



A LETTER
ON
SHAKSPERE'S AUTHORSHIP
OF
The Two Noble Kinsmen.



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A LETTER
ON
SHAKSPERE'S AUTHORSHIP
OF
The Two Noble Kinsmen;

AND ON THE CHARACTERISTICS OF SHAKSPERE'S STYLE
AND THE SECRET OF HIS SUPREMACY.

BY THE LATE
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New Edition, with a Life of the Author,

BY
JOHN HILL BURTON, LL.D.,

AUTHOR OF
'THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND,' ETC., ETC.

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FOREWORDS

THIS *Letter* by Prof. Spalding has always seemd to me one of the ablest (if not the ablest) and most stimulating pieces of Shakspere criticism I ever read. And even if you differ from the writer's conclusion as to Shakspere's part, or even hold that Shakspere took no part at all, in the Play, you still get almost as much good from the essay as if you accept its conclusions as to the authorship of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. It is for its general, more than for its special, discussions, that I value this *Letter*. The close reasoning, the spirited language, the perception and distinction of the special qualities of Shakspere's work, the investigation into the nature of dramatic art, the grasp of subject, and the mixt logic and enthusiasm of the whole *Letter*, are worthy of a true critic of our great poet, and of the distinguisht Professor of Logic, Rhetoric, and Metaphysics, who wrote this treatise, that at once delights and informs every one who reads it. No wonder it carrid away and convinct even the calm judicial mind of Hallam.

Indeed, while reading the *Letter*, one can hardly resist the power of Prof. Spalding's argument, backt as it is by his well-chosen passages from the Play. But when one turns to the play itself, when one reads it aloud with a party of friends, then come doubt and hesitation. One begins to ask, 'Is this indeed Shakspere, Shakspere at the end of his glorious career, Shakspere who has just given us Perdita, Hermione and Autolycus'?

Full of the heavenly beauty of Perdita's flowers, one reads over *The Two Noble Kinsmen* flower-song, and asks, pretty as the fancy of a few of the epithets is, whether all that Shakspere, with the spring-flowers of Stratford about him, and the love of nature deeper than ever in his soul—whether all he has to say of the daisy—Chaucer's 'Quene of flourës alle'— is, that it is "smelless but most quaint"; and of marigolds, that they blow on death-beds[†], when one recollects his twenty-years' earlier

[†] Unsure myself as to the form of oxlip root-leaves, and knowing nothing of the use of marigolds alluded to in the lines

"Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,"

also seeing no fancy even if there were fact in 'em, I applied to the best judge in England

use of them in *Lucrece* (A.D. 1594) :—

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April *daisy* on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like *marigolds*, had sheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Full of the ineffable charm and consistency of Miranda and Perdita, one asks of Emilia—Chaucer's daring huntress, virgin free, seeking no marriage-bed—whether Shakspeare, at the crisis of her life, degraded her to a silly lady's-maid or shop-girl, not knowing her own mind, up and down like a bucket in a well, balancing her lovers' qualities against one another, saying she'd worn the losing Palamon's portrait on her right side, not the heart one, her left, &c. ; and then (oh dear !) that Palamon might wound Arcite and *spoil his figure!* What a pity it would be !

Arcite may win me,
And yet may Palamon wound Arcite to
The spoiling of his figure. O what pitty
Enough for such a chance !

V. iii. 68-71, p. 81, ed. Littledale.

I say, is it possible to believe that Shakspeare turn'd a noble lady, a frank gallant nature, whose character he had rightly seiz'd at first, into a goose of this kind, whom one would like to shake, or box her ears well ? The thing is surely impossible. Again, is it likely—and again, I say, at the end of his career, with all his experience behind him, that Shakspeare would make his hero Palamon publicly urge on Venus in his prayer to her, that she was bound to protect him because he'd believ'd a wanton young wife's word that her old incapable husband was the father of her known to me, Dr R. C. A. Prior, author of the *Popular Names of British Plants*; and he says "I am quite at a loss for the meaning of *cradles* and *death-beds* in the second stanza.

"The writer did not know much about plants, or he would not have combined summer flowers, like the marigold and larkspur, with the primrose.

"I prefer the reading 'With hair-bells dimme'; for nobody would call the upright salver-shaped flower of the primrose a 'bell.' The poet probably means the blue-bell."

On the other hand, Mr Wm Whale of our Egham Nurseries writes: "The root-leaves of the Oxlip are cradle-shaped, but circular instead of long. The growth of the leaves would certainly give one an idea of the stem and Oxlip flowers being lodged in a cradle [? saucer].

"I have seen the marygold* in my boyish days frequently placed on coffins; and in a warm death-room they would certainly flower. The flowers named may be all called Spring-flowers, but of course some blowing rather later than others."

* This is called the *Catendula officinalis*, or *Medicinal Marygold*, not the African or French sorts which are now so improved and cultivated in gardens.

child? Is this the kind of thing that the Shakspeare of Imogen, of Desdemona, of Queen Catherine, would put forward as the crown of his life and work? Again I say, it can hardly be.

Further, when at one's reading-party one turns to the cleverest and most poetic-natured girl-friend, and says, 'This is assign'd to Shakspeare. Do you feel it's his?' She answers, 'Not a bit. And no one else does either. Look how people's eyes are all off their books. They don't care for it: you never see that when we're reading one of Shakspeare's genuine plays.' Then when you note Prof. Spalding's own admission in his *Letter*, p. 81, that in Shakspeare's special excellence, characterization, the play is—as of course it is—weak, and that it is to be compar'd on the one hand with his weaker early work, and on the other with his latest *Henry VIII*, more than half of which Fletcher wrote, you are not surpris'd to find that in 1840,¹ seven years after the date of his *Letter*, Professor Spalding had concluded, that on Shakspeare's having taken part in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, his "opinion is not now so decided as it once was," and that by 1847 he was still less decided, and declared the question "really insoluble." Here is the full passage from his article on Dyce's "Beaumont and Fletcher," in the *Edinb. Review*, July 1847, p. 57:—

"In measuring the height of Beaumont and Fletcher, we cannot take a better scale than to put them alongside Shakespeare, and compare them with him. In this manner, an imaginary supposition may assist us in determining the nature of their excellence, and almost enable us to fix its degree. Suppose there were to be discovered, in the library of the Earl of Ellesmere, or in that of the Duke of Devonshire, two dramas not known before, and of doubtful authorship, the one being 'Hamlet,' and the other 'The Winter's Tale.' We should be at no loss, we think, to assign the former to Shakespeare: the judgment would be warranted alike by the consideration of the whole, and by a scrutiny of particular parts. But with regard to the other play, hesitation would not be at all unreasonable. Beaumont and Fletcher (as an eminent living critic has remarked to us) might be believed to have written all its serious parts, more especially the scenes of the jealousy of Leontes, and those beautiful ones which describe the rustic festival². Strange to say, a case of this kind has actually arisen. And the uncertainty which still hangs over it, agrees entirely with the hesitation which we have ventured to imagine as arising in the case we have supposed.

"In 1634, eighteen years after Beaumont's death, and nine after Fletcher's, there was printed, for the first time, the play called 'The Two Noble Kinsmen.' The bookseller in his title-page declared it to have

¹ *Edinb. Review*, July 1840, no. 144, p. 468.

² Surely the 'eminent living critic' made an awful mistake about this. Beaumont and Fletcher write Perdita's flowers, Florizel's description of her, Autolycus!

been 'written by the memorable worthies of their time, Mr John Fletcher and Mr William Shakespeare, gentlemen.' On the faith of this assertion, and on the evidence afforded by the character of the work, it has been assumed universally, that Fletcher had a share in the authorship. Shakespeare's part in it has been denied; though there is, perhaps, a preponderance of authority for the affirmative. Those who maintain the joint authorship, commonly suppose the two poets to have written together: but Mr Dyce questions this, and gives us an ingenious theory of his own, which assumes Fletcher to have taken up and altered the work long after Shakespeare's labour on it had been closed.

"*The question of Shakespeare's share in this play is really insoluble.* On the one hand, there are reasons making it very difficult to believe that he can have had any concern in it; *particularly the heavy and undramatic construction of the piece, and the want of individuality in the characters.* Besides, we encounter in it direct and palpable imitations of Shakespeare himself; among which the most prominent is the wretchedly drawn character of the jailor's daughter. On the other hand, there are, in many passages, resemblances of expression (in the very particulars in which our two poets are most unlike Shakespeare) so close, that we must either admit Shakespeare's authorship of these parts, or suppose Fletcher or some one else to have imitated him designedly, and with very marvellous success. Among these passages, too, there are not a few which display a brilliancy of imagination, and a grasp of thought, much beyond Fletcher's ordinary pitch. Readers who lean to Mr Dyce's theory, will desire to learn his grounds for believing that Fletcher's labour in the play was performed in the latter part of his life. It appears to us that the piece bears a close likeness to those more elevated works which are known to have been among the earliest of our series: and if it were not an unbrotherly act to throw a new bone of contention among the critics, we would hint that there is no evidence entitling us peremptorily to assert that Fletcher was concerned in the work to the exclusion of Beaumont.

"Be the authorship whose it may, 'The Two Noble Kinsmen' is undoubtedly one of the finest dramas in the volumes before us. It contains passages which, in dramatic vigour and passion, yield hardly to anything—perhaps to nothing—in the whole collection; while for gorgeousness of imagery, for delicacy of poetic feeling, and for grace, animation, and strength of language, we doubt whether there exists, under the names of our authors, any drama that comes near to it.¹ Never has any theme enjoyed the honours which have befallen the semi-classical legend of Palamon and Arcite. Chosen as the foundation of chivalrous narrative by Boccaccio, Chaucer, and Dryden, it has furnished one of the

¹ In the *Edinburgh Review* for April 1841, p. 237-8, Prof. Spalding says that in Fletcher's *Spanish Curate*, "The scene of defiance and threatening between Jamie and Henrique is in one of Fletcher's best keys;—not unlike a similar scene in 'The Two Noble Kinsmen.'" Act III. sc. i.

fairest of the flowers that compose the dramatic crown of Fletcher, while from that flower, perhaps, leaves might be plucked to decorate another brow which needs them not.

“If the admirers of Fletcher could vindicate for him the fifth act of this play, they would entitle him to a still higher claim upon our gratitude, as the author of a series of scenes, as picturesquely conceived, and as poetically set forth, as any that our literature can boast. Dramatically considered, these scenes are very faulty: perhaps there are but two of them that have high dramatic merits—the interrupted execution of Palamon, and the preceding scene in which Emilia, left in the forest, hears the tumult of the battle, and receives successive reports of its changes and issue. But as a gallery of poetical pictures, as a cluster of images suggestive alike to the imagination and the feelings, as a cabinet of jewels whose lustre dazzles the eye and blinds it to the unskilful setting,—in this light there are few pieces comparable to the magnificent scene before the temples, where the lady and her lovers pray to the gods: and the pathetically solemn close of the drama, admirable in itself, loses only when we compare it with the death of Arcite in Chaucer’s masterpiece, ‘the Iliad of the middle ages.’”

All this does but show how well-founded was the judgment which that sound scholar and able Shaksperian critic, Prof. Ingram,¹ express in our *Transactions* for 1874, p. 454. My own words on pages 73, 64*,—written after short acquaintance with the play, and under stress of Prof. Spalding’s and Mr Hickson’s able Papers, and the metrical evidence—were incautiously strong. In modifying them now, I do but follow the example of Prof. Spalding himself. Little as my opinion may be worth, I wish to say that I think the metrical and æsthetic evidence are conclusive as to there being two hands in the play. I do not think the evidence that Shakspeare wrote all the parts that either Prof. Spalding or Mr Hickson assigns to him, at all conclusive. If it could be shown that Beaumont² or any other author wrote the suppos’d Shakspeare parts, and that Shakspeare toucht them up, that theory would suit me best. It failing, I accept, for the time, Shakspeare as the second author, subject to Fletcher having spoilt parts of his conception and work.

¹ His Dublin ‘Afternoon Lecture’ of 1863, shows that he then knew all that I in 1873 was trying in vain to find a known Shaksperian editor or critic to tell me.

² I name Beaumont because of his run-on lines, &c., and the power I find in some of the parts of his and Fletcher’s joint dramas that I attribute to him.

The following scheme shows where Prof. Spalding and Mr Hickson agree, and where they differ :—

Prologue		FLETCHER (Littledale).
Act I. sc. i.	SHAKSPERE. Spalding, Hickson (Bridal Song not Sh.'s : Dowden, Nicholson, Littledale, Furnivall ¹).	
„ sc. ii.	SHAKSPERE. Spalding (Sh. revis'd by Fletcher, Dyce, Skeat, Swinburne, Littledale).	SHAKSPERE and FLETCHER, or Fletcher revis'd by Shakspeare. Hickson.
„ sc. iii, iv.	SHAKSPERE. Spalding, Hickson, Littledale.	
„ sc. v.	SHAKSPERE. Spalding, ? Sh. Hickson.	? FLETCHER. Littledale.
Act II. sc. i (prose).	*SHAKSPERE. Hickson, Coleridge, Littledale.	*FLETCHER. Spalding, Dyce.
„ sc. ii, iii, iv, v, vi.		FLETCHER. Spalding, Hickson, Littledale.
Act III. sc. i.	SHAKSPERE. Spalding, Hickson.	
„ sc. ii.	*SHAKSPERE. Hickson (not Fletcher, Furnivall).	*FLETCHER. Spalding, Dyce.
„ sc. iii, iv, v, vi.		FLETCHER, Spalding, Hickson, Littledale.
Act IV. sc. i, ii.		FLETCHER. Spalding, Hickson.
„ sc. iii.	*SHAKSPERE. Hickson.	*FLETCHER. Spalding, Dyce.
Act V. sc. i (includes Weber's sc. i, ii, iii).	SHAKSPERE. Spalding, Hickson, &c.	? lines 1—17 by FLETCHER. Skeat, Littledale.
„ sc. ii.		FLETCHER. Spalding, Hickson, &c.
„ sc. iii, iv.	SHAKSPERE. Spalding, Hickson, &c., with a few lines FLETCHER. Sc. iv. (with FLETCHER interpolations. Swinburne, Littledale).	
Epilogue		FLETCHER. Littledale.

Mr Swinburne, when duly clothed and in his right mind, and not exposing himself in his April-Fool's cap and bells, will have something to say on the subject ; and it will no doubt be matter of controversy to the end of time. Let every one study, and be fully convinct in his own mind.

To Mrs Spalding and her family I am greatly obligd for their willing consent to the present reprint. To Dr John Hill Burton, the Historian of Scotland, we are all grateful for his interesting Life of his

¹ I cannot get over Chaucer's daisies being calld "smellless but most quaint." The epithets seem to me not only poor, but pauper : implying entire absence of fancy and imagination.—F. "Chough hoar" is as bad though.—H. L.

* Here Prof. Spalding and Mr Hickson differ.

old schoolfellow and friend, which comes before the author's *Letter*. Miss Spalding too I have to thank for help. And our Members, Mrs Bidder—the friend of our lost sweet-natured helper and friend, Richard Simpson—and Mr *****, for their gifts of £10 each, and the Rev. Stopford Brooke for his gift of four guineas, towards the cost of the present volume.

To my friend Miss Constance O'Brien I am indebted for the annex Scheme of Prof. Spalding's argument, and the Notes and Index. The side-notes, head-lines, and the additions to the original title-page¹ are mine. I only regret that the very large amount of his time—so much wanted for other pressing duties,—which Mr Harold Littledale has given to his extremely careful edition of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* for us, has thrown on me, who know the Play so much less intimately than he does, the duty of writing these *Forewords*. But we shall get his mature opinion in his Introduction to the Play in a year or two².

F. J. FURNIVALL.

3, *St George's Square, Primrose Hill,*
London, N. W., Sept. 27—Oct. 13, 1876.

¹ This was "A Letter / on / Shakspeare's Authorship / of / *The Two Noble Kinsmen* ; / a Drama commonly ascribed / to John Fletcher. / Edinburgh : / Adam and Charles Black ; / and Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman. / London. / M.DCCC.XXXIII."

² See the opinion of Mr J. Herbert Stack, an old *Fortnightly-Reviewer*, in the *Notes* at the end of this volume.

SKELETON OF PROF. SPALDING'S *LETTER*.

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LIFE OF PROFESSOR W. SPALDING,

BY HIS SCHOOL-FELLOW AND FRIEND,

JOHN HILL BURTON, LL.D.,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND,' ETC., ETC.

WILLIAM SPALDING was born on the 22nd of May in the year 1809, at Aberdeen. His father was a practising lawyer as a member of the Society of Advocates in that town, and held office as Procurator Fiscal of the district, or local representative of the law officers of the crown, in the investigation of crimes and the prosecution of criminals. Spalding's mother, Frances Read, was well connected among the old and influential families of the city. When he went to school, Spalding was known to be the only son of a widow. He had one sister who died in early life. Whatever delicacy of constitution he inherited seems to have come from his father's side, for his mother lived to the year 1874, and died in the house of her son's widow among her grown-up grandchildren.

Spalding had the usual school and college education of the district. He attended the elementary burgh schools for English reading, writing, and arithmetic, and passed on to Latin in the grammar school. In his day the fees for attendance in that school, whence many pupils have passed into eminence, were raised from 7s. 6d. to 10s. for each quarter of the year. Those who knew Spalding in later life, would not readily understand that as a school-boy he was noticeable for his personal beauty. His features were small and symmetrical, and his cheeks had a brilliant colour. This faded as he approached middle age, and the features lost in some measure their proportions. He had ever a grave, thoughtful, and acute face, and one of his favourite pupils records the quick glance of his keen grey eye in the active duties of his class. He was noticed in his latter years to have a resemblance to Francis and Leonard Horner, and what Sydney Smith said of the older and more distinguished of these brethren might have been said of Spalding's earnest honest face, that "the commandments were written on his forehead." When he had exhausted his five years' curriculum at the grammar school, Spalding

stepped on a November morning, with some of his school-fellows, and a band of still more primitive youth, from the Aberdeenshire moorlands, and the distant highlands, to enter the open door of Marishal College, and compete for a bursary or endowment. This arena of mental gladiatorship was open to all comers, without question of age, country, or creed. The arrangement then followed—and no doubt still in use, for it has every quality of fairness and effectiveness to commend it, was this—An exercise was given out. It then consisted solely of a passage in English of considerable length, dictated to and written out by the competitors, who had to convert it into Latin. The name of each competitor was removed from his exercise, and kept by a municipal officer. A committee of sages, very unlikely to recognise any known handwriting among the multitude of papers subjected to their critical examination, sorted the exercises in the order of their merits, and then the names of the successful competitors were found. My present impression is that Spalding took the first bursary. It may have been the second or the third, for occasionally a careless inaccuracy might trip up the best scholar, but by acclamation the first place was assigned to Spalding. Indeed, in a general way, through the whole course of his education he swept the first prizes before him. When he finished the four years' curriculum of Marishal College, he attended a few classes in the college of Edinburgh, where the instruction was of another kind—less absolute teaching, but perhaps opportunities for ascending into higher spheres of knowledge. It was a little to the surprise of his companions that he was next found undergoing those "Divinity Hall" exercises, which predicate ambition to be ordained for the Church of Scotland, with the prospect, to begin with, of some moorland parish with a manse on a windy hill and a sterile but extensive glebe, a vista lying beyond of possible promotion to the ministry of some wealthy and hospitable civic community. Spalding said little about his views while he studied for the Church, and nothing about his reasons for changing his course, as he did, after a few months of study in his usual energetic fashion. He had apparently no quarrel either with institutions or persons, stimulating him to change his design, and he ever spoke respectfully of the established Church of Scotland.

From this episodal course of study he brought with him some valuable additions to the large stores of secular learning at his command. He had a powerful memory, and great facilities for mastering and simplifying sciences as well as languages. He seemed to say to himself, like Bacon, "I have taken all knowledge to be my province." With any of his friends who strayed into eccentric by-paths of inquiry he was sar-

castic—almost intolerant, in denouncing their selection. Why abandon the great literature—the great sciences and the great arts—which the noblest and strongest intellects in all ages have combined to enrich and bring to perfection? Master all that has been done in these, in the first place, and then you may be permitted to take your devious course. In all the departments of study he seemed to pass over the intermediate agencies, to contemplate with something like worship the great leading spirits whose intellectual stature raised them far above the mob. So in literature, it was in Homer and Shakspeare that he delighted. In the sciences connected with the analysis and the uses of intellect, he looked to Aristotle, Hume, and Kant. In the exact sciences, to Galileo, Tycho Brache and Newton, and so on. In art, he could admit the merits of a Teniers, an Ostade, or a Morland, in accurately rendering nature, as he would admit the merit of an ingenious toy. He could not but wonder at the turbulent power of Rubens, but he was bitter on the purpose these gifts were put to, in developing unsightly masses of flesh, and motions and attitudes wanting alike in beauty and dignity. It was in Michel Angelo, Raphael, and Thorwaldsen, with a select group from those approaching near to these in their characteristic qualities, that the young student selected the gods of his idolatry.

This love of art was something new in Spalding's native district. There all forms of learning were revered, and many a striving rustic devoted the whole energies of his life to acquire the means of teaching his fellow-men from the pulpit or the printing press. But art was nought among them. Spalding was thoroughly attached to his native district, and could well have said, "I love my fathers' northern land, where the dark pine trees grow;" but when his thoughts ran on art, he would sometimes bitterly call the north of Scotland a modern Bœotia. This is not the place for inquiring how it came to pass, that neglect of art could keep company with an ardent love of letters, but it is remarkable that the district so destitute of the æsthetic, gave to the world some considerable artists. In the old days there was George Jameson; and in Spalding's own generation, Bœotia produced Dyce, Giles, Philips, and Cassy as painters, with Brodie as a sculptor. Spalding could not but see merit in these, for none of them gave themselves to vulgar or purely popular art. Still he panted after the higher altitudes, and it appeared to him at one time that in his friend David Scot he had found the practical master of his ideal field. Scot had, to be sure, grand conceptions, but he did not possess the gift that enabled the great masters to abstract them from the clay of the common world. He had the defect—and his friend seeing it, felt it

almost as a personal calamity—of lapsing into the ungainly, and even the grotesque, in his most aspiring efforts.

In approaching the time when the book to which this notice is prefixed was published, one is tempted to offer a word or two of explanation on its writer not appearing before the world earlier; and when he did appear choosing so unobtrusive a fashion for his entry. About the time when his college education ended, there was something like a revival of literary ambition in Aberdeen, limited to young men who were Spalding's contemporaries. A few of them appealed for the loudest blasts of the trumpet of fame, in grand efforts in heroic and satirical poetry, and their works may be found in the libraries of collectors curious in specimens of forgotten provincial literature. These authors were generally clever young men; and like others of their kind, they found in after life that verse was not the only path to fame or fortune. One of them became a distinguished pulpit orator. If Paley noticed, as an "only defect" in a brother clergyman, that he was a popular preacher, Spalding was apt to take a harsher view of such a failing; nor would he palliate it on the representation of one who was the friend and admirer of both, who pleaded the trials that a person so gifted is subjected to, noting that there were certain eminences that the human head could not reach without becoming dizzy—as, for instance, being Emperor of Russia, Ambassador at an oriental court, Provost of a Scotch "Burgh toon"—or a popular preacher. Another contemporary who courted and obtained popularity, and still, to the joy of his friends, lives to enjoy it, was less distasteful to Spalding, though trespassing on his own field of ambition as a Greek scholar and Homeric critic. But he made the distinction, that in this instance he thought the homage to popularity was natural to the man, moving in irresistible impulses unregulated by a system for bringing popularity in aid of success.

The lookers-on, knowing that Spalding was ambitious, expected to hear him in the tuneful choir, but he was dumb. He was once or twice, by those nearest to him, heard in song, and literally heard only, for it is believed that he never allowed any manuscript testimony of such a weakness to leave his custody. One satirical performance got popularity by being committed to memory. It was called "The fire-balloon." In the year 1828 there was an arousing of public sympathy with the sufferers by a great conflagration at Merimachi in North America. A body of the students who had imbibed from the Professor of Natural Philosophy an enthusiasm about aerostation, proposed to raise money for the sufferers by making and exhibiting a huge fire balloon. The effort was embarrassed by many difficulties and adventures affording opportunity for the satirist.

For instance, a trial trip was attempted, and one of "the committee," who was the son of a clergyman, got hold of the key of his father's church, and put its interior at the disposal of his colleagues. The balloon inflated and ascended. The problem of getting it down again, however, had not been solved. It got itself comfortably at rest in the roof of a cupola, and the young philosophers then had to wait until it became exhausted enough to descend.

The literary ambition of young Aberdeen found for itself a very sedate and respectable looking organ in "*The Aberdeen Magazine*," published monthly during the years 1831 and 1832, and still visible in two thick octavo volumes. Spalding was not to be tempted into this project, though there was a slight touch in it supposed, solely from internal evidence, to have come from him. A heavy controversy was begun by one calling himself "a classical reformer," who brought up foemen worthy of his steel. At the end of the whole was a sting in a postscript, more effective than anything in the unwieldy body it was attached to. "P. S. As I am no great scholar, perhaps your classical Reformer will have the goodness to tell me where I can see *The Works of Socrates*. He seems to allude to them twice [reference to pages]. As he modestly tells us that he is a much better translator of Homer than Pope was, perhaps he will be kind enough to favour the world with a translation, to use his own words, of "those works which have immortalized the name of Socrates."¹

The papers in the Aberdeen Magazine were not all of the sombre cumbrous kind. There was an infusion of fresh young blood, fired perhaps by the influence of Wilson and Lockhart in Blackwood's Magazine, but seeking original forms of its own. For the leader of this school, Spalding had both esteem and admiration, but it was far other merits than those of the brisk unrestrained writer of fugitive literature. This was Joseph Robertson, afterwards distinguished as an archæologist. He survived Spalding eight years. No lines of study could well be in more opposite directions than those of the two men who respected each other. While Spalding revelled in all that was brightest and best in literature and art, Robertson devoted himself to the development of our knowledge about the period when the higher arts—those of the painter and the sculptor—had been buried with the higher literature, and the classic languages had degenerated, in the hands of those who, as Du Cange, whose ample pages were often turned by Robertson, called them, were "*Scriptores mediæ et infimæ Latinitatis*." The source of Spalding's admiration was that Robertson's writing was perfect of its kind, and led

¹ Aberdeen Magazine, II., 350.

to important and conclusive results. It was in this spirit that he wrote his own "Letter." It did not fulfil a high aspiration, but it must be perfect; and it was surely a moment of supreme happiness to him, when he found the unknown author sought for and praised by so cautious and reserved a critic as Hallam.

The "Letter" was published in 1833. It is characteristic of its author's distaste of loud applause, that whenever this, his first achievement in letters, saw the light, he fled, as it were, from the knowledge of what was said of it, and wandered for several months in Italy and Germany. This was an era in his life, for it gave him the opportunity of seeing face to face, and profoundly studying, the great works of art that had hitherto only been imaged in his dreams from copies and engravings. He at the same time studied—or rather enjoyed—nature. In his native north he had been accustomed to ramble among the Grampians at the head of the Dee, where the precipices are from 1500 to 2000 feet high, and snow lies all the year round. In these rambles he encountered hardships such as one would hardly have thought within the capacity of his delicate frame. He took the same method of enjoyable travelling in the Apennines—that of the Pedestrian.

He gave to the world a slight morsel descriptive of his experiences and enjoyments, in the *Blackwood's Magazine* of November, 1835. They were told in so fine a spirit, so free both from ungraceful levity and solemn pedantry, that the reader only regretted that they were too sparingly imparted. He thus announced his own enjoyment in his pilgrimage: "Among the ruined palaces and temples of Rome, and in the vineyards and orange-groves beside the blue sea of Naples, I had warmed my imagination with that inspiration which, once breathed upon the heart, never again grows cold. It did not desert me now as I entered this upper valley of the Apennines to seek a new colour and form of Italian landscape. Happy and elevating recollections thronged in upon me, and blended with the clear sunshine which slept on the green undulating hills." This fragment is the only morsel of autobiographic information left by its author, and therefore perhaps the following, taken from among many expressions of a genial spirit enjoying itself in freedom, may not be unacceptable. He has crossed the high-lying, bare plain of Rosetto, and reaches the village of Val san Giovanni, where "shelter was heartily welcome, the sun was set, snow-flakes were beginning to whirl in the air, and before we reached the village, a sharp snow-storm had set in." Here he is taking comfort to himself before a huge wood fire, when "a man entered of superior dress and appearance to the

rest, and behind him bustled up a little wretch in the government indirect-tax livery, who, never saying by your leave, pushed a chair to the fire for his master. The gentleman popped down, and turning to me, 'I am the Podestà,' said he. I made my bow to the chief magistrate of the place. 'I am the Potestà,' said he again, and our little squinting spy repeated reproachfully, 'His excellency is the Podestà.'

"I was resolved not to understand what they would be at, and the dignitary explained it to me with a copious use of circumlocution. He said he had no salary from the government—this did not concern me;—that he had it in charge to apprehend all vagabonds; this he seemed to think might concern me. He asked for my passport, which was exhibited and found right; and the Podestà proved the finest fellow possible. These villagers then became curious to know what object I had in travelling about among their mountains. My reader will by this time believe me when I say that the question puzzled me. My Atanasio felt that it touched his honour to be suspected of guiding a traveller who could not tell what he travelled for. He took on him the task of reply. Premising that I was a foreigner, and perhaps did not know how to express myself, he explained that I was one of those meritorious individuals who travel about discovering all the countries and the unknown mountains, and putting all down on paper; and these individuals always ask likewise why there are no mendicant friars in the country, and which the peasants eat oftenest, mutton or macaroni? He added, with his characteristic determined solemnity, that he had known several such inquisitive travellers. This clear definition gave universal satisfaction."

Soon after Spalding's return to Scotland, the late George Boyd, the sagacious chief of the Firm of Oliver and Boyd, thought he might serve him in a considerable literary project. It was the age of small books published in groups—of "Constable's Miscellany," "Lardner's Cyclopaedia," "Murray's Family Library," and the like. With these Mr Boyd thought he would compete, in the shape of the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library," and Spalding was prevailed on to write for it three volumes, with the title, "Italy and the Italian Islands." The bulk of the contributions to such collections are mere compilations. But Scott, Southey, Macintosh, and Moore had enlivened them with gifts from a higher literature, and Spalding's contribution was well fitted to match with the best of these, though he had to content himself in the ranks of the compilers, until the discerning found a higher place for his book.

The same acute observer who had set him to this task found another

¹ Blackwood's Mag., Nov. 1835. p. 669.

for him in "The History of English Literature." The *Encyclopædia Britannica* in the same manner drew him into contributions which developed themselves into two works of great value, on "Logic," and on "Rhetoric." That one of so original and self-relying a nature should have thus been led by the influence of others into the chief labours of his life, is explained by the intensity of his desire for perfection in all he did. Once induced to lift his pen in any particular cause, he could not lay it down again while there remained an incompleteness unfilled, or an imperfection unremedied.

In a review on his book on Logic, having detected, from "various internal symptoms of origin," the style and manner of a personal friend of his own, he wrote to the culprit in this characteristic form, "very many thanks for the notice. It may do good with some readers who don't know the corrupt motives by which it was prompted: and it strikes me as being exceedingly well and dexterously executed. I am quite sorry to think how much trouble it must have cost you to pierce into the bowels of the dry and dark territory, so far as the points you have been able to reach. I am afraid also that you had to gutta-percha your conscience a little, before it would stretch to some of your allegations, both about the work and about the science. I see already so much that I could myself amend—not in respect of doctrine, but in the manner of exposition—as to make me regret that I am not in a place where the classes of students are large enough to take off an edition, and so to give me by and by the chance of re-writing the book. Yet it is satisfactory to me to have got clearly the start of the publication of Hamilton's Lectures, and so to anticipate—for some of the points on which it will certainly be found that I have taken up ground of my own—the attention of *some* of the few men who have written on the science. Any of them who, having already looked into my book, shall attempt to master Hamilton's system when it appears in his own statement of it, are sure to find, if I do not greatly mistake, that I have raised several problems, the discussion of which will require that my suggestions be considered independently of Hamilton's, and my little bits of theory either accepted or refuted. I dare say I told you that early in the winter I had very satisfactory letters from Germany, and you heard that the book was kindly taken by some of the Englishmen it was sent to, and set on tooth and nail, though very amicably, by," &c.

Let us go back to the chronology of his personal history, after his one opportunity of seeing the world outside of Britain. He had joined the Bar of Scotland before this episode in his life, and on his return he took

up the position of an advocate prepared for practice. This was no idle ambitious attempt, for he had endured the drudgery of a solicitor's office for the mastery of details, and had thoroughly studied the substance of the law. His career now promised a great future. He was affluent enough to spurn what Pope called "low gains;" he had good connections, and became speedily a rising counsel. His career seemed to be in the line of his friend Jeffrey's, taking all the honours and emoluments of the profession, and occasionally relaxing from it in a brilliant paper in the *Edinburgh Review*.¹ To complete the vista of good fortune he took to be the domestic sharer of his fortunes a wife worthy of himself—Miss Agnes Frier, born of a family long known and respected on the Border. They were married on the 22nd of March in the year 1838.

Perhaps some inward monitor told him that the fortunes before him were too heavy to be borne by the elements of health and strength allotted to him. It was to the surprise of his friends that in 1838 he abandoned the bar, and accepted the chair of Rhetoric in Edinburgh. In 1845 he exchanged it for the chair of Rhetoric and Logic at St Andrews. The emoluments there were an inducement to him, since part of the property of his family had been lost through commercial reverses over which he had no control; and he was not one to leave anything connected with the future of his family to chance. It was a sacrifice, for he left behind him dear friends of an older generation, such as Jeffrey, Cockburn, Hamilton, Wilson, and Pillans. Then there were half way between that generation and his own, Douglas Cheape, Charles Neaves, and George Moir; while a small body of his contemporaries sorely missed him, for he was a staunch friend ever to be depended on. He was a

¹The following list of her father's contributions, drawn up by Miss Mary Spalding, is believed to be complete.

No. 144. July 1840. Recent Shaksperian Literature. (Books by Collier, Brown, De Quincey, Dyce, Courtenay, C. Knight, Mrs Jameson, Coleridge, Hallam, &c.)

No. 145. October 1840. Introduction to the Literature of Europe, by Henry Hallam.

No. 147. April 1841. The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher. With an Introduction. By George Darley.

No. 164. April 1845. 1. The Pictorial Edition of the Works of Shakespeare. Edited by Charles Knight. — 2. The Comedies, Histories, Tragedies, and Poems of William Shakespeare. Edited by Charles Knight. — 3. The Works of William Shakespeare. The text formed from an entirely new collation of the old editions; with the various Readings, Notes, a Life of the Poet, and a History of the English Stage. By J. Payne Collier, Esquire, F.S.A.

No. 173. July 1847. The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher. By the Rev. Alexander Dyce.

No. 181. July 1849. 1. Lectures on Shakespeare. By H. N. Hudson. — 2. Macbeth de Shakespeare, en 5 Actes et en vers. Par M. Emile Deschamps.

ib. King Arthur. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. 2nd edition, London, 1849, 8vo.

great teacher, and left a well-trained generation of scholars behind him. The work of the instructor, abhorred by most men, and especially by sensitive men, was to him literally the "delightful task" of the poet who has endured many a jibe for so monstrous a euphuism. Even while yet he was himself a student, if he saw that a companion was wasting good abilities in idleness or vapid reading, he would burden his own laborious hours with attempts to stimulate his lazy friend. Just after he had passed through the Greek class of Marishal College, a temporary teacher for that class was required. Some one made the bold suggestion of trying the most distinguished of the students fresh from the workshop, and Spalding taught the class with high approval. As years passed on, the spirit of the teacher strengthened within him. The traditions of the older university were more encouraging to the drilling process than Edinburgh, where the tendency was towards attractive lecturing. So entirely did the teacher's duty at last absorb his faculties, that the phenomenon was compared to the provisions in nature for compensating the loss by special weaknesses or deficiencies, and that the scholar, conscious that his own days of working were limited, instinctively felt that in imparting his stores to others who would distribute them after he was gone, he was making the most valuable use of his acquirements.

It was a mighty satisfaction to old friends in Edinburgh to hear that Spalding had condescended to seek, and that he had found, that blessed refuge of the overworked and the infirm, called a hobby. He was no sportsman. The illustrious Golfing links of St Andrews were spread before him in vain, though their attractions induced many a man to pitch his tabernacle on their border, and it was sometimes consolatorily said of Professors relegated to this arid social region, that they were reconciling themselves to Golf. The days were long past for mounting the knapsack and striding over the Apennines or even the Grampians. Spalding's hobby was a simple one, but akin to the instincts of his cultivated taste; it was exercised in his flower-garden. We may be sure that he did not debase himself to the example of the stupid floriculturist, the grand ambition of whose life is successfully to nourish some prize monster in the shape of tulip or pansy. He allied his gentle task of a cultivator of beautiful flowers, with high science, in botany and vegetable physiology.

Besides such lighter alleviations, he had all the consolations that the most satisfactory domestic conditions can administer to the sufferer. In his later days he became afflicted with painful rheumatic attacks, and the terrible symptoms of confirmed heart-disease. He died on the 16th of November, 1859.

A LETTER
ON
SHAKSPEARE'S AUTHORSHIP
OF THE DRAMA ENTITLED
THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

MY DEAR L—, We have met again, after an interval long enough to have made both of us graver than we were wont to be. A few of my rarely granted hours of leisure have lately been occupied in examining a question on which your taste and knowledge equally incline and qualify you to enter. Allow me to address to you the result of my inquiry, as a pledge of the gratification which has been afforded me by the renewal of our early intercourse.

Proud as SHAKSPEARE'S countrymen are of his name, it is singular, though not unaccountable, that at this day our common list of his works should remain open to correction. Every one knows that some plays printed in his volumes have weak claims to that distinction; but, while the exclusion even of works certainly not his would now be a rash exercise of prerogative in any editor, it is a question of more interest, whether there may not be dramas not yet admitted among his collected works, which have a right to be there, and might be inserted without the danger attending the dismissal of any already put upon the list. A claim for admission has been set up in favour of Malone's six plays,¹ without any ground as to five of them, and ² with very little to support it even for the sixth. Ireland's impostures are an anomaly in literary history: even the spell and sway of temporary fashion and universal opinion are causes scarcely adequate to account for the blindness of the eminent men who fell into the snare. The want of any external evidence in favour of the

The list of SHAKSPERK'S works is not yet settled.

Are all his in his publisht "*Works*"?

Six "*Doubtful Plays*:" (none by Shaksperc.)

Ireland's forgery, *Vortigern*.
[*see page 2*]

¹ Locrine—Sir John Oldcastle—Lord Cromwell—The London Prodigal—The Puritan—The Yorkshire Tragedy.

The folly of sup-
posing *Vortigern*
genuine.

Shakspeare said
(absurdly) to
have helped in

Ben Jonson's
Sejanus.

*The Two Noble
Kinsmen*
attributed to
Shakspeare and
Fletcher; and
rightly so.

It is unjustly
excluded from
*Shakspeare's
Works*.

I. Historical or
External Evi-
dence.
II. External
Evidence, p. 20.
[¹ page 3]

first fabrication, the Shakspeare papers, was overlooked; and the internal evidence, which was wholly against the genuineness, was unhesitatingly admitted as establishing it. The play of 'Vortigern' had little more to support it than the previous imposition.

There are two cases, however, in which we have external presumptions to proceed from; for there are traditions traceable to Shakspeare's own time, or nearly so, of his having assisted in two plays, still known to us, but never placed among his works. The one, the 'Sejanus', in which Shakspeare is said to have assisted Jonson, was re-written by the latter himself, and published as it now stands among his writings, the part of the assistant poet having been entirely omitted; so that the question as to that play, a very doubtful question, is not important, and hardly even curious. But the other drama is in our hands as it came from the closets of the poets, and, if Shakspeare's partial authorship were established, ought to have a place among his works. It is, as you know, THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN, printed among the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, and sometimes attributed to SHAKSPEARE and FLETCHER jointly. I have been able to satisfy myself that it is rightly so attributed, and hope to be able to prove to you, who are intimately conversant with Shakspeare, and familiar also with the writings of his supposed co-adjutor, that there are good grounds for the opinion. The same conclusion has already been reached by others; but the discussion of the question cannot be needless, so long as this fine drama continues excluded from the received list of Shakspeare's works; and while there is reason to believe that there are many discerning students and zealous admirers of the poet, to whom it is known only by name. The beauty of the work itself will make much of the investigation delightful to you, even though my argument on it may seem feeble and stale.

The proof is, of course, two-fold; the first branch emerging ¹ from any records or memorials which throw light on the subject from without; the second, from a consideration of the work itself, and a comparison of its qualities with those of Shakspeare or Fletcher. You will keep in mind, that it has not been doubted, and may be assumed, that Fletcher had a share in the work; the only question

is,—Whether Shakspeare wrote any part of it, and what parts, if any?

The Historical Evidence claims our attention in the first instance ; but in no question of literary genuineness is this the sort of proof which yields the surest grounds of conviction. Such questions arise only under circumstances in which the external proof on either side is very weak, and the internal evidence has therefore to be continually resorted to for supplying the defects of the external. It is true that a complete proof of a work having been actually written by a particular person, destroys any contrary presumption from intrinsic marks ; and, in like manner, when a train of evidence is deduced, showing it to be impossible that a work could have been written by a certain author, no internal likeness to other works of his can in the least weaken the negative conclusion. In either case, however, the historical evidence must be incontrovertible, before it can exclude examination of the internal ; and the two cases are by no means equally frequent. It scarcely ever happens that there is external evidence weighty enough to establish certainly, of itself, an individual's authorship of a particular work ; but the external proof that his authorship was impossible, may often be convincing and perfect, from an examination of dates, or the like. Since, therefore, external evidence against authorship admits of completeness, we are entitled, when such evidence exclusively is founded on, to demand that it shall be complete. Where by the very narrowest step it falls short of a demonstration of absolute impossibility, the internal evidence cannot be refused admittance in contravention of it, and comes in with far greater force than that of the other. There may be cases where authorship can be made out to the highest degree, at least, of probability, by strong internal evidence coming in aid of an external proof equally balanced for and against ; and even where the extrinsic proof is of itself sufficient ¹ to infer improbability, internal marks may be so decided the opposite way, as to render the question absolutely doubtful, or to occasion a leaning towards the affirmative side. These principles point out the internal evidence as the true ground on which my cause must be contested ; but it was not necessary to follow them out to their full extent ; for I can show you,

I. External Evidence.

Historical evidence cannot exclude internal, unless the former is complete.

[¹ page 4]

Internal evidence the true test for *The Two N. K.*

that the external facts which we have here, few as they are, raise a presumption in favour of Shakspeare's authorship, as strong as exists in cases of more practical importance, where its effect has never been questioned.

The Two N. K.
printed in 1634 as
by Fletcher and
Shakspeare.

Steevens's
doubts.

A.D. 1634 was
19 years after
Shakspeare's
death, 9 after
Fletcher's.

No motive to
forge
Shakspeare's
name, as he (Sh.)
had then fallen
into neglect.

[² page 5]

The fact from which the maintainers of Shakspeare's share in this drama have to set out, is the first printing of it, which took place in 1634. In the title-page of this first edition,¹ the play is stated to be the joint work of Shakspeare and Fletcher. It is needless to enumerate categorically the doubts which have been thrown, chiefly by the acute and perverse Steevens, on the credit due to this assertion; for a few observations will show that they have by no means an overwhelming force, while there are contrary presumptions far more than sufficient to weigh them down. The edition was not published till eighteen years after Shakspeare's death, and nine years after Fletcher's; but any suspicion which might arise from the length of this interval, as giving an opportunity for imposture, is at once removed by one consideration, which is almost an unanswerable argument in favour of the assertion on the title-page, and in contravention of this or any other doubts. There was no motive for falsely stating Shakspeare's authorship, because no end would have been gained by it; for it is a fact admitting of the fullest proof, that, even so recently after Shakspeare's death as 1634, he had fallen much into neglect. Fletcher had become far more popular, and his name in the title-page would have been a surer passport to public favour than Shakspeare's. If either of the names was to be ² fabricated, Fletcher's (which stands foremost in the title-page as printed) was the more likely of the two to have been preferred. It appears then that the time when the publisher's assertion of Shakspeare's authorship was made, gives it a right to more confidence than it could have deserved if it had been advanced earlier. If the work had been printed during the poet's life, and the height of his popularity, its title-page would have been no evidence at all.

¹ "The Two Noble Kinsmen: presented at the Blackfriars, by the Kings Majesties servants, with great Applause: written by the memorable Worthies of their Time, Mr John Fletcher and Mr William Shakspeare, Gent. Printed at London by Tho. Cotes, for John Waterson; and are to be sold at the signe of the Crowne, in Pauls Church-yard: 1634."

And when the assertion is freed from the suspicion of designed imposture, the truth of it is confirmed by its stating the play to have been acted by the king's servants, and at the Blackfriars. It was that company which had been Shakspeare's; the Globe and Blackfriars were the two theatres at which they played; and at one or the other of these houses all his acknowledged works seem to have been brought out. The fact of the play not having been printed sooner, is accounted for by the dramatic arrangements and practice of the time: the first collected edition of Shakspeare's works, only eleven years earlier than the printing of this play, contained about twenty plays of his not printed during his life; and the long interval is a reason also why the printer and publisher are different persons from any who were concerned in Shakspeare's other works. The hyperbolical phraseology of the title-page is quite in the taste of the day, and is exceeded by the quarto editions of some of Shakspeare's admitted works.

a. N. A. acted at the Blackfriars (in whose profits Shakspeare had once a share).

Was the alleged co-operation then in itself likely to have taken place? It was. Such partnerships were very generally formed by the dramatists of that time; both the poets were likely enough to have projected some union of the kind, and to have chosen each other as the parties to it. Although Shakspeare seems to have followed this custom less frequently than most of his contemporaries, we have reason to think that he did not wholly refrain from it; and his favourite plan of altering plays previously written by others, is a near approach to it. As to Fletcher, his name is connected in every mind with that of Beaumont; and the memorable and melancholy letter of the three players,¹ proves him to have coalesced with other writers even during that poet's short ² life. This is of some consequence, because, if the two poets wrote at the same time, it would seem that they must have done so previously to Beaumont's death; for Shakspeare lived only one year longer than

Custom of authors writing plays together.

Shakspeare followed this custom, though rarely.

Fletcher very often.

[² page 6]

¹ Gifford's Massinger, vol. i. p. xv. [Moxon's ed. p. xxxix, and *B. and Fl.* i. xiii. The letter is from Nat. Field, Rob. Daborne, and Philip Massinger, to Henslowe the manager: "You know there is x. *l.* more at least to be receaved of you for the play. We desire you to lend us v. *l.* of that, which shall be allowd to you. Nat. Field." "The money shall be abated out of the money remayns for the play of Mr. Fletcher and ours. Rob. Daborne."—F.]

Beaumont, and is believed to have spent that year in the country. There is no proof that the drama before us was not written before Beaumont's death (1615), and it is only certain that its era was later than 1594. After the loss of his friend, Fletcher is said to have been repeatedly assisted by Massinger: he joined in one play with Jonson and Middleton, and in another with Rowley. His superior rank (he was the son of a bishop) has been gravely mentioned as discrediting his connection with Shakspeare; but the same objection applies with infinitely greater force to his known cooperation with Field, Daborne, and the others just named; and the idea is founded on radically wrong notions of the temper of that age. There is scarcely more substance in a doubt raised from the frequency with which Shakspeare is burlesqued by Beaumont and Fletcher. Those satirical flings could have been no reason why Fletcher should be unwilling to coalesce with Shakspeare, because they indicate no ill feeling towards him. They were practised by all the dramatic writers at the expense of each other; Shakspeare himself is a parodist, and indulges in those quips frequently, not against such writers only as the author of the Spanish Tragedy, but against Peele and even Marlowe, his own fathers in the drama, and both dead before he vented the jests, which he never would have uttered had he attached to them any degree of malice. And therefore also Fletcher's sarcasms cannot have disinclined Shakspeare to the coalition, especially as his personal character made it very unlikely that he should have taken up any such grudge as a testy person might have conceived from some of the more severe.

But the circumstance on which most stress has been laid as disproving Shakspeare's share in the drama in question, is this. While the first edition of it was not printed till 1634, two editions of Shakspeare's collected works had been published between the time of his death (1616) and that year, in neither of which this play appears; and it is said that its omission in the first folio (1623), in particular, is fatal to its claim, since Heminge and ¹Condell, who edited that collection, were Shakspeare's fellow-actors and the executors of his will, and must be presumed to have known perfectly what works were and what were not his. I have put this objec-

Fletcher's
co-authors

His sonship to a
bishop, no
hindrance.

Fletcher's
burlesquing
Shakspeare is no
argument against
their having
written together.

Shakspeare pokes
fun at Kyd,
Peele, Marlowe.

The 2 *N. K.* not
in the First Folio
of Shakspeare's
Works, 1623, put
forth by Shak-
speare's fellows.
[¹ page 7]

tion as strongly as it can be put ; and at first sight it is startling ; but those who have most bibliographical knowledge of Shakspeare's works, are best aware that much of its force is only apparent. The omission in the second folio (1632) should not have been founded on ; for that edition is nothing but a reprint of the contents of the first ; and it is only the want of the play in this latter that we have to consider. Now, you know well, that in taking some objections to the authority of the First Folio, I shall only echo the opinions of Shakspeare's most judicious critics. It was a speculation on the part of the editors for their own advantage, either solely or in conjunction with any others, who, as holders of shares in the Globe Theatre, had an interest in the plays : for it was to the theatre, you will remark, and not to Shakspeare or his heirs personally, that the manuscripts belonged. The edition shews distinctly, that profit was its aim more than faithfulness to the memory of the poet, in the correctness either of his text or of the list of his works. Even the style of the preface excites suspicions which the work itself verifies. One object of it was to put down editions of about fifteen separate plays of Shakspeare's, previously printed in quarto, which, though in most respects more accurate than their successors, had evidently been taken from stolen copies : the preface of the folio, accordingly, strives to throw discredit on these quartos, while the text, usually close in its adherence to them, falls into errors where it quits them, and omits many very fine passages which they give, and which the modern editors have been enabled by their assistance to restore.

Here it is, however, of more consequence to notice, that the authority of the Table of Contents of the Folio is worse than weak. The editors profess to give all Shakspeare's works, and none which are not his : we know that they have fulfilled neither the one pledge nor the other. There is no doubt but they could at least have enumerated Shakspeare's works correctly : but their knowledge and their design of profit did ¹not suit each other. They have admitted, for plain reasons, two plays which are not Shakspeare's. Their edition contains about twenty plays never before printed ; it was evidently their interest to enlarge this part of their list as far as they safely could. The pretended First Part of Henry VI., in

But the First Folio is not of much authority.

It was just a speculation for profit ;

designed to put down the Quartos,

which yet it copies.

The Table of Contents of the First Folio of Shakspeare's Works is of less worth.

[¹ page 8]

It lets in two Plays that are not Shakspeare's.

It contains two plays not Shakspeare's :

1 *Henry VI,*

and *Titus Andronicus.*

Troilus and Cressida

is not in the Table of Contents.

Pericles is not in the volume, and yet is in part Shakspeare's.

[² page 9]

The editors of the First Folio put forth an incomplete book.

which Shakspeare may perhaps have written a single scene,¹ but certainly not twenty lines besides, had not been printed, and could be plausibly inserted; it does not seem that they could have had any other reasons for giving it a place. The Tragedy of the Shambles, which we call 'Titus Andronicus,' if it had been printed at all, had been so only once, and that thirty years before; therefore it likewise was a novelty; and a pretext was easily found for its admission. The editors then were unscrupulous and unfair as to the works which they inserted: professing to give a full collection, they were no less so as to those which they did not insert. 'Troilus and Cressida,' an unpleasing drama, contains many passages of the highest spirit and poetical richness, and the bad in it, as well as the good, is perfectly characteristic of Shakspeare; it is unquestionably his. It does not appear in Heminge and Condell's table of contents, and is only found appended, like a separate work, to some copies of their edition. Its pages are not even numbered along with the rest of the volume; and if the first editors were the persons who printed it, it was clearly after the remainder of the work. If they did print it, their manner of doing so shews their carelessness of truth more strongly than if they had omitted it altogether. They first make up their list, and state it as a full one without that play, which they apparently had been unable to obtain; they then procure access to the manuscript, print the play, and insert it in the awkward way in which it stands, and thus virtually confess that the assertion in their preface, made in reference to their table of contents, was untrue. At any rate, a part of their impression was circulated without this play. 'Pericles' also is wholly omitted by those editors; it appears for the first time in the third folio (1666), an edition of no value, and its genuineness rests much on the internal proofs, which² are quite sufficient to establish it. It is an irregular and imperfect play, older in form than any of Shakspeare's; but it has clearly been augmented by many passages written by him, and therefore had a right to be inserted by the first editors, upon their own principles. These two plays then being certainly Shakspeare's, no matter whether his best or his worst, and his editors being so situated that

¹ Act II. Scene 4. The plucking of the roses.

they must have known the fact, their edition is allowed to appear as a complete collection of Shakspeare's works, although its contents include neither of the two. They probably were unable to procure copies; but they were not the less bound to have acknowledged in their preface, that these, or any other plays which they knew to be Shakspeare's, were necessary for making up a complete collection. It in no view suited their purposes to make such a statement; and it was not made. In short, the whole conduct of these editors inspires distrust, but their unacknowledged omission of those two plays deprives them of all claim to our confidence. The effect of that omission, in reference to any play which can be brought forward as Shakspeare's, is just this, that the want of the drama in their edition, is of itself no proof whatever that Shakspeare was not the author of it, and leaves the question, whether he was or was not, perfectly open for decision on other evidence. It leaves the inquiry before us precisely in that situation. Why Heminge and Condell could not procure the manuscripts of 'Troilus,' 'Pericles,' or the 'Two Noble Kinsmen,' I am not bound to shew. As to the last, Fletcher may have retained a partial or entire right of property in it, and was alive at the publication of their edition. Difficulties at least as great attach to the question as to the other two rejected plays, in which the strength of the other proofs has long been admitted as counterbalancing them. But the argument serves my purpose without any theory on the subject. The state of it entitles me, as I conceive, to throw the First Folio entirely out of view, as being no evidence one way or the other.

We cannot trust the Editors of the First Folio.

The First Folio no evidence against the *Two Noble Kinsmen*.

Laying the folio aside then, I think I have shewn that, in the most unfavourable view, no doubts which other circumstances can throw on the assertion made in the title-page of the first edition of the 'Two Noble Kinsmen,' are of such strength as to render the truth of it improbable. Strong internal evidence therefore will, in any view, establish Shakspeare's claim. But, if the consideration first suggested be well-founded, (as I have no doubt it is,) namely, that the statement of the publisher was disinterested, there arises a very strong external presumption of the truth of his assertion, which will enable us to proceed to the examination of the internal marks with a prepossession in favour of Shakspeare's authorship.

[1 page 10]

Strong internal evidence will prove it in part Shakspeare's.

Early annotators
on Shakspeare
narrow-minded.

Yet Pope,
Warburton,
Farmer, believe
*The Two Noble
Kinsmen*
genuine: so does
Schlegel.

As I wish to make you a convert to the affirmative opinion, it may be wise to acquaint you that you will not be alone in it, if you shall finally see reason to embrace it. Shakspeare, you know, suffered a long eclipse, which left him in obscurity till the beginning of last century, when he reappeared surrounded by his annotators, a class of men who have followed a narrow track, but yet are greater benefactors to us than we are ready to acknowledge. The commentators have given little attention to the question before us; but some of the best of them have declared incidentally for Shakspeare's claim; and though even the editors who have professed this belief have not inserted the work as his, this is only one among many evil results of the slavish system to which they all adhere. We have with us Pope, Warburton, and above all, Farmer, a man of fine discernment, and a most cautious sifter of evidence. The subject has more recently been treated shortly by a celebrated foreign critic, the enthusiastic and eloquent Schlegel,¹ who comes to a conclusion decidedly favourable to Shakspeare.

II. Internal
evidence.

[page 11]

Shakspeare's
work specially fit
for the Internal
Evidence test.

There still lies before us the principal part of our task, that of applying to the presumption resulting from the external proof, (whatever the amount of that may be,) the decisive test of the ²Internal Evidence. Do you doubt the efficacy of this supposed crucial experiment? It is true that internal similarities form almost a valueless test when applied to inferior writers; because in them the distinctive marks are too weak to be easily traced. But, in the first place, great authors have in their very greatness the pledge of something peculiar which shall identify their works, and consequently the test is usually satisfactory in its application to them; and, secondly and particularly, Shakspeare is, of all writers that have existed, that one to whose alleged works such a test can be most confidently administered; because he is not only strikingly

¹ Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature. It would ill become me to carp at an author whom I have expressly to thank for much assistance in this inquiry, and to whom I am perhaps indebted for more than my recollection suggests. But it must be owned, that M. Schlegel's opinion loses somewhat of its weight from the fact, that he also advocates Shakspeare's authorship of some of Malone's plays, a decision in which it is neither desirable nor likely that the poet's countrymen should acquiesce.

peculiar in those qualities which discriminate him from other poets, but his writings also possess singularities, different from, and opposite to, the usual character of poetry itself.

I cannot proceed with you to the work itself, till I have reminded you of some distinctive differences between the two writers whose claims we are to adjust, the recollection of which will be indispensable to us in considering the details of the drama. We shall then enter on that detailed examination, keeping those distinctions in mind, and attempting to apply them to individual passages; and, when all the scenes of the play have thus passed successively before us, we shall be able to look back on it as a whole, and investigate its general qualities.

Differences between Shakspeare and Fletcher to be discussd.

The first difference which may be pointed out between Shakspeare and Fletcher, is that of their versification. You have learned from a study of the poets themselves, in what that difference consists. Shakspeare's versification is broken and full of pauses, he is sparing of double terminations to his verses, and has a marked fondness for ending speeches or scenes with hemi-stitches. Fletcher's rhythm is of a newer and smoother cast, often keeping the lines distinct and without breaks through whole speeches, abounding in double endings, and very seldom leaving a line incomplete at the end of a sentence or scene.¹ And the opposite taste of the two poets in their choice and arrangement ²of words, gives an opposite character to the whole modulation of their verses. Fletcher's is sweet and flowing, and peculiarly fitted either for declamation or the softness of sorrow: Shakspeare's ear is tuned to the stateliest solemnity of thought, or the abruptness and vehemence of passion. The present drama exhibits in whole scenes the qualities of Shakspeare's versification; and there are other scenes which are marked by those of Fletcher's; the difference is one reason for separating the authorship.

Shakspeare's and Fletcher's versification contrasted.

Shakspeare's.

Fletcher's.

[? page 12]

Modulation of Fletcher's verse: of Shakspeare's.

You will notice in this play many instances of Shakspeare's favourite images, and of his very words. Is this a proof of the play having been his work, or does it only indicate imitation? In

Shakspeare's images and words in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

¹ Weber's *Beaumont and Fletcher*, vol. xiii., and Lamb, as there quoted.

Shakspeare a
mannerist in
style, and

wanting in
variety.
Shakspeare
repeats himself.

The likeness to
Shakspeare in
*The Two Noble
Kinsmen*, and
the repetitions of
him, are likely to
be by him.

[² page 13]

Massinger also
repeats himself
much.

Fletcher but
little.

Shakspeare's case, such resemblance, taken by itself, can operate neither way. Shakspeare is a mannerist in style. He knew this himself, and what he says of his minor poems, is equally true of his dramatic language; he "keeps invention in a noted weed¹;" and almost every word or combination of words is so marked in its character that its author is known at a glance. But not only is his style so peculiar in its general qualities, as scarcely to admit of being mistaken; not only is it deficient in variety of structure, but it is in a particular degree characterised by a frequent recurrence of the same images, often clothed in identically the same words. You are quite aware of this, and those who are not, may be convinced of it by opening any page of the annotated editions. So far, then, this play is only like Shakspeare's acknowledged works. It is true, that one who wished to write a play in Shakspeare's manner, would probably have repeated his images and words as they are repeated here; but Shakspeare would certainly have imitated himself quite as often. The resemblance could be founded on, as indicating imitation, only in conjunction with other circumstances of dissimilarity or inferiority to his genuine writings; and where, as in the present case, there seems to be reason for asserting that the accompanying circumstances point the work out as an original composition of his, this very likeness and repetition become a strong argument in support of those concomitant indications. ²Such repetition is more or less common in all the play-writers of that age. The number of their works, the quickness with which they were written, and the carelessness which circumstances induced as to their elaboration or final correction, all aided in giving rise to this. But all are not equally chargeable with it; Beaumont and Fletcher less than most, Massinger to an extent far beyond Shakspeare, and vying with the common-places of Euripides. May not the professional habits of Shakspeare and Massinger as actors, have had some effect in producing this, by imprinting their own works in their memories with unusual strength? Fletcher and his associate were free from that risk.

It would not be easy to give a systematic account of those

¹ Sonnet 76.

qualities which combine to constitute Shakspeare's singularity of style. Some of them lie at the very surface, others are found only on a deeper search, and a few there are which depend on evanescent relations, instinctively perceptible to the congenial poetical sense, but extremely difficult of abstract prose definition. Several qualities also, which we are apt to think exclusively his, (such, for instance, as his looseness of construction,) are discovered on examination to be common to him with the other dramatic writers of his age. Such qualities can give no assistance in an inquiry like ours, and may be left wholly out of view. But I think the distinctions which I can specify between him and Fletcher are quite enough, and applicable with sufficient closeness to this drama, for making out the point which I wish to prove.

Singularity of Shakspeare's style.

No one is ignorant that Shakspeare is concise, that this quality makes him always energetic and often most impressive, but that it also gives birth to much obscurity. He shows a constant wish to deliver thought, fancy, and feeling, in the fewest words possible. Even his images are brief; they are continual, and they crowd and confuse one another; the well-springs of his imagination boil up every moment, and the readiness with which they throw up their golden sands, makes him careless of fitly using the wealth thus profusely rendered. He abounds in hinted descriptions, in sketches of imagery, in glimpses of illustration, in abrupt and vanishing snatches of fancy. But the merest hint that he gives is of force¹ enough to shew that the image was fully present with him; if he fails to bring it as distinctly before us, it is either from the haste with which he passes to another, or from the eagerness induced by the very force and quickness with which he has conceived the former. It has been said of Milton that language sunk under him; and it is true of him in one sense, but of Shakspeare in two. Shakspeare's strength of conception, to which, not less than to Milton's, existing language was inadequate, compelled him either to use old words in unusual meanings, or to coin new words for himself.² But his mind had another quality powerful over his style,

Qualities of Shakspeare's style: energy, obscurity, abruptness, brevity (in late plays).

Shakspeare never vague. (1 page 14)

Milton and language.

Shakspeare's new meanings and new words.

¹ There are numerous instances of both these effects in the play before us. "Counter-reflect (a noun); *meditation*; *couch* and *corslet* (used as verbs); *operance*;

Milton slow,

Shakspeare rapid,

specially in
reflective
passages.He forces speech
to bear a burden
beyond its
strength.Shakspeare's
obscurity.[¹ page 15]Fletcher most
unlike
Shakspeare.

Fletcher diffuse.

He amplifies, is
elaborate, not
vigorous.

which Milton's wanted. Milton's conception was comparatively slow, and allowed him time for deliberate expression: Shakspeare's was rapid to excess, and hurried his words after it. When a truth presented itself to his mind, all its qualities burst in upon him at once, and his instantaneousness of conception could be represented only by words as brief and quick as thought itself. This cause operates with the greatest force on his passages of reflection; for if his images are often brief, his apophthegms are brief a thousand times oftener: his quickness of ideas seems to have been stimulated to an extraordinary degree by the contemplation of general truths. And everywhere his incessant activity and quickness, both of intellect and fancy, engaged him in a continual struggle with speech; it is a sluggish slave which he would force to bear a burden beyond its strength, a weary courser which he would urge at a speed to which it is unequal. He fails only from insufficiency in his puny instrument; not because his conception is indistinct, but because it is too full, energetic, and rapid, to receive adequate expression. It is excess of strength which hurts, not weakness which incapacitates; he is injured by the undue prevalence of the good principle, not by its defect. The obscurity of other writers is often the mistiness of the evening twilight sinking into night; his is the fitful dimness of the dawn, contending with the retiring darkness, and striving to break out ¹ into open day. Scarcely any writer of Shakspeare's class, or of any other, comes near him either in the faults or the grandeur which are the alternate results of this tendency of mind; but none is more utterly unlike him than the poet to whom, some would say, we must attribute passages in this play so singularly like Shakspeare. Fletcher is diffuse both in his leading thoughts and in his illustrations. His intellect did not present truth to him with the instant conviction which it poured on Shakspeare, and his fancy did not force imagery on him with a profusion which might have tempted him to weave its different suggestions into inconsistent forms; he expresses thought deliberately and with amplification; he paints his illustrative pictures with a careful hand and by repeated touches;

appointment, for military accoutrements; *globy eyes*; *scurril*; *disroot*; *dis-seat*,"
&c. *Weber*.

his style has a pleasing and delicate air which is any thing but vigorous, and often reaches the verge of feebleness. Take a passage or two from the work before us, and do you say, who know Fletcher, whether they be his, or the work of a stronger hand.

He only attributes
The faculties of other instruments
To his own nerves and act ; commands men's service,
And what they gain in't, boot and glory too.

What man
*Thir*ds his own worth, (the case is each of ours,)
When that his action's dregged with mind assured
'Tis bad he goes about?—Act I. scene ii.

Shakspere.
Fletcher
could not have
written these
passages,

Dowagers, take hands :
Let us be widows to our woes : Delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.—Act I. scene i.

[i. e. mourn them
ever]

I do not quote these lines for praise. The meaning of the last quotation in particular is obscure when it stands alone, and not too clear even when it is read in the scene. But I ask you, whether the oracular brevity of each of the sentences is not perfectly in the manner of Shakspeare. A fragment from another beautiful address in the first scene is equally characteristic and less faulty:—

with their
oracular brevity.

¹ Honoured Hippolita,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scythe-tusked boar ; that, with thy arm as strong
As it is white, wast near to make the male
To thy sex captive, but that this thy lord
(*Born to uphold creation in that honour
First Nature styled it in*) shrunk thee in|to
The bound thou wast o'erflow|ing, | at once subdu|ing |
Thy force and thy affection ;—Soldieress !
That equally canst poise sternness with pit|y ;—
Who now, I know, hast much more power o'er | him
Than e'er he had on thee ;—*who owest his strength
And his love too, who is a servant to
The tenor of thy speech !*

[¹ page 16]

Shakspere, not
Fletcher.

[earnest]

Is this like Fletcher? I think not. It is unlike him in versification and in the tone of thought; and you will here particularly notice

that it is unlike him in abruptness and brevity. It is like Shakspeare in all these particulars.

Shakspeare hardly ever vague,

Fletcher unable to grasp images distinctly.

I have said that Shakspeare, often obscure, is scarcely ever vague; that he may fail to express all he wishes, but almost always gives distinctly the part which he is able to convey. Fletcher is not only slow in his ideas, but often vague and deficient in precision. The following lines are taken from a scene in the play under our notice, which clearly is not Shakspeare's. I would direct your attention, not to the remoteness of the last conceit, but to the want of distinctness in grasping images, and the inability to see fully either their picturesque or their poetical relations.

Fletcher, not Shakspeare.

Arcite. We were not bred to talk, man: when we are armed,
And both upon our guards, then *let our fur|y,*
Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from | us.

Palamon. Methinks this armour's very like that, Ar|cite,
Thou worest that day the three kings fell, but light|er.

Arc. That was a very good one; and that day,
I well remember, you out-did me, cous|in:
When I saw you charge first,
Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thund|er
Break from the troop.

Pal. *But still before that flew*
The lightning of your valour.—Act III. scene vi.

[page 17]
Shakspeare metaphorical, but seldom has long description.

His thought and imagination work together.

¹Shakspeare's style, as every one knows, is metaphorical to excess. His imagination is always active, but he seldom pauses to indulge it by lengthened description. I shall hereafter have occasion to direct your observation to the sobriety with which he preserves imagination in its proper station, as only the minister and interpreter of thought; but what I wish now to say is, that in him the two powers operate simultaneously. He goes on thinking vigorously, while his imagination scatters her inexhaustible treasures like flowers on the current of his meditations. His constant aim is the expression of facts, passions, or opinions; and his intellect is constantly occupied in the investigation of such; but the mind acts with ease in its lofty vocation, and the beautiful and the grand rise up voluntarily to do him homage. He never indeed consents to express those poetical ideas by themselves; but he shows that he felt their import and their

legitimate use, by wedding them to the thoughts in which they originated. The truths which he taught, received magnificence and amenity from the illustrative forms; and the poetical images were elevated into a higher sphere of associations by the dignity of the principles which they were applied to adorn. Something like this is always the true function of the imagination in poetry, and dramatic poetry in particular; and it is also the test which tries the presence of the faculty; metaphor indicates its strength, and simile its weakness. Nothing can be more different from this, or farther inferior to it, than the style of a poet who turns aside in search of description, and indulges in simile preferably to the brevity of metaphor, to whom perhaps a poetical picture originally suggested itself as the decoration of a striking thought, but who allowed himself to be captivated by the beauty of the suggested image, till he forgot the thought which had given it birth, and on its connexion with which its highest excellence depended. Such was Fletcher, whose style is poor in metaphor. His descriptions are sometimes beautifully romantic; but even then the effect of the whole is often picturesque rather than poetically touching; and it is evident that lengthened description can still less frequently be dramatic. In his descriptions, it is observable that the poetical relations introduced in illustration are usually few, the character of the leading subject being relied on for producing the poetical effect. Fletcher's longest descriptions are but elegant outlines; Shakspeare's briefest metaphors are often finished paintings. Where Shakspeare is guilty of detailed description, he is very often laboured, cold, and involved; but his illustrative ideas are invariably copious, and it is often their superfluity which chiefly tends to mar the general effect. In the play that you are to examine, you will find a profusion of metaphor, which is undoubtedly the offspring of a different mind from Fletcher's; and both its excellence and its peculiarity of character seem to me to stamp it as Shakspeare's. I think the following passage cannot be mistaken, though the beginning is difficult, and the text perhaps incorrect.

Shakspeare's truths and their imagery glorify one another.

Metaphor the strength of poetry; simile its weakness.

Fletcher is diffuse in description and simile,

loses the original thought in it,

is poor in metaphor, and picturesque.

[page 18]

Fletcher's and Shakspeare's descriptions contrasted.

Metaphor in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*

is Shakspeare's.

They two have *cab|ined*

In many as dangerous, as poor a corn|er—

In instances of

Shakspeare's
metaphors.

Peril and want contending, they have *skiffed*
'Torrents, whose raging *tyranny* and *power*
I' the least of these was dreadful ; and they have
Fought out together where *Death's self* was *lodged*,
Yet FATE hath BROUGHT THEM OFF. Their *knot* of love,
Tied, *woven*, ENTANGLED, with so true, so long,
And with a *finger* of so deep a cunning,
May be *outworn*, never *undone*. I think
Theseus cannot be *umpire* to himself,
Cleaving his conscience into twain, and do'ing
Each side like justice, which he loves best.—Act I. scene iii.

The play throughout will give you metaphors, like Shakspeare's in their frequency, like his in their tone and character, and like his in their occasional obscurity and blending together.

Shakspeare's
classical images.

We have been looking to Shakspeare's imagery. You will meet with classical images in the 'The Two Noble Kinsmen.' Do not allow any ill-applied notion of his want of learning to convert this into an argument against his authorship. You will recollect, that an attachment of this sort is very perceptible in Shakspeare's dramas, and pervades the whole thread of his youthful poems. It is indeed a prominent quality in the school of poetry, which prevailed during the earlier part of his life, perhaps during the whole of it. In his early days, the study of ¹Grecian and Latin literature in England may be said to have only commenced, and the scenery and figures of the classical mythology broke on the view of the student with all the force of novelty. All the literature of that period is tinged with classicism to a degree which in our satiated times is apt to seem pedantic. It infected writers of all kinds and classes: translations were multiplied, and a familiarity with classical tales and history was sought after or affected even by those who had no access to the original language. Shakspeare clearly stood in this latter predicament, his knowledge of Latin certainly not exceeding that of a schoolboy: but the translated classics enabled him to acquire the facts, and he shared the taste of the age to its full extent. His admiration of the classical writers is vouched by the subjects and execution of his early poems, by numerous allusions in his dramas, particularly his histories, by the subjects chosen for some

[† page 19]

Elizabethan
literature tinged
with classicism.

Shakspeare's
classical allusions.

of his plays, by one or two imitations of the translated Latin poets,¹ and by many exotic forms in his language, derived from the same secondary source. Correct tameness is the usual character of classical allusion in authors well versed in classical studies. Even Milton, who has drawn the most exquisite images of this kind, has sometimes remembered only, where he should have invented: and Fletcher, whom we have especially to consider, is no exception to the rule; his many classical illustrations are invariably cold and poor. Shakspeare's mythological images have something singular in them. They are incorrect as transcripts of the originals, but admirable if examined without such reference; they are highly-coloured paintings whose subjects are taken from the simplicity of some antique statue. The 'Venus and Adonis' has some fine and some overcharged pictures thus formed from the hints which he derived from his books.² He received the mythological images but imperfectly, and his fancy was stimulated without being³ clogged. He stood but at the entrance of those visionary forests, within whose glades the heroes and divinities of ancient faith reposed; he looked through a glimmering and uncertain light, and caught only glimpses of the sanctity of that world of wonders: and it was with an imagination heated by the flame of mystery and partial ignorance that he turned away from the scene so imperfectly revealed, to brood on the beauty of its broken contours, and allow fancy to create magnificence richer than memory ever saw. The occurrence of classical allusions here, therefore, affords no reason for doubting his authorship even of those passages in which they are found: and if we could trace any of his singularities in the images which we have, the argument in his favour would be strengthened by these. Most of the allusions are too slightly sketched to permit this; but one or two are like him in their unfaithfulness. We have "Mars' drum" in the 'Venus and Adonis'; and here beauty is described as able to make him spurn it: the altar of the same

Milton's classical allusions.

Fletcher's.

Shakspeare's treatment of mythology.

His *Venus and Adonis*.

Shakspeare's treatment of classical mythology:
[3 page 20]

¹ Farmer's Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare.

² A singularly rich and energetic piece of colouring in this sort is near the beginning of the poem, commencing,

I have been wooed, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful God of War —

and extending through three stanzas.

specially in
Arcite's prayer in
Act V. scene i.

This scene is
certainly
Shakspeare's.

Shakspeare's
tendency to
reflection.

[¹ page 21]

His own active
and inquiring
thought, is the
only quality of
his own that he's
given *all* his
characters.

Fletcher's
thought, small
beside
Shakspeare's.

Shakspeare's
worldly wisdom,
and solemn
thought.

deity is alluded to as the scene of a Grecian marriage. The "Ne-mean lion's hide" is here, as his nerve in 'Hamlet.' But the most characteristic use of this sort of imagery is in the prayer in the first scene of the Fifth Act. The whole tenor of the language, the solemnity and majesty of the tone of thought, the piling up of the heap of metaphors and images, and the boldness and admirable originality of their conception, all these are Shakspeare's; and the fact of this accumulation of feeling, thought, and imagination, being employed to create, out of a fragmentary classical outline, a picture both new in its features and gorgeously magnificent in its filling up, is strongly indicative of his hand, and strikingly resembles his mode of dealing with such subjects elsewhere.

You will be furnished with a rule to guide your decision on many passages of the drama otherwise doubtful, by having your notice slightly directed to what will fall more properly under our consideration when we look back on the general scope of the play, —I mean Shakspeare's prevailing tendency to reflection. The presence of a spirit of active and inquiring thought through every page of his writings is too evident to require any proof. It is exerted on every object which comes under his notice: it is serious when its theme is lofty; and when the subject is familiar, ¹it is contented to be shrewd. He has impressed no other of his own mental qualities on all his characters: this quality colours every one of them. It is one to which poetry is apt to give a very subordinate place: and, in most poets, fancy is the predominating power; because, immeasurably as that faculty in them is beneath its unequalled warmth in Shakspeare, yet intellect in them is comparatively even weaker. With inferior poets, particularly the dramatic, inflation of feeling and profusion of imagery are the alternate disguises which conceal poverty of thought. Fletcher is a poet of much and sterling merit; but his fund of thought is small indeed when placed beside Shakspeare's. He has, indeed, very little of Shakspeare's practical, searching, worldly wisdom, and none of that solemnity of thought with which he penetrates into his loftier themes of reflection. This quality in Shakspeare is usually relieved by poetical decoration: Imagination is active powerfully

and unceasingly, but she is rebuked by the presence of a mightier influence ; she is but the handmaid of the active and piercing Understanding ; and the images which are her offspring serve but as the breeze to the river, which stirs and ripples its surface, but is not the power which impels its waters to the sea. As you go through this drama, you will not only find a sobriety of tone pervading the more important parts of it, but activity of intellect constantly exerted. But what demands particular notice is, the mass of general truths, of practical, moral, or philosophical maxims, which, issuing from this reflective turn of mind, are scattered through Shakspeare's writings as thick as the stars in heaven. The occurrence of them is characteristic of his temper of mind ; and there is something marked in the manner of the adages themselves. They are often solemn, usually grave, but always pointed, compressed, and energetic ;—they vary in subject, from familiar facts and rules for social life to the enunciation of philosophical truths and the exposition of moral duty. You will meet with them in this drama in all their shapes and in every page [of Shakspeare's part of it].

Shakspeare's reach and comprehension of thought is as remarkable as its activity, while Fletcher's is by no means great, and in this respect Massinger comes much nearer to him. The simplest fact has many dependent qualities, and may be related by 'men of different degrees of intellect with circumstances differing infinitely, a confined mind seeing only its plainest qualities, while a stronger one grasps and combines many distant relations. Shakspeare's love of brevity would not have produced obscurity nearly so often, had it not been aided by his width of mental vision. There are many passages in the play before us which seem to emanate from a mind of more comprehension than Fletcher's. Look at the following lines. The idea to be expressed was a very simple one. Hippolita is entreating her husband to leave her, and depart to succour the distressed ladies who kneel at her feet and his ; and she wishes to say, that though, as a bride, she was loth to lose her husband's presence, yet she felt that she should act blameably if she detained him. Fletcher would have expressed no idea beyond that ; but on it alone he would have employed six lines and two or three com-

Shakspeare's
Imagination the
handmaid of his
Understanding.

Note the mass of
general truths
and maxims in
this part of
*The Two Noble
Kinsmen.*

Shakspeare's
reach of thought.

[page 22]

Passages in
*The Two Noble
Kinsmen* too
comprehensive
for Fletcher.

parisons. Hear how many cognate ideas present themselves to Shakspeare's mind in expressing the thought. The passage is obscure, but not the less like Shakspeare on that account.

Shakspeare's
pregnancy and
obscurity.

Though much unlike|ly
I should be so transported, *as much sor|ry*
I should be such a suitor; yet I think,
Did I not, by the abstaining of my joy,
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure the sur|feit
That craves a present medicine, I should pluck
All ladies' scandal on me—Act I. scene i.

Shakspeare's
conceits and
quibbles.

It would be well if Shakspeare's continual inclination to thought gave rise to no worse faults than occasional obscurity. It was not to be hoped that it should not produce others. His tone of thinking could not be always high and serious; and even when it flowed in a lofty channel, its uninterrupted stream could not always be pure. His judgment often fails to perform its part, and he is guilty of conceit and quibble, not merely in his comic vein, but in his most deeply tragical situations. He has indeed one powerful excuse; he had universal example in both respects to justify or betray him. But he has likewise another plea, that his constant activity of mind, and the wideness of its province, exposed him to peculiar risks. A mind always in action must sometimes act wrongly; and the constant exercise of the creative powers of the mind dulls the edge of the corrective. It was not strange that he who was unwearied in tracing the manifestations of that spirit of likeness which pervades nature, should often mistake a resemblance in name for a community of essence,—that he whose mind was sensible to the most delicate differences, should sometimes fancy he saw distinction where there was none;—it was not strange, however much to be regretted, that he who left the smooth green slopes of fancy to clamber among the craggy steeps of thought, should often stumble in his dizzy track, either in looking up to the perilous heights above, or downwards on the morning landscape beneath him. While the most glaring errors of the tropical Euphues are strained allegorical conceits, Shakspeare's fault is oftener the devising of subtle and unreal distinctions, or the ringing of fantastical changes upon words.

[1' page 23]

Lyly's faults.

Shakspeare's
faults.

Lily's error was one merely of taste ; Shakspeare's was one of the judgment, and the heavier of the two, but still the error of a stronger mind than the other ; for the judgment cannot act till the understanding has given it materials to work upon, and those fanciful writers who do not reflect at all, are in no danger of reflecting wrongly. Shakspeare's evil genius triumphs when it tempts him to a pun—it enjoys a less complete but more frequent victory in suggesting an antithesis ; but it often happens that this dangerous turn of mind does not carry him so far as to be of evil consequence. It aids its quickness and directness of mental view, in giving to his style a pointed epigrammatic terseness which is quite its own, and a frequent weight and effect which no other equals. Where, however, this antithetic tendency is allowed to approach the serious scenes, it throws over them an icy air which is very injurious, while it often gives the comic ones a ponderousness which is altogether singular, and but imperfectly accordant with the nature of comic dialogue. The arrows of Shakspeare's wit are not the lightly feathered shafts which Fletcher discharges, and as little are they the iron-headed bolts which fill the quiver of Jonson ; but they are weapons forged from materials unknown to the others, and in an armoury to which they had no access ; their execution is 'resistless when they reach their aim, but they are covered with a golden massiveness of decoration which sometimes impedes the swiftness of their flight. But whether the effect of these peculiarities of Shakspeare be good or evil, their use in helping an identification of his manner is very great. Nothing can be more directly opposite to them than the slow elegance and want of pointedness which we find in Fletcher, who is not free from conceits, but does not express them with Shakspeare's hard quaintness, while he is comparatively quite guiltless of plays on words. The following instances are only a few among many in the present drama, which seem to be perfectly in Shakspeare's manner, and to most of which Fletcher's works could certainly furnish no parallel, either in subject or in expression.

Shakspeare's evil
genius triumphs
in his puns.

Characteristics of
his wit.

[? page 24]

Contrast with
Fletcher's.

Oh, my petition was
Set down in ice, which, by hot grief uncan[died,
Melts into tears ; so sorrow, wanting form,
Is pressed with deeper matter.—Act I. scene i.

Passages by
Shakspeare, not
Fletcher.

Theseus speaks thus of the Kinsmen lying before him in the field of battle desperately wounded :—

[The | is to show the double endings.]

Shakspere metaphors.

Rather than have them
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state,
Sound and at liberty, I would them dead :
But forty thousand fold we had rather have | them
Prisoners to us than Death. Bear them speedi|ly
From *our kind air, to them unkind,* and min|ister
What man to man may do.—Act I. scene iv.

A lady hunting is addressed in this strain :

Oh jewel
O' the wood, O' the world !—Act III. scene i.

In the same scene one knight says to another,—

Shakspere metaphor.

This question sick between us,
By bleeding must be cured.

[page 25]

And the one, left in the wood, says to the other, who goes to the presence of the lady whom both love—

You talk of feeding me, to breed me strength ;
You are going now to look upon a sun,
That strengthens what *it* looks on.—Act III. scene i.

The two knights, about to meet in battle, address each other in these words :—

Pal. Think you but thus ;
That there were aught in me which strove to shew
Mine enemy in this business,—were't one eye
Against another, arm opposed by arm,
I would destroy the offender ;—coz, I would,
Though parcel of myself : then from this, gath|er
How I should tender you !

Arc. I am in la|bour
To push your name, your ancient love, our kin|dred,
Out of my memory, and i' the self-same place
To seat something I would confound.—Act V. scene i.

And afterwards their lady-love, listening to the noise of the fight, speaks thus :—

Shakspere metaphor.

Each stroke laments
The place whercon it falls, and sounds more like
A bell than blade.—Act V. scene v.

Shakspeare's fondness for thought, the tendency of that train of thought to run into the abstract, and his burning imagination, have united in producing another quality which strongly marks his style, and is more pleasing than those last noticed. He abounds in Personification, and delights particularly in personifications of mental powers, passions, and relations. This metaphysico-poetical mood of musing tinges his miscellaneous poems deeply, especially the *Venus and Adonis*, which is almost lyrical throughout; and even in his dramas the style is often like one of Collins's exquisite odes. This quality is common to him with the narrative poets of his age, from whom ¹he received it; but it is adopted to no material extent by any of his dramatic contemporaries, and by Fletcher less than any. The other dramatists, indeed, are full of metaphysical expressions, of the names of affections and faculties of the soul; but they do not go on as Shakspeare's kindling fancy impelled him to do, to look on them as independent and energetic existences. This figure is one of the most common means by which he elevates himself into the tragic and poetic sphere, the compromise between his reason and his imagination, the felicitous mode by which he reconciles his fondness for abstract thought, with his allegiance to the genius of poetry. 'The Two Noble Kinsmen' is rich in personifications both of mental qualities and others, which have all Shakspeare's tokens about them, and vary infinitely, from the uncompleted hint to the perfected portrait.

Shakspeare's personification of mental powers, passions.

In *Venus and Adonis*.

[¹ page 26]

Fletcher uses it but little.

Shakspeare's distinctive use of Personification.

The *Two Noble Kinsmen* is rich in personifications which must be Shakspeare's.

Oh Grief and Time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour!—Act I. scene i.

Instances of these.

Peace might purge
For her repletion, and retain anew
Her charitable heart, now hard, and harsh|er
Than Strife or War could be.—Act I. scene ii.

A most unbounded tyrant, whose success
Makes heaven unfeared, and villainy assured
Beyond its power there's nothing,—almost puts
Faith in a fev|er,] and deifies alone
Volatile Chance.—Act I. scene ii.

This funeral path brings to your household graves;
Joy seize on you again—Peace sleep with him!

Act I. scene v.

Content and Ang|er
In me have but one face.—Act III. scene i.

Force and great Feat
Must put my garland on, where she will stick
The queen of flowers.—Act V. scene i.

Thou (*Love*) mayst force the king
To be his subject's vassal, and induce
Stale Gravity to dance;—the pollèd bachelor,
Whose youth, (like wanton boys through bon|fires,)
¹*Has skipt thy flame*, at seventy thou canst catch,
And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat,
Abuse young lays of love.—Act V. scene ii.

Mercy and manly Cour|age
Are bed-fellows in his visage.—Act V. scene v.

Our Reasons are not proph|ets,
When oft our Fancies are.—Act V. scene v.

The hints which you have now perused, are not, I repeat, offered to you as by any means exhausting the elements of Shakspeare's manner of writing. They are meant only to bring to your memory such of his qualities of style as chiefly distinguish him from Fletcher, and are most prominently present in the play we are examining. When we shall see those qualities instanced singly, they will afford a proof of Shakspeare's authorship: but that proof will receive an incalculable accession of strength when, as will more frequently happen, we shall have several of them displayed at once in the same passages. Your recollection of them will serve us as the lines of a map would in a journey on foot through a wild forest country: the beauty of the landscape will tempt us not seldom to diverge and lose sight of our path, and we shall need their guidance for enabling us to regain it.

Instances of
Shakspeare's
Personification in
*The Two Noble
Kinsmen.*

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In bits of the
*Two Noble
Kinsmen* several
of Shakspeare's
distinctive
qualities are
often combin'd.

The story of
*Palamon and
Arcite.*

The story of PALAMON AND ARCITE is a celebrated one, and, besides its appearance here, has been taken up by other two of our greatest English poets. Chaucer borrowed the tale from the *Teseide* of Boccaccio: it then received a dramatic form in this play; and from Chaucer's antique sketch it was afterwards decorated with the

trappings of heroic rhyme, by one who fell on evil days, the lofty and unfortunate Dryden. It treats of a period of ancient and almost fabulous history, which originally belonged to the classical writers, but had become familiar in the chivalrous poetry of the middle ages; and retaining the old historical characters, it intersperses with them new ones wholly imaginary, and, both in the *Knights Tale* and in the play, preserves the rich and anomalous magnificence of the Gothic costume. The character round which the others are grouped, one which Shakspeare has introduced in another of his works, is the heroic Theseus, whom the romances and chronicles dignify with the modern title of Duke of Athens; and in this story he is connected with the tragical war of the Seven against Thebes, one of the grandest subjects of the ancient Grecian poetry.

Character of the story of Palamon and Arcite.

[1 page 28]

Theseus the centre of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

The whole of the First Act may be safely pronounced to be Shakspeare's. The play opens with the bridal procession of Theseus and the fair Amazon Hippolita, whose young sister EMILIA is the lady of the tale. While the marriage-song is singing, the train are met by three queens in mourning attire, who fall down at the feet of Theseus, Hippolita, and Emilia. They are the widows of three of the princes slain in battle before Thebes, and the conqueror Creon has refused the remains of the dead soldiers the last honour of a grave. The prayer of the unfortunate ladies to Theseus is, that he would raise his powerful arm to force from the tyrant the unburied corpses, that the ghosts of the dead may be appeased by the performance of fitting rites of sepulture. The duty which knighthood imposed on the Prince of Athens, is combated by his unwillingness to quit his bridal happiness; but generosity and self-denial at length obtain the victory, and he marches, with banners displayed, to attack the Thebans.

First Act of *Two Noble Kinsmen* Shakspeare's.

This scene bears decided marks of Shakspeare.—The lyrical pieces scattered through his plays are, whether successful or not, endowed with a stateliness of rhythm, an originality and clearness of imagery, and a nervous quaintness and pomp of language, which can scarcely be mistaken. The Bridal Song which ushers in this play, has several of the marks of distinction, and is very unlike the more formal and polished rhymes of Fletcher.

The Bridal Song can't be Fletcher's.

Act I. sc. i.
The Bridal Song
is Shakspeare's.

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry springtime's harbinger,
With her bells dim :
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Lark-heels trim :
All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
' Blessing their sense :
Not an *angel of the air,*
Bird melodious or bird fair,
Be absent hence !

[' page 29]

Dialogue in I. i.
has the charac-
teristics of
Shakspeare's
style :
is crowded,
obscure,

alliterative,

clear and yet
confus'd,

has fulness and
variety,

originality and
true poetry.

But the dialogue which follows is strikingly characteristic. It has sometimes Shakspeare's identical images and words : it has his quaint force and sententious brevity, crowding thoughts and fancies into the narrowest space, and submitting to obscurity in preference to feeble dilation : it has sentiments enunciated with reference to subordinate relations, which other writers would have expressed with less grasp of thought : it has even Shakspeare's alliteration, and one or two of his singularities in conceit : it has clearness in the images taken separately, and confusion from the prodigality with which one is poured out after another, in the heat and hurry of imagination : it has both fulness of illustration, and a variety which is drawn from the most distant sources ; and it has, thrown over all, that air of originality and that character of poetry, the principle of which is often hid when their presence and effect are most quickly and instinctively perceptible.

1 *Queen. (To Theseus.)* For pity's sake, and true gentility's,
Hear and respect me !

2 *Queen. (To Hippolita.)* For your mother's sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair | ones,
Hear and respect me !

3 *Queen. (To Emilia.)* Now for the love of him whom Jove
hath marked
The honour of your bed, and for the sake
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us and our distresses ! This good deed
Shall rase you, out of the Book of Trespasses,
All you are set down there.

These latter lines are of a character which is perfectly and singularly Shakspeare's. The shade of gravity which so usually darkens his poetry, is often heightened to the most solemn seriousness. The religious thought presented here is most alien from Fletcher's turn of thought.—The ensuing speech offers much of Shakspeare. His energy, sometimes confined within¹ due limits, often betrays him into harshness; and his liking for familiarity of imagery and expression sometimes makes him careless though both should be coarse, a fault which we find here, and of which Fletcher is not guilty. Here also are more than one of those bold coinages of words, forced on a mind for whose force of conception common terms were too weak.

Act I, sc. i.

Shakspeare's gravity and seriousness.

[? page 30]

Shakspeare sometimes harsh and coarse.

His bold coinages of words:

1 *Queen.* We are three queens, whose sovrans fell before
The wrath of cruel Creon; who endured
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,
And pecks of crows, in the foul fields of Thebes.
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To *urn* their ashes, nor to take the offence
Of mortal loathesomeness from the blest eye
Of holy Phœbus, but infects the air
With stench of our slain lords. Oh, pity, Duke!
Thou purger¹ of the earth! draw thy fear'd sword,
That does good turns i' the world: give us the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may *chapel* them!
And, of thy boundless goodness, take some note,
That for our crowned heads we have no roof
Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,
And vault to every thing.

to *urn* ashes;to *chapel* bones.

We now begin to trace more and more that reflecting tendency which is so deeply imprinted on Shakspeare's writings:—

Shakspeare reflective.

Theseus.
King Capanëus² was your lord: the day
That he should marry you, at such a seas|on
As it is now with me, I met your groom
By Mars's altar. You were that time fair;

¹ Perhaps it is worth while to direct attention to this form of speech. Verbal names expressing the agent occur, it is true, in Fletcher and others, but they are in an especial manner frequent with Shakspeare, who invents them to preserve his brevity, and always applies them with great force and quaintness.

² Probably Fletcher would not have committed this false quantity.

Act I. sc. i.

Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tress^{es},
 Nor in more bounty spread : your wheaten wreath
 Was then nor threshed nor blast^{ed} | : Fortune, at you,
 Dimpled her cheek with smiles : Hercules our kins^{man}
 (Then weaker than your eyes) laid by his club,—
 He tumbled down upon his Némean hide,
 And swore his sinews thawed. O, Grief and Time,
 Fearful consumers, you will all devour !

[page 31]

1. *Queen.* Oh, I hope some god,
 Some god hath put his mercy in your man^{hood},
 Whereto he'll infuse power, and press you forth,
 Our undertaker !

Theseus. Oh, no knees ; none, wid^{ow} !
 Unto the helmeted Bellona use | them,
 And pray for me, your sol^{dier}.—Troubled I am. (*Turns away.*)

2 *Queen.* Honoured Hippolita,
 dear *glass of la^{dies} !*

A Shakspeare
fancy.

Bid him, that we, whom flaming war hath scorch'd,
 Under the shadow of his sword may cool us.
 Require him, he advance it o'er our heads ;
 Speak it in a woman's key, like such a wom^{an}
 As any of us three : weep ere you fail ;
 Lend us a knee ;—

[3 middle-rhymes,
key, three, knee.]

But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion when the head's pluckt off :
 Tell him, if he i' the blood-siz'd field lay swol^{len},
 Shewing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moon,
 What you would do !

A Shakspeare
simile.

Emilia. Pray stand up ;
 Your grief is written on your cheek.

3 *Queen.* Oh, woe !
 You cannot read it there : there,¹ through my tears, (*'in her eyes*)
 Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
 You may behold it. Lady, lady, alack !

Shakspeare.

He that will all the treasure know o' the earth,
 Must know the centre too : he that will fish
 For my least minnow, let him lead his line
 To catch one at my heart. Oh, pardon me !
 Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,
 Makes me a fool.

Emilia. Pray you, say nothing ; pray | you !
 Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in't,
 Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were
 The ground-piece of some painter, I would buy | you,
 To instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed ;
 (Such heart-pierced demonstration ;) but, alas !

Being a natural sister of our sex,
 Your sorrow beats so ardently upon | me,
 That it shall make a counter-reflect against
 My brother's heart, and warm it to some pit|y,
 Though it were made of stone: Pray have good com|fort!

Act I. sc. i.

1 *Queen.* (*To Theseus.*) . . . Remember that your fame
 Knolls in the ear o' the world: what you do quick|ly,
 Is not done rashly; your first thought, is more
 Than others' labour'd meditative; your premed|itating,
 More than their actions: but, (oh, Jove!) your ac|tions,
 Soon as they move, *as ospreys do the fish,*
 Subdue before they touch. Think, dear duke, think

Shakspere
simile,

What beds our slain kings have!
 2 *Queen.* What griefs, our beds,
 That our slain kings have none.

metaphor.

Theseus is moved by their prayers, but, loth to leave the side of his newly wedded spouse, contents himself with directing his chief captain to lead the Athenian army against the tyrant. The queens redouble their entreaties for his personal aid.

2 *Queen.* We come unseasonably; but when could Grief
 Cull out, as *unpang'd Judgment* can, fitt'st time
 For best solicitation!

Shakspere
personification.

Theseus. Why, good la|dies,
 This is a service whereto I am go|ing,
 Greater than any war: it more imp|orts | me
 Than all the actions that I have foregone,
 Or futu|rely can cope.

1 *Queen.* The more proclaim|ing
 Our suit shall be neglected. When her arms,
 Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall
 By warranting moonlight *corslet* thee,—oh, when
 Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness fall
 Upon thy tasteful lips,—what wilt thou think
 Of rotten kings or blubberd queens? what care,
 For what thou feel'st not; what thou feel'st, being a|ble
 To make Mars spurn his drum?—Oh, if thou couch
 But one night with her, every hour in't will
 Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
 Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
 That banquet bids thee to.

Shakspere
metaphor,

force.

Theseus. . . . Pray stand up:
 I am entreating of myself to do

Act I. sc. i.

That which you kneel to have me. Perithous !
 Lead on the bride ! Get you, and pray the gods
 For success and return ; omit not any thing
 In the pretended celebration. Queens !
 Follow your soldier.

[page 33]

(*To Hippolita.*) Since that our theme is haste,
 I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip :
 Sweet, keep it as my token !

Shakspere
metaphor.

1 *Queen.* Thus dost thou still make good the tongue o' the world.

2 *Queen.* And earn'st a deity equal with Mars.

3 *Queen.* If not above him ; for

Shakspere.

Thou, being but mortal, mak'st affections bend
 To godlike honours ; *they themselves, some say,*
Groan under such a mas|tery.

Theseus. As we are men,
 Thus should we do : being sensually subdued,
 We lose our human title. Good cheer, la|dies !
 Now turn we towards your comforts. (*Exeunt.*)

Act I. scene ii.

The second scene introduces the heroes of the piece, Palamon and Arcite. They are two youths of the blood-royal of Thebes, who follow the banners of their sovereign with a sense that obedience is their duty, but under a sorrowful conviction that his cause is unjust, and their country rotten at the core. The scene is a dialogue between them, occupied in lamentations and repinings over the dissolute manners of their native Thebes. Its broken versification points out Shakspere ; the quaintness of some conceits is his ; and several of the phrases and images have much of his pointedness, brevity, or obscurity. The scene, though not lofty in tone, does not want interest, and contains some extremely original illustrations. But quotations will be multiplied abundantly before we have done ; and their number must not be increased by the admission of any which are not either unusually good or very distinctly characteristic of their author. Some lines of the scene have been already given.

has the
characteristics of
Shakspere.

Act I. scene iii.

The third scene has the farewell commendations of the young Emilia and her sister to Perithous, when he sets out to join Theseus, then before the Theban walls, and a subsequent conversation of the two ladies. Much of this scene has Shakspere's stamp deeply cut upon it : it is probably all his. It is identified, not only by several others of the qualities marking the first scene, but more particularly

is probably all
Shakspere's.

by the wealth of its allusion, and by a closeness, directness, and pertinency of reply which Fletcher's most spirited dialogues do not reach. It presents more than one exceed'ingly beautiful climax ; a figure which repeatedly occurs in the play, and is always used with peculiar energy.

Act I. scene iii.
has the charac-
teristics of
Shakspere.
[² page 34]

SCENE—*Before the Gates of Athens.—Enter Perithous, Hippolita, and Emilia.*

Perithous. No further.

Hippolita. Sir, farewell. Repeat my wish|es
To our great lord, of whose success I dare | not
Make any timorous question ; yet I wish | him
Excess and overflow of power, an't might | be,
To dure ill-dealing Fortune. Speed to him !
Store never hurts good governors.

Perithous. Though I know
His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they
Must yield their tribute there. (*To Emilia.*) My precious maid,
Those best affections that the heavens infuse
In their *best-tempered pieces*, keep *enthroned*
In your dear heart !

Shakspere
metaphor,

Emilia. Thanks, sir ! Remember me
To our all-royal brother, for whose speed
The great Bellona I'll solicit ; and,
Since in our terrene state, petitions are | not,
Without gifts, understood, I'll offer to | her
What I shall be advised she likes. Our hearts
Are in his army, in his tent.

Hippolita. In's bos|om !
We have been soldiers, and we cannot weep
When our friends don their helms or put to sea,
Or tell of babes broacht on the lance, or wom|en
That have sod their infants in (and after eat | them)
The brine they wept at killing them ; then if
You stay to see of us such spinsters, we
Should hold you here for ever.

phrase.

Emilia. How his long|ing
Follows his friend !

Have you observ'd him
Since our great lord departed ?

Hippolita. With much la|bour,
And I did love him for't.²

² The remainder of this speech, an extremely fine one, has been quoted incidentally in page 26. Its richness of fancy is wonderful and most characteristic.

Act I. sc. iii.

[1 page 35]

Female friendship :
the description
has Shakspeare's
characteristics.

¹The description of female friendship which follows is familiar to all lovers of poetry. It is disfigured by one or two strained conceits, and some obscurities arising partly from errors in the text : but the beauty of the sketch in many parts is extreme, and its character distinctly that of Shakspeare, vigorous and even quaint, thoughtful and sometimes almost metaphysical, instinct with animation, and pregnant with fancy ; offering, in short, little resemblance to the manner of any poet but Shakspeare, and the most unequivocal opposition to Fletcher's.

Emilia.

Doubtless

There is a best, and reason has no man|ners
To say, it is not you. I was acquaint|ed
Once with a time when I enjoy'd a play|fellow——
You were at wars when she the grave enrich'd,
(Who made too proud the bed,) took leave o' the moon,
Which then look'd pale at parting, when our count
Was each eleven.

Hippolita.

'Twas Flavina.

Emilia.

Yes.

You talk of Perithous' and Theseus' love :
'Theirs has more ground, is more maturely seas|oned,
More buckled with strong judgment ; and their needs,
The one of the other, may be said to wat|er
Their intertangled roots of love.—But I
And she I sigh and spoke of, were things in|nocent,—
Loved for we did, and,—like the elements,
That know not what nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance,—our souls
Did so to one another. What she liked,
Was then of me approved ; what not, condemned.
No more arraign|ment. | The flower that I would pluck,
And put between my breasts, (then but begin|ning
To swell about the blossom,) she would long
Till she had such another, and commit | it
To the like innocent cradle, where, phoenix-like,
They died in perfume ; on my head, no toy
But was her pattern ; her affections, (pret|ty,
Though happily her careless wear,) I fol|low'd
For my most serious decking.—Had mine ear
Stolen some new air, or at adventure humm'd
From musical coinage,—why, it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn, rather dwell | on,
And sing it in her slumbers.—This rehears|al
²(Which, every innocent wots well, comes in

Shakspeare
fancy.

[2 page 36]

Like old importment's bastard) has this end,
That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual.

The fourth scene is laid in a battle-field near Thebes, and Theseus enters victorious. The three queens fall down with thanks before him ; and a herald announces the capture of the Two Noble Kinsmen, wounded and senseless, and scarcely retaining the semblance of life. The phraseology of this short scene is like Shakspeare's, being brief and energetic, and in one or two instances passing into quibbles.

Act I. scene iv.
Shakspeare's.

Has Shakspeare's
words and
quibbles.

The last scene of this act is of a lyrical cast, and comprised in a few lamentations spoken by the widowed queens over the corpses of their dead lords. It ends with this couplet :

Act I. scene v.
is Shakspeare's.

The world's a city full of straying streets,
And death's the market-place, where each one meets.

In the Second Act no part seems to have been taken by Shakspeare. It commences with one of those scenes which are introduced into the play in departure from the narrative of Chaucer, forming an underplot which is clearly the work of a different artist from many of the leading parts of the drama. The Noble Kinsmen, cured of their wounds, have been committed to strait and perpetual prison in Athens, and the first part of this scene is a prose dialogue between their jailor and a suitor of his daughter. The maiden's admiration of the prisoners is then exhibited. You will see afterwards, that there are several circumstances besides the essential dulness of this prose part, which fully absolve Shakspeare from the charge of having written it.

Act II. not
Shakspeare's.
The prose of
II. i. is not from
Chaucer,

and is very dull ;
it is not
Shakspeare's.

The versified portion of this scene, which follows the prose dialogue among the inferior characters, presents the incident on which the interest of the story hinges, the commencement of the fatal and chimerical passion, which, inspiring both the knights towards the young Emilia, severs the bonds of friendship which had so long held them together. The noble prisoners are discovered in their turret-chamber, looking out on the palace-garden, which the lady afterwards enters. They speak 'in a highly animated strain of that

The verse of Act
II. scene i.

(Page 37)

The verse of Act II. scene i. has the characteristics of Fletcher :

double endings,
end-stopt lines,

vague images,

but romantic ;

slack dialogue.

II. i. one of the finest scenes that Fletcher ever wrote.

world from which they are secluded, and find themes of consolation for the hard lot which had overtaken them. The dialogue is in many respects admirable. It possesses much eloquence of description, and the character of the language is smooth and flowing ; the versification is good and accurate, frequent in double endings, and usually finishing the sense with the line ; and one or two allusions occur, which, being favourites of Fletcher's, may be in themselves a strong presumption of his authorship ; the images too have in some instances a want of distinctness in application or a vagueness of outline, which could be easily paralleled from Fletcher's acknowledged writings. The style is fuller of allusions than his usually is, but the images are more correct and better kept from confusion than Shakspeare's ; some of them indeed are exquisite, but rather in the romantic and exclusively poetical tone of Fletcher, than in the natural and universal mode of feeling which animates Shakspeare. The dialogue too proceeds less energetically than Shakspeare's, falling occasionally into a style of long-drawn disquisition which Fletcher often substitutes for the quick and dramatic conversations of the great poet. On the whole, however, this scene, if it be Fletcher's, (of which I have no doubt,) is among the very finest he ever wrote ; and there are many passages in which, while he preserves his own distinctive marks, he has gathered no small portion of the flame and inspiration of his immortal friend and assistant. In the following speeches there are images and phrases, which are either identically Fletcher's, or closely resemble his, and the whole cast both of versification and idiom is strictly his :—

Palamon. Oh, cousin Ar|cite !
Where is Thebes now ? where is our noble coun|try ?
Where are our friends and kindreds ? Never more
Must we behold those comforts ; never see
The hardy youths strive in the games of hon|our,
Hung with the painted favours of their la|dies,
Like tall ships under sail ; then start among | them,
And as an east wind leave them all behind | us
Like lazy clouds, while Palamon and Ar|cite,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Outstript the people's praises, won the gar|lands,

Ere they have time to wish them ours. Oh, nev|er
 Shall we two exercise, like twins of hon|our,
 Our arms again, and feel our fiery hors|es
 Like proud seas under us ! our good swords now,
 (Better the red-eyed god of war ne'er wore,)
 Ravish'd our sides, like age must run to rust,
 And deck the temples of the gods that hate | us :
 These hands shall never draw them out like light|ning
 To blast whole armies more.

[page 38]
 Act II. scene i.
 Fletcher's.

Arcite.

The sweet embraces of a loving wife,
 Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand cu|pids,
 Shall never clasp our necks : no issue know | us ;
 No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
 To glad our age, and like young eagles teach | them
 Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say,
 "Remember what your fathers were, and con|quer."
 —The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments,
 And in their songs curse ever-blinded For|tune,
 Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
 To youth and Nature.—'This is all our world :
 We shall know nothing here but one anothe|er,—
 Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes ;
 'The vine shall grow, but we shall never see | it :
 Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
 But dead-cold winter must inhabit here | still !

Picture fully
 wrought out.

Romantic,
 pathetic sketch.

Palamon. 'Tis too true, Arcite ! To our Theban hounds,
 That shook the aged forest with their ech|oes,
 No more now must we halloo ; no more shake
 Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
 Flies like a Parthian¹ quiver from our rag|es,
 Struck with our well-steel'd darts.

In this scene there is one train of metaphors which is perhaps as characteristic of Fletcher as any thing that could be produced. It is marked by a slowness of association which he often shews. Several allusions are successively introduced ; but by each, as it appears, we are prepared for and can anticipate the next ; we see the connection of ideas in the poet's mind through which the one has sprung out of the other, and that all are but branches, of which one original thought is the root. All this is the work of ²a less

Lines from II. i.
 on page 38, of
 slow orderly
 development of
 ideas, mark'd by
 Fletcher's
 characteristics.

[² page 39]

¹ This allusion is repeatedly found in Fletcher. Here the expression of it is defective in precision.

Act II. scene i.
No leap to the
end, and off with
a fresh bound,
like Shakspeare.

fertile fancy and a more tardy understanding than Shakspeare's : he would have leaped over many of the intervening steps, and, reaching at once the most remote particular of the series, would have immediately turned away to weave some new chain of thought :—

Arcite. What worthy bless|ing
Can be, but our imaginatiöns
May make it ours? and here, being thus togeth|er,
We are an endless mine to one anoth|er :
We are one another's wife, ever beget|ing
New births of love ; we are fathers, friends, acquaint|ance ;
We are, in one another, families ;
I am your heir and you are mine ; this place
Is our inheritance ; no hard oppress|or
Dare take this from us.

All workt out
thro' every step.

But the contentment of the prison is to be interrupted. The fair Emilia appears beneath, walking in the garden "full of branches green," skirting the wall of the tower in which the princes are confined. She converses with her attendant, and Palamon from the dungeon-grating beholds her as she gathers the flowers of spring. He ceases to reply to Arcite, and stands absorbed in silent ecstasy.

Arcite. Cousin ! How do you, sir? Why, Palamon !

Palamon. Never till now I was in prison, Ar|cite.

Arcite. Why, what's the matter, man?

Palamon. Behold and won|der :
By heaven, she is a goddess ;

Arcite. Ha !

Palamon. Do rev|erence ;
She is a goddess, Arcite !

The sharp and
spirited quarrel
between the
Kinsmen, not
Shakspeare's.

The beauty of the maiden impresses Arcite no less violently than it previously had his kinsman ; and he challenges with great heat a right to love her. An animated and acrimonious dialogue ensues, in which Palamon reproachfully pleads his prior admiration of the lady, and insists on his cousin's obligation to become his abettor instead of his rival. It is spirited even to excess ; and probably Shakspeare would have tempered, or abstained from treating so sudden and perhaps unnatural an access of anger and jealousy, and so utter an abandonment to its vehemence, as that under which the fiery Palamon is here represented as labouring.

Palamon. If thou lovest her,
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wish|es,
Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fel low
False as thy title to her. Friendship, blood,
And all the ties between us, I disclaim,
If thou once think upon her !

Act II. scene i.
Fletcher's.

Arcite. Yes, I love | her !
And, if the lives of all my name lay on | it,
I must do so. I love her with my soul ;
If that will lose thee, Palamon, farewell !
I say again I love, and, loving her
I am as worthy and as free a lov|er,
And have as just a title to her beau|ty,
As any Palamon, or any liv|ing
That is a man's son !

Palamon. Have I call'd thee friend !

Palamon. Put but thy head out of this window more,
And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to't !

Arcite. Thou dar'st not, fool : thou canst not : thou art fee|ble :
Put my head out ? I'll throw my body out,
And leap the garden, when I see her next,
And pitch between her arms to anger thee.

In transferring his story from Chaucer, the poet has here been guilty of an oversight. The old poet fixes a character of positive guilt on Arcite's prosecution of his passion, by relating a previous agreement between the two cousins, by which either, engaging in any adventure whether of love or war, had an express right to the co-operation of the other. Hence Arcite's interference with his cousin's claim becomes, with Chaucer, a direct infringement of a knightly compact ; while in the drama, no deeper blame attaches to it, than as a violation of the more fragile rules imposed by the generous spirit of friendship.

Fletcher has left out Chaucer's making the Knights ' sworn brethren.'

In the midst of the angry conference, Arcite is called to the Duke to receive his freedom ; and Palamon is placed in stricter confinement, and removed from the quarter of the tower overlooking the garden.

In the second scene of this act, Arcite, wandering in the ¹neighbourhood of Athens, soliloquizes on the decree which had banished him from the Athenian territory ; and, falling in with a band of country people on their way to games in the city, conceives the

Act II. scene ii.
(Weber, sc. iii.
Littledale)
is Fletcher's.
[1 page 41]

Act II. scene ii.
iii. (Weber, sc.
iii. iv. Little-
dale),

notion of joining in the celebration under some poor disguise, in the hope of finding means to remain within sight of his fancifully beloved mistress. Neither this scene, nor the following, in which the jailor's daughter meditates on the perfections of Palamon, and intimates an intention of assisting him to escape, have any thing in them worthy of particular notice.

Act II. scene iv.
(Weber, sc. v.
Littledale),

In the fourth scene, Arcite, victorious in the athletic games, is crowned by the Duke, and preferred to the service of Emilia.

Act II. scene v.
(Weber, sc. vi.
(Littledale),
are all Fletcher's.

In the last scene of the second act, the jailor's daughter announces that she has effected Palamon's deliverance from prison, and that he lies hidden in a wood near the city, the scenery of which is prettily described.

Act III. scene i.
is Shakspeare's.

Nothing in the Third Act can with confidence be attributed to Shakspeare, except the first scene. This opening scene is laid in the wood where Palamon has his hiding-place. Arcite enters; and a monologue, describing his situation and feelings, is, as in Chaucer, overheard by Palamon, who starts out of the bush in which he had crouched, and shakes his fettered hands at his false kinsman. A dialogue of mutual reproach ensues; and Arcite departs with a promise to return, bringing food for the outcast, and armour to fit him for maintaining, like a knight, his right to the lady's love. The commencing speech of Arcite has much of Shakspeare's clearness of imagery, and of the familiarity of dress which he often loves to bestow upon allusion; it has also great nerve of expression and calmness of tone, with at least one play on words which is quite in his manner, and one (perhaps more) of his identical phrases. The text seems faulty in one part.

Arcite's first
speech has
Shakspeare's clear
images, and
familiar dress,
nervous
expression, &c.

Shakspearean
phrases.

[page 42]

Arcite. The Duke has lost Hippolita: each took
A several laund. This is a solemn rite
They owe bloom'd May, and the Athenians pay|it
To the heart of ceremony. Oh, queen Emil|ia!
Fresher than May, sweeter
Than her *gold buttons* on the boughs, or all
The enamell'd knacks o' the mead or garden! Yea,
We challenge too the bank of any nymph,
That makes the stream seem flowers!—Thou,—oh jew|el

O' the wood, o' the world,—hast likewise blest a place
 With thy sole presence. In thy ruminat|ion
 That I, poor man, might eftsoons come between,
 And chop on some cold thought!—Thrice blessed chance,
 To drop on such a mistress! Expecta|tion
 Most guiltless of | it. | Tell me, oh lady For|tune,
 (Next after Emily my sovran,) how far
 I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
 Hath made me near her, and this beauteous morn,
 (The primest of all the year,) presents me with
 A brace of horses; two such steeds might well
 Be by a pair of kings back'd, in a field
 That their crowns' titles tried. Alas, alas!
 Poor cousin Palamon, poor prisoner!

Act III. sc. i. is
 Shakspeare's.

If

Thou knew'st my mistress breathed on me, and that
 I *cared* her language, lived in her eye, oh coz,
 What passion would enclose thee!

Shakspeare
 phrase.

There is great spirit, also, in what follows. Some phrases, here again, are precisely Shakspeare's; and several parts of the dialogue have much of his pointed epigrammatic style. The massive accumulation of reproaches which Palamon hurls on Arcite is, in its energy, more like him than his assistant; and the opposition of character between Palamon and his calmer kinsman, is well kept up; but the dialogue cannot be accounted one of the best in the play.

Palamon. . . . Oh, thou most perfid|ious
 That ever gently look'd! The void'st of hon|our
 That e'er bore gentle token! Falsest cous|in
 That ever blood made kin! call'st thou her thine?
 I'll prove it in my shackles, in these hands
 Void of appointment, that thou liest, and art
 A very thief in love, a chaffy lord,
 Not worth the name of villain!—Had I a sword,
 And these house-clogs away!

Shakspearean
 string of epithets.

Arcite.

Dear cousin Pal|amon!

Palamon. *Cozener Arcite!* give me language such
 As thou hast shewed me feat.

Shakspearean
 word-play.

Arcite. . . . Not finding in
 The circuit of my breast, any gross stuff
 To form me like your *blazon*, holds me to
 This gentleness of answer. 'Tis your pas|sion
 That thus mistakes; the which, to you being en|emy,
 Cannot to me be kind.

[page 43]

Act III. scene ii. In the second scene, the only speaker is the jailor's daughter, who, having lost Palamon in the wood, begins to shew symptoms of unsettled reason. There is some pathos in several parts of her soliloquy, but little vigour in the expression, or novelty in the thoughts.

Act III. scene iii. The third scene is an exchange of brief speeches between the two knights. Arcite brings provisions for his kinsman, and the means of removing his fetters, and departs to fetch the armour. In most respects the scene is not very characteristic of either writer, but leans towards Fletcher; and one argument for him might be drawn from an interchange of sarcasms between the kinsmen, in which they retort on each other, former amorous adventures: such a dialogue is quite like Fletcher's men of gaiety; and needless degradation of his principal characters, is a fault of which Shakspeare is not guilty. You may be able, hereafter, to see more distinctly the force of this reason. The scene contains one strikingly animated burst of jealous suspicion and impatience.

is probably
Fletcher's,

and not
Shakspeare's.

Arcite. Pray you sit down then; and let me entreat | you,
By all the honesty and honour in | you,
No mention of this woman; 'twill disturb | us;
We shall have time enough.

Palamon. Well, sir, I'll pledge | you.

Arcite. Heigh-ho!

Palamon. For Emily, upon my life!—Fool,
Away with this strained mirth!—I say again,
That sigh was breathed for Emily. Base cousin,
Darest thou break first?

Arcite. You are wide.

Palamon. By heaven and earth,
There's nothing in thee honest!

Act III. scenes
iv, v.
[† page 44]

Gerrold has no
spark of humour.

In the next two scenes, placed in the forest, the jailor's daughter has reached the height of frenzy. She meets the countrymen who had encountered Arcite, and who are now headed by the learned and high-fantastical schoolmaster Gerrold, a personage who has the pedantry of Shakspeare's Holofernes, without one solitary spark of his humour. They are preparing a dance for the presence of the duke, and the maniac adopted into their number, to fill up a vacancy. The duke and his train appear,—the pedagogue prologuizes,

—the clowns dance,—and their self-satisfied Coryphaeus apologizes and epiloquizes. Some of Fletcher's very phrases and forms of expression have been traced in these two scenes.

Act III. scene iv. v. Fletcher's

We have then, in the sixth and last scene of this act, the interrupted combat of the two princes. The scene is a spirited and excellent one; but its tone is Fletcher's, not Shakspeare's. The railery and retort of the dialogue is more lightly playful than his, and less antithetical and sententious; and though there are fine images, they are not seized with the grasp which Shakspeare would have given, sometimes harsh, but always at least decided. Some of the illustrations have been quoted (page 17). The knightly courtesy with which the princes arm each other is well supported; and their dignity of greeting before they cross their swords, is fine, exceedingly fine. Nothing can be more beautifully conceived than the change which comes over the temper of the generous Palamon, when he stands on the verge of mortal battle with his enemy. His usual heat and impatience give place to the most becoming calmness. The versification is very sweet, and the romantic air of the phraseology is very much Fletcher's, especially towards the end of the following quotation.

Act III. scene vi.

Fletcher's, not Shakspeare's.

Has not Shakspeare's grasp of imagery.

Fletcher's sweet versification and romantic phraseology.

Palamon. My cause and honour guard | me.

(*They bow several ways, then advance and stand.*)

Arcite. And me my love; Is there aught else to say?

Palamon. This only, and no more: Thou art mine aunt's | son,
And that blood we desire to shed is mu|tual;

In me, thine; and in thee, mine. My sword

Is in my hand, and, if thou killest me,

The gods and I forgive thee! If there be

A place prepared for those that sleep in hon|our,

I wish his weary soul that falls may win | it!

Fight bravely, cous|in; give me thy noble hand!

Arcite. Here, Palamon; this hand shall never more

Come near thee with such friendship.

[page 45]

Palamon. I commend | thee.

Arcite. If I fall, curse me, and say I was a cow|ard;

For none but such dare die in these just tri|als.

Once more farewell, my cousin.

Palamon. Farewell, Ar|cite.

(*They fight.*)

The combat is interrupted by the approach of the Duke and his

Act III. scene vi.

is in Fletcher's style.

Death-penalty for the losing knight, a good addition to Chaucer.

court ; and Palamon, refusing to give back or conceal himself, appears before Theseus, and declares his own name and situation, and the presumptuous secret of Arcite. The scene is good, but in the flowing style of Fletcher, not the more manly one of Shakspeare. The sentence of death, which the duke, in the first moments of his anger, pronounces on the two princes, is recalled on the petition of Hippolita and her sister, on condition that the rivals shall meantime depart, and return within a month, each accompanied by three knights, to determine in combat the possession of Emilia ; and death by the block is denounced against the knights who shall be vanquished. Some of these circumstances are slight deviations from Chaucer ; and the laying down of the severe penalty is well imagined, as an addition to the tragic interest, giving occasion to a very impressive scene in the last act.

Act IV. all Fletcher's.

Wants all the leading features of Shakspeare's style.

The Fourth Act may safely be pronounced wholly Fletcher's. All of it, except one scene, is taken up by the episodical adventures of the jailor's daughter ; and, while much of it is poetical, it wants the force and originality, and, indeed, all the prominent features of Shakspeare's manner, either of thought, illustration, or expression. There are conversations in which are described, pleasingly enough, the madness of the unfortunate girl, and the finding of her in a sylvan spot, by her former wooer ; but when the maniac herself appears, the tone and subjects of the dialogue become more objectionable.

Act IV. scene ii.;

[page 46]

Emilia's soliloquy on the pictures, not Shakspeare's.

In the second scene of this act, the only one which bears reference to the main business of the piece, Emilia first muses over the pictures of her two suitors, and then hears from a messenger, in presence of Theseus and his attendants, a description, (taken in 'its elements from the *Knights Tale*,) of the warriors who were preparing for the field along with the champion lovers. In the soliloquy of the lady, while the poetical spirit is well preserved, the alternations of feeling are given with an abruptness and a want of insight into the nicer shades of association, which resemble the extravagant stage effects of the '*King and No King*,' infinitely more than the delicate yet piercing glance with which Shakspeare looks into the human breast in the '*Othello*' ; the language, too, is smoother and less

powerful than Shakspeare's, and one or two classical allusions are a little too correct and studied for him. One image occurs, not the clearest or most chastened, in which Fletcher closely repeats himself :—

Act IV. scene ii.
Fletcher's.

What a brow,
Of what a spacious majesty, he carries !
Arched like the great-eyed Juno's, but far sweeter,—
Smoother than Pelop's shoulder. Fame and Honour,
Methinks, from hence, as from a promontory
Pointed in Heaven, should clap their wings, and sing
To all the under-world, the loves and fights
Of gods and such men near them.¹

His description
of Arcite,
paralleled in his
Philaster.

In the Fifth Act we again feel the presence of the Master of the Spell. Several passages in this portion are marked by as striking tokens of his art as anything which we read in 'Macbeth' or 'Coriolanus.' The whole act, a very long one, may be boldly attributed to him, with the exception of one episodical scene.

Act V. is
Shakspeare's,

The time has arrived for the combat. Three temples are exhibited, as in Chaucer, in which the rival Knights, and the ¹Lady of their Vows, respectively pay their adorations. One principal aim of their supplications is to learn the result of the coming contest ; but the suspense is kept up by each of the Knights receiving a favourable response, and Emilia a doubtful one. Three scenes are thus occupied, the second of which is in somewhat a lower key than the other two ; but even in it there is much beauty ; and in the first and third the tense dignity and pointedness of the language, the gorgeousness and overflow of illustration, and the reach, the mingled familiarity and elevation of thought, are admirable, inimitable, and decisive.

except scene iv.
(Weber : sc. ii.
Littledale).
[¹ page 47]

Act V. sc. ii.*
(i. l.) is lower
in key.

Act V. sc. i. iii.
(Weber : both i.
Littledale)
are Shakspeare's
all through.

¹ In *Philaster*, Act IV. last scene.

Place me, some god, upon a Píramis,
Higher than hill of earth, and lend a voice,
Loud as your thunder, to me, that from thence
I may discourse, to all the under world,
The worth that dwells in him.

Shakspeare, too, was not the most likely person to have given the true meaning of the βωπις πορνια 'Hρη. I am not aware that either Hall or Chapman shewed him the way. Chapman in the First Book (v. 551) has it ; "She with the coves fair eyes, Respected Juno."

[* 2 *N. A.*, Act V. sc. i, ii, iii. Weber, are V. i. Littledale.]

From these exquisite scenes there is a temptation to quote too largely.

Act V. scene i.

In the first scene, Theseus ushers the Kinsmen and their Knights into the Temple of Mars, and leaves them there. After a short and solemn greeting, the Kinsmen embrace for the last time, Palamon and his friends retire, and Arcite and his remain and offer up their devotions to the deity of the place. A fine seriousness of spirit breathes through the whole scene, and the language is alive with the most magnificent and delicate allusion. In Arcite's prayer the tone cannot be mistaken. The enumeration of the god's attributes is coloured by all that energetic depth of feeling with which Shakspeare in his historical dramas so often turns aside to meditate on the changes of human fortune and the horrors of human enmity.¹

Spirit and
language
Shakspeare's.

His reflection on
Fortune and
Strife.

Theseus. You valiant and strong-hearted enemies,
You royal germane foes, that this day come
To blow the nearness out that flames between | ye,—
Lay by your anger for an hour, and dove|-like,
Before the holy altars of your Help|ers
(The all-feard Gods) bow down your stubborn bod|ies !
Your ire is more than mortal : so your help | be !

Arcite. Hoist | we
Those sails that must these vessels port even where
The Heavenly Limiter pleases !

[page 48]

Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrific|es !
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expels the seeds of fear, and the apprehen|sion
Which still is father of it,—go with me
Before the god of our profession. There
Require of him the hearts of lions, and
The breath of tigers, yea the fierceness too,
Yea the speed also ! to go on I mean,
Else wish we to be snails. You know my prize
Must be draggd out of blood : Force and great Feat
Must put my garland on, where she will stick
The queen of flowers ; our intercession then
Must be to him that makes the camp a ces|tron
Brimmd with the blood of mex : give me your aid,
And bend your spirits towards him !

Shakspeare
phrases.

¹ This beautiful address has been spoken of already.

(*They fall prostrate before the statue.*)

Act V. scene i.

Thou mighty one ! that with thy power has turn'd
 Green Neptune into purple,—whose approach
 Comets prewarn,—*whose havock in vast field*
Unearth'd skulls proclaim,—whose breath blows down
 The teeming Ceres' foyson,—who dost pluck
With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds
 The masoned turrets,—that both mak'st and break'st
 The stony girths of cities ;—me, thy pupil,
 Young'st follower of thy drum, instruct this day
 With military skill, that to thy laud
 I may advance my streamer, and by thee
 Be styled the lord o' the day : Give me, great Mars,
 Some token of thy pleasure !

Shakspeare's
 own work.

(*Here there is heard clanging of armour, with a short
 thunder, as the burst of a battle ; whereupon they all
 rise and bow to the altar.*)

Oh, great Corrector of enormous times !
Shaker of d'er-rank states ! Thou grand Decid|er
 Of dusty and old ti|tles ;|—*that heal'st with blood*
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
 O' the pleurisy of people ! I do take
 Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
 To my design march boldly. Let us go !

Shakspeare again.

(*Exeunt.*)

The passionate and sensitive Palamon has chosen the Queen of Love as his Patroness, and it is in her Temple that, in the 1st second scene, he puts up his prayers. This scene is not equal to the first or third, having the poetical features less prominently brought out, while the tone of thought is less highly pitched, and also less consistently sustained. But it is distinctly Shakspeare's. The rugged versification is his, and the force of language. One unpleasing sketch of the deformity of decrepit old age, which need not be quoted, is largely impressed with his air of truth, and some personifications already noticed are also in his manner.

Palamon's prayer
 in V. ii. (i. l.) not
 equal to V. i. or
 iii. (i. l.), but
 is yet clearly
 Shakspeare's.
 [1 page 49]

Even the incom-
 petent old
 husband bit is his.

Palamon. Our stars must glisten with new fire, or be
 To-day extinct : our argument is love !

(*They kneel.*)

Hail, sovereign Queen of Secrets ! who hast pow|er
 To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage
 To weep unto a girl !—that hast the might

Act V. scene ii.
(Weber: i.
Littledale)
is Shakspeare's.

Even with an eye-glance to choke Mars's drum,
And turn the alarm to whis|pers !|
What gold-like pow|er
Hast thou not power upon ? To Phœbus thou
Add'st flames hotter than his : the heavenly fires
Did scorch his mortal son, thou him : The Hunt|ress
All moist and cold, some say, began to throw
Her bow away and sigh. Take to thy grace
Me thy vow'd soldier,—who do bear thy yoke
As 'twere a wreath of roses, yet is heav'ier
Than lead itself, stings more than net|tles :—
I have never been foul-mouthed against thy law ;
I have been harsh
To large confessors, and have hotly askt | them
If they had mothers : *I* had one,—a wom|an,
And women 'twere they wronged.
Brief,—I am
To those that prate and have done,—no compan|ion ;
To those that boast and have not,—a def|er ;
To those that would and cannot,—a rejo|cer !
Yea, him I do not love, that tells close offices
The foulest way, nor names concealments in
The boldest language : Such a one I am,
And vow that *lover never yet made sigh*
Truer than I.

A Shakspeare
touch.

*(Music is heard, and doves are seen to flutter : they fall
upon their faces.)*

[page 50]

I give thee thanks
For this fair token !

Emilia's Prayer
is surely
Shakspeare's.

Emilia's Prayer in the Sanctuary of the pure Diana, forming the third scene, is in some parts most nervous, and the opening is inexpressibly beautiful in language and rhythm. Several ideas and idioms are identically Shakspeare's.

Emilia. (Kneeling before the altar.) Oh, sacred, shadowy, cold,
and constant Queen !
Abandoner of revels ! mute, contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fanned snow !—who to thy *female knights*
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is there order's robe !—I here, thy priest,
Am humbled 'fore thine altar. Oh, vouchsafe,

With that thy rare *green eye*,¹ which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, look on thy virg|in !
And,—sacred silver Mistress !—lend thine ear,
(Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port
Ne'er entered wanton sound,) to my petit ion
Seasoned with holy fear !—This is my last
Of vestal office : ²I'm bride-habited,
But maiden-heart|ed.] A husband I have, appoint|ed,
But do not know him ; out of two I should
Chuse one, and pray for his success, but I
Am guiltless of election of mine eyes.²

(A rose-tree ascends from under the altar, having one rose upon it.)

See what our general of ebbs and flows
Out from the bowels of her holy al|tar
With sacred act advances ! But one rose ?
If well inspired, this battle shall confound
Both these brave knights, and I a virgin flow|er
Must grow alone unplucked.

(Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and the rose falls from the tree.)

The flower is fallen, the tree descends !—oh, mis|tress,
Thou here dischargest me : I shall be gath|ered,
I think so ; but I know not thine own will ;
Unclasp thy mystery !—I hope she's pleased ;
Her signs were gracious. (*Exeunt.*)

The fourth scene, in which the characters are the jailor's daughter, her father and lover, and a physician, is disgusting and imbecile in the extreme. It may be dismissed with a single quotation :

Doctor. What stuff she utters !

The fifth scene is the Combat, the arrangement of which is unusual. Perhaps there is nothing in every respect resembling it in the circle of the English drama. Theseus and his court cross the stage as proceeding to the lists ; Emilia pauses and refuses to be present ; the rest depart, and she is left. She then, the prize of the struggle,

Act V. scene iii.
(Weber ; i.
Littledale)
Shakspere's.

[²—² This is the character of Emilia, by Chaucer and Shakspere, but not by Fletcher of IV. ii., and the author of V. v. (or iii. Littledale) —if he is not Fletcher— with their inconsistencies of Emilia's weak balancing of Palamon against Arcite, now liking one best, then the other, and being afraid that Palamon may get his *figure spoilt* !
F. J. F.]

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Act V. scene iv.
(Weber ; ii.
Littledale)
is stuff.

Act V. scene v.
(Weber ; iii.
Littledale).
its strangeness.

¹ Romeo and Juliet :—Midsummer Night's Dream :—also in Don Quixote, Parte II. capit. xi. : “ Los ojos de Dulcinea deben ser de *verdes esmeraldas*.”

Act V. scene v.
(Weber, or sc. iii.
Littledale).

the presiding influence of the day, alone occupies the stage : within, the trumpets are heard sounding the charge, and the cries of the spectators and tumult of the encounter reach her ears ; one or two messengers recount to her the various changes of the field, till Arcite's victory ends the fight. The manner is admirable in which the caution, which rendered it advisable to avoid introducing the combat on the stage, is reconciled with the pomp of scenic effect and bustle. The details of the scene, with which alone we have here to do, make it clear that Shakspeare's hand was in it. The greater part, it is true, is not of the highest excellence ; but the vacillations of Emilia's feelings are well and delicately given, some individual thoughts and words mark Shakspeare, there is a little of his obscure brevity, much of his thoughtfulness legitimately applied, and an instance or two of its abuse. The strong likeness to him will justify some quotations.

Shakspeare's hand
is in it.

In the following lines Theseus is pleading with Emilia for her presence in the lists :—

Shakspeare.

Theseus. You must be there :
This trial is as 'twere in the night, and you
The only star to shine.

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Emilia. I am extinct.
There is but envy in that light, which shews
The one the other. Darkness, which ever was
The dam of Horror, who does stand accursed
Of many mortal millions, may even now,
By casting her black mantle over both
'That neither could find other, get herself
Some part of a good name, and many a murder
Set off whereto she's guilty.¹

Shakspeare.

One good description is put into the mouth of Emilia after she is left alone :—

Emilia. Arcite is gently visaged ; yet his eye
Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weap|on
In a soft sheath : Mercy and manly Cour|age
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon

¹ The thought here is frequent in Shakspeare's dramas : and the expression of it closely resembles some stanzas in the Lucrece, especially those beginning, "Oh, comfort-killing night !"

Has a most menacing aspect : his brow
 Is graved, and seems to bury what it frowns | on ;
 Yet sometimes 'tis not so, but alters to
 The quality of his thoughts : long time his eye
 Will dwell upon his object : melanchol|y
 Becomes him nobly ; so does Arcite's mirth :
 But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
 So mingled, as if mirth did make him sad,
 And sadness mer|ry :| those darker humours that
 Stick unbecomingly on oth|ers,| on him
 Live in fair dwelling.

Act V. scene v.
 (Weber ; or sc.
 iii. Littledale).
 Shakspeare's hand
 in it.

Shakspeare.

After several alternations of fortune in the fight, she again speaks thus of the two :

Were they metamor|phosed
 Both into one—oh why ? there were no wom|an
 Worth so composed a man ! their single share,
 Their nobleness peculiar to them, gives
 The prejudice of dispar|ity,| value's shortness,
 To any lady breathing.

(Cp. Beatrice on
 Don John and
 Benedick, in
Much Ado, II. i.)

(*Cornets : a great shout, and cry, Arcite, victory !*)
Servant. The cry is
 Arcite and victory ! Hark, Arcite, vic|tory !
 The combat's consummation is proclaimed
 By the wind instruments.

[page 53]

Emilia. Half-sights saw
 That Arcite was no babe : god's-lid ! *his rich|ness*
And costliness of spirit looked through | him : | it could
 No more be hid in him than fire in flax,
 Than humble banks can go to law with wa|ters
 That drift winds force to raging. I did think
 Good Palamon would miscarry ; yet I knew | not
 Why I did think | so. | *Our Reasons are not proph|ets*
When oft our Fancies are. They're coming off :
 Alas, poor Palamon !

Shakspeare touch.

Shakspeare
 reflection.

Theseus enters with his attendants, conducting Arcite, as conqueror, and presents him to Emilia as her husband. Arcite's situation is a painful one, and is well discriminated : he utters but a single grave sentence.

Theseus. (*To Arcite and Emilia.*) Give me your hands :
 Receive you her, you him : be plighted with
 A love that grows as you decay !

Act V. scene v.
(Weber; or iii.
Littledale).

Arcite. Emily!
To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me,
Save what is bought; and yet I purchase cheaply,
As I do rate your value.

Shakspeare touch.

Theseus. (To *Arcite*.) Wear the garland
With joy that you have won. For the subdued,—
Give them our present justice, *since I know*
Their lives but pinch them. Let it here be done.
The sight's not for our seeing: go we hence
Right joyful, with some sorrow!—Arm your prize:
I know you will not lose her. Hippolita,
I see one eye of yours conceives a tear,
The which it will deliver.

Emilia. Is this, winning?
Oh, all you heavenly powers! where is your mercy?
But that your wills have said it must be so,
And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
This miserable prince, that cuts away
A life more worthy from him than all women,
I should and would die too.

[page 54]

Hippolita. Infinite pity,
That four such eyes should be so fixed on one,
That two must needs be blind for't. (Exeunt.)

Act V. scene vi.
(Weber; sc. iv.
Littledale)
is clearly Shakspeare's.

The authorship of the last scene admits of no doubt. The manner is Shakspeare's, and some parts are little inferior to his very finest passages. Palamon has been vanquished, and he and his friends are to undergo execution of the sentence to which the laws of the combat subjected them. The depth of the interest is now fixed on these unfortunate knights, and a fine spirit of resigned melancholy inspires the scene in which they pass to their deaths.¹

¹ It may be well to mention, that this scene contains allusions, extending through several lines, to the every-way luckless jailor's daughter. If I conceal the fact from you, you will, on finding it out for yourself, suspect that I consider it as making against my hypothesis, which assigns those episodal adventures to a different author from this scene. Be assured that I do not regard it in that light. It is plain that the underplot, however bad, has been worked up with much pains; and we can conceive that its author would have been loth to abandon it finally in the incomplete posture in which the fourth scene of this act left it. Ten lines in this scene sufficed to end the story, by relating the cure of the insane girl; and there can have been no difficulty in their introduction, even on my supposition of this scene being the work of the other author. If the two wrote at the same time, the poet who wrote the rest of the scene may have inserted

(Enter Palamon and his knights, pinioned; jailor, executioner, and guard.)

Act V. scene vi.
(Weber; sc. iv.
Littledale)
Shakspeare's.

Palamon. There's many a man alive that hath outlived
The love of the people; yea, in the self-same state
Stands many a father with his child; some comfort
We have by so considering. We expire,—
And not without men's pity;—to live still,
Have their good wishes. We prevent
The loathsome misery of age, beguile
The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend
For grey approachers. We come towards the gods
Young and unwarped, not halting under crimes
Many and stale; that sure shall please the gods
Sooner than such, to give us nectar with them,—
For we are more clear spir|its!

(? Shakspeare and
one daughter.)

(Cf. p. 54-5.)

[page 55]

2 *Knight.* Let us bid farewell;
And with our patience anger tottering for|tune,
Who at her certain'st reels.

3 *Knight.* Come, who begins?

Palamon. Even he that led you to this banquet shall
Taste to you all.

Adieu, and let my life be now as short
As my leave-taking. (Lies on the block.)

If we were in a situation to give due effect to the supernatural part of the story, the miserable end of Palamon would affect us with a mingled sense of pity and indignation. He has been promised success by the divinity whom he adored, and yet he lies vanquished with the uplifted axe glittering above his head. Both the drama and Chaucer's poem assume the existence of such feelings on our part, and hasten to remove the cause of them. A way is devised for reconciling the contending oracles; and the catastrophe which effects that end, is, in the old poet, anxiously prepared by celestial agency.¹ Arcite has got the victory in the field, as his

Chaucer'
celestial agency
to work out the
plot.

them on the suggestion of the other; or if the drama afterwards came into the hands of that other, (which there seems some reason to believe,) he could easily insert them for himself. In any view these lines are no argument against my theory.

¹ The description which we have read of Mars's attributes reminds one strongly and directly of the fine speech in the poem, where old Saturn, the god of time, enumerates his own powers of destruction. It is far from unlikely that the one passage suggested the other. The rich can afford to borrow.

Act V. scene vi.
(Weber; sc. iv.
Littledale).

warlike divinity had promised him; and an evil spirit is raised for the purpose of bringing about his death, that the votary of the Queen of Love may be allowed to enjoy the gentler meed which his protectress had pledged herself to bestow. These supernal intrigues are, in the play, no more than hinted at in the way of metaphor.

[¹ page 56]
Description of
Arcite's mishap is
bad, but
Shakspeare's.

Over-labour'd,
involv'd, hard,
yet Shakspeare's,
with his words
and thoughts.

End of the *Two
Noble Kinsmen*.

A cry is heard for delay of the execution; Perithous rushes in, ascends the scaffold, and, raising Palamon from the block, announces the approaching death of Arcite, with nearly the same circumstances as in the poem. While he rode townwards from the lists, on a black steed which had been the gift of Emily, he had been thrown with violence, and now lies on the brink of dissolution. The speech which describes Arcite's misadventure has been much noticed by the critics, and by some lavishly praised. With deference, I think it decidedly bad, but undeniably the work of Shakspeare. The whole manner of it is that of some of his long and over-laboured descriptions. It is full of illustration, infelicitous but not weak; in involvement of sentence and hardness of phrase no passage in the play comes so close to him; and there are traceable in one or two instances, not only his words, but the trains of thought in which he indulges elsewhere, especially the description of the horse, which closely resembles some spirited passages in the *Venus* and *Adonis*. It is needless to quote any part of this speech.

The after-part of this scene, which ends the play, contains some forcible and lofty reflection, and the language is exceedingly vigorous and weighty. In Chaucer, the feelings of the dying Arcite are expressed at much length, and very touchingly; in the play, they are dispatched shortly, and the attention continued on Palamon, who had been its previous object:—

(*Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Arcite in a chair.*)

Palamon. Oh, miserable end of our alliance!
The gods are mighty!—Arcite, if thy heart,
Thy worthy, manly heart, be yet unbroken,
Give me thy last words. I am Palamon,
One that yet loves thee dying.

Arcite. Take Emilia,
And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand:

Farewell ! I've told my last hour. I was false,
But never treacherous : Forgive me, cou[s]in !
One kiss from fair Emilia !—"Tis done :
Take her.—I die !

Act V. scene vi.
(Weber ; sc. iv.
Littledale).

Palamon. Thy brave soul seek Elys|ium !

Theseus. His part is played ; and, though it were too short,
He did it well. Your day is lengthened, and
The blissful dew of heaven does arrose | you :
The powerful Venus well hath graced her al|tar,
And given you your love ; our master Mars
Hath vouched his oracle, and to Arcite gave
The grace of the contention : So the de|ities
Have shewed due justice.—Bear this hence.

Shakspere.

Palamon. Oh, cou[s]in !
That we should things desire, which do cost | us
The loss of our desire ! that nought could buy
Dear love, but loss of dear love !

[page 57]

Theseus. Palamon !
Your kinsman hath confessed, the right o' the la|dy
Did lie in you : for you first saw her, and
Even then proclaimed your fancy. He restord | her
As your stolen jewel, and desired your spir|it
To send him hence forgiven ! The gods my jus|tice
Take from my hand, and they themselves become
The executioners. Lead your lady off :
And call your lovers from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my friends.—A day or two
Let us look sadly, and give grace unto
The funeral of Arcite ; in whose end,
The visages of bridegrooms we'll put on,
And smile with Palamon ; for whom, an hour,
But one hour since, I was as dearly sor|ry,
As glad of Arcite ; and am now as glad,
As for him sorry.—Oh, you heavenly charm|ers !
What things you make of us ! For what we lack,
We laugh ; for what we have, are sorry still ;
Are children in some kind.—Let us be thank|ful
For that which is, and with you leave disputes
That are above our question.—Let us go off,
And bear us like the time !

Shakspere.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

You have now before you an outline of the subject of this highly poetical drama, with specimens which may convey some notion of the manner in which the plan is executed. But detached extracts

cannot furnish materials for a just decision as to the part which Shakspeare may have taken even in writing the scenes from which the quotations are given. If I addressed myself to one previously unacquainted with this drama, I should be compelled to request an attentive study of it from beginning to end. Such a perusal would convince the most sceptical mind that two authors were concerned in the work ; it would be perceived that certain scenes are distinguished by certain prominent characters, while others present different and dissimilar features. If we are to assume that Fletcher wrote parts of the play, we must admit that many parts of it were written by another person, and we have only to inquire who that other was. Without recurring to any external presumptions whatever, I think there is enough in most or all of the parts which are evidently not Fletcher's, to appropriate them to the great poet whose name, in this instance, tradition has associated with his. Even in the passages which have been here selected, you cannot but have traced Shakspeare's hand frequently and unequivocally. The introductory views which I slightly suggested to your recollection, may have furnished some rules of judgment, and cleared away some obstacles from the path ; and where I have failed in bringing out distinctly the real points of difference, your own acute judgment and delicate taste must have enabled you to draw instinctively those inferences which I have attempted to reach by systematic deduction.

Two authors
wrote *The Two
Noble Kinsmen*.

Fletcher was one.

[¹ page 58]

The other was
Shakspeare.

Fletcher easily
distinguisht from
Shakspeare.

Shakspeare's
Histories :
their fault.

Marlowe.

In truth, a question of this sort is infinitely more easy of decision where Fletcher is the author against whose claims Shakspeare's are to be balanced, than it could be if the poet's supposed assistant were any other ancient English dramatist. If a drama were presented to us, where, as in some of Shakspeare's received works, he had taken up the ruder sketch of an older poet, and exerted his skill in altering and enlarging it, it would be very difficult indeed to discriminate between the original and his additions. He has often, especially in his earlier works, and in his histories more particularly, much of that exaggeration of ideas, and that strained and labouring force of expression, which marked the Hercules-like infancy of the English Drama. The stateliness with which Marlowe paces the

tragic stage, and the magnificence of the train of solemn shews which attend him like the captives in a Roman procession of triumph, bear no distant likeness to the shape which Shakspeare's genius assumes in its most lofty moods. And with those also who followed the latter, or trode side by side with him, he has many points of resemblance or identity. Jonson has his seriousness of views, his singleness of purpose, his weight of style, and his "fulness and frequency of sentence;" Massinger has his comprehension of thought, giving birth to an involved and parenthetical mode of construction; and Middleton, if he possesses few of his other qualities, has much of his precision and straightforward earnestness of expression.¹ In examining isolated passages with the view of ascertaining whether they were written by Shakspeare or by any of those other ²poets, we should frequently have no ground of decision but the insecure and narrow one of comparative excellence. When Fletcher is Shakspeare's only competitor, we are very seldom driven to adopt so doubtful a footing; we are not compelled to reason from difference in *degree*, because we are sensible of a striking dissimilarity in *kind*. We observe ease and elegance of expression opposed to energy and quaintness; brevity is met by dilation, and the obscurity which results from hurry of conception has to be compared with the vagueness proceeding from indistinctness of ideas; lowness, narrowness, and poverty of thought, are contrasted with elevation, richness, and comprehension: on the one hand is an intellect barely active enough to seek the true elements of the poetical, and on the other a mind which, seeing those finer relations at a glance, darts off in the wantonness of its luxuriant strength to discover qualities with which poetry is but ill fitted to deal; in the one poet we behold that comparative feebleness of fancy which willingly stoops to the correction of taste, and in the other, that warmth, splendour, and quickness of imagination, which flows on like the burning rivers from a volcano, quenching all paler lights in its spreading radiance, and destroying every barrier which would impede or direct its devouring course. You will remark that certain passages or scenes in this play are attributed to Shakspeare, not because they are superior to Fletcher's

Marlowe's magnificence like Shakspeare sometimes.

Jonson.

Massinger.

Middleton.

[* page 59]

Fletcher and Shakspeare contrasted.

They differ in *kind*.

Fletcher.

Shakspeare.

Fletcher.

Shakspeare.

Fletcher.

Shakspeare.

Fletcher.

Shakspeare.

¹ Beaumont's style is unluckily not characterized.—F.

Shakspeare's
work unlike
Fletcher's.

tone or manner, but because they are unlike it. It may be true that most of these possess higher excellence than Fletcher could have easily reached ; but this is merely an extrinsic circumstance, and it is not upon it that the judgment is founded. These passages are recognized as Shakspeare's, not from possessing in a higher degree those qualities in which Fletcher's merit lies, but from exhibiting other qualities in which he is partially or wholly wanting, and which even singly, and still more when combined, constitute a style and manner opposite to his.

Test between
Shakspeare and
Fletcher.

Indeed, since Fletcher is acknowledged to stand immeasurably lower than Shakspeare, the excellence of some passages might perhaps in itself be no unfair reason for refusing to the inferior poet the credit of their execution. But an analysis of the means by which the excellence is produced places us beyond ¹the necessity of resorting, in the first instance at least, to this general ground of decision, which must, however, be taken into view, when we have been able to assume a position which entitles us to take advantage of it.

[¹ page 60]

Shakspeare's
external qualities
in the *Two Noble
Kinsmen*.

In many parts of this play we find those external qualities which form Shakspeare's distinguishing characteristics, not separately and singly present, but combined most fully and most intimately ; and it is consequently indisputable that we have, either Shakspeare's own writing, or a faithful and successful imitation of it. It is not easy to perceive with perfect clearness why it is that imitation of Shakspeare is peculiarly difficult ; but every one is convinced that it is far more so than in the case of any other poet whatever.

Are they imita-
tions ?

Imitation of
Shakspeare
difficult.

The range and opposition of his qualities, the rarity and loftiness of the most remarkable of these, and still more, the coincident operation of his most dissimilar powers, make it next to impossible, even in short and isolated passages, to produce an imitation which shall be mistaken for his original composition : but there is not even a possibility of success in an attempt to carry on such an imitation of him throughout many entire scenes.

Given, his outside
dress,

Where the external qualities of a work resemble his, the question of his authorship can be determined in no other way than by inquiring whether the essential elements, and the spirit which animates the whole, are his also ; and that inquiry is not one for logical argument ; it can be answered

ask whether his
spirit is inside it.

only by reflection on the effect which the work produces on our own minds. The dullest eye can discriminate the free motions of the living frame from the convulsed writhings which art may excite in the senseless corpse; the nightly traveller easily distinguishes between the red and earthy twinkling of the distant cottage-lamp, and the cold white gleam of the star which rises beyond it;—and with equal quickness and equal certainty the poetical sense can decide whether the living and ethereal principle of poetry is present, or only its corporeal clothing, its dead and inert resemblance. The emotion which poetry necessarily awakens in minds qualified as the subjects of its working, is the only evidence of its presence, and the measure and index of its strength. If we can read with coldness and indifference the drama which we are now examining, we must pronounce it to 'be no more than a skilful imitation of Shakspeare; but we must acknowledge it as an original if the heart burns and the fancy expands under its influence,—if we feel that the poetical and dramatic spirit breathes through all,—and if the mind bows down involuntarily before the powers of whose presence it is secretly but convincingly sensible. I cannot have a doubt that the parts of this work which I have pointed out as Shakspeare's will the more firmly endure this trial, the more closely and seriously they are revolved and studied.

The portions of the drama which, on such principles as these, have been set down as Shakspeare's, compose a large part of its bulk, and embrace most of the material circumstances of the story. They are,—the First Act wholly,—one scene out of six in the Third,—and the whole of the Fifth Act, (a very long one,) except one unimportant scene. These parts are not of equal excellence; but the grounds on which a decision as to their authorship rests, seem to be almost equally strong with regard to each.

We have as yet been considering these scenes as so many separate pieces of poetry; and they are valuable even in that light, not less from their intrinsic merit than as being the work of our greatest poet. If it be true merely that Shakspeare has here executed some portions of a plan which another had previously fixed on and sketched, the drama demands our zealous study, and is entitled to a place among

The poetic sense alone can judge.

By the emotion it creates, must Shakspeare's work be judged.

[¹ page 6:]

And his part of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* witnesses for itself.

Shakspeare's share of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

Act I.

Act III. sc. 1.

Act V. except scene iv.

Shakspeare's works. An examination of separate details cannot enable us to form any more specific opinion as to the part which he may have taken in its composition.

Is the design of
*The Two Noble
Kinsmen*
Shakspeare's?

But there is a further inquiry on which we are bound to enter, whatever its result may be,—whether it shall allow us to attribute to Shakspeare a wider influence over the work, or compel us to limit his claim to the subsidiary authorship, which only we have yet been able to establish for him. We must now endeavour to trace the design of the work to its origin ; we must look on the parts in their relation to the whole, and investigate the qualities and character of that whole which the parts compose. Such an analysis is essential to an appreciation of the real merit of the drama, and suggests views of far greater interest than any which offer themselves in the examination of isolated passages. And it is likewise necessary as a part of the inquiry which is our object, not merely because it may tend to strengthen or modify the decisions which we have already formed, but because it will allow us to determine other important questions which we have had no opportunity of treating. It will justify us, if I mistake not, in pronouncing with some confidence, that this drama owes to Shakspeare much more than the composition of a few scenes,—that he was the poet who chose the story, and arranged the leading particulars of the method in which it is handled.

[1 page 62]

Yes, it is.

The tragic-comic
underplot not
Shakspeare's.

Before we enter the extensive and interesting field of inquiry thus opened to us, it may be well that I explain the reasons which seem distinctly to exclude from Shakspeare's part of the work one considerable portion of it,—the whole of the tragi-comic under-plot. I have as yet assigned no ground of rejection, but inferiority in the execution ; but there are other reasons, which, when combined with that, remove all uncertainty. Slightly as this subordinate story has been described, enough has been said to point out remarkable imitations of Shakspeare, both in incident and character. The insane maiden is a copy of Ophelia, with features from 'Lear' ; the comments of the physician on her sickness of the mind, are borrowed

in conception from 'Macbeth'; the character of the fantastic school-master is a repetition of the pedagogue in 'Love's Labour Lost'; and the exhibition of the clowns which he directs, resemble scenes both in that play and in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' All these circumstances together, or even one of them by itself, are enough to destroy the notion of Shakspeare's authorship. The likeness which is found elsewhere to Shakspeare's style, (and which is far closer in those other parts of the play than it is here,) is an argument, as I have shewn, in favour of his authorship; the likeness here in character and incident is even a stronger one against it. In neither of these latter particulars does Shakspeare imitate himself as he does in style. In some of his earlier plays indeed we may trace the rude outlines of characters, chiefly comic, which he was afterwards able to develope with ¹greater distinctness and more striking features; but though the likeness, in those cases, were nearer and more frequent than it is, the transition from the rude block to the finished sculpture is the allowable and natural progress of genius. The bare reproduction of a figure or a scene already drawn with clearness and success, stands in a very different situation; and, even if it should be nearly equal to the original in actual merit, it creates a strong presumption of its being no more than the artifice of an imitator. Where the inferiority of the execution is palpable, the doubt is raised into certainty. In the case before us, it is impossible to receive the idea of Shakspeare sitting down in cold blood to imitate the Ophelia, and to transfer all the tenderness of her situation to a new drama of a far lower tone, in which also it should occupy only a subordinate station. He could not have been guilty of this; he neither needed it, nor would have done it of free will; and, therefore, I could not have believed it to be his, though the execution had been far better than it is. But the inferiority is decided; the imitation produces neither vigour of style nor depth of feeling; in short, Shakspeare, if he had made the attempt, could not have failed so utterly. The comic parts are only subservient to the serious portion of this story; and if Shakspeare did not write the leading part, he was still less likely to have written the accessory; but, besides, the imitation is equally unsuccessful; and the original

Fletcher's borrowings in the underplot, from Shakspeare.

Shakspeare doesn't imitate himself in character as he does in style.

[¹ page 63]

He doesn't reproduce a figure badly.

Shakspeare could not have turned his Ophelia into the Jailer's daughter of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

This Daughter is an utter failure.

The Schoolmaster is not Shakspeare's.

of the schoolmaster is said to have been a personal portrait, which was very unlikely to have been repeated by the first painter after the freshness of the jest was gone. I have been the more anxious to place in its true light the question as to this part of the drama, because, on its seeming likeness to Shakspeare, Steevens finds an ingenious hypothesis, by which he endeavours to account for the origin of the tradition as to Shakspeare's concern in the play. That this is a designed imitation of Shakspeare is abundantly clear; and it is not difficult to see why it is an unsuccessful one. Fletcher possesses much humour, but it is of a cast very unlike Shakspeare's, and very unfit to harmonise with it, or to qualify him for the imitation which he has here attempted. Why he made the attempt, we shall be able to discover only when the freaks of caprice, and of poetical caprice, ¹the wildest of all, shall be fully analyzed and fully accounted for. All that I have to prove is, that this portion of the work is not, and could not have been, Shakspeare's.

Fletcher's designed imitation of Shakspeare.

[¹ page 64]

The underplot not Shakspeare's.

Shakspeare's choice of subjects for his Plays.

He differs from his chief contemporaries and successors.

I have said that I consider as his, both the selection of the plot, and much of its arrangement. As to the Choice of the Subject, my position is, that in this particular, Shakspeare stands in unequivocal opposition to Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and those others, contemporary with him, or a little his juniors, with whom his name is generally associated. I can easily shew that this opposition to the newer school in the choice of stories exists in Shakspeare individually; and this would be enough for my purpose; but I will go a little farther than I am called on, because I conceive him to share that opposition with some other poets, and because views open to us from this circumstance, which are of some value for the right understanding of his characteristics. I say then, that in the choice of subjects particularly, as well as in other features, Shakspeare belongs to a school older than that of Fletcher, and radically different from it. The principle of the contrariety in the choice of subjects between the older and newer schools, is this: the older poets usually prefer stories with which their audience must have been previously familiar; the newer poets avoid such known subjects, and attempt to create an adventitious interest for their pieces, by appeal-

He belongs to the old school.

Shakspeare took old stories;

new poets new ones.

ing to the passion of curiosity, and feeding it with novelty of incident. The early writers may have adopted their rule of choice from a distrust in their own skill: but they are more likely to have been influenced by reflecting on the inexperience of their audience in theatrical exhibitions. By insisting on this quality in their plots, they hampered themselves much in the choice of them; and the subjects which offered themselves to the older among them, were mainly confined to two classes, history and the chivalrous tales, being the only two cycles of story with which, about the time of Shakspeare's birth, any general familiarity could be presumed. That such were the favourite themes of the infant English drama is abundantly clear, even from the lists of old lost dramas which have been preserved to us. By the time when Shakspeare stepped into ¹the arena, the zeal for translation had increased the stock of popular knowledge by the addition of the classical fables and the foreign modern novels; and his immediate precursors, some of whom were men of much learning, had especially availed themselves of the former class of plots. If, passing over Shakspeare, we glance at the plots of Fletcher, Jonson, or others of the same period, we find, among a great diversity of means, a search for novelty universally set on foot. Jonson is fond of inventing his plots; Beaumont and Fletcher usually borrow theirs; but neither by the former nor the latter were stories chosen which were familiar to the people, nor in any instance perhaps do they condescend to use plots which had been previously written on. Where Beaumont and Fletcher do avail themselves of common tales, they artfully combine them with others, and receive assistance from complexity of adventure in keeping their uniform purpose in view. The historical drama was regarded by the new school as a rude and obsolete form; and there are scarcely half a dozen instances in which any writer of that age, but Shakspeare, adopted it later than 1600. Historical subjects indeed wanted the coveted charm, as did also the Romantic and the Classical Tales, both of which shared in the neglect with which the Chronicles were treated. The Foreign Novels, and stories partly borrowed from them, or wholly invented, were almost the sole subjects of the newer drama, which has always the air of addressing

Early Plays
founded on

History and
Tales of Chivalry.

[¹ page 65]

Classical fables
and foreign
novels.

Plots of
Shakspeare's
successors.

Beaumont
Fletcher's.

Historical Drama
grew obsolete.

Plots were got
from foreign
novels and in-
vention.

itself to hearers possessing greater dramatic experience and more extended information than those who were in the view of the older writers.

Shakspeare belongs to the older class of dramatists.

Shakspeare, in point of time, stood between these two classes: does he decidedly belong to either, or shew a leaning, and to which? He unequivocally belongs to the older class; or rather, the opposition to the newer writers assumes in him a far more decided shape than in any of his immediate forerunners; for in them are found numerous exceptions to the rule, in him scarcely one. He returns, in fact, to more than one of the principles of the old school, which had begun in his time to fall into disuse. The external form of some of his plays, particularly his histories, is quite in the old taste. The narrative chorus is the most observable remnant of antiquity; and the long rhymed passages frequent in his earlier works, are abundant in the older writers: Peele uses them through whole scenes, and Marlowe likewise to excess. His continual introduction of those conventional characters, his favourite jesters, is another point of resemblance to the ruder stage. And his choice of subjects, when combined with the peculiarities of economy just noticed, as well as others, clearly appropriates him to the school of Lodge, Greene, and those elder writers who have left few works and fewer names. His Historical Plays are the perfection of the old school, the only valuable specimens of that class which it has produced, and the latest instance in which its example was followed; and he has had recourse to the Classical story for such subjects as approached most nearly to the nature of his English Chronicles. And you must take especial note, that, even in the class of subjects in which he seems to coincide with the new school,—I mean his Plots borrowed from Foreign Novels,—he assumes no more of conformity than its appearance, while the principle of contrariety is still retained. The new writers preferred untranslated novels, and, where they chose translated ones, disguised them till the features of the original were lost: Shakspeare not only uses translated tales—(this indeed from necessity)—and closely adheres to their minutest circumstances, but in almost every instance he has made choice of those among them which can be proved to have been most widely known and esteemed

Compare his Histories, narrative chorus, long rhymed passages, [1 page 66]

jesters, and choice of known stories.

He's of the school of Lodge and Greene.

Of new novel stories,

Shakspeare chose the most widely known.

at the time. Most of his plots founded on fanciful subjects, whether derived from novels or other sources, can be shewn to have been previously familiar to the people. The story of 'Measure for Measure' had been previously told; that of 'As you Like It', he might have had from either of two popular collections of tales; the fable of 'Much Ado about Nothing' seems to have been widely spread, and those of 'All's Well that Ends Well', and 'The Winter's Tale'; 'Romeo and Juliet' appears in at least one collection of English novels, and in a poem which enjoyed much popularity. These are sufficient as examples; but a still more remarkable circumstance is this. In repeated instances, about twelve in all, Shakspeare has chosen subjects on which plays had been previously written; nay more, on the subjects which he has so re-written, he has produced some of his best dramas, and one his very masterpiece. 'Julius Cæsar' belongs to this list; '*Lear*' does so likewise; and 'HAMLET.' Is not that a singular fact? I can use it at present only as a most valuable proof that the view which I take is an accurate one. But Shakspeare has also, oftener than once, applied to the chivalrous class of subjects, which was exclusively peculiar to the older school. Its tales indeed bore a strong likeness to his own most esteemed subjects of study; for, amidst all their extravagancies and inconsistencies, the Gothic romances and poems, the older of them at all events, professed in form to be chronicles of fact, and in principle to assume historical truth as their groundwork. 'Pericles' is founded on one of the most popular romances of the middle ages, which had been also versified by Gower, the second father of the English poetical school. The characters in 'The Midsummer Night's Dream' are classical, but the costume is strictly Gothic, and shews that it was through the medium of romance that he drew the knowledge of them; and the 'Troilus and Cressida' presents another classical and chivalrous subject, which Chaucer had handled at great length, also invested with the richness of the romantic garb and decoration.

6 Plays of Shakspeare founded on well-known stories.

12 on subjects of former Plays.

[page 67]

3 on Classical subjects turned into romances.

Fletcher and Shakspeare being thus opposed to each other in their choice of subjects, what qualities are there in the Plot of The Two Noble Kinsmen, which may appropriate the choice of it to either? In the first place, it is a chivalrous subject,—a classical

Shakspeare chose the story of the *Two Noble Kinsmen*.

Fletcher would
neither have
chosen Chaucer's
classical story for
his plot,

nor an old story,

[? page 68]

nor one on which
two 16th-century
plays had been
written.

Fletcher didn't
choose the
subject of *The
Two Noble
Kinsmen*.

Shakspeare's
study of chival-
rous poetry.

story which had already been told in the Gothic style. The nature of the story then could have been no recommendation of it to Fletcher. He has not a single other subject of the sort; he has even written one play in ridicule of chivalrous observances; and the sarcasm of that humorous piece¹, both in the general design and the particular references, is aimed solely at the prose romances of knight-errantry, a diseased and posthumous off-shoot from the parent-root, whose legitimate and ancient offspring, the metrical chronicles and tales, he seems neither to have known nor cared for. Secondly, this story must have been unacceptable to Fletcher, because it was a familiar one in England. This fact is perhaps sufficiently proved by its being the subject of that animated and admirable poem of Chaucer, which Dryden has pronounced little inferior to the *Iliad* or *Æneid*; but it is still more distinctly shewn by a third fact, which completely clenches the argument against Fletcher's choice of it as a subject. No fewer than two plays had been written on this story before the end of the sixteenth century; the earlier of the two, the *Palamon and Arcite* of Edwards, acted in 1566, and printed in 1585, and another play called by the same name, brought on the stage in 1594.³

It is thus, I think, proved almost to demonstration, that the person who chose this subject was not Fletcher; and what has been already said, even without the specific evidence of individual passages, creates a strong probability that the choice was made by Shakspeare rather than by any other dramatic poet of his time. If the question be merely one between the two writers,—if, assuming it to be proved that Shakspeare wrote parts of the play, we have only to ask which of the two it was that chose the subject,—we can surely be at no loss to decide. But the presumption in Shakspeare's favour may be elevated almost into absolute certainty, while, at the same time, some important qualities of his will be illustrated,—if we inquire what was the real extent to which he attached himself to the study of the chivalrous poetry, from which this subject is taken, and

¹ The Knight of the Burning Pestle.

³ Weber's *Beaumont and Fletcher*. Henslowe MSS. published by Malone:—Boswell's *Shakspeare*, vol. iii. p. 303. [See Appx. I. to my *Harrison Forewords*.]

the influence which that study was likely to have had, and did actually exercise on his writings.

If, being told that a dramatic poet was born in England in the latter half of the sixteenth century, whose studies, for all effectual benefit which they could have afforded him, were limited to his own tongue, we were asked to say what course his acquisitions were likely to have taken, our reply would be ready and unhesitating. English literature was of narrow extent before the time in question, and, according to the invariable progress of mental culture, had been evolved first in those finer branches which issue primarily from the imagination and affections, and appeal for their effect to the principles in which they have their source. Poetry had reached a vigorous youth, history was in its infancy, philosophy had not come into being. Had the field of study been wider, it was to poetry in an especial manner that a poet had to betake himself for an experience and skill in his art, and in the language which was to be its instrument. And it was almost solely to the narrative poets that Shakspeare had to appeal for aid and guidance; for preceding writers in the dramatic walk could teach him little. They could serve as beacons only, and not examples, and he had to search in other mines for the materials to rear his palace of thought. But the English poetical writers who preceded him are all more or less impressed with the seal of the Gothic school, and the most noted among them belong to it essentially. Chaucer, Lydgate, and Gower, to more than one of whom Shakspeare is materially indebted, were the heads of a sect whose subjects and form of composition were varied only as the various forms and subjects of the foreign romantic writers. The rhymed romance, the metrical vision, the sustained allegorical narrative or dialogue, were but differing results of the same principle, and forms too of its original development; for Britain was the mother and nurse of much of the finest chivalrous poetry, as well as the scene where some of its most fascinating tales are laid. It is true that English poetry before the time of Elizabeth presents but few distinguished names; but there is a world of unappropriated treasures of the chivalrous class of poetry, which are still the delight of those who possess the key to their secret cham-

Shakspeare cer-
tain to have

[¹ page 69]

first studi'd, and
been influent
by, our old nar-
rative poets,

who were of the
Gothic school.

Britain the
mother of much
fine chivalrous
poetry.

Spenser belongs to the Gothic school.

Shakspeare too.

[page 70]

[N.B. The Gower choruses in *Pericles* are NOT Shakspeare's.—F.]

Shakspeare's mistakes and

anomalies, those of his Gothic school.

Chaucer and Spenser had the like.

bers, and were the archetypes of the earlier poets of that prolific age. It is important to recollect, that among the poets who adorn that epoch, the narrative preceded the dramatic. Spenser belongs, in every view, to the romantic or Gothic school; the heroic *Mort d'Arthur* was the rule of his poetical faith; and it was that school, headed by him, which Shakspeare, on commencing his course and choosing his path, found in possession of all the popularity of the day. Every thing proves that he allowed himself to be guided by the prevailing taste. His early poems belong in design to Spenser's school, and their style is 'often imitative of his. In his dramas he has many points of resemblance to the older chivalrous poets, besides his occasional adoption of their subjects. His respect for Gower is shewn by the repeated introduction of his shade as the speaker in his choruses; and particular allusions and images, borrowed from Gothic usages and chivalrous facts, occur at the first blush to the recollection of every one. But there is a more widely spread influence than all this. Many of his most faulty peculiarities are directly drawn from this source, and his innumerable misrepresentations or mistakes are not so truly the fruit of his own ignorance, as the necessary qualities of the class of poets to which he belonged, shared with him by some of the greatest poetical names which modern Europe can cite. In this situation are indeed almost all the irregularities and anomalies which have furnished the unbelievers in the divinity of his genius with objects of contemptuous abuse;—his creation of geographies wholly fictitious,—his anachronisms in facts and customs,—his misstatements of historical detail,—his dukes and kings in republics,—his harbours in the heart of continents, and his journies over land to remote islands,—his heathenism in Christian lands and times, and his bishops, and priests, and masses, *in partibus infidelium*. We may censure him for these irregularities if we will; but it is incumbent on us to recollect that Chaucer and Spenser must bear the same sentence: and if the faults are considered so weighty as to shut out from our notice the works in which they are found, the early literature, not of our own country only, but of the whole of continental Europe, must be thrown aside as one mass of unworthy fable.

In truth, Shakspeare, in throwing himself on a style of thought and a track of study which exposed him to such errors, did no more than retire towards those principles which not only were the sources of poetry in his own country, but are the fountains from which, in every nation, her first draughts of inspiration are drunk. Poetry in its earlier stages is universally neither more nor less than a falsifying of history. The decoration of the Real is an exertion of the fancy which marks an age elder than the creation of the purely Ideal ; it is an effort more successful than the attempt which follows it, and the wholly fictitious has always the appearance of being resorted to from necessity rather than choice. Cathay is an older and fitter seat of romance than Utopia ; and the historical paladins and soldans are characters more poetical than the creatures of pure imagination who displaced them. But this walk of poetry is one in which she never can permanently linger ; her citadel indeed is real existence partially comprehended, but she is unable to defend the fortress after knowledge has begun to sap its outworks ; she needs ignorance for her ally while she occupies the domain of history, and when that companion deserts her, she unwillingly retreats on the Possible and Invented, where she has no enemy to contest her possession of the ground.—While however she does continue in her older haunt, she must sometimes wander out of her imperfectly defined path, and her errors will depend, both in kind and in amount, on the amount and kind of her knowledge. That the qualities of poetical literature, in every nation, are dependent on the number and species of those experiences from which in each particular case the art receives its materials, is indeed too evident to need illustration ; but some curious inferences are deducible from an application of this truth to the contrast which is found between the poetical literature of modern Europe, and that older school which has been called the classical. The inherent excellencies of the ancient Greek poetry may yet remain to be accounted for from other causes ; but this one principle was adequate to produce the most distinguishing qualities of the pagan literature, while it is distinctly the very same principle, acting in different circumstances, which has given birth to the opposite character of the modern school of invention. During the period

Poetry is first a falsifying of History,

[page 71]

and has Ignorance as her ally.

(With Knowledge comes the retreat to Invention.)

Her errors depend on the kind of her small knowledge.

And hence come distinctive qualities of the Greek and Modern School.

Middle-Age

knowledge of
vast extent,

but never
thorough.

So it invested
History with in-
congruous attri-
butes.

[¹ page 72]

Early modern
poets invented a
national and
original
literature,

but, knowing
classics badly,

grafted on their
own works
excrescences
from classical
literature,

and on History,
fictions and mis-
takes.

which witnessed the gradual rise of that anomalous fabric of poetry, from whose prostrate fragments the perfected literature of Christian Europe has been erected, knowledge (I am uttering no paradox) was of vast extent; it embraced many different ages and many distant regions: but it was also universally imperfect; much was known in part, but nothing wholly. Hence proceeded the specific difference of that widely-spread form of poetical invention, namely, the superabundance and incongruity of attributes with which ¹it invested historical truth; and it is not very difficult to discover why many of those attributes have never thoroughly amalgamated with the principal mass. The various sources from which the materials of the romantic poetry were drawn, present themselves at once to every mind. By the peculiar state of their knowledge, and the rude activity of spirit which was its consequence, the early poets of modern Europe were prepared to invent a species of literature which should be strictly national in its subjects, and in its essential parts wholly original. That new branch was exposed, however, to modifications of various kinds. One temptation to introduce foreign elements, by which its authors were assailed, was singularly strong, and can scarcely in any other instance have operated on a literature arising in circumstances otherwise so favourable to originality, as those in which they were placed. That temptation was offered by the imperfect acquaintance with the classical authors which formed one part of their scattered and ill-reconciled knowledge. They were influenced by this cause, as they could not have failed to be; and the representations of feelings, habits, and thought, which they borrowed from this source, being in their nature dissimilar to the constituent parts of the system to which they were adjoined, never could have harmonised with these, and, under any circumstances, must have always continued to be excrescences. Other elements of the new system were naturally neither evil in themselves, nor inconsistent with the principles with which it was attempted to combine them, but have assumed the aspect of deformity and incongruity solely from incidental and extraneous causes. The fictions and mistakes which the ignorance of those fathers of our modern poetical learning superinduced on history ancient and modern, and on every

thing which related to the then existing state either of the material world or of human society, were allowable ornaments, so long as knowledge afterwards acquired did not stamp on them the brand of falsehood; but the moment that the falsity was exposed, and the charm of possible existence broken, those adjuncts lost their empire over the imagination, and with it their appearance of fitness as materials for mental activity. In supernatural invention, the early romantic poets ¹were still more unfortunate; for when they endeavoured to colour with imaginary hues the awful outlines of the true faith, they attempted a conjunction of holiness with impurity, an identification of the spirit with the flesh, a marriage between the living and the dead; the purer essence revolted from the union, and the human mind could acquiesce in imagining it only while it remained bound in the darkness and fetters of religious corruption. Turn now to the Grecian poetry, and mark how closely the same principles have operated on it, although the difference of the circumstances has made the result different. The first Grecian inventors were, it is true, protected in a great measure from the influence of any foreign literature, simply by the ignorant rudeness of those ages of the world during which their task was performed; and even here I have no doubt that an influence not very dissimilar did actually operate; for there seems to be good reason for supposing that, if we had before us the wild songs of such bards as the Thracian Orpheus, or the old Musæus, we should find them strongly marked by that orientalism towards which the later Greek poetry which remains to us betrays so continual a tendency. In other respects, the spirit in which the Greeks formed their poetical system was identical with our own. Their elder poets falsified historical facts, invented or disguised historical characters, and framed erroneous representations of the past in time and the distant in place, no otherwise than did the romantic fabulists; and the classical inventors continued to have sufficient faith placed in their fictions, merely because knowledge advanced too slowly to allow detection of their falsity so long as the literature of the nation continued to exist for it as a present possession. With their religious belief, again, every attractive invention harmonised, and every splendid addition was readily incorporated

Supernaturalism
of the Romantic
Poets

[¹ page 73]

only believable
by superstition.

Characteristics of
early Greek
poetry.

Its tendency to
orientalism;

its falsification of
History,

its treatment of
Religion.

as a consistent part ; where all was false, a falsity the more was unperceived or uncensured, and where sublimity and beauty were almost the only objects sought, they were gladly accepted from whatever quarter or in whatever shape they came.

So far as these considerations seem to elucidate the principles on which Shakspeare proceeded, they do so by exhibiting him as withdrawing from his own times as to his subjects and the external form of his works, though not as to their animating spirit,—as placing himself delightedly amidst the rude greatness of older poetry and past ages, and viewing life and nature from their covert, as if he had sat within a solitary and ruined aboriginal temple, and looked out upon the valley and the mountains from among those broken and massive columns, whose aspect gave majesty and solemnity to the landscape which was beheld through their moss-grown vistas.

So far as these views have any force as a defence of faults detected in the great poet, that defence is founded on the consideration that the errors were unavoidable consequences of the system which produced so much that was admirable, and that they were shared with him by those whom he followed in his selection of subjects and form of writing. So far as all that has been said on this head has a close application to the main subject of our inquiry, its sum is briefly this. An argument arises in favour of Shakspeare's choice of the plot of this drama, from its general qualities, as a familiar and favourite story, and one of a class which had been frequently used by the older dramatists ; that argument receives additional strength from the fact of this individual subject having been previously treated in a dramatic form ; and it is rendered almost impregnable when we consider the subject particularly as a chivalrous story, and as belonging and leading us back to that native school to which Shakspeare, though in certain respects infected by the exotic taste of the age, yet in essentials belonged,—the wilderness in which Chaucer had opened up the well-head of poetry, where Gower and Lydgate had drunk freely, and Sackville had more sparingly dipped his brow,—the paradise through which Spenser had joyfully wandered with the heavenly Una,—the patriarchal forest into which afterwards Milton loved to retire from his lamp-lighted chamber, to

[1 page 74]

Shakspeare, for his stories and form, left his own time, and delighted in the past.

Thence his faults.

Summary of reasons why Shakspeare chose the plot of *Two Noble Kinsmen*.

He went back to the school of

Chaucer

and Spenser ;

which Milton, after, sought.

sleep at the foot of some huge over-hanging oak, and dream of mailed knights riding by his resting-place, or fairy choirs dancing on the green hillocks around,—the enchanted rose-garden where Shakspeare himself gathered those garlands of beauty, which he has described as adding glory even to his thoughts of love.

Shakspeare's love of old poems.

¹When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see description of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights ;
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see this antique pen would have expresst
Even such a beauty as you master now. *Sonnet 106.*

[¹ page 75]

In the Arrangement of the Plot also there are circumstances which point emphatically to Shakspeare's agency. One strong argument is furnished by a very prominent quality of the plot as it is managed,—its simplicity. This quality is like him, as being in this case the result of a close adherence to the original story ; but it is also like him in itself, since the arrangement of all his works indicates the operation of a principle tending to produce it, namely, a reliance for dramatic effect on the execution of the parts rather than on the mechanical perfection or complication of the whole. His contemporaries, in their own several ways, bestowed extreme care on their plots. With Beaumont and Fletcher, hurry, surprise, and rapid and romantic revolution of incident are the main object, rather than tragic strength or even stage effect : their plays would furnish materials for extended novels, and are often borrowed from such without concentration or omission. Shakspeare's comparative poverty of plot is not approached by them even in their serious plays, and the lively stir of their comic adventures is the farthest from it imaginable. Jonson's plots are constructed most elaborately and admirably : one or two of them are without equal for skill of conduct and pertinency and connection of parts. This cautious and industrious poet never confided in his own capability of making up for feebleness of plan by the force of individual passages ; and his distrust was well judged, for the abstract coldness of his mind be-

Shakspeare seen in the simplicity of the plot.

He relied on the execution of the parts, not the complication of the whole.

Beaumont and Fletcher's plots depend more on surprise and incident.

B. Jonson's plots admirably constructed.

Ford's gloomy plots softened by tenderness

[' page 76]

and regret.

Massinger's stage effect by situations,

and tragic design.

His coldness of expression.

Shakspeare's great aim to bring out character and feeling.

Shakspeare's plays with no plot :

The Tempest.

trays itself in every page of his dialogue, and his scenes need all their beauty of outline to conceal the frigidity of their filling up. Ford and Massinger agree much in their choice of plots, both preferring incidents of a powerfully tragic nature : but their modes of management are widely different. Ford, on the gloom of whose stories glimpses 'of pathos fall like moonlight, delights, when he comes to work up the details of his tragic plan, in softening it down into the most dissolving tenderness ; at his bidding tears flow in situations where we listen rather to hear Agony shriek, or look to behold Terror freezing into stone ; his emotion is not the rising vehemence of present passion, but the anguish, subsiding into regret, which lingers when suffering is past, and suggests ideas of eventual resignation and repose ;—his verse is like the voice of a child weeping itself to sleep. Massinger crowds adventure upon adventure, and his situations are wound up to the height of unmingled horror ; for stage effect and tragic intensity, some of them, as for example the last scene in 'The Unnatural Combat', and the celebrated one in 'The Duke of Milan', are unequalled in the modern drama, and worthy of the sternness of the antique ; but it is in the design alone that the tragic spirit works ; the colouring of the details is cold as monumental marble ; the pomp of lofty eloquence apes the simplicity of grief, or silence is left to interpret alike for sorrow or despair. To the carefulness in outlining the plan and devising situations, thus shewn in different ways, Shakspeare's manner is perfectly alien. He never exhausts himself in framing his plots, but reserves his strength for the great aim which he had before him, the evolution of human character and passion, a result which he relied on his own power to produce from any plot however naked. He does not want variety of adventure in many of his plays ; but he has it only where his novel or chronicle gave it to him : he does not reject it when it is offered, but does not make the smallest exertion to search for it. Some of his plays, especially his comedies, have actually no plot, and those, too, the very dramas in which his genius has gained some of its most mighty victories. 'The Tempest' is an instance : what is there in it ? A ship's company are driven by wreck upon an island ; they find an old man there who had been injured by certain of them,

and a reconciliation takes place. The only action of 'As You Like It' is pedestrian; if the characters had been placed in the forest in the first scene, the drama would have been then as ripe for its catastrophe as it is in the last. 'The Midsummer Night's Dream' relates a midnight stroll in a wood; and the unreal nature of the incidents is playfully indicated in its name. It is from no stronger materials than those three frail threads of narrative that our poet has spun unrivalled tissues of novel thought and divine fancy. And, as in his lighter works he is careless of variety of adventure, so in his tragic plays he does not seek to heap horrors or griefs one upon another in devising the arrangement of his plots. In this latter class of his works, the skill and force with which the interest is woven out of the details of story and elements of character, make it difficult for us to see how far it is that we are indebted to these for the power which the scene exerts over us. But with a little reflection we are able to discover, that there is scarcely one drama of his, in which, from the same materials, situations could not have been formed, which should have possessed in their mere outline a tenfold amount of interest and tragic effect to those which Shakspeare has presented to us. 'Hamlet' offers, especially in the two last acts, some remarkable proofs of his indifference to the means which he held in his hands for increasing the tragic interest of his situations, and of the boldness with which he threw himself on his own resources for the creation of the most intense effect out of the slenderest outline. But no example can shew more strikingly his independence of tragic situation, and his power of concocting dramatic power out of the most meagre elements of story, than the third act of the Othello. It contains no more than the development and triumph of the devilish design which was afterwards to issue in murder and remorse; and other writers would have treated it in no other style than as necessary to prepare the way for the harrowing conclusion. In the Moor's dialogues with Iago, the act of vengeance, ever and anon sternly contemplated, and darkening all with its horror, is yet but one ingredient in the misery of the tale. These scenes are a tragedy in themselves, the story of the most hideous revolution in a noble nature; and their catastrophe of wretchedness is complete when

As You Like It.

*Midsummer
Night's Dream*
has no plot.

[² page 77]

In the plots of
Shakspeare's
Tragedies, details
and character are
the main things.

He could have
made more striking
effect out
of *Hamlet*,
Acts IV. & V. 4.

Othello, Act III.

the tumult of doubt sinks into resolved and desolate conviction,—when the Moor dashes Desdemona from him, and rushes out in uncontrollable agony.—Read also the conclusion of *Lear*, and learn the same lesson from the economy of that most touching scene.

So in the end of
Lear,

[‘ page 78]

all is left clear
for the one
group, the father
and his dead
child.

The horrors which have gathered so thickly 'throughout the last act, are carefully removed to the background, and free room is left for the sorrowful groupe on which every eye is turned. The situation is simple in the extreme ; but how tragically moving are the internal convulsions for the representation of which the poet has worthily husbanded his force ! *Lear* enters with frantic cries, bearing the body of his dead daughter in his arms ; he alternates between agitating doubts and wishing unbelief of her death, and piteously experiments on the lifeless corpse ; he bends over her with the dotage of an old man's affection, and calls to mind the soft lowness of her voice, till he fancies he can hear its murmurs. Then succeeds the dreadful torpor of despairing insanity, during which he receives the most cruel tidings with apathy, or replies to them with wild incoherence ; and the heart flows forth at the close with its last burst of love, only to break in the vehemence of its emotion,—commencing with the tenderness of regret, swelling into choking grief, and at last, when the eye catches the tokens of mortality in the dead, snapping the chords of life in a paroxysm of agonised horror.

Oh, thou wilt come no more ;
Never, never, never, never, never !
—Pray you, undo this button : Thank you, Sir.—
Do you see this ?—*Look on her—look—HER LIPS !*
Look there ! Look there !

The application here of the differences thus pointed out is easy enough. Fletcher either would not have chosen so bare a story, or he would have treated it in another guise. The incidents which constitute the story are neither many nor highly wrought : they are only the capture of the two knights,—their becoming enamoured of the lady,—the combat which was to decide their title to her,—and the death of Arcite after it. And no complexity of minor adventures is inserted to disturb the simplicity so presented. In all this there is nothing which Fletcher could have found sufficient to maintain

Incidents of *The
Two Noble
Kinsmen* story

wouldn't have
suited Fletcher.

that continuity and stretch of interest which he always thought necessary. He would have invented accessory circumstances, he would have produced new characters, or thrust the less important personages who now fill the stage, further into the foreground, and more constantly into action: the one simple and inartificial story which we have, possessing none of his mercurial activity of motion, and scarcely exciting a feeling of curiosity, would have been transformed into a complication of intrigues, amidst which the figures who occupy the centre of the piece as it stands, would have been only individuals sharing their importance with others, and scarcely allowed room enough to make their features at all distinguishable.

In the management of particular scenes of this play, likewise, certain circumstances are observable, which, separately, seem to go a certain length in establishing Shakspeare's claim to the arrangement, and have considerable force when taken together. The second scene of the first act would appear to have been sketched by him rather than Fletcher, from its containing no activity of incident, and serving no obvious purpose but the development of the character and situation of the two princes; a mode of preparation not at all practised by Fletcher. Neither does any consequence flow from the beautiful scene immediately following; a circumstance which points out Shakspeare as having arranged the scene, and would strengthen the evidence of his having written the dialogue, if that required any corroboration. The bareness and undiversified iteration of situation in the first three scenes of the last act form one presumption against the devising of those scenes by Fletcher. The economy of the fifth scene of that act, in which Emilia, left alone on the stage, listens to the noise of the combat, is also, to me, strongly indicative of Shakspeare. The contrivance is unusual, but extremely well imagined. I do not recollect an instance in Fletcher bearing the smallest likeness to it, or founded on any principles at all analogous to that which is here called into operation. In Shakspeare, I think we may, in more than one drama, discover something which might have given the germ of it. He has not only in his historical plays again and again regretted the insufficiency of the means possessed by his stage, or any other, for the representation of such

He'd have added
to 'em.
[page 79]

Shakspeare's
handling seen in
certain scenes of
*The Two Noble
Kinsmen.*

Act I. scene ii.
design'd by
Shakspeare.

Act I. scene iii.
also. And

Act V. scenes i. ii.
iii. [Emilia with
the pictures.]

Act V. scene v.
also design'd by
Shakspeare.

Shakspeare's
expedients for
avoiding spec-
tacles; in
[page 80]
: *Henry IV.*,

Richard II.,

Emilia in *Two
N. K.* l. v.,
like Lady Mac-
beth in *II. ii.* of
Macbeth.

spectacles ; but in several of those plays he has devised expedients for avoiding them. In 'Henry V.' we have the battle of Azincour ; but the only encounter of ¹the opposite parties is that of Pistol and the luckless Signor Dew. In 'the first part of Henry IV.' he has shewn an unwillingness to risk the effect even of a single combat ; for in the last scene of that play, where prince Henry engages Hotspur, the spectator's attention is distracted from the fight between them, by the entrance of Douglas, and his attack on the prudent Falstaff. In 'Richard II.' the lists are exhibited for the duel of Bolingbroke and Norfolk, which is inartificially broken off at the very last instant by the mandate of the king. But a more deeply marked likeness to the spirit in which the scene in 'The Two Noble Kinsmen' is arranged, meets us in Lady Macbeth watching and listening while her husband perpetrates the murder, like a bad angel which delays its flight only till it be assured that the whispered temptation has done its work. And in this combat scene, even the ancient and artless expedient used, of relating important events by messengers brought in for that sole end, and having no part in the action, may be noticed as belonging to an older form of the drama than Fletcher's, and as being very frequently practised by Shakspeare himself.

The motives of
the play of
The Two N. K.

Dramatic art
defin'd.

In *The Two
N. K.* the moving
passions are Love
and Jealousy.

This conception
is Shakspeare's.

In quitting our cursory examination of the qualities which distinguish the mechanical arrangement of the play, we may advert to the mode in which those influences are conceived which give motion to the incidents of the story, and regulate its progress. The dramatic art is a representation of human character in action ; and action in human life is prompted by passion, which the other powers of the mind serve only to guide, to modify, or to quell. In the conception of the passions which are chiefly operative in this drama, there seems to be much that is characteristic of a greater poet than Fletcher. In the first place, the passions which primarily originate the action of the piece are simple ; they are Love and Jealousy ; the purest and most disinterested form of the one, and the noblest and most generous which could be chosen for the other. The conception is Shakspeare's in its loftiness and magnanimity ; and it is his

also as being a direct appeal to common sympathies, modified but slightly by partial or fugitive views of nature. But it also resembles him in the singleness and coherence of design with which the idea is seized and followed out. It cannot be necessary that I should specifically exemplify the closeness with which those ruling passions are brought to bear on the leading circumstances of the story from first to last. And it is almost equally superfluous to remind you, how far any such adherence to that unity of impulse, operates as evidence in a question between the two poets whom we have here to compare. Fletcher, in common with other poets of all ranks inferior to the highest, is unable to preserve any one form of passion or of character skilfully in the foreground : he may seem occasionally to have proposed to himself the prosecution of such an end, but he either degenerates into the exhibition of a few over-wrought dramatic contrasts, or loses his way altogether amidst the complicated adventures with which he incumbers his stories. This inability to keep sight of an uniform design, is in truth one striking argument of inferiority ; and the clearness with which Shakspeare conceives a definite purpose, and the fixedness with which he pursues it, go very far to unravel the great secret of his power. I have already pointed out to you, perhaps without necessity, wherein it is that his strength of passion consists ; that it is not in the incidents of his fable, but in his mode of treating the incidents ; that he will not rely on mere vigour or skill of outline in his stage-grouping, for that influence which he is conscious of being always able to acquire more worthily, by the beauty and emotion which he breathes into the organic formation of the living statuary of the scene ; that he refuses to sacrifice to the meretricious attraction of strained situations or entangled incidents, the internal and self-supporting strength of his historical pictures of the heart, or the unflinching accuracy of his demonstrations of the intellectual anatomy. In a similar way you will look for his unity of purpose, not in the mechanical economy of his plots, but in the elementary conception of his characters, and in his developement of the principles of passion under whose suggestions those characters act. He chooses as the subject of his delineation some mightily and truly conceived impersonation of human attributes, in-

The keeping close to the leading motives, is Shakspere's doing.

[¹ page 81]

Fletcher's inability to work a character out, to keep one passion always in the front.

Shakspere's definite purpose, and keeping to it.

His relying on the emotion he puts into his characters.

Shakspere's unity of purpose, seen in his conception, and his carrying this out.

Shakspeare's conception of character, and means and method of developing it.

[' page 82]

Desdemona's murder compared with Annabella's (by Ford).

Ford's above Shakspeare's in pathos.

Why? Because of Shakspeare's self-restraint.

The mind of Othello is the centre of Shakspeare's play,

and the pathos of Desdemona's death must be kept down.

consistent it may be in itself, but faithful to its prototype as being inconsistent according to the rules which guide inconsistency in our enigmatical mental constitution ; for the exhibition of the character so imagined he devises some chain of events by which its internal springs of action may be brought into play ; and he traces the motion and results of those spiritual impulses with an undeviating steadiness of design, which turns aside neither to raise curiosity nor to gratify a craving for any other mean excitement. Some singular instances of Shakspeare's fine judgment in clinging to one great design, are furnished by the ' Othello.' The death of Desdemona has been compared with the murder of Annabella, a scene (evidently drawn from it) in a drama of Ford's on a story which makes the flesh creep. Some have pronounced Ford's scene superior in pathos to Shakspeare's : I think it is decidedly so. The tender mournfulness of the language and few images is exquisite, and the sweet sad monotonous melody of the versification is indescribably affecting. Is it from weakness that Shakspeare has not given to the death of his gentle lady an equally strong impress of pathos? No. He was not indeed susceptible of the feminine abandonment of Ford ; but he was equal to a manly tone of feeling, fitted to excite a truer sympathy. He has refused to stretch the chords of feeling to the utmost in favour of Desdemona ; and his refusal has a design and meaning in it. There is anguish in the scene, and the most utter yielding to overpowering sorrow ; but it is the Moor who feels those emotions, and it is the exhibition of his mind which is the leading end of this scene, as of the rest of the drama. The suffering lady is but an inferior actor in the scene ; her situation is brought out with perfect skill and genuine tenderness, so far as it is consistent with the first object and illustrative of it ; but its expression is arrested at the point where its further developement would have marred the effect of the scene as a whole, and broken in on its pervading spirit. Ford had no such aim in view ; and the very scene of his which is so beautiful in itself, loses almost all its force when regarded as a part of the play in which it is inserted.

These principles of Shakspeare's could be traced as influencing the drama of the ' Two Noble Kinsmen,' even if there were nothing

farther to shew their effect than what has been already ¹ noticed. [1 page 83]

But their power is displayed still more admirably in a second quality in the mode of conception, less open to notice, but breathing actively through all. There is skill in the mental machinery which gives motion to the story ; but there is even greater art in the application of a hidden influence, which controls the action of the moving power, and equalizes its effects. That secret principle is Friendship, the operation of which is shewn most distinctly in the Kinsmen, guiding every part of their behaviour except where their mutual claim to Emilia's love comes into operation, never extinct even there, though its effect be sometimes suspended, and awakening on the approach of Arcite's death, with a warmth which is natural as well as touching. But this feeling has a farther working : Love of Friends is in truth the leading idea of the piece : the whole drama is one sacrifice on the altar of one of the holiest influences which affect the mind of man. Palamon and Arcite are the first who bow down before the shrine, but Theseus and Perithous follow, and Emilia and her sister do homage likewise. This singular harmony of parts was an idea perfectly beyond Fletcher's reach ; and the execution of it was equally unfit for his attempting. The discrimination, the delicate relief, with which the different shades of the affection are elaborated, is inimitable. The love of the Princesses does not issue in action ; it is a placid feeling, which gladly contemplates its own likeness in others, or turns back with memory to the vanished hours of childhood : with Theseus and his friend, the passion is exhibited dimly, as longing for exertion, but not gifted with opportunity ; and in the Kinsmen, it bursts out into full activity, quelling all but the one omnipotent passion, and tempering and purifying even it. With this exception, you will not look for much of Shakspeare's skill in delineating character. The features of the two Princes are aptly enough distinguished ; but neither in them, nor in any of the others, is there an approach to his higher efforts. You will recollect that in his acknowledged works those finer and deeper prying into character have place only in few instances ; and that the greater number of his dramas depend for their effect chiefly on other causes, some of which are energetic in this very play.

Shakspeare's art in subduing all *The Two Noble Kinsmen* to one Friendship.

Love of Friends the leading idea of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

The harmony of its parts, an idea beyond Fletcher.

Not much of Shakspeare's characterization in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

[¹ page 84]

Whose is the
ruling temper of
*The Two Noble
Kinsmen*?

Seek in it the
mind of its
author.

The duty of our
reverence for
Shakspere, the
Star of Poets,
being intelli-
gent.

We'll treat 1. the
true functions of
Poetry, 2. its
true province.

[² page 85]

¹ While you successively inspected particular passages in this play, your attention was necessarily called both to the character of its imaginative portions, and to the tone of reflection which is so frequently assumed in it. The drama having been now put entirely before you, I shall wish you to ponder its ruling temper as a whole, and to determine whether that temper is Fletcher's, or belongs to a more thoughtful, inquisitive, and solemn mind. When you institute such a reconsideration, I shall be desirous that you contemplate the internal spirit of the work from a loftier and more commanding station than that which you formerly occupied; and I shall crave you to view its elements of thought and feeling less as the qualities of a literary work, than as the signs and results of the mental constitution of its author. I cannot regard as altogether foreign to our leading purpose any inquiry which may hold out the promise of illustrating the characteristics of Shakspeare even slightly, and of teaching us to mingle a more active discernment in the reverence with which we look up to the Star of Poets from the common level of our unendowed humanity. You will therefore have the patience to accompany me in the suggestion of some queries as to the character of his mode of thinking, and the way in which his reflective spirit and his poetical qualities of mind are combined and influence each other. We may be able to perceive the more distinctly the real character both of his intellect and his poetical faculty, if you will consent that our investigation shall set out from a point which you may be inclined to consider somewhat more remote than is altogether necessary. It is to be desired that we should have clearly in our view, first, the true functions of the poetical faculty, and, secondly, the province in poetical invention which legitimately belongs to the imagination, properly so called. Sound conclusions on both these points are indispensable to sound criticism on individual specimens of the poetical art; and when we attempt to reason on particular cases, without having those conclusions placed prominently in view at the outset, the vagueness of ordinary language makes us constantly liable to lose sight of their true grounds and distinctions. The laying down of such principles at the institution of an inquiry into the poetical character of a great ²poet, is therefore in no degree less useful, than the inculcating of familiar truths is in the instructions

of religious and moral teachers ; the end in each of the cases being, not the establishing of new principles, but the placing of known and admitted ones in an aspect which shall render them influential ; and the necessity in each, arising from the danger which exists lest the principles, acknowledged in the abstract, should in practice be wholly disregarded.

We can in no way discover the real character and objects of the Poetical Art so easily as by contrasting it with the Arts of Design ; and the materials for such a comparison are afforded by the Laocoon of Lessing. The principles established in that admirable essay will scarcely be now disputed, and may be fairly enough summed up in the following manner.¹—A study of the Grecian works of art convinces us, that “among the ancients Beauty was the presiding law of those arts which are occupied with Form ;” that, to that supreme object, the Greek artists sacrificed every collateral end which might be inconsistent with it ; and that, in particular, they expressed the external signs of mental commotion and bodily suffering, to no farther extent than that which allowed Beauty to be completely preserved. Now, that this subordination of Expression to Beauty is a fundamental principle of art, and not a mere accidental quality of Grecian art individually, is proved by considering the peculiar constitution and mechanical necessities of art. Its representations are confined to a single instant of time ; and that one circumstance imposes on it two limitations, which necessarily produce the characteristic quality of the Grecian works. First, “the expression must never be selected from what may be called the *acme* or transcendent point of the action ;” and that because, the power of the arts of design being confined to the arresting of a single point in the developement of an action, it is indispensable that they should select a point which is in the highest degree significant, and most fully excites the imagination ; a condition ² which is fulfilled only by those points in an action in which the action moves onward, and the passion which prompts it increases ; and which is not fulfilled in any degree by the highest

Contrast of the Arts of Poetry and Design, in Lessing's *Laocoon*.

The Greeks subordinated Expression to Beauty.

And all Design must do the same, because

r. the expression must be caught before the highest passion is attained :

[² page 86]

¹ It would be unfair not to state, that I quote and refer to the translation of the *Laocoon* published by Mr. De Quincey, in *Blackwood's Magazine* for November 1826 ; and that I am not otherwise acquainted with that or any other work of Lessing.

2. because the expression must not be that of a momentary feeling.

But Poetry is not bound by the limits of the Fine Arts.

It can seize passion at its height.

Beauty is but one of its many resources.

[¹ page 87]

Design must represent Form of permanent feelings.

stage of the passion and the completion of the action. Secondly, a limitation is imposed as to the choice of the proper point in the onward progress of the action : for art invests with a motionless and unchanging permanence the point of action which it selects ; and consequently any appearance which essentially possesses the character of suddenness and evanescence is unfit to be its subject, since the mind cannot readily conceive such transitory appearances as stiffened into that monumental stability.—Since it is by the limitation of the Fine Arts to the representation of a single instant of time that the two limitations in point of expression are imposed, and since Poetry is not subject to that mechanical limitation, but can describe successively every stage of an action, and every phasis of a passion, it follows that this latter art is not fettered by the limitation in expression, which is consequent on the physical limitation of the other ; and hence the exhibition of passion in its height is as allowable in poetry as it is inadmissible in the arts of design. And since the whole range and the whole strength of human thought, action, and passion, are thus left open to the poet as subjects of his representation, it follows likewise, that Beauty “can never be more than one amongst many resources, (and those the slightest,) by which he has it in his power to engage our interest for his characters.”

It will be remarked, that the purport of Lessing’s reasoning, so far as he has in express terms carried it, is no more than to demonstrate the important truth, that the Fine Arts are confined by certain limits to which Poetry is not subject. His elucidation of the principles of poetry is purely incidental and negative. His reasoning seems however necessarily to infer certain further consequences, the examination of which has a tendency to cast additional light on the true end and character of the poetical art : and it is for this reason rather than from any difficulty lying in the way of those implied results, that I wish now to direct your notice to their nature, and the grounds on which ¹ their soundness rests. Lessing’s second canon does not assume the arts of design as pursuing any further end than their original and obvious one, the Representation of Form : it simply directs that only those appearances of form shall be represented which admit of being conceived as permanent. And as the feelings

which art desires to awaken are pleasurable, and as forms, considered merely *as* forms, give pleasure only when they are beautiful, art would thus be regarded as proposing for its object nothing beyond a Representation of the Beautiful, and Verisimilitude in that representation. The first rule of limitation however implies a great deal more: it looks to forms, not as such, but as tokens significant of certain qualities not inherent in their own nature: for the quality which it requires to be possessed by works of art, is a capability of exciting the imagination to frame for itself representations of human action and passion; and in this view, those feelings which the qualities of form considered as such are calculated to arouse, are no more than an accidental part of the impression which the representation makes. It appears, therefore, that art *may* pursue two different ends,—the excitement of the feeling which Beauty inspires, and the excitement of the feeling which has its root in human Sympathy; and the question at once occurs,—Is each of these purposes of art equally a part of its original and proper province? Or, since it is sufficiently clear that the effects which the last-mentioned canon contemplates as produced by the fine arts, are effects which are also produced by poetry, (whether its sole effects or not, it is immaterial to this question to settle,) the question may be put in another form:—Is it to be believed, that the arts of design, which have admittedly for one purpose the reproduction of the Beautiful in form, have also as an equally proper and original purpose the framing of representations of form calculated to affect the mind with feelings different from the feeling of the Beautiful,—these feelings being identically the same with those which are at least the most obvious effects of poetry? Reasons crowd in upon the mind, evincing that the question must be answered by an unqualified negative. The production of poetical effects cannot have been an *original* purpose of the fine arts, which certainly were brought into existence ¹ by the love of Beauty; and the production of those effects is plainly also an exertion in which the fine arts overstep their limits, and wander into the region which belongs of right to the poetical art, and to it alone. That Expression in painting and sculpture is an extraneous and borrowed quality, is made almost undeniably evident by this

The object of Art, a true representation of the Beautiful.

May it also try to excite feelings inconsistent with the Beautiful,

as Poetry does?

No.

[¹ page 88]

Expression in Painting and Sculpture is a borrowed quality

one consideration, that it requires, as we have seen, to be always kept subdued, and allowed to enter only partially into the composition of the work. And, again, it is no argument against that position, to say that the strongest and most general interest and admiration are excited by those works of art in which expression is permitted to go the utmost length which the physical limits of the art permit. For the universality of this preference only proves, that the feelings of our common humanity influence more minds than does the pure love of the beautiful; and the greater strength of the feeling produced by expression, only evinces that poetry, which works its effect by means of that quality, is a more powerful engine than the sister-art for stirring up the depths of our nature. And it may be quite true that those works of art which confine themselves to the attempt to move the calmer feeling due to Beauty, are the truest to their own nature and proper aim, although an endeavour to unite with that the attainment of higher purposes may be admissible, and in some instances highly successful. I apprehend that although an art should propose as its main end the production of one particular effect, it does not follow that its effects should be confined to the production of that alone, if its physical conditions permit the partial pursuit of others. More especially, if an art should admit of uniting, to a certain extent, with its own peculiar and legitimate end, the prosecution of another loftier than the first, surely we might expect to find such an art occasionally taking advantage of the license; and yet its doing so would not compel us to say, that both these are its proper and original purposes. And the fact is, that the attempt is seldom made; for very few works of classical art exist in which the union of the two principles is tried, the end sought being usually the representation of beauty, and that alone. In no way, however, can the radical difference and opposition between the two qualities be evinced so satisfactorily as by a comparison ¹ of the effects which they severally produce on the mind. Expression, the poetical element, gives rise to a peculiar activity of the soul, a certain species of reflective emotion, which, it is true, is easily distinguishable from underived passion, and does not necessarily produce like it a tendency to action, but which yet essentially partakes of the character

That Fine Art is admired most when it has most expression, only shows that

Poetry stirs men more than pure Art does.

Fine Art may borrow from its loftier sister, Poetry,

but Classic Art very rarely does, and rightly.

[¹ page 89]

Expression belongs to Poetry. It excites.

of mental commotion, and is opposed to the idea of mental inactivity. The feeling which Beauty awakens is of a character entirely opposite. The contemplation of the Beautiful begets an inclination to repose, a stillness and luxurious absorption of every mental faculty: thought is dormant, and even sensation is scarcely followed by the perception which is its usual consequence. It is with this softness and relaxation of mind that we are inspired when we look on such works as the Venus de Medici, in which beauty is sole and supreme, and expression is permitted to be no farther present than as it is necessary as an indication of the internal influence of soul, that so those sympathies may be awakened, without whose partial action even beauty itself possesses no power. If we turn to those few works of ancient art, in which the opposite element is admitted, we are conscious that the soul is differently acted upon, and we may be able by reflection to disentangle the ravelled threads of feeling, and distinguish the mental changes which flow upon and through each other like the successive waves on the sea-beach. In contemplating the Apollo, for instance, a feeling akin to the poetical, or rather identical with it, is awakened by the divine majesty of the statue; and upon the quiet and self-brooding luxury with which the heart is filled by the perfect beauty of the youthful outlines, there steals a more fervent emotion which makes us proud to look on the proud figure, which makes us stand more erect while we gaze, and imitate involuntarily that godlike attitude and expression of calm and beautiful disdain. Or look to the wonderful Laocoon, in which the abstract feeling of beauty is even more deeply merged in the human feeling of the pathetic,—that extraordinary groupe, in which continued meditation arouses more and more actively the emotion of sympathy, while we view the dark and swimming shadows of the eyes, the absorbed and motionless agony of the mouth, and the tense torture of the iron muscles of the body. It is impossible to conceive that an art can propose to itself, as originally and properly its own, two ends so difficult of reconciliation and so different in the qualities by which they are brought about. Finally, the Plastic Arts offer form directly to the sense of sight, whereas it is very doubtful whether poetry can convey, even indirectly, any visual image.

Poetry stirs men.

Beauty soothes them.

Look at the Venus de Medici.

When ancient art stirs you, as in the

Apollo and

Laocoon,

it is by their having left their own ground, and taken that of Poetry, Expression.

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Lastly, Fine Art appeals to sight.

Poetry never does.

If Fine Art rightly includes Expression, then it has Beauty too ;

while Poetry, which can't express Beauty directly, has to give up part of its province, Expression, to Art, which can't use it fully.

Poetry rather lends its help to its narrower ally, Art.

The aims of Poetry :

1. not to represent Beauty to the eye,

but only to the mind.

[† page 91]

Consequently, the result of admitting Expression as a primary and legitimate end of the arts of form, would be to ascribe to them an innate and underived capability of presenting directly to the senses both beauty and the wide circle of human action and feeling ; while the genius of Poetry, by her nature shut out from direct representation of the beautiful, whose shadows she can evoke only through the agency of associated ideas, would have even her own kingdom of thought and passion, her power as the great interpreter of mind, shared with her by a rival, whom the decision would acknowledge indeed as possessing a right to the divided empire, but who is disqualified by the nature of her instruments from exercising that sovereignty to the full. And, on the other hand, by the acknowledgment that the arts of form are not properly a representation of human action or human passion, and that when they aim at becoming so, they attempt a task which is above and beyond their sphere, and in which their success can never be more than partial, Poetry is exhibited in an august and noble aspect, as stooping to lend a share in her broad and lofty dominion to another art of narrower scope, which is so enabled to gain over the mind an influence of transcending its own unassisted capacities.

If you shall be able to think this excursive disquisition justifiable, it will be because it insensibly leads us to perceive what truly is the legitimate and sole end of the Poetical Art, and because it thus clears the way for one or two elementary propositions regarding the functions of the Poetical Faculty. First, we perceive that poetry does not aim at the representation of visual beauty. I do not say that beauty may not form the subject of poetry : my meaning is, that the poet can depict it poetically in no way except by indicating its effects on the mind. When poetry mistakingly attempts to represent beauty by its external form, its failure to affect the mind is signal and complete, and must be ¹so, even supposing it to be possible that the picture should be so full and accurate that the painter might sketch from it. The reason of this is perhaps discoverable. Such a description cannot affect the mind with the poetical sentiment, because it does not represent to the imagination those qualities by which it is that the poetical effect is

produced ; and if it were to move the mind at all, it must be with those feelings which beauty excites when it is seen corporeally present. It fails to operate even this effect, and why? Beauty of form affects the mind through the intervention of sense ; and the perception of the sensible qualities of form is followed instantaneously and necessarily by the pleasurable emotion. This mental process is involuntary, and the nature of the sentiment excited implies inactivity and absorption of the mind. When however the imagination is called on to combine into a connected whole the scattered features which words successively present, an effort of the will is necessary : and the failure in the pleasurable effect appears to be adequately accounted for (independently of any imperfection in the result of the combination) by the inconsistency of this degree of mental activity with the inert frame of mind which is requisite for the actual contemplation and enjoyment of the beautiful. When, again, the poet represents beauty in the method chalked out for him by the nature of his art, it is quite impossible that he can convey any distinct visual image ; for he represents the poetical qualities by indicating them as the causes which produce some particular temper or frame of mind : and as every mind has its distinctive differences of association, a truly poetical picture is not realised by any two minds with precisely similar features. And the mood of mind to which this representation gives birth, is radically opposite to the other ; it is active, sympathetic, and even reflective : we seem, as it were, to share the feeling with others, to derive an added delight from witnessing the manner in which they are affected, or even to have the original passive sentiment of pleasure entirely swallowed up in that energetic emotion.¹ Secondly,

Contrast of the effects of Beauty and Expression, of Fine Art and Poetry, on the mind.

Beauty gives pleasure, rest, absorption.

Poetry stirs the Imagination, the Will,

disturbs the passiveness that Beauty produces.

It can't produce an image by sight,

but only by association.

Its effect is opposite to that of Beauty of Form.

¹ The theory which, denying to the Beautiful any capacity of giving pleasure through its innate qualities, ascribes its effects exclusively to the associated ideas which the contemplation of it calls up, proceeds wholly on the assumption, that the sentiment awakened by Beauty when it is beheld bodily present, is the same with that which flows from a poetical description of it. If it be true (as I must believe it is) that the feelings in the two cases are essentially different, the hypothesis falls to the ground. Its maintainers seem in truth to have drawn their conclusions altogether from reflection on the effects produced by Beauty when it is represented in poetry, where association is undoubtedly the source of the enjoyment ; and an attention to the working of the fine arts would have taught other inferences.

[¹ page 92]

2. Poetry's true subject is Mind, and not external nature,

except as tinged with thought and feeling.

3. Poetry is analytical; it perceives, discriminates.

Its combinations depend on its first analysis.

4. Poetry depends on the power and accuracy of its perception of the poetical qualities in its materials.

[² page 93]

Of Imagination or Imagery.

the true subject of poetry is ¹ Mind. Its most strictly original purpose is that of imaging mind *directly*, by the representation of humanity as acting, thinking, or suffering; it presents images of external nature only because the weakness of the mind compels it; and it is careful to represent sensible images solely as they are acted on by mind. When it makes the description of external nature its professed end, it in truth does not represent the sensible objects themselves, but only exhibits certain modes of thought and feeling, and characterises the sensible forms no farther than as the causes which produce them. Thirdly, The most characteristic function of the poetical faculty is *analytical*; it is essentially a *perception*, a power of discovery, analysis, and discrimination. An object having been presented to it by the imagination, it discovers, and separates from the mass of its qualities, those of them which are calculated to affect the mind with that emotion which is the instrumental end of poetry. Coincidentally with the perception and discovery of the qualities, it perceives and experiences the peculiar effect which each particular quality produces; and, lastly, it sets forth and represents those resulting moods of mind, indicating at the same time what those qualities of the object are through which they are excited. Its task of combination is no more than consequent on this process, and supposes each step of it to have been previously gone through. Fourthly, It follows, (and this is the result which makes the inquiry important,) that the poetical faculty is measured by the strength and accuracy with which it perceives the poetical qualities of those objects which the imagination suggests as its materials, and not by the number of the ideas so presented. A forgetfulness of this truth has occasioned more misapprehension and ² false criticism than any other error whatever; and we are continually in danger of the mistake, from the extension of meaning which use has attached to the word imagination, that term being commonly employed to designate the poetical faculty. This extended application is perhaps unavoidable; but it is on that account the more necessary to guard against the misconception always likely to arise from the original signification of the word, which we can never discard entirely from the mind in using it in a secondary sense.—You do not need to be reminded how

completely the history of the poetical art evinces, that these positions, whether expressly acquiesced in or not, have been invariably acted on in the judgments which the world has pronounced in particular cases. The inadequacy of a representation of forms by their external attributes to constitute poetical pictures, could be instanced from every bad poem which has ever been written ; and the great truth, that the external world is exhibited poetically only by being represented as the exciting cause of mental changes, has been illustrated in no age so singularly as in our own. The writings of Wordsworth in particular have stretched the principle to the utmost extent which it can possibly sustain ; demanding a belief that all external objects are poetical, because all can interest the human mind ; establishing the reasonableness of the assumption by the boldest confidence in the strength and delicacy with which the poetical perception can trace the qualities which awaken that interest, and the progress of the feeling itself ; and applying the poetical faculty to the transforming of every object of sense into an energetic, and as it were sentient, existence. And attention is especially due to the decision which has always recognized, as the rule of poetical excellence, the operation of some power independent of mere wealth of imagination, ranking this latter quality as one of the lowest merits of poetry. We are apt to forget that those minds whose conceptions have been the most strongly and truly poetical, are by no means those whose poetical ideas have been the most abundant ; that an overflow of poetical images has been coincident with an intense perception of their most efficient poetical relations only in a few rare instances ; and that it is precisely where the highest elements of the poetical are most active that ¹ the imagination is usually found to offer the fewest images as the materials on which the poetical faculty should work. It is enough to name Dante, or, a still more singular instance, Alfieri. In both cases the poetical influence rests on the intensity of the one simple aspect of grandeur or passion in which a character is presented, and in both that simplicity is unrelieved and undecorated by any fulness of imagery.²

Describing forms by their outsides, is not Poetry.

They must be shown as exciting changes of Mind.

Wordsworth declares that all outward objects can do this,

and become sentient existences.

Mere wealth of imagery is of little worth.

The greatest poets use the fewest images,

[¹ page 94.

witness Dante,

Alfieri.

Their intensity is their secret.

² Alfieri appears to have himself perceived accurately wherein it is that his power lies, when he says, with his usual self-reliance : " Se la parola ' invenzione '

Application of these principles to the Drama.

The Passions are the chief subjects of Poetry.

They work more alone in the Drama than elsewhere.

In Epic and other poetry relying only on words, the effort to turn them into a picture hinders their prompt action.
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Didactic poetry is not true poetry, but sermons in verse.

Invention is making a *new* thing out of a thing already made.

These fundamental principles of the poetical art possess a closer application to Dramatic Poetry than to any other species. All poetry being directly or indirectly a representation of human character; and human character admitting of appreciation only by an exhibition of its results in action; and action being prompted by the passionate impulses of the mind, which its reflective faculties only modify or stay; it follows that the Passions are the leading subjects of Poetry, which consequently must be examined in the first instance with a view to its strength and accuracy as a representation of the working and results of that department of the mind. The nature of the dramatic art allows this rule to be applied to it with the greatest strictness. The drama is the species which presents the essential qualities of poetry less mingled with foreign adjuncts than they are in any other species; and there seems to be a cause, (independent of its mechanical necessities,) enabling it to dispense with those decorations which abound in other kinds of poetry. The acted drama presents its picture of life directly to the senses, and permits the imagination, without any previous exertion, to proceed at once to its proper task of forming its own combinations from the sensible forms thus offered to it; and even when the drama is read, the office of the imagination in representing to itself the action and the characters of the piece, is an easy one, and performed without the necessity of great activity of mind. On the other hand, in the epic, or any other species of poetry which represents action by words, and not by an imitation of the action itself, the imagination has at first to form, from the successively presented features of the poetical description, a picture which shall be the exciting cause of the poetical impression: this supposes considerable energy of thought, and the necessity of relief from that exertion seems to have suggested the introduction of images of external nature and the like, on which the fancy may rest and disport itself. Those classes of poetry which are either partially or wholly didactic, cannot receive a strict appli-

in tragedia si restringe al trattare soltanto soggetti non prima trattati, nessuno autore ha inventato meno di me." "Se poi la parola 'invenzione' si estende fino al *far cosa nuova di cosa già fatta*, io son costretto a credere che nessuno autore abba inventato piu di me."

cation of the principles of the pure art ; because they are not properly poetry, but attempts to make poetical forms serve purposes which are not poetical.

Our journey has at length conducted us to Shakspeare, of many of whose peculiar qualities we have been gaining scattered glimpses in our progress. We remark him adopting that species of poetry which, necessarily confined by its forms, is yet the noblest offspring of the poetical faculty, and the truest to the purposes of the poetical art, because it is the most faithful and impressive image of the mind and state of man. We find him seated like an eastern sovereign amidst those who have adopted this highest form of poetry ; and we cannot be contented that, in reverentially acknowledging his worthiness to fill the throne, we should render him only a hasty and undiscerning homage. A discrimination of the particular qualities by which his sway is mainly supported, is rendered the more necessary by that extraordinary union of qualities, which has made him what he is, the unapproached and the unapproachable.—We are accustomed to lavish commendations on his vast Imagination. Before we can perceive what rank this quality of his deserves to hold in an estimate of his character, we must understand precisely what the quality is which we mean to praise. If the term used denotes merely the abundance of his illustrative conceptions, it expresses what is a singular quality, especially as co-existent with so many other endowments, but useful only as furnishing materials for the use of the poetical power. If the word is meant to call attention to the strength and delicacy with which his mind grasps and embodies the poetical relations of those overflowing conceptions, (still considered simply as illustrative or decorative,) ¹ the quality indicated is a rare and valuable gift, and is especially to be noted in an attempt to trace a likeness to his manner. Still however it is but a secondary ground of desert ; it is even imperfectly suited for developement in dramatic dialogue, and it frequently tempts him to quit the genuine spirit and temper of his scene. If, again, in speaking of the great poet's imagination, we have regard to the poetical character of many of his leading conceptions, to the ideal grandeur or terror of some of his preternatural characters, or even to the romantic loveliness which he

Shakspeare again.

He takes to Drama, because it's the noblest and truest form of Poetry, the likeliest the mind of man.

And there he sits enthroned.

But why ?

What does his *Imagination* mean ?

his wealth of imagery ?

of fancy, of conception ?

[¹ page 96]

No.

Does Shakspeare's imagination mean the grandeur or loveliness he has given some of his characters ?

has thrown, like the golden curtains of the morning, over the youth and love of woman,—we point out a quality which is admirable in itself, and almost divine in its union with others so opposite, a quality to which we are glad to turn for repose from the more severe portions of his works,—but still an excellence which is not the most marked feature of his character, and which he could want without losing the essential portion of his identity. We could conceive, (although the idea is sacrilege to the genius and the altar of poetry,) we could conceive that 'The Tempest' had remained unwritten, that Miranda had not made inexperience beautiful by the spell of innocence and youth, that the hideous slave Caliban had never scowled and cursed, nor Ariel alighted on the world like a shooting-star,—we could dismiss alike from our memories the moon-light forest in which the Fairy Court revel, and the lurid and spectre-peopled ghastliness of the cave of Hecate,—we could in fancy remove from the gallery of the poet's art the picture which exhibits the two self-destroyed lovers lying side by side in the tomb of the Capulets,—and we could discard from our minds, and hold as never having been invented by the poet, all which we find in his works possessing a character similar to these scenes and figures ;—and yet we should leave behind that which would support Shakspeare as having pursued the highest ends of his art, and as having attained those ends more fully than any other who ever followed them : Richard would still be his ; Macbeth would think and tremble, and Lear weep and be mad ; and Hamlet would still pore over the riddle of life, and find in death the solution of its mystery. If it is to such characters as these last that we refer when we speak of the poet's power of imagination, and if we wish to designate by the word the force with which he throws himself into the conception of those characters, then we apprehend truly what the sphere is in which his greatness lies, although we either describe the whole of a most complicated mental process by naming a single step of it, or load the name of that one mental act with a weight of meaning which it is unfit to bear.

No.

We could give up

Miranda,

Ariel,

Juliet, Romeo,

and yet leave the true, the highest Shakspeare behind, in Richard, Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet.

These show his Imagination, the force with which he throws himself into their characters.

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Shakspeare's supremacy lies in his characterization.

It is here, in his mode of dealing with human character, that Shakspeare's supremacy confessedly lies ; and the conclusions which

we have reached as to the great purpose of poetry, allow us easily to perceive how excellence in this department justifies the universal decision, which places at the summit of poetical art the poet who is pre-eminently distinguished by it. What is there in Shakspeare's view of human character which entitles him to this high praise? His truth of painting is usually specified as the source of his strength; in what sense is he true to nature? Is that faithfulness to nature consistent with any exercise of the imagination in the representation of character? And how? And again, how does his reflective temper of mind harmonize with or arise out of the view of human life which he takes?

Poetry, as we have seen, and dramatic poetry more strictly than any other species, must be judged primarily as a representation of passion and feeling; and when it is defective as such, it has failed in its proper end. Its prosecution of that end, however, is subject to two important limitations. First, if it is to be in any sense a *true* representation of human action, it must represent human nature not partially, but entirely; it must exhibit not only the moving influences which produce action, but also the counteracting forces which in real life always control it. It must be a mirror of the intellectual part of the human mind, as well as of the passionate. Secondly, if, possessing the first requisite, truth, it is to be also an *impressive* representation, (that is, such a representation as shall effect the ends of poetical art,) it must set up an ideal and elevated standard to regulate its choice of the class of intellectual endowment which is to form the foundation of the characters which it portrays. We discover the cause of Jonson's inferiority in his failure in obedience to the latter of these rules, though he scrupulously complied with ¹ the first: we discover the prevailing defect of all the other dramatic writers of that period, to consist in their neglect even of the first and subsidiary rule, which involved a complete disregard to the other.—These latter have, as well as Shakspeare, been proposed as models, from their close imitation of nature. The merit of truth to nature belongs to them only in a very confined sense. They seize one oblique and partial aspect of human character, and represent it as giving a true and direct view of the whole; they are the poets of the passions, and no more; they

Why is his the best?

How is he true to Nature and imagination?

Poetry (or Drama) represent passions.

But 1. it must show human nature entirely, both its moving and hindering forces; man's mind as well as his passions; 2. it must do this impressively, must have a high standard of character.

Ben Jonson failed in (2), the other Elizabethans in (1).
[¹ page 98]

Shakspeare's contemporaries don't imitate Nature, they distort it, give Passion, and no Reason.

have failed to shadow forth that control which the calmer principles of our nature always exert over the active propensities. Their excellence consequently is to be looked for only in scenes which properly admit the force of unchecked passion, or of passions conflicting with each other; and in those scenes where the more thoughtful spirit ought to work, we must be prepared to meet either exaggeration of feeling or feebleness of thought, either the operation of an evil principle, or, at best, a defect of the good one. Even in their passionate scenes, the vigour of the drawing is the merit oftener than the faithfulness of the portrait; they delight to figure the human mind as in a state of delirium, with the restraining forces taken off, and the passions and the imagination boiling, as if the brain were maddened by opiates or fever. Fierce and exciting visions come across the soul in such a paroxysm; and in the intensity of its stimulated perceptions, it gazes down into the abysses of nature, with a profound though transitory quickness of penetration. It is a high merit to have exhibited those partial views of nature, or even this exaggerated phasis of the mind; and the praise is shared by no dramatic school whatever; (for the qualities of the ancient are different;) but it must not be assumed that the drama fulfils its highest purposes, by representations so partial, so distorted, or so disproportioned. As these poets of impulse bestowed no part of their attention on the intellect in any view, they produced their peculiar effect, such as it was, without any attempt at that higher task of selection and elevation in intellectual character for which the universality of views which they wanted must always serve as the foundation. They had accordingly little scope for the due introduction of reflection in their works; and their turn of mind inclined them little to search for it when it did not naturally present itself.—Jonson resembled Shakspeare in wideness of aim: he is most unlike him in the method which he adopted in the pursuit of his end. The two stood alone in their age and class, as alone aiming at truth to nature in any sense; both wished to read each of the opposite sides of the scroll of human character: but the one read correctly the difficult writing in which intellectual character is traced, while the other misapprehended and misinterpreted its meaning, and even allowed the

They like to show the mind in delirium.

They are poets of impulse.

[¹ page 99]
Ben Jonson as broad in aim as Shakspeare.

Ben Jonson tried at truth to nature,

eagerness with which he perused this perplexing page, to withdraw his attention from the more easy meaning of the other. The fault of his characters as intellectual beings, is that they are individuals and no more ; faithful or grotesque portraits of reality, they are not touched with that purple light which affords insight into universal relations and hidden causes. His failure is shewn by its effect : his characters are not so conceived as to lead the mind to the comprehension of anything beyond their own individual peculiarities, or to elevate it into that region of active and conceptive contemplation into which it is raised by the finest class of poetry : he exhibited reality as reality, and not in its relation to possibility ; he even diverges into the investigation of causes, instead of seeing them at a glance, and indicating them by effects ; he anatomised human life, and hung up its dry bones along the walls of his study.

but drew individuals only, portraits of reality, but no types,

not poetic creations.

In the close obedience which Shakspeare rendered to each of these two canons, borne in upon his mind by the instantaneous suggestions of his happy genius, we may discover the origin of his tremendous power. To commence at the point where his adherence to the first and subsidiary rule is most slightly manifested, it is to be noticed, that his works are marked throughout by a predominance of the qualities of the understanding over the fancy and the passions. This is not true of the fundamental conception of the work, nor of the relations by which his characters are united into the dramatic groupes ; in these particulars the poetical faculty is allowed to work freely : but it is after the initial steps have been taken under her guidance, that the rule is committed to the sterner power of intellect. The stir of fancy often breaks through the restraints which hold it in check ; the warmth of feeling effervesces very unfrequently. The poet's personages are all more or less marked by an air of quiet sense, which is extremely unusual in poetry, and incompatible with the unnecessary or frequent display of feeling ; and accordingly, his less important scenes, whether they be gay or serious, occupied in the business of the drama, or devoted to an exchange of witty sallies, possess, where they aim at nothing higher, at least a degree of intellectual shrewdness, which very often savours of worldly coldness. Viewed merely as increasing the effect of his passionate scenes, this prevail-

Shakspeare's power lay in

subordinating Fancy and Passion to Intellect.

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All his characters have quiet good sense.

Shakspeare's shrewdness in his minor scenes.

His soberness gives force to his passion.

Shakspeare's sober rationality.

But he didn't reproduce the bare reality.

Poetry aims at

general truth,

brings out the relation of one mind to universal nature ;

it idealizes and ennobles realities.

A Painting pictured a soldier in the midst of foes, yet showed him alone.
[¹ page 101]

Shakspeare is true to nature in Poetry's way.

ing sobriety of tone gives him an incalculable advantage : passion in his works bursts out when it is let loose, like the spring of a mastiff unchained. It is of this quality, his sober rationality, that we are apt to think when we acknowledge his truth of representation ; and the excellence is indispensable to truth in any sense, because the want of it gives birth to imperfection and distortion of views ; but I apprehend that it is to his aiming at a higher purpose that we have to look for the genuine source of his power. While we mark the gradual rise of the intellectual element of poetical character upwards from its lowest stage, we are in truth approximating to a rule which issues in something beyond a bare and unselected reproduction of reality. Poetry aims at representing the whole of man's nature ; and yet a picture of human character, embracing all its features, but neither skilfully selecting its aspect nor majestically combining its component parts, would not effect the ends of poetry : for that art contemplates not individual but general truth, not that which is really produced, but that which may be conceived without doing violence to acknowledged principles ; instead of presenting a bare portraiture of mental changes, it exhibits them in an aspect which teaches their relation to the system of universal nature ; it is seemingly conversant with facts, but it imperceptibly hints at causes ; it aims at exciting the imagination to frame pictures for itself, and for that reason, if for no other, it must be permitted to idealize and ennoble the individual realities from which its materials are collected. The mode in which poetry affects the mind is illustrated by the description which we read of a certain ancient painting. That piece represented a young soldier surrounded by several enemies and desperately defending himself ; but his own figure alone was 'admitted into the field of view, and the motions and place of his unseen enemies were indicated solely by the life, energy, and significance of the attitude in which he was drawn. Shakspeare's attachment to truth of representation never tempted him to forget the true purpose of his art. While he is true to nature by attempting the treatment of his whole subject, he is true to it in the manner and with the restrictions which the nature of poetry requires ; he is true to principles which admit of being conceived as producing effects, not to effects individually

observed as resulting; the creatures of his conception possess no qualities which unfit them for exciting the mind as poetical character should excite it; they are not repulsive by the unexampled and unatoned-for congregation of evil qualities, not mean by the absence of lofty thought, not devoid of poetical significance by confining the imagination to the qualities by which they are individually marked. You will particularly remark, that, while he had to bring out the features of his characters by subjecting them to tragic and calamitous events, he was careful not to figure them as unsusceptible of the influence of those external evils. The lofty view which he took of human nature did indeed admit the idea of a resistance to calamity, and a triumph over it, based on internal and conscious grandeur; but this is an aspect in which he does not present the human mind; the stoical Brutus is the only character in which he has attempted such a conception, which he has there developed but partially. But while he was contented, even in his noblest characters, to represent passion in all its strength and directed towards its usual objects, he had open to him sources of tragic strength unknown to those poets who describe passion only. Where passion alone is represented, no spectacle is so agitating as the conflict of contending passions; and the narrowness of such views of nature permits that tragic opposition to be no further exhibited. Shakspeare had before him a wider field of contrast—the conflict between the passions and the reason—a struggle between powers inspired with deadly animosity, and each, as he conceived them, possessed of gigantic strength. He has worthily represented that terrible encounter, engaging every principle and faculty of the soul, and shaking the whole kingdom of man's being with internal convulsions. It is in such representations that his power is mainly felt; and his pictures are at the same time truest to nature and most faithful to the ends of tragic art, by the subjugation of the intellectual principle which is the catastrophe of the strife. The reason is assaulted by calamity from without, and borne down by an host of rebellious feelings attacking it internally. It is to the delineation of such characters as afford scope for this exhibition of mental commotion that Shakspeare has especially attached himself: the thoughtful and reflective in

His characters

are not monsters
of evil,

nor are they
above the influ-
ence of evil.

Brutus is his one
stoical character.

Shakspeare dealt
not with the con-
flict of Passions
only, but with
the strife between
the Passions and
the Reason;

convulsing the
whole being of
man.

[1 page 102]

In this is his
greatest power
shown—as in
Othello and
Lear.

Characters show-
ing this mental
strife, are
specially dear to
Shakspeare.

character is at once his favourite resort, and the field of his triumph.

He chose the intellectual and reflective in character.

The poet's selection of the intellectual and reflective in character, as the subject of his art, is thus indicated as his guiding principle, to whose operation all other principles and rules are but subservient. The reflective element however is in excess with Shakspeare, and its undue prevalence is not destitute of harmony with the principle which produces its legitimately moderated effects.

He's a Gnostic Poet.

He is a Gnostic Poet; and he is so, because he is emphatically the poet of man. He pauses, he reflects, he aphorizes; because, looking on life and death as he looked on them, viewing the nature of man from so lofty a station, and with a power of vision so far-reaching, so acute, and so delicate, it was impossible but the deepest solemnity of meditation should diffuse itself through all the chambers of his soul.

The solemnity of meditation is thro' all his soul.

His enunciations of general truth are often serious and elevated even in his gayer works; and where the scene denied him an opportunity of introducing these in strict accordance with the business of the drama, he makes his personages, as it were, step out of the groupe, to meditate on the meanings of the scene, to hold a delicately implied communication with the spectator, and to hint the general maxims and principles which lurk beneath the tragic and passionate shews. He has gone beyond this: he has brought on the stage characters whose sole task is meditation, whose sole purpose in the drama is the suggesting of high and serious reflection.

He makes his people hint the principles beneath the shews.

Jaques, in *As You Like It*, is like a Greek chorus, which

Jaques is the perfection of such a character; and the office which he discharges bears more than a fanciful likeness in conception to the task of the ancient chorus. That forgotten appendage of the Grecian drama originated indeed from incidental causes; but, being continued as a part of the dramatic plan, it had a momentous duty assigned to it: it suggested, it interpreted, it sympathised, it

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gave the key-note to the audience.

gave the key-note to the reflections of the audience. A profound sense of the highest purposes and responsibilities of the art prompted this employment of the choral songs; and no way dissimilar was the impression which dictated to Shakspeare the introduction of the philosophically cynical lover of nature in that one play, and the breaks of reflection so frequent with him in many others.—It is

The highest art made Shakspeare insert his reflective passages in his plays.

worthy of remark, that this spirit of penetrating thought, ranging from every-day wisdom to philosophical abstraction, never becomes morose or discontented.¹ Man is a selfish being, but not a malignant one ; yet the acts resulting from the two dispositions are often very similar, and it is the error of the misanthrope to mistake the one for the other. Shakspeare's well-balanced mind was in no danger of this mistake ; his keen-sightedness often makes him sarcastic, but the sarcasm forced on a mind which contrasts the pooriness of reality with the splendours of imagination, is of a different temper from that which is bred from lowness of thought and fretful envy. Shakspeare has devoted one admirable drama to the exhibition of the misanthropic spirit, as produced by wrongs in a noble heart ; but the sternness which is the master-note of that work is softened by the most beautiful intervals of redeeming tenderness and good feeling. The only work of his evidently written in ill humour with mankind, is the *Troilus*, which, both in idea and execution, is the most bitter of satires.

The application of the distinctive qualities of Shakspeare's tone of thought to the spirit of 'The Two Noble Kinsmen', is a task for your own judgment and discrimination, and would not be aided by suggestions of mine. I have stated the result to which I have been led by such an application ; and I am confident that you will be able to reach the same conclusion by a path which may be shorter than any which I could clear for you. In connection however with this inquiry, I would direct your attention to one other truth possessing a clear application here. Shakspeare's thoughtfulness goes the length of becoming a Moral distinction and excellence. That such a difference does exist between Shakspeare and Fletcher, is denied by no one ; and the moral tone of this play, in those parts which I have ventured to call Shakspeare's, is distinctly a higher one than Fletcher's. It is uniform and pure, though the moral inquisition is less severe than Shakspeare's often is. If Massinger or Jonson had been the poet alleged to have written part or the whole of the work, it would have been difficult to draw any inference from this circumstance by itself ; but when the question is only between Shakspeare and Fletcher, even an abstinence

(? in Jaques.)

Shakspeare never made the misanthrope's mistake.

His sarcasm did not spring from envy.

Timon's

sternness is softened by tenderness.

Troilus is Shakspeare's only bitter play.

Shakspeare's thoughtfulness a Moral distinction.

His part of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is of higher tone, and purer, than Fletcher's. [page 104]

Massinger and Ben Jonson too more moral than Fletcher.

from gross violation or utter concealment of moral truth is an important element in the decision ; and the positively high strain here maintained is a very strong argument in favour of the purer writer.

Are Johnson, &c. right in condemning Shakspeare's morality.

I am tempted, however, to carry you somewhat further on this head, because I must confess that I cannot see the grounds on which Johnson and others have rested their sweeping condemnation of Shakspeare's morality. There is, it must be admitted, much to blame, but there is also something worthy of praise ; and praise on this score is what Shakspeare has scarcely ever received.

He admits licentiousness

He has been charged with licentiousness, and justly ; but even in this particular there are some circumstances of palliation, besides the equivocal plea of universal example, and the doubt which exists whether most of his grosser dialogues are not interpolations. Mere coarseness of language may offend the taste, and yet be so used as

and coarse speech.
But who can be tainted by Othello's words ?

to give no foundation for any heavier charge. There surely never was a mind which could receive one evil suggestion from the language wrung from the agonized Othello. Even where this excuse does not hold, Shakspeare preserves one most important distinction

Shakspeare's contemporaries make their heroes loose livers.

quite unknown to his contemporaries. By them, looseness of dialogue is introduced indifferently anywhere in the play, licentiousness of incident is admitted in any part of the plot, and debauchery of life is attributed without scruple to those persons in whom interest is chiefly meant to be excited. It may be safely stated that Shakspeare almost invariably follows a rule exactly opposite. His inferior characters may be sometimes gross and sensual ; his principal personages scarcely ever are so : these he refuses to degrade needlessly, by attributing to them that carelessness of moral restraint

He doesn't,

of which Fletcher's men of pleasure are so usually guilty. There are only two plays¹ in which he ²has violated this rule, exclusively of some unguarded expressions elsewhere.

except in two plays.
[² page 105]

But the language which has been held on this question would lead us to believe that his guilt extends further,—that he is totally insensible to any moral distinctions, and blind to moral aims and

¹ ? *All's Well*, *Bertram* ; *Othello*, *Cassio* ; *Meas. for Meas.* *Claudio* ; *Ant. & Cleop.* *Antony* ; *Timon*, *Alcibiades*.—F.

influences. Of most dramatic writers of his time this charge is too true. Their characters act because they will, not because they ought,—for happiness, and not from duty :—the lowness of their aim may be disguised, but it is inherent, and cannot be eradicated. We might read every work of Fletcher's without discovering (if we were ignorant of the fact before) that there exists for man any principle of action loftier in its origin than his earthly nature, or more extended in its object than the life which that nature enjoys. But nothing of this is true as to Shakspeare. That his morality is of the loftiest sort cannot be asserted. He does not, like Milton, look out on life at intervals from the windows of his sequestered hermitage, only to turn away from the sight and indulge in the most fervent aspirations after immortal purity, and the deepest adoration of uncreated power; nor does he grovel in the dust with that ascetic humiliation and religious sense of guilt which overcame the strong spirit of Michel Angelo. But he shares much of the solemnity of moral feeling which possesses all great minds, though in him its influence was restrained by external causes. He moves in the hurried pageant of the world, and sometimes wants leisure to moralize the spectacle; and even when he does pause to meditate, the world often hangs about his heart, and he thinks of life as men in action are apt to think of it. But moral truth, seldom lost sight of, is never misrepresented: evil is always described as being evil: the great moral rule, though often stated as inoperative, is always acknowledged as binding. Read carefully any of his more lofty tragedies, and ponder the general truths there so lavishly scattered; and you will find that an immense proportion of those apophthegms have a moral bearing, often a most solemn and impressive one. Even in his lighter plays there is much of the same spirit: in all he is often thoughtful, and he is never long thoughtful without becoming morally didactic. This is much in any poet, and especially in a drama¹tist, who exhibits humanity directly as active, and is under continual temptations to forget what action tempts men to forget in real life. His neglect of duly distributing punishment and reward is no moral fault, so long as moral truth is kept sight of in characterizing actions, while that neglect is borrowed closely from reality. And the same thing is true

Most of Shakspeare's contemporaries made pleasure the law of their heroes' lives.

Shakspeare's morality not of the loftiest, not like Milton's and

Michel Angelo's.

He was in the world, and often of it,

but evil, to him, was evil, moral law was always shown supreme. Note the general moral truth in his Tragedies.

Even in Comedy his reflections are moral.

[¹ page 106]

Shakspeare right in letting evil prevail, so long as he shows it evil.

Dramatic poetry
is truest when it
shows man most
the slave of evil.

Shakspeare bared
man's soul,

and probed it to
its depth.

This is why we
hold to him.

He durst not
paint good tri-
umphant over
evil, because he
knew in life it
was not so.

Macbeth,

Othello,

Hamlet, sink
under their
temptations.

And so do we.
[1 page 7]
Man's history is
written in blood
and tears.

Shakspeare's view
of life the fittest
to give us to the
truth.

of his craving wish for describing human guilt, and darkening even his fairest characters with the shadows of weakness and sin. The poetry which depicts man in action is then unfortunately truest when it represents him as most deeply enslaved by the evil powers which surround him. Different poets have proceeded to different lengths in the degree of influence which they have assigned to the evil principle: most have feared to draw wholly aside the veil which imagination always struggles to keep before the nakedness of man's breast; and Shakspeare, by tearing away the curtain with a harsher hand, has but enabled himself to add a tremendously impressive element of truth to the likeness which his portrait otherwise bears to the original. His view of our state and nature is often painful; but it is its reality that makes it so; and he would have wanted one of his strongest holds on our hearts if he had probed them less profoundly; it is by his unflinching scrutiny of mortal infirmity that he has forged the very strongest chain which binds us to his footstool. He reverences human nature where it deserves respect: he knows man's divinity of mind, and harbours and expresses the loftiest of those hopes which haunt the heart like recollections: he represents worthily and well the struggle between good and evil, but he feared to represent the better principle as victorious: he had looked on life till observation became prophetic, and he could not fable that as existing which he sorrowfully saw could never be. The milk of human kindness in the bosom of Macbeth is turned to venom by the breath of an embodied fiend; the tempered nobility and gentleness of the Moor are made the craters through which his evil passions blaze out like central fires; and in the wonderful Hamlet, hate to the guilty pollutes the abhorrence of the crime,—irresolution waits on consciousness,—and the misery of doubt clings to the solemnity of meditation. This is an awful representation of the human soul; but is it ¹ not a true one? The sibylline volume of man's history is open before us, and every page of it is written in blood or tears. And not only are such views of human fate the truest, but they are those which are most fitted to arouse the mind to serious, to lofty, even to religious contemplation,—to guide it to the fountains of moral truth,—to lead it to meditations on the dark

foundations of our being,—to direct its gaze forward on that great journey of the soul, in which mortal life is but a single step.

Oftener than once in this inquiry, I have acted towards you like one who, undertaking to guide a traveller through a beautiful valley, should frequently lead him out of the beaten road to climb precipitous eminences, promising that the delay in the accomplishment of the journey should be compensated by the pleasure of extensive prospects over the surrounding region. Conduct like this would be excusable in a guide, if the person escorted had leisure for the divergency, and it would be incumbent on him if the acquisition of a knowledge of the country were one of the purposes of the journey; but in either case the labour of the ascents would be recompensed to the traveller, only if the landscapes presented were interesting and distinctly seen. For similar reasons, my endeavour to propose wider views than the subject necessarily suggested, has, I conceive, been fully justifiable; but it is for you to decide whether the attempt has been so far successful as to repay your exertions in attending my excursive steps. The first of our lengthened digressions has allowed us to combine the known facts as to the kind and amount of Shakspeare's studies, and to draw from them certain conclusions, which I cannot think altogether valueless, as to some distinctions between him and his dramatic coevals, and as to the source of some peculiarities of his which have been visited with heavy censure. In the second instance in which we have branched off from the main argument, we have been led to reflect on the most characteristic qualities of the poet's mode of thought. If there be any truth or distinctness in the hints which have been imperfectly and hastily thrown out on this head, your own mind will classify, modify, or extend them; and, never forgetting what is ¹the fundamental principle of the great poet's strength, you will regard that essential quality with the more lively admiration, when you discriminate the operations of the power from the working of those other principles which minister to it, and when you remark the number, the variety, the opposition of the mental faculties, which are all thus enlisted under the banners of the one intense and

Analogy of this inquiry.

Aims of this treatise:

1. from Shakspeare's studies, to distinguish between him and his coevals.

2. to trace the most characteristic qualities of his thought.

[¹ page 108]

Shakspeare's variety of faculty.

He, the stern
inquisitor into
man's heart,

the anxious
searcher into
truth, is yet the
happiest creator
of beauty: the
'maker' of Ric.
III. and Iago as
well as Juliet
and Titania; of
Macbeth as well
as Hamlet.

His faculties
early expanded
consistently,
and workt thro'
all his life
actively.
Homer ebbd,

Milton sank
poetry in
polemics.

[¹ page 109]

Shakspeare alone
flowd full tide
on.

almost philosophical Perception of Dramatic Truth. That stern inquisition into the human heart, which the finest sense of dramatic perfection elevates into the ideal, and the richest fancy touches with poetical repose, will awaken in your mind a softened solemnity of feeling, like that under whose sway we have both wandered in the mountainous forests which skirt our native river; the continuous and gloomy canopy of the gigantic pines hanging over-head like a dungeon roof, while the green sward which was the pavement of the woodland temple, and the lines of natural columns which bounded its retiring avenues, were flooded with the glad illumination of the descending sunset. We reflect with wonder that the most anxious of all poetical inquirers into truth, is also the most powerful painter of unearthly horrors, and the most felicitous creator of romantic or imaginary beauty; that the poet of Richard and Iago is also the poet of Juliet, of Ariel, and of Titania; that the fearfully real self-torture, the judicially inflicted remorse, of Macbeth, is set in contrast with the wildest figures which superstitious imagination ever conceived; that on the same canvas on which Hamlet stands as a personification of the Reason of man shaken by the assaults of evil within him and without, the gates of the grave are visibly opened, and the dead ascend to utter strange secrets in the ear of night. But even this union is less extraordinary than the regular and unparalleled consistency with which the poet's faculties early expanded themselves, and the full activity with which through life all continued to work. Even the dramatic soul of Homer ebbd like the sea, sinking in old age into the substitution of wild and minutely told adventure for the historical portraiture of mental grandeur and passionate strength. The youth of Milton brooded over the love and loveliness of external nature; it was not till his maturity of years that he soared into the empyrean or descended sheer into the secrets of the abyss; and 'advancing age brought weakness with it, and quenched in the morass of polemical disputation the torch which had flamed with sacred light. Shakspeare alone was the same from youth to age; in youth no imperfection, in age no mortality or decay; he performed in his early years every department of the task which he had to perform, and he laboured in it with un-

exhausted and uncrippled energies till the bowl was broken at the fountain ; experience visited him early, fancy lingered with him to the last ; the rapid developement of his powers was an indication of the internal strength of his genius ; their steady continuance was a type and prognostic of the perpetual endurance of his sway. The cold and fiendish Gloster was an early conception ; the eager Shylock and the superhuman Hamlet were imagined simultaneously not long afterwards ; the tenderness of Lear was the fruit of the poet's ripest age ; and one of the closing years of his life gave birth to the savage wildness and the youthful and aerial beauty of 'The Tempest.'

Experience came soon to him ;
Fancy abode with him to the end.

Gloster (Ric. III.) was early, Shylock and Hamlet of middle time, Lear in ripe age,

The Tempest,
near his death.

Our last words are claimed by the proper subject of our inquiry. Have I convinced you that in the composition of 'The Two Noble Kinsmen', Shakspeare had the extensive participation which I have ascribed to him ? It is very probable that my reasoning is in many parts defective ; but I place so much confidence in the goodness of the cause itself, that I would unhesitatingly leave the question, without a word of argument, to be determined by any one, possessing a familiar acquaintance with both the poets whose claims are to be balanced, and an ordinarily acute discernment of their distinguishing qualities. I am firmly persuaded that the subject needs only to have attention directed to it ; and my investigation of it cannot have been a failure in every particular. The circumstances attending the first publication of the drama do not, in the most unfavourable view which can with any fairness be taken of them, exclude us from deciding the question of Shakspeare's authorship by an examination of the work itself : and it is unnecessary that the effect of the external evidence should be estimated one step higher. Do the internal proofs allot all to Fletcher, or assign any share to Shakspeare ? The Story is ill-suited for the dramatic purposes ¹of the one poet, and belongs to a class of subjects at variance with his style of thought, and not elsewhere chosen by him or any author of the school to which he belonged ; both the individual and the class accord with the whole temper and all the purposes of the other poet, and the class is one from which he has repeatedly selected themes. It

Are you convinc't that Shakspeare wrote much of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* ?

I'm sure the question needs only attention.

The external evidence doesn't include the internal.

Does that give all the play to Fletcher ?

¹ page 110

The Story is alien to Fletcher

Fletcher can't have chosen the subject of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*; nor was its plan his.

Its Scenical Arrangement is like Shakspeare's.

Its Execution is, in great part, so like his,

that many passages must be set down to him.

Look at all the circumstances together,

and see whether the many probabilities do not make a certainty.

[page 111]

is next to impossible that Fletcher can have selected the subject ; it is not unlikely that Shakspeare may have suggested it ; and if the execution of the plan shall be thought to evince that he was in any degree connected with the work, we can hardly avoid the conclusion that it was by him that the subject was chosen. The proof here, (which I think has not been noticed by any one before me,) seems to me to be stronger than in any other branch of the argument. The Scenical Arrangement of the drama offers points of resemblance to Shakspeare, which, at the very least, have considerable strength when they are taken together, and are corroborative of other circumstances. The Execution of that large proportion of the drama which has been marked off as his, presents circumstances of likeness to him, so numerous that they cannot possibly have been accidental, and so strikingly characteristic that we cannot conceive them to be the product of imitation. Even if it should be doubted whether Shakspeare chose the subject, or arranged any part of the plot, it seems to me that his claim to the authorship of these individual parts needs only examination to be universally admitted ; not that I consider the proof here as stronger than that which establishes his choice of the plot, but because it is of a nature to be more easily and intuitively comprehended.

In forming your opinion, you will be careful to view the circumstances, not singly, but together, and to give each point of resemblance the support of the others. It may be that every consideration suggested may not affect your mind with equal strength of conviction ; but numerous probabilities all tending the same way are sufficient to generate positive certainty : and it argues no imperfection in a result that it is brought out only by combined efforts. In those climates of the New World which you have visited, a spacious and lofty chamber receives a diffusive shower of light through a single narrow aperture, while in our cloudy region we can gather sufficient light for our apart'ments only by opening large and numerous windows : the end is not gained in the latter case without greater exertion than that which is required in the former, but it is attained equally in both ; for the aspect of our habitations is not less cheerful than that of yours.

On the absolute merit of the work, I do not wish to anticipate your judgment. So far as Shakspeare's share in it is concerned, it can be regarded as no more than a sketch, which would be seen to great disadvantage beside finished drawings of the same master. Imperfect as it is, however, it would, if it were admitted among Shakspeare's acknowledged works, outshine many, and do discredit to none. It would be no unfair trial to compare it with those works of his in which he abstains from his more profound investigations into human nature, permitting the poetical world actively to mingle with the dramatic, and the radiant spirit of hope to embrace the sterner genius of knowledge: We may call up before us the luxurious fancies of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream', or even the sylvan landscapes of the Forest of Ardenne, and the pastoral groupes which people it; and we shall gladly acknowledge a similar though harsher style of colouring, and a strength of contour indicating the same origin. But perhaps there is none of his works with which it could be so fairly compared as 'Henry VIII'. In the tone of sentiment and imagination, as well as in other particulars, I perceive many circumstances of likeness, which it will gratify you to trace for yourself. The resemblance is more than a fanciful one, and the neglected play does not materially suffer by the comparison.

This drama will never receive the praise which it merits, till it shall have been admitted among Shakspeare's undoubted works; and, I repeat, it is entitled to insertion if any one of the conclusions to which I have attempted to lead you be sound,—if it be true that he wrote all, or most, or a few, of those portions of it, which more competent judges than I have already confidently ascribed to him. Farewell.

W. S.

Edinburgh, March 1833.

[In his article on 'Recent Shaksperian Literature' in No. 144 of the *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1840, page 468, Prof. Spalding states that on Shakspeare's taking part in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, his "opinion is not now so decided as it once was."—F.]

Shakspeare's part in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, is but a sketch; yet it 's better than some of his finisht works.

Compare it with the *Midsummer Night's Dream*;

the colouring and outline are from the same hand. But best, set it beside *Henry VIII.*

It's more like that, and nearly as good.

The Two Noble Kinsmen ought to be in every 'Shakspeare's Works.'

A FEW INSTANCES OF SHAKSPERE'S PECULIARITIES
AS NOTED BY SPALDING.

Repetition, p. 12. 1. Prologue to *Henry V.* :

‘And at his heels,
Leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment.’

Compare *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. scene iv. :

‘Where thou slew’st, Hirtus and Pausa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow.’

2. *Macbeth*, Act V. scene vii. :

‘They have tied me to a stake : I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course’ ;

and *Lear*, Act III. scene vii. :

‘I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.’

Conciseness verging on obscurity, p. 13. *Macbeth*, Act I.
scene iii. :

‘Present fears are less than horrible imaginings :
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.’

Act I. scene vii. :

‘If it were done when ’tis done,’ etc.

Act V. scene vii. :

‘Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands :
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love.’

Coriolanus, Act IV. scene vii. :

‘Whether ’twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man ; whether defect of judgement,

To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of ; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace,
Even with the same austerity and garb,
As he controlled the war ; but one of these
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him,—made him feared,
So hated, and so banished.'

Metaphors crowded with ideas, p. 17. *Julius Caesar*, Act II.
scene i. l. 81-4.

'Seek none, conspiracy.
Hide it thy visage in smiles and affability ;
For if thou *path*, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough to hide thee from *prevention*.'

Macbeth, Act V. scene vii. :

'Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge,
Each drop of us. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.'
(rather strained figures).

Hamlet, Act I. scene iv. :

'So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some *vicious mole* of nature in them,
As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,
By the *d'ergrowth* of some *complexion*,
Oft breaking down the *pales* and *forts* of Reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er *leavens*
The form of plausible manners, that these men
Carrying, I say, the *stamp* of one defect,
Being *nature's livery*, or *fortune's star*,—
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,—
Shall in the general censure take *corruption*
From that particular fault.'

Conceits and Wordplay, p. 22. *Richard II*, Act II. scene i. :

'Old Gaunt indeed and gaunt in being old,' etc.

Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV. scene iii. :

'They have pitched a toil, I am toiling in a pitch !'

Personification, p. 25. *Two Gentlemen*, Act I. scene i. :

‘So eating *Love*
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.’

Richard II, Act III. scene ii. :

‘Foul *Rebellion’s* arms.’

Midsummer Night’s Dream :

‘The debt that *bankrupt Sleep* doth *Sorrow* owe.’

Henry V, Act II. scene ii. :

‘*Treason* and *Murder* ever kept together.’

Macbeth, Act I. scene iii. :

‘If *Chance* will have me king,
Why *Chance* may crown me.’

Act II. scene i. :

‘*Witchcraft* celebrates
Pale *Hecate’s* offerings, and withered *Murder*,
Alarmed by his sentinel, the wolf.’

Troilus and Cressida, Act III. scene iii. :

‘*Welcome* ever smiles,
And *Farewell* goes out sighing.’

p. v. *Marigolds*. - Dr Prior, writing from his place, Halse, near Taunton, 11 Oct., 1876, says, “I asked in a family here whether they had ever heard of marigolds being strown on the beds of dying persons, and they referred me to a book by Lady C. Davies, *Recollections of Society*, 1873. At p. 129:

“‘Is Little Trianon ominous to crowned women?’

“‘Passing through the garden,’ said the King, ‘I perceived some *soucis* (marigolds, emblems of sorrow and care) growing near a tuft of lilies. This coincidence struck me, and I murmured:

“Dans les jardins de Trianon
Je cueillais des roses nouvelles.
Mais, hélas! les fleurs les plus belles
Avaient péri sous les glaçons.
J’eus beau chercher les dons de Flore,
Les hivers les avaient détruits;
Je ne trouvai que des *soucis*
Qu’humectaient les pleurs de l’Aurore.”’

“I am inclined to hold my first opinion that *cradle* and *death-bed* refer to the use of the flowers, and not to anything in their growth or appearance.”

p. 1. *My dear L.*— Altho' Prof. Spalding says that L. was an early and later friend of his, of great gifts and taste, and that he had visited the New World (p. 108), yet Mrs Spalding and Dr Burton have never been able to identify L., and they believe him to be a creation of the author's.—F.

p. 4. *Shakspeare had fallen much into neglect by 1634.* "After the death of Shakspeare, the plays of Fletcher appear for several years to have been more admired, or at least to have been more frequently acted, than those of our poet." Malone, *Hist. Account of the English Stage*, Variorum Shakspeare of 1821, vol. ii. p. 224. And see the lists following, by which he proves his statement.—F.

From the Paper with which Mr J. Herbert Stack opened the discussion at our Reading of the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, he has allowed me to make the following extracts:—

"To judge the question clearly, let us note how far the author or authors of the *Two N. K.* followed what was the basis of their drama—Chaucer's *Knights Tale*. We have there the same opening incident—the petitions of the Queens, then the capture of the Two, then their sight of Emilia from the prison window, the release of Arcite, his entry into Emilia's service, the escape of Palamon, the fight in the wood, the decree of Theseus, the prayers to Diana, Venus, and Mars, the combat, the victory in arms to Arcite, his death, and Palamon's eventual victory in love. But Chaucer is far superior to the dramatists. He has no Gaoler's Daughter to distract our thoughts. The language of his Palamon is more blunt, more soldier-like, more characteristic. His Emilia, instead of being equally in love with two men at the same time, prefers maidenhood to marriage, loves neither, but pities both. At the end of the *play* we have something coarse and hurried: Emilia, during the Tournament, is ready to jump into anybody's arms, so that he comes victorious; then she accepts Arcite; and on his sudden death, she dries her tears with more than the supposed celerity of a modern fashionable widow; and, before she is the widow of Arcite, consents to become the wife of Palamon. Contrast this with Chaucer, where the poem dedicates some beautiful lines to the funeral of Arcite and the grief of all, and only makes Emilia yield after years to the silent pleading of the woful Palamon and the urgency of her brother. Contrast the dying speeches in the two works. In the play, Arcite transfers Emilia almost as if he were making a will: "*Item*, I leave my bride to Palamon." In Chaucer, he says to Emilia that he knows of no man

'So worthy to be loved as Palamon,
And if that you shal ever be a wyf
Forget not Palamon that gentil man.'

Now here we have a play founded on a poem, the original delicate and noble, where the other is coarse and trivial; and we ask, 'Was this Shakspeare's way of treating his originals?' In his earlier years he based his *Romeo and Juliet* on Brooke's poem of the same name—a fine work, and little disfigured by the coarseness of the time. Yet he pruned it of all really offensive matter, and has given us a perfect love-story, as ardent as it is pure. His skill in omission is remarkably shown in one respect. In Brooke's poem, Juliet, reflecting when alone on Romeo's sudden love, remembers that he is an enemy to her house, and suspects that he

may intend dishonourable love as a base means of wreaking vengeance on hereditary foes. It seems to me that a thought so cunning is out of character with Juliet—certainly would have been felt as a stain on Shakspeare's Juliet. That Shakspeare deliberately omitted this, is known by one slight reference. Juliet says to Romeo,

‘If thy intent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage.’

That is all—no cunning caution, no base doubt.

Now if in this original, and in this play, we trace the very manner of Shakspeare's working—taking up gold mixed with dross, and purifying it in the furnace of his genius—are we to suppose that later in life, with taste more fastidious, even if his imagination were less strong, he carried out a converse process; that he took Chaucer's gold, and mixed it with alloy? That, I greatly doubt. Also, would he imitate himself so closely as he is imitated in certain scenes of the *Two N. K.* ?

Another point. Love between persons of very different rank has been held by many dramatists to be a fine subject for the stage. Shakspeare never introduces it. *Ophelia* loves a Prince, and *Violet* a duke, and *Rosalind* a Squire's son; but gentlehood unites all. *Helena* in *All's Well* is a gentlewoman. With anything like levelling aspirations Shakspeare had clearly no sympathy. In no undoubted play of his have we, so far as I remember, any attempt to make the love of the lowly born for the high a subject of sympathy: there is no Beggar maid to any of his King Cophetuas. *Goneril* and *Regan* stoop to *Edmund* through baseness; *Malvolio's* love for *Olivia* is made ridiculous. The Gaoler's Daughter of the *Two N. K.* stands alone: like the waiting-maid in the *Critic*, she goes mad in white linen, and as painfully recalls *Ophelia*, as our cousins the monkeys remind us of men.

In some other respects the poem is far superior to the play. Chaucer introduces the supernatural powers with excellent effect and tact—so as to soften the rigour of the Duke's decrees. In the Temple, *Palamon*, the more warlike in manners of the two, is the more reckless and ardent in his love: of a simpler nature, *Venus* entirely subdues and, at the same time, effectually befriends him. He prays to her not for Victory: for that he cares not: it matters not how events are brought about ‘so that I have my lady in mine arms.’ *Arcite*, the softer and more refined knight, prays simply for Victory. If it be true that love changes the nature of men, here we have the transformation. The prayer of each is granted, though they seem opposed—thus *Arcite* experiences what many of those who consulted old oracles found, ‘the word of promise kept to the ear, broken to the hope.’ Then in the poem *Theseus* freely forgives the two knights, but decides on the Tournament as a means of seeing who shall have *Emilia*. In the play he decides that one is to live and marry, the other to die. The absurdity of this needless cruelty is evident: it was possibly introduced to satisfy the coarse tastes of the audiences who liked the sight of an executioner and a block.

In fact I would say the play is not mainly Shakspeare's because of its un-Shakspearean depth. Who can sympathize with the cold, coarse balancing of *Emilia* between the two men—eager to have one, ready to take either; betrothed in haste to one, married in haste to another—so far flying in the face of the pure

beauty of the original, where Emilia never loses maidenly reserve. Then the final marriage of the Gaoler's Daughter is as destructive of our sympathy as if Ophelia had been saved from drowning by the grave-digger, and married to Horatio at the end of the piece. The pedantry of Gerrold is poor, the fun of the rustics forced and feeble, the sternness of Theseus brutal and untouched by final gentleness as in Chaucer.

Another argument against Shakspeare's responsibility for the whole play is the manner in which the minor characters are introduced and the underplot managed. A secondary plot is a characteristic of the Elizabethan drama, borrowed from that of Spain. But Shakspeare is peculiar in the skill with which he interweaves the two plots and brings together the principal and the inferior personages. In *Hamlet* the soldiers on the watch, the grave-diggers, the players, the two walking gentlemen, even Osric, all help on the action of the drama and come into relation with the hero himself. In *King Lear*, Edmund and Gloster and Edgar, though engaged in a subsidiary drama of their own, get mixed up with the fortunes of the King and his daughters. In *Othello*, the foolish Venetian Roderigo and Bianca the courtesan have some hand in the progress of the play. In *Romeo and Juliet*, the Nurse and the Friar are agents of the main plot, and the ball scene pushes on the action. In *Shylock*, Lancelot Gobbo is servant to the Jew, and helps Jessica to escape. I need not multiply instances, as in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Dogberry, &c. As far as my own recollection serves, I do not believe that in any play undoubtedly Shakspeare's we have a single instance of an underplot like that of the Gaoler's Daughter. It might be altogether omitted without affecting the story. Theseus, Emilia, Hippolyta, Arcite, Palamon, never exchange a word with the group of Gaoler's Daughter, Wooer, Brother, two Friends and Doctor; and Palamon's only remembrance of her services is that at his supposed moment of execution he generously leaves her the money he had no further need of to help her to get married to a remarkably tame young man who assumes the name of his rival in order to bring his sweetheart to her senses. If this underplot is due to Shakspeare, why is there none like it in all his works? If these exceedingly thin and very detached minor characters are his, where in his undoubted plays are others like them—thus hanging loosely on to the main machinery of a play? Nor must we forget that if this underplot is Shakspeare's, it is his when he was an experienced dramatist—so that after being a skilful constructor and connector of plot and underplot in his youth, 'his right hand forgot its cunning' in his middle age.

Two other arguments. In the Prologue of the play, written and recited when it was acted, there are two passages expressing great fears as to the result,—one that Chaucer might rise to condemn the dramatist for spoiling his story,—another that the play might be damned, and destroy the fortunes of the Theatre¹. Is this the way in which a play partly written by Shakspeare—then near the close of his successful stage career—would be spoken of on its production?

Another argument is, if Shakspeare, using Chaucer's poem as a model, spoiled it in dramatising it², then as a poet he was inferior to Chaucer—which is absurd.

¹ Does not this as much imply that Fletcher knew he had spoiled what Shakspeare would have done well?—H. L.

² But this is confessedly the case with Chaucer's *Troilus*.—F. [Not quite. In

Following high authorities, anybody may adopt any opinion on this play and find backers—the extremes being the German Tieck, who entirely rejects the idea of Shakspeare's authorship, and Mr Hickson, who throws on him the responsibility for the whole framework of a play and the groundwork of every character. I should incline to the middle opinion¹, that Shakspeare selected the subject, began the play, wrote many passages; had no underplot, and generally left it in a skeleton state; that Fletcher took it up, patched it here and there, and added an underplot;—that Fletcher, not Shakspeare, is answerable for all the departures from Chaucer, for all the underplot, and for the revised play as it stands. There is nothing improbable in this. After Shakspeare retired to Stratford, Fletcher may have found the play amongst the MSS. of the Theatre, and then produced it after due changes made—not giving the author's name. At that time it was the custom that a play remained the property of the company of actors who produced it. That the Blackfriars Company did *not* regard the play as Shakspeare's is pretty plain—for in the edition of 1623, published by Heminge and Condell of that company, Shakspeare's own fellow-players, the play is not included. Nor does the part authorship account for the omission, as plays with less of Shakspeare's undoubted authorship are there included. But the omission is intelligible if the play had been so Fletcherised that it was, when acted, generally regarded as Fletcher's. Fletcher was alive in 1623 to claim all as his property; but in 1634 he was dead. Then the publisher, knowing or hearing that Shakspeare had a share, printed *his* name, after *Fletcher's*, as part dramatist. Thus I return to the older verdict of Coleridge and Lamb, that Shakspeare wrote passages of this play, perhaps also the outlines, but that Fletcher filled up, added an underplot, and finally revised.

Troilus the travestie is intentional: in the *Two N. K.* Chaucer is solemnly Clobbered.—J. H. S.]

¹ Also my view—though I hesitate to express a firm opinion on the matter—PERHAPS Shakspeare worked on the 1594 play as a basis?—H. L.

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ROBERT CHESTER'S
LOVE'S MARTYR, 1601,

WITH
SHAKSPERE'S "PHŒNIX AND TURTLE,"
ETC., ETC.

[The Editors alone, and not the Committee of the New Shakspeare Society, are responsible for the opinions expresst in the Society's publications.

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ROBERT CHESTER'S
"LOVES MARTYR,
OR,
ROSALINS COMPLAINT"
(1601)

WITH ITS SUPPLEMENT,
"Diverse Poeticall Essaies" on the Turtle and Phoenix
BY
SHAKSPERE, BEN JONSON, GEORGE CHAPMAN,
JOHN MARSTON, ETC.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY THE
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.,
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To
 F. J. FURNIVALL, Esq.,
 M.A.,
 AND THE
 COMMITTEE AND MEMBERS OF
 "The New Shakspeare Society."

TO YOU CO-WORKERS ON OUR ANCIENT BOOKS
 OF TIMES ELIZABETHAN, I HERE GIVE
 CHESTER'S OLD TOME. O MAY IT ONCE MORE LIVE
 BENEATH YOUR EYES, THRO' INSIGHT THAT NOR BROOKS
 NOR FEARS DULL FOLLY'S SUPERCILIOUS LOOKS,
 WHEN FROM REMOTER DAYS, THINGS FUGITIVE
 AND LONG-FORGOTTEN, WE WOULD FAIN REVIVE,
 'LOVE'S MARTYR,' THAT I BRING FROM HIDDEN NOOKS,
 A QUICK KEEN MESSAGE BEARS FOR US TO-DAY:
 AS I, BY HAPPY FORTUNE, FIRST HAVE PROV'D;
 FOR IT INTERPRETS 'BIRD OF LOUDEST LAY'—
 TELLING, HOW GREAT ELIZABETH, ESSEX LOV'D.
 TURN THEN, GOOD FRIENDS, TO THESE LONG-SEALÈD PAGES:
 YOUR KIND APPROVAL MORE THAN COUNTED WAGES.

ALEXANDER. B. GROSART.

*• See page xxiv. on my friend Dr. Brinsley Nicholson's independent arrival at the same conclusions. By 'give' I mean simply furnish, as the gift is only partial, viz., permission to the Society to stereotype the book as set up for my own Occasional Issues of unique or extremely rare books (50 copies).—G.

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† Phœnix, No. II, is a male, the "Arabian Phœnix," p. 5, st. 3.

‡ The references are to the top-pagings, and not the foot ones as in Dr. Grosart's Notes.

§ p. 125, l. 16, ?for *him*, read *her*. Will the male Turtle, left all alone, die for his female mate; or does he speak of himself as 'him' in the third person?—F. J. F.

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† That is, Turtle-Dove No. I. (male), and Phœnix No. I. (female) = Turtle-Dove No. II. (female).

THE ARGUMENT.

At a Parliament of the gods—present [P with others not mentioned] Jove, Vesta, Juno, Venus, Pallas, Bellona, and Cupid—Rosalin, in the person of Dame Nature, comes to beg assistance. She has established on earth the most perfect Phœnix* that ever existed—a maiden whose personal beauties she describes. Parenthetically, as it were, p. 5/13,† st. 3, she wishes that “Arabian Phœnix,” ‡ “love’s Lord,” would come and take possession of this incomparable beauty. Her fear is that her Phœnix will decay and that no other will arise from her ashes, because

“The Arabian fiers are too dull and base
To make another spring within her place.”—p. 7/15, st. 2.

She therefore begs Jove to pity her (Rosalin = Nature) and list to her laments.

The gods are somewhat startled and incredulous at her wondrous account of her Phœnix, but she confirms her statements by exhibiting a picture in which they

“———behold
The rich wrought Phœnix of Arabian gold.”—p. 8/16, st. 3.

Jove thereupon bids Nature

“——hie thee, get thee Phœbus chaire
Cut through the skie, and leaue Arabia,

* Phœnix No. 1, female. ✓

† 5/13 : 5 is the number at the top of the page ; 13, that at its foot. ✓

‡ Phœnix No 2, male.

The Argument.

Leaue that il working peece* of fruitlesse ayre
 Leaue me the plaines of white Brytania,
 These countries have no fire to raise that flame
 That to this Phœnix bird can yeeld a name."

p. 9/17, st. 3.

and fly to Paphos Ile,

"Where in a vale like Ciparissus groue
 Thou shalt behold a second Phœnix loue."—p. 9/17, st. 4.

i. e. the love or mate of another Phœnix. †—This lover of Phœnix No. 3, female, is the Turtle-dove described at p. 123/131, who is to die with Phœnix No. 1, female, and with her produce Phœnix No. 4, female.—He is the hero of the Allegory: he is "true Honors louely squire;" his name is "Liberal honor," and he keeps for Nature's Phœnix "Prometheus fire," p. 11/19, st. 3, 4.

"Give him," continues Jove, "this ointment to anoint his head
 This precious balme to lay unto his feet.
 These shall direct him to this Phœnix bed
 Where on a high hill he this bird shall meet
 And of their Ashes by my dome shall rise
 Another Phœnix ‡ her to equalize."—p. 12/20, st. 2.

"This said the Gods and Goddesses did applaud
 The censure of this thundring Magistrate
 And Nature gave him euerlasting laud
 And quickly in the dayes bright coach she gate
 Downe to the earth, she's whirled through the ayre;
 Joue joyne these fires, thus Venus made her prayer."
 p. 12/20, st. 3.

Then follows "An Introduction to the Prayer" addressed to the "great Guider of the Sunne and Moone" craving guidance and the blotting out of offences, and

"Then arm'd with thy protection and thy loue
 Ile make my prayer for thy Turtle-doue."

Qy. is this introductory prayer, and the prayer proper which

* *Peerce* = *place*; so used by Stowe, of London, and frequently by Fenton in his translation of Guicciardini's *History of Italy*, 1599.

† Phœnix No. 3, female.

‡ Phœnix No. 4, female. See Chester's "Conclusion," p. 133/141.

follows, made by Venus, or is Venus's prayer confined to the four words quoted above:—"Joue joyne these fires"? In either case the Turtle-dove here mentioned is Dame Nature's (Rosalin's) Phoenix, No. 1.

Then follows the prayer: "A Prayer made for the prosperitie of a siluer coloured Doue, applyed to the beauteous Phoenix."

This prayer is addressed to Jehova, Christ, the God of Israel, in favour of "the siluer coloured earthly Doue," "thy siluer Doue," *i. e.*, of course, the Phoenix, and ends with—

"Let her not wither Lord without increase
But blesse her with joyes offspring of sweet peace.
Amen. Amen."—p. 15/23, st. 2.

This prayer certainly proceeds from the same person as the introductory petition.

The author himself now addresses three stanzas to readers of "light beleefe," claiming their indulgence.

Then follows, p. 16/24, "A meeting Dialogue-wise betweene Nature, the Phoenix, and the Turtle Doue."

The last of these three personages of the Allegory does not appear on the scene till p. 123/131.

Nature arrives in her chariot and greets the Phoenix. It is not very clear where this meeting takes place. It is a place where "gross cloudie vapours" prevail (p. 18/26, st. 5); the air is "noysome" (p. 20/28, st. 2). It is a

"barren country,
It is so saplesse that the very Spring
Makes tender new-growne Plants be with'ring."
p. 21/29, st. 4.

"The noisome Aire is growne infectious,
The very springs for want of moisture die,
The glorious Sunne is here pestiferous," etc., etc.
p. 22/30, st. 1.

Here the Phoenix has long suffered from the power of Envie = Malice; here, she says,—

"——with Adders was I stung,
And in a lothsome pit was often flung:

The Argument.

My Beautie and my Vertues captiuatē
To Loue, dissembling Loue that I did hate."

p. 22/30, st. 3.

She complains of Fortune—

"That she should place me in a desart Plaine,
And send forth Enuie with a Iudas kisse
To sting me with a Scorpions poisoned hisse.
From my first birth-right for to plant me heare,
Where I haue alwaies fed on Griefe and Feare."

p. 23/31, st. 3.

And much more, more or less intelligible, to the same effect. She was about to take her flight from this horrid place when Nature met her, for, says she,—

"Upon the Arabian mountaines I must die,
And neuer with a poore yong Turtle graced."

p. 16/24, st. 3.

[Qy. what is meant by this "poore yong Turtle?" a son or a husband?]

It would seem then that the place of meeting is not in Arabia; indeed in st. 4, p. 21/29 Arabia is specially distinguished from this barren country—

"—in Arabia burnes another Light,
A dark dimme Taper that I must adore,
This barren countrey makes me to deplore," etc.

and yet in the previous parts of the Allegory (see p. 7/15, st. 2 and p. 9/17, st. 3, both quoted above) it is evident that Arabia was intended as the place of meeting; and the Phoenix herself says when she meets the Turtle-dove in Paphos (p. 125/133, st. 4) that she had left Arabia for his sake.

However, be the place where it will, Nature consoles her Phoenix; conjures up Enuie and banishes him; and then Nature and the Phoenix together enter Phœbus' coach and set out on their travels.

Their course seems rather devious. We will, says Dame Nature,—

“——ride

Ouer the Semi-circle of Europa
And bend our course where we will see the Tide,
That partes the Continent of Affrica,
Where the great Cham gouernes Tartaria
And when the starrie Curtain vales the night
In Paphos sacred Ile we meane to light.”

p. 24/32, st. 4.

They behold the Pyramides and Euphrates, p. 25/33, st. 2, but in a very short time they are apparently hovering over Great Britain, several of the towns of which are described. The history of the nine female Worthies is also briefly given, and then, from p. 34/42 to p. 77/85, follows an account of the birth, life, and death of King Arthur. This done, they come in sight of the Tower of London, p. 77/85: a few more stanzas on London and its glory, and then they each indulge in a song: Nature in dispraise of Love, the Phœnix in praise of it as a holy thing. This at last brings them to Paphos, and they

“——are set on foote neere to that Ile,
In whose deep bottome plaines Delight doth smile.”

p. 81/89, st. 1.

But Nature is inexhaustible, and from this point to p. 123/131 she amuses the Phœnix with an account of the plants, trees, fishes, minerals, beasts, reptiles, insects, and birds which are the denizens of Paphos. The account of the birds naturally leads up to the introduction of the hero of the Allegory, the Turtle-dove, who at last makes his appearance, and proves to be a “sad-mournefull dooping soule,”

“Whose feathers mowt off, falling as he goes,
The perfect picture of hart pining woes.”

p. 123/131, st. 3.

Nature having introduced the Phœnix to the Dove she had long'd so much to see, now takes her departure, leaving the unhappy pair together, p. 124/132, st. 3.

The Turtle-dove is stricken with admiration of the beauteous Phœnix, and soon lets her know that the cause of all his moan is

for his "Turtle that is dead," p. 125/133, st. 3. [We learned, p. 9/17, st. 4, that this lost mate of his was a "second Phoenix," Phoenix No. 3.]

To ease their pain, they share their griefs, and after mutually vowing chaste love, they prepare a pyre on which, in a manner sacrificingly, they propose to burn both their bodies in order to revive one name, p. 128/136, st. 3; and they pray to Apollo to

"Send [his] hot kindling light into this wood
That shall receive the Sacrifice of blood."

p. 129/137, st. 1, 2, 3.

At this point the Phoenix spies a Pellican behind a bush; but the Turtle-dove tells her this bird is quite harmless.

"Let her alone," says he, "to view our Tragedy,
And then report our Loue that she did see."

p. 130/138, st. 1.

The Phoenix would now wish to sacrifice herself only, but the Turtle-dove will not hear of this, and sets the example of mounting the funeral pile; when he is consumed, the Phoenix also enters the fire.

"I come sweet Turtle, and with my bright wings
I will embrace thy burnt bones as they lye;
I hope of these another Creature springs
That shall possesse both our authority:
I stay to long, ô take me to your glory,
And thus I end the Turtle Doues true story."*

Finis. R. C.

The Pellican now comments on the tragic scene she has beheld; praises the love and constancy of the two victims, and laments the degeneracy of lovers of these later times.

Chester then gives a "Conclusion" (p. 133/141), in which he describes Phoenix No. 4, foretold in p. 12/20, st. 2. He states that

"From the sweete fire of perfumed wood
Another princely Phœnix vpright stood:

* Is this last line supposed to be uttered by the Phoenix or by R. Chester himself?

Whose feathers purified did yeeld more light
Then her late burned mother out of sight
And in her heart restes a perpetuall loue,
Sprong from the bosome of the Turtle-Doue.
Long may the new uprising bird increase,
Some humours and some motions to release,
And thus to all I offer my devotion,
Hoping that gentle minds accept my motion."

Finis. R. C.

Then follow a series of "Cantoes Alphabet-wise to faire Phœnix made by the Paphian Doue." And after them another series of "Cantoes verbally written"—the first words of each line forming a separate series of posies—all apparently addressed to the Phœnix.

[In the second stanza of canto 13, p. 154, is, I think, a misprint. "Not my *dead* Phœnix," etc.; *dear*, or perhaps *dread*, should be substituted for *dead*.]

The book closes with the contributions of Shakespeare, Jonson, Marston, etc., all evidently "intended to celebrate precisely what *Love's Martyr* celebrated."—P. A. D.

CORRECTIONS.

[1. As a matter of interest to students of Ben Jonson, it should be noted that the changes in his "Praeludium" and "Epos," p. 181-6, attributed to Gifford (p. lxi *Introduction*, and p. 245 *Notes*), were really made by Jonson himself, when he gathered these two pieces into his *Forest*, in his Folio, 1616. He apparently did not consider "The Phœnix Analysde" and the "Ode" worthy of transplantation.

2. In his "Postscript" C., p. lxxv—viii, Dr. Grosart inclines to attribute to Chester a series of poems called *The Partheniades*. It is—or should be—well known that these poems were certainly composed by the author of *The Arte of Englishe Poesie*, 1589; and George Puttenham is, I believe, universally accepted as the writer of the latter work. See Mr. Arber's *Introduction*, etc., to his reprint, 1869.—P. A. D.]



INTRODUCTION.

IN the Notes and Illustrations appended to this our reproduction, *in extenso* and in integrity, of *Love's Martyr*, everything that seemed to call for notice will be found — it is believed — noticed with less or more fulness. Thither the student-reader is referred on any point that may either interest or puzzle him. Here I wish to bring together certain wider things that could not well go into the Notes and Illustrations, so as to shew that, in the present strangely neglected book, we have a noticeable contribution to Elizabethan-Essex-Shakespeare literature.

I purpose an attempt to answer these questions :

- (a) Who was ROBERT CHESTER ?
- (b) Who was SIR JOHN SALISBURIE ?
- (c) Who were meant by the PHOENIX and the TURTLE-DOVE of these Poems ?
- (d) What is the message or *motif* of the Poems ?
- (e) What is the relation between the verse-contributions of SHAKESPEARE and the other "MODERNE POETS" to *Love's Martyr* ?
- (f) Was the 1611 issue only a number of copies of the original of 1601, less the preliminary matter and a new title-page ?
- (g) Is there poetical worth in the book ?
- (h) Who was TORQUATO CÆLIANO ?

(a) WHO WAS ROBERT CHESTER ? His name, it will be observed, appears in full, 'Robert Chester,' in the original title-page of 1601 ; as 'Ro. Chester' to the Epistle-dedicatory to Salisbury (p. 4); as 'R. Chester' to "The Authors request to the Phoenix" (p. 5); as 'R. Ch.' in address "To the kind Reader" (p. 6); as 'R. C.' to "Con-

clusion" (p. 142); and as 'R. Chester' at close of "Cantos" (p. 167). I have sought almost in vain—and I have had capable and earnest fellow-seekers—for contemporary notices of either the man or his book. Even later, the bibliographical authorities, *e.g.*, Ritson, Brydges, Lowndes, Collier, Hazlitt, beyond giving the title-pages and other details with (on the whole) fair accuracy, yield not one scintilla of light. Neither do the county-histories, nor editors as Gifford and Cunningham in their Ben Jonson, nor Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps in his natty little reprint (in ten copies) of the "new compositions."

I was thus shut up to an examination of the genealogies of a somewhat large and widely-distributed tribe, *viz.*, the CHESTERS. I never doubted of finding in Mr. R. E. Chester Waters's most laborious and trustworthy work on the CHESTERS,* some "certain sound" on our poet as the solitary Chester, who, in poetry at any rate, has any fame or interest for us in this late day; but even in his matterful tomes I was doomed to disappointment. Equally unexpected was my failure to obtain from my many-yeared friend Dr. Joseph Lemuel Chester of Bermondsey—than whom one rarely meets with so thoroughly-furnished, unwearied, accurate, and generous a worker—anything approaching certainty of identification. After very considerable reading and comparison of authorities, I found only one member of the known families of Chester bearing the Christian name of ROBERT, whose position, circumstances and dates fitted in with the possible authorship of *Love's Martyr*. From his dedicating his book to Sir John Salisburie, and many incidental evidences of familiarity in courtly and high circles, I fixed on him. On communicating my conclusion to Dr. Chester, he was inclined to doubt; but since, he has conceded that there is nothing in the facts of his life against the identification, and that there really is no other claimant. Accordingly he has aided me with characteristic

* *Memoirs of the Chesters of Chicheley.*

painstaking and ardour, from his abundant stores, in giving such data concerning him (*cheu!* meagre enough) as remain.

I mean a Robert Chester, who became SIR ROBERT CHESTER. The first of his family distinctly recognisable, was William Chester of Chipping Barnett, Herts; who died early in 1566. By his wife Maud (or Matilda) he was father of Leonard Chester, of Blaby, co. Leicester — whose family is embraced in the Heraldic Visitations of their County — and of Sir Robert Chester of Royston, Herts, who was the eldest son. The family is said to have descended from an ancient one in Derbyshire, where Chesters had large possessions, and members of which represented the town of Derby in Parliament, *temp.* Edward II and III. The Derbyshire estates were expended in supporting the claim of the Earl of Richmond (Henry VII) to the crown. This Sir Robert Chester was admitted to Gray's Inn in 1532, and is subsequently described in various *MSS.* as "Standard Bearer," "Gentleman Usher" and "Gentleman of the Privy Chamber" to King Henry VIII; from whom he obtained a Grant of the Monastery of Royston, with its manors and possessions, in the counties of Herts and Cambridge. He was knighted by King Edward VI at Wilton, 2nd September 1552, and was High Sheriff of Herts and Essex in 1565. He died 25th November 1574, and was buried at Royston.* By his first wife Catherinc, daughter of John Throgmorton, Tortworth, co. Gloucester, Esquire, he had a numerous issue.† He was succeeded by his eldest son and heir, Edward Chester Esquire of Royston, who was about thirty years old at his father's death. Curiously enough, Sir Robert Chester married as his second wife, Magdalen, widow of Sir James Granado, Knt., on the same day and at the same place, that his son Edward Chester,

* Among the "Nativities" in Ashmole's *MSS.* in Bodleian Library, pp. 166, 176, &c., is one which states that Sir Robert Chester was born 25th November, 1510, and died on his birthday, aged 64.

† Clutterbuck, *s.n.*, describes her as daughter of Christopher Throckmorton of Coorse Court, co. Gloucester, Esq. Cf. Chauncy, *s.n.*

married Sir James Granado's only daughter and heiress, *i.e.*, father and son married respectively mother and daughter. This took place at Royston on 27th November 1564. The wife of Edward Chester survived her husband and was again married, *viz.*, to Alexander Dyer, Esq. He was admitted to Gray's Inn in 1562, and was subsequently in service as a Colonel in the Low Countries. Besides two daughters (*a*) Mary, who married an Edward Thornburgh, or Thornborough of Shaddesden, co. Southampton, Esq. (*b*) Another, who married an Edward Roberts—Edward Chester left a son ROBERT, who was declared heir to his father by Inquisition *post mortem*, dated 15th January 1578–9, being then aged twelve years, six months and sixteen days, which fixes his birth about the last of June 1566. This Robert Chester, I indentify with the author of *Love's Martyr*. In 1596 HENRY HOLLAND dedicated his *Christian Exercise of Fasting* to him, in grave and grateful and admiring words.* He was a J.P. for Herts and Sheriff of Herts in 1599. From NICHOLS' *Progresses of King James I*, I glean the following slight notice of him:—"His Majestie being past Godmanchester, held on his waye towards Royston; and drawing neere the Towne, the Shiriffe of Huntingtonshire [Sir John Bedell] humbly tooke his leave; and there he was received by that worthy Knight Sir Edward Denny, High Shiriffe of Hartfordshire... and... in brave manner he conducted his Majestie to one Master Chester's house, where his Majestie lay that night on his owne Kingly charge."† On this Nichols annotates:—"Though 'Master Chester' was then owner of the Priory at Royston, and attended on the King at his entrance into the Town, it was more probably at his mansion of Cocken-hatch (in the parish of Barkway, near Royston), that he had the honour of entertaining his Royal Master. A view of this house may be seen in *Chauncy*, p. 102."‡ The words that the King "lay" at "Master Chester's house" on "his

* See Postscript A to this Introduction for this golden little Epistle-dedicatory.

† Vol. i, pp. 104–5.

‡ *Ibid*, p. 105.

owne Kingly charge" does not seem to indicate lavish hospitality on the part of the host. But he must have given satisfaction to the King; for he was knighted along with a shoal of others, at Whitehall, on 23rd July 1603.* The exact date of his marriage does not appear; but his wife was Anne, daughter of Henry Capell, Esq., of Essex, by his wife, the Lady Catherine Manners, daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Rutland. She survived him not quite two years, residing at Hitchen, Herts.† They had issue at least six sons and six daughters; and their issue in turn were for a time equally numerous, but the late Mr. Harry Chester (who died in 1868) believed himself the last representative of the race.‡ He died on 3rd May 1640. On his death he was possessed of the manor and rectory of Royston, the manors of Nuthamsted, Cockenhatch, Hedley, &c., &c. His Will, dated 3rd May 1638, with codicils, 16th March and 7th April 1640, was proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury on 3rd February 1640-1, by his eldest son and heir, Edward Chester, Esq., whose age at his father's death was, according to the Inquisition, forty years and upwards.||

On these facts I would note—(a) In 1601, when *Love's Martyr* was published, he was in his thirty-fifth year; but the phrase in his Epistle-dedicatory to Salisbury, '*my long expected labour*,' may carry its composition back some few years at least. (b) Specifically, while long portions were probably written much earlier, the 'Turtle-dove' being Essex and being in Ireland, ascertains date of composition of all referring to 'Paphos Ile' 1598-9—the period of Essex's absence. (c) In 1611 he was in his forty-fifth year, and no longer plain 'Robert Chester,' but Sir Robert Chester

* Vol. i, p. 218. Doubtless when the King afterwards built himself a residence at Royston there would be frequent intercourse.

† Her Will is dated 12th and was proved the 26th of March 1642.

‡ The chief line of descent of these Chesters was by this Edward, son of our Sir Robert, who was also knighted. The sons entered the various professions. I notice two of them onward. Harry Chester, above mentioned, was son of another Sir Robert Chester, well-remembered as Master of the Ceremonies during the reigns from George III to Victoria. || See Postscript B for Abstract-

Knight, and husband of an Earl's daughter linked to the Sidneys. Is the explanation of the withdrawal of his name from the new title-page of 1611 that his early literary fervours had chilled with his social dignities? (*d*) At his death he was in his seventy-fourth year. One longs to know more of a man who in his prime personally acquainted with Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Chapman, Marston and other of the 'mighties,' survived them all. The "new compositions" for his own book, drawn from them, especially the fact that it stands alone in having a contribution from Shakespeare, would make any man remarkable.

(*b*) WHO WAS SIR JOHN SALISBURIE? *Love's Martyr* is dedicated to him as "To the Honourable, and (of me before all other) honored Knight" and "one of the Esquires of the bodie to the Queenes most excellent Maiestic" (p. 3), and in the title-page of the "diverse Poeticall Effaies" he is designated "the true-noble Knight" (p. 177). Even these slight descriptions guide us to the Salisburys or Salisburies of Lleweni, Denbighshire—long extinct. Dr. Thomas Nicholas, in his *Annals and Antiquities of the Counties and County Families of Wales*, commences his account of the Salusburys thus:—"The long standing and distinguished alliances of the Salusburys of Lleweni, in the Vale of Clwyd, and the high character borne by several of the line, render them a notable house, and awaken regret at their disappearance. The name is spelt differently in early writings—Salisbury, Salesbury, Salsbury; *Dwnn* almost always adopting the phonetic method, spells this name "Salsberie." They were of *Lleweni* and *Machymbyd*. At what time they first came to Denbighshire, or how the surname originated, is not known, but it is believed that their origin was Welsh. John Salusbury, the third of the name known to us, was the founder of the Priory of White Friars at Denbigh, and died A.D. 1289. He must therefore have witnessed the great struggle of Llewelyn and Edward, which was very hot in those parts. His grandson, William Salusbury, was M.P.

for Leominster 1332, long before members were appointed for Wales. William's grandson, Sir Harry Salusbury (died *circa*, 1399), was a Knight of the Sepulchre, and his brother John was Master of the House for Edward III, and suffered death in 1388." (p. 392.)

He thus continues: "Sir Harry's grandson, Sir Thomas Salusbury, Knt., the first mentioned in the pedigrees as of *Lleweni*, was a man of great note as citizen and soldier. His consort was Jonet, daughter and heir of William Fychan of Caernavon. He took a distinguished part in the battle of Blackheath (1497) against Perkin Warbeck's insurrection, for which he was rewarded by Henry VII. with the order of knighthood. He died 1505, and was buried at the White Friars, Denbigh (Whitchurch). Sir Roger, his son, married a Puleston of Emral, and was followed by Sir John of Lleweni, who married a Myddleton of Chester, of the Gwaenynog line. He was constable of Denbigh Castle in 1530, and served in several parliaments for the county of Denbigh—died 1578. His son, John Salusbury, Esq., of Lleweni, was the member of this house who married the celebrated *Catherine Tudor of Berain*; and his son by Catherine, Thomas Salusbury, Esq., married Margaret, daughter of Morys Wynn, Esq., of Gwyder, but had no male issue; his second son, John, married Ursula, daughter of Henry Stanley, Earl of Derby, and was succeeded by his son, Sir Henry Salusbury, Bart., who married Hester, daughter of Sir Thomas Myddelton, Knt., of Chirk Castle. His line terminated with his grandson Sir John, whose daughter and sole heir married Sir Robert Cotton, Bart., of Combermere, Cheshire, from whom the *Combermere* family are derived. *Cotton-Hall*, named after the Cottons, was the birth-place of the great General Lord Combermere. The Lleweni estate was sold by Sir Robert Cotton to the Hon. Thomas Fitzmaurice" (p. 392).

Turning back on these names, our Sir John Salisburie was John, second son of John Salusbury—who died in his father Sir John Salusbury's life-time—by (as above)

Catherine Tudor of Berain.* He was born "about 1567" — a portrait of him having been at Lleweny, dated 1591, æt. 24.† He became heir of his brother Thomas, who was executed, in 1586, for conspiring to deliver Mary, Queen of Scots, from imprisonment. His wife was (as above) Ursula, a 'natural' daughter of Henry, fourth Earl of Derby. The record of administration of her estate, as of the town of Denbigh, is dated 9th May 1636. They had four sons and three daughters. Henry, the eldest and only surviving son, was created a baronet, as of Lleweni, 10th November 1619, and died 2nd August 1632. His only surviving son was Sir Thomas Salusbury, author of "Joseph," a poem (1636) — who died in 1643.‡ Our Sir John was surnamed "the

* Dr. Nicholas, as before, gives an interesting account of this famous "Catherine"; and I deem it well to avail myself of it, as follows:—"Catherine of Berain," the most noted of her race in this country, was of the clan or tribe of Marchwerthian, and was left sole heiress of Berain. She married four husbands, each of a high and honourable house, and had such a numerous offspring that the name was given her of *Mam Cymru*, "the mother of Wales." Her first husband was John Salisbury, Esq., of Llyweni, and her estate of Berain was inherited by her children gotten by him. The second was Sir Richard Clough of Denbigh, Knt. of the Sepulchre, who made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; the third, Morys Wynn, Esq., of Gwyder; and the fourth, Edward Thelwall of Plas-y-Ward. Catherine of Berain's father was Tudyr ap Robert ap Ievan ap Tudyr ap Gruffydd Lloyd ap Heilyn Frych, which Heilyn Frych was ninth in descent from Marchwerthian, Lord of Isaled, founder of the eleventh noble tribe." . . . "The portrait of Catherine, given in Yorke's *Royal Tribes*, marks a person of firmness and intelligence, and these qualities, added to her estate and numerous alliances and offspring, supplied her with a charm which the bardic heralds of the time knew not how to resist; they spared no pains, accordingly, to provide her with a lineage whose antiquity would comport with their idea of her merits. Tudyr was carried back to Urien Rheged, and he of course to Coel Godebog, who, although a reputed contemporary with Herod the Great, was vouched by the bards to have a full blown heraldic coat — 'Arg., an eagle displayed with two heads, sable.' Coel was in the twelfth degree from Beli Mawr, King of Britain 72 B.C., who bore, they said, 'Az., three crowns Or in pale'; and he was about the fifteenth from Brutus, who, as the bards believed, came to Britain about B.C. 1136, bearing along with his father Sylvius, an escutcheon charged thus:—'Quarterly: 1, Or, a lion rampant passant Gu.; 2, Az., three crowns Or in bend' 1" (p. 393.)

† Pennant's *Tour in Wales*, vol. ii, p. 145.

‡ The Bibliographers overlook that Sir John Salisbury has a longish poem prefixed to *Eromena*, 1632, folio.

strong"; and that explains Hugh Gryffith's playing on 'might'—of which anon. He was M.P. for co. Denbigh 43 Elizabeth (1600-1). All the authorities say he died in 1613; but no Will nor administration of his estate has been found. A shadow of obscurity thus lies on the memory of Chester's "true-noble Knight"—unlifted even from his (exact) death-date. Spelling of names was so arbitrary and variant then, that I should have attached no difficulty to the family-spelling of 'Salusbury' as against 'Salisburie' of *Love's Martyr*. As I write this I am called upon to annotate a Sir Stephen Poll—according to one of Nicholas Breton's Epistles-dedicatory—while he really was Sir Stephen Powle, and so is it endlessly. But I am enabled absolutely to identify Sir John Salusbury of Lleweni with Chester's Salisburie. For this is placed beyond dispute by another Epistle-dedicatory addressed to him as—be it noted—(a) of 'Llewen,' (b) as 'Esquier for the Bodie to the Queene's most excellent Maiestie,' as in Chester; and which, in the sorrowful absence of other information, is of peculiar interest. It is found in the following little volume of Verse, of which only a single exemplar (preserved at Isham) is known:

"SINETES

Paffions vppon his fortunes,
offered for an Incense at the
shrine of the Ladies which guided his distempered
thoughtes.

The Patrons patheticall Po-
fies, Sonets, Maddrigals, and
Roundelayes. Together with
Sinetes Dompe.

Plena verecundi culpa pudoris erat.

By ROBERT PARRY

Gent.

At LONDON

Printed by T. P. for William
Holme, and are to be sould on
Ludgate hill at the signe of
the holy Lambe.

1597" (sm. 12mo)

The Epistle-dedicatory shews (1) That being plain 'John Salisburie' in 1597 he must have been knighted between 1597 and 1601, (2) That he was of the Queen's household ; and so could well introduce his friend Chester into court. It thus runs :

¶ " *To the right worshipfull John*
Salisburie, of Llewen, Esquier,
for the Bodie to the Queenes
most excellent Maiestie.

THe Hope of these, and glasse of future times,
O Heros which eu'n enuie itselfe admir's,
Vouchsafe to garde, & patronize my rimes,
My humble rime, which nothing else desir's ;
But to make knowne the greatnes of thy minde

To Honors throne that euer hath been inclyn'd.

Geue leaue a while vnto my breathing Muse,
To pause vpon the accent of her smarte,
From the respite of this short-taken truce,
For to recorde the actions of my Harte :
Which vowed hath, to manifest thy worth,
That noble fruites to future age bringes foorth.

Eu'n thou alone, which strengthn'ft my repose,
And doest geue life vnto my dead desire,
Which malice daunt'fte, that did thy fame oppose,
Now, with reuiuing hope, my quill inspire :
So he may write, and I may glorie singe,
That time, in time, may plucke out enui's sting.

Renowned Patron, my wayling verse,
To whose protect I flye for friendly ayde,
Vouchsafe to heare, while I my woes rehearse :
Then my poore muse, will neuer be dismaide,
To countenance the babling Eccho's frowne,
That future age may ring of thy renoune.

I that ere-while with Pan his hindes did play,
And tun'd the note, that best did please my minde,
Content to sing a sheapheard's Round-delay ;
Now by thy might, my Muse the way did finde,
With Madrigals, to store my homely stile,
Graced with th' applause, of thy well graced smile.

Eu'n thou I say, whose trauaile hope doth veilde,
That honours worth, may reape a due rewarde,
Which flies with natie plume vnto the fielde ;
Whose paines deserues thy cuntreys iust regarde :

Time cannot dashe, nor enuie blemish thofe,
Whom on sam's strength haue built their chiefe repose.

Tis only that, which thou mayst clayme thine owne,
Deuouring time, cannot obscure the fame,
In future age by this thou mayst be knowne,
When as posterities renue thy fame :
Then thou being dead, shalt lyfe a newe possesse,
When workes nor wordes, thy worthynes expresse :
Then shall my rime a fort of strength remaine,
To shield the florish of thy high renoune,
That ruin's force may neu'r graces staine,
Which with fame's found shall through the world bee blowne :
Yf that the ocean which includ's our stile,
Would passage graunt out of this noble Isle.

For steling tyme of muses lowe remaine,
Will from the fountaine of her chiefe conceyte,
Still out the fame, through Lymbecke of my braine,
That glorie takes the honour to repeate :
Whose subiect though of royall accents barde,
Yet to the fame, vouchsafe thy due rewarde :
So shall my felse, and Pen, bequeath their toyle,
To sing, and write prayes, which it felse shall prayse,
Which time with cutting Sithe, shall neuer spoyle,
That often worthy Heros fame delays :
And I encouraged by thy applause,
Shall teach my muse on higher things to pause." (pp. 2-4.)

ROBERT PARRY, Gent., is but a sorry poet ; for, except here and there a touch of passion and a well-turned compliment, 'Sinetes' is sere and scentless. But it is clear that Salisburie's patronage was highly valued. Besides, an 'H. P.' who writes "In prayse of the Booke" thus speaks of him :

..... "thy worthie patron is thy fort
Thou needes not shunne t' approach into ech place,
Thy flowring bloome of wit shall thee report."

Still further helpful in identification is another poem in the tiny volume, signed "Hugh Gryffyth, Gent.," which is headed "Posse & nolle nobile." That by this our Salisburie was intended is confirmed by our Chester's placing the same motto at the head of his Epistle-dedicatory (p. 3), in addition to his name being introduced in the poem itself. I gladly make room for the lines :

" A worthie man deserues a worthie motte,
 As badge thereby his nature to declare,
 Wherefore the fates of purpose did alot,
 To this braue Squire, this simbole sweete and rare:
 Of might to spoyle, but yet of mercie spare,
 A simbole sure to Salisberie due by right.
 Who still doth ioyne his mercy with his might.
 Though lyon like his *Poffe* might take place,
 Yet like a Lambe he *Nolle* vseth aye,
 Right like himselfe (the flower of Salisberies race)
 Who neuer as yet a poore man would difmay:
 But princookes finde be vfd to daunt alway:
 And so doth still: whereby is knowen full well
 His noble minde and manhood to excell.
 All crauen cures that coms of castrell kinde,
 Are knowne full well whē they their might would straine,
 The poore t' oppresse that would there fauour finde?
 Or yeilde himselfe their freindship to attayne:
 Then seruile sottes triumphes in might a mayne,
 But such as coms from noble lyons race,
 (Like this braue squire) who yeeldes receaues to grace.
 Haud ficta loquor.

I suppose "*Poffe et nolle, nobile*"—evidently *his* motto
 or impressa—gathers into itself Sir John Salisburie's name
 of "the strong" as over-against his gentleness = To have
 the power [strength] to do and yet to be unwilling to do
 [harm] is noble. It is just Isabella's pleading in *Measure
 for Measure* (act ii, sc. 2, ll. 107-9):

——— "O, it is excellent
 To haue a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
 To use it like a giant"

Nor is this all 'Sinetes' gives us. For before the 'Posies'
 — within an arched temple gate-way— is this repetition of
 the principal title-page:

"The
 Patrone his pa-
 thetical Posies,
 Sonets, Maddri-
 galls, & Roun-
 delays.
 Together
 with SINETES
 Dompe.
 Plena verecū
 di culpa pu-
 doris erat"

This is somewhat ambiguous; for one is left in doubt whether the 'pathetical Posies, Sonets, Maddrigalls, and Roundelayes' are Salisburie's, as his productions, or by gift of Parry. The following are the contents of the division: 1. The patrones conceyte; 2. The patrones affection; 3. The patrones phantasie; 4. The patrones pauze an ode; 5. The dittie to Sospiros (2); 6. The patrones Dilemma (2); 7. The Palmers Dittie vpon his Almes; 8. The Patrones Adieu; 9. Fides in Fortunam (2); 10. My sorrow is ioy; 11. An Almon for a Parrat; 12. The authors muse vpon his Conceyte; 13. Fides ad fortunam; Sonnettos 1-31. To Paris darling—Buen matina—Maddrigall—Roundelay—Sinettes Dumpe—Poffe & nolle nobile—The Lamentation of a Malecontent, &c. I select from these verses, three, to give a taste of the quality of this other eulogist of our Chester's Salisburie, and because it is just barely possible (though I confess improbable) that Sir John Salisburie is their author. There are gleams in these selections from 'the Patrone's' division, not in the body of the poems.*

I. The Patrone's Pauze an Ode.

Dimpl's florish, beauties grace,
 Fortune smileth in thy face,
 Eye bewrayeth honours flower,

* These hitherto utterly unknown and unused 'poems' form part of that lucky find of my friend Mr. C. Edmonds at Isham. But he had no idea whatever of their bearing on *Love's Martyr*. I am indebted to Sir C. Isham of Lamport Hall for a leisurely loan of this, as of other of his book-treasures. Note that I have silently corrected two or three slight misprints and punctuations, as 'Whose' for 'Who,' &c. With reference to the possible Salisburie authorship of the most of the second division of the small volume, perhaps ll. 37-40 in the Epistle-dedicatory, were meant to refer to his Verses—thus:

"Tis only that, which thou mayst clayme thine owne,
 Deuouring time, cannot obscure the fame,
 In future age by this thou mayst be knowne,
 When as posterities renue thy fame, &c."

Then the phrase in the title, 'The Patrone his pathetical Posies,' &c., and especially its interposition between 'Sinete's Dompe,' makes one hesitate in rejecting the Salisburie authorship. It does not add to the belief that these Verses are by the Patron that the lady addressed seems to be one 'of honour' or 'high rank'; for Parry himself was a 'Gentleman' as he tells us in his title-page.

Introduction.

Loue is norif'd in thy bower,
 In thy bended brow doth lye,
 Zeale imprest with chafitic.

Loue's darling deere,
 O pale lippes of coral hue,
 Rarer die then cheries newe,
 Arkes where reason cannot trie,
 Beauties riches which doth lye,
 Entomb'd in that fayrest frame,
 Touch of breath perfumes the same.

O rubie cleere,
 Ripe Adon fled Venus bower,
 Ayming at thy sweetest flower,
 Her ardent loue forst the fame,
 Wonted agents of his flame :
 Orbe to whose enflamed fier,
 Loue incen'd him to aspire.

Hope of our time,
 Oriad's of the hills drawe neere,
 Nayad's come before your peere :
 Flower of nature shining shoes,
 Riper then the falling roe,
 Entermingled with white flower,
 Stayn'd with vermilion's power.

Nest'ld in our clime,
 The siluer swann sing in Poc,
 Silent notes of new-spronge vooe,
 Tuned notes of cares I sing,
 Organ of the muses springe,
 Nature's pride inforceth me,
 Eu'n to rue my destinie.

Starre shew thy might,
 Helen's beautie is defac'd,
 Io's graces are difgrac'd,
 Reaching not the twentieth part,
 Of thy gloases true de'art,
 But no maruaile thou alone,
 Eu'n art Venus paragone.

Arm'd with delight
 Iris coulors are to[o] bafe,
 She would make Apelles gaze,
 Resting by the siluer streame,
 Toffing nature feame by seame,
 Pointing at the chrifall skie,
 Arguing her maiestie.

II. Loues rampire stronge.

Hayre of Amber, fresh of hue,
Wau'd with goulden wyers newe,
Riches of the finest mould,
Rarest glorie to behould,
Ympe with natures vertue graft,
Engines newe for dolors fraught, :

Eu'n there as spronge.

A Iem fram'd with Diamounds,
In whose voice true concord founds,
Ioy to all that ken thy smile,
In thee doth vertue fame beguile,
In whose beautie burneth fier,
Which disgraceth Queene desier :

Sauce all compare.

Loue it felse being brought to gaze,
Learnes to treade the louers maze :
Lying vncouer'd in thy looke,
Left for to unclaspe the Booke :
Where enroul'd thy fame remaines,
That Iuno's blush of glory staines :

Blot out my care.

Spheare containing all in all,
Only fram'd to make men thrall :
Onix deck'd with honor's worth,
On whose beautie bringeth foorth ;
Smiles ou'r-clouded with disdaine,
Which loyall hearts doth paine :

Voyde of disgrace.

Avrora's blush that decks thy smile,
Wayting lovers to beguile :
Where curious thoughts built the nest,
Which neu'r yeilds to louer's rest :
Wasting still the yeilding eye,
Whilst he doth the beautie spie.

Read in her face.

Lampe enrich'd with honours flower,
Blossome gracing Venus bower :
Bearing plumes of feathers white,
Wherein Turtles doe delighte,
Sense, would seeme to weake to finde,
Reason's depth in modest minde :

Yeilding desire.

Lode-starre of my happie choyse,
In thee alone I doe reioyce :

Introduction.

O happie man whose hap is fuch,
 To be made happie by thy tutch :
 Thy worth and worthynes could moue,
 The stoutest to incline to loue.
 Enflam'd with fier.

III. Pofie xi.

An Almon for a Parrat.

Disdainfull dames that mountaines moue in thought,
 And thinke they may Iouves thunder-bolt controule,
 Who pafte compare ech one doe fet at naught,
 With squeamifh fcorn's that nowe in rethorick roule :
 Yer fcorne that will be fcorn'd of proude difdaine,
 I fcorne to beare the fcornes of fineft braine.
 Geftures, nor lookes of fimpring coy conceyts,
 Shall make me moue for ftately ladies' mocks :
 Then SIRENS ceafe to trap with your deceyts,
 Leaft that your barkes meete vnexpected rocks :
 For calmest ebbe may yeld the rougheft tide,
 And change of time, may change in time your pride.
 Leaue to conuerfe if needes you muft inuay,
 Let meaner fort feede on their meane entent,
 And foare on fill, the larke it fled away,
 Some one in time will pay what you have lent,
 Poore hungrie gnates faile not on wormes to feede,
 When gofhawkes miffe on hoped pray to fpeede. (pp. 18-20.)

I add juft one other snatch :—

Buen matina.

Sweete at this mourne I chaunced
 To peepe into the chamber ; loe I glauced :
 And fawe white sheetes, thy whyter skinne difclofing :
 And foft-fweete cheeke on pyllowe foft reposing ;
 Then fayde were I that pillowe,
 Deere for thy love I would not weare the willowe.

As with SIR ROBERT CHESTER himfelf, it is to be lamented that no personal details have come down to us concerning SIR JOHN SALISBURY. It demands infinitely more than rank and transient influence to keep a name *quick* across the centuries. How pathetically soon the small dust of oblivion settles down—not to be blown off—on once noyfy and noyfed lives! So is it—fpite of Chester and Parry and Gryffyth—with our 'true-noble-knight.'

One little after-link between a Salisbury and a Chester I like to regard as going toward the identification of our Chester along with Sir John Salisbury of Lleweni. It is this—Our Sir Robert Chester, having two sons in the church, viz., Dr. Granado Chester, Rector of Broadwater, co. Sussex, and Dr. Robert Chester, Rector of Stevenage; it is found that the former was in the gift of Sir Robert Salusbury of Llanwhern, Monmouthshire, Baronet, of the same house. One is willing to think that the ancient family friendship between the two houses led to this ‘presentation’ to a son of Sir John Salisburie’s friend by a Salisbury. It is likewise to be recalled that the Chesters of Derbyshire—as we have seen—would be brought into relation with the Salisburys by their common opposition in the field to Perkin Warbeck, and in support of Henry VII.

(c) WHO WERE MEANT BY THE ‘PHŒNIX’ AND THE ‘TURTLE-DOVE’ OF THESE POEMS? Turning to the original title-page, we find that immediately succeeding the large-type words:

“LOVES MARTYR:
OR,
ROSALINS COMPLAINT.”

are these other:

*“Allegorically shadowing the truth of Loue,
in the constant Fate of the Phœnix
and Turtle.”*

Then below is this further or supplementary explanation:

*“To these are added some new compositions, of severall moderne Writers
whose names are subscribed to their severall workes, vpon the
first subiect: viz. the Phœnix and
Turtle.”*

Looking next at "The Authors request to the Phœnix" — which, as it is annexed to the Epistle-dedicatory to Sir John Salisburie, '*one of the Esquires of the bodie to the Queenes most excellent Maiestie,*' so it is in itself a second dedication, though not so designated—I ask the student-reader to weigh the compliments in these Lines, and especially these :

"Phoenix of beautie, beauteous Bird of any"
 "That feedst all earthly fences with thy fauor"
 ————— "thy perfections passing beautie"

I ask also that it be noted how the 'allegory' of the birds — as Phœnix and Turtle-dove — is incidentally, though not I think accidentally, dropped even thus early, and two things indicated (a) That the Author's poems in so far as she, the 'Phœnix,' was concerned, sang the "home-writ praises" of her 'love' :

"Accept my home-writ praifes of thy loue"

(b) That he was not pleading for himself but another, viz., her 'loue' or him whom she loved. He seeks that she will accept these "home-writ praises" and her 'kind acceptance' of him (the 'loue' of the prior line)

————— "kind acceptance of thy Turtle-doue"

Thus far the 'home-writ praises' are comparatively in "a lowly flight" (p. 6); but in the Poems-proper all is exaggerate and hyperbolic. As pointed out in the Notes and Illustrations *frequenter*, it very soon appears that the 'Phœnix' is a person and a woman, and the 'Turtle-doue' a person and a male, and that while, as the title-page puts it, the poet is "Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love," it is a genuine story of human love and martyrdom (*Love's Martyr*). It further very evidently appears — as also shewn in the Notes and Illustrations (p. 17, st. 2) that the 'Phœnix' was not woman merely, but a queen, and queen of 'Brytaine' (st. 3, l. 4). In short, no one at all acquainted with what was the *mode* of speaking of Queen Elizabeth to the very last, will hesitate

in recognizing her as the 'Rosalin' and 'Phœnix' of Robert Chester, and the "moderne writers," of this book. Let the reader keep eye and ear and memory alert, and he will (*meo iudicio*) find throughout, that in *Love's Martyr* and the related poems, he is listening to the every-day language of the Panegyrists of the 'great Queen.' That is to say, apart from theories, he will see that all the epithets, and much of the description pointed, and could point alone, to Elizabeth. Her 'beauty' and her kind of beauty, "beauty that excelled all beauty on earth"—her 'princely eyes,' her 'majestical' appearance, her palms kissed like a saint's, her chastity—over and over celebrated—her 'deep counsels,' her fondness for and skill in music, her gift of poetry, her eloquence, the "sweet accents of her tongue," her being a 'Phœnix,' 'Earth's beauteous Phœnix' (p. 9), and a Phœnix a prey to the want of a successor—all inevitably make us think of Elizabeth, and none other possible. Let any one who may hesitate, take NICHOLS' *Progresses of Elizabeth** and study the addresses in verse and prose or the incense or flattery of the 'Devices' and similar entertainments of her nobles. It will surprize me if he hesitate longer. There is this also to be remembered, that so peculiar, so fantastically unique, was Elizabeth's position, that no one—with his fortune to make—would have dared to write thus hyperbolically of any woman on English ground while Elizabeth was alive, he thereby putting Elizabeth in the back-ground, and infinitely below her. Even Sir Walter Raleigh in 1602, *i.e.*, subsequent to the date of *Love's Martyr*, thus closes a letter to her Majesty: "And so most humblie imbracing and admiring the memory of *thos celestial bewtyes*, which with the people is denied mee to revew, I pray God your Majestie may be eternall in joyes and happines. Your Majesty's most humble slaue."†

* 2 vols., 4to. See Postscript to this Introduction, C, for quotations from Nichols. Even Sidney—whose fortune *was* made—did not publish 'Astrophel and Stella.' Besides, it differs *toto calo*.

† Edwards' *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, vol. ii, p. 260 (2 vols., 8vo, 1868, Macmillan.)

By my Notes and Illustrations I put it in the power of anyone to confirm (or to confute if he may) this interpretation of the 'Phœnix' as intended for Elizabeth. I am not aware that anyone has ever so much as hinted at the interpretation; but neither do I know that any one before has read or studied the extremely rare book. The exceptional interest of the "new compositions" by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Chapman, Marston, and others, seems to have over-shadowed the larger portion, and thereby, likewise, left these "new compositions" without a key.*

This *internal* evidence, from *Love's Martyr*, as to Elizabeth having been meant by the 'Phœnix' is equally established by *external*. That is to say, another contemporary Poet—and only supercilious ignorance will deny the name to the author of *The Tragedie of Shores Wife*, were there no more — THOMAS CHURCHYARD — the 'Old

* I must state that, having communicated my interpretation of the 'Phœnix' and 'Turtle-dove' to my dear friend and fellow-worker in Elizabethan-Jacobean literature, Dr. Brinsley Nicholson of London, I was more than gratified to learn that, on reading the proof-sheets of *Love's Martyr* (which he had never been fortunate enough to see previously) he had come to the same conclusions. Thus wrought-out in absolute independence, the conclusions themselves may, perhaps, be deemed all the more probable. I must add, that I have had the very great advantage of Dr. Nicholson's reading of the entire proof-sheets of the text and of my Notes and Illustrations. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm and insight of my richly-furnished friend, whose restored health we are all rejoicing over. As I write this a letter reaches me from Dr. Nicholson with additional illustrations and confirmations of the 'Phœnix' being Elizabeth—as follows:

"In reading Henry Peacham, M.A., his *Minerva Britannia or Garden of Heroicall Devices*, 1612, a series of pictorial Impresas or Emblems, with verses in English and Latin, glorifying James and his family and the chief men of rank and note in England, I came across a passage which seems to shew that Elizabeth had adopted the Phœnix as 'her own' Emblem. At the conclusion he has a poetic vision in which Minerva Britannia, as I suppose, shows him a hall filled with their Impresas and Emblems limned on the shields of renowned Englishmen, both kings and peers; and having enumerated some he continues:

' With other numberlesse beside,
That to haue seene each one's deuise,
How liuely limn'd, how well appli'de

Palæmon' of Spenser's *Colin Clout*—had explicitly celebrated Elizabeth, years before (1593), as the 'Phœnix.' His 'Churchyard's *Challenge*' is so very rare and unknown, that I think it well to reproduce here his celebrations; for as I take it, it makes what was before certain certainty itself.

The Poems I refer to are these: (a) A few plaine verses of truth against the flaterie of time, made when the Queens Maiestie was laft at Oxenford; (b) A discourse of the only Phœnix of the worlde; (c) A praise of that Phenix; (d) A discourse of the ioy good subiects haue when they see our Phenix abroad; (e) This is taken out of Belleaux made of his own Mistresse. The whole of these follow. I prefix the Epistle-dedicatory of the entire volume, because in it the 'Queenes Maiestie,' as being the 'Phœnix,' is again designated.

You were the while in Paradife:
Another side she did ordaine
To some late dead, some liuing yet,
Who seru'd Eliza in her raigne,
And worthily had honour'd it.

Where turning trist I spide aboue,
HER OWN DEAR PHŒNIX HOVERING,
Whereat me thought in melting Loue,
Apace with teares mine eies did spring;
But Foole, while I aloft did looke,
For her that was to Heauen flowne,
This goodly place, my sight forfooke,
And on the suddaine all was gone.'

It is worth adding, that in the body of the book, Peacham gives the Phœnix to Cecil." It may be recalled here that Shakespeare put the 'emblem' of the 'Phœnix' into Cranmer's mouth at the baptism of Elizabeth—as thus:

"Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but, as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir
As great in admiration as herself,
So shall she leave her blessedness to one."

(*Henry VIII*, act v, sc. 5, ll. 39-43.)

Cf. also my edition of Sylvester, p. 5, for kindred prefatory compliment.

I. The Epistle-dedicatory of "Churchyards Challenge." (1593.)

To the right worshipfull the Ladie
Anderfon, wife to the right honorable
 Lord chiefe Iustice of the common
 Pleas.

MY boldnes being much, may passe the bounds of duty, but the goodnes of your honourable husband (good Madame) passeth so farre the commendacion of my penne, that vnder his iudgement and shield (that is so iust a Iudge) I make a fauegard to this my presumption, that hazardeth where I am vnknownen to present any peece of Poetrie or matter of great effect, yet aduenturing by fortune, to giue my Lady your sifter somewhat in the honour of the Queenes Maiestie, in the excellencie of her woorthy praise that neuer can decay; I haue translated some verses out of French, that a Poet seemed to write of his owne mistresse, which verses are so apt for the honouring of the Phenix of our worlde, that I cannot hide them from the sight of the worthy, nor dare commit so grosse a fault as to let them die with my selfe: wherefore and in way of your fauour in publishing these verses, I dedicate them to your good Ladishippe, though not so well penned as the first Authour did polish them, yet in the best manner my muse can affoorde, they are plainly expressed, hoping they shalbe as well taken as they are ment, so the blessed and great Iudge of all daily bleffe you.

II. A few plaine verses of truth against the flaterie of time, made when the Queens Maiestie was last at Oxenford.*

Sith silent Poets all,
 that praise your Ladies so:
 My Phenix makes their plumes to fall,
 that would like Peaccckes goe.
 Some doe their Princes praise,
 and Synthia some doe like:
 And some their Mistresse honour raise,
 As high as Souldiers pike.
 Come downe yee doe prefmount, [sic]
 the warning bel it founds:

* In the Contents it is entitled "A discourse of the only Phenix of the worlde." Lady Anderson, *supra*, was Magdalen, d. of Christopher Smyth, of Annables. co. Herts.

That calls you Poets to account,
for breaking of your bounds.
In giuing fame to those,
faire flowers that foone doth fade :
And cleane forget the white red rose,
that God a Phenix made.
Your Ladies also doe decline,
like Stars in darksome night :
When Phenix doth like Phcebus shine,
and leands the world great light.
You paint to please desire,
your Dame in colours gay :
As though braue words, or trim attire,
could grace a clod of clay.
My Phenix needs not any art,
of Poets painting quil :
She is her selfe in euerie part,
so shapte by kindly skil.
That nature cannot wel amend:
and to that shape most rare,
The Gods such speciall grace doth send,
that is without compare.
The heauens did agree,
by constellations plaine :

That for her vertue shee should bee the only queene to raigne,
(In her most happie daies) and carries cleane awaie :
The tip and top of peerlesse prayse, if all the world fay nay,
Looke not that I should name, her vertue in their place,
But looke on her true well-won fame, that answers forme & face.
And therein shall you read, a world of matter now,
That round about the world doth spread her heauenly graces throw.
The seas (where cannons rore) hath yeilded her her right,
And sent such newes vnto the shore, of enemies foile and flight.
That all the world doth found, the glorie Phenix got
Whereof an echo doth rebound, in such a tune and note,
(That none alive shall reach) of Phenix honor great,
Which shall the poets muses teach, how they of her should treat.
O then with verses sweete, if Poets haue good store,
Fling down your pen, at Phenix feet, & praise your nimphes no more.
Packe hence, she comes in place, a stately Royall Queene :
That takes away your Ladies grace, as foone as she is seene.

FINIS.

III. A praise of that Phenix.*

Verfes of value, if Vertue bee feene,
Made of a Phenix, a King, and a Queene.

My Phenix once, was wont to mount the skies,
To fee how birdes, of baser feathers flew :
Then did her Port and preface please our eies :
Whose absence now, breeds nought but fancies new.
The Phenix want, our court, and Realme may rue.
Thus fight of her, such welcome gladnes brings,
That world ioeis much, whē *Phenix* claps her wings.

And flies abroad, to take the open aire,
In royall fort, as bird of stately kinde :
Who hates foul storms ; and loues mild weather fair,
And by great force, can lore the blostring wind, =*lower*
To shew the grace, and greatnes of the minde,
My *Phenix* hath, that vertue growing grēene,
When that abroad, her gracious face is féene.

Let neither feare of plagues, nor wits of men,
Keepe *Phenix* close, that ought to liue in light :
Of open world, for absence wrongs vs then,
To take from world, the Lampe that giues vs light,
O God forbid, our day were turnde to night,
And shining Sunne, in clouds should shrowded be,
Whose golden rayes, the world desires to see.

The Dolphin daunts, each fish that swims the Seas,
The Lion feares, the greatest beaft that goes :
The Bees in Hive, are glad theyr King to please,
And to their Lord, each thing their duety knowes.
But first the King, his Princely preface showes,
Then subiects stoopes, and prostrate fals on face,
Or bowes down head, to giue their maister place.

The sunne hath powre, to comfort flours and gras,
And purge the aire, of foule infections all :
Makes ech thing pure, wher his clear beams do passe,
Draws vp the dew, that mifts and fogs lets fall :
My *Phenix* hath, a greater gift at call,
For vassalls all, a view of her doe craue,
Because thereby, great hope and hap we haue.

* I take this heading from the 'Contents,'—there is added, "and verfes translated out of French." Throughout these poems of Churchyard there are various instances of verb singular after nominative plural.

Good turnes it brings, and fuiters plaints are heard,
 The poore are pleafde, the rich fome purchafe gains,
 The wicked blufh : the worthy wins reward,
 The feruant findes a meanes to quit his paines :
 The wronged man, by her fome right attaines.
 Thus euery one, that help and fuccour needes,
 In hard diftreffe, on *Phenix* fauour feedes.

But from our view, if world doe *Phenix* kéepe,
 Both Sunne, and Moone, and ftars we bid farewell,
 The heauens mourne, the earth will waile and wéep.
 The heauy heart, it féeles the paines of Hell,
 Woe be to thofe, that in defpaire doe dwell.
 Was neuer plague nor peftlence like to this,
 When foules of men haue loft fuch heauenly bliffe.

Now futers all, you may shoote vp your plaints
 Your Goddes now, is lockt in shrine full faft :
 You may perhaps, yet pray vnto her Saints.
 Whose eares are flopt, and hearing fure is pafte,
 Now in the fire, you may fuch Idols caft.
 They cannot helpe, like flockes and ftones they bée,
 That haue no life, nor cannot heare nor fee.

Till that at large, our royall *Phenix* comes,
 Packe hence poore men, or picke your fingers endes,
 Or blow your nailes, or gnaw and bite your thombs,
 Till God aboue, fome better fortune fends.
 Who here abides, till this bad world emends,
 May doe full well, as tides doe ebbe and flow,
 So fortune turnes, and haps doe come and goe.

The bodies ioy, and all the ioints it beares,
 Lies in the head, that may commaund the reft :
 Let head but ake, the heart is full of feares,
 And armes acroffe, we clap on troubled breft :
 With heauy thoughts, the mind is fo oppreff,
 That neather legs, nor féete haue will to goe,
 As man himfelfe, were cleane orecome with woe.

The head is it, that ftill preferues the fence.
 And féekes to faue, each member from difeafe :
 Devife of head, is bodies whole defence,
 The skill whereof, no part dare well difpleafe :
 For as the Moone moues vp the mighty Seas,
 So head doth guide the body when it will,
 And rules the man, by wit and reafons skill.

But how should head, indéede doe all this good,
 When at our néede, no vse of head we haue :
 The head is felt, is féene and vnderfood.
 Then from disgrace, it will the body faue,
 And otherwife, sick man drops downe in graue.
 For when no helpe, nor vse of head we finde,
 The féete fals lame, and gazing eies grow blinde.

The lims wax stiffe, for want of vse and aide,
 The bones doe dry, their marrow waste away :
 The heart is dead, the body liues afraide,
 The sinnowes shrinke, the blood doth still decay ;
 So long as world, doth want the Star of day,
 So long darke night, we shall be sure of héere, ;
 For cloudy skies, I feare will neuer cléere.

God fend some helpe, to salue sick poore mens fores,
 A boxe of baulme, would heale our woundes vp quite :
 That precious oyle, would eate out rotten cores,
 And giue great health, and man his whole delighte.
 God fend some funne, in frostie morn'ng white,
 That cakes of yce may melt by gentle thaw,
 And at well-head wee may some water drawe.

A Riddle.

Wée wish, wee want, yet haue what we desire :
 We freefe, wee burne, and yet kept from the fire.

FINIS.

IV. A discourse of the ioy good subiects haue when they see our
 Phenix abroad.*

This is to be red fue waies.

IN hat a fauour worne, a bird of gold in Britaine land,
 In loyall heart is borne, yet doth on head like Phenix stand.
 To set my Phenix forth, whose vertues may thē al furmoût.
 An orient pearle more worth, in value, price & good account.
 The gold or precious stone, what tong or verfe dare her distain,
 A péerelesse paragon, in whom such gladfome gifts remaine.
 Whose seemly shape is wrought as out of wax wer made y^e mold
 By fine deuife of thought, like shrined Saint in beaten gold :
 Dame Nature did disdaine, and thought great scorn in any fort,
 To make the like againe, that should deferue such rare report.
 Ther néedes no Poets pen, nor painters pencil, come in place,

* This heading is from the 'Contents.'

Nor flatering fraise of men, whose filed spech giues ech thing grace,
 To praise this worthy dame, a Nymph which *Dian* holds full *dée*r
 That in such perfect frame, as mirror bright & christal cléer
 Is set out to our view, threefold as faire as shining Sunne,
 For beauty grace and hue, a worke that hath great glory won,
 A Goddes dropt from sky, for causes more than men may know,
 To please both minde & eie for those that dwels on earth below,
 And shew what heauenly grace, and noble secret power diuine
 Is séene in Princely face, that kind hath formd & framd so fine.
 For this is all I write, of sacred Phenix ten times blest,
 To shew mine own delite, as fancies humor thinketh best.

FINIS.

V. This is taken out of *Belleau* made of his own
 Mistresse.*

Sad sighes doth shew, the heat of heartes desire,
 And forrow speakes, by signes of heauié eyes :
 So if hot flames, proceed from holly fire,
 And loue may not, from vicious fancies eyes
 In tarrying time, and fauour of the skies,
 My only good, and greatest hap doth lie :
 In her that doth, all fond delight dispies :
 Than turne to mée, sad sighes I shall not dye.

If that bee shee, who hath so much mée bound,
 And makes me hers, as I were not mine owne :
 She most to praise, that maie aliue be founde,
 Most great and good, and gracious througly knowne.
 Shée all my hope, in brieft yea more than mine,
 (That quickly maie, bring life by looke of eye)
 Than come chaest sighes, a close record diuine,
 Returne to mee, and I shall neuer dye.

If from young yeares, shee gainde the garland gaye,
 And wan the price, of all good giftes of grace :
 If princely port, doe vertuous minde be wraie,
 And royall power, be found by noble face,
 If shee bee borne, most happie graue and wife,
 A Sibill fage, sent downe from heauens hie,
 O smothering fightes, that faine would close mine eyes,
 Returne to mee, so shall I neuer die.

=price

* While this piece has nothing of the 'Phœnix' in it, it is equally good for our purpose, as shewing how Elizabeth was addressed (as in Chester) by the titles of 'Sun,' &c.

If most vpright, and faire of forme shée bee,
 That may beare life, and swéettest manner shoves,
 Loues God, good men, and Countries wealth doth féé,
 A queene of kinges, all Christian princes knowes,
 So iustly liues, that each man hath his owne,
 Sets straight each state, that else would goe awrie :
 Whereby her fame, abroad the world is blowne,
 Then feace fad fighes, fo shall I neuer die.

If shée the heart of Alexander haue,
 The sharpe esprit, and hap of Haniball,
 The constant mind, that Gods to Scipio gaue,
 And Cæsars grace, whose triumphs passed all,
 If in her thought, do dwell the iudgement great,
 Of all that raignes, and rules from earth to skie :
 (And fits this houre, in throne and regall feate),
 Come fighes againe, your maister cannot die.

If she be found, to tast the pearcing ayr,
 In heate, in colde, in frost, in snowe and rayne :
 As diamond, that shines so passing faire,
 That funne nor moone, nor weather cannot staine :
 If blastes of winde, and stormes to beautie yelde,
 And this well springe, makes other fountaines drye,
 (Turnes tides and floodes, to water baraine féeld,)
 Come fighes then home, I liue and cannot die.

If her great giftes, doth daunt dame fortunes might,
 And she haue caught the hayres and head of hap :
 To others hard, to her a matter light,
 To mount the cloudes, and fall in honours lap.
 If shee her selfe, and others conquers too,
 Liues long in peace, and yet doth warre defic :
 As valiaunt kinges, and vertuous victors doe,
 Then fighe no more, o heart I cannot die.

If such a prince, abase her highnesse than,
 For some good thing, the world may gesse in mee :
 And stoupes so low, too like a fillie man,
 That little knowes, what Princes grace may bée.
 If shee well waic, my faith and seruice true,
 And is the iudge, and touch that gold shall trie :
 That colour cléere, that neuer changeth hue,
 Heart figh no more, I liue and may not die.

If I doe vse, her fauour for my weale,
 By reason off, her gracious countenance still :
 And from the funne, a little light I steale,
 To keepe the life, in lampe to burne at will.

If robbie thus, a true man may commit,
Both I and mine, vnto her merits flie :
If I presume, it springes for want of wit,
Excuse me than, sad sighes or else I die.

If shee do know, her shape in heart I beare,
Engraued in breast, her grace and figure is,
Yea day and night, I thinke and dreame each where,
On nothing else, but on that heauenly blisse,
If so transformde, my mind and body liues,
But not confumde, nor finde no cause to cry,
And waite on her, that helpe and comfort giues,
Than come poore sighes, your maister shall not die

If she behold, that here I wish no breath,
But liue all hers, in thought and word and déede :
Whose fauour lost, I craue but present death,
Whose grace attaind, lean foule full fat shall féede,
If any cause, do kéepe her from my sight,
I know no world, my self I shall deny,
But if her torch, doe lend my candle light,
Heart sigh no more, the body doth not die.

But if by death, or some disgrace of mine
Through enuies sting, or false report of foes,
My view be bard, from that swéete face diuine.
Beléue for troth, to death her seruant goes,
And rather sure, than I should ill conceiue :
Sighes mount to skies, you know the cause and why,
How here below, my lusty life I leaue,
Attend me there, for wounded heart must die.

If shee beléue, without her presence here,
That anything, may now content my minde :
Or thinke in world, is sparke of gladfome chéerc,
Where shee is not, nor I her presence finde :
But all the ioys, that man imagine may,
As handmaidens wayt, on her héere vnder sky,
Then sighes mount vp, to heauens hold your way,
And stay me there, for I of force must die.

If I may feare, that fragill beauty light,
Or semblance faire, is to be doubted fore :
Or my vaine youth, may turn with fancies might
Or sighes full falles fains grieffe or torment more,
Than heart doth féele, then angry stars aboue,
Doe band your selues, gainst me in heauens hie.
And rigor worke, to conquer constant loue,
Mount vp poore sighes, here is no helpe, I die.

And so sad sighes, the witness of my thought,
 If love finde not, true guerdon for good will :
 Ere that to graue, my body shalbe brought,
 Mount vp to cloudes, and there abide me still,
 But if good hope, and hap some succour send,
 And honor doth, my vertuous minde supply,
 With treble blisse, for which I long attend,
 Returne good sighes, I mean not now to die.

Translated out of French, for one that is bounde much to Fortune.

FINIS.

It were easy to multiply contemporary and funereal 'flatteries' of Elizabeth under the name of the 'Phoenix,' and from Cynthia in Spenser to the Rosalind and Orianas of many 'Madrigals,'* and Atropeion Delion of Thomas Newton (1603), shew that she was even to old age receptive of the loftiest names and the most celestial praise, especially if they lauded her 'beauty' or her intellect. But for our present purpose more cannot be required.

Having thus determined that Elizabeth was the 'Phoenix,' I proceed now to inquire who was intended by the 'Turtle-doue.' As with the 'Phoenix,' I must request attention to our Notes and Illustrations on the places wherein the 'Turtle-doue' occurs. It will there be found that, contrary to ordinary usage, the 'Turtle-doue' is distinctly 'sung' of as a male, by the necessities indeed of the 'love' relations sustained towards the 'Phoenix,' and of the 'Phoenix' towards the 'Turtle-doue,' *e.g.*:

Nature.

"Fly in this Chariot, and come sit by me,
 And we will leaue this ill corrupted Land,
 We'll take our course through the blue Azure skie,
 And set our feete on *Paphos* golden sand.
 There of that *Turtle Doue* we'll vnderstand :
 And visit HIM in those delightful plaines,
 Where Peace conioyn'd with Plenty still remains." (p. 32.)

It will also be found that, as with Elizabeth as the 'Phoenix,'

* See an interesting paper on 'Madrigals' in honour of Elizabeth in *Notes and Queries*, first series, vol. iv, pp. 185-188. See Postscript D for additional 'Phoenix' references, &c.

so with the 'Turtle-doue,' epithet and circumstance and the whole bearing of the Poems, make us think of but one pre-eminent man in the Court of Elizabeth. Let the Notes and Illustrations on portions of these Poems relative to the 'Turtle-doue' be critically pondered; and unless I err egregiously, it will be felt that only of the brilliant but impetuous, the greatly-dowered but rash, the illustrious but unhappy Robert Devereux, second earl of Essex, could such splendid things have been thought. Inevitably 'Liberal Honour' and 'Love's Lord,' are accepted as *his* titles of right; while his Letters to Elizabeth and of Elizabeth to him reveal the 'envy' and 'jealousy' and hatreds against which he fought his way upward.† I invite prolonged scrutiny of this description and portraiture:

"Hard by a running streame or cryfall fountaine,
Wherein rich *Orient* pearle is often found,
Enuiron'd with a high and steeple mountaine,
A fertill foile and fruitful plot of ground,
There shalt thou find true *Honors* louely *Squire*,
That for this *Phanix* keepes *Prometheus* fire.

His bower wherein he lodgeth all the night,
Is fram'd of Cædars and high loftie Pine,
I made his house to chastice thence despight,
And fram'd it like this heauenly roofe of mine:
His name is *Liberall honor*, and his hart,
Aymes at true faithfull seruice and defart.

Looke on his face, and in his browes doth sit,
Bloud and sweete *Mercie* hand in hand vnited,
Bloud to his foes, a president most fit
For such as haue his gentle humour spited:
His Haire is curl'd by nature mild and meeke,
Hangs carelesse downe to shroud a blushing cheek.

Giue him this Ointment to annoint his Head,
This precious Balme to lay vnto his feet,
These shall direct him to the *Phanix* bed,
Where on a high hill he this Bird shall meet:
And of their Ashes by my doome shal rise,
Another *Phanix* her to equalize."

(pp. 19-20.)

† See *Lives and Letters of the Devereux, Earls of Essex, &c., &c.* By the Hon. W. B. Devereux, 2 vols. 8vo, 1853. (Murray.)

The 'Turtle Dove,' as thus described, was then in 'Paphos Ile'; and what was meant by it will appear in the sequel. But I ask any one familiar with the men and events of the reign of Elizabeth, if Essex is not instantly suggested by these and parallel passages and allusions in *Love's Martyr*? This being so, we should expect that Essex would be found elsewhere similarly described; and if, in giving Churchyard's remarkable 'Phoenix' poems, I felt that I was by them placing our interpretation beyond cavil, I have much the same conviction in now submitting certain extracts from a poem avowedly in his honour, when he was in the golden sunshine (yet not without broad shadows) of his favour with Elizabeth. I refer to "*An Eglogve Gratulatorie*. Entitled: To the right honorable, and renowned Shepheard of Albions Arcadia: Robert Earle of Essex and Ewe, for his welcome into England from Portugall. Done by George Peele." (1589).*

Let these speak for themselves, by help of our *italics* occasionally:

Piers.

"Of arms to sing I haue nor lust nor skill; *list?*
 Enough is me to blazon my good-will,
 To welcome home that long hath lackèd been,
 One of the jolliest shepherds of our green;
 Ió, iö pæan!

Palinode.

Tell me, good Piers, I pray thee tell it me,
 What may think jolly swain or shepheard be,
 Or whence y-comen, that he thus welcome is,
 That thou art all so blithe to see his bliffe?

Piers.

... Think shepheard, Palinode, whom my pipe praifeth,
 Where glory my reed to the welkin raifeth,
 He's a great herdgroom, certes, but no swain,
Sauce hers that is the flower of Phæbe's plain;
 Ió, iö pæan!

* Dyce's Greene, pp. 559-563, 1 vol., 8vo, 1861. It is much to be regretted that, here as invariably, so competent a scholar and so noble a worker as the late Mr. Dyce *modernized* the orthography of his texts, thereby obliterating all philological and critical value.

He's well-allied and lovèd of the best,
Well-thew'd, fair and frank, and famous by his crest;
His Rain-deer, racking with proud and stately pace,
Giveth to his flock a right beautiful grace;

Iö, iö pæan!

He waits where our great shepherdes doth wun,
He playeth in the shade, and thriveth in the sun;
He shineth on the plains, his lusty flock him by,
As when Apollo kept in Arcady;

Iö, iö pæan!

Fellow in arms he was in their flow'ring days
With that great shepherd, good Philifides;
And in sad fable did I see him dight,
Moaning the misf of Pallas' peerless knight;

Sir Philip Sidney.

Iö, iö pæan!

With him he serv'd, and watch'd, and waited late,
To keep the grim wolf from Eliza's gate; [Anjou, Tyrone, &c.]
And for their mistrefs, thoughten these two swains,
They moughten neuer take too mickle pains;

Iö, iö pæan!

But, ah for grief! that jolly groom is dead,
For whom the Muses, silver tears have shed;
Yet in this lovely swain, source of our glee,
Mun all his virtues sweet revived be;

Iö, iö pæan!

Again :

Palinode.

“Thou foolish swain that thus art over-joy'd,
How soon may here thy courage be accoy'd!
If he be one come new from western coast,
Small cause hath he, or thou for him to boast.
I see no palm, I see no laurel boughs
Circle his temples or adorn his brows;
I hear no triumphs for this late return,
But many a herdsman more dispos'd to mourne,

Piers.

Pale lookest thou, like spite, proud Palinode;
Venture doth loss, and war doth danger bode;
But thou art of those harvesters, I see,
Would at one shock spoil all the filberd tree;

Iö, iö pæan!

For shame, I say, give virtue honour's duel
I'll please the shepherd but by telling true:

Palm mayst thou see and bays about his head,
That all his flock right forwardly hath led ;
Iö, iö pœan!"

Then comes ENVY, as so frequently in *Love's Martyr* and the Essex letters (to and from), with sinister influence :—

" But woe is me, lewd lad, fame's full of lies,
ENVY DOTH AYE TRUE HONOUR'S DEEDS DESPISE,
Yet chivalry will mount with glorious wings
SPITE ALL, AND NESTLE NEAR THE SEAT OF KINGS ;
Iö, iö pœan!

Finally, Chester's 'Liberall Honor' is introduced :—

" O HONOUR'S FIRE, that not the brackish fea
Mought quench, nor foeman's fearful 'larums lay!
So high those golden flakes done mount and climb
That they exceed the reach of shepherds rhyme ;
Iö, iö pœan!

Palinode.

What boot thy welcomes, foolish-hardy swain ?
Louder pipes than thine are going on the plain ;
Fair Eliza's lasses and her great grooms
Receive this shepherd with unfeign'd welcomes.

HONOUR *is in him* that doth it bestow

Piers.

So cease, my pipe, the worthies to record
Of thilk great shepherd, of *thilk fair young lord.*"

The line of Palinode,

" HONOUR *is in him* that doth it bestow,"

as well as the title of '*Liberal Honour*,' refers doubtless, among other things, to the dubbing of knights by Essex as commander-in-chief—a matter which caused much 'evil-speaking' and jealousy.

Subsidiary to this specially noticeable poem of GEORGE PEELE is another by THOMAS CHURCHYARD. Intrinsicly it is of little or no poetical value ; but from its direct bearing on our interpretation of 'Paphos Ile,'—as in *Love's Martyr*, designating Ireland,—it has no common interest. For it is a Greeting to Essex on his departure for Ireland to put down the rebellion of Tyrone. There is nothing of

that exaggerate laudation of Essex common at the period ; but the very homeliness and humbleness of the poem serve the better to reflect the gravity of his summons to do this service for his Queen. One phrase in the Epistle-dedicatory gives a parallel to Shakespeare's assurance of welcome on return, and to us now the quaintest possible use of the word 'impe.' The august names, *e.g.*, Scipio, Mars, and the like, tell us of the popular conception of the hero of the Expedition ; and in relation to the '*Liberal Honour*' of *Love's Martyr*, it does not look like a mere coincidence that Churchyard names Essex 'Honour'—"Who must ask grace on knees at Honor's feet" (p. xlii, l. 26). I deem it well to reproduce the whole, from (it is believed) the *unique* exemplar in the British Museum. Unfortunately the headline of the opening of the poem is cut off by the binder, and only the word 'happy' can be guessed at in it. The title-page is as follows :

THE
FORTVNATE FAREWELL
to the most forward and noble Earle
of Essex, one of the honorable priuie
Counsel, Earle high Marshal of Eng-
land, Master of the horse, Master of the
ordinance, Knight of the garter, &
Lord Lieutenant general of all
the Queenes Maiesties
forces in Ireland.

Dedicated to the right Honorable the Lord
HARRY SEAMER, second sonne
to the last Duke of
Sommerfet.

Written by Thomas Churchyard
Esquire.

Printed at London by Edm. Bollifant,
for William Wood at the West
doore of Powles.

1599

Next comes the Epistle-dedicatory—following up the odd mention of his name in the title-page—to Henry, second son of the Duke of Somerset, by his second wife, Anne,

daughter of Sir Edward Stanhope, Knt. Churchyard calls him 'the Lord Harry' by courtesy; for of course when his father was stripped of his titles, those of the sons also fell. But he was knighted, though no record of this appears to have been preserved. Dr. Chester has notes of the administration to his estate, dated 6 February, 1606-7, when he was described as Sir Henry Seymour, Knt., of St. Anne, Blackfriars, London, the letters being granted to his sister, Lady Mary Rogers. He married Lady Joan Percy, third daughter of Thomas, seventh Earl of Northumberland, but died without issue; and as his sister administered his estate Lady Seymour probably died before him. The Epistle thus runs:

*To the right honorable the L. Harry Seamer
Thomas Churchyard wisheth continuance of
vertue, blessednesse of minde, and
wished felicitie.*

I N all duty (my good Lord) I am bold, because your most honorable father the Duke of Sommerfet (vncke to the renowned impe of grace noble King Edward the sixt) faoured me when I was troubled before the Lords of the Counsell, for writing some of my first verses: in requitall whereof, euer since I haue honored all his noble race, and knowing your Lordship in sea seruices forward and ready in all honorable maner (sparing for no charges) when the Spanyards approached neere our countrie, I bethought me how I might be thankfull for good turnes found of your noble progenie:* though vnable therefore, finding my selfe vnfurnished of all things woorthy presentation and acceptance, I tooke occasion of the departure of a most woorthy Earle towards the seruice in Ireland, so made a present to your Lordship of his happy Farewell as I hope: and trust to liue and see his wished welcome home. This Farewell onely deuised to stirre vp a threefold manly courage to the mercenarie multitude of soldiers, that follow this Marhall-like [Martial-like] Generall, and especially to moouie all degrees in generall loyally to serue our good Queene Elizabeth, and valiantly to go through with good resolution the acceptable seruice they take in hand. Which true seruice shall redouble their renowne, and enroll their names in the memoriall-booke of fame for euer. I feare I leade your Lordship too farre with the flourish of a fruitlesse pen, whose blandishing phraze makes many to gaze on, and few to consider well of and regarde. My plot is onely laide to purchase good will of vertuous people: what the rest thinke, let their misconstruing conceits answere their owne idle humors. This plaine present winning your Lordships good liking, shall passe with the greater grace to his honorable

* = descent, or as we would say, ancestry, *i.e.*, the 'before-births,' a sense common at that time. Cf. Shakespeare and *Love's Martyr*.

hands, that the priers & power of good men waites willingly vpon towards the reformation of wicked rebellion.

Your L. in all at commandement, *Thomas Churchyard.*

And now we reach the poem itself :*

.....

and forward most noble

Earle of Essex.

NOW SCIPIO fails to Affrick far from hoem,
 The Lord of hoests, and battels be his gied :
 Now when green trees, begins to bud and bloem,
 On Irish seas, ELIZAS ship shall ried ;
 A warliek band, of worthy knights I hoep,
 Aer armd for fight, a bloody brunt to bied ;
 With rebels shall, boeth might and manhool coep,
 Our contreis right, and quarrell to be tried :
 Right maeks wrong blush, and troeth bids falsshed fly,
 The sword is drawn, TYROENS dispatch draws ny.
 A traitor must be taught to know his king,
 When MARS shal march, with shining sword in hand,
 A crauen cock, cries creak and hangs down wing,
 Will run about the shraep and daer not stand,
 When cocks of gaem, coms in to giue a bloe ;
 So false TYROEN, may faint when he would fight,
 Thogh now alowd, on dunghill doth he croe ;
 Traitors wants hart, and often taeks the flight :
 When rebels see, they aer surpriefd by troeth,
 Pack hence in haest, away the rebels goeth.
 Proud trecherous trash, is curbd & knockt with bloes,
 Hy loftie mindes, with force are beaten down :
 Against the right, though oft rued rebels roes,
 Not oen sped well, that did impeach a crowne.
 Read the Annaels, of all the Princes past,
 Whear treafons still, are punisht in their kinde,
 Thear shall you see, when faithfull men stand fast,
 False traytors still, are but a blast of winde :
 For he that first formd kings and all degrees,
 The ruel of states, and kingdoms ouersee.
 Riot and rage, this rank rebellion breeds ;
 Hauock and spoyl, sets bloudshed so abroetch,
 Troethles attempts, their filthy humor feeds,
 Raffnes runs on, all hedlong to reproetch :

[*sheep?*]

* The spelling of Churchyard is so peculiar in this poem that I must state that our text is an exact reproduction of the original throughout. We have here a most noticeable example of a then common practice of making rhyming words agree in spelling, e.g., ll. 1 and 3 ; ll. 2, 4, 6, &c., &c.

Boldnes beget theas helhounds all a roe,
 The fons of shaem, and children of Gods wraeth;
 With woluifh minds, liek breetchles beares they goe,
 Throw woods and bogs, and many a crooked paeth:
 Lying liek dogs, in litter, dung and strawe,
 Rued as bruet beafts, that knoes ne ruel nor lawe.
 Foftered from faith, and fear of God or man,
 Vnlernd or taught of any graces good,
 Nurft vp in vice, whear falfehede firft began,
 Mercyles boern, ftill fheading guiltles blood.
 Libertines lewd, that all good order haets,
 Murtherers viel, of wemen great with childe,
 Cruell as kiets, defpifing all efaets,
 Diuifhly bent, boeth currifh, stern and wilde:
 Their whole deuce, is rooet of mifcheeues all,
 That feeks a plaeg, on their own heds to fall.
 Will God permit, fuch monfters to bear fway?
 His iuftice haets, the fteps of tyrants ftill,
 Their damnable deeds, craues vengeance euery day;
 Which God doth fcouge, by his own bleffed will.
 He planteth force, to fling down feeble ftrength,
 Men of mutch worth, to weaken things of noght,
 Whoes cloked craft, fhall fuer be feen at length,
 When vnto light, dark dealings fhall be broght:
 Sweet ciuill Lords, fhall fawfy fellowes meet,
 Who muft ask grace, on knees at honors feet.
 Ruednes may range awhile in ruffling fort,
 As witleffe wights with wandring maeks world mues;
 But when powre coms, to cut prowde practife fhort,
 And foe by fword, how fubiefts Prince abues,
 Then confhens fhall Peccaui cry in feeld,
 Tremble and quaek, mutch liek an Aspin leaf,
 But when on knees, do conquerd captiues yeeld,
 The victor turns his hed as he wear deaf:
 Rueth is grown cold, reuenge is hot as fier,
 And mercy fits with frowns in angry attier.
 VVorld pafte forgaue great faults, and let them pas,
 Time prefent locks on futuer time to com.
 All aegis fawe their follies in a glas,
 Yet were not taught, by time nor found of drom.
 This world goes blinde, and neither fees nor heers,
 Their fenfes fail, the wits and reason faints,
 Old world is waxt worm-eaten by long yeers,
 And men becom, black diuels that were faints:
 Yet Gods great grace, this wretched caus reforms,
 And from fayr flowrs, weeds out the wicked worms.

*The
lead[ers]*

They com that shall redresse great things amis,
 Pluck vp the weeds, plant roses in their place,
 No violent thing enduers long as hit is,
 Falsched flies fast, from sight of true mens face,
 Traitors do fear the plaegs for them prepard
 And hieds their heds, in hoels when troeth is seen,
 Tho[u]gh[t] gracelesse giues to duty small regard,
 Good subiects yeelds obedience to their Queen :
 In quarrels iust, do thousands offer liues,
 They feel fowl bobs that for the bucklars striues.
 This Lord doth bring, for strength the fear of God,
 The loue of men, and sword of iustice boeth,
 Which three is to TYROEN an iron rod,
 A birchin twig, that draws blood whear hit goeth.
 When IOAB went, to warr in DAVIDS right,
 He broght hoem peace, in spite of ennies beard,
 For IOZIAS, the Lord above did fight,
 With Angels force, that made the foes afeard :
 The world doth shaek, and tremble at his frown,
 VVhoes beck soon casts the brags of rebels down.
 Stand fast and fuer, false traitors turns their back,
 True subiects veaw, maeks haerbrain rebels bluff;
 Stout heauy bloes, maeks highest trees to crack,
 An armed piek, may brauely bied a push :
 Wheel not about, stand flisse liek brazen wall,
 For that's the way, to win the feeld in deed ;
 Charge the foer front, and see the ennies fall,
 The cowards brag, is but a rotten reed :
 Victors must beare the brunt of eury shock,
 A constant minde, is liek a stony rock.

[= ii]

Farewell sweet Lords, Knights, Captains and the rest,
 Who goes with you, taeks threefold thankfull pain,
 Who sets you forth, is ten times treble blest,
 Who serues you well, reaps glory for their gain,
 Who dies shall liue, in faem among the best,
 Who liues shall loek and laugh theas broils to scorn :
 All honest harts, doth ciuill warr detest,
 And curfe the time that ear TYROEN was born :
 We hoep good hap waits on the fleet that goes,
 And Gods great help, shall clean destroy our foes.

F I N I S .

I venture to assume that I have sufficiently answered our question, Who were meant by the 'Phœnix' and the 'Turtle-dove' of these Poems? I must hold it as demon-

strated, that the 'Phœnix' was Elizabeth and the 'Turtle Dove' Essex.* No one has, hitherto, in any way thought of this interpretation of the 'Turtle Dove' any more than the other of the 'Phœnix'; but none the less do I hope for acceptance of it.†

Our interpretation of Chester's 'Phœnix' and 'Turtle Dove' is the more weighty and important, in that it for the first time enables us to understand Shakespeare's priceless and *unique* 'Phœnix and Turtle'—originally attached to *Love's Martyr*. Perhaps Emerson's words on Shakespeare's poem, as well represents its sphinx-character even to the most capable critics, as any. They are as follow in his preface (pp. v, vi) to his charming *Parnassus* (1875)—

"Of Shakespeare what can we say, but that he is and remains an exceptional mind in the world; that a universal poetry began and ended with him; and that mankind have required the three hundred and ten years since his birth to familiarize themselves with his supreme genius? I should like to have the Academy of Letters propose a prize for an essay on Shakespeare's poem, *Let the bird of loudest lay*, and the *Threnos* with which it closes, the aim of the essay being to explain, by a historical research into the poetic myths and tendencies of the age in which it was written, the frame and allusions of the poem. I have not seen Chester's *Love's Martyr*, and "the Additional Poems" (1601), in which it appeared. Perhaps that book will suggest all the explanation this poem requires. To unassisted readers, it would appear to be a lament on the death of a poet,

* In a small prose book by THOMAS DEKKER, of which I know no other exemplar than my own (unfortunately not perfect)—the "Prayers" that compose it are given respectively to the 'Dove,' the 'Eagle,' the 'Pellican,' and the 'Phœnix.'" This unique little volume is dated 1609. Anything richer spiritually or more exquisite and finely quaint in its style, of the kind, I do not know. His preliminary description of the four birds is exceedingly well-done, and those of the 'Dove' and 'Phœnix' vividly set forth what the 'Phœnix' and 'Turtle Dove' of *Love's Martyr* are—only the love and aspiration are heavenward. Does any one know of another copy of this book? I should rejoice to hear of it.

† The late Mr. Richard Simpson had doubtless studied Chester critically; but he gave no inkling of his interpretation beyond announcing through the *New Shakespeare Society* that he would connect *Love's Martyr* with *Cymbeline*. I fear this must have proven another of his 'School of Shakespeare' discoveries. I have looked in vain in *Cymbeline* for anything save the slightest verbal illustrations of *Love's Martyr*. None the less do I regret that Mr. Simpson was not spared to give us his view of *Love's Martyr*, &c.

and of his poetic mistress. But the poem is so quaint, and charming in diction, tone, and allusions, and in its perfect metre and harmony, that I would gladly have the fullest illustration yet attainable. I consider this piece a good example of the rule, that there is a poetry for bards proper, as well as a poetry for the world of readers. This poem, if published for the first time, and without a known author's name, would find no general reception. Only the poets would save it."

Perchance there is truth in the close of this penetrative *bit* of criticism; but to myself the 'Phoenix and Turtle' has universal elements in it at once of thinking, emotion and form. Its very concinnity and restraint, *e.g.*—compared with the fecundity of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*—differentiate it from all other of Shakespeare's writings. I discern a sense of personal heart-ache and loss in these sifted and attuned stanzas, unutterably precious.

(d) WHAT IS THE MESSAGE OR *motif* OF THESE POEMS? I recall that the original title-page informs us that in *Love's Martyr, or Rosalins Complaint*, we have poems "*Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love.*" I cannot take less out of this than that the author believed he was celebrating a 'true love.' More than that, I cannot explain away the so prominently-given chief title, of *Love's Martyr*, or the subtitle, *Rosalin's Complaint*; which so manifestly folds within it Elizabeth, as the 'Tudor Rose (just as Rosalind in *As You Like It*, is called 'my sweet Rose, my dear Rose,' act i, sc. 2). To me all this means a 'true love' that 'ran not smooth,' that was defeated or never completed, and that led to such anguish as only the awful word 'martyr' could express. With queen Elizabeth, then, as the 'Phoenix,' and as the 'Rosalin' whose 'Complaint' the poems ensphere, and Essex as the 'Turtle Dove,' it seems to me unmistakable that ROBERT CHESTER, as a follower not to say partizan of Essex, designed his *Love's Martyr* as *his* message on the consummation of the tragedy of his beheading. That there is nothing beyond the insinuated martyrdom of the title on the scarcely less wrong

than blunder of Elizabeth—the execution of Essex—is to be explained by (1) That the words ‘*long expected labour*’ in the Epistle-dedicatory, intimate that the poems had been composed, substantially, some years before, probably in 1599, when Essex was on his memorable errand to Ireland; (2) That Elizabeth was still alive—and a terrible old lioness still when her pride was touched. The fact that Elizabeth was living when *Love’s Martyr* was published fills me indeed with astonishment at the author’s audacity in so publishing. This, however, is mitigated by these considerations (a) That throughout *Love’s Martyr* there is abundant titillation of her well-known vanity in compliments that ‘sweet fifteen’ only might have looked for; (b) That if we had access to the full *data* it seems manifest that they would show that somehow or other Chester had intimate, almost confidential, knowledge of Elizabeth’s feeling for Essex. Sir John Salisburie, as being ‘Esquier of the body to the Queenes most excellent majesty,’ could tell him much if he, personally, had not access. (c) That in her unlifted melancholy over the death of her favorite, the might-have-been came back upon her with sovran potency and accusation, and perchance imparted a strange satisfaction to her to have it re-called by a mutual friend; much as her Biographers have remarked, she chose to simulate quarrels with Essex, that she might have the pleasure of hearing him defend himself. Throughout Chester fulfilled his word in “The Authors request to the Phœnix” (p. 5), [I] “Endeured haue to please in praifing thee.”* Even in “Sorowes Ioy” on her death, there seems to me a hint at the martyrdom, *e.g.*:

“ That Pellican who for her peoples good
Shirkt not to spill (alas) her owne deare blood:
That maid, that Pellican.”†

* See Postscript E, for an incident in Elizabeth’s life that vivifies one of Chester’s compliments to her.

† See further quotations in Postscript D.

In the Notes and Illustrations I bring out indubitable allusions that bear us back to Elizabeth's girl-hood, when she was 'suspect' and watched and plotted against by her sister, 'Bloody Mary' (alas! for epithet so tremendous associated with name so holy and tender!)—bear us back to her radiant prime when her marriage was the national hope and prayer—bear us back emphatically, to her first flush of captivation by the glowing eyes and eloquent tongue of Essex; and so onward. That Elizabeth was 'led captive,' there are a hundred proofs. Take one in a bit of a letter of Anthony Bagot to his father in May 1587—"When she [the queen] is abroad, nobody near her but my L. of Essex; and at night, my Lord is at cards, or one game or another with her *that he cometh not to his own lodgings till birds sing in the morning.*"* I find here the *motif* of the poems. Chester interprets with subtlety and power the real 'passion' of Elizabeth for Essex—the actual feeling on her part, that if 'I dare' might wait on 'I would' she should have lifted him to her throne. Our Poet puts himself in her place, and with a boldness incomparable utters out the popular impression that Elizabeth did 'love' Essex. Hence—as I think—those stings of pain, throbs of remorse, cries of self-reproach, 'feeling after' died-out emotion and rapture, that in most unexpected places come out and lay bare that proud, strong, prodigious heart as none else has ever done. I am in the dark as to Robert Chester's relation to Elizabeth; but it is in broad-breaking light that he pierces to the core, while in simple-seeming and even 'skillless' phrase, he tells us in these strange discoursings between 'Nature' and the 'Phoenix' the '*truth of Loue.*' This is 'allegorically' done—his phrase is 'allegorically shadowing'—but beneath the allegory is solid fact.

I care not to go searching for 'scandals against Elizabeth.' The hate of the Jesuits probably manufactured most of them. But I do not see how any one can study the *Life*

* Lives and Letters of the Earls of Essex, as before, vol. i, p. 186.

and Letters of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, as told by Captain Devereux, without having it immovably established to him, that to the close Elizabeth had a deep passion of love for him — thwarted earlier by her sense that it would not do for 'Queen' to marry 'Subject,' and later by his capricious marriage to the widow of Sidney, but never extirpated and destined to a weary 'martyrdom' of resurrection when the decollated body lay in its bloody grave. Except the love-tragedy of Stella and Sidney,* I know nothing more heart-shatteringly tragic — for pathetic is too weak a word — than the 'great Queen's' death-cushion moanings and mutterings over her dead Essex. I, for one, believe in that story of 'the ring' as JOHN WEBSTER has put it:

————— "let me die
 In the distraction of that worthy princefs
 Who loathèd food, and sleep, and ceremony,
 For thought of louing that braue gentleman
 She would fain haue fau'd, had not a false conveyance
 Expressed him stubborn-hearted : let me sink
 Where neither man nor memory may e'er find me."†

That Webster did not thus introduce the 'ring' at random seems certain. A hitherto overlooked little book supplies a self-authenticating record of it, as well as other glimpses of Elizabeth that strikingly illustrate *Love's Martyr*. The title-page is as follows — *Historical Memoirs on the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James*, 1658 (12mo).‡ The 'ring' story and related reflections thus run :

* Poems of Sir Philip Sidney in Fuller Worthies' Library, and in Chatto and Windus's *Early English Poets* — with Memorial-Introduction, Essay, &c.

† The Devil's Law Case, act iii, sc. 3, Dyce's *Webster*, p. 128, 1 vol., 8vo, 1857.

‡ I am indebted to Dr. Brinsley Nicholson for *supra*. Earlier reference is made (as in *Love's Martyr*) to Elizabeth's poetical gift, e.g., "professing herself in public a Muse, then thought something too Theatrical for a virgine Prince" (p. 61). Her prominent part in "the gayeties" of the Court is contrasted with its ceasing after the death of Essex (p. 70). There are also several other passages which speak of her affection for Essex. The introductory heading is "Traditional Memoirs," &c

“But the Lady of *Nottingham* coming to her death-bed and finding by the daily sorrow the Queene expressed by the losse of Essex, her self a principall agent in his destruction could not be at rest till she had discovered all, and humbly implored mercy from God and *forgivenessse* from her earthly Sovereaigne: who did not only refuse to give it, but having shook her as she lay in her bed, sent her accompanied with most fearfull curses to a higher Tribunall. Not long after the Queenes *weaknesse* did appeare mortall, hastened by the wishes of many [Cecil and his circle?] that could not in reason expect pardon for a fault they found she had condemned so severely in her selfe as to *take comfort in nothing after* * * * But upon all occasions of signing Pardons would upbraid the movers for them with the hasty anticipation of that brave man’s end, not to be expiated to the Nations losse by any future endeavours” (p. 95) * * * “[It were] no great hyperbole to affirm the Queene did not only bury Affection but her Power in the Tombe of Essex” (p. 97) * * * * * “For after the blow was given, the Queene presaging by a multitude of tears shed for him, the great drouth was likely to appeare in the eyes of her subjects, when the hand that signed the warrant was cut off, fell into a deep *Melancholy* wherein she died not long after.”*

Each Reader of *Love’s Martyr* will discover for himself its allusions to the real under the avowedly ‘allegorical.’ I would note, in rapidly glancing through the book a few details that are certainly unmistakeable, *e.g.*:

“*Bellona* rau’d at Lordlike cowardice” (p. 9).

One has but to read Essex’s ‘Letters,’ and to master the facts about COBHAM and other ‘coward’ lords in relation to Essex’s ‘Expeditions,’ to perceive the blow of this line

Of the ‘Phoenix’ we have this:—

“One rare rich *Phenix* of exceeding beautie,
 One none-like Lillie in the earth I placed;
 One faire *Helena*, to whom men owe dutie:
 One countrey with a milke-white Doue I graced:
 One and none fuch, since the wide world was found
 Hath euer Nature placed on the ground” (p. 10).

.....
 Like to a light bright Angel in her gate:
 For why no creature on the earth but she,
 Is like an Angell, Angell let her be” (p. 14).

The former is the universal language of the period, *e.g.*, Raleigh in his *Cynthia* sings of her as a ‘milk-white Dove’;

* See Postscript F, for a very striking contemporary letter in the Advocates Library, Edinburgh, on the death-bed, &c., of Elizabeth.

the latter was Essex's favourite word. Thus in acknowledging the queen's gift of her portrait in a ring, he writes :

"Most dear Lady,— For your Maj. high and precious favors, namely, for sending this worthy knight to deliuer your blessing to this fleet and army, but aboute all other for your Maj. bestowing on me that *fair angel which you sent to guard me*; for these, I say, I neither can write words to express my humble thankfulness, nor perform service fit to acknowledge such duty as for these I owe" (*Lives of the Earls of Essex*, as before, vol. i, p. 414).

Here is the 'Queen,' and the proud sovereign of England, speaking, not the mere 'Phoenix':

"Honor that Isle that is my sure defence" (p. 33, st. 1, l. 7).

Into whose mouth but Elizabeth's could ever such an exclamation have been placed? Then, to render the 'Isle' certain as not some foreign 'Paphos Isle,' but one near England, there succeeds an enumeration and celebration of England's chief cities and sights.

In accord with this, the 'nine (female) Worthies' (pp. 38-40) are appropriate as connected with the 'Phoenix = Queen Elizabeth; while with equal appropriateness in such case, but only in such case, 'Windsor Castle' and the Knights of the Garter, connect the Queen and King Arthur, and also render the Arthur part of *Love's Martyr* not wholly out of place.

Next, here is self-evidently an Elizabethan fact — danger of no heir to the throne of England if the 'Phoenix' married not:

"This *Phenix* I do feare me will decay,
And from her ashes neuer will arise
An other Bird her wings for to display,
And her rich beauty for to equalize:
The *Arabian* fiers are too dull and base,
To make another spring within her place" (p. 15).

.....

Then thus Ioue spake, tis pittie she should die,
And leaue no ofspring for her Progenie" (p. 17).

That the 'Phoenix' was Queen of Britain is implied in this stanza :

“Nature go hie thee, get thee *Phabus* chaire,
 Cut through the skie, and leaue *Arabia*,
 Leaue that il working peace of fruitlesse ayre,
 Leaue me the plaines of white *Brytania*,
 These countries haue no fire to raife that flame,
 That to this *Phenix* bird can yeeld a name” (p. 17).

That the “delightfome *Paphos* Ile” (p. 17 and onward) was Ireland—whither Essex had gone—let the reader verify by studying its characteristics under all its mythical and impossible assemblage of productions. Specifically it is to be marked and re-marked that from where the ‘Phœnix’ is, *i.e.*, England (p. 32), ‘Paphos ile’ is to be visited, because there the ‘Turtle Doue’ was to be found. The ‘course’ of the chariot-borne pair (‘Nature’ and the ‘Phœnix’), was to be through ‘the blue Azure skie,’ as thus :

————— “we will ride
 Ouer the Semi-circle of *Europa*,
 And bend our course where we will see the Tide,
 That partes the Continent of *Affrica*,
 Where the great *Cham* gouernes *Tartaria* :
 And when the starrie Curtaine vales the night,
 In *Paphos* sacred Ile we meane to light.”* (p. 32, st. 4.)

This might very well have taken us to some ideal island of love, out of space and time, or at least to now much spoken of Cyprus with its renowned love-shrine of Paphos. But the real in the Poet’s thought effaces the ideal ; for no Mediterranean or Aegean is passed, and no ‘vision’ of the

* Probably Chester drew his designation of ‘Paphos Ile’ from his friend Marston’s *Metamorphosis of Pigmaliions Image* (1598); in the ‘Argument’ to which he says—“After Pigmalion (beeing in Cyprus) begat a sonne of her [Venus] which was called Paphos ; whereupon that iland Cyprus, in honor of Venus, was after, and is now, called by the inhabitants, Paphos.” So to at the close of the poem itself

“ Paphos was got ; of whom in after age
 Cyprus was Paphos call’d, and evermore
 Those ilanders do Venus name adore.”

Marston is mistaken—for ‘Paphos’ does not appear ever to have been a name of the entire island of Cyprus—but he was sufficient authority for Chester’s purpose. Marston, be it noted, contributed to the ‘additional poems.’

countries between London and it, is given. Contrariwise—the ‘chief cities’ of *England* are successively described, and *just after leaving London* ‘Paphos Ile’ is reached. As being Ireland, all this is harmonized, but not otherwise. And as being Ireland, Essex, and Essex alone, and Essex in every detail—answers. It may be permitted me to ask the critical weighing of this by my fellow-students of Shakespeare.* Note also Elizabeth’s girlhood and its perils by suspicion and malice (pp. 22, 24, 26); and later her mature age—“Ile drowne my selfe in ripeneffe of my Yeares” (p. 29), and again :

Nature. “Raile not gainst *Fortunes* sacred Deitie,
 In youth thy vertuous patience she hath tyred,
 From this bafe earth shee’le lift thee vp on hie,
 Where in Contents rich Chariot thou shalt ride,
 And neuer with Impatience to abide:
Fortune will glorie in thy great renowne,
 And on thy feathered head will fet a crowne” (p. 31).

i.e., the ‘crown’ of marriage or ‘heavenly crown’ (cf. l. 3, and ll. 4-5.) Then let the reader ‘inwardly digest’ the description of the ‘Turtle Dove’ by the ‘Phoenix’ on arrival in Ireland (‘Paphos Isle’):

Phoenix. “But what fad-mournefull drooping foule is this,
 Within whose watry eyes fits Difcontent,
 Whose snaile-pac’d gate tels something is amiffe:
 From whom is baniht sporting Meriment:
 Whose feathers mowt off, falling as he goes,
 The perfect picture of hart pining woes?

Nature. This is the carefull bird the *Turtle Doue*,
 Whose heauy croking note doth fthew his grieffe,
 And thus he wanders feeking of his loue,
 Refusing all things that may yeeld reliefe:
 All motions of good turnes, all Mirth and Ioy,
 Are bad, fled, gone, and falne into decay.

* No doubt Chester is anything but skilful in expressing himself and *ceteris paribus*, I should have explained the absence of the ‘vision’ of intervening countries thereby. But *as it is* design not ‘skill-less’-ness is the explanation. At p. 17, st. 3, the Poet intermixes the mythical seat of the ‘Phoenix’ (Arabia) with that of *his* ‘Phoenix’; and so elsewhere. In st. 4, l. 6, ‘a second Phoenix loue’ doubtless points back to the mythical ‘Phoenix’ as = first.

- Phoenix. Is this the true example of the Heart?
 Is this the Tutor of faire *Constancy*?
 Is this Loues treasure, and Loues pining smart?
 Is this the substance of all honesty?
 And comes he thus attir'd, alas poore foule,
 That Destinies foule wrath should thee controule.
- See Nourse, he stares and lookes me in the face,
 And now he mournes, worfe then he did before,
 He hath forgot his dull slow heauy pace,
 But with swift gate he eyes vs more and more:
 O thall I welcome him, and let me borrow
 Some of his grieffe to mingle with my forrow.
- Nature. Farwell faire bird, Ile leaue you both alone,
 This is the *Doue* you long'd fo much to see,
 And this will proue companion of your moue,
 An Vmpire of all true humility:
 Then note my *Phoenix*, what there may ensue,
 And so I kisse my bird. *Adue, Adue.*
- Phoenix. Mother farewell; and now within his eyes,
 Sits forrow clothed in a sea of teares,
 And more and more the billowes do arise:
 Pale Grieffe halfe pin'd vpon his brow appeares,
 His feathers fade away, and make him looke,
 As if his name were writ in Deaths pale booke." (pp. 131-2.)

Finally, the words in the 1601 title-page '*constant fate*' have no sense if not = constancy, *i.e.*, to be 'constant,' with martyrdom as the penalty for breaking the fate or decree.

The letters of Essex to Elizabeth are a commentary on the whole of this. One of the many remarkable, very remarkable letters of Essex to Elizabeth, preserved among the Hulton *MSS.*, may be accepted as a type of the others. It is suggestive of a great deal.

"Madam.—The delights of the place cannot make me unmindful of one in whose sweet company I have joyed as much as the happiest man doth in his highest contentment; and if my horse could run as fast as my thoughts do fly, I would as often make mine eyes rich in beholding the treasure of my love, as my desires do triumph when I seem to myself in a strong imagination to conquer your resisting will. Noble and dear lady, though I be absent, let me in your favour be second unto none; and when I am at home, if I have no right to dwell chief in so excellent a place, yet will I usurp upon all the world. And so making myself as humble to do you service, as in my love I am ambitious, I

wish your Majesty all your happy desires. Croydon, this Tuesday, going to be mad and make my horse tame. Of all men the most devoted to your service.

[1593.]

R. Essex.*

Love's Martyr throughout, as between the 'Phoenix' and 'Turtle Dove,' makes it a mutual contest, of subduing the 'Will,' one of the other. So is it in Elizabeth's letters to Essex, and her sayings of him earlier and later.

That the 'passion' and 'truth of love' were reciprocal; that Essex apart from ambition, felt that if he was worthy of Elizabeth, Elizabeth was worthy of him; I cannot for a moment doubt. There are words—glowing and *alive*—intensities of appeal, wistfulness of longing and odd capriciousnesses of jealousy that only reality can explain. Let the Reader turn to his Letters to Elizabeth and of Elizabeth to him; let him even look within the mad out-break of his rush over from Ireland and straight going into 'the presence,' and he will be satisfied that a personal experience lay behind all that, to which nothing short of 'truth of love' in the Past, gives congruity or meaning.† Let his Poems also speak for him. Curiously enough in his *Loyal Appeal in Courtesy*, we have the line

"O let no Phoenix look vpon a Crowe."

[Anjou?]

and these exclamations follow:—

"Woe to the world the fonne is in a cloude
And darkfome mifts doth ouerrunne the day
In hope, Concept is not content allow'd,
Fauour must dye & Fancye weare away:
Oh Heauens what Hell! The bands of Loue are broken
Nor must a thought of such a thing be spoken.

* *Lives*, as before, vol. i, p. 292.

† In the volume of 1658 (already quoted from) it is expressly stated that Cecil had laid a trap for Essex; caused him to get news of the Queen's illness and even death, and embargoed all other vessels, hoping that Essex would join with Tyrone and others, and cross to England at the head of his army. His sudden appearance with but few followers disconcerted Cecil's plot, who had troops ready to oppose him. There seems no reason to doubt the authenticity and good faith of the volume of 1658.

Mars muſt become a coward in his mynde
 While Vulcan ſtandes to prate of Venus toyes :
 Beautie muſt ſeeme to go againſt her kinde
 In croſſing Nature in her ſweeteſt ioyes.
 But ah no more, it is too much to thinke
 So pure a mouth ſhould puddle-watters drinke !

But ſince the world is at this woefull paſſe,
 Let Loue's ſubmiſſion Honour's wrath apeaſe :
 Let not an Horſe be matched with an Aſſe.
 Nor hateful tongue an happie hart diſeaſe :
 So ſhall the world commend a ſweet concept
 And humble Fayth on heauenly Honour waite."

I ſuppoſe *that* was for Anjou. Then "The Buzzeinge Bees' Complaint" will reward full thinking-out. It thus closes :

" Ffive years twice tould, wth promaſes perfum'd,
 My hope-ftuffte heede was caſt into a ſlumber ;
 Sweete dreams of golde ; on dreames I then perfum'd
 And 'mongſt the bees thought I was in the number."

"The False, Forgotten" is a wail of a bruised heart, *e.g.*

" Loue is dead and thou free,
 She doth lyue but dead to thee.
 When ſhe lou'd thee beſt a whylle,
 See how ſtyll ſhe did delay thee :
 Viſying ſhewes for to beguylle
 Thoſe vayne hopes w^{ch} haue betrayd y^e.
 Now thou ſeeſt butt all too late
 Loue loues truth, w^{ch} women hate."

His 'Cantvs' is explicit enough, *e.g.*

" I loued her whom all the world admire,
 I was refus'de of her that can loue none :
 AND MY VAIN HOPES WHICH FAR TOO HIGH ASPIR'DE
 IS DEAD AND BURI'D AND FOR EUER GONE."*

By the neceſſities of ſemi-revelation, ſemi-concealment, there are things in *Love's Martyr* that might be brought up

* I have collected the Poems of Eſſex in my *Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies' Library*, vol. iv, pp. 430-450.

in objection to our interpretation ; but the lines, otherwise, are so deep and broad and sure that I cannot think it possible to erase them. Fact and fiction however are inter-blended, *e.g.*, the ending of the poem-proper by the Author's evident wish, furtively to pay homage to James, introduces a disturbing element into our interpretation ; but this and other accidents cannot be permitted to affect the substance of the *motif* of these poems. The word 'allegorical' covers all such accidents.*

(e) WHAT IS THE RELATION BETWEEN THE 'NEW COMPOSITIONS' AND 'LOVE'S MARTYR'? In the original title-page is this explanation : "*To these are added some new compositions, of severall moderne Writers whose names are subscribed to their severall workes, upon the first subject: viz. the Phoenix and Turtle.*" This makes it plain that these 'new compositions' of those 'moderne Writers' in 1601, were intended to celebrate precisely what *Love's Martyr* celebrated. So that granted, my premiss, viz., that *Love's Martyr* had the *motif* and message for which I have argued, we have SHAKESPEARE, BEN JONSON, GEORGE CHAPMAN, JOHN MARSTON and others (anonymous), siding (so-to-say) with Robert Chester in doing honour to Essex. I do not greatly concern myself with any in this matter save one — SHAKESPEARE. Now, one may be sure in one's own mind of his admiration, in common with the Nation, for Essex, though the proofs be comparatively slight in themselves. But with this 'new composition' super-added, the conviction deepens. Omitting the 'Phoenix and Turtle' for the moment, there are three things that favour the view that Shakespeare sympathized with Essex.

1. There is the great praise in the Chorus of *Henry V* :

* Were it not that *Love's Martyr* was certainly published in 1601 and left unchanged (except by withdrawal of preliminary pages) one might have deemed p. 37, st. 2, a later insertion concerning James. As it is, it is impossible. The explanation is, that James was for long set down as Elizabeth's heir-presumptive.

“ But now behold,
 In the quick Forge and working-houfe of Thought,
 How London doth powre out her Citizens,
 The Maior and all his Brethren in best fort,
 Like to the Senatours of th' antique Rome,
 With the Plebeians fwarming at their heeles,
 Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Cæfar* in :
 As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood,
 Were now the Generall of our gracious Empreffe,
 As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
 Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword :
 How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
 To welcome him ?” (Act v, sc. I (Chorus).

This splendid tribute is so brought in by head and shoulders on very purpose to win hearts for Essex, that it is scarcely possible to doubt that Shakespeare was for him pronouncedly, maugre the evil-speaking and jealousies and enmities of the day in ‘high places.’ This is one of those asides that take new significance from the circumstances under which it was introduced. It may, or may not, have been an after-thought and insertion. In either case its significance and declarativeness of opinion and sympathy is untouched.

2. The acting of *Richard II*, before Essex made his final wild and ill-advised attempt. There was probably in the minds of those who thus acted a Play so full of warning to princes who pushed their right to edge of wrong, suggestive *bits* in the Play that might be meant to be caught up. But there is no proof that Shakespeare himself was concerned in the coincidental playing, or that he knew what such playing was meant to precede. Neither do I think that Shakespeare would have countenanced Essex in so unwise an act, albeit I never can think it was born of disloyalty to his ‘great Queen.’ I do not, therefore, receive the playing of *Richard II* as proof that Shakespeare was a partizan of Essex’s. Yet is the thing noteworthy.

3. The silence of Shakespeare on the death of Elizabeth. Amid the abounding elegies and eulogies contemporaneous

and later, you search in vain for anything by Shakespeare. Every one knows that he was reproached in print for his silence. I regard it as specially memorable. Inferentially I take it as *his* verdict for Essex. Perhaps equally worthy of note is his after-compliment to James; for *he* was the friend of Essex's friends. Southampton's close relations with Essex also furnished an element of alienation from Elizabeth to Shakespeare.

Any further evidence, even if it be slight, is important. And further evidence I find in the 'new composition' of the 'Phoenix and Turtle' contributed by Shakespeare to *Love's Martyr*. The fact of such a contribution by him is, in itself, noticeable. For while Ben Jonson and Chapman and others contemporary lavished their 'Commendatory Verses,' Shakespeare, with this solitary exception, wrote none as he sought none. This surely imparts special significance to the exception.

Internally, the 'Phoenix and Turtle' is on the same lines with *Love's Martyr*. To my mind there is pathos in the lament over the 'Tragique Scene.' Essex himself, as we have seen—and his Letters to Elizabeth that are still open to be read, have the same burden — had sung

" I am not liuing, though I seeme to go,
Already buried in the graue of wo" (p. 133).

and earlier,

" Loue is dead,"

and in the *Threnos*, Shakespeare regards not the beheaded Essex only, but his 'Phœnix' too as dead :

" Truth may seeme, but cannot be,
Beautie bragge, but tis not she,
Truth and Beautie buried be.

To this vrne let those repaire,
That are either true or faire,
For these dead Birds, sigh a prayer" (p. 184).

En passant 'Imogen' later is named 'the dead bird' (*Cymbeline*.)

All this, be it noted, fits in with the 'allegorical shadowing' of *Love's Martyr*; for therein BOTH die. Thus, after the 'Turtle Dove' has craved "pardon for presumption's foule offence" (p. 133), and avowed his life-weariness much as Essex's letters to Elizabeth did, he is strengthened to endure and prepared for his own and her martyrdom (*Love's Martyr*), e.g.:

Phœnix. "Come poore lamenting foule, come sit by me,
We are all one, thy forrow shall be mine,
Fall thou a teare, and thou shalt plainly see,
Mine eyes shall answer teare for teare of thine:
Sigh thou, Ile sigh, and if thou give a grone,
I shall be dead in answering of thy mone" (p. 134).

After exactly such love-talk as we can imagine between Elizabeth and Essex, when after inevitable quarrelling there came as inevitable reconciliation (pp. 134-36), their twin-death—the death of "Truth and Beautie" (the 'dead Birds,' Phœnix and Turtle Dove, of Shakespeare) is set before us. We have, first, the relation:

Phœnix. "Then to yon next adioyning groue we'll flye,
And gather sweete wood for to make our flame,
And in a manner sacrificingly,
Burne both our bodies to reuiue one name:
And in all humbleneffe we will intreate
The hot earth-parching Sunne to lend his heate" (p. 136).

Then the tragedy itself, which I ask the reader to ponder (pp. 138-9). Both are 'dead' in the pathetic and suggestive close:

Phœnix. "O holy, sacred, and pure perfect fire,
More pure then that ore which faire Dido mones,
More sacred in my louing kind desire,
Then that which burnt old *Ejous* aged bones,
Accept into your euer hallowed flame,
Two bodies, from the which may spring one name.

Turtle. O sweet periamed flame, made of those trees,
Vnder the which the *Muses* nine haue song
The praise of vertuous maids in misteries,
To whom the faire-fac'd *Nymphes* did often throng;
Accept my body as a Sacrifice
Into your flame, o. whom one name may rise.

Phoenix. O wilfulnesse, see how with smiling cheare,
 My poore deare hart hath slong himselfe to thrall,
 Looke what a mirthfull countenance he doth beare,
 Spreading his wings abroad, and ioyes withall:
 Learne thou corrupted world, learne, heare, and see,
 Friendships unpotted true fincerity.

I come sweet *Turtle*, and with my bright wings,
 I will embrace thy burnt bones as they lye,
 I hope of these another Creature springs,
 That shall possesse both our authority:

I stay to long, ô take me to your glory,
 And thus I end the *Turtle* Doues true story" (pp. 138-9).

I ask further, that the 'Comment' of the 'Pellican' (pp. 139-41) be critically studied. Finally, I recall the title-page of the 'new compositions' thus:— Hereafter follow diverse Poeticall Effaies on the former Subiect; viz: the *Turtle* and *Phœnix*." This explains how, in Shakespeare's 'Phœnix and Turtle' and 'Threnos,' both are dead ('dead Birds'), though Elizabeth was still living in her great anguish.

I ask special attention to this; for otherwise the close of his 'Phœnix and Turtle,' as not conformable to history, will perplex and be regarded as not pointing to Elizabeth and Essex. I must iterate and reiterate that (a) The 1601 title-page expressly states that the "new compositions" (and so Shakespeare's) were "upon the first subiect: viz., the Phœnix and Turtle," and again, were "diverse Poeticall Effaies on the former Subiect; viz: the *Turtle* and *Phœnix*." (b) The story is 'allegorically' told, as a 'shadowing' of the 'truth of love'—a very different thing from bare historic data. (c) The title 'Love's *Martyr*' meant infinitely more than 'death' itself. To conform therefore to *Love's Martyr* and to fall in with the 'allegory,' Shakespeare, like Chester, represents BOTH as dead ('dead Birds'). There might indeed be policy and wariness alike in Chester and Shakespeare in such representation.

Let the reader take with him the golden key that by the 'Phœnix' Shakespeare intended Elizabeth, and by the 'Dove' Essex, and the 'Phœnix and Turtle,' hitherto re-

garded as a mere enigmatical epicedial lay—as already seen—will be recognized as of rarest interest. I cannot say that I see my way through it all—st. 5 (p. 182) I do not quite understand; but it is a mere accident of the poem. But I do see that Shakespeare went with Robert Chester in grief for Essex, and in sad-heartedness that the ‘truth of love’ had not been accomplished. Herein I find, likewise—I would re-impress—why it was that Shakespeare, though well-nigh stung to do it in print, wrote nothing on the death of Elizabeth.*

The other ‘new compositions’ are of unequal value. Our Notes and Illustrations invite attention to certain *points* in them. They all go to confirm our interpretation of the ‘allegory’ of the ‘Phoenix’ and the ‘Turtle Dove.’ As I read, all from p. 190 to the end belongs to Ben Jonson (spelled ‘Iohnson’ as he was himself wont in earlier years). I only add that Gifford, after his unhappy manner (with Cunningham following suit), has deplorably corrupted the text of these poems of Jonson—as I record in the Notes and Illustrations. Probably Jonson wrote also the ‘Chorus Vatum.’

(f) WAS THE 1611 ISSUE ONLY A NUMBER OF COPIES OF THE ORIGINAL OF 1601, LESS THE PRELIMINARY MATTER AND A NEW TITLE-PAGE? I answer—yes. The identity of the two books—as thus put—is certain. Not only do all the signatures correspond, but the mis-pagings, 5 for 11, 41 for 14, 59 for 63, are the same. Then, the spur of the L in *Libanon*, p. 10, l. 5 (=p. 18), is off in both; a broken O, p. 71, l. 3 from foot, is the same in both; a turned ‘e,’ spaces, dislocated letters, &c., are all the same. It is also to be specially observed that the 1601 title-page of the “new compositions” is retained in the 1611 copies. All (in our reproduction) preceding the title-page of 1611, belongs to the copies of 1601 alone. The new title-page misspells ‘Annals’ as ‘Anuals,’ which suggests that Chester did not get

* See Postscript G.

a proof—if indeed proofs were then given to Authors—albeit on the instant having occasion to turn to Bp. Ellicott's *New Testament Commentary for English Readers* (1878), I find in the first line of his lordship's Preface, this similar slip—"The present Commentary may in many respects" for, of course, 'many.' As elsewhere noticed, Chester omits his own name in the new title-page of 1611. In naming the book no longer *Love's Martyr*, seeing that Elizabeth and Essex were long dead, and a new sovereign—King James I—reigning, there was policy. There was policy too in describing the book as *Annals of great Brittain*; for in the Poems, Scotland is scarcely named, and 'great Brittain' might salve any offence to the royal stickler for his authority and dignity. Besides, in 1601 the Arthur portion is an episode in the poem of *Love's Martyr or Rosalins Complaint*; but in 1611 the episode becomes (in the title-page) the main poem, albeit even then *Love's Martyr's* story is a part of the 'Annals.'

(g) WHAT IS THE POETIC VALUE OF "LOVE'S MARTYR"? Speaking generally, I do not rate Robert Chester as a poet very high. The poem of *Love's Martyr* wants proportion in its parts. The opening has a certain brightness (pp. 1-6), and the brightness returns when the 'Annals' being ended the Poet resumes with this 'Note'—" & now, to where we left." The 'Annals' themselves are thinly done. With Arthur for main theme they look meagre and prosaic beside the old stories of the 'renowned Prince,' such as Mr. Furnivall has furnished us in his golden little book, and such as the 'Legends' of many Chronicles—verse and prose—furnish, and placed beside the purple splendour of our Laureate's celebration.* Sooth to say, his 'singing' of

* With reference to Chester's address "To the courteous Reader" my ever-obliging friend, Mr. Furnivall, has sent me a number of notes on the various Arthurian romances and MSS., and through M. Paulin Paris, further. I must content myself with a reference to the numerous Arthurian publications in

Flowers and Plants and Trees, Birds and Beasts and Fish, and precious Stones and Shells and Minerals grows wearisome; although there are *bits* of Folk-Lore and quaint myths and superstitions in wonderful fulness and variety. Whatever he felt inclined to write, or whatever came into his head, of which he could manufacture a few or even a couple of stanzas, is brought in by Chester. The book is, in fact, an *omnium gatherum*. It is just possible that this jungle of irrelevances was of design, that he might conceal in hidden brake (if I may so speak) the fair flowers and fragrances and tendernesses of the story he celebrates in *Love's Martyr*. I question if Elizabeth had chanced on the volume during the dim sad days that succeeded the death of Essex, that she would have persevered to read or to listen.

The poetry itself, is, as a rule, poor. There are almost innumerable instances of lines and phrases inserted, more to complete the rhythm and rhyme, than for reason's sake. For the same reason there are not a few forced, and I might almost say, unidiomatic constructions. Only "few and far between" have we aught of inspiration or of fine expression. All the more remarkable is it that Chester so dared to interpret the popular belief of what Essex was to Elizabeth.

But with every abatement I can promise a sympathetic reader that he will come, now and again, on "brave translunary things." Thus in the description of the Person of the 'Phoenix,' that is of Elizabeth, you have daintinesses that make you pause, *e.g.*:

Her Hair.

" When the leaft whistling wind begins to sing,
And gently blowes her haire about her necke,

England and France. Suffice it that the most unlikely-looking, viz., the Greek, has been published by F. Michel in his *Tristram* (Pickering), albeit it refers, says M. Paulin Paris, not to Tristram, as he supposed, but to Guiron le Courtois; and there are other Greek Arthur celebrations. M. Paulin Paris, is amused with Chester's credulity, and writes — that it reminds him of a respected friend, the Marquis of —, who asked, "Can I doubt of the existence of Homer when I possess his bust and portrait?" See Hazlitt's *Warton*, *s.n.*

Like to a chime of bells it foft doth ring,
 And with the pretty noife the wind doth checke,
 Able to lull afleepe a penfue hart,
 That of the round worlds forrowes beares a part" (p. 10).

Eyes.

" Vnder this mirrour, are her princely eyes:
 Two Carbuncles, two rich imperiall lights;
 That ore the day and night do foueraignize,
 And their dimme tapers to their reft the frights:
 Her eyes excell the Moone and glorious Sonne,
 And when ſhe rifeth al their force is donne" (p. 11).

Cheekes.

" Her morning-coloured cheekes, in which is plac'd,
 A Lillie lying in a bed of Rofes;
 This part aboue all other I haue grac'd,
 For in the blew veines you may reade ſweet poſies:
 When ſhe doth bluſh, the Heauens do wax red,
 When ſhe lookes pale, that heauenly Front is dead" (*Ibid.*)

Chin.

" Her chinne a litle litle pretie thing
 In which the ſweet carnation Gelli-flower,
 Is round encompaſt in a chriſtall ring,
 And of that pretie Orbe doth beare a power:
 No ſtorme of Enuie can this glorie touch,
 Though many ſhould aſſay it ouermuch" (*Ibid.*)

Lips.

" Her lippes two rubie Gates from whence doth ſpring,
 Sweet honied dew by an intangled kiſſe,
 From forth theſe glories doth the Night-bird ſing,
 A Nightingale that no right notes will miſſe:
 True learned Eloquence and Poetrie,
 Do come betweene theſe dores of excellencie" (*Ibid.*)

Hands.

" Her hands are fortunes palmes, where men may reade
 His firſt houres deſtiny, or weale or woe,
 When ſhe this ſky-like map abroad doth ſpreade,
 Like pilgrimes many to this Saint do go,
 And in her hand, white hand, they there do ſee
 Loue lying in a bed of yuorie" (p. 13).

Fingers.

" Her fingers long and ſmall do grace her hand;
 For when ſhe toucheth the ſweete ſounding Lute,

The wild vntamed beafts amaz'd do stand,
And carroll-chanting birds are sudden mute:
O fingers how you grace the filuer wires,
And in humanitie burne *Venus* fires!" (*Ibid.*)

Feet.

" And if by night she walke, the Marigold,
That doth inclose the glorie of her eye,
At her approach her beauty doth vnfold,
And spreads her felfe in all her royaltie,
Such vertue hath this Phoenix glassy shield,
That Flowers and Herbs at her faire fight do yeeld" (p. 14.)

There is occasionally a pleasant 'smoothnesse' and harmony, as in the 'Phoenix' in her lament for her years so swiftly passing away without a mate, *e.g.*:

" What is my Beauty but a vading Flower?
Wherein men reade their deep-conceiued Thrall,
Alluring twentie Gallants in an hower,
To be as feruile vassalls at my Call?
My Sunne-bred lookes their Senses do exhall:
But (ô my grieffe) where my faire Eyes would loue,
Foule bleare-eyed Enuie doth my thoughts reprooue.

What is my Vertue but a Tablitorie:
Which if I did bestow would more increafe?
What is my Wit but an inhumane glorie:
That to my kind deare friends would proffer peace?
But O vaine Bird, give ore in silence, cease;
Malice perchaunce doth hearken to thy words,
That cuts thy thread of Loue with twentie fwords"

(pp. 25-6).

Equally flowing, and informed with a subdued passion is 'Nature's' remonstrance:

" Is this the fumme and substance of thy woe?
Is this the Anker-hold vnto thy bote?
Is this thy Sea of Grieffe doth ouerflow?
Is this the Riuer sets thy ship afloate?
Is this the Lesson thou hast learn'd by rote?
And is this all? and is this plot of Ground
The substance of the Theame doth thee confound?" (p. 30).

There are also now terse and now vivid things, *e.g.*:

Luft.

" . . . Luft is fuch a hot inflamed thing
It gouerneth mans fenecs, rules a King " (p. 45).

Cities.

" Great peopled Cities, whose earth-gracing show,
Time is aham'd to touch or ouerthrow " (p. 33).

Polution.

" Hels damned fent with this may not compare " (p. 28),

Majesty.

" Stand by faire Phoenix, fpread thy Wings of Gold,
And daunt the face of Heauen with thine Eye " (p. 27).

Cleaning.

" . . . the white fnow the fhall excell in whiteneffe " (p. 22):

White-luftre of neck.

" . . . More glorious then the day with all his light " (p. 12).

Lady's hand.

" Then by the lawne-like Hand he tooke his louer " (p. 51).

Troops.

" His barbed Horfes beat the yeelding ground,
And with their neighing terrifide their foe,
Proud of their riders, in whose harts are found
A promife to the Romanes ouerthrow.
The gliftering fhine of their well-fashion'd armour,
Tels all men here doth ride a Conquerour " (p. 71-72).

Slaughter.

" . . . all the greene graffe with their blond they died " (p. 75).

Arthur.

. " they found King Arthurs skull,
Of fuch great largeneffe that betwixt his eyes,
His foreheads fpace a fpanne broad was at full " (p. 82).

Diamond.

" The *Diamond* the worlds reflecting eye,
The *Diamond* the heauens bright fhining ftarre,
The *Diamond* the earths moft pureft glorie:
And with the *Diamond* no ftone can compare;
She teacheth men to fpeake, and men to loue,
If all her rareft vertues you will proue " (p. 111).

The " fire burns " and flames o' times, *e.g.*:

True and false loue.

Turtle. " False loue puts on a Maske to shade her folly,
True loue goes naked wishing to be seene,
False loue will counterseite perpetually,
True love is Troths sweete emperizing Queene:
This is the difference, true Loue is a iewell,
False loue, hearts tyrant, inhumane, and cruell.

.....

Phoenix. Thou shalt not be no more the *Turtle-Doue*,
Thou shalt no more go weeping al alone,
For thou shalt be my selfe, my perfect Loue,
Thy grieve is mine, thy sorrow is my mone,
Come kisse me sweetest sweete, O I do bleffe
This gracious luckie Sun-fhine happinesse" (p. 135).

The "Cantoes, alphabet-wise, to faire Phoenix made by the Paphian Dove" (pp. 142-48), and "Cantoes, verbally written" (pp. 149-75), fold within them real love-passion, though arbitrarily fettered in its expression. The more I study these the more I am impressed with Chester's evident knowledge of the secret history of Essex and Elizabeth. There are touches and allusions throughout that I can explain alone by interchange of conversation between the Poet and Essex, if, indeed, Elizabeth herself is to be excluded. The songs of "Nature" (pp. 86-7) and of "The Phoenix" (pp. 87-8) have the indefinable graciousness of Elizabethan poetry.

Besides all this, there are a number of current poetic phrases of the day, such as we would look for in such a poet. And while some of them — as pointed out in Notes and Illustrations — are used by Shakespeare, there is in my judgment some probability for thinking that these are not casual coincidences. He clearly alludes, in the lines "To the kind Reader" (p. 6), to the Rape of Lucrece; and doubtless he had also his *Venus and Adonis*, and not improbably saw and heard some of the plays. Not only would these things be natural in a young man of his birth, but I think I can detect in some of his lines a reflex or remembrance of the rhythm of Shakespeare's lines. There

is, also, the unforgettable fact that Shakespeare, with special exceptionalness, gave his 'new compositions' to the book; also, that all the known contributors were Dramatists, and connected with the theatre.*

Altogether, few I hope will differ from me in affirming that it had been pity to have left *Love's Martyr* in the hazards of a couple of known exemplars (at most);—literary and historical loss longer to have allowed such a book to be inaccessible to Shakespearian students. I indulge the expectation that my interpretations of the 'truth of love' in the story of the 'Phoenix' and 'Turtle Dove' will take their place as a substantive addition to our critical literature, and give new interest and its true meaning to Shakespeare's incomparable 'Phoenix and Turtle.'

(*h*) WHO WAS 'TORQUATO CÆLIANO'? By accident or design Chester has here combined the Christian name of TASSO, and the surname of one of the minor poets of Italy of the same period. The following little book was probably known to Chester:

RIME
DI DIVERSI
CELEBRI POETI •
Dell' età nostra:
novamente raccolte.
ē poste in luce
in bergamo, M.DLXXXVII.
Per Comino Ventura, e Compagni.

Pp. 95–148 consists of selections from the *Rime* of Livio Celiano; and then pp. 149–81 of similar selections from Torquato Tasso—the latter immediately following Celiano's. Whether this circumstance led our Poet to misremember the name of the "venerable Italian Poet"

* The conjunction of Ben Jonson and Marston in the book in 1601 is of special interest; for it was in the same year Jonson produced his *Poetaster*, attacking Dekker and Marston. See Ward's *Eng. Drama, s.n.* Later (1604–5), Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, were together in prison for *Eastward Hoe*.

under whose mask — as a professed translator — he had elected to sing *Love's Martyr*, we can only guess. Certes the selections from Celiano, in the small volume of Geo. Battista Licinio, contain nothing whatever to justify Chester's description of *Love's Martyr* as a translation; as, indeed, the entire scope and substance of his poems forbid.

It is further to be remembered that, while in the 1601 title-page the Poems are designated translations, in the second title-page of 1611 this is withdrawn, and its native origin and growth affirmed, e.g., "*The Annuals [= Annals] of Great Brittain. Or A Most Excellent Monument, wherein may be seene all the antiquities of this Kingdome.*" Our late-given interpretation of the main subject of *Love's Martyr* and related Poems, reveals that the author's own consciousness of their 'burden' would make him very willing to be mistaken for a translator, rather than to be known as the actual composer of such 'perilous stuff.' Notwithstanding willing helpers at home and in Turin, Florence and Rome, I have not succeeded in obtaining, or so much as hearing of, an *exemplar* of any edition of the Poems of Livio Celiano.* Quadrio mentions also this: "*Celiano (Livio) Rime. Pavia, 1592.*" I have no expectation that, were this other volume before me, any ground-work for *Love's Martyr* would be found in it. For Chester's poems are English throughout, with no touch of Italian grace or melody or such allusions as were inevitable in any actual translation of an Italian poet. In the British Museum copy of the selections of 1587, some former possessor informs us that Celiano was a native of Genoa. I cherish the pleasures of hope that some specialist may hereafter enable me to recover the *Rime* of 1592, and perchance other works of Livio Celiano. In such case I shall not fail to communicate the result. Meantime Dr. Todhunter of Dublin — author

* I owe special thanks to my friends E. W. Gosse, Esq.; W. M. Rossetti, Esq.; Dr. Steele, Rome; and Messrs. Dulau and Co., London. Mr. Gosse guided me to the Selections in the British Museum.

of *Laurella and other Poems*, having the genuine mint-mark — has most kindly favoured me with verse-renderings of some of Celiano's love-lays, as typical. The translations are as close to the original as for our object was deemed needful. I have now to give them, as follows :

The Lovers Parallel.

This lovely new-born plant,
Whose grace doth so enchant,
Mimics that maiden fair
Whose virgin beauty is my life's despair.

It in earth's heavy crust
Its delicate roots has thrust;
Her's round its cisterns deep
Of my life-drained heart do cling and creep.

It a sweet river laves,
Her my full eyes' sad waves;
It joys in sun and air,
She in the warm sighs of my love's despair.

It hath its leaflets green
Her tresses fair, my Queen;
It hath its glowing flowers,
She her sweet face, like roses after showers.

But it with fruit is graced
Most pleasant to the taste;
Bitter is hers, heigho !
Gall of my life, since I desire it so !

The Envious Lover.

O many-coloured flowers !
Joy of the meadows; and ye verdurous leaves !
Ye whole beloved brood
Of Earth's great motherhood,
How do I envy your thrice-happy state !
When you the hot noontide grieves
The blessed dawn bedews your fainting bud;
And ah ! how happier far
Than me ye are,
When the beloved feet
Ye bend to kiss, of my Urania sweet;
And how in your frail form I long to be
When in her lap she takes you tenderly !

Introduction.

lxxi

The Lover's Complaint.

1.

Who would behold a park
Of trees, thick-planted, dark ;
Let him come see my daily-piercé heart,
Thick full of arrows, full of cruel smart ;
Thus Love hath shewn his art !

2.

Who would behold a sea
Of tears wept hopelessly ;
Let him come see the wells of bitter brine
Which night and day I weep from out my eyne :
Thus Love's poor captives pine !

3.

Who would behold a pyre
Of hell's eternal fire ;
Let him come see my bosom, full of flame,
Tormented with love's craving and love's shame :
Thus Love doth write his name !

4.

And she desires to know
The cause of all this woe —
Why Love hath made of me park, sea, and hell,
Let him know this my tigress, loved too well,
So fair, but ah ! so fell !

The Lover's Plea.

1.

If I might pleasure thee
By crying: "Woe is me !"
"Woe's me ! woe's me !" a thousand times I'd scream,
So I might compass all my blissful dream !

2.

Or if by sighing deep
Thy favour I could keep,
If that would win thy pity for my plight,
Sweet heavens ! I'd sigh all day and sigh all night !

3.

Or if when I should cry
"Oh help me, sweet, I die !"
Thy comfortable presence I might have,
How oft I'd pray thee lift me from the grave !"

4.

Alas ! I still may sigh,
 "Woe's me !" for ever cry,
 And crave thy help in my despairful state;
 All will not serve to change my cruel fate !

It only remains to state that, throughout, my anxious aim has been to reproduce the book in absolute fidelity to the original. Below, I record certain errors of the original and other minor points.* I would, in conclusion, express my very cordial sense of obligation to the various friends who have aided me in my labour. I have to add to the names that appear in their places, that of the Rev. W. E. BUCKLEY, M.A., of Middleton Cheney, for excellent aid in tracing Chester's classical and other quotations; but I wish emphatically to reiterate my gratitude to Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON for his sustained and minute carefulness of reading after and with me, and giving me the benefit of his ripe acquaintance with Elizabethan-Jacobean literature. I send forth the book, especially my Introduction and Notes and Illustrations, with less hesitancy, that he has read the whole, and approved, if not in every detail, yet substantially. I have to thank my friend Professor DOWDEN for several suggestions that have been utilized.

And so I invite thee, 'gentle Reader,' to the thoughtful perusal of this ancient book, in the light and shadow of my interpretation of its 'shadowing the truth of love,'—viz., as telling the story of Elizabeth and Essex, with Shakespeare's version as well. I regard it as no common honour to address so 'fit audience.' I confidently count on every genuine fellow-student of Shakespeare receiving generously my endeavour and *weighing* text and notes together. HENRY ELLISON—subtle and vivid Singer of our generation, and destined to be more amply recognized a century hence—may close these introductory words :

" Oh turn unto the days of yore,
 When Faith her martyr-sons could name;
 And Liberty's untainted lore,
 From heart to heart, passed as a flame.

* See Postscript H.

Oh turn unto the days when Faith
 Could build cathedral piles thro' love;
And hosts therein, as with one breath,
 Their true heart-offering sent above !
Oh turn unto the days of old,
 When unprovèd all, and free,
Old songs were sung, old tales were told,
 And Hall and Bower rang to their glee.
Turn ye unto the times I say,
 When noble thoughts were welcome more
To English ears, than at this day
 Vile clinking gold, by knaves told o'er !
Oh turn ye to the household laws,
 The fireside laws of Peace and Love;
Where Wisdom feeds her little ones,
 And fashions them for Him above !
Oh turn unto our Shakespeare's page,
 And read of Harry's chivalry;
Of gallant deeds, which are a gage
 For like unto Posterity.
Oh then shall Freedom on Time's lyre
 Strike with a willing hand the strain
Of olden days; and Hampden's fire,
 And Milton's tongue, be heard again !
Then Faith shall have her martyr-names,
 Tho' not fire-tested be their worth,
And patient Charity, who tames
 Old hatreds, give to Love new birth !
Then Freedom's bright electric chain
 Shall stretch o'er hamlet, town, and tower;
And good old songs be heard again
 In knightly hall, in cot, and bower !
Then too my Fatherland, thy fame
 With rainbow-breadth once more shall rise;
Scattering the storms thro' which it came,
 Like dawn unto long watcher's eyes !
And thus, when thou must sink again
 Within thine own eternal Sea;
The guardian-angels still their strain
 Shall sing, and hail thee, 'bless'd and free.'*

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

St. George's Vestry, Blackburn, Lancashire.

August, 1878.

* *Madmoments*, vol. 1, pp. 99-100, 'On hearing an eld-time song.'

POSTSCRIPT.

A. Page viii.

Epistle-dedicatory of *The Christian Exercise of Fasting, Private and Publike &c.* 1596.

“To the right worshipfull and his very Christian good friend, master Robert Chester, Esquier &c. mercie and peace in Iesvs Christ.

“I must look for many aduersaries, for the greatest part hath euer declined from pietie to superstition and prophanenes. Therefore, (right worshipfull) I come vnto you for protection of Gods trueth : being the more bolde to aske this fauor, because I am so well assured of your loue thereunto, and full resolution to defend the same with al your might during life. Againe, I haue nowe for many yeares knowen your Christian loue towards me for the truths sake. I desire to testifie my hearts affection towards you in the best manner that I can. The most blessed spirit of Iesus Christ guide and gouerne your spirit, keepe and comfort you and all yours. Februarie 12. 1596.

“Yours assuredly euer to vse in Iesus Christ during life. Henry Holland.”

Judging from this Epistle one must conclude that Chester was of the Puritan side as against the Papal. Essex was avowedly with the Puritans.

B. Page ix.

Abstract of Sir Robert Chester's Will, made by Dr. Joseph Lemuel Chester, London.

“I, Robert Chester, of Royston, in the county of Herts, Knight”—dated 3 May 1638—to be buried at Royston, next the body of my sister Mrs. Mary Thornburgh—to my wife all my plate, jewels, household stuff, goods, chattels, &c., in my mansion house called Cockenhatch and in and upon my lands in Barkway and elsewhere in co. Herts.—my said wife to provide for the weekly distribution forever of 16^d worth of bread to the poor of Barkway and 8^d worth to the poor of the hamlet of Northampsted in Barkway aforesaid—to my son Robert Chester, Doctor of Divinity £100., with which to educate my godson Robert Chester son of Henry Chester till he reach the age of fifteen, and then £100. more to bind him apprentice or make him a scholar—to my said godson Robert Chester £300. when 24 years of age—to my said son Henry a Mourning cloak, and to his wife £10. for mourning—to my son Granado Chester, Doctor

of Divinity £100.—to my son Robert Chester D.D. and his wife each £10 for mourning, and to his son Robert my godson £100.—to my brother in law Mr. John Stone a mourning gown—to my son Edward Chester a gown, my horse, and my seal ring with arms—to my brother in law Mr. Edward Capon a cloak—to my son in law Sir Thomas Nightingale Baronet, a cloak—to my son in law Edward Ratcliffe Esquire, a cloak, and to my daughter his wife £20. for mourning and a ring—to my daughter Theodosea Nightingale widow £20. for mourning and a ring—to my son in law Samuel Hinton, D^r of the Civil Law a gown. And to my daughter his wife £20 for mourning and a ring, and to their daughter Anne Hinton £20. when 18 years of age—to my son in law John Piggott Esq. and my daughter his wife, mourning—to each of my grandchildren a ring of the value of 20 shillings, with this posy, “Christus unica salus”—to my kinsman Thomas Smith, Gent. a cloak—to the poor of Royston £5.—to the poor of Barkway and Northampsted £5.—to my cousin Magdalen Deane *alias* Addams 40 shillings a year for life, and to her daughter Anne, my cousin, wife of [blank] Tymberell, 20 shillings—to my nephew Henry Thornburgh £20. and mourning, and to each of his children £5.—to Mr. More, vicar of Royston, 20 shillings and a gown—to my godson Chester Greene 20 shillings—to Dr. Smith, vicar of Barkway, 20 shillings—all residue of personalty to my son Edward Chester, Esquire, whom I appoint my sole executor.

Codicil, dated 16 March 1639/40—to my said sons Granado Chester, D.D., and Robert Chester, D.D., £300. which they shall dispose for the benefit of my son Henry—to my said son Henry an annuity of £20 for life—All my messuages, lands, tenements, &c. to my said son Edward for life, with remainder to his son John Chester and his heirs male, remainder to the other sons of my said son Edward and their heirs male in succession, remainder to my said son Granado, &c., remainder to my said son Robert, &c., remainder to my said son Henry, &c.

Codicil, dated 7 April 1640—to Granado, second son of my said son Robert Chester, £50.—to Anne Hinton daughter of my said son Samuel Hinton £30. more when 18 years of age, or, if she die before, then same to her 2 younger sisters when 18.”

[The Will was proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, 3 February, 1640-1, by Edward Chester, son and executor.

Recorded in Book “Evelyn,” at folio 25.]

C. Page xxiii.

NICHOLS' PROGRESSES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Were it not that the title-page of Chester's *Love's Martyr* (1601) designates it “the first *Essay* of a new *Brytish* Poet,” I should have felt disposed to assign a somewhat vivid piece

in Nichols' Progresses, to Chester. It is entitled "The Principal Addresse in Nature of a New Year's Gifte; seeminge therebye the Author intended not to haue his Name knowne." It is taken from Cotton MSS., Vespasian, E 8. It is possible that, notwithstanding the words "the first Effay," this anonymous production really was Chester's, but not re-claimed by him later. Be this as it may, there are memorable and illustrative things in it. Thus, in relation to the prominent part 'Nature' fills in *Love's Martyr*, it is noteworthy that, similarly here, 'Nature' gives the "principal Addresse." Equally noteworthy, too, is it, that one of Chester's titles, *Love's Martyr*, occurs in this set of courtly poems, e.g.:

"Horace, honour'd August, the high't of names,
And yet his harte from Mecene never swervde;
Ovid helde trayne in Venus courte, and servde,
Cheife Secretarye to all those noble dames,
Martyres of love, who so broylde in his flames,
As bothe their trauth and penance well defervde
All in fine gold to have theyr image kervde."

More noteworthy still is the precise lamentation of Chester over Elizabeth's un-married state as in our closing quotation. Again, she is sung of as 'the Mayden Queen' with many lovers:

" . . . two Capetts, three Cezares affayde
And had repulse of the great Britton Mayde "

And:

"For we suppose thou hast forwore
To matche with man for evermore "

And:

"In woman's brest
Hath harbourd safe the lyon's harte "

And the gazer on her 'bewtye' has a

" feble eye
That cannot view her stedfastlye "

Broadly looked into, this "Principal Addresse in Nature," throughout, is quite in the same vein with *Love's Martyr*

in its laudation of Elizabeth. A few quotations will doubtless be acceptable. This is the opening :

“ Gracious Princeffe, where Princes are in place
 To geve you gold, and plate, and perles of price,
 It seemeth this day, fave your royall advice,
 Paper presentes shoulde have but little grace;
 But sith the tyme so aptly serves the case,
 And as some thinke, you’re Highnes takes delighte
 Oft to peruse the styles of other men,
 And est youre self, with Ladye Sapphoe’s pen,
 In sweet measures of poesye t’endite,
 The rare affectes of your heavenly sprighte;
 Well hopes my muse to skape all manner blame,
 Utteringe your honours to hyde her owner’s name.”

Avowedly the author regards Elizabeth as a pre-eminent theme, *e.g.*, “The Author choosinge by his Verse to honour the Queens Majestie of England, Ladye Elizabeth, boldly preferreth his Choise and the Excellencye of the Subject before all others of any Poet auncient or moderne.” And again : “That her Majestie surmounteth all the Princesses of our tyme in Wisedome, Bewtye, & Magnanimitie : & ys a Thinge verye admirable in nature.” In accord with this are the several ‘addresses’ placed under the nine Muses. I must content myself with one further quotation : “That her Majestie (two things except) hath all the Parts that justly make to be sayd a most happy Creature in this World.”

Parthe III. Erato.

“ Youthfull bewtye, in body well disposed,
 Lovelye favoure, that age cannot deface;
 A noble harte where nature hath inclosed
 The fruitful feedes of all vertue and grace,
 Regall estate coucht in the treble crowne,
 Ancestrall all, by linage and by right,
 Stone of treasures, honor, and just renowne,
 In quiet raigne, a sure redouted might:
 Fast frindes, foes few or faint, or overthrowen,
 The stranger toonges, and the hartes of her owne,
 Breife bothe Nature and Nourriture have doone,
 With Fortune’s helpe, what in their cunning is —

To yelde the erthe, a Princelye Paragon.
 But had shee, oh ! the two joys she doth misse,
 A Cæsar to her husband, a Kinge to her soone, [son]
 What lacks her Highnes then to all erthly blisse ?

I add, that "Parthe VII, Euterpe," is a summary description of Elizabeth's person, of which that in *Love's Martyr* is simply an expansion.

D. Page xxxiv.

OTHER 'PHŒNIX' AND KINDRED REFERENCES.

In "Sorrowes Joy"—a somewhat interesting set of poems among the many that 'speeded' the departing Queen and welcomed the coming King, which Nichols also has reprinted—there are exactly such descriptions of Elizabeth as are found in *Love's Martyr*, with the 'Phœnix' perpetually recurring, *e.g.*

"Nature, Art, Fortune vexed out of measure,
 All firmly vovd to frame her equall neuer."

.

"Wild Savedges ador'd her living name
 The Earth's bright glorie and the Worlds cleare light."

.

"Such one Eliza was whilst shee did live :
 One Phœnix dead, another doth suruiue."

.

"Thus is a Phœnix of her ashes bred

.

"Since that to death is gone that sacred Deitie
 That Phœnix rare."

.

"A sweeter Muse neare breathed on these lands."

.

"Loue strowed cinnamon on Phœnix nest."

.

"Or when as Phœnix dies : Phœnix is dead,
 And so a Phœnix follows in her stead ;
 Phœnix for Phœnix."

See our Introduction (p. xlvi) for one very remarkable parallel with Chester's title of *Love's Martyr*. With relation to the superlative flatteries of Elizabeth by Chester and contemporaries, Hume has observed—"Even when

Elizabeth was an old woman, she allowed her courtiers to flatter her, with regard to her excellent beauties." Cf. Birch, vol. ii, pp. 442-43. When Elizabeth was nearly 70, Coke, at the trial of Essex in 1601, said gravely, that he and his partisans "went rather into the city than to the Court, in regard the lustre of the divine Majesty glistened so brightly in the Royal Majesty, and did so dazzle their eyes, that they durst approach no nearer." (Camden, Trans. 614, Orig. 11, 230, and cf. my *Dr. Farmer Chetham MS.*, in Narrative of the Trial of Essex and Southampton.)

E. Page xlvi.

MELVILL'S ACCOUNT OF ELIZABETH.

Whitaker, in his "Additions and Corrections made in the second edition of *Mary, Queen of Scots, Vindicated*" (1789), has worked in under a passionate *animus*, many extracts from contemporary letters, &c. Bating the twist, he gives them all, they are of the rarest interest, and go to confirm and illustrate almost every detail in *Love's Martyr*. I refer the student-reader to the book. I content myself here with an incident at Court that vivifies Chester's praise of Elizabeth's musical gifts (p. 13, st. 2).

"She [Elizabeth] asked, if she [Mary] played well? I said, Reasonably for a Queen. That same day, after dinner, my Lord of Hunsdean [Hundson] drew me up to a quiet gallery, that I might hear some musick (but he said he durst not avow it) where I might hear the Queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile, I took by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber; and seeing her back was towards the door, I entered within the chamber, and stood a pretty space hearing her play excellently well. But she left off immediately, as soon as she turned her about and saw me. She appeared to be surprized to see me, and came forward seeming to strike me with her hand; alledging she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary to shun melancholy. She asked, how I came there? I answered, as I was walking with my lord of Hunsdean, as we past by the chamber-door, I heard such melody as ravished me; whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how: excusing my fault of homeliness [familiarity] as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed, the French easiness of manners being then as eminent, as it has since been She then called for my lady Strafford out of the next chamber, for the Queen was alone. She inquired, whether my Queen or she played best? In that, I found myself obliged to give her the praise." (pp. 145-6.)

F. Page xlix.

LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN ENGLAND TO A
SCOTTISH NOBLEMAN, AT THE CLOSE OF
ELIZABETH'S REIGN.

I am indebted to my friend J. M. Thomson, Esq., Edinburgh, for an exact copy of this very noticeable Letter. As it has never been printed *in extenso* I deem it expedient to give it without mutilation. The *italicized* lines are surely very remarkable in their revelation of Elizabeth's too-late discovery of the wrong against her truest and noblest self in sacrificing Essex. The Letter is valuable, also, as reflecting the troubled state of the nation at the time. The original unsigned *MS.*—for it was perilous to sign such a letter— is in the Advocates Library, Edinburgh, and it runs thus :

“Albeit that I haue not answered your Lordships letter ; neuertheless I hoope, that my silence shal receiue that favorable constructio[n] which my innocency may challenge of right. For I was resolued to commit no letter to the hands of Fortune, seing that the expectation of a litle tyme, might secure the passage of those papers, which I decreed to consecrate only to your self. And if the debt I owe you, might be payed by woordes, I would frank[ly] spende al my tyme in acknowledgement of your fauours ; which beare fruite of such sorte, that so soone as I haue receaued them, they begin to bud forth, & to produce new blossomes.

“Neuertheless my hoope is, that al the world shal knowe, that pow[er] in requiting, hath rather sayled mee then will. Therfor pardon mee I beseech you, if wanting meanes to discharge the debt I owe I am constrained to runn on the old skoare, & to spende stil out of your L^{dps} stocke.

“I haue at length sent his Ma^{ty} an abstract of such Gentlem[ens] names, as are in greatest accompt in Englande. The greatest part wherof are knowne vnto my self : the rest I haue had intelligence of, by many wary questions, & sundry relations, of those, that weer well assured of that which they informed. And concerning the Apologetical preface, I haue deliuered my opinion, wherin I jumpe just with your L^{dps} censure therof : hooping that h[is] highnes will take your woord in my behalfe, that my difference jn the forme of an Apology, springeth not from any spirit of contra[di]ction, but from the obedience I owe, to aunsver, truly, vnto euery demaunde his Majesty shal propounde vnto mee. Also I haue sent a discoursie aunsver vnto certeyne questions : wherin I suppoof[se] that though p'haps I may seeme to shoote at reuers, I haue not shott very wide from the marke. *Our Queene is troubled w[ith] a Rheume in her arme, which vexeth her very much : besides the greefe shee hath conceiued for my L^d of*

Essex his death, shee sleepeth not somuch by day as shee used, nether taketh rest by night: her delight is to sit in the darke, & sometimes with shedding of tears to bewaile Essex. This is the reason, that wee haue so many horses about London: the particularitie wherof I refer to Mr. Foules. In any case let mee intreate you to sollicite his Ma^{ty}, to send often, & though the journey bee longe, & peynefull, I doubt not, but that Mr. Foules, will gladly vndertake the charge, wherin so good seruice may bee performed. For it is expedient that the messenger bee skilful in our present estate, trusted by us, & knowne to bee confidente with the kinge. Concerning my self, or the seruice which I may performe, ether in this place, or any whatso euer, I protest that I remayne firme, & ready to bee employed, whensoever his Majesty, shal grace mee with his commaundement. For I breathe no other contentment, then that, which may turne to the aduancement of so gracious a Prince, & the ease of this distressed Cuntry. In what state wee stande at this present, may better bee related by Mr. Foules, Quæque ipse miserrima vidit, then by a short narration of perpetual woes.

“Therfor I will aduertise your L^p, of your owne affaire: wherin I haue traueyled to the vttermoast of my power, & gotten a particular information of al Caris proceedings touching Whorlton. The common voice of the Tennants is, that hee payed only a 1000 marks to the Queene: but hauing conferred with himself, I founde him much discontented as hee pretended, for the great price hee had payed Videlicet: 1800^l: But I beleue him not therin. Neither doth 3; or I thinke it fitt that any thirde person should compounde with him for it. For it is certeyne that seing it is already leaséd, it wil not bee bought but at an vnreasonable rate: & the tyme wil come when hee wilbee glad to take half the money hee hath disbursed for his interest therin. The Queene hath sold a greate part of the Duchy of Cornwell & Lancaster, which landes must ether bee recalled, as wee haue a president therof in Henry the fourths tyme, or bought agayne to vnite them to the Crowne. I haue sent your L^p a draught of the suruay of Whorlton, which I gott cunningly out of the Checker. Likewise you shal receiue a cobby of a Letters Patents, taken out of the which is counted to conteyne the moast general woordes, that may bee used in a good & perfect assurance. And albeit [hat] the name of a Rectory agree not with your Manors, it importeth not, seing that mutatis mutandis, forasmuch [as] concerneth the names, the whole process of the graunte is to [be] obserued. I feare that you can hardly reade itt, for it is written in badd Lattin, & abbreviations, which is the man[ner] of the clarks that cobby any recorde out of the Chauncery. The graunte you sent mee with the clause of renewing the Letters patents in Die Illo. is held to bee better then any other assurance that can nowe bee made by the kinge. I will deteyne your L^p no longer: beseeching you to build upon that good foundation of my affection, which your merite hath firmly layd. For my desir is to streyne my vttermoast ability, to bee alwaies the foremost in

Your L^ps Seruice.”

G. Page lxi.

SHAKESPEARE CENSURED.

I refer to Henry Chettle's *England's Mourning Garment*, &c. (1603). In this somewhat remarkable celebration of Elizabeth, Shakespeare, as author of the *Rape of Lucrece*, is thus appealed to :

“ Nor doth the siluer tonged Melicert
Drop from his honied muse one fable teare
To mourne her death that graced his defert,
And to his laies opend her Royall eare.
Shepheard remember our Elizabeth,
And sing her Rape, done by that Tarquin, Death.”

Is it accidental that CHAPMAN and MARSTON — other two of the authors of the “new compositions,” be it noted — are similarly censured and urged? Could these lines in Chettle be possibly meant to *hit* at Chester and the “new compositions”?

— — — “worft of worft,
Bayards and beafts accurst, with grosest flattery nurst:
Haue fung her sacred name, and prai'd her to their shame,
Who was our last and first.”

H. Page lxxii.

ERRATA OF THE ORIGINAL.

- Page 12, st. 3, l. 2, comma after ‘springs’ instead of period
(.) — corrected.
- ” 13, st. 3, l. 2, comma after ‘flower’ instead of period
(.) — corrected.
- ibid.*, st. 4, l. 1, ‘yee’ for ‘yea’ — corrected.
- ” 14, st. 1, l. 4, ‘Venus’ printed ‘Venvs’ — corrected.
- ” 22, numbered 41 instead of 14 — corrected.
- ” 23, *To those of light beleefe* — st. 1, l. 5, no comma after
‘conceit’ — corrected.
- ibid.*, st. 2, l. 5, comma after ‘find’ — corrected.
- ” 77, st. 2, l. 6, no stop after ‘spight’ — corrected.
- ” 83, Iohannis Leylandij, &c., l. 12, the comma after
‘petit.’

- Page 89, Heading — 'Dialgue' for 'Dialogue' — corrected.
- „ 92, st. 1, l. 3, no comma after 'enchantment' — corrected.
- „ 104, st. 3, l. 2, 'gods' for 'godd[es]s.'
- „ 111, numbered '101' — corrected to '103.'
- „ 113, st. 1, l. 3, 'cle' for 'clere,' and l. 6, 'the m' for 'the m[inde].'
- „ 128, st. 1, l. 1, 'Memnodides' should have been 'Memnonides' certainly.
- „ 131, st. 2, l. 3, 'fometing' for 'fomething' — corrected
- „ 137, st. 4, l. 4, 'secrecly' for 'secrately.'
- „ 142, 143, are mis-numbered '118' and '119' for '134' and '135' — corrected.
- „ 153 to 175, numbered 141 to 163 for 145 to 167 — corrected.
- „ 167, margin — l. 14, 'feele' for 'feele,' and l. 20, 'poreft' for 'pureft' — corrected.
- „ 179-195, are mis-numbered 167 to 183 for 171 to 187 — corrected.

See also various suggestions and criticisms in the Notes and Illustrations. A comma at the end of a line was a favorite contemporary punctuation.

ERRATA OF OUR REPRINT.

- Page 11, st. 3, l. 1, put comma after 'thing.'
- „ 29, st. 1, l. 4, spell 'keepe' for 'keep.'
- „ 31, st. 2, l. 4, spell 'harmelesse' for 'harmlesse.'
- „ 34, st. 1, l. 1, put comma after '*Elfleda*.'
- „ 37, st. 4, l. 7, spell 'deedes' for 'deeds.'
- „ 38, st. 4, l. 2, spell 'tooke' for 'took.'
- „ 43, l. 7, spell 'owne' for 'own.'
- „ 44, heading, l. 2, put comma after 'Coronation.'
- „ 47, l. 3, spell 'litle' for 'little,' and st. 1, l. 2, 'wel' for 'well.'
- „ 77, st. 2, l. 1, spell 'battell' for 'battel.'
- „ 78, st. 1, l. 1, spell 'prepar'd' for 'prepared.'

- Page 84, l. 8, read 'off spring' for 'offspring,' and l. 11, spell 'fweete' for 'sweet.'
- „ 85, Hee endeth, &c., l. 2, put comma after 'feate.'
- „ 93, st. 4, l. 3, put comma after 'Hercules.'
- „ 96, st. 2, l. 5, capital to 'Fishes'; and st. 4, l. 1, spell 'Iacke' for 'Iack.'
- „ 98, st. 3, l. 7, spell 'verie' for 'very.'
- „ 108, st. 2, l. 2, spell 'Turbut' for 'Turbot.'
- „ 112, st. 4, l. 6, spell 'food' for 'foode.'
- „ 115, st. 2, l. 4, spell 'meate' for 'meat.'
- „ 127, st. 2, l. 5, put comma after 'way.'
- „ 128, st. 5, l. 3, spell 'dayly' for 'daily.'
- „ 168, st. 3, l. 5, spell 'tels' for 'tells.'
- „ 172, st. 2, l. 6, spell 'fauoring' for 'fauouring.'
- „ 194, Heading of Ode — I have extended the contractions for *ou* and *ot*.

A. B. G.

ROBERT CHESTER'S
LOVE'S MARTYR, 1601,

WITH
SHAKSPERE'S "PHOENIX AND TURTLE,"

ETC., ETC.

LOVES MARTYR:
OR,
ROSALINS COMPLAINT.

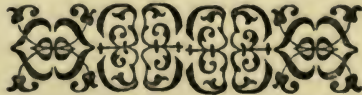
*Allegorically shadowing the truth of Loue,
in the constant Fate of the Phoenix
and Turtle.*

A Poeme enterlaced with much varietie and raritie;
*now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato
Cæliano, by ROBERT CHESTER.*

With the true legend of famous King *Arthur*, the last of the nine
Worthies, being the first *Essay* of a new *Brytish* Poet: collected
out of diuerse Authentick Records.

*To these are added some new compositions, of seuerall moderne Writers
whose names are subscribed to their seuerall workes, vpon the
first subiect: viz. the Phoenix and
Turtle.*

Mar: — Mutare dominum non potest liber notus.



LONDON
Imprinted for E. B.

1601.



TO THE HONORA-

ble, and (of me before all other)
honored Knight, Sir John Salisburie

one of the Esquires of the bodie to the

Queenes most excellent Maiestie, Robert

Chester wisheth increase of vertue

and honour.

Posse & nolle, nobile.



Honorable Sir, hauing according to the directions of some of my best-minded friends, finished my long expected labour; knowing this ripe iudging world to be full of enuie, euery one (as sound reason requireth) thinking his owne child to be fairest although an Æthiopian, I am emboldened to put my infant wit to the eye of the world vnder your protectiō

A 3

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

knowing that if Absurditie like a theefe haue crept into any part of these Poems, your well-graced name will ouer-shadow these defaults, and the knowne Character of your vertues, cause the common back-biting enemies of good spirits, to be silent. To the World I put my Child to nurse, at the expence of your fauour, whose glorie will stop the mouthes of the vulgar, and I hope cause the learned to rocke it asleepe (for your sake) in the bosome of good wil. Thus wishing you all the blefsings of heauen and earth; I end.

Yours in all seruice,

R^o. CHESTER.



*The Authors request to
the Phœnix.*

P*Hœnix of beautie, beauteous Bird of any
To thee I do entitle all my labour,
More precious in mine eye by far then many,
That feedst all earthly senses with thy saour :
Accept my home-writ praises of thy loue,
And kind acceptance of thy Turtle-doue.*

*Some deepe-read scholler fam'd for Poetrie,
Whose wit-enchanting verse deserueth fame,
Should sing of thy perfections passing beautie,
And cleuate thy famous worthy name :
Yet I the least, and meanest in degree,
Endeuoured haue to please in praising thee.*

R. Chester.





To the kind Reader.

Of bloody warres, nor of the sacke of Troy,
Of Pryams murdred sonnes, nor Didoes fall,
Of Hellens rape, by Paris Troian boy,
Of Cæsars victories, nor Pompeys thrall,
Of Lucrece rape, being rauisht by a King,
Of none of these, of sweete Conceit I sing.

*Then (gentle Reader) ouer-reade my Musc,
That armes herselfe to flie a lowly flight,
My vntun'd stringed verse do thou excuse,
That may perhaps accepted, yeeld delight:
I cannot clime in praises to the skie,
Least falling, I be drown'd with infamie.*

Mea mecum Porto.

R. Ch.



THE
Anuals of great
Brittaine.
OR,
A MOST EXCEL-
lent Monument, wherein may be
seene all the antiquities of this King-
dome, to the fatisfaction both of the
Vniuersities, or any other place stir-
red with Emulation of long
continuance.

Excellently figured out in a worthy Poem.



LONDON
Printed for MATHEW LOWNES.

1611

I

ROSALINS COM-
PLAINT, METAPHORI-
cally applied to Dame Nature at a Parlia-
ment held (in the high Star-chamber) by the
Gods, for the preferuacion and increase of
Earths beauteous Phœnix.

A Solemne day of meeting mongst the Gods,
And royall parliament there was ordained :
The heauenly Synod was at open ods,
And many harts with earthly wrongs were pained ;
Some came to craue excuse, some to complaine
Of heauie burdend griefes they did sustaine.

Vesta she told, her Temple was defiled :
Juno how that her nuptiall knot was broken ;
Venus from her sonne *Cupid* was exiled :
And *Pallas* tree with ignorance was shoken :
Bellona rau'd at Lordlike cowardice,
And *Cupid* that fond Ladies were so nice.

To this Asssembly came Dame *Nature* weeping,
And with her handkercher through wet with teares,
She dried her rosie cheekes, made pale with sighing,
Hanging her wofull head, head full of feares :
And to *Ioues* felse plac'd in a golden feate,
She kneeld her downe, and thus gan to intreate :

Thou mightie Imperator of the earth,
Thou cuer-liuing Regent of the aire,
That to all creatures giu'st a liuely breath,

B

And thundrest wrath downe from thy frie chaire,
Behold thy handmaid, king of earthly kings,
That to thy gracious sight sad tidings brings.

One rare rich *Phoenix* of exceeding beautie,
One none-like Lillie in the earth I placed ;
One faire *Helena*, to whom men owe dutie :
One countrey with a milke-white Doue I graced :
One and none such, since the wide world was found
Hath euer *Nature* placed on the ground.

Head. Her head I framed of a heauenly map,
Wherein the feuenfold vertues were enclosed,
When great *Apollo* slept within my lap,
And in my bosome had his rest reposed,
I cut away his locks of purest gold,
And plac'd them on her head of earthly mould.

Haire. When the least whistling wind begins to sing,
And gently blowes her haire about her necke,
Like to a chime of bells it soft doth ring,
And with the pretie noife the wind doth checke,
Able to lull asleepe a pensiue hart,
That of the round worlds forrowes beares a part.

Forehead. Her forehead is a place for princely *Ioue*
To sit, and cenfure matters of import :
Wherein men reade the sweete conceits of Loue,
To which hart-pained Louers do resort,
And in this Tablet find to cure the wound,
For which no falue or herbe was euer found.

· Vnder

Vnder this mirrou, are her princely eyes : *Eyes.*
 Two Carbuncles, two rich imperiall lights ;
 That ore the day and night do foueraignize,
 And their dimme tapers to their rest she frights :
 Her eyes excell the Moone and glorious Sonne,
 And when she rifeth al their force is donne.

Her morning-coloured cheekes, in which is plac'd, *Cheekes.*
 A Lillie lying in a bed of Rofes ;
 This part aboue all other I haue grac'd,
 For in the blew veines you may reade sweet posies :
 When she doth blush, the Heauens do wax red,
 When she lookes pale, that heauenly Front is dead.

Her chinne a litle litle pretie thing *Chinne.*
 In which the sweet carnatian Gelli-flower,
 Is round encompast in a christall ring,
 And of that pretie Orbe doth beare a power :
 No storme of Enuie can this glorie touch,
 Though many should assay it ouermuch.

Her lippes two rubie Gates from whence doth spring, *Lippes.*
 Sweet honied deaw by an intangled kisse,
 From forth these glories doth the Night-bird sing,
 A Nightingale that no right notes will misse :
 True learned Eloquence and Poetrie,
 Do come betwene these dores of excellencie.

Her teeth are hewed from rich crystal Rockes, *Teeth.*
 Or from the Indian pearle of much esteem,
 These in a clofet her deep counsell lockes,

And are as porters to so faire a Queene,
 They taste the diet of the heau'nly traine,
 Other base grossenesse they do still disdaine.

Tongue. Her tongue the vtterer of all glorious things,
 The siluer clapper of that golden bell,
 That neuer soundeth but to mightie Kings,
 And when she speakes, her speeches do excell :
 He in a happie chaire himfelse doth place,
 Whose name with her sweet tongue she means to grace.

Necke. Her necke is *Vestas* siluer conduict pipe,
 In which she powers perfect chastitie,
 And of the muskie grapes in sommer ripe,
 She makes a liquor of ratietic,
 That dies this swanne-like piller to a white,
 More glorious then the day with all his light.

Breastes. Her breasts two crystal orbes of whitest white,
 Two little mounts from whence lifes comfort springs.
 Between those hillockes *Cupid* doth delight
 To sit and play, and in that valley sings :
 Looking loue-babies in her wanton eyes,
 That all grosse vapours thence doth chastefize.

Armes. Her armes are branches of that siluer tree,
 That men surname the rich *Hesperides*,
 A precious circling shew of modestie,
 When she doth spread these glories happines :
 Ten times ten thousand blessings he doth taste,
 Whose circled armes shall cling about her waste.

Her

Rofalins complaint.

5

Her hands are fortunes palmes, where men may reade
His first houres destiny, or weale or woe,
When she this sky-like map abroad doth spreade,
Like pilgrimes many to this Saint do go,
 And in her hand, white hand, they there do fee
 Loue lying in a bed of yuorie.

Hands.

Her fingers long and small do grace her hand ;
For when she toucheth the sweete founding Lute,
The wild vntamed beafts amaz'd do stand,
And carroll-chanting birds are sudden mute :
 O fingers how you grace the filuer wires,
 And in humanitie burne *Venus* fires !

Fingers.

Her bellie (ð grace incomprehensible)
Far whiter then the milke-white lillie flower.
O might *Arabian Phoenix* come inuisible,
And on this mountaine build a glorious bower,
 Then Sunne and Moone as tapers to her bed,
 Would light loues Lord to take her maidenhead.

Bellie.

Be still my thoughts, be silent all yee Muses,
Wit-flowing eloquence now grace my tongue :
Arise old *Homer* and make no excuses,
Of a rare peece of art must be my song,
 Of more then most, and most of all beloued,
 About the which *Venus* sweete doues haue houered.

Nota.

There is a place in louely paradize,
From whence the golden *Gehon* ouerflowes,
A fountaine of such honorable prize,

B 3

That none the facred, facred vertues knowes,
 Walled about, betok'ning sure defence,
 With trees of life, to keepe bad errors thence.

Thighes. Her Thighs two pillers fairer far then faire,
 Two vnderprops of that celestiaall house,
 That Mansion that is *Iunos* siluer chaire,
 In which *Ambrosia VENUS* doth caroufe,
 And in her thighs the prety veines are running
 Like Christall riuers from the maine streames flowing.

Legges. Her legges are made as graces to the rest,
 So pretie, white, and so proportionate,
 That leades her to loues royall sportiue nest,
 Like to a light bright Angel in her gate :
 For why no creature in the earth but she,
 Is like an Angell, Angell let her be.

Feete. Her Feete (now draw I to conclusion)
 Are neat and litle to delight the eye,
 No tearme in all humane inuention,
 Or in the veine of sweet writ Poetrie
 Can ere be found, to giue her feet that grace,
 That beares her corporate Soule from place to place.

And if by night she walke, the Marigold,
 That doth inclose the glorie of her eye,
 At her approach her beauty doth vnfold,
 And spreads her selfe in all her royaltie,
 Such vertue hath this Phœnix glassy shield,
 That Floures and Herbs at her faire sight do yeeld.

And

And if she grace the Walkes within the day,
Flora doth spreade an Arras cloth of flowers,
 Before her do the pretty *Satires* play,
 And make her banquets in their leauie Bowers :
 Head, Haire, Brow, Eyes, Cheeks, Chin and all,
 Lippes, Teeth, Tong, Neck, Brefts, Belly are maiesticall.

This *Phænix* I do feare me will decay,
 And from her ashes neuer will arise
 An other Bird her wings for to display,
 And her rich beauty for to equalize :
 The *Arabian* fiers are too dull and base,
 To make another spring within her place.

Therefore dread Regent of these Elements,
 Pitie poore *Nature* in her Art excelling,
 Giue thou an humble care to my laments,
 That to thee haue a long true taie beene telling,
 Of her, who when it please thee to behold,
 Her outward fight shall bewties pride vnfold.

At these words *Ioue* stood as a man amazed,
 And *Iunos* loue-bred bewtie turnd to wight,
Venus she blusht, and on dame *Nature* gazed,
 And *Vesta* she began to weepe outright :
 And little *Cupid* poore boy strucke in loue,
 With repetition of this earthly Doue.

But at the last *Ioue* gan to rouse his spirit,
 And told dame *Nature* in her sweet discourse ;
 Her womans Toung did run before her Wit,

Such a faire foule her felfe could neuer nurfe,
 Nor in the vastie earth was euer liuing,
 Such beauty that all beauty was excellling.

Nature was strucke with pale temeritie,
 To see the God of thunders lightning eyes ;
 He shooke his knotty haire so wrathfully,
 As if he did the heauenly rout despise :
 Then downe vpon her knee dame *Nature* fals,
 And on the great gods name aloud she cals.

Ioue thou shalt see my commendations,
 To be vnworthie and impartiall,
 To make of her an extallation,
 Whose beauty is deuine maiesticall ;
 Looke on that painted picture there, behold
 The rich wrought *Phœnix* of *Arabian* gold.

Ioucs eyes were setled on her painted eyes,
Ioue blushing smil'd, the picture smil'd againe :
Ioue spoke to her, and in his heart did rise
 Loues amours, but the picture did disdaine
 To loue the god, *Ioue* would haue stole a kisse,
 But *Iuno* being by, denyed him this.

When all the rest beheld this counterfeit,
 They knew the substance was of rarer price :
 Some gaz'd vpon her face, on which did waite
 As messengers, her two celestially eyes ;
 Eyes wanting fire, did giue a lightning flame,
 How much more would her eyes mans fences tame ?
 Then

Then all the Gods and Goddeffes did decree,
 In humble maner to intreat of *Ioue*
 And euery power vpon his bended knee,
 Shewd faithfull seruice in dame *Natures* loue,
 Intreating him to pacifie his Ire,
 And raife another *Phanix* of new fire.

Her picture from *Ioues* eyes hath banisht Hate,
 And Mildnesse plained the furrowes of his brow,
 Her painted shape hath chaftised debate,
 And now to pleafure them he makes a vow :
 Then thus *Ioue* fpake, tis pittie ſhe ſhould die,
 And leaue no offspring of her Progenie.

Nature go hic thee, get thee *Phæbus* chaire,
 Cut through the ſkie, and leaue *Arabia*,
 Leaue that il working peece of fruitleffe ayre,
 Leaue me the plaines of white *Brytania*,
 Theſe countries haue no fire to raife that flame,
 That to this *Phanix* bird can yeeld a name.

There is a country Clymat fam'd of old,
 That hath to name delightfome *Paphos* Ile,
 Ouer the mountaine tops to trudge be bold,
 There let thy winged Horſes reſt awhile :
 Where in a vale like *Cipariſſus* groue,
 Thou ſhalt behold a ſecond *Phanix* loue.

A champion country full of fertill Plaines,
 Green graſſie Medowes, little prettie Hills,
 Abundant pleaſure in this place remaines,

C

And plenteous sweetes this heauenly clymat filles :
 Faire flowing bathes that issue from the rockes,
 Abundant heards of beasts that come by flockes.

High stately Cædars, sturdie bigge arm'd Okes,
 Great Poppers, and long trees of *Libanon*,
 Sweete smelling Firre that frankensence prouokes,
 And Pine apples from whence sweet iuyce doth come :
 The fommer-blooming Hawthorne ; vnder this
 Faire *Venus* from *Adonis* stole a kisse.

Fine Thickets and rough Brakes for sport and pleasure,
 Places to hunt the light-foote nimble Roe :
 These groues *Diana* did account her treasure,
 And in the cold shades, oftentimes did goe
 To lie her downe, faint, weary on the ground,
 Whilest that her Nymphs about her daunst a round.

A quire of heauenly Angels tune their voyces,
 And counterfeit the *Nightingale* in singing,
 At which delight some pleasure she reioyces,
 And *Plenty* from her cell her gifts is bringing :
 Peares, Apples, Plums, and the red ripe Cherries,
 Sweet Strawberries with other daintie berries.

Here haunt the *Satyres* and the *Driades*,
 The *Hamadriades* and pretie Elues,
 That in the groues with skipping many please,
 And runne along vpon the water shelues :
 Heare *Mermaides* sing, but with *Ulysses* eares,
 The country Gallants do disdain their teares.

The

The Crocodile and hissing Adders sting,
 May not come neere this holy plot of ground,
 No Nightworme in this continent may sing,
 Nor poifon-fpitting Serpent may be found :
 Here Milke and Hony like two riuers ran,
 As fruitefull as the land of *Canaan*.

What fhall I fay ? their Orchards fpring with plentie,
 The Gardens smell like *Floras* paradise,
 Bringing increafe from one to number twentie,
 As Lycorice and sweet *Arabian* spice :
 No place is found vnder bright heauens faire bliffe,
 To beare the name of *Paradife* but this.

Hard by a running ftream or cryftall fountaine,
 Wherein rich *Orient* pearle is often found,
 Enuiron'd with a high and steepie mountaine,
 A fertill foile and fruitful plot of ground,
 There fhalt thou find true *Honors* louely *Squire*,
 That for this *Phanix* keepes *Prometheus* fire.

His bower wherein he lodgeth all the night,
 Is fram'd of Cædars and high loftie Pine,
 I made his houfe to chaftice thence defpight,
 And fram'd it like this heauenly roofof mine :
 His name is *Liberall honor*, and his hart,
 Aymes at true faithfull feruice and defart.

Looke on his face, and in his browes doth fit,
 Bloud and sweete *Mercie* hand in hand vnited,
 Bloud to his foes, a prefident most fit

For fuch as haue his gentle humour fpered :
 His Haire is curl'd by nature mild and meeke,
 Hangs careleffe downe to throwd a blufhing cheeke

Giue him this Ointment to annoint his Head,
 This precious Balme to lay vnto his feet,
 Thefe fhall direct him to this *Phœnix* bed,
 Where on a high hill he this Bird fhall meet :
 And of their Afhes by my doome fhall rife,
 Another *Phœnix* her to equalize.

This faid the Gods and Goddeffes did applaud,
 The Cenfure of this thundring Magiftrate,
 And *Nature* gaue him euerlafting laud,
 And quickly in the dayes bright Coach ſhe gate
 Downe to the earth, ſhe's whirled through the ayre ;
Ioue ioyne thefe fires, thus *Venus* made her prayer.

An Introduction to the Prayer.

GVide thou great Guider of the Sunne and Moone,
 Thou elementall fauourer of the Night,
 My vnderſerued wit, wit ſprong too ſoone,
 To giue thy greatneffe euerie gracious right :
 Let Pen, Hand, Wit and vnderſeruing tongue,
 Thy praife and honor ſing in euerie ſong.

In my poore prayer guide my Hand aright,
 Guide my dull Wit, guide all my dulled Senſes,
 Let thy bright Taper giue me faithfull light,

And

And from thy Booke of life blot my offences :
 Then arm'd with thy protection and thy loue,
 Ile make my prayer for thy Turtle-doue.

*A Prayer made for the prosperitie of
 a filuer coloured Doue, applyed to the
 beaucous Phœnix.*

O Thou great maker of the firmament,
 That rid'st vpon the winged *Cherubins*,
 And on the glorious shining element,
 Hear'st the sad praiers of the *Scrapphins*,
 That vnto thee continually sing Hymnes :
 Bow downe thy listning eares thou God of might,
 To him whose heart will praise thee day and night.

Accept the humble Praiers of that foule,
 That now lies wallowing in the myre of Sinne,
 Thy mercie Lord doth all my powers controule,
 And seareth reins and heart that are within :
 Therefore to thee *Iehouah* Ile begin :
 Lifting my head from my imprisoned graue,
 No mercie but thy mercie me can faue.

The foule vntamed Lion still goes roring,
 Old hell-bread *Sathan* enemy to mankind,
 To leade me to his iawes that are deuouring,
 Wherein no Grace to humane flesh's assign'd,

But thou celestiall Father canst him bind :
 Tread on his head, tread Sinne and *Sathan* downe,
 And on thy seruants head fet Mercies crowne.

Thus in acceptance of thy glorious fight,
 I purge my deadly sinne in hope of grace,
 Thou art the Doore, the Lanthorne and the Light,
 To guide my sinfull feete from place to place,
 And now O Christ I bow before thy face :
 And for the filuer coloured earthly Doue,
 I make my earnest prayer for thy loue.

Shrowde her ô Lord vnder thy shadowed wings,
 From the worlds enuious malice and deceit,
 That like the adder-poisoned serpent stings,
 And in her way layes a corrupted baite,
 Yet raise her God vnto thy mercies height :
 Guide her, ô guide her from pernicious foes,
 That many of thy creatures ouerthrowes.

Wash her O Lord with Hyfope and with Thime,
 And the white snow she shall excell in whiteneffe,
 Purge her with mercie from all sinfull crime,
 And her soules glorie shall exceed in brightneffe,
 O let thy mercie grow vnto such ripeneffe :
 Behold her, O behold her gracious King,
 That vnto thee sweet songs of praise will sing.

And as thou leadst through the red coloured waues,
 The hoast of thy elected *Israel*,
 And from the wrath of *Pharoe* didst them saue,

Appoin-

Appointing them within that land to dwell,
 A chofen land, a land what did excell :
 So guide thy filuer Doue vnto that place,
 Where she Temptations enuie may outface.

Increase thy gifts bestowed on thy Creature,
 And multiply thy blessings manifold,
 And as thou hast adorned her with nature,
 So with thy blessed eyes her eyes behold,
 That in them doth thy workmanship vnfold,
 Let her not wither Lord without increase,
 But bleffe her with ioyes offspring of sweet peace.
Amen. Amen.

To those of light beleefe.

*Y*ou gentle fauourers of excelling Muses,
 And gracers of all Learning and Desart,
 You whose Conceit the deepest worke peruses,
 Whose Iudgements still are gouerned by Art :
 Reade gently what you reade, this next conceit,
 Fram'd of pure loue, abandoning deceit.

*And you whose dull Imagination,
 And blind conceited Error hath not knowne,
 Of Herbes and Trees true nomination,
 But thinke them fabulous that shall be showne :*
 Learne more, search much, and surely you shall find
 Plaine honest Truth and Knowledge comes behind.

Then gently (gentle Reader) do thou fauour,

C 4

*And with a gracious looke grace what is written,
With smiling cheare peruse my homely labour,
With Ennies poisoned spitefull looke not bitten :
So shalt thou cause my willing thought to striue,
To adde more Honey to my new-made Hiue.*

A meeting Dialogue-wife betweene Nature,
the *Phœnix*, and the *Turtle Doue*.

Nature.

ALL haile faire *Phœnix*, whither art thou flying ?
Why in the hot Sunne dost thou spread thy wings ?
More pleasure shouldst thou take in cold shades lying,
And for to bathe thyselfe in wholsome Springs,
Where the woods feathered quier sweetely sings :
Thy golden Wings and thy breasts beauteous Eie,
Will fall away in *Phœbus* royahtie.

Phœnix.

O stay me not, I am no *Phœnix* I,
And if I be that bird, I am defaced,
Vpon the *Arabian* mountaines I must die,
And neuer with a poore yong *Turtle* graced ;
Such operation in me is not placed :
What is my Beautie but a painted wal,
My golden spreading Feathers quickly fal.

Nature.

Why dost thou shead thy Feathers, kill thy Heart,
Weep out thine Eyes, and staine thy golden Face ?
Why dost thou of the worlds woe take a part,
And in relenting teares thy selfe disgrace ?
Ioyes mirthful Tower is thy dwelling place ;

All

All Birdes for vertue and excelleng beautie,
Sing at thy reuerend feet in Loue and Dutie.

Oh how thou feed'st me with my Beauties praising!
O how thy Praise sounds from a golden Toung!
O how thy Toung my Vertues would be raising!
And raising me thou dost corrupt thy song;
Thou see'st not Honie and Poifon mixt among;
Thou not'st my Beautie with a iealous looke,
But dost not see how I do bayte my hooke.

Phanix.

Tell me, ô tell me, for I am thy friend,
I am Dame *Nature* that first gaue thee breath,
That from *Ioues* glorious rich seate did descend,
To set my Feete vpon this lumpish earth:
What is the cause of thy fad fullen Mirth?
Hast thou not Beauty, Vertue, Wit and Fauour:
What other graces would'st thou craue of Nature?

Nature.

What is my Beauty but a vading Flower?
Wherein men reade their deep-conceiued Thrall,
Alluring twentie Gallants in an hower,
To be as seruile vassalls at my Call?
My Sunne-bred lookes their Senfes do exhall:
But (ô my grieffe) where my faire Eyes would loue,
Foule bleare-eyed Enuie doth my thoughts reprooue.

Phanix.

What is my Vertue but a Tablitorie:
Which if I did bestow would more increase?
What is my Wit but an inhumane glorie:
That to my kind deare friends would proffer peace?

D

But O vaine Bird, giue ore in silence, cease ;
 Malice perchaunce doth hearken to thy words,
 That cuts thy threed of Loue with twentie swords.

Nature. Tell me (O Mirroure) of our earthly time,
 Tell me sweete *Phenix* glorie of mine age,
 Who blots thy Beauty with foule *Enuies* crime,
 And locks thee vp in fond *Suspitions* cage ?
 Can any humane heart beare thee such rage ?
 Daunt their proud stomacks with thy piercing Eye,
 Vnchaine Loues sweetnesse at thy libertie.

Phenix. What is't to bath me in a wholesome Spring,
 Or wash me in a cleere, deepe, running Well,
 When I no vertue from the same do bring,
 Nor of the balmie water beare a smell ?
 It better were for me mongst Crowes to dwell,
 Then flocke with Doues, whē Doues sit alwayes billing,
 And waste my wings of gold, my Beautie killing.

Nature. Ile chaine foule *Envy* to a brazen Gate,
 And place deepe *Malice* in a hollow Rocke,
 To some blacke desert Wood Ile banish *Hate*,
 And fond *Suspition* from thy sight Ile locke :
 These shall not stirre, let anie Porter knocke.
 Thou art but yong, fresh, greene, and must not passe,
 But catch the hot *Sunne* with thy steeled glasse.

Phenix. That Sunne shines not within this Continent,
 That with his warme rayes can my dead Bloud chearish,
 Groffe cloudie Vapours from this Aire is sent,

Not

Not hot reflecting Beames my heart to nourish.
 O Beautie, I do feare me thou wilt perish ;
 Then gentle *Nature* let me take my flight,
 But ere I passe, fet *Ennie* out of fight.

Ile coniure him, and raise him from his graue,
 And put vpon his head a punishment :
Nature thy sportiue Pleasure meanes to faue ;
 Ile send him to perpetuall banishment,
 Like to a totterd Furie ragd and rent :
 Ile baffle him, and blind his Iealous eye,
 That in thy actions Secrecie would pry.

Ile coniure him, Ile raise him from his Cell,
 Ile pull his Eyes from his conspiring head,
Nature. Ile locke him in the place where he doth dwell ;
 Ile starue him there, till the poore flauie be dead,
 That on the poisonous Adder oft hath fed :
 These threatnings on the Helhound I will lay,
 But the performance beares the greater sway.

Stand by faire *Phenix*, spread thy Wings of gold,
 And daunt the face of Heauen with thine Eye,
Phenix. Like *Iunos* bird thy Beautie do vnfold,
 And thou shalt triumph ore thineemie :
 Then thou and I in *Phabus* coach will flie,
 Where thou shalt see and tast a secret Fire,
 That will adde spreading life to thy Desire.

Arise thou bleare-ey'd *Ennie* from thy bed,
 Thy bed of Snakie poison and corruption,
Nature.

D 2

Vnmaske thy big-fwolne Cheekes with poyfon red,
 For with thee I must trie Conclusion,
 And plague thee with the Worlds confusion.
 I charge thee by my Power to appeare,
 And by Celestiall warrant to draw neare.

Phœnix. O what a mistie Dampe breakes from the ground,
 Able it selfe to infect this noyfome Aire :
 As if a caue of Toades themfelues did wound,
 Or poyfoned Dragons fell into dispaire,
 Hels damned sent with this may not compare,
 And in this foggie cloud there doth arise
 A damned Feend ore me to tyrannize.

Nature. He shall not touch a Feather of thy wing,
 Or euer haue Authoritie and power,
 As he hath had in his dayes secret prying,
 Ouer thy calmie Lookes to send a shower :
 Ile place thee now in secrecies sweet Bower,
 Where at thy will in sport and dallying,
 Spend out thy time in Amarus discourfing.

Phœnix. Looke *Nurce*, looke *Nature* how the Villaine sweates,
 His big-fwolne Eyes will fall vnto the ground,
 With fretting anguifh he his blacke breast beates,
 As if he would true harted minds confound :
 O keepe him backe, his fight my heart doth wound :
 O *Enuie* it is thou that mad'ft me perish,
 For want of that true Fire my heart should nourish.

Nature. But I will plague him for his wickednesse,

Enuie

Ennie go packe thee to some forreine foyle,
 To some desertfull plaine or Wilderneffe,
 Where sauge Monsters and wild beasts do toyle,
 And with inhumane Creatures keep a coyle.
 Be gone I say, and neuer do returne,
 Till this round compast world with fire do burne.

What is he gone? is *Ennie* packt away? *Phanix.*
 Then one fowle blot is mooued from his Throne,
 That my poore honest Thoughts did seeke to slay:
 Away fowle grieffe, and ouer-heauie Mone,
 That do ore charge me with continuall grones.
 Will you not hence? then with downe-falling teares,
 Ile drowne my selfe in ripeneffe of my Yeares.

Fie peeuisht Bird, what art thou franticke mad? *Nature.*
 Wilt thou confound thy selfe with foolish Grieffe?
 If there be cause or meanes for to be had,
 Thy Nurse and nourisher will find reliefe:
 Then tell me all thy Accidents in brieffe;
 Haue I not banisht *Enny* for thy sake?
 I greater things for thee ile vndertake.

Ennie is gone and banisht from my sight, *Phanix.*
 Banisht for euer comming any more:
 But in *Arabia* burnes another Light,
 A dark dimme Taper that I must adore,
 This barren Countrey makes me to deplore:
 It is so saplesse that the very Spring,
 Makes tender new-growne Plants be with'ring.

D 3

The noifome Aire is growne infectious,
 The very Springs for want of Moisture die,
 The glorious Sunne is here pestiferous,
 No hearbes for *Phisicke* or sweet *Surgerie*,
 No balme to cure hearts inward maladie :
 No gift of *Nature*, she is here defaced,
 Heart-curing *Balsanum* here is not placed.

Nature. Is this the fumme and substance of thy woe?
 Is this the Anker-hold vnto thy bote?
 Is this thy Sea of Griefe doth ouerflow?
 Is this the Riuer sets thy ship aflote?
 Is this the Lesson thou hast learn'd by rote?
 And is this all? and is this plot of Ground
 The substance of the Theame doth thee confound?

Phœnix. This is the Anker-hold, the Sea, the Riuer,
 The Lesson and the substance of my Song,
 This is the Rocke my Ship did seeke to shiuer,
 And in this ground with Adders was I stung,
 And in a lothfome pit was often flung :
 My Beautie and my Vertues captiuatē,
 To Loue, dissembling Loue that I did hate.

Nature. Cheare vp thy spirit *Phœnix*, prune thy wings,
 And double-gild thy Fethers for my newes ;
 A *Nightingale* and not a *Rauen* sings,
 That from all blacke contention will excuse
 Thy heauy thoughts, and fet them to peruse
 Another Clymat, where thou maist expresse,
 A plot of *Paradice* for worthinesse.

Ioue

Ioue in diuine diuineffe of his Soule,
 That rides vpon his firie axaltree,
 That with his Mace doth humane flesh controule,
 When of mans deedes he makes a Regiftrie,
 Louing the good for fingularitie :
 With a vail'd Count'nance and a gracious Smile,
 Did bid me plant my Bird in *Paphos* Ile.

What ill diuining Planet did pefage,
 My timeleffe birth fo timely brought to light ?
 What fatal Comet did his wrath engage,
 To worke a harmleffe Bird fuch worlds defpight,
 Wrapping my dayes bliffe in blacke fables night ?
 No Planet nor no Comet did confpire
 My downfall, but foule *Fortunes* wrathful ire.

Phenix.

What did my Beautie moue her to Difdaine ?
 Or did my Vertues fhadow all her Bliffe ?
 That ſhe ſhould place me in a deiart Plaine,
 And fend forth *Ennie* with a *Iudas* kiffe,
 To ſting me with a Scorpions poisoned hiſſe ?
 From my firſt birth-right for to plant me heare,
 Where I haue alwaies fed on Griefe and Feare.

Raile not gainſt *Fortunes* ſacred Deitie,
 In youth thy vertuous patience ſhe hath tyred,
 From this baſe earth ſhee'le liſt thee vp on hie,
 Where in Contents rich Chariot thou ſhalt ride,
 And neuer with Impatience to abide :
Fortune will glorie in thy great renowne,
 And on thy feathered head will ſet a crowne.

Nature.

Phœnix. T'was time to come, for I was comfortlesse,
 And in my Youth haue bene Infortunate :
 This Ile of *Paphos* I do hope will blesse,
 And alter my halfe-rotten tottering state ;
 My hearts Delight was almost ruinate.
 In this rich Ile a *Turtle* had his nest,
 And in a Wood of gold tooke vp his rest.

Nature. Fly in this Chariot, and come sit by me,
 And we will leave this ill corrupted Land,
 We'le take our course through the blew Azure skie,
 And set our feete on *Paphos* golden sand.
 There of that *Turtle Doue* we'le vnderstand :
 And visit him in those delightfull plaines,
 Where Peace conioyn'd with Plenty still remaines.

Phœnix. I come, I come, and now farewell that strond,
 Vpon whose craggie rockes my Ship was rent ;
 Your ill befeeming follies made me fond,
 And in a vastie Cell I vp was pent,
 Where my fresh blooming Beauty I haue spent.
 O blame your selues ill nurtred cruell Swaines,
 That filld my scarleç Glorie full of Staines.

Nature. Welcome immortal Bewtie, we will ride
 Ouer the Semi-circle of *Europa*,
 And bend our course where we will see the Tide,
 That partes the Continent of *Affrica*,
 Where the great *Cham* gouernes *Tartaria* :
 And when the starrie Curtaine vales the night,
 In *Paphos* sacred Ile we meane to light.

How

How glorious is this Chariot of the day,
Where *Phæbus* in his cryftall robes is fet,
And to poore paffengers directs a way :
O happie time fince I with *Nature* met,
My immelodious Discord I vnfret :

Phænix.

And fing fweet Hymnes, burn Myrrhe & Frankenfence,
Honor that Isle that is my fure defence.

Looke *Phænix* ore the world as thou doft ride,
And thou fhalt fee the pallaces of Kings,
Great huge-built Cities where high States abide,
Temples of Gods, and Altars with rich off'rings,
To which the Priests their facrifices brings :
Wonders pafst wonder, ftrange *Pyramides*,
And the gold-gathering Strond of *Euphrates*.

Nature.

O what rich pleaure dwelleth in this Land !
Greene fpringing Medowes, high vpreared Hills,
The white-fleeft Ewe brought tame vnto the hand,
Faire running Riuers that the Countrie fills,
Sweet flowers that faire balmy Deaw diftils,
Great peopled Cities, whose earth-gracing fhow,
Time is afham'd to touch or ouerthrow.

Phænix.

Be filent gentle *Phænix*, Ile repeate,
Some of thefe Cities names that we defcrie,
And o: their large foundation Ile intreate,
Their Founder that firft rear'd them vp on hie,
Making a glorious Spectacle to each eie :
Warres wald Defender and the Countries grace,
Not battred yet with Times controlling Mace.

Nature.

E

*This Alfred
firſt deuided
England into
Shires, being
King of Nor-
thumbers.*

Alfred the father of faire *Elſteda*
Founded three goodly famous Monasteries,
In this large Ile of ſweete *Britania*,
For to reſreſh the poore ſoules miſeries,
That were afflicted with calamities:
One in the Towne furnamed *Edlingſey*,
Which after ages called *Athelney*.

The ſecond Houſe of that Deuotion,
He did erect at worthy *Wincheſter*,
A place well planted with Religion,
Called in this age the newly-built ſe Minſter,
Still kept in notable reparation:

*Alfred buried
in the Cathed-
rall Church of
Wincheſter.*

And in this famous builded Monument,
His bodie was interd when life was ſpent.

The laſt not leaſt ſurpaſſing all the reſt,
Was *Oxfords* honorable foundation,

*The Vniuerſity
of Oxford built
by Alfred.*

Since when with Learnings glorie it is bleſt,
Begun by the godly exhortation
Of the Abbot *Neotus* direction:
From whoſe rich womb pure Angell-like Diuinitie,
Hath ſprong to faue vs from Calamitie.

Leyre the ſonne of *Baldud* being admitted,
To beare the burden of the *Britiſh* ſway,
A Prince with *Natures* glorie being fitted,
At what time *Ioas* raigned King of *Iuda*,
To make his new got Fame to laſt for aye,
By *Sore* he built the Towne of *Caerleir*,
That to this day is called *Leyceſter*.

*This Sore is a
Riuer that run-
neth by Leice-
ſter, called of
ſome Brenber
water.*

Bellin

Belin that famous worthy *Brytaine* King,
That made the Townes of *France* to feare his frowne,
And the whole *Romish* Legion to fmg.
And to record his gracious great renowne,
Whose host of men their Townes were firing :
 Builded in *Southwals* height *Caerlion*,
 Or termed *Arwiske Caerlegion*.

*In this Citie
were three fa-
mous Churches
one of S. Julius
the Martyr, the
second of S. A-
ron : and the o-
ther the mother
Church of all
Demetia.*

This glorious Citie was the onely Pride,
In eldest age of all *Demetia* :
Where many notable Monuments abide,
To grace the Countrey of *Britania*,
That from *Times* memorie can neuer slide :
Amphibulus was borne in this sweete place,
Who taught *S. Albon*, *Albon* full of grace.

*This Belin also
builded a nota-
ble Gate in Lō-
don now called
Billingsgate &
Belins Castle.*

King *Lud* furnam'd the great *Lud-hurdibras*,
The sonne of *Leil*, builded the famous Towne
Of *Kaerkin*, with a huge Tower of brasse,
Now called *Canterburie* of great renowne,
Able to bide the raging Foes stout frowne :
 The *Metropolitans* seate where Learning fits,
 And chiefe of all our *English* Bishopricks.

*Lud, father to
Baldud, a man
well seen in the
Sciences of A-
stronomie and
Necromancie.*

This noble King builded faire *Caerguent*,
Now cleped *Winchester* of worthie fame,
And at Mount *Paladour* he built his Tent,
That after ages *Shaftsburie* hath to name,
His first foundation from King *Leyls* sonne came :
 About which building Prophet *Aquila*,
 Did prophesie in large *Brytania*.

*This Baldud
sonne of Lud-
Hurdibras,
made first the
hot Baths at
Caerbran, now
called Bath.*

E 2

King *Leill* a man of great religion,
 That made his bordring neighbours for to yeeld,
 And on their knees to pleade Submiffion,
 Being eldest sonne to *Brute* surnamed *Greene shield*,
 The Citie of *Caerlcits* he did build,
 Now called *Carleyle* by corruption,
 And Time that leades things to confusion.

*The Cittie of
 Cambridge
 built in the
 dayes of Gur-
 guntius the son
 of Beline, by
 one Cantaber a
 Spaniard, bro-
 ther to Partho-
 lony, or as some
 write by Gor-
 bonian.*

Cambridge a famous Vniuersitie,
 The Nurfe of Learning and Experience,
 The Chearisher of true Diuinitie,
 That for the Soules good wisedome doth commence,
 Confuting Vice, and driuing Error thence :
 Was built by *Sigisbert* : but wrought effectually
 By Kings and Lords of famous memorie.

**Rithmi gra-
 tia.*

Ebranke the sonne of stout *Mempriti*us,
 Hauing in matrimoniall copulation,
 Twentie one wiues in large **Britanicus*,
 And thirtie daughters by iust computation,
 And twentie sonnes of estimation,
 Builded *Caerbranke* famous for the name,
 Now called *Englands Yorke* a place of Fame.

He in *Albania* large and populous,
 Now termed *Scotland* of the *Scottish* Sect,
 Because his deedes should still be counted famous,
 The Castle of *Maidens* there he did erect,
 And to good purpose did this worke effect :
 But iron-eating Time the Truth doth staine,
 For *Edingburgh* the Citie doth remaine.

And

And in that *Maiden* Castle he did frame,
 To grace the building to the outward eie,
 Nine Images of stone plac'd in the fame,
 Which since haue stay'd times perpetuitie,
 In the true forme of worke-mans excellencie :
 Not any whit diminisht, but as perfect
 As in the first-dayes minute they were set.

Nature I muse at your description,
 To see how *Time* that old rust-cankard wretch,
 Honors forgetfull Friend, Cities confusion,
 That in all Monuments hath made a Breach,
 To auncient names brought alteration :
 And yet at this day such a place remains,
 That all *Times* honor past with honor staines.

Phoenix.

Those carued old-cut stonie Images,
 That beautifie the Princes stately Towers,
 That graces with their grace the Pallaces,
 And high imperiall Emperizing bowers,
 Were neuer raz'd by *Times* controlling houres :
 Nine worthie women almost equiualent,
 With those nine worthie men so valient.

Nature.

Three of the nine were *Iewes*, and three were *Gentiles*,
 Three *Christians*, Honors honorable Sexe,
 That from their foes did often beare the spoiles,
 And did their proud controlling neighbours vex,
 Which to their name did Noblenesse annexe,
 An Embleame for true borne Gentilitie,
 To imitate their deeds in chiuallrie.

E 3

The first *Minerua* a right worthie *Pagon*,
 That many manlike battailes manly fought,
 She first deuiz'd Artillerie of yron,
 And Armour for our backes she first found out,
 Putting our liues deare hazard from some doubt :
 She gouerned the *Libians*, and got Victories,
 With Honor by the lake **Tritonides*.

* *Lacus Mi-
nerua.*

Our maine pitcht Battels she first ordered,
 Setting a Forme downe to this following Age,
 The orders of Incamping she first registred,
 And taught the lawes of Armes in equipage,
 To after time her skill she did engage :
Apollo was her deare begotten sonne,
 In *Abrahams* time she liu'd till life was donne.

Semiramis Queene of *Affria*,
 Was second worthie of this worlds great wonder,
 She conquered large *Æthiopia*,
 And brought the Necke of that stout Nation vnder,
 Wasting the Countries of rich *India* :
 Her dayes of Honor and of Regiment,
 Was in the time of *Isaacks* government.

The third and chiefest for Audacioufnesse,
 And Enterprites that she took in hand,
 Was *Tomyris* full of true Noblenesse,
 Queene of the *North* (as I do vnderstand,)
 From forth her eyes she lightned Honors Brand,
 And brandished a Sword, a sword of Fame,
 That to her weake Sexe yeilded *Hectors* name.

When

When she receiued newes her sonne was dead,
 The Hope and Vnderprop of *Scithia*,
 She put on Armour, and encountered
 The *Monarch Cyrus* King of *Persia*,
 And Gouvernor of rich *Getulia* :
 Slue him in fight her Fame for to renew,
 Two hundred thousand Souldiers ouerthrew.

Amongst the *Hebrew* women we commend,
Iahel the *Kenite* for the first in bountie,
 Whose vncomprehensible valour in the end,
 Did free and set at large her captiu'd Countrie,
 Oppressed with tyrannicall Miserie :
 From dangers imminent of fire Warre,
 By killing hand to hand her foe great *Sifar*.

Debora an *Hebrew* worthie the second place,
 She fortie yeares did gouerne *Israel*,
 In peace preferu'd her Land, her land of Grace,
 Where honest sportiue Mirth did alwaies dwell :
 Her holy holinesse no tongue can tell,
 Nations astonied at her happinesse,
 Did grieue to loose her Wisedomes worthinesse.

Judith the third that redeliuered,
 The strong besieged Citie of *Bethulia*,
 And when the proud Foe she had vanquished,
 And ouercame hot-spur'd *Affiria*,
 Bringing in triumph *Holofernes* head,
 She got a great and greater Victorie,
 Then thousand Souldiers in their maiestie.

The first of *Christians* was faire *Maud* the Countesse,
 Countesse of *Aniow*, daughter to a King,
Englands first *Henry*: *Almaines* Empreffe,
 Heire indubitate, and her Fathers offspring,
 She titles to the *English* Crowne did bring:
 She ne're defisted from the warlike field,
 Till that vsurped *Stephen* of *Blois* did yeeld,
 And condiscended to her sonnes dear right,
 That war-like *Maude* had reobtain'd by might.

The second was *Elizabeth* of *Aragon*,
 Queene and wife to honorable *Ferdinando*:
 She stoutly fought for propagation
 Of Christian Faith; brought to subuersion,
 The forsaken infidels of *Granado*,
 Reducing that proud prouince all in one,
 To follow *Christs* vnspotted true Religion.

The last was *Iohane* of *Naples* true borne Queene,
 Sister to *Ladislaus* King of *Hungarie*,
 A woman that defended (as twas seene,)
 Her countries great and gracious libertie,
 By force of laudable Armes and Chiualrie,
 Against the *Sarafins* inuasion,
 And proud hot warres of princely *Aragon*.

Thus haue I in the honor of their worth,
 Laid ope their Progenie, their Deedes, their Armes,
 Their offspring, and their honorable Birth,
 That is a Lanthorne lightning their true Fames,
 Which Truth can neuer burne in Enuies flames:

Worthy

Worthie of wonder are these three times three,
Folded in brazen Leaues of memorie.

Windsor a Castle of exceeding strength,
First built by *Arviragus Brytaines* King,
But finished by *Arthur* at the length,
Of whose rare deedes our *Chronicles* do ring,
And poets in their verse his praise do sing :
For his Round-table and his war-like Fights,
Whose valiantnesse the coward Mind affrights.

This *Brytish* King in warres a Conquerer,
And wondrous happie in his Victories,
Was a companion of this noble Order,
And with his person grac'd these Dignities,
Great dignities of high exceeding Valour :
For he himfelse the selfe-fame Honor tooke,
That all his following States did euer brooke.

This *Paragon* whose name our time affrights,
At *Windsor* Castle dubbed in one day,
One hundred and iust fortie valiant Knights,
With his keene trustie Sword, and onely stay,
(Cald *Dridwin*) that his Loue did ouerfway :
And with that Sword the very day before,
He slue as many *Saxon* foes or more.

But *English Edward* third of Memorie,
In blessed and religious zeale of Loue,
Built vp a Colledge of exceeding glory,
That his kind care to *England* did approue.

F

This *Colledge* doth this Castle beautifie :
 The Honor of the place is held so deare,
 That many famous Kings are buried there.

But one rare thing exceeding admirable
 That to this day is held in great renoune,
 And to all Forreiners is memorable,
 The name of which makes *Englands* foes to frowne,
 And puls the pride of forreine Nations downe,
Knights of the *Garter* and Saint *Georges* Crosse,
 Betok'ning to the Foe a bloudie losse.

*Here followeth the Birth, Life
 and Death of honourable Arthur
 King of Brittain.*

To the courteous Reader.

*C*ourteous Reader, hauing spoken of the first foundation
 of that yet renowned castle of Windfor by Aruiragus
 king of Britain, & finished by that succeeding prince of worthy
 memory famous king Arthur; I thought good (being intreat-
 ed by some of my honourable-minded Friends, not to let slip so
 good and fit an occasion, by reason that there yet remaines in
 this doubtfull age of opinions, a controuersie of that esteemed
 Prince of Brittain) to write not according to ages obliuio, but
 directed onely by our late Historiographers of England, who
 no doubt haue taken great paines in the searching forth of the
 truth of that first Christian worthie: and wheras (I know not
 directed

directed by what blindnes) there haue bene some Writers (as I thinke enemies to truth) that in their erroneous censures haue thought no such mā euer to be liuing; How fabulous that should seeme to be, I leaue to the iudgement of the best readers, who know for certaine, that that neuer dead Prince of memory, is more beholding to the French, the Romane, the Scot, the Italian, yea to the Greekes themselues, then to his own Countrymen, who haue fully and wholly set foorth his fame and liuelyhood: then how shamelesse is it for some of vs, to let slip the truth of this Monarch? And for more confirmatiō of the truth, looke but in the Abbey of Westminster at Saint Edwards shrine, there shalt thou see the print of his royal Seale in red wax closed in Berrill, with this inscription, Patricius Arthurus Gallie, Germaniæ, Daciæ Imperator. At Douer likewise you may see Sir Gawins skull and Cradocks mantle: At Winchester, a Citie well knowne in England, his famous round Table, with many other notable monuments too long to rehearse: Besides I my selfe haue seen imprinted, a french Pamphlet of the armes of king Arthur, and his renowned valiant Knights, set in colours by the Heraulds of France: which charge of impression would haue been too great, otherwise I had inserted them orderly in his Life and Aētions: but (gentle Reader) take this my paines gratefully, and I shal hereafter more willingly striue to employ my simple wit to thy better gratulation; I haue here set downe (turned from French prose into English meeter) the words of the Herald vnder the arms of that worthy Brittain.

King Arthur in his warlike Shield did beare
 Thirteene rich Crownes of purified gold:
 He was a valiant noble Conquerer,
 As ancient Memorie hath truly told:
 His great Round-table was in Britanie,
 Where chosen Knights did do their homage yearely.

F 2

The strange Birth, honorable Coronation and most vnhappie Death of famous Arthur King of Brytaine.

OF noble *Arthurs* birth, of *Arthurs* fall,
 Of *Arthurs* solemne Coronation,
 Of *Arthurs* famous deedes *Heroyicall*,
 Of *Arthurs* battels and inuasion,
 And that high minded worthie *Brytish King*,
 Shall my wits memorie be deifying.

In the last time of *Vter* furnam'd *Pendragon*,
 So called for his wittie pollicies,
 Being a King of estimation,
 In famous *Brytaine* mongst his owne allies,
 There was a mightie Duke that gouern'd *Cornwaile*,
 That held long warre, and did this King affaile.

This Duke was nam'd the Duke of *Tintagil*:
 After these hot bred warres were come to end,
 He foiourn'd at a place cald *Terrabil*,
 From whence *Pendragon* for this Duke did fend,
 And being wounded fore with *Cupids* sting,
 Charg'd him his Wife vnto the Court to bring.

His Wife a passing Ladie, louely, wife,
 Chaste to her husbands cleare vnsported bed,
 Whose honor-bearing Fame none could supprize,

But

But *Vesta*-like her little time she led :
Igrene her name on whose vnequall beautie
Pendragon doted, led by humane folly.

At length he broke his mind vnto a Lord,
 A truettie Councillour and noble Friend,
 That soone vnto his minds grieft did accord,
 And his Kings louing loue-thoughts did commend,
 Telling *Pendragon* this should be his best,
 To tell the Dutchesse of his sweete request.

But she a Woman, sterne, inexorable,
 Willing fond Lufts inchauntments to resist,
 All his tongues smoothing words not penetrable,
 In her chaste bosomes Gate could not insift,
 But straight she told her Husband how she sped,
 Lest that his grace should be dishonoured.

And counfeld him to passe away in haste,
 That Nights darke duskie mantle might oreshade,
 Their flying bodies, leaft at laft they taste,
 More miserie then Time did ere inuade,
 “ For Luft is such a hot inflamed thing,
 “ It gouerneth mans senses, rules a King.

And as the Duchesse spake, the Duke departed,
 That neither *Vter* nor his Councill knew,
 How his deepe bosomes *Lord the Dutchesse thwarted,
 But marke the story well what did ensue :
 Soone as the King perceiued their intent,
 Intemperate Rage made him impatient.

* *Cupid.*

F 3

Away with Muficke for your strings do iarre,
 Your found is full of Discords, harsh and ill,
 Your Diapazon, makes a humming warre
 Within mine eares, and doth my fences fill
 With immelodious mourning; She is gone
 That rul'd your felues and Instruments alone.

Away fond riming *Ouid*, left thou write
 Of *Progenes* murther, or *Lucretias* rape,
 Of *Igreus* journey taken in the night,
 That in the blacke gloom'd silence did escape:
 O could no Dogge haue bark'd, no Cocke laue crow'd,
 That might her passage to the King haue show'd.

No mirth pleasde *Vter*, but grimme Melancholy
 Haunted his heeles, and when he fate to rest,
 He pondred in his mind *Igrenas* beautie,
 Of whom his care-craz'd head was full possesst:
 Nothing was now contentiue to his mind,
 But *Igrenes* name, *Igrene* to him vnkind.

At last his noble Peeres with pitie mou'd,
 To see the Kings sodaine perplexitie,
 With a great care that their Liege Emperour lou'd,
 For to allay his great extremitie,
 Did counsell him to send for *Garloyes* wife,
 As he would answer it vpon his life.

Then presently a Messenger was sent,
 To tell the Duke of his wifes secret folly:
 This was the substance of his whole intent,

To

To bring his wife to Court immediatly :
 Or within threescore dayes he did protest,
 To fetch him thither to his little rest.

Which when the Duke had warning, straight he furnish'd
 Two Castles with well-fenc'd artillerie,
 With vitailles and with men he garnish'd,
 His strongest Holds for such anemie :
 And in the one he put his hearts-deare Treasure,
 Faire *Igrene* that he loued out of measure,

That Castle which the Duke himselfe did hold,
 Had many Posternes out and issues thence,
 In which to trust his life he might be bold,
 And safely the warres Furie to commence :
 But after-telling time did wonders worke,
 That Foxes in their holes can neuer lurke.

Then in all haste came *Vter* with his hoast,
 Pitching his rich paulions on the ground,
 Of his aspiring mind he did not boast,
 For Loue and Anger did his thoughts confound,
 Hot warre was made on both sides, people slaine,
 And many Death-doore-knocking Soules complain.

Loue and minds anguish so perplext the King
 For *Igrene* that incomparable Dame,
 That *Cupids* sicknesse pearc'd him with a sting,
 And his warres lowd Alarums ouercame,
Venus intreated *Mars* awhile to stay,
 And make this time a sporting Holiday.

Then came fir *Ulfius*, a most noble Knight,
 And askt his King the cause of his diseafe,
 Being willing in a subiects gracious right,
Vter Pendragons mind in heart to please :
 Ah said the King, *Igrene* doth captiuatē
 My Heart, and makes my Senfes subiugate.

Courage, my gracious Liege, I will go find
 That true diuining prophet of our Nation,
Merlin the wise that shall content your mind,
 And be a Moderator in this action :
 His learning, wisedome, and vnseene experience,
 Shall quickly giue a Salue for loues offence.

So *Vlfius* at the length from him departed,
 Asking for *Merlin* as he past the way,
 Who by great fortunes chance fir *Vlfius* thwarted,
 As he went by in beggers base aray :
 Demanding of the Knight in basenefse meeke,
 Who was the man he went so farre to seeke ?

Vlfius amazed at his base attire,
 Told him it was presumption to demaund
 The name of him for whom he did enquire,
 And therefore would not yeeld to his command :
 Alas said *Merlin* I do plainly see,
Merlin you seeke, that *Merlin* I am he.

And if the King will but fulfill my heft,
 And will reward my true deseruing heart,
 In his loues agonies he shal be blest

So

So that he follow what I shall impart,
 Vpon my Knighthood he will honor thee,
 With fauour & rewards most royally.

Then *Vlfus* glad departed in all hast,
 And rode amaine to King *Pendragons* fight,
 Telling his Grace *Merlin* he met at last,
 That like a Lampe will giue his *Louclaies* light.
 Where is the man? I wisht for him before.
 See where he stands my Liege at yonder doore.

When *Vter* saw the man, a sudden ioy,
 And vncompre'nded gladnesse fild his hart:
 With kind embracements met him on the way,
 And to him gan his secrets to impart.
 Leave off, quoth *Merlin*, I do know your mind,
 The faire-fac'd Lady *Igrene* is vnkind.

But if your Maiesty will here protest,
 And sweare as you are lawfull King annointed,
 To do my will, nothing shall you molest,
 But follow my directions being appointed.
 I sweare quoth *Vter* by the *Euangelists*,
 He dyes for me that once thy will resists.

Sir, said the Prophet *Merline*, this I craue,
 That shall betoken well what ere betide,
 The first faire sportiue Night that you shall haue,
 Lying safely nuzled by faire *Igrene's* side,
 You shall beget a sonne whose very Name,
 In after-stealing Time his foes shall tame.

G

That child being borne your Grace must giue to me,
 For to be nourished at my appointment,
 That shal redound much to his maiestie,
 And to your Graces gracious good intent :
 That shall be done : (quoth Merlin) let's away,
 For you shall sleepe with *Igrene* ere't be day.

And as *Ioue* stole to faire *Alcmenas* bed,
 In counterfeiting great *Amphytrio*,
 By the same lust-directed line being led,
 To *Igrenes* louely chamber must you go :
 You shall be like the Duke her husbands greatnesse,
 And in his place possesse her Husbands sweetnesse.

And you my noble Lord, sir *Vlfius*,
 Shall be much like sir *Brustias* a faire Knight,
 And I will counterfeit the good *Iordanus*,
 And thus weele passe together in the night,
 But see you question not, say you are diseafed,
 And hie to bed there shall your heart be pleased.

But on the morrow do not rise my Liege,
 Vntill I come to counsell for the best,
 For ten miles off you know doth lie the Siege,
 That will not turne these night-sports to a iest,
 Pendragon pleas'd hasted for to embrace,
 The sweet'ft got pray that euer King did chase.

Soone as the Duke of *Tintagill* did perceiue,
 That *Vter* left alone his royall armie,
 He issued from his Castle to bereaue,

The

The fouldiers of their liues by pollicie :
 But see his fortune, by that wily traine,
 That he had laid for others he was flaine.

The subtill-luft directed King went on,
 Maskt in a strange deuifed new found shape,
 To simple-minded *Igrene* vnlike *Pendragon*,
 And three long houres lay in his louers lap :
 There he begat the christian King of Kings,
 Whose fame *Caister* Swannes in pleasure sings.

Asfoone as day-betok'ning *Phæbus* Chariot,
 Had croft his sisters waggon in the skie,
Merlin in hafte to *Viers* chamber got,
 Bidding good morrow to his Maiestie :
 And told him vnrecalled Time did stay,
 To hafte him from his pleasure thence away.

Vier amaz'd with *Igrene* in his armes,
 Wisht that the Prophet had no vse of tongue,
 Whose dolefull found breath'd forth these harfh Alarmes,
 And like the night-Crow craokt a deadly song ;
 Ah what a hell of grieffe t'was to depart,
 And leaue the new-got Treafure of his heart.

Then by the lawne-like Hand he tooke his louer,
 Being warm'd with blood of a difsembling Husband,
 Defire in her cheekes she could not smother,
 And her Loue-dazeling eye none could withstand :
 He kift her twice or thrice and bad aduc,
 As willing his nights pleasure to renue :

G 2

But when the late betrayed Lady knew,
 How that her true betrothed Lord was flaine,
 Ere that nights reuelling did first enfue,
 In fecret to her felfe ſhe wept amaine :
 Amaz'd and maruelling who that ſhould be,
 That rob'd her husband of his treaſurie.

And to her felfe ſhe gan for to relate,
 The iniuries of her vnſpotted life,
 And in her mind ſhe liu'd diſconſolate,
 Banning her baſe-bad Fortune being a wife ;
 Wiſhing for euer ſhe had liu'd a maide,
 Rather than her chaſt thoughts ſhould be betraid.

The noble Councell that attended *Vter*,
 Began with grauitie for to deuife,
 That (where their King had doted much vpon her)
 Her beautie his young thoughts to equalize,
 To knit them both in *Hymens* ſacred right,
 And then in lawfull wife to taſt delight.

This motion made vnto their Soueraigne,
 Of a warme luſtie ſtomacke youthfull bloud,
 Thought it a heauen ſuch a *Saint* to gaine,
 That would reuiue his ſpirits, do him good :
 And gaue conſent to have her honoured,
 With mariage Rites, the which were foone performed.

Halfe a yeare after as the King and Queene,
 Then growing great with child a bed were lying,
 The Curtaines drawne vnwilling to be ſeene :

This

This pollicie the King himfelfe deuifing :
 Asking whose child it was that ſhe did beare,
 Speake gentle *Igrene* tell me without feare.

The Queene amazed at this queſtion,
 Being fully wrapt in pale timiditie,
 Knew not to anſwer this ſad action,
 Becauſe ſhe fully knew her innocencie :
 He vrg'd her ſtill, at length ſhe waxed bold,
 And ſtoutly to the King the truth ſhe told.

With that he kiſt his Queene that was beguil'd,
 And did recomfort her being halfe forlorne,
 Telling t'was he that did beget the child,
 The child that from her faire wombe ſhould be borne :
 With that a ſudden ioy did repoffeſſe
 Her penſiue hart, whome Fortune late did bleſſe.

Then *Merlin* (that did alwaies loue the King,
 As bearing chiefe affiance to his countrey)
 Sought to provide for the childs nourifhing,
 Therein to ſhew his well diſpoſed dutie.
 As thou decreeſt ſaid *Vter*, muſt it be,
 My deare Sonnes fortunes Ile commit to thee.

Well ſaid the *Prophet*, I do know a Lord,
 A faithfull paſſing true diſpoſed man,
 That to your Graces pleaſure will accord,
 And in your ſeruice do the beſt he can :
 Commit your child vnto his cuſtodie,
 A man renoun'd in famous *Britany*.

G 3

His name Sir *Hector* : send a Messenger,
 To will him come vnto the Court with speede,
 And that your Maiestie must needs conferre,
 Of matters helpfull in a Princes neede.

When he is come your Grace may certifie,
 You'le put your sonne & heire to his deliuerie.

And when that Fortunes child kind Fortunes heire,
 (For so the Destinies prognosticate)
 Shall be brought forth into the open aire,
 That of faire *Igrene* lately was begate :

At yonder priuie Posterne being vnchristened,
 You must deliuer it me to be baptized.

As *Merlin* had deuised, so t'was done :
 For all the Court to him did yeeld obeyfance :
 And now Sir *Hector* to the king is come,
 And to *Pendragon* made his deare affiance,
 Wishing his Wife might nourish that bright sonne,
 Whose Mornings glorie was not yet begunne.

Then when the louely Queene was soone deliuered,
 Of that rich bearing Burthen to her ioy,
 The King himselfe in person hath commaunded,
 Two Ladies and two Knights to beare the boy,
 Bound vp in cloth of gold being rich of State,
 And giue it to the pooreman at the gate,

So *Merlin* had the Prince at his disposing,
 Committing it to *Hectors* faithfull wife :
 Now nothing wanted but the sweete baptizing,

To

To grace the Prince of Princes all his life :
 A holy reuerent Man indu'de with fame,
Arthur of Britaine cald the Princes name.

After the royall Solemnation,
 Of that blacke mournfull weping funerall,
 Of *Vter* that we name the great *Pendragon*,
 By subtill practife brought vnto his fall :
 The sixteenth yeare of his victorious raigne,
 By poison was this braue *Pendragon* flaine.

His body vnto *Stone-heng* being brought,
 Hard by his brother *Aurelius* is he laid,
 In a faire Monument then richly wrought,
 Dead is the King whose life his foes difmaid,
 But from his loynes he left a sonne behind,
 The right *Idea* of his fathers mind.

Great *Arthur* whom we call the *Britaines* King,
 A man renown'd for famous victories,
Saxons and *Pictes* to homage he did bring,
 As you may read in auncient histories :
 Our later Chronicles do testife,
 King *Arthurs* noble mind in Chialrie.

Twelue noble battels did King *Arthur* fight,
 Against the *Saxons* men of hardie strength,
 And in the battels put them still to flight,
 Bringing them in subiection at the length :
 He neuer stroue to driue them quite away,
 But stragling here and there he let them stay.

Valerius wit-
 nesseth that *K.*
Arthur cōque-
 red thirty king-
 domes, for as
 thē a great cō-
 pany of Gouer-
 nors held vnder
 their iurifdi-
 ction the Iland
 together with
 France and
 Germanie.

In *Southry, Kent, and Norfolke* did they dwell,
 Still owing homage to king *Arthures* greatnesse,
 Whose puiffance their pride did alwaies quell,
 Yet did he temper rigour with his meeknesse :
 And like a Lion scorn'd to touch the Lambe,
 Where they submissiue-like vnto him came,

Against the *Pictes* he held continuall warre,
 The which vnto the *Saxons* were allide,
 And with the subtill *Scot* did alwaies iarre,
 Who neuer true to *Arthur* would abide :
 But (scorning his aduancement to the Crowne)
 Did thinke by force to pull his greatnesse downe.

The chiefeft cause of this hot mortall strife,
 That mou'd these Kings to be dissentious,
 Was that the King of *Pictes* had tane to wife
 The eldest sifter of *Aurelius*,
 And *Cornon* King of *Scots* had married
 The youngest sifter to his Princely bed.

Wherefore they thought the *Brytish* Regiment,
 Should haue descended to the lawfull heires
 Of *Anna*, wife to both in gouernment,
 And he as King to rule their great affaires :
 And do inferre king *Arthures* barstardie,
 And vniust claime to that high dignitie.

And presently they do dispatch in hast,
 Ambassadors to famous *Brytanie*,
 Of their great Peeres for to demaund at last,

The kingdomes Crowne and kingdomes Royaltie :
 Who scorning for to heare a stranger nam'd,
 Crowned king *Arthur*, whom the world hath fam'd.

*The Coronation of King Arthur, and
 the Solemnie thereof: the proud message
 of the Romanes, and the whole resolution of King
 Arthur and his Nobles.*

THe appointed time and great Solemnie,
 Approched of king *Arthurs* Coronation,
 To which high states of mightie Dignitie,
 Asssembled at the Citie of *Caerleon*,
 In *Cæsars* time cal'd *Vrbs Legionum* :
 A Title doubtlesse bearing some import,
 Where many famous *Brytaines* did resort.

To grace king *Arthur* whom the *Britaines* loued,
 Came three *Arch bishops* *Englands* chiefe renowne,
 Both *London*, *Yorke*, and *Dubright* Honor moued,
 On *Arthurs* head to set the *British* Crowne,
 That after puld the pride of Nations downe :
 Vnto the Pallace of this princely King,
 They were conuay'd where true-born Fame did spring.

Dubright (because the Court at that time lay
 Within the compasse of his Diocesse)
 In his own person on this Royall day,
 Richly to furnish him he did addresse,
 His loue vnto his King he did expresse,

H

And at his hands the King was dignified,
When *Aue Caesar* lowd the people cride.

This happie Coronation being ended,
The King was brought in sumptuous royaltie,
With all the peoples harts being befriended,
To the Cathedrall church of that fame See,
Being the *Metropolitall* in nobilitie,
With lowd exclaiming ioy of peoples voyce,
That God might bleffe their Land for such a choice

On either hand did two Archbishops ride,
Supporting *Arthur* of *Britania*,
And foure Kings before him did abide,
Angifell King of stout *Albania*,
And *Cadual* King of *Venedocia*,
Cador of *Cornewaile* mongst these Princes past,
And *Sater* of *Demetia* was the last.

These foure attired in rich ornaments,
Foure golden Swords before the King did beare,
Betokening foure royall Gouernments,
And foure true Noble harts not dreading feare,
That *Enuie* from their breasts can neuer teare :
Before them playd such well-tun'd melodie,
That birds did sing to make it heauenly.

King *Arthurs* Queene vnto the Church was brought,
With many noble Peeres being conducted :
Her Armes and Titles royally were wrought,
And to her noble Fame were garnished,

That

That Infamie had neare diminifhed :
 Foure Queenes before her bore foure filuer Doues,
 Expreffing their true Faith and husbands Loues.

To braue King *Arthur* on this folemne feaft,
 This day of high vnfpeakeable dignitie,
 Came foure graue difcreet perfons of the beft,
 From *Romes* Lieutenant, proud in Maieftie,
 Caring in token of their Embaffage
 Greene Oliue boughs, and their dear Lieges meffage.

*The Epiftle of Lucius Tiberius the
 Romane Lieutenant, to Arthur
 King of Britanie.*

L Vcius Tiberius, *Romes great gouernour,*
 To Arthur *King* of large Britania,
 As he deferueth fauour at our hands :
 Rome and the Romane Senators do wonder,
 And I my felfe exceedingly do mufe,
 To thinke of thy audacious haughtie mind,
 And thy tyrannicall dealing to our State :
 Hote firie Anger boyleth in my breaft,
 And I am mou'd with honour of the caufe,
 For to reuenge thy Iniuries to Rome :
 And that like one or' proud of his eſtate,
 Refuſeſt to acknowledge her thy head,
 Neither regardeſt ſpeedily to redreſſe,
 Thy baſe and blind obliuous ouerſight,
 And vniuſt dealings to offend the Senate,

H 2

*Vnto whose high imperiall Dignitie,
 Vnlesse Forgetfulnesse do bleare thine eyes,
 Thou knowst the whole huge Circle of the world,
 Are made Contributorie and owe vs homage.
 The tribute that the Britaines ought to pay,
 The which the Senate did demaund of thee,
 Being due vnto the Romaine Emperie :
 For that braue Iulius Cæsar had enioy'd
 And many worthy Romanes many yeares,
 Thou in contempt of vs and our Estate,
 Our honorable Estate and our dignitie,
 Presum'st iniuriously for to detaine :
 The confines of wel-seated Gallia,
 The Prouinces of Sauoy and Daulphine,
 With hot-flam'd fierie warre hast thou subdude,
 And gotten in thy large possession ;
 The Ilands of the bordring Ocean,
 The Kings whereof so long as we enioy'd them,
 Payd tribute to our Noble auncestors.
 The Senate highly mou'd with thy presumption,
 Determine for to redemaund amends,
 And restitution for thy open wrongs :
 I therefore from the noble Senatours,
 Commaund thee on thy true Allegiance,
 To Rome, to them, to me, and our Estate,
 That in the midst of August next ensuing,
 Thou do repaire to Rome, there for to answer,
 Before the worthie Senate and the Lords
 Thy Trespasse ; and abide arbitrement,
 Such as by them shall there be ordred,
 And iustice shall impose vpon thy head :*

Which

*Which thing if thou presumptuously refuse,
I will forthwith inuade thy Territories,
Wast thy whole Countrey, burne thy Townes and Cities ;
And what so ere thy rashnesse hath detain'd,
From Rome or from the Romaine Emperie,
I will by dint of sword subdue againe.
Thus arm'd with hopefull Resolution,
Weele stay thy answer of submission.*

Lu. Tib.

*Cador the Duke of Cornewaile his
Oration to the King.*

R*Enowned Arthur and thrice worthie Britaine :
O how a lively bloud doth fill my veines,
At this proud message of the hawtie Romaines,
I hitherto my Lord haue bene in feare,
Lest that the worthy Britaines with much ease,
And long continuall, peace and quietnesse,
Should grow to too much slouth and cowardise,
And lose that honorable Reputation,
Of Chivalrie and Martiall discipline :
Wherein (right Noble King) we haue bene counted,
For to surmount all Nations of the world.
For where the vse of Armes is not esteem'd,
But buried in Obliuions loathsome caue,
And wanton dallying held in æstimate,
It cannot chuse but pale-fac'd Cowardise,
Must dimme and cleane deface all worthy Vertue.
Five yeares haue fully runne their monthly course,*

H 3

*Since we put off our armour from our backs,
 Or heard the Trumpets clangor in our eares,
 Or marcht in triumph with the rattling Drum,
 Being nuzzeled in effeminate delights,
 God willing that our names should not be blotted
 With the foule staine of beastly sluggardie,
 Hath stirred vp the proud insulting Romanes,
 To whet our dull edg'd fwords not now in vse,
 To cut their heads off in this rightfull cause,
 And scoure our rustie Armour long laid vp,
 To buckle with so proud an enemy,
 Therefore great Arthur in thy greatnesse raise
 Thy colours vp, for to vpreare thy praise.*

Ca. Cor.

The Oration of King Arthur to his Lordes
 and Followers.

M*Y Fellowes and my deare Companions,
 Both in the aduerse chances of our age,
 And prosperous successefull happinesse,
 Whose true vspeakable fidelities,
 In giuing counsell touching warres abroad,
 And home-bred mutinies amongst our selues,
 With good successefulnesse haue I perceau'd,
 In your deepe wisedomes and your grauitie.
 Affoord me now your honorable aides,
 Wisely foreseeing what you think conuenient,
 Touching the proud command'ment sent from Rome,
 A thing at first carefully deliberated,
 Is in the end most easily tollerated:*

We

*We therefore shall with easier burden brooke,
The hawtie message of Tiberius Lucius,
If mongst our selues in wisedome we conferre,
How and which way to answer his demaund,
And surely (noble Followers) I suppose,
We haue no cause to feare their forreine braues.
For that vpon a most vniust request,
He seekes to haue a tribute paid from Britaine,
Because forsooth in Iulius Cæsars time,
Through iarres and discords of the ancient Brytains,
The tribute hath beene due and payable:
For when our countrie was at full possesst,
With ciuill garboiles and domestlicke brawles,
Their Cæsar did ariue within this land,
And with this armed souldiers full of force,
Brought in subiection that vnquiet Nation,
By this allcadgance they vniustly craue,
Tribute and satisfaction at our hands,
For nothing that is got by violence,
May iustly be possesst by violence.
Sith therefore he presumeth to demaund,
A thing being most vnlawfull at our hands,
By the same reason let vs demaund of him,
Tribute at Rome mauger their Romish power,
And he that is the mightier in force,
Let him possesse the honor of the tribute,
For if his allegations and demaunds,
Be forcible and worthie to be kept,
Because their Cæsar and some Romane Princes,
Haue sometimes conquered Brytania,
By the like reason I do thinke that Rome,*

*Ought to pay tribute and to do vs homage,
 Because my Predecessors conquered it :
 Bellin the noble King of Brytanie,
 With his braue brother Brennus warlike ayde,
 Being then accounted Sauoies noble Duke,
 Razed the wals of Rome, and set his Standard
 With victorie vpon the Citie gates,
 And in the middle of their Market place,
 Hung vpon twentie of their chiefeft Noblemen.
 And Constantine the sonne of Helena,
 And Maximinianus my uere Cousins,
 Were both inthronis'd in the Imperiall seate,
 And gouernment of Romes great Emperie.
 As touching Fraunce and other Ilands there,
 We neede not answer their out-brauing termes :
 For they refused to defend their owne,
 When we by force redeen'd them from their hands.
 Then counsell me thrise-worthy Brytaine Peeres,
 Abandoning base cowardize and feares.*

K. Arthur.

*The Answer of Howell King
 of litle Brytaine.*

T*Hough all your wisdomes and your grauities,
 Handmaidies to Counsell and Nobilitie,
 Should be engraued in one golden leafe,
 More to the purpose could not you inferre,
 Then thy most graue and exquisite Oration,
 Thy eloquent and Tully-like aduise*

Hath

*Hath furnisht vs with such experiment,
 Whereby we ought incessantly to praise,
 In you the wisdom of a constant man:
 For if with all post expedition,
 You will prepare a voyage vnto Rome,
 That doth expect our haste and royall comming,
 According to the reasons you alleage,
 I doubt not but that faire Victoria,
 Will sit in triumph on our conquering Helmes,
 To fright the mindes of Romish aduersaries,
 Sith we defend our auncient libertie,
 Disdaining for to beare a seruile yoke,
 Which to this day the Britaines do maintaine:
 Let vs go chearefully and demaund of them,
 With Iustice what vniustly they demaund:
 For he that doth deface anothers right,
 And thinkes vniustly for to dispossesse,
 And take from him his owne inheritance
 Deseruedly, and with a worthy meanes,
 Not violating large and hostile Armes,
 May he be put from that which is his owne,
 By him to whom the wrong is offred.
 Seeing therefore that the Romanes would vsurpe,
 The royall dignitie of worthy Britaine,
 Due to your honorable auncestors,
 I doubt not (noble King) but weele regaine,
 That which your Predecessors haue possesst,
 Euen in the middle of their proudest Citie,
 If we may come to buckle with our foes.
 This is the conflic that true hearted Britaines,
 So long haue wisht to happen to our age.*

I

*These be the propheties of wise Sibilla,
 Long time agoe, plainly and truly told,
 And now at length fulfilled to our ioy,
 That of the third race of the worthie Britaines,
 There should be borne a Prince to repoffesse,
 The Romish Empire and their Dignitie:
 For two of these the prophetie is past,
 In Belin and that worthie Constantine,
 Who ouercame, and gaue the Armes of Rome:
 Now haue we none but you my gracious Liege,
 The third and last, not least in all our eyes,
 To whom this high Exploit is promised:
 Make haste therefore most royall Soueraigne,
 For to receiue that which our God will giue,
 Hasten for to subdue their willing minds,
 Which profer vp their honor to your hands,
 Hasten deare Liege for to aduance vs all,
 That willingly will spend our liues and lands,
 For the aduancement of our libertie.
 And to atchieue this Labour worthie King,
 Ten thousand armed souldiers will I bring.*

Ho. K. of Brit

*Angusel King of Albania his
 Answere to the King.*

*S*ince first I heard my Soueraigne speake his mind,
 Ful fraught with Eloquēce and learned Counsel,
 A sodaine ioy did so possesse my soule,
 As that in words I cannot vtter forth

A.

The explanation of my willing thoughts :
In all our Victories and Conquests wonne,
Subduing many Regions, many Kings,
Nothing at all in honour haue we gain'd,
If that we suffer the proud-minded Romanes,
And hautie Germanes to vsurpe vpon vs,
And do not now reuenge those bloudie slaughters,
Enacted on our friends and countrymen.
And sith occasion now is profered,
And Libertie to trie our force of Armes,
I do reioyce to see this happie day,
Wherein we may but meet and ioyn with them :
I thirst my Lord in heart for sweet reuenge,
As if three dayes I had beene kept from drinke ;
The wounds I should receiue vpon that day
Would be as pleasant to my labouring soule,
As Water to a thirstie Traueller,
Or else Releasement to a man condemn'd,
Nay death it selfe were welcome to my bosome,
For to reuenge our Fathers iniuries,
Defend our libertie, aduance our King :
Let vs giue onfet on that meacocke Nation,
Those fond effeminate vnruly people,
And fight it out vnto the latest man ;
That after we haue spread our wauing Colours,
In signe of Triumph and of Victorie,
We may enioy the Honors they possesse,
And for my part renowned valiant King,
Two thousand armed horsemen will I bring.

An. K. Alb.

A Royall armie *Arthur* hath prouided,
 To beard the brauing *Romanes* in their Countrie,
 And like a *Martialist* hath them diuided,
 To buckle with so proud an Enemie :
 And Courage ioyn'd with Resolution,
 Doth pricke them forwards to this Action.

The *Britains* hawtie and resolu'd men,
 Stout, valiant, of *Bellonas* warlike brood,
 Chear'd on their Followers, and began agen
 For to reuiue their new decayed blood :
 And to redeeme to *Arthur* and his Line,
 What once was wonne by valiant *Constantine*.

Now founds his Drumme a march in chearfull fort,
 Now his loud winded Trumpets checke the aire,
 And now the *Britaines* to him do refort,
 Not fearing warres affliction or despaire :
 But all with one voyce promise victorie
 To *Arthur* King of famous *Britainy*.

His Colours they are wauing in the wind,
 Wherein is wrought his Armes of ancestrie,
 His Pendants are in formall wise assign'd,
 Quartred at large by well read *Heraldrie* :
 Cuffing the ayre that struggles for to kisse,
 The gaudineffe of faire King *Arthurs* blisse.

Within his spreading Ensigne first he bore,
 Allotted from his royall familie,
 Three flying Dragons and three Crownes he wore,

Por-

Portraid *de Or*, the field of *Azure* die,
 His fathers Coate, his Mothers Countries grace,
 His honors Badge, his cruell foes deface.

At last vnto himfelfe he hath assumed,
 And tooke to Armes proper to his desire,
 As in his faithfull mind being best accounted,
 And fitting to those thoughts he did require :
 A crosse of Siluer in a field of *Vert*,
 A gracious *Embleame* to his great defert.

On the first quarter of this field was figured,
 The image of our *Ladie* with her *Sonne*
 Held in her armes ; this he desired,
 Wherein his new-growne valour was begonne :
 And bearing this same Figure forth right nobly,
 Did maruellous Actes and teates of Chivalrie.

This Signe in elder ages being odious,
 And hated of the bad deseruing mind,
 By his deare blood is made most pretious
 Our vnpure Sinne by him being full refind :
 A great triumphant Signe, a Signe of ioy,
 A blessed Crosse to free vs from annoy.

To this the righteous man bowes downe his head,
 And this the heauenly *Angels* do adore,
 By this our vnpure soules with life is fed,
 And *Diuels* fearing this do much deplore :
 Hereon he vanquisht *Sathan*, Hell, and Sinne,
 And by this Signe our new-life we begin.

Wife, learned *Historiographers* do write,
 That this pure Signe of the most holy Crosse
 Was sent from God, to *Mercuries* delight,
Iulian the *Apostata's* onely losse,
 And that an Angell brought to *Mercurie*,
 All Armour for his backe most necessaric.

A Shield of *Azure* herein coloured,
 A flowrie Crosse between two golden Roscs,
 That the proud *Iewes* minds much distempred,
 Whose vertue in it selfe true Time enclofes
 A rich wrought Shield and a most heauenly Armour,
 That to the proud Foe strucke a deadly terrour.

And in the time of *Charles* the seuenth french King
 The Sunne giuing glorie to the dim-fac'd Morne,
 When early rising Birds alowd did sing,
 And faire cleare clouds the Element did adorne,
 To *Englishmen* and *French* from heauen was sent
 A milke-white Crosse within the Firmament.

Which heauenly Signe of both these nations seene,
 The haughtie *French* mou'd with rebellion
 Against their lawfull King and true-borne Queene,
 Began to yeeld their true submission,
 And tooke it as a great admonishment,
 And Signe betok'ning bitter detriment.

Thus we may see, that the Religion
 Which they conceiued of this blessed fight,
 Altered their minds to veneration,

And

And mollified their harts then full of spight,
 Yeelding vnto their Prince obedience,
 And true submission for their great offence.

This sight of honor, to the *French Kings* fame
 They did behold, a spectacle to *Fraunce*,
 At the same time when the third *Edward* came,
 And in the land his colours did aduance,
 Sending to Clodoueus then their King
 Which there became a Christian by Baptizing.

*Hæc sunt Francorum celebranda insignia Regum,
 Quæ demissa polo, sustinet alma fides
 Et nobis cœlica dona :
 Et pia Francorum placeant insignia Regum,
 Aurea cœlesti primum suffulta colore
 Lilia, Cæsarijs olim iam credita ceruis
 Auri flamma dehinc, veterum victoria Regum.*

And euer since great *Clodoueus* raigne,
 They did remaine as Ensignes to that Nation,
 Where still before three Toades they did sustaine,
 Their onely pourtraiture of commendation,
 By honor to the *English* Kings pertaining, (ning.
 That conquer'd *Fraunce*, when all their pride was wai-

His barbed Horfes beat the yeelding ground,
 And with their neighing terrifide their foe,
 Prowd of their riders, in whose harts are found
 A promise to the *Romanes* ouerthrow.

The glistering shine of their well-fashion'd armour,
Tels all men here doth ride a Conquerour.

Their Armour strongly made and firmly wrought,
Not to the vse of old decayed Time,
Who with their gilded shewes are good for nought,
But like to stonie wals not made with lime,
The *Brytaines* went not proudly armoured,
But strong, as scorning to be conquered.

In *Calis* he his colours doth aduance,
Who all for feare do entertaine this Prince,
And passeth through the regiment of *France*,
And doth with puiffance the *French* conuince :
Still marching vp to *Paris* and to *Roane*,
Bringing that Countrie in subiection.

And hauing got his Title and his Name
A Title got with famous victorie,
He marcheth forward to enlarge his Fame,
Leauing faire *France* in his authoritie,
By sword and clemencie he conquer'd *Island*,
And wonne by famous warre the land of *Gothland*.

Now more and more his armie doth increase,
And mightie Kings do offer him their aide,
So in the country they might liue in peace,
His warlike followers so their minds difmaid :
The name of *Arthur* King of *Britanie*,
Hath fear'd the *Romish* force from *Italy*.

At

At last he comes to meete his enemie,
 High-harted *Lucius* that his letters sent,
 To great *Carleon* with such Maiestie,
 That stiffely did demaund a bafe intent :
 But now he wist King *Arthur* were away,
 For feare he lost the Honor of the day.

The *Britaines* valour was so admirable,
 As when a Lion meeteth with his Pray ;
 King *Arthurs* courage so inestimable,
 That nere a *Romaine* durst his strength assay :
 But like the dust with wind did take their flight,
 Yeelding by Warre what they demaund by Might.

Here lay a heape of *Romans* slaughtered,
 Trode vnder foote by proud victorious Steedes,
 And here one Friend another murdered,
 Not able for to helpe him in his neede :
 Here bruised Souldiers that alowd did cry,
 Braue *Arthur* helpe vs in our miserie.

And after he had wonne so great a Field,
 And ouerthrew the *Romaine Lucius*,
 He pardon'd those that graciously would yeeld,
 And leaue their Leader proud *Tiberius* :
 Who left his men for feare, and would not fight,
 But hid himselfe in darknesse of the Night.

This bafe retraite and glorious Victorie,
 To *Arthur's* honour and *Tiberius* shame,
 Was spred through *Rome*, through *France*, through *Italy*,

K

An extollation to the *Brytish* name :
 Who forraged about, yet all did flie,
 Till *Arthur* tooke them to his pitying mercie.

Forwards towards *Rome* these *Britaines* make their way,
 Sounding Defiance as they passe along,
 Their conquering Ensignes still they do display,
 In Armes and hautie courage passing strong :
 All Cities offer peace, all Townes submit
 To *Arthurs* greatnesse, as a thing most fit.

But as they passe huge *Mirmedons* do striue,
 Surnamed *Giants*, for to stop this King.
 And vow by Paganisme (by which they thriue,)
 His bodie in *Oceanus* to fling :
 And daunt his followers, who as Fame hath said,
 Of great bigge monstrous men were not afraid.

At last they march vpon a large broade plaine,
 When first these hautie *Giants* he doth spie,
 The *Britaines* scorne for to retire againe,
 But either winne the honor, or else die :
 Courage quoth *Arthur*, better die with fame,
 Then yeeld or turne to our immortall shame.

At length they meete, and meeting cope together,
 As when two sauage Boares are full of ire,
 The Victorie as yet inclin'd to neither,
 But from their Creafts and Shields did sparckle fire :
 Inkindled Wrath from *Arthurs* breast hath sprong,
 That he made passage through the thickest throng.

The

The King of *Giants Arthur* meetes withall,
 And copes with him : for in his strength did stand
 His Kingdomes great aduancement, or his fall,
 His Subiects peace, his quietnesse of land :
 But this renowne to *Britaine* doth remaine,
 The *Giant, Arthur* hand to hand hath flaine.

When he was downe the rest did faint for feare,
 Which when the *British* armie had espied,
 Their true-borne valour did they not forbear,
 But all the greene grasse with their bloud they died :
 And made such slaughter of these monstros men,
 That after-time hath registred agen.

After this Conquest is King *Arthur* minded,
 With all his royall power to march to *Rome*,
 And with his Lords he hath determined,
 This gallant Resolution, and this Doome :
 To crowne himselfe by warre their Emperour,
 And ouer all a mightie Gouvernour.

And had not Fortune and Rebellion,
 Stir'd vp his Cousin *Mordreds* hautie mind,
 At home to make ciuill inuasion,
 Who fought King *Arthurs* glory for to blind,
 With honour had he re-inkindled fire,
 To burne the wals of *Rome* to his desire.

But O iake *Mordred*, thou deceitfull Kinsman,
 (Begot of Treasons heyre) thus to rebel,
 Against thy noble Nephew, who hath wonne

K 2

Cities and peopled Townes that did excell :
 And all he did was for to glorifie
 His Royall kindred and his Noble country.

But thou some base-borne Haggard mak'ft a wing,
 Against the Princely *Eagle* in his flight,
 And like a hissing Serpent seek'ft to sting
 The Lion that did shield thee from despight :
 But now being wakened by his Countries wrong,
 With warre he meanes to visite you ere long.

The news of this proud Rebell in his Land,
 Was like deepe piercing arrowes at his hart,
 Intemperate Rage did make them vnderstand
 King *Arthurs* furie, and fond *Mordreds* smart,
 Who vow'd reuengement most vnnaturall,
 On him that fought to bring his friends to thrall.

He founds Retraite with heart-fwolne heauineffe,
 That he must leaue faire *Rome* vnconquered,
 And marcheth through the Land in quietneffe,
 To be reueng'd on the Vfurper *Mordred* :
 At this sweet newes of his departing thence,
 The *Romaines* praife the Rebels excellence.

King *Arthur* heard at his returne towards *Brytaine*,
 How *Mordred* had proclaim'd himselfe there King,
 Those that resisted, he by force hath slaine,
 Vnto their Countries ground a gentle offering,
 And to the *Saxon Cheldricke* is allide,
 Who landing to their lawfull King denide.

By

By force they driue King *Arthur* from the shore,
 And like rebellious Monsters kill his men,
 Which when he viewes, he striueth more and more,
 And his great puiffant strength renewes againe,
 And maugre all the power they withstand,
 At *Sandwich* Noble *Arthur* taketh Land :

And ioyning battel with his enemies,
 The traytrous Rebels are discomfited,
 And *Mordred* all in haft away he flies,
 By Treafons bloudie Traine & murther led,
 To gather Power to renew the fight,
 Vrg'd forward by the *Saxon Cheldricks* spight.

The Noble *Arthur* in this confliēt loſt
 Some of his followers whom he lou'd too deare ;
 The death of gentle *Gawen* grieu'd him moſt,
 As by his outward forrow did appeare :
 This *Gawen* was proud *Mordreds* lawfull brother,
 Legitimate by father and by mother.

O mirrou of true borne gentilitie,
 Faire mappe of Honor in his gentle blood,
 That rather choſe to loue his noble countrie,
 And ſeeke the meanes to do his life Liege good,
 Then to defend his kindred by that warre,
 That made the Sonne and moſt kind Father iarre.

Kind *Gawen*, truſtie worthe Gentleman,
 Belou'd of *Arthur*, as deſeruedly,
 Recording Time thy faithfulneſſe ſhall ſcan,

K 3

And loyall Truth wrapt vp in memorie :
 Shall fay in thy Kings quarrell being iust,
 At laft thou diedft, not in thy Brothers trust.

Thy gentle King prepared thy Funeral,
 And laid thy bodie in a Sepulchre,
 In thine owne country richly done and royall,
 At *Roffe* whose auncestrie shall still endure :
 And like a Nephew, mourn'd and wept for thee,
 Grieuing to loofe *Brytish* Nobilitie.

But to proceede in this vnluckie fight,
 King *Angusel* was flaine whom *Arthur* loued,
 A man in whom his countrie tooke delight,
 That ne're with home-bred Treacherie was moued
 In false-faith'd *Scotland* was his bones interd,
 To which before King *Arthur* him prefer'd.

That vniust *Mordred*, Mischiefes nourisher
 Times bad infamer, Traitor to the State,
 Of his whole Countrie bounds the chiefe perturber,
 Whose name to this day mongft them growes in hate.
 Fled from the battell, getting ships he faild
 Westward towards *Cornwail* whẽ his force was quail'd.

But when King *Arthur* heard of his departure,
 Caufing the refuse Rebels for to flie,
 To make the way of his defence more fure,
 With speed he re-infort his royall armie,
 With new fupplie of hardie men at Armes,
 Whose Refolution fear'd no following harmes.

With

With his whole force he marcheth after him,
 Where all the *Kentish* men reioyce to see
 King *Arthurs* Colours, whose rich pride doth dim
 The faire-fac'd Sunne in all his Maiestie :
 Not resting till he came vnto the place,
 Where *Mordred* was encamped for a space.

By *Winchester* a Citie of renowne,
 The Traitorous armie of this *Mordred* lay,
 On whose proud gather'd troupe the Sunne did frowne,
 Fore-shewing to his men a blacke-fac't day :
 And so it prou'd before the selfe-fame night ;
 Mordred and his best friends were flaine in fight.

At *Camblane* was this bloudie battell ended,
 Where fame-acthieuing *Arthur* fore was wounded,
 With gallant *Britaine* Lords being attended,
 Whose sword (cald *Pridwin*) manie had confounded,
 Yet Fortunes vnseene immortalitie,
 Sometimes cuts downe sprigs of a Monarchie.

At this dayes dolefull stroke of *Arthurs* death,
 The glorious shining Sunne lookt pale and wanne,
 And when this *Monarch* losed forth his breath,
 The *Britaines* being amaz'd about him ranne :
 And with their nailes did teare their flesh afunder,
 That they had lost their King the worlds great Wonder.

Ouer this litle Iland he had raigned,
 The full iust terme of fixe and twentie yeares,
 When twelue most famous battels he obtained,

As in our auncient Chronicles appears,
 And in the Church-yard of faire *Glastenburie*,
 They held King *Arthurs* wofull obsequie.

And in the time of fecond *Henries* dayes,
 Betweene two pillars was his body found,
 That in his life deseru's immortall praise,
 Layd sixteene foote deepe vnderneath the ground ;
 Because his *Saxon* foes whom he did chafe,
 Should not with fwords his liuelesse corps deface.

In the last yeare of *Henries* royaltie,
 More then fixe hundred after his buriall,
 By the Abbot of the house of *Glastenburie*,
 At last they found King *Arthurs* funerall :
Henry de Bloys the Abbots name they gaue,
 Who by the Kings commaund did find the graue.

The principall and chiefe occasion
 That mou'd King *Henry* for to seeke the place,
 Was that a Bardth in Welsh diuision,
 Recorded *Arthurs* actes vnto his Grace :
 And in the foresaid Church-yard he did sing,
 That they should find the body of the King.

And those that dig'd to find his bodie there,
 After they enterd feuen foote deepe in ground,
 A mightie broade stone to them did appeare,
 With a great leaden Crosse thereto bound,
 And downwards towards the corpes the Crosse did lie,
 Containing this inscripted poesie.

Hic

*Hic iacet sepultus inclytus Rex,
Arthurus in Infula Aualoniæ.*

His bodie whose great actes the world recorded,
When vitall limitation gaue him life,
And Fames shrill golden Trump abroad had founded,
What Warres he ended, what Debate, what Strife,
What Honor to his countrey, what great Loue,
Amongst his faithfull subiects he did proue.

Was not interd in sumptuous royaltie,
With funerall pompe of kindred and of friends,
Nor closde in marble stone wrought curiously,
Nor none in mourning blacke his King attends,
But in a hollow tree made for the nonce,
They do enter King *Arthurs* princely bones.

Their outward habite did not shew their mind,
For many millions of sad weeping eies,
In euery streete and corner you might find,
Some beating their bare breast, and some with out cries,
Curfing and Banning that proud *Mordreds* soule,
That did by warre his princely life controule.

The Kings that were attendant on his traine,
Forgot their kingdomes, and their royall crownes,
Their high proud hautie hearts with grieve were flaine,
Strucke in amaze with Fortunes deadly frownes :
For they had lost their Scepter, Seate, and all,
By princely *Arthurs* most vnhappy fall.

L

The trunke being opened, at the last they found
 The bones of *Arthur* King of *Brytanie*,
 Whose shin-bone being fet vpon the ground,
 (As may appeare by auncient Memorie)

Reacht to the middle thigh within a spanne,
 Of a tall proper well fet bigge lim'd Man.

And furthermore they found King *Arthurs* skull,
 Of such great largeness that betwixt his eyes,
 His foreheads space a spanne broad was at full,
 That no true *Historiographer* denies :

The forenam'd *Abbot* liuing in those daies,
 Saw what is written now to *Arthurs* praife.

The print of tenne wounds in his head appeared,
 All grown together except onely one,
 Of which it seemes this worthie *Brytaine* died :
 A true Memoriall to his louing Nation ;

But that was greater far then all the rest,
 Had it bene lesser *Brytaine* had bene blest.

In opening of the Tombe they found his wife,
 Queene *Guiniuere* interred with the King,
 The Tresses of her haire as in her life,
 Were finely platted whole and glistering :

The colour like the most pure refin'd gold,
 Which being toucht straight turned into mould.

Henry de Bloyes at the length translated
 The bones of *Arthur* and his louely Queene,
 Into the great Church where they were interred,

Within

Within a Marble toombe, as oft was seene :
 Of whom a worthie Poet doth rehearse,
 This *Epitaph* in sweete *Heroicke* Verse.

*Hic iacet Arthurus flos regum, gloria regni,
 Quem mores, probitas commendant laude perenni.*

Iohannis *Leylandij* antiquarij Encomion funerale, in
 vitam, facta, mortemq; Regis Arthuri inclitissimi.

S*Axonicas toties qui fudit marte cruento
 Turmas, & peperit spolijs sibi nomen opimis,
 Fulmineo toties Piclos qui contudit ense,
 Imposuitque iugum Scoti ceruicibus ingens,
 Qui tumidos Gallos, Germanos quiq. feroces
 Pertulit, & Dacos bello confregit aperto :
 Denique Mordredum è medio qui sustulit illud
 Monstrum, horrendum ingens, dirum seuumque tyrannum,
 Hoc iacet extinctus monumento Arthurius alto,
 Militiæ clarum decus & virtutis alumnus,
 Gloria nunc cuius terram circumuolat omnem,
 Ætherij que petit, sublimia tecta tonantis.
 Vos igitur gentis Proles generosa Britannæ
 Induperatori ter magno assurgite vestro :
 Et tumulo sacro Roseas inferte Corollas,
 Officij testes redolentia munera vestri.*

Thus Englished.

He that so oft the *Saxon* Troupes did foile,
 And got a name of worth with richest spoile :
 He that with brandisht sword the *Picls* destroyd,
 And yok'd the *Scots*, their stubborn necks annoy'd :
 He that the loftie *French* and *Germanes* fierce did smite,

L 2

And *Dacians* force with Warre did vanquish quite :
 He lastly which cut off that monster *Mordreds* life,
 A cruell *Tyrant*, horrible, mightie, full of strife :
Arthur lyes buried in this Monument,
 Warres chiefeft garland, Vertues sole intent ;
 Whose Glorie through the world ftill swiftly flies,
 And mounts with *Fames* wings vp to the thundring skies.
 You gentle Offspring of the *Britaines* blood,
 Vnto this puiffant Emperour do honours good,
 And on his Tombe lay Garlands of sweete Rofes,
 Sweete gifts of Dutie, and sweet louing pofies.

Finis Epitaphij.

No. Arth.

*The true Pedigree of that famous
 VVorthie King Arthur, collected
 out of many learned Authors.*

TWelue men in number entred the vale of *Aualon* :
Iofeph of *Arimathea* was the chiefeft we confesse,
Iofue the fonne of *Iofeph* his father did attend on,
 With other ten, these *Glafton* did poffesse,
Hilarius the Nephew of *Iofeph* firft begate
Iofue the Wife : *Iofue Aminadab*,
Aminadab Castellors had by fate :
Castellors got *Manael* that louely Lad,
 And *Manael* by his wife had faire-fac'd *Lambard*,
 With another deare fonne furnamed *Vrlard* ;
 And *Lambard* at the length begot a fonne,

That

That had *Igrene* borne of his wife,
 Of this *Igrene*, *Vter* the great *Pendragon*
 Begot King *Arthur* famous in his life,
 Where by the truth this Pedigree doth end,
Arthur from *Iosephs* loynes did first descend.
Peter Cousin to *Ioseph* of *Arimathea*,
 Being sometimes King of great *Arcadia*,
 Begat *Erlan* that famous worthy Prince,
 And *Erlan* gat *Melianus*, that did conuince
 His neighbour foes, *Melianus* did beget
Edor, and *Edor Lothos* name did set,
 That tooke to wife the sifter of King *Arthur* :
 A Virgine faire, chaste, louely, and most pure,
 Of whom this *Lotho* had foure louely boyes,
 Their fathers comfort and their mothers ioyes,
Walwanus, *Agranaius*, *Garelus* and *Guerelise*,
 That in their countrey much did foueragnize :
 All which were men of great authoritie,
 And famous in the land of *Britanie*.

*Here endeth the Birth, Life, Death, and Pedigree of
 King Arthur of Britanie, & now, to where we left.*

O *Nature* tell me one thing ere we part,
 What famous towne and situated Seate
 Is that huge Building that is made by Art,
 Against whose wals the crystall streames do beate,
 As if the flowing tide the stones would eate :
 That lies vpon my left hand built so hie,
 That the huge top-made Steeple dares the Skie ?

Phœnix.

L 3

Nature. That is the *Britaines* towne old *Troynouant*,
 The which the wandring-*Troyans* Sonne did frame
 When after shipwracke he a place did want,
 For to reuiue his Honor-splitted Name,
 And raifd againe the cinders of his Fame,
 When from *Sydonian Dido* they did steale,
 To reare the Pillars of a Common-weale.

Since when to come more nearer to our time,
Lud the great King did with his wealth enlarge,
 The famous builded Citie of this Clime,
 And *Ludstone* to be cald he gauē in charge,
 And *London* now that Towne is growne at large :
 The flowing Riuer *Thamafis* is nam'd,
 Whofe Sea-ensuing Tide can neare be tam'd.

Phœnix. O *London* I haue heard thee honoured,
 And thy names Glorie rais'd to good intent,
 Lawes Councell chamber in thy wals is bred,
 The schoole of Knowledge and Experiment :
 Wife Senators to gouerne thee is lent.
 All things to beautifie a Royall Throne,
 Where Scarfitie and Dearth did neuer grone.

Nature. Leaue off thy Praifes till we haue more leafure,
 And to beguile the wearie lingring Day,
 Whofe long-drawne Howers do tire vs out of meafure :
 Our cunning in Loue-fongs let vs affay,
 And paint our Pleafure as some good Array :
 I will beginne my cunning for to taft,
 And your Experience we will try at laft.

Here Nature fingeth to this dittie following.

W^Hat is Loue but a toy,
 To beguile mens Senses ?

Whata

What is *Cupid* but a boy,
 Boy to caufe expences,
 A toy that brings to fooles oppressed thrall,
 A boy whose folly makes a number fall.

What is Loue but a child,
 Child of little substance,
 Making Apes to be wild,
 And their pride to aduance,
 A child that loues with guegawes to be toying,
 And with thinne shadowes alwaies to be playing.

Loue is fwete, wherein fwete ?
 In fading pleasures, wanton toyes,
 Loue a Lord, and yet meete,
 To crosse mens humours with annoyes :
 A bitter pleasure, pleasing for a while,
 A Lord is Loue that doth mans thoughts beguile.
 O sing no more, you do forget your Theame,
 And haue prophan'd the sacred name of Loue,
 You dip your tongue in an vnwholsome Streame,
 And from the golden Truth your notes remoue
 In my harsh Dittie I will all reproue :
 And vnaccustom'd I will trie my skill,
 To pleasure you, and to confute your will.

The Phœnix her Song to the Dittie before.

○ Holy Loue, religious Saint,
 Mans onely hony-tasting Pleasure,
 Thy glory, learning cannot paint,
 For thou art all our wordly Treasure :
 Thou art the Treasure, Treasure of the soule,
 That great celestiall powers dost controule.
 What greater blisse then to embrace

The perfect patterne of Delight
 Whose heart-enchauting Eye doth chafe
 All stormes of forow from mans fight
 Pleasure, Delight, Wealth, and earth-ioyes do lye
 In *Venus* bosome, bosome of pure beautie.

That mind that tasteth perfect Loue
 Is farre remoted from annoy :
Cupid that God doth sit aboue,
 That tips his Arrowes all with ioy :
 And this makes Poets in their Verfe to sing
 Loue is a holy, holy, holy thing.

Nature. O voice Angelicall, O heauenly song,
 The golden praise of Loue that thou hast made,
 Deliuerd from thy sweete smoothd honied tong,
 Commaunds Loue selfe to lye within a shade,
 And yeeld thee all the Pleasures may be had :
 Thy sweete melodious voice hath beautifide
 And guilded Loues rich amours in her pride.

Phœnix. Enough, enough, Loue is a holy thing,
 A power deuine, deuine, maiesticall :
 In shallow witted braines as you did sing,
 It cares not for the force materiall,
 And low-borne Swaines it nought respects at all :
 She builds her Bower in none but noble minds,
 And there due adoration still she finds.

Nature. Stay *Phœnix* stay, the euening Starre draws nie,
 And *Phœbus* he is parted from our fight,

And

And with this Wagon mounted in the Skie,
 Affording passage to the gloomie night,
 That doth the way-faring Passenger affright :
 And we are set on foote neere to that Ile,
 In whose deep bottome plaines Delight doth smile.

O what a muskie sent the ayre doth cast,
 As if the Gods perfum'd it with sweete Myrrhe :
 O how my bloud's inspired and doth taste,
 An alteration in my ioynts to stirre,
 As if the good did with the bad conferre :
 The ayre doth moue my Spirites, purge my Sence,
 And in my body doth new warre commence.

Phoenix.

Looke round about, behold yon fruitfull Plaine,
 Behold their meadow plots and pasture ground,
 Behold their chrystall Riuers runne amaine,
 Into the vaste huge Seas deuouring found,
 And in her bowels all her filth is found :
 It vomiteth by vertue all corruption,
 Into that watrie plaine of desolation.

And while the day giues light vnto our eies,
 Be thou attentiuē, and I will relate,
 The glorie of the plaines that thou descri'ft,
 Whose fertill bounds farre doth extenuate,
 Where *Mars* and *Venus* arme in arme haue fate :
 Of plants of hearbs, and of high springing trees,
 Of sweete delicious fauors, and of Bees.

In this delightfome countrey there doth grow,

M

The *Mandrake* cald in *Greeke Mandragoras*,
 Some of his vertues if you looke to know,
 The iuyce that freshly from the roote doth passe,
 Purgeth all fleame like blacke *Helleborus* :
 Tis good for paine engendred in the eies ;
 By wine made of the roote doth sleepe arise.

Theres *Yellow Crowbels* and the *Daphadill*,
Good Harry, *herbe Robert*, and white *Cotula*,
Adders grasse, *Eglantine*, and *Aphodill*,
Agnus Castus, and *Acatia*,
 The *Blacke Arke-Angell*, *Coloquintida*,
 Sweete *Sugar Canes*, *Sinkefoile*, and boies *Mercurie*,
 Goosefoote, *Goldsnap*, and good *Gratia Dei*.

Mosse of the Sea, and *yellow Succorie*,
 Sweete *Trefoile*, *Weedwind*, the wholefome *Wormewood*,
Muskmealons, *Moustaile*, and *Mercurie*,
 The dead *Arkeangell* that for wennes is good,
 The *Souldiers perrow*, and great *Southernewood* :
 Stone hearts tongue, *Blessed thistle*, and *Sea Trifoly*,
 Our Ladies cushion, and *Spaines Pellitorie*.

Phœnix. No doubt this Clymate where as these remaine,
 The women and the men are fam'd for faire,
 Here need they not of aches to complaine,
 For Phisickes skill growes here without compare :
 All herbes and plants within this Region are,
 But by the way sweete *Nature* as you go,
 Of *Agnus Castus* speake a word or two.

That

That shall I briefly ; it is the very handmaid
 To *Vesta*, or to perfect Chastitie,
 The hot inflamed spirite is allaid
 By this sweete herbe that bends to *Luxury*,
 It drieth vp the seede of *Venerie* :

Nature.

The leaues being laid vpon the sleepers bed,
 With chafnesse, cleannesse, purenesse he is fed.

Burne me the leaues, and straw them on the ground,
 Whereas foule venemous Serpents vse to haunt :
 And by this vertue here they are not found,
 Their operation doth such creatures daunt,
 It causeth them from thence for to auant :

If thou be stung with Serpents great or lesse,
 Drink but the seede, and thou shalt find redresse.

But to proceed, heres *Clary* or *Cleare-eie*,
Calues snout, *Cukoe flowers*, and the *Cuckoes meate*,
Calathian Violets, *Dandelion*, and the *Dewberrie*,
Leopards foote, and greene *Spinage* which we vse to eate,
 And the hot *Indian Sunne* procuring heate :

Great wild *Valerian*, and the *Withie wind*
 The *water Cresses*, or *ague-curing Woodbind*.

There's *Foxgloue*, *Forget me not*, and *Coliander*,
Galingal, *Goldcups*, and *Buprestis*,
Small honesties, *Eyebright*, and *Coculus Panter*,
Double tongue, *Moly*, and the bright *Anthillis*,
Smelling Clauer, and *Æthiopsis* :

Floramore, *Euphorbium*, and *Esula*,
White bulbous violet, and *Cassia fistula*.

M 2

Phoenix. By the way sweete *Nature* tell me this,
 Is this the *Moly* that is excellent,
 For strong enchauntments, and the Adders hisse?
 Is this the *Moly* that *Mercurius* sent
 To wise *Vlyffes*, when he did preuent
 The witchcraft, and foule *Circe's* damned charmes,
 That would haue compast him with twentie harmes?

Nature. This is the *Moly* growing in this land,
 That was reueal'd by cunning *Mercurie*
 To great *Vlyffes*, making him withstand
 The hand of *Circes* fatall forcerie,
 That would haue loden him with miserie:
 And ere we passe Ile shew some excellence,
 Of other herbs in *Phisickes* noble Science.

There *Mugwort*, *Sena* and *Tithimailes*,
Oke of Ierusalem, and *Lryconfaucie*,
Larkes spurre, *Larkes claw* and *Lentiles*,
Garden Nigella, *Mill*, and *Pionie*,
Woody Nightshade, *Mints*, and *Sentorie*,
 Sowbread, *Dragons*, and *Goates oregan*
 Pelemeun, *Hellebore*, and *Osmound the Waterman*.

First of this *Mugwort* it did take the name,
 Of *Artemesa* wife to *Mausoleus*,
 Where sunne-bred beautie did his heart inflame,
 When she was Queene of *Helicarnassus*,
Diana gaue the herbe this name to vs:
 Because this vertue to vs it hath lent,
 For womens matters it is excellent.

And

And he that shall this herbe about him beare,
 Is freed from hurt or daunger any way,
 No poifned Toade nor Serpent shall him feare,
 As he doth trauell in the Sunne-shine day,
 No wearineffe his limmes shall ought assay :
 And if he weare this *Mugwort* at his breast,
 Being traueilling, he nere shall couet rest.

There is blacke *Hellebore* cald *Melampodium*,
 Because an *Arcadian* shepheard first did find
 This wholsome herbe *Melampus* nam'd of some,
 Which the rich *Proetus* daughters wits did bind,
 When she to extreame madnesse was inclin'd :
 It cured and reuiu'd her memorie,
 That was possesst with a continuall frenzie.

There Centrie in Greeke *Centaurion*,
 That from the Centaure *Chiron* tooke the name,
 In *Spaine* t'was cald *Cintoria* long agone,
 And this much honor must we giue the same,
 Wild Tygers with the leaues a man may tame :
 Tis good for sinewed aches, and giues light
 To the blacke mistie dimnesse of the sight.

Fames golden glorie spreadeth this report,
 Vpon a day that *Chiron* was a guest,
 To arme-strong *Hercules* and did resort
 Vnto his house to a most sumptuous feast,
 And welcome was the *Centaure* mongst the rest.
 But see his lucke, he on his foote let fall,
 Great *Hercul's* shaft, and hurt himselfe withal.

M 3

A mightie arrow not for him to weeld,
 The wound being deepe, and with a venom'd point,
 To Deaths arestment he began to yeeld,
 And there with fundrie Balmes they did annoint,
 His wounded foote being strucken through the ioynt :
 All would not ferue till that an old man brought,
 This *Centaurie* that ease to him hath wrought.

There's *Ofmond balepate*, *Plebane*, and *Oculus Christi*,
Sleeping nightshade, *Salomons seale*, and *Sampire*,
Sage of Ierusalem, and sweete *Rosemarie*,
Great Pilosella, *Sengreene*, and *Alexander*,
Knights Milfoile, *Masticke*, and *Stocke gillofer*,
 Hearts ease, *herbe twopence*, and *Hermodaçtill*,
 Narcissus, and the red flower *Pimpernell*.

Phœnix. That word *Narcissus* is of force to steale,
 Cold running water from a stony rocke :
 Alas poore boy thy beautie could not heale
 The wound that thou thyfelfe too deepe didst locke ;
 Thy shadowed eyes thy perfect eyes did mocke.
 Falsie beautie fed true beautie from the deepe,
 When in the glassie water thou didst peepe.

O Loue thou art imperious full of might,
 And dost reuenge the crie disdaining louer
 His lookes to Ladies eyes did giue a light,
 But pride of beautie, did his beautie smother,
 Like him for faire you could not find another :
 Ah had he lou'd, and not on Ladies lower,
 He neare had bene transformed to a flower.

This

This is an Embleame for those painted faces,
 Where deuine beautie rests her for awhile,
 Filling their browes with stormes and great disgraces,
 That on the pained soule yeelds not a smile,
 But puts true loue into perpetuall exile :

Nature.

Hard hearted Soule, such fortune light on thee,
 That thou maist be tranform'd as well as he.

Ah had the boy bene pliable to be wonne,
 And not abusde his morne excelling face,
 He might haue liu'd as beauteous as the Sunne,
 And to his beautie Ladies would giue place,
 But O proud Boy, thou wroughtst thine owne disgrace :
 Thou lou'ft thy selfe, and by the selfe fame loue,
 Didst thy deuineesse to a flower remoue.

But to proceed, theres *Christi oculus*,
 The feede of this *Horminum* drunke with wine,
 Doth stirre a procurations heate in vs,
 And to Libidenous lusts makes men incline,
 And mens vnable bodies doth refine :
 It brings increase by operation,
 And multiplies our generation.

There's *Carrets*, *Cheruile*, and the *Cucumber*,
Red Patiens, *Purflane*, and *Gingidium*,
Oxe eie, sheepe killing *Penygraffes*, and the golden flower
Cuckoe pintell, our *Ladies seale*, and *Saga pinum*,
Theophrastus violet, and *Vincetoxicum* :
Saint Peters wort, and louely *Venus haire*,
 And *Squilla*, that keepes men from soule despaire.

O this word *Carrets*, if a number knew
 The vertue of thy rare excelling roote,
 And what good help to men there doth enfue,
 They would their lands, and their liues sell to boote,
 But thy sweete operation they would view :
 Sad dreaming Louers slumbring in the night,
 Would in thy honie working take delight.

The *Thracian Orpheus* whose admired skill
 Infernall Pluto once hath rauished,
 Causing high Trees to daunce against their will,
 And vntam'd Beast with Musicks Harpe hath fed,
 And fishes to the shore hath often led,
 By his experience oftentimes did proue,
 This Roote procur'd in Maides a perfect loue,

Purflane doth comfort the inflamed hart,
 And healeth the exulcerated kidnies :
 It stoppeth all defluxions falling smart,
 And when we sleepe expelleth dreames and fancies :
 It driues Imaginations from our eyes,
 The iuyce of *Purflane* hindreth that desire
 When men to *Venus* games would faine aspire.

Theres *Rocket*, *Iack by the hedge*, and *Loue in idlenesse*,
Knights water Sengreene, and *Siluer maidenheare*,
Paris Nauews, *Tornesol*, and towne *Cresses*,
Starre thistle that for many things is deare,
 And *Seia* that in *Italy* Corne doth beare :
 Wake-robbins, *Hyacinth*, and *Hartichocke*,
 Letuce that mens fence asleepe doth rocke.

O poore

O poore boy *Hyacinthus* thy faire face
 Of which *Apollo* was enamored,
 Brought thy lifes Lord too timely to that place,
 Where playing with thee thou wast murdered,
 And with thy bloud the grasse was sprinckled :
 Thy bodie was transformed in that hower,
 Into a red white mingled Gilli-flower.

Phoenix.

But yet *Apollo* wept when he was slaine,
 For playing with him, cleane against his will
 He made him breathlesse, this procur'd his paine :
 True loue doth feldome seeke true loue to kill ;
 O Loue thou many actions dost fulfill !
 Search, seek, & learn what things there may be shown,
 Then say that Loues sweet secrets are vnknowne.

Nature.

And as a token of *Apolloes* sorrow,
 A siluer coloured Lillie did appeare,
 The leaues his perfect fighes and teares did borrow,
 Which have continued still from yeare to yeare ;
 Which shewes him louing, not to be feure,
 At at is written as a mourning Dittie,
 Vpon this flower which shewes *Apolloes* pittie.

O Schoole-boyes I will teach you such a shift,
 As will be worth a Kingdome when you know it,
 An herbe that hath a secret hidden drift,
 To none but Treauants do I meane to show it,
 And all deepe read Phisitions will allow it :
 O how you play the wags, and faine would heare
 Some secret matter to allay your feare.

N

Theres garden *Rocket*, take me but the feed,
 When in your Maisters brow your faults remaine,
 And when to faue your felues there is great need,
 Being whipt or beaten you shall feel no paine,
 Although the bloud your buttocks seeme to staine:
 It hardneth so the flesh and tender skin,
 That what is seene without comes not within.

The Father that desires to haue a boy,
 That may be Heire vnto his land and liuing,
 Let his espoused Loue drinke day by day,
 Good *Artichocks*, who buds in August bring,
 Sod in cleare running water of the spring;
 Wiues naturall Conception it doth strengthen,
 And their declining life by force doth lengthen.

In Sommer time, when sluggish idleneffe
 Doth haunt the bodie of a healthfull man,
 In Winter time when a cold heauie slownesse
 Doth tame a womans strength do what she can,
 Making her look both bloudlesse, pale and wan,
 The vertue of this *Artichocke* is such,
 It stirres them vp to labour very much.

Theres *Sowbread*, *Stanwort*, and *Starre of Hierusalem*,
 Base or flat *Veruine*, and the wholesome *Tansie*,
 Go to bed at noone, and *Titimalem*,
 Hundred headed *thistle*, and tree-clasping *Iuie*,
Storks bill, great *Stonecrop*, and feed of *Canary*,
 Dwarfe gentian, *Snakeweed*, and fommer *Sauory*,
 Bell rags, prickly *Boxe*, and *Raspis of Couentry*.

This

This *Sowbread* is an herbe that's perillous,
 For howfoeuer this fame Roote be vsed,
 For women growne with child tis dangerous,
 And therefore it is good to be refused :
 Vnlesse too much they seeke to be misused.

O haue a care how this you do apply,
 Either in inward things or outwardly.

Those that about them carrie this fame *Sowbread*
 Or plant it in their gardens in the Spring,
 If that they onely ouer it do tread,
 Twill kill the issue they about them bring,
 When Mother *Lullabie* with ioy should sing :

Yet wanton scaping Maides perhaps will taft,
 This vnkind herbe, and snatch it up in haft.

Yet let me giue a warning to you all,
 Do not perfume too much in dalliance,
 Be not short-heeld with euery wind to fall :
 The Eye of heauen perhaps will not dispence
 With your rash fault, but plague your fowle offence,
 And take away the working and the vertue,
 Because to him you broke your promis'd dutie.

Theres *Iuie*, that doth cling about the tree,
 And with her leauie armes doth round embrace
 The rotten hollow withered trunke we see,
 That from the maiden *Ciffus* tooke that place,
 Grape-crowned *Bacchus* did this damzell grace :

Loue-piercing windowes dazeled so her eye,
 That in Loues ouer-kindnesse she did dye.

· N 2

A rich-wrought sumptuous Banquet was prepared,
 Vnto the which the Gods were all invited :
 Amongst them all this *Ciffus* was inſnared,
 And in the ſight of *Bacchus* much delighted :
 In her faire boſome was true Loue vnited,
 She daunc't and often kiſt him with ſuch mirth,
 That ſudden ioy did ſtop her vitall breath.

Aſſoone as that the Nouriſher of things,
 Our Grandam Earth had taſted of her blood,
 From forth her bodie a freſh Plant there ſprings,
 And then an *Iuy*-climbing Herbe there ſtood,
 That for the fluxe Diſſenterie is good :
 For the remembrance of the God of wine,
 It therefore alwaies claſpes about the Vine.

There is *Angellica* or Dwarfe Gentian,
 Whoſe roote being dride in the hot ſhining Sunne,
 From death it doth preferue the poyſoned man,
 Whoſe extreame torment makes his life halfe gone,
 That from deaths mixed potion could not ſhunne :
 No Peſtilence nor no infectious aire,
 Shall do him hurt, or cauſe him to diſpaire.

Theres *Carduus benedictus* cald the *Bleſſed thiſtle*,
Nefwort, *Peniroyall*, and *Aſtrolochia*,
Yellow Wolfs-bane, and Roſe-ſmelling *Bramble*,
Our Ladies Bedſtraw, *Brookelime*, and *Lunaria*,
Cinque foile, *Cats taile*, and *Creſſe Sciatica*,
 Hollihockes, *Mouſeare*, and *Pety Morrell*
 Sage, *Scorpiades*, and the garden *sorrell*.

Firſt

First of the *Nesewort*, it doth driue away,
 And poysoneth troublesome Mice and long-tail'd Rats,
 And being sod in milke, it doth destroy
 Bees, Waspes, or Flies, and litle stinging Gnats :
 It killeth Dogs, and rest disturbing Cats,
 Boyled with vineger it doth asswage
 The ach proceeding from the tooths hot rage.

Sage is an herbe for health preferuatiue,
 It doth expell from women barrenesse :
Aetius saith, it makes the child to liue,
 Whose new-knit ioynts are full of feeblenesse,
 And comforteth the mothers wearinesse :
 Adding a liuely spirit, that doth good
 Vnto the painefull labouring wiues sicke blood.

In *Egypt* when a great mortalitie,
 And killing Pestilence did infect the Land,
 Making the people die innumerablie,
 The plague being ceast, the women out of hand
 Did drinke of iuyce of *Sage* continually,
 That made them to increase and multiply,
 And bring forth store of children presently.

This herbe *Lunaria*, if a horse do grafe
 Within a medow where the same doth grow,
 And ouer it doth come with gentle pace,
 Hauing a horslocke at his foote below,
 As many haue, that sauegard we do know,
 It openeth the Locke, and makes it fall,
 Despight the barre that it is lockt withall.

N 3

Theres *Standergras*, *Hares ballockes*, or great *Orchis*,
 Prouoketh *Venus*, and procureth sport,
 It helpes the weakned body that's amisse,
 And fals away in a consumptuous fort,
 It heales the *Heëlique* feauer by report :
 But the dried shriueld roote being withered,
 Hindreth the vertue we haue vttered.

If Man of the great springing rootes doth eate,
 Being in matrimoniall copulation,
 Male children of his wife he shall beget,
 This speciall vertue hath the operation,
 If Women make the withered rootes their meate,
 Faire louely Daughters, affable, and wife,
 From their fresh springing loines there shall arise.

There's *Rosemarie*, the *Arabians* iustifie,
 (*Phisitions* of exceeding perfect skill,)
 It comforteth the braine and Memorie,
 And to the inward fence giues strength at will,
 The head with noble knowledge it doth fill.
 Conferues thereof restores the speech being lost,
 And makes a perfect Tongue with little cost.

Theres *Dwale* or *Nightshade*, tis a fatall plant,
 It bringeth men into a deadly sleepe,
 Then Rage and Anger doth their senses haunt,
 And like mad *Aiax* they a coile do keepe,
 Till leane-fac'd Death into their heart doth creepe,
 In *Almaine* graue experience hath vs tought,
 This wicked herbe for manie things is nought.

Oke

Oke of Ierusalem being throughly dried,
 And laid in preffes where your clothes do lie,
 No Mothes or venome mongst them shall abide,
 It makes them smell so odoriferously,
 That it doth kill them all immediately :
 It helps the breaft that's stopped with corruption,
 And giues mans breath fit operation.

Bleft be our mother Earth that nourisheth,
 In her rich womb the feede of Times increase,
 And by her vertue all things flourisheth,
 When from her bosome she doth them release,
 But are their Plants and Trees in this faire Ile,
 Where *Floras* sweete spread garden seemes to smile ?

Phoenix.

As plentifull vnto these *Ilanders*,
 Are the fruit-bearing Trees, as be the Flowers :
 And to the chiefest Lords that are commanders,
 They serue as pleasant ouer-shading bowers,
 To banquet in the day, and sport being late,
 And most of them I meane to nominate.

Nature.

Ther's the great sturdie *Oke* and spreading *Vine*,
 Vnder whose branches *Bacchus* vsd' to sleepe,
 The *Rose-tree* and the loftie bearing *Pine*,
 That seemes (being toucht with wind) full oft to weepe,
 The *Hawthorne*, *Christ's-thorne* and the *Rosemary*,
 The *Tamariske*, *Willow*, and the *Almond-tree*.

The most chast tree, that Chastnesse doth betoken,
 The *Hollyholme*, the *Corke* and *Gooseberrie*,

That neuer with tempeftuous formes is fhooke,
 The *Oline*, *Philbert*, and the *Barberie*,
 The *Maflicke* tree whose liquid gumme being dride,
 Is good for them that Rheume hath terrified.

Theres *Iudas* tree, fo cal'd becaufe that *Iere*,
 That did betray the innocent Lambe of God,
 There firft of all his forrowes to renew,
 Did hang himfelfe, plagu'd with a heauy rod,
 A iuft reward for fuch an vniuft flauc,
 That would betray his Maifter to the graue.

Theres *Afh-tree*, *Maple*, and the *Sycamore*,
Pomegranate, *Apricockes* and *Iunipere* :
 The *Turpentine* that fweet iuyce doth deplore,
 The *Quince*, the *Peare-tree*, and the young mans *Medlar*,
 The *Fig-tree*, *Orenge*, and the fweet moift *Lemmon*,
 The *Nutmeg*, *Plum-tree*, and the louely *Cytron*.

Now for the *Mirtle* tree, it beares the name,
 Being once the gods *Pallas*' beft beloued,
 Of *Merfu* the younge fair *Athenian* Dame,
 Becaufe in actiuenefle fhe much excelled ;
 The luftie young men of *Athenia*,
 She ftill was honour'd of the wife *Minerua*.

Who willing her at Tilt and Tournament,
 At running, vaulting, and Actiuitie,
 And other exercife of gouernement,
 Not to be abfent from her Deitie :
 Becaufe that fhe as Iudge might giue the Crowne,
And

And garland to the Victors great renowne.

But no forepassed age was free from *Ennie*,
That spitefull honor-crazing enemy :
For on a time giuing the equall glorie
To him that wan it most deseruedly,
The vanquisher in furie much displeas'd,
Slue *Merfin* whom the Goddesse fauoured.

Pallas offended with their crueltie,
Did gratefully reuenge her Maidens death,
Transforming her into a Mirtle tree,
Sweetly to flourish in the lower earth :
The berries are a meanes for to redresse
(Being decocted) fwolne-fac'd Drunkenesse.

The stormie Winters greene remaining *Bay*
Was *Daphne*, *Ladon* and the Earths faire daughter,
Whom wife *Apollo* haunted in the day,
Till at the length by chaunce alas he caught her :
O if such faults were in the Gods aboue,
Blame not poore silly men if they do loue.

But she not able (almost out of breath)
For to resist the wife Gods humble sute,
Made her petition to her mother Earth,
That she would succour her, and make her mute :
The Earth being glad to ease her miserie,
Did swallow her, and turn'd her to a Bay tree.

Apollo being amazed at this sight,

O

Named it *Daphne* for his *Daphnes* honour,
 Twisting a Garland to his hearts delight,
 And on his head did wear it as a fauour :
 And to this day the Bay trees memorie
 Remaines as token of true Propheſie.

Some of the heathen, men of opinion,
 Suppose the greene-leau'd Bay tree can reſiſt
 Inchauntments, ſpirites, and illuſion,
 And make them ſeeme as ſhadowes in a miſt,
 This tree is dedicate onely to the Sunne,
 Becauſe her vertue from his vice begonne.

The *Moſe*-tree hath ſuch great large ſpreading leaues,
 That you may wrap a child of twelue months old
 In one of them, vnleſſe the truth deceaues,
 For ſo our *Herboriſts* haue truly told :
 By that great Citie *Aleph* in *Aſſyria*,
 This tree was found hard by *Venetia*.

The fruite hereof (the *Greekes* and *Chriſtians*)
 That do remaine in that large-ſpreading Citie,
 The miſbeleeuing *Iewes* and *Perſians*,
 Hold this opinion for a certaintie :
 Adam did eate in liuely *Paradiſe*,
 That wrapt mans free-borne ſoules in miſeries.

Phœnix. Theſe trees, theſe plants, and this deſcription,
 Of their ſweete liquid gums that are diſtilling,
 Are to be held in eſtimation,
 For faire-fac'd *Tellus* glorie is excelling :

But

But what white siluer'd rich refembling plaine,
Is that where wooddie moouing trees remaine ?

That is the watry kingdome of *Neptunus*,
Where his high wood-made Towers dayly flote,
Bearing the title of *Oceanus*,
As hony-speaking Poets oft do quote :
 And as the branches spreading from the tree,
 So do the Riuers grace this louely Countrie.

Nature.

Wherein is bread for mans sweete nourishment,
Fishes of fundry forts and diuerse natures,
That the inhabitants doth much content,
As a relieuement to all mortall creatures,
 But for to make you perfect what they be,
 I will relate them to you orderly.

There swimmes the gentle *Prawne* and *Pickerell*,
A great deuourer of small little fish,
The *Puffin*, *Sole*, and Sommer louing *Mackrell*,
In feason held for a high Ladies dish :
 The bigge bon'd *Whale*, of whom the skilfull Marriner,
 Sometimes God knowes stands in a mightie terrour.

The musicke-louing *Dolphin* here doth swimme,
That brought *Arion* on his backe to shore,
And stayd a long while at the Seas deepe brimme,
To hear him play, in nature did deplore,
 As being loth to leaue him, but at last
 Headlong himfelse into the Sea he cast.

O 2

Here swimmes the *Ray*, the *Sea-calfe* and the *Porpoise*,
 That doth betoken raine or stormes of weather,
 The *Sea-horse*, *Sea-hound*, and the wide-mouth'd *Plaice*,
 A *Spitchcoke*, *Stocke-fish*, and the litle *Pilcher*,
 Whose onely moifture preft by cunning Art,
 Is good for those troubled with Aches smart.

Here swimmes the *Shad*, the *Spitfish*, and the *Spurling*,
 The *Thornebacke*, *Turbot*, and the *Perewinkle*,
 The *Twine*, the *Trout*, the *Scallop*, and the *Whiting*,
 The *Scate*, the *Roch*, the *Tench* and pretie *Wrinckle* :
 The *Purple-fish*, whose liquor vsually,
 A violet colour on the cloth doth die.

Here swimmes the *Pearch*, the *Cuttle* and the *Stocke-fish*,
 That with a wooden staffe is often beaten,
 The *Crab*, the *Pearch*, which poore men alwayes wish,
 The *Ruffe*, the *Piper* good for to be eaten :
 The *Barbell* that three times in euery yeare,
 Her natural young ones to the waues doth beare.

Phœnix. His great deuine Omnipotence is mightie,
 That rides vpon the Heauens axeltree,
 That by increase amongst vs fends such plentie,
 If to his Mightinesse grateful we will be :
 But stubborne necked *Iewes* do him prouoke,
 Till he do loade them with a heauie yoke.

Nature. Truth haue you said ; but I will here expresse
 The richesse of the Earths hid iecrecie,
 The falt Seas vnseene, vnknowne worthinesse,

That

That yeelds vs precious stones innumbrably,
 The rarenesse of their vertue fit for Kings,
 And such this cuntry climate often brings.

Herein is found the *Amatist*, and *Abestone*,
 The *Topaze*, *Turches*, and *Gelatia*,
 The *Adamant*, *Dionise*, and *Calcedon*,
 The *Berill*, *Marble* and *Elutropia*,
 The *Ruby*, *Saphire*, and *Asterites*,
 The *Iacinth*, *Sardonix*, and *Argirites*.

The *Smaragd*, *Carbuncle*, and *Alabaster*,
Cornellis, *Crusopasse*, and *Corrall*:
 The sparkling *Diamond*, and the louely *Iaster*,
 The *Margarite*, *Lodestone*, and the bright-ey'd *Chrystall*,
Ligurius, *Onix*, *Nitrum*, and *Gagates*,
Abisflos, *Amatites*, and the good *Achates*.

Here in this Iland are there mines of *Gold*,
 Mines of *Siluer*, *Iron*, *Tinne* and *Lead*,
 That by the labouring workman we behold:
 And mines of *Brasse*, that in the Earth is fed,
 The stone *Lipparia*, *Galaëlites*, and *Panteron*,
Enidros, *Iris*, *Dracontites*, and *Astrion*.

The *Adamant*, a hard obdurate stone,
 Inuincible, and not for to be broken,
 Being placed neare a great bigge barre of Iron,
 This vertue hath it, as a speciall token,
 The *Lodestone* hath no power to draw away
 The Iron barre, but in one place doth stay.

O 3

Yet with a Goates warme, fresh and liuely blood,
 This *Adamant* doth breake and riue in funder,
 That manie mightie, huge strokes hath withstood :
 But I will tell you of a greater wonder,
 It reconciles the womans loue being lost,
 And giueth prooue of Chastnesse without cost.

The purple coloured *Amatist* doth preuaile
 Against the wit-oppreffing Drunkenesse,
 If euill Cogitations do assaile
 Thy sleepe thoughts wrapt vp in heauinesse,
 It soone will driue them from thy minds disturbing,
 And temporize thy braine that is offending.

The white-veind enterlin'd stone *Achates*,
 Befpotted here and there with spots like blood,
 Makes a man gracious in the peoples eyes,
 And for to cleare the sight is passing good :
 It remedieth the place that's venemous,
 And in the fire smelts odoriferous.

The Gemme *Amatites* hath this qualitie,
 Let a man touch his vesture with the fame,
 And it resifteth fier mightily :
 The vertue doth the force of burning tame,
 And afterwards cast in the fiers light,
 Burnes not at all, but then it seemes most bright.

The faire stone *Berrill* is so precious,
 That mightie men do hold it verie rare :
 It frees a man from actions perillous,

If

If of his lifes deare blood he haue a care,
 And now and then being put into the Eyes,
 Defends a man from all his enemies.

The stone *Ceranicum* spotted ore with blue,
 Being safe and chastly borne within the hand,
 Thunders hote raging cracks that do ensue
 It doth expell, and Lightnings doth withstand,
 Defending of the houfe that many keepe,
 And is effectuall to bring men asleepe.

The *Diamond* the worlds reflecting eye,
 The *Diamond* the heauens bright shining starre,
 The *Diamond* the earths most purest glorie :
 And with the *Diamond* no Stone can compare ;
 She teacheth men to speake, and men to loue,
 If all her rarest vertues you will proue.

The *Diamond* taught *Musicke* first his cunning,
 The *Diamond* taught *Poetry* her skill,
 The *Diamond* gaue Lawyers first their learning,
Arithmeticke the *Diamond* taught at will :
 She teacheth all Arts : for within her eye,
 The knowledge of the world doth safely lye.

Dradocos is a stone that's pale and wan,
 It brings to some men thoughts fantastical :
 It being layd vpon a cold dead Man,
 Loseth the vertue it is grac'd withall ;
 Wherefore tis called the most holy stone :
 For, whereas Death frequenteth it is gone.

Achites is in colour violet,
 Found on the Bankes of this delightfome place,
 Both male and female in this Land we get :
 Whose vertue doth the Princely Eagle grace ;
 For, being borne by her into her nest,
 She bringeth forth her young ones with much rest.

This stone being bound fast to a womans side,
 Within whose purest wombe her child is lying,
 Doth hasten child-birth, and doth make her bide
 But litle paine, her humours is releasing.
 If anie one be guiltie of Deceit,
 This stone will cause him to forsake his meate.

Enidros is the stone that's alwayes sweating,
 Distilling liquid drops continually :
 And yet for all his daily moisture melting,
 It keepe the selfe same bignesse stedfastly :
 It neuer lesseneth, nor doth fall away,
 But in one stedfast perfectnesse doth stay.

*Perpetui fetus lachrymas distillat Enidros,
 Qui velut ex pleni fontis scaturigine manat.*

Gagates smelling like to Frankensence,
 Being left whereas the poisonous Serpents breed,
 Driues them away, and doth his force commence,
 Making this beast on barren plaines to feed,
 And there to starue and pine away for meate,
 Becaue being there he finds no foode to eate.

This stone being put in a faire womans drinke,

Will

Will testifie her pure Virginitie,
 A most rare thing that some men neuer thinke,
 Yet you shall giue your iugdement easily,
 For if she make her water presently,
 Then hath this Woman lost her honestie.

The *Iacinth* is a neighbour to the *Saphire*,
 That doth transforme it selfe to fundrie sights,
 Sometimes tis blacke and cloudie, sometimes cle^{ar}
 And from the mutable ayre borrowes lights :
 It giueth strength and vigor in his kind,
 And faire sweete quiet sleepe brings to the m^{ind}

Rabiates being clearly coloured,
 Borne about one doth make him eloquent,
 And in great honour to be fauoured,
 If he do vse it to a good intent,
 Foule venemous Serpents it doth bring in awe,
 And cureth paine and griefe about the mawe.

The iron-drawing Lode-stone if you set
 Within a vessell, either Gold or Brasse,
 And place a peece of Iron vnder it,
 Of some indifferent size or smallest compasse,
 The Lodestone on the top will cause it moue,
 And by his vertue meete with it aboue.

The *Meade* stone coloured like the grassie greene,
 Much gentle ease vnto the Goute hath donne,
 And helpeth those being troubled with the Spleene,
 Mingled with Womans milke bearing a Sonne :

P

It remedi'th the wit-affailing Frenzie,
And purgeth the fad mind of Melancholie.

The stone *Orites* spotted ore with white,
Being worne, or hung about a womans necke,
Prohibiteth Conception and Delight,
And the child-bearing wombe by force doth checke :
Or else it hast'neth her deliuerie,
And makes the birth vnperfect and vntimely.

Skie colour'd *Saphire* Kings and Princes weare,
Being held most precious in their iudging fight :
The verie touch of this doth thoroughly cure
The Carbuncles enraging hatefull spight :
It doth delight and recreate the Eyes,
And all base grossenefse it doth quite despipe.

If in a boxe you put an inuenomd Spider,
Whose poisonous operation is annoying,
And on the boxes top lay the true *Saphire*,
The vertue of his power shewes vs his cunning,
He vanquisheth the Spider, leaues him dead,
And to *Apollo* now is consecrated.

The fresh greene colour'd *Smaragd* doth excell
All Trees, Boughs, Plants, and new fresh springing Leaues :
The hote reflecting Sunne can neuer quell
Hiis vertue, that no eyesight ere deceiues,
But ore faire *Phæbus* glorie it triumpheth,
And the dimme duskie Eyes it polifheth.

The

The valiant *Cæsar* tooke his chiefe delight,
 By looking on the *Σμαρῶν* excellence,
 To see his *Romane* souldiers how they fight,
 And view what wards they had for their defence,
 And who exceld in perfect chivalrie,
 And noblest bore himfelse in victorie.

This Stone doth serue to Diuination,
 To tell of things to come, and things being past,
 And mongst vs held in estimation,
 Giuing the sicke mans meat a gentle tast :
 If things shall be, it keeps in the Mind,
 If not, forgetfulnesse our Eyes doth blind.

The *Turches* being worne in a Ring,
 If any Gentleman hath cause to ride
 Supports, and doth sustaine him from all falling,
 Or hurting of him felse what ere betide :
 And ere he suffer anie fearefull danger,
 Will fall it felse, and breake, and burst a funder.

These wondrous things of *Nature* to mens eares *Phœnix.*
 Will almost prove (sweete *Nature*) incredible,
 But by *Times* ancient record it appeares,
 These hidden secrets to be memorable :
 For his diuinesse that hath wrought this wonder,
 Rules men and beasts, the lightning and the thunder.

For the worlds blindnesse and opinion, *Natur..*
 I care not *Phœnix*, they are misbeleecuing,
 And if their eyes trie not conclusion,

They will not trust a strangers true reporting.
 With Beasts and Birds I will conclude my storie,
 And to that All-in-all yeeld perfect glorie.

In yonder woodie groue and fertile plaine,
 Remaines the *Leopard* and the watrie *Badger*,
 The *Bugle* or wild *Oxe* doth there remaine,
 The *Onocentaure* and the cruell *Tyger*,
 The *Dromidary* and the princely *Lion*,
 The *Bore*, the *Elephant*, and the poifnous *Dragon*.

The strong neck'd *Bull* that neuer felt the yoke,
 The *Cat*, the *Dog*, the *Wolfe*, and cruell *Viper*,
 The lurking *Hare* that pretie sport prouokes,
 The *Goatebucke*, *Hedgehogge*, and the swiftfoote *Panther*,
 The *Horse*, *Cameleopard* and strong pawd *Beare*,
 The *Ape*, the *Asse*, and the most fearefull *Deare*.

The *Mouse*, the *Mule*, the *Sow* and *Salamander*,
 That from the burning fire cannot liue,
 The *Weasell*, *Cammell* and the hunted *Beauer*,
 That in pursute away his stones doth giue :
 The *Stellio*, *Camelion* and *Vnicorne*,
 That doth expell hot poifon with his Horne.

The cruell *Beare* in her conception,
 Brings forth at first a thing that's indigest,
 A lump of flesh without all fashion,
 Which she by often licking brings to rest,
 Making a formal body good and found,
 Which often in this Iland we have found.

Hic

Hic format lingua fœtum, quem protulit Vrſa.

The great wild *Bore* of nature terrible,
 With two ſtrong *Tuſhes* for his *Armorie*,
 Sometimes affailes the *Beare* moſt horrible,
 And twixt them is a fight both fierce and deadly :
 He hunteth after *Marioram* and *Organie*,
 Which as a whetſtone doth his need ſupplie.

The *Bugle* or wild *Oxe* is neuer tam'd,
 But with an iron ring put through his ſnout,
 That of ſome perfect ſtrength muſt needs be fram'd,
 Then may you leade him all the world about :
 The Huntſmen find him hung within a tree,
 Faſt by the hornes and then thy uſe no pittie.

The *Camell* is of nature flexible,
 For when a burden on his backe is bound,
 To eaſe the labourer, he is knowne moſt gentle,
 For why he kneeleth downe vpon the ground :
 Suffering the man to put it off or on,
 As it ſeemes beſt in his diſcretion.

They liue ſome fiftie or ſome hundred yeares,
 And can remaine from water full ſoure dayes,
 And moſt delight to drinke when there appears,
 A muddie ſpring that's troubled many wayes :
 Between them is a naturall honeſt care,
 If one conioyneth with his *Damme*, tis rare.

The *Dragon* is a poiſnous venom'd beaſt,

P 3

With whom the *Elephant* is at enmitie,
 And in contention they do neuer rest,
 Till one hath slaine the other cruelly :
 The *Dragon* with the *Elephant* tries a fall,
 And being vnder he is slaine withall.

The bunch-backt, big-bon'd, swift-foote *Dromidary*
 Of *Dromas* the Greeke word borrowing the name,
 For his quicke flying speedy property :
 Which easly these countreyemen do tame,
 Hel' go a hundredth miles within one day,
 And neuer seeke in any place to stay.

The *Dogge* a naturall, kind, and louing thing,
 As witneffeth our Histories of old :
 Their maister dead, the poore foole with lamenting
 Doth kill himfelse before accounted bold :
 And would defend his maister if he might,
 When cruelly his foe begins to fight.

The *Elephant* with tushes Iuorie,
 Is a great friend to man as he doth trauell :
 The *Dragon* hating man most spitefully,
 The *Elephant* doth with the *Dragon* quarell :
 And twixt them two is a most deadly strife,
 Till that the man be past, and sau'd his life.

The *Elephant* scene in Astronomy,
 Will euery month play the Phisition :
 Taking delight his cunning for to try,
 Giuing himfelse a sweete purgation,

And

And to the running springs himfelfe addresse,
And in the same wash off his filthineffe,

The *Gote-bucke* is a beaft lasciuious,
And giuen much to filthy venerie ;
Apt and prone to be contentious,
Seeking by craft to kill his enemy :
His blood being warme suppleth the Adamant,
That neither fire or force could euer daunt.

The *Hedghogge* hath a sharpe quicke thorned garment,
That on his backe doth serue him for defence :
He can preface the winds incontinent,
And hath good knowledge in the difference
Betweene the Southerne and the Northren wind,
These vertues are allotted him by kind.

Whereon in *Constantinople* that great City,
A marchant in his garden gaue one nourishment :
By which he knew the winds true certainty,
Because the *Hedghogge* gaue him iust prefacement :
Apples, or peares, or grapes, such is his meate,
Which on his backe he carries for to eate.

The spotted *Linx* in face much like a *Lyon*,
His vrine is of such a qualitie,
In time it turneth to a precious stone,
Called *Ligarius* for his property :
He hateth man so much, that he doth hide
His vrine in the earth, not to be spide.

P. 4

The princely *Lion* King of Forrest-Kings,
 And chiefe Commaunder of the Wilder nesse,
 At whose faire feete all Beasts lay downe their offrings,
 Yeelding alleageance to his worthinesse :

His strength remaineth most within his head,
 His vertue in his heart is compassed.

He neuer wrongs a man, nor hurts his pray,
 If they will yeeld submissiue at his feete,
 He knoweth when the *Lionesse* playes false play,
 If in all kindnesse he his loue do meete :

He doth defend the poore and innocent,
 And those that cruel-hearted Beasts haue rent.

Then is't not pittie that the craftie *Foxe*,
 The rauinous *Wolfe*, the *Tyger*, and the *Beare*,
 The slow-past-dull-brain'd heauie *Oxe*,
 Should striue so good a state to ouerweare ?

The *Lion* sleepest and laughs to see them striue,
 But in the end leaues not a beast alieue.

The *Onocentaur* is a monstrous beast ;
 Supposed halfe a man and halfe an asse,
 That neuer shuts his eyes in quiet rest,
 Till he his foes deare life hath round encompassed,
 Such were the *Centaures* in their tyrannie,
 That liu'd by humane flesh and villanie.

The *Stellio* is a beast that takes his breath,
 And liueth by the dew thats heauenly,
 Taking his Food and Spirit of the earth,

And

And so maintaines his life in chastitie,
 He takes delight to counterfeit all colours,
 And yet for all this he is venomous.

Tis strange to heare such perfect difference,
 In all things that his Mightinesse hath fram'd
 Tis strange to heare their manner of defence,
 Amongst all creatures that my *Nurse* hath nam'd:
 Are there no Wormes nor Serpents to be found
 In this sweete smelling Ile and fruitful ground?

Phoenix.

Within a little corner towards the East,
 A moorish plot of earth and dampish place,
 Some creeping Wormes and Serpents vse to rest,
 And in a manner doth this bad ground grace:
 It is vnpeopled and vnhabited,
 For there with poisonous ayre they are fed.

Nature.

Here liues the *Worme*, the *Gnat* and *Grashopper*,
Rinatrix, *Lizard*, and the fruitfull *Bee*,
 The *Mothe*, *Chelidras*, and the *Bloodsucker*,
 That from the flesh suckes bloud most speedily:
Cerastis, *Aspis* and the *Crocodile*,
 That doth the way-faring passenger beguile.

The labouring *Ant*, and the beipeckled *Adder*,
 The *Frogge*, the *Toad*, and Sommer-haunting *Flie*,
 The prettie *Silkeworme*, and the poisonous *Viper*,
 That with his teeth doth wound most cruelly:
 The *Hornet* and the poisonous *Cockatrice*,
 That kills all birds by a most slie deuice.

Q

The *Aspis* is a kind of deadly Snake,
 He hurts most perillous with venom'd sting,
 And in pursute doth neare his foe forsake,
 But slaies a Man with poysfnous venoming :
 Betweene the male and female is such loue,
 As is betwixt the most kind *Turtle doue*.

This is the Snake that *Cleopatra* vsed,
 The *Egyptian* Queene belou'd of *Anthony*,
 That with her breasts deare bloud was nourished,
 Making her die (faire soule) most patiently,
 Rather than *Cæsars* great victorious hand,
 Should triumph ore the Queene of such a land.

The *Lizard* is a kind of louing creature,
 Especially to man he is a friend :
 This property is giuen him by nature,
 From dangerous beasts poore Man he doth defend :
 For being sleepey he all sence forsaketh,
 The *Lizard* bites him till the man awaketh.

The *Ant* or *Emote* is a labouring thing,
 And haue amongst them all a publike weale,
 In sommer time their meate they are prouiding,
 And secrets mongst themfelues they do conceale :
 The monstros huge big Beare being sickly,
 Eating of these, is cured presently.

The truitfull prety *Bee* liues in the hiue,
 Which unto him is like a peopled City,
 And by their daily labour there they thriue,

Bringing

Bringing home honied waxe continually :
 They are reputed ciuill, and haue kings,
 And guides for to direct them in proceedings.

When that their Emperour or King is present,
 They live in peacefull fort and quietnesse,
 But if their officer or king be absent,
 They flie and swarme abroad in companies :
 If any happen casuall-wise to dye,
 They mourne and bury him right solemnly.

The *Crocodile* a saffron colour'd Snake,
 Sometimes vpon the earth is conuerfant,
 And other times liues in a filthy lake,
 Being oppressed with foule needy want :
 The skin vpon his backe as hard as stone,
 Resisteth violent strokes of steele or iron.

Rinatrix is a poyssenous enuenom'd Serpent,
 That doth infect the riuers and the fountaines,
 Bringing to cattell hurt and detriment :
 When thirsty they forsake the steepy mountaines,
Rinatrix violator Aquæ, and infects the earth,
 With his most noysome stinking filthy breath.

The *Scorpion* hath a deadly stinging taile,
 Bewitching some with his faire smiling face,
 But presently with force he doth assaile
 His captiu'd praie, and brings him to disgrace :
 Wherefore tis cald of some the flattering worme,
 That subtilly his foe doth ouerturne.

Q 2

Orion made his boast the earth should bring
 Or yeeld no ferpent forth but he would kill it,
 Where presently the *Scorpion* vp did spring,
 For so the onely powers above did will it :
 Where in the peoples prefence they did see,
 Orion stung to death most cruelly.

Of *Wormes* are diuers forts and diuers names,
 Some feeding on hard timber, some on trees,
 Some in the earth a secret cabbine frames,
 Some liue on tops of Ashes, some on Oliues ;
 Some of a red watrish colour, some of greene,
 And some within the night like Fire are seene.

The *Silke*worme by whose Webbe our Silkes are made,
 For she doth dayly labour with her weauing,
 A *Worme* that's rich and precious in her trade,
 That whilst poore foule she toyleth in her spinning,
 Leaues nothing in her belly but empty aire,
 And toyling too much falleth to despaire.

Here liues the *Caddes* and the long leg'd *Crane*,
 With whome the *Pigmies* are at mortall strife,
 The *Larke* and *Lapwing* that with nets are tane,
 And so poore filly foules do end their life :
 The *Nightingale* wrong'd by Adulterie,
 The *Nightcrow*, *Goshawke*, and the chattring *Pie*.

The *Pheasant*, *Storke*, and the high tousing *Faulcon*,
 The *Swanne* that in the riuer takes delight,
 The *Goldfinch*, *Blackebird*, and the big neck'd *Heron*

The

The skreeching *Owle* that loues the duskie night, —
 The *Partridge*, *Griffon*, and the liuely *Peacocke*,
 The *Linnet*, *Bulfinch*, *Snipe*, and rauening *Puttocke*.

The *Robin Redbreast* that in Winter sings,
 The *Pellican*, the *Iay*, and the chirping *Sparrow*,
 The little *Wren* that many yong ones brings,
Hercin, *Ibis*, and the swift wingd *Swallow* :
 The princely *Eagle* and *Caladrius* ✓
 The *Cuckow* that to some is prosperous. ×

The snow-like colour'd bird, *Caladrius*,
 Hath this inestimable natural prosperitie,
 If any man in sicknesse dangerous,
 Hopes of his health to haue recouerie,
 This bird will alwayes looke with chearefull glance,
 If otherwise, sad is his countenance.

The *Crane* directed by the leaders voice,
 Flies ore the seas, to countries farre vnknowne,
 And in the secret night they do reioice
 To make a watch among them of their owne ;
 The watchman in his clawes holds fast a stone,
 Which letting fall the rest are wak'd anone.

The Spring-delighting bird we call the *Cuckow*,
 Which comes to tell of wonders in this age,
 Her prettie one note to the world doth shew,
 Some men their destinie, and doth presage
 The womans pleasure and the mans disgrace,
 Which she fits singing in a secret place.

Q 3

The Winters enuious blast she neuer tasteth,
 Yet in all countries doth the *Cuckoe* sing,
 And oftentimes to peopled townes she hasteth,
 Ther for to tell the pleasures of the Spring :
 Great Courtiers heare her voyce, but let her flye,
 Knowing that she prefageth Destiny.

This prety bird sometimes vpon the steeple,
 Sings *Cuckoe, Cuckoe*, to the parish Priest,
 Sometimes againe she flies amongst the people,
 And on their Crosse no man can her resist,
 But there she sings, yet some disdaining Dames,
 Do charme her hoarse, lest she should hit their names.

She scornes to labour or make vp a nest,
 But creepes by stealth into some others roome,
 And with the *Larkes* deare yong, her yong-ones rest,
 Being by subtile dealing ouercome :
 The yong birds are restoratiue to eate,
 And held amongst vs as a Princes meate.

The Princely *Eagle* of all Birds the King,
 For none but she can gaze against the Sunne,
 Her eye-sight is so cleare, that in her flying
 She spies the smallest beast that euer runne,
 As swift as gun-shot vsing no delay,
 So swiftly doth she flie to catch her pray.

She brings her birds being yong into the aire,
 And sets them for to looke on *Phæbus* light,
 But if their eyes with gazing chance to water,

Those

Those she accounteth bastards, leaues them quight,
 But those that haue true perfect constant eyes,
 She cherisheth, the rest she doth despise.

The *Griffon* is a bird rich feathered,
 His head is like a *Lion*, and his flight
 Is like the *Eagles*, much for to be feared,
 For why he kills men in the vgly night :
 Some say he keeps the *Smaragd* and the *Iasper*,
 And in pursute of Man is monstrous eager.

The gentle birds called the faire *Hircinie*,
 Taking the name of that place where they breed,
 Within the night they shine so gloriously,
 That mans astonied senses they do feed :
 For in the darke being cast within the way
 Giues light vnto the man that goes astray.

Ibis the bird flieth to *Nilus* flood,
 And drinking of the water purgeth cleane :
 Vnto the land of *Ægypt* he doth good,
 For he to rid their Serpents is a meane ;
 He feedeth on their egges, and doth destroy
 The Serpents nests that would their Clime annoy.

The *Lapwing* hath a piteous mournfull cry,
 And sings a sorrowfull and heauy song,
 But yet shee's full of craft and subtilty,
 And weepeth most being farthest from her yong :
 In elder age she seru'd for Southfayers
 And was a Prophetesse to the Augurers.

Q 4

The birds of *Ægypt* or *Memnodides*,
 Of *Memnon* that was slaine in rescuing *Troy*,
 Are said to flie away in companies,
 To *Priams* pallace, and there twice a day
 They fight about the turrets of the dead,
 And the third day in battell are confounded.

The *Nightingale* the nights true Chorister,
Musickes chiefe louer in the pleasant Spring,
 Tunes Hunts-vp to the Sunne that doth delight her,
 And to *Arions* harp aloud will sing:
 And as a Bridegroomme that to church is comming,
 So he salutes the Sunne when he is rising.

The *Romane Cæsars*, happie Emperours,
 Especially those of the yongest fort,
 Haue kept the *Nightingale* within their towers,
 To play, to dally, and to make them sport,
 And oftentimes in *Greeke* and *Latine* tong,
 They taught those birds to sing a pleasant song.

This bird as *Histories* make mention,
 Sung in the infant mouth of *Stefichorus*,
 Which did foretell due commendation,
 In all his actions to be prosperous:
 So *Bees* when *Plato* in his bed did lie,
 Swarm'd round about his mouth, leauing their honie.

The sluggish slouthfull and the daftard *Owle*,
 Hating the day, and louing of the night,
 About old sepulchers doth daily howle,

Frequenting

Frequenting barnes and houses without light,
 And hides him often in an Iuy tree,
 Least with small chattring birds wrong'd he should be.

*Fœdaque sic volucris venturi nuntia luctus,
 Ignauus Bubo, dirum mortalibus omen.*

from where

The filthy messenger of ill to come
 The sluggish *Owle* is, and to danger some.

This ill bedooming *Owle* fate on the speare,
 Of warlike *Pirrhus* marching to the field,
 When to the *Græcian* armie he drew neare,
 Determining to make his foes to yeeld,
 Which did foreshew sinister happinesse,
 And balefull fortune in his businesse.

The *Parrat* cald the counterfeiting bird,
 Deckt with all colours that fair *Flora* yeelds,
 That after one will speake you word for word :
 Liuing in wooddie groues neare fertile fields,
 They haue bene knowne to giue great Emperors wine,
 And therefore some men hold them for deuine.

The proud fun-brauing *Peacocke* with his feathers,
 Walkes all along, thinking himselfe a King,
 And with his voyce prognosticates all weathers,
 Although God knowes but badly he doth sing :
 But when he lookes downe to his base blacke Feete,
 He droopes, and is asham'd of things unmeete.

The mighty *Macedonian Alexander*,

R

Marching in louely triumph to his foes,
 Being accounted the worlds conquerour,
 In *Indie* spies a *Peacocke* as he goes,
 And maruelling to see so rich a fight,
 Charg'd all men not to kill his sweete delight.

The *Pellican* the wonder of our age,
 (As *Ierome* faith) reuiues her tender yong,
 And with her purest bloud, she doth affwage
 Her yong ones thirst, with poisonous *Adder* stong,
 And those that were supposed three dayes dead.
 She giues them life once more being nourished.

The vnfatiate *Sparrow* doth prognosticate,
 And is held good for diuination,
 For flying here and there, from gate to gate,
 Foretels true things by animaduertion :
 A flight of *Sparrowes* flying in the day,
 Did prophesie the fall and facke of *Troy*.

The artificall nest-composing *Swallow*,
 That eats his meate flying along the way,
 Whose swiftnesse in our eyficht doth allow,
 That no imperiall Bird makes her his pray :
 His yong ones being hurt within the eies,
 His helps them with the herbe *Calcedonies*.

Cecinna and the great *Volateran*,
 Being *Pompeis* warlike and approued knights,
 Sent letters by these Birds without a man,
 To many of their friends and chiefe delights,

And

And all their letters to their feete did tie,
Which with great speed did bring them hastily.

The sweete recording Swanne *Apolloes* ioy,
And firy scorched *Phaetons* delight,
In footed verse sings out his deep annoy,
And to the siluer riuers takes his flight,
Prognosticates to Sailers on the seas,
Fortunes prosperitie and perfect ease.

*Cignus in auspicijs semper lætissimus ales,
Hoc optant nauatæ, quia se non mergit in undis.*

But what sad-mournefull drooping soule is this,
Within whose watry eyes sits Discontent,
Whose snail-pac'd gate tels something is amisse:
From whom is banisht sporting Meriment:
Whose feathers mowt off, falling as he goes,
The perfect picture of hart pining woes?

Phœnix.

This is the carefull bird the *Turtle* Doue,
Whose heauy croking note doth shew his griefe,
And thus he wanders seeking of his loue,
Refusing all things that may yeeld reliefe:
All motions of good turnes, all Mirth and Ioy,
Are bad, fled, gone, and falne into decay.

Nature.

Is this the true example of the Heart?
Is this the Tutor of faire *Constancy*?
Is this Loues treasure, and Loues pining smart?
Is this the substance of all honesty?

Phœnix.

R 2

And comes he thus attir'd, alas poore foule,
That Destinies foule wrath should thee controule.

See Nourfe, he stares and lookes me in the face,
And now he mournes, worfe then he did before,
He hath forgot his dull slow heauy pace,
But with swift gate he eyes vs more and more :
O fhall I welcome him, and let me borrow
Some of his grieffe to mingle with my sorrow.

Nature. Farwell faire bird, Ile leaue you both alone,
This is the *Doue* you long'd fo much to see,
And this will proue companion of your mone,
An Vmpire of all true humility :
Then note my *Phœnix*, what there may eniue,
And fo I kiffe my bird. *Adue, Adue.*

Phœnix. Mother farewell ; and now within his eyes,
Sits sorrow clothed in a fea of teares,
And more and more the billowes do arife :
Pale Grieffe halfe pin'd vpon his brow appeares,
His feathers fade away, and make him looke,
As if his name were writ in Deaths pale booke.

Turtle. O stay poore *Turtle*, whereat haft thou gazed,
At the eye-dazling Sunne, whose sweete reflection,
The round encompast heauenly world amazed ?
O no, a child of Natures true complexion,
The perfect *Phœnix* of rariety,
For wit, for vertue, and excelleng beauty.

Haile

Haile map of forrow : *Tur.* Welcome *Cupid's* child. *Phoenix.*
 Let me wipe off those teares vpon thy cheekes,
 That stain'd thy beauties pride, and haue defil'd
 Nature it selfe, that so vsurping seekes
 To sit vpon thy face, for Ile be partener,
 Of thy harts wrapped forrow more hereafter.

Natures faire darling, let me kneele to thee, *Turtle.*
 And offer vp my true obedience,
 And sacredly in all humility,
 Craue pardon for presumptions foule offence :
 Thy lawne-snow-colour'd hand shall not come neare
 My impure face, to wipe away one teare.

My teares are for my *Turtle* that is dead, +
 My forrow springs from her want that is gone,
 My heauy note sounds for the foule that's fled,
 And I will dye for him left all alone :
 I am not liuing, though I seeme to go,
 Already buried in the graue of wo.

Why I haue left *Arabia* for thy sake, *Phoenix.*
 Because those fires haue no working substance,
 And for to find thee out did vndertake :
 Where on the mountaine top we may aduance
 Our fiery alter ; let me tell thee this,
Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

Come poore lamenting foule, come sit by me,
 We are all one, thy forrow shall be mine, /
 Fall thou a teare, and thou shalt plainly see,

R 3

Mine eyes shall answer teare for teare of thine :
 Sigh thou, Ile sigh, and if thou giue a grone,
 I shall be dead in answering of thy mone.

Turtle. Loues honorable Friend, one grone of yours,
 Will rend my sicke-loue-pining hart afunder,
 One sigh brings teares from me like *Aprill* showers,
 Procur'd by Sommers hote loud cracking thunder :
 Be you as mery as sweet mirth may be,
 Ile grone and sigh, both for your selfe and me.

Phoenix. Thou shalt not gentle *Turtle*, I will beare
 Halfe of the burdenous yoke thou dost sustaine,
 Two bodies may with greater ease outweare
 A troublefome labour, then Ile brooke some paine,
 But tell me gentle *Turtle*, tell me truly
 The difference betwixt false Loue and true Sinceritie.

Turtle That shall I briefly, if youle giue me leaue,
 False loue is full of Enuie and Deceit,
 With cunning shifts our humours to deceiue,
 Laying downe poison for a fugged baite,
 Alwayes inconstant, false and variable,
 Delighting in fond change and mutable.

True loue, is louing pure, not to be broken,
 But with an honest eye, she eyes her loue,
 Not changing variable, nor neuer shoken
 With fond Suspition, secrets to discouer,
 True loue will tell no lies, nor ne're dissemble,
 But with a bashfull modest feare will tremble.

False

Falſe loue puts on a Maſke to ſhade her folly,
 True loue goes naked wiſhing to be ſeene,
 Falſe loue will counterfeite perpetually,
 True loue is Troths ſweete emperizing Queene :
 This is the difference, true Loue is a iewell,
 Falſe loue, hearts tyrant, inhumane, and cruell.

What may we wonder at? O where is learning?
 Where is all difference twixt the good and bad?
 Where is *Apelles* art? where is true cunning?
 Nay where is all the vertue may be had?
 Within my *Turtles* boſome, ſhe refines,
 More then ſome louing perfect true deuines.

Phenix.

Thou ſhalt not be no more the *Turtle*-Doue,
 Thou ſhalt no more go weeping al alone,
 For thou ſhalt be my ſelſe, my perfect Loue,
 Thy griefe is mine, thy ſorrow is my mone,
 Come kiſſe me ſweeteſt ſweete, O I do bleſſe
 This gracious luckie Sun-ſhine happineſſe.

How may I in all gratefullneſſe requite,
 This gracious fauor offred to thy ſeruant?
 The time affordeth heauineſſe not delight,
 And to the times appoint wee be obſeruant :
 Command, O do commaund, what ere thou wilt,
 My hearts blood for thy ſake ſhall ſtraight be ſpilt.

Turtle.

Then I command thee on thy tender care,
 And chiefe obedience that thou owſt to me,
 That thou eſpecially (deare Bird) beware

Phenix.

Of impure thoughts, or vncleane chastity :
 For we must waft together in that fire,
 That will not burne but by true Loues desire.

Turtle. A spot of that foule monster neare did staine,
 These drooping feathers, nor I neuer knew
 In what base filthy clymate doth remaine
 That spright incarnate ; and to tell you true,
 I am as spotlesse as the purest whight,
 Cleare without staine, of enuy, or despight.

Phœnix. Then to yon next adioyning groue we'le flye,
 And gather sweete wood for to make our flame,
 And in a manner sacrificingly,
 Burne both our bodies to reuiue one name :
 And in all humbleness we will intreate
 The hot earth parching Sunne to lend his heate.

Turtle. Why now my heart is light, this very doome
 Hath banisht sorrow from my pensive breast :
 And in my bosome there is left no roome,
 To set blacke melancholy, or let him rest ;
 Ile fetch sweete mirrhe to burne, and licorice,
 Sweete Iuniper, and straw them ore with spice.

Phœnix. Pile vp the wood, and let vs inuocate
 His great name that doth ride within his chariot,
 And guides the dayes bright eye, let's nominate
 Some of his blessings, that he well may wot,
 Our faithfull seruice and humility,
 Offer'd vnto his highest Deity.

Great

Great God *Apollo*, for thy tender loue,
 Thou once didst beare to wilful *Phaeton*,
 That did desire thy chariots rule aboue,
 Which thou didst grieue in hart to thinke vpon :
 Send thy hot kindling light into this wood,
 That shall receiue the Sacrifice of blood.

For thy sweete *Daphnes* sake thy best beloued,
 And for the Harpe receiu'd of *Mercury*,
 And for the *Muses* of thee fauored,
 Whose gift of wit excels all excellency :
 Send thy hot kindling fire into this wood,
 That shall receiue the Sacrifice of blood.

Turtle.

For thy sweet fathers sake great *Iupiter*,
 That with his thunder-bolts commands the earth,
 And for *Latonas* sake thy gentle mother,
 That first gaue *Phæbus* glories liuely breath :
 Send thy hot kindling light into this wood,
 That shall receiue the sacrifice of blood.

Phoenix.

Stay, stay, poore *Turtle*, ô we are betraid,
 Behind yon little bush there sits a spy,
 That makes me blush with anger, halfe afraid,
 That in our motions secrecly would pry :
 I will go chide with him, and driue him thence,
 And plague him for presumptions foule offence.

Be not affraid, it is the *Pellican*,
 Looke how her yong-ones make her brest to bleed,
 And drawes the blood forth, do the best she can,

Turtle.

S

And with the same their hungry fancies feede,
 Let her alone to view our Tragedy,
 And then report our Loue that she did see.

See beauteous *Phœnix* it begins to burne,
 O blessed *Phœbus*, happy, happy light,
 Now will I recompence thy great good turne,
 And first (deare bird) Ile vanish in thy sight,
 And thou shalt see with what a quicke desire,
 Ile leape into the middle of the fire.

Phœnix. Stay *Turtle* stay, for I will first prepare ;
 Of my bones must the Princely *Phœnix* rise,
 And ift be possible thy blood wele spare,
 For none but for my sake, dost thou despise
 This frailty of thy life, ô liue thou still,
 And teach the base deceitfull world Loues will.

Turtle. Haue I come hither drooping through the woods,
 And left the springing groues to seeke for thee ?
 Haue I forfooke to bathe me in the foulds,
 And pin'd away in carefull misery ?
 Do not deny me *Phœnix* I must be
 A partner in this happy Tragedy.

Phœnix. O holy, sacred, and pure perfect fire,
 More pure then that ore which faire *Dido* mones,
 More sacred in my louing kind desire,
 Then that which burnt old *Esons* aged bones,
 Accept into your euer hallowed flame,
 Two bodies, from the which may spring one name.

O sweet

O sweet perfumed flame, made of those trees,
 Vnder the which the *Muses* nine haue song
 The praise of vertuous maids in misteries,
 To whom the faire fac'd *Nymphes* did often throng ;
 Accept my body as a Sacrifice
 Into your flame, of whom one name may rise.

Turtle.

O wilfulnesse, see how with smiling cheare,
 My poore deare hart hath siong himselfe to thrall,
 Looke what a mirthfull countenance he doth beare,
 Spreading his wings abroad, and ioyes withall :
 Learne thou corrupted world, learne, heare, and see,
 Friendships vnspotted true sincerity.

Phanix.

I come sweet *Turtle*, and with my bright wings,
 I will embrace thy burnt bones as they lye,
 I hope of these another Creature springs,
 That shall possesse both our authority :
 I stay to long, ô take me to your glory,
 And thus I end the *Turtle* Doues true story.

Finis. R. C.

Pellican.

WHat wondrous hart-grieuing spectacle,
 Haft thou beheld the worlds true miracle?
 With what a spirit did the *Turtle* flye
 Into the fire, and chearfully did dye?
 He look't more pleasant in his countenance
 Within the flame, then when he did aduance,
 His pleasant wings vpon the naturall ground,

S 2

True perfect loue had so his poore heart bound,
 The *Phanix Natures* deare adopted child,
 With a pale heauy count'nance, wan and mild,
 Grieu'd for to see him first possesse the place,
 That was allotted her, her selfe to grace,
 And followes cheerfully her second turne,
 And both together in that fire do burne.

~ O if the rarest creatures of the earth,
 Because but one at once did ere take breath
 Within the world, should with a second he,
 A perfect forme of loue and amitie
 Burne both together, what should there arise, -
 And be presented to our mortall eyes,
 Out of the fire, but a more perfect creature?
 Because that two in one is put by Nature,
 The one hath giuen the child inchaunting beautie, ✓
 The other giues it loue and chafitie:
 The one hath giuen it wits rarietie
 The other guides the wit most charily:
 The one for vertue doth excell the rest,
 The other in true constancie is blest.
 If that the *Phænix* had bene separated,
 And from the gentle *Turtle* had bene parted,
 Loue had bene murdred in the infancie,
 Without these two no loue at all can be.
 Let the loue wandring wits but learne of these,
 To die together, so their grieffe to ease:
 But louers now a dayes do loue to change,
 + And here and there their wanton eyes do range,
 Not pleased with one choise, but seeking many,
 And in the end scarce is content with any:

Loue

Loue now adayes is like a shadowed fight,
 That shewes it selfe in *Phabus* golden light,
 But if in kindnesse you do striue to take it,
 Fades cleane away, and you must needs forsake it.
 Louers are like the leaues with Winter shoken,
 Brittle like glasse, that with one fall is broken.

O fond corrupted age, when birds shall show
 The world their dutie, and to let men know
 That no finister chaunce should hinder loue,
 Though as these two did, deaths arrest they proue.
 I can but mourne with sadnesse and with grieffe,
 Not able for to yeeld the world reliefe,
 To see these two consumed in the fire,
 Whom Loue did copulate with true desire :
 But in the worlds wide eare I meane to ring
 The fame of this dayes wondrous offering,
 That they may sing in notes of Chastitie,
 The *Turtle* and the *Phenix* amitie

Conclusion.

GEntle conceiuers of true meaning Wit,
 Let good Experience iudge what I haue writ,
 For the Satyricall fond applauded vaines,
 Whose bitter worme-wood spirite in some straines,
 Bite like the Curses of *Aegypt* those that loue them,
 Let me alone, I will be loth to moue them,
 For why, when mightie men their wit do proue,
 How shall I least of all expect their loue?
 Yet to those men I gratulate some paine,
 Because they touch those that in art do faine.

S 3

But those that haue the spirit to do good,
 Their whips will will neuer draw one drop of blood :
 To all and all in all that view my labour,
 Of euery iudging sight I craue some fauour
 At least to reade, and if you reading find,
 A lame leg'd staffe, tis lameness of the mind
 That had no better skill : yet let it passe,
 For burdnous lodes are fet vpon an Ass.
 From the sweet fire of perfumed wood,
 Another princely *Phœnix* vpriht stood :
 Whose feathers purified did yeeld more light,
 Then her late burned mother out of sight,
 And in her heart restes a perpetuall loue,
 Sprong from the bosome of the *Turtle-Doue*.
 Long may the new vprising bird increase,
 Some humors and some motions to release,
 And thus to all I offer my deuotion,
 Hoping that gentle minds accept my motion.

Finis R. C.

Cantoes Alphabet-wise to faire Phœ-
nix made by the Paphian Doue.

A. 1.

A Hill, a hill, a *Phœnix* seekes a Hill ;
 A promontorie top, a stately Mountaine,
 A Riuer, where poore soule she dippes her bill,
 And that sweete siluer streame is *Natures* fountaine,
 Accomplishing all pleasures at her will :
 Ah, be my *Phœnix*, I will be thy *Doue*,
 And thou and I in secrecie will loue.

B. 2.

B. 2.

Blaze not my loue, thou Herald of the day,
 Blesse not the mountaine tops with my sweet shine,
 Beloued more I am then thou canst fay,
 Blessed and blessed be that Saint of mine,
 Balme, honie sweet, and honor of this Clime :
 Blotted by things vnseene, belou'd of many,
 But Loues true motion dares not giue to any.

C. 3.

Chastnesse farewell, farewell the bed of Glorie,
 Constraint adew, thou art loues Enemie,
 Come true Report, make of my Loue a Storie,
 Cast lots for my poore heart, so thou enioy me,
 Come come sweet *Phœnix*, I at length do claime thee,
 Chaste bird, too chaste, to hinder what is willing,
 Come in mine armes and wele not fit a billing.

D. 4.

Deuout obedience on my knees I profer,
 Delight matcht with delight, if thou do craue it,
 Denie not gentle *Phœnix* my sweet offer,
 Despaire not in my loue, for thou shalt haue it,
 Damne not the soule to woe if thou canst saue it :
 Doues pray deuoutly, O let me request,
 Delicious loue to build within thy nest.

E. 5.

Enuie is banisht, do not thou despaire,
 Euill motions tempt thee sooner then the good :
 Enrich thy beautie that art fam'd for faire,
 Euery thing's silent to conioyne thy blood,
 Esteeme the thing that cannot be withstood :
 Esteeme of me, and I will lend thee fire,

Euen of mine owne to fit thy sweet desire.

F. 6.

Faint harted soule, why dost thou die thy cheekes,
 Fearfull of that which will reuiue thy sence,
 Faith and obedience thy sweet mercy seekes,
 Friends plighted war with thee I will commence,
 Feare not at all, tis but sweet Loues offence,
 Fit to be done, so doing tis not seene,
 Fetcht from the ancient records of a Queene.

G. 7.

Gold beautifying *Phœnix*, I must praise thee,
 Granut gracious heauens a delightfome Muse,
 Giue me old *Homers* spirit, and Ile raise thee,
 Gracious in thought do not my Loue refuse,
 Great map of beauty make thou no excuse,
 Gainst my true louing spirit do not carpe,
 Grant me to play my Sonnet on thy Harpe.

H. 8.

Health to thy vertues, health to all thy beauty,
 Honour attend thy steps when thou art going,
 High heauens force the birds to owe thee duty ;
 Hart-groning care to thee still stands a woing,
 Haue pittty on him *Phœnix* for so doing :
 Helpe his difeafe, and cure his malady,
 Hide not thy secreet glory leaft he die.

I. 9.

I Loue, ô Loue how thou abufest me,
 I see the fire, and warme me with the flame,
 I note the errors of thy deity :
 In *Vestas* honor, *Venus* lusts to tame,
 I in my humors yeeld thee not a name,

I count

I count thee foolish, fie Adultrous boy,
I touch the sweete, but cannot tast the ioy.

K. 10.

Kisses are true loues pledges, kisse thy deare *Turtle*,
Keepe not from him the secrets of thy youth :
Knowledge he'le teach thee vnder a greene spred Mirtle,
Kend shalt thou be of no man, of my truth,
Know first the motion, when the life ensueth :
 Knocke at my harts dore, I will be thy porter,
 So thou wilt let me enter in thy dorter.

L. 11.

Loue is my great Aduotrix, at thy shrine
Loue pleads for me, and from my tongue doth say,
Lie where thou wilt, my hart shall sleepe with thine,
Lamenting of thy beauty fresh as May, .
Looke *Phanix* to thy selfe do not decay :
 Let me but water thy dead saplesse floure,
 Loue giues me hope t'will flourish in an houre.

M. 12.

Make not a Jewell of nice Chastity,
Muster and summon all thy wits in one,
My heart to thee sweares perfect constancy :
Motions of zeale are to be thought vpon,
Marke how thy time is ouerspent, and gone,
 Mis-led by folly, and a kind of feare,
 Marke not thy beauty fo my dearest deare.

N. 13.

Note but the fresh bloom'd Rose within her pride,
(No Rose to be compared vnto thee) -
Nothing so soone vnto the ground will slide,
Not being gathered in her chiefeft beauty,

T

Neglecting time it dies with infamy :

Neuer be coy, lest whil'ft thy leaues are fpred,
None gather thee, and then thy grace is dead.

O. 14

O looke vpon me, and within my brow,
Officious motions of my hart appeares,
Opening the booke of Loue, wherein I vow,
Ouer thy shrine to fhed continuall teares :

O no, I fee my *Phænix* hath no Eares,
Or if she haue Eares, yet no Eyes to fee,
O all difgraced with continuall follie.

P. 15.

Proud Chastity, why dost thou seeke to wrong

Phænix my Loue, with leffons too precise ?

Pray thou for me, and I will make a song,

Pend in thine honor, none shall equalize,

Poffesse not her, whose beauty charmes mine eyes,

Plead, sue, and seeke, or I will banish thee,

Her body is my Castle and my fee.

Q. 16.

Question not *Phænix* why I adore thee,

Quite captiuatè and prisner at thy call,

Quit me with Loue againe, do not abhor me,

Queld downe with hope as subiugate to thrall,

Quail'd will I neuer be despight of all ;

Quaking I stand before thee, still expecting

Thine owne consent, our ioyes to be effecting.

R. 17.

Remember how thy beauty is abused,

Ract on the tenter-hookes of foule disgrace,

Riuers are dry, and must be needs refused

Restore

Restore new water in that dead founts place,
 Refresh thy feathers, beautifie thy face :
 Reade on my booke, and there thou shalt behold
 Rich louing letters printed in fine gold.

S. 18.

Shame is ashamed to see thee obstinate,
 Smiling at thy womanish conceipt,
 Swearing that honor neuer thee begat,
 Sucking in poyfon for a sugred baite,
 Singing thy pride of beauty in her height :
 Sit by my side, and I will sing to thee
 Sweet ditties of a new fram'd harmony.

T. 19.

Thou art a *Turtle* wanting of thy mate,
 Thou crok'ft about the groues to find thy Louer,
 Thou fly'ft to woods, and fertile plaines dost hate :
 Thou in obliuion dost true vertue smother,
 To thy sweete selfe thou canst not find another :
 Turn vp my bosome, and in my pure hart,
 Thou shalt behold the *Turtle* of thy smart.

V. 20.

Vpon a day I fought to scale a Fort,
 Vnited with a Tower of sure defence ;
 Vncomfortable trees did marre my sport,
 Vnlucky Fortune with my woes expence,
Venus with *Mars* would not sweet war commence,
 Vpon an Alter would I offer Loue,
 And Sacrifice my soule poore *Turtle* Doue.

W. 21.

Weepe not my *Phanix*, though I daily weepe,
 Woe is the Herald that declares my tale,

T 2

Worthy thou art in *Venus* lap to sleepe,
 Wantonly couered with God *Cupids* vale,
 With which he doth all mortall fence exhale :
 Wash not thy cheekes, vnlesse I fit by thee,
 To dry them with my sighes immediatly.

X. 22.

Xantha faire Nimph ; resemble not in Nature,
Xantippe Loue to patient *Socrates*,
Xantha my Loue is a more milder creature,
 And of a Nature better for to please :
Xantippe thought her true loue to diseafe,
 But my rare *Phœnix* is at last well pleas'd,
 To cure my passions, passions seldom eas'd.

Y. 23.

Yf thou haue pittie, pittie my complaining,
 Yt is a badge of Vertue in thy sexe,
 Yf thou do kill me with thy coy disdaining,
 Yt will at length thy selfe-will anguish vexee,
 And with continuall sighes thy selfe perplexe :
 Ile helpe to bring thee wood to make thy fire,
 If thou wilt giue me kisses for my hire.

Z. 24.

Zenobia at thy feete I bend my knee,
 For thou art Queene and Empreffe of my hart,
 All blessed hap and true felicity,
 All pleasures that the wide world may impart,
 Befall thee for thy gracious good defart :
 Accept my meaning as it fits my turne,
 For I with thee to ashes meane to burne.

Finis.

Cantoes Verbally written.

I.

Pittie me that dies for thee.

*Pittie
me
that
dies
for
thee.* **P**ittie my plainings thou true nurse of pittie,
Me hath thy piercing lookes enioynd to fighting,
That cannot be redressed, for thy beautie
Dies my fad heart, fad heart that's drown'd with weeping :
For what so ere I thinke, or what I doe,
Thee with mine eyes, my thoughts, my heart, I woe.

2.

My life you saue, if you I haue.

*My
life
you
saue
if
you
I
haue.* My eyes, my hand, my heart seeke to maintaine
Life for thy loue, therefore be gracious,
You with your kindnesse haue my true heart flaine,
Saue my poore life, and be not tyrannous,
If any grace do in thy breast remaine,
You women haue bene counted amorous ;
I pine in sadnesse, all proceeds from thee, '
Haue me in liking through thy clemencie.

3.

Do thou by me, as I by thee.

*Do
thou
by
me,
as
I
by* Do not exchange thy loue, lest in exchanging,
Thou beare the burd'nous blot of foule disgrace,
By that bad fault are many faults containing,
Me still assuring nothing is so base,
As in the worlds eye alwayes to be ranging :
I sweare sweete *Phenix* in this holy cafe,
By all the sacred reliques of true loue,

T 3

thee. Thee to adore whom I still constant proue.

4.

*Voutsafe to thinke how I do pine,
In louing thee that art not mine.*

Voutsafe Voutsafe with splendor of thy gracious looke,
to To grace my passions, passions still increasing :
thinke Thinke with thy selfe how I thy absence brooke,
how How day by day, my plaints are neuer ceasing,
I I haue for thee all companies forfooke ;
do Do thou reioyce, and in reioycing say,
pine, Pine nere so much Ile take thy grieffe away.

In In that great gracing word shalt thou be counted
louing Louing to him, that is thy true sworne louer,
thee Thee on the stage of honor haue I mounted,
that That no base mistie cloud shall euer couer :
art Art thou not faire ? thy beautie do not smother ;
not Not in thy flourishing youth, but still suppose
mine. Mine owne to be, my neuer dying Rose.

5.

*My destinie to thee is knowne,
Cure thou my smart, I am thine owne.*

My My time in loues blind idleneffe is spent,
destinie Destinie and Fates do will it fo,
to To *Circes* charming tongue mine eare I lent,
thee Thee louing that dost wish my ouerthrow :
is Is not this world wrapt in inconstancie,
knowne. Knowne to most men as hels miserie ?

Cure Cure of my wound is past all Phisickes skill,
thou Thou maist be gracious, at thy very looke

My

my My wounds will close, that would my bodie kill,
smart Smart will be easde that could no plaisters brooke ;
I I of my *Phœnix* being quite forfooke,
am Am like a man that nothing can fulfill :
thine Thine euer-piercing eye of force will make me,
owne. Owne heart, owne loue, that neuer will forsake thee.

6.

Ore my heart your eyes do idolatrize
Ore Ore the wide world my loue-layes Ile be sending.
my My loue-layes in my Loues praise alwayes written,
heart Heart comfortable motions still attending,
your Your beautie and your vertuous zeale commending,
eyes Eyes that no frosts-cold-rage hath euer bitten :
do Do you then thinke that I in Loues hot fire,
idola- Idolatrize and furchet in desire.
trize

7.

I had rather loue though in vaine that face,
Then haue of any other grace.
I I being forc'd to carrie *Venus* shield,
had Had rather beare a *Phœnix* for my crest,
rather Rather then any bird within the field,
loue Loue tells me that her beautie is the best :
though Though some desire faire *Vestas Turtle-doue,*
in In my Birds bosome resteth perfect loue.

Vaine Vaine is that blind vnskilfull herauldric,
that That will not cause my bird that is so rare,
face, Face all the world for her rarietie,
then Then who with her for honor may compare ?
haue Haue we one like her for her pride of beautie,
of Of all the feathered Quier in the aire ?

any Any but unto her do owe their dutie :
other Other may blaze, but I will alwaies say,
grace. Grace whom thou list, she beares the palme away.

8.

What euer fall, I am at call.

What What thunder stormes of enuie shall arise,
euer Euer to thee my heart is durable,
fall, Fall fortunes wheele on me to tyrannize,
I I will be alwayes found inexorable :
am Am I not then to thee most stable ?
at At morne, midnight, and at mid-dayes funne,
call. Call when thou wilt, my deare, to thee Ile runne.

9.

*I had rather loue, though in vaine that face,
 Then haue of any other grace,*

I I now do wish my loue should be releiued,
had Had I my thoughts in compasse of my will,
rather Rather than liue and surfeit being grieued,
loue Loue in my breast doth wondrous things fulfill,
though Though loues vnkindnesse many men do kill,
in In her I trust, that is my true sworne louer,
vaine Vaine he doth write that doth her vertues smother.

that That she is faire, *Nature* her selfe alloweth,
face, Face full of beauty, eyes resembling fire,
then Then my pure hart to loue thy hart still voweth,
haue Haue me in fauour for my good desire,
of Of holy loue, Loues Temple to aspire ;
any Any but thee my thoughts will nere require,
other Other sweet motions now I will conceale
grace. Grace these rude lines that my hearts thoughts reueale.

10. *Dis-*

10.

Disgrace not me, in louing thee.

Disgrace Disgrace be banisht from thy heauenly brow,
not Not entertained of thy piercing eie,
me Me thy sweete lippes, a sweet touch will allow,
in In thy faire bosome would I alwayes lie,
louing Louing in such a downe-bed to be placed,
thee. Thee for to please, my selfe for euer graced.

11.

*I had rather loue though in vaine that face,
 Then haue of any other grace.*

I I liue enricht with gifts of great content,
had Had my desires the guerdon of good will,
rather Rather then taste of Fortunes fickle bent,
loue Loue bids me die, and scorne her witleffe skill,
though Though Loue command, Despaire doth stil attend,
in In hazard proues oft times but doubtfull end.
vaine Vaine is the loue encountred with denayes,
that That yeelds but grieffe, where grace should rather grow,
face, Face full of furie, voide of curteous praise :
then Then since all loue consists of weale and woe,
haue Haue still in mind, that loue deserues the best,
of Of hearts the touchstone, inward motions louing,
any Any that yeelds the fruite of true-loues rest,
other Other I loue vnworthie of commending,
grace. Grac'd with bare beautie, beautie most offending.

12.

My selfe and mine, are alwayes thine.

My My care to haue my blooming Rose not wither,
selfe Selfe-louing Enuie shall it not denie,
and And that base weed thy growth doth seeke to hinder,

V

mine Mine hands shall pull him vp immediatly,
are Are they not enuious monfters in thine eie,
alwayes Alwayes with vaine occasions to inclofe
thine. Thine euer growing beautie, like the Rose?

13.

The darting of your eies, may heale or wound,
Let not empiring lookes my heart confound.

The The ey-bals in your head are *Cupids* fire,
darting Darting fuch hot sparkles at my brest,
of Of force I am enthrald, and do desire
your Your gracious loue, to make me happie blest:
eies Eyes, lippes, and tongue haue caused my vnrest,
may May I vnto the height of grace aspire,
heale Heale my ficke heart with loues great griefe opprest,
or Or if to fire thou wilt not yeeld fuch fuell,
wound. Wound me to death, and fo be counted cruell.

Let Let the wide ope-mouth'd world flander the guiltie,
not Not my dead *Phœnix*, that doth fcorne fuch shame,
empiring Empiring honor blots fuch infamie,
lookes Lookes dart away the blemifh of that name;
my My thoughts prognosticate thy Ladies pittie:
heart Hearts-eafe to thee, this counfell will I giue,
confound Confound thy foes, but let true louers liue.

14.

You are my ioy, be not fo coy.

You You best belou'd, you honor of delight,
are Are the bright fhining Starre that I adore,
my My eyes like Watchmen gaze within the night,

Ioy

ioy, Ioy fils my heart when you do shine before,
be not Be not disgrasue to thy friend therefore :
too Too glorious are thy lookes to entertaine
coy. Coy thoughts, fell peeuish deeds, our base difdaine.

15.

For you I die, being absent from mine eye.

For For all the holy rites that *Venus* vseth,
you You I coniure to true obedience :
I I offer faith, which no kind hart refuseth,
die, Die periur'd Enuie for thy late offence,
being Being enamored of rich Beauties pride,
absent Absent, I freeze in Winters pining cold,
from From thee I fit, as if thou hadst denide,
my My loue-sicke passions twentie times retold :
eye. Eye-dazling Mistris, with a looke of pittie,
 Grace my fad Song, and my hearts pining Dittie.

16.

Send me your heart, to ease my smart.

Send Send but a glaunce of amours from thine eie,
me Me will it rauish with exceeding pleasure,
your Your eye-bals do enwrap my destinie,
heart Heart sicke with sorrow, sorrow out of measure,
to To thinke vpon my louses continuall folly :
ease Ease thou my paine from pitties golden treasure ;
my My grieffe proceeds from thee, and I suppose
smart. Smart of my smart will my lifes bloud inclose.

17.

Seeing you haue mine, let me haue thine.

Seeing Seeing my passions are so penetrable,
you You of all other should be pittifull,
haue Haue mind of me, and you'le be fauourable,

V 2

mine Mine hart doth tell me you are mercifull,
 let Let my harts loue be alwayes violable,
 me Me haue you found in all things dutifull,
 haue Haue me in fauour, and thy selfe shalt see,
 thine. Thine and none others, will I all wayes be.

18.

Within thy brest, my hart doth rest.

Within Within the circuit of a Christall spheare,
 thy Thy eyes are plast, and vnderneath those eyes,
 brest, Brest of hard flint, eares that do scorne to heare
 my My dayes sad gronings, and night waking cries,
 hart Hart fore sicke passions, and Loues agonies,
 doth Doth it become thy beauty? no, a staine
 rest. Rests on thy bright brow wrinckled with disdaine.

19.

O let me heare, from thee my deare.

O O tongue thou hast blasphem'd thy holy Goddesse,
 let Let me do penance for offending thee,
 me Me do thou blame for my forgetfulnesse :
 heare, Heare my submission, thou wilt succor me :
 from From thy harts closet commeth gentlenesse :
 thee Thee hath the world admir'd for clemency,
 my My hart is forrie, and Ile bite my tongue,
 deare. Deare that to thee, to thee I offred wrong.

20.

My Phœnix rare, is all my care.

My My life, my hart, my thoughts, I dedicate,
 Phœnix Phœnix to thee, Phœnix of all beauty,
 rare, Rare things in hart of thee I meditate,
 is Is it not time, I come to shew my duty?
 all All fauours vnto thee I consecrate,

My

my My goods, my lands, my selfe, and all is thine,
care. Care those that list, fo thou faire bird be mine.

21.

I would I might, be thy delight.

I I wish for things, would they might take effect,
would Would they might end, and we enioy our pleasure,
I I vow I would not proffred time neglect,
might, Might I but gather such vnlook't for treasure,
be Be all things enuious I would the respect,
thy Thy fauours in my hart I do enroule,
delight. Delight matcht with delight, doth me controule.

22.

If I you haue, none else I craue.

If If adoration euer were created,
I I am a Maister of that holy Art,
you You my aduotrix, whom I haue admired,
haue, Haue of my true deuotion bore a part :
none None but your selfe may here be nominated,
else Else would my tongue my true obedience thwart :
I I cannot flatter, Loue will not allow it,
craue. Craue thou my hart, on thee I will bestow it.

23.

Be you to me, as I to thee.

Be Bee the poore Bee, sucke hony from the flower,
you You haue a spacious odoriferous field,
to To tast all moysture, where in sweet *Floras* bower,
me, Me shall you find submissiuely to yeeld,
as As a poore Captiue looking for the hower ;
I I may haue gracious lookes, else am I kild,
to To dye by you were life, and yet thy shame,
thee. Thee would the wide world hate, my folly blame.

V 3

24

You are the first, in whom I trust.

*You
are
the
first,
in
whom
I
trust.* You in your bosome hauing plac'd a light,
Are the chiefe admirall vnto my Fleet,
The Lanthorne for to guide me in the night,
First to the shore, where I may set my feet
In safegard, void of Dangers cruell spight,
Whom in disgrace Loue and fel Enuie meet,
I muster vp my spirits, and they flie ;
Trust of thy faith controules mine enemic.

25.

You are the last my loue shall taste.

*You
are
the
last,
my
loue
shall
taste.* You standing on the tower of hope and feare,
Are timorous of felse-will foolishnesse,
The onely Viper that doth loue-laies teare,
Last can it not, tis womans pueuifnesse,
My kind affections can it not forbear,
Loue tells me that tis bred in idleneffe,
Shall such occasion hinder thee or me ?
Taste first the fruit, and then commend the tree.

26.

If you I had, I should be glad.

*If
you
I
had,
I
should
be
glad.* If the Sunne shine, the haruest man is glad,
You are my Sunne, my dayes delightful Queene,
I am your haruest laborer almost mad,
Had I not my glorious commet seene,
I wish that I might sit within thy shade,
Should I be welcome ere thy beautie fade :
Be not *Narcissus*, but be alwaies kind,
Glad to obtain the thing thou neare couldst find.

27.

Thou

Though place be far, my heart is nar.

Though Though thou my Doue from me be separated,
place Place, nor the distance shall not hinder me,
be Be constant for a while, thou maist be thwarted,
far, Far am I not, Ile come to succour thee.
my My heart and thine, my sweet shall nere be parted,
heart Heart made of loue, and true simplicitie :
is Is not Loue lawlesse, full of powerfull might,
nar. Nar to my heart that still with Loue doth fight.

28.

My thoughts are dead, cause thou art sped.

My My inward *Muse* can sing of nought but Loue,
thoughts Thoughts are his Heralds, flying to my breast
are Are entertained, if they thence remoue,
dead, Dead shall their master be, and in vnrest ;
cause Cause all the world thy hatred to reprove,
thou Thou art that All-in-all that I loue best :
art Art thou then cruell? no thou canst not be
sped. Sped with so foule a fiend as Crueltie.

29.

I send my heart to thee, where gladly I would be.

I I of all other am faire *Venus* thrall,
send Send me but pleafant glances of thine eie,
my My foule will leape with ioy and dance withall,
heart Heart of my heart, and foules felicitie :
to To beauties Queene my heart is sanctified,
thee. Thee about all things haue I deified.

Where Where is Affections? fled to Enuies caue?
gladly Gladlie my Thoughts would beare her companie,
I I from foule bondage will my *Phœnix* faue,

*would
be.* Would she in loue requite my courtesie,
Be louing as thou art faire, else shall I sing,
Thy beautie a poifnous bitter thing.

30.

*If you me iust haue knowne,
Then take me for your owne.*

*If
you
me
iust
haue
known,* If you be faire, why should you be vnkind?
You haue no perfect reason for the fame,
Me thinkes it were your glorie for to find
Iust measure at my hands, but you to blame
Haue from the deepest clofet of your heart,
Knowne my pure thoughts, and yet I pine in smart.

*Then
take
me
for
your
owne.* Then in the deepest measure of pure loue,
Take pittie on the sad sicke pining soule,
Me may you count your vnknowne *Turtle-Doue*,
For in my bosomes chamber, I enroule
Your deepe loue-darting eie, and still will be
Owne of your owne, despight extremitie.

31.

My heart I send, to be your friend.

*My
heart
I
send,
to
be
your
friend.* My deare soules comfort, and my hopes true solace,
Heart of my heart, and my liues secret ioy,
I in conceit do thy sweete selfe embrace,
Send cloudie exhalations cleane away
To the blind mistie North, there for to stay:
Be thou my arbour, and my dwelling place,
Your armes the circling folds that shall enclose me,
Friend me with this, and thou shalt neuer lose me.

32.

I haue no loue, but you my doue.

I

I I pine in fadnesse, and in sad songs singing
haue Haue spent my time, my ditties harsh and ill,
no No fight but thy faire fight would I be seeing :
loue Loue in my bosome keeps his castle still,
but But being disseucred I sit alwayes pining,
you You do procure me *Niobes* cup to fill,
my My dutie yet remembred I dare proue,
doue. Doues haue no power for to exchange their Loue.

34

I will not change, though some be strange.

I I cannot stir one foote from *Venus* gate,
will Will you come sit, and beare me company ?
not Not one but you can make me fortunate :
change Change when thou wilt, it is but cruelty,
though Though vnto women it is giuen by fate,
some Some gentle minds these ranging thoughts do hate :
be Be thou of that mind, else I will conclude,
strange. Strange hast thou alter'd Loue, to be so rude.

Thoughts keepe me waking.

Thoughts Thoughts like the ayrie puffing of the wind,
keepe Keepe a sweet faining in my Loue-sicke brest,
me Me still assuring that thou art most kind,
waking. Waking in pleasure, sleeping sure in rest :
 That no sleepes dreamings, nor no waking cries,
 To our sweet louing thoughts, sweet rest denies.

Seeing that my heart made choise of thee,

Then frame thy selfe to comfort me.

Seeing Seeing Loue is pleas'd with Loues enamor'd ioyes,
that That Fortune cannot crosse sweet *Cupids* will,

X

my My Loues content, not with fond wanton toyes :
heart Hart of my hart doth Loues vnkindnesse kill,
made Made by fond tongues vpbraiding hurtfull skill :
choise Choise now is fram'd to further all annoyes :
of Of all sweete thoughts, of all sweete happie rest,
thee, Thee have I chose, to make me three times blest.

Then Then let our holy true aspiring loue,
frame Frame vs the sweetest musicke of Desire :
thy Thy words shall make true concord, and remoue
selfe Selfe-will it selfe, for *Venus* doth require
to To be acquainted with thy beauties fire :
comfort Comfort my heart, for comfort tels me this,
me. Me hast thou chose of all to be thy blisse.

*My heart is bound to fauour thee,
 Then yeeld in time to pittie me.*

My My *Phœnix* hath two starre-refembling Eyes,
heart Heart full of pittie, and her smiling looke,
is Is of the Sunnes complexion, and replies,
bound Bound for performance by faire *Venus* booke
to To faithfulnessse, which from her nurse she tooke :
fauour Fauour in her doth spring, in vertuous praise,
thee, Thee Eloquence it selfe shall seeke to raise.

Then Then in performance of this gracious right,
yeeld Yeeld vp that piteous heart to be my Louer,
in In recompence how I haue lou'd thy fight,
time Time shall from time to time to thee discover :
to To thee is giuen the power of *Cupids* might,
pittie Pittie is writ in gold vpon thy hart,

Me

me. Me promising to cure a curelesse smart.

I ioy to find a constant mind.

I I am encompass't round about with ioy,
ioy Ioy to enioy my sweete, for she protesteth
to To comfort me that languish in annoy,
find Find ease if any forrow me molesteth,
a A happie man that such a loue possesseth*:
constant Constant in words, and alwayes vowes to loue me,
mind. Mind me she will, but yet she dares not proue me.

*My heart by hope doth liue,
 Desire no ioy doth giue.*

My My loue and dearest life to thee I consecrate,
heart Heart of my hearts deare treasure, for I striue
by By thy deuinenesse too deuine to nominate,
hope Hope of approued faith in me must thriue :
doth Doth not the God of Loue that's most deuine,
liue. Liue in thy bosomes closet and in mine ?

Desire Desire to that vnspeakable delight,
no No sharpe conceited wit can nere set downe,
ioy Ioy in the world to worldly mens ey-sight,
doth Doth but ignoble thy imperiall crowne :
giue. Giue thou the onfet and the foe will flie,
 Amazed at thy great commanding beautie;

*Death shall take my life away,
 Before my friendship shall decay.*

Death Death that heart-wounding Lord, sweet louers foe,
shall Shall lay his Ebone darts at thy faire feete,

take Take them into thy hand and worke my woe,
my My woe that thy minds anguish will regret :
life Life, hart, ioy, greeting and all my pleasure,
away. Away are gone and fled from my deare treasure.

Before Before one staine shal blot thy scarlet die,
my My bloud shal like a fountaine wash the place,
friendship Friendship it selfe knit with mortality,
shall Shall thy immortal blemish quite disgrace :
decay. Decay shal all the world, my Loue in thee
 Shall liue vntain'd vntoucht perpetually

*Let truth report what hart I beare,
 To her that is my dearest deare.*

Let Let not foule pale-fac'd Enuy be my foe,
truth Truth must declare my spotlesse loyalty,
report Report vnto the world shal plainly show
what What hart deare Loue I alwayes bore to thee,
heart Hart fram'd of perfect Loues sincerity :
I I cannot flatter, this I plainly say,
beare, Beare with false words, ile beare the blame away.

To To change in loue is a base simple thing,
her Her name will be orestain'd with periury,
that That doth delight in nothing but diffembling ?
is Is it not shame so for to wrong faire beauty,
my My true approued tounge must answer I
dearest Dearest beware of this, and learne of me,
deare. Deare is that Loue combin'd with Chastity.

Seene hath the eye, chosen hath the hart :

Firme

Firme is the faith, and loth to depart.

Scene Scene in all learned arts is my beloued,
hath Hath anie one so faire a Loue as I?
the The stony-hearted sauage hath she moued,
eye, Eye for her eye tempts blushing chastitie,
chosen Chosen to make their nine a perfect ten,
hath Hath the sweet *Muses* honored her agen.

The The bright-ey'd wandring world doth alwaies seeke,
heart, Heart-curing comfort doth proceed from thee,
firme Firme trust, pure thoughts, a mind that's alwayes meeke,
is Is the true Badge of my loues Soueraigntie :
the The honor of our age, the onely faire,
faith, Faiths mistris, and Truths deare adopted heire.

And And those that do behold thy heauenly beautie,
loth Loth to forsake thee, spoile themselues with gazing,
to To thee all humane knees proffer their dutie,
depart. Depart they will not but with sad amazing :
 To dimme their ey-sight looking gainst the funne,
 Whose hot reflecting beames will neare be donne.

*No woe so great in loue, not being heard,
 No plague so great in loue, being long deferd.*

No No tongue can tell the world my hearts deepe anguish,
woe Woe, and the minds great perturbation
so So trouble me, that day and night I languish,
great Great cares in loue seeke my destruction :
in In all things gracious, sauing onely this,
loue. Loue is my foe, that I account my blisse.

X 3

*Not
being
hard,
no
plague
so* Not all the world could profer me disgrace,
Being maintained fairest faire by thee,
Hard-fortune shall thy seruant nere outface,
No stormes of Discord should discomfort me :
Plague all the world with frownes my *Turtle-Doue*,
So that thou smile on me and be my loue.

*great
in
loue
being
long
deferd.* Great Mistris, matchlesse in thy foueraigntie,
In lue and recompence of my affection,
Loue me againe, this do I beg of thee,
Being bound by *Cupids* kind direction :
Long haue I fu'd for grace, yet st'il I find,
Deferd I am by her that's most vnkind.

*And if my loue shall be releeu'd by thee,
My heart is thine, and so account of me.*

*And
if
my
loue
shal be
relecu'd* And yet a stedfast hope maintaines my hart,
If anie fauour fauourably proceede
My deare from thee, the curer of my smart,
Loue that easeth minds opprest with neede,
Shall be the true Phisition of my grieffe,
Releeu'd alone by thee that yeeld'ft reliefe.

*by
thee,
My
heart
is
thine* By all the holy rites that Loue adoreth,
Thee haue I lou'd aboute the loue of any,
My heart in truth thee alwayes fauoureth,
Heart freed from any one, then freed from many :
Is it not base to change? yea so they say,
Thine owne confession loue denies delay.

*and
so
account* And by the high imperiall seate of *Ioue*,
So am I forc'd by *Cupid* for to sweare,
Account I must of thee my *Turtle-doue*,

Of

of Of thee that Times long memorie shall outweare :
me. Me by thy stedfast truth and faith denying,
 To promise any hope on thee relying.

*My passions are a hell and death to me,
 Vnlesse you feele remorse and pittie me.*

My My sweetest thoughts sweet loue to thee I send,
passions Passions deeply ingrafted, vnremouable
are Are my affections, and I must commend
a A stedfast trust in thee most admirable :
hell Hell round enwraps my bodie by disdaine,
and And then a heauen if thou loue againe.

death Death haunts me at the heeles, yet is affraid,
to To touch my bosome, knowing thou lou'ft me,
me, Me sometimes terrifying by him betraid,
vnlesse Vnlesse sweete helpfull succour come from thee :
you You well I know, the honor of mine eie,
feeles Feele some remorsefull helpe in miserie.

remorse Remorse sits on thy brow triumphantly,
and And smiles vpon my face with gentle cheere ;
pittie Pittie, loues gracious mother dwels in thee,
me. Me fauouring, abandoning base feare,
 Death is amazed, viewing of thy beautie,
 Thinking thy selfe perfect eternitie.

*My purest loue doth none but thee adore,
 My heartie thoughts are thine, I loue no more.*

My My comfortable sweete approued Mistris,
purest Purest of all the pure that nature framed,
loue Loue in the height of all our happinesse,

doth Doth tell me that thy vertues are not named :
none None can giue forth thy constancie approued,
but But I that tride thy faith, my best beloued.

Thee Thee in the temple of faire *Venus* shrine
adore, Adore I must, and kneele vpon my knee,
my My fortunes tell me plaine that thou art mine,
heartie Heartie in kindnesse, yeelding vnto me :
thoughts Thoughts the much-great disturbers of our rest
are Are fled, and lodge in some vnquiet breft.

Thine Thine euer vnremou'd and still kept word,
I I pondred oftentimes within my mind :
loue Loue told me that thou neuer wouldst afford,
none None other grace but that which I did find,
more. More comfortable did this found in mine eare,
 Then sweet releasement to a man in feare.

I do resolue to loue no loue but thee,
Therefore be kind, and fauour none but me.

I I sometime fitting by my selfe alone,
do Do meditate of things that are enfuing,
resolue Resolue I do that thou must end my mone,
to To strengthen Loue if loue should be declining.
loue Loue in thy bosome dwels, and tells me still,
no No enuious stormes shall thwart affections will.

Loue Loue hath amaz'd the world, plac'd in thy brow,
but But yet flauish disdaine seekes for to crosse
thee Thee and my selfe, that haue combin'd our vow,
therefore Therefore that monster cannot worke our losse :

Be

be Be all the winds of Anger bent to rage,
kind. Kind shalt thou find me, thus my hart I gage.

and And from my faith that's vnremouëable,
fauour Fauour be seated in thy maiden eie,
none None can receiue it loue more acceptable
but But I my felse, waiting thy pittying mercie :
me. Me hast thou made the substance of delight,
By thy faire sunne-refembling heauenly sight.

Ah quoth she, but where is true Loue?
Where quoth he? where you and I loue.
I quoth she, were thine like my loue.
Why quoth he, as you loue I loue.

Ah Ah thou imperious high commaunding Lord,
quoth (Quoth he) to *Cupid* gentle god of Loue,
[s]he, He that I honor most will not accord,
but But striues against thy Iustice from aboue,
where Where I haue promist faith, my plighted word
is Is quite refused with a base reproue :
true True louing honour this I onely will thee,
loue? Loue thy true loue, or else false loue will kill me.

Where Where shall I find a heart that's free from guile ?
quoth Quoth Faithfulnesse, within my louers brest.
he, He at these pleasing words began to smile,
where Where Anguish wrapt his thoughts in much vnrest :
you You did with pretie tales the time beguile,
and And made him in conceited pleasure blest,
I I grac'd the words spoke with so sweet a tong,
loue, Loue being the holy burden of your song.

Y

I
quoth I grac'd your fong of Loue, but by the way,
she (Quoth true Experience,) fit and you shall see,
were She will enchaunt you with her heavenly lay :
thine Were you fram'd all of heavenly Pollicie,
like Thine eares should drinke the poison of Delay,
my Like as I said, so did it proue to be,
loue. My Mistris beautie grac'd my Mistris fong,
 Loue pleas'd more with her Eyes than with her Tong.

Why Why then in deepeness of sweete Loues delight,
quoth Quoth she, the perfect Mistris of Desire,
he He that I honor most bard from my fight,
as As a bright Lampe kindles Affections fire :
you You Magicke operations worke your spight,
loue Loue to the mountaine top of will aspires :
I I challenge all in all, and this I sing,
loue. Loue is a holy Saint, a Lord, a King.

Ah Loue, where is thy faith in sweete loue ?
Why loue where hearts conioyne in true loue :
Why then my heart hopes of thy Loues loue,
Else let my heart be plagu'd with false loue.

Why art thou strange to me my Deare ?
Not strange when as I loue my deare :
But thou esteem'st not of thy deare.
Yes when I know my dearest deare.

Why is my Loue so false to me ?
My loue is thine if thou lou'st me :
Thce I loue, else none contents me.

if

If thou lou'st me, it not repents me.

Ah quoth he, wher's faith in sweete loue?

Why quoth she, conioynd in true loue.

Ah quoth he, I hope of thy loue:

Else quoth she, Ile die a false loue.

Ah my Deare, why dost thou kill me?

No my deare, Loue doth not will me.

Then in thine armes thou shalt enfould me.

I, my deare, there thou shalt hold me:

And holding me betweene thine armes,

I shall embrace sweete Louers Charmes.

*Though death from life my bodie part,
Yet neare the lesse keepe thou my hart.*

Though Though some men are inconstant, fond, and fickle,
death Deaths ashie count'nance shall not alter me:
from From glasse they take their substance being brittle,
life Life, Heart, and Hand shall awaies fauour thee,
my My Pen shall write thy vertues registrie,
bodie Bodie conioyn'd with bodie, free from strife,
part, Part not in sunder till we part our life.

Yet Yet my foules life to my deare lifes concluding,
nerre Nere let Absurditie that villaine, theefe,
the The monster of our time, mens praise deriding,
lesse Lesse in perfeurance, of small knowledge chiefe,
keepe Keep the base Gate to things that are excelling,
thou Thou by faire vertues praise maist yeeld reliefe,

Y 2

my My lines are thine, then tell Abfurditie,
heart. Hart of my deare, shall blot his villainie.

Where hearts agree, no strife can be.

Where Where faithfullneffe vnites it felfe with loue,
hearts Hearts pin'd with sorrow cannot difagree :
agree, Agree they must of force, for from aboue
no No wind oppreffing mischief may we fee :
strife Strife is quite banisht from our companie.
can Can I be sad ? no, Pleasure bids me sing,
be. Be blessed, for sweete Loue's a happie thing.

*Thy vowes my loue and heart hath wonne,
Till thy vnruth hath it vndonne.*

Thy Thy true unspeakable fidelitie,
vowes Vowes made to *Cupid* and his faire-fac'd mother,
my My thoughts haue wonne to vertuous chastitie :
loue Loue thee alone I will, and loue none other,
and And if thou find not my loues secrecie,
heart Heart fauouring thee, then do thou Fancie smother.
hath Hath all the world such a true Bird as I,
wonne, Wonne to this fauour by my constancie ?

Till Till that leane fleshles cripple, pale-fac'd Death,
thy Thy louely Doue shall pierce with his fell dart,
vnruth Vnruth in my faire bofome nere takes breath :
hath Hath any loue such a firme constant heart ?
it It is thine owne, vnlesse thou keepe it still
vndonne. Vndone shall I be, cleane against my will.

Time

Time shall tell thee, how well I loue thee,

Time Time the true proportioner of things,
shall Shall in the end shew my affection,
tell Tell thee from whence all these my passions spring,
thee, Thee honoring that of loue haue made election:
how How often I haue made my offerings,
well Well knowne to *Venus* and her louely sonne,
I I to the wide world shall my passions runne:
loue Loue is a Lord of hearts, a great Commander,
thee. Thee chalenging to be my chiefe defender.

*Most deuine and sacred,
 Haue I found your loue vnspotted.*

Most Most reuerend Mistris honor of mine eie,
deuine Deuine, most holy in religious loue,
and And Lord itselſe of my hearts emperie,
sacred Sacred in thoughts admitted from aboue,
haue Haue in remembrance what affection willeth:
I I it reuiues the mind, and the mind killeth.
found Found haue I written in your skie-like brow,
your Your neuer ceasing kind humilitie,
loue Loue for your sake to me hath made a vow,
vnspotted Vnspotted shall I find your constancie,
 And without staine, to thy pure stainlesse beautie,
 Shall my hearts bosome offer vp his dutie.

The want of thee is death to me.

The The day shall be all night, and night all day
want Want of the Sunne and Moone to giue vs light,
 Y 3

of Of a blacke darknesse, before thy loue will stay
thee Thee from thy pleasure of thy hearts delight.
is Is not Affection nurse to long Delay ?
death Deaths Messenger, that barres me from thy sight ?
to To be in absence, is to burne in fire,
me. Me round enwrapping with hot Loues desire.

I loue to be beloued.

I I do acknowledge of all constant pure,
loue Loue is my true thoughts herral, and Ile sing
to To be of thy thoughts closet, firme and fure,
be Be the world still thy vertues deifying :
beloued. Beloued of the most, yet most of many,
 Affirme my deare, thou art beloued of any.

I scorne if I be scorned.

I I being not belou'd by my affection,
scorne Scorne within my thoughts such bad disgrace,
if If thou of me do make thy firme election,
I I to none other loue will giue my place :
be Be thou my Saint, my bosomes Lord to proue,
scorned. Scorned of all, Ile be thy truest loue.

The heart's in paine, that loues in vaine.

The The grieffe poore louers feele being not beloued,
heart's Hearts anguish, and sad lookes may testife :
in In night they sleepe not, and in day perplexed,
paine, Paine of this forrow makes them melancholy,

That

that That in difdaine their filly minds are vexed,
loues Loues terror is fo sharpe, fo strong, fo mightie,
in In all things vnrefistable, being aliue,
vaine. Vaine he refists that gainst loues force doth striue.

*What greater ioy can be then this,
 Where loue enioys each louers wish?*

What What may we count the world if loue were dead?
greater Greater in woe, then woe it felfe can be,
ioy Ioy from mans secrect bosome being fled,
can Cannot but kill the heart immediatly,
be Because by ioy the heart is nourished:
then Then entertaine sweete loue within thy brest,
this, This motion in the end will make thee blest.

Where Where two harts are vnited all in one,
loue Loue like a King, a Lord, a Soueraigne,
enioyes Enioyes the throne of blisse to sit vpon,
each Each sad heart crauing aid, by *Cupid* flaine:
louers Louers be merrie, Loue being dignified,
wish. Wish what you will, it shall not be denied.

Finis. quoth R. Chester.

HEREAFTER FOLLOVV DIVERSE

Poeticall Effaies on the former Subject; viz: the *Turtle* and *Phœnix*.

*Done by the best and chiefest of our
moderne writers, with their names sub-
scribed to their particular workes :
neuer before extant.*

And (now first) consecrated by them all generally,
*to the loue and merite of the true-noble Knight,
Sir Iohn Salisburie.*

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.



Anchora Spci.

MDCI.

INVOCATIO,

Ad Apollinem & Pierides.

Good Fate, faire *Theſpian Deities*,
 And thou bright God, whose golden Eies,
 Serue as a Mirrour to the ſiluer Morne,
 When (in the height of Grace) ſhe doth adorne
 Her Chryſtall preſence, and inuites
 The euer-youthfull *Bromius* to delights,
 Sprinkling his fute of *Vert* with Pearle,
 And (like a looſe enamour'd Girle)
 Ingles his cheek; which (waxing red with ſhame)
 Inſtincts the ſenſleſſe Grapes to do the ſame,
 Till by his ſweete reflection fed,
 They gather ſpirit, and grow diſcoloured.

To your high influence we commend
 Our following Labours, and ſuſtend
 Our mutuall palmes, prepar'd to grate
 An *honorable friend*: then propagate
 With your illuſtrate faculties
 Our mentall powers: Inſtruct vs how to riſe
 In weighty Numbers, well purſu'd,
 And varied from the Multitude:
 Be lauifh once, and plenteouſly profuſe
 Your holy waters, to our thirſtie *Muſe*,
 That we may giue a Round to him
 In a *Caſtalian* boule, crown'd to the brim.

Vatum Chorus.

Z 2 .

To the worthily honor'd Knight
Sir Iohn Salisburie.

Noblest of minds, here do the Muses bring
Vnto your safer iudgements tast,
Pure iuice that flow'd from the Pierian springs,
Not filch'd, nor borrow'd, but exhaust
By the flame-hair'd Apollos hand:
And at his well-observ'd command,
For you infusde in our retentive braine,
Is now distild thence, through our quilles againe.

Value our verse, as you approue the worth;
And thinke of what they are create,
No Mercenarie hope did bring them forth,
They tread not in that seruile Gate;
But a true Zeale, borne in our spirites,
Responsible to your high Merites,
And an Inuention, freer then the Times,
These were the Parents to our seuerall Rimes,
Wherein Kind, Learned, Enuious, al may view,
That we haue writ worthy our selues and you.

Vatum Chorus.





The first.

THE filuer Vault of heauen, hath but one Eie,
 And that's the Sunne: the foule-maskt Ladie, Night
 (Which blots the Cloudes, the white Booke of the Skie,)
 But one sicke *Phæbe*, feuer-shaking Light:
 The heart, one string: so, thus in single turnes,
 The world one *Phœnix*, till another burnes.

The burning.

SUPPOSE here burnes this wonder of a breath,
 In righteous flames, and holy-heated fires:
 (Like Musicke which doth rapt it selfe to death,
 Sweet'ning the inward roome of mans Desires;)

 So she wast's both her wings in piteous strife;
 "The flame that eates her, feedes the others life:
 Her rare-dead ashes, fill a rare-liue vrne: —
 "One *Phœnix* borne, another *Phœnix* burne.

Iguoto.

Z 3



L Et the bird of lowdeft lay,
 On the fole *Arabian* tree,
 Herauld fad and trumpet be :
 To whose found chafte wings obay.

But thou shriking harbinger,
 Foule precurrer of the fiend,
 Augour of the feuers end,
 To this troupe come thou not neere.

From this Sefſion interdict
 Euery foule of tyrant wing,
 Saue the Eagle feath' red King,
 Keepe the obſequie ſo ſtrict.

Let the Prieſt in Surples white,
 That defunctiue Muſicke can,
 Be the death-deuining Swan,
 Left the *Requiem* lacke his right.

And thou treble dated Crow,
 That thy fable gender mak'ſt.
 With the breath thou giu'ſt and tak'ſt,
 Mongſt our mourners ſhalt thou go.

Here the Antheme doth commence,
 Loue and Conſtancie is dead,
Phœnix and the *Turtle* fled,
 In a mutuall flame from hence.

So they loued as loue in twaine,
 Had the effence but in one,

Two

Two distincts, Diuision none,
Number there in loue was flaine.

Hearts remote, yet not afunder ;
Distance and no space was feene,
Twixt this *Turtle* and his *Queene* ;
But in them it were a wonder.

So betweene them Loue did shine,
That the *Turtle* saw his right,
Flaming in the *Phanix* fight ;
Either was the others mine.

Propertie was thus appalled,
That the selfe was not the same :
Single Natures double name,
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason in itselfe confounded,
Saw Diuision grow together,
To themselues yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded.

That it cried, how true a twaine,
Seemeth this concordant one,
Loue hath Reason, Reason none,
If what parts, can so remaine.

Whereupon it made this *Threne*,
To the *Phanix* and the *Doue*,
Co-supremes and starres of Loue,
As *Chorus* to their Tragique Scene.



Threnos.

Beautie, Truth, and Raritie,
 Grace in all simplicitie,
 Here enclofde, in cinders lie.

Death is now the *Phœnix* nest,
 And the *Turtles* loyall brest,
 To eternitie doth rest.

Leauing no posteritie,
 Twas not their infirmitie,
 It was married Chastitie.

Truth may seeme, but cannot be,
 Beautie bragge, but tis not she,
 Truth and Beautie buried be.

To this vrne let those repaire,
 That are either true or faire,
 For these dead Birds, sigh a prayer.

William Shake-speare.



*A narration and description of a
most exact wondrous creature, arising
out of the Phoenix and Turtle
Doves ashes.*

O Twas a mouing *Epicidium!*
Can Fire? can Time? can blackest Fate consume
So rare creation? No; tis thwart to fence,
Corruption quakes to touch such excellence,
Nature exclames for Iustice, Iustice Fate,
Ought into nought can neuer remigrate.
Then looke; for see what glorious issue (brighter
Then clearest fire, and beyond faith farre whiter
Then *Dians* tier) now springs from yonder flame?

Let me stand numb'd with wonder, neuer came
So strong amazement on astonish'd eie
As this, this measurelesse pure *Raritie*.

Lo now; th' xtracture of deuineſt *Essence*,
The Soule of heauens labour'd *Quintessence*,
(*Pceans* to *Phæbus*) from deare Louers death,
Takes sweete creation and all blessing breath.

What strangeness is't that from the *Turtles* ashes
Assumes such forme? (whose splendor clearer flashes,
Then mounted *Delius*) tell me genuine Muse.

Now yeeld your aides, you spirites that infuse
A sacred rapture, light my weaker eie:
Raife my inuention on swift Phantasie,
That whilst of this same *Metaphisicall*
God, Man, nor Woman, but elix'd of all
My labouring thoughts, with strained ardor sing,
My Muse may mount with an vncommon wing.

A a

The description of this Perfection.

DAres then thy too audacious sense
 Presume, define that boundlesse *Ens*,
 That amplest thought transcendeth?
 O yet vouchsafe my *Muse*, to greete
 That wondrous rarenesse, in whose sweete
 All praise begins and endeth,
 Diuineſt Beautie? that was lightest,
 That adorn'd this wondrous Brightest,
 Which had nought to be corrupted.
 In this, Perfection had no meane
 To this, Earths pureſt was vncleane
 Which vertue euen instructed.
 By it all Beings deck'd and ſtained,
Ideas that are idly fained
 Onely here ſubſiſt inueſted,
 Dread not to giue ſtrain'd praise at all,
 No ſpeech is Hyperbolicall,
 To this perfection bleſſed.
 Thus cloſe my Rimes, this all that can be ſayd,
 This wonder neuer can be flattered.

*To Perfection.**A Sonnet.*

OFt haue I gazed with aſtoniſh'd eye,
 At monſtrous iſſues of ill ſhaped birth,
 When I haue ſeene the Midwife to old earth,
Nature produce moſt ſtrange deformitie.

So

So haue I marueld to obserue of late,
 Hard fauor'd Feminines to scant of faire,
 That Maskes so choicely, sheltred of the aire,
 As if their beauties were not theirs by fate.

But who so weake of obseruation,
 Hath not discern'd long since how vertues wanted,
 How parcimoniously the heauens haue scanted,
 Our chiefest part of adoration.

But now I cease to wonder, now I find
 The cause of all our monstrous penny-showes :
 Now I conceit from whence wits scarc'tie growes,
 Hard fauour'd features, and defects of mind.
 Nature long time hath stor'd vp vertue, fairenesse,
 Shaping the rest as foiles vnto this Rarenesse.

Perfectioni Hymnus.

WHAT should I call this creature,
 Which now is growne vnto maturitie ?
 How should I blafe this feature
 As firme and constant as Eternitie ?
 Call it Perfection ? Fie !
 Tis perfecter thẽ brightest names can light it :
 Call it Heauens mirror ? I.
 Alas, best attributes can neuer right it.
 Beauties resistlesse thunder ?
 All nomination is too straight of sence :
 Deepe Contemplations wonder ?
 That appellation giue this excellence.
 Within all best confin'd,
 (Now feebler *Genius* end thy slighter riming)

A a 2

* *Differentia* No Suberbes* all is *Mind*,

Deorum & hominum (apud Senecam) sic habet nostri melior pars animus in illis nulla pars extra animum.

As farre from spot, as possible defining.

John Marston.

Peristeros: or the male Turtle.

Not like that loose and partie-liuer'd Sect
Of idle Louers, that (as different Lights,
On colour'd subiects, different hewes reflect;)
Change their Affections with their Mistris Sights,
That with her Praise, or Dispraise, drowne, or flote,
And must be fed with fresh Conceits, and Fashions;
Neuer waxe cold, but die: loue not, but dote:
"Loues fires, staid Iudgemēts blow, not humorous Pa-
Whose Loues vpon their Louers pomp depend, (sions,
And quench as fast as her Eyes sparkle twinkles,
"(Nought lasts that doth to outward worth contend,
"Al Loue in smooth browes born is tomb'd in wrinkles.)

* *The Turtle.* But like the consecrated *Bird of loue,

* *The Phoenix.* Whose whole lifes hap to his *sole-mate alluded,
Whome no prow'd flockes of other Foules could moue,
But in her selfe all companie concluded.
She was to him th' *Analyside* World of pleasure,
Her firmeness cloth'd him in varietie;
Excesse of all things, he ioyd in her measure,
Mourn'd when she mourn'd, and dieth when she dies.
Like him I bound th' instinct of all my powres,
In her that bounds the Empire of desert,
And Time nor Change (that all things else deuoures,
But truth eterniz'd in a constant heart)
Can change me more from her, then her from merit,
That is my forme, and giues my being, spirit.

George Chapman.

Præ-

Præludeum.

W*E must sing too? what Subiect shal we chuse?
Or whose great Name in Poets Heauen use,
For the more Countenance to our Actiue Muse?*

*Hercules? alas! his bones are yet sore,
With his old earthly Labors; 't exact more
Of his dull Godhead, were Sinne: Lets implore*

*Phœbus? No: Tend thy Cart still. Enuious Day
Shall not giue out, that we haue made thee stay,
And foundred thy hote Teame, to tune our Lay.*

*Nor will we beg of thee, Lord of the Vine,
To raise our spirites with thy coniuring Wine,
In the green circle of thy Iuy twine.*

*Pallas, nor thee we call on, Mankind Maide,
That (at thy birth) mad'st the poore Smith afraide,
Who with his Axe thy Fathers Mid-wife plaide.*

*Go, crampe dull Mars, light Venus, when he suorts,
Or with thy Tribade Trine, inuent new sports,
Thou, nor their loofnesse with our Making sorts.*

*Let the old Boy your sonne ply his old Taske
Turne the stale Prologue to some painted Maske,
His Absence in our Verse is all we aske.*

A a 3

*Hermes the cheater, cannot mixe with vs,
Though he would steale his sisters Pegasus,
And rifle him ; or pawne his Petasus.*

*Nor all the Ladies of the Thefpien Lake,
(Though they were crusht into one forme) could make
A Beauty of that Merit, that should take*

*Our Muse vp by Commiffion : No, we bring
Our owne true Fire ; Now our Thought takes wing
And now an Epode to deep cares we sing.*

Epos.

“ **N**Ot to know *Vice* at all, and keepe true state,
“ Is *Vertue* ; and not Fate :
“ Next to that *Vertue*, is, to know *Vice* well,
“ And her blacke spight expell.
Which to effect (since no brest is so sure,
Or safe, but shee'l procure
Some way of entrance) we must plant a guard
Of *Thoughts*, to watch and ward
At th' *Eye* and *Eare*, (the *Ports* vnto the *Mind* ;)
That no strange or vnkind
Obiect arriue there, but the *Heart* (our spie)
Giue knowledge instantly.
To wakefull *Reason*, our *Affections* King :
Who (in th' examining)
Will quickly taste the *Treason*, and commit

Clofe

Close, the close cause of it.
 'Tis the securest Pollicie we haue,
 "To make our *Sense* our Slaue.
 But this fair course is not embrac'd by many ;
 By many ? scarce by any :
 For either our *Affections* do rebell,
 Or else the *Sentinell*,
 (That shal ring larum to the *Heart*) doth sleepe,
 Or some great *Thought* doth keepe
 Backe the Intelligence, and falsely sweares
 They'r base, and idle Feares,
 Whereof the loyall *Conscience* so complaines.
 Thus by these subtill traines,
 Do seuerall *Passions* still inuade the *Mind*,
 And strike our *Reason* blind :
 Of which vsurping ranke, some haue thought *Loue*,
 The first ; as prone to moue
 Most frequent Tumults, Horrors, and Vnrests,
 In our enflamed brests.
 But this doth from their cloud of Error grow,
 Which thus we ouerblow.
 The thing they here call *Loue*, is blind *Desire*,
 Arm'd with *Bow*, *Shafts*, and *Fire* ;
 Inconstant like the Sea, of whence 'tis borne,
 Rough, swelling, like a Storme :
 With whome who failes, rides on the ferge of *Fear*,
 And boiles as if he were
 In a continuall Tempest. Now true *Loue*
 No such effects doth proue :
 That is an *Essence* most gentile, and fine.
 Pure, perfect ; nay diuine :
 It is a golden Chaine let down from Heauen,

And for their *Place*, or *Name*,
 Cannot so safely sinne; Their *Chastitie*
 Is meere *Necessitie*,
 Nor meane we those, whom *Vowes* and *Conscience*
 Haue filld with *Abstinence*:
 (Though we acknowledge who can so abstaine,
 Makes a most blessed gaine:
 "He that for loue of goodnesse hateth ill,
 "Is more Crowne-worthy still,
 "Then he which for sinnes *Penaltie* forbears,
 "His *Heart* sinnes, though he feares.)
 But we propose a person like our *Doue*,
 Grac'd with a *Phœnix* loue:
 A beauty of that cleare and sparkling Light,
 Would make a Day of Night,
 And turne the blackest sorrowes to bright ioyes:
 Whose Od'rous breath destroyes
 All taste of Bitternesse, and makes the Ayre
 As sweete as she is faire:
 A Bodie so harmoniously composde,
 As if *Nature* disclosde
 All her best *Symmetrie* in that one *Feature*:
 O, so diuine a Creature
 Who could be false too? chiefly when he knowes
 How onely she bestowes
 The wealthy treasure of her Loue in him;
 Making his Fortunes swim
 In the full floud of her admir'd perfection?
 What sauage, brute Affection,
 Would not be fearefull to offend a *Dame*
 Of this excelling frame?
 Much more a noble and right generous *Mind*,

B b

(To vertuous moodes enclin'd)
 That knowes the weight of *Guilt*: He will refraine
 From thoughts of such a straine:
 And to his *Sence* obiect this Sentence euer,
 " *Man may securely sinne, but safely neuer.*

Ben Iohnson.

The Phoenix Analysde.

Now, after all, let no man
 Receiue it for a *Fable*,
 If a *Bird* so amiable,
 Do turne into a Woman.

Or (by our *Turtles* Augure)
 That *Natures* fairest Creature,
 Proue of his *Mistris* Feature,
 But a bare *Type* and *Figure*.

Ode 'ενθουσιαστικῆ.

S*plendor!* O more then mortall,
 For other formes come short all
 Of her illustrate brightnesse,
 As farre as Sinne's from lightnesse.

Her wit as quicke, and sprightfull
 As fire; and more delightfull
 Then the stolne sports of *Louers*,
 When night their meeting couers.

Judgement

Judgement (adornd with Learning)
 Doth shine in her discerning,
 Cleare as a naked vestall
 Clofde in an orbe of Christall.

Her breath for sweete exceeding
 The *Phœnix* place of breeding,
 But mixt with sound, transcending
 All *Nature* of commending.

Alas : then whither wade I,
 In thought to praise this *Ladie*,
 When seeking her renowning,
 My selfe am so neare drowning ?

Retire, and say ; Her *Graces*
 Are deeper then their *Faces* :
 Yet shee's nor nice to shew them,
 Nor takes she pride to know them.

Ben : Iohnson.

FINIS.



[In consequence of Dr. Grosart having top-paged his NOTES from the foot-pagings of his TEXT, the top-numbers 189—196 are wanting. The NOTES begin with 197.]

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

*** *The References are to the Pagination at the bottom, not at the top.*

Title-page (1601), p. 1. On this see our Introduction. Therein the significance of these words, "Loves Martyr"—"Rosalins Complaint"—"truth of Loue"—"the constant Fate of the Phoenix and Turtle"—"enterlaced with much varietie and raritie"—"now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Caeliano"—"some new compositions, of seuerall moderne Writers"—"whose names are subscribed to their seuerall workes, vpon the first subject: viz. the Phoenix and Turtle," &c., are elucidated. The Latin motto is from Martial, Epigr. i, lxvi, 9.

„ (1611), p. 7. On this, similarly see as above. "Annals" is a misprint of the original for "Annals."

Epistle-dedicatory, pp. 3, 4. SIR JOHN SALISBURY. See Introduction for full notices of this specially "honored Knight." Page 3, l. 8, "*Pofse & nolle, nobile*"—see our Introduction on this motto; l. 14, "*ripe iudging*" = ripe-judging; ll. 16-17, "*his owne child to be faireft although an Ethiopian*"—a proverbial saying found in all languages; cf. Love's L. L., iv, 3, "Ethiops . . . their sweet complexion"; l. 18, "*infant wit*" = first literary production—answering to the title-page "*the first Effay of a new British Poet.*" Page 4, ll. 6-7, "*To the World,*" &c. = this shews that "Imprinted for E. B." does not mean a privately-printed book, but one 'published' for 'learned' and 'vulgar,' if so they were minded to buy.

The Authors request to the Phanix, p. 5. For abundant proofs that by the 'Phoenix' was meant Queen Elizabeth, and by the 'Turtle-doue' the Earl of Essex—see our Introduction; also the same for the further confirmation herein of Shakespere's having favoured Essex. Note—this is the 'Author's request,' not a translation. Line 1, "*beauteous Bird of any*" = the most "beauteous" of "any" one, and of all birds; l. 9, "*passing*" = surpassing; l. 12, "*Endeuoured haue to please in praifing thee*"—noticeable and noticed in our Introduction.

To the kind Reader, p. 6, l. 1, "*the sacke of Troy*" = Homer; l. 2, "*Pryams murdred Sonnes*" = Homer; *ib.*, "*nor Didoes fall*" = Virgil; ll. 4-5, "*Of Cæsars Victories,*" &c., &c. = Shakespere—"Julius Cesar" is now generally attributed to 1599-1601; l. 8, "*untun'd stringed*" = untuned-stringed. The motto 'Mea mecum Porto,' are found in Emblem books under a tortoise.

- Page 9, *Heading*, l. 2, "*Metaphorically applied to Dame Nature*"— See page 232 on this; l. 4, "*high Star-chamber*" = in the starry sphere—a sphere above the mundane; l. 6, "*heavie burdend*" = heavy-burdened; st. 2, l. 5, "*Lordlike cowardice*"— on this allusion, see Introduction; l. 6, "*fond*" = foolish; *ib.*, "*nice*" = precise, scrupulous, as in Shakespeare, *frequenter*; st. 4, l. 1, "*Imperator*" = supreme ruler, emperor (so Love's *L. L.*, iii, l. 187)—one of Jupiter's titles was "Imperator," and "firie chair" is used because he was the prince of light and thunder: cf. p. 16, st. 1, and p. 15, st. 3; l. 4 (p. 10), "*firie chair*" = throne.
- „ 10, st. 1, l. 2, "*none-like*," cf. l. 5, "*noue such*." Hence not = nun-like, albeit there may possibly have been intended, after the manner of the times and Shakespeare, a quibbling pun and the secondary meaning of 'nun-like' hinted at; l. 4, "*milke-white Dove*"— not = the "turtle-dove," but = the Phœnix; st. 2, l. 1, "*heauenly map*" = a representation in miniature of the heavens; l. 5, "*locks of purest gold*." The 'lock' of Elizabeth's hair preserved at Wilton (within lines by Sir Philip Sidney), remains to attest that her's was of sunbeam-gold, and 'red' only as 'gold' was called "red monie" in ancient ballad and story; st. 4, l. 2, "*censure*" = judge; l. 5, "*find*" = found [wherewithal] to cure the wound? "*Tablet*" = table-book— which were often made of ivory.
- „ 11, st. 1, l. 2, "*Two Carbuncles*"— from the brilliance, not certainly from the 'red' colour of this gem. "Shineth as Fire . . . whose shining is not overcome by night . . . and it seemeth as it were a flame" (Batman upon B. B., xvi, c. 26; cf. p. 16, st. 4, l. 5). l. 3, "*soveraignize*" = rule as a sovereign; l. 5, "*Sonne*" = sun. Spenser, without *metri gratia*, thus spells the word. See *Shepherd's Calendar*, *frequenter*, and throughout. St. 2, l. 6, "*heauenly Front*"—hyperbolic and explained by l. 5 as the "front of Heaven," the sky. So Shakespeare, "the front of heaven was full of fiery shapes," *Henry IV*, act i, sc. 1, l. 14, *et alibi*; st. 3, l. 5, "*Emue*"—it would seem that 'crystal' was supposed to prevent or "over-come"—envy; st. 4, ll. 1-2. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, ll. 451-2.
- "Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield."
- ll 5-6— universally said of Elizabeth; and st. 1, p. 12, and indeed throughout the portraiture. See Introduction. ll. 5-6 (p. 12), ought to have been put back as in the other stanzas. This has been inadvertently neglected in two or three instances; but is here noted once for all.
- „ 12, st. 2, l. 2, "*powers*" = disyllabic form of "pours"; l. 4, "*raticie*,"

sic; but doubtless a misprint for 'rarietie'=rarity, *metri causa*; st. 3, l. 5, "*loue-babies*"=reflections of himself in her eyes; *ibid.*, "*wanton eyes*." See st. 2, l. 2, "perfect chastitie" and l. 6 of the present stanza, "*doth chastisize*"=make chaste, with a play perhaps on 'chastize' in its ordinary sense. Hence 'wanton' is used here much as Shakespeare speaks of "wanton boys," *i.e.*, pleasure-loving or gamesome or fondling. See SCHMIDT, *s.v.* So in Spenser, &c., &c. St. 4, ll. 1-2—mingling of ancient and (apparently) modern fable; l. 4, "*glories*" = glories'.

- Page 13, st. 1, ll. 1-2, "*men may reade His*"—men = each man of all men; l. 2, evidently the comma after 'woe' is a misprint for a period(.) Note — all these celebrations from "Head" to "Bellie" and onward (p. 6 to "Feete"), shew that a person and a female was intended by the "Phoenix." The "Arabian Phoenix," or bird so-called, is distinguished from the other (st. 3, ll. 3-4); st. 2, l. 1, see our Introduction for an incident in Elizabeth's life illustrative of this; st. 4, "*ye*"—this is misprinted in the original "*yea*," and perhaps ought to have been so left and noted here. See Postscript to our Introduction for other similar errors, and also certain 'slips' of our own (of no great moment). St. 5, l. 2, "*Gehon*" = Gihon, *Genesis* ii, 13; l. 3, "*prize*" = prized with such honour.
- 14, st. 2, ll. 5-6. Punctuate (*meo iudicio*) "*why, . . . she . . . Angell*"; st. 3, l. 4, "*sweet writ*" = sweet-writ; l. 6, "*corporate Soule*" = soul existing in her conjoint body; st. 4 = the "Marigold" that has at night, *i.e.*, after the setting and so absence of the sun, closed the glory of her eye, now at her approach unfolds again as she would at the sun's approach; l. 5, "*Phoenix*" = Phoenix; l. 6, "*yeeld*" = yield obeisance, as acknowledging their inferiority.
- 15, st. 1, l. 2, "*Arras cloth*" = a rich kind of tapestry, and so named because the best was made at Arras the capital of Artois; l. 3, "*Satires*" = Satyrs; st. 2, l. 1, "*This Phanix I do feare me will decay*," &c. Elizabeth in 1601, when *Love's Martyr* was published, was well nigh the close of her long life and reign; and making as long an interval as one can well suppose between the composition and publication of the poem, she must have been long past possible maternity before these words could have been written. In the Epistle-dedicatory the Author speaks of his "*long expected labour*"; but the "*long*" could scarcely cover more than comparatively a few years. Every one knows, however, that strong-brained as was the great Queen, she sniffed to the last gratefully and graciously whatever incense of flattery of her person courtiers and poets chose to offer her.

See our Introduction for more on this; st. 4, "*wight*"=white—to agree with its rhyme "outright" (l. 4); l. 5, "*strucke*"=[was] strucke; l. 6, "*Doue*"—again as in page 10, st. 1, l. 4, not the "turtle doue" but = the Phoenix still; l. 5 (p. 16), "*vastie*"=vast, limitless. So in Shakespeare, *frequenter*.

Page 16, st. 1, l. 1, "*temeritie*"—used as from timor = timorily, fear; st. 2, l. 3, "*extallation*"=extollation; l. 4, either "deuine-maiesticall" or comma after "deuine"; l. 5, "*painted picture there*"=portrait of Elizabeth as was her wont in all the splendor of "rich wrought . . . gold" and jewels; st. 4, l. 5, "*Eyes wanting fire*"=wanting the fire of living eyes. Or does he mean that they flamed or gleamed, but wanted the anger or rage of fire like the carbuncle, as before?

„ 17, st. 1, ll. 5-6. In plain prose, get Elizabeth to marry—see next stanza, ll. 5-6; st. 2, l. 2, "*plaine*"=made smooth. So Dr. Henry More (*Chertsey Worthies*' Library edition of his complete Poems, p. 15):

“Such as this Phyllis would, whenas she *plains*
Their Sunday-cloths, and the washt white with azure stains.”
(*Psychozoia*, st. 21.)

l. 3, "*painted shape*"=portrait, as before; st. 3, l. 3, "*ill working*"=ill-working; l. 4, "*white Brytania*"—so that the 'Phoenix,' beside which that of Arabia was but "fruitlesse ayre," was within the "white cliffs" of Britain. Be it noted specially—for the punctuation is bad—that while it is "leauē" (l. 2) and "leauē" (l. 3) as = let alone, seek not there, in l. 4, it is "leauē *me*"=leave to me, in my keeping, or qu., Do you leave? So that neither in Arabia (named as the seat of the mythical 'phoenix') nor in "white Brytania"=England, was there a fitting 'mate' (husband) for the Phoenix. Cf. st. 3, ll. 5-6; st. 4, ll. 1-2, "*There is a country, &c. . . Paphos Ile.*" See our Introduction on this very noticeable *bit*; meanwhile, I here record, that by "Paphos Ile," I understand Ireland, whither Essex—as we all know—proceeded. The description that follows is idealized in correspondence with the lovelimagination name given to it of "Paphos Ile," a name than which none could have been more happily chosen, being that of the supreme seat of the worship of Venus (*i.e.*, in such a love-story as this of *Love's Martyr*). l. 5, "*Cyparissus groue*"=Cyparissus—the 'grove' of Phocis, not far from Delphi; l. 6, "*a second Phœnix loue*"=Phoenix' love; st. 5, l. 1, "*champion*"=champaign.

„ 18, st. 1, l. 1, "*bigge-arm'd*"=big-arm'd; st. 2, l. 5, "*lie*"=lay; l. 6, "*round*"=dance; st. 3, l. 3, "*delight some*"—clearly mis-

- print for 'delightsome'; st. 4, l. 4, "*shelues*" = banks; ll. 5-6 = but the country Gallants with Ulysses cares.
- Page 19, st. 1, ll. 1-2 and 4, "*hissing Adders sting, May not come neere this holy plot of ground*" and, "*Nor poison-spitting Serpent may be found.*" How could Ireland have been more deftly indicated than by the two-fold characteristics of (1) The banishing of all serpents (by St. Patrick), (2) Its proud title of "the Isle of Saints"? st. 2, l. 4, "*Lycorice*" = a plant of the genus *Glycyrrhiza*; *ib.*, "*sweet Arabian spice*" = cinnamon; sts. 3-4, with equal deftness are the Irish residence, and the personal characteristics, and personal appearance, and the services of Essex herein set forth. Who, of all her subjects, could have taken this name of "*Liberall honor*" save Essex? See our Introduction for quotations from Churchyard, Peele, and others, wherein he is exactly thus spoken of. St. 5, l. 3, "*president*" = precedent, exemplar; l. 4 (p. 20), "*his gentle humour spited*"—very noticeable in relation to Essex; ll. 5-6—a word-photograph of Essex.
- „ 20 st. 1, l. 4, "*high hill*" = royal crag-enthroned Windsor; st. 2, l. 2, "*Confure*" = judgment; st. 2, l. 6, "*Ioue ioyne these fires,*" &c. = marry Elizabeth and Essex.
- „ 20, *An Introduction to the Prayer*, st. 1, l. 2, "*Thou elementall fauourer of the Night*"—Is the reference to God's manifestation of Himself, *e.g.*, on Sinai, and within the temple in "clouds and darkness"? Cf. *Deuteronomy*, iv, 11; 2 *Samuel*, xxii, 12; *Psalm*, xcvii, 2; and 1 *Kings*, viii, 10-12; *Leviticus*, xvi, 2; and cognate passages. St. 2 (p. 21), l. 6, "*Turtle-doue*" = Essex—as hereafter will appear.
- „ 21, *A Prayer made, &c.* See Introduction on this "*siluer coloured Doue*" (not the "Turtle-doue"), and the force of "*applyed*"; st. 1, l. 4, "*fad*" = serious or solemn: or qu. intentive?
- „ 22, st. 2, l. 1, "*her*"—shewing it is not the 'Turtle-doue' (described as "he" onward); l. 4, the comma after "*baite*" certainly ought to have been a period (.); st. 4, l. 1, "*leadst*" = ledst, *i.e.*, past tense; *ib.*, "*red coloured waues*" = red-coloured. The 'Red Sea' is meant—see *Exodus*, xiv, and parallel passages. I remember seeing the 'Red Sea,' off the Desert of Sinai, red as blood, not merely under the purple splendor of the marvellous sunset—a hue common to all sunsets—but from myriad infusoria so far as I could make out. So that "red-coloured waues" is not a mere fancy, much less a blunder—such as Wordsworth's when he speaks of Baalbec rising from bare sands, whereas its site is a glorious fertile plain. l. 5 (p. 23) "*what*"—qu. misprint for 'that' or 'which'?
- „ 23, st. 1, ll. 6-7 = do not let her [Elizabeth] remain a "*Virgin Queen*"

—let her marry—she the “siluer coloured doue” to him the “turtle-doue.”

- Page 23, *To those of light beleefe*, st. 1, l. 6, “*abandoning deceit*”=fiction has hitherto been mingled with fact, *e.g.*, in the hyperbolical and so ‘deceptive’ description of Ireland as “Paphos Ile”; st. 3, l. 1, “*gentle Reader*”—another note of publication.
- „ 24, *A meeting Dialogue-wise betweene Nature, &c.*, st. 1, l. 6, “*thy breasts beauteous Eie*”=spots eye-like, as of the peacock, pheasant, and (of course) the mythical ‘phoenix’; st. 2, l. 4, “*neuer with*”=never [be] with; st. 3, l. 4, “*relenting*”=sorrowful or sorrowing. Here is touched the popular and indestructible belief that the only genuine love-passion Elizabeth ever had was for Essex. More anon. L. 6 (p. 25), “*for vertue*”=on account of thy, or in admission of thy virtue, &c., sing; l. 7, “*reuerend*”=reuerenced.
- „ 25, st. 1, l. 7, “*I do bayte my hooke*”—a throb of penitent confession of her laying ‘baits’ for Essex, drawing him on and ‘hooking’ him, winning his burning love and devotion, yet playing him false; st. 2, l. 5, “*sullen Mirth*”—the very type of Elizabeth’s moody mirth and sadness, bursts of scorn and passion and aching melancholy; st. 3, l. 1, “*vading*.” I may refer here to a note in my edition of Southwell, *s.v.*, for the distinction between ‘vading’ and ‘fading.’ l. 5, “*Sunne-bred*”—speaking as the ‘Phoenix’; *ibid.*, “*exhall*”=exhale; ll. 6–7 —“*Enuie*” is the uttermost word that the Poet dared use. He makes the Queen hint at the contest between the Queen and the woman, the passionate love and the self-restraint thought to be due to herself. She fain “would loue” and follow it up with marriage; but what, marry a subject? “There was the rub.” Other considerations were also blended, *e.g.*, I fear what my subjects may say to my marrying a subject and what their ‘envy’ may attempt on him. We must remember that the nobles were far more powerful and jealous of one another than in our day, and even Elizabeth might well fear displeasing them by such a step. See st. 4, l. 5, beginning at p. 26, and p. 26, st. 1, ll. 3–6; also p. 27, st. 1, and p. 28, st. 2 and 3. See too “*Enuie*” is changed to “*Malice*” (p. 26) ll. 6–7; st. 4, l. 1, “*Tablitorie*”=the old tablet (*metri gratia*, as “*glorie*” is the rhyming word) given by Minsheu as a necklet, necklace or brooch: “*Monile quod gestantem virtutis admoneat, nam primum ob aliquod egregium factum clari solebat.*” One can’t vouch for the accuracy of this Latin explanation; but it shews the prevalent idea, and it agrees with the use of “*tablitorie*” in the text—a *tablerium* is called mappula, mantle.

- Page 26, st. 1, l. 4, "*fond suspitions cage*"—here and elsewhere there is a glance back on the early perilous years of Elizabeth under her sister Mary; l. 7, "*thy*"—*sic*, but somewhat obscure; st. 2, l. 7, "*And waste*"=while I waste; st. 3, l. 6, "*yong, freste, greene*"—no doubt with application to the 'Phoenix,' but underlying this a reference, as already noted, to Elizabeth's beautiful youthhood, when beyond all question she was a magnificent creature; *ibid.*, "*pass*"=pass away, die; l. 7, "*steeld glasse*"=mirror of steel. Note—There is intentional anachronism in order to give scope for just 'praise' of Elizabeth; nor are these touches on her 'yong' maiden days the least precious *bits* for us to-day; st. 4, l. 1, "*Continent*"=container is that which contains anything. So *frequenter* in Shakespeare and contemporaries, and later.
- „ 27, st. 1, l. 5, "*totterd*"=tattered—as in Shakespeare and contemporaries; *ibid.*, "*ragd*"=ragged; st. 2, l. 7, "*the performance bears the greater sway*"=deed better than words, action than threats.
- „ 28, st. 1, l. 3, "*Toades themselves did wound*"—*i.e.*, did wound one another—so letting out by their 'wounds' their unfragrant poison (mythical); l. 4, "*poysoned*," *i.e.*, infected with poison, being a poison-natured thing = poisonous; l. 5, "*sent*"=scent; st. 2, l. 3, "*As he hath had in his dayes secret prying*"—hints at 'secret' influences against Elizabeth in the days of Mary; l. 4, "*calmie*" = calming or qu.—tranquil? l. 7, "*Amarous*"—*sic*=amorous; st. 3, l. 1, "*Villanie*"=Envie—as previously described; l. 4, "*true harted*" = true-hearted; ll. 6-7—another genuine cry out of the woman's heart—let the title of the poem be remembered of *Love's Martyr*, &c. Let it also be remembered, that so early as Peele's "*Eglogæ Gratulatoriæ*. Entitled: To the right honourable, and renowned Shepheard of Albions Arcadia: Robert Earle of Essex and Ewe, for his welcome into England from Portugall" (1589), the burden is "*Envy doth aye true honours deeds despise.*" See our Introduction.
- „ 29, st. 1, l. 4, "*coyle*"=tumult. Cf. *Tempest*, act. i, sc. 2. St. 2, l. 2, "*his Throne*," *i.e.*, of Essex, who really held the 'Throne' of Elizabeth's heart—the 'his' here is subtle and fine; l. 5, "*ore charge*" = o'er charge; st. 3, l. 1, "*peeuish*" = petulant, fretful; l. 7, "*I*"=Aye; st. 4,—query, should the punctuation be 'Light.' 'deplore;'
- „ 30, st. 1, l. 7, "*Balsamum*" = balsam. *Comedy of Errors*, act iv, sc. 1. st. 2, l. 2, "*Anker-hold*" and l. 6, "*plot of Ground*" = the soil that holds your anchor, or fastners of the flukes on the ground; st. 3, l. 3, "*the Rocke my ship did seeke to shiver*" = seeke to shiver my Ship; l. 7, "*dissembling Loue*"—another sting of

conscience—she dissembled the love that was really in her heart; st. 4, l. 5, "*peruse*" = survey or run over with an observant eye; l. 6, "*where*" = which?

- Page 31, st. 1, l. 3, "*Mace*" = sceptre, as before; l. 7, "*Paphos Ile*" = the island of Venus (Love) as before; st. 2-3—a passionate description of Elizabeth's 'suspect' and dangerous early years; st. 3, l. 2, "*shadow*" = over-shadow, eclipse; st. 4, l. 2, "*In youth,*" &c.—peculiarly true of Elizabeth—"tyred" seems a misprint for 'tryed'; l. 7, "*feathered head*" = adorned with feathers as young high-stationed maidens were, but of course here as being to the 'Phoenix'; *ib.*, "*a crowne*"—explicit enough surely as to the "Phoenix" being Elizabeth, albeit this 'crown' (in 1601) is a heavenly crown, or perchance of marriage. See l. 3, *et seq.* of the stanza.
- „ 32, st. 1. The real heart-thoughts of the Queen are here expressed. Be it thoughtfully marked, that this "Ile of Paphos" (l. 3) "this rich Ile" had held the 'Turtle' and that the 'Turtle' is a male—"his nest" (l. 7) and so Nature conducts them thither, *i.e.*, to Ireland—as before; st. 2, l. 5, "*vnderstand*" = learn of his whereabouts; st. 3, l. 3, "*fond*" = foolish; l. 4, "*vaste Cell,*" *i.e.*, however "vaste," a palace itself becomes a prison-cell where Suspicion and Envy are the keepers—as in Elizabeth's case.
- „ 33, st. 1, l. 5, "*vnfret*" = musical term with reference to *frets* or cross bars; l. 7, "*Honor that Isle that is my sure defence*"—here the Queen speaks rather than the 'Phoenix,' and thus throughout the mask (not unintentionally) slips aside and shews not 'bird' (however lustrous and wonderful), but the august face of Elizabeth herself; st. 2, l. 3, "*high states*" = people of state; l. 6, "*Pyramides*"—a quadrisyllable as *frequenter* contemporaneously, being long of naturalizing; l. 7, "*Strond*" = strand, shore; st. 3, l. 2, "*Greene Springing*" = Green-springing; l. 4, "*Faire running*" = Faire-running; l. 5, "*Sweet flowers Dew*" [= dew] distils—example of verb singular after nom. plural (perhaps through the interposition of 'that') and so the previous line; *ib.*, "*balmey Dew*"—on Hermon I found the abundant dew thus fragrant. The southern-wood and thyme and other richly-scented under-growths, being literally steeped in the dew, so filled the air with perfume as to 'nip' (so-to-say) one's eyes. I have found the same in Greece, and indeed in many places. l. 6, "*Great peopled*" = Great-peopled; st. 4, l. 3, "*intreate*" = treat, elongated, *i.e.*, speak of; l. 4, "*Their Founder*" = [And of] their Founder; l. 6, "*Warres wald*"—this must be intended for 'walled,' albeit the meaning is not

exactly clear. Query—each of the ‘cities’ being ‘walled’ was a ‘Defender’ in time of ‘Warres.’ The singular ‘Defender’ answers to the singular ‘Founder’ where we might have expected the plural. It cannot well have been a misprint for ‘wild,’ *i.e.*, wild warres Defender, “wa” coming in through the “wa” of “warres”; l. 7, “*Not battred yet with Times controlling Mace,*” *i.e.*, the ‘walls’ of the cities celebrated, which, though no longer in their original strength, were still to be seen in part, as is still the case.

- Page 34, Margin—“*Northumbers*”=Northumberland; l. 3, “*this large Ile of sweete Britania*”—be it noted once more that the ‘Phoenix’ as = Elizabeth is naturally observant of the ‘cities’ of her own “Large Ile.” There is no meaning in the full enumeration and description of these cities except as they were under the sovereignty of Elizabeth. It is not deemed expedient to annotate here the numerous persons and places celebrated. The historical and county authorities are readily accessible, and thither the student-reader is referred; st. 2, l. 3, “*well planted*” = well-planted; l. 4, “*Called in this age the newly-build:d Minster, Still kept in notable reparation*”—Stowe, in his *Chronicles*, tells us of the ‘reparation’ of Winchester Cathedral in Elizabeth’s reign, *s.v.*; l. 6, “*famous builded*” = famous-built; st. 3, l. 5, “*Neotus direction*” = Neotus; st. 4, “*new got*” = new-got.
- „ 35, st. 1, ll. 3-4, “*the whole Romish Legion to sing. And to record,*” &c. —“*sing*” points apparently to ballads of his exploits, albeit there is the objection that it was his defeated enemies whom he made to sing. But our poet is not skilful and o’ times oblivious. Line 4 can scarcely be otherwise explained. Does this use of ‘sing’ reveal the age of our present expression or of an equivalent to it, of ‘singing small,’ as evidence of defeat. There is also “singing in a lower key,” and the like. St. 4, l. 5, “*His*” = its; *ib.*, “*Leyls*” = Leil of st. 3, l. 2. But all this semi-fabulous or wholly fabulous chronicle calleth for no ‘pains’ of elucidation; l. 7, “*large Brytania*” = “*large Ile,*” p. 34, st. 1, l. 3. So also p. 36, st. 3, l. 3, “*large Britanicus*” —doubtless an early phrase for “Great Britain”—for he evidently supposed that Scotland was, at that time, a tributary of England, and the last name he avoids. See p. 36, st. 3, l. 3. His use of the word (Scottish) “sect” agrees; for a “sect” is a part cut off. But “sect” in text is applied to the people, not to the country.
- „ 35, st. 4, ll. 6-7 = the city doth only remain under the newer name of Edingburgh, *i.e.*, Edinburgh.
- „ 37, st. 1, l. 4, “*stay’d*” = out stay’d; st. 2, On this significant stanza, see

our Introduction; st. 3, l. 2, "*the Princes*" = James VI; l. 3, "*graces*"—singular verb, instead of the previous plural one, "*beautifie,*" *metri causa*; l. 4, "*Emperizing.*" This type of verb is frequent contemporaneously. The meaning is—imperial towers so magnificent as to be worthy of an emperor, or such as will, of themselves, imperialize either the statues adorning it, or the persons inhabiting. l. 5, "*Times controlling houres,*" cf. p. 33, st. 4, l. 7, "*Times controlling Mace*"—"Controlling seems a favorite word. See again here, st. 4, l. 4, "*controlling neighbours.*"

- Page 38, st. 1, l. 1, "*Pagon*"—*metri causa, i.e.,* "yron" in l. 3; st. 2, l. 5, "*after time*" = after-time; l. 6, "*deare begotten*" = deare-begotten. What an odd jumble of mythology and history we have here! St. 3, l. 2, "*this worlds great wonder*" = the great wonder of this world; l. 6, "*Regiment*" = government; st. 4, l. 5, "*lightned*" = gave light to; l. 7, "*That to her weake Sexe yeelded Hector's name*"—*qu.* = that the stronger sex had to yield or vail Hectors name to hers?
- „ 39, st. 2, l. 2, "*bountie*"—deriving it from *bonitas*, one sense of which is goodness or honesty; l. 3, "*vncomprehensible*" = [The character of her deed] not to be duly estimated. The word is used as justification of her act in killing a 'guest.' l. 7, "*Sifar*" = Sisera; st. 3, l. 1, a comma after Hebrew would have shewn 'worthie' to be an adjective here.
- „ 40, st. 1, l. 4, "*indubitate*"—we should say 'indubitable,' *i.e.,* not to be questioned; l. 7, "*vsurped*" = usurping—the common interchange of such words is explained by considering that the *ed* form is not passive, and that as a past or perfect it gives the idea of continuance in, or being in the state of usurpation; l. 8, "*condescend*" = submit; l. 9, "*re obtain'd*" = re-obtained; st. 2, l. 2, "*Queene,*" &c.—one wonders how this was scanned by the author; l. 5, "*forfaken*" = God-forsaken; st. 3, l. 1—punctuate "*Naples, true-borne*"; st. 4, l. 2, "*Progenie*" = birth (by descent) or pedigree—similarly used in *1 Henry VI*, iii, 3, l. 61; *Coriol*, i, 8, l. 12—not offspring as now; l. 5, "*Which Truth can never burne,*" &c.—Truth is not here the burner or person who would burn their fames, but a truth which can never burn, &c.; l. 7 (p. 41) "*memorie*" = memorial.
- „ 41, st. 2, l. 7, "*States*" = people of state; "*brooke*" = bear but *rithmi gratia.*
- Here followeth the Birth, Life, &c.*
- „ 43, l. 3, "*no such mā cuer to be liuing*" = to have lived; l. 6, "*more beholding to the French, the Romane, the Scot, the Italian,*" &c. See our Introduction on this and other books, &c., referred to. l. 8, "*who*"—refers not to countrymen, but to the previous

substantives; l. 13, "*Gallie*" = Gallie; l. 19, "*renowned*" = renowned. Nearer its French source *renommé* than our spelling. l. 25, "*turned from French prose into English meeter*" — see our Introduction, as before; st., l. 4, "*Memorie*" = memorials, as before.

- Page 44, *The strange Birth, &c.*, st. 1, l. 5, "*high minded*" = high-minded; st. 2, l. 2, "*wittie*" = wise; l. 4, "*allies*" — not as now used, but = the verb "ally," *i.e.*, the feudatory princes of next stanza; st. 3, l. 2, "*hot bred*" = hot-bred; st. 4, l. 1, "*passing*" = surpassing; l. 3, "*supprize*" = suppress, *causa metri*; l. 5 (p. 45), "*vnequall*" = unequalled — probably a printer's error.
- „ 45, st. 2, l. 2, "*fond*" = foolish; l. 3, "*not penetrable*" = not [being] able to penetrate; l. 4, "*could not insfist*" — licentiously for could not keep [it] in, &c., *i.e.*, how it sped with her; st. 3, l. 2, "*darke duskie mantle*" — so the analogous phrase in Shakespeare "Night's black mantle," not only in *Romeo and Juliet*, but also in 3 *Henry VI*, act iv, sc. 2; l. 4, "*inuade*" = cause to invade or make invade any one; ll. 5-6 — the inverted commas may or may not indicate a quotation; for the practice was loose. They seem to have been used to direct attention to what the writer would hold as a noticeable saying or golden sentence, much as we use *italics*.
- „ 46, st. 1, l. 1, punctuate comma after "*Muficke*," certainly; l. 2, "*found*" = sounding, *i.e.*, striking or touching; l. 5, "*immelodious*" — better than our unmelodious; st. 2, l. 4, "*blacke gloom'd*" = black-gloom'd; st. 5, l. 2, "*secret folly*" = done in secret; but it was the king's folly, not her's; besides, she had told her husband. See p. 45, st. 2, l. 5, "*Bet straight*," &c.
- „ 47, st. 1, l. 3, "*vitales*" = victuals; st. 2, l. 2, "*out*" = giving egress; st. 4, l. 4, "*his warres loud Alarums ouercame*," &c. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, l. 700; *Taming of a Shrew*, i, 1. No doubt a phrase of the day, an 'alarum' being, from its nature, peculiarly loud.
- „ 48, st. 1, l. 2, "*diseafe*" = uneasiness, trouble; st. 2, l. 4, "*Moderator*" = mediator? In Presbyterian Church-order, the president or chairman, ruler or guider of the Session of a Congregation, of a Presbytery, of a Synod, of a General Assembly, is still called the 'Moderator'; see "Synod" at p. 9, st. 1, l. 3. It was also used in same way in English Universities later. Cf. Cleveland's *Vindiciae*, 1677, p. 214. l. 5, "*vnscene*" = experience, such as never in other has been 'seen'; st. 3, l. 3, "*thwarted*" = crossed — an odd adaptive use of the word; l. 5, "*baseneffe*" = lowliness, humility; l. 5, "*Alas*" = interjection merely, not meaning as now, something to be lamented; st. 5, l. 1, "*hest*" = behest.

- Page 49, st. 1, l. 2, "*amaine*" = suddenly or forcefully; st. 2, l. 2, "*uncomprended*" = uncomprehended; l. 3, "*embracements met*" = [he] met.
- 50, st. 1, l. 4, punctuate rather "intent." (period); l. 5, "done." (period); for "That . . . done" is the king's reply; st. 2, l. 6, "*posseſſe her Huſbands ſweetneſſe*," i. e., the 'sweetness' she gives to her husband—as frequently in Shakespeare; st. 3, l. 5, "*difeaſed*" = uneasy, troubled, as before; st. 4, l. 4, period, not comma, after 'ieft'; but in our author the comma serves for every other punctuation-mark; l. 6, "*sweet'ſt got*" = sweet'st-got.
- 51, st. 1, l. 1—rather subtil lust-directed; l. 2, "*new found*" = new-found; l. 6, "*Caister*" [= Caſtler] *Swannes*. Cf. p. 43, l. 7 [Greekes]; l. 6, verb singular to plural nominative again; st. 2, l. 5, "*vnrecalled time*" = time past, time already spent, i. e., as other—ed forms—time that is in a state not to be recalled; st. 3, l. 4, "*croakt*" = croaked—it may have been accidental, but "croakt" is the more imitative word; st. 4, l. 1, "*lawne-like Hand*" = white as 'lawne'—taken with next line, it seems like a poor remembrance of *Venus and Adonis*, l. 590, and *Lucrece*, ll. 258–9; l. 2, "*diſſembling Huſband*" = passing himself off as her husband; cf. p. 30, st. 3, l. 7, for the word. = [She] Being, &c.
- 52, st. 1, l. 1, "*late betrayed*" = late-betrayed; l. 4, "*amaine*"—from Saxon *a* and *meegn* = to do a thing forcibly or with one main object, and therefore also quickly, suddenly. Here it means much or plentifully. St. 2, l. 2 = the injuries done to her life 'unspotted' hitherto in intent. Cf. p. 53, st. 1, l. 4. St. 3, l. 3, "*where*" = whereas, since; st. 4, l. 2, "*luſtie ſtomacke youthfull*" = lustie-stomacke youthfull.
- 53, st. 1, l. 3 = to anfwer [as to] . . . st. 2, l. 6, "*late did bleſſe*" = late in the day; st. 3, l. 4, "*well-diſpoſed*" = well-disposed; st. 4, l. 2, "*paſſing true*" = surpassing true; or it may be "passing-true" in the sense of Goldsmith's humble Vicar, "passing rich on forty pounds a year."
- 54, st. 2, l. 1—punctuate comma after "child," and also after "Pofterne" (l. 5); st. 3, l. 2, "*rich bearing Burthen*" = rich, bearing-Burthen.
- 55, st. 4, l. 2—punctuate comma after "Saxons."
- 56, st. 4, l. 1, "*Regiment*" = government, rule, as before. Every one remembers John Knox's "Monstrous Regiment of Women": st. 4, somewhat jumbled.
- 57, *The Coronation of King Arthur*, &c., st. 1, l. 3, "*high ſtates*" = people of high state, as before: st. 3, l. 4, "*him*" = himself, as frequently at that time; l. 6 (p. 58) "*dignified*" = crowned.
- 58, st. 1, l. 5, "*Being the Metropolitanall in nobilitie*"—hexameter?; st. 2,

l. 3—a syllable wanting and apparently before “Kings”—qu. [‘stoute’] “Kings”: st. 3, ll. 4, 5—such that Envy is unable to tear the nobility or trueness of their hearts from their breasts; st. 4, l. 5 (p. 59), “*neare*”=ne’er.

- Page 59, *The Epistle*, &c. Be it noted that we have here and onward blank verse: l. 11, “*or’ proud*”=over-proud.
- „ 60, l. 7, “*Emperie*”=empire, and so p. 61, l. 5, and p. 64, l. 13; l. 8—punctuate comma after “that”; l. 21, “*re demaund*”=redemaund; l. 29, “*arbitrement*”=arbitrament.
- „ 61, *Cador the Duke*, &c. l. 1, “*Renowmed*”=renowned, as before. See p. 43, l. 19: *ibid.* “*Britaine*”=Briton, *i.e.* Arthur: or qu.=Britons, *i.e.* Britaine[s] to rhyme with ‘veines’; l. 6—bad comma after ‘continuall’—perhaps I ought to have in this instance deleted it and noted the fact here: qu.—“long-continuall”=long-continued?; l. 13, “*But buried in obliuious loathsome caue*”—cf. “Envy in her loathsome cave,” 2 *Henry VI*, iii, 2; l. 15, “*pale-fac’d cowardize*”—cf. “pale-faced coward,” *Venus and Adonis*, l. 569.
- „ 62, l. 1, “*our armour from our backs*”—cf. “armour on our back,” 2 *Henry VI*, v, 2; l. 8, “*dull edg’d*”=dull-edged.
- „ 63, l. 6, “*braves*”=bravadoes; l. 13, “*garboiles*”=Garbouille, *Fr.*, tumults: l. 15—“*this*”—put comma after “this”; or qu.—misprint for ‘his’?; l. 2 (from bottom), “*Sometimes*”=aforetimes (*not* ‘aforetime’) it being notorious that there were several subjections of Britain after Julius Cæsar.
- „ 64, l. 8, “*Market place*”=Market-place; l. 12, “*inthoniz’d*”=enthroned. See *Nares*, *s.v.*, for interesting examples; l. 15, “*their*”=the Roman; and so l. 17.
- „ 65, *The Answer*, &c., l. 1, “*experiment*”=experience; l. 4, “*post expedition*”=post-expedition; l. 5, “*voyage*”=journey (not necessarily as now by sea); l. 8, “*Victoria*”=victory; l. 13, “*Which*” [read] . . . with; l. 12, parenthetical; l. 17, “*for to*” and see p. 66, ll. 14, 15, 17; p. 73, st. 3, l. 4; p. 74, st. 2, l. 2, and st. 3, l. 3; p. 76, l. 2; p. 80, st. 3, l. 2; in Spenser, but rarely in Shakespeare; l. 20, “*Not violating*,” &c.—this line is obscure. Its *intention* is to express, probably, that the so doing violates no laws of arms, or is not a course without justification according to the established laws which regulate the employment of arms in defence of one’s rights; but it fails in giving expression to such a thought. The laws of the duello, *i.e.*, the causes which would justify such an appeal, were in that age rigidly laid down. Query—should we read “Not violating *lawe* and hostile *Armes*”? This comes a little nearer to the above-given meaning; l. 30, “*true hearted*”=true-hearted.
- „ 66, l. 9, “*gave the Armes*”—The ‘armes’ that Constantine was supposed

to bear was a representation of the miraculously-appearing cross—a white cross (I think) in an azure field. It is the "Roman empire" Chester refers to; but there may have been a sub-reference, and a Protestant argument that the 'armies' of Rome did not come from St. Peter; the first l'ope according to the Roman Catholic myth. *Angufell King*, &c., l. 2, "ful fraught" = full-fraught, *i.e.*, freighted well or fully.

- Page 67, l. 6, "hautie" = haughty, and cf. p. 68, st. 2, l. 1. "hawtie"; see also p. 74, st. 1, l. 4, "hautie courage"; p. 75, st. 4, l. 2, "hautie mind"; p. 81, st. 4, l. 3, "hautie hearts"; l. 12, "but meet"—a not uncommon form of phrase at the time, and equivalent to our now only colloquial and vulgar "let me only meet you, that's all"; l. 13, "thrist" = thirst—so in Spenser, *Fairie Queen*, ii, vi, 17; *ib.* "sweet revenge." Cf. "sweet as my revenge" (*Coriolanus*, v, 3). So too (*Titus Andronicus*), "O sweet Revenge, now do I come" (v, 2), and "sweet revenge grows harsh" (*Othello*, act v, sc. 2); l. 22, "meacocke" = tame, or cowardly or milk-sop; so *Taming of Shrew* (ii, 1) "a meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew." Cf. *Euphries M*, l. 6; l. 23, "fond" = foolish.
- „ 68, st. 1, l. 3, "Martialist" = soldier. So William Browne—"A brave heroick, worthy martialist" (*Brit. Past.*, i, 5); st. 2, l. 4, "new-decayed" = only lately decaying; st. 3, l. 2, "loud winded" = loud-winded; *ib.* "checke the aire." Cf. st. 4, l. 5, "Cuffing the ayre"; st. 4, l. 4, "well read" = well-read; l. 6, "gaudinesse"—The reference is to the well-appointed and fine and, as it were, holiday-appearance of King Arthur's joyfulness. Cf. p. 79, st. 1, ll. 3-4—there is a sub-reference to 'joyfulness' as an attendant meaning; st. 5, l. 4 (p. 69), "de Or" = of gold or golden.
- „ 69, st. 1, l. 1, "assumpted" = assumed, taken up; l. 5, "Vert" = green (in heraldry); st. 3, l. 2, "bad deseruing" = bad-deserving; l. 4, "full refind" = full-refined; st. 4, l. 3, "vnpure" = impure; l. 6, "by this Signe" = in baptism, *i.e.*, the sign of the cross as used by Roman Catholics and Church of England in baptism.
- „ 70, st. 1, l. 4, "Apostatas" = apostate in its transition-form. It occurs thus in the well-known *Optick Glasse of Humours* (1639), applied to Julian and elsewhere; st. 3, l. 1, punctuate with a comma (,) after 'Charles'; l. 3, "early rising" = early-rising.
- „ 71, st. 3, l. 3, "three Toades"—The nickname for a Frenchman to this day or for a Jerseyite is Johnny Crapaud = Johnny (the) toad. The line is parenthetical; for the only "pourtraiture of commendation by honor" belonging to the English Kings were the 3 fleurs de lis or *lilia*, st. 2, l. 6; st. 4, l. 1, "barbed"—as in *Shakespeare* (*Richard II*, act iii, sc. 3) "barbed steeds to stables," and

(*Richard III*, act i, sc. 1) "mounted *barbed steeds*" = barbed by corruption from *barde* or *barred* = armed; st. 4, ll. 5-6, wrong grammar 'their' and 'conqueror.'

- Page 72, st. 1, l. 3, "*Who*" . . . no antecedent to this "Who"—Who (= Time) with their gilded shews in opposition to those whose armour is strongly made (l. 1)—the combined nominative to "are"; st. 2, l. 1, "*Calis*" = Calais; l. 3, "*regiment*" = rule, government; l. 4, "*conuince*" = conquer—so too p. 85, l. 9; l. 5, "*Roane*" = Rouen; st. 3, l. 5, "*Ifland*" = Iceland—a very mythical conquest of Arthur, if he be meant. Query—is "Ifland" a misprint for "Ireland"? Singularly enough the same question has to be put on the use of the word by Raleigh, e.g., "If my fleet go for Ilande, and that your Lordshipp," &c. The Editor annotates, "So in *MS.*" (Edwards' *Raleigh*, vol. ii, p. 121.)
- „ 73, st. 1, l. 6, "*loft*"—perhaps the Author intended "lose"; st. 2, l. 2—a third example of a parenthetical line; l. 3, "*so inestimable*" = [was] so inestimable—understood from l. 1; st. 4, ll. 2 and 4—Lucius and Tiberius of course the same man; st. 5, l. 1, "*retraite*" = retreat; l. 5, "*Who*" (p. 74)—another example of "Who" with an odd antecedent "Who foraged about" meaning they [the British], but the only expressed antecedent is the "British name" and only becomes "Britains" in next stanza.
- „ 74, st. 2, l. 1, "*Mirmedons*," i.e., myrmidons = Primarily a people on the borders of Thessaly who went with Achilles to the Trojan war. Hence it came to designate unscrupulous followers.
- „ 75, st. 4, l. 2, "*Cousin*," i.e., for relationship generally. He was uncle. Such is royal style still.
- „ 76, st. 1, l. 1, "*Haggard*" = a wild hawk, i.e., a hawk un-mannered or un-reclaimed, *agrius, unmansuetus*; st. 2, l. 4, "*fond*" = foolish; Mordreds smart, i.e., the smart caused by Mordred. The "who" (l. 5) is "Arthur," as shown by next line, though the ill-chosen word "unnatural" (like the "intemperate" of l. 3) seems to make against this; st. 4, l. 6, "*landing*" = a landing (*ib.*)
- „ 77, st. 1, l. 5, "*withstand*" = stand against him with or withstand him with; st. 4, l. 2, "*mappe of Honor.*" Cf. *Richard II*, act v, sc. 1, "Thou map of honor," and so 2 *Henry VI*, act iii, sc. 1. l. 4, "*life Liege*" = life-Liege; st. 5, l. 3, "*scan*"—punctuate with; and, after 'memorie' in next line—'scan' is used, as so often, *rythmi causa*.
- „ 78, st. 1, l. 4, "*ancestrie*"—odd use of the word; l. 6, "*loefe*" = lose; st. 2, l. 2, "*Angusel*" . . . He was king of Scotland and brought 10,000 horse-men to assist Arthur; l. 5, "*was*" = verb singular after nominative plural ('bones' = body); st. 3, l. 6, "*quaild*" = quelled—so spelled to rhyme with 'sail'd.'

- Page 79, st. 2, l. 3, "*proud-gather'd*": st. 3, l. 2, "*fame-achieuing*" = fame-achieving or achieving; l. 4, "*Pridwin*" = Arthur's shield. Drayton has celebrated it (along with his sword) — "With Pridwin his great shield, and what the proof could bear." (*Polyvb.* song iv.) Chester calls it his 'sword' (erroneously.)
- st. 3, l. 5, "*vnfene immortalitie*" — mere "words, words, words," *rythmi causa*; st. 4, l. 3, "*lofed*" = loosed; l. 4, "*amaz'd*" — frequently used contemporaneously for 'amated' or disheartened or disturbed — also in the sense of our own 'maze,' signifying to be in a maze, or as one in a maze — the latter in the text.
- „ 80, st. 1, l. 3, "*deferu's*" — perhaps 'deferu'd' was intended by the Author; st. 2, l. 5, "*gauē*" — again, and like the use of 'funerall' in line before, *rythmi causa*; st. 3, l. 3, "*Bardth*" — *sic*; *ibid.*, "*diuifion*" = Welsh (divided into) verse, or music. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii, sc. 5, "The lark makes sweet division"; l. 5, "*forefald*" = fore-said; st. 4, l. 6, "*inſcripted*" = inscribed, as 'aſſumpted' before (p. 69, st. 1, l. 1.)
- „ 81, st. 1, l. 2, "*vitall*" = actes when vitall; st. 2, l. 6, "*enter*" = inter; st. 3, l. 4, "*out cries*" = out-cries; l. 6, "*controule*" = haue power over, *metri causa*: st. 4, l. 3 = high-proud or high-proud-hautie.
- „ 82, st. 1, l. 4, "*Memorie*" = memorial, as before; l. 6, put hyphen (-) thus certainly — "*well-ſet . . . bigge-lim'd*"; st. 3, ll. 5-6 — a typical instance of Chester's extremely unskilful use of language sometimes. Line 4 and ll. 3-4 must be accounted parenthetical, and then we obtain this — But that [one] was greater than the rest; had it been 'lesser' [,] Britain would have been blessed, *i.e.*, Arthur had not died.
- „ 83. *Iohannis Leylandij*, &c. l. 12, the "*que*" has got somehow disjoined from "Ætherij." The comma after 'petit' is an error of the original.
- „ 84, l. 5, "*Vertues ſole intent*" — curious translation of or rather substitute for "*virtutis alumnus*."
- „ 85, *The true Pedigree*, &c. The 'curious reader' of ll. 3-4 must refer to the Chronicles. The matter does not seem worth an Editor's labour. l. 1, "*borne*" = boren in pronunciation, *i.e.*, dissyllabic — also [fair] is needed before "*Igrene*"; l. 4, "*end*" = close or conclude, *r. g.*; l. 7, "*sometimes*" = sometime, as before: l. 9, cf. with l. 10, where "*Melianus*" is trisyllabic; "*conuince*" = conquer, as before (p. 72, st. 2, l. 4); l. 16 — qu. — did he intend this to be scanned as an hexameter or pentameter line? Probably as the latter; l. 17, "*ſoueragnize*" — frequent verb form with Chester, and later.
- THE POEM-PROPER RESUMED.
- „ 86, st. 1, l. 1, "*Troynouant*" = new Troy — the mythic name of 'Lon-

don'; l. 5, "*raifd*"—qu. 'raife'? st. 2, l. 1—punctuate comma after 'when'; *ibid.*, "*more nearer*"—reduplicated comparative; l. 3, "*famous builded*"=famous-built; l. 7, "*neare*"=ne'er; *ibid.*, "*tam'd*"—a quaint etymology for 'Thames' certes; st. 3, l. 2, "*raif'd*"=praised; l. 3, "*Councel chamber*"=Council-chamber; l. 4, "*Experiment*"=experience. *Here Nature*, &c.

Page 87, l. 2—What's Cupid but a boy? (of Poem continued)—ought doubtless to have had 'Phoenix' in the margin.

„ 88, st. 2, l. 2, "*farre remoted*"=farre-remoted, *i.e.*, removed; Poem continued—st. 2, l. 3, "*sweete smoothd*"=sweete-smoothd; l. 4, "*Loue*"=Loue's, the 's' being in "*felse*"; st. 3, l. 3, "*shallow witted*"=shallow-witted; l. 4, "*force materiall*"=a forced phrase for the gew-gaws and wanton toys of which Nature had said Loue [in shallow-minds] was fond; st. 4, l. 2, "*parted*"=departed; *ibid.* l. 3 (p. 89), "*this Wagon*"—printer's error for 'his Waggon' the 'th' being caught from previous 'with'. Chester has here lapsed; they are in Phœbus' chariot—see p. 17, st. 3. But now Nature says that Phœbus has 'parted' from their sight and mounted in[to] the sky with his Waggon, thus giving passage to the 'gloomie night'; l. 7, "*bottom plaines*"=bottom-plaines.

„ 89, st. 1, l. 3, "*taste*"=feel. So Chapman (*Odys* xxi), "He now began to *taste* the bow." St. 2, "*Looke*," &c. Here again, 'Nature' should be in the margin; l. 2, "*meadow plots*"=meadow-plats; l. 3, "*amaine*"=forcefully; l. 4, "*sound*"=in a quasi-nautical sense, *r.c.*; st. 3, l. 4, "*extenuate*"=extend—a curious use of the word, *rhythmi causa*; ll. 6 7, "*Of plants*," &c.=the glories of, &c. (l. 3)—ll. 4-5, as so frequent in Chester are of a parenthetical character.

„ 90, st. 1, l. 1, "*Mandrake*"—I found it still believed in, as here, on and in the villages at the foot of, Carmel in Palestine. It abounds near Nazareth; st. 2, l. 1, "*Yellow Crowbels*"—said to be peculiar to Wilts (Aubrey)=Crowbells—Tent lily, asphodil, daffodil,—Narcissus Pseudonacissus. So Prior; but in text we have Daphedill immediately following; l. 2, "*Good Harry*"—in full, Good-King-Harry, *i.e.*, Allgood, English Mercury, goose-foot, *Chenopodium Bonus Henricus* L.; *ibid.*, "*herbe Robert*"=stork-bill, *i.e.*, *Geranium Robertianum* L.—its derivation is differently accounted for; *ibid.*, "*white Cotula*"=Mayweed, fœtid, and otherwise, *Matricaria Chamomilla*, L. and *Pyrethium Parthenium*, L.; l. 3, "*Adders grasse*"—according to Gerarde *cynosorchis*; probably = adder's tongue—for this is called in old MSS. *nedderis gres* (grass) as well as *nedderis tonge*, *Serpentaria*, *Ophioglossum vulgatum*, L.; *ibid.*,

"*Aphodill*"=asphodil, *i.e.*, a species of daffodil; l. 4, "*Agnus Castus*" = the chaste tree; *ibid.*, "*Acatia*" = acacia, an American Robinia — Rob. Pseudocacia; l. 5, "*Blacke Arke-Angell*" = the dead, deaf or blind nettle — colours white, red and yellow, not 'black' *Lamium alb, purpur.* L. and Galeobdolon Cr. — the name was also applied to the umbelliferous plant *Angelica, archangelica* L.; *ibid.*, "*Coloquintida*" — still well known = *colocynth*; l. 6, "*Sinkefoile*" = Cinquefoil = five-leaved grass, *Potentilla*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Boies Mercurie*" qu. — Child's or Childing Mercury, of which Parkinson gives a drawing and calls it *Phyllum manficum* and *feminificum*; l. 7, "*Goofsefoot*" — *Chenopodium* L. See l. 2, under "Good Harry"; *ibid.*, "*Goldsnap*" — qu. golden cudweed? or a form of 'gold-knappe' = gold or butter-cup = King or Gilt cup, *ranunculus*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Gratia Dei*" = *Gratiola*, Hedge Hyssop, *Scutellaria minor*, L.; st. 3, l. 1, "*Mosse of the Sea*" = sea-moss, coraline; *ibid.*, "*Succorie*" — still so called = wild endive, *Cichorium Intybus*; l. 2, "*Weedwind*" = *Withwind, convolvulus arvensis*, L.; l. 3, "*Muskmealons*" — or 'musk-million,' a species of sweet melon in opposition to the water-melon; *ibid.*, "*Moustaile*" = little stone-crop = a species of the house-leek — said by Prior to be *Myosurus minimus*; *ibid.*, "*Mercurie*" = as before, st. 2, l. 7, but the French M. seems to be called the 'Mercury' *Mercur. annua*, L.; l. 4, "*Arkangell*" — as before, st. 2, l. 5; l. 5, "*Souldiers perrow*" — qu. soldiers' yarrow, millefoil, *achillæa millefolium*, L. ? *ibid.*, "*Southernewood*" = Southern wormwood, *Artemisia Abrotanum*, L. — I found this covering acres on the gentler slopes of Sinai; l. 6, "*Stone hearts tongue*" — *Abrotanum*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Blessed thistle*" = sacred — the emblem of Scotland, *i.e.*, *Cardus benedictus*; *ibid.*, "*Sea Trifoly*" — can find none with epithet 'Sea'; l. 7, "*Ladies cushion*" = Thrift? Sea Gilliflower, Cushion Pink, *Armeria Vulgaris*, W.; *ibid.*, "*Spaines Pelltorie*" — called in Latin *Pyrethrum*, L., "by reason of his hot and fiery taste," Gerarde, *Anacyclus Pyrethrum*, De Candole; st. 4, l. 1, "*where as*" = whereat; l. 3, "*aches*" — disyllabic as in Shakespeare; l. 7. "*Agnus Castus*" — as before, st. 2, l. 4 — a fitting request by the 'Virgin-queen.'

Page 91, st. 1, l. 4, "*that bends*" = the hot inflamed spirite 'that bends' to Luxury is 'allaid' by *Agnus Castus*; st. 2, l. 1, "*Burn me*" — this way of speaking, not uncommon in Shakespeare, was also not uncommon in the colloquial speech of the time and later, and even now is not; *ibid.*, "*straw*" = strow; l. 2, "*Whereas*" = whereat, as before; l. 5, "*auaunt*" = begone — note again that as descriptive of Paphos Ile =

Ireland—all this is peculiarly appropriate; st. 3, l. 1, "*Clary or Cleare-eie*" = Oc. Christi, God's eye, Seebright, from M. Lat. sclarea, *Salvia sclarea*, L.; l. 2, "*Calues finout*" = Lion's Snap, Snap-dragon, *Antirrhinum Majus*, L., but in old works given to ragged robin, *Lychnis flos cuculi*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Cukoe flowers*" = wilde water cresses, *cardamine* (Gerarde); *ibid.*, "*Cuckoes meate*" = C. Bread or Gowks Meat — blossoms at the season that the cuckoo is heard — *Oxalis acetosella*, L. Wood sorrell; l. 3, "*Calathian Violets*" = Autumn bells, Sing flower, *Gentiana Pneumonanthe*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Dewberrie*" = *Rubus chamæmoris*; l. 4, "*Leopards foote*" — can't find; l. 5, "*Indian Sunne*" — *ibid.*; l. 6, "*Valerian*" = capon's tail and ('improperly,' Parkinson) Setwal, *Valeriana Officinalis*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Withie wind*" = A. S. Wib, about, same as bindweed, *Convolvulus arvensis*, L., also 'Weedwind,' p. 90, st. 2; l. 7, "*Woodbind*" — given by Parkinson as the honeysuckle: but it must have been also used for a different plant. Cf. *Mids. N. D.*, iv, 1. Prior says it may be the bitter sweet, *Solanum Dulcamara*; also he gives it to the *Lonicera Periclymenum*, L. The 'honey-suckle' was not ague-curing. It is simply impossible that Shakespeare meant that the honeysuckle enwreathed the honeysuckle and called it by two different names. There is, however, no reason why the 'withwind' or 'bind-weed' (*i.e.*, *convulvulus*) should not have been called in Warwickshire or elsewhere the woodbine, the derivation being not a 'bine' found in woods, but a 'bine' that clings to a tree or other shrub; st. 4, l. 1, "*Coliander*" = Coriander *C. Sativum*, L.; l. 2, "*Galingal*" = aromatic root of the rush *cyperus longus*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Goldcups*" = meadow ranunculus = butter cups; *ibid.*, "*Buprestis*" — Buprestis Theophrasti referred by Parkinson to the hares-ears, genus *Bupleurum*, L.; l. 3, "*small honesties*" = Pinckes (pinks) in Parkinson; *ibid.*, "*Eye-bright*" = Ocul. Christi, *q.v.*; *ibid.*, "*Coculus Panter*" — can find nothing but *Coculus Indus* or Indi; l. 4, "*Double tongue*" = the plant horse-tongue; *ibid.*, "*Moly*" = Homer's plant — called by Parkinson Hungarian or Saracen's Garlic; *ibid.*, "*Anthillis*" = sea chickweed and sea ground pine according to Parkinson; but it seems to be a name of Dioscorides, on which no definite conclusion could be come to: p. 281 and at p. 569, he speaks of the ground pine as called by some Anthyllis; l. 5, "*Clauer*" = clover, also called Mellilot; *ibid.*, "*Æthiopsis*" = an Æthiopian plant which Parkinson first classed among the Mulleins (the *Verbascas*, L.) but afterwards put with the Clarys (the *Salvias*, L.); l. 6, "*Flora-more*" = fleur d' amour, Fr., from a mistaken etymology of

Amaranthus, Am. tricolor, L.; *ibid.*, "*Euphorbium*" = see on st. 3, l. 1; *ibid.*, "*Efula*" = some of the Tithimales or Spurges (Euphorbia) (Parkinson, *s.v.*); l. 7, "*Cassia fistula*" = an Indian plant producing a pulp still used medicinally. It has preserved its name to this day.

- Page 92, st. 1, "*By the way*"—note this now familiar phrase; l. 2, "*Moly*"—as before; l. 5, "*Ioden*" = ladened; st. 3, l. 1, "*Mugwort*"—said by Prior to be a form of Mothwort, also called Mothenwort *Artemisia Vulgaris*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Sena*" = senna, the well known drug; *ibid.*, "*Tithimales*" = "Herbe à lait, Spurge, Tithimal, Milkweed (Milkwort, Parkinson), Wolves Milk." Cotgrave; l. 2, "*Oke of Jerusalem*" = (leaf supposed to resemble oak leaf)—Oak of Cappadocia *Chenopodium Ambrosioides*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Lyryconfaucie or Liriconfancy*" = corruption of *lilium convallium*, or lily of the valley, *Convallaria majalis*, L.; l. 3, "*Larkes spurre*"—so known at present, L. heel—toe or claw, Knights spurs *Delphinium*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Larkes claw*"—I find no such word, but Prior gives it as a synonym for Lark's spur, and Chester is no authority; l. 4, "*Garden Nigella*" = a Fennel flower, *Nigella damascena*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Mill*"—I can't find; *ibid.*, "*Pionie*" = peony; l. 5, "*Sentorie*" = centaury; l. 6, "*Soubread*"—its tuber eaten by swine, *Cyclamen europæum*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Goates oregan*," or goat's organ, or goat's marjoram; l. 7, "*Pelemcum*"—I can't find; *ibid.*, "*Osmond the Waterman*" = Osmund Fern, Os. royal, St. Christopher's Herb = *Osmunda regalis*, L.; st. 4, l. 1—punctuate, after "*Mugwort*"—see before, p. 92, st. 3, l. 1.
- „ 93, st. 2, l. 3, "*Melampus*," l. 4, "*Proetus*"—see Myth. Dict., *s.v.*, the first mortal endued with prophetic powers and medical skill undertook to cure Proetus' daughters, king of Argos, and got two-thirds of kingdom and married one daughter (one account); st. 3, l. 1, "*Centrie*"—see p. 92, st. 1, l. 5; l. 6, "*aches*"—disyllabic, as before noted.
- „ 94, st. 1, l. 7, "*hath*"—another of the author's curious change of tenses; st. 2, l. 1, "*Osmond balepate*"—I know not unless is = Osm. the Waterman, that being "singular for wounds, bruises and the like"—see p. 92, st. 3, l. 7; *ibid.*, "*Plebane*"—I can't find—might be error for Fleabane = *Inula Pulicaria*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Oculus Christi*" = Wild clary, God's eye, See-bright, *Salvia Sclarea*, L.; l. 2, "*Salomons seale*" = Solomon's, *i.e.*, Ladder to heaven, *Convallaria Polygonatum*, L., root stock cut across, being marked like two triangles reversed; *ibid.*, "*Sampire*" = samphire—every one knows Shakespeare's reference to it—"one that gathers *samphire*" (*Lear*, act iv, sc. 6); *Fr. St.*

Pierre, and so Sampire from its growing on sea cliffs; l. 3, "*Sage of Jerusalem*" = cowslips of Jerusalem, Lingwort, Bugloss cowslip, spotted Comfrey, *Pulmonaria officinalis*, L.; l. 4, "*Great Pilosella*" = Mouseear, *Hieracium Pilosella*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Sengreene*" — see note under 'Water Sengreene,' p. 96, st. 4, l. 2; *ibid.*, "*Alexander*" = horse-parsley, *Smyrniolum Olus atrum*, L.; l. 5, "*Knights Milfoile*" — qu., the hooded Milfoil, Bladder-wort, *Utricularia vulgaris*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Masticke*" = Masticke, gum from *Pistacia Lentiscus*, from Scio; *ibid.*, "*Stocke gilfofer*" = Our present 'stock,' *Matthiola incana*, L.; l. 6, "*herbe twopence*" = moneywort from its pairs of round leaves, *Lysimachia Nummularia*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Hermoadactill*" = roots sold as medicine in Parkinson's time, but the plant unknown — "*Redflower Pimpernell*" *Anagallis arvensis*, L.; st. 4, l. 1, "*imperious*" — punctuate with , after; l. 2, "*crie disdaining*" = crie-disdaining; l. 6, "*lower*" = lowered; l. 7, "*neare*" = ne'er.

Page 95, st. 1, l. 6, "*Hard hearted*" = hard-hearted; st. 2, l. 2, "*morne excellling*" = morne-excellling; st. 1-2 — profoundly suggestive of the radiant, impulsive, passionate Essex. See our Introduction; st. 3, l. 5, "*refine*" — odd yet noticeable use of 'refine'; st. 4, l. 1, "*Carrets*" — see p. 96, st. 1; *ibid.*, "*Chernile*" = *Chærophyllyllum sylvestre*, L., *χαίρεφυλλον*, *χαίρω*, I rejoice, *φυλλον*, leaf; *ibid.*, l. 2, "*Red Patiens*" = Patience or Monks rhubarb, dock, *Rumex Patientia*, L.; "*Purflane*" — see p. 96, st. 3; *ibid.*, "*Gingidium*" — Parkinson calls it strange chevriell, and says that all the varieties come from Syria, except one from Spain; l. 3, "*Oxe eie*" = the great daisy, from Lat. *buphthalmus*, *Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum*, L.; "*Penygraffes*" — The sheep-killing p-g. is = penny-rot, the white-rot — marsh pennywort, *Hydrocotyle vulgaris*, L. Cotgrave gives, "*Herbe qui tue les brebis*, Moneywort, herb two-penny, two-penny grass," and Parkinson the same; but these names seem to have been given rather confusedly to *Hydrocotyle vulg.*, *Pinguicula vulg.*, and *Lysimachia Nummularia*, L.; l. 4, "*Cuckoe pintell*" = *arum maculatum*, L. See wake-robin, p. 96; *ibid.*, "*Ladies feale*" = *Sigill. S. Mariæ* = *Bryonia nigra*. Prior, following some of our old herbalists, says that it and Solomon's seal are the same, *i.e.*, *Convallaria Polygonatum*, L.; but Parkinson differs and makes the *S. S. Mariæ*, black bryony, *Tamus communis*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Saga pinum*" = *Sagapenum*, a gum like Galbanum from Media; l. 5, "*Theophrastus violet*" = (old names) white violet or wallflower; *ibid.*, "*Vinctaxicum*" — Parkinson calls it *Gentianella minor verna*; l. 6, "*Saint Peters wort*" = cowslip, from resembling a bunch of keys, *Primula veris*, L.; *ibid.*,

- “*Venus hair*” = Maiden hair fern, *Adiantum*, L.; l. 6, “*Squill*” = squills. I saw huge shrub-like plants of it in Palestine.
- Page 96, st. 1, l. 6, “*Sad dreaming*” = Sad-dreaming; l. 7, “*honie working*” = honie-working; l. 5, “*But*” — They would sell, &c., rather than not view or experience thy sweete, &c.: st. 2, l. 2, “*rauisht*” = ravished infernal Pluto; st. 3, l. 1, “*Purflane*” — *Portulaca oleracea*, L., as before, p. 95, st. 3, l. 2; st. 4, l. 1, “*Rocket*” — corruption of diminutive of *eruca*, *Eruca sativa* Lam.; *ibid.*, “*Iack by the hedge*” = more properly ‘Jakes,’ from its offensive garlicky smell, Sauce alone, *Alliaria officinalis*, L.; *ibid.* “*Loue in idleneffe*” = [small] pansy: *Viola Tricolor*, L.; l. 2, “*Knights water Sengreene*” — Sengreene is the houseleek, sin (Sax.) ever, also aigreen, Jupiter’s eye, Bullock’s eye, Jupiter’s beard, *Sempervivum Tectorum*, L. Parkinson speaks of an Egyptian water plant looking like a houseleek which was called *Stratiotes*, and this or the *Stratiotes Aizoides* he calls in his Index Water Sengreen; l. 3, “*Paris Nauews*” — query, Herb Paris or Truelove, its four leaves resembling a truelove knot — but ‘Navevs’ are rapes, turnips, and sometimes it would seem radishes; *ibid.*, “*Tornefol*” = (sun-flower?) *Wartwort*, *Euphorbia helioscopia*, L.; l. 4, “*Starre thistle*” — so called from its spiny involucre, *Centaurea Solstitialis*, L.; l. 5, “*Seia*” — I can’t find this; l. 6, “*Wake-robbins*” = Cuckoo-Pint, *Wake-Pintle*, *Arum maculatum*, L., one among several repetitions, shewing that Chester repeated without knowledge: cf. ‘Cuckoe Pintle,’ p. 95, st. 1, l. 4, *et alibi*; *ibid.*, “*Hartichocke*” = artichoke.
- „ 97, st. 1, l. 1, “*Hyacinthus*.” See *Apollod.*, i, 3, § 3, for the ancient myth. l. 5, “*sprinkled*” — a trisyllable here; l. 7, “*red white mingled*” = red-white mingled, or red-white-mingled; *ib.*, “*Gilli-flower*” = carnation. But Shakespeare distinguished between the carnation and gilliflower, *e.g.*

“The fairest flowers of the season,
Are our Carnations and streaked Gillyflowers”

Winter’s Tale, iv, 3.

which is kindred with Spenser’s distinction between ‘Carnations’ (‘Coronations’ as he rightly spells — from *coronæ* = garlands) and Sops-in-wine, which, nevertheless, are only two of the numerous names of this one beautiful plant. I met with it wild on the plain of Esdraelon, at the foot of the mountains of Gilboa in Palestine — white, streaked with pale red. Cf. *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, act. ii, sc. 2, for an exquisite descriptive *bit*. Dr. Brinsley Nicholson — to whom, as throughout, I am extremely indebted for most painstaking researches on

Chester's flowers, &c.—thus writes me hereon: "The carnation and gilliflower seem to have been different species (or at least varieties) of the same genus. Parkinson (Paradisus Ter., p. 314) says, 'Most of our later writers call them by one general name, *Caryophyllum sativum* and *flos Caryophylleus*, adding thereunto *maximus*, when wee mean carnations, and *maior* when we would express gilloflowers, which name is taken from cloves, in that the sent of the ordinary red gilloflower (*quasi* July flower) especially doth resemble them.' I give this to clear up the difficulty that has always existed as to Shakespeare's and Spenser's lines. Even now I find a distinction made between carnations and pinks and gilloflowers, and I am much inclined from this to believe in the derivation from *carnis* and not from *coronæ*—the 'popular carnation' being, as I understand it, of a red colour with the barest mingling of a reddish white." St. 2—this and other contextual stanzas are to be read between the lines. 'Nature' is pleading with the 'Phoenix' (Elizabeth) for the 'Turtle dove' (Essex). St. 3, l. 2, "*siluer coloured Lillie*" = silver-coloured. Cf. p. 21, heading of 'A Prayer'—'a *silver coloured Dove*'; l. 6, "*At ai*" = the exclamation of woe by Apollo for the mortally wounded Hyacinthus or the letter Υ of $\Upsilon\acute{\alpha}\kappa\upsilon\theta\omicron\varsigma$; st. 4, l. 1, "*shijt*" = trick; l. 4, "*Treauants*" = truants; l. 5, "*deepe reade*" = deepe-reade.

Page 98, st. 1, l. 1, "*Rocket*"—see on p. 96, st. 4, l. 1; l. 2, "*in your Maisters brow*" = frowns indicative of displeasure? l. 7, "*That what is seene without comes not within*," i.e., I suppose, the 'wheals' are there but no 'blood' drawn or pain caused; st. 2, l. 4, "*Artichocks*"—see p. 96, st. 4, l. 6; *ib.*, "*who*"—note this for which; l. 5, "*Sod*" = sodden or steeped; st. 3, ll. 1 & 3, put hyphen in 'Sommer-time and Winter-time'; st. 4, l. 1, "*Sow-bread*"—see p. 99, sts. 1-3, and note p. 92, st. 3, l. 6—Cyclamen Europæum, L.; *ib.*, "*Stanwort*"—qu. stoncrop? or as we have had stoncrop, qu. error for Stab-wort, Oxalis acet., L., or Star-wort, Aster Tripolium, L.? *ib.* "*Starre of Hierusalem*"—qu. Star of Bethlehem? Prior makes the Star of Bethlehem to be Ornithogalum umbellatum, L., and the Star of Jerusalem or girasole, Tragopogon porrifolium; but Parkinson in his Index makes them the same, and gives as synonyms Goats-beard, Go-to-bed-at-noon, Joseph's flower, also a Tragopogon (pratense), L.; l. 2, "*Vervaine*" = vervain or vervine—anciently used in sacred rites and ceremonies—also called holy herb, pigeon's grass, Juno's tears, &c., Verbena officinalis, L.; *ib.*, "*Tansie*"—a yellow ill-savoured wild plant, still so-named—Tanacetum vulgare; Fr., tanaise—

'tansy' from Athanasia Gr. from a misinterpretation of Lucian (*Dial. of Gods*, iv); l. 3, "Go to bed at noone"—see 'Starre Hierusalem,' l. 1; *ib.*, "Titimalem"—see note on p. 92, st. 2, l. 1; l. 4, "Hundred headed thistle"—I imagine the reference is to the abundant 'thistle-down' that bears the seed in a 'hundred' directions; *ib.*, "Iuie"—see p. 98, st. 4. Shakespeare says—

"The female Ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm."

Midsummer Night's Dream, act. iv, sc. 1.

One rarely or never sees it round the (traditional) 'vine.' Pliny tells us (*s.v.*) that the yellow berries of ivy drunk secure one from drunkenness, and Cato and Varro that there is such antipathy between the ivy and wine that if wine and water be put into an ivy cup, the water remains but the wine soaks through. Hence the appropriation of both to Bacchus might have arisen from the ivy being thought a preservative from all but the good effects of the grape. Milton sings of "the ivy never sear." l. 5, "Storks bill"—an herb still so named; *ib.*, "Stonecrop" = the *Sedum acre* of Linnæus; *ib.*, "Canary" = canary-seed—so known still; l. 6, "Dwarfe gentian"—see p. 100, st. 3; *ib.*, "Snakeweed" = adder's wort or bistort, *Polygonum Bistorta*; *ib.*, "Sawory." This plant gets its name from the Latin *Satureia* through the Italian *Savoreggia*. *Winter's Tale*, act. iv, sc. 3 (Ellacombe). l. 8, "Bell rags" = a kind of water-cress? *ib.*, "prickly Boxe" = either our buck-thorn *rhamnus catharticus*, L., "the buck being a misrendering of Germ. buxdorn = box-thorn *πυξικανθα*" Prior; or another plant called by Parkinson box-thorn (p. 1009) *Lycium sive Pyxacantha*, he having spoken of buck-thorn in the previous chapter; *ib.*, "Raspis of COUNTRY"—the 'raspberry.' Gerarde describes it by the name of 'Rubus idæus, the raspis bush, or hind-berry. He has this notice of it:—"The raspis is planted in gardens: it groweth not wilde that I know of, except in a field by a village in Lancashire, called Harwood, not far from Blackburn" (p. 1273). As resident in Blackburn I may state that the 'raspberry' abounds in the woods all around us. See Nares's *s.v.* for a full note.

Page 99, st. 1, l. 5, "Vnlesse too much," &c., *i.e.*, unless they wish abortion or miscarriage; st. 2, l. 5, "When Mother Lullabie with ioy should sing" = Mother sing *Lullabie* with ioy; l. 6, "Yet wanton *scaping* Maides," &c. Cf. st. 1, l. 5, and relative note; also the next stanza here. St. 4, l. 4, "the maiden *Ciffus*" = *κισσος* ivy. There seems at p. 100, st. 1, ll. 1-5, a reminiscence of the story of Ariadne and Dionysus.

Page 100, st. 1, l. 3, "*infnared*" = drawn thither; but by stress of rhyme, and so too in l. 5. St. 3, l. 2, "*hot shining*" = hot-shining; l. 5, "*not shunne*" = not [otherwise]; st. 4, l. 1, "*Carduus benedictus* *Blessed thistle*. So Shakespeare—

Margaret. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickest her with a Thistle.

Beatrice. Benedictus! Why Benedictus? You have some moral in this Benedictus.

Margaret. Moral! No by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant plain Holy Thistle."

(*Much Ado About Nothing*, ac. iii, sc. 4.)

The 'Holy Thistle' or 'Blessed Thistle' was long held to be a heal-all. See Steevens' Shakespeare *in loco*; l. 2, "*Neswort*," see p. 101, st. 1 — Parkinson calls it White Hellebore. Prior, under sneeze-wort, says = *Achillæa Ptarmica*; *ibid.*, "*Peniroyall*" — (so called still) Latin *puleium regium* and *L. Mentha pulegium* — supposed to destroy fleas — also called pudding grass, because used in 'stuffings'; *ibid.*, "*Astrolochia*" — cannot find anywhere; l. 3, "*Yellow Wolfs-bane*" = *aconite* — usually blue, but one kind has pale yellow flowers; *ibid.*, "*Bramble*." See a most interesting note on this familiar plant (or shrub) in Ellacombe's *Plant-Lore and Garden Craft of Shakespeare* (1878), *s.v.* l. 4, "*Our Ladies Bedstraw*" = the plant *Galium*; *ib.* "*Brookelime*" = water-pimpernell, *Vormica Beccabringa*, L.; *ibid.*, "*Lunaria*" — see p. 101, st. 4; l. 5, "*Cinque foile*" = five-leaved grass, but Prior makes them different — *Typha latifolia* and *Phleum pratense* L.; *ib.*, "*Cats taile*" = the plant horse-tail? *Potentilla*, L.; *ib.*, "*Cresse Sciatica*" — so-called (I suppose) as good for alleviating sciatic and rheumatic pains — a kind of candytuft, *Ihoris amara*, L.; l. 6, "*Hollihockes*" = holly-hock — still well-known and admired; *ib.*, "*Moufearre*" = Latin, *myosotis*, *Hieracium Pilosella*, L. — appearance of chickweed, but the flower larger and the fruit ox-horn shape, open at the top and full of small round seeds. There is a mouse ear chickweed and a mouse ear scorpion grass, but they are both different. Holland's Pliny, however, gives as a synonym for mouse ear (*Myosotis*) chickweed. Prior gives mouse ear chickweed, *stellaria media*; *ib.*, "*Pety Morrell*" = garden night-shade, *i.e.*, *solanum nigra*; l. 7, "*Sage*" — see p. 101, sts. 2-3; *ib.*, "*Scorpiades*" = scorpion-grass or caterpillers, though the word ought to be *Scorpioides*. It is the mouse ear scorpion grass, now called forget-me-not — *Myosotis palustus*, L., from its spike, says Prior, resembling a scorpion's

tail, it was supposed by the doctrine of signatures to be good against a scorpion's bite; *ib.*, "garden sorrell"—the wild 'wood' sorrell cultivated—a sallet.

Page 101, st. 1, l. 3, "*foe*"=sodden or steeped. Cf. p. 98, st. 2, l. 5; st. 2, l. 3, "*Aetius*"=probably Aetius of Amida, a physician and writer on medicine? He refers to Egyptian medicine in his B. 'ἱατρικὰ ἑκκαδέκα; st. 4, l. 4, "*horflocke*"=a horse's fetter to prevent anything but a gentle pace and straying—qu.—get twisted among the leaves and stems and so un-locked?

„ 102, st. 1, l. 1, "*Standergras*"—having double tubers, it was thought on the doctrine of signatures to have aphrodisiac powers, Prior, *Orchis mascula*, L. This and '*Hares ballockes*' and '*great Orchis*' are different names for one plant, as shown by description and name, and by the text 'provoketh' and 'procureth,' l. 2, and 'It,' ll. 3 and 5, *et seq.*; ll. 6-7=only to be used fresh or newly pulled; st. 3, l. 1, "*Rosemarie*"—See Ellacombe, as before, for a full note on this once wonderfully popular plant; *ib.*, "*institute*"=uphold or state or make just; l. 6, "*Conferues . . . restores*"—plural nominative to verb singular; st. 4, l. 1, "*Dwale or Nightshade*"—the latter explains the former name. The '*Dwale-Bluth*' of young Oliver Madox-Brown has revived the older name unforgetably; l. 4, "*coile*"=disturbance, tumult; l. 6, "*Almaine*"=Germany; l. 7, "*nought*"=naught, naughty, bad.

As this ends our Author's rapid naming and description of plants and flowers, I must semi-apologize for my attempt to give each its scientific name. I have ventured to do so (through Dr. Nicholson's ready aid) *first* from the tendency people then had to give the same name to different flowers, *second* that the then Botanists placed different species of different genera under one generic name. I would now introduce here a hitherto unprinted poem from a *MS.* in the Chetham Library, Manchester, wherein the most popular flowers are daintily introduced, as follows:

MUSA AMATORIA.

1. In funny fumers heatinge
Cloffe in an arbour fittinge
Under a mirtle shade;
For my kinde loue the faireft
Wth flowers of the rareft,
A Pofie thus I made.
2. The first of maidens fancie
Wth purple coloured panfy,
The goold that shutt at night;

- And then I platt a maidens blufh,
A Tulupp and Narciffus,
Wth Campions red and white.
3. The violett and the Eglantine,
Wth Cowflips fweet and fops in wine,
Sweete marjoram and ox. eye ;
The flowers of muske millions,
Come blowe me downe, sweet Williams,
Wall-flowers and favorye.
4. The cheifest flowers for poses,
Are pinks, gilliflowers and rofes ;
I pluckt them in their prime.
The Larkheele and the Lillie,
The fragrant Daffa-dillie,
Wth Lauender and tyme.
5. The cheifest flowers for taftinge,
The flower euerlaftinge
I puld it from the baye ;
The blew and coloured collobine,
The Daffe and the woodbine,
And next, the flower of Maye.
6. These flowers beinge culled
And from their branches pulled
They yield a fragrant fent ;
And I obserud their places
And had them in bride-Laces,
And to my Loue I went.
7. Where I perceiud her sportinge
With other maides refortinge,
Nigh by a riuier stode ;
When she had well perused
My posie not refused
Upon her arme she tyed.
8. With modest kind behaiour
She thanks me for my fauor,
And weares it for my fake ;
And with ten thousand kisses
The rest remayne in wishes
Her Loveinge leaue she takes. Finis.
(8010 Chetham Library, 8055 Farmer's Catal.)

St. 2, l. 2, "*Times increase*." So Shakespeare 'earth's increase' (*Tempest*, act. iv, sc. 1 (Song) and 2 *Henry VI*, act iii, sc. 2) and 'womb's increase' (*Coriol*, act i, sc. 1); l. 5, "*their*"= there, as *frequenter* contemporaneously; l. 6, "*sweete spread*"= sweete-spread; st. 3, l. 6, "*nominate*"=name, *r.g.*; st. 4, l. 3, "*loftie bearing*"= loftie-bearing; l. 5, "*Chriſts-thorne*"= Spina Christi—I found it in enormous growth near Jericho; l. 6, "*Tamariske*"=tamaris, Fr. and Sp.: tamarisco, It.: tamariscus, Latin—wood and fruit medicinal; st. 5, l. 1, "*moſt chaff tree, that Chaffneſſe doth betoken*"—no opportunity is 'let slip' of pleasing the 'Virgin-queen,' as she rejoiced to be called, by such references; l. 2, "*Hollyholme*"=a holm holly; l. 3, "*Corke*"—Gerarde and Parkinson describe this tree, though it was not planted in England until the latter part of the seventeenth century; *ib.*, "*Goofeberric*." It may be noted that Dr. Prior has shewn that this word is a corruption of 'Cross-berry,' and so has nothing to do with the 'goose'; l. 3 (page 104) "*shooken*"= shaken, *r.g.*; l. 4, "*Philbert*"= filbert; *ib.*, "*Barberie*" or Berberry = the pipperidge-bush—a prickly shrub, bearing a long red tart 'berry'; l. 5, "*Maſticke*"—lentisk tree—I saw it plentiful in Cyprus and Scio = gum from it.

Page 104, st. 1, l. 1, "*Iudas tree*"—resembles the apricot—grows in hedges of Italy and Spain, but in England it was the *elder* of Shakespeare; st. 2, l. 1, "*Aſh-tree*." See Ellacombe, as before, *s.v.*; *ib.*, "*Maple*"—a fine naturalized English tree, with odd-shaped winged seeds that when I was a boy used to be called 'cocks and hens'; *ib.*, "*Sycamore*"—*Acer pseudoplatanus*, L., of the maple genus; l. 2, "*Pomegranate*"=the kernelled apple (*pomum granatum*)—delicious in Palestine as I proved at Shunem, &c.; *ib.*, "*Apricoakes*." See Ellacombe, as before, for a full note (*s.v.*) hereon; *ib.*, "*Junipere*"—Latin, *juniperus*—the well known tree or shrub. It grows very large in the Sinaitic peninsula; l. 3, "*Turpentine*"—resinous clear gum from the pine, juniper, &c.; *ib.*, "*deplore*"= weep or pour out; *ib.*, "*Peare-tree*"—poire, French: pyrum, Latin—innumerable varieties; *ib.*, "*Medlar*"—*mespilum*, Latin—like the laurel; l. 5, "*Orenge*." See Ellacombe for a matterful note, *s.v.*; *ib.*, "*Lemmon*"; *Ibid.*, l. 6, "*Nutmeg*"—see Gerarde, *s.v.*, but it was not introduced into England for two centuries later; *ib.*, "*Plum-tree*." See Ellacombe, as before, *s.v.*; st. 3, l. 1, "*Mirtle*"—"Holy Writ," and the classical myths have immortalized it. See Ellacombe, as before, *s.v.*; l. 2, "*gods*"—misprint for 'goddess'; l. 3, "*Merſin*." Is this mythological story of Mersin a classical one? Or is it coined by Chester? I do not remember it, nor can I find it. Moreover, the 'myrtle' was

sacred to Aphrodite or Venus (Murcia or Murtea), and not to Athené or Pallas. I incline also to think it Chester's because he has made rather a mess of the name, *μυρωνη* being a myrtle branch, and *μυρος* the myrtle tree" (Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, to me). l. 4, the colon (:) certainly ought to have been deleted here; st. 4, l. 3, "*gouvernement*" = of set rule.

- Page 105, st. 1, l. 1, "*fore passed*" = fore-passed; l. 5, "*vanquisher*," i.e., the vanquished — a probable misprint; st. 3, l. 1, "*greene remaining*" = greene-remaining; *ib.*, "*Bay*." See Ellacombe, as before, for a full note, *s.v.*; ll. 5-6. See note on p. 97, st. 2; st. 5 (p. 106), l. 3, "*to his hearts delight*" = for the delight of his own heart.
- „ 106, st. 1, l. 1, "*opinion*" = good repute in knowledge; ll. 5-6 = Apollo as god of the sun. Cf. the preceding context; st. 2, l. 1, "*Mofe-tree*" — see on ll. 5-6; l. 4, "*Herborists*" = "one skilled in herbs" (Ash., *s.v.*) It occurs in its more correct form of Herbarist in Philemon Holland's *Pliny*, either in this sense, or as one who gathers herbs for medical purposes. ll. 5-6, unintelligible to the editor. It can't possibly mean that near or in Niniveh or the 'Aleph' (= first or foremost — as being the first letter of the Hebrew alphabet) cite some merchant-ship trading from 'Venetia' found this 'Mofe-tree' there. The next stanza only deepens the obscurity; st. 4, l. 4, "*Tellus glorie*" — *Tellus' glorie*; l. 5 (p. 107), put hyphen in "*white siluer'd*" and "*rich resembling*."
- „ 107, st. 3, l. 1, "*Prawne*" — a small crustaceous fish, like a shrimp, but larger; *ib.*, "*Pickerdal*" = young pike; l. 3, "*Puffin*" = a kind of sea water-fowl then called 'feathered fish' (Rider, *s.v.*, 1640); *ib.*, "*Sole*" — the well-known flat marine fish, of the genus *Pleuronectes*, *P. solea* of Linnæus — so called probably from its keeping on or near the bottom ('sole') of the sea; *ib.*, "*Sommer louing*" = Sommer-louing; st. 4, l. 3, "*brimme*" = edge.
- „ 108, st. 1, l. 1, "*Ray*" — a genus of cartilaginous plagiostomous fishes, e.g., sting ray, spotted torpedo, thornback, skate, &c.; *ib.*, "*Sea-calfe*" — the common seal, a species of phoca — phoca vitulina of Linnæus; *ib.*, "*Porpoise*" — from porco, a hog and pesce — a fish (Italian), hence called hog-fish and sea-hog — in zoology cetaceous mammals of the genus *Delphinus* of Linnæus; l. 3, "*Sea-horse*" — the morse, a species of *Trichechus* or walrus, the *T. rosmarus*; *ib.*, "*Sea-hound*." Cotgrave gives, 'Hound fish' = Fr., *sorrat*, Ash, 'name of a fish.' Rider gives, 'Hound fish' = *Galerus*; and under 'Galerum,' a Dogge-fish, also a Sea-Calfe. *Ib.*, "*Plaice*" = flat fish of the 'sole' species; l. 4, "*Spitchcok*" — was not as now, an eel broiled, &c., but 'a great

eel, *Anguilla decumana* (Rider, and so Kersey)—possibly the conger. So 'stocke-fish' was not a salted fish as now, but was used as the name of the live fish (Rider). *Ib.*, "*Pilcher*"=pilchard; l. 6, "*Aches*"—disyllabic as usual; st. 2, l. 1, "*Spitfjsh*"=sea-pike. Cf. for further description Cotgrave, *s.v.*, *Spet. Ib.*, "*Spurling*"=sparling or sperling? l. 2, "*Thornebacke*"—a kind of 'ray,' as before; l. 3, "*Twine*"—Rider has "A fish called a *twin* before it be a year old. *Pelamys*—and *pelamys* is a thunny or tunny. *Ib.*, "*Scallop*"—a fish in hollow and pectinated shell; l. 4, "*pretie Wrinkle*"=a welke; st. 3, l. 1, "*Cuttle*"=cuttle-fish; *ib.*, "*Stocke-fjsh*"—already named *supra* (st. 1, l. 4); l. 4, "*Ruffe*"—a small fish, a species of *Perca*, *Perch*, *cernua*, native of England; *ib.*, "*Piper*"=pipe-fish—or Horn-back, or Horn or Gorn-fish—of the genus *Syngnathus*, so called from the length and slenderness of its body, which in its thickest part is only equal to a swan's quill; l. 5, "*Barbell*"—of the genus *Cyprinus*, of the order of Abdominals; st. 4, l. 5, "*stubborne necked*"=stubborne-necked; st. 5, l. 3—remove comma (,) certainly after "*un-scene*."

Page 109, st. 1, l. 1, "*Amatjst*"=amethyst—see p. 110, st. 2; *ib.*, "*Abestone*"=asbestos? but see *infra*; l. 2, "*Turches*"=turquoise; l. 3, "*Adamant*"—see p. 109, st. 4; l. 3, "*Dionise*"=Dionisias—Batman (xvi, 35) calls it Dionyso, a stone, black or brown, having red spots. See Batman, as *supra*, and Isidore for more on it. *Ib.*, "*Calcedon*"=calcedony; l. 4, "*Elutropia*"—qu. heliotrope? l. 5, "*Asterites*"—a gem shining within like a star, mentioned by Isidore; l. 6, "*Argirites*"—a silver-like gem mentioned also by Isidore; l. 4, "*Berill*"—see p. 110, st. 5; l. 5, "*Saphire*"—see p. 114, st. 2-3; l. 6, "*Iacinth*"—see p. 113, st. 2; st. 2, l. 1, "*Smaragd*"—see p. 114, st. 4; *ib.*, "*Alablaster*"—so spelled contemporaneously, and onward. So too the Poet—Spenser's friend—had his name spelled; *ib.*, "*Crisopasse*"=chrysoprase; l. 3, "*sparkling Diamond*"—see p. 111, st. 2-3. The most exquisite thing I ever have met with on the diamond was in a most unlikely place, viz., in James Arbuckle's poem of "Snuff." He describes the tapered, pink-nailed finger of Beauty, whereon "The diamond *spills* its drop of light." l. 4, "*Margarite*"=pearl; *ib.*, "*bright-ey'd Chrysell*." This recalls Sir John Davies' splendid description of the sea, looking up with his 'great crystal eye' to the moon; l. 5, "*Ligurius*"=a species of carbuncle or the lynx stone, or jacinth, or amber; *ib.*, "*Onix*"=onyx; *ib.*, "*Gagates*"—see p. 112, st. 4—Minsheu and Cotgrave give it=agate, but Rider and Lovell as 'jeat' or agath stone, and so Pliny, xxxvi,

19; l. 6, "*Abfifos*"—Batman gives Abeston for Asbestos, but Absciso from Isidore as a precious stone, "black heavie and streaked with redde veines," &c.; *ib.*, "*Amatites*"—see p. 110, st. 4; *ib.*, "*Achates*"—see p. 110, st. 3; st. 3, l. 5, "*Lipparia*" = Liparium or rock alum; l. 6, "*Enidros*"—see p. 112, st. 3. This gem, enhydros = *ἐνυδρος*, is now unknown. Pliny 37, 11, 73; Solin. 37, 67; st. 4, l. 1, "*Adamant*" = lode-stone.

- Page 110, st. 1, l. 1, "*liuely*" = living. Cf. "lively oracles" (Acts vii, 38), "lively hope" (1 Peter i, 3), "lively stones" (1 Peter ii, 5); st. 2, l. 1, "*purple coloured*" = purple-coloured; *ib.*, "*Amatist*" = amethyst—see p. 109, st. 1, l. 1; st. 4, l. 5, "*fiers light*" = in the fire, *r.g.*
- „ 111, st. 1, l. 5, "*the houle*" = life; st. 2-3. Cf. note p. 109, st. 2, l. 3, and note the feminine there as here; st. 4, l. 6, "*whereas*" = whereat.
- „ 112, st. 1, l. 1, "*Achites*"—*qu.* = cf. description p. 112, st. 1, l. 1, and p. 110, st. 3, l. 1. Minshew gives as Gagates; but Lovell, making Gagates or Agath one of the sulphurs = a black stony earth full of bitumen, gives Achates among the stones or jewels most precious, as like the jasper. Doubtless Chester meant the 'agate.' l. 6, "*rest*" = ease from pain; st. 2, l. 4, "*her humours is releasfing*"—*sic*, and so another example of verb singular following a nominative plural; l. 6, "*forfake his meate*" = lose his appetite; st. 3, l. 1, "*Enidros*"—see p. 109, st. 3, l. 6; after st. 3, "*Perpetui*," &c., from Marbodæi Carmen de Gen. § 47: Franzias, Lips. 1791—Chester slightly different; st. 4, l. 1, "*Gagates*"—see p. 109, st. 2, l. 5; l. 2, "*whereas*" = whereat, as before; st. 5 (p. 113), l. 3, "*some men neuer thinke*" = will not believe.
- „ 113, st. 1, l. 1, "*Iacinth.*" Cf. Batman upon Barthol., B xvi, c. 57. Our Poet has drawn on one or other; l. 3, "*cle*"—the original's misprint for 'clere' or 'cleare' through length of the line; l. 6, "*the m*"—not misprint for 'them' but for 'to the m[inde]'—as revealed by the rhyme and scansion; st. 4, l. 1, "*Meade stone*"—see Batman upon Barthol. B xvi, c. 67 Medo—whence this is fetched; l. 4, "*Mingled*," &c., *i.e.*, mingled with the milk of a woman having a male infant (not a female one).
- „ 114, st. 1, l. 1, "*Orites*"—see Batman, as before, B. xvi, c. 74; st. 2, l. 1, "*Skie colour'd*" = Skie-colour'd; *ib.*, "*Saphire*"—see Batman, as before, B. xvi, c. 87; l. 2, "*iudging*" = judicial, well-judging; st. 3, ll. 5-6. Whence this 'consecration' of the sapphire to Apollo? Batman, lxvi, c. 87, gives the story of the spider and says he has oft seen it proved. St. 4, l. 1, read—'fresh-greene-colour'd' or 'fresh grene-colour'd'; *ib.*, "*Smaragd*"—see Batman, as before, B. xvi, c. 88.

- Page 115, st. 1, l. 1, "*valiant Cæsar*," viz., Nero; l. 2, *Σμαργος*, sic, but = *Σμαργυδος*, doubtless written contractedly by Chester *Σμαργος*, r.g. See Batman, xvi. 88, from Isidore; l. 4, "*wards*" = acts of guard or guarding, fences; st. 2, l. 5, "*keeps*"—disyllabic; st. 3, l. 1, "*Turches*" = turquois. Mentioned in Batman, but no virtues given it nor in Pliny. I gathered a handful myself in the ancient turquois mines of the Sinaitic peninsula.
- „ 116, st. 1, l. 3, "*Bugle*" = Bugill or Buffell, Latin, Bubalus, *i.e.*, the buffalo; l. 4, "*Onocentaure*"—a mythical animal compounded of ass (*ovos*) and man, as the hippocentaur was of horse and man. Even Batman has his doubts of its existence; l. 5, "*Dromidary*," *i.e.*, standing for itself and the 'camel'; but see st. 3; l. 6, "*Bore*" = boar, see p. 115, st. 1; *ib.* "*Dragon*" = mythical serpent; st. 2, l. 1, "*strong neck'd*" = strong-neck'd; l. 4, "*Goatbucke*" = he-goat? Batman speaks of the he-goat as 'goat-bucke' (B xvij, c. 89); but in his index gives 'of the goat bucke' c. 101, where he treats of the hircocervus or tragelephus, but never calls it goat-bucke, contrariwise in explaining tragelephus calls tragos a goat-bucke. From p. 119 (st. 1, l. 1) it is quite clear that Chester intended the he-goat; l. 5, "*Cameleoapard*"—a fabulous Æthiopian beast, *not* the animal now so named; l. 6, "*Deare*" = deer; st. 3, ll. 3-4—a common and classical belief (*e.g.*, *Juvenal*, xii, 3, 4)—he knowing himself to be hunted for them as being greatly esteemed in various diseases. It was similarly said of the 'hunted' elephant that he clashed and broke his tusks, knowing that was why he was hunted (Batman, xvij, 44); Richard Barnfield (Poems, p. 28, st. xliii—my edition for the Roxburghe Club), and Hump. Gifford (*Posie* (1580)—my edition) have the same myth; ll. 5-6, "*Stellio, Camelion, Vnicorne*." Either Chester has borrowed from Batman (or Bartholomew Glantville from whom he translated) or both have taken from a common source. Batman mentions under 'camelion' the 'stellio, a lizzard' said by some to be one with the 'camelion.' Philemon Holland's Pliny, calls it the star-lizzard stellion, and Holyoke's Rider, gives 'stellio' a beast like a lizzard having spots on his neck, like stars. "*Vnicorne*," &c. Sir Thomas Browne, *s.v.*, will interest and amuse with his quaint lore and as quaint credulity and incredulity (Works by Wilkin, 4 vols., 8vo., 1835.) The old Preachers abound in illustrations fetched from the 'unicorn' whereby to exalt our Lord; st. 4, "*Bearc*." See Batman, B. xviii, c. 112, where he quotes Avicenna for this. The virtue of bear's grease dates from Batman's days (1582) at least.

- Page 117, Latin line — from Isidore; *lib.* xii, cap, ii, but 'Sic' for 'Hic,' and 'cum' for 'quem'; st. 1, "*Bore*" = boar; l. 2, "*Tufhes*" = tusks — still in use for the tusks of boar and elephant, and in the nursery for infant's teeth — see also p. 118, st. 3, l. 1; l. 5, "*Marioram and Organie*" = marjoram and penny-royal — see Ellacombe, as before; st. 2, "*Bugle*" — see p. 116, st. 1, l. 3, and relative note; l. 6, "*thy*" — *sic* = they; st. 3, "*Camell*," st. 3-4. No one who has travelled on camel-back across a desert will refuse praise to the camel's long patience and liquid ever-onward-looking eye. Times over I have seen the camel go without water for more than the 'four days' here named. He has faults of temper and otherwise, and it is a kind of martyrdom to use him at all for one's self; yet with every deduction he is an admirable and extraordinary creature; st. 5, l. 1, "*Dragon*," &c. The mythical 'dragon' was supposed to love the elephant's blood (Batman); (p. 118); ll. 5-6 — the slayer is timely slain, says Batman.
- „ 118, st. 1, l. 1, "*bunch-backt*" — hunch-backed, or with protuberance; st. 2, "*Dogge*" — Baroness Coutts has raised a monument (combining a 'fountain') to a little Scotch terrier that broke its heart over its dead master, scraping its way down to the coffin-lid and there dying. It is one of the sights of Edinburgh; st. 3, l. 6, "*sau'd his life*" = his life sav'd; st. 4, l. 1, "*seene*" = skilled, knowing.
- 119, st. 1, l. 1, "*Gote-bucke*" = he-goat, as before; st. 2, l. 1, "*quicke*" = lively; l. 3, "*incontinent*" = instantly; l. 6, "*by kind*" = of his nature; l. 4, "*Ligarius*" — rather Ligurius. See Batman, as before, B xvi, 60 and B xviii, c. 69, and Pliny Lyncurium viii, 38. Cf. p. 111.
- „ 120, st. 4, l. 1, "*Onocentaur*." See relative note, p. 116, st. 1, l. 4 st. 5, l. 1, "*Stellio*." See *ib.*, p. 116, st. 3, ll. 5-6.
- „ 121, st. 1, ll. 5-6 — the 'Ile' being Ireland, as before; read l. 6, with hyphen, 'fweete-fmelling'; st. 2, l. 2, "*moorish plot*" = one of the bogs for which Ireland was and is celebrated, and in which still, spite of St. Patrick, frogs if not serpents are found. Be it noted this held only of "a little corner" (l. 1); l. 6, "*poisonous ayre*" = two disyllables; st. 3, l. 2, "*Rinatrix*." See page 123, st. 3; l. 3, *ib.*, "*Aspis*." See page 122, st. 1.
- „ 122, st. 1, l. 3, "*neare*" = ne'er; st. 2, "*This is*," &c. Chester would later read his friend Shakespeare's great celebration of it; st. 3, "*Lizard*" = anything prettier or more amusing than the swift-darting lizards of the desert (of Sinai) can scarcely be imagined. Their agility is very remarkable. Closely examined their jewel-like colouring is exquisite. In the loneliness of some of the Wadys it was a kind of living companionship

to have these interesting little creatures beside one. Some were very very large and hideous—as large as a good-sized kitten; st. 4, l. 1, “*Ant or Emote is a labouring thing.*” Sir John Lubbock imagines that he has disproved the ‘wisdom’ of the ‘ant’ by his sets of experiments and by observations. A greater delusion I can scarcely conceive. Why, the very dis-regard of the ‘ants’ for the near roads provided and the humanly-contrived plans for ingress and egress, and removal of difficulties, goes to confirm the little creature’s quick ‘wisdom.’ If it could speak, it might retort on the great-eyed human monster stooping over and ‘planning’ for it, and say, ‘I will take my own way—I will manage for myself—I don’t know what of evil may be under all these nice arrangements.’ Personally I have made scores of observations on the ‘ant’ both at home and in foreign countries, especially in the East; and all confirm its ‘wisdom’—as in the text; l. 2, “*publike weale,*” *i.e.*, commonweath; st. 5, l. 5 (p. 123) “*ciuill*”=living a common ordered and subordinate life, like ants and men.

Page 123, st. 4, l. 5, “*cald of some the flattering worme*” Batman (B xviii, c. 98) says, “This maner scorpion commeth of *Scorte* that is sweet, and of *pogo*, *is*, that is to feine; for before [stinging] he feineth pleafaunce.”

„ 124, st. 2, l. 4, “*Oliues*”=ol-i-ues—a trisyllable to rhyme with ‘trees’—note ‘some’ verb singular (ll. 2-4), and in l. 7 with verb plural; st. 4, l. 1, “*Caddes*”=cadesse, *i.e.*, jackdaw (Wright, *s.v.*)—from its place among birds cannot be the caddes, or caddis, or cadworme (Ash, Kersey, and Bailey); st. 5, l. 3, put hyphen thus, “*big-neck’d*”; l. 5 (p. 125) “*Griffon*”=mythical bird; l. 6, “*Puttocke*”=greale, *i.e.*, kite.

125, st. 1, l. 4, “*Hercin*”—“Hircania is a province in *Afia* . . . it is sharpe of woodes . . . There breedeth birdes that are called *Hircanie*; their feathers shine by night, and such birdes are founde in Germany, as Isidore sayeth” (Batman, B xv, c. 74). I presume = the Hercinian forest, Germany; *ib.*, put hyphen, “*swift-winged*”; l. 5, “*Caladrius*.” See next stanza—Batman (B xii, c. 22) speaks of Kaladrius in the same terms, and says it “hath no parte of blacknesse.” If the man is to die he turns his face from him. His only authority is “as the Philosopher saith”; st. 2, l. 2, “*prosperitie*”—*qu.* proprietie or propensitie? line is unscannable; st. 3, “*Crane*”—curious old-fashioned lore, found everywhere.

„ 126, st. 1, l. 1, “*The Winters enuious blast she neuer tasteth.*” Michael Bruce in that Ode to the Cuckoo, which John Logar so treacherously sought to rob him of, has very daintily put this:—

“Sweet bird! thy bow’r is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year."

(my edition, p. 124, 1865).

l. 4, "for to"—so also st. 5, l. 2—rare in Shakespeare.

Page 126, st. 2, l. 3, "*Crosse*" = ill-fate or luck; st. 4, l. 4, "*runne*" = ranne, *r.g.*

„ 127, st. 1, l. 1, "*Grifon*"—fabulous bird, as before; st. 2, l. 2, "*Hircinie*"—see on p. 125, st. 1, l. 4.

„ 128, st. 1, l. 1, "*Mennodides*"—the original's misprint for 'Memnonides'; st. 2, l. 3, "*Hunts-vp.*" Mr. J. Payne Collier has printed a curious song, from which it appears that 'hunts vp' was known as early as 28 Henry VIII. Cf. Barnfield in his "Affectionate Shepherd":

"And every Morne by dawning of the day,
When *Phæbus* riseth with a blushing face,
Siluanus Chappel-Clarks shall chaunt a Lay,
And play thee hunts-up in thy resting place."

(My edition of his complete Poems for the
Roxburghe Club, p. 12, st. xix.)

l. 3, "*doth delight her,*" *i.e.*, his mate—for it is the male which alone sings. This Chester knew and so likens the male-bird to a 'Bridegroom' (l. 5); ll. 5-6—unskilful verse; but the meaning is that Greeks and Romans trained the 'nightingale'; st. 4, l. 2, "*Stefichorus*" = the Greek poet of Himeria in Sicily. For the fable see Christod. Ecphr. ap. Jacobs, *Anth. Græc.* i, p. 42; Pliny, H. N., x, 29; ll. 5-6, the well-known legend; st. 5, l. 1, "*daftard Owle*"—much too strong a word for this timid but not at all 'cowardly' bird.

„ 129. Latin couplet—from Ovid, Met. v, 549, 550. l. 7, "*sluggish*"—because he 'sleeps' all day, possibly; st. 2, l. 1, "*ill bedooming*" = ill-bedooming, *i.e.*, adjudging or pre-judging ill or evil; Cf. 3 *Henry VI*, v, 6, "cried, aboding luckless time"; st. 3, l. 5, "*They haue bene known to giue great Emperors wine*"—some now forgotten anecdote of trained parrots; st. 4, ll. 5-6. The old Puritans are never weary of pointing 'a moral' from the 'base blacke Feete' of the peacock, swan, &c., &c., in contrast with their plumage; and so too the elder Poets; st. 5 (p. 130), l. 4, "*In Indie spies a Peacocke,*" &c., one of the many myths about this bird.

„ 130, st. 1, "*The Pellican*"—this myth is met with in all the Fathers, &c. The pressure of the huge bill on its crop or pouch wherein is store of food, doubtless originated it. This mention of the 'Pellican' calls for special note of the curious and remarkable turn given to the fable, in that the 'Turtle dove' dies first, and

then the Phoenix. Also, be it observed, that the 'Turtle dove' — "cheerfully did die," &c., while the Phoenix "with a pale heavy countenance grieved for to see him first possesse the place." Only as of Essex and Elizabeth is this appropriate or explicable. I take the opportunity here to supplement preceding notes on the same lines as all this. 'Applied' (p. 9) appears to mean that 'The Complaint of Rosalin' is put into the mouth of Dame Nature; for Dame Nature's Complaint is a complaint in behalf of Rosalin or the Phoenix, or in other words Rosalin's own 'Complaint.' Again, at p. 21, the explanation is that like Raleigh he had spoken before of Elizabeth as 'the silver-coloured dove' as he calls her in st. 4 (and in 5, 6, 7). But as he is now speaking of her as the 'Phoenix' in his 'Love's Martyr,' he applies it (really to the same person) to her as to the 'Phoenix'. This is surely reduplicated proof that the 'silver-coloured Dove' (= sacred, holy) and the 'Phoenix' are one, and that both are Elizabeth. Note finally here, that in the 'Prayer' she is 'the' and 'thy' silver-coloured dove, but in the title 'a,' because he would avoid the very obvious absurdity that she was both *the* silver-coloured dove and *the* phoenix. She could be the 'Phoenix' and 'a' silver-coloured dove, *i.e.*, the 'Phoenix' with the properties of such a dove, though not the bird the dove itself; st. 2, "*vnfatiatē Sparrow.*" Dean Donne has quaintly celebrated the 'vnfatiatē' amorousness of this bird in his *Metempsychosis*; l. 4, "*animaduertion*" = perception. In this sense Glanville also uses it, and, spite of the Dictionary-makers, it is correct; ll. 5-6, "*A flight of Sparrowes,*"—the old myth and superstition; st. 3, l. 1, read rather, 'The artificall-nest-composing'; l. 6, "*His*"—caught doubtless from previous line, should be 'He'; *ib.*, "*Calcedonies*"—is this a mistake of a gem for a flower ('herb')? st. 4, l. 1, "*Cecinna*" = Cæcina; *ib.*, "*Volateran*" = Cæcina of Volaterræ—Etruscan remains still extant preserve this once great family-name. Qu.—Has Chester confounded Cæcina and L. Cinna? l. 3, "*Sent letters,*" &c. Carrier-pigeons have been long so used and still are (*e.g.*, in the recent Germano-Franco war), but it is doubtful if the 'swallow' ever has been similarly trained).

Page 131, st. 1, l. 1, "*sweete recording*" = sweete-recording, *i.e.*, sweet-singing. Cf. *Two Gent. of Ver.*, act v, sc. 3. One is utterly at a loss to account for the everywhere-found notion of the swan's 'singing,' especially on the approach of death. As for the 'footed verse,' l. 3, it is of course mere credulity. Latin couplet—from Isidore, *Hisp. Episcop. Origines*, lib. xii, cap. vii, in *Gothofredi Auctores Linguae Latinae* 1622, who quotes it from an old

Poet (Emilius. Chester inadvertently prints 'Hoc' for 'Hanc' and 'undis' for 'undas.' st. 2, l. 5, "mowt"=moult; l. 6, put hyphen, "hart-pining"; st. 3, l. 1, "the carefull [= full-of-care] bird the Turtle Doue," be it noted, is designated by 'Phœnix' in preceding stanza "drooping soule," and again in st. 4, l. 5; ll. 3-4, "And thus he wanders seeking of his loue." This goes right to the mark for Essex.

Page 132, st. 1, l. 1, "lookes me in the face." Another touch in Elizabeth for Essex; l. 4, "gate"=gait; l. 4, "he eyes vs more and more"—as in l. 1; l. 5, "O shall I welcome him." The oft-put question of the woman against the queen and of the queen against the woman in Essex's case. The context has no sense unless you bring to it the story of Elizabeth's love-passion—the passion, if not the love in its deepest and tenderest sense—for Essex, from her first sight of him in his young bloom onward; st. 3, l. 4, "halfe pin'd"=halfe-pin'd; st. 4—The placing of 'Turtle' in the margin seems at first a mistake; but the 'Turtle' is addressing itself (*i.e.*, himself) in gazing on the 'eye-dazling Sunne' of the 'Phœnix's' 'excelling beauty.' This was the *mode*, to the last, of speaking of and to Elizabeth. See our Introduction for quotation from Coke. With all her brain-force, Elizabeth had not courage to refuse the idle flattery of her 'beauty,' or to recognise that she really was growing old and haggard. I know not that the following very striking *bit* in Nichols *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, from an *Harleian MS.* (contemporary) 6207, has been noticed—
"Afterward, in the melancholy of her sickness, she desired to see a true looking glass, which in twenty years she had not sene, but of such a one as was made of purpose to deceiue her sight: which glasse being brought her, she fell presently into exclayming against [those] which had so much commended her; and took it so offensively, that some which before had flattered her, durst not come into her sight" (vol ii, pp. 25-30—end of the volume). Surely anything more tragical than the *italicized* words is inconceivable; l. 5, "variety"=rarity. Cf. former note on this; l. 6, "For wit," &c., the bird is forgotten and the queen-woman remembered.

„ 133, st. 1, l. 1, "Tur." seems wrongly placed here, being intended for the left margin in the words 'Haile map of forrow' (see p. 124, st. 1, ll. 5-6); whilst 'Phœnix' in the right margin begins 'Welcome,' &c. st. 2, l. 4, "presuptions soule offence." Essex, on his departure for Portugal and elsewhere later, was again and again brought to his knees for his 'presumption' and kindred impulsive faults, as facts and letters superabundantly prove. See Devereux' *Lives*, &c. Meanwhile it is all-important

to note that the 'wooing' is dated by circumstances in Essex's early time — not later when he had married and when Elizabeth was old; st. 3, l. 1, "*Turtle*" = mate; l. 2, "*her want*" = her loss; l. 3, "*the soule that's fled,*" &c. How natural all this was in the mouth of Essex on the death of his noble young brother who fell so miserably at Rouen. See Devereux, as before. st. 4, l. 3, "*for to,*" as before, common contemporaneously, rare in Shakespeare: see p. 132, l. 4: p. 133, l. 12; st. 4, l. 4, "*aduance*" = lift up 'our fiery altar.' So Shakespeare, "the fringed curtains of thine eye advance" (*Tempest*, act i, sc. 2); l. 6, "*Solamen,*" &c. The origin of this has long been sought for in vain. It is in most collections of Common-places; and was enquired about in *Notes and Queries*, iv, x, but not traced back to its source; st. 5, Elizabeth actually thus comforted Essex for his brother when he 'came over' at the queen's imperious summons. See Devereux, as before.

- Page 134, st. 2, punctuate l. 4 with semi-colon or period after 'labour,' and again, period after 'paine'; but except in misleading cases I shall not note the singular punctuation of the original. My part is to reproduce it. St. 3, punctuate period or semi-colon after 'leave' (l. 1); l. 6, "*fond*" = foolish, as *frequenter*.
- „ 135, st. 1, l. 4, "*emperizing*" — verb-form, as before; st. 3, l. 1, "*shall not be no more*" — a double negative for emphasis; st. 3, Elizabeth's autograph letters fully warrant more than this; st. 4, l. 2, "*thy seruant*" — Essex's constant asseveration in his letters to Elizabeth; st. 5, Historically, it is a common-place that Elizabeth exercised a mother's watchfulness over Essex.
- „ 136, st. 1, l. 4, "*spwright incarnate*" = Impurity (as in preceding stanza); l. 5, "*whight*" = white; st. 2, l. 6, put hyphen, 'earth-parching.' st. 3, l. 1, "*doome*" = sentence or judgment; l. 5, "*licorice*" — the sugar-cane perchance meant; l. 6, "*Sweete Iuniper*" — not the happiest adjective applied to 'Juniper'; *ib.*, "*shaw*" = shew; st. 4, l. 3, "*nominate*" = name, as before; l. 4, "*wot*" = wit or know.
- „ 137, st. 3, l. 4, "*liuely*" = living; st. 4, l. 4, "*secretly*" — should be 'secretly.'
- „ 138, st. 4, l. 2, "*Dido mones*" — see 'To the Reader.' This reminds me to note on l. 4 of 'To the Reader' that Lucan was probably in Chester's mind on 'Cæsars victories.'
- „ 139, st. 1, l. 4, put hyphen, "*faire-fac'd*"; st. 3, l. 6, "*true story*." On all this symbolism veiling a real martyrdom, and so fulfilling the title, *Love's Martyr* — see our Introduction, *Pellican*: l. 5, "*He*" — note a man throughout.
- „ 140, l. 6 (from bottom), put hyphen, "*loue-wandring*."

- Page 141, l. 7, "*fond*" = foolish; ll. 15-16, &c., *i.e.*, suggesting how Elizabeth sacrificed her 'true desire' to State-craft or expediency.
- Conclusion.* l. 1, put hyphen, "*true-meaning*"; l. 9, "*paine*" = painstaking.
- „ 142, *Cantoes Alphabet-wife, &c.*, l. 2, the second 'will' no doubt a printer's mistake; l. 4, put comma after 'favouur'; l. 6, put hyphen, "*lame-leg'd*"; ll. 9-18. See Introduction on these suggestive lines. James I. is evidently intended. He was the friend of all Essex's friends.
- *** In the 'Cantoes Alphabet-wife' that follow, we must not look for ordinary construction or much sense. The self-imposed fetters hinder both.
- „ 143, st. 1, l. 7, "*dares not giue to any.*" There lay the secret. It recurs and recurs. In l. 6, 'Blotted by things vnfeene' = secretly spoken of by some of no fame. Most clearly Elizabeth here again. St. 2, l. 1, "*Chastnesse*" = virginity; *ib.*, "*the bed of Glorie*" = thoughts of the 'Queen' marrying a subject; st. 4, l. 1, "*Enuie is banisht.*" See Introduction on the 'Enuie' that beset Essex as recognized by other poets as well as Chester; l. 4, "*thing's*" = thing is.
- „ 144, st. 1, l. 3—verb singular to plural nominative; l. 7, "*Fetch from the ancient records of a Queene.*" Query—marrying a subject? St. 2, l. 5, "*map of beauty*"— Cf. p. 77, st. 4, l. 2, and relative note; st. 4, reflection of Elizabeth's would and would not.
- „ 145, st. 1, l. 3, read 'greene-spred'; l. 5, "*when*" = whence; l. 7, "*dorter*" = dortour, *i.e.*, sleeping-place—here bed-room—audacious enough *certes*; but Essex knew to whom he was speaking, and Chester knew both. St. 2, l. 1, "*Aduotrix*" = advocate (feminine); st. 3, l. 1, "*nice Chastity*" = virginity, as before; l. 5, "*time is ouer spent*"—a perilous reminder to Elizabeth; l. 6, "*a kind of feare*"—admirable selection of words, revealing yet concealing; st. 4, l. 1, put hyphen, "*fregh-bloom'd*"; l. 2, "*Rose*"—fitting symbol of England's Queen ('Rosalin') in this faint anticipation of Herrick's delicious 'Gather the rosebuds while ye may.'
- „ 146, st. 1, l. 7, read, 'all-disgrace'; st. 3, l. 3, "*Quit*" = requite or quite; st. 4, l. 2, "*Ract*" = racked or rakt.
- „ 147, st. 2, l. 2, "*womanish*"—not a mere 'Phoenix' bird; l. 7, put hyphen, "*new-fram'd*"; st. 4, l. 4 (p. 148), "*vale*" = veil.
- „ 148, st. 1, l. 1, "*Xantha*" = Xanthe, one of the daughters of Oceanus; l. 3, 'more-milder'—double comparative; l. 5, "*diseafe*" = disturb, make ill-at-ease; st. 2, l. 4, "*selfe-will*"—again the mark is hit. Read with hyphens, 'selfe-will-anguish.'

Cantos Verbally written.

- * * The headings of these stanzas seem to be posies out of rings. Cf. *As You Like It*, act iii, sc. 2. Be it kept in mind that Chester is not speaking in his own person, but is interpreting the 'truth of love' between Elizabeth and Essex.
- Page 149. 1. l. 4, "*Dies*"—used as causal; l. 6, "*woe*"= woo; 2. l. 5, punctuate ';' for comma; 3. l. 3, "*containing*"= contained.
- „ 150. 4. st. 2, l. 2, put hyphen, "*true-fworne*"; l. 6, "*Not in thy flowring youth*"—repeat 'do not smother' (in thought), and read [do] Not in thy flowring youth [smother]—else you turn a compliment into a jeer; 5. l. 1 (motto) 'u,' misprint for 'n'; l. 8, "*Knowne*"—to be read as 'knownen.'
- „ 151. 5. l. 4, "*fulfill*"= fill full *r.g.*; 6. motto, "*idolatrize*"—verb-form, frequentes in Chester; l. 3, put hyphen, "Heart-comfortable"—qu. comfortable? l. 7, "*surphet*"= surfeit; 7. st. 2, l. 3, "*rarietie*"= rarity, as before.
- „ 152. 8. l. 1, "*What*"= whatever, and put hyphen, "*thunder-stormes*"; l. 4, "*inexorable*"= unchangeable; l. 6, 'dayes,' disyllabic unless 'the' have been omitted, at [the] or [at] midnight; 9. l. 6, put hyphen, "*true-fworne*," as before; st. 2, l. 5, "*Of holy loue, Loue's Temple to aspire*"= the Church and marriage therein; st. 3, l. 4, delete comma after 'desire.'
- „ 153. Motto. This third repetition of this couplet shews skilful flattery of the kind that most pleased Elizabeth; 11. 2, punctuate ';' after will; l. 7, "*denayes*"= denials.
- „ 154. Motto, l. 2, "*empiring*"= over-queenly, stately—see st. 2, l. 3; l. 4, read 'happie-bleft'; l. 9—metre faulty—some word left out.
- „ 155. 14. l. 2, "*disgrasue*"= disgracing; l. 4, "*our*"—misprint for 'or'; 15. l. 1, "*For*"= through; l. 5, punctuate ';' after 'pride.'
- „ 156. 18. l. 4, put hyphen, "*night-waking*"; l. 5, read "*Hart-fore*"; 19. l. 1, "*O tongue*," &c., viz., by talking of her 'bright brow wrinkled with disdaine'—the wrinkles, not the 'disdaine,' being the ground of offence; l. 8—qu. 'Dear [I give] that to thee [to whom] I offered wrong.'
- „ 157. 21. l. 6, "*the*"= thee; 22. l. 3, "*aduotrix*"—see p. 145, st. 2, l. 1; 23. ll. 5-6—certainly at most a comma for ';' in l. 5, or, 'hower I may,' &c.
- „ 158. 25. l. 2, "*selfe-will*"= self-will or foolishnesse sprung of self-will—a constant word between Elizabeth and Essex in their Letters; 26. l. 3, put hyphen, "*harueß-labores*"; l. 4, put ';' after 'feene,' and delete comma in next line; l. 6, "*Should I be welcome ere thy beautie fade*"—another perilous reminder, but just the bold kind of speech fitting from Essex to Elizabeth—as witness their letters. See Devereux, as before.

- Page 159. 27. Motto, and l. 8, "*Nar*"=near; 28. l. 5, "*Cause*"=[Thou are] cause, and ';' for comma and comma after 'best,' l. 6; 29. st. 2, l. 1, "*Afflictions*"—qu. 'Affection'—cf. l. 2, 'her'; l. 3, "*foule bondage*"=slavery of 'selfe-will.'
- „ 160. 29. l. 1—put (.) after 'courtefie'—required by change of person in next line ('Thou'); 31. l. 6, put hyphen, "*dwelling-place*."
- „ 161. 32. l. 6, "*Niobes cup*"=of tears; l. 7, "*My dutie yet remembred*"—Essex's ever-recurring phrase in letters to Elizabeth; 34. This should have been numbered '33' in order, it will be noticed. From this the numbering ceases without explanation. l. 3, "*Not one*"=No one; l. 4, punctuate ';' after cruelty; *Thoughts*, &c., l. 2, "*faining*"=fanning—but with a double sense; l. 3 (p. 162), "*fond*"=foolish, as before; l. 4, "*further*"=cast further or off.
- „ 162, st. 1, l. 4, "*Selfe-will*"—the thing in Elizabeth that needed overcoming; ll. 6-7 suggestive of Essex's consciousness of his royal Mistress's favour (to say the least); l. 6, "*tels*"—qu. 'tel'? st. 3—the very things wherein Elizabeth was pre-eminently praised, and the very strain followed by all who essayed to recount her virtues and greatness.
- „ 163, l. 1, "*curleffe smart*"—so Shakespeare, 'cureless ruin' (*Merchant of Venice*, act iv, sc. 1); st. 1—a reflection again of Elizabeth's capricious favour and as capricious angers and withdrawals; st. 2, l. 3, "*nominate*"=name, as before, qu.—punctuate ';'? st. 3, l. 2, put hyphen, "*sharpe-conceited*"; *ib.*, "*neve*"=e'er—double negative otherwise; l. 4, "*ignoble*"—courage of the author: specially note "*imperiall crowne*"—again no sense unless to Elizabeth or of Elizabeth; st. 4, Motto. Essex's letters to Elizabeth are full of the word and thing 'friendship.' See Devercux, as before. l. 2, "*Ebone*"=ebony or black?
- „ 164, l. 2, "*regreet*"=salute; st. 3, l. 5, "*I*"=aye; l. 6, read "*true-approved*."
- „ 165, st. 1, l. 1, "*Scene in all learned arts is my beloved*"—true as simple matter-of-fact of Elizabeth, who was of rare and unquestionable accomplishments as well as of natural intellectual capacity after the type of her prodigious father, 'King Hal.' 'Scene'=skilled, as in *Taming of the Shrew*, "It's a schoolmaster well seen in music" (act i, sc. ii); l. 4, "*Eye for eye*"—the first 'Eye' so spelt on account of the marginal 'eie,' is really the old 'I'=yca, *i.e.*, she not only moves the stony savage, but her eye indeed tempts chastity itself; ll. 5-6—this is a very frequent contemporary tribute to Elizabeth. I have been surprized at the universality of belief in her poetical gifts; and I have a suspicion that much of her verse has perished; st. 2, l. 1, "*seeke*"—used as sometimes in that age without an objective

= try to find and does not—query semicolon (;) after 'seeke' and colon (:) after 'thee'; st. 3, l. 4, "*amazing*" = confused wonderment, as elsewhere; *ib.*, punctuate comma (,) after 'not' and nothing after 'amazing,' or at most a comma (,); l. 5, "*To*"—infinitive form used as in that age. We should write 'Do or [continue] to'; st. 4, motto—reflection of Essex's suspense and mingled hope and despair, expectation and weariness, as expressed in his poems and letters to Elizabeth; ll. 5-6—In this rather oddly-constructed sentence, the subject to 'In all things gracious' is his unnamed Mistress, *i.e.*, Elizabeth. For throughout these 'Cantoës,' as in *Lov's Martyr*, Chester is interpreting *his* conception—based on close personal knowledge—of the 'feeling' between Elizabeth and Essex. All the known facts make it simply impossible that he could have been speaking for himself. Besides, in "The author's request to the Phoenix" he avows his purpose. There his pleading is—

"Accept MY home-writ praifes of THY LOUE
And kind acceptance of THY TURTLE-DOUE (p. 5).

- l. 5, "*gracious*"—he means [thou art] gracious.
- Page 166, st. 1, l. 2, "*faireſ faire*"—not objective after 'maintained,' but = O fairest faire; l. 5, "*Turtle-Doue*" = mate of himself *the* Turtle Doue. See note on st. 1, ll. 5-6, *supra*; st. 2, l. 1, "*Great Miſtris*"—clearly applicable (and in those times most especially) to Elizabeth, and to no subject; st. 3, l. 4, "*Loue*"—being emphatic is counted as one foot, 'Loue | that eaf | eth minds | oppreſt | with neede |'; l. 6 = only to be relieved by thee that [always] yeeld'st relief. Again words only at that time to be applied to Elizabeth; st. 4, l. 5, "*yea ſo they ſay*"—is supposed to be her answer, and therefore her "*owne confeſſion*"; st. 5, l. 2, "*for to*"—as before. See also p. 168, st. 4, l. 2; l. 4 (p. 167)—Of whom in the Court of Elizabeth could this be said but of Elizabeth? ll. 5-6—not intelligible to me; but qu.—faith-denying?
- „ 167, st. 1, l. 4, "*thee moſt admirable*" = O most admirable [one]; st. 2, l. 3, "*Me ſometimes*," &c.—this line is made rather mysterious by the necessity of finding a rhyme to "*afraid*" = yet sometimes terrifying me that I am nevertheless given up to him, '*unless*,' &c.; st. 3, l. 1, "*Remorſe triumphantly*" = (as frequently at that time) pitifulness, albeit here tacitly implying penitence for past delays and cruelty. So in Shakespeare and in Parry, quoted in our Introduction. st. 4, l. 4 (p. 168, l. 1), "*not named*" = not [to be] named, unnameable.
- „ 168, st. 2, l. 1, "*Thine ever unrenou'd and ſtill kept word*"—most notice-

able as between Elizabeth and Essex. It seems to me more than ordinarily remarkable that Chester does throughout with such triumphant audacity give expression to the popular belief of Elizabeth's real sentiment toward Essex. The way in which he works into his pleadings personal traits seems to me declarative of dramatic ability of no mean type. I have no idea that Elizabeth herself ever made revelation of her 'love' for Essex to Chester. One can only guess whether Essex exchanged confidence with him. But *certes* from first to last our Poet shows perfect skill in his giving shape and colouring to what was in the air concerning the 'Phoenix' and her 'Turtle-doue.' These 'Cantos,' with Posies for ground-work that perchance were known in society as circulating in the Court, equally with *Love's Martyr*, bring Chester before us as consecrating all his gifts and knowledge and sympathy to celebrating this story, '*shadowing the truth of Loue*' between Elizabeth and Essex when the latter burst upon her in her still susceptible and passionate mid-age in all the brilliance and fascination of his young prime. I would also here notice what follows in the title-page (of 1601) "*in the constant fate of the Phoenix and Turtle,*" *i.e.*, 'fate to be constant' to each other. Chester evidently believed that the 'love' awakened in Elizabeth for Essex lived on uneradicated even by his marriage and her advancing age. Save Sidney's and Stella's 'love' so tragically re-discovered when it was 'too late,' I know nothing more truly a 'Love martyrdom' than that of Elizabeth and Essex. The great Queen's closing melancholy and bursts of weeping with the name of Essex on her lips, and slow-drawn-out dying, reveal Chester's prescience of insight.

- Page 169, st. 1, l. 1, "*from*"—qu.—error for 'for.' The latter yields sense, the former scarcely; l. 6, "*By thy faire,*" &c.—again only applicable to Elizabeth in her Court. See Churchyard's Poems given in our Introduction; motto, l. 3, "*I*"=aye; st. 2, l. 3, "*he,*" as in the margin and as required by the sense should be "*she.*"
- „ 170, st. 2, l. 6, "*mountaine top of will affpires*"=ambition. In the Song (in *italics*) it is to be noted that the 2nd and 4th lines of each stanza (the alternate lines) are answers to the question or remark in 1st and 3rd. In st. 1, l. 2, the first 'loue' should be 'Loue' and have comma (,) after it.
- „ 171, st. 2, l. 4, "*I*"=aye; st. 3, l. 4, "*awaies*"=alwaies; st. 4, l. 1, read 'soules Life'=his Mistress; l. 2, delete comma (,) after "*villaine*"; st. 4, l. 8 (p. 172, l. 2), "*deare*" delete comma (,)—it is—'deare' shall, or 'deare' is the nominative to 'shall.'
- „ 172, st. 1, l. 4, read 'wind-oppressing.' I may as well note here that

- there are so many compounded words in Chester not marked by hyphen, that I could only call attention to the more important ; others the reader will fill in or not at his discretion ; st. 2, l. 8, "by my"—qu.—"by thy"—true Bird as I = true Bird as I [am]—see ll. 1-3, for these interpretations ; st. 3, l. 1, "Till that leane fleshles cripple, pale-fac'd Death"—so in *Old Fortunatus* "There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors."
- Page 173, l. 3, read 'spring[s], i.e., whence springs all these my 'passions'; punctuate in l. 6, ; after 'sonne'; "*Most deuine*," &c., l. 6, "I"= aye ; l. 8, put hyphen, "*neuer-ceasing*." The want, &c., l. 2, "*want*"—verb—its nominative 'day and night.'
- „ 174, st. 3, l. 1, "*my affection*" = [by the object of] my affection ; st. 3, l. 2, punctuate ' ; ' after 'disgrace.'
- „ 175, st. 2, l. 1, "*Where two harts*," &c. — a final impassioned appeal to Elizabeth to let 'Loue' be 'Soueraigne'—quite in accord with the style she was addressed to the end, as though she never could be other than 'young,' and with possibilities or impossibilities of result at her command ; l. 5, "*dignified*" = given dignity.
- „ 177, Title-page—The Latin motto is from Horace, *Od. iv, 8, 28*. In the original is a rude wood-cut of an anchor.
- „ 179, l. 6, "*Bromius*"—one of the varying names of Bacchus ; l. 9, "*Ingles his cheek*" = treats his cheek as one does one's ingle or delight, or loved youth playfully pinches or strokes it ; l. 12, "*sustend*" = our present 'subtend' ; l. 14, "*honorable friend*," viz., Sir John Salisburie, as on title-page ; l. 15, "*illustrate*"—used as = illustrious or giving lustre, and by Ben Jonson on p. 182, last st. but one ; l. 19, "*profuse*" = pour forth. In olden days each did not as now drink the health from his own glass, but a large bowl being filled, it was passed to each successively, thus going the 'round.' (L21)
- „ 180, Heading—Sir John Salisburie. See our Introduction on this 'worthily honor'd Knight' ; l. 4, "*exhaust*" = drawn out ; l. 14, "*Responsible*" = answering. These 'Vatum Chorus' pieces are in good sooth poor enough. They have touches like Chapman at his worst.
- „ 181, l. 5, "*But one sick Phabe*"—an unmistakable allusion to Elizabeth as 'sick'—such indeed as it was impossible to apply to any other at the time ; *ibid.*, "*fever-shaking Light*." "The influence of the moon on disease was so prevalent an opinion that this may have meant = 'causing fever-shaking' ; but it might also refer to the shaking glimmering light of the moon likened to the shivering in a fever. Possibly both meanings were intended to be understood by the reader." So Dr. Brinsley Nicholson to me ; but qu.—is not the latter half of the line an

ep-exegesis of the former, *i.e.*, 'one sicke *Phæbe*' = 'Light feuer-shaking' by its sickness the nation? Men spoke even recently of England as in a 'feverish state of excitement and suspense' during the illness of the Prince of Wales. Note likewise that Shakespeare in his 'Phœnix and Turtle' introduces the 'feuer' — p. 182, st. 2, 'Augour of the *feuers end*.' Notice also that the '*vrne*' of "The Burning" (l. 7) reappears in 'Threnos,' st. 3, l. 1, 'To this *vrne*' — see on ll. 15-16; l. 6, "*the world one Phœnix*" — once more who would have then dared to sing of any save Elizabeth as the 'one Phœnix' of 'the world'? ll. 15-16, — these are purposely enigmatical — the words, "*Her rare-dead ashes, fill a rare-liue vrne*," evidently point at the fact that the Phœnix or Elizabeth was really living, although as 'Love's Martyr,' dead. The last line is obscure; l. 17, "*Jgnoto*." — This was Raleigh's signature; but it is also contemporaneously found attached to pieces certainly not his. Everything forbids our regarding these Lines as by him.

Page 182, st. 1, l. 1, "*bird of lowdeſt lay*" — Because the 'Phœnix' is *the* bird associated with the 'Turtle' in *Love's Martyr*, and throughout, it has been assumed, by apparently all the commentators on Shakespeare, that it is intended here. Surely this is a gross mistake, inasmuch as (1) It is the 'Phœnix's' death ('shadowing' Elizabeth) that the poem celebrates; and it were absurd to imagine it could be called on to 'sing' its own death. See 'Threnos' and st. 6 of this poem. (2) Nowhere — even supposing the 'Phœnix' possible — is this legendary bird represented as gifted with 'song.' I think it was left intentionally indefinite. I would suggest the 'Nightingale'; others may think of another. l. 2, "*On the ſole Arabian tree*." Malone has excellently adduced a parallel passage in *The Tempeſt*:

" Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in *Arabia*
There is *one tree*, the phœnix' throne: one phœnix
At this hour reigning there" (act iii, sc. 3, p. 23).

He remarks: "This singular coincidence, likewise, serves to authenticate the present poem" (Variorum Shakespeare, vol. xx, p. 421, edition 1821). By the 'sole Arabian tree' the Palm is meant. In Greek *phoinix*, and meaning both phœnix and palm-tree (Dr. Cobham Brewer's *Dictionary*, *s.v.*) l. 3, "*trumpet*." Steevens addresses King John —

" Be thou the *trumpet* of our wrath
And *sullen preſage* of your own decay" (i, 1).

Variorum Shakespeare, as before; l. 4, "*chaste wings obey*"
I have, myself, often watched the lifting and tremulous motion

of the 'singing' Nightingale's wings, and *chaste* was the exquisitely chosen word to describe the nightingale, in reminiscence of the classical story; st. 2. l. 1, "*shrinking harbinger*" = shriek or scritch-owl; l. 2, "*precurreur*" = fore-runner — scarcely 'procurer.' Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Now the wasted brands do glow,
While the scritch-owl, scritch-ing loud;
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud" (act v, sc. 2).

Stevens, as before; l. 3, "*Augour*" = augur, fore-teller; *ib.*, "*fever's end*" = death (by fever); l. 4, "*To this troupe come thou not nere.*" Stevens, as before, recalls another *bit* in *Midsummer Night's Dream* — "Ye spotted snakes, &c. . . come not near our fairy queen." St. 3, l. 3 — punctuate "feather'd King" — "So in Gray's Ode on the Progresses of Poetry :

— "thy magick lulls *the feather'd King*
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing"
(Stevens, as before).

St. 4, l. 2, "*defunctive Musicke can*" — "That understands funereal musick. To *can*, in Saxon, signifies to *know*" (Malone as before). But query — Is it here used from the Latin 'cano'? (Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, to me.) St. 5, punctuate and read —

"And thou treble-dated Crow,—
That thy fable gender mak'ft
With the breath thou giu'ft and tak'ft;
Mong'ft our mourners fhalt thou goe."

Stevens, as before, on l. 1, 'treble dated Crow' aptly quotes *Lucretius* [5, 1053]:

— "cornicum ut secla vetusta.
Ter tres ætates humanas garrula vincit
Cornix."

l. 2, "*that thy fable gender mak'ft,*" &c. It is a 'Vulgar Error' still, that the 'Crow' can change its 'gender' at will. My friend Mr. E. W. Gosse puts it — 'thou Crow that makest [change in] thy sable gender, with the mere exhalation and inhalation of thy breath' (letter to me). l. 3, "*With the breath,*" &c. — query, Is there a sub-reference to the (mythical) belief that the crow re-clothes its aged parents with feathers and feeds them? As being 'sable' it is well fitted to be a 'mourner.' It is so introduced in our child-hood favorite of the 'Death and Burial of Cock Robin.' Cf. *Batman upon Barth*, B 12, C 9.

Sir Thomas Browne has a note on 'White Crows' (=the aged). St. 6, This, as *supra*, makes it impossible that the 'bird of lowdest lay' could be the 'phoenix'; st. 7, ll. 1-2. Query—punctuate comma (,) after 'loured,' and delete comma (,) after 'twaine'? It is to be remembered that the compositor of *Love's Martyr* was especially fond of a comma at the end of a verse line. We have an exactly similar instance in p. 183, st. 1, as *infra*.

Page 183, st. 1, l. 1, punctuate comma for (;); l. 2, punctuate comma after 'Distance' and delete it after 'seene,' as *supra*; l. 4, "But in them it were a wonder"—Except—another Elizabeth sign; for only of the 'Queene' as placing no 'distance and no space' betwixt herself and 'this *Turtle*,' could it have been said 'it were a wonder'; *ib.*, punctuate comma after 'them'; st. 2, l. 2, "his right," &c.—It is merely a variant mode of expressing seeing love-babies (or one's self imaged) in the other's eyes. This gives the true sense to the 'mine' of l. 4; st. 3, l. 1, "Property was thus appall'd," &c.= great proprietors, or the nobility. I imagine there is an enigmatical hitting at the jealousy of Essex among the nobility of England, in the possibility of marriage between him and Elizabeth. Malone, *in loco*, muddles the matter (*meo judicio*); l. 2—qu.—delete comma after 'together,' and put comma after 'themselues'—making the whole from 'saw' to 'themselues' one clause; l. 4, "simple," &c.= were so well compounded into a simple, *i.e.*, into one. Punctuate comma for period; st. 5—as in *Loves Martyr*, I detect here, and throughout, Shakespeare's feeling, that Elizabeth's and Essex's relations meant infinitely more than 'friendship'; st. 6, l. 1, "Whereupon," &c. 'This funeral song.' So in Kendal's poems, 1577:

"Of verses, *threnes* and epitaphs,
Full fraught with tears of *teene*."

A book entitled David's *Threanes*, by J. Heywood, was published in 1620. Two years afterwards, it was reprinted under the title of David's *Tears*; the former title probably was discarded as obsolete. For this information I am indebted to Dr. Farmer (Malone, as before).

„ 184—*Thenos*—st. 2, l. 3, "refl." Punctuate with comma; st. 3, l. 1, punctuate; or : for comma.

On the significance of these Poems by Shakespeare, in relation to Elizabeth and Essex, see our Introduction.

„ 185, l. 9, "Dians tier"—Dian's tyre; l. 3 (from bottom)—read 'all'[,] and delete comma after 'thoughts' in next line. Perhaps comma should also be deleted after 'Woman' in l. 3 (from bottom).

☞ Note, that though in the heading it is out of the 'ashes' of both, the 'wondrous creature' arises, in the poem (l. 17) he only speaks of what arises from 'the Turtle's ashes'—all this natural, for Essex really was dead, but the 'Phoenix,' or Elizabeth, only allegorically so. And so is it throughout, the real peeps through the 'allegorical,' and the 'allegorical' loses itself in the actual.

- ll. 23-4. That whilst my labouring thoughts [do] sing with, &c., of this, &c. [nor] God [nor] Man, nor, &c.
- Page 186, l. 2 — qu.— delete comma after 'perfume,' the sense being 'Perfume [to] define,' *rithmi causa*; l. 4 = vouchsafe that my Muse may greet; l. 7, "*slightest*," *i.e.*, [the] slightest [of the perfections] that adorn'd, &c. Query—lightest, *i.e.*, most light, the 's' being caught from 'was?'; l. 10, "*Perfection had no meane*" = was limitless; l. 12, "*instructed*"—which 'even instructed vertue, clothed ['inuested'] and therefore substantial; l. 17, remove comma after 'Hyperbolically'; st. 4, l. 1, "*meane*" = was limitless or had no equal; st. 5, l. 1, "*deck'd and stained*" = decked and adorned, or were lively coloured as an adornment.
- „ 187, st. 1, l. 3, "*Masks*"—verb singular, nominative plural, through intervention of 'that,' as *frequenter*. Punctuate 'Masks [,] fo choicely sheltred'; st. 2, l. 2, "*wanted*"—used as neuter = were or have been wanting; l. 10, "*penny-showes*," *i.e.*, made-up shows, as at penny shows at a fair. Perfectioni Hymnus, l. 3, "*feature*" = making, or thing made; used also in the following verses by Ben Jonson: Cf. p. 193, l. 22, and p. 194, l. 14; and also, some think, by Touchstone to Audrey in the sense of 'the verses he has made.' Punctuate 'excellence, . . . confin'd.' This excellence, [that is] confined within all that is best; l. 7, "*I*" = Aye; l. 10, "*nomination*" = naming; *ib.*, "*straight*" = narrow; l. 12, "*giue*"—may be = 'giues' delete period and supply comma.
- „ 188, l. 1, punctuate comma after "*Suberbes*"; l. 2, "*Has*" = as, with the unlucky 'H'; the signature "*John Marston*" includes Perfectioni Hymni and preceding poems from p. 183; "*Periferos*," &c., l. 4, "*Sights*" = eyes, or mode of view; l. 8 = 'staid Iudgemēt's blow Loues fires, but humorous Passions only blow false fires whose Loues, &c., and quench,' &c.; l. 11, "*contend*"—in Latinate sense = aim at or stretch forward to; l. 18, "*alluded*"—another Latinate word = had reference to, with perhaps a sub-reference to 'favoured'; l. 19, "*Excesse*," &c. It would be a little more intelligible if we read *Excesse[d]*; but all is in Chapman's most forced manner; l. 23, "*Excesse of all things*" = [He that was], &c.; l. 24, "*But*" = except; l. 25,

"change me from" = [her] that is. Specially note the change to 'me,' showing that the Phoenix is not only a living person but a present person. So that albeit *Love's Martyr* necessitated an 'allegorical' death, the 'Phoenix' really was alive while the 'Turtle Doue' was dead. All this has no motif, much less significance, unless Elizabeth were meant. See our Introduction. Last line, "*forme*" seems to be a word in vogue (probably from the philosophy of the day) and = pattern, mould, or ideal thought on which I act. Cf. p. 192, l. 10.

- Page 189, "*Preludium*." As noticed in our Introduction, Gifford — to put it mildly — prints this most corruptly. He deliberately changes all the we's to I's, and our's to my's; l. 6, "*Let's*" — in Gifford, 'I!'; st. 5, l. 1, "*Mankind*" = masculine; st. 6, l. 1 — construction is, Light Venus go cramp, &c.; l. 2, "*Tribade*" — one may hope he used this word as = artful only. See Latin Dictionary and Martial; st. 7, l. 2, "*old Boy*," i.e., Let Cupid turn to lie, &c., alluding to the custom exemplified by Moth in *Love's Labour Lost*.
- „ 190, st. 1, l. 1, "*cannot*" — 'shall not' in Gifford; l. 3, "*Petafus*" = broad-leaved hat or cap; st. 3, l. 3 — note the words 'deep eares'; last line, "*taste*" = discover.
- „ 191, l. 8, "*shal*" — 'should' in Gifford; l. 20, "*their*" — 'the' in Gifford; l. 3 (from bottom) "*gentile*" — Latinate, whence 'genteel' = one of good or honourable family. In Gifford, 'far more gentle, fine.'
- „ 192, l. 22, "*Luxurie*" = lasciviousness or lust; l. 5 (from bottom), "*our felse*" — in Gifford 'ourselves.'
- „ 193, l. 1, "*or*," in Gifford 'and'; l. 22, "*Feature*" = making. So in 'The Phoenix Analyfde,' st. 2, l. 3. In connection with this word it is to be noted that Shakespeare uses it curiously in verb form, e.g., "a glass that *feated* them" (*Cymbeline*, act i, sc. 1) = featured; '*Defeat* thy favour with an usurped beard' (*Othello*, act i, sc. 3) = defeature or disfeature.
- „ 194, l. 5, "*Man may securely sinne. but safely neuer.*" Note the distinction between 'securely' and 'safely'; note the spelling 'Iohnfon' always used by 'rare Ben' prior to 1604. *The Phoenix Analyfde*. St. 2, l. 1, "our *Turtles Augure*" = Robert Chester's augury; l. 3, "*Feature*" = making, as before. Ode *ἔνθουσιαστικῆ*, l. 3, "illustrate" — illustrious in Gifford.

A. B. G.

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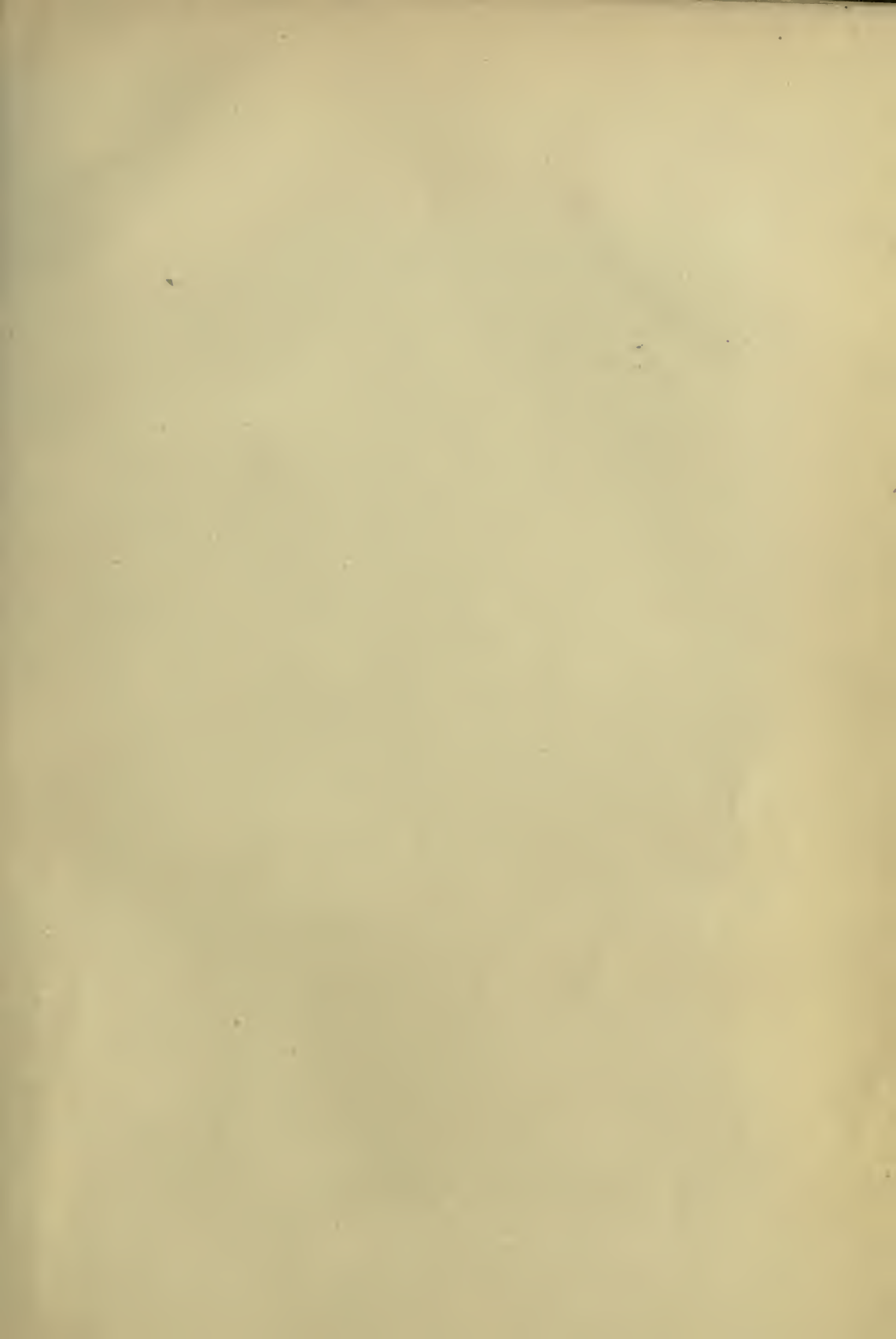
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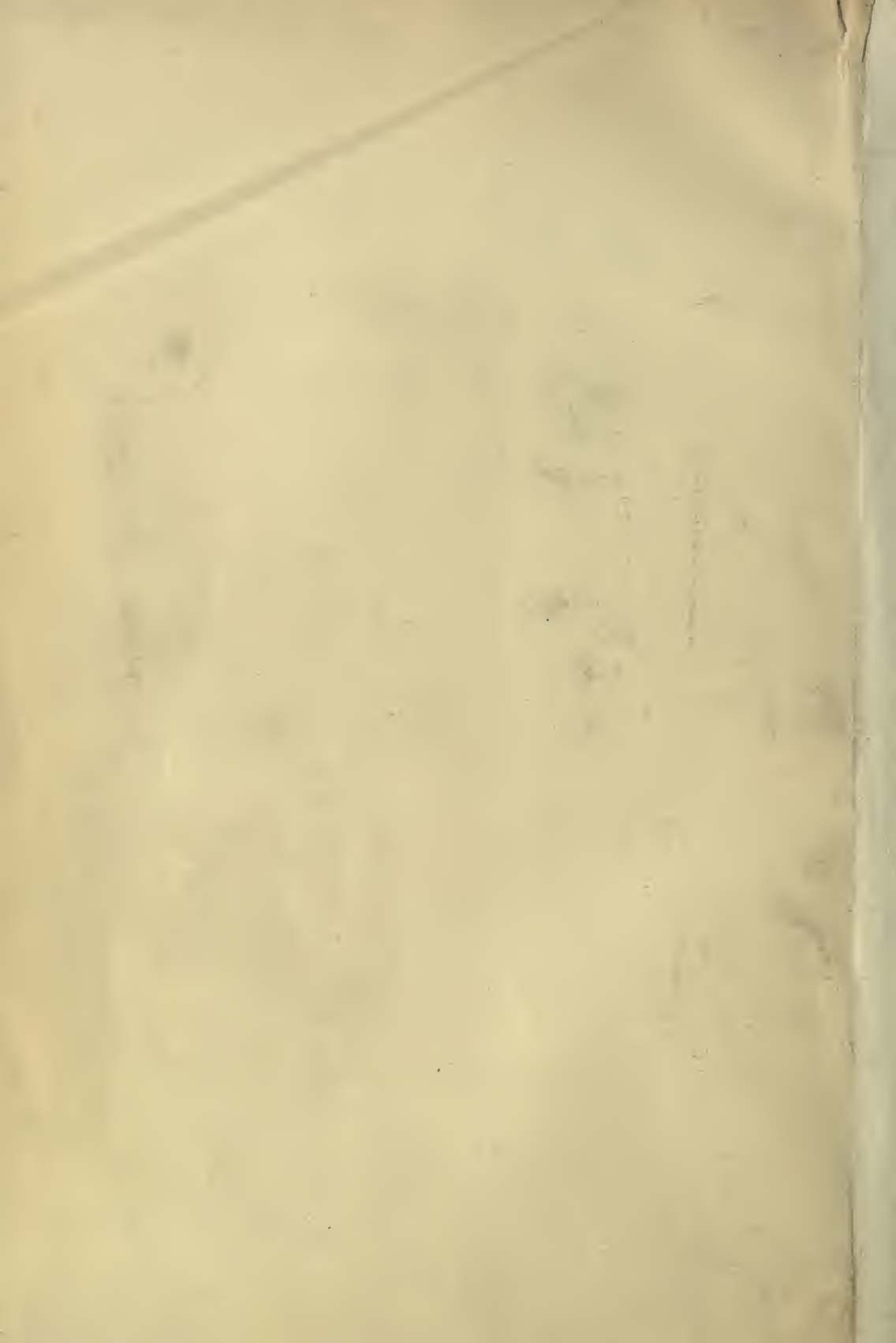
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