* shall know what you are, and what you would have had me done for the King in the time of the last rising.

*Joll.* Mr. Truman, I took you for a Person of Honour ; and a Friend to his Majesty ; I little thought to hear you speak of betraying a Gentleman to the *Protector*.

*Trum. s.* Betraying ? no Sir, I scorn it as much as you, but He let him know what you are, and so forth, an' you keep my Son from me.

*Joll.* Mr. Truman, if you'l but hear me patiently, I shall propose a thing that will, I hope, be good and acceptable both to your Son and you.

*Trum.* Say you so Sir ? well ; but I won't be called *Tamerlain*.

*Joll.* My Niece, not only by her wicked design to Poison me, but by Marrying her self, without my consent this day to *Puny*, has (as you know very well, for you were a witness Sir to my Brother's will) lost all the right she had to a plentiful Portion. *Aurelia* shall have that and my Estate, (which now within few days I shall recover) after my Death ; she's not I think Unhandsome, and all that know her will confess she

wants no Wit ; with these Qualities, and this Fortune, if your Son like her, (for though h 'as injur'd me, Sir, I forget that, and attribute it only to the Enchantments of my Niece) I do so well approve both of his Birth and parts, and of that Fortune, which you I think will please to make him, that I should be extremely glad of the Alliance.

*Trum. s.* Good Colonel, you were always a kind Neighbour and loving Friend to our Family, and so were we to you, and had respects for you ; you know I would have had *Dick* marry your Niece, till you declar'd he should ha' no Portion with her.

*Joll.* For that I had a particular reason, Sir ; your Son's above in my House ; shall I call him, Sir, that we may know his mind ? I would not have him forc'd.

*Trum. s.* Pray send for him good Colonel ; forc'd ? no, He make him do't, He warrant you. Boys must not be their own choosers, Colonel, they must not 'ifaith, they have their Sympathies and Fiddle-come-faddles in their Brain, and know not what they would ha' themselves.

## Scene 8.

Enter Lucia.

*Joll.* Why how now *Lucia* ? how come you from your Chamber ?

*Luc.* I hope you did not mean me a Prisoner, Sir, since now you'r satisfy'd sufficiently that you'r not Poison'd ?

*Joll.* I am not Dead, that's true. But I may thank Heaven, and a strong Constitution for't ; you did your weak endeavours ; however, for the honour of our Family, and for your Father's sake, He speak no more o' that, but I could wish, for the security of my Life hereafter, that you would go home to your Husband, for they say you'r marri'd Niece this day without my knowledge—Nay,—I'm content,—go home to him when you please, you shall ha' your thousand Pounds.

*Trum. s.* Heark you, Colonel, she should not have a groat of 'em, not a groat ; she can't recover't by Law ; I know the Will.

*Luc.* I marry'd Sir ? 'tis the first news I've heard of't.

## Scene 9.

Enter Trum. Jun.

[*Lucia goes to put on her Veil.*]

*Joll.* Nay, leave your pretty Jesuitical Love-tricks to salve an Oath ; Mr. Truman, you may let your Son see her now.

*Trum. s.* I *Dick* you may see her as much as you please ; she's marri'd.

*Trum. j.* Marri'd ?

*Trum. s.* I marri'd, so I say, Marri'd this after-noon to Mr. *Puny*.

*Luc.* What do they mean ?

*Trum. s.* And *Dick* I ha' got a Wife too for you, you shall ha' pretty Mrs. *Aurelia*.

*Trum. j.* *Lucia* marri'd ?

*Trum. s.* Her Father and I are agreed of all things; Hark you *Dick*, she has a brave Fortune now.

*Trum. j.* Marri'd to *Puny*?

*Trum. s.* You shall have her presently.

*Trum. j.* This after-noon?

*Trum. s.* Come *Dick*; there's a Wife for you *Dick*.

*Trum. j.* I won't marry, Sir.

*Trum. s.* What do you say Sir?

*Trum. j.* I wo' not marry Sir.

*Trum. s.* Get you out o' my sight you Rebel.

*Joll.* Nay, good Mr. *Truman*.

*Trum. s.* He ne're acknowledge him for my Son again; I tell you Colonel, he's always thus with his wo' nots and his Cannots.

### Scene 10.

*Enter Puny.*

*Pun.* We ha' made short work ou' t'; t' was a brave quick Parsonides; The little Skittish Philly got away from me I know not how, like an Eele out of a Basket.

*Joll.* Give him a little time Mr. *Truman*, he's troubl'd yet at my Niece's marriage, t' will over quickly.

*Tru. s.* Give my Son time, Mr. *Jolly*? marry come up—

### Scene 11.

*Enter Aurelia, (after Puny.)*

*Aur.* What ha' you done already? you'r a sweet Husband indeed.

*Pun.* Oh! my little Pimp of honour! here, here's the five hundred Marigolds; hold thy hand *Dido*—yonder's my Wife, by Satan; how a Devil did that little *Mephistophilus* get hither before me?

*Aur.* To her *Puny*; never conceal the mystery any longer, 'tis too good a Jest to be kept close.

*Trum. s.* For your sake I will then, Colonel; Come prethee, *Dick*, be cheerfull.—

*Trum. j.* I beseech you,—Sir—

*Trum. s.* Look you there Colonel, now he should do what I would have him, now he's a beseeching—'tis the proudest stubborn'st Coxcomb—

*Pun.* And now my noble Uncle—[to *Jolly*], nay, never be angry at a Marriage i' the way of wit.—My fair Egyptian Queen, come to thine *Antony*.

*Luc.* What would this rude fellow have?

*Trum. j.* I am drown'd in wonder!

*Pun.* 'Twas I, my dear *Philoclea*, that marri'd thee e'en now in the dark room, like an amorous Cat; you may remember the Damask Bed by a better Token of Two than a bow'd *Philip* and *Mary*.

*Luc.* I call Heaven to witness, Which will protect and justify the Innocent; I understand not the least word he utters, But as I took him always for a Fool, I now do for a Mad-man.

*Aur.* She's angry yet to have mistook her Man, [to *Jolly*]. 'Tis true, Sir, all that Mr. *Puny* says, I mean for the Marriage, for the rest, she's best able to answer for her self.

*Luc.* True, Cousin, then I see 'tis some conspiracy t' ensnare my Honor and my Innocence.

*Aur.* The Parson, Mr. *Soaker*, that married 'em is still within.

*Will.* He's i' th' Buttery, shall I call him, Sir?

*Joll.* I, quickly.

*Trum. j.* 'Tis the sight of me, no doubt, confounds her with a shame to confess any thing; It seems that sudden fit of raging lust, that brought her to my Chamber, could not rest till it was satisf'd; it seems I know not what.

*Enter Mr. Soaker.*

*Joll.* Mr. *Soaker*, did you marry my Niece this afternoon to Mr. *Puny* in the Matted Chamber?

*Soak.* Yes, Sir; I hope your Worship won't be angry, Marriage, your Worship knows, is honorable.

*Luc.* Hast thou no conscience neither?

### Scene 12.

*Enter Widow, Tabitha, Cutter in a Puritanical habit.*

*Joll.* Niece, go in a little, I'll come t' you presently and examine this matter further; Mr. *Puny*, lead in your wife for shame.

*Luc.* Villain, come not near me, I'll sooner touch a Scorpion or a Viper. [Exit.]

*Pun.* She's as humorous as a Bel-ropo; she need not be so choleric, I'm sure I behav'd my self like *Properia qua maribus*.

*Aur.* Come in with me, Mr. *Puny*, I'll teach you how you shall handle her. [Exit *Aur.* *Pun.*]

*Joll.* Mr. *Truman*, pray take your son home, and see how you can work upon him there; speak fairly to him.

*Trum. s.* Speak fairly to my son? I'll see him buried first.

*Joll.* I mean persuade him.—

*Trum. s.* Oh! that's another matter; I will persuade him, Colonel, but if ever I speak fair to him till he mends his manners.—Come along with me, Jack-sawce, come home. [Exit *Trum. s.* *Trum. j.*]

*Trum. j.* I Sir, any whither.

*Wid.* What's the matter, brother Colonel, are there any broils here?

*Joll.* Why, Sister, my Niece has married without my consent, and so it pleases, it e'en pleases Heaven to bestow her Estate upon me.

*Wid.* Why, brother, there's a Blessing now already; If you had been a wicked Cavalier still she'd ha' done her duty, I warrant you, and defrauded you of the whole Estate; my brother *Cutter* here is grown the Heavenliest man o' the sudden, 'tis his work.

*Cut.* Sister *Barbottle*, I must not be called *Cutter* any more, that is a name of Cavalero darkness; the Devil was a *Cutter* from the beginning; my name is now *Abednego*, I had a Vision which whisper'd to me through a Key-hole, Go call thy self *Abednego*.

*Tab.* The wonderful Vocation of some Vessels!

*Cut.* It is a name that signifies Fiery Furnaces, and

Tribulation, and Martyrdom, I know I am to suffer for the Truth.

*Tab.* Not as to death, Brother, if it be his will.

*Cut.* As to death, Sister, but I shall gloriously return.

*Joll.* What, Brother, after death? that were miraculous.

*Cut.* Why the wonder of it is, that it is to be miraculous.

*Joll.* But Miracles are ceas'd, Brother, in this wicked Age of Cavalierism.

*Cut.* They are not ceas'd, Brother, nor shall they cease till the Monarchy be establish'd.

I say again I am to return, and to return upon a Purple Dromadary, which signifies Magistracy, with an Ax in my hand that is called Reformation, and I am to strike with that Ax upon the Gate of *Westminster-hall*, and cry, down *Babylon*, and the Building called *Westminster-hall* is to run away and cast it self into the River, and then Major General *Harrison* is to come in Green sleeves from the North upon a Sky-colour'd Mule, which signifies heavenly Instruction.

*Tab.* Oh the Father! he's as full of Mysteries as an Egg is full of meat.

*Cut.* And he is to have a Trumpet in his mouth as big as a Steeple, and at the sounding of that Trumpet all the Churches in *London* are to fall down.

*Wid.* O strange, what times shall we see here in poor *England*!

*Cut.* And then *Venner* shall march up to us from the West in the figure of a Wave of the Sea, holding in his hand a Ship that shall be call'd the Ark of the Reform'd.

*Joll.* But when must this be, Brother *Abednego*?

*Cut.* Why all these things are to be when the Cat of the North has o're-come the Lion of the South, and when the Mouse of the West has slain the Elephant of the East. I do hear a silent Voice within me, that bids me rise up presently and declare these things to the Congregation of the Lovely in *Coleman-street*. *Tabitha, Tabitha, Tabitha*, I call thee thrice, come along with me, *Tabitha*. [Exit.]

*Tab.* There was something of this, as I remember, in my last Vision of Horns the other day. Holy man! I follow thee; farewell, forsooth, Mother, till anon.

*Joll.* Come, let's go in too, Sister. [Exeunt.]

## Act 4. Scene 1.

*Truman Junior.*

What shall I think hence-forth of Woman-kind?  
When I know *Lucia* was the best of it,  
And see her what she is? What are they made of?  
Their Love, their Faith, their Souls enslav'd to passion!  
Nothing at their Command beside their Tears,  
And we, vain men, whom such Heat-drops deceive!  
Hereafter I will set my self at Liberty,  
And if I sigh or grieve, it shall not be  
For Love of One, but Pity of all the Sex.

## Scene 2.

*Enter Lucia.*

Ha! she will not let me see her sure;  
If ever, *Lucia*, a Veil befitted thee,  
'Tis now, that thou maist hide thy guilty blushes.

*Luc.* If all their malice yet  
Have not prevail'd on *Truman's* Constancy,  
They'll miss their wicked end, and I shall live still.  
I'll go and speak to him.

*Trum.* Forbear, *Lucia*, for I have made a second  
Oath, which I shall keep, I hope, with lesser trouble,  
never to see thy face more.

*Luc.* You were wont, Sir,  
To say, you could not live without the sight of't.

*Trum.* I; 'twas a good one then.

*Luc.* Has one day spoil'd it?

*Trum.* O yes, more than a hundred years of time,  
made as much more by sorrow, and by sickness, could  
e'er have done.

*Luc.* Pray hear me, *Truman*:  
For never innocent Maid was wrong'd as I am;  
Believe what I shall say to you, and confirm  
By all the holiest Vows that can bind Souls.

*Trum.* I have believ'd those Female tricks too long;  
I know thou canst speak winningly, but thy Words  
Are not what Nature meant them, thy Mind's Picture;  
I'll believe now what represents it better,  
Thine own Hand, and the proof of mine own Eyes.

*Luc.* I know not what you mean; believe my Tears.

*Trum.* They'r idle empty Bubbles.  
Rais'd by the Agitation of thy Passions,  
And hollow as thy heart; there is no weight in 'em.  
Go thou once, *Lucia*; Farewel,  
Thou that wer't dearer to me once, than all  
The outward things of all the World beside,  
Or my own Soul within me, farewell for ever;  
Go to thine Husband, and love him better than  
Thou didst thy Lover.

I ne're will see thee more, nor shall, I fear,  
Ere see my self again.

*Luc.* [kneels.] Hear me but once.

*Trum.* No, 'tis enough; Heaven bear thee when thou  
kneel'st to it. [Exit.]

*Luc.* Will he? he's gone; now all the world has left  
me, [rises.]

And I am desolately miserable;  
'Tis done unkindly, most unkindly, *Truman*.  
Had a blest Angel come to me and said  
That thou wert false, I should have sworn it if'd,  
And thought that rather fain than thee.  
Go, dear, false man, go seek out a new Mistris;  
But when you ha' talk'd, and lov'd, and vow'd, and sworn  
A little while, take heed of using her  
As you do me; no, may your love to her  
Be such as mine to you, which all thy injuries  
Shall never change, nor death it self abolish.  
May she be worthier of your bed than I,

And when the happy course of many years  
 Shall make you appear old to all but her,  
 May you in the fair Glass of your fresh Issue  
 See your own youth again ; but I would have 'em  
 True in their Loves, and kill no innocent Maids ;  
 For me it is no matter ; when I'm dead,  
 My busie soul shall flutter still about him.  
 'Twill not be else in Heaven ; it shall watch  
 Over his sleeps, and drive away all dreams  
 That come not with a soft and downy wing ;  
 If any dangers threaten, it shall beckon  
 And call his sprit away, till they be past,  
 And be more diligent than his Guardian Angel ;  
 And when just Heaven, as I'm assur'd it will,  
 Shall clear my Honor and my Innocence,  
 He'll sigh, I know, and pity my misfortunes,  
 And blame himself, and curse my false Accusers,  
 And weep upon my Grave  
 For my wrong'd Virtue, and mistaken Truth,  
 And unjust Death ; I ask no more. [Exit.]

## Scene 3.

Enter Truman Junior.

'Twas barbarously done to leave her so ;  
 Kneeling and weeping to me ; 'twas inhuman ;  
 I'll back and take my leave more civilly,  
 So as befits one who was once her Worshipper.

[Goes over the Stage, and comes back.]

She's gone ; why let her go ; I feel her still ;  
 I feel the root of her, labouring within  
 To sprout afresh, but I will pluck it up,  
 Or tear my heart with 't.

## Scene 4.

Enter Jolly, Truman Senior.

Joll. He's there, Sir, pray let him now resolve you  
 positively what he means to do.

Trum. s. What he means to do, Colonel ? that were  
 fine

'Faith ; if he be my son he shall mean nothing ;  
 Boys must not have their meanings, Colonel :  
 Let him mean what I mean with a Wennion.

Trum. j. I shall be preat, I see, by 'em, upon the  
 hateful Subject of a Marriage ;  
 And to fill up the measure of Affliction,  
 Now I have lost that which I lov'd, compell'd  
 To take that which I hate.

Trum. s. I will not be troubled, Colonel, with his  
 meanings, if he do not marry her this very evening (for  
 I'll ha' none of his Flim-flams and his May-be's) I'll  
 send for my son Tom from St. John's College (he's a  
 pretty Scholar I can tell you, Colonel, I have heard him  
 syllogize it with Mr. Soaker in Mood and Figure) and  
 settle my Estate upon him with her ; if he have his  
 Meanings too, and his Sympathies, I'll disinherit 'em  
 both, and marry the Maid my self, if she can like me ;  
 I have one Tooth yet left, Colonel, and that's a Colt's  
 one.

Trum. j. Did I submit to lose the sight of *Lucia*  
 Onely to save my unfortunate Inheritance ;  
 And can there be impos'd a harder Article  
 For me to boggle at ?  
 Would I had been born some wretched Peasant's son,  
 And never known what Love or Riches were.  
 Ha—I'll marry her—why should I not ? if I  
 Must marry somebody,  
 And hold my Estate by such a slavish Tenure,  
 Why not her as well as any else ?  
 All Women are alike I see by *Lucia*,  
 'Tis but resolving to be miserable,  
 And that is resolv'd for me by my Destiny.

Joll. Well, try him pray, but do it kindly, Sir,  
 And artificially.

Trum. s. I warrant you ; *Dick*, I'll ha' you marry  
 Mrs. *Aurelia* to night.

Trum. j. To night ? the warning's short, Sir, and it  
 may be—

Trum. s. Why look you, Colonel, he's at 's old lock,  
 he's at 's May-bees again.

Trum. j. I know not, Sir—

Trum. s. I, and his Know-nots, you shall have him  
 at his Wo'nots presently ; Sirra—I will have you  
 know, Sir—

Joll. Nay, good Mr. *Truman*—you know not yet  
 what answer he intends to make you.

Trum. j. Be pleas'd, Sir, to consider—

Trum. s. Look you, Sir, I must consider now, he  
 upbraids his father with the want of consideration, like  
 a Varlet as he is.

Trum. j. What shall I do ? why should not I do  
 any thing,

Since all things are indifferent ?

Joll. I beseech you, Mr. *Truman*, have but a little  
 patience—

Your father, Sir, desires to know—

Trum. s. I do not desire him, Colonel, nor never will  
 desire him, I command him upon the duty of a Child—

Joll. Whether you can dispose your self to love and  
 marry my daughter *Aurelia*, and if you can, for several  
 reasons we desire it may be presently consummated.

Trum. j. Out with it, stubborn Tongue ;

I shall obey my father, Sir, in all things.

Trum. s. Ha ! what dee' you say, Sir ?

Joll. This old testy Fool is angry, I think, to have no  
 more occasion given him of being so.

Trum. j. I shall obey you, Sir.

Joll. You speak, Sir, like a vertuous Gentleman ; the  
 same obedience and resignation, to a father's will, I  
 found in my *Aurelia*, and where two such persons meet,  
 the issue cannot chuse but be successful.

Trum. s. Ah *Dick*, my son *Dick*, he was always the  
 best natur'd Boy—he was like his father in that—he  
 makes me weep with tenderness, like an old fool as I  
 am—Thou shalt have all my Estate, *Dick*, I'll put my  
 self to a pension rather than thou shalt want—go  
 spruse up thy self a little presently, thou art not merry  
 'faith, *Dick*, prethee be merry *Dick*, and fetch fine Mrs.

*Aurelia* presently to the little Church behind the Colonel's Garden : *Mr. Soaker* shall be there immediately and wait for you at the Porch (we'll have it instantly, Colonel, done, lest the young fool should relapse) come, dear *Dick*, let's go cheerily on with the business.

*Tram. j.* What have I said? what am I doing? the best is, it is no matter what I say or do.

*Joll.* I'll see *Aurelia* shall be ready, and all things on my part within this half hour.

*Tram. s.* Good, honest, noble Colonel, let me shake you by the hand. Come, dear *Dick*, we lose time.

[*Exeunt.*]

### Scene 5.

*Enter* Cutter, *Tabitha*, a *Boy*.

*Cut.* And the Vision told me, sister *Tabitha*, that this same day, the first of the seventh month, in the year of Grace 1658, and of Revelation, and Confusion of Carnal Monarchies the tenth, that we two, who are both holy Vessels, should by an holy Man be joynd together in the holy Bond of sanctifi'd Matrimony.

*Tab.* I brother *Abednego*, but our friends' consents—

*Cut.* Heaven is our friend, and, Sister, Heaven puts this into our thoughts; it is, no doubt, for propagation of the great Mystery; there shall arise from our two bodies, a great Confounder of *Gogmagog*, who shall be called the Pestle of Antichrist, and his children shall inherit the Grapes of *Canaan*.

*Tab.* My mother will be angry, I'm afraid.

*Cut.* Your Mother will rejoice, the Vision says so, sister, the Vision says your Mother will rejoice; how will it rejoice her righteous heart to see you, *Tabitha*, riding behind me upon the Purple Dromedary? I would not for the world that you should do it, but that we are commanded from above; for to do things without the aforesaid Command is like unto the building of a Fire without the Bottom-cake.

*Tab.* I, I, that it is, he knows.

*Cut.* Now to confirm to you the truth of this Vision, there is to meet us at a zealous Shoemaker's habitation hard by here, by the command of a Vision too, our Brother *Zephaniah Fats*, an Opener of Revelations to the Worthy in *Mary White-chapel*, and he is the chosen Vessel to joyn our hands.

*Tab.* I would my Mother knew't; but if that holy man come too by a Vision, I shall have grace, I hope, not to resist.

*Cut.* Sister, let me speak one word of Instruction to yonder Babe.

*Tab.* Oh how my bowels yern!

*Cut.* Sirra, is my little Doctor already staying for me at *Tom Underleather*'s my Shoemaker's house?

*Boy.* Yea, Sir, but he's in so strange a Habit, that *Mr. Underleather's Boy French* and I were ready to die with laughing at him.

*Cut.* Oh so much the better; go you little piece of a Rogue and get every thing ready against I come back.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Sister, that Babe you saw me speaking to is predestinated to Spiritual Mightiness, and is to be restorer of the Mystical Tribe of *Gad*—

*Tab.* Oh the Wonderous—but, Brother *Abednego*, will you not pronounce this Evening tide before the Congregation of the Spotless in *Coleman-street*?

*Cut.* The will of the latter Vision is to be fulfilled first, as a Preparatory Vision; let us not make the Messenger of Mystery, who is sent by a Vision so far as from *Mary Whitechapel* for our sakes, to stay too long from his lawful Vocation of Basket-making. Come, Sister *Tabitha*.

*Tab.* Hei, ho! but I will not resist. [*Exeunt.*]

### Scene 6.

*Enter* Jolly, *Puny*, *Worm*.

*Joll.* *Mr. Puny*, since you threaten me, I tell you plainly I think my Niece has undone her self by marrying thee, for though thou hast a fair Estate at present, I'm hainously mistaken if thou beest not cheated of it all within these three years by such Rabbit-suckers as these, that keep thee company, and like lying sons o' the Devil as they are, cry thee up for a Wit, when there's nothing so unlike, no not any of thy own Similitudes, thy odious Comparisons.

*Pun.* The Colonel's raging mad, like a Baker in the Subburbs, when his Oven's over-heated.

*Wor.* Good, very good i'faith.

*Joll.* I, that was one of 'em; as for her Portion, I thought to ha' given her a thousand pounds, but—

*Pun.* O magnanimous Colonel! what a portion for a Toothpick-maker's daughter!

*Wor.* Good, shoot him thick with similies like Hail-shot.

*Joll.* But now thou shalt not have a groat with her.

*Pun.* What not a poor old *Harry-Groat* that looks as thin as a Poet's Cloak? But however, my noble Mountain hearted Uncle, I ha' made her Maiden-head a Crack'd Groat already, and if I ha' nothing more from her, she shall ha' nothing more from me; no, she shall foot *Stokins* in a Stall for me, or make Children's Caps in a Garret fifteen stories high.

*Joll.* For that matter (for though thou speak'st no sense I guess thy brutish meaning) the Law will allow her honorable Alimony out o' your Foolship's Fortune.

*Pun.* And the Law will allow me her Portion too, good Colonel Uncle, you'r not too big to be brought into *Westminster-hall*; nay, Captain, his Niece uses me worse too, she will not let me touch the Nail of her little finger, and rails at me like a Flounder-mouth'd Fish-woman with a face like *Billingsgate*.

*Joll.* What flesh can support such an affected *Widgen*, who ha's not a design to cheat him of something as that *Vermin* ha's? well, I shall be able to Live now I hope as befits a Gentleman, and therefore I'll endure the company of *Fopps* and *Knaves* no longer.

*Wor.* Come Colonel, let's go in, and dispute the difference conscientiously over a Bottle o' Sack.

*Joll.* I keep no Tavern, *Worm*; or if I did, thy whole Estate would hardly reach to a Gill.

*Wor.* Colonel, thou art grown Unkind, and art Drunk this afternoon without me.

*Joll.* Without thee, Buffoon? why I tell thee, thou shalt never shew that Odd, Pimping, Cheating face o' thine within my Doors agen, I'll turn away any man o' mine that shall disparage himself to drink with such a fellow as thou art.

*Wor.* As I? why what am I? pray? Mighty Colonel!

*Joll.* Thou art or hast been every thing that's ill, there is no Scandalous way of Living, no Vocation of the Devil, that thou hast not set up in at one time or other; Fortune ha's Whip'd thee about through all her streets; Thou'rt one that Lives like a Raven, by Providence and Rapin; now thou'rt feeding upon that raw young fellow, and doest Devour and Kaw him; thou'rt one that if thou should'st by chance go to Bed sober, would'st write it down in thy Almanack, for an Unlucky day; sleep is not the Image of Death to thee, unless thou bee'st Dead drunk; Thou art—I know not what—thou'rt any thing, and shall be to me hereafter nothing.

*Pun.* This Colonel passes Vinegar to day.

*Wor.* This is uncivil Language Colonel to an old Camerade, and one of your own party.

*Joll.* My Comrade? o' my party thou? or any but the party of the Pick-purses!

*Pun.* This bouncing Bear of a Colonel will break the back o' my little Whelp of a Captain, unless I take him off; come away Captain, I'll firik his back with two Bum-baylies, till he spew up every Stiver of her Portion.

*Joll.* Fare-ye-well, Gentlemen, come not near these Doors if you love your own Leather, I'll ha' my Scallions batter you with Bones and Turneps, and the Maids drown you with Piss-pots, if you do but approach the Windows; these are sawcy Knaves indeed, to come to me for Pounds and Portions. *(Exit.)*

*Wor.* Poverty, the Pox, an ill Wife, and the Devil go with thee, Colonel.

*Pun.* I ver'd him to the Gills, *Worm*, when I put that bitter Bob o' the Baker upon him.

*Wor.* I? I'st e'n so? not come to your House? by *Jove* I'll turn him out of it himself by a trick that I have.

*Pun.* Pish! thou talk'st as Ravingly as a Costermonger in a Feather.

*Wor.* I'll do't by *Jove*.

*Pun.* How, pretbee, Captain? what does thy Pericranium mean?

*Wor.* Why here I ha't, by *Jove*; I'm ravish'd with the fancy of it; let me see—let me see—his Brother went seven years ago to *Guisny*.—

*Pun.* I, but the Merchants say he's Dead long since, and gon to the Blackmores below.

*Wor.* The more Knaves they; he Lives, and I'm the man.

*Pun.* Ha! ha! ha! thou talk'st like a Sowc'd Hoggs-face.

*Wor.* I knew him very well, and am pretty like him, liker than any of your Similitudes, *Puny*; by long Con-

versation with him, and the Colonel, I know all passages betwixt 'em; and what his Humor and his Estate was, much better than he himself, when he was Alive; he was a Stranger thing than any Monster in *Afrigue* where he Traded.

*Pun.* How! pretbee Captain? I love these Odd fantastical things as an Alderman loves Lobsters.

*Wor.* Why, you must know, he had quite lost his memory, totally, and yet thought himself an able man for business, and that he did himself all that was done by his man *John*, who went always along with him; like a Dog with a Blind man.

*Pun.* Ha! ha! ha! Sublimely fantastical.

*Wor.* He carry'd a Scroll about him of Memorandums, even of his Daughter's and his Brother's names, and where his House stood; for as I told you, he remembered nothing; and where his Scroll failed, *John* was his remembrancer, we were wont to call him Remembrancer *John*.

*Pun.* Ha, ha, ha! Rarely erotique! I'll Act that apple *John*, never was such a *John* as I; not *John* o' *Gant*, or *John* o' *Nokes*, I will turn Remembrancer *John*, as round as a Wedding Ring, ha, ha, ha!

*Wor.* Well said! but you must lay aside conceits for a while, and remote fancies. I'll teach you his humor instantly; now will I and my man *John* swarthy our faces over as if that Country's heat had made 'em so, (which will Disguise us sufficiently) and attire our selves in some strange Habits o' those Parts, (I know not how yet, but we shall see it in *Speed's* Maps) and come and take Possession of our House and Estate.

*Pun.* Dear *Ovid*, let's about thy Metamorphosis.

*Wor.* 'Twill be discover'd perhaps at last, but however, for the present 'twill break off his match with the Widdow, (which makes him so Proud now) and therefore it must be done in the twinkling of an Eye, for they say he's to marry her this Night; if all fail, 'twill be at least a merry 'bout for an hour, and a mask to the Wedding.

*Pun.* Quick, dear Rogue! quick as Precipitation.

*Wor.* I know where we can ha' Cloaths, hard by here; give me ten Pounds to hire 'em, and come away, but of all things, man *John*, take heed of being witty.

*Pun.* I, that's the Devil on't; well, go; I'll follow you behind like a long Rapter. *(Exeunt.)*

## Scene 7.

Aurelia.

*Act.* If they would allow me but a little time, I could play such a trick with Mr. *Truman*, as should smart sorely for the rest of his Life, and be reveng'd abundantly on my Cosen, for getting of him from me, when I was such a foolish Girl three year ago as to be in Love with him.

But they would have us marri'd instantly. The Parson stays for us at Church. I know not what to do—all must out—Odds my *Mother* he's coming to fetch me here to Church already.



## Scene 8.

*Enter Truman Junior.*

*Trum. j.* I must go through with it now ; I'll marry her,

And live with her according to the forms,  
But I will never touch her as a Woman.

She stays for me— Madam—

*Aur. Sir.*

*Trum. j.* I cannot out with it— Madam.

*Aur. Sir—*

*Trum. j.* Must we go marry, Madam ?

*Aur.* Our friends will have it so, it seems.

*Trum.* Why will you marry me ? what is there in me That can deserve your liking ? I shall be The most untoward and ill-favour'd Husband That ever took a melting Maid t' his Bed ; The faculties of my Soul are all untuned, And every Glory of my Springing youth Is falln into a strange and suddain Winter ; You cannot Love me sure.

*Aur.* Not to Distraction, Sir.

*Trum.* No, nor I you ; why should we marry then ? It were a folly, were it not, *Aurelia* ?

*Aur.* Why they say, 'tis the best marriage, when like is joynd to like ; now we shall make a very even match, for neither you Love me, nor I Love you, and 'tis to be hop'd we may get Children that will Love neither of us.

*Trum.* Nay, by my soul I love you, but alas, Not in that way that Husbands should their Wives ; I cannot Toy, nor Kiss, nor do I know not what, And yet I was a Lover, as true a Lover—

*Aur.* Alack a day !

*Trum.* 'Twas then, (me-thoughts) the only happiness To sit and talk, and look upon my Mistriss, Or if she was not by, to think upon her ; Then every Morning, next to my Devotion, Nay often too (forgive me Heaven) before it, She slipt into my fancy, and I took it As a good Omen for the following day ; It was a pretty foolish kind of Life, An honest, harmless Vanity ; but now The fairest Face moves me no more, than Snow Or Lillies when I see 'em, and pass by ; And I as soon should deeply fall in Love With the fresh Scarlet of an Eastern Cloud, As the Red Lips and Cheeks of any Woman ; I do confess, *Aurelia*, thou art Fair, And very Witty, and (I think) Well-natur'd, But thou 'rt a Woman still.

*Aur.* The sight of you Sir,

Makes me not repent at all my being so.

*Trum.* And prethee now, *Aurelia*, tell me truly, Are any Women constant in their Vows ? Can they continue a whole Moneth, a Week, And never change their faith ? Oh ! if they could, They would be excellent things ; nay ne're dissemble ; Are not their Lusts unruly, and to them

Such Tyrants as their Beauties are to us ?

Are their tears true, and solid when they weep ?

*Aur.* Sure Mr. *Truman* you ha'nt slept of late, If we should be marry'd to Night, what would you do for Sleep ?

*Trum.* Why ? do not marry'd people sleep o' Nights ?

*Aur.* Yes ! yes ! alas good innocence.

*Trum.* They have a scurvy Life on 't if they don't ; But wee 'l not Live as other people do,

Wee 'l find out some new handsome way of Love,

Some way of Love that few shall imitate,

Yet all admire ; for 'tis a sordid thing,

That Lust should dare t' insinuate it self

Into the Marriage-bed ; wee 'l get no Children ;

The worst of Men and Women can do that ;

Besides too, if our Issue should be Female,

They would all Learn to flatter and dissemble,

They would deceive with Promises and Vows

Some simple men, and then prove False and Kill 'em,

Would they not do 't, *Aurelia* ?

*Aur.* I, any thing Mr. *Truman* ; but what shall we do Sir, when we are marry'd, pray ?

*Trum.* Why ! wee 'l live very Lovingly together,

Sometimes wee 'l sit and talk of excellent things,

And laugh at all the Nonsense of the world ;

Sometimes wee 'l walk together,

Sometimes wee 'l read, and sometimes eat, and some- times sleep ;

And sometimes pray, and then at last, wee 'l dye,

And go to Heaven together ; 'twill be rare !

*Aur.* We may do all this (me-thinks) and never marry for the matter.

*Trum.* 'Tis true, we may so !

But since our Parents are resolv'd upon it,

In such a Circumstance let 'em have their humor.

My father sent me in to Complement,

And keep a Prating here, and play the Fool ;

I cannot do 't, what should I say, *Aurelia* ?

What do they use to say ?

*Aur.* I believe you knew Sir, when you Woo'd my Cosen.

*Trum.* I, but those Days are past ; they'r gon for ever,

And nothing else, but Nights are to succeed 'em ;

Gone like the faith and truth of Women kind,

And never to be seen again ! O *Lucia* !

Thou wast a wondrous Angel in those days of thy blest state of Innocence.

There was a Check ! a Fore-head ! and an Eye !—

Did you observe her Eye, *Aurelia* ?

*Aur.* O yes Sir ! there were very pretty Babies in 't.

*Trum.* It was as glorious as the Eye of Heaven ;

Like the soul's Eye it peirc'd through every thing ;

And then her Hands—her Hands of Liquid Ivory !

Did she but touch her Lute (the pleasing'st Harmony

then upon Earth when she her self was silent)

The subtil motion of her Flying fingers

Taught Musique a New art, to take the Sight, as well as Ear.

*Aur.* I, Sir, I! you'd best go look her out, and marry her, she has but one Husband yet.

*Trum.* Nay, prethee, good *Aurelia* be not angry, For I will never Love or See her more.

I do not say she was more Fair than thou art, Yet if I did? No, but I wo' not say so!

Only allow me this one short last remembrance of one I lov'd so long. And now I think on't, I'll beg a favour of you, you will Laugh at me I know, when you have heard it, but prethee grant it; 'tis that you would be Veil'd, as *Lucia* was of late, for this one day; I would fain marry thee so;

'Tis an odd foolish fancy, I confess, But Love and Grief may be allow'd sometimes A little Innocent folly.

*Aur.* Good! this Fool will help me I see to cheat himself;

At a dead lift, a little hint will serve me. I'll do't for him to the Life.

*Trum.* Will you *Aurelia*?

*Aur.* That's but a small Compliance; you'll ha' power anon to Command me greater things.

*Trum.* We shall be marry'd very privately; None but our selves; and that's e'en best, *Aurelia*. Why do I stick here at a Fatal step That must be made? *Aurelia*, are you ready? The Minister stays for us.

*Aur.* I'll but go in and take my Veil, as you Command me Sir; Walk but a few turns in the Garden, in less than half an hour I'll come to you, ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit.*]

*Trum.* I go, I am Condemn'd, and must Obey; The Executioner stays for me at Church. [*Exit.*]

## Act 5. Scene 1.

*Colonel Jolly, Will.*

*Joll.* SO, I have her at last, and honest *Joseph Knock-down* married us, me-thinks, with convenient brevity; I have some hold now upon my Estate again (though she, I confess, be a clog upon it worse than a Mort-gage) that, my good Neighbour *Barabottle*, left wholly to his wife; almost all the rest of the Incomes upon his seeking, go to his daughter *Tabitha*, whom *Cutter* has got by this time, and promises me to live like an honest Gentleman hereafter; now he may do so comfortably and merrily. She marri'd me thus suddenly, like a good Housewife, purely to save charges; however though, we'll have a good Supper for her, and her eating Tribe; *Will*, is the Cook a doing according to my directions?

*Will.* Yes, Sir, he's very hard at his business; he's swearing and cursing in the Kitchen, that your Worship may hear him hither, he'll fright my new old Mistris out of the house.

*Joll.* 'Tis such an over-roasted coxcomb—bid him be sure to season well the Venison that came in luckily to day.

*Will.* Troth, Sir, I dare not speak to him now, unless I should put on your Worship's Armour that lies hid in the Barrel below; he'd like to ha' spitted me just now, like a Goose as I was, for telling him he look'd like the Ox that's roasted whole in *St. James's Fair*. Who's there?

*Joll.* See who's at door. I shall ha' some plundred Plate, I hope, to entertain my friends with, when we come to visit the Trunks with Iron hoops; who is't?

*Will.* Nay, Heaven knows, Sir; two Fiends, I think, to take away the Cook for swearing. They ha' thrust in after me.

## Scene 2.

*Enter Worm and Pun disguised like the Merchant and John.*

*Wor.* They'll hardly know us at first in these foreign habits.

*Pun.* I Sir, and as the Sun has us'd us in those hot Countries.

*Wor.* Why, this is my old house here, *John*; ha, ha! little thought I to see my old house upon *Tower-hill* again. Where's my brother *Jolly*?

*Joll.* They call me *Colonel Jolly*.

*Wor.* Ha! let me see, [*Looks on his Note.*] A burly man of a moderate stature—a beard a little greyish—ha! a quick Eye, and a Nose inclining to red—

*Pun.* Nay, 'tis my Master's Worship, Sir, would we were no more alter'd since our Travels.

*Wor.* It agrees very well—Save you good brother, you little thought to see me here again, though I dare say you wish'd it; stay, let me see, how many years, *John*, is't since we went from hence?

*Pun.* 'Tis now seven years, Sir.

*Wor.* Seven? me-thinks I was here but yesterday, how the what de-ye-call-it runs? how do you call it?

*Pun.* The Time, Sir.

*Wor.* I, I, the time, *John*; what was I saying? I was telling you, brother, that I had quite forgot you; was I not telling him so, *John*?

*Joll.* Faith we'r both quits then; I'll swear I ha' forgot you; why you were dead five years ago.

*Wor.* Was I? I ha' quite forgot it; *John*, was I dead five years ago? my memory fails me very much of late.

*Pun.* We were worse than dead, Sir, we were taken by a barbarous Nation, and there made slaves; *John*, quoth he? I was poor *John* I'm sure; they kept us three whole years with nothing but Water and Acorns, till we look'd like Wicker bottles.

*Wor.* What, Sirrah, did your Master look like? I'll teach you to say your Master look'd like what de-ye-call 'ums.

*Joll.* Where did they take you prisoners?

*Wor.* Nay, ask *John*, he can tell you I warrant you; 'twas in—tell him, *John*, where it was.

*Pun.* In *Guiny*.

*Joll.* By what Country-men were you taken?

*Wor.* Why they were called—I ha' forgot what

they call 'em, 'twas an odd kind o' name, but *John* can tell you.

*Pun.* Who I, Sir? do you think I can remember all things?

*Wor.* 'Tis i' my Book here I remember well. Name any Nation under the Sun.

*Pun.* I know the name, Sir, well enough; but I onely try'd my Master's memory, 'Twas the Tartarians.

*Wor.* I, I, those were the men.

*Joll.* How, *John*? why all the world man lies betwixt 'em, they live up in the North.

*Pun.* The North?

*Joll.* I the very North, *John*.

*Pun.* That's true indeed, but these were another Nation of Tartarians that liv'd in the South, they came antiently from the others.

*Joll.* How got you from 'em, *John*, at last?

*Pun.* Why faith, Sir, by a Ladle's means, who, to tell you the truth, fell in love with me; my Master has it all in his Book, 'tis a brave story.

*Joll.* In what Ship came you back?

*Pun.* A plague of 't, that question will be our ruine.

*Wor.* What Ship? 'twas call'd a thing that swims, what dee you call't?

*Joll.* The *Mermaid*?

*Wor.* No, no, let me see.

*Joll.* The *Triton*?

*Wor.* No, no, a thing that in the water does—— it swims in the water——

*Joll.* What is 't; the *Dolphin*?

*Wor.* No, no, I ha' quite forgot the name on 't, but 'tis no matter, it swims——

*Joll.* What say you, *John*?

*Pun.* I, Sir, my Master knows well enough; you can't conceive the misery we endur'd, Sir.

*Joll.* Well, Brother, I'l but ask you one question more, where did you leave your Will?

*Pun.* 'Life, now he's pos'd again—— we shall never carry 't through.

*Wor.* I'l tell you presently, Brother——let me see, [*Reads in his Scrowl.*] Memorandums about my Will; left to my Brother the whole charge of my Estate—— hum—— hum—— five thousand pounds—— hum—— What did you ask me, brother?

*Joll.* In what place you left your Will?

*Wor.* I that was it indeed——, that was the very thing you ask'd me; what a treacherous memory have I? my memory is so short——

*Joll.* This is no Answer to my Question yet.

*Wor.* 'Tis true indeed; what was your Question, brother?

*Joll.* Where you left your Will?

*Wor.* Good Lord, that I should forget you ask'd me that! I had forgot it, i' faith law that I had, you'l pardon, I hope, my Infirmary, for I alas—— alas—— I ha' forgot what I was going to say to you, but I was saying something, that I was.

*Joll.* Well, Gentlemen, I'm now in haste, walk but a while into the Parlour there, I'l come to you presently.

*Wor.* But where's my daughter——

*Pun.* *Lucia*, Sir?

*Wor.* I, *Lucia*——put me in mind to ask for her (a plague o' your Tartarians.)

*Pun.* And o' your What dee-ye-call-'ems.

*Wor.* 'Life, Tartarians!

[*Exeunt* Worm, Puny.

*Joll.* If these be Rogues, (as Rogues they seem to be) I will so exercise my Rogues, the tyranny of a new Beadle over a Beggar shall be nothing to 't; what think'st thou of 'em, *Will*?

*Will.* Faith, Sir, I know not——h'as just my Master's Nose and Upper-lip; but if you think it be not he, Sir, I'l beat 'em worse than the Tartarians did.

*Joll.* No, let 's try 'em first——trick for trick——Thou were wont to be a precious Knave, and a great Actor too, a very *Roscus*; did'st not thou play once the Clown in *Musidorus*?

*Will.* No, but I plaid the Bear, Sir.

*Joll.* The Bear! why that 's as good a Part; thou 'rt an Actor then I'l warrant thee, the Bear 's a well-penn'd Part, and you remember my Brother's humor, don't you? They have almost hit it.

*Will.* I, Sir, I knew the shortness of his memory, he would always forget to pay me my Wages, till he was put in mind of 't.

*Joll.* Well said, I'l dress thee within, and all the Servants shall acknowledge thee, you conceive the Design—— be confident, and thou canst not miss; but who shall do trusty *John*?

*Will.* Oh, *Ralph* the Butler, Sir, 's an excellent try'd Actor, he play'd a King once; I ha' heard him speak a Play *ex tempore* in the Butteries.

*Joll.* O excellent *Ralph*! incomparable *Ralph* against the world! Come away *William*, I'l give you instructions within, it must be done in a moment. [*Exeunt.*

### Scene 3.

*Enter* Aurelia, Jane.

*Jane.* Ha, ha, ha! this is the best Plot o' yours, dear Madam, to marry me to Mr. *Truman* in a Veil instead of your self; I can't chuse but laugh at the very conceit of 't; 'twill make excellent sport: My Mistris will be so mad when she knows that I have got her Servant from her, ha, ha, ha!

*Asr.* Well, are you ready? Veil your self all over, and never speak one word to him, what ever he says, (he'l ha' no mind to talk much) but give him your hand, and go along with him to Church; and when you come to, I take thee——mumble it over that he mayn't distinguish the voice.

*Jane.* Ha, ha, ha! I can't speak for laughing—— dear hony Madam, let me but go in and put on a couple o' Patches; you can't imagine how much prettier I look with a Lozenge under the Left Eye, and a Half Moon o' this cheek; and then I'le but slip on the Silver-lac'd Shoes that you gave me, and be with him in a trice.

*Act.* Don't stay, he's a fantastical fellow, if the whimsy take him he'll be gone. [*Exeunt.*]

## Scene 4.

*Lucia.*

They say he's to pass instantly this way  
To lead his Bride to Church; ingrateful Man!  
I'll stand here to upbraid his guilty Conscience,  
And in that black attire in which he saw me  
When he spoke the last kind words to me;  
'Twill now befit my sorrows, and the Widow-hood of  
my Love;  
He comes alone, what can that mean?

## Scene 5.

*Enter Truman junior.*

*Trum.* Come, Madam, the Priest stays for us too long;  
I ask your pardon for my dull delay,  
And am ashamed of't.

*Luc.* What does he mean? I'll go with him what e'er it mean. [*Exeunt.*]

## Scene 6.

*Enter Cutter, Tabitha, Boy.*

*Cut.* Come to my bed, my dear, my dear, [*Sings.*]  
My dear come to my bed,  
For the pleasant pain, and the loss with gain  
Is the loss of a Maidenhead.  
For the pleasant, etc.

*Tab.* Is that a Psalm, Brother Husband, which you sing?

*Cut.* No, Sister Wife, a short Ejaculation onely.  
Well said, Boy, bring in the things.—*(Boy brings a Hat and Feather, Sword and Belt, broad Lac'd Band, and Periwig.*

*Tab.* What do you mean, Brother *Abadago*? you will not turn Cavalier, I hope, again, you will not open before *Sion* in the dressings of *Babylon*?

*Cut.* What do these clothes befit Queen *Tabitha's* husband upon her day o' Nuptials? this Hat with a high black chimney for a crown, and a brim no broader than a Hatband? Shall I, who am to ride the Purple Dromedary, go drest like *Revelation Fats* the Basket-maker? Give me the Periwig, Boy; shall Empress *Tabitha's* husband go as if his head were scalded? or wear the Seam of a shirt here for a Band? Shall I who am zealous even to slaying, walk in the streets without a Sword, and not dare to thrust men from the wall, if any shall presume to take't of Empress *Tabitha*? Are the Fiddlers coming, Boy?

*Tab.* Pish, I cannot abide these doings; are you mad? there come no prophane Fiddlers here.

*Cut.* Be peaceable gentle *Tabitha*; they will not bring the Organs with them hither; I say be peaceable, and conform to Revelations; It was the Vision bad me do this; Will't thou resist the Vision?

*Tab.* An' these be your Visions! little did I think I wusse— O what shall I do? is this your Conversion? which of all the Prophets wore such a Map about their Ears, or such a Sheet about their Necks? Oh! my Mother! what shall I do? I'm undone.

*Cut.* What shalt thou do? why, thou shalt Dance, and Sing, and Drink, and be Merry; thou shalt go with thy Hair Curl'd, and thy Breasts Open; thou shalt wear fine black Stars upon thy Face, and Bobs in thy Ears bigger than bouncing Pears; Nay, if thou do'st begin but to look rustly— I'll ha' thee Paint thy self, like the Whore o' *Babylon*.

*Tab.* Oh! that ever I was Born to see this day—

*Cut.* What, dost thou weep, Queen *Dido*? thou shalt ha' Sack to drive away thy Sorrows; bring in the Bottle, Boy, I'll be a Loving Husband, the Vision must be Obey'd; Sing *Tabitha*; Weep o' thy Wedding day? 'tis ominous; Come to my Bed my Dear, etc.  
Oh, art thou come Boy? fill a Brimmer, nay, fuller yet, yet a little fuller! Here Lady Spouse, here 's to our sport at Night.

*Tab.* Drink it your self, as you will; I'll not touch it, not I.

*Cut.* By this hand thou shalt pledge me, seeing the Vision said so; Drink, or I'll take a Coach, and carry thee to the *Opers* immediately.

*Tab.* Oh Lord, I can't abide it— [*Drinks of.*]

*Cut.* Why, this will cheer thy Heart; Sack, and a Husband? both comfortable things; have at you agen.

*Tab.* I'll pledge you no more, not I.

*Cut.* Here take the Glass, and take it off— off every drop, or I'll swear a hundred Oaths in a breathing time.

*Tab.* Well! you'r the strangest man— [*Drinks.*]

*Cut.* Why, this is right; nay, off with't; so— but the Vision said, that if we left our Drink behind us we should be Hang'd, as many other Honest men ha' been, only by a little negligence in the like case; Here's to you *Tabitha* once agen, we must fulfill the Vision to a Tittle.

*Tab.* What must I drink agen? well! you are such another Brother— Husband.

*Cut.* Bravely done, *Tabitha*! now thou Obey'st the Vision, thou wilt ha' Revelations presently.

*Tab.* Oh! Lord! my Head's giddy— nay, Brother, Husband, the Boy's taking away the Bottle, and there's another Glass or two in it still.

*Cut.* O Villainous Boy! fill out you Bastard, and squeeze out the last drop.

*Tab.* I'll drink to you now, my Dear; 'tis not handsome for you to begin always—[*Drinks.*] Come to my Bed my Dear, and bow wast? 'twas a pretty Song, methoughts.

*Cut.* O Divine *Tabitha*! here come the Fiddlers too, strike up ye Rogues.

*Tab.* What must we Dance too? is that the Fashion? I could ha' danc'd the Curranto when I was a Girl, the Curranto's a curious Dance.

*Cut.* We'll out-dance the Dancing disease; but

*Tabitha*, there's one poor Health left still to be drunk with Musique.

*Tab.* Let me begin't; here Duck, here's to all that Love us. [Drinks.]

*Cut.* A Health, ye Eternal Scrapers, sound a Health; rarely done *Tabitha*, what think'st thou now o' thy Mother?

*Tab.* A fig for my Mother; I'll be a Mother my self shortly; Come Duckling, shall we go home?

*Cut.* Go home? the Bride-groom and his Spouse go home? no, we'll Dance home; afore us Squeakers, that way, and be Hang'd you Sempiternal Rakers. O brave! Queen *Tabitha*! Excellent Empress *Tabitha*, on ye Rogues! [Exeunt.]

### Scene 7.

Enter Jolly, Worm, Puny.

*Wor.* But where's my what dee ye call her, Brother?  
*Joll.* What Sir?

*Wor.* (Reads.) My Daughter— *Lucia*, a pretty fair Complexioned Girl, with a Black Eye, a Round Chin, a little Dimpled, and a Mole upon— I would fain see my daughter— Brother.

*Joll.* Why, you shall Sir presently, she's very well; what Noise is that? how now? what's the matter?

Enter Servant.

*Serv.* Ho! my old Master! my old Master's come, he's Lighted just now at the door with his man *John*; he's asking for you, he longs to see you; my Master, my old Master.

*Joll.* This fellow 's Mad.

*Serv.* If you wou't believe me, go but in and see Sir; he's not so much alter'd, but you'll quickly know him, I knew him before he was Lighted, pray, go in Sir.

*Joll.* Why, this is strange— there was indeed some weeks since a report at the *Exchange* that he was Alive still, which was brought by a Ship that came from *Barbary*; but that he should be Split in two after his Death, and Live agen in both, is wonderfull to me. I'll go see what 's the matter.

[Exeunt Jolly, Servant.]

*Puny.* I begin to shake like a Plum-tree Leaf.

*Wor.* Tis a meer Plot o' the Devil's to have us beaten, if he send him in just at this Nick.

### Scene 8.

Enter *Ralph* (as *John*) and two or three Servants.

1. *Serv.* Ah Rogue, art thou come at last?

2. *Serv.* Why, you'll not look upon your Old friends! give me your Golls, *John*.

*Ral.* Thank ye all heartily for your Love; thank you with all my Heart; my old Bed-fellow, *Robin*, and how does little *Ginny* do?

3. *Serv.* A murren take you, you'll ne're leave your Wagery.

*Puny.* A murren take ye all, I shall be paid the Portion here with a witness.

*Ral.* And how does *Ralph*? good honest *Ralph*;

there is not an honest Fellow in *Christendome*, though I say't my self, that should not say't.

2. *Serv.* Ha, ha, ha! Why *Ralph* the Rogue's well still; Come let's go to him into the Buttery, he'll be Overjoy'd to see thee, and give us a Cup o' the best Stingo there.

*Ral.* Well said; Steel to the back still *Robin*; that was your word you know; my Master's coming in! go, go, I'll follow you.

1. *Serv.* Make haste, good *John*.

*Ral.* Here 's a Company of as honest Fellow-servants; I'm glad, I'm come among 'em agen.

*Wor.* And would I were got out from 'em, as honest as they are; that *Robin* has a thrashing hand.

*Puny.* *John* with a Fox to him! would I were hid like a Maggot in a Pescod.

### Scene 9.

Enter Jolly, William.

*Joll.* Me-thinks you'r not return'd, but born to us anew.

*Will.* Thank you good Brother; truly we ha' past through many dangers; my man *John* shall tell you all, I'm Old and Craze.

Enter Servant.

4. *Serv.* Sir, the Widdow (my Mistriss I should say) is coming in here with Mr. *Knock-down*, and four or five more.

*Joll.* O'ds my Life! this farce is neither of Doctrine nor Use to them! keep 'em here, *John*, till I come back. [Exit Jolly.]

*Wor.* I'm glad the Colonel's gone; now will I sneak away, as if I had stoln a Silver spoon.

*Will.* Who are those, *John*? by your leave Sir, would you speak with any body here?

*Wor.* The Colonel, Sir? but I'll take some other time to wait upon him, my occasions call me now.

*Will.* Pray stay, Sir, who did you say you would ha' spoken with?

*Wor.* The Colonel, Sir; but another time will serve; he has business now.

*Will.* Whom would he speak with, *John*? I forget still.

*Ral.* The Colonel, Sir.

*Will.* Colonel! what Colonel?

*Wor.* Your brother, I suppose he is Sir, but another time—

*Will.* 'Tis true indeed; I had forgot, I faith, my Brother was a Colonel; I cry you mercy Sir, he'll be here presently. Ye seem to be Foreiners by your habits, Gentlemen.

*Wor.* No Sir, we are English-men.

*Will.* English-men? law you there now! would you ha' spoke with me, Sir?

*Wor.* No Sir, your Brother; but my business requires no haste, and therefore—

*Will.* You'r not in haste, you say; pray Sir, sit down then, may I crave your name, Sir?

*Wor.* My name's not worth the knowing Sir—

*Will.* This Gentleman?

*Wor.* 'Tis my man, Sir, his name's *John*.

*Pun.* I'll be *John* no more, not I, I'll be lackanapes first; No, my name's *Timothy* Sir.

*Will.* Mr. *John Timothy*, very well, Sir; ye seem to be Travellers.

*Wor.* We are just now as you see, arriv'd out of *Afrique*, Sir, and therefore have some business that requires—

*Will.* Of *Afrique*? law ye there now; what Country, pray?

*Wor.* *Prester-John's* Country; fare you well, Sir, for the present, I must be excus'd.

*Will.* Marry God forbid; what come from *Prester-John*, and we not Drink a Cup o' Sack together.

*Wor.* What shall I do? Friend, shall I trouble you to shew me a private place? I'll wait upon you presently agen, Sir.

*Will.* You'll stay here Master?—

*Pun.* I'll only make a little Maid's water Sir, and come back to you immediately.

*Ral.* The door's lock'd Sir, the Colonel ha's lock'd us in here— why do you shake Sir?

*Pun.* Nothing— only I have extreme list to make water.

Here's the Colonel, I'll sneak behind the Hangings.

### Scene 10.

*Enter Jolly, Widdow.*

*Joll.* We'll leave those Gentlemen within a while upon the point of Reprobation; but Sweet heart, I ha' two Brothers here, newly arriv'd, which you must be acquainted with.

*Wid.* Marry, Heaven fore-shield! not the Merchant I hope?

*Joll.* No, brethren in Love, only— How dee you Brother?

*Wor.* I your Brother; what de'e mean?

*Joll.* Why, are not you my brother *Jolly*, that was taken Prisoner by the Southern *Tartars*?

*Wor.* I Brother, I by *Tartars*?

*Joll.* What an impudent Slave is this? Sirra, Monster, did'st thou not come with thy man *John*?

*Wor.* I my man *John*? here's no such person here; you see you'r mistaken.

*Joll.* Sirra, I'll strike thee Dead.

*Wor.* Hold, hold, Sir, I do remember now I was the Merchant *Jolly*, but when you ask'd me I had quite forgot it; alas, I'm very *Craze*.

*Joll.* That's not amiss; but since thou art not he, I must know who thou art.

*Wor.* Why, do'nt you know me? I'm Captain *Worm*, and *Puny* was my man *John*.

*Joll.* Where's that fool, *Puny*? is he slipt away?

*Pun.* Yes, and no fool for't neither for ought I know yet.

*Wor.* Why, we hit upon this frolique, Colonel, only

for a kind o' Mask (de' ye conceive me, Colonel?) to celebrate your Nuptials; Mr. *Puny* had a mind to reconcile himself with you in a merry way o' Droßery, and so had I too, though I hope you were not in earnest with me.

*Joll.* Oh! is that all? well said *Will*, bravely done *Will*, I faith; I told thee, *Will*, what 'twas to have Acted a Bear; and *Ralph* was an excellent *John* too.

*Wor.* How's this? then I'm an Ass agen; this damn'd *Puny's* fearfulness spoil'd all.

*Pun.* This cursed Coward *Worm*! I thought they were not the right ones.

*Joll.* Here's something for you to drink; go look to Supper, this is your Cue of Exit. [*Ex. Will and Ralph.*]

*Wid.* What need you, Love, ha' given 'em any thing? in truth, Love, you'r too lavish.

*Wor.* 'Twas wittily put off o' me however.

### Scene 11.

*Enter Cutter, Tabitha, with Fiddlers.*

*Joll.* Here are more Maskers too, I think; this Masking is a Heavenly entertainment for the Widow, who ne'er saw any Shew yet but the Puppet-play o' *Ninive*.

*Cut.* Stay without, Scrapers.

*Tab.* Oh Lord, I'm as weary with Dancing as passes; Husband, husband, yonder's my Mother; O mother what do you think I ha' been doing to day?

*Wid.* Why what, Child? no hurt, I hope.

*Tab.* Nay nothing, I have onely been married a little, and my husband *Abednego* and I have so danc'd it since.

*Cut.* Brave *Tabitha* still; never be angry Mother, you know where Marriages are made, your Daughter's and your own were made in the same place, I warrant you, they'r so like.

*Wid.* Well, his will be done—there's—no resisting Providence— but how, son *Abednego*, come you into that roaring habit of Perdition?

*Cut.* Mother, I was commanded by the Vision, there is some great end for it of Edification, which you shall know by the sequel.

### Scene 12.

*Enter Truman senior, Truman junior, Lucia veil'd.*

*Trum. sen.* Come, *Dick*, bring in your wife to your t' other father, and ask his blessing handsomely; Welcome, dear daughter; off with your Veil;

[*Luc. unveils.*]

Heaven bless ye both.

*Joll.* Ha! what's this; more masking? why how now, Mr. *Truman*? you ha' not married my Niece, I hope, instead o' my daughter?

*Trum. j.* I onely did, Sir, as I was appointed, And am amaz'd as much as you.

*Trum. s.* Villain, Rebel, Traitor, out o' my sight you son of a—

*Joll.* Nay, hold him; patience, good Mr. *Truman*, let's understand the matter a little—

*Trum. s.* I wo' not understand, no that I wo' not, I wo' not understand a word, whilst he and his Whore are in my sight.

*Joll.* Nay, good Sir—  
Why, what Niece? two husbands in one afternoon? that's too much o' conscience.

*Luc.* Two, Sir? I know of none but this,  
And how I came by him too, that I know not.

*Joll.* This is Ridle me ridle me—where's my Daughter?  
ho! *Aurelia*.

## Scene 13.

*Enter Aurelia.*

*Aur.* Here, Sir, I was just coming in.

*Joll.* Ha' not you married young Mr. *Truman*?

*Aur.* No, Sir.

*Joll.* Why, who then has he marri'd?

*Aur.* Nay that, Sir, he may answer for himself,  
If he be of age to marry.

*Joll.* But did not you promise me you'd marry him this afternoon, and go to Church with him presently to do't.

*Aur.* But, Sir, my Husband forbad the Banes.

*Joll.* They're all mad; your Husband?

*Aur.* I Sir, the truth o' the matter, Sir, is this, (for it must out I see) 'twas I that was married this afternoon in the Matted Chamber to Mr. *Pussy*, instead o' my Cousin *Lucia*.

*Joll.* Stranger and stranger! what, and he not know't?

*Aur.* No, nor the Parson, Sir, himself.

*Joll.* Hey day!

*Aur.* 'Twas done in the dark, Sir, and I veil'd like my Cousin; 'twas a very clandestine marriage, I confess, but there are sufficient proofs of it; and for one, here's half the Piece of Gold he broke with me, which he'll know when he sees.

*Pun.* O rare, by *Hymen* I'm glad o' the change; 'tis a pretty Sorceress by my troath; Wit to Wit quoth the Devil to the Lawyer; I'l out amongst 'em presently, 't has sav'd me a beating too, which perhaps is all her Portion.

*Joll.* You turn my Head, you dizzie me; but wouldst thou marrie him without either knowing my mind, or so much as his?

*Aur.* His, Sir? he gave me five hundred pieces in Gold to make the Match; look, they are here still, Sir.

*Joll.* Thou hast lost thy senses, Wench, and wilt make me do so too.

*Aur.* Briefly the truth is this, Sir, he gave me these five hundred Pieces to marry him by a Trick to my Cousin *Lucia*, and by another Trick I took the money and married him my self; the manner, Sir, you shall know anon at leisure, onely your pardon, Sir, for the omission of my duty to you, I beg upon my knees.

*Joll.* Nay, Wench, there's no hurt done, fifteen hundred pounds a year is no ill match for the daughter of a Sequestred Cavalier—

*Aur.* I thought so, Sir.

*Joll.* If we could but cure him of some sottish affectations, but that must be thy task.

*Aur.* My life on 't, Sir.

*Pun.* I'l out; Uncle Father your Blessing—my little *Matchivil*, I knew well enough 'twas you; what did you think I knew not Cross from Pile?

*Aur.* Did you f' faith?

*Pun.* I, by this kiss of Amber-grees, or I'm a Cabbage.

*Aur.* Why then you out-wit'd me, and I'm content.

*Pun.* A pox upon you Merchant *Jolly*, are you there?

*Joll.* But stay, how come you, Niece, to be marri'd to Mr. *Truman*?

*Luc.* I know not, Sir, as I was walking in the Garden.

*Trum. j.* I thought 't had been . . . but blest be the mistake,

What ever prove the Consequence to all  
The less important fortunes of my life.

*Joll.* Nay, there's no hurt done here neither—

*Trum. s.* No hurt, Colonel? I'l see him hang'd at my door before he shall have a beggarly—

*Joll.* Hark you, Mr. *Truman*, one word aside [*Talk aside.*] (for it is not necessary yet my wife should know so much.)

*Aur.* This foolish *Jane* (as I perceive by the story) has lost a Husband by staying for a Black patch.

*Joll.* Though I in rigour by my brother's Will might claim the forfeiture of her Estate, yet I assure you she shall have it all to the utmost farthing; in a day like this, when Heaven bestows on me and on my daughter so unexpected and so fair a fortune, it were an ill return to rob an Orphan committed to my Charge.

*Aur.* My father's in the right.

And as he clears her Fortune, so will I  
Her Honor. Hark you, Sir.

*Trum. s.* Why you speak, Sir, like a Vertuous Noble Gentleman, and do just as I should do my self in the same case; it is—

*Aur.* 'Twas I upon my credit in a Veil; [*to Trum. jun.*] I'l tell, if you please, all that you said, when you had read the Letter. But d' you hear, Mr. *Truman*, do not you believe now that I had a design to lie with you (if you had consented to my coming at midnight) for upon my faith I had not, but did it purely to try upon what terms your two Romantique Loves stood.

*Cut.* Ha, ha, ha! but your Farce was not right me-thinks at the end.

*Pun.* Why how, pray?

*Cut.* Why there should ha' been a Beating, a lusty Cudgeling to make it come off smartly with a twang at the tail.

*Wor.* Say you so? h'as got a set of damnable brawny Servngemen.

*Cut.* At least *John Pudding* here should ha' been basted.

*Wor.* A curse upon him, he sav'd himself like a Rat behind the Hangings.

*Trum. j.* O *Lucia*, how shall I beg thy pardon

For my unjust suspicions of thy Virtue?  
Can you forgive a very Repentant sinner?  
Will a whole life of Penitence absolve me?

*Tram. s.* 'Tis enough, good noble Colonel, I'm satisfied; Come, *Dick*, I see 'twas Heaven's will, and she's a very worthy virtuous Gentlewoman; I'm old and testy, but 'tis quickly over; my blessing upon you both.

*Cut.* Why so, all's well of all sides then; let me see, here's a brave Coupling day, onely poor *Worm* must lead a Monkish life of't.

*Ans.* I'll have a Wife for him too, if you will, fine Mrs. *Jane* within; [*aside.*] I'll undertake for her, I ha' set her a gog to day for a husband, the first comer has her share.

*Wor.* I, but what Portion has she, Mrs. *Pussy*? for we Captains o' the King's side ha' no need o' Wives with nothing.

*Ans.* Why Losenges, and Half-moons, and a pair of Silver-lac'd Shoes; but that *Tropes* lost to you; well, we'll see among us what may be done for her.

*Jell.* Come, let's go in to Supper; there never was such a day of Intrigues as this in one Family. If my true Brother had come in at last too after his being five years dead, 'twould ha' been a very Play. [*Exeunt.*]

FINIS.



## EPILOGUE,

Spoken by  
CUTTER.

[Without his Peruque.

**M**E thinks a Vision bids me silence break,  
And some words to this Congregation speak,  
So great and gay a one I ne'er did meet  
At the Fifth Monarch's Court in Coleman-street.

But yet I wonder much not to espy a  
Brother in all this Court call'd Zephaniah.  
Bless me! where are we? What may this place be?  
For I begin by Vision now to see  
That this is a meer Theater; well then,  
If't be e'en so I'll Cutter be again.

[Puts on his Peruque.

Not Cutter the pretended Cavalier:  
For to confess ingenuously here  
To you who always of that Party were,  
I never was of any; up and down  
I rovald, a very Rakehell of this Town.  
But now my Follies and my Faults are ended,  
My Fortune and my Mind are both amended,  
And if you may believe one who has fail'd before,  
Our Author says He'll mend, that is, He'll write no more.

## EPILOGUE.

At Court.

**T**He Madness of your People, and the Rage,  
You've seen too long upon the Publick Stage.  
'Tis time at last (great Sir) 'tis time to see  
Their Tragique Follies brought to Comedy.  
If any blame the Lowness of our Scene,  
We humbly think some Persons there have been  
On the World's Theatre not long ago,  
Much more too High, than here they are too Low.  
And well we know that Comedy of old,  
Did her Plebeian rank with so much Honour hold,  
That it appear'd not then too Base or Light,  
For the great Scipio's Conquering hand to Write.  
How e're, if such mean Persons seem too rude,  
When into Royal presence they intrude,  
Yet we shall hope a pardon to receive  
From you, a Prince so practis'd to forgive;  
A Prince, who with th' applause of Earth and Heaven,  
The rudeness of the Vulgar has Porgiven.

FINIS.





THE  
GUARDIAN;  
A  
COMEDIE.

Acted before

Prince CHARLS

His *HIGHNESS*

At Trinity-Colledg in *Cambridge*,

upon the twelfth of *March*, 1641.

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Written by  
ABRAHAM COWLEY.

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LONDON,  
Printed for *JOHN HOLDEN* at the  
Anchor in the New-Exchange,  
1650.



## The Actors Names.

<b>C</b> aptain Blade, . . . . .	<i>the Guardian.</i>
Old Truman, . . . . .	<i>a teasty old man.</i>
Young Truman, . . . . .	<i>his Son, in love with Lucia.</i>
Col. Cutter, . . . . .	<i>a sharking Souldier</i>
Dogrel, . . . . .	<i>a sharking Pottaster</i>
Puny, . . . . .	<i>a young Gallant, a pretender to wit.</i>
Lucia, . . . . .	<i>Niece and Ward to Captain Blade, in love with young Truman.</i>
Aurelia, . . . . .	<i>daughter to Blade.</i>
Widow, . . . . .	<i>an old Puritan, Landlady to Colonel Cutter and Dogrel.</i>
Tabytha, . . . . .	<i>her daughter.</i>

Jaylors, Servants, and Fidlors.

*The Scene London.*



## The P R O L O G U E.

**W**Ho says the Times do Learning disallow?  
'Tis false; 'twas never honour'd so as now;  
When you appear, great Prince, our night is  
done:

*You are our Morning-star, and shall b' our  
Sun.*

*But our Scene's London now, and by the rout  
We perish if the Roundheads be about:*

*For now no ornament the head must wear,  
No Bays, no Mitre, not so much as Hair.  
How can a Play pass safely, when we know,  
Cheapside-Cross falls for making but a show?  
Our onely hope is this, that it may be  
A play may pass too, made ex tempore.*

*Though other Arts poor and neglected grow,  
They'll admit Poetry, which was always so.  
Besides, the Muses of late times have bin  
Sanctif'd by the Verse of Master Prin. 7*

*But we contemn the fury of these days  
And scorn as much their Censure as their Praise.  
Our Muse, blest Prince, does onely on you relie;  
Would gladly live, yet not refuse to die.  
Accept our hastie wal; a thing that's play'd  
Ere 'tis a Play, and acted ere 'tis made.  
Our Ignorance, but our Duty too, we show:  
I would all ignorant people would do so.  
At other times, expect our Wit and Art;  
This Comedy is acted by the Heart.*



# The Guardian.

## Act. i. Scæn. i.

*Widow, Tabytha, Colonel Cutter, Dogrel.*

*Cutter.* P'Rithee widow be not incens'd, we 'll shew our selves like yong Lords shortly; and you know, I Hope, they use to pay their debts.

*Wid.* I, you talk of great matters, I wis, but I 'm sure I could never see a goaat yet of your money.

*Dog.* Alas, we carry no silver about us,  
That were mechanical and base;  
Gold we about us bring:

Gold, thou art mighty in each place,  
Of Metals Prince and King.

Why I tell you my pockets have not been guilty of any small money in my remembrance.

*Wid.* I know not, but all things are grown dear of late; our Beef costs three shillings a stone, and the price of corn is rais'd too.

*Taby.* Nay, mother, coals are rais'd too, they say. These things you think cost nothing.

*Dog.* Nay, *Tabytha*, Mistress *Tabytha*! ifaithlaw now I 'll make a Psalm for you, and be but peaceable.

Contain thy tongue, and keep it in  
Within thy mouth's large prison.

Both jars, and also many a sin  
From out the mouth has risen.

I 'm onely for Odes, by the Muses, and the quickest for them, I think, in the Christian world, take in Turks, Infidels, Jews and all.

*Cutt.* Have but a little patience, widow; well—I 'll say this for thee, thou art the honestest Landlady upon the face of the earth, which makes me desire to live in your house; and you shall not lose by 't: do but mark the end.

*Wid.* I stand not so much upon that; but I use to ha' Lawyers in my house, such civil compleat gentlemen in their Sattin doublets (I warrant you) and broad ruffs, as passes; and Courtiers, all to be lac'd and slasht, and fine fellows as you shall see in a summer's day; they would not say Why do ye this? to a woman: and then Knights.

*Tab.* I, and Gentlemen too, mother.

*Wid.* But you, forsooth, come in drunk every night, and fall a swearing as if you would rend the house in two, and then mumble and tumble my daughter's clothes, she says.

*Tab.* I, and would have—

*Cutt.* What would we have done?

*Tab.* Nay no good, I warrant you.

*Wid.* And then you drink up a kilderkin of small beer next morning.

*Dog.* All this shall be corrected and amended, Landlady: yes faith, *Cutter*, thou must repent, thou hast been to blame sometimes.

*Wid.* Besides, you are always so full of your fripperies, and are always a grinning and sneering at every thing: I was wont to have sober boorders in my house, and not such hee-hee-heeing fellows.

*Tab.* Nay, they mock'd and fleer'd at us as we sung the Psalm the last Sunday-night.

*Cutt.* That was that mungrel Rhymery; by this light, he envies his brother Poet honest *John Sternhold*, +<sup>7</sup> because he cannot reach his heights.

*Wid.* O the father! the Colonel's as full of roggery as an egge's full of meat: I warrant, *M. Dogrel*, what you get by him you may e'en put i' your eye, and ne'er see the worse for 't.

*Cutt.* Well, and how dost ifaith now, honest Landlady? when shall we walk again into Moor-fields, and rejoyce at the Queen's Cake-house?

*Dog.* I 'll bespeak Cakes and Ale o' th' purpose there; and thou shalt eat stew'd Prunes, little *Tabytha*, till thy smock drop again. A word i' your ear, Landlady: Can you accommodate us with two shillings?

To morrow ere the rosie finger'd morn  
Starts from *Tithonus* bed, as Authors write;  
Ere *Phabus* cry Gee-hoe unto his team,

We will restore again, and thank you for your pain.

*Cutt.* I 'll tell you a secret, Landlady: Captain *Blade* and I shall be call'd shortly to the Court; the King has taken notice of our deserts: I say no more: though yet thou scorn'st me, *Tabytha*, I 'll make thee a Lady one day. Will you lend, widow? Great affairs bid me make haste.

*Wid.* I care not much if I trust you for once: Come in and take it.

*Dog.* Then Mistress let me lead you thus,  
And as we go let 's buss.

*Tab.* Buss me, no bussings. O lord, how you tumble my gorget!  
*Exeunt.*

## Act. i. Scæn. 2.

*Captain Blade, solus.*

I could now be as melancholy as an old scabbie Mastiff, or the Lions in the Tower: 'twere a good

humour to repent. Well, Captain, something must be done, unless a man could get true gems by drinking, or, like a mouse in a cheese, enlarge his house-room by eating. Four hundred pound a year cashier'd? Four hundred, by this light, Captain. All my comfort is, that now the usurer's damn'd; and now that niggardly three score and ten wither'd chap-fala Puritanical thing, his wife, refuses to marry me: I would see her burnt for an old witch before I'd take her for a wife, if she had not Agues, Squinancies, Gouts, Cramps, Palsies, Apoplexies, and two dozen of diseases more than S. Thomas Hospital; and if she live long with all these, I'm sure she'll kill me quickly. But let her be damn'd with her husband: Bring some drink, boy; I'm foxt, by this light, with drinking nothing yet.

### Act. 1. Scæn. 3.

*Blade, Cutter, Dogrel.*

*Blade.* What are ye come? Bring us a Tun then, and that so big, that that of Heidelberg may seem but like a barrel of pickl'd Oysters to't. Welcome Snapsack, welcome little vermin of *Parnassus*: how is't, my Laureate Rhymer? dost thou sing *Fortune my foe* still with thy brother Poet?

*Dog.* Ye Muses nine assist my verse,  
That dwell by *Helicon* along;  
Captain *Blades* praise I will rehearse,  
With lyre and with song.

*Bl.* Why this right Ballad, and they hobble like the fellow with the wooden leg that . . . . .

*Dog.* I'm undone; I ha' left my Ode at home: undone, by *Mercury*, unless my memory help me.

*Cutt.* Thus and thus will I accost her: I'm the man; *Dogrel's* clothes will cast him.

### Act 1. Scæn. 4.

*Blade, Cutter, Dogrel, Lucia.*

*Bl.* When she has seen you both, one void the room, and so woce by turns.

*Dogrel.* I'll go out first, and meditate upon my Ode.

*Bl.* Welcome, dear neece; I sent for you to entertain these Gentlemen my friends: and heark you, neece, make much of them; they are men of worth and credit at the Court, though they go so plain; that's their humour onely: And heark you, neece, they both love you; you cannot chuse amiss. I ha' some business—Your servant, Gentlemen.

*Luc.* Not chuse amiss? indeed I must do, Uncle, if I should chuse again. Y'are welcom, Gentlemen.

*Cutt.* I thank you, fairest Lady: I am a Souldier, Lady, and cannot complement; but I ha' travell'd over all the world, Germany, Morocco, Swethland, Persia, France, Hungary, Caleput, Peru.

*Dog.* 'Slid, how he shuffles all the Countries together like lots in a hat!

*Cut.* Yet I never saw before so fair a Lady. I cannot complement i'faith.

*Luc.* Y'have taken a long journey, Sir, 'twere best To rest your self a little: Will you sit?

Will you, Sir, take a seat too?

*Dog.* 'Slife I can't say my Ode now. I'll wait upon you presently. *Exit.*

*Cutt.* Fair Lady—(This 'tis to converse with none but whores: I know not what to say to her.)

You are the onely mistress of my thoughts.

My service to you, Lady. *Drinks to her.*

*Luc.* To me, Sir, do you speak, or to the wine?

*Cutt.* To you, by *Mars*. Can you love me, Beauty? I'm sure your uncle prefers no man under the cope—

*Luc.* Soft, Sir, d'ye use to take in Towns so soon?

My uncle gave an equal commendation

To both of you.

*Cutt.* What? to that mole-catcher i' th' old Serge? he brought him in for humour, to make you sport. I'll tell you what he is.

*Luc.* Pray do, Sir.

*Cutt.* The very embleme of poverty and poor poetry: the feet are worse patcht of his Rhymes, than of his Stockings: if one line forget it self, and run out beyond his elbow, while the next keeps at home (like him) and dares not shew his head; he calls that an Ode. Your uncle and I maintain him onely for sport. I'll tell you how I found him; marry walking in Moor-fields cross arm'd: he could not pluck his hat over his eyes, there were so many holes in it: he had not so much linen about him as would make a cuff for a Bartlemew-fayr-baby. Marry the worst I like in him is, he will needs sometimes, in way of gratitude, present me with a paper of Verses. Here comes the vermin.

### Act 1. Scæn. 5.

*Cutter, Dogrel, Lucia.*

I'll leave him alone with you, that you may have the better sport: he'll now shew half his tricks before me. I think I ha' spoil'd his markets. Now will I stand behinde the hangings, and hear how she abuses him. I know by her eye she loves me. *Cutter*, thou'rt blest.

*Exit.*

*Dog.* Fairer, O fairer than the Lilly,  
Then Primerose fair, or Daffadilly;  
Less red then thy cheeks the Rose is,  
When the Spring it doth disclose his  
Leaves; thy eyes put down the star-light;  
When they shine, we see afar—light.

O these eyes do wound my heart  
With pretty little *Cupid's* dart;  
Wounded I am with deadly smart;

The pain raigis in every part.  
Thy beauty and thy great desert

Draw me as horses draw a Cart.

O that I had *Rhetorick's* art—impairt-fart-mart-start.

To move thee; for I would not start

Till I—

*Luc.* Take heed, Sir, you'll be out of breath anon. Y'ha' done enough for any honest Poet.

*Dog.* Fairest nymph, I swear to thee,  
The later part was made *ex tempore!*  
Not a bit of prose goes down with me.

*Luc.* (I must know 't.)

May I be so bold as to enquire of you  
Your friend's name that was here; he seems to be  
A man of worth and quality. *Cut.* That's I.

*Dog.* Quality? yes? *Cut.* That's I again.  
If whoring, drinking, cheating, poverty and cowardice  
be qualities, he's one of the best qualified men in the  
Christian world.

*Cut.* O the devil!

*Luc.* He's a great traveller.

*Dog.* In suburbs and by-lanes; he never heard a gun  
but in Moor-fields or Finsbury at a mustering, and  
quak'd then as if they had been the Spaniards: I'll  
undertake a Pot-gun shall dismay him.

*Cut.* A plague upon him—

*Dog.* Those breeches he wears, and his hat, I gave  
him: till then, he went like a Paper-mill all in rags, and  
like some old statue in a ruin'd Abbey. About a month  
ago, you might ha' seen him peep out at a grate, and  
cry, *Kinda merciful Gentlemen, for the Lord's sake, poor  
prisoners undone by swetiskip,* and the like.

*Cut.* Contain thy self, great spirit; keep in a while.

*Dog.* We call him Colonel in an humour onely. The  
furniture of his chamber (for now, at mine and some  
other Gentlemen's charges, he has got one) is half a chair,  
and an earthen chamber-pot, the bottom of an inkhorn  
for a candlestick, and a dozen of little gally-pots with  
salve in 'um; for he has more diseases—

*Cut.* [*Enters.*] I can endure no longer. *Dogrel,* thou  
lyest; there's my glove; meet me an hour hence.

*Dog.* And there's mine. I'll put a good face on 't;  
he dares not fight, I'm sure.

*Cut.* Two hours hence

Expect the Saracen's head; I'll do 't, by heavens.  
Though hills were set on hills, and seas met seas, to  
guard thee,

I'd reach thy head, thy head, proud *Dogrel.* *Exit.*

*Luc.* Nay, y'are both even: just such an ex'lent  
character

He did bestow on you. Why thou vile wretch  
Go to the stews, the gaole, seek there a wife;  
Thou 't finde none there but such as will scorn thee.  
Was thy opinion of my birth or fortune,  
My chastity or beauty (which I willingly  
Confess to be but small) so poor and lowe,  
That thou could'st think thy self a match for me?  
I'll sooner marry with my grave; for thou  
Art worse dirt then that. See me no more. *Exit.*

*Dog.* Soorn'd by a mistress? with a friend to fight?  
Hence, lighter Odes; I'll biting Satyrs write. *Exit.*

### Act 1. Scæn. 6.

*Truman filius, Lucia.*

*Tru.* I must be gone, my *Lucia*; I must leave  
My self, and thee, more then my self, behinde me.

Thus parts the greedy usurer from his bags,  
With an heart heavier then those: he fixes  
His covetous eye upon the charming metal,  
As if he meant to throng those many pleasures  
Which several times would yeeld, into one minute.  
With as much joy he kisses his lov'd Idol,  
As I do thee, to whom all gold compar'd,  
Seems but like Pebbles to the Diamond:  
And then he sighs, my *Lucia*.

*Luc.* And weeps too, if, like us, he bid farewell.  
Why should your father be so cruel?

*Tru.* He's old and angry, *Lucia*, very angry,  
And either has forgot his youthful days,  
Or else I'll swear he did not love my mother  
With half that noble heart that I do thee:  
For when he heard your uncle's resolutions,  
Doubting your portion if we two should marry,  
He forc'd me to an oath so strange, which though  
I then durst swear, I scarce dare now repeat;  
An oath ne'er more to see nor hear thee, *Lucia*,  
After the envious shortness of this hour,  
Without his leave.

*Luc.* You will forget me quite then.

*Tru.* Forget thee, *Lucia*? 'tis not death it self  
Has so much Lethe in't: I shall not chuse  
In the long sleep o'th' grave, but dream of thee.  
If it be true that souls which leave hid treasures  
(Being buried far less peaceable then their gold)  
Walk up and down, and in their urns want rest,  
How will my ghost then wander, which has left  
Such precious wealth behinde it? Sure it will  
Desire to see thee, and I fear will fright thee.  
I would say more, but I shall weep anon.

*Exit.*

*Luc.* So quickly gone! he might have staid, me  
thinks,

A little longer, and I ow'd that happiness  
To the misfortune of his future absence.  
Why did he swear to's father? I'm a fool,  
And know not what to say.

### Act 1. Scæn. 7.

*Truman filius, Lucia.*

*Tru.* Stay *Lucia*, prithee stay; I had forgot  
The business which I came for.

*Luc.* I owe much

To your forgetfulness, my *Truman*: if  
It be such always, though you forget me,  
I'll pardon you. What was your business, pray?

*Tru.* To kiss your hand, my dearest.

*Luc.* Was that all?

I'm glad to see your grief so small and light,  
That it can finde leasure to complement;  
'Tis not like mine, believe me.

*Tru.* Was not that business, *Lucia*?  
In my opinion now, th' affairs of Kings,  
The honourable troubles of a Counsellor,  
Are frivolous and light, compar'd to this.

May I not kiss your lips too, dearest *Lucia* ?  
I have an inward dropsie ; and my remedy  
Enflames my thirst ; tis that best Nectar onely  
Which has the power to quench it.

*Luc.* If there be Nectar there,  
It was your lip that brought it thither first ;  
And you may well be bold to claim your own.  
Shall we sit down and talk a little while ?  
They will allow us sure a parting-time.

*Tru.* And that I would not change, not this poor  
minute

In which I see, and hear, and touch thee, *Lucia*,  
For th'age of Angels, unless thy lov'd presence  
Make a heav'n there for me too.

What shall I do to bring the days t' an end ?  
Sure they 'll be tedious when I want thy company.

*Luc.* I'll pray for the success of our chaste loves,  
And drop down tears for beads.

*Tru.* I'll read o'er the large volume of the creatures ;  
And where I finde one full of grace and beauty,  
I'll gaze and think on that ; for that 's thy picture.

*Luc.* Whatever kinde of Needle-work I make,  
Thy name I'll intermingle, till at last,  
Without my minde's conjunction and consent,  
The needle and my hand shall both agree  
To draw thy name out.

*Tru.* I will gather flowers,  
Turn wanton in the truness of my love,  
And make a posie too, where *Lucia*  
Shall be mysteriously writ in flow'rs :  
They shall be fair and sweet, such as may paint  
And speak thee to my senses.

*Within.* Mistress *Lucia*, *Lucia*.

*Luc.* I am call'd : farewell.

### Act. 1. Scæn. 8.

*Truman* filius, *Lucia*, *Aurelia*.

*Aur.* My father, cousin, would speak with you.

*Luc.* I'll wait upon him. *Exit.*

*Aur.* Will you be gone so soon, Sir ?

*Tru.* I must offend your father else.

*Aur.* You would have stay'd longer with her, I'm  
sure.

*Tru.* It may be so. Your servant, Lady. *Exit*  
*Aur.* Contemn'd by all ? while my proud cousin  
walks

With more eyes on her then the moon : but I  
Like some small petty star without a name,  
Cast unregarded beams.  
It must not be ; I snatch off all those glories  
Which beauty or feign'd vertue crown her with,  
Till her short light confess her but a Comet.  
I love thee, *Truman* ; but since 'tis my fate  
To love so ill, I'll try how I can hate.

*Finis Actus primi.*

### Act. 2. Scæn. 1.

*Cutter*, *Dogrel*.

*Cut.* Come on, *Dogrel*, now will I cut your throat.

*Dog.* You 'll be hang'd first.

*Cut.* No, by this light.

*Dog.* You 'll be hanged after then.

*Cut.* I'll slice thee into steaks.

*Dog.* I believe indeed thou art so hungry, thou  
couldst feed like a *Cannibal*.

*Cut.* No, thou't be a dish for the devil ; he'll dress  
thee at his own fire. You call'd me Coward : hadst  
thou as many lives as are in *Plutarch*, I'd make an end  
of 'um. (I must daunt him, for fear he should fight  
with me.) I will not leave so much blood in thee as  
will wet my nail : and for thy flesh, I'll mangle it in such  
manner, that the Crows shall not know whether it were  
a man's body or no.

*Dog.* (He was once a Coward, and I never heard yet  
of his reformation.)

Hear, thou altitonant *Jove*, and Muses three.

(Muses ? a plague upon 'um, I meant Furies.)

Hear, thou altitonant *Jove*, and Furies three.

*Cut.* Nay then

Leap from the leathern dungeon of my sheath,  
Thou *Durindana* brave.

(Will nothing do ?) Come on, miscreant. [*They draw.*

*Dog.* Do, do, strike if thou dar'st.

*Cut.* Coward, I'll give thee the advantage of the first  
push.

*Dog.* I scorn to take anything of thee, I.

*Cut.* Thou hadst better eat up thy mother's soul, then  
touch me.

*Dog.* If thou wilt not strike first, take thy life.

*Cut.* I had rather die then give the first blowe, since  
thou hast said it.

*Dog.* I see this quarrel, *Cutter*, will come to a quart  
of wine : shall's go ?

*Cut.* How rash is anger ! had not reason check'd me,  
I should have kill'd my Poet for a woman,  
A very woman. Let's sheath, *Dogrel*.

### Act. 2. Scæn. 2.

*Cutter*, *Dogrel*, *Puny*.

Here's company ; 'alid I'll fight then.

*Pun.* How now, Paynims ? fighting like two sea-fishes  
in a map ? slaying and killing like horse-leaches ? Why  
my little gallimaufry, what Arms and Arts ?

*Dog.* *Tam Marti quam Mercurio*, I. 'Slife, outbrav'd  
by a fellow that has no more valour in him then a  
woman's Tailor ?

*Cut.* By my father's Soul, I 'le kill him an he were an  
Army.

*Pun.* Hold ! stop ! this Colonel's spirit 's all flame.

*Dog.* 'Tis the flame of a flap-dragon then, for 'twill  
hurt no body.

*Cut.* Mr. *Puny*, you do me wrong,

*Puss.* What do ye mean buffes?

*Cutt.* 'Slife, an you hinder me *Pussy*—

*Puss.* Pox take you, kill one another and be hanged then, doe, stab, why don't ye?

*Cutt.* At your command Mr. *Pussy*? I'll be forc'd by no man; put up *Dogrel*, wee'll fight for no man's pleasure but our own.

*Dog.* Agreed, I'll not make another sport by murdering any man though he were a Tinker.

*Puss.* Why now you speak like righteous Homuncles, ye ha' both great spirits, as big as Indian-whales, for wit and valour a couple of Phoenixes.

*Cutt.* 'Tis my fault *Pussy*; I'm the resolutesst man if I be but a little heated. Pox take 't, I'm a fool for 't.

*Dog.* Give me thy hand.

*Cutt.* I did not think thou hadst been so valiant, 'faith: I should have killed my self, if I had hurt thee in my fury.

*Dog.* So should I by this hand.

*Puss.* This is rare! up and down like a game at chess;

*Dog.* Why a game at chess more then any other?

*Puss.* A game at chess? why-pox thou'rt a kinde of Poet I confess, but for wit you shall pardon me—ther's as much in *Tom Coriats* shoes. But prithee, why did you two Pythagorians fall out?

*Dog.* A trifle, onely a *Mistris*.

*Cutt.* A pox take her, I wou'd ber in an humor onely; I had rather marry a wench of ginger-bread; they're both of a Complexion.

*Dog.* And then her mouth's as wide as a Crocodile's, her kisses devour a man.

*Cutt.* Her eyes are like the eyes of a needle, and her nose pointed like that; I wonder her face is no cleaner, for those two perpetually water it: As for her lower parts, blessed are they that live in ignorance.

*Puss.* What an *Heliogabalus* make you of this wench? would I could see this *Barbara Pyramidum*.

*Dog.* Hang her, she looks like a gentlewoman upon the top of a ballad.

*Cutt.* Shavera, who i the diavol's name would you guess to be my *Mistris*?

*Puss.* Some wench at a red lattice.

*Dog.* Some beast that stinks worse then Thames-street.

*Puss.* And looks like a shoulder of mutton stuff with paraly.

*Cutt.* 'Faith guess who.

*Puss.* 'Tis impossible among so many whores.

*Cutt.* 'Faith *Tabitha*, none but gentle *Mistris Tabitha*.

*Dog.* We shall have him turn *Brownist* now, and read *Comments* upon the *Revelations*.

*Cutt.* Thou hast hit it, *Dogrel*: I'le put my self into a rare garbe; *Buffe*, thou must off, truly *Buffe* thou must.

*Puss.* 'Slid, a good humour; I could find in my heart to change religion too.

*Dog.* Pox! no body will change with me, I'm sure.

But canst thou put off swearing with *Buffe*? canst thou abstain in the middle of long grace from crying a plague upon him, the meat's cold? canst thou repeat scripture enough to make a Puritan? I'm sure for understanding thou 't be like enough to any of 'um.

*Cutt.* Let me alone, I'le deal with no oath above gods fatlikins, or by my truly: exclaim upon the sickness of drinking healths, and call the *Players* rogues, sing psalms, hear lectures; and if I chance to preach my self, woe be to the act, the object, the use, and application.

*Puss.* Thou art an everlasting stinker, Colonel, 'tis a most potent humour, ther's mustard in 't, it bit[te]s i' the nose.

*Cutt.* *Dogrel*, take heed of swearing before *Tabitha*.

*Dog.* If I look not as grave as a Judge upon the bench, let me be hanged for 't.

*Puss.* Come away, *Physitians*; 'slid I'le be of some Religion ere 't be long too.

### Act. 2. Scæn. 3.

*Truman* pater, *Truman* filius.

*Tru. p.* You hear me—

*Tru. f.* Sir—

*Tru. p.* Sir me no sirs: I say you shall marry *Mistris Tabitha*.

*Tru. f.* I hope sir—

*Tru. p.* I, when I bid you do any thing, then you are a hoping; well, what do you hope, sir?

*Tru. f.* That you 'ld be pleas'd—

*Tru. p.* No, I will not be pleas'd till I see your manners mended: marry gap, you 'le be teaching your father.

*Tru. f.* I am—

*Tru. p.* Go to, you're a foolish boy, and know not what's good for your self: you are? what are you, pray? we shall ha' your crow over your father.

*Tru. f.* I shall observe—

*Tru. p.* You will not sure? will you observe me? 'tis very well if my son come to observe me i' my old days, you will observe me? will ye?

*Tru. f.* I mean sir—

*Tru. p.* You shall mean what I please, if you be mine: I must be bound to your meaning?

*Tru. f.* It may be—

*Tru. p.* You 'll teach me what may be, will you? do not I know what may be? 'tis fine, 'tis very fine: now i' your wisdom, now what may be?

*Tru. f.* That *Captain Blade*—

*Tru. p.* That what? what can he do? I 'll see his nose cheese before you shall marry his neece. *Captain Blade*'s a swaggering companion; let 'um swagger, and see what he gets by his swaggering; I would have swaggered with him for his ears when I was a young man. And though I ha' done swaggering—well—I shall meet with *Captain Blade*, I hold him a tester on 't.

*Tru. f.* (Would he were gone.) I shall obey—

*Tru. p.* Obey me, no obeyings, but do what I

command you. I'll to the Widow, and talk about her portion: stay! I had almost forgot to tel you; oh—Mistress *Tabitha's* a vertuous maid, a very religious wench; I'll go speak concerning her portion.

*Tru. f.* It may be sir—

*Tru. p.* You'll never leave this trick, you'll be at your may-bees; take heed boy, this humour will undoe thee—she cannot have less then three thousand pounds: well—I'll go see—and d'ee hear? she goes plain, and is a good huswife; which of your spruce mincing squincing dames can make bonelace like her? o' 'tis a notable, apt, quick, witty girl—I'll goe to her mother about the portion. *Exit.*

*Tru. f.* About this time her letter promis'd me a meeting here: destiny it self will sooner break its word then she. Dear Mistress, there's none here besides your vassal. She's ready—

#### Act. 2. Scæn. 4.

*Truman filius, Lucia veil'd.*

Ha! why this covering?  
This is mystery darker then the veil  
That clouds thy glorious face; unless t' encrease  
My desire first, and then my joy to see thee,  
Thou cast this subtler night before thy beauty.  
And now like one scorched with some raging feaver,  
Upon whose flames nor dew nor sleep hath faln,  
I could begin to quarrel with the darkness,  
And blame the slothful rising of the morn;  
But with more gladness entertain't, then they,  
Whose icy dwellings the cold B[e]are orelooks,  
When after half the year's continued night,  
And the most tedious night of all but death;  
A sudden light shot from their horizon,  
Brings the long wisht-for day, which with such glory  
Leaps from the East, as doth thy mateless beauty.  
When thus the mist departs—

*Offers to pull away the veil.*

Why shrinkst thou back?  
I prithee let me see thee, *Lucia*.  
I'd rather some good power would strike me blinde,  
Then lose the cause for which I love mine eyes:  
And least speak to me: well may I call it night,  
When silence too has joyn'd it self to darkness.  
And did I not swear I would not—  
Thy witty goodness can save others too  
From sinning: I had quite forgot my oath:  
Yet sure an oath forc'd from a lover's tongue  
Is not recorded in heav'n's dreadful book,  
But scatter'd loosely by that breath that made it.  
However, thy blest Letter makes me patient:  
Thou giv'st all vertues: I can love thee thus.  
And though thy skin were such, that it might seem  
A black veil cast by nature o'er thy body,  
Yet I would love thee, *Lucia*: every night,  
Which is the harvest-time of all our hopes,  
Will make thee as th'art now; and dost thou think  
I shall not love thee most then?

We trifle here: I'll follow thee; O heaven!  
Prosper the wise invention which it hath taught thee.

*Exeunt.*

#### Act. 2. Scæn. 5.

*Captain Blade, Servant.*

*Bla.* Is he carried to prison? that damn'd Urmal-monger, that stinking Clyster-pipe-rogue! that ignorant Sattin cap! He has not so much physick as would cure the toothach. A slave that poisons Gentlemen, to keep his hand in ure. Must a slave come up stairs, mount the bank for money, and not be dishonoured down? He look'd as patiently then, as any Fidler need to do. Give me some small beer, and the godly book; I must not go to hell; there are too many Physicians there. I was never in a worse disposition to die, in my life: my guts begin to squeak already. Nothing vexes me now, but that I shall stand pictur'd in a Ballad, with *Beware the physitian*, or some such sentence, coming out of my mouth. I shall be sung in Smithfield: not a blinde Ale-house, but the *life and miserable death of captain Blade* shall be pasted up in: there shall I be brought confessing my sins at the later end, and giving good counsel. (You will be jumbling still.) Ten to one but *Dogrel* makes an Epitaph; there's another mischief. Here, take the book again; I'll not trouble my brain now I'm a dying.

*Serv.* Here's the widow, Sir, and her daughter, come to see you; and they have brought M. *Knockdown* to comfort you.

*Bla.* How? everlasting *Knockdown*? 'Skid, will they trouble a man when he's a dying? Sirrah, blockhead, let in *Knockdown*, and I'll send thee to heaven before me. I ha' but an hour to live, my Physitian says, and that's too little for him to preach in.

*Serv.* Shall I let the widow come in?

*Blade.* That's a she-*Knockdown* too. Well, let her come in; I must bear all torments patiently now. But, rogue, take heed of *Joseph Knockdown*: thou shalt not live with ears, if *Joseph Knockdown* enter. A plague upon all Physicians.

#### Act. 2. Scæn. 6

*Capt. Blade, Widow, Tabitha.*

*Wid.* How do you? how is't, Sir?

*Bla.* Cut off i'the flower o' my age, widow.

*Wid.* Not so, Sir, you are old, neighbour, God he knows.

*Bla.* I' the very flower, i'faith. That damn'd quack-salver.

*Tab.* He look'd like a rogue; a man might know him for a rogue, by his very eyes. Take comfort, Sir; ye know we must all die either sooner or later. Our life is compar'd to a flower; and a flower is subject to uncertainty, as M. *Knockdown* observes.

*Bla.* O the torture of such a tongue! Would I were dead already!



*Wid.* Alas, good man! his tongue, I warrant ye, is hot: look how he raves, daughter! I have heard, indeed, that many rave when they are poison'd. Think o' your sins, Sir.

*Bla.* I prithee molest me not; there's none of 'um worth thinking of. I'm hotter then a dozen of Fevers: give me a cup of Sack there: Shall I die thirsty?

*Wid.* By no means, M. *Blade*. Fellow, take heed what ye give him: he must ha' none; it breeds inflammations.

*Bla.* I'll never repent without a cup of Sack. Do, do, chuse whether you'll ha' me sav'd or no.

*Wid.* For his soul's sake then, I'll drink to him in a cup of Sack. *Drinks.*

*Bla.* To my good journey, widow. Sirrah, fill me a brimmer. Here, *Tabitha*. *Drinks.*

## Act. 2. Scæn. 7.

*Blade, Widow, Tabitha, Aurilia, Cutter, Dogrel.*

*Aur.* Stand to 't now,

*Dog.* I'll warrant you I'll stand like a knight o' the post: I'll forswear with the devil. As for *Cutter*, he has don't fourty times before a Judge already.

*Aur.* My dearest father, though we cannot call The sentence of fate back that's past upon you, Yet heav'n has mixt some mercy with its anger, And shewn us the curst plotters of your ruine.

*Bla.* How now, varlets? ye see I'm going to heaven, and ye must follow; but the Captain must be sav'd before the Colonel. Who art thou? a godly Weaver?

*Cut.* I am not he that I was of old: what hath passed, is gone and vanisheth; but what is now, remaineth.

*Wid.* No I'll be sworn is he not; never was Christian creature so alter'd, as they say.

*Tab.* He said a prayer last night so zealously, that all the house heard him, did they not? Brother M. *Cutter*.

*Cut.* Sister, I did pour out my self last night. Captain, y'are abus'd.

*Bla.* A small abuse; nothing but onely poison'd.

*Dog.* Yes 'faith, we saw the Physitian, Mistress *Lucia* and *Truman* consulting all together: the Physitian pluck'd a box out, shew'd it them; they seem'd to approve: an oath of secesie we heard them take, but suspected nothing, by this hand. We honest men do seldom suspect others.

*Bla.* Is this true, Colonel?

*Cut.* Should I say it is not true, I should not tell the truth if I should say so.

*Bla.* You swear 'tis true?

*Cut.* Before an Elder I shall swear.

*Bla.* *Aurilia*, send for 'um immediately, as if I meant to see 'um contracted; and bid the servants be ready to carry 'um away. I'll see 'um clapt up close before I die.

*Aur.* I go, Sir.

*Exit.*

## Act. 2. Scæn. 8.

*Blade, Widow, Tabitha, Cutter, Dogrel, Lucia.*

*Luc.* Dearest Uncle,

I come to beg one boon of you, the last Which you can grant me, or I need to wish.

*Bla.* Speak, gentle Neece.

*Luc.* That since the love 'twixt *Truman* and my self Hath been so fixt, and (as our fortunes) equal, You will be pleas'd to seal with your last breath The confirmation of our loves, our Contract: And when your soul shall meet in heav'n my father's, As soon as he has bid you welcome thither, He'll thank you for our marriage.

*Bla.* Oh by all means: where's gentle M. *Truman*? He's sorry for my death, good man, I warrant ye. Weep not for me, dear Neece, I know it greives you. Where's loving Mr. *Truman*?

*Luc.* Without Sir, waiting on your will, as on the voice of his good fate.

*Bla.* Pray call him in. *Exit Luc.* Sirrah, fetch two or three more of my knaves in.

*Dog.* Oh the dissembling of these women; they're like a folded picture, that every diversity of light represents diversly.

*Bla.* Hang all women beside you and your daughter, widow: I could almost like *Mahomet's* religion, for turning all the sex out of Heaven.

## Act. 2. Scæn. 9.

*Blade, Cutter, Dogrel, Widow, Tabitha.*

*Truman filius, Lucia veil'd.*

*Tru.* 'Tis as we wisht, dear Lady; O this blest hour!

*Bla.* Away with 'um immediately, let 'um be sent to prison straight.

*Tru.* What means this rudeness? I understand not this incivility.

*Cutt.* Ungratious children, ye have poisoned a most vertuous Souldier here.

*Tru.* I poisoned? what d'ye mean?

*Bla.* Away with 'um I say, they shall finde another place to answer for 't.

*Exeunt Servants, with Truman and Lucia.*

*Wid.* Hei ho! what pitty 'tis.

*Cutt.* Captain, prithee away with these two impertinences; since you must dye, let 's have a parting cup for shame.

*Bla.* But thou art turn'd Apostate.

*Cutt.* I did but fain all this; I'm as very a Rogue as ever I was.

*Bla.* Thou speakst righteously, we will not make a dry farwel on 't. *Widow*, I have some business with these two; shall I desire privacy a little while?

*Wid.* Fare ye well. Mr. *Cutter*, you can speak comfortably to him: I'll see you again anon! Oh the wickedness of these worldings! Come *Tabitha*.

*Exeunt Widow and Tabitha.*

*Bla.* The Doctor says, I shall dye without pain;

therefore, my sparks of Asia, let's be merry for a while. Boy, fetch some wine and an hour-glass.

*Cutt.* An hour-glass! what emblem shall we have? bring a sithe too; and this same lean, greedy, hungry Poet shall act Time here.

*Enter boy with wine, and an hour glass.*

*Bla.* Well said, my little Pawn. So, thus I'll husband my time. According to my Emperick's computation I am to live an hour; half which I do allot to drink with you, a quarter to settle some business; and the rest, to good meditations and repentance. How like ye this, my gallants?

*Cutt.* Most Logically divided; never Scholer divided mess better.

*The boy fills wine.*

*Bla.* How it sparkles! Never be drunk again? My *Homer* junior, have at thee; and this will string up thy Muse: rejoice, young frog of *Helicon*.

*Drinks.*

*Dog.* No, rather let me weep, drop briny tears, Till I like *Niobe*—

*Cutt.* There's a piece of her sticks in his throat still, drink it down, *Dogrel*.

*Bla.* Do, for when I am once gone, ye must e'en like *Mahometans*, count wine a thing forbidden.

*Cutt.* Let's drink, let's drink, whilst life we have: You'll finde but cold drinking, cold drinking in the grave.

*Dog.* A catch i'faith.

Boy go down,  
And fill's the tother quart;  
That we may drink the Captain's health.  
Before that we do part.

*Cutt.* Why dost thou frown, thou arrant Clown etc.

*Bla.* Ha hei boy's! another catch i'faith.

And all our men were very very merry.  
And all our men were drinking,

*Cutt.* One man o' mine,

*Dog.* Two men o' mine,

*Bla.* Three men o' mine,

*Cutt.* And a man o' mine,

*Ow.* As we went by the way, were

Drunk Drunk, Damnable Drunk;  
And all our men were very very merry etc.

*Bla.* Hei brave boys! now, *Cutt*, thou art a pretious Puritan.

*Cutt.* And thou a puissant Captain. Some wou'd ha' pin'd, and kept a quarter, and howl'd at their death, and ha' been more froward and troublesome then a Citizen's wife when she takes Physick. This is true valour.

*Dog.* Sure he has dy'd before, he's so expert at it.

## Act 2. Scæn. 10.

To these, old *Truman*.

*Bla.* What says old Priam to *Achilles* great?

*Tru.* 'Tis well, I'm glad to see you in your Priams; but for all your Priams, and your Killisses, what ha' you done with my Son?

*Bla.* Thrice was thy *Hector* drawn about the walls.

*Cutt.* *Xanthus* and *Simois*, with his purple gore.

*Dog.* Alas, and well a day! we are stain'd all o'n.

*Ow.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Tru.* 'Tis very well, excellent well, all's well that ends well; I say—I shall finde Law I hope. My Son *Dick* in prison, and old *Dick* laughed at here by Raggamuffins: 'Tis very excellent well; I thank you gentlemen, I thank you heartily.

*Bla.* 'Tis not so much worth i'faith Sir; what do you mean Sir? pray spare your courtesie, nay, I pray be covered Sir.

*Tru.* It may be so, 'tis very likely Sir, an there be Law in Westminster—

*Cutt.* —And what dost thou mean, old man?

*Dog.* —And what dost thou mean, old man?

*Cutt.* —If thou mean'st to live long, plump, lusty, and strong;

*Dog.* —Then take off the cup and the Can.

*Ow.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Tru.* Well, I'm made a laughing stock, it seems.

*Bla.* And good Sir—

*Tru.* Yes, I am made the laughing stock; I shall take some other course, I hold you a goat. Rest ye merry Gentlemen, I pray be merry, very very merry.

*Dog.* Nay, you shall stay and drink first.

*Tru.* Shall I, *Jacksauce*? *Strikes off his hat.*  
Pray Sir, be you covered too.

*Bla.* Come old *Yethro*, here's a cup of wine will stir thy brains again, they're mouldy now.

*Tru.* I, you'd poysen me, wou'd you? 'tis very well if a man may be suffered to poysen whom he pleases.

*Breaks the glass.*

*Bla.* No, your good Son has got the art of poysoning.

*Tru.* My Son? Thou liest. My Son?

*Bla.* If ye be raging Lyon-mad, d'ye see that door? Be gone to your Son, and take some juice of Opium: Thou wants sleep, *Yethro*.

*Truman offers to go out, and turns back again.*

*Tru.* There's Law, Captain.

*Bla.* There is so; wou'd you'd go fetch it.

*Tru.* Nay, there's none it seems.

*Bla.* True, there shall be no Law, so you'll be gone.

*Tru.* There shall be no Law, say you? I desire no more, 'tis very exceeding dainty. There shall be no Law; I desire no more, 'tis a kinde of petty Treason: You'll remember, Sir, that there shall be no Law: That's enough, I pray remember, Sir: and so farewell. There shall be no Law. *Exit.*

*Bla.* This worm-eaten old fellow has spill'd our sport. And what says my hour-glass now? Time was i'faith.

*Cutt.* How do you feel your self?

*Bla.* As hot as Heil. Come wee'll take our last farewell within; and farwel here all drinking. God send me a good journey, I say.

*Dog.* Then briny tears come trickling down apace, For loss of him—

*Cutt.* And what?

*Dog.* Nay, ye put me out.

*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Secundi.*

## Act. 3. Scæn. 1.

*Dogrel, Aurelia.**Dog.* Not poisoned, you say?*An.* No, he 's as well as we.*Dog.* It may be he has more lives than one, or used himself to poyson; as we now, that are Scholars and Poets read, of one *Mithidrates*.*An.* He was never sick.*Dog.* Yes, very hot.*An.* I, as a painted fire, his fancy made him so; I smell a plot in 't. *Lucia*, you say, urged him then for *Truman*. 'Twas a meer plot, I doubt, to put him in fear of death.*Dog.* I shall be taken for a kind of Rogue then, for bearing false witness.*An.* You shall not be mistaken, Sir, at all.*Dog.* Pillory'd, and whipt, with my godly brother *Cutter*.*An.* Abus'd by the Prentices as you walk in the streets, and have rotten apples flung at you.*Dog.* Have a hundred blustering oaths o' mine no more believed, then when I swear to my Creditors, I 'll pay all.*An.* Be abandon'd by all men above a Tapster; and not dare to looke a gentleman i' the face; unless perhaps you sneak into a Play-house, at the fifth Act.*Dog.* If ever I have to do with women again, but i' the way of all flesh, may I dye an *Eviluck*. I 'll never lye or swear hereafter, but for my self. Were not you the vertuous gentlewoman, with the brown paper-face, that perswaded me to it?*An.* The very same, Sir; and I ha' just such another exploit here to imploy thee in: therefore be secret, close as a cokle, my good Rymer.*Dog.* To imploy me in!*An.* Nay, you must do 't i' faith; I ha' sworn first, *Dogrel*.*Dog.* By this good light, I will do nothing at thy intreaty: not if thou shouldst intreat me to lye with thee. Must Poet *Dogrel*?*An.* I, must, if he intend s're to drink Sack again; or to make more use of his little pocket, then to carry Tavern-bills in 't; must do 't, unless he intend to die without a shirt, and be buried without a winding-sheet.*Dog.* I like thy wit; yet, wench, what is 't?*An.* I would marry *Pussy*; he's rich you know, and a bravery, and a wit.*Dog.* He says himself he is so; but few are of his faith.*An.* He dances too, and courteth the Ladies.*Dog.* Yes, in more postures then a dozen of Bowlers.*An.* But he's rich, *Dogrel*, and will be wise enough; when I have got 'em knighted, then I shall be a Lady, *Dogrel*; have a dozen of French-Tailors, Doctors, Jewellers, Perfumers, Tyre-women, to sit in consultation every morning, how I shall be dressed up to play at Gleek,

or dance, or see a Comedy, or go to the Exchange i' the afternoon; send every day my Gentleman, to know how such a Lady slept, and dream'd; or whether her dog be yet in perfect health: Then have the young smelling braverles; all adore me, and cut their arms, if I be pleased to be angry: Then keep my close and open Coaches, my yellow sattin Pages, Monkies, and women, or (as they call 'um) creatures.

*Dog.* Be then a politick, Lady; keep none but ugly ones, you 'll ne'er be handsome else. But suppose all this, what's this to *Dogrel*?*An.* *Dogrel* shall be maintain'd by me, he shall ha' fine new Serge; and every day more wine then 's drunk at a Coronation.*Dog.* This qualifies. And when the good Knight's dicing, or at bowls, or gathering notes in private out o' Romances; might not *Dogrel* have a bit?*An.* Yes, like enough your Poetry might tempt some of my under-women to 't. But are you prepar'd to cheat, in your own behalf, and mine?*Dog.* I, but how must this be done?*An.* Why thus briefly. First read this Letter.*Dog.* (*reads*) Dearest *Truman*,

We have long desired to be contracted together, that nothing might be wanting to our Loves, but Ceremony: To night about nine a clock, I shall finde opportunity to meet you at the garden door, and let you in; silence, and the help of veiles, will save the violating of your oath. Farewell.

Yours, *Luc. Blade*.

I'faith, was this her writing?

*An.* No, but the hand's as like hers as the left is to the right. This you shall shew to *Pussy*; and tell him that you found or stole it from *Truman*: I need not I suppose instruct you, to polish over a lye; he knows their love, and cannot suspect any thing; perswade him to make use of the occasion, and come himself.*Dog.* And you 'll meet him vall'd.*An.* Hast thou found it out? thou hast shrew'd reaches *Dogrel*.*Dog.* I 'll do 't. Thou shalt be blest. I 'll do 't i' faith.*An.* About it then; I 'll leave you: and fall not, *Dogrel*; remember wine and serge. But first, I have another way 't' undoe thee, *Lucia*: And that I 'll try too. *Exit*.*Dog.* Go thy ways girl for one, and that's for *Pussy* I hope; I see thou 'lt ne'er turn Semstress, nor teach girls; thou 'dst be a rare wife for me, I should beget on thee *Donnes*, and *Johnson*s: but thou art too witty. *K* We men that are witty, know how to rule our selves, can cheat with a safe conscience; 'tis charity to help thee, *Aurilia*, and I will do 't, and merit. *Exit*.

## Act. 3. Scæn. 2.

*Truman filius, Solus.**Tru.* Our minds are like the Sea, and every Passion Like some fierce Tempest stricken from the North,

Disturbs the Peaceful calmness of our thoughts :  
 Custom of anger drives us from our selves,  
 The *Adrian* Gulf a milder fury hurries ;  
 † Those Waves touch Heaven, but these arise to Hell :  
 Sometimes the winged whirl-wind of blind Avarice  
 Shoots it self forth, and sweeps up all before it.  
 Now we with greedy hope, knock at the Sphæra,  
 Anon the deadly hand of cold despair  
 Throws us beneath the grave : and midst these dangers  
 The flame of Love appears in stead of lightning ;  
 And with sad glory frights the night it self.  
 Oh ! 'tis a subtil fire ! and kills, but wounds not.  
 Good God ! What more then man can safely pass  
 The Billows, Rocks, and Monsters of this Ocean,  
 Unless some pow'r Divine, become his Pilot ?  
 For then the windes would scatter, and waves shrink,  
 And th' outworn storm suffer it self a shipwrack.

## Act. 3. Scæn. 3.

*Aurelia, Taylor, Truman filius.*

*Au.* Thanks good Taylor ; now I'll onely beg that I  
 may buy your secrecy : Fare thee well, Friend.

*at the door.*

*Tru.* Ha ! I did but speak just now of Heav'nly  
 pow'rs,

And my good Angel enters ! welcome  
*Lucia* ; I can scarce say so here, yet welcome heartily :  
 You see how ill our honest Plot succeeds ;  
 I see we must out-weary fortune's anger,  
 And I have arm'd my self for't—ha !

*She gives him a note, and imbraces him. He reads.*

I have with much ado gotten to you, and can stay  
 with you to night. (Ha !) Why should we defer our  
 joys longer, since we are married in heart ? The oppor-  
 tunity, and impatience of such delays, forc'd me to  
 desire that which else my modesty would not suffer me  
 —(Modesty ?)—Your desires—to your bed—long wisht-  
 for—(why this is strange) hum—hum—hum— Yours,  
*Lucia.*

No, no, thou art not *Lucia*. If thou dost  
 (As thou saist) love me, do not use that name.

*She embraces, and goes to kiss him.*

Some devil has chang'd thee—  
 This is worse stil—with much ado—to night—joys longer  
 —opportunity— *Reads: then walks about the room ;*

*goes to the Candle, and burns the Letter.*  
 May all remembrance of thee perish with thee,  
 Unhappie paper, made of guilty linen.

The menstruous reliques of some lustful woman :

Thy very ashes here will not be innocent,  
 But flie about, and hurt some chaste men's eyes,  
 As they do mine. *Weeps.*

Oh thou that once wert *Lucia* ! thy soul  
 Was softer then, and purer then swans' feathers,  
 Then thine own skin : Two whitest things, that paper,  
 And thine own self, thou didst at once defile.  
 But now th' art blacker then the skin that covers thee :

And that same gloomy shade not so much hides  
 Thy Bodie's colour, as it shews thy Mindes. *She kneels.*  
 Kneel not to me, fond woman, but to heav'n ;  
 And prithee weep : tears will wash cleaner Ethiops—  
 Wouldst thou have had me been mine own adult'rer ?  
 Before my Marriage too ? Wouldst thou ha' giv'n me  
 An earnest of the horns I was to wear ?  
 Is Marriage onely a Parentheas  
 Betwixt a maid and wife ? Will they remain  
 Entire without it ? Go, pray go back,  
 And leave me too, since thou hast left thy self :  
 When peace is made with heav'n, 'tis made with me.

*Exit Aurelia.*

What are these women made of ? Sure we men  
 Are of some better mold. Their vows and oaths  
 Are like the poisonous Spider's subtil net,  
 As dangerous to entrap, and broke as soon.  
 Their love, their faith, their selves enslav'd to passion.  
 Nothing 's at their command, except their tears,  
 And we frail men, whom such heat-drops entice.  
 Hereafter I will set my self at liberty,  
 And live more free then is the air I breathe in :  
 And when I sigh, henceforth, it shall not be  
 For love of one, but pity of all the Sex. *Exit.*

## Act 3. Scæn. 4.

*Dogrel, Puss.*

*Puss.* But how shall I represent this Anthropophagus ?  
*Dog.* Onely speak softly, lest she chance to know your  
 voice.

*Puss.* I warrant you I'll whisper like wet wood in a  
 Justice's chimney at Christmas.

*Dog.* But of all things, take heed of too much wit ;  
 that 's always dangerous, but especially now. *Truman*,  
 you know, is an honest harmless fellow, and is contented  
 to speak sense.

*Puss.* I, hang him ; there 's clotted cream in his head  
 in stead of brains ; and no more o' that then will com-  
 pletly serve to fill the eye of a needle. But I shall ne'er  
 abstain from these fine things, hyperboles and similitudes :  
 my nature stands a tiptoe : *Truman* has got the cramp ;  
 his genius is like some gouty Alderman 's that sits in a  
 chair. An' I were in *Phalaris's* Bull, I think I should be  
 witty.

*Dog.* Nay, I know't ; a man may as well keep a  
 prentice from Moor-fields on a holiday, as you from  
 your Muses, and Canundrums ; they're meat and drink  
 to you.

*Puss.* No, my good bag-pipe, they're meat and drink  
 to you, that feed by 'um.

*Dog.* I see you're ashamed of the Muses, and I hope  
 they're even with you. But so much for this : you'll  
 finde wine, I hope, when I have found you the wench.

*Puss.* Though thou wouldst drink cups bigger then  
 Paul's-steeple, or the great bell at Westminster, thou  
 shouldst have 'um. How long dost thou think has this  
 night worn her mourning-gown, and lookt like a funeral ?

*Dog.* Indeed, she has many torches. Why sure, 'tis

just about the Critical time which she appointed. You know your business : First break a piece of Gold ; profess before Heav'n and Angels, you take her for your wife ; then give her half of it : and after that, somewhat as you understand me.

*Pun.* Will she be malleable, d'ye think? Shall I stamp *Puny* on her?

*Dog.* There's a Metaphor indeed ! It seems 'tis the fashion ; you take your wife for Gold. Hark ! the door opens, use your fortune well. *Exit.*

*Pun.* Now, if my Alcocadin be right, I'm sure, I am made.

*She opens the door, and lets him in.*

### Act 3. Scæn. 5.

*Captain Blade, Servant.*

*Bla.* Pox upon 'um, they put me into a horrible fear ; but I am glad I am so happily cheated, for all that. Well, I must devise some horrible lye, to justify my fears ; some trick must be thought upon to gull *Truman*. How now ? What news from *Tripoly*?

*Serv.* Sad news, my Lord ; here's an Army at the door, to speak with you.

*Bla.* Who are they ? Creditors ? a Merchant, a Mercer, a Scrivener, a Taylor, a Butcher, Six Cookes, a dosen of Vintners, and the rest ? Ha ? Tell 'um I am sick, taking Physick, or else abroad ; hang 'um Rogues, come like quotidian Agues on a man.

*Serv.* No, Sir, 'tis old Mr. *Truman*, the Widow, and her daughter, and Mr. *Dogrel*, and I know not who ; there's a stock of 'um.

*Bla.* They are those I wisht for, let 'um in.

*Exit Serv.*

Now, Signior *Blade*, if ever thou wouldst see the golden age of yore, this is the time.

### Act 3. Scæn. 6.

*Blade, Truman Pater, Widow, Dogrel.*

*Tru.* O Sir, my Son has poyson'd you, I see ; there's no Law yet, is there ?

*Bla.* Mr. *Truman*—

*Tru.* True me no more then I true you. Come, Captain *Blade*, I know what you are, and so shall others too.

*Bla.* You'll hear me, Sir, I hope—

*Tru.* And so shall you hear me, Sir ; I can be heard, I would you should know, in as good a place as this is ; and before as good as you are, Captain *Blade*.

*Bla.* First, leave your raging, Sir : for though you should roar like *Tamerlin* at the Bull, 'twould do no good with me.

*Tru.* I *Tamerlin* ? I scorn him, as much as you do, for your ears. I'll have an action of slander against you, Captain ; you shall not misal me at your pleasure : remember you call'd me *Jethro* once before.

*Wid.* O the Father ! little did I think, I wuss, to see you ever with these eyes again.

*Bla.* Pray, Sir, hear me ; The wrong I did you, when you were last here, came from distraction onely, and not my will ; and therefore deserves pardon. The business, if you please, I'll relate truly to you ; and by what special providence I escap'd the danger. *they whisper.*

*Tru.* Well, Sir, I'm not angry ; but I'll not be call'd *Tamerlin* by any man.

*Bla.* Upon my faith, Sir, it was an Antidote ; I vomited up more then any whale could have done ; things of more colours then twenty Rhetoricians were ever able to invent.

*Tru.* I shall teach my son—

*Bla.* No, good Sir, I forgive him with all my heart ; but for my Neece—You remember, Sir, the Will my brother left ; you were witness to it. For this her disobedience, the means are faln to me. Now if you please to marry M. *Richard* to my daughter, *Lucia's* portion shall all be hers.

*Tru.* Thank you, good Captain *Blade* ; I thank you for your love heartily : pray send for 'um ; he shall do 't presently. I thank you heartily for your love, good Captain : he shall do 't, he shall do 't. [*Calls his servant, and sends for 'um.*] (What good luck was this, that I spoke not to the widow for her daughter !) How do you, widow ? you're melancholy methinks ; you're melancholy i'faith, that you are.

*Wid.* Well, I praise God, Sir, in better health then I deserve, vile wretch. I'm glad to see our neighbour so recovered.

*Tru.* I, good man, he has had a dangerous time of it, that he has, a very dangerous time : his neece is a naughty wench, a scurvie girl, to repay him thus for all his care and trouble : he has been a father to her, Widow, that he has ; to my knowledge he has : Her father was an honest man, I'm sure on 't.

*Wid.* Was he ? I, as ever trod upon God's ground, peace be with him ; I, and as loving a neighbour too—

*Tru.* We have drunk our half pintes of Muscadel together many a morning, that we have.

*Wid.* My husband too was all in all with him. Hei-bo ! I shall never forget how merry we were when we went with him to Mortlake in the Easter-holy-days : and we carried a shoulder of Mutton with us, and a fat Pig, and he carried his bottle of wine down with him : I warrant you he lov'd a cup of wine as well as his brother ; in a fair sort, I mean.

*Tru.* Ah widow ! those days are gone : we shall never see those days again. I was a merry grig too then, and would ha' danc'd and cut capers : ha—who but I ? I was as merry as the maids.

*Wid.* My daughter *Tabytha* was just four yeer old then, come *Lamas-tide*.

*Dog.* Captain, I thought thou hadst been at *Erebus* by this time : but 'tis no matter ; 'tis but an Epitaph lost : hang 't, 'twas made *ex tempore*, and so let it pass.

*Bla.* Hads'thou made one i'faith ?

*Dog.* Yes, by this light.

*Bla.* I'm glad I did not die then. O here they come. She's a good handsome wench ; 'tis pity to cozen her.

But who can help it? Every one for himself, and God for us all.

Act 3. Scæn. 7.

*Blade, Widow, Truman pater, Dogrel, Truman filius, Lucia.*

*Bla.* Welcome, kinde Neece; you see I live still: there were Antidotes as well as Poisons.

*Wid.* He has been a loving Uncle to you, Mistress *Lucia*: he might have deserv'd better at your hands: you might had Master *Truman*, I warrant you, had you but held up your finger to him: he would not ha' seen you perish, Mistris *Lucia*; I may say I know him so far. Speak, Mistris *Lucia*, speak for your self, good chuck; your Uncle will forgive you: we'll all speak for you: He shall forgive you, that he shall: he knows we have all our faults.

*Dog.* I understand the language of her silence; it's strong and good. You bound your son, Sir, to an oath never to see nor hear her without your commission: 'tis that troubles her conscience; she has a tender one.

*Tru. p.* I bound 'um? Well, I absolve 'um then; what's that to you, Sir? I'll binde 'um again, if't be my pleasure so: if not, a fig for you; that's all I care. I love to speak my minde; you must pardon me; I ha' spoke to as good as you i' my days.

*Dog.* D'ye speak thus always? I'll ha' you in a Play if you do.

*Tru. p.* I'm glad you are so religious, Sir; did I bind you too to silence? Go too, Sir; I told you what your may bees would bring you to, you'll always be wiser then your father: Nay, you may speak, and your Minkon too, if she pleases. [*Lucia, pulls off her veil.*]

*Luc.* Does any man here accuse me of any thing?

*Bla.* We, and your conscience do.

*Luc.* My Conscience? 'tis as pure as Sythian Christal, From any spot; I can see through't at pleasure. Whatever crime you mean, (for yet I know not) Would it were written in my face.

*Bla.* Thou 'dst be blacker then a Moor if 'twere. Did not you consent with that damn'd Physician to give me poyson?

*Luc.* There was none given you, I call God to witness: If such a thought had slipt into my dream, The horror would have wak'd me, and I fear'd Ever to sleep again. No; what we did, Sir, Was but to fright you with a painted danger; That the just terror of your own destruction Might call to your remembrance my dead father: For sure, Sir, you forgot him when you thought To match his onely child with one of these  
\* Fellowes that live *extempore*; whose fortunes Are patch'd up like their wit by several patrons. Should I have married thus, (but I would sooner Endure the shameful end which they deserve) Your conscious Ghost would start to meet my father's, And look more pale then death it self hath made it.

*Dog.* Let her alone, she'll call names and fling stones about anon.

*Wid.* Alas poor soul! you may see she's not her own woman.

*Tru. p.* What a poor excuse she made! a very idle simple excuse; have you never a better for us?

*Tru. f.* No, she says true.

*Tru. p.* You wo't bite off my nose? will ye, Sir? pray do not bite off my nose, I pray, Sir, do not?

Act 3. Scæn. 8.

*Blade, Widow, Truman pater, Dogrel, Truman filius, Lucia, Puss.*

*Pus.* What a bevy o' men's here! ha! My little Load-stone, art thou here, my little Diamond? I'll speak to your Uncle now; we'll have a Parson cry I *Nicholas* presently.

*Luc.* You'r rude, Sir: what do you mean?

*Pus.* I, so you said i' the garden, when I began to gather, you know what fruit: Come put on your veil, you'll blush else; and look like the picture of a red-rose i' the hangings. Captain, *Safew*, 'tis done.

*Bla.* Done! What?

*Pus.* I have her, i' faith.

*Bla.* God give you joy, Sir.

*Pus.* Nay, she's my own.

*Bla.* I am very glad o' t.

*Pus.* I scal'd the walls, entered the Town, and left a garison there, I hope.

*Bla.* I congratulate your Victory, Mr. *Pussy*.

*Pus.* You shall goe to my wedding, with me and this fair Chorus. I'm as nimble as a Lybian Rabbit: Come, you must go, though you be as lame as a cripple, that begs at Westminster, or a Crow in a gutter without her right leg. What d'ye wonder at? I tell you, she's my *Penelope* now.

*Bla.* May I be so bold, Sir, as to ask, who 'tis you mean?

*Pus.* 'Slid, canst thou not see my meaning? are your brains in a litter? I'm contracted to your Neece, and have got upon her—Nay, never blush, we're as good as married, my dear Agat.

*Bla.* Have you then lien with her?

*Truman fil.* Ha!

No figures nor similitudes, good Mr. *Pussy*; be as open and naked with me, as you were with her.

*Pus.* As plain as a Scholar's mourning-cloak. I ha' don't i' faith, but d'ye see? We broke this gold between us first, and will be married to day. Who's that? *Truman*, ha, ha; he looks like the Globe of the World, now: look how he scratcheth his poul.

*Bla.* God give you joy, Sir: but she has not a farthing portion.

*Pus.* How, Captain?

*Bla.* Not so much as will buy ribbands: all's mine own: a lawful prize, i' faith.

*Tru. fil.* Oh monster of her sex!

*Luc.* Wilt thou, vile man—I cannot speak to him— Witness all these—  
*Weeps.*

*Bla.* So 'tis all forfeited to me. Will you try how your son's affection stands towards *Aurelia*?

*Tru. p.* Come, *Dick*, the Captain has forgiven you: never think of *Lucia*; she's not worth your thinking on; a scurvy girl: ne'er think o' her; thou shalt marry fair *Aurelia*: there's a wench, a wench worth gold i'faith.

*Tru. f.* I can't marry.

*Tru. p.* What can't you do, Sir?

*Tru. f.* I can't marry.

*Tru. p.* Do you know who 'tis you speak to, Sir? you do n't sure: Who am I, pray? you can't, when I bid you. Surely you know not who 'tis you speak to: you shall do't, or I'll know why you shall not.

*Tru. f.* I wo'n't marry.

*Tru. p.* Get you out o' my sight: come within my doors no more; not within my doors, Sir.

*Bla.* Take heed, M. *Truman*, what you do.

*Tru. f.* I wo'n't marry.

*Luc.* Pray hear me all—

*Bla.* Come, M. *Truman*, let's talk of these things within: come, Gentlemen.

*Wid.* Hei-ho! I'll ne'er trust a wart o' the right cheek and a twinkling eye again whilst I breathe, for Mistress *Lucia*'s sake. A man would think, that sees her, that butter would not ha' melted in her mouth. Take heed, *Talyth*; the still Sow eats up all the draff, I see.

*Tru. p.* I'll never acknowledge him for my son again: I tell you, Captain, he's always thus; he's always with his may-be's and his wo'n'ts: I can't abide these wo'n'ts, not abide 'um.

*Pen.* I'll follow him about the portion; he sha' not think to make an *Asdrubal* of me.

*Deg.* Now my plot works.

*Exeunt omnes præter Tru. fil. et Lucia.*

### Act 3. Scæn. 9.

*Truman fil. Lucia weeping.*

*Tru.* How precious were those tears, if they were true ones!

How much more worth then all the Ocean's Jewels!  
But they are onely false and empty bubbles;  
Fair to the sight, but hollow as her heart:  
There's nothing, nothing in 'um: he that weighs 'um,  
Shall finde 'um lighter then a mad man's dreams,  
Or women's resolutions.

*Luc.* I never did that fellow any wrong.  
Why should he pay so dearly for the loss  
Of my poor honour, as to sell his soul for't?

*Tru.* O she confesses, now, sh' has lost her honour.

*Luc.* They triumph in the ruine of us women,  
And woce our beauties onely, or our dowries;  
Which when they miss of, they resolve to take  
Revenge of their unworthiness on us;  
Stealing away all that makes rich our dowry,  
And beauty fair, our Name. But 'tis no matter,  
Since heaven and *Truman* know my chastity.  
Ha! he's here still! How do you, Sir?

*Tru.* Well, well.

*Luc.* You look ill.

*Tru.* No, no, no.

*Luc.* Indeed you do: you are not well, I'm sure.

*Tru.* I am. Will you be gone?

*Luc.* How, Sir! You do not know me, sure.

*Tru.* I would I never had.

*Luc.* What do you mean?

*Tru.* To see thy face no more.

*Luc.* You said you could not live without the sight on't.

*Tru.* It was a good one then.

*Luc.* Has one day spoil'd it?

*Tru.* O yes, more then an hundred yeers of time,  
Made as much more by a continual sorrow,  
Could e'er ha' done.

*Luc.* I do not think my glass will say so.

*Tru.* That's

As false as you, perhaps; but 'tis not half  
So brittle. Dares your husband trust me alone  
With you so long?

*Luc.* My husband?

*Tru.* I cry you mercy;

The man you sin withal. You scorn to use  
Pretences.

*Luc.* Yes, I do, Sir:

For she that scorns th' offence, needs no excuse.  
Have you so little confidence in that  
Which you have seem'd to praise so oft, my Vertues?  
Or did you flatter onely? Sure you did not:  
For I remember I have heard you swear  
You spoke your thoughts. Are Oathes but comple-  
ments?

'Tis done unkindly, very unkindly, *Truman*;  
And wer't not your self, I should be angry.  
Had a bright Angel come to me, and said  
That you were false, I should have sworn 't had ly'd,  
And thought that rather false then you. Nothing  
Could ever move th' opinion of thy constancy  
But thine own self; and thee I must believe.

*Tru.* And I'll believe my self in what I saw.  
I know thou canst speak prettily; but thy words  
Are not what Nature meant 'um, thy minde's picture.  
The Bee has left his honey in thy tongue,  
But in thy heart his sting.

*Luc.* O do not say so:  
My heart is honest still, unless thou spoil'dst it  
When it receiv'd thee in. 'T had but three corners  
And thou hadst two, at least. Would thou couldst  
see

How little room I've left my self there in it.

*Tru.* Yes; for 'tis crouded up with many guests;  
So many guests, that they excluded me:  
And now I freeze without; but never more,  
Never will enter: 'twas a Palace once,  
But now 'tis turn'd a Dungeon.

*Luc.* Will you leave me?  
I will not call you fickle nor unconstant;  
But sure you are to blame: you will not find

A woman that will love you half so well.

*Tru.* I do not mean to try.

*Luc.* Yes, prithee do.

But when y'have talk'd, and lov'd, and vow'd, and sworn

A little while, take heed of using her

As you do me. No, may your love to her

Be such as mine to you; it can't be better,

What e'er you think; I'm sure it cannot, *Truman.*

May she be worthier of your bed than I,

And bring forth many little selves to you:

And when the happle course of divers years

Makes you seem old to all besides your wife,

May you in the fair glass of your blest issue,

See your own youth again. But I would have 'um

True in their loves, and kill no innocent maids.

For me it is no matter: when I'm dead,

My busie soul shall flutter still about you;

'Twill not be else in heaven: it shall watch

Over your sleeps, and drive away all dreams

That file not with a soft and downy wing.

If any dangers threaten, it shall beckon,

And call your spirit away till they be past;

And be more diligent than your Guardian-Angel

Onely sometimes, when your best leasure serves,

(For I'd not trouble you more dead than living)

Bestow one thought on *Lucia*, and then sigh,

And (if you will) drop down a tear or two.

But that's a task I'll not enjoyn you to:

And if you do't, spend not too many on me;

One will suffice: then onely say, That maid

Deserv'd more of me. And again t' your business.

For my wrongd vertue and forsaken truth,

I ask no more. So, dear *False-man*, farewell. *Exit.*

*Tru.* Farewel? That word has charms and poisons  
in't;

It makes my frighted soul start back and tremble.

'Tis but an aery word. D'ye hear me, *Lucia*?

*Luc.* (within) Who calls?

*Tru.* Farewel, *Lucia*, farewell; that's all: farewell.

Repent, and meet me in heav'n—

Why did rash Nature quarrel with her self,

In making one so excellently bad?

She is more fair than *May's* new painted blossoms,

But falser than the smiles of faithless *April*:

And this I know, and yet me thinks I love her.

O she has kill'd my Reason: I have lost

That and my self for ever. *Exit.*

*Finis Actus tertii.*

## Act 4. Scæn. 1.

*Lucia sola.*

Every thing now has left me; tears themselves,

The riches of my very grief, forsake me:

Sorrow, me thinks, shews nakedly without 'um.

My sighs are spent too; and my wearied lungs

Deny me fresh supplies: and I appear

Like some dull melancholy *April-even*,

When after many a showre the heav'n's still lowre,

As if they threatned more; and the fled Sun

Leaves nothing but a doubtful blush behinde him.

And I could wish my eternal night were coming,

Did I but know who 'tis that makes me wish it:

Else, when my soul is ready for her flight,

And knows not who it is she must forgive,

A thousand light suspicions will call

Her charity several ways; and I may chance

To doubt thee, *Truman*. But thou art abus'd:

I know not why; but sure thou couldst not do it.

I fear thee, cousin. When we were both girls,

Thou wouldst accuse me falsely to my Mistress,

And laugh to see my tears. I fear thee, cousin;

But I'll not judge too rashly: for I would not

Have any innocent wrong'd as I have been.

But I'm resolv'd to try her. She's now seeking

(Hoping that all my fortunes now are hers)

For a new maid t' attend her. That maid I'll be.

Cloathes I have got already; and my face

Grief has disguis'd: that and my voice some art

Will quickly alter. I have left a Note

Upon my chamber-window, which will keep 'um

From all suspicion of my staying here.

## Act 4. Scæn. 2.

*Cutter, Degrel, Punny, Lucia.*

*Cut.* He! the Sisters are ravisht, and we have holy  
kisses enough. I shall be as great among 'um as—  
Who's there? What, your Spouse, *Punny*?

*Dog.* She looks like *Niobe* on the mountain's top.

*Cut.* That *Niobe, Degrel*, you have us'd worse than  
*Phabus* did. Not a dog looks melancholy, but he's  
compar'd to *Niobe*. He beat a villanous Tapster t'other  
day, to make him look like *Niobe*.

*Pun.* Why 'faith that's pretty odde, like one o' mine.

*Luc.* O, Sir, had you the vertuous impudence to  
slander a poor maid thus?

*Pun.* Poor enough now indeed. I will not marry thee:  
thy portion was a condition of the Contract. I'll sooner  
marry a woman that sells Orenge with a face like *Belin-*  
*gate*.

*Luc.* I scorn thee—I contracted to thee?

*Pun.* Wert not? Answer.

*Luc.* No, by heaven.

*Pun.* Bear witness, Gentlemen; these words are  
*Cardus benedictus* to me.

*Cut.* And what will you do now, fair Gammer *Lucia*,  
you that contemn'd the Colonel? Will you knit for your  
living?

*Dog.* Or else weed gardens for six pence a day and  
bread.

*Luc.* This is unheard-of rudeness.

*Pun.* Nay let me ha' mine too; I ha' got a pat one  
for her. Or else turn Apple-woman, live in a stall, and  
sell pippins for eight a peny.



*Dog.* Or hither in triumph 'twixt two panniers ride,  
And sell the bouls of wheat and butter in Cheapside.  
The last is a little too long : but I imitate *Spencer*.

*Cut.* What think ye, Gentlemen? she 'll make a pretty Landress.

*Pun.* A Landress? hang her, she looks like a foul handkercher.

*Luc.* Pray let me go ; I ha' business requires me.

*Cut.* What? you 're to meet some Gentlemen? How is 't? twelve pence a time, I warrant, in these cloathes.

*Dog.* Where do you set up? Nay, we are true strikers.  
What, is 't in Covent-garden?

*Cut.* Or do you renew the decay'd credit of Turnbal-street?

*Pun.* Or honour the Mill-bank at Westminster.

*Dog.* Or flee to Wapping, and engross the Sailors.

*Cut.* Or Moor-fields, and sell cakes.

*Luc.* Are all barbarous here?

*Dog.* Nay tell 's; we shall be customers.

*Pun.* Enough, enough ; give her a clap o' the breech,  
and let her go.

*Cut.* Well, fare thee well, girl ; we shall finde you at the Play house f' the six-penny-room sometimes.

*Dog.* And d'ye hear, *Lucia*, Keep your self wholesome : your tub 's a terrible thing.

*Luc.* Unworthy villains—But I 'm born to wrongs,  
And must endure 'um. *Exit.*

*Om.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Cut.* A pretty Scene i'faith. Now for the Captain ; he 'll entertain us like forraign Princes : we 'll drink this half-yeer with him, before we eat or sleep.

*Pun.* I 'll drink like *Gog-Magog* himself, or the Spanish Tinker on a holy-day.

*Dog.* There will I whet my Lyrick Muse  
With Falern wine as I do use.

Captain *Blade* cannot refuse

To entertain us ; he cannot chuse,

When we bring him such good news,

As that his neece is gone to the stews.

*Cut.* Leave your verses, *Dogrel*. I hate your verses,  
*Dogrel*, till I be drunk. 'Tis a glorious Captain.

*Dog.* As free as Free-town in Germany. Here comes  
*Jeronymo*.

### Act 4. Scæn. 3.

*Cutter, Puny, Dogrel, Blade.*

*Bla.* The story says my neece is run away. The story is not bad. Now will I get the widow, turn off my old rascally companions, and live like an Emperour.

*Cut.* He says he will live like an Emperour ; ha, ha, ha, brave Captain.

*Pun.* Invincible Captain *Priam*.

*Om.* Hei brave Captain !

*Bla.* What do you mean, Gentlemen? Are ye broke loose from Bedlam? Ha' you no other place to play your tricks in, but at my door? If you come here as Mummings, much may be done ; haply you may have twelve-pence : or else depart ; depart, if you be wise.

*Om.* Why how now, Captain !

*Bla.* If you be not gone immediately, I 'll ha' my men switch you further off—Here are saucy knaves indeed with all my heart—  
*Offers to go out.*

*Cut.* By this light the Captain 's drunk without us.

*Pun.* Prethee, Captain, thou art as humorous as a bell-rope. Dost thou know me, man? I 'm *M. Puny*.

*Blade.* Y 'are a fool, an addle egge : there 's nothing else but cobwebs i' your head : The height of all thy knowledge is to find out the quarter day against thy rents come in, and thou couldst not finde out that, if 'twere not marke'd i' the Almanack with red letters. Yet you forsooth, because you see some Gentlemen and Poets of late, a little extravagant sometimes in their similitudes ; because they make a pretty kinde of sound to those that mark 'um not ; make that your way of wit, and never speak without comparisons. But never were comparisons so odious as thine are. And these two Rabbit-suckers, for a quart of wine extol thee, and cry good when thou speakest so.

*Pun.* The Captain 's raging mad like a Baker when his oven is over heated.

*Bla.* And that was one of um—

*Cut.* Come leave your humors, hang you, confound you, pox take you, Captain, we come to drink here.

*Bla.* Mine 's no blind Ale-house, where you may roar and swagger with half a pipe of Tobacco in your mouth.

*Cut.* Do you know me, Captain?

*Bla.* I would I never had. Thou art one that sayest thou hast seen the wars, but thou liest basely ; for if thou ever wast in a battle, i' m sure thou winkest there. Thou art one that liv'st like a Raven by providence and rapine : one that if thou shouldst chance to go to bed sober, thou wouldst put it down in thy Almanack for an unlucky day ; sleep is not death's image with thee, unless thou beest dead-drunk.

*Dog.* He dares not abuse me thus.

*Cut.* Is 't even so, Captain? Has your money exalted you?

*Bla.* No, it has humbled me, and made me know my self and you, whom I shall study to forget hereafter.

*Dog.* Come, Captain, shall you and I drink hand to hand?

*Bla.* Oh, you 're his Lansprizado, Sirrah, Trundle.

*Dog.* Let not thy wrath swell like the Adrian Sea.

*Bla.* Thou that troublest thy self to be a fool ; I will so beat thee, Trundle, that thou shalt hobble like one of thy own Rhyms. Therefore, if ever thou shewest that Poetical face of thine within my doors again, Ile use thee worse then thou didst me, when thou mad'st an Ode in commendation of me.

*Dog.* Then break thine oaten reed—

*Bla.* Fare ye well Gentlemen. I shall see thee *Cutter* a brave Tapster shortly ; it must be so i' faith, *Cutter* ; thou must like *Bardolph* i' the play, the spiggot weild. *Dogrel* shall make and sell smal Pamphlets i' the play-house, or else Tobacco, or else snuffe Candles. As for *Puny*, his means will serve him to be cheated of these five or six yeers.

*Cut.* 'Tis very well the times are so alter'd.

*Bla.* Ye cannot want a living Gentlemen, as long as there are Whores, Bowling-allies, or Ordinaries; especially such able men as you are. There will be wars too shortly; never quake, *Cutter*; here's *Dogrel*, when his want has spun him out a little thinner, will serve you for a pike.

*Cut.* 'Tis very well: pray God your mirth last, Captain.

*Bla.* When you're grown old, and your fingers then only nimble with the palsei, I'll provide an Hospital for you—*Sedes ubi fata quietas.* Fare ye well, Gallants; and pray be merry: Fare ye well heartily. *Exit.*

*Cut.* Poverty, the pox, an ill wife, and the Devil go with thee, Captain.

*Pun.* I vexed him, when I put that jest upon him, like a Baker when his oven's over-beated.

*Dog.* If I don't compose a Satyre shall make him hang himself, may I never write verse more.

*Cut.* I would beat him like a Buck, but I shall be bound to the peace for 't; and be affronted afterward by every one.

*Dog.* No, no, no—let me see—Besides my Satyre I have another way—let me see—His brother traffickt at Guiny.

*Cut.* Yes, but the Merchants there report him dead.

*Dog.* The more knaves they: he lives, and I am he.

*Cut.* How? How, *Dogrel*, thou the Merchant man?

*Dog.* By this light, I either am, or will be.

*Cut.* How, *Dogrel*! Though thou be as thin and penetrable as a spirit, yet thou canst not assume dead bodies.

*Pun.* Prithce, *Dogrel*, hold thy peace; thou talkest like a hog's face.

*Dog.* Deride not, *Puny*; if I be not more like then any of your similitudes, I'll be hang'd for 't.

*Cut.* Thy face, indeed, will do exceeding well to represent one risen from the grave.

*Dog.* By long conversation with the Captain, I know all the passages between him and his brother; know what his humour, what his state and fortunes were, better then himself did when he lived.

*Cut.* I, but thou 'lt ne'er act him. Why, man, he was a thing more strange then any monster in Africk where he travell'd.

*Pun.* What was he, prithce?

*Dog.* I knew him well enough; he had lost his memory, and therefore either writ down every thing, and took his business with him in a scroll, or else trusted it to his man *John*, whom he carried with him.

*Cut.* O I, that *John* and he went perpetually together, like the blinde man and his dog.

*Pun.* Or a Tinker and his trull. But d'ye hear, gallants, let me do apple-*John*: never was such a *John* as I'll be, not *John a Gawnt* himself, nor *John a Noak*.

*Cut.* But *Dogrel*, how wilt thou be made like that *Cinque-quer*?

*Dog.* Why we Poets can do any thing. First you may remember (unless you be like him) 'tis seven yeers since he went from hence; and time, you know, will alter men. I made an Ode upon that subject once: *Time, that dost eat, and mak'st no Lent.*

*Cut.* Fox take your Ode; go on i' your business, *Dogrel*.

*Dog.* Then I and my man *John* (as simply as he stands here) will swarthy over our faces as if the Countrey had made us so: for if you remember my verses, *In Africk they are black as coals.*

*Cut.* The devil's i' thy verses. Prithce on.

*Dog.* Besides, we'll be attir'd in some strange habit of those Countries: I know not how; but you shall see 't in *Speed's Maps*.

*Cut.* Why now I like thee, my little *Ovid*; go about thy *Metamorphosis*. I'm for *Tabytha*; she's taken, *Dogrel*, melted like virgin's wax. I'll to her presently, and tell her that the vision appeared to me last, and warn'd me to carry her to *S. Antinus*; there will I have a Priest.

*Dog.* A Priest, *Cutter*?

*Cut.* A Minister, I mean; a holy, godly, zealous Minister: and she—You conceive me, *Dogrel*—

*Dog.* Well, let 's be going then. *Puny*, take heed o' your wit when you act *John*: I shall beat my servant *John*, if he be witty.

*Pun.* That's the devil; I shall hardly abstain.

*Cut.* And *Dogrel*, you must make no verses, *Dogrel*: let that be the first thing your memory fails you in.

*Pun.* Well, I'll follow you in a pissing-while.

*Dog.* Do so, good *John*. *Exit Dog. Cut.*

*Pun.* Now will I turn *John*, as round as a Wedding-ring: and if that plot be cut off by the nose—Ha? Here comes sententious *Bias* that walks gravely. I'll observe my young *Laconian*.

#### Act 4. Scen. 4.

*Puny, Truman filius.*

*Tru.* She's gone for ever. Peace be with thee, *Lucia*, Where ever thou art.

*Pun.* Now he begins his Epithalamium.

*Tru.* If she be guilty,  
Forgive her, heav'n; she'll repent, I'm sure:  
For she is soft, and melting as the dew,  
That kisses ev'ry morn the trembling roses;  
And howso'er beauty and youth misled her,  
She cannot be, I know, a stubborn sinner.

*Pun.* Did ever Basket-maker talk thus? to himself too, like a Conjurer in a garden?

*Tru.* Ha! This is he, that wicked man,

That devil which betray'd her.

*Pun.* O, are you thereabouts?

*Offers to go out.*

*Tru.* Nay stay,  
For wert thou arm'd with thunder and my anger,  
Yet I would bring thee back. Tell me what charms,  
(For I will rip thy heart up but I'll know it)  
What witch-craft didst thou use t' entice her thus?  
Never deny't. For hadst thou been more handsome  
Then other men's, or thine own flattery  
Could ever make thee: hadst thou been as beautiful,  
And couldst have spoke as well as she her self,

All this were nothing ; she would look upon thee,  
But last no more than thine own Angel does.  
No, thou didst use some cursed art to tempt her,  
Some Philter—

*Paw.* Not I by all—what d'ye mean pray, Sir?

*Tru.* Why then you ravisht her, by Heav'n you  
ravisht her :

Alas, she's weak and tender, very tender,  
And was not able to resist that strength  
Which youth and furious lust did arm thee with.  
'Twas basely done, above expression basely,  
And I would presently revenge it fully,  
But that my sword would take from the law's justice,  
And from thy shame.

*Paw.* I ravish her? By this light I scorn 't.

*Tru.* You did enjoy her body? Did you not?

*Paw.* I did so.

*Tru.* You did? I prithee do not say you did so ;  
This is to brag of the vile act th'ast done :  
But I shall spoil your pride and shameful glory  
Which your base sin affords you.

*Paw.* You bid me tell you the truth, what would you  
ha' me do ?

*Tru.* Do? I would have thee fix thy adulterous eye  
Upon the ground, which thy cursed feet dishonour ;  
And blush more red than is the sin th'ast acted.  
What would I have thee do? I'd have thee weep,  
Shed as true tears as she does for thy fault,  
And sigh away thy body into air.  
What would I have thee do? I'd have thee kill thy self,  
And sacrifice thy life to her wrong'd Soul.  
Canst thou refuse to do all this for her,  
For whom th'ast damn'd thy self?

*Paw.* We were contracted first e'er I enjoyed her.

*Tru.* Didst thou enjoy her then? How durst thou  
do it?

Why she was mine, I tell thee she was mine ;  
All the Sea's wealth should not have bought her from  
me,

While she remain'd as spotless as my love :  
And so she did remain till thy sin stain'd her.  
I tell thee to that hour she was more innocent  
Than thou, false man, wert in thy mother's womb.  
Didst thou enjoy her? Either fetch back that word,  
Say, nay I'll have thee swear thou didst not touch her,  
Or by those joys which thou hast rob'd me of,  
I'll kill thee strait.

*Paw.* 'Sild I did not touch her. What would you ha'  
me say? would I were *Johs* the Merchant's man now.

*Tru.* O Heav'n! O most unheard of villany !  
Th'ast done a crime so great, that there is hardly  
Mercy enough in Heav'n to pardon thee.  
Tell me, (for now I'll argue mildly with thee)  
Why should you seek t'undo a harmless maid?  
To rob her of her friends, her life perhaps,  
I'm sure her fame, which is much dearer to her.  
'Twas an inhuman act ; an act so barbarous,  
That Nations uncivilis'd would abhor it :  
I dare say boldly she nev'r injur'd you ;

For she was gentle as the breath of Zephyrus :  
And if she e'er did but begin a thought  
Of wronging any man, she would have wept  
Before she thought it out.

*Paw.* I had rather be a pickl'd-Oister, than i' this case  
I am in now.

*Tru.* Is *Lucia* abus'd? and I stand here  
T' expostulate with words her injuries?  
Draw, for I'll talk no more with thee.

*Paw.* D'ye hear, Sir— by Heaven I lay with her,  
but we were contracted first— will you be pleas'd to  
hear me?

*Tru.* No, be gone.

*Paw.* Most willingly. Fare ye well heartily, Sir ; I  
wish you a good night-cap. *Exit.*

*Tru.* The want of sleep and diet has distemper'd me,  
If I stay thus I shall be quite distracted ;  
Me thinks a kinde of strangeness seizes me :  
And yet if I go home I shall be forc'd  
To marry with *Aurelia*. Is it possible  
There should be women good, if *Lucia* be not?  
They are not sure : She lookt as well as any,  
And spokt as well too.

## Act 4. Scen. 5.

*Truman pater, Truman filius, Blade.*

*Tru. p.* I tell you, Captain, he's a stubborn boy, a  
self-will'd hair-brain'd boy : he has his know-nots, and  
his wo'nots, and his may be's, when I speak. I have  
told him of his manner a hundred times ; nay I may  
say a thousand.

*Bla.* Pray take my counsel for this once : though I be  
a souldier, yet I love not to do all things by force.  
Speak fairly to him.

*Tru. p.* Speak fairly to my son? I'll see him buried,  
I'll see his eyes out first.

*Bla.* I mean, desire him.

*Tru. p.* O, that's another matter. Well, for your  
perswasion, I'll do it : but if ever I speak fair to him—

*Bla.* I know his nature's such, that kindness will  
sooner win him— Look you, he's here i' faith, as  
melancholy as an owl i' the day-time.

*Tru. p.* O, are you there, Jacksaunce—

*Bla.* Nay, remember what I told you.

*Tru. p.* 'Tis true indeed. How now, son *Dick*?  
you're melancholy still, I see.

*Tru. f.* It best becomes my fortune, Sir, now you  
have cast me off.

*Tru. p.* I cast thee off? marry God forbid, *Dick*.  
How dost do, *Dick*? Thou lookst ill, *Dick*, in troth thou  
dost : I must have thee merry.

*Bla.* I see all kindness is against this dotard's nature,  
he does so over-act it.

*Tru. p.* Wilt thou have a Physitian, *Dick*? Thou art  
my onely son, *Dick*, and I must have a care of thee :  
thou shouldst ride abroad sometimes, *Dick*, and be  
merry. We'll ha' a wife too for thee, *Dick*, a good  
wife, ha—

*Tru. fil.* I thank you, Sir; but I know not—  
*Tru. p.* I, now he's at his know-not. I will make you leave those know-nots, boy—

*Bla.* Remember, M. *Truman*, what I told you.

*Tru. p.* 'Tis true indeed. Your father's old now, *Dick*, you see, and would fain see a grandchilde: us out of love to you, *Dick*, that I persuade you to 't; you may be a comfort, *Dick*, to your father now.

*Tru. f.* You may command me.

*Tru. p.* Well said, *Dick*, I see thou lovest me now, *Dick*; dost thou want any money, *Dick*? or cloathes? or horses? You should tell me what you want, you shall have any thing— here's the Captain, a hearty friend of yours— where's your Daughter, Captain? there's a wench, *Dick*! ha you seen her?

*Tru. f.* Yes, Sir.

*Tru. p.* And how do you like her, *Dick*? speak freely.

*Tru. f.* I know no cause why any should dislike her.

*Tru. p.* Why well said, *Dick*; keep, thee o' that minde still, and God will bless thee.

*Bla.* Your father means, Mr. *Truman*, I suppose, how you like her for a wife.

*Tru. p.* I can tell my own meaning my self I hope, I'm old enough I'm sure.

*Tru. f.* You wrong her much, I never shall deserve her.

Alas, I am a man so weak in all things,  
 So lost both to the world and to my self;  
 That if I lov'd a woman heartily,  
 And woo'd her with all zealous passions,  
 And valu'd her love 'bove all things else but Heaven;  
 Yet, when I thought upon my own unworthiness,  
 I should my self persuade her not to marry me.

*Bla.* Well, Sir, if you esteem her worth your choise, she shall be yours.

*Tru. p.* Why what should ayle him, Captain? He esteem her? Must he, forsooth, or I be Master pray? Captain *Blade*, you make him too saucy with such talk; never tell me, Captain *Blade*, I say it makes him too saucy, I marry does it, it does i'faith; must he be his own Carver? Come, no more words, I'll have you married presently: i'faith law, Captain, you make him too saucy, that you do, you do i'faith, Sir; I can't abide when sons must come to esteem; he esteem her with a vengeance?

*Tru. f.* I desire time onely to consider—

*Tru. p.* I, why I told you this; 'tis such a—another wilful, hair-braind Coxcomb, he's always a considering. Captain *Blade*, I could never keep him from his considering; but I shall so consider you—go get you in, Sir, I'll have it done when I please; get you in, Sir, I'll keep you from considering hereafter. *Exeunt.*

#### Act 4. Scæn. 6.

*Aurelia, Lucia* disguis'd.

*Aur.* What did you say your name was!

*Luc. Jane*, forsooth.

*Aur.* Well said, *Jane*; and as I told you, *Jane*, you

shall have six pound a year, *Jane*, for your wages; and then my cloathes will serve you with a little alteration: There's a gown of my Cosens within will almost fit you, you're much about her height, you shall ha' that too. I had a Cousin here was a foolish thing god wot, 'tis well I'm rid of her—and d'ye hear—you must be very secret and faithful to your Mistris; a waiting woman's place, is a place requires secrecy.

*Luc.* I shall ill deserve your favour else.

*Aur.* Nay, I dare trust thee, *Jane*, thou lookst ingenuously: didst thou ever live at Court?

*Luc.* No forsooth.

*Aur.* O, you must learn the fashions of the Court: I'm already contracted to one Mr. *Pussy*, though he little thinks of it; Take heed of speaking, *Jane*, you see I trust you. And when I'm married to him I'll live at Court: He's a simple thing God knows, but I'll have him knighted, and I like him the better for't: A wise woman you know will make the best use of a foolish husband. You know how to dress me, *Jane*, i' the Court fashion?

*Luc.* Yes forsooth.

*Aur.* And you can lay me on a Fucus hansomly?

*Luc.* I hope I shall quickly learn it.

*Aur.* And when you see a friend with me, or so, that I would be private with; you can stay i' the next room, and see that no body come in, to interrupt us?

*Luc.* I shall not be deficient in my duty.

*Aur.* Well said. And can you tell in private such a Gentleman that you heard me speak in commendation of him, and that I dreamt of him last night? that will be in your way, *Jane*, such men will be grateful. And say that I was longing t' other day, for such a jewel or such a toy? *Lucia makes a court'sy.*

*Luc.* I hope you shall not finde me wanting in any service to you.

*Aur.* I beleeeve thee, *Jane*. To morrow I'll teach thee more: I shall read to you every day a lesson, til I see you perfect in the science: 'tis requisite that you have a little of the Theory first. Go look out the pearly chain in the Cabinet within; and stay till I come to you. *Exit Jane.*

The wench I see is docile, and will learn; but alas she must have time; she has a little too much City breeding. I see, by Court'sies and forsooths.

#### Act 4. Scæn. 7.

*Aurelia, Blade.*

*Bla.* How now? all alone, *Aurelia*? you're eating soap and ashes here, I warrant you, without so much as saying grace for 'um.

*Aur.* I'd rather repent in ashes, Sir, then eat 'um.

*Bla.* What would you think if I should marry now this very day?

*Aur.* I should think, Sir, you'd repent to morrow for't.

*Bla.* And the widow too.

*Aur.* The widow? then you'll repent to night, Sir, I believe.

*Bla.* I woo'd her long ago, and now she sees there's an estate fall to me, 'faith she's content; and, to save charges, is willing to be married to-day privately.

*Asr.* But I hope you are not so, Sir: why we shall have all the silenco'd Ministers humming and having thrice a week here; not a dish o' meat but will be longer a blessing than a roasting. I shall never hear my Virginals when I play upon 'um, for her daughter *Tabytha's* singing of Psalms. The first pious deed will be, to banish *Shakespeare* and *Ben. Johnson* out of the parlour, and to bring in their rooms *Mar-prelate*, and *Pryn's* works. You'll ne'er endure 't, Sir. You were wont to have a Sermon once a quarter at a good time; you shall have ten a day now.

*Bla.* Let me alone to deal with 'um. If any of her eating talking tribe shew their ears here, I will so use her tribe, that they shall free the Pope, and call me Antichrist hereafter: and the widow, I'll warrant you, I'll convert: I'll carry her to Plays, in stead of Lectures: she shall see them, as well as the dancing o' the ropes, and the Puppet-play of Nineve. But this is not my business, girl: I have an husband too for you.

*Asr.* I could wish you would keep him, Sir, if you have him; I know not what to do with him my self.

*Bla.* Come, 'tis a man you'll like, I'm sure; I have heard you often commend him for his parts. 'Tis young *M. Truman*.

*Asr.* *Truman*, Sir? the melancholy cross-arm'd Gentleman that talks to trees and rivers as he goes by 'um? We should sit all day together like pictures of man and wife, with our faces towards one another, and never speak. I'll undertake, upon our Marriage-night he'll only sigh a little, cry *Cruel Fate*, and then go sleep.

*Bla.* Never fear 't. Come, thou shalt have him, girl: go quickly and dress your self; we'll both be married on a day. The humor is good, and it saves charges: there's the widow's humour too.

*Asr.* You'll give me leave, Sir—

*Bla.* No, no, no; prithee go dress thy self: by heaven it must be as I say: the fates have ordain'd it.

*Asr.* Be pleas'd to hear me, Sir.

*Bla.* I would not hear thee, though thou wert an Angel. I'm as resolute as he that writ the *Resolves*. Come away, and adorn thy self. *Exeunt.*

#### Act 4. Scæn. 8.

*Cutter, Dogrel, and Puss disguis'd.*

*Puss.* Me thinks I look now like a two-peny apple pye, I know not how.

*Dog.* *John*, What's your name, *John*? I have forgot your name, *John*.

*Puss.* Do you mean the name that was given me at the Font?

*Dog.* Font? Font? I do not remember that Font. Let me see my scroll. (*Reads.*) There's ne'er a such town in Africa as Font. I do not remember Font.

*Puss.* Your memory, Sir, 's as short as an *Ephemeres*.

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*Dog.* Did not I warn you, *John*, of such strange what-d'ye-call ums? Here's for that word. (*Strikes.*) I have forgot what word 'twas: for the word I mean.

*Puss.* Fox take you, *Dogrel*, you strike too hard.

*Cut.* Thou'dst act well, I see: we'll ha' thee to Golden-lane, and there thou shalt do a King, or else some God in thine own cloathes.

*Dog.* When a dead man from *Orcus* I retract, Well may you see that to the life I act.

*Puss.* Did not I warn you o' these what-d'ye-call-ums? 'Faith we'll be even, Master. *Strikes him.*

*Cut.* Very well, *John*; those be good Memorandums for your Master.

*Dog.* I should be angry with thee for it, but that I ha' quite forgot it.

*Cut.* Let's see your scroll. (*Reads*) Memorandum for my house: I have a house in Fleet street, with a garden to 't. My daughter is call'd *Lucia*; a handsome fair maid with red cheeks, black eyes, and brown hair, and a little dimple in her chin. My brother's name (to whom I left the charge of my daughter) is *Blade*. (A most excellent Note indeed.) What ha' we here? Memorandums concerning my estate. What, they're all of this stamp, are they not? Take heed, *Dogrel*, the Captain's a shrewd fellow; he'll examine you more strictly than the Spanish Inquisition can.

*Dog.* Fish, if he pose me in anything, my memory's weak, he knows; I h' forgot it quite.

*Cut.* And then your voice I fear; and then—

*Dog.* Fox take you, *Cutter*; a Casuist would not finde so many scruples.

*Puss.* The devil's in 't, I shall never do this part; I know not how to speak and not be witty.

*Cut.* Well, look to 't, gallants; if the Captain finde you out, he'll abuse you most unmercifully—I'm now for *Tabytha*.

*Puss.* The Captain abuse me? By this day, I'll jeer with him with my hands bound behinde me. Come away, Master.

*Dog.* I, *John*; but which way did we come?

*Puss.* Why this way, Master.

*Dog.* Then that way we must go. Is not this my house in Fleet street? *John* I thought you had said 't had been in Fleet street.

*Puss.* Yes, so 'tis, Sir.

*Dog.* Truly I thought you said so. Come away, *John*. *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus quarti.*

#### Act 5. Scæn. 1.

*Cutter, Tabytha.*

*Cut.* And the vision told me, sister *Tabytha*, that this same day, the twelfth of March, in the year of grace 1641, at this same holy place, by a holy man, we two, who are both holy vessels, should be joynd together in the holy band of Matrimony.

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*Tab.* My mother will be angry, I'm afraid.

*Cat.* Your mother will rejoice, I would not for a world that you should do it, but that we were commanded from above; yea, I may say commanded: for, to do things without a divine warrant, is like unto the building of a fire without a bottom cake.

*Tab.* I (God knows) that it is.

*Cat.* Very well, sister. Now when my eyes were opened in the morning, I awoke: for it was morning-tide, and my eyes were opened; and I looked into my pockets; for my breeches lay upon a joynd stool not far from the bed's side: and in my pockets, even made with leather, I looked (I say) and found; What did I finde? marry a License written with ink and pen: Where did I finde it? in no other place, but even in a godly Catechism which I had wrapt and folded up long-ways, even in that very pocket.

*Tab.* I wou'd my mother knew it. But I'll not resist, God willing.

*Cat.* There is a godly Teacher within, that never was defiled with the Cap and Surplice, never wore that gambol call'd the Hood; even he shall joynd our hands. Shall we enter, sister?

*Tab.* Brother, I'll not resist.

*Exeunt.*

### Act 5. Scen. 2.

*Truman filius, Aurelia.*

*Tru.* And must we marry then?

*Aur.* It appears so by the story.

*Tru.* Why will you marry me? What is there in me That may deserve your liking? I shall be The most ill-favour'd melancholy Bridegroom That ever took a melting maid t'his bed: The faculties of my Soul are all untun'd, And every glory of my spreading youth Is turn'd into a strange and sudden winter. You cannot love me sure.

*Aur.* No by my troth, Sir.

*Tru.* No, nor I you. Why should we marry then?

"Twere a meer folly, were it not *Aurelia*?

*Aur.* Nay, ask our Parents why. But, Sir, then say

"Tis the best marriage where like is joynd to like;

Now we two are a very even match;

For neither I love you, nor you love me;

And 'tis ten to one but we shall beget

Children that will love neither of us.

*Tru.* Nay, by my Soul I love you, but alas, Not in that way that husbands love their wives;

I cannot play, nor toy, nor kiss, nor do

I know not what: And yet I was a lover,

As true a lover—

*Aur.* Alack a day, Sir.

*Tru.* 'Twas then me-thought the greatest happiness

To sit and talk, and look upon my Mistress,

Or (if she was not by) to think upon her.

Then every morning next to my devotion,

And sometimes too (forgive me Heav'n) before it,

She slipt into my fancy, and I took it

As a good omen for the following day.

It was a pretty foolish kind of life,

An honest harmless vanity: But now

The fairest face moves me no more than Snow

Or Lillies when I see 'um and pass by.

And I as soon shall deeply fall in love

With the fresh scarlet of an Easterne cloud,

As the red lips and cheeks of any woman.

I do confess, *Aurelia*, thou art fair

And very lovely, and (I think) good-natur'd.

*Aur.* Faith, Sir, I would not willingly be a man, if they be all like you.

*Tru.* And prithes now, *Aurelia*, tell me truly,

Are any women constant in their vows?

Can they continue a whole week? a month?

And never change their faith? O if they could,

They would be excellent things. Nay, ne'er dissemble:

Are not their lusts unruly, insolent,

And as commanding as their beauties are?

Are their tears true and solid when they weep?

*Aur.* Sure, Mr. *Truman*, you ha'n't slept of late;

If we be married to aight, what will

You do for sleep?

*Tru.* Why? Do not married people use to sleep?

*Aur.* Yes, yes. Alas good innocence!

*Tru.* They have a scurvy time of t' if they do not;

But we'll not be as other people are,

We'll finde out some new handsome way of love,

Some kind of way that few shall imitate,

But all admire. For 'tis a sordid thing

That lust should dare t' insinuate it self

Into the marriage-bed. We'll get no children;

The worst of men and women can do that.

Besides too, if our issue should be female,

They would all learn to flatter and dissemble,

They'd all deceive with promises and vows

Some simple man, and then turn false and kill him.

Would they not do t', *Aurelia*?

*Aur.* Our sex is little beholding to you, Sir; I would

your mother were alive to hear you. But pray, Mr.

*Truman*, what shall we do when we are married?

*Tru.* Why we'll live lovingly together:

Sometimes we'll sit and talk of excellent things,

And laugh at all the nonsense of the world:

Sometimes we'll walk together into the fields:

Sometimes we'll pray and read, and sometimes eat,

And sometimes sleep; and then at last we'll die,

And go to heav'n together. 'Twill be dainty.

*Aur.* We may do this, me thinks, and never marry for the business.

*Tru.* 'Tis true, we might do so:

But since our parents are resolv'd upon t',

In such a trifle let 'um have their humour.

My father sent me here to complement,

And keep a prating here, and play the fool:

I cannot do t'. What should I do, *Aurelia*?

What do they use to say?

*Aur.* Sure, Sir, you knew, when you were a suitor to my cousin *Lucia*.

*Try.* I, but those days are past, and I have now  
Forgot what manner of man a lover is :

I was one then, I'm sure on 't. O that *Lucia*,  
That *Lucia* was so wonderful a creature—  
There was a cheek, a lip, a nose, an eye !  
Did you observe her eye, *Aurelia* ?

*Ans.* Yes, yes, Sir, you were wont to sit all day,  
And look upon the pretty babies in it.

*Try.* It was as glorious as the eye of heav'n,  
Like the soul's eye, dispers'd through ev'ry thing.  
And then her hands ! her hands of liquid Ivory !  
Did she but touch her Lute (the pleasing'st harmony  
Then upon earth, when she her self was silent)  
The subtil motion of her flying fingers  
Taught Musick a new art, To take the sight  
As well as th' ear.

*Ans.* I, I, Sir, y'had best go look her out, and marry her.

*Try.* Nay prithee be not angry, good *Aurelia* ;  
I do not say she is more fair than thou art :

Yet if I did—No, but I will not say so :  
Onely I strive to cherish the remembrance  
Of one I lov'd so well. And, now I think on 't,  
I'll beg a favour of you : you'll laugh at me,  
I know, when you have heard me : but I'll beg it :  
Prithee be veill'd as *Lucia* was of late ;  
Cast such a silken cloud upon thy beauty  
For this one day : I'd fain marry you so.

'Tis an odde foolish humour, I confess :  
But love and grief may be allow'd sometimes  
A little innocent folly.

*Ans.* Well, I'll obey your humour ; pray walk in  
there ;

I'll onely dress my self, and wait upon you.

*Try.* And we'll be married very privately.  
None but our selves, it will be best, *Aurelia*. *Exit.*

*Ans.* Why here's a husband for a wench of clouts !  
May I never laugh again, if his company has not made  
me duller than Ale and butter'd cakes wou'd ha' done.  
I marry him ? the old men must excuse me. I'll sooner  
chuse a fellow that lies bed-rid, and can do nothing a-  
nights but cough. Well, if I don't teach 'um what 'tis  
to force a wench that has wit, may my husband beat me  
when I have one, and I sit still and cry. I like this very  
well—it shall be so. *Jane*, come hither, *Jane*.

### Act 5. Scen. 3.

*Aurelia, Lucia.*

*Ans.* O *Jane*, that 's well ; little think you what good 's  
towards you ; 'tis that you have wisht for, I dare say,  
these five years ; a good handsome husband. What  
think you of young *Tryman* ?

*Luc.* I think every thing  
That makes a man compleat, and his wife happie ;  
The richest glories of a minde and body,  
And their not ill companion, Fortune too,  
Are reconcil'd and married all in him :  
And I commend the wisdom of your stars,  
That joy'n you two together.

*Ans.* Nay faith thou shalt e'en have him thy self for  
better or worse. He's too handsome indeed, unless he  
could make better use of his beauty ; for by my troth,  
wench, I'm afraid thou 'lt finde thy pillow as good a  
bed-fellow.

*Luc.* I pray do not mock your servant.

*Ans.* Thou shalt see, *Jane*, I do not ; come in, wench,  
and I'll tell thee all my plot. *Exeunt.*

### Act 5. Scen. 4.

*Blade, Servant.*

*Bl.* Well, Sir, is the Cook doing according to my  
directions ?

*Serv.* Yes, Sir, he's very hard at his business ! the  
kitchin : h' has been a swearing and cursing at the  
scullions at least this hour, Sir.

*Bl.* 'Tis such an over-wasted Coxcomb ; another  
wedding dinner would make him a *S. Laurence* : bid  
him be sure the Venison be well season'd.

*Serv.* Troth, Sir, I dare not speak to him now, unless  
I put on the armor in the hall : he had like to have  
spitted me next to a goose, for saying that he look'd like  
an ox that was roasted whole at *S. Jane's* fayre.

*Bl.* You have invited all the guests to dinner you  
talk'd of ?

*Serv.* Yes, Sir.

*Bl.* And the widdows round-headed kindred ?

*Serv.* Yes, Sir.

*Bl.* They'll come i' their garded petticoats, will they  
not ? You should have bid 'um eat no porridge at home,  
to seem more mannerly here at dinner. The widdow  
will be angry at their charges, but I'll please her at night.  
Go bid the Butler look to his plate, and not be drunk  
till he sees it all in again. Whose at the door there ?

### Act 5. Scen. 5.

*Blade, Dogrel, and Puny disguised.*

*Serv.* Faith, Sir, you know as well as I ; some chari-  
table beast come to be drest here. Shall I call the Cook,  
Sir ?

*Dog.* Why this is my house here, *John* : ha ! ha !  
little thought I to have seen my house in Fleet-street  
again. Where's my brother *Blade* ?

*Bl.* They call me Captain *Blade*.

*Dog.* Is this he *John* ? Let me see (*reads*) A proper  
bury man, with a whiteish beard, a quick eye, and a  
nose inclining to red, 'tis true. Save you good brother,  
you did not expect me here ; did you brother ? Stay let  
me see how many years ago is't since we went from  
home ?

*Pun.* 'Tis now just seven, Sir.

*Dog.* Seven ! me thinks I was here but yesterday !  
How the what-d 'ye-call-'um runs ? What do ye call it ?

*Pun.* Time, Sir.

*Dog.* I, I, Time. What was't I was saying ? O, I  
was telling you brother, that I had quite forgot you :  
was I not telling him so *John* ?

*Bla.* By my troth, Sir, we are both quits then ; for I have forgot you too. Why, you were dead five years ago.

*Dog.* Was I so? I ha' quite forgot it. *John*, was I dead five years ago? My memory fails me very much of late.

*Pun.* We were worse then dead I'm sure ; we were taken by a barbarous kind of Nation, and there made slaves these five years. *John* quoth he ! I was poor *John* indeed : I'm sure they fed us three whole years with nothing but Acorns and water : we lookt like wicker-bottles.

*Dog.* How, Sirrah? Did your Master look like a wicked boat-man? (*strikes him*) Nay I remember what you said we lookt like. Did we look like what-d'ye-call-ums?

*Bla.* Where did they take you prisoners?

*Dog.* Nay ask *John*, he can tell you I warrant you. 'Twas in—tell him, *John*, where it was.

*Pun.* In Guiny, Sir.

*Bla.* By what Country-men were you taken?

*Dog.* Why they were call'd—I know not what they call'd 'um, 'twas an odde kinde of name ; but *John* can tell you.

*Pun.* 'Slife, who I, Sir? d'ye think I can remember all things?

*Dog.* 'Tis in my book here ; I remember well the name of any Country under the Sun.

*Pun.* I know their names, Sir, well enough ; but I onely tri'd my Master's memory. They're called Tartarians.

*Dog.* How say you? what were they?

*Pun.* Tartarians, Sir.

*Dog.* I, I, these were the men.

*Bla.* How, *John*? why all the world, man, lies between 'um : they live up i' the North.

*Pun.* The North?

*Bla.* I, the very North, *John*.

*Pun.* That's true indeed : but these were another nation of the Tartarians that liv'd by us.

*Bla.* Well, how escap'd you, *John*, at last?

*Pun.* Why 'faith, Sir, to tell you the truth, for I love not to tell a lye, the King's daughter fell in love with me, and for my sake there set us free. My master has it all in his book ; 'tis a fine story.

*Bla.* Strange! In what ship did you come back?

*Dog.* What ship? why 'twas call'd—a thing that swims—How d'ye call it?

*Bla.* What? the Mermaid?

*Dog.* No, no, no, let me see—

*Bla.* What? was 't the Triton?

*Dog.* No, no—it swims, I tell you.

*Bla.* The Dolphin?

*Dog.* No, no—I have forgot what 'twas.

*Bla.* What say you, *John*?

*Pun.* (Pox take him.) I, Sir? O God, my Master, Sir, can tell as well as I.

*Bla.* He says he has forgot.

*Pun.* 'Tis his pleasure to say so, Sir : he may say what he pleases. (A plague upon him.) You can't conceive the misery we have past, Sir.

*Bla.* Well, brother, I'll make bold to ask one question more of you. Where did you leave your Will when you went away?

*Pun.* 'Slife, now he's pos'd again.

*Dog.* I'll tell you presently, brother ; let me see. (*Reads.*) Memorandum for my Will : Left to my brother *Blade* the whole charge of my estate—hum—What did you ask me, brother?

*Bla.* In what place you left your Will?

*Dog.* I, that was it indeed ; you're i' the right ; 'twas the very thing you askt me ; and yet see how quickly I forgot it. My memory's short, alas, God help me.

*Bla.* This is no answer to my question, yet.

*Dog.* 'Tis true indeed. What was your question, pray?

*Bla.* Where you left your Will.

*Dog.* Good lord ! I had forgot you askt me this ; I had forgot, i' faithlaw, that I had : you'll pardon my infirmity, I hope, brother ; for alas—alas—I ha' forgot what I was going to say to you ; but I was a saying something, I am sure.

*Pun.* Did not you know us, *Will*? prithee tell 's true.

*Serv.* No, by this light : why, you're grown as black as the chimney-stock.

*Pun.* That's the nature of the Country where we liv'd. O the stories that I shall tell you ! And how does *Nell*, and little bonny *Bess*? are they as merry grigs as e'er they were?

*Serv.* No ; *Bess*, poor wench, is married to a Chandler ; but she's true blue still, as right as my leg, I'll warrant you.

*Dog.* What is 't, *John*? what was I going to say, *John*, to my brother?

*Pun.* I know not, Sir ; was 't not about your daughter?

*Dog.* I, I, my daughter—What d'ye call her?

*Pun.* *Lucia*, Sir.

*Dog.* 'Tis true indeed ; my daughter *Lucia*, brother.

*Bla.* Pray walk into the parlour ; I'll come to you presently, and tell you all.

*Dog.* Well, *John*, put me in minde o' my daughter *Lucia*. (A plague o' your Tartarians.)

*Pun.* (And o' your what-d'ye-call ums.)

*Dog.* ('Slife, Tartarians.) *Essent Dog. Pun.*

*Bla.* If these be rogues, they are as impudent as Mountebanks and Juglers : and if I finde 'um to be rogues, (as I see nothing yet to the contrary) how I will exercise my rogues ! The tyranny of a new Beadle over a beggar shall be nothing to mine. Come hither, *Will*, what think you of these two fellows?

*Serv.* 'Faith, Sir, I know not : but if you think it be not my old Master, I'll beat 'um worse then the Tartarians did.

*Bla.* No, no, let 's try 'um first. Thou wast wont to be a very precious knave, and a great actor too, a very *Racius*. Didst not thou once act the Clown in *Musi-dorus*?

*Serv.* No, Sir ; but I plaid the Bear there.

*Bla.* The Bear? why that's a good part ; th'art an actor then, I'll warrant thee. The Bear's a well-pen'd



part. And you remember my brother's humour, don't you? They have almost hit it.

*Serv.* Yes, Sir, I know the shortness of my Master's memory; he would forget sometimes to pay me my wages till he was put in minde on 't.

*Bla.* Well said. I'll dress thee within in his own chamber; and all the servants shall acknowledge you. But who shall do trusty *John*?

*Serv.* O, *Ralph* the Butler. Sir; he's an old actor, Sir, h' has plaide a King he says. I have heard him speak a Play *ex tempore* in the Buttry, Sir.

*Bla.* O *Ralph*, excellent *Ralph*, incomparable *Ralph*, *Ralph* against the world! Come away, *William*; I'll give you instructions within. It must be done in the twinkling of an eye. *Exiunt.*

### Act 5. Scæn. 6.

*Cutter, Tabytha, Boy.*

*Cut.* Now, Mistress *Tabytha Cutter*, let me kiss thee.

*Tab.* Pray God my mother be not angry.

*Cut.* Think not o' thy mother, Spouse; I tell thee, Spouse, thou shalt be a mother thy self, within these nine months.

Come to my bed, my dear; my dear come to my bed:

For the pleasant pain,

And the loss with gain,

Is the loss of a maidenhead.

*Tab.* Is that a Psalm, brother husband, that you sing?

*Cut.* No, no, a short ejaculatory. Sirrah boy, are the things within that I spoke for?

*Boy.* Yes, Sir.

*Cut.* Go fetch 'um in. *Exit Boy.*

Come, *Tabytha*, let's be merry: Canst thou sing a catch, wench? O well said, Boy!

*Enter boy with a hat and a feather, a broad band, a sword and a belt, and a periwig.*

*Tab.* What do you mean, brother husband? I hope you'll not turn roarer.

*Cut.* What? do these clothes befit Queen *Tabytha's* husband? this hat with a chimney-crown, and brims no broader then a moderate hat-band? Give me the Periwig, boy. What? shall Empress *Tabytha's* husband go as if his head were scalded? or with the seam of a shirt for a band? Shall I walk without a sword, and not dare to quarrel i' the streets, and thrust men from the wall? Will the Fidders be here presently, boy?

*Boy.* Yes, Sir.

*Tab.* Plah, I can't abide these doings. Are you mad? O lord! what will my mother say? There shall come no Fidders here.

*Cut.* Be peaceable, gentle *Tabytha*; they will not bring the Organs with 'um. I say be peaceable; the vision bid me do thus. Wilt thou resist the vision?

*Tab.* An' these be your visions—Little did I think 'twere—Is this your religion and praying? Which of all the Prophets wore such a map about his head, or such a sheet about his neck? What shall I do? I am undone.

*Cut.* What shalt thou do? Why, thou shalt dance, and sing, and drink, and laugh; thou shalt go with thy breasts open, and thy hair braided; thou shalt put fine black stars upon thy face, and have great bobs for thy ears. Nay, if thou dost begin to look rustily, I'll have thee paint thy face like the whore of Babylon.

*Tab.* O that ever I was born to see this day!

*Cut.* What? dost thou weep, Queen *Dido*? Thou shalt have Sack to drive away thy sorrow. Come hither, boy, fetch me a quart of Canary. (*Exit boy.*) Thou shalt see I'll be a loving husband to thee. The vision, *Tabytha*, bid me give you drink: we must obey these visions. Sing, *Tabytha*: Cry on your wedding-day? 'tis ominous.

Come to my bed, my dear;

Come to my bed:

For the pleasant pain—

*Enter boy with wine.*

O art thou come, boy— Well said, fill a brimmer; nay fuller yet, yet a little fuller. So. Here's to the Lady-Spouse; to our good sport to night.

*Tab.* Drink it your self, if you will; I'll not touch it.

*Cut.* By this hand, thou shalt pledge me, seeing the vision said so. Drink, or I'll take a Coach and carry thee to a Play immediately.

*Tab.* I can't abide— (*She drinks.*)

*Cut.* Why, this will clear thy heart, wench: Sack, and an husband, wench, are both comfortable things. Have at you again.

*Tab.* I'll pledge you no more, not I.

*Cut.* Here, take this glass, and take it off too, or else I'll swear an hundred oathes in a breathing-time. Here—

*Tab.* Well, you're the strangest man—

*Cut.* Why this is right now. Nay off with it. So. But the vision said that whatsoever we left of this same wine, would turn to poison straight. There, here's to you, *Tabytha*, once again: 'tis the vision's will.

*Tab.* What? must I drink again, then? Well, I'll not resist. You're such another brother-husband. (*Drinks.*) There's a whole one now—

Come to my bed, my dear;

Come to my bed—

How wast 't? 'Twas a pretty one.

*Cut.* O divine *Tabytha*! Here come the Fidders too. Strike up, you rogues.

*Tab.* What? must we dance now? is not that the fashion? I could have danc'd the Coranto when I was a girl. The Coranto's a curious dance.

*Cut.* We'll dance out the disease of the Tarantula: but first we'll have a health to my pretty *Tabytha*.

*Tab.* I'll begin 't my self. Here, Duck, here's to all that love us.

*Cut.* A health, you eternal scrapers sound a health. Bravely done, *Tabytha*: what thinkst thou now o' thy mother?

*Tab.* A fig for my mother; I'll be a mother my self. Come, Duckling, shall we go home?

*Cut.* Go home? the Bride and the Bridegroom go? We'll dance home. Afore us, squeakers: that way, and be hang'd. So. O brave Queen *Tabytha*! excellent Empress *Tabytha*! On, you rogues.

*They go out dancing, with the music before 'em.*

### Act 5. Scæn. 7.

*Blade, Dogrel, Punny.*

*Dog.* I must not be fob'd off thus about my daughter: I remember not your excuse; but *John* can tell well enough, I warrant you.

*Bla.* I have told you the plain truth: you'll not be angry, I hope.

*Dog.* I shall have cause to be angry, I fear: Did not I leave her to his charge, *John*? Brother, I tell you—

*Bla.* I must not answer, brother—

*Dog.* I know you put me out, that I might forget what I said to you before: remember, *John*: I'll be as cunning as you're crafty: remember, *John*. How now? what's the matter?

*Enter servant.*

*Serv.* Ho, my old Master's come; he's lighted now at the door with his man *John*: he's asking for you; he longs to see you: my Master, my old Master.

*Bla.* This fellow's mad.

*Serv.* If you won't believe me, go in and see, Sir: he's not so much alter'd, but you'll quickly know him. I knew him as soon as I saw him. Pray, Sir, go in.

*Bla.* Why this is strange.

*Exeunt Blade and servant.*

*Pun.* If this be true, what course shall we take, *Dogrel*? I begin to shake like a plum-tree-leaf.

*Dog.* We'll shift some way or other, I warrant you.

*Pun.* How, *Dogrel*? prithee how?

*Dog.* Let the worst come, we can be but whipt, or burnt in the hand, at the most.

*Pun.* Ho, our best way will be to hang our selves—'Slife, here's *John*.

### Act 5. Scæn. 8.

*Dogrel, Punny, John, two or three servants.*

1 *Serv.* Give me thy hand i'faith, boy: is't possible that thou shouldst be alive still?

2 *Serv.* Ha rogue! art thou come i'faith? I have a pottle o' Sack to welcome thee.

3 *Serv.* Why you'll not look upon your poor friends, *John*. Give me thy golls, *John*. How hast thou done this great while?

*John.* I thank you all heartily for your love; thank you with all my heart-law. What? my old bed-fellow *Robin*? how dost do? when shall we steal Apricocks again? d'ye remember, *Robin*?

2 *Serv.* A murrain take you; you'll never forget your roguery.

*Pun.* A murrain take you all: this was your plot, and be hang'd. Would I were *Punny* the Wit again.

*Dog.* Accursed Fate—

3 *Serv.* Come, *John*, let's go to the Buttry and be merry; *Ralph* longs to see you, I'm sure.

*John.* And how does *Ralph*? good honest *Ralph*? That *Ralph*'s as honest a fellow, though I say't my self: I love him with all my heart-law, that I do; and there's no love lost, I dare say for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, my masters, will you go in? I'll prevail with the Cook for a slice or two of Beef; and we'll have a cup of Stingo, the best in the cellar.

*John.* Well said, steel to the back still; that was your word, you know. My Master's coming in: go, I'll follow you straight.

1 *Serv.* Make haste, good *John*, for I can't stay.

*Exeunt Servants.*

*John.* Here's a company of as honest fellows as a man would wish to live i' the house withal; all, no man excepted.

*Dog.* Would I were out of the house, as honest as they are. Here they come *John*.

*Pun.* *John*, quoth he, with a pox.

### Act 5. Scæn. 9.

*Dogrel, Punny, John, Blade, William.*

*Bla.* Me thinks you're not return'd, Sir, But born to us anew, and I could wish My tongue were not more niggardly than my heart In giving you a welcome.

*Will.* Thank you good brother, Truly we ha' past through many dangers; my man shall tell you all, I'm old and crazy, and forget these things.

*(Enter Widow.*

*Bla.* Pox on't, the Widow's come already; keep 'um here, *John*, till I come back. O are you here sweet-heart?

*Wid.* Who have you yonder, I pray?

*Bla.* O you should not ha' seen 'um yet, they are Maskers.

*Wid.* Not vagrant players, I hope?

*Bla.* No, no, they can onely tumble, and dance upon the rope, you shall see 'um after dinner. Let's away sweet-heart, the Parson stays for us, he has blown his fingers this hour. *(Exeunt Blade and the Widow.*

*Dog.* I'm glad the Captain's gone, now will I sneak away, like one that has stolen a silver-spoone.

*Pun.* I'll be your man and follow you.

*Wid.* Who are these *John*? By your leave, Sir; would you speak with any here?

*Dog.* The Captain, Sir. But I'll take some other time to wait on him, my occasions call me now.

*Wid.* Nay, pray, Sir, stay. Whom did you say you would speak withall?

*Dog.* The Captain, Sir. But another time will serve. I ha' some haste of business.

*Will.* Whom would he speak with, *John*? I forget still.

*John.* The Captain Sir.

*Will.* Captain? What Captain Sir?

*Dog.* Your brother I suppose he is.

*Will.* 'Tis true indeed, I had forgot that my brother was a Captain. I cry you mercy, Sir, he'll be here presently. Are you an English-man, Sir?

*Dog.* Yes, Sir.  
*Will.* Where were you born I pray?  
*Dog.* In London, Sir. I must leave you—  
*Will.* In London? y' are an English-man then I see,  
 Sir. Would you have spoke with me Sir?  
*Dog.* No, with your brother, but my business with  
 him requires not haste, and therefore—  
*Will.* You're not in haste you say; pray sit down  
 then: may I crave your name, Sir?  
*Dog.* My name's not worth your knowledge, Sir; but  
 my man's name's *John*.  
*Pun.* (If I be *John* any more I'll be hang'd) No my  
 name's *Timothy*, Sir.  
*Will.* Mr. *John Timothy*? Very well, Sir. You seem  
 to be a Traveller.  
*Dog.* We're newly come out of Affrick, and there-  
 fore have some business that requires us.  
*Will.* Of Affrick? Law you there now. What  
 Country pray?  
*Dog.* *Prester John's* Country. Fare you well, Sir,  
 now.  
*Will.* Marry God forbid. What come from *Prester*  
*John*, and we not drink a cup of Sack together?  
*Dog.* (What shall I do?) Friend, shall I trouble you  
 to shew me where your house of office is?  
*Will.* You'll stay here Mr.— what's your name,  
 pray?  
*Pun.* *Timothy*, Sir.  
*Will.* Gods me, 'tis true indeed Mr. *John Timothy*.  
*Pun.* I'll only make water, and come to you.  
*Joh.* The door, Sir, is lockt; the Captain has lockt  
 us all in here, if you'll be pleas'd to stay, Sir, till he  
 comes—  
*Dog.* (I'd as live stay to meet the Devil, or a  
 Sergeant.)  
*Pun.* (Would I were hid like maggot in a pescod;  
 we shall be abused I see, oh, oh, oh.)  
*Joh.* What makes you quake so, Sir?  
*Pun.* Nothing, onely I have an extream list to make  
 water: 'Tis nothing else by this light.  
*Will.* My brother would not have you gone it seems.  
 Your name's Mr. *John Timothy*, is it?  
*Dog.* No, that's my man's name.  
*Will.* O, your man's name; 'tis true, 'tis very true  
 indeed, that's your man's name. You'll pardon me,  
 Sir?  
*Joh.* Pray, friend, do you know the great City call'd  
*Astervadil*, where my name-sake *Prester-John* keeps  
 his Court?  
*Pun.* Know't? I, very well; I have liv'd there a great  
 while, I have cause to know't.  
*Joh.* Ther's a brave Castle of three miles long.  
*Pun.* I, and many stately building too.  
*Joh.* The noble men's houses are all built of Marble.  
*Pun.* They make indeed a glorious show. I ha' seen  
 'um.  
*Joh.* It may be so. But to my knowledg, friend,  
 there is no such City there.  
*Pun.* It may be the names are alter'd since I was

there. (Here's the Captain, I'll sneak behind the  
 hangings.)

## Act 5. Scæn. 10.

*Dogrel, Puny, William, John, Blade, Widow.*

*Bla.* I like this Person well, h' has made short work  
 on 't, he had appointed sure some meeting at an Ale-  
 house. Welcome wife, welcome home now. But I ha'  
 two brethren which you must know.

*Wid.* Marry, Heav'ns foresheld, Sir.

*Bla.* Brethren in God sweet-heart, no otherwise.  
 Come hither Guiny brother; what say you?

*Will.* This Gentleman, Brother, has stay'd for you  
 here; pray use him kindly, he's a Traveller: where did  
 you say you travell'd, Sir?

*Bla.* O yes! How do you, brother?

*Dog.* I your brother? what d'ye mean?

*Bla.* Why, are not you my brother *Blade* that was  
 taken captive by the Tartars? Ha!

*Dog.* You're merrily dispos'd, Sir: I your brother! I  
 taken captive by the Tartars! Ha, ha, ha! I under-  
 stand not your meaning, Sir.

*Bla.* What an impudent slave's this! Sirrah monster,  
 didst not thou come with thy man *John*?

*Dog.* I, my man *John*? here's no such fellow here, you  
 see: how you're mistaken, Sir! you mean some other  
 man. This is the strangest humour.

*Bla.* Sirrah, dost thou see this fist? dost thou see this  
 foot? I'll wear these out upon thee—

*Dog.* Hold, pray Sir, hold. I remember now indeed  
 that I was *Blade* the Merchant; but I had quite forgot  
 it. You must pardon me; my memory's very weak.

*Bla.* I like the humour. But I must know, Sir, who  
 you are, now you ha' left being my brother.

*Dog.* Who, I? don't you know me? I'm *Dogrel* the  
 Poet, and *Puny* was my man *John*. Lord that you  
 should not know me all this while! not know Poet  
*Dogrel*!

Why I intended here this merry play,

To solemnize your nuptial-day.

*Wid.* O thank you, M. *Dogrel*! Can you dance upon  
 the ropes, and tumble? Truly I never knew it before,  
 not I.

*Bla.* Where's that fool, *Puny*? is he slipt away?

*Pun.* (He was wise enough to do so, I'll warrant you.)

*Bla.* I will beat him so, that he shall not finde a  
 similitude for himself. As for you, *Dogrel*, because you  
 came off pretty handsomely, with the best at the last,  
 like an Epigram, I may chance to pardon you; but  
 upon this condition, that you make no Epithalamiums  
 upon my marriage.

Well said, *Will*; [He pulls off his men's disguises.]  
 bravely done, *Will*: i faith thou shalt ha' two laces  
 more to thy Livery, for doing this so well. I told thee,  
*Will*, what 'twas to have acted the Bear in *Musidorus*.  
 And *Ralph* was a brave *John* too—

*Dog.* How's this? I plainly see I'm an Ass then: 'twas  
 this damn'd *Puny's* fearfulness spoil'd all.

*Pun.* (A pox o' this coward *Dogrel*: I thought they were not the right ones.)

*Bla.* I see my Players had more wit than my Poet. Here's something for you to drink, Go in now: this is your Cue of *Exit*; and see all things there in a readiness.

*Will.* Nay, let the Master go first. Follow me, *John*.  
*Excunt Will. and Ralph.*

*Wid.* What, husband? Ha' you giv'n 'um any thing? Indeed, Love, your're too lavish.

*Dog.* 'Twas very wittily put off o' me, howsoever.

### Act 5. Scæn. 11.

*Blade, Widow, Dogrel, Puny, Cutter, and Tabytha, with Fiddlers before 'um.*

*Bla.* How now? what ha' we here? another Puppet-play? Any thing now but brothers, and I'm for 'um. Who? *Cutter*? What's the matter, Poet? Come, what device is this? like one o' yours?

*Cut.* Stay at the door, ye sempiternal squeakers. Come, Queen o' fame.

*Tab.* Lord, I'm so weary with dancing as passes. Yonder's my mother. Oh mother! what d'ye think I ha' been doing to day?

*Wid.* Why what, childe?

*Tab.* Nay nothing: I have onely been married a little; and my husband and I ha' so danc'd it since!

*Cut.* Brave *Tabytha* still! Never be angry, Widow; you know where Marriages are made. How now, Captain? If I turn Tapster now, 'twill be happle for you: for I shall be rich enough to trust you, Captain.

*Wid.* 'Twas God's will, I see, and therefore there's no resisting. But what d'ye mean, son? I hope you'll not turn swaggerer?

*Cut.* 'Tis for special reasons, gentle mother. Why how now, *Dogrel*? *M. Blade* the Merchant looks as if he were broke: he has turn'd away his servant too.

*Tab.* Who's that? *M. Dogrel*! these Players' clothes? Can *M. Dogrel* dance too, husband?

*Bla.* Prithee, *Cutter*, what hath exalted *Tabytha* thus?

*Cut.* What? this good fortune she has got by me: You know what a dull creature she was before; her soul was in her body, like butter in a hot cake; now she's as full of Spirits as Hell it self. My counsel and two cups o' Sack, have wrought this miracle.

### Act 5. Scæn. 12.

*To these, Truman Pater, Truman Filius, Lucia veil'd.*

*Tru. p.* Well said! You are joynd then now, my blessing on you both; come in to your father *Blade*. Nay, daughter *Aurelia*, off with your veil now. Ha! Whom ha' you married here?

*Tru. f.* I know not, Sir. She was *Aurelia* when we went to Church.

*Bla.* This is my daughter's maid. Where's the wench? Ho! *Aurelia*?

### Act 5. Scæn. 13.

*To them, Aurelia.*

*Aur.* Here, Sir.

*Bla.* Here, Sir. Why do you make your husband lead your maid in thus?

*Aur.* My husband, Sir? what's that?

*Bla.* Why huswife is not Mr. *Truman* your husband?

*Aur.* No, by my troth, Sir, I thank God.

*Tru. p.* These are fine tricks; delicate, dainty tricks. Sirrah, how durst you Sirrah?—and for your minion—marry come up, marry a Chamber-maid? Well, Captain, this was your plotting. You said indeed you'd make a *Iethron* o' me: y' ha' don't indeed; I thank you, Captain *Blade*, 'tis well. Out o' my sight, Sir, with your minion there, I say out o' my sight. Ha! am I fool'd thus? I shall make some repent it, I hold a groate on't.

*Bla.* D'ye hear, Mr. *Truman*—

*Tru. p.* Yes, Sir, I do hear; and I will not hear if it please me, Sir; but some body shall hear o' this Captain. But, Captain, you're deceived, this is not a lawful marriage.

*Luc.* Pray, hear me all; for I shall tell those things That will appease your wrath, and move your wonder.

I've married *Truman*, and I will enjoy him,

And he will love me, I am sure he will;

For I am *Lucia*, the much injure'd *Lucia*.

*Omni.* Ha!

*Luc.* The habit of a servant I put on, That I might finde who 'twas I ought to pardon, For all the wrongs done to me. I have found it, Cosen, you know I have, and I forgive 'um.

*Aur.* Then all my plots are spoil'd. Pardon me, Cousin:

And, Mr. *Truman*, know you have a wife That is as pure and innocent as the thoughts Of dying Saints? 'Twas I that with the veile Deceiv'd you in the Prison; it was I, Who in that veile contracted my self to *Puny*. Forgive me both; I do confess I've wrong'd you, But Heav'n has seen you righted.

*Tru. f.* O this blest hour!

What shall I say? I know thou art all goodness, But canst thou pardon, *Lucia*, that great sin, That high and mighty sin which I have done In doubting of thy faith? I fear thou canst not.

*Luc.* I do desire no more then that I may Deserve your better opinion, Sir, hereafter.

And uncle for your poyson—

*Bla.* Speak no more of it,

I do confess it, Neece; and shall most willingly

Surrender up the charge of your Estate.

It hath pleas'd Heav'n to restore me mine own By marriage with this Widow.

*Tru. p.* Ha, ha, ha! To see how things are come about! I thought *Dick* would not be such a fool as to marry one that he knew not. He knew her well enough, I'll warrant you. How do you, Captain? I was somewhat rash: I'm an old man, alas.

*Bla.* *Cutter*, and *M. Dogrel*, you that sneak there ;  
You 're precious witnesses. But no more o' that.  
You have been to blame, *Aurelia*. But 'tis past.  
We want your husband here : Where's *Pussy* ?

*Puss.* [*Enter Puss.*] (I 'll venture out amongst 'um.)  
Nay ne'er laugh at me ; I know I look like a door with-  
out hinges. A pox upon you, *Dogrel* ; are you there ?

*Bla.* What ? my son *Jabs* ? d'ye know this Gentle-  
woman ?

*Ans.* D'ye know this piece of gold, Sir, which you  
broke ?

*Puss.* Hum ? Yes 'faith, 'tis the same : thou art my  
*Cynthia*, wench, my *Badymion* : we 'll be married pre-  
sently. O for a witty Parson to marry us two Wits !

*Dog.* 'Slife, one, two, three, i'faith four matches here  
at one time ! What accursed fortune's this ! there's  
three feasts lost : they 'll dine all together.

*Puss.* I will not kiss thee, my little magazine, till I  
have washt my face. Ha, *M. Dogrel*, hast thou got no  
Spouse too ?

*Dog.* The thrice three Sisters are my wives.

*Puss.* Well, because thou art a Poet, and my Jews-

trump and I are Wits, thou shalt eat and drink at my  
pavilion always.

*Ans.* You shall ha' wine and serge. D'ye remember,  
*Dogrel* ?

*Dog.* Thank you : but I 'll ne'er lye for you again.

*Bla.* Come, let's all in to dinner.

### The Epilogue.

*The Play is done, great Prince, which needs must  
fear,*

*Though you brought all your father's mercies here,  
It may offend your Highness ; and we've now*

*Three hours done treason here, for ought we know.*

*But pow'r your Grace can above Nature give ;*

*It can give pow'r to make abortives live.*

*In which if our bold wishes should be crost,*

*'Tis but the life of one poor week that's lost.*

*Though it should fall beneath your present scorn,*

*It could not die sooner than it was born.*

FINIS.





**NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.**







## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

### POETICAL BLOSSOMES.

Page 4, col. 1. *John, Lord Bishop of Lincoln*. The renowned statesman-bishop John Williams, whose many-coloured story it were well to have recalled to our modern study from the marvellous folio of Bishop Hackett (1693); col. 2. '*Ben Maers*'—as noted in margin, and as shewn by after-editions, this was a misprint for '*Masters*.' On both *Masters* and '*Rob Meade*,' who follows him with commendatory verses, see our Memorial-Introduction (I. Biogr.).

### CONSTANTIA AND PHILETUS.

- .. 5. l. 50, '*Jennet*' = steed.
- .. 6. l. 74. '*whet*' = whetted: l. 81, '*inducing*' = persuading: l. 141, '*Bis*' = been. Cf. l. 622, l. 146, '*votes*' = vows.
- .. 7. l. 217, '*malancholy*'—note the spelling and (I assume) pronunciation:
- .. 8. l. 298, '*the rare Arabian Bird*' = the (fabled) phoenix—a reminiscence of Shakespeare possibly—'on the sole Arabian tree' (Phoenix a.) *i. e.* the Phoenix's tree, and 'And O thou Arabian bird' (phoenix) *Ant.* and *Cl.* III. 2. 12: *Cymbeline* l. 6, 17; l. 324, '*haze*' = accuse, and so, l. 417, l. 329, '*right*' = sighed: l. 334, '*Arachne's net*' = spider's web: l. 353, '*Dodonean spring*' = of Dodona: l. 355, '*being*' = seeing (:). So p. 16, l. 172.
- .. 9. l. 428, '*Theta*' = the first letters of *thæuros* (death). Cf. '*fatal*' and '*life and death*': l. 435, '*intrudance*' = intrusion:
- .. 10. l. 490, '*votes*' = vows as in l. 146, (*votum*, Latin).

### PIRAMUS AND THISBE.

- .. 14. Lambert Osbalston—I am indebted for the following notice of this Worthy, to Colonel Chester's Registers of the Collegiate Church or Abbey of St. Peter, Westminster (1876)—'*Lambert Osbalston, or Osbalston, as his family appears to have always written the name, is entered thus under burials—*" 1659, Oct. 7. Mr. Lambert Osbalston, one of the Prebendaries: in the South aisle of the Church." He is always erroneously said to have been the son of Lambert Osbalston, Rector of St. Olave, Southwark, and to have been

born in that parish. His baptism does not occur in the parish register of St. Olave, nor was his father ever Rector there. On the contrary, in the Visitation of London, 1633-34, he is described as a 'haberdasher,' and in that of 1664 as a 'Gentleman.' The baptisms of two or three of his younger children are recorded in the St. Olave's register, and he is there described as a haberdasher. Anthony Wood says that he died in 1662, but this son Lambert administered to his estate 26 April 1622. His wife was Martha Bankes, of a London family. Their eldest son was the Rev. William Osbalston, Rector of East Hanningfield and Great Parndon, Essex, who died about 1645-6. Their third son, Robert, continued his father's business, and *his* third son, Robert, also became Rector of Great Parndon, and was buried there 3 March 1679-80. They had several other sons and daughters, who appear to have all died young. The person named in the text was their second son, and was educated at Westminster School, whence he was elected to Oxford in 1612. His name, however, does not appear in the matriculation register until 20 Oct. 1615, when he is described as the son of a 'gentleman,' born in London, and aged twenty-one. On the 25th October in this year he was admitted to Gray's Inn. He took his M.A. degree 27 April 1619. On the 7th Decr. 1621 he had a joint patent (with Rev. John Wilson, D.D.) for the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, of the Head-Mastership of Westminster School, which was renewed to him alone 27 Jan. 1625-6. In July 1629 he was collated to prebends of both Lincoln and Westminster. In 1638, having expressed himself too freely respecting Archbishop Laud, he was deprived of all his preferments by the Star Chamber, fined £5,000, and sentenced to have his ears nailed to the pillory in the presence of his scholars, but escaped the execution of this sentence by flight. In 1641, his livings were restored to him, but, becoming disaffected with the course of the Parliament, they were again sequestered, and he lived in retirement until his death. He died unmarried.'

- (p. 151). His chief distinction not noted by Colonel Chester is that he was the Teacher of Cowley and won his homage and more: l. 10, 'Blossomes' = a play on the title of his volume, 'Poetical Blossomes.'
- Page 15, l. 32, 'unanimats' = inanimate, lifeless, despondent: l. 71, 'Sith' = sigh:
- .. 16, l. 154, 'wood' = mantle (l. 141):
- .. 17, col. 2. *Dudley, Lord Carleton, Viscount Dorchester* = the Dorchester of History: *ibid.* *Richard Clerke*—see Memorial-Introduction.
- .. 18, *A Dreams*, etc. l. 11, 'admir's' = wonder.

## SYLVA.

- .. 25, l. 13, 'Lynce's' = lynxes. Cf. 'spotted': l. 36, 'Where no defects, no imperfections flow'—also Cowley was no Seer. The actual facts tragically and yet grotesquely falsify this prodigious panegyric. Cf. also pp. 137-8, On his Majesty's Return out of Scotland: l. 73, 'A Vow' = a Vow, as before: p. 26, l. 92, 'Lilly' = of the renowned Grammar: l. 104, 'Breaks Priscian's head' = rules of grammar—the 'Great Unpaid' were then, much as now, apparently not over-educated sometimes: l. 128, 'Finds fish, and bulls' = signs of the Zodiac: l. 133, 'the letter of Pythagoras'—see Glossarial Index s.v.: l. 141, 'ignots' = unknown: l. 170, 'Semy-gentleman' = semi-gentleman, half-and-half: p. 27, l. 196, 'Butters' = Nathaniel Butters, died 1664? l. 214, 'black' = black suit, not a misprint for 'back': l. 279, 'tract' = trace. So in Tolpady's famous hymn, 'Rock of Ages'—

'Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I soar through tracts unknown.'

l. 384, 'Collet' = Bezel, the part of a ring which surrounds the stone—the setting: fr. *collet* = the neck or throat, or that which goes round the neck: l. 474, 'Mausolus'—whose tomb was one of the seven wonders of the ancient world.

## LOVE'S RIDDLE.

- .. 36, 'Sir Kenelme Digbie' = the famous odd-brained Writer whose posterity in our own times gave new lustre to his name: p. 37, l. 29, 'I' = eye, et frequenter: l. 132, 'piety' = reverence, or simply 'pity': l. 438, 'frumps' = snubs: p. 42, l. 226, 'acceptation' = acceptance: p. 47, l. 80, 'eclipped' = eclipsed: l. 286, 'lief' = willingly: l. 301, 'bobes' = ear-rings: l. 400, 'gentile' = genteel, gentlemanlike: l. 470, 'avoids' = voids, vomits? l. 481, 'table-book' = memorandum or notebook: p. 53, l. 70, 'Trigon' = the three cornered, a not uncommon word for a triangle *γωγία*. In the form Trigonus it was

both Gr. and Latin: l. 199, 'exprobration' = reproaches or upbraidings: l. 255, 'suddenly' = on the sudden or instant: l. 383, 'features' = person, as in Sir Robert Chester's 'Love's Martyr', Shakespeare, etc.: l. 508, 'rubbe' = obstacle: p. 59, l. 59, 'bob'd' = jested with and deluded: l. 155, 'experience' = experiment (in dissection): l. 383, 'recordation' = record or recording: l. 477, 'Although not stocke,' i.e. although not of a noble stock: l. 555, 'Argier' = Algiers: l. 695, 'flam' = falsehood, deception: l. 711, 'Belfury' = a play on the bell's tongue and clangour.

## THE MISTRESSE.

- Page 103, *The Request*, st. 5, l. 2, 'Bores' = boars: st. 7, l. 6, 'ow' = one: p. 106, *Not Faire*, col. 2, l. 4, 'Succubus'—our own day has witnessed the publication in English (but in Paris) of the most extraordinary treatise ever written on this the most astounding myth-monster ever imagined. It were well if the origin of this and kindred 'Vulgar Errors' were patiently and not merely incredulously traced out. As a rule, a mis-seen or mis-reported actual fact lies at the bottom of all: p. 107, *Clad all in White*, and so p. 114, col. 1, *Against Fruition*, l. 13: col. 2, l. 5, 'tend' = attend: *ibid.* 'Leaving me, etc.', l. 17, 'Pellæan conqueror' = Alexander the Great: p. 112, col. 2, *The Long Life*, l. 7, 'Lucies' = virgin and martyr's day in Church of England Calendar of 13th December: l. 8, 'Saint Barnabie' = in same, 11th June: p. 113, *Resolved to be beloved*, col. 2, l. 1, 'fatall' = fated: p. 114, col. 2, *Love undiscovered*, st. 3, l. 3, 'discry' = reveal: p. 115, *The given Heart*, st. 4, l. 4, 'Alloy' = alloy: p. 118, *Against Hope*, st. 3, l. 7, 'gullt' = gilded: p. 119, *The Injoyment*, st. 4, l. 3, 'trace' = track or path: p. 122, *The distance*, st. 4, l. 2, 'Pare' = pair, mates: p. 123, col. 2, *The Heart-breaking*, st. 1, l. 4, 'Like poison put into a Venice-glasse'—a long-lived 'Vulgar Error': p. 127, *Weeping*, st. 4, l. 5, 'As scarce the Ass's hoof can hold'—'This creature [ass] of all things can worst away with cold.' (Holland's Pliny, b. 8, c. 43). Bartholome and Batman also quote this. Perhaps the reason for Cowley's associating this with water and the ass's hoof, may be due to Pliny's saying a few sentences on 'To their little ones, they will go through fire, but if there be the least brooke or rill between, they are so afraid of it, that they dare not once dip their feet therein.' Cf. also Bartholome and Batman, b. 18, c. 8: *ibid.* *The Wayting-Maide*, st. 1, l. 3, 'suspect' = suspicion: p. 129, *The Gasers*, st. 2, l. 2, 'As

*Man and Wife in Picture do*—the mode of the period and onward, to have Husband and Wife together, or separately in large family-portraits: p. 129, *The Incurable*, st. 5. l. 4, '*Clench*' = clench, supposed unanswerable reply.

## MISCELLANIES.

Page 135, col. 1, l. 29, '*Stagirite*' = Aristotle: l. 31, '*Thy Scholes's Victories*' = Alexander the Great: col. 1, l. 15 (from bottom), '*He conquered th' Earth, the whole World you*'—'*aarth*' = habitable globe, and '*world*' = universal nature: ll. 12-13 (from bottom), '*only he Who best can prayse thee, next must bee*'—i.e. he must be only next; for none but Cicero himself was equal to the subject. The poet glances at what Livy said of the great Roman orator—'*vir magnus, acer, memorabilis, et in cuius laudes sequendas Cicero laudatore opus fuerit.*' A fragment preserved by the elder Seneca. H.: l. 9 (from bottom), '*Whose Verse walkes highest, but not flies*,' i.e. which keeps within the limits of nature, and is sublime without being extravagant. Virgil's epic Muse is here justly characterised: the Lyric is a swan of another species, of which the poet says nobly, elsewhere—

'So, how th' obsequious wind and swelling air,  
The Theban swan does upward bear  
Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,  
And with extended wings open his liquid way.'  
Pindarique Odes. The Praise of Pindar. H.:

col. 2, st. 1, l. 4, '*Less Women love't, either in Love or Dress*'—We should now say, to avoid the disagreeable contraction,—

'Less women love it, or in love, or dress.'

But our poet affected these contractions, and, if we may believe the writer of his life, fancied they gave a strength and energy to his verse. The truer reason for his use of them was, that he found them in fashion. H.: col. 2, st. 2, l. 4, '*Zeus's Birds*'—the well-known story of the birds that pecked at Zeus's painted grapes (Pliny, b. c. p. 3, 4): col. 2, st. 4, l. 8, '*No Towns or Houses rais'd by Poetrie*'—houses = families, with a double meaning: p. 136, col. 1, st. 7, l. 4, '*the dry chips of short-tongued Seneca*'—Meaning his short sentences, as if he had not breath enough to serve him for longer, *anhelanti similit.* H.: col. 1, *To the Lord Falkland*—see his collected Poems in Fuller Worthies' Library Miscellanies and prefixed Introduction: col. 2, l. 11, '*All Virtues, and some Customs of the Court*'—see our Memorial-Introduction (II. Critical), on this bold line: l. 28, '*As far from Danger, as*

*from Fear he's free*'—Yet it was, in part, to vindicate himself from the *imputation* of this fear, that he always put himself in the way of danger, and in the end, threw away his valuable life at the battle of Newbury. H.: col. 2, *Sir Henry Wootton*—the illustrious ambassador, scholar and poet, whose '*Reliquiae*' ought long since to have been recalled to the present generation by a careful and critical edition. He died 1639: p. 137, col. 1, *On the death of Mr. Jordan*—see Mem.-Intr.: l. 4, '*The Guardian of my Parents Hope and Fears*' = parent's, i.e. mother, the Poet having been a posthumous child: col. 2, st. 5, l. 1, '*Time*' = Tyne: p. 138, col. 1, *On the Death of Sir Anthony Vandike*—died December 9, 1641: l. 2, '*Though Poets in that sword with Painters share*'—Namely, *dare*: alluding to Horace,—

'—————pictoribus atque poetis  
*Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aequa potestas.*'  
Ars Poet. v. 11. H.:

l. 3 (from bottom), '*Luke*'—according to the mythic legend, St. Luke 'the beloved physician' was also a Painter: col. 2, l. 2, '*Wondrously painted in the Mind Divine*'—A Platonic idea, which Malebranche and our Norris have rendered so famous—doubtless Cowley knew Dr. Henry More at Cambridge: l. 5, '*Only his beauteous Lady still he loves*' = d. of the Earl of Gowry—see our Memorial-Introduction: l. 14, '*a new-born You*'—*Ibid.*: p. 139, *To the Bishop of Lincoln* = John Williams, as before. See note on p. 4, col. 1: p. 140, col. 2, *Prologue to the Guardian*—see the '*Guardian*' *in extenso* in the present volume: p. 141, col. 1, *On the Death of Mr. William Hervey*—see our Memorial-Introduction—st. 3, l. 1, '*would I had dyed for thee.*' Cf. 2 Samuel xviii: col. 1, st. 5, l. 3, '*Ledaan*' = Leda: p. 144, col. 1, st. 10, l. 1, '*Andria*' = Latinised form of Audrey, r. g.: st. 13, l. 6, '*Holinshead*' = Raphael Holinshead, Historian, died 1580: *Ibid.* '*Stow*' = John Stowe, Antiquarian-Historian, died April 5, 1605: *Ibid.* *To Sir William Davenant*—It is much to be regretted that the recent collected edition of his (comparatively) inferior '*Plays*' was not accompanied with his still *quick* Poems. There are many 'brave translunary things' in '*Gondibert*,' spite of its (admitted) tedium: col. 2, l. 2, '*seek new Worlds*' = projected settlement in Virginia following up Elizabethan enterprises: *Ibid.* col. 2, *An Answer to a Copy of Verses sent me to Jersey*—ll. 15-16:—

'Written by—————Esquire, the  
Year of our Lord six hundred thirty three.'—

See also p. 225, col. 1, l. 12, and earlier p. 206. Prologue, col. 2, l. 4. In *Notes and Queries* (1st Series, Vol. xii. pp. 6, 52, 67) an interesting correspondence took place between the late *Peter Cunningham*, T. J. M. and *John Bruce* on this couplet and its blank. The first fills in 'William Fyenne,' on the authority of Pope in a note to his *Dunciad*: the second interposed certain chronological difficulties: the third, with characteristic fullness and exactitude, demonstrated that only Fyenne could have been meant. Referring the 'curious reader' to the correspondence, the following quotation gives the conclusion—'In the same volume in which Fyenne's Jersey poems are contained, there is ordinarily found appended to them a collection of short poems and inscriptions written by Fyenne whilst in the Tower of London, and published under the title of *Comfortable Cordials*. One of these inscriptions, originally written in Latin, concludes thus: "Ita ominatur Gulielmus Fyenne; Martii 3. 1633," which he thus translates:—

"Of this opinion William Fyenne was, the  
Third day of March six hundred thirty three."

It seems to me probable that Cowley remembered these lines, and that they are the original of his—

"Written by—————Esquire, the  
Year of our Lord six hundred thirty three."

The peculiarity of the omission of the "one thousand," the identity of the number "six hundred thirty three," and Cowley's allusions to *Mount-Orgueil* [first title of his vol. of *Poems*, 1641], are in my mind very nearly conclusive. There cannot now be a question that this was a final answer, and the other two references at commencement of this note shows Cowley liked to gird at Fyenne: l. 32, 'Clinches' = clenches, supposed unanswerable replies: page 145, col. 1, l. 3, 'Ireland's wanting Spiders'—usually 'toads,' but St. Patrick's traditional expulsive curse is said to have also included all venomous creatures: l. 14, 'Green did Gond'ibers, in a *Prize at Sea*'—the editor does not know this 'Green': col. 2, 'The Tree of Knowledge,' st. 4, l. 2, 'fond' = foolish: page 146, col. 1, *On the Death of Mr. Crashaw*—see Memorial-Introduction and our edition of the complete *Poems of Richard Crashaw* in Fuller Worthies' Library (2 vols. 1876): l. 21, 'Pan's Death' = the well-known anecdote in Plutarch's Dialogue concerning the silence of the Pagan oracles, as utilised by Eusebius for a portent-cry attendant on the crucifixion of our Saviour: col. 2, l. 1, 'Angels (they say)

brought the famed Chappel there'—our own day has witnessed the publication of an elaborate illustrated volume argumentatively vindicating the legend! Could credulity further go? l. 19, 'Tenants' = tenets: l. 22, 'Expof'd . . . to savage Beasts and Fires'—as the primitive Christians were by the tyrant-hate of their Pagan persecutors. H.: p. 147, col. 2, l. 8, 'quit' = quite: *ibid.* vi. *The Account*, l. 6, 'Counters' = money-tokens, sometimes spurious: l. 12, 'So few is an Escaping there'—a stroke of moral satire, sild in, on that city so famous for its brothelry. The poet is sage even in these mad Anacreontics. H.: l. 20, 'Five hundred both Effectively'—the term in use with military men (and therefore humorously affected here) for *completely*. H.: p. 149, col. 2, l. 8, 'summerwash' = as in (poetic) numbers: l. 23, 'Antiperistasis'—this hard word only means *compression*. The word is used by naturalists to express the power, which one quality has, by *pressing on all sides*, to augment its contrary: as here the *cold*, with which old age is environed, increases heat. He expresses this quaint idea more plainly in two verses of *The Mistress*, where he says—

'Flames their most vigorous heat do hold,  
And purest light, if compass'd round with cold.'  
*The Request*, st. 3. H.

#### OCCASIONAL VERSES.

Page 153. . . written by Mr. Masters of New College—see Memorial-Introduction: *ibid.* *On Orinda's Poems*. Eben! The once famous 'Orinda' (Mrs. Philips) has long gone to the tomb of all the Capulets; but see p. 165: p. 154, col. 1, l. 4, 'Salick Law'—by which no female could succeed to regal sovereignty: st. 2, l. 8, 'un-savour'd' = uncultivated: l. 20, 'Travel' = travail: l. 24, 'the Holland Countess'—Mathild, or Margare, Countess of Henneberg, seeing a woman with twins begging, said she must have been adulterous; on which the woman prayed that her accuser might have as many at a birth as there were days in the year. This was accomplished on the Friday before Palm Sunday, 1276. Half were boys, half girls, the odd one a hermaphrodite, being of the bigness of chickens just hatched. The boys were baptised in one basin by the name of John, the daughters in another, by the name of Elizabeth. How they managed as to the name of the hermaphrodite is not told. As soon as they were baptised they all died together with their mother. The two basins are yet to be seen in the church of Leedumea, not far from the Hague, with an epitaph both in Latin and Dutch, which at

large express the whole story. (Condensed from Wanley's Wonders of the Little World, etc., folio, 1678, B. 1. c. 25, pp. 40-1) : st. 4, l. 6, 'manners' = morals : *Ode . . . Lord Broghill* = the historical nobleman of the name : p. 155, col. 2, st. 4, l. 4, 'allays' = allays : p. 157, col. 1, *Earl of Balcarres*, one of the most distinguished of the great Lindsay family. See the delightful 'Lives of the Lindsays;' also our Memorial-Introduction : p. 158, col. 1, *Dr. Harvey*—perhaps the greatest medical discoverer England has produced, and as good as he was great—died June 3, 1657 : p. 159, col. 2, *Upon his Majesty's Restoration and Return*—if our poet's flatteries of Charles I. sound ludicrously antithetic to his actual character, the 'incense' of this Ode to Charles II. stinks i' the nostrils to-day; and yet the very superlative of its laudation is a measure to us of the hopes excited and falsified by the Restoration : p. 160, col. 1, l. 10, 'candid' = snowy white : l. 19, 'Bradshaw'—the great President immortalised by John Milton : l. 25, 'Cromwell'—the still greater and grander Oliver Cromwell : l. 43, 'Defender of the Faith'—ahem! 'our most religious king' : col. 2, st. 6, l. 16, 'The Sacred Town' = Jerusalem : st. 7, l. 7, 'glorious General' = Monk : p. 161, st. 8, l. 12, 'all the young Branches of this Royal line'—As with the pathetic portrait of Charles I., Vandyke still draws emotion by his great family-group of 'this Royal line.' There are many repetitions of this splendid painting. I was witness to passionate grief in a circle of English and American ladies before one of these in the picture-gallery of Turin. It is difficult to estimate the potentiality of Vandyke's royal portraits in sustaining the *sentiment* for the (so-called) martyred King and his deplorable family. When you get at a really true portrait of Charles, as distinguished from Vandyke's idealism, what a poor, weak, treacherous face is before one. I have over and over again seen such, and a meaner human face is scarcely conceivable : st. 10, l. 1, 'The foolish lights' = Will o' the Wisp, etc. : l. 7, 'Impostor Cromwell'—I suppose a royalist synonym for their lie of 'hypocrite' : l. 8, 'His Son' = Richard—a good man, but the seat too immense for him : p. 162, st. 11, l. 1, 'Triarian' = Latin Triarii, *i.e.* the veterans who formed the third line, or rather the third body or line of fight in the Roman army : st. 16, l. 5, 'desire of Nations.' So st. 9, l. 8, 'Twas soon in weakness'—how unconscious were Royalists, even such as Cowley, of the blasphemy, any more than of the nonsense of such appropriation of holy

words to their lecherous idol. It were amusing, if not so sad, to read onward 'my Muse, the Foe of Flattery' (st. 18, col. 2, l. 6). Let the drastic satires of Andrew Marvell, and the 'proud scorn' of Milton's prose, be read to neutralise Royalist mendacities and audacities : p. 164, col. 1, l. 41, 'Where the two Princes of th' Apostles' band' = St. Paul in St. Paul's, and St. Peter in Westminster Abbey : col. 2, l. 1, 'White Palace' = Whitehall : *ibid.* 'The Adventures of Five Hours'—see Memorial-Introduction—these lines refer to Samuel Tuke's Play of the name, and they brought down on Cowley some ridicule : p. 165, st. 2, last line, 'Female Pope' = the mythical Pope Joan : p. 167, col. 2, st. 1, l. 9, 'Auroris'—the contemporary spelling : l. 12, 'A Science so well bred and nurs'd'—by Pythagoras and Democritus : st. 2, l. 11, 'His curious but not covetous Eye' = not for profit or gain pecuniarily : st. 3, l. 12, 'Sith' = scythe : p. 168, st. 4, l. 7, 'He prest . . . Mechanic way' = experimentally or by experiments : p. 169, col. 1, *The Complaint*—see Memorial-Introduction on this : col. 2, st. 2, l. 16, 'Among the Spiritual Lords' = Lords Spiritual in House of Lords : p. 170, st. 7, l. 19, 'Saphira and her Husband's Fate'—see Acts of the Apostles, c. V. 1-11.

## COMEDIES: CUTTER OF COLEMAN STREET.

Page 175, 'it met at the first with no favourable reception'—see Memorial-Introduction on Pepys' notices of it : col. 2, l. 2, 'Armour of Infallibility'—reserved for our own generation : col. 2, l. 33, 'committed by Aliens'—how ingenuous is this simplicity! p. 176, col. 1, l. 24, 'Alloy' = alloy : l. 2 (from bottom) *Harrison* = Thomas Harrison, an enthusiast, but not without brains or character : p. 176, col. 2, l. 29, 'softness of the voyce . . . the roughness of the hands' = Jacob counterfeiting Esau : p. 177, col. 2, l. 4, 'Qns,' etc. = Lucretius iii. 1099 : l. 16, 'Jam,' etc. = 4 Carm. iii. 16 : p. 178, *The Prologus*, col. 1, l. 2, 'Argier' = Algiers, as before : col. 2, l. 6, 'Rode' = road, harbour and anchorage : p. 179, col. 2, l. 30, 'Whim-wham' = trifles, trinkets, fantastic ornaments : p. 180, col. 2, scene 2, l. 20, 'Fear-the-Lord-Barebotle' = mock reminiscence of Praise-God Barebones, as a typical Puritan name : p. 181, scene 5, l. 6, 'Leiger' = resident or ambassador in State service : *ibid.* l. 23, 'land ten thousand Bears in England'—this allusion to the massacre of the bears is explained by the following extract from 'A Perfect Diurnal of some Passages of Parliament and from other Parts of the Kingdom, from Monday, July

24, to Monday, 31st July 1643, No. 3, given by Grey in his edition of *Hudibras*, note, book 1. c. 1. l. 751—"Much less did any think that *Bruts* and *Savage beasts* should be fetched from foreign parts to be a terror to the English nation, to compel their obedience to the King, and yet we find it true and are credibly informed that upon the Queen's coming from Holland, she brought with her, besides a company of savage *Russians*, a company of savage *Bears*, to what purpose you may judge by the sequel, for these bears were left about Newark, and were brought into country towns constantly on the Lord's Day to be baited . . . but some of Colonel Cromwell's forces coming by accident to Uppingham town in Rutland, on the Lord's day, found those bears playing there in their usual manner and in the height of their sport, caused them to be seized upon, tied to a tree, and shot." Nash, in his note on the same passage of *Hudibras*, gives the following from *Loyal Songs* :—

'We taxed you round,  
Sixpence in the pound,  
And massacred your bears.'

(Notes and Queries, 3d S. vi. p. 358) : *ibid.* col. 1. l. 11 (from bottom), '*late barbarous murder*'—in 1654 Don Pantaleon Sa sallied forth one evening with others, to avenge himself on Gerrard. Greenway was shot; Colonel May received seven dangerous wounds; but Gerrard drove the Portuguese before him. Don Pantaleon Sa, brother of the Portuguese envoy, and some others, were given up by the envoy—on the demand of Cromwell—and beheaded 10 July 1654: p. 182, col. 1, l. 35, '*Friar's rope*'—the girdle of the friar she would use to hang herself on: *ibid.* l. 10 (from bottom), '*Dogbolt*'—this does not run with 'person of Honor' and a 'Colonel'; but is a term of reproach applied to Worthy and thrown in interjectionally between the other two terms, which he applies to himself. See Nares *s.v.*, to which is to be added that which it may possibly mean—one who flies or deserts one at the approach of a dog; it may also mean one who, like a currish dog, bolts out upon one. In the quotation from the Alchemist it certainly appears to have this meaning, the dogbolts there being catch-poles; and such an interpretation might be applied to quotations 2 and 3, though not to Butler's use of it: col. 2, l. 4, '*Drawer*'—attendant at an inn in delivering 'drink': p. 183, l. 4, '*Sollicitor at Goldsmiths' Hall*'—probably a reference to disputes concerning money, the goldsmith formerly having been not only a goldsmith

but a banker: col. 2, l. 2 (from bottom), '*the great Phytician*'—Charles II.: p. 184, col. 2, l. 14 (from bottom), '*precordiacus*'—Cooper's Thesaurus gives from Pliny, Hypochondria. The sides of the belly under the ribs, sometime all the mumbles, as the hart, lungu, the splene, etc. In the same word just above, this second being given as a separate word, he has 'The fleshy skin called the mid-riffe,' and before it he places *Pli.* for Pliny. 'Puny,' who talks affectedly, merely means 'in her insides,' or, as others with that time's philosophy would say, 'in her liver,' and as we say, 'in her heart or affections': *ibid.* l. 3 (from bottom), '*Medusa's head*'—somewhat obscure. At p. 185, col. 2, l. 13, he says, 'Why now ye speak like the Pacific sea,' and here he probably formed his sentence on a remembrance that the Gorgons were 'Monstrous Women,' and that Medusa herself had live snake locks, and turned people who looked on her to stone. In fact he would say, you astonish me as much as Medusa's head astonished its beholders; I am turned to a senseless stone by what you say. Cowley makes him intentionally blunder in his similes: p. 185, col. 1, l. 12, '*Mari-golds*'—guineas of Queen Mary: l. 24, '*Crowner*'—cotoner: l. 32, '*main-prize*'—chief prize: l. 54, '*sotteries*'—follies, wastinesses: l. 55, '*Paynims*'—Paynims: col. 2, l. 1, '*Ask in the Map*'—dolphins that were used contemporaneously for map ornaments: *ibid.* '*Gallimaufry*'—confused heterogeneous jumble—see my Breton *s. v.*: l. 14, '*Poleanon*'—King's Pole aron, an Inn: l. 16, '*Tun of Heidelberg*'—still extant—a frequent contemporary allusion: l. 20, '*Spankers*'—gold coins (Devonshire) Halliwell-Phillips, *s. v.*, *i. e.* the £500 Aurella had spoken of; also flash term for money in general: l. 9 (from bottom), '*Punitik*'—given to puns or jokes: p. 187, col. 2, l. 28, '*Papistik*'—Papist: l. 36, '*as passes*'—as surpasses: l. 41, '*Incomes*'—in-coming (of the Holy Spirit) a contemporary religious term that came to be deteriorated and unreal: p. 188, col. 1, l. 32, '*lead Apes in Hell*'—see Glossarial Index, *s. v.*: col. 2, Ant. 3, sc. 1, l. 7, '*Scammony*'—a well-known and probably drastic cathartic—the gum resin of the convolvoscam: p. 189, col. 1, ll. 14-15 onward—see Memorial-Introduction: l. 23, '*New England*'—whether the 'godly' fled, destined to be the United States: p. 190, col. 1, sc. 5, l. 18, '*as pies upon you*'—see Glossarial Index, *s. v.*: p. 191, col. 1, l. 9, '*Mr. Feak*'—an actual name, *viz.*: Christopher Feake, who was mixed up with the 'Fifth Monarchy Men' during the

Commonwealth. He was a brave outspoken man, but apparently of disordered intellect : sc. 7, l. 11, '*Tamerlain at the Bull*' = the play acted there : p. 192, col. 1, l. 10 (from bottom), '*bow'd Phinip and Mary*' = crooked coin of their reign : col. 2, sc. 12, l. 6, '*as Austerous as a Bel-rop*'—query allusion to the quaintness or humorous fashion of its make or adornment, or to its common variations in ringing or not ringing : p. 193, col. 1, l. 28, '*Venner*'—Thomas Venner—like Feake, as before. Both Feake and Venner played a temporary potential part during the Commonwealth. See Hanbury's 'Historical Memorials relating to the Independents' (3 vols. 8vo, 1844) : l. 37, '*Congregation of the Lovely in Coleman street*'—over which presided strong-brain'd and noble John Goodwin : p. 194, col. 1, sc. 4, l. 7, '*Wensation*' = a variant of 'wannion,' which Halliwell-Phillipps gives as equivalent with 'a curse' : last l. '*a Colts*' [tooth] = frisky yet : p. 195, col. 2, sc. 6, l. 5, '*Rabbit-suckers*' = coney-catchers as in Robert Greene : l. 34, '*Flounder mouth'd*' = fish so named, = wry-mouthed : p. 196, col. 2, l. 30, '*Speed's Mapps*' = the celebrated Historiographer and Annalist : p. 199, col. 2, l. 18, '*Musidorus*'—see full note *s.n.* in Glossarial Index : p. 201, sc. 8, l. 3, '*Golls*' = hands or fists—see Nares *s.v.* : col. 2, l. 5, '*Stingo*' = strong beer or ale : p. 202, col. 1, l. 13, '*Prester-John's Country*' = Abyssinia—one of the oddest of historical 'Vulgar Errors,' sprung of traditions of the Queen of Sheba I suppose : l. 25, '*list*' = desire : sc. 10, l. 7, '*dee*' = do ye.

## THE GUARDIAN.

Page 206, *The Prologue*, col. 2, l. 4, '*Prin*'—see note on p. 144, col. 1, ll. 15-16 : p. 207, col. 2, l. 7 (from bottom), '*buss*' = kiss : l. 5 (from bottom), '*gorget*' = Baret (1580) says, 'a kerchief wherewith women cover their pappes.' Cotgrave gives, 'a bib or breast-cloth.' Like the piece of armour so called, the upper part encircled the throat or gorge : p. 208, col. 1, l. 14, '*foxt*' = made drunk—see Nares, *s.v.* : col. 2, l. 29, '*Barilemeu-fayr-baby*' = doll : p. 209, col. 1, l. 17, '*Pot-gun*' = pop-gun : p. 210, col. 2, l. 23, '*Durindana*' = a renowned champion, of whom see Glossarial Index *s.v.* : p. 211, col. 1, l. 25, '*Tom Corial's shoes*'—that he performed his famous Journeyings in, and which figure and are figured in his immortal 'Crudities' : l. 39, '*she looks like a gentlewoman upon the top of a ballad*'—Gentle Reader, an' thou wouldst see such 'fair lady,'

turn thee on the instant and return willingly to my good friend,—geniallest of Editors, cleverest of Annotators, rarest of gravers, 'compact of brain, fine of fancy, truest of sons of men, and an old-fashioned Tory with heart wide enough to take in an offending Liberal such as I,—the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth's 'Bagford Ballads,' than which few more matterful or racier book-gifts (text and notes alike) have been furnished this generation. His own cunning right-hand has reproduced every 'gentlewoman upon the top of every ballad.' May he live a thousand-and-one years and a day ! l. 42, '*red lattice*' = ale-house window : col. 2, l. 7, '*gods fallikins*'—an attempt at an innocent oath, changed from god's bodikins—probably a Cowlesian invention for the nonce : sc. 3, l. 10, '*marry gap*'—usually 'marry gup' = go up—an exclamation commonly used to horses : l. 17, '*observe*'—see Dr. Wright's Bible Word Book, *s.v.* : p. 212, col. 1, l. 11, '*bonelace*' = lace worked with bone or ivory pins : sc. 4, l. 16, '*mateless*' = matchless : sc. 5, l. 3, '*Sattin-cap*' = scull-cap such as physicians wore : l. 5, '*wre*' = use : p. 213, col. 1, sc. 7, l. 2, '*knight o' the post*' = men who 'loafed' about and were ready for a 'consultation' to give false evidence in any suit : col. 2, sc. 8, l. 21, '*folded picture*' = two facing? *s.v.* : p. 214, sc. 10, col. 1, l. 3, '*Kiltises*' = Ulysses : p. 215, col. 1, sc. 1, l. 32, '*close as a cogle*' = the tight-closed cockle shell-fish : p. 217, col. 1, l. 11, '*Alcoadin*'—also and perhaps more correctly Alchochoden = the planet which gives one life and years, that which bears rule when the person is born : col. 2, l. 12 (from bottom), '*grig*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* : p. 218, col. 1, sc. 7, l. 26, '*Minion*' = favourite, *not* in a bad sense as later and now : col. 2, ll. 3-4, '*she's not her own woman*' = not herself, crazy : p. 219, col. 1, l. 22, '*a wart o' the right cheek*' = folk lore? : p. 221, col. 1, l. 11, '*strikers*' = wenchens— not improbably by metaphor from the name by which the piece of wood is known that is used for striking a fleam into a horse's vein when letting blood : col. 2, l. 41, '*Lansprizado*'—the lowest officer in an army, the leader of a half file. Answers apparently to our Lance Corporal, one who does duty as (but under) a corporal, and is not considered to have the *established* rank of a corporal. Similarly a corporal may be made a Lance Sergeant : l. 52, '*Bardolph i' the play*' = the Merry Wives of Windsor (i. 3)—

'*Pie*. O bare Gingarian wight wilt thou the spigot weild?'

p. 222, col. 1, l. 31, '*hags face*'—a blundering 'similitude' of *Puny's*: or query—allusion to the 'hog-faced gentlewoman' of the chap-books: p. 225, col. 1, l. 21, '*Puppet-play of Nineve*'—some scriptural play acted by puppets as *Punch and Judy* still is: l. 43, '*as he that writ the Resolves*'—a wicked gird at *Owen Feltham*: p. 226, col. 1, l. 6, '*a bottom cake*' = of wood, with which the fire is kindled: p. 227, col. 1, l. 35, '*wench of clouts*'—see *Glossarial Index*, *s.v.*: p. 229, col. 1, sc. 6, l. 20, '*roarer*': *ibid.* l. 2 (from

bottom), '*a map about his head*'—qn. allusion to the hat and feather (the '*broad band*' being the '*sheet*')? Perhaps she referred to the parti-coloured appearance (as of a map) of the feather or feathers on the hat as well as that of the hat-band: p. 231, col. 2, sc. 10, l. 1, '*Person*' = parson: p. 232, col. 2, sc. 13, l. 14, '*a groate*' = a wager: p. 233, col. 2, l. 3, '*serge*' = a suit or dress made thereof: *Epilogue*, l. 1, '*great Prince*' = *Charles II.*: l. 2, '*father's mercies*' = *Charles I.*

A. B. G.

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